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MISS

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MISSION HYMNS.

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1.

1. Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you—Why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with Himself to live.
2. He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of His own hands,—
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross His love and die?
3. Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Savior, asks you—Why?
He, who did your souls retrieve,
Died Himself that you might live.
4. Will ye let Him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight His grace and die?

2.

1. Come, ye weary sinners, come,
All who feel your heavy load;
Jesus calls His wanderers home;
Hasten to your pardoning God.
2. Come, ye guilty souls oppressed,
Answer to the Savior's call:
"Come, and I will give you rest;
Come, and I will save you all."

3. Jesus, full of truth and love,
We Thy gracious call obey;
Faithful let Thy mercies prove,
Take our load of guilt away.
4. Fain we would on Thee rely,
Cast on Thee our sin and care:
To Thine arms of mercy fly,
Find our lasting quiet there.
5. Lo, we come to Thee for ease:
True and gracious as Thou art,
Now our weary souls release,
Write forgiveness on our heart.

3.

1. Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst 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, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come! 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! 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! 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! I come!

4.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty 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.
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.
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.
5. Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

5.

1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
2. Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfill Thy 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, Savior, or I die!
4. While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

6.

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

2. Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring:
Cover my defenseless 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.

7.

1. I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
 Thy head upon my breast!"
I came to Jesus as I was,
 Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
 And He has made me glad.
2. I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
 Stoop down, and drink, and live!"
I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 And now I live in Him.
3. I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright!"
I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that Light of life I'll walk,
 Till traveling days are done.

8.

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!
O what peace we often forfeit,
 O 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 as 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?
Precious Savior, 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.

9.

1. Pass me not, O gentle Savior,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art smiling,
Do not pass me by.
Savior, Savior, hear my humble cry,
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.
2. Let me at a throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief.
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief:
Savior, Savior, hear my humble cry,
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

3. Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.
Savior, Savior, hear my humble cry,
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.
4. Thou the Spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me;
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
Whom in heaven but Thee?
Savior, Savior, hear my humble cry,
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

10.

1. Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my songs shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee.
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
2. Nearer, my Lord, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
Who to Thy cross didst come
Dying for me!
Strengthen my willing feet!
Hold me in service sweet,
Nearer, O Christ, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

3. Nearer, O Comforter,
Nearer to Thee!
Who with my loving Lord
Dwellest with me!
Grant me Thy fellowship!
Help me each day to keep
Nearer, my Guide, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

4. But to be nearer still,
Bring me, O God!
Not by the visioned steeps
Angels have trod.
Here where Thy cross I see
Jesus, I wait for Thee,
Then evermore to be
Nearer to Thee!

11.

1. Beloved, "It is well!"
God's ways are always right;
And perfect love is o'er them all,
Though far above our sight.
2. Beloved, "It is well!"
Though deep and sore the smart,
The hand that wounds knows how to bind
And heal the broken heart.
3. Beloved, "It is well!"
Though sorrow clouds our way,
'T will only make the joy more dear
That ushers in the day.
4. Beloved, "It is well!"
The path that Jesus trod,
Though rough and straight and dark it be,
Leads home to heaven and God.

12.

1. God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform:
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
2. Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.
3. Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
4. Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.
5. His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour,
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
6. Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain:
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

13.

1. Abide with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

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. Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord:
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me.
4. Come not in terrors as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
O Friend of sinners, thus abide with me!
5. Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee:
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!
6. 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!
7. 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!
8. 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!

14.

1. Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end
In joy, and peace, and Thee?
2. When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?
3. O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where evermore the angels sing,
Where sabbaths have no end?
4. There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.
5. Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.
6. Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Savior stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.
7. Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.