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H Y M N S

FOR

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6

H Y M N S.

1

C.M.

ALAS ! and did my Saviour bleed ?
And did my Sovereign die ?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I ?

CHORUS.

Oh ! the blood of Jesus, the precious blood of Jesus ;
Oh ! the blood of Jesus, it cleanses from all sin.

Was it for crimes that I have 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 the incarnate Maker died
For man, His creature's sin.
Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While His dear cross appears ;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

2

S.M.

" ALL things are ready," Come ;
Come to the supper spread ;
Come, rich and poor ; come, old and young ;
Come, and be richly fed.
" All things are ready," Come ;
The invitation's given
By Him who now in glory sits
At God's right hand in heaven.
" All things are ready," Come ;
The door is open wide ;
Oh, feast upon the love of God,
For Christ, His only Son, has died.



"All things are ready," Come ;
 All hindrance is removed ;
 And God, in Christ, His precious love
 To fallen man has proved.
 "All things are ready," Come ;
 To-morrow may not be ;
 Oh, sinner, come ; the Saviour waits
 This hour to welcome thee !

3

C.M.

AM I a soldier of the cross,
 A follower of the Lamb ;
 And shall I fear to own His cause,
 Or blush to speak His name ?
 Let us never mind the scoffs nor the frowns of the
 For we all have the cross to bear ; [world,
 It will only make the crown the brighter to shine,
 When we have the crown to wear.

Must I be carried to the skies
 On flowery 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 low 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 cross, endure the pain,
 Supported by Thy word.

4

P.M.

ARISE, ye children of the light,
 And buckle on your armour bright,
 And now prepare yourselves to fight
 Against the world and Satan.

All glory to the bleeding Lamb !
 All hail the Saviour's conquering name !
 Let every spirit catch the flame, and fan the sacred fire.

Your enemies are in the field ;
 Gird on the armour, take the shield ;
 The Spirit's sword with courage wield,
 And march in glorious order.
 Our Captain is the bleeding Lamb,
 All-conquering Jesus is His name ;
 From heaven, to fight for us, He came—
 The Captain of salvation.

We lift our glorious banners high,
 And urge the Christian warrior's cry,
 And fight for Jesus till we die,
 And after death sing glory.

Like Joshua's host at Jericho,
 Round the strongholds of sin we'll go,
 With lamp and pitcher meet the foe,
 And blow the Gospel trumpet.

The barley cake, which God has sent,
 Shall overthrow the sinner's tent,
 And make the stoutest heart relent,
 The greatest sinner tremble.

5

148th.

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 all our race,
 And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

Five open wounds He bears,
 Received on Calvary :
 They pour effectual prayers,
 They strongly speak for me :
 "Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
 "Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

My God is reconciled,
 His pardoning 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.

6

S.M.

ASSEMBLED here, O Lord,
 Thy blessing now we crave ;
 Be here in all Thy wondrous grace—
 The mighty One to save.

Reveal Thy precious love,
 Display Thy saving power ;
 Attract poor sinners to Thy Cross ;
 Save, Lord, O save this hour.

The wanderers restore,
 Poor prodigals embrace ;
 Let each and all Thy presence know,
 And triumph in Thy grace.

7

C.M.

BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
 Nailed to the shameful tree !
 How vast the love that Him inclined
 To bleed and die for thee !

Oh ! the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb,
 The Lamb upon Calvary.
 The Lamb that was slain,
 And liveth again,
 To intercede for me.

Hark ! how He groans, while nature shakes,
 And earth's strong pillars bend ;
 And temple's veil in sunder breaks,
 The solid marbles rend.

'Tis done ! the precious ransom's paid,
 " Receive My soul," He cries ;
 See where He bows His sacred head !
 He bows His head—and dies.

But soon He'll break death's envious chain,
 And in full glory shine :
 O Lamb of God ! was ever pain,
 Was ever love like Thine ?

BEHOLD, behold the Lamb of God—On the cross !
 For us He shed His precious blood—On the cross
 Oh ! hear that strange expiring cry—
 " Eli, lama Sabachthani."
 Draw near and see the Saviour die—On the cross.
 See, see His arms extended wide—On the cross.
 Behold His bleeding hands and side—On the cross.
 The sun withholds his rays of light,
 The heavens are clothed in shades of night,
 While Jesus wins the glorious fight—On the cross.
 Come, sinner, see Him lifted up—On the cross.
 He drinks for us the bitter cup—On the cross.
 To heaven He turns His languid eyes ;
 " 'Tis finished ! " now the Conqueror cries,
 Then bows His sacred head and dies—On the cross.
 Where'er I go I'll tell the story—Of the cross.
 In nothing else my soul shall glory—Save the cross.
 Yea, this my constant theme shall be,
 Through time, and in eternity,
 That Jesus tasted death for me—On the cross.

CHRISTIANS, go and tell of Jesus,
 How He died to save our souls ;
 How that He from sin might free us,
 Suffered agonies untold.

Yes, we'll go and tell of Jesus,
 The pure and holy, meek and lowly Jesus :
 Yes, we'll go and tell of Jesus,
 Who died our souls to save.

Tell the guilty of their danger,
 While they wander far from God ;
 While they live to Christ a stranger,
 And reject His precious Word.

Tell them of the joys of heaven,
 Purchased by the Saviour's blood ;
 How, that they might be forgiven,
 Jesus left His home above.

Tell them how He hath ascended,
 To prepare a home on high ;
 Where all sorrows shall be ended,
 Where the saints shall never die.

10

P.M.

COME to Jesus ! come to Jesus !
 Come to Jesus just now !
 Only trust Him ! etc.
 He will save you ! etc.
 I believe it ! etc.
 Hallelujah ! Amen.

11

8.7.

COME, Thou fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing Thy grace :
 Streams of mercy never ceasing
 Call for ceaseless songs of praise.

Teach me, Lord, the rapturous measures
 Sung by heavenly hosts above ;
 While I sing the countless treasures
 Of my God's unchanging love.

Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering 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 constrain'd to be !
 Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to Thee.

Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it ;
 Prone to leave the God I love ;
 Yet Thou, Lord, hast deign'd to seal it
 With Thy Spirit from above.

Rescued thus from sin and danger,
 Purchased by the Saviour's blood,
 May I walk on earth a stranger,
 As a son and heir of God.

12

P.M.

COME, brethren, let us all agree,
 And let us all united be ;
 It's good for you, it's good for me,
 To read the Holy Bible.

The Bible ! the Bible !
 Of all the books I ever saw,
 There's nothing like the Bible.

The Bible, it is good for all—
 Both Jew and Gentile, great and small ;
 Before its fame all books must fall :
 There's nothing like the Bible.

What wicked people in that day,
 Who tried to make the book away !
 For many times I've heard them say
 They used to burn the Bible.

Not all the schemes that men have tried
 Could put this Holy Book aside ;
 It still increased, and multiplied,
 And thousands have the Bible.

The Bible is the word of God,
 And Jesus sealed it with His blood ;
 The fiercest storms it hath withstood ;
 It's still the precious Bible.

Its greatest work is to explain
 This truth—You must be born again ;
 You must be wash'd from every stain,
 It's written in the Bible.

13

P.M.

COME, ye that fear the Lord, unto me ;
 I've something good to say
 About the narrow way ;
 For Christ, the other day, saved my soul.

He gave me first to see what I was ;
 He gave me first to see
 My guilt and misery,
 And then He set me free. Bless His name !

My old companions said, " He's undone ;"
 My old companions said,
 " He's surely going mad ;"
 But Jesus makes me glad. Bless His name !

Oh, if they did but know what I feel ;
 Had they got eyes to see
 Their guilt and misery,
 They'd be as mad as me, I believe.

Some said, " He'll soon give o'er, you shall see ;"
 But months have passed away
 Since I began to pray,
 And I feel His love to-day. Bless His name !

