

1: I Sought to Find the Christ of God

1. I sought to find the Christ of God Within the palace fair;
I sought my Lord amongst the great, But, ah, He was not there.
I came to Bethlehem, And in that lowly town
Before the Babe of peasant maid I laid my proud will down.
2. I sought to find a cleansing stream To wash away my sin;
But crystal brook or ocean deep Still left me foul within.
I came to Calvary, And 'neath that lonely Tree
I found a River flowing deep That washed and set me free.
3. Oh, come, proud heart, to Bethlehem, For thou wilt find Him there—
God's answer to the pride of men: A little child so fair.
Oh, come to Calvary With all thy load of sin;
The Christ of God is waiting there To wash thee clean within.

meter→ 14, 14, 12, 14

2: If But Thine Heart Would Hear

1. He speaks thro' every bird that sings,
Thro' every note so sweet and clear
That soars to heav'n on joyous wings;
He speaks, if but thine heart would hear.
2. He speaks thro' every flow'r that grows
And sends its perfume far and near;
Thro' budding leaf and fragrant rose
He speaks, if but thine heart would hear.
3. He speaks thro' every fading leaf
A solemn message loud and clear,
Thro' ripened grain and garnered sheaf
He speaks, if but thine heart would hear.
4. He speaks thro' sorrow and the grave,
Thro' aching heart and falling tear;
He seeks thy precious soul to save,
And speaks, if but thine heart would hear.

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8 (L.M.)

3: Chastened Heart

1. He sends the cold grey rain,
The winter's icy blast,
So that the chastened earth
May bear its fruit at last.
2. He send the lonely hours,
The grief, the pain, the loss,
So that the chastened heart
May understand the Cross.

meter→ 6, 6, 6, 6

4: The Secret

1. There is no place on land or sea,
On distant hill or valley fair,
In fruitful field or barren waste,
But lo! Oh Lord, I find Thee there.
2. In tumult of the noisy crowd
That throngs life's busy thoroughfare,
In heart of Nature's solitude
I find, Oh Lord, that Thou art there.
3. There are no heights in Heav'n above,
There are no depths of dark despair,
There is no place in life or death,
But lo! Oh Lord, I find Thee there.
4. The secret of my sweet content
Of quiet heart set free from care
Is just the lovely certainty
That where I go, Lord, Thou art there.

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8 (L.M.)

5: Except Ye

1. One day He took a little child
And set him in the midst of them
To show the perfect citizen
Of Holy New Jerusalem.
2. So beautiful that little child
Obedient to its Lord's request,
So unaware of pride, of place,
So sure its gentle Lord knew best.
3. Before that sweet humility
The pride of man, rebuked, lay dead;
Before a faith that questioned not,
Proud reason bowed its haughty head.
4. Oh, heart of mine, remember now:
None but a child can do His will;
Naught but a faith that questions not
Can win His sweet approval still.
5. For none will enter Heaven's gate,
And none will join the undefiled,
And none will sing the glad, new song
Except they be a little child.

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8 (L.M.)

6: The Watchman

1. Watch, comrade, watch! The long night thro',
Stand thou on guard though others sleep.
The vigil is thine own, thine own to bravely keep,
Watch, comrade, watch! Watch, comrade, watch!
2. Sentry of God, the lonely hours
May test thy spirit ere the morn.
Let not thy courage fail thee just before the dawn,
Watch, comrade, watch! Watch, comrade, watch!
3. Only the eyes that watch the night
Behold the dawning from afar,
And see the rising of the Bright and Morning Star,
Watch, comrade, watch! Watch, comrade, watch!
4. Herald of dawn that Star of Hope
Will rise before thy weary sight,
Triumphant ending to the vigil of the night,
Watch, comrade, watch! Watch, comrade, watch!

meter→ 8, 8, 12, 8

7: Together

1. Together: Oh, what sweeter word
Describes the teaching of our Lord,
Who kindly placed us side by side
To march with Him, our faithful Guide.

Chorus

*Together then o'er vale and hill,
Together then thro' good or ill,
We'll humbly march in sweet accord
As true disciples of our Lord.*

2. Yea, tho' the path we cannot see,
Together let our watchword be,
So when the Captain calls the roll
Together still He'll find each soul.
3. And this our blest reward shall be,
That thro' a long Eternity
Together we shall sing the song
Of Christ's redeemed and blood-bought throng.

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8 (L.M.D.)

8: Sanctuary

1. Sanctuary of all oppressed,
Haven of the heart distressed,
Jesus now I come to rest,
On the greatness of Thy breast.
2. There is room for all in Thee,
None so poor but Thou dost see,
Room, dear Lord, for even me
In that love so great and free.
3. Room for children in those arms,
Safely kept from every harm,
Resting sweetly in the charm
Of that loving friendly arm.
4. Room for Magdelene distressed,
Who, with sin and need confessed,
Trembling, came at last to rest
On that understanding breast.
5. When the joys of earth are fled,
When the flow'rs of life lie dead,
On Thy breast the agèd head
Then may find its quiet bed.
6. Yes! the children young and fair,
Yes! the sinner in despair,
Yes! the agèd bowed with care
All will find that room is there.

meter→ 7, 7, 7, 7

9: Increase Our Faith

1. Increase our faith, beloved Lord,
Release the cords of doubt that bind:
Grant us the vision that can see
The blessed purpose of Thy mind.
2. Increase our faith when Satan's hosts
Against our soul are strong arrayed;
Place in our hands the shield of faith,
That we may face them unafraid.
3. Increase our faith when fruitless seem
The toiling hours o'er vale and hill;
Teach our discouraged hearts to feel
Thy kindly hand is leading still.
4. Increase our faith when o'er our hearts
Sorrow and loss their vigil keep;
Draw near and heal the aching wounds,
Thou tender Shepherd of the sheep.
5. Increase our faith when, night at hand,
Death would return our souls to Thee;
Grant us the faith that understands
Our only hope is Calvary.

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8 (L.M.)

tune→ Maryton

10: Dear Saviour, Let Thy Peace

1. Dear Saviour, let Thy peace descend
Upon this weary heart;
Dark fears and doubts my way attend;
Stretch forth Thine arm, my soul defend;
Draw near and take my part,
Draw near and take my part.
2. For, Lord, Thou art my hiding place
When earth's dark shadows fall;
I lift mine eyes to seek Thy face
And there behold such love and grace,
Naught can my soul appal,
Naught can my soul appal.
3. And when I call in my distress
And for Thy mercy plead,
Thou dost not leave me comfortless,
But in Thy loving tenderness
Dost meet my heart's deep need,
Dost meet my heart's deep need.
4. When, at the close of life's short day,
My soul doth rise to Thee,
Sorrow and sighing fled away,
I will rejoice to hear Thee say,
"Rest now, my child, in me,
Rest now, my child, in me."

meter→ 8, 6, 8, 8, 6, 6

tune→ Spencer

11: A Prayer

1. Lord, keep my mind from evil thought,
From vain surmising small or great,
For Lord, I know that subtle foes
With poisoned darts in ambush wait.
2. Lord, keep my tongue from cruel words
That oft can blight Love's fairest flow'r,
And give my speech the gentle grace
That falls like dew in parchèd hour.
3. Lord, keep my spirit undefiled
From boastful thought or sinful pride,
For only broken spirits know
Communion with the Crucified.
4. Lord, keep my heart from other gods
That fain would steal my love from Thee,
And reign o'er body, spirit, soul
Supreme through all eternity.

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8 (L.M.)

12: If It Had Not Been the Lord

1. If it had not been the Lord
Who had died my soul to save,
Then a sad and Christless heart
Would have found a hopeless grave.
2. If it had not been the Lord
Who had brought me to His fold,
Then a lost and dying sheep
Would have perished in the cold.
3. If it had not been the Lord
When the ruthless foe assailed,
No defence would I have known—
If my Lord had not prevailed.
4. If it had not been the Lord,
Dreadful thought for this poor heart,
If my Lord had not been there,
There, to take a sinner's part.
5. It is only He can save;
It is only He can keep.
His strong arm, and His alone,
Will defend His trusting sheep.

meter→ 7, 7, 7, 7

13: Cool of the Day

1. I heard Him in the whisper
Of the sighing poplar trees,
While the quiet earth was resting
In the fragrant evening breeze.
2. I heard Him in the murmur
Of the gentle nesting dove,
While the blackbird told the story
Of the Father's boundless love.
3. I heard Him in the silence,
When the lilies bowed their heads,
To receive His benediction
On their lowly perfumed bed.

meter→ 7, 7, 8, 7

14: To Whom, Lord, Shall We Go?

