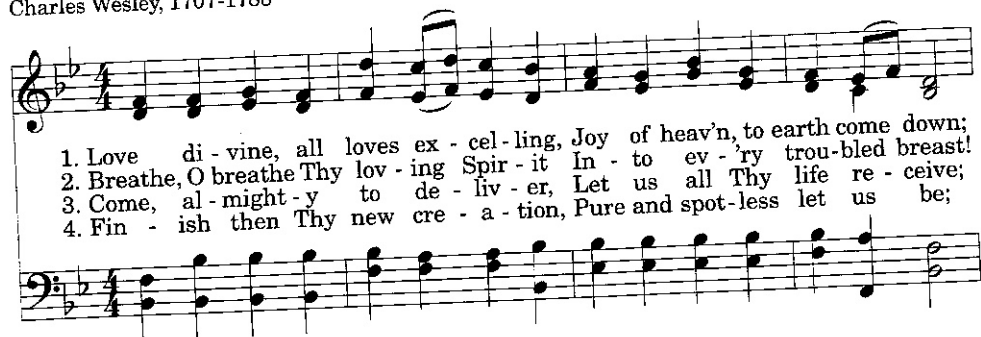


# Love Divine, All Loves Excelling 435

BEECHER • 8.7.8.7.D.

John Zundel, 1815-1882

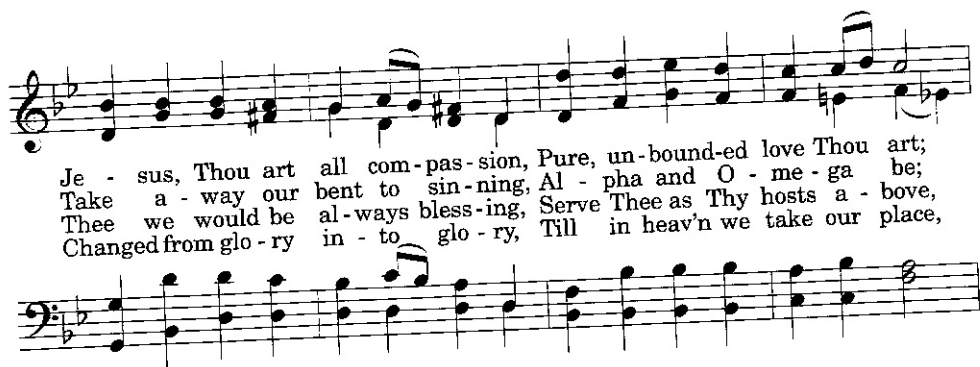
Charles Wesley, 1707-1788



1. Love di-vine, all loves ex-cel-ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down;  
 2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov-ing Spir-it In-to ev-'ry trou-bled breast!  
 3. Come, al-might-y to de-liv-er, Let us all Thy life re-ceive;  
 4. Fin-ish then Thy new cre-a-tion, Pure and spot-less let us be;



Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwell-ing; All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown.  
 Let us all in Thee in-her-it, Let us find that sec-ond rest.  
 Sud-den-ly re-turn, and nev-er, Nev-er-more Thy tem-ples leave:  
 Let us see Thy great sal-va-tion Per-fect-ly re-stored in Thee:



Je-sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art;  
 Take a-way our bent to sin-ning, Al-pha and O-me-ga be;  
 Thee we would be al-ways bless-ing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a-bove,  
 Changed from glo-ry in-to glo-ry, Till in heav'n we take our place,



