

**Thou art the way: to Thee alone**

From sin and death we flee;  
And they who would the Father seek  
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

Thou art the truth: Thy Word alone  
True wisdom can impart;  
Thou only canst inform the mind,  
And purify the heart.

Thou art the life: the rending tomb  
Proclaims Thy conquering arm,  
And those who put their trust in Thee  
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

Thou art the way, the truth, the life;  
Grant us that way to know,  
That truth to keep, that life to win,  
Whose joys eternal flow.

*George Washington Doane (1799-1859)*

**Join all the glorious names**

of wisdom, love, and power,  
that ever mortals knew,  
that angels ever bore;  
all are too mean to speak His worth,  
too mean to set my Saviour forth.

But O what gentle terms,  
what condescending ways  
doth our Redeemer use  
to teach his heavenly grace!  
Mine eyes with joy and wonder see  
what forms of love he bears for me.

Great Prophet of my God,  
my tongue would bless Thy Name;  
by Thee the joyful news  
of our salvation came-  
the joyful news of sins forgiven,  
of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

Jesus, my great High Priest,  
offered His blood and died;  
my guilty conscience seeks  
no sacrifice beside:  
His powerful blood did once atone,  
and now it pleads before the throne.

My dear Almighty Lord,  
my Conqueror and my King,  
Thy sceptre and Thy sword,  
Thy reigning grace I sing;  
Thine is the power; behold I sit,  
in willing bonds, beneath Thy feet.

Now let my soul arise,  
and tread the tempter down;  
my Captain leads me forth  
to conquest and a crown.  
A feeble saint shall win the day,  
Though death and hell obstruct the way.

Should all the hosts of death,  
and powers of hell unknown,  
put their most dreadful forms  
of rage and mischief on,  
I shall be safe, for Christ displays  
Superior power, and guardian grace.

*Isaac Watts (1674-1748)*

**How sweet the name of Jesus sounds**

in a believer's ear!

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
and drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole  
and calms the troubled breast;  
'tis manna to the hungry soul,  
and to the weary, rest.

Dear name! the rock on which I build,  
my shield and hiding-place,  
my never-failing treasury filled  
with boundless store of grace

Jesus! My Shepherd, Brother, Friend,  
my Prophet, Priest, and King,  
my Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,  
and cold my warmest thought;  
but when I thee as thou art,  
I'll praise thee as I ought.

Till then I would thy love proclaim  
with every fleeting breath;  
and may the music of thy name  
refresh my soul in death.

*John Newton (1725-1807)*

**Alleluia! sing to Jesus!**

His the sceptre, his the throne.  
Alleluia! His the triumph,  
his the victory alone.

Hark! the songs of peaceful Sion  
thunder like a mighty flood.  
Jesus out of every nation  
hath redeemed us by his blood.

Alleluia! not as orphans  
are we left in sorrow now;  
Alleluia! He is near us,  
faith believes, nor questions how;  
Though the cloud from sight received him  
when the forty days were o'er  
shall our hearts forget his promise,  
'I am with you evermore'?

Alleluia! bread of heaven,  
here on earth our food and stay!  
Alleluia! here the sinful  
flee to thee from day to day.  
Intercessor, Friend of sinners,  
earth's Redeemer, plead for me.  
Where the songs of all the sinless  
sweep across the crystal sea.

Alleluia! King eternal,  
thee the Lord of lords we own;  
Alleluia! born of Mary,  
earth thy footstool, heaven thy throne.  
Thou within the veil hast entered,  
robed in flesh, our great High Priest.  
Thou on earth both Priest and Victim  
in the Eucharistic Feast.

*William Chatterton Dix (1837-1898)*

