

## Select Hymns for the Little Flock - 1881

A word from the contributor:

*I have culled out about 100 of what I consider the richest (my "humble" opinion). They can merely be read as rich poetry, or sung -- if you know a melody that fits. If you like to sing, I have put a suggested melody at the top of each selection -- assuming you know some of these oldies (see a non- contemporary hymnbook for help).*

*How I wish our music today had this rich, Christ-honoring content. Trouble is, many congregations are not up to it in understanding (including my own). Perhaps a site like yours ([www.book-ministry.com](http://www.book-ministry.com)) will help move us toward the maturity required.*

*Enjoy.*

WK

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WHAT WILL IT BE TO DWELL ABOVE,  
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**A****"A little while" — the Lord shall come**

173\* J. G. Deck (*Saved by Grace*)

"A little while" — the Lord shall come  
And we shall wander here no more;  
He'll take us to His Father's home,  
Where He for us is gone before —  
To dwell with Him, to see His face,  
And sing the glories of His grace.  
To dwell with Him, to see His face,  
And sing the glories of His grace.

"A little while" — He'll come again,  
Let us the precious hours redeem;  
Our only grief to give Him pain,  
Our joy to serve and follow Him.  
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Watching and ready may we be,  
As those that wait their Lord to see.

"A little while" — 'twill soon be past,  
Why should we shun the promised cross?  
O let us in His footsteps haste,  
Counting for Him all else but loss!  
For how will recompense His smile,  
The sufferings of this little "while."  
For how will recompense His smile,  
The sufferings of this little "while."

"A little while" — come, Saviour, come!  
For Thee Thy bride has tarried long:  
Take Thy poor waiting pilgrims home,  
To sing the new eternal song,  
To see Thy glory, and to be,

In everything conformed to Thee!  
To see Thy glory, and to be,  
In everything conformed to Thee!

## **"Abba, Father," we approach Thee**

21 J. G. Deck (*What a Friend*)

"Abba, Father," we approach Thee  
In our Saviour's precious name;  
We, Thy children, here assembling,  
Now the promised blessing claim.  
From our guilt His blood has washed us,  
'Tis through Him our souls draw nigh;  
And Thy Spirit too has taught us  
"Abba, Father," thus to cry.

Once as prodigals we wander'd  
In our folly far from Thee;  
But Thy grace, o'er sin abounding,  
Rescued us from misery:  
Clothed in garments of salvation,  
At Thy table is our place;  
We rejoice, and Thou rejoicest,  
In the riches of Thy grace.

Thou the prodigal hast pardon'd,  
"Kiss'd us" with a Father's love;  
"Kill'd the fatted calf," and call'd us  
E'er to dwell with Thee above.  
"It is meet," we hear Thee saying,  
"We should merry be and glad;  
I have found my once lost children,  
Now they live who once were dead."

"Abba, Father!" we adore Thee,  
While the hosts in heaven above  
E'en in us now learn the wonders  
Of Thy wisdom, grace and love.  
Soon before Thy throne assembled,  
All Thy children shall proclaim  
Abba's love as shown in Jesus,

And how full is Abba's name!



**All that we were — our sins, our guilt**

15 H. Bonar (*All That We Were*)

All that we were — our sins, our guilt,  
Our death — was all our own;  
All that we are we owe to Thee,  
Thou God of grace, alone.

Thy mercy found us in our sins,  
And gave us to believe;  
Then, in believing, peace we found;  
And in Thy Christ we live.

All that we are as saints on earth,  
All that we hope to be  
When Jesus comes and glory dawns,  
We owe it all to Thee.

**All things that God or man could wish**

159 Doddridge (*I've Found A Friend*)

All things that God or man could wish,  
In Jesus richly meet;  
Not to our eyes is light so dear,  
No earthly tie so sweet.

O may His name still cheer our hearts  
And shed its fragrance there!  
The sweetest balm of every wound,  
The cure of every care.

**And art Thou, gracious Master, gone**

226 T. Kelly (*Eternal Father, Strong To Save*)

And art Thou, gracious Master, gone  
For us a mansion to prepare?  
Shall we behold Thee on the throne,  
And sit for ever with Thee there?  
Then let the world approve or blame,  
We'll triumph in Thy glorious name.

Should we to gain the world's applause,  
Or to escape its harmless frown,  
Refuse to countenance Thy cause,  
And make Thy people's lot our own,  
What shame would fill us in that day,  
When Thou Thy glory wilt display.

No, let the world cast out our name,  
And vile account us if it will,  
If to confess our Lord be shame,  
Oh, then would we be viler still;  
For Thee, O Lord, we all resign,  
Content that Thou dost call us Thine.

What transports then will fill our heart  
When Thou our worthless names wilt own,  
When we shall see Thee as Thou art  
And know as we ourselves are known.  
And then from sin and sorrow free  
Find our eternal rest with Thee.

**Broken heart! the fountain's open**

50A A. P. Cecil (*I Will Praise Him –  
Verse Only*)

Broken heart! the fountain's open,  
Christ hath died upon the tree,  
All the powers of hell are shaken,  
Grace flows down from God to thee.

God Himself, the Source, the Fountain,  
Christ the Way the waters flow,  
By the Spirit manifested,  
He the finished work hath done.

By one righteousness completed,  
Adam's life receives its doom;  
Jesus Christ, in glory seated,  
Everlasting life hath won.

Broken heart! the river's flowing,  
Haste! delay not! yet there's room;  
Hear the word of God beseeching,  
"Whosoever thirst may come."

**"Call them in" — the poor, the wretched**

55A\* Anna Shipton (*In The Secret Of His Presence*)

"Call them in" — the poor, the wretched,  
Sin-stained wanderers from the fold;  
Peace and pardon freely offer;  
Can you weigh their worth with gold?  
"Call them in" — the weak, the weary,  
Laden with the doom of sin;  
Bid them come and rest in Jesus;  
He is waiting — "call them in."

"Call them in" — the broken-hearted,  
Cow'ring 'neath the brand of shame;  
Speak love's message low and tender  
'Twas for sinners Jesus came.  
See, the shadows lengthen round us,  
Soon the day-dawn will begin;  
Can you leave them lost and lonely?  
Christ is coming — "call them in."

## **Called from above, and heavenly men by birth**

212 J. G. Deck (*Abide With Me, Savior Again To Thy Dear Name*)

Called from above, and heavenly men by birth  
(Who once were but the citizens of earth),  
As pilgrims here, we seek a heavenly home,  
Our portion in the ages yet to come.

Where all the saints of every clime shall meet,  
And each with all shall all the ransomed greet,  
But oh! the height of bliss, my Lord, shall be  
To owe it all, and share it all with Thee.

Thou vast "the image," in man's lowly guise,  
Of the invisible to mortal eyes;  
Come from His bosom, from the heavens above,  
We see in Thee incarnate, "God is love."

Thy lips the Father's name to us reveal;  
What burning power in all Thy words we feel,  
When to our raptured hearts we hear Thee tell  
The heavenly glories which Thou know'st so well.

No curse of law, in Thee was sov'reign grace,  
And now what glory in Thine unveiled face!  
Thou didst attract the wretched and the weak,  
Thy joy the wand'rers and the lost to seek.

That precious stream of water and of blood  
Which from Thy pierced side so freely flowed,  
Has put away our sins of scarlet dye,  
Washed us from every stain, and brought us nigh.

We are but strangers here, we do not crave  
A home on earth, which gave Thee but a grave:  
Thy cross has severed ties which bound us here,

Thyself our treasure in a brighter sphere.

## **Child of God, by Christ's salvation**

13A\* H. Lyte (*Channels Only*)

Child of God, by Christ's salvation,  
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care —  
Joy to find in every station  
Something still to do or bear;

[Chorus]

Think what Spirit dwells within thee —  
Think what Father's smiles are thine —  
Think that Jesus died to win thee —  
Child of God! wilt thou repine?

Haste thee on from grace to glory,  
Armed by faith and winged by prayer,  
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,  
God's right hand shall guide thee there;

[Chorus]

Soon shall close thine earthly mission,  
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,  
Hope shall change to glad fruition,  
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.



## **Come let us sing the matchless worth**

196 Medley (*Come Let Us Sing The Matchless Worth*)

Come let us sing the matchless worth,  
And sweetly sound the glories forth  
Which in the Saviour shine:  
To God and Christ our praises bring:  
The song with which high heaven will ring,  
"Praises for grace divine."  
"Praises for grace divine."

How rich the precious blood He spilt,  
Our ransom from the dreadful guilt  
Of sin against our God;  
How perfect is the righteousness,  
In which unspotted, <beautiful> dress  
His saints have ever stood!  
His saints have ever stood!

How rich the character He bears,  
And all the form of love He wears,  
Exalted on the throne;  
In songs of sweet, untiring praise,  
We e'er would sing His perfect ways,  
And make His glories known.  
And make His glories known.

And soon the happy day shall come,  
When we shall reach our destined home,  
And see Him face to face;  
Then with our Saviour, Lord and Friend,  
The one unbroken day we'll spend  
In singing still His grace.  
In singing still His grace.

## **Come to the blood-stained tree**

82A\* Anon. (*My Jesus, As Thou Wilt*)

Come to the blood-stained tree;  
The Victim bleeding lies;  
God sets the sinner free,  
Since Christ a ransom dies:  
The Spirit will apply  
His blood to cleanse the soul,  
O burdened soul, draw nigh,  
For none can come in vain —  
Come, come, come.

Dark though thy guilt appear,  
And deep its crimson dye,  
There's boundless mercy here —  
Do not from mercy fly:  
Oh, do not doubt His word,  
There's pardon full and free,  
For justice smote the Lord,  
And sheaths her sword for thee —  
Come, come, come.

Look not within for peace,  
Within there's naught to cheer;  
Look up, and find release  
From sin and self and fear;  
If gloom thy soul enshroud,  
If tears faith's eye bedim,  
If doubts around thee crowd,  
Come, tell them all to Him.  
Come, come, come.

## **Come, ye sinners poor and needy**

54A Hart (*In The Secret Of His Presence*)

Come, ye sinners poor and needy,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity, love, and power;  
He is able, <He is able>  
He is willing, doubt no more.

Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
All the fitness He requireth  
Is to feel your need of Him.  
This He gives you, <This He gives you>  
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

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

Agonizing in the garden,  
Lo! the Saviour prostrate lies;  
On the bloody tree behold Him,  
Hear Him cry before He dies,  
"It is finished!" <Yes, it's finished!>  
Sinner, will not this suffice?

Lo! the Incarnate God ascended,  
Pleads the merits of His blood;  
Venture on Him, venture freely,  
Let no other trust intrude:  
None but Jesus <None but Jesus>  
Can do helpless sinners good.

**Death and judgment are behind us**

254 Mrs. J. A. Trench (*In The Cross Of Christ I Glory*)

Death and judgment are behind us,  
Grace and glory are before;  
All the billows rolled o'er Jesus,  
There they spent their utmost power.

"First fruits" of the resurrection,  
He is risen from the tomb;  
Now we stand in new creation,  
Free, because beyond our doom.

Jesus died, and we died with Him,  
"Buried" in His grave we lay,  
One with Him in resurrection,  
Now "in Him" in heaven's bright day.

**Ere God had built the mountains**4 Cowper (*O Word Of God Incarnate*)

Ere God had built the mountains,  
Or raised the fruitful hills;  
Before He filled the fountains  
That feed the running rills;  
In Thee, from everlasting,  
The wonderful I AM  
Found pleasures never wasting,  
And Wisdom is Thy name.

When like a tent to dwell in,  
He spread the skies abroad,  
And swathed about the swelling  
Of ocean's mighty flood,  
He wrought by weight and measure;  
And Thou wast with Him then;  
Thyself the Father's pleasure,  
And Thine the sons of men.

And couldst Thou be delighted  
With creatures such as we,  
Who, when we saw Thee, slighted  
And nail'd Thee to a tree?  
Unfathomable wonder!  
And mystery divine!  
The voice that speaks in thunder  
Says, "Sinner, I am thine!"

**Father, we, Thy children, bless Thee**

9\* Tregelles (*Room For Jesus*)

Father, we, Thy children, bless Thee  
For Thy love on us bestow'd,  
Source of blessing! we confess Thee  
Now, our Father and our God.  
Wondrous was Thy love in giving  
Jesus for our sins to die!  
Wondrous was His grace in leaving,  
For our sakes, the heavens on high!

Now the sprinkled blood has freed us,  
Hast'ning onward to our rest,  
Through the desert Thou dost lead us,  
With Thy constant favour blest;  
By Thy truth and Spirit guiding,  
Earnest He of what's to come,  
And with daily strength providing,  
Thou dost lead Thy children home.

Though our pilgrimage be dreary,  
This is not our resting-place;  
Shall we of the way be weary  
When we see our Master's face?  
No: — e'en now anticipating,  
In this hope our souls rejoice,  
And His promised advent waiting,  
Soon shall hear His welcome voice.

## **From every stormy wind that blows**

246\* H. Stowell (*From Every Stormy Wind That Blows*)

From every stormy wind that blows,  
From every swelling tide of woes,  
There is a calm, a sweet retreat;  
'Tis found before the mercy-seat.

There is a place where mercy sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads;  
A place than all beside more sweet —  
It is the heavenly mercy-seat.

There is a place where souls unite,  
And saint meets saint in heavenly light;  
Though sundered far, by faith they meet  
Before the common mercy-seat.

Ah! whither could we flee for aid  
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?  
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,  
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

Thither by faith we upward soar,  
And time and sense seem all no more,  
For freely God our souls can greet  
Where glory crowns the mercy-seat.

## **From the palace of His glory**

93\* Mrs. Bevan (*All The Way My Savior Leads Me*)

From the palace of His glory,  
From the home of joy and love,  
Came the Lord Himself to seek us;  
He would have us there above.

There from that eternal brightness  
Have His thoughts flow'd forth in love;  
He in His great love would have us  
Ever there with Him above.

Trembling we had hoped for mercy —  
Some lone place within His door:  
But the crown, the throne, the mansion,  
All were ready long before.

And in past and distant ages,  
In those courts so bright and fair,  
Ere we were, was He rejoicing,  
All He won with us to share.



## **From various cares our hearts retire**

250 Gambold (Use as POEM)

From various cares our hearts retire,  
Though deep and boundless their desire,  
We've now to please but One;  
Him, before whom each knee shall bow,  
With Him is all our business now,  
And those that are His own.

With these our happy lot is cast,  
Through the world's desert's rude and waste,  
Or through its gardens fair;  
Whether the storms of trouble sweep,  
Or all in dead supineness sleep,  
T'advance be all our care.

O Lord, the way, the truth, the life!  
Henceforth let sorrow, doubt, and strife  
Drop off like autumn leaves!  
Henceforth, as privileged by Thee,  
Simple and undistracted be  
Our souls, which to Thee cleave.

Let us our feebleness recline  
On that eternal love of Thine,  
And human thoughts forget;  
Childlike attend what Thou wilt say,  
Go forth and serve Thee while 'tis day,  
Nor leave our sweet retreat.

**Gazing on the Lord in glory**

98\* Miss C. Thompson (*Many Sons To Glory Bringing*)

Gazing on the Lord in glory,  
While our hearts in worship bow,  
There we read the wondrous story  
Of the cross — it's shame and woe.

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

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

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

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

Rise our hearts, and bless the Father,  
Ceaseless song e'en here begun,  
Endless praise and adoration  
To the Father and the Son.

**"Glory to God on high!"**

142\* T. Kelly (*My Faith Looks Up To Thee*)

"Glory to God on high!"  
Peace upon earth and joy,  
Good will to man."  
We who God's blessing prove  
His name all names above,  
Sing now the Saviour's love,  
Too vast to scan.

Mercy and truth unite,  
Oh! 'tis a wondrous sight,  
All sights above!  
Jesus the curse sustains!  
Guilts bitter cup He drains!  
Nothing for us remains —  
Nothing but love.

Love that no tongue can teach,  
Love that no thought can reach,  
No love like His.  
God is its blessed source,  
Death ne'er can stop its course,  
Nothing can stay its force;  
Matchless it is.

Blest in this love, we sing;  
To God our praises bring;  
All sins forgiven.  
Jesus, our Lord, to Thee  
Honour and majesty,  
Now and forever be,  
Here and in heaven.

## **God moves in a mysterious way**

44A\* Cowper (*O God Our Help In Ages Past*)

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 sov'reign 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 flower.

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

## **Hail to the Lord's anointed!**

40A Mrs. Wellesley (*Work For The Night Is Coming*)

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

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

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

Kings shall fall down before Him,  
And gold and incense bring;  
All nations shall adore Him,  
His praise all people sing,

Outstretched His wide dominion  
O'er river, sea, and shore,  
Far as the eagle's pinion,  
Or dove's light wing can soar.

## Happy they who trust in Jesus

221 T. Kelly (*Tis So Sweet To Trust In Jesus*)

Happy they who trust in Jesus;  
Sweet their portion is and sure  
When the foe on others seizes,  
He will keep His own secure.  
Happy people! Happy people!  
Happy, though despised and poor.  
Happy people! Happy people!  
Happy, though despised and poor.

Since His love and mercy found us,  
We are precious in His sight;  
Thousands now may fall around us,  
Thousands more be put to flight,  
But His presence But His presence  
Keeps us safe by day and night.  
But His presence But His presence  
Keeps us safe by day and night.

Lo! our Saviour never slumbers,  
Ever watchful is His care;  
Though we cannot boast of numbers  
In His strength secure we are.  
Sweet their portion, Sweet their portion,  
Who our Saviour's kindness share.  
Sweet their portion, Sweet their portion,  
Who our Saviour's kindness share.

As the bird beneath her feathers,  
Guards the objects of her care,  
So the Lord His children gathers,  
Spreads His wings and hides them there:  
Thus protected Thus protected  
All their foes they boldly dare.  
Thus protected Thus protected

All their foes they boldly dare.



## **Hark! ten thousand voices crying**

14 J. N. Darby (*Love Divine All Loves Excelling*)

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

[Chorus]

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

Grateful incense this, ascending  
Ever to the Father's throne:  
Ev'ry knee to Jesus bending,  
All in mind in heaven is one.

[Chorus]

All the father's counsels claiming  
Equal honours to the Son,  
All the Son's effulgence beaming,  
Makes the Father's glory known.

By the Spirit all pervading,  
Hosts unnumber'd round the Lamb,  
Crown'd with light and joy unfading,  
Hail Him as the great "I AM."

[Chorus]

Joyful now the new creation  
Rests in undisturb'd repose,  
Blest in Jesu's full salvation,  
Sorrow now nor thralldom knows.

Hark! the heavenly notes again!  
Loudly swells the song of praise;  
Through creation's vault, Amen!  
Amen! responsive joy doth raise.

[End]

**Have I an object, Lord, below**

46A G. W. Frazer (*He Leadeth Me*)

Have I an object, Lord, below  
Which would divide my heart with Thee;  
Which would divert its even flow  
In answer to Thy constancy?  
Oh teach me quickly to return,  
And cause my heart afresh to burn.

Have I a hope, however dear,  
Which would defer Thy coming, Lord!  
Which would detain my spirit here  
(Where naught can lasting joy afford)?  
From it, my Saviour, set me free,  
To look, and long, and wait for Thee.

Be Thou the object bright and fair  
To fill and satisfy the heart;  
My hope to meet Thee in the air,  
And nevermore from Thee to part:  
That I may undistracted be  
To follow, serve, and wait for Thee.

**He bids us come; His voice we know**

171 Wesley (*O Joyful Day, O Glorious Hour*)

He bids us come; His voice we know,  
And boldly on the waters go  
To Him our God and Lord;  
We walk on life's tempestuous sea,  
For He who died to set us free  
Hath called us with His word.

Secure, on boisterous waves we tread,  
Nor all the billows round us dread,  
While on the Lord we look;  
The tempter drives his vortex round,  
We pass it as on solid ground;  
The wave is firm as rock.

But if from Him we turn the eye,  
We see the raging floods run high,  
Our hearts are full of fear;  
Our foes so strong, our flesh so frail,  
Reason and unbelief prevail,  
Forgetting He is near.

