1 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.

2 Saviour, grant forgiveness to us
All our weakness thou dost know,
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Often lonely, faint and weary,
Through the desert thou didst go.

3 May Thy gracious love unending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
Love with wisdom ever blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy:
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.
1 Lord, teach us how to pray aright,
   With rev'rence and with fear;
   Though dust and ashes in Thy sight,
   We may, we must draw near.

2 We perish if we cease from prayer;
   O grant us power to pray;
   And when to meet Thee we prepare,
   Lord, meet us by the way.

3 God of all grace, we come to Thee,
   With broken, contrite hearts;
   Gift that Thine eye delights to see,
   Faith in the inward parts.
1 Lord, impart to us Thy wisdom,
   Zeal and strength and courage too;
Let Thy grace and help be near us,
In all things whate'er we do.
   May Thy blessing,
   May Thy blessing
Keep our every action true,
Keep our every action true.

2 Be Thou, Lord, our strong salvation,
   As through life we onward go;
Thus to hear the Gospel message,
And its saving power to know.
   Christ our Saviour,
   Christ our Saviour,
Help us, Lord, in him to grow,
Help us, Lord, in him to grow.

3 When Thy Kingdom is established
   And Thy Son we there shall see,
May we find a place of blessing
And with him for ever be:
   Hymns of praises,
   Hymns of praises
We will ever sing to Thee,
We will ever sing to Thee.
1 Lord of all being, throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each seeking heart how near!

2 Sun of our life, Thy quick’ning ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn,
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn,
Our rainbow arch, Thy mercy’s sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.

4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before Thy ever glorious throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
Lit by Thy word with heavenly flame,
Whose glow shall glorify Thy name.
1 Lord of all being, throned afar,
   Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
   Yet to each seeking heart how near!

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   Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before Thy ever glorious throne
   We ask no lustre of our own.

5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
   And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
Lit by Thy word with heavenly flame,
   Whose glow shall glorify Thy name.
1 Lord, when we bend before Thy throne,
   And our confessions pour,
   Teach us to feel the sins we own,
   And hate what we deplore.

2 Our broken spirits pitying see,
   And penitence impart;
   Then let a kindling glance from Thee
   Beam hope upon the heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer
   May we our wills resign,
   And not a thought our bosoms share
   Which is not wholly Thine.

4 Let faith each weak petition fill,
   And waft it to the skies;
   And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
   That grants it or denies.
1 Lord, when we meet to worship Thee
   Before us let Thy glory pass:
   Proclaim Thy mercy rich and free;
   In Jesus may we see Thy face.

2 Help us to bow with reverent awe,
    And yet to praise with grateful love;
    To fear, with all our hearts, Thy law,
    And yet Thy tender mercy prove.

3 Thy throne—although it is so high,
    We know to be a throne of grace:
    In confidence we now draw nigh,
    And worship at the meeting place.

4 O, meet with us; reveal Thy power;
    Send down Thy blessing from above;
    That, in this peaceful, solemn hour,
    We each may feel Thy wondrous love.
1 Lord, who hast set our mortal feet
   On life's uncertain way,
To Thee, in fellowship of need,
   We lift our hearts today.

2 Whene'er we walk in Thy clear light
   We journey unafraid;
Yet often do we miss the gleam,
   And wander in the shade.

3 If some who tread life's path with us
   Are burdened and oppressed,
Help us to share with them Thy gifts
   Of courage and of rest.

4 O Thou, who know'st the path we take,
   Who seest how oft we roam,
Reveal Thyself, the Living Way,
   And guide all travellers home.
1 Lord, who Thyself hast bidden us to pray
For daily bread,
We ask Thee but for grace and strength this day
Our path to tread.

2 Not for tomorrow, its uncharted road,
    Shall be our prayer;
Sufficient for each day our daily load,
    Thy daily care.

3 Thine is the burden of the coming years;
    Their weal or woe,
Their joys and griefs, their laughter and their tears
    We would not know.

4 We could not bear to hear complete the tale,
    If it were told;
Enough to know Thy mercies cannot fail,
    Nor love grow cold.

5 So day by day Thy never-failing love
    Our soul shall stay;
So let us be content Thy love to prove,
    Each passing day.

Words and Music: G. W. Briggs (1875-1959) by permission of Oxford University Press
1 My God, my Father, make me strong,  
When tasks of life seem hard and long,  
To greet them with this triumph-song:  
Thy will be done.

2 Draw from my timid eyes the veil,  
To show, where earthly forces fail,  
Thy power and love must still prevail,  
Thy will be done.

3 With confident and humble mind,  
Freedom in service I would find,  
Praying through every toil assigned,  
Thy will be done.

4 Things deemed impossible I dare,  
Thine is the call and Thine the care;  
Thy wisdom shall the way prepare;  
Thy will be done.

5 Thine is the power around me now,  
Faithful I stand in will and vow;  
I conquer—yet not I, but Thou;  
Thy will be done.
BURFORD C.M.

1 O God of Bethel, by whose hand
   Thy people still are fed,
   Who through this weary pilgrimage
   Hast all the fathers led:

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
   Before Thy throne of grace;
   God of the fathers, be the God
   Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
   Our wandering footsteps guide;
   Give us each day our daily bread,
   And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread Thy covering wings around,
   Till all our wanderings cease,
   And in the Father’s house of prayer,
   Redeemed, we rest in peace.
1 O Lord above, look down in love
Thy children now to bless;
That we in holy fear of Thee
May walk in righteousness

2 One Lord, one faith, one Spirit word,
   One high and holy call;
One God and Father, Thou who art
   Through all and in us all.

3 What wondrous harmony divine!
   O Lord, our zeal increase
To keep united, strong in faith,
   Within the bond of peace.

This hymn is also suitable for weddings
1 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.

2 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 thy steps as may best for thee be.

3 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.

4 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.
1 Our Father, hear as now we pray
   And come to bow before Thy throne.
   We long to praise Thee every day,
   For Thou art King, and Thou alone.

2 We pray that soon Thy Son shall reign,
   That all the earth Thy name shall praise,
   The world be cleansed of death and pain,
   And every man shall know Thy ways.

3 We pray that we may serve Thee well,
   And run with patience life's great race,
   That in Thy Kingdom we might dwell
   Made welcome there through Thy good grace.
OUR FATHER

\[ f = 60 \]

Our Father which art in hea\'n, Hallow\'ed be Thy name. Thy kin\'-dom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in hea\'n. Give us this day our dai\-ly bread, and forgiv\'e us our tres passes, as we forgiv\'e them that tres- pass a\'-gainst us, and
lead us not into temptation.
but deliver us from evil, For Thine is the
kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and
ever and ever, Amen.
1 Our heavenly Father, hear
  The prayer we offer now;
Thy name be hallowed far and near;
    To Thee all nations bow.

2 Thy kingdom come: Thy will
  On earth be done in love,
As angels quick with love fulfil
    Thy perfect law above.

3 Our daily bread supply
  While by Thy word we live:
The guilt of our iniquity
    Forgive, as we forgive.

4 From dark temptation's power,
  From fleshly lusts, defend:
Deliver in the evil hour,
    And guide us to the end.

5 Thine, then, for ever be
  All glory, power divine;
The sceptre, throne, and majesty
    Of heaven and earth are Thine.
1 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.

2 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.

3 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.
1 Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

2 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.

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Always, only, for my King;
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Filled with messages from Thee.

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

5 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.

6 Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure store:
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.
1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,  
    Uttered or unexpressed;  
The motion of a hidden fire  
    That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
    That infant lips can try;  
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach  
    The Majesty on high.

3 The saints in prayer appear as one  
    In word, in deed, and mind,  
While with the Father and the Son  
    Sweet fellowship they find.

4 O Thou by whom we come to God,  
    The Life, the Truth, the Way,  
The path of prayer Thyself hath trod,  
    Lord, teach us how to pray.
1 Teach me Thy Way, O Lord; teach me Thy Way;
    Thy guiding grace 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.

2 When I am sad at heart, teach me Thy Way;
    When earthly joys depart, teach me Thy Way;
    In hours of loneliness, in times of dire distress,
    In failure or success, teach me Thy Way.

3 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.

4 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.
THE LORD BLESS THEE

\[ \text{\textit{d} = 60} \]

The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the

Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be

cresc.

gracious unto thee; The Lord lift up His

dim.

countenance upon thee and give thee peace.

This and the following anthem may be sung together if desired
BLESSED BE JEHovaH

Bless - èd, bless - èd be Je - ho - vah,

Is - rael's God, to all e - ter - ni - ty.

Let all the peo - ple say A - men.

A - men. Praise to the Lord give ye.
THE LORD IS IN HIS HOLY TEMPLE

The Lord is in His holy temple, the

Lord is in His holy temple; Let all the

earth keep silence before Him, Let all the earth keep

silence before Him, keep silence before Him.
1 Though by sorrows overtaken,
   Lord, Thy servants seem forsaken,
   Thy Almighty hand, we know,
   Blendeth love with all our woe.

2 Over earth, and over ocean,
   Claiming mortal man's devotion,
   Round the living and the dead,
   Lord, Thy boundless love is shed.

3 All to death in this world hasteth;
   Riches vanish, beauty wasteth—
   Yet within Thy servant's breast
   Love is an undying guest.

4 Love will banish pain and anguish,
   Comfort wounded hearts that languish;
   Pour on them its golden wealth,
   Bless them with its heavenly health.

5 Love will bring salvation's morning,
   Save the meek, avenge all scorning;
   Let Thy love chase night away,
   Pour on us the light of day.
1 Thou hidden Love of God, whose height,
    Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows,
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
    Inly I sigh for Thy repose;
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it find rest in Thee.

2 'Tis mercy all, that Thou hast brought
    My heart to seek for peace in Thee;
Yet, while I seek but find Thee not,
    No peace my wandering mind shall see;
Oh, when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to Thee-ward tend?

3 Is there a thing beneath the sun
    That strives with Thee my heart to share?
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
    The Lord of every motion there!
Then shall my heart from pain be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.

4 O Lord! Thy sovereign aid impart
    To save me from low-thoughted care;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
    Through all its latent mazes there;
Make me thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may "Abba, Father", cry!
1 Thou hidden Love of God, whose height,
    Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows,
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
    Inly I sigh for Thy repose;
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it find rest in Thee.

2 'Tis mercy all, that Thou hast brought
    My heart to seek for peace in Thee;
Yet, while I seek but find Thee not,
    No peace my wandering mind shall see;
Oh, when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to Thee-ward tend?

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Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
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Then shall my heart from pain be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.

4 O Lord! Thy sovereign aid impart
    To save me from low-thoughted care;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
    Through all its latent mazes there;
Make me thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may "Abba, Father", cry!
1 Through all the changing scenes of life,
   In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
   My heart and tongue employ.

2 O magnify the Lord with me,
   With me exalt His name;
When in distress to Him I called
   He to my rescue came.

3 The hosts of God encamp around
   The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all
   Who on His succour trust.

4 Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
   Have nothing else to fear;
Make you His service your delight,
   Your wants shall be His care.
ENTREATY 66.66

1 Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
   However dark it be!
   Lead me by Thine own hand,
   Choose out the path for me.

2 The kingdom that I seek
   Is Thine; so let the way
   That leads to it be Thine;
   Else I must surely stray.

3 Take Thou my cup, and it
   With joy or sorrow fill
   As best to Thee may seem;
   Choose Thou my good and ill.

4 Not mine, not mine the choice
   In all things great or small:
   Be Thou my guide, my strength,
   My wisdom, and my all!
WE BOW IN PRAYER

We bow in prayer before Thy throne, O God; Help us to

worship Thee, Help us to worship Thee in spirit and in

crescendo

truth. Help us to pray, help us to praise and hear Thy

word. Look down, O Lord in mercy upon us, and
blot out all our transgressions. O hear our prayer, accept our praise, forgive and bless us for Jesus' sake, give and bless us for Jesus' sake. Amen.
1 We come, O God, to bow before Thy throne;  
To pay our solemn vow through Thy dear Son.  
He is our High Priest there  
To incense faithful prayer;  
Hear, gracious Father, hear his spirit's groan.

