

Favourite Hymns

**“They that worship Him must worship Him
in Spirit and in Truth”
(John 4:24)**

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The hymns and songs chosen here are all ones which focus on God the Father and on the Lord Jesus Christ, and on what He has done for us on the cross, what He does for us as we walk with him day by day, and His eventual return in glory to take us home to be with Him. They are hymns and songs that are rich in doctrine and biblical truth, which words and music soar our spirits and restore our souls, and which melodies are simple and beautiful, contemplative and rousing, and are easily learned and remembered so enabling truly joyous corporate worship as we raise our voices together to sing praises to our Saviour.

The hymns are in alphabetical order. Please see the end for the Index of First Lines and Index of Choruses

A Wonderful Saviour is Jesus My Lord *(He Hideth My Soul in the Cleft of the Rock)*

A wonderful Saviour is Jesus my Lord,
A wonderful Saviour to me,
He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock,
Where rivers of pleasure I see.

*He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock,
That shadows a dry thirsty land;
He hideth my life in the depths of His love,
And covers me there with His hand.*

A wonderful Saviour is Jesus my Lord,
He taketh my burden away,
He holdeth me up, and I shall not be moved,
He giveth me strength as my day.

With numberless blessings each moment He crowns,
And filled with His fulness divine,
I sing in my rapture, oh, glory to God
For such a Redeemer as mine.

When clothed in His brightness transported I rise,
To meet Him in clouds of the sky,
His perfect salvation, His wonderful love,
I'll shout with the millions on high.

Fanny J. Crosby

Abide with Me

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

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O Thou who changest not abide with me!

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?

Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Keep Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life, in death, I Lord, abide with me!

H.F. Lyte

All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name

All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him,
Crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call;
Who from His altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him,
Crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him,
Crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;

The wormword and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him,
Crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,
And crown Him Lord of all.

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

O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall,
We at His feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him,
Crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,
And crown Him Lord of all.

*And crown Him Lord of all,
And crown Him Lord of all,
And crown Him Lord of all,
And crown Him Lord of all!*

Edward Perronet

All People That on Earth Do Dwell

All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with mirth, His praise forthtell;
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

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

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

William Kethe

All the Way My Saviour Leads me

All the way my Saviour leads me:
What have I to ask beside?
Can I doubt His tender mercy,
Who through life has been my Guide?
Heavenly peace, divinest comfort,

Here by faith in Him to dwell!
For I know whate'er befall me,
Jesus doeth all things well.
For I know whate'er befall me,
Jesus doeth all things well.

All the way my Saviour leads me,
Cheers each winding path I tread,
Gives me grace for every trial,
Feeds me with the Living Bread.
Though my weary steps may falter,
And my soul athirst may be,
Gushing from the Rock before me,
Lo! A spring of joy I see.
Gushing from the Rock before me,
Lo! A spring of joy I see.

All the way my Saviour leads me;
Oh, the fulness of His love!
Perfect rest to me is promised
In my Father's house above.
When my spirit, clothed, immortal,
Wings its flight to realms of day,
This my song through endless ages,
Jesus led me all the way.
This my song through endless ages,
Jesus led me all the way.

Fanny J. Crosby

All to Jesus I Surrender (I Surrender All)

All to Jesus I surrender,
All to Him I freely give;
I will ever love and trust Him,
In His presence daily live.

*I surrender all (I surrender all),
I surrender all (I surrender all),
All to Thee, my blessèd Saviour,
I surrender all.*

All to Jesus I surrender,
Humbly at His feet I bow;
Worldly pleasures all forsaken,
Take me, Jesus, take me now.

All to Jesus I surrender,
Lord, I give myself to Thee;
Fill me with Thy love and power,
Let Thy blessing fall on me.

All to Jesus I surrender,
Now I feel the sacred flame;
O the joy of full salvation!
Glory, glory to His Name!

J. Van de Venter

Amazing Grace

Amazing grace! How sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me.
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved.
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed.

Through many dangers, toils and snares
I have already come;
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far
And grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promised good to me
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess within the veil
A life of joy and peace.

When we've been there ten thousand years
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun.

John Newton

And Can It Be

And can it be, that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died He for me, who caused His pain?
For me, who Him to death pursued?
Amazing love! How can it be
That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?
Amazing (*amazing*) love! How can (*how can*) it be
That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

'Tis mystery all! The immortal dies!
Who can explore His strange design?
In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depth of love divine!
'Tis mercy all! Let earth adore,
Let angel-minds inquire no more.
'Tis mercy (*'tis mercy*) all! Let earth (*let earth*) adore,
Let angel-minds inquire no more.

He left His Father's throne above
So free, so infinite His grace!
Emptied Himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race:
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out me!
'Tis mercy (*'tis mercy*) all, immense (*immense*) and free,

For, O my God, it found out me!

Long my imprisoned spirit lay
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray,
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light:
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.
My chains (*my chains*) fell off, my heart (*my heart*) was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.

No condemnation now I dread,
Jesus, and all in Him is mine;
Alive in Him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach the eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ, my own.
Bold I (*bold I*) approach the eternal (*the eternal*) throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ, my own.

Charles Wesley

As I Journey Through the Land (*Oh, I Want to See Him*)

As I journey through the land, singing as I go,
Pointing souls to Calvary – to the crimson flow,
Many arrows pierce my soul from without, within;
But my Lord leads me on, through Him I must win.

*Oh, I want to see Him, look upon His face,
There to sing for ever of His saving grace;
On the streets of Glory let me lift my voice;
Cares all past, home at last, ever to rejoice.*

When in service for my Lord, dark may be the night,
But I'll cling more close to Him, He will give me light;
Satan's snares may vex my soul, turn my thoughts aside;
But my Lord goes ahead, leads whate'er betide.

When in valleys low I look toward the mountain height,
And behold my Saviour there, leading in the fight,
With a tender hand outstretched toward the valley low,
Guiding me, I can see, as I onward go.

When before me billows rise from the mighty deep,
Then my Lord directs my barque; He doth safely keep,
And He leads me gently on through the world below,
He's a real Friend to me, oh, I love Him so.

R.H. Cornelius

Be Still, My Soul

Be still, my soul; the Lord is on thy side;
Bear patiently the cross of grief or pain;
Leave to thy God to order and provide;
In every change He faithful will remain.
Be still, my soul; thy best, thy heavenly, Friend
Through thorny ways leads to a joyful end.

Be still, my soul; thy God doth undertake
To guide the future as He has the past.
Thy hope, thy confidence, let nothing shake;
All now mysterious shall be bright at last.
Be still, my soul; the waves and winds still know
His voice who ruled them while He dwelt below.

Be still, my soul, though dearest friends depart
And all is darkened in the vale of tears;
Then shalt thou better know His love, His heart,
Who comes to soothe thy sorrows and thy fears.
Be still, my soul; thy Jesus can repay
From His own fullness all He takes away.

Be still, my soul; the hour is hastening on
When we shall be forever with the Lord,
When disappointment, grief, and fear are gone,
Sorrow forgot, love's purest joys restored.
Be still, my soul; when change and tears are past,
All safe and blessed we shall meet at last.

Catharine Amalia Dorothea von Schlegel

Behold, What Love, What Boundless Love
(Behold, What Manner of Love!)

Behold, what love, what boundless love,
The Father hath bestowed
On sinners lost, that we should be
Now called the sons of God!

*Behold (behold), what manner of love (what manner of love),
What manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us,
That we (that we), that we should be called (should be called)
Should be called the sons of God.*

No longer far from Him, but now
By precious blood made nigh;
Accepted in the 'Well-beloved,
Near to God's heart we lie.

What we in glory soon shall be,
It doth not yet appear;
But when our precious Lord we see,
We shall His image bear.

With such a blessed hope in view,
We would more holy be,
More like our risen, glorious Lord,
Whose face we soon shall see.

M.S. Sullivan

Beneath the Cross of Jesus

Beneath the cross of Jesus
I fain would take my stand –
The shadow of a mighty Rock,
Within a weary land;
A home within the wilderness,

A rest upon the way,
From the burning of the noontide heat,
And the burden of the day.

O safe and happy shelter,
O refuge tried and sweet,
O trysting-place where heaven's love
And heaven's justice meet!
As to the holy patriarch
That wondrous dream was given,
So seems my Saviour's cross to me,
A ladder up to heaven.

There lies, beneath its shadow,
But on the farther side,
The darkness of an awful grave
That gapes both deep and wide;
And there between us stands the cross,
Two arms outstretched to save;
Like a watchman set to guard the way
From that eternal grave.

Upon that cross of Jesus,
Mine eyes at times can see
The very dying form of One
Who suffered there for me;
And from my smitten heart, with tears,
Two wonders I confess –
The wonders of His glorious love,
And my own worthlessness.

I take, O cross, thy shadow
For my abiding place;
I ask no other sunshine than
The sunshine of His face:
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss –
My sinful self my only shame,
My glory all the cross.

Miss E.C. Clephane

Blessè Assurance, Jesus Is Mine!
(This Is My Story, This Is My Song)

Blessè assurance, Jesus is mine!
Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood.

*This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long.
This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long.*

Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture now burst on my sight,
Angels descending, bring from above
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Saviour am happy and blest,

Watching and waiting, looking above,
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

Fanny J. Crosby

Blessed Be the Fountain of Blood
(Whiter Than the Snow)

Blessed be the Fountain of blood,
To a world of sinners revealed;
Blessèd be the dear Son of God;
Only by His stripes we are healed.
Though I've wandered far from His fold,
Bringing to my heart pain and woe,
Wash me in the blood of the Lamb,
And I shall be whiter than snow.

*Whiter than the snow,
Whiter than the snow,
Wash me in the blood of the Lamb,
And I shall be whiter than snow.*

Thorny was the crown that He wore,
And the cross His body o'ercame;
Grievous were the sorrows He bore,
But He suffered thus not in vain.
May I to that Fountain be led,
Made to cleanse my sins here below;
Wash me in the blood that He shed,
And I shall be whiter than snow.

Father, I have wandered from Thee,
Often has my heart gone astray;
Crimson do my sins seem to me:
Water cannot wash them away,
Jesus, to that Fountain of Thine,
Leaning on Thy promise I go,
Cleanse me by Thy washing divine,
And I shall be whiter than snow.

E.R. Latta

Breathe on Me, Breath of God

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Fill me with life anew.
That I may love what Thou dost love,
And do what Thou wouldst do.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure,
Until with Thee I will one will,
To do and to endure.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly Thine,
Till all this earthly part of me
Glows with Thy fire divine.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
So shall I never die,

But live with Thee the perfect life
Of Thine eternity.

