



Gospel Fellowships Hymnal

FOR MANY believers there has been a lack of good resources to help them worship the Lord in private devotion or in public gatherings of the Lord's people. Many hymns and choruses that could be sung by memory and without instruments have been laid aside for more contemporary songs that have much musical accompaniment. The argument is not over styles of music or what is permissible in a worship setting but rather that a very powerful weapon of the Church has been lost. This occurs when we do not have many hymns and choruses that we can sing without instruments with a whole heart towards the Lord. Thus the burden here is to simply supply a resource of many old hymns, choruses and spiritual songs for *reading*, *meditation* and *singing* privately and corporately.¹¹⁴³ We encourage the believers as they gather, to sing the choruses slowly and boldly to the Lord Himself.

Throughout the 2000 years of the Christian Church there have been many different modes of music used. We are not arguing for one specific style of music. This hymnal does not exclude the singing of more contemporary songs in meetings, this choice will be up to the discretion of brothers and sisters in each individual meeting. One interesting thought from the past, around 300 AD: "Augustine

¹¹⁴³ Psalm 111:1-2

describes the singing at Alexandria under Athanasius as *more like speaking than singing*. Musical instruments were not used. The pipe, tabret, and harp were associated so intimately with the sensuous heathen cults, as well as with the wild revelries and shameless performances of the degenerate theatre and circus, that it is easy to understand the prejudice against their use in the Christian worship.”¹¹⁴⁴ In the time of Jesus singing *acapella* was normal and used much more than in our contemporary societies. The great benefit of an Assembly singing without instruments is that under persecution there is still an ability to easily worship the Lord in this fashion.

May God lead each group by His Spirit. This is simply a small resource that will benefit some. Even to be read aloud and meditated on they are a great help to encourage us along the pilgrim way.¹¹⁴⁵

From practical experience we have found that singing hymns very slowly and clearly allows the greatest time for meditation on the words so therefore each person can worship the Lord in Spirit and in truth.¹¹⁴⁶ May we heed the Words in Ephesians: “Speaking to one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart *to the Lord*.”¹¹⁴⁷ Sing to the Lord. Sing in a way where you direct the Words to God and give Him the glory.

Most of the hymns have been modernized in their wording to have younger generations participate, to help their understanding and to aid the understanding of those speaking other languages. Changes were made also to bring more attention to the work of Christ’s blood shed for mankind. We even encourage brethren who are musically gifted to compose new tunes for these hymns so that a new generation can benefit greatly from the words of these precious hymns of the past.

We dedicate this hymnal to the Son of God, Jesus Christ. One day soon we will all worship the Lamb of God in heaven. *Amen*.

¹¹⁴⁴ Ernest Edwin Ryden (1886-1981)

¹¹⁴⁵ 1 Peter 1:17, 1 Peter 2:11

¹¹⁴⁶ John 4:23

¹¹⁴⁷ Ephesians 5:19



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1

JESUS, I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN,
All to leave and follow You.
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
You my all therefore will be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought or hoped or known.
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and Heaven are still mine own.

Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Savior, too.
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
You are not, like them, untrue.
And while You are smiling on me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate and friends disown me,
Show Your face and all is bright.

Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn and pain!
In Your service, pain is pleasure;
With Your favor, loss is gain.
I have called You, *Abba, Father*;
Fixed on You my heart will be:
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

Take, my soul, Your full salvation;
Rise over sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear:
Think what Spirit dwells within you;
What a Father's smile is yours;
What a Savior died to win you,
child of heaven, frown no more!

Rush then on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer,
Heaven's eternal days before you,
God's own hand will guide you there.
Soon shall close your earthly mission,
Swift shall pass your pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

2

IF I HAVE NOT FORSAKEN ALL
In answer to Your loving call;
If I've kept something back from You,
Lord, give me light, that I might see.

*Lord, help me judge myself each day,
To walk this new and living way
I seek Your grace with all my heart,
To be made pure, just as You are.*

If anything upon this earth
Attracts me with its sense of worth;
If money has a hold on me,
Lord, give me light, that I might see.

If all my life revolves round me
And thoughts of my own family;
If I am living selfishly,
Lord, give me light, that I might see.

Is there some good I should have done?
Is there some soul I should have won?
Have I hurt someone thoughtlessly?
Lord, give me light, that I might see.

If someone's failure has not brought

Concern and care within my heart;
 If I've judged others inwardly,
 Lord, give me light, that I might see.

If I have cared for men's applause
 Or sought my own and shunned the cross;
 If I have feared man's mockery,
 Lord give me light, that I might see.

If I've not sought Your power in prayer
 Because of earthly toils and care;
 If I'm not longing after You,
 Lord give me light, that I might see.

3

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

Holy, holy, holy!
 All the saints adore You,
 Casting down their golden crowns
 around the glassy sea;
 Cherubim and seraphim
 falling down before You,
 Who was, and is, and ever will be.

Holy, holy, holy!
 though the darkness hide You,
 Though the eye of sinful man
 Your glory may not see;
 Only You are holy;
 there is none beside You,

Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Holy, holy, holy!
Lord God Almighty!
All Your works shall praise Your Name,
in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, holy, holy;
merciful and mighty!
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!

4

ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME!

Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
and crown Him Lord of all.

Crown Him, you martyrs of your God,
who from His altar call;
Praise the Stem of Jesse's Rod,
and crown Him Lord of all.

You seed of Israel's chosen race,
you ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
and crown Him Lord of all.

Sinners, whose love can never forget
the price He paid for all,
Go spread your trophies at His feet,
and crown Him Lord of all.

Let every tribe and every tongue
before Him prostrate fall
And shout in universal song
the mighty Lord of all.

One day with all the heavenly host,
we at His feet will fall,
And join in everlasting song,
crown Him Lord of all.

5

ONE WITH YOU, O SON ETERNAL,
Joined by faith in spirit one,
Share we in Your death inclusive
And Your life, O God the Son.
One with You, holy Son beloved,
Part of You become through grace,
Heirs with You of our one Father,
We are Your Spirit's dwelling place.