And now I'm going home, to the Lord,
 And now I'm going home ;
 Guilty sinner, wilt thou come,—
 Or meet an awful doom, from the Lord ?

14

7's.

CROWNED with thorns upon the tree,
 Silent in Thine agony ;
 Dying, crushed beneath the load
 Of the wrath and curse of God ;
 On Thy pale and suffering brow,
 Mystery of love and woe,
 On Thy grief, and sore amaze,
 Jesus, I would fix my gaze.
 On Thy pierced and bleeding breast,
 Thou dost bid the weary rest ;
 Rest them from the world's false ways,
 Rest them from its vanities.
 Rest in pardon and relief,
 From the load of guilt and grief ;
 Rest in Thy redeeming blood,
 Rest in perfect peace with God.
 Sin-aton-ing Sacrifice,
 Thou art precious in my eyes ;
 Thou alone my rest shalt be,
 Now and through eternity.

15

S.M.

"FOR ever with the Lord !" Amen, so let its be :
 Life from the dead is in that word, 'tis immortality.

Here in the body pent,
 Absent from Him I roam,
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
 A day's march nearer home.

Jerusalem on high, home of my soul, how near
 At times, to faith's foreseeing eye, thy golden
 gates appear.

'Tis then my spirit faints to reach the home I love ;
The bright inheritance of saints, Jerusalem above.

And though there intervene rough roads and stormy
skies, [mine eyes.
Faith will not suffer aught to screen thy glory from
There shall all clouds depart, the wilderness shall
cease ; [peace.
And sweetly shall each gladdened heart enjoy eternal

GOD'S almighty arms are round me,
Peace, peace is mine !
Judgment scenes need not confound me,
Peace, peace is mine !
Jesus came HIMSELF and sought me !
Sold to death, He found and bought me !
THEN my BLESSED FREEDOM taught me ;
Peace, peace is mine :

While I hear life's surging billows,
Peace, peace is mine !
Why suspend my harp on willows ?
Peace, peace is mine !
I may sing with Christ beside me,
Though a thousand ills betide me ;
Safely He hath sworn to guide me :
Peace, peace is mine !

Every trial draws Him nearer,
Peace, peace is mine !
All His strokes but make Him dearer,
Peace, peace is mine !
Bless I then the hand that smiteth
Gently, and to heal delighteth,
'Tis against MY SINS He fighteth :
Peace, peace is mine !

GLORY, glory everlasting,
 Be to Him who bore the cross !
 Who redeemed our souls by tasting
 Death, and death deserved by us.
Spread His glory, Who redeemed His people thus.
 His is love, 'tis love unbounded,
 Without measure, without end !
 Human thought is here confounded !
 'Tis too vast to comprehend.
Praise the Saviour ! Magnify the sinner's Friend.
 While we hear the wondrous story
 Of the Saviour's cross and shame,
 Sing we, " Everlasting glory
 Be to God and to the Lamb !
Saints and angels, Give ye glory to His name.

GLORY be to God on high—
 Jesus Christ is passing by,
 Jesus Christ is passing by,
 And God is reconciled.

Only believe, and you shall be saved ;
 Only believe, and you shall be saved ;
 Only believe, and you shall be saved ;
 And heaven is yours for ever.

See Jesus nailed to yonder tree,
 Bleeding, groaning, dying,
 There He suffered thus for thee,
 Therefore now believe Him.

The Lord will pardon all your sin,
 Then you to praise Him will begin :
 You never praised the Lord before,
 But now you'll praise Him more and more.

He'll bring you out of the miry clay,
 And set your feet on the King's highway,
 And tell you, now, to watch and pray,
 Till He brings you safe to glory.

"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 :
 O 'tis a wondrous sight,
 All sights above !
 Jesus the curse sustains !
 Guilt's 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 sin's forgiven.
 Jesus, our Lord, to Thee
 Honour and Majesty,
 Now and for ever be,
 Here and in heaven.

HARK; the gospel news is sounding !
 Christ has suffered on the tree.
 Streams of mercy are abounding,
 Grace for all is rich and free.

Jesus loves you, Hallelujah ; Jesus gave Himself for
 you ;
 Jesus died to be your Saviour ; O believe, and love Him [too.

O escape to yonder mountain,
 Now believe in Him to-day;
 Christ invites you to the fountain,
 Come, and wash your sins away.
 Grace is flowing like a river,
 Millions there have been supplied;
 Still it flows as fresh as ever,
 From the Saviour's wounded side.

21

P.M.

HARK! hark! hear the glad tidings; soon, soon
 Jesus will come,
 Robed, robed in honour and glory, to gather His
 ransomed ones home.
 Yes, yes, oh yes! to gather His ransomed ones home.
 Joy, joy, sound it more loudly: sing, sing glory to
 God; [abroad;
 Soon, soon Jesus is coming; publish the tidings
 Yes, yes, oh yes! publish the tidings abroad.
 Bright, bright seraphs attending; shouts, shouts
 filling the air; [will appear:
 Down, down swiftly from heaven Jesus our Lord
 Yes, yes, oh yes! Jesus our Lord will appear.
 Now, now, through a glass darkly, shine, shine vi-
 sions to come;
 Soon, soon we shall behold Him, cloudless and bright
 in our home:
 Yes, yes, oh yes! cloudless and bright in our home.
 Long, long have we been waiting, who, who love
 His blest name;
 Now, now we are delighting, Jesus is near to proclaim;
 Yes, yes, oh yes! Jesus is near to proclaim.
 Still, still rest on the promise; cling, cling fast to
 His word;
 Wait, wait, if He should tarry, we'll patiently wait
 for the Lord:
 Yes, yes, oh yes! we'll patiently wait for the Lord.

HARK, 'tis the watchman's cry, Wake, brethren, wake!

Jesus Himself is nigh,—wake, brethren, wake!
Sleep is for sons of night: ye are children of the light;
Yours is the glory bright. Wake, brethren, wake!

Call to each wakening band, Watch, brethren, watch!
Clear is our Lord's command, watch, brethren, watch!
Be ye as men that wait always at their Master's gate,
E'en though He tarry late, watch, brethren, watch!

Heed we the steward's call: work, brethren, work!
There's room enough for all; work, brethren, work!
This vineyard of the Lord, constant labour will afford;
He will your work reward; work, brethren, work!

Hear we the Shepherd's voice; pray, brethren, pray!
Would ye His heart rejoice? pray, brethren, pray!
Sin calls for ceaseless fear, weakness needs the Strong
One near:

Long as ye struggle here, pray, brethren pray!

Sound now the final chord: praise, brethren, praise!
Thrice holy is the Lord; praise, brethren, praise!
What more befits the tongues soon to lead the angel's
songs, [praise!
Whilst heaven the note prolongs! Praise, brethren,

HARK, sinner, while God from on high doth entreat
thee,

And warnings with accents of mercy doth blend;
Give ear to His voice, lest in judgment He meet
thee;

“The harvest is passing, the summer will end.”

How oft of thy danger and guilt He hath told thee!

How oft still the message of mercy doth send!

Haste, haste, while He waits in His arms to enfold thee;

“The harvest is passing, the summer will end.”

Ere long, and Jehovah will come in His power ;
 Our God will arise with His foes to contend :
 Haste, haste thee, O sinner, prepare for that hour ;
 " The harvest is passing, the summer will end."
 The Saviour will call thee in judgment before Him ;
 Oh, bow to His sceptre, and make Him thy friend ;
 Now yield Him thy heart, and make haste to adore
 Him ;
 " Thy harvest is passing, thy summer will end."

24

8.7.4.

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 !
 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 comforts draw.
 Tune your hearts anew, ye seraphs !
 Join to sing the glorious theme ;
 All in earth, and all in heaven,
 Join to praise Immanuel's name !
 Hallelujah !
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb !

25

S.M.

