

211

HOPE IN GOD 10.10.6.8.7 and refrain
Psalm 42; 43:3-4

Kay Carney (nee Robinson)
arr. Evniki Hudson

♩ = 100

v. 3

1. As a deer longs for flow - ing streams, So my

1. soul longs for You, O God. My

1. heart pants for God, How I thirst for the li - ving God!

1. When shall I see my God?

REFRAIN

Why are you cast down, O my soul? And

why are you dis - turbed with - in me? Hope in

God— for I shall a - gain praise Him

Who is my help and my God.

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2.
For my tears are my food both day and night,
While men taunt me, and say, 'Where is your God?'
I remember the joy
I once knew in the house of God:
I shall again praise God.

3.
Deep calls to deep—Your waves rush over me;
Yet Your love still upholds me constantly:
Though it seems I'm forgotten—
Oppressed by my enemies—
My hope shall be in God.

4.
Send Your light and Your truth—let them lead me,
Let them bring me again to worship You;
Then with joy I will praise You
For You have delivered me;
You are my help, and my God.

*Words © 1983 Kay Carney (nee Robinson).
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1.
As pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.

2.
For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty divine!

3.
God of my strength, how long shall I,
Like one forgotten, mourn?
Forlorn, forsaken, and exposed
To my oppressor's scorn.

4.
Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

5.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Nahum Tate, 1652–1715
Nicholas Brady, 1659–1726

213

JACKSON (Byzantium) 8.6.8.6

Thomas Jackson, 1715–81

1.
Come, O Thou all-victorious Lord,
Thy power to us make known;
Strike with the hammer of Thy word,
And break these hearts of stone.

2.
O that we all might now begin
Our foolishness to mourn,
And turn at once from every sin,
And to our Saviour turn!

3.
Give us ourselves and Thee to know,
In this our gracious day;
Repentance unto life bestow,
And take our sins away.

4.
Conclude us first in unbelief,
And freely then release;
Fill every soul with sacred grief,
And then with sacred peace.

5.
Impoverish, Lord, and then relieve,
And then enrich the poor;
The knowledge of our sickness give,
The knowledge of our cure.

6.
That blessèd sense of guilt impart,
And then remove the load;
Trouble, and wash the troubled heart
In the atoning blood.

7.
Our desperate state through sin declare,
And speak our sins forgiven;
By perfect holiness prepare,
And take us up to heaven.

Charles Wesley, 1707–88

214

ST MATTHIAS 8.8.8.8.8

William Henry Monk, 1823–89

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It begins with a whole note chord of G4, B4, and D5, followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, starting with a whole note chord of G2, B2, and D3, followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes. The system concludes with a fermata over the final note in both staves.

The second system of music continues the piece. The upper staff features a melodic line with eighth and quarter notes, including a half note with a fermata. The lower staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with eighth and quarter notes, including a half note with a fermata. The system ends with a fermata over the final note in both staves.

The third system of music concludes the piece. The upper staff has a melodic line with eighth and quarter notes, ending with a half note and a fermata. The lower staff has a harmonic accompaniment with eighth and quarter notes, ending with a half note and a fermata. The system ends with a double bar line in both staves.

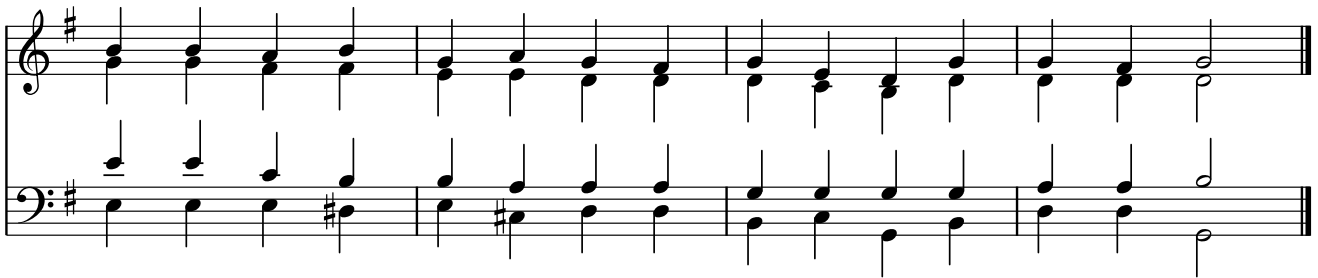
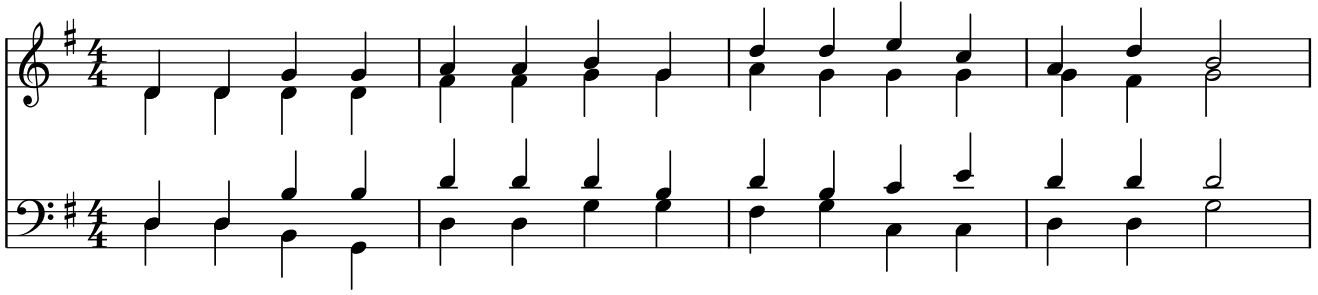
1.
Come, O Thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see!
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee;
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.
2.
I need not tell Thee who I am,
My misery and sin declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name;
Look on Thy hands, and read it there:
But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou?
Tell me Thy name, and tell me now.
3.
In vain Thou strugglest to get free;
I never will unloose my hold!
Art Thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of Thy love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.
4.
Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell;
To know it now resolved I am:
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.
5.
'Tis all in vain to hold Thy tongue,
Or touch the hollow of my thigh;
Though every sinew be unstrung,
Out of my arms Thou shalt not fly;
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.
6.
What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long?
I rise superior to my pain,
When I am weak, then I am strong;
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-Man prevail.
- * * *
7.
My strength is gone, my nature dies,
I sink beneath Thy weighty hand,
Faint to revive, and fall to rise;
I fall, and yet by faith I stand,
I stand, and will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.
8.
Yield to me now; for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,
Be conquered by my instant prayer;
Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if Thy name is Love.
9.
'Tis Love! 'tis Love! Thou diedst for me!
I hear Thy whisper in my heart;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
Pure, universal Love Thou art;
To me, to all, Thy mercies move:
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.
10.
My prayer hath power with God; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive;
Through faith I see Thee face to face,
I see Thee face to face, and live!
In vain I have not wept and strove:
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.
11.
I know Thee, Saviour, who Thou art,
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend;
Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end;
Thy mercies never shall remove:
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.
12.
The Sun of Righteousness on me
Hath risen with healing in His wings;
Withered my nature's strength, from Thee
My soul its life and succour brings;
My help is all laid up above:
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.
13.
Contented now upon my thigh
I halt, till life's short journey end;
All helplessness, all weakness, I
On Thee alone for strength depend;
Nor have I power from Thee to move:
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.
14.
Lame as I am, I take the prey,
Hell, earth, and sin with ease o'ercome;
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And as a bounding hart fly home,
Through all eternity to prove
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

Charles Wesley, 1707–88

215

STUTT GART 8.7.8.7

Melody adapted from a chorale by
Christian Friedrich Witt, 1660–1716



1.
Come, Thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free,
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee.

2.
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

3.
Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a child, and yet a King,
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

4.
By Thine own eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

Charles Wesley, 1707–88

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ST BERNARD 8.6.8.6

Melody from Hémy's
'Easy Hymn Tunes for Catholic Schools', 1851–53
(adapted from an 18th cent. German melody)

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'ST BERNARD'. It consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is primarily composed of quarter and eighth notes, with some rests and ties. The accompaniment consists of chords and single notes, providing a harmonic foundation for the melody.

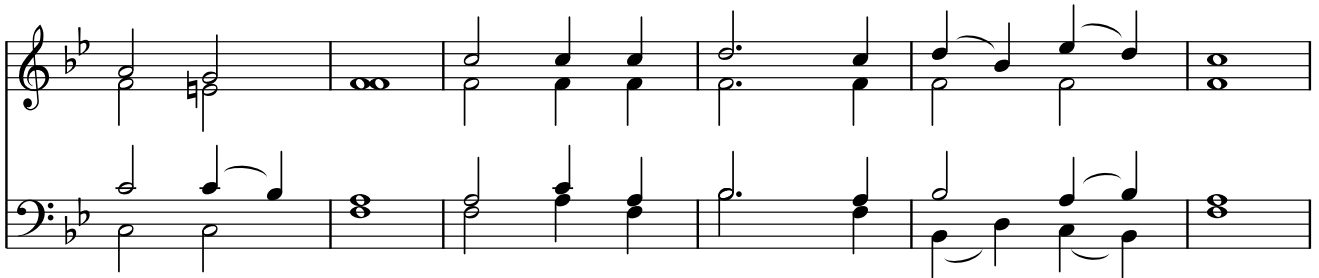
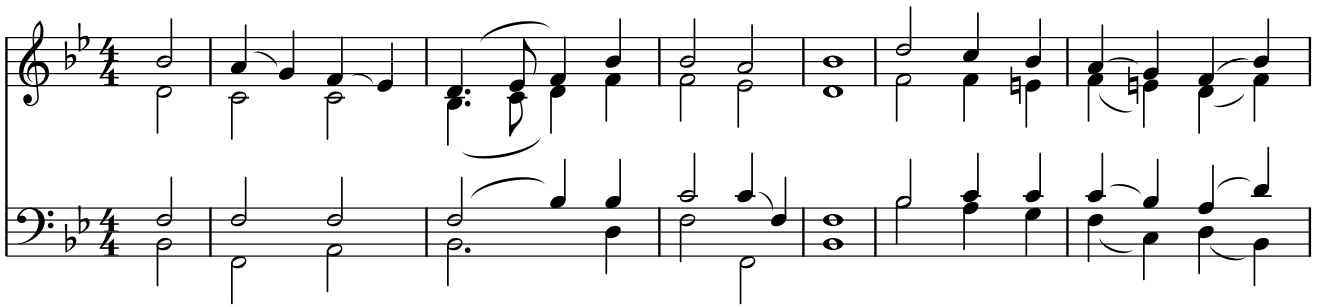
1.
Father of all, in whom alone
We live, and move, and breathe,
One bright celestial ray dart down,
And cheer Thy sons beneath.