2 We lift our hearts to Thee, seeking for grace:  
May we Thy goodness see in Jesus' face.  
Keep in Thy narrow way  
All who Thy word obey,  
Lest from Thy paths they stray and lose the race.

3 Speed on, O God, the hour when, free from sin,  
We'll rise, Thy sons of power, glorious within:  
And, with Thy Christ confess,  
Blessing and ever blest,  
Rule o'er the earth at rest in the Amen.
1 We give Thee but Thine own,
    Whate'er the gift may be;
All that we have is Thine alone,
    A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

2 May we Thy bounties thus
    As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
    To Thee our first-fruits give.
1 We look to Thee, O Thou who changest not,
When weariness of spirit is our lot,
Thou art the refuge whither we may flee;
O Thou who changest not, we look to Thee.

2 We hope in Thee, O Thou who changest not,
Vain was the good which in the world we sought,
Thy word of truth alone our rest can be;
O Thou who changest not, we hope in Thee.

3 We trust in Thee, O Thou who changest not,
All human help is but with weakness fraught,
"Thou art the Rock Eternal" is our plea;
O Thou who changest not, we trust in Thee.

4 We wait for Thee, O Thou who changest not,
Our hearts would cherish still the blissful thought,
We shall, with joy, the King of Glory see;
O Thou who changest not, we wait for Thee.
1 Father of mercies, in Thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be Thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here springs of consolation rise
To cheer the fainting mind:
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.

3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heav'nly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

4 O may these heav'nly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see
And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou for ever near;
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.
1 God's servants who once bore the light
   Of gospel truth o'er heathen night,
Still by their words that light impart
   To glad our eyes and cheer our heart.

2 For at His will they preached the word
   Which cured disease, which health conferred:
O may that healing power once more
   On earth be seen life to restore:

3 That when our Lord again shall come,
   And speak the world's unerring doom,
He may with them pronounce us blest,
   And place us in God's endless rest.
RAVENSHELL 66.66

1 Lord, Thy word abideth,
And our footsteps guideth;
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth.

2 When our foes are near us,
Then Thy word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

3 When the storms are o'er us
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth
And our way protecteth.

4 Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By Thy word imparted
To the simple-hearted?

5 Word of mercy, giving
Succour to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying.

6 O that we, discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee.
1 O God, who didst Thy will unfold
   In wondrous modes to saints of old—
   By dream, by oracle, by seer—
   Wilt Thou not still Thy people hear?

2 What though no answering voice is heard,
   Thine oracles, the written word,
   Counsel and guidance still impart,
   Enlightening to the upright heart.

3 What though no more by dreams is shown
   That future things to God are known;
   Enough the promises reveal:
   His wisdom doth the rest conceal.

4 We wait, in faith, the day decreed
   For which in prayer we daily plead—
   When Christ, returned, shall show to men
   God’s righteous arm made bare again.
1 God's word alive and active,
   Proclaimed throughout the years,
Still comforts us in hardship,
   And calms our hidden fears;
This word of hope and freedom
   Sustains us every day,
And helps us walk with patience
   The strait and narrow way.

2 God's word alive and active
   To all is offered free;
It opens hearts to love Him,
   It helps the blind to see;
It feeds the soul that hungers,
   Gives drink to those who thirst,
Bestows the richest blessings
   On all who put God first.

3 God's word alive and active
   Is centred in our Lord;
In him we have assurance
   All things shall be restored.
His servants pray and long for
   The day of his return,
His righteous ways all people
   On earth shall see and learn.
1 O God, who from the ages past
   Has made Your purpose clear,
   By many modes and different ways
   Caused man Your will to hear.

2 Your power that moved those holy seers
   To speak Your word to man,
   Preserved it through the ages long—
   Salvation's loving plan.

3 At last, the coming of Your Son
   Revealed Your mind to all,
   That those who own their mortal state
   May know the gospel call.

4 That word is life to all today
   For those who seek Your face.
   We give our thanks for this rich guide
   That brings us saving grace.
1 Inspirer of the ancient seers,
   Who wrote from Thee the sacred page,
A light for all succeeding years,
   A lamp in this degenerate age:
Wisdom to us Thy words impart,
   And with Thy comfort fill our heart.

2 And now Thine oracles we read,
   With earnest prayer and strong desire
More richly on Thy words to feed,
   More strongly catch their living fire;
Our weakness help, our darkness chase,
   And shine upon us with Thy face.

3 Whene'er in error's path we rove,
   The living way, through sin, forsake,
Our conscience let Thy word reprove,
   Convince and bring Thy wanderers back—
Deep wounded by the Spirit's sword,
   And then by Gilead's balm restored.
Wisdom to us Thy words impart,

And with Thy comfort fill our heart.

1 Inspirer of the ancient seers,
Who wrote from Thee the sacred page,
A light for all succeeding years,
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Our weakness help, our darkness chase,
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The living way, through sin, forsake,
Our conscience let Thy word reprove,
Convince and bring Thy wanderers back—
Deep wounded by the Spirit's sword,
And then by Gilead's balm restored;
Deep wounded by the Spirit's sword,
And then by Gilead's balm restored.
1 The heavens declare Thy glory, Lord;
   In every star Thy wisdom shines;
   But when our eyes behold Thy word,
   We read Thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
   The nights and days Thy power confess;
   But the blest volume Thou didst write
   Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.

3 Sun, moon and stars convey Thy praise
   The whole earth round, and never stand;
   So shall the gospel of Thy grace
   Shed light and truth on every land.

4 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise!
   The dark world bless with heavenly light.
   Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
   Thy laws are pure, Thy judgements right.
1 The Lord a gift of love foretold:
   'Hath sorrow filled your heart?
A Comforter to you I send
   If I depart.

2 'Your sorrow shall be turned to joy,
   Your anxious fears made still,
When God's own power, and strength and love
   Your heart shall fill.

3 'When he, the Comforter, is come,
   All truth you then shall know.
The words I spake he shall recall,
   The future show.

4 'Keep my commands; be not afraid,
   Your anxious cares release.
My Father waits in heav'n; with you
   I leave my peace.'

5 O God of comfort, power and love,
   Teach us to trust in Thee,
That Jesus of our restless hearts
   The peace may be.
1 Thy word, O Lord, has been to us
A fountain, deep and clear;
To satisfy our thirst for Thee,
Our hearts to soothe and cheer.

2 Its light that shone in days of old,
Still shines forever bright;
To lead us safely on Thy way
And guide our steps aright.

3 Thy precepts wise teach us that we
Live not by bread alone,
Therefore our prayers for strength and grace
Rise daily to Thy throne.

4 O may Thy word still be to us
A never failing spring;
May we find comfort, hope and peace
Beneath Thy sheltering wing.

270
1 Angels did sing on Bethl' em's hill
   "Glory to God in heav' n above,
   Peace on the earth, to men goodwill":
   Hallelujah!

2 Shepherds who heard the joyful sound
   Learned of the Saviour born that day,
   Knelt in the light that shone around.
   Hallelujah!

3 Seeking the Saviour who was born,
   Leaving their sheep, they found him nigh:
   Praise to the Lord for that glad morn!
   Hallelujah!

4 Brethren, come, sing the same glad song,
   Jesus was born to be our King.
   Come let us to his footstool throng!
   Hallelujah!
1 Angels o'er the sleeping earth
   Sang their praise at Jesus' birth.
   Shepherds worshipped as he lay
   Cradled in a bed of hay.
   Wise men, come from east afar,
   Guided to him by a star,
   Bowed the holy child to greet,
   Laid their treasure at his feet.

2 Pleasing God with every breath,
   In the home of Nazareth,
   He in grace and wisdom grew,
   To his Heav'nly Father true.
   Son of God, he sought to share
   Joseph's constant toil and care:
   O'er the simple daily round
   Truth in meditation found.

3 Then aside his tools he laid,
   And the gospel call obeyed:
   Teacher bearing tidings glad,
   Comforter of sick and sad.
   As the prophets, men of old,
   Spake for God and thus foretold,
   Oft he fasted, prayed alone,
   Ever made God's will his own.

4 Lamb of God, his life he gave
   Men from power of death to save;
   Life of love—beyond all price—
   Jesus, perfect sacrifice;
   Raised to life at God's right hand,
   Waits the great divine command
   Israel's kingdom to restore,
   Life to bring for evermore.
1 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
   Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
   Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

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

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

4 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
   Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
   Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.
1 Bethlehem, thou little city,
    All the earth thy fame shall tell,
For from thee came forth Messiah
    Who shall rule o'er Israel.

2 Lo! the Star of Jacob riseth
    Telling of a royal birth,
Leading Gentiles to its rising
    From the darkened ends of earth.

3 Sages mark its lambent beauty,
    Learn its message long foretold;
See them come, their gifts to offer,
    Myrrh and frankincense and gold.

4 Symbols they of joy and sorrow,
    Myrrh for balm that mourners bring,
Frankincense for intercession,
    Gold the glory of the King.
1 Earth was waiting spent and restless,
   Moved with mingled hope and fear;
And the faithful few were sighing,
     ‘Surely, Lord, the day is near;
Dear desire of all the nations;
   It is time he should appear.’

2 Then the spirit of the Highest
   On a virgin meek came down,
To her name He added blessing
     To her lowliness renown;
For she bare the Lord’s Anointed
   For his cross and for his crown.

3 Earth for him had groaned and travailed
   Since the ages first began;
For in him was hid the secret
     That through all the ages ran—
Son of Mary, Son of David,
   Son of God, and Son of Man.
1 Hark! what mean those holy voices,
    Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! th'angelic host rejoices;
    Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Listen to the wondrous story
    Which they chant in hymns of joy:
'Glory in the highest, glory;
    Glory be to God Most High!

3 'Peace on earth, goodwill from heaven,
    Reaching far as man is found;
Life proclaimed, and sin forgiven;
    Loud our hymns of praise shall sound.

4 'Christ is born, the great Anointed,
    Heaven and earth his praises sing!
O, receive whom God appointed
    For your Prophet, Priest, and King.'
WINCHESTER OLD  C.M.

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

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

3 'To you, in David's town, this day
    Is born of David's line
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
    And this shall be the sign:

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

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

6 'All glory be to God on high,
    And in the earth be peace;
Goodwill to men from heav'n is come
    And never more shall cease.'
1 It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
Where shepherds kept their fold;
"Peace on the earth, good will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King!"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

2 Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The words of peace they bring:
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing.

3 For lo, the days are hastening on
By prophet-bards foretold,
When, with the ever-circling years,
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And all the world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.
1 O come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant,
   O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
   Come and behold him, born the King of angels:
   O come, let us adore him, O come, let us adore him,
   O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord!

2 See how the shepherds, summoned to his cradle,
   Leaving their flocks, draw nigh with lowly fear;
   We too will thither bend our joyful footsteps:
   O come, let us adore him, O come, let us adore him,
   O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord!

3 Sing choirs of angels, sing in exultation,
   Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above;
   Glory to God in the highest:
   O come, let us adore him, O come, let us adore him,
   O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord!
CHRIST: HIS BIRTH

1 The race that long in darkness sat
   Have seen a glorious light;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
   In death's surrounding night;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
   In death's surrounding night.

2 To hail the rise of that bright sun
   The gathering nations come
   With joy, as when the reapers bear
   The harvest treasures home;
   With joy, as when the reapers bear
   The harvest treasures home.

