

HORATIUS BONAR HYMNS

by Horatius Bonar

A collection of devotional hymns by Horatius Bonar, the prolific Scottish hymnist of the nineteenth century. His sacred poetry covers the full range of Christian experience from the celebration of Christ's birth to the hope of His return, marked by theological depth and lyrical beauty.

35 Chapters

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Horatius Bonar Hymns

Beloved, Let Us Love

Belovèd, let us love: love is of God;
In God alone hath love its true abode.
Belovèd, let us love: for they who love,
They only, are His sons, born from above.
Belovèd, let us love: for love is rest,
And he who loveth not abides unblest.
Belovèd, let us love: for love is light,
And he who loveth not dwelleth in night.
Belovèd, let us love: for only thus
Shall we behold that God Who loveth us.

Blessèd Night, When First That Plain

Blessèd night, when first that plain

Echoed with the joyful strain,

“Peace has come to earth again.”

Alleluia!

Blessèd hills, that heard the song,

Of the glorious angel throng

Swelling all your slopes along.

Alleluia!

Happy shepherds, on whose ear

Fell the tidings glad and clear,

“God to man is drawing near.”

Alleluia!

Thus revealed to shepherds' eyes

Hidden from the great and wise,

Entering earth in lowly guise:

Alleluia!

We adore Thee as our King,

And to Thee our song we sing,

Our best offering to Thee bring,

Alleluia!

Blessèd Babe of Bethlehem,

Owner of earth's diadem,

Claim and wear the radiant gem

Alleluia!

Blessing and Honor and Glory and Power

Blessing and honor and glory and power,
Wisdom and riches and strength evermore
Give ye to Him Who our battle hath won
Whose are the kingdom, the crown, and the throne.
Into the heav'n of the heav'ns hath He gone,
Sitteth He now in the joy of the throne,
Weareth He now of the kingdom the crown,
Singeth He now the new song with His own.
Soundeth the Heaven of the heavens with His Name;
Ringeth the earth with His glory and fame;
Ocean and mountain, stream, forest, and flower
Echo His praises and tell of His power.
Past are the darkness, the storm, and the war,
Come is the radiance, that sparkles afar,
Breaketh the gleam of the day without end,
Riseth the Sun that shall never descend.
Ever ascendeth the song and the joy;
Ever descendeth the love from on high;
Blessing and honor and glory and praise,
This is the theme of the hymns that we raise.
Life of all life, and true Light of all light,
Star of the dawning unchangingly bright,
Sun of the Salem whose light is the Lamb,
Theme of the ever new, ever glad psalm!
Give we the glory and praise to the Lamb;
Take we the robe and the harp and the palm;

Sing we the song of the Lamb that was slain,
Dying in weakness, but rising to reign.

By the Cross of Jesus Standing

By the cross of Jesus standing,
Love our straitened souls expanding,
Taste we now the peace and grace!
Health from yonder tree is flowing,
Heav'nly light is on it glowing,
From the blessed Sufferer's face.
Here is pardon's pledge and token,
Guilt's strong chain forever broken,
Righteous peace securely made;
Brightens now the brow once shaded,
Freshens now the face once faded,
Peace with God now makes us glad.
All the love of God is yonder,
Love above all thought and wonder,
Perfect love that casts out fear!
Strength, like dew, is here distilling,
Glorious life our souls is filling,
Life eternal, only here!
Here the living water welleteth;
Here the Rock, now smitten, telleth
Of salvation freely giv'n:
This the fount of love and pity,
This the pathway to the city,
This the very gate of Heav'n.

Church Has Waited Long, The

The Church has waited long
Her absent Lord to see;
And still in loneliness she waits,
A friendless stranger she.
How long, O Lord our God,
Holy and true and good,
Wilt Thou not judge Thy suffering church,
Her sighs and tears and blood?
We long to hear Thy voice,
To see Thee face to face,
To share Thy crown and glory then,
As now we share Thy grace.
Come, Lord, and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain,
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again.