One with You, Son of God incarnate,
Born with You, the Man of worth,
We, the members of Your body,
Tarry with You here on earth.
One with You, Son anointed,
Sharing too the Spirit's power,
We in full cooperation
Labor with You hour by hour.

One with You, Son of God forsaken,
Judgment and the curse has passed;
We to sin are dead forever,
Hell beneath our feet is cast.
One with You in resurrection,
Death can never us oppress;
We live in Your new creation,
Bearing fruits of righteousness.

One with You, Son of God ascended,
Seated with You on the throne,
Your authority we share eternally

Rule with You, servants you own.
One with You, Son of God returning,
Glorified with You we will be one day,
Forever to manifest Your beauty,
One with You forever to stay.

6

GO TO DARK GETHSEMANE,
You that feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
watch with Him one bitter hour,
Turn not from His griefs away;
learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

Follow to the judgment hall,
beaten, bound, reviled, and maimed;
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pains His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
learn of Christ to bear the cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
there, adoring at His feet,
mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete.
It is finished! hear Him cry;
learn of Jesus Christ to die.

Early hasten to the tomb
where they laid His breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom.
Who has taken Him away?
Christ is risen! He meets our eyes;
Savior, help us so to rise.

7

MY JESUS, I LOVE YOU,
I know You are mine;
For You all the follies of sin I resign.
My gracious Redeemer,
my hand is to the plough;
If ever I loved You,
my Jesus, it's now.

I love You because
You have first loved me,
And purchased my pardon
on Calvary's tree.
I love You for wearing
the thorns as Your crown;
If ever I loved You,
my Jesus, it's now.

I'll love You in life,
I will love You in death,
And praise You as long
as You lend me the breath;
And say when the dew of death
forms on my brow,
If ever I loved You,
my Jesus, it's now.

In mansions of glory
and endless delight,
I'll ever adore You
in heaven so bright;
I'll sing with the glittering
crown on my brow;
If ever I loved You,
my Jesus, it's now.

8

SHEPHERD OF TENDER YOUTH,¹¹⁴⁸

Guiding in love and truth
Through devious ways;
Christ, our triumphant King,
We come Your Name to sing,
And here our children bring
To sing Your praise.

You are our holy Lord,
Christ the incarnate Word,
Healer of strife:
You did Yourself abase,
becoming sin's disgrace
That You might save our race,
And give us life.

Ever be near our side,
Our Shepherd and our Guide,
Our staff and song:
Jesus, the Christ of God,
Your love now shed abroad,
Lead us where You have trod;
Our faith make strong.

So now, until we die,
We lift Your Name on high,
And joyful sing:
In weakness make us strong
We to Your Church belong
Unite our hearts in songs
To Christ our King!

¹¹⁴⁸ The oldest Christian hymn, Clement of Alexandria (A.D. 150-215)

9

AMAZING GRACE! HOW SWEET THE SOUND

that saved a wretch like me!

I once was lost, but now am found;
was blind, but now I see.

Tw'as grace that taught my heart to fear,
and grace my fears relieved;
how precious did that grace appear
the hour I first believed.

Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
Grace has brought me safe this far,
and grace will lead me home.

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

Yes, when this flesh and heart will fail,
and mortal life will cease,
I will possess, within the veil,
a life of joy and peace.

When we've been there ten thousand years,
with endless days to come,
We've no less days to sing and praise
The glories of the Lamb.

10

O WORSHIP THE KING, ALL GLORIOUS ABOVE,

O gratefully sing His power and His love;
Our shield and defender, the Ancient of Days,
Full of great splendor, and girded with praise.

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

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In You do we trust, nor find You to fail;
Your mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

11

O FOR A THOUSAND TONGUES TO SING

My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

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

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

He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

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

Hear Him, you deaf; His praise, you dumb
Your loosened tongues employ
You blind, behold your Savior come,
And leap, you lame, for joy.

Glory to God, and praise and love
Be now and ever given,
By saints below and saints above,
The Church in earth and heaven.

I felt my Lord's atoning blood
Close to my soul applied;
Me, me He loved, the Son of God,
For me, for me He died!

Look to the Son and cry out,
Your God became like you;
Saved by faith, Christ died for you,
Justified by His blood.

See all your sins on Jesus laid:
The Lamb of God was slain,
A sacrifice for sin was made
For the soul of every man.

12

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN FILLED WITH BLOOD
drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
that fountain in his day;
And there have I, though vile as he,
washed all my sins away.
Dear dying Lamb, Your precious blood

shall never lose its power
Till all the ransomed Church of God
be saved, to sin no more.

Ever since, by faith, I saw the stream
Your flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
and shall be till I die.

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

13

ROCK OF AGES, CLEFT FOR ME,
Let me hide myself in You;
Let the water and the blood,
From Your wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Save from wrath and make me pure.

Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill Your Law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
You must save, and You alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to the cross I cling;
Naked, come to You for dress;
Helpless look to You for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Savior, or I die.
While I draw this fleeting breath,

When my eyes shall close in death,
 When I soar through realms unknown,
 See You on Your judgment throne,
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in You.

14

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 you,
 And hail Him as your matchless King
 His love makes all things new.

Crown Him the Son of God,
 before the worlds began,
 And you who walk where He has walked,
 crown Him the Son of Man;
 Who every grief has known
 each sorrow, every test,
 And takes and bears them for His own,
 that all in Him may rest.

Crown Him the Lord of life,
 who triumphed over 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.

Crown Him the Lord of peace,
 whose kingdom will not end.

From east to west and north to south,
All boundaries it transcends.
His reign shall know no end,
and round His nail pierced feet
The song of the redeemed ascends
before the mercy seat.

Crown Him the Lord of love,
behold His hands and side,
Those wounds, yet visible above,
in beauty glorified.
No angel in the sky
can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
at mysteries ever bright.

