A COLLECTION OF

FAMILIAR AND ORIGINAL

Hymns with New Meanings

Composed and Compiled by

Hannah More Kohaus

SECOND EDITION

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P R E F A C E.

It has been said, and truly, that singing hymns, which express the wrong sentiment in regard to Deity, is answerable in a great measure for the misinterpretation of the Scriptures, as a thought attuned to melody is easily fixed in the mind, especially of children. Knowing then the importance of having hymns so worded as to convey the right idea of Truth, that we may "sing with the understanding as well as with the spirit," this hymn book has been prepared for Divine Science service, in the hope that it may meet a necessity.

HANNAH MORE KOHAUS.
All people that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with bliss, His praise forth tell, While now before Him all rejoice.

Know that the Lord is God in deed;
Man in His image He did make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

Oh, enter, then, His gates with praise,
And open now your hearts with joy;
Praise, laud and bless His name always,
Proclaim Him All in earth and sky.

For why? the Lord our God is Good,
His kindness is forever sure;
This truth at all times firmly stood,
And will, when error is no more.

DOXOLOGY.
Great God, of life and light the source,
Thy presence fills the universe;
In thee alone shall be our boast,
O Father, Son and Holy Ghost.
AWAKE. C. M.  

G. F. Handel.

2. Awake, O man, stretch every nerve, And press with vigor on; A heav'nly race demands thy zeal, A bright immortal crown, A bright immortal crown.

'Tis Truth's all-animating voice,  
That calls thee from on high;  
'Tis Its own hand presents the prize,  
To thine aspiring eye.

O blessed Truth, now led by Thee,  
Have I my race begun;  
And crowned with victory at thy feet,  
I'll lay my honors down.

3. Resignation.

One prayer I have—all prayers in one—  
Since I am wholly thine;  
Thy will, my God, thy will be done,  
And let that will be mine.

All-wise, Almighty and All-good,  
In thee I firmly trust;  
Thy ways, once known or understood,  
Are merciful and just.

Thy gifts are only well enjoyed,  
When used as talents lent;  
Those talents only well employed,  
When in thy service spent.

James Montgomery.
In Thee we move and breathe and live,
Tis Thou who dost our being give,
And each succeeding hour we prove
The might of all-abiding Love.

Thou art our light, there is no dark,
Thou only art life’s vital spark;
Thou art our guide, and lead’st our feet,
To pastures fair and waters sweet.

Inspire our being, give us sight,
Till we perceive thy holy light;
Oh, may we feel thy presence still,
And know and do thy gracious will.

5. The Spirit Call.
Abide not in the realm of dreams,
O man, however fair it seems;
But with true sight the present scan,
And hear the call of God and man.

Think not in sleep to fold thy hands
Unmindful of the Lord’s commands;
From spirit-life no one is free,
Behold, to-day hath need of thee.

While the day lingers do thy best,
Full soon the truth will bring its rest,
And, errors gone, that rest will be
Full of beatitudes to thee.

Wm. H. Burleigh.

There is around us, hour by hour,
A guiding and upholding power;
It is the still, small, gentle voice
That bids us evermore rejoice.

Harken to it and thou shalt be
Forevermore from error free;
All mortal ties through it are riven;
It leads the way from earth to heaven.

Hannah More Kohaus.
GOD IS LOVE.

Every tree and flower we pass,
Every tuft of waving grass,
Every leaf and opening bud,
Seem to tell us "God is Good."

Little streams that glide along,
Verdant, mossy banks among;
Shadowing forth the clouds above,
Softly murmur, "God is Love."

He who dwelleth high in heaven,
Unto us hath all things given;
Let us as through life we move,
Ever feel that "God is Love."

God is Love, and Good and Truth,
Life eternal, fadeless youth;
Man and beast, each flower and stream
Loud proclaim, "God is Supreme."

8. Lean, Trust and Prove.

Sweet it is to lean on God,
Losing every conscious load;

Firm that Rock to rest upon,—
Infinite, Unchanging One!

God, our Substance, sole supply,
Earthly trials we defy;
God, our Strength that never fails,
God, our Wisdom that prevails.

God, our Life, our Joy, our Health,
Our Intelligence and Wealth;
Thus we prove in God alone,
Lies all power to have and own.

Lean upon the unseen Power;
Trust it every day and hour;
Look, O look within, and see,
What thy God has given thee.

God, Immutable, Supreme,
Bids mankind upon Him lean;
Prove Him now and He will shed Showers of blessings on thy head.

HANNAH MORE KOHAUS.
9. As from the bud the rose un-folds, And day by day the sun be-holds, With-
in us now un-fold to view God's im-age and its like-ness true.

There is revealed in all mankind
The Love which is Immortal Mind;
Our every thought should then confess
The beauty of God's holiness.

As into life and light we creep,
Awakening from earth's death-like sleep;
We hunger more of truth to see
God's truth eternal, boundless, free.

Each day of life will we express
God's steadfast, changeless righteousness;
And with intense, unending power,
 Emit its glory every hour.

Hannah More Kohaus.
So man, God's real creation born,
Knows naught of mortal strife,
Of sickness, sin or sorrowing,
That toss this surface life;
Knows nothing of the restless wave
The seething, swelling tides
The man of sense is battling
||: Who in the death-ship rides:||

But safe within a consciousness
Of spiritual birth,
Upon the hills of God he stands
Secure from storms of earth;
Peace is his fair inheritance,
Love his abiding place,
And there he rests for aye and aye,
||: Secure in God's embrace:||

Hannah More Kohaus.
Beside the well at noontide,
I hear a sweet voice cry;
My help and strength is given,
To lead you up on high;
Oh, cease thy sad complaining,
This water gives thee cheer;
Drink of the well of mercy,
For Christ, the Truth, is here.

Beside the well at evening,
The hungry ones are fed,
By Him who said most truly,
"I am the living bread."
He is the heavenly manna,
That doth the Life restore;
Then eat and drink, beloved,
And live for evermore.
MANOAH.

12. Behold how in the Friend of man, Appears all Grace Divine;
The Virtues all in Jesus meet, And radiant-ly they shine.

To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was His divine employ.

Lowly in heart to all, His friends
A help and teacher found,
He washed their feet, He wiped their tears,
And healed each bleeding wound.

Be Christ our pattern, and our guide
His image do we bear,
And now we tread His holy steps,
His joy and glory share.

They have one church, one army strong,
One steadfast high intent;
One working band, one joyful song,
One God, Omnipotent.

How gleam their watch-fires thro' the night,
With never-fainting ray!
How rise their towers serene and bright,
To meet the dawning day.

14. Dominion.

Let all thy thoughts be pure and true,
Then shall to thee be given,
Dominion over all the earth,
And over all in heaven.

Be patient; trust the living God,
And thou shalt know that Mind,
With all It has, can do, and is,
Is deeded to mankind.

Hannah More Kohaus.
Brother, Sister, hither come, Come and make my paths your choice,

I will guide you to your home; Weary pilgrim, hither come.

Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn.

Hither come, in Truth is found,
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

O, for words that could express,
All the love and blessedness,
That around me seems to lie,
When I feel that God is nigh.

Purest light and joy intense,
Floods me with divinest sense;
Wipes out every earthly care,
Only Good seems everywhere.

God is always, always here;
Nothing is more sure, more clear,
But 'tis I must realize,
And Its Presence recognize.

Seeking God.
Thirsting for a living Spring;
Seeking for a higher home,
Rest where unto we may cling,

Glorious hope our beings fill,
When we know that Thou art near,
Father, then our beings still,
Then is our perception clear.