Edwin Hatch

Come, Let Us Sing of a Wonderful Love

Come, let us sing of a wonderful love,
Tender and true;
Out of the heart of the Father above,
Streaming to me and to you;
Wonderful love
Dwells in the heart of the Father above.

Jesus, the Saviour, this gospel to tell,
Joyfully came;
Came with the helpless and hopeless to dwell,
Sharing their sorrow and shame;
Seeking the lost,
Saving, redeeming at measureless cost.

Jesus is seeking the wanderers yet;
Why do they roam?
Love only waits to forgive and forget;
Home! weary wanderer, home!
Wonderful love
Dwells in the heart of the father above.

Come to my heart, O Thou wonderful love,
Come and abide,
Lifting my heart till it rises above
Envy and falsehood and pride;
Seeking to be
Lowly and humble, a learner of Thee.

Come, Ye That Love the Lord
(We're Marching to Zion)

Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne,
And thus surround the throne.

*We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion:
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.*

Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God:
But children of the heavenly King,
But children of the heavenly King,
Shall speak their joys abroad,
Shall speak their joys abroad.

The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets;
Before we reach the heavenly fields,

Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets,
Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high,
To fairer worlds on high.

Isaac Watts

Eternal Father, Strong to Save

Eternal Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Christ, Whose voice the waters heard,
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid the storm didst sleep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Holy Spirit, Who did'st brood
Upon the waters dark and rude,
And bid their angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour,
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them, whereso'er they go:
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

William Whiting

Fairest of All the Earth Beside *(That Man of Calvary)*

Fairest of all the earth beside,
Chiefest of all unto Thy bride,
Fulness divine in Thee I see,
Wonderful Man of Calvary.

*That Man of Calvary
Has won my heart from me,
And died to set me free,
Blest Man of Calvary!*

Granting the sinner life and peace,
Granting the captive sweet release,
Shedding His blood to make us free,

Merciful Man of Calvary!

Giving the gifts obtained for me,
Pouring out love beyond our ken,
Giving us spotless purity,
Bountiful Man of Calvary!

Comfort of all my earthly way,
Jesus, I'll meet Thee some sweet day;
Centre of glory Thee I'll see,
Wonderful man of Calvary!

M.P. Ferguson

Far Away the Noise of Strife *(I'm Living on the Mountain)*

Far away the noise of strife upon my ear is falling,
Then I know the sins of earth beset on ev'ry hand;
Doubt and fear and things of earth
In vain to me are calling,
None of these shall move from Beulah Land

*I'm living on the mountain, underneath a cloudless sky,
I'm drinking at the fountain that never shall run dry,
Oh yes, I'm feasting on the manna from a bountiful supply,
For I am dwelling in Beulah Land.*

Far below the storm of doubt upon the world is beating,
Sons of men in battle long the enemy withstand;
Safe am I within the castle
Of God's word retreating,
Nothing then can reach me, 'tis Beulah Land.

Let the stormy breezes blow, their cry cannot alarm me,
I am safely sheltered here protected by God's hand;
Here the sun is always shining,
Here there's naught can harm me,
I am safe for ever in Beulah Land.

Viewing here the works of God, I sink in contemplation,
Hearing now His blessed voice, I see the way is planned;
 Dwelling in the spirit,
Here I learn of full salvation,
Gladly will I tarry in Beulah Land.

C. Austin Miles

For All the Saints

For all the saints who from their labours rest
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesus, be for ever blest,
Alleluia! Alleluia!

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well fought fight;
Thou in the darkness drear their one true Light.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

Oh, may Thy soldiers, faithful, true and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

O blest communion! Fellowship Divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes their rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array:
The King of glory passes on His way
Alleluia! Alleluia!

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

W.W. How

Give Me a Sight, O Saviour
(Oh, Make Me Understand It)

Give me a sight, O Saviour,
Of Thy wondrous love to me;
Of the love that brought Thee down to earth,
To die on Calvary.

*Oh, make me understand it,
Help me to take it in;
What it meant to Thee, the Holy One,
To bear away my sin.*

Was it the nails, O Saviour,
That bound Thee to the tree?
Nay, 'twas Thine everlasting love,
Thy love for me, for me.

Oh, wonder of all wonders,
That through Thy death for me,
My open sins, my secret sins,
Can all forgiven be.

Then melt my heart, O Saviour,
Bend me, yea, break me down,
Until I own Thee Conqueror,
And Lord and Sovereign crown.

Katherine A.M. Kelly

Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken

Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode.
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

See! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply Thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?
Grace which, like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.

Saviour, if of Zion's city
I through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy Name.
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

John Newton

Great God of Wonders!
(Who is a Pardoning God Like Thee?)

Great God of wonders! All Thy ways
Display the attributes divine;
But countless acts of pardoning grace
Beyond Thine other wonders shine:

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

In wonder lost, with trembling joy
We take the pardon of our God;
Pardon for crimes of deepest dye,
A pardon bought with Jesus' blood:

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

Oh, may this strange, this matchless grace,
This God-like miracle of love,
Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,
As now it fills the choirs above!

Samuel Davies

Great Is Thy Faithfulness

Great is Thy faithfulness, O God my Father,
There is no shadow of turning with Thee;
Thou changest not, Thy compassions, they fail not
As Thou hast been Thou forever wilt be.

*Great is Thy faithfulness! Great is Thy faithfulness!
Morning by morning new mercies I see;
All I have needed Thy hand hath provided –
Great is Thy faithfulness, Lord unto me!*

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

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

Thomas Obediah Chisholm

Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah!

Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven! Bread of heaven!
Feed me now and evermore (*evermore*),
Feed me now and evermore.

Open Thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream doth flow:
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer! Strong Deliverer!
Be Thou still my strength and shield (*strength and shield*)
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

If I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Bear me through the swelling torrent,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises, songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee (*give to Thee*),
I will ever give to Thee.

Saviour come! We long to see Thee,
Long to dwell with Thee above;
And to know in full communion,
All the sweetness of Thy love.
Come, Lord Jesus! Come Lord Jesus!
Take Thy waiting people home (*people home*)
Take Thy waiting people home.

W. Williams

Have Thine Own Way, Lord

Have Thine own way, Lord;
Have Thine own way.
Thou art the Potter;
I am the clay.
Mould me and make me
After Thy will,
While I am waiting
Yielded and still.

Have Thine own way, Lord;
Have Thine own way.
Search me and try me,
Master, today.
Whiter than snow, Lord,
Wash me just now,
As in Thy presence
Humbly I bow.

Have Thine own way, Lord;
Have Thine own way.
Wounded and weary
Help me, I pray.
Power – all power –
Surely is Thine;
Touch me and heal me,
Saviour Divine.

Have Thine own way, Lord;
Have Thine own way.
Hold o'er my being
Absolute sway.
Fill with Thy Spirit
Till all shall see
Christ only, always,
Living in me.

A.A. Pollard

Have You Been to Jesus for the Cleansing Power? (*Are You Washed in the Blood?*)

Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing power?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Are you fully trusting in His grace this hour?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

*Are you washed... (Yes, I'm washed) in the blood... (In the blood)
In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb?
Are your garments spotless? Are they white as snow?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?*

Are you walking daily by the Saviour's side?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Do you rest each moment in the Crucified?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

When the Bridegroom cometh will your robes be white?
Pure and white in the blood of the Lamb?
Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright?
And be washed in the blood of the lamb?

Lay aside the garments that stained by sin,
And be washed in the blood of the Lamb;
There's a fountain flowing for the soul unclean,
Oh, be washed in the blood of the Lamb.

Elisha A. Hoffman

He Who Would Valiant Be

He who would valiant be
'Gainst all disaster,
Let him in constancy
Follow the Master.
There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avowed intent
To be a pilgrim.

Who so beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound –
His strength the more is.
No foes shall stay his might,
Though he with giants fight:
He will make good his right
To be a pilgrim.

Since, Lord, Thou dost defend
Us with Thy Spirit,
We know we at the end
Shall life inherit.
Then fancies flee away!
I'll fear not what men say,
I'll labour night and day,
To be a pilgrim.

John Bunyan and others

Here is Love, Vast as the Ocean

Here is love, vast as the ocean,
Loving-kindness as the flood;
When the Prince of Life my ransom,
Shed for me His precious blood.
Who His love will not remember?
Who can cease to sing His praise?
He shall never be forgotten,
Through heav'n's everlasting days.

On the mount of crucifixion,
Fountains opened deep and wide,
Through the flood-gates of God's mercy,
Flowed the vast and gracious tide;
Grace and love like mighty rivers
Poured incessant from above,
And heav'n's peace and perfect justice
Kissed a guilty world in love.

Let me all Thy love accepting,
Love Thee, ever all my days;
Let me seek Thy kingdom only
And my life be to Thy praise;
Thou alone shalt be my glory,
Nothing in the world I see;
Thou hast cleansed and sanctified me,
Thou Thyself hast set me free.

In Thy truth Thou dost direct me
By Thy Spirit through Thy Word;
And Thy grace me need is meeting,
As I trust in Thee, my Lord.
All Thy fulness Thou art pouring
In Thy love and power in me,
Without measure, full and boundless,
As I yield myself to Thee.

Holy, Holy, Holy

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

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

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

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

Reginald Heber

How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrow, heals his wounds
And drives away his fear.

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

Dear name, the Rock on which I build
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

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

I would Thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting beauty;
So shall the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

John Newton

I Am So Glad That Our Father in Heaven
(I Am So Glad That Jesus Loves Me)

I am so glad that our Father in heaven,
Tells of His love in the Book He has given;
Wonderful things in the Bible I see;
This is the dearest, that Jesus loves me.

*I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me,
I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves even me.*

Jesus loves me and I know I love Him;
Love brought Him down my lost soul to redeem;
Yes, it was love made Him die on the tree:
Oh, I am certain that Jesus loves me.

In this assurance I find sweetest rest,
Trusting in Jesus I know I am blest;
Satan dismayed from my soul doth now flee
When I just tell him that Jesus loves me.

Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,
When in His beauty I see the great King,
This shall my song in eternity be,
Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me!

If one should ask of me, how can I tell?
Glory to Jesus, I know very well!
God's Holy Spirit with mine doth agree,
Constantly witnessing – Jesus loves me.

P.P. Bliss

I Am Trusting Thee, Lord Jesus

I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Trusting only Thee!
Trusting Thee for full salvation,
Great and free.

I am trusting Thee for pardon,
At Thy feet I bow;

For Thy grace and tender mercy
Trusting now.