Crown Him the Lord of Heaven,
enthroned in worlds above,
Crown Him the King to whom is given
the wondrous Name of Love.
Crown Him with many crowns,
as thrones before Him fall;
Crown Him, you kings, with many crowns,
for He is King of all.

Crown Him the Lord of lords,
who over all does reign,
Who once on earth, the holy Word,
for ransomed sinners slain,
Now lives in realms of light,
where saints with angels sing
Their songs before Him day and night,
their God, Redeemer, King.

Crown Him the Lord of years,
the Architect of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
amazing in design.

All hail, Redeemer, hail!
 For You have died for me;
 Your praise and glory will not fail
 for all eternity.

15

A HUNDRED THOUSAND SOULS A DAY

Are passing one by one away
 In Christless guilt and gloom;
 Without one ray of hope or light,
 With future dark as endless night,
 They are passing to their doom,
 They are passing to their doom.

*They are passing, passing fast away
 In thousands day by day;
 They are passing to their doom,
 They are passing to their doom.*

O Holy Spirit, Your people move,
 Baptize their hearts with faith and love
 And consecrate their gold.
 At Jesus' feet their treasures pour,
 And all their ranks unite once more,
 As in the days of old,
 As in the days of old.

The Master's coming now draws near;
 The Son of Man will soon appear;
 His kingdom is at hand.
 Before that glorious day can be,
 This Gospel of the kingdom we
 Must preach in every land,
 Must preach in every land.

Oh, let us then His coming haste,

Oh, let us end this awful waste
Of souls that never die.
A thousand millions still are lost;
A Savior's blood has paid the cost,
Oh, hear their dying cry,
Oh, hear their dying cry.

They are passing, passing, fast away,
A hundred thousand souls a day
In Christless guilt and gloom.
O Church of Christ, what will you say
When, in the awful judgment day,
They charge you with their doom,
They charge you with their doom?

16

I THIRST, O WOUNDED LAMB OF GOD,
To wash me in Your cleansing blood;
To dwell within Your wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

Take our hearts, and make them new
Forever closed to all but You:
Secure our hearts, and let us wear
Your seal of love forever there.

How blessed are they who still abide
Close sheltered by Your watchful side;
Who life and strength from You receive,
And with You move, and in You live.

What are our works but sin and death,
Until, with Spirit's quickening breath,
You breathe on us life from above;
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!

How can it be, O heavenly King,
That You should us to glory bring;
Make slaves the partners of Your throne,
Adorned with never-fading crowns?

To You our hearts and hands we give
Yours may we die, Yours may we live
Unloose our stammering tongues to tell
of Your love immense, unsearchable!

17

WOULD JESUS HAVE THE SINNER DIE?

Why hangs He then upon the tree?
What means that strange dying cry?
(*Sinners, He prays for you and me.*)
“*Forgive them, Father, O forgive,
They know not that by Me they live.*”

Jesus descended from above,
Our loss of Eden to retrieve,
Great God of universal love,
If all the world through You may live,
In us a quickening Spirit be,
And witness that You died for me,

You loving, all-atoning Lamb,
You—by Your painful agony,
Your bloody sweat, Your grief and shame,
Your cross and passion on the tree,
Your precious death and life, I pray,
Take all, take all my sins away,

O let me kiss Your bleeding feet,
And bathe and wash them with my tears!
The story of Your love repeat
In every drooping sinner's ears,

That all may hear the quickening sound,
Since I, even I, have mercy found,

O let Your love my heart constrain!
Your love for every sinner free,
That every fallen soul of man
May taste the grace that searched for me;
That all mankind with me may prove
Your sovereign everlasting love.

18

GUIDE ME ONWARD, HEAVENLY REDEEMER,
Pilgrim through this barren land.
I am weak, but You are mighty;
Guide me with Your powerful hand.
Bread of Heaven, Bread of Heaven,
You provide our every need;
You provide our every need.

Open now the crystal fountain,
Where the healing stream does flow;
Let the fire and cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through.
Strong Deliverer, strong Deliverer,
Be my refuge, strength and shield;
Be my refuge, strength and shield.

Lord, I trust Your mighty power,
Wondrous are Your works of old;
You redeemed your people from the bondage,
into which they had been sold.
You did conquer, You did conquer,
Sin, and Satan and the grave,
Sin, and Satan and the grave.

When I cross death's mighty river,

Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on heaven's side.
Songs of praises, songs of praises,
I will ever give to You;
I will ever give to You.

Thinking of my habitation,
Thinking of my heavenly home,
Fills my soul with holy longings:
Come, my Jesus, quickly come;
Vanity is all I see;
Lord, I long to be with You!
Lord, I long to be with You!

19

FATHER I THANK YOU FOR GUIDING MY WAY;

Father I thank You for caring each day;
Father You have done all things perfectly;
You always think of me lovingly.

Father, I thank You in midst of my pain:
Father, I thank You again and again.
Chastening is the best and holy *bread* for me;
Chastening will end my sin's misery.

Father, Your goodness fills each of Your deeds;
Father, Your chastening is what my soul needs.
Father, the outcome of the paths of pain
Can be but blessing and glorious gain.

Into Your hands I commit all, my Lord.
For I know suffering will bring rich reward.
I love the hand that is chastening me,
For it is training and healing me.

Firm shall my hold of Father's hand be;
Safe through the darkest night You will lead me.
Father then bring me home to the throne,
Through pain transform and grant me a crown.

Almighty Father, majestic and great,
Whom all the angels must serve and obey,
You send them out to Your child in need,
Showing Your might and assisting me.

So I will endure in distress and dark night.
Soon You will show me the bright morning light.
Countless the times You have poured out Your grace.
Father, my heart thanks You gratefully.

20

TAKE MY LIFE, AND LET IT BE
be consecrated, Lord, to You.
Take my moments and my days;
let them flow in ceaseless praise.
Take my hands, and let them move
at the impulse of Your love.
Take my feet, and let them be
swift and beautiful for You.