Make us beautiful within,
By the Spirit's holy Light;
Guard us when our faith is dim,

Father, Love and Truth and Might.
THE FOUNT OF LOVE.

Samuel Webbe.

18. Come, ye un-rec-on-ciled, no lon-ger lan-guish, Come to the

feet of Love, Last-ing and real; Here bring your wounded hearts,

Here tell your an-guish, Earth has no sor-row that Love can-not heal.

Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying;
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and sure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth hath no sorrow that Love cannot cure.

Here is the bread of Life, no more you’ll hunger,
Here see the Truth as God, infinite, pure;
Come to the feast of Love, come ever knowing,
Earth hath no sorrow that Love cannot cure.
19. Children we are in God's presence! Know ye not the holy awe; Stealing o'er the spirit senses, While within ye closer draw?

Feel ye not a peaceful current, Coursing all thy being through? 
||: Feel ye not a benediction, Falling gently as the dew?:

Are not hushed thy earthly longings? Longings afterward bewailed; 
||: Know ye not His glory shineth Though the eye of flesh be veiled?:

Are not we His tabernacle? With us has His dwelling been! 
||: Blessed Presence ever near us, Known without, because within.: 
Hannah Moore Kohaus.
20. Depth of Good-ness, can there be,
Life and Love and Truth for me,
Has my God Him-self ex-pressed,
In my own un-con-scious breast?

Long have I withstood His grace,
Now I'll haste to seek His face;
Gladly of His Life partake,
For His Kingdom all forsake.

Then behold me in the way,
Walking steadfast day by day;
May the world around me see,
God made manifest in me.

Soldiers of the Truth, arise!
Lo! your Leader from the skies,
Waves before you glory's prize,
'Tis the prize of victory.

Glory be to God above,
God, from whom all blessings flow;
God, that's Wisdom, Justice, Love,
Publish we Its praise below.

In the Father's name we meet,
Called together by His grace;
Followers of His teachings sweet,
We ere long will see His face.

Build we each the other up,
Seek we for our power's increase,
Solid comfort, settled hope,
Constant joy, and lasting peace.

More and more as Love abounds,
Let us never, never rest,
'Till we're in the Father found,
And our paradise possessed.

22. Counsel.
Gird ye on your armor bright,
Warriors of the King of Light,
Never yield, God is your might,
Yours will be divine reward.

Jesus conquered as He rose,
Met and vanquished all earth's foes,
Now He bids you to disclose,
All the triumphs of the cross.
Father most Holy, Source of our every need, With living bread Thou'lt feed, Thy children here. None turnest Thou away, but constant, day by day, Thou bid'st them come and stay, Thy children dear.

O, Holy Spirit,
Kindle our hearts with fire
Of Love's most pure desire
Thee to reveal.

We would Thy name confess,
With Truth and righteousness,
And all the nations bless,
Thy Word reveal.
And then I feel that He,
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.

"Forever with the Lord!"
Father, it is Thy will.
The promise of that faithful word,
E'en here to me fulfill.

25
*True Sacrifice.*
Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away its stain.

But Christ, the Way, the Life,
Wipes sense of sin away;
A sacrifice of nobler aims,
And richer life than they.

On Christ I would lay hold,
And make Its power mine;

Perceiving Truth will recreate,
The human and divine.

26
*Now!*
Now is the accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Come, hasten all, without delay,
And give the Truth its place.

Now is the accepted time;
The Truth draws thee to-day;
There is no better hour than now,
Then why, oh, why delay?

Now is the accepted time;
'Tis Love that bids you come,
And realize that God is All,
Your Life, your rest, your home.

John Dobell,

Forever let us live,
Unfolding day by day,
The image that in man abides,
That mortals must obey.

H. M. K.
27. From all that dwell below the skies, Let the Creator's praise arise;

Let the Redeemer's name be sung Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'-ry tongue.

Eternal Goodness is our God,
Eternal Truth His living Word,
And Love shall reign from shore to shore,
Till seeming errors rise no more.

Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The true salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy Truth's holy name.

Let every land begin the song;
To every land the strains belong;
With joyous sounds all voices raise,
And fill the earth with loudest praise.

O joyous day! when I perceived,
The Truth's illuminating power;
Mine eyes unveiled, that error bound,
And brought to me new light.

Expand my being through and through,
Let Truth's fair stream unceasing.

Till I attain such blissful heights,
No more of mortal sense I know.

29. God is Good.
Our God is Good; in earth and sky,
From ocean depths and spreading wood;
Ten thousand voices seem to cry,
"God made us all, and God is Good."

The sun that keeps his trackless way,
And downward pours his golden flood,
Night's sparkling hosts, all seem to say,
In accents clear, "Our God is Good."

I hear it in the rushing breeze,
The hills that have for ages stood;
The echoing sky and roaring seas,
All swell the chorus, "God is Good."

John H. Querney.

Hannah More Kohaus.
CONSECRATION.

Father I my cross have taken All to leave and follow Thee;

Naked, poor, despised, forsaken, Thou henceforth my all shall be.

Perish every fond ambition All I've sought, or hoped or known;

Yet how rich is my condition, God and Heaven are still my own.

Let the world despise and leave me, They have left my Savior, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me, Thou art not, like them, untrue—
Oh, while thou dost reign within me, God, my Life, in whom I dwell;
Foes may hate, and friends deceive me,
Thou dost whisper, "all is well."

Hastening on from grace to glory, Armed with Love, and Truth and prayer,
Heaven's eternal day before me, God Himself shall lead me there.
Then shall end all mortal longings, Then shall cease all earthly days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition, Life be real, and "prayer be praise."

Henry F. Lyte.
ITALIAN HYMN.

31. God, Thou Almighty King, Thy pow'r alone we sing, In greatful lays, Spirit all glorious, O'er all victorious, Thou dost reign o'er us Eternal days.

Truth, thou incarnate Word, Gird on thy mighty sword, Our way attend; Thou dost all people bless, And give the Word success: Spirit of holiness, On us descend!

Love, holy Comforter, Thy sacred witness bear In every hour: Thou who Almighty art, Dost rule in every heart, And ne'er from us depart Spirit of power!

Thou, now art here to bring, On thy redeeming wing, Healing and Light. Health to the sick in mind, Sight to the inly blind Wholeness to all mankind Thou art the Light.

Spirit of Truth and Love, In whom we live and move, Speed error's flight. Brood o'er the human race Bearing the lamp of grace, And light the darkest place; Thou art the Light.

Blessed and Holy Three, Glorious Trinity, Life, Love and Truth. Boundless as ocean's tide, Through the world far and wide Thy presence doth abide, Thou art the Light.

32. God, whose Almighty Word Chaos and darkness heard, And took their flight; Through Thee, we gladly say Where're the Gospel's day Sheds out its glorious ray, Thou art the Light.
AWAKENED.

Duet, Soprano and Alto

33. "God is Good!" These words recalled us, From the dark and noisy tomb; Brought us forth, our senses quickened, To a life of sweet perfume, To a life of sweet perfume.

"God is Truth!" and now we're startled, From our lethargy and night; God is Truth, and we are fashioned, In Its image,—oh, what Light!:

"God is Love!" ah, now our being, Thrills with joy's divinest showers; Daily we are growing conscious, Love and Truth and Good is ours:

Hannah More Kohaus.
GOODNESS IS THINE ARMOR.

GOODNESS IS THINE ARMOR.

With a love intense; Strong within thy safeguard, Raise a-loft thy shield; 'Neath thy two-edged weapon, Every foe will yield. Goodness is thine armor, Truth thy sure defence; All around thou'rt guarded, With a love intense.

