

Original Trinity Hymnal Lyrics

#1

Psalm 100

All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, his praise forth-tell,
Come ye before him and rejoice.

The Lord ye know is God indeed;
Without our aid he did us make;
We are his folk, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

O enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

#2

From Psalm 145

God, my King, thy might confessing,
Ever will I bless thy name;
Day by day thy throne addressing,
Still will I thy praise proclaim.

Honor great our God befitteth;
Who his majesty can reach?
Age to age his work transmitteth,
Age to age his power shall teach.

They shall talk of all thy glory,
On thy might and greatness dwell,
Speak of thy dread acts the story,
And thy deeds of wonder tell.

Nor shall fail from memory's treasure
Works by love and mercy wrought;
Works of love surpassing measure;
Works of mercy passing thought.

Full of kindness and compassion,
Slow to anger, vast in love,
God is good to all creation;
All his works his goodness prove.

All thy works, O Lord, shall bless thee;
Thee shall all thy saints adore:
King supreme shall they confess thee,
And proclaim thy sovereign power.

#3

From Psalm 117

From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy Word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Alleluia!

#4

All praise to God, who reigns above,
The God of all creation,
The God of wonders, pow'r, and love,
The God of our salvation!
With healing balm my soul he fills,
The God who every sorrow stills,
To God all praise and glory!

What God's almighty pow'r hath made
His gracious mercy keepeth;
By morning dawn or evening shade
His watchful eye ne'er sleepeth;
Within the kingdom of his might,
Lo, all is just and all is right,
To God all praise and glory!

I cried to him in time of need:
Lord God, O, hear my calling!
For death he gave me life indeed
And kept my feet from falling.
For this my thanks shall endless be;
O thank him, thank our God, with me,
To God all praise and glory!

The Lord forsaketh not his flock,
His chosen generation;
He is their refuge and their rock,
Their peace and their salvation.
As with a mother's tender hand
He leads his own, his chosen band,
To God all praise and glory!

Ye who confess Christ's holy name,
To God give praise and glory!
Ye who the Father's power proclaim,
To God give praise and glory!
All idols under foot be trod,
The Lord is God! the Lord is God!
To God all praise and glory!

Then come before his presence now
And banish fear and sadness;
To your Redeemer pay your vow
And sing with joy and gladness:
Though great distress my soul befell,
The Lord, my God, did all things well,
To God all praise and glory!

#5

Mighty God, while angels bless thee,
May a mortal sing thy name?
Lord of men as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme.

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Amen.

Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days,
Sounded through the wide creation
Be thy just and lawful praise.

For the grandeur of thy nature,
Grand beyond the seraph's thought;
For created works of power,
Works with skill and kindness wrought.

But thy rich, thy free redemption,
Dark through brightness all along,
Thought is poor, and poor expression,
Who dare sing that awful song?

Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall thy praise unuttered lie?
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence,
Sing the Lord who came to die:

From the highest throne in glory,
To the cross of deepest woe,
All to ransom guilty captives,
Flow my praise, for ever flow.

#6

Psalm 22:23ff.

All ye that fear Jehovah's Name,
His glory tell, his praise proclaim;
Ye children of his chosen race,
Stand ye in awe before his face.

The suffering one he has not spurned,
Who unto him for succor turned;
From him he has not hid his face,
But answered his request in grace.

O Lord, thy goodness makes me raise
Amid thy people songs of praise;
Before all them that fear thee, now
I worship thee and pay my vow.

The Lord's unfailing righteousness
All generations shall confess,
From age to age shall men be taught
What wondrous works the Lord has wrought.

#7

Psalm 72:18-19

Now blessed be the Lord our God,
The God of Israel,
For he alone doth wondrous works
In glory that excel.

And blessed be his glorious Name
To all eternity:
The whole earth let his glory fill.
Amen, so let it be.

#8

Angel voices, ever singing
Round thy throne of light,
Angel harps, for ever ringing,
Rest not day nor night;
Thousands only live to bless thee,
And confess thee
Lord of might.

Thou who art beyond the farthest
Mortal eye can scan,
Can it be that thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?
Can we feel that thou art near us,
And wilt hear us?
Yea, we can.

Yea, we know thy love rejoices
O'er each work of thine;
Thou didst ears and hands and voices
For thy praise combine;
Craftsman's art and music's measure
For thy pleasure
Didst design.

Here, great God, today we offer
Of thine own to thee;
And for thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,
In our choicest
Melody.

Honor, glory, might, and merit,
Thine shall ever be,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Blessed Trinity:
Of the best that thou hast given
Earth and heaven
Render thee.

#9

From Psalm 150

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
In his temple God be praised;
In the high and heavenly places
Be the sounding anthem raised.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Amen.

Hallelujah! praise Jehovah
For his mighty acts of fame;
Excellent his might and greatness;
Fitting praises then proclaim.

Hallelujah! praise Jehovah
With the trumpet's joyful sound,
Praise with harp and praise with organ,
Let his glorious praise abound.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
All that breathe, Jehovah praise;
Let the voices God has given
Joyful anthems to him raise.

#10

From Psalm 103

O come, my soul, bless thou the Lord thy maker,
And all within me bless his holy name;
Bless thou the Lord, forget not all his mercies,
His pardoning grace and saving love proclaim.

Bless him for ever, wondrous in might,
Bless him, his servants that in his will delight.

Good is the Lord and full of kind compassion,
Most slow to anger, plenteous in love;
Rich is his grace to all that humbly seek him,
Boundless and endless as the heavens above.

His love is like a father's to his children,
Tender and kind to all who fear his name;
For well he knows our weakness and our frailty,
He knows that we are dust, he knows our frame.

We fade and die like flowers that grow in beauty,
Like tender grass that soon will disappear;
But evermore the love of God is changeless,
Still shown to those who look to him in fear.

High in the heavens his throne is fixed for ever,
His kingdom rules o'er all from pole to pole;
Bless ye the Lord through all his wide dominion,
Bless his most holy name, O thou my soul.

#11

O that I had a thousand voices
To praise my God with thousand tongues!
My heart, which in the Lord rejoices,
Would then proclaim in grateful songs
To all, wherever I might be,
What great things God hath done for me.

O all ye pow'rs that he implanted,
Arise, and silence keep no more;
Put forth the strength that he hath granted,
Your noblest work is to adore.
O my soul and body, be ye meet
With heartfelt praise your Lord to greet!

All creatures that have breath and motion,
That throng the earth, the sea, and sky,
Now join me in my heart's devotion,
Help me to raise his praises high.
My utmost pow'rs can ne'er aright
Declare the wonders of his might.

O father, deign thou, I beseech thee,
To listen to my earthly lays;
A nobler strain in heaven shall reach thee,
When I with angels hymn thy praise
And learn amid their choirs to sing
Loud hallelujahs to my King.

#12

Psalm 135:1-7, 21

Exalt the Lord, his praise proclaim;
All ye his servants, praise his name,
Who in the Lord's house ever stand
And humbly serve at his command.
The Lord is good, his praise proclaim;
Since it is pleasant, praise his name;
His people for his own he takes
And his peculiar treasure makes.

I know the Lord is high in state,
Above all gods our Lord is great;
The Lord performs what he decrees,
In heaven and earth, in depths and seas.
He makes the vapors to ascend
In clouds from earth's remotest end;
The lightnings flash at his command,
He holds the tempest in his hand.

Exalt the Lord, his praise proclaim;
All ye his servants, praise his name,
Who in the Lord's house ever stand
And humbly serve at his command.
For ever praise and bless his name,
And in the church his praise proclaim;
In Zion is his dwelling place;
Praise ye the Lord, show forth his grace.

#13

O worship the king all glorious above,
O gratefully sing his power and his love;
Our shield and defender, the ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

O tell of his might, O sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space.
His chariots of wrath the deep thunderclouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

The earth with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, thy pow'r hath founded of old;
Hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

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.

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!

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.

#14

Stand up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God
With heart and soul and voice.

Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud, and magnify?

O for the living flame,
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heav'n our thought!

God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed pow'rs.

Stand up and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore:
Stand up, and bless his glorious Name
Henceforth for evermore.

#15
Psalm 98

Come, let us sing unto the Lord
New songs of praise with sweet accord;
For wonders great by him are done,
His hand and arm the victory won.

The great salvation of our God
Is seen through all the earth abroad;
Before the heaven's wondering sight
He hath revealed his truth and right.

He called to mind his truth and grace
In promise made to Israel's race;
And unto earth's remotest bound
Glad tidings of salvation sound.

All lands, to God lift up your voice;
Sing praise to him, with shouts rejoice,
With voice of joy and loud acclaim
Let all unite and praise his name.

Praise God with harp, with harp sing praise,
With voice of psalms his glory raise;
With trumpets, cornets, gladly sing
And shout before the Lord, the king.

Let earth be glad, let billows roar
And all that dwell from shore to shore;
Let floods clap hands with one accord,
Let hills rejoice before the Lord.

For lo, he comes; at his command
All nations shall in judgment stand;
In justice robed and throned in light,
The Lord shall judge, dispensing right.

#16

Praise the Lord: ye heavens adore him;
Praise him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars and light.
Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed:
Laws which never shall be broken
For their guidance hath he made.

Praise the Lord, for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail:
God hath made his saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, his pow'r proclaim;
Heaven and earth and all creation,
Laud and magnify his name.

Worship, honor, glory, blessing,
Lord, we offer unto thee;
Young and old, thy praise expressing,
In glad homage bend the knee.
All the saints in heaven adore thee;
We would bow before thy throne:
As thine angels serve before thee,
So on earth thy will be done.

#17

Ye holy angels bright,
Who wait at God's right hand,
Or through the realms of light
Fly at your Lord's command,
Assist our song,
For else the theme
Too high doth seem
For mortal tongue.

Ye blessed souls at rest,
Who ran this earthly race,
And now, from sin released,
Behold the Saviour's face,
God's praises sound,
As in his sight
With sweet delight
Ye do abound.

All nations of the earth,
Extol the world's great King;
With melody and mirth
His glorious praises sing;
For he still reigns,
And will bring low
The proudest foe
That him disdains.

Sing forth Jehovah's praise,
Ye saints, that on him call!
Him magnify always
His holy churches all!
In him rejoice,
And there proclaim
His holy name
With sounding voice.

My soul, bear thou thy part,
Triumph in God above;
With a well-tuned heart
Sing thou the songs of love;
Thou art his own,
Who precious blood
Shed for thy good
His love made known.

Away, distrustful care!
I have thy promise, Lord:
To banish all despair,
I have thine oath and word:
And therefore I
Shall see thy face
And there thy grace
Shall magnify.

With thy triumphant flock,
Then I shall numbered be;
Built on th'eternal rock,
His glory we shall see.
The heavens so high
With praise shall ring
And all shall sing
In harmony.

#18

Thee we adore, eternal Lord!
We praise thy name with one accord.
Thy saints, who here thy goodness see,
Through all the world do worship thee.

To thee aloud all angels cry,
The heavens and all the pow'rs on high:
Thee, holy, holy, holy king,
Lord God of hosts, they ever sing.

Apostles join the glorious throng,
And prophets swell th'immortal song;
Thy martyrs' noble army raise
Eternal anthems to thy praise.

From day to day, O Lord, do we
Exalt and highly honor thee!
Thy name we worship and adore,
World without end, for evermore.

#19

Psalm 95:1-6

O come, let us sing to the Lord,
To him our voices raise;
With joyful noise let us the rock
Of our salvation praise.

Let us before his presence come
With praise, and thankful voice;
Let us sing psalms to him with grace,
And make a joyful noise.

For God's a great God, and great king;
Above all gods he is.
The depths of earth are in his hand;
The heights of hills are his.

To him the spacious sea belongs,
For he the same did make;
The dry land also from his hands
Its form at first did take.

O come, and let us worship him;
Let us bow down withal,
And on our knees before the Lord,
Our Maker, let us fall.

#20

From Psalm 136

Give to our God immortal praise;
Mercy and truth are all his ways,
Wonders of grace to God belong:
Repeat his mercies in your song.

Give to the Lord of lords renown;
The King of kings with glory crown:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high:
Wonders of grace to God belong:
Repeat his mercies in your song.

He fills the sun with morning light;
He bids the moon direct the night:
His mercies ever shall endure
When suns and moons shall shine no more.

He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave:
Wonders of grace to God belong
Repeat his mercies in your song.

Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

#21

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain.
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

#22

Great God, how infinite art thou!
How poor and weak are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made:
Thou art the ever living God,
Were all the nations dead.

Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears;
To thee there's nothing new.

Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares;
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

Great God, how infinite art thou!
How poor and weak are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

#23

O light that knew no dawn,
That shines to endless day,
All things in earth and heav'n
Are lustred by thy ray;
No eye can to thy throne ascend,
Nor mind thy brightness comprehend.

Thy grace, O Father, give,
That I may serve in fear;
Above all boons, I pray,
Grant me thy voice to hear;
From sin thy child in mercy free,
And let me dwell in light with thee:

That, cleansed from stain of sin,
I may meet homage give,
And, pure in heart, behold
Thy beauty while I live;
Clean hands in holy worship raise,
And thee, O Christ my Saviour, praise.

In supplication meek
To thee I bend the knee;
O Christ, when thou shalt come,
In love remember me,
And in thy kingdom, by thy grace,
Grant me a humble servant's place.

Thy grace, O Father, give,
I humbly thee implore;
And let thy mercy bless
Thy servant more and more.
All grace and glory be to thee,
From age to age eternally.

#24

O God, the Rock of Ages,
Who evermore hast been,
What time the tempest rages,
Our dwelling place serene:
Before thy first creations,
O Lord, the same as now,
To endless generations
The Everlasting Thou!

Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die;
A sleep, a dream, a story
By strangers quickly told,
And unresembling glory
Of things that soon are old.

O thou who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail;
On us thy mercy lighten,
On us thy goodness rest,
And let thy Spirit brighten
The hearts thyselves hast blessed.

Lord, crown our faith's endeavor
With beauty and with grace,
Till, clothed in light for ever,
We see thee face to face:
A joy no language measures;
A fountain brimming o'er;
An endless flow of pleasures;
An ocean without shore.

#25

Psalm 102:17-28

The Lord has heard and answered prayer
And saved his people in distress;
This to the coming age declare,
That they his holy name may bless.

The Lord, exalted on his throne,
Looked down from heaven with pitying eye
To still the lowly captive's moan
And save his people doomed to die.

All men in Zion shall declare
His gracious name with one accord,
When kings and nations gather there
To serve and worship God the Lord.

Before my journey is complete
My vigor fails, my years decline;
My God, O spare me, I entreat;
The days of life are wholly thine.

The earth and heavens shall pass away,
Like vesture worn and laid aside,
But changeless thou shalt live for aye,
Thy years for ever shall abide.

Thou, O Jehovah, shalt endure,
Thy throne for ever is the same;
And to all generations sure
Shall be thy great memorial name.

Thy servants' children shall remain
For evermore before thy face;
Enduring honor they shall gain,
Established ever in thy grace.

#26

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

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

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

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

The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their lives and cares,
Are carried downward by thy flood,
And lost in following years.

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

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

#27

Great is thy faithfulness, O God my father,
There is no shadow of turning with thee:
Thou changest not, thy compassions, they fail not;
As thou hast been thou for ever wilt be.

"Great is thy faithfulness! Great is thy faithfulness!"
Morning by morning new mercies I see:
All I have needed thy hand hath provided--
"Great is thy faithfulness," Lord unto me!

Summer and winter, and springtime and harvest,
Sun, moon and stars in their courses above,
Join with all nature in manifold witness
To thy great faithfulness, mercy and love.

Pardon for sin and a peace that endureth,
Thine own dear presence to cheer and to guide;
Strength for today and bright hope for tomorrow,
Blessings all mine, with ten thousand beside.

--Thomas O. Chisholm

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#28

Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard
That firm remains on high
The everlasting throne of him who formed
The earth and sky?

Art thou afraid his power shall fail
When comes thine evil day?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay?

Supreme in wisdom as in power
The Rock of Ages stands,
Though him thou canst not see, nor trace
The working of his hands.

He gives the conquest to the weak,
Supports the fainting heart,
And courage in the evil hour
His heavenly aids impart.

Mere human pow'r shall fast decay,
And youthful vigor cease,
But they who wait upon the Lord
In strength shall still increase.

They with unwearied feet shall tread
The path of life divine,
With growing ardor onward move,
With growing brightness shine.

On eagles' wings they mount, they soar,
Their wings are faith and love,
Till, past the cloudy regions here,
They rise to heaven above.

#29

Psalm 117

Praise Jehovah, all ye nations,
All ye people, praise proclaim;
For his grace and lovingkindness,
O sing praises to his name.

Great to us hath been his mercy,
Ever faithful is his word;
Through all ages it endureth.
Hallelujah, praise the Lord.

#30

From Psalm 136

Let us with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind:

For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us blaze his name abroad,
For of gods he is the God:

He with all-commanding might
Filled the new-made world with light:

All things living he doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need:

He his chosen race did bless
In the wasteful wilderness:

He hath with a piteous eye
Looked upon our misery:

Let us therefore warble forth
His high majesty and worth:

#31

My God, how wonderful thou art,
Thy majesty how bright!
How beautiful thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light!

How dread are thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord,
By holy angels, day and night,
Incessantly adored!

O how I fear thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears;
And worship thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.

Yet I may love thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as thou art;
For thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

No earthly father loves like thee,
No mother half so mild
Bears and forbears, as thou hast done
With me, thy sinful child.

How wonderful, how beautiful,
The sight of thee will be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!

#32

The God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love:
Jehovah! great I AM!
By earth and heav'n confessed;
I bow and bless the sacred name,
For ever blest.

The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And him my only portion make,
My Shield and Tower.

He by himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend;
I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,
To heav'n ascend:
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blest,
A land of sacred liberty
And endless rest;
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound,
And trees of life for ever grow,
With mercy crowned.

There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our righteousness;
Triumphant over the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace
On Zion's sacred height
His kingdom still maintains,
And glorious with his saints in light
For ever reigns.

The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
Hail Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
They ever cry:
Hail Abraham's God and mine!
I join the heavenly lays
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise.

#33

Psalm 139:1-12

Lord, thou hast searched me, and dost know
Where'er I rest, where'er I go;
Thou knowest all that I have planned,
And all my ways are in thy hand.

My words from thee I cannot hide;
I feel thy power on every side;
O wondrous knowledge, awful might,
Unfathomed depth, unmeasured height!

Where can I go apart from thee,
Or whither from thy presence flee?
In heaven? It is thy dwelling fair;
In death's abode? Lo, thou art there.

If I the wings of morning take,
And far away my dwelling make,
The hand that leadeth me is thine,
And my support thy power divine.

If deepest darkness cover me,
The darkness hideth not from thee;
To thee both night and day are bright,
The darkness shineth as the light.

#34

Psalm 139:14-24

All that I am I owe to thee,
Thy wisdom, Lord, has fashioned me;
I give my Maker thankful praise,
Whose wondrous works my soul amaze.

Ere into being I was brought,
Thine eye did see, and in thy thought
My life in all its perfect plan
Was ordered ere my days began.

Thy thoughts, O God, how manifold,
More precious unto me than gold!
I muse on their infinity,
Awaking I am still with thee.

The wicked thou wilt surely slay,
From me let sinners turn away;
They speak against the name divine,
I count God's enemies as mine.

Search me, O God, my heart discern,
Try me, my inmost thought to learn;
And lead me, if in sin I stray,
To choose the everlasting way.

#35

Immortal, invisible, God only wise,
In light inaccessible hid from our eyes,
Most blessed, most glorious, the Ancient of Days,
Almighty, victorious, thy great Name we praise.

Unresting, unhasting, and silent as light,
Nor wanting, nor wasting, thou rulest in might;
Thy justice like mountains high soaring above
Thy clouds which are fountains of goodness and love.

Great Father of Glory, pure Father of Light,
Thine angels adore thee, all veiling their sight;
All praise we would render; O help us to see
'Tis only the splendor of light hideth thee!

#36

Psalm 29:1-5, 9-11

Now unto Jehovah, ye sons of the mighty,
All glory and strength and dominion accord;
Ascribe to him glory, and render him honor,
In beauty of holiness worship the Lord.

The voice of Jehovah comes down on the waters;
In thunder the God of the glory draws nigh.
Lo, over the waves of the wide-flowing waters
Jehovah as King is enthroned on high!

The voice of Jehovah is mighty, is mighty;
The voice of Jehovah in majesty speaks:
The voice of Jehovah the cedars is breaking;
Jehovah the cedars of Lebanon breaks.

Each one, in his temple, his glory proclaimeth.
He sat on the flood; he is King on his throne.
Jehovah all strength to his people imparteth;
Jehovah with peace ever blesseth his own.

#37

Psalm 46

God is our refuge and our strength,
Our ever present aid,
And, therefore, though the earth remove,
We will not be afraid;
Though hills amidst the seas be cast,
Though foaming waters roar,
Yea, though the mighty billows shake
The mountains on the shore.

A river flows whose streams make glad
The city of our God,
The holy place wherein the Lord
Most high has his abode;
Since God is in the midst of her,
Unmoved her walls shall stand,
For God will be her early help,
When trouble is at hand.

The nations raged, the kingdoms moved,
But when his voice was heard
The troubled earth was stilled to peace
Before his mighty word.
The Lord of hosts is on our side,
Our safety to secure,
The God of Jacob is for us
A refuge strong and sure.

O come, behold what wondrous works
Jehovah's hand has wrought;
Come, see what desolation great
He on the earth has brought.
To utmost ends of all the earth
He causes war to cease;
The weapons of the strong destroyed,
He makes abiding peace.

Be still and know that I am God,
O'er all exalted high;
The subject nations of the earth
My name shall magnify.
The Lord of Hosts is on our side,
Our safety to secure,
The God of Jacob is for us
A refuge strong and sure.

#38

Psalm 89:5, 13-18

The praises of thy wonders, Lord,
The heavens shall express;
And in the congregation
Of saints thy faithfulness.

Thou hast an arm that's full of power:
Thy hand is great in might;
And thy right hand exceedingly
Exalted is in height.

Justice and judgment of thy throne
Are made the dwelling place;
Mercy, accompanied with truth,
Shall go before thy face.

O greatly blessed the people are
The joyful sound that know;
In brightness of thy face, O Lord,
They ever on shall go.

Because the glory of their strength
Doth only stand in thee;
And in thy favor shall our horn
And pow'r exalted be.

For God is our defense; and he
To us doth safety bring:
The Holy One of Israel
Is our almighty King.

#39

Psalm 114

When Israel out of Egypt went,
From people of a speech unknown,
The Lord among his people dwelt,
And there he set his royal throne.

The sea beheld and fled away,
The Jordan's waters backward turned,
The lofty mountains and the hills
With trembling awe our God discerned.

What aileth thee, O troubled sea?
Thou Jordan, why thy riven tide?
Ye mountains and ye little hills,
Why thus dismayed on every side?

O tremble, earth, before the Lord,
In presence of Jehovah fear,
Beneath whose touch the flinty rock
Became a fount of waters clear.

#40

Psalm 33:1-12

Ye righteous, in the Lord rejoice;
It well becomes the good man's voice
To sing Jehovah's praise.
With harp and hymn of gladness sing,
Your gift of sweetest music bring,
To him a new song raise.

For upright is Jehovah's word;
And all the doings of the Lord
In faithfulness are wrought.
In justice and in judgment right
The Lord doth ever take delight;
With goodness earth is fraught.

Jehovah's word the heavens hath made,
And all the host of them arrayed
His breath has caused to be.
He rolls the waters heap on heap;
He stores away the mighty deep
In garners of the sea.

Let all the earth Jehovah fear,
Let all that dwell both far and near
In awe before him stand;
For, lo, he spake and it was done,
And all his sovereign power begun,
Stood fast at his command.

He makes the nations' counsels vain,
The plans the peoples would maintain
Are thwarted by his hand.
Jehovah's counsel stands secure,
His purposes of heart endure,
For evermore they stand.

O truly is the nation blessed
Whose God, before the world confessed,
Jehovah is alone;
And blessed the people is whom he
Has made his heritage to be,
And chosen for his own.

#41

Psalm 77:13-20

O God, most holy are thy ways,
And who like thee deserves my praise?
Thou only doest wondrous things,
The whole wide world thy glory sings;
Thine outstretched arm thy people saved,
Though sore distressed and long enslaved.

O God, from thee the waters fled,
The depths were moved with mighty dread,
The swelling clouds their torrents poured,
And o'er the earth the tempest roared;
'Mid lightning's flash and thunder's sound
Great trembling shook the solid ground.

Thy way was in the sea, O God,
Through mighty waters, deep and broad;
None understood but God alone,
To man thy footsteps were unknown;
But safe thy people thou didst keep,
Almighty Shepherd of thy sheep.

#42

Round the Lord in glory seated,
Cherubim and seraphim
Filled his temple, and repeated
Each to each the alternate hymn:
"Lord thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!"

Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy, holy, holy," singing,
"Lord of hosts, the Lord most high."
With his seraph train before him,
With his holy church below,
Thus conspire we to adore him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:

"Lord, thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!"
Thus thy glorious Name confessing,
We adopt thine angels' cry,
"Holy, holy, holy," blessing
Thee, the Lord of Hosts most high.

#43

From Psalm 99

God the Lord is King: before him
Earth with all thy nations, wait!
Where the cherubim adore him,
Sitteth he in royal state:
He is holy; He is holy;
Blessed, only Potentate!

God the Lord is King of glory,
Zion, tell the world his fame;
Ancient Israel, the story
Of his faithfulness proclaim:
He is holy; He is holy;
Holy is his awful name.

Laws divine to them were spoken
From the pillar of the cloud;
Sacred precepts, quickly broken!
Fiercely then his vengeance flowed:
He is holy; He is holy;
To the dust their hearts were bowed.

But their Father God forgave them
When they sought his face once more:
Ever ready was to save them,
Tenderly did he restore:
He is holy; He is holy;
We too will his grace implore.

#44

Psalm 9:1-2, 7-11

O Lord most high, with all my heart
Thy wondrous works I will proclaim;
I will be glad and give thee thanks
And sing the praises of thy name.

The Lord, the everlasting King,
Is seated on his judgment throne;
The righteous Judge of all the world
Will make his perfect justice known.

Jehovah will a refuge prove,
A refuge strong for all oppressed,
A safe retreat, where weary souls
In troublous times may surely rest.

All they, O Lord, that know thy Name
Their confidence in thee will place,
For thou hast ne'er forsaken them
Who earnestly have sought thy face.

Sing praises to the Lord most high,
To him who doth in Zion dwell;
Declare his mighty deeds abroad,
His deeds among the nations tell.

#45

Psalm 12

O Lord, be thou my helper true,
For just and godly men are few;
The faithful who can find?
From truth and wisdom men depart,
With flattering lips and double heart
They speak their evil mind.

The lips that speak, the truth to hide,
The tongues of arrogance and pride,
That boastful words employ,
False-speaking tongues that boast their might,
That own no law, that know no right,
Jehovah will destroy.

Because the poor are sore oppressed,
Because the needy are distressed,
And bitter are their cries,
The Lord will be their helper strong;
To save them from contempt and wrong
Jehovah will arise.

Jehovah's promises are sure,
His words are true, his words are pure
As silver from the flame.
Though base men walk on every side,
His saints are safe, whate'er betide,
Protected by his name.

#46

Psalm 94:1-5, 8-13, 17-22

O Lord, thou Judge of all the earth,
To whom all vengeance doth belong,
Arise and show thy glory forth,
Requite the proud, condemn the wrong.

How long, O Lord, in boastful pride
Shall wicked men triumphant stand?
How long shall they afflict thy saints
And scorn thy wrath, thy dreadful hand?

Be wise, ye fools and brutish men;
Shall not he see who formed the eye?
Shall not he hear who formed the ear,
And judge, who reigneth, God most high?

The Lord will judge in righteousness,
From him all truth and knowledge flow;
The foolish thoughts of wicked men,
How vain they are the Lord doth know.

That man is blest whom thou, O Lord,
With chastening hand dost teach thy will,
For in the day when sinners fall
That man in peace abideth still.

Unless the Lord had been my help,
My life had quickly passed away;
But when my foot had almost slipped,
O Lord, thy mercy was my stay.

Amid the doubts that fill my mind
Thy comforts, Lord, bring joy to me;
Can wickedness, though throned in might,
Have fellowship, O Lord, with thee?

The wicked, in their might arrayed,
Against the righteous join their power,
But to the Lord I flee for help,
He is my Refuge and my Tower.

#47
Psalm 5

O Jehovah, hear my words,
To my thoughts attentive be;
Hear my cry, my King, my God,
I will make my prayer to thee.
With the morning light, O Lord,
Thou shalt hear my voice arise,
And expectant I will bring
Prayer as morning sacrifice.

Thou, Jehovah, art a God
Who delightest not in sin;
Evil shall not dwell with thee,
Nor the proud thy favor win.
Evil doers thou dost hate,
Lying tongues thou wilt defeat;
God abhors the man who loves
Violence and base deceit.

In the fulness of thy grace
To thy house I will repair;
Bowing toward thy holy place,
In thy fear to worship there.
Lead me in thy righteousness,
Let my foes assail in vain;
Lest my feet be turned aside,
Make thy way before me plain.

False and faithless are my foes,
In their mouth no truth is found;
Deadly are the words they speak,
All their thoughts with sin abound.
Bring, O God, their plans to naught,
Hold them guilty in thy sight,
For against thee and thy law
They have set themselves to fight.

O let all that trust thy care
Ever glad and joyful be;
Let them joy who love thy name,
Safely guarded, Lord, by thee.
For a blessing from thy store
To the righteous thou wilt yield;
Thou wilt compass him about
With thy favor as a shield.

#48

Psalm 11:1-5, 7

My trust is in the Lord:
How say ye then to me,
"Now like a bird from peril haste,
And to your mountain flee?"

Lo, sinners bend the bow
With arrow fixed for flight;
And stealthily in darkness go
The true in heart to smite.

What can the righteous do,
What can for them avail,
When all foundations are destroyed,
And all the pillars fail?

The Lord in Zion dwells,
The Lord is throned on high;
His eyes behold the sons of men
Their hearts and ways to try.

The Lord the righteous proves;
But those who scorn the right,
Who love deceit and violence
Are hateful in his sight.

For righteous is the Lord,
He loveth righteousness,
And with a gracious countenance
The upright he will bless.

#49

Psalm 113

Hallelujah! Raise, O raise
To our God the song of praise;
All his servants join to sing
God our Saviour and our King.

Blessed be for evermore
That dread Name which we adore:
Round the world his praise be sung
Through all lands, in every tongue.

O'er all nations God alone,
Higher than the heav'ns his throne;
Who is like to God most high,
Infinite in majesty!

Yet to view the heav'ns he bends;
Yea, to earth he condescends;
Passing by the rich and great,
For the low and desolate.

He can raise the poor to stand
With the princes of the land;
Wealth upon the needy shower:
Set him with the high in power.

He the broken spirit cheers:
Turns to joy the mourner's tears;
Such the wonders of his ways;
Praise his name, for ever praise!

#50

Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of creation!
O my soul, praise him for he is thy health and salvation!
All ye who hear, now to his temple draw near,
Join me in glad adoration.

Praise to the Lord, who o'er all things so wondrously reigneth,
Shelters thee under his wings, yea, so gently sustaineth!
Hast thou not seen how thy desires e'er have been
Granted in what he ordaineth?

Praise to the Lord, who doth prosper thy work and defend thee!
Decked thee with health, and with loving hand guided and stayed thee.
How oft in grief hath not he brought thee relief,
Spreading his wings to o'ershade thee!

Praise to the Lord! O let all that is in me adore him!
All that hath life and breath, come now with praises before him.
Let the Amen sound from his people again;
Gladly for aye we adore him.

#51

When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renewed my face;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For O, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

#52

High in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.

For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast thy bounty share;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.

My God, how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort spring!
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of thy wing.

From the provisions of thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

Life, like a fountain, rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy Word.

#53

Psalm 146

Hallelujah, praise Jehovah,
O my soul, Jehovah praise;
I will sing the glorious praises
Of my God through all my days.
Put no confidence in princes,
Nor for help on man depend;
He shall die, to dust returning,
And his purposes shall end.

Happy is the man that chooses
Israel's God to be his aid;
He is blessed whose hope of blessing
On the Lord his God is stayed.
Heaven and earth the Lord created,
Seas and all that they contain;
He delivers from oppression,
Righteousness he will maintain.

Food he daily gives the hungry,
Sets the mourning prisoner free,
Raises those bowed down with anguish,
Makes the sightless eyes to see.
Well Jehovah loves the righteous,
And the stranger he befriends,
Helps the fatherless and widow,
Judgment on the wicked sends.

Hallelujah, praise Jehovah,
O my soul, Jehovah praise;
I will sing the glorious praises
Of my God through all my days.
Over all God reigns for ever,
Through all ages he is king;
Unto him, thy God, O Zion,
Joyful hallelujahs sing.

#54

Psalm 119:89-97

For ever settled in the heavens
Thy Word, O Lord, shall firmly stand;
Thy faithfulness shall never fail;
The earth abides at thy command.

Thy word and works unmoved remain,
Thine every purpose to fulfil;
All things are thine and thee obey,
And all as servants wait thy will.

I should have perished in my woe
Had not I loved thy law divine;
That law I never can forget;
O save me, Lord, for I am thine.

The wicked would destroy my soul,
But in thy truth is refuge sure;
Exceeding broad is thy command,
And in perfection shall endure.

#55

Psalm 36:5-10

Thy mercy and thy truth, O Lord,
Transcend the lofty sky;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep,
And as the mountains high.

Lord, thou preservest man and beast;
Since thou art ever kind,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings
We may a refuge find.

With the abundance of thy house
We shall be satisfied,
From rivers of unfailing joy
Our thirst shall be supplied.

The fountain of eternal life
Is found alone with thee,
And in the brightness of thy light
We clearly light shall see.

From those that know thee may thy love
And mercy never depart,
And may thy justice still protect
And bless the upright heart.

#56

O Splendor of God's glory bright,
From light eternal bringing light,
Thou light of light, light's living Spring,
True Day, all days illumining:

Come, very Sun of heaven's love,
In lasting radiance from above,
And pour the Holy Spirit's ray
On all we think or do today.

And now to thee our prayers ascend,
O Father, glorious without end;
We plead with sovereign grace for pow'r
To conquer in temptation's hour.

Confirm our will to do the right,
And keep our hearts from envy's blight;
Let faith her eager fires renew,
And hate the false, and love the true.

O joyful be the passing day
With thoughts as pure as morning's ray,
With faith like noontide shining bright,
Our souls unshadowed by the night.

Dawn's glory gilds the earth and skies,
Let him, our perfect Morn, arise,
The work in God the Father one,
The Father imaged in the Son.

#57

From Psalm 83

O God, no longer hold thy peace,
No longer silent be;
Thine enemies lift up their head
To fight thy saints and thee.
Against thine own, whom thou dost love,
Their craft thy foes employ;
They think to cut thy people off,
Thy church they would destroy.

Thine ancient foes, conspiring still,
With one consent agree,
And they who with thy people strive
Make war, O God, with thee.
O God, who in our fathers' time
Didst smite our foes and thine,
So smite thine enemies today
Who in their pride combine.

Make them like dust and stubble blown
Before the whirlwind dire,
In terror driv'n before the storm
Of thy consuming fire.
Confound them in their sin till they
To thee for pardon fly,
Till in dismay they, trembling, own
That thou art God Most High.

#58

The Lord is King! Lift up thy voice,
O earth; and all ye heavens, rejoice:
From world to world the joy shall ring,
The Lord omnipotent is king.

The Lord is King! Who then shall dare
Resist his will, distrust his care,
Or murmur at his wise decrees,
Or doubt his royal promises?

The Lord is King! Child of the dust,
The judge of all the earth is just;
Holy and true are all his ways:
Let every creature speak his praise.

Alike pervaded by his eye,
All parts of his dominion lie;
This world of ours, and worlds unseen,
And thin the boundary between.

One Lord, one empire, all secures;
He reigns, and life and death are yours:
Through earth and heaven one song shall ring,
"The Lord omnipotent is King!"

#59

From Psalm 97

Jehovah reigns; let earth be glad,
And all the isles their joy make known;
With clouds and darkness he is clad,
On truth and justice rests his throne.

Consuming fire destroys his foes,
Around the world his lightnings blaze;
The trembling earth his presence knows,
The mountains melt before his gaze.

The heavens his righteousness proclaim,
Through earth his glory shines abroad;
From idol worship turn with shame
And bow before the living God.

Thy church rejoices to behold
Thy judgments in the earth, O Lord;
Thy glory to the world unfold,
Supreme o'er all be thou adored.

All ye that truly love the Lord,
Hate sin, for he is just and pure;
To saints his help he will accord
And keep them in his love secure.

For good men light and joy are sown
To bless them in the harvest time;
Ye saints, your joy in God make known
And ever praise his name sublime.

#60
From Psalm 93

God, the Lord, a king remaineth,
Robed in his own glorious light;
God hath robed him, and he reigneth;
He hath girded him with might.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
God is King in depth and height.

In her everlasting station
Earth is poised, to swerve no more;
Thou hast laid thy throne's foundation
From all time where thought can soar
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Lord, thou art for evermore.

Lord, the waterfloods have lifted,
Ocean floods have lift their roar;
Now they pause where they have drifted,
Now they burst upon the shore
Alleluia! Alleluia!
For the ocean's sounding store.

With all tones of waters blending,
Glorious is the breaking deep;
Glorious, beauteous without ending,
God who reigns on heaven's high steep.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Songs of ocean never sleep.

Lord, the words thy lips are telling
Are the perfect verity:
Of thine high eternal dwelling
Holiness shall inmate be.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Pure is all that lives with thee.

#61
From Psalm 47

Rejoice, ye people, homage give,
To God with voice of triumph sing;
He ruleth in dread majesty,
The great, the universal king.

He putteth nations under us
And maketh us triumphant stand;
He giveth for our heritage
His promised rest, a goodly land.

God hath ascended with a shout,
Jehovah with the trumpet's sound;
Sing praise to God our King, sing praise,
Yea, let his glorious praise abound.

Our God is King of all the earth,
With thoughtful heart his praise make known,
O'er all the nations God doth reign,
Exalted on his holy throne.

To praise and serve our covenant God
The princes of the earth draw nigh;
All kingly pow'rs belong to him,
He is exalted, God most high.

#62

From Psalm 100

Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy:
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.

His sovereign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of dust, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

We are his people, we his care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to my name?

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

#63

From Psalm 76

God is known among his people,
Every mouth his praises fill;
From of old he has established
His abode on Zion's hill;
There he broke the sword and arrow,
Bade the noise of war be still.

Excellent and glorious art thou,
With thy trophies from the fray;
Thou hast slain the valiant-hearted,
Wrapped in sleep of death are they;
When thine anger once is risen,
Who can stand in that dread day?

When from heaven thy sentence sounded,
All the earth in fear was still,
While to save the meek and lowly
God in judgment wrought his will;
E'en the wrath of man shall praise thee,
Thy designs it shall fulfil.

Vow and pay ye to Jehovah,
Him your God for ever own;
All men, bring your gifts before him
Worship him, and him alone;
Mighty kings obey and fear him,
Princes bow before his throne.

#64

From Psalm 93

With glory clad, with strength arrayed,
The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundations strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

How surely stablished is thy throne,
Which shall no change or period see!
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.

The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss the troubled waves on high;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure,
And they that in thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

#65

From Psalm 96

Sing to the Lord, sing his praise, all ye peoples,
New be your song as new honors ye pay;
Sing of his majesty, bless him for ever,
Show his salvation from day to day.

Tell of his wondrous works, tell of his glory,
Till through the nations his name is revered;
Praise and exalt him, for he is almighty,
God over all let the Lord be feared.

Vain are the heathen gods, idols and helpless;
God made the heavens, and his glory they tell;
Honor and majesty shine out before him,
Beauty and strength in his temple dwell.

Give unto God most high glory and honor,
Come with your offerings and humbly draw near;
In holy beauty now worship Jehovah,
Tremble before him with godly fear.

Make all the nations know God reigns for ever;
Earth is established as he did decree;
Righteous and just is the King of the nations,
Judging the people with equity.

Let heaven and earth be glad; waves of the ocean,
Forest and field, exultation express;
For God is coming, the Judge of the nations,
Coming to judge in his righteousness.

#66

From Psalm 24

The earth, with all that dwell therein,
With all its wealth untold,
Belongs to God who founded it
Upon the seas of old.

What man shall stand before the Lord
On Zion's holy hill?
The clean of hand, the pure of heart,
The just who do his will.

Lo, such are they that seek for God,
And blest by him they live;
To them his perfect righteousness
The God of grace will give.

Ye everlasting doors, give way,
Lift up your heads, ye gates!
For now, behold, to enter in
The King of Glory waits.

Who is this glorious King that comes
To claim his sovereign right?
It is the Lord omnipotent,
All conquering in his might.

Ye everlasting doors, give way,
Lift up your heads, ye gates!
For now, behold, to enter in
The King of Glory waits.

Who is this glorious King that comes
To claim his rightful throne?
The Lord of hosts, he is the King
Of Glory, God alone.

#67

From Psalm 68:32-35

Kingdoms and thrones to God belong;
Crown him ye nations, in your song;
His wondrous names and powers rehearse;
His honors shall enrich your verse.

He shakes the heavens with loud alarms;
How terrible is God in arms!
In Israel are his mercies known,
Israel is his peculiar throne.

Proclaim him King, pronounce him blest;
He's your Defence, your Joy, your Rest;
When terrors rise, and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.

#68

From Psalm 115:1-3, 9-14, 8

Not unto us, O Lord of heav'n,
But unto thee be glory given;
In love and truth thou dost fulfil
The counsels of thy sovereign will;
Though nations fail thy pow'r to own,
Yet thou dost reign, and thou alone.

Let Israel trust in God alone,
The Lord whose grace and power are known;
To him your full allegiance yield,
And he will be your help and shield;
All those who fear him God will bless,
His saints have proved his faithfulness.

All ye that fear him and adore,
The Lord increase you more and more;
Both great and small who him confess,
You and your children he will bless.
Yea, we will ever bless his Name;
Praise ye the Lord, his praise proclaim.

#69

Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise thee
For the bliss thy love bestows,
For the pard'ning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows;
Help, O God, my weak endeavor;
This dull soul to rapture raise;
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warmed to praise.

Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wand'rer far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away;
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

Praise thy Saviour God that drew thee
To that cross, new life to give,
Held a blood-sealed pardon to thee,
Bade thee look to him and live;
Praise the grace whose threats alarmed thee,
Roused thee from thy fatal ease,
Praise the grace whose promise warmed thee,
Praise the grace that whispered peace.

Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express;
Low before thy footstool kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless:
Let thy love, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise,
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth thy praise.

#70

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven,
To his feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like me, his praise should sing?
Praise him, praise him,
Praise him, praise him,
Praise the everlasting King.

Praise him for his grace and favor
To our fathers in distress;
Praise him still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
Praise him, praise him,
Praise him, praise him,
Glorious in his faithfulness.

Father-like, he tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame he knows;
In his hands he gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes;
Praise him, praise him,
Praise him, praise him,
Widely as his mercy goes.

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

#71

Great God of wonders! all thy ways
Are worthy of thyself divine;
And the bright glories of thy grace
Among thine other wonders shine:

Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

Pardon from an offended God!
Pardon for sins of deepest dye!
Pardon bestowed through Jesus' blood!
Pardon that brings the rebel nigh!

O may this glorious, matchless love,
This God-like miracle of grace,
Teach mortal tongues, like those above,
To raise this song of lofty praise:

#72

O bless the Lord, my soul;
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favors are divine.

O bless the Lord, my soul,
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

'Tis he forgives thy sins,
'Tis he relieves thy pain,
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He that redeemed my soul from hell
Hath sovereign power to save.

He fills the poor with good;
He gives the sufferers rest;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for th'oppressed.

His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved Son.

#73

O love of God, how strong and true!
Eternal, and yet ever new;
Uncomprehended and unbought,
Beyond all knowledge and all thought.

O love of God, how deep and great!
Far deeper than man's deepest hate;
Self-fed, self-kindled like the light,
Changeless, eternal, infinite.

O heavenly love, how precious still,
In days of weariness and ill,
In nights of pain and helplessness,
To heal, to comfort, and to bless!

O wide embracing, wondrous love!
We read thee in the sky above,
We read thee in the earth below,
In seas that swell, and streams that flow.

We read thee best in him who came
To bear for us the cross of shame;
Sent by the Father from on high,
Our life to live, our death to die.

We read thy power to bless and save,
Even in the darkness of the grave;
Still more in resurrection light
We read the fulness of thy might.

O love of God, our shield and stay
Through all the perils of our way!
Eternal love, in thee we rest,
For ever safe, for ever blest.

#74

Psalm 91:1-6, 11-12, 14

The man who once has found abode,
Within the secret place of God
Shall with Almighty God abide,
And in his shadow safely hide.

I therefore of the Lord will say,
He is my Refuge and my Stay;
My Citadel of strength is he--
My God in whom my trust shall be.

For he shall with his watchful care
Preserve thee from the fowler's snare;
Yea, he shall be thy sure defense
Against the deadly pestilence.

His outspread pinions shall thee hide,
Beneath his wings shalt thou confide.
His faithfulness shall ever be
A shield and buckler unto thee.

No nightly terrors shall alarm,
No deadly shaft by day shall harm;
Nor pestilence that walks by night,
Nor plagues that waste in noontday light.

Because his angels he commands
To bear thee safely in their hands,
To guard thy ways, lest left alone,
Thou dash thy foot against a stone.

Because he set his love on me,
From danger I will set him free.
Because to him my name is known,
On high I'll set him as mine own.

#75

Psalm 86:1-11

Bow down thine ear, O Lord, and hear,
For I am poor and great my need;
Preserve my soul, for thee I fear;
O God, thy trusting servant heed.

O Lord, be merciful to me,
For all the day to thee I cry;
Rejoice thy servant, for to thee
I lift my soul, O Lord most high.

For thou, O Lord, art good and kind,
And ready to forgive thou art;
Abundant mercy they shall find
Who call on thee with all their heart.

O Lord, incline thine ear to me,
My voice of supplication heed,
In trouble I will cry to thee,
For thou wilt answer when I plead.

There is no God but thee alone,
Nor works like thine, O Lord most high,
All nations shall surround thy throne
And their Creator glorify.

In all thy deeds how great thou art!
Thou one true God, thy way make clear;
Teach me with undivided heart
To trust thy truth, thy Name to fear.

#76

From Psalm 138

With grateful heart my thanks I bring,
Before the great thy praise I sing:
I worship in thy holy place
And praise thee for thy truth and grace;
For truth and grace together shine
In thy most holy Word divine.

I cried to thee and thou didst save,
Thy Word of grace new courage gave;
The kings of earth shall thank thee, Lord,
For they have heard thy wondrous word;
Yea, they shall come with songs of praise,
For great and glorious are thy ways.

O Lord, enthroned in glory bright,
Thou reignest in the heavenly height;
The proud in vain thy favor seek,
But thou hast mercy for the meek;
Through trouble though my pathway be,
Thou wilt revive and strengthen me.

Thou wilt stretch forth thy mighty arm
To save me when my foes alarm;
The work thou hast for me begun
Shall by thy grace be fully done;
For ever mercy dwells with thee;
O Lord, my Maker, think on me.

#77
Psalm 23

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want;
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

My soul he doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for his own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill,
For thou art with me; and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

My table thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me:
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling place shall be.