Take my voice, and let me sing
always, only, for my King.
Take my lips, and let them be
filled with messages from You.
Take my silver and my gold;
not a portion would I withhold.
Take my intellect, and use
every power as You will choose.

Take my will, and make it Yours;
it shall be no longer mine.

Take my heart, it is Your own;
 it shall be Your royal throne.
 Take my love, my Lord,
 I pour at Your feet its treasure store.
 Take myself, and I will be
 ever, only, all for You.

21

WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS,
 all our sins and griefs to bear!
 What a privilege to carry
 everything to God in prayer!
 O what peace we often forfeit,
 O what needless pain we bear,
 all because we do not carry
 everything to God in prayer.

Have we trials and temptations?
 Is there trouble anywhere?
 We should never be discouraged;
 take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Can we find a friend so faithful
 who will all our sorrows share?
 Jesus knows our every weakness;
 take it to the Lord in prayer.

Are we weak and heavy laden,
 burdened with a load of care?
 Precious Savior, still our refuge;
 take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Do your friends despise, forsake you?
 Take it to the Lord in prayer!
 In His arms He'll take and shield you;
 you will find a comfort there.

22

I'D RATHER HAVE JESUS THAN SILVER OR GOLD;

I'd rather be His than have riches untold;

I'd rather have Jesus than houses or lands;

I'd rather be led by His nail-pierced hand

Than to be the king of a vast domain

And be held in sin's dread sway;

I'd rather have Jesus than anything

This world affords today.

I'd rather have Jesus than men's applause;

I'd rather be faithful to His dear cause;

I'd rather have Jesus than worldwide fame;

I'd rather be true to His holy Name

23

ABIDE, O DEAREST JESUS,

Among us with Your grace,

That satan may not harm us,

Nor we to sin give place.

Abide, O dear Redeemer,

Among us with Your Word,

Now and ever after

True peace and rest afford.

Abide with heavenly brightness

Among us, precious Light;

Your truth direct, and keep us

From error's gloomy night.

Abide with richest blessings

Among us, bounteous Lord;

Let us in grace and wisdom

Grow daily through Your Word.

Abide with Your protection
Our Shepherd and our King,
deliver from deception
And heavenly comfort bring.

Abide, O faithful Savior,
Among us with Your love;
Grant steadfastness, and help us
To reach our home above.

24

WE PRAISE YOU, HEAVENLY FATHER!

For the Son of Your love,
For Jesus Who died,
And is now gone above.

Hallelujah! Your's the glory.

Hallelujah! Amen.

Hallelujah! Your's the glory.

Revive us again.

We praise You, Heavenly Father!

For Your Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Savior,
And scattered our night.

All glory and praise
To the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins,
And has cleansed every stain.

All glory and praise
To the God of all grace,
Who has brought us, and sought us,
And guided our ways.

Revive us again;
Fill each heart with Your love;
May each soul be rekindled
With fire from above.

25

TO GOD BE THE GLORY,
great things He has done;
So loved He the world that He gave us His Son,
Who yielded His life an atonement for sin,
And opened the life gate that all may go in.

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

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

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

26

CHRISTIAN HEARTS, IN LOVE UNITED,
Seek alone in Jesus rest;
Has He not your love excited?
Then let love each heart arrest;

Members on our Head depending
 Lights reflecting Him, our Sun,
 Brethren His commands attending,
 We in Him, our Lord, are one.

Come, then, come, O Flock of Jesus,
 Covenant with Him anew;
 To Him who has conquered for us,
 Pledge we love and service true;
 And should our love's union holy
 Firmly linked no more remain,
 Wait you at His footstool lowly,
 Till He draw it close again.

Grant, Lord, that with Your direction,
Love each other, we comply,
 Aiming with holy, pure affection
 Your love to exemplify;
 Let our mutual love be glowing,
 Then all men will find it true,
 That we are from one Vine growing,
 Living branches, part of You.

O that such may be our union,
 As You with the Father are,
 And not one of our communion
 Walk unworthy of Your scars;
 May our light with growing brightness,
 From Your light reflected, shine
 May our lives to men bear witness,
 Of Your love and power divine.

27

ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOR BLEED
 And did my Sovereign die?
 Would He devote that sacred Head

For such a worm as I?

*At the cross, at the cross
Where I first saw the light,
And the burden of my heart rolled away,
It was there by faith I received my sight,
And now I rejoice all the day!*

Your body slain, sweet Jesus, Yours—
And bathed in its own blood—
Your soul in anguish to its core,
Beneath the wrath of God.

Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

Well might the sun in darkness hide
And shut its glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker died,
for His creation's sin.

Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

But drops of grief can not repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give my self away
It's all that I can do.

28

ON A HILL FAR AWAY
stood an old rugged cross,

The emblem of suffering and shame;
 And I love that old cross
 where the dearest and best
 For a world of lost sinners was slain.

*So I'll cherish the old rugged cross,
 Till my trophies at last I lay down;
 I will cling to the old rugged cross,
 And exchange it some day for a crown.*

O that old rugged cross,
 so despised by the world,
 Has a wondrous attraction for me;
 For the dear Lamb of God
 left His glory above
 To bear it to dark Calvary.

In that old rugged cross,
 stained with blood so divine,
 A wondrous beauty I see,
 It was on that old cross
 Jesus suffered and died,
 To pardon and sanctify me.

To the old rugged cross
 I will ever be true;
 Its shame and reproach gladly bear;
 Then He'll call me someday
 to my home far away,
 Where His glory forever I'll share.

29

FILL ME WITH YOUR SPIRIT, LORD,
 Fully save my longing soul;
 Through the precious, cleansing blood
 Purify and make me whole.

*Come, O Spirit, seal me Yours,
Come, Your fullness now bestow;
Let Your glory in me shine,
Make me whiter than the snow.*

Fill me with Your holy light,
I would have a single eye;
Make me perfect in Your sight,
It's Your will to sanctify.

