



Geoffrey Bingham

- 1. Sometimes Your living Presence is  
so near  
That I could reach and touch Your  
lovely Face.  
Sometimes I see You not but yet can  
feel  
Your Presence wholly lives within  
this place.  
'Tis then my heart is filled with Your  
dear love—  
And songs of peace flow to me from  
above.**



**2. Sometimes—each time—when battle  
presses strong,  
And loneliness seems rampant in my  
soul,  
When all around the storms of life  
rage on,  
When sad is part, and sadder yet the  
whole,  
Then Presence comes so gently to  
my heart  
And whole is peace, and wonderful  
the part.**



**3. We walk by faith and never live by  
sight,  
Know anguish as we view the human  
scene;  
See every spirit storm-tossed in its  
place,  
And know the power that Evil's  
always been;  
'Tis then the Word tells of the  
Presence dear,  
Assuring us who feel He is not near.**



#### **4. We live, dear Presence, by Your Holy Self**

**Though pain still stay within this  
human vale:**

**We know that You whose Presence  
gives all life,**

**Once lonely were where timber was,  
and nails**

**Pierced harsh Your dear beloved and  
holy flesh**

**And drew You out to darkest,  
loneliest death.**



**5. There was, within that hour of fearful  
pain,  
Such horror when the Holy Presence  
fled.  
And You were in the limbo of the  
lost,  
Gripped in the death of death's most  
deadly dead:  
Your Presence without Presence  
then endured  
Until the soul of Man was fully cured.**



**6. Thus, Lord, Your Presence out of  
fearful death  
Has come to be within my  
transformed soul.  
I know the resurrection of Your Self  
And all my spirit's pure and wholly  
whole.  
I weep for joy to know Your Presence  
near  
And worship You, Immanuel, loved  
and dear.**

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Noel Due

- 1. Out of darkness deep and dread  
You have caused Your light to shine,  
Jesus Christ our living Head,  
Shines within, what truth divine!  
Father, You are all we need,  
You indeed are all we want,  
Fully on Thee do we feed,  
Blessing's fullness Thou dost grant.**
  
- 2. Jesus, Lord, dear Father's Son,  
How we love Your holy Name,  
How is it to us You've come,  
We who've dwelt in sin and shame?  
Glory strides into our hearts,  
Darkness is not dark to Thee!  
Shadows flee and fears depart,  
Christ has come and conquered me!**



- 
- 3. Holy Spirit, Breath of God,  
You cause heartfelt prayer to rise—  
Rise in prayer to Father-God,  
Who alone secures our prize.  
Blessèd Spirit, freely given,  
Cause us so to freely give.  
Heal the wounds that sin has riven,  
So enable us to live!**
- 4. Darkness no more holds full sway,  
Glory reigns both in and o'er.  
Praise springs forth from new-born  
day,  
Prayer ascends e'en hour by hour!  
Mighty Father, Glorious Son,  
Holy Spirit, Three-in-One,  
How we love You since You've come,  
Come and wooed our hearts and won!**

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Samuel Trevor Francis, 1835–1925

- 1. Oh, the deep, deep love of Jesus,  
Vast, unmeasured, boundless, free;  
Rolling as a mighty ocean  
In its fullness over me.  
Underneath me, all around me,  
Is the current of Thy love;  
Leading onward, leading homeward,  
To my glorious rest above.**
  
- 2. Oh, the deep, deep love of Jesus,  
Spread His praise from shore to  
shore;  
How He loveth, ever loveth,  
Changeth never, nevermore,  
How He watches o'er His loved ones,  
Died to call them all His own;  
How for them He intercedeth,  
Watcheth o'er them from the Throne.**



**3. Oh, the deep, deep love of Jesus,  
Love of every love the best:  
'Tis an ocean vast of blessing,  
'Tis a haven sweet of rest.  
Oh, the deep, deep love of Jesus,  
'Tis a heaven of heavens to me;  
And it lifts me up to glory,  
For it lifts me up to Thee.**

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Benjamin Waugh, 1839–1908

- 1. Now let us see Thy beauty, Lord,  
As we have seen before;  
And by Thy beauty quicken us  
To love Thee and adore.**
  
- 2. 'Tis easy when with simple mind  
Thy loveliness we see,  
To consecrate ourselves afresh  
To duty and to Thee.**
  
- 3. Our every feverish mood is cooled,  
And gone is every load,  
When we can lose the love of self,  
And find the love of God.**
  