Come, Lord, and Tarry Not

Come, Lord, and tarry not;
Bring the long looked for day;
O why these years of waiting here,
These ages of decay?
Come, for Thy saints still wait;
Daily ascends their sigh;
The Spirit and the Bride say, "Come";
Does Thou not hear the cry?
Come, for creation groans,
Impatient of Thy stay,
Worn out with these long years of ill,
These ages of delay.
Come, for love waxes cold,
Its steps are faint and slow;
Faith now is lost in unbelief,
Hope's lamp burns dim and low.
Come in Thy glorious might,
Come with the iron rod,
Scattering Thy foes before Thy face,
Most mighty Son of God!
Come, and make all things new,
Build up this ruined earth;
Restore our faded Paradise,
Creation's second birth.
Come, and begin Thy reign
Of everlasting peace;

Come, take the kingdom to Thyself,
Great King of Righteousness.

Cross, It Standeth Fast, The

The cross, it standeth fast—

Hallelujah, hallelujah!

Defying every blast—

Hallelujah, hallelujah!

The winds of hell have blown,

The world its hate hath shown,

Yet it is not overthrown—

Hallelujah for the cross!

Refrain

Hallelujah, hallelujah,

Hallelujah for the cross;

Hallelujah, hallelujah,

It shall never suffer loss!

It is the old cross still—

Hallelujah, hallelujah!

Its triumph let us tell—

Hallelujah, hallelujah!

The grace of God here shone

Thru Christ, the blessèd Son,

Who did for sin atone—

Hallelujah for the cross!

Refrain

'Twas here the debt was paid—

Hallelujah, hallelujah!

Our sins on Jesus laid—

Hallelujah, hallelujah!

So round the cross we sing

Of Christ, our offering,

Of Christ, our living King—

Hallelujah for the cross!

Refrain

Far Down the Ages Now

Far down the ages now,
Her journey well nigh done,
The pilgrim Church pursues her way,
And longs to reach her crown.
No wider is the gate,
No broader is the way,
No smoother is the ancient path
That leads to light and day.
No feebler is the foe,
No slacker grows the fight,
Nor less the need of armor tried,
Of shield and helmet bright.
Thus onward still we press,
Through evil and through good,
Through pain, or poverty, or want,
Through peril or through blood.
Still faithful to our God,
And to our Captain true,
We follow where He leads the way,
The kingdom still in view.

Few More Years Shall Roll, A

A few more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb;
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day.

Refrain

O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.
A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not
A far serener clime:

Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day.

Refrain

A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more;
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day.

Refrain

A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,

And we shall weep no more:

Then, O my Lord, prepare

My soul for that bright day.

Refrain

A few more Sabbaths here

Shall cheer us on our way,

And we shall reach the endless rest,

Th'eternal Sabbath day;

Then, O my Lord, prepare

My soul for that sweet day.

Refrain

'Tis but a little while,

And He shall come again

Who died that we might live, Who lives

That we with Him may reign;

Then, O my Lord, prepare

My soul for that glad day.

Refrain

Fill Thou My Life

Fill Thou my life, O Lord my God,
In every part with praise,
That my whole being may proclaim
Thy being and Thy ways.
Not for the lip of praise alone,
Nor e'en the praising heart
I ask, but for a life made up
Of praise in every part!
Praise in the common words I speak,
Life's common looks and tones,
In fellowship in hearth and board
With my beloved ones;
Not in the temple crowd alone
Where holy voices chime,
But in the silent paths of earth,
The quiet rooms of time.
Fill every part of me with praise;
Let all my being speak
Of Thee and of Thy love, O Lord,
Poor though I be, and weak.
So shalt Thou, Lord, from me, e'en me,
Receive the glory due;
And so shall I begin on earth
The song forever new.
So shall each fear, each fret, each care
Be turned into a song,

And every winding of the way
The echo shall prolong;
So shall no part of day or night
From sacredness be free;
But all my life, in every step
Be fellowship with Thee.