Light shines on thy pathway,
Thickly strewn with peace,
Angel thoughts protect thee,
Ne'er their watches cease.
Step with fearless courage,
Thou art ne'er alone;
Unseen hands uphold thee
E'en against a stone.—CHORUS.

HANNAH MORE KOHAUS.
TIME AND CHANGE ARE BUSY EVER;
YEARS DECAY AND AGES MOVE,
BUT THE SPIRIT CHANGETH NEVER,
GOD IS WISDOM, GOD IS LOVE.

E'EN THE HOUR THAT DARKEST SEEMETH,
WILL THIS CHANGELESS GOODNESS PROVE,
THROUGH THE GLOOM ITS BRIGHTNESS STREAMETH,
GOD IS WISDOM, GOD IS LOVE.

HE ALL EARTHLY CARE UNBINDETH,
REST HE SENDETH FROM ABOVE,
EVERYWHERE THE GLORY SHINETH,
GOD IS WISDOM, GOD IS LOVE.

THOU ART HERE.
THOU ART HERE, OH, TRUTH, OUR SAVIOR,
THOU ART HERE, AND REIGN'ST WITHIN,
EVERY TONGUE SHOULD BE CONFESSIONING,
WELL MAY WE REJOICE AND SING.

THOU ART HERE, OH, RAY OF GLORY,
THROUGH THE VEIL THAT JESUS RENT,
BRIGHTLY SHINES THE LIGHT BEFORE US,
GLORY FROM THY PRESENCE LENT.

THOU ART HERE, OH, TRUTH THY SHADOW CASTS NO MIST, AND BRINGS NO TEARS,
BUT IT DRIVES OUT SENSE OF SORROW,
OH, BLEST SUNRISE, GRAND AND CLEAR.

THOU ART HERE, OH, TRUTH OUR SAVIOR,
CHAINING EVERY WANDERING THO' T.
OH, HOW MARVELOUS THY GLORY,
AND THE BLISS THY LIGHT HAS WROUGHT.

37. THE SPIRIT WITH US.
ALL UNSEEN THE SPIRIT WALKETH,
ALWAYS BY ITS CHILDREN'S SIDE;
COMFORTING, THE VOICE THAT SPEAKETH,
WHILE ITS THOUGHTS UPHELD AND GUIDE.

GRIEF, NOR PAIN, NOR ANY SORROW,
REND'S THY HEART; THEY ARE UNKNOWN;
IT TO-DAY AND ON THE MORROW,
GRACE SUFFICIENT GIVES ITS OWN.

HOLY STRIVINGS NERVE AND STRENGTHEN,
LONG ENDAVOR WINS THE CROWN;
WHEN THIS MORTAL DREAM IS OVER,
WE SHALL LAY ITS ERRORS DOWN.

THOMAS MACKELLAR,
Glorious things of Thee are spoken, Zion, city of our God;

He, whose word cannot be broken, Formed thee for His own abode;

On the Rock of Ages founded, What can shake Thy sure repose?

With salvation's walls surrounded, Thou may'lest smile at all Thy foes.

See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Still supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove;
Who can thirst while such a river
Ever flows our thirst to assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.

Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that our God is near;
He who gives us daily manna,
He who listens when we cry,
Let Him hear the loud Hosanna,
Rising to His throne on high.
39. God is Omnipotence Divine, The one Almighty power, Controlling all the universe, From man to tiniest flower, Controlling all the universe, From man to tiniest flower.

God is Intelligence Supreme, The boundary of the Love and Truth, Wherein mankind now dwell.

"Tis Wisdom; and the Soul, The glorious tidings tell; We know thou dost abide with us, Our Lord, Emmanuel.


O Sacred Truth, O Sacred Truth to all men given, Reveal Thyself we pray; Chase out all sin, and thus within, Be born anew to-day.

We hear thy voice within us now, No ear of flesh can hear the call, "Come from the world of sense;" But he that will its mission fill, The glorious tidings tell; We know thou dost abide with us, Our Lord, Emmanuel.

"Tis Wisdom; and the Soul, The glorious tidings tell; We know thou dost abide with us, Our Lord, Emmanuel.


O Sacred Truth, O Sacred Truth to all men given, Reveal Thyself we pray; Chase out all sin, and thus within, Be born anew to-day.
ARISE AND DO.

Allegro, f

God seeks not praise from high and low, No lofty sentiment asks He;

If thou wouldst praise His Holy Name, Arise, and do ye!

God asks not offerings of gold, No temples made with hands would He;

If thou wouldst glorify His Name, Arise, and do ye!

God asks no compliment of prayer,
No solemn visage, bended knee;
If thou wouldst worship prove thy love,
Arise, and do ye!

God is all glory in Himself!
What other can there be?
If thou wouldst love and faith confess,
Arise, and do ye!

Hannah More Kohaus.

25
VESPER HYMN.

Holy Spirit, Love divine,
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle, every high desire;
Perish self in Thy pure fire.

Holy Spirit, Power divine,
King, within my conscience reign;
Be my law, and I shall be
Firmly bound, yet ever free.

Holy Spirit, Joy divine!
Gladden Thou this heart of mine;
In the desert ways I sing,
"Spring, O well! forever spring."

Little children, hear His voice;
Through it nations will rejoice;
For those words are with us still,
Every hungry heart to fill.

Hannah More Kohaus.

Day by day the manna fell;
Oh! to learn this lesson well!
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

Day by day the promise reads,
Daily strength for daily needs;
Cast foreboding fears away;
Take the manna of to-day!

Thou my daily task shall give,
Day by day to Thee I live;
So shall added years fulfill,
Not my own, my Father's will.

Josiah Conder.
WORD OF GOD.

Moderato.

German Air.

45. Hear the word the Lord God spake—Covenant that none can break,

"I to thee a God will be, Thou a people unto Me;

Cloud by day and fire by night, I will lead thee in the right;

'Neath My shadow thou shalt hide, In My presence always bide."

Safe are we beneath that care,
All its blessings we shall share
Every want will be supplied,
When we will that God should guide.
Bread from Heaven, waters sweet,
Vales of rapture, rest complete;
Word of God, Thou'rt fast and sure,
In it we will walk secure!

Hannah More Kohaus.
CHRIST JESUS.

German Air.

46. I am the Way that leadeth to God, Follow thou Me; follow thou Me

Over each step I have willingly trod, Follow thou Me; follow thou Me;

Self-de-nay-ing enun-ci-ate, Crown of tri-als and robe of hate,

Patiently on to the liv-ing gate, Follow thou Me; follow thou Me.

I am the Truth that maketh God known,
Follow thou Me; follow thou Me.
Love that He is to thee I have shown,
Follow thou Me; follow thou Me.
Living in Truth the Life that's now,
Restest My glory on thy brow;
I am His Image, so art thou,
Follow thou Me; follow thou Me.

I am the Life that liveth in God,
Follow thou Me; follow thou Me.
Hither is borne no burden or load,
Follow thou Me; follow thou Me.
Leave your idols of sense and clay,
Upward and onward press your way,
Into the realm of perfect day,
Follow thou Me; follow thou Me.

Hannah More Kohaus.
ABIDING.

Andante.

German Air.

47. In Thee, O God, we do a-bide, We know no dwelling place,

Save that in which where'er we turn, Thy handiwork we trace.

The portals of Thy gate, O Truth, Fling open, let us see

The bars of ignorance let down, Reveal life's mystery.