2.
While in Thy word we search for Thee,
We search with trembling awe!
Open our eyes, and let us see
The wonders of Thy law.

3.
Now let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear;
Now the revealing Spirit send,
And give us ears to hear.

4.
Before us make Thy goodness pass,
Which here by faith we know;
Let us in Jesus see Thy face,
And die to all below.

Charles Wesley, 1707–88



1.
Give me the faith which can remove
And sink the mountain to a plain;
Give me the child-like praying love,
Which longs to build Thy house again;
Thy love, let it my heart o'erpower,
And all my simple soul devour.

2.
I would the precious time redeem,
And longer live for this alone,
To spend, and to be spent, for them
Who have not yet my Saviour known;
Fully on these my mission prove,
And only breathe, to breathe Thy love.

3.
My talents, gifts, and graces, Lord,
Into Thy blessèd hands receive;
And let me live to preach Thy word,
And let me to Thy glory live;
My every sacred moment spend
In publishing the sinner's Friend.

4.
Enlarge, inflame, and fill my heart
With boundless charity divine!
So shall I all my strength exert,
And love them with a zeal like Thine;
And lead them to Thy open side,
The sheep for whom their Shepherd died.

Charles Wesley, 1707–88

218(i)

HULL (2) 8.8.6 D

American melody, 1798

C /E Em/G G/F C/E G7/D C G C/E C F G/F C/E C G

1. I do not come be - cause my soul is free from sin, and pure, and whole,
 2. I know that sin and guilt com - bine To reign o'er e - very thought of mine,
 3. I know that of - ten when I strive To keep a spark of love a - live

No chord G7 C Dm7 (add4) C/E C G D7/A G C

5
 And wor - thy of Thy grace; I do not speak to Thee be - cause I've
 And turn from good to ill; I know that when I try to be Up -
 For Thee, the powers with - in Leap up in un - sub - mis - sive might, And

10 /E F G/F C/E C G No chord G7 C

e - ver just - ly kept Thy laws, And dare to meet Thy face.
 right, and just, and true to Thee, I am a sin - ner still!
 oft be - numb my sense of right, And draw me back to sin.

4.
 I know that, though in doing good
 I spend my life, I never could
 Atone for all I've done;
 But though my sins are black as night,
 I dare to come before Thy sight,
 Because I trust Thy Son.

5.
 In Him alone my trust I place—
 Come boldly to Thy throne of grace,
 And there commune with Thee;
 Salvation sure, O Lord, is mine,
 And, all-unworthy, I am Thine,
 For Jesus died for me!

Frank B. St. John, c. 1879

218(ii)

I DO NOT COME 8.8.6.D 6

Christine Dieckmann

♩ = 68

E D

1. I do not come be - cause my soul is free from sin, and pure, and whole, And
 2. I know that sin and guilt com - bine To reign o'er e - very thought of mine, And
 3. I know that of - ten when I strive To keep a spark of love a - live For

6 A B E

wor - thy of Thy grace; I do not speak to
 turn from good to ill; I know that when I
 Thee, the powers with - in Leap up in un - sub -

11 D A B

Thee be - cause I've e - ver just - ly kept Thy laws, And dare to meet Thy
 try to be Up - right, and just, and true to Thee, I am a sin - ner
 mis - sive might, And oft be - numb my sense of right, And draw me back to

16 E D A/C# D

face. And dare to meet Thy
 still! I am a sin - ner
 sin. And draw me back to

20 E

face.
 still.
 sin.

v. 1-4 v. 5

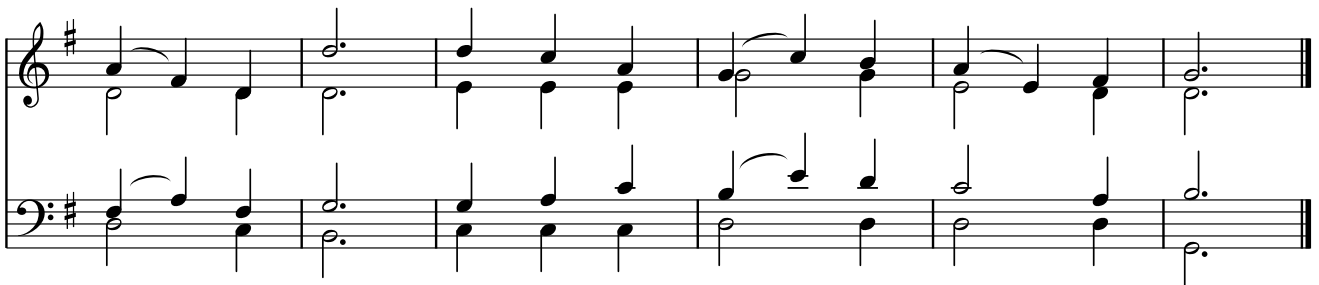
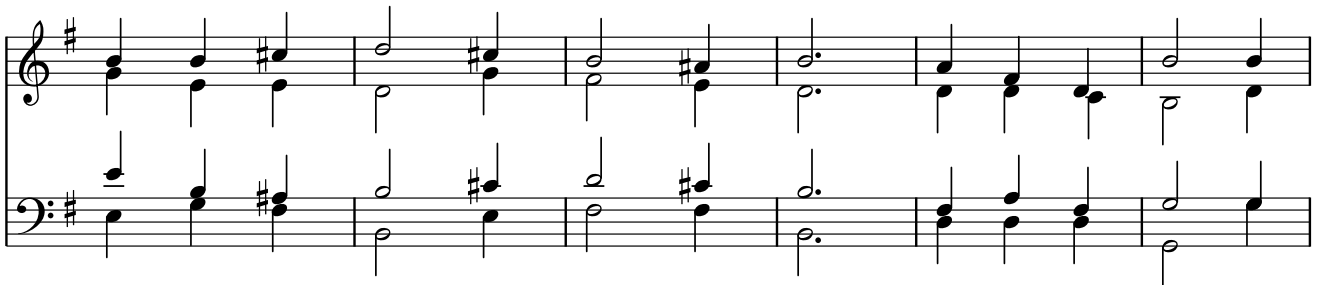
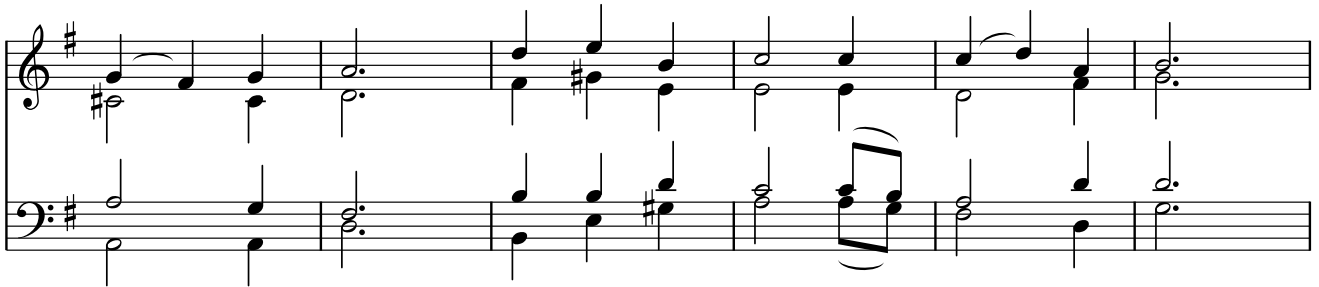
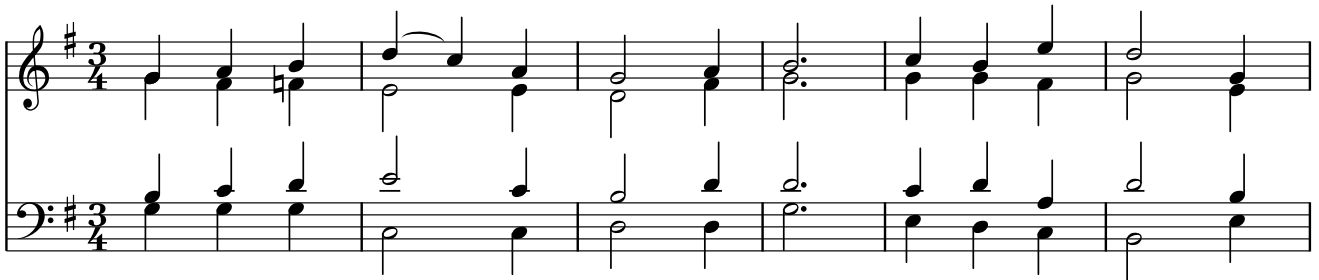
4.
 I know that, though in doing good
 I spend my life, I never could
 Atone for all I've done;
 But though my sins are black as night,
 I dare to come before Thy sight,
 Because I trust Thy Son.

5.
 In Him alone my trust I place—
 Come boldly to Thy throne of grace,
 And there commune with Thee;
 Salvation sure, O Lord, is mine,
 And, all-unworthy, I am Thine,
 For Jesus died for me!

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1.
 Jesu, in whom the weary find
 Their late, but permanent repose,
 Physician of the sin-sick mind,
 Relieve my wants, assuage my woes;
 And let my soul on Thee be cast,
 Till life's fierce tyranny be past.

2.
 Loosed from my God, and far removed,
 Long have I wandered to and fro,
 O'er earth in endless circles roved,
 Nor found whereon to rest below:
 Back to my God at last I fly,
 For O, the waters still are high!

