

**A PICTURED COMPILATION  
OF HYMNS, LOVED  
AND SUNG BY CHRISTIANS  
THE WORLD OVER**

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A Pictured Compilation of Hymns, Loved and Sung by Christians the World Over by Uriah  
Furman Rogers

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**URIAH FURMAN ROGERS**

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Loved and Sung by Christians  
the world over



**Uriah Furman Rogers**  
Compiler and Publisher



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"'Tis finished!—so the Saviour cried,  
And meekly bowed his head and died:  
"'Tis finished!"—yes, the race is run,  
The battle fought, the victory won.

'Tis finished!—all that heaven foretold  
By prophets in the days of old;  
And truths are opened to our view  
That kings and prophets never knew.

"'Tis finished!—Son of God, Thy power  
Hath triumphed in this awful hour;  
And yet our eyes with sorrow see  
That life to us was death to Thee.

"'Tis finished!—let the joyful sound  
Be heard through all the nations round;  
"'Tis finished!—let the triumph rise,  
And swell the chorus of the skies.



Behold the Lamb of God!  
O, Thou for sinners slain,  
Let it not be in vain  
    That Thou hast died:  
Thee for my Saviour let me take,  
My only refuge let me make  
    Thy piercèd side.

Behold the Lamb of God!  
Into the sacred flood  
Of Thy most precious blood  
    My soul I cast:  
Wash me and make me clean within,  
And keep me pure from every sin,  
    Till life be past.

Behold the Lamb of God!  
All hail, incarnate Word,  
Thou everlasting Lord,  
    Saviour most blest;  
Fill us with love that never faints,  
Grant us with all Thy blessed saints,  
    Eternal rest.

Behold the Lamb of God!  
Worthy is He alone,  
That sitteth on the throne  
    Of God above;  
One with the Ancient of all days,  
One with the Comforter in praise,  
    All light and love.



Upon the Gospel's sacred page  
The gathered beams of ages shine;  
And, as it hastens, every age  
But makes its brightness more divine.

On mightier wing, in loftier flight,  
From year to year does knowledge soar;  
And, as it soars, the Gospel light  
Becomes effulgent more and more.

More glorious still, as centuries roll,  
New regions blest, new powers unfurled,  
Expanding with the expanding soul,  
Its radiance shall o'erflow the world,—

Flow to restore, but not destroy;  
As when the cloudless lamp of day  
Pours out its floods of light and joy,  
And sweeps the lingering mist away.