Lord! we our unbelief confess,  
Do thou our little faith increase,  
That we may fail no more,  
But fix on Thee a steady eye,  
And on Thine outstretched arm rely,  
Till all the storm is o'er.

## **Himself He could not save**

257\* Rossier (*Rejoice The Lord Is Risen*)

Himself He could not save,  
He on the cross must die,  
Or mercy cannot come  
To ruined sinners nigh;  
Yes, Christ the Son of God must bleed,  
That sinners might from sin be freed.

Himself He could not save,  
For justice must be done;  
Our sin's full weight must fall  
Upon the sinless One;  
For nothing less can God accept  
In payment of that fearful debt.

Himself He could not save,  
For He the Surety stood  
For all who now rely  
Upon His precious blood;  
He bore the penalty of guilt  
When on the cross His blood was spilt.

Himself He could not save,  
Love's stream too deeply flowed,  
In love Himself He gave,  
To pay the debt we owed.  
Obedience to His Father's will,  
And love to Him did all fulfil.

And now exalted high —  
A Prince and Saviour He,  
That sinner's might draw nigh  
And drink of mercy free,  
Of mercy now so richly shed,  
For Jesus liveth who was dead.

## **Holy Saviour, we adore Thee**

295 Tregelles (*Hail, Thou Once Despised Jesus*)

Holy Saviour, we adore Thee,  
Seated on the throne of God;  
Soon in glory, all before Thee  
Shall proclaim Thy praise abroad  
"Thou art worthy,"  
We were ransomed by Thy blood.

Saviour, though the world despised Thee,  
Though Thou here wast crucified,  
Yet the Father's glory raised thee,  
Lord of all creation wide.  
"Thou art worthy,"  
We shall live, for Thou hast died.

And though here on earth rejected,  
'Tis but fellowship with Thee;  
Should we not with joy expect it —  
Here like Thee, our Lord, to be?  
"Thou art worthy,"  
Thou from earth hast set us free.

Haste the day of Thine appearing  
With Thy ransomed saints to reign;  
Then shall end all days of mourning,  
We shall sing with triumph then.  
"Thou art worthy  
Come, Lord Jesus, come, Amen.

## **How pleasant is the sound of praise!**

317 T. Kelly (*Higher Ground*)

How pleasant is the sound of praise!  
It well becomes the saints of God:  
Should we refuse our songs to raise,  
The stones might tell our shame abroad.

For Him who washed us in His blood,  
Let us our sweetest songs prepare;  
He sought us wandering far from God,  
And now preserves us by His care.

One string there is of sweetest tone,  
Reserved for sinners saved by grace;  
'Tis sacred to one class alone,  
And touched by one peculiar race.

Though angels may with rapture see  
How mercy flows in Jesu's blood,  
It is not theirs to prove, as we,  
The cleansing virtue of this flood.

Though angels praise the heavenly King,  
And Him their Lord adoring own,  
We can with exultation sing,  
"He wears our nature on the throne."

Lord, we adore the wondrous love  
Which brought Thee here to bleed and die;  
Soon may we meet in heaven above,  
To sing Thy praises in the sky.

## How sweet the name of Jesus sounds

54 John Newton (*My Faith Has Found A Resting Place*)

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,  
It calms the troubled breast;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.

Blest name! the rock on which we build,  
Our shield and hiding-place;  
Our never-failing treasury, filled  
With boundless stores of grace.

Jesus! our Saviour, Shepherd, Friend,  
Thou Prophet, Priest, and King;  
Our Lord, our Life, our Way, our End,  
Accept the praise we bring.

Weak is the effort of our heart,  
And cold our warmest thought;  
But when we see Thee as Thou art,  
We'll praise Thee as we ought.

Till then we would Thy love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath;  
And triumph in Thy blessed name  
Which quells the power of death.



## **I was a wandering sheep**

73A H. Bonar (*I Was A Wandering Sheep*)

I was a wandering 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:  
He followed me o'er vale and hill,  
O'er desert waste and wild:  
He found me nigh to death,  
Famished and faint and lone;  
He bound me with the chains of love,  
He saved the wandering 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 found the lost,  
That found the wandering sheep;  
'Twas He that brought me to the fold:  
'Tis He that still doth keep.

No more a wandering sheep,  
I love to be controlled;  
I love my tender Shepherd's voice,  
I love the peaceful fold:

No more a wayward child,  
I seek no more to roam;  
I love my heavenly Father's voice:  
I love, I love His home.

## **In deep, eternal counsel**

141 G. W. Frazer (*Lead On, O King Eternal*)

In deep, eternal counsel,  
Before the world was made,  
Before its deep foundations  
On nothingness were laid;  
God purposed us for blessing,  
And chose us in His Son,  
To Him to be conformed,  
When here our course was run.

In present, blest acceptance  
In Him who came to die;  
In Him who now is seated  
At Thy right hand in high;  
In grace, which is unchanging,  
We stand from day to day,  
And prove the boundless mercies  
Which strew our pilgrim way.

And when the day of glory  
Shall burst upon this scene,  
Dispelling all the darkness  
Which deep'ning still had been;  
Oh, then He'll come in brightness,  
Whom every eye shall see,  
Arrayed in power and glory,  
And we shall with Him be.

For He who left His glory,  
To die upon the tree,  
Will soon complete the story  
And come again, and we  
Conformed to His image  
As known, be brought to know,  
And with increasing fervour,

Our ceaseless praises flow.

## **In hope we lift our wishful, longing eyes**

208\* J. G. Deck (Abide With Me)

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

How will our eyes to see His face delight,  
Whose love has cheered us thro' the darksome night!  
How will our ears drink in His well-known voice,  
Whose faintest whispers make our souls rejoice!

No stain within; no foes or snares around;  
No jarring notes shall there discordant sound;  
All pure without, all pure within the breast;  
No thorns to wound, no toil to mar our rest.

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

What will the sunshine of His glory prove?  
What the unmingled fullness of His love?  
What hallelujahs will His presence raise?  
What but one loud eternal burst of praise?

## **In weakness and trial**

32A\* De Courcy (*Hiding In Thee*)

In weakness and trial,  
With God we may plead;  
No fear of denial,  
We're sure to succeed:  
For, though we oft grieve Him,  
His promise is clear,  
And love will believe Him:  
Our Father will hear.

'Gainst the giant-like might  
Of our foes we can bring,  
As our weapons of fight,  
But a stone and a sling.  
Should this have dismayed us,  
Our souls it may cheer,  
That, called on to aid us,  
Our Father will hear.

Our calls may be faint  
As a child's timid cry,  
Our hearts' feeble plaint  
Scarce venture on high;  
Yet Christ for us pleading,  
We may persevere;  
Through Him interceding,  
Our Father will hear.

**Jesus! before Thy face we fall**

309\* C. Medley (*Son Of My Soul*)

Jesus! before Thy face we fall,  
Our Lord, our life, our hope, our all;  
For we have nowhere else to flee;  
No Sanctuary, Lord, but Thee.

In Thee we every glory view,  
Of safety, strength, and beauty too;  
'Tis all our rest and peace to see  
Our Sanctuary, Lord, in Thee.

Whatever foes or fears betide,  
In Thy blest presence let us hide;  
And while we rest our souls on Thee,  
Thou shalt our Sanctuary be.

Through time, with all its changing scenes,  
And all the grief that intervenes,  
Let this support each fainting heart,  
That Thou our Sanctuary art.

## **Jesus! how much Thy name unfolds**

6\* Mary Bowley (*Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned*)

Jesus! how much Thy name unfolds  
To every opened ear;  
The pardoned sinner's memory holds  
None other half so dear.

Thy name encircles every grace  
That God as man could show;  
There only could He fully trace  
A life divine below.

Jesus — it speaks a life of love,  
Of sorrows meekly borne;  
It tells of sympathy above,  
Whatever makes us mourn.

Jesus, the One who knew no sin,  
Made sin to make us just;  
Thou gav'st Thyself our love to win —  
Our full confiding trust.

The mention of Thy name shall bow  
Our hearts to worship Thee;  
The chiefest of ten thousand Thou,  
Whose love has set us free.



**Jesus, my Saviour! Thou art mine**

193\* J. G. Deck (*Jesus, My Savior, Thou Art Mine*)

Jesus, my Saviour! Thou art mine,  
The Father's gift of love divine;  
All Thou hast done, and all Thou art,  
Are now the portion of my heart.

Poor, feeble, wretched as I am,  
I now can glory in Thy name;  
Now cleansed in Thy most precious blood  
And made the righteousness of God.

All that Thou hast Thou hast for me,  
All my fresh springs are hid in Thee;  
In Thee I live while I confess  
I nothing am, yet all possess.

O Saviour, teach me to abide  
Close sheltered at Thy wounded side,  
Each hour receiving "grace on grace,"  
Until I see Thee face to face.

## **Jesus! That name is love**

109 J. G. Deck (*Nearer, My God To Thee*)

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

As Son of man it was,  
Jesus, the Lord!  
Thou gav'st Thy life for us,  
Jesus, our Lord!  
Great was indeed Thy love,  
All other loves above,  
Love Thou didst dearly prove,  
Jesus, our Lord!

Righteous alone in Thee,  
Jesus, the Lord!  
Thou wilt a refuge be,  
Jesus, our Lord!  
Whom then have we to fear,  
What trouble, grief, or care,  
Since Thou art ever near,  
Jesus, our Lord!

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

Jesus, our Lord.

## **Jesus, the Lord, is risen**

11\* Hawsis (*Rejoice The Lord Is Risen*)

Jesus, the Lord, is risen  
Triumphant o'er the grave;  
For us he burst the prison,  
Almighty now to save:  
Captivity is captive led,  
Since Jesus liveth <who> was dead.

Who to our charge shall lay  
Iniquity or guilt?  
Our sin is done away  
Since Jesus' blood was spilt.  
Captivity, etc.

Who now accuseth them  
Whom God hath justified?  
Or who shall those condemn  
For whom the Surety died?  
Captivity, etc.