3.
 Selfish pursuits, and nature's maze,
 The things of earth, for Thee I leave;
 Put forth Thy hand, Thy hand of grace,
 Into the ark of love receive,
 Take this poor fluttering soul to rest,
 And lodge it, Saviour, in Thy breast.

4.
 Fill with inviolable peace,
 'Stablish and keep my settled heart;
 In Thee may all my wanderings cease,
 From Thee no more may I depart;
 Thy utmost goodness called to prove,
 Loved with an everlasting love!

Charles Wesley, 1707–88

221(i)

HOLLINGSIDE 7.7.7.7 D

John Bacchus Dykes, 1823–76

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in the key of D major (indicated by two sharps) and 4/4 time. The melody in the upper staff begins with a quarter note D4, followed by quarter notes E4, F#4, G4, A4, B4, C5, and D5. The bass line starts with a quarter note D3, followed by quarter notes E3, F#3, G3, A3, B3, C4, and D4. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The second system of music continues the piece. The upper staff features a melodic line with a dotted quarter note G4, an eighth note A4, a quarter note B4, and a quarter note C5. The bass line continues with quarter notes D4, E4, F#4, G4, A4, B4, C5, and D5. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The third system of music continues the piece. The upper staff features a melodic line with a dotted quarter note G4, an eighth note A4, a quarter note B4, and a quarter note C5. The bass line continues with quarter notes D4, E4, F#4, G4, A4, B4, C5, and D5. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The fourth system of music concludes the piece. The upper staff features a melodic line with a dotted quarter note G4, an eighth note A4, a quarter note B4, and a quarter note C5. The bass line continues with quarter notes D4, E4, F#4, G4, A4, B4, C5, and D5. The system concludes with a double bar line.

221 (i)

1.

Jesu, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!

2.

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring:
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3.

Wilt Thou not regard my call?
Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?
Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall;
Lo! on Thee I cast my care.
Reach me out Thy gracious hand!
While I of Thy strength receive,
Hoping against hope I stand,
Dying, and behold, I live!

4.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name;
I am all unrighteousness:
False and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

5.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

Charles Wesley, 1707–88

221(ii)

ABERYSTWYTH 7.7.7.7 D

Joseph Parry, 1841–1903

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It begins with a half note chord (F#4, A4) followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, including a triplet of eighth notes (G#4, A4, B4) and a half note (C5). The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. It begins with a half note chord (F#2, A2) followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, including a triplet of eighth notes (G#2, A2, B2) and a half note (C3).

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The upper staff features a half note chord (F#4, A4) followed by eighth notes (B4, C5), a triplet of eighth notes (D5, E5, F#5), and a half note (G5). The lower staff continues with eighth and sixteenth notes, including a triplet of eighth notes (A2, B2, C3) and a half note (D3).

The third system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The upper staff features a half note chord (F#4, A4) followed by eighth notes (B4, C5), a triplet of eighth notes (D5, E5, F#5), and a half note (G5). The lower staff continues with eighth and sixteenth notes, including a triplet of eighth notes (A2, B2, C3) and a half note (D3).

The fourth system of music concludes the piece. The upper staff features a half note chord (F#4, A4) followed by eighth notes (B4, C5), a triplet of eighth notes (D5, E5, F#5), and a half note (G5). The lower staff continues with eighth and sixteenth notes, including a triplet of eighth notes (A2, B2, C3) and a half note (D3).

221(ii)

1.

Jesu, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!

2.

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring:
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3.

Wilt Thou not regard my call?
Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?
Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall;
Lo! on Thee I cast my care.
Reach me out Thy gracious hand!
While I of Thy strength receive,
Hoping against hope I stand,
Dying, and behold, I live!

4.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name;
I am all unrighteousness:
False and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

5.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

Charles Wesley, 1707–88

1.
Jesus, my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
On whom I cast my every care,
On whom for all things I depend,
Inspire, and then accept, my prayer.

2.
If I have tasted of Thy grace,
The grace that sure salvation brings;
If with me now Thy Spirit stays,
And hovering hides me in His wings:

3.
Still let Him with my weakness stay,
Nor for a moment's space depart,
Evil and danger turn away,
And keep till He renews my heart.

4.
When to the right or left I stray,
His voice behind me may I hear:
'Return, and walk in Christ thy way;
Fly back to Christ, for sin is near!'

5.
His sacred Unction from above
Be still my Comforter and Guide;
Till all the hardness He remove,
And in my loving heart reside.

6.
Jesus, I fain would walk in Thee,
From nature's every path retreat;
Thou art my Way, my Leader be,
And set upon the rock my feet.

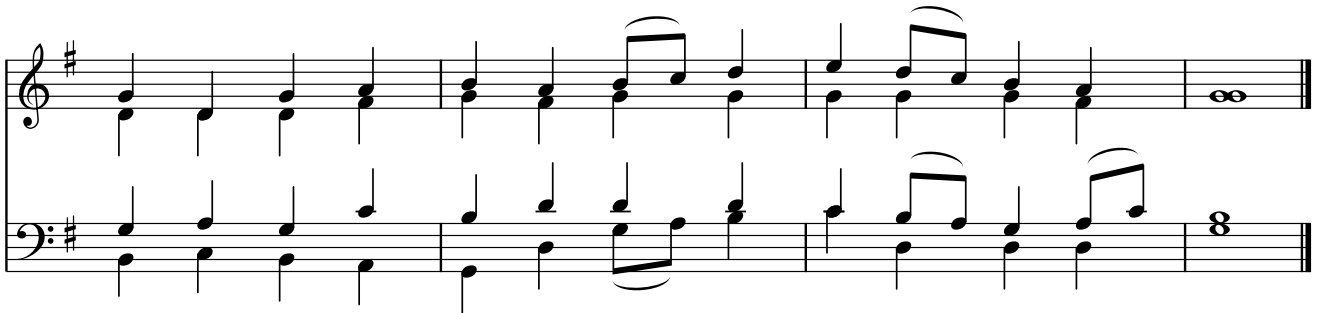
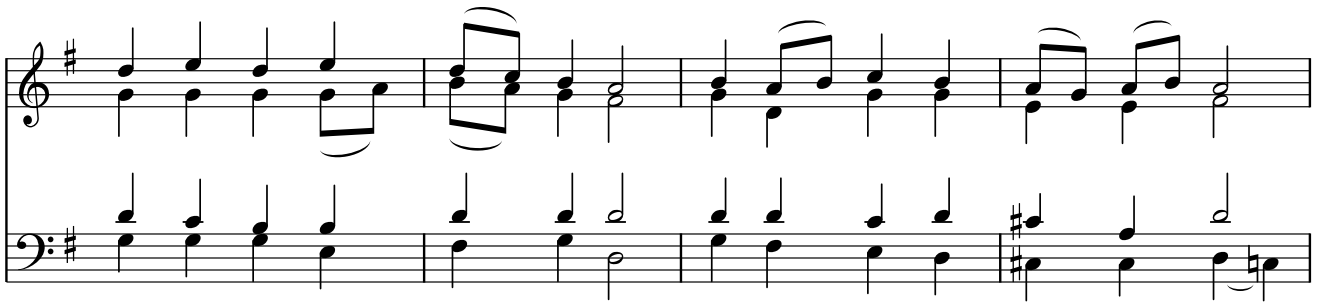
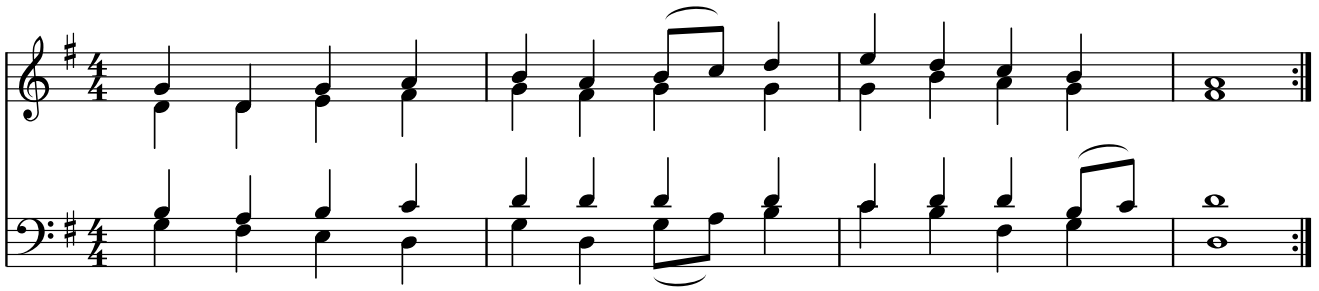
7.
Uphold me, Saviour, or I fall,
O reach me out Thy gracious hand!
Only on Thee for help I call,
Only by faith in Thee I stand.

