

- 3 There we shall see His face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of His grace,
Drink endless pleasures in :
Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.
- 4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below ;
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow :
Then let out songs abound,
And every tear be dry ;
We are marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

**MUKER
METHODIST CHURCH.**

Hymns

to be sung at the

Opening & Dedication

of the

**New Church
and Sunday School**

and at the

Thanksgiving Meeting

—on—

**Wednesday, 24th October,
1934.**

*"Enter into His gates with thanksgiving
and into His courts with praise."*

1. (M.H.B. 680).

- 1 **G** LAD was my heart to hear
My old companions say :
Come, in the house of God appear,
For 'tis a holy day.
- 2 Our willing feet shall stand
Within the temple door,
While young and old, in many a band
Shall through the sacred floor.
- 3 Thither the tribes repair,
Where all are wont to meet,
And joyful in the house of prayer
Bend at the mercy-seat.
- 4 Pray for Jerusalem,
The city of our God ;
The Lord from Heaven be kind to them
That love the dear abode !
- 5 Within these walls may peace
And harmony be found ;
Zion, in all thy palaces
Prosperity abound.
- 6 For friends and brethren dear
Our prayer shall never cease ;
Oft as they meet for worship here,
God send His people peace !

2. (M.H.B. 983).

- 1 **B** E with us, gracious Lord, to-day ;
This house we dedicate to Thee :
O hear Thy servants as they pray,
And let Thine ear attentive be.
- 2 Within these walls let holy peace,
Let love and truth be always found ;
May burdened hearts find sweet release,
And souls with richest grace be crowned.
- 3 May here be heard the suppliant's sigh,
The weary enter into rest ;
Here may the contrite to Thee cry,
And waiting souls be richly blessed.

- 4 Here, when the gospel sound is heard,
And here proclaimed the saving name,
May hearts be quickened, moved and stirred,
And souls be kindled into flame.
- 5 Here may the dead be made to live,
The dumb to sing, the deaf to hear:
And do Thou to the humble give
Pardon and peace instead of fear.
- 6 Make this, O Lord, Thine own abode;
Thy presence in these courts be given;
Be this, indeed, the house of God,
And this in truth the gate of heaven.

3. (M.H.B. 711).

- 1 **H**OW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of Hosts, Thy dwellings are!
With strong desire my spirit faints
To meet the assemblies of Thy saints.
- 2 Blest are the saints that sit on high,
Around Thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.
- 3 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of Thy grace;
Here they behold Thy gentler rays,
And seek Thy face, and learn Thy praise.
- 4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength, and through the road
They lean upon their helper God.
- 5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before Thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

- 1 **G**REAT is the Lord our God,
And let His praise be great;
He makes His churches His abode,
His most delightful seat.
- 2 These temples of His grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honours of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.
- 3 In Zion God is known
A refuge in distress;
How bright has His salvation shone
Through all her palaces!
- 4 In every new distress
We'll to His house repair;
We'll think upon His wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

5. (M.H.B. 677).

- 1 **W**E love the place, O God,
Wherein Thine honour dwells;
The joy of Thine abode
All earthly joy excels.
- 2 It is the house of prayer
Wherein Thy servants meet;
And Thou, O Lord, art there,
Thy chosen flock to greet.
- 3 We love the word of life,
The word that tells of peace,
Of comfort in the strife
And joys that never cease.
- 4 We love to sing below
Of mercies freely given;
But O we long to know
The triumph song of heaven!
- 5 Lord Jesus, give us grace,
On earth to love Thee more,
In heaven to see Thy face,
And with Thy saints adore.

6. (M.H.B. 535).

- 1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat ;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat,
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads—
A place than all beside more sweet ;
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
And friend holds fellowship with friend ;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 There, there on eagle wing we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more ;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

7. (M.H.B. 85)

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry
To be exalted thus ;
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine ;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord for ever Thine.
- 4 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

8. (M.H.B. 428).

- 1 I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath ;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers :
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.
- 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God ! He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their
train :
His truth for ever stands secure ;
He saves the oppressed, He feeds the poor,
And none shall find His promise vain.
- 3 The Lord pours eyesight on the blind ;
The Lord supports the fainting mind ;
He sends the labouring conscience
peace ;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.
- 4 I'll praise Him while He lends me breath ;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers :
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

9. (M.H.B. 410).

- 1 COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround His throne :
Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God ;
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
- 2 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas :
This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love ;
He will send down His heavenly powers,
To carry us above.