#78

From Psalm 91

Under the care of my God, the Almighty,
Safe in the secret place of the Most High!
He is my Refuge, the Lord is my Fortress,
Him I am trusting when trouble is nigh.

Under his wings, under his wings,
Safe in the refuge hide thee;
Trusting his truth and faithfulness,
No evil can betide thee.

Be not afraid for the terror of midnight,
Nor for the arrow that hasteth to slay;
Fear not the pestilence walking in darkness,
Nor the destroyer that wasteth by day.

Seek the Most High for thy sure habitation,
Unto Jehovah for refuge now fly;
There shall no evil befall thee nor harm thee,
Unto thy dwelling no plague shall come nigh.

Love thou the Lord, surely he will deliver;
He will exalt thee and answer thy prayer;
He will be with thee to honor and give thee
Life without end, his salvation to share.

#79

Though troubles assail us, and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail us, and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The promise assures us, "The Lord will provide."

The birds, without garner or storehouse, are fed;
From them let us learn to trust God for our bread:
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied
So long as 'tis written, "The Lord will provide."

When Satan assails us to stop up our path,
And courage all fails us, we triumph by faith.
He cannot take from us, though oft he has tried,
This heart-cheering promise, "The Lord will provide."

No strength of our own, and no goodness we claim;
Yet, since we have known of the Saviour's great name,
In this our strong tower for safety we hide:
The Lord is our power, "The Lord will provide."

#80

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent Word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

"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.

"When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

"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.

"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.

"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."

#81

A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing;
Our helper he amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and power are great;
And armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right Man on our side,
The Man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is he,
Lord Sabaoth his name,
From age to age the same,
And he must win the battle.

And though this world, with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us,
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us.
The prince of darkness grim,
We tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure,
For lo! his doom is sure;
One little word shall fell him.

That Word above all earthly powers,
No thanks to them, abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
Through him who with us sideth;
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill:
God's truth abideth still;
His kingdom is for ever.

#82

Psalm 121

Unto the hills around do I lift up
My longing eyes:
O whence for me shall my salvation come,
From whence arise?
From God the Lord doth come my certain aid,
From God the Lord, who heaven and earth hath made.

He will not suffer that thy foot be moved:
Safe shalt thou be.
No careless slumber shall his eyelids close,
Who keepeth thee.
Behold our God, the Lord, he slumbereth ne'er,
Who keepeth Israel in his holy care.

Jehovah is himself thy keeper true,
Thy changeless shade;
Jehovah thy defense on thy right hand
Himself hath made.
And thee no sun by day shall ever smite;
No moon shall harm thee in the silent night.

From every evil shall he keep thy soul,
From every sin:
Jehovah shall preserve thy going out,
Thy coming in.
Above thee watching, he whom we adore
Shall keep thee henceforth, yea, for evermore.

#83

We praise thee, O God, our Redeemer, Creator,
In grateful devotion our tribute we bring.
We lay it before thee, we kneel and adore thee,
We bless thy holy name, glad praises we sing.

We worship thee, God of our fathers, we bless thee;
Through life's storm and tempest our guide hast thou been.
When perils o'ertake us, escape thou wilt make us,
And with thy help, O Lord, our battles we win.

With voices united our praises we offer,
To thee, great Jehovah, glad anthems we raise.
Thy strong arm will guide us, our God is beside us,
To thee, our great Redeemer, for ever be praise.

#84

Psalm 107:1-9

O praise the Lord, for he is good,
His mercies still endure;
Thus say the ransomed of the Lord,
From all their foes secure.

He gathered them from out the lands,
From north, south, east and west.
They strayed in desert's pathless way,
No city found for rest.

Their weary soul within them faints
When thirst and hunger press;
In trouble then they cried to God,
He saved them from distress.

He made the way before them straight,
Himself became their guide,
That they might to a city go
Wherein they might abide.

O that men would Jehovah praise
For all his kindness shown,
And for his works so wonderful
Which he to men makes known!

Because the longing soul by him
With food is satisfied;
The hungry soul that looks to him
With goodness is supplied.

#85

From Psalm 103:13-18

The tender love a father has
For all his children dear,
Such love the Lord bestows on them
Who worship him in fear.

The Lord remembers we are dust,
And all our frailty knows;
Man's days are like the tender grass,
And as the flower he grows.

The flower is withered by the wind
That smites with blighting breath;
So man is quickly swept away
Before the blast of death.

Unchanging is the love of God,
From age to age the same,
Displayed to all who do his will
And reverence his Name.

Those who his gracious cov'nant keep
The Lord will ever bless;
Their children's children shall rejoice
To see his righteousness.

#86

Now thank we all our God
With heart and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom his world rejoices;
Who from our mothers' arms,
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours today.

O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in his grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God,
The Father, now be given,
The Son, and him who reigns
With them in highest heaven,
The one eternal God
Whom earth and heav'n adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

#87

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee;
Holy, Holy, Holy, merciful and mighty!
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!

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.

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.

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!

#88

Father of heav'n, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy pardoning love extend.

Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy saving grace extend.

Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy quickening power extend.

Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son,
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

#89

Come, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise:
Father, all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

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.

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.

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

#90

O God, we praise thee; and confess
That thou the only Lord
And Everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.

To thee all angels cry aloud;
To thee the pow'rs on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry:

O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of thy majestic ray.

The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

The holy church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses thee,
That thou eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty;

Thine honored, true, and only Son;
And Holy Ghost, the Spring
Of never-ceasing joy: O Christ,
Of glory thou art King.

#91

Lord, keep us steadfast in thy Word;
Curb those who fain by craft and sword
Would wrest the kingdom from thy Son
And set at naught all he hath done.

Lord Jesus Christ, thy power make known,
For thou art Lord of lords alone;
Defend thy Christendom that we
May evermore sing praise to thee.

O comforter of priceless worth,
Send peace and unity on earth.
Support us in our final strife
And lead us out of death to life.

#92

All glory be to thee, Most High,
To thee all adoration;
In grace and truth thou drawest nigh
To offer us salvation;
Thou showest thy good will to men,
And peace shall reign on earth again;
We praise thy Name for ever.

We praise, we worship thee, we trust,
And give thee thanks for ever,
O Father, for thy rule is just
And wise, and changes never;
Thy hand almighty o'er us reigns,
Thou doest what thy will ordains;
'Tis well for us thou rulest.

O Jesus Christ, our God and Lord,
Son of the Heavenly Father,
O thou who hast our peace restored,
The straying sheep dost gather,
Thou Lamb of God, to thee on high
Out of the depths we sinners cry:
Have mercy on us, Jesus!

O Holy Spirit, precious gift,
Thou Comforter unfailing,
From Satan's snares our souls uplift,
And let thy power, availing,
Avert our woes and calm our dread.
For us the Saviour's blood was shed;
We trust in thee to save us.

#93

Lord, my weak thought in vain would climb
To search the starry vault profound;
In vain would wing her flight sublime
To find creation's utmost bound.

But weaker yet that thought must prove
To search thy great eternal plan,
Thy sovereign counsels, born of love
Long ages ere the world began.

When my dim reason would demand
Why that, or this, thou dost ordain,
By some vast deep I seem to stand,
Whose secrets I must ask in vain.

When doubts disturb my troubled breast,
And all is dark as night to me,
Here, as on solid rock, I rest,--
That so it seemeth good to thee.

Be this my joy, that evermore
Thou rulest all things at thy will;
Thy sovereign wisdom I adore,
And calmly, sweetly, trust thee still.

#94

Whate'er my God ordains is right:
Holy his will abideth;
I will be still whate'er he doth;
And follow where he guideth:
He is my God: though dark my road,
He holds me that I shall not fall:
Wherefore to him I leave it all.

Whate'er my God ordains is right:
He never will deceive me;
He leads me by the proper path;
I know he will not leave me:
I take, content, what he hath sent;
His hand can turn my griefs away,
And patiently I wait his day.

Whate'er my God ordains is right:
Though now this cup, in drinking,
May bitter seem to my faint heart,
I take it, all unshrinking:
My God is true; each morn anew
Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart,
And pain and sorrow shall depart.

Whate'er my God ordains is right:
Here shall my stand be taken;
Though sorrow, need, or death be mine,
Yet am I not forsaken;
My Father's care is round me there;
He holds me that I shall not fall:
And so to him I leave it all.

#95

How vast the benefits divine
Which we in Christ possess!
We are redeemed from guilt and shame
And called to holiness.
But not for works which we have done,
Or shall hereafter do,
Hath God decreed on sinful men
Salvation to bestow.

The glory, Lord, from first to last,
Is due to thee alone;
Aught to ourselves we dare not take,
Or rob thee of thy crown.
Our glorious Surety undertook
To satisfy for man,
And grace was given us in him
Before the world began.

This is thy will, that in thy love
We ever should abide;
That earth and hell should not prevail
To turn thy Word aside.
Not one of all the chosen race
But shall to heav'n attain,
Partake on earth the purposed grace
And then with Jesus reign.

#96

'Tis not that I did choose thee,
For, Lord, that could not be;
This heart would still refuse thee,
Hadst thou not chosen me.
Thou from the sin that stained me
Hast cleansed and set me free;
Of old thou hast ordained me,
That I should live to thee.

'Twas sovereign mercy called me
And taught my op'ning mind;
The world had else enthralled me,
To heavenly glories blind.
My heart owns none before thee,
For thy rich grace I thirst;
This knowing, if I love thee,
Thou must have loved me first.

#97

Psalm 103:1-2, 13, 17-18

O thou my soul, bless God the Lord;
And all that in me is
Be stirred up his holy name
To magnify and bless.

Bless, O my soul, the Lord thy God,
And not forgetful be
Of all his gracious benefits
He hath bestowed on thee.

Such pity as a Father hath
And shows his children dear,
Like pity shows the Lord to such
As worship him in fear.

Yea, unto them that fear the Lord
His mercy never ends;
And to their children's children still
His righteousness extends;

To such as keep his covenant
Nor from it go astray,
Who his commandments bear in mind
And faithfully obey.

#98

Father of peace, and God of love,
We own thy power to save,
That pow'r by which our Shepherd rose
Victorious o'er the grave.

Him from the dead thou brought'st again,
When by his sacred blood
Confirmed and sealed for evermore
Th'eternal covenant stood.

O may thy Spirit seal our souls,
And mould them to thy will,
That our weak hearts no more may stray,
But keep thy cov'nant still;

That all we think and all we do
Be pleasing in thy sight,
Through Jesus Christ, to whom be praise
In endless glory bright.

#99

A debtor to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing;
Nor fear, with thy righteousness on,
My person and off'ring to bring.
The terrors of law and of God
With me can have nothing to do;
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view.

The work which his goodness began,
The arm of his strength will complete;
His promise is Yea and Amen,
And never was forfeited yet.
Things future, nor things that are now,
Nor all things below or above,
Can make him his purpose forgo,
Or sever my soul from his love.

My name from the palms of his hands
Eternity will not erase;
Impressed on his heart it remains,
In marks of indelible grace.
Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given;
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heav'n.

#100
From Psalm 132

Arise, O Lord, our God, arise
And enter now into thy rest;
O let this house be thine abode,
For ever with thy presence blest.

Thy gracious covenant, Lord, fulfil,
Turn not away from us thy face;
Establish thou Messiah's throne
And let him reign within this place.

Thy Zion thou hast chosen, Lord,
And thou hast said, I love her well,
This is my constant resting place,
And here will I delight to dwell.

I will abundantly provide
For Zion's good, the Lord hath said;
I will supply her daily need
And satisfy her poor with bread.

#101

From Psalm 89:1-4, 28-29, 52

My song for ever shall record
The tender mercies of the Lord;
Thy faithfulness will I proclaim,
And every age shall know thy name.

I sing of mercies that endure,
For ever builded firm and sure,
Of faithfulness that never dies,
Established changeless in the skies.

Behold God's truth and grace displayed,
For he has faithful cov'nant made,
And he has sworn that David's Son
Shall ever sit upon his throne.

For him my mercy shall endure,
My cov'nant made with him is sure;
His throne and race I will maintain
For ever, while the heavens remain.

Blessed be the Lord for evermore,
Whose promise stands from days of yore.
His word is faithful now as then;
Blessed be his Name, Amen, Amen.

#102
From Psalm 95

Come, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing:
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

He formed the deeps unknown,
He gave the seas their bound;
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are his works, and not our own;
He formed us by his word.

Today attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

#103

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
Th'unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball?
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

#104

From Psalm 19:1-6, 14

The heav'ns declare thy glory,
The firmament thy pow'r;
Day unto day the story
Repeats from hour to hour;
Night unto night replying,
Proclaims in every land,
O Lord, with voice undying,
The wonders of thy hand.

The sun with royal splendor
Goes forth to chant thy praise,
And moonbeams soft and tender
Their gentler anthem raise;
Over every tribe and nation
The music strange is poured,
The song of all creation
To thee, creation's Lord.

All heaven on high rejoices
To do its Maker's will,
The stars with solemn voices
Resound thy praises still;
So let my whole behavior,
Thoughts, words, and actions be,
O Lord, my Strength, my Saviour,
One ceaseless song to thee.

#105

Psalm 148:1-13

Hallelujah, praise Jehovah,
From the heavens praise his Name;
Praise Jehovah in the highest,
All his angels, praise proclaim.
All his hosts, together praise him,
Sun and moon and stars on high;
Praise him, O ye heav'ns of heavens,
And ye floods above the sky.

Let them praises give Jehovah,
For his name alone is high,
And his glory is exalted,
And his glory is exalted,
And his glory is exalted,
Far above the earth and sky.

Let them praises give Jehovah,
They were made at his command;
Them for ever he established,
His decree shall ever stand.
From the earth, O praise Jehovah,
All ye seas, ye monsters all,
Fire and hail and snow and vapors,
Stormy winds that hear his call.

All ye fruitful trees and cedars,
All ye hills and mountains high;
Creeping things and beasts and cattle,
Birds that in the heavens fly,
Kings of earth, and all ye people,
Princes great, earth's judges all;
Praise his Name, young men and maidens,
Aged men, and children small.

#106

I sing th'almighty pow'r of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

I sing the goodness of the Lord
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.

Lord! how thy wonders are displayed
Where'er I turn mine eye!
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky.

There's not a plant or flower below
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

Creatures as numerous as they be
Are subject to thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

#107

Psalm 8:1-6, 9

Lord, our Lord, thy glorious Name
All thy wondrous works proclaim;
In the heav'ns with radiant signs
Evermore thy glory shines.
Infant lips thou dost ordain
Wrath and vengeance to restrain;
Weakest means fulfil thy will,
Mighty enemies to still.

Moon and stars in shining height
Nightly tell their Maker's might;
When thy wondrous heav'ns I scan,
Then I know how weak is man.
What is man that he should be
Loved and visited by thee,
Raised to an exalted height,
Crowned with honor in thy sight?

With dominion crowned he stands
O'er the creatures of thy hands;
All to him subjection yield
In the sea and air and field.
Lord, our Lord, thy glorious Name
All thy wondrous works proclaim;
Thine the Name of matchless worth,
Excellent in all the earth.

#108

From Psalm 148

Praise ye, praise ye the Lord
In yonder heav'nly height;
Ye angels, all his hosts,
In joyful praise unite;
O sun and moon, declare his might,
Show forth his praise, ye stars of light.

Praise him, ye highest heav'ns,
Praise him, ye clouds that roll,
Created by his pow'r
And under his control,
Ye heavens that stand eternally,
Established by his firm decree.

Ye creatures in the sea
And creatures on the earth,
Your mighty Maker praise
And tell his matchless worth;
Praise him, ye stormy winds that blow,
Ye fire and hail, ye rain and snow.

Ye hills and mountains, praise,
Each tree and beast and bird;
Ye kings and realms of earth,
Now let your praise be heard;
By high and low, by young and old,
Be all his praise and glory told.

By all let God be praised,
For he alone is great;
Above the earth and heav'n
He reigns in glorious state;
Praise him, ye saints, who know his grace
And ever dwell before his face.

#109

This is my Father's world,
And to my list'ning ears,
All nature sings, and round me rings
The music of the spheres.
This is my Father's world:
I rest me in the thought
Of rocks and trees, of skies and seas;
His hand the wonders wrought.

This is my Father's world,
The birds their carols raise,
The morning light, the lily white,
Declare their Maker's praise.
This is my Father's world:
He shines in all that's fair;
In the rustling grass I hear him pass,
He speaks to me everywhere.

This is my Father's world,
O let me ne'er forget
That though the wrong seems oft so strong,
God is the ruler yet.
This is my Father's world:
The battle is not done;
Jesus who died shall be satisfied,
And earth and heav'n be one.

#110
From Psalm 104

My soul, bless the Lord! the Lord is most great,
With glory arrayed, majestic his state;
The light is his garment, the skies are his shade,
And over the waters his courts he has laid.

He rides on the clouds, the wings of the storm,
The lightning and wind his mission perform;
The earth he has founded her station to keep,
And wrapped as a vesture about her the deep.

He waters the hills with rain from the skies,
And plentiful grass and herbs he supplies,
Supplying the cattle, and blessing man's toil
With bread in abundance with wine and with oil.

The trees which the Lord has planted are fed,
And over the earth their branches are spread;
They keep in their shelter the birds of the air,
The life of each creature the Lord makes his care.

Thy Spirit, O Lord, makes life to abound,
The earth is renewed, and fruitful the ground;
To God ascribe glory and wisdom and might,
Let God in his creatures for ever delight.

Rejoicing in God, my thought shall be sweet,
While sinners depart in ruin complete;
My soul, bless Jehovah, his Name be adored,
Come, praise him, ye people, and worship the Lord.

#111

From Psalm 65:6-13

Thy might sets fast the mountains;
Strength girds thee evermore
To calm the raging peoples
And still the ocean's roar.
Thy majesty and greatness
Are through all lands confessed,
And joy on earth thou sendest
Afar from east to west.

To bless the earth thou sendest
From thine abundant store
The waters of the springtime,
Enriching it once more.
The seed by thee provided
Is sown o'er hill and plain,
And thou with gentle showers
Dost bless the springing grain.

The year with good thou crownest,
The earth thy mercy fills,
The wilderness is fruitful,
And joyful are the hills;
With corn the vales are covered,
The flocks in pastures graze;
All nature joins in singing
A joyful song of praise.

#112

Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ.

Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain,
Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews,
Suns that temp'rate warmth diffuse;

All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores;

These to thee, my God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Sing we to our God above
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him, all ye heav'nly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

#113

From Psalm 147:7-8, 15-18

With songs and honors sounding loud
Address the Lord on high;
Over the heav'ns he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

He sends his show'rs of blessing down
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.

His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.

His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

He sends his word, and melts the snow;
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word;
With songs and honors sounding loud
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

#114

From Psalm 65:1-4, 6-9, 11-13

Praise, Lord, for thee in Zion waits;
Prayer shall besiege thy temple gates:
All flesh shall to thy throne repair,
And find, through Christ, salvation there.

Our spirits faint; our sins prevail;
Leave not our trembling hearts to fail:
O thou that hearest prayer, descend,
And still be found the sinner's friend.

How blest thy saints! how safely led,
How surely kept, how richly fed!
Saviour of all in earth and sea,
How happy they who rest in thee!

Thy hand sets fast the mighty hills,
Thy voice the troubled ocean stills;
Evening and morning hymn thy praise,
And earth thy bounty wide displays.

The year is with thy goodness crowned;
Thy clouds drop wealth the world around;
Through thee the deserts laugh and sing,
And nature smiles, and owns her King.

Lord, on our souls thine influence pour;
The moral waste within restore:
O let thy love our springtide be,
And make us all bear fruit to thee.

#115

None other Lamb, none other Name,
None other Hope in heav'n or earth or sea,
None other Hiding place from guilt and shame,
None beside thee!

My faith burns low, my hope burns low;
Only my heart's desire cries out in me
By the deep thunder of its want and woe,
Cries out to thee.

Lord, thou art Life, though I be dead;
Love's fire thou art, however cold I be:
Nor heav'n have I, nor place to lay my head,
Nor home, but thee.

#116

Thou art the Way: to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

Thou art the Truth: thy Word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm,
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

#117

Shepherd of tender youth,
Guiding in love and truth
Through devious ways:
Christ, our triumphant King,
We come thy name to sing;
Hither our children bring,
To shout thy praise.

Thou art our holy Lord,
The all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife:
Thou didst thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race,
And give us life.

Thou art the Great High Priest,
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of heavenly love:
While in our mortal pain,
None calls on thee in vain:
Help thou dost not disdain,
Help from above.

Ever be thou our Guide,
Our Shepherd and our Pride,
Our Staff and Song:
Jesus, thou Christ of God,
By thy perennial Word,
Lead us where thou hast trod;
Make our faith strong.

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 to swell the song
To Christ our King.

#118

O Saviour, precious Saviour,
Whom yet unseen we love,
O Name of might and favor,
All other names above;
We worship thee, we bless thee,
To thee alone we sing;
We praise thee, and confess thee
Our holy Lord and King.

O Bringer of salvation,
Who wondrously hast wrought,
Thyself the revelation
Of love beyond our thought;
We worship thee, we bless thee,
To thee alone we sing;
We praise thee, and confess thee
Our gracious Lord and King.

In thee all fulness dwelleth,
All grace and power divine:
The glory that excelleth,
O Son of God, is thine;
We worship thee, we bless thee,
To thee alone we sing;
We praise thee, and confess thee
Our glorious Lord and King.

O grant the consummation
Of this our song above
In endless adoration,
And everlasting love;
Then shall we praise and bless thee
Where perfect praises ring,
And evermore confess thee
Our Saviour and our King.

#119

O Lord, how shall I meet thee,
How welcome thee aright?
Thy people long to greet thee,
My hope, my heart's delight!
O, kindle, Lord, most holy,
Thy lamp within my breast
To do in spirit lowly
All that may please thee best.

Love caused thine incarnation,
Love brought thee down to me;
Thy thirst for my salvation
Procured my liberty.
O love beyond all telling,
That led thee to embrace,
In love all love excelling,
Our lost and fallen race!

Rejoice, then, ye sad-hearted,
Who sit in deepest gloom,
Who mourn o'er joys departed
And tremble at your doom.
Despair not, he is near you,
Yea, standing at the door,
Who best can help and cheer you
And bids you weep no more.

Sin's debt, that fearful burden,
Let not your soul distress;
Your guilt the Lord will pardon
And cover by his grace.
He comes, for men procuring
The peace of sin forgiv'n,
For all God's sons securing
Their heritage in heav'n.

#120

O Christ, our hope, our heart's desire,
Redemption's only spring!
Creator of the world art thou,
Its Saviour and its King.

How vast the mercy and the love
Which laid our sins on thee,
And led thee to a cruel death,
To set thy people free.

But now the bands of death are burst,
The ransom has been paid;
And thou art on thy Father's throne,
In glorious robes arrayed.

O Christ, be thou our lasting joy,
Our ever great reward!
Our only glory may it be
To glory in the Lord.

#121

O, love, how deep, how broad, how high,
How passing thought and fantasy,
That God, the Son of God, should take
Our mortal form for mortals' sake!

For us baptized, for us he bore
His holy fast, and hungered sore,
For us temptations sharp he knew,
For us the tempter overthrew.

For us to wicked men betrayed,
Scourged, mocked, in crown of thorns arrayed;
For us he bore the cross's death,
For us at length gave up his breath.

For us he rose from death again,
For us he went on high to reign,
For us he sent his Spirit here
To guide, to strengthen and to cheer.

All honor, laud, and glory be,
O Jesus, virgin-born, to thee;
Whom with the Father we adore,
And Holy Ghost, for evermore.

#122

Of the Father's love begotten
Ere the worlds began to be,
He is Alpha and Omega,
He the source, the ending he,
Of the things that are, that have been,
And that future years shall see.

This is he whom heav'n-taught singers
Sang of old with one accord,
Whom the Scriptures of the prophets
Promised in their faithful word;
Now he shines, the long-expected;
Let creation praise its Lord.

O ye heights of heav'n, adore him;
Angel hosts, his praises sing;
All dominions, bow before him,
And extol our God and King;
Let no tongue on earth be silent,
Ev'ry voice in concert ring.

Thee let age and thee let manhood,
Thee let boys in chorus sing;
Matrons, virgins, little maidens,
With glad voices answering;
Let their guileless songs reecho,
And their heart its music bring.

Christ, to thee, with God the Father,
And, O Holy Ghost, to thee,
Hymn, and chant, and high thanksgiving,
And unwearied praises be,
Honor, glory, and dominion,
And eternal victory.

#123

The people that in darkness sat
A glorious light have seen;
The light has shined on them who long
In shades of death have been.

To hail thee, Sun of Righteousness,
The gathering nations come;
They joy as when the reapers bear
Their harvest treasures home.

For thou their burden dost remove
And break the tyrant's rod,
As in the day when Midian fell
Before the sword of God.

To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is giv'n,
And on his shoulder ever rests
All pow'r in earth and heaven.

His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
The Everlasting Lord,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The God by all adored.

His righteous government and pow'r
Shall over all extend;
On judgment and on justice based,
His reign shall have no end.

Lord Jesus, reign in us, we pray,
And make us thine alone,
Who with the Father ever art
And Holy Spirit, one.

#124

At the Name of Jesus
Ev'ry knee shall bow,
Every tongue confess him
King of Glory now.
'Tis the Father's pleasure
We should call him Lord,
Who from the beginning
Was the mighty word.

At his voice creation
Sprang at once to sight,
All the angel faces,
All the hosts of light,
Thrones and dominations,
Stars upon their way,
All the heav'nly orders
In their great array.

Humbled for a season
To receive a name
From the lips of sinners
Unto whom he came,
Faithfully he bore it
Spotless to the last,
Brought it back victorious,
When from death he passed.

In your hearts enthrone him;
There let him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true:
Crown him as your Captain
In temptation's hour:
Let his will enfold you
In its light and pow'r.

Brothers, this Lord Jesus
Shall return again,
With his Father's glory,
With his angel train;
For all wreaths of empire
Meet upon his brow,
And our hearts confess him
King of Glory now.

#125

From Psalm 45:1-10

My heart doth overflow,
A goodly theme is mine;
My eager tongue with joyful song
Doth praise the King divine.
Supremely fair thou art,
Thy lips with grace o'erflow;
His richest blessings evermore
Doth God on thee bestow.

Now gird thee with thy sword,
O strong and mighty one,
In splendid majesty arrayed,
More glorious than the sun.
Triumphantly ride forth
For meekness, truth, and right;
Thine arm shall gain the victory
In wondrous deeds of might.

Thy strength shall overcome
All those that hate the King,
And under thy dominion strong
The nations thou shalt bring.
Thy royal throne, O God,
For evermore shall stand;
Eternal truth and justice wield
The sceptre in thy hand.

Since thou art sinless found,
The Lord, thy God confessed,
Anointeth thee with perfect joy,
Thou art supremely blessed.
Thy garments breathe of myrrh
And spices sweet and rare;
Glad strains of heav'nly music ring
Throughout thy palace fair.

Amid thy glorious train
Kings' daughters waiting stand,
And fairest gems bedeck thy bride,
The queen at thy right hand.
O royal bride, give heed,
And to my words attend;
For Christ, the King, forsake the world
And ev'ry former friend.

#126

O could I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth
Which in my Saviour shine,
I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost divine.

I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath Divine:
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then with my Saviour, brother, friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

#127

Let us love, and sing, and wonder,
Let us praise the Saviour's name!
He has hushed the law's loud thunder,
He has quenched Mount Sinai's flame;
He has washed us with his blood,
He has brought us nigh to God.

Let us love the Lord who bought us,
Pitied us when enemies,
Called us by his grace, and taught us,
Gave us ears and gave us eyes:
He has washed us with his blood,
He presents our souls to God.

Let us sing, though fierce temptation
Threaten hard to bear us down!
For the Lord, our strong salvation,
Holds in view the conqueror's crown,
He who washed us with his blood,
Soon will bring us home to God.

Let us wonder; grace and justice
Join, and point to mercy's store;
When through grace in Christ our trust is,
Justice smiles, and asks no more:
He who washed us with his blood,
Has secured our way to God.

Let us praise, and join the chorus
Of the saints enthroned on high;
Here they trusted him before us,
Now their praises fill the sky:
"Thou hast washed us with thy blood;
Thou art worthy, Lamb of God!"

#128

Hail, thou once despised Jesus,
Hail, thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us:
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By thy merits we find favor;
Life is given through thy name.

Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins were on thee laid;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:
All thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heav'nly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side:
There for sinners thou art pleading;
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

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

#129

Fairest Lord Jesus, Ruler of all nature,
Son of God and Son of Man!
Thee will I cherish, thee will I honor,
Thou, my soul's glory, joy, and crown.

Fair are the meadows, fair are the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring:
Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer,
Who makes the woeful heart to sing.

Fair is the sunshine, fair is the moonlight,
And all the twinkling, starry host:
Jesus shines brighter, Jesus shines purer
Than all the angels heav'n can boast.

Beautiful Saviour! Lord of the nations!
Son of God and Son of Man!
Glory and honor, praise, adoration,
Now and for evermore be thine.

#130

Crown his head with endless blessing,
Who, in God the Father's name,
With compassions never ceasing,
Comes salvation to proclaim.

Hail, ye saints, who know his favor,
Who within his gates are found,
Hail, ye saints, th'exalted Saviour,
Let his courts with praise resound.

Jesus, thee our Saviour hailing,
Thee our God in praise we own;
Highest honors, never failing,
Rise eternal round thy throne.

Now, ye saints, his power confessing,
In your grateful strains adore;
For his mercy, never ceasing,
Flows, and flows for evermore.

#131

When morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries
May Jesus Christ be praised:
Alike at work and prayer
To Jesus I repair;
May Jesus Christ be praised.

When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
Or fades my earthly bliss?
My comfort still is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

In heav'n's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

Let earth's wide circle round
In joyful notes resound,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
Let air and sea and sky,
From depth to height, reply,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
Be this th'eternal song,
Through all the ages on,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

#132

Wondrous King, all glorious,
Sovereign Lord victorious,
O, receive our praise with favor!
From thee welled God's kindness
Though we in our blindness
Strayed from thee, our blessed Saviour.
Strengthen thou,
Help us now;
Let our tongues be singing,
Thee our praises bringing.

Heavens, spread the story
Of our Maker's glory,
All the pomp of earth obscuring.
Sun, thy rays be sending,
Thy bright beams expending,
Light to all the earth assuring.
Moon and star,
Praise afar
Him who glorious made you;
The vast heavens aid you.

O my soul, rejoicing,
Sing, thy praises voicing,
Sing, with hymns of faith adore him!
All who here have being,
Shout, your voices freeing,
Bow down in the dust before him.
He is God
Sabaoth;
Praise alone the Saviour,
Here and there for ever.

Hallelujahs render
To the Lord most tender,
Ye who know and love the Saviour.
Hallelujahs sing ye,
Ye redeemed, O, bring ye
Hearts that yield him glad behavior.
Blest are ye
Endlessly;
Sinless there for ever,
Ye shall laud him ever.

#133

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

My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy Name.

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

He breaks the power of reigning sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

He speaks and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

#134

O Christ, our King, Creator, Lord,
Saviour of all who trust thy Word,
To them who seek thee ever near,
Now to our praises bend thine ear.

In thy dear cross a grace is found--
It flows from every streaming wound--
Whose pow'r our inbred sin controls,
Breaks the firm bond, and frees our souls.

Thou didst create the stars of night;
Yet thou hast veiled in flesh thy light,
Hast deigned a mortal form to wear,
A mortal's painful lot to bear.

When thou didst hang upon the tree,
The quaking earth acknowledged thee;
When thou didst here yield up thy breath,
The world grew dark as shades of death.

Now in the Father's glory high,
Great Conqueror, nevermore to die,
Us by thy mighty pow'r defend,
And reign through ages without end.

#135

I greet thee, who my sure Redeemer art,
My only trust and Saviour of my heart,
Who pain didst undergo for my poor sake;
I pray thee from our hearts all cares to take.

Thou art the King of mercy and of grace,
Reigning omnipotent in every place:
So come, O King, and our whole being sway;
Shine on us with the light of thy pure day.

Thou art the life, by which alone we live,
And all our substance and our strength receive;
O comfort us in death's approaching hour,
Strong-hearted then to face it by thy pow'r.

Thou hast the true and perfect gentleness,
No harshness hast thou and no bitterness:
Make us to taste the sweet grace found in thee
And ever stay in thy sweet unity.

Our hope is in no other save in thee;
Our faith is built upon thy promise free;
O grant to us such stronger hope and sure
That we can boldly conquer and endure.

#136

Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful Name;
The Name, all victorious, of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still he is nigh--his presence we have:
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.

Salvation to God who sits on the throne!
Let all cry aloud and honor the Son:
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces and worship the Lamb.

Then let us adore, and give him his right,
All glory and power, and wisdom and might,
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing for infinite love.

#137

There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold--
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

"Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer:
"This of mine has wandered away from me,
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed thro'
Ere he found his sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert he heard its cry--
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

"Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are thy hands so rent and torn?
They're pierced tonight by many a thorn."

But all thro' the mountains, thunder riv'n,
And up from the rocky steep,
There arose a glad cry to the gate of heav'n,
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own!"

#138

Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise:
He justly claims a song from me,
His lovingkindness is so free.
Lovingkindness, lovingkindness,
His lovingkindness is so free.

He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me not withstanding all,
And saved me from my lost estate,
His lovingkindness is so great.
Lovingkindness, lovingkindness,
His lovingkindness is so great.

Through mighty hosts of cruel foes,
Where earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His lovingkindness is so strong.
Lovingkindness, lovingkindness,
His lovingkindness is so strong.

So when I pass death's gloomy vale,
And life and mortal pow'rs shall fail,
O may my last expiring breath
His lovingkindness sing in death.
Lovingkindness, lovingkindness,
His lovingkindness sing in death.

Then shall I mount, and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
There shall I sing, with sweet surprise,
His lovingkindness in the skies,
Lovingkindness, lovingkindness,
His lovingkindness in the skies.

#139

Jesus, I am resting, resting
In the joy of what thou art;
I am finding out the greatness
Of thy loving heart.
Thou hast bid me gaze upon thee,
As thy beauty fills my soul,
For by thy transforming power,
Thou hast made me whole.

Jesus, I am resting, resting
In the joy of what thou art;
I am finding out the greatness
Of thy loving heart.

O how great thy lovingkindness,
Vaster, broader than the sea!
O how marvelous thy goodness
Lavished all on me!
Yes, I rest in thee, Beloved,
Know what wealth of grace is thine,
Know thy certainty of promise
And have made it mine.

Simply trusting thee, Lord Jesus,
I behold thee as thou art,
And thy love, so pure, so changeless,
Satisfies my heart;
Satisfies its deepest longings,
Meets, supplies its every need,
Compasseth me round with blessings:
Thine is love indeed.

Ever lift thy face upon me
As I work and wait for thee;
Resting 'neath thy smile, Lord Jesus,
Earth's dark shadows flee.
Brightness of my Father's glory,
Sunshine of my Father's face,
Keep me ever trusting, resting,
Fill me with thy grace.

#140

Jesus, my Saviour, look on me,
For I am weary and oppressed;
I come to cast myself on thee:
Thou art my Rest.

Look down on me, for I am weak;
I feel the toilsome journey's length;
Thine aid omnipotent I seek:
Thou art my Strength.

I am bewildered on my way,
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
O send thou forth some cheering ray:
Thou art my Light.

I hear the storms around me rise;
But when I dread th'impending shock,
My spirit to the refuge flies:
Thou art my Rock.

Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink:
Thou art my Life.

Thou wilt my every want supply,
E'en to the end, whatever befall;
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my all.

#141
From Psalm 23

The King of Love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am his
And he is mine for ever.

Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul he leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love he sought me,
And on his shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, bought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thine unction grace bestoweth;
And O what transport of delight
From thy pure chalice floweth.

And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise
Within thy house for ever.

#142

One there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end:
They who once his kindness prove
Find it everlasting love.

Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.
This was boundless love indeed;
Jesus is a Friend in need.

When he lived on earth abased,
"Friend of sinners" was his name,
Now above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same;
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

Could we bear from one another
What he daily bears from us?
Yet this glorious Friend and Brother
Loves us though we treat him thus:
Though for good we render ill,
He accounts us brethren still.

O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love,
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above.
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love thee as we ought.

#143

Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace over flow.

No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

To heav'n, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

#144

The great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus;
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer;
O hear the voice of Jesus.

Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
O how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus!

And when to that bright world above
We rise to be with Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love
His Name--the Name of Jesus.

#145

Come, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us;
Let us find our rest in thee.
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art;
Dear Desire of ev'ry nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child, and yet a King,
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
By thine own eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

#146

Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates!
Behold, the King of glory waits;
The King of kings is drawing near,
The Saviour of the world is here.
Life and salvation he doth bring,
Wherefore rejoice and gladly sing:
We praise thee, Father, now,
Creator, wise art thou!

A Helper just he comes to thee,
His chariot is humility,
His kingly crown is holiness,
His scepter, pity in distress.
The end of all our woe he brings;
Wherefore the earth is glad and sings:
We praise thee, Saviour, now,
Mighty in deed art thou!

O blest the land, the city blest,
Where Christ the Ruler is confessed!
O happy hearts and happy homes
To whom this King in triumph comes!
The cloudless sun of joy he is,
Who bringeth pure delight and bliss.
We praise thee, Spirit, now,
Our Comforter art thou!.

#147

O come, O come, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here,
Until the Son of God appear.

Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

O come, O come, thou Lord of might,
Who to thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
In ancient times didst give the law
In cloud and majesty and awe.

O come, thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.

O come, thou Dayspring from on high
And cheer us by thy drawing nigh;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.

O come, thou Key of David, come
And open wide our heav'nly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.

#148

Comfort, comfort ye my people,
Speak ye peace, thus saith our God;
Comfort those who sit in darkness,
Mourning 'neath their sorrow's load.
Speak ye to Jerusalem
Of the peace that waits for them;
Tell her that her sins I cover,
And her warfare now is over.

Yea, her sins our God will pardon,
Blotting out each dark misdeed;
All that well deserved his anger
He no more will see or heed.
She hath suffered many a day
Now her griefs have passed away;
God will change her pining sadness
Into ever-springing gladness.

For the herald's voice is crying
In the desert far and near,
Bidding all men to repentance,
Since the kingdom now is here.
O that warning cry obey!
Now prepare for God a way;
Let the valleys rise to meet him,
And the hills bow down to greet him.

Make ye straight what long was crooked,
Make the rougher places plain;
Let your hearts be true and humble,
As befits his holy reign.
For the glory of the Lord
Now o'er earth is shed abroad;
And all flesh shall see the token,
That his word is never broken.

#149

Joy to the world! the Lord is come:
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns:
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

#150

All my heart this night rejoices
As I hear
Far and near
Sweetest angel voices.
"Christ is born," their choirs are singing
Till the air
Everywhere
Now with joy is ringing.

Forth today the Conqueror goeth,
Who the foe,
Sin and woe,
Death and hell, o'erthroweth.
God is man, man to deliver;
His dear Son
Now is one
With our blood forever.

Shall we still dread God's displeasure,
Who, to save,
Freely gave
His most cherished treasure?
To redeem us, he hath given
His own Son
From the throne
Of his might in heaven.

He becomes the Lamb that taketh
Sin away
And for aye
Full atonement maketh.
For our life his own he tenders;
And our race,
By his grace,
Meet for glory renders.

Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet,
Doth entreat:
"Flee from woe and danger,
Brethren, from all ills that grieve you
You are freed;
All you need
I will surely give you."

Come, then, banish all your sadness,
One and all,
Great and small;
Come with songs of gladness.
Love him who with love is glowing;
Hail the star,
Near and far
Light and joy bestowing.

Dearest Lord, thee will I cherish.
Though my breath
Fail in death,
Yet I shall not perish,
But with thee abide for ever
There on high,
In that joy
Which can vanish never.

#151

O come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold him
Born the King of angels;

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

God of God, Light of Light;
Lo, he abhors not the Virgin's womb:
Very God, Begotten, not created;

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

Yea, Lord, we greet thee,
Born this happy morning:
Jesus, to thee be glory given;
Word of the Father,
Late in flesh appearing;

#152

O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by:
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight.

For Christ is born of Mary;
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars together
Proclaim the holy birth;
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of his heav'n.
No ear may hear his coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us today.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel.

#153

Behold, a Branch is growing
Of loveliest form and grace,
As prophets sung, foreknowing;
It springs from Jesse's race
And bears one little Flow'r
In midst of coldest winter,
At deepest midnight hour.

Isaiah hath foretold it
In words of promise sure,
And Mary's arms enfold it,
A virgin meek and pure.
Through God's eternal will
This Child to her is given
At midnight calm and still.

The shepherds heard the story,
Proclaimed by angels bright,
How Christ, the Lord of Glory,
Was born on earth this night.
To Bethlehem they sped
And in the manger found him,
As angel heralds said.

This Flower whose fragrance tender
With sweetness fills the air,
Dispels with glorious splendor
The darkness everywhere.
True man, yet very God;
From sin and death he saves us
And lightens every load.

O Saviour, Child of Mary,
Who felt our human woe;
O Saviour, King of Glory,
Who dost our weakness know,
Bring us at length, we pray,
To the bright courts of heaven
And to the endless day.

#154

As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious God, may we
Evermore be led to thee.

As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly cradle bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek thy mercy-seat.

As they offered gifts most rare
At that cradle rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to thee, our heav'nly King.

Holy Jesus, ev'ry day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds thy glory hide.

In the heav'nly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King.

#155

All praise to thee, Eternal Lord,
Clothed in a garb of flesh and blood;
Choosing a manger for thy throne,
While worlds on worlds are thine alone.

Once did the skies before thee bow;
A Virgin's arms contain thee now:
Angels who did in thee rejoice
Now listen for thine infant voice.

A little Child, thou art our Guest,
That weary ones in thee may rest;
Forlorn and lowly is thy birth,
That we may rise to heav'n from earth.

Thou comest in the darksome night
To make us children of the light,
To make us, in the realms divine,
Like thine own angels round thee shine.

All this for us thy love hath done;
By this to thee our love is won:
For this we tune our cheerful lays,
And shout our thanks in ceaseless praise.

#156

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he--for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind--
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

"To you in David's town this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord,
And this shall be the sign.

"The heav'nly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:

"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace:
Good will henceforth, from heav'n to men,
Begin and never cease!"

#157

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold;
"Peace on the earth, good will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King:"
The world in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heav'nly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hov'ring wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

#158

See, amid the winter's snow,
Born for us on earth below,
See the tender Lamb appears,
Promised from eternal years.

Hail, thou ever blessed morn!
Hail, redemption's happy dawn!
Sing through all Jerusalem,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Lo, within a manger lies
He who built the starry skies:
He who, throned in height sublime,
Sits amid the cherubim.

Say, ye holy shepherds, say,
What your joyful news today?
Wherefore have ye left your sheep
On the lonely mountain steep?

"As we watched at dead of night,
Lo! we saw a wondrous light;
Angels singing, peace on earth,
Told us of the Saviour's birth."

Sacred Infant, all divine,
What a tender love was thine,
Thus to come from highest bliss
Down to such a world as this!

Teach, O teach us, holy Child,
By thy face so meek and mild,
Teach us to resemble thee,
In thy sweet humility.

#159

Good Christian men, rejoice,
With heart, and soul, and voice;
Give ye heed to what we say:
Jesus Christ is born today;
Earth and heav'n before him bow,
And he is in the manger now.
Christ is born today!

Good Christian men, rejoice,
With heart, and soul, and voice;
Now ye hear of endless bliss:
Jesus Christ was born for this!
He hath op'ed the heavenly door,
And man is blessed evermore.
Christ was born for this!

Good Christian men, rejoice,
With heart, and soul, and voice;
Now ye need not fear the grave:
Jesus Christ was born to save!
Calls you one and calls you all
To gain his everlasting hall.
Christ was born to save!

#160

God rest you merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
Remember Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas day,
To save us all from Satan's power
When we were gone astray;

O tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy,
O tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy.

From God our heav'nly Father,
A blessed angel came;
And unto certain shepherds
Brought tidings of the same:
How that in Bethlehem was born
The son of God by name.

'Fear not then,' said the angel,
'Let nothing you affright,
This day is born a Saviour
Of a pure virgin bright,
To free all those who trust in him
From Satan's power and might.'

The shepherds at those tidings
Rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks afeeding,
In tempest, storm, and wind:
And went to Bethlehem straightway,
The Son of God to find.

#161

Silent night! Holy night!
All is calm, all is bright
Round yon virgin mother and Child.
Holy infant, so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night! Holy night!
Shepherds quake at the sight!
Glories stream from heav'n afar,
Heavenly hosts sing: Alleluia,
Christ, the Saviour, is born!

Silent night! Holy night!
Son of God, love's pure light
Radiant beams from thy holy face,
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord at thy birth.

#162

Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long:
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

On him the spirit, largely poured,
Exerts his sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

He comes, the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasures of his grace
To enrich the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heav'n's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved Name.

#163

To us a child of hope is born,
To us a son is giv'n,
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven

His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord;

His power, increasing, still shall spread,
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is giv'n,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The mighty Lord of heaven.

#164

Angels, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth;

Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King.

Shepherds in the fields abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant light:

Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen his natal star:

Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear;

All creation, join in praising
God the Father, Spirit, Son;
Evermore your voices raising
To th'eternal Three in One:

#165

Saviour of the nations, come,
Virgin's Son, make here thy home!
Marvel now, O heav'n and earth,
That the Lord chose such a birth.

Not of flesh and blood the Son,
Offspring of the Holy One;
Born of Mary ever blest
God in flesh is manifest.

Wondrous birth! O wondrous child
Of the virgin undefiled!
Though by all the world disowned,
Still to be in heav'n enthroned.

From the Father forth he came
And returneth to the same,
Captive leading death and hell,
High the song of triumph swell!

Thou, the Father's only Son,
Hast o'er sin the vict'ry won.
Boundless shall thy kingdom be;
When shall we its glories see?

Praise to God the Father sing,
Praise to God the Son, our King,
Praise to God the Spirit be
Ever and eternally.

#166

From heaven high I come to you,
I bring you tidings good and new;
Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
Whereof I now will say and sing:

To you this night is born a child
Of Mary, chosen virgin mild;
This little child, of lowly birth,
Shall be the joy of all the earth.

This is the Christ, our God and Lord,
Who in all need shall aid afford;
He will himself your Saviour be
From all your sins to set you free.

These are the tokens ye shall mark:
The swaddling-clothes and manger dark:
There ye shall find the Infant laid
By whom the heav'ns and earth were made.

Now let us all with gladsome cheer
Go with the shepherds and draw near
To see the precious gift of God,
Who hath his own dear Son bestowed.

Welcome to earth, thou noble Guest,
Through whom the sinful world is blest!
In my distress thou com'st to me;
What thanks shall I return to thee?

#167

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on his cradle the dewdrops are shining;
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch, and Lord over all.

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

#168

Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the newborn King:
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!"
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With th'angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem!"

Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the newborn King."

Christ, by highest heav'n adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord!
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail th'incarnate Deity,
Pleased as man with men to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.

Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Ris'n with healing in his wings.
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

#169

Who is this so weak and helpless,
Child of lowly Hebrew maid,
Rudely in a stable sheltered,
Coldly in a manger laid?
'Tis the Lord of all creation,
Who this wondrous path hath trod;
He is God from everlasting,
And to everlasting God.