HIMSELF He cannot save !
 Insulting foe, 'tis true—
 The words a gracious meaning have,
 Though meant in scorn by you.
 Himself He cannot save !
 This is His highest praise ;
 Himself for others' sake He gave,
 And suffered in their place.

It were an easy part
 For Him the cross to fly,
 But love to sinners fills His heart,
 And makes Him choose to die.
 'Tis love the cause unfolds—
 The deep mysterious cause
 Why He who all the world upholds
 Hangs upon yonder cross.

26

P.M.

HUMBLY the penitent offers his prayer,
 Now doth his yielding soul heavenward repair,
 Saying, "From all my heart, sin I dethrone :
 Saviour Lord, Saviour Lord, reign Thou alone !"

Hark ! 'tis the Saviour Lord calls from above ;
 Gently He speaketh words flowing with love,
 Saying, "For thee have I died to atone ;
 Penitent, penitent, thou art mine own !"

Henceforth the penitent liveth to God ;
 Walks he with gladsome feet where Jesus trod,
 Saying, "From all my heart, sin I dethrone :
 Saviour Lord, Saviour Lord, Thou art mine own !"

27

P.M.

I WILL sing for Jesus,
 With His blood He bought me,
 And all along my pilgrim way
 His loving hand has brought me,
 Oh ! help me sing for Jesus,
 Help me tell the story
 Of Him who did redeem us,
 The Lord of life and glory.

Can there overtake me
 Any dark disaster,
 While I sing for Jesus,
 My blessed, blessed master ?
 Oh ! help, etc.

I will sing for Jesus !

His name alone prevailing,
Shall be my sweetest music,
When heart and flesh are failing,
Oh ! help, etc.

Still I'll sing for Jesus !

Oh ! how will I adore Him
Among the cloud of witnesses,
Who cast their crowns before Him,
Oh ! help, etc.

28

P. M.

I'm a pilgrim bound for glory,
I'm a pilgrim going home ;
Come and hear me tell my story—
All that love the Saviour—come.

Jesus loves me ; Hallelujah !

Jesus gave Himself for me.

Jesus leads me on to glory ;

Oh ! rejoice—rejoice with me.

When I first commenced my journey,
Many said, " He'll turn again ;"
But they all have been deceived ;
In the way I still remain.

I will tell you what induced me
For the better land to start ;
'Twas the Saviour's loving-kindness
Overcame and won my heart.

I'm a wonder unto many ;
God the mighty change has wrought :
Here I raise my Ebenezer ;
Hither by Thy help I'm brought.

If to Jordan's swelling river,
Like a pilgrim, I should come ;
Even then I'll shout salvation,
And go singing, " Glory," home.

I'M a pilgrim and a stranger,
 Rough and thorny is the road,
 Often in the midst of danger ;
 But it leads to God.

Clouds and darkness oft distress me ;
 Great and many are my foes ;
 Anxious cares and thoughts oppress me ;
 But my Father knows.

Oh, how sweet is this assurance,
 'Midst the conflict and the strife,
 Although sorrows past endurance,
 Follow me through life !

Home in prospect still can cheer me :
 Yes, and give me sweet repose,
 While I feel His presence near me ;
 For my Father knows.

Yes, He sees and knows me daily,
 Watches over me in love ;
 Sends me help when foes assail me,
 Bids me look above.

Soon my journey will be ended ;
 Life is drawing to a close :
 I shall then be well attended ;
 This my Father knows.

I shall then with joy behold Him,
 Face to face my Father see ;
 Fall with rapture, and adore Him
 For His love to me.

Nothing more shall then distress me,
 In the land of sweet repose :
 Jesus stands engaged to bless me ;
 This my Father knows.

IN evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object met my sight,
And stopped my wild career.

Oh, the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb, the Lamb upon
Calvary,
The Lamb that was slain, that liveth again
To intercede for me.

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

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

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

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

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

IN the Christian's home in glory
There remains a land of rest ;
Where the Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfil my soul's request.

On the other side of Jordan, in the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming, there is rest for you ;
There is rest for the weary, there is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary, there is rest for you.

He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand ;
And my stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land.

Pain and sickness ne'er can enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share ;
But in that celestial centre
I a crown of life shall wear.

Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And its sting shall be withdrawn ;
Shout with gladness, O ye ransomed,
Hail with joy the happy morn !

Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory,
Shout your triumphs as you go !
Zion's gates will open to you,
You shall find an entrance through.

32

P.M.

IN all things more than conquerors through Him that
loved us ;
We know that neither death nor life, nor angels,
rulers, powers,
Nor present things nor things to come, nor even
height nor depth,
Nor any other creature thing, above, below, around,
Can part us from the love of God in Jesus Christ our
Lord.

33

P.M.

JESUS, Thy precious blood alone,
Does for my many sins atone ;
For He's taken my feet from the mire and the clay,
And He's set them on the Rock of Ages.

And Thou from sin wilt set me free,
 O glory! Christ hath died for me, etc.
 Lo! glad I come, and Thou, blest Lamb,
 Wilt take me to Thee, whose I am, etc.
 Nothing but sin have I to give,
 Nothing but love shall I receive, etc.
 Now will I tell to sinners round,
 What a dear Saviour I have found, etc.
 I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
 And say, Behold the way to God, etc.

34

P.M. .

JESUS CHRIST gives the command,
 Marching to the happy land,
 Soon to join the glorious band,
 In yon bright world of light.
 I believe I shall be there,
 I believe I shall be there,
 I believe I shall be there,
 And walk with Him in white.

We shall reach the peaceful shore,
 Storms and tempests shall be o'er;
 We shall praise Him evermore,
 In yon bright world of light.

There we shall for ever dwell,
 Make the heavenly music swell,
 Time shall ne'er our joys dispel,
 In yon bright world of light.

We shall know as we are known,
 Heirs to God's eternal throne,
 Glory be to God alone,
 In yon bright world of light.

Soon the trump shall bid us rise,
 Take possession of the prize,
 Welcome! welcome to the skies!
 In yon bright world of light.

JESUS is our Shepherd, wiping every tear ;
 Folded in His bosom, what have we to fear ?
 Only let us follow whither He doth lead,
 To the thirsty desert, or the dewy mead.

Jesus is our Shepherd ; well we know His voice,
 How its gentlest whisper makes our heart rejoice ;
 Even when He chideth, tender is its tone :
 None but He shall guide us ; we are His alone.

Jesus is our Shepherd ; for His sheep He bled ;
 Every lamb is sprinkled with the blood He shed ;
 Then on each He setteth His own secret sign :

"They that have My Spirit, these," saith He, "are
 Mine."

Jesus is our Shepherd ; guarded by His arm,
 Though the wolves may raven, none can do us harm ;
 If we tread death's valley, dark with fearful gloom,
 We will fear no evil, victors o'er the tomb.

Jesus is our Shepherd ; with His goodness now,
 And His tender mercy, He doth us endow.
 Let us sing His praises with a gladsome heart,
 Till in heaven we meet Him, never more to part.

JESUS, the Name high over all,
 In hell, or earth, or sky ;
 Angels and men before it fall,
 And devils fear and fly.

Jesus, the Name to sinners dear,
 The Name to sinners given ;
 It scatters all their guilty fear ;
 It turns their hell to heaven.

Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
 And bruises Satan's head ;
 Power into strengthless souls it speaks,
 And life into the dead.

O that the world might taste and see
 The riches of His grace !
 The arms of love that compass me,
 Would all mankind embrace.

37

8.8.8.6.

JUST as I am—without one plea,
 But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 And that Thou bidst me come to Thee—
 O Lamb of God, I come !

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 !

Just as I am—though toss'd about
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 Fightings within, and fears without—
 O Lamb of God, 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 !

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

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

38

7's.

Lo, at noon 'tis sudden night,
 Darkness covers all the sky ;
 Rocks are rending at the sight,
 Sinner, can you tell me why ?
 What can all these wonders be ?
 Jesus died on Calvary.

