

His Praises We'll Sing

**Volume 6 – More hymns from Young
Peoples Hymnal**

- 1 “Great is Thy faithfulness!” O God the Father,
There is no shadow of turning with Thee;
Thou changest not, Thy compassions they fail
not;
As Thou hast been Thou for ever wilt be.
*“Great is Thy faithfulness! Great is Thy
faithfulness!”
Morning by morning new mercies I see!
All I have needed Thy hand hath provided!
“Great is Thy faithfulness,” Lord, unto me!*
- 2 Summer and winter, and springtime and harvest,
Sun, moon and stars in their courses above,
Join with all nature in manifold witness
To Thy great faithfulness, mercy and love.
- 3 Pardon for sin and a peace that endureth,
Thy own dear presence to cheer and to guide,
Strength for today and bright hope for tomorrow,
Blessings all mine, with ten thousand beside!

2**(YPH 363)**

- 1 I cannot see into the future,
Or tell what tomorrow will bring:
It may be the darkness of winter,
Perhaps 'twill be sunshine and spring.
The hopes, fondly cherished, may wither,
The friends I have trusted forsake,
But Jesus my Lord is unchanging:
He knoweth the way that I take.
- 2 Though darkness may shroud all the future,
His presence the gloom will dispel,
The sea shall divide at His bidding:
With Jesus to lead, all is well.
And still as I go on my journey,
A path through the desert I'll make,
Though briars and thorns may obstruct me,
He knoweth the way that I take.
- 3 He knoweth the past and the present;
The future my Lord can foresee,
Jehovah, who feedeth the ravens,
Will not be unmindful of me.
At night He will compass my pillow,
Nor leave me when morning doth break,
His arms, everlasting, protect me;
He knoweth the way that I take.

3**(YPH 392)**

- 1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.
- 3 See! from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

- 4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er His body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.
- 5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

4 (YPH 371)

- 1 Man of Sorrows! what a name
For the Son of God, who came
Ruined sinners to reclaim!
Hallelujah! What a Saviour!
- 2 Bearing shame and scoffing rude,
In their place condemned He stood;
Sealed their pardon with His blood:
Hallelujah! What a Saviour!
- 3 Guilty, vile, and helpless, we;
Spotless Lamb of God was He:
Full atonement! – can it be?
Hallelujah! What a Saviour!
- 4 When He comes, our glorious King,
All His ransomed home to bring,
Then anew this song we'll sing:
Hallelujah! What a Saviour!

(YPH 374)

- 1 My song is love unknown,
My Saviour's love to me,
Love to the loveless shown,
That they might lovely be.
 O who am I,
 That for my sake
 My Lord should take
 Frail flesh, and die?
- 2 He came from His blest throne,
Salvation to bestow:
But men made strange, and none
The longed-for Christ would know.
 But O, my Friend!
 My Friend indeed,
 Who at my need
 His life did spend!
- 3 Sometimes they strew His way,
And His sweet praises sing;
Resounding all the day
Hosannas to their King.
 Then "Crucify!"
 Is all their breath,
 And for His death
 They thirst and cry.
- 4 They rise and needs will have
My dear Lord made away;
A murderer they save;
The Prince of life they slay.
 Yet cheerful He
 To suffering goes,
 That He His foes
 From thence might free.
- 6 Here might I stay and sing,
No story so divine;
Never was love, dear King,
Never was grief like Thine!
 This is my Friend,
 In whose sweet praise
 I all my days
 Could gladly spend.

