Part VIII

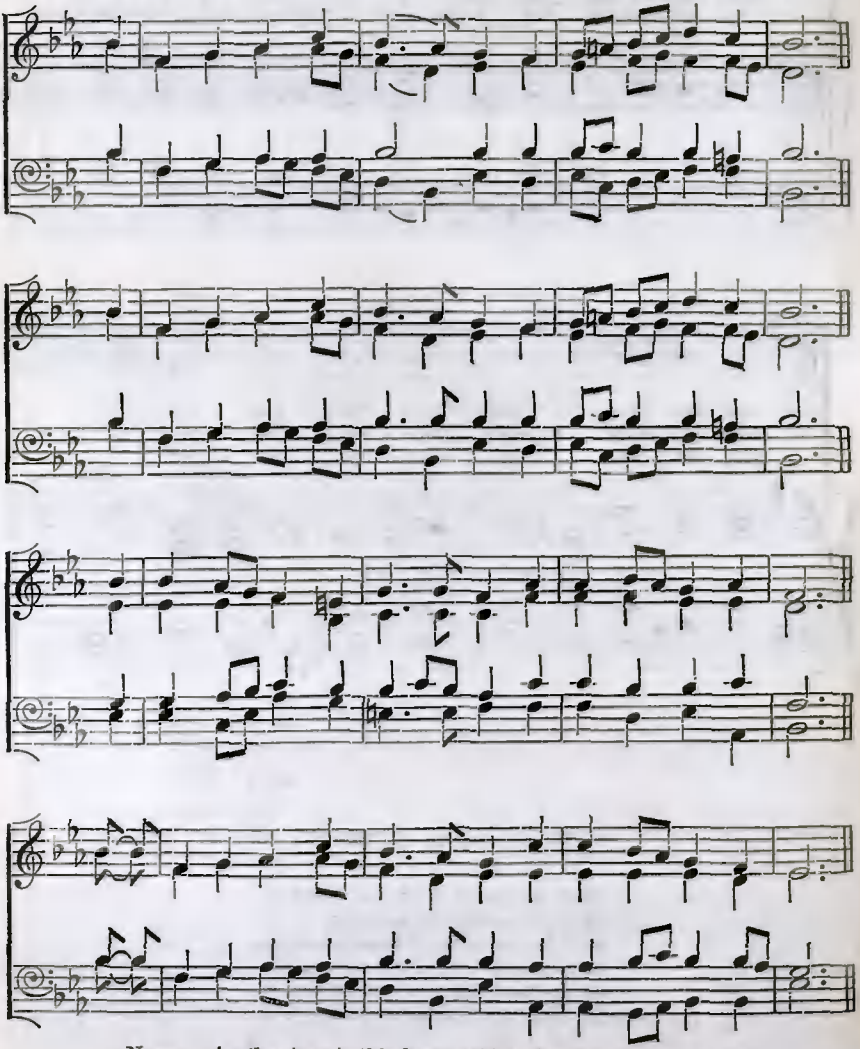
FOR MISSION SERVICES

567

GLORIA. (76. 86. 86. 86.)

In moderate time ♩ = 96.

R. L. De Pearsall, 1795–1856.



Note.—*Another tune to this hymn will be found in the Appendix.*

Elizabeth C. Clephane, 1830–69.

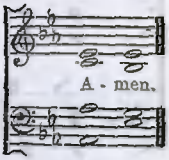
BENEATH the Cross of Jesus
I fain would take my stand—
The shadow of a mighty Rock
Within a weary land;
A home within a wilderness,
A rest upon the way,
From the burning of the noontide heat
And the burden of the day.

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

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

4 Upon that Cross of Jesus
Mine eye at times can see
The very dying form of One,
Who suffered there for me.
And from my stricken heart, with tears,
Two wonders I confess,—
The wonders of redeeming love,
And my own worthlessness.

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

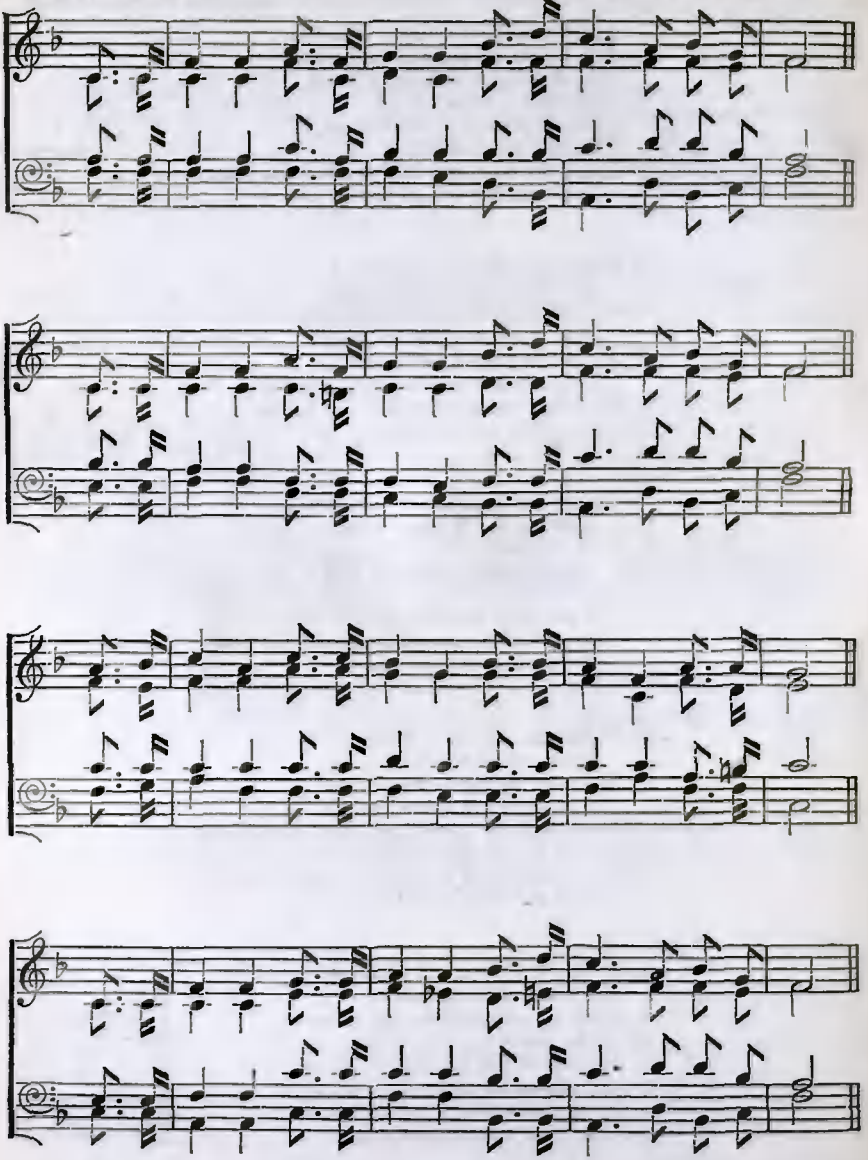


568

DAILY, DAILY. (87. 87. D.)

With vigour ♩ = 80.

Melody from a French Paroissien.



S. Baring-Gould, 1834–1924.

DAILY, daily sing the praises
Of the City God hath made;
In the beauteous fields of Eden
Its foundation-stones are laid:

O, that I had wings of Angels
Here to spread and heavenward fly;
I would seek the gates of Sion,
Far beyond the starry sky!