Fill me with Your perfect love,
Nothing of self would I retain;
Losing all Your love to prove,
Lord, I count a happy gain.

Fill me with Your mighty power,
Father, Son, and Spirit, come;
In my soul the unction pour,
Make me ever all Your own.

Fill me with Your presence now,
Lord, Yourself in me reveal;
At Your feet I humbly bow
To receive the holy seal.

30

JESUS CHRIST, OUR BLESSED SAVIOR,
Turned away God's wrath forever;
By His bitter grief and woe
He saved us from the evil foe.

As His pledge of love undying
He, this precious food supplying,
Gives His body with the bread
And with the wine the blood He shed.

Praise the Father, who has given
Unto us the Bread from heaven
And with the blood of His dear Son,
Redeemed us from the wicked one.

If your heart this truth professes
And your mouth your sin confesses,
Saved from wrath your soul will be,
For Christ Himself will set you free.

31

ABBA, FATHER! WE APPROACH YOU
In our Savior's precious Name;
We, Your children, here assembled,
Now Your promised blessing claim;
From our sins His blood has washed us,
Now through Him our souls draw near,
As Your Holy Spirit taught us,
We Your holy Name revere.

Once as prodigals we wandered
In our folly far from You,
Your grace, over sin abounding,
Rescued us and made us new;
You Your prodigals have pardoned,
Kissed us with a Father's love,
You have called us out of darkness,
Ever to dwell with You above.

Clothed in garments of salvation,
At Your table is our place,
We along with you rejoicing,
In the riches of Your grace;
It is good, we hear You saying,
To rejoice though Blood was shed,
I have found My once lost children,

Now they live who once were dead.

Abba, Father! all adore You,
All rejoice in Heaven above,
While in us they learn the wonders
Of Your wisdom, grace, and love;
Soon before Your throne assembled,
All Your children shall proclaim,
Glory, everlasting glory,
Be to God and to the Lamb!

32

GREAT IS YOUR FAITHFULNESS,
O God, my Father;
there is no shadow of turning with You;
You change not, Your compassions, they fail not;
as You have been You'll forever be true.

*Great is Your faithfulness! Great is Your faithfulness!
Morning by morning new mercies I see;
all I have needed Your hand has provided;
great is Your faithfulness, Lord unto me!*

Pardon for sin and a peace that's enduring
Your own dear presence to cheer and to guide;
strength for today and bright hope for tomorrow,
blessings all mine, with ten thousand beside!

33

PASS ME NOT, O GENTLE SAVIOR,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others You are calling,
Do not pass me by.

Savior, Savior,

Hear my humble cry;
While on others You are calling,
Do not pass me by.
 Let me at Your throne of mercy
 Find a sweet relief,
 Kneeling there in deep contrition;
 Help my unbelief.

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

You the source of all my comfort,
 You, the Song I sing,
 Whom have I in earth or heaven?
 Besides You, my God, my King?

34

WHEN WE WALK WITH THE LORD
 in the light of His Word,
 What a glory He sheds on our way!
 While we do His good will,
 He abides with us still,
 And with all who will trust and obey.

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

Every burden we bear,
 Every sorrow we share,
 Every labor He'll richly repay;
 Every grief, every loss,
 every tear, every cross,
 Will be blessed if we trust and obey.

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

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

35

DOWN AT THE CROSS WHERE MY SAVIOR DIED,
 Down where for cleansing from sin I cried,
 There to my heart was the blood applied;
 Glory to His Name!

*Glory to His Name, Glory to His Name:
 There to my heart was the blood applied;
 Glory to His Name!*

I am so wondrously saved from sin,
 Jesus so sweetly abides within,
 There at the cross where He took me in;
 Glory to His Name!

Oh, precious fountain that saves from sin,
 I am so glad I have entered in;
 There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean;
 Glory to His Name!

Come to this fountain so rich and sweet,
 Cast your poor soul at the Savior's feet;

Plunge in today, and be made complete;
Glory to His Name!

36

I GAVE MY LIFE FOR YOU,
My precious blood I shed,
That you might ransomed be,
and raised up from the dead.

*I gave, I gave My life for you,
What have you given for Me?*

My Father's house of light,
My glory circled throne,
I left, for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and alone.

I suffered much for you,
More than your tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue you from hell.

And I have brought to you,
Down from My home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and My love.

37

O SOUL, ARE YOU WEARY AND TROUBLED?
No light in the darkness you see?
There's a light for a look at the Savior,
And life more abundant and free!

*Turn your eyes upon Jesus,
Look full in His wonderful face,*

*And the things of earth will grow strangely dim,
In the light of His glory and grace.*

Through death into life everlasting
He passed, and we follow Him there;
Over us sin has no more dominion—
For we are more than conquerors!

His Word shall not fail you—He promised;
Believe Him, and all will be well:
Then go to a world that is dying,
His perfect salvation to tell!

38

WHEN THIS PASSING WORLD IS DONE

When has sunk the glaring sun,
When we stand with Christ in glory,
Looking over life's finished story;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know --
Not till then -- how much I owe.

When I stand before the throne
Dressed in beauty not my own,
When I see You as You are,
Love You with unsinning heart;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know --
Not till then -- how much I owe.

Even on earth, as through a glass
Darkly, let Your glory pass;
Make forgiveness feel so sweet,
Make Your Spirit's help complete:
Even on earth, Lord, make me know
Something of how much I owe.

Chosen not for good in me,

From the coming wrath to flee,
 Hidden in the Savior's side,
 By the Spirit sanctified,
 Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
 By my love, how much I owe.

39

WHAT A FELLOWSHIP, WHAT A JOY DIVINE,
 Leaning on the everlasting arms;
 What a blessedness, what a peace is mine,
 Leaning on the everlasting arms.
*Leaning, leaning, safe and secure from all alarms;
 Leaning, leaning, leaning on the everlasting arms.*

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

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

40

ALL TO JESUS, I SURRENDER;
 All to Him I freely give;
 I will ever love and trust Him,
 In His presence daily live.