Within thy mansions fair, O Love
With neither walls nor dome,
Whose windows are of jasper light,
Is our eternal home.

Then clothed with understanding's robe,
And shod our feet with grace,
We'll follow on and on, until
We meet Thee face to face.

Hannah More Kohaus.

29
I shall be carried to the skies,
On flowery beds of ease,
When I have won the victor's prize
O'er pain, sin and disease.

These foes seem waiting to contend
But Truth will end their power;
And Good will ever me defend,
And help me hour by hour.

Then as I fight, so I will win,
My courage will increase,
Until the conflict has an end
In everlasting peace.

For I'm a soldier of the Truth,
A follower of Its ways;
Nor shall I fear to own Its cause,
But haste to speak Its praise.

In vain I struggled with the waves,
That tossed my yielding bark;
In vain I strove with burning eyes,
To pierce the treacherous dark.

The foam dashed in my face; the wind
Lashed to a furious gale,
Upset my bark, despoiling me
Of rudder, anchor, sail.

Into the seething surf I plunged,
And caught a floating spar—
Just then the purple clouds were riven,
And I beheld a Star.

God-Love it was; and there I clung,
Till washed upon the Rock;
Then firmly round its wave-beat base,
My weary arms I lock.

The troubled waters of my soul,
Threw off the sea-weed clod,
As in the dawn I heard, "Be still,
And know that I am God."

Hannah More Kohaus.
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.

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 trav'ling days are done.
Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

S. B. Marsh, 1834.

51. {Jesus, Teacher of the Truth, That our Father's always nigh?}

When the waves of error rise, And the fierce temptations fly,

He does hide us, safely hides, 'Till the dream of sin is past,

Safe into the Truth He guides, Which we find is rest at last.

Other refuge there is none,
But the Truth of God with Thee
And with It I'm not alone,
It supports and comforts me.

All my trust on It is stayed,
All my help from It I bring
And it covers now my head,
With the shadow of Its wing.

Christ the Truth is all I want,
Everything in Him I find;
Hope to fallen, strength to faint,
Health to sick, and sight to blind.

God and Good His holy name,
Giving me His righteousness;
For my sense of sin and shame,
Filling me with Truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Him is found,
Grace that roots out all my sin;
Now the healing streams abound,
Make me, keep me pure within;

Thou of life the Fountain art,
I am drinking now of Thee;
Find Thee springing in my heart,
There for all eternity.
**JUST AS I AM.**

W. B. BRADBURY, 1849.

52. Just as I am, without one plea, But that Thy Truth is all to me,

And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Christ, my Life, I come, I come.

Just as I am, and waiting not, Till all the past shall be forgot; To Thee, whose Love hath mine begot, O Christ, my Life, I come, I come.

Just as I am, no longer blind, Peace, riches, healing, all combined, Yea, all I need in Thee I find, O Christ, my Life, I come, I come.

Just as I am, Thou dost receive, Dost welcome, strengthen, cleanse, relieve. Because the Truth I do perceive, O Christ, my Life, I come, I come.

Just as I am, Thy Love now known, Has broken every barrier down; Now I am thine, and thine alone, O Christ, my Life, I come, I come.

53. Rest.

'Tis done, the great transaction's done, I am the Lord's, and He is mine; He drew me, and I followed on, Charmed to confess the Truth divine.

Now rest, no longer-doubting heart; Fixed on this blissful center, rest; Nor ever from the Lord depart, With Him of every good possessed.

54. Christ the Healer.

Once more the morning breaks and we, [near; Oppressed with various ills draw What if a form we cannot see, We know and feel that Thou art near.

It is the Truth that woes dispell, For some are sick and some are sad; [well, And some have never loved Thee And some have lost the love they had.

O Jesus, Savior, Thou wert man; Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried; [ scan, Thy kind but searching glance can The very wounds that shame would hide.

Thy truth has still its ancient power, No word of Thine can fruitless fall; Now in this newly wakened hour, It is the Light that heals us all.
55. Joy to the world, the Truth is come, Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room, And all creation sing,
And all, and all creation sing,
Joy to the world, the Truth will reign,
Let men their songs employ
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.
God rules the world as Truth and
And so the nations prove [Good,
The power of Its righteousness,
The wonders of Its Love—

56. \textit{The Spirit Love.}
Being of beings, God of Love!
To Thee our hearts we raise;
Thy all-sustaining power we prove;
And gladly sing Thy praise.
Thine, only Thine, we pant to be,
Our sacrifice receive;
Made, and preserved, and saved by Thee,
To Thee ourselves we give.
Come, Holy Ghost, the Savior's love,
Shed in our hearts abroad!
So shall we ever live and move,
And be, with Christ in God.
THE NEVER-FAILING SOURCE.

Moderato.

Our Father never fail-eth, To give His children bread; They only need to hunger, More richly to be fed; For Love's abundant table, Most graciously supplies, Each earnest aspiration, That hourly doth arise.

Our Father never faileth, To give His offspring strength; They need but lean, to measure Its height and breadth and length; "Lo, I am with you always!" This is the promise true, ||: That knows no shade or turning, Beloved, meant for you.:||

Our Father, God, the Only, Is 'round and in us all, Sustaining and embracing, That none need ever fall; There's Light and joy and healing, O come and taste and see; ||: Our Father faileth never, Throughout eternity! ||

HANNAH MORE KOHAUS.
Morning red, morning red, Swift the shadows all are fled; Now the Truth in cloudless glory,

Shineth forth a wondrous story, Man is risen from the dead.

All around, all around, 
Hallelujahs glad abound; 
Great the joy and sudden wonder. 
Truth has burst the tomb asunder, 
Man forever is unbound.

Truth has come! Truth has come, 
All Creation to call home; 
Man to bring from darkest prison, 
To the Light that has arisen, 
Nevermore in night to roam.

Morning red, morning red, 
Man is risen from the dead; 
Now in paths of peace he walketh, 
All of Love and Truth he talketh, 
Life eternal crowns his head.
Near-er, my God, to Thee, near-er to Thee, Since I the

Truth perceive, I can-not be: In Thee I live and move, Leaning a-

lone on Love, Near-er my God, to Thee, I can-not be.

Never a wanderer, never alone,
Encircling me the Light, I am Thine own;
E’en in this dream, of Thee Conscious I now may be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee, I can-not be.

Now doth the way appear steps up to heaven,
All that I am and have from Thee is given;
Thy thoughts are waking me,
Clearly, my God, to see,
Nearer, my God, to Thee, I can-not be.

Thus every thought shall be, bright with Thy praise;
Out of my consciousness, Bethel I’ll raise;
There are no woes for me,
This blessed Truth I see,
Nearer, my God, to Thee, I can-not be.

Swift on the wings of Truth, rising on high;
Earth senses all forgot, upward I fly;
Now all my song shall be,
Ever, my God, with Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee, I can-not be.
ROCKINGHAM.  Dr Lowell Mason.

60. Now let our dai-ly lives ex-press The ho-ly Truth that we pro-fess;

And let our works and vir-tues shine To prove the doc-trine all di- vine.

Thus shall we best proclaim abroad,
The glory of our Savior, God;
When His salvation reigns within,
It drives away all sense of sin.

Perception bears our courage up,
We understand our blessed hope;
The full appearance of our Lord
Will come by living in His Word.

61. Truth Calling.

Truth calling me! shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures can I still hold dear?
Shall time's swift-passing years all fly,
And shall I still in slumber lie?

Truth calling me! shall I not rise?
Can I Its loving voice despise,
And basely Its kind care repay?
It calls me still! Can I delay?