I am trusting Thee for cleansing,
In the crimson flood;
Trusting Thee to make me holy,
By Thy blood.

I am trusting Thee to guide me,
Thou alone shalt lead,
Every day and hour supplying
All my need.

I am trusting Thee for power,
Thine can never fail;
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me,
Must prevail.

I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Never let me fall!
I am trusting Thee for ever,
And for all.

Frances Havergal

I Cannot Breathe Enough of Thee

I cannot breathe enough of Thee,
O gentle breeze of love,
More fragrant than the myrtle tree,
The Rose of Sharon is to me,
The balm of heaven above.
The balm of heaven above.

I cannot gaze enough on Thee,
Thou fairest of the fair;
My heart is filled with ecstasy,
As in Thy face of radiancy
I see such beauty there.
I see such beauty there.

I cannot work enough for Thee,
My Saviour, Master, Friend;
I do not wish to go out free,
But ever, always, willingly,
To serve Thee to the end.
To serve Thee to the end.

I cannot sing enough of Thee,
The sweetest name on earth,
A note so full of melody
Comes from my heart so joyously,
And fills my soul with mirth.
And fills my soul with mirth.

I cannot speak enough of Thee,
I have so much to tell:
Thy heart it beats so tenderly
As Thou dost draw me close to Thee,
And whisper, 'All is well.'
And whisper, 'All is well.'

W. Spender Walton

I Cannot Tell Why He, Whom Angels Worship

I cannot tell why He, whom angels worship,
Should set His love upon the sons of men.
Or why, as Shepherd, He should seek the wanderers,
To bring them back, they know not how or when.
But this I know, that He was born of Mary,
When Bethlehem's manger was His only home,
And that He lived at Nazareth and laboured,
And so the Saviour, Saviour of the world is come.

I cannot tell how silently He suffered,
As with His peace He graced this place of tears,
Or how His heart upon the cross was broken,
The crown of pain to three and thirty years.
But this I know, He heals the broken-hearted,
And stays our sin, and calms our lurking fear,
And lifts the burden from the heavy-laden,
For yet the Saviour, Saviour of the world is here.

I cannot tell how all the lands shall worship,
When, at His bidding, every storm is stilled,
Or who can say how great the jubilation
When all the hearts of men with love are filled.
But this I know, the skies will thrill with rapture,
And myriad, myriad human voices sing,
And earth to heaven, and heaven to earth, will answer:
At last the Saviour, Saviour of the world, is King!

W.Y. Fullerton

I Have Found His Grace Is All Complete

(It Is Joy Unspeakable)

I have found His grace is all complete,
He supplieth every need;
While I sit and learn at Jesus' feet,
I am free, yes, free indeed.

*It is joy unspeakable and full of glory,
Full of glory, full of glory;
It is joy unspeakable and full of glory,
Oh, the half has never yet been told.*

I have found the pleasure I once craved,
It is joy and peace within;
What a wondrous blessing! I am saved
From the awful gulf of sin.

I have found that hope so bright and clear,
Living in the realm of grace;
Oh, the Saviour's presence is so near,
I can see His smiling face.

I have found the joy no tongue can tell,
How its waves of glory roll!
It is like a great o'erflowing well,
Springing up within my soul.

B.E. Warren

I Hear Thy Welcome Voice

(I Am Coming, Lord)

I hear Thy welcome voice,
That calls me, Lord, to Thee
For cleansing in Thy precious blood
That flowed on Calvary.

*I am coming, Lord,
Coming now to Thee:
Trusting only in the blood
That flowed on Calvary.*

Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure:
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure.

'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

'Tis Jesus who confirms
The blessed work within,
By adding grace to welcomed grace,
Where reigned the power of sin.

And He the witness gives
To loyal hearts and fea,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

All hail, atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our strength and righteousness!

L. Hartsough

I Heard the Angels Sing

(I Heard a Thousand Trumpets)

I heard the angels sing, Glory Hallelujah!
A mighty chorus way up high!
I heard the angels sing, Praise the name of Jesus;
Singing in God's choir in the sky!

*I heard a thousand trumpets sounding out His glory;
Telling the story - how He came to earth to die;
I heard a million voices praise the name of Jesus;
Singing in God's choir in the sky!*

I heard the glorious song coming out of heaven,
The sweetest music ever heard!
I heard a mighty song, sung by all the angels;
My soul thrilled at every loving word!

I fell down on my knees, when that chorus ended;
They shouted out a glad Amen! (Amen!)
I fell down on my knees, prayed that when in Heaven,
I would hear that choir once again!

I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto Me and rest:
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast.
I came to Jesus as I was –
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

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

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.
I looked to Jesus and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till travelling days are done.

H. Bonar

I Know Not Why God's Wondrous Grace *(But I Know Whom I Have Believèd)*

I know not why God's wondrous grace
To me He hath made known,
Nor why, unworthy, Christ in love
Redeemed me for His own.

*But 'I know whom I have believèd,
And am persuaded that He is able
To keep that which I've committed
Unto Him against that day.'*

I know not how this saving faith
To me He did impart,
Nor how believing in His Word
Wrought peace within my heart.

I know not how the Spirit moves,
Convincing men of sin,
Revealing Jesus through the Word,
Creating faith in Him.

I know not what of good or ill
May be reserved for me,
Of weary ways or golden days
Before His face I see.

I know not when my Lord may come,
At night or noontide fair,
Nor if I'll walk the vale with Him,

Or meet Him in the air.

El Nathan

I Need Thee Every Hour *(I Need Thee, Oh, I Need Thee)*

I need thee every hour, most Gracious Lord;
No tender voice like Thine, can peace afford.

*I need Thee, oh, I need Thee, every hour I need Thee:
Oh, bless me now, my Saviour, I come to Thee!*

I need Thee every hour, stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power, when Thou art nigh.

I need Thee every hour, in joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide, or life is vain.

I need Thee every hour, teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises in me fulfil.

I need Thee every hour, most holy One;
Oh, make me Thine indeed, Thou blessed Son!

Annie Hawkins

I Serve a Risen Saviour *(He lives, He lives, Christ Jesus Lives Today)*

I serve a risen Saviour, He's in the world today;
I know that He is living, whatever men may say;
I see His hand of mercy, I hear His voice of cheer,
And just the time I need Him He's always near.

*He lives (He lives), He lives (He lives), Christ Jesus lives today!
He walks with me and talks with me along life's narrow way,
He lives (He lives), He lives (He lives), salvation to impart!
You ask me how I know He lives? He lives within my heart.*

In all the world around me I see His loving care,
And though my heart grows weary I never will despair;
I know that He is leading, through all the stormy blast,
The day of His appearing will come at last.

Rejoice, rejoice, O Christian, lift up your voice and sing
Eternal hallelujahs to Jesus Christ the King!
The Hope of all who seek Him, the Help of all who find,
None other is so loving, so good and kind.

A.H. Ackley

I Stand Amazed in the Presence *(How Marvellous! How Wonderful!)*

I stand amazed in the presence
Of Jesus the Nazarene,
And wonder how He could love me,
A sinner, condemned, unclean.

*How marvellous! how wonderful!
And my song shall ever be;
How marvellous! How wonderful!
Is my Saviour's love for me!*

For me it was in the garden
He prayed – 'Not My will, but Thine.'
He had no tears for His own griefs,
But sweat drops of blood for mine.

In pity angels beheld Him,
And came from the world of light
To comfort Him in the sorrows
He bore for my soul that night.

He took my sins and my sorrows,
He made them His very own;
He bore the burden to Calvary,
And suffered, and died alone.

When with the ransomed in glory
His face I at last shall see,
'Twill be my joy through the ages
To sing of His love for me.

C.H. Gabriel

I Was Sinking Deep in Sin
(Love Lifted Me)

I was sinking deep in sin,
Sinking to rise no more,
Overwhelmed by guilt within,
Mercy I did implore.
Then the Master of the sea
Heard my despairing cry,
Christ my Saviour lifted me,
Now safe am I.

*Love lifted me! Love lifted me!
When no one but Christ could help,
Love lifted me.*

Souls in danger, look above,
Jesus completely saves;
He will lift you by His love
Out of the angry waves.
He's the Master of the sea,
Billows His will obey;
He your Saviour wants to be,
Be saved to-day!

When the waves of sorrow roll,
When I am in distress,
Jesus takes my hand in His,
Ever He loves to bless.
He will every fear dispel,
Satisfy every need;
All who heed His loving call,
Find rest indeed.

James Rowe (arranged)

I Will Sing the Wondrous Story

I will sing the wondrous story
Of the Christ who died for me;
How He left His home in glory,
For the Cross on Calvary.

*Yes, I'll sing the wondrous story
Of the Christ who died for me;
Sing it with the saints in glory,
Gathered by the crystal sea.*

I was lost; but Jesus found me –
Found the sheep that went astray;
Threw His loving arms around me,
Drew me back into His way.

I was bruised but Jesus healed me –
Faint was I from many a fall;
Sight was gone and fears possessed me
But He freed me from them all.

He will keep me till the river
Rolls its waters at my feet;
Then He'll bear me safely over,
Where the loved ones I shall meet.

F.H. Rawley

I'm Not Ashamed to Own My Lord
(At the Cross, At the Cross, Where I First Saw the Light)

I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend His cause:
Maintain the honour of His Word,
The glory of His cross.

*At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light,
And the burden of my heart rolled away,
It was there by faith I received my sight,
And now I am happy all the day.*

Jesus, my Lord! I know His name –
His name is all my trust,
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

Firm as His throne, His promise stands,
And He can well secure
What I've committed to His hands,
Till the decisive hour.

Then will He own my worthless name
Before His Father's face;
And in the New Jerusalem,
Appoint my soul a place.

Isaac Watts

I'm Pressing on the Upward Way
(Lord, Lift Me Up and Let Me Stand)

I'm pressing on the upward way,
New heights I'm gaining every day;
Still praying as I onward bound,
'Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.'

*Lord, lift me up and let me stand,
By faith, on haven's table-land;
Where love, and joy, and light abound,
Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.*

My heart has no desire to stay
Where doubts arise, and fears dismay;
Though some may dwell where these abound,
My constant aim is higher ground.

Beyond the mist I fain would rise,
To rest beneath unclouded skies,
Above earth's turmoil peace is found
By those who dwell on higher ground.

I long to scale the utmost height,
Though rough the way, and hard the fight,
My song, while climbing, shall resound,
Lord, lead me on to higher ground.

Lord, lead me up the mountain side
I dare not climb without my Guide;
And, heaven gained, I'll gaze around,
With grateful heart from higher ground.

