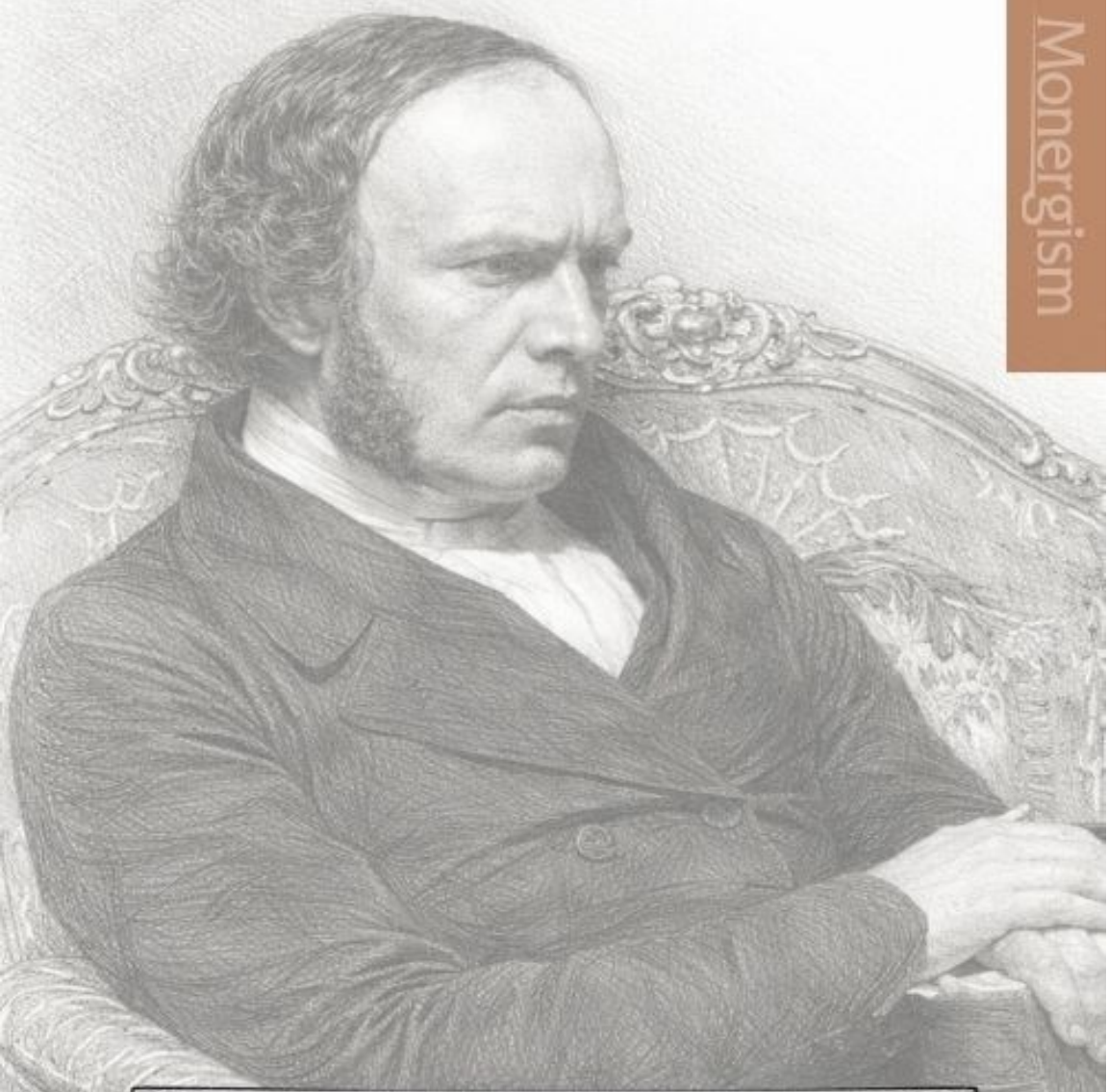




# COMMUNION HYMNS

HORATIUS BONAR

# Monergism

Communion Hymns

By Horatius Bonar

Originally published in 1881

Published by Monergism Books P.O. Box 491 West Linn, Oregon 97068

[www.monergism.com](http://www.monergism.com)

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# TABLE OF CONTENTS

|                                                      |    |
|------------------------------------------------------|----|
| The One Loaf.....                                    | 5  |
| The Supper of Thanksgiving.....                      | 8  |
| Bread Enough and to Spare.....                       | 10 |
| The Feast Day .....                                  | 11 |
| Communion .....                                      | 13 |
| The Fellowship of the Unseen .....                   | 15 |
| One Body .....                                       | 17 |
| Return unto thy Rest .....                           | 19 |
| Who Shall Separate us from the Love of Christ? ..... | 21 |
| The City of the Forgiven .....                       | 23 |
| That I may Know Him.....                             | 25 |
| The Voice of my Beloved .....                        | 26 |
| The Love that Passeth Knowledge.....                 | 28 |
| My Cup.....                                          | 30 |
| Beneath His Wing.....                                | 31 |
| The Son of God has Come .....                        | 32 |
| Complete in Him.....                                 | 34 |
| The Just for the Unjust.....                         | 36 |
| The Drops of the Night.....                          | 37 |
| Somebody Hath Touched Me .....                       | 39 |
| Follow Me .....                                      | 40 |
| The Supper and the Advent.....                       | 42 |

|                                   |    |
|-----------------------------------|----|
| Behold the Bridegroom Cometh..... | 44 |
| Nailing it to His Cross.....      | 46 |
| Speak to My Soul .....            | 48 |
| The Comforter.....                | 49 |
| He Died and Rose.....             | 51 |
| I am Poor and Needy .....         | 52 |
| Christ for Us .....               | 53 |
| Unspotted from the World .....    | 55 |

# THE ONE LOAF

*“The continual bread shall be thereon” (NUMB. 4:7). “I build an house for the continual shewbread” (2 CHRON. 2:4). “We are all partakers of that one bread” (1 COR. 10:17, “one loaf”).*

## I.

ONE temple, and one table, and one loaf  
For the great company of the forgiven,  
The numbers without number; yet enough  
For all in earth or heaven.