1. To whom, Lord, shall we go, save Thee?
With all our hearts' perplexity?
Amidst a world of doubt and strife,
Thou, Lord, alone hast words of life.
2. To whom, Lord, shall we go, save Thee?
When all our sinful hearts we see?
For Thou, dear Lord, and Thou alone
Didst for the sins of men atone.
3. To whom, Lord, shall we go, save Thee?
When life hath wounded bitterly?
There's healing in Thy nail-pierced hands—
The Man of Sorrows understands.
4. Thou art the Christ, we come to Thee;
Thy love hath won us utterly.
Thy touch hath power to make us whole,
Belovèd Bridegroom of the soul.

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8 (L.M.)

15: Immanuel

1. Lord, I would take Thy yoke and learn of Thee,
And here before Thy lowly manger bow:
The vain, proud things that once were dear to me,
While kneeling here all seem so empty now.
2. Lord, I would take Thy yoke and learn of Thee,
With chastened heart behold that lesson sweet,
When towel-girt Thy kingly form I see:
There bending low to wash Thy servants' feet.
3. Lord, I would take Thy yoke and learn of Thee,
When shadows lengthen and life's sorrows come:
Teach me the lesson of Gethsemane:
"Father, not mine, but Thy blest will be done."
4. Lord, I would take Thy yoke and learn of Thee,
When man is cruel and the world untrue:
I hear a whisper come from Calvary:
"Father, forgive, they know not what they do."

meter→ 10, 10, 10, 10

16: Helpless Creature of the Dust

1. Helpless creatures of the dust,
Lord, we come before Thee.
None are righteous, no, not one;
Thou art all our glory.
Thou art all our glory.

Chorus

Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!
Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!

2. God forbid that we should boast.
For our best endeavor,
When compared with love like Thine,
Dies, and dies forever.
Dies, and dies forever.
3. Thine the dignity of pain,
Glorious Man of Sorrows,
Thine the majesty of loss,
Hope of our tomorrow.
Hope of our tomorrow.
4. All our laurels turn to dust
From their glory sever,
But the splendour of Thy Cross
Lights the heavens forever.
Lights the heavens forever.

meter→ 7, 6, 7, 6, 6, 8, 8

17: Prayer of a Boy

1. Oh, loving Lord Jesus, I come now to thank Thee
For all the things I so much enjoy;
Because of Thy years spent in Nazareth village
I feel Thou dost know all the thoughts of a boy.
2. Oh, loving Lord Jesus, I pray Thee to guard me
From all that would my young life destroy;
Because of Thy blood shed on Calvary's tree
I know Thou canst cleanse the young heart of a boy.
3. Oh, loving Lord Jesus, I pray Thee to take me
And use my life in Thy blest employ;
Because of the young hearts who still do not know Thee
Perhaps Thou canst use the poor life of a boy.
4. Oh, loving Lord Jesus, I pray for those lost ones,
That they may yet all Thy love enjoy;
Because Thou art gentle and lowly in heart
I know Thou wilt answer the prayer of a boy.

meter→ 12, 9, 12, 11

18: Prayer of a Girl

1. Blest Child of Nazareth,
On Whom the Father smiled,
This little maiden fain would be
Like Thee, Thou Holy Child.
2. Loving in word and deed,
Spotless and undefiled,
Obedient to the Father's will
As Thou wert, Holy Child.
3. Amidst this evil world,
So sinful and defiled,
Guard Thou Thy little maiden, Lord,
And make me Thine own child.
4. Only a little maid,
Only a humble child,
Yet I would follow Thee, dear Lord,
On Whom the Father smiled.

meter→ 6, 6, 8, 6 (S.M.)

19: Still Waters

1. My Belovèd speaks, And lo! The riot of my thought is still;
The turmoils of a fevered heart Obey His will
2. My Belovèd speaks. My soul, Spent with its striving after rest
Pillows its aching weariness Upon His breast.
3. My Belovèd speaks. His voice Is like the cool and gentle rain
That makes the desert of my heart To bloom again.
4. My Belovèd speaks, and in The midnight hour sweet hope is born;
Then with a calm and quiet heart I wait the morn.

meter→ 15, 12

20: Harmony

1. Come let us sing a glad new song
Because our sins are all forgiv'n,
Because our joyful hearts are stirred
With lovely harmonies of Heav'n.
2. Come let us sing of love divine
That bids the weary wand'rer rest,
That gives the sight to sightless eyes,
That heals the wounds of all oppressed.
3. Come let us sing of One who died
To set the fettered captive free,
Who broke the bonds of sin and death
Upon a hill called Calvary.
4. Come praise the Lamb with glad new song,
For all the gifts His love has giv'n,
Yea, sing to this discordant world
The lovely harmony of heav'n.

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8 (L.M.)

21: Child, In Whose Virgin Soul

1. Child, in whose virgin soul
Life's first sweet dawning creeps,
Give Jesus now control.
He keeps. Thy Saviour keeps.
He keeps. He keeps. Thy Saviour keeps.
2. Then at the noontide hour
Life's passions surging deep,
Jesus will prove His pow'r.
He keeps. Thy Saviour keeps.
He keeps. He keeps. Thy Saviour keeps.
3. And when the evening light
Fades down yon western steeps,
Jesus will guard thy night.
He keeps. Thy Saviour keeps.
He keeps. He keeps. Thy Saviour keeps.

meter→ 6, 6, 6, 6, 8

22: Lord, Grant Thy People Grace

1. Lord, grant Thy people grace
The hosts of sin to face
And calmly fill their place
Till breaking of the day.
2. Lord, help Thy servants keep
Watch through the darkness deep,
That they may seek Thy sheep
Till breaking of the day.
3. May we united stand,
Hand clasped in loving hand,
Thy faithful, loyal band
Till breaking of the day.
4. Regard our low estate;
Our need of Thee is great
As we in patience wait
The breaking of the day.

meter→ 6, 6, 6, 6

tune→ Darak

23: Salute to the Levites in Jordan

1. The sullen Jordan rolled, a cold, dark tide
Between God's Israel and the Promised Land;
Behind them bondage and before them death:
The future lay in great Jehovah's Hand.
And then the Rock of Israel gave command
That sounds a clarion in our hearts today—
"Send on the Levites with the Ark," He said,
"And in the midst of Jordan bid them stay."
2. All Israel waited and in silence watched
As to the brink the Levites went their way;
For Christ the Ark on Levite shoulder borne
Was all the hope that Israel had that day.
And as the people watched, the Levites' feet
Stepped bravely into Jordan's lonely tide.
And lo! the waters parted, And a road,
Firm, dry and sure led to the other side.
3. And in the midst of Jordan there they stood,
That small, courageous, loyal Levite band;
Yea, stood till all the chosen people passed
Forever into God's own Promised Land.
And still, today, they stand, thank God, they stand
With patient feet in Jordan's lonely bed,
And hold their sacred burden up on high,
So that the people pass with sure, firm tread.
4. And we the people passing now salute,
With grateful love, that noble loyal band,
Whose broken lives are holding Christ on high
That we may safely reach the Promised Land.
God keep Thy Levites' feet in Jordan still.
Preserve Thy people in Thine ancient way,
For Christ the Ark on Levite shoulder borne
Is all the hope of Israel still today.

meter→ 10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10

24: Hidden

1. Lord, within my heart doth dwell
A sweet thought that naught can quell;
For I know that Thou hast given
Unto me the peace of heaven,
And my life secure shall be—
It is hid with Christ in Thee.
2. Hidden safe from earth's alarms,
Neath Thine everlasting arms,
Saved and kept by love divine,
Oh, what rest of heart is mine,
Knowing that my life shall be
Ever hid with Christ in Thee.
3. Hid with Him, who is to me
Life and peace eternally,
Him who walked death's lonely way,
That my ransom He might pay,
Dying that my life might be
Ever hid with Christ in Thee.

meter→ 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7

meter2→ 7, 7, 8, 8, 7, 7

tune→ Adoration

25: Dark, Dark the Night

1. Dark, dark the night on every side;
Without Thee, Lord, I have no guide.
O blessèd Saviour, crucified,
Take not Thy Holy Spirit from me.
2. Light of the world to me Thou art,
Hope of this wayward, sinful heart;
I could not bear from Thee to part:
Take not Thy Holy Spirit from me.
3. Apart from Thee my soul must die;
No other hope of heaven have I.
O hear Thy needy servant's cry:
Take not Thy Holy Spirit from me.

