

Hymns

From Methodist Hymn Book

661

I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer
saves
With his own precious blood.

I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thine hand.

For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

714

BEHOLD! the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
On mountain-tops above the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow;
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
And to his house, we'll go.

The beam that shines from Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The king who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.

Among the nations he shall judge;
His judgments truth shall guide;
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And quell the sinner's pride.

No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds
Disturb those peaceful years;
To ploughshares men shall beat their
swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

No longer hosts, encountering hosts,
Shall crowds of slain deplore;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

Come, then, O house of Jacob! come
To worship at his shrine;
And walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

746

ONWARD, Christian soldiers, march-
ing as to war,
Looking unto Jesus, who is gone be-
fore!

Christ, the Royal Master, leads against
the foe;
Forward into battle see his banners go.
Onward, Christian soldiers, marching
as to war,
Looking unto Jesus, who is gone be-
fore!

Like a mighty army, moves the Church
of God;
Brothers, we are treading where the
saints have trod;
We are not divided, all one body we,
One in hope and doctrine, one in charity.
Onward, Christian soldiers, etc.

Crowns and thrones may perish, king-
doms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus constant will
remain;
Gates of hell can never 'gainst that
Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise, which
can never fail,
Onward, Christian soldiers, etc.

Onward, then, ye people, join our happy
throng;
Blend with ours your voices in the tri-
umph song.
Glory, praise, and honour, men and
angels sing,
Through the countless ages, unto Christ
the King.
Onward, Christian soldiers, etc.