One name, one Church, one Lord,  
One hall, one robe, one feast;  
His Church a guest at His high board,  
And He His Church’s guest;  
His fulness evermore  
An endless, undiminished store.

## II.

To an unearthly feast,  
The Master calls His own;  
At an unearthly board,  
His bidden ones sit down.  
The true unleavened bread  
Is on His table laid;  
Daily to them is given  
To drink the wine of heaven.  
“I am the bread of God,  
Which cometh down from heaven;”  
The one continual bread,  
The loaf without the leaven;  
The shewbread of the holy place,  
To His true Israel given;

Eternal nourishment and strength,  
The food of the forgiven.

### III.

Not on the solemn days alone,  
    When round the holy board  
We gather in the name  
    Of an ascended Lord,  
Does this continual loaf  
    Its vital power afford?  
Each day, each hour, this bread imparts  
    Its life and comfort to our hearts.  
We feast on Him in daily faith,  
    He feasts with us in daily love;  
Himself the bread, Himself the wine,  
    He pours in gladness from above.  
Absent, yet present, what can e'er  
    His fellowship from us remove?  
Ours is a long unbroken feast,  
And still the last we find the best.

### IV.

No priestly spell or rite,  
    No word, or touch, or sign  
Is needed to transform  
    The earthly to Divine.  
“Lo, I am with you,” thus He speaks,  
    Myself the bread and wine;  
Present to faith’s far-reaching eye,  
The faith that makes the distant nigh

V.

And all are gathered round!  
The far-off and the near,  
The men of every age and clime  
In fellowship feast here.  
One family, one board,  
One loaf, one feast, one Lord!

# THE SUPPER OF THANKSGIVING

**F**OR the bread and for the wine,  
For the pledge that seals Him mine,  
For the words of love Divine,  
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

For the body and the blood,  
For the more than angels' food,  
For the boundless grace of God,  
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

For the chalice whence we sip  
Moisture for the parched lip,  
For the board of fellowship,  
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

For the feast of love and peace,  
Bidding all our sorrows cease,  
Earnest of the kingdom's bliss,  
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

For the heavenly presence-bread,  
On the golden table laid,  
Blessed banquet for us made,  
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

For the paschal lamb here given,  
For the loaf without the leaven,  
For the manna dropt from heaven,  
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

Only bread and only wine,  
Yet to faith the solemn sign  
Of the heavenly and Divine!  
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

For the words that turn our eye  
To the Cross of Calvary,  
Bidding us in faith draw nigh,  
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

For the words that fragrance breathe,  
These poor symbols underneath,  
Words that His own peace bequeath,  
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

For the words that tell of home,  
Pointing us beyond the tomb,  
“Do ye this until I come,”  
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

Till He come we take the bread,  
Type of Him on whom we feed,  
Him who liveth and was dead!  
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

Till He come, we take the cup;  
As we at His table sup,  
Eye and heart are lifted up!  
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

For that coming, here foreshown,  
For that day to man unknown,  
For the glory and the throne,  
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

# BREAD ENOUGH AND TO SPARE

*“The bread wherewith I have fed you in the wilderness.”—EXOD. 16:32*

**F**OOD of the soul, eternal bread,  
Which whoso eateth never dies;  
Upon these desert sands spread out,  
The hidden manna of the skies.

True bread of heaven, and bread of God,  
In Thee we find eternal store:  
To Thee in our deep need we come;  
Give us Thyself for evermore.

True bread of life, the Father’s gift,  
To feed the famished sons of earth;  
Who eateth of Thee hungers not,  
Even in this land of human dearth.

Life of the dead, O living Christ!  
Pour in Thy life into our death,  
That we, all faint of soul, may know  
The power of Thine all-quickening breath.

Quickened by Thee, no death we fear;  
Sustained by Thee, our weakness turns  
To strength immortal; touched by Thee,  
Our coldness into fervour burns.

Fed at Thy table, we are filled;  
Each day repeats the sweet repast;  
Sweeter and sweeter still, for Thou  
Keepst the best unto the last.

# THE FEAST DAY

**T**HIS is the day of fellowship and love;  
And this the hour of happy festival,  
Now earth holds converse with the Heaven above;  
Into His presence here the King His own doth call.

Here is the upper chamber, calm as heaven,  
Where the Lord keepeth His true passover,  
With His true Israel; the dark angel sees  
The blood-besprinkled door, and cannot enter here.

O upper chamber, guest-room, far apart  
From earthly tumult, where no stranger comes;  
Chamber of peace, and ante-room of heaven,  
Earnest and symbol here of the one home of homes.

This is the table of the ages past,  
Round which the Church of every time and tongue  
Has gathered in its joy, to celebrate  
The one great sacrifice with never-ending song.

This is the board at which the Master sits  
In heavenly grace to commune with His own;  
The peace that passeth understanding here  
He gives, the love that passeth knowledge maketh known.

These are the viands set before His guests,  
Celestial shewbread, by our Aaron given;  
Our great Melchizedec's true bread and wine,  
The more than angels' food, the fare of highest Heaven.

Here is the shadow of the tree of life,  
Where the one household, bought with precious blood,  
Rest for a season in their onward march  
To the one resting-place;—City and home of God.

Behold the family of the redeemed,  
Washed in one blood, clothed in one raiment rare;  
All, all, by birth the children of the night,  
But now, each one a king and priest, a son and heir.

Behold the banner waving o'er our head,  
With love inscribed upon each beauteous fold,  
The royal banner, gleaming far and wide,  
And by the King's own hand in all its light unrolled.

Peace like a river floweth on and on,  
For He who is our peace draws sweetly near;  
The well known voice once heard on earth now speaks,  
From heaven, in changeless love, "Lo, I am with you here."

Truth sparkles out, and words become twice bright,  
As we together take the bread and wine,  
These signs are love's own pledges, here we sing  
I my Beloved's am, and my Beloved's mine.