Who is this, a Man of Sorrows,
Walking sadly life's hard way,
Homeless, weary, sighing, weeping
Over sin and Satan's sway?
'Tis our God, our glorious Saviour,
Who above the starry sky
Now for us a place prepareth,
Where no tear can dim the eye.

Who is this? behold him shedding
Drops of blood upon the ground!
Who is this, despised, rejected,
Mocked, insulted, beaten, bound?
'Tis our God, who gifts and graces
On his church now poureth down;
Who shall smite in holy vengeance
All his foes beneath his throne.

Who is this that hangeth dying
While the rude world scoffs and scorns,
Numbered with the malefactors,
Torn with nails, and crowned with thorns?
'Tis the God who ever liveth
'Mid the shining ones on high,
In the glorious golden city,
Reigning everlastingly.

#170

Thou dost reign on high with a kingly crown,
Yet thou camest to earth for me,
And in Bethlehem's home was there found no room
For thy holy nativity:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for thee.

Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang,
Proclaiming thy royal degree;
But of lowly birth didst thou come to earth,
And in great humility:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for thee.

The foxes found rest, and the birds their nest,
In the shade of the forest tree;
But thy couch was the sod,
O thou Son of God, in the deserts of Galilee:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for thee.

Thou camest, O Lord, with the living word
That should set thy people free;
But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn,
They bore thee to Calvary:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
Thy cross is my only plea.

When heav'n's arches shall ring,
And her choirs shall sing,
At thy coming to victory,
Let thy voice call me home,
Saying, "Yet there is room,
There is room at my side for thee."
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
When thou comest and callest for me.

#171

My dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy Word;
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such def'rence to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy vict'ry too.

Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here:
Then God the Judge shall own my name
Amongst the foll'wers of the Lamb.

#172

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes Hosanna cry;
O Saviour meek, pursue thy road
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
O Christ, thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The winged squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see th'approaching sacrifice.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father on his sapphire throne
Expects his own anointed Son.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, thy power and reign.

#173

All glory, laud, and honor
To thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring!
Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and blessed One!

The people of the Hebrews
With palms before thee went;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before thee we present:
To thee, before thy passion,
They sang their hymns of praise;
To thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.

Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King!
All glory, laud, and honor
To thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring!

#174

Praise the Saviour now and ever;
Praise him all beneath the skies;
Prostrate lying, suffering, dying
On the cross, a sacrifice.
Victory gaining, life obtaining,
Now in glory he doth rise.

Man's work faileth, Christ's availeth;
He is all our righteousness;
He, our Saviour, has for ever
Set us free from dire distress.
Through his merit we inherit
Light and peace and happiness.

Sin's bonds severed; we're delivered;
Christ has bruised the serpent's head;
Death no longer is the stronger;
Hell itself is captive led.
Christ has risen from death's prison;
O'er the tomb he light has shed.

For his favor, praise for ever
Unto God the Father sing;
Praise the Saviour, praise him ever,
Son of God, our Lord and King.
Praise the Spirit; through Christ's merit,
He doth us salvation bring.

#175

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

Bearing shame and scoffing rude,
In my place condemned he stood,
Sealed my pardon with his blood:
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

Guilty, vile, and helpless, we;
Spotless Lamb of God was he;
Full atonement! can it be?
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

Lifted up was he to die,
"It is finished!" was his cry:
Now in heav'n exalted high:
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

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

#176

Not all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain:

But Christ, the heavenly Lamb
Takes all our sins away,
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And knows her guilt was there.

Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

#177

Beneath the cross of Jesus
I fain would take my stand,
The shadow of a mighty Rock
Within a weary land;
A home within the wilderness,
A rest upon the way,
From the burning of the noontide heat,
And the burden of the day.

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 stricken heart with tears
Two wonders I confess,
The wonders of redeeming love
And my own worthlessness.

I take, O cross, thy shadow
For my abiding-place:
I ask no other sunshine than
The sunshine of his face;
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss;
My sinful self my only shame,
My glory, all the cross.

#178

O sacred Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down;
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, thine only crown;
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss till now was thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

What thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve thy place;
Look on me with thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

What language shall I borrow
To thank thee, dearest Friend,
For this thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me thine for ever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to thee.

Be near when I am dying,
O show thy cross to me;
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free:
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely, through thy love.

#179

Ah, holy Jesus, how hast thou offended,
That man to judge thee hath in hate pretended?
By foes derided, by thine own rejected,
O most afflicted.

Who was the guilty? who brought this upon thee?
Alas, my treason, Jesus, hath undone thee.
'Twas I, Lord Jesus, I it was denied thee:
I crucified thee.

Lo, the good Shepherd for the sheep is offered:
The slave hath sinned, and the Son hath suffered:
For man's atonement, while he nothing heedeth,
God intercedeth.

For me, kind Jesus, was thine incarnation,
Thy mortal sorrow, and thy life's oblation:
Thy death of anguish and thy bitter passion,
For my salvation.

Therefore, kind Jesus, since I cannot pay thee,
I do adore thee, and will ever pray thee
Think on thy pity and thy love unswerving,
Not my deserving.

#180

His are the thousand sparkling rills
That from a thousand fountains burst,
And fill with music all the hills;
And yet he saith, "I thirst."

All fiery pangs on battlefields,
On fever beds where sick men toss,
Are in that human cry he yields
To anguish on the cross.

But more than pains that racked him then
Was the deep longing thirst divine
That thirsted for the souls of men;
Dear Lord! and one was mine.

O love most patient, give me grace;
Make all my soul athirst for thee;
That parched dry lip, that fading face,
That thirst, were all for me.

#181

O dearest Jesus, what law hast thou broken
That such sharp sentence should on thee be spoken?
Of what great crime hast thou to make confession,
What dark transgression?

They crown thy head with thorns, they smite, they scourge thee;
With cruel mockings to the cross they urge thee;
They give thee gall to drink, they still decry thee;
They crucify thee.

Whence come these sorrows, whence this mortal anguish?
It is my sins for which thou, Lord, must languish;
Yea, all the wrath, the woe, thou dost inherit,
This I do merit.

What punishment so strange is suffered yonder!
The Shepherd dies for sheep that loved to wander;
The master pays the debt his servants owe him,
Who would not know him.

The sinless Son of God must die in sadness;
The sinful child of man may live in gladness;
Man forfeited his life and is acquitted,--
God is committed.

#182

'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone:
'Tis midnight; in the garden now
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

'Tis midnight; and, from all removed,
Emmanuel wrestles lone with fears:
E'en the disciple that he loved
Heeds not his master's grief and tears.

'Tis midnight; and, for others' guilt,
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood:
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.

'Tis midnight; from the heavenly plains
Is borne the song that angels know:
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

#183

Throned upon the awful tree,
King of grief, I watch with thee.
Darkness veils thine anguished face:
None its lines of woe can trace:
None can tell what pangs unknown
Hold thee silent and alone.

Silent through those three dread hours,
Wrestling with the evil pow'rs,
Left alone with human sin,
Gloom around thee and within,
Till th'appointed time is nigh,
Till the Lamb of God may die.

Hark, that cry that peals aloud
Upward through the whelming cloud!
Thou, the Father's only Son,
Thou, his own Anointed One,
Thou dost ask him--can it be?--
"Why hast thou forsaken me?"

Lord, should fear and anguish roll
Darkly o'er my sinful soul,
Thou, who once wast thus bereft
That thine own might never be left,
Teach me by that bitter cry
In the gloom to know thee nigh.

#184

There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

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.

He died that we might be forgiv'n,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heav'n,
Saved by his precious blood.

There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heav'n, and let us in.

O dearly, dearly has he loved,
And we must love him too,
And trust in his redeeming blood,
And try his works to do.

#185

By the cross of Jesus standing,
Love our straitened souls expanding,
Taste we now the peace and grace!
Health from yonder tree is flowing,
Heavenly light is on it glowing,
From the blessed Suff'rer's face.

Here is pardon's pledge and token,
Guilt's strong chain for ever broken,
Righteous peace securely made;
Brightens now the brow once shaded,
Freshens now the face once faded,
Peace with God now makes us glad.

All the love of God is yonder,
Love above all thought and wonder,
Perfect love that casts out fear!
Strength, like dew, is here distilling,
Glorious life our souls is filling,
Life eternal, only here!

Here the living water welleteth;
Here the Rock, now smitten, telleth
Of salvation freely giv'n:
This the fount of love and pity,
This the pathway to the city,
This the very gate of heav'n.

#186

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

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

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

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

#187

Hark! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See, it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky:
"It is finished!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

"It is finished!" O what pleasure
Do these precious words afford;
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
"It is finished!"
Saints the dying words record.

Finished all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finished all that God had promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe:
"It is finished!"
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the glorious theme;
All in earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Emmanuel's Name:
Alleluia!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

#188

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

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

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.

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

#189

Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying friend.

Here I rest, in wonder viewing
All my sins on Jesus laid,
Here I see redemption flowing
From the sacrifice he made.

Here I find the dawn of heaven,
While upon the cross I gaze
See my trespasses forgiven,
And my songs of triumph raise.

O that, near the cross abiding,
I may to the Saviour cleave,
Nought with him my heart dividing,
All for him content to leave.

#190

Glory be to Jesus,
Who in bitter pains
Poured for me the life-blood
From his sacred veins!

Grace and life eternal
In that blood I find;
Blest be his compassion,
Infinitely kind!

Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream
Which from endless torments
Did the church redeem!

Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies;
But the blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.

Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel hosts rejoicing
Make their glad reply.

Lift we, then, our voices,
Swell the mighty flood,
Louder still and louder
Praise the precious blood!

#191

O thou th'Eternal Son of God,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
We worship, while thy head is bowed
In agony and pain.

None tread with thee the holy place;
Thou sufferest alone;
Thine is the perfect sacrifice
Which only can atone.

Thou Great High Priest, thy glory-ropes
Today are laid aside;
And human sorrow, Son of Man,
Thy Godhead seem to hide.

The cross is sharp, but in thy woe
This is the lightest part;
Our sin it is which pierces thee,
And breaks thy sacred heart.

Who love thee most, at thy dear cross
Will truest, Lord, abide;
Make thou that cross our only hope,
O Jesus crucified.

#192

Stricken, smitten, and afflicted,
See him dying on the tree!
'Tis the Christ by man rejected;
Yes, my soul, 'tis he, 'tis he.
'Tis the long-expected Prophet,
David's Son, yet David's Lord;
By his Son God now has spoken:
'Tis the true and faithful Word.

Tell me, ye who hear him groaning,
Was there ever grief like his?
Friends through fear his cause disowning,
Foes insulting his distress;
Many hands were raised to wound him,
None would interpose to save;
But the deepest stroke that pierced him
Was the stroke that Justice gave.

Ye who think of sin but lightly
Nor suppose the evil great
Here may view its nature rightly,
Here its guilt may estimate.
Mark the Sacrifice appointed,
See who bears the awful load;
'Tis the Word, the Lord's Anointed,
Son of Man and Son of God.

Here we have a firm foundation,
Here the refuge of the lost;
Christ's the Rock of our salvation,
His the name of which we boast.
Lamb of God, for sinners wounded,
Sacrifice to cancel guilt!
None shall ever be confounded
Who on him their hope have built.

#193

O Jesus, we adore thee,
Upon the cross, our King!
We bow our hearts before thee,
Thy gracious name we sing.
That name hath brought salvation,
That name in life our stay,
Our peace, our consolation,
When life shall fade away.

Yet doth the world disdain thee,
Still passing by the cross;
Lord, may our hearts retain thee;
All else we count but loss.
Ah, Lord, our sins arraigned thee,
And nailed thee to the tree:
Our pride, our Lord, disdained thee;
Yet deign our hope to be.

O glorious King, we bless thee,
No longer pass thee by;
O Jesus, we confess thee
The Son enthroned on high.
Lord, grant to us remission;
Life through thy death restore;
Yea, grant us the fruition
Of life for evermore.

#194

Sing, my tongue, how glorious battle
Glorious victory became;
And above the cross, his trophy,
Tell the triumph and the fame:
Tell how he, the earth's Redeemer,
By his death for man o'ercame.

Thirty years fulfilled among us--
Perfect life in low estate--
Born for this, and self-surrendered,
To his passion dedicate,
On the cross the Lamb is lifted,
For his people immolate.

Unto God be laud and honor:
To the Father, to the Son,
To the mighty Spirit, glory--
Ever three and ever One:
Power and glory in the highest
While eternal ages run.

#195

Alas! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die!
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I!

Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree!
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.

Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes in tears.

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.

#196

Jesus Christ, our Lord most holy,
Lamb of God so pure and lowly,
Blameless, blameless, on the cross art offered,
Sinless, sinless, for our sins hast suffered.

Weep now, all ye wretched creatures,
As ye view his gracious features.
Jesus, Jesus, on the cross is dying,
Nature, nature, in dark gloom is sighing.

Christ, his last word having spoken,
Bows his head as life is broken.
Mournful, mournful, stands his mother weeping,
Loved ones, loved ones, silent watch are keeping.

The great veil was torn asunder,
Earth did quake 'mid roars of thunder,
Boulders, boulders, into bits were breaking;
Sainted, sainted dead from death were waking.

As his side with spear was riven,
Blood and water forth were given.
Jesus, Jesus, sinners' only Saviour,
Mercy, mercy, grant to us for ever.

#197

The day of resurrection!
Earth, tell it out abroad;
The Passover of gladness,
The Passover of God.
From death to life eternal,
From this world to the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over
With hymns of victory.

Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection-light;
And, listening to his accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own "All hail!" and hearing,
May raise the victor strain.

Now let the heav'ns be joyful,
Let earth her song begin;
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein;
Invisible and visible,
Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord hath risen,
Our joy that hath no end.

#198

Jesus Christ is risen today, Alleluia!
Our triumphant holy day, Alleluia!
Who did once, upon the cross, Alleluia!
Suffer to redeem our loss. Alleluia!

Hymns of praise then let us sing, Alleluia!
Unto Christ our heav'nly King, Alleluia!
Who endured the cross and grave, Alleluia!
Sinners to redeem and save. Alleluia!

But the pains which he endured, Alleluia!
Our salvation have procured; Alleluia!
Now above the sky he's King, Alleluia!
Where the angels ever sing. Alleluia!

Sing we to our God above, Alleluia!
Praise eternal as his love; Alleluia!
Praise him, all ye heavenly host, Alleluia!
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Alleluia!

#199

"Welcome, happy morning!"
Age to age shall say:
Hell today is vanquished;
Heaven is won today.
Lo! the Dead is living,
God for evermore!
Him, their true Creator,
All his works adore.

"Welcome, happy morning!"
Age to age shall say:
Hell today is vanquished,
Heav'n is won today.

Maker and Redeemer,
Life and health of all,
Thou, from heav'n beholding
Human nature's fall,
Of the Father's Godhead
True and only Son,
Manhood to deliver,
Manhood didst put on.

Thou, of life the author,
Death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness,
Saving strength to show;
Come then, true and faithful,
Now fulfil thy word,
'Tis thine own third morning;
Rise, O buried Lord.

Loose the souls long-prisoned,
Bound with Satan's chain;
Thine that now are fallen
Raise to life again;
Show thy face in brightness,
Bid the nations see;
Bring again our daylight;
Day returns with thee.

#200

Come, ye faithful, raise the strain
Of triumphant gladness;
God hath brought his Israel
Into joy from sadness;
Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke
Jacob's sons and daughters;
Led them with unmoistened foot
Through the Red Sea waters.

'Tis the spring of souls today;
Christ hath burst his prison,
And from three days' sleep in death
As a sun hath risen;
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From his light, to whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

Now the queen of seasons, bright
With the day of splendor,
With the royal feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render;
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection
Welcomes in unwearied strains
Jesus' resurrection.

Neither might the gates of death,
Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal
Hold thee as a mortal:
But today amidst the twelve
Thou didst stand, bestowing
That thy peace, which evermore
Passeth human knowing.

#201

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

The strife is o'er, the battle done;
The victory of life is won;
The song of triumph has begun.
Alleluia!

The pow'rs of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed:
Let shouts of holy joy outburst.
Alleluia!

The three sad days have quickly sped;
He rises glorious from the dead:
All glory to our risen head!
Alleluia!

He closed the yawning gates of hell;
The bars from heav'n's high portals fell:
Let hymns of praise his triumphs tell.
Alleluia!

Lord, by the stripes which wounded thee,
From death's dread sting thy servants free,
That we may live and sing to thee,
Alleluia!

#202

Lift up, lift up your voices now;
The whole wide world rejoices now:
The Lord hath triumphed gloriously,
The Lord shall reign victoriously.

In vain with stone the cave they barred;
In vain the watch kept ward and guard:
Majestic from the spoiled tomb,
In pomp of triumph Christ is come.

He binds in chains the ancient foe;
A countless host he frees from woe,
And heav'n's high portal open flies,
For Christ has ris'n, and man shall rise.

And all he did, and all he bare,
He gives us as our own to share;
And hope and joy and peace begin,
For Christ has won, and man shall win.

O Victor, aid us in the fight,
And lead through death to realms of light:
We safely pass where thou hast trod;
In thee we die to rise to God.

Thy flock, from sin and death set free,
Glad alleluias raise to thee;
And ever with the heavenly host
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

#203

Jesus lives! thy terrors now
Can no longer, death, appall us;
Jesus lives! by this we know
Thou, O grave, canst not enthrall us.
Alleluia!

Jesus lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia!

Jesus lives! for us he died;
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia!

Jesus lives! our hearts know well
Naught from us his love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from his keeping ever.
Alleluia!

Jesus lives! to him the throne
Over all the world is given:
May we go where he has gone,
Rest and reign with him in heaven.
Alleluia!

#204

Alleluia! Alleluia!
Hearts to heav'n and voices raise;
Sing to God a hymn of gladness,
Sing to God a hymn of praise:
He who on the cross a victim
For the world's salvation bled.
Jesus Christ, the King of Glory,
Now is risen from the dead.

Christ is risen, Christ the firstfruits
Of the holy harvest field,
Which will all its full abundance
At his second coming yield:
Then the golden ears of harvest
Will their heads before him wave,
Ripened by his glorious sunshine
From the furrows of the grave.

Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glory be to God on high;
Alleluia to the Saviour,
Who has won the victory;
Alleluia to the Spirit,
Fount of love and sanctity;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
To the Triune Majesty.

#205

"Christ the Lord is risen today," Alleluia!
Sons of men and angels say; Alleluia!
Raise your joys and triumphs high; Alleluia!
Sing ye heav'ns, and earth, reply: Alleluia!

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal; Alleluia!
Christ has burst the gates of hell: Alleluia!
Death in vain forbids his rise; Alleluia!
Christ hath opened Paradise. Alleluia!

Lives again our glorious King; Alleluia!
Where, O death, is now thy sting? Alleluia!
Once he died, our souls to save; Alleluia!
Where thy victory, O grave? Alleluia!

Soar we now where Christ has led, Alleluia!
Following our exalted Head; Alleluia!
Made like him, like him we rise: Alleluia!
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies. Alleluia!

Hail, the Lord of earth and heav'n! Alleluia!
Praise to thee by both be giv'n; Alleluia!
Thee we greet triumphant now; Alleluia!
Hail, the Resurrection Thou! Alleluia!

#206

Low in the grave he lay--
Jesus, my Saviour,
Waiting the coming day--
Jesus, my Lord.

Up from the grave he arose
With a mighty triumph o'er his foes.
He arose a victor from the dark domain,
And he lives for ever with his saints to reign.
He arose! He arose! Hallelujah! Christ arose!

Vainly they watch his bed--
Jesus, my Saviour;
Vainly they seal the dead--
Jesus, my Lord.

Death cannot keep his prey--
Jesus, my Saviour;
He tore the bars away--
Jesus, my Lord.

#207

Christ Jesus lay in death's strong bands,
For our offenses given;
But now at God's right hand he stands
And brings us life from heaven;
Therefore let us joyful be
And sing to God right thankfully
Loud songs of hallelujah. Hallelujah!

It was a strange and dreadful strife
When life and death contended;
The victory remained with life,
The reign of death was ended;
Holy Scripture plainly saith
That death is swallowed up by death,
His sting is lost for ever. Hallelujah!

Here the true Paschal Lamb we see,
Whom God so freely gave us;
He died on the accursed tree--
So strong his love!--to save us.
See, his blood doth mark our door;
Faith points to it, death passes o'er,
And Satan cannot harm us. Hallelujah!

So let us keep the festival
Whereto the Lord invites us;
Christ is himself the Joy of all,
The Sun that warms and lights us.
By his grace he doth impart
Eternal sunshine to the heart;
The night of sin is ended. Hallelujah!

Then let us feast this joyful day
On Christ, the Bread of heaven;
The Word of grace hath purged away
The old and evil leaven.
Christ alone our souls will feed,
He is our meat and drink indeed;
Faith lives upon no other. Hallelujah!

#208

Jesus, Lord, Redeemer,
Once for sinners slain,
Crucified in weakness,
Raised in pow'r to reign,
Dwelling with the Father,
Endless in thy days,
Unto thee be glory,
Honor, blessing, praise.

Faithful ones, communing,
Toward the close of day,
Desolate and weary,
Met thee in the way.
So, when sun is setting,
Come to us, and show
All the truth, and in us
Make our hearts to glow.

In the upper chamber,
Where the ten, in fear,
Gathered sad and troubled,
There thou didst appear.
So, O Lord, this evening,
Bid our sorrow cease;
Breathing on us, Saviour,
Say, "I give you peace."

#209

How calm and beautiful the morn
That gilds the sacred tomb,
Where Christ the crucified was borne,
And veiled in midnight gloom!
O weep no more the Saviour slain;
The Lord is ris'n; he lives again.

Ye mourning saints, dry ev'ry tear
For your departed Lord;
Behold the place, he is not here,
The tomb is all unbarred;
The gates of heath were closed in vain:
The Lord is ris'n; he lives again.

Now cheerful to the house of prayer
Your early footsteps bend;
The Saviour will himself be there,
Your Advocate and Friend:
Once by the law your hopes were slain,
But now in Christ ye live again.

How tranquil now the rising day!
'Tis Jesus still appears,
A risen Lord to chase away
Your unbelieving fears:
O weep no more your comforts slain;
The Lord is ris'n; he lives again.

And when the shades of evening fall,
When life's last hour draws nigh,
If Jesus shine upon the soul,
How blissful then to die!
Since he has ris'n that once was slain,
Ye die in Christ to live again.

#210

Lo, God to heav'n ascendeth!
Throughout its regions vast
With shouts triumphant blendeth
The trumpet's thrilling blast:
Sing praise to Christ the Lord;
Sing praise with exultation,
King of each heathen nation,
The God of hosts adored!

With joy is heav'n resounding
Christ's glad return to see;
Behold the saints surrounding
The Lord who set them free.
Bright myriads, thronging, come;
The cherub band rejoices,
And loud seraphic voices
All welcome Jesus home.

Our place he is preparing;
To heav'n we, too, shall rise,
With him his glory sharing,
Be where our Treasure lies.
Bestir thyself, my soul!
Where Jesus Christ has entered,
There let thy hope be centered;
Press onward toward the goal.

Let all our thoughts be winging
To where thou didst ascend,
And let our hearts be singing:
"We seek thee, Christ, our Friend,
Thee, God's exalted Son,
Our Life, and Way to heaven,
To whom all pow'r is given,
Our Joy and Hope and Crown."

#211

See, the Conqu'ror mounts in triumph;
See the King in royal state,
Riding on the clouds, his chariot,
To his heav'nly palace gate:
Hark! the choirs of angel voices
Joyful Alleluias sing
And the portals high are lifted
To receive their heav'nly King.

Who is this that comes in glory,
With the trump of jubilee?
Lord of battles, God of armies,
He has gained the victory;
He who on the cross did suffer,
He who from the grave arose,
He has vanquished sin and Satan,
He by death has spoiled his foes.

Thou hast raised our human nature
In the clouds to God's right hand;
There we sit in heav'nly places,
There with thee in glory stand:
Jesus reigns, adored by angels,
Man with God is on the throne;
Mighty Lord, in thine ascension
We by faith behold our own.

#212

A hymn of glory let us sing;
New songs thro'out the world shall ring:
Christ, by a road before untrod,
Ascendeth to the throne of God.

Alleluia!

The holy apostolic band
Upon the Mount of Olives stand;
And with his followers they see
Jesus' resplendent majesty.

To whom the angels, drawing nigh,
"Why stand and gaze upon the sky?
This is the Saviour," thus they say;
"This is his noble triumph day."

"Again shall ye behold him so
As ye today have seen him go,
In glorious pomp ascending high,
Up to the portals of the sky."

#213

Golden harps are sounding, angel voices ring,
Pearly gates are opened, opened for the King:
Christ, the King of glory, Jesus King of love,
Is gone up in triumph to his throne above.

All his work is ended, joyfully we sing:
Jesus hath ascended: Glory to our King!

He who came to save us, he who bled and died,
Now is crowned with glory at his Father's side.
Never more to suffer, never more to die,
Jesus, King of glory, is gone up on high.

Praying for his children in that blessed place,
Calling them to glory, sending them his grace;
His bright home preparing, faithful ones for you;
Jesus ever liveth, ever loveth too.

#214

The golden gates are lifted up,
The doors are opened wide;
The King of Glory is gone in
Unto his Father's side.

Thou art gone up before us, Lord,
To make for us a place,
That we may be where now thou art,
And look upon God's face.

And ever on our earthly path
A gleam of glory lies,
A light still breaks behind the cloud
That veiled thee from our eyes.

Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds:
Let thy dear grace be giv'n,
That, while we wander here below,
Our treasure be in heav'n;

That where thou art, at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love, may be:
Dwell thou in us, that we may dwell
For evermore in thee.

#215

The Head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

The highest place that heav'n affords
Is his, is his by right,
The King of kings and Lord of lords,
And heav'n's eternal Light:

The Joy of all who dwell above,
The Joy of all below
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his Name to know.

To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is giv'n;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heav'n.

They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with him above;
Their profit and their joy to know
The myst'ry of his love.

The cross he bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to him;
His people's hope, his people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

#216

Crown him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon his throne;
Hark! how the heav'nly anthem drowns
All music but its own:
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of him who died for thee,
And hail him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

Crown him the Lord of love;
Behold his hands and side,
Rich wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

Crown him the Lord of peace;
Whose pow'r a scepter sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
Absorbed in prayer and praise:
His reign shall know no end;
And round his pierced feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

Crown him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time;
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime:
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For thou hast died for me:
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

#217

Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious;
See the Man of Sorrows now;
From the fight returned victorious,
Ev'ry knee to him shall bow:
Crown him! crown him!
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

Crown the Saviour, angels, crown him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of pow'r enthrone him,
While the vault of heaven rings:
Crown him! crown him!
Crown the Saviour King of kings.

Sinners in derision crowned him
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his Name:
Crown him! crown him!
Spread abroad the Victor's fame!

Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
Hark! those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
O what joy the sight affords!
Crown him! crown him!
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

#218

All hail the power of Jesus' Name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

Crown him, ye martyrs of your God
Who from his altar call;
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

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.

Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

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

#219

Blessing and honor and glory and power,
Wisdom and riches and strength evermore
Give ye to him who our battle hath won,
Whose are the Kingdom, the crown, and the throne.

Soundeth the heav'n of the heav'ns with his Name;
Ringeth the earth with his glory and fame;
Oceans and mountain, stream, forest, and flower
Echo his praises and tell of his power.

Ever ascendeth the song and the joy;
Ever descendeth the love from on high;
Blessing and honor and glory and praise--
This is the theme of the hymns that we raise.

Give we the glory and praise to the Lamb;
Take we the robe and the harp and the palm;
Sing we the song of the Lamb that was slain,
Dying in weakness, but rising to reign.

#220

Blessed Jesus, at thy word
We are gathered all to hear thee;
Let our hearts and souls be stirred
Now to seek and love and fear thee,
By thy teachings, sweet and holy,
Drawn from earth to love thee solely.

All our knowledge, sense, and sight
Lie in deepest darkness shrouded
Till thy Spirit breaks our night
With the beams of truth unclouded.
Thou alone to God canst win us;
Thou must work all good within us.

Glorious Lord, thyself impart,
Light of Light, from God proceeding;
Open thou our ears and heart,
Help us by thy Spirit's pleading;
Hear the cry thy people raises,
Hear and bless our prayers and praises.

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Praise to thee and adoration!
Grant that we thy Word may trust
And obtain true consolation
While we here below must wander,
Till we sing thy praises yonder.

#221

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast."
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad,
I found in him a resting place,
And he has made me glad.

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

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am 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 trav'ling days are done.

#222

Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offered his blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside.
His pow'rful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the Throne.

To this dear Surety's hand
Will I commit my cause;
He answers and fulfills
His Father's broken laws.
Behold my soul at freedom set;
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.

My Advocate appears
For my defense on high;
The Father bows his ears
And lays his thunder by.
Not all that hell or sin can say
Shall turn his heart, his love, away.

Should all the hosts of death
And pow'rs of hell unknown
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on,
I shall be safe, for Christ displays
His conqu'ring pow'r and guardian grace.

#223

Arise, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears:
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
Before the Throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for ev'ry race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me;
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransomed sinner die!

My God is reconciled;
His pard'ning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And "Father, Abba, Father!" cry.

#224

Hail to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

He comes with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight,

He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth;
Before him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

O'er ev'ry foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blessed;
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His Name shall stand for ever--
That Name to us is Love.

#225

Hark! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above;
Jesus reigns, and heav'n rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the God of love:
See, he sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.

Alleluia! Amen.

King of glory, reign for ever,
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own:
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.

Saviour, hasten thine appearing;
Bring, O bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heav'n and earth shall pass away:
Then with golden harps we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King!"

#226

Rejoice, the Lord is King;
Your Lord and King adore;
Rejoice, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:

Life up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

Jesus, the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purged our stains
He took his seat above:

His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heav'n;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus giv'n:

He sits at God's right hand
Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command
And fall beneath his feet:

#227

From Psalm 2

O wherefore do the nations rage,
And kings and rulers strive in vain,
Against the Lord of earth and heav'n
To overthrow Messiah's reign?

Their strength is weakness in the sight
Of him who sits enthroned above;
He speaks, and judgments fall on them
Who tempt his wrath and scorn his love.

By God's decree his Son receives
The nations for his heritage;
The conqu'ring Christ supreme shall reign
As King of kings, from age to age.

Be wise, ye rulers of the earth,
And serve the Lord with godly fear;
With rev'rent joy confess the Son
While yet in mercy he is near.

Delay not, lest his anger rise,
And ye should perish in your way;
Lo, all that put their trust in him
Are blest indeed, and blest for aye.

#228

Who is this that comes from Edom,
All his raiment stained with blood;
To the slave proclaiming freedom;
Bringing and bestowing good:
Glorious in the garb he wears,
Glorious in the spoils he bears?

'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,
Trav'ling onward in his might;
'Tis the Saviour, O how glorious
To his people is the sight!
Jesus now is strong to save,
Mighty to redeem the slave.

Why that blood his raiment staining?
'Tis the blood of many slain;
Of his foes there's none remaining,
None the contest to maintain:
Fall'n they are, no more to rise,
All their glory prostrate lies.

Mighty Victor, reign for ever,
Wear the crown so dearly won;
Never shall thy people, never
Cease to sing what thou hast done:
Thou hast fought thy people's foes;
Thou wilt heal thy people's woes.

#229

Psalm 110

Unto my Lord Jehovah said,
"At my right hand I throne thee,
Till at thy feet, in triumph laid,
Thy foes their ruler own thee."
From Zion shall Jehovah send
Thy scepter, till before thee bend
The knees of proud rebellion.

Thy saints, to greet thy day of might,
In holy raiment muster;
As dewdrops in the morning light
Thy youths around thee cluster.
Jehovah sware and made decree,
"Thou, King of Righteousness, shalt be
A royal Priest for ever."

The Lord at thy right hand shall bring
On rulers desolation;
The Lord shall smite each heathen king,
And judge each rebel nation,
He, swiftly marching in his wrath,
Shall quaff the brook upon his path,
And lift his head in glory.

#230

Psalm 72:1-4; 7-8; 11; 18-19

O, God, thy judgments give the King,
His Son thy righteousness;
With right he shall thy people judge,
Thy poor with uprightness.
And then the mountains shall bring forth
To all the people peace;
The hills because of righteousness
Their blessing shall increase.

The people's poor ones he shall judge,
The needy's children bless;
And he will break in pieces those
Who would the poor oppress.
The just shall flourish in his days,
And prosper in his reign;
And while the moon endures he shall
Abundant peace maintain.

His large and great dominion shall
From sea to sea extend;
It from the River shall reach forth
To earth's remotest end.
Yea, kings shall all before him bow,
All nations shall obey;
He'll save the needy when he cries,
The poor who hath no stay.

Now blessed be the Lord our God,
The God of Israel,
For he alone doth wondrous works
In glory that excel.
And blessed be his glorious Name
To all eternity.
The whole earth let his glory fill;
Amen, so let it be.

#231

"Wake, awake, for night is flying,"
The watchmen on the heights are crying;
"Awake, Jerusalem, at last!"
Midnight hears the welcome voices,
And at the thrilling cry rejoices:
"Come forth, ye virgins, night is past!
The Bridegroom comes; awake,
Your lamps with gladness take; Alleluia!
And for his marriage feast prepare,
For you must go to meet him there."

Zion hears the watchmen singing,
And all her heart with joy is springing;
She wakes, she rises from her gloom:
For her Lord comes down all-glorious,
The Strong in grace, in truth Victorious,
Her Star is ris'n, her Light is come!
Ah, come, thou blessed Lord,
O Jesus, Son of God, Alleluia!
We follow till the halls we see
Where thou hast bid us sup with thee.

Now let all the heav'ns adore thee,
And men and angels sing before thee,
With harps and cymbal's clearest tone;
Of one pearl each shining portal,
Where we are with the choir immortal
Of angels round thy dazzling throne;
Nor eye hath seen, nor ear
Hath yet attained to hear what there is ours.
But we rejoice, and sing to thee
Our hymn of joy eternally.

#232

Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart,
Star of the coming day,
Arise, and with thy morning beams
Chase all our griefs away.

Come, blessed Lord, bid ev'ry shore
And answ'ring island sing
The praises of thy royal Name,
And own thee as their King.

Bid the whole earth, responsive now
To the bright world above,
Break forth in rapturous strains of joy
In mem'ry of thy love.

Lord, Lord, thy fair creation groans,
The air, the earth, the sea,
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for thee.

Come, then, with all thy quick'ning pow'r,
With one awak'ning smile,
And bid the serpent's trail no more
Thy beauteous realms defile.

Thine was the cross, with all its fruits
Of grace and peace Divine:
Be thine the crown of glory now,
The palms of vict'ry thine.

#233

Rejoice, all ye believers,
And let your lights appear;
The evening is advancing,
And darker night is near:
The Bridegroom is arising,
And soon he draweth nigh;
Up, pray, and watch, and wrestle:
At midnight comes the cry.

See that your lamps are burning;
Replenish them with oil;
And wait for your salvation,
The end of earthly toil.
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near,
Go meet him as he cometh,
With Alleluias clear.

Ye saints, who here in patience
Your cross and suff'rings bore,
Shall live and reign for ever,
When sorrow is no more:
Around the throne of glory
The Lamb ye shall behold,
In triumph cast before him
Your diadems of gold.

Our Hope and Expectation,
O Jesus, now appear;
Arise, thou Sun so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere.
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord to see
The day of earth's redemption
That brings us unto thee.

#234

Ten thousand times ten thousand
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light:
'Tis finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin:
Fling open wide the golden gates
And let the victors in.

What rush of alleluias
Fill all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made;
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand fold repaid!

O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore;
What knitting severed friendships up
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
That brimmed with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

Bring near thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
Fill up the roll of thine elect,
Then take thy pow'r, and reign:
Appear, Desire of nations,
Thine exiles long for home;
Show in the heav'n thy promised sign;
Thou Prince and Saviour, come.

#235

Thou art coming, O my Saviour,
Thou art coming, O my King,
In thy beauty all resplendent,
In thy glory all transcendent;
Well may we rejoice and sing:
Coming! in the opening east
Herald brightness slowly swells:
Coming! O my glorious Priest,
Hear we not thy golden bells?

Thou art coming, thou art coming:
We shall meet thee on thy way,
We shall see thee, we shall know thee,
We shall bless thee, we shall show thee
All our hearts could never say:
What an anthem that will be,
Ringing out our love to thee,
Pouring out our rapture sweet
At thine own all-glorious feet.

O the joy to see thee reigning,
Thee, my own beloved Lord!
Ev'ry tongue thy Name confessing,
Worship, honor, glory, blessing
Brought to thee with glad accord;
Thee, my Master and my Friend,
Vindicated and enthroned;
Unto earth's remotest end
Glorified, adored, and owned.

#236

The King shall come when morning dawns,
And light triumphant breaks;
When beauty gilds the eastern hills,
And life to joy awakes.

Not as of old a little child
To bear and fight and die,
But crowned with glory like the sun
That lights the morning sky.

O brighter than the rising morn
When he, victorious rose,
And left the lonesome place of death
Despite the rage of foes;

O brighter than that glorious morn
Shall this fair morning be,
When Christ, our King, in beauty comes,
And we his face shall see.

The King shall come when morning dawns,
And earth's dark night is past:
O haste the rising of that morn,
The day that aye shall last;

And let the endless bliss begin
By weary saints foretold,
When right shall triumph over wrong,
And truth shall be extolled.

The King shall come when morning dawns,
And light and beauty brings:
Hail Christ the Lord! thy people pray,
Come quickly, King of kings.

#237

Lo! he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of his train:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
God appears on earth to reign.

Ev'ry eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierced, and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing, deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,
Heav'n and earth, shall flee away;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day;
Come to judgment! Come to judgment!
Come to judgment, come away!

Now Redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
See the day of God appear!

Yea, Amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the pow'r and glory,
Claim the kingdom for thine own:
O come quickly, O come quickly:
Alleluia! come, Lord, come.

#238

Christ is coming! let creation
From her groans and travail cease;
Let the glorious proclamation
Hope restore and faith increase:
Christ is coming! Christ is coming!
Come thou blessed Prince of Peace.

Earth can now but tell the story
Of thy bitter cross and pain;
She shall yet behold thy glory,
When thou comest back to reign:
Christ is coming! Christ is coming!
Let each heart repeat the strain.

Long thine exiles have been pining,
Far from rest, and home, and thee:
But, in heav'nly vestures shining,
They their loving Lord shall see:
Christ is coming! Christ is coming!
Haste the joyous jubilee.

With that blessed hope before us,
Let no harp remain unstrung;
Let the mighty advent chorus
Onward roll from tongue to tongue:
"Christ is coming! Christ is coming!
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!"

#239

Psalm 50:1-6

The mighty God, the Lord,
Hath spoken unto all;
From rising to the setting sun,
He unto earth doth call.
From Zion, his own hill,
Where perfect beauty dwells,
Jehovah hath his glory shown,
In brightness that excels.

Our God shall surely come,
And silence shall not keep;
Before him fire shall waste, and storms
Tempestuous round him sweep.
He to the heav'ns above
Shall then send forth his call,
And likewise to the earth, that he
May judge his people all.

"Together let my saints
Unto me gathered be,
Those that by sacrifice have made
A covenant with me."
Then shall the heav'ns declare
His righteousness abroad;
Because the Lord himself is judge,
Yea, none is judge, but God.

#240

Great God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear
On clouds of glory seated!
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
The dead which they contained before:
Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding;
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet him.

But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet him.

Great God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear
On clouds of glory seated!
Beneath his cross I view the day
When heav'n and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him.

#241

Day of judgment! day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round.
How the summons will the sinner's heart confound!

See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine;
You who long for his appearing
Then shall say, This God is mine!
Gracious Saviour, own me in that day as thine.

At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
He will say, Come near, ye blessed,
See the kingdom I bestow;
You for ever shall my love and glory know.

#242

That day of wrath, that dreadful day
When heav'n and earth shall pass away!
What pow'r shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

When, shriveling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heav'ns together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead;

O on that day, that wrathful day
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heav'n and earth shall pass away.

#243

O quickly come, dread Judge of all;
For, awful though thine advent be,
All shadows from the truth will fall,
And falsehood die, in sight of thee:
O quickly come; for doubt and fear
Like clouds dissolve when thou art near.

O quickly come, great King of all;
Reign all around us, and within;
Let sin no more our souls enthrall,
Let pain and sorrow die with sin:
O quickly come; for thou alone
Canst make thy scattered people one.

O quickly come, true Life of all;
For death is mighty all around;
On ev'ry home his shadows fall,
On ev'ry heart his mark is found:
O quickly come; for grief and pain
Can never cloud thy glorious reign.

O quickly come, sure Light of all;
For gloomy night broods o'er our way;
And weakly souls begin to fall
With weary watching for the day:
O quickly come; for round thy throne
No eye is blind, no night is known.

#244

Spirit, strength of all the week,
Giving courage to the meek,
Teaching faltering tongues to speak;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Spirit, aiding all who yearn
More of truth divine to learn,
And with deeper love to burn;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Spirit, Fount of faith and joy,
Giving peace without alloy,
Hope that nothing can destroy;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Source of love and light Divine,
With that hallowing grace of thine,
More and more upon us shine;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Holy, loving, as thou art,
Come and live within our heart,
Never from us to depart;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

May we soon, from sin set free,
Where thy work may perfect be,
Jesus' face with rapture see:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

#245

Gracious Spirit, Dove Divine,
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me full of heav'n and love.

Speak thy pard'ning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in his precious blood.

Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

Let me never from thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way,
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, for ever thine.

#246

Holy Ghost, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of sinful night;
Come, thou source of sweetest gladness,
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light.
Loving Spirit, God of peace,
Great distributor of grace,
Rest upon this congregation;
Hear, O hear our supplication.

From that height which knows no measure,
As a gracious show'r descend;
Bringing down the richest treasure
Man can wish, or God can send.
O thou Glory, shining down
From the Father and the Son,
Grant us thine illumination;
Rest upon this congregation.

Come, thou best of all donations
God can give, or we implore;
Having thy sweet consolations
We need wish for nothing more.
Come with unction and with pow'r,
On our souls thy graces show'r;
Author of the new creation,
Make our hearts thy habitation.

#247

Come, O come, thou quick'ning Spirit,
God from all eternity!
May thy power never fail us;
Dwell within us constantly.
Then shall truth and life and light
Banish all the gloom of night.

Grant our hearts in fullest measure
Wisdom, counsel, purity,
That we ever may be seeking
Only that which pleaseth thee.
Let thy knowledge spread and grow,
Working error's overthrow.

Show us, Lord, the path of blessing;
When we trespass on our way,
Cast, O Lord, our sins behind thee
And be with us day by day.
Should we stray, O Lord, recall;
Work repentance when we fall.

Holy Spirit, strong and mighty,
Thou who makest all things new,
Make thy work within us perfect
And the evil foe subdue.
Grant us weapons for the strife
And with vict'ry crown our life.

#248

Come to our poor nature's night,
With thy blessed inward light,
Holy Ghost, the Infinite,
Comforter Divine.

We are sinful--cleanse us, Lord;
Sick and faint--thy strength afford;
Lost--until by thee restored,
Comforter Divine.

Like the dew thy peace distill;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter Divine.

With us, for us, intercede,
And, with voiceless groanings, plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter Divine.

In us Abba, Father! cry,
Earnest of the bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,
Comforter Divine.

Search for us the depths of God;
Upwards by the starry road,
Bear us to thy high abode,
Comforter Divine.

#249

Come, Holy Ghost, in love
Shed on us from above
Thine own bright ray:
Divinely good thou art;
Thy sacred gifts impart
To gladden each sad heart:
O come today.

Come, tend'rest Friend and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
With soothing pow'r:
Rest, which thy weary know;
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow;
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow,
Cheer us this hour.

Come, Light serene, and still
Our inmost bosoms fill;
Dwell in each breast:
We know no dawn but thine;
Send forth thy beams divine
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest.

Exalt our low desires;
Extinguish passion's fires;
His praise employ;
Give virtue's rich reward;
Victorious death accord,
And, with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy.

#250

Come, dearest Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in ev'ry breast;
Then shall we know and taste and feel
The joys that cannot be expressed.

Come, fill our hearts with inward strength;
Make our enlarged souls possess
And learn the height, and breadth, and length
Of thine unmeasurable grace.

Now to the God whose pow'r can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done
By all the church, through Christ his Son.

#251

Come, O Creator Spirit blest,
And in our hearts take up thy rest;
Spirit of grace, with heav'nly aid
Come to the souls whom thou has made.

Thou art the Comforter, we cry,
Sent to the earth from God Most High,
Fountain of life and Fire of love,
And our Anointing from above.

Bringing from heav'n our sev'nfold dow'r,
Sign of our God's right hand of pow'r,
O blessed Spirit, promised long,
Thy coming wakes the heart to song.

Make our dull minds with rapture glow,
Let human hearts with love o'erflow;
And, when our feeble flesh would fail,
May thine immortal strength prevail.

Far from our souls the foe repel,
Grant us in peace henceforth to dwell;
Ill shall not come, nor harm betide,
If only thou wilt be our Guide.

Show us the Father, Holy One,
Help us to know th'Eternal Son;
Spirit Divine, for evermore
Thee will we trust and thee adore.

#252

To thee, O Comforter Divine
For all thy grace and pow'r benign,
Sing we Alleluia.

To thee, whose faithful love had place
In God's great covenant of grace,
Sing we Alleluia.

To thee, whose faithful voice doth win
The wand'ring from the ways of sin,
Sing we Alleluia.

To thee, whose faithful pow'r doth heal,
Enlighten, sanctify, and seal,
Sing we Alleluia.

To thee, whose faithful truth is shown
By ev'ry promise made our own,
Sing we Alleluia.

To thee, our Teacher and our Friend,
Our faithful Leader to the end,
Sing we Alleluia.

To thee, by Jesus Christ sent down,
Of all his gifts the sum and crown,
Sing we Alleluia.

To thee, who art with God the Son
And God the Father ever One
Sing we Alleluia.

#253

O Spirit of the living God,
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word;
Give pow'r and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

Be darkness, at thy coming, light;
Confusion, order in thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

O Spirit of the Lord, prepare
All the round earth her God to meet;
Breathe thou abroad like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The Name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call him Lord.

God from eternity hath willed
All flesh shall his salvation see:
So be the Father's love fulfilled,
The Saviour's suff'rings crowned through thee.

#254

Come, Holy Spirit, come;
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open all our eyes.

Cheer our desponding hearts,
Thou heav'nly Paraclete;
Give us to lie with humble hope
At our Redeemer's feet.

Revive our drooping faith;
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flames
Of never-dying love.

Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wond'ring view, reveal
The secret love of God.

'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in ev'ry part,
And new create the whole.

Dwell, therefore, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then we shall know and praise and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

#255

Spirit of God, that moved of old
Upon the waters' darkened face,
Come, when our faithless hearts are cold,
And stir them with an inward grace.

Thou that art pow'r and peace combined,
All highest strength, all purest love,
The rushing of the mighty wind,
The brooding of the gentle dove.

Come, give us still thy pow'rful aid,
And urge us on, and make us thine;
Nor leave the hearts that once were made
Fit temples for thy grace divine.

Nor let us quench thy sev'nfold light;
But still with softest breathings stir
Our wayward souls, and lead us right,
O Holy Ghost, the Comforter.

#256

Break thou the bread of life,
Dear Lord, to me,
As thou didst break the loaves
Beside the sea;
Throughout the sacred page
I seek thee, Lord,
My spirit pants for thee,
O living Word.