*I surrender all, I surrender all,
 All to You, my blessed Savior,
 I surrender all.*

All to Jesus I surrender;

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

All to Jesus, I surrender;
Make me, Savior, Yours alone;
Let me feel the Holy Spirit,
Bearing witness from the Throne.

All to Jesus, I surrender;
Lord, I give myself to You;
Fill me with Your love and power;
All Your promises are true.

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

41

I HAVE DECIDED TO FOLLOW JESUS;
I have decided to follow Jesus;
I have decided to follow Jesus;
No turning back, no turning back.

Though I may wonder, I still will follow;
Though I may wonder, I still will follow;
Though I may wonder, I still will follow;
No turning back, no turning back.

The world behind me, the cross before me;
The world behind me, the cross before me;
The world behind me, the cross before me;
No turning back, no turning back.

Though none go with me, still I will follow;

Though none go with me, still I will follow;
Though none go with me, still I will follow;
No turning back, no turning back.

42

I STAND AMAZED IN THE PRESENCE
of Jesus the Nazarene,
And wonder how He could love me,
A sinner, condemned, unclean.

*How marvelous! How wonderful!
And my song shall ever be:
How marvelous! How wonderful!
Is my Savior's love for me!*

For us it was in the garden
He prayed: *Not My will, but Yours.*
He had no tears for His own griefs,
But sweat drops of blood for ours.

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

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

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

43

WE LIFT OUR HEARTS, DEAR SAVIOR,
Redeemer and Creator,
for Your humility;
Your wondrous Name is holy,
and yet You came most lowly
as Elder of our Unity.

For us, the days we're living
a blessed taste are giving
of heaven here below;
for Your most gracious presence
exceeds the highest essence
of wonders we can see and know.

Dear Author of creation,
our Refuge and Salvation,
for all in grace You bled;
we take Your hands, nail-riven,
as pledge eternal given
be now and ever more our Head.

44

LORD GOD, THE HOLY SPIRIT,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all Your power.

We meet with one accord
In our appointed place
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind;

One soul, one feeling breathe.

The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
To pray, and praise, and love.

Spirit of light, explore
And chase our gloom away,
With brightness shining more and more
Unto the perfect day.

Spirit of truth, be to us
In life and death, our Guide;
O Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified!

45

LORD, POUR YOUR SPIRIT FROM ON HIGH,
And Your ordained servants bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe Your priests with righteousness.

Within Your temple when they stand,
To teach the truth as taught by You,
Savior, like stars in Your right hand,
Let Your Church's shepherds be true.

Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,
Firmness with meekness, from above,
To be broken by what breaks your heart,
And love the souls whom You do love.

To watch, and pray, and never faint,
By day and night their guard to keep,
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,

To feed Your lambs, and tend Your sheep.

So, when their work is finished here,
May they in hope their charge resign;
So, when their Master shall appear,
May they with crowns of glory shine.

46

WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS,

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

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

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

Like a robe, His dying blood,
Spreads over His body on the tree;
And so, I am dead to all the world,
And all the world is dead to me.

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

47

HEAD OF THE CHURCH, YOUR BODY,

O Christ, the great Salvation!
 Sweet to the saints it is to think
 Of all Your exaltation!
 All powers to You are committed.
 All power in earth and heaven;
 To You a Name of widest fame
 above all glory given.

With You believers raised,
 With You on high are seated;
 All guilty once, But cleared by You;
 Redemption's toil completed.
 And when You, Lord and Savior,
 Will come again in glory,
 There by Your side, Your spotless Bride.
 Will crown the wondrous story.

At length—the final kingdom,
 No bound, no end possessing:
 When heaven and earth—God all in all,
 Will fill with largest blessing.
 All root of evil banished,
 No breath of sin to wither,
 On earth—on high—Nothing else but joy,
 And blissful peace for ever!

48

JESUS, YOUR HEAD, ONCE CROWNED WITH THORNS,
 Is crowned with glory now;
 Heaven's royal crown adorns
 The mighty Victor's brow.

O glorious light of courts above,
 Joy of the saints below,
 To us still manifest Your love,
 That we its depths may know.

To us Your cross with all its shame,
With all its grace be given;
Though earth disowns Your lowly Name,
God honors it in heaven.
Who suffers with You, Lord, below,
Shall reign with You above;
Then let it be our joy to know
This way of peace and love.

To us Your cross is life and health;
It was shame and death to You;
Lord help us to deny ourselves,
Take up our crosses too.

49

ETERNAL FATHER IN HEAVEN¹¹⁴⁹

I call to You from deep within
Do not let me turn from You
Hold me in Your eternal truth
Until I reach my end.

O God, keep my heart and mouth
Watch over me, Lord, always
Do not let me part from You
Whether in anguish, fear or need
Keep me pure in joy.

To walk in Your strength in death
Through tribulation, martyrdom,
fear and need
Keep me in Your strength

¹¹⁴⁹ This song was penned by Michael Sattler (1490-1527), a Catholic Priest who became an Anabaptist. Condemned as a heretic, the court stipulated that on his way to the stake, his tongue be progressively cut out, piece by piece. He was to have two pieces torn from his body by glowing tongs and burned five times with the tongs. Finally, he was bound with ropes to a ladder and pushed into the fire.

That I may never again be separated
From Your love, O God.

There are many who travel this path
On which stands the cup of suffering
And also much false doctrine
With which they try to turn us away
From Christ our Lord.

I lift up my soul to you, Lord
I hope in You in times of danger
Let me not become a disgrace
So that my enemies have the victory
Over me on this earth.

They have me here locked up
I wait, O God, from my heart
With great desire
If You would only stir
And save Your ones from prison.

Be comforted, you Christians
And always be joyous through Jesus Christ
He gives us love and faith
God comforts through His Holy Word
And we must trust in It.