And as we sit and muse, and love, and hope,  
The symbols speak, though every lip is dumb:  
Uttering as from the opened heavens above,  
The soul-reviving words, Behold, I come, I come!

*30th January, 1881.*

# COMMUNION

*Christusque nobis sit cibus,  
Potusque noster cit Christus,  
Laeti bibamus sobriam  
Ebrietatem Spiritus.*—OLD HYMN.

**O**NE Christ we feed upon, one living Christ,  
Who once was dead, but lives for ever now;  
One is the cup of blessing which we bless,  
True symbol of the blood which from the cross did flow.

Oh, feed me daily on the living bread,  
Refresh me hourly with the living wine;  
Oh, satisfy my famished soul with food,  
And quench my thirst with fruit of the eternal vine.

Thy flesh is meat indeed, my God and Lord;  
Thy blood is drink indeed, for evermore;  
On Thee alone I feed, of Thee I drink,  
That into this sick soul the heavenly health may pour.

My life, my everlasting life, art Thou;  
My health, my joy, my strength, I owe to Thee;  
Because Thou livest, I shall also live,  
And where Thou art in glory, there I too shall be.

Thou *with* us, and Thou *in* us,—this is life;  
All that the Father is, in Thee we see:  
O Christ of God, what art Thou not to us,  
And what of wealth is there we may not find in Thee!

Great All in all, eternal Word made flesh,  
Alpha and Omega, creation's King;  
The Church's Head, the Church's Bridegroom too,  
Thee, blessed Saviour, Thee we celebrate and sing.

Chief of ten thousand, lovely and beloved;  
The Rose of Sharon, ever fresh and fair;  
In Thee is all created beauty found,  
All uncreated excellence is truly there.

O Christ! we praise Thee for Thy glory great,  
But for Thy death of love we praise Thee most;  
We praise Thee, Son of the eternal God,  
We praise the Father too, we praise the Holy Ghost.

# THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE UNSEEN

**N**OT far from any one of us, O Lord,  
But near, and ever dear, to us art Thou.  
To Thee we pay the love, the praise, the vow;  
In heaven and earth, exalted and adored.

Nearest of all that are to us most near,  
Of matter or of spirit, seen, unseen;  
Nothing to sever or to come between:  
Dearest of all that are to us most dear.

No love, O loving Lord, no love like Thine!  
Fullest and sweetest of all loves that fill  
The human heart or mould the human will,  
Replenish us with this Thy love Divine.

To know the love that passeth knowledge, this  
Is the ambition of our longing heart.  
Deny us not. God of our life impart  
This fulness of true joy, this sum of bliss.

Sunshine is near, but not so near as Thou,  
The air we breath is near, Thou nearer still;  
This earth is near, with stream and wood and hill;  
Thou nearer than all nearness here below.

This hand I clasp, this well-known face I see;  
How close the union that makes up the whole  
Of human oneness, knitting soul to soul!  
But all is distance when compared with Thee.

In Thee we live and move, in Thee we are:  
Nearer art Thou than we can think or deem,  
Thy nearness is no nearness of a dream;  
We cannot turn the near into the far.

Oh take our hand and clasp it close in Thine!  
Oh speak to us as now we speak to Thee!  
We would not though we could Thy presence flee;  
Give us each hour Thy fellowship Divine.

Oh love us, bless us, bind us to Thy side:  
Make our communion yet more warm and sweet  
Even here on this cold earth, until we meet  
Where all is perfected and glorified.

The age of the unseen will soon be done;  
The day of conscious nearness comes apace.  
Then we shall see Thee fully, face to face;  
Then shall we know Thee even as we are known.

# ONE BODY

O oneness beyond all that words can tell!  
Oneness all human, and yet all Divine;  
Oneness which doth all onenesses excel,  
Which cannot be expressed by earthly sign.

These bodies are the members of the Lord;  
Ours and yet His, for use and honour too:  
In sympathy and love and sweet accord  
So one, that nought that oneness can undo.

In us that Spirit dwells that dwells in Him;  
The Spirit of the Father and the Son.  
Though poor the temple, and the glory dim,  
Still does the Spirit claim it for His own.

O holy oneness between earth and heaven;  
Each is the other, and yet not the same.  
Not fellowship alone to us is given,  
But unity of nature and of name.

He still the Son of God on yonder throne,  
And we the sons of earth, yet dwelling here;  
Yet we with Him, He with us truly one,  
As if one heart were ours, one home, one sphere.

In all our sorrows doth He sorrow still,  
In all our joys He doth rejoice the more;  
He with His fulness doth our being fill,  
And we our sighs into His bosom pour.

These bodies then are His: He doth them use;  
So let Him use them as it seemeth good.  
These members all are His: shall we abuse,  
For earthly vileness, vessels cleansed with blood?

These eyes are His, these ears, these lips, this tongue,  
They are all His far more than they are ours.  
Shall we pollute them with earth's sin and wrong,  
Or waste in vain delights these God-given powers?

These hands are His; shall they not do His work?  
These feet are His; let them His errands run;  
Shall, in this frame, the foe of goodness lurk,  
Shall He usurp the consecrated throne?

These members now are weak and pained and poor;  
They cannot shun corruption's silent gloom.  
Deformed and sickly, past all earthly cure,  
Before them lie the death-bed and the tomb.

Yet full before them spreads the quickening hope  
Of glad deliverance from this mortal clay;  
When from the darkness of the grave brought up,  
They share the splendour of celestial day.

And shall the members of a risen Lord  
Forget the height of their celestial kin?  
Join fellowship with what they once abhorred,  
Take on the yoke and wear the chain of sin?

Upon His holy throne, these members yet  
Shall all be seated, in that day when He,  
The head of the great unity, shall sit  
With them to share one common royalty.

Be ye then holy; so the Master wills!  
He speaketh; let us hear His gracious voice;  
Us with His holy life He daily fills,  
So in that holiness let us rejoice!