3 To us a Child of hope is born;
   To us a Son is given;
   Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
   Him all the hosts of heaven;
   Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
   Him all the hosts of heaven.

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

5 His power increasing still shall spread,
   His reign no end shall know;
   His throne in love shall justice guard,
   And peace the nations know;
   His throne in love shall justice guard,
   And peace the nations know.
1 All glory, laud, and honour
   To thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children
   Made sweet hosannas ring.
Thou art the King of Israel,
   Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
   The King and Blessèd One.

2 The company of angels
   Are praising thee on high,
And mortal men and all things
   Shall gladly make reply.
The people of the Hebrews
   With palms before thee went;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
   Before thee we present.

3 Thou didst accept their praises,
   Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
   Thou good and gracious King.
All glory, laud, and honour
   To thee, Redeemer, King.
To whom the lips of children
   Made sweet hosannas ring.
1 Behold My Servant, see him rise
   Exalted in My might:
Him have I chosen, and in him
   I place supreme delight,
1

2 On him, in rich effusion poured,
   My spirit doth descend;
My truths and judgements he shall show
   To earth's remotest end,
To earth's remotest end.

3 The progress of his zeal and power
   Shall never know decline,
Till Gentile lands and distant isles
   Receive the law divine,
Receive the law divine:

4 Till lonely isles and farthest lands
   Delight to sound his praise;
And all combined, with one accord,
   Jehovah's glories raise,
Jehovah's glories raise.

Note: Timing of last line has been revised from previous editions.
1 Blest are the pure in heart,
   For they shall see our God,
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
   Their heart is Christ's abode.

2 The Son whom God hath given
   Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
   Their Pattern and their King;

3 Still to the lowly soul
   He doth himself impart,
And for God's dwelling place alone
   Blesseth the pure in heart.

4 Lord, we thy presence seek;
   May ours this blessing be;
Be ours a pure and lowly heart,
   A temple meet for thee.
1 Christ, whose glory fills the skies.
   Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
   Triumph o'er the shades of night:
Dayspring from on high, be near:
   Daystar, in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
   Unaccompanied by thee:
Joyless is the day's return,
   Till thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
   Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit then this soul of mine,
   Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, radiancy divine,
   Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more thyself display,
   Shining to the perfect day.
1 Forty days and forty nights
   Thou wast fasting in the wild;
Forty days and forty nights
   Tempted, and yet undefiled.

2 When in hunger thou didst say,
   "It is written, Man shall live"
   (Putting fleshly lust away)
   "By the word that God did give."

3 When the world would make thee king
   In the way men ever trod,
Spurnedst thou the unclean thing:
   "It is written, Worship God."

4 When the devil tempted thee
   With the Scripture wrested sore,
From his toils thou didst break free,
   With the Scripture honoured more.

5 Lust of flesh, and lust of eyes,
   Pride of life—those dreaded three!
Lord, thou didst antagonize
   By the Word, made flesh in thee.

6 Father, by that holy Word
   Which did strengthen Thy dear Son,
Strengthen us, that with our Lord
   We at last may be made one.
1 Fierce was the billow wild,
   Dark was the night;
Oars laboured heavily,
   Foam glimmered white;
Trembled the mariners,
   Peril was nigh:
Then saith the Son of God,
   “Peace! It is I.”

2 Ridge of the mountain wave,
   Lower thy crest!
Wail of Euroclydon
   Be thou at rest!
Sorrow can never be,
   Darkness must fly,
Where saith the world’s great Light,
   “Peace! It is I.”

3 Jesus, Deliverer,
   Near to us be;
Soothe thou our voyaging
   Over life’s sea:
Then, when the storm of death
   Roars, sweeping by,
Say thou, O Lord of Life,
   “Peace! It is I.”
1 From fisher's net, from fig-tree's shade,
   God gathers whom He will;
   Touched by His grace, such men are made
   His purpose to fulfil.

2 So Matthew left his golden gains
   To heed the Master's call;
   His soul the love of Christ constrains
   Through faith to give up all.

3 O grant us grace as to Thy call
   We faithful strive to be;
   And, cheerfully forsaking all,
   May follow only Thee.
1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
   In the believer's ear!
   It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
   And drives away his fear.

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

3 Dear Name! the rock on which I build,
   My shield and hiding-place,
   My never-failing treasury filled
   With boundless stores of grace:

4 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.
1 Jesus, priceless treasure,
Source of purest pleasure,
    Truest friend to me;
Long my heart hath panted,
Till it well-nigh fainted,
    Thirsting after thee.
Thine I am, O spotless Lamb,
    I will suffer nought to hide thee,
Ask for nought beside thee.

2 Hence, all fears and sadness!
For the Lord of gladness,
    Jesus, enters in:
Those who love the Father,
Though the storms may gather,
    Still have peace within;
Yea, whate’er we here must bear,
    Still in thee lies purest pleasure,
Jesus, priceless treasure!
1 Jesus! Name of wondrous love,
Name all other names above,
Unto which must every knee
Bow in deep humility.

2 Jesus! Name of priceless worth
To the fallen sons of earth,
For the promise that it gave,
'Jesus shall his people save.'

3 Jesus! Only name that's given
Under all the mighty heaven
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.
1 Jesus, the very thought of thee
   With sweetness fills my breast;
   But sweeter far thy face to see,
   And in thy presence rest.

2 No voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
   Nor can the memory find
   A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
   O Saviour of mankind.

3 O hope of every contrite heart!
   O joy of all the meek!
   To those who fall, how kind thou art!
   How good to those who seek.

4 But what to those who find? Ah! this
   No tongue, no pen can show:
   The love of Jesus, what it is,
   None but his loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be thou,
   As thou our crown wilt be:
   Jesus, be thou our glory now,
   And through eternity.
CHRIST LIKE  L.M.

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1 Lord, speak to me that I may speak
   In living echoes of thy tone;
   As thou hast sought, so let me seek
   Thine erring children, lost and lone.

2 O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
   The wandering and the wavering feet;
   O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
   Thy hung'ring ones with manna sweet.

3 O give thine own sweet rest to me,
   That I may speak with soothing power
   A word in season as from thee
   To weary ones in needful hour.

4 O fill me with thy fulness, Lord,
   Until my very heart o'erflow
   In kindling thought and glowing word,
   Thy love to tell, thy praise to show.

5 O use me, Lord, use even me,
   Just as thou wilt, and when, and where;
   Until thy blessed face I see,
   Thy rest, thy joy, thy glory share.
1 Lord Jesus, I have promised
   To serve thee to the end;
Be thou for ever near me,
   My Master and my Friend:
I shall not fear the battle
   If thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway,
   If thou wilt be my Guide.

2 O let me feel thee near me:
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear;
My foes are ever near me,
   Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw thou nearer,
   And shield my soul from sin.

3 O let me hear thee speaking
   In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will;
O speak to reassure me,
   To hasten or control;
O speak and make me listen,
   Thou Guardian of my soul.

4 Lord Jesus, thou hast promised,
   To all who follow thee,
That they shall share thy glory
   Through all eternity;
And, Jesus, I have promised
   To serve thee to the end;
And by thy grace to follow
   My Master and my Friend.
1 O Master, it is good to be
    High on the mountain here with thee;
Where stand revealed to mortal gaze
    Thy faithful saints of other days;
Who once received on Horeb's height
    The eternal laws of truth and right;
Or caught the still small whisper, higher
    Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.

2 O Master, it is good to be
    With thee, and with thy faithful three:
Here, where the Apostle's heart of rock
    Is nerved against temptation's shock;
Here, where the Son of Thunder learns
    The thought that breathes, and word that burns:
Here, where on eagle wings we move
    With him whose last best creed is love.

3 O Master, it is good to be
    Here on the holy mount with thee:
When darkling in the depths of night,
    When dazzled with excess of light,
We bow before the heavenly Voice
    That bids bewildered souls rejoice,
Though love wax cold, and faith be dim;
"This is My Son! O hear ye him!"
1 O love, how deep, how broad, how high!
How passing thought and fantasy,
That Christ, the Son of God, should take
Our lowly form for mortals’ sake.

2 Not as an angel to our race,
But Son of Man, of lower place,
Made like to us of human frame,
To this sad world of death he came.

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

4 For us to wicked men betrayed,
Scourged, mocked, in crown of thorns arrayed;
And on the cross in his last strife
Was lifted up to give us life.

5 For us he rose from death again,
For us as priest on high to reign.
For us on earth he sets his throne
To make his ransomed saints his own.
1 O Son of man, who walked each day
A humble road, serene and strong,
Go with me now upon life's way,
My Comrade all the journey long.

2 If light and joy should be my part,
Then share with me the shining hour;
If clouds should come, speak to my heart
Thy word of comfort, love and power.

3 So shall I walk in happiness,
So shall my task with love be fraught—
If thou art near to mark and bless
The labour done, the beauty wrought.

4 O Son of God, who came and shed
A light for all the ages long,
Thy company shall make me glad,
Thy fellowship shall keep me strong.
1 Son of God, our Saviour,
   Once, like us, a child,
In thy whole behaviour
   Meek, obedient, mild:
In thy footsteps treading,
   We thy lambs would be:
Foe nor danger dreading,
   We would follow thee.

2 For the varied blessings
   Given us to share;
Mothers' fond caressings,
   Fathers' guardian care;
For our friends and kindred,
   For our daily food,
For our wanderings hindered,
   For our learning good:

3 For all thou bestowest,
   All thou dost withhold,
Whatsoe' er thou knowest
   Best for all thy fold;
For all gifts and graces
   In this world of woe,
Till the heavenly places
   Of thy throne we know:

4 We as children raising
   Unto thee our hearts,
In thy constant praising
   Seek our duteous parts.
As thy love doth call us
   From the world away,
Still, whate'er befall us,
   Bless us day by day.
1 Thou art the Way, by thee alone
   From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek
   Must seek Him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the Truth; thy word alone
   True wisdom can impart:
It only can enlarge the mind
   And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life; the empty tomb
   Proclaims thy conquering arm—
Thy power to save who trust in thee:
   Thy might to shield from harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
   Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win
   Whose joys for ever flow.
1 We saw thee not when thou didst come
   To this poor world of sin and death,
Nor e'er beheld thy cottage home
   In that despised Nazareth;
But we believe thy footsteps trod
   Its streets and hills, thou Son of God.

2 We did not see thee lifted high
   Amid that wild and savage crew,
Nor hear thy meek, imploring cry
   "Forgive, they know not what they do";
Yet we believe the deed was done,
   Which shook the earth and veiled the sun.

3 We stood not by the empty tomb
   Where late thy sacred body lay,
Nor sat within that upper room,
   Nor met thee in the open way;
But we believe that angels said,
   "Why seek the living with the dead?"

4 We did not mark the chosen few,
   When thou didst through the clouds ascend,
First lift to heav'n their wondering view,
   Then to the earth all prostrate bend;
But we believe thy faithful word,
   And wait for thy return, O Lord.
1 Beyond where Kedron's waters flow,  
Behold the suffering Saviour go  
To sad Gethsemane;  
His countenance is all divine,  
Yet grief appears in every line.

2 He bows beneath the sins of men;  
He cries to God, and cries again,  
In sad Gethsemane;  
He lifts his mournful eyes above—  
"My Father, can this cup remove?"

3 With gentle resignation, still  
He yielded to his Father's will,  
In sad Gethsemane;  
"Behold me here, thine only Son;  
And Father, let Thy will be done!"

4 The Father heard; an angel there  
Sustain'd the Son of God in prayer,  
In sad Gethsemane;  
He drank the dreadful cup of pain,  
Then rose to life and joy again.
1 How few receive with cordial faith
   The tidings which we bring!
How few have seen the arm revealed
   Of Heaven's anointed King!

2 Rejected and despised of men,
   Behold a man of woe!
Grief was his close companion still,
   Through all his life below.

