

*Reformation  
Hymnal*

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# *Reformation Hymnal*

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Official Hymnal of the  
Seventh Day Adventist  
Reform Movement

REFORMATION HERALD PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION  
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# PREFACE

By the grace of God, we are able to bring to you our new hymn book, the *Reformation Hymnal*. For many decades the plan to publish the hymnal of the Seventh Day Adventist Reform Movement remained only as a good desire, but now it has become a reality. The General Conference Council selected a committee of five to work on the hymnal, and every one of them has contributed toward the accomplishment of this challenging task. In everything the Lord blessed us and helped us wonderfully.

The hymns contained in this hymnal are public domain. We have included in the book many of the old advent hymns, as well as hymns from different denominational hymn books. One important feature of the *Reformation Hymnal* is that hymns of a high pitch were transposed to a lower pitch. This will enable all to sing more comfortably.

To sing praises to the Lord is an act of adoration. It is the object of this hymn book to praise, exalt, glorify, magnify, honor, reverence, worship and extol the name of the Lord, our Creator and Saviour.

“The melody of praise is the atmosphere of heaven; and when heaven comes in touch with the earth there is music and song, ‘thanksgiving, and the voice of melody.’”—*Messages to Young People*, p. 291.

Let there be singing in the home, in the church, and whenever possible, to exalt and praise the name of our Creator. “Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord” (Colossians 3:16).

May this hymnal serve to bring many souls to Jesus, so that one day we all may join the heavenly choir singing the song of Moses and of the Lamb.

The General Conference Committee

## *Acknowledgment*

Herewith we wish to acknowledge the contribution of the following members of the Musical Committee: Brethren N. S. Brittain, A. C. Sas, J. Skorich, Sisters B. Montrose, and E. Burec. Brother J. Skorich was the one who prepared the musical parts and transposed many hymns. We wish to mention the names of Brother S. Lee, and Sister K. Lee who prepared the art work so patiently. We also acknowledge the publisher: The Everlasting Gospel Publishing Association.

# GENERAL CLASSIFICATION OF HYMNS

|   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>Adoration . . . . . 1-27</p> <p>Reverence . . . . . 28-30</p> <p>Morning Worship . . . . . 31-38</p> <p>Evening Worship. . . . . 39-49</p> <p>God's Majesty . . . . . 50-59</p> <p>Jesus Christ's Nativity . . . . . 60-73</p> <p>Jesus Glory and Praise. . . . . 74-101</p> <p>Christ's Life and Ministry . . 102-106</p> <p>Christ's Sufferings and<br/>    Death . . . . . 107-121</p> <p>Christ's Resurrection and<br/>    Ascension . . . . . 122-128</p> <p>The Holy Spirit . . . . . 129-140</p> <p>The Word of God . . . . . 141-148</p> <p>God's Power in Nature . . . . 149-153</p> <p>The Sabbath. . . . . 154-167</p> <p>The Christian Refuge . . . . . 168-192</p> <p>The Gospel Call. . . . . 193-219</p> <p>Christ's Love and Sympathy 220-238</p> <p>Repentance and<br/>    Acceptance . . . . . 239-255</p> <p>Forgiveness of Sins . . . . . 256-261</p> <p>Faith and Trust . . . . . 262-297</p> <p>Hope and Aspiration. . . . . 298-318</p> <p>Consecration . . . . . 319-369</p> | <p>The Christian Warfare. . . . . 370-386</p> <p>Guidance. . . . . 387-409</p> <p>Salvation . . . . . 410-417</p> <p>Joy and Peace . . . . . 418-440</p> <p>Pilgrimage . . . . . 441-448</p> <p>The Gospel Commission. . . 449-471</p> <p>Work and Duty . . . . . 472-499</p> <p>Meditation and Prayer . . . . 500-512</p> <p>Praise and Thanksgiving. . . 513-523</p> <p>The Church . . . . . 524-526</p> <p>Baptism . . . . . 527-532</p> <p>The Holy Communion . . . . 533-538</p> <p>Tithes and Offerings . . . . . 539-544</p> <p>The Judgment . . . . . 545-553</p> <p>The Second Coming<br/>    of Jesus . . . . . 554-576</p> <p>The Saint's Reward . . . . . 577-611</p> <p>The Christian Home . . . . . 612-616</p> <p>Children . . . . . 617-644</p> <p>Youth. . . . . 645-650</p> <p>Church Dedication . . . . . 651-654</p> <p>Temperance . . . . . 655-658</p> <p>Miscellaneous and Choir . . 659-684</p> <p>Farewell . . . . . 685-692</p> <p>Funeral. . . . . 693-700</p> |
|---|---|

## Praise ye the Lord

*Praise ye the Lord.*

*Praise God in his sanctuary:*

*Praise him in the firmament of his power.*

*Praise him for his mighty acts:*

*Praise him according to his excellent greatness.*

*Praise him with the sound of the trumpet:*

*Praise him with the psaltery and harp.*

*Praise him with the timbrel and dance:*

*Praise him with stringed instruments and organs.*

*Praise him upon the loud cymbals:*

*Praise him upon the high sounding cymbals.*

*Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord.*

*Praise ye the Lord.*

*Psalm 150*

# Before Jehovah's Awful Throne 1

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

John Hatton (d. 1793)

1. Be - fore Je - ho - vah's aw - ful throne,  
 2. His sov - ereign power, with - out our aid,  
 3. We'll crowd His gates with thank - ful songs,  
 4. Wide as the world is His com - mand,

Ye na - tions bow with sa - cred joy;  
 Made us of clay, and formed us men;  
 High as the heavens our voic - es raise;  
 Vast as E - ter - ni - ty His love;

Know that the Lord is God a - lone;  
 And when like wan - dering sheep we strayed,  
 And earth, with her ten thou - sand tongues,  
 Firm as a rock His truth shall stand,

He can cre - ate, and He de - stroy.  
 He brought us to His fold a - gain.  
 Shall fill His courts with sound - ing praise.  
 When roll - ing years shall cease to move.



# 2 All People That on Earth Do Dwell

William Kethe, 1561

The Genevan Psalter, 1551

1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell,  
 2. The Lord ye know is God in - deed;  
 3. O en - ter, then, His gates with praise,  
 4. For why? the Lord our God is good,

Sing to the Lord with cheer - ful voice;  
 With - out our aid He did us make;  
 Ap - proach with joy His courts un - to;  
 His mer - cy is for - ev - er sure;

Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell;  
 We are His folk, He doth us feed;  
 Praise, laud, and bless His Name al - ways,  
 His truth at all times firm - ly stood,

Come ye be - fore Him and re - joice.  
 And for His sheep He doth us take.  
 For it is seem - ly so to do.  
 And shall from age to age en - dure.

# Father, Again in Jesus' Name We Meet **3**

Lucy Whitmore, 1824

J.B. Dykes, 1868

1. Fa - ther, a - gain in Je - sus' name we meet,  
 2. O we would bless Thee for Thy cease - less care,  
 3. A - las! un - wor - thy of Thy bound - less love,  
 4. O by that name in which all full - ness dwells,

And bow in pen - i - tence be - neath Thy feet;  
 And all Thy love from day to day de - clare!  
 Too oft with care - less feet from Thee we rove;  
 O by that love which ev - ery love ex - cels,

A - gain to Thee our grate - ful voic - es raise,  
 Is not our life with hour - ly mer - cies crowned?  
 But now, en - cour - aged by Thy voice, we come,  
 O by that blood so free - ly shed for sin,

To sue for mer - cy, and to sing Thy praise.  
 Does not Thine arm en - cir - cle us a - round?  
 Re - turn - ing sin - ners, to a Fa - ther's home.  
 O - pen blessed mer - cy's gate, and take us in.

# 4 Blessed Jesus, at Thy Word

Tobias Clausnitzer, 1671

Tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1858

Johann Rudolph Ahle, 1664

1. Bless - ed Je - sus, at Thy word We are gath - ered  
 2. All our knowl - edge, sense, and sight Lie in deep - est  
 3. Glo - rious Lord, Thy - self im - part! Light of light, from

all to hear Thee; Let our hearts and  
 dark - ness shroud - ed, Till Thy Spir - it  
 God pro - ceed - ing, O - pen Thou our

souls be stirred Now to seek and love and fear  
 breaks our night With the beams of truth un - cloud -  
 ears and heart, Help us by Thy Spir - it's plead -

Thee; By Thy teach - ings sweet and ho - ly,  
 ed. Thou a - lone to God canst win us;  
 ing, Hear the cry Thy peo - ple rais - es,

Drawn from earth to love Thee sole - - - ly.  
 Thou must work all good with - in us.  
 Hear, and bless our prayers and prais - - es.

## Glory Be to the Father

5

Unknown

H. W. Greatorex, 1851

Glo - ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly

Ghost; As it was in the be - ginning, is now, and e - ver shall be,

world with - out end. A - - - men, A - - - men.

# 6 Come, Thou Almighty King

Unknown

Felice de Giardini, 1769

1. Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy  
 2. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred  
 3. Thou art the might - y One, On earth Thy

name to sing, Help us to praise. Fa - ther all  
 wit - ness bear In this glad hour: Thou who al -  
 will be done From shore to shore. Thy sov - ereign

glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous,  
 might - y art, Rule now in ev - ery heart,  
 maj - es - ty May we in glo - ry see,

Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days.  
 And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of power.  
 And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

## For the Beauty of the Earth

7

Folliot S. Pierpoint, 1864

Conrad Kocher, 1838

1. For the beau - ty of the earth, For the glo - ry  
 2. For the joy of hu - man love, Broth - er, sis - ter,  
 3. For the gift of Thy dear Son, For the hope of

of the skies, For the love which from our birth  
 par - ent, child, Friends on earth and Friend a - bove,  
 heaven at last, For the Spir - it's vic - tory won,

O - ver and a - round us lies, Lord of all, to  
 Plea - sures pure and un - de - filed, Lord of all, to  
 For the crown when life is past, Lord of all, to

Thee we raise This our grate - ful song of praise.  
 Thee we raise This our grate - ful song of praise.  
 Thee we raise Songs of grat - i - tude and praise.

# 8 Holy God, We Praise Thy Name

Te Deum

Tr. Clarence Walworth, 1820-1900

Katholisches Gesanbuch, 1774

1. Ho - ly God, we praise Thy name;  
 2. Hark, the loud ce - les - tial hymn,  
 3. Ho - ly Fa - ther, Ho - ly Son,

Lord of all, we bow be - fore Thee;  
 An - gel choirs a - bove are rais - ing;  
 Ho - ly Spir - it, Three we name Thee;

All on earth Thy scep - ter claim,  
 Cher - u - bim and Ser - a - phim,  
 While in es - sence on - ly One,

All in heav'n a - bove a - dore Thee.  
 In un - ceas - ing cho - rus prais - ing,  
 Un - di - vid - ed God we claim Thee,

In - fi - nite Thy vast do - main,  
 Fill the heav'ns with sweet ac - cord:  
 And a - dor - ing bend the knee,

Ev - er - last - ing is Thy reign.  
 Ho - ly ho - ly ho - ly Lord.  
 While we sing our praise to Thee.

## Praise God, From Whom All Blessings Flow 9

Thomas Ken, 1695

Louis Bourgeois, 1551

Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow; Praise

Him, all crea - tures here be - low; Praise Him a - bove, ye

heaven - ly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.



# 10 God's Free Mercy Streameth

William W. Howe, 1871

Samuel Smith, 1865

1. God's free mer - cy stream - eth O - ver all the world,  
 2. Sum - mer suns are glow - ing O - ver land and sea;  
 3. Lord, up - on our blind - ness Thy pure ra - diance pour;

And His ban - ner gleam - eth, By His church un - furled;  
 Hap - py light is flow - ing, Boun - ti - ful and free;  
 For Thy lov - ing - kind - ness We would love thee more;

Broad and deep and glo - rious, As the heaven a - bove,  
 Ev - ery - thing re - joic - es In the mel - low rays;  
 And when clouds are drift - ing Dark a - cross the sky,

Shines in might vic - to - rious His e - ter - nal love.  
 Earth's ten thou - sand voic - es Swell the psalm of praise.  
 Then, the veil up - lift - ing, Fa - ther, be Thou nigh.

# Lift Up to God the Voice of Praise 11

Ralph Wardlaw

T. Haweis

1. Lift up to God the voice of praise,  
 2. Lift up to God the voice of praise,  
 3. Lift up to God the voice of praise,  
 4. Lift up to God the voice of praise,

Whose breath our souls in - spir'd;  
 Whose good - ness, pass - ing thought,  
 From Whom sal - va - tion flows;  
 For hope's trans - port - ing ray,

Loud and more loud the an - them raise  
 Loads ev - ery mo - ment as it flies  
 Who sent His Son our souls to save  
 That lights through dark - est shades of death

With grate - - - ful ar - - - dor fired.  
 With ben - - - e - fits un - sought.  
 From sin, and all its woes.  
 To realms of end - - - less day.

# 12

## Lord God Omnipotent

F. A. Spearing

A. Lyoff

1. Lord God Om - ni - po - tent, gra - cious and ho - ly,  
 2. Je - sus all mer - ci - ful, Sa - viour most pre - cious,  
 3. Spir - it of pu - ri - ty, Spir - it of glad - ness,

We sing Thy praise for Thy won - der - ful love.  
 We yield our hearts to Thy lov - ing em - brace.  
 Fill with Thy pres - ence this tem - ple of Thine.

King of the An - gels, and Friend of the low - ly,  
 By the still wa - ters, O Mas - ter re - fresh us,  
 Dwell in our hearts, and dis - pel all our sad - ness;

May Thy rich bless - ing de - scend from a - bove.  
 'Till, robed in glo - ry, we see Thy dear face.  
 Seal us for - ev - er, O Spir - it Di - vine!

# Lord, We Come Before Thee Now 13

William Hammond (1719-1783)

H. A. C. Malan, 1827

1. Lord, we come be - fore Thee now,  
 2. Lord, on Thee our souls de - pend;  
 3. Com - fort those who weep and mourn,  
 4. Grant that all may seek, and find

At Thy feet we hum - bly bow; O do not our  
 In com - pas - sion now de - scend, Fill our hearts with  
 Let the time of joy re - turn; Those that are cast  
 Thee a God su - preme - ly kind; Heal the sick, the

suit dis - dain! Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?  
 Thy rich grace, Tune our lips to sing Thy praise,  
 down lift up, Make them strong in faith and hope,  
 cap - tive free; Let us all re - joice in Thee,

Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?  
 Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.  
 Make them strong in faith and hope.  
 Let us all re - joice in Thee.

# 14 Lord of All Being, Throned Afar

O. W. Holmes, 1848

Arr. from Frederick M. A. Venua, c. 1810

1. Lord of all being, throned a - far,  
 2. Sun of our life, Thy quick - ening ray  
 3. Lord of all life, be - low, a - bove,  
 4. Grant us Thy truth to make us free,

Thy glo - ry flames from sun and star;  
 Sheds on our path the glow of day;  
 Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,  
 And kin - dling hearts that burn for Thee;

Cen - ter and soul of ev - ery sphere,  
 Star of our hope, Thy soft - ened light  
 Be - fore Thy ev - er - blaz - ing throne  
 Till all Thy liv - ing al - tars claim

Yet to each lov - ing heart how near!  
 Cheers the long watch - es of the night,  
 We ask no lus - ter of our own,  
 One ho - ly light, one heaven - ly flame!

Yet to each lov - ing heart how near!  
 Cheers the long watch - es of the night.  
 We ask no lus - ter of our  
 One ho - ly light, one heaven - ly flame.

## Praise Ye the Father

15

E. R. Charles

F. F. Flemming, 1810

1. Praise ye the Fa - ther for His lov - ing - kind - ness,  
 2. Praise ye the Sav - iour, great is His com - pas - sion,  
 3. Praise ye the Spir - it, Com - fort - er of Is - rael,

Ten - der - ly cares He for His err - ing chil - dren;  
 Gra - cious - ly cares He for His cho - sen peo - ple;  
 Sent of the Fa - ther and the Son to bless us;

Praise Him, ye an - gels, praise Him in the heav - ens;  
 Young men and maid - ens, ye old men and chil - dren,  
 Praise ye the Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spir - it,

Praise ye Je - ho - - - vah!  
 Praise ye the Sav - - - iour!  
 Praise the E - ter - nal Three!

# 16 Mighty God, While Angels Bless Thee

Robert Robinson

F. J. Haydn

1. Might - y God, while an - gels bless Thee,  
 2. For the gran - deur of Thy na - ture,  
 3. But Thy rich, Thy free re - demp - tion,  
 4. From the high - est throne of glo - ry,

May a mor - tal sing Thy Name?  
 Grand be - yond a se - raph's thought;  
 Dark through bright - ness all a - long  
 To the cross of deep - est woe,

Lord of men as well as an - gels,  
 For cre - a - ted works of pow - er,  
 Thought is poor, and poor ex - pres - sion  
 All to ran - som guil - ty cap - tives

Thou art ev - 'ry crea - ture's theme.  
 Works with skill and kind - ness wrought;  
 Who dare sing that won - drous song?  
 Flow, my praise, for ev - er flow.

ADORATION

Lord of ev - 'ry land and na - tion,  
 For Thy pro - vi - dence that go - verns through  
 Bright - ness of the Fa - ther's glo - ry,  
 Go, re - turn, im - mor - tal Sav - iour,

An - cient of e - ter - nal days,  
 Thine em - pi - re's wide do - main,  
 Shall Thy praise un - ut - tered lie?  
 Leave Thy foot - stool, take Thy throne;

Sound - ed thro' the wide cre - a - tion  
 Wings an an - gel, guides a spar - row;  
 Break, my tongue, such guil - ty si - lence,  
 Thence re - turn and reign for ev - er,

Be Thy just and end - less praise.  
 Bless - ed be Thy gen - tle reign.  
 Sing the Lord Who came to die.  
 Be the king - dom all Thine own.



# 17 O for a Heart to Praise My God!

C. Wesley (1707-1788)

J. B. Dykes, 1875

1. O for a heart to praise my God!  
 2. A heart re - signed, sub - mis - sive, meek,  
 3. A heart in ev - ery thought re - newed,  
 4. Thy na - ture, gra - cious Lord, im - part;

A heart from sin set free,  
 My dear Re - deem - er's throne,  
 And full of love di - vine,  
 Come quick - ly from a - bove;

A heart that al - ways feels Thy blood,  
 Where on - ly Christ is heard to speak,  
 Per - fect, and right, and pure, and good,  
 Write Thy new name up - on my heart,

So free - ly shed for me.  
 Where Je - sus reigns a - lone.  
 A cop - y, Lord, of Thine.  
 Thy new, best name of Love.

## O Worship the Lord

18

J. S. B. Monsell (1811-1875)

Edwin Barnes, 1886

1. O wor - ship the Lord in the beau - ty of ho - li - ness,  
 2. Low at His feet lay thy bur - den of care - ful - ness;  
 3. Fear not to en - ter His courts in the slen - der - ness  
 4. These, though we bring them in trem - bling and fear - ful - ness,

Bow down be - fore Him, His glo - ry pro - claim;  
 High on His heart He will bear it for thee,  
 Of the poor wealth thou wouldst reck - on as thine.  
 He will ac - cept for the Name that is dear;

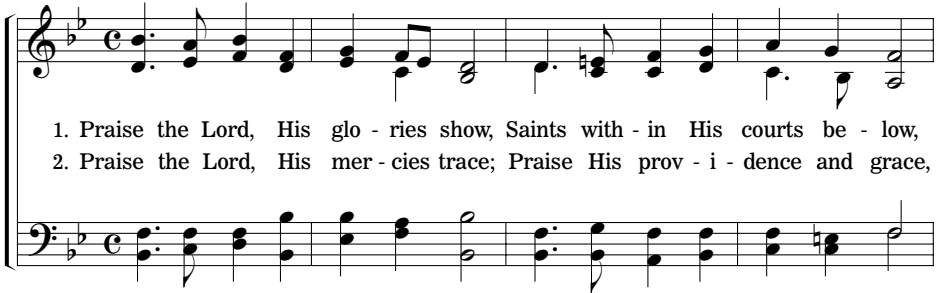
With gold of o - be - dience, and in - cense of low - li - ness,  
 Com - fort thy sor - rows, and an - swer thy prayer - ful - ness,  
 Truth in its beau - ty and love in its ten - der - ness,  
 Morn - ings of joy give for eve - nings of tear - ful - ness,

Kneel and a - dore Him; the Lord is His name.  
 Guid - ing thy steps as may best for thee be.  
 These are the of - ferings to lay on His shrine.  
 Trust for our trem - bling, and hope for our fear.

# 19 Praise the Lord, His Glories Show

H. F. Lyte (1793-1847)

W. B. Gilbert



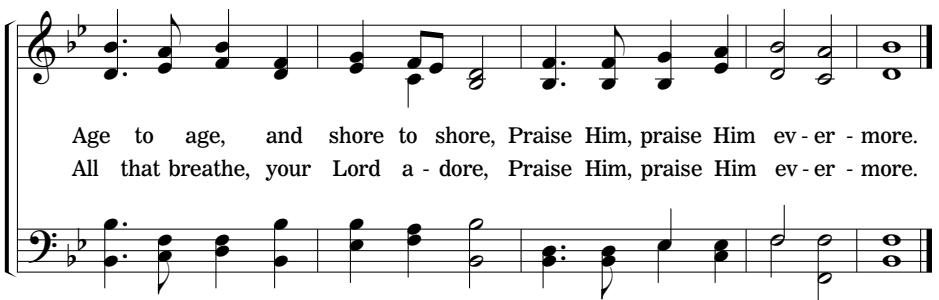
1. Praise the Lord, His glo - ries show, Saints with - in His courts be - low,  
2. Praise the Lord, His mer - cies trace; Praise His prov - i - dence and grace,



An - gels round His throne a - bove, All that see and share His love,  
All that He for men hath done, All He sends us through His Son.



Earth to heaven and heaven to earth, Tell His won - ders, sing His worth;  
Strings and voic - es, hands and hearts, In the con - cert bear your parts;



Age to age, and shore to shore, Praise Him, praise Him ev - er - more.  
All that breathe, your Lord a - dore, Praise Him, praise Him ev - er - more.

## Praise to the Lord

20

Joachim Neander (1650-1680)

Tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1863

W. S. Bennett

1. Praise to the Lord, the Al - might - y, the King of cre - a - tion!  
 2. Praise to the Lord, who o'er all things so won-drous-ly reign - eth,  
 3. Praise to the Lord, who doth pros-per thy work and de - fend thee;

O my soul, praise Him, for He is thy health and sal - va - tion!  
 Shield-eth thee un - der His wings, yes, so gen - tly sus - tain - eth!  
 Sure - ly His good - ness and mer - cy here dai - ly at - tend thee.

All ye who hear, Now to His tem - ple draw near;  
 Hast thou not seen How thy de - sires e'er have been  
 Pon - der a - new What the Al - might - y can do

Join ye in glad ad - o - ra - - - tion!  
 Grant - ed in what He or - dain - - - eth?  
 If with His love He be - friend thee.

## 21

## Praise Ye the Lord

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

Francis Duckworth

1. Praise ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise  
 2. Sing to the Lord, ex - alt Him high,  
 3. He makes the grass the hills a - dorn,  
 4. His saints are love - ly in His sight,

Your hearts and voi - ces in His praise;  
 Who spreads His clouds a - long the sky;  
 And clothes the smil - ing fields with corn;  
 He views His chil - dren with de - light;

His na - ture and His works in - - - vite  
 There He pre - pares the fruit - ful rain,  
 The beasts with food His hands sup - - - ply,  
 He sees their hope, He knows their fear,

To make this du - ty our de - light.  
 Nor lets the drops de - scend in vain.  
 And the young rav - ens when they cry.  
 And looks and loves His im - age there.

## The Lord in Zion Reigneth

22

Fanny J. Crosby (1823-1915)

H. P. Danks

1. The Lord in Zi - on reign - eth; Let all the world re - joice,  
 2. The Lord in Zi - on reign - eth; And who so great as He?  
 3. The Lord in Zi - on reign - eth, These hours to Him be - long;

And come be - fore His throne of grace With tune - ful heart and voice;  
 The depths of earth are in His hands; He rules the might - y sea.  
 O en - ter now His tem - ple gates, And fill His courts with song;

The Lord in Zi - on reign - eth, And there His praise shall ring,  
 O crown His name with hon - or, And let His stan - dard wave,  
 Be - neath His roy - al ban - ner Let ev - ery crea - ture fall,

To Him shall prin - ces bend the knee And kings their glo - ry bring.  
 Till dis - tant isles be - yond the deep Shall own His power to save.  
 Ex - alt the King of heaven and earth, And crown Him Lord of all.

# 23 The Lord Jehovah Reigns

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

Unknown

1. The Lord Je - ho - vah reigns, His throne is built on high;  
 2. The thun - ders of His hand Keep the wide world in awe;  
 3. Through all His might - y works A - maz - ing wis - dom shines;  
 4. And will this sov - ereign King Of glo - ry con - de - scend,

The gar - ments He as - sumes Are light and maj - es - ty.  
 His wrath and jus - tice stand To guard His ho - ly law.  
 Con - founds the powers of hell, And all their dark de - signs.  
 And will He write His name My Fa - ther and my Friend?

His glo - ries shine with beams so bright  
 And where His love re - solves to bless,  
 Strong is His arm, and shall ful - fill  
 I love His name, I love His word;

No mor - tal eye can bear the sight.  
 His truth con - firms and seals the grace.  
 His great de - crees and sov - ereign will.  
 Join all my powers to praise the Lord!

## The Lord Jehovah Reigns

24

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

Unknown

1. The Lord Je - ho - vah reigns His throne is built on High;  
 2. The thun - ders of His hand Keep the wide world in awe;  
 3. Through all His might - y works A - maz - ing wis - dom shines,  
 4. And will this sov - ereign King Of glo - ry con - de - scend,

The gar - ments He as - sumes Are light and ma - jes - ty.  
 His wrath and jus - tice stand To guard His ho - ly law.  
 Con - founds the powers of hell, And breaks their dark de - signs;  
 And will He write His name My Fa - ther and my Friend?

His glo - ries shine with beams so bright,  
 And where His love re - solves to bless,  
 Strong is His arm, and shall ful - fill  
 I love His name, I love His word;

No mor - tal eye can bear the sight.  
 His truth con - firms and seals the grace.  
 His great de - crees and sov - ereign will.  
 Join all my powers to praise the Lord!



## 25

## To God Be the Glory

Fanny J. Crosby (1823-1915)

W. H. Doane (1832-1915)

1. To God be the glo - ry, great things He hath done;  
 2. O per - fect re - demp - tion, the pur - chase of blood,  
 3. Great things He hath taught us, great things He hath done,

So loved He the world that He gave us His Son,  
 To ev - ery be - liev - er the prom - ise of God;  
 And great our re - joic - ing through Je - sus the Son;

Who yield - ed His life an a - tone - ment for sin,  
 The vil - est of - fend - er who tru - ly be - lieves,  
 But pur - er, and high - er, and great - er will be

And o - pened the life gate that all may go in.  
 That mo - ment from Je - sus a par - don re - ceives.  
 Our won - der, our trans - port, when Je - sus we see.

ADORATION

*Refrain*

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Let the earth hear His voice;

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Let the peo - ple re - jice;

O come to the Fa - ther, through Je - sus the Son,

And give Him the glo - ry, great things He hath done.

## 26

## We Praise Thee, O God

William P. Mackay

John J. Husband

1. We praise Thee, O God, for the Son of Thy love,  
 2. We praise Thee, O God, for Thy Spir - it of light,  
 3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain,  
 4. Re - vive us a - gain, fill each heart with Thy love;

For Je - sus who died and is now gone a - bove.  
 Who has shown us our Sav - iour, and scat - tered our night.  
 Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed ev - ery stain.  
 May each soul be re - kin - dled with fire from a - bove.

*Refrain*

Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men;

Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry; Re - vive us a - gain.

## We Gather Together

27

T. Baker

Netherland Folk Song, 1625  
Arr. by Edward Kremser (1838-1914)

1. We gath - er to - geth - er to ask the Lord's bless - ing;  
2. Be - side us to guide us, our God with us join - ing,  
3. We all do ex - tol Thee, Thou Lead - er tri - um - phant,

He chas - tens and has - tens His will to make known;  
Or - dain - ing, main - tain - ing His king - dom di - vine;  
And pray that Thou still our De - fend - er wilt be.

The wick - ed op - press - ing now cease from dis - tress - ing,  
So from the be - gin - ning the fight we were win - ning;  
Let Thy con - gre - ga - tion es - cape trib - u - la - tion;

Sing prais - es to His Name; He for - gets not His own.  
Thou, Lord, wast at our side; all glo - ry be Thine!  
Thy Name be ev - er praised! O Lord, make us free!

## 28

## Be Silent, Be Silent

Fanny J. Crosby (1823-1915)

W. H. Doane (1832-1915)

1. Be si - lent, be si - lent, A whis - per is heard;  
 2. Be si - lent, be si - lent, For ho - ly this place,  
 3. Be si - lent, be si - lent, Breathe hum - bly our prayer;  
 4. Be si - lent, be si - lent, His mer - cy re - cord;

Be si - lent, and lis - ten, Oh, trea - sure each word.  
 This al - tar that ech - oes, The mes - sage of grace.  
 A fore - taste of E - den This mo - ment we share.  
 Be si - lent, be si - lent, And wait on the Lord.

*Refrain*

Tread soft - ly, tread soft - ly, The Mas - ter is here;  
 Tread soft - ly here, tread soft - ly here,

Tread soft - ly, tread soft - ly, He bids us draw near.  
 Tread soft - ly here, tread soft - ly here,

# There Is a Place of Quiet Rest 29

C. B. McAfee (1866-1944)

C. B. McAfee, 1901

1. There is a place of qui - et rest, Near to the heart of God,  
 2. There is a place of com - fort sweet, Near to the heart of God,  
 3. There is a place of full re - lease, Near to the heart of God,

A place where sin can - not mo - lest, Near to the heart of God.  
 A place where we our Sav - iour meet, Near to the heart of God.  
 A place where all is joy and peace, Near to the heart of God.

*Refrain*

O Je - sus, blest Re - deem - er, Sent from the heart of God,

Hold us, who wait be - fore Thee, Near to the heart of God.

# 30 With Reverence Let the Saints Appear

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

William B. Bradbury (1816-1868)

1. With rev - erence let the saints ap - pear,  
 2. How ter - ri - ble Thy glo - ries be!  
 3. Sing, all ye ran - somed of the Lord,  
 4. O Je - sus, Lord of earth and heaven,

And bow be - fore the Lord;  
 How bright Thine ar - mies shine!  
 Your great De - liv - erer sing;  
 Our life and joy, to Thee

His high com - mands with rev - erence hear,  
 Where is the power that vies with Thee,  
 Ye pil - grims now for Zi - on bound,  
 Be ho - nor, thanks, and bless - ing given

And trem - ble at His word;  
 Or truth com - pared with Thine?  
 Be joy - ful in your King;  
 Through all e - ter - ni - ty;

And trem - ble at His word.  
 Or truth com - pared with Thine?  
 Be joy - ful in your King.  
 Through all e - ter - ni - ty.

# For Jesus, All My Morning Hours 31

F. E. Belden

F. E. Belden

1. For Je - sus, all my morn - ing hours,  
 2. For Je - sus, all the songs I sing,  
 3. For Je - sus, all the gold He lends,  
 4. For Je - sus, all who sigh in sin,

For Je - sus, all my noon - day pow'rs;  
 For Je - sus, all the praise I bring;  
 For Je - sus, all the strength He sends,  
 For Je - sus, all that love can win,

For Je - sus, eve - ning's gath - ered flow'rs,  
 For Je - sus, He who bore death's sting,  
 For Je - sus, heart and home and friends,  
 For Je - sus, King en - throned with in,

For Je - sus, all for Je - sus.  
 My Je - sus; all for Je - sus.  
 For Je - sus, all for Je - sus.  
 Yes, all, and more, for Je - sus.



# 32 Lord, in the Morning Thou Shalt Hear

Isaac Watts, 1719

Aaron Williams

1. Lord, in the morn - ing Thou shalt hear  
 2. Up to the hills where Christ is gone  
 3. O may Thy Spir - it guide my feet  
 4. The men that love and fear Thy name

My voice as - cend - ing high;  
 To plead for all His saints,  
 In ways of their righ - teous - ness;  
 Shall see their hopes ful - filled;

To Thee will I di - rect my prayer,  
 Pre - sent - ing at His Fa - ther's throne  
 Make ev - ery path of du - ty straight  
 The might - y God will com - pass them

To Thee lift up mine eye.  
 Our songs and our com - plaints.  
 And plain be - fore my face.  
 With fa - vor as a shield.

## New Every Morning

33

John Keble, 1822

Samuel Webbe, 1782

1. New ev - ery morn - ing is the love  
 2. New mer - cies, each re - turn - ing day,  
 3. If, on our dai - ly course, our mind  
 4. On - ly, O Lord, in Thy dear love,

Our wak - ening and up - ris - ing prove;  
 Hov - er a - round us while we pray;  
 Be set to hal - low all we find,  
 Fit us for per - fect rest a - bove;

Through sleep and dark - ness safe - ly brought,  
 New per - ils past, new sins for - given,  
 New trea - sures still, of count - less price,  
 And help us, this and ev - ery day,

Re - stored to life and power and thought.  
 New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.  
 God will pro - vide for sac - ri - fice.  
 To live more near - ly as we pray.

# 34

## Once More, My Soul

C. Wesley

L. Mason

1. Once more, my soul, the ris - ing day  
2. Night un - to night His name re - peats,  
3. O God, may all my hours be Thine,

Sa - - lutes thy wak - ing eye;  
The day re - news the sound,  
While I en - joy the light;

Once more, my voice, thy tri - bute, pay  
Wide as the heav'ns on which He sits  
Then shall my sun in smiles de - cline,

To Him who rules on high.  
To turn the sea - sons round.  
And bring a peace - ful night.

## Sweetly the Holy Hymn

35

C. H. Spurgeon, 1866

Joseph E. Sweetser, 1849

1. Sweet - ly the ho - ly hymn  
 2. While flow'rs are wet with dews,  
 3. Up - on the bat - tle - field,  
 4. Oh, hear us then, for we

Breaks on the morn - ing air;  
 Dew of our souls, de - scend;  
 Be - fore the fight be - gins,  
 Are ver - y weak and frail;

Be - fore the world with smoke is dim,  
 Ere yet the sun the day re - news,  
 We seek, O Lord, Thy shel - t'ring shield,  
 We make the Sav - iour's name our plea,

We meet to of - fer prayer.  
 O Lord, Thy Spir - it send.  
 To guard us from our sins.  
 And sure - ly must pre - vail.

# 36 The Morning Light Is Breaking

S. F. Smith, 1832

G. J. Webb, 1837

1. The morn - ing light is break - ing, The dark - ness dis - ap - pears,  
2. Rich dews of grace come o'er us, In many a gen - tle show'r,  
3. Blest riv - er of sal - va - tion, Pur - sue thy on - ward way;

The sons of earth are wak - ing To pe - ni - ten - tial tears;  
And har - vest fields be - fore us Are open - ing ev - 'ry hour;  
Flow thou to ev - 'ry na - tion, Nor in thy rich - ness stay.

Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings tid - ings from a - far,  
Each cry to hea - ven go - ing, A - bun - dant an - swer brings,  
Stay not till all the low - ly Tri - um - phant reach their home;

Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - pared for Zi - on's war.  
And heav' - nly gales are blow - ing, With peace u - pon their wings.  
Stay not till all the ho - ly Pro - claim, "The Lord is come."

## The Sun Is on the Land

37

Louis F. Benson, 1897

Frederick C. Maker, 1876

1. The sun is on the land and sea, The day be - gun;  
 2. Thy love was ev - er in our view, Like stars by night;  
 3. We do not know what grief or care The day may bring;  
 4. All glo - ry to the Fa - ther be, With Christ the Son,

Our morn - ing hymn be - gins with Thee, Most Ho - ly One.  
 Thy gifts are ev - ery morn - ing new, O God of light;  
 The heart shall find some glad - ness there That loves its King;  
 And, Ho - ly Spir - it, un - to Thee, For - ev - er One;

Our praise shall rise con - tin - ual - ly Till day is done.  
 Thy mer - cy, like the heav - ens' blue, Fills all our sight.  
 The life that serves Thee ev - ery - where Can al - ways sing.  
 All glo - ry to the Ho - ly Three, While a - ges run.

# 38 When Morning Gilds the Skies

From the German, c. 1800  
Tr. by Edward Caswall, 1853

Joseph Barnby, 1868

1. When morn - ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries,  
2. The night be - comes as day, When from the heart we say,  
3. Ye na - tions of man - kind, In this your con - cord find,  
4. In heaven's e - ter - nal bliss The love - liest strain is this,

May Je - sus Christ be praised! A - like at work and prayer,  
May Je - sus Christ be praised! The powers of dark - ness fear,  
May Je - sus Christ be praised! Let all the earth a - round  
May Je - sus Christ be praised! Let earth, and sea, and sky

To Je - sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be praised!  
When this sweet chant they hear, May Je - sus Christ be praised!  
Ring joy - ous with the sound, May Je - sus Christ be praised!  
From depth to height re - ply, May Je - sus Christ be praised!

## Abide With Me

39

Henry F. Lyte, 1847

William H. Monk, 1861

1. A - bide with me; fast falls the e - ven - tide;  
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day;  
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - ery pass - ing hour;  
 4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;

The dark - ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide!  
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way;  
 What but Thy grace can foil the tempt - er's power?  
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness:

When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts flee,  
 Change and de - cay in all a - round I see;  
 Who like Thy - self my guide and stay can be?  
 Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy vic - to - ry?

Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me!  
 O Thou, who chang - est not, a - bide with me!  
 Through cloud and sun - shine, O a - bide with me!  
 I tri - umph still if Thou a - bide with me!



# 40 Day Is Dying in the West

Mary A. Lathbury, 1877

William F. Sherwin, 1877

1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heaven is touch - ing  
 2. Lord of life, be - neath the dome Of the u - ni -  
 3. While the deep - ening shad - ows fall, Heart of love, en -  
 4. When for - ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the

earth with rest; Wait and wor - ship while the night  
 verse, Thy home, Gath - er us who seek Thy face  
 fold - ing all, Thro' the glo - ry and the grace  
 day, the night, Lord of an - gels, on our eyes

Sets her eve - ning lamps a - light Through all the sky.  
 To the fold of Thy em - brace, For Thou art nigh.  
 Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as - cend.  
 Let e - ter - nal morn - ing rise, And shad - ows end.

*Refrain*

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of hosts! Heaven and earth are

full of Thee; Heaven and earth are prais - ing Thee, O Lord most high!

# How Sweet the Light of Sabbath Eve 41

J. Edmeston

L. Mason

1. How sweet the light of Sab - bath eve!  
 2. Sea - son of rest! the tran - quil soul!  
 3. Nor will our days of toil be long;

How soft the sun - beams linger - ing there.  
 Feels the sweet calm, and melts in love;  
 Our pil - grim - age will soon be trod;

For these blest hours the world I leave,  
 And while these sa - cred mo - ments roll,  
 And we shall join the cease - less song,

Waft - ed on wings of faith and pray'r.  
 Faith sees a smil - ing heav'n a - bove.  
 The end - less Sab - bath of our God.

# 42 If I Have Wounded Any Soul Today

C. M. Battersby

Arr. by C. H. Gabriel

Charles H. Gabriel

1. If I have wound - ed a - ny soul to - day,  
 2. If I have ut - tered i - dle words or vain,  
 3. If I have been per - verse, or hard or cold,  
 4. For - give the sins I have con - fessed to Thee;

If I have caused one foot to go a - stray,  
 If I have turned a - side from want or pain,  
 If I have longed for shel - ter in the fold,  
 For - give the se - cret sins I do not see;

If I have walked in my own will - ful way.  
 Lest I of - fend some o - ther thru the strain,  
 When Thou hast giv - en me some fort to hold,  
 O guide me, love me, and my keep - er be,

Verses 1, 2, & 3. D. C. 4th Verse only

Dear Lord, for - give (forgive)! Dear Lord, for - give (for-give)!

## Now God Be With Us

43

Petrus Herbert, 1566  
Tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1863

Friedrich F. Flemming's setting of  
Horace's "Integer Vitae," 1810

1. Now God be with us, for the night is clos - ing;  
2. We have no ref - uge, none on earth to aid us,  
3. Fa - ther, Thy name be praised, Thy king - dom giv - en,

The light and dark - ness are of His dis - pos - ing;  
Save Thee, O Fa - ther, who Thine own hast made us;  
Thy will be done on earth as 'tis in heav - en;

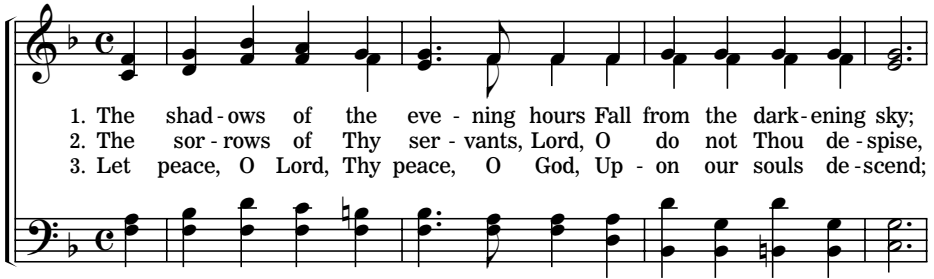
And 'neath His shad - ow here to rest we yield us,  
But Thy dear pres - ence will not leave them lone - ly  
Keep us in life, for - give our sins, de - liv - er

For He will shield us.  
Who seek Thee on - - - ly.  
Us now and ev - - - er.

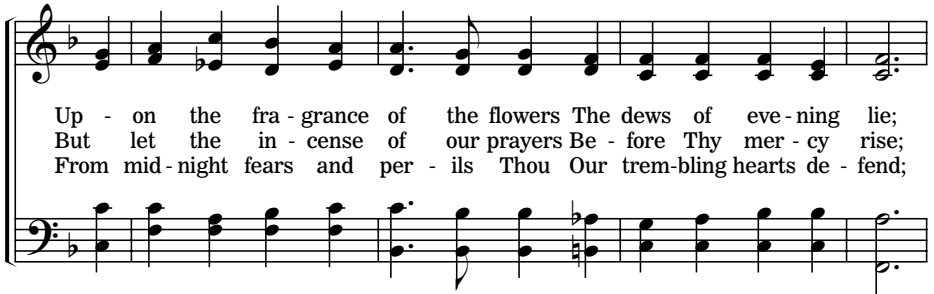
# 44 The Shadows of the Evening Hours

Adelaide A. Procter, 1862

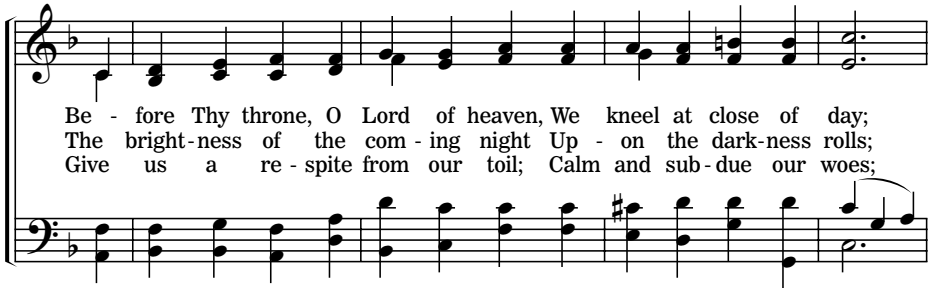
Henry Hiles, 1868



1. The shad-ows of the eve - ning hours Fall from the dark - ening sky;  
2. The sor - rows of Thy ser - vants, Lord, O do not Thou de - spise,  
3. Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God, Up - on our souls de - scend;



Up - on the fra - grance of the flowers The dews of eve - ning lie;  
But let the in - cense of our prayers Be - fore Thy mer - cy rise;  
From mid - night fears and per - ils Thou Our trem - bling hearts de - fend;



Be - fore Thy throne, O Lord of heaven, We kneel at close of day;  
The bright - ness of the com - ing night Up - on the dark - ness rolls;  
Give us a re - spite from our toil; Calm and sub - due our woes;



Look on Thy chil - dren from on high, And hear us while we pray.  
With hopes of fu - ture glo - ry chase The shad - ows from our souls.  
Through the long day we la - bor, Lord; O give us now re - pose.

# Sun of My Soul, O Saviour Dear! 45

John Keble, 1820

Adapted from Katholisches Gesangbuch, c. 1774

1. Sun of my soul, O Sav - iour dear!  
 2. When soft the dews of kind - ly sleep  
 3. A - bide with me from morn till eve,  
 4. Be near and bless me when I wake,

It is not night if Thou be near;  
 My wea - ry eye - lids gen - tly steep,  
 For with - out Thee I can - not live;  
 Ere through the world my way I take;

O may no earth - born cloud a - rise  
 Be my last thought - how sweet to rest  
 A - bide with me when night is live;  
 Till in the o - cean of Thy love

To hide Thee from Thy ser - vant's eyes.  
 For - ev - er on my Sav - iour's breast!  
 For with - out Thee I dare not die.  
 I lose my - self in heaven a - bove.

## 46

## The Day Thou Gavest

John Ellerton, 1870

Clement C. Scholefield, 1874

1. The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,  
 2. We thank Thee that Thy church, un-sleeping,  
 3. As o'er each con-ti-nent and is-land  
 4. So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall nev-er,

The dark-ness falls at Thy be-hest;  
 While earth rolls on-ward in-to light,  
 The dawn leads on-an-oth-er day,  
 Like earth's proud em-pires, pass a-way;

To Thee our morn-ing hymns as-cend-ed,  
 Through all the world her watch is keep-ing,  
 The voice of prayer is nev-er si-lent,  
 Thy king-dom stands, and grows for-ev-er,

Thy praise shall hal-low now our rest.  
 And rests not now by day or night.  
 Nor die the strains of praise a-way.  
 Till all Thy crea-tures own Thy sway.

# Thus Far the Lord Has Led Me on 47

Isaac Watts

L. Mason

1. Thus far the Lord has led me on;  
 2. Much of my time has run to waste,  
 3. I lay my body down to sleep;

Thus far His pow'r pro - longs my days;  
 And I, per - haps, am near my home;  
 Peace is the pil - low for my head;

And ev - 'ry eve - ning shall make known  
 But He for - gives my fol - lies past,  
 While well ap - point - ed an - gels keep

Some fresh me - mo - rial of His grace.  
 And gives me strength for days to come.  
 Their watch - ful sta - tions round my bed.



## 48

## Under His Wings

W. O. Cushing

Ira D. Sankey

1. Un - der His wings I am safe - ly a - bid - ing;  
 2. Un - der His wings, what a ref - uge in sor - row!  
 3. Un - der His wings, O what pre - cious en - joy - ment!

Though the night deep - ens and tem - pests are wild,  
 How the heart yearn - ing - ly turns to its rest!  
 There will I hide till life's tri - als are o'er;

Still I can trust Him; I know He will keep me;  
 Of - ten when earth has no balm for my heal - ing,  
 Shel - tered, pro - tec - ted, no e - vil can harm me;

He has re - deemed me, and I am His child.  
 There I find com - fort, and there I am blest.  
 Rest - ing in Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

*Refrain*

Un - der His wings, un - der His wings, Who from His love can sev - er?

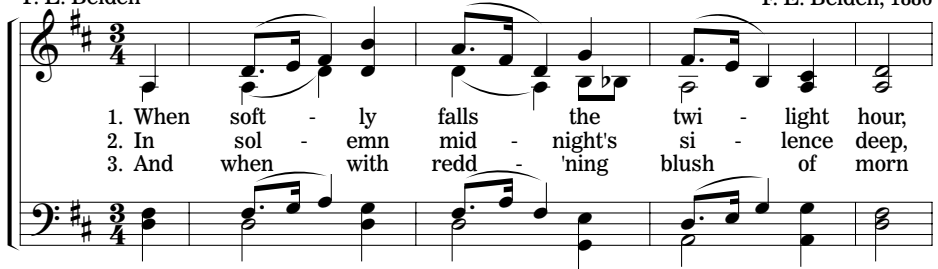


Un - der His wings my soul shall a - bide, Safe - ly a - bide for - ev - er.

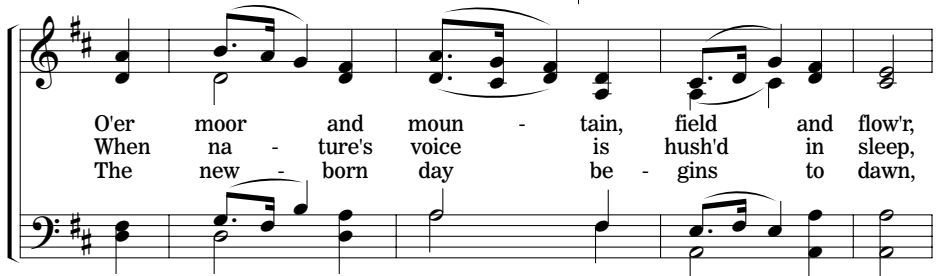
## When Softly Falls the Twilight Hour 49

F. E. Belden

F. E. Belden, 1886



1. When soft - ly falls the twi - light hour,  
2. In sol - emn mid - night's si - lence deep,  
3. And when with redd - ning blush of morn



O'er moor and moun - tain, field and flow'r,  
When na - ture's voice is hush'd in sleep,  
The new - born day be - gins to dawn,



How sweet to leave a world of care,  
Then heav - y hearts with grief of care,  
Then up - ward to the mer - cy op - press'd seat



And lift to heav'n the voice of pray'r!  
May find in pray'r the sweet - est rest.  
Let pray'r as - cend like in - cense sweet.

# 50 Come, Let Us All Unite to Sing

H. Kingsbury, 1876

E. S. Lorenz

1. Come, let us all u - nite to sing: God is love!  
 2. Oh, tell to earth's re - mot - est bound: God is love!  
 3. How hap - py is our por - tion here! God is love!  
 4. In Ca - naan we will sing a - gain: God is love!

Let Heav'n and earth their prais - es bring; God is love!  
 In Christ we have re - demp - tion found: God is love!  
 His prom - is - es our spir - its cheer; God is love!  
 And this shall be our loud - est strain: God is love!

Let ev - ery soul from sin a - wake, Each in his heart sweet  
 His blood has washed our sins a - way; His Spir - it turned our  
 He is our Sun and Shield by day, Our Help, our Hope, our  
 Whilst end - less a - ges roll a - long, We'll tri - umph with the

mu - sic make, And sing with us, for Je - sus' sake  
 night to day! And now we can re - joice to say,  
 Strength, and Stay; He will be with us all the way;  
 Heav'n - ly throng, And this shall be our sweet - est song:

Refrain

God is love!  
 God is love! God is love, God is love!  
 God is love!  
 God is love!

Come, let us all u - nite to sing: God is love!

The musical score consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a bass line. The second system also has a vocal line and a bass line. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).

# The Lord Is King, Lift Up Thy Voice 51

J. Conder

B. Crassellius

1. The Lord is King: lift up thy voice, O earth, and all ye heav'ns re-joice!
2. The Lord is King; child of the dust, The Judge of all the earth is just:
3. He reigns: ye saints, ex - alt your strains; Your God is King, your Fa - ther reigns:

From world to world the joy shall ring, The Lord Om - ni - po - tent is King.  
 Ho - ly and true are all His ways; Let ev - ery crea - ture speak His praise.  
 And He is at the Fath - er's side, The Man of Love, the Cru - ci - fied.

The musical score consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a bass line. The second system also has a vocal line and a bass line. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).

# 52 "God Is Love!" His Word Proclaims It

Rian A. Dykes

Ira D. Sankey

1. "God is Love!" His word pro - claims it, Day by day the  
 2. "God is Love!" Oh, tell it glad - ly, How the Sav - iour  
 3. "God is Love!" Oh, bound - less mer - cy May we all its

truth we prove; Heav'n and earth with joy are tell - ing,  
 from a - bove Came to seek and save the lost ones,  
 full - ness prove! Tell - ing those who sit in dark - ness,

*Refrain*

Ev - er tell - ing, "God is Love!"  
 Show - ing thus the Fa - ther's love. Hal - le - lu - jah!  
 "God is Light, and God is Love!"

tell the sto - ry, Sung by an - gel choirs a - bove; Sound - ing forth the

might - y cho - rus "God is Light, and God is Love!"

## Holy, Holy, Holy!

53

Reginald Heber, 1826

John B. Dykes, 1861

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!  
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! An - gels a - dore Thee,  
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Though dark - ness hide Thee,

Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee;  
 Cast - ing down their bright crowns a - round the glass - y sea;  
 Though the eye of man Thy great glo - ry may not see;

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! mer - ci - ful and might - y!  
 Thou - sands, and ten thou - sands wor - ship low be - fore Thee,  
 On - ly Thou art ho - ly; there is none be - side Thee,

God o - ver all who rules e - ter - ni - ty!  
 Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.  
 Per - fect in power, in love and pu - ri - ty.

# 54

## Great, Thou Jehovah

Unknown

Kovacz Lajos

1. Great, Thou Je - ho - vah, is Thy might - y pow - er;  
 2. Great, Thou Je - ho - vah, is Thy match - less wis - dom,  
 3. Great, Thou Je - ho - vah, is Thy bound - less mer - cy;

Cre - at - ing life, by Thy di - vine com - mand;  
 Beau - ty and or - der are cre - a - tion's goal;  
 In Christ Thy Son my heart can know Thy care;

Or - der from cha - os came when Thou hadst spo - ken;  
 To man Thou gav - est son - ship in Thy king - dom;  
 Thou wilt ac - cept that flame with - in me burn - ing;

Light, life, and beau - ty on both sea and land.  
 From Thine own spir - it came his liv - ing soul.  
 This bruis - ed reed in mer - cy Thou wilt spare.

GOD'S MAJESTY

The myr - iad stars, the sun in gold - en glo - ry,  
 Wheth - er in grass or in the might - y oak tree,  
 Once bound in e - vil, cap - tive in its fet - ters,

Ev - ery - thing by Thy sum - mons came to be;  
 Signs of Thy hand my eyes can clear - ly trace;  
 Thou didst de - liv - er by Thy might - y hand;

My heart is bowed in awe and ad - o - ra - tion,  
 With o - pen heart - ed rev - er - ence and meek - ness,  
 With tears of joy, on bend - ed knee, I bless Thee

All of cre - a - tion sings its praise to Thee.  
 Thy glo - rious wis - dom I will glad - ly praise.  
 For that dear love in which I now can stand.



# 55 Immortal, Invisible, God Only Wise

Walter Chalmers Smith, 1867 (1824-1908)

Welsh Melody, c. 1839

1. Im - mor - tal, in - vis - i - ble, God on - ly wise,  
 2. Un - rest - ing, un - hast - ing, and si - lent as light,  
 3. To all life Thou giv - est to both great and small;  
 4. Great Fa - ther of glo - ry, pure Fa - ther of light,

In light in - ac - ces - si - ble hid from our eyes,  
 Nor want - ing, nor wast - ing, Thou rul - est in might;  
 In all life Thou liv - est, the true life of all;  
 Thine an - gels a - dore Thee, all veil - ing their sight;

Most bless - ed, most glo - rious, the An - cient of days,  
 Thy jus - tice like moun - tains high soar - ing a - bove  
 We blos - som and flour - ish, like leaves on the tree,  
 All laud we would ren - der: O help us to see

Al - mighty, vic - to - rious, Thy great name we praise.  
 Thy clouds, which are foun - tains of good - ness and love.  
 Then with - er and per - ish; but naught chang - eth Thee.  
 'Tis on - ly the splen - dor of light hid - eth Thee.

# My Maker and My King

# 56

Anne Steele (1716-1778)

Unknown

1. My Mak - er and my King, To Thee my all I owe;  
 2. The crea - ture of Thy hand, On Thee a - lone I live;  
 3. Lord, what can I im - part When all is Thine be - fore?  
 4. O! let Thy grace in - spire My soul with strength di - vine;

Thy sov - ereign boun - ty is the spring Whence all my bless - ings flow;  
 My God, Thy ben - e - fits de - mand More praise than I can give.  
 Thy love de - mands a thank - ful heart; The gift, a - las! how poor.  
 Let ev - ery word and each de - sire And all my days be Thine.

Thy sov - ereign bount - y is the spring, Whence all my bless - ings flow.  
 My God, Thy ben - e - fits de - mand More praise than I can give.  
 Thy love de - mands a thank - ful heart; The gift, a - las! how poor.  
 Let ev - ery word and each de - sire And all my days be Thine.

# 57 Lord, Thy Glory Fills the Heaven

R. Mant

J. H. Wilcox

1. Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the hea - ven;  
2. Ev - er thus in God's high prais - es,  
3. Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heav - en;

Earth is with its ful - ness stored;  
Breth - ren, let our tongues u - nite;  
Earth is with its ful - ness stored;

Un - to Thee be glo - ry giv - en,  
While our tho't His great - ness rais - es,  
Un - to Thee be glo - ry giv - en,

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!  
And our love His gifts ex - cite:  
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!

GOD'S MAJESTY

Heav'n is still with anth - ems ring - ing;  
 With His ser - aph train be - fore Him,  
 Thus Thy glo - rious name con - fess - ing,

Earth takes up the an - gel's cry,  
 With His ho - ly church be - low,  
 We a - dopt the an - gel's cry,

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, sing - ing,  
 Thus u - nite we to a - dore Him,  
 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, bless - ing

Lord of hosts, Thou Lord most high.  
 Bid we thus our an - them flow.  
 Thee, the Lord our God most high!

# 58 The Spacious Firmament On High

Joseph Addison, 1712

Arr. from F. J. Haydn, 1798

1. The spa - cious firm - a - ment on high,  
 2. Soon as the eve - ning shades pre - vail,  
 3. What though in sol - emn si - lence all

With all the blue, e - the - real sky,  
 The moon takes up the won - drous tale;  
 Move round the dark ter - res - trial ball?

And span - gled heavens, a shin - ing frame,  
 And night - ly to the lis - tening earth  
 What though no re - al voice nor sound

Their great O - rig - i - nal pro - claim.  
 Re - peats the sto - ry of her birth;  
 A - mid their ra - diant orbs be found?

GOD'S MAJESTY

Th' un - wea - ried sun from day to day  
 While all the stars that round her burn,  
 In rea - son's ear they all re - joice

Does his Cre - a - tor's power dis - play,  
 And all the plan - ets in their turn,  
 And ut - ter forth a glo - rious voice,

And pub - lish - es to ev - ery land  
 Con - firm the tid - ings as they roll,  
 For - ev - er sing - ing as they shine,

The work of an al - might - y hand.  
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.  
 "The hand that made us is di - vine."

# 59 Angel Voices Ever Singing

Francis Pott, 1861

Arthur S. Sullivan, 1872

1. An - gel voic - es ev - er sing - ing Round Thy throne of light;  
 2. Thou who art be - yond the far - thest Mor - tal eye can scan,  
 3. Yea, we know Thy love re - joic - es O'er each work of Thine;  
 4. Here, great God, to - day we of - fer Of Thine own to Thee;

An - gel harps, for - ev - er ring - ing, Rest not day nor night.  
 Can it be that Thou re - gard - est Songs of sin - ful man?  
 Thou didst ears and hands and voic - es For Thy praise com - bine;  
 And for Thine ac - cept - ance prof - fer, All un - wor - thi - ly,

Thou - sands on - ly live to bless Thee, And con - fess Thee Lord of might.  
 Can we feel that Thou art near us, And wilt hear us? Yea, we can.  
 Crafts - man's art and mu - sic's meas - ure For Thy plea - sure Didst de - sign.  
 Hearts and minds, and hands and voic - es, In our choic - est Mel - o - dy.

# A Beautiful Star Arose One Night 60

F. E. Belden

F. E. Belden

1. A beau - ti - ful star a - rose one night, Di - vine - ly it shone with  
 2. They knew by the word of truth di - vine, 'Twas time that gui - ding  
 3. We'll fol - low its light, like those of old, The "Light of the World," by

pur - est light; Its won - der - ful rays the wise men led to  
 star should shine; They fol - low'd its light which shone a - far, 'Twas  
 seers fore - told; We'll fol - low His light till we shall come to

*Refrain*

find the Sav - iour's low - ly bed. 'Tis shin - ing still, 'tis  
 Christ, "the bright and mor - ning star." 'Tis shin - ing still, 'tis  
 per - fect rest in heav'n, my home.

shin - ing still, That beau - ti - ful star; o'er plain and hill;  
 shin - ing still, Sal - va - tion's star of God's good will.



# 61 Angels From the Realms of Glory

James Montgomery, 1816

Henry Smart, 1867

1. An - gels from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er  
 2. Shep - herds, in the field a - bid - ing, Watch - ing o'er your  
 3. Sag - es, leave your con - tem - pla - tions, Bright - er vi - sions  
 4. Saints, be - fore the al - tar bend - ing, Watch - ing long in

all the earth; Ye, who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry,  
 flocks by night, God with man is now re - sid - ing;  
 beam a - far; Seek the great De - sire of na - tions;  
 hope and fear, Sud - den - ly the Lord, de - scend - ing,

Now pro - claim Mes - si - ah's birth; Come and wor - ship,  
 Yon - der shines the In - fant Light; Come and wor - ship,  
 Ye have seen His na - tal star; Come and wor - ship,  
 In His tem - ple shall ap - pear; Come and wor - ship,

Come and wor - ship, Wor - ship Christ, the new - born King.  
 Come and wor - ship, Wor - ship Christ, the new - born King.  
 Come and wor - ship, Wor - ship Christ, the new - born King.  
 Come and wor - ship, Wor - ship Christ, the new - born King.

# As With Gladness Men of Old

# 62

William C. Dix

Conrad Kocher

1. As with glad-ness men of old Did the guid-ing star be-hold,  
 2. As with joy-ful steps they sped, Sav-iour, to Thy low-ly bed,  
 3. As they of-fered gifts most rare At Thy crad-le rude and bare;  
 4. Bless-ed Sav-iour, ev-ery day Keep us in the nar-row way;

As with joy they hailed its light, Lead-ing on-ward, beam-ing bright;  
 There to bend the knee be-fore Thee Whom heaven and earth a-dore;  
 So may we with ho-ly joy, Pure and free from sins al-loy,  
 And, when earth-ly things are past, Bring our ran-somed souls at last

So, most gra-cious Lord, may we Ev-er-more be led to Thee.  
 So may we with will-ing feet Ev-er seek the mer-cy seat.  
 All our cost-liest trea-sures bring, Christ, to Thee our heaven-ly King.  
 Where they need no star to guide, Where no clouds Thy glo-ry hide.

# 63

## Hark! the Herald Angels Sing

Charles Wesley, 1739

Arr. from F. Mendelssohn, 1840  
by William H. Cummings, 1856

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new - born King;  
2. Christ, by high - est heaven a - dored, Christ the ev - er - last - ing Lord;  
3. Hail! the heaven-born Prince of Peace! Hail! the Sun of Righ-teous-ness!

Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled!"  
In the man - ger born a king, While a - dor - ing an - gels sing,  
Life and light to all He brings, Risen with heal - ing in His wings.

Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Join the tri - umph of the skies;  
"Peace on earth, to men good will"; Bid the trem - bling soul be still,  
Mild He lays His glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die,

With th'an - gel - ic host pro - claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!"  
Christ on earth has come to dwell, Je - sus, our Im - man - u - el!  
Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them sec - ond birth.

Refrain

Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new - born King."

# While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks 64

Nahum Tate (1652-1715)

Este's Psalter, 1592

1. While shep - herds watched their flocks by night, All  
 2. "Fear not!" said He, for might - y dread Had  
 3. "To you, is born of Da - vid's line, In  
 4. "All glo - ry be to God on high, And

seat - ed on the ground, The an - gel of the  
 seized their trou - bled mind, "Glad tid - ings of great  
 Da - vid's town this day, The Sav - iour wrapped in  
 to the earth be peace; Good will hence - forth from

Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round.  
 joy I bring, To you and all man - kind."  
 swath - ing bands, And in a man - ger laid."  
 heaven to men, Be - gin and nev - er cease!"

# 65 It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

E. H. Sears

Arr. by A. S. Sullivan

1. It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song of old,  
 2. Still through the clo - ven skies they come, With peace - ful wings un - furled,  
 3. And ye, be - neath life's crush - ing load Whose forms are bend - ing low,

From an - gels bend - ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold:  
 And still their heaven - ly mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world;  
 Who toil a - long the climb - ing way, With pain - ful steps and slow,

"Peace on the earth, good - will to men, From heaven's all - gra - cious King!"  
 A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hov - ering wing,  
 Look up! for glad and gold - en hours Come swift - ly on the wing:

The world in sol - emn still - ness lay, To hear the an - gels sing.  
 And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing.  
 O rest be - side the wea - ry road, And hear the an - gels sing!

# It Came Upon the Midnight Clear 66

E. H. Sears, 1850

R. S. Willis, 1850

1. It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo - rious song of old,  
 2. Still through the clo - ven skies they come, With peace - ful wings un - furled,  
 3. And ye, be - neath life's crush - ing load, Whose forms are bend - ing low,

From an - gels bend - ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold:  
 And still their heaven - ly mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world;  
 Who toil a - long the climb - ing way With pain - ful steps and slow

"Peace on the earth, good will to men, From heaven's all - gra - cious King";  
 A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hov - ering wing,  
 Look up! for glad and gold - en hours Come swift - ly on the wing;

The world in sol - emn still - ness lay, To hear the an - gels sing.  
 And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing.  
 O rest be - side the wea - ry road, And hear the an - gels sing.

# 67 Silent Night, Holy Night

Joseph Mohr, 1818

Tr. by J. F. Young, 1863

Franz Gruber, 1818

1. Si - lent night, ho - ly night, All is calm, all is bright;  
2. Si - lent night, ho - ly night, Dark - ness flies, all is light;  
3. Si - lent night, ho - ly night, Son of God, love's pure light;  
4. Si - lent night, ho - ly night, Won - drous star, lend thy light;

Round you vir - gin moth - er and child! Ho - ly In - fant, so ten - der and mild,  
Shep - herds hear the an - gels sing, "Al - le - lu - ia! hail the King!  
Ra - diant beams from Thy ho - ly face, With the dawn of re - deem - ing grace,  
With the an - gels let us sing, Al - le - lu - ia to our King;

Sleep in heav - en - ly peace, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace.  
Christ the Sav - iour is born, Christ the Sav - iour is born."  
Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth, Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth.  
Christ the Sav - iour is born, Christ the Sav - iour is born.

# Joy to the World

68

Isaac Watts, 1719

Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1830

1. Joy to the world, the Lord will come! Let earth re - ceive her King;  
 2. Joy to the earth, the Lord will reign! Let men their songs em - ploy;  
 3. No more let sin and sor - row grow, Nor thorns in - fest the ground;  
 4. Soon will He rule the earth with grace, And make the na - tions prove

Let ev - ery heart pre - pare Him room,  
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,  
 He comes to make His bless - ings flow  
 The glo - ries of His righ - teous - ness,

And heaven and na - ture sing, And heaven and na - ture  
 Re - peat the sound - ing joy, Re - peat the sound - ing  
 Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is  
 And won - ders of His love, And won - ders of His

And heaven and na - ture sing, And

sing, And heaven, and heaven and na - ture sing.  
 joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound - ing joy.  
 found, Far as, far as the curse is found.  
 love, And won - ders, and won - ders of His love.

heaven and na - ture sing,



# 69

## O Come, All Ye Faithful

Unknown. Latin, 18th century

Tr by Frederick Oakeley, 1841, and others

Source unknown, 18th century melody

1. O come, all ye faith - ful, joy - ful and tri - um - phant,  
 2. Sing, choirs of an - gels, sing in ex - ul - ta - tion,  
 3. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this hap - py morn - ing,

O come ye, O come ye to Beth - le - hem!  
 O sing, all ye cit - i - zens of heaven a - bove!  
 Je - sus, to Thee be all glo - ry given;

Come and be - hold Him, born the King of an - gels!  
 Glo - ry to God, all glo - ry in the high - est!  
 Word of the Fa - ther, now in flesh ap - pear - ing!

*Refrain*

O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him,

O come, let us a - dore Him, Christ, the Lord!

# O Little Town of Bethlehem

70

Phillips Brooks, 1868

L. H. Render, 1868

1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie!  
 2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry; And gath - ered all a - bove,  
 3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly The won - drous gift is given!  
 4. O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem, De - scend to us, we pray;

A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by;  
 While mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of won - dering love.  
 So God im - parts to hu - man hearts The bless - ings of His heaven.  
 Cast out our sin and ent - er in— Be born in us to - day.

Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing light;  
 O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth!  
 No ear may hear His com - ing; But in this world of sin,  
 We hear the heaven - ly an - gels The great glad tid - ings tell—

The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.  
 And prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.  
 Where meek souls will re - ceive Him still, The dear Christ en - ters in.  
 Oh, come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Im - man - u - el!

# 71 O Word of God Incarnate

William W. Howe, 1867

F. Mendelssohn

1. O Word of God In - car - nate, O Wis - dom from on high,  
 2. The church from her dear Mas - ter Re - ceived the gift di - vine,  
 3. It float - eth like a ban - ner Be - fore God's host un - furled:  
 4. O make Thy church, dear Sav - iour, A lamp of pur - est gold,

O Truth un - changed, un - chang - ing, O Light of our dark sky,  
 And still that light she lift - eth O'er all the earth to shine;  
 It shin - eth like a bea - con A - bove the dark - ling world;  
 To bear be - fore the na - tions Thy true light as of old;

We praise Thee for the ra - diance That from the hal - lowed page,  
 It is the gold - en cas - ket, Where gems of truth are stored,  
 It is the chart and com - pass That o'er life's surg - ing sea,  
 O teach Thy wan - dering pil - grims By this their path to trace,

A lamp to guide our foot - steps, Shines on from age to age.  
 It is the heav'n - drawn pic - ture Of Christ, the liv - ing Word.  
 'Mid mists and rocks and quick - sands, Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.  
 Till, clouds and dark - ness end - ed, They see Thee face to face.

# Once in Royal David's City

# 72

Cecil F. Alexander, 1848

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1849

1. Once in roy - al Da - vid's ci - ty Stood a  
 2. He came down to earth from heav - en, Who is  
 3. And through all His won - drous child - hood He would  
 4. Je - sus is our child - hood's pat - tern, Day by

low - ly cat - tle shed, Where a moth - er laid her  
 God and Lord of all, And His shel - ter was a  
 hon - or and o - bey, Love and watch the low - ly  
 day like us He grew; He was lit - tle, weak, and

Ba - by In a man - ger for His bed; Ma - ry  
 sta - ble, And His cra - dle was a stall; With the  
 moth - er In whose gen - tle arms He lay. Chris - tian  
 help - less, Tears and smiles like us He knew; And He

was that moth - er mild, Je - sus Christ her lit - tle Child.  
 poor, and mean, and low - ly, Lived on earth our Sav - iour ho - ly.  
 child - ren all must be Mild, o - be - dient, good as He.  
 feel - eth for our sad - ness, And He shar - eth in our glad - ness.

# 73 Thou Didst Leave Thy Throne

Emily E. S. Elliot, 1864

Timothy R. Matthews, 1876

1. Thou didst leave Thy throne And Thy king - ly crown  
 2. Heav - en's arch - es rang When the an - gels sang  
 3. Thou cam - est, O Lord, With the liv - ing word  
 4. When the heav - ens shall ring, And the an - gels sing,

When Thou cam - est to earth for me; But in Beth - le - hem's home  
 Pro - claim - ing Thy roy - al de - gree; But of low - ly birth  
 That should set Thy peo - ple free; But with mock - ing scorn,  
 At Thy com - ing to vic - to - ry, Let Thy voice call me home,

Was there found no room For Thy ho - ly na - tiv - i - ty.  
 Didst Thou come to earth, And in great - est hu - mil - i - ty.  
 And with crown of thorn, They bore Thee to Cal - va - ry.  
 Say - ing, "Yet there is room, There is room at My side for thee."

*Refrain*

1,2,3. O come to my heart, Lord Je - sus, There is room in my heart for Thee.  
 4. My heart shall re - joice, Lord Je - sus, When Thou com - est and call - est for me.

# All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name! 74

Edward Perronet, 1779

Oliver Holden, 1793

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels  
 2. Ye seed of Is - rael's cho - sen race, Ye ran - somed  
 3. Let ev - ery kin - dred, ev - ery tribe, On this ter -  
 4. Oh, that with yon - der sa - cred throug We at His

pros - trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And  
 of the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And  
 res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - crite, And  
 feet may fall, Join in the ev - er - last - ing song, And

crown Him Lord of all! Bring forth the roy - al  
 crown Him Lord of all! Hail Him who saves you  
 crown Him Lord of all! To Him all maj - es -  
 crown Him Lord of all! Join in the ev - er -

di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.  
 by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.  
 ty as - crite, And crown Him Lord of all.  
 last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

# 75 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name

Edward Perronet, 1779

William Shrubsole, 1779

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name!  
 2. Ye seed of Is - rael's cho - sen race,  
 3. Let ev - ery kin - dred, ev - ery tribe,  
 4. Oh, that with yon - der sa - cred throng

Let an - gels pros - trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al  
 Ye ran - somed of the fall, Hail Him who saves you  
 On this ter - res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es -  
 We at His feet may fall, Join in the ev - er -

di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him,  
 by His grace, And crown Him, crown Him,  
 ty as - cribe, And crown Him, crown Him,  
 last - ing song, And crown Him, crown Him,

crown Him! Crown Him Lord of all.  
 crown Him! Crown Him Lord of all.  
 crown Him! Crown Him Lord of all.  
 crown Him! Crown Him Lord of all.

# Creator Spirit by Whose Aid

# 76

Tr. John Dryden, 1631

J. B. Dykes

1. Cre - a - tor Spir - it! by whose aid The world's found - a - tions  
 2. Thou Strength of His al - might - y hand, Whose power does heaven and  
 3. Plen - teous of grace, de - scend from high, Rich in Thy seven - fold

first were laid, Come, vis - it ev - 'ry earn - est mind;  
 earth com - mand, Re - fine and purge our earth - ly parts;  
 e - ner - gy; Make us e - ter - nal truths re - ceive,

Come, pour Thy joys on hu - man - kind; From sin and sor - row  
 But, O in - flame and fire our hearts! And lest our feet should  
 And prac - tise all that we be - lieve; Give us Thy - self, that

set us free, And make Thy tem - ples wor - thy Thee.  
 step a - stray, Pro - tect and guide us in the way.  
 we may see The Fa - ther and the Son by Thee.



# 77 A Wonderful Saviour Is Jesus My Lord

Fanny J. Crosby (1823-1915)

William J. Kirkpatrick

1. A won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus my Lord,  
 2. A won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus my Lord,  
 3. With num - ber - less bless - ings each mo - ment He crowns,  
 4. When clothed in His bright - ness trans - port - ed I rise

A won - der - ful Sav - iour to me, He hid - eth my soul in the  
 He tak - eth my bur - den a - way, He hold - eth me up, and I  
 And filled with His full - ness di - vine, I sing in my rap - ture, Oh  
 To meet Him in clouds of the sky, His per - fect sal - va - tion, His

cleft of the rock, Where riv - ers of bless - ings I see.  
 shall not be moved, He giv - eth me strength as my day.  
 glo - ry to God For such a Re - deem - er as mine.  
 won - der - ful love, I'll shout with the mil - lions on high.