- 4. 'Tis by Thy loveliness we're won  
To home and Thee again,  
And as we are Thy children true  
We are more truly men.**



**5. Lord, it is coming to ourselves  
When thus we come to Thee;  
The bondage of Thy loveliness  
Is perfect liberty.**

**6. So now we come to ask again  
What Thou hast often given,  
The vision of that loveliness  
Which is the life of heaven.**

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- 1. Holy Father, in Your mercy  
You draw us to worship You:  
By Your love in full adoring  
With the heart that You made new.  
Abba Father! How we love You  
In our worship wholly true.**
  
- 2. Blessèd Son! Oh blessèd Saviour!  
Blessèd Brother! Holy Lord!  
To the Father all our worship  
Is through You who are the Word.  
Blessèd Priest who, in the sanctuary,  
Helps us worship Father God.**
  
- 3. Holy Spirit! God Eternal!  
By Your power and uttered Word  
We adore the Son and Father,  
Worship full the Triune God.  
Pentecost has won our worship  
Through the power of Christ's dear  
blood.**



- 
- 4. Through the Holy City's portals  
Stream the nations and the tribes,  
God and Man in glory seated,  
One forever, loosed from strife,  
Freed of guilt and wounds by healing  
Leaves plucked from the tree of life.**
  
  - 5. With the hosts of heavenly creatures  
One with You, Your children cry,  
Singing, 'Glory, power and honour,  
God of love eternally,  
You who ever live within us  
Granting immortality!'**
  
  - 6. Triune God! Eternal Glory!  
Filled our spirits are to raise  
Songs and psalms of adoration,  
Praise and worship all our days:  
To Your Persons in Your Oneness  
Flow eternal, endless lays.**

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- 1. Praise now to You, Oh glorious King,  
Who fill our hearts with comfort,  
Who bring the gift of sins forgiven,  
Till joy within is surfeit.  
We cannot praise or fully tell  
Of You who do Your all things well.**
  
- 2. The son is lost in country far,  
The sinner wanders lonely,  
The broken-hearted weep in pain,  
The wounded in their groaning;  
The Healer comes as Rising Sun  
With soothing balm to everyone.**
  
- 3. His hands were scarred to heal our  
wounds;  
Our pains and griefs He carried;  
No guilt of sin the Father spared  
Till all was healed: He tarried  
To bear our sins to their decease  
Till human pain and shame should  
cease.**



- 
- 4. In freedom now we tell the tale,  
We tell the old, old story,  
So simple, sweet, so holy, strong,  
So full of loving glory.  
We will not cease to sing our lays  
Who praise Him all our earthly days.**
- 5. And when at last we see His face,  
We'll sing that praise in glory,  
With festal throng we'll throb the song  
Of Cross that once was gory,  
Of wounds that healed our inner pain,  
And wholly banished all our shame.**
- 6. How can we tell such wonder sweet  
That makes us sons forever  
To sit with You upon Your throne  
As kings whom none can sever;  
Our hearts are Yours, Oh glorious  
Lord,  
Who makes us priests unto our God.**

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- 1. He is my own—my only Lord,  
The Lord I love forever.  
Though lords of other glories press  
And seek my soul to sever  
From Him who is my only Lord,  
Mine—who was once His mocker:  
My heart He caught at Calvary,  
Who took me to Golgotha.**
  
- 2. I heard the blood fall on the stones,  
I saw its anguished splashing,  
My heart pained sore to see it pour,  
My eyes wept for His passion.  
This brilliant love caught all my heart  
Within His painful moaning.  
I cried for sins that nailed Him there  
'Til darkness veiled His groaning.**



**3. ‘Ah, Lord!’ I cried, ‘How can You die  
Where I deserve that hanging?  
I saw them nail You to the Cross,  
I heard their hammers banging:  
Those nails went cleanly through my  
sins,  
Those nails hold me forever;  
With You, my Lord, I’m crucified  
And nought can ever sever.’**

**4. ‘My heart is caught into Your heart;  
I live because Your merit  
Cleansed every sin of mind and heart  
And purified my spirit.  
Now free I am—so free to love—  
Full free to tell the story,  
A holy priest, a joyous slave  
To cry Your endless glory.’**

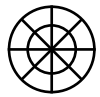


**5. Lords other than th' Eternal Lord  
Are lords without true glory:  
They live in lies and die their death  
Without an endless story,  
But Christ our Lord abolished death  
And opened heaven's portals:  
He gives to us His own dear life  
That we may be immortal.**

