

FAVORITES
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PSALMS AND HYMNS

*FOR USE AT GENERAL ASSEMBLY, SYNOD, PRES-
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Praise to Christ

196 CORONATION C. M.

Oliver Holden, 1793

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' Name! Let an - gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a-dem,

And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.

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

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

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

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

Rev. Edward Perronet, 1779-80; Verse 1, l. 4, alt,
verses 2 & 4 recast, verse 5, added, Rev. John Rippon, 1787

MILES LANE C. M. (Second Tune)

William Shrubsole, 1779

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' Name! Let an - gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy - al

di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.

Privileges

331

HOLLINGSIDE 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1861

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high !

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past ;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide ; O re - ceive my soul at last !

2 Other refuge have I none ;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing !

3 Wilt Thou not regard my call ?
Wilt Thou not accept my prayer ?
Lo, I sink, I faint, I fall !
Lo, on Thee I cast my care ;
Reach me out Thy gracious hand.
While I of Thy strength receive,
Hoping against hope I stand,
Dying, and behold I live !

4 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.

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

Privileges

REFUGE 7. 7. 7. 7. D. (Second Tune)

Joseph P. Holbrook, 1862

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the near - er wa - ters

roll, While the tem - pest still is high! Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the

storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; O re - ceive my soul at last!

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MARTYN 7. 7. 7. 7. D. (Third Tune)

Simeon B. Marsh, 1834

1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, :
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high! }
D.C. Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; O re - ceive my soul at last!

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past ;

Promises

325 PORTUGUESE HYMN 11. 11. 11. 11

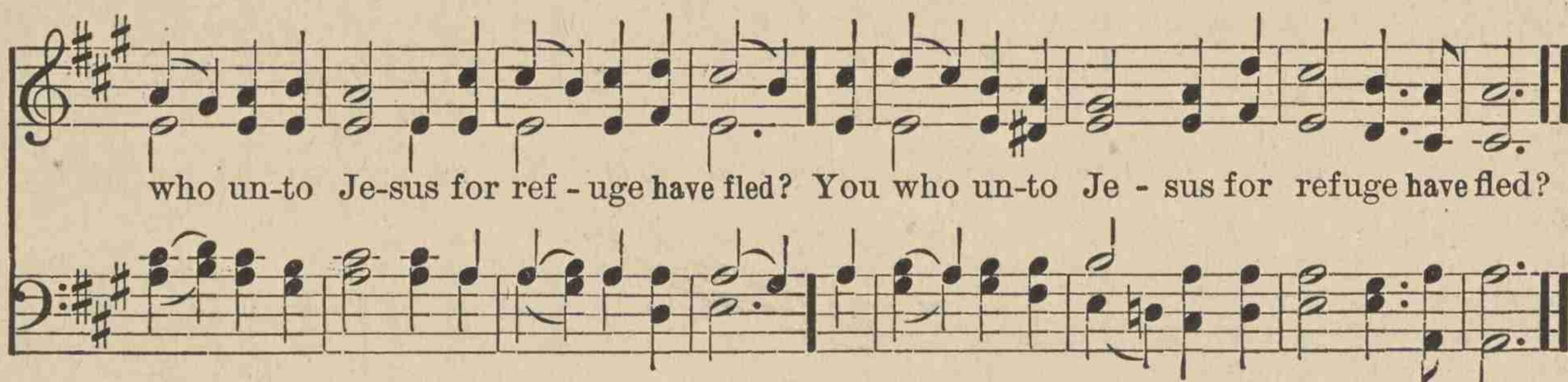
1782



1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His



ex - cel - lent word ! What more can He say than to you He hath said, — You



who un-to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled? You who un-to Je - sus for refuge have fled?

- 2 In every condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
"As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.
- 3 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed ;
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid ;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all sufficient, shall be thy supply ;
The flame shall not hurt thee ; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 5 "E'en down to old age all My people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love ;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne.
- 6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes ;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake."

Love

3 Content with beholding His face,
My all to His pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind.
While blessed with a sense of His love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am Thine,
If Thou art my sun and my song;
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me unto Thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

Rev. John Newton, 1779

372 WESTMINSTER 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4

Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1872



1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the pray'r I make



On bend - ed knee. This is my earn - est plea, More love, O



Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee!

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

3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are Thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,

When they can sing with me,
More love, O Christ, to Thee
More love to Thee!

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

Elizabeth P. Prentiss, 1869

Holy Desires

408

BETHANY 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4

Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1859

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en tho' it

be a cross That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be,

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!

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

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

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

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

Sarah F Adams, 1841

Receiving Christ

297 VOX DILECTI C. M. D.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1868

p *pp rall.* *mf a tempo.*

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest ;

Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast."

p *cres.*

I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad ;
2. Of that life - giv - ing stream ;
3. In Him my star, my sun ;

cres. *ff*

I found in Him a rest - ing-place, And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream; [revived,
My thirst was quench'd, my soul
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all the 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.

4 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
My Father's house above
Has many mansions; I've a place
Prepared for you in love.
I trust in Jesus:— in that house,
According to His word,
Redeemed by grace, my soul shall live
Forever with the Lord.

Conviction of Sin

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1867

1. My sins, my sins, my Sav - iour! They take such hold on me,

I am not a - ble to look up, Save on - ly, Christ, to Thee.

In Thee is all for - give - ness, In Thee a - bun - dant grace;

My shad - ow and my sun - shine The bright-ness of Thy face.

2 My sins, my sins, my Saviour,
How sad on Thee they fall!
Seen through Thy gentle patience,
I tenfold feel them all.
I know they are forgiven;
But still, their pain to me
Is all the grief and anguish
They laid, my Lord, on Thee.

3 My sins, my sins, my Saviour!
Their guilt I never knew
Till with Thee in the desert
I near Thy passion drew;

Till with Thee in the garden
I heard Thy pleading prayer,
And saw the sweat-drops bloody
That told Thy sorrow there.

4 Therefore my songs, my Saviour,
E'en in this time of woe,
Shall tell of all Thy goodness
To suffering man below;
Thy goodness and Thy favor,
Whose presence from above
Rejoice those hearts, my Saviour,
That live in Thee and love.

EFFECTUAL CALLING

Conviction of Sin

280

HOWARD C. M.

Elizabeth Cuthbert 1814

1. Lord, how se - cure my con - science was, And felt no in - ward dread ;
I was a - live with - out the law, And thought my sins . . were dead.

- 2 My hopes of heaven were firm and 4 Then felt my soul the heavy load,
But since the precept came [bright, My sins revived again ;
With a convincing power and light, I had provoked a dreadful God,
I find how vile I am. And all my hopes were slain.
- 3 My guilt appeared but small before, 5 My God, I cry with every breath,
Till terribly I saw For some kind power to save,
How perfect, holy, just, and pure, To break the yoke of sin and death,
Was Thine eternal law. And thus redeem the slave.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

281

WARNER L. M.

Arr. by G. Kingsley, 1853, from G. Rossini

1. With bro - ken heart and con - trite sigh, A trem - bling sin - ner, Lord, I cry ;
Thy pard'ning grace is rich and free : O God, be mer - ci - ful to me !

- 2 I smite upon my troubled breast, 4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed ; Can for a single sin atone ;
Christ and His Cross my only plea ; To Calvary alone I flee ;
O God, be merciful to me ! O God, be merciful to me !
- 3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes 5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies ; With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
But Thou dost all my anguish see ; My raptured song shall ever be,
O God, be merciful to me ! God has been merciful to me !

Repentance and Confession

286

SEYMOUR 7. 7. 7. 7

Arr. from Carl Maria von Weber



1. Depth of mer - cy, can there be Mer - cy still re - served for me?



Can my God His wrath for - bear? Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare?

2 I have long withstood His grace,
Long provoked Him to His face,
Would not hearken to His calls,
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

3 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows His wounds, and spreads His
God is love: I know, I feel; [hands;
Jesus lives and loves me still.

Rev. Chas. Wesley, 1740

287

HERMON C. M.

Lowell Mason, 1841



1. How oft, a - las! this wretch-ed heart Has wan-dered from . . the Lord!



How oft my rov - ing tho'ts de - part, For - get - ful of His word!

2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return;"
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O take the wanderer home.

4 Almighty grace, Thy healing power,
How glorious, how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine.

3 And canst Thou, wilt Thou, yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardoned rebel live
To speak Thy wondrous love?

