HYMNS FOR ALL SEASONS

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Hymns for All Seasons by Various

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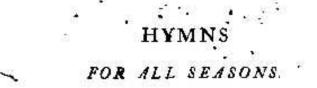
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A BIDE with me! Fast falls the eventide; The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!

When other helpers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O abide with me l

2 Swift to its close ebbs ont life's little day; Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away; Change and decay in all around I see; O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!

- 3 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word; But as Thon dwell'st with Thy-disciples, Lord, Familiar, condescending, patient, free, Come not to sejourn, but to abide with me.
- 4 Come not in terror, is the King of kings; But kind and good, with bealing in Thy wings: Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea,— Come, Friend of sinners, and thus abide with me!
- 5 Thou on my head in carly youth didst smile, And, tho' rebellious, and perverse meanwhile, Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee. On to the close, O Lord, abide with me !
- 6 I need Thy presence every passing hour; What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?

Who like Thyself thy guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

P. M.

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7 I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless: Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness. Where is Death's sting? where, Grave, thy victory?

I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

- 8 Hold then Thy cross before my closing eyes ; Shine through the gloom and point me to the skics :
 - Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows fice :

In life and death, O Lord, abide with me !

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C. M.

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A GAIN our ears have heard the voice Which bids the dying live; O may the sound our hearts rejoice, And hope immortal give.

2 And have we heard the word with joy ? And have we felt its power ? To keep it, then, be our employ, 'Till life's remotest hour.

3

A LL hail the power of Jcsu's name, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God, Who from His altar call; Extol the stem of Jesse's rod, And crown Him Lord of all. C.M.

- 3 Ye saints redeem'd of Adam's race, Ye ransom'd from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 Ye realms of every tongue and name, Ye nations great and small, Your mighty Saviour's praise proclaim, And crown Him Lord of all.
- 5 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng We at His feet may fall, Join in the everlasting song, And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4

C. M.

A LMIGHTY God I Thy word is cast Like sced into the ground; Now let the dow of heaven descend And rightcous fruits abound,

- 2 Let not the foe of Christ and man This holy seed remove; But give it root in every heart, To bring forth fruits of love.
- But let it yield, a hundred fold, The fruits of peace and joy.

4 Oft as the precious seed is sown, Thy quickening grace bestow; That, all whose souls the truth receive, Its saving power may know.

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3

C. M.

A LMIGHTY God! Eternal Lord! Thy gracious power make known; Touch by the virtue of Thy word, And melt the heart of stone.

- 2 Speak with the voice that wakes the dead, And bid the sleeper rise;
 And let his guilty conscience dread The death that never dies.
- 3 Let us receive the word we hear, Each in an honest heart; Lay up the precious treasure there, And never with it part.
- 4 Now let our darkness comprehend The light that shines so clear; Now the revealing Spirit send, And give us ears to hear.
- 6

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L.M.

A LMIGHTY Maker of my frame, Teach me the measure of my days, Teach me to know how frail I am, And spend the remnant to Thy praise.

2 My days are shorter than a span, A little point my life appears; How frail, at best, is dying man ! How vain are all his hopes and fears !

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- 3 Vain his ambition, noise, and show, Vain are the cares which rack his mind; He heaps up treasures mix'd with woe, And dies and leaves them all behind.
- 4 Oh, be a nobler portion mine ! My God, I bow before Thy throne ; Earth's fleeting treasures I resign, And fix my hope on Thee alone.

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A ND dost Thou say, "Ask what thou wilt?" Lord, we would seize the gracious hour: We pray to be releas'd from guilt, And freed from sin and Satan's power.

- 2 More of Thy presence, Lord, impart; More of Thine image let us bear; Erect Thy throne in every heart, And reign without a rival there !
- 3 Give us to read our pardon seal'd, And from Thy joy to draw our strength; To have Thy houndless love reveal'd, In all its height, and breadth, and length !
- 4 Grant these requests: we ask no more, But to Thy care the rest resign; Sick or in health, or rich or poor, All shall be well if we are Thinc.

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