Bless thou the truth, dear Lord,
To me, to me,
As thou didst bless the bread
By Galilee;
Then shall all bondage cease,
All fetters fall;
And I shall find my peace,
My All in all.

Thou art the Bread of Life,
O Lord, to me,
Thy holy Word the truth
That saveth me;
Give me to eat and live
With thee above;
Teach me to love thy truth,
For thou art love.

O send thy Spirit, Lord,
Now unto me,
That he may touch mine eyes,
And make me see:
Show me the truth concealed
Within thy Word,
And in thy Book revealed
I see the Lord.

#257

Thy Word is like a garden, Lord,
With flowers bright and fair;
And ev'ry one who seeks may pluck
A lovely cluster there.
Thy Word is like a deep, deep mine;
And jewels rich are rare
Are hidden in its mighty depths
For ev'ry searcher there.

Thy Word is like a starry host:
A thousand rays of light
Are seen to guide the traveler,
And make his pathway bright.
Thy Word is like an armory,
Where soldiers may repair,
And find, for life's long battle day,
All needful weapons there.

O may I love thy precious Word,
May I explore the mine,
May I its fragrant flowers glean,
May light upon my shine.
O may I find my armor there,
Thy Word my trusty sword;
I'll learn to fight with ev'ry foe
The battle of the Lord.

#258

The Spirit breathes upon the Word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun:
It gives a light to ev'ry age;
It gives, but borrows none.

The Hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat:
His truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

Let everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heav'nly day.

My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love.
Till glory break upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

#259

Father of mercies, in thy Word
What endless glory shines;
Forever be thy Name adored
For these celestial lines.

Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find
Riches above what earth can grant
And lasting as the mind.

Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heav'nly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

O may these heav'nly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred Word,
And view my Saviour there.

#260

From Psalm 119:17-24

Thy servant, blessed by thee, shall live
And keep thy Word with awe;
Lord open thou mine eyes to see
The wonders of thy law.

A pilgrim in the earth am I,
Thy will to me reveal;
To know thy truth my spirit yearns,
Consumed with ardent zeal.

Thou dost rebuke the proud, O Lord,
Who hate thy holy Name;
But since I keep thy righteous laws,
Deliver me from shame.

I on thy statutes meditate,
Though evil men deride;
Thy faithful Word is my delight,
My counselor and guide.

#261

Christ in his Word draws near;
Hush, moaning voice of fear,
He bids thee cease;
With songs sincere and sweet
Let us arise, and meet
Him who comes forth to greet
Our souls with peace.

Rising above thy care,
Meet him as in the air,
O weary heart;
Put on joy's sacred dress;
Lo, as he comes to bless,
Quite from thy weariness
Set free thou art.

For works of love and praise
He brings thee summer days,
Warm days and bright;
Winter is past and gone,
Now he, salvation's Sun,
Shineth on ev'ry one
With mercy's light.

From the bright sky above,
Clad in his robes of love,
'Tis he, our Lord!
Dim earth itself grows clear,
As his light draweth near:
O let us hush and hear
His holy Word.

#262

God, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known;
Where love in all its glory shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

Here sinners of a humble frame
May taste his grace, and learn his Name;
May read, in characters of blood,
The wisdom, pow'r, and grace of God.

The pris'ner here may break his chains;
The weary rest from all his pains;
The captive feel his bondage cease;
The mourner find the way of peace.

Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies;
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.

O grant us grace, Almighty Lord,
To read and mark thy holy Word;
Its truths with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

#263

From Psalm 19

The heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord;
In ev'ry star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy Word,
We read thy Name in fairer lines.

The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days, thy pow'r confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on ev'ry land.

Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest
Till through the world thy Truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blessed
That see the light, or feel the sun.

Great Sun of Righteousness, arise;
Bless the dark world with heav'nly light:
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

Thy noblest wonders here we view
In souls renewed, and sins forgiv'n:
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy Word my guide to heav'n.

#264

Psalm 119:9-16

How shall the young direct their way?
What light shall be their perfect guide?
Thy Word, O Lord, will safely lead,
If in its wisdom they confide.
Sincerely I have sought thee, Lord,
O let me not from thee depart;
To know thy will and keep from sin
Thy Word I cherish in my heart.

O blessed Lord, teach me thy law,
Thy righteous judgments I declare;
Thy testimonies make me glad,
For they are wealth beyond compare.
Upon thy precepts and thy ways
My heart will meditate with awe;
Thy Word shall be my chief delight,
And I will not forget thy law.

#265

How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given,
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heav'n.

It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light and joy it still imparts
And quells our rising fears.

This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

#266

Lord, thy Word abideth
And our footsteps guideth;
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth.

When our foes are near us,
Then thy Word doth cheer us;
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth
And our way protecteth.

Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By thy Word imparted
To the simple-hearted?

Word of mercy, giving
Succor to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying!

O that we, discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear thee,
Evermore be near thee.

#267

O Word of God Incarnate,
O Wisdom from on high,
O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
O light of our dark sky;
We praise thee for the radiance
That from the hallowed page,
A lantern to our footsteps
Shines on from age to age.

The church from her dear Master
Received the gift divine,
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.
It is the golden casket,
Where gems of truth are stored;
It is the heav'n-drawn picture
Of Christ, the living Word.

It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurled;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world.
It is the chart and compass
That o'er life's surging sea,
'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,
Still guides, O Christ, to thee.

O make thy church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of purest gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light, as of old.
O teach thy wand'ring pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see thee face to face.

#268

Christ is made the sure foundation,
Christ the Head and Cornerstone,
Chosen of the Lord and precious,
Binding all the church in one;
Holy Zion's help for ever
And her confidence alone.

All that dedicated city,
Dearly loved of God on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody;
God the One in Three adoring
In glad hymns eternally.

To this temple, where we call thee,
Come, O Lord of hosts today:
With thy wonted lovingkindness
Hear thy people as they pray;
And thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls always.

Here vouchsafe to all thy servants
What they ask of thee to gain,
What they gain from thee for ever
With the blessed to retain,
And hereafter in thy glory
Evermore with thee to reign.

Laud and honor to the Father,
Laud and honor to the Son,
Laud and honor to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One,
One in might, and One in glory,
While unending ages run.

#269

Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word cannot be broken
Formed thee for his own abode:
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

See the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove;
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t'assuage?
Grace which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

Round each habitation hov'ring,
See the cloud and fire appear
For a glory and a cov'ring,
Showing that the Lord is near:
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.

Saviour, if of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy Name:
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

#270

The church's one Foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is his new creation
By water and the Word:
From heav'n he came and sought her
To be his holy bride;
With his own blood he bought her,
And for her life he died.

Elect from ev'ry 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 ev'ry grace endued.

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.

The church shall never perish!
Her dear Lord to defend,
To guide sustain and cherish
Is with her to the end;
Though there be those that hate her,
And false sons in her pale,
Against or foe or traitor
She ever shall prevail.

'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.

Yet she on earth hath union
With the 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.

#271

How sweet and awful is the place
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores.

While all our hearts and all our songs
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cry, with thankful tongues,
"Lord, why was I a guest?"

"Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

'Twas the same love that spread the feast
That sweetly drew us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

Pity the nations, O our God,
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious Word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

We long to see thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May, with one voice and heart and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.

#272

Behold! the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
On mountain tops above the hills,
And draw the wond'ring eyes.

To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow;
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
And to his house we'll go.

The beam that shines from Zion hill
Shall lighten ev'ry land;
The King who reigns in Salem's tow'rs
Shall all the world command.

Among the nations he shall judge;
His judgments truth shall guide;
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And quell the sinner's pride.

Come then, O house of Jacob, come
To worship at his shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

#273

Christ hath a garden walled around,
A Paradise of fruitful ground,
Chosen by love and fenced by grace
From out the world's wide wilderness.

Like trees of spice his servants stand,
There planted by his mighty hand;
By Eden's gracious streams, that flow
To feed their beauty where they grow.

Awake, O wind of heav'n and bear
Their sweetest perfume through the air:
Stir up, O south, the boughs that bloom,
Till the beloved Master come:

That he may come, and linger yet
Among the trees that he hath set;
That he may evermore be seen
To walk amid the springing green.

#274

Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning;
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold!
Hail to the millions from bondage returning!
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain tops echoes are ringing,
Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song.

See, from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fall'n are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

#275

Zion stands by hills surrounded,
Zion, kept by pow'r divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine;
Happy Zion,
What a favored lot is thine!

Ev'ry human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heav'n and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in his sight;
God is with thee--
God, thine everlasting light.

#276

From Psalm 122

O 'twas a joyful sound to hear
Our tribes devoutly say,
Up, Israel! to the temple haste,
And keep your festal day.

At Salem's courts we must appear
With our assembled pow'rs,
In strong and beauteous order ranged,
Like her united tow'rs.

O pray we then for Salem's peace;
For they shall prosp'rous be,
Thou holy city of our God,
Who bear true love to thee.

May peace within thy sacred walls
A constant guest be found;
With plenty and prosperity
Thy palaces be crowned.

For my dear brethren's sake, and friends
No less than brethren dear,
I'll pray, May peace in Salem's tow'rs
A constant guest appear.

But most of all I'll seek thy good,
And ever wish thee well,
For Zion and the temple's sake,
Where God vouchsafes to dwell.

#277

How glorious Zion's courts appear,
The city of our God!
His throne he hath established here,
Here fixed his loved abode.

Its walls, defended by his grace,
No pow'r shall e'er o'erthrow,
Salvation is its bulwark sure
Against th'assailing foe.

Lift up the everlasting gates,
The doors wide open fling!
Enter, ye nations, who obey
The statutes of our King!

Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,
And banish all your fears;
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells
Eternal as his years.

#278

Jesus, with thy church abide,
Be her Saviour, Lord and Guide,
While on earth her faith is tried:
We beseech thee, hear us.

Keep her life and doctrine pure;
Grant her patience to endure,
Trusting in thy promise sure:
We beseech thee, hear us.

May she one in doctrine be,
One in truth and charity,
Winning all to faith in thee:
We beseech thee, hear us.

May she guide the poor and blind,
Seek the lost until she find,
And the brokenhearted bind:
We beseech thee, hear us.

Save her love from growing cold,
Make her watchmen strong and bold,
Fence her round, thy peaceful fold:
We beseech thee, hear us.

May her lamp of truth be bright,
Bid her bear aloft its light
Through the realms of heathen night:
We beseech thee, hear us.

Arm her soldiers with the cross,
Brave to suffer toil or loss,
Counting earthly gain but dross:
We beseech thee, hear us.

May she holy triumphs win,
Overthrow the hosts of sin,
Gather all the nations in:
We beseech thee, hear us.

#279

From Psalm 80:1-3, 8-9, 16-19

O thou who the Shepherd of Israel art,
Give ear to our pray'r and thy favor impart;
Thou leader of Joseph, thou guide of his way,
'Mid cherubim dwelling, thy glory display.

In Ephraim's, Manasseh's and Benjamin's sight,
O come thou and save us; awake in thy might.
O God, give us favor, restore to thy grace;
And then we shall live in the light of thy face.

From Egypt's dark border a vine thou didst take;
Destroying the heathen didst room for it make.
Where planted it grew at thy sov'reign command,
With roots deeply set and boughs filling the land.

The axe hews it down; it is burned in the fire;
They perish, rebuked in thy terrible ire.
O lay then thy hand on the Man of thy might,
The Son of Man made to stand strong in thy sight.

No more shall we wander, delighting in shame;
Revive us, O Lord, we will call on thy Name.
O Lord God of Hosts, us restore to thy grace,
And then we shall live in the light of thy face.

#280

I love thy Kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

I love thy church, O God:
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be giv'n,
Till toils and cares shall end.

Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heav'nly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

Jesus, thou Friend Divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from ev'ry snare and foe
Shall great deliv'rance bring.

Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be giv'n
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heav'n.

#281

For all the saints who from their labors rest,
Who thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy Name, O Jesus, be for ever blest.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true Light.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

O may thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win with them the victor's crown of gold.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes their rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of Glory passes on his way.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Alleluia! Alleluia!

#282

Fountain of good, to own thy love
Our thankful hearts incline;
What can we render, Lord to thee,
When all the worlds are thine?

But thou hast needy brethren here,
Partakers of thy grace,
Whose names thou wilt thyself confess
Before the Father's face.

And in their accents of distress
Thy pleading voice is heard;
In them thou may'st be clothed and fed
And visited and cheered.

Thy face with rev'rence and with love
We in thy poor would see;
O may we minister to them,
And in them, Lord, to thee.

#283

From Psalm 133

How beautiful the sight
Of brethren who agree
In friendship to unite,
And bonds of charity;
'Tis like the precious ointment, shed
O'er all his robes, from Aaron's head.

'Tis like the dews that fill
The cups of Hermon's flow'rs;
Or Zion's fruitful hill,
Bright with the drops of show'rs.
When mingling odors breathe around,
And glory rests on all the ground.

For there the Lord commands
Blessings, a boundless store,
From his unsparing hands,
Yea, life for evermore;
Thrice happy they who meet above
To spend eternity in love!

#284

Let our choir new anthems raise,
Wake the mourn with gladness;
God himself to joy and praise
Turns the martyrs' sadness:
Bright the day that won their crown,
Opened heav'ns bright portal,
As they laid the mortal down
And put on th'immortal.

Never flinched they from the flame,
From the torture never;
Vain the foeman's sharpest aim,
Satan's best endeavor;
For by faith they saw the land
Decked in all its glory,
Where triumphant now they stand
With the victor's story.

Faith they had that knew not shame,
Love that could not languish;
And eternal hope o'ercame
Momentary anguish.
Up and follow, Christian men!
Press through toil and sorrow;
Spurn the night of fear, and then,
O the glorious morrow!

#285

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

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

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

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

This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way,
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

From sorrow, toil and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

#286

We gather together to ask the Lord's blessing;
He chastens and hastens his will to make known;
The wicked oppressing now cease from distressing:
Sing praises to his Name; he forgets not his own.

Beside us to guide us, our God with us joining,
Ordaining, maintaining his kingdom divine;
So from the beginning the fight we were winning:
Thou, Lord, wast at our side: all glory be thine!

We all do extol thee, thou Leader triumphant,
And pray that thou still our Defender wilt be.
Let thy congregation escape tribulation:
Thy Name be ever praised! O Lord, make us free!

#287

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place
In ev'ry generation;
Thy people still have known thy grace,
And blessed thy consolation:
Through ev'ry age thou heard'st our cry
Through ev'ry age we found thee nigh,
Our Strength and our Salvation.

Our cleaving sins we oft have wept,
And oft thy patience proved;
But still thy faith we fast have kept,
Thy Name we still have loved;
And thou hast kept and loved us well,
Hast granted us in thee to dwell,
Unshaken, unremoved.

No, nothing from those arms of love
Shall thine own people sever;
Our Helper never will remove,
Our God will fail us never.
Thy people, Lord, have dwelt in thee,
Our dwelling place thou still wilt be
For ever and for ever.

#288

From Psalm 149

O praise ye the Lord
And sing a new song,
Amid all his saints
His praises prolong;
The praise of their Maker
His people shall sing,
And children of Zion
Rejoice in their King.

With timbrel and harp
And joyful acclaim,
With gladness and mirth,
Sing praise to his Name;
For God in his people
His pleasure doth seek,
With robes of salvation
He clotheth the meek.

In glory exult,
Ye saints of the Lord;
With songs in the night
High praises accord;
Go forth in his service,
Be strong in his might
To conquer all evil
And stand for the right.

For this is his word:
His saints shall not fail,
But over the earth
Their pow'r shall prevail;
All kingdoms and nations
Shall yield to their sway.
To God give the glory
And praise him for aye.

#289

From Psalm 144:12-15

O people blest, whose sons in youth,
In sturdy strength and noble truth,
Like plants in vigor spring;
Whose daughters fair, a queenly race,
Are like the cornerstones that grace
The palace of a king.

O people blest, when flock and field
Their rich, abundant increase yield,
And blessings multiply;
When plenty all thy children share,
And no invading foe is there,
And no distressful cry.

O happy people, favored land,
To whom the Lord with liberal hand
Has thus his goodness shown;
Yea, surely is that people blest
By whom Jehovah is confessed
To be their God alone.

#290

From Psalm 126

When in his might the Lord
Arose to set us free,
And Zion was restored
From her captivity,
In transports then of joy and mirth
We praised the Lord of all the earth.

The nations saw with fear
The might of God displayed,
When he at last drew near
To give his people aid;
Great things for us the Lord has wrought,
And gladness to our hearts has brought.

Again refresh us, Lord,
With thy reviving love,
And be thy blessing poured
In mercy from above;
By grace revive our hearts again,
As streams refreshed by copious rain.

Although with bitter tears
The sower bears his seed,
When harvest time appears
He shall be glad indeed;
For they that in the sowing weep
Shall yet in joy and gladness reap.

#291

From Psalm 127

Unless the Lord the house shall build,
The weary builders toil in vain;
Unless the Lord the city shield,
The guards a useless watch maintain.

In vain you rise ere morning break,
And late your nightly vigils keep,
And of the bread of toil partake;
God gives to his beloved sleep.

Lo, children are a great reward,
A gift from God in very truth;
With arrows is his quiver stored
Who joys in children of his youth.

And blest the man whose age is cheered
By stalwart sons and daughters fair;
No enemies by him are feared,
No lack of love, no want of care.

#292
From Psalm 46

God is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While ev'ry nation, ev'ry shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And wat'ring our divine abode.

That sacred stream, thy holy Word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threat'ning hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and armed with pow'r.

#293

From Psalm 78:1-7

Let children hear the mighty deeds
Which God performed of old;
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

He bids us make his glories know,
His works of pow'r and grace;
And we'll convey his wonders down
Through ev'ry rising race.

Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs;
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

Thus shall they learn in God alone
Their hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practice his commands.

#294

The Lord will come and not be slow,
His footsteps cannot err;
Before him righteousness shall go,
His royal harbinger.

Truth from the earth, like to a flow'r,
Shall bud and blossom then;
And justice, from her heav'nly bow'r,
Look down on mortal men.

Rise, God, judge thou the earth in might,
This wicked earth redress;
For thou art he who shall by right
The nations all possess.

For great thou art, and wonders great
By thy strong hand are done:
Thou in thine everlasting seat
Remainest God alone.

#295

From Psalm 22:27-30

The ends of all the earth shall hear
And turn unto the Lord in fear;
All kindreds of the earth shall own
And worship him as God alone.

All earth to him her homage brings,
The Lord of lords, the King of kings.

For his the kingdom, his of right,
He rules the nations by his might;
All earth to him her homage brings,
The Lord of lords, the King of kings.

Both rich and poor, both bond and free,
Shall worship him on bended knee,
And children's children shall proclaim
The glorious honor of his Name.

#296

O Christ, our true and only Light,
Illumine those who sit in night;
Let those afar now hear thy voice,
And in thy fold with us rejoice.

And all who else have strayed from thee,
O gently seek; thy healing be
To ev'ry wounded conscience giv'n;
And let them also share thy heav'n.

O make the deaf to hear thy Word;
And teach the dumb to speak, dear Lord,
Who dare not yet the faith avow,
Though secretly they hold it now.

Shine on the darkened and the cold;
Recall the wand'ers from thy fold;
Unite those now who walk apart;
Confirm the weak and doubting heart.

So they with us may evermore
Such grace with wond'ring thanks adore,
And endless praise to thee be giv'n
By all the church in earth and heav'n.

#297

Revive thy work, O Lord,
Thy mighty arm make bare;
Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
And make thy people hear.

Revive thy work, O Lord,
Disturb this sleep of death;
Quicken the smould'ring embers now
By thine almighty breath.

Revive thy work, O Lord,
Create soul-thirst for thee;
And hung'ring for the Bread of Life
O may our spirits be.

Revive thy work, O Lord,
Exalt thy precious Name;
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
For thee and thine inflame.

Revive thy work, O Lord,
Give pentecostal show'rs:
The glory shall be all thine own,
The blessing, Lord, be ours.

#298

Shout, for the blessed Jesus reigns;
Through distant lands his triumphs spread;
And sinners, freed from endless pains,
Own him their Saviour and their Head.

He calls his chosen form afar,
They all at Zion's gates arrive;
Those who were dead in sin before
By sovereign grace are made alive.

Gentiles and Jews his laws obey;
Nations remote their off'rings bring,
And unconstrained their homage pay
To their exalted God and King.

O may his holy church increase,
His Word and Spirit still prevail,
While angels celebrate his praise,
And saints his growing glories hail.

Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
From all below, and all above!
In lofty songs exalt his Name,
In songs as lasting as his love.

#299

Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.

Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown,
God keeps his precious seed alive,
When and wherever strown.

Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garnerers in the sky.

Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God is come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And heav'n cry "Harvest Home."

#300

Hark the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders' roar,
Or the fullness of the sea
When it breaks upon the shore.
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

Hallelujah! hark, the sound,
From the depths unto the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banner furled,
Sheathed his sword; he speaks--'tis done,
And the kingdoms of his world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign when, like a scroll,
Yonder heav'ns have passed away;
Then the end; beneath his rod
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

#301
From Psalm 78

My people, give ear, attend to my word,
In parables new deep truths shall be heard;
The wonderful story our fathers made known
To children succeeding by us must be shown.

Instructing our sons we gladly record
The praises, the works, the might of the Lord,
For he has commanded that what he has done
Be passed in tradition from father to son.

Let children thus learn from history's light
To hope in our God and walk in his sight,
The God of their fathers to fear and obey,
And ne'er like their fathers to turn from his way.

The story be told, to warn and restrain,
Of hearts that were hard, rebellions, and vain,
Of soldiers who faltered when battle was near,
Who kept not God's cov'nant nor walked in his fear.

God's wonderful works to them he had shown,
His marvelous deeds their fathers had known;
He made for their pathway the waters divide,
His glorious pillar of cloud was their guide.

Unharm'd through the sea, where perished their foe,
He caused them with ease and safety to go;
His holy land gaining, in peace they were brought
To dwell in the mountain the Lord's hand had bought.

He gave them the land, a heritage fair;
The nations that dwelt in wickedness there
He drove out before them with great overthrow,
And gave to his people the tents of the foe.

His servant he called, a shepherd of sheep,
From tending his flock, the people to keep;
So David, their shepherd, with wisdom and might
Protected and fed them and led them aright.

#302
From Psalm 84

Lord of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples, are:
To thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires to see my God.

O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still; and happy they
That love the way to Zion's hill.

They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heav'n appears:
O glorious seat, where God, our King,
Shall thither bring our willing feet!

God is our Sun and Shield,
Our Light and our Defense;
With gifts his hands are filled;
We draw our blessings thence.
Thrice happy he, O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts alone in thee.

#303

O God of hosts, the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place
Where thou, enthroned in glory, show'st
The brightness of thy face.

O Lord of hosts, my King and God,
How highly blest are they
Who in thy temple always dwell,
And there thy praise display.

Thrice happy they whose choice has thee
Their sure protection made;
Who long to tread the sacred ways
That to thy dwelling lead.

For in thy courts one single day
'Tis better to attend,
Than, Lord, in any place besides
A thousand days to spend.

For God, who is our Sun and Shield,
Will grace and glory give;
And no good thing will he withhold
From them that justly live.

Thou God, whom heav'nly hosts obey,
How highly blest is he
Whose hope and trust, securely placed,
Is still reposed on thee.

#304
From Psalm 84

Open now thy gates of beauty,
Zion, let me enter there,
Where my soul in joyful duty
Waits for him who answers prayer.
Oh, how blessed is this place,
Filled with solace, light, and grace!

Lord, my God, I come before thee,
Come thou also unto me;
Where we find thee and adore thee,
There a heav'n on earth must be.
To my heart, O enter thou,
Let it be thy temple now!

Here thy praise is gladly chanted,
Here thy seed is duly sown;
Let my soul, where it is planted,
Bring forth precious sheaves alone,
So that all I hear may be
Fruitful unto life in me.

Thou my faith increase and quicken,
Let me keep thy gift divine,
Howsoe'er temptations thicken;
May thy Word still o'er me shine
As my guiding star through life,
As my comfort in my strife.

Speak, O God, and I will hear thee,
Let thy will be done indeed;
May I undisturbed draw near thee
While thou dost thy people feed.
Here of live the fountain flows,
Here is balm for all our woes.

#305

From Psalm 84

O Lord of Hosts, how lovely
The place where thou dost dwell!
Thy tabernacles holy
In pleasantness excel.
My soul is longing, fainting,
Jehovah's courts to see;
My heart and flesh are crying,
O living God, for thee.

Blest who thy house inhabit,
They ever give thee praise;
Blest all whom thou dost strengthen,
Who love the sacred ways.
So they from strength unwearied
Go forward unto strength,
Till they appear in Zion
Before the Lord at length.

O hear, Lord God of Jacob,
To me an answer yield;
The face of thine Anointed,
Behold, O God, our shield.
One day excels a thousand
If spent thy courts within;
I'll choose thy threshold, rather
Than dwell in tents of sin.

Our sun and shield, Jehovah,
Will grace and glory give;
No good will he deny them
That uprightly do live.
O God of Hosts, Jehovah,
How blest is ev'ry one
Who confidence reposes
On thee, O Lord, alone.

#306

From Psalm 65:1-5

Praise waits for thee in Zion;
All men shall worship there
And pay their vows before thee,
O God who hearest prayer.
Our sins rise up against us,
Prevailing day by day,
But thou wilt show us mercy
And take their guilt away.

How blest the man thou callest
And bringest near to thee,
That in thy courts for ever
His dwelling place may be;
He shall within thy temple
Be satisfied with grace,
And filled with all the goodness
Of thy most holy place.

O God of our salvation,
Since thou dost love the right,
Thou wilt an answer send us
In wondrous deeds of might.
In all earth's habitations,
On all the boundless sea,
Man finds no sure reliance,
No peace, apart from thee.

#307

From Psalm 48:9-14

Within thy temple, Lord,
We on thy mercies dwell;
Far as thy Name is known,
There doth thy praise excel:
Thy praises sound through ev'ry land,
And right thy scepter shall command.

Let Zion's mount rejoice,
Let Judah's daughters praise
The Lord with cheerful voice,
For judgment he displays;
Go round the walls on Zion's mount,
Go round her splendors to recount.

The tow'rs of Zion tell,
Her palaces survey,
Mark all her bulwarks well,
And to your children say:
This God for ever shall abide,
Ev'n unto death, our God and guide.

#308

Lo! God is here: let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place;
Let all within us feel his pow'r,
And humbly bow before his face.

Lo! God is here, whom day and night
United choirs of angels praise;
To him, enthron'd above all height,
The host of heav'n their anthems raise.

Almighty Father, may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heav'n adore,
From men and from the angel host
Be praise and glory evermore.

#309

Jesus, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And ev'ry place is hallowed ground.

For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.

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

Here may we prove the pow'r of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heav'n before our eyes.

Lord, we are few, but thou art near;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;
O rend the heav'ns, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own.

#310

Here, O my Lord, I see thee face to face;
Here would I touch and handle things unseen,
Here grasp with firmer hand th'eternal grace,
And all my weariness upon thee lean.

Here would I feed upon the bread of God,
Here drink with thee the royal wine of heav'n;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

This is the hour of banquet and of song;
This is the heav'nly table spread for me:
Here let me feast, and, feasting, still prolong
The brief, bright hour of fellowship with thee.

I have no help but thine, nor do I need
Another arm save thine to lean upon:
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;
My strength is in thy might, thy might alone.

Mine is the sin, but thine the righteousness;
Mine is the guilt, but thine the cleansing blood;
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace,
Thy blood, thy righteousness, O Lord my God.

#311

Father, again in Jesus' Name we meet,
And bow in penitence beneath thy feet:
Again to thee our feeble voices raise,
To sue for mercy, and to sing thy praise.

O we would bless thee for thy ceaseless care,
And all thy works from day to day declare:
Is not our life with hourly mercies crowned?
Does not thine arm encircle us around?

Alas, unworthy of thy boundless love,
Too oft with careless feet from thee we rove;
But now, encouraged by thy voice, we come,
Returning sinners to a Father's home.

O by that Name in whom all fullness dwells,
O by that love which ev'ry love excels,
O by that blood so freely shed for sin,
Open blest mercy's gate, and take us in.

#312

Lord Jesus Christ, be present now,
Our hearts in true devotion bow,
Thy Spirit send with grace divine,
And let thy truth within us shine.

Unseal our lips to sing thy praise,
Our souls to thee in worship raise,
Make strong our faith, in crease our light
That we may know thy Name aright:

Until we join the hosts that cry,
"Holy art thou, O Lord, most high!"
And in the light of that blest place
For e'er behold thee face to face.

Glory to God the Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One!
To thee, O blessed Trinity,
Be praise throughout eternity!

#313

To thy temple I repair;
Lord, I love to worship there,
When within the veil I meet
Christ before the mercy-seat.

While thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord my Righteousness.

While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend;
Hear me, for thy Spirit pleads;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

While I hearken to thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe,
Till thy gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.

While thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in thy Name,
Through their voice, by faith, may I
Hear thee speaking from the sky.

From thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn,
And at evening let me say,
"I have walked with God today."

#314

Hosanna to the living Lord!
Hosanna to the Incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heav'n, hosanna sing!

Hosanna, Lord!
Hosanna in the highest!

Hosanna, Lord! thine angels cry;
Hosanna, Lord! thy saints reply;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound:

O Saviour, with protecting care
Return to this thy house of prayer,
Where we thy parting promise claim,
Assembled in thy sacred Name.

But, chiefest, in our cleansed breast,
Eternal! bid thy Spirit rest:
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy thee:

So in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heav'n shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again:

#315

God himself is with us:
Let us now adore him,
And with awe appear before him.
God is in his temple--
All within keep silence,
Prostrate lie with deepest rev'rence.
Him alone
God we own,
Him, our God and Saviour;
Praise his Name for ever.

God himself is with us:
Hear the harps resounding!
See the crowds the throne surrounding!
"Holy, Holy, Holy"--
Hear the hymn ascending,
Angels, saints, their voices blending!
Bow thine ear
To us here:
Hear, O Christ, the praises
That thy church now raises.

#316

Saviour, again in thy dear Name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless thee ere our worship cease;
Then, lowly kneeling, wait thy word of peace.

Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way;
With thee began, with thee shall end the day:
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon thy Name.

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

Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

#317

Almighty God, thy Word is cast
Like seed into the ground;
Now let the dew of heav'n descend,
And righteous fruits abound.

Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove,
But give it root in ev'ry heart
To bring forth fruits of love.

Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy,
But let it yield a hundredfold
The fruits of peace and joy.

Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quick'ning grace bestow,
That all those souls the truth receive
Its saving pow'r may know.

#318

Now may he who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep.

May he teach us to fulfill
What is pleasing in his sight;
Perfect us in all his will,
And preserve us day and night.

To that dear Redeemer's praise,
Who the cov'nant sealed with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

#319

Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O refresh us, O refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

Thanks we give and adoration
For thy gospel's joyful sound:
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
Ever faithful, ever faithful,
To the truth may we be found.

So that when thy love shall call us,
Saviour, from the world away,
Let no fear of death appall us,
Glad thy summons to obey:
May we ever, may we ever,
Reign with thee in endless day.

#320

Safely through another week
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts today;
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

While we pray for pard'ning grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's Name,
Show thy reconciled face;
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

Here we come thy Name to praise,
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

May thy gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
May the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints:
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

#321

O day of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee the high and lowly,
Through ages joined in tune,
Sing Holy, Holy, Holy,
To the great God Triune,

On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from heav'n;
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was giv'n.

Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise;
A garden intersected
With streams of Paradise;
Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry, dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view the promised land.

Today on weary nations
The heav'nly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son;
The church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.

#322

Lord of the Sabbath, hear us pray,
In this thy house, on this thy day;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy temple rise.

Now met to pray and bless thy Name,
Whose mercies flow each day the same,
Whose kind compassions never cease,
We seek instruction, pardon, peace.

Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our lab'ring souls aspire
With ardent hope and strong desire.

In thy blest kingdom we shall be
From ev'ry mortal trouble free;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs
Resounding from immortal tongues;

No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no waning moon,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

O long-expected day, begin,
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin!
Break, morn of God, upon our eyes;
And let the world's true Sun arise!

#323

Come, let us join with one accord
In hymns around the throne:
This is the day our rising Lord
Hath made and called his own.

This is the day that God hath blessed,
The brightest of the sev'n,
Type of that everlasting rest
The saints enjoy in heav'n.

Then let us in his Name sing on,
And hasten to that day
When our Redeemer shall come down,
And shadows pass away.

Not one, but all our days below,
Let us in hymns employ;
And in our Lord rejoicing, go
To his eternal joy.

#324

This day at thy creating word
First o'er the earth the light was poured:
O Lord, this day upon us shine
And fill our souls with light divine.

This day the Lord for sinners slain
In might victorious rose again:
O Jesus, may we raised be
From death of sin to life in thee!

This day the Holy Spirit came
With fiery tongues of cloven flame:
O Spirit, fill our hearts this day
With grace to hear and grace to pray.

O day of light and life and grace,
From earthly toil sweet resting place,
Thy hallowed hours, blest gift of love,
Give we again to God above.

All praise to God the Father be,
All praise, eternal Son, to thee,
Whom, with the Spirit, we adore
For ever and for evermore.

#325

Welcome, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest!
I hail thy kind return,
Lord, make these moments blest;
From the low train of mortal toys
I soar to reach immortal joys.

Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy scepter, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face;
Let sinners feel thy quick'ning Word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

Descend, celestial Dove,
Will all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
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.

#326

This is the day the Lord hath made;
He calls the hours his own;
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

Today he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
Today the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.

Hosanna to th'anointed King,
To David's holy Son!
Help us, O Lord; descend and bring
Salvation from the throne.

Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes in God his Father's Name
To save our sinful race.

Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise!
The highest heav'ns in which he reigns
Shall give him nobler praise.

#327

This is the day of light:
Let there be light today;
O Dayspring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

This is the day of rest:
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed thou thy fresh'ning dew.

This is the day of peace:
Thy peace our spirits fill;
Bid thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

This is the day of prayer:
Let earth to heav'n draw near:
Lift up our hearts to seek thee there;
Come down to meet us here.

This is the first of days:
Send forth thy quick'ning breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death!

#328

Ev'ry morning mercies new
Fall as fresh as morning dew;
Ev'ry morning let us pay
Tribute with the early day:
For thy mercies, Lord, are sure;
Thy compassion doth endure.

Still the greatness of thy love
Daily doth our sins remove;
Daily, far as east from west,
Lifts the burden from the breast;
Gives unbought to those who pray
Strength to stand in evil day.

Let our pray'rs each morn prevail,
That these gifts may never fail;
And, as we confess the sin
And the tempter's pow'r within,
Ev'ry morning, for the strife,
Feed us with the Bread of Life.

As the morning light returns,
As the sun with splendor burns,
Teach us still to turn to thee,
Ever-blessed Trinity,
With our hands our hearts to raise,
In unfailing prayer and praise.

#329

As the sun doth daily rise,
Bright'ning all the morning skies,
So to thee with one accord
Lift we up our hearts, O Lord.

Day by day provide us food,
For from thee come all things good:
Strength unto our souls afford
From thy living Bread, O Lord!

Be our Guard in sin and strife;
Be the Leader of our life;
Lest like sheep we stray abroad,
Stay our wayward feet, O Lord!

Quickened by the Spirit's grace
All thy holy will to trace,
While we daily search thy Word,
Wisdom true impart, O Lord!

When the sun withdraws his light,
When we seek our beds at night,
Thou, by sleepless hosts adored,
Hear the pray'r of faith, O Lord!

Praise we, with the heavn'ly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Thee would we with one accord
Praise and magnify, O Lord!

#330

Christ, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Dayspring from on high, be near;
Daystar, in my heart appear.

Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by thee;
Joyless is the day's return
Till thy mercy's beams I see;
Till thy inward light impart,
Glad my eyes and warm my heart.

Visit, then, this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiance Divine;
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

#331

Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run:
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

By influence of the light Divine
Let thine own light to others shine;
Reflect all heav'n's propitious rays
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

All praise to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

Lord, I my vows to thee renew,
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host:
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

#332
From Psalm 5

Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye:

Up to the heav'ns, where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Now dwell at thy right hand.

But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make ev'ry path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

#333

Light of light, enlighten me,
Now anew the day is dawning;
Sun of grace, the shadows flee;
Brighten thou my Sabbath morning;
With thy joyous sunshine blest,
Happy is my day of rest.

Fount of all our joy and peace,
To thy living waters lead me;
Thou from earth my soul release,
And with grace and mercy feed me;
Bless thy Word, that it may prove
Rich in fruits that thou dost love.

Kindle thou the sacrifice
That upon my lips is lying;
Clear the shadows from mine eyes,
That, from ev'ry error flying,
No strange fire may in me glow
That thine altar doth not know.

Let me with my heart today,
Holy, Holy, Holy, singing,
Rapt awhile from earth away,
All my soul to thee upspringing,
Have a foretaste inly giv'n
How they worship thee in heav'n.

Hence all care, all vanity,
For the day to God is holy;
Come, thou glorious Majesty,
Deign to fill this temple lowly;
Naught today my soul shall move,
Simply resting in thy love.

#334

Come, my soul, thou must be waking;
Now is breaking o'er the earth another day:
Come to him who made this splendor;
See thou render all thy feeble pow'rs can pay.

Thou, too, hail the light returning;
Ready burning be the incense of thy pow'rs;
For the night is safely ended,
God hath tended with his care thy helpless hours.

Pray that he may prosper ever
Each endeavor, when thine aim is good and true;
But that he may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee, when thou evil wouldst pursue.

Think that he thy ways beholdeth;
He unfoldeth ev'ry fault that lurks within;
Ev'ry stain of shame glossed over
Can discover, and discern each deed of sin.

Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not, but his Spirit's voice obey;
Thou with him shalt dwell, beholding
Light enfolding all things in unclouded day.

#335

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

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need thy presence ev'ry passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes:
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

#336

At even, when the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around thee lay;
O in what divers pains they met!
O with what joy they went away!

Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near:
What if thy form we cannot see;
We know and feel that thou art here.

O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel:
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;

And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.

O Saviour Christ, thou too art man,
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide.

Thy touch has still its ancient pow'r;
No word from thee can fruitless fall:
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in thy mercy hear us all.

#337

Ere I sleep, for ev'ry favor
This day showed
By my God,
I will bless my Saviour.

O my Lord, what shall I render
To thy Name,
Still the same,
Gracious, good, and tender?

Leave me not, but ever love me;
Let thy peace
Be my bliss,
Till thou hence remove me.

#338

The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at thy behest;
To thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall hallow now our rest.

We thank thee that thy church, unsleeping
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun, that bids us rest, is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky.
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord; thy Throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away:
But stand, and rule, and grow for ever,
Till all thy creatures own thy sway.

#339

O Trinity, most blessed Light,
O Unity of sov'reign might,
As now the fiery sun departs,
Shed thou thy beams within our hearts.

To thee our morning song of praise,
To thee our evening prayer we raise;
Thee may our glory evermore
In lowly reverence adore.

All praise to God the Father be,
All praise, eternal Son, to thee,
Whom with the Spirit we adore
For ever and for evermore.

#340

Saviour, breath an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing:
Thou can'st save, and thou canst heal.

Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel guards from thee surround;
We are safe if thou art nigh.

Though destruction walk around us,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.

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

#341

All praise to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

O may my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep that may me more vig'rous make
To serve my God when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heav'nly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No pow'rs of darkness me molest.

O when shall I in endless day
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns with the supernal choir
Incessant sing, and never tire!

Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host:
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

#342

The day is past and over:
All thanks, O Lord to thee;
I pray thee that offenseless
The hours of dark may be.
O Jesus, keep me in thy sight,
And save me through the coming night.

The toils of day are over:
I raise the hymns to thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of night may be.
O Jesus, keep me in thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

Lord, that in death I sleep not,
And lest my foe should say,
"I have prevailed against him,"
Lighten mine eyes, I pray:
O Jesus, keep me in thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

Be thou my soul's Preserver,
O God, for thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go
Lover of men, O hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all.

#343

Day is dying in the west;
Heav'n is touching earth with rest;
Wait and worship while the night
Sets her ev'ning lamps alight
Through all the sky.

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of hosts!
Heav'n and earth are full of thee!
Heav'n and earth are praising thee,
O Lord Most High.

While the deep'ning shadows fall,
Light of light, on whom we call
Through the glory and the grace
Of the stars that veil thy face,
Our hearts ascend.

And when fading from our sight
Pass the stars, the day, the night,
Lord of Glory, on our eyes
Let eternal morning rise,
And shadows end.

#344

God, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light,
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night;
May thine angel guards defend us,
Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

And, when morn again shall call us
To run life's way,
May we still, whate'er befall us,
Thy will obey.
From the pow'r of evil hide us,
In the narrow pathway guide us,
Nor thy smile be e'er denied us
The livelong day.

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;
And, when we die,
May we, in thy mighty keeping,
All peaceful lie:
When the last dread trump shall wake us,
Do not thou, O God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With thee on high.

#345

Here from the world we turn, Jesus to seek;
Here may his loving voice tenderly speak!
Jesus, our dearest Friend, while at thy feet we bend,
O let thy smile descend! 'Tis thee we seek.

Come, Holy Comforter, Presence Divine,
Now in our longing hearts graciously shine;
O for thy mighty pow'r! O for a blessed show'r,
Filling this hallowed hour with joy divine!

Saviour, thy work revive: here may we see
Those who are dead in sin quickened by thee;
Come to our hearts tonight, make ev'ry burden light;
Cheer thou our waiting sight; we long for thee.

#346

Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My weary eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

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

If some poor wand'ring child of thine
Have spurned today the voice Divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be ev'ry mourner's sleep tonight,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

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

#347

Softly now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with thee.

Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

Soon for me the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then, from thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

#348

From Psalm 134

O bless our God with one accord,
Ye faithful servants of the Lord,
Who in his house do stand by night;
And praise him there with all your might.

Lift up your hands, in prayer draw nigh
Unto his sanctuary high;
Bless ye the Lord, kneel at his feet,
And worship him with reverence meet.

Jehovah bless thee from above,
From Zion in his boundless love,
Our God, who heav'n and earth did frame;
Blest be his great and holy Name.

#349

This night, O Lord, we bless thee
For thy protecting care,
And, ere we rest, address thee
In lowly, fervent prayer:
From evil and temptation
Defend us through the night,
And round our habitation
Be thou a wall of light.

On thee our whole reliance
From day to day we cast,
To thee, with firm affiance,
Would cleave from first to last;
To thee, through Jesus' merit,
For needful grace we come,
And trust that thy good Spirit
Will guide us safely home.

What may be on the morrow
Our foresight cannot see;
But be it joy or sorrow,
We know it comes from thee.
And nothing can take from us,
Where'er our steps may move,
The staff of thy sure promise,
The shield of thy true love.

#350

See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
With all-engaging charms;
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.

"Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came."

We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

#351

Our children, Lord, in faith and pray'r,
We now devote to thee;
Let them thy cov'nant mercies share,
And thy salvation see.

Such helpless babes thou didst embrace,
While dwelling here below;
To us and ours, O God of grace,
The same compassion show.

In early days their hearts secure
From worldly snares, we pray;
O let them to the end endure
In ev'ry righteous way.

#352

A little child the Saviour came,
The Mighty God was still his Name;
And angels worshipped as he lay
The seeming infant of a day.

He who, a little child, began
The life Divine to show to man,
Proclaims from heav'n the message free:
"Let little children come to me."

We bring them, Lord, and with the sign
Of sprinkled water name them thine:
Their souls with saving grace endow;
Baptize them with the Spirit now.

O give thine angels charge, good Lord,
Them safely in thy way to guard;
Thy blessing on their lives command,
And write their names upon thy hand.

O thou, who by an infant's tongue
Dost hear thy perfect glory sung,
May these, with all the heav'nly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

#353

Dear Lord, today, our child,
An heritage from thee,
We bring in faith and claim for him
Thy promise free.

Dear Lord, today, our child,
Sweet token of thy love,
We bring into thy church
For blessings from above.

Dear Lord, today our child,
Rich treasure of thy grace,
We bring upon his brow
The sign and seal to place.

Dear Lord, today, our child,
A gracious gift of thine,
We bring to set apart,
Baptized in Name Divine.

Dear Lord, today our child,
The fruit of God-blessed seed,
We bring to thee to ask
For help in ev'ry need.

#354

Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd,
Our little ones are dear to thee;
Gathered with thine arms and carried
In thy bosom may they be
Sweetly, gently, safely tended,
From all want and danger free.

Tender Shepherd, never leave them
From thy fold to go astray;
By thy look of love directed,
May they walk the narrow way;
Thus direct them, and protect them,
Lest they fall an easy prey.

Let thy holy Word instruct them:
Fill their minds with heav'nly light;
Let thy love and grace constrain them,
To approve whate'er is right,
Take thine easy yoke and wear it,
And to prove thy burden light.

Cleanse their hearts from sinful folly
In the stream thy love supplied;
Mingled streams of blood and water
Flowing from thy wounded side:
And to heav'nly pastures lead them,
Where thine own still waters glide.

#355

Lord Jesus Christ, our Lord most dear,
As thou wast once an infant here,
So give this child of thine, we pray,
Thy grace and blessing day by day.

O holy Jesus, Lord Divine,
We pray thee guard this child of thine.

As in thy heav'nly Kingdom, Lord,
All things obey thy sacred Word,
Do thou thy mighty succour give,
And shield this child by morn and eve.

Their watch let angels round him keep
Where'er he be, awake, asleep;
Thy saving grace on him bestow
That he in thee may live and grow.

#356

Not worthy, Lord! to gather up the crumbs
With trembling hand that from thy table fall,
A weary, heavy-laden sinner comes
To plead thy promise and obey thy call.

I am not worthy to be thought thy child,
Nor sit the last and lowest at thy board;
Too long a wand'rer and too oft beguiled,
I only ask one reconciling word.

One word from thee, my Lord, one smile, one look,
And I could face the cold, rough world again;
And with that treasure in my heart could brook
The wrath of devils and the scorn of men.

I hear thy voice; thou bidd'st me come and rest;
I come, I kneel, I clasp thy pierced feet;
Thou bidd'st me take my place, a welcome guest
Among thy saints, and of thy banquet eat.

My praise can only breathe itself in prayer,
My prayer can only lose itself in thee;
Dwell thou for ever in my breast, and there,
Lord, let me sup with thee; sup thou with me.

#357

Till he come! O let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heav'n and home
Lie beyond that "Till he come."

When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life joy overcast?
Hush, be ev'ry murmur dumb:
It is only till he come.

Clouds and conflicts round us press:
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death and darkness, and the tomb,
Only whisper "Till he come."

See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine, and break the bread:
Sweet memorials, till the Lord
Call us round his heav'nly board;
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only till he come.

#358

Bread of the world in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul in mercy shed,
By whom the words of life were spoken
And in whose death our sins are dead;

Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be thy feast to us the token
That by thy grace our souls are fed.

#359

'Twas on that night when doomed to know
The eager rage of ev'ry foe,
That night in which he was betrayed,
The Saviour of the world took bread;

And, after thanks and glory giv'n
To him that rules in earth and heav'n,
That symbol of his flesh he broke,
And thus to all his foll'wers spoke:

"My broken body thus I give
For you, for all. Take, eat, and live.
And oft the sacred rite renew
That brings my saving love to view."

Then in his hands the cup he raised,
And God anew he thanked and praised,
While kindness in his bosom glowed,
And from his lips salvation flowed.