Truth calling me! and shall it knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
It still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare the Spirit grieve?

Truth calling me! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but it does not forsake,
It calls me still; my heart, awake!

Truth's calling me! I will obey;
I'll yield and that without delay;
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part;
[heart.

The voice of Truth has reached my

Gerhard Tersteegen.

At Hand.

There is a living Fountain near,
That fills with love, divests of fear;
And man needs but the Truth to know,
This Fountain by his side dost flow.

H. M. K.
ONWARD.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

Onward, Christian soldier, Truth has come to stay, Je-sus, as our Captain,

Leads the royal way; Christ, the re-gal Mas-ter, Conquers ev’ry foe;

Onward, then, to vic-t’ry, Christian, onward go. Onward, Christian sol-dier,

On to bat-tle, on! Through the Truth almighty, Vic-to-ry is won.

An Almighty power
Is the Truth, the Good;
Brethren, we are treading
Where no foes intrude:
We are not divided,
All one body we;
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.—Chorus.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms wax and wane,
But the Truth Almighty
Ever will remain;

Heaven is our rich promise,
God can never fail;
False beliefs will never
‘Gainst the Truth prevail.—Cho.

Onward, then, ye people,
Join the happy throng,
Blend as one your voices
In triumphant song;
Glorify and honor
Christ, the Truth, with deeds,
While through countless ages
Truth triumphant leads.—Cho.
Exerted is Thy power,
To banish sense of sin;
In this auspicious hour
Thy graces glow within.
O strong Deliverer, surely come
To make my heart Thy lasting home.

Thou rulest every thought,
Each longing of the soul,
And all I am is brought
Beneath Thy full control.
O peaceful Conqueror, surely come,
To make my heart Thy lasting home.

Now all my life is Thine,
My heart is full of Love,
And joy and peace are mine,
Such as is known above.

O Holy Spirit, surely come,
To make my heart Thy lasting home.

---

Take up the Strain.

Shall hymns of grateful love,
Through heaven's high arches
And all the hosts above [ring,
Their songs of triumph sing.
And shall not we take up the strain,
And send the echo back again?

Oh, spread the joyful sound,
And Love and Truth proclaim,
Declare to all the world,
Salvation in God's name;
Till all mankind take up the strain,
And sing with joy, the Truth shall reign.

James J. Cummins.
65. Oh, worship the God that's infinite Love, Oh, gratefully

sing its power that we prove Our shield, our Defender, the

Ancient of Days, Omniscient, Almighty and with us always.

Oh, tell of its might, oh, sing of its grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space!
Its Infinite Truth has declared us complete,
And holds us to-day in a secret retreat.

Such bountiful Love what tongue can recite.
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plains,
And sweetly distills in the dews and the rains.

Oh, Children of God, the Truth will prevail;
We safely can trust, it never will fail;
'Tis Justice, 'tis Mercy, 'tis Love without end,
'Tis Maker, Defender, Redeemer and Friend.
SOPRANO SOLO.

66. O! voice of Truth; O! Light sublime; Firm
And hearing, know the soul within, Hath

Igraven on the page of Time; A Herald
naught of sorrow or of sin; Then rise in

TRUTH.

Moderato.

R. Kohaus.
thou from age remote, The Christ our symbol strength, be not dismayed; For Love and Truth can-
doth denote. Long ages back when came the not be stayed. The God within bids thee a-
Star Of Bethlehem, that shone arise; Assert thyself; no gift de-
far, And brought the tidings of good
spise, However small or mean it

cheer To all mankind, that they might hear.
seem, Go give it forth that it may gleam.

MARY E. VAN HORN, Milwaukee, Wis.
From Wilmans Express.

QUARTET.

With purest ray until each mind On
one great central thought combined, Shall sweep the
clouds and mist away, And Truth establish
perfect day.
67. On the outskirts of the City, On the border, land of peace,

We are tasting joys supernal, Joys that ever-more increase.

Even here is heard the music Of the sweet, harmonious choir;

In our heart is found the echo, Answering back, We come up higher.

Here is felt the rest and rapture,  
Of a knowledge of the Truth;  
Even here we catch the meaning,  
Of a never-fading youth.  
Even here we know the mystery  
Of a Love words cannot tell;  
See the walls celestial gleaming,  
Of the home in which we dwell.  

Hannah More Kohaus.
Oft in the din and noise I hear Thee call, Though Thy beloved voice is still and small; Opened my heart to hear, Though trembling with sweet fear, Knowing Thou art so near, My God, my All.

And in the silence dim,
Soft as night-fall,
Listening deep from within;
I hear Thee call.
"Come unto me and live,
All unto thee I give;"
Thy words I do believe,
My God, my All.

All through eternity,
Held in Love's thrall,
Bounding, my heart will wait,
To hear Thee call.
Till on my willing ear,
No other voice I hear,
Thou canst not be more near,
My God, my All.

Hannah More Kohaus.
To make its wondrous glories known, It triumphs every hour.

Of Thee, my Maker and my God, I will aloud proclaim, Will spread throughout the earth abroad, The blessings of thy name.

It breaks the power of sense of sin, It gives mankind release; 'Tis light and righteousness combined, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.

Oh, hear, ye deaf, give praise, ye dumb, Your loosened tongues employ; Ye blind, behold the Christ has come, And leap, ye lame, for joy,

70. Majestic Sweetness.

Majestic sweetness sits enthroned, Upon the Savior's brow; His life with radiant glories crown'd, His words with truth o'erflow.

All mortals must with him compare, Among the sons of men; And fair as He must be the fair, That fill the heavenly train,
No voice can sing, no heart can frame
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,
The Savior of mankind.

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

O, Christ, our only joy be thou
As thou our prize wilt be;
In Thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

O Sole Redeemer,
O sole Redeemer; living Truth,
I love to think of Thee;
No thoughts can satisfy like Thine,
Nor half so sweet can be.

And I shall ever hear thy voice,
As it doth gently speak;
In Truth alone will I rejoice,
And Its salvation seek.

Infinite Love shall be my theme,
While in the world I stay;
I'll trust Its power to overcome,
The might of error's sway.

And when the Truth shall full appear,
And all my being throng;
Then will I sing more sweet, more loud
And God shall be my song.
Prince of peace, control my will; Bid this struggling heart be still;

Bid my sense of doubting cease; Hush my being into peace.

Thou removest all my load,
Hast unbarred the gate to God;
Peace I ask—but peace must be,
Father, being one with Thee.

Let Thy will, not mine, be done,
Let Thy will and mine be one;
Consciousness to me impart,
That I’m perfect as Thou art.

Father, in Thy hands I fall,
Thou my Life, my God, my All;
May I faithful witness bear,
Of Thy Presence everywhere.

Mary A. B. Barbour

76. Victory

Memory breaks upon the tomb,
Light is scattering all its gloom;
Day of triumph, to the skies,
See the glorious Light arise.

Ye who are of death afraid,
Glory in the scattered shade;
Drive your anxious cares away,
Christ, the Truth, has come to stay.

Children, dry your flowing tears,
Cease your unbelieving fears;
Look on the deserted grave,
Doubt no more Truth’s power to save.

Anon.

77. Prayer

Spirit, who did fashion me,
Likeness of Thyself to be,
Since I’m filled with Love divine,
Every thought I have is Thine.

Holy Spirit, may I be
Altogether lost in Thee;
By this Love inflamed, arise,
Out of self, my sacrifice.

Thou who dost all gifts impart,
Shine, O Spirit, thro’ my heart;
Best of gifts, Thyself to know,
As I in Thine image grow.