3 We held him as condemned by Heav'n,
   An outcast from his God,
While for our sins he groaned, he bled,
   Beneath th' accursed load.

4 Yet, saith the Lord, My pleasure still,
   Shall prosper in his hand;
His shall a num'rous offspring be,
   And still his honour stand.
1 Loving Shepherd of thy sheep,
   Keep thy lambs, in safety keep;
   Nothing can thy power withstand,
   None can pluck them from thine hand.

2 Loving Saviour, thou didst give
   Thine own life that they might live;
   And the hands outstretched to bless
   Bear the cruel nails' impress.

3 Loving Shepherd, ever near,
   Teach thy lambs thy voice to hear;
   Suffer not their steps to stray
   From the strait and narrow way.
1 O Saviour, where shall guilty man
    Find rest, except in thee?
Thine was the warfare with his foe,
The cross of pain, the cup of woe,
    And thine the victory.

2 How came the Father's only Son,
    The Lord of life, to die?
Why didst thou meet the tempter's power?
Why didst thou, in thy dying hour,
    Endure such agony?

3 To save us by thy precious blood,
    To make us one in thee,
That ours might be thy perfect life,
Thy thorny crown, thy cross, thy strife,
    And ours the victory.

4 O make us worthy, gracious Lord,
    Of all thy love to be;
To thy blest will our wills incline,
That unto death we may be thine,
    And ever live in thee.
1 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
    Hark! all the tribes "Hosanna" cry;
O Saviour meek, pursue thy road
    With palms and scatter'd garments strowed.

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

3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
    The Angel watchers of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
    To see th'approaching sacrifice.

4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
    The last and fiercest strife is nigh:
The Father on the heavenly throne
    Awaits His own Anointed Son.

5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
    In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain,
    Then take, O Lord, thy power, and reign.
1 Was it for me thy flesh was wounded sore,
Thy body lifted high on cross of shame?
Was it for me the King of Glory bore
So meek the scourge, and ruthless men's defame?

2 Was there no way for any man to live
But thou must die, no joy but through thy grief?
Is sin so dark that God cannot forgive
Save through thy sacrifice, and our belief?

3 Lord, let me learn thy sorrow, mark thy pain,
That no more heedless through the world I roam,
But come to take the pardon thou didst gain,
And find within thy fold eternal home.
1 When my love to God grows weak,
   When for larger faith I seek,
   Then in thought I go to thee,
   Garden of Gethsemane.

2 There I walk amid the shades
   While the lingering twilight fades;
   See that suffering, friendless One
   Weeping, praying, there alone.

3 When my love for man grows weak,
   When for stronger faith I seek,
   Hill of Calvary! I go
   To thy scenes of pain and woe.

4 There behold his agony
   Suffered on the bitter tree;
   See his anguish, see his faith,
   Love triumphant still in death!

5 Then to life I turn again,
   Learning all the worth of pain,
   Learning all the might that lies
   In a full self-sacrifice.
1 When my love to God grows weak,
    When for larger faith I seek,
Then in thought I go to thee,
Garden of Gethsemane.

2 There I walk amid the shades
    While the lingering twilight fades;
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    Suffered on the bitter tree;
See his anguish, see his faith,
Love triumphant still in death!

5 Then to life I turn again,
    Learning all the worth of pain,
Learning all the might that lies
In a full self-sacrifice.
1 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.

2 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?

3 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
   That were an off'ring far too small!
Love so amazing, so divine,
   Demands my soul, my life, my all.
1 According to thy gracious word,
   Before thine agony,
This will we do; our absent Lord,
   We will remember thee.

2 Thy body given for our sake
   In broken bread we see;
The cup of symbol too we take,
   And thus remember thee.

3 Thine absence now we daily mourn;
   We long thy face to see;
No lasting joy till thy return.
   We do remember thee.

4 'Come, Lord', thy waiting servants say,
   'Come quickly, set us free':
Meanwhile, in service day by day,
   We will remember thee.
1 Bread of heaven, on thee we feed,  
For thy flesh is meat indeed;  
Ever may our souls be fed  
With this true and living bread:  
Day by day with life supplied  
Through the word of him who died.

2 Vine of God, thy blood supplies  
This blest cup of sacrifice,  
'Tis thy wounds our healing give,  
To thy cross we look and live:  
Thou our life! O let us be  
Rooted, grafted, built on thee.
1 By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,  
We keep the memory adored,  
And show the death of our dear Lord  
Until he come!

2 His body given, as he said,  
We see in this memorial bread;  
And so our feeble love is fed  
Until he come!

3 His fearful drops of agony,  
His life-blood, shed for us, we see;  
The wine shall tell the mystery  
Until he come!

4 And thus that dark betrayal-night  
With his blést advent we unite—  
The shame! the glory! by this rite,  
Until he come!

5 Until the trump of God be heard,  
Until the ancient graves be stirred,  
And with the great commanding word  
The Lord shall come.

6 O, blessed hope! with this elate  
Let not our hearts be desolate;  
But strong, in faith, in patience wait  
Until he come!
1 Bread of the world in mercy broken,  
Wine of the soul in mercy shed,  
By whom the words of life were spoken,  
And in whose death our sins are dead:

2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,  
Look on the tears by sinners shed;  
And be thy feast to us the token  
That by thy grace our souls are fed.

Verses are combined when sung to the First Tune
1 Deck thyself, my soul, with gladness,
Put away thy robes of sadness;
In his resurrection splendour
Praise to God our Lord did render.
‘Lifted up’, with grace unbounded
He this wondrous banquet founded
High above the heavens he reigneth,
Yet to dwell with men he deigneth.

2 Jesus, Bread of life God-given,
Brisèd once, when Sin had striven,
As thy friends, by thee invited,
Be thy love by us requited;
At thy table do we measure,
Lord, how vast and deep thy treasure.
By thy blood thou didst redeem us;
“Travail of thy soul” esteem us.
1 Father of lights, all blessings flow from Thee;—Hear, while we pray
In Jesus' name, and in humility—Our homage pay;
O let our minds rest wholly on Thy Word,
And see Thy love made living in our Lord.

2 As we lay by the world and daily care—Let peace abound;
When unto Christ our altar we repair,—May praise resound;
Thy holy name in us be glorified,
Rememb'ring him who for our healing died.

3 The emblem of his offered body now—In bread we break;
As sign of life-blood poured in holy vow—The wine we take
And in this rite his ordinance obey
Until he come with power in his great day.

4 To Thee, who brought Thy Son to morning light,—Our songs we raise;
Our saddest hours, and darkest, shall be bright—With silent praise;
And should our work, or Thine, our hands employ,
Thy will shall be our law, Thy love our joy.
1 Father, we seek Thy blessing now
   As round Thy feast we rest,
   May we have Thy presence here with us
   Who have Christ's Name confessed.

2 As now we take the broken bread,
   His body giv'n for sin,
   The emblem proclaims a perfect life,
   God's will enshrined within.

3 The cup of cov'nant too we drink,
   Rememb'ring his shed blood,
   The Lamb that was slain to bring us life,
   Sin's power destroyed by good.

4 These symbols speak of saving grace,
   A Living Way made clear,
   Of peace and of joy in fellowship,
   Love's triumph over fear.

5 So, by this feast, may we enjoy
   Communion full and free,
   An earnest of life that is to come—
   Eternal unity.
1 Here, O my Lord, I see thee face to face;
   Here would I touch and handle things unseen,
Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal grace,
   And all my weariness upon thee lean.

2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God,
   Here drink with thee the royal wine of heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
   Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

3 I have no help but thine; nor do I need
   Another arm save thine to lean upon:
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed,
   My strength is in thy might, thy might alone.

4 Mine is the sin, but thine the righteousness;
   Mine is the guilt, but thine the cleansing blood;
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace—
   Thy blood, thy righteousness, O Son of God.
1 Jesus thou joy of loving hearts,
   Thou fount of life, thou light of men,
From the best bliss that earth imparts
   We turn unfilled to thee again.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
   Thou savest those that on thee call:
To them that seek thee, thou art good;
   To them that find thee, all in all.

3 We taste thee, O thou living bread,
   And long to feast upon thee still;
We drink of thee, the fountain-head,
   And thirst our souls from thee to fill.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for thee,
   Where'er our changeful lot is cast,
Glad when thy gracious smile we see,
   Blest when our faith can hold thee fast.

5 Lord Jesus, ever with us stay;
   Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away;
   Shed o'er the world thy holy light.
1 Jesus said, 'Share this meal,
That you may remember
What I give out of love
For my people—
Live in me.

2 'As you share in this loaf,
See in it my body—
Bread of life, giv'n in love—
Be my people—
Live in me.

3 'As you share in this cup,
See in it my life-blood—
Shed in death, giv'n in love—
Be my people—
Live in me.

4 'As you share in this Way,
See in it my saving—
Work in faith, walk in love—
Be my people—
Live in me.'
1 Lord Jesus Christ, our living Head,  
Our Saviour risen from the dead,  
We show thy death in breaking bread,  
And seek for fellowship with thee.

2 The Father's will thou madest thine:  
To Him we too our hearts incline  
That, as we share this cup of wine  
We may have fellowship with thee.

3 The bread we break with thankfulness,  
The cup of blessing which we bless,  
The life we live in faithfulness,  
Bind us in fellowship with thee.
1 Lord, thy death and resurrection
   We show this day.
   'Tis a tribute of affection
   We all should pay.
Wine out-poured and bread now broken,
   Of thy sacrifice the token,
   Even so, as thou hast spoken,
   We will obey.

2 'Till Thou come we will remember
   Thine agony.
Of Thy body ev'ry member
   Suffers with thee.

But the glory that shall follow
   On that glad long-looked-for morrow,
Dawning from the night of sorrow,
   Revealed shall be.

3 'Till the morning break, O may we
   Be wholly thine.
Sun of Righteousness, we pray thee
   Now rise and shine.
Come, Lord! Come! from heav'n descending,
   All th'angelic host attending,
To bestow the life unending,
   Nature Divine.
1 Lord, as we break this bread in sweet communion;
   And as we take the cup at Christ’s command:
May our remembrance bind us in union
   With Thee and with Thy beloved Son.
Hear now our praise, our meditations bless,
   And may our lives reflect our thankfulness.

2 Help us through solemn self-examination
   To take these symbols of his perfect love:
Help us to conquer each new temptation,
   And with each wayward impulse strive.
O God in heav’n, in lovingkindness heed,
   As now through Jesus we Thy children plead.
The original arrangement of this tune can be found for Hymn 135
1 O Father hear our grateful prayer
   As in this broken bread
   Our Lord we see in his last hour,
   Destroyer of temptation's power,
      Our ever-living head,
      Our ever-living head.

2 This cup we bless proclaims to us
   Redemption through his blood.
   Our weaknesses we here confess;
   O clothe us in his righteousness,
      In firmer faith renewed,
      In firmer faith renewed.

3 Until his wondrous kingdom shines,
   'Til those who sleep are raised,
   We keep the feast in bread and wine
   As with his life our lives combine
      In thankfulness and praise,
      In thankfulness and praise.
1 O God in highest heaven,
   Our God that hearest prayer,
Through Christ—whom Thou hast
given,
   Our Advocate, Thine Heir;
Now, strong in hope, united,
   Around Thy feast we meet;
Receive from him our incense;
   He is thy Mercy-seat.

Elijah’s prayer Thou hearest
   To close and open heaven;
O God, who heard the prophets,
   To us Thy grace be given.

2 Of old Thy prophet Moses
   Did for Thy people pray;
Appealed to Thee, Eternal,
   And turned Thy wrath away.

3 Now through Thy greater Prophet,
   Seated at Thy right hand,
May prayer be like a rampart
   As ‘gainst the foe we stand.
For Abraham’s God is our God,
   And Isaac’s God is ours;
Ours is the God of Jacob
   With His almighty powers.
1 O God, unseen yet ever near,
    We come to seek Thy face,
    Our hearts made wiser by Thy fear,
    And humbler by Thy grace.

