

REV. E. P. HAMMOND.

OLD MELODY. Arranged.

1. My Je - sus, I would ne'er for - get That hour
 CHORUS.—I'll ne'er forget, I'll ne'er for - get, I'll ne'er I spent with Thee;
 forgetful be,

FOR INSTRUMENT.

When there I saw Thy bloody sweat, In dark Gethsemane.
 When there I saw Thy bloody sweat, In dark Gethsemane.

- 2 'Twas in that olive press I felt
 That Thou didst bleed for me;
 Alas! how great I saw my guilt
 While in Gethsemane.
- 3 'Twas there I felt my guilt and shame
 In oft forsaking Thee,

- How precious was Thy very name
 In dear Gethsemane.
- 4 Should e'er our love to Thee grow cold
 And we forgetful be,
 We'll call to mind Thy love untold
 While in Gethsemane.

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Christ's Vicarious Sacrifice.

I. WATTS.

TUNE: "Gethsemane."

- 1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
 And did my Sov'reign die?
 Would He devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I?

CHORUS.

- Help me, dear Saviour, Thee to own,
 And ever faithful be;
 And as Thou sittest on Thy throne
 ("Lord, remember me.")
- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
 He groan'd upon the tree?
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!
 And love beyond degree!

- 3 Well might the sun in darkness
 hide,
 And shut his glories in,
 When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
 For man, the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
 While His dear cross appears;
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe;
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
 'Tis all that I can do.

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God Loved the World.

MRS. STOCKTON.

TUNE: "Gethsemane."

- 1 God loved the world of sinners lost
 And ruined by the fall;
 Salvation full, at highest cost,
 He offers free to all.

CHORUS.

- Oh, it was love, 'twas wondrous love!
 The love of God to me;
 It brought my Saviour from above
 To die on Calvary.
- 2 'E'en now by faith I claim Him mine,
 The risen Son of God;

- Redemption by His death I find,
 And cleansing through His blood.
- 3 Love brings the glorious fulness in,
 And to His saints makes known
 The blessed rest from inbred sin,
 Through faith in Christ alone.
- 4 Of victory now o'er Satan's power,
 Let all the ransomed sing,
 And triumph, in the dying hour,
 Through Christ, the Lord, our
 King.