All I am is found in Thee,
Thou art manifest in me;
God, the perfect Righteousness,
Waken Thou my consciousness.
78. *O realm of rest and gladness, O land of Joy and right,*

*O balm for care and sadness, O glorious Life and Light,*

*To Thee, the high and Holy, We raise a sacred tune,*

*Sing Holy! Holy! Holy! To the great God Triune,*

From Thee the whole creation,
Received its birth and Light;
From Thee for our salvation,
Arose the Christ to sight;
From Thee the Truth victorious,
And Love was sent from heaven,
And thus thro' Thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

New graces ever gaining,
In this our realm of rest;
We reach the bliss remaining,
To beings that are blest.
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son;
Mankind its voice upraises,
To Thee, blest Three in One.
ROCK OF AGES.

Dr. Thos. Hastings, 1830.

79. Rock of Ages, cleft for me, I am hiding now in Thee;

And the water and the life, Manifests to us Thy love;

For our sin a perfect cure, Saving from its guilt and power.

All the labor of our hands,
Meet at once the law's demands;
Now that we have learned to know,
That our tears need never flow,
For our errors to atone;
Christ destroys them all, alone.

Nothing in our hands we bring,
Simply to the Truth we cling;
Never naked, needing dress,
Christ is all our righteousness;
He's the refuge, always nigh,
And in Him we never die.

What is called this "fleeting breath,"
Pushing mortals into death
And the dreaded judgment throne,
Brings us purer joys unknown.
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
I am hiding now in Thee.

52
80. Still, still with Thee, when pur-ple morn-ing break-eth, When the bird
wak-eth and the shad-ows flee; Fair-er than morn-ing, love-lier than the
day-light, Dawns the sweet con-scious-ness, I am with Thee.

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning
When the soul waketh, and the shadows flee;
Oh, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee.

I cannot lose Thee. Still in Thee abiding,
The end is clear, how wide, soe’er I roam;
The law that holds the worlds, my steps is guiding,
And I must rest at last in Thee, my home.

81. \( \text{Come Unto Him.} \)
Come unto Him when shadows darkly gather,
When the sad heart seems weary and distressed;
Seek ye for comfort from your heavenly Father,
Come unto Him and He will give you rest.

Large are the mansions in thy Father’s dwelling,
Glad is His home that sorrows never dim;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones that raise the heavenly hymn.

There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed,
Come unto Him all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto Him and He will give you rest.

\( \text{Cathrine H. Waterman.} \)
To-day the Spirit calls,
Oh, listen now
And to its scepter yield,
And gladly bow.

To-day the Spirit calls,
For safety flee;
From storms of sense escape,
From death be free.

The Spirit calls to-day,
Yield to its power;
Oh, grieve it not away,
Hear ye this hour.

If there can bread be found,
Sweeter than Me.

Thy hunger, day by day,
Will fast increase;
And more thou’lt surely seek,
Of my rich feast.

Eat, and thy soul will cry
For more and more;—
Fear not, for thou shalt find
An endless store.

Eat much, ’tis living Bread
That satisfies,
And nourishes the life
That never dies.

Rev. S. F. Smith.

83.

The Christ.
I am the Bread of Life,
O taste and see,
SING OF TRUTH, SING FOREVER.

German Melody.

84. Sing of Truth, O sing forever, Of the Love that changes never

Who or what from God can sever All who are His own.

With the Truth our God has bought us,
When we knew Him not He sought us,
And from all our wanderings bro't us,
His the praise alone.

Let Creation, all together,
Know the song that ceases never,
Sing the song of Life forever,
Through eternity.

85. Truth, the Word.
Truth is now the word we treasure,
Word of sweetness, passing measure,
Word of gladness, word of pleasure,
Upon which we dwell.

'Tis the word of our salvation,
Which through every generation,
We will sing with adoration,
Through an endless day.

Now the Word its power revealing,
To the race be swift appealing,
And Life's mysteries unsealing,
Roll the clouds away.

86. Love Divine.
Love divine, all love excelling,
Sin and doubt and fear dispelling,
Make in us Thy constant dwelling,
Fix in us Thy home.

Love divine that knows no measure,
Thou art man's most valued treasure,
Filling him with endless pleasure,
In the Truth alone.

Finish, then, O Love, Creation;
Let us know Thy full salvation;
Bearing seal of God's dictation,
In His own dear Son.

H. M. K.
LEAD US TO THEE.

Duet. Two Sopranos.

87. Spirit, whose dwelling is infinite Light, Lead us, lead us to Thee.

Out of the wilderness error's dark night, Swift to Thy presence we'd flee.

Chorus.

Thou art our refuge, our hope and our all,.......

Ev - er we listen to hear Thy voice call;
Duet.

I am the Living Way, come unto Me, Come unto Me, come unto Me;

I am the Living Way, come unto Me. Spirit, we hasten to Thee.

Spirit, whose reign is Omnipotent Good,
  Lead us to know, lead us to know;
Infinite Goodness, Immutable Truth,
  Which through immensity flow.—Chorus.

Spirit, whose panoply radiant is Love,
  Lead us to be, lead us to be,
Spotlessly, purified, clothed divine,
  Perfect in likeness to Thee.—Chorus.

Hannah More Kchau.
88. Praise to Thee, O great Creator, Praise be Thine from ev'ry tongue,

Oh, let ev'ry living creature Join the universal song!

Spirit, Source of all our being, Free, eternal life is Thine,

Hail! the God of our salvation, Praise Him, He is Love divine.

For ten thousand blessings given,
That He never could withhold,
Sound His praise through earth and heaven,
Let this Truth to men be told;
Joyfully on earth confess it,
Till a heavenly song 'twill raise,
Till enraptured we perceive it,
And are lost in love and praise.
See the Truth, thy Keep-er, stand Om-nip-o-tent and near;

Lo! It holds thee by the hand, And ban-ish-es thy fear;

Shadows with Its power thy head, Guards from all pre-sump-tion's harm;

Round thee and be-neath are spread, Its ev-er-last-ing arms.

Truth shall keep thy going out,
Shall keep thy coming in;
Kindly compass thee about,
Destroy all sense of sin;
Ever, its our sure defence,
We its watchful care will prove,
Kept by its Omnipotence,
And never-ceasing Love.

Charles Wesley.
90. When all Thy wonders, O my God, My being now surveys,
Transported with the views, I'm lost, In wonder, love and praise.

O how can words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare
That glows within my wakened heart?
But Thou can'st read it there.

Through all eternity to Thee,
A grateful song I'll raise;
But Oh, eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

91. The Book of Nature.
There is a book, who runs may read,
Which Truth sublime imparts;
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and open hearts.

The works of God, above, below,
Within us and around;
Are pages in that book to show,
How God is truly found.

Thou who hast given us sight to see,
And love this book so fair,
Help us to search and find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.

92. Praise.
Begin, my tongue, the lofty theme,
With heavenly rapture sing;
The wondrous works and wondrous power,
Of God, eternal King.

His very word of Truth is strong,
He governs low and high;
He is creation's Source, and bids
Mankind on Him rely.

93. Rejoice ye Lands.
O, all ye lands rejoice in God,
Sing praises to His name;
Let all the earth with one accord,
His wondrous works proclaim,

And let His faithful children tell,
How, by Infinite Love,
All men are saved from error's ways,
To share His joys above.

O, then rejoice and shout for joy,
Ye ransomed by the Lord;
Let grateful praise your lips employ,
God's presence your reward.

Anon.
CROSS AND CROWN.