**He is my own—my only Lord.**

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George Wade Robinson, 1838–77

- 1. Loved with everlasting love,  
Led by grace that love to know,  
Spirit, breathing from above,  
Thou hast taught me it is so.  
Oh, this full and perfect peace!  
Oh, this transport all divine!  
In a love which cannot cease,  
I am His, and He is mine.  
In a love which cannot cease,  
I am His, and He is mine.**
  
- 2. Heaven above is softer blue,  
Earth around is sweeter green;  
Something lives in ev'ry hue  
Christless eyes have never seen:  
Birds with gladder songs o'erflow,  
Flow'rs with deeper beauties shine,  
Since I know, as now I know,  
I am His, and He is mine.  
Since I know, as now I know,  
I am His, and He is mine.**



- 3. Things that once were wild alarms  
Cannot now disturb my rest;  
Closed in everlasting arms,  
Pillowed on the loving breast;  
Oh, to lie forever here,  
Doubt and care and self resign,  
While He whispers in my ear,  
I am His, and He is mine.  
While He whispers in my ear,  
I am His, and He is mine.**
- 4. His forever, only His:  
Who the Lord and me shall part?  
Ah, with what a rest of bliss  
Christ can fill the loving heart!  
Heaven and earth may fade and flee,  
First-born light in gloom decline;  
But, while God and I shall be,  
I am His, and He is mine.  
But, while God and I shall be,  
I am His, and He is mine.**



**Geoffrey Bingham**

- 1. Oh Christ, we are Yours,  
And, Lord, You are ours,  
And we are in God who is King:  
The Father our Lord has made us both  
    one,  
As one to the Father we sing,  
As one to the Father we sing.**
  
- 2. You gave Him Your love  
As He lived in Your will;  
He went to the Cross for the death,  
To save the sad world from its sin and  
    its grief,  
Who loved to His very last breath,  
Who loved to His very last breath.**
  
- 3. You rose from the grave  
By the glory of Him—  
One with the Father in power:  
You took to Yourself the ones whom  
    He gave,  
Your Church in dear Pentecost's hour,  
Your Church in dear Pentecost's hour.**



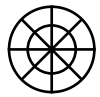
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- 4. Our life is now hid  
In the Christ whom we love—  
His life in the Father immersed:  
We are one in that life, as one in that  
love;  
In Him is our sorrow reversed,  
In Him is our sorrow reversed.**
- 5. Our lives in this world,  
In the midst of all men,  
Are lived by the power unseen.  
Our gaze is above whilst we move on  
this earth,  
And share what Your blood has made  
clean,  
And share what Your blood has made  
clean.**
- 6. The hour is near  
When You shall appear—  
Our Lord in rich glory revealed:  
Our glory shall too with Your glory be  
one;  
Our sonship forever be sealed,  
Our sonship forever be sealed**



- 
- 7. Oh Father and Son!  
Oh Spirit beloved!  
Our hearts with Your heart wholly one  
Shall glorify You in the City of joy,  
Whose lives are now hid in the Son,  
Whose lives are now hid in the Son.**
- 8. Forever as one  
In the fam'ly of love,  
Partakers of Godhead we'll be.  
This glorified dust in fellowship full  
Shall reign with the glorious Three,  
Shall reign with the glorious Three.**
- 9. Oh, Three Who are One!  
In homage we bow  
With angels and creatures galore:  
Our thunderous praise to Your dear  
    throne we raise,  
Forever Your splendour adore,  
Forever Your splendour adore.**

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Geoffrey Bingham

- 1. We cannot live without His Word,  
We cannot live without His Voice;  
We dare not think the thoughts of  
men,  
Or, in the words they give, rejoice.  
The primal darkness fled the scene  
When God gave utt'rance to the Word:  
The Spirit moved across the deep  
And all obeyed the Voice it heard.**
- 2. God spoke the Word that made the  
world,  
He spoke the truth and Man was made;  
In joy and peace and love they lived,  
And walked with Him from day to day.  
The serpent brought the word—  
deceit—  
And spoke it to the primal pair.  
Another word than God's had come;  
This word was death, and death to  
prayer.**



**3. Down through the ages our God  
speaks—**

**The primal couple heard the curse—  
The prophets never ceased to tell  
The Word in image, song and verse.  
The might and holiness of God  
In love and mercy present are  
Where'er the Word is uttered forth  
By sun and moon and furthest star.**