5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore;
O keep me at Thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

Anne Steele, 1760

Repentance and Confession

288 HEBRON L. M.

Lowell Mason, 1830

1. Show pit - y, Lord ; O Lord, for - give ; Let a re - pent - ing reb - el live ;

Are not Thy mer - cies large and free ? May not a sin - ner trust in Thee ?

2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of Thy grace ;
Great God, Thy nature hath no bound,
So let Thy pardoning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean ;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against Thy law, against Thy grace ;

Lord, should Thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemned, but Thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my
breath,

I must pronounce Thee just in death ;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round Thy
word,

Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

Altered by S. Arnold, 1791
from Jeremiah Clark, 1708

289 ST. LUKE L. M.

1. A bro - ken heart, my God, my King, Is all the sac - ri - fice I bring :

The God of grace will ne'er de - spise A bro - ken heart for sac - ri - fice.

(Or to Warner, No. 281)

2 My soul lies humbled in the dust, I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And owns Thy dreadful sentence just ; And they shall praise a pardoning God.
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye, 4 O may Thy love inspire my tongue !
And save the soul condemned to die. Salvation shall be all my song ;

3 Then will I teach the world Thy ways ; And all my powers shall join to bless
Sinners shall learn Thy sovereign grace ; The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

Evening

39

NUTFIELD 8. 4. 8. 4. 8. 8. 8. 4

William H. Monk, 1861



2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And, when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping,
All peaceful lie :

When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high.

Verse 1 Bishop Reginald Heber, 1827

Verse 2 Archbishop Richard Whateley, 1860

40

EVENING PRAYER 8. 7. 8. 7

1 Saviour, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal ;
Sin and want we come confessing ;
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee ;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly ;
Angel-guards from Thee surround us,
We are safe if Thou art nigh.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake
And our couch become our tomb, [us,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

James Edmeston, 1820

The Lord Jesus Christ

128 ALEXANDRIA C. M.

William Arnold (?)

1. Dear-est of all the names a - bove, My Je - sus and my God,
Who can re - sist Thy heav'n-ly love, Or tri - fle with Thy blood?

- 2 'Tis by the merits of Thy death
Thy Father smiles again;
'Tis by Thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.
- 3 Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find:
The holy, just, and sacred Three
Are terrors to my mind.

- 4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy, begin:
His name forbids my slavish fear;
His grace removes my sin.
- 5 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love the incarnate Mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

129 ORTONVILLE C. M.

Thomas Hastings, 1837

1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthron'd Up - on the Sav-iour's brow; His head with
ra-diant glories crown'd, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.

- 2 No mortal can with Him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He than all the fair
Who fill the heavenly train.
- 3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;

- For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.
- 4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.

Salvation Provided

249

CUYLER 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7

J. Hyatt Brewer (1856-)

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound-ed side which flowed,

Be of sin the dou - ble cure, . Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

From the Plymouth Hymnal, by permission

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

3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;

Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly:
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my heart-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne;
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

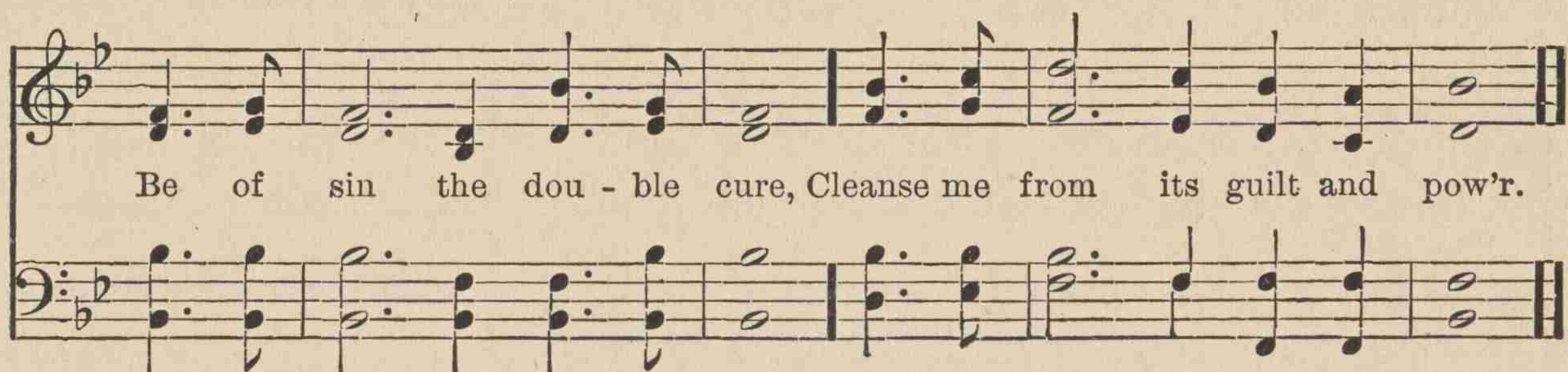
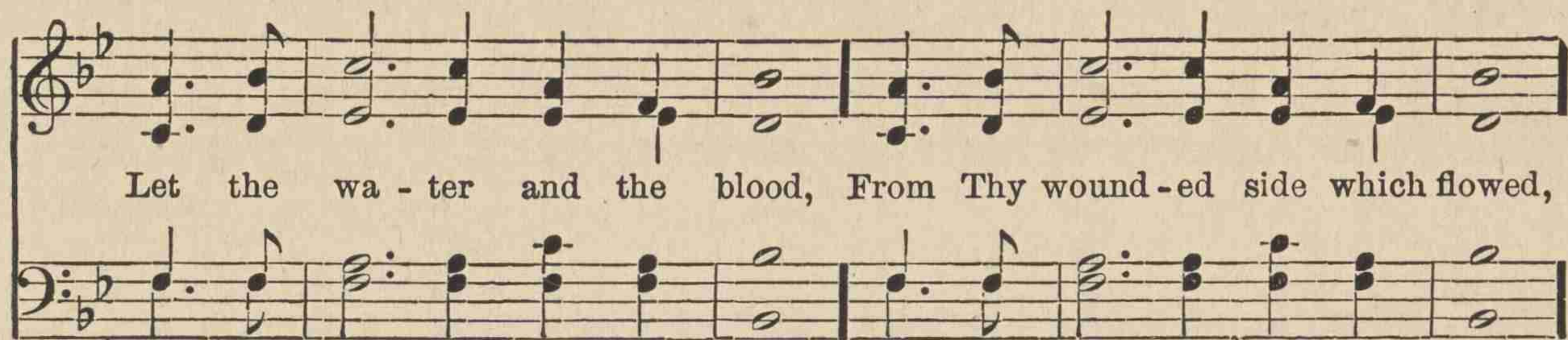
Rev. Augustus M. Toplady, 1776

TOPLADY 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7 (Second Tune)

Thomas Hastings, 1831

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;

The Atonement



250 PENTONVILLE S. M.

Francis Linley, c. 1800



2 How dreadful was the hour
When God our wanderings laid,
And did at once His vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head!

3 How glorious was the grace
When Christ sustained the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays,
A ransom for the flock.

4 His honor and His breath
Were taken both away;

Joined with the wicked in His death,
And made as vile as they.

5 But God shall raise His head
O'er all the sons of men,
And make Him see a numerous seed,
To recompense His pain.

6 "I'll give Him," saith the Lord,
"A portion with the strong;
He shall possess a large reward,
And hold His honors long."

Glory and Safety

531

AURELIA 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Samuel S. Wesley, 1864



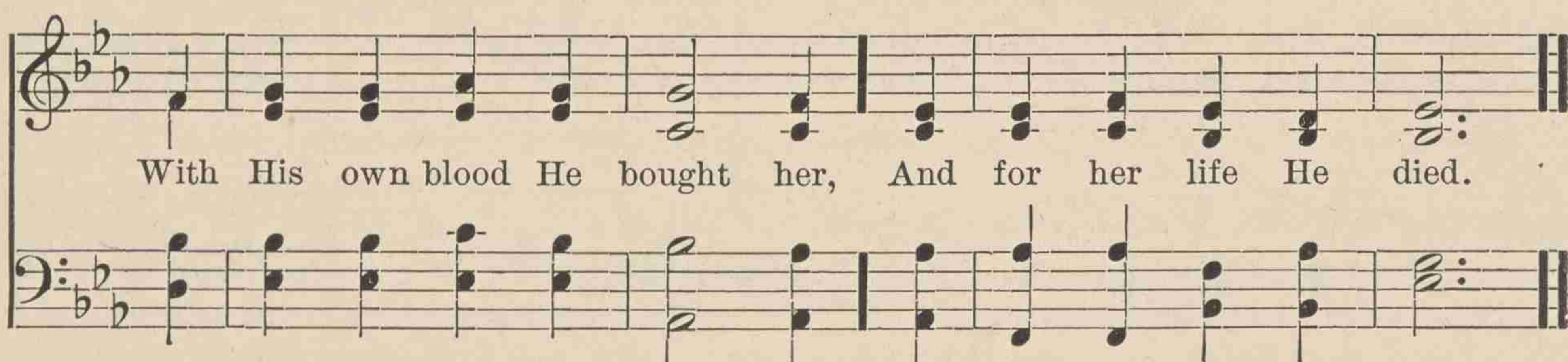
1. The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;



She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word;



From Heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride;



With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.