Glory Be to God the Father

Glory be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Great Jehovah, Three in One!
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
While eternal ages run!
Glory be to Him Who loved us,
Washed us from each spot and stain!
Glory be to Him Who bought us,
Made us kings with Him to reign!
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
To the Lamb that once was slain!
Glory to the King of angels,
Glory to the church's King,
Glory to the King of nations!
Heaven and earth, your praises bring;
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
To the King of glory bring!
"Glory, blessing, praise eternal!"
Thus the choir of angels sings;
"Honor, riches, power, dominion!"
Thus its praise creation brings;
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory to the King of kings!

Go, Labor On: Spend, and Be Spent

Go, labor on: spend, and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will:
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?
Go, labor on! 'tis not for naught
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises: what are men?
Go, labor on! enough, while here,
If He shall praise thee, if He deign
The willing heart to mark and cheer:
No toil for Him shall be in vain.
Go, labor on while it is day:
The world's dark night is hastening on;
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away;
It is not thus that souls are won.
Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray,
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.
Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice!
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"

Great Master, Touch Us

Great Master, touch us with Thy skillful hands;

Let not the music that is in us die;

Great Sculptor, hew and polish us, nor let

Hidden and lost, Thy form within us lie.

Spare not the stroke; do with us what Thou wilt;

Let there be naught unfinished, broken, marred;

Complete Thy purpose that we may become

Thy perfect image—Thou our God and Lord.

He Has Come, the Christ of God

He has come, the Christ of God:

Left for us His glad abode;

Stooping from His throne of bliss

To this darksome wilderness.

He has come, the Prince of Peace:

Come to bid our sorrows cease;

Come to scatter with His light

All the shadows of our night.

He, the mighty King, has come,

Making this poor earth His home:

Come to bear our sin's sad load,

Son of David, Son of God.

He has come, Whose Name of grace

Speaks deliverance to our race:

Left for us His glad abode,

Son of Mary, Son of God.

Unto us a Child is born:

Ne'er has earth beheld a morn

Among all the morns of time,

Half so glorious in its prime.

Unto us a Son is given:

He has come from God's own Heaven,

Bringing with Him from above

Holy peace and holy love.

He Is Near

I know not when the Lord will come,
Or at what hour He may appear,
Whether at midnight or at morn,
Or at what season of the year.

Refrain

I only know that He is near,
And that His voice I soon shall hear;
I only know that He is near,
And that His voice I soon shall hear;
I know not what of time remains,
To run its course, in this low sphere,
Or what awaits of calm or storm,
Of joy or grief, or hope or fear.

Refrain

I know not what is yet to run
Of spring or summer, green or sear,
Of death or life, of pain or peace,
Of shade or shine, of song or tear.

Refrain

The centuries have come and gone,
Dark centuries of absence drear;
I dare not chide the long delay,
Nor ask when I His voice shall hear.

Refrain

I do not think it can be long,
Till in His glory He appear;

And yet I dare not name the day,

Nor fix the solemn advent year.

Refrain

He Liveth Long Who Liveth Well

He liveth long who liveth well;
All other life is short and vain;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of living most for heavenly gain.
He liveth long who liveth well;
All else is being flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.
Be what thou seemest; live thy creed;
Hold up to earth the torch divine:
Be what thou prayest to be made;
Let the great Master's steps be thine.
Fill up each hour with what will last;
Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.
Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.

Here, O My Lord, I See Thee

Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face;
Here would I touch and handle things unseen;
Here grasp with firmer hand eternal grace,
And all my weariness upon Thee lean.
This is the hour of banquet and of song;
This is the heavenly table spread for me;
Here let me feast, and feasting, still prolong
The hallowed hour of fellowship with Thee.
Here would I feed upon the bread of God,
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of Heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.
I have no help but Thine; nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon;
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.
Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness:
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing blood;
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace;
Thy Blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord my God!
Too soon we rise; the symbols disappear;
The feast, though not the love, is past and gone.
The bread and wine remove; but Thou art here,
Nearer than ever, still my Shield and Sun.
Feast after feast thus comes and passes by;
Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above,

Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

Holy Father, Hear My Cry

Holy Father, hear my cry;
Holy Savior, bend Thine ear;
Holy Spirit, come Thou nigh;
Father, Savior, Spirit, hear.
Father, save me from my sin;
Savior, I Thy mercy crave;
Gracious Spirit, make me clean:
Father, Savior, Spirit, save.
Father, let me taste Thy love;
Savior, fill my soul with peace;
Spirit, come my heart to move:
Father, Son, and Spirit, bless.
Father, Son, and Spirit—Thou
One Jehovah, shed abroad
All Thy grace within me now;
Be my Father and my God.