Nailed upon the cross, behold,
 How His tender limbs are torn;
 For a royal crown of gold,
 They have made Him one of thorn—
 Cruel hands, that dare to bind
 Thorns upon a brow so kind!

See, the blood is falling fast
 From His forehead and His side:
 Hark! He now has breathed His last;
 With a mighty groan He died.
 Sinners, shall I tell you why
 Jesus condescends to die?

He who was a King above,
 Left His kingdom for a grave,
 Out of pity—out of love,
 That the guilty He might save:
 Down to this sad world He flew,
 For poor sinners like to you.

39

C.M.

LAMP of our feet! whereby we trace
 Our path as here we stray;
 Stream from the fount of heavenly grace;
 Brook by the traveller's way.
 Bread of our souls! whereon we feed,
 Our manna from on high;
 Our guide, our chart, wherein we read
 Of realms beyond the sky.
 Pillar of fire through watches dark,
 Or radiant cloud by day;
 When waves would whelm our tossing bark,
 Our anchor and our stay.
 Pole star on life's tempestuous deep;
 Beacon when doubts surround;
 Compass, by which our course we keep;
 Our plummet-line to sound.

Our shield and buckler in the fight;
 In victory's hour the palm;
 Comfort in grief, in weakness, might
 In sickness, Gilead's balm,
 Childhood's instructor, manhood's trust,
 Old age's firm ally;
 Our hope, should we go down to dust,
 Of immortality.
 Word of the true and living God!
 Will of His glorious Son!
 Without Thee, how could earth be trod,
 Or heaven itself be won?

40

11's.

My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here;
 Then why should I murmur when trials are near;
 Be hushed, my sad spirit; the worst that can come
 But shortens the journey, and hastens me home,
 For the Lion of Judah shall break every chain,
 And give us the victory again and again.

It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
 And building my hopes in a region like this;
 I look for a city which hands have not piled;
 I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

The winds of affliction around me may blow,
 And dash my lone bark as I'm sailing below;
 I smile at the storm as I lean on His breast,
 And soon I shall land in the haven of rest.

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

With Christ in my heart, and a staff in my hand,
 I travel in haste through an enemy's land;
 The road may be rough, but it cannot be long,
 So I march on singing the conqueror's song.

MY GOD, I am Thine : what a comfort divine !
 What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine !
 Hallelujah ! send the glory ! Hallelujah ! Amen.
 Hallelujah ! send the glory ! Revive us again !

In the Heavenly Lamb thrice happy I am :
 And my heart it doth dance at the sound of His name.
 True pleasures abound in the rapturous sound ;
 And whoever hath found it hath Paradise found.
 My Jesus to know, and feel His blood flow,
 'Tis life everlasting—'tis heaven below.
 Yet onward I haste to the heavenly feast :
 That, that is the fulness, but this is the taste !
 And this I shall prove, till with joy I remove
 To the heaven of heavens, in Jesus's love.

MY GOD, I have found thrice blessed ground,
 Where life, and where joy, and true comfort abound.

Hallelujah ! Thine the glory ! Hallelujah ! Amen.

Hallelujah ! Thine the glory ! Revive us again !

'Tis found in the blood of Him who once stood
 My refuge and safety, my surety with God.

He bore on the tree the sentence for me,
 And now both the surety and sinner are free.

Accepted I am in the once-offered Lamb ;
 It was God who Himself had devised the plan.

And though here below, 'mid sorrow and woe,
 My place is in heaven with Jesus, I know.

And this I shall find, for such is His mind,
 " He'll not be in glory and leave me behind."

Hallelujah ! Thine the glory ! Hallelujah ! Amen.

Hallelujah ! soon the glory ! Come, Saviour, again

For soon He will come and take me safe home,
 And make me to sit with Himself on His throne.

MY Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine;
 For Thee all the pleasures 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 will 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 the heaven of light;
 I'll sing, with the glittering crown on my brow,
 "If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now."

MY chains are snapt; the bonds of sin are broken,
 And I am free;
 Oh! let the triumphs of His grace be spoken,
 Who died for me.

O death! O hell! I do not dread your power:
 THE DEBT IS PAID.

On Jesus, in that dark and dreadful hour,
 MY GUILT WAS LAID!

Yes! Jesus bore it! bore in love unbounded,
 What none can know;
 He died—but then revived, and so confounded
 The awful foe!

He's now up there! proclaim the joyful story,
 The Lord's on high;
 And I in Him am raised to endless glory,
 And can ne'er die!

"No condemnation!"—O my soul,
 'Tis God that speaks the word,
 Perfect in comeliness art thou
 Through Christ, the risen Lord.

In heaven the blood for ever speaks
 In God's omniscient ear;
 The saints as jewels on His heart
 Jesus doth ever bear.

"No condemnation!"—precious word!
 Consider it, my soul;
 Thy sins were all on Jesus laid:
 His stripes have made thee whole.

Then teach me, Lord, to fix mine eyes
 On Christ, the spotless Lamb;
 So shall I love Thy precious will,
 And glorify His name.

No mortal eye that land hath seen,
 Beyond, beyond the river!
 Its smiling valleys bright and green,
 Beyond, beyond the river.
 Its shores are coming nearer,
 Its skies are growing clearer;
 Each day it seemeth dearer,
 That land beyond the river.

We'll stand the storm, its rage is almost over;
 We'll anchor in the harbour soon,
 In the land beyond the river.

No cankering care, nor mortal strife, Beyond, etc.
 But happy, never-ending life, Beyond, etc.
 Through the eternal hours,
 God's love in heavenly showers
 Shall water faith's fair flowers,
 In the land beyond the river.

That glorious day will ne'er be done, Beyond, etc.
 For we've a crown and kingdom won, Beyond, etc.
 There is eternal pleasure,
 And joys which none can measure,
 For those who have their treasure
 In the land beyond the river.

When we shall look from Zion's hill, Beyond, etc.
 With endless bliss our hearts shall thrill, Beyond, etc.
 There angels bright are singing,
 There golden harps are ringing;
 We ne'er shall cease our singing
 In the land beyond the river.

47

S.M.

Not all the blood of beasts,
 On Jewish altars slain,
 Could give the guilty conscience peace,
 Or wash away the stain.
 Oh, precious, precious blood!
 Oh, precious, precious blood!
 Of Jesus Christ, the Son of God:
 It cleanses from all sin!

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, as a penitent, I stand,
 And there confess my sin.
 My soul looks back to see
 The burden Thou didst bear,
 When hanging on the cursed tree,
 And knows her guilt was there.
 Believing, I rejoice
 To see the curse remove;
 I bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
 And sing His bleeding love.

NOTHING, either great or small ;
 Nothing, sinner, no ;
 Jesus did it, did it all,
 Long, long ago.

" IT IS FINISH'D ! " Yes, indeed,
 Finished every jot.
 Sinner, this is all you need ;
 Tell me, is it not ?

When He from His lofty throne
 Stooped to do and die,
 Everything was fully done.
 Hearken to His cry—

Weary, working, burdened one,
 Wherefore toil you so ?
 Cease your doing ; all was done
 Long, long ago.

Till to JESUS' WORK you cling
 By a simple faith,
 " Doing " is a deadly thing—
 " Doing " ends in death.

Cast your deadly " doing " down—
 Down at Jesus' feet ;
 Stand " IN HIM," in Him alone,
 Gloriously " COMPLETE ! "

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 our day.

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

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

50

P.M.

O HAVE you not heard of that beautiful stream
 That flows through our Father's land ?
 Its waters gleam bright in the heavenly light,
 And ripple o'er golden sand.

O seek that beautiful stream,
 O seek that beautiful stream ;
 Its waters so free are flowing for thee :
 O seek that beautiful stream.

With murmuring sound doth it wander along,
 Through fields of eternal green,
 Where songs of the blest, in their haven of rest,
 Float soft in the air serene.