**4. The Word made flesh has come to  
dwell**

**And show in human modes our God.  
That Word heals Man and makes him  
pure  
By power of His flowing blood.  
This Word is life to us who hear.  
Our spirits by that life are fed.  
We share this life with all mankind;  
We offer them the Living Bread.**



**5. Ah, Word of God we weep with joy  
To have Your Voice within our hearts,  
To live afresh each time You speak  
Your love to us in all our parts.  
Ah, Father God—whose Word is  
power—  
Ah, Spirit-Word that flows so free,  
Ah, Living Word, ah, Son of God,  
We worship—Word-in-Trinity.**

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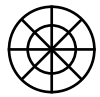
- 1. A silver song is in my heart,  
A silver song for singing;  
A song, a glory-song of joy,  
Within my spirit ringing,  
Within my spirit ringing.**
  
- 2. The joy I sing is of my King,  
The joy that He's imparted:  
Its notes are bursting at the pitch  
Of passion fully-hearted,  
Of passion fully-hearted.**
  
- 3. The King has given the song I sing,  
In all its breadth and length;  
His joy flows high, His joy flows low,  
His joy that is my strength,  
His joy that is my strength.**
  
- 4. I cannot sing unless I sing,  
Unless I sing I cannot  
Flow in the joy that is my Lord's;  
Cease singing then I dare not,  
Cease singing then I dare not.**



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- 5. God's troubadours in every land  
Give vent to rapturous singing;  
Their psalms and hymns and glorious  
songs  
Through every age go ringing,  
Through every age go ringing.**
- 6. Oh angels high, Oh angels vast,  
Join with us—voices raising—  
Oh, all creation let us bring  
To Him our endless praising,  
To Him our endless praising.**
- 7. All praise to You, Redeemer God—  
Dear Father, Son and Spirit—  
For all Your grace and all Your love  
And all Your holy merit,  
And all Your holy merit.**

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- 1. We have not been knowing the voice  
of the Father,  
We have not been hearing the voice  
of His pain,  
We have not been knowing the heart  
of His loving;  
Our own have been sinning—yes—  
time and again.**
  
- 2. Long have we persisted in ways of  
rebellion;  
Unnaturally pressed in the ways of  
our loves:  
The love of our idols and love of our  
pleasures,  
Ignoring the grace that flows full  
from above.**



**3. The work of the Cross is as nought  
in our thinking,  
The plan to redeem but a trifling  
thing,  
'Tis worship we worship, but not in  
the Spirit,  
'Tis love that we love, but not Him  
who is King.**

**4. Our hearts are so barren though we  
have such riches;  
Our riches are rags—not the raiment  
we claim;  
Our spirits are naked, yet flaunt we  
our hardness;  
Our wounds are so deep, but we say  
there's no pain.**



- 5. His judgements that come are the  
judgements of mercy—  
The droughts and the famines the  
gifts of our God;  
The pain that we feel is to heal us  
from evil;  
The scourge in our spirits the  
blessing of God.**
- 6. The judgements of God now release  
us from judgements,  
The death of our dying to bring us to  
life;  
The pain of our idols will drive us to  
Jesus,  
To cry in the days and to weep in the  
nights.**

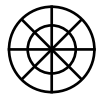


**7. There's balm in the fountain of  
Calvary's Gilead,  
There's healing from pain in the  
Cross of His love,  
There's pardon that heals us, and  
purifies wholly;  
There's peace for the conscience  
which comes from above.**

**8. The Father has healed from the  
wounds of our sinning,  
Has clothed us with beauty—all  
brought by the Dove;  
The judgements are finished, 'tis joy  
until glory,  
'Tis grace upon grace, and is love  
upon love.**

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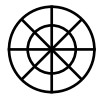
- 1. Love is flowing deep and wide,  
Love is flowing from His side,  
Flowing out o'er the whole earth,  
Bringing with it second birth,  
Love is flowing, Lord, from Thee,  
Love is flowing, Lord, to me.**
- 2. It is I whom Thou hast loved,  
Even though I shed His blood,  
It is I who know delight,  
Though against Thee I did fight.  
Wondrous work of holy grace,  
That redeems a fallen race!**
- 3. Holy Spirit, Thou hast come,  
Showing me the piercèd Son,  
Filling me with Father's love,  
Filling me from Him above.  
Blessèd Holy Spirit, show  
More of Him whom I would know!**