- 2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.
- 3 Though with a scornful wonder,
Men see her sore oppressed,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distressed;
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

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

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

Receiving Christ

4 Lord, I am guilty, I am vile,
But Thy salvation's free;
Then, in Thine all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord, remember me.

5 Howe'er forsaken or despised,
Howe'er oppressed I be,

Howe'er forgotten here on earth,
Do Thou remember me.

6 And when I close my eyes in death,
And human help shall flee,
Then, then, my dear redeeming God,
O then remember me.

Rev. Richard Burnham, 1796; Verses 1, 4, alt.

296 WOODWORTH L. M.

William B. Bradbury, 1849

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea; But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'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
O Lamb of God, I come. [spot,

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

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,

Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

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

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

Charlotte Elliott, 1836

JUST AS I AM 8. 8. 8. 6 (Second Tune)

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1893

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come.

The Atonement

252 CHRISTOPHER 7. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6

Frederick C. Maker, 1881

1. Be - neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand, The

shad - ow of a might - y rock With - in a wea - ry land; A

home with-in the wil - der - ness, A rest up-on the way, From the

burn - ing of the noon-tide heat, And the bur - den of the day.

2 Upon the cross of Jesus,
 Mine eye at times can see
 The very dying form of one
 Who suffered there for me.
 And from my smitten heart with tears,
 These wonders I confess,—
 The wonder of His glorious love,
 And my own worthlessness.

3 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.

Receiving Christ

300

MEREDITH 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Justin H. Knecht, 1799,
and Rev. Edward Husband, 1871

1. O Je - sus, Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast-closed door,

In low - ly pa - tience wait - ing To pass the thresh - old o'er :

Shame on us, Chris - tian broth - ers, His name and sign who bear :

O shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him stand - ing there !

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

3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so ?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door :
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.

Sanctification

323

BEECHER 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

John Zundel, 1870

1. Love di - vine, all loves ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down ;

Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing, All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.

Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un - bound - ed love Thou art ;

Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry trem - bling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest;
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, Almighty to deliver!
Let us all Thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.

Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

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

Salvation Provided

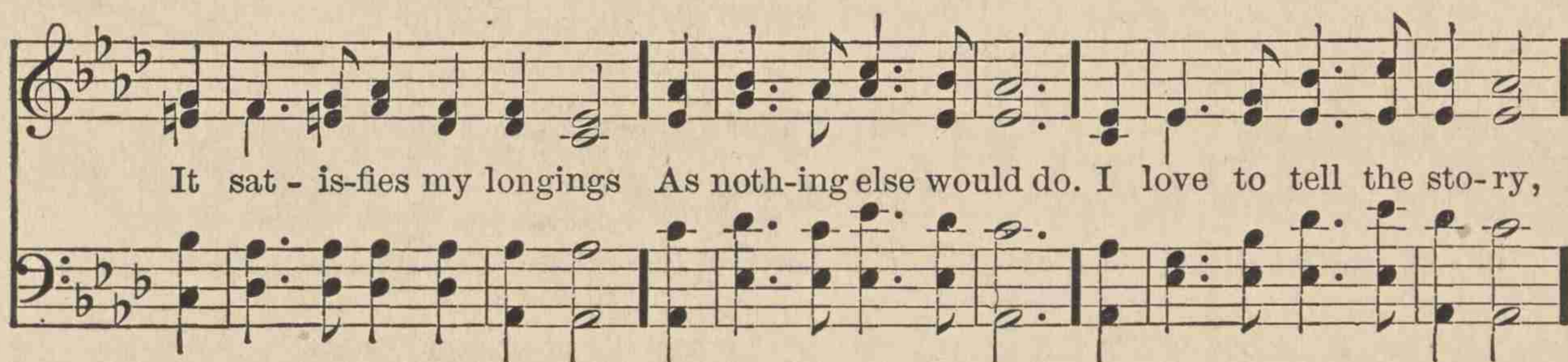
236 I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY 7.6.7.6.D. with Ref. Wm. G. Fischer, 1869



1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things above, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry,



Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know it's true ;



It sat - is - fies my longings As noth - ing else would do. I love to tell the sto - ry,



'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

2 I love to tell the story ;
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story,
It did so much for me ;
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.
I love to tell, etc.

3 I love to tell the story ;
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.

I love to tell the story,
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.
I love to tell, etc.

4 I love to tell the story ;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it, like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be the old, old story
That I have loved so long.
I love to tell, etc.

Salvation Provided

239

OLD, OLD STORY 7. 6. 7. 6. D. with Refrain

William H. Doane, 1870



1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of unseen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry,



Of Je - sus and His love. Tell me the sto - ry sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child,



CHORUS.
For I am weak and wea - ry, And helpless and de - filed. Tell me the old, old sto - ry,



Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Of Je - sus and His love.

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2 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!

3 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones, and grave;
Remember! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.

Tell me that story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

4 Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is drawing on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story:
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

Privileges

334 DOMINUS REGIT ME 8. 7. 8. 7

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1868

1. The King of love my Shep-herd is, Whose good - ness fail - eth nev - er;
I noth - ing lack if I am His, And He is mine for - ev - er.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.</p> <p>3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.</p> <p>4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;</p> | <p>Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.</p> <p>5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
And O what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth!</p> <p>6 And so through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never:
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house forever.</p> |
|---|--|

Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, 1868

335 ERFURT L. M.

Martin Luther, 1535

1. How oft have sin and Sa - tan strove To rend my soul from Thee, my God!
But ev - er - last - ing is Thy love, And Je - sus seals it with His blood.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 The oath and promise of the Lord
Join to confirm His wondrous grace:
Eternal power performs the word,
And fills all heaven with endless praise.</p> <p>3 Amidst temptations sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies;</p> | <p>Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
While tempests blow and billows rise.</p> <p>4 The gospel bears my spirits up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundations for my hope,
In oaths, and promises, and blood.</p> |
|---|--|

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

Activity

501

SANCTUARY 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1871

1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus cry-ing, "Who will go and work to - day?
Fields are white, and har - vests wait - ing, Who will bear the sheaves a - way?"

Loud and long the Mas - ter call - eth, Rich re - ward He of - fers free;

Who will an - swer, glad - ly say - ing, "Here am I, send me, send me?"

2 If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door;
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite,
And the least you give for Jesus
Will be precious in His sight.

3 If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.

If you cannot rouse the wicked
With the judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

4 Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task He gives you gladly,
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth—
"Here am I, send me, send me."

Privileges

340 PILOT 7.7.7.7.7.7

John E. Gould, 1871

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pest - uous sea;
D.C.—Chart and com - pass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.

FINE.

Un - known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach -'rous shoal;

D.C.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them, "Be still."
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

Rev. Edward Hopper, 1871

341 EVAN C.M.

Rev. William H. Havergal, 1846

1. There is a safe and se - cret place Be - neath the wings di - vine,

Re - served for all the heirs of grace, O be that ref - uge mine!

2 The least and feeblest there may bide,
Uninjured and unawed;
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God.

O child of God, O glory's heir!
How rich a lot is thine!

3 He feeds in pastures large and fair,
Of love and truth divine;

4 A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honored life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all!

Faith

357

OLIVET 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4

Lowell Mason, 1831

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray: Take all my
guilt a - way; O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.

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

Bid darkness turn today;
Wipe sorrow's tears away;
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;

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

Rév. Ray Palmer, 1830

MONSELL S. M.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1869

1. How gen - tle God's com - mands, How kind His pre - cepts are!
Come, cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust His con - stant care.

Love

382 LEBANON S. M. D.

John Zundel, 1855

1. I was a wan-d'ring sheep, I did not love the fold ;

I did not love my Shep-herd's voice, I would not be con - trolled.