Johnson Oatman, Jr., and Ada R. Habershon

Immortal, Invisible, God Only Wise

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

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

To all life Thou givest – to both great and small;
In [our] life Thou livest, the true life of all;
We blossom and flourish as leaves on the tree,
And wither and perish – but nought changeth Thee.

Great Father of Glory, pure Father of Light,
Thine angels adore Thee, all veiling their sight;
All laud we would render; O help us to see:
'Tis only the splendour of light hideth Thee.

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

Walter Chalmers Smith

In Heavenly Love Abiding

In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here:
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid;
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack:
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim;
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where the dark clouds have been:
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free;
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

Anna L. Waring

In These, the Closing Days of Time
(He's Coming Soon, He's Coming Soon)

In these, the closing days of time,
What joy the glorious hope affords,
That soon – O wondrous truth sublime!
He shall reign, King of kings and Lord of lords.

*He's coming soon, He's coming soon;
With joy we welcome His returning;
It may be morn, it may be night or noon –
We know He's coming soon.*

The signs around – in earth and air,
Or painted on the starlit sky,
God's faithful witnesses - declare
That the coming of the Saviour draweth nigh.

The dead in Christ who 'neath us lie,
In countless numbers, all shall rise
When through the portals of the sky
He shall come to prepare our Paradise.

And we who, living, yet remain,
Caught up, shall meet our faithful Lord;
This hope we cherish not in vain,
But we comfort one another by this word.

Thoro Harris

It Passeth Knowledge

It passeth knowledge, that dear love of Thine,
My Jesus, Saviour; yet this soul of mine
Would of Thy love, in all its breadth and length,
Its height and depth, its everlasting strength,
Know more and more.

It passeth telling, that dear love of Thine,
My Jesus, Saviour; yet these lips of mine
Would fain proclaim to sinners far and near,
A love which can remove all guilty fear,
And love beget.

It passeth praises, that dear love of Thine,
My Jesus, Saviour; yet this heart of mine
Would sing that love, so rich, so full, so free,
Which brings a rebel sinner, such as me,
Nigh unto God.

But though I cannot sing, or tell, or know
The fulness of Thy love, while here below,
My empty vessel I may freely bring:
O Thou, who art of love the living spring,
My vessel fill.

I am an empty vessel – not one thought
Or look of love, I ever to Thee brought;
Yet I may come, and come again to Thee,
With this, the empty sinner's only plea –
Thou lovest me.

Oh, fill me, Jesus Saviour, with Thy love!
Lead, lead me to the living fount above;
Thither may I, in simple faith, draw nigh,
And never to another fountain fly,
But unto Thee.

And when my Jesus, face to face, I see,
When at His lofty throne I bow the knee,
Then of His love, in all its breadth and length,
Its height and depth, its everlasting strength,
My soul shall sing.

Mary Shekleton

I've a Message from the Lord, Hallelujah! (Look and Live)

I've a message from the Lord, hallelujah!
The message unto you I'll give,
'Tis recorded in His word, hallelujah!
It is only that you look and live.

*Look and live (look and live), my brother, live (my brother, live)
Look to Jesus now and live,
'Tis recorded in His word, hallelujah!
It is only that you look and live.*

I've a message full of love, hallelujah!
A message, O my friend, for you.
'Tis a message from above, hallelujah!

Jesus said it, and I know 'tis true.

Life is offered unto you, hallelujah!
Eternal life your soul shall have,
If you'll only look to Him, hallelujah!
Look to Jesus who alone can save.

W.A. Ogden

Jesus Bids Us Shine

Jesus bids us shine
With a pure, clear light;
Like a little candle
Burning in the night.
In this world of darkness,
So we must shine –
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

Jesus bids us shine,
First of all for Him;
Well He sees and knows it
If our light grows dim.
He looks down from heaven
To see us shine –
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

Jesus bids us shine,
Then, for all around;
Many kinds of darkness
In this world abound –
Sin and want and sorrow;
So we must shine –
You in your small corner
And I in mine.

Jesus, I Am Resting, Resting

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

*Jesus, I am resting, resting,
In the joy of what Thou art;
I am finding out the greatness
Of Thy loving heart.*

Oh, how great Thy loving kindness,
Vaster, broader than the sea!
Oh, how marvellous Thy goodness,
Lavished all on me!
Yes, I rest in Thee, Beloved,
Know what wealth of grace is Thine,

Know Thy certainty of promise,
And have made it mine.

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

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

Jean Sophia Pigott

Jesus is Tenderly Calling
(Calling To-day! Calling To-day!)

Jesus is tenderly calling thee home –
Calling to-day, calling to-day!
Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam,
Farther and further away?

*Calling to-day! Calling to-day!
Jesus is calling, is tenderly calling to-day!*

Jesus is calling the weary to rest –
Calling to-day, calling to-day!
Bring Him thy burden and thou shalt be blest:
He will not turn thee away.

Jesus is waiting, oh, come to Him now –
Waiting to-day, waiting to-day!
Come with thy sins, at His feet lowly bow;
Come, and no longer delay!

Jesus is pleading; oh, list to His voice –
Hear Him to-day, hear Him to-day!
They who believe on His name shall rejoice;
Quickly arise and away!

Fanny J. Crosby

Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, Sweetest Name on Earth

Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
Sweetest name on earth:
How can I, a sinner,
Come to know its worth?

Oh! The sinful sorrow,
Oh! The strangest shame,

That I saw no beauty
In the Sacred Name.

Never felt the sweetness,
Never knew the grace,
Never saw the love-pain
In that wounded face!

Never found the mystery
In that simple word
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
Saviour, Lover – Lord.

Now 'tis past and over,
Gone my sin and shame,
Jesus, Jesus did it,
Glory to His Name!

I have seen the glory
Of His tender face,
I have felt with wonder
Thrills of holy grace.

Wonderful compassion
Reaching even me,
Bows my humbled spirit
In captivity.

Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!
Loved me in my shame,
Oh! The joy and rapture
Of that sacred Name.

A. Paget Wilkes

Jesus Keep Me Near the Cross
(In the Cross, In the Cross)

Jesus keep me near the Cross,
There a precious fountain,
Free to all, a healing stream,
Flows from Calv'ry's mountain.

*In the Cross, in the Cross, be my glory ever;
Till my raptured soul shall find rest beyond the river.*

Near the Cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me;
There the bright and morning Star
Shed its beams around me.

Near the Cross! O Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadow o'er me.

Near the Cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river.

Fanny J. Crosby

Jesus Loves Me! This I know
(*Yes, Jesus Loves me!*)

Jesus loves me! this I know,
For the Bible tells me so;
Little ones to Him belong;
They are weak, but He is strong.

*Yes, Jesus loves me! Yes, Jesus loves me!
Yes, Jesus loves me! The Bible tells me so!*

Jesus loves me! He who died
Heaven's gate to open wide:
He will wash away my sin,
Let His little child come in.

Jesus loves me! He will stay
Close beside me all the way:
If I love Him, when I die
He will take me home on high.

Just as I am

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

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come. I come.

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

Just as I am – poor, wretched, blind –
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O lamb of God, I come. I come.

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

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

Just as I am, of that free love
The breadth, length, depth and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O lamb of God, I come. I come.

Charlotte Elliott

King of My Life
(*Lest I Forget Gethsemane*)

King of my life, I crown Thee now,
Thine shall Thy glory be;
Lest I forget Thy thorn-crowned brow,
Lead me to Calvary.

*Lest I forget Gethsemane,
Lest I forget Thy agony,
Lest I forget Thy love for me,
Lead me to Calvary.*

Show me the tomb where Thou wast laid,
Tenderly mourned and wept:
Angels in robes of light arrayed,
Guarded Thee whilst Thou slept.

Let me, like Mary, through the gloom,
Come with a gift to Thee:
Show to me now the empty tomb,
Lead me to Calvary.

May I be willing, Lord, to bear
Daily my cross for Thee;
Even my cup of grief to share,
Thou hast borne all for me.

Fill me, O Lord, with Thy desire
For all who know not Thee;
Then touch my lips with holy fire,
To speak of Calvary.

Jenny Evelyn Mussey

Lead Us, Heavenly Father, Lead Us

Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee,
Yet possessing every blessing
If our God our Father be.

Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can ever cloy;
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

James Edmeston

Lo! He Comes with Clouds Descending

Lo! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of His train!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Jesus comes, and comes to reign.

Ev'ry eye shall now behold Him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing, deeply wailing, deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

When the solemn trump has sounded,
Heav'n and earth shall flee away;
All who hate Him must, confounded,
Hear the summons of that day –
Come to Judgment! Come to Judgment! Come to judgment!
Come to Judgment, come away!

Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All His saints, by men rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

Yea, Amen! Let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for Thine own!
Oh, come quickly! Oh, come quickly! Oh, come quickly!
Hallelujah! Come, Lord, come!

J. Cennick and C. Wesley

Love Divine, All Loves Excelling

Love divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

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

Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive!

Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave;
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

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

Charles Wesley

Make Me a Channel of Your Peace *(O Master, Grant That I May Never Seek)*

Make me a channel of your peace;
Where there is hatred, let me bring your Love;
Where there is injury, your pardon, Lord;
And where there's doubt, true faith in You.

*O, Master, grant that I may never seek
So much to be consoled, as to console;
To be understood, as to understand;
To be loved, as to love with all my soul...*

Make me a channel of your peace;
Where there's despair in life, let me bring hope;
Where there is darkness, only light;
And where there's sadness, ever joy.

Make me a channel of your peace;
For it is in pardoning that we are pardoned;
In giving to all men that we receive;
And in dying that we are born to eternal life.

Man of Sorrows, What A Name

Man of sorrows, what a name
For the Son of God who came
Ruined sinners to reclaim!
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

Bearing shame and scoffing rude,
In my place condemned He stood;
Sealed my pardon with His blood:
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

Guilty, vile, and helpless we,
Spotless lamb of God was He;
Full atonement, can it be?
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

Lifted up was He to die,
It is finished, was His cry;

Now in heaven exalted high;
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

When He comes, our glorious King,
All His ransomed home to bring;
Then anew this song we'll sing:
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

P.P. Bliss

Marching On in the Light of God
(A Robe of White, A Crown of Gold)

Marching on in the light of God,
Marching on, I'm marching on:
Up the path that the Master trod,
Marching, marching on.

*A robe of white, a crown of gold,
A harp, a home, a mansion fair,
A victor's palm, a joy untold,
Are mine when I get there,
For Jesus is my Saviour, He's washed my sins away,
Paid my debt on Calv'ry's mountain,
Happy in His dying love, singing all the day,
I'm living, yes, I'm living in the Fountain.*

Marching on through the hosts of sin,
Marching on, I'm marching on:
Victory's mine while I've Christ within,
Marching, marching on.