*Refrain*

He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock That shad - ows a dry, thirst-y

JESUS' GLORY AND PRAISE

land; He hid - eth my life in the depths of His love,

The first system of musical notation for 'Jesus' Glory and Praise'. It consists of a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The vocal line begins with a half note 'land;' followed by a series of eighth notes: 'He hid - eth my life in the depths of His love,'. The piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

And cov - ers me there with His hand, And cov - ers me there with His hand.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. The vocal line has a melodic contour that rises and then falls, with the lyrics 'And cov - ers me there with His hand, And cov - ers me there with His hand.' The piano accompaniment continues with a similar rhythmic and harmonic pattern.

## How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds 78

John Newton, 1779

Alexander R. Reingale, 1836

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!  
2. It makes the wound - ed spir - it whole, And calms the trou - bled breast;  
3. Dear name, the rock on which I build, My shield and hid - ing place,  
4. Je - sus! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend, My Proph - et, Priest, and King!

The first system of musical notation for 'How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds'. It features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are presented as a numbered list of four lines.

It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.  
'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry rest.  
My nev - er - fail - ing trea - sury, filled With bound - less stores of grace.  
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End! Ac - cept the praise I bring.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. The vocal line has a melodic contour that rises and then falls, with the lyrics 'It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear. 'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry rest. My nev - er - fail - ing trea - sury, filled With bound - less stores of grace. My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End! Ac - cept the praise I bring.' The piano accompaniment continues with a similar rhythmic and harmonic pattern.

# 79 Crown Him With Many Crowns

Matthew Bridges, 1851

George J. Elvey, 1868

1. Crown Him with man - y crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;  
 2. Crown Him the Lord of love! Be - hold His hands and side,  
 3. Crown Him the Lord of peace! Whose hand a scep - ter sways  
 4. Crown Him the Lord of years, The Po - ten - tate of time,

Hark! how the heaven-ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own!  
 Those wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove, In beau - ty glo - ri - fied;  
 From pole to pole, that wars may cease, And all be prayer and praise;  
 Cre - a - tor of the roll - ing spheres, In - ef - fa - bly sub - lime!

A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee;  
 No an - gel in the sky Can ful - ly bear that sight,  
 His reign shall know no end, And round His pier - ed feet  
 All hail! Re - deem - er, hail! For Thou hast died for me;

And hail Him as thy match-less King Through all e - ter - ni - ty.  
 But down - ward bends his won - dering eye At mys - ter - ies so great.  
 Fair flowers of Par - a - dise ex - tend, Their fra - grance ev - er sweet.  
 Thy praise shall nev - er, nev - er fail Throughout e - ter - ni - ty.

# Fairest Lord Jesus

80

J. A. Seiss, 1677

From Schlesische Volkslieder, 1842  
 Arr. by Richard S. Willis (1819-1900)

1. Fair - est Lord Je - sus, Rul - er of all na - ture,  
 2. Fair are the mead - ows, Fair - er still the wood - lands,  
 3. Fair is the sun - shine, Fair - er still the moon - light,

O Thou of God and man the Son!  
 Robed in the bloom - ing garb of spring;  
 And all the twin - kling, star - ry host;

Thee will I cher - ish, Thee will I hon - or,  
 Je - sus is fair - er, Je - sus is pur - er,  
 Je - sus shines bright - er, Je - sus shines pur - er

Thou art my glo - ry, joy, and crown.  
 Who makes the woe - ful heart to sing.  
 Than all the an - gels heaven can boast.

# 81 God Is Love; His Mercy Brightens

J. Bowring

L. Tourjee

1. God is love; His mer - cy bright - ens  
2. Chance and change are bu - sy ev - er;  
3. E'en the hour that dark - est seem - eth  
4. He with earth - ly care en - twin - eth

All the path in which we rove;  
Man de - cays and a - ges move;  
Will His change - less good - ness prove;  
Hope and com - fort from a - bove;

Bliss He wakes, and woe He light - ens;  
But His mer - cy wan - eth nev - er:  
From the gloom His bright - ness stream - eth:  
Ev - ery - where His glo - ry shin - eth:

God is wis - dom, God is love.  
God is wis - dom, God is love.  
God is wis - dom, God is love.  
God is wis - dom, God is love.

# Hark! Ten Thousand Harps and Voices 82

Thomas Kelly

Lowell Mason

1. Hark! ten thou-sand harps and voic-es Sound the note of praise a - bove;  
 2. King of glo - ry, reign for - ev - er; Thine an ev - er - last-ing crown;  
 3. Sav - iour, has - ten Thine ap-pear-ing; Bring, O bring, the glo-rious day

Je - sus reigns, and heav'n re - joic - es; Je - sus reigns, the God of love;  
 Noth - ing from Thy love shall sev - er Those whom Thou dost seal Thine own;  
 When the aw - ful sum-mons hear-ing, Heav'n and earth shall pass a - way!

See, He sits on yon-der throne; Je - sus rules the world a - lone.  
 Hap - py ob-jects of Thy grace, Des-tined to be - hold Thy face.  
 Then, with gold-en harps, we'll sing, "Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King."

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men!

# 83

## I Love to Tell the Story

Katherine Hankey, 1866

William G. Fischer, 1869

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove,  
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems  
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat  
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best

Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love;  
Than all the gold - en fan - cies Of all our gold - en dreams;  
What seems each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet;  
Seem hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing To hear it like the rest;

I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true;  
I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me,  
I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard  
And when in scenes of glo - ry I sing the new, new song,

JESUS' GLORY AND PRAISE

It sat - is - fies my long - ing As noth - ing else can do.  
And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee.  
The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own ho - ly word.  
'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have loved so long.

*Refrain*

I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry

To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.



# 84 In Joyful High and Holy Lays

E. D. Mund

E. S. Lorenz



1. In joy - ful high and ho - ly lays My soul her grateful voice would raise;
2. A joy by day, a peace by night, In storms a calm, in dark-ness light,
3. My hope for par - don when I call, My trust for lift - ing when I fall,



But who can sing the wor - thy praise Of the won - der - ful love of Je - sus?  
 In pain a balm, in weak - ness might, Is the won - der - ful love of Je - sus.  
 In life, in death, my all in all, Is the won - der - ful love of Je - sus.



*Refrain*



Won - der - ful love! Won - der - ful love! Won - der - ful love of Je - sus!



Won - der - ful love! Won - der - ful love! Won - der - ful love of Je - sus!



# Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee 85

Bernard of Clairvaux (1091-1153)

Tr. by Edward Caswall (1814-1878)

John B. Dykes, 1866

1. Je - sus, the ver - y thought of Thee,  
 2. No voice can sing, no heart can frame,  
 3. O hope of ev - ery con - trite heart!  
 4. Je - sus, our on - ly joy be Thou,

With sweet - ness fills my breast;  
 Nor can the mem - ory find  
 O joy of all meek,  
 As Thou our prize wilt be;

But sweet - er far Thy face to see,  
 A sweet - er sound than Je - sus' name,  
 To those who fall, how kind Thou art!  
 In Thee be all our glo - ry now,

And in Thy pres - ence rest.  
 The Sav - iour of man - kind.  
 How good to those who seek!  
 And through e - ter - ni - ty.

# 86 Jesus, These Eyes Have Never Seen

H. Ray Palmer, 1858

J. B. Dykes, 1875

1. Je - sus, these eyes have nev - er seen  
 2. I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,  
 3. Like some bright dream that comes un - sought,  
 4. Yet though I have not seen, and still

That ra - diant form of Thine;  
 Yet art Thou oft with me;  
 When slum - bers o'er me roll,  
 Must rest in faith a lone,

The veil of sense hangs dark be - tween  
 And earth has ne'er so dear a spot  
 Thine im - age ev - er fills my thought,  
 I love Thee, dear - est Lord, and will,

Thy bless - ed face and mine.  
 As where I meet with Thee.  
 And charms my 'nrap - tured soul.  
 Un - seen, but not un - known.

# More About Jesus

# 87

E. E. Hewitt

J. R. Sweney

1. More a - bout Je - sus I would know, More of His grace to oth - ers show;  
 2. More a - bout Je - sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis - cern;  
 3. More a - bout Je - sus; in His word Hold - ing com - mu - nion with my Lord,  
 4. More a - bout Je - sus; on His throne, Rich - es in glo - ry all His own;

More of His sav - ing full - ness see, More of His love who died for me.  
 Spir - it of God, my teach - er be, Show - ing the things of Christ to me.  
 Hear - ing His voice in ev - 'ry line, Mak - ing each faith - ful say - ing mine.  
 More of His King - dom's sure in - crease; More of His com - ing, Prince of Peace.

*Refrain*

More, more a - bout Je - sus, More, more a - bout Je - sus;

More of His sav - ing full - ness see, More of His love who died for me.

# 88 Lift Him Up, 'Tis He That Bids You

May E. Warren

D. S. Hakes

1. Lift Him up, 'tis He that bids you, Let the dy - ing look and live;  
2. Lift Him up, this pre - cious Sav - iour, Let the mul - ti - tude be - hold;  
3. Lift Him up in all His glo - ry, 'Tis the Son of God on high;  
4. O then lift Him up in sing - ing, Lift the Sav - iour up in prayer;

To all wea - ry, thirst - ing sin - ners, Liv - ing wa - ters will He give;  
They with will - ing hearts shall seek Him, He will draw them to His fold;  
Lift Him up, His love shall draw them, E'en the care - less shall draw nigh;  
He, the glo - ri - ous Re - deem - er, All the sins of men did bear;

And though once so meek and low - ly, Yet the Prince of heaven was He;  
They shall gath - er from the way - side, Hastening on with joy - ous feet,  
Let them hear a - gain the sto - ry Of the cross, the death of shame;  
Yes, the young shall bow be - fore Him, And the old their voic - es raise;

JESUS' GLORY AND PRAISE



And the blind, who grope in dark-ness, Through the blood of Christ shall see.  
They shall bear the cross of Je - sus, And shall find sal - va - tion sweet.  
And from tongue to tongue re - peat it; Might-y throngs shall bless His name.  
All the deaf shall hear ho-san-nah; And the dumb shall shout His praise.



*Refrain*



Lift Him up, the ris - en Sav - iour, High a - mid the wait - ing throng;



Lift Him up, 'tis He that speak-eth Now He bids you flee from wrong.



# 89

## My Heart and Voice I Raise

B. Rhodes

German Melody

1. My heart and voice I raise, To spread Mes - si - ah's praise  
2. A ser - vant's form He wore, And in His bod - y bore  
3. But soon the Vict - or rose Tri - umph - ant o'er His foes,  
4. Soon shall His king - dom come, His righ - teous will be done

Mes - si - ah's praise let all re - peat; The un - i - ver - sal Lord,  
Our dread - ful curse on Cal - va - ry: He like a vic - tim stood,  
And led the van - quished host in chains: He threw their em - pire down,  
On earth, as by the hosts a - bove; Who to Mes - si - ah fly,

By whose al - might - y word Cre - a - tion rose in form com - plete.  
And poured His sa - cred blood, To set the guil - ty cap - tives free.  
His foes com - pelled to own O'er all the great Mes - si - ah reigns.  
Shall find re - demp - tion nigh, And all His great sal - va - tion prove.

# O Could I Speak the Matchless Worth 90

Samuel Medley, 1789

Arr. from Mozart by Lowell Mason, 1836

1. O could I speak the match - less worth, O  
 2. I'd sing the pre - cious blood He spilt, My  
 3. I'd sing the char - ac - ter He bears, And

could I sound the glo - ries forth, Which in my Sav - iour shine!  
 ran - som from the dread - ful guilt Of sin and wrath di - vine!  
 all the forms of love He wears, Ex - alt - ed on His throne;

I'd soar and touch the heaven - ly strings And vie with Ga - briel  
 I'd sing His glo - rious righ - teous - ness, In which all - per - fect  
 In loft - iest songs of sweet - est praise, I would to ev - er -

while he sings In notes al - most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.  
 heaven - ly dress My soul shall ev - er shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.  
 last - ing days Make all His glo - ries known, Make all His glo - ries known.



# 91 Oh, For a Thousand Tongues

C. Wesley

T. Jarman

1. Oh, for a thou - sand tongues to sing  
 2. My gra - cious Mas - ter and my God,  
 3. He breaks the cru - el pow - er of sin,

My great Re - deem - er's praise,  
 As - sist me to pro - claim,  
 He sets the pris - oner free;

My great Re - deem - er's praise.  
 To spread through all the earth a - broad  
 His blood can make the foul - est clean,

The glo - ries of my God and King.  
 The hon - ors of Thy name, my God and King.  
 His blood a - vails for me, my God and King.

*Refrain*

The tri - umphs of His grace, The tri - umphs of His  
 The tri - umphs of His grace, The tri - umphs of His grace, The

grace, The tri - - - umphs of His grace!  
 tri - umphs of His grace, The tri - umphs of His grace!

## Jesus, Thou Joy of Loving Hearts 92

Bernard of Clairvaux (1091-1153)  
 Tr. by H. Ray Palmer (1808-1887)

Lowell Mason, 1840 (1792-1872)

1. Je - sus, Thou joy of lov - ing hearts! Thou fount of  
 2. Thy truth un - changed has ev - er stood; Thou sav - est  
 3. Our rest - less spir - its yearn for Thee, Where - e'er our  
 4. O Je - sus, ev - er with us stay; Make all our

life! Thou light of men! From the best bliss that earth im -  
 those that on Thee call; To them that seek Thee, Thou art  
 change - ful lot is cast; Glad, when Thy gra - cious smile we  
 mo - ments calm and bright; Chase the dark night of sin a -

parts, We turn un - filled to Thee a - gain.  
 good, To them that find Thee, all in fast.  
 see, Blest, when our faith can hold Thee  
 way, Shed o'er the world Thy ho - ly light!

# 93

## O Saviour, Precious Saviour

Frances R. Havergal, 1870

J. Michael Haydn (1737-1806)

1. O Sav - iour, pre - cious Sav - iour, Whom yet un - seen we love,  
2. O bring - er of sal - va - tion, Who won - drous - ly hast wrought,  
3. In Thee all full - ness dwell - eth, All grace and power di - vine;  
4. O grant the con - sum - ma - tion Of this our song a - bove,

O name of might and fa - vor, All oth - er names a - bove!  
Thy - self the rev - e - la - tion Of love be - yond our thought,  
The glo - ry that ex - cell - eth, O Son of God, is Thine;  
In end - less ad - o - ra - tion, And ev - er - last - ing love;

We wor - ship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee, O Christ, we sing;  
We wor - ship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee, O Christ, we sing;  
We wor - ship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee, O Christ, we sing;  
Then shall we praise and bless Thee Where per - fect prais - es ring,

We praise Thee, and con - fess Thee Our ho - ly Lord and King.  
We praise Thee, and con - fess Thee Our gra - cious Lord and King.  
We praise Thee, and con - fess Thee Our glo - rious Lord and King.  
And ev - er - more con - fess Thee Our Sav - iour and our King.

# O Worship the King

94

Robert Grant, 1833 (1779-1838)

J. Michael Haydn, 1770

1. O wor - ship the King, all - glo - rious a - bove,  
 2. O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,  
 3. Thy boun - ti - ful care, what tongue can re - cite?  
 4. Frail chil - dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail,

O grate - fu - ly sing His won - der - ful love;  
 Whose robe is the light, whose can - o - py space;  
 It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;  
 In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;

Our shield and de - fend - er, the An - cient of days,  
 His char - iots of wrath the deep thun - der - clouds form,  
 It streams from the hills, it de - scends to the plain,  
 Thy mer - cies, how ten - der! how firm to the end!

Pa - vil - ioned in splen - dor, and gird - ed with praise.  
 And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.  
 And sweet - ly dis - tills in the dew and the rain.  
 Our Mak - er, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er, and Friend!

# 95

## Praise Him! Praise Him!

Fanny J. Crosby (1823-1915)

Chester G. Allen (1812-1877)

1. Praise Him! praise Him! Je - sus, our bless - ed Re - deem - er!  
2. Praise Him! praise Him! Je - sus, our bless - ed Re - deem - er!  
3. Praise Him! praise Him! Je - sus, our bless - ed Re - deem - er!

Sing, O earth— His won - der - ful love pro - claim!  
For our sins He suf - fered, and bled and died;  
Heaven - ly por - tals, loud with ho - san - nas ring!

Hail Him! hail Him! high - est arch - an - gels in glo - ry;  
He our Rock, our hope of e - ter - nal sal - va - tion,  
Je - sus, Sav - iour, reign - eth for - ev - er and ev - er;

Strength and hon - or give to His ho - ly name!  
Hail Him! hail Him! Je - sus, the cru - ci - fied.  
Crown Him! crown Him! Proph - et, and Priest, and King!

JESUS' GLORY AND PRAISE

Like a shep - herd, Je - sus will guard His chil - dren,  
Sound His prais - es! Je - sus who bore our sor - rows,  
Christ is com - ing o - ver the world vic - to - rious,

In His arms He car - ries them all day long;  
Love un - bound - ed, won - der - ful, deep and strong;  
Power and glo - ry un - to the Lord be - long;

*Refrain*

Praise Him! praise Him! tell of His ex - cel - lent great - ness;

Praise Him! praise Him ev - er in joy - ful song!

# 96 Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven

Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847)

John Goss (1800-1880)

1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en; To His feet thy  
2. Praise Him for His grace and fa - vor To our fa - thers  
3. Ten - der - ly He shields and spares us; Well our fee - ble  
4. An - gels, help us to a - dore Him: Ye be - hold Him

trib - ute bring; Ran - somed, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en,  
in dis - tress; Praise Him, still the same for - ev - er,  
frame He knows; In His hands He gent - ly bears us,  
face to face; Sun and moon bow down be - fore Him:

Who like thee His praise should sing? Praise Him, Praise Him,  
Slow to chide and swift to bless; Praise Him, praise Him,  
Res - cues us from all our foes: Praise Him, praise Him,  
Dwell - ers all in time and space, Praise Him, praise Him,

al - le - lu - ia, Praise the ev - er - last - ing King.  
al - le - lu - ia, Glo - rious in His faith - ful - ness  
al - le - lu - ia, Wide - ly as His mer - cy flows.  
al - le - lu - ia, Praise with us the God of grace.

# There Is a Fountain Filled With Blood 97

William Cowper (1731-1800)

Early American melody  
 Arr. from Lowell Mason (1792-1872)

1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins;  
 2. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply,  
 3. Lord I believe Thou hast pre-pared, Un-wor-thy though I be,  
 4. There in a no-bler, sweet-er song, I'll sing Thy power to save,

And sin-ners plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains,  
 Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die,  
 For me a blood-bought free re-ward, A gold-en harp for me!  
 When this poor lisp-ing, stammering tongue Is ran-somed from the grave,

Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains;  
 And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die;  
 A gold-en harp for me, A gold-en harp for me!  
 Is ran-somed from the grave, Is ran-somed from the grave;

And sin-ners plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.  
 Re-deem-ing love has been by theme, And shall be till I die.  
 For me a blood-bought, free re-ward, A gold-en harp for me!  
 When this poor lisp-ing, stam-mering tongue Is ran-somed from the grave.



# 98

## There Is a Name I Love to Hear

C. M. Ref.

Frederick Whitfield (1829-1904)

19th century American Melody

1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth;  
2. It tells me of a Sav - iour's love, Who died to set me free;  
3. It tells of One whose lov - ing heart Can feel my deep - est woe,

It sounds like mu - sic in my ear, The sweet - est name on earth.  
It tells me of His pre - cious blood, The sin - ner's per - fect plea.  
Who in each sor - row bears a part That none can bear be - low.

### *Refrain*

O, how I love Je - sus, O, how I love Je - sus,

O, how I love Je - sus Be - cause He first loved me!

# There's No Other Name Like Jesus 99

F. E. Belden

F. E. Belden, 1886

1. There's no oth - er name like Je - sus, 'Tis the dear - est name we know,  
 2. There's no oth - er name like Je - sus, When the heart with grief is sad,  
 3. 'Tis the hope that I shall see Him When in glo - ry He ap - pears,  
 4. If He wills that I should la - bor In His vine - yard day by day,

'Tis the an - gel's joy in heav - en, 'Tis the Chris - tian's joy be - low.  
 There's no oth - er name like Je - sus When the heart is free and glad.  
 'Tis the hope to hear His wel - come That my faint - ing spir - it cheers.  
 Then 'tis well if on - ly Je - sus Bless - es all I do or say.

*Refrain*

Sweet name, dear name, There's no oth - er name like Je - sus;  
 sweet name dear name

Sweet name, dear name, There's no oth - er name like Je - sus.  
 sweet name dear name

# 100 Worthy, Worthy Is the Lamb

Unknown

Unknown

1. Wor - thy, wor - thy is the Lamb, Wor - thy, wor - thy is the Lamb;  
2. Sav - iour, let Thy king - dom come! Now the power of sin con - sume;  
3. Thus may we each mo - ment feel, Love Him, serve Him, praise Him still,

Wor - thy, wor - thy is the Lamb That was slain.  
Bring Thy blest mil - len - ni - um, Ho - ly Lamb.  
Till we all on Zi - on's hill See the Lamb.

## Refrain

Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Praise Him, hal - le - lu - jah!

Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah To the Lamb!

# O For a Thousand Tongues to Sing 101

Charles Wesley

R. E. Hudson

1. O for a thou - sand tongues to sing;  
 2. Je - sus, the name that charms our fears,  
 3. He breaks the pow'r of can - celled sin,

Bless - ed be the name of the Lord! The glo - ries of my  
 Bless - ed be the name of the Lord! 'Tis mu - sic in the  
 Bless - ed be the name of the Lord! His blood can make the

God and King, Bless - ed be the name of the Lord!  
 sin - ner's ears, Bless - ed be the name of the Lord!  
 foul - est clean, Bless - ed be the name of the Lord!

*Refrain*

Bless-ed be the name, Bless-ed be the name, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord.

Bless-ed be the name, Bless-ed be the name, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord.

# 102 Tell Me the Old, Old Story

Katherine Hankey, 1866

William H. Doane, 1870

1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove,  
 2. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With ear - nest tones and grave;  
 3. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have cause to fear

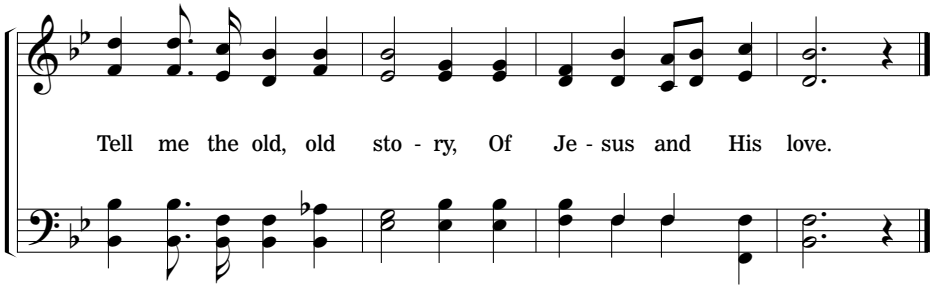
Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love;  
 Re - mem - ber I'm the sin - ner Whom Je - sus came to save;  
 That this world's emp - ty glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear;

Tell me the sto - ry sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child,  
 Tell me the sto - ry al - ways, If you would real - ly be,  
 Yes, and when that world's glo - ry Is dawn - ing on my soul,

For I am weak and wea - ry, And help - less and de - filed.  
 In an - y time of trou - ble, A com - fort - er to me.  
 Tell me the old, old sto - ry: "Christ Je - sus makes thee whole."

*Refrain*

Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry,

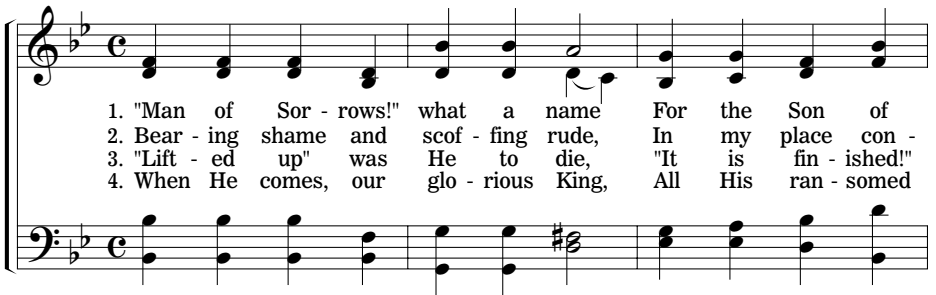


Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Of Je - sus and His love.

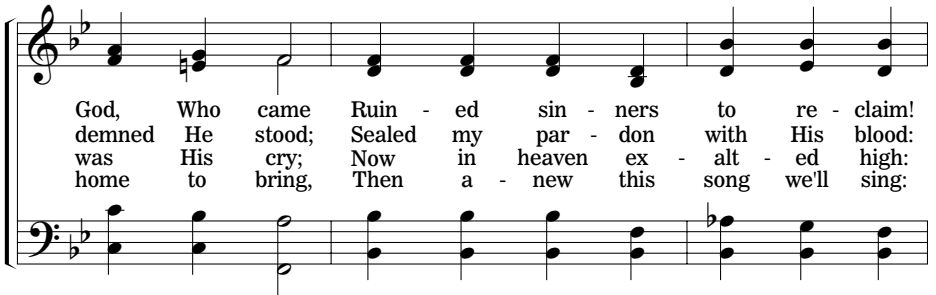
## "Man of Sorrows!" What a Name 103

P. P. Bliss

P. P. Bliss



1. "Man of Sor - rows!" what a name For the Son of  
 2. Bear - ing shame and scof - fing rude, In my place con -  
 3. "Lift - ed up" was He to die, "It is fin - ished!"  
 4. When He comes, our glo - rious King, All His ran - somed



God, Who came Ruin - ed sin - ners to re - claim!  
 demned He stood; Sealed my par - don with His blood:  
 was His cry; Now in heaven ex - alt - ed high:  
 home to bring, Then a - new this song we'll sing:



Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - iour!  
 Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - iour!  
 Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - iour!  
 Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - iour!

# 104 Christ Has for Sin Atonement Made

Elisha A. Hoffman

Elisha A. Hoffman

1. Christ has for sin a - tone-ment made, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!  
2. I praise Him for the cleans-ing blood, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!  
3. He cleans'd my heart from all its sin, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!  
4. To Him I've giv - en all my heart, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!

We are re-deemed! the price is paid! What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!  
That rec - on - ciled my soul to God; What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!  
And now He reigns and rules there-in; What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!  
The world shall nev - er share a part; What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!

*Refrain*

What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus, my Je - sus!

What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus, my Lord!

## I Have a Saviour

105

S. O'Maley Cluff

Ira D. Sankey

1. I have a Sav - iour; He's plead - ing in glo - ry, A dear, lov - ing  
 2. I have a Fa - ther; to me He has giv - en A hope for e -  
 3. I have a robe; 'tis re - splend - ent in white - ness, A - wait - ing in  
 4. When Je - sus has found you, tell oth - ers the sto - ry, That my lov - ing

Saviour; though earth friends be few; And now He is watch - ing in ten - der - ness  
 ter - ni - ty, bless - ed and true; And soon He will call me to meet Him in  
 glo - ry my won - der - ing view; Oh, when I re - ceive it, all shin - ing in  
 Sav - iour is your Sav - iour, too; Then pray that your Sav - iour will bring them to

*Refrain*

o'er me, But oh that my Sav - iour were your Sav - iour, too.  
 heav - en, But oh that He'd let me bring you with me, too! For you I am  
 brightness, Dear friend, could I see you re - ceiv - ing one, too!  
 glo - ry, And prayer will be an - swered, 'twas an - swered for you!

pray - ing, For you I am pray - ing, For you I am pray - ing, I'm pray - ing for you.



# 106

## Tell Me the Story of Jesus

Fanny J. Crosby

John R. Sweney



1. Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev - ery word,
2. Fast - ing, a - lone in the des - ert, Tell of the days that He passed,
3. Tell of the cross where they nailed Him, Writh - ing in an - guish and pain;



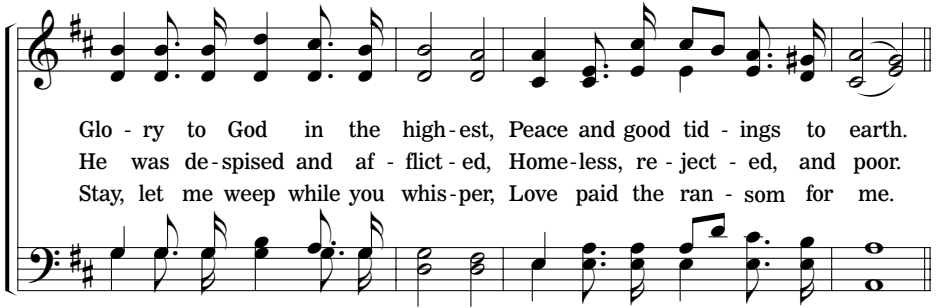
Tell me the sto - ry most pre - cious Sweet - est that ev - er was heard;  
How for our sins He was tempt - ed, Yet was tri - um - phant at last;  
Tell of the grave where they laid Him, Tell how he liv - eth a - gain;



Tell how the an - gels, in cho - rus, Sang as they wel - comed His birth,  
Tell of the years of His la - bor, Tell of the sor - row He bore,  
Love in that sto - ry so ten - der, Clear - er than ev - er I see;

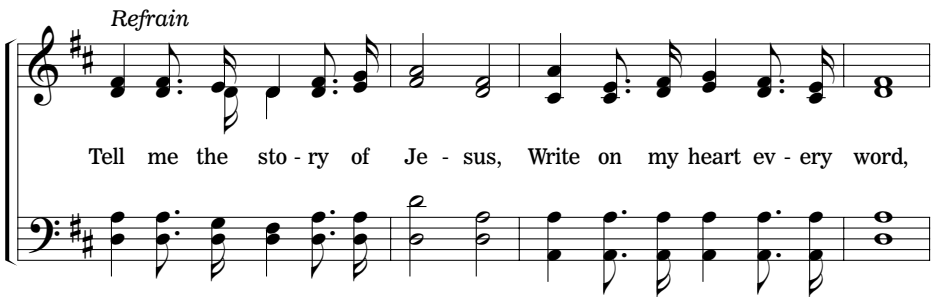


CHRIST'S LIFE AND MINISTRY

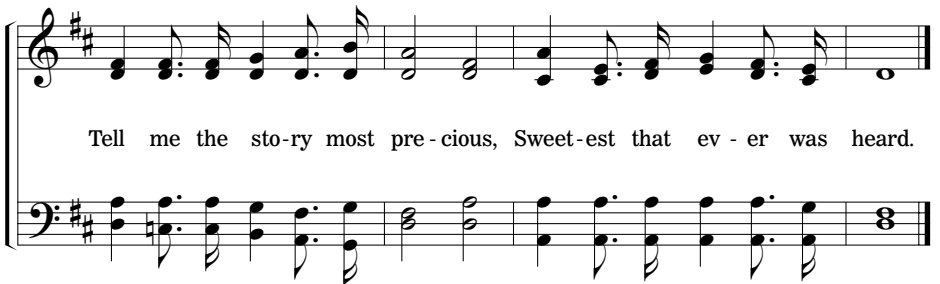


Glo - ry to God in the high - est, Peace and good tid - ings to earth.  
He was de - spised and af - flict - ed, Home - less, re - ject - ed, and poor.  
Stay, let me weep while you whis - per, Love paid the ran - som for me.

*Refrain*



Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev - ery word,



Tell me the sto - ry most pre - cious, Sweet - est that ev - er was heard.

# 107

## Blessed Be the Fountain

E. R. Latta

H. S. Perkins

1. Bless-ed be the Foun-tain of blood, To a world of sin-ners re-  
 2. Thor-ny was the crown that He wore, And the cross His bod-y o'er-  
 3. Fa-ther, I have wan-dered from Thee, Of-ten has my heart gone a-

vealed; Bless-ed be the dear Son of God; On-ly  
 came; Griev-ous were the sor-rows He bore, But He  
 stray; Crim-son do my sins seem to me, Wa-ter

by His stripes we are healed. Tho' I've wander-ed far from His  
 suf-fered thus not in vain. May I to the Foun-tain be  
 can-not wash them a-way. Je-sus, to that Foun-tain of

fold, Bring-ing to my heart pain and woe,  
 led, Made to cleanse my sins here be-low;  
 Thine, Lean-ing on Thy prom-ise I go;

CHRIST'S SUFFERING AND DEATH

Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit - er than snow.  
Wash me in the blood that He shed, And I shall be whit - er than snow.  
Cleanse me by Thy wash - ing di - vine, And I shall be whit - er than snow.

Refrain

Whit - - - er than the snow,  
Whit - er than the snow, whit - er than the snow,

Whit - - - er than the snow Wash me in the blood of the  
Whit - er than the snow, whit - er than the snow,

Lamb, And I shall be whit - er than snow.  
of the Lamb, than snow.

# 108 My Lord Has Garments

Henry Barraclough

Henry Barraclough

1. My Lord has garments so won-drous fine, And myrrh their tex-ture fills;  
 2. His life had al - so its sor - rows sore, For al - oes had a part;  
 3. His gar - ments too were in cas - sia dipped, With heal - ing in a touch;  
 4. In gar - ments glo - ri - ous He will come, To o - pen wide the door;

Its fragrance reached to this heart of mine, With joy my be - ing thrills.  
 And when I think of the cross He bore, My eyes with tear-drops start.  
 Each time my feet in some sin have slipped, He took me from its clutch.  
 And I shall en - ter my heaven-ly home, To dwell for - ev - er - more.

*Refrain**Duet - Slowly, softly, and with much expression*

Out of the i - vo - ry pal - a - ces In - to a world of woe,

*Full Chorus**Duet Very slowly*

On - ly His great e - ter - nal love Made my Sav - iour go.

# Alas! and Did My Saviour Bleed? 109

Isaac Watts, 1707

Hugh Wilson, c. 1800

1. A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed?  
 2. Was it for deeds that I have done,  
 3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide,  
 4. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay

*Refrain* Help me, dear Sav - iour, Thee to own,

And did my Sov - ereign die?  
 He groaned up - on the tree?  
 And shut his glo - ries in,  
 The debt of his love I owe;

And ev - er faith - ful be;

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head  
 A - maz - ing pi - ty! grace un - known,  
 When Christ the might - y Mak - er died  
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way,

And when Thou sit - test on Thy throne,

For And such a worm as I? I?  
 And for 'Tis love man, the be - yond de - gree!  
 'Tis all that that I can sin - do.

O Lord, re - mem - ber me.

# 110 Alas! and Did My Saviour Bleed?

Isaac Watts, 1707

R. E. Hudson

1. A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed, And did my Sov-ereign die?  
 2. Was it for deeds that I have done, He groaned up - on the tree?  
 3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

Would He de-vote that sa - cred head for such a worm as I?  
 A - maz - ing pit - y, grace un - known, And love be - yond de - gree!  
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do!

*Refrain*

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the

bur - den of my heart rolled a - way, It was there by faith  
 rolled a-way

I re - ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day.

## Rock of Ages, Cleft For Me 111

Augustus M. Toplady, 1776

Thomas Hastings, 1830

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;  
 2. Not the la - bors of my hands Can ful - fill Thy law's de - mands;  
 3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling;  
 4. When my pil - grim - age I close, Vic - tor o'er the last of foes,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,  
 Could my zeal no re - spite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,  
 Na - ked, come to Thee for dress, Help - less, look to Thee for grace;  
 When I soar to worlds un - known, See Thee on Thy judg - ment throne,

Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.  
 All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.  
 Foul, I to the foun - tain fly; Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die.  
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.



# 112 O Who Is This That Cometh?

R. W. Todd

Harry Sanders

1. O who is this that com - eth From E - dom's crim - son plain.  
 2. O why is Thine ap - par - el With reek - ing gore all dyed,  
 3. O bleed - ing Lamb, my Sav - iour! How could'st Thou bear this shame?

With wound - ed side, with gar - ments dyed? O tell me now Thy name.  
 Like them that tread the wine - press red? O why this blood - y tide?  
 "With mer - cy fraught, Mine own arm brought Sal - va - tion in My name;

"I that saw thy soul's dis - tress, A ran - som gave;  
 "I the wine - press trod a - lone, 'Neath darken - ing skies;  
 "I the blood - y fight have won, Con - quered the grave,

I that speak in righ - teous - ness, Might - y to save."  
 Of the peo - ple there was none Might - y to save."  
 Now the year of joy has come— Might - y to save."

*Refrain*

Might - y to save,                      Might - y to save,                      Might - y to save;  
 Might - y to save,                      Might - y to save,

Lord, I trust Thy won-drous love, Might - y to save.

## In the Cross of Christ I Glory 113

John Bowring, 1825

Ithamar Conkey, 1851

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tower - ing  
 2. When the woes of life o'er - take me, Hopes de -  
 3. When the sun of bliss is beam - ing Light and  
 4. Bane and bless - ing, pain and plea - sure, By the

o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of sa - cred  
 ceive, and fears an - noy, Nev - er shall the cross for -  
 love up - on my way, From the cross the ra - diance  
 cross are sanc - ti - fied; Peace is there that knows no

sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.  
 sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.  
 stream - ing Adds new lus - ter to the day.  
 mea - sure, Joys that through all time a - bide.

# 114 King of My Life, I Crown Thee Now

Jennie Evelyn Hussey

William J. Kirkpatrick

1. King of my life, I crown Thee now, Thine shall the glo - ry be;  
2. Show me the tomb where Thou wast laid, Ten - der - ly mourned and wept;  
3. Let me like Ma - ry, thru the gloom, Come with a gift to Thee;  
4. May I be will - ing, Lord, to bear Dai - ly my cross for Thee;

Lest I for - get Thy thorn crowned brow, Lead me to Cal - va - ry.  
An - gels in robes of light ar - rayed Guard - ed Thee whilst Thou slept.  
Show to me now the emp - ty tomb, Lead me to Cal - va - ry.  
E - ven Thy cup of grief to share, Thou hast borne all for me.

*Refrain*

Lest I for - get Geth - sem - a - ne; Lest I for - get Thine ag - o - ny;

Lest I for - get Thy love for me, Lead me to Cal - va - ry.

## 'Tis Midnight; and on Olives' Brow 115

William B. Tappan, 1822

William B. Bradbury, 1853

1. 'Tis mid - night; and on Ol - ives' brow  
 2. 'Tis mid - night; and from all re - moved,  
 3. 'Tis mid - night; and for oth - ers' guilt plains  
 4. 'Tis mid - night; and from heaven - ly plains

The star is dimmed that late - ly shone:  
 The Sav - iour wrest - les lone with fears;  
 The Man of Sor - rows weeps in blood;  
 Is borne the song that an - gels know;

'Tis mid - night; in the gar - den, now,  
 E'en that dis - ci - ple whom He loved  
 Yet He who hath in an - guish knelt,  
 Un - heard by mor - tals are the strains

The suf - fer - ing Sav - iour prays a - lone.  
 Heeds not His Mas - ter's grief and tears.  
 Is not for - sak - en by His God.  
 That sweet - ly soothe the Sav - iour's woe.

## 116

## On a Hill Far Away

George Bennard

George Bennard, 1913

1. On a hill far a - way stood an old rug-ged cross, The  
 2. Oh, that old rug-ged cross, so de - spised by the world, Has a  
 3. In the old rug-ged cross, stained with blood so di - vine, A  
 4. To the old rug-ged cross I will ev - er be true, Its

em - blem of suf - fering and shame, And I love that old cross where the  
 won - drous at - trac - tion for me, For the dear Lamb of God left His  
 won - drous beau - ty I see; For 'twas on that old cross Je - sus  
 shame and re - proach glad - ly bear; Then He'll call me some - day to my

dear - est and best For a world of lost sin - ners was slain.  
 glo - ry a - bove, To bear it to dark Cal - va - ry.  
 suf - fered and died, To par - don and sanc - ti - fy me.  
 home far a - way, Where His glo - ry for - ev - er I'll share.

*Refrain*

So I'll cher - ish the old rug - ged cross, Till my  
 cross, the old rug - ged cross,

tro - phies at last I lay down; I will cling to the old rug - ged cross, the

cross, And ex - change it some - day for a crown.  
old rug - ged cross,

Detailed description: This block contains the first system of a musical score. It features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: 'tro - phies at last I lay down; I will cling to the old rug - ged cross, the cross, And ex - change it some - day for a crown. old rug - ged cross,'.

## Rock of Ages, Cleft For Me

117

A. M. Toplady

R. Redhead

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;  
2. Not the la - bors of my hands Can ful - fil Thy law's de - mands:  
3. When my pil - grim - age I close, Vic - tor o'er the last of foes,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flowed,  
Could my zeal no re - spite know, Could my tears for - e - ver flow.  
When I soar to worlds un - known, See Thee on Thy judg - ment throne,

Be of sin the per - fect cure, Save me from its guilt and power.  
All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.  
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

Detailed description: This block contains the second system of a musical score. It features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: '1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee; 2. Not the la - bors of my hands Can ful - fil Thy law's de - mands: 3. When my pil - grim - age I close, Vic - tor o'er the last of foes, Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flowed, Could my zeal no re - spite know, Could my tears for - e - ver flow. When I soar to worlds un - known, See Thee on Thy judg - ment throne, Be of sin the per - fect cure, Save me from its guilt and power. All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.'

# 118 There Was One Who Was Willing

Mrs. Frank A. Breck

Grant Colfax Tullar

*Duet*

1. There was One who was will - ing to die in my stead,  
2. He is ten - der and lov - ing and pa - tient with me,  
3. I will cling to my Sav - iour and nev - er de - part—

That a soul so un-worth-y might live, And the path to the cross  
While He cleans-es my heart of its dross, But "there's no con-dem-na -  
I will joy - ful - ly jour-ney each day, With a song on my lips

He was will - ing to tread, All the sins of my life to for - give.  
tion"; I know I am free, For my sins are all nailed to the cross.  
and a song in my heart, That my sins have been tak - en a - way.

*Refrain*

They are nailed to the cross, They are nailed to the cross,

O how much He was will - ing to bear! With what an - guish and loss,

Je - sus went to the cross! But He car - ried my sins with Him there.

## There Is a Green Hill Far Away 119

Cecil Frances Alexander, 1848

William Horsley, 1844

1. There is a green hill far a - way, With - out a cit - y wall,
2. We may not know, we can - not tell, What pains He had to bear,
3. He died that we might be for - given, He died to make us good,
4. There was no oth - er good e - nough To pay the price of sin;

Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.  
 But we be - lieve it was for us He hung and suf - fered there.  
 That we might go at last to heaven, Saved by His pre - cious blood.  
 He on - ly could un - lock the gate Of heaven, and let us in.



# 120

## What Shall I Do With Jesus?

F. E. Belden

F. E. Belden

1. What shall I do with Je - sus? He stands be - fore me now,  
 2. Sol - emn and aw - ful quest - ion! How still the bal - ance stands!  
 3. Self on the seat of judg - ment, Dare you the world de - ny?  
 4. Not to the sin - ner on - ly, The ques - tion comes with pow'r,

Wear - ing the robe of pur - ple, And thorns up - on His brow.  
 Mer - cy a mo - ment lin - gers, It trem - bles in her hands.  
 Loud - er and loud - er call - ing, "A - way!" and "Cru - ci - fy!"  
 Hear it, ye halt - ing Chris - tians, In ev - 'ry tri - al hour.

*Refrain*

*mp* This is the ques - tion now; What shall the an - swer be? Shall I  
 (Fourth verse) I will

*f* cru - ci - fy King Je - sus, And set Bar - ab - bas free?  
*ff* cru - ci - fy Bar - ab - bas, And set King Je - sus free.

# When I Survey the Wondrous Cross 121

Isaac Watts, 1707

Edward Miller, 1790

1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross  
 2. See, from His head, His hands, His feet,  
 3. Since I, who was un - done lost,  
 4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine,

On which the Prince of glo - ry died,  
 Sor - row and love flow min - gled down;  
 Have par - don through His name and word;  
 That were a trib - ute far too small;

My rich - est gain I count but loss,  
 Did e'er such love and sor - row meet?  
 For - bid it, then, that I should boast,  
 Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine,

And pour con - tempt on all my pride.  
 Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?  
 Save in the cross of Christ my Lord.  
 De - mands my life, my soul, my my all.

## 122 Awake My Soul, and Greet the Dawn

R. L. Fletcher

Robert Lowry

1. A - wake, my soul, and greet the dawn, Be -  
 2. A - mazed were they, the Ro - man guard, Who  
 3. In loft - y strains let Zi - on sing The

hold, the drea - ry night is gone; The sun - less grave gives  
 fast the sep - ul - cher had barred, To see how vain they  
 praise of her tri - umph - ant King; Cap - tiv - i - ty is

back its prey, For Christ came forth at break of day.  
 watch the seal, When Je - sus did His might re - veal.  
 cap - tive led, For Christ is ris - en from the dead.

*Refrain*

A - wake, my soul, The Sav - iour lives, no more to die,  
 A - wake, a - wake, a - wake my soul

A - wake, my soul, The Lord as - cends on high.  
 A - wake, a - wake, a - wake my soul

# Christ the Lord Is Risen Today 123

Charles Wesley, 1739

From *Lyra Davidica*, 1708

1. Christ the Lord is risen to - day, Al - - le - lu - ia!  
 2. Lives a - gain our glo - rious King, Al - - le - lu - ia!  
 3. Love's re - deem - ing work is done, Al - - le - lu - ia!  
 4. Soar we then where Christ has led, Al - - le - lu - ia!

Sons of men and an - gels say, Al - - le - lu - ia!  
 Where, O death, is now thy sting? Al - - le - lu - ia!  
 Fought the fight, the bat - tle won, Al - - le - lu - ia!  
 Fol - lowing our ex - alt - ed Head, Al - - le - lu - ia!

Raise your joys and tri - umphs high, Al - - - le - lu - ia!  
 Once He died, our souls to save, Al - - - le - lu - ia!  
 Death in vain for - bids Him rise, Al - - - le - lu - ia!  
 Made like Him, like Him we rise, Al - - - le - lu - ia!

Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth re - ply, Al - - - le - lu - ia!  
 Where's thy vic - t'ry, boast - ing grave? Al - - - le - lu - ia!  
 Christ hath o - pened Par - a - dise, Al - - - le - lu - ia!  
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies, Al - - - le - lu - ia!

# 124 Hail the Day That Sees Him Rise

Charles Wesley, 1739 (1707-1788)

Robert Williams, 1817 (1781-1821)  
 Arr. by John Roberts, 1837 (1822-1877)

1. Hail the day that sees Him rise, Al - le - lu - ia!  
 2. There the glo - rious tri - umph waits; Al - le - lu - ia!  
 3. See! He lifts His hands a - bove; Al - le - lu - ia!  
 4. Lord be - yond our mor - tal sight, Al - le - lu - ia!

Glo - rious to His na - tive skies; Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Lift your heads, e - ter - nal gates! Al - le - lu - ia!  
 See! He shows the prints of love: Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Raise our hearts to reach Thy height, Al - le - lu - ia!

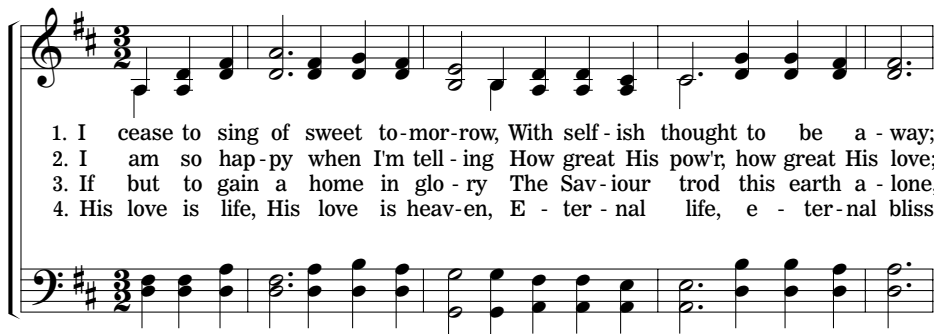
Christ, a - while to mor - tals giv'n, Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Wide un - fold the ra - diant scene; Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Hark! His gra - cious lips be - stow, Al - le - lu - ia!  
 There Thy face un - cloud - ed see, Al - le - lu - ia!

En - ters now the high - est heav'n! Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Take the King of glo - ry in! Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Bless - ings on His church be - low. Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Find our heav'n of heav'ns in Thee. Al - le - lu - ia!

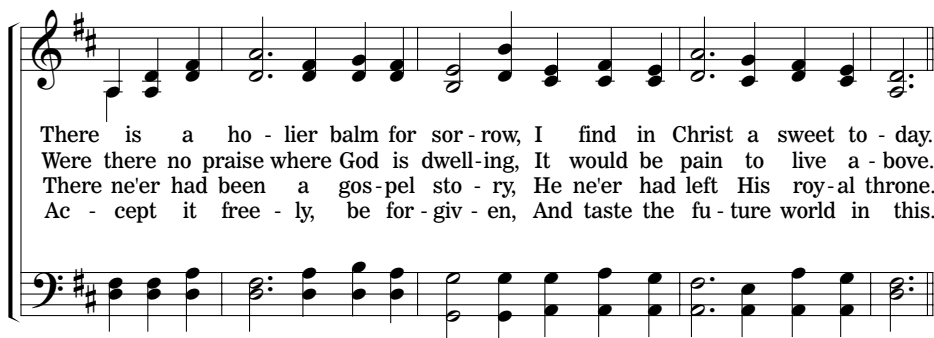
# I Cease to Sing of Sweet Tomorrow 125

F. E. Belden

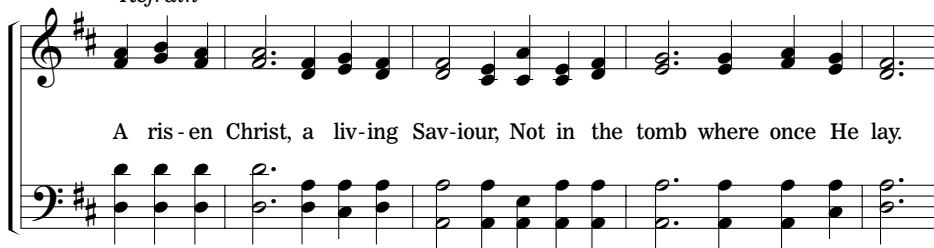
F. E. Belden



1. I cease to sing of sweet to-mor-row, With self-ish thought to be a-way;  
 2. I am so hap-py when I'm tell-ing How great His pow'r; how great His love;  
 3. If but to gain a home in glo-ry The Sav-iour trod this earth a-lone,  
 4. His love is life, His love is heav-en, E-ter-nal life, e-ter-nal bliss;



There is a ho-lier balm for sor-row, I find in Christ a sweet to-day.  
 Were there no praise where God is dwell-ing, It would be pain to live a-bove.  
 There ne'er had been a gos-pel sto-ry, He ne'er had left His roy-al throne.  
 Ac-cept it free-ly, be for-giv-en, And taste the fu-ture world in this.

*Refrain*


A ris-en Christ, a liv-ing Sav-iour, Not in the tomb where once He lay.



Whene-'er I tell His lov-ing fa-vour, Sweet by and by is ev-'ry day.

# 126

## Lift Up Your Heads

Georg Weissel, 1642

William Knapp, 1738

1. Lift up your heads, ye might - y gates!  
 2. O blest the land, the cit - y blest,  
 3. Fling wide the por - tals of your heart;  
 4. Re - deem - er, come; I o - pen wide

Be - hold the King of glo - ry waits;  
 Where Christ the Rul - er is con - fessed!  
 Make it a tem - ple, set a - part  
 My heart to Thee; here, Lord, a - bid.

The King of kings is draw - ing near,  
 O hap - py hearts and hap - py homes  
 From earth - ly use for heaven's em - ploy,  
 Let me Thy in - ner pres - ence feel,

The Sav - iour of the world is here.  
 To whom this King in tri - umph comes!  
 A - dorned with prayer, and love, and joy.  
 Thy grace and love in me re - veal.

## Low in the Grave He Lay

127

Robert Lowry

Robert Lowry

1. Low in the grave He lay— Je - sus, my Sav - iour!  
 2. Vain - ly they watch His bed— Je - sus, my Sav - iour!  
 3. Death can - not keep His prey— Je - sus, my Sav - iour!

Wait - ing the com - ing day— Je - sus, my Lord!  
 Vain - ly they seal the dead— Je - sus, my Lord!  
 He tore the bars a - way— Je - sus, my Lord!

*Refrain*

Up from the grave He a - rose With a might-y tri-umph o'er His foes; He a -  
 He a-rose He a-rose

rose a Vic - tor from the dark do-main, And He lives for ev - er with His

saints to reign; He a - rose! He a - rose! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a - rose!  
 He a-rose! He a-rose!



# 128 The Day of Resurrection

John of Damascus, c. 750  
Tr. by John M. Neale, 1862

Henry Smart, 1836

1. The day of res - ur - rec - tion— Earth, tell it out a - broad—  
2. Our hearts be pure from e - vil, That we may see a - right  
3. Now let the heavens be joy - ful, Let earth her song be - gin,

The pass - o - ver of glad - ness, The pass - o - ver of God.  
The Lord in rays e - ter - nal Of res - ur - rec - tion light,  
Let the round world keep tri - umph And all that is there - in;

From death to life e - ter - nal, From this world to the sky,  
And, lis - tening to His ac - cents, May hear, so calm and plain,  
In - vis - i - ble and vis - i - ble, Their notes let all things blend,

Our Christ hath brought us o - ver With hymns of vic - to - ry.  
His own "All Hail!" and, hear - ing, May raise the vic - tor strain.  
For Christ the Lord hath ris - en, Our joy that hath no end.

## Baptize Us Anew

129

W. A. Ogden

W. A. Ogden

1. Bap - tize us a - new With power from on high,  
 2. Un - wor - thy we cry, Un - ho - ly, un - clean,  
 3. O heav - en - ly Dove, De - scend from on high!  
 4. O list the glad voice! From heav - en it came:

With love, O re - fresh us! Dear Sav - iour, draw nigh.  
 O wash us and cleanse us From sin's guilt - y stain.  
 We plead Thy rich bless - ing; In mer - cy draw nigh.  
 Thou art My be - lov - ed, Well pleas - ed I am.

*Refrain*

(Last vs.) We hum - bly be - seech Thee, Lord Je - sus, we pray,  
 We praise Thee, we bless Thee, dear Lamb that was slain,

With love and the Spir - it bap - tize us to - day.  
 We laud and a - dore Thee, A - men and A - men.

# 130

## Come Holy Spirit, Come

J. Hart

G. F. Handel

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come,  
2. Con - vince us all of sin,  
3. 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,

Let Thy bright beams a - rise,  
Then lead to Je - sus' blood,  
To sanc - ti - fy the soul,

Dis - pel the sor - row from our minds,  
And to our wonder - ing view re - veal  
To pour fresh life in ev - 'ry part,

The dark - ness from our eyes.  
The mer - cies of our God.  
And new cre - ate the whole.

Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove **131**

Isaac Watts, 1707

John B. Dykes, 1866

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heaven - ly Dove,  
 2. A - wake our souls to joy - ful songs;  
 3. Fa - ther, we would no lon - ger live  
 4. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heaven - ly Dove,

With all Thy quick - ening powers;  
 Let pure de - vo - tions rise;  
 At this poor, dy - ing rate;  
 With all Thy quick - ening powers;

Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love  
 Till praise em - ploys our thank - ful tongues,  
 To Thee our thank - ful love we give,  
 Come, shed a - broad a Sav - iour's love,

In these cold hearts of ours.  
 And doubt for - ev - er dies.  
 For Thine to us is great.  
 And that shall kin - dle ours.

# 132

## Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide

M. M. Wells, 1858

M. M. Wells

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Chris - tian's side,  
 2. Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend,  
 3. When our days of toil shall cease, Wait - ing still for sweet re - lease,

Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land;  
 Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop - ing on in dark - ness drear.  
 Noth - ing left but heaven and prayer, Won - dering if our names are there;

Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice,  
 When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,  
 Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead - ing nought but Je - sus' blood,

Whis - pering soft - ly, "Wan - derer, come! Fol - low Me, I'll guide thee home."  
 Whis - per soft - ly, "Wan - derer, come! Fol - low Me, I'll guide thee home."  
 Whis - per soft - ly, "Wan - derer, come! Fol - low Me, I'll guide thee home."

## Holy Spirit, Light Divine

133

Andrew Reed, 1817

Arr. from Louis M. Gottschalk, 1867

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, light di - vine,  
 2. Ho - ly Spir - it, power di - vine,  
 3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di - vine,  
 4. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di - vine,

Shine up - on this heart of mine,  
 Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine;  
 Cheer this sad - dened heart of mine;  
 Dwell with - in this heart of mine;

Chase the shades of night a - - way,  
 Long has sin, with - out con - trol,  
 Bid my man - y woes de - part,  
 Cast down ev - ery i - dol throne,

Turn my dark - ness in - to day.  
 Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.  
 Heal my wound - ed, bleed - ing heart.  
 Reign su - preme, and reign a - lone.

# 134 Hover O'er Me, Holy Spirit

Ellwood H. Stokes

J. R. Sweney

1. Hov - er o'er me, Ho - ly Spir - it, Bathe my trembling heart and brow;  
 2. Thou canst fill me, gra - cious Spir - it, Though I can - not tell Thee how;  
 3. I am weak - ness, full of weak - ness; At Thy sa - cred feet I bow;  
 4. Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me; Bathe, O, bathe my heart and brow;

Fill me with Thy hal - lowed pres - ence, Come, O come and fill me now.  
 But I need Thee, great - ly need Thee; Come, O come and fill me now.  
 Blest, di - vine, e - ter - nal Spir - it, Fill with love, and fill me now.  
 Thou art com - fort - ing and sav - ing, Thou art sweet - ly fill - ing now.

*Refrain*

Fill me now, fill me now, Je - sus, come and fill me now.

Fill me with Thy hal - lowed pres - ence, Come, O come and fill me now.

# Let Thy Spirit, Blessed Saviour 135

Unknown

Jones

1. Let Thy Spir - it, bless-ed Sav-iour, Come and bid our doubt-ings cease;  
 2. Fear - ful dan - gers are a - round us, Sa - tan watch-es to de-stry:  
 3. On Thy Word our souls are rest-ing; Taught by Thee, Thy name we love;  
 4. Let us not, O Lord, be wea - ry Of the rough-ness of the way:

Come, O, come with love and fa - vor; Fill us all with joy and peace.  
 Lord, our foes would fain con-found us; O for us Thy might em - ploy!  
 Sweet - est of all names is Je - sus; How it doth our spir - its move!  
 Though the road be of - ten drea - ry, Thou shalt drive our gloom a - way.

# Our Blest Redeemer 136

Harriet Auber, 1829

John B. Dykes, 1861

1. Our blest Re-deem-er, ere He breath'd His ten - der last fare-well,  
 2. He comes, sweet influence to im - part, A gra - cious, will - ing Guest,  
 3. And His that gen - tle voice we hear, Soft as the breath of even,  
 4. Spir - it of pu - ri - ty and grace, Our weak-ness, pity - ing, see;

A Guide, a Com - fort - er, be - queath'd With us to dwell.  
 While He can find one hum - ble heart Where - in to rest.  
 That checks the wrong, that calms the fear, And speaks of heaven.  
 O make our hearts Thy dwell - ing place, Till all like Thee.



# 137 Lord, I Hear of Showers of Blessing

Elizabeth Codner, 1860

William B. Bradbury, 1862

1. Lord, I hear of showers of bless - ing Thou art scat - tering  
 2. Pass me not, O gra - cious Fa - ther! Sin - ful though my  
 3. Have I long in sin been sleep - ing? Long been slight - ing,  
 4. Pass me not, O Ho - ly Spir - it! Thou canst make the

full and free; Showers, the thirst - y soul re - fresh - ing;  
 heart may be; Thou might'st leave me, but the rath - er  
 griev - ing, Thee? Has the world my heart been keep - ing?  
 blind to see; Tes - ti - fy of Je - sus' mer - it,

*Refrain*

Let some drops now fall on me.  
 Let Thy mer - cy rest on me. E - ven me,  
 O for - give and res - cue me!  
 Speak the word of peace to me.

e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.

## O for That Flame of Living Fire 138

Arr. by Samuel Dyer, 1814  
German Melody

William H. Bathurst (1796-1877)

1. O for that flame of liv - ing fire  
 2. Where is that spir - it, Lord, which dwelt  
 3. Is not Thy grace as might - y now  
 4. Re - mem - ber, Lord, the an - cient days;

Which shone so bright in saints of old;  
 In A - bram's breast, and sealed him Thine?  
 As when E - li - jah felt its power?  
 Re - new Thy work, Thy grace re - store;

Which bade their souls to heaven as - pire,  
 Which made Paul's heart with sor - row melt,  
 When glo - ry beamed from Mo - ses' brow,  
 And while to Thee our hearts we raise,

Calm in dis - tress, in dan - ger bold!  
 And glow with en - er - gy di - vine?  
 Or Job en - dured the try - ing hour?  
 On us Thy Ho - ly Spir - it pour.

# 139 Spirit Divine, Attend Our Prayer

Andrew Reed, 1829

Adapted by Samuel Longfellow, 1864

Wilhelm A. F. Schulthes, 1871

1. Spir - it di - vine, at - tend our prayer,  
 2. Come as the light! to us re - veal  
 3. Come as the fire! and purge our hearts  
 4. Come as the dew! and sweet - ly bless

And make our hearts Thy home;  
 The truth we long Thy to know;  
 Like sac - ri - fi - cial flame,  
 This con - se - crat - ed hour,

De - scend with all Thy gra - cious power;  
 Re - veal the nar - row path of right,  
 Till our whole souls an of - fering be  
 Till ev - ery bar - ren place shall own

Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come.  
 The way of du - ty show.  
 In love's re - deem - ing name.  
 With joy Thy quick - ening power.

# There Shall Be Showers of Blessing 140

E. Nathan

James McGranahan

1. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"; This is the prom-ise of love;  
 2. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"; Pre-cious re - viv - ing a - gain;  
 3. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"; Send them up-on us, O Lord;  
 4. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"; O that to-day they might fall,

There shall be sea-sons re - fresh-ing, Sent from the Sav - iour a - bove.  
 O - ver the hills and the val - leys, Sound of a - bun-dance of rain.  
 Grant to us now a re - fresh-ing; Come, and now hon - or Thy word.  
 Now as to God we're con - fess - ing; Now as on Je - sus we call!

*Refrain*

Show - - - ers of bless - ing, Show-ers of bless-ing we need;  
 Show - ers, show-ers of bless - ing,

Mer-cy drops round us are fall - ing, But for the show-ers we plead.

# 141 An Open Bible For the World

Henry M. King

William J. Kirkpatrick

1. An o - pen Bi - ble for the world! May this our glor - ious mot - to be!  
 2. It shows to men the Fath - er's face, All rad - iant with for - giv - ing love;  
 3. It tells of Je - sus and His death, Of life pro - cured for dy - ing men;  
 4. It of - fers rest to wea - ry hearts; It com - forts those who sit in tears;

On ev - 'ry breeze the truth un - furled Shall scat - ter bless - ings rich and free.  
 And to the lost of A - dam's race, Pro - claims sweet mer - cy from a - bove.  
 And to each soul of hum - ble faith, Gives son - ship with the Lord a - gain.  
 To all who faint it strength imparts; And gilds with hope the e - ter - nal years.

*Refrain*

Blest word of God! send forth thy light O'er ev - ry  
 Blest word of God! send forth thy light

land and ev - 'ry sea, Till all who wan - der in the  
 and ev - 'ry sea,

night Are led to God and heav'n by thee.

# I Love the Sacred Book 142

Thomas Kelly

Gregorian, arr. by Lowell Mason, 1824

1. I love the sa - cred book of God,  
 2. Sweet book! in thee my eyes dis - cern  
 3. With - in thy sa - cred lids is found  
 4. Light of the world, thy beams im - part,

No oth - er can its place sup - ply;  
 The im - age of my ab - sent Lord;  
 A trans - cript of my Mak - er's will;  
 To lead my feet through life's dark way;

It points me to the saints' a - bode,  
 From thy in - struc - tive page I learn  
 Trea - sures of knowl - edge here a - bound,  
 O, shine on this be - night - ed heart,

And bids me from de - struc - tion fly.  
 The joys His pres - ence will af - ford.  
 The deep - est, loft - iest mind to fill.  
 Nor let me from thy guid - ance stray.



## How Firm a Foundation

144

Rippon's Selection, 1787

Wade's Cantus Diversi, 1751

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your  
 2. "Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dis-mayed; For I am thy  
 3. "When through fi-ery tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace all-suf-  
 4. "The soul that on Je-sus doth lean for re- pose, I will not, I

faith in His ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say than to  
 God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strength-en thee, help thee, and  
 fi-cient shall be thy sup-ply; The flame shall not hurt thee; I  
 will not de-sert to His foes; That soul, though all hell should en-

you He hath said, Who un-to the Sav-iour for ref-uge have  
 cause thee to stand, Up-held by My righ-teous, om-nip-o-tent  
 on-ly de-sign Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-  
 deav-or to shake, I'll nev-er, no, nev-er, no, nev-er for-

fled? Who un-to the Sav-iour for ref-uge have fled?  
 hand, Up-held by My righ-teous, om-nip-o-tent hand.  
 fine, Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-fine.  
 sake, I'll nev-er, no, nev-er, no, nev-er for-sake."



# 145

## Give Me the Bible

Priscilla J. Owens

E. S. Lorenz

1. Give me the Bi-ble, star of glad-ness gleam-ing, To cheer the wan-derer  
 2. Give me the Bi-ble when my heart is bro - ken, When sin and grief have  
 3. Give me the Bi-ble, all my steps en - light - en, Teach me the dan - ger

lone and tem - pest tossed, No storm can hide that peace-ful ra-diance beam-ing,  
 filled my soul with fear; Give me the pre-cious words by Je - sus spo - ken,  
 of these realms be - low; That lamp of safe - ty, o'er the gloom shall bright-en,

*Refrain*

Since Je - sus came to seek and save the lost.  
 Hold up faith's lamp to show my Sav - iour near. Give me the Bi - ble  
 That light a - lone the path of peace can show.

ho - ly mes-sage shin-ing, Thy light shall guide me in the nar-row way.

Pre - cept and prom - ise, law and love com - bin - ing,

Till night shall van - ish in e - ter - nal day.

## How Precious Is the Book Divine 146

J. Fawcett

Unknown

1. How prec-ious is the book di - vine, By in - spi - ra - tion giv'n!
2. It sweet-ly cheers our droop-ing hearts In this dark vale of tears,
3. This lamp, thro' all the te - dious night Of life, shall guide our way,

Bright as a lamp its doc-trines shine, To guide our souls to heav'n.  
 And life and light and joy im - parts, To ban - ish all our fears.  
 Till we be - hold the clear - er light Of an e - ter - nal day.

# 147 Break Thou the Bread of Life

Mary A. Lathbury, 1877

William F. Sherwin, 1877

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me,  
 2. Bless Thou the truth re - vealed This day to me,  
 3. Spir - it and life are they, Words Thou dost speak;

As Thou didst break the loaves Be - side the sea;  
 As Thou didst bless the bread By Gal - i - lee;  
 I has - ten to o - bey, But I am weak;

Be - yond the sa - cred page I seek Thee, Lord;  
 Then shall all bond - age cease, All fet - ters fall;  
 Thou art my on - ly help, Thou art my life;

My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word!  
 And I shall find in Thee My all in all!  
 Heed - ing Thy ho - ly word I win the strife.

Sing Them Over Again to Me **148**

P. P. Bliss

P. P. Bliss

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won - der - ful words of life;  
 2. Christ, the bless - ed One, gives to all Won - der - ful words of life;  
 3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won - der - ful words of life;

Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won - der - ful words of life.  
 Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won - der - ful words of life.  
 Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won - der - ful words of life.

Words of life - and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty;  
 All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en;  
 Je - sus, on - ly Sav - iour, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er;

*Refrain*

Beau - ti - ful words, won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of life,

Beau - ti - ful words, won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of life.

# 149

## Eternal Light

Thomas Binney, c. 1826

Henry L. Morley, 1875

1. E - ter - nal Light! E - ter - nal Light! How pure that soul must be  
 2. The an - gels that sur - round Thy throne May bear the burn - ing bliss;  
 3. There is a way for man to rise To that sub - lime a - bode;  
 4. These, these pre - pare us for the sight Of ho - li - ness a - bove;

When, placed with - in Thy search - ing sight, It shrinks not, but with  
 But sure - ly that is theirs a - lone Who, un - de - filed, have  
 An of - fering and a sac - ri - fice, A Ho - ly Spir - it's  
 The sons of ig - no - rance and night May dwell in the e -

calm de - light Can live, and look on Thee.  
 nev - er known A fall - en world like this.  
 en - er - gies, An Ad - vo - cate with God:  
 ter - nal Light, Through the e - ter - nal Love!

# Father, How Wide Thy Glory Shines! 150

Dr. Watts

Dr. J. B. Dykes

1. Fa - ther, how wide Thy glo - ry shines!  
 2. Those might - y orbs pro - claim Thy power,  
 3. Now the full glo - ries of the Lamb  
 4. O may I bear some hum - ble part

How high Thy won - ders rise! Known thro' the earth by  
 Their mo - tions speak Thy skill; And on the wings of  
 A - dorn the heaven - ly plains; Bright ser - aphs learn Im -  
 In that im - mor - tal song! Won - der and joy shall

count - less signs, By count - less thro' the skies.  
 ev - ery hour We read Thy pa - tience still.  
 ma - nuel's name, And try their choic - est strains.  
 tune my heart, And love com - mand my tongue.

# 151 Why Should I Feel Discouraged

Mrs. C. D. Martin *Unison*

Charles H. Gabriel

1. Why should I feel dis - cour - aged,      Why should the shad - ows come,  
 2. "Let not your heart be trou - bled,"      His ten - der word I hear,  
 3. When - ev - er I am tempt - ed,      When - ev - er clouds a - rise,

Why should my heart be lone - ly      And long for heav'n and home,  
 And rest - ing on His good - ness,      I lose my doubts and fears;  
 When songs give place to sigh - ing,      When hope with - in me dies,

When Je - sus is my por - tion?      My con - stant Friend is He:  
 Tho' by the path He lead - eth      But one step I may see:  
 I draw the clos - er to Him,      From care He sets me free;

His eye is on the spar - row,      And I know He watch - es me;  
 His eye is on the spar - row,      And I know He watch - es me;  
 His eye is on the spar - row,      And I know He cares for me;

His eye is on the spar - row,      And I know He watch - es me.  
 His eye is on the spar - row,      And I know He watch - es me.  
 His eye is on the spar - row,      And I know He cares for me.

*Refrain*

I sing be-cause I'm hap-py (I'm hap-py) I sing be-cause I'm free (I'm free),

For His eye is on the spar - row, And I know He watch - es me.

## God Moves in a Mysterious Ways 152

William Cowper, 1772 (1731-1800)

Scottish Psalter, 1615

1. God moves in a mys - te - rious way His won - ders to per - form;  
 2. Ye fear - ful saints, fresh cour - age take; The clouds ye so much dread  
 3. His pur - pos - es will ri - pen fast, Un - fold - ing ev - ery hour;  
 4. Blind un - be - lief is sure to err, And scan His work in vain;

He plants His foot - steps in the sea, And rides up - on the storm.  
 Are big with mer - cy, and shall break In bless - ings on your head.  
 The bud may have a bit - ter taste, But sweet will be the flower.  
 God is His own in - ter - pret - er, And He will make it plain.



# 153 This Is My Father's World

Maltbie D. Babcock (1858-1901)

Traditional English melody

1. This is my Fa - ther's world, And to my lis - ening ears,  
 2. This is my Fa - ther's world, The birds their car - ols raise;  
 3. This is my Fa - ther's world, O let me ne'er for - get

All na - ture sings, and round me rings The mu - sic of the spheres.  
 The morn - ing light, the lil - y white, De - clare their Mak - er's praise.  
 That though the wrong seems oft so strong, God is the Rul - er yet.

This is my Fa - ther's world; I rest me in the thought  
 This is my Fa - ther's world; He shines in all that's fair;  
 This is my Fa - ther's world; Why should my heart be sad?

Of rocks and trees, of skies and seas; His hand the won - ders wrought.  
 In the rustling grass I hear Him pass, He speaks to me every - where.  
 The Lord is King; let the heav - ens ring! God reigns; let the earth be glad.

## Again the Day Returns

154

William Mason

Unknown

1. A - gain the day re - turns of ho - ly rest,  
 2. Let us de - vote this con - se - crat - ed day  
 3. Lord of all worlds, in - cline Thy gra - cious ear;  
 4. Fa - ther in heaven, in whom our hopes con - fide,

Which, when He made the world, Je - ho - vah blest;  
 To learn His will, and all we learn o - bey;  
 Thy chil - dren's voice in ten - der mer - cy hear;  
 Whose power de - fends us, and whose pre - cepts guide,

When, like His own, He bade our la - bors cease,  
 So shall He hear, when fer - vent - ly we raise  
 Bear Thy blest prom - ise, fixed as hills, in mind,  
 Through life our sur - est guard - i - an, and friend,

And all be pi - e - ty, and all be peace.  
 Our sup - pli - ca - tions, and our songs of praise.  
 And shed re - new - ing grace on lost man - kind.  
 Glo - ry su - preme be Thine till time shall end.

# 155 Another Six Days' Work Is Done

S. Stennett (1727-1795)

L. Mason, 1830

1. An - oth - er six days' work is done,  
 2. Come, bless the Lord, whose love as - signs  
 3. O that our thoughts and thanks may rise  
 4. This heaven - ly calm with - in the breast

An - oth - er Sab - bath is be - gun;  
 So sweet a rest to wea - ry minds;  
 As grate - ful in - cense to the skies,  
 Is the best pledge of glo - rious rest,

Re - turn, my soul, en - joy thy rest,  
 A bless - ed an - te - past is given,  
 And draw from Christ that sweet re - pose,  
 Which for the church of God re - mains,

Im - prove the day that God has blessed.  
 On this day more than all the seven.  
 Which none but he who feels it knows.  
 The end of cares, the end of pains.

## Another Week Has Passed

156

Oswald Allen

J. Harker

1. An - o - ther week has passed a - way, With all its bu - sy cares;  
 2. How man - y dan - gers we have passed, Di - rec - ted, Lord by Thee,  
 3. When - e'er we drift - ed from the track, Un - pi - lot - ed by Thee,  
 4. Fresh par-doned through the Cru - ci - fied, Thy mer - cy we en - treat,

And now be - fore Thy ho - ly day, With its glad praise and pray'rs,  
 While oth - ers on the rocks were cast In life's de - ceit - ful sea;  
 Thou didst in mer - cy call us back, And still the storm - y sea;  
 To guide us to the far - ther side, And there Thy ser - vants meet;

We rest a - while life's wea - ry oar, And think of the e - ter - nal shore.  
 We bless Thee as we rest our oar, And look for the e - ter - nal shore.  
 For this we bless Thee more and more, And long for the e - ter - nal shore.  
 O Je - sus, guide us safe - ly o'er, And meet us on the e - ter - nal shore.