I ask God and His Church
That He be today my guardian
For His Names's sake
My Father, let it be so
Through Jesus Christ, Amen.

50

O GOD, YOU DO SUSTAIN ME,
In grief and terrible pain

Heavenly Father I look to You plainly,
And comfort my distress.
O Lord let me find mercy
In bonds and prison bed
Men would seek to devour me
With guile and controversy
Save me from danger dread!

You will never forsake me
This firmly I believe
Your blood You have shed freely
And with it washed me.
In Him my trust is resting
In Christ, God's only Son
On Him I am now building
In tribulation trusting
God will me not disown!

To die and to be living
Until my end I see
To You my trust I'm giving
You will my helper be
My body, soul, and spirit
I commit, dear Lord, to You
Come soon, Lord, come and take me
From ruthless men do save me
Be honor ever to You. Amen.

51

I CRY TO YOU FROM DEEPEST NEED¹¹⁵⁰

O God, hear my call
Send your Holy Spirit to us
To Comfort our deepest despair
As you have done till now, Christ

¹¹⁵⁰ This song comes from the seven Anabaptists martyred in Schwabich Gmund in 1528. Each of these seven Anabaptists composed this song while awaiting execution.

We rely on your command
But the heathen now want to kill us.

The flesh is weak, as you know
It fears the smallest pain
So fill us with your Spirit
We pray from our hearts
So that we may remain until the end
And go bravely into suffering
and not fear the pain.

The spirit is surely willing
To undergo suffering
Hear us, O Lord
Through Jesus Christ your beloved Son!
We pray also for our enemies
Who know not what they do
And think not of Your wrath.

We ask You, Father and Lord
As your loving children
Kindle the light through Jesus Christ
Even more in your little flock
That would be our heart's desire
That for which we hunger and thirst
And would bring us greatest joy.

You, Lord God, are my protection
We lift ourselves up to You
So it is but a small pain
If our lives be taken from us
You have prepared for us in eternity
So if here we suffer insult and blows
It will be for nothing.

Body, life, soul, and limbs
We have received from You
These we offer up to You

To praise and glorify Your Name
It is nothing but dust and ashes
We commend to You our spirit, O God
Take it into Your hands. Amen.

52

JESUS, YOUR BLOOD AND RIGHTEOUSNESS
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
When the world is aflame with judgement dread
With joy shall I lift up my head.

Bold shall I stand in Your great day;
Cleansed and redeemed, no debt to pay
By Your cross absolved I am.
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came,
Who died for me, even me to atone,
Now for my Lord and God I own.

Lord, I believe Your precious blood,
Which, at the mercy seat of God,
Forever does for sinners plead,
Even for my soul You did bleed.

When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my dwelling in the skies,
This then, shall be all my plea,
Jesus has lived, has died, for me.

To Jesus endless praises be,
His boundless mercy has for me—
For me a full atonement made,
An everlasting ransom paid.

53

JESUS SUFFERED IN OUR PLACE;
 By a disgraceful death
 He a full atonement made,
 To save us from God's wrath;
 And by His most precious blood
 Brought us, sinners, near to God.

So that each afflicted soul
 May repair, though filled with grief;
 To the sick, not to the whole,
 The Physician brings relief;
 Fear not, therefore, but draw near;
 Christ will calm your every fear.

But examine first your case,
 Whether you be in the faith;
 Do you long for pardoning grace?
 Is your only hope His death?
 Then, however your soul's oppressed,
 Come, you are a worthy guest.

He who Jesus' mercy knows
 Is from wrath and envy freed.
 Love to each other shows
 That we are His flock indeed;
 Thus we may in all our ways
 Show forth our Redeemer's praise.

54

WHETHER I LIVE OR WHETHER I DIE
 May Christ be magnified in me
 Whether I go to my Father on high
 Let Christ be all that they see.

I am not afraid to die

I long to be away from this place
I'll take my wings, to His glory I'll fly
That I may behold His face.

To live is Christ and to die is gain
For the Kingdom dwells in my heart
No matter what I suffer, no matter the pain
From my Jesus I am never apart.

So let men do what ever they may
For I shall suffer for His sake
I will raise my hands to God and pray
For my soul is His and His to take.

So let us stand together as one
In the Gospel of Christ our Lord
And we shall stand till the day is done
With the Lamb and the blood and the Word.

Stand fast, my brothers, and do not yield
When the enemy comes in like a flood
We shall live or die on the battle-field
For we are covered by Emmanuel's blood.

55

THE SAVIOR LIVES, NO MORE TO DIE;
He lives, our Head, enthroned on high;
He lives triumphant over the grave;
He lives eternally to save.

He lives to still His people's fears;
He lives to wipe away their tears;
He went their mansions to prepare;
He comes to bring them safely there.

Then let our souls in Him rejoice,

And sing His praise with cheerful voice,
Our doubts and fears for ever gone,
For Christ is on the Father's throne.

The chief of sinners He receives;
His saints He loves and never leaves:
He will guard us safe from every ill,
And all His promises fulfill.

Abundant grace will He afford,
Till we are present with the Lord;
And prove what we have sung before,
That Jesus lives for evermore.

56

BE NOW MY VISION, O LORD OF MY HEART

Be nothing else to me, but what You are.
You're my best Thought, by day or by night
Waking or sleeping, Your presence my light.

Be now my wisdom, and be my true Word;
I ever with You, and You with me, Lord;
You my great Father, and I Your true son;
You in me dwelling, and I with You one.

Be now my battle shield, Sword for the fight;
Be now my Dignity, and my Delight;
You're my soul's Shelter, and You're my high Tower

Raise now me Heavenward, O Power of my power.

Riches I need not, nor man's empty praise,
You're my Inheritance now and always:
You and You only, first in my heart,
High King of Heaven, my Treasure You are.

High King of Heaven, my victory won,
May I reach Heaven's joys, O bright Heaven's Sun!
Heart of my own heart, whatever befall,
Still be my Vision, O Ruler of all.