Christ hath the ransom paid,  
The wondrous work is done;  
On Him our help is laid,  
The victory is won.  
Captivity, etc.

## **Jesus, the Lord, our righteousness!**

45 Zinzendorf (*Jesus The Lord Our Righteousness*)

Jesus, the Lord, our righteousness!  
Our beauty Thou, our glorious dress!  
Before the throne, in this array'd,  
With joy shall we lift up the head.

Bold shall we stand in that great day,  
For who aught to our charge shall lay,  
While by Thy blood absolved we are  
From sin and guilt, from shame and fear?

Thus Abraham, the friend of God,  
Thus all the saints redeemed with blood,  
Saviour of sinners, Thee proclaim,  
And all their boast is in Thy name.

This spotless robe the same appears  
In new creation's endless years,  
No age can change its glorious hue,  
The robe of Christ is ever new.

Till we behold Thee on Thy throne  
In Thee we boast, in Thee alone,  
Our beauty this, our glorious dress,  
"Jesus, the Lord, our rightness."

**K**

None selected

<b>L</b>
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**Lamb of God, our souls adore Thee**

27\* J. G. Deck (*Let The Lower Lights Be Burning*)

Lamb of God, our souls adore Thee,  
While upon Thy face we gaze,  
There the Father's love and glory  
Shine in all their brightest rays.  
Thy Almighty power and wisdom  
All creation's works proclaim,  
Heaven and earth alike confess Thee,  
As the ever great I AM.

Son of God! Thy Father's bosom  
Ever was Thy dwelling-place;  
His delight, in Him rejoicing,  
One with Him in power and grace:  
O what wondrous love and mercy!  
Thou didst lay Thy glory by,  
And for us didst come from heaven  
As the Lamb of God to die.

Lamb of God! when we behold Thee  
Lowly in the manger laid;  
Wand'ring as a homeless stranger  
In the world Thy hands had made;  
When we see Thee in the garden  
In Thine agony of blood,  
At Thy grace we are confounded,  
Holy, spotless Lamb of God!

When we see Thee as the Victim  
Nailed to the accurs-ed tree,  
For our guilt and folly stricken,  
All our judgment borne by Thee,

Lord, we own, with hearts adoring,  
Thou hast washed us in Thy blood:  
Glory, glory everlasting,  
Be to Thee, Thou Lamb of God!



**Lead, light divine, amid th'encircling gloom**

29A\* J. H. Newman (*Lead Kindly Light*)

Lead, light divine, amid th'encircling gloom  
Lead Thou me on;  
The night is dark and I am far from home,  
Lead Thou me on.  
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see  
The distant path; one step's enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou  
Shouldst lead me on;  
I loved to choose and seek my path; but now,  
Lead Thou me on.  
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears  
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

Thus far Thy power hath blessed me, and it still  
Will lead me on,  
O'er moor and fen, through tangled brakes, on till  
The night is gone;  
And with the morn the everlasting joy,  
Which led me on, is mine without alloy.

## **Lo! He comes from heaven descending**

170 Various (*Lo He Comes...*)

Lo! He comes from heaven descending,  
Once for favoured sinners slain!  
Thousand thousand saints attending  
Swell the triumph of His train!  
Hallelujah! *Hallelujah!*  
Jesus comes and comes to reign!

See the Saviour, long expected,  
Now in solemn pomp appear!  
And His saints, by man rejected,  
All His heavenly glory share:  
Hallelujah! *Hallelujah!*  
See the Son of God appear!

Lo! the tokens of His passion,  
Though in glory, still He bears;  
Cause of endless exultation  
To His ransomed worshippers;  
Hallelujah! *Hallelujah!*  
Christ, the Lamb of God, appears.

Israel's race shall now behold Him  
Full of grace and majesty;  
Though they set at naught and sold Him,  
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,  
Now in glory *Now in glory*  
Shall their great Messiah see.

'Tis Thy heavenly bride and Spirit,  
Jesus, Lord! that bid Thee come;  
All the glory to inherit,  
And to take Thy people home.  
All creation *All creation*  
Travails, groans, till Thou shalt come.

Yea, Amen, let all adore Thee,  
High on Thine exalted throne:  
Saviour, take the power and glory;  
Claim the kingdoms for Thine own:  
Come Lord Jesus! *Come Lord Jesus!*  
Hallelujah! come, Lord, come!

**Look, look, ye saints, within the veil**

217\* S. Harrison (*O For A Thousand Tongues*)

Look, look, ye saints, within the veil  
And raise your happy song;  
Your joys can never, never fail,  
For you to Christ belong.

O happy saints, for ever freed  
From guilt and every care;  
Dwell, dwell with your exalted Head,  
And let your life be there.

And glory in you Lord and God;  
See, see Him as He is;  
Your robes are spotless thro' His blood,  
Your happiness is His.

O think not of this world of woe,  
Though subject still to grief;  
But seek your portion there to know,  
For this will give relief.

Aye trust, for ever trust in God,  
For every promise given;  
And dwell with Him thro' Jesu's blood  
Within the veil of heaven.

**Lord, e'en to death Thy love could go**

227\* Rossier (The Lord's My Shepherd)

Lord, e'en to death Thy love could go,  
A death of shame and loss,  
To vanquish for us every foe,  
And break the strong man's force.

Oh! what a load was Thine to bear  
Alone in that dark hour,  
Our sins in all their terror there,  
God's wrath and Satan's power.

The storm that bowed Thy blessed head  
Is hushed for ever now,  
And rest divine is ours instead,  
Whilst glory crowns Thy brow.

Within the Father's house on high  
We soon shall sing Thy praise,  
But here where Thou didst bleed and die,  
We learn that song to raise.

## Lord Jesus! we remember

149 J. G. Deck (*Beneath The Cross Of Jesus*)

Lord Jesus! we remember  
The travail of Thy soul,  
When, through Thy love's deep pity,  
The waves did o'er Thee roll;  
Baptized in death's dark waters,  
For us Thy blood was shed;  
For us Thou (Lord of glory)  
Wast numbered with the dead.

O Lord! Thou now art risen,  
Thy travail all is o'er;  
For sin Thou once hast suffered —  
Thou liv'st to die no more;  
Sin, death, and hell are vanquished  
By Thee, the church's Head;  
And lo! we share thy triumphs,  
Thou Firstborn from the dead.

Unto Thy death baptized,  
We own with Thee we died:  
With Thee, our Life, we're risen,  
And shall be glorified.  
From sin, the world, and Satan,  
We're ransomed by Thy blood,  
And here would walk as strangers,  
Alive with Thee to God.

## **Lord of glory, we adore Thee!**

134 R. Holden (*Lord Of Glory We Adore Thee*)

Lord of glory, we adore Thee!  
Christ of God, ascended high!  
Heart and soul we bow before Thee,  
Glorious now beyond the sky:  
Thee we worship,  
Thee we praise —  
Excellent in all Thy ways.

Anointed King, with glory crowned,  
Rightful heir and Lord of all!  
Once rejected, scorned, disowned,  
E'en by those Thou cam'st to call:  
Thee we honour,  
Thee adore —  
Glorious now and evermore.

Lord of life! to death once subject;  
Blessed, yet a curse once made;  
Of Thy Father's heart the object,  
Yet in depths of anguish laid:  
Thee we gaze on,  
Thee recall —  
Bearing here our sorrows all.

Royal robes shall soon invest Thee,  
Royal splendours crown Thy brow;  
Christ of God, our souls confess Thee  
King and Sov'reign even now!  
Thee we reverence,  
Thee obey —  
Own Thee Lord and Christ alway.

## **Lord of life, and King of glory!**

108 Anon. (*Jesus I Am Resting*)

Lord of life, and King of glory!  
Now to Thee our hearts we raise;  
While we sing the joyful story  
Of the triumphs of Thy grace.

Long in error's path benighted,  
Deeply sunk in sin's abyss,  
We Thy proffered mercy slighted,  
Would not have eternal bliss.

Straying then on sin's dark mountain,  
Thou didst bid us cease to roam,  
Make us see the living fountain,  
Call with power Thy wanderers home.

Jesus, strength of our salvation,  
None can pluck us from Thy hand;  
In the hour of dark temptation,  
Kept by Thee we safely stand.

Though by enemies surrounded,  
Onward still our steps we wend;  
All our foes shall be confounded,  
Safely come our journey's end.

Grace begun shall end in glory;  
Jesus, He the victory won;  
In His own triumphant story  
Is the record of our own.



<b>M</b>
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## **Many sons to glory bringing**

16\* M. Bowley (*Many Sons To Glory Bringing*)

Many sons to glory bringing,  
God sets forth His heavenly name;  
On we march in chorus singing,  
"Worthy the ascended Lamb!"

God who gave the blood to screen us,  
God looks down in perfect love;  
Clouds may seem to pass between us,  
There's no change in Him above.

Though the restless foe accuses,  
Sins recounting like a flood;  
Every charge our God refuses:  
Christ has answer'd with His blood.

In the refuge God provided,  
Tho' the world's destruction lowers,  
We are safe — to Christ confided,  
Everlasting life is ours.

And ere long, when come to glory,  
We shall sing a well-known strain,  
This is the never-tiring story,  
"Worthy is the Lamb once slain!"

**Master! we would no longer be**

282\* J. G. Deck (*Saved By Grace*)

Master! we would no longer be  
At home in that which hated Thee,  
But patience in Thy footsteps go,  
Thy sorrow as Thy joy to know;  
We would — and O confirm the power —  
With meekness meet the darkest hour,  
By shame, contempt, however tried,  
For Thou wast scorned and crucified.

We welcome still Thy faithful word —  
"The cross shall meet its sure reward;"  
For soon must pass the "little while,"  
Then joy shall crown Thy servants' toil:  
And we shall hear Thee, Saviour, say,  
"Arise, my love, and come away"  
Look up, for thou shalt weep no more,  
But rest on heaven's eternal shore."

**'Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints,**

225\* Denham (*Hiding In Thee*)

'Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints,  
How sweet to the soul is communion with saints;  
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,  
To feel in communion a foretaste of home.

Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!  
A thrice-blessed Saviour whose love cannot cease!  
Tho' oft amid trials and dangers we roam,  
With Thine we're united, and hasting towards home.

