

HYMNS FOR ALL SEASONS

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Hymns for All Seasons by Various

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VARIOUS

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100. n. 87.

H Y M N S.

1

P. M.

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!

2 Swift to its close ebbs out 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 Thou dwell'st with Thy-disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come not to sojourn, but to abide with me.

4 Come not in terror, as the King of kings;
But kind and good, with healing 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 early 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 my guide and stay can be?
Thro' cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

- 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
 skies :
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
 shadows flee :
 In life and death, O Lord, abide with me !

2

C. M.

- 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

C. M.

- A** LL hail the power of Jesu'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.

- 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! Thy word is cast
 Like seed into the ground;
 Now let the dew of heaven descend
 And righteous 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.
- 3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
 The rising plant destroy;
 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.

5

C. M.

ALMIGHTY 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

L. M.

ALMIGHTY 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!

- 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.

7

L. M.

- 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 boundless 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 Thine.