Charles Wesley, 1707–88

223

AMSTERDAM 7.6.7.6.7.7.6

Melody from John Wesley's 'Sacred Harmony', 1789

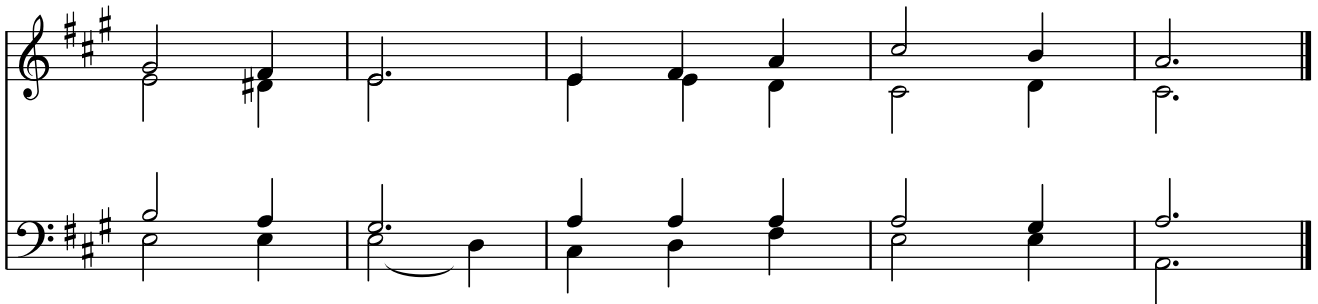
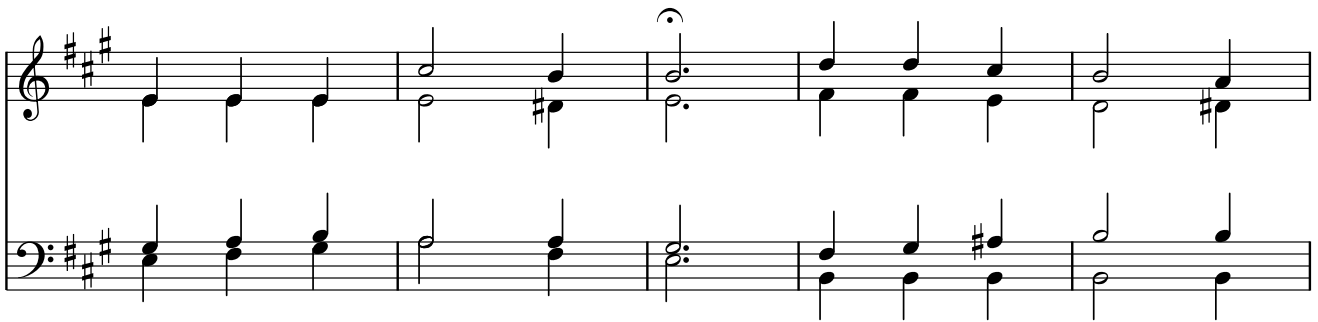
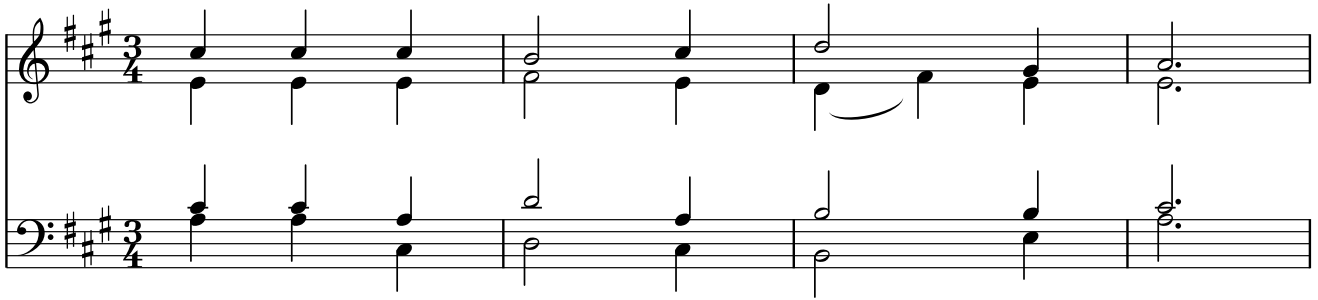


1.
 Jesus, Saviour, fill my heart
 With nothing else but Thee;
 Now Thy saving pow'r exert,
 And more than conquer me:
 Each intruding rival kill,
 That hinders or obstructs Thy reign:
 All Thy glorious might reveal,
 And make me pure within.

2.
 Through my soul in mercy shine,
 Thine Holy Spirit give;
 Let Him witness, Lord, with mine
 That I in Jesus live;
 Set me free from Satan's load,
 The gift of Liberty dispense,
 In my heart, O shed abroad
 Thy quick'ning influence.

3.
 Let the gifts bestowed on me,
 Live to Thy praise alone;
 Lord, the talents lent by Thee
 Are Thine and not my own:
 May I in Thy service spend
 All the graces Thou hast given,
 Taken up, when time shall end,
 To live and reign in heaven.

Augustus Montague Toplady, 1740–78



1.
 Jesu, the very thought of Thee
 With sweetness fills my breast;
 But sweeter far Thy face to see,
 And in Thy presence rest.

2.
 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
 Nor can the memory find
 A sweeter sound than Thy blest Name,
 O Saviour of mankind!

3.
 O Hope of every contrite heart,
 O Joy of all the meek,
 To those who fall how kind Thou art!
 How good to those who seek!

4.
 But what to those who find? Ah, this!
 Nor tongue nor pen can show:
 The love of Jesus, what it is
 None but His loved ones know.

5.
 O Jesu, Light of all below!
 Thou Fount of life and fire!
 Surpassing all the joys we know,
 And all we can desire:

6.
 Jesu, our only joy be Thou,
 As Thou our prize wilt be;
 Jesu, be Thou our glory now,
 And through eternity.

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091–1153
tr. Edward Caswall, 1814–78

225

SURREY (Carey) 8.8.8.8.8.8

Later form of melody by Henry Carey, c. 1687–1743

The first system of musical notation for 'Surrey' consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is written in a homophonic style with chords and single notes.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. It features two staves in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of one sharp and a 3/4 time signature. The melody in the upper staff includes a sharp sign on the second measure.

The third system of musical notation continues the piece. It features two staves in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of one sharp and a 3/4 time signature. The melody in the upper staff includes a sharp sign on the fifth measure.

The fourth system of musical notation continues the piece. It features two staves in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of one sharp and a 3/4 time signature. The melody in the upper staff includes a sharp sign on the second measure.

The fifth system of musical notation concludes the piece. It features two staves in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of one sharp and a 3/4 time signature. The melody in the upper staff includes a sharp sign on the second measure.

225

1.
Jesu, Thou sovereign Lord of all,
The same through one eternal day,
Attend thy feeblest followers' call,
And O instruct us how to pray!
Pour out the supplicating grace,
And stir us up to seek Thy face.

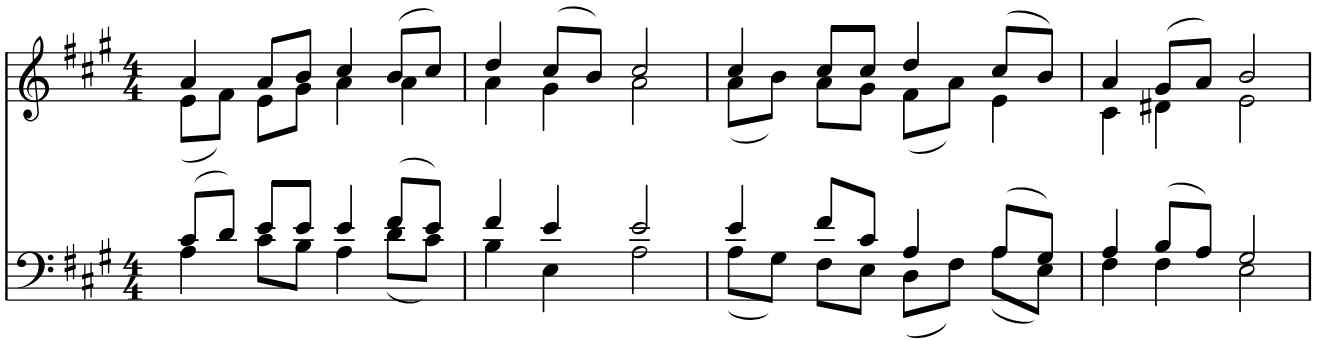
2.
We cannot think a gracious thought,
We cannot feel a good desire,
Till Thou, who call'dst a world from nought,
The power into our hearts inspire;
And then we in Thy Spirit groan,
And then we give Thee back Thine own.

3.
Jesus, regard the joint complaint
Of all Thy tempted followers here,
And now supply the common want,
And send us down the Comforter;
The Spirit of ceaseless prayer impart,
And fix Thy Agent in our heart.

4.
To help our soul's infirmity,
To heal Thy sin-sick people's care,
To urge our God-commanding plea,
And make our hearts a house of prayer,
The promised Intercessor give,
And let us now Thyself receive.

5.
Come in Thy pleading Spirit down
To us who for Thy coming stay;
Of all Thy gifts we ask but one,
We ask the constant power to pray:
Indulge us, Lord, in this request,
Thou canst not then deny the rest.

Charles Wesley, 1707–88



1.

Lord, I was blind! I could not see
 In Thy marred visage any grace;
 But now the beauty of Thy face
 In radiant vision dawns on me.

2.

Lord, I was deaf! I could not hear
 The thrilling music of Thy voice,
 But now I hear Thee and rejoice,
 And all Thine uttered words are dear.

3.

Lord, I was dumb! I could not speak
 The grace and glory of Thy name;
 But now, as touched with living flame,
 My lips Thine eager praises wake.

4.

Lord, I was dead! I could not stir
 My lifeless soul to come to Thee;
 But now, since Thou hast quickened me,
 I rise from sin's dark sepulchre.

5.

For Thou hast made the blind to see,
 The deaf to hear, the dumb to speak,
 The dead to live; and lo, I break
 The chains of my captivity!

William Tidd Matson, 1833–99

1.
 Make me a captive, Lord,
 And then I shall be free;
 Force me to render up my sword,
 And I shall conqueror be.
 I sink in life's alarms
 When by myself I stand;
 Imprison me within Thine arms,
 And strong shall be my hand.

2.
 My heart is weak and poor
 Until it master find;
 It has no spring of action sure—
 It varies with the wind.
 It cannot freely move,
 Till Thou hast wrought its chain;
 Enslave it with Thy matchless love,
 And deathless it shall reign.

3.
 My power is faint and low
 Till I have learned to serve;
 It wants the needed fire to glow,
 It wants the breeze to nerve;
 It cannot drive the world,
 Until itself be driven;
 Its flag can only be unfurled
 When Thou shalt breathe from heaven.

4.
 My will is not my own
 Till Thou hast made it Thine;
 If it would reach a monarch's throne
 It must its crown resign;
 It only stands unbent,
 Amid the clashing strife,
 When on Thy bosom it has leant,
 And found in Thee its life.

