



**Kay Carney (nee Robinson)
Psalm 42; 43:3–4**

- 1. As a deer longs for flowing streams,
So my soul longs for You, O God.
My heart pants for God,
How I thirst for the living God!
When shall I see my God?**

*Why are you cast down, O my soul?
And why are you disturbed within me?
Hope in God—for I shall again praise
Him
Who is my help and my God.*

- 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.**

*Why are you cast down, O my soul?
And why are you disturbed within me?
Hope in God—for I shall again praise
Him
Who is my help and my 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.**

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

- 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.**

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Charles Wesley, 1707–88

- 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 blessed 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.**

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Charles Wesley, 1707–88

- 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.**



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- 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.**

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- 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.**



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- 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

- 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

- 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 blessed 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.**



Frank B. St. John, c. 1879

- 1. I do not come because my soul
Is free from sin, and pure, and
whole,
And worthy of Thy grace;
I do not speak to Thee because
I've ever justly kept Thy laws,
And dare to meet Thy face.**
- 2. I know that sin and guilt combine
To reign o'er every thought of mine,
And turn from good to ill;
I know that when I try to be
Upright, and just, and true to Thee,
I am a sinner still!**



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- 3. I know that often when I strive
To keep a spark of love alive
For Thee, the powers within
Leap up in unsubmissive might,
And oft benumb 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!**



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Charles Wesley, 1707–88

- 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

- 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.**

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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.**



Augustus Montague Toplady, 1740–78

- 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.**

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

- 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.**



Charles Wesley, 1707–88

- 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.**



William Tidd Matson, 1833–99

- 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
quickenened 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!**

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George Matheson, 1842–1906

- 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.**



Geoffrey Bingham

- 1. My eyes ran down fountains of
tears
For the lost, the lost of my land.
Oh, when would the prophet
appear
And the word of God take up its
stand?**
- 2. Sad are the full sorrows of man;
Deep are both his terrors and
fears;
His emptiness leaves him with
nought;
His strivings lead on but to tears.**
- 3. He cannot see the glory of God;
He cannot feel the touch of His
hand.
All Nature is closed off to him
By the idols that rule in his land.**



**4. In pursuit of his fullness he goes
To wrest from the powers unknown
The secret and fullness of life,
Yet receives 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.**

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Charles Wesley, 1707–88

- 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.**

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Gilbert Keith Chesterton, 1874–1936

- 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.**

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

- 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!**



Charles Wesley, 1707–88

- 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.**



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

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.**



Charles Wesley, 1707–88

- 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.**



Augustus Montague Toplady, 1740–78

- 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.**



Charles Wesley, 1707–88

- 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.**



Colin Jones

- 1. You have blessed me with so much,
my God,
I keep Your teaching in my heart;
You have blessed me with so much,
my God,
I keep Your teaching in my heart.**
- 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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John Newton, 1725–1807

- 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!**



Charles Wesley, 1707–88

- 1. My God, I am Thine,
What a comfort divine,
What a blessing to know that my
 Jesus is mine!
In the heavenly Lamb
Thrice happy I am;
My heart it doth dance at the sound
 of His name.**

- 2. True pleasures abound
In the rapturous sound,
And whoever hath found it hath
 paradise found.
My Jesus to know,
And feel His blood flow,
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven
 below.**



- 3. My cup it runs o'er,
I have comfort and power,
I have pardon—what can a poor
sinner have more?
He can have a new heart,
So as never 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.**

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

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S. W. Gandy, n.d.

- 1. What though th' accuser roar
Of ills that I have done;
I know them well, and thousands
more:
Jehovah findeth none.**

- 2. Sin, Satan, death press near
To harass and appal;
Let but my risen Lord appear
Backward they go and fall.**

- 3. Before, behind, around
They set their fierce array
To fight and force me from my
ground
Along Immanuel's way.**



- 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!**

*[Verses 1 and 6–9 are Volume 1, number 206.]
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