

**No. 108.** Tune—G. H. No. 1, p. 106.

- 1 Come every joyful heart,  
That loves the Saviour's name!  
Your noblest powers exert  
To celebrate His fame;  
Tell all above, and all below,  
The debt of love to Him we owe.
- 2 He left His starry crown,  
And laid His robes aside;  
On wings of love came down,  
And wept, and bled, and died;  
What He endured, no tongue can tell,  
To save our souls from death and hell.
- 3 From the dark grave He rose—  
The mansion of the dead;  
And thence His mighty foes  
In glorious triumph led;  
Up through the sky the Conqueror rode  
And reigns on high the Saviour God.
- 4 From thence He'll quickly come—  
His chariot will not stay—  
And bear our spirits home  
To realms of endless day;  
There shall we see His lovely face,  
And ever be in His embrace.

SAMUEL STENNET.

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**No. 109.** Tune—G. H. No. 1, p. 105.

- 1 My faith looks up to Thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Saviour divine;  
Now hear me while I pray,  
Take all my guilt away,  
O let me from this day  
Be wholly Thine.
- 2 May Thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart,  
My zeal inspire;  
As Thou hast died for me,  
O may my love to Thee,  
Pure, warm, and changeless be,  
A living fire.
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
And grief around me spread,  
Be Thou my guide;  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From Thee aside.
- 4 When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll;  
Blest Saviour, then in love,  
Fear and distrust remove;  
O, bear me safe above  
A ransom'd soul.

RAY PALMER.

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**No. 110.** Tune—G. H. No. 1, p. 85.

- 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,  
Save me from its guilt and power.

- 2 Not the labor of my hands  
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears forever flow,  
All for sin could not atone;  
Thou must save, and Thou alone.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When mine eyes shall close in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY.

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**No. 111.** Tune—G. H. No. 1, p. 84.

- 1 Jesus, 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 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;  
Vile, and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

CHARLES WESLEY.

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**No. 112.** Tune—G. H. No. 1, p. 104.

- 1 Come Thou Fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;  
Streams of mercy never ceasing,  
Call for songs of loudest praise;  
Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
Sung by flaming tongues above;  
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it,  
Mount of Thy redeeming love.
- 2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,  
Hither by Thy help I'm come;  
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home:  
Jesus sought me, when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God;  
He, to rescue me from danger,  
Interposed His precious blood.