

1. I Sought to Find the Christ of God

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.

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.

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.

2. If But Thine Heart Would Hear

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.

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.

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.

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.

3. Chastened Heart

He sends the cold grey rain,
The winter's icy blast,
So that the chastened earth
May bear its fruit at last.

He send the lonely hours,
The grief, the pain, the loss,
So that the chastened heart
May understand the Cross.

4. The Secret

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.

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.

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.

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.

5. Except Ye

One day He took a little child
And set him in the midst of them
To show the perfect citizen
Of Holy New Jerusalem.

So beautiful that little child
Obedient to its Lord's request,
So unaware of pride, of place,
So sure its gentle Lord knew best.

Before that sweet humility
The pride of man, rebuked, lay dead;
Before a faith that questioned not,
Proud reason bowed its haughty head.

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.

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.

6. The Watchman

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!

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!

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!

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!

7. Together

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.

*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.*

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.

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.

8. Sanctuary

Sanctuary of all oppressed,
Haven of the heart distressed,
Jesus now I come to rest,
On the greatness of Thy breast.

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.

Room for children in those arms,
Safely kept from every harm,
Resting sweetly in the charm
Of that loving friendly arm.

Room for Magdelene distressed,
Who, with sin and need confessed,
Trembling, came at last to rest
On that understanding breast.

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.

Yes! the children young and fair,
Yes! the sinner in despair,
Yes! the agèd bowed with care
All will find that room is there.

9. Increase Our Faith

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.

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.

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.

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.

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

tune→ Maryton

10. Dear Saviour, Let Thy Peace

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. ::

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. ::

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. ::

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." ::

meter→ 8, 6, 8, 8, 6, 6

tune→ Spencer

11. A Prayer

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.

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.

Lord, keep my spirit undefiled
From boastful thought or sinful pride,
For only broken spirits know
Communion with the Crucified.

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.

12. If It Had Not Been the Lord

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.

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.

If it had not been the Lord
When the ruthless foe assailed,
No defence would I have known—
If my Lord had not prevailed.

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.

It is only He can save;
It is only He can keep.
His strong arm, and His alone,
Will defend His trusting sheep.

13. Cool of the Day

I heard Him in the whisper
Of the sighing poplar trees,
While the quiet earth was resting
In the fragrant evening breeze.

I heard Him in the murmur
Of the gentle nesting dove,
While the blackbird told the story
Of the Father's boundless love.

I heard Him in the silence,
When the lilies bowed their heads,
To receive His benediction
On their lowly perfumed bed.

14. To Whom, Lord, Shall We Go?

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.

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.

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.

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

15. Immanuel

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.

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.

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."

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

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.

Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!

Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!

God forbid that we should boast.
For our best endeavor,
When compared with love like Thine,
Dies, and dies forever.
Dies, and dies forever.

Thine the dignity of pain,
Glorious Man of Sorrows,
Thine the majesty of loss,
Hope of our tomorrow.
Hope of our tomorrow.

All our laurels turn to dust
From their glory sever,
But the splendour of Thy Cross
Lights the heavens forever.
Lights the heavens forever.

17. Prayer of a Boy

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.

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.

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.

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.

18. Prayer of a Girl

Blest Child of Nazareth,
On Whom the Father smiled,
This little maiden fain would be
Like Thee, Thou Holy Child.

Loving in word and deed,
Spotless and undefiled,
Obedient to the Father's will
As Thou wert, Holy Child.

Amidst this evil world,
So sinful and defiled,
Guard Thou Thy little maiden, Lord,
And make me Thine own child.

Only a little maid,
Only a humble child,
Yet I would follow Thee, dear Lord,
On Whom the Father smiled.

19. Still Waters

My Belovèd speaks, And lo! The riot of my thought is still;
The turmoils of a fevered heart Obey His will

My Belovèd speaks. My soul, Spent with its striving after rest
Pillows its aching weariness Upon His breast.

My Belovèd speaks. His voice Is like the cool and gentle rain
That makes the desert of my heart To bloom again.

My Belovèd speaks, and in The midnight hour sweet hope is born;
Then with a calm and quiet heart I wait the morn.

20. Harmony

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.

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.

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.

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.

21. Child, In Whose Virgin Soul

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.

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.

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.

22. Lord, Grant Thy People Grace

Lord, grant Thy people grace
The hosts of sin to face
And calmly fill their place
Till breaking of the day.

Lord, help Thy servants keep
Watch through the darkness deep,
That they may seek Thy sheep
Till breaking of the day.

May we united stand,
Hand clasped in loving hand,
Thy faithful, loyal band
Till breaking of the day.

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

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.”

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.

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.

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.

24. Hidden

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.

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.

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

tune→ Adoration

25. Dark, Dark the Night

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.

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.

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

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.

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.

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.

27. Out of the Depths

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.

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.

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.

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.

28. Rest, Weary Heart

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 blessed will.

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.

29. When I Awake

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.

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!

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.

30. Lord, Grant My Life

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.

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.

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.

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

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.

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.

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