George Matheson, 1842–1906

♩ = 120

Dm Gm Dm /C

1. My ___ eyes ran down foun - tains of tears For the
2. Sad ___ are the full sor - rows of man; Deep ___
3. He can - not see the glo - ry of God; He can -
4. In pur - suit of his full - ness he goes To ___

5 Bb vv. 2-4, 6, 7 C C7 Dm /C

lost, the lost of my land. Oh, ___
are both his ter - rors and fears; His ___
not feel the touch of His hand. All ___
wrest from the po - wers un - known The ___

9 Bb C C7 Dm

when would the pro - phet ap - pear And the
emp - ti - ness leaves him with nought; His ___
Na - ture is closed off to him By the
se - cret and full - ness of life, Yet re -

13 Gm Dm

word of God take up its stand?
stri - vings lead on but to tears.
i - dols that rule in his land.
ceives but the things he has sown.

5. My eyes ran down fountains of tears
For the lost, the lost of my land.
But the Prophet, the Son has appeared;
As the Word He has taken His stand.

6. He has broken the bonds of man's sin,
He has caused the dark powers to flee.
He has grappled with sin's awful curse
And set His humanity free.

7. Now the light has been poured from on high,
And life flows to men through new birth,
For the Prophet has come and redeemed,
And His glory has filled the whole earth.

Music © 1983 Rosslyn Meatheringam and Kay Carney (nee Robinson). Used by permission.
Arrangement © 1993 Evniki Hudson. Used by permission.

1.
My heart is full of Christ, and longs
Its glorious matter to declare!
Of Him I make my loftier songs,
I cannot from His praise forbear;
My ready tongue makes haste to sing
The glories of my heavenly King.

2.
Fairer than all the earth-born race,
Perfect in comeliness Thou art;
Replenished are Thy lips with grace,
And full of love Thy tender heart:
God ever blest! we bow the knee,
And own all fullness dwells in Thee.

3.
Gird on Thy thigh the Spirit's sword,
And take to Thee Thy power divine;
Stir up Thy strength, almighty Lord,
All power and majesty are Thine:
Assert Thy worship and renown;
O all-redeeming God, come down!

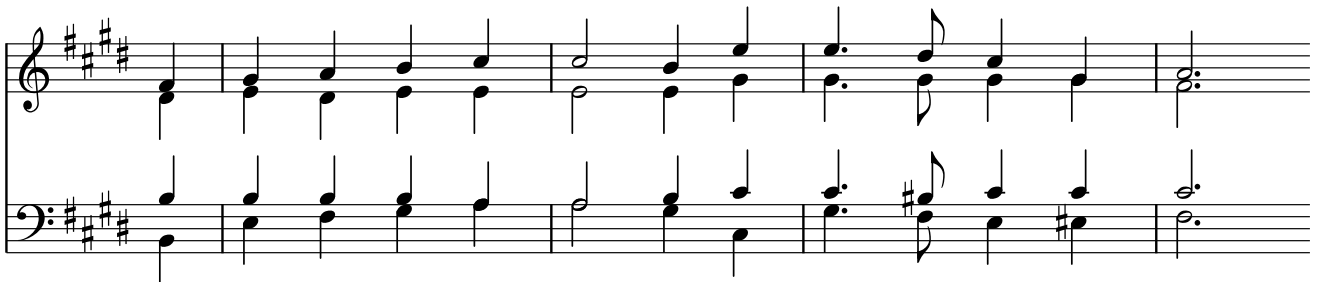
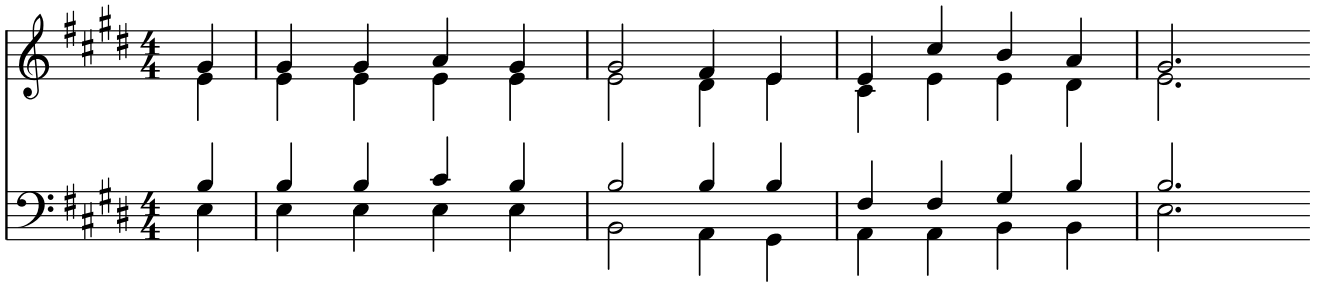
4.
Come, and maintain Thy righteous cause,
And let Thy glorious toil succeed;
Dispread the victory of Thy Cross,
Ride on, and prosper in Thy deed;
Through earth triumphantly ride on,
And reign in every heart alone.

Charles Wesley, 1707–88

230

AURELIA 7.6.7.6 D

Samuel Sebastian Wesley, 1810–76

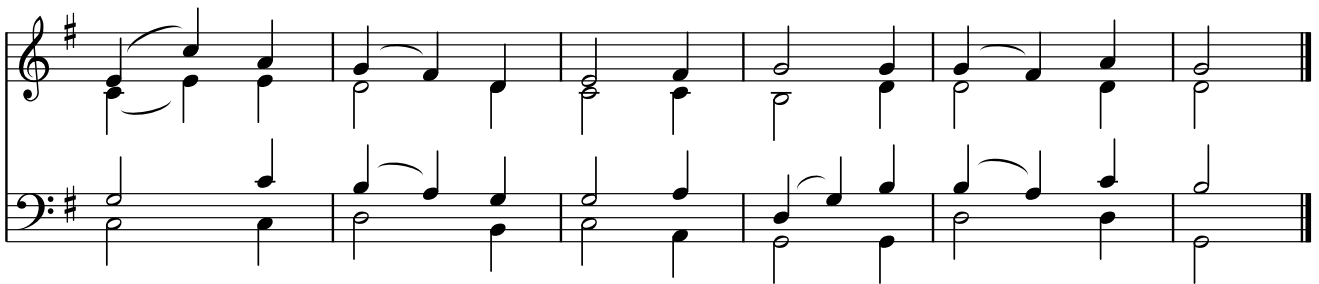
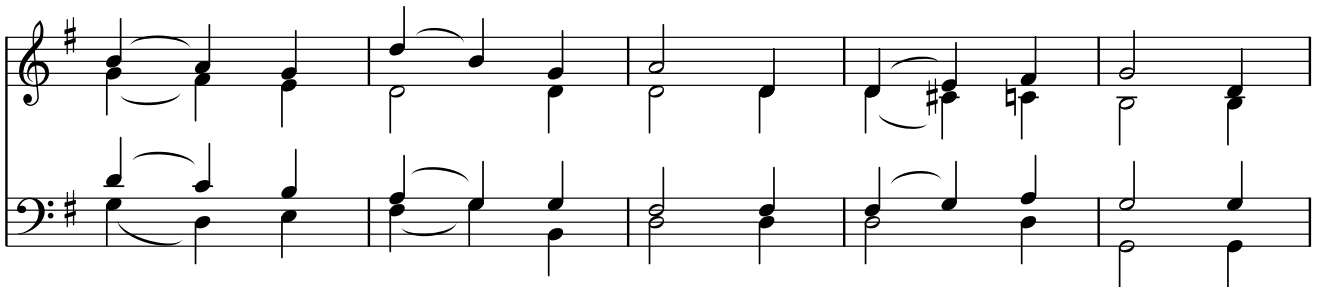
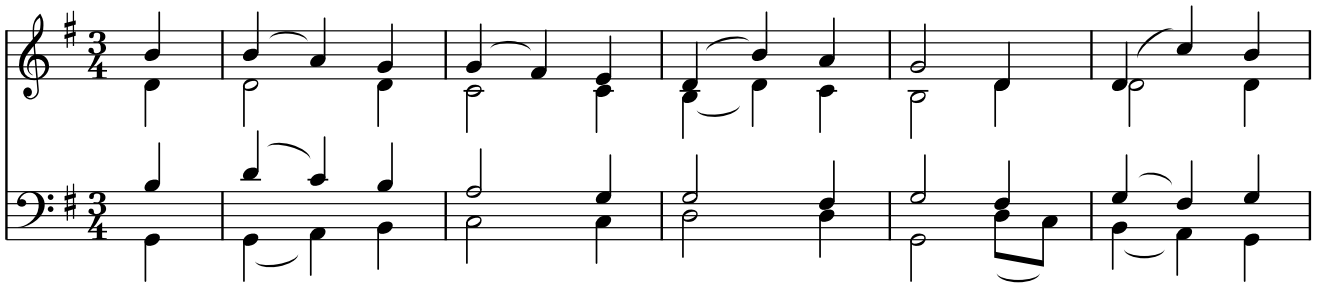


1.
O God of earth and altar,
Bow down and hear our cry,
Our earthly rulers falter,
Our people drift and die;
The walls of gold entomb us,
The swords of scorn divide,
Take not Thy thunder from us,
But take away our pride.

2.
From all that terror teaches,
From lies of tongue and pen,
From all the easy speeches
That comfort cruel men,
From sale and profanation
Of honour and the sword,
From sleep and from damnation,
Deliver us, good Lord!

3.
Tie in a living tether
The prince and priest and thrall;
Bind all our lives together,
Smite us and save us all;
In ire and exultation,
Aflame with faith, and free,
Lift up a living nation,
A single sword to Thee.

Gilbert Keith Chesterton, 1874–1936



1.
O Lord, enlarge our scanty thought
To know the wonders Thou hast wrought;
Unloose our stammering tongues, to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable.

2.
What are our works but sin and death,
Till Thou Thy quickening Spirit breathe;
Thou giv'st the power Thy grace to move:
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!

3.
How can it be, Thou heavenly King,
That Thou shouldst us to glory bring;
Make slaves the partners of Thy throne,
Decked with a never-fading crown?

4.
Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost; nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,
My Lord, my Love is crucified!

5.
First-born of many brethren Thou;
To Thee, lo! all our souls we bow;
To Thee our hearts and hands we give:
Thine may we die, Thine may we live!

Nicolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, 1700–60
Johann Nitschmann, 1712–83
Anna Nitschmann, 1715–60
tr. John Wesley, 1703–91

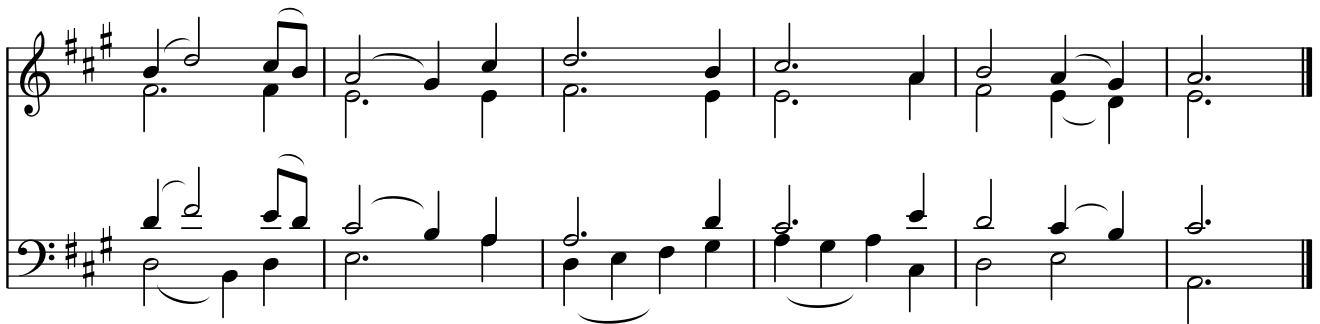
232(i)

WILTON 8.8.8.8

Samuel Stanley, 1767–1822



v. 1



1.
O Thou who camest from above
The pure celestial fire to impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart!
2.
There let it for Thy glory burn
With inextinguishable blaze;
And trembling to its source return,
In humble prayer and fervent praise.
3.
Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
To work, and speak, and think for Thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up Thy gift in me;
4.
Ready for all Thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death Thine endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

Charles Wesley, 1707–88

232(ii)

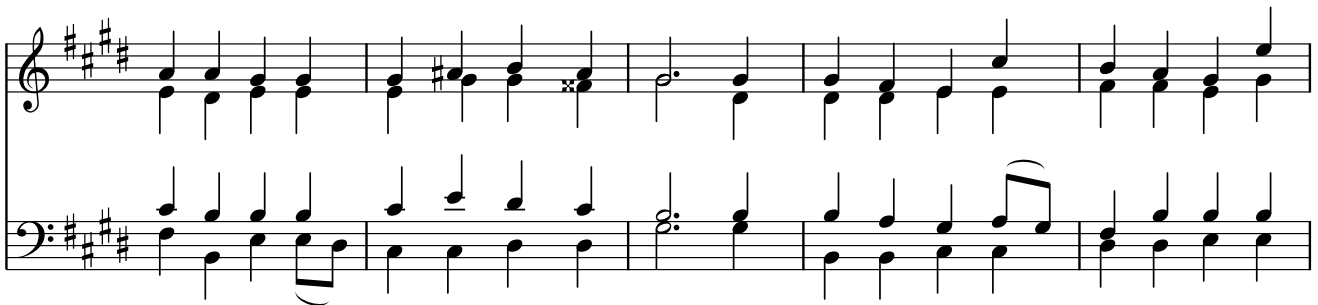
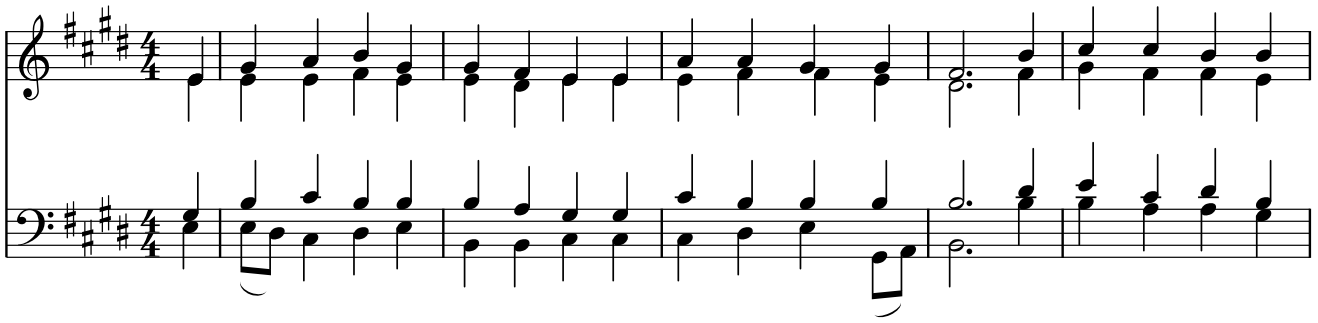
HEREFORD 8.8.8.8

Samuel Sebastian Wesley, 1810–76

The image displays a musical score for a hymn, consisting of three systems of music. Each system includes a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff, both in the key of B major (indicated by four sharps) and a 3/4 time signature. The music is written in a style typical of 19th-century hymnals, featuring a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together, and rests. The first system has 8 measures, the second system has 8 measures, and the third system has 8 measures, ending with a double bar line. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, while the bass clef provides a harmonic accompaniment.

1.
O Thou who camest from above
The pure celestial fire to impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart!
2.
There let it for Thy glory burn
With inextinguishable blaze;
And trembling to its source return,
In humble prayer and fervent praise.
3.
Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
To work, and speak, and think for Thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up Thy gift in me;
4.
Ready for all Thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death Thine endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

Charles Wesley, 1707–88



1.
Out of the depths I cry to Thee,
Lord God. O hear my prayer!
Incline a gracious ear to me,
And bid me not despair:
If Thou rememberest each misdeed,
If each should have its rightful meed,
Lord, who shall stand before Thee?

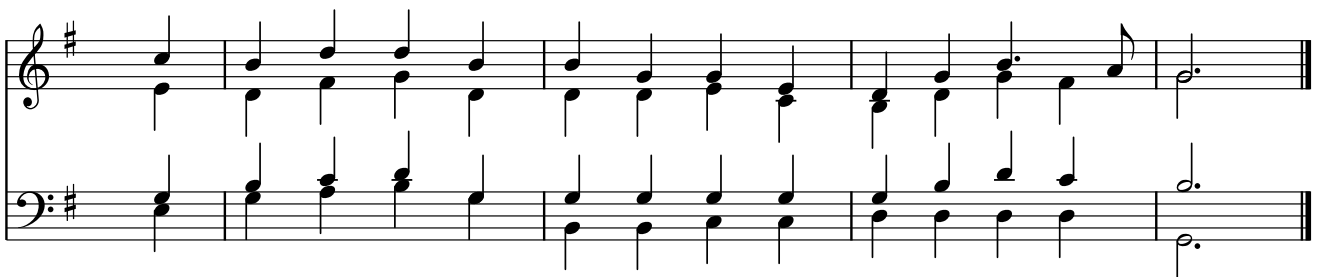
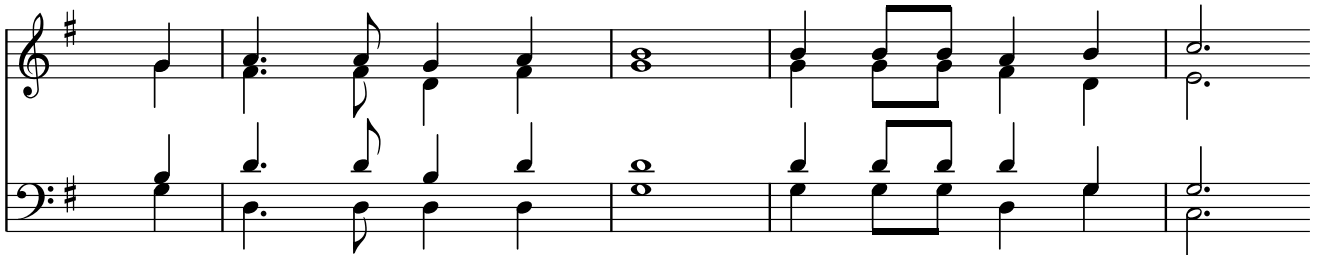
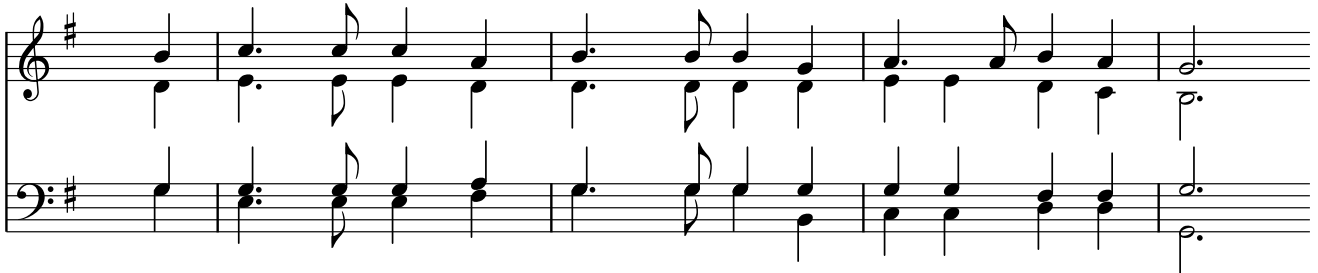
2.
'Tis through Thy love alone we gain
The pardon of our sin;
The strictest life is but in vain,
Our works can nothing win;
That none should boast himself of aught,
But own in fear Thy grace hath wrought
What in him seemeth righteous.

3.
Wherefore my hope is in the Lord,
My works I count but dust,
I build not there, but on His word,
And in His goodness trust.
Up to His care myself I yield,
He is my tower, my rock, my shield,
And for His help I tarry.

4.
And though it linger till the night,
And round again till morn,
My heart shall ne'er mistrust Thy might,
Nor count itself forlorn.
Do thus, O ye of Israel's seed,
Ye of the Spirit born indeed,
Wait for your God's appearing.