Marching on while the worldlings sneer,
Marching on, I'm marching on:
Perfect love casteth out all fear,
Marching, marching on.

Marching on in the Spirit's might,
Marching on, I'm marching on;
More than conqueror in every fight,
Marching, marching on.

Marching on to the realms above,
Marching on, I'm marching on:
There to sing of redeeming love,
Marching, marching on.

R. Johnson

Master, the Tempest is Raging!
(The Winds and the Waves Shall Obey My Will)

Master, the tempest is raging!
The billows are tossing high!
The sky is o'ershadowed with blackness,
No shelter or help is nigh:
Carest Thou not that we perish?
How canst Thou lie asleep,
When each moment so madly is threatening
A grave in the angry deep?

*The winds and the waves shall obey My will,
Peace... be still!
Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed sea,
Or demons, or men, or whatever it be,
No waters can swallow the ship where lies
The Master of ocean, and earth, and skies,
They all shall sweetly obey My will:
Peace, be still! Peace, be still!
They all shall sweetly obey My will:
Peace, peace, be still!*

Master, with anguish of spirit
I bow in my grief today;
The depths of my sad heart are troubled;
Oh, weaken and save, I pray!
Torrents of sin and of anguish
Sweep o'er my sinking soul;
And I perish! I perish! Dear Master:
Oh hasten, and take control.

Master, the terror is over,
The elements sweetly rest;
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mirrored,
And heaven's within my breast;
Linger, O blessed Redeemer,
Leave me alone no more;
And with joy I shall make the blest harbour,
And rest on the blissful shore.

Mary A. Baker

More About Jesus Would I Know
(More, More About Jesus)

More about Jesus would I know,
More of His grace to others show;
More of His saving fulness see,
More of His love who died for me.

*More, more about Jesus,
More, more about Jesus;
More of His saving fulness see,
More of His love who died for me.*

More about Jesus let me learn,
More of His holy will discern;
Spirit of God, my teacher be,
Showing the things of Christ to me.

More about Jesus, in His Word,
Holding communion with my Lord;
Hearing His voice in very line,
Making each faithful saying mine.

More about Jesus, on His throne,
Riches in glory all His own;
More of His kingdom's sure increase;
More of His coming, Prince of Peace.

E.E. Hewitt

My Faith Has Found a Resting-Place
(I Need No Other Argument)

My faith has found a resting-place,
Not in device nor creed;
I trust the Ever-living One,
His wounds for me shall plead.

*I need no other argument, I need no other plea,
It is enough that Jesus died, and that he died for me.*

Enough for me that Jesus saves,
This ends my fear and doubt;
A sinful soul I come to Him,
He'll never cast me out.

My heart is leaning on the word,
The written word of God,
Salvation by my Saviour's Name,
Salvation through His blood.

My great physician heals the sick,
The lost He came to save:
For me His precious blood He shed,
For me His life He gave.

L.H. Edmonds

My Hope Is Built on Nothing Less
(On Christ, the Solid Rock, I Stand)

My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

*On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.
All other ground is sinking sand.*

When darkness seems to veil His face,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil.

His oath, His covenant, and blood,
Support me in the 'whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

When He shall come with trumpet sound,
Oh, may I then in Him be found;
Dressed in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.

Edward Mote

My Song Is Love Unknown

My song is love unknown;
My Saviour's love to me;
Love to the loveless shown,

That they might lovely be.
O who am I,
That for my sake,
My Lord should take
Frail flesh, and die?

He came from His blest Throne,
Salvation to bestow:
But men made strange, and none
The longed-for Christ would know.
But O my Friend!
My Friend indeed,
Who at my need
His life did spend.

Sometimes they strew His way,
And His sweet praises sing;
Resounding all the day,
Hosannas to their King.
Then: Crucify!
Is all their breath,
And for His death
They thirst and cry.

Why, what hath my Lord done?
What makes this rage and spite?
He made the lame to run,
He gave the blind their sight.
Sweet injuries!
Yet they at these
Themselves displease,
And 'gainst Him rise.

They rise and needs will have
My dear Lord made away;
A murderer they save;
The Prince of life they slay.
Yet cheerful He
To suffering goes,
That He His foes
From thence might free.

In life, no house, no home
My Lord on earth might have;
In death, no friendly tomb
But what a stranger gave.
What may I say?
Heav'n was His home;
But mine the tomb
Wherein He lay.

Here might I stay and sing,
No story so divine;
Never was love, dear King,
Never was grief like Thine.
This is my Friend,
In whose sweet praise
I all my days
Could gladly spend.

S. Crossman

Nearer, Still Nearer

Nearer, still nearer, close to Thy heart,
Draw me, my Saviour, so precious Thou art;
Fold me, O fold me close to Thy breast,
Shelter me safe in that 'Haven of Rest.'
Shelter me safe in that 'Haven of Rest.'

Nearer, still nearer, nothing I bring,
Naught as an offering to Jesus my King;
Only my sinful, now contrite heart,
Grant me the cleansing Thy blood doth impart.
Grant me the cleansing Thy blood doth impart.

Nearer, still nearer, Lord, to be Thine,
Sin, with its follies, I gladly resign;
All of its pleasures, pomp and its pride,
Give me but Jesus my Lord crucified.
Give me but Jesus my Lord crucified.

Nearer, still nearer, while life shall last,
Till all its struggles and trials are past;
Then through eternity, ever I'll be
Nearer, my Saviour, still nearer to Thee.
Nearer, my Saviour, still nearer to Thee.

Mrs. C.H. Morris

O For A Closer Walk with God

O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is that soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

W. Cowper

O God, Our Help in Ages Past

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

Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure:
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

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

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

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

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

Isaac Watts

O Happy Day

O happy day, that fixed my choice,
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

*O happy day (O happy day),
O happy day (O happy day)
When Jesus washed my sins away!
He taught me how (He taught me how),
To watch and pray (to watch and pray)
And live rejoicing every day (Hallelujah!)
Happy day (O happy day),
O happy day (O happy day)
When Jesus washed my sins away!*

'Tis done, the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's and He is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest:
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,

Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

P. Doddridge

O Lord my God! When I in Awesome Wonder
(Then Sings My Soul / How Great Thou Art!)

O Lord my God! When I in awesome wonder
Consider all the works Thy hand hath made
I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder
Thy power throughout the universe displayed.

*Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to Thee;
How great Thou art! How great Thou art!
Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to Thee;
How great Thou art! How great Thou art!*

When through the woods and forest glades I wander
And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees
When I look down from lofty mountain grandeur
And hear the brook, and feel the gentle breeze

And when I think that God, His Son not sparing
Sent Him to die – I scarce can take it in
That on the cross my burden gladly bearing
He bled and died to take away my sin.

When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation
And take me home – what joy shall fill my heart!
Then shall I bow in humble adoration
And there proclaim, my God, how great Thou art!

Stuart K. Hine

O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go

O Love that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in Thee:
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

O Light that follow'st all my way,
I yield my flick'ring torch to Thee:
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

O Joy that sleekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee:
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain,
That morn shall tearless be.

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

George Matheson

O the Deep, Deep Love of Jesus

O the deep, deep love of Jesus,
Vast, unmeasured, boundless, free!
Rolling as a mighty ocean
In its fulness over me.
Underneath me, all around me,
Is the current of Thy love;
Leading onward, leading homeward,
To my glorious rest above.

O the deep, deep love of Jesus,
Spread His praise from shore to shore;
How He loveth, ever loveth,
Changeth never, nevermore;
How He watches o'er His loved ones,
Died to call them all His own;
How for them He intercedeth,
Watcheth o'er them from the throne.

O the deep, deep love of Jesus,
Love of every love the best:
'Tis an ocean vast of blessing,
'Tis a haven sweet of rest.
O the deep, deep love of Jesus,
'Tis a heaven of heavens to me;
And it lifts me up to glory,
For it lifts me up to Thee.

S. Trevor Francis

O What a Saviour That He Died for Me
(Verily, Verily, I Say Unto You)

O what a Saviour that He died for me!
From condemnation He hath made me free;
He that believeth on the Son, saith He,
Hath everlasting life.

*Verily, verily, I say unto you,
Verily, verily, message ever new;
He that believeth on the Son, 'tis true,
Hath everlasting life.*

All my iniquities on Him were laid,
All my indebtedness by Him was paid;
All who believe on Him, the Lord hath said,
Hath everlasting life.

Though poor and needy I can trust my Lord,
Though weak and sinful I believe His word;
O glad message! ev'ry child of God
Hath everlasting life.

Though all unworthy, yet I will not doubt,
For him that cometh, He will not cast out.
He that believeth, O the good news shout,
Hath everlasting life.

Jas. McGranahan

O Worship the Lord in the Beauty of Holiness

O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim;
With gold of obedience and incense of lowliness,
Kneel and adore Him, the Lord is His name.

Low at His feet lay thy burden of carefulness,
High on His heart He will bear it for thee,
Comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy prayerfulness,
Guiding the steps as may best for thee be.

Fear not to enter His courts in the slenderness
Of the poor wealth thou wouldst reckon as thine:
Truth in its beauty and love in its tenderness:
These are the offerings to lay on His shrine.

These, though we bring them in trembling and fearfulness,
He will accept for the name that is dear;
Mornings of joy give for evenings of tearfulness,
Trust for our trembling, and hope for our fear.

O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim;
With gold of obedience and incense of lowliness,
Kneel, and adore Him, the Lord is His name.

J.S.B. Monsell

Oh, For A Thousand Tongues to Sing

Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!
(The triumphs of His grace!)
The triumphs of His grace!
(The triumphs of His grace!)
The triumphs of His grace!

My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of Thy name.
(The honours of Thy name.)
The honours of Thy name.
(The honours of Thy name.)
The honours of Thy name.

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

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

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

Charles Wesley

One Day When Heaven

(Living, He Loved Me, Dying, He Saved Me)

One day when heaven was filled with His praises,
One day when sin was as black as could be,
Jesus came forth to be born of a virgin,
Dwelt amongst men, my example is He!

*Living, He love me; Dying, He saved me;
Buried, He carried my sins far away!
Rising, He justified freely forever:
One day He's coming – oh glorious day!*

One day they led Him up Calvary's mountain,
One day they nailed Him to die on the tree,
Suffering anguish, despised and rejected;
Bearing our sins, my redeemer is He!

One day they left Him alone in the garden,
One day He rested, from suffering free;
Angels came down o'er His tomb to keep vigil;
Hope of the hopeless, my Saviour is He!