## 157 Don't Forget the Sabbath

Fanny J. Crosby (1823-1915)

William B. Bradbury (1816-1868)

1. Don't for - get the Sab - bath, The Lord our God hath blest,  
 2. Keep the Sab - bath ho - ly, And wor - ship Him to - day,  
 3. Day of sa - cred plea - sure! Its gold - en hours we'll spend

Of all the week the bright - est, Of all the week the best;  
 Who said to His dis - ci - ples, "I am the liv - ing way";  
 In thank - ful hymns to Je - sus, The chil - dren's dear - est Friend;

It brings re - pose from la - bor, It tells of joy di - vine,  
 And if we meek - ly fol - low Our Sav - iour here be - low,  
 O gen - tle lov - ing, Sav - iour, How good and kind Thou art,

Its beams of light de - scend - ing, With heaven - ly beau - ty shine.  
 He'll give us of the foun - tain Whose streams e - ter - nal flow.  
 How pre - cious is Thy prom - ise To dwell in ev - ery heart!

*Refrain*

Wel - come, wel - come, ev - er wel - come, Bless - ed Sab - bath day.

Wel - come, wel - come, ev - er wel - come, Bless - ed Sab - bath day.

# God Bless Our Sabbath School 158

F. E. Belden

A. Lyoff  
Arr. F. E. Belden

1. God bless our Sab - bath school! Christ sup'r - in - tend it,  
2. Search - ing Thy ho - ly word, here we as - sem - ble,  
3. Pow'r both to will and do, Lord, Thou hast prom - ised,

Source of true wis - dom, yet rul - ing by love;  
Par - ents and chil - dren the a - ged and youth,  
Will thou hast giv'n, now the pow - er be - stow,

Our great Ex - am - ple and Shep - herd we fol - low,  
Won - der - ful Coun - sel - or, our minds en - light - en,  
Vain - ly we call Thee our Lord and our Mas - ter,

Till Thy great fold we shall en - ter a - bove.  
Thy Ho - ly Spir - it re - veal - ing Thy truth.  
Un - less we live out the truth that we know.

# 159

## Hail, Happy Day!

P. H. Brown

Unknown

1. Hail, hap - py day! thou day of ho - ly rest;  
 2. Let earth and all its van - i - ties be gone,  
 3. O Son of God, ex - alt - ed on Thy throne,

What heaven - ly peace and trans - port fill our breast  
 Move from my sight, and leave my soul a - lone;  
 Im - part that grace which comes from Thee a - lone;

When Christ, the Lord of grace, in love de - scends,  
 Its flat - tering, fad - ing glo - ries I de - spise,  
 Thou, by whose love our light and peace are given,

And kind - ly holds com - mun - ion with His friends!  
 And to im - mor - tal beau - ties turn my eyes.  
 Bring us, dear Sav - iour, to Thy - self and heaven.

## Holy Sabbath Day of Rest

160

L. E. C. Joers, 1921

John F. Anderson, 1924

1. Ho - ly Sab - bath day of rest, By our Mas - ter rich - ly blest,  
 2. Seek not plea - sures of this earth, With its fol - ly, noise, and mirth,  
 3. As the Sab - bath draw - eth on Fri - day eve at set of sun,  
 4. Ask - ing Him for sav - ing grace, Al - so vic - try in the race,

God cre - a - ted and di - vine, Set a - side for ho - ly time.  
 There are bet - ter thing in store, O - ver on the oth - er shore.  
 Chris - tian house - hold then should meet, Sing and pray at Je - sus' feet.  
 And to help us by His pow'r, To keep ho - ly ev - ery hour.

*Refrain*

Yes, the ho - ly Sab - bath rest, By our God di - vine - ly blest,

It to us a sign shall be Through - out all e - ter - ni - ty.



## 161

## Lord of the Sabbath

Unknown

Arr. from Frederick M. A. Venua, c. 1810

1. Lord of the Sab - bath and its light, I hail Thy  
 2. O sa - cred day of peace and joy, Thy hours are  
 3. How sweet - ly now they glide a - long! How hal - lowed  
 4. O Je - sus, let me ev - er hail Thy pres - ence

hal - lowed day of rest; It is my wea - ry  
 ev - er dear to me; Ne'er may a sin - ful  
 is the calm they yield! Trans - port - ing is their  
 with the day of rest; Then will Thy ser - vant

soul's de - light, The sol - ace of my care - worn  
 thought de - stroy The ho - ly calm I find in  
 rap - turous song, And heaven - ly vi - sions seem re -  
 nev - er fail To deem Thy Sab - bath dou - bly

breast, The sol - ace of my care - worn breast.  
 thee, The ho - ly calm I find in thee.  
 vealed, And heaven - ly vi - sions seem re - vealed.  
 blest, To deem Thy Sab - bath dou - bly blest.

# O Day of Rest and Gladness 162

Christopher Wordsworth, 1862

Arr. from a German melody by Lowell Mason, 1839

1. O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light,  
 2. Thou art a port pro - tect - ed From storms that round us rise,  
 3. A day of sweet re - flec - tion Thou art, a day of love;

O balm of care and sad-ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright;  
 A gar - den in - ter - sect - ed With streams of Par - a - dise;  
 A day to raise af - fec - tion From earth to things a - bove.

On thee, the high and low - ly, Who bend be - fore the throne,  
 Thou art a cool - ing foun - tain In life's dry, drea - ry sand;  
 New grac - es ev - er gain - ing From this our day of rest,

Sing Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, To the E - ter - nal One.  
 From thee, like Pis - gah's moun - tain, We view our prom - ised land.  
 We seek the rest re - main - ing In man - sions of the blest.

# 163 Safely Through Another Week

John Newton, 1774

Lowell Mason, 1824

1. Safe - ly through an - oth - er week God has brought us on our way;  
 2. While we seek sup - plies of grace Through the dear Re - deem - er's name,  
 3. Here we come Thy name to praise, May we feel Thy pres - ence near,  
 4. May the gos - pel's joy - ful sound Con - quer sin - ners, com - fort saints;

Let us now a bless - ing seek, Wait - ing in His courts to - day;  
 Show Thy rec - on - cil - ing face, Take a - way our sin and shame;  
 May Thy glo - ry meet our eyes While we in Thy courts ap - pear;  
 Make the fruits of grace a - bound, Bring re - lief to all com - plaints;

Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest;  
 Here our world - ly cares set free May we rest this day in Thee.  
 Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.  
 Thus may all our Sab - baths be Till we rise to reign with Thee.

Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest.  
 From our world - ly cares set free May we rest this day in Thee.  
 Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.  
 Thus may all our Sab - baths be Till we rise to reign with Thee.

## Sweet Sabbath School

164

C. R. Blackwell

W. H. Doane

1. Sweet Sab-bath School! more dear to me Than fair-est pal - ace dome,  
 2. Here first my wil - ful, wand'r-ing heart, The way of life was shown;  
 3. Here Je - sus stood with lov - ing voice, En - treat-ing me to come,

My heart e'er turns with joy to thee, My own dear Sab-bath home.  
 Here first I sought the bet - ter part, And gained a Sab-bath home.  
 And make of Him my on - ly choice, In this dear Sab-bath home.

*Refrain*

Sab-bath school! bless-ed home! Sab-bath school! bless-ed home!  
 Sweet Home! sweet home! Sweet home! sweet home!

My heart e'er turns with joy to thee, My own dear Sab-bath home.

# 165 Welcome, Delightful Morn

John Dobell's Selection, 1806

Friedrich Schneider (1786-1853)

1. Wel - come, de - light - ful morn, Thou day of sa - cred rest!  
 2. Now may the King de - scend, And fill His throne with grace;  
 3. De - scend, ce - les - tial Dove, With all Thy quick - ening powers;

I hail thy kind re - turn; Lord, make these mo - ments blest;  
 Thy scep - ter, Lord, ex - tend, While saints ad - dress Thy face;  
 Dis - close a Sav - iour's love, And bless the sa - cred hours;

From the low plain of mor - tal toys  
 Let sin - ners feel Thy quick - ening word,  
 Then shall my soul new life ob - tain,

I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys,  
 And learn to know and fear the Lord,  
 Nor Sab - baths be en - joyed in vain,

I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys.  
 And learn to know and fear the Lord.  
 Nor Sab - baths be en - joyed in vain.

## This Is the Day of Rest

# 166

J. Ellerton, 1867

Cantica Laudis, 1850

1. This is the day of rest; Our fail - ing strength re - new;  
 2. This is the day of peace; Thy peace our spir - its fill;  
 3. This is the day of prayer; Let earth to heaven draw near;  
 4. This is the best of days; Send forth Thy quick - ening breath,

On wea - ry brain and trou - bled breast Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.  
 Bid Thou the blasts of dis - cord cease, The waves of strife be still.  
 Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there; Come down to meet us here.  
 And wake dead souls to love and praise, O Van - quish - er of death!

# 167 The Dawn of God's Dear Sabbath

A. Cross

J. Walch (1837-1901)

1. The dawn of God's dear Sab - bath Breaks o'er the earth a - gain,  
 2. Lord, we would bring for of - fering, Though marred with earth-ly soil,  
 3. And we would bring our bur - den Of sin - ful thought and deed,  
 4. And with that sor - row min - gling, A stead - fast faith, and sure,

As some sweet sum - mer morn - ing Af - ter a night of pain;  
 A week of ear - nest la - bor, Of stead - y, faith - ful toil,  
 In Thy pure pres - ence kneel - ing, From bond - age to be freed,  
 And love so deep and fer - vent, For Thee to make it pure,

It comes as cool - ing show - ers To some ex - haust - ed land,  
 Fair fruits of self - de - ni - al, Of strong, deep love to Thee,  
 Our heart's most bit - ter sor - row For all Thy work un - done,  
 In Thy dear pres - ence find - ing The par - don that we need,

As shade of clus - tered palm trees 'Mid wea - ry wastes of sand.  
 Fos - tered by Thine own Spir - it, In true hu - mil - i - ty.  
 So man - y tal - ents wast - ed! So few bright lau - rels won!  
 And then the peace so last - ing Ce - les - tial peace in - deed.

# Fresh From the Throne of Glory 168

Horatius Bonar

F. E. Belden

1. Fresh from the throne of glo - ry, Bright in its crys - tal gleam,  
 2. Stream full of life and glad - ness, Spring of all health and peace,  
 3. Riv - er of God, I greet thee, Now not a - far, but near;  
 4. Je - sus, the heal - ing Foun - tain, Fresh from the throne a - bove,

Bursts out the liv - ing Foun - tain, Swells on the liv - ing Stream.  
 No harps by thee hang si - lent, Nor hap - py voi - ces cease.  
 My soul to thy still wa - ters, Hastes in its thirst - ings here.  
 Thou art the liv - ing wa - ter, Thou art the stream of love.

*Refrain*

Ho - ly Riv - er, I would ev - er Draw my life from thee (from thee);

Might - y Riv - er, I will nev - er Cease to sing of thee.



# 169

## Are You Weary?

J. E. Rankin, D. D.

E. S. Lorenz

1. Are you wea - ry, are you heav - y heart - ed? Tell it to Je - sus,  
 2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks un - bid - den? Tell it to Je - sus,  
 3. Do you fear the gather - ing clouds of sor - row? Tell it to Je - sus,  
 4. Are you trou - bled at the tho't of dy - ing? Tell it to Je - sus,

tell it to Je - sus; Are you griev - ing o - ver joys de - part - ed?  
 tell it to Je - sus; Have you sins that to the world are hid - den?  
 tell it to Je - sus; Are you anx - ious what shall be to - mor - row?  
 tell it to Je - sus; For Christ's com - ing king - dom are you sigh - ing?

*Refrain*

Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.  
 Tell it to Je - sus a - lone. Tell it to Je - sus, tell it to Je - sus,  
 Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.  
 Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.

He is a friend that's well known; You've no oth - er

such a friend or broth - er, Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.

## How Shall I Follow Him? 170

Josiah Conder, 1824

William Gardiner's "Sacred Melodies," 1815

1. How shall I fol - low Him I serve? How shall I  
 2. Lord, should my path through suffer - ing lie, For - bid that  
 3. O, let me think how Thou didst leave Thy heav'n - ly  
 4. All this Thou didst, then died for me! Thou cam - est

cop - y Him I love? Nor from those bless - ed foot - steps  
 I should e'er re - pine; Still let me turn to Cal - va -  
 home of pure de - lights, To fast, to faint, to watch, to  
 not Thy - self to please; And, dear though earth - ly com - forts

swerve Which lead me to His seat a - bove?  
 ry, Nor heed my grief, re - mem - ber - ing Thine.  
 grieve, Through toil - some days, through lone - ly nights!  
 be, Shall I not love Thee more than these?

# 171 Hark! Salvation News Is Sounding

Unknown

Unknown

1. Hark! Sal - va - tion news is sound - ing, Christ has suffer - ed on the tree;  
 2. Oh, es - cape to yon - der moun - tain; Re - fuge find in Him to - day!  
 3. Grace is flow - ing like a riv - er, Mil - lions there have been sup - plied;

Streams of mer - cy are a - bound - ing, Grace for all is rich and free.  
 Christ in - vites you to the Foun - tain, Come and wash your sins a - way:  
 Still it flows as fresh as ev - er From the Sav - iour's wound - ed side;

Now, poor sin - ner, Now, poor sin - ner, Now, poor sin - ner,  
 Do not tar - ry, Do not tar - ry, Do not tar - ry,  
 None need per - ish, None need per - ish, None need per - ish,

Now, poor sin - ner,      Now, poor sin - ner,      Now, poor sin - ner,

Turn to Him who died for thee, Turn to Him who died for thee.  
 Come to Je - sus while you may, Come to Je - sus while you may.  
 All may live, for Christ hath died, All may live, for Christ hath died.

## Firmly Stand for God

172

Dr. C. R. Blackall

W. H. Doane

1. Firm - ly stand for God, in the world's mad strife, Tho' the bleak winds roar,  
 2. Firm - ly stand for right, with a mo - tive pure, With a true heart bold,  
 3. Firm - ly stand for truth, it will serve you best; Tho' it wait - eth long,

and the waves beat high; 'Tis the Rock a - lone giv - eth strength and life,  
 and a faith e'er strong, 'Tis the Rock a - lone giv - eth tri - umph sure,  
 it is sure at last; 'Tis the Rock a - lone giv - eth peace and rest,

*Refrain*

When the hosts of sin are nigh.  
 O'er the world's ar - ray of wrong. Let us stand on the Rock,  
 When the storms of life are past.

Firm - ly stand on the Rock, On the Rock of Christ a - lone; If the strife, we en - dure,

We shall stand se - cure, Mid the throng who sur - round the throne.

# 173

# I Do Not Know Why

L. S. Leech

A. Geibel

*Solo, or all in unison*

1. I do not know why oft 'round me My hopes all shat-tered seem to be;  
 2. I can-not tell the depth of love, Which moves the Fa-ther's heart a-bove;  
 3. Tho' tri-als come thro' pass-ing days, My life will still be filled with praise;

God's per-fect plan I can-not see, But some day I'll un-der-stand.  
 My faith to test, my love to prove, But some day I'll un-der-stand.  
 For God will lead thro' dark-ened ways, But some day I'll un-der-stand.

*Refrain*

Some day He'll make it plain to me, Some day when I His face shall see;

Some day from tears I shall be free, For some day I shall un-der-stand.

## I Need Thee Every Hour

174

Annie S. Hawks, 1872

Robert Lowry, 1872

1. I need Thee ev - ery hour; Most gra - cious Lord;  
 2. I need Thee ev - ery hour; Stay Thou near by;  
 3. I need Thee ev - ery hour; In joy or pain;  
 4. I need Thee ev - ery hour; Teach me Thy will,

No ten - der voice like Thine Can peace af - ford.  
 Temp - ta - tions lose their power When Thou art nigh.  
 Come quick - ly and a - bide, Or life is vain.  
 And Thy rich prom - is - es In me ful - fill.

*Refrain*

I need Thee, O I need Thee! Ev - ery hour I need Thee;

O bless me now, my Sav - iour! I come to Thee.

# 175

## I Need Thee, Precious Jesus

F. Whitefield

Chretien D'Urhan, 1834  
Arr. by Edward F. Rimbault, 1867

1. I need Thee, pre - cious Je - sus, For I am ver - y poor;  
2. I need the heart of Je - sus To feel each anx - ious care,  
3. I need Thee, pre - cious Je - sus, I hope to see Thee soon,

A strang - er and a pil - grim, I have no earth - ly store.  
To tell my ev - ery tri - al, And all my sor - rows share.  
En - cir - cled with the rain - bow, And seat - ed on Thy throne.

I need the love of Je - sus To cheer me on my way,  
I need the Ho - ly Spir - it To teach me what I am,  
There, with Thy blood - bought chil - dren, My joy shall ev - er be

To guide my doubt - ing foot - steps, To be my strength and stay.  
To show me more of Je - sus, To point me to the Lamb.  
To sing Thy cease - less prais - es, To gaze, my Lord, on Thee!

## In the Hour of Trial

176

James Montgomery, 1834

Spencer Lane, 1879

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me,  
 2. With for - bid - den plea - sures Would this vain world charm;  
 3. Should Thy mer - cy send me Sor - row, toil, and woe,

Lest by base de - ni - al I de - part from Thee;  
 Or its sor - did trea - sures Spread to work me harm;  
 Or should pain at - tend me On my path be - low,

When Thou see'st me wa - ver, With a look re - call,  
 Bring to my re - mem - brance Sad Geth - sem - a - ne,  
 Grant that I may nev - er Fail Thy hand to see;

Nor, for fear or fa - vor, Suf - fer me to fall.  
 Or, in dark - er sem - blance, Cross - crowned Cal - va - ry.  
 Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on Thee.



# 177 Jesus Is All the World to Me

Will L. Thompson (1847–1909)

Will L. Thompson

1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;  
 2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My Friend in tri - als sore;  
 3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;  
 4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;

He is my strength from day to day, With - out Him I would fall.  
 I go to Him for bless - ings, and He gives them o'er and o'er.  
 Oh, how could I this Friend de - ny, When He's so true to me?  
 I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleet - ing days shall end.

When I am sad to Him I go, No oth - er one can cheer me so;  
 He sends the sun - shine and the rain, He sends the har - vest's gold - en grain;  
 Fol - low - ing Him I know I'm right, He watch - es o'er me day and night;  
 Beau - ti - ful life with such a Friend; Beau - ti - ful life that has no end;

When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my Friend.  
 Sun - shine and rain, har - vest of grain, He's my Friend.  
 Fol - low - ing Him, by day and night, He's my Friend.  
 E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my Friend.

## Just When I Need Him

178

William Poole, 1907

Charles H. Gabriel, 1908

1. Just when I need Him, Je - sus is near,  
 2. Just when I need Him, Je - sus is true,  
 3. Just when I need Him, Je - sus is strong,  
 4. Just when I need Him, He is my all,

Just when I fal - ter, just when I fear; Read - y to help me,  
 Nev - er for - sak - ing, all the way through; Giv - ing for bur - dens  
 Bear - ing my bur - dens all the day long; For all my sor - row  
 An - swer - ing when up - on Him I call; Ten - der - ly watch - ing

read - y to cheer, Just when I need Him most.  
 plea - sures a - new, Just when I need Him most.  
 giv - ing a song, Just when I need Him most.  
 lest I should fall, Just when I need Him most.

*Refrain*

Just when I need Him most, Just when I need Him most;

Je - sus is near to com - fort and cheer, Just when I need Him most.

# 179 My Hope Is Built on Nothing Less

Edward Mote

William B. Bradbury

1. My hope is built on noth - ing less Than Je - sus' blood and  
 2. When dark - ness seems to veil His face, I rest on His un -  
 3. His oath, His cov - e - nant, and blood, Sup - port me in the  
 4. When He shall come with trum - pet sound, O may I then in

righ - teous - ness; I dare not trust the sweet - est frame, But  
 chang - ing grace; In ev - ery high and storm - y gale, My  
 whelm - ing flood; When all a - round my soul gives way, He  
 Him be found; Clad in His righ - teous - ness a - lone, Fault -

*Refrain*

whol - ly lean on Je - sus' name.  
 an - chor holds with - in the veil. On Christ, the sol - id Rock, I stand; All  
 then is all my hope and stay.  
 less to stand be - fore the throne.

oth - er ground is sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

## O Safe to the Rock

180

William O. Cushing

Ira D. Sankey

1. O safe to the Rock that is high - er than I, My  
 2. In the calm of the noon - tide, in sor - row's lone hour, In  
 3. How oft in the con - flict, when pressed by the foe, I have

soul in its con - flicts and sor - rows would fly; So sin - ful, so  
 times when temp - ta - tion casts o'er me its power; In the tem - pests of  
 fled to my Ref - uge and breathed out my woe; How oft - en, when

wea - ry, Thine, Thine would I be; Thou blest "Rock of A - ges," I'm  
 life, on its wide, heav - ing sea, Thou blest "Rock of A - ges," I'm  
 tri - als like sea bil - lows roll, Have I hid - den in Thee, O Thou

*Refrain*

hid - ing in Thee.  
 hid - ing in Thee. Hid - ing in Thee, Hid - ing in  
 Rock of my soul.

Thee, Thou blest "Rock of A - ges," I'm hid - ing in Thee.

# 181 O Thou in Whose Presence

Freeman Lewis (1780-1859)

Joseph Swain (1761-1796)

Arr. by Hubert P. Main (1839-1926)

1. O Thou in whose pres - ence my soul takes de - light,  
2. His voice, as the sound of the dul - ci - mer sweet,  
3. His lips, as a foun - tain of righ - teous - ness flow,  
4. He looks, and ten thou - sands of an - gels re - joice,

On whom in af - flic - tion I call,  
Is heard through the shad - ows of death;  
To wa - ter the gar - dens of grace;  
And myr - i - ads wait for His word;

My com - fort by day and my song in the night,  
The ce - dars of Leb - a - non bow at His feet,  
From which their sal - va - tion the Gen - tiles shall know,  
He speaks, and e - ter - ni - ty, filled with His voice,

My hope, my sal - va - tion, my all!  
The air is per - fumed with His breath.  
And bask in the smiles of His face.  
Re - ech - oes the praise of the Lord.

# Pass Me Not, O Gentle Saviour 182

Fanny J. Crosby (1823-1915)

William H. Doane, 1870

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear my hum - ble cry;  
 2. Let me at Thy throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief;  
 3. Trust - ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face;  
 4. Thou the spring of all my com - fort, More than life for me;

While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.  
 Kneel - ing there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.  
 Heal my wound - ed, bro - ken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.  
 Whom have I on earth be - side Thee? Whom in heaven but Thee?

*Refrain*

Sav - iour, Sav - iour, hear my hum - ble cry,

While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

# 183 Oh, the Best Friend to Have Is Jesus

P. P. Bilhorn

P. P. Bilhorn

1. Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus; When the cares of life up - on you  
 2. What a friend I have found in Je - sus! Peace and com - fort to my soul He  
 3. Though I pass through the night of sor - row, And the chill - y waves of Jor - dan  
 4. When at last to our home we gath - er, With the faith - ful who have gone be -

roll, He will heal the wound - ed heart, He will strength and grace im - part;  
 brings; Lean - ing on His might - y arm, I will fear no ill no harm;  
 roll, Nev - er need I shrink nor fear, For my Sav - iour is so near;  
 fore, We will sing up - on the shore, Prais - ing Him for - ev - er - more;

*Refrain*

Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus. The best friend to have is Je - sus,  
 Je - sus ev - ery day,

The best friend to have is Je - sus; He will help you when you fall,  
 Je - sus all the way,

He will hear you when you call; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.

## Hark, My Soul! It Is the Lord 184

William Cowper, 1768

John B. Dykes, 1862

1. Hark, my soul! it is the Lord; 'Tis thy Sav - iour,  
 2. "Mine is an un - chang - ing love, High - er than the  
 3. "Thou shalt see My glo - ry soon, When the work of  
 4. Lord, it is my chief com - plaint That my love is

hear His word; Je - sus speaks, and speaks to thee,  
 heights a - bove; Deep - er than the depths be - neath,  
 grace is done; Part - ner of My throne shalt be!  
 weak and faint; Yet I love Thee and a - dore;

"Say, poor sin - ner, lov'st thou Me?"  
 Free and faith - ful, strong as death.  
 Say, poor sin - ner, lov'st thou Me?"  
 O for grace to love Thee more!



# 185 Once My Way Was Dark and Dreary

E. E. Hewitt

B. D. Ackley

1. Once my way was dark and drea-ry, For my heart was full of sin,  
2. There is grace for all the low - ly, Grace to keep the trust-ing soul;  
3. Let me spread a-broad the sto - ry, Oth - er souls to Je - sus win;

But the sky is bright and cheer-y, Since the full-ness of his love came in.  
Pow'r to cleanse and make me ho - ly, Je - sus shall my yield-ed life con - trol.  
For the cross is now my glo - ry, Since the full-ness of His love came in.

*Refrain*

I can nev - er tell how much I love Him, I can nev-er tell his love for me;

THE CHRISTIAN REFUGE

For it passeth hu-man measure, Like a deep, un-fath-omed sea;

deep, un-fath-omed sea;

'Tis redeeming love in Christ my Saviour, In my soul the heav'-nly joys be - gin;

And I live for Je-sus on - ly, Since the full-ness of His love came in.

# 186 Prince of Peace, Control My Will

Unknown

J. H. Fillmore

1. Prince of Peace, con - trol my will,  
 2. Thou hast bought me with Thy blood,  
 3. May Thy will, not mine, be done,

Bid this strug - gling heart be still;  
 O - pened wide the gate to God;  
 May Thy will and mine be one;

Bid my fears and doubt - ings cease,  
 Peace, I ask, but peace must be,  
 Chase these doubt - ings from my heart,

Hush my spir - it in - to peace.  
 Lord, in be - ing one with Thee.  
 Now Thy per - fect peace im - part.

# Take the Name of Jesus With You 187

Lillian Baxter

William H. Doane, 1899

1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor - row and of woe;  
 2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from ev - ery snare;  
 3. O the precious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,  
 4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall - ing pros - trate at His feet,

It will joy and com - fort give you, Take it, then, where - 'er you go.  
 If temp - ta - tions round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in prayer.  
 When His lov - ing arms re - ceive us, And His songs our tongues em - ploy!  
 King of kings in heaven we'll crown Him, When our jour - ney is com - plete.

*Refrain*

Pre - cious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heaven;  
 Pre - cious name, O how sweet!

Pre - cious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heaven.  
 Pre - cious name, O how sweet, how sweet!

# 188

## The Lord's Our Rock

Vernon J. Charlesworth

Arr. by Ira D. Sankey

Ira D. Sankey

1. The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide, A shel-ter in the time of storm;  
 2. A shade by day, de-fense by night, A shel-ter in the time of storm;  
 3. The rag-ing storms may round us beat, A shel-ter in the time of storm;  
 4. O Rock di-vine, O Ref-u-ge dear, A shel-ter in the time of storm;

Se - cure what - ev - er ill be - tide, A shel-ter in the time of storm.  
 No fears a - larm, no foes af - fright, A shel-ter in the time of storm.  
 We'll nev - er leave our safe re - treat, A shel-ter in the time of storm.  
 Be Thou our help - er ev - er near, A shel-ter in the time of storm.

*Refrain*

Oh, Je-sus is a Rock in a wea-ry land, A wea-ry land, a wea-ry land,

Oh Je-sus is a Rock in a wea-ry land, A shel-ter in the time of storm.

## The Lord's Our Rock

189

Vernon J. Charlesworth

F. E. Belden

1. The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide, A shel-ter in the time of storm;  
 2. A shade by day, de - fense by night, A shel-ter in the time of storm;  
 3. The rag - ing floods may round us beat, A shel-ter in the time of storm;  
 4. O Rock di - vine, O Ref - uge dear, A shel-ter in the time of storm;

Se - cure what - ev - er may be - tide, A shel-ter in the time of storm.  
 No fears a - larm, no foes af - fright, A shel-ter in the time of storm.  
 We find in God a safe re - treat, A shel-ter in the time of storm.  
 Be Thou our help - er, ev - er near, A shel-ter in the time of storm.

*Refrain*

Might - y Rock in a wea - ry land, Cool - ing shade on the burn - ing sand,  
 Might - y Rock Cool - ing shade

Faith - ful guide for the pil - grim band— A shel-ter in the time of storm.  
 Faith - ful guide

# 190 There Are Two Ways for Trav'lers

F. E. Belden

F. E. Belden

1. There are two ways for trav - lers, on - ly two ways:  
 2. There are two guides for trav - lers, on - ly two guides:  
 3. There are two homes for trav - lers, on - ly two homes:  
 4. Quick - ly en - ter the strait way, lead - ing to life;

One's a hill path - way of bat - tle and praise; The oth - er leads  
 One's the Good Shep - herd, e'en thro' the death tides; The oth - er, the  
 One's the fair cit - y where e - vil ne'er comes; The oth - er, sin's  
 Shun the wide gate - way of fol - ly and strife, The Spir - it in -

down - ward; tho' flow - 'ry it seem, Its joy is a phan - tom, its  
 ser - pent, be - guil - ing with sin Whose beau - ty ex - ter - nal hides  
 wag - es, e - ter - nal and dread, The fate of the lost ones, the  
 vites you this mo - ment to come; The Sav - iour is wait - ing to

love is a dream, Its love is a dream, 'tis on - ly a dream.  
 poi - son with - in, Hides poi - son with - in, death poi - son with - in.  
 doom of the dead, The doom of the dead, the sor - row - ful dead.  
 wel - come you home; To wel - come you home, to wel - come you home.

## There's Life in a Look

191

F. E. Belden

F. E. Belden

1. There's life in a look at the sa - cred cross, Je - sus has said, "Look  
2. When first to the Sav - iour I raised my eyes, Sweet was the smile that  
3. I'll look to the cross ev - ry day and hour, Trust - ing the prom - ise

un - to me," Earth with its rich - es is on - ly dross, Bright  
fell on me; Oft as the clouds of temp - ta - tion rise, A  
God has giv'n; None ev - er fall 'neath the temp - ter's pow'r, Who

*Refrain*

treas - ures be - yond in the cross I see.  
look at the cross still my strength shall be. In a look there's life for  
trust and o - bey in the strength of heav'n. In a look there's

thee, In a look at Cal - va - ry; Bless - ed thought, sal - va - tion  
life for thee, In a look at Cal - va - ry, Bless - ed thought, sal -

free, By a look at Cal - va - ry.  
va - tion free, By a look at Cal - va - ry.



# 192 There's Room for You to Anchor

F. E. Belden

F. E. Belden

*Dolce*

1. There's room for you to an - chor With -  
 2. There's room for you to an - chor; The  
 3. The same dear friends shall meet us That  
 4. O heav - ing, swell - ing bil - lows, Bear

*cresc.*

in the port of rest, Where tem - pests all are  
 ship is wait - ing now, The ship of God's pre -  
 we have loved be - low; The same sweet voic - es  
 on - ward to my home! Be - yond these drea - ry

*dim.* *p*

o - ver, And calms no more mo - lest; How  
 par - ing, O ask not why nor how. His  
 greet us As in the long a - go. Then  
 head - lands I see its shin - ing dome. There,

sweet to wea - ry voya - gers This pre - cious prom - ise  
 bound - less love and mer - cy No tongue can ev - er  
 hush! ye murm' - ring wa - ters, Ye tem - pests, cease to  
 there my faint - ing spir - it No more for rest shall

THE CHRISTIAN REFUGE

giv'n; There's room for you to an - chor Safe in  
 tell, If you but trust His prom - ise, All is  
 blow! I al - most hear the mu - sic Soft and  
 sigh; 'Tis there I hope to an - chor, By and

*f* *dim.*

Refrain

heaven!  
 well.  
 low.  
 by.

There's room (for you), there's room (for you); There's

*mf*

room (for you), there's room (for you); There's room for you to

*f*

an - chor Safe in heav'n.

*dim.* *p*

W. T. Sleeper

G. C. Stebbins

1. A rul - er once came to Je - sus by night, To  
 2. Ye chil - dren of men, at - tend to the word So  
 3. O ye who would en - ter that glo - rious rest, And

ask Him the way of sal - va - tion and light; The Mas - ter made an - swer in  
 sol - emn - ly ut - tered by Je - sus the Lord, And let not this mes - sage to  
 sing with the ran - som'd the song of the blest, The life ev - er - last - ing if

words true and plain, "Ye must be born a - gain."  
 you be in vain, "Ye must be born a - gain."  
 you would ob - tain, "Ye must be born a - gain." a - gain.

*Refrain*

"Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain, Ye must be born a - gain,  
 a - gain, a - gain,

I ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly, say un - to thee, Ye must be born a - gain.  
 a - gain.

## Call Them in

194

Anna Shipton

Ira D. Sankey

1. "Call them in," the poor, the wretch-ed, Sin-stained wanderers from the fold;  
 2. "Call them in," the Jew, the Gen-tile; Bid the strang-er to the feast;  
 3. "Call them in," the mere pro-fess-ors, Slumbering, sleep-ing, on death's brink;  
 4. "Call them in," the bro-ken-heart-ed, Cower-ing 'neath the brand of shame;

Peace and par-don free-ly of-fer; Can you weigh their worth with gold?  
 "Call them in," the rich, the no-ble, From the high-est to the least:  
 Naught of life are they pos-ses-sors, Yet of safe-ty vain-ly think:  
 Speak love's mes-sage low and ten-der, 'Twas for sin-ners Je-sus came:

"Call them in," the weak the wea-ry, Lad-en with the doom of sin;  
 Forth the Fa-ther runs to meet them, He hath all their sor-rows seen;  
 Bring them in, the care-less scoff-ers, Plea-sure seek-ers of the earth;  
 See, the shad-ows length-en round us, Soon the day-dawn will be-gin;

Bid them come and rest in Je-sus; He is wait-ing, "Call them in."  
 Robe, and ring, and roy-al san-dals, Wait the lost ones, "Call them in."  
 Tell of God's most gra-cious of-fers, And of Je-sus' price-less worth.  
 Can you leave them lost and lone-ly? Christ is com-ing, "Call them in."

# 195 Christ Is Knocking at My Sad Heart

Horatio R. Palmer

Horatio R. Palmer

1. Christ is knock-ing at my sad heart; Shall I let Him in?  
 2. Shall I send Him the lov - ing word? Shall I let Him in?  
 3. Yes, I'll o - pen this proud heart's door, Yes, I'll let Him in.

Pa - tient - ly plead - ing with my sad heart; O shall I let Him in?  
 Meek - ly ac - cept - ing my gra - cious Lord, O shall I let Him in?  
 Glad - ly I'll wel - come Him ev - er - more; O, yes, I'll let Him in.

Cold and proud is my heart with sin, Dark and cheer-less is all with - in;  
 He can in - fi - nite love im - part, He can par - don this reb - el heart;  
 Bless - ed Sav - iour, a - bide with me, Cares and tri - als will light - er be;

Christ is bid - ding me turn un - to Him; O shall I let Him in?  
 Shall I bid Him for - ev - er de - part, Or shall I let Him in?  
 I am safe if I'm on - ly with Thee, O, bless - ed Lord, come in!

# Come With Thy Sins to the Fountain 196

Fanny J. Crosby

G. C. Stebbins

1. Come with thy sins to the foun-tain, Come with thy bur-dens of grief;  
 2. Come as thou art to the foun-tain, Je - sus is wait - ing for thee;  
 3. Come and be healed at the foun-tain, List to the peace speak-ing voice;

Bu - ry them deep in its wa - ters, There thou wilt find a re - lief.  
 What tho' thy sins are like crim-son, White as the snow they shall be.  
 O - ver a sin - ner re - turn - ing Now let the an - gels re - joice.

*Refrain*

Haste thee a - way, why wilt thou stay? Risk not thy soul on a mo-ment's de-lay;

Je - sus is wait - ing to save thee, Mer - cy is plead - ing to - day.

# 197

## If You Are Tired

C. H. Morris

C. H. Morris

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin,  
 2. If 'tis for pur - i - ty now that you sigh,  
 3. If there's a tem - pest your voice can - not still,  
 4. If you would join the glad songs of the blest,

Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;  
 Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;  
 Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;  
 Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;

If you de - sire a new life to be - gin,  
 Foun - tains for cleans - ing are flow - ing near by,  
 If there's a void this world nev - er can fill,  
 If you would en - ter the man - sions of rest,

Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.  
 Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.  
 Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.  
 Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.

Refrain

Just now, your doubt-ings give o'er; Just now, re - ject Him no more;  
 (Last verse) Just now, my doubt-ings are o'er; Just now, re - ject-ing no more;

Just now, throw o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.  
 Just now, I o - pen the door, And Je - sus comes in - to my heart.

# Come to Jesus

# 198

Unknown

E. O. Excell

1. Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now;  
 2. Come con - fess Him, Come con - fess Him, Come con - fess Him just now;  
 3. He will hear you, He will hear you, He will hear you just now;  
 4. He'll for - give you, He'll for - give you, He'll for - give you just now;

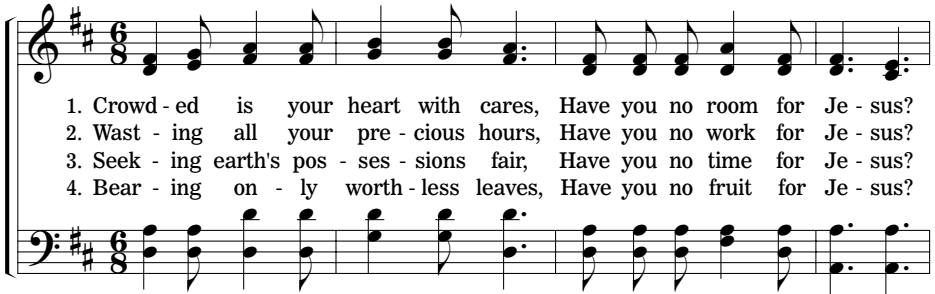
Just now come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus just now.  
 Just now come con - fess Him, Come con - fess Him just now.  
 Just now He will hear you, He will hear you just now.  
 Just now He'll for - give you, He'll for - give you just now.



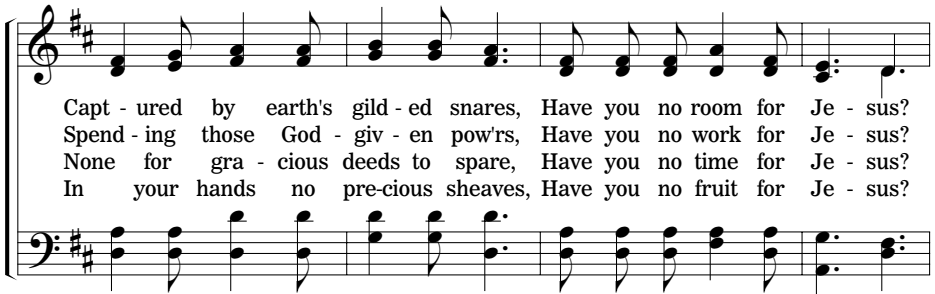
# 199 Crowded Is Your Heart With Cares

M. D. James

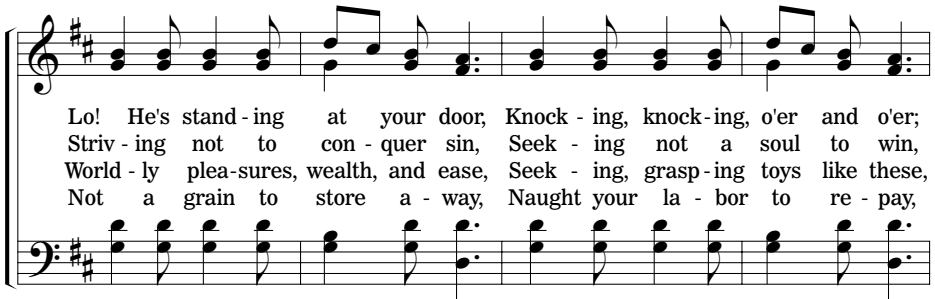
W. J. Kirkpatrick



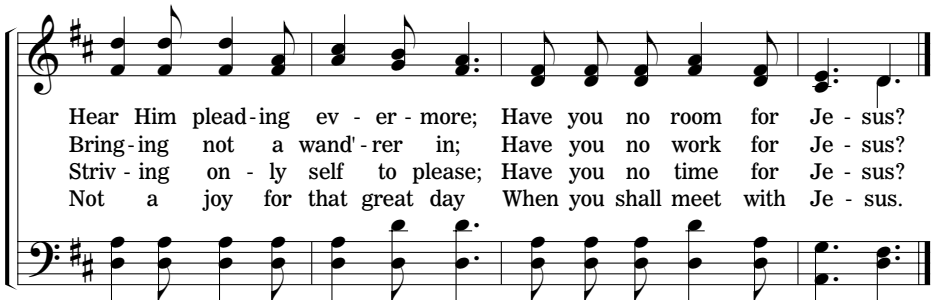
1. Crowd - ed is your heart with cares, Have you no room for Je - sus?  
2. Wast - ing all your pre - cious hours, Have you no work for Je - sus?  
3. Seek - ing earth's pos - ses - sions fair, Have you no time for Je - sus?  
4. Bear - ing on - ly worth - less leaves, Have you no fruit for Je - sus?



Capt - ured by earth's gild - ed snares, Have you no room for Je - sus?  
Spend - ing those God - giv - en pow'rs, Have you no work for Je - sus?  
None for gra - cious deeds to spare, Have you no time for Je - sus?  
In your hands no pre - cious sheaves, Have you no fruit for Je - sus?



Lo! He's stand - ing at your door, Knock - ing, knock - ing, o'er and o'er;  
Striv - ing not to con - quer sin, Seek - ing not a soul to win,  
World - ly plea - sures, wealth, and ease, Seek - ing, grasp - ing toys like these,  
Not a grain to store a - way, Naught your la - bor to re - pay,

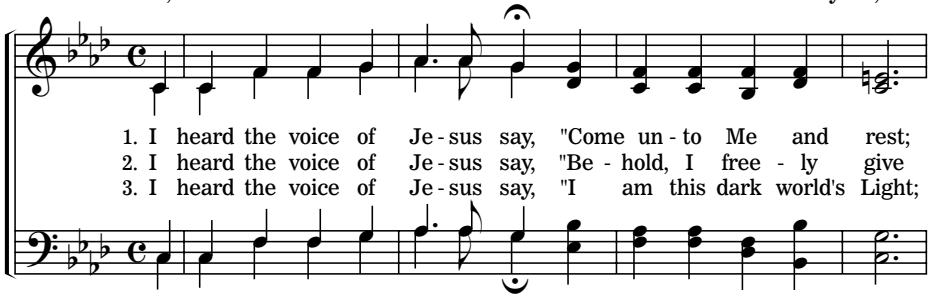


Hear Him plead - ing ev - er - more; Have you no room for Je - sus?  
Bring - ing not a wand' - rer in; Have you no work for Je - sus?  
Striv - ing on - ly self to please; Have you no time for Je - sus?  
Not a joy for that great day When you shall meet with Je - sus.

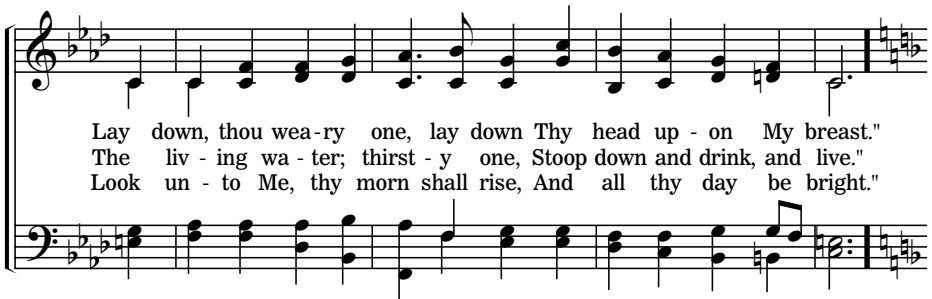
# I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say 200

Horatius Bonar, 1846

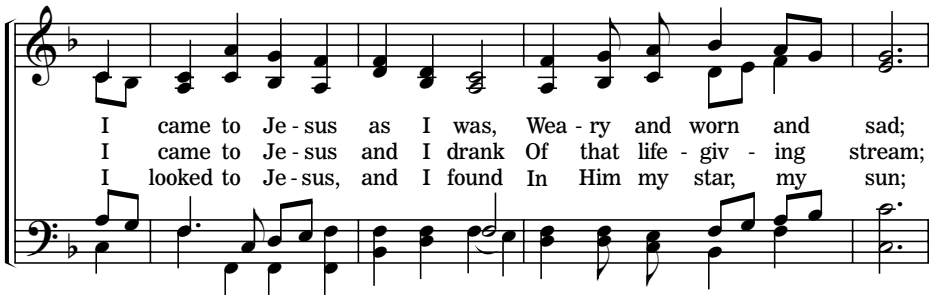
John B. Dykes, 1868



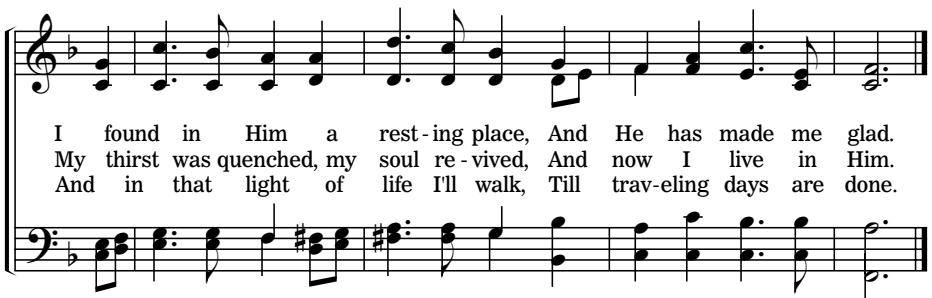
1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest;  
 2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give  
 3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's Light;



Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast."  
 The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst - y one, Stoop down and drink, and live."  
 Look un - to Me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright."



I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry and worn and sad;  
 I came to Je - sus and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;  
 I looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my star, my sun;



I found in Him a rest - ing place, And He has made me glad.  
 My thirst was quenched, my soul re - vived, And now I live in Him.  
 And in that light of life I'll walk, Till trav - eling days are done.

# 201 I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say

Horatius Bonar

Old English Air

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to  
 2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I  
 3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this

Me and rest; Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay  
 free - ly give The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst - y  
 dark world's Light; Look un - to Me, thy morn shall

down Thy head up - on My breast." I came to  
 one, Stoop down, and drink, and live!" I came to  
 rise, And all thy days be bright." I looked to

Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;  
 Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;  
 Je - sus, and I found in Him my Star, my Sun.

I found in Him a rest - ing place, and  
 My thirst was quenched, my soul re - lived, And  
 And in that light of life I'll walk, Till

He has made me glad.  
 now I live in Him.  
 trav - eling days are done.

## Jesus Calls Us

# 202

Frances Alexander, 1852

William H. Jude, 1887

1. Je - sus calls us; o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest - less sea,
2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's gold - en store,
3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
4. Je - sus calls us! By Thy mer - cies, Sav - iour, may we hear Thy call,

Day by day His sweet voice sound - eth, Say - ing, "Chris - tian, fol - low Me."  
 From each i - dol that would keep us, Say - ing, "Chris - tian, love Me more."  
 Still He calls, in cares and plea - sures, "Christian, love Me more than these."  
 Give our hearts to Thy o - be - dience, Serve and love Thee best of all.

# 203 I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say

Horatius Bonar, 1846

Louis Spohr

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest;  
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give  
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's light;

Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head u - pon My breast."  
The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst - y one, Stoop down and drink, and live."  
Look un - to Me; thy morn shall rise, And all thy days be bright."

I came to Je - sus as I was— Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;  
I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;  
I looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my star, my sun;

I found in Him a rest - ing place, And He has made me glad.  
My thirst was quenched, my soul re - vived, And now I live in Him.  
And in that light of life I'll walk, Till all my jour - ney's done.

## Come to the Saviour

204

George F. Root

George F. Root

1. Come to the Sav-our, make no de-lay; Here in His Word He's  
 2. "Suf-fer the chil-dren!" Oh, hear His voice, Let ev-ery heart leap  
 3. Think once a-gain, He's with us to-day; Heed now His blest com-

shown us the way; Here in our midst He's stand-ing to-day,  
 forth and re-joice, And let us free-ly make Him our choice,  
 mands, and o-bey; Hear now His voice ten-der-ly say,

*Refrain*

Ten-der-ly say-ing, "Come!"  
 Do not de-lay, but come. Joy-ful, joy-ful  
 "Will you, My chil-dren come?"

will the meet-ing be, When from sin our hearts are pure and free;

And we shall gath-er, Sav-iour, with Thee, In our e-ter-nal home.

# 205 Jesus Is Tenderly Calling

Fanny J. Crosby (1823-1915)

George C. Stebbins

1. Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing thee home Call - ing to - day,  
 2. Je - sus is call - ing the wea - ry to rest Call - ing to - day,  
 3. Je - sus is wait - ing oh, come to Him now Wait - ing to - day,  
 4. Je - sus is plead - ing oh, list to His voice Hear Him to - day,

call - ing to - day; Why from the sun - shine of love wilt thou roam  
 call - ing to - day; Bring Him thy bur - den, and thou shalt be blest;  
 wait - ing to - day; Come with thy sins, at His feet low - ly bow;  
 hear Him to - day; They who be - lieve on His name shall re - joice;

*Refrain*

Far - ther and far - ther a - way?  
 He will not turn thee a - way. Call - ing to - day,  
 Come, and no long - er de - lay. Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day;  
 Quick - ly a - rise and a - way.

call - - - ing to - day; Je - - - sus is  
 Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day; Je - sus is ten - der - ly

call - - ing, is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day.  
call - ing to - day,

## Knocking, Knocking, Who Is There? 206

H. B. Stowe

F. E. Belden

1. Knock-ing, knock-ing, who is there? Wait-ing, wait-ing, oh, how fair!  
2. Knock-ing, knock-ing, still He's there, Wait-ing, wait-ing, won-drous fair;  
3. Knock-ing, knock-ing, what! still there? Wait-ing, wait-ing, grand and fair;

'Tis a Pil-grim, strange and king-ly, Nev-er such was seen be-fore;  
But the door is hard to o-pen, For the weeds and i-vy-vine,  
Yes, the pierc-ed hand still knock-eth, And be-neath the thorn-wreath'd hair

Ah! my soul, for such a won-der Wilt thou not un-do the door?  
With their dark and cling-ing ten-drils, Ev-er round the hing-es twine.  
Beam the pa-tient eyes, so ten-der, Of thy Sav-iour, wait-ing there.



# 207 I Hear My Blessed Saviour Say

George D. Watson

Arr. by George W. Cooke

*Duet*

1. I hear my bless - ed Sav - iour say:  
2. "Tho' thou hast sinn'd, I'll par - don thee,  
3. "Bring un - to me thy man - y cares,

"Fol - low me, fol - low me, fol - low me;"  
Fol - low me, fol - low me, fol - low me;  
Fol - low me, fol - low me, fol - low me;

His voice is call - ing all the day,  
From ev - - - ry sin I'll set thee free,  
Thy heav - - - y load my arm up - bears,

"Fol - low me, fol - low me, fol - low me;  
Fol - low me, fol - low me, fol - low me;  
Fol - low me, fol - low me, fol - low me;

THE GOSPEL CALL

For thee I trod the bit - ter way,  
 In all thy chang - ing life I'll be  
 Lean on my breast, dis - miss thy fears,

the bit-ter way,  
 thy life I'll be  
 dis-miss thy fears,

For thee I gave my life a - way,  
 Thy God, thy guide on land and sea,  
 And trust me thro' thy fu - ture years,

And drank the gall thy debt to pay,  
 Thy bliss thro' all e - ter - ni - ty,  
 My hand shall wipe a - way all tears,

thy debt to pay,  
 e - ter - ni - ty,  
 a-way all tears,

*Duet* *ad lib.*

"Fol - low me, fol - low me, fol - low me."  
 Fol - low me, fol - low me, fol - low me."  
 Fo - low me, fol - low me, fol - low me."

# 208 I Hear Thy Welcome Voice

L. Hartsough, 1872

L. Hartsough, 1872

1. I hear Thy wel - come voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee;  
 2. Though com - ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as - sure;  
 3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per - fect faith and love,  
 4. All hail, a - ton - ing blood! All hail, re - deem - ing grace!

For cleans - ing in Thy pre - cious blood, That flowed on Cal - va - ry.  
 Thou dost my vile - ness ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all, and pure.  
 To per - fect hope, and peace, and trust, For earth and heaven a - bove.  
 All hail! the gift of Christ, our Lord, Our Strength and Righ - teous - ness.

*Refrain*

I am com - ing, Lord! Com - ing now to Thee!

Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.

## I Hear the Saviour Say

209

Elvina M. Hall

John T. Grape

1. I hear the Sav-iour say, "Thy strength in - deed is small;  
 2. Lord, now in - deed I find Thy power, and Thine a - lone,  
 3. Since noth - ing good have I Where - by Thy grace to claim,  
 4. And when be - fore the throne I stand in Him com - plete,

Child of weak - ness, watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all."  
 Can change the lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.  
 I'll wash my gar - ment white In the blood of Cal - vary's Lamb.  
 I'll lay my tro - phies down, All down at Je - sus' feet.

*Refrain*

Je - sus paid it all, All to Him I owe;

Sin had left a crim - son stain; He washed it white as snow.

# 210 O Heart Bowed Down With Sorrow

F. E. Belden

F. E. Belden

*Soprano and Alto*

1. O heart bowed down with sor - row! O eyes that long for sight!  
 2. Earth's fleet - ing gain and plea - sure Can nev - er sat - is - fy:  
 3. Di - vin - est con - so - la - tion Doth Christ the Heal - er give;  
 4. His peace is like a riv - er, His love is like a song;

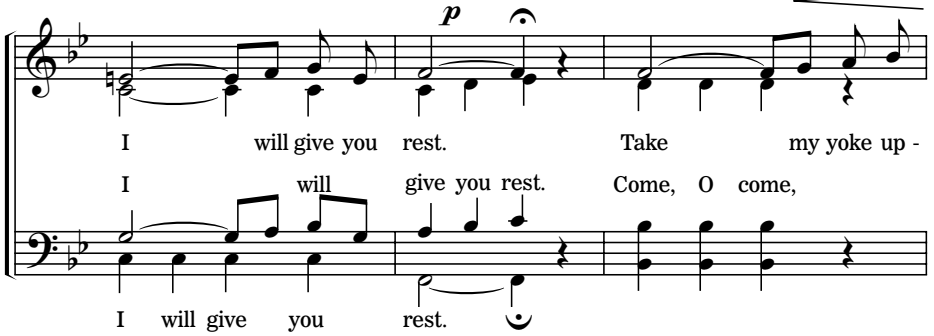
There's glad - ness in be - liev - ing; In Je - sus there is light.  
 'Tis love our joy doth meas - ure, For love can nev - er die.  
 Art thou in con - dem - na - tion? Re - pent, be - lieve, and live.  
 His yoke's a bur - den nev - er; 'Tis ea - sy all day long.

*Refrain*

"Come un-to me, all ye that  
 Come, O come, come un-to me, Come, O come,


la - bor, and are heav - y la - den, and  
 all ye that la - bor; Come, O come, heav - y lad - en souls,

THE GOSPEL CALL

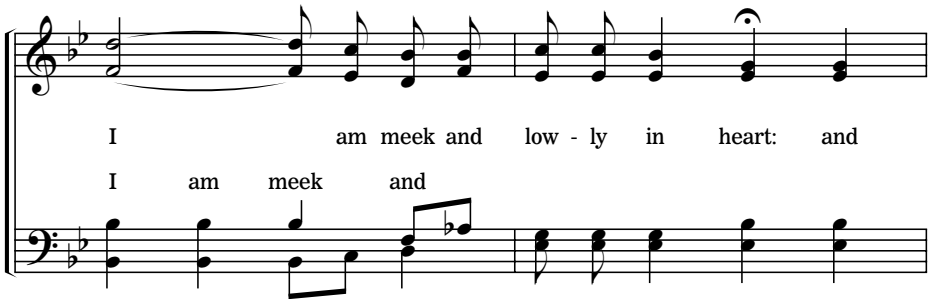


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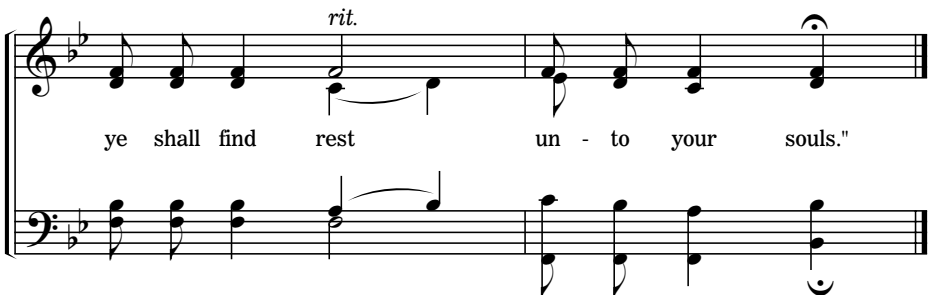
I will give you rest. Take my yoke up -  
I will give you rest. Come, O come,  
I will give you rest.



on you, and learn of me; for  
come, take my yoke, Come, O come, come learn of me;



I am meek and low - ly in heart: and  
I am meek and



*rit.*

ye shall find rest un - to your souls."

# 211 O Jesus, Thou Art Standing

William W. Howe, 1867

Justin H. Knecht, 1799  
Edward Husband, 1871

1. O Je - sus, Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast - closed door,  
2. O Je - sus, Thou art knock - ing; And, lo, that hand is scarred,  
3. O Je - sus, Thou art plead - ing In voice so meek and low,

In low - ly pa - tience wait - ing To pass the thresh - old o'er:  
And thorns Thy brow en - cir - cle, And tears Thy face have marred.  
"I died for you, My chil - dren, And will ye treat Me so?"

Shame on us, Chris - tian breth - ren, His name and sign who bear,  
O love that pass - eth knowl - edge, So pa - tient - ly to wait!  
O Lord, with shame and sor - row We o - pen now the door;

O shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him stand - ing there!  
O sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate!  
Dear Sav - iour, en - ter, en - ter, And leave us nev - er - more.

## Only a Step to Jesus

212

Fanny J. Crosby

W. H. Doane

1. On - ly a step to Je - sus! Then why not take it now?  
 2. On - ly a step to Je - sus! Be - lieve, and thou shalt live;  
 3. On - ly a step to Je - sus! A step from sin to grace;  
 4. On - ly a step to Je - sus! Oh, why not come, and say,

Come, and thy sin con - fess - ing, To Him thy Sav - iour, bow.  
 Lov - ing - ly now He's wait - ing, And read - y to for - give.  
 What has thy heart de - cid - ed? The mo - ments fly a - pace.  
 "Glad - ly to Thee, my Sav - iour, I give my - self a - way!"

*Refrain*

On - ly a step, on - ly a step! Come, He waits for thee! (for thee!)

Come, and thy sin con - fess - ing, Thou shalt re - ceive a bless - ing;

Do not re - ject the mer - cy, He free - ly of - fers thee!



# 213

## O Tender and Sweet

N. K. Bradford

F. E. Belden

1. O ten - der and sweet was the Fa - ther's voice,  
 2. "But my sins are so man - y, my faith so small"  
 3. "But my flesh is so fee - ble," with tears I said,  
 4. The world is so cold I can - not go back,

As He lov - ing - ly called to me,  
 Lo! the an - swer came quick and clear,  
 "And the path - way I can - not see;  
 Press for - ward I sure - ly must;

"Come o - ver the line, it is on - ly a step;  
 "Thou need - est not trust in thy - self at all;  
 I fear if I try I may sad - ly fail,  
 I'll lay my weak hand in His wound - ed palm,

I'm wait - ing, My child, for thee."  
 Step o - ver the line, I'm here."  
 And thus dis - hon - or Thee."  
 Step o - ver the line and trust.

THE GOSPEL CALL

Refrain

"O - ver the line," hear the sweet re - frain;

An - gels are chant - ing the heav - en - ly strain;

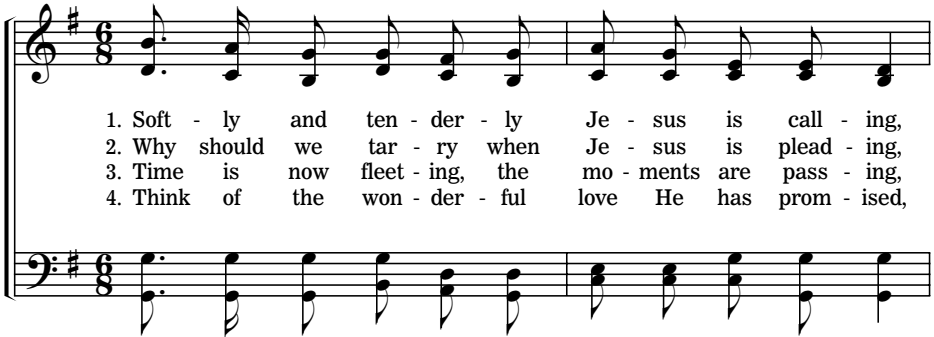
"O - ver the line" Why should I re - main  
(4th verse) I will not re - main,

With a step be - tween me and Je - sus?  
I will cross it and go to Je - sus.

# 214 Softly and Tenderly Jesus Is Calling

Will L. Thompson

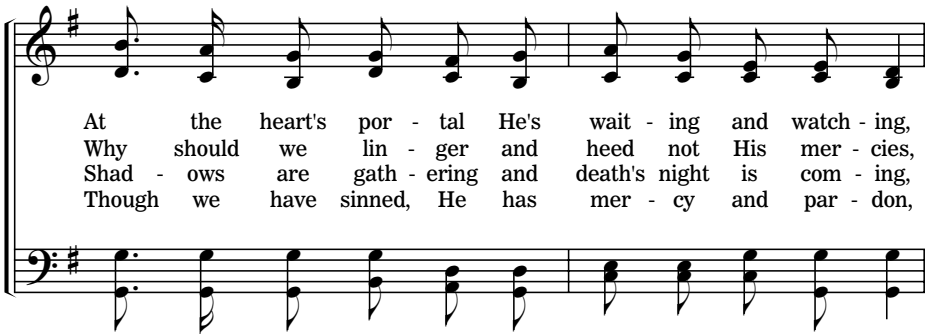
Will L. Thompson



1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing,  
2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing,  
3. Time is now fleet - ing, the mo - ments are pass - ing,  
4. Think of the won - der - ful love He has prom - ised,



Call - ing for you and for me;  
Plead - ing for you and for me?  
Pass - ing from you and from me;  
Prom - ised for you and for me;



At the heart's por - tal He's wait - ing and watch - ing,  
Why should we lin - ger and heed not His mer - cies,  
Shad - ows are gath - ering and death's night is com - ing,  
Though we have sinned, He has mer - cy and par - don,

THE GOSPEL CALL

*Refrain*

Watch - ing for you and for me.  
Mer - cies for you and for me? Come home, come  
Com - ing for you and for me. Come home,  
Par - don for you and for me.

home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home; Ear-nest - ly, ten-der - ly  
come home,

Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!

# 215 There Is a Gate That Stands Ajar

Lillian Baxter

S. J. Vail by permission of  
Philip Phillips

1. There is a gate that stands a - jar; And through its por - tals gleam - ing,  
 2. That gate a - jar stands free for all Who seek through it sal - va - tion;  
 3. Press on - ward, then, though foes may frown; While mer - cy's gate is o - pen  
 4. Be - yond the riv - er's brink we'll lay The cross that here is giv - en,

A ra - diance from the cross a - far, The Sav - iour's love re - veal - ing.  
 The rich and poor, the great and small, Of ev - ery tribe and na - tion.  
 Ac - cept the cross, and win the crown, Love's ev - er - last - ing to - ken.  
 And bear the crown of life a - way, And love Him more in heav - en.

*Refrain*

O depth of mer - cy! can it be That gate was left a - jar for me?

For me, for me? Was left a - jar for me?  
 For me, for me?

# There's a Stranger at the Door 216

J. B. Atchinson

E. O. Excell

1. There's a Strang-er at the door, Let Him in;  
 2. O - pen now to Him your heart, Let Him in;  
 3. Hear you now His plead - ing voice? Let Him in;  
 Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in;

He has been there oft be - fore, Let Him in;  
 If you wait He will de - part, Let Him in;  
 Now, O now make Him your choice, Let Him in;  
 Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in;

Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho - ly One,  
 Let Him in, He is your friend, And your soul He will de - fend;  
 He is stand - ing at the door, Joy to you He will re - store,

Je - sus Christ, the Fa - ther's Son, Let Him in.  
 He will keep you to the end, Let Him in.  
 And His name you will a - dore, Let Him in.  
 Let the Sav-iour in, let the Sav-iour in.

# 217 While Jesus Whispers to You

Will E. Witter

Horatio R. Palmer, 1879

1. While Je - sus whis - pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come!  
 2. Are you too heav - y lad - en? Come, sin - ner, come!  
 3. O hear His ten - der plead - ing, Come, sin - ner, come!

While we are pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come!  
 Je - sus will bear your bur - den, Come, sin - ner, come!  
 Come and re - ceive the bless - ing, Come, sin - ner, come!

Now is the time to own Him, Come, sin - ner, come!  
 Je - sus will not de - ceive you, Come, sin - ner, come!  
 While Je - sus whis - pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come!

Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin - ner, come!  
 Je - sus can now re - deem you, Come, sin - ner, come!  
 While we are pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come!

# Who at My Door Is Standing! 218

M. B. C. Slade

A. B. Everett

1. Who at my door is stand - ing Pa - tient - ly draw - ing near,  
 2. Lone - ly with - out He's stay - ing, Lone - ly with - in am I;  
 3. Door of my heart I has - ten! Thee will I o - pen wide;

En - trance with - in de - mand - ing? Who is the voice I hear?  
 While I am still de - lay - ing, Will He not pass me by?  
 Though He re - buke and chas - ten, He shall with me a - bide.

*Refrain*

Sweet - ly the tones are fall - ing: O - pen the door for me!

If thou will heed my call - ing, I will a - bide with thee.



# 219

# Whosoever Heareth

P. P. Bliss

P. P. Bliss

1. "Who - so - ev - er hear - eth," shout, shout the sound!  
 2. Who - so - ev - er com - eth need not de - lay;  
 3. "Who - so - ev - er will," the prom - ise se - cure,

Send the bless - ed ti - dings all the world a - round;  
 Now the door is o - pen, en - ter while you may;  
 "Who - so - ev - er will," for - ev - er must en - dure;

Spread the joy - ful news wher - ev - er man is found:  
 Je - sus is the true, the on - ly liv - ing way;  
 "Who - so - ev - er will," 'Tis life for - ev - er - more;

*Refrain*

"Who - so - ev - er will, may come."  
 Who - so - ev - er will, may come. "Who - so - ev - er will,  
 Who - so - ev - er will, may come.

who - so - ev - er will," Send the proc - la - ma - tion o - ver vale and hill;

'Tis a lov - ing Fa - ther calls the wan - derer home; Who - so - ev - er will, may come.

The image shows a musical score for two systems. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The first system has lyrics: "who - so - ev - er will," Send the proc - la - ma - tion o - ver vale and hill;". The second system has lyrics: "'Tis a lov - ing Fa - ther calls the wan - derer home; Who - so - ev - er will, may come." The music is in a simple, hymn-like style with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature.

## Amazing Grace

220

J. Newton (1725-1807)

Arr. from William Gardiner, 1812

1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound That saved a wretch like me!  
 2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;  
 3. Through man - y dan - gers, toils, and snares, I have al - read - y come;

I once was lost, but now am found; Was blind, but now I see.  
 How pre - cious did that grace ap - pear, The hour I first be - lieved!  
 'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.

The image shows a musical score for two systems. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The first system has lyrics: "1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound That saved a wretch like me! 2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved; 3. Through man - y dan - gers, toils, and snares, I have al - read - y come;". The second system has lyrics: "I once was lost, but now am found; Was blind, but now I see. How pre - cious did that grace ap - pear, The hour I first be - lieved! 'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home." The music is in a 3/4 time signature with a key signature of one sharp (F#).

# 221

## Amazing Grace

D. S. Clayton  
J. P. Carrell

John Newton, 1779

1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound,  
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
3. Through man - y dan - gers, toils and snares,  
4. When we've been there ten thou - sand years,

That saved a wretch like me! I once was lost,  
And grace my fears re - lieved; How pre - cious did  
I have al - read - y come; 'Tis grace hath brought  
Bright shin - ing as the sun, We've no less days

but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.  
that grace ap - pear The hour I first be - lieved!  
me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.  
to sing God's praise Than when we'd first be - gun.

## I Gave My Life for Thee

222

Frances R. Havergal

James E. White

1. I gave My life for thee, My pre-cious blood I shed,  
 2. My Fa - ther's house of light, My glo - ry - cir - cled throne,  
 3. I suf - fered much for thee, More than thy tongue can say,

That thou might'st ran-somed be, And quick - ened from the dead;  
 I left for earth - ly night, For wan - derings sad and lone;  
 Of bit - terest ag - o - ny, To make for thee a way.

I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou given for Me?  
 I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?  
 I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?

I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou given for Me?  
 I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?  
 I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?

# 223 I Have a Friend So Precious

L. Shorey, 1890

Hubert P. Main (1839-1925)

1. I have a Friend so pre - cious, So ver - y dear to me,  
2. Some - times I'm faint and wea - ry, He knows that I am weak,  
3. I tell Him all my sor - rows, I tell Him all my joys,  
4. He knows that I am long - ing Some wea - ry soul to win,

He loves me with such ten - der love, He loves so faith - ful - ly;  
And as He bids me lean on Him, His help I glad - ly seek;  
I tell Him all that pleas - es me, I tell Him what an - noys;  
And so He bids me go and speak The lov - ing word for Him;

I could not live a - part from Him, I love to feel Him nigh,  
He leads me in the paths of light, Be - neath a sun - ny sky,  
He tells me what I ought to do, He tells me how to try,  
He bids me tell His won - drous love, And why He came to die,

And so we dwell to - geth - er, My Lord and I.  
And so we walk to - geth - er, My Lord and I.  
And so we talk to - geth - er, My Lord and I.  
And so we work to - geth - er, My Lord and I.

## I Know God Loves Me

224

Unknown

Old European Melody

1. I know God loves me, He came to save me,  
 2. I was in bond - age Of sin and dark - ness  
 3. He sent me Je - sus The lov - ing Sav - iour,  
 4. Now I will praise Thee Thou Love E - ter - nal,

I know God loves me, For He is love.  
 I was in bond - age, By sin en - slaved.  
 He sent me Je - sus Who set me free.  
 Yes I will praise Thee While life shall last.

*Refrain*

And this my song shall be: I know God loves me,

I know God loves me, For He is love.

# 225

## I Stand Amazed

Charles H. Gabriel

Charles H. Gabriel

1. I stand a-mazed in the pres-ence Of Je - sus the Naz - a - rene,  
 2. For me it was in the gar - den He prayed: "Not My will, but Thine";  
 3. He took my sins and my sor - rows, He made them his ver - y own;  
 4. When with the ran - somed in glo - ry His face I at last shall see,

And won - der how He could love me, A sin - ner, con - demned, un - clean.  
 He had no tears for His own griefs, But sweat - drops of blood for mine.  
 He bore the bur - den to Cal - vary, And suf - fered, and died a - lone.  
 'Twill be my joy through the a - ges To sing of His love for me.

*Refrain*

How mar - vel - ous! how won - der - ful! And my song shall ev - er be:  
 Oh, how mar - vel - ous! oh, how won - der - ful!

How mar - vel - ous! how won - der - ful Is my Sav - iour's love for me!  
 Oh, how mar - vel - ous! oh, how won - der - ful

# In Loving Kindness Jesus Came 226

Charlotte G. Homer

Charles H. Gabriel

1. In lov - ing kind - ness Je - sus came, My soul in mer - cy to re - claim;  
 2. He called me long be - fore I heard, Be - fore my sin - ful heart was stirred;  
 3. His brow was pierced with man - y thorn, His hands by cru - el nails were torn,  
 4. Now on a high - er plane I dwell, And with my soul I know 'tis well;

And from the depths of sin and shame Thro' grace He lift - ed me. (He lift - ed me.)  
 But when I took Him at His word, For - giv'n He lift - ed me. (He lift - ed me.)  
 When from my guilt and grief, for - lorn, In love He lift - ed me. (He lift - ed me.)  
 Yet how or why, I can - not tell, He should have lift - ed me. (He lift - ed me.)

*Refrain*

From sink - ing sand He lift - ed me, With ten - der hand He lift - ed me;

From shades of night to plains of light, O praise His name, He lift - ed me!



# 227 I've Found a Friend in Jesus

C. W. Fry

Arr. from English Melody

1. I've found a friend in Je - sus, He's ev - 'ry-thing to me,  
2. He all my grief has tak - en, and all my sor - rows borne;  
3. He'll nev - er, nev - er leave me, nor yet for - sake me here,

He's the fair - est of ten thou - sand to my soul;  
In temp - ta - tion He's my strong and might - y tow'r;  
While I live by faith and do His bless - ed will;

The Lil - y of the Val - ley, in Him a - lone I see  
I've all for Him for - sak - en, and all my i - dols torn  
A wall of fire a - bout me, I've noth - ing now to fear;

All I need to cleanse and make me ful - ly whole.  
From my heart, and now He keeps me by His pow'r.  
With His man - na He my hun - gry soul doth fill.

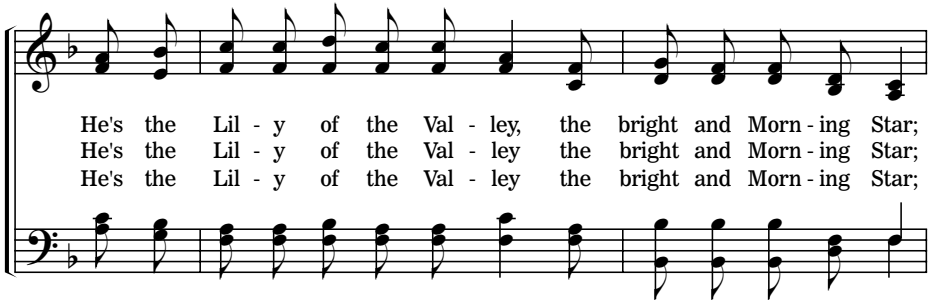
CHRIST'S LOVE AND SYMPATHY



In sor - row He's my com - fort, in trou - ble He's my stay,  
Tho' all the world for - sake me, and Sa - tan tempts me sore,  
Then sweep - ing up to glo - ry, I'll see His bless - ed face,



He tells me ev - 'ry care on Him to roll.  
Thro' Je - sus I shall safe - ly reach the goal.  
Where ri - vers of de - light shall ev - er roll.



He's the Lil - y of the Val - ley, the bright and Morn - ing Star;  
He's the Lil - y of the Val - ley the bright and Morn - ing Star;  
He's the Lil - y of the Val - ley the bright and Morn - ing Star;



He's the fair - est of ten thous - and to my soul!  
He's the fair - est of ten thous - and to my soul!  
He's the fair - est of ten thous - and to my soul!