2 All the walls of that dear City
Are of bright and burnished gold;
It is matchless in its beauty,
And its treasures are untold:

3 In the midst of that dear City
Christ is reigning on his seat,
And the Angels swing their censers
In a ring about his feet:

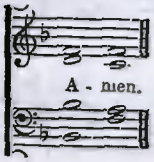
4 From the throne a river issues,
Clear as crystal, passing bright,
And it traverses the City
Like a beam of living light:

5 There the meadows green and dewy
Shine with lilies wondrous fair;
Thousand, thousand are the colours
Of the waving flowers there:

6 There the forests ever blossom,
Like our orchards here in May;
There the gardens never wither,
But eternally are gay:

7 There the wind is sweetly fragrant,
And is laden with the song
Of the Seraphs, and the Elders,
And the great redeemèd throng

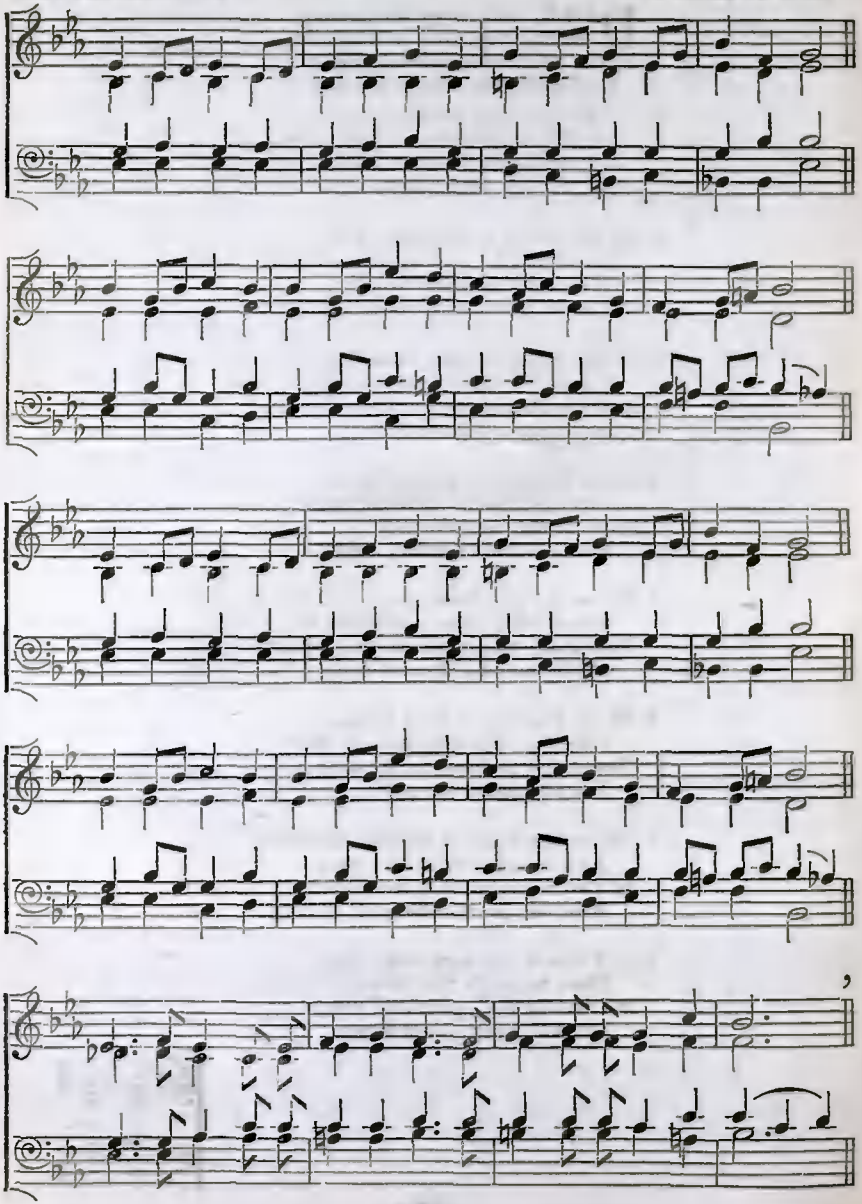
8. O I would my ears were open
Here to catch that happy strain!
O I would my eyes some vision
Of that Eden could attain!



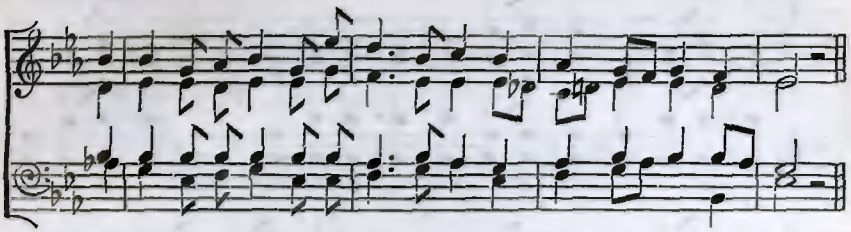
EVENING HYMN. (87.87.87.87.87.106.) **569**

In moderate time ♩ = 92.

CAROLINE MAUDE.
(Viscountess Hawarden)



569 *(continued)*



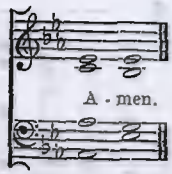
J. Purchas †, 1823-72.

EVENSONG is hushed in silence,
And the hour of rest is nigh;
Strengthen us for work to-morrow,
Son of Mary—God most high!
Thou who in the village workshop,
Fashioning the yoke and plough,
Didst eat bread by daily labour,
Succour them that labour now.

We are weary of life-long toil,
Of sorrow, and pain, and sin;
But there is a City with streets of gold,
And all is peace within.

2 How are we to reach that City,
Whose delights no tongue may tell?
By the faith that looks to Jesus,
By a life of doing well.
Sinful men and sinful women,
He will wash our sins away;
He will take us to the sheepfold
Whence no sheep can ever stray.

3. There the dear ones who have left us
We shall some day meet again;
There will be no bitter partings,
No more sorrow, death, or pain.
Evensong has closed in silence,
And the hour of rest is nigh;
Lighten thou our darkness, Jesu,
Son of Mary—God most high!

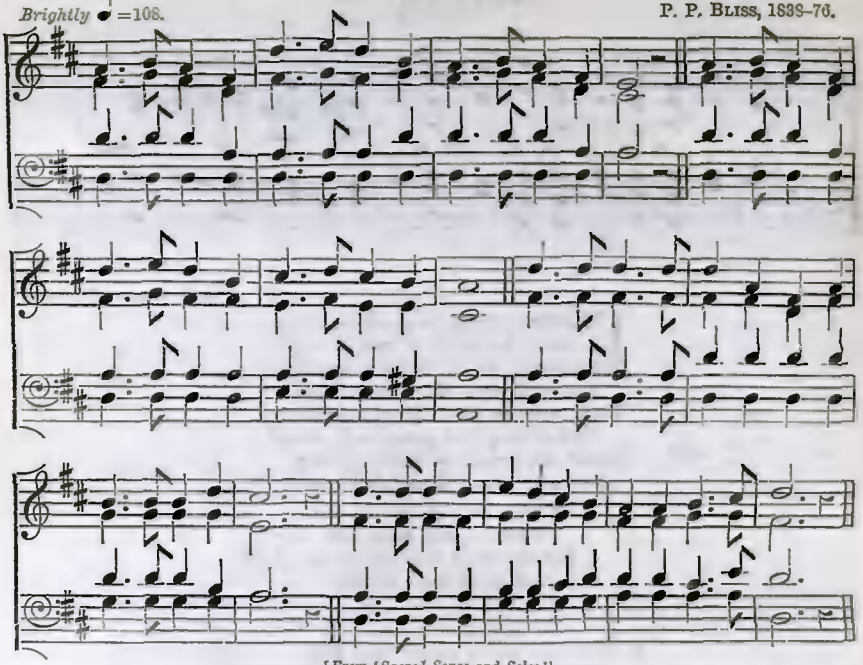


570

HOLD THE FORT. (S5. 8S. D.)