57

HEAD OF THE CHURCH TRIUMPHANT!

We joyfully adore You;
Till You appear, Your members here
Would sing Your love and glory.
We lift our hearts and voices,
In blessed anticipation,
And cry aloud, and give to God
The praise of our salvation.

While in affliction's furnace
And passing through the fire,
The love we praise which tries our ways,
And ever brings us higher;
We lift our hearts exulting
In Your Almighty favor:
The love divine which made us Yours
Will keep us Yours for ever.

You guide and help Your people
Safely through temptation:
Nor will we fear, since You are near,
The fire of tribulation;
The world with sin and Satan,
Display their strength before us;
By You we shall break through them all,
And join the heavenly chorus.

By faith we see the glory
Of which You do assure us;
The world despise, for that high prize

Which You have set before us;
 And may we, counted worthy
 To meet the Son from heaven,
 There see our Lord, by all adored,
 To us in glory given.

58

O GOD, WE SEE YOU IN THE LAMB
 To be our hope, our joy, our rest;
 The glories that compose Your Name
 Standing engaged to make us blessed.

So great and so good! So just and so wise!
 You are our Father and our God,
 For we are Yours by sacred ties,
 Your sons and daughters—bought with blood.

Then, oh, to us this grace afford,
 That far from You we never may move;
 Our guard—the presence of the Lord;
 Our joy—Thy perfect present love.

This gives us ever to rejoice,
 Turning to light our darkest days;
 And lifts on high each feeble voice,
 While we have breath to pray or praise.

59

LAMB OF GOD, OUR SOULS ADORE YOU,
 While upon Your face we gaze;
 There the Father's love and glory
 Shine in all their brightest rays;
 Your almighty power and wisdom
 All creation's works proclaim;
 Heaven and earth alike confess You

As the ever great I AM.

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

Lamb of God, when we behold You
Lowly in the manger laid;
Wandering as a homeless Stranger,
In the world Your hands had made;
When we see You in the garden
In Your agony of blood,
At Your grace we are confounded,
Holy, spotless, Lamb of God.

When we see You, as the Victim,
Nailed to the accursed tree,
For our guilt and folly stricken,
All our judgment You bore for us,
Lord, we own with hearts adoring,
You have washed us in Thy blood:
Glory, glory everlasting,
Be to You, O Lamb of God!

60

JESUS, SPOTLESS LAMB OF GOD,
You have bought us with Your blood;
We are Yours, and Yours alone,
This we gladly, fully own.

Help us to confess Your Name,

Bear with joy the cross and shame;
Only seek to follow You,
Though reproach our portion be.

When we are to glory come,
And have reached our heavenly home,
Louder than each lip shall own,
We are Yours and Yours alone.

61

BEHOLD THE LAMB, WHOSE PRECIOUS BLOOD

Drawn from His riven side,
Had power to make our peace with God,
Nor lets one spot abide.

The dying thief beheld that Lamb
Expiring by his side,
And proved the value of the Name
Of Jesus crucified.

His soul, by virtue of the blood,
To paradise received,
Redemption's earliest trophy stood,
From sin and death retrieved.

We, too, the cleansing power have known
Of Christ's atoning blood,
By grace have learned His Name to own,
By which we're brought to God.

To Him, then, let our songs ascend,
Who stooped in grace so low:
To Christ, the Lamb, the sinner's Friend,
Let ceaseless praises flow.

62

ALL FULLNESS RESIDES IN JESUS OUR HEAD

And ever abides to answer all need:
The Father's good pleasure has laid up a store,
A plentiful treasure, to give to the poor.

Whatever distress awaits us below,
Such plentiful grace the Lord will bestow,
As still shall support us and silence our fear,
And nothing can hurt us while Jesus is near.

When sorrows attack us, or terrors draw near,
His love will not fail us, He will quiet our fear;
And when we are fainting and ready to fail,
He will give what is needed, and make us prevail.

We trust in His protection; we will lean on His might;
We are sure His direction will guide us aright;
We know who surrounds us, almighty to save;
And no one confounds us the Savior who have.

63

A MIGHTY FORTRESS IS OUR GOD,
a bulwark never failing;
Our helper He,
amid the flood of mortal ills prevailing;
For still our ancient foe
does seek to work us woe;
His craft and power are great,
and, armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

Did we in our own strength confide,
our striving would be losing;
Were not the right Man on our side,
the Man of God's own choosing:

Do ask who that may be?
 Christ Jesus, it is He;
 The Great I AM, His Name,
 from age to age the same,
 And He must win the battle.

And though this world, with devils filled,
 should threaten to undo us,
 We will not fear, for God has willed
 His truth to triumph through us:
 The prince of darkness grim,
 we tremble not for him;
 His rage we can endure,
 we know his doom is sure,
 One little Word shall defeat him.

That Word above all earthly powers,
 no thanks to them, abides;
 The Spirit and the gifts are ours
 through Him who with us sides:
 Let goods and family go,
 this mortal life also;
 The body they may kill:
 God's truth will abide still,
 His kingdom is forever.

64

HERE I AM LORD, USE ME TODAY
 I am nothing Lord but use me I pray
 My contrite heart I ask to renew.
 My heart's desire is to worship You.

Show me Your heart and open the door
 Shine Your light that I may see more.
 Of who I am and who I can be
 To follow You for all eternity.

You have taken up residence inside of me
I can never repay You for setting me free.
I was simply a flower withering in the field
And now my desire is simply to yield.

You're my tomorrow, You're the Life that's in me
I am amazed just simply to be
Found in Your presence, clothed in Your love
A child of the King, my Father above.

I have found shelter in the arms of my King
To Your throne of mercy my poor heart I bring.
And there I find life, life more abundantly
My chains are broken, I am gloriously free.

Give life to my words that I share here on earth
May my heart follow You forever to serve
May revival break out in the hearts of all men
That You may be glorified on earth once again.