Its fountains are deep, and its waters are pure,
 And sweet to the weary soul ;
 It flows from the throne of Jehovah alone ;
 O come where its bright waves roll.

This beautiful stream is the river of life,
 It flows for all nations free :
 A balm for each wound in its waters is found ;
 O sinner, it flows for thee.

O will you not drink of the beautiful stream,
 And dwell on its peaceful shore ?
 The Spirit says, Come all ye weary ones home,
 And wander in sin no more.

O JESUS! O Jesus! how vast Thy love to me!
 I'll bathe in its full ocean to all eternity:
 And wending on to glory, this all my song shall be,
 I am a feeble sinner, but Jesus died for me. [shall be,
 And wending on to glory, this all my song
 I am a feeble sinner, but Jesus died for me.

O Calvary, O Calvary, the thorn-crown and the spear,
 'Tis here Thy love, my Jesus, in flowing wounds
 appears:

Oh depths of grace and mercy! to those dear wounds
 I flee:

I am a feeble sinner, but Jesus died for me.
 And wending, etc.

Adore Him, adore Him, the glorious work is done;
 The Father will not punish you, it's laid upon His Son;
 'Tis finished, cried His suffering soul, and I my title see,
 I am a feeble sinner, but Jesus died for me.

And wending, etc.
 I'm coming, I'm coming, dear Jesus, to Thy throne;
 A few more fleeting hours, and I shall be at home:
 And when I reach the pearly gates, then I'll put in
 this plea,
 Admit a feeble sinner, for Jesus died for me.

And wending, etc.
 In glory, in glory, for ever with the Lord,—
 I'll tune my harp, and with the saints I'll sing with
 sweet accord; [shall be,
 And as I strike the golden strings, this all my song
 I was a feeble sinner, but Jesus died for me.

And wending, etc.

O CHRIST, Thou heavenly Lamb,
 Joy of the Father's heart:
 Now let Thy love my soul inflame,
 Fresh power to me impart!

Power to know the loss
Suffered, dear Lord, by Thee ;
Power to glory in the cross
Thou didst endure for me.

Power to feel Thy love,
And all its depths to know ;
Power to fix the heart above,
And die to all below.

Power to keep the eye
For ever fixed on Thee ;
Power to lift the warning cry
To souls from wrath to flee.

Power lost souls to win
From Satan's mighty hold ;
Power the wanderers to bring
Back to the heavenly fold.

Power to watch and pray,
Lord Jesus, quickly come !
Power to hail the happy day,
Destined to bear me home.

Lord Jesus, then to me
Power divine impart,
To swell redemption's song to Thee,
For worthy, Lord, Thou art.

Then unto Thee I'll raise,
O Holy One in Three,
A song of undivided praise
For power bestowed on me !

O my Saviour, crucified,
Near thy cross would I abide,
There to look, with steadfast eye,
On Thy dying agony.

Jesus, bruised and put to shame,
Tells me all Jehovah's name :
God is love, I surely know
By the Saviour's depth of woe,

In His spotless soul's distress
I perceive my guiltiness ;
Oh, how vile my low estate,
Since my ransom was so great !

Dwelling on Mount Calvary,
Contrite shall my spirit be ;
Rest and holiness shall find
Fashioned like my Saviour's mind.

54

C.M.

OH for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise !
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.

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 cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoners free ;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

Hear Him, ye deaf ; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come ;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

55

C.M.

O OCEAN of eternal life,
Down here the sea I spy,
With all its bright majestic waves
So dazzling to the eye.

This sea no life to souls can give,
 Though formed by God's own breath;
 Upon its frothy wave is stamped
 The wage of sin is death.

O ocean of eternal life,
 How deep, how vast, how high!
 The treasures that are found in thee
 My soul doth satisfy.

Here's life eternal, love divine,
 Real peace with liberty,
 Made sure to me through Jesus' blood,
 The sinner's perfect plea.

56

C.M.

O OCEAN of eternal love,
 I often hear of thee,
 And sometimes think it must be sweet
 To live, my God, with Thee.

O ocean of eternal love,
 Deep draughts I drink from Thee,
 Till that inspiring power I feel
 That worships only Thee.

O ocean of eternal love,
 I fain would bathe in Thee,
 And swimming in that sacred tide,
 Would feel held up by Thee.

O ocean of eternal love,
 My soul would drown in Thee;
 Then overwhelmed in that blessed flood,
 Would rise to dwell in Thee.

O ocean of eternal love,
 In rich profusion flow,
 And deluge sinners in that blood
 Which saves from endless woe.

OH! what has Jesus done for me?
 He pitied me—my Saviour.
 My sins were great; His love was free:
 He died for me—my Saviour.
 Exalted by His Father's side,
 He pleads for me—my Saviour.
 A heavenly mansion He'll provide
 For all who love my Saviour.
 Jesus, Lord Jesus,
 Thy name is sweet—my Saviour.
 When shall I see Thee face to face,
 My wondrous, blessed Saviour?

The day will come, 'twill surely come,
 So Thou hast said—my Saviour;
 When in Thy glory Thou'lt return,
 My holy, gracious Saviour.
 'Tis then I'll see Thy very face,
 And be with Thee for ever;
 And, through the riches of Thy grace,
 I shall be like my Saviour.
 Jesus, Lord Jesus,
 Thy name is sweet—my Saviour.
 Then quickly come, and take us home,
 Thou wondrous, glorious Saviour!

ONE there is above all others—
 Oh, how He loves!
 His is love beyond a brother's—
 Oh, how He loves!
 Earthly friends may fail or leave us;
 One day soothe, the next day grieve us,
 But this Friend will ne'er deceive us—
 Oh, how He loves!

'Tis eternal life to know Him—
 Oh, how He loves!
 Think, oh think how much we owe Him—
 Oh, how He loves!
 With His precious blood He bought us,
 In the wilderness He sought us,
 To His fold He safely brought us—
 Oh, how He loves!

We have found a friend in Jesus—
 Oh, how He loves!
 'Tis His great delight to bless us—
 Oh, how He loves!
 How our hearts delight to hear Him,
 Bid us dwell in safety near Him:
 Why should we distrust or fear Him?
 Oh, how He loves!

Through His name we are forgiven—
 Oh, how He loves!
 Backward shall our foes be driven—
 Oh, how He loves!
 Best of blessings He'll provide us,
 Nought but good shall e'er betide us,
 Safe to glory He will guide us—
 OH, HOW HE LOVES!

ONCE more, before we part,
 We'll bless the Saviour's name;
 Record His mercies, every heart;
 Sing, every tongue, the same.

Hoard up His sacred word,
 And feed thereon and grow;
 Go on still more to know the Lord,
 And practise what we know.

PRAISE the Saviour, O my soul,
 He hath drunk the bitter gall,
 Paid thy ransom, set thee free ;
 Praise Him, praise Him cheerfully.

Lovely Jesus, lovely Jesus,
 Thou art precious unto me ;
 Lovely Jesus, O my Saviour,
 Thou art precious unto me.

Oh, the wonders of His love !
 See Him coming from above,
 To atone and die for thee ;
 Praise Him, praise Him cheerfully.

See the waves and billows roll
 O'er His sinless, spotless soul ;
 O my soul, it was for thee ;
 Praise Him, praise Him cheerfully.

Yes ! we'll try to praise Him now,
 Till with saints above we bow,
 And to all eternity,
 Praise Him, praise Him cheerfully.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow,
 Praise Him, ye blood-bought souls below ;
 Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Praise God for what He did for me :
 When I was blind and could not see,
 I on the brink of ruin fell ;
 By blood I'm saved from death and hell.

PRECIOUS Jesus ! precious Jesus ! precious Jesus !
Thou art all in all to me.

Oh, how precious ! oh, how precious ! oh, how precious !
Is the sound of Jesus' name !

None but Jesus ! none but Jesus ! none but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
Jesus Christ hath died for me.