Brightly ♩ = 108.

P. P. Bliss, 1838–76.



[*From 'Sacred Songs and Solos.'*]

P. P. Bliss, 1838–76.

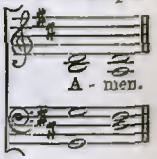
HO! my comrades, see the signal
Waving in the sky!
Reinforcements now appearing,
Victory is nigh!

'*Hold the fort, for I am coming,*'
Jesus signals still;
Wave the answer back to heaven,
'*By thy grace we will.*'

2 See the mighty host advancing,
Satan leading on;
Mighty men around us falling,
Courage almost gone!

3 See the glorious banner waving!
Hear the trumpet blow!
In our Leader's name we'll triumph
Over every foe.

4. Fierce and long the battle rages,
But our help is near;
Onward comes our great Commander,
Cheer, my comrades, cheer!

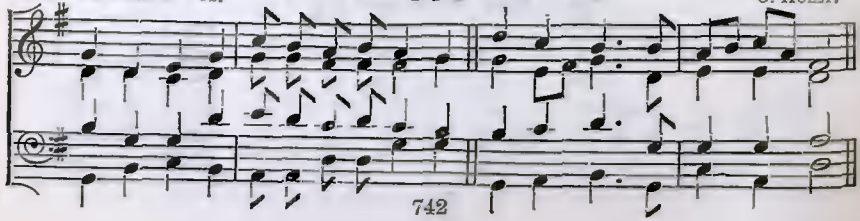


571

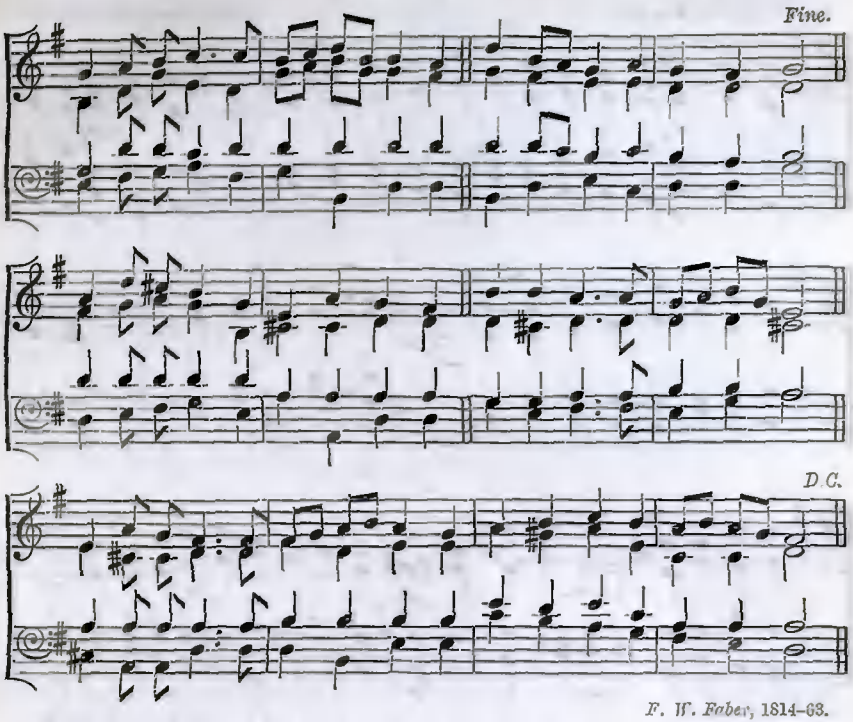
BOSSINEY. (10 7. 9 7. 9 7. 9 7. and refrain.)

In moderate time ♩ = 92.

G. Holst.



571 *(continued)*



F. W. Faber, 1814–63.

HOLY Ghost, come down upon thy children,
Give us grace and make us thine;
Thy tender fires within us kindle,
Blessèd Spirit, Dove divine.

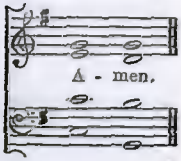
2 For all within us good and holy
Is from thee, thy precious gift;
In all our joys, in all our sorrows,
Wistful hearts to thee we lift.
Holy Ghost, come down, &c.

3 For thou to us art more than father,
More than sister, in thy love;
So gentle, patient, and forbearing,
Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove.
Holy Ghost, come down, &c.

4 O we have grieved thee, gracious Spirit!
Wayward, wanton, cold are we;
And still our sins, new every morning,
Never yet have wearied thee.
Holy Ghost, come down, &c.

5 Ah! sweet Consoler, though we cannot
Love thee as thou lovest us,
Yet if thou deign'st our hearts to kindle
They will not be always thus.
Holy Ghost, come down, &c.

6. With hearts so vile how dare we venture,
King of kings, to love thee so?
And how canst thou, with such compassion,
Bear so long with things so low?
Holy Ghost, come down, &c.

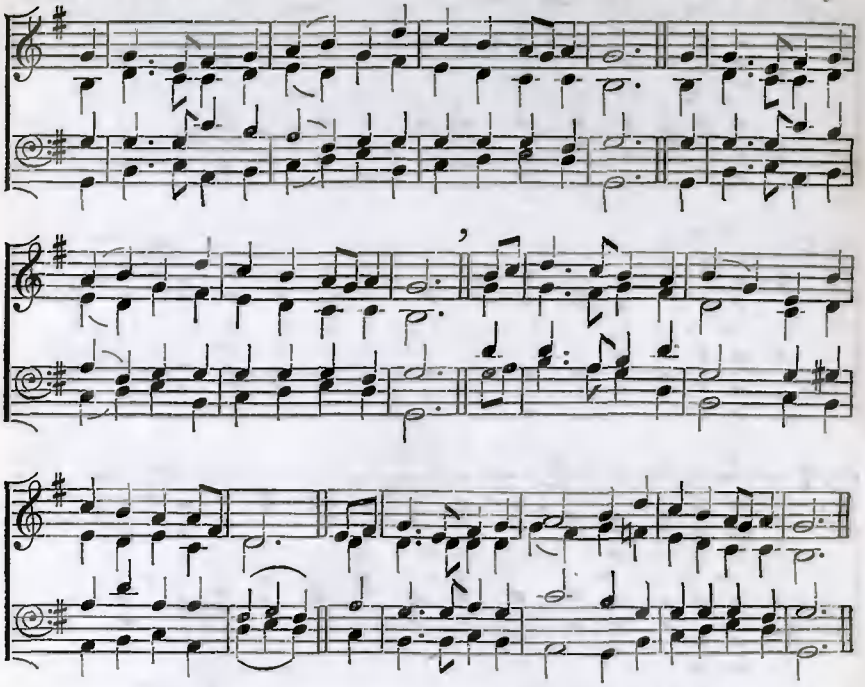


572

GOSTERWOOD. (76. 76. D.)