2 Here may Thy faithful people know
    The blessings of Thy love,
    The streams that through the desert flow,
    The manna from above.

3 We come, responsive to Thy word,
    To feast on heavenly food;
    Our meat the body of the Lord,
    Our drink his precious blood.

4 So may we as we meet with Thee
    Be sealed more surely Thine,
    And see beyond Gethsemane
    Thy kingdom's glory shine.
1 Saviour, we meet in thy dear name,
   And here present our humble plea:
   Bless us as now we eat and drink
   In sweet remembrance, Lord, of thee.

2 Shed on us here a holy peace:
   Gather us in thine arms of love:
   Cheer every sad and aching heart
   With thine own comfort from above.

3 Still every hard, rebellious thought
   (We ask it now for thy dear sake),
   That we the cup may drink with joy,
   That we the bread in love may break.

4 And as we linger, Lord, awhile,
   With thankful hearts to worship thee,
   Out of the riches of thy grace
   Bestow thy blessing full and free.
1 Saviour, we meet in thy dear name,
And here present our humble plea:
Bless us as now we eat and drink
In sweet remembrance, Lord, of thee.

2 Shed on us here a holy peace:
Gather us in thine arms of love:
Cheer every sad and aching heart
With thine own comfort from above.

3 Still every hard, rebellious thought
(We ask it now for thy dear sake),
That we the cup may drink with joy,
That we the bread in love may break.

4 And as we linger, Lord, awhile,
With thankful hearts to worship thee,
Out of the riches of thy grace
Bestow thy blessing full and free.
1 The bread and wine we take, O Lord;
   And in these emblems see
   Thy body giv’n, thy blood outpoured,
   As we remember thee.

2 We search our hearts and minds, O Lord,
   And pray that we may be
   All one in mind and sweet accord
   As we remember thee.

3 Thy sacrifice we know, O Lord,
   Was made to set us free
   From bonds of sin, so by this act
   We will remember thee.

4 And when we stand at last, O Lord,
   Thy longed-for face to see,
   We pray that we may then, in turn
   By thee remembered be.
MY BODY 565.744.6

1 "This is my body",
Jesus the Saviour said
As he gave them bread.
And in a body prepared
God's will was done,
Christ's victory won,
So we remember him.

2 "This is my shed blood",
Jesus the Saviour said
As he gave them wine.
And in the blood now out-
poured
Sin's power was slain,
Christ's victory gained,
So we remember him.

3 Each time we keep this
Feast of the Christ our Lord
We proclaim his death.
And in a cov'nant made new
Have sin forgiven
By grace from heaven.
So we remember him.
1 'Twas on that dark and mournful night
   Both Jews and Gentiles joined their power
Against the Son of God to fight,
   To mock his name, his life devour.

2 Before the dreadful scene began
   He took the bread, and blest and brake:
What love through all his actions ran!
   What wondrous words of grace he spake!

3 "This is my body giv'n for sin,
   Receive and eat the living food";
Then took the cup and blest the wine,
   "'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood."

4 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
   We show thy death, we sing thy name
Till thou return, and we shall eat
   The marriage-supper of the Lamb.
1 Wherever, Lord, thy people meet,
   There they behold the mercy seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
   And every place is hallowed ground.

2 And now around thy table, Lord,
   We keep the memory adored;
And taking of the broken bread,
   Look up to thee our living head.

3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
   Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
   The beauty of thy Saving Name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
   To strengthen faith and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
   And bring all heaven before our eyes.

5 Lord, we are few, but thou art near;
   Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
   And make all righteous hearts thine own!
1 All the toil and sorrow done,  
    Hallelujah!  
All the battle fought and won,  
    Hallelujah!  
Jesus triumphs o'er the past,  
    Hallelujah!  
Our salvation gained at last.  
    Hallelujah!

2 Still his words before us range,  
    Hallelujah!  
Through the ages as they change;  
    Hallelujah!  
Whereasoe'er the truth may lead,  
    Hallelujah!  
He will give the light we need.  
    Hallelujah!

3 Purified in heart and mind,  
    Hallelujah!  
We our life in him shall find,  
    Hallelujah!  
For our righteousness is he,  
    Hallelujah!  
Crowned with immortality.  
    Hallelujah!
1 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
    Hearts to heaven and voices raise;
Sing to God a hymn of gladness,
    Sing to God a hymn of praise;
He who on the cross a victim
    For the world's salvation bled,
Jesus Christ the King of Glory,
    Now is risen from the dead.

2 Christ is risen, Christ the firstfruits
    Of the holy harvest field,
Which will all its full abundance
    At his second coming yield;
Then the golden ears of harvest
    Will their heads before him wave,
Ripened by his glorious sunshine,
    From the furrows of the grave.

3 Now the iron bars are broken,
    Christ from death to life is born,
Glorious life, and life immortal,
    On this resurrection morn.
Christ has triumphed, and we conquer
    By his mighty enterprise,
We with him to life eternal
    By his resurrection rise.
1 Jesus Christ from death is raised,    
    Hallelujah!                        
    For that day let God be praised,   
    Hallelujah!                        
    He did once, upon the cross,       
    Hallelujah!                        
    Suffer to redeem our loss:         
    Hallelujah!

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing    
    Hallelujah!                        
    Unto Christ, our heavenly King,    
    Hallelujah!                        
    Who endured the cross and grave,   
    Hallelujah!                        
    Sinners to redeem and save:        
    Hallelujah!

3 But the anguish he endured         
    Hallelujah!                        
    Our salvation hath procured;      
    Hallelujah!                        
    He shall reign for ever King,      
    Hallelujah!                        
    While the saints with angels sing: 
    Hallelujah!
THE RISEN LORD 76.76.86 and refrain

1. Jesus Christ the Lord is ris'n, lift up your voice and sing,

   Lord of earth and Lord of heav'n, and God's appointed King.

   Now let the world exalt his name, and all before him bow.

Refrain Harmony
Sing praise! Sing praise!

Org. Sing praise! Praise! Sing praise! Give glory to the Lord!

Sing praise! Sing praise! Praise!
2 Jesus, born of David's line
   To share the life of men,
Humble servant by design,
   He bore the cross and then
Raised from the dead by God's great power,
   Revealed the perfect Son,

   Sing praise, sing praise,
   Give glory to the Lord.

3 Soon the Lord shall come again.
   His peace all nations own,
And all tongues shall join in praise
   Before his glorious throne.
All glory to the Father's Name
   Be giv'n through Christ His Son.

   Sing praise, sing praise,
   Give glory to the Lord.

4 Jesus Christ the Lord is ris'n,
   Lift up your voice and sing.
Lord of earth and Lord of heav'n
   And God's anointed King.
Now let the world exalt his name
   And all before him bow.

   Sing praise, sing praise,
   Give glory to the Lord.
1 Christ the Lord is ris'n again!
Christ hath broken every chain!
Hark, the angels' joyful cry,
Singing evermore on high:
    Hallelujah!

2 He who gave for us his life,
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal Lamb today!
We too sing for joy, and say:
    Hallelujah!

3 He who bore all pain and loss
Comfortless upon the cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us, and hears our cry:
    Hallelujah!

4 Thou, our Paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, today thy people feed:
Take our sins and guilt away,
That we all may sing for ay:
    Hallelujah!
1 Jesus lives! thy terrors now
   Can, O Death, no more appal us.
Jesus lives! by this we know
   Thou, O Grave, canst not enthral us.
   Hallelujah!

2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
   But a sleep with glorious waking;
This shall calm our trembling breath
   In the hour of last leave-taking.
   Hallelujah!

3 Jesus lives! for us he died,
   Then revived and rose to heaven;
Now in safety we abide,
   Free from fear, nor tempest-driven.
   Hallelujah!

4 Jesus lives! we have his pledge
   Naught from us his love shall sever,
Height nor depth, nor sword's sharp edge
   Tears us from his keeping ever.
   Hallelujah!

5 Jesus lives! the throne to him
   Over all the earth is given;
O, what joy for us to win
   Life to serve this King from heaven!
   Hallelujah!
1 Lone Mary comes at early morn,
   O where have they her loved one borne?
   And while she wonders through her tears
   The risen Lord himself appears.

2 Perplexed disciples search the tomb;
   Angelic forms the grave illume,
   The vision speaks in accents dread,
   "Why seek the living mid the dead?"

3 The Master joins at close of day
   Two sad companions by the way;
   And waits for Peter by the shore
   To fill his heart with joy once more.

4 All now the wondrous truth proclaim,
   And tell the glory of his name,
   Because they see their own dear Lord
   To full and glorious life restored.
1 Sing praise! the tomb is void
   Where the Redeemer lay;
Sing of our bonds destroyed,
   Our darkness turned to day.
Weep for your dead no more!
   O, be of joyful cheer;
Our star moves on before,
   Our narrow path shines clear.

2 He who so patiently
   The crown of thorns did wear,
He hath gone up on high:
   Our hope is with him there.
Now in his truth revealed—
   His majesty and might—
The grave has been unsealed;
   Christ is our life and light.

3 He who for men did weep,
   Suffer and bleed and die,—
Firstfruits of them that sleep,
   Christ has gone up on high.
His vict'ry hath destroyed
   The shafts that once could slay;
Sing praise, the tomb is void
   Where the Redeemer lay.
1 Now, ye saints, new anthems raise,
    Wake your song with gladness;
God Himself to joy and praise
    Turned the Saviour's sadness:
On the day that won his crown,
    Opening life's bright portal,
Jesus laid the mortal down
    And put on th'immortal.

2 Never flinched our Lord from shame,
    From God's chast'ning never;
Vain the Prince of this world's aim,
    Satan's best endeavour;
For by faith he saw the Land
    Beautified and glorious,
Where triumphant he shall stand
    With his saints victorious.

3 Up and follow, faithful men!
    Press through toil and sorrow;
Spurn the night of fear, and then,
    O, the glorious morrow!
Gird we boldly for the strife
    With a will unbending!
Grasp we firm the promised life
    That shall know no ending!
1 Sing, ye faithful, sing with gladness;
    Wake your noblest, sweetest strain;
With the praises of your Saviour
    Let this house resound again;
Him let all your music honour,
    And your songs exalt his reign.

2 Lo! he tasted death for all men,
    He of all mankind the Head,
Sinless One among the sinful,
    Prince of Life among the dead;
So he wrought the full redemption,
    And the captor captive led.

3 Now on high, yet ever with us,
    From his Father's throne the Son
Rules and guides the saints he ransomed,
    Till th'appointed work be done—
Till he see, renewed and perfect,
    All things gathered into one.

4 Day of promised restitution!
    Fruit of all his sorrows past!
When the crown of his dominions
    He before the Throne shall cast,
And throughout the wide creation
    God be all in all at last.
VICTORY  88.84

\( \text{\textcopyright 1876 by Oxford University Press} \)

1  The strife is o'er, the battle done;
    Now is the Victor's triumph won;
    O let the song of praise be sung:
    Hallelujah!

2  Death's mightiest powers have done their worst,
    And Jesus hath his foes dispersed;
    Let shouts of praise and joy outburst:
    Hallelujah!

3  On the third morn he rose again
    Glorious in majesty to reign;
    O let us swell the joyful strain:
    Hallelujah!

4  Lord, by the stripes which wounded thee,
    From death's dread sting thy servants free,
    That we may live, and sing to thee:
    Hallelujah!
1 "The first-begotten from the dead",
Lo! Jesus ris’n, his people’s head,
    To make their life secure:
Though they like him may yield their breath,
Like him, they’ll burst the bonds of death—
    Their resurrection sure.