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 9

tune→ Olive's Brow

26: Resurrection

1. Oh, weep no more, brave heart;
The golden leaf must fall
Before the tree can bloom again
At springtime's urgent call.
So, weep no more, brave heart.
So, weep no more, brave heart.
2. Oh, weep no more, sad heart;
The grave must claim its own
Before the soul can break its bond
And soar to joys unknown.
So, weep no more, sad heart.
So, weep no more, sad heart.
3. Oh, weep no more, brave heart;
When winter days are past,
The glories of Eternal Spring
Will then be thine at last.
So, weep no more, brave heart.
So, weep no more, brave heart.

meter→ 6, 6, 8, 6, 6, 6

27: Out of the Depths

1. Out of the depths of the wild restless sea
Cometh the jewels so lovely to see;
Out of the depths of dark caverns unseen
Come forth the pearls now adorning a queen.
2. Out of the depths of Gethsemane's pain
Faith rose triumphant a victor to reign;
Out of the depths of dark Calvary's loss
Came precious jewels adorning Thy cross.
3. Out of the depths of the hatred of men
Love rose triumphant again and again;
Out of the depths of Thine agony there
Came the Crown jewels Thy Bride now may wear.
4. Out of the depths when I cry unto Thee,
Lord, give Thy servant the vision to see
Thy blessed triumph o'er sorrow and loss,
That i may gather the pearls from Thy cross.

meter→ 10, 10, 10, 10

28: Rest, Weary Heart

1. Rest, weary heart, from all thy grief and pain;
Lo! in the morning joy comes again.
Rest, weary spirit, rest and be still,
Find thy sweet solace in His blessèd will.
2. Flee to thy Refuge like a weary dove,
Hide all thy sorrow in His love;
Joy follows grief and rest follows pain,
Dawn follows night and the sun follows rain.

meter→ 10, 9, 9, 10

29: When I Awake

1. When o'er the hills I see the shadows creeping,
And one by one familiar ties shall break,
I will both lay me down in peace, and sleeping
Will find Thee there, dear Lord, when I awake.
Will find Thee there, dear Lord, when I awake.
2. What matters night to those who wait the dawning
In quiet faith until the morning break!
What matters death, if on that glorious morning
I see Thy face, dear Lord, when I awake!
I see thy face, dear Lord, when I awake!
3. Oh! Friend of sinners, I have proved thy keeping,
Thy tender love that never will forsake;
Thus I can face the last, long, lonely sleeping
If Thou art there, dear Lord, when I awake.
If Thou are there, dear Lord, when I awake.

meter→ 11, 10, 11, 10, 10

30: Lord, Grant My Life

1. Lord, grant my life may be
A corn of wheat,
Used here on earth for Thee
In service sweet,
Falling into the ground
That fruit may thus abound,
And with Thy blessings crowned
Bring joy to Thee.
2. I long to prove to Thee
My heart's deep love,
By seeking faithfully
The things above;
My heart condemneth me
When keeping aught from Thee
Or seeking selfishly
My life to save.
3. The things of time have lost
Their charm for me;
Thy sacrifice that cost
So much to Thee
Doth show me what Thou art,
Helping this sinful heart
To choose the better part—
Of serving Thee.
4. Forsaking all for Thee,
I forward go,
From love of earth set free
While here below;
The things above now claim
First place, and in Thy name
I'll seek, through joy or pain,
Thy kingdom first.

meter→ 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

31: Lord, We Rest in Peace Abiding

1. Lord, we rest in peace abiding,
Under Thy wings;
All our care to Thee confiding,
Under Thy wings.
Satan has no power to charm us,
Hosts of sin cannot alarm us,
Naught in life nor death can harm us,
Under Thy wings.
2. There is healing for our sorrow,
Under Thy wings;
There is hope for each tomorrow,
Under Thy wings.
Joy all other joys transcending,
Peace like heaven's dew descending,
Tender love that knows no ending,
Under Thy wings.
3. Lord, a weary world is dying,
Far from Thy wings;
Broken hearts in sorrow sighing,
Far from Thy wings.
In Thy mercy hear their crying—
All their need, Thy love supplying;
Take them, sinful, helpless, dying,
Under Thy wings.

meter→ 8, 4, 8, 4, 8, 8, 8, 4

tune→ Ar Hyd Y Nos

1: Good Tidings of Great Joy

1. I have found Him! I have found Him!
Promised from the dawn of time.
Just to think the great Messiah
Now has placed His hand in mine.
2. I have found my soul's Redeemer,
He who gave His life for me.
He was sent to heal life's sorrows,
And to set the captives free.
3. Just to think that I have found Him
Fills my joyful heart with song,
For to this sweet calm assurance
All my hopes of heaven belong.
4. Proud vain man is ever searching,
Searching where there's nought to find,
Passing by his soul's redeemer,
Dying, lost, forsaken, blind.
5. Come and join with me in singing
This sweet glad triumphant song;
Let us tell the world we've found Him,
God's anointed holy one.

2: His Name Shall Be Called Wonderful

1. There is no name in earth or Heaven,
By which man can be saved;
But just the name of God's own Son,
Who triumphed o'er the grave.
2. The glorious power of His great Name
Can set the prisoner free,
And heal the sick, and raise the dead,
And cause the blind to see.
3. The comfort of His precious Name
Removes the sting of death;
And brings instead the peace of Heaven
To man's last failing breath.
4. When at the sound of His blest Name,
That speaks of Love sublime,
My chastened heart can only pray -
"Not mine, dear Lord, but Thine."

3: The Beginning and the End

1. There in the sacred temple courts
The prophetess of Israel prayed,
She kept her vigil day and night
With faith encouraged undismayed.
2. She watched through many lonely hours,
In spite of weary, fragile age,
Because she read of Bethlehem
In God's inspired prophetic page.
3. Then coming in she saw the Child,
There resting in aged Simeon's arms,
Held close in reverent loving care
Secure and safe from earth's alarms
4. The holy spirit bade him speak
Of light and hope, of pain and loss,
Then looking down on God's own Son
He sensed the anguish of the Cross.
5. The mother listened silently
To each prophetic word,
Perchance she felt the first faint prick
Of distant piercing sword.
6. Then Anna joined aged Simeon's song
Of thankful praise to God above,
Who gave an undeserving world
Such tender token of His love.
7. How wonderful that God Himself
Should show respect to noble age,
And told His servant Luke to write
Their names on His memorial page.

4: God So Loved

1. I asked the rising sun one fresh and lovely morn,
“Why give a thankless world the hope of things newborn?”
The quiet answer came - “I do not know,
But God’s forgiving love has planned it so.”
2. At eventide I asked the quiet rain -
“Why water stony field as well as fertile plain?”
The gentle answer came - “I do not know,
But God’s impartial love has planned it so.”
3. I asked my chastened heart why One so pure should die
To save the stricken soul of one as poor as I.
The contrite answer came - “I do not know,
But thanks be unto God, who planned it so.”

5: Without Him Was Not Anything Made That Was Made

1. I see Him when the dawn has followed night,
I see Him in the bright and morning star
That whispers to the world "let there be light",
And brings His benediction from afar.
2. I see Him when the petals of a rose
All pearled with dew send up their praise to heaven;
Their fragrant offering is a sweet amen
To nature's thanks for all His hand has given.
3. I see Him when the gentle nesting dove
So quiet in her warm and leafy nest,
Fulfils her great Creator's will
By hiding love's sweet promise 'neath her breast.
4. I see Him when the lark on soaring wings
Far far above all sound of earthbound things,
Sings of a day when time shall be no more
When God will give us better, lovelier things.