In moderate time ♩ = 100.

English Traditional Melody.



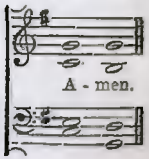
Frances R. Havergal, 1836–79.

I COULD not do without thee,
O Saviour of the lost,
Whose precious Blood redeemed me
At such tremendous cost;
Thy righteousness, thy pardon,
Thy precious Blood must be
My only hope and comfort,
My glory and my plea.

2 I could not do without thee,
I cannot stand alone,
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own;
But thou, belovèd Saviour,
Art all in all to me,
And weakness will be power
If leaning hard on thee.

3 I could not do without thee,
O Jesus, Saviour dear;
E'en when my eyes are holden
I know that thou art near;
How dreary and how lonely
This changeful life would be
Without the sweet communion,
The secret rest with thee.

4. I could not do without thee,
For years are fleeting fast,
And soon in solemn loneliness
The river must be passed;
But thou wilt never leave me,
And though the waves roll high,
I know thou wilt be near me,
And whisper, 'It is I.'

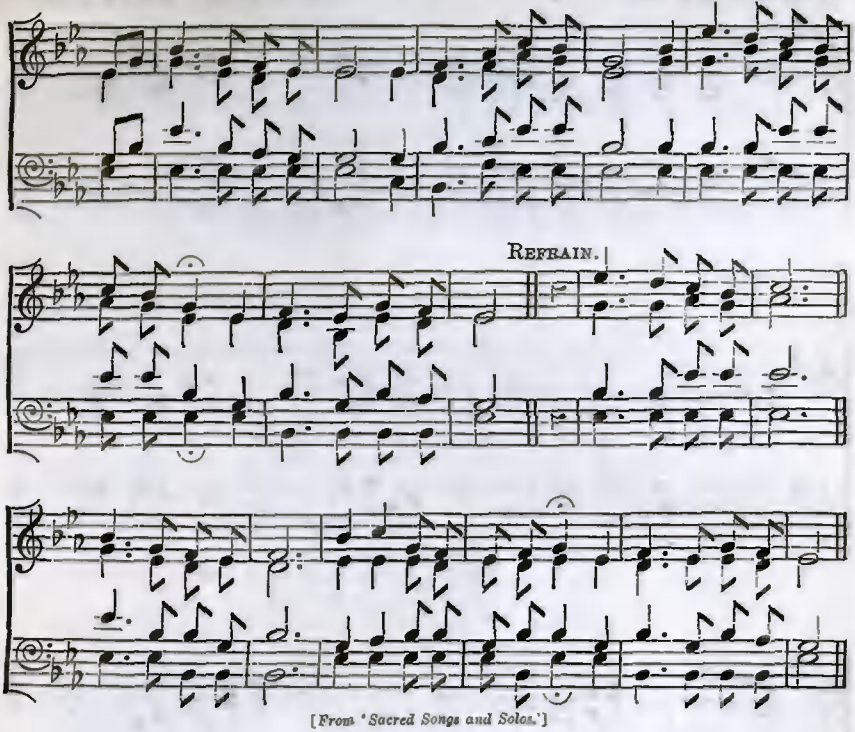


I HEAR THY WELCOME VOICE. (66. 86. 55. 76.)

573

Moderately slow ♩ = 80.

L. HARTSOUGH.



[*From 'Sacred Songs and Solos.'*]

L. Hartsough.

I HEAR thy welcome voice,
That calls me, Lord, to thee,
For cleansing in thy precious Blood
That flowed on Calvary.

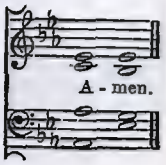
I am coming, Lord!
Coming now to thee!
Wash me, cleanse me, in the Blood
That flowed on Calvary.

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

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

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

5. All hail, atoning Blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the gift of Christ our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness!

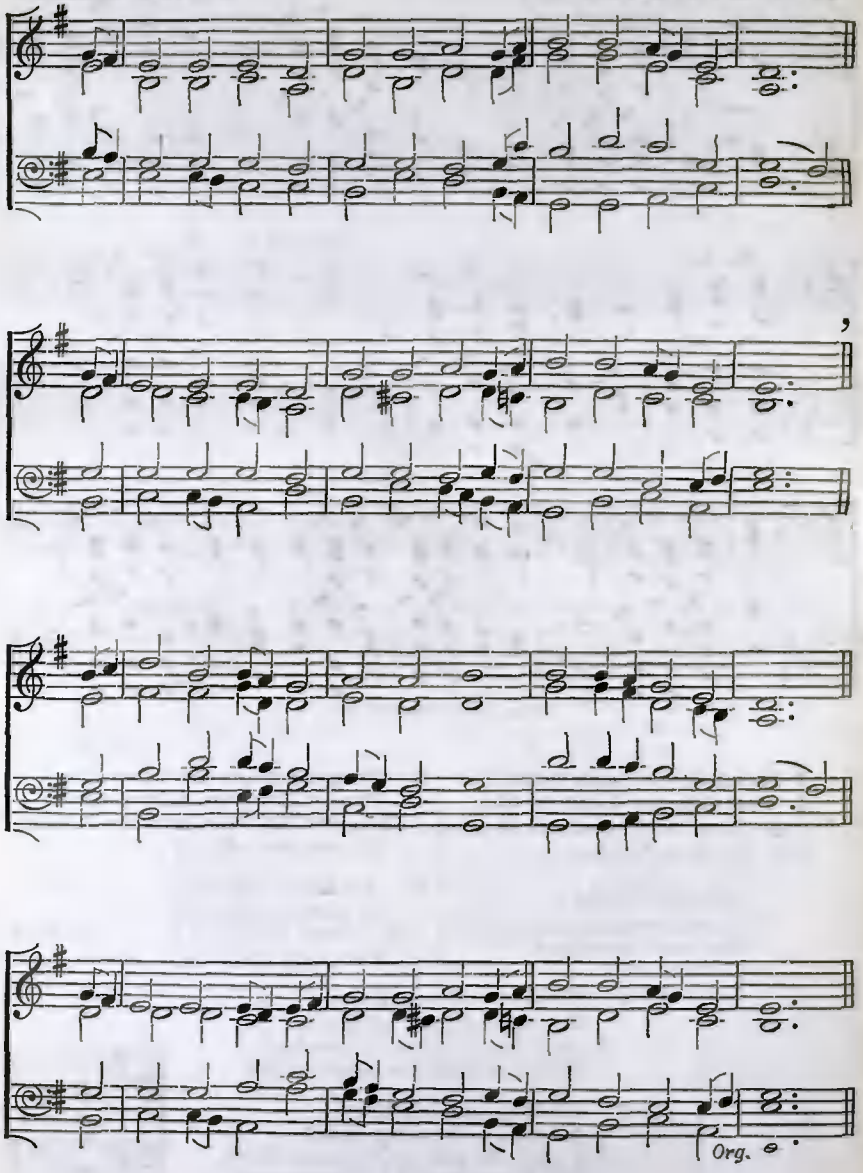


574

KINGSFOLD. (D. C. M.)

