# The Crucifixion.

I. WATTS.

! When I survey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glory dled,

My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.

### CHORUS.

O Calvary! dark Calvary! My longing heart is turned to thee; O Calvary! dark Calvary! Speak to my heart from Calvary.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God:

Tune: No. 20 or 23. All the vain things that charm memost, I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His

Sorrow and love flow mingled down; Did e'er such love and sorrow meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a present far too small; Love so amazing, so divine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

## 22

## Blessed Assurance.

KEY OF D.

1 Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine! Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine! Heir of salvation, purchase of God, Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood.

#### CHORUS.

This is my story, this is my song, Praising my Saviour all the day long; This is my story, this is my song, Praising my Saviour all the day long. 3 Perfect submission, all is at rest, I in my Saviour am happy and blest, Watching and waiting, tooking above, Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

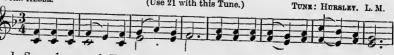
2 Perfect submission, perfect delight, Visions of rapture now burst on my

Angels descending bring from above Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

23

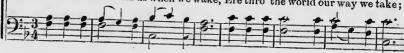
JOHN KEBLE.

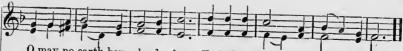
(Use 21 with this Tune.)



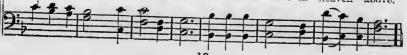
1. Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear, It is not night if Thou be near: 2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wearied eyelids gen - tly steep, 3. Abide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can - not live;

4. If some poor wandering child of Thine Have spurned to day the voice divine, 5. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take;





O may no earth-born cloud arise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes. Be my last thought, how sweet to rest Forever on my Saviour's breast. Abide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I Now, Lord, the gracious work begin; Let him no more lie down in sin.
Till in the o - cean of Thy love, We lose ourselves in heaven above.



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