2 Why should his people now be sad?
None has such reason to be glad,
    As reconcil’d to God:
Jesus, the mighty Saviour, lives:
To them eternal life he gives—
    The purchase of his blood.

3 Ye chosen, let your praise resound,
And in your Master’s work abound,
    Steadfast, immovable:
Be sure your labour’s not in vain:
Ye too from death shall rise again,
    No more corruptible.
1 Thine be the glory, risen conqu'ring Son,
2 Lo, Jesus meets us, risen from the tomb;

Endless is the victory, thou o'er death hast won;
Lovingly he greets us, scatters fear and gloom;

Angels in bright raiment rolled the stone away,
Let us all with gladness hymns of triumph sing,
Kept the folded grave-clothes where thy body lay.
For our Lord now liveth, death hath lost its sting:

Thine be the glory, risen conqu'ring Son,

Endless is the vict'ry thou o'er death hast won.
1 A Great High Priest is come
   Who stands in Aaron's place;
Who, honouring the law,
   Established life and grace:
The law through Moses' service came,
   But grace and truth by Jesus' name.

2 He once temptation knew,
   That he might truly find
A fellow-feeling true
   With every tempted mind:
In every point our Head was tried
   Like us, and then for us he died.

3 He died, but lives alway,
   And in the holy stands
To plead for saints who pray,
   To hold up failing hands:
Our advocate abides in heav'n
   That erring saints may be forgiv'n.

4 We other priests deny,
   And laws, and offerings too
None but the Priest on high
   The mighty work can do:
Through him, then, all our praise be giv'n,
Who pleads his household's cause in heav'n.
1 Let saints with one accord
   Extol Jehovah's name,
   And their Redeemer's love
   In accents loud proclaim.
   Of Jesus—Priest and Prophet, King—
   Let all his ransomed gladly sing.

2 Christ has gone up on high,
   Triumphant o'er the grave;
   His love is ever nigh,
   His arm is strong to save.
   Our High Priest now—he comes again
   As King of kings on earth to reign.

* May also be sung to HAREWOOD on facing page. *
1 At sundry times, God spoke by seer and prophet;  
   His will through priest and patriarch was shown;  
   In type and shadow, future things were promised,  
   Which found their substance in the Firstborn Son.

2 Angels, who serve the heirs of God's salvation,  
   Are not to be compared with His own Son;  
   Who in our form, and knowing our temptations,  
   Was crowned with glory, when his work was done.

3 Our great High Priest, our King, our intercessor,  
   Shows his compassion when we oft-times stray:  
   His sacrifice brings grace for each transgressor  
   And gives us boldness when to God we pray.

4 Let us hold fast: "Refuse not him that speaketh!"  
   Let us have faith, our witness never cease:  
   Make straight the path, go forth, and win the contest;  
   Bear his reproach, and find in him our peace.
1 Now let our humble faith behold
   Our great High Priest above;
   And celebrate his constant care
   And sympathetic love.

2 Exalted to his Father's side,
   With matchless honours crowned;
   And Lord of all th'angelic host
   Who wait the throne around:

3 The names of all the saints he bears,
   Engraven on his heart;
   Nor shall the lowliest saint complain
   That he hath lost his part.

4 Those characters shall firm remain,
   Our everlasting trust,
   When gems and monuments and crowns
   Have mouldered into dust.
1 The true Messiah now appears,
The types are all withdrawn;
So fly the shadows and the stars
Before the rising dawn.

2 Now sacrifice, and offered lambs,
   And kids and bullocks slain;
Incense and spice of costly names
Would all be burnt in vain.

3 Aaron must lay his robes away,
   No longer off’rings bring,
When God’s own Son is sworn to be
   Redeemer, Priest and King.

4 He was made sin for us to show
   The way of life and love;
For us he gave his life below,
   And pleads for us above.
1 Come, Lord, and tarry not
   And bring the looked-for day;
Drive past these years of waiting here,
   These ages of delay.

2 Come, for creation groans,
   Impatient of thy stay,
Worn out with these long years of ill,
   These ages of delay.

3 Come, for the corn is ripe;
   Put in thy sickle now,
Reap the great harvest of the earth,
   Sower and Reaper thou.

4 Come in thy glorious might,
   Come with the iron rod,
Scatt'ring thy foes before thy face,
   Most mighty Son of God.

5 Come and begin thy reign
   Of everlasting peace;
Come, take the kingdom to thyself,
   Great King of Righteousness.
1 Come, thou long-expected Jesus,  
   Born to set thy people free;  
   From our fears and sins release us,  
   Let us find our rest with thee.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,  
   Hope of all the saints thou art;  
   Dear desire of every nation,  
   Joy of every longing heart.

3 Born thy people to deliver;  
   Born to be their future King;  
   Come and reign on earth for ever,  
   Soon thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By thine own transforming spirit  
   Make our bodies like thine own;  
   Lord, who dost all things inherit,  
   Raise us to thy glorious throne.
1 How long, O Lord our Saviour,
    Wilt thou remain away?
Our hearts are sometimes weary
    That thou dost absent stay;
Oh! when shall come the moment,
    When brighter far than morn,
The sunshine of thy glory
    Shall Israel adorn?

2 How long, O gracious Master,
    Wilt thou thy household leave?
So long hast thou now tarried,
    Few thy return believe:
Immersed in sloth and folly,
    The people, Lord, we see;
And few of us stand ready
    With joy to welcome thee.

3 How long, O heavenly Bridegroom,
    How long wilt thou delay?
And yet how few are grieving,
    That thou dost absent stay;
How many have their portion
    And calling high forgot;
And seek for ease and glory
    Where thou, their Lord, art not.

4 Oh! wake thy slumbering virgins,
    Send forth the solemn cry!
Let all thy saints repeat it:
    "The Bridegroom draweth nigh!"
May all our lamps be burning,
    Our loins well girded be:
Each longing heart preparing
    With joy to welcome thee.
1 Lord, we wait the time of blessing,
    Resting on thy promise now,
Hear our prayer, the throne addressing;  
    Lord, how long? why tarriest thou?

2 Come upon the wings of spirit,  
    Come, redeem thy mourning bride;
Give the kingdom to inherit,  
    Give her glory at thy side.

3 Many days of toil and sadness,  
    Many wrestlings for the prize,
Have prepared her for the gladness  
    Of that day of sweet surprise.

4 Long have sin and death enslaved us,  
    Long in dust hath faith remained;
Come, O Lord whose love hath saved us,  
    Give thy saints the vict'ry gained.

5 Lord, our hope and consolation,  
    Bring thine Israel quick release;  
O, refresh us with salvation,  
    Be our strength, our joy, our peace.
1 Son of God, thy people's shield,
   Must we still thine absence mourn?
   Must we to death's triumph yield?
   Thou hast said thou wilt return.

2 Gracious Master, soon appear,
   Quickly bring the morning light;
   Dissipate the constant fear,
   Turn our hope to joyful sight.

3 Come, that we may see thee nigh!
   Come to feed thy sheep in peace;
   Hush for ever trouble's sigh,
   Give us the desired release.
1 The vision tarrieth not;  
   At the appointed time  
It speaks, by man forgot,  
   God's purposes sublime.  
Yea, though it tarry long,  
   And seemeth not to grow,  
Let faith and hope be strong,  
   The word of God ye know.

2 That Word in Spirit-power  
   Before the Father's face,  
Awaits the promised hour  
   To manifest the grace.  
Ye weeping saints, rejoice;  
   "Redemption draweth nigh";  
Soon shall his glorious voice  
   His mercy testify.

3 Ye watchmen of the night,  
   Behold the morning break!  
O Zion, hail thy light!  
   Jerusalem, awake!  
To bless his chosen land,  
   O'er all the earth to reign,  
The Man of God's right hand,  
   Messiah, comes again.
1 Watchman! watchman! tell us of the night,
    What its signs of promise are!
Trav'ller! o'er yon mountain's height,
    See that glory-beaming star?
Watchman! does its beauteous ray
    Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Trav'ller! yes, it brings the day,
    Promised day of Israel,
Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman! watchman! tell us of the night;
    Higher yet that star ascends:
Trav'ller! blessedness and light,
    Peace and truth its course portends.
Watchman! will its beams alone
    Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Trav'ller! ages are its own,
    See! it bursts o'er all the earth,
See! it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman! watchman! tell us of the night,
    For the morning seems to dawn;
Trav'ller! darkness takes its flight,
    Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wand'rings cease,
    Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Trav'ller! lo! the Prince of Peace
    Lo! the Son of God is come!
Lo! the Son of God is come!
CHRIST: HIS ABSENCE

VOX ANGELICA  11.10.11.10

\(\text{Music: Trenton Watkins} \quad \text{Words: Anna Warner} \quad \text{Reproduced by kind permission of William Elkin Music Services on behalf of The Lorenz Corporation ©1978}\)
1 We would see Jesus! for the shadows lengthen  
   Across this little landscape of our life;  
   We would see Jesus! our weak faith to strengthen  
   For the last weariness—the final strife.

2 We would see Jesus!—tho' the dark cloud gathers  
   And billows break over both heart and brow;  
   Hear through the storm the quiet words he utters;  
   "Peace, it is I"—your Master, with you now.

3 We would see Jesus!—tho' the darkness deepen,  
   Know that the light unquenched will triumph still,  
   See in the gloom his brightness ever strengthen,  
   Look for the radiance which the earth shall fill.

4 We would see Jesus!—yet the spirit lingers  
   Round the dear objects it has loved so long;  
   And earth from earth can scarce unclasp its fingers;  
   Our love to thee scarce makes this love less strong.

5 We would see Jesus!—this is all we're needing;  
   Strength, joy and willingness come with the sight;  
   We would see Jesus!—like the dawn returning;  
   Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night.
1 Thy people, Lord, who trust Thy word,
    And wait the smiling of Thy face,
Assemble round Thy mercy-seat,
    And plead the promise of Thy grace.

2 Hast Thou not sworn to give Thy Son
    To be a light to Gentile lands;
To open the benighted eye,
    And loose the wretched prisoners' bands?

3 Hast Thou not said, from sea to sea
    His vast dominion shall extend,
That every tongue shall call him Lord,
    And every knee before him bend?

4 Now let the happy time appear,
    The time to favour Zion come:
Send forth Thy heralds far and near
    To call Thy banished people home.
1 Behold he comes! your Leader comes
   With might and honour crowned;
   A witness who shall spread My Name
   To earth's remotest bound.

2 See! nations hasten to his call
   From ev'ry distant shore;
   Kings from afar shall bow to him,
   And Israel's God adore.

3 With joy and peace shall then be led
   The glad converted lands:
   The lofty mountains then shall sing,
   The forests clap their hands.

4 Where briars grew midst barren wilds
   Shall firs and myrtles spring;
   And nature to its utmost bounds
   Eternal praises sing.
1 Christ is coming! let creation
    Bid her groans and travail cease;
    Let the glorious proclamation
    Hope restore, and faith increase;
    Christ is coming! Christ is coming!
    Come thou blessed Prince of Peace.

2 Earth can now but tell the story
    Of thy bitter cross and pain;
    She shall yet behold thy glory
    When thou comest back to reign.
    Christ is coming! Christ is coming!
    Let each heart repeat the strain.

3 With that blessed hope before us,
    Let the joyful words be sung;
    Let the mighty advent chorus
    Onward roll from tongue to tongue—
    Christ is coming! Christ is coming!
    Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come.
1 Christ is coming! let creation
Bid her groans and travail cease;
Let the glorious proclamation
Hope restore, and faith increase;
Christ is coming! Christ is coming!
Come thou blessed Prince of Peace.

2 Earth can now but tell the story
Of thy bitter cross and pain;
She shall yet behold thy glory
When thou comest back to reign.
Christ is coming! Christ is coming!
Let each heart repeat the strain.

