

# New Wesleyan Chapel, OAKRIDGE.

Hymns to be Sung at the Opening of  
OAKRIDGE WESLEYAN CHAPEL,  
ON THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8th, 1874.

## AFTERNOON.

*Anthem—Holy, Holy unto the Lord.*

1.

### DEDICATION ANTHEM.

OUR earthly temple now complete,  
We come to worship at thy feet;  
O Lord of hosts, thou God of love,  
Behold us from thy throne above.

The Lord is in his holy temple,  
Unto him, unto him shall our vows be paid.  
He will visit his children in mercy,  
And show us the light of his countenance.

My feet shall tread thy courts, O Zion!  
Hallelujah to the Lord!  
Here will I go into the house of the Lord;  
My feet shall tread thy courts, O Zion;  
Hallelujah to the Lord!

2.

GREAT God, thy watchful care we bless,  
Which guards these sacred courts in peace;  
Nor dare tumultuous foes invade  
To fill thy worshippers with dread.

These walls we to thy honour raise,  
Long may they echo to thy praise!  
And thou descending fill the place  
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

And in the great decisive day,  
When God the nations shall survey,  
May it before the world appear,  
That crowds where born to glory here.

3.

WHO shall a temple build for Him,  
Who fills the heaven of heavens alone?  
Who shall exalt his glorious name,  
Fixt in his everlasting throne!

Yet many a lowly fane shall rise,  
Which God himself will not disdain;  
He will accept the sacrifice;  
Nor shall the offering be in vain.

No gorgeous dome, nor boastful vow,  
Can e'er find favour in his sight:  
The humble votary, meek and low,  
And holy soul are his delight.

On these his grace and mercy rest;  
Nor from their shrine will he depart:  
His temple is the faithful breast;  
His altar is the contrite heart.

4.

IN loud and cheerful strains,  
The King of glory praise;  
O'er heaven and earth he reigns,  
Through everlasting days.  
But Zion, with his presence blest,  
Is his delight, his chosen rest.

Great King of glory, come,  
And with thy favour crown  
This temple as thy home,  
This people as thine own:  
Beneath this roof, O deign to shew  
How God can dwell with men below.

Here may thine ears attend  
Our interceding cries;  
And grateful praise ascend,  
Like incense to the skies:  
Here may thy word melodious sound,  
And pour its joys on all around.

Here may our unborn sons  
And daughters sound thy praise,  
And shine like polish'd stones,  
Through long succeeding days:  
Here Lord, display thy saving pow'r,  
While temples stand and men adore.

## EVENING.

*Dedication Anthem.*

1.

JERUSALEM, my glorious home,  
Name ever dear to me,  
When shall my labour have an end,  
In joy and peace with thee.

Oh when thou city of my God,  
Shall I thy courts ascend,  
Where congregations ne'er break up,  
And Sabbaths have no end.

There happier bow'rs than Eden's bloom,  
No sin nor sorrow know;  
Blest seats, thro' rude and stormy scenes,  
I onward press to thee.

Why should I shrink with pain and woe,  
Or feel at death dismay;  
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,  
And realms of endless day.

2.

LEADER of faithful souls, and Guide  
Of all that travel to the sky,  
Come, and with us, even us, abide,  
Who would on thee alone rely;  
On thee alone our spirits stay,  
While held in life's uneven way.

Through thee, who all our sins hast borne,  
Freely and graciously forgiven,  
With songs to Sion we return,  
Contending for our native heaven;  
That palace of our glorious King,  
We find it nearer while we sing.

Raised by the breath of Love Divine,  
We urge our way with strength renew'd;  
The church of the first-born to join,  
We travel to the mount of God;  
With joy upon our heads arise,  
And meet our Captain in the skies.

*Anthem—Thine, O Lord, is the greatness.*

Dismissal—Good Night.