"My blood I thus pour forth," he cries,
"To cleanse the soul in sin that lies;
In this the covenant is sealed,
And heav'n's eternal grace revealed."

#360

According to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.

Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heav'n shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?

When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,
And not remember thee?

Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me:
When thou shalt in thy Kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

#361

Zion, to thy Saviour singing,
To thy Prince and Shepherd bringing
Sweetest hymns of love and praise,
Thou wilt never reach the measure
Of his worth, by all the treasure
Of thy most ecstatic lays.

Of all wonders that can thrill thee,
And with adoration fill thee,
What than this can greater be,
That himself to thee he giveth?
He that eateth ever liveth,
For the Bread of Life is he.

Fill thy lips to overflowing
With sweet praise, his mercy showing
Who this heav'nly table spread:
On this day so glad and holy,
To each longing spirit lowly
Giveth he the living Bread.

Here the King hath spread his table,
Whereon eyes of faith are able
Christ our Passover to trace:
Shadows of the law are going,
Light and life and truth inflowing,
Night to day is giving place.

O Good Shepherd, Bread life-giving,
Us, thy grace and life receiving,
Feed and shelter evermore;
Thou on earth our weakness guiding,
We in heav'n with thee abiding
With all saints will thee adore.

#362

Let thy blood in mercy poured,
Let thy gracious body broken,
Be to me, O gracious Lord,
Of thy boundless love the token:

Thou didst give thyself for me,
Now I give myself to thee.

Thou didst die that I might live;
Blessed Lord, thou cam'st to save me;
All that love of God could give
Jesus by his sorrows gave me:

By the thorns that crowned thy brow,
By the spear wound and the mailing,
By the pain and death, I now
Claim, O Christ, thy love unailing:

Wilt thou own the gift I bring?
All my penitence I give thee;
Thou art my exalted King,
Of thy matchless love forgive me:

#363

A parting hymn we sing
Around thy table, Lord;
Again our grateful tribute bring,
Our solemn vows record.

Here have we seen thy face,
And felt thy presence here;
So may the savor of thy grace
In word and life appear.

The purchase of thy blood,
By sin no longer led,
The path our dear Redeemer trod
May we rejoicing tread.

In self-forgetting love
Be our communion shown,
Until we join the church above,
And know as we are known.

#364

Shepherd of souls, refresh and bless
Thy chosen pilgrim flock
With manna in the wilderness,
With water from the rock.

Hungry and thirsty, faint and weak,
As thou when here below,
Our souls the joys celestial seek
Which from thy sorrows flow.

We would not live by bread alone,
But by that Word of grace,
In strength of which we travel on
To our abiding place.

Be known to us in breaking bread,
But do not then depart;
Saviour, abide with us, and spread
Thy table in our heart.

There sup with us in love Divine;
Thy body and thy blood,
That living bread, that heav'nly wine,
Be our immortal food.

#365

At the Lamb's high feast we sing
Praise to our victorious King,
Who hath washed us in the tide
Flowing from his pierced side;
Praise we him whose love divine
Gives his sacred blood for wine,
Gives his body for the feast,
Christ the Victim, Christ the Priest.

Where the paschal blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.
Praise we Christ, whose blood was shed,
Paschal Victim, Paschal Bread;
With sincerity and love
Eat we manna from above.

Mighty Victim from the sky,
Pow'rs of hell beneath thee lie;
Death is conquered in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light:
Hymns of glory and of praise,
Risen Lord, to thee we raise;
Holy Father, praise to thee,
With the Spirit, ever be.

#366

O God of mercy, God of might,
In love and pity infinite,
Teach us, as ever in thy sight,
To live our life to thee.

And thou who cam'st on earth to die,
That fallen man might live thereby,
O hear us, for to thee we cry
In hope, O Lord, to thee.

Teach us the lesson thou hast taught,
To feel for those thy blood hath bought;
That ev'ry word and deed and thought
May work a work for thee.

For they are brethren, far and wide,
Since thou, O Lord, for them hast died;
Then teach us, whatsoe'er betide,
To love them all in thee.

In sickness, sorrow, want, or care,
Whate'er it be, 'tis ours to share;
May we, when help is needed, there
Give help as unto thee.

#367

We give thee but thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be:
All that we have is thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from thee.

May we thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as thou blessest us,
To thee our firstfruits give.

O hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs for whom the Shepherd bled
Are straying from the fold.

And we believe thy Word,
Though dim our faith may be,
Whate'er for thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto thee.

#368

Lord, thou lov'st the cheerful giver,
Who with open heart and hand
Blesses freely, as a river
That refreshes all the land.
Grant us then the grace of giving
With a spirit large and free,
That our life and all our living,
We may consecrate to thee.

We are thine, thy mercy sought us,
Found us in death's dreadful way,
To the fold in safety brought us,
Never more from thee to stray.
Thine own life thou freely gavest
As an off'ring on the cross
For each sinner whom thou savest
From eternal shame and loss.

Blest by thee with gifts and graces,
May we heed thy church's call;
Gladly in all times and places
Give to thee who givest all.
Thou hast bought us, and no longer
Can we claim to be our own;
Ever free and ever stronger,
We shall serve thee, Lord, alone.

Saviour, thou hast freely given
All the blessings we enjoy,
Earthly store and bread of heaven,
Love and peace without alloy;
Humbly now we bow before thee,
And our all to thee resign;
For the kingdom, pow'r, and glory,
Are, O Lord, for ever thine.

#369

From Psalm 87

Zion, founded on the mountains,
God, thy Maker, loves thee well;
He has chosen thee, most precious,
He delights in thee to dwell;
God's own city, God's own city, God's own city,
Who can all thy glory tell?

Heathen lands and hostile peoples
Soon shall come the Lord to know;
Nations born again in Zion
Shall the Lord's salvation show;
God Almighty, God Almighty, God Almighty,
Shall on Zion strength bestow.

When the Lord shall count the nations,
Sons and daughters he shall see,
Born to endless life in Zion,
And their joyful song shall be:
"Blessed Zion, Blessed Zion, Blessed Zion,
All our fountains are in thee."

#370

We have heard the joyful sound:
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Spread the tidings all around:
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Bear the news to ev'ry land,
Climb the steeps and cross the waves,
Onward! 'tis our Lord's command;
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

Waft it on the rolling tide:
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Tell to sinners far and wide:
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Sing, ye islands of the sea;
Echo back, ye ocean caves;
Earth shall keep her jubilee:
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

Sing above the battle strife,
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
By his death and endless life,
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Sing it softly through the gloom,
When the heart for mercy craves;
Sing in triumph o'er the tomb--
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

Give the winds a mighty voice,
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Let the nations now rejoice--
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Shout salvation full and free,
Highest hills and deepest caves;
This our song of victory--
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

#371

Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With loving zeal;
The poor and them that mourn,
The faint and overborne,
Sin-sick and sorrow-worn,
Whom Christ doth heal.

Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With fervent pray'r;
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passions tossed,
Redeemed at countless cost
From dark despair.

Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With one accord;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With joyful song;
The newborn souls whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise
To Christ belong.

#372

Arm of the Lord, awake, awake!
Put on thy strength, the nations shake,
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

Say to the heathen from thy throne:
"I am Jehovah, God alone."
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

Let Zion's time of favor come;
O bring the tribes of Israel home;
And let our wond'ring eyes behold
Gentile and Jews in Jesus' fold.

Almighty God, thy grace proclaim
In ev'ry clime of every name;
Let adverse pow'rs before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

#373

O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,
Cheered by no celestial ray,
Sun of Righteousness, arising,
Bring the bright, the glorious day;
Send the gospel
To the earth's remotest bounds.

Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
And from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night,
And redemption,
Freely purchased win the day.

Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply and still increase;
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

#374

From Psalm 72

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His Name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With ev'ry morning sacrifice.

People and realms of ev'ry tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his Name.

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

Let ev'ry creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King,
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

#375

O Lord our God, arise!
The cause of truth maintain,
And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend thy blessed reign.

Thou Prince of life, arise!
Nor let thy glory cease;
Far spread the conquests of thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.

Thou Holy Ghost, arise!
Expend thy quick'ning wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world
Let light and order spring.

All on the earth, arise!
To God the Saviour sing;
From shore to shore, from earth to heav'n,
Let echoing anthems ring.

#376

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

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

Spirit of truth and love,
Lifegiving, holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight;
Move o'er the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light.

Holy and blessed Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might!
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride
Through the world far and wide
Let there be light.

#377

"For my sake and the gospel's go
And tell redemption's story";
His heralds answer, "Be it so,
And thine, Lord, all the glory!"
They preach his birth, his life, his cross,
The love of his atonement,
For whom they count the world but loss,
His Easter, his enthronement.

Hark, hark, the trump of jubilee
Proclaims to ev'ry nation,
From pole to pole, by land and sea,
Glad tidings of salvation:
As nearer draws the day of doom,
While still the battle rages,
The heav'nly Dayspring through the gloom
Breaks on the night of ages.

Still on and on the anthems spread
Of alleluia voices,
In concert with the holy dead
The warrior church rejoices;
Their snow white robes are washed in blood,
Their golden harps are ringing;
Earth and the paradise of God
One triumph song are singing.

He comes, whose advent trumpet drowns
The last of time's evangels,
Emmanuel crowned with many crowns,
The Lord of saints and angels:
O Life, Light, Love, the great I AM,
Triune, who changest never,
The throne of God and of the Lamb
Is thine, and thine for ever.

#378

Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
The sun that lights its shining folds,
The cross on which the Saviour died.

Fling out the banner! angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love Divine,

Fling out the banner! heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls,
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem
And spring immortal into life.

Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,
Our glory, only in the cross;
Our only hope, the Crucified!

Fling out the banner! wide and high,
Seaward and skyward, let it shine:
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that sign.

#379

Send thou, O Lord, to ev'ry place
Swift messengers before thy face,
The heralds of thy wondrous grace,
Where thou thyself wilt come.

Send men whose eyes have seen the King,
Men in whose ears his sweet words ring;
Send such thy lost ones home to bring;
Send them where thou wilt come.

To bring good news to souls in sin;
The bruised and broken hearts to win;
In ev'ry place to bring them in
Where thou thyself wilt come.

Gird each one with the Spirit's sword,
The sword of thine own deathless Word;
And make them conqu'rors, conqu'ring Lord
Where thou thyself wilt come.

Raise up, O Lord the Holy Ghost,
From this broad land a mighty host,
Their war cry, "We will seek the lost
Where thou, O Christ, wilt come."

#380

Ye Christian heralds, go proclaim
Salvation through Emmanuel's Name!
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the Rose of Sharon there.

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

And when our 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.

#381

From Psalm 66:1-7

All lands, to God in joyful sounds
Aloft your voices raise;
Sing forth the honor of his Name,
And glorious make his praise.

Say ye to God, how terrible
In all thy works art thou!
To thee thy foes by thy great pow'r
Shall be constrained to bow.

Yea, all the earth shall worship thee,
And unto thee shall sing;
To thy great Name shall songs of joy
With loud hosannas ring.

O come, behold the works of God,
His mighty doings see;
In dealing with the sons of men
Most wonderful is he.

He led in safety through the flood
The people of his choice,
He turned he sea to solid ground;
In him let us rejoice.

He rules for ever by his might,
His eyes the nations try;
Let not the proud, rebellious ones
Exalt themselves on high.

#382

Speed thy servants, Saviour, speed them;
Thou art Lord of winds and waves;
They were bound, but thou hast freed them;
Now they go to free the slaves:
Be thou with them,
'Tis thine arm alone that saves.

Friends, and home, and all forsaking,
Lord they go at thy command,
As their stay thy promise taking,
While they traverse sea and land:
O be with them;
Lead them safely by the hand.

When they reach the land of strangers,
And the prospect dark appears,
Nothing seen but toils and dangers,
Nothing felt but doubts and fears,
Be thou with them,
Hear their sighs and count their tears.

Where no fruit appears to cheer them,
And they seem to toil in vain,
Then in mercy, Lord, draw near them,
Then their sinking hopes sustain:
Thus supported,
Let their zeal revive again.

In the midst of opposition
Let them trust, O Lord, in thee;
When success attends their mission,
Let thy servants humbler be:
Never leave them
Till thy face in heav'n they see.

#383

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Were Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

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

Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's Name.

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.

#384

Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass,
Ye bars of iron, yield,
And let the King of Glory pass;
The cross is in the field:
That banner, brighter than the star
That leads the train of night,
Shines on their march, and guides from far
His servants to the fight.

A holy war those servants wage;
Mysteriously at strife,
The pow'rs of heav'n and hell engage
For more than death of life.
Ye armies of the living God,
His sacramental host,
Where hallowed footsteps never trod
Take your appointed post:

Though few and small and weak your bands,
Strong in your Captain's strength
Go to the conquest of all lands;
All must be his at length.
Those spoils at his victorious feet
You shall rejoice to lay,
And lay yourselves, as trophies meet,
In his great judgment day.

O fear not, faint nor, halt not now;
In Jesus' Name be strong;
To him shall all the nations bow,
And sing with you this song:
"Uplifted are the gates of brass,
The bars of iron yield;
Behold the King of Glory pass;
The cross has won the field."

#385
Psalm 67

O God, to us show mercy
And bless us in thy grace;
Cause thou to shine upon us
The brightness of thy face;
That so thy way most holy
On earth may soon be known,
And unto ev'ry people
Thy saving grace be shown.

O God, let all men praise thee,
Let all the nations sing;
In ev'ry land let praises
And songs of gladness ring;
For thou shalt judge the people
In truth and righteousness,
And through the earth the nations
Shall thy just rule confess.

O God, let people praise thee,
Let all the nations sing,
For earth in rich abundance
To us her fruit shall bring.
The Lord our God shall bless us,
Our God shall blessing send,
And all the earth shall fear him
To its remotest end.

#386

Arise, O God, and shine
In all thy saving might,
And prosper each design
To spread thy glorious light:
Let healing streams of mercy flow,
That all the earth thy truth may know.

Bring distant nations near
To sing thy glorious praise;
Let ev'ry people hear
And learn thy holy ways:
Reign, mighty God, assert thy cause,
And govern by thy righteous laws.

Send forth thy glorious pow'r,
That Gentiles all may see,
And earth present her store
In converts born to thee:
God, our own God, thy church O bless,
And fill the world with righteousness.

To God, the only wise,
The one immortal King,
Let hallelujahs rise
From ev'ry living thing:
Let all that breathe, on ev'ry coast,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

#387

I love to tell the story of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory, of Jesus and his love.
I love to tell the story, because I know 'tis true;
It satisfies my longings as nothing else could do.

I love to tell the story, 'twill be my theme in glory
To tell the old, old story of Jesus and his love.

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 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 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.

#388

Today the Saviour calls:
Ye wand'ers, come;
O ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

Today the Saviour calls:
O listen now!
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

Today the Saviour calls:
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

The Spirit calls today:
Yield to his pow'r;
O grieve him not away;
'Tis mercy's hour.

#389

Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distress'd?
"Come to me," saith One, "and, coming,
Be at rest."

Hath he marks to lead me to him,
If he be my Guide?
"In his feet and hands are wound-prints,
And his side."

Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That his brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

If I find him, if I follow,
What his guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to him,
What hath he at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed."

If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away."

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is he sure to bless?
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs
Answer, 'Yes.'"

#390

Come, ye souls by sin afflicted,
Bowed with fruitless sorrow down;
By the broken law convicted,
Through the cross behold the crown;
Look to Jesus;
Mercy flows through him alone.

Take his easy yoke and wear it;
Love will make obedience sweet;
Christ will give you strength to bear it,
While his wisdom guides your feet
Safe to glory,
Where his ransomed captives meet.

Blessed are the eyes that see him,
Blest the ears that hear his voice;
Blessed are the souls that trust him,
And in him alone rejoice:
His commandments
Then become their happy choice.

Sweet as home to pilgrim's weary,
Light to newly opened eyes,
Or full springs in deserts dreary,
Is the rest the cross supplies:
All who taste it
Shall to rest immortal rise.

#391

Come, for the feast is spread,
Hark to the call:
Come to the Living Bread
Offered to all.
Come to his house of wine,
Low on his breast recline,
All that he has is thine;
Come, sinner, come.

Come where the fountain flows,
River of life;
Healing for all thy woes,
Doubting, and strife.
Millions have been supplied,
No one was e'er denied,
Come to the crimson tide;
Come, sinner, come.

Come to the throne of grace,
Boldly draw near;
He who would win the race
Must tarry here.
Whate'er thy want may be,
Here is the grace for thee,
Jesus thine only plea;
Come, Christian, come.

#392

Blow ye the trumpet, blow!
The gladly solemn sound
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound;

The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:

Extol the Lamb of God;
The sacrificial Lamb;
Redemption through his blood
Throughout the world proclaim:

Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:

Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Receive it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:

The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heav'nly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:

#393

Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity joined with pow'r:
He is able,
He is able,
He is able,
He is willing; doubt no more.

Come, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Without money,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

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

Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you,
This he gives you,
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

Lo! th'incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus,
None but Jesus,
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

#394

"Jesus sinners doth receive:"
Word of surest consolation;
Word all sorrow to relieve,
Word of pardon, peace, salvation!
Naught like this can comfort give:
"Jesus sinners doth receive."

On God's grace we have no claim,
Yet to us his pledge is given;
He hath sworn by his own Name,
Open are the gates of heaven.
Take to heart this word and live:
"Jesus sinners doth receive."

When a helpless lamb doth stray,
After it, the Shepherd, pressing
Thro' each dark and dang'rous way,
Brings it back, his own possessing.
Jesus seeks thee, O believe:
"Jesus sinners doth receive."

O, how blest it is to know:
Were as scarlet my transgression,
It shall be as white as snow
By thy blood and bitter passion;
For these words I now believe:
"Jesus sinners doth receive."

Now my conscience is at peace,
From the Law I stand acquitted;
Christ hath purchased my release
And my ev'ry sin remitted.
Naught remains my soul to grieve--
"Jesus sinners doth receive."

#395

Come to the Saviour now,
He gently calleth thee;
In true repentance bow,
Before him bend the knee;
He waiteth to bestow
Salvation, peace and love,
True joy on earth below,
A home in heav'n above.

Come to the Saviour now,
Ye who have wandered far;
Renew your solemn vow,
For his by right you are;
Come, like poor wand'ring sheep
Returning to his fold;
His arm will safely keep,
His love will ne'er grow cold.

Come to the Saviour, all,
Whate'er your burdens be;
Hear now his loving call,
"Cast all your care on me."
Come, and for ev'ry grief
In Jesus you will find
A sure and safe relief,
A loving Friend and kind.

#396

I was a wand'ring sheep,
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled.
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home;
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

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 wand'ring one.

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 wand'ring sheep,
'Twas he that brought me to the fold,
'Tis he that still doth keep.

I was a wand'ring sheep,
I would not be controlled;
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold.
I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam;
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love his home.

#397

I sought the Lord, and afterward I knew
He moved my soul to seek him, seeking me;
It was not I that found, O Saviour true,
No, I was found of thee.

Thou didst reach forth thy hand and mine enfold;
I walked and sank not on the storm-vexed sea,--
'Twas not so much that I on thee took hold,
As thou, dear Lord, on me.

I find, I walk, I love, but, O the whole
Of love is but my answer, Lord, to thee;
For thou wert long beforehand with my soul,
Always thou lovedst me.

#398

What tho' I cannot break my chain
Or e'er throw off my load,
The things impossible to men
Are possible to God.

Who, who shall in thy presence stand,
Or match Omnipotence;
Unfold the grasp of thy right hand
And pluck the sinner thence?

Faith to be healed I fain would have,
O might it now be giv'n;
Thou canst, thou canst the sinner save,
And make me meet for heav'n.

Bound down with twice ten thousand ties,
Yet let me hear thy call;
My soul in confidence shall rise,
Shall rise and break through all.

Thou canst o'ercome this heart of mine,
Thou wilt victorious prove;
But everlasting strength is thine,
And everlasting love.

#399

By grace I'm saved, grace free and boundless;
My soul, believe and doubt it not.
Why stagger at this word of promise?
Hath Scripture ever falsehood taught?
Nay; then this word must true remain:
By grace thou, too, shalt heav'n obtain.

By grace! None dare lay claim to merit;
Our works and conduct have no worth.
God in his love sent our Redeemer,
Christ Jesus, to this sinful earth;
His death did for our sins atone,
And we are saved by grace alone.

By grace! O, mark this word of promise
When thou art by thy sins oppressed,
When Satan plagues thy troubled conscience,
And when thy heart is seeking rest.
What reason cannot comprehend
God by his grace to thee doth send.

By grace! This ground of faith is certain;
So long as God is true, it stands.
What saints have penned by inspiration,
What in his Word our God commands,
What our whole faith must rest upon,
Is grace alone, grace in his Son.

#400

Come, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise,
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount! I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.

Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God:
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be;
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.

#401

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

Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man,
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

Grace taught my wand'ring feet
To tread the heav'nly road
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

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

#402

Amazing grace--how sweet the sound--
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found--
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

Thro' many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

And when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess within the veil
A life of joy and peace.

When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we've first begun.

#403

Not what my hands have done
Can save my guilty soul;
Not what my toiling flesh has borne
Can make my spirit whole.
Not what I feel or do
Can give me peace with God;
Not all my prayers and sighs and tears
Can bear my awful load.

Thy work alone, O Christ,
Can ease this weight of sin;
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
Can give me peace within.
Thy love to me, O God,
Not mine, O Lord to thee,
Can rid me of this dark unrest
And set my spirit free.

Thy grace alone, O God,
To me can pardon speak;
Thy pow'r alone, O Son of God,
Can this sore bondage break.
No other work, save thine,
No other blood will do;
No strength, save that which is divine,
Can bear me safely through.

I bless the Christ of God;
I rest on love divine;
And with unfalt'ring lip and heart
I call this Saviour mine.
This cross dispels each doubt;
I bury in his tomb
Each thought of unbelief and fear,
Each ling'ring shade of gloom.

I praise the God of grace;
I trust his truth and might;
He calls me his, I call him mine,
My God, my joy, my light.
'Tis he who saveth me,
And freely pardon gives;
I love because he loveth me,
I live because he lives.

#404

We sing the glorious conquest
Before Damascus gate,
When Saul, the church's spoiler,
Came breathing threats and hate;
The rav'ning wolf rushed forward
Full early to the prey;
But lo! the Shepherd met him,
And bound him fast today.

O glory most excelling
That smote across his path!
O light that pierced and blinded
The zealot in his wrath!
O voice that spake unto him
The calm, reproving word!
O love that sought and held him
The bondman of his Lord!

O Wisdom ord'ring all things
In order strong and sweet,
What nobler spoil was ever
Cast at the victor's feet?
What wiser master builder
E'er wrought at thine employ
Than he, til now so furious
Thy building to destroy?

Lord, teach thy church the lesson,
Still in her darkest hour
Of weakness and of danger,
To trust thy hidden pow'r:
Thy grace by ways mysterious
The wrath of man can bind,
And in thy boldest foeman
Thy chosen saint can find.

#405

"Come unto me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest."
O blessed voice of Jesus
Which comes to hearts oppressed!
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.

"Come unto me, dear children,
And I will give you light."
O loving voice of Jesus
Which comes to cheer the night!
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way;
But morning brings us gladness,
And songs the break of day.

"Come unto me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life."
O peaceful voice of Jesus
Which comes to end our strife!
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

"And whosoever cometh
I will not cast him out."
O patient love of Jesus
Which drives away our doubt;
Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to thee!

#406

I hear thy welcome voice
That calls me, Lord to thee
For cleansing in thy precious blood
That flowed on Calvary.

I am coming, Lord;
Coming now to thee:
Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood
That flowed on Calvary.

Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Til spotless all and pure.

'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heav'n above.

'Tis Jesus who confirms
The blessed work within,
By adding grace to welcomed grace,
Where reigned the pow'r of sin.

And he the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That ev'ry promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

#407

Lord, like the publican I stand,
And lift my heart to thee;
Thy pard'ning grace, O God, command,
Be merciful to me.

I smite upon my anxious breast,
O'erwhelmed with agony;
O save my soul by sin oppressed,
Be merciful to me.

My guilt, my shame, I all confess:
I have no hope nor plea
But Jesus' blood and righteousness:
Be merciful to me.

Here at thy cross I still would wait,
Nor from its shelter flee,
Till thou, O God, in mercy great,
Art merciful to me.

#408
From Psalm 38

In thy wrath and hot displeasure,
Chasten not thy servant, Lord;
Let thy mercy, without measure,
Help and peace to me afford.

Heavy is my tribulation,
Sore my punishment has been;
Broken by thine indignation,
I am troubled by my sin.

With my burden of transgression
Heavy laden, overborne,
Humbled low I make confession,
For my folly now I mourn.

Weak and wounded, I implore thee;
Lord, to me thy mercy show;
All my pray'r is now before thee,
All my trouble thou dost know.

Darkness gathers, foes assail me,
But I answer not a word;
All my friends desert and fail me,
Only thou my cry hast heard.

Lord, in thee am I confiding;
Thou wilt answer when I call,
Lest my foes, the good deriding,
Triumph in thy servant's fall.

Lord, my God, do not forsake me,
Let me know that thou art near,
Under thy protection take me,
As my Saviour now appear.

#409

Before thee, God, who knowest all,
With grief and shame I prostrate fall.
I see my sins against thee, Lord,
The sins of thought, of deed, and word.
They press me sore: I cry to thee:
O God, be merciful to me!

O Lord, my God, to thee I pray:
O cast me not in wrath away!
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
But let him draw to thee my heart
That truly penitent I be:
O God, be merciful to me!

O Jesus, let thy precious blood
Be to my soul a cleansing flood.
Turn not, O Lord, thy guest away,
But grant that justified I may
Go to my house at peace with thee:
O God, be merciful to me!

#410

Take me, O my Father, take me;
Take me, save me, through thy Son;
That which thou wouldst have me, make me,
Let thy will in me be done.
Long from thee my footsteps straying,
Thorny proved the way I trod;
Weary come I now, and praying,
Take me to thy love, my God.

Fruitless years with grief recalling,
Humbly I confess my sin;
At thy feet, O Father, falling,
To thy household take me in.
Freely now to thee I proffer
This relenting heart of mine;
Freely life and soul I offer,
Gift unworthy love like thine.

Once the world's Redeemer, dying,
Bore our sins upon the tree;
On that sacrifice relying,
Now I look in hope to thee:
Father, take me; all forgiving,
Fold me to thy loving breast;
In thy love for ever living
I must be for ever blest.

#411

No, not despairingly
Come I to thee;
No, not distrustingly
Bend I the knee:
Sin hath gone over me,
Yet is this still my plea,
Jesus hath died.

Lord, I confess to thee
Sadly my sin;
All am tell I thee,
All I have been:
Purge thou my sin away,
Wash thou my soul this day;
Lord, make my clean.

Faithful and just art thou,
Forgiving all;
Loving and kind art thou
When poor ones call:
Lord, let the cleansing blood,
Blood of the Lamb of God,
Pass o'er my soul.

Then all is peace and light
This soul within;
Thus shall I walk with thee,
The loved Unseen;
Leaning on thee, my God,
Guided along the road,
Nothing between.

#412

Out of the deep I call
To thee, O Lord, to thee.
Before thy throne of grace I fall;
Be merciful to me.

Out of the deep I cry,
The woeful deep of sin,
Of evil done in days gone by,
Of evil now within;

Out of the deep of fear
And dread of coming shame;
All night till morning watch is near
I plead the precious Name.

Lord, there is mercy now,
As ever was, with thee.
Before thy throne of grace I bow;
Be merciful to me.

#413

From Psalm 51

O thou that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Not hide thy presence from my heart.

I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banished from thy sight;
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me, that I fall no more.

A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just:
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.

#414

O Jesus, thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
Shame on us, Christian brothers,
His Name and sign who bear,
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep him standing there!

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!

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.

#415

From Psalm 51:1-15

God, be merciful to me,
On thy grace I rest my plea;
Plenteous in compassion thou,
Blot out my transgressions now;
Wash me, make me pure within,
Cleanse, O cleanse me from my sin.

My transgressions I confess,
Grief and guilt my soul oppress;
I have sinned against thy grace
And provoked thee to thy face;
I confess thy judgment just,
Speechless, I thy mercy trust.

I am evil, born in sin;
Thou desirest truth within.
Thou alone my Saviour art,
Teach thy wisdom to my heart;
Make me pure, thy grace bestow,
Wash me whiter than the snow.

Broken, humbled to the dust
By thy wrath and judgment just,
Let my contrite heart rejoice
And in gladness hear thy voice;
From my sins O hide thy face,
Blot them out in boundless grace.

Gracious God, my heart renew,
Make my spirit right and true;
Cast me not away from thee,
Let thy Spirit dwell in me;
Thy salvation's joy impart,
Steadfast make my willing heart.

Sinners then shall learn from me
And return, O God, to thee;
Saviour, all my guilt remove,
And my tongue shall sing thy love;
Touch my silent lips, O Lord,
And my mouth shall praise accord.

#416

With broken heart and contrite sigh,
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry;
Thy pard'ning grace is rich and free:
O God, be merciful to me.

I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed,
Christ and his cross my only plea:
O God, be merciful to me.

Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But thou dost all my anguish see:
O God, be merciful to me.

No alms nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee:
O God, be merciful to me.

And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell
My raptured song shall ever be,
"God has been merciful to me."

#417

From Psalm 79:8-13

Remember not, O God,
The sins of long ago;
In tender mercy visit us,
Distressed and humbled low.

O Lord, our Saviour, help,
And glorify thy Name;
Deliver us from all our sins
And take away our shame.

In thy compassion hear
Thy pris'ners' plaintive sigh,
And in the greatness of thy pow'r
Save those about to die.

Then, safe within thy fold
We will exalt thy Name;
Out thankful hearts with songs of joy
Thy goodness will proclaim.

#418

We have not known thee as we ought,
Nor learned thy wisdom, grace and pow'r;
The things of earth have filled our thought,
And trifles of the passing hour.
Lord, give us light thy truth to see,
And make us wise in knowing thee.

We have not feared thee as we ought,
Nor bowed beneath thine awful eye,
Nor guarded deed, and word, and thought,
Remembering that God was nigh.
Lord, give us faith to know thee near,
And grant the grace of holy fear.

We have not loved thee as we ought,
Nor cared that we are loved by thee;
Thy presence we have coldly sought,
And feebly longed thy face to see.
Lord, give a pure and loving heart
To feel and own the love thou art.

We have not served thee as we ought;
Alas! the duties left undone,
The work with little fervor wrought,
The battles lost, or scarcely won!
Lord, give the zeal, and give the might,
For thee to toil, for thee to fight.

When shall we know thee as we ought,
And fear, and love, and serve aright!
When shall we, out of trial brought,
Be perfect in the land of light!
Lord, may we day by day prepare
To see thy face, and serve thee there.

#419

I need thee, precious Jesus,
For I am full of sin;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within.
I need the cleansing fountain
Where I can always flee,
The blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea.

I need thee, precious Jesus,
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store.
I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

I need thee, precious Jesus,
And hope to see thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow
And seated on thy throne.
There, with thy blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be,
To sing my Jesus' praises,
To gaze, O Lord, on thee.

#420

Blessed Lord, in thee is refuge,
Safety for my trembling soul:
Pow'r to lift my head when drooping
'Midst the angry billow's roll.
I will trust thee,
I will trust thee,
I will trust thee,
All my life thou shalt control.

In the past, too, unbelieving,
'Midst the tempest I have been,
And my heart has slowly trusted
What my eyes have never seen.
Blessed Jesus,
Blessed Jesus,
Blessed Jesus,
Teach me on thine arm to lean.

O, for trust that brings the triumph
When defeat seems strangely near;
O, for faith that changes fighting
Into vict'ry's ringing cheer!
Faith triumphant,
Faith triumphant,
Faith triumphant,
Knowing not defeat or fear.

#421

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 pow'r.

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

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress,
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine 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.

#422

As when the Hebrew prophet raised
The brazen serpent high,
The wounded looked, and straight were cured,
The people ceased to die;

So from the Saviour on the cross
A healing virtue flows;
Who looks to him with lively faith
Is saved from endless woes.

For God gave up his Son to death,
So gen'rous was his love,
That all the faithful might enjoy
Eternal life above.

Not to condemn the sons of men
The Son of God appeared;
No weapons in his hand are seen,
Nor voice of terror heard:

He came to raise our fallen state,
And our lost hopes restore;
Faith leads us to the mercy seat,
And bids us fear no more.

#423

Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

Thy promise is my only plea;
With this I venture nigh:
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

Be thou my shield and hiding place,
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, thou hast died.

O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious Name!

#424

I am trusting thee, Lord Jesus
Trusting only thee:
Trusting thee for full salvation,
Great and free.

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

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

I am trusting thee to guide me;
Thou alone shalt lead,
Ev'ry day and hour supplying
All my need.

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

#425

Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days!

Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light Divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

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

Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heav'n depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his Name.

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

Till then--nor is my boasting vain--
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

#426

Thou hidden source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient love divine,
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am, if thou art mine:
And lo! from sin, and grief and shame
I hide me, Jesus, in thy Name.

Thy mighty Name salvation is,
And keeps my happy soul above;
Comfort it brings, and pow'r, and peace,
And joy, and everlasting love:
To me, with thy dear Name are giv'n
Pardon and holiness and heav'n.

Jesus, my all in all thou art;
My rest in toil, my ease in pain,
The medicine of my broken heart,
In war my peace, in loss my gain,
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown,
In shame my glory and my crown:

In want my plentiful supply,
In weakness my almighty pow'r,
In bonds my perfect liberty,
My light in Satan's darkest hour,
My help and stay whene'er I call,
My life in death, my heav'n, my all.

#427

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

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

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy Name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

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.

#428

Lord, I believe; thy pow'r I own,
Thy Word I would obey;
I wander comfortless and lone
When from thy truth I stray.

Lord, I believe; but gloomy fears
Sometimes bedim my sight;
I look to thee with pray'rs and tears,
And cry for strength and light.

Lord, I believe; but thou dost know
My faith is cold and weak;
Pity my frailty and bestow
The confidence I seek.

Yes, I believe; and only thou
Canst give my soul relief:
Lord, to thy truth my spirit bow;
Help thou mine unbelief.

#429

I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honor of his Word,
The glory of his cross.

Jesus, my God! I know his Name,
His Name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands
Till the decisive hour.

Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

#430

I lay my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load:
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in his blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fullness dwells in him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem:
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on his breast recline.
I love the Name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes
His Name abroad is poured.

I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy Child;
I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heav'nly throng,
To sing with saints his praises,
To learn the angels' song.

#431

Just as I am, without 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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

Just as I am! thy love unknown
Has broken ev'ry barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

#432

Jesus! what a Friend for sinners!
Jesus! Lover of my soul;
Friends may fail me, foes assail me,
He, my Saviour, makes me whole.

Hallelujah! what a Saviour!
Hallelujah, what a Friend!
Saving, helping, keeping, loving,
He is with me to the end.

Jesus! what a strength in weakness!
Let me hide myself in him;
Tempted, tried, and sometimes failing,
He, my strength, my vict'ry wins.

Jesus! what a help in sorrow!
While the billows o'er me roll,
Even when my heart is breaking,
He, my comfort, helps my soul.

Jesus! what a guide and keeper!
While the tempest still is high,
Storms about me, night o'ertakes me,
He, my pilot, hears my cry.

Jesus! I do now receive him,
More than all in him I find,
He hath granted me forgiveness,
I am his, and he is mine.

#433

I've found a Friend, O such a Friend!
He love me ere I knew him;
He drew me with the cords of love,
And thus he bound me to him;
And round my heart still closely twine
Those ties which nought can sever,
For I am his, and he is mine,
For ever and for ever.

I've found a Friend, O such a Friend!
He bled, he died to save me;
And not alone the gift of life,
But his own self he gave me!
Nought that I have mine own I'll call,
I'll hold it for the Giver,
My heart, my strength, my life, my all
Are his, and his for ever.

I've found a Friend, O such a Friend!
All pow'r to him is given,
To guard me on my onward course,
And bring me safe to heaven:
Eternal glory gleams afar,
To nerve my faint endeavor:
So now to watch, to work, to war;
And then to rest for ever.

I've found a Friend, O such a Friend!
So kind and true and tender,
So wise a Counselor and Guide,
So mighty a Defender!
From him who loves me now so well
What pow'r my soul can sever?
Shall life or death, shall earth or hell?
No! I am his for ever.

#434

How lovely shines the Morning Star!
The nations see and hail afar
The light in Judah shining.
Thou David's Son of Jacob's race,
My Bridegroom and my King of Grace,
For thee my heart is pining.
Lowly, holy,
Great and glorious,
Thou victorious
Prince of graces,
Filling all the heav'nly places.

Now richly to my waiting heart,
O thou, my God, deign to impart
The grace of love undying.
In thy blest body let me be,
E'en as the branch is in the tree,
Thy life my life supplying.
Sighing, crying,
For the savor
Of thy favor
Resting never
Till I rest in thee for ever.

Thou, mighty Father, in thy Son
Didst love me ere thou hadst begun
This ancient world's foundation.
Thy Son hath made a friend of me,
And when in spirit him I see,
I joy in tribulation.
What bliss
Is this!
He that liveth
To me giveth
Life forever;
Nothing me from him can sever.

#435

What, ye ask me, is my prize?
What the secret to be wise?
What the wealth I value most?
What the Name wherein I boast?
Jesus, Jesus,
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

Who the ground of my belief?
Who from guilt doth give relief?
Who my ransom once hath been?
Who forgiveth all my sin?
Jesus, Jesus,
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

Who doth comfort me in woe?
Who protect me from my foe?
Who revives my fainting soul?
Who doth heal and make me whole?
Jesus, Jesus,
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

Who by death hath conquered death?
Who receives my parting breath?
Who can grant me endless rest?
Who enrolls me 'mid the blest?
Jesus, Jesus,
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

#436

O mystery of love divine
That thought and thanks o'erpow'rs!
Lord Jesus, was our portion thine,
And is thy portion ours?

Didst thou fulfil each righteous deed,
God's perfect will express,
That we th'unfaithful ones might plead
Thy perfect faithfulness?

For thee the Father's hidden face?
For thee the bitter cry?
For us the Father's endless grace,
The song of victory?

Our load of sin and misery
Didst thou, the Sinless, bear?
Thy spotless robe of purity
Do we the sinners wear?

Thou, who our very place didst take,
Dwell in our very heart:
Thou, who thy portion ours dost make,
Thyself, thyself impart.

#437

Christ, of all my hopes the ground,
Christ, the spring of all my joy,
Still in thee may I be found,
Still for thee my pow'rs employ.

Let thy love my heart inflame;
Keep thy fear before my sight;
Be thy praise my highest aim;
Be thy smile my chief delight.

Fountain of o'erflowing grace,
Freely from thy fullness give;
Till I close my earthly race,
May I prove it "Christ to live."

Firmly trusting in thy blood,
Nothing shall my heart confound;
Safely I shall pass the flood,
Safely reach Immanuel's ground.

Thus, O thus, an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky;
Having known it "Christ to live,"
Let me know it "gain to die."

#438

Jesus, I live to thee,
The loveliest and best;
My life in thee, thy life in me,
In thy blest love I rest.

Jesus, I die to thee,
Whenever death shall come;
To die in thee is life to me
In my eternal home.

Whether to live or die,
I know not which is best;
To live in thee is bliss to me,
To die is endless rest.

Living or dying, Lord,
I ask but to be thine;
My life in thee, thy life in me,
Makes heav'n for ever mine.

#439

Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

Bold shall I stand in thy great day;
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies,
Ev'n then this shall be all my plea,
Jesus hath lived, hath died, for me.

Jesus, be endless praise to thee,
Whose boundless mercy hath for me--
For me a full atonement made,
An everlasting ransom paid.

O let the dead now hear thy voice;
Now bid thy banished ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, thy blood and righteousness.

#440

Fountain of never-ceasing grace,
Thy saints' exhaustless theme,
Great object of immortal praise,
Essentially supreme;
We bless thee for the glorious fruits
Thine incarnation gives;
The righteousness which grace imputes,
And faith alone receives.

In thee we have a righteousness
By God himself approved;
Our rock, our sure foundation this,
Which never can be moved.
Our ransom by thy death was paid,
For all thy people giv'n,
The law thou perfectly obeyed,
That they might enter heav'n.

As all, when Adam sinned alone,
In his transgression died,
So by the righteousness of one
Are sinners justified;
We to thy merit, gracious Lord,
With humblest joy submit,
Again to Paradise restored,
In thee alone complete.

#441

Thy works, not mine, O Christ,
Speak gladness to this heart;
They tell me all is done;
They bid my fear depart.

To whom, save thee,
Who canst alone
For sin atone,
Lord, shall I flee?

Thy pains, not mine, O Christ,
Upon the shameful tree,
Have paid the law's full price
And purchased peace for me.

Thy cross, not mine, O Christ,
Has borne the awful load
Of sins that none in heav'n
Or earth could bear but God.

Thy righteousness, O Christ,
Alone can cover me:
No righteousness avails
Save that which is of thee.

#442

Behold th' amazing gift of love
The Father hath bestowed
On us, the sinful sons of men,
To call us sons of God!

Concealed as yet this honor lies,
By this dark world unknown,
A world that knew not when he came,
E'en God's eternal Son.

High is the rank we now possess;
But higher we shall rise;
Though what we shall hereafter be
Is hid from mortal eyes:

Our souls, we know, when God appears,
Shall bear his image bright;
For then his glory, as he is,
Shall open to our sight.

#443

Blessed are the sons of God,
They are bought with Christ's own blood;
They are ransomed from the grave,
Life eternal they shall have:

With them numbered may we be,
Here and in eternity.

They are justified by grace,
They enjoy the Saviour's peace;
All their sins are washed away,
They shall stand in God's great day:

They are lights upon the earth,
Children of a heav'nly birth;
One with God, with Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun:

#444

Father, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
The changes that are sure to come,
I do not fear to see:
I ask thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing thee.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

I ask thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at thy side,
Content to fill a little space,
If thou be glorified.

In service which thy will appoints
There are no bonds for me;
My secret heart is taught the truth
That makes thy children free;
A life of self-renouncing love
Is one of liberty.

#445

From Psalm 15

Lord, who shall come to thee,
And stand before thy face?
Who shall abide, a welcome guest,
Within thy holy place?

The man of upright life,
Sincere in word and deed,
Who slanders neither friend nor foe,
No idle tales will heed.

Who honors godly men,
But scorns the false and vile,
Who keeps his promised word to all,
Though loss be his the while.

Who loves not usury,
Nor takes a base reward;
Unmoved for ever he shall be,
And stand before the Lord.

#446

From Psalm 1

That man is blest who, fearing God,
From sin restrains his feet,
Who will not stand with wicked men,
Who shuns the scorners' seat.

Yea, blest is he who makes God's law
His portion and delight,
And meditates upon that law
With gladness day and night.

That man is nourished like a tree
Set by the rivers' side;
Its leaf is green, its fruit is sure,
And thus his works abide.

The wicked like the driven chaff
Are swept from off the land;
They shall not gather with the just,
Nor in the judgment stand.

The Lord will guard the righteous well,
Their way to him is known;
The way of sinners, far from God,
Shall surely be o'erthrown.

#447

From Psalm 119

Blest are the undefiled in heart,
Whose ways are right and clean,
Who never from the law depart,
But fly from ev'ry sin.

Blest are the men who keep thy Word
And practice thy commands;
With their whole heart they seek the Lord,
And serve thee with their hands.

Great is their peace who love thy law;
How firm their souls abide!
Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their steady feet aside.

Then shall my heart have inward joy,
And keep my face from shame,
When all thy statutes I obey,
And honor all thy Name.

#448

From Psalm 19:7-14

Jehovah's perfect law
Restores the soul again;
His testimony sure
Gives wisdom unto men;
The precepts of the Lord are right,
And fill the heart with great delight.

The Lord's commands are pure,
They light and joy restore;
Jehovah's fear is clean,
Enduring evermore;
His statutes, let the world confess,
Are wholly truth and righteousness.

They are to be desired
Above the finest gold;
Than honey from the comb
More sweetness far they hold;
With warnings they thy servant guard,
In keeping them is great reward.

His errors who can know?
Cleanse me from hidden stain;
Keep me from wilful sins,
Nor let them o'er me reign;
And then I upright shall appear
And be from great transgressions clear.

When thou dost search my life,
May all my thoughts within
And all the words I speak
Thy full approval win.
O Lord, thou art a Rock to me,
And my Redeemer thou shalt be.

#449

The law of God is good and wise
And sets his will before our eyes,
Shows us the way of righteousness,
And dooms to death when we transgress.

Its light of holiness imparts
The knowledge of our sinful hearts
That we may see our lost estate
And seek deliv'rance ere too late.

To those who help in Christ have found
And would in works of love abound
It shows what deeds are his delight
And should be done as good and right.

When men the offered help disdain
And wilfully in sin remain,
Its terror in their ear resounds
And keeps their wickedness in bounds.

The law is good; but since the fall
Its holiness condemns us all;
It dooms us for our sin to die
And has no pow'r to justify.

To Jesus we for refuge flee,
Who from the curse has set us free,
And humbly worship at his throne,
Saved by his grace through faith alone.

#450

From Psalm 19:7-11 and Psalm 119:97

Most perfect is the law of God,
Restoring those that stray;
His testimony is most sure,
Proclaiming wisdom's way.

O how love I thy law! O how love I thy law!
It is my meditation all the day.
O how love I thy law! O how love I thy law!
It is my meditation all the day.

The precepts of the Lord are right;
With joy they fill the heart;
The Lord's commandments all are pure,
And clearest light impart.

The fear of God is undefiled
And ever shall endure;
The statutes of the Lord are truth
And righteousness most pure.

They warn from ways of wickedness
Displeasing to the Lord,
And in the keeping of his Word
There is a great reward.

#451

From Psalm 119:33-40

Teach me, O Lord, thy way of truth,
And from it I will not depart;
That I may steadfastly obey,
Give me an understanding heart.

In thy commandments make me walk,
For in thy law my joy shall be;
Give me a heart that loves thy will,
From discontent and envy free.

Turn thou mine eyes from vanity,
And cause me in thy ways to tread;
O let thy servant prove thy Word
And thus to godly fear be led.

Turn thou away reproach and fear;
Thy righteous judgments I confess;
To know thy precepts I desire;
Revive me in thy righteousness.

#452

Saviour, blessed Saviour,
Listen while we sing;
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King:
All we have we offer,
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to thee.

Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ we draw to thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee;
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die;
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

Great and ever greater,
Are thy mercies here;
True and everlasting
Are the glories there,
Where no pain nor sorrow,
Fear nor care, is known,
Where the angel legions
Circle round thy throne.

Higher then, and higher,
Bear the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgotten,
Saviour, to its goal;
Where, in joys unthought of,
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary, raising
Praises to their King.

#453

O the deep, deep love of Jesus!
Vast, unmeasured, boundless, free;
Rolling as a mighty ocean
In its fullness over me.
Underneath me, all around me,
Is the current of thy love;
Leading onward, leading homeward,
To thy glorious rest above.

O the deep, deep love of Jesus!
Spread his praise from shore to shore;
How he loveth, ever loveth,
Changeth never, nevermore;
How he watches o'er his loved ones,
Died to call them all his own;
How for them he intercedeth,
Watcheth o'er them from the throne.

O the deep, deep love of Jesus!
Love of ev'ry love the best:
'Tis an ocean vast of blessing,
'Tis a haven sweet of rest.
O the deep, deep love of Jesus!
'Tis a heav'n of heav'ns to me;
And it lifts me up to glory,
For it lifts me up to thee.