In moderate time ♩ = 80.

From an English Traditional Melody.

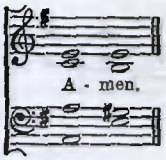


H. Bonar, 1808–89.

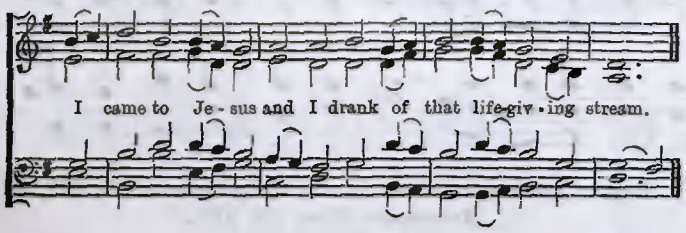
I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
'Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast':
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad.

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

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



In verses 2 *and* 3 *lines* 5 *and* 6 *run thus*:

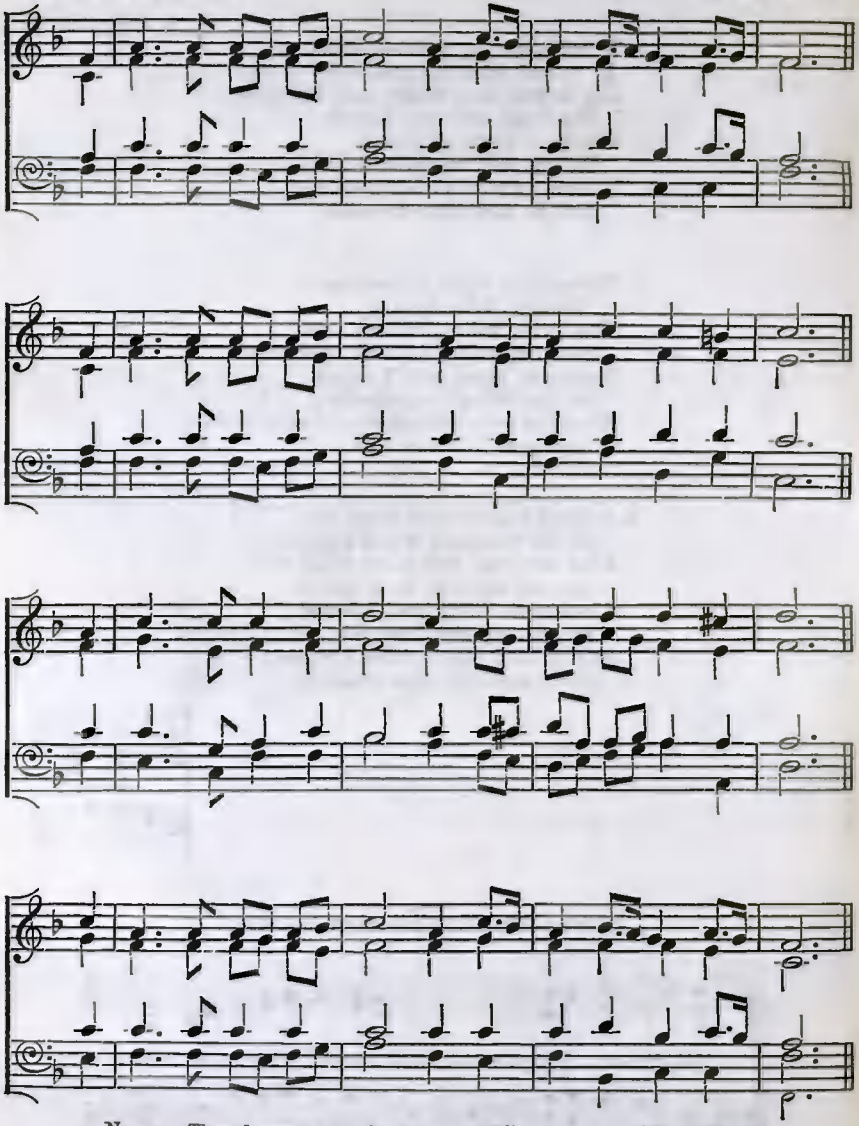


575, 576

PRYSGOL. (76. 76. D.)

In moderate time ♩ = 96.

W. OWEN, 1814–93.



NOTE.—*These hymns may also be sung to* GOSTERWOOD (*No.* 572) *or* MISSIONARY HYMN (*No.* 577).

575

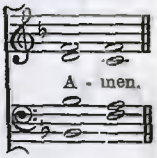
H. Bonar, 1808–89.

I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursèd load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in his Blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus—
All fullness dwells in him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases.
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on his breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus—
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes
His name abroad is poured.

4. I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy Child.
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with Saints his praises,
To learn the Angels' song.



576

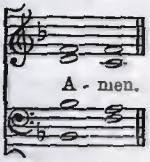
F. Whitfield †, 1827–1904.

I NEED thee, precious Jesu,
For I am full of sin;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within.
I need the cleansing fountain
Where I can always flee,
The Blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea.

2 I need thee, precious Jesu,
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store.
I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

3 I need thee, precious Jesu:
I need a friend like thee,
A friend to soothe and pity,
A friend to care for me.
I need the heart of Jesus
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trouble,
And all my sorrow share.

4. I need thee, precious Jesu,
And hope to see thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on thy throne;
There, with thy blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be,
To sing thy praises, Jesu,
To gaze, my Lord, on thee.

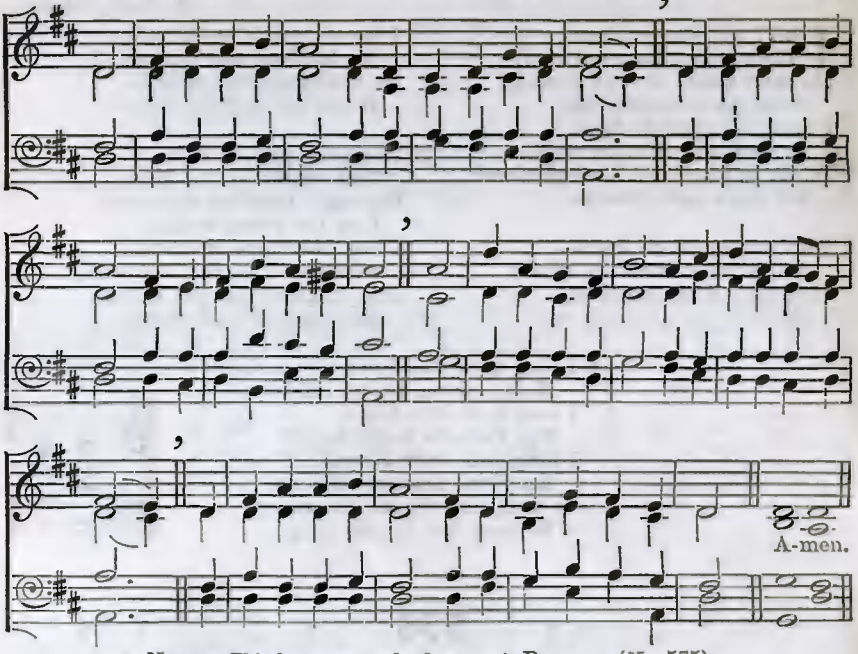


577

MISSIONARY HYMN. (7 6. 7 6. D.)