# RETURN UNTO THY REST

*“Return unto thy rest, O my soul.”—Ps. 116:7*

**W**HEN thy summer leaves grow sere,  
When the shadows of the year  
Tell thee that the end is near,  
Return unto thy rest;  
My soul, return,  
There thou art blest.

When thy sunshine quits the sky,  
When the tempest tosses high,  
And the clouds roll heavily,  
Return, &c.

When thy night is falling fast,  
Earth and ocean overcast,  
Billows whitening in the blast,  
Return, &c.

When the sounds of earth intrude,  
And its tumult wild and rude,  
Breaks upon thy solitude,  
Return, &c.

When the battle waxes strong,  
When the way seems rough and long,  
Silencing thy happy song,  
Return, &c.

When the weary strife with sin,  
Foes without, and fears within,  
Whispers, never shalt thou win,  
Return, &c.

When the tears are falling down,  
Hiding both the Cross and crown,  
All thy fondest hopes o'erthrown,  
Return, &c.

When thou nearest Jordan's brim;  
When the eye is waxing dim,  
Fainting hand and failing limb,  
Return, &c.

When the bitterness of grief  
Tho' but as a shadow brief,  
Sadly shuts out man's relief,  
Return, &c.

When the never-sleeping foe  
Lays the snare or strikes the blow,  
Ever working deadly woe,  
Return, &c.

When iniquity abounds,  
Unbelief thy path surrounds,  
And the scoffer's voice resounds,  
Return, &c.

When the signs in heaven appear,  
When the air is dark with fear,  
When the Judge is drawing near,  
Return, &c.

When the Lord delays to come,  
And thou reckonest the sum  
Of the days till thou art home,  
Return, &c.

At His table let us hear  
From His lips the words of cheer,—  
Lo I come—the Day is near—  
Return, &c.

# WHO SHALL SEPARATE US FROM THE LOVE OF CHRIST?

**L**ET the sunshine quit my sky;  
Let the sharp east wind assail;  
Let the fightings from without,  
And the fears within prevail.  
Only, only call me Thine,  
Only let me call Thee mine,  
All shall be well.

Let the earthly springs dry up;  
Let the hopes that o'er my head  
Hung their many-coloured wreaths,  
Into dust and ashes fade.  
Only, only call me Thine,  
Only let me call Thee mine,  
All shall be well.

Let dark disappointment come,  
Let affection's cherished dreams  
Vanish like the bloom of spring,  
Like the rainbow's passing gleams.  
Only, only call me Thine,  
Only let me call Thee mine,  
All shall be well.

Let my home be desolate,  
Let the churchyard hold my all,  
Let the steps whose sound was mirth,  
Pass out from the silent hall.  
Only, only call me Thine,  
Only let me call Thee mine,  
All shall be well.

Let the broken bonds of love  
    Leave a void within my breast;  
Let the farewells of each day  
    Tell me this is not my rest.  
        Only, only call me Thine,  
        Only let me call Thee mine,  
        All shall be well.

Let the sickbed with its pains,  
    Lay the feeble body low;  
Let the deathbed with its fears,  
    Tell me of the coming foe.  
        Only, only call me Thine,  
        Only let me call Thee mine,  
        All shall be well.

Let my last farewell be said;  
    Let the shroud enwrap my clay;  
Let this mortal body pass  
    Into nothingness away.  
        Only, only call me Thine,  
        Only let me call Thee mine,  
        All shall be well.

# THE CITY OF THE FORGIVEN

*ISA. 32:14*

CITY of celestial health,  
Into which no sickness comes,  
Where, in everlasting wealth,  
We shall find our home of homes.  
City of the tranquil breast,  
Where the heartache is unknown;  
Harbour of securest rest,  
Life's long tempest past and gone,  
There amid the holy blest,  
I shall be a welcome guest,  
I a sinner yet at rest.

City of eternal love,  
Dwelling-place of the forgiven,  
Glory of the realm above,  
Centre of the sinless heaven.  
Palace of the crownèd host,  
Army upon army see,  
Gathered from earth's countless lost,  
Clothed in heavenly purity!  
There amid the holy blest,  
I shall be a welcome guest,  
I a sinner yet at rest.

City of the cleansed and fair;  
With the raiment like the light,  
Sons of morning shining there,  
Sons of gladness ever bright.  
City of unweeping eyes,  
Where the tear-drop falleth not;  
Sorrows, farewells, broken ties,  
All for evermore forgot,  
There amid the holy blest,

I shall be a welcome guest,  
I a sinner yet at rest.

City of unsetting suns,  
Where the sky is clear and pure,  
Where the earthly gathered ones  
Find themselves in peace secure.  
City of the feast and song,  
Seat of sacred mirth above,  
Where the voices sweet and strong  
Sing the endless song of love.  
There amid the holy blest,  
I shall be a welcome guest,  
I a sinner and at rest.

City where the ransomed meet,  
From a thousand lands afar,  
Where the parted we shall greet  
Safe from earthly storm and war.  
Where the Bridegroom clasps his bride,  
Reached at last the blessed goal,  
Seats her at his happy side,  
Best beloved of his soul.  
There amid the holy blest,  
I shall be a welcome guest,  
I a sinner and at rest.

# THAT I MAY KNOW HIM

**T**HAT I may know Himself!  
This is the longing of my soul,  
Thus does my weary heart find rest,  
My spirit is made whole.

To know Him is to live!  
In him alone I find my peace;  
He is the way, the truth, the life,  
The fountainhead of bliss.

That I may know His cross!  
Thus, looking up, I cry,  
Beneath its shadow I sit down;  
Here would I live and die.  
That cross is light and love,  
It shineth like the sun to me;  
All health is there and heavenly strength;  
Eternal liberty.

That I may know His blood!  
The blood that cleanseth guilt away,  
That biddeth fear and doubt depart,  
And turns my night to day.  
The blood that pacifies!  
That telleth me of sin forgiven;  
That reconciles, and points me to  
The open gate of heaven.