3 With that blessed hope before us,
Let the joyful words be sung;
Let the mighty advent chorus
Onward roll from tongue to tongue—
Christ is coming! Christ is coming!
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come.
1 Christ the King is coming
   To set up his throne,
Royal Son of David
   To the world unknown,
He with might and power
   Will return again,
Not as lowly Jesus,
   But as King of men.

2 He the seed of Abraham
   Came as prophesied;
Was by man rejected,
   Slain and crucified;
But his Father raised him
   From the silent grave,
And immortal glory
   Unto him He gave.

3 Angels sang his praises
   At his humble birth,
Glory be in heaven;
   Peace to all on earth.
When he comes exalted
   In his Father's power,
Saints will sing his praises
   Then and evermore.

4 May Thy word enlighten
   Us to do Thy will,
How to give obedience
   And Thy law fulfil.
Help us, Lord, to serve Thee,
   And Thy truth embrace,
So that in Thy kingdom
   We may find a place.
1 Hail to the Lord's anointed!
   Great David's greater Son;
Hail! in the time appointed,
   His reign on earth begun:
He comes to break oppression,
   To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
   To rule in equity.

2 He comes with succour speedy
   To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
   And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
   Their darkness turn to light
Who, languishing and dying,
   Are perishing from sight.

3 Through changing generations,
   With justice, mercy, truth—
While stars maintain their stations,
   And moons renew their youth,
He shall come down like showers
   Upon the fruitful earth;
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
   Spring in his path to birth.

4 Kings shall fall down before him,
   And gold and incense bring:
All nations shall adore him,
   His praise all nations sing:
O'er every foe victorious,
   He on his throne shall rest
From age to age more glorious,
   All-blessing and all-blest.
1 Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,  
The Saviour promised long!  
Let every heart prepare a throne,  
And every voice a song.

2 He comes the prisoners to release  
In sin's hard bondage held;  
The gates of brass before him burst,  
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes the broken heart to bind,  
The wounded soul to cure,  
And with the treasures of his grace  
To bless the humble poor.

4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim,  
And heaven's eternal arches ring  
With thy beloved name.
LITTLE CORNARD 66.66.88

1 Hills of the North, rejoice;
   River and mountain-spring,
Hark to the advent voice;
   Valley and lowland, sing;
Though absent long, your Lord is nigh;
   He judgement brings and victory.

2 Isles of the southern seas,
   Deep in your coral caves
Pent be each warring breeze,
   Luuled be your restless waves;
He comes to reign with boundless sway,
   And makes your wastes his great highway.

3 Lands of the East, awake,
   Soon shall your sons be free;
The sleep of ages break,
   And rise to liberty.
On your far hills, long cold and grey,
   Has dawned the everlasting day.

4 Shores of the utmost West,
   Ye that have waited long,
Unvisited, unblest,
   Break forth to swelling song;
High raise the note, in triumph sing,
   He lives and reigns, th'eternal King.
1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come;  
   Let earth receive her King;  
Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,  
   And heav'n and nature sing.  
And heav'n and nature sing,  
   And heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns;  
   Let all their songs employ;  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains  
   Repeat the sounding joy,  
Repeat the sounding joy,  
   Repeat, repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,  
   Nor thorns infest the ground;  
He's come to make his blessings flow  
   Far as the curse is found,  
Far as the curse is found,  
   Far as, far as the curse is found,

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

Tenors and basses do not sing the words in italics
1 Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious:
   See the Man of Sorrows now,
To the earth returned victorious:
   Every knee to him shall bow.
     Crown him, crown him,
     Crown him, crown him;
     Crowns become the Victor's brow;
     Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, Father, crown him:
   Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone him,
   While the vault of heaven rings.
     Crown him, crown him,
     Crown him, crown him;
     Crown the Saviour, King of kings!
     Crown the Saviour, King of kings!

3 Sinners in derision crowned him,
   Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels throng around him,
   Own his title, praise his name.
     Crown him, crown him,
     Crown him, crown him;
     Spread abroad the Victor's fame;
     Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
   Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station:
   O, what joy the sight affords!
     Crown him, crown him,
     Crown him, crown him,
     King of kings, and Lord of lords;
     King of kings, and Lord of lords.
1 Lift now your voice and sing
   Hallelujah, amen.
Sing loud of Israel's King,
   Hallelujah, amen.
Sing of the better day
   When earth shall own his sway,
All nations him obey.
   Hallelujah, amen.

2 Hail! Jesus comes again,
   Hallelujah, amen.
He comes o'er earth to reign,
   Hallelujah, amen.
True Heir to David's throne,
   He'll claim it as his own;
His power shall then be known.
   Hallelujah, amen.

3 Come, Jesus, quickly come,
   Hallelujah, amen.
For thee thy people long,
   Hallelujah, amen.
Our Saviour and our Friend,
   On thee our hopes depend:
Thy love will never end.
   Hallelujah, amen.

4 Ride forth, thou mighty King!
   Hallelujah, amen.
Our great salvation bring,
   Hallelujah, amen.
All nations thou wilt bless,
   And those who thee confess,
Thy kingdom shall possess.
   Hallelujah, amen.
1 Light of them that sit in darkness,
   Rise and shine, thy blessings bring:
Light to lighten all the Gentiles,
   Rise with healing in thy wing:
To thy brightness, To thy brightness
Let all kings and nations come,
   Let all kings and nations come.

2 Let the Gentiles, now adoring
   Idols vain as wood and stone,
Come, and, worshipping before Him,
   Serve the living God alone:
Let Thy glory, Let Thy glory
Fill the earth, as floods the sea,
   Fill the earth, as floods the sea.

3 Thou to whom all pow'r is given,
   Speak the word: at thy command
Let the law go forth from Zion;
   Spread thy word from land to land:
Lord, arouse thee, Lord, arouse thee,
Let God's will be all in all,
   Let God's will be all in all.
1 Long hath the night of sorrow reigned;  
The dawn shall bring us light;  
For Christ shall come, and we shall rise  
With gladness in his sight.

2 Our hearts, if Jesus we would know,  
Shall know him and rejoice;  
His coming like the morn shall be,  
Like morning songs his voice.

3 As dew upon the tender herb,  
Diffusing fragrance round;  
As showers that usher in the spring,  
And cheer the thirsty ground—

4 So shall his presence bless our souls  
And shed a joyful light;  
That hallowed morn shall chase away  
The sorrows of the night.
OPEN YE THE GATES

O - pen ye the gates, O - pen ye the gates, that the
right-eous na - tion that keep-eth truth may en - ter there - in.

O - pen ye the gates, O - pen ye the gates,
O - pen ye the gates, O - pen ye the

O - pen ye the gates, that the
right - eous na - tion that
keep-eth truth may en- ter, may en- ter there-in.

Thou wilt keep him in per-fect peace whose mind is

stayed, is stayed on Thee; be-cause he trust eth in Thee,

cause he trust eth in Thee, be-cause he trust eth in Thee, he
J = 112 Allegro

trust-eth in Thee. Trust in the Lord for ev - er,

Trust in the Lord for ev - er, for in the Lord Je - ho - vah is

ev - er - last-ing strength. Trust in the Lord,

Trust in the Lord, for in the Lord Je - ho - vah is
ev - er - last - ing strength, is ev - er - last - ing strength.
1 The days are quickly flying,  
    And Christ will come again  
With all his saints attending  
    Triumphant in his train:  
When every eye shall see him,  
    And every tongue confess  
The glory of the Father,  
    In Christ our righteousness.

2 O day of exultation!  
    O day of God's Elect!  
Sweet day of consummation  
    That longing hearts expect:

When every conflict ended,  
    And every sorrow past,  
A cry goes up triumphant,  
    The Lord has come at last.

3 Lord, come then in thy Kingdom,  
    Set up on earth thy throne;  
And, lest thy sheep grow weary,  
    Come take them for thine own:  
Now, when the night seems darkest,  
    Come in thy glory bright;  
Come to redeem thine Israel,  
    And turn our faith to sight.
1 Thy kingdom come, O God,  
    Thy rule, O Christ, begin;  
Break with thine iron rod  
    The tyrannies of sin.

2 Bring quick thy reign of peace,  
    Bring purity and love—  
Then shall all hatred cease;  
    Bring joy from heav’n above.

3 We pray thee, Lord, arise,  
    And manifest thy might;  
Revive our longing eyes  
    Which languish for the sight.

4 Oh! haste the promised time  
    When war shall be no more,  
Oppression, lust, and crime  
    Shall flee thy face before.

5 O'er Gentile lands afar  
    Thick darkness broodeth yet:  
Arise, O morning Star,  
    Arise, and never set.
1 Thy kingdom come, O God,  
    Thy rule, O Christ, begin;  
Break with thine iron rod  
    The tyrannies of sin.

2 Bring quick thy reign of peace,  
    Bring purity and love—  
Then shall all hatred cease;  
    Bring joy from heav'n above.

3 We pray thee, Lord, arise,  
    And manifest thy might;  
Revive our longing eyes  
    Which languish for the sight.

4 Oh! haste the promised time  
    When war shall be no more,  
Oppression, lust, and crime  
    Shall flee thy face before.

5 O'er Gentile lands afar  
    Thick darkness broodeth yet:  
Arise, O morning Star,  
    Arise, and never set.
1 Wake, awake! for night is flying,
The watchmen on the heights are crying,
   Awake, Jerusalem at last!
Midnight hears the welcome voices,
And at the thrilling cry rejoices:
   Come forth, ye virgins, night is past,
The Bridegroom comes, awake!
Your lamps with gladness take,
   Hallelujah.
And for his marriage-feast prepare,
For ye must go to meet him there.

2 Zion hears the watchmen singing,
And all her heart with joy is springing!
   She wakes, she rises from her gloom,
For her Lord comes down all-glorious,
The strong in grace, in truth victorious;
   Her star is ris’n, her light is come.
Oh come then, blessed Lord,
O Jesus, Son of God,
   Hallelujah.
We follow till the place we see,
Where thou hast bid us meet with thee.
1 The Saviour comes, his advent's nigh,
He soon will leave the throne on high,
And coming back to earth again,
Will reign for God, and dwell with men.

2 O happy day when wars shall cease,
And ransomed earth be filled with peace;
When sin and death no more shall reign,
And Eden bloom on earth again.

3 Saints, lift your heads, the day is near
When your Redeemer shall appear
To take the kingdom and the throne,
And make his ransomed Bride his own.
1 Behold! the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
On mountain tops, above the hills,
And draw the wond'ring eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow;
"Up to the hill of God", they'll say,
"And to His house we'll go."

3 No strife shall rage, nor hostile feud
Disturb those peaceful years;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

4 No longer host encount'ring host
Shall crowds of slain deplore:
They'll hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

5 The beams that shine from Zion's hill
Shall lighten ev'ry land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.
1 A rose shall bloom in the lonely place,
   A wild shall echo with sounds of joy;
   For heav’n’s own gladness its bounds shall grace,
   And forms angelic their songs employ.

2 And Lebanon’s cedars shall rustle their boughs,
   And fan their leaves in the scented air:
   And Carmel and Sharon shall pay their vows,
   And shout, for the glory of God is there.

3 O, say to the fearful, Be strong of heart;
   He comes in vengeance, but not for thee;
   For thee he comes, his might to impart
   To the trembling heart and the feeble knee.

4 The blind shall see, and the deaf shall hear,
   The dumb shall raise their notes for him;
   The lame shall leap like the unharmed deer,
   And the thirsty shall drink of the living stream.

5 The ransomed of God shall return to him
   With a chorus of joy to a gladsome lay;
   No eye with a tear of grief shall be dim,
   For sorrow and sighing shall flee away.
1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
   Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
   And crown him, crown him, crown him,
   Crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye servants of our God,
   Who on his great name call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
   And crown him, crown him, crown him,
   Crown him Lord of all.