In moderate time ♩ = 96.

Melody by LOWELL MASON, 1792–1872.



NOTE.—*This hymn may also be sung to* PRYSGOL (*No.* 575).

J. E. Bode, 1816–74.

O JESUS, I have promised
To serve thee to the end;
Be thou for ever near me,
My Master and my Friend;
I shall not fear the battle
If thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If thou wilt be my Guide.

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

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

4 O Jesus, thou hast promised
To all who follow thee,
That where thou art in glory
There shall thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve thee to the end;
O give me grace to follow,
My Master and my Friend.

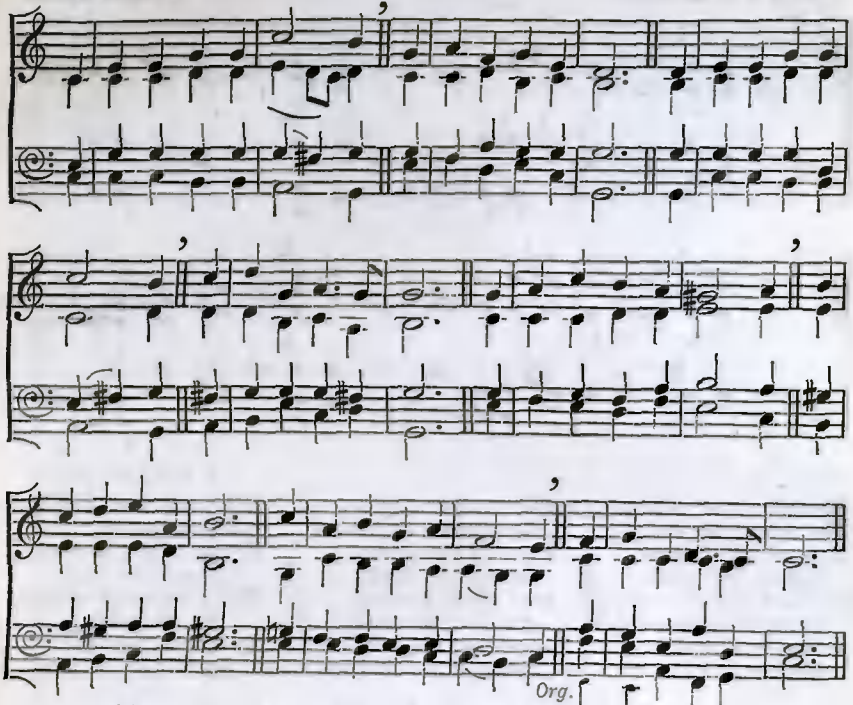
5. O let me see thy footmarks,
And in them plant mine own;
My hope to follow duly
Is in thy strength alone;
O guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end;
And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend.

578

ST. CATHERINE. (76. 76. D.)

In moderate time ♩ = 92.

R. F. DALE.



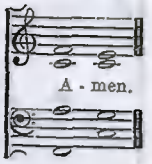
NOTE.—*This hymn may also be sung to* LLANGLOFFAN (*No.* 207).

Bishop W. W. How, 1823–97.

O JESU, thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
Shame on us, Christian brothers,
His name and sign who bear,
O shame, thrice shame upon us
To keep him standing there!

2 O Jesu, thou art knocking:
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns thy brow encircle,
And tears thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowledge
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal
So fast to bar the gate!

3. O Jesu, thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
'I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?'
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.

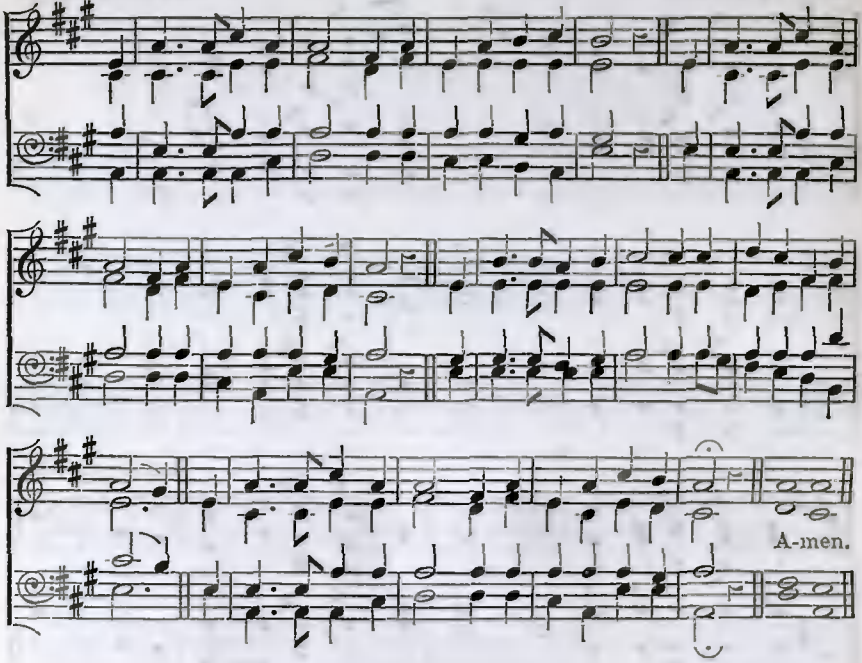


581

MORNING LIGHT. (7 6. 7 6. D.)

Brightly ♩ = 108.

G. J. Webb, 1803–87.



G. Duffield, 1818–88.

STAND up!—stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the Cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss.
From victory unto victory
His army he shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The solemn watchword hear,
If while ye sleep he suffers,
Away with shame and fear;
Where'er ye meet with evil,
Within you or without,
Charge for the God of battles,
And put the foe to rout.

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey,
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this his glorious day.
Ye that are men now serve him
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

4 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the Gospel armour,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there!

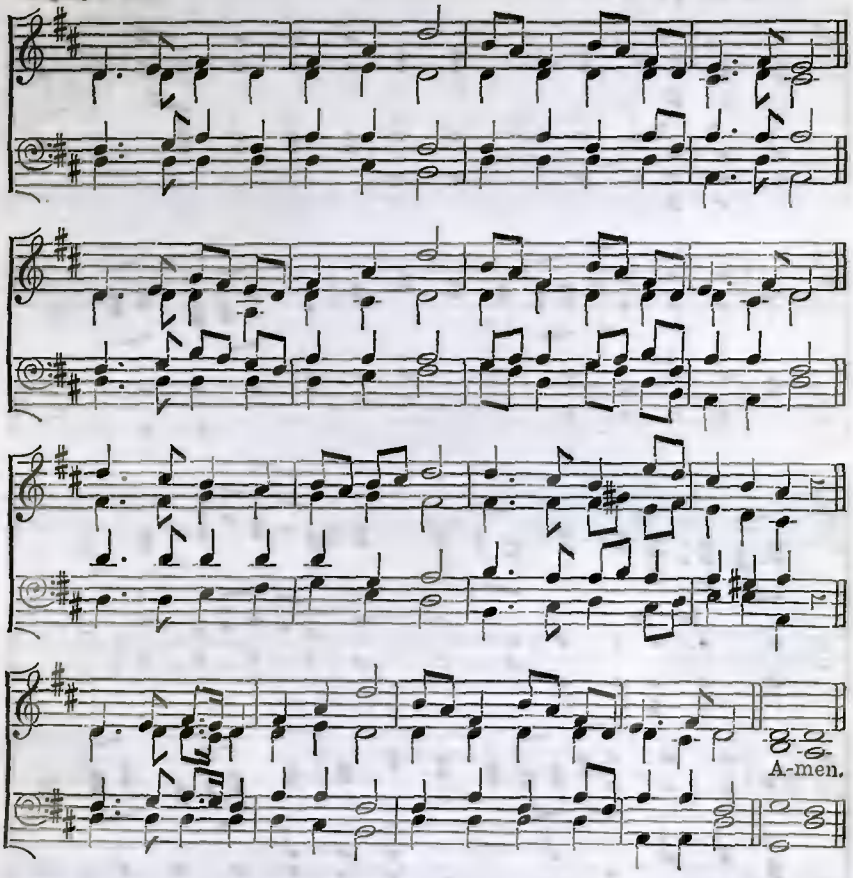
5. Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song.
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

582

IVES. (7 7. 7 7. D.)