6: Mounting Wing

1. My soul is as the lark that cannot sing
Until it soars aloft on mounting wing
Above a world where pain and care
Can forge the fetters of despair.
2. Above the mean and sordid mind,
That of the earth, can earth but find.
Above the daily toil for bread,
That toiling leaves the soul unfed.
3. Above misunderstanding scorn,
That kills a song ere it is born;
Above all thought of coming sorrow
That waits along the road tomorrow.
4. Above a thousand hurtful things
That steal the song from he who sings;
But, as the lark, my soul can sing
Its paean of praise on mounting wing.

7: The Keys

1. Perchance the hands of life have shut some gate,
And thou, alone, must stand outside and wait;
Then take the key of Love, and thou shalt find
It opens up the gates of heart and mind,
Throughout the world.
2. Perchance the hands of Death have shut one gate.
And thou, bereft, must stand outside and wait;
Then take the key of Faith in thy poor hand,
Thus thou may'st enter in and understand
The Glory there.

8: No Silent Harp

1. Oh, Babylon, thy deepest pang
Is silent harp on willow tree,
Whose mute reproach doth pierce the heart
Bereft of Zion's ecstasy.
2. For what is life without a song?
Ah! But a long and dreary road.
The songs of Zion brace the heart
To bear each dark and weary load.
3. Lord, keep our feet within Thy gates,
For here on Zion's courts of praise
The joyful harps in Israel's hands
Proclaim the beauty of Thy ways.
4. For here, Oh, Lord, within Thy gates
We stand on joyous freedom's ground,
And here no captive mourns his fate,
No silent harp is ever found.

9: The Same

1. The same great Lord of yesterday,
Of ages past and gone;
The Lord of prophet, priest and bard,
Of vision, prayer and song.
The Lord who there by Galilee
His great commission gave
The Lord who died and rose again
Triumphant o'er the grave.
2. The same today when man has failed
To give the nations peace.
The Lord who still can rule the storm
And bid the tempest cease.
The Lord who still on raging sea
Comes to His servant's aid
And speaks the same triumphant word
"Tis I, be not afraid."
3. The same forever, blessed Rock,
On which we stand secure;
The firm foundation of our faith,
Immovable and sure.
The same when we unworthy stand
Before the great white Throne;
The same unchanging, faithful friend
Who died to save His own.

10: The Advocate

1. Before the Judge of all the earth,
The Advocate now stands;
I leave the case for my defence
In His forgiving hands.
2. No other advocate has paid
To set a prisoner free,
No other advocate can plead
That He has died for me.
3. The great accuser also stands
Accusing night and day
To see if he, by any means,
Can take my peace away.
4. Then when I kneel before the Judge,
In deep humility;
The Advocate, who ever lives,
Speaks once again for me.
5. If there had been no Advocate
Before the great white throne;
Then I would stand in all my sin,
Defenceless and alone.

11: Even Me

1. Long years before the world began
God's mercy planned to give His Son;
Now when He intercedes for me
His blood avails for even me.
2. The many things we may have done,
The words we've said, the songs we've sung,
Will fade like dew before the sun
In presence of this Holy One.
3. I have no gifts to bring to Thee,
Naught save a soul's repentancy;
Unworthy though Thy servant be,
Have mercy Lord on even me.

12: The Value of a Hand

1. Have you ever found the pleasure
Of an understanding hand,
For it is the greatest blessing
That the Master mind has planned.
2. It will help a fellow-traveller
On a long and lonely road,
It will give him added courage
To bear his heavy load.
3. When Jesus came to Simon's house
And saw the need was there,
He gave His gentle hand to her
With love beyond compare.
4. At once she rose to serve her Lord,
Because He understands.
Indeed that day He taught us all
The value of a hand.
5. The mothers brought their babes to Him,
Because they loved Him so,
They leaned their heads against His breast,
As John did long ago.
6. His own disciples viewed that scene,
And bowed before its spell,
The hand divine that handled babes
Had handled them as well.

13: Inditing a Good Matter

1. Oh that my poor feeble words
Could soar like a bird on the wing,
And my tongue be the pen of a scribe
When I speak of the things touching the King.
2. How fruitless the words I might say;
How useless the songs I might sing;
If the words of my mouth and the thoughts of my heart
Did not speak of the things touching the King.
3. Oh, hush thee, vain man, as I speak
Of the King who died on a tree,
In love, so supreme, so divine,
That it save a poor sinner like me.
4. But He rose a brave King over death,
Removing forever its sting.
Now He's coming again in the morning,
The honoured and glorified King.

14: Watchman, What of the night?

1. The long, long night is waning,
We must take our watch and wait,
For I heard the word "tomorrow"
Coming down from Heaven's gate.
2. I can see the dawn now cometh,
But it bids me watch and wait,
For the night is also coming
That could mean a closing gate.
3. There's joy in the word tomorrow,
If we take our watch and wait,
And hope beyond transcending,
At the sight of an open gate.
4. Hush, hush my heart, take counsel,
Take up thy watch and wait,
Lest thou miss the glorious promise
Coming down from Heaven's gate.
5. Oh the glories of tomorrow
When the things of time have passed,
And we meet our blest Redeemer
And shall see His face at last.

15: The Evening and the Morning Were the First Day

1. MORNING

2. The gentle breeze that ushers in the dawn
Seems like the Spirit of all things newborn,
And oft reminds me, Lord, of that glad morn
When, in my soul, Eternal Life was born.
3. The first soft light that wakes the drowsy bird,
And by whose rays the sleeping earth is stirred,
Reminds me of that hour when, at Thy Word,
My sleeping heart, my sleeping heart is stirred.
4. And in the bud that waits the morning sun
To warm it to a beauty scarce begun,
I see a promise of the things to come
As I too wait, the rising of the sun.

5. NIGHT

6. The quiet night has hushed the noisy day,
And robed the earth in silence still and deep.
Lord, be the guardian of my bed, I pray,
As now I lay me down in peace and sleep.
7. For night is but the gateway of the morn,
The servant of a new and better day,
The gentle nurse that watches till the dawn
And smooths the lines of pain and care away.
8. And when the night shall close life's fevered day;
When falls the last long silence, still and deep,
Be Thou the guardian of my bed, I pray,
That I may lay me down in peace and sleep.

16: No Bruising Stone

1. The Lord who made us knows full well
How oft we need the human touch;
The stones that pave our homeward way
Oft wound our weary feet so much.
2. God sends His charge by humble hearts,
Unnoticed, and so oft unknown,
Whose understanding hands can heal
The wounds that come from bruising stone.
3. Unconscious of their high estate,
These honoured agents of His will
Oft share with angels joys unknown;
No pain, no death, no bruising stone.

17: Evening Star

1. Oh! childlike faith! that in the hours of loss,
When breaking human heart must bear its cross;
Doth never stop to question or rebel,
But sweetly answers - "Master, it is well."
2. Oh! shining faith! that like yon evening star
Pours forth its radiant witness from afar,
And by the virtue of its calm and steady light
Guides many a weary traveller home tonight.
3. How can we gauge the height, the depth, the breadth
Of living faith that triumphs over death?
Ah no! there are no words to measure or to tell
That costly faith that answers - "All is well."

18: The Valley of Baca

1. All feet some time must tread the lonely road,
All hearts must learn to bear their own dark load,
All souls must know the pain of grief and loss,
All spirits feel the chastening of some cross.
2. Waste not thy time in vain and fruitless tears;
The soul must starve, if fed on doubts and fears;
Dig deep, for 'neath this stony ground
The deep, sweet well of God's great love is found.
3. Dig deep! Eternal springs of strength and grace
Await thy finding in this lonely place.
The thirsts that in the spirit lie,
Naught but the wells of God can satisfy.
4. Dig deep, and passing leave behind
A pure, sweet well for weaker souls to find,
Who, passing through the valley of distress,
May quench their thirsts here in the wilderness.