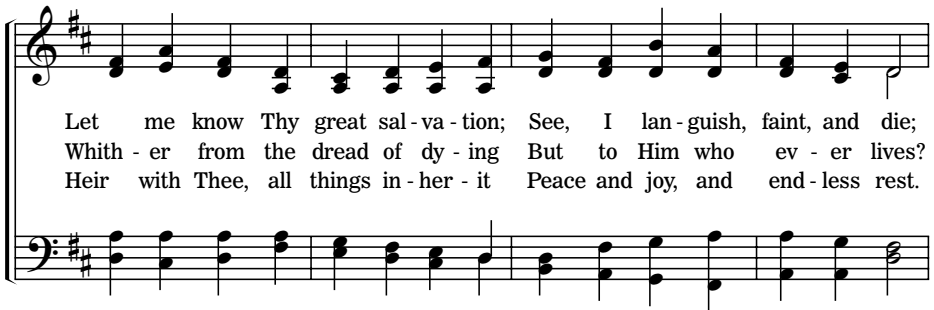
# 228 Jesus, Full of All Compassion

Daniel Turner

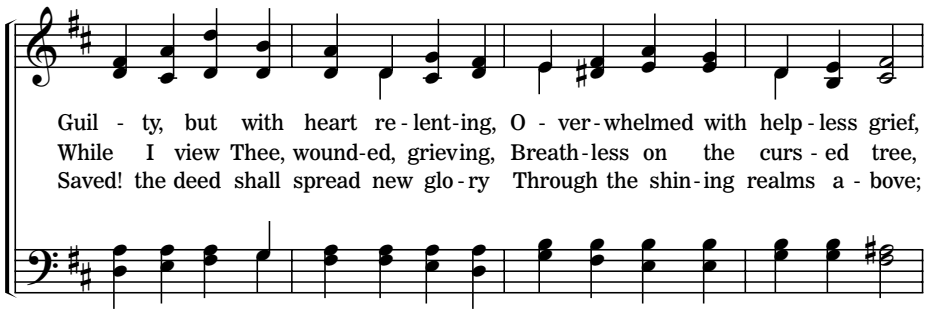
J. Langran (1835-1909)



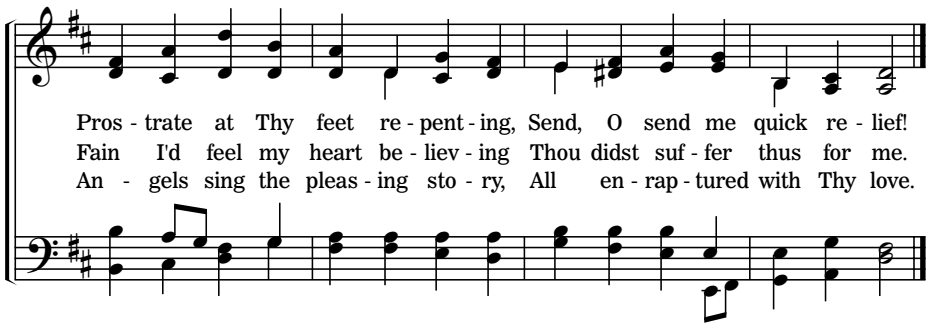
1. Je - sus, full of all com-pas-sion, Hear Thy hum-ble sup-pliant's cry;  
2. Whith-er should my soul be fly - ing But to Him who com-fort gives?  
3. With Thy righ-teous-ness and Spir - it I am more than an - gels blessed;



Let me know Thy great sal - va - tion; See, I lan - guish, faint, and die;  
Whith - er from the dread of dy - ing But to Him who ev - er lives?  
Heir with Thee, all things in - her - it Peace and joy, and end - less rest.



Guil - ty, but with heart re - lent - ing, O - ver - whelmed with help - less grief,  
While I view Thee, wound - ed, grieving, Breath - less on the curs - ed tree,  
Saved! the deed shall spread new glo - ry Through the shin - ing realms a - bove;



Pros - trate at Thy feet re - pent - ing, Send, O send me quick re - lief!  
Fain I'd feel my heart be - liev - ing Thou didst suf - fer thus for me.  
An - gels sing the pleas - ing sto - ry, All en - rap - tured with Thy love.

# Jesus, Thy Boundless Love to Me 229

P. Gerhardt

H. J. E. Holmes, 1875

1. Je - sus, Thy bound - less love to me No thought can  
 2. O grant that noth - ing in my soul May dwell, but  
 3. O Love, how cheer - ing is Thy ray! All pain be -  
 4. In suf - fering be Thy love my peace, In weak - ness

reach, no tongue de - clare; O knit my thank - ful heart to Thee,  
 Thy pure love a - lone; O may Thy love pos - sess me whole,  
 fore Thy pres - ence flies; Care, an - guish, sor - row, melt a - way,  
 be Thy love my power; And when the storms of life shall cease,

And reign with - out a ri - val there; Thine whol - ly, Thine a -  
 My joy, my trea - sure, and my crown; All cold - ness from my  
 Where 'er Thy heal - ing beams a - rise; O Je - sus, noth - ing  
 Je - sus, in that im - por - tant hour; In death, as life, be

lone I am; Lord, with Thy love my heart in - flame.  
 heart re - move; May ev - ery act, word, thought, be love.  
 may I see— Noth - ing de - sire, or seek, but Thee.  
 Thou my Guide, And save me, who for me hast died.

# 230 Life Is Not a Cloudless Journey

Flora Kirkland

I. H. Meredith

1. Life is not a cloud-less jour-ney, Storms and dark-ness oft op-press,  
 2. Dark the clouds and wild the tem-pest; Turn, oh, turn thy long-ing eyes;  
 3. Nev-er fear, nor be dis-cour-aged, Tho' life's jour-ney dark ap-pear,

But the Fa-ther's change-less mer-cy, Comes to cheer the heart's dis-tress;  
 See a-far, the Fa-ther's prom-ise, Out of gloom, in light a-rise;  
 Trav-el on, by faith up-hold-en, "God is love" oh, tho't of cheer!

Heav-y clouds may dark-ly hov-er, Hid-ing all faith's view a-bove,  
 See the glow-ing, gleam-ing col-ors, Fa-ther's love to us they prove;  
 When thy path seems hid in shad-ow, Look with fear-less eyes a-bove;

But a-cross the thick-est dark-ness, Shines the rain-bow of His love.  
 He hath prom-ised; He is faith-ful, 'Tis the rain-bow of His love.  
 Span-ning o'er thy deep-est sor-row, Shines the rain-bow of His love.

*Refrain*

Aft-er storm the rain-bow shin-eth, Prom-ise writ in light a-bove;



Ev - en so a - cross our sor - row Shines the rain - bow of His love.

## We May Not Climb

231

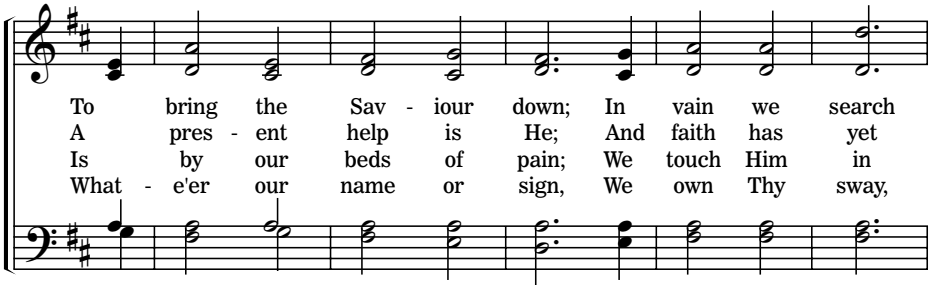
John G. Whittier, 1806

William V. Wallace, 1836

Arr. by U. C. Bumap



1. We may not climb the heaven - ly steeps  
 2. But warm, sweet, ten - der, e - ven yet  
 3. The heal - ing of the seam - less dress  
 4. O Lord and Mas - ter of us all,



To bring the Sav - iour down; In vain we search  
 A pres - ent help is He; And faith has yet  
 Is by our beds of pain; We touch Him in  
 What - e'er our name or sign, We own Thy sway,



the low - est deeps, For Him no depths can drown.  
 its Ol - i - vet, And love its Gal - i - lee.  
 life's thron and press, And we are whole a - gain.  
 we hear Thy call, We test our lives by Thine!

## 232

## Love Divine

Charles Wesley, 1747

John Zundel, 1870

1. Love di - vine, all loves ex - cel - ling, Joy of heaven, to earth come down;  
 2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov - ing Spir - it In - to ev - ery trou - bled breast!  
 3. Come, Al - might - y to de - liv - er; Let us all Thy grace re - ceive;  
 4. Fin - ish, then, Thy new cre - a - tion; Pure and spot - less let us be;

Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing, All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown!  
 Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find the prom - ised rest;  
 Sud - den - ly re - turn, and nev - er; Nev - er - more Thy tem - ples leave.  
 Let us see Thy great sal - va - tion Per - fect - ly re - stored in Thee:

Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un - bound - ed love Thou art;  
 Take a - way our bent to sin - ning; Al - pha and O - me - ga be;  
 Thee we would be al - ways bless - ing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a - bove,  
 Changed from glo - ry in - to glo - ry, Till in heaven we take our place,

Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - ery trem - bling heart.  
 End of faith, as its be - gin - ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.  
 Pray, and praise Thee with - out ceas - ing, Glo - ry in Thy per - fect love.  
 Till we cast our crowns be - fore Thee, Lost in won - der, love, and praise.

## Just One Touch

233

Birdie Bell

J. Howard Entwisle

1. Just one touch as He moves a - long, Pushed and press'd by the  
 2. Just one touch and He makes me whole, Speaks sweet peace to my  
 3. Just one touch and the work is done, I am saved by the  
 4. Just one touch and He turns to me, O the love in His

jost - ling throug, Just one touch and the weak was strong,  
 sin - sick soul, At His feet all my bur - dens roll,  
 bless - ed Son, I will sing while the a - ges run,  
 eyes I see! I am His, for He hears my plea,

*Refrain*  
 Cured by the Heal - er di - vine.  
 Cured by the Heal - er di - vine. Just one touch as He pass - es by,  
 Cured by the Heal - er di - vine.  
 Cured by the Heal - er di - vine.

He will list to the faint - est cry; Come and be saved while the

Lord is nigh, Christ is the Heal - er di - vine. di - vine.



# 234 O Love Divine, How Sweet Thou Art!

Charles Wesley

J. Foster

1. O love di - vine, how sweet thou art! When shall I  
 2. Stronger His love than death or grave; Its riches  
 3. God on - ly knows the love of God; O that it  
 4. O that I could for - ev - er sit With Mar - y

find my will - ing heart All tak - en up by thee?  
 are un - search - a - ble; The first - born sons of light  
 now were shed a - broad In this poor ston - y heart!  
 at the Mas - ter's feet! Be this my hap - py choice;

I thirst, I faint, I die to prove The great - ness of  
 De - sire in vain its depths to see; They can - not reach  
 For love I sigh, for love I pine; This on - ly por -  
 My on - ly care, de - light, and bliss, My joy, my heaven

re - deem - ing love, The love of Christ to me.  
 the mys - ter - y, The length, and breadth, and height.  
 tion, Lord, be mine— Be mine this bet - ter part!  
 on earth, be this, To hear the Bride - groom's voice.

# O Love Divine, What Hast Thou Done! 235

Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

Old Melody: arr. in "Easy Hymn Tunes," 1851

1. O Love di - vine, what hast Thou done! The incar - nate  
 2. Is cru - ci - fied for me and you, To bring us  
 3. Be - hold Him, all ye that pass by, The bleed - ing

God hath died for me! The Fa - ther's well - lov - ed Son  
 reb - els back to God; Be - lieve, be - lieve the rec - ord true,  
 Prince of life and peace! Come, sin - ners, see your Sav - iour die,

Bore all my sins up - on the tree! The Son of God for  
 Ye all are bought with Je - sus' blood; Par - don for all flows  
 And say, was ev - er grief like His? Come, feel with me His

me hath died; My Lord, my Love, is cru - ci - fied:  
 from His side; My Lord, my Love, is cru - ci - fied.  
 blood ap - plied; My Lord, my Love, is cru - ci - fied.

# 236 O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go

George Matheson, 1882

Albert L. Peace, 1885

1. O Love that wilt not let me go,  
 2. O Light that fol - lowest all my way,  
 3. O joy that seek - est me through pain,  
 4. O Cross that lift - est up my head,

I rest my wea - ry soul in Thee;  
 I yield my flick - ering torch to Thee;  
 I can - not close my heart to Thee;  
 I dare not ask to fly from Thee;

I give Thee back the life I owe,  
 My heart re - stores its bor - rowed ray,  
 I trace the rain - bow through the rain,  
 I lay in dust life's glo - ry dead,

That in Thine o - cean depths its flow May rich - er, full - er be.  
 That in Thy sun - shine's blaze its day May bright - er, fair - er be.  
 And feel the prom - ise is not vain That morn shall tear - less be.  
 And from the ground there blos - soms red Life that shall end - less be.

## O Pow'r of Love

237

Gerhard Tersteegen, (1697-1769)

Dimitri S. Borniansky, (1752-1825)

1. O pow'r of love, all else tran - scend - ing  
 2. Thou art my rest, no earth - ly trea - sure  
 3. To Thee my heart and life be giv - en,

In Je - sus pres - ent ev - er - more, I wor - ship  
 Can sat - is - fy my yearn - ing heart, And naught can  
 Thou art in truth my high - est good; For me Thy

Thee, in hom - age bend - ing, Thy name to hon - or  
 give to me the plea - sure I find in Thee, my  
 sa - cred side was riv - en, For me was shed Thy

and a - dore: Yea, let my soul, in deep de - vo - tion,  
 chos - en part, Thy love, so ten - der, so pos - sess - ing,  
 pre - cious blood. O Thou who art the world's sal - va - tion,

Bathe in love's might - y bound - less o - - - cean.  
 Is joy to me, and ev - 'ry bless - - - ing.  
 Be Thine my love and ad - o - ra - - - tion.

# 238 The Great Physician Now Is Near

William Hunter

Arr. by J. H. Stockton

1. The Great Phy - si - cian now is near; The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus;  
 2. All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb! I now be - lieve in Je - sus;  
 3. His name dis - pels my guilt and fear; No oth - er name but Je - sus;  
 4. And when He comes to bring the crown, The crown of life and glo - ry,

He speaks, the droop - ing heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je - sus!  
 I love the bless - ed Sav - iour's name, I love the name of Je - sus.  
 O how my soul de - lights to hear The pre - cious name of Je - sus!  
 Then by His side we will sit down, And tell re - demp - tion's sto - ry.

*Refrain*

Sweet - est note in ser - aph song, Sweet - est name on mor - tal tongue,

Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung— Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus!

# All to Jesus I Surrender

# 239

J. W. Van De Venter

W. S. Weeden

1. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, All to Him I free - ly give;  
 2. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der; Hum - bly at His feet I bow,  
 3. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der; Make me, Sav-iour, whol - ly Thine;  
 4. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der; Now I feel the sa - cred flame.

I will ev - er love and trust Him, In His pres-ence dai - ly live;  
 World - ly plea-sures all for-sak - en; Take me, Je - sus, take me now;  
 Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Tru - ly know that Thou art mine;  
 O the joy of full sal - va - tion! Glo - ry, glo - ry to His name!

*Refrain*

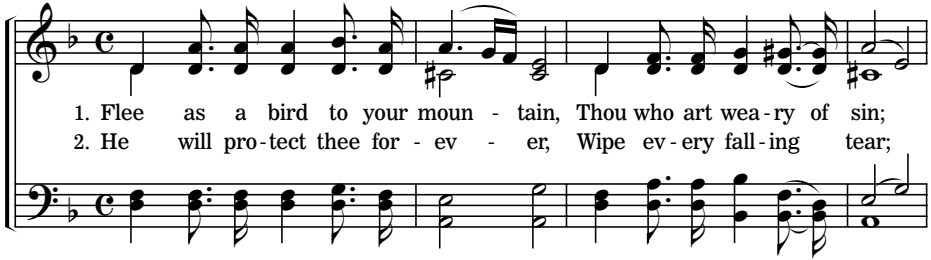
I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all;  
 I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all,

All to Thee, my bless - ed Sav - iour, I sur - ren - der all.

# 240 Flee as a Bird to Your Mountain

Mary S. B. Dana, 1840

Spanish Melody



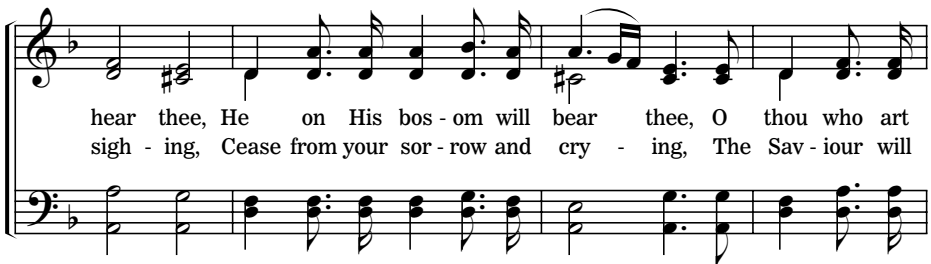
1. Flee as a bird to your moun - tain, Thou who art wea - ry of sin;  
2. He will pro - tect thee for - ev - er, Wipe ev - ery fall - ing tear;



Go to the clear - flow - ing Foun - tain, Where you may wash and be clean;  
He will for - sake thee, oh, nev - er, Shel - tered so ten - der - ly there!



Fly, for th' a - ven - ger is near thee, Call, and the Sav - iour will  
Haste, then, the day - light is fly - ing, Spend not the mo - ments in



hear thee, He on His bos - om will bear thee, O thou who art  
sigh - ing, Cease from your sor - row and cry - ing, The Sav - iour will

wea - ry of sin, O thou who art wea - ry of sin.  
wipe ev - ery tear, Yes, Je - sus will wipe ev - ery tear.

## Depth of Mercy!

241

Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

William B. Bradbury (1816-1868)

1. Depth of mer - cy! can there be Mer - cy  
2. I have long with - stood His grace, Long pro -  
3. Now in - cline me to re - pent; Let me  
4. There for me the Sav - iour stands, Shows His

still re - served for me? Can my God His wrath for -  
voked Him to His face, Would not heark - en to His  
now my sins la - ment; Now my foul re - volt de -  
wounds and spreads His hands; God is love! I know, I

bear? Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare?  
calls, Grieved Him by a thou - sand falls.  
plore, Weep, be - lieve, and sin no more.  
feel; Je - sus weeps, and loves me still.



# 242

## Almost Persuaded

P. P. Bliss

P. P. Bliss

1. Al - most per - suad - ed now to be - lieve;  
 2. Al - most per - suad - ed, come, come to - day;  
 3. Al - most per - suad - ed; har - vest is past;

Al - most per - suad - ed Christ to re - ceive;  
 Al - most per - suad - ed; turn not a - way.  
 Al - most per - suad - ed; doom comes at last!

Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it, go Thy way,  
 Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are lin - gering near,  
 "Al - most" can - not a - vail; "Al - most" is but to fail!

Some more con - ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."  
 Prayers rise from hearts so dear; O wan - derer, come!  
 Sad, sad that bit - ter wail, "Al - most but lost!"

# Have You Any Room for Jesus? 243

Arr. by D. W. Whittle from L.W. M.

C. C. Williams

1. Have you an - y room for Je - sus, He who bore your load of sin?  
 2. Room for plea - sure, room for busi - ness, But for Christ the Cru - ci - fied.  
 3. Have you an - y room for Je - sus, As in grace He calls a - gain?  
 4. Room and time now give to Je - sus, Soon will pass God's day of grace;

As He knocks and asks ad - mis - sion, Sin - ner, will you let Him in?  
 Not a place that He can en - ter, In the heart for which He died?  
 O to - day is time ac - cept - ed, Lat - er you may call in vain.  
 Soon thy heart left cold and si - lent, And thy Sav - iour's plead - ing cease.

*Refrain*

Room for Je - sus, King of glo - ry! Has - ten now His word o - bey;

Swing the heart's door wide - ly o - pen, Bid Him en - ter while you may.

# 244 I've Wandered Far Away From God

William J. Kirkpatrick

William J. Kirkpatrick

1. I've wan - dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com - ing home;  
 2. I've wast - ed man - y pre - cious years, Now I'm com - ing home;  
 3. I'm tired of sin and stray - ing Lord, Now I'm com - ing home;  
 4. My on - ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm com - ing home;

The paths of sin too long I've trod; Lord, I'm com - ing home.  
 I now re - pent with bit - ter tears; Lord, I'm com - ing home.  
 I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word; Lord, I'm com - ing home.  
 That Je - sus died, and died for me; Lord, I'm com - ing home.

*Refrain*

Com - ing home, com - ing home Nev - er - more to roam;

O - pen wide Thine arms of love; Lord, I'm com - ing home.

# Jesus, My Lord, to Thee I Cry 245

J. H. Stockton

J. H. Stockton

1. Je - sus, my Lord, to Thee I cry; Un - less Thou help me  
 2. Help - less I am, and full of guilt; But yet for me Thy  
 3. No prep - ar - a - tion can I make, My best re - solves I  
 4. Be - hold me, Sav - iour; at Thy feet, Deal with me as Thou

I must die: Oh, bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh,  
 blood was spilt, And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt,  
 on - ly break, Yet save me for Thine own name's sake,  
 see - 'st meet; Thy work be - gin, Thy work com - plete,

*Refrain*

And take me as I am.  
 And take me as I am. And take me as I am. And take me as I am.  
 And take me as I am.  
 And take me as I am.

My on - ly plea Christ died for me! Oh, take me as I am.

# 246 Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken

Henry F. Lyte, 1824

Arr. from Mozart by Hubert P. Main, 1873

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave and  
 2. Let the world de - spise and leave me— They have left my  
 3. Soul, then know thy full sal - va - tion; Rise o'er sin, and  
 4. Haste thee on from grace to glo - ry, Armed by faith and

fol - low Thee; All things else I have for - sak - en;  
 Sav - iour, too; Hu - man hearts and looks de - ceive me—  
 fear, and care; Joy to find in ev - ery sta - tion  
 winged by prayer; Heaven's e - ter - nal day's be - fore thee;

Thou from hence my all shalt be. Per - ish ev - ery fond am - bi - tion,  
 Thou art faith - ful, Thou art true. O, 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
 Something still to do or bear. Think what Spir - it dwells with - in thee;  
 God's own hand shall guide thee there. Soon shall close thy earth - ly mis - sion,

All I've sought, or hoped, or known; Yet how rich is  
 While Thy love is left to me; O, 'twere not in  
 Think what Fa - ther's smiles are thine; Think that Je - sus  
 Soon shall pass thy pil - grim days; Hope shall change to

my con - di - tion, While I prove the Lord my own.  
 joy to charm me, If that love be hid from me.  
 died to win thee; Child of Hea-ven, canst thou re - pine?  
 glad fru - i - tion, Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Just As I Am

247

Charlotte Elliot, 1836

William B. Bradbury, 1849

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea But that Thy blood was  
 2. Just as I am, poor, wretch - ed, blind; Sight, rich - es, heal - ing  
 3. Just as I am, Thou wilt re - ceive, Wilt wel - come, par - don,  
 4. Just as I am, Thy love I own Has bro - ken ev - ery

shed for me, And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,  
 of the mind, Yea, all I need, in Thee I find,  
 cleanse, re - lieve; Be - cause Thy prom - ise I be - lieve,  
 bar - rier down; Now to be Thine, and Thine a - lone,

O Lamb of God, I come, I come.  
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come.  
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come.  
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

# 248 Lord, I Care Not for Riches

M. A. Kidder

Frank M. Davis

1. Lord, I care not for rich - es, Neith - er sil - ver nor gold;  
 2. Lord, my sins they are man - y, Like the sands of the sea,  
 3. Oh, that beau - ti - ful cit - y, With its man - sions of light,

I would make sure of heav - en, I would en - ter the fold;  
 But Thy blood, O my Sav - iour, Is suf - fi - cient for me;  
 With its glo - ri - fied be - ings In pure gar - ments of white;

In the book of Thy king - dom, With its pag - es so fair,  
 For Thy prom - ise is writ - ten In bright let - ters that glow,  
 Where no e - vil thing com - eth To de - spoil what is fair,

Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav - iour, Is my name writ - ten there?  
 "Though your sins be as scar - let, I will make them like snow."  
 Where the an - gels are watch - ing Is my name writ - ten there?

Is my name writ - ten there, On the page white and fair?

In the book of Thy king - dom, Is my name writ - ten there?

## We Stand in Deep Repentance

249

H. Ray Palmer (1808-1887)

J. E. White, 1878

1. We stand in deep re - pent - ance, Be - fore Thy throne of love;
2. Be - hold us while with weep - ing We lift our eyes to Thee;
3. Our souls— on Thee we cast them, Our on - ly ref - uge Thou!
4. Thou bear'st the trust - ing spir - it Up - on Thy lov - ing breast,

O God of grace, for - give us, The stain of guilt re - move.  
 And all our sins sub - du - ing, Our Fa - ther, set us free!  
 Thy cheer - ing words re - vive us, When pressed with grief we bow.  
 And giv - est all Thy ran - somed A sweet, un - end - ing rest.



# 250

# Low at Thy Piercè Feet

James Stephens

J. S. Mitchell

1. Low at Thy pier - cèd feet, Sav - iour of all,  
 2. Sin - ful my life hath been, Un - clean, un - clean;  
 3. Thou didst for me en - dure Dread Cal - va - ry;  
 4. Lord, I ac - cept Thee now, Ac - cept Thou me;

Help - less and sor - row - ful Pros - trate I fall.  
 All my in - iq - ui - ty Thine eye hath seen;  
 Sin's pun - ish - ment and shame All, all for me.  
 I have de - layed too long, And griev - èd Thee.

O cast me not a - way, For - give my sin this day,  
 Cleanse Thou my soul to - day, Wash all my sins a - way  
 On Thee my guilt was laid, By Thee my debt was paid,  
 By all Thy love to me, I give my - self to Thee;

For - give my sin, All, all my sin.  
 In Thine own blood, In Thine own blood.  
 To set me free, To set me free.  
 Make me Thine own, All, all Thine own.

# O Jesus, I Have Promised

# 251

John E. Bode, 1866

Arthur H. Mann, 1881

1. O Je - sus, I have prom - ised To serve Thee to the end;  
 2. O let me feel Thee near me; The world is ev - er near!  
 3. O Je - sus, Thou hast prom - ised To all who fol - low Thee

Be Thou for - ev - er near me, My Mas - ter and my Friend;  
 I see the sights that daz - zle, The tempt - ing sounds I hear;  
 That where Thou art in glo - ry There shall Thy serv - ant be;

I shall not fear the bat - tle If Thou art by my side,  
 My foes are ev - er near me, A - round me and with - in;  
 And, Je - sus, I have prom - ised To serve Thee to the end;

Nor wan - der from the path - way If Thou wilt be my Guide.  
 But, Je - sus, draw Thou near - er, And shield my soul from sin.  
 O give me grace to fol - low My Mas - ter and my Friend.

# 252 There's a Line That Is Drawn

A. J. Hodge

A. J. Hodge

1. There's a line that is drawn by re - ject - ing our Lord,  
2. You may bar - ter your hope of e - ter - ni - ty's morn,  
3. While the door of his mer - cy is o - pen to you,

Where the call of His Spir - it is lost,  
For a mo - ment of joy at the most,  
Ere the depth of His love you ex - haust,

And you hur - ry a - long with the plea - sure mad throng  
For the glit - ter of sin and the things it will win  
Won't you come and be healed, won't you whis - per, I yield

Have you count - ed, have you count - ed the cost?  
Have you count - ed, have you count - ed the cost?  
I have count - ed, I have count - ed the cost.

REPENTANCE AND ACCEPTANCE

Refrain

Have you count - ed the cost, if you should be lost,

Tho' you gain the whole world for your own?

E - ven now it may be that the line you have crossed,

Have you count - ed, have you count - ed the cost?

# 253 Where Is My Wand'ring Boy Tonight?

Robert Lowry

Robert Lowry

1. Where is my wand'ring boy to-night— The boy of my tend'r-est care,  
 2. Once he was pure as morn-ing dew, As he knelt at his moth-er's knee;  
 3. O could I see you now, my boy, As fair as in old - en time,  
 4. Go for my wand'ring boy to - night; Go, search for him where you will;

The boy that was once my joy and light, The child of my love and prayer?  
 No face was so bright, no heart more true, And none was so sweet as he.  
 When prat - tle and smile made home a joy, And life was a mer - ry chime!  
 But bring him to me with all his blight, And tell him I love him still.

*Refrain*

O where is my boy to - night? O where is my boy to - night?

My heart o'er - flows, for I love him, he knows; O where is my boy to - night?

With a Sorrow for Sin

254

R. Saillens

E. G. Taylor

1. With a sor - row for sin must re - pent - ance be - gin, Then sal -  
 2. We've His word and His oath, and His blood seals them both And we're  
 3. And that you may suc - ceed, come a - long with all speed To a

va - tion of course will draw nigh; But till washed in the blood of the  
 sure the Al - might - y can't lie If you do not de - lay, but re -  
 Sav - iour who will not de - ny; So kneel down at His feet, at the

cru - ci - fied Lord, You will nev - er be read - y to die.  
 pent while you may, He will soon make you read - y to die.  
 blest mer - cy seat, And He'll soon make you read - y to die.

*Refrain*

Look, Look, look and live! There is life for a look at the

cru - ci - fied One, There is life at this mo - ment for thee.

# 255

## Who Is on the Lord's Side?

F. R. Havergal

Arr. by J. Goss

1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King?  
2. Not for weight of glo - ry, Not for crown and palm,  
3. Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem,  
4. Fierce may be the con - flict, Strong may be the foe,

Who will be His help - ers Oth - er lives to bring?  
En - ter we the ar - my, Raise the war - rior psalm;  
But with Thine own life blood, For Thy di - a - dem;  
But the King's own ar - my None can o - ver - throw:

Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?  
But for love that claim - eth Lives for whom He died:  
With Thy bless - ing fill - ing, Each who comes to Thee,  
Round His stan - dard rang - ing, Vic - t'ry is se - cure;

REPENTANCE AND ACCEPTANCE

Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go?  
He whom Je - sus nam - eth Must be on His side.  
Thou hast made us will - ing, Thou hast made us free.  
For His truth un - chang - ing Makes the tri - umph sure;

By Thy call of mer - cy, By Thy grace Di - vine,  
By Thy love con - strain - ing, By Thy grace Di - vine,  
By Thy grand re - demp - tion, By Thy grace Di - vine,  
Joy - ful - ly en - list - ing By Thy grace Di - vine,

We are on the Lord's side, Sav - iour, we are Thine.  
We are on the Lord's side, Sav - iour, we are Thine.  
We are on the Lord's side, Sav - iour, we are Thine.  
We are on the Lord's side, Sav - iour, we are Thine.



# 256 I Was Sinking Deep in Sin

James Rowe

Howard E. Smith

1. I was sink - ing deep in sin, Far from the peace - ful shore,  
 2. All my heart to Him I give, Ev - er to Him I'll cling,  
 3. Souls in dan - ger, look a - bove, Je - sus com - plete - ly saves;

Ver - y deep - ly stained with - in, Sink - ing to rise no more;  
 In His bless - ed pres - ence live, Ev - er His prais - es sing.  
 He will lift you by His love Out of the an - gry waves.

But the Mas - ter of the sea Heard my de - spair - ing cry,  
 Love so might - y and so true Mer - its my soul's best songs;  
 He's the Mas - ter of the sea, Bil - lows His will o - bey;

From the wa - ters lift - ed me, Now safe am I.  
 Faith - ful, lov - ing ser - vice, too, To Him be - longs.  
 He your Sav - iour wants to be, Be saved to - day.

Love lift - ed me! Love lift - ed me! When noth - ing  
 e - ven me! e - ven me!

else could help, Love lift - ed me. Love lift - ed me.

The musical score consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, in a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is in the treble clef. The first staff has two first endings marked with '1' and '2'. The lyrics are: 'else could help, Love lift - ed me. Love lift - ed me.'

## Chief of Sinners

257

William McComb

Arr. by Benjamin Carr, 1826

1. Chief of sin - ners though I be, Je - sus shed His blood for me;  
 2. O the height of Je - sus' love! High - er than the heaven a - bove,  
 3. Chief of sin - ners though I be, Christ is all in all to me;

The musical score consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, in a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, and A-flat). The time signature is common time (C). The melody is in the treble clef. The lyrics are: '1. Chief of sin - ners though I be, Je - sus shed His blood for me; 2. O the height of Je - sus' love! High - er than the heaven a - bove, 3. Chief of sin - ners though I be, Christ is all in all to me;'

Died that I might live on high, Died that I might nev - er die;  
 Deep - er than the deep - est sea, Last - ing as e - ter - ni - ty;  
 All my wants to Him are known, All my sor - rows are His own;

The musical score consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, in a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, and A-flat). The time signature is common time (C). The melody is in the treble clef. The lyrics are: 'Died that I might live on high, Died that I might nev - er die; Deep - er than the deep - est sea, Last - ing as e - ter - ni - ty; All my wants to Him are known, All my sor - rows are His own;'

As the branch is to the vine, I am His, and He is mine.  
 Love that found me, wondrous thought! Found me when I sought Him not!  
 Safe with Him from earth - ly strife, He sus - tains the hid - den life.

The musical score consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, in a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, and A-flat). The time signature is common time (C). The melody is in the treble clef. The lyrics are: 'As the branch is to the vine, I am His, and He is mine. Love that found me, wondrous thought! Found me when I sought Him not! Safe with Him from earth - ly strife, He sus - tains the hid - den life.'

## 258

## I Lay My Sins on Jesus

Horatius Bonar, 1843

Justin H. Knecht and Edward Husband

1. I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot - less Lamb of God;  
 2. I lay my wants on Je - sus; All full - ness dwells in Him;  
 3. I long to be like Je - sus, Meek, lov - ing, low - ly, mild;

He bears them all, and frees us From the ac - curs - ed load;  
 He heal - eth my dis - eas - es, He doth my soul re - deem;  
 I long to be like Je - sus, The Fa - ther's ho - ly child;

I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my crim - son stains  
 I lay my griefs on Je - sus, My bur - dens and my cares;  
 I long to be with Je - sus A - mid the heav - en - ly throng,

White in His blood most pre - cious, Till not a stain re - mains.  
 He from them all re - leas - es, He all my sor - row shares.  
 To sing with saints His prais - es, And learn the an - gels' song.

## Tho' Your Sins Be as Scarlet

259

F. J. Crosby

W. H. Doane

1. "Tho' your sins be as scar - let, They shall be as white as snow;  
 2. Hear the voice that en - treats you, O re - turn ye un - to God!  
 3. He'll for - give your trans - gres - sions, And re - mem - ber them no more;

Tho' your sins be as scar - let, They shall be as white as snow;  
 Hear the voice that en - treats you, O re - turn ye un - to God!  
 He'll for - give your trans - gres - sions, And re - mem - ber them no more;

Tho' they be red . . . . like crim - son, They shall be as wool";  
 He is of great . . . . com - pas - sion, And of won - drous love;  
 "Look un - to Me, . . . . ye peo - ple, "Saith the Lord your God;

"Tho' your sins be as scar - let, Tho' your sins be as scar - let,  
 Hear the voice that en - treats you, Hear the voice that en - treats you,  
 He'll for - give your trans - gres - sions, He'll for - give your trans - gres - sions,

They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow.  
 O re - turn ye un - to God! O re - turn ye un - to God!  
 And re - mem - ber them no more, And re - mem - ber them no more.

# 260 Would We Be Joyful in the Lord?

El Nathan

James McGranahan

1. Would we be joy - ful in the Lord?  
2. For ev - ry sin, by grace di - vine  
3. Of grace to break the pow'r of sin,  
4. The pow'r to win a soul to God,

Then count the rich - es o'er,  
A par - don free be - stowed;  
He gives a full sup - ply;  
The Spir - it, too, im - parts;

Re - vealed to faith with - in His Word,  
And with the par - don peace is mine,  
The Ho - ly Ghost, the heart with - in,  
And He, the gift of Christ, our Lord,

And note the bound - less store.  
The peace in Je - sus' blood.  
From sin doth pu - ri - fy.  
Dwells now in all our hearts.

FORGIVENESS OF SIN

*Refrain*

There is par - don, peace and pow'r, . . . . .  
Par-don, peace and pow'r, par - don, peace and pow'r,

And pu - ri - ty, . . . . . and Par - a - dise; . . . . .  
And pu - ri - ty, and Par - a - dise;

With all of these . . . . . in Christ for me, . . . . .  
With all of these in Christ for me,

Let joy - ful songs of praise to Him a - rise.

# 261

## Marvelous Grace

Julia H. Johnston, 1911 (1849-1919)

Daniel B. Towner, 1911 (1850-1919)

1. Mar - vel - ous grace of our lov - ing Lord, Grace that ex - ceeds our  
 2. Sin and de - spair, like the sea - waves cold, Threat - en the soul with  
 3. Mar - vel - ous, in - fi - nite, match - less grace, Free - ly be - stowed on

sin and our guilt! Yon - der on Cal - va - ry's mount out - poured—  
 in - fi - nite loss; Grace that is great - er— yes, grace un - told—  
 all who be - lieve! You that are long - ing to see His face,

*Refrain*

There where the blood of the Lamb was spilt. Grace, grace,  
 Points to the Ref - uge, the might - y Cross. Mar - vel - ous grace,  
 Will you this mo - ment His grace re - ceive?

God's grace, Grace that will par - don and cleanse with - in; Grace,  
 in - fi - nite grace, Mar - vel - ous

grace, God's grace, Grace that is great - er than all our sin!  
 grace, in - fi - nite grace,

## Anywhere With Jesus

262

Jessie H. Brown

D. B. Towner

1. An - y - where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go, An - y - where He  
 2. An - y - where with Je - sus I am not a - lone; Oth - er friends may  
 3. An - y - where with Je - sus I can go to sleep, When the gloom - y

leads me in this world be - low; An - y - where with - out Him, dear - est  
 fail me, He is still my own; Though His hand may lead me o - ver  
 shad - ows round a - bout me creep, Know - ing I shall wak - en nev - er -

joys would fade; An - y - where with Je - sus I am not a - fraid.  
 drea - ry ways, An - y - where with Je - sus is a house of praise.  
 more to roam; An - y - where with Je - sus will be home sweet home.

*Refrain*

An - y - where! an - y - where! Fear I can - not know;

An - y - where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go.



# 263 Are You Christ's Lightbearer?

Priscilla J. Owens

I. Baltzell

1. Are you Christ's light - bear - er? Of His  
 2. Is your heart warm, glow - ing, With His  
 3. Keep your al - tars burn - ing, Wait your

joy a shar - er? Is this dark world fair - er For your  
 love o'er - flow - ing, And His good - ness show - ing More and  
 Lord's re - turn - ing, While your heart's deep yearn - ing Draws Him

cheer - ing ray? Is your bea - con light - ed, Guid - ing  
 more each day? Are you press - ing on - ward With His  
 ev - er near; With His ra - diance splen - did Shall your

souls be - night - ed To the land of per - fect day?  
 faith - ful van - guard, in the safe and nar - row way?  
 light be blend - ed When His glo - ry shall ap - pear.

*Refrain*

O broth - er! is your lamp trimm'd and burn - ing? Is the

world made bright-er by its cheer-ing ray? Are you wait-ing, yearn-ing

For your Lord's re-turn-ing? Are you watch-ing day by day?

## I Am Trusting Thee

# 264

Frances R. Havergal, 1874

Ethelbert W. Bullinger, 1874

1. I am trust-ing Thee, Lord Je-sus, Trust-ing on-ly Thee;  
 2. I am trust-ing Thee for par-don; At Thy feet I bow;  
 3. I am trust-ing Thee to guide me; Thou a-lone shalt lead,  
 4. I am trust-ing Thee, Lord Je-sus; Nev-er let me fall;

Trust-ing Thee for full sal-va-tion, Great and free.  
 For Thy grace and ten-der mer-cy, Trust-ing now.  
 Ev-ery day and hour sup-ply-ing All my need.  
 I am trust-ing Thee for-ev-er, And for all.

# 265

## Down in the Valley

William O. Cushing (1823-1902)

Robert Lowry (1826-1899)

1. Down in the val - ley with my Sav - iour I would go,  
2. Down in the val - ley with my Sav - iour I would go,  
3. Down in the val - ley or up - on the moun - tain steep,

Where the flowers are bloom - ing and the sweet wa - ters flow;  
Where the storms are sweep - ing and the dark wa - ters flow;  
Close be - side my Sav - iour would my soul ev - er keep;

Ev - 'ry - where He leads me I would fol - low, fol - low on,  
With His hand to lead me I will nev - er, nev - er fear,  
He will lead me safe - ly in the path that He has trod,

Walk - ing in His foot - steps till the crown be won.  
Dan - ger can - not fright me if my Lord is near.  
Up to where they gath - er on the hills of God.

Refrain

1

Fol - low! fol - low! I would fol - low Je - sus! An - y - where, ev - 'ry - where,

2

I would fol - low on! Ev - 'ry - where He leads me I would fol - low on!

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the Refrain of the hymn 'Faith and Trust'. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The melody begins with a repeat sign and a first ending bracket labeled '1'. Below the treble staff is a bass clef staff with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics 'Fol - low! fol - low! I would fol - low Je - sus! An - y - where, ev - 'ry - where,' are written below the treble staff. The second system also has a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp and a common time signature. It begins with a second ending bracket labeled '2'. Below the treble staff is a bass clef staff with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics 'I would fol - low on! Ev - 'ry - where He leads me I would fol - low on!' are written below the treble staff.

Father, I Stretch My Hands

266

Charles Wesley

Unknown

1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to Thee; No oth - er help I know;  
 2. On Thy dear Son I now be - lieve, O let me feel Thy power;  
 3. How would my faint - ing soul re - joice Could I but see Thy face!  
 4. I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve That Je - sus died for me,

If Thou with - draw Thy - self from me, Ah, whith - er shall I go?  
 And all my var - ied wants re - lieve, In this ac - cept - ed hour.  
 Now let me hear Thy quicken - ing voice, And taste Thy par - don - ing grace.  
 And that He shed His pre - cious blood From sin to set me free.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the hymn 'Father, I Stretch My Hands'. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has a treble clef staff with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody begins with a repeat sign. Below the treble staff is a bass clef staff with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are: '1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to Thee; No oth - er help I know; 2. On Thy dear Son I now be - lieve, O let me feel Thy power; 3. How would my faint - ing soul re - joice Could I but see Thy face! 4. I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve That Je - sus died for me,'. The second system also has a treble clef staff with a key signature of one flat and a 3/4 time signature. Below the treble staff is a bass clef staff with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are: 'If Thou with - draw Thy - self from me, Ah, whith - er shall I go? And all my var - ied wants re - lieve, In this ac - cept - ed hour. Now let me hear Thy quicken - ing voice, And taste Thy par - don - ing grace. And that He shed His pre - cious blood From sin to set me free.'

# 267

## Be Still, My Soul

Katharina von Schlegel, 1752

Tr. Jane L. Borthwick (1813-1897)

Jean Sibelius, 1899

1. Be still, my soul: the Lord is on thy side; Bear pa - tient-  
 2. Be still, my soul: thy God doth un - der - take To guide the  
 3. Be still, my soul: the hour is has-tening on When we shall

ly the cross of grief or pain; Leave to thy God to or - der and pro-  
 fu - ture as He has the past. Thy hope, thy con - fi - dence let noth - ing  
 be for - ev - er with the Lord, When dis - ap - point - ment, grief and fear are

vide; In ev - ery change He faith - ful will re - main.  
 shake; All now mys - te - rious shall be bright at last.  
 gone, Sor - row for - got, love's pur - est joys re - stored.

Be still, my soul: thy best, thy heaven - ly Friend  
 Be still, my soul: the waves and winds still know  
 Be still, my soul: when change and tears are past,

Through thorn - y ways leads to a joy - ful end.  
 His voice who ruled them while He dwelt be - low.  
 All safe and bless - ed we shall meet at last.

## Come, Ye Disconsolate

268

Thomas Moore, 1816

Samuel Webbe, 1792

1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish;  
 2. Joy of the com - fort - less, light of the stray - ing,  
 3. Here see the Bread of Life; see wa - ters flow - ing

Come to the mer - cy seat, fer - vent - ly kneel;  
 Hope of the pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure!  
 Forth from the throne of God, pure from a - bove;

Here bring your wound - ed hearts, here tell your an - guish;  
 Here speaks the Com - fort - er, ten - der - ly say - ing,  
 Come in the feast of love— come, ev - er know - ing

Earth has no sor - row that heaven can - not heal.  
 "Earth has no sor - row that heaven can - not cure."  
 Earth has no sor - row but heaven can re - move.

# 269 Far Away in the Depths of My Spirit

W. D. Cornell

W. G. Cooper

1. Far a - way in the depths of my spir - it to - night,  
 2. What a trea - sure I have in this won - der - ful peace,  
 3. I am rest - ing to - night in this won - der - ful peace,  
 4. Wea - ry soul, with - out glad - ness or com - fort or rest,

Rolls a mel - o - dy sweet - er than psalm;  
 Bur - ied deep in my in - ner - most soul,  
 Rest - ing sweet - ly in Je - sus' con - trol;  
 Pass - ing down the rough path - way of time!

In ce - les - tial - like strains it un - ceas - ing - ly falls  
 So se - cure that no pow - er can mine it a - way,  
 I am kept from all dan - ger by night and by day,  
 Make the Sav - iour your friend ere the shad - ows grow dark;

O'er my soul like an in - fi - nite calm.  
 While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll!  
 And His glo - ry is flood - ing my soul.  
 O ac - cept of this peace so sub - lime.

Peace! peace! won-der-ful peace, Com-ing down from the Fa-ther a-bove; Sweep  
o-ver my spir-it for-ev-er, I pray, In fath-om-less bil-lows of love.

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has a vocal line in G major (one sharp) and a bass line. The second system continues the vocal line and bass line. The lyrics are: "Peace! peace! wonder-ful peace, Com-ing down from the Fa-ther a-bove; Sweep o-ver my spir-it for-ev-er, I pray, In fath-om-less bil-lows of love."

## As Sure As Jesus Lives

270

Henry Harbaugh (1817-1867)

Isaac B. Woodbury (1819-1858)

1. As sure as Je - sus lives, To me His strength He gives  
2. And when the sun - light fades, The dark - ness me o'er - shades,  
3. Yes, if my faith should fail, The en - e - my pre - vail,  
4. Now un - to Him I look, My bur - den to Him took:

Then fear, anx - i - e - ty will go, My heart with faith o'er - flow.  
I know that Je - sus through the night Will guard me with His might.  
Then to the Sav - iour I will flee To find a rem - e - dy.  
Oh Je - sus loves me ten - der - ly; This will my com - fort be.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn "As Sure As Jesus Lives". It consists of two systems of music. The first system has a vocal line in G major (one sharp) and a bass line. The second system continues the vocal line and bass line. The lyrics are: "1. As sure as Je - sus lives, To me His strength He gives 2. And when the sun - light fades, The dark - ness me o'er - shades, 3. Yes, if my faith should fail, The en - e - my pre - vail, 4. Now un - to Him I look, My bur - den to Him took: Then fear, anx - i - e - ty will go, My heart with faith o'er - flow. I know that Je - sus through the night Will guard me with His might. Then to the Sav - iour I will flee To find a rem - e - dy. Oh Je - sus loves me ten - der - ly; This will my com - fort be."



# 271

## Faith of Our Fathers

Frederick W. Faber, 1849

Henri F. Hemy, 1865

1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun - geon,  
 2. Our fa - thers, chained in pris - ons dark, Were still in heart and  
 3. Faith of our fa - thers! we will love Both friend and foe in

fire, and sword, O how our hearts beat high with joy  
 con - science free; How sweet would be their chil - dren's fate,  
 all our strife, And preach Thee, too, as love knows how,

When - e'er we hear that glo - rious word. Faith of our fa - thers!  
 If they, like them, could die for Thee! Faith of our fa - thers!  
 By kind - ly words and vir - tuous life. Faith of our fa - thers!

ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death.  
 ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death.  
 ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death.

# Have I Need of Aught, O Saviour! 272

Corie F. Davis

W. O. Perkins

1. Have I need of aught, O Sav - iour! Aught on earth but Thee?  
 2. Though I have of friends so man - y, Love, and gold, and health,  
 3. Is there heart so kind and pa - tient With my fail - ings all?  
 4. Not for worlds would I ex - change it This sweet faith in Thee!

Have I an - y in the heav - ens, An - y one but Thee?  
 If I have not Thee, my Sav - iour, Hold I an - y wealth?  
 Or a voice so true and read - y, An - swer - ing my call?  
 Earth - ly trea - sures can - not e - qual All Thou art to me.

*Refrain*

On - ly Thee, on - ly Thee, O the won - drous love shown  
 On - ly Thee, on - ly Thee,

me! On - ly Thee, on - ly Thee, None on earth but Thee.  
 On - ly Thee, on - ly Thee,

# 273 I Have Learn'd the Wondrous Secret

A. B. Simpson

L. L. Pickett

1. I have learn'd the won-drous se-cret Of a-bid-ing in the Lord;  
 2. I am cru-ci-fied with Je-sus, And He lives and dwells in me,  
 3. All my cares I cast up-on Him, And He bears them all a-way;

I have found the strength and sweet-ness Of con-fid-ing in His word;  
 I have ceased from all my strug-gling, 'Tis no long-er I, but He;  
 All my fears and griefs I tell Him, All my needs from day to day.

I have tast-ed life's pure foun-tain, I am trust-ing in His blood,  
 All my will is yield-ed to Him, And His Spir-it reigns with-in,  
 All my strength I draw from Je-sus, By His breath I live and move;

I have lost my-self in Je-sus, I am sink-ing in-to God.  
 And His pre-cious blood each mo-ment Keeps me cleans'd and free from sin.  
 E'en His ver-y mind He gives me, And His faith, and life, and love.

FAITH AND TRUST

Refrain

I'm a - bid - - - - ing in the Lord,  
I'm a - bid - ing in the Lord, I'm a - bid - ing in the Lord,

And con - fid - - - - ing in His word,  
And con - fid - ing in His word, And con - fid - ing in His word.

And I'm hid - - - - ing, safe - ly hid - - - - ing,  
And I'm hid - ing, safe - ly hid - ing, I am hid - ing, safe - ly hid - ing

In the bo - som of His love.

# 274 I Trust in God Wherever I May Be

W. C. Martin

C. H. Gabriel

1. I trust in God wher - ev - er I may be,  
 2. He makes the rose an ob - ject of His care,  
 3. I trust in God, for, in the li - on's den,  
 4. The val - ley may be dark, the shad - ows deep,

Up - on the land or on the roll - ing sea,  
 He guides the ea - gle thro' the path - less air,  
 On bat - tle - field, or in the pris - on pen,  
 But O, the Shep - herd guards His lone - ly sheep;

For come what may, From day to day,  
 And sure - ly He Re - mem - bers me,  
 Thro' praise or blame, Thro' flood or flame,  
 And thro' the gloom He'll lead me home,

My heav'n - ly Fa - ther watch - es o - ver me.  
 My heav'n - ly Fa - ther watch - es o - ver me.  
 My heav'n - ly Fa - ther watch - es o - ver me.  
 My heav'n - ly Fa - ther watch - es o - ver me.

FAITH AND TRUST

*Refrain*

I trust in God, I know He cares for me,  
He cares for me,

On moun-tain peak or on the storm-y sea;  
On moun-tain peak or on the sea, the storm-y sea;

Tho' bil-lows roll, He keeps my soul,  
Tho' bil-lows roll, He keeps my soul,

My heav'n - ly Fa - ther watch - es o - ver me.

# 275 I Know Not Why God's Wondrous

Daniel W. Whittle

James McGranahan

1. I know not why God's won-drous grace To me He hath made known,  
 2. I know not how this sav - ing faith To me He did im - part,  
 3. I know not how the Spir - it moves, Con-vinc-ing men of sin,  
 4. I know not when my Lord may come, At night or noon - day fair,

Nor why, un - wor - thy, Christ in love Re - deemed me for His own.  
 Nor how be - liev - ing in His word Wrought peace with-in my heart.  
 Re - veal - ing Je - sus thro' the word, Cre - at - ing faith in Him.  
 Nor if I walk the vale with Him, Or "meet Him in the air."

*Refrain*

But "I know whom I have be-liev-ed, and am per-suad-ed that He is a-ble

To keep that which I've com - mit - ted Un - to Him a- gainst that day."

# My Faith Has Found a Resting Place 276

Lidie H. Edmunds, c. 1891

Norwegian Melody

1. My faith has found a rest - ing place, Not in a man - made creed;  
 2. E - nough for me that Je - sus saves, This ends my fear and doubt;  
 3. My soul is rest - ing on the Word, The liv - ing Word of God:  
 4. The great Phy - si - cian heals the sick, The lost He came to save;

I trust the ev - er liv - ing One, That He for me will plead.  
 A sin - ful soul I come to Him, He will not cast me out.  
 Sal - va - tion in my Sav - iour's name, Sal - va - tion through His blood.  
 For me His pre - cious blood He shed, For me His life He gave.

*Refrain*

I need no oth - er ev - i - dence, I need no oth - er plea;

It is e - nough that Je - sus died And rose a - gain for me.



# 277 Look Upon Jesus, Sinless Is He

F. E. Belden

F. E. Belden

1. Look up - on Je - sus, sin - less is He; Fa - ther, im -  
 2. Deep are the wounds trans - gres - sion has made; Red are the  
 3. Long - ing the joy of par - don to know; Je - sus holds  
 4. Rec - on - ciled by His death for my sin, Jus - ti - fied

pute His life un - to me. My life of scar - let, my sin and  
 stains; my soul is a - fraid. O to be cov - ered, Je - sus, with  
 out a robe white as snow; "Lord, I ac - cept it! leav - ing my  
 by His life pure and clean, Sanc - ti - fied by o - bey - ing His

woe, Cov - er with His life, whit - er than snow.  
 Thee, Safe from the law that now judg - eth me!  
 own, Glad - ly I wear Thy pure life a - lone."  
 word, Glo - ri - fied when re - turn - eth my Lord.

*Refrain*

Cov - er with His life, whit - er than snow; Full - ness of His life then shall I know;

My life of scar-let, my sin and woe, Cov-er with His life, whit-er than snow.

## My Faith Looks Up to Thee 278

H. Ray Palmer, 1830

Lowell Mason, 1832

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,  
 2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,  
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,

Sav - iour di - vine; Now hear me while I pray, Take all my  
 My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my  
 Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark - ness turn to day, Wipe sor - row's

guilt a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.  
 love to Thee Pure, warm, and change - less be, A liv - ing fire.  
 tears a - way. Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.

# 279 Never Be Sad or Desponding

Fanny J. Crosby

I. Allan Sankey

1. Nev - er be sad or des - pond - ing, On - ly have faith to be - lieve;  
 2. What if thy bur - dens op - press thee? What tho' thy life may be drear?  
 3. Nev - er be sad or de - spond - ing, Lean on the arm of thy Lord;

Grace, for the dut - ies be - fore thee, Ask of thy God and re - ceive.  
 Look on the side that is bright - est, Pray, and thy path will be clear.  
 Dwell in the depths of His mer - cy, Thou shalt re - ceive thy re - ward.

*Refrain*

Nev - er give up, Nev - er give up,  
 Nev - er give up, nev - er give up, Nev - er give up nev - er give up,

Nev - er give up to thy sor - rows, Je - sus will bid them de - part;

Trust in the Lord, Trust in the Lord,  
Trust in the Lord, Trust in the Lord, Trust in the Lord, Trust in the Lord,

Sing when your tri - als are great - est, Trust in the Lord and take heart.

## Sing of Jesus, Sing Forever 280

Thomas Kelly

German Melody

1. Sing of Je - sus, sing for - ev - er, Of the love that chan-ges nev - er;  
2. With His pre-cious blood He bought us; When we knew Him not, He sought us,  
3. Thro' the des - ert drear He leads us, With the bread of heav'n He feeds us,

Who or what from Him can sev - er Those He makes His own?  
And from all our wan - d'rings bro't us; His the praise a - lone.  
And thro' all the jour - ney speeds us To His glo - rious throne.

# 281

## O Brother, Be Faithful

Uriah Smith

I. B. Woodbury

1. O broth - er, be faith - ful! soon Je - sus will come,  
 2. O broth - er, be faith - ful! the cit - y of gold,  
 3. O broth - er, be faith - ful! He soon will de - scend,  
 4. O broth - er, be faith - ful! e - ter - ni - ty's years

For whom we have wait - ed so long;  
 Pre - pared for the good and the blest,  
 Cre - a - tion's om - nip - o - tent King,  
 Shall tell for thy faith - ful - ness now,

O, soon we shall en - ter our glo - ri - ous home,  
 Is wait - ing its por - tals of pearl to un - fold,  
 While le - gions of an - gels His char - iot at - tend,  
 When bright smiles of glad - ness shall scat - ter thy tears,

And join in the con - quer - or's song.  
 And wel - come thee in - to thy rest.  
 And palm wreaths, of vic - to - ry bring.  
 A cor - o - net gleam on thy brow.

FAITH AND TRUST

O broth - er, be faith - ful! for why should we prove  
 Then, broth - er, prove faith - ful! not long shall we stay  
 O broth - er, be faith - ful! and soon shalt thou hear  
 O broth - er, be faith - ful! the prom - ise is sure,

Un - faith - ful to Him who hath shown  
 In wea - ri - ness here, and for - lorn,  
 Thy Sav - iour pro - nounce the glad word,  
 That waits for the faith - ful and tried;

Such deep, such un - bound - ed and in - fi - nite love  
 Time's dark night of sor - row is wear - ing a - way,  
 Well done, faith - ful ser - vant, thy ti - tle is clear,  
 To reign with the ran - somed, im - mor - tal and pure,

Who died to re - deem us His own.  
 We haste to the glo - ri - ous morn.  
 To en - ter the joy of thy Lord.  
 And ev - er with Je - sus a - bide.

# 282

## O for a Faith

William H. Bathurst, 1830

Jeremiah Ingalls (1764-1828)

1. O for a faith that will not shrink, Though  
 2. That will not mur - mur or com - plain Be -  
 3. A faith that shines more bright and clear When  
 4. Lord, give me such a faith as this, And

pressed by man - y a foe; That will not trem - ble  
 neath the chas - tening rod, But in the hour of  
 tem - pests rage with - out; That when in dan - ger  
 then, what - e'er may come I'll taste e'en here the

on the brink of pov - er - ty, Of pov - er - ty or  
 grief or pain, of grief or pain Can lean up - on its  
 knows no fear, knows of no fear; In dark - ness feels no  
 hal - lowed bliss, the hal - lowed bliss Of an e - ter - nal

woe; Of pov - er - ty or woe;  
 God; Can lean up - on its God.  
 doubt; In dark - ness feels no doubt.  
 home; Of an e - ter - nal home.

# Oft Our Trust Has Known Betrayal 283

Unknown

J. McGranahan

1. Oft our trust has known be-tray - al, Oft our hopes were vain,  
 2. Like a rock midst dash - ing bil - lows Hold - ing fast its place,  
 3. Do your du - ty, shirk it nev - er, Leave the rest with God;

But there's One in ev - ry tri - al Proves Him - self the same.  
 Je - sus is in all life's sor - rows, When we trust His grace.  
 Right must win, it has done ev - er; Vic - try through the Blood.

*Refrain*

Yes - ter - day, to - day, for ev - er, Je - sus is the same;  
 Yes - ter - day, to - day, for ev - er, Je - sus is the <sup>3</sup> same; (the same;)

We may change, but Je - sus nev - er, Oh, glo - ry, glo - ry to His name!

We may change, but Je - sus nev - er, Oh glo - ry, glo - ry to His name!  
 (to His name!)



# 284 Safe in the Arms of Jesus

Fanny J. Crosby (1823-1915)

W. H. Doane, 1898

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast!  
 2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor - rod - ing care;  
 3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me;

Here by His love o'er-shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul doth rest.  
 Safe from the world's temp - ta - tions, Sin can - not harm me there.  
 Firm on the Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be.

Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,  
 Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears;  
 Here let me wait with pa - tience, Wait till the night is o'er;

O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.  
 On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears.  
 Wait till I see the morn - ing Break on the gold - en shore.

Refrain

Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast

Here by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul doth rest.

## When, My Saviour, Shall I Be 285

Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

George Hews, 1835

1. When, my Sav - iour, shall I be Per - fect -  
 2. On - ly Thee con - tent to know, Ig - no -  
 3. Ful - ly in my life ex - press All the

ly re - signed to Thee? Poor and vile in  
 rant of all be - low; On - ly guid - ed  
 heights of ho - li - ness; Sweet - ly let my

my own eyes, On - ly in Thy wis - dom wise;  
 by Thy light, On - ly might - y in Thy might?  
 spir - it prove All the depths of hum - ble love.

# 286

# O Lamb of God!

James G. Deck

T. R. Matthews

1. O Lamb of God! still keep me Near to Thy wound-ed side;  
 2. 'Tis on - ly in Thee hid - ing I know my life se - cure—  
 3. Soon shall my eyes be - hold Thee, With glad-ness face to face;

'Tis on - ly there in safe - ty And peace I can a - bid!  
 On - ly in Thee a - bid - ing, The con - flict can en - dure.  
 One half hath not been told me Of all Thy pow'r and grace.

What foes and snares sur - round me, What doubts and fears with - in!  
 Thine arm the vic - try gain - eth O'er ev - 'ry hate - ful foe;  
 Thy beau - ty, Lord, and glo - ry, The won - ders of Thy love,

The grace that sought and found me, A - lone can keep me clean.  
 Thy love my heart sus - tain - eth In all its care and woe.  
 Shall be the end - less sto - ry Of all the saints a - bove.

# Since Christ My Soul From Sin Set Free 287

C. F. Butler

J. M. Black

1. Since Christ my soul from sin set free, This world has been a heav'n to me;  
 2. Once heav - en seemed a far - off place, Till Je - sus showed His smil - ing face;  
 3. What mat - ters where on earth we dwell? On moun - tain top, or in the dell,

And 'mid earth's sor - row and its woe, 'Tis heav'n my Je - sus here to know.  
 Now 'tis be - gun with - in my soul, 'Twill last while end - less a - ges roll.  
 In cot - tage, or a man - sion fair, Where Je - sus is, 'tis heav - en there.

*Refrain*

O hal - le - lu - jah! yes, 'tis heav'n, 'Tis heav'n to know my sins for - giv'n;

On land or sea, what mat - ters where? Where Je - sus is, 'tis heav - en there.

# 288

# So Precious Is Jesus

Charles H. Gabriel

Charles H. Gabriel

1. So pre - cious is Je - sus, my Sav - iour, my King,  
 2. He stood at my heart's door in sun - shine and rain,  
 3. I praise Him be - cause He ap - point - ed a place

His praise all the day long with rap - ture I sing  
 And pa - tient - ly wait - ed an en - trance to gain;  
 Where, some day, thro' faith in His won - der - ful grace,

To Him in my weak - ness for strength I can cling,  
 What shame that so long He en - treat - ed in vain,  
 I know I shall see Him, shall look on His face,

For He is so pre - cious to me.  
 For He is so pre - cious to me.  
 For He is so pre - cious to me.

FAITH AND TRUST

For He is so pre - cious to me, to me,

For He is so pre - cious to me, to me,

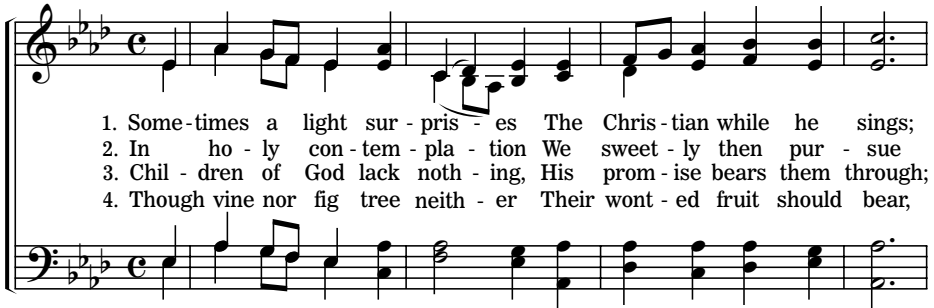
'Tis heav - en be - low My Re - deem - er to know,

For He is so pre - cious to me.

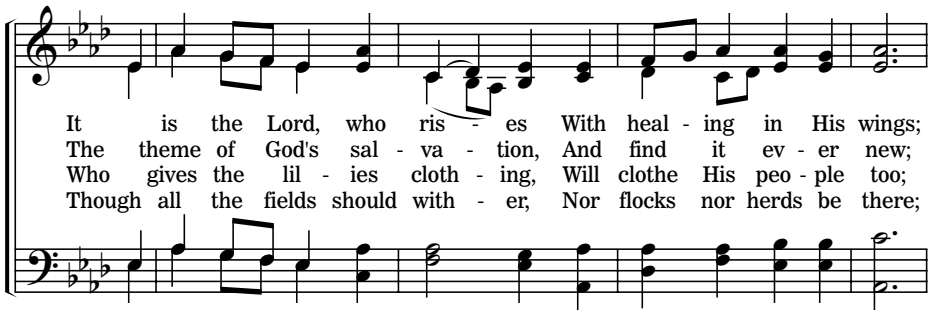
# 289 Sometimes a Light Surprises

Cowper & Cennick, 1779

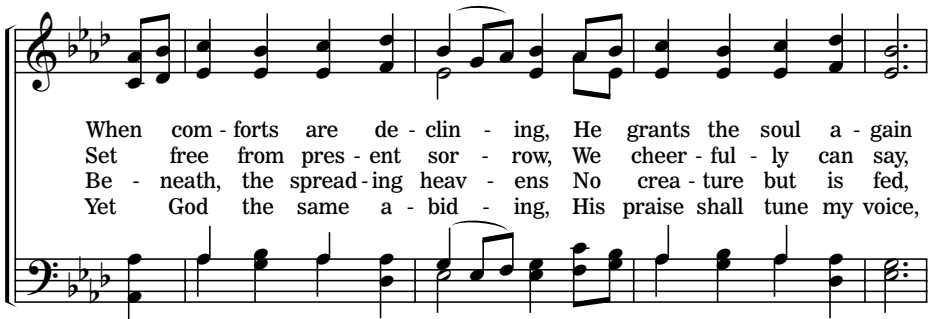
Wirttembergischen Katholischen Hofkapelle, 1784



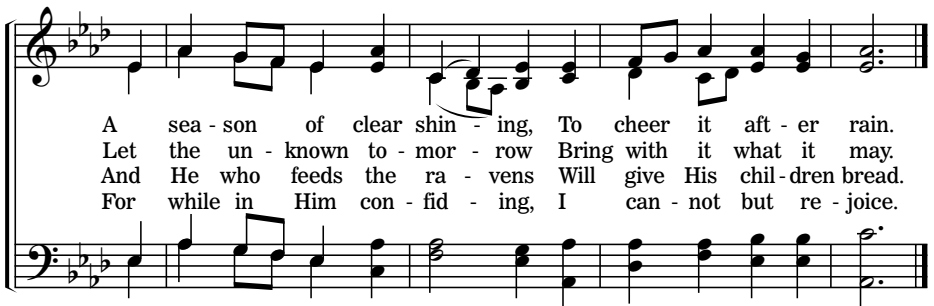
1. Some-times a light sur - pris - es The Chris - tian while he sings;  
 2. In ho - ly con - tem - pla - tion We sweet - ly then pur - sue  
 3. Chil - dren of God lack noth - ing, His prom - ise bears them through;  
 4. Though vine nor fig tree neith - er Their wont - ed fruit should bear;



It is the Lord, who ris - es With heal - ing in His wings;  
 The theme of God's sal - va - tion, And find it ev - er new;  
 Who gives the lil - ies cloth - ing, Will clothe His peo - ple too;  
 Though all the fields should with - er, Nor flocks nor herds be there;



When com - forts are de - clin - ing, He grants the soul a - gain  
 Set free from pres - ent sor - row, We cheer - ful - ly can say,  
 Be - neath, the spread - ing heav - ens No crea - ture but is fed,  
 Yet God the same a - bid - ing, His praise shall tune my voice,



A sea - son of clear shin - ing, To cheer it aft - er rain.  
 Let the un - known to - mor - row Bring with it what it may.  
 And He who feeds the ra - vens Will give His chil - dren bread.  
 For while in Him con - fid - ing, I can - not but re - joi - ce.

## To Thee, O Dear Saviour

290

John S. B. Monsell, 1863

J. Baptiste Calking, 1887

1. To Thee, O dear, dear Sav - iour, My spir - it turns for rest;  
 2. In Thee my trust a - bid - eth, On Thee my hope re - lies,  
 3. A - las, that I should ev - er Have failed in love to Thee,  
 4. O for that choic - est bless - ing Of liv - ing in Thy love,

My peace is in Thy fa - vor, My pil - low on Thy breast;  
 O Thou whose love pro - vid - eth For all be - neath the skies;  
 The on - ly One who nev - er For - get or slight - ed me!  
 And thus on earth pos - sess - ing The peace of heaven a - bove!

Though all the world de - ceive me, I know that I am Thine,  
 O Thou whose mer - cy found me, From bond - age set me free,  
 O for a heart to love Thee More tru - ly as I ought,  
 O for the bliss that by it The soul se - cure - ly knows

And Thou wilt nev - er leave me, O bless - ed Sav - iour mine.  
 And then for - ev - er bound me With three - fold cords to Thee.  
 And noth - ing place a - bove Thee In deed, or word, or thought.  
 The ho - ly calm and qui - et Of faith's se - rene re - pose!



# 291 Standing on the Promises

R. Kelso Carter (1849-1928)

R. Kelso Carter, 1886

1. Stand - ing on the prom - is - es of Christ my King,  
 2. Stand - ing on the prom - is - es that can - not fail,  
 3. Stand - ing on the prom - is - es I now can see  
 4. Stand - ing on the prom - is - es of Christ the Lord,

Thro' e - ter - nal a - ges let His prais - es ring;  
 When the howl - ing storms of doubt and fear as - sail,  
 Per - fect, pres - ent cleans - ing in the blood for me;  
 Bound to Him e - ter - nal - ly by love's strong cord,

Glo - ry in the high - est, I will shout and sing,  
 By the liv - ing Word of God I shall pre - vail,  
 Stand - ing in the lib - er - ty where Christ makes free,  
 O - ver - com - ing dai - ly with the Spir - it's sword,

Stand - ing on the prom - is - es of God.  
 Stand - ing on the prom - is - es of God.  
 Stand - ing on the prom - is - es of God.  
 Stand - ing on the prom - is - es of God.

FAITH AND TRUST

Refrain

Stand - - - ing, Stand - - - ing  
Stand - ing on the prom - is - es, Stand - ing on the prom - is - es,

Stand - ing on the prom - is - es of God my Sav - iour;

Stand - - - ing, Stand - - - ing,  
Stand - ing on the prom - is - es, Stand - ing on the prom - is - es,

I'm stand - ing on the prom - is - es of God.

# 292 The Home Where Changes Never Come

W. H. Bellamy

William J. Kirkpatrick

1. The home where chang - es nev - er come,  
 2. Yet when bowed down be - neath the load  
 3. If in thy path some thorns are found,  
 4. Toil on, nor deem, though sore it be,

Nor pain nor sor - row, toil nor care;  
 By Heaven al - lowed, thine earth - ly lot;  
 O, think who bore them on His brow;  
 One sigh un - heard, one prayer for - got;

Yes! 'tis a bright and bless - ed home;  
 Thou yearnst to reach that blest a - bode,  
 If grief thy sorrow - ing heart has found,  
 The day of rest will dawn for thee!

Who would not fain be rest - ing there?  
 Wait, meek - ly wait, and mur - mur not.  
 It reached a ho - li - er than thou.  
 Wait, meek - ly wait, and mur - mur not.

FAITH AND TRUST

Refrain

O wait! meek - ly wait, and mur - mur not,  
meek - ly wait,

O wait! meek - ly wait, meek - ly wait, and mur - mur not,  
meek - ly wait,

O wait! meek - ly wait, O wait! meek - ly wait,

O wait! and mur - mur not. O mur - mur not.

# 293

## The Lord Is My Light

James Nicholson

J. W. Bischoff

1. The Lord is my light; then why should I fear?  
 2. The Lord is my light; though clouds may a - rise,  
 3. The Lord is my light, the Lord is my strength;  
 4. The Lord is my light, my all and in all;

By day and by night His pres - ence is near;  
 Faith, stron - ger than sight, looks up to the skies;  
 I know in His might I'll con - quer at length;  
 There is in His sight no dark - ness at all;

He is my sal - va - tion from sor - row and sin;  
 Where Je - sus for - ev - er in glo - ry doth reign:  
 My weak - ness in mer - cy He cov - ers with pow'r,  
 He is my Re - deem - er, my Sav - iour and King;

This bless - ed per - sua - sion the Spir - it brings in.  
 Then how can I ev - er in dark - ness re - main?  
 And, walk - ing by faith, He up - holds me each hour.  
 With saints and with an - gels His prais - es I sing.

FAITH AND TRUST

*Refrain*

The Lord is my light, my joy, and my song;

By day and by night He leads me a - long;

The Lord is my light, my joy, and my song;

By day and by night He leads me a - long.

# 294

# We'll Build on the Rock

F. E. Belden

F. E. Belden, 1886

1. We'll build on the Rock, the liv - ing Rock,  
 2. Some build on the sink - ing sands of life,  
 3. O build on the Rock for - ev - er sure,

On Je - sus, the Rock of A - ges;  
 On vi - sions of earth - ly trea - sure;  
 The firm and the true foun - da - tion;

So shall we a - bide the fear - ful shock,  
 Some build on the waves of sin and strife,  
 Its hope is the hope which shall en - dure,

When loud the tem - pest rag - es.  
 Of fame, and world - ly plea - sure.  
 The hope of our sal - va - tion.

FAITH AND TRUST

Refrain

Well build on the Rock,  
Well build on the Rock, on the sol - id Rock,

Well build on the Rock;  
Well build on the Rock, on the sol - id Rock;

Well build on the Rock, on the sol - id Rock,

On Christ, the might - y Rock.



# 295 'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus

Louisa M. R. Stead

William J. Kirkpatrick

1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take Him at His word;  
 2. O how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust His cleans - ing blood;  
 3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;  
 4. I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee, Pre - cious Je - sus, Sav - iour, Friend;

Just to rest up - on His prom - ise, Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."  
 Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal - ing, cleans - ing flood.  
 Just from Je - sus sim - ply tak - ing Life, and rest, and joy, and peace.  
 And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me till the end.

*Refrain*

Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust Him; How I've proved Him o'er and o'er!

Je - sus, Je - sus, pre - cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust Him more!

## When We Walk With the Lord

296

J. H. Sammis

D. B. Towner

1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of His word,  
 2. Not a shadow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies,  
 3. Not a burden we bear, Not a sorrow we share,  
 4. Then in fellowship sweet We will sit at His feet,

What a glory He sheds on our way! While we do His good will,  
 But His smile quick-ly drives it a - way; Not a doubt nor a fear,  
 But our toil He doth rich - ly re - pay; Not a grief nor a loss,  
 Or we'll walk by His side in the way; What He says we will do,

He a - bides with us still, And with all who will trust and o - bey.  
 Not a sigh nor a tear, Can a - bide while we trust and o - bey.  
 Not a frown nor a cross, But is blest if we trust and o - bey.  
 Where He sends we will go, Nev - er fear, on - ly trust and o - bey.

*Refrain*

Trust and o - bey, for there's no oth - er way To be

hap - py in Je - sus, but to trust and o - bey.

297

Will Your Anchor Hold?

Priscilla J. Owens

William J. Kirkpatrick

1. Will your an - chor hold in the storm of life,  
 2. If 'tis safe - ly moored, 'twill the storm with - stand,  
 3. It will firm - ly hold in the straits of Fear,  
 4. When our eyes be - hold, in the dawn - ing light,

When the clouds un - fold their wings of strife?  
 For 'tis well se - cured by the Sav - iour's hand;  
 When the break - ers tell that the reef is near;  
 Shin - ing gates of pearl, our har - bor bright,

When the strong tides lift, and the ca - bles strain,  
 And the ca - bles, passed from His heart to thine,  
 Though the tem - pest rage and the wild winds blow,  
 We shall an - chor fast to the heaven - ly shore,

Will your an - chor drift, or firm re - main?  
 Can de - fy the blast, through strength di - vine.  
 Not an an - gry wave shall our bark o'er - flow.  
 With the storms all past for - ev - er - more.