While here, in the valley of conflict, we stay,  
O give us submission and strength as the day:  
Soon free from afflictions, to Thee we shall come,  
And find with our Saviour a heavenly home.

Whate'er Thou deniest, O give us Thy grace,  
Thy Spirit's blest witness, the smiles of Thy face;  
And grant us still patience to wait at Thy throne,  
And find, never-ceasing, the foretaste of home.

We wait, blessed Lord in Thy beauties to shine,  
To see Thee in glory — the glory divine;  
With all Thy redeemed, from the earth, from the tomb,  
To be to Thy praise, blessed Saviour at home.

**Nothing but Christ as on we tread**

24A Cluff (*Jesus Shall Reign*)

Nothing but Christ as on we tread,  
The Gift unpriced — God's living Bread,  
With staff in hand and feet well shod,  
Nothing but Christ — the Christ of God.

Everything loss for Him below,  
Taking the cross where'er we go;  
Showing to all where once He trod,  
Nothing but Christ — the Christ of God.

Nothing save Him, in all our ways,  
Giving the theme for ceaseless praise;  
Our whole resource along the road,  
Nothing but Christ — the Christ of God.

**O blessed Saviour, is Thy love**

88\* Stennett (*All That We Were*)

O blessed Saviour, is Thy love  
So great, so full, so free?  
<Oh> would we have our thoughts, our hearts,  
Our lives engaged with Thee.

We love Thee for the glorious worth  
Which in Thyself we see:  
We love Thee for that shameful cross,  
Endured so patiently.

No man of greater love can boast  
Than for His friend to die;  
Thou for Thine enemies was slain!  
What love with Thine can vie?

Though in the very form of God,  
With heavenly glory crowned,  
Thou didst a servant's form assume,  
Beset with sorrow round.

Thou wouldst like wretched man be made  
In everything but sin,  
That we as like Thee might become  
As we unlike had been:

Like Thee in faith, in meekness, love,  
In every beautiful grace;  
From glory into glory changed,  
Till we behold Thy face.

O Lord! we treasure in our souls

The memory of Thy love;  
And ever shall Thy name to us  
A grateful odor prove.

## **O Christ, what burdens bowed Thy head!**

137\* Cousins (*O Christ What Burdens*)

O Christ, what burdens bowed Thy head!  
Our load was laid on Thee;  
Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead —  
To bear all ill for me.  
A victim led, Thy blood was shed;  
Now there's no load for me.

Death and the curse were in our cup —  
O Christ, 'twas full for Thee!  
But Thou hast drained the last dark drop,  
'Tis empty now for me.  
That bitter cup — love drank it up;  
Left but the love for me.

Jehovah lifted up His rod —  
O Christ, it fell on Thee!  
Thou wast forsaken of Thy God;  
No distance now for me.  
Thy blood beneath that rod has flowed:  
Thy bruising healeth me.

The tempest awful voice was heard,  
O Christ, it broke on Thee;  
Thy open bosom was my ward;  
It bore the storm for me.  
Thy form was scarred, Thy visage marred;  
Now cloudless peace for me.

For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died,  
And I have died in Thee;  
Thou'rt risen: my bands are all untied;  
And now Thou liv'st in me.  
The Father's face of radiant grace  
Shines now in light on me.

**O God! what cords of love are Thine**

197\* Doddridge (*The Lord's My Shepherd*)

O God! what cords of love are Thine,  
How gentle, yet how strong!  
Thy truth and grace their strength combine  
To draw our souls along.

The guilt of twice ten thousand sins  
One moment takes away;  
And when the fight of faith begins,  
Our strength is as the day.

Comfort through all this vale of tears,  
In blest profusion flows;  
And glory in unnumbered years  
Eternity bestows.

Drawn by such cords we'll onward move,  
Till round the throne we meet,  
And, captive in the chains of love,  
Embrace our Saviour's feet.



**O Head! once full of bruises**

119 Bernard of C. (*O Sacred Head Now Wounded*)

O Head! once full of bruises,  
So full of pain and scorn,)  
'Mid other sore abuses  
Mocked with a crown of thorn;  
O Head! e'en now surrounded  
With brightest majesty,  
In death once bowed and wounded  
On the accursed tree:

Thou countenance transcendent!  
Thou life-creating Sun!  
To worlds on Thee dependent —  
Yet bruised and spit upon:  
O Lord! what Thee tormented  
Was our sins heavy load,  
We had the debt augmented  
Which Thou didst pay in blood.

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

**O joyful day! O glorious hour!**

280 T. Kelly (POEM)

O joyful day! O glorious hour!  
When Jesus, by almighty power,  
Revived and left the grave;  
In all His works behold Him great,  
Before, almighty to create,  
Almighty now to save!

The First-begotten from the dead,  
He's risen now, His people's Head,  
And thus their life's secure;  
And if, like Him, they yield their breath,  
Like Him they'll burst the bonds of death,  
Their resurrection sure.

Why should His people, then, be sad?  
None have such reason to glad  
As those redeemed to God;  
Jesus, the mighty Saviour, lives,  
To them eternal life He gives,  
The purchase of His blood.

Then let our gladsome praise resound,  
And let us in His work abound,  
Whose blessed name is Love;  
We're sure our labor's not in vain,  
For we with Him ere long shall reign —  
With Jesus dwell above.

## **O Lord, how blest our journey**

56 Bowley (*O Day Of Rest And Gladness*)

O Lord, how blest our journey,  
Though here on earth we roam,  
Who find in Abba's favor  
Our spirit's present home:  
For where Thou now art sitting  
By faith we've found repose,  
Free to look up to heaven,  
Since our blest Head arose.

In spirit there already;  
Soon we ourselves shall be  
In soul and body perfect,  
All glorified with Thee:  
Thy Father's love sustains us  
Along the thorny way,  
Thy Father's house, the dwelling  
Made ready for that day.

The Comforter, now present,  
Assures us of Thy love;  
He is the blessed earnest  
Of glory there above;  
The river of Thy pleasure  
Is what sustains us now,  
Till Thy new name's imprinted  
On every sinless brow.

Lord, we await Thy glory;  
We have no home but there,  
Where the adopted family  
With us Thy joy shall share.  
No place can fully please us  
Where Thou, O Lord, art not;  
In Thee, and with Thee, ever

Is found, by grace, our lot.

**O Lord! our hearts are waiting**

140 G. W. Frazer (*I Love To Tell The Story*)

O Lord! our hearts are waiting,  
The archangel's heaven-sent cry,  
Which wakes the saints now sleeping,  
And to Thee brings them nigh.  
When we, with them ascending,  
Shall meet Thee in the air,  
To gaze upon Thy glory,  
And all Thy likeness bear.

O hour! for which in patience  
<You> waited through the night,  
While we Thy saints were gathered,  
And brought into the light;  
Then, then, the church completed,  
God makes no more delay;  
O Lord, with shouts of triumph,  
We pass into the day.

O hour of richest blessing,  
When brought to Thee so nigh,  
To be Thy joy for ever,  
We share Thy throne on high;  
To rest in all that brightness,  
And ever there abide;  
To find Thy heart delighting  
In us, Thy ransomed bride.

O blessed, coming Saviour!  
Speak, then, the joyous word,  
To which our hearts responding,  
"For ever with the Lord."  
For ever with Thee, Savior —  
For evermore shall be —  
In deepest, fullest blessing,

For ever one with Thee.

**O Lord, we know it matters not**

206 Bowley (*Blessed Be The Name--Verse*)

O Lord, we know it matters not  
How sweet the song may be;  
No heart but of the Spirit taught  
Makes melody to Thee.

Then teach Thy gathered saints, O Lord,  
To worship in Thy fear;  
And let Thy grace mould every word  
That meets Thy holy ear.

Thou hast by blood made sinners meet  
As saints in light, to come  
And worship at the mercy-seat,  
Before the eternal throne.

Thy precious name is all we show,  
Our only passport, Lord;  
And full assurance now we know,  
Confiding in Thy word.

O largely give, 'tis all Thy own,  
The Spirit's goodly fruit:  
Praise, issuing forth in life, alone  
Our living Lord can suit.

**O Lord! we would delight in Thee**

243\* Ryland (*Jesus The Very Thought Of Thee*)

O Lord! we would delight in Thee,  
And on Thy care depend;  
To Thee in every trouble flee,  
Our safe, unfailing Friend.

When human cisterns are all dried,  
Thy fullness is the same;  
May we with this be satisfied,  
And glory in Thy name.

No good in creatures can be found,  
All, all is found in Thee;  
We must have all things and abound,  
Through Thy sufficiency.

<You who have> made our heaven secure,  
Will here all good provide;  
While Christ is rich, can we be poor?  
Christ who for us has died!

O Lord! we cast each care on Thee,  
And triumph and adore;  
O that our great concern may be  
To love and praise Thee more.



**O Lord! When we the path retrace**

230\* J. G. Deck (*When All Thy Mercies O My God*)

O Lord! When we the path retrace  
Which Thou on earth hast trod,  
To man Thy wondrous love and grace,  
Thy faithfulness to God;

Thy love, by man so sorely tried,  
Proved stronger than the grave;  
The very spear that pierced Thy side  
Drew forth the blood to save;

Faithful amidst unfaithfulness,  
'Mid darkness only light,  
Thou didst Thy Father's name confess,  
And in His will delight;

Unmoved by Satan's subtle wiles,  
Or suffering, shame and loss,  
Thy path uncheered by earthly smiles,  
Led only to the cross: —

We wonder at Thy lowly mind,  
And fain would like Thee be,  
And all our rest and pleasure find  
In learning more of Thee.

**O patient, spotless One!**

174\* Anon. (*Blessed Be The Tie That Binds*)

O patient, spotless One!  
Our hearts in meekness train,  
To bear Thy yoke, and learn of Thee,  
That we may rest obtain.

Jesus! Thou art enough  
The mind and heart to fill;  
Thy patient life — to calm the soul;  
Thy love — its fear dispel.

O fix our earnest gaze  
So wholly, Lord, on Thee,  
That, with Thy beauty occupied,  
We elsewhere none may see.