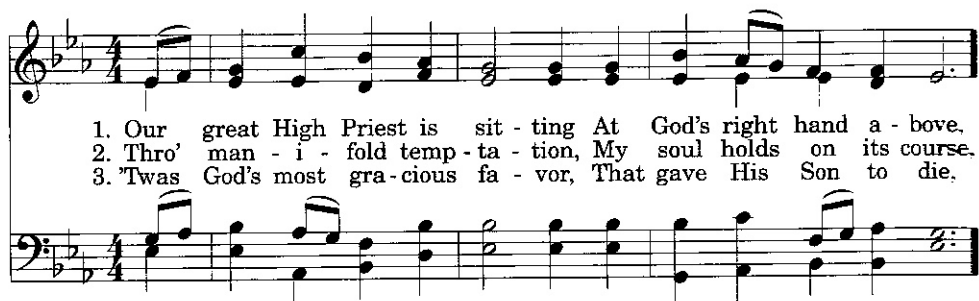
Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion; En-ter ev-'ry trem-bling heart.  
 End of faith, as its be-gin-ning, Set our hearts at lib-er-ty.  
 Pray, and praise Thee with-out ceas-ing, Glo-ry in Thy per-fect love.  
 Till we cast our crowns be-fore Thee, Lost in won-der, love, and praise.

## Our Great High Priest Is Sitting

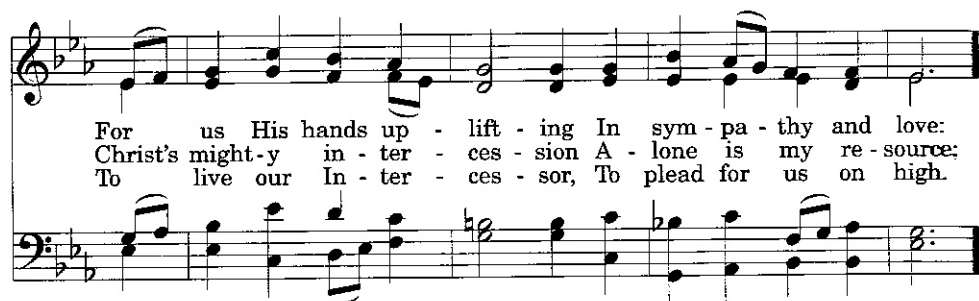
MUNICH • 7.6.7.6.D.

A. P. Cecil, 1841-1889

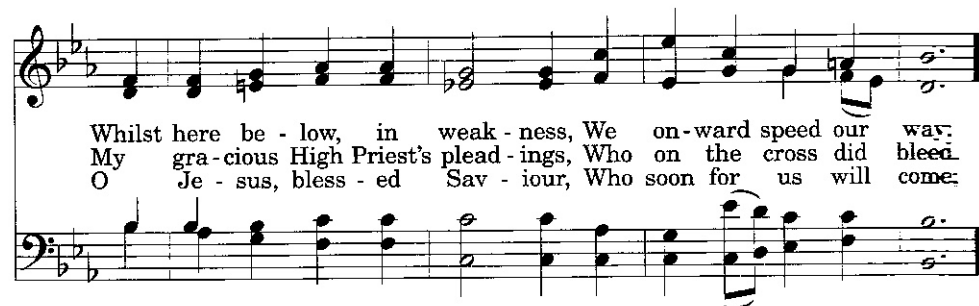
Neuvermehrtes Meiningsches Gesangbuch, 1693



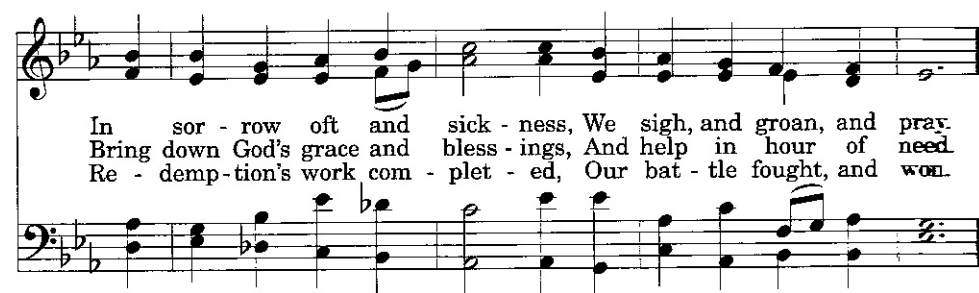
1. Our great High Priest is sit - ting At God's right hand a - bove,  
 2. Thro' man - i - fold temp - ta - tion, My soul holds on its course,  
 3. 'Twas God's most gra - cious fa - vor, That gave His Son to die,



For us His hands up - lift - ing In sym - pa - thy and love:  
 Christ's might-y in - ter - ces - sion A - lone is my re - source;  
 To live our In - ter - ces - sor, To plead for us on high.