FAITH AND TRUST

*Refrain*

We have an an - chor that keeps the soul

Stead - fast and sure while the bil - lows roll;

Fas - tened to the Rock which can - not move,

Ground - ed firm and deep in the Sav - iour's love.

# 298 Blessed Lord, How Much I Need Thee!

F. E. Belden

F. E. Belden, 1886

1. Bless - ed Lord, how much I need Thee! Weak and sin - ful, poor and blind;  
 2. Clothe me with Thy robe of meek - ness, Stained with sin this robe of mine;  
 3. Safe am I if Thou dost guide me— Trust - ing self, how soon I fall!  
 4. Then what - e'er the fu - ture bring - eth, Smiles of joy, or tears of grief,

Take my trem - bling hand and lead me; Strength and sight in Thee I find.  
 Teach me first to feel my weak - ness, Then to plead for strength di - vine.  
 Walk life's rug - ged way be - side me, Thou, my light, my life, my all.  
 Still to Thee my spir - it cling - eth, Thou art still my soul's re - lief.

*Refrain*

Ev - ery hour, ev - ery hour, Bless - ed Lord, how much I need Thee!

Ev - ery hour, ev - ery hour, Sav - iour, keep me ev - ery hour.

# Gracious Father, Guard Thy Children 299

Unknown

 Arr. from Mozart  
 by Hubert P. Main, 1873

1. Gra - cious Fa - ther, guard Thy chil - dren From the foe's de - struc - tive power;  
 2. We are in the time of wait - ing; Soon we shall be - hold our Lord,  
 3. With what joy - ful ex - ul - ta - tion Shall the saints Thy ban - ner see,

Save, O save them, Lord, from fall - ing In this dark and try - ing hour.  
 Waft - ed far a - way from sor - row, To re - ceive our rich re - ward.  
 When the Lord for whom we've wait - ed Shall pro - claim the ju - bi - lee!

Thou wilt sure - ly prove Thy peo - ple, All our grac - es must be tried;  
 Keep us, Lord, till Thine ap - pear - ing, Pure, un - spot - ted from the world;  
 Free - dom from this world's pol - lu - tions; Free - dom from all sin and pain;

But Thy word il - lumes our path - way, And in God we still con - fide.  
 Let Thy Ho - ly Spir - it cheer us Till Thy ban - ner is un - furled.  
 Free - dom from the wiles of Sa - tan, And from death's de - struc - tive reign.

# 300

## I Must Tell Jesus

Elisha A. Hoffman (1839-1929)

Elisha A. Hoffman

1. I must tell Je-sus all of my tri - als; I cannot bear these bur - dens a - lone,  
2. I must tell Je-sus all of my troubles, He is a kind, com - pas - sion - ate Friend;  
3. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is tempt - ed to sin!

In my dis - tress He kind - ly will help me, He ev - er loves and cares for His own.  
If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er, Make of my trou - bles quick - ly an end.  
I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me O - ver the world the vic - t'ry to win.

*Refrain*

I must tell Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! I can - not bear my bur - dens a - lone;

I must tell Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.

## As Pants the Wearied Hart

301

Unknown

F. Mendelssohn

1. As pants the wearied hart for cooling springs,  
 2. Lord, Thy sure mercies, ever in my sight,  
 3. Why faint my soul? Why doubt Je-ho-vah's aid?

That sinks exhausted in the summer's chase,  
 My heart shall gladden thro' the tedious day;  
 Thy God the God of mercy still shall prove;

So pants my soul for Thee, great King of kings,  
 And midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,  
 With - in His courts Thy thanks shall yet be paid;

So thirsts to reach Thy sacred dwelling place.  
 To Thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful lay.  
 Un-questioned be His faithful - ness and love.



# 302 Gracious Spirit! Dwell With Me

T. T. Lynch

Conrad Kocher

1. Gra - cious Spir - it! dwell with me; I my -  
 2. Truth - ful Spir - it! dwell with me; I my -  
 3. Ten - der Spir - it! dwell with me; I my -  
 4. Ho - ly Spir - it! dwell with me; I my -

self would gra - cious be; And with words that help and  
 self would truth - ful be; And with wis - dom kind and  
 self would ten - der be; Shut my heart up like a  
 self would ho - ly be; Sep - a - rate from sin, I

heal, Would Thy life in mine re - veal; And with  
 clear, Let Thy life in mine ap - pear; And with  
 flow'r, At temp - ta - tion's dark - some hour; O - pen  
 would, Choose and cher - ish all things good; And what -

ac - tions bold and meek, Would for Christ my Sav - iour speak.  
 ac - tions broth - er - ly, Speak my Lord's sin - cer - i - ty.  
 it when shines the sun, And His love by fra - grance own.  
 ev - er I can be, Give to Him, Who gave me Thee.

## I Would Be True

303

Howard A. Walter (1883-1918)

Joseph Y. Peek, 1911

1. I would be true, for there are those who trust me;  
 2. I would be friend of all—the foe, the friend-less;  
 3. I would be learn-ing, day by day, the les-sons

I would be pure, for there are those who care;  
 I would be giv-ing, and for-get the gift;  
 My heav-enly Fa-ther gives me in His word;

I would be strong, for there is much to suf-fer;  
 I would be hum-ble, for I know my weak-ness;  
 I would be quick to hear His light-est whis-per;

I would be brave, for there is much to dare;  
 I would look up, and laugh, and love, and lift;  
 And prompt and glad to do the things I've heard;

I would be brave, for there is much to dare.  
 I would look up, and laugh, and love, and lift.  
 And prompt and glad to do the things I've heard.

# 304 Jesus Comes With Pow'r to Gladden

Frank A. Breck

William. J. Kirkpatrick

1. Je - sus comes with pow'r to glad - den, When love shines in,  
 2. How the world will glow with beau - ty, When love shines in,  
 3. Dark - est sor - rows will grow bright - er, When love shines in,  
 4. We may have un - fad - ing splen - dor, When love shines in,

Ev - 'ry life that woe can sad - den, When love shines in;  
 And the heart re - jice in du - ty, When love shines in;  
 And the heav - iest bur - den, light - er, When love shines in;  
 And a friend - ship true and ten - der, When love shines in;

Love will teach us how to pray, Love will drive the gloom a - way,  
 Tri - als may be sanc - ti - fied, And the soul in peace a - bide;  
 'Tis the glo - ry that will throw Light to show us where to go;  
 When earth vict' - ries shall be won, And our life in heav'n be - gun,

Turn our dark - ness in - to day, When love shines in.  
 Life will all be glo - ri - fied, When love shines in.  
 O the heart shall bless - ing know, When love shines in!  
 There will be no need of sun, For love shines in.

HOPE AND ASPIRATION

Refrain

When love shines in, When love shines in,  
When love shines in.

When love shines in, love shines in, When love shines in,

How the heart is tuned to sing-ing, When love shines in!

When love shines in, When love shines in,  
When love shines in, When love shines in, When love shines in.

Joy and peace to oth - ers bring - ing, When love shines in.  
When love shines in.

# 305

## Purer Yet and Purer

Unknown

J. B. Dykes, 1862

1. Pur - er yet and pur - er I would be in mind,  
 2. Calm - er yet and calm - er In the hours of pain,  
 3. High - er yet and high - er Out of clouds and night,  
 4. Swift - er yet and swift - er Ev - er on - ward run,

Dear - er yet and dear - er Ev - ery du - ty find;  
 Sur - er yet and sur - er Peace at last to gain;  
 Near - er yet and near - er Ris - ing to the light—  
 Firm - er yet and firm - er Step as I go on;

Hop - ing still and trust - ing God with - out a fear,  
 Suf - fering still and do - ing, To His will re - signed,  
 Light se - rene and ho - ly, Where my soul may rest,  
 Oft these ear - nest long - ings Swell with - in my breast,

Pa - tient - ly be - liev - ing He will make all clear.  
 And to God sub - du - ing, Heart and will and mind.  
 Pu - ri - fied and low - ly, Sanc - ti - fied and blest.  
 Yet their in - ner mean - ing Ne'er can be ex - pressed.

# I'm Pressing on the Upward Way 306

Johnson Oatman, Jr.

Charles H. Gabriel

1. I'm press-ing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gain-ing ev-ery day;  
 2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts a-rise and fears dis-may;  
 3. I want to live a-bove the world, Though Satan's darts at me are hurled;  
 4. I want to scale the ut-most height, And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright;

Still pray-ing as I on-ward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground."  
 Though some may dwell where these a-bound, My prayer, my aim is high-er ground.  
 For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on high-er ground.  
 But still I'll pray till heaven I've found, "Lord, lead me on to high-er ground."

*Refrain*

Lord, lift me up, and I shall stand By faith, on heav-en's ta-ble-land;

A high-er plane than I have found; Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground.

# 307 Joys Are Flowing Like a River

W. S. Marshall, 1897, J. M. Kirk, 1900

M. P. Ferguson, Arr. by F. E. Belden

Arr. by F. E. Belden

1. Joys are flow-ing like a riv - er, Since the Com-fort - er has come;  
 2. O what ho - ly peace and glad-ness! What a com-fort is our Guest,  
 3. Like the rain that falls from heav - en, Like the sun-light from the sky,  
 4. What a won - der - ful sal - va - tion, Where we al - ways see His face!

He a - bides with us for - ev - er, Makes the trust-ing heart His home.  
 No more un - be - lief and sad-ness, As o - bey-ing now we rest.  
 So the Ho - ly Ghost is giv - en, Com - ing gen - tly from on high.  
 What a peace-ful hab - i - ta - tion! What a qui - et rest-ing place!

*Refrain*

Bless-ed qui - et-ness, ho - ly qui - et-ness, Sweet as - sur-ance in my soul;

On the storm-y sea, Je-sus speaks to me, And the bil-lows cease to roll.

# Kind Words Can Never Die 308

Arr. By F. E. Belden

Abbie Hutchinson

1. Kind words can nev - er die, Cherish - 'd and blest; God knows how  
 2. Sweet tho'ts can nev - er die, Tho' like the flow'rs Their bright - est  
 3. True love can nev - er die, Tho' in the tomb We all may

deep they lie, Stored in the breast, Like child - hood's sim - ple rhymes,  
 hues may fly In wint' - ry hours; But when the gen - tle dew  
 si - lent lie, Wrapp'd in its gloom; Tho' mor - tal flesh de - cay,

Said o'er a thou - sand times, Yes, in all years and climes,  
 Gives them their charms a - new. With many an ad - ded hue  
 There comes a glo - rious day, When dust shall soar a - way

Dis - tant or near. Kind words can nev - er die, Nev - er die,  
 They bloom a - gain. Sweet tho'ts can nev - er die, Nev - er die,  
 To Christ a - bove. True love can nev - er die, Nev - er die,

nev - er die; Kind words can nev - er die, No, nev - er die.  
 nev - er die; Sweet tho'ts can nev - er die, No, nev - er die.  
 nev - er die; True love can nev - er die, No, nev - er die.



# 309 Lord, I Want to Be Made Holy

Unknown

J. Granahan

1. Lord, I want to be made ho - ly, Give me now Thy pu - ri - ty;  
 2. This my soul's sin - cer - est yearn - ing; Cleanse me from my guilt I pray;  
 3. In my - self I have no good - ness; With - out Thee, my strength is weak;  
 4. Ho - ly Fa - ther, to Thy pres - ence Pen - i - tent I come to - day;

In the blood of Je - sus cleanse me, That, like snow, I pure may be.  
 Grant my heart's de - sire by turn - ing Sin - ful night to sin - less day.  
 For Thy ho - li - ness I'm plead - ing, Grace, through Je - sus' blood I seek.  
 Grant me, Lord, Thy bound - less mer - cy, Take my man - y sins a - way.

*Refrain*

Make me ho - ly, Lord, just now; Cleanse my heart as here I bow.

Je - sus, Lord, take my heart, nev - er let me ev - er part.

# Must I Go, Empty-Handed? 310

C. C. Luther

George C. Stebbins

1. "Must I go, and emp - ty - han - ded," Thus my dear Re - deem - er meet?  
 2. Not at death I shrink nor fal - ter, For my Sav - iour saves me now;  
 3. O the years in sin - ning wast - ed, Could I but re - call them now,  
 4. O ye saints, a - rouse, be ear - nest, Up and work while yet 'tis day;

Not one day of ser - vice give Him, Lay no tro - phy at His feet?  
 But to meet Him emp - ty - hand - ed, Tho't of that now clouds my brow.  
 I would give them to my Sav - iour, To His will I'd glad - ly bow.  
 Ere the night of death o'er - take thee, Strive for souls while still you may.

*Refrain*

"Must I go, and emp - ty - hand - ed?" Must I meet my Sav - iour so?

Not one soul with which to greet Him: Must I emp - ty - hand - ed go?

# 311 O Softly the Spirit Is Whispering

Ida Scott Taylor

W. H. Doane

1. O soft - ly the Spir - it is whisp' - ring to me,  
 2. Some heart may be long - ing for on - ly a word,  
 3. Some soul may be plunged in the dark - est de - spair;  
 4. Come, all ye that la - bor, ye wea - ry and worn,

With ten - der com - pas - sion, with pit - y - ing plea;  
 Whose love by the Spir - it is quick - ened and stirred;  
 Whose shad - ows would melt in the sun - light of prayr;  
 Come ye who in sor - row or sin - ful - ness mourn;

I hear His be - seech - ing, and ear - nest - ly pray  
 Now grant, bless - ed Sav - iour, this ser - vice to me,  
 O give me, dear Sav - iour, I hum - bly im - plore,  
 With me this pe - ti - tion to Je - sus con - vey;

That Je - sus will make me a bless - ing to - day.  
 Of speak - ing a com - fort - ing mes - sage for Thee.  
 The sweet con - so - la - tion that soul to re - store.  
 O make me a bless - ing, dear Sav - iour, to - day.

HOPE AND ASPIRATION

*Refrain*

Lord, make me a bless - ing to - day,  
Lord, make me a bless - ing,

A bless - ing to some one, I pray;  
I pray;

In all that I do, in all that I say,

O make me a bless - ing to - day.

# 312 Some Day the Silver Cord Will Break

Fanny J. Crosby (1823-1915)

George C. Stebbins

1. Some-day the sil-ver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;  
 2. Some-day my earth-ly house will fall, I can-not tell how soon 'twill be,  
 3. Some-day, when fades the gold-en sun Be-neath the ro-sy tint-ed west,

But, O, the joy when I shall wake With-in the pal-ace of the king!  
 But this I know— my all in all Has now a place in heav'n for me.  
 My bless-ed Lord will say, "Well done!" And I shall en-ter in - to rest.

*Refrain*

And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the story— Saved by grace;  
 shall see to face,

And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the story— Saved by grace.  
 shall see to face,

## There Is a Blessed Hope

313

Unknown

Arr. from Johann G. Naegeli  
by Lowell Mason, 1845

1. There is a bless - ed hope, More pre - cious  
2. There is a love - ly star That lights the  
3. There is a cheer - ing voice That lifts the  
4. That voice from Cal - vary's height Pro - claims the

and more bright Than all the joy - less  
dark - est gloom, And sheds a peace - ful  
soul a - bove, Dis - pels the pain - ful,  
soul for - given; That star is rev - e -

mock - er - y The world es - teems de - light.  
ra - diance o'er The pros - pects of the tomb.  
anx - ious doubt, And whis - pers, "God is love."  
la - tion's light, That hope, the hope of heaven.

# 314 Someone Will Enter the Pearly Gate

G. M. J.

James McGranahan

1. Some - one will en - ter the pearl - y gate By and by, by and by,  
 2. Some - one will glad - ly his cross lay down By and by, by and by,  
 3. Some - one will knock when the door is shut By and by, by and by,  
 4. Some - one will sing the tri - um - phant song By and by, by and by,

Taste of the glo - ries that there a - wait, Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?  
 Faith - ful, ap - proved, shall re - ceive a crown, Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?  
 Hear a voice say - ing, "I know you not"; Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?  
 Join in the praise with the bloodbought throng; Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?

Some - one will tra - vel the streets of gold, Beau - ti - ful vi - sions will there be - hold,  
 Some - one the glo - ri - ous King will see, Ev - er from sor - row of earth be free,  
 Some - one will call and shall not be heard, Vain - ly will strive when the door is barred,  
 Some - one will greet on the gold - en shore, Loved ones of earth, pain and parting o'er,

Feast on the plea - sures so long fore - told; Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?  
 Hap - py with Him through e - ter - ni - ty; Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?  
 Some - one will fail of the saint's re - ward; Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?  
 Safe in the glo - ry for - ev - er - more; Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?

## We Have Not Known Thee

315

Thomas B. Pollock, 1889

Joseph Barnby, 1872

1. We have not known Thee as we ought, Nor learned Thy wis - dom,  
 2. We have not feared Thee as we ought, Nor bowed be - neath Thine  
 3. We have not loved Thee as we ought, Nor cared that we are  
 4. We have not served Thee as we ought, A - las! the du - ties

grace, and power; The things of earth have filled our thought,  
 aw - ful eye, Nor guard - ed deed, and word, and thought,  
 loved by Thee; Thy pres - ence we have cold - ly sought,  
 left un - done, The work with lit - tle fer - vor wrought,

And tri - fles of the pass - ing hour, Lord, give us light  
 Re - mem - ber - ing that God was nigh. Lord, give us faith  
 And fee - bly longed Thy face to see. Lord, give a pure  
 The bat - tles lost, or scarce - ly won! Lord, give the zeal,

Thy truth to see, And make us wise in know - ing Thee.  
 to know Thee near, And grant the grace of ho - ly fear.  
 and lov - ing heart To feel and own the love Thou art.  
 and give the might, For Thee to toil, for Thee to fight.



# 316 Speak to My Soul, Dear Jesus

L. L. Pickett

Adapted by L. L. Pickett

1. Speak to my soul, dear Je - sus, Speak now in tend' - rest tone;  
 2. Speak to Thy chil - dren ev - er, Lead in the ho - ly way;  
 3. Speak now as in the old time Thou didst re - veal Thy will;

Whis - per in lov - ing kind - ness; "Thou art not left a - lone,"  
 Fill them with joy and glad - ness, Teach them to watch and pray,  
 Let me know all my du - ty, Let me Thy law ful - fill,

O - pen my heart to hear Thee, Quick - ly to hear Thy voice,  
 May they in con - se - cra - tion Yield their whole lives to Thee,  
 Lead me to glo - ri - fy Thee, Help me to show Thy praise,

Fill Thou my soul with prais - es Let me in Thee re - joice.  
 Has - ten Thy com - ing king - dom, Till our dear Lord we see.  
 Glad - ly to do Thy bid - ding, Hon - or Thee all my days.

HOPE AND ASPIRATION

*Refrain*

Speak Thou in soft - est whis - pers, Whis - pers of love to me;

"Thou shalt be al - ways conq' - ror Thou shalt be al - ways free."

Speak Thou to me each day, Lord, Al - ways in tend' - rest tone,

Let me now hear Thy whis - per, "Thou art not left a - lone."

# 317 When My Lifework Is Ended

Fanny J. Crosby

John R. Sweney

1. When my life - work is end - ed, and I cross the swell - ing tide,  
 2. O, the soul - thrill - ing rap - ture when I view His bless - ed face,  
 3. O, the dear ones de - part - ed! How the ten - der mem' - ries come,  
 4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y, in a robe of spot - less white,

When "this mor - tal puts on im - mor - tal - i - ty";  
 And the lus - tre of His kind - ly beam - ing eye;  
 As the fare - well at the riv - er I re - call;  
 He will lead me where no tears shall ev - er fall;

I shall know my Re - deem - er when I reach the oth - er side,  
 How my full heart will praise Him for the mer - cy, love, and grace,  
 In the sweet vales of E - den we shall meet no more to roam,  
 In the glad song of a - ges I shall min - gle with de - light;

And His smile will be the first to wel - come me.  
 That pre - pares for me a man - sion in the sky.  
 But I long to see my Sa - viour first of all.  
 But I long to meet my Sa - viour first of all.

HOPE AND ASPIRATION

*Refrain*

I shall know Him, I shall know Him  
I shall know

As re - deem'd by His side I shall stand,

I shall know Him, I shall know Him  
I shall know

By the print of the nails in His hands.

## 318

## We Would See Jesus

Anna B. Warner

Franklin E. Belden

1. "We would see Je - sus"; for the shad - ows length - en  
 2. "We would see Je - sus"; Rock of our sal - va - tion,  
 3. "We would see Je - sus"; oth - er lights are pal - ing,  
 4. "We would see Je - sus"; this is all we're need - ing

A - cross the lit - tle land - scape of our life;  
 Where - on our feet were set with sover - eign grace;  
 Which for long years we did re - joice to see;  
 Strength, joy, and will - ing - ness come with the sight;

We would see Je - sus, our weak faith to strength - en  
 Not life, nor death, with all their ag - i - ta - tion,  
 The bless - ings of this sin - ful world are fail - ing;  
 We would see Je - sus, dy - ing, ris - en, plead - ing,

For the last con - flict, in this mor - tal strife.  
 Can thence re - move us, gaz - ing on His face.  
 We would not mourn them, in ex - change for Thee.  
 Soon to re - turn and end this mor - tal night!

# Arise, My Soul, Arise!

# 319

Charles Wesley

Lewis Edson

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise, Shake off thy guilt - y fears;  
 2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter - cede;  
 3. Five bleed - ing wounds He bears, Re - ceived on Cal - va - ry;  
 4. The Fa - ther hears Him pray, His dear, a - noint - ed One;

The bleed - ing Sac - ri - fice In my be - half ap - pears;  
 His all - re - deem - ing love, His pre - cious blood to plead;  
 They pour ef - fect - ual prayr's, They strong - ly speak for me:  
 He would not turn a - way The pres - ence of His Son;

Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands, Be - fore the throne my  
 His blood was shed for all our race, His blood was shed for  
 "For - give him, O, for - give!" they cry, "For - give him, O, for -  
 His Spir - it an - swers to the blood, His Spir - it an - swers

Sure - ty stands; My name is writ - ten on His hands.  
 all our race, And sprin - kles now the throne of grace.  
 give"! they cry, "Nor let the con - trite sin - ner die!"  
 to the blood, And tells me I am born of God.

# 320

## Beneath the Cross of Jesus

Elizabeth C. Clephane, 1872

Frederick C. Maker, 1881

1. Be - neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand,  
 2. Up - on that cross of Je - sus Mine eye at times can see  
 3. I take, O cross, thy shad - ow For my a - bid - ing place;

The shad - ow of a might - y rock With - in a wea - ry land;  
 The ver - y dy - ing form of One Who suf - fered there for me;  
 I ask no oth - er sun - shine than The sun - shine of His face;

A home with - in the wil - der - ness, A rest up - on the way,  
 And from my smit - ten heart with tears Two won - ders I con - fess;  
 Con - tent to let the world go by, To know no gain nor loss,

From the burn - ing of the noon - tide heat, And the bur - den of the day.  
 The won - ders of re - deem - ing love And my un - wor - thi - ness.  
 My sin - ful self my on - ly shame, My glo - ry all the cross.

# Closer to Thee, My Father, Draw Me 321

E. W. Chapman

J. H. Tenney

1. Clos - er to Thee, my Fa - ther, draw me, I long for Thine em - brace;  
 2. Clos - er to Thee, my Sav - iour, draw me, Nor let me leave Thee more;  
 3. Clos - er by Thy sweet Spir - it draw me, Till I am all like Thee;

Clos - er with - in Thine arms en - fold me, I seek a rest - ing place.  
 Fain would I feel Thine arms a - round me, And count my wand'r - ings o'er.  
 Quick - en, re - fine, and wash, and cleanse me, Till I am pure and free.

*Refrain*

Clos - - - er with the cords of love, Draw me  
 Clos - er, clos - er with the cords of love, Draw me, draw me to Thy -

to Thy - self a - bove; Clos - - - er  
 self a - bove; Clos - er with the cords of love,

draw me, to Thy - self a - bove.  
 Draw me to Thy - self a - bove, Draw me to Thy - self a - bove.



# 322 Do We Live So Close to the Lord?

C. H. Morris

C. H. Morris

1. Do we live so close to the Lord to - day, Pass - ing to and fro  
 2. Do we love, with love to His own a - kin, All His crea - tures lost  
 3. As an o - pen book they our lives will read, To our words and acts

on life's bus - y way, That the world in us can a like - ness see  
 in the mire of sin? Will we reach a hand, what - so - e'er it cost,  
 giv - ing dai - ly heed; Will they be at - tract - ed, or turn a - way

To the Man of Cal - va - ry?  
 To re - claim a sin - ner lost?  
 From the Christ we love to - day?  
 (1.) Man of Cal - va - ry?

*Refrain*

Can the world see Je - sus in me? Can the  
 Can the world see Je - sus in me?

world see Je - sus in you? Does your love to Him ring true, and your  
 Can the world see Je - sus in you?

life and ser-vice, too? Can the world see Je - sus in you?  
 me in you?

## Breathe on Me, Breath of God 323

Edwin Hatch, 1878

J. Harker, 1914

1. Breathe on me, Breath of God, Fill me with life a - new,  
 2. Breathe on me, Breath of God, Un - til my heart is pure,  
 3. Breathe on me, Breath of God, Till I am whol - ly Thine,  
 4. Breathe on me, Breath of God, So shall I con - stant be,

That I may love what Thou dost love, And do what Thou wouldst do.  
 Un - til with Thee I will one will, To do and to en - dure.  
 Un - til this earth - ly part of me Glows with Thy fire di - vine.  
 And live with Thee the per - fect life Of Thine e - ter - ni - ty.

# 324

## Dying With Jesus

D. W. Whittle

Mary Whittle

1. Dy - ing with Je - sus, by death rec-koned mine, Liv-ing with Je-sus, a  
 2. Nev - er a tri - al that He is not there, Nev - er a bur - den that  
 3. Nev - er a heart - ache, and nev - er a groan, Nev - er a tear - drop and  
 4. Nev - er a weak - ness that He doth not feel, Nev - er a sick - ness that

new life di - vine, Look - ing to Je - sus till glo - ry doth shine,  
 He doth not bear, Nev - er a sor - row that He doth not share,  
 nev - er a moan; Nev - er a dan - ger but there on the throne,  
 He can - not heal; Mo - ment by mo - ment, in woe or in weal,

Mo - ment by mo - ment, O Lord, I am Thine.  
 Mo - ment by mo - ment I'm un - der His care.  
 Mo - ment by mo - ment He thinks of His own.  
 Je - sus, my Sav - iour, a - bides with me still.

*Refrain*

Mo - ment by mo - ment I'm kept in His love; Mo - ment by

mo - ment I've life from a - bove; Look - ing to Je - sus till glo - ry doth shine;

Moment by moment, O Lord, I am Thine.

This musical score is for the hymn 'Consecration'. It features a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a common time signature (C). The melody is simple and hymn-like. The bass line consists of chords that support the melody. The lyrics are: 'Mo - ment by mo - ment, O Lord, I am Thine.'

## Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone? 325

Thomas Shepherd (1665-1739)

George N. Allen (1812-1877)

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone,  
 2. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear,  
 3. Up - on the crys - tal pave - ment, down

This musical score is for the hymn 'Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?'. It features a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/4 time signature. The melody is more complex than the first hymn. The bass line consists of chords. The lyrics are: '1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, 2. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear, 3. Up - on the crys - tal pave - ment, down'

And all the world go free? No, there's a cross for  
 Till He shall set me free; And then go home my  
 At Je - sus' pierc - ed feet, With joy I'll cast my

This musical score continues the hymn 'Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?'. It features a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/4 time signature. The melody continues from the previous block. The bass line consists of chords. The lyrics are: 'And all the world go free? No, there's a cross for Till He shall set me free; And then go home my At Je - sus' pierc - ed feet, With joy I'll cast my'

ev - ery one, And there's a cross for me.  
 crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.  
 gold - en crown, And His dear name re - peat.

This musical score concludes the hymn 'Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?'. It features a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/4 time signature. The melody concludes with a final cadence. The bass line consists of chords. The lyrics are: 'ev - ery one, And there's a cross for me. crown to wear, For there's a crown for me. gold - en crown, And His dear name re - peat.'

# 326 Earthly Pleasures Vainly Call Me

James Rowe

Bentley D. Ackley

1. Earth-ly plea-sures vain-ly call me, I would be like Je - sus;  
 2. He has bro - ken ev - ery fet - ter, I would be like Je - sus;  
 3. All the way from earth to glo - ry, I would be like Je - sus;  
 4. That in heav - en He may meet me, I would be like Je - sus;  
 would be like Je - sus;

Noth-ing world - ly shall en - thrall me, I would be like Je - sus.  
 That my soul may serve Him bet - ter, I would be like Je - sus.  
 Tell - ing o'er and o'er the sto - ry, I would be like Je - sus.  
 That His words "Well done" may greet me, I would be like Je - sus.  
 would be like Je - sus.

*Refrain*

Be like Je - sus, this my song, In the home and in the throng;

Be like Je - sus, all day long! I would be like Je - sus.

# Fade, Fade Each Earthly Joy

# 327

Catherine J. Bonar

T. E. Perkins

1. Fade, fade each earth - ly joy, Je - sus is mine!  
 2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine!  
 3. Fare - well, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine!  
 4. Fare - well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine!

Break ev - ery ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine!  
 Here would I ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine!  
 Lost in this dawn - ing light, Je - sus is mine!  
 Wel - come e - ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine!

Dark is the wil - der - ness, Earth has no rest - ing place,  
 Per - ish - ing things of clay, Born but for one brief day,  
 All that my soul has tried, Left but a dis - mal void,  
 Wel - come, O loved and blest, Wel - come, sweet scenes of rest,

Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!  
 Pass from my heart a - way, Je - sus is mine!  
 Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!  
 Wel - come my Sav - iour's breast, Je - sus is mine!

# 328

# Father, We Come to Thee

F. E. Belden

W. J. Bostwick

1. Fa - ther, we come to Thee, No oth - er help have we; Thou wilt our  
 2. Save from our man - y foes, Save from our earth - ly woes; Be Thou our  
 3. Give us Thy grace di - vine, Seal us for - ev - er Thine; Our way - ward

ref - uge be, On Thee we call. Earth is but dark and drear  
 soul's re - pose In time of need. Doubt - ing are we, and weak;  
 feet in - cline From sin to flee. Oh, guide us, we im - plore,

With - out Thy pres - ence near; Be Thou our com - fort here, Fa - ther of all.  
 To us sweet cour - age speak; Thy might - y arm we seek For strength in - deed.  
 Till wea - ry life is o'er, And on a bright - er shore We dwell with Thee.

*Refrain*

Fa - ther, we come to Thee, Turn not a - way;

Help - less we come to Thee, Hear while we pray.

# Here Is My Heart!

# 329

E. Liebich

Unknown

1. Here is my heart! O Lord, I give to Thee This heart my love, my all.  
 2. Here is my heart! Commend-ed to Thy grace, Though man - i - fold its need;  
 3. Here is my heart! Sur - ren - der full and free, The cross, it would at - tain.

"Come, leave the world And give thy heart to me": This is to me Thy call.  
 Take Thou my heart To be Thy dwell - ing place; To Thee my all I cede:  
 It says: "O Lord, Come be mine all to me, Thy death shall be my gain."

An of - fer - ing of love I'm bring - ing, With con - se - crat - ed  
 With lust this heart is e'er con - tend - ing, So filled with sin, now  
 Thy wounds, O Sav - iour, bring sal - va - tion, E - ter - nal peace and

will I'm sing - ing, Here is my heart, Here is my heart.  
 low - ly bend - ing, Here is my heart, Here is my heart.  
 con - so - la - tion Un - to my heart, My faith - ful heart.



# 330

## Humble Me, Lord

Unknown

Unknown

1. Hum-ble me, Lord, as I come un-to Thee, Deep - en my trust in Thy  
 2. Hum-ble me, Lord, as I of - fer my plea, Cleanse ev-ery stain, from each  
 3. Hum-ble me, Lord, and I then will be sure Of per - fect re - demp - tion,

mer - cy t'ward me; Bowed with my bur - den of sin and of dross,  
 sin set me free; I am un - wor - thy, no mer - it I claim;  
 full and se - cure; Though, of - ten in sor - row my heart de - spaired,

*Refrain*

Low - ly, I bend at the foot of Thy cross.  
 Look - ing to Je - sus, I trust in His name. Let me but en - ter  
 I know my sal - va - tion now is pre - pared.

Thy wound - ed side, This world re - ject - ing, there to a - bide; On - ly in

Thee can my spir - it be blest, Low at Thy feet, Lord, find peace and rest.

# I Am Thine, O Lord

# 331

Fanny J. Crosby, 1875

W. H. Doane

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;  
 2. Con - se - crate me now to Thy ser - vice, Lord, By the power of grace di - vine;  
 3. O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be - fore Thy throne I spend,  
 4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the nar - row sea;

But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos - er drawn to Thee.  
 May my soul look up with a stead - fast hope And my will be lost in Thine.  
 When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God, I com - mune as friend with friend!  
 There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.

*Refrain*

Draw me near - er, near - er, bless - ed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died;  
 near - er, near - er,

Draw me near - er, near - er, near - er, bless - ed Lord, To Thy pre - cious, bleed - ing side.

# 332 I Come to the Garden Alone

C. Austin Miles

C. Austin Miles, 1912

1. I come to the gar-den a - lone, While the dew is still on the  
 2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet the birds hush their  
 3. I'd stay in the gar-den with Him Though the night a-round me be

ros - es; And the voice I hear, Fall - ing on my ear, The  
 sing - ing; And the mel - o - dy That He gave to me, With -  
 fall - ing, But He bids me go' Through the voice of woe, His

*Refrain*  
 Son of God dis - clos - es.  
 in my heart is ring - ing. And He walks with me, and He  
 voice to me is call - ing.

talks with me, And He tells me I am His own, And the

joy we share as we tar-ry there, None oth-er has ev-er known.

# Have Thine Own Way, Lord! 333

A. A. Pollard

G. C. Stebbins

1. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!  
 2. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!  
 3. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!  
 4. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!

Thou art the Pot - ter; I am the clay.  
 Search me and try me, Mas - ter to - day!  
 Wound - ed and wea - ry Help me, I pray!  
 Hold o'er my be - ing ab - so - lute sway!

Mold me and make me Aft - er Thy will,  
 Whit - er than snow, Lord, Wash me just now,  
 Pow - er, all pow - er, Sure - ly is Thine!  
 Fill with Thy Spir - it Till all shall see

While I am wait - ing, Yield - ed and still.  
 As in Thy pres - ence Hum - bly I bow.  
 Touch me and heal me, Sav - iour di - vine!  
 Christ on - ly, al - ways, liv - ing in me!

# 334

# I Love Thee Better, Lord

F. R. Havergal

R. E. Hudson

1. I know I love Thee bet-ter, Lord, Than a - ny earth - ly joy;  
 2. I know that Thou art near-er still Than a - ny earth - ly throng;  
 3. Thou hast put glad-ness in my heart; Then may I well be glad;  
 4. O Sav - iour, pre-cious Sav-iour, mine! What will Thy pres - ence be,

For Thou hast giv - en me the peace Which noth - ing can de - stroy.  
 And sweet - er is the tho't of Thee Than a - ny love - ly song.  
 With - out the se - cret of Thy love I could not but be sad.  
 If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with Thee.

*Refrain*

The half has nev-er yet been told, Of love so full and free;  
 nev-er told,

The half has nev-er yet been told, The blood it cleans-eth me.  
 nev-er told, cleanseth me.

# I Love Thee

# 335

Unknown

Ingall's Christian Harmony, 1805

1. I love Thee, I love Thee, I love Thee, my Lord;  
 2. I'm hap - py, I'm hap - py, O, won - drous ac - count!  
 3. O Je - sus, my Sav - iour, with Thee I am blest,  
 4. O, who's like my Sav - iour? He's Sa - lem's bright King;

I love Thee, my Sav - iour, I love Thee, my God.  
 My joys are im - mor - tal, I stand on the mount!  
 My life and sal - va - tion, my joy and my rest:  
 He smiles, and He loves me, and helps me to sing.

I love Thee, I love Thee, and that Thou dost know;  
 I gaze on my trea - sure and long to be there,  
 Thy name be my theme, and Thy love be my song;  
 I'll praise Him, I'll praise Him, with notes loud and clear,

But how much I love Thee my ac - tions will show.  
 With Je - sus and an - gels, and kin - dred so dear.  
 Thy grace shall in - spire both my heart and my tongue.  
 While riv - ers of plea - sure my spir - it do cheer.

# 336

## More Diligence Give Me

F. E. Belden

F. E. Belden

1. More dil - i - gence give me; Swift fli - eth the day,  
 2. More ten - der - ness give me For wan - der - ing sheep,  
 3. More gra - ti - tude give me, More love for my Lord,  
 4. More pu - ri - ty give me, More ha - tred of sin,

Each mo - ment some lost one Is pass - ing a - way;  
 Like Je - sus the Shep - herd, To search and to weep  
 More gifts for the Giv - er Who spread - eth my board;  
 More hun - g'ring and thirst - ing For good - ness with - in;

How can I be i - dle, Christ know - ing so well?  
 In by - ways and hed - ges, O'er des - ert and sea;  
 More mem - 'ries of mer - cies, More prais - es in pray'r,  
 More watch - ing and pray - ing, From self to be free;

More dil - i - gence give me, Love's sto - ry to tell.  
 More ten - der - ness give me For sin - ners like me.  
 More glad - ness in la - bor, More trust with my care.  
 More fruits of the Spir - it, More, Je - sus of Thee.

# I Would Draw Nearer to Jesus 337

Robert Harkness

Robert Harkness

1. I would draw near-er to Je-sus, In His sweet pres-ence a - bide,  
 2. I would draw near-er to Je-sus, Noth-ing with - hold - ing from Him,  
 3. I would draw near-er to Je-sus, Seek-ing His strength to be true,

Con-stant-ly try-ing to serve Him, Safe and se - cure at His side.  
 Know-ing He loves to be gra-cious, I would draw near - er to Him.  
 Will - ing to tell of His good-ness, Glad - ly His blest will to do.

*Refrain*

I would draw near-er to Je - sus, I would draw near-er to Him;

Ful - ly sur-ren-dered each mo-ment, I would draw near-er to Him.



# 338 I Am Coming to the Cross

William McDonald, 1870 (1820-1901)

William G. Fischer (1835-1912)

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;  
 2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee; Long has e - vil reigned with - in;  
 3. Here I give my all to Thee— Friends, and time, and earth - ly store;  
 4. Je - sus comes! He fills my soul! Per - fect - ed in Him I am;

I am count - ing all but dross; I shall full sal - va - tion find.  
 Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me, "I will cleanse you from all sin."  
 Soul and bod - y Thine to be, Whol - ly Thine for - ev - er - more.  
 I am ev - ery whit made whole— Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!

*Refrain*

I am trust - ing, Lord in Thee, O Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry;

Hum - bly at Thy cross I bow; Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

# I Would Be, Dear Saviour, Wholly Thine 339

F. E. Belden

F. E. Belden, 1886

1. I would be, dear Sav - iour, whol - ly Thine;  
 2. What is world - ly, plea - sure, wealth, or fame,  
 3. As I cast earth's tran - sient joys be - hind,

Teach me how, teach me how; I would do Thy will,  
 With - out Thee, with - out Thee? I will leave them all  
 Come Thou near, come Thou near; In Thy pres - ence all

O Lord, not mine; Help me, help me now.  
 for Thy dear name, This my wealth shall be.  
 in all I find, 'Tis my com - fort here.

*Refrain*

Whol - ly Thine, whol - ly Thine, Whol - ly Thine, this is my vow;  
 O Lord, O Lord,

Whol - ly Thine, whol - ly Thine, Whol - ly Thine, O Lord, just now.  
 O Lord, O Lord,

# 340 Jesus, Keep Me Near the Cross

Fanny J. Crosby, 1869

William H. Doane, 1869

1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross; There a pre - cious foun - tain  
 2. Near the cross, a trem - bling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;  
 3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me;  
 4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust - ing ev - er,

Free to all, a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal - vary's moun - tain.  
 There the bright and Morn - ing Star Sheds its beams a - round me.  
 Help me walk from day to day, With its shad - ows o'er me.  
 Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be - yond the riv - er.

*Refrain*

In the cross, in the cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er,

Till my ran - somed soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.

# Jesus, Lover of My Soul

# 341

Charles Wesley, 1740

Simeon B. Marsh, 1834

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,  
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help-less soul on Thee;  
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in Thee I find;  
 4. Plen-teous grace with Thee is found— Grace to par-don all my sin;

While the bil - lows near me roll, While the tem - pest still is high;  
 Leave, O leave me not a - lone! Still sup - port and com - fort me;  
 Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
 Let the heal - ing streams a - bound, Make and keep me pure with - in;

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide! Till the storm of life is past;  
 All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;  
 Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un - righ - teous - ness;  
 Thou of life the Foun - tain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive me home at last!  
 Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.  
 Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.  
 Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

# 342

## Jesus, Lover of My Soul

Charles Wesley, 1740

John B. Dykes, 1861

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,  
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;  
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in Thee I find;  
 4. Plen - teous grace with Thee is found—Grace to par - don all my sin;

While the bil - lows near me roll, While the tem - pest still is high;  
 Leave, O leave me not a - lone! Still sup - port and com - fort me;  
 Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
 Let the heal - ing streams a - bound, Make and keep me pure with - in;

Hide me, O my Sav - iour hide! Till the storm of life is past;  
 All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;  
 Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un - righ - teous - ness;  
 Thou of life the Foun - tain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive me home at last!  
 Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.  
 Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.  
 Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

# Jesus, Lover of My Soul

# 343

Charles Wesley

J. P. Holbrook

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,  
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;  
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in Thee I find:  
 4. Plen - teous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;

While the bil - lows near me roll, While the tem - pest still is high;  
 Leave, O leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me.  
 Raise the fal - len, cheer the faint, Heal the sick and lead the blind.  
 Let the heal - ing streams a - bound; Make and keep me pure with - in.

Hide me, O my Sav - iour hide, Till the storm of life is past;  
 All my trust on Thee is stay'd, All my help from Thee I bring;  
 Just and ho - ly is Thy name; I am all un - righ - teous - ness;  
 Thou of life the foun - tain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive me home at last!  
 Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.  
 Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.  
 Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty!

# 344 Live Out Thy Life Within Me

Frances R. Havergal (1836–1879)

Samuel Wesley, 1864

1. Live out Thy life with - in me, O Je - sus, King of kings!  
 2. The tem - ple has been yield - ed, And pu - ri - fied of sin;  
 3. Its mem - bers ev - ery mo - ment Held sub - ject to Thy call,  
 4. But rest - ful, calm, and pli - ant, From bend and bi - as free,

Be Thou Thy - self the an - swer To all my ques - tion - ings;  
 Let Thy She - ki - nah glo - ry Now shine forth from with - in;  
 Read - y to have Thee use them, Or not be used at all;  
 A - wait - ing Thy de - ci - sion, When Thou hast need of me.

Live out Thy life with - in me, In all things have Thy way!  
 And all the earth keep si - lence, The bod - y hence - forth be  
 Held with - out rest - less long - ing, Or strain, or stress, or fret,  
 Live out Thy life with - in me, O Je - sus, King of kings!

I, the trans - par - ent med - ium Thy glo - ry to dis - play.  
 Thy si - lent, gen - tle ser - vant, Moved on - ly as by Thee,  
 Or chaf - ings at Thy deal - ings, Or thoughts of vain re - gret;  
 Be Thou the glo - rious an - swer To all my ques - tion - ings.

# Lord Jesus, I Long to Be Perfectly Whole 345

James Nicholson

William G. Fischer

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want Thee for -  
 2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to  
 3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum - bly en - treat; I wait, bless - ed  
 4. Lord Je - sus, Thou seest I pa - tient - ly wait; Come now, and with -

ev - er to live in my soul; Break down ev - ery i - dol, cast  
 make a com - plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what -  
 Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my cleans - ing; I  
 in me a new heart cre - ate; To those who have sought Thee, Thou

out ev - ery foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.  
 ev - er I know; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.  
 see Thy blood flow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.  
 nev - er said'st No; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

*Refrain*

Whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than snow;

Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.



# 346 More Holiness Give Me

P. P. Bliss

P. P. Bliss

1. More ho - li - ness give me, More striv - ing with - in;  
 2. More grat - i - tude give me, More trust in the Lord;  
 3. More pu - ri - ty give me, More strength to o'er - come;

More pa - tience in suf - fering, More sor - row for sin;  
 More pride in His glo - ry, More hope in His word;  
 More free - dom from earth - stains, More long - ings for home;

More faith in my Sav - iour, More sense of His care;  
 More tears for His sor - rows, More pain at His grief;  
 More fit for the king - dom, More used would I be;

More joy in His ser - vice, More pur - pose in prayer.  
 More meek - ness in tri - al, More praise for re - lief.  
 More bless - ed and ho - ly, More, Sav - iour, like Thee.

# My Jesus, I Love Thee

# 347

William R. Featherstone (1846-1873)

Adoniram J. Gordon (1836-1895)

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine;  
 2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me,  
 3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee 'til death,  
 4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light,

For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;  
 And pur - chased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;  
 And praise Thee as long as Thou lend - est me breath;  
 I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav - en so bright;

My gra - cious Re - deem - er, My Sav - iour art Thou;  
 I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow;  
 And say 'till the death dew lies cold on my brow;  
 I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow,

If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
 If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
 If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
 If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

# 348

## Living for Jesus

Thomas O. Chisholm

C. Harold Lowden

1. Liv - ing for Je - sus a life that is true,  
 2. Liv - ing for Je - sus who died in my place,  
 3. Liv - ing for Je - sus wher - ev - er I am,

Striv - ing to please Him in all that I do;  
 Bear - ing on Cal - vary my sin and dis - grace;  
 Do - ing each du - ty in His ho - ly name;

Yield - ing al - le - giance, glad - heart - ed and free,  
 Such love con - strains me to an - swer His call,  
 Will - ing to suf - fer af - flic - tion and loss,

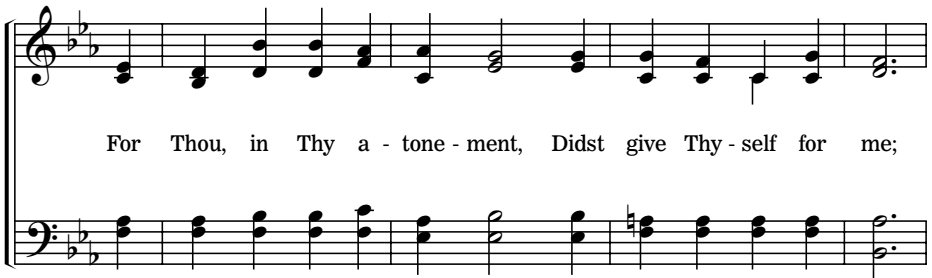
This is the path - way of bless - ing for me.  
 Fol - low His lead - ing and give Him my all.  
 Deem - ing each tri - al a part of my cross.

CONSECRATION

*Refrain*



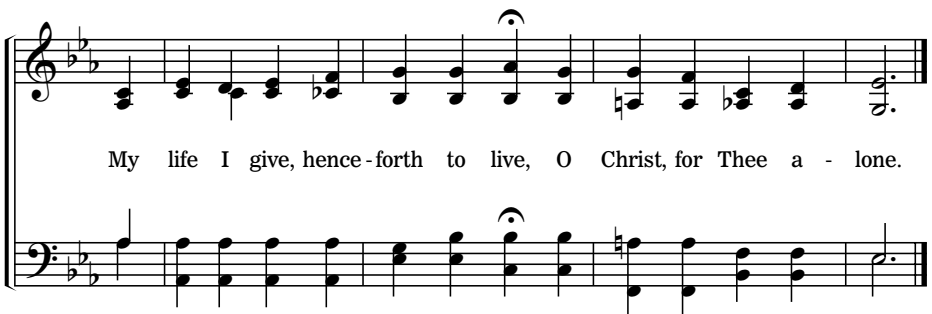
O Je - sus, Lord and Sav - iour, I give my - self to Thee,



For Thou, in Thy a - tone - ment, Didst give Thy - self for me;



I own no oth - er Mas - ter, My heart shall be Thy throne,



My life I give, hence - forth to live, O Christ, for Thee a - lone.

# 349 My Life Flows on in Endless Song

Unknown

Samuel A. Ward, 1882

1. My life flows on in end-less song; A - mid earth's lam-en - ta - tion,  
 2. What though my joys and com-forts die, The Lord my Help-er liv - eth!  
 3. I lift mine eyes; the cloud grows thin; I see the blue a-bove it;

I hear the sweet, though far - off hymn That hails a new cre - a - tion;  
 What though the dark-ness gath - er round; Songs in the night He giv - eth!  
 And day by day this path-way smooths Since first I learned to love it.

Through all the tu - mult and the strife I hear the mu - sic ring - ing;  
 No storm can shake my in-most calm While to that ref - uge cling - ing;  
 The peace of God makes fresh my heart, A foun-tain ev - er spring - ing;

It finds an ech - o in my soul, How can I keep from sing - ing?  
 Since God is Lord of heaven and earth, How can I keep from sing - ing?  
 All things are mine, since I am His— How can I keep from sing - ing?

# Nearer, My God, to Thee

# 350

Sarah F. Adams, 1841

Lowell Mason, 1856

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!  
 2. Though like a wan - der - er, Day - light all gone,  
 3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps up to heaven;  
 4. Then, with my wak - ing thoughts Bright with Thy praise,

E'en though it be a cross That rais - eth me!  
 Dark - ness be o - ver me, My rest a stone;  
 All that Thou send - est me, In mer - cy given;  
 Out of my ston - y griefs Beth - el I'll raise;

Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,  
 Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to Thee,  
 An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my God, to Thee,  
 So by my woes to be Near - er, my God, to Thee,

Near - er, my God to Thee, Near - er to Thee.  
 Near - er, my God to Thee, Near - er to Thee.  
 Near - er, my God to Thee, Near - er to Thee.  
 Near - er, my God to Thee, Near - er to Thee.

# 351

## Nearer, Still Nearer

C. H. Morris

C. H. Morris

1. Near - er, still near - er, close to Thy heart, Draw me, my  
 2. Near - er, still near - er, noth - ing I bring, Naught as an  
 3. Near - er, still near - er, Lord, to be Thine; Sin, with its  
 4. Near - er, still near - er, while life shall last; Till safe in

Sav - iour, so pre - cious Thou art; Fold me, O fold me  
 of - fering to Je - sus my King On - ly my sin - ful  
 fol - lies, I glad - ly re - sign, All of its plea - sures,  
 glo - ry my an - chor is cast; Through end - less a - ges,

close to Thy breast, Shel - ter me safe in that ha - ven of rest,  
 now con - trite heart; Grant me the cleans - ing Thy blood doth im - part,  
 pomp and its pride; Give me but Je - sus, my Lord cru - ci - fied,  
 ev - er to be, Near - er, my Sav - iour, still near - er to Thee,

Shel - ter me safe in that ha - ven of rest.  
 Grant me the cleans - ing Thy blood doth im - part.  
 Give me but Je - sus, my Lord cru - ci - fied.  
 Near - er, my Sav - iour, still near - er to Thee.

# Not I, But Christ

# 352

Arr. by Fannie E. Bolton

Fannie E. Bolton

1. Not I, but Christ, be hon - ored, loved ex - alt - ed;  
 2. Not I, but Christ, to gen - tly soothe in sor - row,  
 3. Christ, on - ly Christ! no i - dle words e'er fall - ing,  
 4. Not I, but Christ, my ev - ery need sup - ply - ing,

Not I, but Christ, be seen, be known, be heard;  
 Not I, but Christ, to wipe the fall - ing tear;  
 Christ, on - ly Christ; no need - less bus - tling sound;  
 Not I, but Christ; my strength and health to be;

Not I, but Christ, in ev - ery look and ac - tion,  
 Not I, but Christ, to lift the wea - ry bur - den,  
 Christ, on - ly Christ, no self - im - por - tant bear - ing;  
 Christ, on - ly Christ, for bod - y, soul, and spir - it,

Not I, but Christ, in ev - ery thought and word.  
 Not I, but Christ, to hush a - way all fear.  
 Christ, on - ly Christ; no trace of "I" be found.  
 Christ, on - ly Christ, here and e - ter - nal - ly.



# 353 O, for a Closer Walk With God!

William Cowper, 1772

Henry W. Greatorex's "Collection," Boston, 1851

1. O, for a clos - er walk with God! A  
 2. Re - turn, O ho - ly Dove! re - turn, Sweet  
 3. What peace - ful hours I once en - joyed! How  
 4. The dear - est i - dol I have known, What -

calm and heaven - ly frame, A light to shine up -  
 mes - sen - ger of rest; I hate the sins that  
 sweet their mem - ory still! But they have left an  
 e'er that i - dol be, Help me to tear it

on the road That leads me to the Lamb.  
 made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my breast.  
 ach - ing void The world can nev - er fill.  
 from Thy throne, And wor - ship on - ly Thee.

# O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee 354

Washington Gladden, 1879

H. Percy Smith, 1874

1. O Mas - ter, let me walk with Thee In low - ly  
 2. Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear,  
 3. Teach me Thy pa - tience; still with Thee In clos - er,  
 4. In hope that sends a shin - ing ray Far down the

paths of ser - vice free; Tell me Thy se - cret; help me  
 win - ning word of love; Teach me the way - ward feet to  
 dear - er com - pa - ny, In work that keeps faith sweet and  
 fu - ture's broad - en - ing way; In peace that on - ly Thou canst

bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.  
 stay, And guide them in the home - ward way.  
 strong, In trust that tri - umphs o - ver wrong;  
 give, With Thee, O Mas - ter, let me live.

# 355 O, the Bitter Pain and Sorrow

Theo. Monod

James McGranahan

1. O, the bit - ter pain and sor - row, That a time could ev - er be,  
 2. Yet He found me; I be - held Him Bleed - ing on the 'accurs - ed tree;  
 3. Day by day His ten - der mer - cy, Heal - ing, help - ing, full and free,  
 4. High - er than the high - est heav - ens, Deep - er than the deep - est sea,

When I proud - ly said to Je - sus, "All of self and none of Thee!"  
 And my wist - ful heart said faint - ly, "Some of self and some of Thee,"  
 Brought me low - er, while I whisper - ed, "Less of self and more of Thee,"  
 Lord, Thy love at last has con - quered, "None of self and all of Thee,

All of self and none of Thee, All of self and none of Thee,  
 Some of self and some of Thee, Some of self and some of Thee,  
 Less of self and more of Thee, Less of self and more of Thee,  
 None of self and all of Thee, None of self and all of Thee,

When I proud - ly said to Je - sus, "All of self and none of Thee!"  
 And my wist - ful heart said faint - ly, "Some of self and some of Thee!"  
 Brought me low - er while I whis - pered, "Less of self and more of Thee!"  
 Lord, Thy love at last has con - quered, "None of self and all of Thee!"

# One Thing I of the Lord Desire 356

Walter C. Smith

Fred H. Byshe

1. One thing I of the Lord de-sire, For all my paths have mir-y been,  
 2. If clear-er vi-sion Thou im-part, Grate-ful and glad my soul shall be;  
 3. Yea, on-ly as this heart is clean May larg-er vi-sion yet be mine,  
 4. I watch to shun the mir-y way, And stanch the springs of guil-ty thought,

Be it by wa-ter or by fire, O make me clean, O make me clean.  
 But yet to have a pur-er heart, Is more to me, Is more to me.  
 For mir-rored in Thy life are seen The things di-vine, The things di-vine.  
 But watch and strug-gle as I may, Pure I am not, Pure I am not.

*Refrain*

So wash me Thou, with-out, with-in, Or purge with fire, If that must be,

No mat-ter how, if on-ly sin Die out in me, die out in me,

# 357

## Precious Redeemer

Henry De Fluiter

Henry De Fluiter



1. Pre - cious Re - deem - er, my broth - er and friend, Dear - er than all is my
2. Earth holds no charm that can lure me a - way, Kept by the love of my
3. Deep - er than o - cean and bound - less as space, Such is the love of my
4. Friends here may fail me, but Je - sus is true; O what a won - der - ful



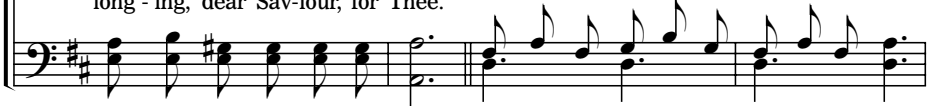
Sav - iour; On me His grace and His bless - ings de - scend, I'm  
 Sav - iour; Sweet - er He grows ev - 'ry step of the way, I'm  
 Sav - iour; Soul - thrill - ing rap - ture to look in His face, I'm  
 Sav - iour; His love suf - fi - cient will car - ry me thro', I'm



*Refrain*



long - ing, dear Sav - iour, for Thee.  
 long - ing, dear Sav - iour, for Thee. Longing, dear Saviour, I'm longing for Thee!  
 long - ing, dear Sav - iour, for Thee. Long - ing, long - ing,  
 long - ing, dear Sav - iour, for Thee.



Has - ten, glad mo - ment, when Je - sus I'll see; Long - ing to be,  
 Long - ing



Sav - iour, with Thee, Long - ing, I'm long - ing for Je - sus.

## Take My Life and Let It Be 358

Frances R. Havergal

H. A. Cesar Malan (1787-1864)

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed,  
 2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti -  
 3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sag -  
 4. Take my will and make it Thine; It shall be no

Lord, to Thee; Take my hands and let them move  
 ful for Thee; Take my voice, and let me sing  
 es from Thee; Take my sil - ver and my gold,  
 lon - ger mine; Take my heart, it is Thine own!

At the im - pulse of Thy love, At the im - pulse of Thy love.  
 Al - ways, on - ly, for my King, Al - ways, on - ly, for my King.  
 Not a mite would I with - hold, Not a mite would I with - hold.  
 It shall be Thy roy - al throne, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.

# 359 Saviour, More Than Life to Me

Fanny J. Crosby

W. H. Doane

1. Sav - iour, more than life to me, I am cling - ing,  
 2. Thro' this chang - ing world be - low, Lead me gent - ly,  
 3. I would love Thee more and more, Till this fleet - ing,

cling - ing close to Thee; Let Thy pre - cious blood ap -  
 gent - ly as I go, Trust - ing Thee, I can - not  
 fleet - ing life is o'er, Till my soul is lost in

plied, Keep me ev - er, ev - er near Thy side.  
 stray, I can nev - er, nev - er lose my way.  
 love In a bright - er, bright - er world a - bove.

*Refrain*

Ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry hour, Let me  
 Ev - 'ry day and hour, ev - 'ry day and hour,

feel Thy cleans - ing pow'r. May Thy ten - der love to  
me Bind me clos - er, clos - er, Lord, to Thee.

The first system of the musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes.

## Thine Forever!

360

Mary F. Maude

Archbishop of Maclaggan

1. Thine for - ev - er! God of love, Hear us from Thy throne a - bove;  
2. Thine for - ev - er! Lord of life, Shield us through our earth - ly strife;  
3. Thine for - ev - er! Oh how blest They who find in Thee their rest!  
4. Thine for - ev - er! Thou our Guide, All our wants by Thee sup - plied,  
Thine for - ev - er may we be, Here and in e - ter - ni - ty.  
Thou the life, the truth, the way, Guide us to the realms of day.  
Sav - iour, Guard - ian, heaven - ly Friend, O de - fend us to the end.  
All our sins by Thee for - given, Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

The second system of the musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes.



# 361 Take My Life, and Let It Be

F. R. Havergal, Refrain by W. J. Kirkpatrick

W. J. Kirkpatrick

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to Thee;  
 2. Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in end - less praise;  
 3. Take my will, and make it Thine; It shall be no lon - ger mine;  
 4. Take my love, my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its trea - sure store;

Take my hands and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love.  
 Take my in - tel - lect, and use, Ev - 'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.  
 Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.  
 Take my - self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee.

*Refrain*

Wash me in the Sav - iour's pre - cious blood, the pre - cious blood,

Cleanse me in its pu - ri - fy - ing flood. Lord, I give to Thee,  
 the heal - ing flood.

my life and all, to be, Thine, hence - forth e - ter - nal - ly.

# Ready to Suffer Grief or Pain 362

A. C. Palmer

Charlie D. Tillman

1. Read - y to suf - fer grief or pain, Read - y to stand the test;  
 2. Read - y to go, read - y to bear, Read - y to watch and pray;  
 3. Read - y to speak, read - y to think, Read - y with heart and brain;  
 4. Read - y to speak, read - y to warn, Read - y o'er souls to yearn;

Read - y to stay at home and send Oth - ers if He sees best.  
 Read - y to stand a - side and give, Till He shall clear the way.  
 Read - y to work where He sees fit, Read - y to bear the strain.  
 Read - y in life, read - y in death, Read - y for His re - turn.

*Refrain*

Read - y to go, read - y to stay, Read - y my place to fill;

Read - y for ser - vice, low - ly or great, Read - y to do His will.

# 363 Take the World, But Give Me Jesus

Fanny J. Crosby (1823-1915)

John R. Sweney

1. Take the world, but give me Je - sus; All its joys are but a name,  
 2. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Sweet-est com - fort of my soul;  
 3. Take the world, but give me Je - sus; Let me view His con - stant smile;  
 4. Take the world, but give me Je - sus; In His cross my trust shall be,

But His love a - bid - eth ev - er, Through e - ter - nal years the same.  
 With my Sav - iour watch - ing o'er me, I can sing, though bil - lows roll.  
 Then through-out my pil - grim jour - ney Light will cheer me all the while.  
 Till, with clear - er, bright - er vi - sion, Face to face my Lord I see.

*Refrain*

Oh, the height and depth of mer - cy! Oh, the length and breadth of love!

Oh, the full - ness of re - demp - tion, Pledge of end - less life a - bove.

## Take Time to Be Holy

364

W. D. Longstaff

George C. Stebbins

1. Take time to be ho - ly, Speak oft with thy Lord;  
 2. Take time to be ho - ly, The world rush - es on;  
 3. Take time to be ho - ly, Let Him be thy Guide,  
 4. Take time to be ho - ly, Be calm in thy soul,

A - bide in Him al - ways, And feed on His word;  
 Spend much time in se - cret With Je - sus a - lone;  
 And run not be - fore Him, What - ev - er be - tide;  
 Each thought and each mo - tive Be - neath His con - trol;

Make friends of God's chil - dren, Help those who are weak,  
 By look - ing to Je - sus, Like Him thou shalt be;  
 In joy or in sor - row, Still fol - low thy Lord,  
 Thus led by His Spir - it To foun - tains of love,

For - get - ting in noth - ing His bless - ing to seek.  
 Thy friends in thy con - duct His like - ness shall see.  
 And, look - ing to Je - sus, Still trust in His word.  
 Thou soon shalt be fit - ted For ser - vice a - bove.

# 365 The Cross That He Gave

Ballington Booth

Arr. by F. E. Belden

1. The cross that He gave may be heav-y, But it ne'er out-weighs His grace;  
 2. The thorns in my path are not sharp-er Than composed His crown for me;  
 3. The light of His love shin-eth bright-er; As it falls on paths of woe;  
 4. His will I have joy in ful-fill-ing, As I'm walk-ing in His sight;

The storm that I fear may sur-round me, But it ne'er ex-cludes His face.  
 The cup that I drink not more bit-ter Than He drank in Geth-sem-a - ne.  
 The toil of my work grow-eth light-er; As I stoop to raise the low.  
 My all to the blood I am bring-ing, It a-lone can keep me right.

*Refrain*

The cross is not great-er than His grace, The storm can-not  
 my Sav-iour's grace,

hide His bless-ed face; I am sat-is-fied to  
 His smil-ing face;

know That with Je - sus here be - low, I can con - quer ev - 'ry foe.

## More Love to Thee, O Christ 366

E. P. Prentiss (1818–1878)

W. H. Doane (1832–1916)

1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee; Hear Thou the  
 2. Once earth - ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a -  
 3. Let sor - row do its work, Send grief or pain; Sweet are Thy  
 4. Then shall my lat - est breath Whis - per Thy praise; This be the

prayer I make On bend - ed knee. This is my ear - nest plea,  
 lone I seek, Give what is best. This all my prayer shall be,  
 mes - sen - gers, Sweet their re - frain, When they can sing with me,  
 part - ing cry My heart shall raise, This still its prayer shall be:

More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!

# 367 True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted

Frances R. Havergal

George C. Stebbins

1. True - heart - ed, whole - heart - ed, faith - ful and loy - al,  
 2. True - heart - ed, whole - heart - ed, full - est al - le - giance  
 3. True - heart - ed, whole - heart - ed, Sav - iour all - glo - rious!

King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be;  
 Yield - ing hence - forth to our glo - ri - ous King;  
 Take Thy great pow - er and reign there a - lone,

Un - der the stan - dard ex - alt - ed and roy - al,  
 Val - iant en - deav - or and lov - ing o - be - dience,  
 O - ver our wills and af - fec - tions vic - to - rious,

Strong in Thy strength we will bat - tle for Thee.  
 Free - ly and joy - ous - ly now would we bring.  
 Free - ly sur - ren - dered and whol - ly Thine own.

CONSECRATION

*Refrain*

Peal out the watch - word! si - lence it nev - er!  
 Peal out the watch - word! si - lence it nev - er!

Song of our spir - its, re - joic - ing and free;  
 Song of our spir - its, re - joic - ing and free;

Peal out the watch - word! loy - al for - ev - er,  
 Peal out the watch - word! loy - al for - ev - er,

King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be.  
 King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be.



# 368 Sitting at the Feet of Jesus

J. Hart

A. Hull

1. Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, O what words I hear Him say!  
 2. Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, Where can mor-tal be more blest?  
 3. Bless me, O my Sav-iour, bless me, As I'm wait-ing at Thy feet,

Hap - py place! so near, so pre - cious! May it find me there each day;  
 There I lay my sins and sor - rows, And, when wea-ry, find sweet rest;  
 O look down in love up - on me, Let me see Thy face so sweet;

Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, I would look up - on the past,  
 Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, There I love to weep and pray,  
 Give me, Lord, the mind of Je - sus, Make me ho - ly as He is,

For His love has been so gra - cious, It has won my heart at last.  
 While I from His full-ness gath - er Grace and com-fort ev - ery day.  
 May I prove I've been with Je - sus, Who is all my righ-teous-ness.

# The Name of Jesus Is So Sweet 369

W. C. Martin

E. S. Lorenz

1. The name of Je - sus is so sweet, I love its mu - sic to re - peat;  
 2. I love the name of Him whose heart Knows all my griefs and bears a part;  
 3. That name I fond - ly love to hear, It nev - er fails my heart to cheer;  
 4. No word of man can ev - er tell How sweet the name I love so well;

It makes my joys full and com - plete, The pre - cious name of Je - sus.  
 Who bids all anx - ious fears de - part I love the name of Je - sus.  
 Its mu - sic dries the fall - ing tears; Ex - alt the name of Je - sus.  
 Oh, let its prais - es ev - er swell, Oh, praise the name of Je - sus.

1. The pre - cious name

*Refrain*

"Je - sus," oh, how sweet the name! "Je - sus," ev - ery day the same;

"Je - sus," let all saints pro - claim Its wor - thy praise for - ev - er.  
 Its wor - thy praise

## 370

## A Mighty Fortress

Martin Luther, 1529

Tr. by Frederick H. Hedge, 1853

Martin Luther, 1529

1. A might - y for - tress is our God, A bul - wark nev - er  
 2. Did we in our own strength con - fide, Our striv - ing would be  
 3. And though this world, with dev - ils filled, Should threat - en to un -  
 4. That word a - bove all earth - ly powers, No thanks to them, a -

fail - ing; Our help - er He, a - mid the flood  
 los - ing; Were not the right man on our side,  
 do us, We will not fear; for God hath willed  
 bid - eth; The Spir - it and the gifts are ours

Of mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing. For still our an - cient foe  
 The man of God's own choos - ing. Dost ask who that may be?  
 His truth to tri - umph through us. The prince of dark-ness grim,  
 Through Him who with us sid - eth; Let goods and kin - dred go,

Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and power are great;  
 Christ Je - sus, it is He, Lord Sab - a - oth His name,  
 We trem - ble not for him; His rage we can en - dure,  
 This mor - tal life al - so; The bod - y they may kill;

And armed with cru - el hate, On earth is not his e - qual.  
 From age to age the same, And He must win the bat - tle.  
 For lo! his doom is sure, One lit - tle word shall fell him.  
 God's truth a - bid - eth still, His king - dom is for - ev - er.

## Awake, My Soul!

371

Philip Doddridge, 1775

Thomas A. Arne, 1762

1. A - wake, my soul! stretch ev - ery nerve, And  
 2. 'Tis God's all an - i - mat - ing voice That  
 3. A cloud of wit - ness - es a - round Hold  
 4. Blest Sav - iour, in - tro - duced by Thee, Our

press with vig - or on; A heaven - ly race de -  
 calls thee from on high; 'Tis He whose hand pre -  
 thee in full sur - vey; For - get the steps al -  
 race have we be - gun; And, crowned with vic - tory,

mands thy zeal, And an im - mor - tal crown.  
 sends the prize To thine as - pir - ing eye.  
 read - y trod, And on - ward urge thy way.  
 at Thy feet Well lay our tro - phies down.

# 372

## Awake, Ye Saints

Philip Doddridge

Lowell Mason

1. A - wake, ye saints, and raise your eyes, And  
 2. Swift on the wings of time it flies; Each  
 3. Not man - y years their round shall run, Not

raise your voic - es high; A - wake, and praise that  
 mo - ment brings it near; Then wel - come each de -  
 man - y morn - ings rise, Ere all its glo - ries

sov'r - eign love That shows sal - va - tion nigh; A - wake, and  
 clin - ing day, Wel - come each clos - ing year; Then wel - come  
 stand re - vealed To our ad - mir - ing eyes; Ere all its

praise that sov'r - eign love That shows sal - va - tion nigh.  
 each de - clin - ing day, Wel - come each clos - ing year.  
 glo - ries stand re - vealed To our ad - mir - ing eyes.

# Courage, Brother!

# 373

Norman Macleod

Arthur S. Sullivan

1. Cour-age, broth-er! do not stum-ble, Though thy path be dark as night;  
 2. Per-ish pol-i-cy and cun-ning, Per-ish all that fears the light,  
 3. Some will hate thee, some will love thee, Some will flat-ter; some will slight;

There's a star to guide the hum-ble; Trust in God, and do the right.  
 Wheth-er los-ing, wheth-er win-ning, Trust in God, and do the right,  
 Cease from man, and look a-bove thee; Trust in God, and do the right.

Though the road be long and drea-ry, And the end be out of sight,  
 Shun all forms of guil-ty pas-sion, Fiends can look like an-gels bright;  
 Sim-ple rule and saf-est guid-ing, In-ward peace and shin-ing light,

Tread it brave-ly, strong or wea-ry; Trust in God,  
 Heed no cus-tom, school, nor fash-ion; Trust in God,  
 Star up-on our path a-bid-ing; Trust in God,

trust in God, trust in God, and do the right.

# 374

# Conquering Now

F. J. Crosby

John R. Sweney

1. Con - quer - ing now and still to con - quer, Rid - eth a  
2. Con - quer - ing now and still to con - quer, Who is this  
3. Con - quer - ing now and still to con - quer, Je - sus, Thou

King in His might, Lead - ing the host of all the  
won - der - ful King? Whence all the ar - mies which He  
Rul - er of all, Thrones and their scep - ters all shall

faith - ful In - to the midst of the fight; See them with  
lead - eth, While of His glo - ry they sing? He is our  
per - ish, Crowns and their splen - dor shall fall, Yet shall the

cour - age ad - vanc - ing, Clad in their bril - liant ar - ray;  
Lord and Re - deem - er, Sav - iour and Mon - arch di - vine,  
ar - mies Thou lead - est, Faith - ful and true to the last,

THE CHRISTIAN WARFARE

Shout - ing the name of their Lead - er, Hear them ex -  
They are the stars that for - ev - er Bright in His  
Find in Thy man - sions e - ter - nal, Rest when their

*Refrain*

ult - ing - ly say,  
king - dom will shine. Not to the strong is the  
war - fare is past.

bat - tle, Not to the swift is the race, Yet to the true and the

faith - ful Vic - t'ry is prom - ised through grace.



# 375 Christ, Our Mighty Captain

Mrs. Frank A. Breck

Grant C. Tullar

1. Christ our might - y Cap - tain, leads a - gainst the foe;  
 2. Let our glo - rious ban - ner ev - er be un - furled;  
 3. Fierce the bat - tle rag - es, but 'twill not be long,

We will nev - er fal - ter when he bids us go;  
 From its might - y strong - hold e - vil shall be hurled;  
 Then tri - um - phant shall we join the bless - ed throng,

Tho' His righ - teous pur - pose we may nev - er know,  
 Christ, our might - y Cap - tain, o - ver - comes the world,  
 Joy - ful - ly u - nit - ing in the vic - tor's song,

*Refrain*

Yet we'll fol - low all the way.  
 And we fol - low all the way. For - ward! for - ward! 'tis the Lord's com - mand,  
 If we fol - low all the way.

For - ward! for - ward! to the prom - ised land; For - ward! for - ward!

let the cho - rus ring; We are sure to win with Christ our King!

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the treble clef staff. The first system of music ends with a double bar line, and the second system continues the melody and accompaniment.

## Am I a Soldier of the Cross 376

Isaac Watts, 1724

Thomas A. Arne, 1762

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol - lower of the Lamb?  
 2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow - ery beds of ease,  
 3. Sure I must fight if I would reign; In - crease my cour - age, Lord;  
 4. When that il - lus - trious day shall rise, And all Thy ar - mies shine

And shall I fear to own His cause? Or blush to speak His name?  
 Whilst oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed through blood - y seas?  
 I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.  
 In robes of vic - try through the skies, The glo - ry shall be Thine.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Am I a Soldier of the Cross'. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature is one flat (Bb) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are written below the treble clef staff. The first system of music ends with a double bar line, and the second system continues the melody and accompaniment.

# 377 Forward, Christian, Forward!

S. Trevor Francis

H. J. E. Holmes

1. For - ward, Chris - tian, for - ward! spread a - broad the cry;  
 2. For - ward, Chris - tian, for - ward! Christ thy life, thy song;  
 3. Sound your hal - le - lu - jahs, praise to Je - sus bring;  
 4. Haste, thou glo - rious morn - ing! wel - come, shade-less day!

Shout a - loud the watch - word, "Je - sus draw - eth nigh!"  
 Trust in "Je - sus on - ly," in His strength be strong;  
 Mag - ni - fy His glo - ries, of His com - ing sing;  
 Chas - ing with thy sun - light all our tears a - way;

Wave the gos - pel stan - dard, ban - ner of His love;  
 Christ, the glo - rious lead - er of the blood - bought band;  
 Sing a - midst the con - flict, shout the bat - tle cry:  
 Haste, O won - drous mo - ment, when midst ra - diant skies

Sing, as march - ing on - ward to your home a - bove.  
 Fol - low, close - ly fol - low, to the heaven - ly land.  
 "Je - sus Christ is com - ing; on to vic - to - ry!"  
 Sleep - ing saints and liv - ing at His word a - rise.