(YPH 386)

- 1 'Tis the church triumphant singing,
Worthy the Lamb!
Heaven throughout with praises ringing,
Worthy the Lamb!
Thrones and powers before Him bending,
Odours sweet with voice ascending
Swell the chorus never ending,
Worthy the Lamb!
- 2 Every kindred, tongue and nation –
Worthy the Lamb!
Join to sing the great salvation;
Worthy the Lamb!
Loud as mighty thunders roaring,
Floods of mighty waters pouring,
Prostrate at His feet adoring,
Worthy the Lamb!
- 3 Harps and songs for ever sounding
Worthy the Lamb!
Mighty grace o'er sin abounding;
Worthy the Lamb!
By His blood He dearly bought us;
Wandering from the fold He sought us;
And to glory safely brought us:
Worthy the Lamb!
- 4 Sing with blest anticipation,
Worthy the Lamb!
Through the vale of tribulation,
Worthy the Lamb!
Sweetest notes, all notes excelling,
On the theme for ever dwelling,
Still untold, though ever telling,
Worthy the Lamb!

7**(YPH 383)**

- 1 There is a city bright;
Closed are its gates to sin;
Nought that defileth,
Nought that defileth
Can ever enter in.
- 2 Saviour, I'd come to Thee!
O Lamb of God, I pray,
Cleanse me and save me,
Cleanse me and save me,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Lord, make me, from this hour,
Thy loving child to be;
Kept by Thy power,
Kept by Thy power
From all that grieveth Thee:
- 4 Till in the snowy dress
Of Thy redeemed I stand,
Faultless and stainless,
Faultless and stainless,
Safe in that happy land!

8**(YPH 362)**

- 1 How precious is the Book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.
- 3 It shows to man his wandering ways,
And where his feet have trod;
And brings to view the matchless grace
Of a forgiving God.
- 4 When once it penetrates the mind
To conquer every sin,
The enlightened soul begins to find
The path of peace divine.

- 5 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.
- 6 O'er all the strait and narrow way
Its radiant beams are cast;
A light whose ever-cheering ray
Grows brightest at the last.
- 7 This lamp through all the tedious night
Of life shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

9

(YPH 370)

- 1 Just as I am, without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed so free,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind:
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 6 Just as I am – Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down –
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 7 Just as I am, of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to
prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come.

10**(YPH 394)**

- 1 Will your anchor hold in the storms of life,
When the clouds unfold their wings of strife?
When the strong tides lift, and the cables strain,
Will your anchor drift, or firm remain?

*Hope is the anchor that keeps the soul
Steadfast and sure while the billows roll;
Fastened to the Rock which cannot move,
Grounded firm and deep in the Saviour's love!*
- 2 Will your anchor hold in the straits of fear,
When the breakers roar and the reef is near?
While the surges rave, and the wild winds blow,
Shall the angry waves then your bark o'erflow?
- 3 Will your anchor hold in the floods of death,
When the waters cold chill your latest breath?
On the rising tide you can never fail,
While your anchor holds within the veil.
- 4 Will your eyes behold through the morning light
The city of gold and the harbour bright?
Will you anchor safe by the heavenly shore,
When life's storms are past for evermore?

11**(YPH 365)**

- 1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast!"
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.
- 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water, thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live!"
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that Light of life I'll walk
 Till travelling days are done.

12 (YPH 390)

- 1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
 All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
 Everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
 O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
 Everything to God in prayer!
- 2 Have we trials and temptations?
 Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged:
 Take it to the Lord in prayer,
Can we find a friend so faithful,
 Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness:
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
- 3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
 Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge:
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
 Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
 Thou wilt find a solace there.

13 (YPH 351)

- 1 Blest be the tie that binds
 Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
 Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
 We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
 Our comforts and our cares.

- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When for a while we part,
This thought will soothe our pain,
That we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way,
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
From sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

14

(YPH 380)

- 1 Ten thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light;
'Tis finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin;
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.
- 2 What rush of hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand-fold repaid!
- 3 Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power and reign;
Appear, Desire of nations,
Thine exiles long for home;
Show in the heavens Thy promised sign;
Thou Prince and Saviour, come.