I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say

I heard the voice of Jesus say, "Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down Thy head upon My breast."
I came to Jesus as I was, weary and worn and sad;
I found in Him a resting place, and He has made me glad.
I heard the voice of Jesus say, "Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one, stoop down, and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank of that life giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, and now I live in Him.
I heard the voice of Jesus say, "I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise, and all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found in Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk, till traveling days are done.

I Lay My Sins on Jesus

I lay my sins on Jesus, the spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us from the accursèd load;
I bring my guilt to Jesus, to wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious, till not a stain remains.
I lay my wants on Jesus; all fullness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases, He doth my soul redeem:
I lay my griefs on Jesus, my burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases, He all my sorrows shares.
I long to be like Jesus, strong, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus, the Father's holy Child:
I long to be with Jesus, amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises, to learn the angels' song.

I Was a Wandering Sheep

I was a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled.
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home;
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.
The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild;
They found me nigh to death,
Famished and faint and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wand'ring one.
They spoke in tender love,
They raised my drooping head,
They gently closed my bleeding wounds,
My fainting soul they fed;
They washed my filth away,
They made me clean and fair;
They brought me to my home in peace,
The long sought wanderer.
Jesus my Shepherd is:
'Twas He that loved my soul;

'Twas He that washed me in His blood,

'Twas He that made me whole.

'Twas He that sought the lost,

That found the wand'ring sheep,

'Twas He that brought me to the fold,

'Tis He that still doth keep.

No more a wandering sheep,

I love to be controlled;

I love my tender Shepherd's voice,

I love the peaceful fold.

No more a wayward child,

I seek no more to roam;

I love my heavenly Father's voice,

I love, I love His home!

Light of the World! Forever, Ever Shining

Light of the world! forever, ever shining,
There is no change in Thee;
True Light of life, all joy and health enshrining,
Thou canst not fade nor flee.
Thou hast arisen, but Thou descendeth never;
Today shines as the past;
All that Thou wast Thou art and shalt be ever,
Brightness from first to last.
Night visits not Thy sky, nor storm, nor sadness;
Day fills up all its blue—
Unfailing beauty, and unfaltering gladness,
And lover forever new.
Light of the world! undimming and unsetting,
O shine each mist away;
Banish the fear, the falsehood, and the fretting;
Be our unchanging Day.

No, Not Despairingly

No, not despairingly come I to Thee;
No, not distrustingly bend I the knee:
Sin hath gone over me, yet is this still my plea,
Jesus hath died.
Ah! mine iniquity crimson hath been,
Infinite, infinite—sin upon sin:
Sin of not loving Thee, sin of not trusting Thee—
Infinite sin.
Lord, I confess to Thee sadly my sin;
All I am tell with Thee, all I have been:
Purge Thou my sin away, wash Thou my soul this day;
Lord, make me clean.
Faithful and just art Thou, forgiving all;
Loving and kind art Thou when poor ones call:
Lord, let the cleansing blood, blood of the Lamb of God,
Pass o'er my soul.
Then all is peace and light this soul within;
Thus shall I walk with Thee, the loved Unseen;
Leaning on Thee, my God, guided along the road,
Nothing between.

I Bless the Christ of God

I bless the Christ of God, I rest on love divine,
And with unfaltering lip and heart, I call the Savior mine.
His cross dispels each doubt; I bury in His tomb
Each thought of unbelief and fear,
Each lingering shade of gloom.
I praise the God of peace, I trust His truth and might;
He calls me His, I call Him mine, My God, my Joy, my Light.
In Him is only good, in me is only ill;
My ill but draws His goodness forth,
And me He loveth still.
'Tis He Who saveth me, and freely pardon gives;
I love because He loveth me; I live because He lives;
My life with Him is hid, my death has passed away,
My clouds have melted into light,
My midnight into day.