One day the grave could conceal Him no longer,
One day the stone rolled away from the door;
Then He arose, over death He had conquered;
Now is ascended, my Lord evermore!

One day the trumpet will sound for His coming,
One day the skies with His glory will shine;
Wonderful day my beloved one's bringing;
Glorious Saviour, this Jesus is mine.

J. Wilbur Chapman

One Sat Alone
(When Jesus Comes)

One sat alone, beside the highway begging,
His eyes were blind, the light he could not see;
He clutched his rags and shivered in the shadows,
Then Jesus came and bade his darkness flee!

*When Jesus comes the tempter's power is broken,
When Jesus comes the tears are wiped away;
He takes the gloom and fills the life with gladness,
For all is changed when Jesus comes to stay!*

From home and friends the evil spirits drove him,
Among the tombs he dwelt in misery;
He cut himself as demon powers possessed him,
Then Jesus came and set the captive free!

Unclean! Unclean! The leper cried in torment,
The deaf, the dumb, this helplessness stood near;
The fever raged, disease had gripped its victim,
Then Jesus came and cast out every fear!

So men today have found the Saviour able,
They could not conquer passion, lust and sin;
Their broken hearts have left them sad and lonely,
Then Jesus comes and dwells Himself within!

Our Lord Is Now Rejected
(Oh, the Crowning Day Is Coming!)

Our Lord is now rejected
And by the world disowned:
By the many still neglected,
And by the few enthroned;
But soon He'll come in glory!
The hour is drawing nigh,
For the crowning day is coming
By and by.

*Oh, the crowning day is coming!
Is coming by and by,
When our Lord shall come in power
And glory from on high!
Oh, the glorious sight will gladden
Each waiting, watchful eye,
In the crowning day that coming
By and by.*

The heav'ns shall glow with splendour;
But brighter far than they,
The saints shall shine in glory,
As Christ shall them array:
The beauty of the Saviour
Shall dazzle ev'ry eye,
In the crowning day that's coming
By and by.

Our pain shall then be over;
We'll sin and sigh no more;
Behind us all of sorrow,
And naught but joy before –
A joy in our Redeemer,

As we to Him are nigh,
In the crowning day that's coming
By and by.

Let all that look for hasten
The coming joyful day
By earnest consecration,
To walk the narrow way;
By gath'ring in the lost ones
For whom our Lord did die,
For the crowning day that's coming
By and by.

El Nathan

Pass Me Not, O Gentle Saviour
(Saviour, Saviour, Hear My Humble Cry)

Pass me not, O gentle Saviour,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

*Saviour, Saviour, hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.*

Let me, at Thy throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.

Trusting only in Thy merit
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.

Thou, the spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me –
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
Whom in heaven but Thee?

Fanny J. Crosby

Peace Like a River
(Precious to Me)

Peace like a river is flooding my soul,
Since Christ, my Saviour, maketh me whole;
Sweet peace abiding my portion shall be –
Jesus, my Saviour, is precious to me.

*Precious to me, precious to me,
Jesus shall ever be precious to me.*

Joy is abounding – my heart gaily sings,
Cleave I the heavens, mount up in wings;
Christ hath exalted, my soul He set free –
Jesus, my Saviour, is precious to me.

Oh precious Jesus, how lovely Thou art!
Come and abiding rule in my heart;
Break ev'ry fetter, Thy face let me see –
Then Thou shalt ever be precious to me.

G.C. Tullar

Praise Him, Praise Him, Jesus Our Blessed Redeemer

Praise Him, praise Him, Jesus our blessed Redeemer,
Sing, O earth, His wonderful love proclaim.
Hail Him! hail Him! highest archangels in glory,
Strength and honour give to His holy name.
Like a shepherd, Jesus will guard His children,
In His arms He carries them all day long.
O ye saints that dwell in the mountain of Zion,
Praise Him! praise Him! ever in joyful song.

Praise Him, praise Him, Jesus our blessed Redeemer,
For our sins He suffered and bled and died;
He, our rock, our hope of eternal salvation,
Hail Him! hail Him! Jesus the Crucified.
Loving Saviour, meekly enduring sorrow,
Crowned with thorns that cruelly pierced His brow;
Once for us rejected, despised and forsaken,
Prince of Glory, ever triumphant now.

Praise Him, praise Him, Jesus our blessed Redeemer,
Heavenly portals loud with hosannas ring;
Jesus, Saviour, reigneth for ever and ever,
Crown Him, crown Him, Prophet and Priest and King!
Death is vanquished! Tell it with joy, ye faithful,
Where is now thy victory, boasting grave?
Jesus lives! No longer thy portals are cheerless,
Jesus loves, the mighty and strong to save.

Fanny J. Crosby

Redeemed, How I Love to Proclaim it
(Redeemed, Redeemed)

Redeemed, how I love to proclaim it,
Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;
Redeemed through His infinite mercy,
His child and forever I am.

Redeemed... (Redeemed), Redeemed... (Redeemed)
Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb,
Redeemed... (Redeemed), Redeemed... (Redeemed)
His child and forever I am.

Redeemed and so happy in Jesus,
No language my rapture can tell;
I know that the light of His presence
With me doth continually dwell.

I think of my blessed Redeemer,
I think of Him all the day long;
I sing, for I cannot be silent,
His love is the theme of my song.

I know I shall see in His beauty,
The King in whose law I delight;
Who lovingly guardeth my footsteps,
And giveth me songs in the night.

I know there's a crown that is waiting
In yonder bright mansion for me;
And soon with the spirits made perfect,
At home with the Lord I shall be.

Fanny J. Crosby

Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

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

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace:
Foul I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

A.M. Toplady

Seek Ye First
(Alleluia; Alleluia)

Seek ye first the kingdom of God,
And His righteousness;
And all these things shall be added unto you,
Allelu, Alleluia.

Alleluia; Alleluia; Alleluia; Allelu, Alleluia.

Man shall not live by bread alone,
But by every word
That proceeds from the mouth of God,
Allelu, Alleluia.

Ask and it shall be given unto you,
Seek and ye shall find;
Knock and it shall be opened unto you,
Allelu, Alleluia.

Shalom, Shalom

Shalom, shalom, shalom, shalom.
Peace I give unto you; my peace I give unto you;
Not as the world giveth, give I to you.
Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.

Shalom, shalom, shalom, shalom.
I am the Way, the Truth and the Life,
No one comes to the Father but by me.
Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.

Shalom, shalom, shalom, shalom.
But my God shall supply all your need
According to His riches in glory.
Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.

Since Christ My Soul from Sin Set Free
(O Hallelujah, Yes, 'Tis Heav'n)

Since Christ my soul from sin set free,
This world has been a heav'n to me;
And 'mid earth's sorrow and its woe,
'Tis heav'n my Jesus here to know.

*O hallelujah, yes, 'tis heav'n,
'Tis heav'n to know my sins forgiven;
On land or sea, what matters where,
Where Jesus is, 'tis heaven there.*

Once heaven seemed a far-off place,
Till Jesus showed His smiling face;
Now it's begun within my soul,
'Twill last whole endless ages roll.

What matters where on earth we dwell?
On mountain top, or in the dell?
In cottage, or in mansion fair,
Where Jesus is, 'tis heaven there.

C.F. Butler

Sing the Wondrous Love of Jesus
(When We All Get to Heaven)

Sing the wondrous love of Jesus,
Sing His mercy and His grace;
In the mansions, bright and blessed,
He'll prepare for us a place.

*When we all (when we all) get to heaven,
What a day of rejoicing that will be! (that will be!)*
*When we all (when we all) see Jesus,
We'll sing and shout the victory!*

While we walk the pilgrim pathway,
Clouds will overspread the sky;
But when trav'ling days are over,
Not a shadow, not a sigh.

Let us, then, be true and faithful,
Trusting, serving every day;
Just one glimpse of Him in glory,
Will the toils of life repay.

Onward to the prize before us!
Soon His beauty we'll behold;
Soon the pearly gates will open,
We shall tread the streets of gold.

E.E. Hewitt

Softly and Tenderly Jesus is calling
(Come Home, Come Home)

Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling,
Calling for you and for me;
See, on the portals He's waiting and watching,
Watching for you and for me.

*Come home, come home,
Ye who are weary, come home,
Earnestly, tenderly Jesus is calling,
Calling, O sinner, come home!*

Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading,
Pleading for you and for me?
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies,
Mercies for you and for me?

Time is now fleeing, the moments are passing,
Passing from you and from me?
Shadows are gathering, deathbeds are coming,
Coming for you and for me.

Oh for the wonderful love He has promised,
Promised for you and for me;
Though we have sinned He has mercy and pardon,
Pardon for you and for me.

Will L. Thompson

Some Folks May Ask Me
(He Is My Everything)

*He is my everything, He is my all,
He is my everything, both great and small,
He gave His life for me, made everything new,
He is my everything; now how about you?*

Some folks may ask me, some folks may say,
Who is this Jesus you talk about every day?
He is my Saviour, He set me free;
Now listen while I tell you what He means to me.

How oft I'm tempted but praise the Lord,
In the name of Jesus through His Holy Word;

I'm more than conqueror, I've Jesus within,
I'm living in victory, over Satan and sin.

He fills my soul with joy each passing day,
He thrills me through and through, along life's way,
Anoints my head with oil, my cup o'erflows;
Before I call in prayer, my Jesus, He knows.

From earth to heaven, He's all I need,
My breath, my sunshine, my friend indeed,
My joy, my peace, my life, eternity through,
He is my everything; now how about you?

Standing on the Promises of Christ My King
(*Standing, Standing, Standing on the Promises*)

Standing on the promises of Christ my King,
Through eternal ages let His praises ring;
Glory in the highest, I will shout and sing,
Standing on the promises of God.

*Standing, standing, standing on the promises of God my Saviour;
Standing, standing, I'm standing on the promises of God.*

Standing on the promises that cannot fail,
When the howling storms of doubt and fear assail,
By the living word of God I shall prevail,
Standing on the promises of God.

Standing on the promises I now can see
Perfect, present cleansing in the blood for me;
Standing in the liberty where Christ makes free,
Standing on the promises of God.

Standing on the promises of Christ the Lord,
Bound to Him eternally by love's strong cord,
Overcoming daily with the Spirit's sword,
Standing on the promises of God.

Standing on the promises I cannot fall,
Listening every moment to the Spirit's call,
Resting in my Saviour as my All in all,
Standing on the promises of God.

Take My Life, And Let It be

Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love;
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

Take my voice and let me sing
Always, only, for my King;
Take my lips and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

Take my will and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine:
Take my heart, it is Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only all for Thee.

