

## Hymns of Thomas Kelly (1769 - 1854)

### Who Is This That Comes from Edom

Thomas Kelly, 1809  
Stanzas 1 & 2 (*Blue Trinity Hymnal* #228)

Who is this that comes from Edom,  
All His raiment stained with blood;  
To the slave proclaiming freedom;  
Bringing and bestowing good:  
Glorious in the garb He wears,  
Glorious in the spoils He bears?

'Tis the Savior, now victorious,  
Trav'ling onward in His might;  
'Tis the Savior, O how glorious  
To His people is the sight!  
Jesus now is strong to save,  
Mighty to redeem the slave.

TUNE: EDOM 8.7.8.7.7.7.  
Albert L. Peace, 1885

### The Head That Once Was Crowned with Thorns

Thomas Kelly, 1820  
Stanzas 1 & 2 (#298)

The Head that once was crowned with  
thorns  
Is crowned with glory now;  
A royal diadem adorns  
The mighty Victor's brow.

To them the cross, with all its shame,  
With all its grace, is giv'n;  
Their name an everlasting name,  
Their joy the joy of heav'n.

TUNE: ST. MAGNUS C.M.  
Attr. to Jeremiah Clarke, 1701

## Horatius Bonar (1808 – 1889)

### O Love of God, How Strong and True

Horatius Bonar, 1858; mod.  
Stanzas 1 & 3 (#81)

O love of God, how strong and true,  
Eternal and yet ever new,  
Uncomprehended and unbought,  
Beyond all knowledge and all thought!  
O love of God, how deep and great,  
Far deeper than man's deepest hate;  
Self-fed, self-kindled like the light,  
Changeless, eternal, infinite.

We read you best in Him who came  
To bear for us the cross of shame;  
Sent by the Father from on high,  
Our life to live, our death to die.  
We read your pow'r to bless and save,  
E'en in the darkness of the grave;  
Still more in resurrection light  
We read the fulness of your might.

TUNE: JERUSALEM L.M.D.  
C. Hubert H. Parry, 1916  
Arr. by Janet Wyatt, 1977

### Not What My Hands Have Done

Horatius Bonar, 1861; alt.  
Stanzas 1 & 2 (#461)

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.

Thy work alone, O Christ,  
Can ease this weight of sin;  
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,  
Can give me peace within.  
Thy love to me O God,  
Not mine, O Lord to thee,  
Can rid me of this dark unrest,  
And set my spirit free.

TUNE: LEOMINSTER S.M.D.  
George William Martin, 1862  
Arr. by Arthur S. Sullivan, 1874

### **I Heard the Voice of Jesus**

Horatius Bonar, 1846; Alt. 1990, mod.  
Stanzas 1, 2 & 3 (#304)

I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
"Come unto me and rest;  
Lay down, O weary one, lay down  
Your 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, Your morn shall rise,  
And all your 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 trav'ling days are done.

TUNE: VOX DILECTI C.M.D.  
John B. Dykes, 1868

### **Thy Works, Not Mine, O Christ**

Horatius Bonar, 1857  
Stanzas 1, 3 & 4 (#524)

Thy works, not mine, O Christ,  
Speak gladness to this heart;  
They tell me all is done;  
They bid my fear depart.

*Refrain:* To whom, save thee,  
Who canst alone  
For sin atone,  
Lord, shall I flee?

Thy cross, not mine, O Christ,  
Has borne the awful load  
Of sins that none in heav'n  
Or earth could bear but God. (*refrain*)

Thy righteousness, O Christ,  
Alone can cover me:  
No righteousness avails  
Save that which is of thee. (*refrain*)

TUNE: DARWALL 6.6.6.6.8.8.  
John Darwall, 1770

### **A Few More Years Shall Roll**

Horatius Bonar, 1844  
Stanzas 1, 3 & 4 (#540)

A few more years shall roll,  
A few more seasons come,  
And we shall be with those that rest  
Asleep within the tomb:  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that great day;

*Refrain:* O wash me in thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away.

A few more Sabbaths here  
Shall cheer us on our way,  
And we shall reach the endless rest,  
Th'eternal Sabbath day:  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that sweet day; (*Refrain*)

'Tis but a little while,  
And He shall come again,  
Who died that we might live, who lives  
That we with Him may reign:  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that glad day; (*Refrain*)

TUNE: LEOMINSTER S.M.D.  
George William Martin, 1862  
Arr. by Arthur S. Sullivan, 1874