5.
Though great our sins and sore our wounds,
And deep and dark our fall,
His helping mercy hath no bounds,
His love surpasseth all.
Our trusty loving Shepherd He,
Who shall at last set Israel free
From all their sin and sorrow.

Martin Luther, 1483–1546
tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827–78



1.
Pray, without ceasing pray,
Your Captain gives the word;
His summons cheerfully obey,
And call upon the Lord:
To God your every want
In instant prayer display;
Pray always; pray, and never faint;
Pray, without ceasing pray!

2.
In fellowship, alone,
To God with faith draw near,
Approach His courts, besiege His throne
With all the powers of prayer:
Go to His temple, go,
Nor from His altar move;
Let every house His worship know,
And every heart His love.

3.
Pour out your souls to God,
And bow them with your knees,
And spread your hearts and hands abroad,
And pray for Zion's peace;
Your guides and brethren bear
For ever on your mind;
Extend the arms of mighty prayer,
In grasping all mankind.

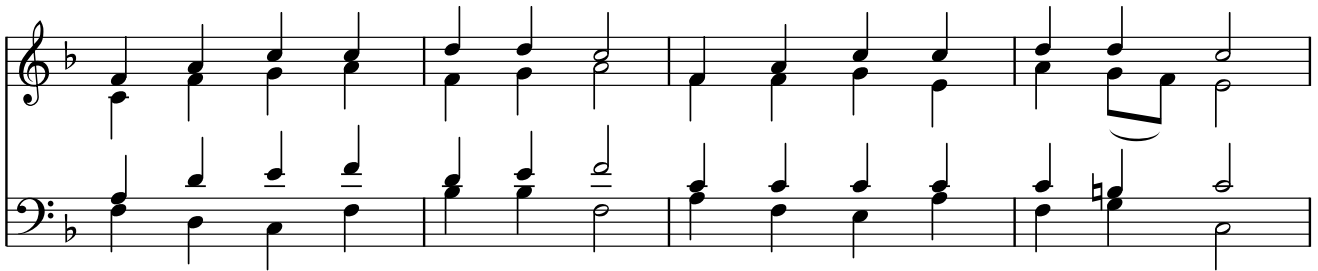
4.
From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray,
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day;
Still let the Spirit cry
In all His soldiers: Come!
Till Christ the Lord descend from high,
And take the conquerors home.

Charles Wesley, 1707–88

235(i)

PETRA (Ajalon, Redhead no.76) 7.7.7.7.7

Richard Redhead, 1820–1901



1.
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2.
Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands,
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3.
Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

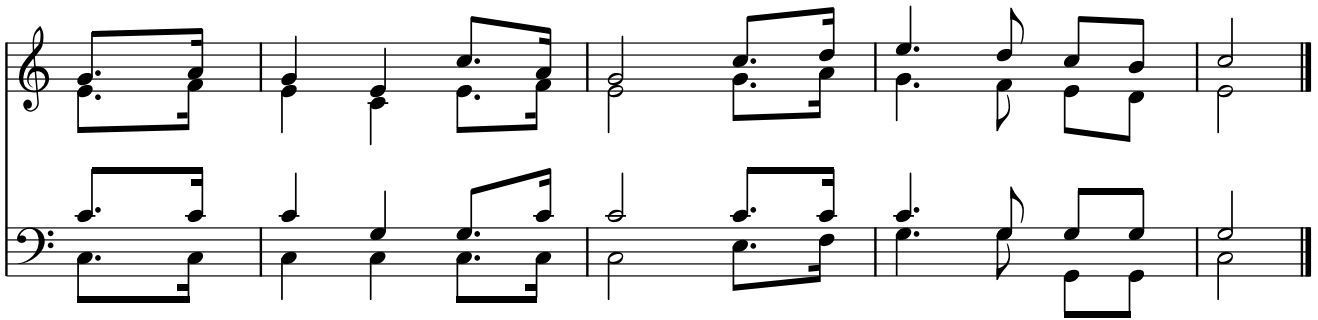
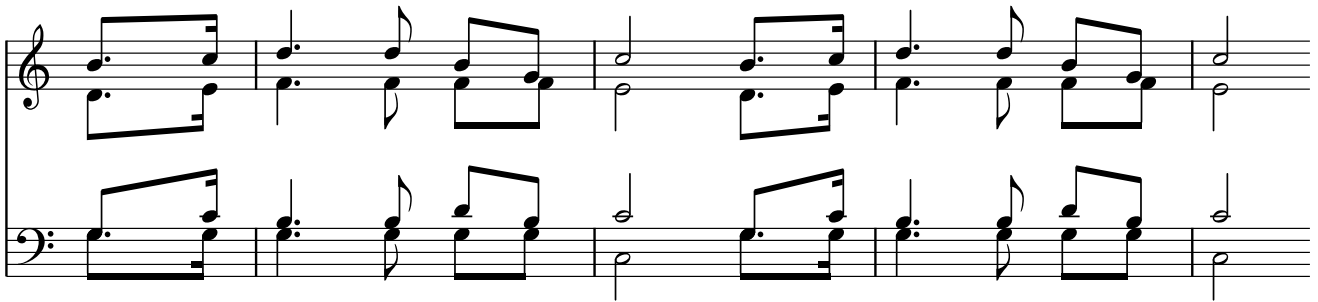
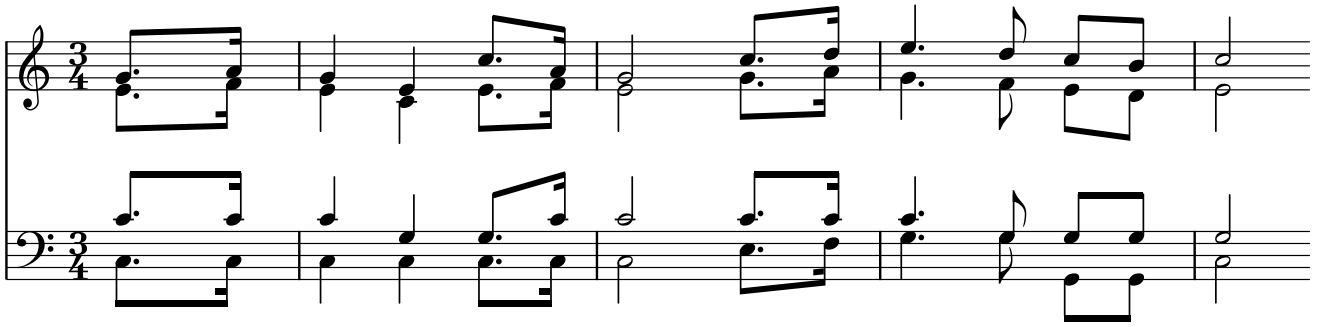
4.
While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgement-throne:
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Augustus Montague Toplady, 1740–78

235(ii)

TOPLADY 7.7.7.7.7

Thomas Hastings, 1784–1872



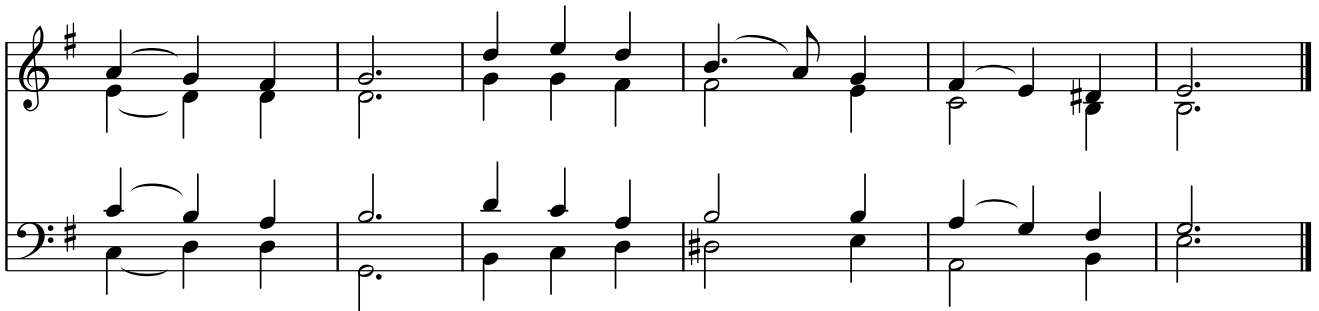
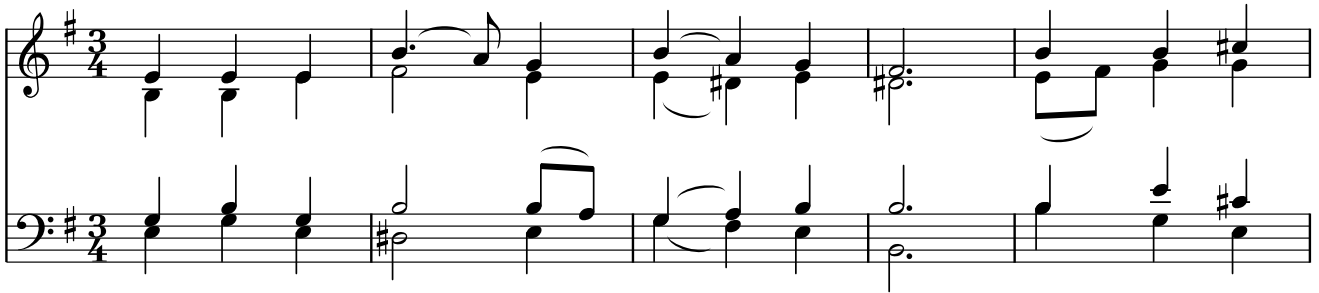
1.
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2.
Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands,
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3.
Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4.
While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgement-throne:
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Augustus Montague Toplady, 1740–78



1.
Wherewith, O God, shall I draw near,
And bow myself before Thy face?
How in Thy purer eyes appear?
What shall I bring to gain Thy grace?

2.
Whoe'er to Thee themselves approve
Must take the path Thy Word hath showed,
Justice pursue, and mercy love,
And humbly walk by faith with God.