I was a way - ward child, I did not love my home ;

I did not love my Fa-ther's voice ; I loved a - far to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child,
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild :
They found me nigh to death,
Famished and faint, and lone ;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
'Twas He that made me whole ;

'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.

4 No more a wandering sheep,
I love to be controlled :
I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
I love the peaceful fold :
No more a wayward child,
I seek no more to roam ;
I love my heavenly Father's voice ;
I love, I love His home.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1844 ; Verse 4, alt.

Heaven

695 MATERNA C. M. D.

Samuel A. Ward, 1885

1. O Moth - er dear, Je - ru - sa - lem, When shall I come to thee ?

When shall my sor - rows have an end ? Thy joys when shall I see ?

2. O hap - py har - bor of the saints ! O sweet and pleas - ant soil !

In thee no sor - row may be found, No grief, no care, no toil.

3 Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamonds square ;
Thy gates are of right orient pearl,
Exceeding rich and rare.

4 Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles do shine ;
Thy very streets are paved with gold,
Surpassing clear and fine.

5 Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
Continually are green,
There grow such sweet and pleasant
flowers
As nowhere else are seen.

6 Quite through the streets, with silver
sound,
The flood of life doth flow ;
Upon whose banks on every side
The wood of life doth grow.

7 There trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring ;
There evermore the angels sit,
And evermore do sing.

8 Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee !
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see !

F. B. P., in MSS. of 16th or 17th cent.
Verse 1, l. 1, from W. Prid, 1585

The Lord Jesus Christ

171 PENITENCE 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

Spencer Lane, 1878

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me, Lest by base de -
ni - al I de - part from Thee ; When Thou see'st me wav - er, With a
look re - call, . . Nor for fear or fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall.

From Hutchins' Church Hymnal, by permission.

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

3 Should Thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil, and woe ;
Or should pain attend me
On my path below ;

Grant that I may never
Fail Thy hand to see ;
Grant that I may ever
Cast my care on Thee.

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

James Montgomery, 1834
Alt. Mrs. Hutton and G. Thring

172 MAINZER L. M.

Joseph Mainzer, c. 1840

1. Where high the heav'n-ly tem - ple stands, The house of God not made with hands,

The Holy Ghost

217 DULCE 7.7.7.7

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1883



1. Gra-cious Spir-it, love di-vine, Let Thy light with-in me shine;
All my guilt-y fears re-move, Fill me full of heav'n and love.

2 Speak Thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in His precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart,
Seal salvation on my heart;

Breathe Thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from Thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, for ever Thine.

John Stocker, 1777

218 MERCY 7.7.7.7

Arr. from Louis M. Gottschalk, 1867



1. Ho-ly Ghost, with light di-vine, Shine up-on this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night a-way, Turn the dark-ness in-to day.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long has sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine,

Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

Rev. Andrew Reed, 1842

Conversion and Joy

5 Shout, ye bright angelic choir,
Praise the Lamb enthroned above;
Whilst astonished I admire
God's free grace and boundless love.

6 That blest moment I received Him,
Filled my soul with joy and peace;
Love I much? I'm much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

John Wingrove, 1785

310 HAPPY DAY L. M. with Refrain

Anon.

1. { O hap - py day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - iour and my God;
Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad.

Hap - py day, hap - py day, Here in Thy courts we'll glad - ly stay,

And at Thy foot - stool hum - bly pray, That Thou wouldst take our sins a - way;

Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Christ shall wash our sins a - way.

2 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.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

3 'Tis done; the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Rejoiced to own the call divine.

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

Conflict

492 NEED 6. 4. 6. 4. 7. 6. 7. 4

Rev. Robert Lowry, 1872

1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord;

No ten - der voice like Thine Can peace af - ford.

I need Thee, O I need Thee, Ev - 'ry hour I need Thee;

O bless me now, my Sav - iour, I come to Thee!

Copyright, 1900, by Mary Runyon Lowry. Renewal. Used by permission.

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

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

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

5 I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
O make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessèd Son!
I need Thee, etc.

Conflict

483

SULLIVAN 6. 5. 6. 5. D. with Refrain

Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1871



1. Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus

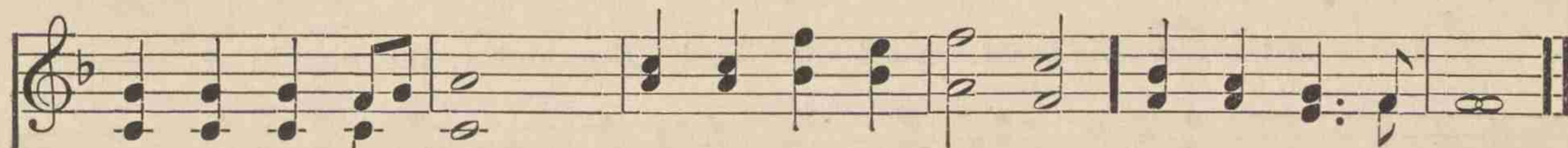


Go - ing on be - fore ! Christ the roy - al Mas - ter Leads a - gainst the foe ;



REFRAIN.

For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban-ners go. Onward, Christian sol - diers,



Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore !
war, With the cross of



With the cross of

2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee ;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory !
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise ;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise !
Onward, etc.

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

Activity

493 CHRISTMAS C. M.

Arr. from George F. Händel, 1728

1. A-wake, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve, And press with vigor on; A heav'nly race de-

mands thy zeal, And an im-mor-tal crown, And an im-mor-tal crown.

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

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

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

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

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1755

494 DOWNS C. M.

Lowell Mason, 1833

1. Scorn not the slight-est word or deed, Nor deem it void of power;

There's fruit in each wind-waft-ed seed, That waits its na-tal hour.

2 A whispered word may touch the
And call it back to life; [heart,
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.

3 No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its power may be,

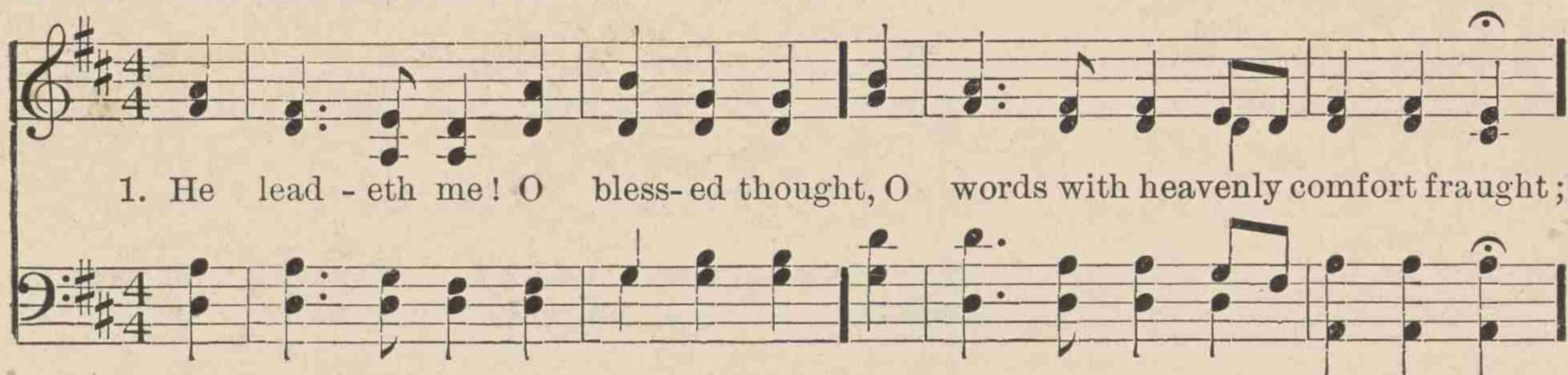
Nor what results infolded dwell
Within it silently.

4 Work on, despair not, bring thy mite;
Nor care how small it be;
God is with all that serve the right,
The holy, true, and free.

Privileges

346 HE LEADETH ME L. M. with Refrain

William B. Bradbury, 1864



1. He lead - eth me! O bless - ed thought, O words with heavenly comfort fraught;



What - e'er I do, wher - e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.

REFRAIN.



He lead - eth me! He lead - eth me! By His own hand He lead - eth me;



His faith - ful fol - lower I would be, For by His hand He lead - eth me.

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2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, 3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom, Nor ever murmur nor repine;
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,— Content, whatever lot I see,
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me. Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

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

The Lord Jesus Christ

148 AVON C. M.

Hugh Wilson, c. 1800

1. A - las ! and did my Sav - iour bleed, And did my Sov - 'reign die,
Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?

- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

149 HORSLEY C. M.

William Horsley, 1844

1. There is a green hill far a - way, With - out a cit - y wall,
Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.

- 2 We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.
- 3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.
- 4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.
- 5 O dearly, dearly, has He loved!
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

Cecil F. Alexander, 1848

Repentance and Confession

290 MEAR C. M.

William Knapp, 1738

1. In e - vil long I took de - light, Un - awed by shame or fear ;
Till a new ob - ject struck my sight, And stopped my wild ca - reer.

2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood;
Who fixed His languid eyes on me,
As near His cross I stood.

3 Sure, never to my latest breath,
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with His death,
Though not a word He spoke.

4 My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
And helped to nail Him there.

5 Alas! I knew not what I did,
But now my tears are vain;

Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain.

6 A second look He gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die that thou mayst live."

7 Thus, while His death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue;
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.

8 With pleasing grief and mournful joy,
My spirit now is filled;
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by Him I killed.

Rev. John Newton, 1779

291 BALERMA C. M.

1 O Thou, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye.

2 See, low before Thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn;
Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face?
Hast Thou not said—return?

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from Thy feet?

O let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.

4 Absent from Thee, my Guide, my Light,
Without one cheering ray;
Thro' dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way!

5 O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine!
And let Thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

Anne Steele, 1760

The Holy Trinity

88

NICAEA 11. 12. 12. 10

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1861

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al-might - y! Ear - ly in the

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee! Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!

mer - ci - ful and might - y! God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!

2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea,
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Who wert and art and evermore shalt be.

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

4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

Expostulation and Warning

275 STIASTNY L. M.

Arr. 1868 from Stiastny

1. I hear a voice that comes from far; From Cal - va - ry it sounds a - broad;

It soothes my soul, and calms my fear; It speaks of par - don bought with blood.

2 And is it true, that many fly
The sound that bids my soul rejoice;
And rather choose in sin to die,
Than turn an ear to mercy's voice!

3 Alas for those!—the day is near,
When mercy will be heard no more;
Then will they ask in vain to hear
The voice they would not hear before.

4 With such, I own, I once appeared,
But now I know how great their loss;
For sweeter sounds were never heard,
Than mercy utters from the cross.

5 But let me not forget to own,
That if I differ aught from those,
'Tis due to sovereign grace alone,
That oft selects its proudest foes.

Rev. Thos. Kelly, 1804

276 BERA L. M.

John E. Gould, 1849

1. Say, sin-ner! hath a voice with - in Oft whispered to thy se - cret soul,

Urged thee to leave the ways of sin, And yield thy heart to God's con - trol?

2 Sinner! it was a heavenly voice,—
It was the Spirit's gracious call;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

3 Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard, in time, the warning kind;
That call thou mayst not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.

4 God's Spirit will not always strive
With hardened, self-destroying man;
Ye who persist his love to grieve,
May never hear his voice again.

5 Sinner! perhaps, this very day,
Thy last accepted time may be:
O shouldst thou grieve him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

Salvation Offered

253

GREENVILLE 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Arr. from Jean Jacques Rousseau, 1775



1. { Come, ye sin - ners, poor and wretch - ed, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore ;
Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and pow'r :



He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will - ing ; doubt no more.



He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will - ing ; doubt no more.

2 Ho! ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify ;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 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 ;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 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,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Lo! the incarnate God ascended
Pleads the merits of His blood ;
Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude ;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

6 Saints and angels joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb ;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with His name.
Alleluia,
Sinners now may sing the same.

Invitation

259 ROCKINGHAM L. M.

Lowell Mason, 1833



1. Re - turn, O wan - der - er, re - turn, And seek an in - jured Fa - ther's face ;



Those warm de - sires that in thee burn Were kin - dled by re - claim - ing grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His hand shall heal thine inward smart.

Go to His bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

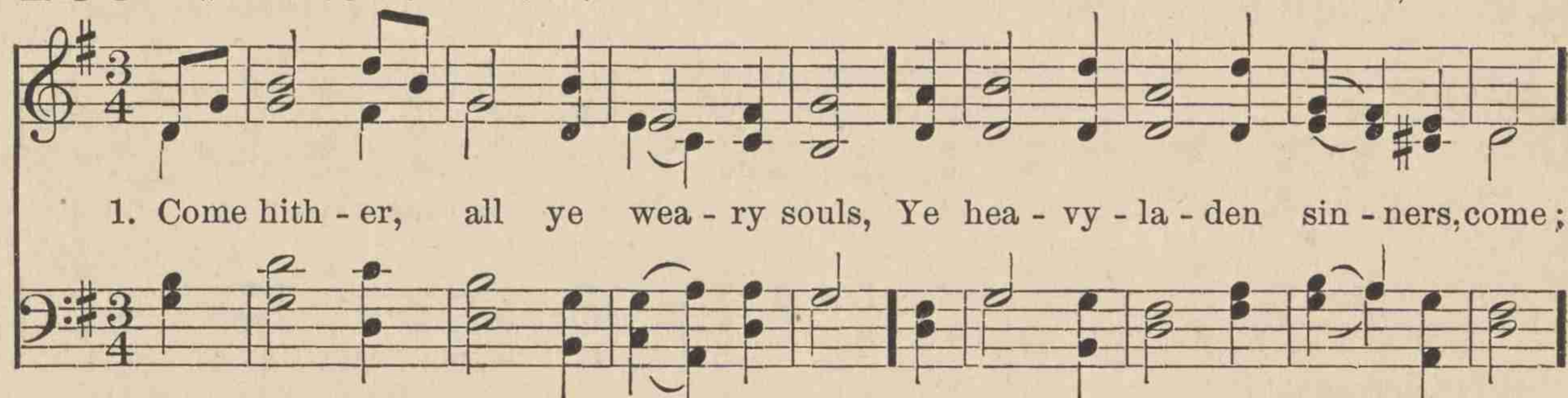
3 Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live ;

4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling tear ;
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn,"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

Rev. Wm. B. Collyer, 1806

260 WILLINGTON L. M.

F. W. Williams, 1851



1. Come hith - er, all ye wea - ry souls, Ye hea - vy - la - den sin - ners, come ;



I'll give you rest from all your toils, And raise you to My heav'n - ly home.

2 They shall find rest that learn of Me; My yoke is easy to his neck,
I'm of a meek and lowly mind ; My grace shall make the burden light.
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

4 Jesus, we come at Thy command,
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal ;

3 Blest is the man whose shoulders take Resign our spirits to Thy hand,
My yoke, and bear it with delight ; To mould and guide us at Thy will.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709

Expostulation and Warning

268

NORWICH 7. 7. 7. 7

Lowell Mason, 1825

1. Sin - ner, art thou still se - cure? Wilt thou still re - fuse to pray?

Can thy heart or hand en - dure, In the Lord's a - veng - ing day?

2 See, His mighty arm is bared,
Awful terrors clothe His brow;
For His judgments stand prepared;
Thou must either break or bow.

3 At His presence nature shakes,
Earth, affrighted, hastes to flee;
Solid mountains melt like wax,
What will then become of thee?

4 Who His coming may abide?
You that glory in your shame,
Will you find a place to hide,
When the world is wrapped in flame?

5 Lord, prepare us by Thy grace;
Soon we must resign our breath,
And our souls be called to pass
Through the iron gate of death.

Rev. John Newton, 1779

269

UXBRIDGE L. M.

Lowell Mason, 1830

1. Has - ten, O sin - ner, to be wise, And stay not for to - mor - row's sun;

The lon - ger wis - dom you de - spise, The hard - er is she to be won.

2 O hasten mercy to implore,
And stay not for tomorrow's sun;
For fear thy season should be o'er,
Before this evening's course be run.

3 Hasten, O sinner, to return,
And stay not for tomorrow's sun;

For fear thy lamp should fail to burn,
Before the needful work is done.

4 Hasten, O sinner, to be blest,
And stay not for tomorrow's sun;
For fear the curse should thee arrest,
Before the morrow is begun.

Rev. Thomas Scott, 1773 (text of 1787)

Salvation Offered

270

GOSHEN 11. 11. 11. 11

German Melody

1. De - lay not, de - lay not, O sin - ner, draw near; The wa - ters of
life are now flow - ing for thee; No price is de - mand - ed, the
Sav - iour is here, Re - demp - tion is pur - chased, sal - va - tion is free.

