

*Jabez Rutt Service 6<sup>th</sup> June 2019. Alblasterdam Holland*

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St. Fulbert. C.M.

Dr. H. J. GAUNTLETT.

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## HYMN 193

"I am," says Christ, "your glorious Head,"  
(May we attention give,)  
"The Resurrection of the dead,  
The Life of all that live.

"By faith in me the soul receives  
New life, though dead before;  
And he that in my name believes,  
Shall live to die no more.

"The sinner sleeping in his grave  
Shall at my voice awake,  
And when I once begin to save,  
My work I'll ne'er forsake."

Fulfil thy promise, gracious Lord,  
On us assembled here;  
Put forth thy Spirit with the word,  
And cause the dead to hear.

Preserve the power of faith alive  
In those who love thy name;  
For sin and Satan daily strive  
To quench the sacred flame.

Thy power and mercy first prevailed  
From death to set us free;  
And often since our life had failed,  
Had it not been in thee.

To thee we look, to thee we bow,  
To thee for help we call;  
Our Life and Resurrection thou,  
Our Hope, our Joy, our All.

**366** **Maryton. L.M.** **H. P. SMITH.**  
*(Percy)*

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## HYMN 369

How pleasant, how divinely fair,  
O Lord of Hosts, thy dwellings are!  
With long desire my spirit faints,  
To meet the assemblies of thy saints.

Blest are the saints who sit on high,  
Around the throne of majesty;  
Thy brightest glories shine above,  
And all their work is praise and love.

Blest are the souls that find a place  
Within the temple of thy grace;  
There they behold thy gentler rays,  
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

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.

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Indulgence. 6.6.6.6.8.8.

DAVID HOWORTH.



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## HYMN 403

Come, every gracious heart,  
That loves the Saviour's name,  
Your noblest powers exert,  
To celebrate his fame;  
Tell all who fear the Lord below,  
The debt of love to him you owe.

He left his starry crown,  
And laid his robes aside,  
On wings of love came down,  
And wept, and bled, and died;  
What he endured no tongue can tell,  
To save our souls from death and hell.

From the dark grave he rose,  
The mansion of the dead;  
And thence his mighty foes  
In glorious triumph led;  
Up through the sky the Conqueror rode,  
And reigns on high, the Saviour, God.

From thence he'll quickly come;  
His chariots will not stay;  
And bear our spirits home,  
To realms of endless day.  
There shall we see his lovely face,  
And ever dwell in his embrace.