

ASSOCIATION HYMNAL.

1

Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heav'n to earth come down,
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation
Enter every trembling heart.

Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into ev'ry troubled breast;
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find that rest.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

Finish, then, Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let it be!
Let us see Thy great salvation
Perfectly restored in Thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

2

[Canadian Hymnal, 210.

Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
||: Bread of heaven! ||:
Feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
||: Strong Deliverer! ||:
Be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
||: Songs of praises ||:
I will ever give to thee.

3

[Songs of Joy & Gladness, 155.

Like a river glorious
Is God's perfect peace,
Over all victorious
In its bright increase.
Perfect, yet it sloweth
Fuller every day;
Perfect, yet it groweth
Deeper all the way.

CHORUS.

Stayed upon Jehovah,
Hearts are truly blest,
Finding, as He promis'd,
Perfect peace and rest.

Hidden in the hollow
Of His blessed hand,
Never foe can follow,
Never traitor stand.
Not a surge of worry,
Not a shade of care,
Not a blast of hurry
Touch the spirit there.—*Cho.*

Ev'ry joy or trial
Falleth from above,
Traced upon our dial
By the Son of Love.
We may trust Him solely,
All for us to do;
They who trust Him wholly,
Find Him wholly true.—*Cho.*

4

[J. & G., 10.

Oh, blessed fellowship divine!
Oh, joy supremely sweet!
Companionship with Jesus here
Makes life with bliss replete:
In union with the purest one,
I find my heav'n on earth begun.

REFRAIN.

Oh, wondrous bliss! oh, joy sublime!
I've Jesus with me all the time!
Oh, wondrous bliss! oh, joy sublime,
I've Jesus with me all the time!

I know His shelt'ring wings of love
Are always o'er me spread;
And though the storms may fiercely rage,
All calm and free from dread,
My peaceful spirit ever sings,
"I'll trust the covert of thy wings."—*Ref.*