## Light After Darkness

378

Frances R. Havergal

E. S. Lorenz

1. Light af - ter dark - ness, Gain af - ter loss, Strength af - ter wear - i - ness,  
 2. Sheaves af - ter sow - ing, Sun af - ter rain, Sight af - ter mys - te - ry,  
 3. Near af - ter dis - tant, Gleam af - ter gloom, Love af - ter lone - li - ness,

Crown af - ter cross. Sweet af - ter bit - ter, Song af - ter sigh,  
 Peace af - ter pain. Joy af - ter sor - row, Calm af - ter blast,  
 Life af - ter tomb, Af - ter long ag - o - ny, Rap - ture of bliss!

*Refrain*

Home af - ter wan - der - ing, Praise af - ter cry.  
 Rest af - ter wear - i - ness, Sweet rest at last. Now comes the weep - ing,  
 Right was the path - way Lead - ing to this.

Then the glad reap - ing, Now comes the la - bor hard, Then the re - ward.

# 379 Encamped Along the Hills of Light

John H. Yates

Ira D. Sankey

1. En - camped a - long the hills of light,  
 2. His ban - ner o - ver us is love,  
 3. On ev - 'ry hand the foe we find  
 4. To him that o - ver - comes the foe,

Ye Chris - tian sol - diers rise, And press the bat - tle  
 Our sword the word of God; We tread the road the  
 Drawn up in dread ar - ray; Let tents of ease be  
 White rai - ment shall be giv'n; Be - fore the an - gels

ere the night Shall veil the glow - ing skies;  
 saints a - bove With shouts of tri - umph trod;  
 left be - hind, And on - ward to the fray;  
 he shall know His name con - fessed in heav'n;

A - gainst the foe in vales be - low, Let  
 By faith they, like a whirl - wind's breath, Swept  
 Sal - va - tion's hel - met on each head, With  
 Then on - ward from the hills of light, Our

THE CHRISTIAN WARFARE

all our strength be hurled; Faith is the vic - to -  
 on o'er ev - 'ry field; The faith by which they  
 truth all girt a - bout, The earth shall trem - ble  
 hearts with love a - flame; We'll van - quish all the

ry, we know, That o - ver - comes the world.  
 con - quered death Is still our shin - ing shield.  
 'neath our tread, And ech - o with our shout.  
 hosts of night, In Je - sus' conqu'r - ing name.

*Refrain*

Faith is the vic - to - ry! Faith is the vic - to - ry!

O, glo - ri - ous vic - to - ry, That o - ver - comes the world.

# 380

## Loyalty to the Master

E. E. Hewitt

William J. Kirkpatrick

1. Loy - al - ty to the Mas - ter,   loy - al - ty to the King,  
 2. Loy - al - ty to the Mas - ter,   let - ting Him lead the way,  
 3. Loy - al - ty to the Mas - ter,   look - ing to Him a - lone,

Loy - al - ty now and ev - er   cheer - ful - ly let us sing;  
 Glo - ri - ous is His ban - ner,   fol - low it ev - 'ry day;  
 Turn - ing a - way from e - vil,   Je - sus will keep His own;

Whol - ly at His com - mand - ment   let ev - 'ry sol - dier be,  
 In - to the midst of bat - tle,   con - quer - ing as we go,  
 On - ward, still on - ward press - ing,   see - ing the star - ry prize

Joy - ful - ly serv - ing Je - sus,   serv - ing with loy - al - ty.  
 Vic - to - ry He has prom - ised   o - ver the dead - ly foe.  
 Wait - ing for all the faith - ful,   meet - ing be - yond the skies.

THE CHRISTIAN WARFARE

Refrain

Loy - al sol - diers, let us joy - ful - ly march a - long,

For - ward, for - ward, with a tri - umph - ant song;  
Joy - ful - ly march, stead - i - ly march,

On - ward, up - ward, a hap - py and loy - al throng,  
Joy - ful - ly march, stead - i - ly march,

Loy - al to our Sav - iour and our King.  
to our Sav - iour and our King.



# 381

## O Christian, Awake!

Fanny J. Crosby

W. B. Bradbury and Philip Philipps

1. O Chris - tian, a - wake! 'tis the Mas - ter's com - mand;  
 2. What - ev - er thy dan - ger, take heed and be - ware,  
 3. The cause of thy Mas - ter with vig - or de - fend;  
 4. Press on, nev - er doubt - ing, thy Cap - tain is near,

With hel - met and shield, and a sword in thy hand,  
 And turn not thy back, for no ar - mor is there;  
 Be watch - ful, be zeal - ous, and fight to the end;  
 With grace to sup - ply, and with com - fort to cheer;

To meet the bold tempt - er, go, fear - less - ly go,  
 The le - gions of dark - ness, if thou wouldst o'er - throw,  
 Wher - ev - er He leads thee, go, val - iant - ly go,  
 His love, like a stream in the des - ert will flow;

*Refrain*

And stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.  
 Then stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe. Stand like the brave,  
 And stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.  
 Then stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.

stand like the brave, Stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.

## Soldiers of Christ, Arise

382

Charles Wesley, 1749

George J. Elvey, 1868

1. Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your ar - mor on,  
 2. Stand, then, in His great might, With all His strength en - dued;  
 3. From strength to strength go on; Wres - tle, and fight, and pray;

Strong in the strength which God sup - plies Through His e - ter - nal Son;  
 But take, to arm you for the fight, The pan - o - ply of God;  
 Tread all the powers of dark - ness down, And win the well-fought day;

Strong in the Lord of hosts, And in His might - y power,  
 That, hav - ing all things done, And all your con - flicts passed,  
 Still let the Spir - it cry, In all His sol - diers, "Come!"

Who in the strength of Je - sus trusts Is more than con - quer - or.  
 Ye may o'er - come through Christ a - lone, And stand en - tire at last.  
 Till Christ the Lord who reigns on high, Shall take the conq - rors home.

# 383

## Soldiers of the Cross, Arise!

Waterbury

Scottish Psalter

1. Sol - diers of the cross, a - rise! Lo! your Lead - er from the skies  
2. Now the fight of faith be - gin, Be no more the slaves of sin,  
3. Je - sus con-querer when He fell, Met and van - quished sin and hell;

Waves be - fore you glo - ry's prize, Prize of vic - to - ry.  
Strive the vic - tor's palm to win, Trust - ing in the Lord;  
Now He bids His fol - lowers tell Trium - phs of His cross.

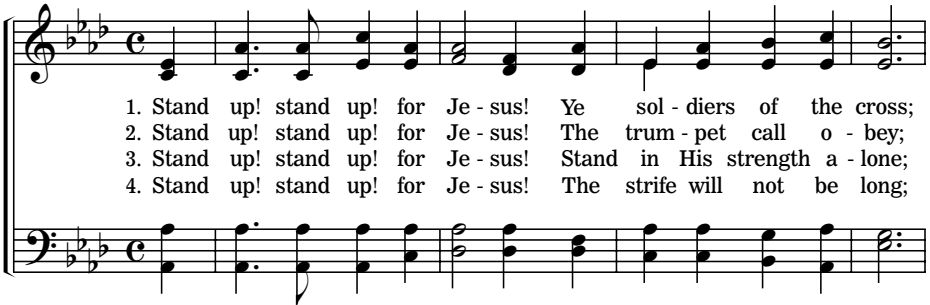
Seize your ar - mor, gird it on; Soon the bat - tle will be won;  
Gird ye on the ar - mor bright, War - riors of the King of Light,  
Tho' the e - vil hosts ap - pear, Who can doubt, or who can fear?

See! the strife is al - most done; Strug - gle man - ful - ly.  
Nev - er yield, nor lose by flight Your di - vine re - ward.  
God our strength and shield, is near; Can we suf - fer loss?

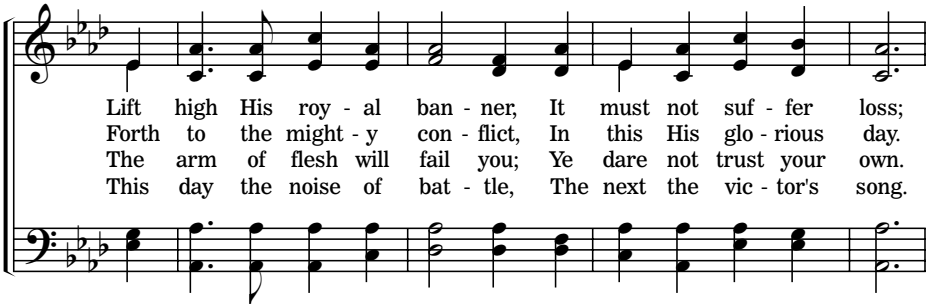
# Stand Up! Stand Up for Jesus! 384

George Duffield, 1858

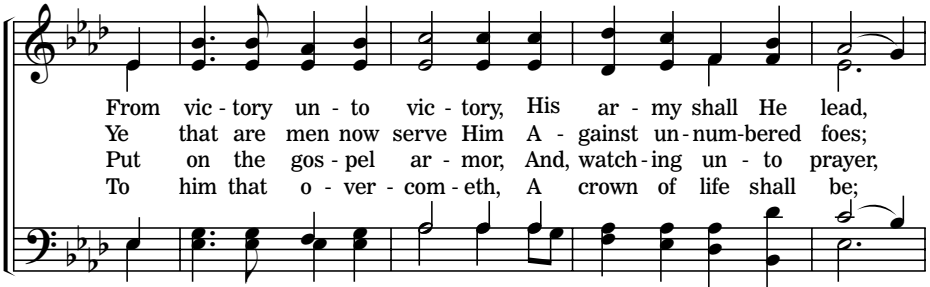
George J. Webb, 1837



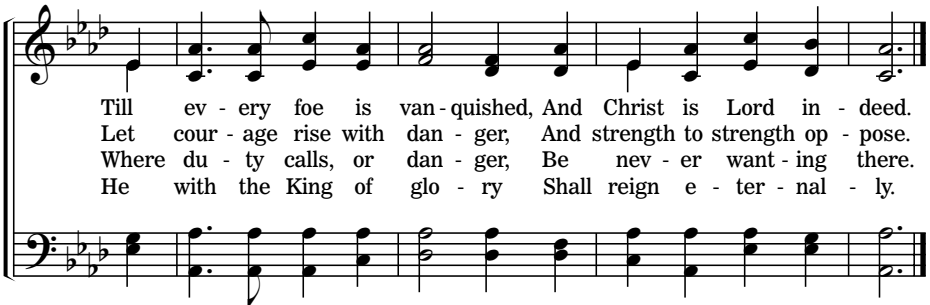
1. Stand up! stand up! for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross;  
 2. Stand up! stand up! for Je - sus! The trum - pet call o - bey;  
 3. Stand up! stand up! for Je - sus! Stand in His strength a - lone;  
 4. Stand up! stand up! for Je - sus! The strife will not be long;



Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss;  
 Forth to the might - y con - flict, In this His glo - rious day.  
 The arm of flesh will fail you; Ye dare not trust your own.  
 This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the vic - tor's song.



From vic - tory un - to vic - tory, His ar - my shall He lead,  
 Ye that are men now serve Him A - gainst un - num - bered foes;  
 Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, And, watch - ing un - to prayer,  
 To him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be;



Till ev - ery foe is van - quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.  
 Let cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op - pose.  
 Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.  
 He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

# 385 When I Can Read My Title Clear

Isaac Watts

Arr. by T. C. O'Kane

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear, When  
 2. Should earth a - gainst my soul en - gage, Should  
 3. Let cares like a wild del - uge come, Let  
 4. There shall I bathe my wea - ry soul, There

I can read my ti - tle clear, When I can read my ti - tle  
 earth a - gainst my soul en - gage, Should earth a - gainst my soul en -  
 cares like a wild del - uge come, Let cares like a wild del - uge  
 shall I bathe my wea - ry soul, There shall I bathe my wea - ry

clear To man - sions in the skies, I'll bid fare - well to ev - 'ry  
 gage, And fie - ry darts be hurled; Then I can smile at Sa - tan's  
 come, And storms of sor - row fall; May I but safe - ly reach my  
 soul In seas of heaven - ly rest, And not a wave of trou - ble

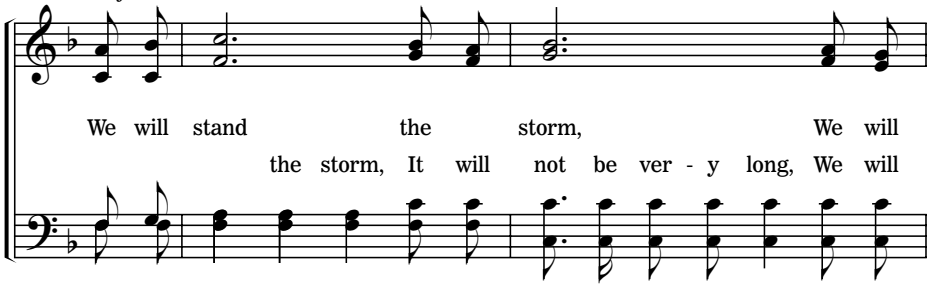
fear, I'll bid fare - well to ev - 'ry fear, I'll  
 rage, Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, Then  
 home, May I but safe - ly reach my home, May  
 roll, And not a wave of trou - ble roll, And

THE CHRISTIAN WARFARE

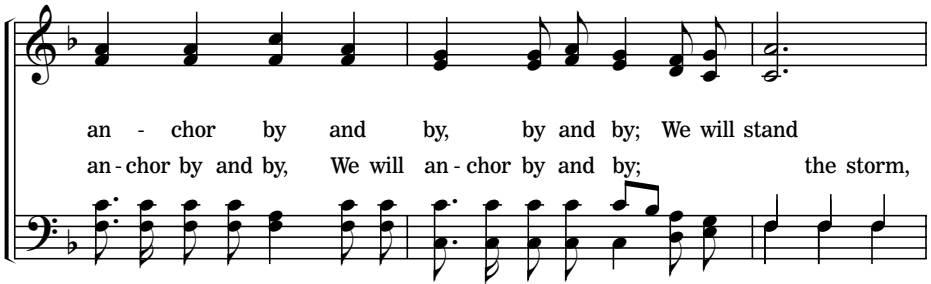


bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.  
I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frown - ing world.  
I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heaven, my all.  
not a wave of trou - ble roll, A - cross my peace - ful breast.

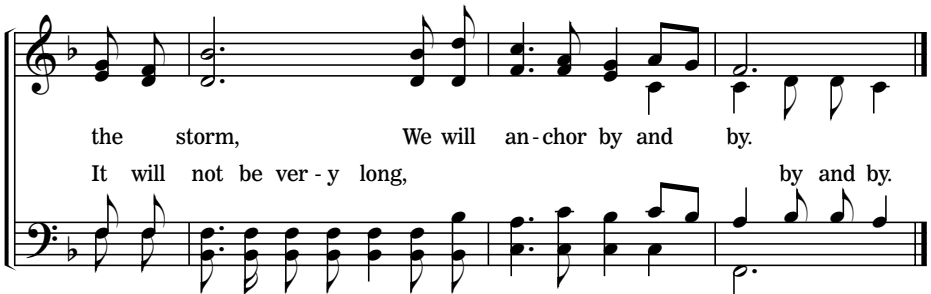
*Refrain*



We will stand the storm, We will  
the storm, It will not be ver - y long, We will



an - chor by and by, by and by; We will stand  
an - chor by and by, We will an - chor by and by; the storm,



the storm, We will an - chor by and by.  
It will not be ver - y long, by and by.

# 386 We Are Living, We Are Dwelling

Arthur C. Coxe

Unknown

1. We are liv - ing, we are dwell - ing, In a grand and aw - ful time,  
 2. Chris - tian, rouse and arm for con - flict, Nerve thee for the bat - tle - field;  
 3. Wick - ed spir - its gath - er round thee; Le - gions of those foes to God,  
 4. Chris - tian, rouse! fight in this war - fare, Cease not till the vic - tory's won;

In an age on a - ges tell - ing— To be liv - ing is sub - lime.  
 Bear the hel - met of sal - va - tion, And the might - y gos - pel shield;  
 Prin - ci - pal - i - ties most might - y, Walk un - seen the earth a - broad;  
 Till your Cap - tain loud pro - claim - eth, "Ser - vant of the Lord, well done!"

Hark! the wak - ing up of na - tions, Gog and Ma - gog to the fray;  
 Let the breast - plate, peace, be on thee, Take the Spir - it's sword in hand;  
 They are gath - ering to the bat - tle, Strength - ened for the last deep strife;  
 He, a - lone, who thus is faith - ful, Who a - bid - eth to the end,

Hark! what sound - eth? Is cre - a - tion Groan - ing for her lat - ter day?  
 Bold - ly, fear - less - ly, go forth then, In Je - ho - vah's strength to stand.  
 Chris - tian, arm! be watch - ful, read - y, Strug - gle man - ful - ly for life.  
 Hath the prom - ise, in the king - dom An e - ter - ni - ty to spend.

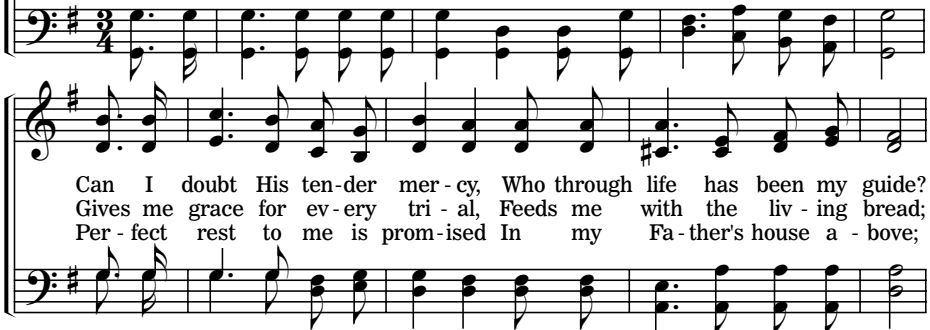
# All the Way My Saviour Leads Me 387

Fanny J. Crosby, 1875

Robert Lowry, 1875



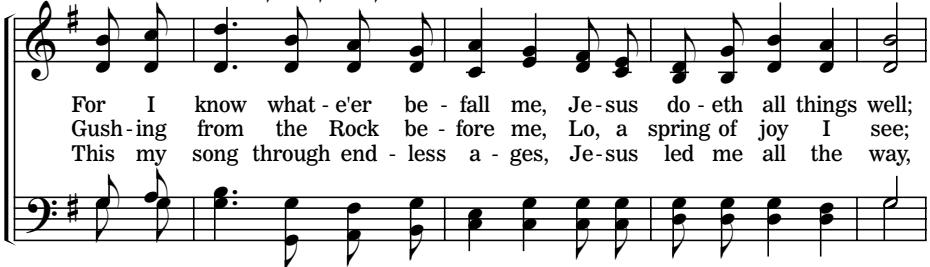
1. All the way my Sav-iour leads me; What have I to ask be-side?  
 2. All the way my Sav-iour leads me; Cheers each wind-ing path I tread;  
 3. All the way my Sav-iour leads me; O the full-ness of His love!



Can I doubt His ten-der mer-cy, Who through life has been my guide?  
 Gives me grace for ev-ery tri-al, Feeds me with the liv-ing bread;  
 Per-fect rest to me is prom-ised In my Fa-ther's house a-bove;



Heaven-ly peace, di-vin-est com-fort, Here by faith in Him to dwell;  
 Though my wea-ry steps may fal-ter, And my soul a-thirst may be,  
 When I wake to life im-mor-tal, Wing my flight to realms of day,



For I know what-e'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well;  
 Gush-ing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo, a spring of joy I see;  
 This my song through end-less a-ges, Je-sus led me all the way,



For I know what-e'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well.  
 Gush-ing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo, a spring of joy I see.  
 This my song through end-less a-ges, Je-sus led me all the way.



# 388 Come We That Love the Lord

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

Robert Lowry (1826-1899)

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known;  
 2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God;  
 3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred sweets,  
 4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - ery tear be dry;

Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song  
 But chil - dren of the heaven - ly King, But chil - dren of  
 Be - fore we reach the heaven - ly fields, Be - fore we reach  
 We're march - ing through Im - man - uel's ground, We're march - ing through

with sweet ac - cord, And thus sur - round the throne,  
 the heaven - ly King, May speak their joys a - broad,  
 the heaven - ly fields, Or walk the gold - en streets,  
 Im - man - uel's ground, To fair - er worlds on high,  
 And thus sur - round the throne, And thus

And thus sur - round the throne.  
 May speak their joys a - broad.  
 Or walk the gold - en streets.  
 To fair - er worlds on high.  
 sur - round the throne.

## Refrain

We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful Zi - on;  
march - ing on to

We're march-ing up-ward to Zi - on, The beau-ti-ful cit-y of God.  
heaven-ly Zi-on

## Father, Lead Me Day by Day

389

John P. Hopps (1834-1912)

George C. Strattner, 1691

1. Fa - ther, lead me day by day, Ev - er in Thine own sweet way;  
2. When in dan - ger, make me brave; Make me know that Thou canst save;  
3. When I'm tempt - ed to do wrong, Make me stead - fast, wise, and strong;  
4. May I do the good I know, Be Thy lov - ing child be - low,

Teach me to be pure and true; Show me what I ought to do.  
Keep me safe by Thy dear side; Let me in Thy love a - bide.  
And when all a - lone I stand, Shield me with Thy might - y hand.  
Then at last go home to Thee, Ev - er - more Thy child to be.

# 390 Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah

William Williams, 1745 (1717-1791)

John Hughes (1873-1932)

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim through this bar - ren land;  
 2. O - pen now the crys - tal foun-tain, Whence the heal-ing stream doth flow;  
 3. When I tread the verge of Jor-dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub-side;

I am weak, but Thou art might - y; Hold me with Thy power - ful hand;  
 Let the fire and cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my jour-ney through;  
 Bear me through the swell - ing cur - rent, Land me safe on Ca - naan's side;

Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no  
 Strong De - liv - erer, strong De - liv - erer, Be Thou still my strength and  
 Songs of prais - es, songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to

more, shield, Feed me till I want no more.  
 Thee, Be Thou still my strength and shield.  
 I will ev - er give to Thee.  
 want no more

# Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah 391

William Williams, 1745

Robert Edwards (1796-1862)

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah! Pil - grim through this  
 2. O - pen now the crys - tal foun - tain Whence the heal - ing  
 3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious

bar - ren land; I am weak, but Thou art might - y,  
 wa - ters flow, Let the fire and cloud - y pil - lar  
 fears sub - side; Bear me through the swell - ing cur - rent,

Hold me with Thy power - ful hand; Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en,  
 Lead me all my jour - ney through; Strong De - liv - erer, Strong De - liv - erer,  
 Land me safe on Ca - naan's side, Songs of prais - es, Songs of prais - es,

Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.  
 Strong De - liv - erer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.  
 Songs of prais - es, I will ev - er give to Thee.

## Hark! Hark, My Soul!

Frederick W. Faber, 1854

Henry Smart, 1868

1. Hark! hark, my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing  
 2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing,  
 3. Far, far a - way, like bells at eve - ning peal - ing,  
 4. An - gels, sing on, your faith - ful watch - es keep - ing;

O'er earth's green fields and o - cean's wave - beat shore;  
 "Come, wea - ry souls, for Je - sus bids you come";  
 The voice of Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea;  
 Sing us sweet frag - ments of the songs a - bove,

How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - ing  
 And through the dark, its ech - oes sweet - ly ring - ing,  
 And la - den souls, by thou - sands meek - ly steal - ing,  
 Till morn - ing's joy shall end the night of weep - ing,

Of that new life when sin shall be no more!  
 The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home.  
 Kind Shep - herd, turn their wea - ry steps to Thee.  
 And life's long shad - ows break in cloud - less love.

## Refrain

An - gels of Je - sus, an - gels of light,

Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night.

## Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me

393

Edward Hopper, 1871

John E. Gould, 1871

1. Je - sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem-pes-tuous sea;  
2. As a moth-er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;  
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar

Un-known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach-erous shoal;  
Bois-terous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou sayest to them, "Be still."  
"Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while leaning on Thy breast,

Chart and com-pass come from Thee; Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.  
Won - drous Sov-ereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.  
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

## 394

## Hark! Hark, My Soul

Frederick W. Faber, 1854

William F. Sherwin (1826-1888)

1. Hark! hark, my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing  
 2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing,  
 3. Far, far a - way, like bells at eve - ning peal - ing,  
 4. An - gels, sing on, your faith - ful watch - es keep - ing;

O'er earth's green fields and o - cean's wave - beat shore;  
 "Come, wea - ry souls, for Je - sus bids you come";  
 The voice of Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea;  
 Sing us sweet frag - ments of the songs a - bove,

How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - ing  
 And through the dark, its ech - oes sweet - ly ring - ing,  
 And la - den souls, by thou - sands meek - ly steal - ing,  
 Till morn - ing's joy shall end the night of weep - ing,

Of that new life when sin shall be no more!  
 The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home.  
 Kind Shep - herd, turn their wea - ry steps to Thee.  
 And life's long shad - ows break in cloud - less love.

## Refrain

An - gels of Je - sus, an - gels of light,

Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night.

## Guide and Guard Us

395

F. E. Belden

F. E. Belden

1. Guide and guard us, O our Fa - ther, Till an - oth - er Sab - bath day;  
 2. Now we thank Thee for Thy bless - ing On this sa - cred day of rest,  
 3. Ev - 'ry day and ev - 'ry mo - ment We are safe if Thou art near;  
 4. We will trust Thy con - stant watch - care, For Thou knowest what is best;

Shield us with Thy ho - ly pres - ence, Lead us in the righ - teous way.  
 And for truths which Thou hast shown us In Thy word di - vine - ly blest.  
 From all dan - ger Thou canst res - cue, In our sor - rows Thou canst cheer.  
 O, for - ev - er guide and guard us, Till we reach our fi - nal rest.



## 396

## He Leadeth Me

J. H. Gilmore, 1862

William B. Bradbury, 1864

1. He lead - eth me! O bless - ed thought! O words with heav - en - ly  
 2. Some - times 'mid scenes of deep - est gloom, Some - times where E - den's  
 3. Lord, I would clasp my hand in Thine, Nor ev - er mur - mur  
 4. And when my task on earth is done, When by Thy grace, the

com - fort fraught! What - e'er I do, wher - e'er I be,  
 bow - ers bloom, By wa - ters still, o'er trou - bled sea—  
 nor re - pine; Con - tent, what - ev - er lot I see,  
 vic - tory's won, E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,

Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.  
 Still 'tis His hand that lead - eth me.  
 Since 'tis my God that lead - eth me.  
 Since God through Jor - dan lead - eth me.

*Refrain*

He lead - eth me, He lead - eth me, By His own hand He lead - eth me;

His faith - ful fol - lower I would be, For by His hand He lead - eth me.

# I Can Hear My Saviour Calling 397

E. W. Blandy

J. S. Norris

1. I can hear my Sav - iour call - ing, I can hear my Sav - iour call - ing,  
 2. I'll go with Him through the gar - den, I'll go with Him through the gar - den,  
 3. I'll go with Him through the judgment, I'll go with Him through the judgment,  
 4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,

I can hear my Sav - iour call - ing, "Take thy  
 I'll go with Him through the gar - den, I'll go  
 I'll go with Him through the judg - ment, I'll go  
 He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go

*Refrain*  
 cross and fol - low, fol - low Me."  
 with Him, with Him all the way. Where He leads me I will  
 with Him, with Him all the way.  
 with me, with me, all the way.

fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me

I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

# 398 I Must Have the Saviour With Me

Lizzie Edwards

Jno. R. Sweney

1. I must have the Sav-iour with me, For I dare not walk a - lone;  
 2. I must have the Sav-iour with me, For my faith, at best, is weak;  
 3. I must have the Sav-iour with me, In the on-ward march of life,  
 4. I must have the Sav-iour with me, And His eye the way must guide,

I must feel His pres-ence near me, And His arm a-round me thrown.  
 He can whis-per words of com-fort That no oth-er voice can speak.  
 Thro' the tem-pest and the sun-shine, Thro' the bat-tle and the strife.  
 Till I reach the vale of Jor-dan, Till I gain the oth-er side.

*Refrain*

Then my soul shall fear no ill, Let Him lead me where He  
 Then my soul shall fear no ill, fear no ill, Let Him lead me, where He

will, I will go without a mur-mur, And His foot-steps fol-low still.  
 will, where He will, I will go

# Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah 399

William Williams, 1745

Unknown

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this  
 2. O - pen Thou the crys - tal foun - tain, Whence the heal - ing  
 3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious

bar - ren land! I am weak, but Thou art might - y;  
 streams doth flow; Let the fire and cloud - y pil - lar  
 fears sub - side; Bear me through the swell - ing cur - rent,

Hold me with Thy pow'r - ful hand; Bread of heav - en,  
 Lead me all my jour - ney through; Strong De - liv - erer,  
 Land me safe on Ca - naan's side. Songs of prais - es,

Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.  
 Strong De - liv - erer, Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.  
 Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to Thee.

# 400 I Will Never Leave Thee

Unknown

Unknown

1. I will nev - er, nev - er leave thee, I will nev - er  
 2. When the storm is rag - ing round thee, Call on Me in  
 3. When the sky a - bove is glow - ing, And a - round thee  
 4. When thy soul is dark and cloud - ed, Filled with doubt, and

thee for - sake; I will guide, and save, and keep thee,  
 hum - ble prayer; I will fold My arms a - round thee,  
 all is bright, Plea - sure like a riv - er flow - ing,  
 grief, and care, Through the mists by which 'tis shroud - ed,

For My name and mer - cy's sake. Fear no e - vil,  
 Guard thee with the ten - derest care; In the tri - al,  
 All things tend - ing to de - light; I'll be with thee,  
 I will make the light ap - pear, And the ban - ner,

Fear no e - vil, On - ly all My coun - sel take.  
 In the tri - al, I will make thy path - way clear.  
 I'll be with thee, I will guide thy steps a - right.  
 And the ban - ner Of My love I will up - rear.

## Lead Kindly Light

401

John H. Newman, 1833

John B. Dykes, 1865

1. Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid en - cir - cling gloom,  
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou  
 3. So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still

Lead Thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home;  
 Shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now  
 Will lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till

Lead Thou me on. Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to  
 Lead Thou me on. I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of  
 The night is gone; And with the morn those an - gel fac - es

see The dis - tant scene; one step's e - nough for me.  
 fears, Pride ruled my will. Re - mem - ber not past years.  
 smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

# 402      Lead On, O King Eternal

Ernest W. Shurtleff, 1888

Henry Smart, 1836

1. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, The day of march has come;  
 2. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, Till sin's fierce war shall cease,  
 3. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, We fol - low, not with fears,

Hence - forth in fields of con - quest Thy tents shall be our home;  
 And ho - li - ness shall whis - per The sweet A - men of peace;  
 For glad - ness breaks like morn - ing Wher - e'er Thy face ap - pears;

Through days of prep - a - ra - tion Thy grace has made us strong,  
 For not with swords, loud clash - ing, Nor roll of stir - ring drums,  
 Thy cross is lift - ed o'er us; We jour - ney in its light;

And now, O King E - ter - nal, We lift our bat - tle song.  
 With deeds of love and mer - cy, The heaven - ly king - dom comes.  
 The crown a - waits the con - quest, Lead on, O God of might.

# Precious Promise God Hath Given 403

Nathaniel Niles

P. P. Bliss

1. Pre - cious prom - ise God hath giv - en To the wea - ry pass - er - by,  
 2. When temp - ta - tions al - most win thee, And thy trust - ed watch - ers fly,  
 3. When thy se - cret hopes have perish - ed In the grave of years gone by,  
 4. When the shades of life are fall - ing, And the hour has come to die.

On the way from earth to heav - en, "I will guide thee with mine eye."  
 Let this prom - ise ring with - in thee, "I will guide thee with mine eye."  
 Let this prom - ise still be cherish - ed, "I will guide thee with mine eye."  
 Hear the trus - ty Pi - lot call - ing, "I will guide thee with mine eye."

## Refrain

I will guide thee, I will guide thee, I will guide thee with mine eye;

On the road from earth to heav - en, I will guide thee with mine eye.



## 404

## Lonely? No, Not Lonely

L. L. Pickett

J. C. H. and V. A. White

1. Lone - ly? no, not lone - ly While Je - sus stand - eth  
 2. Wea - ry? no, not wea - ry While lean - ing on His  
 3. Wait - ing? yes, I'm wait - ing; He bids me watch and

by; His pres - ence al - ways cheers me; I  
 breast; My soul hath full en - joy - ment, In  
 wait; I on - ly won - der oft - en, What

know that He is nigh. Friend - less? no, not friend - less, For  
 His e - ter - nal rest. Help - less? yes, so help - less; But  
 makes my Lord so late. Joy - ful? yes, so joy - ful, With

Je - sus is my Friend; I change, but He re -  
 I am lean - ing hard On the might - y arm of  
 joy too deep for words; A pre - cious, sure foun -

## Refrain

main - eth, The same un - to the end. No, nev - er a -  
 Je - sus, And He is keep - ing guard. No, no,  
 da - tion, The joy that is my Lord's. No, no,

lone  
 nev - er a - lone, no, nev - er a - lone; He has  
 No, no nev - er a - lone;

prom - ised nev - er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.

Nev - er to leave me a - - lone.



## Saviour, Like a Shepherd

406

Unknown

William B. Bradbury, 1859

1. Sav - iour, like a Shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy ten-derest care;  
 2. We are Thine; do Thou be-friend us, Be the Guard-ian of our way;  
 3. Thou hast prom-ised to re-ceive us, Poor and sin-ful though we be;

In Thy pleas-ant pas-tures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre-pare.  
 Keep Thy flock, from sin de-fend us, Seek us when we go a-stray.  
 Thou hast mer-cy to re-lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and power to free.

Bless-ed Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;  
 Bless-ed Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus, Hear, O hear us, when we pray!  
 Bless-ed Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus, We will ear-ly turn to Thee;

Bless-ed Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.  
 Bless-ed Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus, Hear, O hear us, when we pray!  
 Bless-ed Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus, We will ear-ly turn to Thee.

# 407 Take Thou My Hand, O Father

J. V. Haussmann  
Tr. H. Brueckener

F. Silcher (1789-1860)

1. Take Thou my hand O Fa - ther, And lead Thou me,  
2. O cov - er with Thy mer - cy My poor, weak heart!  
3. Though naught of Thy great pow - er May move my soul,

Un - til my jour - ney end - eth, E - ter - nal - ly.  
Let ev - 'ry thought re - bel - lious From me de - part.  
With Thee thru night and dark - ness I reach the goal.

A - lone I will not wan - der One sin - gle day;  
Per - mit Thy child to lin - ger Here at Thy feet,  
Take, then, my hands, O Fa - ther, And lead Thou me

Be Thou my true Com - pan - ion And with me stay.  
And blind - ly trust Thy good - ness With faith com - plete.  
Un - til my jour - ney end - eth E - ter - nal - ly.

## The Angel of the Lord

408

F. E. Belden

F. E. Belden

1. The an - gel of the Lord en - camp - eth Round a - bout us,  
 2. When dan - ger hov - ers o'er our path - way, He will hide us,  
 3. We'll trust Thee as we on - ward jour - ney, God of Is - rael,

round a - bout us; Round a - bout the souls that fear Him, Night and day.  
 He will hide us, Safe with - in the might - y shad - ow Of His wing.  
 God of Is - rael, Till we reach the land of prom - ise, Just be - fore.

*Refrain*

O pil - lar of fire, pil - lar of cloud,  
 O fi - ery, cloud - y pil - lar, fi - ery, cloud - y pil - lar,

Lead me, lead me ev - 'ry day! O pil - lar of fire,  
 O fi - ery, cloud - y pil - lar,

pil - lar of cloud, Lead me on my heav'n - ly way.  
 fi - ery, cloud - y pil - lar,

## 409

## The Lord Is My Shepherd

J. Montgomery

German melody

1. The Lord is my Shep - herd, no want shall I know;  
 2. Through the val - ley and shad - ow of death though I stray,  
 3. In the midst of af - lic - tion my ta - ble is spread,  
 4. Let good - ness and mer - cy, my boun - ti - ful God,

I feed in green pas - tures, safe fold - ed I rest;  
 Since Thou art my Guard - ian, no e - vil I fear;  
 With bless - ings un - meas - ured my cup run - neth o'er;  
 Still fol - low my steps till I meet Thee a - bove;

He lead - eth my soul where the still wa - ters flow,  
 Thy rod shall de - fend me, Thy staff be my stay,  
 With per - fume and oil Thou a - noint - est my head;  
 I seek— by the path which my fore - fa - thers trod,

Re - stores me when wan - d'ring, re - deems when op - pressed.  
 No harm can be - fall, with my Com - fort - er near.  
 O, what shall I ask of Thy prov - i - dence more?  
 Through the land of their so - journ—Thy king - dom of love.

## Jesus, My Saviour

410

S. L. Ginsburg

E. E. Hasty

1. Jesus, my Saviour, to Bethlehem came, Born in a manger to sorrow and shame;  
 2. Jesus, my Saviour, on Cal-va-ry's tree, Paid the great debt, and my soul He set free;  
 3. Jesus, my Saviour, the same as of old, While I was wand'ring afar from the fold,  
 4. Jesus, my Saviour; shall come from on high, Sweet is the promise as weary years fly;

O, it was won-der-ful, blest be His name! Seek-ing for me, for me.  
 O, it was won-der-ful, how could it be? Dy-ing for me, for me.  
 Gent-ly and long did He plead with my soul, Call-ing for me, for me.  
 O, I shall see Him de-scen-ding the sky, Com-ing for me, for me.

Seek-ing for me, for me,                      Seek-ing for me, for me;  
 Dy-ing for me, for me,                      Dy-ing for me, for me;  
 Call-ing for me, for me,                      Call-ing for me, for me;  
 Com-ing for me, for me,                      Com-ing for me, for me;

seek-ing for me,    seek-ing for me;

O, it was won-der-ful, blest be His name! Seek-ing for me, for me.  
 O, it was won-der-ful, how could it be? Dy-ing for me, for me.  
 Gent-ly and long did He plead with my soul, Call-ing for me, for me.  
 O, I shall see Him de-scen-ding the sky, Com-ing for me, for me.



# 411 Have You Been to Jesus?

Elisha A. Hoffman

Elisha A. Hoffman

1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleans - ing pow'r? Are you  
 2. Are you walk - ing dai - ly by the Sav - iour's side? Are you  
 3. When the Bride - groom com - eth will your robes be white? Are you  
 4. Lay a - side the gar - ments that are stained with sin, And be

washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trust - ing in His  
 washed in the blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each mo - ment in the  
 washed in the blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read - y for the  
 washed in the blood of the Lamb; There's a foun - tain flow - ing for the

grace this hour? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?  
 Cru - ci - fied? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?  
 man - sions bright, And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?  
 soul un - clean, O be washed in the blood of the Lamb?

## Refrain

Are you washed in the blood, In the  
 Are you washed in the blood,

soul - cleans - ing blood of the Lamb? Are your gar - ments spot-less?  
of the Lamb?

Are they white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

## From Every Stormy Wind

412

Hugh Stowell, 1828

Thomas Hastings, 1842

1. From ev - ery storm - y wind that blows, From  
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The  
3. There is a scene where spir - its blend, Where  
4. There, there, on an - gel's wings we soar, And

ev - ery swell - ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a  
oil of glad - ness on our heads, A place than all be -  
friend holds fel - low - ship with friend; Though sunder - ed far, by  
earth - ly cares mo - lest no more, And heav'n comes down our

sure re - treat; 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy seat.  
sides more sweet; It is the blood - bought mer - cy seat.  
faith they meet A - round one com - mon mer - cy seat.  
souls to greet, And glo - ry crowns the mer - cy seat.

# 413 Redeemed! How I Love to Proclaim It!

Fanny J. Crosby (1823-1915)

William J. Kirkpatrick

1. Re-deemed! how I love to pro-claim it! Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;  
 2. Re-deemed! and so hap-py in Je-sus! No lan-guage my rapt-ure can tell;  
 3. I think of my bless-ed Re-deem-er, I think of Him all the day long;  
 4. I know I shall see in His beau-ty The King in whose law I de-light,

Re-deemed through His in-fi-nite mer-cy, His child, and for-ev-er, I am.  
 I know that the light of His pres-ence With me doth con-tin-ual-ly dwell.  
 I sing, for I can-not be si-lent; His love is the theme of my song.  
 Who lov-ing-ly guard-eth my foot-steps, And giv-eth me songs in the night.

*Refrain*

Re-deemed, re-deemed, Re-deemed by the blood of the Lamb;  
 Re-deemed, re-deemed,

Re-deemed, re-deemed, His child, and for-ev-er, I am.  
 Re-deemed, re-deemed,

# We Have Heard a Joyful Sound 414

Priscilla J. Owens

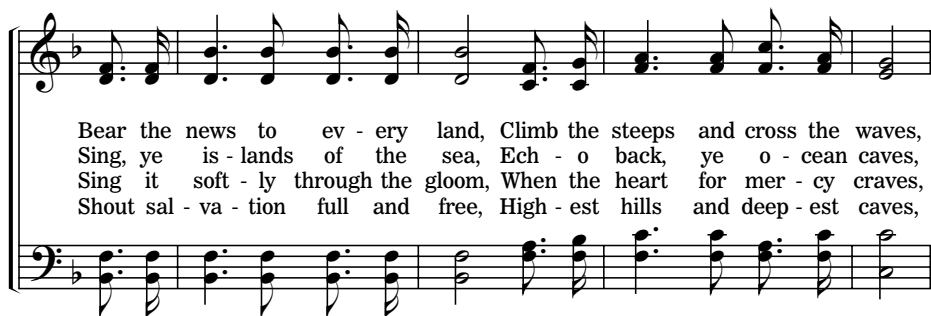
William J. Kirkpatrick, 1882



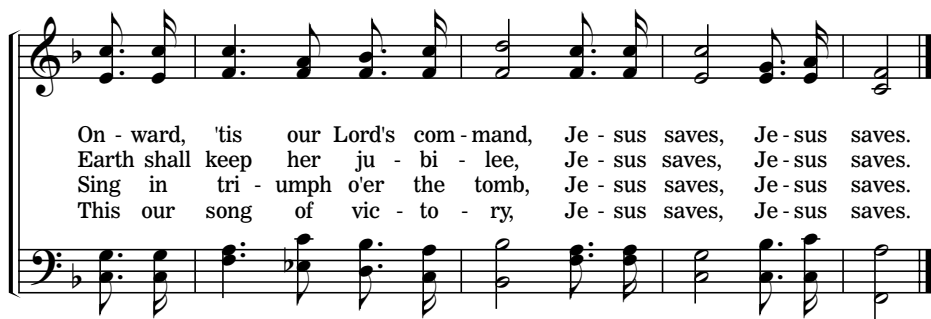
1. We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;  
 2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;  
 3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle's strife, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;  
 4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;



Spread the glad - ness all a - round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;  
 Tell to sin - ners, far and wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;  
 By His death and end - less life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;  
 Let the na - tions now re - joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;



Bear the news to ev - ery land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves,  
 Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves,  
 Sing it soft - ly through the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves,  
 Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deep - est caves,



On - ward, 'tis our Lord's com - mand, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.  
 Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.  
 Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.  
 This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.

# 415 What Can Wash Away My Sin?

Robert Lowry

Robert Lowry

1. What can wash a - way my sin? Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus;  
 2. For my cleans - ing this I see Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus;  
 3. Noth - ing can for sin a - tone Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus;  
 4. This is all my hope and peace Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus;

What can make me pure with - in? Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.  
 For my par - don this my plea Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.  
 Naught of good that I have done Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.  
 This is all my righ - teous - ness Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.

## Refrain

Oh! pre - cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;

No oth - er fount I know, Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.

## Who, Who Are These?

416

T. C. O'Kane

T. C. O'Kane

1. Who who are these raised up to end - less joy, Whose faith is pure as  
 2. These, these are they who in their youth - ful days Found Je - sus ear - ly,  
 3. These, these are they who in af - flic - tion's woes, Ev - er have found in  
 4. Safe, safe up - on the ev - er - shin - ing shore, Sin, pain, and death, and

gold with - out al - loy, Which no foe could e'er de - stroy,  
 and in wis - dom's ways Proved the ful - ness of His grace.  
 Je - sus calm re - pose, Peace which from a pure heart flows.  
 sor - row all are o'er; Hap - py now and ev - er - more,

*Refrain*

Washed in the blood of the Lamb.  
 Washed in the blood of the Lamb. Sweep - ing thro' the gates to the  
 Washed in the blood of the Lamb.  
 Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

New Je - ru - sa - lem, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.  
 in the blood of the Lamb;

Sweep - ing thro' the gates to the New Je - ru - sa - lem, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

## 417

## Would You Be Free?

L. E. Jones

L. E. Jones

1. Would you be free from your bur - den of sin?  
 2. Would you be free from your pas - sion and pride?  
 3. Would you be whit - er, much whit - er than snow?  
 4. Would you do ser - vice for Je - sus your King?

There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood;  
 There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood;  
 There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood;  
 There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood;

Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win?  
 Come for a cleans - ing to Cal - va - ry's tide,  
 Sin stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow,  
 Would you live dai - ly His prais - es to sing?

There's won - der - ful pow'r in the blood.  
 There's won - der - ful pow'r in the blood.  
 There's won - der - ful pow'r in the blood.  
 There's won - der - ful pow'r in the blood.

*Refrain*

There is pow'r, pow'r, won-der-work-ing pow'r in the  
 There is pow'r  
 blood of the Lamb; There is pow'r, pow'r,  
 In the blood of the Lamb; There is pow'r  
 won-der-work-ing pow'r In the pre-cious blood of the Lamb.

## Awake, and Sing the Song

# 418

W. Hammond

Lockhart

1. A - wake, and sing the song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb!  
 2. Sing of His dy - ing love! Sing of His ris - ing power!  
 3. Sing on your heav'n - ly way! Ye ran-somed sin - ners sing!  
 4. Soon shall ye hear Him say, "Ye bless - ed chil - dren, come."

Wake ev - ry heart and ev - ry tongue To praise the Sav-iour's name.  
 Sing how He in - ter - cedes a - bove For those whose sins He bore!  
 Sing on, re - joic - ing ev - ery day In Christ, the e - ter - nal King!  
 Soon will He call you hence a - way, And take His wan-drers home.



# 419

## Be Glad in the Lord

Unknown

J. McGranahan

1. Be glad in the Lord, and re-joyce, All ye that are up-right in heart;  
 2. Be joy-ful, for He is the Lord, On earth and in heav-en su-preme;  
 3. What though in the con-flict for right Your e-ne-mies al-most pre-vail,  
 4. Though dark-ness sur-round you by day, Your sky by the night be o'er-cast,

And ye that have made Him your choice, Bid sad-ness and sor-row de-part.  
 He fash-ions and rules by His word; The Might-y and Strong to re-deem.  
 God's ar-mies, just hid from your sight, Are more than the foes which as-sail.  
 Let noth-ing your spir-it dis-may, But trust till the dan-ger is past.

*Refrain*

Re-joyce! Re-joyce! Be glad in the Lord, and re-joyce!  
 Re-joyce in the Lord! Re-joyce! Re-joyce! Re-joyce!


Re-joyce! Re-joyce! Be glad in the Lord, and re-joyce!  
 Re-joyce in the Lord! Re-joyce! Re-joyce!

## I Sing the Mighty Power


420

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)


G. F. Root (1820-1895)




1. I sing the might - y power of God, That made the moun-tains rise,  
 2. I sing the good-ness of the Lord, That filled the earth with food;  
 3. There's not a plant or flower be - low But makes Thy glo - ries known;



That spread the flow - ing seas a - broad, And built the loft - y skies;  
 He formed the crea-tures with His word, And then pro-nounced them good.  
 And clouds a - rise, and tem-pests blow, By or - der from Thy throne.



I sing the wis - dom that or - dained The sun to rule the day;  
 Lord, how Thy won - ders are dis - played Wher-e'er I turn my eye!  
 Crea - tures that bor - row life from Thee Are sub - ject to Thy care;



The moon shines full at His com-mand, And all the stars o - bey.  
 If I sur - vey the ground I tread, Or gaze up - on the sky!  
 There's not a place where we can flee But God is pres - ent there.

# 421 I Have a Song I Love to Sing

E. O. Excell

E. O. Excell

1. I have a song I love to sing, Since I have been re - deemed;  
 2. I have a Christ that sat - is - fies, Since I have been re - deemed;  
 3. I have a wit - ness bright and clear, Since I have been re - deemed;  
 4. I have a home pre - pared for me, Since I have been re - deemed;

Of my Re - deem - er, Sav - iour, King, Since I have been re - deemed.  
 To do His will my high - est prize, Since I have been re - deemed.  
 Dis - pel - ling ev - ery doubt and fear, Since I have been re - deemed.  
 Where I shall dwell e - ter - nal - ly, Since I have been re - deemed.

*Refrain*

Since I have been re - deemed, Since  
 Since I have been re - deemed, Since I have been re - deemed,

I have been redeemed, I will glory in His name, Since I have been re -  
 Since I have been redeemed, Since

deemed, I will glo - ry in my Sav - iour's name.  
I have been re-deemed,

## Rejoice, the Lord Is King! 422

Charles Wesley

W. H. Havergal

1. Re - joice, the Lord is King! Your Lord and King a - dore;  
2. His king - dom can - not fail, He rules o'er earth and heaven;  
3. Re - joice in glo - rious hope; Je - sus the Judge shall come,

Mor - tals, give thanks, and sing, And tri - umph ev - er - more;  
The keys of death and hell Are to our Je - sus given;  
And take His ser - vants up To their e - ter - nal home;

Lift up your heart, lift up your voice, Re - joice; a - gain I say, Re - joice.  
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice, Re - joice; a - gain I say, Re - joice.  
We soon shall hear the arch - angel's voice; The trump of God shall sound, Re - joice!

# 423 I Wandered in the Shades of Night

J. W Van De Venter

W. S. Weeden

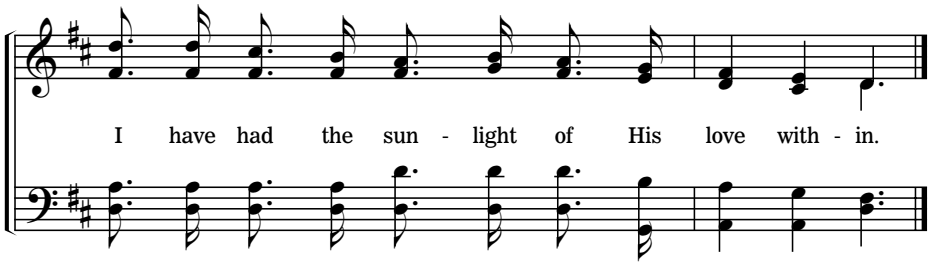
1. I wan - dered in the shades of night, Till Je - sus came to me,  
 2. Tho' clouds may gath - er in the sky, And bil - lows 'round me roll,  
 3. While walk - ing in the light of God, I sweet com - mu - nion find;  
 4. Soon I shall see Him as He is, The Light that came to me;

And with the sun - light of His love Bid all my dark - ness flee.  
 How - ev - er dark the world may be; I've sun - light in my soul.  
 I press with ho - ly vig - or on, And leave the world be - hind.  
 Be - hold the bright - ness of His face Thro' - out e - ter - ni - ty.

*Refrain*

Sun - light, sun - light, in my soul to - day, Sun - light, sun - light,  
 to - day, yes

all a - long the way; Since the Saviour found me, took a - way my sin,  
 nar - row way; load of sin,

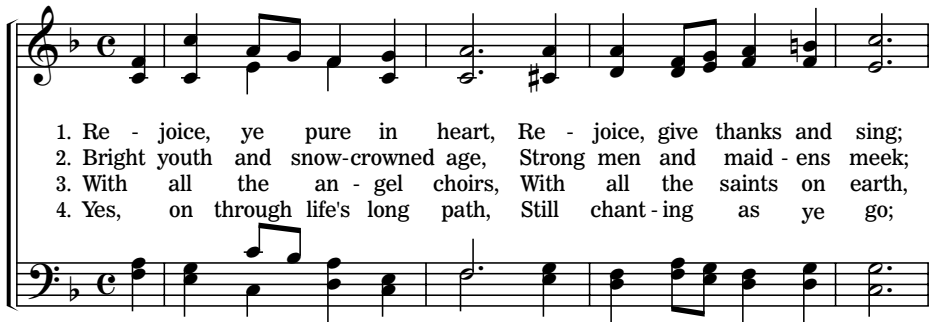


I have had the sun - light of His love with - in.

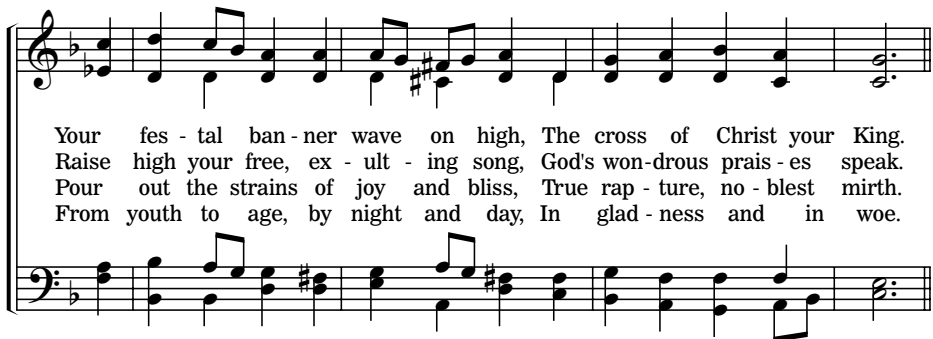
## Rejoice, Ye Pure in Heart 424

Edward H. Plumptre, 1865

Arthur H. Messiter, 1883



1. Re - joice, ye pure in heart, Re - joice, give thanks and sing;
2. Bright youth and snow-crowned age, Strong men and maid - ens meek;
3. With all the an - gel choirs, With all the saints on earth,
4. Yes, on through life's long path, Still chant - ing as ye go;



Your fes - tal ban - ner wave on high, The cross of Christ your King.  
 Raise high your free, ex - ult - ing song, God's won - drous prais - es speak.  
 Pour out the strains of joy and bliss, True rap - ture, no - blest mirth.  
 From youth to age, by night and day, In glad - ness and in woe.

### Refrain



Re - joice, re - joice, Re - joice, give thanks and sing.  
 Re - joice, re - joice,

# 425

## I Will Sing of Jesus' Love

F. E. Belden

F. E. Belden, 1886

1. I will sing (I will sing) of Je - sus' love, Sing of Him (sing of Him)  
 2. Ere a tear (ere a tear) had dimmed mine eyes, Je - sus' tears (Je - sus' tears)  
 3. O the depths (O the depth) of love di - vine! Earth or heaven (earth or heaven)  
 4. Noth - ing good (noth - ing good) for Him I've done; How could He (how could He)

who first loved me; For He left (for He left) bright worlds a - bove,  
 for me did flow; Ere my first (ere my first) faint prayer could rise,  
 can nev - er know How that sins (how that sins) as dark as mine  
 such love be - stow? Lord, I own (Lord, I own) my heart is won,

And died on Cal - va - ry.  
 He had prayed in tones of woe. I will sing of  
 Can be made as white as snow.  
 Help me now my love to show. (I will sing)

*Refrain*

Je - sus' love, End - less praise my heart shall give;  
 (end - less praise)

He has died (He has died) that I might live—I will sing His love to me.

## There Is a Song in My Heart 426

James P. Sullivan

Mildred E. Sullivan

1. There is a song in my heart to-day, Some-thing I nev-er had;  
 2. Won-der-ful, mar-vel-ous love He brings, In-to a heart that's sad;  
 3. We have a fel-low-ship rich and sweet, Tongue can ne'er re-late;  
 4. Won't you come to Him with all your care, Wea-ry and worn and sad?

Je-sus has tak-en my sins a-way, O say, but I'm glad!  
 Thru dark-est tun-nels the soul just sings, O say, but I'm glad!  
 Abid-ing in Him is a re-al treat, O say, but it's great!  
 You, too, will sing as His love you share, O say, but I'm glad!

*Refrain*

O say, but I'm glad, I'm glad, O say, but I'm glad!

Je-sus has come and my cup's o-ver-run, O say, but I'm glad!



# 427 I Will Sing the Wondrous Story

F. H. Rowley

Peter P. Bilhorn

1. I will sing the won-drous sto - ry Of the Christ who died for me,  
 2. I was lost, but Je - sus found me, Found the sheep that went a - stray,  
 3. I was bruised, but Je - sus healed me; Faint was I from man - y fall;  
 4. Days of dark - ness still come o'er me, Sor - row's paths I of - ten tread,

How He left His home in glo - ry For the cross of Cal - va - ry.  
 Threw His lov - ing arms a - round me, Drew me back in - to His way.  
 Sight was gone, and fears pos - sessed me, But He freed me from them all.  
 But the Sav - iour still is with me; By His hand I'm safe - ly led.

*Refrain*  
3

Yes, I'll sing the won-drous sto - - - ry Of the  
 Yes, I'll sing the won-drous sto - ry

Christ who died for me, Sing it with the saints in  
 Of the Christ who died for me, Sing it with

glo - ry, Gath-ered by the crys-tal sea.  
the saints in glo-ry, Gath-ered by the crys - tal sea.

## Let Our Hearts Be Always Cheerful 428

Fanny Crosby

Robert Lowry

1. Let our hearts be al-ways cheer-ful; Why should mur-m'ring en-ter there,  
2. With His gen-tle hand to lead us, Should the pow'rs of sin as-sail,  
3. When we turn a-side from du-ty Comes the pain of do-ing wrong;  
4. Oh, the good are al-ways hap-py, And their path is ev-er bright;

When our kind and lov-ing Fa-ther Makes us chil-dren of His care?  
He has prom-ised grace to help us; Nev-er can His prom-ise fail.  
And a shad-ow, creep-ing o'er us, Checks the rap-ture of our song.  
Let us heed the bless-ed coun-sel, Shun the wrong and love the right.

*Refrain*

Al-ways cheer-ful al-ways cheer-ful, Sun-shine all a-round we see;

Full of beau-ty is the path of du-ty, cheer-ful we may al-ways be.

# 429 If the Dark Shadows Gather

Lizzie DeArmond

B. D. Ackley

1. If the dark shadows gath - er As you go a - long,  
 2. Is your life just a tan - gle Full of toil and care?  
 3. There are blos - soms of glad - ness 'Neath the win - ter's snow,

Do not grieve for their com - ing, Sing a cheer - y song,  
 Smile a bit as you jour - ney, O - thers' bur - dens share;  
 From the gloom and the dark - ness Comes the morn - ing's glow;

There is joy for the tak - ing It will soon be light  
 You'll for - get all your trou - bles, Mak - ing their lives bright,  
 Nev - er give up the bat - tle, You will win the fight,

Ev - 'ry cloud wears a rain - bow If your heart keeps right.  
 Skies will grow blue and sun - ny If your heart keeps right.  
 Gain the rest of the Vic - tor, If your heart keeps right.

*Refrain*

If your heart keeps right, If your heart keeps right,

There's a song of glad - ness in the dark - est night;

If your heart keeps right, If your heart keeps right,

Ev - 'ry cloud will wear a rain - bow, If your heart keeps right.

## 430

## Rejoice, Rejoice, Believers

L. Laurenti (1660-1722)

Tr. Sarah L. Findlater, 1854

Johann M. Haydn, 1806

1. Re - joice, re - joice, be - liev - ers, And let your lights ap - pear;  
 2. The watch - ers on the moun - tain Pro - claim the Bride - groom near.  
 3. You saints who here in pa - tience Your cross and suf - ferings bore,  
 4. Our hope and ex - pec - ta - tion, O Je - sus, now ap - pear;

The eve - ning is ad - vanc - ing, And dark - er night is near.  
 Go, meet Him as He com - eth, With hal - le - lu - jahs clear.  
 Shall live and reign for - ev - er, When sor - row is no more.  
 A - rise, O sun so longed for, O'er this be - night - ed sphere!

The Bride - groom is a - ris - ing And soon He draw - eth nigh:  
 The mar - riage feast is wait - ing, The gates wide o - pen stand;  
 Up - on the throne of glo - ry The Lamb you shall be - hold,  
 With hearts and hands up - lift - ed, We plead, O Lord, to see

Up, pray and watch and wres - tle, At mid - night comes the cry.  
 Up, up, you heirs of glo - ry, The Bride - groom is at hand.  
 In tri - umph cast be - fore Him Your di - a - dems of gold.  
 The day of earth's re - demp - tion That brings us un - to Thee.

## The Dove of Peace

431

Fannie E. Bolton

Fannie E. Bolton

1. The dove of peace sings in my heart, "In strife and war thou hast no part;  
 2. The dove of peace hath ra-diant wings, And light and mel - o - dy he brings;  
 3. O gen - tle voice of Je - sus' love! It links the life to heav'n a - bove,  
 4. O wouldst thou hear the dove with - in? Let Je - sus cleanse thy heart from sin;

Thy place a - mong the hosts of wrong Is but to ech - o love's sweet song."  
 He tells of my soon - com - ing King, Of prais - es that the an - gels sing.  
 And thro' all sor - row and all wrong O'er - flows the soul with ten - der song.  
 Then in sweet mea - sures from a - bove Thou'lt hear the mu - sic of His love.

*Refrain*

The dove of peace sings in my soul, "Thy Sav-iour's  
 The dove of peace sings in my soul.

blood doth make thee whole"; The Spir - it's  
 "Thy Sav-iour's blood doth make thee whole";

voice, like woo - ing dove, Sings of my Sav-iour's end - less love.

## 432

## There Comes to My Heart

P P Bilhorn

P P Bilhorn

1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain (sweet strain),  
 2. Through Christ on the cross peace was made (was made)  
 3. When Je - sus as Lord I had crowned (had crowned),  
 4. In Je - sus for peace I a - bide (a - bide),

A glad and a joy - ous re - frain (re - frain);  
 My debt by His death was all paid (all paid),  
 My heart with this peace did a - bound (a - bound);  
 And as I keep close to His side (His side),

I sing it a - gain and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.  
 No oth - er foun - da - tion is laid For peace, the gift of God's love.  
 In Him the rich bless - ing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.  
 There's noth - ing but peace doth be - tide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

*Refrain*

Peace, peace, sweet peace, Won - der - ful gift from a - bove (a - bove)

Oh, won - der - ful, won - der - ful peace, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

# There's Sunshine in My Soul Today 433

E. E. Hewitt

John R. Sweney

1. There's sun - shine in my soul to - day, More glo - ri - ous and bright  
 2. There's mu - sic in my soul to - day, A car - ol to my King,  
 3. There's spring-time in my soul to - day, For when the Lord is near,  
 4. There's glad - ness in my soul to - day, And hope, and praise, and love,

Than glows in an - y earth - ly sky, For Je - sus is my light.  
 And Je - sus, list - en - ing, can hear The songs I can - not sing.  
 The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flowers of grace ap - pear.  
 For bless - ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.

*Refrain*

O there's sun - - - shine, bless - ed sun - - - shine,  
 sun - shine in the soul, bless - ed sun - shine in the soul,

When the peace - ful, hap - py mo - ments roll; When Je - sus shows His  
 hap - py mo - ments roll,

smil - ing face There is sun - shine in the soul.



## 434 There Lives a Voice Within Me

G. Massey

Berthold Tours, 1872

1. There lives a voice with - in me, Guest an - gel of my  
 2. The leaf tongues of the for - est, The flower lips of the  
 3. O voice of God most ten - der, O voice of God di -

heart, Whose whis - p'rings strive to win me To  
 sod, The birds that hymn their rap - tures Up  
 vine, Still be my heart's de - fend - er Till

act a no - ble part. Up ev - er - more it  
 to the throne of God; The sum - mer wind that  
 ev - ery thought is Thine; My soul in glad - ness

spring - eth Like some sweet mel - o - dy, And  
 bring - eth Joy o - ver land and sea, Have  
 bring - eth Its songs of praise to Thee, While

ev - er - more it sing - eth This song of songs to me:  
 each a voice that sing - eth This song of songs to me:  
 all a - round me sing - eth This song of songs to me:

*Refrain*

This world is full of beau - ty That

points the soul a - bove, And if we did our

du - ty, It might be full of love.

## 435

## Wake the Song

W. F. Sherwin (1826-1888)

W. F. Sherwin

1. Wake the song of joy and glad - ness; Hith - er  
 2. Joy - ful - ly with songs and ban - ners, We will  
 3. Thanks to Thee, O ho - ly Fa - ther, For the

bring your no - blest lays; Ban - ish ev - ery thought of  
 greet the fes - tal day; Shout a - loud our glad ho -  
 mer - cies of the year; May each heart, as here we

sad - ness, Pour - ing forth your high - est praise. Sing to  
 san - nas, And our grate - ful hom - age pay. We will  
 gath - er, Swell with grat - i - tude sin - cere. Thanks to

Him whose care has brought us Once a - gain with friends to  
 chant our Sav - iour's glo - ry While our thoughts we raise a -  
 Thee, O lov - ing Sav - iour, For re - demp - tion through Thy

meet, And whose lov - ing voice has taught us Of the  
 bove, Tell - ing still "the old, old sto - ry," Pre - cious  
 blood. Breathe up - on us, Ho - ly Spir - it, Sweet - ly

*Refrain*

way to Je - sus' feet. Wake the song, wake the  
 theme Re - deem - ing love! Wake the song,  
 draw us near to God. Wake the song,

song, the song of joy and glad - ness, Wake the  
 Wake the song,

song, wake the song, The song of Ju - bi - lee.  
 wake the song, wake the song,

## 436

## Walking in Sunlight

H. J. Zelle

G. H. Cook

1. Walk - ing in sun - light, all of my jour - ney, O - ver the moun - tains,  
 2. Shad - ows a - round me, shad - ows a - bove me, Nev - er con - ceal my  
 3. In the bright sun - light, ev - er re - joic - ing, Press - ing my way to

thru the deep vale; Je - sus has said, "I'll nev - er for - sake thee,"  
 Sav - iour and Guide; He is the light, in Him is no dark - ness,  
 man - sions a - bove; Sing - ing His prais - es, glad - ly I'm walk - ing,

*Refrain*

Prom - ise di - vine that nev - er shall fail.  
 Ev - er I'm walk - ing close to His side. Heav - en - ly  
 Walk - ing in sun - light, sun - light of love.

sun - light, heav - en - ly sun - light, Flood - ing my soul with glo - ry di - vine;

Hal - le - lu - jah! I am re - joic - ing, sing - ing His prais - es, Je - sus is mine.

# What a Fellowship, What a Joy Divine 437

E. A. Hoffman

A. J. Showalter

1. What a fel - low - ship, what a joy di - vine, Lean - ing on the ev - er -  
 2. O how sweet to walk in this pil - grim way, Lean - ing on the ev - er -  
 3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean - ing on the ev - er -

last - ing arms; What a bless - ed - ness, what a peace is mine,  
 last - ing arms; O how bright the path grows from day to day,  
 last - ing arms; I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,

*Refrain*

Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean - ing,  
 Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean - ing on Je - sus,  
 Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms.

lean - ing, Safe and se - cure from all a - larms; Lean - ing,  
 lean - ing on Je - sus, Lean - ing on Je - sus,

lean - ing, Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms.  
 lean - ing on Je - sus,

## 438 There Is Sunlight on the Hilltop

M. T. Haughey

M. T. Haughey

1. There is sun - light on the hill - top, There is  
 2. In the dust I leave my sad - ness, As the  
 3. Lov - ing Sav - iour, Thou hast bought me, And my

sun - light on the sea; And the gold - en beams are  
 garb of oth - er days; For Thou rob - est me with  
 life, my all, is Thine; Let the lamp Thy love hath

sleep - ing, On the soft and ver - dant lea; But a  
 glad - ness, And Thou fill - est me with praise; And to  
 light - ed To Thy praise and glo - ry shine; And to

rich - er light is fill - ing All the cham - bers of my  
 that bright home of glo - ry Which Thy love hath won for  
 that bright home of glo - ry Which Thy love hath won for

heart; For Thou dwell - est there, my Sav - iour, And 'tis  
 me, In my heart and mind as - cend - ing, My glad  
 me, In my heart and mind as - cend - ing, My glad

*Refrain*

sun - light where Thou art.  
 spir - it fol - lows Thee. O the sun - light! beau - ti - ful  
 spir - it fol - lows Thee.

sun - light! O the sun - light in the heart! Je - sus'

smile can ban - ish sad - ness; It is sun - light in the heart.



# 439 You May Have the Joy Bells

J. E. Ruark

W. J. Kirkpatrick

1. You may have the joy bells ring - ing in your heart,  
 2. Love of Je - sus in its full - ness you may know,  
 3. You will meet with tri - als as you jour - ney home;  
 4. Let your life speak well of Je - sus ev - 'ry day;

And a peace that from you nev - er will de - part;  
 And this love to those a - round you sweet - ly show;  
 Grace suf - fi - cient He will give to o - ver - come;  
 Own His right to ev - 'ry ser - vice you can pay;

Walk the straight and nar - row way, Live for Je - sus ev - 'ry day,  
 Words of kind - ness al - ways say, Deeds of mer - cy do each day,  
 Tho' un - seen by mor - tal eye, He is with you ev - er night,  
 Sin - ners you can help to win If your life is pure and clean,

He will keep the joy bells ring - ing in your heart.  
 Then He'll keep the joy bells ring - ing in your heart.  
 And He'll keep the joy bells ring - ing in your heart.  
 And you keep the joy bells ring - ing in your heart.

*Refrain*

Joy bells ring - ing in your heart,  
Ring - ing in your heart,

Joy bells ring - ing in your heart;  
You may have the joy bells

Take the Sav - iour here be - low With you ev - 'ry-where you go;

He will keep the joy bells ring - ing in your heart.

## 440

## When Peace Like a River

H. G. Spafford, 1876

P. P. Bliss

1. When peace, like a riv - er at - tend - eth my way,  
 2. Tho' Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come,  
 3. My sin— O the bliss of the glo - ri - ous thought!  
 4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight,

When sor - rows like sea bil - lows roll; What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast  
 Let this blest as - sur - ance con - trol, That Christ hath re - gard - ed my  
 My sin, not in part, but the whole, Is nailed to His cross and I  
 The clouds be rolled back as a scroll, The trump shall re - sound, and the

taught me to say, "It is well, it is well with my soul."  
 help - less es - tate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.  
 bear it no more; Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!  
 Lord shall des - cend; "E - ven so," it is well with my soul.

## Refrain

It is well with my soul, It is well, it is well with my soul.  
 It is well with my soul

## How Far From Home?

441

Annie R. Smith, 1853

Unknown

1. How far from home? I asked, as on I bent my steps the watch-man spake:  
 2. I asked the war - rior on the field; This was his soul-in - spir - ing song:  
 3. I asked a - gain; earth, sea, and sun Seemed, with one voice, to make reply:  
 4. Not far from home! O bless-ed thought! The trav-eler's lone-ly heart to cheer;

"The long, dark night is al - most gone, The morn - ing soon will break.  
 "With cour - age, bold, the sword I'll wield, The bat - tle is not long.  
 "Time's wast - ing sands are near - ly run, E - ter - ni - ty is nigh.  
 Which oft a heal - ing balm has brought, And dried the mourn - er's tear.

Then weep no more, but speed thy flight, With Hope's bright star thy guid - ing ray,  
 Then weep no more, but well en - dure The con - flict, till thy work is done;  
 Then weep no more, with warn - ing tones, Por - ten - tous signs are thicken - ing round,  
 Then weep no more, since we shall meet Where wea - ry foot - steps nev - er roam,

Till thou shalt reach the realms of light, In ev - er - last - ing day."  
 For this we know, the prize is sure, When vic - to - ry is won."  
 The whole cre - a - tion, wait - ing, groans, To hear the trum - pet sound."  
 Our tri - als past, our joys com - plete, Safe in our Fa - ther's home.

# 442

## I Saw One Weary

Annie R. Smith, 1852

George Coles, 1835

1. I saw one wea-ry, sad, and torn, With ea-ger steps press on the way,  
 2. And one I saw, with sword and shield, Who boldly braved the world's cold frown,  
 3. And there was one who left be-hind The cherished friends of ear-ly years,  
 4. While pil-grims here we jour-ney on In this dark vale of sin and gloom,

Who long the hal-lowed cross had borne, Still look-ing for the prom-ised day;  
 And fought, un-yield-ing, on the field, To win an ev-er-last-ing crown.  
 And hon-or, plea-sure, wealth re-signed, To tread the path be-dewed with tears.  
 Through trib-u-la-tion, hate, and scorn, Or through the por-tals of the tomb,

While man-ya line of grief and care, Up-on his brow was furrowed there;  
 Though worn with toil, op-pressed by foes, No mur-mur from his heart a-rose;  
 Through tri-als deep and con-flicts sore, Yet still a smile of joy he wore;  
 Till our re-turn-ing King shall come To take His ex-ile cap-tives home,

I asked what buoyed his spir-its up, "O this!" said he—"the bless-ed hope."  
 I asked what buoyed his spir-its up, "O this!" said he—"the bless-ed hope."  
 I asked what buoyed his spir-its up, "O this!" said he—"the bless-ed hope."  
 O! what can buoy the spir-its up? 'Tis this a-lone—the bless-ed hope.

## I'm But a Stranger Here

443

Thomas R. Taylor, 1807-1835

Lowell Mason (1792-1872)

1. I'm but a strang - er here, Heaven is my home;  
 2. What though the tem - pest rage, Heaven is my home;  
 3. There at my Sav - iour's side, Heaven is my home;

Earth is a des - ert drear, Heaven is my home;  
 Short is my pil - grim - age, Heaven is my home.  
 I shall be glo - ri - fied, Heaven is my home.

Dan - ger and sor - row stand Round me on ev - ery hand;  
 Time's cold and win - try blast Soon will be o - ver - past;  
 There'll be the good and blest, Those I love most and best,

Heaven is my Fa - ther - land, Heaven is my home.  
 I shall reach home at last; Heaven is my home.  
 There, too, I soon shall rest; Heaven is my home.

# 444

## I'm a Pilgrim

Mary S. B. Dana, 1841

Arr. from an Italian air

1. I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a strang - er; I can tar - ry, I can  
 2. There the glo - ry is ev - er shin - ing! O, my long - ing heart, my  
 3. There's the cit - y to which I jour - ney; My Re-deem - er, my Re-

tar - ry but a night; Do not de - tain me, for I am go - ing  
 long - ing heart is there; Here in this coun - try so dark and drea - ry,  
 deem - er is its light! There is no sor - row, nor an - y sigh - ing,

*Refrain*

To where the foun - tains are ev - er flow - ing.  
 I long have wan - dered for - lorn and wea - ry. I'm a pil - grim, and  
 Nor an - y tears there, or an - y dy - ing.

I'm a strang - er; I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night.

# On Jordan's Stormy Banks 445

Samuel Stennett

T. C. O'Kane

1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye  
 2. O'er all those wide-ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e-ter-nal day;  
 3. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for-ev-er blest?

To Ca-nan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.  
 There Christ, the Sun, for-ev-er reigns, And scat-ters night a-way.  
 When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His king-dom rest?

*Refrain*

We will rest in the fair and hap-py land, Just a-  
 by and by,

cross on the ev-er-green shore; Sing the song of Mo-ses and the  
 ev-er-green shore;

Lamb by and by, And dwell with Je-sus ev-er-more.