F.R. Havergal

Take Time to Be Holy

Take time to be holy, speak oft with thy Lord;
Abide in Him always, and feed on His Word;
Make friends of God's children, help those who are weak;
Forgetting in nothing His blessing to seek.

Take time to be holy, the world rushes on;
Spend much time in secret with Jesus alone –
By looking to Jesus, like Him thou shalt be;
Thy friends in thy conduct His likeness shall see.

Take time to be holy, let Him be thy Guide;
And run not before Him, whatever betide;
In joy or in sorrow still follow thy Lord,
And, looking to Jesus, still trust in His word.

Take time to be holy, be calm in thy soul;
Each thought and each temper beneath His control:
Thus led by His Spirit to fountains of love,
Thou soon shalt be fitted for service above.

W.D. Longstaff

Teach Me Thy Way, O Lord

Teach me Thy way, O Lord,
Teach me Thy way!
Thy gracious aid afford,
Teach me Thy way!
Help me to walk aright,
More by faith, less by sight;
Lead me with heavenly light:
Teach me Thy way.

When doubts and fears arise,
Teach me Thy way!
When storms o'erspread the skies,
Teach me Thy way!
Shine Through the cloud and rain,
Through sorrow, toil, and pain;
Make Thou my pathway plain:
Teach me Thy way!

Long as my life shall last,
Teach me Thy way!
Where'er my lot be cast,
Teach me Thy way!
Until the race is run,
Until the journey's done,
Until the crown is won,
Teach me Thy way!

B.M. Ramsay

Tell Me the Old, Old Story

Tell me the old, old story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child;
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in –
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often
For I forget so soon!
The 'early dew' of morning
Has passed away at noon.

Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones, and grave;
Remember! I'm the sinner,
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me the story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble
A comforter to me.

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

Kate Hankey

Tell Me the Stories of Jesus

Tell me the stories of Jesus
I love to hear;
Things I would ask Him to tell me
If He were here;
Scenes by the wayside,
Tales of the sea;

Stories of Jesus,
Tell them to me.

First let me hear how the children
Stood round His knee;
And I shall fancy His blessing
Resting on me;
Words full of kindness,
Deeds full of grace,
All in the lovelight
Of Jesus' face.

Into the city I'd follow
The children's band,
Waving a branch of the palm-tree
High in my hand;
One of His heralds,
Yes, I would sing
Loudest Hosannas!
Jesus is King!

Tell me, in accents of wonder,
How rolled the sea,
Tossing the boat in a tempest
On Galilee!
And how the Master,
Ready and kind,
Chided the billows
And hushed the wind.

Tell how the sparrow that twitters
On yonder tree,
And the sweet meadow-side lily
May speak to me –
Give me their message,
For I would hear
How Jesus taught us
Our Father's care.

Show me that scene in the garden,
Of bitter pain;
And of the cross where my Saviour
For me was slain –
Sad ones or bright ones,
So that they be
Stories of Jesus,
Tell them to me.

The Church's One Foundation

The Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is His new creation
By water and the word;
From heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy bride;
With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth,
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore oppressed,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distressed,
Yet saints their watch are keeping
Their cry goes up, 'How long?'
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

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

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

Samuel John Stone

The Day Thou Gavest

The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended;
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank Thee that Thy church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord! Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
Thy kingdom stands and grows for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

John Ellerton

The Head That Once Was Crowned with Thorns *(He Lives, [I Know He Lives],)*

The head that once was crowned with thorns,
Is crowned with glory now;
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.
The mighty Victor's brow.

He lives... (I know He lives)
He lives... ([in my heart] I know He lives);
I know that my Redeemer lives!
He lives... (I know He lives)
He lives... ([in my heart] I know He lives);
I know that my Redeemer lives!

The highest place that heaven affords,
Is His by sov'reign right;
Is His by sov'reign right;
The King of kings, the Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal Light.
And heaven's eternal Light.

The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know.
And grants His name to know.

To them, the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace is given;
With all its grace is given;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy, the joy of heaven.
Their joy, the joy of heaven.

The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him;
Though shame and death to Him;
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.
Their everlasting theme.

T. Kelly

The King of Love my Shepherd Is

The King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His,
And He is mine forever.

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

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home rejoicing brought me.

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

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

Henry W. Baker

The Law of the Lord is Perfect
(More to Be Desired Are They Than Gold)

The law of the Lord is perfect,
Converting the soul;
The testimony of the Lord is sure,
Making wise the simple;

*More to be desired are they than gold;
Yea, than much fine gold;
Sweeter also than honey, and the honeycomb.
Moreover by them is Thy servant warned,
And in keeping of them there is great reward;
More to be desired are they than gold.*

The statutes of the Lord are right,
Rejoicing the heart;
The commandment of the Lord is pure,
Enlightening the eyes.

The fear of the Lord is clean,
Enduring forever;
The Judgements of the Lord are true,
And righteous altogether.

*Let the words of my mouth,
And the meditation of my heart,
Be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord.*

The Lord's my Shepherd
(original version)

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

My soul He doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,

E'en for His own name's sake.

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

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

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

Whittingham and Rous

The Lord's my Shepherd
(And I Will Trust in You Alone)

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want;
He makes me lie in pastures green.
He leads me by the still, still waters,
His goodness restores my soul.

*And I will trust in you alone (I will trust in you alone),
And I will trust in You alone (I will trust in you alone),
For your endless mercy follows me,
Your goodness will lead me home.*

He guides my ways in righteousness,
And He anoints my head with oil,
And my cup, it overflows with joy,
I feast on His pure delights.

And though I walk the darkest path,
I will not fear the evil one,
For you are with me, and Your rod and staff
Are the comfort I need to know.

Stuart Townend

There Is a Fountain Filled with Blood

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

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

And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

I do believe, I will believe,
That Jesus died for me!
That on the cross He shed His blood,
From sin to set me free.
From sin to set me free.
From sin to set me free.
That on the cross He shed His blood,
From sin to set me free.

Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.
Be saved to sin no more.
Be saved to sin no more.
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.
And shall be till I die.
And shall be till I die.
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

William Cowper

There Is a Green Hill Far Away

There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

O dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

Mrs. C.F. Alexander

There Is a Land of Pure Delight
(We're Feeding on the Living Bread)

There is a land of pure delight
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

*We're feeding on the living Bread,
We're drinking at the fountain-head:
And whoso drinketh, Jesus said,
Shall never, never thirst again.
What! never thirst again? No, never thirst again!
What! never thirst again? No, never thirst again!
And whoso drinketh, Jesus said,
Shall never, never thirst again!*

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

O could we make our doubts remove
Those gloomy thoughts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unobscured eyes.

Could we but climb where Moses stood
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

Isaac Watts

There Is a Name I love to Hear
(Oh! How I Love the Saviour's Name)

There is a name I love to hear,
I love to sing its worth,
It sounds like music in mine ear,
The sweetest name on earth.

*Oh! How I love the Saviour's name (x3)
The sweetest name on earth.*

It tells me of a Saviour's love,
Who died to set me free,
It tells me of His precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.

It bids my trembling soul rejoice,
And dries each rising tear;
It tells me in a still small voice,
To trust and never fear.

Jesus the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear,
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.

This name shall shed its fragrance still
Along this thorny road,
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
That leads me up to God.

And there, with all the blood-bought throng,
From sin and sorrow free,
I'll sing the new eternal song
Of Jesus' love to me.

Frederick Whitfield

There is a Place of Quiet Rest
(*O Jesus, Blest Redeemer*)

There is a place of quiet rest,
Near to the heart of God;
A place where sin cannot molest,
Near to the heart of God.

*O Jesus, blest Redeemer,
Sent from the heart of God;
Hold us, who wait before Thee,
Near to the heart of God.*

There is a place of comfort sweet,
Near to the heart of God;
A place where we our Saviour meet,
Near to the heart of God.

There is a place of full release,
Near to the heart of God;
A place where all is joy and peace,
Near to the heart of God.

There Is No Love Like the Love of Jesus
(*Jesus' Love, Precious Love*)

There is no love like the love of Jesus –
Never to fade or fall,
Till into the fold of the peace of God
He has gathered us all.

*Jesus' love, precious love,
Boundless and pure and free;
Oh, turn to that love, weary wandering soul:
Jesus pleadeth with thee!*

There is no eye like the eye of Jesus,
Piercing so far away;
Ne'er out of the sight of its tender light
Can the wanderer stray.

There is no voice like the voice of Jesus,
Tender and sweet its chime,
Like musical ring of a flowing spring
In the bright summer time.

There is no heart like the heart of Jesus,
Filled with a tender love;
No throb nor throe that our hearts can know,
But He feels it above.

W.E. Littlewood

There Shall Be Showers of Blessing
(*Showers of Blessing*)

There shall be showers of blessing:
This is the promise of love;
There shall be seasons refreshing,
Sent from the Saviour above.

*Showers of blessing,
Showers of blessing we need;
Mercy drops round us are falling,
But for the showers we plead.*

There shall be showers of blessing –
Precious reviving again;
Over the hills and the valleys,
Sound of abundance of rain.

There shall be showers of blessing:
Send them upon us, O Lord!
Grant to us now a refreshing;
Come, and now honour Thy Word.

There shall be showers of blessing,
Oh, that to-day they might fall,
Now, as to God, we're confessing,
Now as on Jesus we call!

There shall be showers of blessing,
If we but trust and obey;
There shall be seasons refreshing,
If we let God have His way.

El Nathan

Thine Be the Glory

Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son,
Endless is the victory Thou o'er death hast won;
Angels in bright raiment rolled the stone away,
Kept the folded grave clothes where Thy body lay.

*Thine by the glory,
risen, conquering Son,
Endless is the victory
Thou o'er death hast won.*

Lo! Jesus meets us, risen from the tomb;
Lovingly He greets us, scatters fear and gloom;
Let the Church with gladness, hymns of triumph sing,
For her Lord now liveth, death hath lost its sting.

No more we doubt Thee, glorious Prince of life;
Life is nought without Thee; aid us in our strife:
Make us more than conquerors through Thy deathless love:
Bring us safe through Jordan to Thy home above.

E.L. Budry

To God Be the Glory, Great Things He Hath Done
(Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord)

To God be the glory, great things He hath done,
So loved He the world that He gave us His Son,
Who yielded His life an atonement for sin,
And opened the Life Gate that all may go in.

*Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, let the earth hear His voice,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, let the people rejoice!
O come to the Father through Jesus the Son,
And give Him the glory, great things He hath done.*

O perfect redemption, the purchase of blood,
To every believer the promise of God;
The vilest offender who truly believes,
That moment from Jesus a pardon receives.