That I may know His love!  
The love that faileth not when all things fail;  
Which many waters cannot quench; o'er which  
The floods cannot prevail.  
The love that floweth down  
From the bright throne above,  
That speaketh in these signs, at this  
The table of His love!

# THE VOICE OF MY BELOVED

**T** HE voice of my Beloved!  
Behold He comes at last;  
Over the mountains leaping,  
He comes, He comes in haste.  
O welcome voice! O welcome day!  
Come, my Beloved, come away.

The voice of my Beloved!  
Too long unheard below;  
At length my garden blossoms,  
At length its spices flow.  
O welcome voice! O welcome day!  
Come, my Beloved, come away.

The voice of my Beloved!  
The voice of heavenly love;  
It speaks all sweetly, gently,  
To me His chosen dove.  
O welcome voice! O welcome day!  
Come, my Beloved, come away.

The voice of my Beloved!  
Sweeter than sweetest song;  
So long delayed and distant,  
So long unheard, so long!  
O welcome voice! O welcome day!  
Come, my Beloved, come away.

The voice of my Beloved!  
My Bridegroom and my King;  
The thought of it is gladness,  
My very heart doth sing.  
O welcome voice! O welcome day!  
Come, my Beloved, come away.

The voice of my Beloved!  
'Tis life, and joy, and rest;  
It calls us to the marriage,  
It summons to the feast!  
O welcome voice! O welcome day!  
Come, my Beloved, come away.

# THE LOVE THAT PASSETH KNOWLEDGE

**T**HE love of Heaven has come to earth,  
The love of God to sinful men;  
The love that giveth life and light,  
Thro' Him who died and rose again.  
This word of love to man He speaks;  
Who shall that word of love unsay?  
*“As far as east is from the west,  
So far I bear your sins away.”*

The peace of Heaven has come to earth,  
The peace of God to sinners here;  
It shineth sweetly from the cross,  
It takes from us each guilty fear.  
This word of peace to man He speaks;  
Who shall that word of peace unsay?  
*“As far as east is from the west,  
So far I bear your sins away.”*

O sons of sorrow and of sin,  
Life from the God of life receive!  
He loveth not to see you die,  
Oh! listen, and your souls shall live!  
The word of life to man He speaks;  
Who shall that word of life unsay?  
*“As far as east is from the west,  
So far I bear your sins away.”*

O children of the cross and crown,  
Whose life is hid with Christ in God,  
Sing ye each day the song of light,  
The song of freedom thro' the blood.  
'Tis He who gives that song of light;  
Who shall His words of grace unsay?  
*"As far as east is from the west,  
So far I bear your sins away."*

O children of the festival,  
To whom the crown and throne belong,  
Sing at His table here on earth  
The prelude of the endless song.  
'Tis He who biddeth us rejoice;  
Who shall His words of grace unsay?  
*"As far as east is from the west,  
So far I bear your sins away."*

# MY CUP

*MATT. 20:23*

THINE, and yet ours, O Lord!  
Ours, and yet also Thine,—  
That cup of dread and wrath,  
Cup of unearthly wine.

Too bitter far for us,  
The wormwood and the gall;  
Not the bright wine of joy,  
Nor cup of festival.

We dare not touch one drop  
In that sad, solemn cup,  
Which Thou for us didst take  
And drink it wholly up.

Oh, teach us, teach us, Lord!  
What that deep bitterness  
Contained in it for us  
Of sweetness and of peace.

To Thee the cup of wrath,  
To us the cup of love,  
Emptied of all but joy  
And healing from above.

To Thee the cup of death,  
Of darkness and of night,  
To us the cup of life  
And resurrection light!

For Thou hast drained that cup  
Of every bitter thing,  
And filled it with the peace  
Beyond imagining.

Thus emptied and thus filled,  
We take it, Lord, from Thee,  
Sweet with the health of heaven,  
With immortality.

# BENEATH HIS WING

I COME, I rest beneath  
The shadow of Thy wing,  
That I may know  
How good it is  
There to abide,  
How safe its sheltering!

I lean upon the cross,  
When fainting by the way.  
It bears my weight,  
It holds me up,  
It cheers my soul,  
It turns my night to day.

I clasp the outstretched hand  
Of my delivering Lord.  
Unto His arm  
I link myself,  
His arm Divine;  
It doth me help afford.

I hear the gracious words  
He speaketh to my soul;  
They whisper rest,  
They banish fear,  
They say, Be strong,  
They make my spirit whole.

At His own table here  
I sit and hear His voice.  
That bread and wine,  
They speak to me  
Of love Divine;—  
I listen and rejoice!

# THE SON OF GOD HAS COME

**W**E know the Son of God is come,  
In lovingkindness from above;  
True Son of God, true Son of man,  
Revealer of the Father's love.

We know the Son of God is come,  
The Christ of God was crucified;  
The Just One for the unjust stood,  
The Living for the dead hath died.

To bear our sins the Christ was born;  
For us He suffered on the tree;  
For us went down into the tomb,  
Then rose in mighty majesty.

His life for ours in love He gave;  
On the one altar laid it down,  
The payment of our awful debt,  
The purchase of our heavenly crown.

The Sacrifice for human guilt,  
He hung upon the cross of shame;  
The sinner's death the sinless died,  
A curse the Blessed One became.

His poverty hath made us rich;  
His night for us hath purchased day;  
His lowliness hath lifted us  
From the deep pit and miry clay.

His tears have chased our tears away,  
His sighs have made our sighing cease,  
His sorrow hath brought joy to us,  
His troubled soul has wrought our peace.

His weariness, it gives us rest;  
His agony, it soothes our soul;  
His bloody sweat, it comforteth;  
His broken body makes us whole.

His crown of thorns hath bought for us  
A crown of life and righteousness;  
His buffetings our wounds have bound;  
His stripes have healed our sicknesses.

Yes, once for all the blood was shed,  
And once for all the work was done;  
No other blood we ask or need,  
Save that of the beloved Son.

Him who hath paid the eternal debt,  
Surety for us before the throne;  
Our Ransom and our Ransomer,  
Him as our Lord and King we own.