#454

My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour Divine;
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

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.

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

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.

#455

Searcher of hearts, from mine erase,
All thoughts that should not be,
And in its deep recesses trace
My gratitude to thee.

Hearer of prayer, O guide aright
Each word and deed of mine;
Life's battle teach me how to fight,
And be the vict'ry thine.

Giver of all--for ev'ry good
In the Redeemer came--
For raiment, shelter, and for food,
I thank thee in his Name.

Father and Son and Holy Ghost,
Thou glorious Three in One,
Thou knowest best what I need most,
And let thy will be done.

#456

Teach me, O Lord, thy holy way
And give me an obedient mind;
That in thy service I may find
My soul's delight from day to day.

Guide me, O Saviour, with thy hand,
And so control my thoughts and deeds,
That I may tread the path which leads
Right onward to the blessed land.

Help me, O Saviour, here to trace
The sacred footsteps thou hast trod;
And, meekly walking with my God,
To grow in goodness, truth, and grace.

Guard me, O Lord, that I may ne'er
Forsake the right, or do the wrong:
Against temptation make me strong,
And round me spread thy shelt'ring care.

Bless me in ev'ry task, O Lord,
Begun, continued, done for thee:
Fulfil thy perfect work in me;
And thine abounding grace afford.

#457

O thou from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord, remember me.

When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart:
Good Lord, remember me.

When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
O let my strength be as my day:
Good Lord, remember me.

If, for thy sake, upon my name
Shame and reproach shall be,
All hail reproach, and welcome shame!
Good Lord, remember me.

If worn with pain, disease, or grief,
This feeble frame should be,
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief:
Good Lord, remember me.

When, in the solemn hour of death,
I wait thy just decree,
Be this the pray'r of my last breath:
Good Lord, remember me.

#458

For ever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope and all my plea,
"For me the Saviour died."

My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

The atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

I do believe, I now believe,
That Jesus died for me;
And through his blood, His precious blood,
I shall from sin be free.

#459

Jesus, merciful and mild,
Lead me as a helpless child:
On no other arm but thine
Would my weary soul recline.
Thou art ready to forgive,
Thou canst bid the sinner live;
Guide the wand'rer, day by day,
In the strait and narrow way.

Thou canst fit me by thy grace
For the heav'nly dwelling-place;
All thy promises are sure,
Ever shall thy love endure;
Then what more could I desire,
How to greater bliss aspire?
All I need, in thee I see;
Thou art all in all to me.

Jesus, Saviour all Divine,
Hast thou made me truly thine?
Hast thou bought me by thy blood?
Reconciled my heart to God?
Hearken to my tender prayer,
Let me thine own image bear,
Let me love thee more and more
Till I reach heav'n's blissful shore.

#460

Love Divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heav'n, to earth come down:
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter ev'ry trembling heart.

Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into ev'ry 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.

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.

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 heav'n we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

#461

From depths of woe I raise to thee
The voice of lamentation;
Lord, turn a gracious ear to me
And hear my supplication:
If thou iniquities dost mark,
Our secret sins and misdeeds dark,
O who shall stand before thee?

To wash away the crimson stain,
Grace, grace alone availeth;
Our works, alas! are all in vain;
In much the best life faileth:
No man can glory in thy sight,
All must alike confess thy might,
And live alone by mercy.

Therefore my trust is in the Lord,
And not in mine own merit;
On him my soul shall rest, his Word
Upholds my fainting spirit:
His promised mercy is my fort,
My comfort and my sweet support;
I wait for it with patience.

What though I wait the livelong night,
And till the dawn appeareth,
My heart still trusteth in his might;
It doubteth not nor feareth:
Do thus, O ye of Israel's seed,
Ye of the Spirit born indeed;
And wait till God appeareth.

Though great our sins and sore our woes
His grace much more aboundeth;
His helping love no limit knows,
Our utmost need it soundeth.
Our Shepherd good and true is he,
Who will at last his Israel free
From all their sin and sorrow.

#462

From Psalm 32

How blest is he whose trespass
Has freely been forgiv'n,
Whose sin is wholly covered
Before the sight of heav'n.
Blest he to whom Jehovah
Will not impute his sin.
Who has a guileless spirit,
Whose heart is true within.

While I kept guilty silence
My strength was spent with grief,
Thy hand was heavy on me,
My soul found no relief;
But when I owned my trespass,
My sin hid not from thee,
When I confessed transgression,
Then thou forgavest me.

So let the godly seek thee
In times when thou art near;
No whelming floods shall reach them,
Nor cause their hearts to fear.
In thee, O Lord, I hide me,
Thou savest me from ill,
And songs of thy salvation
My heart with rapture thrill.

I graciously will teach thee
The way that thou shalt go,
And with mine eye upon thee
My counsel make thee know.
But be ye not unruly,
Or slow to understand,
Be not perverse, but willing
To heed my wise command.

The sorrows of the wicked
In number shall abound,
But those that trust Jehovah,
His mercy shall surround.
Then in the Lord be joyful,
In song lift up your voice;
Be glad in God, ye righteous,
Rejoice, ye saints, rejoice.

#463

From Psalm 130

From out the depths I cry, O Lord, to thee;
Lord, hear my call.
I love thee, Lord, for thou dost heed my plea,
Forgiving all.
If thou dost mark our sins, who then shall stand?
But grace and mercy dwell at thy right hand.

I wait for God, the Lord, and on his Word
My hope relies;
My soul still waits and looks unto the Lord
Till light arise.
I look for him to drive away my night,
Yea, more than watchmen look for morning light.

Hope in the Lord, ye waiting saints, and he
Will well provide;
For mercy and redemption full and free
With him abide.
From sin and evil, mighty though they seem,
His arm almighty will his saints redeem.

#464

My sins, my sins, my Saviour!
They take such hold on me,
I am not able to look up,
Save only, Christ, on thee;
In thee is all forgiveness,
In thee abundant grace,
My shadow and my sunshine
The brightness of thy face.

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 pray'r,
And saw the sweat-drops bloody
That told thy sorrow there.

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

#465

"Though your sins be as scarlet,
They shall be as white as snow;
Though your sins be as scarlet,
They shall be as white as snow;
Though they be red like crimson,
They shall be as wool.
Though your sins be as scarlet,
They shall be as white as snow."

Hear the voice that entreats you,
O return ye unto God!
Hear the voice that entreats you,
O return ye unto God!
He is great compassion,
And of wondrous love.
Hear the voice that entreats you,
O return ye unto God!

He'll forgive your transgressions,
And remember them no more:
He'll forgive your transgressions,
And remember them no more:
"Look unto me, ye people,"
Saith the Lord your God.
He'll forgive your transgressions,
And remember them no more.

#466

God of pity, God of grace,
When we humbly seek thy face,
Bend from heav'n, thy dwelling-place;
Hear, forgive, and save.

When we in thy temple meet,
Spread our wants before thy feet,
Pleading at thy mercy-seat,
Look from heav'n and save.

When thy love our hearts shall fill,
And we long to do thy will,
Turning to thy holy hill,
Lord, accept and save.

Should we wander from thy fold,
And our love to thee grow cold,
With a pitying eye behold;
Lord, forgive and save.

Should the hand of sorrow press,
Earthly care and want distress,
May our souls thy peace possess;
Jesus, hear and save.

And, whate'er our cry may be,
When we lift our hearts to thee,
From our burden set us free;
Hear, forgive, and save.

#467

Weary of earth, and laden with my sin,
I look at heav'n and long to enter in;
But there no evil thing may find a home;
And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."

So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.

The while I fain would tread the heav'nly way,
Evil is ever with me day by day;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."

It is the voice of Jesus that I hear;
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And his the blood that can for all atone
And set me faultless there before the throne.

O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
That in the Father's courts my glorious dress
May be the garment of thy righteousness.

Yea, thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord;
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown;
Mine the life won, and thine the life laid down.

#468

O God of truth, whose living Word
Upholds whate'er hath breath,
Look down on thy creation, Lord,
Enslaved by sin and death,

Set up thy standard, Lord, that we
Who claim a heav'nly birth,
May march with thee to smite the lies
That vex thy groaning earth.

Ah! would we join that blest array,
And follow in the might
Of him, the Faithful and the True,
In raiment clean and white!

Then, God of truth for whom we long,
Thou who wilt hear our pray'r,
Do thine own battle in our hearts,
And slay the falsehood there.

#469

From Psalm 3

O Lord, how are my foes increased!
Against me many rise;
How many say, "In vain for help
He on his God relies."

Thou art my shield and glory Lord,
My Saviour, O Most High.
The Lord from out his holy hill
Gives answer when I cry.

I laid me down and slept, I waked,
Because the Lord sustains;
Though many thousands compass me,
Unmoved my soul remains.

Arise, O Lord; save me, my God;
For thou hast owned my cause,
And oft hast beaten down my foes
Who scorn thy righteous laws.

Salvation to the Lord belongs;
In him his saints are blest;
O let thy blessing evermore
Upon thy people rest.

#470

Fear not, O little flock, the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow;
Dread not his rage and pow'r:
What though your courage sometimes faints,
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints
Lasts but a little hour.

Be of good cheer; your cause belongs
To him who can avenge your wrongs;
Leave it to him, our Lord:
Though hidden yet from all our eyes,
He sees the Gideon who shall rise
To save us and his Word.

As true as God's own Word is true,
Nor earth nor hell with all their crew
Against us shall prevail.
A jest and byword are they grown;
God is with us, we are his own;
Our vict'ry cannot fail.

Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our pray'r;
Great Captain, now thine arm make bare,
Fight for us once again;
So shall thy saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to thy praise,
World without end. Amen.

#471

Christian, seek not yet repose,
Cast thy dreams of ease away;
Thou art in the midst of foes:
Watch and pray.

Principalities and pow'rs,
Must'ring their unseen array,
Wait for thine unguarded hours:
Watch and pray.

Gird thy heav'nly armor on,
Wear it ever, night and day;
Ambushed lies the evil one:
Watch and pray.

Hear the victors who o'ercame:
Still they mark each warrior's way;
All with one sweet voice exclaim,
"Watch and pray."

Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart his word,
"Watch and pray."

Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray, that help may be sent down:
Watch and pray.

#472

Jesus, Lord of life and glory,
Bend from heav'n thy gracious ear;
While our waiting souls adore thee,
Friend of helpless sinners, hear:

By thy mercy, O deliver us, good Lord.

From the depth of nature's blindness,
From the hard'ning pow'r of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within,

When temptation sorely presses,
In the day of Satan's pow'r,
In our times of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour,

When the world around is smiling,
In the time of wealth and ease,
Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,
In the day of health and peace,

In our weary hours of sickness,
In our times of grief and pain,
When we feel our mortal weakness,
When the creature's help is vain,

In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful judgment day,
May our souls, on thee relying,
Find thee still our Rock and Stay:

#473

Lord of our life, and God of our salvation,
Star of our night, and hope of ev'ry nation,
Hear and receive thy church's supplication,
Lord God Almighty.

See round thine ark the hungry billows curling,
See how thy foes their banners are unfurling;
Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,
Thou canst preserve us.

Lord, thou canst help when earthly armor faileth;
Lord, thou canst save when sin itself assaileth;
Christ, o'er thy Rock nor death nor hell prevailleth:
Grant us thy peace, Lord:

Peace in our hearts, our evil thoughts assuaging,
Peace in thy church, where brothers are engaging,
Peace, when the world its busy war is waging:
Calm thy foes' raging.

Grant us thy help till backward they are driven;
Grant them thy truth, that they may be forgiven;
Grant peace on earth, or, after we have striven,
Peace in thy heaven.

#474

From Psalm 14:2-7

From heav'n the Lord with searching eye
Looked down the sons of men to try,
To see if any understood
And sought for God, the only good.

From righteousness they all depart,
Corrupt are all, and vile in heart;
Yea, ev'ry man has evil done;
Not one does good, not even one.

Has knowledge with the wicked failed,
That they my people have assailed,
That they delight in works of shame,
And call not on Jehovah's Name?

Thy lowly servant they despise,
Because he on the Lord relies;
But they shall tremble yet in fear,
For to the righteous God is near.

O that from Zion his abode
Salvation were on us bestowed!
When God his exiles shall restore,
They shall in song his grace adore.

#475

In the hour of trial,
Jesus, plead for me;
Lest by base denial
I depart from thee;
When thou seest me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor for fear or favor
Suffer me to fall.

With its witching 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.

If with sore affliction
Thou in love chastise,
Pour thy benediction
On the sacrifice;
Then, upon thine altar
Freely offered up,
Though the flesh may falter,
Faith shall drink the cup.

When in dust and ashes
To the grave I sink,
While heav'n's glory flashes
O'er the shelving brink,
On thy truth relying
Through that mortal strife,
Lord, receive me, dying,
To eternal life.

#476

Rise, my soul, to watch and pray,
From thy sleep awaken;
Be not by the evil day
Unawares o'ertaken.
For the foe,
Well we know,
Oft his harvest reapeth
While the Christian sleepeth.

Watch against the devil's snares
Lest asleep he find thee;
For indeed no pains he spares
To deceive and blind thee.
Satan's prey
Oft are they
Who secure are sleeping
And no watch are keeping.

Watch! Let not the wicked world
With its pow'r defeat thee.
Watch lest with her pomp unfurled
She betray and cheat thee.
Watch and see
Lest there be
Faithless friends to charm thee,
Who but seek to harm thee.

Watch against thyself, my soul,
Lest with grace thou trifle;
Let not self thy thoughts control
Nor God's mercy stifle.
Pride and sin
Lurk within
All thy hopes to scatter;
Heed not when they flatter.

But while watching, also pray
To the Lord unceasing.
He will free thee, be thy stay,
Strength and faith increasing.
O Lord, bless
In distress
And let nothing swerve me
From the will to serve thee.

#477

Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From vict'ry unto vict'ry
His army he shall lead,
Till ev'ry foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

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

Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with pray'r;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

#478

Stand up, my soul; shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Captain Saviour's gone.

Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes:
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heav'nly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glitt'ring robes for conqu'rors wait.

There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

#479

Oft in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go,
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the Bread of Life.

Onward, Christians, onward go,
Join the war, and face the foe;
Faint not, much doth yet remain;
Dreary is the long campaign.

Shrink not, Christians: will ye yield?
Will ye quit the painful field?
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's pow'r?

Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heav'nly armor clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Vict'ry soon shall tune your song.

Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall ev'ry tear be dry;
Let not woe your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

Onward then to battle move;
More than conqu'rors ye shall prove:
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

#480

Awake, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

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

'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

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

Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with vict'ry, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

#481

Am I a soldier of the cross,
A foll'wer of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his Name?

Must I be carried to the skies
On flow'ry beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

Sure I must fight if I would reign:
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy Word.

Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

#482

Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his Eternal Son.

Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty pow'r,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;
Take ev'ry virtue, ev'ry grace,
And fortify the whole.

To keep your armor bright,
Attend with constant care;
Still walking in your Captain's sight,
And watching unto prayer.

From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle and fight and pray;
Tread all the pow'rs of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

#483

Christian, dost thou see them
On the holy ground,
How the pow'rs of darkness
Rage thy steps around?
Christian, up and smite them,
Counting gain but loss,
In the strength that cometh
By the holy cross.

Christian, dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin?
Christian, never tremble;
Never be downcast;
Gird thee for the battle,
Watch and pray and fast.

Christian, dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
Christian, answer boldly,
"While I breathe I pray!"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

Hear the words of Jesus:
"O my servant true:
Thou art very weary,
I was weary too;
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all mine own,
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near my throne."

#484

Fight the good fight with all thy might;
Christ is thy Strength and Christ thy Right:
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

Run the straight race through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek his face;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the Path and Christ the Prize.

Cast care aside; upon thy Guide
Lean, and his mercy will provide;
Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove,
Christ is its Life and Christ its Love.

Faint not, nor fear, his arms are near;
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

#485

Soldiers who to Christ belong,
Trust ye in his Word, be strong;
For his promises are sure,
His rewards for aye endure.

His no crowns that pass away,
His no palm that sees decay,
His the joy that shall not fade,
His the light that knows no shade;

His the home for spirits blest,
Where he gives them peaceful rest,
For above the starry skies,
In the bliss of Paradise.

Here on earth ye can but clasp
Things that perish in the grasp:
Lift your hearts, then, to the skies;
God himself shall be your prize.

Praise we now with saints at rest
Father, Son and Spirit blest;
For his promises are sure,
His rewards shall aye endure.

#486

When thy soldiers take their swords,
When they speak the solemn words,
When they kneel before thee here,
Feeling thee, their Father, near;
These thy children, Lord, defend;
To their help thy Spirit send.

When the world's sharp strife is nigh,
When they hear the battle-cry,
When they rush into the fight,
Knowing not temptation's might;
These thy children, Lord, defend;
To their zeal thy wisdom lend.

When their hearts are lifted high
With success or victory,
When they feel the conqu'ror's pride;
Lest they grow self-satisfied,
These thy children, Lord, defend;
Teach their souls to thee to bend.

When the vows that they have made,
When the pray'rs that they have prayed,
Shall be fading from their hearts;
When their first warm faith departs;
These thy children, Lord, defend;
Keep them faithful to the end.

Through life's conflict guard us all,
Or if wounded some should fall
Ere the victory be won,
For the sake of Christ, thy Son
These thy children, Lord, defend;
And in death thy comfort lend.

#487

Faith of our fathers! living still
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword;
O how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear God's glorious Word:

Faith of our fathers, holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free;
And blest would be their children's fate
If they, like them, should die for thee:

Faith of our fathers! God's great pow'r
Shall draw all nations unto thee;
And through the truth that comes from God
His people shall indeed be free:

Faith of our fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife,
And preach thee, too, as love knows how
By witness true and virtuous life:

#488

Lead on, O King eternal,
The day of march has come;
Henceforth in fields of conquest
Thy tents shall be our home:
Through days of preparation
Thy grace has made us strong,
And now, O King eternal,
We lift our battle song.

Lead on, O King eternal,
Till sin's fierce war shall cease,
And Holiness shall whisper
The sweet amen of peace;
For not with swords loud clashing,
Nor roll of stirring drums,
But deeds of love and mercy,
The heav'nly kingdom comes.

Lead on, O King eternal,
We follow, not with fears;
For gladness breaks like morning
Where'er thy face appears;
Thy cross is lifted o'er us;
We journey in its light:
The crown awaits the conquest;
Lead on, O God of might.

#489

The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in His train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train.

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

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

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

#490

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before:
Christ the royal Master
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, his banners go.

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before:

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.

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.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise
And that cannot fail.

Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song;
Glory, laud, and honor
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.

#491

Jesus calls us: o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild, restless sea,
Day by day his sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, "Christian, follow me."

As, of old, apostles heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home and toil and kindred,
Leaving all for his dear sake.

Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, "Christian, love me more."

In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still he calls, in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love me more than these."

Jesus calls us: by thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear thy call,
Give our hearts to thine obedience,
Serve and love thee best of all.

#492

Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee.
Take my moments and my days;
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of thy love.
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing,
Always, only, for my King.
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from thee.

Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold
Take my intellect, and use
Ev'ry pow'r as thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it thine;
It shall be no longer mine.
Take my heart, it is thine own;
It shall be thy royal throne.

Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure store.
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee.

#493

Who is on the Lord's side?
Who will serve the King?
Who will be his helpers,
Other lives to bring?
Who will leave the world's side?
Who will face the foe?
Who is on the Lord's side?
Who for him will go?
By thy call of mercy,
By thy grace Divine,

We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are thine.

Not for weight of glory,
Not for crown and palm,
Enter we the army,
Raise the warrior psalm;
But for Love that claimeth
Lives for whom he died:
He whom Jesus nameth
Must be on his side.
By thy love constraining,
By thy grace Divine,

Jesus, thou has bought us,
Not with gold or gem,
But with thine own lifeblood
For thy diadem:
With thy blessing filling
Each who comes to thee,
Thou hast made us willing,
Thou has made us free.
By thy grand redemption,
By thy grace Divine,

Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe,
But the King's own army
None can overthrow:
Round his standard ranging,
Vict'ry is secure;
For his truth unchanging
Makes the triumph sure.
Joyfully enlisting
By thy grace Divine,

#494

Jesus, Master, whose I am,
Purchased thine alone to be
By thy blood, O spotless Lamb,
Shed so willingly for me,
Let my heart be all thine own,
Let me live to thee alone.

Jesus, Master, I am thine:
Keep me faithful, keep me near;
Let thy presence in me shine
All my homeward way to cheer.
Jesus, at thy feet I fall,
O be thou my all in all.

Jesus, Master, whom I serve,
Though so feebly and so ill,
Strengthen hand and heart and nerve
All thy bidding to fulfil.
Open thou mine eyes to see
All the work thou hast for me.

Lord, thou needest not, I know,
Service such as I can bring;
Yet I long to prove and show
Full allegiance to my King.
Thou an honor art to me:
Let me be a praise to thee.

#495

Fill thou my life, O Lord my God,
In ev'ry part with praise,
That my whole being may proclaim
Thy being and thy ways.

Not for the lip of praise alone,
Nor e'en the praising heart,
I ask, but for a life made up
Of praise in ev'ry part;

Praise in the common things of life,
Its goings out and in,
Praise in each duty and each deed,
However small and mean.

Fill ev'ry part of me with praise;
Let all my being speak
Of thee and of thy love, O Lord,
Poor though I be, and weak.

So shalt thou, Lord, from me, e'en me,
Receive the glory due,
And so shall I begin on earth
The song for ever new.

So shall no part of day or night
From sacredness be free:
But all my life, in ev'ry step,
Be fellowship with thee.

#496

Go, labor on: spend, and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

Go, labor on: 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heav'nly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises--what are men?

Go, labor on: enough while here
If he shall praise thee, if he deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer:
No toil for him shall be in vain.

Go, labor on while it is day:
The world's dark night is hast'ning on.
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away;
It is not thus that souls are won.

Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray;
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wand'rer to come in.

Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come."

#497

Jesus, Saviour, pilot me
Over life's tempestuous sea;
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock and treach'rous shoal;
Chart and compass came from thee:
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boist'rous waves obey thy will
When thou sayest to them, "Be still."
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

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."

#498

O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led.

Our vows, our pray'rs, we now present
Before thy Throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life
Our wand'ring footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

O spread thy cov'ring wings around
Till all our wand'rings cease
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble pray'rs implore;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

#499

Children of the heav'nly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

We are trav'ling home to God
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

Shout, ye little flock and blest;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

Lift your eyes, ye sons of light,
Zion's city is in sight;
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

#500

He leadeth me: O blessed thought!
O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

He leadeth me, he leadeth me;
By his own hand he leadeth me:
His faithful foll'wer I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.

Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters calm, o'er troubled sea,
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.

Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine;
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

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

#501

Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy pow'rful hand;
Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream doth flow;
Let the fire and cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer, strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my Strength and Shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's Destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises, songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

#502

Rejoice, ye pure in heart,
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing:
Your festal banner wave on high,
The cross of Christ your King.

Rejoice, rejoice,
Rejoice, give thanks and sing.

Bright youth and snow-crowned age,
Strong men and maidens meek,
Raise high your free, exulting song,
God's wondrous praises speak.

With all the angel choirs,
With all the saints on earth,
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
True rapture, noblest mirth!

Yes, on through life's long path,
Still chanting as ye go;
From youth to age, by night and day,
In gladness and in woe.

At last the march shall end,
The wearied ones shall rest,
The pilgrims find their Father's house,
Jerusalem the blest.

Then on, ye pure in heart,
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing;
Your glorious banner wave on high,
The cross of Christ your King.

#503

Through good report and evil, Lord,
Still guided by thy faithful Word,
Our staff, our buckler, and our sword,
We follow thee.

With enemies on ev'ry side,
We lean on thee, the Crucified;
Forsaking all on earth beside,
We follow thee.

O Master, point thou out the way,
Nor suffer thou our steps to stray;
Then in the path that leads to day
We follow thee.

Thou hast passed on before our face;
Thy footsteps on the way we trace:
O keep us, aid us by thy grace;
We follow thee.

Whom have we in the heav'n above,
Whom on this earth, save thee, to love?
Still in thy light we onward move;
We follow thee.

#504

Jesus, lead thou on
Till our rest is won:
And although the way be cheerless,
We will follow calm and fearless:
Guide us by thy hand
To our fatherland.

If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us;
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For through many a woe
To our home we go.

When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief;
When temptations come alluring,
Make us patient and enduring;
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

Jesus, lead thou on
Till our rest is won.
Heav'nly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, control, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our fatherland.

#505

All the way my Saviour leads me--
What have I to ask beside?
Can I doubt his tender mercy
Who through life has been my Guide?
Heav'nly peace, divinest comfort,
Here by faith in him to dwell--
For I know, whate'er befall me,
Jesus doeth all things well.

All the way my Saviour leads me,
Cheers each winding path I tread,
Gives me grace for ev'ry trial,
Feeds me with the living Bread.
Though my weary steps may falter,
And my soul athirst may be,
Gushing from the rock before me,
Lo, a spring of joy I see!

All the way my Saviour leads me--
O the fullness of his love!
Perfect rest to me is promised
In my Father's house above:
When my spirit, clothed, immortal,
Wings its flight to realms of day,
This my song through endless ages:
Jesus led me all the way!

#506

Why should cross and trial grieve me?
Christ is near
With his cheer;
Never will he leave me.
Who can rob me of the heaven
That God's Son
For my own
To my faith hath given?

God oft gives me days of gladness;
Shall I grieve
If he give
Seasons, too, of sadness?
God is good and tempers ever
All my ill,
And he will
Wholly leave me never.

Death cannot destroy for ever;
From our fears,
Cares, and tears
It will us deliver.
It will close life's mournful story,
Make a way
That we may
Enter heav'nly glory.

Lord, my Shepherd, take me to thee.
Thou art mine;
I was thine,
Even ere I knew thee.
I am thine, for thou hast bought me;
Lost I stood,
But thy blood
Free salvation brought me.

Thou art mine; I love and own thee.
Light of Joy,
Ne'er shall I
From my heart dethrone thee.
Saviour, let me soon behold thee
Face to face,--
May thy grace
Evermore enfold me!

#507

"Take up thy cross," the Saviour said,
"If thou wouldst my disciple be;
Take up thy cross with willing heart,
And humbly follow after me."

Take up thy cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak soul with vain alarm;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart and nerve thine arm.

Take up thy cross; nor heed the shame,
And let thy foolish pride be still;
Thy Lord refused not e'en to die
Upon a cross, on Calv'ry's hill.

Take up thy cross, then, in his strength,
And calmly sin's wild deluge brave;
'Twill guide thee to a better home,
It points to glory o'er the grave.

Take up thy cross, and follow on,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

#508
From Psalm 10

Why dost thou stand afar,
O Lord, in our distress?
And why dost thou conceal thyself
When troublous times oppress?

Do thou, O Lord, arise;
O God, lift up thy hand;
Forget thou not the suff'ring poor,
The humble in the land.

Their foes thou dost behold,
Their wrongs thou wilt repay;
The poor commit themselves to thee,
Thou art the orphan's stay.

Thou, Lord, hast heard their pray'r
When humble hearts drew nigh;
Thou also wilt revive their strength
And ever hear their cry.

Defend the fatherless,
And all who are oppressed,
That they by human pride and pow'r
May be no more distressed.

#509

From Psalm 142

To God my earnest voice I raise,
To God my voice imploring prays;
Before his face my grief I show
And tell my trouble and my woe.

When gloom and sorrow compass me,
The path I take is known to thee,
And all the toils that foes do lay
To snare thy servant in his way.

O Lord, my Saviour, now to thee,
Without a hope besides, I flee,
To thee, my shelter from the strife,
My portion in the land of life.

Be thou my help when troubles throng,
For I am weak and foes are strong;
My captive soul from prison bring,
And thankful praises I will sing.

#510

From Psalm 69:16-17, 29-30, 32-36

Thy lovingkindness, Lord, is good and free:
In tender mercy turn thou unto me;
Hide not thy face from me in my distress,
In mercy hear my pray'r, thy servant bless.

Needy and sorrowful, to thee I cry;
Let thy salvation set my soul on high;
Then I will sing and praise thy holy Name,
My thankful song thy mercy shall proclaim.

With joy the meek shall see my soul restored;
Your heart shall live, ye saints that seek the Lord;
He helps the needy and regards their cries,
Those in distress the Lord will not despise.

Let heav'n above his grace and glory tell
Let earth and sea and all that in them dwell;
Salvation to his people God will give,
And they that love his Name with him shall live.

#511
From Psalm 6

No longer, Lord despise me,
Nor in thy wrath chastise me,
Thy mercy I implore.
How long thine anger cherish?
Consumed thereby I perish;
My soul is troubled sore.

To me, O Lord, returning,
Save thou, with pity yearning.
Shall death thy mem'ry keep?
Or shall the grave confess thee?
Or I give thanks and bless thee,
While day and night I weep?

The Lord will ever hear me,
And when I pray be near me,
To put my foes to shame;
Turned back, no more to grieve me,
They suddenly shall leave me.
All glory to his Name!

#512

From Psalm 118:1-9, 17-25

Give thanks unto the Lord, Jehovah,
For he is good, O praise his Name!
Let Israel say: The Lord be praised,
His mercy ever is the same.
Let Aaron's house now praise Jehovah;
The Lord is good, O praise his Name;
Let all that fear the Lord extol him,
His mercy ever is the same.

In a large place the Lord hath set me,
In my distress he heard my cry;
I will not fear; the Lord is with me,
What can man do, when God is nigh?
The Lord is chief among my helpers;
And I shall see my foes o'erthrown:
Far better than in man or princes,
My trust I place in God alone.

I shall not die, but live, declaring
The works of God, who tried me sore,
And chastened me; but in his mercy
Not unto death hath giv'n me o'er.
The gates of righteousness set open,
The gate of God! I'll enter in
To praise thee, Lord, who pray'r hast answered,
And savedst me from all my sin.

The stone--O Lord, it is thy doing--
The stone, the builders did despise,
Is made the headstone of the corner,
And it is marv'lous in our eyes.
This is the day, of days most glorious,
The Lord hath made; we'll joy and sing:
Send now prosperity, we pray thee;
And, O our God, salvation bring!

#513

Fierce was the wild billow,
Dark was the night;
Oars labored heavily,
Foam glimmered white;
Trembled the mariners,
Peril was nigh:
Then said the God of God,
"Peace! it is I."

Ridge of the mountain-wave,
Lower thy crest!
Wail of Euroclydon,
Be thou at rest!
Sorrow can never be,
Darkness must fly,
Where saith the Light of Light,
"Peace! it is I."

Jesus, Deliverer,
Come thou to me;
Soothe thou my voyaging
Over life's sea:
Thou, when the storm of death
Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of Truth,
"Peace! it is I."

#514

From Psalm 124

Now Israel may say, and that in truth,
If that the Lord had not our right maintained,
If that the Lord had not with us remained,
When cruel men against us rose to strive,
We surely had been swallowed up alive.

Yea when their wrath against us fiercely rose,
The swelling tide had o'er us spread its wave,
The raging stream had then become our grave,
The surging flood, in proudly swelling roll,
Most surely then had overwhelmed our soul.

Blest be the Lord who made us not their prey:
As from the snare a bird escapeth free,
Their net us rent and so escaped are we:
Our only help is in Jehovah's Name,
Who made the earth and all the heav'nly frame.

#515

From Psalm 44:20-26

If we have forgotten the Name of our God,
Or unto an idol our hands spread abroad,
Shall not the Almighty uncover this sin?
He knows all our hearts and the secrets within.

Rise, help and redeem us, thy mercy we trust;
Rise, help and redeem us, thy mercy we trust.

We all the day long for thy sake are consumed,
Defeated and helpless, to death we are doomed;
They why dost thou tarry? Jehovah, awake;
Nor spurn us for ever; arise for our sake.

O why art thou hiding the light of thy face,
Forgetting our burden of grief and disgrace?
Our soul is bowed down, yea, we cleave to the dust;
Rise, help and redeem us, thy mercy we trust.

#516

Come, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.

His voice commands the tempest forth,
And stills the stormy wave;
And, though his arm be strong to smite,
'Tis also strong to save.

Long hath the night of sorrow reigned;
The dawn shall bring us light:
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in his sight.

Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know him, and rejoice;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs his voice.

As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round,
As show'rs that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground;

So shall his presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light;
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

#517

There is no sorrow, Lord, too light
To bring in pray'r to thee;
There is no anxious care too slight
To wake thy sympathy.

Thou, who hast trod the thorny road,
Wilt share each small distress;
The love, which bore the greater load,
Will not refuse the less.

There is no secret sigh we breathe,
But meets thine ear divine;
And ev'ry cross grows light beneath
The shadow, Lord, of thine.

Life's ills without, sin's strife within,
The heart would overflow,
But for that love which died for sin,
That love which wept with woe.

#518

Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel:
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrows that heav'n cannot heal.

Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure!
Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,
"Earth has no sorrows that heav'n cannot cure."

Here see the Bread of Life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above:
Come to the feast prepared; come ever knowing
Earth has no sorrows but heav'n can remove.

#519

The Lord is rich and merciful,
The Lord is very kind;
O come to him, come now to him,
With a believing mind:
His comforts, they shall strengthen thee,
Like flowing waters cool;
And he shall for thy spirit be
A fountain ever full.

The Lord is glorious and strong,
Our God is very high;
O trust in him, trust now in him,
And have security:
He shall be to thee like the sea,
And thou shalt surely feel
His wind, that bloweth healthily
Thy sicknesses to heal.

The Lord is wonderful and wise,
As all the ages tell;
O learn of him, learn now of him,
Then with thee it is well;
And with his light thou shalt be blest,
Therein to work and live;
And he shall be to thee a rest
When evening hours arrive.

#520

Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord, who rises
With healing in his wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

In holy contemplation
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new;
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown tomorrow
Bring with it what it may.

It can bring with it nothing
But he will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe his people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.

Though vine nor fig tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice,
For, while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

#521

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

Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Of Jesus and his love.

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

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

#522

From Psalm 34:1-4, 7-9

Through all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his Name;
When in distress to him I called,
He to my rescue came.

The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliv'rance he affords to all
Who on his succor trust.

O make but trial of his love;
Experience will decide
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

Fear him, ye saints; and you will then
Have nothing else to fear:
Make you his service your delight,
He'll make your wants his care.

#523

Psalm 40:1-5

I waited for the Lord most high,
And he inclined to hear my cry;
He took me from destruction's pit
And from the miry clay;
Upon a rock he set my feet,
And steadfast made my way.

A new and joyful song of praise
He taught my thankful heart to raise;
And many, seeing me restored,
Shall fear the Lord and trust;
And blest are they that trust the Lord,
The humble and the just.

O Lord my God, how manifold
Thy wondrous works which I behold,
And all thy loving, gracious thought
Thou hast bestowed on man;
To count thy mercies I have sought,
But boundless is their span.

#524

From Psalm 18:1-2, 6, 9-10, 30

O God, my Strength and Fortitude,
Of force I must love thee;
Thou art my Castle and Defense
In my necessity;

My God, my Rock, in whom I trust,
The worker of my wealth,
My Refuge, Buckler, and my Shield,
The horn of all my health.

I, when beset with pain and grief,
Did pray to God for grace;
And he forthwith did hear my plaint
Out of his holy place.

The Lord descended from above
And bowed the heavens high,
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

On cherub and on cherubim
Full royally he rode,
And on the wings of all the winds
Came flying all abroad.

Unspotted are the ways of God,
His word is purely tried;
He is a sure defence to such
As in his faith abide.

#525

O thou to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart; it pants for thee;
O burst these bands and set it free.

Wash out its stains, refine its cross;
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my Light, be thou my Way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No harm, while thou, my God, art near.

Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee:
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.

If rough and thorny be my way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil and grief and pain shall cease
Where all is calm and joy and peace.

#526

From Psalm 30

O Lord, by thee delivered,
I thee with songs extol;
My foes thou hast not suffered
To glory o'er my fall.
O Lord, my God, I sought thee,
And thou didst heal and save;
Thou, Lord, from death didst ransom
And keep me from the grave.

His holy Name remember,
Ye saints, Jehovah praise;
His anger lasts a moment,
His favor all our days;
For sorrow, like a pilgrim,
May tarry for a night,
But joy the heart will gladden
When dawns the morning light.

In prosp'rous days I boasted,
Unmoved I shall remain,
For, Lord, by thy good favor
My cause thou didst maintain;
I soon was sorely troubled,
For thou didst hide thy face;
I cried to thee, Jehovah,
I sought Jehovah's grace.

What profit if I perish,
If life thou dost not spare?
Shall dust repeat thy praises,
Shall it thy truth declare?
O Lord, on me have mercy,
And my petition hear;
That thou mayst be my helper,
In mercy, Lord, appear.

My grief is turned to gladness,
To thee my thanks I raise,
Who hast removed my sorrow
And girded me with praise;
And now, no longer silent,
My heart thy praise will sing;
O Lord, my God, for ever
My thanks to thee I bring.

#527

Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessing
Thou art scatt'ring, full and free,
Show'rs, the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some drops descend on me,
Even me, even me,
Let some drops descend on me.

Pass me not, O gracious Father,
Sinful though my heart may be!
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me,
Even me, even me,
Let thy mercy light on me.

Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
Let me love and cling to thee;
I am longing for thy favor;
When thou comest, call for me,
Even me, even me,
When thou comest, call for me.

Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of pow'r to me,
Even me, even me,
Speak the word of pow'r to me.

#528

From ev'ry stormy wind that blows,
From ev'ry swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all besides more sweet;
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.

There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend,
Tho' sundered far; by faith they meet
Around the common mercy-seat.

Ah, whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed,
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suff'ring saints no mercy-seat?

There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more,
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

O may my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat.

#529

My God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to thy feet,
The hour of prayer?

Then is my strength by thee renewed;
Then are my sins by thee forgiv'n;
Then dost thou cheer my solitude
With hope of heav'n.

No words can tell what sweet relief
There for my ev'ry want I find,
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind!

Hushed is each doubt, gone ev'ry fear;
My spirit seems in heav'n to stay:
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

Lord, till I reach yon blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to thee.

#530

Behold the Throne of grace!
The promise calls me near:
There Jesus shows a smiling face
And waits to answer prayer.

My soul, ask what thou wilt;
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
What else can he withhold?

Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love;
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

Teach me to live by faith;
Conform my will to thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

#531

Come, my soul, thy suit prepare:
Jesus loves to answer pray'r;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and pow'r are such,
None can ever ask too much.

With my burden I begin:
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

Lord, I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

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.

Show me what I have to do,
Ev'ry hour my strength renew:
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

#532

When the weary, seeking rest,
To thy goodness flee;
When the heavy-laden cast
All their load on thee;
When the troubled, seeking peace,
On thy Name shall call;
When the sinner, seeking life,
At thy feet shall fall:

Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
In heav'n, thy dwelling place on high.

When the stranger asks a home,
All his toils to end;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend;
When the widow weeps to thee,
Sad and lone and low;
When the orphan brings to thee
All his orphan woe:

When the worldling, sick at heart,
Lifts his soul above;
When the prodigal looks back
To his Father's love;
When the proud man, in his pride,
Stoops to seek thy face;
When the burdened brings his guilt
To thy Throne of grace:

#533

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

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

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.

#534

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known!
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
The joys I feel, the bliss I share
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for thy return!
With such I hasten to the place
Where God, my Saviour, shows his face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his Word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my ev'ry care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

#535

From Psalm 92:1-9, 12-15

How good it is to thank the Lord,
And praise to thee, Most High, accord,
To show thy love with morning light,
And tell thy faithfulness each night;
Yea, good it is thy praise to sing,
And all our sweetest music bring.

O Lord, with joy my heart expands
Before the wonders of thy hands;
Great works, Jehovah, thou hast wrought,
Exceeding deep thine ev'ry thought;
A foolish man knows not their worth,
Nor he whose mind is of the earth.

When as the grass the wicked grow,
When sinners flourish here below,
Then is there endless ruin nigh,
But thou, O Lord, art throned on high;
Thy foes shall fall before thy might,
The wicked shall be put to flight.

The righteous man shall flourish well,
And in the house of God shall dwell;
He shall be like a goodly tree,
And all his life shall fruitful be;
For righteous is the Lord and just,
He is my Rock, in him I trust.

#536

Thy life was given for me,
Thy blood, O Lord, was shed,
That I might ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead;
Thy life was given for me;
What have I given for thee?

Long years were spent for me
In weariness and woe,
That through eternity
Thy glory I might know:
Long years were spent for me;
Have I spent one for thee?

Thou, Lord, hast borne for me
More than my tongue can tell
Of bitt'rest agony,
To rescue me from hell;
Thou suff'redst all for me;
What have I borne for thee?

And thou hast brought to me
Down from thy home above
Salvation full and free,
Thy pardon and thy love;
Great gifts thou broughtest me;
What have I brought to thee?

O let my life be given
My years for thee be spent;
World-fetters all be riven
And joy with suff'ring blent:
Thou gav'st thyself for me,
I give myself to thee.

#537

From Psalm 116:12-19

What shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever blessed God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight!
How precious is their blood!

How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

Now I am thine, for ever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move,
Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

#538

Saviour, thy dying love
Thou gavest me,
Nor should I aught withhold,
Dear Lord, from thee:
In love my soul would bow,
My heart fulfil its vow,
Some off'ring bring thee now,
Something for thee.

O'er the blest mercy-seat,
Pleading for me,
Upward in faith I look,
Jesus, to thee:
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer,
Something for thee.

Give me a faithful heart,
Guided by thee,
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wand'rer sought and won,
Something for thee.

All that I am and have--
Thy gifts so free--
Ever in joy or grief,
My Lord, for thee;
And when thy face I see,
My ransomed soul shall be,
Through all eternity,
Offered to thee.

#539
From Psalm 43

Judge me, God of my salvation,
Plead my cause, for thee I trust:
Hear my earnest supplication,
Save me from my foes unjust.
O my soul, why art thou grieving?
What disquiets and dismays?
Hope in God, his help receiving,
I shall yet my Saviour praise.

For my Strength, my God, thou art:
Why am I cast off by thee
In the sorrow of my heart,
While the foe oppresses me?
Light and truth, my way attending,
Send thou forth to be my guide,
Till thy holy mount ascending,
I within thy house abide.

At thy sacred altar bending,
God, my God, my boundless joy,
Harp and voice, in worship blending,
For thy praise will I employ.
O my soul, why art thou grieving?
What disquiets and dismays?
Hope in God; his help receiving,
I shall yet my Saviour praise.

#540
Psalm 123

To thee, O Lord, I lift mine eyes,
O thou enthroned above the skies;
As servants watch their master's hand,
Or maidens by their mistress stand,
So to the Lord our eyes we raise,
Until his mercy he displays.

O Lord, our God, thy mercy show,
For man's contempt and scorn we know;
Reproach and shame thy saints endure
From wicked men who dwell secure;
Man's proud contempt and scorn we know;
O Lord, our God, thy mercy show.

#541

From Psalm 13

How long wilt thou forget me,
O Lord, thou God of grace?
How long shall fears beset me,
While darkness hides thy face?
How long shall griefs distress me
And turn my day to night?
How long shall foes oppress me
And triumph in their might?

O Lord my God, behold me,
And hear my earnest cries;
Lest sleep of death enfold me,
Enlighten thou mine eyes;
Lest now my foe insulting
Should boast of his success,
And enemies exulting
Rejoice in my distress.

But I with expectation
Have on thy grace relied;
My heart in thy salvation
Shall still with joy confide;
And I with voice of singing
Will praise the Lord above,
Who, richest bounties bringing,
Hast dealt with me in love.

#542

Jesus, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the mem'ry find,
A sweeter sound than thy blest Name,
O Saviour of mankind.

O Hope of ev'ry contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind thou art!
How good to those who seek!

But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but his loved ones know.

Jesus, our only Joy be thou,
As thou our Prize wilt be;
Jesus, be thou our Glory now,
And through eternity.

#543

O Lord, I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in ev'ry trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend.

When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy Name.

No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in thee;
I must have all things and abound,
While God is God to me.

O that I had a stronger faith,
To look within the veil!
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose Word can never fail!

He that has made my heav'n secure,
Will here all good provide;
While Christ is rich, can I be poor?
What can I want beside?

O Lord, I cast my care on thee;
I triumph and adore:
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please thee more.

#544

How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Dear Name! the Rock on which I build,
My Shield and hiding place,
My never-failing Treasury filled
With boundless stores of grace;

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

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

Till then I would thy love proclaim
With ev'ry fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy Name
Refresh my soul in death.

#545

Jesus, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of thine;
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessed face and mine.

I see thee not, I hear thee not,
Yet art thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot
As where I meet with thee.

Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone;
I love thee, dearest Lord, and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall thee reveal,
All glorious as thou art.

#546

Jesus, thy Name I love
All other names above,
Jesus, my Lord:
O thou art all to me;
Nothing to please I see,
Nothing apart from thee,
Jesus, my Lord.

Thou blessed Son of God,
Hast bought me with thy blood,
Jesus, my Lord:
O how great is thy love,
All other loves above,
Love that I daily prove,
Jesus, my Lord.

When unto thee I flee,
Thou wilt my refuge be,
Jesus, my Lord:
What need I now to fear,
What earthly grief or care,
Since thou art ever near?
Jesus, my Lord.

Soon thou wilt come again;
I shall be happy then,
Jesus, my Lord:
Then thine own face I'll see,
Then I shall like thee be,
Then evermore with thee,
Jesus, my Lord.

#547

My Jesus, I love thee, I know thou art mine;
For thee all the follies of sin I resign.
My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art thou;
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

I love thee because thou hast first loved me,
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree.
I love thee for wearing the thorns on thy brow;
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

I'll love thee in life, I will love thee in death;
And praise thee as long as thou lendest me breath;
And say, when the death-dew lies cold on my brow:
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

In mansions of glory and endless delight,
I'll ever adore thee in heaven so bright;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow:
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

#548

More love to thee, O Christ,
More love to thee!
Hear thou the prayer I make
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee,
More love to thee.

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,
More love to thee.

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,
More love to thee.

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,
More love to thee.

#549

Jesus, thou Joy of loving hearts,
Thou Fount of life, thou Light of men,
From the best bliss that earth imparts
We turn unfilled to thee again.

Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on thee call;
To them that seek thee thou art good,
To them that find thee all in all.

We taste thee, O thou living Bread,
And long to feast upon thee still;
We drink of thee, the Fountainhead,
And thirst our souls from thee to fill.

Our restless spirits yearn for thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad when thy gracious smile we see,
Blest when our faith can hold thee fast.

O Jesus, ever with us stay,
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world thy holy light.

#550

Jesus, priceless treasure,
Fount of purest pleasure,
Truest friend to me:
Ah, how long in anguish
Shall my spirit languish,
Yearning, Lord, for thee?
Thine I am, O spotless Lamb!
I will suffer naught to hide thee,
Naught I ask beside thee.

In thine arms I rest me;
Foes who would molest me
Cannot reach me here.
Though the earth be shaking,
Ev'ry heart be quaking,
Jesus calms my fear.
Lightnings flash and thunders crash;
Yet, though sin and hell assail me,
Jesus will not fail me.

Satan, I defy thee;
Death, I now decry thee;
Fear, I bid thee cease.
World, thou shalt not harm me
Nor thy threats alarm me
While I sing of peace.
God's great pow'r guards ev'ry hour;
Earth and all its depths adore him,
Silent bow before him.