REJOICE, ye saints, the time draws near
When Christ will in the clouds appear,
And for His people call.

Trim your lamps and be ready,
Trim your lamps and be ready,
Trim your lamps and be ready,
For the midnight cry.

The trumpet sounds ! Through earth and sky
Resounds the solemn midnight cry—
“ Behold, the Bridegroom comes.”

The Lord will come to claim His own,
And on each faithful one a crown
Of life He will bestow.

And then with rapture infinite
Saints cast their crowns down at His feet,
And crown Him King of kings.

Come, brethren all, and let us try
To warn poor sinners, and to cry—
“ Behold, the Bridegroom comes.”

O sinner ! ere it be too late,
Flee thou to mercy's open gate,
And join Christ's waiting band.

Come, buy your oil before too late,
And ready for the Bridegroom wait,
And watch to enter in.

64

S.M.

"REVIVE Thy work, O Lord!"
Thy mighty arm make bare:
Speak with the voice which wakes the dead,
And make Thy people hear.

"Revive Thy work, O Lord!"
Disturb this sleep of death;
Quicken the smouldering embers, Lord,
By Thine almighty breath.

"Revive Thy work, O Lord!"
Create soul-thirst for Thee;
And hungering 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 power unto Thy word;
Grant that Thy blessed gospel may
In living faith be heard.

"Revive Thy work, O Lord!"
Give pentecostal showers:
The glory shall be all Thine own,
The blessing, Lord, be ours!

65

7's.

Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
Grace hath hid me safe in Thee!

Where the water and the blood,
 From Thy wounded side which flowed,
 Are of sin the double cure,
 Cleansing from its guilt and power.

Not the labour of my hands
 Could fulfil the law's demands ;
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow—
 Nought for sin could e'er atone,
 But Thy blood, and Thine alone !

Found by Thee before I sought,
 Unto Thee in mercy brought,
 I have Thee for righteousness—
 From Thy fulness grace for grace ;
 Thou hast wash'd me in Thy blood,
 Made me live, and live to God.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
 If mine eyelids close in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 Still of Thee I'll sing alone.
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 All my boast and joy's in Thee.

66

SALVATION, Lord, is Thine,
 Then graciously incline
 Thine ear, and save ;
 Sinners Thy mercy claim,
 Endear to all Thy name,
 Light up the living flame,
 Lord Jesus, save !

Jesus, Thy precious blood
 Brings sinners near to God,
 Stretch forth Thine arm !

Thou who dost never sleep,
 Now a rich harvest reap,
 Call forth Thy precious sheep,
 Stretch forth Thine arm !

Mighty it was of old,
 Let it again be told,
 Strong 'tis to save :
 Arm of the Lord, awake !
 Praise in each bosom wake,
 Save for Thy mercy's sake,
 Lord Jesus, save !

Jesus, Thy precious blood
 Brings sinners near to God,
 Stretch forth Thine arm !
 Thou who dost never sleep,
 Guarding Thy precious sheep,
 Now a rich harvest reap,
 Stretch forth Thine arm !

SALVATION! oh the joyful sound !
 What pleasure to our ears !
 A sovereign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears.

Glory, honour, praise, and power,
 Be unto the Lamb for ever :
 Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,
 Hallelujah, praise ye the Lord .

Salvation ! O ascended Lamb,
 To Thee the praise belongs !
 Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
 And dwell upon our tongues.
 Glory, honour, etc.

SAVIOUR, bless Thy word to all,
 Quick and powerful let it prove :
 Oh ! let sinners hear Thy call,
 And Thy people grow in love ;
 Saviour, bless Thy word to all,
 Quick and powerful let it prove.

Bid Thy hidden ones rejoice,
 Send, oh ! send, Thy truth abroad ;
 Oh ! may thousands hear Thy voice,
 Hear it, and return to God.

SAVE, Jesus, save,
 Thy blessing now we crave,
 For every anxious sinner here,
 O let Thy mercy now appear,
 Lord Jesus, save.

Save, Jesus, save,
 Thy banner o'er us wave,
 Of love eternal and divine :
 O Lord, let each one here be Thine,
 Lord Jesus, save.

Save, Jesus, save,
 Thou Conqueror o'er the grave,
 Give every fettered soul release,
 And whisper to the troubled, "Peace,"
 Lord Jesus, save.

Save, Jesus, save,
 And Thou alone shalt have
 The glory of the work divine,
 Yea, endless praises shall be Thine.
 Lord Jesus, save.

SAW ye my Saviour? saw ye my Saviour?

The Saviour provided by God;
He died on Calvary—for poor sinners such as we,
And has purchased our pardon with blood.

I do believe it—I do believe it,
I am saved through the blood of the Lamb:
My happy soul is free—for the Lord hath pardoned me,
Hallelujah to Jesus the Lamb.

He was afflicted—He was afflicted,
On Him lay the sins of us all;
As a Lamb to slaughter led—so the lowly Saviour
bled,
To redeem from the curse of the fall.

He has arisen! He has arisen!
A conqueror o'er death and the grave;
Since Jesus rose, who died—God declares I'm justified,
And that Jesus is mighty to save.

He has ascended! He has ascended!
And now sits enthroned in the sky;
But He'll soon come to bear all His ransomed people
there,
And they'll reign kings with Jesus on high.

SAY, brothers, will you meet us?
Say, brothers, will you meet us?
Say, brothers, will you meet us
On Canaan's happy shore?

By the grace of God we'll meet you,
By the grace of God we'll meet you,
By the grace of God we'll meet you,
Where partings are no more:
Glory, glory, Hallelujah, to Jesus evermore.

Say, sisters, will you meet us ?
 Say, sisters, will you meet us ?
 Say, sisters, will you meet us ?
 On Canaan's happy shore ?

By the grace of God we'll meet you, etc.

72

S.M.

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 blessings high,
 Who would not fear His holy name, And laud and
 magnify ?

Oh for the living flame, From His own altar brought,
 To touch our lips, our minds inspire, And wing to
 heaven our thought !

Stand up, and bless the Lord, The Lord your God adore :
 Stand up, and bless His glorious name, Henceforth for
 evermore.

73

8.7.4.

SOVEREIGN grace o'er sin abounding,
 Ransomed souls, the tidings swell ;
 'Tis a deep that knows no sounding,
 Who its breadth or length can tell ?
 On its glories
 Let my soul for ever dwell.

What from Christ that soul can sever,
 Bound by everlasting bands ?
 Once in Him, in Him for ever,
 Thus the eternal covenant stands.
 None shall pluck thee
 From the strength of Jesus' hands.

Heirs of God, joint-heirs with Jesus,
 Long ere time its race begun :
 To His name eternal praises ;
 O what wonders love has done !
 One with Jesus,
 By eternal union one.

On such love, my soul, still ponder,
 Love so great, so rich, so free ;
 Say, whilst lost in holy wonder,
 Why, O Lord, such love to me ?
 Hallelujah,
 Grace shall reign eternally.

74

8.7.

SHALL we gather at the river,
 Where bright angel feet have trod ;
 With its crystal tide for ever
 Flowing by the throne of God ?

Yes, we'll gather at the river,
 The beautiful, beautiful river—
 Gather with the saints at the river,
 That flows by the throne of God.

On the margin of the river,
 Dashing up its silver spray,
 We will walk and worship ever,
 All the happy, golden day.

Ere we reach the shining river,
 Lay we every burden down ;
 Grace our spirits will deliver,
 And provide a robe and crown.

At the smiling of the river,
 Mirror of the Saviour's face,
 Saints whom death will never sever,
 Raise their songs of saving grace.

Soon we'll reach the silver river,
 Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
 Soon our happy hearts will quiver,
 With the melody of peace.

THE coming of Jesus, O sinner, draws near,
 Before His tribunal, thou soon must appear.

Soon Jesus' mighty, mighty voice
 Will call thee away;
 Oh! art thou prepared for that solemn day?