Brightly ♩ = 100.

Melody from
'Plymouth Collection' (U.S.A.), 1855.



Frances R. Havergal, 1836-79.

TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of thy love.
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for thee.

2 Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from thee.
Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold.
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as thou shalt choose.

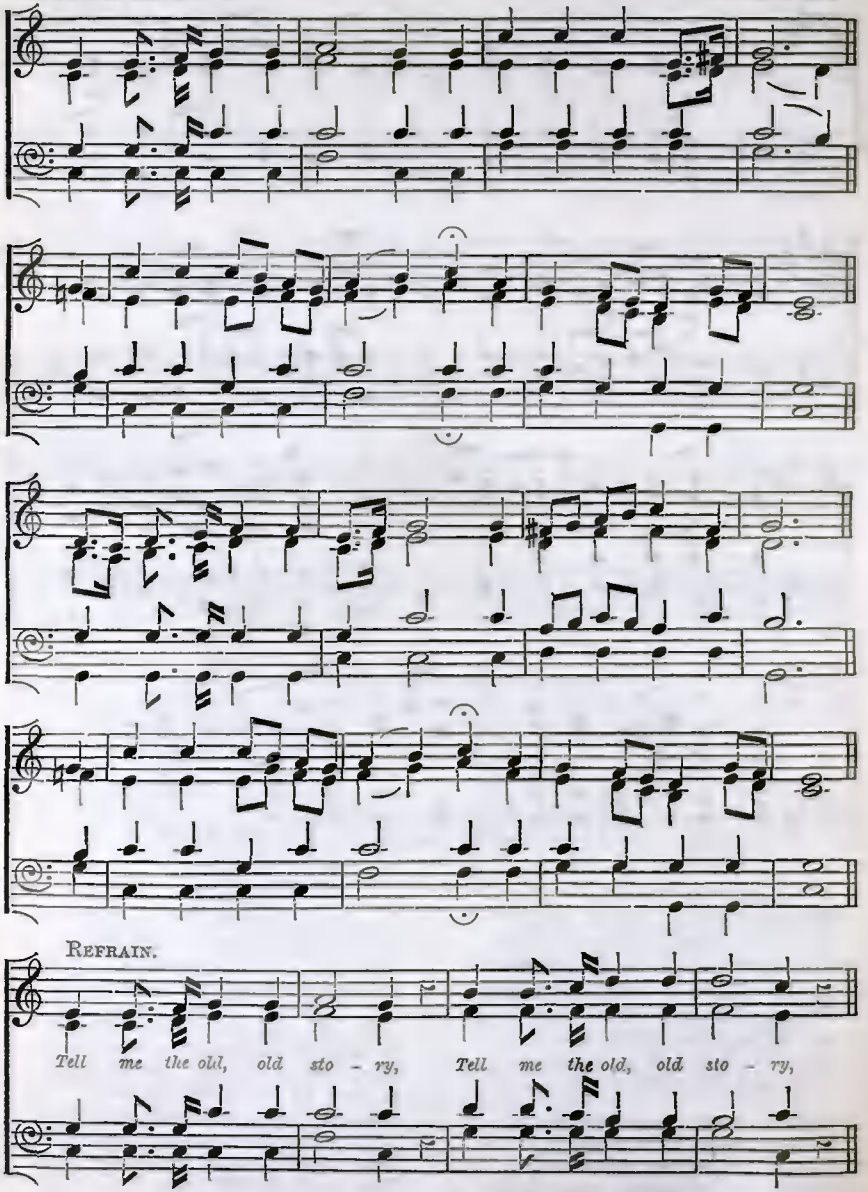
3. Take my will, and make it thine:
It shall be no longer mine.
Take my heart; it is thine own:
It shall be thy royal throne.
Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store.
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee.

TELL ME THE OLD, OLD STORY. (76. 76. D. and Refrain.)

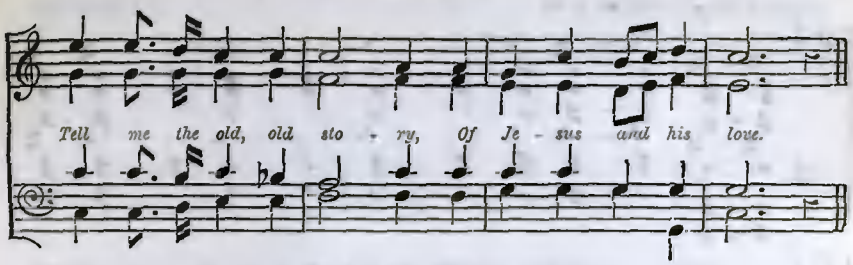
583

In moderate time ♩ = 96.

W. H. DOANE.



583 (*continued*)



[*From 'Sacred Songs and Solos.'*]

K. Hankey.

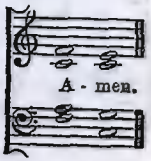
TELL me the old, old story,
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

Tell me the old, old story,
Of Jesus and his love.

