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## The Crucifixion.

I. WATTS.

TUNE: No. 20 or 23.

- 1 When I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.

All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to His blood.

- 2 See, from His head, His hands, His  
feet,  
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.

## 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:

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## 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.

- 3 Perfect submission, all is at rest,  
I in my Saviour am happy and blest,  
Watching and waiting, looking above,  
Filled with His goodness, lost in  
His love.

## 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.

- 2 Perfect submission, perfect delight,  
Visions of rapture now burst on my  
sight,  
Angels descending bring from above  
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

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## Sun of My Soul.

JOHN KEBLE.

(Use 21 with this Tune.)

TUNE: HURSLEY. L. M.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear, It is not night if Thou be near:  
2. When the soft dews of kindly sleep My wearied eyelids gently 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 dare not die.  
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin; Let him no more lie down in sin.  
Till in the ocean of Thy love, We lose ourselves in heaven above.