

Select Hymns of Horatius Bonar

BLESSING AND HONOR AND GLORY AND POWER

"They will see the Son of Man coming in a cloud with power and great glory." Luke 21:27

Blessing and honor and glory and power,
Wisdom and riches and strength evermore
Give ye to Him Who our battle hath won
Whose are the kingdom,
the crown, and the throne.
Into the heav'n of the heav'ns hath He gone,
Sitteth He now in the joy of the throne,
Weareth He now of the kingdom the crown,
Singeth He now the new song with His own.
Soundeth the heaven of the heavens with His Name;
Ringeth the earth with His glory and fame;
Ocean and mountain, stream, forest, and flower
Echo His praises and tell of His power.
Past are the darkness, the storm, and the war,
Come is the radiance, that sparkles afar,
Breaketh the gleam of the day without end,
Riseth the Sun that shall never descend.
Ever ascendeth the song and the joy;
Ever descendeth the love from on high;
Blessing and honor and glory and praise,
This is the theme of the hymns that we raise.
Life of all life, and true Light of all light,
Star of the dawning unchangingly bright,
Sun of the Salem whose light is the Lamb,
Theme of the ever new, ever glad psalm !
Give we the glory and praise to the Lamb;
Take we the robe and the harp and the palm;
Sing we the song of the Lamb that was slain,
Dying in weakness, but rising to reign.

Horatius Bonar, 1866

GLORY BE TO THE GOD THE FATHER

"To Him be the glory forever!" Romans 11:36

Glory be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Great Jehovah, Three in One!
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
While eternal ages run!
Glory be to Him Who loved us,
Washed us from each spot and stain!
Glory be to Him Who bought us,
Made us kings with Him to reign!
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
To the Lamb that once was slain!
Glory to the King of angels,
Glory to the church's King,
Glory to the King of nations!
Heaven and earth, your praises bring;
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
To the King of glory bring!
"Glory, blessing, praise eternal!"
Thus the choir of angels sings;
"Honor, riches, power, dominion!"
Thus its praise creation brings;
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory to the King of kings!
Horatius Bonar, 1866

GO, LABOR ON: SPEND, AND BE SPENT

"As long as it is day, we must do the work of Him who sent Me. Night is coming, when no one can work." Jn 9:4

Go, labor on: spend, and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will:
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?
Go, labor on! `tis not for naught
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises: what are men?
Go, labor on! enough, while here,
If He shall praise thee, if He deign
The willing heart to mark and cheer:
No toil for Him shall be in vain.
Go, labor on while it is day:
The world's dark night is hastening on;
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away;

It is not thus that souls are won.
Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray,
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.
Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice!
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"
Horatius Bonar, 1843

HE HAS COME, THE CHRIST OF GOD

"Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given." Isaiah 9:6

He has come, the Christ of God:
Left for us His glad abode;
Stooping from His throne of bliss
To this darksome wilderness.
He has come, the Prince of Peace:
Come to bid our sorrows cease;
Come to scatter with His light
All the shadows of our night.
He, the mighty King, has come,
Making this poor earth His home:
Come to bear our sin's sad load,
Son of David, Son of God.
He has come, Whose Name of grace
Speaks deliverance to our race:
Left for us His glad abode,
Son of Mary, Son of God.
Unto us a Child is born:
Ne'er has earth beheld a morn
Among all the morns of time,
Half so glorious in its prime.
Unto us a Son is given:
He has come from God's own heaven,
Bringing with Him from above
Holy peace and holy love.
Horatius Bonar, 1857

HERE, O MY LORD, I SEE THEE

"Blessed are those who are invited to the wedding supper of the Lamb!" Revelation 19:9
Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face;

Here would I touch and handle things unseen;
Here grasp with firmer hand eternal grace,
And all my weariness upon Thee lean.
This is the hour of banquet and of song;
This is the heavenly table spread for me;
Here let me feast, and feasting, still prolong
The hallowed hour of fellowship with Thee.
Here would I feed upon the bread of God,
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.
I have no help but thine; nor do I need
Another arm save thine to lean upon;
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;
My strength is in thy might, thy might alone.
Mine is the sin, but thine the righteousness:
Mine is the guilt, but thine the cleansing
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace;
Thy Blood, thy righteousness, O Lord my God!
Too soon we rise; the symbols disappear;
The feast, though not the love, is past and gone.
The bread and wine remove; but Thou art here,
Nearer than ever, still my shield and sun.
Feast after feast thus comes and passes by;
Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above,
Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.
Horatius Bonar, 1855

I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS SAY

"Come to me, all you who are weary and burdened, and I will give you rest." Matthew 11:28-30

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.
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.
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 traveling days are done.
Horatius Bonar, 1846.

I LAY MY SINS ON JESUS

"The punishment that brought us peace was upon Him, and by His wounds we are healed."

Isaiah 53:5

I lay my sins on Jesus, the spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us from the accursed load;
I bring my guilt to Jesus, to wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious, till not a stain remains.
I lay my wants on Jesus; all fullness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases, He doth my soul redeem:
I lay my griefs on Jesus, my burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases, He all my sorrows shares.
I long to be like Jesus, strong, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus, the Father's holy Child:
I long to be with Jesus, amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises, to learn the angels' song.
Horatius Bonar; 1843

NOT WHAT MY HANDS HAVE DONE

"By grace are you saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God, not of works, lest any man should boast." Ephesians 2: 8-9

Not what my hands have done can save my guilty soul;
Not what my toiling flesh has borne can make my spirit whole.
Not what I feel or do can give me peace with God;
Not all my prayers and sighs and tears can bear my awful load.
Your voice alone, O Lord, can speak to me of grace;
Your power alone, O Son of God, can all my sin erase.
No other work but Yours, no other blood will do;
No strength but that which is divine can bear me safely through.
I praise the Christ of God; I rest on love divine;
And with unfaltering lip and heart I call this Savior mine.
My Lord has saved my life and freely pardon gives;
I love because He first loved me, I live because He lives.
Horatius Bonar, 1861

THROUGH GOOD REPORT AND EVIL, LORD

"If anyone would come after Me, he must deny himself and take up his cross and follow Me."

Matthew 16:24

Through good report and evil, Lord,
Still guided by Thy faithful Word,

Our staff, our buckler and our sword,
We follow Thee.
In silence of the lonely night,
In the full glow of day's clear light,
Through life's strange windings, dark or bright,
We follow Thee.
Strengthened by Thee we forward go,
'Mid smile or scoff of friend or foe,
Through pain or ease, through joy or woe,
We follow Thee.
With enemies on every side,
We lean on Thee, the Crucified;
Forsaking all on earth beside,
We follow Thee.
O Master, point Thou out the way,
Nor suffer Thou our steps to stray;
Then in the path that leads to day
We follow Thee.
Thou hast passed on before our face;
Thy footsteps on the way we trace;
O keep us, aid us by Thy grace;
We follow Thee.
Whom have we in the heaven above,
Whom on this earth, save Thee, to love?
Still in Thy light we onward move;
We follow Thee.
Horatius Bonar, 1866.

THY WAY, NOT MINE, O LORD

"The Lord will guide you always." Isaiah 58:11

Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be;
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.
Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.
I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So I shall walk aright.
Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,

As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.
Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me
My poverty or wealth.
The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine: so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.
Not mine, not mine the choice
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength
My wisdom, and my all.
Horatius Bonar, 1857.