19: The Distaff

1. Since Mother Eve was chosen first
To give the nations birth,
The distaff wields a greater power
Than any sword on earth.
2. Tho' man's proud strength may rule the world,
And conquer many lands,
The soul of every nation lies
In woman's slender hands.
3. 'Tis hers to guard the dawning soul
Upon its way to earth;
'Tis hers to know and feel the pangs,
And ecstasy of birth.
4. 'Tis hers to guide the first, weak steps
Of frail and lovely youth,
And hers to sow the first, pure seeds
Of honesty and truth.
5. 'Tis hers to hold the standard high
For all the sons of earth,
So that their lips will bless the name
Of she who gave them birth.
6. Oh, ye who hold the distaff still
In this and other lands -
Remember, it has hallowed been
By Mary's holy hands.

20: My Friends

1. "A little while I rest with you, My friends,
The sweetest rest a heart betrayed can find.
Through yonder door Iscariot's feet have passed,
And I can safely tell you all My mind.
2. No more I call you servants, ye are friends,
For having watched you kindly I can see
Your imperfections are but films of dust
Upon the rock of your grand loyalty.
3. The road of sorrows leads Me to the cross;
Your hands have strewn that thorny path with flowers,
The memory of your tender loyal hearts
Will help Me bear those last forsaken hours.
4. I go to give My life for you, My friends;
No greater Love hath even been than this,
And for your sakes, I'll wear the crown of thorns,
Receive the insult of a traitor's kiss.
5. For nothing but My death can save My friends;
And nothing but My blood can cleanse your sin.
My nail-pierced hand must open Heaven's door,
And hold it wide, that ye may enter in.
6. Perchance it will not till that dread hour,
When even aged rocks will quake and rend,
That in your trembling hearts you'll understand
The priceless value of a loyal Friend."

21: Take These Things Hence

1. How oft life's earthly merchandise
Seeks entrance to that secret shrine,
Where anguished deep calls unto deep
Within this waiting soul of mine.
2. How oft these seeming harmless doves
Of daily task and earthly care
Have sought to find a resting place
Within my secret house of prayer.
3. Shut to thy door on thronging press
That crowds life's restless thoroughfare;
So that the incense from thy soul
May fill that silent house of prayer.
4. Yea, shut thy door, oh, soul of mine
On carnal thought and brooding care,
So that the glory of the Lord
May fill thy sacred house of prayer.

22: Turtle Dove

1. Beloved Lord I come to Thee
And with my soul and spirit free
Safe sheltered by Thy wings above
I sing to Thee my song of love.
2. Here far removed from pain and fear,
And all unheard by human ear
In this blest realm of Heaven above
I sing to Thee my song of love.
3. Here in this place of joy and peace
My fettered spirit finds release,
And from my soul there swells a song
Sweet echo of the ransomed throng.
4. Here sheltered on Thy loving breast
I join the anthem of the blest,
“All honour to the One who died
All glory to the Crucified.”
5. I wish dear Lord that I could bring
Rare gifts to Thee my Lord and King,
But all I have is turtle dove
A small sweet song of grateful love.
6. Thy gentle Heart will not despise
So small and poor a sacrifice;
So Lord accept this humble dove
This small sweet song of tender love.

23: His Father's Business

1. When the merciful Father sent His own Son
Down to this proud sinful earth,
He gave to a virgin of lowly estate
The honour of giving Him birth.
2. Did He send Him to live with the rich and the great?
No, the Father had chosen instead
A carpenter's home where the young eyes could see
The stress and the toiling for bread.
3. A boy amongst boys in Nazareth town,
He honoured His Father in Heaven;
A man amongst men He brought to the world
The gospel His Father had given.
4. And He chose to take with Him a band of brave men,
Not elder or scribe or proud Pharisee,
But the hardworking toilers whose hearts He had won
When He taught them of heaven at Lake Galilee.
5. The common folk came so gladly to hear,
And the sick drew as near as they could;
The poor despised sinners heard life-giving words
From a Saviour they all understood.
6. For He spoke with authority, not as the scribes,
Of His wonderful Father in Heaven;
Who had sent Him to live as a man amongst men,
And to die that their sins be forgiven.
7. He had finished His work when He died on the Cross
That the sins of the world be forgiven.
Then He rose up in triumph o'er death and the grave
And went home to His Father in Heaven.

24: His Majesty the King

1. The joyful song of Angel choir
On that Celestial Morn
Announced to all the waiting world
A Royal Son was born.
2. What tender birthday gifts were given
By strangers from afar
Whose humble, wise, obedient hearts
Were guided by a star.
3. No song, no gifts, Jerusalem
No welcome from His own;
Thy silent streets proclaim the gift
In thy cold heart of stone.
4. Then came those patient, toiling years
Of loving service given,
That healed the sick and raised the dead
And told the poor of Heaven.
5. What was their answer to such love
That cruel shameful morn?
'Twas piercing nail and thrusting spear
And crown of mocking thorns.
6. Thy daughters wept Jerusalem
To see such pain and loss;
Yea, wept to see the King of Kings
Enthroned upon a cross.
7. A King whose great majestic love
Encircled land and sea,
Who broke the bonds of sin and death
And set the prisoners free.
8. Let all the kindreds of the earth
Their adoration bring,
For every knee must bow
Before His Majesty the King.

25: Anoint Mine Eyes

1. Anoint mine eyes that I may see
The crystal river flowing free
That comes from God and from the Lamb,
And speaks of love's immensity.
2. Anoint mine eyes that I may see
'Tis vain to drink of earthbound streams,
That promised much, but only leave
A broken heart, a vanished dream.
3. Anoint mine eyes that I may see
That stream that flowed, from pierced side;
Then trusting faith will wash its robes,
And I awaken satisfied.

26: Arise and Shine

1. Awake! awake! oh Bride of Christ,
Put on thy glorious bridal dress,
And let no spot or wrinkle mar
The beauty of its holiness.
2. Remember what those garments cost
In cruel nail and piercing thorn.
Remember who has paid the price
So that His bride He might adorn.
3. Come, touch the golden sceptre now
In gentle beauty take thy place,
And may the thought of high estate
But fill thee with a humbler grace.
4. Yea, rise and shine, thou Royal Bride,
Till all the world with gladness sings
“All praise and glory be to Him,
The Lord of Lords and King of Kings.”

27: Jerusalem to Jericho

1. A weary world oft turns away its face,
From empty eloquence, and pride of place.
Yet answers, when it sees love's gentle grace,
"By this we know, by this we know."
2. Ah yes! This poor sad world had heard too much
Of pious word, of lofty thought and such,
Yet failed to find that healing Christlike touch,
Whereby all men shall know, whereby all men shall know.
3. How sad if priest and Levite passing by,
Have left the wounded traveller there to die.
Yea! Left unanswered that despairing cry,
"Help me to know, help me to know."
4. If good Samaritan whose oil and wine
Flowed from the very heart of love divine,
Had never travelled down this road of mine,
How would I know? How would I know?
5. Give Thy disciples now dear Lord we pray,
The selfless love that graced a former day.
The healing touch that led our hearts to say,
"By this we know, by this we know."

28: My Father's House

1. I am thinking tonight of my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
When the former things are passed away
And the eyes of the blind will see.
2. There is no need of a candle there
To guide the faltering feet;
No need of sun or moon or stars
In that wonderful blest retreat.
3. For the Lamb is the light of His Father's house;
The glory and crown is He;
For He paid the price with His pierced hands
That the eyes of the blind might see.
4. It has not entered the heart of man
The things that he has prepared;
Earth's poor blind mind can scarce receive
The thought of a King who cared.
5. Ah, yes, the glorious King of Kings,
The Lord of it all is He,
But He came and died on that lonely hill
That the eyes of the blind might see.

29: Today I Must Abide at Thy House

1. To think the Holy One and Just
Should come and visit me,
And enter my unworthy door
To spend a while with me.
2. Oh soul of mine hast thou prepared
A chastened place of rest,
Lest any word or thought of mind
Might grieve my sacred Guest.
3. I wait for Thee most welcome Guest
For I would learn of Thee,
Those sacred things that will be mine
Through all eternity.

30: Our Father in Thy Heaven Above

1. Our Father, in Thy Heaven above,
We come so that our souls be fed.
The best earth offers fails to meet
Our urgent need of living bread.
2. The pure sweet manna from on High,
On which our pilgrim fathers fed
Is still the answer to our need,
And must remain our daily bread.
3. Our Father, help us understand
The cost at which our souls are fed,
For Thou didst bruise Thine only Son
That He might be our living Bread.
4. The splendour of this dual gift
From God the Father and His Son
Just proves the great eternal truth
The Father and the Son are one.