Through Him the grace and truth have come,  
Peace for the sinner through His blood;  
Pardon and nearness evermore,  
The friendship of the righteous God.

And this, all this, His table shows,  
The light, the truth, the grace Divine;  
Here Christ is all, the first and last,  
The Giver of the bread and wine.

The cup of blessing which we bless  
Is the communion of the blood;  
The bread here broken, is it not  
Communion with the Son of God?

# COMPLETE IN HIM

**H**E bore the sin!  
Alone He bore the load;  
For us He drank the cup,—  
Jesus the Son of God.  
He bore the sin!

He paid the debt!  
He paid it with His blood;  
Each claim He satisfied;  
All that we owe to God.  
He paid the debt!

He made the peace!  
He silences each fear;  
He is Himself the peace;  
By blood He brings us near.  
He made the peace!

He did the work!  
The law He magnified;  
Our lifetime's failure He  
Hath gloriously supplied.  
He did the work!

The foe He fought!  
Our foe and His He slew;  
He leads us in the war,  
Almighty to subdue.  
The foe He fought!

He won the life!  
Life by His death He won;  
That life He giveth us,  
The glory and the crown.  
He won the life!

He leads us in!  
And sets us at His side  
In His own banquet house;  
His well-beloved Bride,  
He leads us in!

For ever His!  
After His likeness made,  
All fair, and in the robes  
Of bridal white arrayed.  
For ever His!

# THE JUST FOR THE UNJUST

“The Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep.”—JOHN 10:11

**F**OR the sheep the Shepherd dies;—  
Blessed Shepherd, blessed sheep!  
Gives Himself a sacrifice,  
In His love so true and deep.

For the dead, the Prince of Life  
Gives His life upon the tree;  
Conquers in the awful strife,  
Wins th' eternal victory.

For the sons of man undone,  
Son of God, He lieth low;  
He, the pure and righteous One,  
For the unrighteous bears the woe.

For the evil dies the good,  
And the sinless takes the sin;  
For the guilty sheds His blood,  
Bids the banished enter in.

From the throne the Lord of Light  
To the darkness of the tomb  
Cometh down, arrayed in might,  
To reverse the captive's doom.

Give we, then, with gladsome voice,  
Glory to the glorious King;  
In His grace and love rejoice,  
And His endless praises sing.

Underneath His shadow here  
Let us sit and love and praise,  
Till the morning star appear,  
Dawning of the day of days.

# THE DROPS OF THE NIGHT

*Song of Solomon 5:2*

OUT in the dew and cold He stands,  
The drops of night are on His hair;  
In patient love He waits without,  
And who,—who keeps Him there?

All heaven is in His earnest voice,  
All glory on His brow so fair;  
In sorrowing love He stands without  
And who,—who keeps Him there?

“Open to Me, beloved one,  
With me thy heart and dwelling share;”  
But still at the barred door He stands,  
And who,—who keeps him there

He hath no place to lay His head,  
No one a home or roof will spare;  
No one respondeth when He knocks;  
And who,—who keeps Him there?

The winds are out, the storm is up,  
Freezing and sharp the midnight air;  
He does not leave, but knocketh on;  
And who,—who keeps Him there.

Our ear is sealed, our heart is cold,  
And we refuse both hearth and fare;  
He speaks,—we hear not Ah! ’tis we,  
Yes, we who keep Him there.

But now no more we shut Thee out,  
O Thou, the fairest of the fair;  
Come in, Thou blessed One, we will  
No longer keep Thee there.

He cometh in, my board I spread,  
My wine and viands I prepare;  
The night-drops fall, the night-winds blow—  
He is no longer there.

He sups with me, and I with Him;  
I wipe the night-drops from His hair;  
I hear no more His knock without;—  
He is no longer there.

# SOMEBODY HATH TOUCHED ME

**S**ON of the Blessed! on thy way  
For us to the sin-bearing tree,  
What crowds press round thee every where;  
But only one is touching Thee!  
That one, that needy one, am I;  
Lord, I must touch thee, or I die.  
It is for healing that I pray,  
Oh send me not unhealed away.

I hear Thee say, Who touched My robe  
Of all the eager crowd I see?  
Some one has touched Me, and drawn out  
The healing treasured up in Me.  
I am, I am that somebody,  
Ah, Lord, Thou wilt not turn from me;  
Yes, Lord, that needy one am I,  
Thus would I touch Thee, or I die.

The crowd is pressing on apace;  
No one to touch Thee seems to care,  
As if men needed not Thy health,  
Or as if Thou hadst none to spare.  
Yet some one Lord is touching Thee,  
I am, I am that somebody;  
Yes, Lord, that needy one am I,  
Lord I would touch Thee or I die.

# FOLLOW ME

**T**O the dark cross, O Son of God,  
In love to us, Thou wentest on,  
The bearer of the sinner's load,  
In that dread darkness all alone.

Unfainting in Thy work of love,  
Unwearied in Thy path below,  
To death we see Thee calmly move,  
Unshrinking from the shame and woe.

The cup the Father gave, its last  
Sad drops of vinegar and gall  
Thou tookest to the tree, and hast,  
Once and for ever, drained them all.

Still pressing onwards, onwards still,  
Through griefs unfathomed and unknown;  
Thy meat to do the Father's will,  
Thy joy to suffer for Thine own.

Thy cross with its unmeasured load,  
Too heavy far, too dark for me;  
Make it, oh! make it, Son of God,  
The cross of fellowship with Thee.

That cup of death, the wine of night,  
Too bitter far, O Lord, for me;  
Make it to us the wine of light,  
The cup of fellowship with Thee.

Thee would we follow to the cross,  
To Thee without the camp we go;  
Content to suffer pain and loss,  
Partakers of Thy lot below.

Through daily storm and weariness,  
    Taking no rest where Thou hadst none,  
We lean on Thee, and onward press,  
    Our eye upon the heavenly throne.