2 Delay not, delay not, why longer
abuse [thy God?
The love and compassion of Jesus
A fountain is opened, how canst thou
refuse [pardoning blood?
To wash and be cleansed in His

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to
come, [thee to-day:
For mercy still lingers, and calls
Her voice is not heard in the vale of
the tomb; [pass away.
Her message unheeded will soon

4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of
Grace, [take its sad flight;
Long grieved and resisted, may
And leave thee in darkness to finish
thy race, [night.
To sink in the gloom of eternity's

5 Delay not, delay not, the hour is at
hand; [heavens shall fade;
The earth shall dissolve, and the
The dead, small and great, in the judg-
ment shall stand; [thee its aid?
What power then, O sinner, shall lend
Thos. Hastings, 1850

271

TO-DAY 6. 4. 6. 4

1 To-day the Saviour calls!
Ye wanderers, come;
O ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Saviour calls;
O hear Him now!
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to His power;
O grieve Him not away!
'Tis mercy's hour.

Rev. Samuel F. Smith, 1831
Alt. Thos. Hastings, pub. 1832

Expostulation and Warning

272 BENEVENTO 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Samuel Webbe, 1792

1. Sin - ners, turn, why will ye die ? God your Mak - er asks you why ; God who did your

be - ing give, Made you with Himself to live. He the fa - tal cause de - mands,

Asks the work of His own hands ; Why, ye thankless creatures, why Will ye cross His love and die ?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die ?
 God your Saviour asks you why ;
 He who did your soul retrieve,
 Died Himself that ye might live.
 Will ye let Him die in vain,
 Crucify your Lord again ?
 Why, ye rebel sinners, why
 Will ye slight His grace and die ?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die ?
 God the Spirit asks you why ;
 Many a time with you He strove,
 Wooed you to embrace His love ;
 Will ye not His grace receive ?
 Will ye still refuse to live ?
 Why will ye forever die,
 O ye guilty sinners, why ?

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1741, alt.

TODAY 6. 4. 6. 4

Lowell Mason, 1831

1. To - day the Sav - iour calls ! Ye wanderers, come ; O ye be - night - ed souls, Why lon - ger roam ?

Repentance and Confession

292 ARMAGH C. M.

James Turle, 1863

1. Pros-trate, dear Je - sus, at Thy feet, A guilt - y reb - el lies ;

And up - wards to Thy mer - cy seat, Pre - sumes to lift His eyes.

- 2 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe, [eyes
Tears should from both my weeping
In ceaseless torrents flow.
- 3 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt ;
- 4 Think of Thy sorrows, dearest Lord,
And all my sins forgive :
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

Rev. Samuel Stennett, 1787

293 BALERMA C. M.

Arr. by R. Simpson, from L. Von Esch, c. 1810

1. Come, hum - ble sin - ner, in whose breast A thou-sand thoughts re-volve ;

Come, with your guilt and fear op-pressed, And make this last re - solve :

- 2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
High as a mountain rose ;
I know His courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.
- 3 "Prostrate I'll lie before His throne,
And there my guilt confess ;
I'll tell Him I'm a wretch undone
Without His sovereign grace.
- 4 "I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives ;
- Perhaps He may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.
- 5 "Perhaps He will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer ;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.
- 6 "I can but perish if I go ;
I am resolved to try ;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die."

Peace

390 NAOMI C. M.

Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1836

1. Fa - ther, what-e'er of earth - ly bliss Thy sov - 'reign will de - nies,

Ac - cept - ed at Thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise.

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And let me live to Thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My path of life attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

Anne Steele, 1760

391 BICKERSTETH 10. 10

G. T. Caldbeck, 1877

1. Peace, per - fect peace, in this dark world of sin : . . .

The blood of Je - sus whis - pers peace with - in.

2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed :
To do the will of Jesus, — this is rest.

3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round .
On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.

4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away :
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown :
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

Prayer

467 COME 7.7.7.7

George M. Garrett, 1872

1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre - pare, Je - sus loves to an - swer prayer ;
He Him - self has bid thee pray, There-fore will not say thee nay.

(Or to Hendon, No. 17)

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring ;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.</p> <p>3 With my burden I begin :
Lord, remove this load of sin ;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.</p> <p>4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast,</p> | <p>There Thy blood-bought right main-
And without a rival reign. [tain</p> <p>5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer ;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.</p> <p>6 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew ;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death.</p> |
|--|---|

Rev. John Newton, 1779

468 HORTON 7.7.7.7

Schnyder von Wartensee, 1786

1. They who seek the throne of grace Find that throne in ev - 'ry place ;
If we live a life of prayer, God is pres - ent ev - 'ry-where.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 In our sickness or our health,
In our want, or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.</p> <p>3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When our foes and fears prevail,</p> | <p>'Tis the time for earnest prayer;
God is present everywhere.</p> <p>4 Then, my soul, in every strait,
To thy Father come, and wait;
He will answer every prayer :
God is present everywhere.</p> |
|--|---|

Oliver Holden, 1793

Prayer

469

WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Charles C. Converse, 1868

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in pray'r!

O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need - less pain we bear,

All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in pray'r!

By per. C. C. Converse, owner of copyright.

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 ev'ry weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer!

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

Conflict

491 ALL SAINTS C. M. D.

Henry S. Cutler, 1872

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;

His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far: Who fol - lows in His train?

Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - um-phant o - ver pain,

Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train.

By permission Tucker Hymnal.

2 That 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 pray'd for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in His train?

3 A noble band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came, [knew
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they
And mocked the torch of flame;

They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane,
They bowed their necks the strokes to
Who follows in their train? [feel:

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

Activity

497 MISSIONARY CHANT L. M.

Charles Zeuner, 1833

1. Go, la - bor on, spend and be spent, Thy joy to do the Fa-ther's will ;

It is the way the Mas - ter went ; Should not the ser - vant tread it still ?

- 2 Go, labor on ; 'tis not for naught ; The willing heart to mark and cheer :
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain ; No toil for Him shall be in vain.
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not :
The Master praises,—what are men ?
3 Go, labor on ; enough, while here, voice,
If He shall praise thee, if He deign The midnight peal : "Behold, I come!"
Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1843

498 WALTHAM L. M.

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1872

1. Go, la - bor on, while it is day ; The world's dark night is hastening on ;

Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth a - way ! It is not thus that souls are won.

- 2 Men die in darkness at your side, Go forth into the world's highway ;
Without a hope to cheer the tomb : Compel the wanderer to come in.
Take up the torch and wave it wide —
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.
4 Go, labor on ; your hands are weak ;
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down ;
3 Toil on,—faint not ; keep watch and Yet falter not ; the prize you seek
Be wise the erring soul to win ; [pray ! Is near,—a kingdom and a crown !
Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1843

The Church

577 SICILY 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7

Tattersall's Psalmody, 1794

1. { Sav-iour, vis-it Thy plan-ta-tion, Grant us, Lord, a gra-cious rain;
All will come to des-o-la-tion, Un-less Thou re-turn a-gain:

Lord, re-vive us, Lord, re-vive us; All our help must come from Thee.

2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of Thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die;
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from Thee

Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from Thee.

3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one esteemed Thy servant
Shun the world's bewitching snares.

4 Break the tempter's fatal power;
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin, from this good hour,
To revive Thy work afresh:
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from Thee.

Rev. John Newton, 1779

578 STEPHENS C. M.

Rev. William Jones, 1789

1. Come, Lord, and warm each lan-guid heart, In-spire each life-less tongue;

And let the joys of heav'n im-part Their in-fluence to our song.

2 Come, Lord, Thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame;
Then shall our lips resound Thy praise,
Our hearts adore Thy name.

3 Dear Saviour, let Thy glory shine,
And fill Thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heaven on earth appear.

Anne Steele, 1760

Revival

579

ETIAM ET MIHI 8. 7. 8. 7. 3

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1870

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless-ing Thou art scat-t'ring full and free, Show'rs the

thirst - y land re - fresh - ing ; Let some drop - pings fall on me, e - ven me !

2 Pass me not, O God our Father,
Sinful though my heart may be ;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me, even me !

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
Let me live and cling to Thee ;
O I'm longing for Thy favor ; [me !
While Thou'rt calling, O call me, even

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see ;

Witnesser of Jesus' merit, [me !
Speak some word of power to me, even

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of God, so rich and free,
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify them all in me, even me !