Great things He hath taught us, great things He hath done,
And great our rejoicing though Jesus the Son;
But purer and higher and greater will be
Our wonder, our transport when Jesus we see.

Fanny J. Crosby

What a Fellowship, What a Joy Divine
(Leaning on the Everlasting Arms)

What a fellowship, what a joy divine,
Leaning on the everlasting arms;
What a blessedness, what a peace is mine,
Leaning on the everlasting arms.

*Leaning, leaning, safe and secure from all alarms;
Leaning, leaning, leaning on the everlasting arms.*

Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way,
Leaning on the everlasting arms;
Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
Leaning on the everlasting arms.

What have I to dread, what have I to fear,
Leaning on the everlasting arms;
I have blessed peace with my Lord so near,
Leaning on the everlasting arms.

E.A. Hoffman

What A Friend We Have in Jesus

What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Ev'rything to God in prayer.
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear –
All because we do not carry
Ev'rything to God in prayer.

Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?

We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a Friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our ev'ry weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

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

Joseph Scriven

What a Wonderful Change in My Life Has Been Wrought
(Since Jesus Came into My Heart)

What a wonderful change in my life has been wrought
Since Jesus came into my heart!
I have light in my soul which so long I had sought,
Since Jesus came into my heart!

*Since Jesus came into my heart,
Since Jesus came into my heart,
Floods of joy o'er my soul like the sea billows roll,
Since Jesus came into my heart!*

I have ceased from my wand'ring and going astray,
Since Jesus came into my heart!
And my sins which were many are all washed away
Since Jesus came into my heart!

I'm possessed of a hope that is steadfast and sure
Since Jesus came into my heart!
And no dark clouds of doubt now my pathway obscure,
Since Jesus came into my heart!

There's a light in the valley of death now for me,
Since Jesus came into my heart!
And the gates of the City beyond I can see
Since Jesus came into my heart!

I shall go there to dwell in that City I know,
Since Jesus came into my heart!
And I'm happy, so happy as onward I go,
Since Jesus came into my heart!

R.H. McDaniel

What Can Wash Away My Stain?
(Oh, Precious is the Flow)

What can wash away my stain?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus,
What can make me whole again?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

*Oh, precious is the flow that makes me white as snow;
No other fount I know, nothing but the blood of Jesus.*

For my cleansing this I see –
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
For my pardon this my plea –
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Nothing can for sin atone,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus:
Nought of good that I have done,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

This is all my hope and peace –
Nothing but the blood of Jesus:
He is all my righteousness –
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Now by this I overcome:
Nothing but the blood of Jesus:
Now by this I'll reach my home:
Nothing but the blood of Jesus!

R. Lowry

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts

When Peace, Like a River
(It Is Well with My Soul)

When peace, like a river attendeth my way,
When sorrows, like sea-billows roll,
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to know,
It is well, it is well with my soul.

*It is well (it is well), with my soul (with my soul),
It is well, it is well, with my soul.*

Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,
Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate,
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.

My sin – oh the bliss of this glorious thought –
My sin – not in part, but the whole
Is nailed to His cross, and I bear it no more;
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh my soul.

For me, be it Christ, be it Christ hence to live,
If Jordan above me shall roll,
No pang shall be mine, for in death as in life
Thou shalt whisper Thy peace to my soul.

And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend
A song in in the night, oh my soul!

Horatio Spafford

When the Trumpet of the Lord Shall Sound
(When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder)

When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound,
And time shall be no more,
And the morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair;
When the saved of earth shall gather
Over on the other shore,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

*When the roll... (when the roll) is called up yonder,
When the roll... (when the roll) is called up yonder,
When the roll... (when the roll) is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.*

On that bright and cloudless morning,
When the dead in Christ shall rise,
And the glory of His resurrection share:
When His chosen ones shall gather
To their home beyond the skies,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

Let us labour for the Master
From the dawn till setting sun,
Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care,
Then, when all of life is over,
And our work on earth is done,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

J.M. Black

When Upon Life's Billows You Are Tempest Tossed
(Count Your Blessings, Name Them One by One)

When upon life's billows you are tempest -tossed,
When you are discouraged, thinking all is lost,
Count your many blessings, name them one by one,
And it will surprise you what the Lord hath done.

Count your blessings, name them one by one,
Count your blessings, see what God hath done;
Count your blessings, name them one by one,
And it will surprise you what the Lord hath done.

Are you ever burdened with a load of care?
Does the cross seem heavy you are called to bear?
Count your many blessings, every doubt will fly,
And you will be singing as the days go by.

When you look at others with their lands and gold,
Think that Christ has promised you His wealth untold,
Count your many blessings, money cannot buy
Your reward in heaven, nor your home on high.

So amid the conflict, whether great or small,
Do not be discouraged, God is over all,
Count your many blessings, angels will attend,
Help and comfort give you to your journey's end.

Johnson Oatman, Jr.

When We Walk with the Lord
(Trust and Obey)

When we walk with the Lord,
In the light of His word,
What a glory He sheds on our way!
While we do His good will
He abides with us still,
And with all who will trust and obey.

*Trust and obey! For there's no other way
To be happy in Jesus, but to trust and obey.*

Not a shadow can rise,
Not a cloud in the skies,
But His smile quickly drives it away;
Not a doubt nor a fear,
Not a sigh nor a tear
Can abide while we trust and obey.

Not a burden we bear,
Not a sorrow we share,
But our toil He doth richly repay;
Not a grief nor a loss,
Not a frown nor a cross,
But is blest if we trust and obey.

But we never can prove
The delights of His love,
Until all on the altar we lay,
For the favour He shows
And the joy He bestows
Are for them who will trust and obey.

Then in fellowship sweet
We will sit at His feet,
Or we'll walk by His side in the way;
What He says we will do,
Where He sends we will go,
Never fear, only trust and obey.

J.H. Sammis

Who Can Cheer the Heart Like Jesus?
(All That Thrills My Soul Is Jesus)

Who can cheer the heart like Jesus,
By His presence all divine?
True and tender, pure and precious,
O how blest to call Him mine!

*All that thrills my soul is Jesus; He is more than life to me;
And the fairest of ten thousand, in my blessed Lord I see.*

Love of Christ so freely given,
Grace of God beyond degree,
Mercy higher than the heaven,
Deeper than the deepest sea.

What a wonderful redemption!
Never can a mortal know
How my sin, though red as crimson,
Can be whiter than the snow.

Ev'ry need His hand supplying,
Ev'ry good in Him I see;
On His strength divine relying,
He is all in all to me.

By the crystal-flowing river
With the ransomed I will sing,
And for ever and for ever
Praise and glorify the King.

Thoro Harris

Who Is He in Yonder Stall?

Who is He in yonder stall,
At whose feet the shepherds fall?

*'Tis the Lord! O wondrous story!
'Tis the lord, the King of Glory!
At His feet we humbly fall –
Crown Him! crown Him Lord of all!*

Who is He in deep distress,
Fasting in the wilderness?

Who is He the people bless
For His words of gentleness?

Who is He to whom they bring
All the sick and sorrowing?

Who is He who stands and weeps
At the grave where Lazarus sleeps?

Who is He the gathering throng
Greet with loud triumphant song?

Lo, at midnight, who is He
Prays in dark Gethsemane?

Who is He on yonder tree
Dies in grief and agony?

Who is He who from the grave
Comes to succour, help, and save?

Who is He who from His throne
Rules through all the worlds alone?

Will Your Anchor Hold?

(We Have an Anchor that Keeps the Soul)

Will your anchor hold in the storms of life?
When the clouds unfold their wings of strife?
When the strong tides lift and the cables strain,
Will your anchor drift, or firm remain?

*We have an anchor that keeps the soul
Steadfast and sure while the billows roll:
Fastened to the Rock which cannot move,
Grounded firm and deep in the Saviour's love!*

It is safely moored, 'twill the storm withstand,
For 'tis well secured by the Saviour's hand;
And the cables passed from His heart to mine,
Can defy the blast, through strength divine.

It will firmly hold in the straits of fear,
When the breakers have told the reef is near,
Though the tempest rave and the wild winds blow,
Not an angry wave shall our bark o'erflow.

It will surely hold in the floods of death,
When the waters cold, chill our latest breath,
On the rising tide it can never fail,
While our hopes abide within the veil!

When our eyes behold, through the gathering night
The city of gold, our harbour bright,
We shall anchor fast by the heavenly shore.
With the storm all past for evermore.

Priscilla J. Owens

Would You Be Free

(There is Power)

Would you be free from your burden of sin?
There's power in the blood, power in the blood;
Would you o'er evil a victory win?
There's wonderful power in the blood.

*There is power (power) power (power), wonder-working power
In the blood (in the blood) of the Lamb (of the Lamb)
There is power (power) power (power) wonder-working power
In the precious blood of the Lamb.*

Would you be free from your passion and pride?
There's power in the blood, power in the blood;
Come for a cleansing to Calvary's tide,
There's wonderful power in the blood.

Would you be whiter, much whiter than snow?
There's power in the blood, power in the blood;
Sin stains are lost in its life-giving flow,

There's wonderful power in the blood.

Would you do service for Jesus your King?
There's power in the blood, power in the blood;
Would you live daily His praises to sing?
There's wonderful power in the blood.

L.E. Jones

Wounded for Me

Wounded for me, wounded for me,
There on the cross He was wounded for me;
Gone my transgressions and now I am free,
All because Jesus was wounded for me.

Risen for me, risen for me,
Up from the grave He has risen for me;
Now evermore from death's sting I am free,
All because Jesus has risen for me.

Living for me, living for me,
There on the Throne He is living for me;
Saved to the uttermost now I shall be,
All because Jesus is living for me.

Coming for me, coming for me,
One day to earth He is coming for me;
Then with what joy His dear face I shall see,
Oh, how I praise Him – He's coming for me.

G.W.R

Years I Spent in Vanity and Pride

(Mercy There was Great, and Grace was Free)

Years I spent in vanity and pride,
Caring not my Lord was crucified,
Knowing not for me it was He died,
On Calvary.

*Mercy there was great, and grace was free,
Pardon there was multiplied to me,
There my burdened soul found liberty, at Calvary.*

By God's Word at last my sin I learned,
Then I trembled at the law I'd spurned,
Till my guilty soul, imploring turned,
To Calvary.

Now I've given to Jesus everything,
Now I gladly own Him as my King,
Now my raptured soul can only sing,
Of Calvary.

Oh! The love that drew salvation's plan,
Oh! The grace that brought it down to man,
Oh! The mighty gulf that God did span
At Calvary.

Wm. R. Newell

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