3.
But though my life henceforth be Thine,
Present for past can ne'er atone;
Though I to Thee the whole resign,
I only give Thee back Thine own.

4.
What have I then wherein to trust?
I nothing have, I nothing am;
Excluded is my every boast,
My glory swallowed up in shame.

5.
Guilty I stand before Thy face,
On me I feel Thy wrath abide;
'Tis just the sentence should take place;
'Tis just—but O Thy Son hath died!

6.
Jesus, the Lamb of God, hath bled,
He bore our sins upon the tree;
Beneath our curse He bowed His head;
'Tis finished! He hath died for me!

7.
See where before the throne He stands,
And pours the all-prevailing prayer,
Points to His side, and lifts His hands,
And shows that I am graven there.

8.
He ever lives for me to pray;
He prays that I with Him may reign:
Amen to what my Lord doth say!
Jesus, Thou canst not pray in vain.

Charles Wesley, 1707–88

237

I KEEP YOUR TEACHING 9.8.9.8

Colin Jones

arr. Christine Dieckmann

♩ = 108

1. You have blessed me with so much, my God, I

Simile

1. keep Your teach - ing in my heart;

1. You have blessed me with so much, my God, I

1. keep Your teach - ing in my heart.

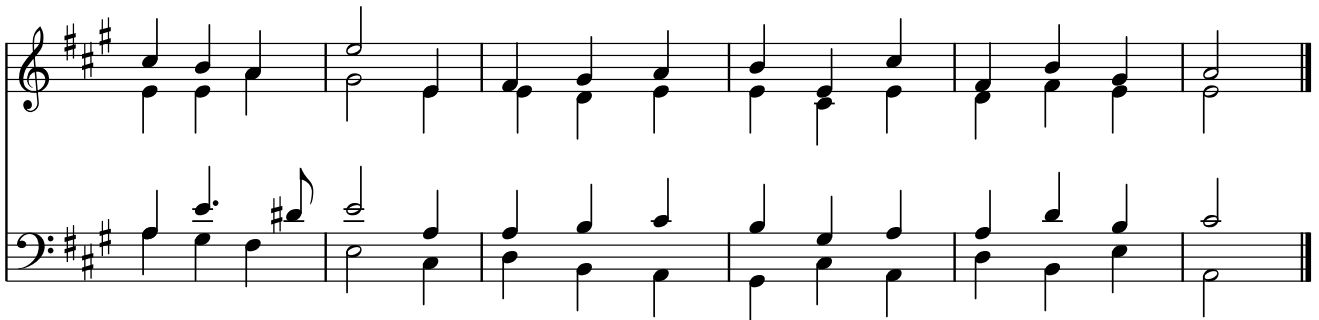
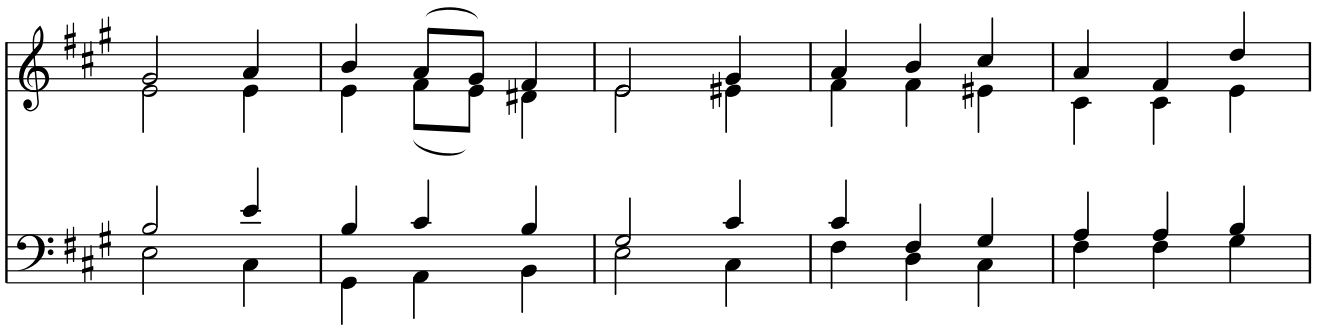
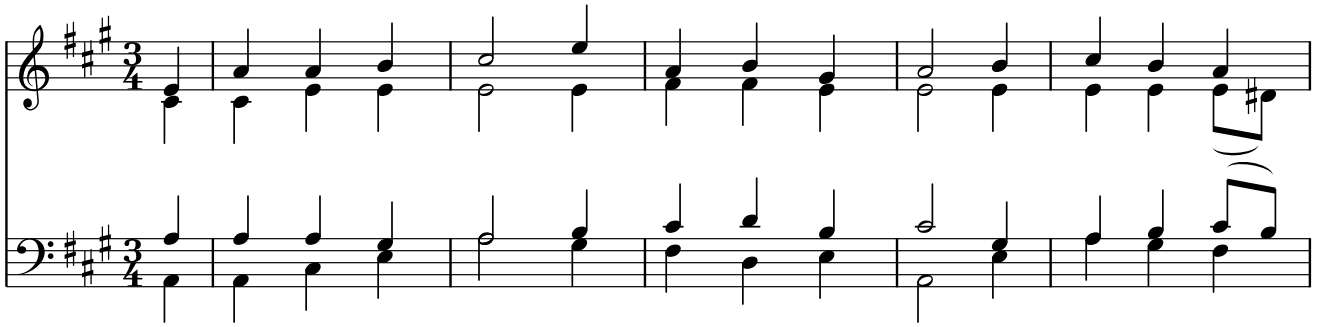
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Arrangement © 1993 Christine Dieckmann. Used by permission.

2.
You have stood me in Your grace, O God,
I keep Your teaching in my heart;
You have stood me in Your grace, O God,
I keep Your teaching in my heart.

3.
You have filled me with Your joy, O God,
I keep Your teaching in my heart;
You have filled me with Your joy, O God,
I keep Your teaching in my heart.

4.
How I love to do Your will, my God,
I keep Your teaching in my heart;
How I love to do Your will, my God,
I keep Your teaching in my heart.

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1.
Begone, unbelief; my Saviour is near,
And for my relief will surely appear:
By prayer let me wrestle, and He will perform;
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

2.
Though dark be my way, since He is my Guide,
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis His to provide;
Though cisterns be broken and creatures all fail,
The word He hath spoken shall surely prevail.

3.
His love in time past forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;
While each Ebenezer I have in review
Confirms His good pleasure to help me quite through.

4.
Why should I complain of want or distress,
Temptation or pain? He told me no less;
The heirs of salvation, I know from His word,
Through much tribulation must follow their Lord.

5.
Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the medicine food;
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long;
And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's song!

John Newton, 1725–1807

239

[Verses 1, 2 and 7 are number 177.]

HARWICH 5.5.11 D

Benjamin Milgrove, 1731–1810

G /B C G D/A G/B C/E C G Am/C E/B Am D /F#

1. My God, I am Thine, What a com - fort di - vine, What a bless - ing to
 2. True plea - sures a - bound In the rap - tu - rous sound, And who - e - ver hath
 3. My cup it runs o'er, I have com - fort and power, I have par - don— what

7 G A7/E D A D /F# G C/E G/D C /E G/D

know that my Je - sus is mine! In the hea - ven - ly Lamb Thrice
 found it hath pa - ra - dise found. My Je - sus to know, And
 can a poor sin - ner have more? He can have a new heart, So as

12 Am7/C G/B D7/A G D7/A G/B G C D Em /D C G/D D7 G

hap - py I am; My heart it doth dance at the sound of His name.
 feel His blood flow, 'Tis life e - ver - last - ing, 'tis hea - ven be - low.
 ne - ver to start From Thy paths: he may be in the world as Thou art.

4.
 I have faith in Thy blood,
 It hath brought me to God,
 And I in Thine image shall soon be renewed.
 I shall be thoroughly clean,
 And all holy within;
 Thine image can harbour no relics of sin.

5.
 He came from above
 Our curse to remove;
 He hath loved, He hath loved us, because He would love.
 Love moved Him to die,
 And on this we rely:
 He hath loved, He hath loved us, we cannot tell why!

6.
 We all shall commend
 The love of our Friend,
 For ever beginning what never shall end.
 When time is no more,
 We still shall adore
 That ocean of love without bottom, or shore.

7.
 Yet onward I haste
 To the heavenly feast;
 That, that is the fullness: but this is the taste.
 And this I shall prove
 Till with joy I remove
 To the heaven of heavens of Jesus' love.

Charles Wesley, 1707–88

240

BRIDE OF CHRIST 6.6.8.6

[Verses 1 and 6-9 are number 206.]

Kay Carney (nee Robinson)
arr. Rosslyn Meatheringham

E7/B A /C# E /G# A A7/E D Bm7 A/C# B7 E7

1. What though th' ac - cu - ser roar Of ills that I have done;
2. Sin, Sa - tan, death - press near To ha - rass and ap - pal;
3. Be - fore, be - hind, a - round They set their fierce ar - ray

6 A /C# C#dim Edim Bm/D A/C# Bm7 D Bm7 D E7 /G# D Bm7 A

I know them well, and thou - sands more: Je - ho - vah find - eth none.
Let but my ri - sen Lord ap - pear Back - ward they go and fall.
To fight and force me from my ground A - long Im - man - uel's way.

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4.
I meet them face to face
Through Jesus' conquest blest;
March in the triumph of His grace
Right onward to my rest.

5.
There in His book I bear
A more than conqueror's name:
A soldier, son and fellow heir
Who fought and overcame.

6.
His be the Victor's name
Who fought our fight alone:
Triumphant saints no honour claim;
Their conquest was His own.

7.
By weakness and defeat
He won the meed and crown;
Trod all our foes beneath His feet,
By being trodden down.

8.
He hell in hell laid low;
Made sin, He sin o'erthrew:
Bowed to the grave, destroyed it so,
And death, by dying, slew.

9.
Bless, bless the Conqueror slain—
Slain by Divine decree—
Who lived, who died, who lives again,
For thee, His saint, for thee!

S. W. Gandy, n.d.