# 446

## Let Us Sing a Song

E. E. Hewitt

E. E. Hewitt

1. Let us sing a song that will cheer us by the way,  
 2. We will do the work that our hands may find to do,  
 3. We will smooth the path for some weary, way-worn feet,  
 4. There's a rest beyond, there's relief from every care,

In a lit - tle while we're go - ing home;  
 In a lit - tle while we're go - ing home;  
 In a lit - tle while we're go - ing home;  
 In a lit - tle while we're go - ing home;

For the night will end in the ev - er - last - ing day,  
 And the grace of God will our dai - ly strength re - new,  
 And may lov - ing hearts spread a - round an in - fluence sweet!  
 And no tears shall fall in that cit - y bright and fair,

In a lit - tle while we're go - ing home.  
 In a lit - tle while we're go - ing home.  
 In a lit - tle while we're go - ing home.  
 In a lit - tle while we're go - ing home.

PILGRIMAGE

Refrain

In a lit - tle while, In a lit - tle while,  
In a lit - tle while, In a lit - tle while,

We shall cross the bil - low's foam;

We shall meet at last, When the storm - y winds are past,

In a lit - tle while we're go - ing home.

# 447 Pilgrims, On! the Day Is Dawning

Unknown

Unknown

1. Pil-grims, on! the day is dawn-ing; Strike your tents, and homeward haste;  
 2. Pil-grims, on! the storm is beat-ing, Beat-ing wild-ly on your way;  
 3. Pil-grims, on! what though in dan-gers, Life's e-vent-ful course pur-sue;  
 4. Pil-grims, on! there's rest in heav-en, Rest from ev-ery anx-ious care,

Sleep not while the blush of morn-ing Calls you on the des-ert waste.  
 Tar-ry not, the time is fleet-ing; Shall the storm your foot-steps stay?  
 La-bor on, ye friend-less strang-ers, Grace will guide you safe-ly through.  
 Rest in Je-sus' smiles, for-giv-en, Peace-ful and e-ter-nal there.

Though the way be dark and drea-ry, Life's sharp an-guish must be borne;  
 Has-ten on, through joy and sor-row, Or what-ev-er may be-tide,  
 What if tri-als must be-fall you! What if fierce temp-ta-tions rise!  
 O, 'twere sweet to toil in sad-ness, O, 'twere well the cross to bear,

Cour-age, then, ye faint and wea-ry, Lin-ger not to weep and mourn.  
 Wait not for the calm to-mor-row, Faith-ful at your work a-bide.  
 Shall earth's bit-ter strife ap-pall you While con-tend-ing for the prize?  
 If, at last in joy and glad-ness, We may rest for-ev-er there!

## We're Bound for the Land

448

Unknown

Unknown

1. We're bound for the land of the pure and the ho - ly, The home of the  
 2. In that bless-ed land, neith-er sigh-ing nor an-guish Can breathe in the  
 3. Nor fraud, nor de - ceit, nor the hand of op-pres-sion, Can in-jure the  
 4. No pov - er - ty there, no, the saints are all wealth-y, The heirs of His

hap - py, the king-dom of love; Ye wan-derers from God, in the  
 fields where the glo - ri - fied rove; Ye heart - bur - dened ones, who in  
 dwell - ers in that ho - ly grove; No wick - ed - ness there, not a  
 glo - ry whose na - ture is love; No sick - ness can reach them, that

broad road of fol - ly, O say, will you go to the E - den a - bove?  
 mis - er - y lan - guish, O say, will you go to the E - den a - bove?  
 shade of trans - gres - sion; O say, will you go to the E - den a - bove?  
 coun - try is health - y; O say, will you go to the E - den a - bove?

*Refrain*

Will you go, will you go, will you go, will you go?

O say, will you go to the E - den a - bove?

# 449

## Christ for the World

Samuel Wolcot, 1869

Felice de Giardini, 1769

1. Christ for the world we sing; The world to  
 2. Christ for the world we sing; The world to  
 3. Christ for the world we sing; The world to

Christ we bring With lov - ing zeal; The poor and  
 Christ we bring With fer - vent prayer; The way - ward  
 Christ we bring With joy - ful song; The new - born

them that mourn, The faint and o - ver - borne, Sin - sick and  
 and the lost, By rest - less pas - sions tossed, Re - deemed at  
 souls, whose days, Re - claimed from er - ror's ways, In - spired with

sor - row - worn, Whom Christ doth heal.  
 count - less cost From dark de - spair.  
 hope and praise, To Christ be - long.

# From Greenland's Icy Mountain 450

Reginald Heber, 1819

Lowell Mason, 1823

1. From Green-land's i - cy moun-tains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,  
 2. What though the spic - y breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey - lon's isle;  
 3. Can men, whose souls are light - ed With wis - dom from on high,  
 4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll,

Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sands,  
 Though ev - ery pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile;  
 Can they to men be - night - ed The lamp of life de - ny?  
 Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole;

From man - y an an - cient riv - er, From man - y a palm - y plain,  
 In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are strewn;  
 Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,  
 Till o'er our ran - somed na - ture The Lamb for sin - ners slain,

They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.  
 The heath - en in his blind - ness, Bows down to wood and stone.  
 Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion Has learned Mes - si - ah's name.  
 Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign.

# 451 From Over Hill and Plain

H. T. Cassel

Flora H. Cassel

1. From o - ver hill and plain There comes the sig - nal strain,  
 2. O hear, ye brave, the sound That moves the earth a - round,  
 3. Come, join our loyal throng, We'll rout the gi - ant wrong,  
 4. The strength of youth we lay At Je - sus' feet to - day,

"Tis loy - al - ty, loy - al - ty, loy - al - ty to Christ;  
 "Tis loy - al - ty, loy - al - ty, loy - al - ty to Christ;  
 "Tis loy - al - ty, loy - al - ty, loy - al - ty to Christ;  
 "Tis loy - al - ty, loy - al - ty, loy - al - ty to Christ;

Its mu - sic roll a - long, The hills take up the song,  
 A - rise to dare and do, Ring out the watch - word true,  
 Where Sa - tan's ban - ners float We'll send the bu - gle note,  
 His gos - pel we'll pro - claim Through-out the world's do - main,

Of loy - al - ty, loy - al - ty, Yes, loy - al - ty to Christ.  
 Of loy - al - ty, loy - al - ty, Yes, loy - al - ty to Christ.  
 Of loy - al - ty, loy - al - ty, Yes, loy - al - ty to Christ.  
 Of loy - al - ty, loy - al - ty, Yes, loy - al - ty to Christ.

THE GOSPEL COMMISSION

*Refrain*

"On to vic - to - ry! On to vic - to - ry!"

Cries our great Com - man - der; "On!"  
great Com - mand - er; "On!"

We'll move at His com - mand, We'll soon pos - sess the land,

Through loy - al - ty, loy - al - ty, Yes, loy - al - ty to Christ.



# 452

## Go Ye Into All the World

F. E. Belden

F. E. Belden

1. "Go ye in - to all the world, And preach the gos - pel to  
 2. Mil - lions bless'd with gos - pel light, Yet need the glad - ness of  
 3. Stand not i - dle all the day, Be - cause no man hath de -  
 4. All things on the al - tar lay, Let Cal - v'ry's cross be thy

ev - 'ry crea - ture," Let my ban - ner be un - furled,  
 sins for - giv - en; Mil - lions, cursed with hea - then night,  
 clared thy wa - ges; Work on, love de - mands no pay,  
 on - ly glo - ry; Cast all self - ish fear a - way,

With pen, and song, and the liv - ing teach - er.  
 Yet long to know of the way to heav - en.  
 'Tis all set down in the heav'n - ly pa - ges.  
 Be - gin just now tell - ing love's sweet sto - ry.

*Refrain*  
 "E - ven unto the end, un-to the end, E - ven unto the end";  
 Go ye, go ye ov - er land and sea, Pow'r, "all pow'r is giv - en unto me,"

"Lo, I am with you al - way, E - ven un-to the end."  
 I will guide you I de-fend, I will keep you un-to the end.

# Go, Preach My Gospel 453

Isaac Watts, 1709

T. Williams' "Psalmodia Evangelica," 1789

1. "Go, preach My gos - pel," saith the Lord; "Bid the whole
2. "I'll make your great com - mis - sion known, And ye shall
3. "Teach all the na - tions My com - mands; I'm with you
4. He spake, and light shone round His head; On a bright

world My grace re - ceive; He shall be saved who  
 prove My gos - pel true By all the works that  
 till the world shall end; All power is vest - ed  
 cloud to heaven He rode; They to the far - thest

trusts My word, And they con - demn-ed who dis - be - lieve.  
 I have done, By all the won - ders ye shall do.  
 in My hands; I can de - stroy, and I de - fend."  
 na - tions spread The grace of their as - cend - ed Lord.

# 454 He That Goeth Forth With Weeping

Thomas Hastings

C. S. Cable

1. He that go - eth forth with weep - ing, Bear - ing pre - cious seed in love,  
 2. Soft de - scend the dews of heav - en, Bright the rays ce - les - tial shine;  
 3. Sow thy seed, be nev - er wea - ry, Let no fears thy soul an - noy;

Nev - er tir - ing, nev - er sleep - ing, Find - eth mer - cy from a - bove.  
 Pre - cious fruits will thus be giv - en Thro' an influ - ence all di - vine.  
 Be the pros - pect ne'er so drea - ry, Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

*Refrain*

Lo, the scene of ver - dure bright'n - ing! See the ris - ing grain ap - pear;  
 Lo, the scene of ver - dure bright'n - ing! See the ris - ing grain ap - pear;

Look! the wav - ing fields are whit'n - ing, For the har - vest time is near.  
 Look! the wav - ing fields are whit'n - ing,

# Ho! Reapers of Life's Harvest 455

Isaac B. Woodbury

Isaac B. Woodbury

1. Ho! reap - ers of life's har - vest, Why stand with rus - ty blade  
 2. Thrust in your sharp - ened sick - le, And gath - er in the grain;  
 3. Come down from hill and moun - tain, In morn - ing's rud - dy glow,  
 4. Mount up the heights of wis - dom, And crush each er - ror low;

Un - til the night draws round thee, And day be - gins to fade?  
 The night is fast ap - proach - ing, And soon will come a - gain.  
 Nor wait un - til the di - al Points to the noon be - low;  
 Keep back no words of knowl - edge That hu - man hearts should know.

Why stand ye i - dle, wait - ing For reap - ers more to come?  
 The Mas - ter calls for reap - ers, And shall He call in vain?  
 And come with the strong sin - ew, Nor faint in heat or cold;  
 Be faith - ful to thy mis - sion, In ser - vice of thy Lord,

The gold - en morn is pass - ing; Why sit ye i - dle, dumb?  
 Shall sheaves lie there un - gath - ered, And waste up - on the plain?  
 And pause not till the eve - ning Draws round its wealth of gold.  
 And soon a gold - en chap - let Will be thy rich re - ward.

# 456

## Hear the Lord of Harvest

G. Bennard

G. Bennard

1. Hear the Lord of har - vest sweet - ly call - ing,  
 2. When the coal of fi - re touched the proph - et,  
 3. Mil - lions now in sin and shame are dy - ing,  
 4. Soon the time for reap - ing will be o - ver;

"Who will go and work for Me to - day?  
 Mak - ing him as pure, as pure can be,  
 Lis - ten to their sad and bit - ter cry;  
 Soon we'll gath - er for the har - vest home;

Who will bring to Me the lost and dy - ing?  
 When the voice of God said, "Who'll go for us?"  
 Has - ten, broth - er, has - ten to the res - cue;  
 May the Lord of har - vest smile up - on us,

Who will point them to the nar - row way?"  
 Then he an - swered, "Here I am, send me."  
 Quick - ly an - swer, "Mas - ter, here am I."  
 May we hear His bless - ed, "Child, well done."

THE GOSPEL COMMISSION

Refrain

Speak, my Lord, speak, my Lord, Speak, my Lord,

Speak, and I'll be quick to an - swer Thee; to an - swer Thee;

Speak, my Lord, speak, my Lord, Speak, my Lord,

Speak, and I will an - swer, "Lord, send me." "Lord, send me."

# 457

## Look All Around You

Mrs. Frank A. Breck

Charles H. Gabriel

1. Look all a-round you, find some-one in need, Help some-bod-y to-day!  
2. Man-y are wait-ing a kind, lov-ing word, Help some-bod-y to-day!  
3. Man-y have bur-dens too heav-y to bear, Help some-bod-y to-day!  
4. Some are dis-cour-aged and wea-ry in heart, Help some-bod-y to-day!

Tho' it be lit-tle a neigh-bor-ly deed Help some-bod-y to-day!  
Thou hast a mes-sage, O let it be heard, Help some-bod-y to-day!  
Grief is the por-tion of some ev-'ry-where, Help some-bod-y to-day!  
Some-one the jour-ney to Heav-en should start, Help some-bod-y to-day!

*Refrain*

Help some-bod-y to day, Some-bod-y a-long life's way; Let  
to-day, home-ward way;

sor-row be en-ded, The friend-less be-friend-ed, Oh, help some-bod-y to-day!

## O Zion, Haste

458

Mary A. Thomson, 1871

James Walch, 1875

1. O Zi-on, haste, thy mis-sion high ful-fill-ing, To tell to all the  
 2. Pro-claim to ev-ery peo-ple, tongue, and na-tion That God, in whom they  
 3. Give of thy sons to bear the mes-sage glo-rious; Give of thy wealth to  
 4. He comes a-gain; O Zi-on, ere thou meet Him, Make known to ev-ery

world that God is light; That He who made all na-tions is not  
 live and move, is love; Tell how He stooped to save His lost cre-  
 speed them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in prayer vic-  
 heart His sav-ing grace; Let none whom He hath ran-somed fail to

will - ing One soul should per - ish, lost in shades of night.  
 a - tion, And died on earth that man might live a - bove.  
 to - rious; And all thou spend - est Je - sus will re - pay.  
 greet Him, Through thy ne - glect, un - fit to see His face.

*Refrain*

Pub - lish glad tid - ings, Tid - ings of peace,

Tid - ings of Je - sus, Re - demp - tion and re - lease.



# 459

## Rescue the Perishing

Fanny J. Crosby, 1869

W. H. Doane, 1869

1. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing; Snatch them in pit-y from  
 2. Though they are slight-ing Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait - ing the pen-i - tent  
 3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crushed by the tempter; Feel - ings lie bur-ied that  
 4. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Du - ty de-mands it; Strength for thy la-bor the

sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err-ing one, Lift up the fall - en,  
 child to re-ceive. Plead with them ear-nest-ly, Plead with them gent-ly;  
 grace can re-store; Touched by a lov-ing heart, Wak-ened by kind-ness,  
 Lord will pro-vide; Back to the nar-row way, Pa-tient-ly win them;

*Refrain*

Tell them of Je - sus, the might - y to save.  
 He will for - give if they on - ly be - lieve. Res - cue the per-ish-ing,  
 Chords that were brok - en will vi - brate once more.  
 Tell the poor wan-derer a Sav - iour has died.

Care for the dy-ing; Je - sus is mer-ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

## Saved to Serve

460

F. E. Belden

F. E. Belden

1. Saved to serve in an - y sta - tion, Saved to make His good - ness known;  
 2. Saved to show by lov - ing kind - ness That His love is full and free;  
 3. Saved to lift my low - est broth - ers, As the High - est lift - ed me;

Saved to sing His great sal - va - tion, Saved to live for Him a - lone.  
 Saved to lead from er - ror's blind - ness With a ten - der sym - pa - thy.  
 Cru - ci - fied with Him, that oth - ers May have im - mor - tal - i - ty.

*Refrain*

Saved to serve; no re - serve; Saved to wear His yoke a - lone;

Work and praise, all my days, Here and round His glo - rious throne.

# 461

## Seeking the Lost

W. A. Ogden (1841-1897)

W. A. Ogden

1. Seek - ing the lost, yes, kind - ly en - treat - ing Wan - der - ers  
 2. Seek - ing the lost, and point - ing to Je - sus Souls that are  
 3. Thus would I go, for Je - sus hath call'd me, Him would I

on the moun - tain a - stray; "Come un - to Me," His mes - sage re -  
 weak and hearts that are sore, Lead - ing them forth in ways of sal -  
 fol - low day un - to day; Care for the dy - ing, raise up the

peat - ing, Words of the Mas - ter speak - ing to - day.  
 va - tion, Show - ing the path to life ev - er - more.  
 fall - en, Point - ing the lost to Je - sus the Way.

*Refrain*

Go - ing a - far, a - - -  
 Go - ing a - far, up - on the

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far up - on the moun - tain,  
moun - - tain, Bring - ing the

This system of music is written in a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody in the treble clef consists of quarter notes on the notes G4, A4, B-flat4, C5, D5, E5, and a quarter rest. The bass line consists of quarter notes on the notes G3, A3, B-flat3, C4, D4, E4, and a quarter rest.

Bring - ing the wan - d'ers, the wan-d'ers back a - gain,  
wan - - - d'ers back a - gain, In - to the

This system of music continues the melody and bass line from the first system. The treble clef melody has a quarter rest followed by quarter notes on G4, A4, B-flat4, C5, D5, E5, and a quarter rest. The bass line has a quarter rest followed by quarter notes on G3, A3, B-flat3, C4, D4, E4, and a quarter rest.

In - to the fold of my Re - deem - er,  
fold of my Re - deem - er, Je - sus, the

This system of music continues the melody and bass line. The treble clef melody has a quarter rest followed by quarter notes on G4, A4, B-flat4, C5, D5, E5, and a quarter rest. The bass line has a quarter rest followed by quarter notes on G3, A3, B-flat3, C4, D4, E4, and a quarter rest.

Je - sus, the Lamb for sin - ners slain, for sin - ners slain.  
Lamb for sin - ners slain.

This system of music concludes the piece. The treble clef melody has a quarter rest followed by quarter notes on G4, A4, B-flat4, C5, D5, E5, and a quarter rest. The bass line has a quarter rest followed by quarter notes on G3, A3, B-flat3, C4, D4, E4, and a quarter rest.

# 462

## Sowing in the Morning

Knowles Shaw

George A. Minor

1. Sow - ing in the morn - ing, sow - ing seeds of kind - ness,  
2. Sow - ing in the sun - shine, sow - ing in the shad - ows,  
3. Go - ing forth with weep - ing, sow - ing for the Mas - ter,

Sow - ing in the noon - tide and the dew - y eve;  
Fear - ing nei - ther clouds nor win - ter's chill - ing breeze;  
Though the loss sus - tained our spir - it oft - en grieves;

Wait - ing for the har - vest, and the time of reap - ing,  
By and by the har - vest, and the la - bor end - ed,  
When our weep - ing's o - ver, He will bid us wel - come,

We shall come re - joic - ing, bring - ing in the sheaves.

THE GOSPEL COMMISSION

*Refrain*

Bring - ing in the sheaves, Bring - ing in the sheaves,

We shall come re - joic - ing, Bring - ing in the sheaves;

Bring - ing in the sheaves, Bring - ing in the sheaves,

We shall come re - joic - ing, Bring - ing in the sheaves.

# 463

## Throw Out the Lifeline

Edward S. Ufford

E. S. Ufford; arr. by George C. Stebbins

1. Throw out the life - line a - cross the dark wave,  
 2. Throw out the life - line with hand quick and strong;  
 3. Throw out the life - line to dan - ger - fraught men,  
 4. Soon will the sea - son of res - cue be o'er,

There is a broth - er whom some - one should save;  
 Why do you tar - ry, why lin - ger so long?  
 Sink - ing in an - guish where you've nev - er been;  
 Soon will they drift to e - ter - ni - ty's shore;

Some - bod - y's broth - er! oh, who then will dare  
 See! he is sink - ing; oh, has - ten to - day  
 Winds of temp - ta - tion and bil - lows of woe  
 Haste, then, my broth - er, no time for de - lay,

To throw out the life - line, his per - il to share?  
 And out with the life - boat! a - way, then, a - way!  
 Will soon hurl them out where the dark wa - ters flow.  
 But throw out the life - line and save them to - day.

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*Refrain*

Throw out the life - line! Throw out the life - line!

Some - one is drift - ing a - way!

Throw out the life - line! Throw out the life - line!

Some - one is sink - ing to - day.



# 464 Speed On Thy Truth

C. M. Snow

H. DeFluiter

1. Speed on Thy truth, E - ter - nal One, Thy ho - ly law pro - claim,  
 2. Thy truth shall stand, un - chang - ing God, Long as the a - ges roll,  
 3. We near the hour of calm sur - cease, From sor - row, death, and sin,  
 4. We sing Thy praise, e - ter - nal Lord, Thy glo - rious truth pro - claim;

Till ev - 'ry land be - neath the sun, Has heard Je - ho - vah's name.  
 Tho' tram - pled oft where sin has trod, And er - ror chained the soul.  
 That brings the wea - ry one re - lease, And ush - ers heav - en in.  
 Thy man - date is a shield and sword, Thy word a liv - ing flame.

We own, O Lord, Thy sov' reign pow'r; And bow be - fore Thy throne,  
 A - rise and shine, ye chos - en band, Ye pa - tient scat - tered few;  
 A - wake, a - rise, a - rise and shine; Pro - claim His truth a - broad;  
 Long as the prom - ised years shall roll Long as e - ter - ni - ty

To sing Thy glo - ries in this hour, Im - mor - tal God a - lone.  
 No work so high, so deep, so grand, Has e'er been giv - en you.  
 It is thy Sav - iour's work and thine, Thou mes - sen - ger of God.  
 We'll bow to Thy be - nign con - trol, And wor - ship on - ly Thee.

# Watchman, Blow the Gospel Trumpet 465

H. L. Gilmour

William J. Kirkpatrick

1. Watch-man, blow the gos-pel trum-pet, Ev - ery soul a warn-ing give;  
 2. Sound it loud o'er ev - ery hill - top, Gloom-y shade and sun-ny plain;  
 3. Sound it in the hedge and high-way, Earth's dark spots where exiles roam;  
 4. Sound it for the heav-y la - den, Wea - ry, long - ing to be free;

Who - so - ev - er hears the mes-sage May re-pent, and turn and live.  
 O - cean depths re - peat the mes-sage, Full sal - va - tion's glad re - frain.  
 Let it tell all things are read - y, Fa - ther waits to wel - come home.  
 Sound a Sav-iour's in - vi - ta - tion, Sweet-ly say - ing, "Come to me."

*Refrain*

Blow the trum-pet, trus-ty watch - man, Blow it loud o'er land and sea;  
 loud o'er land and sea;

God com-mis-sions, sound the mes - sage! Ev-ery cap-tive may be free.

# 466 There Are Lonely Hearts to Cherish

George Cooper

Ira D. Sankey

1. There are lone - ly hearts to cher - ish, While the  
2. There's no time for i - dle scorn - ing, While the  
3. All the lov - ing links that bind us, While the

days are go - ing by; There are wea - ry souls who  
days are go - ing by; Let your face be like the  
days are go - ing by; One by one we leave be -

per - ish, While the days are go - ing by; If a  
morn - ing, While the days are go - ing by; For the  
hind us, While the days are go - ing by; But the

smile we can re - new, As our jour - ney we pur -  
world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weep - ing  
seeds of good we sow, Both in shade and shine will

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sue, O, the good we all may do, While the  
eyes; Help your fall - en broth - er rise, While the  
grow, And will keep our hearts a - glow, While the

*Refrain*

days are go - ing by! Go - ing by, go - ing  
days are go - ing by.  
days are go - ing by. go - ing by,

by, Go - ing by, go - ing by, O, the  
go - ing by, go - ing by, go - ing by,

good we all may do, While the days are go - ing by!

# 467

## Watchman, Tell Me

Sidney S. Brewer

William B. Bradbury

1. Watch - man, tell me, does the morn - ing Of fair Zi - on's glo - ry dawn?  
 2. Watch - man, see, the light is beam - ing Bright - er still up - on thy way;  
 3. Watch - man, hail the light as - cend - ing Of the grand, sab - bat - ic year;  
 4. Watch - man, in the gold - en ci - ty, Seat - ed on His jas - per throne,

Have the signs that mark His com - ing Yet up - on thy path - way shone?  
 Signs through all the earth are gleam - ing, O - mens of the com - ing day  
 All with voic - es loud pro - claim - ing That the king - dom now is near;  
 Zi - on's King, ar - rayed in beau - ty, Reigns in peace from zone to zone;

Pil - grim, yes! a - rise, look round thee; Light is break - ing in the skies;  
 When the Ju - bal trump - et, sound - ing, Shall a - wake from earth and sea  
 Pil - grim, yes, I see just yon - der, Ca - naan's glo - rious heights a - rise;  
 Hark! the cho - ral strains are ring - ing, Waft - ed on the balm - y air;

Gird thy brid - al robes a - round thee, Morn - ing dawns, a - rise! a - rise!  
 All the saints of God, now sleep - ing, Clad in im - mor - tal - i - ty.  
 Sa - lem, too, ap - pears in gran - deur, Tower - ing 'neath its sun - lit skies.  
 See the mil - lions, hear them sing - ing, Soon the pil - grims will be there.

# Watchmen on the Walls of Zion 468

Unknown

Thomas Hastings, 1830

1. Watch-men on the walls of Zi - on, What, O tell us, of the night?  
 2. Tell, O tell us, are the land-marks On our voy - age all passed by?  
 3. Light is beam - ing, day is com - ing! Let us sound a - loud the cry;  
 4. We have found the chart and com - pass, And are sure the land is near;

Is the day - star now a - ris - ing? Will the morn soon greet our sight?  
 Are we near - ing now the ha - ven? Can we e'en the land de - scry!  
 We be - hold the day - star ris - ing Pure and bright in yon - der sky!  
 On - ward, on - ward we are hast - ing, Soon the ha - ven will ap - pear;

O'er your vi - sion Shine there now some rays of light?  
 Do we tru - ly See the heaven - ly king - dom nigh?  
 Saints, be joy - ful; Your re - demp - tion draw - eth nigh;  
 Let your voic - es Sound a - loud your ho - ly cheer;

O'er your vi - sion Shine there now some rays of light?  
 Do we tru - ly See the heaven - ly king - dom nigh?  
 Saints, be joy - ful; Your re - demp - tion draw - eth nigh.  
 Let your voic - es Sound a - loud your ho - ly cheer.

# 469 What Means This Eager, Anxious Throng

Emma Campbell

T. E. Perkins

1. What means this ea-ger, anxious throng, Which moves with bus-y haste a-long,  
 2. Who is this Je-sus? Why should He The cit - y move so might - i - ly?  
 3. Ho! all ye heav - y la - den, come! Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home;  
 4. But if you still this call re - fuse, And all His won - drous love a - buse.

These won - drous gath' rings day by day? What means this strange commotion, pray?  
 A pass - ing strang - er, has He skill To move the mul - ti - tude at will?  
 Ye wan - d' rers from a Fa - ther's face, Re - turn, ac - cept His prof - ered grace.  
 At last He'll sad - ly from you turn, Who now His in - vi - ta - tion spurn.

In ac - cents hushed the throng re - ply: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass - eth by."  
 A - gain the stir - ring notes re - ply: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass - eth by."  
 Ye tempt - ed ones, there's ref - uge nigh: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass - eth by."  
 "Too late! too late!" will be the cry "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth has passed by."

In ac - cents hushed the throng re - ply: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass - eth by."  
 A - gain the stir - ring notes re - ply: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass - eth by."  
 Ye tempt - ed ones, there's ref - uge nigh: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass - eth by."  
 "Too late! too late!" will be the cry "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth has passed by."

## Ye Servants of God

470

Charles Wesley, 1744

William Croft, 1708

1. Ye ser - vants of God, your Mas - ter pro - claim,  
 2. God rul - eth on high, al - might - y to save;  
 3. "Sal - va - tion to God, Who sits on the throne,"  
 4. Then let us a - dore, and give Him His right,

And pub - lish a - broad His won - der - ful name;  
 And still He is nigh— His pres - ence we have;  
 Let all cry a - loud, and hon - or the Son;  
 All glo - ry and power, all wis - dom and might,

The name all vic - to - rious of Je - sus ex - tol;  
 The great con - gre - ga - tion His tri - umph shall sing,  
 The prais - es of Je - sus the an - gels pro - claim,  
 All hon - or and bless - ing, with an - gels a - bove,

His king - dom is glo - rious, He rules o - ver all.  
 A - scrib - ing sal - va - tion to Je - sus our King.  
 Fall down on their fac - es, and wor - ship the Lamb.  
 And thanks nev - er ceas - ing, for in - fi - nite love.



# 471

## We Plough the Fields

Jane M. Campbell

J. A. Schulz

1. We plough the fields and scat - ter The good seed on the  
2. We thank Thee, lov - ing Fath - er, For all things bright and  
3. Shall we not give for oth - ers, As God to us has

land, But it is fed and wa - tered By  
good, The seed - time and the har - vest, Our  
giv'n, Own all man - kind as broth - ers, And

God's al - might - y hand; He sends the snow in  
life, our health, our food. No wealth have we to  
help them on to heav'n? We bring our offer - ings

win - ter, The warmth to swell the grain, The  
of - fer, For all Thy love im - parts, But  
glad - ly, And speed the mes - sage on, Of

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breez - es, and the sun - shine, And soft, re - fresh - ing  
 that which Thou de - sir - est, Our hum - ble, thank - ful  
 Christ and His sal - va - tion, To all be - neath the

*Chorus*

rain. All good gifts a - round us, Are  
 hearts. Best of all Thy bless - ings, To  
 sun. Quick - ly, bless - ed Mas - ter, O

sent from heav'n a - bove, Then thank the Lord, O  
 earth the Sav - iour came, That we may rise and  
 may Thy king - dom come! At Thy com - mand, in

thank the Lord, For all His won - drous love.  
 win the prize, Of end - less life with Him.  
 ev - ry land, We speed the "har - vest home."

# 472

## Ask Not to Be Excused

F. E. Belden

F. E. Belden

1. Ask not to be ex - cused, There's ear - nest work to do;  
 2. Ask not to be ex - cused, The Mas - ter calls to - day;  
 3. Ask not to be ex - cused, There's dan - ger in de - lay;

Stand read - y to be used Where God may sta - tion you.  
 Too long hast thou re - fused, Now has - ten to o - bey.  
 That won - drous love a - bused, For - ev - er turns a - way.

His in - vi - ta - tion kind To thee has oft been giv'n;  
 The har - vest fields are white, The la - bor - ers are few;  
 While Mer - cy gent - ly pleads And points the way to heav'n,

Ac - cept, and thou shalt find 'Tis sweet to work for Heav'n.  
 Let this be thy de - light, The Mas - ter's work to do.  
 While Je - sus in - ter - cedes, O come and be for - giv'n!

*Refrain*

Come, O come! to-day, Ask not to be ex-cused;

Come, O come! to-day! Stand ready to be used.

Ask not to be ex-cused, This answer may be giv'n;

Thou hast my love abused, Thou art ex-cused from heav'n.

# 473

## Anywhere, Dear Saviour

W. A. Ogden

W. A. Ogden

1. An - y - where, dear Sav - iour, In Thy vine - yard wide,  
 2. Where the night may find us, Sure - ly mat - ters not;  
 3. All a - long the jour - ney, Let us fix our eyes

Where Thou bidst me la - bor, Lord, there would I a - bide.  
 If we camp with Je - sus, O bless - ed is the spot!  
 On the "Rock of A - ges," Un - til we gain the prize.

Mir - a - cle of sav - ing grace, That Thou giv - est  
 Quick - ly we the tent may fold, Cheer - ful march through  
 There the heart will make its home, Will - ing led by

me a place An - y - where, dear Sav - iour, to work for Thee.  
 storm or cold, An - y - where, dear Sav - iour, to work for Thee.  
 Thee to roam, An - y - where, dear Sav - iour, to work for Thee.

# Brightly Beams Our Father's Mercy 474

P. P. Bliss (1838-1876)

P. P. Bliss

1. Bright - ly beams our Fa - ther's mer - cy, From His light - house ev - er - more,  
 2. Dark the night of sin has set - tled, Loud the an - gry bil - lows roar;  
 3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my broth - er; Some poor sail - or, temp - est tossed,

But to us He gives the keep - ing Of the lights a - long the shore.  
 Ea - ger eyes are watch - ing, long - ing, For the lights a - long the shore.  
 Try - ing now to make the har - bor, In the dark - ness may be lost.

*Refrain*

Let the low - er lights be burn - ing! Send a gleam a - cross the wave!

Some poor faint - ing, strug - gling sea - man You may res - cue, you may save.

# 475

# Do Not Wait

Ina D. Ogdon

C. H. Gabriel

1. Do not wait un - til some deed of great-ness you may do, Do not  
 2. Just a - bove are cloud - ed skies that you may help to clear, Let not  
 3. Here for all your tal - ent you may sure - ly find a need, Here re-

wait to shed your light a - far, To the man - y du - ties ev - er near you  
 nar - row self your way de - bar, Tho' in - to one heart a - lone may fall your  
 flect the Bright and Morning Star, E - ven from your hum - ble hand the bread of

*Refrain*

now be true, Bright-en the cor - ner where you are.  
 song of cheer, Bright-en the cor - ner where you are. Bright-en the cor - ner  
 life may feed, Bright-en the cor - ner where you are.

where you are! Brighten the corner where you are! Someone far from  
 Shine for Je - sus where you are!

har - bor you may guide a - cross the bar, Brighten the cor - ner where you are.

# Far and Near the Fields Are Teeming 476

J. O. Thompson

J. B. O. Clemm

1. Far and near the fields are teem-ing With the sheaves of rip - ened grain;  
 2. Send them forth with morn's first beam-ing, Send them in the noon - tide's glare;  
 3. O thou, whom thy Lord is send-ing, Gath - er now the sheaves of gold;

Far and near their gold is gleam-ing O'er the sun - ny slope and plain.  
 When the sun's last rays are stream-ing, Bid them gath - er ev - ery - where.  
 Heaven-ward then at eve-ning wend - ing Thou shalt come with joy un - told.

*Refrain*

Lord of har-vest, send forth reap - ers! Hear us, Lord, to Thee we cry;

Send them now the sheaves to gath - er, Ere the har - vest-time pass by.



477

Far, Far Away

James McGranahan

James McGranahan

1. Far, far a - way, in hea-then dark-ness dwelling, Mil - lions of souls for-  
 2. See o'er the world wide o - pen doors in - vit - ing, Sol - diers of Christ, a -  
 3. "Why will ye die?" the voice of God is call - ing, "Why will ye die?" re-  
 4. God speed the day, when those of ev - 'ry na - tion "Glo - ry to God!" tri-

ev - er may be lost; Who, who will go, sal - va - tion's sto - ry tell - ing,  
 rise and en - ter in! Chris - tians, a - wake! your forc - es all u - nit - ing,  
 ech - o in His name; Je - sus hath died to save from death ap - pall - ing,  
 um - phant - ly shall sing; Ransomed, redeemed, re - joic - ing in sal - va - tion,

*Refrain*

Look - ing to Je - sus, mind - ing not the cost?  
 Send forth the gos - pel, break the chains of sin.  
 Life and sal - va - tion there - fore go pro - claim. "All pow'r is giv - en unto Me,  
 Shout Hal - le - lu - jah, for the Lord is King.

All pow'r is giv - en un - to Me, Go ye in - to all the world and

preach the gos - pel, And lo, I am with you al - way."

## Gladly, Gladly, Toiling for the Master 478

W. A. Ogden

W. A. Ogden

1. Glad - ly, glad - ly, toil - ing for the Mas - ter; Go we forth with  
 2. Joy - ful, joy - ful, we will tell the sto - ry Of His love to  
 3. Meek - ly, meek - ly, fol - low - ing the Mas - ter; Walk - ing faith - ful -

will - ing hands to do What - so - e'er to us He hath ap - point - ed,  
 mor - tals here be - low; Christ, the bright - ness of the Fath - er's glo - ry,  
 ly the path He trod; Lead - ing wan - d'ers to the dear Re - deem - er,

*Refrain*

Faith - ful - ly our mis - sion we'll pur - sue. Toil - ing for  
 Free - ly here His bless - ing will be - stow. Toil - ing, toil - ing  
 Point - ing sin - ners to the Lamb of God.

Je - sus, Joy - ful - ly we go, joy - ful - ly we go;  
 for the Mas - ter, yes,

Toil - ing for Je - sus, In His vine - yard here be - low.  
 Toil - ing, toil - ing, for the Mas - ter,

# 479 Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling

Daniel March, 1868

F. E. Belden, 1886

1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus call - ing, "Who will go and work to - day?  
 2. If you can - not cross the o - cean And the heath - en lands ex - plore,  
 3. If you can - not be the watchman, Stand - ing high on Zi - on's wall,  
 4. While the souls of men are dy - ing, And the Mas - ter calls for you,

Fields are white, the har - vest wait - ing, Who will bear the sheaves a - way?"  
 You can find the heath - en near - er, You can help them at your door;  
 Point - ing out the path to heav - en, Offer - ing life and peace to all;  
 Let none hear you id - ly say - ing, "There is noth - ing I can do!"

Loud and long the Mas - ter call - eth, Rich re - ward He of - fers free;  
 If you can - not speak like an - gels, If you can - not preach like Paul,  
 With your prayers and with your boun - ties You can do what Heaven de - mands,  
 Glad - ly take the task He gives you, Let His work your plea - sure be;

Who will an - swer, glad - ly say - ing, "Here am I, O Lord, send me?"  
 You can tell the love of Je - sus, You can say He died for all.  
 You can be like faith - ful Aa - ron, Hold - ing up the proph - et's hands.  
 An - swer quick - ly when He call - eth, "Here am I, O Lord, send me."

# Hark! 'Tis the Shepherd's Voice I Hear 480

Alexcenah Thomas

W. A. Ogden

1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des-ert dark and drear,  
 2. Who'll go and help the Shepherd kind, Help Him the wand'ring ones to find?  
 3. Out in the des-ert hear their cry, Out on the mountain wild and high,

Call - ing the sheep who've gone a-stray, Far from the Shep-herd's fold a - way.  
 Who'll bring them back in - to the fold, Where they'll be sheltered from the cold?  
 Hark! 'tis the Mas-ter speaks to thee, "Go, find My sheep where'er they be."

*Refrain*

Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;

Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring the wan - derers to Je - sus.

# 481

## How Beautiful the Feet

Unknown

W. H. Eisele

1. How beau - ti - ful the feet of those Who spread the Gos - pel cheer;  
 2. O Lord send out more mes - sen - gers, Be - cause the need is great;  
 3. Tho' e - vil threat - ens ev - ery - where, Fear not the tem - pest shock;

Sal - va - tion's tid - ings they dis - close To men both far and near.  
 And there are man - y need - y hearts Who for Thy Gos - pel wait.  
 The Church in tri - umph stand - eth sure, Up - on the sol - id Rock.

*Refrain*

Hal - le - lu - jah, we praise the Lord al - way, Who is build - ing His

King - dom here to - day. O Lord, send out more messengers, Be - cause the need is

great; And there are man - y need - y hearts Who for Thy Gos - pel wait.

# I Am Happy in the Service of the King 482

A. H. Ackley

Bentley D. Ackley

1. I am hap-py in the ser-vice of the King, I am hap-py, oh, so hap-py;  
 2. I am hap-py in the ser-vice of the King, I am hap-py, oh, so hap-py;  
 3. I am hap-py in the ser-vice of the King, I am hap-py, oh, so hap-py;  
 4. I am hap-py in the ser-vice of the King, I am hap-py, oh, so hap-py;

I have peace and joy that nothing else can bring, In the ser-vice of the King.  
 Thro' the sun-shine and the shad-ow I can sing, In the ser-vice of the King.  
 To His guid-ing hand for - ev - er I will cling, In the ser-vice of the King.  
 All that I pos-sess to Him I glad-ly bring, In the ser-vice of the King.

*Refrain*

In the ser-vice of the King, Ev - ry tal - ent I will bring;

I have peace and joy and bless-ing In the ser-vice of the King.

# 483

## If Any Little Word of Mine

Words by A. N. O. and F. E. Belden

D. S. Hakes

1. If an - y lit - tle word of mine May make a dark life bright - er,  
 2. If an - y lit - tle love of mine May make a hard life sweet - er,  
 3. If an - y lit - tle lift of mine May ease a toil - er bend - ing,

If an - y lit - tle song of mine May make a sad heart light - er,  
 If an - y lit - tle care of mine May make a friend's the fleet - er,  
 God give me love and care and strength; We live for Him by lend - ing.

*Refrain*

God help me speak the help - ing word, And sweet - en it with sing - ing,

And drop it in some lone - ly vale, To set the ech - oes ring - ing.

## In the Heart of Jesus

484

Alice Pugh

C. H. Forrest

1. In the heart of Je - sus There is love for you,  
 2. In the mind of Je - sus There is thought for you,  
 3. In the field of Je - sus There is work for you;  
 4. In the home of Je - sus There's a place for you;

Love most pure and ten - der, Love most deep and true;  
 Warm as sum - mer sun - shine, Sweet as morn - ing dew;  
 Such as ev - en an - gels Might re - joice to do;  
 Glo - rious, bright, and joy - ous, Calm and peace - ful too;

Why should you be lone - ly, Why for friend - ship sigh,  
 Why should you be fear - ful, Why take anx - ious thought,  
 Why stand i - dly sigh - ing For some life - work grand,  
 Why then, like a wan - derer, Roam with wea - ry pace,

When the heart of Je - sus Has a full sup - ply?  
 Since the mind of Je - sus Cares for those He bought?  
 While the field of Je - sus Seeks your reap - ing hand?  
 If the home of Je - sus Holds for you a place?



# 485 It May Not Be on the Mountain's Height

Mary Brown

Carrie E. Rounsefell

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Nor o - ver the storm-y  
 2. Per - haps to - day there are lov - ing words Which Je - sus would have me  
 3. There's sure - ly some - where a low - ly place In earth's har - vest fields so

sea; It may not be at the bat - tle's front My Lord will have  
 speak, There may be now in the paths of sin Some wan - d'rer whom  
 wide, Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus, the

need of me; But if by a still, small voice He calls To  
 I should seek; O Sav - iour, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho'  
 cru - ci - fied; So trust - ing my all to Thy ten - der care, And

paths that I do not know, I'll an - swer, dear Lord, with my  
 rug - ged and dark the way, My voice shall ech - o Thy  
 know - ing Thou lov - est me, I'll do Thy will with a

WORK AND DUTY

hand in Thine, I'll go where Thou want me to go.  
mes - sage sweet, I'll say what Thou want me to say.  
heart sin - cere, I'll be what Thou want me to be.

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment starts with a half note chord of G2, B2, and D3, followed by a series of quarter notes in the bass line.

*Refrain*

I'll go where Thou want me to go, dear Lord, O - ver

The Refrain section begins with a vocal line starting on a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment provides a steady bass line with quarter notes.

moun - tain, or plain, or sea; I'll say what Thou want me to

The second system continues the musical score with a vocal line starting on a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment continues with quarter notes in the bass line.

say, dear Lord, I'll be what Thou want me to be.

The final system of the musical score concludes with a vocal line starting on a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment ends with a half note chord of G2, B2, and D3.

# 486 Into the Tent Where a Heathen Boy Lay

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade

R. M. McIntosh



1. In - to the tent where a hea-then boy lay, Dy - ing a - lone at the  
 2. "Did He so love me, a poor lit - tle boy? Send un - to me the good  
 3. Bend - ing, we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he en - tered the  
 4. Smil - ing, he said, as his last sigh he spent, "I am so glad that for



close of the day, News of Sal - va - tion we car - ried; said he,  
 tid - ings of joy? Need I not per - ish? my hand will He hold?  
 val - ley of death, "God sent His Son!" "who - so - ev - er," said He;  
 me He was sent!" Whis - pered, while low sank the sun in the west,



*Refrain*



"No - bod - y ev - er has told it to me!"  
 No - bod - y ev - er the sto - ry has told!" Tell it a - gain!  
 "Then I am sure that He sent Him for me!"  
 "Lord, I be - lieve"; "tell it now to the rest!"



Tell it a - gain! Sal - va - tion's sto - ry re - peat o'er and o'er,



Till none can say of the children of men, "No - body ev - er has told me be - fore."



# Let Others Seek a Home Below 487

Unknown

William Miller

1. Let oth - ers seek a home be - low, We'll be gath - ered home;  
 2. Be mine the hap - pier lot to own, We'll be gath - ered home;  
 3. Then, fail this earth, let stars de - cline, We'll be gath - ered home;  
 4. Though des - o - la - tion here may be, We'll be gath - ered home;

Which flames de - vour or waves o'er - throw, We'll be gath - ered home.  
 A heaven - ly man - sion near the throne, We'll be gath - ered home.  
 And sun and moon re - fuse to shine, We'll be gath - ered home.  
 That heaven - ly man - sion stands for me, We'll be gath - ered home.

*Refrain*

We'll work till Je - sus come, We'll work till Je - sus comes,  
 We'll work We'll work

We'll work till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gath - ered home.  
 We'll work

# 488

## Now Just a Word for Jesus

Fanny J. Crosby

W. H. Doane

1. Now just a word for Je - sus; Your dear - est Friend so true,  
 2. Now just a word for Je - sus; You feel your sins for - given,  
 3. Now just a word for Je - sus; A cross it can - not be  
 4. Now just a word for Je - sus; And if your faith be dim,

Come, cheer our hearts and tell us What He has done for you.  
 And by His grace are striv - ing To reach a home in heaven.  
 To say, "I love my Sav - iour Who gave His life for me."  
 A - rise in all your weak - ness, And leave the rest to Him.

*Refrain*

Now just a word for Je - sus— 'Twill help us on our way;

One lit - tle word for Je - sus, O speak, or sing, or pray.

# O Where Are the Reapers? 489

Eben E. Rexford

George F. Root (1820-1895)

1. O where are the reap - ers that gar - ner in The sheaves of the good  
 2. Go out in the by - ways and search them all; The wheat may be there,  
 3. The fields all are rip - ening, and far and wide The world now is wait -  
 4. So come with your sick - les, ye sons of men, And gath - er to - geth -

from the fields of sin? With sick - les of truth must the work be done,  
 though the weeds are tall; Then search in the high - way, and pass none by;  
 ing the har - vest tide; But reap - ers are few, and the work is great,  
 er the gold - en grain; Toil on till the Lord of the har - vest come,

*Refrain*

And no one may rest till the "har - vest home."  
 But gath - er from all for the home on high. Where are the reap - ers? O  
 And much will be lost should the har - vest wait.  
 Then share ye His joy in the "har - vest home."

who will come And share in the glo - ry of the "har - vest home"?

O who will help us to gar - ner in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?

# 490

## Sowing the Seed

Emily S. Oakley

F. E. Belden

1. Sow - ing the seed by the day - - - light fair,  
 2. Sow - ing the seed by the way - - - side high,  
 3. Sow - ing the seed of a lin - - - g'ring pain,  
 4. Sow - ing the seed with an ach - - - ing heart,

Sow - ing the seed by the noon - - - day glare,  
 Sow - ing the seed on the rocks to die,  
 Sow - ing the seed of a mad - - - dened brain,  
 Sow - ing the seed while the tear - - - drops start,

Sow - ing the seed by the fad - - - ing light,  
 Sow - ing the seed where the thorns will spoil,  
 Sow - ing the seed of a tar - - - nished name,  
 Sow - ing in hope till the reap - - - ers come

Sow - ing the seed in the sol - - emn night.  
 Sow - ing the seed in the fer - - tile soil.  
 Sow - ing the seed of e - - ter - - nal shame.  
 Glad - - ly to gath - - er the har - - vest home.

WORK AND DUTY

*Refrain*

Sown in the dark - ness or sown in the light,

Sown in our weak - ness or sown in our might;

Gath - ered in time or e - ter - - - ni - ty,

Sure, ah! sure will the har - vest be.



# 491 Saints of God, the Dawn Is Bright'ning

Maxwell

Henry Smart  
Arr. by F. E. Belden

1. Saints of God, the dawn is bright'n-ing, To - kens of the  
 2. Fee - bly now they toil in sad - ness, Weep - ing o'er the  
 3. Now, O Lord, ful - fill Thy plea - sure, Breathe up - on Thy  
 4. Soon shall end the time of weep - ing, Soon the reap - ing

com - ing Lord; O'er the earth the fields are whit'n - ing,  
 waste a - round, Slow - ly gath'r - ing grains of glad - ness,  
 cho - sen band, And with pen - te - cos - tal mea - sure,  
 time will come, Heav'n and earth to - geth - er keep - ing

Loud - er rings the Mas - ter's word; Pray for reap - ers,  
 While their echo - ing cries re - sound; Pray that reap - ers,  
 Send forth reap - ers in our land; Faith - ful reap - ers,  
 God's e - ter - nal har - vest home; Saints and an - gels,

Pray for reap - ers, In the har - vest of the Lord.  
 Pray that reap - ers, In God's har - vest may a - bound.  
 Faith - ful reap - ers, Gath'r-ing sheaves for Thy right hand.  
 Saints and an - gels, Shout the world's great har - vest home.

# Tell It to Every Kindred and Nation 492

Henry DeFluiter

Henry DeFluiter

1. Tell it to ev - ery kin - dred and na - tion, Tell it far and near;  
 2. Na - tions a - gain in strife and com - mo - tion, Warn - ings by the way;  
 3. Chil - dren of God look up with re - joic - ing; Shout and sing His praise;

Earth's dark - est night will fade with the dawn - ing, Je - sus will soon ap - pear.  
 Signs in the heav - ens, un - err - ing o - mens, Her - ald the glo - rious day.  
 Bless - ed are they who, wait - ing and watch - ing, Look for the dawn - ing rays.

## Refrain

Hail Him the King of glo - ry, Once the Lamb for sin - ners slain;

Tell, tell the won - drous sto - ry, "Je - sus comes to reign."

# 493 The Gospel Bells Are Ringing

S. Wesley Martin

S. Wesley Martin

1. The gos - pel bells are ring - ing O - ver land from sea to  
 2. The gos - pel bells in - vite us To a feast pre - pared for  
 3. The gos - pel bells are joy - ful, As they ech - o far and

sea; Bless - ed news of free sal - va - tion Do they  
 all; Do not slight the in - vi - ta - tion, Nor re -  
 wide, Bear - ing notes of per - fect par - don, Thro' a

of - fer you and me: "For God so loved the  
 ject the gra - cious call: "I am the bread of  
 Sav - iour cru - ci - fied: "Good tid - ings of great

world That His on - ly Son He gave; Who - so -  
 life; Eat of me, thou hun - gry soul; Tho' your  
 joy To all peo - ple I do bring, Un - to

e'er be - liev - eth in Him Ev - er - last - ing life shall have."  
 sins be red as crim - son They shall be as white as wool."  
 you is born a Sav - iour, Which is Christ, the Lord and King."

*Refrain*

Gos - pel bells, how they ring, O - ver  
 Gos - pel bells, how they ring,

land from sea to sea; Gos - pel bells, free - ly  
 Gos - pel bells,

bring Bless - ed news to you and me.  
 free - ly bring

# 494 There Is No Work Too Humble

T. R. Matthews

Kate Cameron

1. There is no work too hum - ble For Chris - tian hands to do;  
 2. If we are His dis - ci - ples, Call'd by His ho - ly name,  
 3. That He, the High and Ho - ly, Whose life - work was com - plete,

There is no path too low - ly For our feet to pur - sue;  
 A por - tion of His Spir - it We sure - ly ought to claim.  
 Should gird Him - self for la - bor, And washed those hum - ble feet!

Our bless - ed Lord and Mas - ter Was ser - vant un - to all;  
 And tho' the task be me - nial Which He for us hath set;  
 And yet we shrink from du - ties Which seem so far a - bove

None were to poor and need - y For Him to heed their call.  
 His own di - vine ex - am - ple We nev - er should for - get.  
 This deed of Christ like meek - ness, This ten - der proof of love!

# Work, for the Night Is Coming 495

Anna L. Coghill

Lowell Mason, 1864

1. Work, for the night is com - ing; Work through the morn - ing hours;  
 2. Work, for the night is com - ing; Work through the sun - ny noon;  
 3. Work, for the night is com - ing; Un - der the sun - set skies,

Work while the dew is spar - kling; Work 'mid spring - ing flowers;  
 Fill bright - est hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon;  
 While their bright tints are glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies;

Work while the day grows bright - er, Un - der the glow - ing sun;  
 Give ev - ery fly - ing min - ute Some - thing to keep in store;  
 Work till the last beam fad - eth, Fad - eth to shine no more;

Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.  
 Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.  
 Work, while the night is dark - ening, When man's work is o'er.

# 496 There Were Ninety and Nine

Elizabeth C. Clephane (1830-1869)

Ira D. Sankey (1840-1908)

1. There were nine - ty and nine that safe - ly lay In the  
 2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy nine - ty and nine; Are they  
 3. But none of the ran - somed ev - er knew How  
 4. But all through the moun - tains, thun - der - riv - en, And

shel - ter of the fold, But one was out on the  
 not e - nough for Thee?" But the Shep - herd made an - swer:  
 deep were the wa - ters crossed, Nor how dark was the night that the  
 up from the rock - y steep, There rose a cry to the

hills a - way, Far, far from the gates of gold A -  
 "One of Mine Has wander - ed a - way from Me, And al -  
 Lord passed through Ere He found His sheep that was lost. Far  
 gate of heaven, "Re - joice, I have found My sheep!" And the

way on the moun - tains wild and bare, A - way from the ten - der  
 though the road be rough and steep, I go to the des - ert to  
 out in the des - ert He heard its cry— Faint - ing and help - less and  
 an - gels sang a - round the throne, "Rejoice, for the Lord brings

Shep - herd's care, A - way from the ten - der Shep - herd's care.  
 find My sheep, I go to the des - ert to find My sheep.  
 read - y to die, Faint - ing and help - less and read - y to die.  
 back His own! Re - joice, for the Lord brings back His own!"

## Working, O Christ, With Thee 497

W. A. Ogden

Arthur S. Sullivan, 1872

1. Work - ing, O Christ, with Thee, Work - ing with Thee, Un - wor - thy,  
 2. A - long the cit - y's waste, Work - ing with Thee, Our ea - ger  
 3. Sav - iour, we wea - ry not, Work - ing with Thee, As hard as  
 4. So let us la - bor on, Work - ing with Thee, Till earth to

sin - ful, weak, Though we may be; Our all to Thee we give, For Thee a -  
 foot - steps haste, Like Thee to be; The poor we gath - er in, The out - casts  
 Thine our lot Can nev - er be; Our joy and com - fort this, "Thy grace suf -  
 Thee is won, From sin set free; Till men, from shore to shore, Re - ceive Thee,

lone we live, And by Thy grace a - chieve, Work - ing with Thee.  
 raise from sin, And la - bor souls to win, Work - ing with Thee.  
 fi - cient is;" This chang - es toil to bliss, Work - ing with Thee.  
 and a - dore, And join us ev - er - more, Work - ing with Thee.



# 498

## There's a Call

Charles H. Gabriel

Charles H. Gabriel

1. There's a call comes ring - ing o'er the  
 2. We have heard the Mac - e - do - nian  
 3. Let us pray that grace may ev - 'ry -  
 4. Let us not grow wea - ry in the

rest - less wave, "Send the light! Send the  
 call to - day, "Send the light! Send the  
 where a - bound; Send the light! Send the  
 work of love, Send the light! Send the

Send the light!

light!" There are souls to res - cue, there are  
 light!" And a gold - en of - fering at the  
 light!" And a Christ - like spir - it ev - 'ry -  
 light!" Let us gath - er jew - els for a

Send the light!

souls to save, Send the light! Send the light!  
 cross we lay, Send the light! Send the light!  
 where be found, Send the light! Send the light!  
 crown a - bove, Send the light! Send the light!

Send the light!

Send the light!

WORK AND DUTY

*Refrain*

Send the light! the bless-ed gos - pel light; Let it

Send the light! the bless-ed gos - pel light;

shine from shore to shore! Send the

Let it shine from shore to shore!

light! the bless - ed gos - pel light; Let it

Send the light! the bless - ed gos - pel light;

shine for - ev - er more.

Let it shine for - ev - er - more.

# 499

## To the Work!

Fanny Crosby

W. H. Doane

1. To the work! to the work! we are ser - vants of God,  
 2. To the work! to the work! let the hun - gry be fed;  
 3. To the work! to the work! there is la - bor for all,  
 4. To the work! to the work! press - ing on to the end,

Let us fol - low the path that our Mas - ter has trod;  
 To the Foun - tain of Life let the wea - ry be led;  
 For the king - dom of dark - ness and er - ror shall fall;  
 for the har - vest will come, and the reap - ers de - scend;

With the word of His coun - sel our strength to re - new,  
 In the cross and its ban - ner, our glo - ry shall be,  
 And the name of Je - ho - vah ex - alt - ed shall be  
 And the home of the ran - som'd our dwell - ing will be,

Let us do with our might what our hands find to do.  
 While we her - ald the tid - ings, "Sal - va - tion is free!"  
 In the loud swell - ing cho - rus, "Sal - va - tion is free!"  
 And our cho - rus for - ev - er, "Sal - va - tion is free!"

WORK AND DUTY

*Refrain*

Toil - ing on,                      Toil - ing on,                      toil - ing on,                      toil - ing on,

Toil - ing on,                      toil - ing on,                      toil - ing on,                      toil - ing on,

Let us hope,                      and trust,                      let us watch,                      and pray,

And la - bor till the Mas - ter comes.

# 500

## Come, My Soul

John Newton

C. M. Von Weber

1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre - pare! Je - sus loves to an - swer pray'r  
 2. With my bur - den I be - gin; Lord, re - move this load of sin;  
 3. Lord, O come to Thee for rest, Take pos - sess - ion of my breast;

He Him - self has bid thee pray, There - fore will not say thee nay.  
 Let Thy blood, for sin - ners spilt, Set my con - science free from guilt.  
 There, Thy sover - eign right main - tain, And with - out a ri - val reign.

# 501

## Christian, Seek Not Yet Repose

Charlotte Elliott, 1839

William H. Monk, 1868

1. Chris - tian, seek not yet re - pose, Cast thy dreams of ease a - way;  
 2. Gird thy heav - en - ly ar - mor on, Wear it ev - er, night and day;  
 3. Hear, a - bove all, hear thy Lord, Him thou lov - est to o - bey;  
 4. Watch, as if on that a - lone Hung the is - sue of the day;

Thou art in the midst of foes; Watch and pray!  
 Am - bushed lies the e - vil one; Watch and pray!  
 Hide with - in thy heart His word: "Watch and pray!  
 Pray that help may be sent down; Watch and pray!

# Go Forth on Wings of Faith and Prayer 502

Thomas Hastings

German Air

1. Go forth on wings of faith and pray'r, Ye pa - ges bright with love;  
 2. Go, tell the sin - ful, care - less soul, The warn - ing God has giv'n;  
 3. Go to the rude, the dark, the poor, That live es - tranged from God;

Tho' mute, the joy - ful tid - ings bear, Sal - va - tion from a - bove.  
 Go make the wound - ed spir - it whole, With heal - ing balm from heav'n.  
 Bid them the pearl of life se - cure, Bought with a Sav - iour's blood.

*Refrain*

Ye si - lent mes - sen - gers, go forth, From east to west, from south to north;

The seed of God's own liv - ing Word, Shall not be sown in vain.

# 503 I Love to Steal Awhile Away

Phoebe Hinsdale Brown, 1818

William B. Bradbury, 1844

1. I love to steal a - while a - way From ev - ery cum - bering care,  
 2. I love in sol - i - tude to shed The pen - i - ten - tial tear;  
 3. I love to think on mer - cies past, And fu - ture good im - plore;  
 4. I love by faith to take a view Of bright - er scenes to come;

And spend the hours of set - ting day In hum - ble, grate - ful prayer.  
 And all His prom - is - es to plead, Where none but God can hear.  
 And all my cares and sor - rows cast On Him whom I a - dore.  
 The pros - pect doth my strength re - new While here a - way from home.

# 504 My God, Is Any Hour So Sweet?

Charlotte Elliot, 1835

John B. Dykes, 1865

1. My God, is an - y hour so sweet, From blush of morn to eve - ning star,  
 2. No words can tell, what sweet re - lief Here for my ev - ery want, I find;  
 3. Hushed is each doubt, gone ev - ery fear; My spir - it seems con - tent to stay;  
 4. Lord, till I reach that bliss - ful shore, No priv - i - lege so dear shall be

As that which calls me to Thy feet, The hour of prayer?  
 What strength for war - fare, balm for grief, What peace of mind.  
 And e'en the pen - i - ten - tial tear Is wiped a - way.  
 As thus my in - most soul to pour In prayer to Thee.

# Jesus, Thou Hast Promised 505

E. R. Latta

W. O. Perkins

1. Je - sus, Thou hast prom - ised That where two or three In Thy name have  
 2. Je - sus, Thou hast met us Oft in sea - sons past, But we need Thy  
 3. Je - sus, tune our voic - es To Thy songs of praise; Be in each pe -

gath - ered, Thou wilt pres - ent be; And Thy word be - liev - ing,  
 pres - ence With us till the last; Come, O bless - ed Sav - iour,  
 ti - tion That to Thee we raise; May our faith grow stron - ger,

Now in prayer we kneel; Je - sus, come and bless us; Lord, Thy - self re - veal.  
 And Thy grace dis - play; Hear us and ac - cept us; Bless us while we pray.  
 And our hope more bright; May our love be pur - er, And our path more light.

*Refrain*

Je - sus, come and bless us While we lin - ger here;

Je - sus, come and bless us, Be Thou ev - er near.



# 506 'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer

Fanny J. Crosby

W. H. Doane

1. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when our hearts low - ly bend,  
 2. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when the Sav - iour draws near,  
 3. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when the tempt - ed and tried  
 4. At the bless - ed hour of prayer, trust - ing Him we be - lieve,

And we gath - er to Je - sus, our Sav - iour and Friend;  
 With a ten - der com - pas - sion His chil - dren to hear;  
 To the Sav - iour who loves them their sor - rows con - fide;  
 That the bless - ings we're need - ing we'll sure - ly re - ceive;

If we come to Him in faith, His pro - tec - tion to share,  
 When He tells us we may cast at His feet ev - ery care,  
 With a sym - pa - thiz - ing heart He re - moves ev - ery care;  
 In the full - ness of this trust we shall lose ev - ery care;

What a balm for the wea - ry! O how sweet to be there!  
 What a balm for the wea - ry! O how sweet to be there!  
 What a balm for the wea - ry! O how sweet to be there!  
 What a balm for the wea - ry! O how sweet to be there!

*Refrain*

Bless - ed hour of prayer, Bless - ed hour of prayer,

What a balm for the wea - ry! O how sweet to be there!

## Still With Thee

507

J. D. Burns, 1857

J. E. Sweetser, 1849

1. Still with Thee, O my God! I would de - sire to be;  
 2. With Thee when dawn comes in, And calls me back to care;  
 3. With Thee when day is done, And eve - ning calms the mind;  
 4. With Thee, in Thee, by faith A - bid - ing I would be;

By day, by night, at home, a - broad, I would be still with Thee.  
 Each day re - turn - ing to be - gin With Thee, my God, in prayer.  
 The set - ting, as the ris - ing sun, With Thee my heart would find.  
 By day, by night, in life, in death, I would be still with Thee.

# 508 There's a Garden Where Jesus Is Waiting

Eleanor Allen Schroll

J. H. Fillmore

1. There's a gar - den where Je - sus is wait - ing,  
2. There's a gar - den where Je - sus is wait - ing,  
3. There's a gar - den where Je - sus is wait - ing,

There's a place that is won - drous - ly fair;  
And I go with my bur - den and care;  
And He bids you to come meet Him there;

For it glows with the light of His pres - ence,  
Just to learn from His lips words of com - fort,  
Just to bow, and re - ceive a new bless - ing,

Tis the beau - ti - ful gar - den of prayer.  
In the beau - ti - ful gar - den of prayer.  
In the beau - ti - ful gar - den of prayer.

*Refrain*

O the beau - ti - ful gar - den, the gar - den of prayer, O the  
 beau - ti - ful gar - den of prayer; There my Sav - iour a - waits, and He  
 o - pens the gates To the beau - ti - ful gar - den of prayer.

**Sweet the Time**

**509**

George Burder

"The Parish Choir," 1850

1. Sweet the time, ex-ceed-ing sweet! When the saints to - geth - er meet,  
 2. Sing we then e - ter - nal love, Such as did the Fa - ther move;  
 3. Sing the Son's a - maz - ing love; How He left the realms a - bove,  
 4. Sweet, the time, ex-ceed-ing sweet, When the saints in heaven shall meet;

When the Sav - iour is the theme, When they join to sing of Him.  
 He be - held the world un - done, Loved the world and gave His Son.  
 Took our na - ture and our place, Loved and died to save our race.  
 Je - sus still will be the theme, They shall al - ways sing of Him.

# 510 Sweet Hour of Prayer

William W. Walford

William B. Bradbury (1816-1868)

1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,  
 2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! Thy wings shall my pe-ti-tion bear  
 3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! May I thy con-so-la-tion share

And bids me, at my Fa-ther's throne, Make all my wants and wish-es known!  
 To Him whose truth and faith-ful-ness En-gage the wait-ing soul to bless.  
 Till from Mount Pis-gah's lof-ty height I view my home and take my flight.

In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft-en found re-lief,  
 And since He bids me seek His face, Be-lieve His word, and trust His grace,  
 In my im-mor-tal flesh I'll rise To seize the ev-er-last-ing prize.

And oft es-caped the temp-ter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer.  
 I'll cast on Him my ev-ery care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.  
 And shout while pass-ing through the air, "Fare-well, fare-well, sweet hour of prayer."

## O Hear My Cry

511

Fanny J. Crosby

W. H. Doane

1. O hear my cry, be gra-cious now to me, Come, Great De-liv-'rer come;  
 2. I have no place, no shel-ter from the night, Come, Great De-liv-'rer come;  
 3. My path is lone, and wea-ry are my feet, Come, Great De-liv-'rer come;  
 4. Thou wilt not spurn con-tri-tion's bro-ken sigh, Come, Great De-liv-'rer come;

My soul bowed down is long-ing now for Thee, Come, Great De-liv-'rer come.  
 One look from Thee would give me life and light, Come, Great De-liv-'rer come.  
 Mine eyes look up Thy lov-ing smile to meet, Come, Great De-liv-'rer come.  
 Re - gard my prayer, and hear my hum-ble cry, Come, Great De-liv-'rer come.

*Refrain*

I've wan-der'd far a-way o'er moun-tains cold, I've wan-de'rd far a-way from home;

O take me now, and bring me to Thy fold, Come, Great De-liv-'rer, come.

# 512 What a Friend We Have in Jesus

John M. Scriven, 1855

Charles C. Converse, 1868

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;  
2. Have we tri - als and temp-ta-tions? Is there trou-ble an - y - where?  
3. Are we weak and heav-y lad - en, Cum-bered with a load of care?

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - ery-thing to God in prayer!  
We should nev - er be dis - cour-aged; Take it to the Lord in prayer!  
Pre - cious Sav - iour, still our ref - uge, Take it to the Lord in prayer!

O what peace we of - ten for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,  
Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor - rows share?  
Do thy friends de-spise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer!

All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - ery-thing to God in prayer.  
Je - sus knows our ev - ery weak-ness; Take it to the Lord in prayer!  
In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a so - lace there.

# Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing 513

Robert Robinson, 1758

Asahel Nettleton, 1825

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev-ery bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;  
 2. Here I raise my Eb-en-e-zer, Hith-er by Thy help I've come,  
 3. O, to grace how great a debt-or Dai-ly I'm con-strained to be!

Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise.  
 And I hope by Thy good plea-sure Safe-ly to ar-rive at home.  
 Let Thy good-ness, like a fet-ter, Bind me clos-er still to Thee.

Teach me ev-er to a-dore Thee, May I still Thy good-ness prove,  
 Je-sus sought me when a strang-er, Wan-dering from the fold of God;  
 Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;

While the hope of end-less glo-ry Fills my heart with joy and love.  
 He to res-cue me from dan-ger In-ter-posed His pre-cious blood.  
 Here's my heart O, take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts a-bove.



# 514 Blessed Assurance, Jesus Is Mine!

Fanny J. Crosby (1823-1915)

Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp (1839-1908)

1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! O, what a fore-taste of glo-ry di-vine!  
2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vi-sions of rap-ture now burst on my sight.  
3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iour am hap-py and blest,

Heir of sal-va-tion, pur-chase of God, Born of His Spir-it, washed in His blood.  
An-gels de-scend-ing bring from a-bove Ech-oes of mer-cy, whis-pers of love.  
Watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove, Filled with His good-ness, lost in His love.

*Refrain*

This is my sto-ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long;

This is my sto-ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long.

# Our God, We Thank Thee

# 515

A. A. Procter

F. C. Maker

1. Our God, we thank Thee, Who hast made The earth so bright;  
 2. We thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast made Joy to a - bound;  
 3. We thank Thee, too, that all our joy is touched with pain;  
 4. We thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept The best in store:

So full of splen - dor and of joy, Beau - ty and light;  
 So man - y gen - tle thoughts and deeds Cir - cling us round,  
 That shad - ows fall on bright - est hours; That thorns re - main;  
 We have e - nough, yet not too much To long for more:

So man - y glo - rious things are here, No - ble and right.  
 That in the dark - est spot of earth some love is found.  
 So that earth's bliss may be our guide, And not our chain.  
 A yearn - ing for a deep - er peace, Not known be - fore.

# 516 I Will Sing of My Redeemer

P. P. Bliss, 1876

James McGranahan, 1877

1. I will sing of my Re - deem - er,  
 2. I will tell the won - drous sto - ry,  
 3. I will praise my dear Re - deem - er,  
 4. I will sing of my Re - deem - er,

And His won - drous love to me;  
 How my lost es - tate to save,  
 His tri - um - phant pow'r I'll tell,  
 And His heav'n - ly love to me;

On the cru - el cross He suf - fered,  
 In His bound - less love and mer - cy,  
 How the vic - to - ry He giv - eth  
 He from death to life hath bro't me,

From the curse to set me free.  
 He the ran - som free - ly gave.  
 O - ver sin, and death, and hell.  
 Son of God with Him to be.

PRAISES AND THANKSGIVING

*Refrain*

Sing, oh, sing of my Re-deem - er,  
Sing of my Re-deem-er, Sing, oh, sing of my Re-deem-er,

With His blood He pur - chased me,  
With His blood He pur-chased me, With His blood He pur-chased me,

On the cross He sealed my par - don,  
On the cross He sealed my par-don, On the cross He sealed my par - don,

Paid the debt and made me free.  
Paid the debt and made me free, and made me free.

# 517 Now Thank We All Our God

Martin Rinkart, 1636  
Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1858

Johann Cruger, 1648

1. Now thank we all our God With heart and hands and voic - es,  
2. O may this boun-teous God Through all our life be near us,  
3. All praise and thanks to God, The Fa-ther, now be giv - en,

Who won-drous things hath done, In whom His world re - joic - es;  
With ev - er joy - ful hearts And bless - ed peace to cheer us;  
The Son, and Him who reigns With them in high - est heav - en,

Who, from our moth - ers' arms Hath bless-ed us on our way  
And keep us in His grace, And guide us when per - plexed,  
The one e - ter - nal God, Whom earth and heaven a - dore;

With count - less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day.  
And free us from all ills In this world and the next.  
For thus it was, is now, And shall be ev - er - more.

# O Jesus, My Redeemer

# 518

F. E. Belden

D. S. Hakes

1. O Je - sus, my Re - deem - er, Thou art my joy and song,  
 2. Thou art my hope and com - fort Through all the wea - ry years,  
 3. I trust in Thee, my Sav - iour, My faith - ful Friend and Guide;  
 4. My song and my re - joic - ing While in this world of sin,

My Sav - iour and my so - lace When griefs a - round me throng.  
 When shad - ows dark sur - round me, When fall the bit - ter tears.  
 For Thou to me art dear - er Than all on earth be - side.  
 My song and my re - joic - ing The heav - en - ly gates with - in.

*Refrain*

O Je - sus, my Re - deem - er, My song shall be of Thee;

No oth - er friend so con - stant, No friend so dear to me.

# 519 The God of Abraham Praise

Thomas Olivers, c. 1770

Arr. from a Jewish Melody, by M. Leoni, 1770

1. The God of A - braham praise, Who reigns en - throned a - bove;  
 2. The God of A - braham praise, At whose su - preme com - mand  
 3. The whole tri - um - phant host Give thanks to God on high;

An - cient of ev - er - last - ing days, And God of love;  
 From earth I rise, and seek the joys At His right hand;  
 "Hail, Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost!" They ev - er cry;

Je - ho - vah! Great I AM! By earth and heaven con - fessed;  
 I all on earth for - sake, Its wis - dom, fame, and power;  
 Hail, A - braham's God and mine! I join the heaven - ly lays;

I bow and bless the sa - cred name, For - ev - er blest.  
 And Him my on - ly por - tion make, My shield and tower.  
 All might and maj - es - ty are Thine, And end - less praise.

# 'Tis Love That Makes Us Happy 520

F. E. Belden

F. E. Belden

1. 'Tis love that makes us hap - py, 'Tis love that smooths the way;  
 2. This world is full of sor - row, Of sick - ness, death, and sin;  
 3. And when this life is o - ver, And we are called a - bove,

It helps us "mind," it makes us kind To oth - ers ev - 'ry day.  
 With lov - ing heart we'll do our part, And try some soul to win.  
 Our song shall be e - ter - nal - ly, Of Je - sus and His love.

*Refrain*

God is love; we're His lit - tle chil - dren. God is love; we would be like Him.

'Tis love that makes us hap - py, 'Tis love that smooths the way;

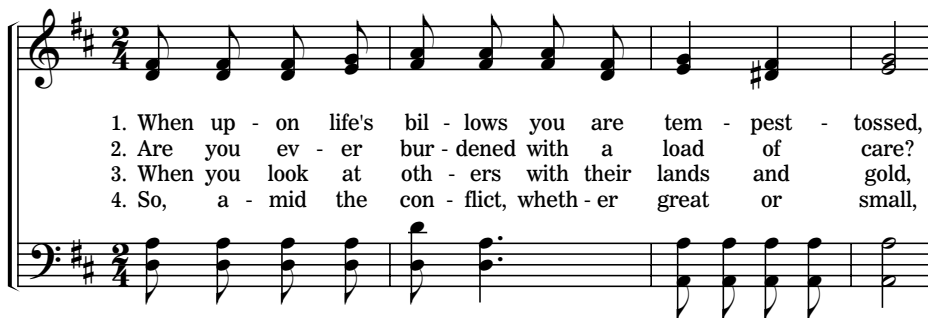
It helps us "mind," it makes us kind To oth - ers ev - 'ry day.



# 521 When Upon Life's Billows

Johnson Oatman, Jr. (1856–1926)

E. O. Excell (1851–1921)



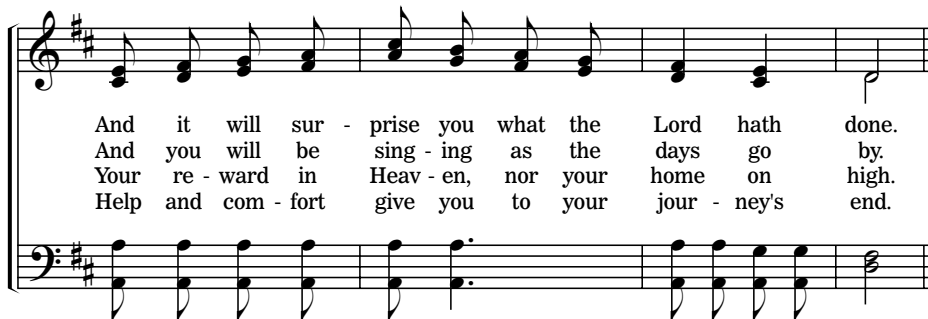
1. When up - on life's bil - lows you are tem - pest - tossed,  
 2. Are you ev - er bur - dened with a load of care?  
 3. When you look at oth - ers with their lands and gold,  
 4. So, a - mid the con - flict, wheth - er great or small,



When you are dis - cour - aged, think - ing all is lost,  
 Does the cross seem heav - y you are called to bear?  
 Think that Christ has prom - ised you His wealth un - told;  
 Do not be dis - cour - aged, God is o - ver all;



Count your man - y bless - ings, name them one by one,  
 Count your man - y bless - ings, ev - ery doubt will fly,  
 Count your man - y bless - ings, mon - ey can - not buy  
 Count your man - y bless - ings, an - gels will at - tend,



And it will sur - prise you what the Lord hath done.  
 And you will be sing - ing as the days go by.  
 Your re - ward in Heav - en, nor your home on high.  
 Help and com - fort give you to your jour - ney's end.