Whilst here be - low, in weak - ness, We on - ward speed our way:  
 My gra - cious High Priest's plead - ings, Who on the cross did bleed.  
 O Je - sus, bless - ed Sav - iour, Who soon for us will come:



In sor - row oft and sick - ness, We sigh, and groan, and pray  
 Bring down God's grace and bless - ings, And help in hour of need  
 Re - demp - tion's work com - plet - ed, Our bat - tle fought, and won.

## Hail, Thou Once Despised Jesus!

John Bakewell, 1721-1819

HYFRYDOL • 8.7.8.7.D.

Rowland H. Prichard, 1811-1887

1. Hail, Thou once de - spis - ed Je - sus! Hail, Thou Gal - i -  
 2. Pas - chal Lamb, by God ap - point - ed, All our sins on  
 3. Je - sus, hail! en - throned in glo - ry, There for - ev - er  
 4. Wor - ship, hon - or, pow'r and bless - ing Thou art wor - thy

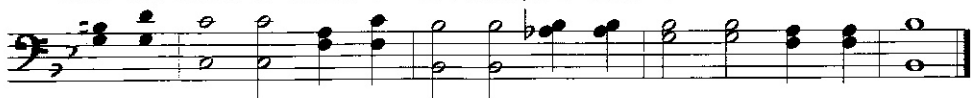
le - an King! Thou didst suf - fer to re - lease us; Thou didst  
 Thee were laid; By al - might - y love a - noint - ed, Thou hast  
 to a - bide; All the heav'n - ly hosts a - dore Thee, Seat - ed  
 to re - ceive; Loud - est prais - es, with - out ceas - ing, Meet it

free sal - va - tion bring. Hail, Thou ag - o - niz - ing Sav - iour,  
 full a - tone - ment made: All Thy peo - ple are for - giv - en  
 at Thy Fa - ther's side. There for sin - ners Thou art plead - ing,  
 is for us to give. Help, ye bright an - gel - ic spir - its,

Bear - er of our sin and shame! By Thy mer - its  
 Through the vir - tue of Thy blood; O - pened is the  
 There Thou dost our place pre - pare, Ev - er for us  
 Bring your sweet - est, no - blest lays; Help to sing our



Day by day His sweet voice sound-eth, Say - ing, "Chris-tian, fol - low Me."  
 Turned from home and toil and kin-dred, Leav-ing all for His dear sake.  
 From each i - dol that would keep us, Say - ing, "Chris-tian, love Me more."  
 Still He calls in cares and pleas-ures, "Chris-tian, love Me more than these."  
 Give our hearts to Thine o - be-dience, Serve and love Thee best of all.



## Take My Life and Let It Be

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HENDON • 7.7.7.7.

FRANCES R. Havergal, 1836-1879

Henri A. César Malan, 1787-1864



1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to  
 2. Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy  
 3. Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways on - ly for my -  
 4. Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with -  
 5. Take my will, and make it Thine; It shall be no long - er  
 6. Take my love, my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its treas - ure



Thee: Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in  
 love: Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti -  
 King: Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sa -  
 hold: Take my in - tel - lect, and use Ev - 'ry pow'r as  
 mine: Take my heart, it is Thine own; It shall be Thy  
 store: Take my - self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly,



cease - less praise, Let them flow in cease - less praise.  
 ful for Thee, Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee.  
 ges from Thee, Filled with mes - sa - ges from Thee.  
 Thou shalt choose, Ev - 'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.  
 roy - al throne, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.  
 all for Thee, Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee.