**4. Father God, the One o'er all,  
Thou who hold'st my heart in thrall,  
Father who does all things right,  
Father who is holy light,  
Let Thy love flow out through me,  
Let it flow thus, endlessly!**

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- 1. Come, Bride of Christ arise,  
Shake off the sleep of death!  
Upon your Husband set your eyes,  
And let your idols rest!**
  
- 2. O set your eyes on Him  
Who has from heaven come.  
In love He sought you from afar,  
And with you is now one!**
  
- 3. Come dwell upon His face,  
And there your glory see.  
No other glory will you find,  
No other glory be!**
  
- 4. All that is yours is His,  
Your sin He fully bore,  
And all the riches of His grace,  
On you He loves to pour!**



- 5. Your life is not your own,  
You dwell with Christ in God.  
No other refuge do you need,  
Nor need no other rod.**
- 6. His rod and staff alone  
Full life to you do give.  
No other master will you find  
Whose rule can make you live!**
- 7. O Bride of Christ arise,  
And lift your eyes to Him.  
No longer seek some earthly prize,  
But look and long for Him.**

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- 1. O Holy Spirit strong,  
Of life the Lord and Giver,  
To You our hearts do now belong,  
Washed in the holy river.  
The river of Christ's blood  
You have to our eyes shown;  
We have been plunged beneath the  
flood,  
And there the Father known.  
To Him we now do cry,  
In Christ we now do stand,  
For You have come and grace  
applied,  
And placed us in His hand.**



**2. The things of God above,  
The things of Christ the Son,  
You now delight to show in love,  
To us whom You have won.  
O blessed Spirit, dear,  
Spirit of holy grace,  
By Your great work we now draw  
near,  
And seek the Father's face.  
And when on that great day,  
Our faith gives way to sight,  
And worship pure forever flows,  
Full will be Your delight.**

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- 1. All creation waits with longing  
Till the sons of God be seen.  
Not till then will glory's flowering  
In creation full be shown.  
Crowning glory of creation—  
Man with God in oneness reigns!  
Man with God in oneness reigns!**
- 2. Sons of God now see their glory,  
With the eyes of faith alone.  
Spirit now does tell the story,  
As in travail they do groan.  
Sons of glory, though now hidden,  
Will at last through grace be seen!  
Will at last through grace be seen!**



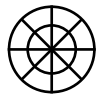
- 3. Spirit prays to God in heaven,  
Intercedes for glory's sons.  
God, who knows the hearts of all  
men,  
Hears and heeds the Spirit's groans.  
'Abba, Father! Abba, Father!'  
Fills all earth and sea and sky!  
Fills all earth and sea and sky!**
- 4. Jesus Christ, the Son now risen,  
Intercedes at God's right hand.  
Accusations, fierce and driven,  
Blow away like so much sand.  
Sons of glory, hid in Jesus,  
Fully righteous do they stand!  
Fully righteous do they stand!**



**5. Father, Son and Holy Spirit,  
Sons of glory They hold fast.  
Peril, ill, nor times of merit,  
Separate from God at last.  
Sons of glory, though in turmoil,  
Conquer all through God's great  
Throne!  
Conquer all through God's great  
Throne!**

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Geoffrey Bingham

- 1. Great Caravan of holy ones,  
The saints of old, the saints anew,  
Move from the days of Abel-son  
Until they reach the Father's view.**
  
- 2. He purposed long before the world  
To save the lost beloved sons,  
To draw them out from Egypt grim,  
And bring them to the promised  
Home.**
  
- 3. Full-sore they suffered from their  
wounds,  
Full-pained they felt the scourge of  
sin;  
The whips of Satan urged them on  
To labours loathed—without, within.**
  
- 4. Then came our Moses to relieve,  
To break the shame and set us free,  
To bring the covenant to view  
With brightest blood of Calvary.**



- 
- 5. O glorious Lord, our Shepherd good,  
Who holds us with Your loving hands:  
We march across the hills of time  
To meet You in the Holy Land.**
- 6. When through the fires our bodies  
pass,  
The flames shall not consume our  
soul,  
The waters shall not drown in death,  
Nought hinders as we reach our goal.**
- 7. Ah, holy Home of God-Abba!  
Ah, Holy Father, we adore!  
Through Spirit who has made us one,  
As brothers of our glorious Lord.**

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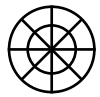
Charles Wesley, 1707–88