Then stout-hearted rebels will glorify God!
 Every knee bow to Jesus: all own He is Lord.

The dead, poor and wealthy, of every land,
 In presence of Jesus for judgment must stand.

The books will be opened—remembrancers true—
 And sinners, astonished, their sins will review!

Whoe'er is not written in God's book of life,
 To the lake shall be banished, where torments are rife.

O sinner, for refuge to Jesus now flee!
 From all thy transgressions He'll justify thee.

And when His mighty, mighty voice
 Shall call thee away,
 You'll bask in His presence thro' one endless day.

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

Yes, 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 !

And when I in Thy likeness shine,
 The glory and the praise be Thine,
 That everlasting joy is mine,
 O Lamb of God, in Thee !

777

P.M.

THE cross, the cross ! the Christian's only glory ;
 I see the standard rise.
March on, march on ! the cross of Christ before thee ;
 That cross all hell defies.

The cross, the cross ! redemption's standard raising ;
 I see the banner wave.

Sing on, sing on ! salvation's Captain praising ;
 'Tis Christ alone can save.

The crown, the crown ! ah ! who at last shall gain it ?
 That cross a crown affords.

Press on, press on with courage to obtain it ;
 The battle is the Lord's.

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

He "sprinkled with His 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.

No temple made with hands
 His place of service is ;
 In heaven itself He stands,
 A heavenly priesthood His :
 In Him the shadows of the law
 Are all fulfill'd, and now withdraw.

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.

THE cross ! the cross ! Oh that's our gain,
 Because on that the Lamb was slain,
 'Twas there the Lord was crucified,
 'Twas there for us the Saviour died.

What wondrous cause could move Thy heart
 To take on Thee our curse and smart,
 Well knowing we should ever be
 So cold, so negligent of Thee ?

The cause was love,—we sink with shame
 Before our blessed Jesus' name :
 That He should bleed and suffer thus,
 Because He loved and pitied us.

THE door of mercy's open still,
 And Jesus cries, "Whoever will,
 By me may enter in :
 I am the door, and I have died,
 Salvation's door to open wide,
 For sinners dead in sin."

Then if the door is opened wide,
 And none were ever yet denied,
 Who sought to enter in,
 Oh ! could the very weakest say,
 "I'm trying hard to find the way,
 But cannot get within ?"

Oh ! no ; for through this open door
 Are countless numbers seen to pour,
 Of sinners great and small ;
 And what Christ opens none can close,
 Or rend away the one that goes,
 Obedient to the call.

Come, saying, "Lord, I'm very weak,
And could not now Thy blessing seek,
Unless Thou soughtest me ;
But drawn by that inviting word,
Which I have often read and heard,
I cast myself on Thee."

THE Saviour calls—let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound ;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,
Let hope and joy abound.

For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow ;
And life and health and bliss impart
To banish mortal woe.

Ye sinners, come ! 'tis mercy's voice,
The gracious call obey ;
Mercy invites to heavenly joys,
And can ye yet delay ?

Dear Saviour ! draw reluctant hearts ;
To Thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss Thy love imparts,
And drink, and never die.

THE pearly gates are open,
And you may enter in,
Washed, spotless, and forgiven,
Without a stain of sin.
The pearly gates are open,
And you may enter in.

The blood-bought hosts are singing ;
 Before the throne they stand,
 Eternal praises swelling,
 And you may join the band.

Hark ! louder hallelujahs,
 Like surges of the sea,
 Roll o'er the jasper city
 With heavenly melody.

The streets of gold are gleaming,
 And soon we shall be there ;
 Jesus shall bid us come,
 His loving heart to share.

Oh, will you turn to Jesus ?
 'Tis now He speaks to thee ;
 His blood-stained arms are open,—
 To Him for mercy flee.

88

P.M.

THE Lord Jesus Christ came down from above,
 To save poor sinners' souls.
 Glory, glory, Hallelujah, to Jesus evermore.

The Lord Jesus Christ was nailed to the cross,
 To save poor sinners' souls.

The Lord Jesus Christ was raised from the dead,
 To justify His saints.

The Lord Jesus Christ has gone up on high,
 To plead for His people there.

The Lord Jesus Christ will soon come again,
 To take His people home.

The Lord Jesus Christ will come in flaming fire,
 To judge the quick and dead.

The Lord Jesus Christ will pardon all your sins,
 If you now believe in Him.

THE cross, its burden, oh how great!
 No strength but His could bear its weight;
 No love but His would undertake
 To bear it for the sinner's sake.

THE LORD IS RISEN INDEED:
 Then Justice asks no more;
 Mercy and Truth are now agreed,
 Which stood opposed before.

THE LORD IS RISEN INDEED:
 And great the work performed;
 The captive Surety now is freed,
 And Death, our foe, disarmed.

THE LORD IS RISEN INDEED:
 He lives—to die no more;
 He lives—His people's cause to plead,
 Whose curse and shame He bore.

THE LORD IS RISEN INDEED:
 And Death has lost its prey;
 And with Him all the ransomed seed
 Shall reign in endless day.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
 And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.

Oh, the blood of Jesus! the precious blood of Jesus!
 Oh, the blood of Jesus! it cleanses from all sin.

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

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

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.

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

87

P.M.

THERE is life for a look at the crucified One ;
 There is life at this moment for thee ;
 Then look, sinner, look unto Him, and be saved—
 Unto Him who was nailed to the tree.

Oh ! why was He there as the bearer of sin,
 If on Jesus thy sins were not laid ?
 Oh ! why from His side flowed the sin-cleansing blood,
 If His dying thy debt has not paid ?

It is not thy tears of repentance or prayers,
 But the blood that atones for the soul :
 On Him, then, who shed it thou mayest at once
 Thy weight of iniquities roll.

Then doubt not thy welcome, since God has declared,
 There remaineth no more to be done ;
 That once in the end of the world He appeared,
 And completed the work He begun.

But take, with rejoicing, from Jesus at once
 The life everlasting He gives ;
 And know, with assurance, thou never canst die,
 Since Jesus, thy righteousness, lives.

'Tis past—the dark and dreary night,
 And, Lord, we hail Thee now,
 Our Morning Star without a cloud
 Of sadness on Thy brow.

Thy path on earth, the cross, the grave,
 Thy sorrows, all are o'er ;
 And oh, sweet thought ! Thine eye shall weep,
 Thy heart shall break no more.

Deep were those sorrows—deeper still
 The love that brought Thee low ;
 That bade the streams of life from Thee,
 A lifeless victim, flow.

The soldier as he pierced Thee, proved
 Man's hatred, Lord, to Thee :
 While in the blood that stained the spear,
 Love, only love, we see.

Drawn from Thy pierced and bleeding side,
 That pure and cleansing flood
 Speaks peace to every heart that knows
 The virtues of Thy blood.

THY mercy, O God, is the theme of my song,
 The joy of my heart, and the boast of my tongue ;
 'Tis free grace alone, from the first to the last,
 That wins the affections, and binds the soul fast.
 Lord Jesus, dear Lord ;
 The glory of all we now render to Thee.

THOU Shepherd of Israel and mine,
 The joy and desire of my heart,
 For closer communion I pine,
 I long to reside where Thou art.

The pasture I languish to find,
 Where all who their Shepherd obey
 Are fed, on Thy bosom reclined,
 And screened from the heat of the day.

Ah ! show me the happiest place,
 The place of Thy people's abode,
 Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,
 And hang on a crucified Lord.

Thy love for a sinner declare,
 Thy passion and death on the tree ;
 My spirit to Calvary bear,
 To suffer and triumph with Thee.

'Tis there with the lambs of Thy flock,
 There only I covet to rest,
 To lie at the foot of the Rock,
 Or rise to be hid in Thy breast ;

'Tis there I would always abide,
 And never a moment depart ;
 Concealed in the cleft of Thy side,
 Eternally held in Thy heart.