O Love of God, How Strong and True

O love of God, how strong and true!
Eternal, and yet ever new;
Uncomprehended and unbought,
Beyond all knowledge and all thought.
O love of God, how deep and great!
Far deeper than man's deepest hate;
Self fed, self kindled, like the light,
Changeless, eternal, infinite.
O heavenly love, how precious still,
In days of weariness and ill,
In nights of pain and helplessness,
To heal, to comfort, and to bless!
O wide embracing, wondrous love!
We read thee in the sky above,
We read thee in the earth below,
In seas that swell, and streams that flow.
We read thee best in Him Who came
To bear for us the cross of shame;
Sent by the Father from on high,
Our life to live, our death to die.
We read thy power to bless and save,
E'en in the darkness of the grave;
Still more in resurrection light,
We read the fullness of thy might.
O love of God, our shield and stay
Through all the perils of our way!

Eternal love, in thee we rest

Forever safe, forever blest.

O Love That Casts Out Fear

O love that casts out fear,
O love that casts out sin,
Tarry no more without,
But come and dwell within!
True sunlight of the soul,
Surround us as we go;
So shall our way be safe,
Our feet no straying know.
Great love of God, come in!
Wellspring of heavenly peace;
Thou Living Water, come!
Spring up, and never cease.
Love of the living God,
Of Father and of Son;
Love of the Holy Ghost,
Fill thou each needy one.

Rejoice and Be Glad!

Rejoice and be glad!

The Redeemer has come!

Go look on His cradle,

His cross, and His tomb.

Refrain

Sound His praises, tell the story,

Of Him Who was slain;

Sound His praises, tell with gladness,

He liveth again.

Rejoice and be glad!

It is sunshine at last!

The clouds have departed,

The shadows are past.

Refrain

Rejoice and be glad!

For the blood hath been shed;

Redemption is finished,

The price has been paid.

Refrain

Rejoice and be glad!

Now the pardon is free!

The Just for the unjust

Has died on the tree.

Refrain

Rejoice and be glad!

For the Lamb that was slain

O'er death is triumphant,
And liveth again.

Refrain

Rejoice and be glad!
For our King is on high,
He pleadeth for us on
His throne in the sky.

Refrain

Rejoice and be glad!
For He cometh again;
He cometh to glory,
The Lamb that was slain.
Sound His praises, tell the story,
Of Him Who was slain;
Sound His praises, tell with gladness,
He cometh again.

Soon Shall the Trump of God

Soon shall the trump of God
Give out the welcome sound,
That shakes death's silent chamber walls,
And breaks the turf-sealed ground.
You dwellers in the dust,
Awake, come forth, and sing;
Sharp has your frost of winter been,
But bright shall be your spring.
'Twas sown in weakness here;
'Twill then be raised in power;
That which was sown an earthly seed
Shall rise a heav'nly flower.

Through Good Report and Evil, Lord

Through good report and evil, Lord,
Still guided by Thy faithful Word,
Our staff, our buckler and our sword,
We follow Thee.

In silence of the lonely night,
In the full glow of day's clear light,
Through life's strange windings, dark or bright,
We follow Thee.

Strengthened by Thee we forward go,
'Mid smile or scoff of friend or foe,
Through pain or ease, through joy or woe,
We follow Thee.

With enemies on every side,
We lean on Thee, the Crucified;
Forsaking all on earth beside,
We follow Thee.

O Master, point Thou out the way,
Nor suffer Thou our steps to stray;
Then in the path that leads to day
We follow Thee.

Thou hast passed on before our face;
Thy footsteps on the way we trace;
O keep us, aid us by Thy grace;
We follow Thee.

Whom have we in the heaven above,
Whom on this earth, save Thee, to love?

Still in Thy light we onward move;

We follow Thee.