- 1. Branch of Jesse's stem, arise,  
And in our nature grow,  
Turn our earth to paradise  
By flourishing below:  
Bless us with the Spirit of grace,  
Immeasurably shed on Thee;  
Give to all the faithful race  
The promised Deity.**
  
- 2. Let the Spirit of our Head  
On all the members rest;  
From Thyself to us proceed,  
And dwell in every breast;  
Teach to judge and act aright,  
Inspire with wisdom from above,  
Holy faith, and heavenly might,  
And reverential love.**



**3. Lord, of Thee we fain would learn  
Thy heavenly Father's will;  
Give us quickness to discern,  
And boldness to fulfil:  
All His mind to us explain,  
And all His name on us impress:  
Then our souls in Thee attain  
The perfect righteousness.**

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Geoffrey Bingham

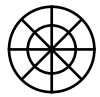
- 1. Ah, Spirit dear, the sin that's sad  
Still never drives You from my breast.  
I hear the sounds of wings so near  
That never flee, yet never rest.  
Your love above me flutters still,  
Your peace—a stream—flows through  
my heart.  
Your eyes are on this soul of mine  
To stay and never to depart.**
- 2. Christ offered through Your peerless  
power  
Full grace of His redeeming love.  
He bore the sins in Calvary's hour,  
Upheld the race to God's dear love.  
And now Your presence fills my  
breast—  
The heart of all on whom You light—  
To drive the sins and self away  
And put the dread of death to flight.**



- 
- 3. Ah, Spirit-Dove, ah, Holy One,  
You moved as wind within my mind,  
You breathed to life my deadened  
heart  
And brought me to His riven side.  
You gave me sight of Calvary's grief,  
Of Father-mercy, Son's great pain,  
Redeeming me from Evil's power  
To make me fully whole again.**
- 4. This is the blessedness I knew  
When first by faith I saw the Lord;  
And blessed my soul shall e'er remain  
While You give sight of His dear  
blood.  
You never fail to give me sight  
Of love that holds me till I die,  
And by You—with all saints above—  
Shall transformed to Your temple fly,**
- 5. To be at one in City pure,  
To join the throng, below, above,  
To reign in power and worship You,  
Dear Father, Son and Holy Dove.**

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- 1. Time was when spirit, fallen, human,  
Full certain of its innate powers,  
Living within its world of idols,  
And shaping out its ego hours.  
The Father gave the Son to suffer,  
The Spirit led Him to that Tree  
And aided Him to rise in power  
And rule as Lord eternally.  
Then came the pain of self and idols,  
Then came the anguish, horror, fear.  
The Wind was blowing in His mercy,  
A Voice to dread and yet so dear.**



**2. The Voice spoke of the grace of  
glory,  
The Cross that purifies the mind  
And heart and spirit—all its story—  
To give the peace the heart must  
find.**

**Ah! Spirit gentle, Spirit hallowed,  
Who takes this heart so sinful, weak,  
And makes it pure and makes it holy  
And turns the wilful into meek:  
You came—the gift of Holy Father;  
You came—the gift of loving Son;  
You purified the heart from evil  
And made the shattered spirit one.**



**3. You lead the weak in holy power;  
You intercede within the heart;  
You cause us to cry ‘Father! Abba!’  
Ah! You, who never will depart.  
You cause us to share all the glory,  
Of all the grace and all the love.  
And when we’ve told the matchless  
story  
You take us to our home above.  
Ah! Spirit of our Holy Father,  
Ah! Spirit of the loving Son,  
Through You we’ll sing the praise  
forever  
Of You, the glorious Triune One.**

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**Geoffrey Bingham**

- 1. Nothing between us,  
Nothing between;  
Nothing that's sinful,  
Nothing unclean;  
Nothing of guilt, and  
Nothing of shame,  
All is so pure, and  
All is so plain.**
  
- 2. Guilt that divided—  
Sin separates—  
Nothing now lurking,  
Nothing that waits  
To make division,  
To fill with pride,  
Nothing unhands us,  
Nothing divides.**



**3. Ah, for communion  
Primal Man knew!  
Ah, for the wonder  
Of union true!  
All is recovered;  
Calv'ry makes fresh  
All that had shattered  
Created flesh.**

**4. Union of Father,  
Union of Son,  
Godly communion,  
God only one.  
Man too recovered,  
In holy love,  
Glory reflects of  
Heaven above.**