31: Oh Death! Where is Thy Sting?

1. Life with its triumphs, its joys, and its tears,
Quickly is passing away.
Age with its pain, and dark lonely fears,
Speaks of a passing day.
2. But, there in the Heavens, shines faith's Evening Star,
Bright promise of all things newborn.
When the darkness is past, and the True Light appears
In the light of Eternity's morn.
3. And here in the silence, Faith hears the sweet sound
Of a song from a far distant Shore;
A song to the One who has died, and now lives,
And liveth forevermore.
4. Rejoicing I join in that glorious song
To the Victor Who rose from the grave,
And vanquished cold Death, that last dreadful foe,
Blest proof of His power to save.

32: Creation in Her Travail Waits

1. Creation in her travail waits
The end of man's vain skill,
That leaves him standing on the brink
Of abyss, dark and chill.
2. God holds the key of all unknown,
Its mystery and its breath,
There is a line man must not cross;
To disobey brings death.
3. Though filled with scientific dreams
Man never understands
That things revealed belong to man,
And secret things to God.
4. The raging gale of perverse thought
Is sweeping men away,
To strand them on the barren shores
Of darkness and dismay.
5. Dear God, in Heaven, intervene,
And send the Prince of Peace;
For He, and He alone can bid
This dreadful travail cease.

33: The Lost Sheep

1. Out on the mountain side,
Far from the shepherd's fold,
Wanders a poor, lost sheep,
Hungry and cold.
Chill blows the winter wind,
Dark falls the lonely night,
Danger and Death are near,
No help in sight.
2. Is there no-one to help?
Is there no-one to care?
Must this poor, lonely sheep
Die in despair?
Ah, no! the shepherd comes,
And through the dark and cold
Carries His poor, lost sheep
Back to His fold.
3. I was that dying sheep,
Lost on a winter's night,
Far from the love of God,
From peace and light,
Until the Shepherd came,
And through the dark and cold
Carried me all the way
Back to His fold.
4. No more the mountain dread,
Lonely and dark and cold,
No more the beast of prey,
Here in His fold,
Fed by my Shepherd's hand,
Led by His voice divine;
Near to my Shepherd's heart
Sweet rest is mine.

34: Song of the Sheep

1. The future lies an unknown road
But in this thought I now rejoice
Tho' many things I do not know
I know my Shepherd's loving voice.
2. He tells me where the dangers lie
Where beasts of prey in ambush creep
And guides me when the mountain path
Leads close beside the abyss deep.
3. The stranger's low seductive call
Now falls on unresponsive ear
For nothing but my Shepherd's voice
Can still my heart and calm my fear.
4. He speaks above the rising storm
As pure and clear as silver bell
And when I hear Him call my name
I follow, knowing all is well.

35: The Road of Sorrows

1. Road of a thousand griefs,
Wet with a million tears,
Thy way was paved by the sins of men
From the dawn of countless years.
2. Road of a Love sublime,
Emblem of selfless loss,
Thy stones were blessed by the sacred feet
Of a King who carried His Cross.
3. Road of a thousand griefs,
Wet with a sinner's tears,
Thy beauty shall hallow this heart of mine
Through a long Eternity's years.

36: Vision

1. Here waiting in the vale of prayer
I hear the echo of a song
So pure and sweet I know it comes
From glad, rejoicing, ransomed throng.
2. Here as I worship at Thy feet
And feel the warmth of Thy great love,
I see a fleeting glimpse dear Lord
Of things reserved in Heaven above.
3. 'Tis but an echo that I hear,
'Tis but a fleeting glimpse I see.
But still they serve to teach my heart
What waits in Heaven dear Lord with Thee.
4. Earth's tumult oft would dull mine ear,
The things of time would cloud my sight,
So many things would hold me back
From seeing these fair fields of light.
5. Lord quicken now these poor dull ears,
And touch these dim, short-sighted eyes
That I may see beyond this world
To things prepared in Paradise.

37: No More the Grieving Thorn

1. No more the grieving thorn shall wound thy hand
No more its cruel dart shall pierce thy feet.
For in the Paradise of God, that peaceful land,
Are but the kindly flowers of fragrance sweet
Whose inoffensive grace those quiet fields adorn
For in the Paradise of God there is no grieving thorn.
2. No more the grieving word shall pierce thy heart,
No more its venom'd barb distress thy soul
For in the Paradise of God it has no part
And there the law of kindness hath control.
There but the music of the chastened soul is heard
For in the Paradise of God there is no grieving word.

38: When My Heart is Overwhelmed

1. When my heart is overwhelmed
With the fears that pierce the mind,
Lead me to the Rock sublime
Where new faith and hope I find.
2. When my heart is overwhelmed
With the burden of its sin,
Lead me to that smitten Rock
That can make me pure within.
3. When my heart is overwhelmed
With the surging tides of grief,
Lead me to the only place
Where my sorrow finds relief.
4. Well I know how poor I am,
But on this I now rely,
I have found the Blessed Rock
That is higher, Lord, than I.

39: I Fly Unto Thee to Hide Me

1. On battered wings of weary dove
I seek the shelter of Thy love
And dauntless through the lonely night
My homing spirit makes its flight.
2. No earthly hiding place have I
And so with straining wings I fly
O'er lonely waste and stormy sea
To find my hiding place in thee.
3. Triumphant o'er the rising storm
Unhindered by its wild alarm
These tired wings when urged by love
Will safely reach their goal above.
4. Enfold me Lord upon Thy breast
And hide me safe, where I can rest.
Yea take this spent and weary dove
Into the shelter of Thy love.

40: This Woman

1. One day she came to Simon's house,
Because she heard the Lord was there;
Midst Pharisees and pious scribes
She knew He was the one who cared,
While Simon watched, in silent scorn,
The mystery of a soul reborn.
2. She looked upon those sacred feet
And wept for all her wasted years,
Then kissed those sad, neglected feet,
And washed them with repentant tears,
While Simon watched, in heartless scorn,
He'd never felt his soul reborn.
3. She thought of all the miles He'd walked,
O'er vale and hill, down city street,
To find this poor and helpless sheep,
And place it gently near his feet,
While angels in the heavens above
Sang praises to the Saviour's love.
4. Oh, Friend of Sinners, can it be!
That thankless man should turn from Thee,
And spurn a love so deep and free,
That paid our debts on Calvary.

41: Tomorrow

1. Have you thought about tomorrow?
When we leave earth's pain and loss,
And enter our blest homeland
In the shadow of the Cross.
2. For He passed this way before us
Never fearing pain or loss;
Just keeping steady onwards,
Till He reached that awful Cross.
3. When I walk the road before me,
And the way I cannot see;
Then I hear a voice that whispers -
"Come, my child, and follow Me."
4. Oh, the glory of tomorrow,
Where there's only peace and rest;
For there is no place for sorrow
In the Kingdom of the blest.

42: Holy Ground

1. Now in the silent sanctuary
Of lone Golgotha's hill
The empty, tinkling cymbals cease,
The sounding brass is still.
2. Here in this place of grief and loss
Of agony and death
All eloquence and gifted word
Now seem but noisy breath.
3. Oft in the multitude of words
The pride of man is found,
The pride that never seems to know
It stands on holy ground.
4. Dear Lord, forgive all alien words
And, if it be Thy will,
Bid every tinkling cymbal cease,
All sounding brass be still.

43: The Magnitude of Loss

1. In spite of all the pain He bore,
He heard the poor thief's cry,
Lord when I come before Thy throne,
Remember it is I.
2. Oh wash away my dreadful sins,
In Thy bright crimson tide,
Then on the day when Judgments come,
I'll know why Thou has died.
3. He answered that repentant's prayer,
Compassion in His eyes,
Fear not my son for thou shalt be
With Me today in paradise.
4. No thought of self or cruel nails,
Or even crown of thorns,
The joy of joys to him that day,
A sinner was seen reborn.
5. Oh will we ever understand
The magnitude of loss
That caused a King to leave His throne
And die upon the cross?