6 Pass me not ! Thy lost one bringing,
Bind, O bind, my heart to Thee ;
While the streams of life are springing ;
Blessing others, O bless me, even me !

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner, 1860

EVEN ME 8. 7. 8. 7. 3 with Refrain (Second Tune) William B. Bradbury, 1862

1. { Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scat-t'ring full and free, }
{ Show'rs the thirst - y land re - fresh - ing ; Let some drop - pings fall on me, }

e - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drop - pings fall on me.

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The Beginning of Worship

2 OLD HUNDREDTH L. M.

Genevan Psalter, 1551

1. Be - fore Je - ho - vah's aw - ful throne, Ye na - tions bow with sa - cred joy ;
 Know that the Lord is God a - lone ; He can cre - ate and He de - stroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid, 4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful
 Made us of clay, and formed us men; songs;
 And when, like wand'ring sheep, we strayed, High as the heavens our voices raise;
 He brought us to His fold again. And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

3 We are His people, we His care, 5 Wide as the world is Thy command;
 Our souls and all our mortal frame; Vast as eternity Thy love;
 What lasting honors shall we rear, Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
 Almighty Maker, to Thy name? When rolling years shall cease to move.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1706, 1719; Verse 1, ll. 1, 2, alt. Rev. John Wesley

3 MAINZER L. M.

Joseph Mainzer, c. 1840

1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer - ful voice ;
 Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell ; Come ye be - fore Him and re - joice.

2 Know that the Lord is God indeed ; Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
 Without our aid He did us make ; For it is seemly so to do.
 We are His flock, He doth us feed,
 And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 O enter then His gates with praise ; 4 Because the Lord our God is good,
 Approach with joy His courts unto ; His mercy is forever sure ;
 His truth at all times firmly stood,
 And shall from age to age endure.

Rev. William Kethe, 1561

The Beginning of Worship

13

LYONS 10. 10. 11. 11

Arr. from Haydn
By William Gardiner, 1815

1. O wor-ship the King, all glo-rious a-bove, O grate-ful-ly
sing His power and His love. Our shield and de-fend-er, the
An-cient of Days, Pa-vil-ioned in splen-dor and gird-ed with praise.

- 2 O tell of His might, O sing of His grace!
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy, space.
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
- 3 The earth, with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old,
Hath 'stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.
- 4 Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.
- 5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail.
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!
- 6 O measureless Might! ineffable Love!
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to Thy praise.

The Close of Worship

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

William G. Tomer, 1882

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His counsels guide, up-hold you,

With His sheep se-cure - ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

Till we meet, . . till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet ;
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet,

Till we meet, . . till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

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

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

God be with you till we meeet again.
Till we meet, etc.

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

42

EVENTIDE 10. 10. 10. 10

Evening

William H. Monk, 1861

1. A - bid e with me : fast falls the e - ven - tide ; The dark - ness
deep - ens ; Lord, with me a - bid e : When oth - er help - ers
fail, and com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, O, a - bid e with me.

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

Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1847

TROYTE, No. 1 (Chant) (Second Tune)

Arthur H. D. Troyte, 1857

The Lord's Day

61 REED 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8

John P. Campbell, 1899

1. Welcome, delight-ful morn, Thou day of sa-cred rest ! I hail thy kind re-turn,

Lord, make these moments blest; From the low train of mortal toys I soar to reach immortal joys.

* The small notes and slurs are for the third verse only.

2 Now may the King descend,
And fill His throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address Thy face;
Let sinners feel Thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours;
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths e'er be spent in vain.

"Hayward" in Dobell's Selections, 1806

LISCHER 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8 (Second Tune)

Arr. from Friedrich J. C. Schneider,
by Lowell Mason, 1841

1. { Welcome, delightful morn, Thou day of sa - cred rest ! } From the low train of mortal toys
{ I hail thy kind return, Lord, make these moments blest; }

I soar to reach im - mor-tal joys, I soar to reach im - mor-tal joys.
I soar to reach im-mor-tal joys.

GOD

The Holy Trinity

81

ITALIAN HYMN 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4

Felice de Giardini, 1769



1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
Help us to praise! Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days.

2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall!
Let Thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made,
Our souls on Thee be stayed:
Lord, hear our call!

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

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

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

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1757

82

FIAT LUX 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1875



1. Thou, whose al - might - y word Cha - os and dark - ness heard,

Praise to Christ

5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King;
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
Shall Thy salvation sing.

6 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers;
With this delightful song
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

190

LOVING KINDNESS L. M. with Refrain

Western Melody
Arr. by Thos. Hastings, 1852

1. A - wake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing Thy great Re - deem-er's praise :

He just - ly claims a song from thee ; His lov - ing-kindness, O how free !

His lov - ing kind-ness, O how free ! His lov - ing kind-ness, O how free !

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;
His loving-kindness, O how great!

5 Often I feel my sinful heart,
Prone from my Saviour to depart;
But though I oft have Him forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along;
His loving-kindness, O how strong!

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O may my last expiring breath,
His loving-kindness sing in death.

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood;
His loving-kindness, O how good!

7 Then, let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

Samuel Medley, 1782, alt.

Salvation Provided

251 COWPER C. M.

Lowell Mason, 1831

1. There is a foun - tain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins ; And
sin - ners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains; Lose all their guilt - y stains.

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

4 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.

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

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

William Cowper, 1772

FOUNTAIN C. M. (Second Tune)

Western Melody

1. There is a foun - tain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins;
And sin - ners, plung'd be - neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains;
Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains.

FINE.
D.S.

367

MARGARET 8. 8. 8. 8. 6

Hope

Albert L. Peace, 1885

1. O Love that wilt not let me go, . . . I rest my

wea - ry soul in Thee; I give Thee back the life I owe,

That in Thine o - cean depths its flow May rich - er, full - er be.

2 O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

3 O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;

4 O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead, [red
And from the ground there blossoms
Life that shall endless be.

Rev. George Matheson, 1882

368

HOLY TRINITY C. M.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1861

1. Dear Ref - uge of my wea - ry soul, On Thee, when sor - rows rise,

The Holy Trinity

84 ANCIENT OF DAYS 11. 10. 11. 10

J. Albert Jeffery, 1886

f

VOICES. An-cient of Days, Who sit - test thron'd in glo - ry ;

Alla maestosa progressione. ♩ = 100.

ACCOMP. *f*

To Thee all knees are bent, all voi - ces pray ; Thy love has bless'd the

ff *rall.*

wide world's wondrous sto - ry, With light and life since E - den's dawning day.

ff *rall.*

The Church

586

MISSIONARY HYMN 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Lowell Mason, 1829



1. From Greenland's i - cy moun - tains, From In - dia's co - ral strand,



Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand ;



From ma - ny an an - cient riv - er, From ma - ny a palm-y plain,



They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile ;
In vane with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown ;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny ?

Salvation ! oh, salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

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

Missions

587

WEBB 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

George J. Webb, 1839



1. The morn - ing light is break - ing, The dark - ness dis - ap - pears;



The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears;



Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings tid - ings from a - far



Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - pared for Zi - on's war.

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

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."
Rev. Samuel F. Smith, 1832

588

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

1 Now be the gospel banner
In every land unfurled,
And be the shout, hosanna,
Re-echoed through the world,
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

2 Yes, Thou shalt reign forever,
O Jesus, King of kings!
Thy light, Thy love, Thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings.
The isles for Thee are waiting,
The deserts learn Thy praise,
The hills and valleys, greeting,
The song responsive raise.
Thomas Hastings, 1828

Missions

594 WARRINGTON L. M.

Rev. Ralph Harrison, 1784

1. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does his suc - ces - sive jour-neys run ;

His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

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

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

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

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

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

595 MISSIONARY CHANT L. M.

H. C. Zeuner, 1833

1. Ye Christian her - alds, go pro-claim Sal - va - tion thro' Em - man-uel's name ;

To dis - tant climes the tid - ings bear, And plant the Rose of Sha - ron there.

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

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

Missions

601 BEAUTEOUS DAY 8. 7. 8. 7. with Refrain

George F. Root

1. { We are watching, we are waiting, For the bright prophetic day:
When the shadows, weary shadows From the world shall roll (*Omit.*) } away. We are waiting

CHORUS.

for the morning, When the beauteous day is dawning; We are wait-ing for the morning,

For the golden spires of day. Lo! He comes! see the King draw near; Zion, shout! the Lord is here.

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2 We are watching, we are waiting,
For the star that brings the day:
When the night of sin shall vanish,
And the shadows melt away. — CHO.