**5. Grace has forgiven,  
Closed the divide  
'Twixt us as brethren,  
'Twixt all of life:  
Communion heals us,  
Makes us all one  
With Holy Spirit,  
Father and Son.**

**6. Praise be to heaven  
For sins forgiv'n;  
Praise be for union,  
Love in living;  
Praise for communion  
With our one God,  
For liberation  
Through His dear blood.**

***Repeat verse 1***

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**Geoffrey Bingham**

- 1. Lord of the loving fire,  
Lord who consumes the dross,  
Lord of the flaming ire,  
Destroy death at the Cross.  
Lord of the living Spirit,  
Lord of the cleansing flame,  
Lord of the pure conscience,  
Now immolate our shame.**
  
- 2. Lord of the burning fervour,  
Lord of the searching eye,  
Lord of the needful judgements,  
Make all our evil die.  
Lord of the ruthless ardour,  
Pursue impurity;  
Immolate the uncleanness,  
Sanctify unto Thee.**

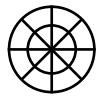


**3. Lord of the high Golgotha,  
You heard before we prayed,  
Purged the guilt of our beings,  
Cleansed where we were dismayed.  
Ah, Holy Loving Fire!  
Burn till the dross is gone.  
Make us Your living Temple,  
Make us Your holy ones.**

**4. Pain of the loving fire  
Purges until the peace  
Floods afresh all our spirits  
Joy that shall never cease.  
Father of loving fire,  
Spirit of living flame,  
Saviour, our fragrant off'ring,  
Blessèd be Your Threefold Name!**

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John Newton, 1725–1807

- 1. Now may the Lord reveal His face,  
And teach our stamm'ring tongues  
To make His sov'reign, reigning  
    grace,  
The subject of our songs!  
No sweeter subject can invite  
A sinner's heart to sing;  
Or more display the glorious right  
Of our exalted King.**
  
- 2. This subject fills the starry plains  
With wonder, joy and love;  
And furnishes the noblest strains  
For all the harps above:  
While the redeem'd in praise  
    combine  
To grace upon the throne,  
Angels in solemn chorus join,  
And make the theme their own.**

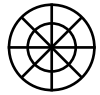


- 3. Grace reigns, to pardon crimson  
sins,  
To melt the hardest hearts;  
And from the work it once begins  
It never more departs:  
The world and Satan strive in vain  
Against the chosen few;  
Secur'd by grace's conquering reign,  
They all shall conquer too.**
- 4. Grace tills the soil, and sows the  
seeds,  
Provides the sun and rain,  
Till from the tender blade proceeds  
The ripen'd harvest grain.  
'Twas grace that called our souls at  
first,  
By grace thus far we're come,  
And grace will help us through the  
worst,  
And lead us safely home.**



**5. Lord, when this changing life is past,  
If we may see Thy face,  
How shall we praise, and love, at  
last,  
And sing the reign of grace!  
Yet let us aim while here below  
Thy mercy to display;  
And own at least the debt we owe,  
Although we cannot pay.**

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Charles Wesley, 1707–88  
The Wesleys' conversion hymn

- 1. Where shall my wondering soul  
begin?  
How shall I all to heaven aspire?  
A slave redeemed from death and sin,  
A brand plucked from eternal fire,  
How shall I equal triumphs raise,  
Or sing my great Deliverer's praise?**
- 2. O how shall I the goodness tell,  
Father, which Thou to me hast  
showed?  
That I, a child of wrath and hell,  
I should be called a child of God,  
Should know, should feel my sins  
forgiven,  
Blest with this antepast of heaven!**



- 
- 3. And shall I slight my Father's love?  
Or basely fear His gifts to own?  
Unmindful of His favours prove?  
Shall I, the hallowed Cross to shun,  
Refuse His righteousness to impart,  
By hiding it within my heart?**
- 4. Outcasts of men, to you I call,  
Harlots, and publicans, and thieves!  
He spreads His arms to embrace you  
all;  
Sinners alone His grace receives:  
No need of Him the righteous have;  
He came the lost to seek and save.**
- 5. Come, O my guilty brethren, come,  
Groaning beneath your load of sin!  
His bleeding heart shall make you  
room,  
His open side shall take you in;  
He calls you now, invites you home:  
Come, O my guilty brethren, come!**



**Robert Smith**

- 1. Father of love, God of all grace,  
I am Your child, bringing You praise,  
Thanking You for the kindness You've  
shown,  
Taking my stubborn heart and leading  
me home.**
  