44: The Sacrifices of God

1. I am sitting here and thinking at the setting of the sun,
Is it of my past achievements or the good I may have done?
No, our vision always alters when our race is nearly run,
So I'm sitting here and thinking of the things I have not done.
2. The sacrifices of our God are never what we've done,
Or the listing of our virtues as we name them one by one;
It's the broken spirit's offering at that Cross where life was won
And the contrite heart's admission of the debt we owe His Son.
3. The sacrifice of puny man is always what he's done
And he speaks with proud presumption of the name that he has won,
But we wonder with compassion how he feels when life is done,
As he sits alone forsaken at the setting of the sun.

45: Blessed Merciful Redeemer

1. Blessed merciful Redeemer,
God Thy Father's heart has planned,
That because Thy blood has bought us
He has placed us in Thy hand.
2. All the sick, the sad, the lonely,
All the strong, the young, the old;
Share alike in this provision
Of a love sublime untold.
3. None need fear the unknown future
Or the cruel hand of time,
Safely held by love immortal
In Thy nail-pierced hand Divine.
4. When we face the final judgement
And before His courts we stand,
We shall have the peace of knowing
God has placed us in Thy hand.

46: Upon the Lintel of My Door

1. Above the dark Egyptian land
The beating wings of death are heard.
How awful is the fate of all
Who have defied Jehovah's word.
2. But safe within the house I rest
Until the dreaded night is o'er,
Protected by that Precious Blood
Upon the lintel of my door.
3. No refuge now in righteous deed,
In worldly sage, or earthly store.
The hope of Israel still remains
That sprinkled Blood above the door.
4. For rebel pride that seeks to find
A cover for its own deceit,
Must perish if it will not bow
And worship at the Pierced Feet.
5. Dear Lord, to think Thy Precious Blood
Protects and saves this life of mine,
To think that I, so poor and vile
Can shelter neath such holy Sign.
6. O Lamb of God, I have no hope,
No joy, no peace, for evermore;
Unless Thy Precious Blood is seen
Upon the lintel of my door.

47: “Emmaus”

1. Draw near, dear Lord, and walk beside us now
Along the last long stretch of troubled road.
Oh! Let us hear Thine own familiar step
That quells our fears, and lightens all our load.
2. Come near us Lord! that we may feel Thy touch,
And hear the sound of Thy beloved voice;
For only this can still the anxious fear,
And make the troubled heart again rejoice.
3. Oh! leave us not, for lo! the day is spent;
We cannot face the night without Thee, Lord.
Keep near us now. Thy poor disciples need
The tender consolation of Thy Word.
4. Oh! break the Bread with Thy blessed wounded hand;
Anoint our eyes that we may see Thy face,
For in the glorious light that streams from Thee
The Wilderness becomes a Holy Place.

48: Adieu

1. Earth holds no refuge for the soul,
No hiding place, no final goal.
So faith looks up to Heaven's gate
And folds her quiet hands to wait.
2. Yea though the trusted friend be gone,
And sorrows cloud life's setting sun,
The Friend of sinners is to me
Sweet hope of better things to be.
3. Though earth must keep this fettered frame
And dust its ageing captive claim,
My soul shall soar to Heaven above
Upon the strong young wings of love.

49: Then I Shall Know

1. When Life with all its stress and tired strain,
Brings disappointment, grief or weary pain;
If I can make Life's loss a Heavenly gain,
Then I shall know I have not lived in vain.
2. When Time has come to its appointed end,
And bankrupt age has no more strength to spend;
If peace and love my final couch attend,
Then I shall know death as a kindly friend.

50: How Wilt Thou Do in the Swelling of Jordan?

1. O, Thou gentle Friend of sinners,
Draw me nearer to Thy side,
For I hear the distant murmur
Of dark Jordan's lonely tide.
2. Thou who carried all my sorrows,
Bore my griefs, and healed my sin,
Art the only one who can help me,
When that swelling tide comes in.
3. My poor soul is so unworthy
Of the comfort of Thy love;
But I flee to Thee for refuge,
Like a weary homing dove.
4. Yes, I hear it, my Beloved;
Hear the murmur of that tide;
Put Thine own brave arms around me,
Till I reach the other side.

51: To Those I Love

1. God's mercy brighter than yon stars
Oft sends a warning from afar,
A warning sent in love divine
To guard those treasures that are thine.
2. Beware of life's increasing cares,
That fain would choke thy wheat with tares,
And spoil the treasures I have given
To turn thy thoughts from earth to heaven.
3. That silent, subtle thief called time,
Could steal these treasures that are thine.
Take heed, my child, and thou shalt see
The triumph of Gethsemane.
4. Remember dark Golgotha's hill,
And bid all pride of place be still
Before a love that bled and died
To save a world of sinful pride.

52: Then Whose Shall These Things Be?

1. While generations come and go,
Proud man delights in pomp and show;
When God requires the souls of men
Who'll own their treasured trophies then?
2. The earthly treasures I have sought
That cost so much in time and thought;
When life is ended all will seem
The fading shadows of a dream.
3. Remember now someone will stand
Here in this house that I have planned;
Yea alien hands may careless be
Of treasures now so dear to me.
4. Lord loosen now this fatal hold
On gods of silver and of gold
That I may grasp with eager hand
The treasures that Thy love has planned.
5. Anoint my eyes that I may see
These proofs of man's mortality
And so invest my all in Thee,
Secure for all eternity.

53: The Guest

1. He came, a Guest, to Simon's house,
But found no welcome there;
No gentle hand to bathe His feet,
No sign of loving care.
2. Nought but that cold appraising eye
That watched the sinner come,
Who with the fountain of her tears
Did all he had not done.
3. He came to bless Zacchaeus' house,
A sinner's Guest, was He -
A sinner whose repentant heart
Received Him joyfully.
4. What wealth of love was there that day,
What loving service given;
Salvation made that sinner's house
Seem like the courts of Heaven.
5. Most holy Guest, when Thou dost come
To this poor house of mine,
Accept, my Lord, a sinner's tears
Shed on Thy feet divine.

54: I Dreamed of a Little House

1. I dreamed, I dreamed of a little house
Whose portals were open wide;
A friendly house that seemed to say
“You are welcome - come inside.”
2. I dreamed a dream of a little house,
Where the young hearts love to come
And spend an hour in sweet content,
When the tasks of the day are done.
3. I dreamed a dream of a little house
Where the tired hearts could rest;
Where the music found in kindred souls
Relieves life’s strain and stress.
4. Ah yes! I dream of a sweet abode
That is warmed by a love sublime,
That could leave its mark on the future years
If blest by a Hand divine.

55: To Us a Son is Born

1. When first they laid you in my arms
That joyous natal day,
I fain would offer up my thanks,
And sought for words to say.
Can words describe the rising sun?
Or tongue the glorious morn?
Ah no! my heart could only say,
"To us a son is born."
2. Now when a gentle hand relieves
The care of closing day,
When weary age now feels its touch
And seeks for words to say,
Can words describe an angel's wings?
Or filial love adorn?
Ah no! our hearts can only say,
"To us a son is born."

56: Cradle Song

1. Hush my darling! Angels keep
Watch beside thy guileless sleep,
As the quiet hands of night
All her starry candles light.
2. In the fold on yonder hill,
Now the bleating lambs are still.
For the night has cast her spell
Over field and leafy dell.
3. From the forest glade is heard
Sleepy voice from drowsy bird.
As the fledgling in the nest
Feels the warmth of mother's breast.
4. Sleep! for love's soft wings are spread
Over thy defenceless head.
Hush my darling! Have no fear,
Angels guard thy sleeping here.

57: Beauty for Ashes

1. To every songster God has given,
The freedom of the skies.
'Tis man who makes the cruel snare
Where praise, celestial dies.
2. But grieve no more, poor fettered bird
In spite of pain and wrong,
There is a Hand that can release
The singer and the song.
3. For God Himself, with gentle Hand
Will open prison bars,
And give His minstrel once again
The freedom of the stars.