94. Should Je-sus bear the cross a-lone, And all mankind go free? 

No, there’s a cross for ev’ry one, A cross for you and me.

The consecration cross we’ll bear, 
Till Truth shall make us free, 
And then the conqueror’s crown we’ll wear, 
For victors we shall be.

At every step where errors rise, 
We will their power deny, 
And every claim of finite sense We’ll quickly crucify.

This is the cross and this the crown Of Resurrection Day, 
And when the cross we’ve overcome, We’ll wear the crown alway.

95. The Bible.

How precious is the Book divine, 
By inspiration given; 
Bright as a lamp its sayings shine, 
To guide our steps to heaven.

It sweetly cheers and lifts our hearts, 
In this dark vale of tears; 
Life, Light and joy it still imparts, 
And quells all rising fears.

This lamp, through all the tedious night 
Of earth, shall guide our way; 
Till we behold the clearer light, 
Of an eternal day. John Fawcett.

96. The Voice of Christ.

Know thou the Truth, the glorious And be forever free, [Truth, From sickness, sin, from doubt and fear, And come and follow Me.

Stay not in error’s darkened land, From bondage quickly flee; Leave all illusions of the night, And come and follow Me.

Spend not your strength for Egypt’s In menial slavery; [kings, Declare your birth’s inheritance And come and follow Me.

I am the Way, the Truth, the Life; Thy springs are all in Me; Come, follow then, and thou shalt know The freedom of the free. Hannah More Kohaus.
97. Thou art my Light, O Savior, dear; It is not night since Thou wert here;

Oh, may no cloud of sense arise To hide Thee from Thy foll’wers’ eyes.

When the soft dews of Love descend, Superior to the joys below,
All sense of error soon will end, His resurrection’s power declare.
Be my first thought, how sweet to rest The Truth by holy senses prove,
Within the vale forever blest. By actions show your sins forgiven!
Abide with me from morn till eve, And seek the glorious things above,
For in Thee only do I live; And follow Christ, your Head, to Heaven.
Thou dost abide, art ever near, To Him continually aspire,
And knowing this, I cannot fear, Contending for your native place,
Thou heal’st the sick, mak’st glad the poor, And emulate the angel-choir,
the poor, And only live to love and praise.
Thou givest from an endless store; For who in Truth the Lord receive,
Within the ocean of such Love, Ye nothing seek or want beside,
We lose ourselves in heaven above. Dead to the world and sin ye live,

98. Resurrection.
Ye faithful souls, who Jesus know, Your creature-love is crucified;
If risen indeed, with Him ye are;

John Wesley.
The morning light is breaking, And darkness disappears;
The sons of God are waking, To banish all their fears.
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean, Brings tidings unto all,
That Truth and Light are spreading A-round this earthly ball.

Awake then! sons and daughters, Of Truth, and Light and Love;
Your Master’s great commission, Go forth, His power to prove.
Say to the sick and sorrowing, Disease can have no claim
On those who grasp the Eternal, And triumph in His name.

Blest river of salvation, Pursue thy onward way,
Flow thou to every nation, Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the children, Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy, Proclaim the Lord has come.
SICILIAN HYMN.

100. Thou dost guide me, Mind im-mortal, Back in - to the prom-ised land;

I am strong, for the Al - mighty Holds me with a power-ful hand.

Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven, Fill me 'till I want no more.

Open is the crystal Fountain,
Whence the healing stream doth flow;
While a gentle loving presence,
Leads me all my journey through:
   Strong Deliverer, [shield.
Thou art all my strength and

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
All my anxious fears subside;
Borne above the swelling torrent,
Safe I land on Canaan's side.
   Songs of praises,
I will ever give to Thee.

101. I am Thy God.
On the mountain's top appearing,
Truth, the sacred herald, stands;
Welcome news to mankind bearing
Long enchained in error's bands.
   No more captive,
God, Himself will loose thy bands:

God, thy God, it is restores thee,
He Himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
All thy sense of errors end:
   All thy conflicts,
End in everlasting peace.
ITALY. 6, 4.

Felice Giardini, 1760.

102. Word, whose creative thrill, Lives in all nature still,

Life, Truth and Love; Thy bright, resistless ray, Chases all clouds away, And Thy eternal day Will night remove.

Spirit, in whom we live, Thou who dost gladly give, Mankind thy rest; As earthly joys take flight, Clearer we see the Light, And in the morning bright Thou art our guest.

When the eternal morn Of Death's belief is shown, We shall discern; Spirit, in Thee we live, Thou dost our being give, Oh, help me to perceive, And for Thee yearn.

103. Let There be Light.

Thou, whose Almighty Word, Chaos and darkness heard, And took their flight! Hear us as now we pray, And, where the Gospel day, Sheds not its glorious ray, Let there be Light.

Thou, who didst come to bring, On Love's redeeming wing, Healing and sight; Health to the sick in mind, Sight to the inly blind. Now say to all mankind, Let there be Light.

John Marricott.
The Truth is brightly gleaming Up on my path to-day;

And Love is round me beam-ing, To cheer me on my way.

CHORUS.

'Tis light from Heaven ar-is-ing, To guide my running feet;

Per - cep-tion past sur - pris - ing, A rev - e - la - tion sweet.

Infinite God, abiding
In man, its dwelling-place;
Within my closet hiding,
I'll seek to see His face:
The veil shall be uplifted,
And underneath I'll see,
Life, Love, and Truth eternal
Made manifest in me.

Hannah More Kohaus.
105. The Truth my strong-hold is; I shall be well supplied,

It leads me to the place,
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

I'll never go astray,
My being it doth claim;
It guides me in its own right way,
For its most holy name.

While it affords me aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Though I should walk through death, so called,
The Truth is always near.

In spite of all my foes,
It does my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

107. The Word of Truth.

This is the day of rest!
Our strength we will renew;
No aching brow, no troubled breast,
But peace like freshening dew.

This is the day of peace,
Thy peace our beings fill;
All sense of discord now doth cease,
Thou whisperest, "Peace, be still!"

John Ellerton.

106. The Day of Rest.

This is the day of Light!
Let there be light to-day;
O, dayspring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

Then quickly we'll obey
Its Gospel's joyful sound;
Let all its fruits from day to day,
Be in us and abound.

James Montgomery.
TRUTH WILL WIN.

German Air.

108. Truth is advancing, fast Its day is breaking, Swift fly the shadows; all the earth is waking, Darkness has taken flight,

Safe - ly passed the gloom of night, Safe - ly passed the gloom of night.

What though the clouds may seem to gather round thee,
Heed not the rain-drops, they shall not confound thee;
Hold in thine eye the Light,
Softly shining, clear and bright,
Softly shining, clear and bright.

Safe in its brightness, sing of life eternal,
Tell all its glories seen from heights supernal;
Truth will the victory win,
Over sense of death and sin,
Over sense of death and sin.

HANNAH MORR KOHAUS.
109. The Truth shall reign where'er the sun Does his successive journeys run;

Its Kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till time shall wax and wane no more;

From north to south its triumphs meet, Illusion's trampled under feet,

While ev'ry empire feels its rod, And owns it is the power of God.

To Truth are endless praises made,
In Truth is every heart now stayed;
Its name like sweet perfume shall rise,
With every earthly sacrifice.
Peoples and realms of every tongue,
Dwell on its power with endless song;
E'en infant voices shall proclaim,
Their earliest tribute to His name.

Isaac Watts, 1719.
FOUNTAIN OF LIFE.

There is a Fountain filled with Life, Drawn from Immanuel’s veins;

And those who taste Its waters rife, Are cleansed from error’s stains.