Thy yoke we take, and find it love;  
    Thy burden is not hard to bear;  
Thy voice from Thine own heaven above  
    Bids us press on to meet Thee there.

# THE SUPPER AND THE ADVENT

TILL He come we own His name,  
Round His table gathering;  
One in love, and faith, and hope,  
Waiting for an absent King.

Blessed table, where the Lord  
Sets for us His choicest cheer;  
Angels have no feast like this;  
Angels wait, but sit not here.

Till He come we eat this bread,  
Seated round this heaven-spread board;  
Till He come, we meet and feast,  
In remembrance of the Lord.  
In the banquet-house of love,  
In the Bridegroom's garden fair;  
Thus we sit and feast and praise;—  
Angels look, but cannot share.

Till He come, we take this cup,—  
Cup of blessing and of love;  
Till He come, we drink this wine,  
Emblem of the wine above,—  
Emblem of the blood once shed,  
Blood of Him our sins who bare;  
Angels look, but do not drink,  
Angels never taste such fare.

Till He come, beneath the shade  
Of His love we sit and sing;  
Over us His banner waves,  
In His hall of banqueting.  
Happy chamber, where the Lord  
Spreads the feast with viands rare;  
Angels now are looking on,  
Angels serve but cannot share.

Till He come, we wear the badge  
Of the ancient stranger-band;  
Leaning on our pilgrim-staff,  
Till we reach the glorious land.  
Homeless here, like Him we love,  
Watch we still in faith and prayer;  
Angels have no watch like ours,  
Angels have no cross to bear.

Till He come, we fain would keep  
These our robes of earth unsoiled;  
Looking for the festal dress,  
Raiment of the undefiled.  
Ha! these robes of purest light,  
Fairest still among the fair!  
Angels gaze, but cannot claim,—  
Angels no such raiment wear.

Till He come we keep the feast,  
Emblem of the feast above;  
Marriage supper of the Lamb,  
Festival of joy and love.  
Angels hear the bridal song,  
Angels set the festal fare;  
Angels hear, but cannot join,  
Angels wait, but cannot share.

# BEHOLD THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH

*"They took no oil with them."—MATT. 25:3*

**B**EHOLD the Bridegroom comes!  
The midnight cry is heard:  
Arise and join the train,  
Go forth to meet your Lord.  
They wake, He is at hand;  
But they are unprepared!

Their lamps are by their side,  
But all unfilled the urn:—  
Oh give us of your oil,  
They cry to each in turn;  
The flame is dying down,  
Our lamps refuse to burn.

It cannot, cannot be!  
Enough but for our own;—  
We cannot help you now,  
For each must stand alone;  
The past is now the past,  
And may not be undone.

Go ye to them that sell!  
But while they went to buy,  
The Bridegroom came; they saw  
The bridal train sweep by,  
They saw the wise go in,  
In vain, in vain their cry.

The door, alas! is shut;  
    They hear the festal strain;  
They see the virgin-throng,  
    To join it they would fain;  
The wise have all gone in,  
    They knock, but knock in vain.

“I know you not,” is all  
    The welcome that they hear.  
“I know you not;”—oh words  
    Of trembling and of fear!  
Ye cannot join these songs  
    Nor in these halls appear!

# NAILING IT TO HIS CROSS

*COL. 2:14*

**N**AILING it to His cross,  
Before all earth and heaven,  
He showed the guilt He had to bear,  
The sin to be forgiven.  
Read that handwriting, O my soul,  
Read there with shame that awful roll.

Nailing it to His cross:—

In silent, sad array  
He spread that register of hell  
Before the noon of day.  
From that handwriting on the tree  
Learn, O my soul, what sin must be!

Nailing it to His cross;

O sinner, know thy doom,  
Thou canst not pay that endless debt,  
That everlasting sum.  
Study that bond, that thou may'st see  
What heavenly justice claims from thee.

Nailing it to His cross;

O man, thou art undone!  
By whom shall these demands be met,  
And thy deliverance won?  
Who shall unfix that awful bond?  
Must thou for ever-more despond?

Nailing it to His cross,

That bond of dread and doom;  
He bound Himself to pay in full  
The law-demanded sum:—  
He who this earth in sorrow trod,  
At once thy Surety and thy God.

Nailing it to His cross,  
He pledged His power to pay  
Each jot and tittle written there;  
Then bore them clean away!  
See there, my soul, thy debt displayed,  
And yet the eternal payment made.

Nailing it to His cross,  
He pledged His love to thee,—  
Love passing knowledge, passing bounds,  
Love for eternity!  
Look to yon nails, O troubled one,  
And learn what this great love hath done.

Nailing it to His cross;  
Then all is finished there;  
In His own body on the tree,  
Our sins the Surety bare.  
Now is eternal pardon sealed,  
And the great love of God revealed.

Nailing it to His cross;  
At His own table here,  
Partaking of the bread and wine,  
We taste the heavenly cheer.  
Upon the tree of life we feast,  
Beneath its boughs we calmly rest.

Nailing it to His cross;  
Here in this broken bread  
And covenant wine, we read the peace  
His finished work has made.  
Peace once for all, the peace of God,—  
Peace thro' the reconciling blood.

# SPEAK TO MY SOUL

GRAVE on my spirit, Son of God,  
The lessons of Thy light,  
Once spoken on this earth of ours,  
To us the Sons of night.

Repeat those glimpses of the light,  
Repeat them hour by hour,  
Pour in the gladness they impart,  
With richer fuller power.

Repeat the whispers of Thy love,  
The still small voice of peace;  
Speak to my soul till every part  
Takes in the blessedness.

Recall the messages of love  
For latest ages given,  
Once uttered underneath these skies,  
And still sent down from heaven;—

“Lo, I am with you evermore  
Tho’ parted from your sight,  
Abide in Me, and I in you,  
So shalt thou walk in light.”

Show me the upper room where thou  
Gav’st the first bread and wine,  
Recall the wonders of that feast,  
The words of truth Divine.

The love that passeth knowledge, shed  
Abroad within my soul.  
The love that soothes the troubled heart,  
And makes the broken whole.