58: Our Daily Bread

1. Dear Father in thy heaven above,
We bow before Thy table spread;
Now from Thine understanding Hands,
Give us this day our daily bread.
2. The pure sweet manna from on high,
On which our pilgrim fathers fed,
Is still the answer to our need,
And must remain our daily bread.
3. Dear Father, cleanse our hearts and minds
From all of earth's polluted bread,
And give to us Thine own Dear Son,
Who must remain our daily bread.

59: When Thou Art Old

1. A quiet corner far removed from strife,
Where tired eyes may watch the setting sun,
And travel back along the road of life
In calm content of duty nobly done.
2. A heart, tho' bruised by life's relentless hand,
Hath still the power to love and laugh with youth;
A heart still young enough to understand
Its joys and griefs, its groping after truth.
3. The mellowness of soul, that gift of age
To those who bravely choose the rugged way,
Yet take Life's book and mark each page
With kindly thought for weaker souls than they.
4. The dauntless faith that, gazing toward the dark,
Can pierce the gloom and see the light ahead,
And calmly wait the summons to embark,
Quite sure that He will do as He hath said.
5. These are the compensations age may own,
That far surpass earth's silver or its gold;
The sweet possessions that for years atone,
God grant they may be thine when thou art old.

60: The Sentinel

1. Lost! lost upon the dark and dreadful deep,
With groaning timbers, and with tattered sail,
Despair hath filled the hapless seaman's heart,
Left to the mercy of the winter's gale;
When, lo! a signal flashing through the dark
Brings hope of harbour to poor tortured barque.
2. For there on watch upon the restless main
That grey old sentinel, the lighthouse, stands
To warn the seaman of hidden shoals,
To guide the traveller home from far-off lands,
And like the heartbeats of a faithful friend
The pulsing light its warning signal sends.
3. Lone sentry of that dark and troubled tide,
The storms of years have raged about thy head,
The furies of the deep have sought to shake
And move thee from thy firm and rocky bed;
But all unmoved by constant stress and strain,
Erect and calm thy granite strength remains.
4. The angry waves may gnash impotent teeth,
And vent their fury on thy rugged walls,
Unheeding and unmoved, thy light shines on,
And far across the main its warning falls,
And in the lonely hours when others sleep
It sends its faithful witness o'er the deep.
5. And constant thro' the long and stormy years
That light hath kept its vigil o'er the main,
And safely led to harbour many a barque
That never hoped to see sweet home again;
Yea, many a seaman safe at home tonight
Doth bless the memory of that guiding light.

61: Spikenard

1. Upon the heights of Himalayan hills,
Above the sordid paths of man's desires,
The fragrant spikenard its life fulfils,
And perfume gathers from those lofty spires.
2. Its treasured hiding-place the hillside bleak,
Its trusted guardian the abyss deep.
A watchful sentinel, the mountain peak
Keeps constant vigil o'er that rocky steep.
3. Brave, dauntless heart, that, casting fear aside,
Hath braved the mountain solitude alone,
The frowning menace of those rocks defied,
And make the costly spikenard its own.
4. Ah, costly spikenard! Thou fruit of tears!
Of lonely vigils on the mountain height,
Of breaking heart and weary toiling years,
Of anxious watching for the morning light.
5. Oh, favoured spikenard! Thy mission sweet
To heal the wounds the sinful hands have riven,
And pour thy balm upon the Pierced Feet;
'Tis thus thy fragrance reaches unto Heaven.
6. Upon the feet of Him Who knew
A solitude of soul none else has known,
Who on the Mount of Crucifixion drew
The waters from the well of death alone.

62: Time

1. Oh Time! inexorable Time,
In vain our puny hands would hold thee back,
Fearing to see thy seal on those we love,
Fearing the change that follows in thy track.
2. For years I watched thy hand at work,
Etching the lines on one beloved face:
But as I watched and feared, I only saw
The lovely dawning of a gentler grace.
3. And watching there I learned, Oh Time,
They need not fear thee who have used thee right.
Upon the noble hearted and the good
Thy hand is gracious, and thy touch is light.
4. For lo! no enemy art thou,
But kindly friend, with precious gifts in store,
To grace and beautify the waiting soul
For that glad day when Time shall be no more.

63: Bereft

1. Why seems the voice of the joyous bird
By such sad minor cadence stirred?
Why mourns yon songster on the bough?
Ah, Love!
Because thy voice is silent now.
2. Why seems yon little playful breeze
To grieve amongst the cypress trees
Like echoes of a joy now dead?
Ah, Love!
Because thy tender smile is fled.
3. Why seems the note in everything
Played on the plaintive, muted string?
Why falls a hush o'er vale and hill?
Ah, Love!
Because thy gentle heart is still.

64: Lest We Forget

1. When Christ the Son of God came down to earth -
To whom was given the glory of His birth?
Who cradled Him on that pure virgin breast?
Who was the first to serve our Royal Guest.
2. Who saw with love's own keen prophetic eye
The shadow of a cross on yonder sky;
And sacred kept that precious ointment sweet,
To use alone on those dear sacred feet?
3. Who was it stood around that lonely cross
In that dread hour of agony and loss?
And braved the storm of hatred and of shame
That wicked man poured on that Holy Name?
4. Who was it in the early morning gloom
First heard His voice beside the empty tomb?
To whom was this great glad commission given
"Go tell my loved disciples I am risen"?

1: A Plea for Conservation

1. The trees lift up beseeching arms
And whisper to the wind,
The lovely birds and beasts and flowers
Ah, No! These have not sinned.
2. But thoughtless man has often made
A lovely forest scene
Into a barren fruitless waste,
That grieves for what has been.
3. Now Nature pleads with grave sad eyes
To man for better things,
For in this lovely troubled world,
'Tis he alone who sins.

2: Man O' Mine

1. We have sailed wide seas together,
Man o' mine,
Steered our barque through stormy weather,
Man o' mine.
Life has only made thee dearer;
Time has only drawn us nearer,
As the harbour lights shine clearer,
Man o' mine.
2. Hold my hand a little tighter,
Man o' mine,
When the ev'ning star grows brighter
Man o' mine.
Life can only make thee dearer,
Death can only draw us nearer,
When the harbour light grows clearer,
Man o' mine.

3: An Aussie's Story

1. There was haze across the paddock,
And a rim around the sun,
And up beyond O'Connell's creek
The 'roos were on the run.
2. All the mornin' I had watched it
With a weary, anxious eye,
For a hot north wind was blowin',
And the dam was nearly dry.
3. All the cattle were uneasy,
And were actin' mighty queer,
While Dobbin galloped round the yard
And neighed aloud his fear.
4. Old Rover whined outside the door,
And shivered now and then,
The sheep were huddled in a group
Beside the nearest pen.
5. I thought of that young Cocky
Up beyond old Grogan's mill,
Their kid was only three days old
And its mother very ill.
6. But there was no time to help him,
For 'twas comin' thick and fast,
Roarin' like a dreadful monster
With a breath like furnace blast.
7. Then I called to Mum to help me,
"Get the kids down to the creek",
There was still a drop of water
Where I dug the hole last week.
8. Then it came in all its fury
With the flames a mountain high,
Side by side we went to face it
There was only Mum and I.
9. Fightin', beatin', sobbin', prayin',
Blistered hands and tortured breath;
Side by side my old mate helped me
Till we conquered fire and death.
10. Fightin' gamely there beside me
Thro' that awful fury blast,
Grimly beatin' back the monster
Till the wind had turned at last.
11. Yes, I'll hand it to the missus,
For she sure is dinkum blue,
And she's gamer than Ned Kelly
And all his rangers too.
12. But when I turned to bless her,
And kiss her blistered cheek;
There was game old Mum arunnin',
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4: Sorrows of a Nation

1. There is a little grieving whisper
Coming on the evening breeze
As the sorrows of a nation
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2. You can hear it in the city,
In the music and the cheers,
In the forced, unhappy laughter
That can hide a thousand tears.
3. If you listen you can hear it
In the small suburban street
Where a little lad is waiting
For the sound of marching feet.
4. You can hear it in the farmland
Where the gallant women stay
Working in the lonely cowsheds
While the boys are far away.
5. You can hear it, too, when Rover
With his clever, canine sense
Tries to tell his absent master
That the sheep are through the fence.
6. You can hear it in the bushland
Up beside the timber mill,
Where the ringing axe is silent
And the busy wheel is still.
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