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

4 Ye Gentile ransomed, ne'er forget
   The wormwood and the gall:
Go spread your trophies at his feet,
   And crown him, crown him, crown him,
   Crown him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe
   On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
   And crown him, crown him, crown him,
   Crown him Lord of all.
DIADEM  C.M.

Second Tune

\[ \text{And} \]

Crown him! crown him! crown him! crown him!

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

2 Crown him, ye servants of our God,
   Who on his great name call;
   Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
   And crown him, crown him, crown him,
   Crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race—
   A remnant weak and small—
   Hail him who saves you by his grace,
   And crown him, crown him, crown him,
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4 Ye Gentile ransomed, ne'er forget
   The wormwood and the gall:
   Go spread your trophies at his feet,
   And crown him, crown him, crown him,
   Crown him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe
   On this terrestrial ball,
   To him all majesty ascribe,
   And crown him, crown him, crown him,
   Crown him Lord of all.
1 Crown him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon his throne;
Hark how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own:
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of him who died for thee,
And hail him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

2 Crown him the Lord of life
Who triumphed o'er the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife
For those he came to save.
His glories now we sing
Who died, and rose on high,
Who died—eternal life to bring,
And lives, that death may die.

3 Crown him the Lord of love;
Behold his hands and side,
Those wounds yet visible above
In beauty glorified:
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.
1 Exalt, O God, Thy glorious Son;
Throughout the world Thy will be done;
Set up on earth his promised throne,
And make all hearts and hands his own.

2 Soft as the dews from heaven descend,
He comes, he comes, the sinner's Friend—
The fall'n to raise, the meek to bless,
And reign o'er all in righteousness.

3 As bright and lasting as the sun,
From sea to sea his sway shall run;
Kings to his footstool shall repair,
And nations find their refuge there.

4 Prayer to his throne shall daily rise,
His praises ring through earth and skies;
His grace on all that live be poured,
And all shall live to serve the Lord.

5 Cry 'Welcome!' to the King of kings,
Who comes with healing in his wings;
From age to age, from shore to shore,
His name be praised for evermore.
1 Great God, whose universal sway  
The known and unknown worlds obey,  
Now give the kingdom to Thy Son,  
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

2 The sceptre well becomes his hand;  
And kings shall bow to his command:  
His justice shall avenge the poor,  
And pride and rage prevail no more.

3 With power he vindicates the just  
And treads oppressors in the dust;  
His worship and his fear shall last  
Till sin and death from earth have passed.

4 The saints shall flourish in his days,  
And wear the robes of joy and praise;  
Peace like a river from his throne  
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.
1 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!
   Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain;
   Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning,
   Zion in triumph begins her bright reign.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
   Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
   Hail to the millions from bondage returning,
   Gentiles and Jews the glad vision behold.

3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing,
   Streams ever copious are gliding along;
   Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing;
   Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song.

4 See, from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,
   Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
   Fall'n are the engines of war and commotion,
   Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

5 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!
   Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain;
   Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning,
   Zion in triumph begins her bright reign.
1 Hallelujah, sing of Jesus,
   His the sceptre, his the throne;
Hallelujah, his the triumph,
   His the victory alone:
Hark! The songs of peaceful Zion
   Thunder like a mighty flood;
Jesus, out of every nation,
   Hath redeemed us by his blood.

2 Hallelujah! not as orphans
   Are we left in sorrow now;
Hallelujah! he is near us,
   Faith believes, nor questions how;
Though the cloud from sight received him
   When the forty days were o'er,
Shall our hearts forget his promise
   "I am with you evermore"?

3 Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
   Glory be to God on high;
To the Father, and the Saviour,
   Who has gained the victory;
By the all-creating Spirit
   Came a son to wondrous birth:
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
   Triumphs the redeemed earth.
1 Hark! ten thousand, thousand voices
   Sing the song of Jubilee;
   Earth through all her tribes rejoices,
   Broke her long captivity.
   Now the theme in pealing thunders,
   Through the gladsome air is rung:
   Now in gentler tones, the wonders
   Of redeeming grace are sung.
   Hail, Emmanuel, great Deliv'rer,
   Hail, Emmanuel, Hail, Emmanuel,
   Hail, Emmanuel, praise to Thee.

2 Oh! the rapturous, blissful story,
   Spoken to Emmanuel's praise;
   And the strains so full of glory,
   That immortal voices raise;
   While our crowns of glory casting
   At His feet, in rapture lost,
   We, in anthems everlasting,
   Mingle with the ransomed host.
   Hail, Emmanuel, great Deliv'rer,
   Hail, Emmanuel, Hail, Emmanuel,
   Hail, Emmanuel,
   Thou art worthy of all praise.

3 Yea, He reigns, the Great Messiah—
   In Millennial glory crowned;
   'Israel's Hope', and 'Earth's Desire',
   Now triumphant and renowned;
   Heaven and earth, with all their regions,
   At His footstool prostrate fall;
   Heaven and earth, with all their legions,
   Praise Emmanuel Lord of all.
   Hail, Messiah!—reign for ever,
   Hail, Messiah!—reign for ever,
   Hail, Messiah! Hail, Messiah!
   Hail, Messiah!
   Heaven to earth reflects the sound.
1 Hark! the song of Jubilee  
   Loud as mighty thunders roar,  
   Or the fulness of the sea  
   When it breaks upon the shore.

2 See Jehovah's banner furled,  
   Sheathed His sword; He speaks—'tis done!  
   Now the kingdoms of the world  
   Are the kingdom of His Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole  
   With supreme unbounded sway;  
   He shall reign when, like a scroll,  
   Present things have passed away.

4 Hallelujah! for the Lord  
   God omnipotent shall reign;  
   Hallelujah! let the word  
   Echo round the earth and main.
1 His kingdom comes! ye saints rejoice,
Lift up your heads, exalt your voice
To swell the lofty strain;
Proclaim the joyful news abroad;
The mighty King! the glorious Lord!
He comes on earth to reign.

2 High o'er the pomp of Gentile state,
On chosen Zion's royal seat
The Lord God sets his throne;
Now shall the lands confess his power,
And all the earth his Name adore,
And serve the Lord alone!

3 Before the terrors of his face
Let mortal man his pride abase,
And every monarch fall;
Prostrate be ev'ry haughty foe,
The pomp and power of earth lie low,
And God be all in all.
1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
   Doth his successive journeys run;
   His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
   Till sin shall curse the earth no more;
   Till sin shall curse the earth no more.

2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
   And praises throng to crown his head;
   His Name like sweet perfume shall rise
   With every morning sacrifice;
   With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
   Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
   And infant voices shall proclaim
   Their early blessings on his Name;
   Their early blessings on his Name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
   The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
   The weary find eternal rest,
   And all the sons of want are blest;
   And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Where he displays his healing power,
   Sorrow and pain are known no more;
   In him the tribes of Adam boast
   More blessings than their father lost;
   More blessings than their father lost.
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   Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
Till sin shall curse the earth no more.

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   Sorrow and pain are known no more;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
   More blessings than their father lost.
1 Lo! he comes, the King of glory,
   See the royal Victor's brow;
Once for sinners marred and gory,
Jesus is exalted now;
   While before him,
While before him
All his ransomed brethren bow.

2 Blessed morning! long expected:
   Loud resounds the peopled air;
Mourners, once by man rejected,
They with him exalted there,
   Sing his praises,
Sing his praises,
And his throne of glory share.

3 Judah! lo, thy royal Lion
   Reigns on earth, a conqu'ring King;
Come, ye ransomed tribes, to Zion,
   Love's abundant offerings bring;
There behold him,
There behold him,
And his ceaseless praises sing.

4 King of kings! let earth adore him,
   High on his exalted throne;
Fall, ye nations, fall before him,
   And his righteous sceptre own.
All the glory,
All the glory
Be to God and him alone!
1 O Thou everlasting Father,
   Give the kingdom to Thy Son:
He has died that he might gather
   All Thy children into one:
      For the travail—
      For the travail—
      For the travail
Of his soul, let this be done.

2 Then the north, in darkness shrouded,
   Jacob's rising star shall bless!
And the eastern morn, unclouded,
   Bring the Sun of Righteousness,
            Cheering, healing;
            Cheering, healing,
            Cheering, healing,
   With the brightness of his face.

3 On Thy holy hill of Zion
   Thou hast long ordained his seat;
Now, as Judah's conquering lion,
   Lay all foes beneath his feet:
      Let his ransomed—
      Let his ransomed—
      Let his ransomed
In the final triumph meet.
1 Rejoice, the Lord is King,
   Our God and King adore:
Loud hallelujahs sing,
   And triumph evermore:
Look up, lift up both heart and voice,
Rejoice, for Jesus saith, “Rejoice!”

2 He comes again to reign,
   In mercy, truth and love;
To make an end of pain,
   And bring life from above.
Look up, lift up both heart and voice,
Rejoice, again he saith, “Rejoice!”

3 His glory now forthtell,
   Who comes to earth from heaven:
The keys of death and hell
   To Christ our Lord are given:
Look up, lift up both heart and voice,
Rejoice, the Bridegroom saith, “Rejoice!”
1 See the Lamb upon Mount Zion
   With the number of the blest!
See how Judah's conquering Lion
   Gives to them his glorious rest!
Sweet reward of faithful following
   They by patience have possesst.

2 Strangers once among all nations,
   Now before the Lamb they stand;
   Ended all their tribulations;
   Palms of victory in the hand,
   Kept for him that overcometh,
   Glory in Immanuel's Land.

3 Sealed of God within the forehead,
   Consecrated heart and soul;
   Separate from sinners wanton,
   Yielding to the Lord's control;
   Robes of righteousness possessing,
   Firstfruits they of harvest whole.

4 Hear him cheering thee, my brother,
   Whatsoe'er thy present pain.
   Not to be compared the suffering
   With the glory thou shalt gain
   In the kingdom of the Father,
   In the Son's immortal reign.
1 Shine, mighty God, on Zion shine,
    With beams of heavenly grace;
Reveal Thy power through all the land,
    And show Thy smiling face.

2 When shall Thy name from shore to shore
    Sound through the earth abroad,
And distant nations know and love
    Their Saviour and their God?

3 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
    Sing loud with solemn voice;
Let every tongue exalt His praise,
    And every heart rejoice.

4 Earth shall obey His high command
    And yield her full increase;
And God will crown His chosen land
    With fruitfulness and peace.
1 When shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley, ringing
With our triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And him, who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign!

2 Then from the lofty mountains
The sacred shout shall fly,
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply;
High tower and lofty dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujah swelling
In one triumphant sound.
1 When shall we join our cheerful songs With angels round the throne? Ten thousand thousand are their tongues. But all their joys are one. "Worthy the Lamb that died", they cry, "To be exalted thus!"

"Worthy the Lamb", our lips reply, "For he was slain for us!"

Jesus is worthy to receive Honour and power divine; And blessings, more than we can give, Be, Lord, for ever thine. Let all creation join in one To bless the sacred Name Of him that sits upon the throne, And to adore the Lamb.
WORTHY THE LAMB

Wor-thy the Lamb, wor-thy the Lamb that was
Wor-thy the Lamb, the Lamb that was
Wor-thy the Lamb, wor-thy the Lamb that was
pow-er, and rich-ess, and
pow-er, and rich-ess, and
pow-er, and rich-ess, and
slain, to re-ceive
pow-er, and rich-ess, and
pow-er, and rich-ess, and
pow-er, and rich-ess, and
wis-dom, and cresc.
wis-dom, and hon-our, and glo-ry, and bless-ing,
wis-dom, and
For Thou art wor-thy, O Lord, to re-ceive pow-er, and
For Thou art wor-thy, O Lord, to re-ceive pow-er, and