- 1 Beneath the cross of Jesus
I fain would take my stand,
The shadow of a mighty rock
Within a weary land;
A home within the wilderness,
A rest upon the way,
From the burning of the noontide heat,
And the burden of the day.
- 2 O safe and happy shelter!
O refuge tried and sweet!
O trysting-place where heaven's love
And heaven's justice meet!
As to the holy patriarch
That wondrous dream was given,
So seems my Saviour's cross to me
A ladder up to heaven.
- 3 There lies beneath its shadow,
But on the farther side,
The darkness of an awful grave
That gapes both deep and wide:
And there between us stands the cross,
Two arms outstretched to save,
Like a watchman set to guard the way
From that eternal grave.
- 4 Upon that cross of Jesus,
My eye at times would see
The very dying form of One
Who suffered there for me;
And from my stricken heart, with tears,
Two wonders I'd confess –
The wonders of His glorious love,
And my own worthlessness.
- 5 I'd take, O cross, thy shadow,
For my abiding-place;
I ask no other sunshine than
The sunshine of His face:
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss –
My sinful self my only shame,
My glory all – the cross.

(YPH 382)

- 1 The sands of time are sinking;
The dawn of heaven breaks;
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair, sweet morn, awakes:
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But day-spring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.
- 2 O Christ, He is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love;
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above;
There, to an ocean fullness,
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.
- 3 With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lusted with His love:
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.
- 4 The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of grace;
Not at the crown He giveth,
But on His piercèd hand:
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.

(YPH 385)

- 1 Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son,
Endless is the victory Thou o'er death hast won;
Angels in bright raiment rolled the stone away,
Kept the folded grave-clothes, where Thy body
lay.
*Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son,
Endless is the victory Thou o'er death hast won!*

- 2 Lo! Jesus meets us, risen from the tomb;
Lovingly He greets us, scatters fear and gloom;
Let the church with gladness hymns of triumph
sing,
For her Lord now liveth, death hath lost its sting.
- 3 No more we'd doubt Thee, glorious Prince of
life;
Life is nought without Thee: aid us in our strife;
Make us more than conquerors, through Thy
deathless love;
Bring us safe through Jordan to Thy home
above.

18 (YPH 366)

- 1 I know that my Redeemer lives:
What joy the blest assurance gives!
He lives, He lives, who once was dead;
He lives, my everlasting Head.
- 2 He lives, triumphant from the grave;
He lives, eternally to save;
He lives, all glorious in the sky;
He lives, exalted there on high.
- 3 He lives to bless me with His love,
And still He pleads for me above;
He lives to raise me from the grave,
And me eternally to save.
- 4 He lives, my kind, wise, constant Friend,
Who still will keep me to the end;
He lives, and while He lives I'll sing,
Jesus, my Prophet, Priest, and King.
- 5 He lives my mansion to prepare;
And He will bring me safely there;
He lives, all glory to His Name!
Jesus, unchangeably the same!

19 (YPH 395)

- 1 Ye gates, lift up your heads on high;
Ye doors that last for aye,
Be lifted up, that so the King
Of glory enter may!

But who of glory is the King?
The mighty Lord is this,
E'en that same Lord that great in might
And strong in battle is.

- 2 Ye gates, lift up your heads; ye doors,
Doors that do last for aye,
Be lifted up, that so the King
Of glory enter may!
But who is He that is the King
Of glory? who is this?
The Lord of hosts, and none but He,
The King of glory is.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Amen, Amen, Amen.

20

(YPH 388)

- 1 "We rest on Thee," our Shield and our Defender!
We go not forth alone against the foe;
Strong in Thy strength, safe in Thy keeping
tender,
"We rest on Thee, and in Thy Name we go."
- 2 Yes, "in Thy Name," O Captain of salvation!
In Thy dear Name, all other names above;
Jesus our Righteousness, our sure Foundation,
Our Prince of glory and our King of love.
- 3 "We go" in faith, our own great weakness
feeling,
And needing more each day Thy grace to know;
Yet from our hearts a song of triumph pealing:
"We rest on Thee, and in Thy Name we go."
- 4 "We rest on Thee," our Shield and our Defender!
Thine is the battle; Thine shall be the praise
When passing through the gates of pearly
splendour,
Victors, we rest with Thee through endless days.