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

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

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

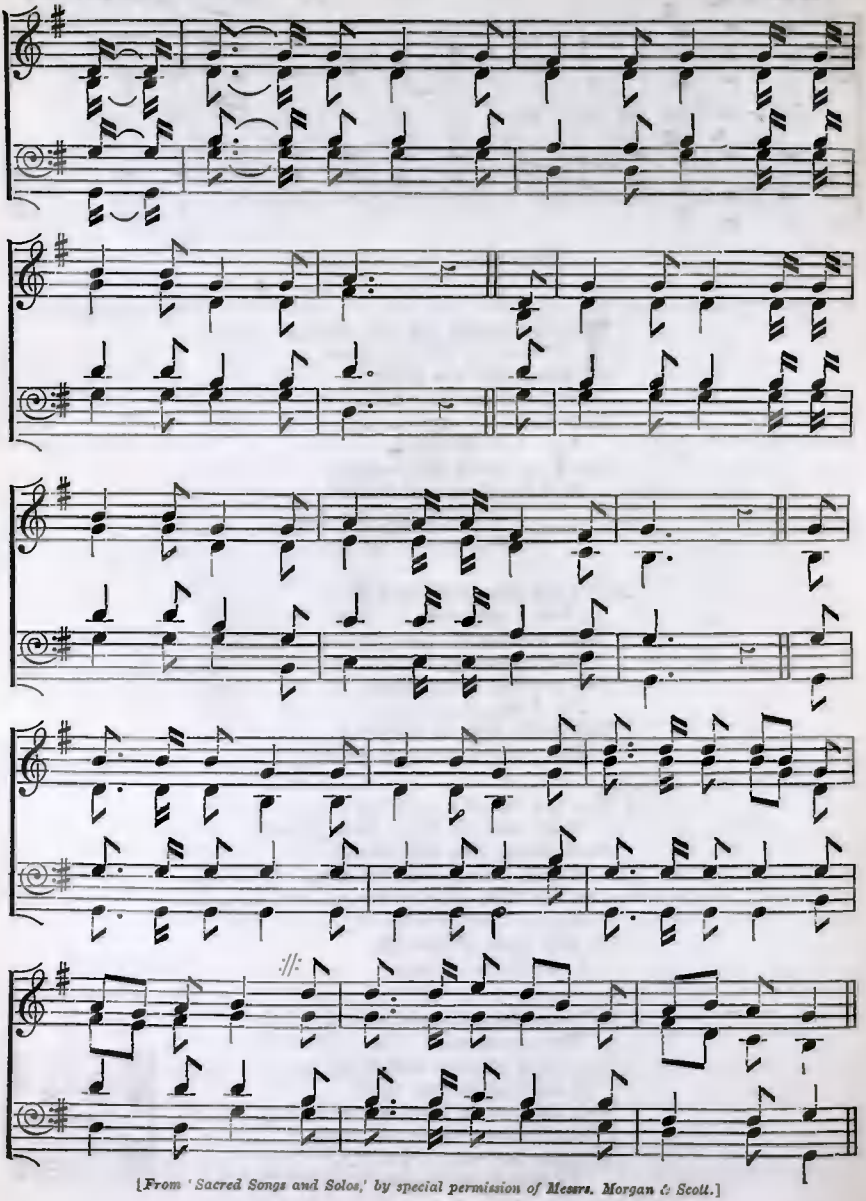


584

THE NINETY AND NINE. (97. 97. 99.)

Moderately fast ♪ = 176 (♩. = 59).

I. D. SANKEY.



[*From 'Sacred Songs and Solos,' by special permission of Messrs. Morgan & Scott.*]

Elizabeth C. Clephane, 1830–69.

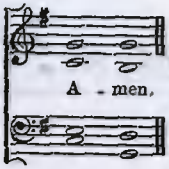
THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
And one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold;
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

2 'Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for thee?'
But the Shepherd made answer: 'This of mine
Has wandered away from me;
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep.'

3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark the night that the Lord passed through
Ere he found his sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert he heard its cry—
Sick and hopeless, and ready to die.

4 'Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way,
That mark out the mountain's track?'
'They were shed for one that had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back.'
'Lord, whence are thy hands so rent and torn?'
'They are pierced to-night by many a thorn.'

5. And all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gates of heaven,
'Rejoice! I have found my sheep!'
And the Angels echoed around the throne,
'Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own!'

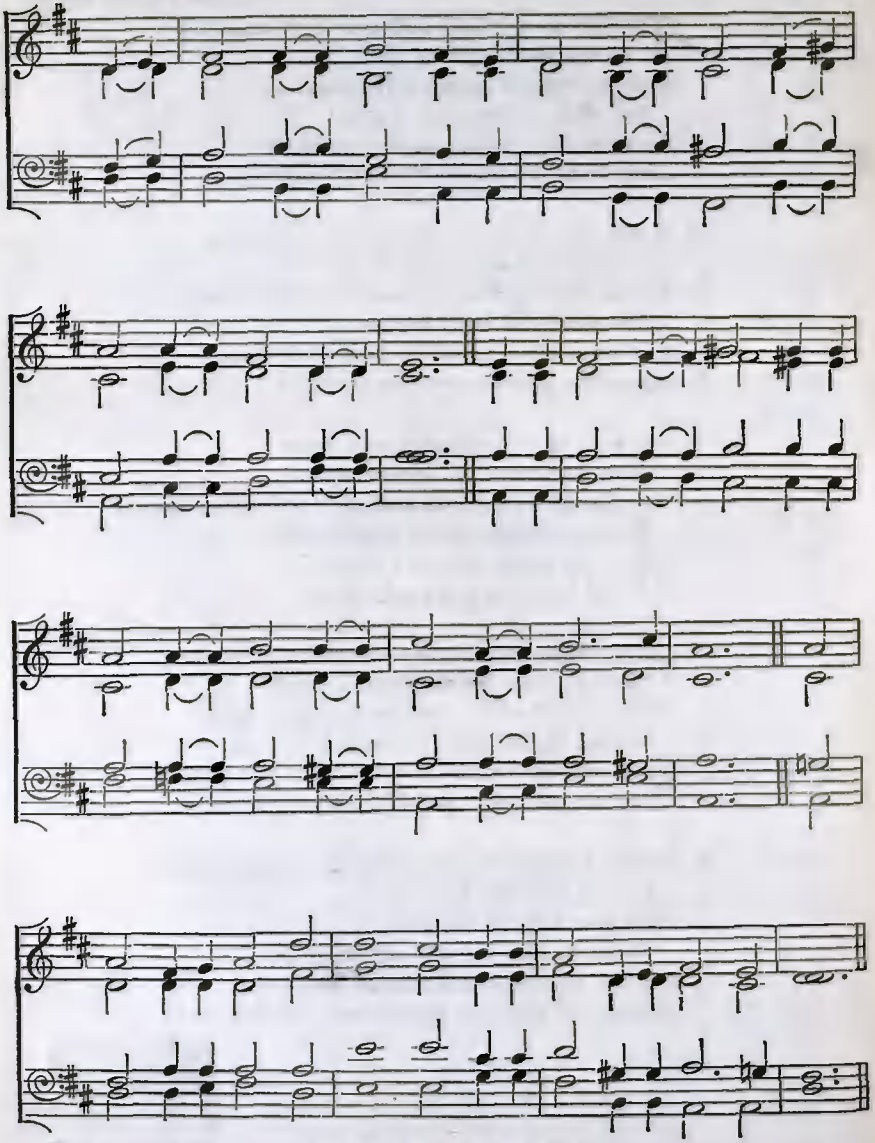


585

MARGARET. (Irreg.)

In moderate time ♩ = 80.

T. R. MATTHEWS.



[*By permission of Novello & Co. Ltd.*]

Emily E. S. Elliott, 1835–97.

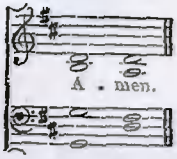
THOU didst leave thy throne and thy kingly crown
When thou camest to earth for me;
But in Bethlehem's home was there found no room
For thy holy nativity.
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus;
There is room in my heart for thee.

2 Heaven's arches rang when the Angels sang,
Proclaiming thy royal degree;
But in lowly birth didst thou come to earth,
And in great humility.

3 The foxes found rest, and the birds had their nest
In the shade of the cedar tree;
But thy couch was the sod, O thou Son of God,
In the deserts of Galilee.

4 Thou camest, O Lord, with the living word
That should set thy people free;
But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn
They bore thee to Calvary.

5. When heaven's arches shall ring, and her choirs shall sing
At thy coming to victory,
Let thy voice call me home, saying, Yet there is room,
There is room at my side for thee.



See also the List of Simple Hymns at the end of this book.

In the edition 'For Young and Old' the simpler hymns are marked with an asterisk.