## **O Thou great all-gracious Shepherd**

40 Wellesley (*Face To Face*)

O Thou great all-gracious Shepherd,  
Shedding for us Thy life's blood,  
Unto shame and death delivered,  
All to bring us nigh to God!  
Now our willing hearts adore Thee,  
Now we taste Thy dying love,  
While by faith we come before Thee —  
Faith which lifts our souls above.

As our Surety we behold Thee,  
Ransoming our souls from death;  
As the willing victim view Thee,  
Yielding up to God Thy breath.  
In this broken bread we own Thee,  
Bruised for us and put to shame;  
And this cup, O Lord, we thank Thee,  
Speaks our pardon through Thy name.

But 'tis past, and, Lord we hail Thee,  
Crown'd with glory on the throne;  
Meet it is Thy saints should bless Thee  
For the place Thy death hath won:  
Won for us — that in full measure  
We should have our part with Thee:  
Taste the river of Thy pleasure,  
Share in all Thy victory.

## **Oh! the peace for ever flowing**

69A\* A. P. Cecil (*O The Peace Forever Flowing*)

Oh! the peace for ever flowing  
From God's thoughts of His own Son,  
Oh, the peace of simply knowing  
On the cross that all was done.

Peace with God, the blood in heaven  
Speaks of pardon now to me:  
Peace with God! the Lord is risen!  
Righteousness now counts me free.

Peace with God — is Christ in glory,  
God is just and God is love;  
Jesus died to tell the story,  
Foes to bring to God above.

Now free access to the Father,  
Through the Christ of God we have;  
By the Spirit here abiding,  
Promise of the Father's love.

Jesus, Saviour, we adore Thee!  
Christ of God — anointed Son;  
We confess Thee, Lord of glory,  
Fruits of victory Thou hast won!

## **Oh! what a Saviour is Jesus the Lord**

21A\* Anon. (*O What A Savior Is Jesus The Lord*)

Oh! what a Saviour is Jesus the Lord,  
Well might His name by His saints be adored!  
He has redeemed us from hell by His blood,  
Saved <us> for ever, and brought <us> to God.

Now in the glory He waits to impart  
Peace to the conscience and joy to the heart —  
Waits to be gracious, to pardon and heal  
All who their sin and their wretchedness feel.

Thousands have fled to His spear-pierced side,  
Welcome they all have been, none are denied;  
Weary and <burdened>, they all have been blest,  
Joyfully now in the Saviour they rest.

## **On Christ salvation rests secure**

99 Medley (*He Leadeth Me*)

On Christ salvation rests secure;  
The Rock of Ages must endure;  
Nor can that faith be overthrown  
Which rests upon the "Living Stone."

No other hope shall intervene:  
To Him we look, on Him we lean:  
Other foundations we disown,  
And build on Christ, the " Living Stone."

In Him, it is ordained to raise  
A temple to Jehovah's praise,  
Composed of all the saints, who own  
No Saviour but the "Living Stone."

View the vast building, see it rise;  
The work how great! the plan how wise!  
O wondrous fabric! power unknown!  
That <builds upon> the "Living Stone."

But most adore His precious name;  
His glory and His grace proclaim;  
For us, condemned, despised, undone,  
He gave Himself, the "Living Stone."

## **On that same night, Lord Jesus**

245\* (*Beneath The Cross Of Jesus*)

On that same night, Lord Jesus,  
When all around Thee joined  
To cast its darkest shadow  
Across Thy holy mind,  
We hear Thy voice, blest Saviour,  
"This do, remember me:"  
With joyful hearts responding,  
We do remember Thee.

The depth of all Thy suffering  
No heart could e'er conceive;  
The cup of wrath o'erflowing  
For us Thou didst receive;  
And, oh! of God forsaken,  
On the accursed tree.  
With grateful hearts, Lord Jesus,  
We now remember Thee.

We think of all the darkness  
Which round Thy spirit pressed,  
Of all those waves and billows  
Which rolled across Thy breast.  
Oh, there Thy grace unbounded  
And perfect love we see;  
With joy and sorrow mingling,  
We would remember Thee.

We know Thee now as risen,  
The Firstborn from the dead;  
We see Thee now ascended,  
The church's glorious Head.  
In Thee by grace accepted,  
The heart and mind set free,  
To think of all Thy sorrow,

And thus remember Thee.

Till Thou shalt come in glory,  
And call us hence away,  
To rest in all the brightness  
Of that unclouded day,  
We shew Thy death Lord Jesus,  
And here would seek to be  
More to Thy death conformed,  
Whilst we remember Thee.



## **On the Lamb our souls are resting**

57\* Translation (*Jesus Calls Us*)

On the Lamb our souls are resting,  
What His love no tongue can say,  
All our sins, so great, so many,  
In His blood are washed away.

Sweetest rest and peace have filled us,  
Sweeter praise than tongue can tell,  
God is satisfied with Jesus,  
We are satisfied as well.

Conscience now no more condemns us,  
For His own most precious blood  
Once for all has washed and cleansed us,  
Cleansed us in the eyes of God.

Filled with this sweet peace for ever,  
On we go, through strife and care,  
Till we find that peace around us  
In the Lamb's high glory there.

## **Once we stood in condemnation**

200\* G. W. Frazer (*There's A Wideness*)

Once we stood in condemnation,  
Waiting thus the sinner's doom,  
Christ in death has wrought salvation,  
God has raised Him from the tomb.

As strangers then to God we lived,  
Filled with enmity and fear;  
Our souls from death He has reprieved,  
Love revealed and brought us near.

Now we see in Christ's acceptance  
But the measure of our own;  
Him who lay beneath our sentence,  
Seated high upon the throne.

Quickened, raised, and Him seated,  
We a full deliverance know;  
Every foe has been defeated,  
Every enemy laid low.

Now we have a life in union  
With the risen life above;  
Now we drink in sweet communion  
Some rich foretaste of His love.

Soon, O Lord, in brightest glory,  
All its vastness we'll explore;  
Soon we'll cast our crowns before Thee,  
While we worship and adore.

## **Our rest is in heaven, our rest is not here**

301\* H. F. Lyte (*O What A Savior*)

Our rest is in heaven, our rest is not here;  
Then why should we tremble when trials are near?  
Be hushed our sad spirits, the worst that can come  
But shortens the journey, and hastens us home.

It is not for us to be seeking our bliss,  
And building our hopes in a region like this:  
We look for a city which hands have not piled —  
We pant for a country by sin undefiled.

The thorn and the thistle around us may grow —  
We would not lie down, e'en on roses, below:  
We ask not our portion, we seek not a rest,  
Till we find them for ever where Jesus is blest.

Let trial and danger our progress oppose,  
They'll only make heaven more sweet at the close;  
Come joy or come sorrow, what e'er may befall,  
A home with our God will make up for it all.

With a scrip on the back, and a staff in the hand,  
We march on in haste through an enemy's land;  
The road may be rough, but it cannot be long,  
And we'll smooth it with hope, and we'll cheer it with song.

## **Our times are in Thy hand**

209\* W. F. Lloyd (*This Is My Father's World*)

Our times are in Thy hand,  
Father, we wish them there;  
Our life, our soul, our all, we leave  
Entirely to Thy care.

Our times are in Thy hand,  
Whatever they may be,  
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,  
As best may seem to Thee.

Our times are in Thy hand,  
Why should we doubt or fear?  
A Father's hand will never cause  
His child a needless tear.

Our times are in Thy hand,  
Jesus the crucified!  
The hand our many sins had pierced  
Is now our Guard and Guide.

Our times are in Thy hand,  
Jesus the Advocate!  
Nor can that hand be stretched in vain,  
For us to supplicate.

Our times are in Thy hand,  
We'd always trust in Thee,  
Till we have left this weary land,  
And all Thy glory see.

**Praise the Saviour, ye who know Him**

256\* T. Kelly (*Praise The Savior We Who Know Him*)

Praise the Saviour, ye who know Him,  
Who can tell how much we owe Him?  
Gladly let us render to Him  
All we have and are.

Jesus is the name that charms us,  
He for conflict fits and arms us,  
Nothing moves and nothing harms us  
While we trust in Him.

Trust in Him, ye saints for ever,  
He is faithful, changing never;  
Neither force nor guile can sever  
Those He loves from Him.

Keep us Lord, O keep us cleaving  
To Thyself and still believing,  
Till the hour of our receiving  
Promised joys with Thee.

Then we shall be where we would be,  
Then we shall be what we should be;  
Things that are not now not could be  
Soon shall be our own.

## **Praise we to the Father give**

131 Montgomery (*For The Beauty Of The Earth*)

Praise we to the Father give,  
God in whom we move and live;  
Children's praise He loves to hear,  
Children's songs delight His ear.

Praise we to the Firstborn bring,  
Christ the Prophet, Priest, and King;  
Glad we raise our sweetest strain  
To the Lamb that once was slain!

Praises for the Holy Ghost  
Sent from heaven at Pentecost!  
'Tis through Him alone we live,  
And the precious truth receive.

Blest our portion thus to be  
Glorying in the Trinity;  
For the gospel from above,  
For the word that "God is love."

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**Rejoice, ye saints, rejoice and praise**

237\* J. H. Evans (*Sweet Hour Of Prayer*)

Rejoice, ye saints, rejoice and praise  
The blessings of redeeming grace;  
Jesus, our everlasting tower,  
Mocks at the angry tempest's roar.

His love's a refuge ever nigh,  
His watchfulness, a mountain high;  
His name's a rock, which winds above  
Nor waves below can ever move.

His faithfulness, for ever sure,  
For endless ages will endure;  
His perfect work will ever prove  
The depths of His unchanging love.

While all things change, He changes not,  
Nor e'er forgets, though oft forgot;  
His love's unchangeably the same,  
And as enduring as His name.

**Rise, my soul! behold, 'tis Jesus**

35 J. Denham Smith (*Rise My Soul Behold Tis Jesus*)

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

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

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

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

Blessed, glorious word, "for ever" —  
Yea "for ever" is the word;  
Nothing can the ransomed sever,  
Nought divide them from the Lord.



