

Hymns

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WE give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above.
He sent His own eternal Son
To die for sins that man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with His blood
From everlasting woe;
And now He lives and now He reigns,
And sees the fruit of all His pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live.
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to Thee
Be endless honours done,
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One.
Where reason fails, with all her powers,
There faith prevails and love adores.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

63 Version 1 CM

EARLY, my God, without delay,
I come to seek Thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away
Without Thy cheering grace.

2 So travellers in the desert sand
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
Lest they should faint and die.

3 Thy glory, I have seen, and power,
Within Thy temple shine;
O Lord, repeat that heavenly hour,
That blessing so divine.

4 Not all the pleasures of a feast
Could please my soul so well,
As when Thy richer grace I taste,
And in Thy presence dwell.

5 Not life itself, with all her joys,
Can my best feelings move;
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As Thy forgiving love.

6 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Lift my exulting heart to pray,
My fervent voice to sing.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

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JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow Thee;
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought and hoped and known;
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and Heaven are still my own.

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like them, untrue:
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me;
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

3 Man may trouble and distress me,
It will drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
There is not a grief can harm me,
While I feel Thy love to me;
There is not a joy can charm me,
If it is apart from Thee.

4 Take, my soul, this full salvation;
Rise o'er sin and fear and care:
Find in every situation
Joy and peace—and service there;
Think what Spirit dwells within me,
What a Father's smile is mine,
What a Saviour died to win me:
Child of Heaven, can I repine?

5 Haste then on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before me;
God's own hand shall guide me there.
Soon shall close my earthly mission,
Swift shall pass my pilgrim days:
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847

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GOD made me for Himself, to serve Him
here, With love's pure service and in
filial fear; To show His praise, for Him
to labour now; Then see His glory where
the angels bow.

2 All needful grace was giv'n through
His dear Son, Whose life and death has
full salvation won; Grace that can bring
the soul to life and power, And take to
glory when this life is o'er.

3 And I, poor sinner, cast it all away;
Lived for the toil or pleasure of each day;

As if no Christ had shed His precious
blood, As if I owed no homage to my
God.

4 O Holy Spirit, with Thy fire divine,
Melt into tears this sinful heart of mine;
Teach me to love what once I seemed to
hate, And live to God before it is too late.

Henry Williams Baker, 1821-77‡