3 We are watching, we are waiting,
For the beauteous King of day:
For the Chiefest of ten-thousand, [CHO.
For the Light, the Truth, the Way. —
Anon.

FLAVIAN C. M.

Arr. from Day's Psalter, 1562

1. Great God, the na - tions of the earth Are by cre - a - tion Thine;

And in Thy works, by all be - held, Thy ra - diant glo - ries shine.

The Communion of Saints

608

DENNIS S. M.

Arr. from Hans G. Nägeli, by Lowell Mason, 1845

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;

The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.

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

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

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;

But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.
6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign,
Through all eternity.

Rev. John Fawcett, 1772

609

BOYLSTON S. M.

Lowell Mason, 1832

1. For all the saints, O Lord, Who strove in Thee to live,

Who fol - lowed Thee, o - beyed, a - dored, Our grate - ful hymn re - ceive.

2 For all thy saints, O Lord,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted Thee their great reward,
And strove in Thee to die.

3 They all, in life and death,
With Thee, their Lord, in view,

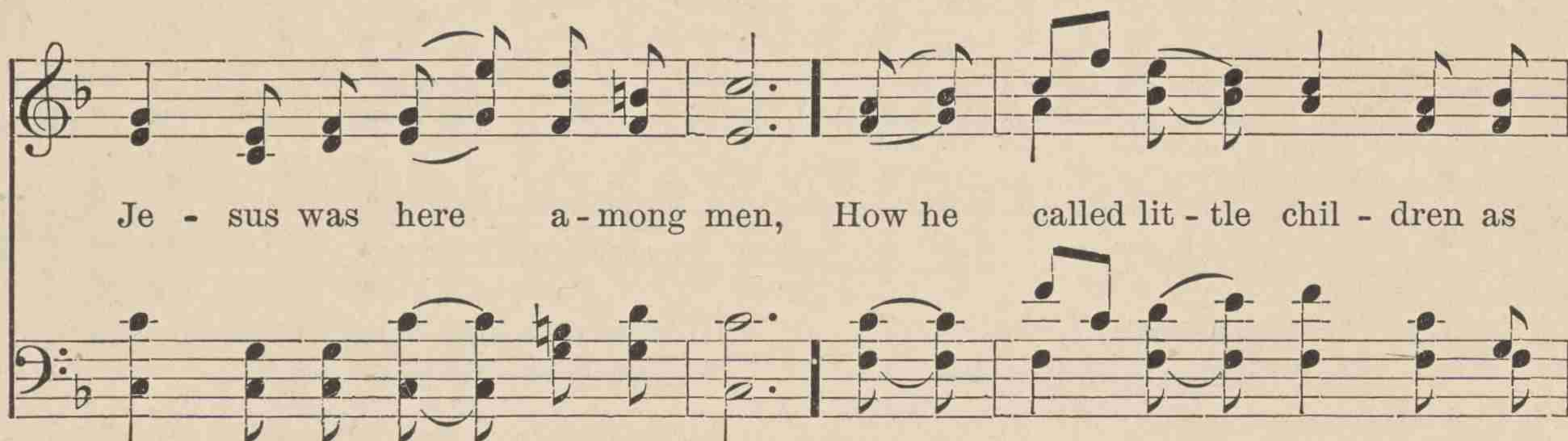
Learned from thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.

4 For this thy name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in Thee.

Bishop Richard Mant, 1837, alt.

The Young

645 SWEET STORY 11. 8. 11. 9 Irregular



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

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

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

5 I long for the joys of that glorious time,
The sweetest and brightest and best,
When the dear little children of every clime,
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

The Young

5 So now, and till we die,
Sound we Thy praises high,
And joyful sing;

Infants and the glad throng
Who to Thy church belong,
Unite and swell the song
To Christ our King!

Ascribed to Clement of Alexandria (—c. 220); Tr. Rev. Henry M. Dexter, 1846

653

CHILDREN'S PRAISES C. M. with Refrain

H. E. Matthews, 1854

1. A-round the throne of God in heaven Thou-sands of chil-dren stand,
Chil-dren whose sins are all for-given, A ho-ly, hap-py band,
Sing-ing, "Glo-ry, glo-ry, Glo-ry be to God on high."

- 2 In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one arrayed;
Dwelling in everlasting light
And joys that never fade,
Singing, "Glory be to God on high."
- 3 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love;
How came those children there,
Singing, "Glory be to God on high?"
- 4 Because the Saviour shed His blood
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean,
Singing, "Glory be to God on high."
- 5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His name;
So now they see His blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing, "Glory be to God on high."

The Judgment

686

MERIBAH 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6

Lowell Mason, 1839

1. When Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come To take Thy ransomed people home, Shall

I a-mong them stand? { Shall such a worthless worm as I, } Be found at Thy right hand?
 { Who sometimes am afraid to die, }

2 I love to meet among them now,
 Before Thy gracious feet to bow,
 Though vilest of them all:
 But can I bear the piercing thought,
 What if my name should be left out,
 When Thou for them shalt call?

3 Prevent, prevent it by Thy grace;
 Be Thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place,
 In this the accepted day;

Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,
 To still my unbelieving fear,
 Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Let me among Thy saints be found,
 Whene'er the archangel's trump shall
 To see Thy smiling face; [sound,
 Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
 While heaven's resounding mansions
 With shouts of sovereign grace. [ring

Lady Huntingdon, 1764

MENDON L. M.

German Melody, arr. by S. Dyer, 1824

1. There is a God who reigns a - bove, Lord of the heav'n and earth and seas;

I fear His wrath, I ask His love, And with my lips I sing His praise.

Heaven

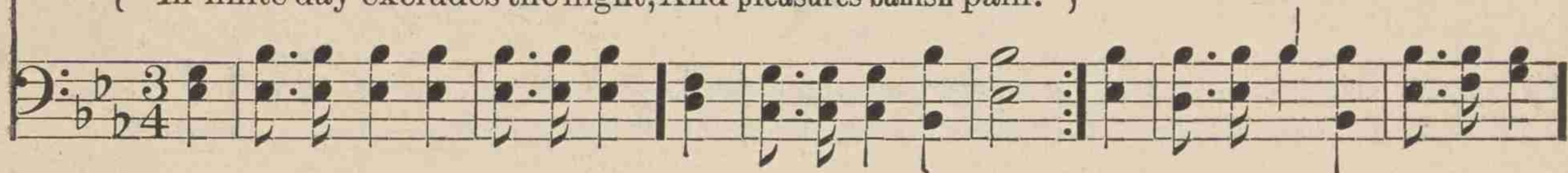
699

VARINA C. M. D.

Arr. by George F. Root, 1849



1. { There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign ; } There ever-last-ing spring abides,
In-finite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain. }



And never-withering flowers; Death, like a narrow sea, divides This heavenly land from ours.



2 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea ;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

3 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unclouded eyes :
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er, [flood,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

700

ST. AGNES C. M.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1866



1. Fa - ther, I long, I faint to see The place of Thine a - bode :



I'd leave Thine earth - ly courts, and flee Up to Thy seat, my God.



2 I'd part with all the joys of sense,
To gaze upon Thy throne :
Pleasure springs fresh forever thence,
Unspeakable, unknown.

And drink immortal vigor in,
With wonder and with love.

3 There all the heavenly hosts are seen ;
In shining ranks they move,

4 The more Thy glories strike my eyes,
The humbler I shall lie ;
Thus while I sink, my joys shall rise
Immeasurably high.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

Heaven

715

HOME 11. 11. 11. 11. with Refrain

Ascribed to Sir Henry R. Bishop, 1823

1. { 'Mid scenes of con - fu - sion and crea - ture com-plaints,
How sweet to my soul is com - mu - nion (*Omit. . .*) with saints;
To find at the ban-quet of mer - cy there's room,
And feel in the pres-ence of (*Omit*) Je - sus at home!
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Pre-pare me, dear Sav - iour, for heav - en, my home.

2 Sweet bonds, that unite all the children of peace;
And thrice blessèd Jesus, whose love cannot cease.
Though oft from Thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold Thee, in glory, at home.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with Thee;
Though now my temptations like billows may foam,
All, all, will be peace, when I'm with Thee at home.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions, to Thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

5 Whate'er Thou deniest, O give me Thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of Thy face;
Inspire me with patience to wait at Thy throne,
And find even now a sweet foretaste of home.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in Thy beauties to shine,
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine,
And in Thy dear image, arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise Thee at home.

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