## **Rise, my soul, thy God directs thee**

76\* J. N. Darby (*Love Divine*)

Rise, my soul, thy God directs thee,  
Stranger hands no more impede;  
Pass thou on, His hand protects thee,  
Strength that has the captive freed.

Is the wilderness before thee,  
Desert land where drought abides?  
Heavenly springs shall there restore thee,  
Fresh from God's exhaustless tides.

Light divine surrounds thy going,  
God Himself shall mark thy way;  
Secret blessings, richly flowing,  
Lead to everlasting day.

God, thine everlasting portion,  
Feeds thee with the mighty's meat;  
Price of Egypt's hard extortion,  
Egypt's food no more to eat.

Art thou weaned from Egypt's pleasures?  
God in secret thee shall keep,  
There unfold His hidden treasures,  
There His love's exhaustless deep.

In the desert God will teach thee  
What the God that thou hast found,  
Patient, gracious, powerful, holy,  
All His grace shall there abound.

On to Canaan's rest still wending,  
E'en thy wants and woes shall bring  
Suited grace from high descending,  
Thou shalt taste of mercy's spring.

Though thy way be long and dreary,  
Eagle strength He'll still renew:  
Garments fresh and foot unwearied  
Tell how God hath brought thee through.

When to Canaan's long-loved dwelling  
Love divine thy foot shall bring,  
There, with shouts of triumph swelling,  
Zion's songs in rest to sing —

There no stranger-God shall meet thee,  
Stranger thou in courts above,  
He who to His rest shall greet thee,  
Greets thee with a well-known love.

## **Rock of Ages! cleft for sin**

232 Toplady (*Rock Of Ages*)

Rock of Ages! cleft for sin,  
Grace hath hid us safe within!  
Where the water and the blood,  
From Thy riven side hath flowed,  
Are of sin the double cure;  
Cleansing from its guilt and power.

Not the labour of our hands  
Could fulfil the laws demands;  
Could our zeal no respite know,  
Could our tears for ever flow,  
Naught for sin could e'er atone  
But Thy blood and Thine alone!

Found by Thee before we sought,  
Unto Thee in mercy brought;  
We have Thee for righteousness,  
From Thy fulness grace on grace:  
Thou hast washed us in Thy blood,  
Made us live and live to God.

While we draw this fleeting breath,  
If our eyes are closed in death,  
When we soar to worlds unknown,  
Sit with Thee upon Thy throne:  
Thou our joy shalt be in heaven,  
Who for us Thyself hast given.

**Saviour! lead us by Thy power**

42A\* W. Williams (*Room For Jesus*)

Saviour! lead us by Thy power  
Safe into the promised rest;  
Choose the path, the way whatever  
Seems to Thee, O Lord, the best:  
Be our Guide in every peril,  
Watch and keep us night and day,  
Else our foolish hearts will wander  
From the straight and narrow way.

Since in Thee is our redemption,  
And salvation full and free,  
Nothing need our souls dishearten  
But forgetfulness of Thee:  
Naught can stay our steady progress,  
More than conquerors we shall be,  
If our eye, whate'er the danger,  
Looks to Thee, and none but Thee.

In Thy presence we are happy;  
In Thy presence we're secure;  
In Thy presence all afflictions  
We can easily endure;  
In Thy presence we can conquer,  
We can suffer, we can die;  
Wandering from Thee we are feeble;  
Let Thy love, Lord, keep us nigh.

**Saviour, through the desert lead us**

241 T. Kelly (*Savior, Like A Shepherd Lead Us*)

Saviour, through the desert lead us,  
Without Thee we cannot go;  
Thou from cruel chains has freed us,  
And hast laid the tyrant low:  
Let Thy presence  
Cheer us all our journey through.

Through a desert waste and cheerless,  
Though our destined journey lie,  
Render'd by Thy presence fearless,  
We may every foe defy:  
Naught shall move us,  
While we see Thee, Saviour, nigh.

With a price Thy love has bought us,  
(Saviour, what a love is Thine!)  
Hitherto Thy power has brought us,  
(Power and love in Thee combine):  
Lord of glory,  
Ever on Thy household shine.

## **Saviour, we long to follow Thee**

278 J. G. Deck (*Lead Me To Calvary*)

Saviour, we long to follow Thee,  
Daily Thy cross to bear,  
And count all else, whate'er it be,  
Unworthy of our care.

We are not now our own, but Thine,  
The purchase of Thy blood,  
And made, by grace and love divine,  
The sons and heirs of God.

Thy Spirit, too, the present seal  
Of all The Father's love,  
Dwells in our souls and does reveal  
The glorious rest above.

Thy life is now beyond the grave;  
Our souls Thou hast set free;  
Life, strength, and grace in Thee we have,  
For we are one with Thee.

O teach us so the power to know  
Of risen life with Thee;  
Not we may live while here below,  
But Christ our life may be.

**Th'atoning work is done**

37 T. Kelly (*Rejoice The Lord Is Risen*)

Th'atoning work is done;  
The Victim's blood is shed;  
And Jesus now is gone  
His people's cause to plead:  
He sits in heaven their great High Priest,  
And bears their names upon His breast.

See "sprinkled with the blood  
The mercy-seat" above;  
For justice had withstood  
The purposes of love;  
But justice now withstands no more,  
And mercy yields her boundless store.

And though awhile He be  
Hid from the eyes of men,  
His people look to see  
Their great High Priest again.  
In brightest glory He will come,  
And take His waiting people home.

## **That bright and blessed morn is near**

244\* G. W. Frazer (*Come Let Us Sing The Matchless Worth*)

That bright and blessed morn is near  
When He, the Bridegroom, shall appear,  
And call His bride away.  
Her blessing then shall be complete,  
When with her Lord she takes her seat  
In everlasting day.

The days and nights are gliding past,  
Soon shall be heard the trumpet's blast  
Which wakes the sleeping saints.  
The dead in Christ in glory rise,  
When we with them shall reach the skies  
Where Jesus for us waits.

What wonder, joy, and glad surprise  
Shall fill our hearts as thus we rise  
To meet Him in the air;  
To see His face, to hear His voice,  
And in His perfect love rejoice,  
Whose glory then we'll share.

No more deferred our hope shall be,  
No longer through a glass we'll see,  
But clearly face to face.  
We'll dwell with Jesus then above,  
Whom absent we have learned His love,  
Blest samples of His grace.

O may this hope our spirits cheer,  
While waiting for our Saviour here;  
He'll quickly come again.  
O may our hearts look for that day,  
And to His word responsive say,



"Come, Jesus, Lord, Amen."

## **The holiest we enter**

114\* Mary Bowley (*From Greenland's...*)

The holiest we enter  
In perfect peace with God,  
Through whom we found our centre,  
In Jesus and His blood:  
Though great may be our dullness  
In thought, and word, and deed,  
We glory in the fulness  
Of Him that meets our need.

Much incense is ascending  
Before th'eternal throne;  
God graciously is bending  
To hear each feeble groan;  
To all our prayers and praises  
Christ adds His sweet perfume,  
And love the censer raises,  
These odours to consume.

O God, we come with singing,  
Because Thy great High Priest  
Our names to Thee is bringing,  
Nor e'er forgets the least;  
For us He wears the mitre,  
Where "holiness" shines bright,  
For us His robes are whiter  
Than heaven's unsullied light.

**The veil is rent: — our souls draw near**

136\* J. G. Deck (*Alas And Did My Savior Bleed*)

The veil is rent: — our souls draw near  
Unto a throne of grace;  
The merits of the Lord appear,  
They fill the holy place.

His precious blood has spoken there,  
Before and on the throne:  
And His own wounds in heaven declare,  
The atoning work is done.

'Tis finished! — here our souls have rest,  
His work can never fail:  
By Him, our Sacrifice and Priest,  
We pass within the veil.

Within the holiest of all,  
Cleansed by His precious blood,  
Before the throne we prostrate fall,  
And worship Thee, O God!

Boldly the heart and voice we raise,  
His blood, His name, our plea;  
Assured our prayers and songs of praise  
Ascend, by Christ, to Thee.

## **The wanderer no more will roam**

3A\* Jane Deck (*My Savior*)

The wanderer no more will roam,  
The lost one to the fold hath come,  
The prodigal is welcomed home,  
O Lamb of God, to Thee!

Though clothed in rags, by sin defiled,  
The Father did embrace His child;  
And I am pardoned, reconciled,  
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

It is the Father's joy to bless;  
His love has found for me a dress,  
A robe of spotless righteousness,  
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

And now my famished soul is fed,  
A feast of love for me is spread,  
I feed upon the children's bread,  
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

Yea, in the fulness of His grace,  
God put me in the children's place,  
Where I may gaze upon His face,  
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

Not half His love can I express,  
Yet, Lord, with joy my lips confess  
This blessed portion I possess,  
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

Thy precious name it is I bear,  
In Thee I am to God brought near,  
And all the Father's love I share,  
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

## **This world is a wilderness wide!**

139\* J. N. Darby (*Sweet Bye and Bye*)

This world is a wilderness wide!  
We have nothing to seek or to choose;  
We've no thought in the waste to abide;  
We've naught to regret nor to lose.

The Lord is Himself gone before;  
He has marked out the path that we tread;  
It's as sure as the love we adore,  
We have nothing to fear nor to dread.

There is but that one in the waste,  
Which His footsteps have marked as His own;  
And we follow in diligent haste  
To the seats where He's put on His crown.

For the path where our Saviour is gone  
Has led up to our Father and God,  
To the place where He's now on the throne,  
And His strength shall be ours on the road.

And with Him shall our rest be on high,  
When in holiness bright we sit down,  
In the joy of His love ever nigh,  
In the peace that His presence shall crown.

'Tis the treasure we've found His love  
That has made us now pilgrims below,  
And 'tis there, when we reach Him above,  
As we're known, all His fulness we'll know.

And Saviour! 'tis Thee from on high  
We await till the time Thou shall come,  
To take those Thou hast led by Thine eye  
To Thyself in Thy heavenly home.

Till then 'tis the path Thou hast trod,  
Our delight and our comfort shall be;  
We're content with Thy staff and Thy rod,  
Till with Thee all Thy glory we see.