- 2. Jesus my Lord, Shepherd Divine,  
Suffered my shame that I might be  
Thine,  
Captured my soul with Thy depthless  
love,  
Raised now forever my Saviour above.**
  
- 3. Spirit of God, love's holy fire,  
Humble my mind and mould my  
desire,  
Fashion my heart and renew my will,  
Break me and heal me, my Comforter  
still.**

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Robert Smith

- 1. In the quiet unbroken silence,  
Sitting at my Saviour's feet,  
The cry of my heart is answered there,  
As deep calls unto deep.**
  
- 2. Long before the dawn's appearing  
He doth fill me with His light,  
And the beauty of His grace and peace  
Chase away all fears of night.**
  
- 3. Far above all earth's dominions  
He reigns, my Lord and King,  
And the splendour of His majesty  
Constrains my heart to sing.**
  
- 4. So sings my soul in endless praise  
For the riches of His grace,  
As I wait for that most glorious day  
When I'll see Him face to face.**

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**Elizabeth Hutt**

***Oh, the splendour of His greatness,  
Oh, the beauty of His love,  
Oh, the depths of His forgiveness,  
The wonder of the Father's love.***

- 1. Jesus the lamb for sacrifice  
Shows forth His Father's plan:  
In love to bring back to His side  
The rebel heart of man.**
- 2. His Spirit given freely,  
Poured out on all who believe,  
That 'the God of creation is mighty to  
save',  
And salvation I freely receive.**
- 3. Behold, our God makes all things new,  
The Father of us all,  
And pure we bow before His throne  
In praise forever more.**

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Robert Smith

- 1. I will sing a song of praise  
For the Lord has delivered me;  
He has ransomed me from my futile  
ways  
And made these blind eyes see:  
So I'll sing to the world of His great,  
great grace  
And the love, joy and peace He gives,  
For the Lord of life has been sacrificed  
That I might freely live.**
- 2. I will sing a song of peace  
For the love that the Father has  
shown;  
He has reconciled my angry heart  
And brought my spirit home,  
Having cleansed my guilt in His holy  
fire  
That descended on Calvary's tree,  
Where the Son of God became my sin  
To set my conscience free.**

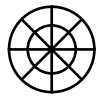


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**3. I will sing a song of hope  
In the grace that the Father has  
planned;  
When the trumpet sounds and the  
earth resounds  
In praises to the Lamb:  
And the saints shall rise with a mighty  
shout  
At the voice of the King of kings,  
And fore'er they'll reign with the Lamb  
once slain  
And to Him glory bring.**

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**Martin Bleby  
The Call of Peter**

***‘Do you love Me? Feed My lambs.  
Do you love Me? Then tend My  
sheep.***

***Do you love Me? Feed My sheep.  
Entrust your soul to God and follow  
Me!’***

- 1. ‘Lord, You know that I love You!  
Lord, You know everything.  
Lord, I have denied You  
But You bore me in Your body on the  
Tree.’**
- 2. ‘Once, when you were younger,  
You went your own way:  
Now, stretch out your hands  
And be taken where you would not  
choose to go.’**



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**3. Blessed be the merciful Father  
Of our Lord Jesus Christ!  
For we are born to a living hope  
Through the raising up of Jesus from  
the dead.**

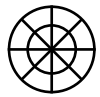
***‘Do you love Me? Feed My lambs.  
Do you love Me? Then tend My  
sheep.***

***Do you love Me? Feed My sheep.  
For I have washed you clean and  
made you whole—***

***Return now to the Shepherd of your  
soul.’***

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Robert Smith

- 1. Glory of Glories, Jesus my Saviour  
Came to redeem us from guilt and  
shame;  
Sent by the Father to gather His  
children,  
Making us holy and free from all  
stain.**
- 2. Gracious Lord Jesus, despised and  
afflicted,  
Went to the Cross as a lamb in our  
place;  
Bore all our hatred, its judgement  
completed,  
Freed us forever to live by His grace.**



**3. Rose He triumphant, exalted,  
ascended,  
Death now defeated He reigns as our  
Lord;  
Poured out His Spirit who brings us  
forgiveness,  
Fills us with power to tell forth His  
Word.**

**4. Praise to the Father, Praise to our  
Saviour,  
Praise to the Spirit who brings us  
new birth;  
Stand we in wonder to worship His  
splendour,  
So come spread His praises  
throughout all the earth.**

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