

HYMN 401

The God of Abraham praise,
who reigns enthroned above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
and God of love;
the Lord, the great I AM,
by earth and heaven confessed:
we bow and bless the sacred Name
for ever blest.

He by himself hath sworn:
we on his oath depend;
we shall, on eagles-wings upborne,
to heaven ascend:
we shall behold his face,
we shall his power adore,
and sing the wonders of his grace
for evermore.

There dwells the Lord, our King,
the Lord, our Righteousness,
triumphant o'er the world and sin,
the Prince of Peace;
on Zion's sacred height
his kingdom he maintains,
and, glorious with his saints in light,
for ever reigns.

The God who reigns on high
the great archangels sing,
and "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
"Almighty King!
Who was, and is, the same,
and evermore shall be:
eternal Father, great I AM,
we worship thee."

The whole triumphant host
give thanks to God on high;
"Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost"
they ever cry;
hail, Abraham's Lord divine!
With heaven our songs we raise;
all might and majesty are thine,
and endless praise.

HYMN 685

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
let me hide myself in thee;
let the water and the blood
from thy wounded side which flowed,
be of sin the double cure,
cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Should my tears for ever flow,
should my zeal no languor know,
all for sin could not atone;
thou must save, and thou alone;
in my hand no price I bring,
simply to thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
when mine eyelids close in death,
when I rise to worlds unknown
and behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
let me hide myself in thee.

HYMN 473

Lift High the cross, the love of Christ proclaim
till all the world adore his sacred Name.

Led on their way by this triumphant sign,
the hosts of God in conquering ranks combine.
Lift High the cross, the love of Christ proclaim
till all the world adore his sacred Name.

Each newborn servant of the Crucified
bears on the brow the seal of him who died.
Lift High the cross, the love of Christ proclaim
till all the world adore his sacred Name.

O Lord, once lifted on the glorious tree,
as thou hast promised, draw the world to thee.
Lift High the cross, the love of Christ proclaim
till all the world adore his sacred Name.

So shall our song of triumph ever be:
praise to the Crucified for victory.
Lift High the cross, the love of Christ proclaim
till all the world adore his sacred Name.