## **Thou art the everlasting Word**

150\* J. Conder (*All Hail The Power Of Jesus' Name*)

Thou art the everlasting Word,  
The Father's only Son;  
God manifest, God seen and heard,  
The heaven's beloved One;  
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou  
That every knee to Thee should bow.

In Thee most perfectly expressed,  
The Father self doth shine;  
Fulness of Godhead, too: the Blest,  
Eternally divine.  
Worthy, etc...

Image of th'infinite Unseen,  
Whose being none can know;  
Brightness of light no eye hath seen,  
God's love revealed below.  
Worthy, etc...

The higher mysteries of Thy fame  
The creature's grasp transcend;  
The Father only Thy blest name  
Of Son can comprehend.  
Worthy, etc...

Yet loving Thee, on whom His love  
Ineffable doth rest,  
The worshippers, O Lord, above,  
As one with Thee, are blest:  
Worthy, etc...

Of the vast universe of bliss,  
The centre Thou, and Sun;  
Th'eternal theme of praise is this,

To heaven's beloved One:

Worthy, etc...



## **Thou hidden Source of calm repose!**

284\* C. Wesley (*Faith Of Our Fathers*)

Thou hidden Source of calm repose!  
Thou all-sufficient Love divine!  
Our help and refuge from our foes,  
Secure we are, for we are Thine;  
And, lo! from guilt and grief and shame  
We're hidden Saviour, by Thy name.

Thy mighty name Salvation is,  
And keeps our happy souls above;  
Comfort it brings, and power and peace  
And joy and everlasting love;  
To us, with Thy dear name, are given  
Pardon and holiness and heaven.

Jesus, our all in all Thou art,  
Our rest in toil, our ease in pain;  
The medicine of a broken heart;  
'Mid storms, our peace; in loss, our gain;  
Our smile beneath the tyrant's frown:  
In shame, our glory and our crown.

In want our plentiful supply;  
In weakness, our almighty power;  
In bonds our perfect liberty;  
Our refuge in temptation's hour;  
Our comfort, 'midst all grief and thrall,  
Our life in death, our all in all.

## Though in a foreign land

177\* Toplady (*Breathe On Me Breath Of God*)

Though in a foreign land,  
We are not far from home;  
And nearer to our rest above  
We every moment come.

Secure within the veil,  
Christ is our anchor strong;  
While power supreme, and love divine,  
Still guide us safe along.

And should the surges rise —  
Should sore afflictions come,  
Blest is the sorrow, kind the storm,  
That drives us nearer home.

God's grace will to the end  
Clearer and brighter shine;  
Nor present things, nor things to come,  
Can change His love divine.

Soon shall our pains and fears  
For ever pass away;  
For we shall soon the Saviour see  
In everlasting day.

## **Though troubles assail**

160\* J. Newton (*O Worship The King*)

Though troubles assail,  
And dangers affright,  
Though friends should all fail,  
And foes all unite:  
Yet one thing secures us  
Whatever betide,  
The scripture assures us  
The Lord will provide.

The birds, without barn  
Or storehouse, are fed;  
From them let us learn  
To trust for our bread:  
His saints what is fitting  
Shall ne'er be denied,  
So long as 'tis written,  
The Lord will provide.

We may, like the ships,  
By tempests be toss'd  
On perilous deeps,  
But cannot be lost;  
Though Satan enrages  
The wind and the tide,  
The promise engages  
The Lord will provide.

His call we obey,  
Like Abram of old,  
Not knowing our way,  
But faith makes us bold;  
For though we are strangers,  
We have a sure guide,  
And trust in all dangers

The Lord will provide.

## **Through waves, through clouds and storms**

55\* Gerhardt (*This Is My Father's World*)

Through waves, through clouds and storms,  
God gently clears the way;  
We wait His time; so shall the night  
Soon end in blissful day.

He everywhere hath sway,  
And all things serve His might;  
His every act pure blessing is,  
His path unsullied light.

When He makes bare His arm,  
Who shall His work withstand?  
When He His people's cause defends,  
Who then shall stay His hand?

We leave it to Himself  
To choose and to command,  
With wonder filled, we soon shall see  
How wise, how strong His hand!

We comprehend Him not,  
Yet earth and heaven tell  
God sits as sov'reign on the throne  
And ruleth all things well.

## **Thy name we love, Lord Jesus**

152\* Yerbury (*Thy Name We Love Lord Jesus*)

Thy name we love, Lord Jesus;  
And lowly bow before Thee;  
And while we live, to Thee we give  
All blessing, worship, glory;  
We sing aloud Thy praises,  
Our hearts and voices blending,  
'Tis Thou alone we worthy own,  
Thy beauty's all transcending.

Thy name we love, Lord Jesus;  
It tells God's love unbounded  
To ruined man ere time began,  
Or heaven and earth were founded;  
Thine is a love eternal,  
That found in us its pleasure,  
That brought Thee low to bear our woe,  
And make us Thine own treasure.

The name we love, Lord Jesus;  
It tells Thy birth so lowly,  
Thy patience, grace, Thy gentleness,  
Thy lonely path, so holy;  
Thou wast the "Man of sorrows";  
Our grief, too, Thou didst bear it;  
Our bitter cup Thou drankst up;  
The thorny crown — didst wear it.

Thy name we love, Lord Jesus;  
God's Lamb — Thou wast ordained  
To bear our sins (Thyself all clean),  
And hast our guilt sustained:  
We see Thee crowned in glory,  
Above the heavens now seated,  
The victory won, Thy work well done,

Our righteousness completed.

**u**

None selected



**v**

None selected

## **We'll sing of the Shepherd that died**

103\* T. Kelly (*We'll Sing Of The Shepherd*)

We'll sing of the Shepherd that died,  
That died for the sake of the flock;  
His love to the utmost was tried,  
But firmly endured as a rock.

When blood from a victim must flow,  
This Shepherd by pity was led  
To stand between us and the foe,  
And willingly died in our stead.

Our song, then, for ever shall be  
Of the Shepherd who gave Himself thus;  
No subject's so glorious as He,  
No theme so affecting to us.

Of Him and His love will we sing,  
His praises our tongues shall employ  
Till heavenly anthems we bring  
In yonder bright regions of joy.

## **We're pilgrims in the wilderness**

231 Mary Bowley (*I Sing The Mighty Power Of God*)

We're pilgrims in the wilderness;  
Our dwelling is a camp;  
Created things though pleasant,  
Now bear to us death's stamp.  
But onward we are speeding,  
Though often let and tried;  
The Holy Ghost is leading  
Home to the Lamb, His bride.

With fellow pilgrims meeting,  
As through the waste we roam,  
'Tis sweet to sing together,  
"We are not far from home!"  
And when we've learned our lesson,  
Our work, in suffering, done,  
Our ever-loving Father  
Will welcome every one.

We look to meet our brethren  
From every distant shore;  
Not one will seem a stranger,  
Though never seen before:  
With angel hosts attending,  
In myriads, through the sky;  
Yet 'midst them all Thou only,  
O Lord, wilt fix the eye!

Lord, since we sing as pilgrims,  
O give us pilgrims ways!  
Low thoughts of self, befitting  
Proclaimers of Thy praise;  
O make us each more holy,  
In spirit, pure and meek:  
More like to heavenly citizens,

As more of heaven we speak.

## **What rich, eternal bursts of praise**

162 G. W. Frazer

What rich, eternal bursts of praise  
Shall fill yon courts through endless days,  
When time shall cease to be!  
Round and around the notes shall swell,  
As each redeemed one joins to tell  
Thy love, so vast and free.

Each shall the Saviour's likeness bear,  
A royal crown each brow shall wear,  
With robes unsullied white.  
The everlasting song shall be,  
To Thee, O Lamb of God, to Thee,  
'Mid scenes of purest light.

Our joy unhindered then with Thee,  
Our eyes undimmed Thy glory see,  
Whilst worthy praise we give.  
Through that eternal cloudless day,  
Our burning hearts with rapture say  
He died that we might live.

**What will it be to dwell above**

202\* Swain (*Higher Ground*)

**What will it be to dwell above,**

And with the Lord of glory reign,  
Since the blest knowledge of His love  
So brightens all this dreary plain?  
No heart can think, no tongue can tell  
What joy 'twill be with Christ to dwell.

When left this scene of faith and strife,  
The flesh and sense deceive no more,  
When we shall see the Prince of life,  
And all His works of grace explore:  
What heights and depths of love divine  
Will there through endless ages shine!

And God has fixed the happy day  
When the last tear shall dim our eyes;  
When He will wipe these tears away,  
And fill our hearts with glad surprise;  
To hear His voice, and see His face,  
And know the fulness of His grace.

## **When Israel, by divine command**

303 J. Newton (*The Son Of God Goes Forth To War*)

When Israel, by divine command,  
The pathless desert trod,  
They found, throughout the barren land,  
A sure resource in God.

A cloudy pillar marked the road,  
And screened them from the heat;  
From the hard rock the water flowed,  
And manna was their meat.

Like them, we have a rest in view,  
Secure from hostile powers:  
Like them, we pass a desert too,  
But Israel's 'God is ours.

His word a light before us spreads,  
By which our path we see;  
His love, a banner o'er our heads,  
From harm preserves us free.

Jesus, the Bread of life, is given  
To be our daily food;  
Within us dwells that well from heaven,  
The Spirit of our God.

Lord, 'tis enough, we ask no more;  
Thy grace around us pours  
Its rich and unexhausted store,  
And all its joy is ours.

**With Christ our theme begins**

130 C. Wesley (*Rejoice The Lord Is Risen*)

With Christ our theme begins,  
The Lord of truth and love;  
When He had purged our sins,  
He took His seat above.  
Our hearts are glad; we raise the voice;  
The Lord has made us to rejoice.

His power can never fail,  
He'll rule o'er earth, in heaven;  
The keys of death and hell  
To Him alone are given.  
Our hearts are glad; we raise the voice;  
The Lord has made us to rejoice.

And sweet that blessed hope:  
Jesus, the Lord, shall come,  
And take His brethren up  
E'en to His Father's home.  
Our hearts are glad; we raise the voice;  
The Lord has made us to rejoice.