Thy Way, Not Mine, O Lord

Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be;
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.
Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.
I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So I shall walk aright.
Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.
Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me
My poverty or wealth.
The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine: so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.
Not mine, not mine the choice
In things or great or small;

Be Thou my Guide, my Strength

My Wisdom, and my All.

Upward Where the Stars Are Burning

Upward where the stars are burning,
Silent, silent in their turning
Round the never changing pole;
Upward where the sky is brightest,
Upward where the blue is lightest,
Lift I now my longing soul.
Far above that arch of gladness,
Far beyond these clouds of sadness,
Are the many mansions fair.
Far from pain and sin and folly,
In that palace of the holy,
I would find my mansion there.
Where the glory brightly dwelleth,
Where the new song sweetly swelleth,
And the discord never comes;
Where life's stream is ever laving,
And the palm is ever waving,
That must be the home of homes.
Where the Lamb on high is seated,
By ten thousand voices greeted,
Lord of lords, and King of kings.
Son of Man, they crown, they crown Him,
Son of God, they own, they own Him;
With His Name the palace rings.
Blessing, honor, without measure,
Heavenly riches, earthly treasure,

Lay we at His blessed feet:

Poor the praise that now we render,

Loud shall be our voices yonder,

When before His throne we meet.

When the Weary, Seeking Rest

When the weary, seeking rest,

To Thy goodness flee;

When the heavy laden cast

All their load on Thee;

When the troubled, seeking peace,

On Thy Name shall call;

When the sinner, seeking life,

At Thy feet shall fall:

Refrain

Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry

In Heav'n, Thy dwelling place on high.

When the child, with grave fresh lip,

Youth, or maiden fir,

When the agèd, weak and grey,

Seek Thy face in prayer;

When the widow weeps to Thee,

Sad and lone and low;

When the orphan brings to Thee

All his orphan woe:

Refrain

When the stranger asks a home,

All his toils to end;

When the hungry craveth food,

And the poor a friend;

When the widow weeps to Thee,

Sad and lone and low;

When the orphan brings to Thee

All his orphan woe:

Refrain

When the man of toil and care,

In the city crowd,

When the shepherd on the moor,

Names the Name of God;

When the learned and the high

Tired of earthly fame,

Upon higher joys intent,

Name the blessed Name:

Refrain

When the worldling, sick at heart,

Lifts his soul above;

When the prodigal looks back

To his Father's love;

When the proud man, in his pride,

Stoops to seek Thy face;

When the burdened brings his guilt

To Thy throne of grace:

Refrain

Yes, for Me He Careth

Yes, for me, for me He careth
With a brother's tender care;
Yes with me, with me He shareth
Every burden, every fear.
Yes, o'er me, o'er me He watcheth,
Ceaseless watcheth, night and day;
Yes, e'en me, e'en me He snatcheth
From the perils of the way.
Yes for me He standeth pleading
At the mercy seat above;
Ever for me interceding,
Constant in untiring love.
Yes, in me, in me He dwelleth;
I in Him, and He in me!
And my empty soul He filleth,
Here and through eternity.

Yet There Is Room

“Yet there is room”: the Lamb’s bright hall of song,

With its fair glory, beckons thee along;

Room, room, still room! O enter, enter now.

Day is declining, and the sun is low;

The shadows lengthen, light makes haste to go;

Room, room, still room! O enter, enter now.

The bridal hall is filling for the feast;

Pass in, pass in, and be the Bridegroom’s guest;

Room, room, still room! O enter, enter now.

It fills, it fills, that hall of jubilee!

Make haste, make haste; ’tis not too full for thee;

Room, room, still room! O enter, enter now.

O enter in; that banquet is for thee;

That cup of everlasting joy is free;

Room, room, still room! O enter, enter now.

All heaven is there, all joy! Go in, go in;

The angels beckon thee the prize to win:

Room, room, still room! O enter, enter now.

Louder and sweeter sounds the loving call;

Come, lingerer, come; enter that festal hall;

Room, room, still room! O enter, enter now.

Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom;

Then the last low, long cry, “No room, no room!”

No room, no room! O woeful cry, “No room!”

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