Hence with earthly treasure!
Thou art all my pleasure,
Jesus, all my choice.
Hence, thou empty glory!
Naught to me thy story,
Told with tempting voice.
Pain or loss or shame or cross
Shall not from my Saviour move me,
Since he deigns to love me.

Hence, all fear and sadness!
For the Lord of gladness,
Jesus, enters in.
Those who love the Father,
Though the storms may gather,
Still have peace within.
Yea, whatever I here must bear,
Thou art still my purest pleasure,
Jesus, priceless treasure.

#551

O safe to the Rock that is higher than I
My soul in its conflicts and sorrows would fly;
So sinful, so weary, thine, thine would I be;
Thou blest Rock of Ages, I'm hiding in thee.

Hiding in thee, hiding in thee--
Thou blest Rock of Ages, I'm hiding in thee.

In the calm of the noontide, in sorrow's lone hour,
In times when temptation casts o'er me its power,
In the tempests of life, on its wide, heaving sea,
Thou blest Rock of Ages, I'm hiding in thee.

How oft in the conflict, when pressed by the foe,
I have fled to my refuge and breathed out my woe!
How often when trials like sea-billows roll,
Have I hidden in thee, O thou Rock of my soul!

#552

O Jesus, I have promised
To serve thee to the end;
Be thou for ever near me,
My Master and my Friend:
I shall not fear the battle
If thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If thou wilt be my guide.

O let me feel thee near me,
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear:
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

O Jesus, thou hast promised
To all who follow thee
That where thou art in glory
There shall my servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve thee to the end;
O give me grace to follow,
My Master and my Friend.

#553

Thou art my hiding place, O Lord,
In thee I put my trust;
Encouraged by thy holy Word,
A feeble child of dust:
I have no argument beside,
I urge no other plea;
And 'tis enough my Saviour died,
My Saviour died for me.

When storms of fierce temptation beat,
And furious foes assail,
My refuge is the mercy-seat,
My hope within the veil.
From strife of tongues and bitter words
My spirit flies to thee:
Joy to my heart the thought affords,
My Saviour died for me.

'Mid trials heavy to be borne,
When mortal strength is vain,
A heart with grief and anguish torn,
A body racked with pain,
Ah! what could give the suff'rer rest,
Bid ev'ry murmur flee,
But this, the witness in my breast
That Jesus died for me.

And when thine awful voice commands
This body to decay,
And life, in its last lingering sands,
Is ebbing fast away,
Then, though it be in accents weak,
And faint and tremblingly,
O give me strength in death to speak,
My Saviour died for me.

#554
From Psalm 42

As pants the hart for cooling streams
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty Divine!

Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God; and he'll employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still; and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

#555

Teach me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see,
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for thee.

A man that looks on glass,
On it may stay his eye,
Or, if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And then the heav'n espy.

All may of thee partake:
Nothing can be so mean
Which with this motive, "For thy sake,"
Will not grow bright and clean.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold;
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told.

#556

From Psalm 63:1-8 and 73:25

O God, thou art my God alone;
Early to thee my soul shall cry;
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land whose springs are dry.

O that it were as it hath been!
When, praying in the holy place,
Thy pow'r and glory I have seen,
And marked the footsteps of thy grace.

Yet, through this rough and thorny maze,
I follow hard on thee, my God:
Thy hand, unseen, upholds my ways;
I safely tread where thou hast trod.

Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light,
Thy guardian wings are round my head.

Better than life itself thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me:
For whom have I in heav'n above,
Or what on earth, compared to thee?

Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,
For all thy mercy I will give;
My soul shall still in God rejoice;
My tongue shall bless thee while I live.

#557

From Psalm 73:23-28

In sweet communion, Lord, with thee
I constantly abide;
My hand thou holdest in thine own
To keep me near thy side.

Thy counsel through my earthly way
Shall guide me and control,
And then to glory afterward
Thou wilt receive my soul.

Whom have I, Lord, in heav'n but thee,
To whom my thoughts aspire?
And, having thee, on earth is nought
That I can yet desire.

Though flesh and heart should faint and fail,
The Lord will ever be
The strength and portion of my heart,
My God eternally.

To live apart from God is death,
'Tis good his face to seek;
My refuge is the living God,
His praise I long to speak.

#558

Who trusts in God, a strong abode
In heav'n and earth possesses;
Who looks in love to Christ above,
No fear his heart oppresses.
In thee alone, dear Lord, we own
Sweet hope and consolation;
Our shield from foes, our balm for woes,
Our great and sure salvation.

Though Satan's wrath beset our path,
And worldly scorn assail us,
While thou art near we will not fear,
Thy strength shall never fail us:
Thy rod and staff shall keep us safe,
And guide our steps for ever;
Nor shades of death, nor hell beneath,
Our souls from thee shall sever.

In all the strife of mortal life
Our feet shall stand securely;
Temptation's hour shall lose its power,
For thou shalt guard us surely.
O God, renew, with heav'nly dew,
Our body, soul, and spirit,
Until we stand at thy right hand,
Through Jesus' saving merit.

#559

Cast thy burden on the Lord,
Only lean upon his word;
Thou wilt soon have cause to bless
His eternal faithfulness.

He sustains thee by his hand,
He enables thee to stand;
Those whom Jesus once hath loved
From his grace are never moved.

Human counsels come to naught;
That shall stand which God hath wrought;
His compassion love, and power
Are the same for evermore.

Heav'n and earth may pass away,
God's free grace shall not decay;
He hath promised to fulfil
All the pleasure of his will.

Jesus, Guardian of thy flock,
Be thyself our constant rock;
Make us, by thy powerful hand,
Strong as Zion's mountain stand.

#560

Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands;
To his sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heav'n commands.

Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

What though thou rulest not?
Yet heav'n and earth and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
So shalt thou wond'ring own, his way
How wise, how strong his hand!

#561

How gentle God's commands,
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

While providence supports,
Let saints securely dwell;
That hand, which bears all nature up,
Shall guide his children well.

Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heav'nly Father's throne,
And sweet communion find.

His goodness stands approved,
Down to the present day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

#562

Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From ev'ry murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

#563

From Psalm 31:19-24

How great the goodness kept in store
For those who fear thee and adore
In meek humility.
How great the deeds with mercy fraught
Which openly thy hand has wrought
For those who trust in thee.

Secured by thine unfailing grace,
In thee they find a hiding place
When foes their plots devise;
A sure retreat thou wilt prepare,
And keep them safely sheltered there,
When strife of tongues shall rise.

Blest be the Lord, for he has showed,
While giving me a safe abode,
His love beyond compare;
Although his face he seemed to hide,
He ever heard me when I cried,
And made my wants his care.

Ye saints, Jehovah love and serve,
For he the faithful will preserve,
And shield from men of pride;
Be strong, and let your hearts be brave,
All ye that wait for him to save,
In God the Lord confide.

#564

From Psalm 56:3-4, 11-13

What time I am afraid
I put my trust in thee;
In God I rest, and praise
His Word, so rich and free.

In God I put my trust,
I neither doubt nor fear,
For man can never harm
With God, my Helper, near.

In God, the Lord, I rest,
His Word of grace I praise,
His promise stands secure,
Nor fear nor foe dismays.

Upon me are thy vows,
O God, in whom I live;
The sacrifice of praise
To thee I now will give.

For thou hast saved from death,
From falling kept me free,
That in the light of life
My walk may be with thee.

#565

From Psalm 40:9-11, 16-17

Before thy people I confess
The wonders of thy righteousness;
Thou knowest, Lord, that I have made
Thy great salvation known,
Thy truth and faithfulness displayed,
Thy lovingkindness shown.

Withhold not thou thy grace from me,
O Lord, thy mercy let me see,
To me thy lovingkindness show,
Thy truth be still my stay;
Let them preserve me where I go,
And keep me ev'ry day.

Let all who seek to see thy face
Be glad and joyful in thy grace;
Let those who thy salvation love
Forevermore proclaim:
O praise the Lord who dwells above,
And magnify his name.

Although I poor and needy be,
The Lord in love takes thought for me;
Thou art my help in time of need,
My Saviour, Lord, art thou;
Then, O my God, I pray, I plead:
Stay not, but save me now.

#566
From Psalm 91

Call Jehovah thy Salvation,
Rest beneath th'Almighty's shade,
In his secret habitation
Dwell, and never be dismayed:
There no tumult shall alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare:
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

From the sword at noonday wasting,
From the noisome pestilence,
In the depth of midnight blasting,
God shall be thy sure Defence:
He shall charge his angel legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep;
Though thou walk through hostile regions,
Though in desert wilds thou sleep.

Since, with pure and firm affection
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection
He will shield thee from above:
Thou shalt call on him in trouble,
He will hearken, he will save;
Here for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

#567

If thou but suffer God to guide thee,
And hope in him through all thy ways,
He'll give thee strength, whatever betide thee,
And bear thee through the evil days:
Who trusts in God's unchanging love
Builds on the rock that naught can move.

What can these anxious cares avail thee,
These never-ceasing moans and sighs?
What can it help, if thou bewail thee
O'er each dark moment as it flies?
Our cross and trials do but press
The heavier for our bitterness.

Only be still, and wait his leisure
In cheerful hope, with heart content
To take whate'er thy Father's pleasure
And all deserving love hath sent;
Nor doubt our inmost wants are known
To him who chose us for his own.

All are alike before the highest;
'Tis easy to our God, we know,
To raise thee up though low thou liest,
To make the rich man poor and low;
True wonders still by him are wrought
Who setteth up and brings to naught.

Sing, pray, and keep his ways unswerving,
So do thine own part faithfully,
And trust his word, though undeserving,
Thou yet shalt find it true for thee;
God never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusted him indeed.

#568
From Psalm 27

God is my strong Salvation;
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation
My Light, my Help is near.

Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm to the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?

Place on the Lord reliance,
My soul, with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate.

His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen;
The Lord will give thee peace.

#569

From Psalm 37:3-7

Forever trusting in the Lord,
Take heed to do his will;
So shalt thou dwell within the land,
And he thy needs shall fill.

Delight thee in the Lord, and he
Will grant thy heart's request;
To him commit thy way in faith,
And thus thou shalt be blessed.

And he shall make thy righteousness
Shine brightly as the light,
And as the burning noonday sun
Thy judgment shall be bright.

Rest in the Lord with quiet trust,
Wait patiently for him;
Though wickedness triumphant seem,
Let not thy faith grow dim.

#570

From Psalm 130

From the depths my prayer ascendeth
Unto God on high;
Hear, O Lord, my supplication
And my cry.

None can stand unscathed and blameless
In thy judgment just,
But the contrite in thy mercy
Humbly trust.

Lord, my hope is in thy promise,
And I wait for thee
More than they who watch for morning,
Light to see.

With the Lord is tender mercy,
And redeeming love;
Israel, look for full salvation
From above.

#571
From Psalm 62

My soul in silence waits for God,
My Saviour he has proved;
He only is my Rock and Tow'r;
I never shall be moved.

My honor is secure with God,
My Saviour he is known;
My Refuge and my Rock of strength
Are found in God alone.

On him, ye people, evermore
Rely with confidence;
Before him pour ye out your heart,
For God is our defense.

For God has spoken o'er and o'er,
And unto me has shown,
That saving pow'r and lasting strength
Belong to him alone.

Yea, lovingkindness evermore
Belongs to thee, O Lord;
And thou according to his work
Dost ev'ry man reward.

#572

My Jesus, as thou wilt!
O may thy will be mine;
Into thy hand of love
I would my all resign.
Through sorrow, or through joy,
Conduct me as thine own;
And help me still to say,
My Lord, thy will be done.

My Jesus, as thou wilt!
If needy here and poor,
Give me thy people's bread,
Their portion rich and sure.
The manna of thy Word
Let my soul feed upon;
And if all else should fail,
My Lord, thy will be done.

My Jesus, as thou wilt!
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear.
Since thou on earth hast wept,
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with thee,
My Lord, thy will be done.

My Jesus, as thou wilt!
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with thee.
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death,
"My Lord, thy will be done."

#573

Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
How ever dark it be!
Lead me by thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me;
Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to thy rest.

The kingdom that I seek
Is thine; so let the way
That leads to it be thine,
Else I must surely stray.
I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might:
Choose thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

Take thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill
As best to thee may seem;
Choose thou my good and ill.
Not mine, not mine the choice
In things or great or small;
Be thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All.

#574

Have thine own way, Lord! Have thine own way!
Thou art the Potter; I am the clay.
Mold me and make me after thy will
While I am waiting, yielded and still.

Have thine own way, Lord! Have thine own way!
Search me and try me, Master, today!
Whiter than snow, Lord, wash me just now,
As in thy presence humbly I bow.

Have thine own way, Lord! Have thine own way!
Wounded and weary, help me, I pray!
Power--all power--surely is thine!
Touch me and heal me, Saviour divine!

Have thine own way, Lord! Have thine own way!
Hold o'er my being absolute sway!
Fill with thy Spirit till all shall see
Christ only, always, living in me!

#575

My God and Father, day by day,
Far from my home in life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done."

Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done."

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends belov'd, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done."

If thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield thee what was thine,
"Thy will be done."

Let but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to thee I leave the rest:
"Thy will be done."

#576

Dear Lord and Master mine,
Thy happy servant see;
My Conqu'ror, with what joy divine
Thy captive clings to thee!

I love thy yoke to wear,
To feel thy gracious bands;
Sweetly restrained by thy care
And happy in thy hands.

No bar would I remove,
No bond would I unbind;
Within the limits of thy love
Full liberty I find.

I would not walk alone,
But still with thee, my God;
At ev'ry step my blindness own,
And ask of thee the road.

Dear Lord and Master mine,
Still keep thy servant true;
My Guardian and my Guide divine,
Bring, bring thy pilgrim through.

My Conqueror and my King,
Still keep me in thy train;
And with thee thy glad captive bring
When thou return'st to reign.

#577

My times are in thy hand;
My God, I wish them there;
My life, my friends, my soul, I leave
Entirely to thy care.

My times are in thy hand;
Whatever they may be;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to thee.

My times are in thy hand;
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

My times are in thy hand;
Jesus the Crucified;
Those hands my cruel sins had pierced
Are now my guard and guide.

#578

From Psalm 131

Not haughty is my heart,
Not lofty is my pride;
I do not seek to know the things
God's wisdom hath denied.

With childlike trust, O Lord,
In thee I calmly rest,
Contented as a little child
Upon its mother's breast.

Ye people of the Lord,
In him alone confide;
From this time forth and evermore
His wisdom be your guide.

#579

Be still, my soul: the Lord is on thy side;
Bear patiently the cross of grief or pain;
Leave to thy God to order and provide;
In ev'ry change he faithful will remain.
Be still, my soul: thy best, thy heav'nly Friend
Through thorny ways leads to a joyful end.

Be still, my soul: thy God doth undertake
To guide the future as he has the past.
Thy hope, thy confidence let nothing shake;
All now mysterious shall be bright at last.
Be still, my soul: the waves and winds still know
His voice who ruled them while he dwelt below.

Be still, my soul: when dearest friends depart,
And all is darkened in the vale of tears,
Then shalt thou better know his love, his heart,
Who comes to soothe thy sorrow and thy fears.
Be still, my soul: thy Jesus can repay
From his own fullness all he takes away.

Be still, my soul: the hour is hast'ning on
When we shall be for ever with the Lord,
When disappointment, grief, and fear are gone,
Sorrow forgot, love's purest joys restored.
Be still, my soul: when change and tears are past,
All safe and blessed we shall meet at last.

#580

When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
When sorrows like sea billows roll;
Whatever my lot, thou hast taught me to say,
It is well, it is well with my soul.

It is well with my soul;
It is well, it is well with my soul.

Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,
Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ has regarded my helpless estate,
And has shed his own blood for my soul.

My sin--O the bliss of this glorious thought!--
My sin, not in part, but the whole,
Is nailed to the cross and I bear it no more;
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!

O Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,
The trump shall resound and the Lord shall descend;
"Even so"--it is well with my soul.

#581

From Psalm 16:1-2, 5-8, 11

To thee, O Lord, I fly
And on thy help depend;
Thou art my Lord and King Most High;
Do thou my soul defend.
A heritage for me Jehovah will remain;
My portion rich and full is he,
My right he will maintain.

The lot to me that fell
Is beautiful and fair;
The heritage in which I dwell
Is good beyond compare.
I praise the Lord above
Whose counsel guides aright;
My heart instructs me in his love
In seasons of the night.

I keep before me still
The Lord whom I have proved;
At my right hand he guards from ill,
And I shall not be moved.
Life's pathway thou wilt show,
To thy right hand wilt guide,
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And boundless joys abide.

#582

My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

When darkness veils his lovely face,
I rest upon unchanging grace;
In ev'ry rough and stormy gale
My anchor holds within the veil.

His oath, his covenant, his blood
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

When I shall launch in worlds unseen,
O may I then be found in him;
Dressed in his righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.

#583

Psalm 25:1-7, 10

Lord, I lift my soul to thee,
O my God, I trust thy might;
Let not foes exult o'er me,
Shame me not before their sight.

Yea, may none be put to shame,
None who wait for thee to bless;
But dishonored be their name
Who without a cause transgress.

Lord, to me thy ways make known,
Guide in truth and teach thou me;
Thou my Saviour art alone,
All the day I wait for thee.

Lord, remember in thy love
All thy mercies manifold,
Tender mercies from above,
Changeless from the days of old.

Sins of youth remember not,
Nor my trespasses record;
Let not mercy be forgot,
For thy goodness' sake, O Lord.

Grace and truth shall mark the way
Where the Lord his own will lead,
If his word they still obey
And his testimonies heed.

#584

By grace I am an heir of heaven:
Why doubt this, O my trembling heart?
If what the Scriptures promise clearly
Is true and firm in ev'ry part,
This also must be truth divine:
By grace a crown of life is mine.

By grace alone shall I inherit
That blissful home beyond the skies.
Works count for naught, the Lord incarnate
Hath won for me the heav'nly prize.
Salvation by his death he wrought,
His grace alone my pardon bought.

By grace! These precious words remember
When sorely by thy sins oppressed,
When Satan comes to vex thy spirit,
When troubled conscience sighs for rest;
What reason cannot comprehend,
God doth to thee by grace extend.

By grace! Be this in death my comfort;
Despite my fears, 'tis well with me.
I know my sin in all its greatness,
But also him who sets me free.
My heart to naught but joy gives place
Since I am saved by grace, by grace.

#585

From Psalm 125

Like Zion's steadfast mount are they
Who in the Lord confide;
Secure, immovable they stand,
For ever to abide.

As round about Jerusalem
The mountains give defense,
Jehovah is his people's guard,
Their lasting confidence.

O thou Jehovah, to the good
Thy goodness now impart,
Thy lovingkindness show to them
That upright are in heart.

All those that turn from righteousness
With wayward, wandering feet,
With sinners God will lead them forth,
The sinner's doom to meet.

O thou who art thy people's shield,
Their helper and their guide,
Upon them let thy grace and peace
For evermore abide.

#586

I know that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me;
A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.

I find him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed
And he will soon appear.

He wills that I should holy be:
Who can withstand his will?
The counsel of his grace in me
He surely shall fulfil.

Jesus, I hang upon thy Word:
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.

#587

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

Stayed upon Jehovah,
Hearts are fully blest,
Finding, as he promised,
Perfect peace and rest.

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

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

#588

Come, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God;
But children of the heav'nly King
May speak their joys abroad.

The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

#589

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

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

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

Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' bread to feast?

High heav'n, 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.

#590

Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

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

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

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

Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and he is on the throne.

Peace, perfect peace, death shad'wing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heav'n's perfect peace.

#591

Fountain of grace, rich, full and free,
What need I, that is not in thee?
Full pardon, strength to meet the day,
And peace which none can take away.

Doth sickness fill my heart with fear,
'Tis sweet to know that thou art near;
Am I with dread of justice tried,
'Tis sweet to know that Christ hath died.

In life, thy promises of aid
Forbid my heart to be afraid;
In death, peace gently veils the eyes:
Christ rose, and I shall surely rise.

#592

I've found the pearl of greatest price!
My heart doth sing for joy;
And sing I must, for Christ is mine!
Christ shall my song employ.

I've found the pearl of greatest price!
My heart doth sing for joy;
And sing I must, for Christ is mine!
Christ shall my song employ.

Christ is my Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Prophet full of light,
My great High Priest before the throne,
My King of heav'nly might.

For he indeed is Lord of lords,
And he the King of kings;
He is the Sun of Righteousness,
With healing in his wings.

Christ is my peace; he died for me,
For me he shed his blood;
And as my wondrous Sacrifice,
Offered himself to God.

Christ Jesus is my all in all,
My comfort and my love;
My life below, and he shall be
My joy and crown above.

#593

Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be:
Perish ev'ry fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heav'n are still my own.

Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heav'n will bring me sweeter rest:
O 'tis not in grief to harm me
While thy love is left to me;
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

Take, my soul, thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin and fear and care;
Joy to find in ev'ry station
Something still to do or bear;
Think what spirit dwells within thee,
What a Father's smile is thine,
What a Saviour died to win thee:
Child of heav'n, shouldst thou repine?

Haste then on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heav'n's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission;
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

#594

O Love that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in thee;
I give thee back the life I owe,
That in thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

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.

O Joy that seekest me through pain
I cannot close my heart to thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

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

#595

Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid ev'ry string awake.

Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We ev'ry moment come.

His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the grace divine.

When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heav'nly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his Name.

Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at his control;
His lovingkindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on thee:
Who wait for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

#596

Jesus lives, and so shall I.
Death! thy sting is gone forever!
He who deigned for me to die,
Lives, the bands of death to sever.
He shall raise me from the dust:
Jesus is my Hope and Trust.

Jesus lives, and reigns supreme,
And, his kingdom still remaining,
I shall also be with him,
Ever living, ever reigning.
God has promised: be it must:
Jesus is my Hope and Trust.

Jesus lives, and by his grace,
Vict'ry o'er my passions giving,
I will cleanse my heart and ways,
Ever to his glory living.
Me he raises from the dust.
Jesus is my Hope and Trust.

Jesus lives, I know full well
Nought from him my heart can sever,
Life nor death nor powers of hell,
Joy nor grief, hence forth forever.
None of all his saints is lost;
Jesus is my Hope and Trust.

Jesus lives, and death is now
But my entrance into glory.
Courage, then, my soul, for thou
Hast a crown of life before thee;
Thou shalt find thy hopes were just;
Jesus is the Christian's Trust.

#597

There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never with'ring flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unobscured eyes;

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

#598

There is no night in heav'n;
In that blest world above
Work never can bring weariness,
For work itself is love.

There is no grief in heav'n;
For life is one glad day;
And tears are of those former things
Which all have passed away.

There is no sin in heav'n;
Behold that blessed throng--
All holy is their spotless robe,
All holy in their song!

There is no death in heav'n;
For they who gain that shore
Have won their immortality,
And they can die no more.

Lord Jesus, be our Guide;
O lead us safely on,
Till night and grief and sin and death
Are past, and heav'n is won!

#599

The sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks,
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair sweet morn awakes;
Dark, dark, hath been the midnight,
But dayspring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

The King there in his beauty
Without a veil is seen;
It were a well-spent journey
Though seven deaths lay between:
The Lamb with his fair army
Doth on Mount Zion stand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

O Christ, he is the fountain,
The deep sweet well of love!
The streams on earth I've tasted
More deep I'll drink above:
There to an ocean fullness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of grace;
Not at the crown he gifteth,
But on his pierced hand:
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Emmanuel's land.

#600

When this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glaring sun,
When we stand with Christ in glory,
Looking o'er life's finished story,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.

When I hear the wicked call
On the rocks and hills to fall,
When I see them start and shrink
On the fiery deluge brink,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.

When I stand before the throne,
Dressed in beauty not my own,
When I see thee as thou art,
Love thee with unsinning heart,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.

When the praise of heav'n I hear,
Loud as thunders to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harp's melodious voice,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.

Chosen not for good in me,
Wakened up from wrath to flee,
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified,
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
By my love, how much I owe.

#601

Lo! what a glorious sight appears
To our admiring eyes!
The former seas have passes away,
The former earth and skies.

The God of glory down to men
Removes his blest abode;
He dwells with men; his people they,
And he his people's God.

His gracious hand shall wipe the tear
From ev'ry weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself, shall die.

How long, dear Saviour, O how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day!

O may we stand before the Lamb,
When earth and seas are fled,
And hear the Judge pronounce our name
With blessings on our head.

#602

Who are these like stars appearing,
These before God's throne who stand?
Each a golden crown is wearing;
Who are all this glorious band?
Alleluia! hark, they sing,
Praising loud their heav'nly King.

Who are these of dazzling brightness,
These in God's own truth arrayed,
Clad in robes of purest whiteness,
Robes whose lustre ne'er shall fade,
Ne'er be touched by time's rude hand?
Whence come all this glorious band?

These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honor long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Foll'wing not the sinful throng;
These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph through the Lamb have gained.

These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified;
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

These like priests have watched and waited,
Off'ring up to Christ their will;
Soul and body consecrated,
Day and night to serve him still:
Now in God's most holy place
Blest they stand before his face.

#603

O mother dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?
O happy harbor of the saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.

Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamonds square;
Thy gates are of right orient pearl,
Exceeding rich and rare.
Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With garnets rare do shine;
Thy very streets are paved with gold,
Surpassing clear and fine.

Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
Continually are green,
There grow such sweet and pleasant flow'rs
As nowhere else are seen.
Quite through the streets, with silver sound,
The flood of life doth flow;
Upon whose banks on ev'ry side
The wood of life doth grow.

There trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring;
There evermore the angels sit,
And evermore do sing.
Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

#604

Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed.
I know not, O I know not,
What joys await us there;
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;
And they who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest.

#605

I'm but a stranger here,
Heav'n is my home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heav'n is my home;
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on ev'ry hand;
Heav'n is my fatherland,
Heav'n is my home.

What though the tempest rage,
Heav'n is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heav'n is my home;
And time's wild wintry blast
Soon shall be over past;
I shall reach home at last,
Heav'n is my home;

There, at my Saviour's side,
Heav'n is my home;
I shall be glorified,
Heav'n is my home;
There are the good and blest,
Those I love most and best;
And there I too shall rest,
Heav'n is my home;

Therefore I murmur not,
Heav'n is my home;
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heav'n is my home;
And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand;
Heav'n is my fatherland,
Heav'n is my home.

#606

How bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?
Lo! these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light!
And in the blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.

Now, with triumphal palms, they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.
His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes ev'ry mouth to sing:
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannas ring.

Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray;
God is their Sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.
The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

'Mong pastures green he'll lead his flock
Where living streams appear;
And God the Lord from ev'ry eye
Shall wipe off ev'ry tear.
To him who sits upon the throne,
The God whom we adore,
And to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be glory evermore!

#607

Hark! the sound of holy voices,
Chanting at the crystal sea,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Alleluia! Lord, to thee:
Multitude, which none can number,
Like the stars in glory stand
Clothed in white apparel, holding
Palms of vict'ry in their hand.

They have come from tribulation,
And have washed their robes in blood,
Washed them in the blood of Jesus;
Tried they were, and firm they stood;
Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented,
Sawn asunder, slain with sword,
They have conquered death and Satan
By the might of Christ the Lord.

Marching with thy cross their banner,
They have triumphed, following
Thee, the Captain of salvation,
Thee, their Saviour and their King;
Gladly, Lord, with thee they suffered;
Gladly, Lord, with thee they died;
And by death to life immortal
They were born and glorified.

God of God, the One-begotten,
Light of light, Emmanuel,
In whose body joined together
All the saints for ever dwell;
Pour upon us of thy fullness
That we may for evermore
God the Father, God the Son, and
God the Holy Ghost adore.

#608

Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast,
There by his love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark! 'tis the voice of angels,
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the jasper sea.

Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast,
There by his love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.

Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears,
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears.

Jesus, my heart's dear Refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er,
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.

#609

A few more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;

O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day;

A few more sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way,
And we shall reach the endless rest,
Th'eternal sabbath day:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that sweet day;

'Tis but a little while,
And he shall come again
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with him may reign:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;

#610

At thy feet, our God and Father,
Who hast blessed us all our days,
We with grateful hearts would gather,
To begin the year with praise:
Praise for light so brightly shining
On our steps from heav'n above;
Praise for mercies daily twining
Round us golden cords of love.

Jesus, for thy love most tender,
On the cross for sinners shown,
We would praise thee, and surrender
All our hearts to be thine own:
With so blest a friend provided,
We upon our way would go,
Sure of being safely guided,
Guarded well from ev'ry foe.

Ev'ry day will be the brighter
When thy gracious face we see;
Ev'ry burden will be lighter
When we know it comes from thee.
Spread thy love's broad banner o'er us,
Give us strength to serve and wait,
Till the glory breaks before us
Through the city's open gate.

#611

For thy mercy and thy grace,
Faithful through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness;
Father, and Redeemer, hear.

Lo! our sins on thee we cast,
Thee, our perfect sacrifice;
And, forgetting all the past,
Press towards our glorious prize.

Dark the future; let thy light
Guide us, Bright and Morning Star:
Fierce our foes, and hard the fight;
Arm us, Saviour, for the war.

In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength, be thou our stay;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way.

Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore thine own;
Help, O help us to endure;
Fit us for the promised crown.

So within thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee, the only Potentate,
Lord of lords, and King of kings.

#612

Great God, we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year thy mercy shows;
That mercy crowns it till it close.

By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

In scenes exalted or depressed,
Thou art our Joy, and thou our Rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our Helper God, in whom we trust,
Shall keep our souls and guard our dust.

#613

While with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.

As the winged arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find,
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind,
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.

Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view;
Bless thy Word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

#614

We plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.

All good gifts around us
Are sent from heav'n above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord
For all his love.

He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey him,
By him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, his children,
He gives our daily bread.

We thank thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food:
No gifts have we to offer
For all thy love imparts,
But that which thou desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.

#615

Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest home:
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied:
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of harvest home.

All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take his harvest home;
From his field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
Give his angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In his garner evermore.

Even so, Lord, quickly come
To thy final harvest home;
Gather thou thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There for ever purified,
In thy presence to abide:
Come, with all thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious harvest home.

#616

God of our fathers, whose almighty hand
Leads forth in beauty all the starry band
Of shining worlds in splendor through the skies,
Our grateful songs before thy throne arise.

Thy love divine hath led us in the past;
In this free land by thee our lot is cast;
Be thou our Ruler, Guardian, Guide, and Stay;
Thy Word our law, thy paths our chosen way.

From war's alarms, from deadly pestilence,
Be thy strong arm our ever sure defence;
Thy true religion in our hearts increase,
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.

Refresh thy people on their toilsome way,
Lead us from night to never-ending day;
Fill all our lives with love and grace divine,
And glory, laud, and praise be ever thine.

#617

God the All-terrible! King, who ordainest
Great winds thy clarions, lightnings thy sword,
Show forth thy pity on high where thou reignest;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God the Omnipotent! Mighty Avenger,
Watching invisible, judging unheard,
Save us in mercy, O save us from danger;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God the All-merciful! Earth hath forsaken
Thy ways of blessedness, slighted thy Word;
Bid not thy wrath in its terrors awaken;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God the All-righteous One! Man hath defied thee;
Yet to eternity standeth thy Word;
Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside thee;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God the All-wise! By the fire of thy chastening,
Earth shall to freedom and truth be restored;
Through the thick darkness thy kingdom is hastening;
Thou wilt give peace in thy time, O Lord.

#618

To thee, our God, we fly
For mercy and for grace:
O hear our lowly cry,
And hide not thou thy face:

O Lord, stretch forth thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

Arise, O Lord of Hosts;
Be jealous for thy Name,
And drive from out our coasts
The sins that put to shame:

The powers ordained by thee
With heav'nly wisdom bless;
May they thy servants be,
And rule in righteousness:

The church of thy dear Son
Inflame with love's pure fire;
Bind her once more in one,
And life and truth inspire:

Give peace, Lord, in our time;
O let no foe draw nigh,
Nor lawless deed of crime
Insult thy majesty:

#619

From Psalm 89:14-18

Almighty God, thy lofty throne
Has justice for its cornerstone,
And shining bright before thy face
Are truth and love and boundless grace.

With blessing is the nation crowned
Whose people know the joyful sound;
They in the light, O Lord, shall live,
The light thy face and favor give.

Thy name with gladness they confess,
Exalted in thy righteousness;
Their fame and might to thee belong,
For in thy favor they are strong.

All glory unto God we yield,
Jehovah is our Help and Shield;
All praise and honor we will bring
To Israel's Holy One, our King.

#620

Judge Eternal, throned in splendor,
Lord of lords and King of kings,
With thy living fire of judgment
Purge this land of bitter things;
Solace all its wide dominion
With the healing of thy wings.

Still the weary folk are pining
For the hour that brings release;
And the city's crowded clangor
Cries aloud for sin to cease;
And the homesteads and the woodlands
Plead in silence for their peace.

Crown, O God, thine own endeavor;
Cleave our darkness with thy sword;
Feed the faint and hungry heathen
With the richness of thy Word;
Cleave the body of this nation
Through the gospel of the Lord.

#621

Great King of nations, hear our prayer,
While at thy feet we fall,
And humbly, with united cry,
To thee for mercy call.

The guilt is ours, but grace is thine,
O turn us not away;
But hear us from thy lofty throne,
And help us when we pray.

Our fathers' sins were manifold,
And ours no less we own,
Yet wondrously from age to age
Thy goodness hath been shown.

When dangers, like a stormy sea,
Beset our country round,
To thee we looked, to thee we cried,
And help in thee was found.

With one consent we meekly bow
Beneath thy chastening hand,
And, pouring forth confession meet,
Mourn with our mourning land.

With pitying eye behold our need,
As thus we lift our prayer;
Correct us with thy judgments, Lord,
Then let thy mercy spare.

#622

O God of love, O King of peace,
Make wars throughout the world to cease;
The wrath of sinful man restrain;
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

Remember, Lord, thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told;
Remember not our sin's dark stain;
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

Whom shall we trust but thee, O Lord?
Where rest but on thy faithful Word?
None ever called on thee in vain;
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

Where saints and angels dwell above
All hearts are knit in holy love;
O bind us in that heav'nly chain;
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

#623

Christ, by heav'nly hosts adored,
Gracious, mighty, sovereign Lord,
God of nations, King of kings,
Head of all created things,
By the Church with joy confessed,
God o'er all, for ever blessed,
Pleading at thy throne we stand,
Save thy people, bless our land.

On our fields of grass and grain
Send, O Lord, the kindly rain;
O'er our wide and goodly land
Crown the labors of each hand.
Let thy kind protection be
O'er our commerce on the sea.
Open, Lord, thy bounteous hand;
Bless our people, bless our land.

Let our rulers ever be
Men that love and honor thee;
Let the pow'rs by thee ordained
Be in righteousness maintained.
In the people's hearts increase
Love of piety and peace.
Thus united, may we stand
One wide, free, and happy land.

#624

O happy home, where thou art loved the dearest,
Thou loving Friend and Saviour of our race,
And where among the guests there never cometh
One who can hold such high and honored place!

O happy home, where two in heart united
In holy faith and blessed hope are one,
Whom death a little while alone divideth,
And cannot end the union here begun!

O happy home, whose little ones are given
Early to thee in humble faith and prayer,
To thee, their friend, who from the heights of heaven
Guides them, and guards with more than mother's care!

O happy home, where each one serves thee, lowly,
Whatever his appointed work may be,
Till ev'ry common task seems great and holy,
When it is done, O Lord, as unto thee!

O happy home, where thou art not forgotten
When joy is overflowing, full and free,
O happy home, where ev'ry wounded spirit
Is brought, Physician, Comforter, to thee,--

Until at last, when earth's day's work is ended,
All meet thee in the blessed home above,
From whence thou camest, where thou hast ascended,
Thine everlasting home of peace and love.

#625

O perfect Love, all human thought transcending,
Lowly we kneel in prayer before thy throne,
That theirs may be the love which knows no ending,
Whom thou for evermore dost join in one.

O perfect Life, be thou their full assurance
Of tender charity and steadfast faith,
Of patient hope, and quiet, brave endurance,
With childlike trust that fears nor pain nor death.

Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow;
Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife,
And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow
That dawns upon eternal love and life.

Hear us, O Father, gracious and forgiving,
Through Jesus Christ thy co-eternal Word,
Who, with the Holy Ghost, by all things living
Now and to endless ages art adored.

#626
From Psalm 128

Blest the man that fears Jehovah,
Walking ever in his ways,
By thy toil thou shalt be prospered
And be happy all thy days.

In thy wife thou shalt have gladness,
She shall fill thy home with good,
Happy in her loving service
And the joys of motherhood.

Joyful children, sons and daughters,
Shall about thy table meet,
Olive plants, in strength and beauty,
Full of hope and promise sweet.

Lo, on him that fears Jehovah
Shall this blessedness attend,
For Jehovah out of Zion
Shall to thee his blessing send.

Thou shalt see God's kingdom prosper
All thy days, till life shall cease,
Thou shalt see thy children's children;
On thy people, Lord, be peace.

#627

Happy the home when God is there,
And love fills ev'ry breast:
When one their wish, and one their prayer,
And one their heav'nly rest.

Happy the home where Jesus' name
Is sweet to ev'ry ear;
Where children early lisp his fame,
And parents hold him dear.

Happy the home where prayer is heard,
And praise is wont to rise,
Where parents love the sacred Word,
That makes us truly wise.

Lord, let us in our homes agree,
This blessed peace to gain;
Unite our hearts in love to thee,
And love to all will reign.

#628

O Father all creating,
Whose wisdom, love, and power
First bound two lives together
In Eden's primal hour,
Today to these thy children
Thine earliest gifts renew,
A home by thee made happy,
A love by thee kept true.

O Saviour, guest most bounteous
Of old in Galilee,
Vouchsafe today thy presence
With these who call on thee;
Their store of earthly gladness
Transform to heav'nly wine,
And teach them in the tasting
To know the gift is thine.

O Spirit of the Father,
Breathe on them from above,
So mighty in thy pureness
So tender in thy love,
That, guarded by thy presence,
From sin and strife kept free,
Their lives may own thy guidance,
Their hearts be ruled by thee.

Except thou build it, Father,
The house is built in vain;
Except thou, Saviour, bless it,
The joy will turn to pain;
But nought can break the union
Of hearts in thee made one;
And love thy Spirit hallows
Is endless love begun.

#629

Eternal Father, strong to save,
Whose arm doth bind the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep:
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Saviour, whose almighty word
The winds and waves submissive heard,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep
And calm amid its rage didst sleep:
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Sacred Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
Who badd'st its angry tumult cease,
And gavest light and life and peace:
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Trinity of love and pow'r,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
And ever let there rise to thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

#630

Holy Father, in thy mercy
Hear our anxious prayer;
Keep our loved ones, now far absent,
'Neath thy care.

Jesus, Saviour, let thy presence
Be their light and guide;
Keep, O keep them, in their weakness,
At thy side.

When in sorrow, when in danger,
When in loneliness,
In thy love look down and comfort
Their distress.

May the joy of thy salvation
Be their strength and stay;
May they love, and may they praise thee
Day by day.

Holy Spirit, let thy teaching
Sanctify their life;
Send thy grace that they may conquer
In the strife.

Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
God, the One in Three,
Bless them, guide them, save them, keep them
Near to thee.

#631

Shine thou upon us, Lord,
True Light of men, today,
And through the written Word
Thy very self display,
That so from hearts which burn
With gazing on thy face
Thy little ones may learn
The wonders of thy grace.

Breathe thou upon us, Lord,
Thy Spirit's living flame,
That so with one accord
Our lips may tell thy name.
Give thou the hearing ear,
Fix thou the wandering thought,
That those we teach may hear
The great things thou hast wrought.

Speak thou for us, O Lord,
In all we say of thee;
According to thy Word
Let all our teaching be,
That so thy lambs may know
Their own true Shepherd's voice,
Where'er he leads them go,
And in his love rejoice.

Live thou within us, Lord;
Thy mind and will be ours;
Be thou belov'd, adored,
And served with all our powers,
That so our lives may teach
Thy children what thou art,
And plead, by more than speech,
For thee with ev'ry heart.

#632

God be with you till we meet again,
By his counsels guide, uphold you,
With his sheep securely fold you:
God be with you till we meet again.

Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet at Jesus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet,
God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath his wings securely hide you,
Daily manna still provide you:
God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put his loving arms around you:
God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you:
God be with you till we meet again.

#633

Jesus loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so;
Little ones to him belong,
They are weak but he is strong.

Yes, Jesus loves me!
The Bible tells me so.

Jesus loves me, he who died
Heaven's gate to open wide;
He will wash away my sin,
Let his little child come in.

Jesus loves me, loves me still,
Though I'm very weak and ill;
From his shining throne on high
Comes to watch me where I lie.

Jesus loves me, he will stay
Close beside me all the way:
If I love him, when I die
He will take me home on high.

#634

We praise thee, O God!
For the days of our youth,
For the bright lamp that shineth--
The Word of thy truth.

Hallelujah! thine the glory,
Hallelujah we sing;
Hallelujah! thine the glory,
Our praise now we bring.

We praise thee, O God!
For the Son of thy love,
For Jesus who died
And is now gone above.

We praise thee, O God!
For thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour
And scattered our night.

All glory and praise
To the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins and
Has cleansed ev'ry stain!

#635

God sees the little sparrow fall,
It meets his tender view;
If God so loves the little birds,
I know he loves me too.

He loves me too, he loves me too,
I know loves me too,
Because he loves the little things,
I know loves me too.

He paints the lily of the field,
Perfumes each lily bell;
If he so loves the little flow'rs,
I know he loves me well.

God made the little birds and flowers,
And all things large and small;
He'll not forget his little ones,
I know he loves them all.

#636

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
God made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

Yes, all things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
And all things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset and the morning
That brightens up the sky.

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden--
He made them ev'ry one.

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The flowers by the water
We gather ev'ry day.

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who doeth all things well.

#637

God, who made the earth,
The air, the sky, the sea,
Who gave the light its birth,
Careth for me.

God who made the grass,
The flow'r, the fruit, the tree,
The day and night to pass,
Careth for me.

God who made the sun,
The moon, the stars, is he
Who, when life's clouds come on,
Careth for me.

God who made all things,
On earth, in air, in sea,
Who changing seasons brings,
Careth for me.

God who sent his Son
To die on Calvary,
He, if I lean on him,
Will care for me.

When in heav'n's bright land
I all his loved ones see,
I'll sing with that blest band,
God cared for me.

#638

Holy Spirit, hear us;
Help us while we sing;
Breathe into the music
Of the praise we bring.

Holy Spirit, prompt us
When we kneel to pray;
Nearer come and teach us
What we ought to say.

Holy Spirit, shine thou
On the book we read;
Gild its holy pages
With the light we need.

Holy Spirit, give us
Each a lowly mind;
Make us more like Jesus,
Gentle, pure, and kind.

Holy Spirit, keep us
Safe from sins which lie
Hidden by some pleasure
From our youthful eye.

Holy Spirit, help us
Daily by thy might,
What is wrong to conquer,
And to choose the right.

#639

Once in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her baby
In a manger for his bed:
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little child.

He came down to earth from heaven
Who is God and Lord of all,
And his shelter was a stable,
And his cradle was a stall:
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

And, through all his wondrous childhood
He would honor and obey,
Love and watch the lowly maiden
In whose gentle arms he lay:
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as he.

And our eyes at last shall see him,
Through his own redeeming love;
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heav'n above,
And he leads his children on
To the place where he is gone.

Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see him, but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars his children crowned
All in white shall wait around.

#640

Gentle Mary laid her child
Lowly in a manger;
There he lay, the undefiled,
To the world a stranger.
Such a babe in such a place,
Can he be the Saviour?
Ask the saved of all the race
Who have found his favor.

Angels sang about his birth,
Wise men sought and found him;
Heaven's star shone brightly forth
Glory all around him.
Shepherds saw the wondrous sight,
Heard the angels singing;
All the plains were lit that night,
All the hills were ringing.

Gentle Mary laid her child
Lowly in a manger;
He is still the undefiled,
But no more a stranger.
Son of God of humble birth,
Beautiful the story;
Praise his Name in all the earth,
Hail! the King of Glory!

#641

Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down his sweet head;
The stars in the sky looked down where he lay,
The little Lord Jesus, asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing, the Baby awakes,
But little Lord Jesus no crying he makes;
I love thee, Lord Jesus! look down from the sky,
And stay by my cradle, till morning is nigh.

Be near me, Lord Jesus, I ask thee to stay
Close by me for ever, and love me, I pray;
Bless all the dear children in thy tender care,
And fit us for heaven, to live with thee there.

#642

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless thy little lamb tonight;
Through the darkness be thou near me,
Keep me safe till morning light.

All this day thy hand has led me,
And I thank thee for thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me,
Listen to my ev'ning pray'r.

Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heav'n,
Happy there with thee to dwell.

#643

I am Jesus' little lamb,
Ever glad at heart I am;
For my Shepherd gently guides me,
Knows my need, and well provides me,
Loves me ev'ry day the same,
Even calls me by my name.

Day by day, at home, away,
Jesus is my staff and stay.
When I hunger, Jesus feeds me,
Into pleasant pastures leads me;
When I thirst, he bids me go
Where the quiet waters flow.

Who so happy as I am,
Even now the Shepherd's lamb?
And when my short life is ended,
By his angel host attended,
He shall fold me to his breast,
There within his arms to rest.

#644

Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us,
Much we need thy tend'rest care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare:
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

We are thine; do thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray:
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Hear the children when they pray.

Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free:
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Let us early turn to thee.

Early let us seek thy favor;
Early let us do thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With thy love our bosoms fill
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

#645

Can a little child like me
Thank the Father fittingly?
Yes, O yes! be good and true,
Patient, kind in all you do;
Love the Lord, and do your part;
Learn to say with all your heart,

Father, we thank thee! Father, we thank thee!
Father in heaven, we thank thee!

For the fruit upon the tree,
For the birds that sing of thee,
For the earth in beauty dressed,
Father, mother, and the rest,
For thy precious, loving care,
For thy bounty ev'rywhere,

For the sunshine warm and bright,
For the day and for the night,
For the lessons of our youth--
Honor, gratitude and truth,
For the love that met us here,
For the home and for the cheer,

For our comrades and our plays,
And our happy holidays,
For the joyful work and true
That a little child may do,
For our lives but just begun,
For the great gift of thy Son,

#646

When his salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to his name:
Nor did their zeal offend him,
But as he rode along,
He let them still attend him,
And smiled to hear their song.

And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now as King he reigneth
On Zion's heav'nly hill,
We'll flock around his banner
Who sits upon his throne,
And cry aloud, "Hosanna
To David's royal Son!"

For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their Hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No; while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the Lord's.

#647

I am so glad that our Father in heav'n
Tells of his love in the book he has giv'n:
Wonderful things in the Bible I see;
This is the dearest, that Jesus loves me.

I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me,
I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves even me.

Though I forget him, and wander away,
Still he doth love me wherever I stray;
Back to his dear loving arms do I flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me.

O if there's only one song I can sing,
When in his beauty I see the great King,
This shall my song in eternity be,
"O what a wonder that Jesus loves me."

#648

Around the throne of God in heav'n
Thousands of children stand,
Children whose sins are all forgiv'n,
A holy, happy band,

Singing, "Glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high."

In flowing robes of spotless white
See ev'ry one arrayed;
Dwelling in everlasting light
And joys that never fade,

What brought them to that world above,
That heav'n so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love;
How came those children there,

Because the Saviour shed his blood
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean,

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,

#649

I belong to Jesus;
I am not my own;
All I have and all I am,
Shall be his alone.