91

C.M.

To Calvary, Lord, in spirit new
 Our weary souls repair,
 To dwell upon Thy dying love,
 And taste its sweetness there.

Sweet resting-place of every heart
 That feels the plague of sin,
 Yet knows the deep, mysterious joy
 Of peace with God within.

Dear suffering Lamb ! Thy bleeding wounds,
 With cords of love divine,
 Have drawn our willing hearts to Thee,
 And linked our life with Thine.

Our longing eyes would fain behold
 That bright and blessed brow,
 Once wrung with bitterest anguish, wear
 Its crown of glory now.

92

CHANT.

UNTO Him that loved us, and washed us from our
 sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and
 priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory
 and dominion for ever and ever. To Him be glory
 and dominion for ever and ever. Amen.

93

8's.

WE speak of the mercy of God,
 So boundless, so rich, and so free!
 But what will it profit my soul,
 Unless 'tis relied on by me?

We speak of salvation and love
 By the Father in Jesus made known;
 But if I would live unto God,
 By faith I must make it my own.

We speak of the Saviour's dear name,
 By which God can sinners receive;
 Yet still I am lost and undone,
 Unless in that name I believe.

We speak of the blood of the Lamb,
 Which frees from pollution and sin;
 But its virtues by me must be proved,
 Or I shall be ever unclean.

We speak of the glory to come,
 Of the heavens so bright and so fair;
 But unless I in Jesus believe,
 I shall not, I cannot be there.

WE'RE bound for the land of the pure and the holy,
 The home of the happy, the kingdom of love ;
 Ye wanderers from God in the broad road of folly,
 O say, will you go to the Eden above ?

Will you go, etc.

In that blessed land neither sighing nor anguish
 Can breathe in the fields where the glorified rove,
 Ye heart-burdened ones who in misery languish,
 O say, will you go to the Eden above ?

No poverty there—no, the saints are all wealthy,
 The heirs of His glory, whose nature is love ;
 Nor sickness can reach them—that country is healthy :
 O say, will you go to the Eden above ?

Each saint has a mansion prepared and all furnished,
 Ere from this clay house he is summoned to move ;
 Its gates and its towers with glory are burnished :
 O say, will you go to the Eden above ?

March on, happy pilgrims, the land is before you,
 And soon its ten thousand delights we shall prove ;
 Yes, soon we shall walk o'er the hills of bright glory,
 And drink the pure joys of bright Eden above.

We will go, we will go,
 O yes, we will go to the Eden above.

WE'RE travelling home to heaven above,
 Will you go ?
 To sing the Saviour's dying love :
 Will you go ?
 Millions have reached that blessed shore ;
 Their trials and labours all are o'er,
 But still there's room for millions more :
 Will you go ?

We there shall see the Saviour's face,
Will you go ?

And sing the triumphs of His grace :
Will you go ?

Our sun will then no more go down ;
All clouds for ever be withdrawn ;
Our days of mourning ever gone :
Will you go ?

We there shall walk the plains of light,
Will you go ?
Far, far from death, and curse and night !
Will you go ?

The crown of life we then shall wear,
The conqueror's palm we then shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven share :
Will you go ?

Oh, could I hear some sinner say,
" I will go !"
And singing on his heavenly way,
" I will go !"

And to his old companions say,
" O come to Jesus Christ to-day !
" He is the life, the truth, the way :
" Will you go ?"

WELCOME, welcome ! sinner, hear !
Hang not back through shame or fear ;
Doubt not, nor distrust the call,
Mercy is proclaimed to all.

Welcome to the offered peace ;
Welcome, prisoner, to release ;
Burst thy bonds, be saved, be free ;
Rise and come,—He calleth thee.

All ye weary and distressed,
 Welcome to relief and rest ;
 All is ready, hear the call ;
 There is ample room for all.

None can come who shall not find
 Mercy called whom grace inclined ;
 Nor shall any willing heart
 Hear the bitter word, " Depart."

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 cross 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 an offering far too small ;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my heart, my life, my all.

WHERE shall my wondering soul begin ?
 How shall I all to heaven aspire ?
 A slave redeemed from death and sin,
 A brand plucked from eternal fire,
 How shall I equal triumphs raise,
 Or sing my great Deliverer's praise !

O how shall I the goodness tell,
 Father, which Thou to me hast showed ?
 That I, a child of wrath and hell,
 I should be called a child of God,
 Should know on earth my sins forgiven,
 Blest with this antepast of heaven !

Come, O my guilty neighbours, come,
 Groaning beneath your load of sin ;
 His bleeding heart shall make you room,
 His open side shall take you in :
 He calls you now, invites you home ;
 Come, O my guilty neighbours, come !

For you the purple current flowed
 In pardons from His wounded side ;
 Languished for you the eternal God,
 For you the Prince of glory died :
 Believe, and all your sin's forgiven ;
 Only believe, and yours is heaven !

WITH steady pace the pilgrim moves
 Towards the blissful shore,
 And sings with cheerful heart and voice,
 " 'Tis better on before."

His passage through a desert lies,
 Where furious lions roar ;
 He takes his staff, and smiling, says,
 " 'Tis better on before."

When tempted to forsake his God,
 And give the contest o'er,
 He hears a voice, which says, " Look up !
 'Tis better on before."

And when on Jordan's bank he stands,
 And views the radiant shore,
 Bright angels whisper, "Come away ;
 'Tis better on before."

Nor night, nor death, nor parting sounds,
 Can reach that healthful shore,
 But peace, and joy, and endless life ;
 'Tis better on before.

100

P.M.

WHITHER, pilgrims, are you going,
 Going each with staff in hand ?
 We are going on a journey,
 Going at our King's command.
 Over hills, and plains, and valleys,
 We are going to His palace,
 Going to the better land.

Tell us, pilgrims, what you hope for
 In that far-off better land ?
 Spotless robes and crowns of glory,
 From the Saviour's loving hand.
 We shall drink of life's clear river,
 We shall dwell with God for ever,
 In that bright and better land.

Fear ye not the way so lonely,
 Ye, a feeble little band ?
 No, for friends unseen, are near us,
 Angels bright around us stand.
 Christ, our Leader, walks beside us,
 He will guard, and He will guide us,
 Going to the better land.

Pilgrims, may we travel with you
 To that bright and better land ?

Come and welcome, come and welcome,
 Welcome to our pilgrim band.
 Come, oh come, and do not leave us ;
 Christ is waiting to receive us
 In that bright and better land.

101

P.M.

WORTHY, worthy is the Lamb,
 Worthy, worthy is the Lamb,
 Worthy is the Lamb—That was slain.
 Praise Him, Hallelujah ! bless Him, Hallelujah !
 Praise Him, Hallelujah ! praise the Lamb.

Thou redeem'dst our souls to God,
 Thou redeem'dst our souls to God,
 Thou redeem'dst our souls to God—By Thy blood.

Thou hast made us kings and priests,
 Thou hast made us kings and priests,
 Thou hast made us kings and priests—To our God.

We shall ever reign with Thee,
 We shall ever reign with Thee,
 We shall ever reign with Thee—Lamb of God.

102

143th.

YE dying sons of men, immersed in sin and woe,
 The gospel's voice attend, which Jesus sends to you :
 Ye perishing and guilty, come ;
 In Jesus' arms there yet is room.

No longer now delay, nor vain excuses frame ;
 He bids you come to-day, though poor, and blind, and
 lame.

All things are ready, sinner, come ;
 For every trembling soul there's room.

Believe the heavenly word His messengers proclaim ;
 He is a gracious Lord, and faithful is His name :
 Backsliding souls, return and come ;
 Cast off despair—there yet is room.

Compelled by bleeding love, ye wandering sheep, draw
 near ;
 Christ calls you from above ; His loving accents hear :
 Let whosoever will, now come ;
 In mercy's breast there yet is room :



	Hymn.		Hymn
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