Unfold the vastness of that love;  
Let all its fulness shine  
Into the innermost recess  
Of this poor heart of mine.

# THE COMFORTER

**H**AST Thou not come into this world of ours,  
O Spirit of the Father and the Son?  
Art Thou not working still Thy mighty work,  
As Thou in the long ages past hast done?

Art thou not filling all the sons of God,  
And dwelling in them as in days of old?  
Laying Thy hand upon the scattered flock,  
And bringing them into the heavenly fold?

Art Thou not teaching, quickening, comforting;  
Feeding the hungry; to the streams of life  
The thirsty leading; and the tempest-toss'd,  
Calming in days of outward, inward strife.

Is Thy hand shortened that it cannot save,  
Is Thine ear heavy that it cannot hear?  
Oh wilt Thou not in times of unbelief  
Allay each doubt and quiet every fear?

Oh call to our remembrance all the words  
Of heavenly consolation, to His own,  
Once spoken here by the loved Master, ere  
He left them in this hostile land alone.

Each gracious promise to His blood-bought Church,  
Each truth, each sacred pledge, each holy sign,  
O Mighty Comforter, light up, that they  
Into our darkness may most sweetly shine.

The breath of power Divine, once breathed while yet  
He dwelt His own beloved ones among,  
“Receive ye now from Me the Holy Ghost,”  
That sacred breath perpetuate and prolong.

O Mighty Spirit, fill those hearts while thus  
We sit around the table of the Lord;  
And as we feed upon this bread and wine,  
Pour in the health and comfort they afford.

O Spirit of the living God, the gift  
Of our ascended Lord and crowned King,  
To Thee with Father and with Son we would  
With joyful lips the eternal praises sing.

# HE DIED AND ROSE

**T**O the sad cross He came,  
Descending from above;  
Upon the altar laid Himself,  
The sacrifice of love.

To the lone grave He went,  
Of silence and of night;  
Within the rock's dark solitude  
He lay, the Prince of Light.

He died and lived again;  
On the third day He rose;  
Our battle fought, our victory won,  
And scattered all our foes.

His work done once for all,  
His pain for ever o'er,  
He resteth from His life-long toil,  
He reigns for evermore.

Our guilt all borne away,  
Our peace securely made,  
Our prison-door thrown open wide,  
Our debt for ever paid.

His life for ours He gave,  
The Shepherd for the flock;  
And now with Him we rest beneath  
The shadow of the rock.

# I AM POOR AND NEEDY

**S**ORE sick of sin, and longing to be free,  
Son of the Blessed, lo, I come to Thee,  
Let me but see Thee, then am I at rest;  
Let me but touch Thy robe, and I am blest.

Shine from the cross to me; then all is peace:  
Shine from the throne; then all my troubles cease:  
Speak but the word, and sadness quits my soul:  
Touch but my hand with Thine, and I am whole.

This daily, hourly change, which men call life,  
Is one long scene of weariness and strife;  
Fightings without, and fears each day within,  
Make up this history of pain and sin.

When shall the purity I seek be given,  
Earnest of all that makes the joy of heaven?  
When shall the liberty I pant for come,  
And bondage end in freedom and in home?

Table of gladness, where we sit and sing  
Beneath the shade of the eternal wing,  
Table of safety, where the Master spreads  
His banner o'er our unprotected heads.

Shine from this table, where the bread and wine  
Tell of Thy love and fellowship Divine,  
Oh speak to us the words of joy and peace,  
Oh bid each burden fall, each trouble cease.

# CHRIST FOR US

O N merit not my own I stand;  
On doings which I have not done,  
Merit beyond what I can claim,  
Doings more perfect than my own.

Upon a life I have not lived,  
Upon a death I did not die,  
Another's life, another's death,  
I stake my whole eternity.

Not on the tears which I have shed;  
Not on the sorrows I have known,  
Another's tears, another's griefs,  
On them I rest, on them alone.

Jesus, O Son of God, I build  
On what Thy cross has done for me;  
There both my death and life I read,  
My guilt, my pardon there I see.

Lord, I believe; oh deal with me  
As one who has Thy word believed;  
I take the gift, Lord look on me  
As one who has Thy gift received.

I taste the love the gift contains,  
I clasp the pardon which it brings,  
And pass up to the living source  
Above, whence all this fulness springs.

Here at Thy feast, I grasp the pledge  
Which life eternal to me seals,  
Here in the bread and wine I read  
The grace and peace thy death reveals.

O fulness of the eternal grace,  
O wonders past all wondering!  
Here in the hall of love and song,  
We sing the praises of our King.

# UNSPOTTED FROM THE WORLD

**S** OIL not thy raiment, saint of God,  
If thou the high reward wouldst win!  
Pure from the world thy garments keep;  
All round thee are the snares of sin.

White is thy robe; oh, stain it not:  
It came from heaven; 'twas washed in blood;  
Defile it not with earthly taint,  
Preserve it to the day of God.

Heir of the kingdom, watch thy steps:  
The tempter lurks on every side,—  
Lust of the flesh, and eye, and ear,  
Ease, pleasure, luxury, and pride.

Child of the light, oh, walk in light,  
Son of the morning, walk in day;  
Sleep not;—the night is almost spent,  
Up from thy slumber, watch and pray.

O citizen, but not of earth,  
Look up, behold thy city's walls;  
All fair, while from each battlement  
To thee the loving watchman calls.

Press on and up! thy hope is bright,  
A hope unchanging and Divine;  
Fear not the foe, the fight, the toil;  
The everlasting gates are thine.

Thou featest for a season here,  
Soon shalt thou feast in joy above;  
The little while shall pass, and then  
The long long day of light and love.

Thou hastenest to thy Bridegroom King:  
Thy Bridegroom King he hastes to thee.  
Make ready for the meeting-time,  
The day of bright festivity.

'Tis good to meet Him as we walk  
Below, on this our stranger road;  
But best of all to meet Him there  
Within the Paradise of God.