I belong to Jesus;
He is Lord and King,
Reigning in my inmost heart,
Over ev'rything.

I belong to Jesus;
Blessed, blessed thought!
With his own most precious blood
Has my soul been bought.

I belong to Jesus;
He has died for me;
I am his and he is mine,
Through eternity.

I belong to Jesus;
He will keep my soul,
When the deathly waters dark
Round about me roll.

I belong to Jesus;
And ere long I'll stand
With my precious Saviour there
In the glory land.

#650

I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

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."

Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I now earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above.

In that beautiful place he is gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiv'n;
And many dear children are gathering there,
For of such is the kingdom of heav'n.

#651

When he cometh, when he cometh
To make up his jewels,
All his jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and his own.

Like the stars of the morning,
His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty,
Bright gems for his crown.

He will gather, he will gather
The gems for his kingdom,
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and his own.

Little children, little children
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and his own.

#652

There is no name so sweet on earth,
No name so sweet in heaven,
The Name before his wondrous birth
To Christ the Saviour given.

We love to sing around our King,
And hail him blessed Jesus;
For there's no word ear ever heard
So dear, so sweet as Jesus.

And, when he hung upon the tree,
They wrote this Name above him;
That all might see the reason we
For evermore must love him.

So now, upon his Father's throne,
Almighty to release us
From sin and pains, he gladly reigns,
The Prince and Saviour Jesus.

To Jesus ev'ry knee shall bow,
And ev'ry tongue confess him,
And we unite with saints in light,
Our only Lord to bless him.

O Jesus, by that matchless Name,
Thy grace shall fail us never;
Today as yesterday the same,
Thou art the same for ever.

#653

Jesus bids us shine
With a pure, clear light,
Like a little candle
Burning in the night.
In this world of darkness
So let us shine--
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

Jesus bids us shine,
First of all for him;
Well he sees and knows it,
If our light grows dim.
He looks down from heaven
To see us shine--
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

Jesus bids us shine,
Then, for all around;
Many kinds of darkness
In the world are found--
Sin and want and sorrow;
So we must shine--
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

#654

Saviour, teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving him who first loved me.

With a child's glad heart of love,
At thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

Teach me thus thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in thy grace;
Learning how to love from thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

Love in loving finds employ,
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving him who first loved me.

#655

Hushed was the evening hymn,
The temple courts were dark;
The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark;
When suddenly a voice divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple child,
The little Levite, kept;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

O give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of thy Word,
Like him to answer at thy call,
And to obey thee first of all.

O give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart, that waits
Where in thy house thou art,
Or watches at thy gates;
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of thy will.

O give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet unurm'ring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To thee in life and death,
That I may read with childlike eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

#656

From Psalm 34:11-15

Ye children, come, give ear to me
And learn Jehovah's fear;
He who would long and happy live,
Let him my counsel hear.

Children, come, hither come,
And unto me give ear,
I shall you teach to understand
How ye the Lord should fear.

Restrain thy lips from speaking guile,
From wicked speech depart,
From evil turn and do the good,
Seek peace with all thy heart.

Jehovah's eyes are on the just,
He hearkens to their cry;
Against the wicked sets his face,
Their very name shall die.

#657

The wise may bring their learning,
The rich may bring their wealth,
And some may bring their greatness,
And some bring strength and health;
We, too, would bring our treasures
To offer to the King;
We have no wealth or learning:
What shall we children bring?

We'll bring him hearts to love him;
We'll bring him thankful praise,
And young souls meekly striving
To walk in holy ways:
And these shall be the treasures
We offer to the King,
And these are gifts that even
The poorest child may bring.

We'll bring the little duties
We have to do each day;
We'll try our best to please him,
At home, at school, at play:
And better are these treasures
To offer to the King
Than richest gifts without them;
Yet these a child may bring.

#658

Yield not to temptation,
For yielding is sin;
Each victory will help you
Some other to win;
Fight manfully onward;
Dark passions subdue;
Look ever to Jesus,
He will carry you through.

Ask the Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you;
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through.

Shun evil companions;
Bad language disdain;
God's name hold in reverence,
Nor take it in vain;
Be thoughtful and earnest,
Kindhearted and true;
Look ever to Jesus,
He will carry you through.

To him that o'ercometh
God giveth a crown;
Through faith we shall conquer,
Though often cast down;
He who is the Saviour
Our strength will renew;
Look ever to Jesus,
He will carry you through.

#659

Father, we thank thee for the night,
And for the pleasant morning light;
For rest and food and loving care,
And all that makes the day so fair.

Help us to do the things we should,
To be to others kind and good;
In all we do, in work, or play,
To grow more loving ev'ry day.

#660

Standing by a purpose true,
Heeding God's command,
Honor them, the faithful few!
All hail to Daniel's band!

Dare to be a Daniel!
Dare to stand alone!
Dare to have a purpose firm!
Dare to make it known!

Many mighty men are lost,
Daring not to stand,
Who for God had been a host
By joining Daniel's band.

Many giants, great and tall,
Stalking through the land,
Headlong to the earth would fall,
If met by Daniel's band.

Hold the gospel banner high;
On to vict'ry grand;
Satan and his host defy,
And shout for Daniel's band.

#661

Jesus, high in glory,
Lend a listening ear;
When we bow before thee,
Children's praises hear.

Though thou art so holy,
Heav'n's almighty King,
Thou wilt stoop to listen
When thy praise we sing.

We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray,
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heav'nly way.

Save us, Lord, from sinning;
Watch us day by day;
Help us now to love thee;
Take our sins away.

Then, when thou shalt call us
To our heav'nly home,
We will gladly answer,
Saviour, Lord, we come.

#662

There is a city bright;
Closed are its gates to sin;
Naught that defileth,
Naught that defileth,
Can ever enter in.

Saviour, I come to thee;
O Lamb of God, I pray,
Cleanse me and save me,
Cleanse me and save me,
Wash all my sins away.

Lord, make me, from this hour,
Thy loving child to be,
Kept by thy power,
Kept by thy power,
From all that grieveth thee,--

Till in the snow-white dress
Of thy redeemed I stand,
Faultless and stainless,
Faultless and stainless,
Safe in that happy land.

#663

From Psalm 23

The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.

Through the valley and shadow of death tho' I stray,
Since thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall with my Comforter near.

In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head;
O what shall I ask of thy providence more?

Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet thee above:
I seek by the path which my forefathers trod,
Thro' the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love.

#664

Jesus is all the world to me,
My life, my joy, my all;
He is my strength from day to day,
Without him I would fall.
When I am sad, to him I go,
No other one can cheer me so;
When I am sad he makes me glad,
He's my Friend.

Jesus is all the world to me,
My friend in trials sore;
I go to him for blessings, and
He gives them o'er and o'er.
He sends the sunshine and the rain,
He sends the harvest's golden grain,
Sunshine and rain, harvest of grain,
He's my Friend.

Jesus is all the world to me,
And true to him I'll be;
Oh, how could I this Friend deny,
When he's so true to me?
Following him I know I'm right,
He watches o'er me day and night;
Following him, by day and night,
He's my Friend.

Jesus is all the world to me,
I want no better friend;
I trust him now, I'll trust him when
Life's fleeting days shall end.
Beautiful life with such a Friend;
Beautiful life that has no end;
Eternal life, eternal joy,
He's my Friend.

#665

Conquering now and still to conquer,
Rideth a King in his might,
Leading the host of all the faithful
Into the midst of the fight;
See them with courage advancing,
Clad in their brilliant array,
Shouting the name of their Leader,
Hear them exultingly say:

Not to the strong is the battle,
Not to the swift is the race,
Yet to the true and the faithful
Vict'ry is promised through grace.

Conquering now and still to conquer,
Who is this wonderful King?
Whence are the armies which he leadeth,
While of his glory they sing?
He is our Lord and Redeemer,
Saviour and Monarch divine;
They are the stars that for ever
Bright in his Kingdom will shine.

Conquering now and still to conquer,
Jesus, thou Ruler of all,
Thrones and their scepters all shall perish,
Crowns and their splendor shall fall,
Yet shall the armies thou leadest,
Faithful and true to the last,
Find in thy mansions eternal
Rest, when their warfare is past.

#666

Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With thy tend'rest blessing
May our eyelids close.

Grant to little children
Visions bright of thee;
Guard the sailors, tossing
On the deep blue sea.

Comfort ev'ry sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

Through the long night watches
May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to thee, blest Spirit,
Whilst all ages run.

#667

To God be the glory, great things he hath done!
So loved he the world that he gave us his Son,
Who yielded his life an atonement for sin,
And opened the life gate that we may go in.

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,
Let the earth hear his voice!
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,
Let the people rejoice!
O come to the Father through Jesus the Son,
And give him the glory, great things he hath done!

O perfect redemption, the purchase of blood!
To ev'ry believer the promise of God;
The vilest offender who truly believes,
That moment from Jesus forgiveness receives.

Great things he hath taught us, great things he hath done,
And great our rejoicing through Jesus the Son;
But purer, and higher, and greater will be
Our wonder, our transport, when Jesus we see.

#668

Far and near the fields are teeming
With the waves of ripened grain;
Far and near their gold is gleaming
O'er the sunny slope and plain.

Lord of harvest, send forth reapers!
Hear us, Lord, to thee we cry;
Send them now the sheaves to gather,
Ere the harvest time pass by.

Send them forth with morn's first beaming,
Send them in the noontide's glare;
When the sun's last rays are gleaming,
Bid them gather ev'rywhere.

O thou, whom thy Lord is sending,
Gather now the sheaves of gold;
Heav'nward then at evening wending,
Thou shalt come with joy untold.

#669

Come, let us sing of a wonderful love,
Tender and true, tender and true,
Out of the heart of the Father above,
Streaming to me and to you:
Wonderful love, wonderful love,
Dwells in the heart of the Father above.

Jesus the Saviour this gospel to tell
Joyfully came, joyfully came,
Came with the helpless and hopeless to dwell,
Sharing their sorrow and shame:
Seeking the lost, seeking the lost,
Saving, redeeming at measureless cost.

Jesus is seeking the wanderers yet;
Why do they roam? why do they roam?
Love only waits to forgive and forget;
Home, weary wanderers, home!
Wonderful love, wonderful love,
Dwells in the heart of the Father above.

Come to my heart, O thou wonderful Love!
Come and abide, come and abide,
Lifting my life till it rises above
Envy and falsehood and pride:
Seeking to be, seeking to be,
Lowly and humble, a learner of thee.

#670

Trembling soul, beset by fears,
"Thy God reigneth!"
Look above and dry thy tears:
"Thy God reigneth!"
Though thy foes with power assail,
Naught against thee shall prevail;
Trust in him, he'll never fail:
"Thy God reigneth! Thy God reigneth!"

Sinful soul, thy debt is paid;
"Thy God reigneth!"
On the Lord thy sins were laid;
"Thy God reigneth!"
On the cross of Calvary,
Jesus shed his blood for thee,
From all sin to set thee free:
"Thy God reigneth! Thy God reigneth!"

Seeking soul, to Jesus turn;
"Thy God reigneth!"
None that seek him will he spurn;
"Thy God reigneth!"
Wandering sheep the Shepherd seeks,
And when found he ever keeps,
For he slumbers not nor sleeps:
"Thy God reigneth! Thy God reigneth!"

Join, ye saints, the truth proclaim,
"Thy God reigneth!"
Shout it forth with glad acclaim,
"Thy God reigneth!"
Zion, wake! the morn is nigh,
See it break from yonder sky;
Loud and clear the watchmen cry:
"Thy God reigneth! Thy God reigneth!"

Church of Christ, awake, awake!
"Thy God reigneth!"
Forward, then, fresh courage take:
"Thy God reigneth!"
Soon, descending from his throne,
He shall claim thee for his own;
Sin shall then be overthrown:
"Thy God reigneth! Thy God reigneth!"

#671

Thy Word is a lamp to my feet,
A light to my path alway,
To guide and to save me from sin,
And show me the heav'nly way.

Thy Word have I hid in my heart
That I might not sin against thee;
That I might not sin, that I might not sin,
Thy word have I hid in my heart.

Forever, O Lord, is thy Word
Established and fixed on high;
Thy faithfulness unto all men
Abideth for ever nigh.

At morning, at noon, and at night
I ever will give thee praise;
For thou art my portion, O Lord,
And shall be through all my days!

Through him whom thy Word hath foretold,
The Saviour and Morning Star,
Salvation and peace have been brought
To those who have strayed afar.

#672

In lovingkindness Jesus came
My soul in mercy to reclaim,
And from the depths of sin and shame
Through grace he lifted me.

From sinking sand he lifted me,
With tender hand he lifted me,
From shades of night to plains of light,
Oh, praise his name, he lifted me!

He called me long before I heard,
Before my sinful heart was stirred,
But when I took him at his word,
Forgiv'n he lifted me.

His brow was pierced with many a thorn,
His hands by cruel nails were torn,
When from my guilt and grief, forlorn,
In love he lifted me.

Now on a higher plane I dwell,
And with my soul I know 'tis well;
Yet how or why, I cannot tell,
He should have lifted me.

#673

Who hath believed after hearing the message,
To whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?
He shall grow up as a plant new and tender,
And as a root out of a barren field.

He was wounded for our transgressions,
He was bruised for our iniquities;
The chastisement of our peace was upon him,
And with his stripes we are healed.

He was despised and by all men rejected,
Weighted with sorrows, acquainted with grief;
Smitten, afflicted, by God was forsaken,
He suffered alone; no one could bring relief.

Like as a lamb he was brought to the slaughter,
Speechless as sheep to the shearers was led;
He was cut off from the land of the living,
For our transgressions on Calvary bled.

#674

Holy Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine;
Mine to tell me whence I came;
Mine to teach me what I am;

Mine to chide me when I rove;
Mine to show a Saviour's love;
Mine thou art to guide and guard;
Mine to punish or reward;

Mine to comfort in distress,
Suffering in this wilderness;
Mine to show by living faith,
Man can triumph over death;

Mine to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
O thou holy book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine.

#675

A wonderful Saviour is Jesus my Lord,
A wonderful Saviour to me,
He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock,
Where rivers of pleasure I see.

He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock
That shadows a dry, thirsty land;
He hideth my life in the depths of his love,
And covers me there with his hand.

A wonderful Saviour is Jesus my Lord,
He taketh my burden away,
He holdeth me up, and I shall not be moved,
He giveth me strength as my day.

With numberless blessings each moment he crowns,
And filled with a fullness divine,
I sing in my rapture, O glory to God
For such a Redeemer as mine!

When clothed in his brightness, transported I rise
To meet him in clouds of the sky,
His perfect salvation, his wonderful love,
I'll shout with the millions on high.

#676

More about Jesus would I know,
More of his grace to others show,
More of his saving fullness see,
More of his love who died for me.

More, more about Jesus,
More, more about Jesus,
More of his saving fullness see,
More of his love who died for me.

More about Jesus let me learn,
More of his holy will discern;
Spirit of God, my teacher be,
Showing the things of Christ to me.

More about Jesus in his Word,
Holding communion with my Lord;
Hearing his voice in ev'ry line,
Making each faithful saying mine.

More about Jesus on his throne,
Riches in glory all his own;
More of his kingdom's sure increase;
More of his coming, Prince of Peace.

#677

What can wash away my sin?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
What can make me whole again?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

O precious is the flow
That makes me white as snow;
No other fount I know,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

For my cleansing this I see--
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
For my pardon this my plea--
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Nothing can for sin atone--
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
Naught of good that I have done--
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

This is all my hope and peace--
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
This is all my righteousness--
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Now by this I'll overcome--
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
Now by this I'll reach my home--
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

#678

From Psalm 72:8-14, 17-19

Christ shall have dominion
Over land and sea,
Earth's remotest regions
Shall his empire be;
They that wilds inhabit
Shall their worship bring,
Kings shall render tribute,
Nations serve our King.

Christ shall have dominion
Over land and sea,
Earth's remotest regions
Shall his empire be;

When the needy seek him,
He will mercy show;
Yea, the weak and helpless
Shall his pity know;
He will surely save them
From oppression's might,
For their lives are precious
In his holy sight.

Ever and for ever
Shall his Name endure,
Long as suns continue
It shall stand secure;
And in him for ever
All men shall be blest,
And all nations hail him
King of kings confessed.

Unto God Almighty
Joyful Zion sings;
He alone is glorious,
Doing wondrous things.
Evermore, ye people,
Bless his glorious name,
His eternal glory
Through the earth proclaim.

#679

The whole world was lost in the darkness of sin;
The Light of the world is Jesus;
Like sunshine at noonday his glory shone in,
The Light of the world is Jesus.

Come to the Light, 'tis shining for thee;
Sweetly the Light has dawned upon me;
Once I was blind, but now I can see;
The Light of the world is Jesus.

No darkness have we who in Jesus abide,
The Light of the world is Jesus;
We walk in the Light when we follow our Guide,
The Light of the world is Jesus.

Ye dwellers in darkness with sin-blinded eyes,
The Light of the world is Jesus;
Go, wash at his bidding, and light will arise,
The Light of the world is Jesus.

No need of the sunlight in heaven, we're told,
The Light of the world is Jesus;
The Lamb is the Light in the City of Gold,
The Light of the world is Jesus.

#680

Anywhere with Jesus I can safely go;
Anywhere he leads me in this world below;
Anywhere without him dearest joys would fade;
Anywhere with Jesus I am not afraid.

Anywhere! anywhere! Fear I cannot know;
Anywhere with Jesus I can safely go;

Anywhere with Jesus I need fear no ill,
Though temptations gather round my pathway still;
He himself was tempted that he might help me;
Anywhere with Jesus I may victor be.

Anywhere with Jesus I am not alone;
Other friends may fail me, he is still my own;
Though his hand may lead me over dreary ways,
Anywhere with Jesus is a house of praise.

Anywhere with Jesus I can go to sleep,
When the dark'ning shadows round about me creep;
Knowing I shall waken, never more to roam,
Anywhere with Jesus will be home, sweet home.

#681

I will sing of my Redeemer
And his wondrous love to me;
On the cruel cross he suffered,
From the curse to set me free.

Sing, O sing of my Redeemer!
With his blood he purchased me;
On the cross he sealed my pardon,
Paid the debt and made me free.

I will tell the wondrous story,
How my lost estate to save,
In his boundless love and mercy,
He the ransom freely gave.

I will praise my dear Redeemer,
His triumphant power I'll tell,
How the victory he giveth
Over sin and death and hell.

I will sing of my Redeemer
And his heav'nly love to me;
He from death to life has brought me,
Son of God, with him to be.

#682

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

Trusting as the moments fly,
Trusting as the days go by;
Trusting him whate'er befall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

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

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

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

#683

Praise him! praise him! Jesus, our blessed Redeemer!
Sing, O earth, his wonderful love proclaim!
Hail him! hail him! highest archangels in glory;
Strength and honor give to his holy name!
Like a shepherd, Jesus will guard his children,
In his arms he carries them all day long:

Praise him! praise him! tell of his excellent greatness,
Praise him! praise him! ever in joyful song!

Praise him! praise him! Jesus, our blessed Redeemer!
For our sins he suffered and bled and died;
He our Rock, our hope of eternal salvation,
Hail him! hail him! Jesus the crucified.
Sound his praises! Jesus who bore our sorrows,
Love unbounded, wonderful, deep and strong:

Praise him! praise him! Jesus, our blessed Redeemer!
Heav'nly portals loud with hosannas ring!
Jesus, Saviour, reigneth for ever and ever;
Crown him! crown him! Prophet and Priest and King!
Christ is coming! Over the world victorious,
Power and glory unto the Lord belong:

#684

Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear,
Out in the desert dark and drear,
Calling the sheep who've gone astray
Far from the Shepherd's fold away.

Bring them in, bring them in,
Bring them in, from the fields of sin;
Bring them in, bring them in,
Bring the wandering ones to Jesus.

Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind,
Help him the wand'ring ones to find?
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold,
Where they'll be sheltered from the cold?

Out in the desert hear their cry,
Out on the mountains wild and high;
Hark! 'tis the Master speaks to thee,
"Go find my sheep where'er they be."

#685

Tell me the story of Jesus,
Write on my heart ev'ry word;
Tell me the story most precious,
Sweetest that ever was heard.
Tell how the angels, in chorus,
Sang as they welcomed his birth,
"Glory to God in the highest!
Peace and good tidings to earth."

Tell me the story of Jesus,
Write on my heart ev'ry word;
Tell me the story most precious,
Sweetest that ever was heard.

Fasting alone in the desert,
Tell of the days that are past,
How for our sins he was tempted,
Yet was triumphant at last.
Tell of the years of his labor,
Tell of the sorrow he bore,
He was despised and afflicted,
Homeless, rejected and poor.

Tell of the cross where they nailed him,
Writhing in anguish and pain;
Tell of the grave where they laid him,
Tell how he liveth again.
Love in that story so tender,
Clearer than ever I see:
Stay, let me weep while you whisper,
Love paid the ransom for me.

#686

Sound the battle cry!
See! the foe is nigh!
Raise the standard high
For the Lord:
Gird your armor on,
Stand firm ev'ry one;
Rest your cause upon his holy Word.

Rouse, then, soldiers!
Rally round the banner!
Ready, steady, pass the word along;
Onward, forward,
Shout aloud, hosanna!
Christ is captain of the mighty throng!

Strong to meet the foe,
Marching on we go,
While our cause we know,
Must prevail;
Shield and banner bright,
Gleaming in the light,
Battling for the right
We ne'er can fail.

O thou God of all,
Hear us when we call,
Help us one and all
By thy grace;
When the battle's done,
And the victory won,
May we wear the crown
Before thy face.

#687

Lift up your heads, pilgrims aweary,
See day's approach now crimson the sky;
Night shadows flee, and your Beloved,
Awaited with longing, at last draweth nigh.

He is coming again, he is coming again,
The very same Jesus, rejected of men;
He is coming again, he is coming again,
With power and great glory, he is coming again.

Dark was the night, sin warred against us;
Heavy the load of sorrow we bore;
But now we see signs of his coming;
Our hearts glow within us, joy's cup runneth o'er!

O blessed hope! O blissful promise!
Filling our hearts with rapture divine;
O day of days! hail thine appearing!
Thy transcendent glory for ever shall shine.

Even so come, precious Lord Jesus;
Creation waits redemption to see;
Caught up in clouds, soon we shall meet thee;
O blessed assurance, for ever with thee!

#688

Yes, for me, for me he careth
With a brother's tender care;
Yes, with me, with me he shareth
Ev'ry burden, ev'ry fear.
Yes, o'er me, o'er me he watcheth,
Ceaseless watcheth, night and day;
Yes, e'en me, e'en me he snatcheth
From the perils of the way.

Yes, for me, he standeth pleading
At the mercy seat above;
Ever for me interceding,
Constant in untiring love.
Yes, in me, in me he dwelleth;
I in him, and he in me!
And my empty soul he filleth,
Here and through eternity.

#689

One day when heaven was filled with his praises,
One day when sin was as black as could be,
Jesus came forth to be born of a virgin--
Dwelt amongst men, my example is he!

Living, he loved me; dying, he saved me;
Buried, he carried my sins far away;
Rising, he justified freely, for ever:
One day he's coming--O, glorious day!

One day they led him up Calvary's mountain,
One day they nailed him to die on the tree;
Suffering anguish, despised and rejected:
Bearing our sins, my Redeemer is he!

One day they left him alone in the garden,
One day he rested, from suffering free;
Angels came down o'er his tomb to keep vigil;
Hope of the hopeless, my Saviour is he!

One day the grave could conceal him no longer,
One day the stone rolled away from the door;
Then he arose, over death he had conquered;
Now is ascended, my Lord evermore!

One day the trumpet will sound for his coming,
One day the skies with his glories will shine;
Wonderful day, my beloved ones bringing;
Glorious Saviour, this Jesus is mine!

#690

I hear the Saviour say,
"Thy strength indeed is small,
Child of weakness, watch and pray,
Find in me thine all in all."

Jesus paid it all,
All to him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain,
He washed it white as snow.

Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

For nothing good have I
Whereby thy grace to claim--
I will wash my garments white
In the blood of Calvary's lamb.

And when, before the throne,
I stand in him complete,
"Jesus died my soul to save,"
My lips shall still repeat.

#691

Hark! the voice of Jesus crying,
"Who will go and work today?
Fields are white, and harvests waiting;
Who will bear the sheaves away?"
Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich reward he offers free;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I; send me, send me."

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.

If you cannot be a watchman,
Standing high on Zion's wall,
Pointing out the path to heaven,
Off'ring life and peace to all,
With your prayers and with your bounties
You can do what God demands;
You can be like faithful Aaron,
Holding up the prophet's hands.

Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the sons 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."

#692

Jesus may come today,
Glad day! Glad day!
And I would see my Friend;
Dangers and troubles would end
If Jesus should come today.

Glad day! Glad day! Is it the crowning day?
I'll live for today, nor anxious be,
Jesus, my Lord, I soon shall see;
Glad day! Glad day! Is it the crowning day?

I may go home today,
Glad day! Glad day!
Seemeth I hear their song;
Hail to the radiant throng!
If I should go home today.

Why should I anxious be?
Glad day! Glad day!
Lights appear on the shore,
Storms will affright nevermore,
For he is at hand today.

Faithful I'll be today,
Glad day! Glad day!
And I will freely tell
Why I should love him so well,
For he is my all today.

#693

Come to the Saviour, make no delay:
Here in his Word he's shown us the way;
Here in our midst he's standing today,
Tenderly saying, "Come!"

Joyful, joyful, will the meeting be,
When from sin our hearts are pure and free;
And we shall gather, Saviour, with thee,
In our eternal home.

Suffer the children! O hear his voice!
Let ev'ry heart leap forth and rejoice;
And let us freely make him our choice:
Do not delay, but come.

Think once again, he's with us today;
Heed now his blest command, and obey;
Hear now his accents tenderly say,
"Will you, my children, come?"

#694

Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling,
Calling for you and for me;
See, on the portals he's waiting and watching,
Watching for you and for me.

Come home, come home,
Ye who are weary, come home;
Earnestly, tenderly Jesus is calling,
Calling, O sinner, come home.

Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading,
Pleading for you and for me?
Why should we linger and heed not his mercies,
Mercies for you and for me?

Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing,
Passing from you and from me;
Shadows are gathering, deathbeds are coming,
Coming for you and for me.

Oh! for the wonderful love he has promised
Promised for you and for me;
Though we have sinned, he has mercy and pardon,
Pardon for you and for me.

#695

I am a stranger here, within a foreign land;
My home is far away, upon a golden strand;
Ambassador to be of realms beyond the sea,
I'm here on business for my King.

This is the message that I bring,
A message angels fain would sing:
"Oh, be ye reconciled,"
Thus saith my Lord and King,
"Oh, be ye reconciled to God."

This is the King's command: that all men, ev'rywhere,
Repent and turn away from sin's seductive snare;
That all who will obey, with him shall reign for aye,
And that's my business for my King.

My home is brighter far than Sharon's rosy plain,
Eternal life and joy throughout its vast domain;
My Sovereign bids me tell how mortals there may dwell,
And that's my business for my King.

#696

Be not dismayed whate'er betide,
God will take care of you;
Beneath his wings of love abide,
God will take care of you;

God will take care of you;
Through ev'ry day, o'er all the way;
He will take care of you,
God will take care of you.

Through days of toil when heart doth fail,
God will take care of you;
When dangers fierce your path assail,
God will take care of you.

All you may need he will provide,
God will take care of you;
Trust him and you will be satisfied,
God will take care of you.

No matter what may be the test,
God will take care of you;
Lean, weary one, upon his breast,
God will take care of you.

#697

Jesus is tenderly calling thee home--
Calling today, calling today,
Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam
Farther and farther away?

Calling today, calling today,
Jesus is calling, is tenderly calling today.

Jesus is calling the weary to rest--
Calling today, calling today,
Bring him thy burden and thou shalt be blest:
He will not turn thee away.

Jesus is waiting; O come to him now--
Waiting today, waiting today,
Come with thy sins; at his feet lowly bow;
Come, and no longer delay.

Jesus is pleading; O list to his voice:
Hear him today, hear him today,
They who believe on his name shall rejoice;
Quickly arise and away.

#698

Naught have I gotten but what I received;
Grace hath bestowed it and I have believed;
Boasting excluded, pride I abase;
I'm only a sinner saved by grace!

Only a sinner saved by grace!
Only a sinner saved by grace!
This is my story, to God be the glory,
I'm only a sinner saved by grace!

Once I was foolish, and sinned ruled my heart,
Causing my footsteps from God to depart;
Jesus hath found me, happy my case;
I now am a sinner saved by grace!

Tears unavailing, no merit had I;
Mercy had saved me, or else I must die;
Sin had alarmed me, fearing God's face;
But now I'm a sinner saved by grace!

Suffer a sinner whose heart overflows,
Loving his Saviour to tell what he knows;
Once more to tell it would I embrace--
I now am a sinner saved by grace!

#699

'Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus,
Just to take him at his word;
Just to rest upon his promise;
Just to know, thus saith the Lord.

Jesus, Jesus, how I trust him!
How I've proved him o'er and o'er!
Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus!
O for grace to trust him more.

O how sweet to trust in Jesus,
Just to trust his cleansing blood;
Just in simple faith to plunge me
'Neath the healing, cleansing flood!

Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Jesus,
Just from sin and self to cease;
Just from Jesus simply taking
Life and rest, and joy and peace.

I'm so glad I learned to trust thee,
Precious Jesus, Saviour, Friend;
And I know that thou art with me,
Wilt be with me to the end.

#700

When we walk with the Lord in the light of his Word
What a glory he sheds on our way!
While we do his good will, he abides with us still,
And with all who will trust and obey.

Trust and obey, for there's no other way
To be happy in Jesus, but to trust and obey.

Not a shadow can rise, not a cloud in the skies,
But his smile quickly drives it away;
Not a doubt or a fear, not a sigh nor a tear,
Can abide while we trust and obey.

Not a burden we bear, not a sorrow we share,
But our toil he doth richly repay;
Not a grief nor a loss, not a frown or a cross,
But is blest if we trust and obey.

But we never can prove the delights of his love
Until all on the altar we lay;
For the favor he shows, and the joy he bestows,
Are for them who will trust and obey.

Then in fellowship sweet we will sit at his feet,
Or we will walk by his side in the way;
What he says we will do, where he sends we will go,
Never fear, only trust and obey.

#701

Master, the tempest is raging!
The billows are tossing high!
The sky is o'ershadowed with blackness,
No shelter or help is nigh;
Carest thou not that we perish?
How canst thou lie asleep,
When each moment so madly is threat'ning
A grave in the angry deep?

The winds and the waves shall obey thy will:
"Peace, be still!"
Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed sea,
Or demons, or men or whatever it be,
No water can swallow the ship where lies
The Master of ocean and earth and skies:
They all shall sweetly obey thy will--
"Peace, be still! Peace, be still!"
They all shall sweetly obey thy will--
"Peace, peace, be still!"

Master, with anguish in spirit
I bow in my grief today;
The depths of my sad heart are troubled,
O waken and save, I pray;
Torrents of sin and of anguish
Sweep o'er my sinking soul!
And I perish! I perish! dear Master;
O hasten, and take control!

Master, the terror is over,
The elements sweetly rest;
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mirrored,
And heaven's within my breast.
Linger, O blessed Redeemer,
Leave me alone no more;
And with joy I shall make the blest harbor,
And rest on the blissful shore.

#702

Wonderful grace of Jesus,
Greater than all my sin;
How shall my tongue describe it,
Where shall its praise begin?
Taking away my burden,
Setting my spirit free;
For the wonderful grace of Jesus reaches me.

Wonderful the matchless grace of Jesus,
Deeper than the mighty rolling sea;
Higher than the mountain, sparkling like a fountain,
All sufficient grace for even me,
Broader than the scope of my transgressions,
Greater far than all my sin and shame,
O magnify the precious name of Jesus,
Praise his name!

Wonderful grace of Jesus,
Reaching a mighty host,
By it I have been pardoned,
Saved to the uttermost,
Chains have been torn asunder,
Giving me liberty;
For the wonderful grace of Jesus reaches me.

Wonderful grace of Jesus,
Reaching the most defiled,
By its transforming power,
Making him God's dear child,
Purchasing peace and heaven,
For all eternity;
And the wonderful grace of Jesus reaches me.

#703

My Saviour's praises I will sing,
And all his love express;
Whose mercies each returning day
Proclaim his faithfulness.

"Ev'ry day will I bless thee!
Ev'ry day will I bless thee!
And I will praise will praise thy Name
For ever and ever!"

Redeemed by his almighty power,
My Saviour and my King;
My confidence in him I place,
To him my soul would cling.

On thee alone, my Saviour, God,
My steadfast hopes depend;
And to thy holy will my soul
Submissively would bend.

O grant thy Holy Spirit's grace,
And aid my feeble powers,
That gladly I may follow thee
Through all my future hours.

#704

Jesus, keep me near the cross;
There a precious fountain,
Free to all--a healing stream--
Flows from Calvary's mountain.

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

Near the cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me;
There the bright and morning star
Shed its beams around me.

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

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

#705

Marvelous grace of our loving Lord,
Grace that exceeds our sin and our guilt,
Yonder on Calvary's mount outpoured,
There where the blood of the Lamb was spilt.

Grace, grace, God's grace,
Grace that will pardon and cleanse within;
Grace, grace, God's grace,
Grace that is greater than all my sin.

Sin and despair like the sea waves cold,
Threaten the soul with infinite loss;
Grace that is greater, yes, grace untold,
Points to the refuge, the mighty cross.

Dark is the stain that we cannot hide,
What can avail to wash it away?
Look! there is flowing a crimson tide;
Whiter than snow you may be today.

#706

Take time to be holy,
Speak oft with thy Lord;
Abide in him always,
And feed on his Word.
Make friends of God's children;
Help those who are weak;
Forgetting in nothing
His blessing to seek.

Take time to be holy,
The world rushes on;
Spend much time in secret
With Jesus alone.
By looking to Jesus,
Like him thou shalt be;
Thy friends in thy conduct
His likeness shall see.

Take time to be holy,
Let him be thy guide,
And run not before him,
Whatever betide;
In joy or in sorrow,
Still follow thy Lord,
And, looking to Jesus,
Still trust in his Word.

Take time to be holy,
Be calm in thy soul;
Each thought and each motive
Beneath his control;
Thus led by his Spirit
To fountains of love,
Thou soon shalt be fitted
For service above.

#707

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

Saviour, Saviour, hear my humble cry;
While on others thou art smiling,
Do not pass me by.

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

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

Thou the Spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside thee?
Whom in heav'n but thee?

#708

Dying with Jesus, by death reckoned mine;
Living with Jesus, a new life divine;
Looking to Jesus till glory doth shine,
Moment by moment, O Lord, I am thine.

Moment by moment, I'm kept in his love;
Moment by moment, I've life from above;
Looking to Jesus till glory doth shine,
Moment by moment, O Lord, I am thine.

Never a trial that he is not there,
Never a burden that he doth not bear,
Never a sorrow that he doth not share,
Moment by moment, I'm under his care.

Never a weakness that he doth not feel,
Never a sickness that he cannot heal;
Moment by moment, in woe or in weal,
Jesus my Saviour, abides with me still.

#709

I will sing the wondrous story
Of the Christ who died for me,
How he left the realms of glory
For the cross on Calvary.

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

I was lost: but Jesus found me,
Found the sheep that went astray,
Raised me up and gently led me
Back into the narrow way.

Faint was I, and fears possessed me,
Bruised was I from many a fall;
Hope was gone, and shame distressed me:
But his love has pardoned all.

Days of darkness still may meet me,
Sorrow's path I oft may tread;
But his presence still is with me,
By his guiding hand I'm led.

He will keep me till the river
Rolls its waters at my feet:
Then he'll bear me safely over,
Made by grace for glory meet.

#710

I need thee ev'ry hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like thine
Can peace afford.

I need thee, O I need thee,
Ev'ry hour I need thee,
O bless me now, my Saviour,
I come to thee.

I need thee ev'ry hour,
Stay thou near by;
Temptations lose their pow'r
When thou art nigh.

I need thee ev'ry hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly, and abide,
Or life is vain.

I need thee ev'ry hour,
Teach me thy will,
And thy rich promises
In me fulfil.

I need thee ev'ry hour,
Most Holy One;
O make me thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son.

#711

The Name of Jesus is so sweet,
I love its music to repeat;
It makes my joys full and complete,
The precious Name of Jesus.

"Jesus," oh how sweet the Name!
"Jesus," ev'ry day the same;
"Jesus," let all saints proclaim
Its worthy praise for ever.

I love the Name of him whose heart
Knows all my griefs and bears a part;
Who bids all anxious fears depart--
I love the Name of Jesus.

No word of man can ever tell
How sweet the Name I love so well;
Oh, let its praises ever swell,
Oh, praise the Name of Jesus.

#712

I know not why God's wondrous grace
To me he hath made known,
Nor why, unworthy, Christ in love
Redeemed me for his own.

But "I know whom I have believed,
And am persuaded that he is able
To keep that which I've committed
Unto him against that day."

I know not how this saving faith
To me he did impart,
Nor how believing in his Word
Wrought peace within my heart.

I know not how the Spirit moves,
Convincing men of sin,
Revealing Jesus through the Word,
Creating faith in him.

I know not what of good or ill
May be reserved for me,
Of weary ways or golden days,
Before his face I see.

I know not when my Lord may come,
At night or noonday fair,
Nor if I'll walk the vale with him,
Or "meet him in the air."

#713

I am thine, O Lord, I have heard thy voice,
And it told thy love to me;
But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
And be closer drawn to thee.

Draw me nearer, nearer blessed Lord,
To the cross where thou hast died;
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer blessed Lord,
To thy precious, bleeding side.

Consecrate me now to thy service, Lord,
By the pow'r of grace divine;
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope,
And my will be lost in thine.

O the pure delight of a single hour
That before thy throne I spend,
When I kneel in prayer, and with thee, my God,
I commune as friend with friend!

There are depths of love that I cannot know
Till I cross the narrow sea;
There are heights of joy that I may not reach
Till I rest in peace with thee.

#714

With harps and with viols, there stand a great throng
In the presence of Jesus, and sing this new song:

Unto him who hath loved us and washed us from sin,
Unto him be the glory for ever. Amen.

All these once were sinners, defiled in his sight,
Now arrayed in pure garments in praise they unite:

He maketh the rebel a priest and a king,
He hath bought us and taught us this new song to sing:

How helpless and hopeless we sinners had been,
If he never had loved us till cleansed from our sin:

Aloud in his praises our voices shall ring,
So that others believing, this new song shall sing:

#715

Out of my bondage, sorrow and night,
Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come;
Into thy freedom, gladness and light,
Jesus, I come to thee;
Out of my sickness into thy health,
Out of my want and into thy wealth,
Out of my sin and into thyself,
Jesus, I come to thee.

Out of my shameful failure and loss,
Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come;
Into the glorious gain of thy cross,
Jesus, I come to thee;
Out of earth's sorrows into thy balm,
Out of life's storms and into thy calm,
Out of distress to jubilant psalm,
Jesus, I come to thee.

Out of unrest and arrogant pride,
Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come;
Into thy blessed will to abide,
Jesus, I come to thee;
Out of myself to dwell in thy love,
Out of despair into raptures above,
Upward for aye on wings like a dove,
Jesus, I come to thee.

Out of the fear and dread of the tomb,
Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come;
Into the joy and light of thy home,
Jesus, I come to thee;
Out of the depths of ruin untold,
Into the peace of thy sheltering fold,
Ever thy glorious face to behold,
Jesus, I come to thee.

#716

"There shall be showers of blessing,"
This is the promise of love;
There shall be seasons refreshing,
Sent from the Saviour above.

Showers of blessing,
Showers of blessing we need:
Mercy drops round us are falling,
But for the showers we plead.

"There shall be showers of blessing,"
Precious reviving again;
Over the hills and the valleys,
Sound of abundance of rain.

"There shall be showers of blessing,"
Send them upon us, O Lord;
Grant to us now a refreshing,
Come, and now honor thy Word.

"There shall be showers of blessing,"
Oh, that today they might fall,
Now as to God we're confessing,
Now as on Jesus we call!

#717

Though the angry surges roll
On my tempest-driven soul,
I am peaceful, for I know,
Wildly though the winds may blow,
I've an anchor safe and sure,
That can evermore endure.

And it holds, my anchor holds;
Blow your wildest then, O gale,
On my bark so small and frail:
By his grace I shall not fail,
For my anchor holds, my anchor holds.

Mighty tides about me sweep,
Perils lurk within the deep,
Angry clouds o'ershade the sky,
And the tempest rises high;
Still I stand the tempest's shock,
For my anchor grips the Rock.

I can feel the anchor fast
As I meet each sudden blast,
And the cable, though unseen,
Bears the heavy strain between;
Through the storm I safely ride,
Till the turning of the tide.

Troubles almost 'whelm the soul;
Griefs like billows o'er me roll;
Tempters seek to lure astray;
Storms obscure the light of day:
But in Christ I can be bold,
I've an anchor that shall hold.

#718

What a fellowship, what a joy divine,
Leaning on the everlasting arms;
What a blessedness, what a peace is mine,
Leaning on the everlasting arms.

Leaning, leaning,
Safe and secure from all alarms;
Leaning, leaning,
Leaning on the everlasting arms.

Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way,
Leaning on the everlasting arms;
Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
Leaning on the everlasting arms.

What have I to dread, what have I to fear,
Leaning on the everlasting arms?
I have blessed peace with my Lord so near,
Leaning on the everlasting arms.

#719

The Lord's our Rock, in him we hide,
A shelter in the time of storm;
Secure whatever ill betide,
A shelter in the time of storm.

Oh, Jesus is a Rock in a weary land,
A weary land, a weary land,
Oh, Jesus is a Rock in a weary land,
A shelter in the time of storm.

A shade by day, defense by night,
A shelter in the time of storm;
No fears alarm, no foes affright,
A shelter in the time of storm.

The raging storms may round us beat,
A shelter in the time of storm;
We'll never leave our safe retreat,
A shelter in the time of storm.

O Rock Divine, O Refuge dear,
A shelter in the time of storm;
Be thou our helper ever near,
A shelter in the time of storm.

#720

My Father is rich in houses and lands,
He holdeth the wealth of the world in his hands!
Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and gold,
His coffers are full, he has riches untold.

I'm the child of a King, the child of a King,
With Jesus, my Saviour, I'm the child of a King.

My Father's own Son, the Saviour of men,
Once wandered o'er earth as the poorest of them;
But now he is reigning for ever on high,
And will give me a home in heav'n by and by.

I once was an outcast stranger on earth,
A sinner by choice, and an alien by birth!
But I've been adopted, my name's written down,
An heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown.

A tent or a cottage, why should I care?
They're building a palace for me over there!
Though exiled from home, yet still I may sing:
All glory to God, I'm the child of a King.

#721

Nor silver nor gold hath obtained my redemption,
Nor riches of earth could have saved my poor soul;
The blood of the cross is my only foundation,
The death of my Saviour now maketh me whole.

I am redeemed, but not with silver;
I am bought, but not with gold;
Bought with a price--the blood of Jesus,
Precious price of love untold.

Nor silver nor gold hath obtained my redemption,
The guilt on my conscience too heavy had grown;
The blood of the cross is my only foundation,
The death of my Saviour could only atone.

Nor silver nor gold hath obtained my redemption,
The holy commandment forbade me draw near;
The blood of the cross is my only foundation,
The death of my Saviour removeth my fear.

Nor silver nor gold hath obtained my redemption,
The way into heaven could not thus be bought;
The blood of the cross is my only foundation,
The death of my Saviour redemption hath wrought.

#722

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

Beautiful words, wonderful words,
Wonderful words of life.
Beautiful words, wonderful words,
Wonderful words of life.

Christ, the blessed One, gives to all,
Wonderful words of life;
Sinner, list to the loving call,
Wonderful words of life.
All so freely given,
Wooing us to heaven:

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

#723

"Give me thy heart," says the Father above,
No gift so precious to him as our love,
Softly he whispers wherever thou art,
"Gratefully trust me, and give my thy heart."

"Give me thy heart, Give me thy heart,"
Hear the soft whisper, wherever thou art,
From this dark world he would draw thee apart,
Speaking so tenderly, "Give me thy heart."

"Give me thy heart," says the Saviour of men,
Calling in mercy again and again;
"Turn now from sin, and from evil depart,
Will I not succor thee? give me thy heart."

"Give me thy heart," says the Spirit divine,
"All that thou hast, to my keeping resign;
Grace more abounding is mine to impart,
Make full surrender and give me thy heart."

#724

Come, ev'ry soul by sin oppressed,
There's mercy with the Lord,
And he will surely give you rest,
By trusting in his Word.

Only trust him, only trust him,
Only trust him now;
He will save you, he will save you,
He will save you now.

For Jesus shed his precious blood
Rich blessings to bestow;
Plunge now into the crimson flood
That washes white as snow.

Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
That leads you into rest;
Believe in him without delay,
And you are fully blessed.

Come then, and join this holy band,
And on to glory go,
To dwell in that celestial land,
Where joys immortal flow.

#725

Why should I feel discouraged,
Why should the shadows come,
Why should my heart be lonely
And long for heav'n and home,
When Jesus is my portion?
My constant Friend is he:

His eye is on the sparrow,
And I know he watches me;
His eye is on the sparrow,
And I know he watches me.

"Let not your heart be troubled,"
His tender Word I hear,
And resting on his goodness,
I lose my doubt and fear;
Though by the path he leadeth
But one step I may see:

Whenever I am tempted,
Whenever clouds arise,
When songs give place to sighing,
When hope within me dies,
I draw the closer to him,
From care he sets me free;

#726

Some day the silver cord will break,
And I no more as now shall sing;
But oh, the joy when I shall wake
Within the palace of the King!

And I shall see him face to face,
And tell the story--saved by grace;
And I shall see him face to face,
And tell the story--saved by grace.

Some day my earthly house will fall,
I cannot tell how soon 'twill be;
But this I know--my All in All
Has now a place in heav'n for me.

Some day, when fades the golden sun
Beneath the rosy tinted west,
My blessed Lord will say, "Well done!"
And I shall enter into rest.

Some day: till then I'll watch and wait,
My lamp all trimmed and burning bright,
That when my Saviour ope's the gates,
My soul to him may take its flight.

#727

When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
And the morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair;
When the saved of earth shall gather over on the other shore,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise,
And the glory of his resurrection share;
When his chosen ones shall gather to their home beyond the skies,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

Let us labor for the Master from the dawn till setting sun,
Let us talk of all his wondrous love and care;
Then when all of life is over, and our work on earth is done,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

#728

Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling;
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work while the day grows brighter,
Under the glowing sun;
Work for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

Work for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon;
Give ev'ry flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

Work for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies,
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies;
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

#729

I will sing you a song of that beautiful land,
The far away home of the soul,
Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,
While the years of eternity roll.

O that home of the soul! In my visions and dreams,
Its bright jasper walls I can see;
Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes
Between the fair city and me.

That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
The King of all kingdoms for ever is he,
And he holdeth our crowns in his hands.

O how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain,
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands,
To meet one another again.

#730

In the land of fadeless day
Lies the city four-square;
It shall never pass away,
And there is no night there.

God shall wipe away all tears;
There's no death, no pain, nor fears;
And they count not time by years;
For there is no night there.

All the gates of pearl are made
In the city four-square;
All the streets with gold are laid,
And there is no night there.

And the gates shall never close
To the city four-square;
There life's crystal river flows,
And there is no night there.

There they need no sunshine bright,
In that city four-square;
For the Lamb is all the light,
And there is no night there.

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