Refrain.

And all mankind with joy will see, This Fountain, pure, some day,

And in Its waters deep and free, Wash seeming guilt away.

E’er since I have perceived the stream,
This living Fount supplies;
Redeeming Love has been my theme,
My strength, my power to rise.—Refrain.

Now, in a truer, new-born tongue,
My grateful heart will raise,
A nobler, sweeter lasting song
Of glory in its praise.—Refrain.
PORTUGUESE HYMN.

The Truth is my Keeper, no want shall I know; I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest; It leadeth me ever where still waters flow, Restores me when seemingly worn and distressed, Restores me when seemingly worn and distressed.

No more through the valley of darkness I stray,
Its Presence is with me, no evil I fear;
Yea, Truth does defend me, and Love is my stay,
No harm can befall me, my Comforter's near.

O Goodness and Mercy, my bountiful God,
Thou'lt follow my steps till we meet face to face;
In safety Thou'lt guide on the straight, narrow road,
To the land where I sojourn, the Kingdom of Grace.
Upward I lift mine eyes, From God is all my aid, The God who being

gives, In whom creation lives; God is the Tower to which I fly, God

is the Tower to which I fly, His help in every hour is nigh.

My feet shall never slide,
Nor fall in error's snares;
For God, my Guard and Guide,
Defends from sudden fears.
All-seeing eyes that never sleep,
Where danger lies, thy children keep.

No burning heat by day,
No blast, or chilling air,
Shall take my health away,
For I am in God's care.
He is my Sun, and He my shade,
And well He guards what He has made.

Arise, O man, arise!
Shake off the mortal dream,
Make self a sacrifice,
Cast out illusion's beam;
Within the Truth thy Surety stands,
And it alone will loose thy bands.

The Father hears thee say,
Thou art His own dear son,
He cannot turn away,
The presence of His own;
The Spirit answers to the call,
And tells thee It is All-in-All.

Charles Wesley.
The Mount of Truth.

Andante con moto.

German Air.

114. Up-on the mount of Truth I'll stand, And tell its wondrous pow'-er To heal mankind of ev'-ry ill, To help in ev'-ry try'-ing hour.

And I will glory in its cross,
Denying self each moment,
Till every finite sense has flown
And vanished in atonement.

O, Christ, the Truth, since I perceive,
I sing Thy glories ever;
I tell its benefits abroad,
My tongue be silenced never.

Hannah More Kohaus.

115. The Word of God.

Upon the Gospel's mystic leaves,
The gathered truths of ages,
Lay hidden, waiting for mankind,
T'unveil its sacred pages.

More glorious as the ages roll,
Unfolds its wondrous powers,
Expanding with the expanding tho't
Its radiance falls in showers.

Slowly but sure the gracious lamp,
Will be forever burning,
Will pour on all a flood of Light,
Increasing with the yearning.

God's word it is! the Truth therein,
Life-giving, and eternal,
Awakens mortals to partake,
Of joys that are supernal.

Hannah More Kohaus.

116. The Safe Retreat.

From every stormy sense that blows,
From every ill up-welling,
There is a calm a sure retreat,
'Tis found within God's dwelling.

There is a place where goodness
On all the oil of gladness; [sheds,
A place than all besides more sweet,
Bereft of pain and sadness.

There is a state where spirits blend,
Where friend with friend holds meeting,
[they clasp
Though sundered far, by thought
Each other in fond greeting.

'Tis there on eagle wings we soar,
All mortal sense divesting;
We gather round one common seat,
A heavenly joy attesting.

Hugh Stowell.
There's a truth that is brighter than day, And by faith we perceive it is near;

That our Father waits, not o'er the way, For His presence enriches us here.

Chorus.

In the sweet happy now, We can sing on this beautiful shore;

In the sweet by-and-by

We can sing, for our tears are no more.

by-and-by, by-and-by, by-and-by,

We can sing on this beautiful shore,
The melodious songs of the blest;
For our sickness and sorrow is o'er,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.—Chorus.

To our bountiful Father we give,
Grateful off'lings of love and of praise;
For the great Light, by which we now live,
And the blessings that hallow our days.—Chorus.
118. With hearts in love a-bound-ing, Pre-pare we now to sing;

A-loft-y theme re-sound-ing, Thy praise, Al-might-y King;

Whose love rich gifts be-stow-ing, Re-deemed the hu-man race;

Whose lips with zeal o'er-flow-ing, Breathe words of truth and grace.

So reign, O God of Heaven, Eternally the same;
And endless praise be given, To Thy Almighty Name.
Clothed in Thy dazzling brightness, Thy church on earth behold;
In robe of purest whiteness, In raiment wrought in gold.

And let each Gentile nation Come gladly in her train,
To share Thy great salvation, And join her grateful train;
Then ne'er shall note of sadness, Awake the trembling string;
One song of joy and gladness, The ransomed world shall sing.

Harriet Auber.
What wondrous Land is this that now I view?
All things there in seem passing strange and new;
Ne'er have I known such fragrant, balmy air,
Nor fade-less flow'rs so beautiful and rare;
Sky overhead of soft, ethereal blue,
Till-ing pure life-giving dew;
Streams fresh and clear bestow-ing radiant...
Dim mystery to all its people clings,
Moving about with noiseless, unseen wing;
Illumined are their eyes with mystic light,
Life, Love and Truth are here securely bound,
In endless chain; here Good is found;
Oh, wondrous Land, of which are glimpses given,
Surely it is the Kingdom known as Heaven.

Hannah More Kohaus.

120.  

Thanksgiving.

Thanks be to God, thanks for Its wond’rous Love,
Praise ye Its name for gifts which now we prove;
Anthems of gladness peal forth on the breeze,
Echo Its greatness over land and seas;
Praise It, ye sons of blessedness and Good,
Praise It, ye mountains, valleys, flood,
Praise It, ye children, daughters fair of men,
Praise It, forever with a loud Amen!

Thanks for the Truth, his dear and holy Son,
Thanks for His guidance till earth’s journey’s run
Thanks for the summer and its silver rain,
Thanks for the autumn and its golden grain;
Thanks for the cooling breeze that passes by,
Sun, moon and stars that shine on high;
Thanks for the morning, for the day and night;
Thanks be to God, Eternal, for Truth’s Light.

Praise ye Its name, let nations now adore,
God our Redeemer, Friend foreverbmore;
Circled with angels in the blessed above,
Praise It, O earth, for all Its wondrous Love;
Praise It, ye smallest and ye greatest too,
Praise It, and give It glory due;
Praise It, ye children rescued now from death,
Praise It, O praise It, ye that now have breath.

George G. Emerson.
Sweet hope in God, so free from care, That calls me to a life so fair,

D. C. To calm my fears from ev'ry scare, For God, I know is ev'ry-where,

And bids me at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wishes known:

To calm my fears from ev'ry scare, For God, I know, is ev'ry-where.

If e'er I come to Him in grief, He never fails to give relief.

Sweet hope in God, O Life of prayer,
Thought's wings shall my petitions bear,
To Him whose Truth and faithfulness,
But wait the willing soul to bless.
And since He bids me seek His face,
Partake His love, accept His grace,
I'll lose in Him my ev'ry care,
And know that God is everywhere.

Sweet hope in God, O Life so fair,
I may indeed thy Goodness share,
Till from Immanuel's lofty height,
I'll view my home, and wing my flight.
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and stand
Within His Kingdom, close at hand;
And sing, while resting sweetly there,
Rejoice, for God is everywhere.
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