PRAISES AND THANKSGIVING

*Refrain*

Count your bless-ings, Name them one by one;  
Count your man-y bless-ings, Name them one by one;

Count your bless-ings, See what God hath done;  
Count your man-y bless-ings, See what God hath done;

Count your bless-ings, Name them one by one;  
Count your man-y bless-ings,

Count your man-y bless-ings, See what God hath done.

# 522 Stand Up, and Bless the Lord

J. Montgomery

R. Harrison

1. Stand up, and bless the Lord,  
 2. Tho' high a - bove all praise,  
 3. O for the liv - ing flame  
 4. God is our strength and song,

Ye peo - ple of His choice;  
 A - bove all bless - ing high,  
 From His own al - tar brought,  
 And His sal - va - tion ours;

Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,  
 Who would not fear His ho - ly name,  
 To touch our lips, our souls in - spire,  
 Then be His love in Christ pro - claimed

With heart, and soul, and voice.  
 And laud and mag - ni - fy?  
 And wing to heav'n our thought!  
 With all our ran - som'd pow'rs.

# We Sing the Praise of Him Who Died 523

Thomas Kelly, 1815

Nurnbergisches Gesangbuch, 1676

1. We sing the praise of Him who died,  
 2. In - scribed up - on that cross we see  
 3. The cross! it takes our guilt a - way,  
 4. The balm of life, the cure of woe,

Of Him who died up - on the cross;  
 In shin - ing let - ters "God is love."  
 It holds the faint - ing spir - it up,  
 The mea - sure and the pledge of love,

The sin - ners' hope let men de - ride,  
 He bears our sins up - on the tree,  
 It cheers with hope the gloom - y day,  
 The sin - ners' ref - uge here be - low,

For this we count the world but loss.  
 He brings us mer - cy from a - bove.  
 And sweet - ens ev - ery bit - ter cup.  
 The an - gels' theme in heaven a - bove.

# 524 Christ Is Made the Sure Foundation

Latin, 7th cent.; Tr. John Mason Neale, 1861

Henry Smart, 1867

1. Christ is made the sure foun - da - tion, Christ the head and  
 2. All that ded - i - cat - ed cit - y, Dear - ly loved of  
 3. To this tem - ple, where we call Thee, Come, O Lord of  
 4. Here vouch - safe to all Thy ser - vants What they ask of

cor - ner - stone, Cho - sen of the Lord, and pre - cious,  
 God on high, In ex - ult - ant ju - bi - la - tion  
 hosts, to - day; With Thy wont - ed lov - ing - kind - ness,  
 Thee to gain, What they gain from Thee, for - ev - er

bind - ing all the church in one; Ho - ly Zi - on's  
 Pours per - pet - ual mel - o - dy; God the One in  
 Hear Thy ser - vants as they pray; And Thy full - est  
 With the bless - ed to re - tain, And here - af - ter

help for - ev - er, And her con - fi - dence a - lone.  
 Three a - dor - ing In glad hymns e - ter - nal - ly.  
 ben - e - dic - tion Shed with - in its walls al - way.  
 in Thy glo - ry Ev - er - more with Thee to reign.

# Lord, Her Watch Thy Church Is Keeping 525

H. Downton

J. Langran, 1862

1. Lord, her watch Thy church is keep-ing; When shall earth Thy rule o-bey?  
 2. Tid - ings, sent for ev - ery crea-ture, Mil - lions yet have nev-er heard;  
 3. Then the end, Thy church com-plet - ed, All Thy cho - sen gath-ered in,

When shall end the night of weep - ing? When shall break the prom-ised day?  
 Can they hear with - out a preach-er? Lord Al - might - y, give the word;  
 With their King in glo - ry seat - ed, Sa - tan bound, and ban-ished sin;

See the whit-en-ing har-vest lan-guish, Wait - ing still the labor-ers' toil;  
 Give the word; in ev - ery na - tion Let the gos-pel trum-pet sound,  
 Gone for - ev - er, part-ing, weep - ing, Hun - ger, sor - row, death, and pain;

Was it vain, Thy Son's deep an-guish? Shall the strong re-tain the spoil?  
 Wit - ness - ing of Thy sal - va - tion To the earth's re-mot-est bound.  
 Lo! her watch Thy church is keep-ing; Come, Lord Je-sus; come to reign.

## 526 The Church Has One Foundation

Samuel J. Stone, 1866

Samuel S. Wesley, 1864

1. The church has one foun - da - tion, 'Tis Je - sus Christ her Lord;  
 2. E - lect from ev - ery na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,  
 3. Though with a scorn - ful won - der, Men see her sore op - pressed,  
 4. 'Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion, And tu - mult of her war,

She is His new cre - a - tion, By wa - ter and the word;  
 Her char - ter of sal - va - tion, One Lord, one faith, one birth;  
 Though foes would rend a - sun - der The Rock where she doth rest,  
 She waits the con - sum - ma - tion Of peace for - ev - er - more;

From heaven He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride;  
 One Ho - ly name she bless - es, Par - takes one ho - ly food,  
 Yet saints their faith are keep - ing; Their cry goes up, "How long?"  
 Till with the vi - sion glo - rious Her long - ing eyes are blest,

With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.  
 And to one hope she press - es, With ev - ery grace en - dued.  
 And soon the night of weep - ing Shall be the morn of song.  
 And the great church vic - to - rious Shall be the church at rest.

# Buried Beneath the Yielding Wave 527

B. Beddome (1717–1795)

James Walch

1. Bu - ried be - neath the yield - ing wave,  
 2. Thus do these will - ing souls to - day  
 3. With joy we in His foot - steps tread,  
 4. His pres - ence oft re - vives our hearts,

The great Re - deem - er lies;  
 Their ar - dent zeal ex - press,  
 And would His cause main - tain;  
 And drives our fears, a - way;

Faith views Him in the wa - tery grave,  
 And in the Lord's ap - point - ed way  
 Like Him be num - bered with the dead,  
 When He com - mands, and strength im - parts,

And thence be - holds Him rise.  
 Ful - fill all righ - teous - ness.  
 And with Him rise and reign.  
 We cheer - ful - ly o - bey.



# 528 I Will Follow Thee, My Saviour

James Lawson

James Lawson

1. I will fol - low Thee, my Sav-iour, Where-so-e'er my lot may be.  
 2. Though the road be rough and thor - ny, Track-less as the foam - ing sea,  
 3. Though I meet with trib - u - la - tions, Sore - ly tempt-ed though I be;  
 4. Though Thou lead - est me through afflic - tion, Poor, for - sak - en, though I be;

Where Thou go - est I will fol - low; Yes, my Lord, I'll fol - low Thee.  
 Thou hast trod this way be - fore me, And I'll glad - ly fol - low Thee.  
 I re - mem - ber Thou wast tempt-ed, And re - joi - ce to fol - low Thee.  
 Thou wast des - ti - tute, af - flic - ed, And I on - ly fol - low Thee.

*Refrain*

I will fol - low Thee, my Sav-iour, Thou didst shed Thy blood for me;

And though all men should for-sake Thee, By Thy grace I'll fol - low Thee.

# O Happy Day! That Fixed My Choice 529

Philip Doddridge, 1735

E. F. Rimbault, 1867

1. O hap - py day! that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - iour and my God;  
 2. 'Tis done, the great trans - ac - tion's done; I am my Lord's, and He is mine;  
 3. High heav'n, that heard the sol - emn vow, That vow re - newed shall dai - ly hear;  
 4. And when the bright ce - les - tial train, From highest heaven to earth shall come;

Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad.  
 He drew me and I fol - lowed on, Charmed to con - fess the voice di - vine.  
 Till in time's lat - est hour I bow, and bless at last a bond so dear.  
 Then with my Lord I'll rise, and reign For - ev - er in that hap - py home.

*Refrain*

Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way!

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev - ery day;

Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way!

# 530 O Now I See the Crimson Wave

Phoebe Palmer

Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp

1. O now I see the crim-son wave, The four-tain deep and wide;  
 2. I see the new cre - a - tion rise, I hear the speak - ing blood;  
 3. I rise to walk in heaven's own light, A - bove the world and sin;  
 4. A - maz - ing grace! 'tis heaven be-low To feel the blood ap - plied,

Je - sus, my Lord, might - y to save, Points to His wound - ed side.  
 It speaks pol - lut - ed na - ture dies, Sinks 'neath the cleans - ing flood.  
 With heart made pure and gar - ments white, And Christ en - throned with - in.  
 And Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus, know, My Je - sus cru - ci - fied.

*Refrain*

The cleans - ing stream I see, I see, I plunge, and O, it clean - seth me!

O praise the Lord! it clean - seth me, It clean - seth me, yes, clean - seth me.

# We'll Tarry by the Living Waters 531

F. E. Belden

F. E. Belden

1. We'll tar - ry by the liv - ing wa - ters, The foun - tain pure and free;  
 2. When wea - ry with the toil - some jour - ney, 'Tis sweet to rest a - while  
 3. Then come to Christ, the liv - ing wa - ter, Thy strength will He re - store;

There Je - sus waits to give us wel - come, A wel - come sweet 'twill be.  
 Where crys - tal wa - ters gen - tly mur - mur, And sun - ny foun - tains smile.  
 Come, taste the joy of His sal - va - tion, And drink to thirst no more.

*Refrain*

We'll tar - ry by the liv - ing wa - ters, Tar - ry by the liv - ing wa - ters;  
 fount of liv - ing wa - ters, fount of liv - ing wa - ters,

Tar - ry by the liv - ing wa - ters, Tar - ry by the Fount of Life.  
 fount of liv - ing wa - ters,

## 532

## Ring the Bells of Heaven

W. O. Cushing

G. F. Root

1. Ring the bells of heav - en! there is joy to - day,  
 2. Ring the bells of heav - en! there is joy to - day,  
 3. Ring the bells of heav - en! spread the feast to - day,

For a soul, re - turn - ing from the wild;  
 For the wan - d'rer now is rec - on - ciled;  
 An - gels swell the glad tri - um - phant strain!

See! the Fa - ther meets him out up - on the way,  
 Yes, a soul is res - cued from his sin - ful way,  
 Tell the joy - ful tid - ings! bear it far a - way,

Wel - com - ing His wea - ry, wan - d'ring child.  
 And is born a - new a ran - somed child.  
 For a pre - cious soul is born a - gain.

*Refrain*

Glo - ry! glo - ry! how the an - gels sing;

Glo - ry! glo - ry! how the loud bells ring;

'Tis the ran - somed ar - my, like a might - y sea,

Peal - ing forth the an - them of the free.

# 533

## Blest Be the Tie

From Johann G. Naegeli (1768-1836)

Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1845

John Fawcett, 1782

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in  
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our  
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual  
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us

Chris - tian love! The fel - low - ship of kin - dred  
ar - dent prayers; Our fears, our hopes, our aims are  
bur - dens bear, And of - ten for each oth - er  
in - ward pain; But we shall still be joined in

minds Is like to that a - bove.  
one, Our com - forts, and our cares.  
flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.  
heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

## Coming Saviour

534

Unknown

George Hews

1. Com - ing Sav - iour, now in faith  
 2. While in faith we drink the wine,  
 3. Lord, we thus re - mem - ber Thee,

We re - mem - ber still Thy death;  
 Of Thy blood we see the sign;  
 But we long Thy face to see

Thou wast brok - en— Thou hast died;  
 Wash us pure from ev - 'ry stain,  
 Long to reach our heav'n - ly home;

For us Thou wast cru - ci - fied.  
 Thou that com - est soon to reign.  
 Come, Lord Je - sus, quick - ly come!



# 535

## Once in Jerusalem

Early American melody

D. B. Thompson

T. R. Williamson

1. Once in Je - ru - sa - lem of old Our Sav - iour washed their  
 2. But far from that low path of grace His peo - ple since have  
 3. With ho - ly kiss, with words of love, With hearts all kind and

feet Who climbed with Him Ju - de - a's hills, And  
 trod, And err - ing feet have tram - pled down The  
 true, We'll ban - ish thoughts of en - vious pride, As

roved its val - leys sweet. With low - ly at - ti -  
 or - di - nance of God. Come broth - ers, sis - ters,  
 Je - sus' friends should do. Dear Sav - iour, help us

tude and mien To them He bowed the knee, Thus  
 let us raise This long - for - got - ten rite; Bow  
 keep more near The good old Bi - ble ways; Head,

show - ing how love's ser - vice blends With meek hu - mil - i - ty.  
 each to each with hum - ble minds, And walk in du - ty's light.  
 hands, and feet we pray Thee wash, That we may speak Thy praise.

## Jesus Invites His Saints

536

Isaac Watts, 1719

Mason and Webb's  
 "Cantica Laudis," Boston, 1850

1. Je - sus in - vites His saints To meet a - round His board,  
 2. We take the bread and wine As em - blems of Thy death;  
 3. Faith eats the bread of life, And drinks the liv - ing wine;  
 4. Soon shall the night be gone, Our Lord will come a - gain;

And sup in mem - 'ry of the death And suf - ferings of their Lord.  
 Lord, raise our souls a - bove the sign, To feast on Thee by faith.  
 It looks be - yond this scene of strife—U - nites us to the Vine.  
 The mar - riage sup - per of the Lamb Will ush - er in His reign.

# 537 Thy Broken Body, Gracious Lord

Unknown

Lowell Mason, 1850

1. Thy bro - ken bod - y, gra - cious Lord,  
 2. And while we meet to - geth - er thus,  
 3. We have one hope, that Thou wilt come:

Is shadow - ed by this bro - ken bread;  
 We show that we are one in Thee;  
 Thee in the air we wait to see;

The wine which in this cup is poured,  
 Thy pre - cious blood was shed for us;  
 Then Thou wilt give Thy saints a home,

Points to the blood which Thou hast shed.  
 Thy death, O Lord, has set us free.  
 And we shall ev - er reign with Thee.

While in Sweet Communion Feeding **538**

E. Denny

Rousseau

1. While in sweet com-mun-ion feed-ing On this earth-ly bread and wine,  
2. Bring be-fore us all the sto-ry Of Thy life, and death of woe;

Sav-our, may we see Thee bleed-ing On the cross, to make us Thine.  
And, with hopes of end-less glo-ry, Wean our hearts from all be-low.

Tho' un-seen Lord, Thou art near us, With Thy still small voice of love;  
Draw us near-er and still near-er To Thy pierc'd and bleed-ing side,

Whis-per words of peace to cheer us, Ev-'ry doubt and fear re-move.  
Till our view of self grows clear-er In the light of Him who died.

# 539 Hear the Words of Scripture

Helen E. Rasmussen

H. L. Gilmour

1. Hear the words of Scrip - ture from the a - ges past,  
 2. Do you seek to know the Ho - ly Spir - it's pow'r?  
 3. Lift your heart this mo - ment, claim Him Lord and King,  
 4. Let the an - thems roll in grand - eur thro' the skies,

"Bring ye all the tithes in - to the store - house."  
 "Bring ye all the tithes in - to the store - house."  
 As ye bring the tithes in - to the store - house;  
 Hav - ing bro't the tithes in - to the store - house;

Make a con - se - cra - tion that will ev - er last,  
 Live in sweet com - mun - ion with Him hour by hour,  
 Trust the bless - ed prom - ise, and your praise shall ring.  
 Joy - ous hal - le - lu - jahs from our hearts a - rise.

Trust - ing for the prom - ised bless - ing.  
 While He gives the prom - ised bless - ing.  
 From the heart He is pos - sess - ing.  
 For we have the prom - ised bless - ing.

## Refrain

"Bring ye all the tithes in - to the store - house, And  
 prove me now," saith the Lord of hosts; And I will pour you out a  
 bless - ing, There shall not be room e - nough to re - ceive it."

## We Give Thee But Thine Own 540

William W. Howe, c. 1858

From "Cantica Laudis," 1850

1. We give Thee but Thine own, What - e'er the gift may be;  
 2. May we Thy boun - ties thus As stew - ards true re - ceive,  
 3. O hearts are bruised and dead, And homes are bare and cold,  
 4. And we be - lieve Thy word, Though dim our faith may be;

All that we have is Thine a - lone, A trust, O Lord, from Thee.  
 And glad - ly, as Thou bless - est us, To Thee our first fruits give.  
 And lambs for whom the Shep - herd bled Are stray - ing from the fold.  
 What - e'er for Thine we do, O Lord, We do it un - to Thee.

# 541 Hear the Pennies Dropping

Fidelia H. DeWitt

William J. Kirkpatrick

1. Hear the pen - nies drop - ping! Lis - ten while they fall;  
2. Drop - ping, drop - ping ev - er, From each lit - tle hand;  
3. Now, while we are lit - tle, Pen - nies are our store;  
4. Tho' we've lit - tle mon - ey, We can give Him love;

Ev - 'ry one for Je - sus, He will get them all.  
'Tis our gift to Je - sus, From His lit - tle band.  
But, when we are old - er, Lord, we'll give Thee more.  
He will own our offer - ing, Smil - ing from a - bove.

*Refrain*

Drop - ping, drop - ping, drop - ping, drop - ping; Hear the pen - nies fall!

Ev - 'ry one for Je - sus, He will get them all.

## Master, No Offering

542

Edwin P. Parker, 1888

Edwin P. Parker, 1888

1. Mas - ter, no of - fer - ing Cost - ly or sweet,  
 2. Dai - ly our lives would show Weak - ness made strong,  
 3. Some word of hope, for hearts Bur - dened with fears,  
 4. Thus, in Thy ser - vice, Lord, 'Till e - ven - tide

Lay we, like Mag - da - lene, Here at Thy feet;  
 Toil - some and gloom - y ways Bright - ened with song;  
 Some balm of peace, for eyes Blind - ed with tears,  
 Clos - es the day of life, May we a - bide,

Yet may love's in - cense rise, Sweet - er than sac - ri - fice,  
 Some deeds of kind - ness done, Some souls by pa - tience won,  
 Some dews of mer - cy shed, Some way - ward foot - steps led,  
 And when earth's la - bors cease, Bid us de - part in peace,

Dear Lord, to Thee, Dear Lord, to Thee.



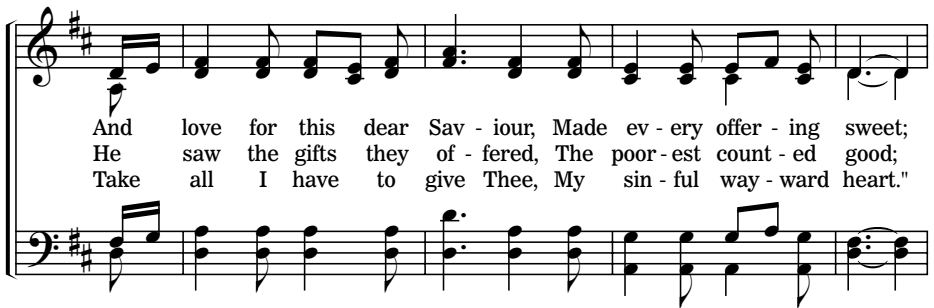
# 543 They Brought Their Gifts to Jesus

Eben E. Rexford

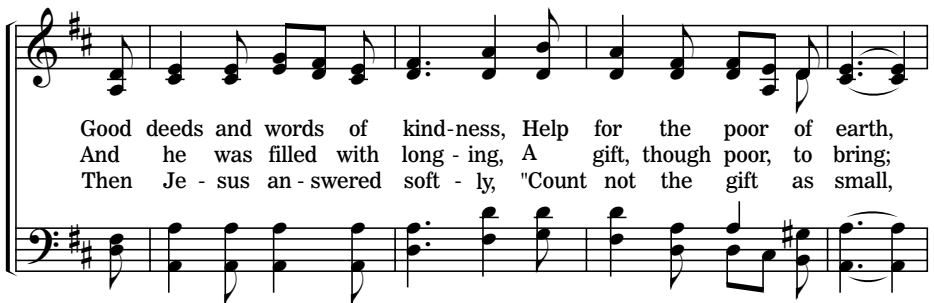
Joseph Garrison



1. They brought their gifts to Je - sus, And laid them at His feet,  
2. A - part from oth - er giv - ers A poor way - far - er stood;  
3. "Dear Lord," he cried in sor - row, "I know how kind Thou art,



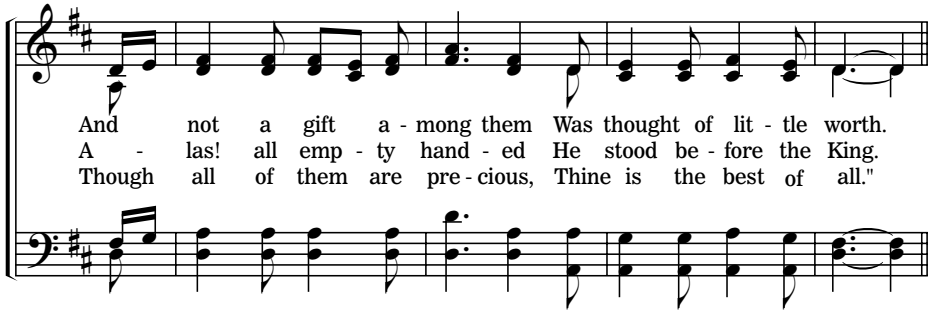
And love for this dear Sav - iour, Made ev - ery offer - ing sweet;  
He saw the gifts they of - fered, The poor - est count - ed good;  
Take all I have to give Thee, My sin - ful way - ward heart."



Good deeds and words of kind - ness, Help for the poor of earth,  
And he was filled with long - ing, A gift, though poor, to bring;  
Then Je - sus an - swered soft - ly, "Count not the gift as small,

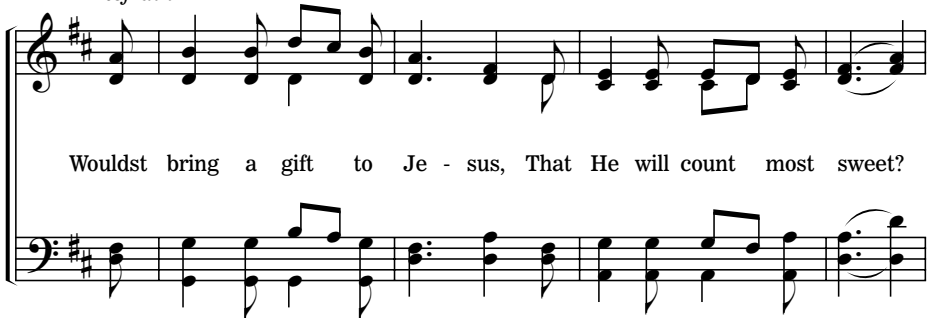
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TITHES AND OFFERINGS



And not a gift a - mong them Was thought of lit - tle worth.  
A - las! all emp - ty hand - ed He stood be - fore the King.  
Though all of them are pre - cious, Thine is the best of all."

*Refrain*



Wouldst bring a gift to Je - sus, That He will count most sweet?



Say, "Lord, my heart I give Thee," And lay it at His feet.

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## 544 Would You Win a Saviour's Blessing?

Fanny J. Crosby

Theo. E. Perkins

1. Would you win a Sav-iour's bless-ing? Free - ly, free - ly give;  
 2. With a cheer - ful heart and will - ing, Free - ly, free - ly give;  
 3. Give to spread the grand old sto - ry, Free - ly, free - ly give;

Would you see His work pro-gress - ing? Free - ly, free - ly give;  
 Like the dew its balm dis - till - ing, Free - ly, free - ly give;  
 Give to speed the light of glo - ry, Free - ly, free - ly give;

Let your souls with love ex - pand, O - pen wide a lib - eral hand;  
 Have you lit - tle? Give your mite; O how pre - cious in His sight!  
 Would you gain a rich re - ward In the har - vest of the Lord?

Would you fol - low God's com - mand? Free - ly, free - ly give.  
 He your off - ring will re - quite; Free - ly, free - ly give.  
 Then o - be - dient to His word, Free - ly, free - ly give.

## Called to the Feast

545

J. E. Landor

E. S. Lorenz

1. Called to the feast by the King are we, Sit-ting, per-haps, where His  
 2. Crowns on the head where the thorns have been, Glo - ri - fied He who once  
 3. Like light-ning's flash will that in - stant show Things hid-den long from both  
 4. Joy - ful His eye shall on each one rest Who is in white wed-ding

peo - ple be; How will it fare, friend, with thee and me  
 died for men; Splen - did the vi - sion be - fore us then,  
 friend and foe; Just what we are will each neigh-bor know,  
 gar - ments dressed; Ah! well for us if we stand the test,

*Refrain*

When the King comes in?  
 When the King comes in?  
 When the King comes in? When the King comes in, brother, When the King comes  
 When the King comes in?

in! How will it fare with thee and me When the King comes in?

## 546

## At the Feast of Belshazzar

Knowles Shaw

Knowles Shaw/Arr. by F. E. Belden

1. At the feast of Bel-shaz-zar and a thou-sand of his lords,  
 2. See the brave cap-tive Da-niel as he stood be-fore the throng,  
 3. See the faith, zeal, and cour-age that would dare to do the right,  
 4. All our deeds are re-cord-ed; there's a hand that's writ-ing now;

While they drank from gold-en ves-sels, as the book of truth re-cords,  
 And re-buked the haugh-ty mon-arch for his might-y deeds of wrong;  
 Which the Spir-it gave to Da-niel this the se-cret of his might;  
 Sin-ner, give your heart to Je-sus, to His roy-al man-date bow;

In the night as they rev-eled in the roy-al pal-ace hall,  
 As he read out the writ-ing, 'twas the doom of one and all;  
 In his home in Ju-de-a, or a cap-tive in the hall,  
 For the day is ap-proach-ing, it must come to one and all,

They were seiz'd with con-ster-na-tion, at the hand u-pon the wall.  
 For the king-dom now "is fi-nished," said the hand u-pon the wall.  
 Yet he un-der-stood the writ-ing of his God u-pon the wall.  
 When the sin-ner's con-dem-na-tion will be writ-ten on the wall.

THE JUDGEMENT

Refrain

'Tis the hand of God on the wall,  
the pal - ace wall.

'Tis the hand of God on the wall.  
the pal - ace wall.

Shall the rec-ord be "Found want-ing," Or shall it be "Found trust-ing,"

While the hand is writ - ing on the wall?  
the pal - ace wall.

## 547

## O Solemn Thought!

R. F. Cottrell, 1886

George Coles (1792-1858)

1. O sol-emn thought! and can it be The hour of judg-ment now is come,  
 2. He who came down to earth to die, An of-fering for the sins of men,  
 3. The sol-emn mo-ment is at hand When we who have His name confessed,  
 4. O bless-ed Sav-iour! may we feel The full im-por-tance of this hour.

Which soon must fix our des-ti-ny, And seal the sin-ner's fear-ful doom?  
 And then as-cend-ed up on high, And will ere-long re-turn a-gain,  
 Each in his lot must sin-gly stand, And pass the fi-nal, search-ing test.  
 In-spire our hearts with ho-ly zeal, And aid us by Thy Spir-it's power,

Yes, it is so; the judg-ment hour Is swift-ly has-tening to its close;  
 Is stand-ing now be-fore the ark, And mer-cy seat, and cher-u-bim,  
 Je-sus! we hope in Thee a-lone; In mer-cy now up-on us look,  
 That we may, in Thy strength, be strong, And brave the con-flict val-iant-ly;

Then will the Judge, in might-y power, De-scend in ven-geance on His foes.  
 To plead His blood for saints, and make The last re-mem-brance of their sin.  
 Con-fess our names be-fore the throne, And blot our sins from out Thy book.  
 Then, on Mount Zi-on, join the song, And swell the notes of vic-to-ry.

## The Judgment Has Set

548

F. E. Belden

F. E. Belden, 1886

1. The judg - ment has set, the books have been o - pened; How shall we  
 2. The work is be - gun with those who are sleep - ing, Soon will the  
 3. O, how shall we stand that mo - ment of search - ing, When all our

stand in that great day When ev - ery thought, and word, and ac - tion,  
 liv - ing here be tried, Out of the books of God's re - mem - brance,  
 sins those books re - veal? When from that court, each case de - cid - ed,

*Refrain*

God, the righ - teous Judge, shall weigh?  
 His de - ci - sion to a - bide. How shall we stand in that great  
 Shall be grant - ed no ap - peal?

day? How shall we stand in that great day? Shall we be found be -

fore Him want - ing? Or with our sins all washed a - way?



# 549 There's a Great Day Coming

William L. Thompson

William L. Thompson

1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a  
 2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a  
 3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a

great day com-ing by and by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be  
 bright day com-ing by and by, But its bright-ness shall on-ly come to  
 sad day com-ing by and by, When the sin-ner shall hear his doom "De-

part-ed right and left, Are you read-y for that day to come?  
 them that love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come?  
 part, I know ye not," Are you read-y for that day to come?

*Refrain*

Are you read-y? Are you read-y? Are you read-y for the judg-ment day?

Are you read-y? Are you read-y? for the judg-ment day?

# When the Judge Shall Weigh 550

F. E. Belden

F. E. Belden

*slow*

1. When the Judge shall weigh our mo-tives, For e - ter - nal gain or loss,  
 2. Shall we hear the glad words spok-en: "Faith-ful ser-vant," and "Well done,"  
 3. Shall we heed the Spir - it's plead-ing, While for mer-cy we may call,

Shall we stand as gold be - fore Him, Or as vile and worth-less dross?  
 Or the dread and aw - ful sen-tence, "Thou art want-ing," sin - ful one?  
 Or de - lay till God's hand-writ - ing Seals the fi - nal doom of all?

*Refrain*

Weigh'd in the bal-ance of the Lord, Weigh'd, weigh'd, and want - ing;

Weigh'd by the stan-ard of His word, Weigh'd, weigh'd, and want - ing.

# 551 When Jesus Shall Gather the Nations

Harriet B. M'Keever

John R. Sweney

1. When Je - sus shall gath - er the na - tions,  
 2. Shall we hear, from the lips of the Sav - iour,  
 3. He will smile when He looks on His chil - dren,  
 4. Then let us be watch - ing and wait - ing,

Be - fore Him at last to ap - pear,  
 The words "Faith - ful ser - vant, well done,"  
 And sees on the ran - somed His seal;  
 With lamps burn - ing stead - y and bright;

Then how shall we stand in the judg - ment,  
 Or, trem - bling with fear and with an - guish,  
 He will clothe them in heav - en - ly beau - ty,  
 When the Bride - groom shall call to the wed - ding,

When sum - moned our sen - tence to hear?  
 Be ban - ished a - way from His throne?  
 As low at His foot - stool they kneel.  
 O may we be read - y for flight!

THE JUDGMENT

*Refrain*

He will gath - er the wheat in His gar - ner,

But the chaff will He scat - ter a - way;

Then how shall we stand in the judg - ment

Of the great res - ur - rec - tion day?

## 552 When Thou, My Righteous Judge

Selina, Countess of Huntingdon

Lowell Mason

1. When Thou, my righ - teous Judge shalt come, To  
 2. I love to meet a - mong them now, Be -  
 3. Pre - vent, pre - vent it by Thy grace! Be  
 4. Let me a - mong Thy saints be found, When -

call Thy ran - somed peo - ple home, Shall I a - mong them  
 fore Thy gra - cious throne to bow, Though weak - est of them  
 Thou, dear Lord, my hid - ing place In that ex - pec - ted  
 e'er the Arch - angel's trump shall sound, To see Thy smil - ing

stand? Shall such a worth - less worm as I, Who  
 all; Nor can I bear the pierc - ing thought, To  
 day; Thy par - d'ning voice, O let me hear, To  
 face; Then joy - ful - ly Thy praise I'll sing, While

some - times am a - fraid to die, Be found at Thy right hand?  
 have my worth - less name left out, When Thou for them shalt call.  
 still each un - be - liev - ing fear, Nor let me fall, I pray.  
 heaven's re - sound - ing man - sions ring With shouts of end - less grace.

# When Thou, My Righteous Judge 553

Selina, Countess of Huntingdon

Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1836

1. When Thou, my righ - teous Judge, shalt come, To  
 2. I love to meet a - mong them now, Be -  
 3. Pre - vent, pre - vent it by Thy grace! Be  
 4. Let me a - mong Thy saints be found, When -

call Thy ran-somed peo - ple home, Shall I a-mong them stand?  
 fore Thy gra - cious throne to bow, Though weak-est of them all;  
 Thou, dear Lord, my hid - ing place In that ex - pect - ed day.  
 e'er the Arch - angel's trump shall sound, To see Thy smil - ing face;

Shall such a worth - less worm as I, Who some - times am a -  
 Nor can I bear the pierc - ing thought, To have my worth - less  
 Thy par - d'ning voice, O let me hear, To still each un - be -  
 Then joy - ful - ly Thy praise I'll sing, While heaven's re - sound - ing

fraid to die, Be found at Thy right hand? Be found at Thy right hand?  
 name left out, When Thou for them shalt call, When Thou for them shalt call.  
 liev - ing fear, Nor let me fall, I pray, Nor let me fall, I pray.  
 man - sions ring With shouts of end - less grace, With shouts of end - less grace.

# 554 Are You Ready for the Bridegroom

R. E. Hudson

R. E. Hudson

1. Are you read - y for the Bride-groom When He comes, when He comes?  
 2. Have your lamps trimm'd and burn - ing, When He comes, when He comes;  
 3. We will all go out to meet Him When He comes, when He comes;  
 4. We will chant al - le - lu - ias When He comes, when He comes;

Are you read - y for the Bridegroom When He comes, when He comes?  
 Have your lamps trimm'd and burn - ing When He comes, when He comes;  
 We will all go out to meet Him When He comes, when He comes;  
 We will chant al - le - lu - ias When He comes, when He comes;

Be - hold, He com - eth! be - hold, He com - eth! Be robbed and read - y;  
 He quick - ly com - eth! He quick - ly com - eth! O soul, be read - y  
 He sure - ly com - eth! He sure - ly com - eth! We'll go to meet Him  
 Lo! now He com - eth! lo! now He com - eth! Sing al - le - lu - ia!

*Refrain*

for the Bride-groom comes.  
 when the Bride-groom comes.  
 when the Bride-groom comes. Be - hold the Bride-groom; for He comes, for He comes!  
 for the Bride-groom comes.

THE SECOND COMING OF JESUS

Be-hold the Bride-groom; for He comes, for He comes, Be-hold, He com-eth!

be - hold, He com-eth! Be robed and read - y, for the Bride-groom comes.

Hark! That Shout!

555

Thomas Kelly

C. H. A. Malan

1. Hark! that shout of rap - ture high, Burst - ing forth from  
2. Hark! the trum - pet's aw - ful voice Sounds a - broad o'er  
3. See, the Lord ap - pears in view; Heav'n and earth be -  
4. Go and dwell with Him a - bove, Where no foe can

yon - der cloud; Je - sus comes, and thro' the sky,  
sea and land; Let His peo - ple now re - jice;  
fore Him fly; Rise, ye saints, He comes for you;  
e'er mo - lest; Hap - py in the Sav - iour's love,

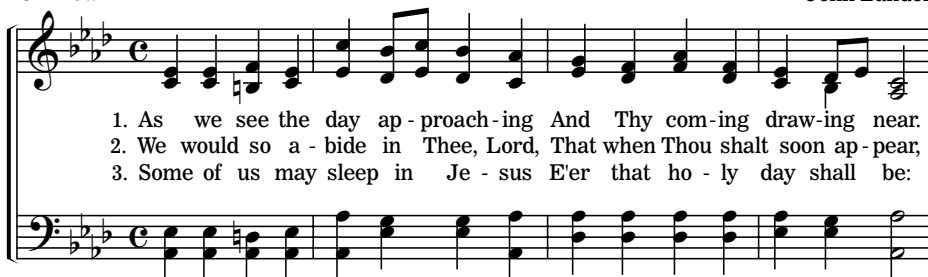
An - gels tell their joy a - loud, An - gels tell their joy a - loud.  
Their re - demp - tion is at hand, Their re - demp - tion is at hand.  
Rise, to meet Him in the sky, Rise, to meet Him in the sky.  
Ev - er bless - ing, ev - er blest, Ev - er bless - ing, ev - er blest.



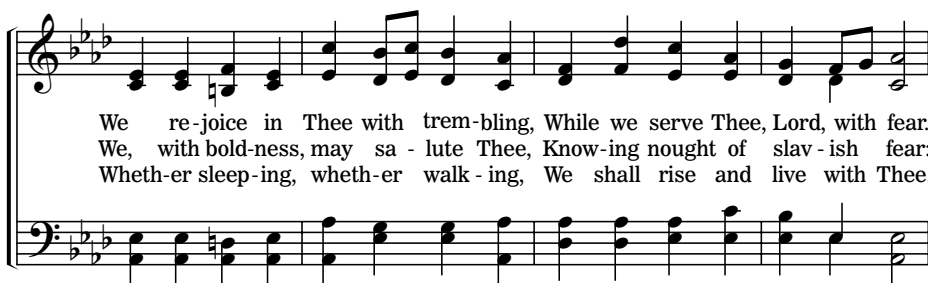
# 556 As We See the Day Approaching

Unknown

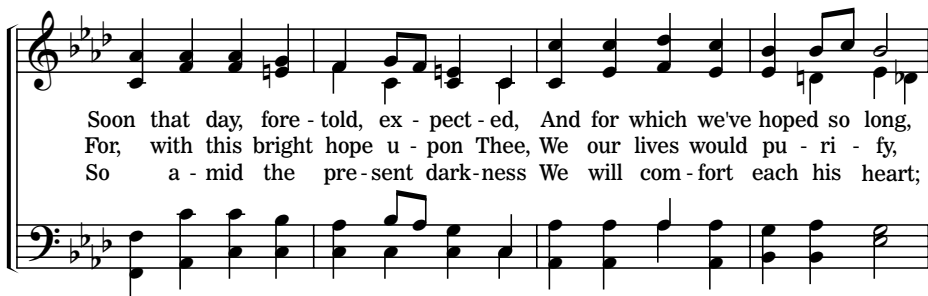
John Zundel



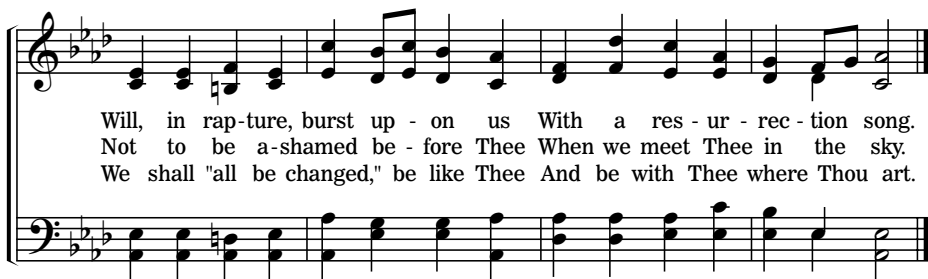
1. As we see the day ap - proach - ing And Thy com - ing draw - ing near.  
2. We would so a - bide in Thee, Lord, That when Thou shalt soon ap - pear,  
3. Some of us may sleep in Je - sus E'er that ho - ly day shall be:



We re - joice in Thee with trem - bling, While we serve Thee, Lord, with fear.  
We, with bold - ness, may sa - lute Thee, Know - ing nought of slav - ish fear:  
Wheth - er sleep - ing, wheth - er walk - ing, We shall rise and live with Thee.



Soon that day, fore - told, ex - pect - ed, And for which we've hoped so long,  
For, with this bright hope u - pon Thee, We our lives would pu - ri - fy,  
So a - mid the pre - sent dark - ness We will com - fort each his heart;

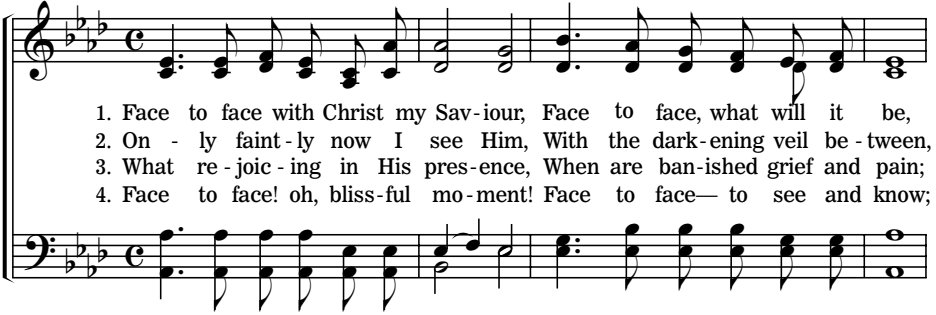


Will, in rap - ture, burst up - on us With a res - ur - rec - tion song.  
Not to be a - shamed be - fore Thee When we meet Thee in the sky.  
We shall "all be changed," be like Thee And be with Thee where Thou art.

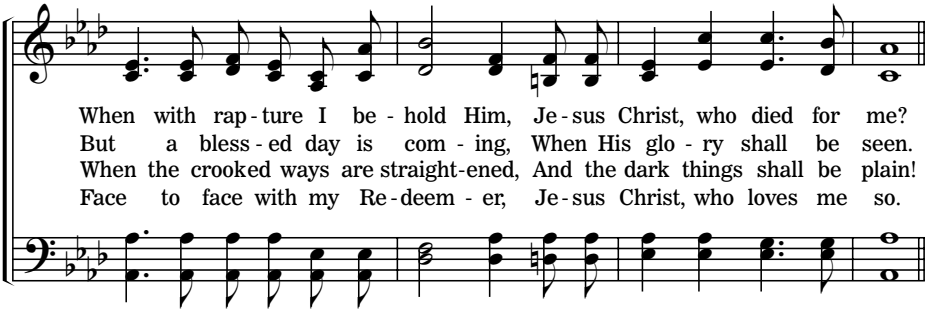
# Face to Face With Christ My Saviour 557

Mrs. Frank A. Breck

Grant Colfax Tullar



1. Face to face with Christ my Sav-iour, Face to face, what will it be,  
 2. On - ly faint - ly now I see Him, With the dark - ening veil be - tween,  
 3. What re - joic - ing in His pres - ence, When are ban - ished grief and pain;  
 4. Face to face! oh, bliss - ful mo - ment! Face to face— to see and know;



When with rap - ture I be - hold Him, Je - sus Christ, who died for me?  
 But a bless - ed day is com - ing, When His glo - ry shall be seen.  
 When the crooked ways are straight - ened, And the dark things shall be plain!  
 Face to face with my Re - deem - er, Je - sus Christ, who loves me so.

*Refrain*


Face to face shall I be - hold Him, Far be - yond the star - ry sky;



Face to face in all His glo - ry I shall see Him by and by!

# 558

## Heir of the Kingdom

Unknown

Lowell Mason (1792-1872)

1. Heir of the king - dom, O why dost thou slum - ber?  
 2. Heir of the king - dom, say, why dost thou lin - ger?  
 3. Stay not, O stay not for earth's vain al - lure - ments!  
 4. Keep the eye sin - gle, the head up - ward lift - ed;

Why art thou sleep - ing so near thy blest home?  
 How canst thou tar - ry in sight of the prize?  
 See how its glo - ry is pass - ing a - way;  
 Watch for the glo - ry of earth's com - ing King;

Wake thee, a - rouse thee, and gird on thine ar - mor,  
 Up, and a - dorn thee, the Sav - iour is com - ing;  
 Break the strong fet - ters the foe hath bound o'er thee;  
 Lo! o'er the moun - tain - tops light is now break - ing;

Speed, for the mo - ments are hur - ry - ing on.  
 Haste to re - ceive Him de - scend - ing the skies.  
 Heir of the king - dom, turn, turn thee a - way.  
 Heirs of the king - dom, re - joice ye and sing.

## He's Coming Once Again

559

F. E. Belden, 1886

F. E. Belden, 1886

1. He's com - ing once a - gain, To set His peo - ple free:  
 2. The earth shall quake with fear, The heavens shall flee a - way;  
 3. His eyes of liv - ing flame The wick - ed shall de - vour;

That where He is, in glo - ry bright, His saints may al - so be.  
 And where shall guil - ty man ap - pear In that tre - men - dous day?  
 No tongue will light - ly speak the name Of Je - sus in that hour.

Then lift the droop - ing head, Look up, re - joice and sing;  
 No ref - uge then is nigh, No shel - ter from the blast;  
 No scorn, no words of hate For His meek fol - lowers then;

He comes, in maj - es - ty sub - lime, Sal - va - tion's glo - rious King!  
 The night of ven - geance veils the sky When mer - cy's day is past.  
 But prayers and tears that come too late Will mark earth's might - y men.

# 560 How Sweet Are the Tidings

Unknown

From John R. Thomas, 1858

1. How sweet are the tid - ings that greet the pil - grim's ear,  
 2. The moss - y old graves where the pil - grims sleep  
 3. There we'll meet ne'er to part in our hap - py E - den home,  
 4. Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men! Hal - le - lu - jah a - gain!

As he wan - ders in ex - ile from home!  
 Shall be o - pen as wide as be - fore,  
 Sweet songs of re - demp - tion we'll sing;  
 Soon, if faith - ful, we all shall be there;

Soon, soon will the Sav - iour in glo - ry ap - pear,  
 And the mil - lions that sleep in the might - y deep  
 From the north, from the south, all the ran - somed shall come,  
 O, be watch - ful, be hope - ful, be joy - ful till then,

And soon will the king - dom come.  
 Shall live on this earth once more.  
 And wor - ship our heaven - ly King.  
 And a crown of bright glo - ry we'll wear.

THE SECOND COMING OF JESUS

*Refrain*

He's com - ing, com - ing, com - ing soon I know,

Com - ing back to this earth a - gain;

And the wea - ry pil - grims will to glo - ry go,

When the Sav - iour comes to reign.

# 561 In the Glad Time of the Harvest

L. D. Santee

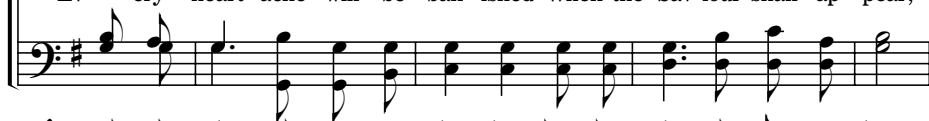
Edwin Barnes, 1886



1. In the glad time of the har-vest, In the grand mil-len-nial year,  
 2. O the rap-ture of His peo-ple! Long they've dwelt on earth's low sod,  
 3. Long they've toiled with-in the har-vest, Sown the pre-cious seed with tears;  
 4. We shall greet the loved and lov-ing, Who have left us lone-ly here;



When the King shall take His scep-ter, And to judge the world ap-pear,  
 With their hearts e'er turn-ing home-ward, Rich in faith and love to God.  
 Soon they'll drop their heav-y bur-dens In the glad mil-len-nial years;  
 Ev-ery heart-ache will be ban-ish-ed When the Sav-iour shall ap-pear;



Earth and sea shall yield their trea-sure, All shall stand be-fore the throne;  
 They will share the life im-mor-tal, They will know as they are known,  
 They will share the bliss of heav-en, Nev-er-more to sigh or moan;  
 Nev-er grieved with sin or sor-row, Nev-er wea-ry or a-lone;



Just a-wards will then be giv-en, When the King shall claim His own.  
 They will pass the pear-ly por-tal, When the King shall claim His own.  
 Star-ry crowns will then be giv-en, When the King shall claim His own.  
 O, we long for that glad mor-row When the King shall claim His own.



## It May Be at Morn

562

H. L. Turner

James McGranahan

1. It may be at morn, when the day is a - wak - ing, When sun - light in  
 2. It may be at mid - day, it may be at twi - light, It may be, per -  
 3. O joy! O de - light! should we go with - out dy - ing, No sick - ness, no

dark - ness and shad - ow is break - ing, That Je - sus will come in the  
 chance, that the black - ness of mid - night Will burst in - to light in the  
 sad - ness, no dread, and no cry - ing, Caught up through the clouds with our

full - ness of glo - ry To re - ceive from the world His own.  
 blaze of His glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives His own.  
 Lord in - to glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives His own.

*Refrain*

O Lord Je - sus, how long, how long Ere we shout the glad song? Christ re -

turn - eth, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.



# 563 Let Every Lamp Be Burning

F. E. Belden, 1886

F. E. Belden, 1886

1. Let ev - ery lamp be burn - ing bright, The dark - est hour is near - ing;  
2. Though thou - sands calm - ly slum - ber on, The last great mes - sage spurn - ing;  
3. His word our lamp, His truth our guide, We can - not be mis - tak - en;  
4. Then let good works with faith ap - pear, To shame the world a - round us;

The dark - est hour of earth's long night, Be - fore the Lord's ap - pear - ing.  
We'll rest our liv - ing faith up - on His prom - ise of re - turn - ing.  
Though dan - gers rise on ev - ery side, We shall not be for - sak - en.  
O - be - dience brings the bless - ing near When faith has firm - ly bound us.

*Refrain*

Then trim your lamps, my brethren dear, Then trim your lamps with god - ly fear;

The Mas - ter's com - ing draw - eth near, Let ev - ery lamp be burn - ing.

## Lo! He Comes

564

John Cennick and Charles Wesley, 1758

J. F. Wade's "Cantus Diversi," 1751

1. Lo! He comes, with clouds de - scend - ing, Once for fa - vored  
 2. Ev - ery eye shall now be - hold Him Robed in dread - ful  
 3. When the sol - emn trump has sound - ed, Heaven and earth shall  
 4. Yea, a - men! let all a - dore Thee, High on Thy e -

sin - ners slain; Count - less an - gels, Him at - tend - ing,  
 maj - es - ty! Those who set at nought and sold Him,  
 flee a - way; All who hate Him, must, con - found - ed,  
 ter - nal throne! Sav - iour, take the power and glo - ry,

Swell the tri - umph of His train: Hal - le - lu - jah!  
 Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree, Deep - ly wail - ing,  
 Hear the sum - mons of that day— "Come to judg - ment!  
 Make Thy righ - teous sen - tence known; O come quick - ly,

Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus comes, and comes to reign.  
 Deep - ly wail - ing, Shall the true Mes - si - ah see!  
 Come to judg - ment! Come to judg - ment! Come a - way!"  
 O come quick - ly, Claim the king - dom for Thine own!

# 565 The Coming King Is at the Door

F. E. Belden

F. E. Belden

1. The com-ing King is at the door, Who once the cross for sin-ners bore,  
 2. The signs that show His com-ing near Are fast ful - fill - ing year by year,  
 3. Look not on earth for strife to cease, Look not be - low for joy and peace,  
 4. Then in the glorious earth made new We'll dwell the count-less a-ges through

But now the righ-teous ones a - lone He comes to gath - er home.  
 And soon we'll hail the glo-rious dawn Of heaven's e - ter - nal morn.  
 Un - til the Sav - iour comes a - gain To ban - ish death and sin.  
 This mor - tal shall im - mor - tal be, And time, e - ter - ni - ty.

*Refrain*

At the door, at the door, At the door, yes, e - ven at the door;  
 At the door, at the door,

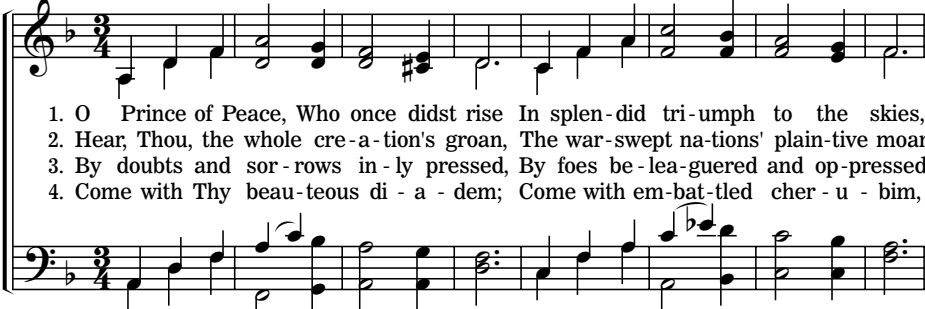
He is com - ing, He is com - ing, He is e - ven at the door.  
 com-ing a - gain, com-ing a - gain,

## O Prince of Peace

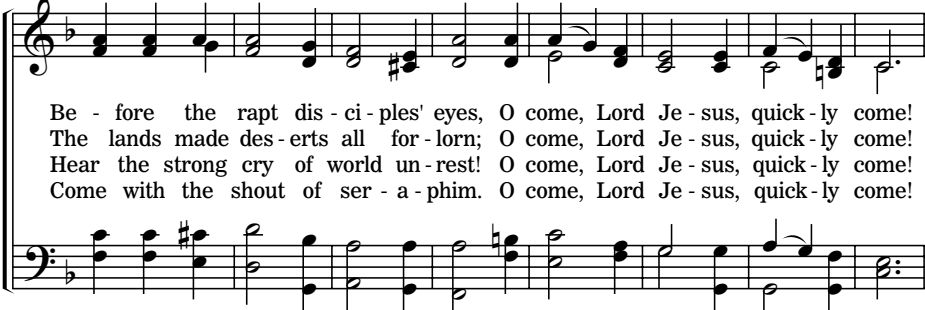
566

J. T. Graves

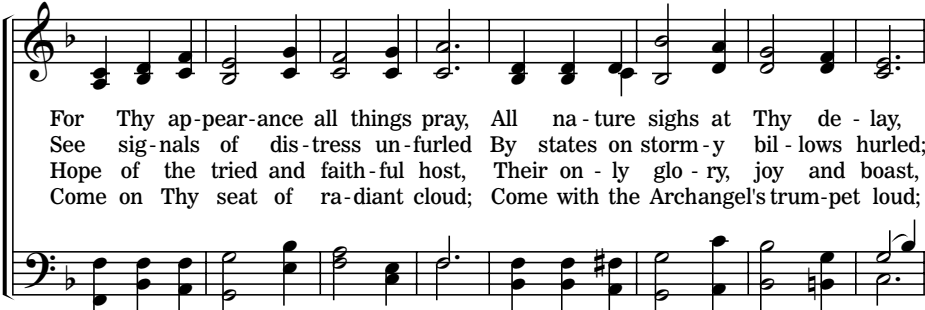
J. Harker




1. O Prince of Peace, Who once didst rise In splen-did tri-umph to the skies,  
 2. Hear, Thou, the whole cre-a-tion's groan, The war-swept na-tions' plain-tive moan,  
 3. By doubts and sor-rows in-ly pressed, By foes be-lea-guered and op-pressed,  
 4. Come with Thy beau-teous di - a - dem; Come with em-bat-tled cher - u - bim,



Be - fore the rapt dis-ci-ples' eyes, O come, Lord Je - sus, quick-ly come!  
 The lands made des-erts all for-lorn; O come, Lord Je - sus, quick-ly come!  
 Hear the strong cry of world un-rest! O come, Lord Je - sus, quick-ly come!  
 Come with the shout of ser - a - phim. O come, Lord Je - sus, quick-ly come!



For Thy ap-pear-ance all things pray, All na-ture sighs at Thy de - lay,  
 See sig-nals of dis-tress un-furled By states on storm-y bil - lows hurled;  
 Hope of the tried and faith-ful host, Their on - ly glo - ry, joy and boast,  
 Come on Thy seat of ra-diant cloud; Come with the Archangel's trum-pet loud;



Thy peo-ple cry, "No lon - ger stay," O come, Lord Je - sus, quick-ly come!  
 Thou Pole-star of a ship-wrecked world, O come, Lord Je - sus, quick-ly come!  
 With - out Thy ad - vent all is lost O come, Lord Je - sus, quick-ly come!  
 Come, Sav-iour, let the heavens be bowed O come, Lord Je - sus, quick-ly come!

# 567

# O'er All the Land

W. C. Gage

Henry C. Work

1. O'er all the land have the signs now ap - peared,  
 2. Signs in the sun and the moon and the stars  
 3. These, to the pil - grim, are o - mens of cheer,  
 4. Then let us ral - ly, and fresh cour - age take;

Tell - ing us soon our dear Sav - iour will come;  
 Faith - ful - ly show that the great day is near;  
 Toil - ing and sigh - ing in life's gloom - y way;  
 Soon will we hear our dear Lord's lov - ing voice;

Long has the worn pil - grim watched, hoped, and feared,  
 Na - tions dis - tressed by the ru - mors of wars,  
 All, all pro - claim that the Sav - iour is near,  
 Those who will now all their er - rors for - sake

Wait - ing for that bless - ed hope; O come, Sav - iour come.  
 And the hearts of wick - ed men are fail - ing for fear.  
 And the light is dawn - ing of that soon - com - ing day.  
 Soon the pearl - y gates will en - ter— sing and re - joice.

THE SECOND COMING OF JESUS

Refrain

Sound forth the tid - ings, long, loud, and clear; Je - sus is  
 com - ing, and soon will ap - pear; All hearts re - spond as we  
 long for our home, "Quick-ly come, O bless-ed Je-sus, come, Saviour, come!"

One Sweetly Solemn Thought 568

Phoebe Cary, 1852

Robert S. Ambrose, 1876

1. One sweet-ly sol-ern thought Comes to me o'er and o'er;  
 2. Near - er my Fa-ther's house, Where man - y man - sions be;  
 3. Near - er the bound of life, Where bur-dens are laid down;

Near - er my home to - day am I Than e'er I've been be - fore.  
 Near - er to - day the great white throne, Near - er the crys - tal sea.  
 Near - er to leave the heav - y cross, Near - er to gain the crown.

# 569 One Sweetly Solemn Thought

Phoebe Cary

Philip Phillips

1. One sweet - ly sol - emn thought, Comes to me o'er and o'er;  
2. Near - er my Fath - er's house, Where man - y man - sions be;  
3. Near - er my go - ing home, Lay - ing my bur - dens down,

I'm near - er to my home to - day, Than e'er I've been be - fore.  
Near - er the throne where Je - sus reigns, Near - er the crys - tal sea.  
Leav - ing my cross of heav - y grief, Wear - ing my star - ry crown.

*Refrain*

Near - er my home, Near - er my home; Near - er my home to -

day, to - day, Than e'er I've been be - fore.

## Sweet Promise Is Given

570

F. E. Belden

F. E. Belden

1. Sweet prom - ise is given to all who be - lieve "Be - hold I come  
 2. We'll "watch un - to prayer" with lamps burn - ing bright; He comes to all  
 3. Yes! this is our hope, 'tis built on His word, The glo - rious ap -

quick - ly, Mine own to re - ceive; Hold fast till I come; the dan - ger is great;  
 oth - ers a "thief in the night." We know He is near, but know not the day  
 pear - ing of Je - sus, our Lord; Of prom - is - es all, it stands as the sum:

*Refrain*

Sleep not as do oth - ers; be watch - ful, and wait."  
 As spring shows that sum - mer is not far a - way. "Hold fast till I come;" sweet  
 "Be - hold I come quick - ly, hold fast till I come."

prom - ise of heaven "The king - dom re - stored, to you shall be given." "Come, en - ter My

joy, sit down on My throne; Bright crowns are in wait - ing; hold fast till I come."



# 571 The Golden Morning

S. J. Graham

S. J. Graham

1. The gold-en morn-ing is fast ap-proach-ing; Je-sus soon will come  
2. The gos-pel sum-mons will soon be car-ried To the na-tions round;  
3. At-tend-ed by all the shin-ing an-gels, Down the flam-ing sky  
4. There those loved ones who have long been part-ed, Will all meet that day;

To take His faith-ful and hap-py chil-dren To their prom-ised home.  
The Bride-groom then will cease to tar-ry And the trum-pet sound.  
The Judge will come, and will take His peo-ple Where they will not die.  
The tears of those who are bro-ken-heart-ed Will be wiped a-way.

*Refrain*

O, we see the gleams of the gold-en morn-ing

Pierc-ing through this night of gloom! O, we see the

gleams of the gold-en morn-ing That will burst the tomb.

## This Same Jesus

572

F. R. Havergal

J. Langran

1. "This same Je-sus!" O how sweet-ly Fall those words up-on the ear,  
 2. "This same Je-sus!" When the vi-sion Of that last and aw-ful day  
 3. He, Him-self, and "not a-noth-er," He for whom our hearts have yearn'd

Like the swell of far-off mu-sic, In a night-watch still and clear  
 Bursts u-pon the pros-trate spir-it, Like a mid-night light-ning ray,  
 Thro' long years of twi-light wait-ing, To His ran-somed ones re-turned;

He who healed the hope-less lep-er, He who dried the wid-ow's tear,  
 May we lift our hearts, a-dor-ing "This same Je-sus," loved and known  
 For this word, O Lord, we bless Thee, Bless our Mas-ter's change-less name

He who chang'd to health and glad-ness Help-less, suff-ring, trem-bling fear.  
 As our own most gra-cious Sav-iour, Seat-ed on the great white throne.  
 Yes-ter-day, to-day, for-ev-er, Je-sus Christ is still the same.

# 573

# We Know Not the Hour

F. E. Belden

F. E. Belden

1. We know not the hour of the Mas - ter's ap - pear - ing;  
 2. There's light for the wise who are seek - ing sal - va - tion;  
 3. We'll watch and we'll pray, with our lamps trimmed and burn - ing;

Yet signs all fore - tell that the mo - ment is near - ing  
 There's truth in the book of the Lord's rev - e - la - tion;  
 We'll work and we'll wait till the Mas - ter's re - turn - ing;

When He shall re - turn 'tis a prom - ise most cheer - ing—  
 Each proph - e - cy points to the great con - sum - ma - tion—  
 We'll sing and re - joice, ev - ery o - men dis - cern - ing—

But we know not the hour.  
 But we know not the hour.  
 But we know not the hour.

THE SECOND COMING OF JESUS

*Refrain*

He will come, let us watch and be read - y;  
He will come,

He will come, hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah!  
He will come,

He will come in the clouds of His Fa - ther's bright glo - ry

But we know not the hour.

## 574 We Know Not the Time

S. M. H.

Will H. Pontius

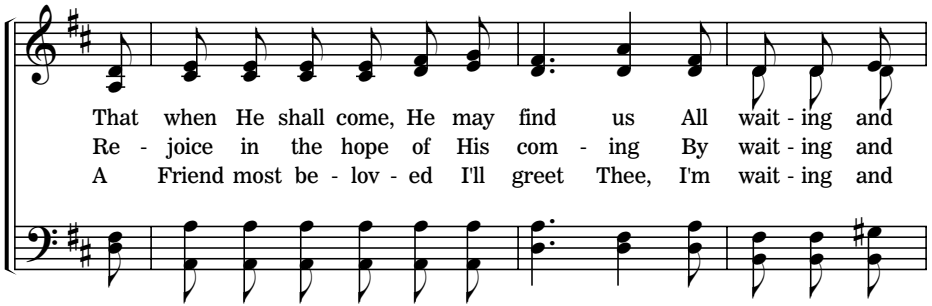
1. We know not the time when He com - eth, At e - ven, or  
 2. I think of His won - der - ful pit - y, The price our sal -  
 3. O Je - sus, my lov - ing Re - deem - er, Thou know - est I

mid - night, or morn; It may be at deep - en - ing twi - light;  
 va - tion hath cost; He left the bright man - sions of glo - ry  
 cher - ish as dear The hope that mine eyes shall be - hold Thee,

It may be at ear - li - est dawn. He bids us to  
 To suf - fer and die for the lost. And some - times I  
 That I shall Thine own wel - come hear! If to some as a

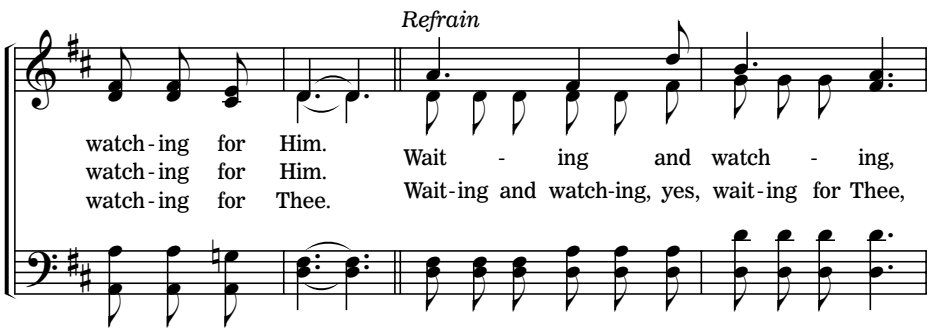
watch and be read - y, Nor suf - fer our light to grow dim,  
 think it will please Him, When those whom He died to re - deem  
 judge Thou ap - pear - est, Who forth from Thy pres - ence would flee,

THE SECOND COMING OF JESUS

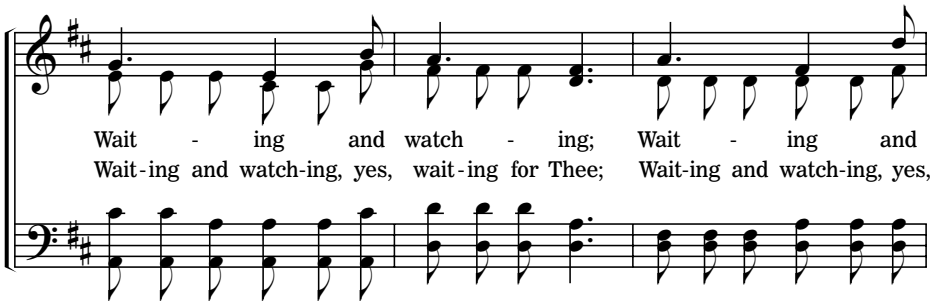


That when He shall come, He may find us All wait - ing and  
Re - joice in the hope of His com - ing By wait - ing and  
A Friend most be - lov - ed I'll greet Thee, I'm wait - ing and

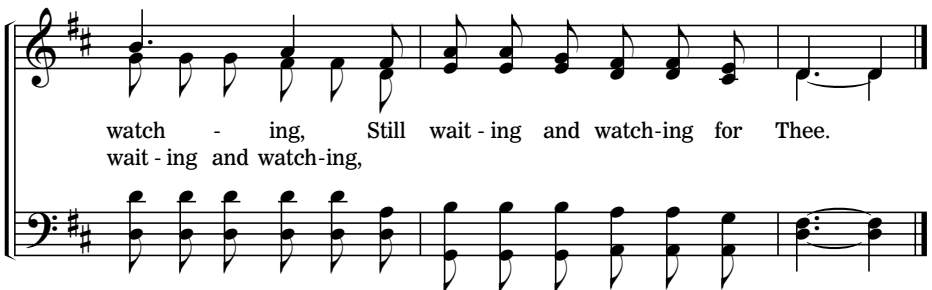
*Refrain*



watch - ing for Him. Wait - ing and watch - ing,  
watch - ing for Him. Wait - ing and watch - ing, yes, wait - ing for Thee,  
watch - ing for Thee. Wait - ing and watch - ing, yes, wait - ing for Thee,



Wait - ing and watch - ing; Wait - ing and  
Wait - ing and watch - ing, yes, wait - ing for Thee; Wait - ing and watch - ing, yes,



watch - ing, Still wait - ing and watch - ing for Thee.  
wait - ing and watch - ing,

# 575 When the Mists Have Rolled

Annie Herbert

J. H. Anderson

1. When the mists have rolled in splen-dor From the beau-ty of the hills,  
2. If we err in hu-man blind-ness, And for-get that we are dust,  
3. When the mists have ris'n a - bove us, As our Fa-ther knows His own,

And the sun-shine, warm and ten - der, Falls in kiss - es on the rills,  
If we miss the law of kind - ness When we strug - gle to be just,  
Face to face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known;

We may read love's shin-ing let - ter In the rain-bow of the spray;  
Snow-y wings of peace shall cov - er All the er - rors of to - day,  
Far be - yond the ori - ent mead - ows Floats the gold-en fringe of day;

We shall know each oth - er bet - ter When the mists have cleared a-way.  
When the wea - ry watch is o - ver, And the mists have cleared a-way.  
Heart to heart we hide the shad-ows, Till the mists have cleared a-way.

THE SECOND COMING OF JESUS

Refrain

We shall know - - as we are known, - - Nev-er -  
We shall know as we are known,

more - - to walk a-lone, - - In the dawn - ing of the  
Nev-er-more to walk a-lone, In the dawn-ing of the

morn-ing, When the mists - - have cleared a-way; In the  
morn-ing, When the mists have cleared a-way, have cleared a-way;

dawn - - - ing of the morn - ing, When the  
In the dawn-ing

mists - - - have cleared a - way. *rit.*  
When the mists (have cleared a - way).



# 576

## Watch, Ye Saints

Mrs. Phoebe Palmer

William J. Kirkpatrick

1. Watch, ye saints, with eye-lids wak-ing; Lo! the powers of heaven are shak-ing;  
 2. Lo! the prom - ise of your Sav-iour, Pardoned sin and pur-chased fa - vor;  
 3. Na-tions wane, though proud and state-ly; Christ His king-dom hasteneth great-ly;  
 4. Sin-ners, come, while Christ is plead-ing; Now for you He's in - ter - ced - ing;

Keep your lamps all trimmed and burn-ing, Read - y for your Lord's re - turn - ing.  
 Blood-washed robes and crowns of glo-ry; Haste to tell re - demp-tion's sto - ry.  
 Earth her lat-est pangs is sum-ming; Shout, ye saints, your Lord is com-ing.  
 Haste, ere grace and time di-minish-ed Shall pro-claim the mys-tery fin-ish-ed.

*Refrain*

Lo! He comes, lo! Je-sus comes; Lo! He comes, He comes all-glo-rious!

Je-sus comes to reign vic-to-rious, Lo! He comes, yes, Je-sus comes.

# Angel Voices Sweetly Singing 577

Horatius Bonar

William J. Kirkpatrick

1. An - gel voic-es sweet-ly sing-ing, Ech-oes through the blue dome ring-ing,  
 2. Soft - est voic-es, sil-ver peal-ing, Fresh-est fra-grance, spir-it heal-ing,  
 3. Not a tear-drop ev-er fall-eth, Not a plea-sure ev-er pall-eth,  
 4. Christ Him-self the liv-ing splen-dor; Christ the sun-light, mild and ten-der;

News of won-drous glad-ness bring-ing; Ah, 'tis heaven at last!  
 Hap-py hymns a-round us steal-ing; Ah, 'tis heaven at last!  
 Song to song for-ev-er call-eth; Ah, 'tis heaven at last!  
 Prais-es to the Lamb we ren-der; Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

*Refrain*

Heaven at last, heaven at last; O, the joy-ful sto-ry of heaven at last!

Heaven at last, heaven at last; End-less, bound-less glo-ry, In heaven at last.

# 578

## Beautiful Valley of Eden

W. O. Cushing

William F. Sherwin (1826-1888)

1. Beau - ti - ful val - ley of E - den, Sweet is thy noon - tide calm;  
2. O - ver the heart of the mourn - er Shin - eth the gold - en day,  
3. There is the home of my Sav - iour; There, with the blood-washed throng,

O - ver the hearts of the wea - ry, Breath - ing thy waves of balm.  
Waft - ing the songs of the an - gels Down from the far a - way.  
O - ver the high-lands of glo - ry Roll - eth the great new song.

*Refrain*

Beau - ti - ful val - ley of E - den, Home of the pure and blest, How  
the pure and blest,

of - ten a - mid the wild bil - lows I dream of thy rest, sweet rest!

# Beyond the Light of Setting Suns 579

L. W. Mansfield

George C. Stebbins



1. Be - yond the light of set - ting suns, Be - yond the cloud - ed sky,
2. Be - yond all pain, be - yond all care; Be - yond life's mys - ter - y,
3. Swift - fly - ing worlds, their nights that roll Far out on seas of light,
4. My sins and sor - rows, strifes and fears, I bid them all fare - well,



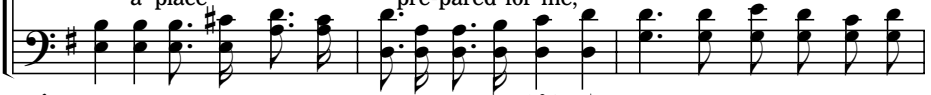
Be - yond where star - light fades in night, I have a home on high.  
 Be - yond the range of time and change, My home's re - served for me.  
 Will bring no dark - ness to my soul; My home's be - yond the night.  
 High up a - mid th'e - ter - nal years, With Christ, my Lord, to dwell.



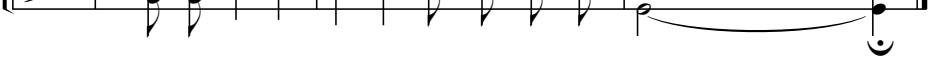
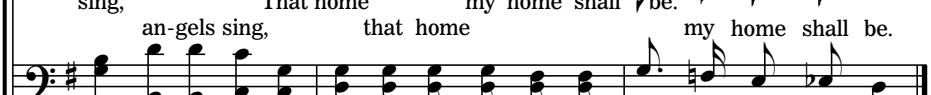
*Refrain*  
 A man - sion there not made with hands, A  
 a man - sion there, not made with hands,



place pre - pared for me; And while God lives, and an - gels  
 a place, pre - pared for me;



sing, That home my home shall be.  
 an - gels sing, that home my home shall be.



# 580

## Forever With the Lord

James Montgomery

Isaac B. Woodbury

1. "For - ev - er with the Lord!" A - men, so let it be;  
 2. My Fath - er's house on high, Home of my soul, how near  
 3. And when the morn shall come That ends earth's night of pain,  
 4. "For - ev - er with the Lord!" Fath - er, if 'tis Thy will.

Life for the dead is in that word: 'Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty.  
 At times to faith's a - spir - ing eye. Thy gold - en gates ap - pear!  
 Through grace I shall es - cape the tomb, And life e - ter - nal gain;  
 The prom - ise of that faith - ful word E'en now to me ful - fill.

Here in this bod - y pent, Ab - sent from Him I roam;  
 Ah, then my spir - it faints To reach the land I love;  
 Then know - ing "as I'm known," How shall I love that word,  
 Be Thou at my right hand, Then I can nev - er fail;

Yet night - ly pitch my mov - ing tent A day's march near - er home.  
 The bright in - her - i - tance of saints, Je - ru - sa - lem a - bove.  
 And oft re - peat be - fore the throne, "For - ev - er with the Lord!"  
 Up - hold Thou me, and I shall stand, And in Thy strength pre - vail.

*Refrain*

Near - er home, near - er home. A day's march near - er home.

The musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in a simple, homophonic style. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

# Jerusalem, My Happy Home 581

Joseph Bromehead

A. R. Reingale, 1836

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, O, how I long for thee!  
 2. Thy walls are all of pre - cious stone, Most glo - rious to be - hold;  
 3. Thy gar - den and thy pleas - ant walks My stud - y long have been;  
 4. Lord, help us by Thy might - y grace To keep in view the prize

The first system of music features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of two sharps (D major) and a common time signature (C). The melody is simple and homophonic. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

When will my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?  
 Thy gates are rich - ly set with pearl, Thy streets are paved with gold.  
 Such daz - zling views, by hu - man sight Have nev - er yet been seen.  
 Till Thou dost come to take us home To that blest Par - a - dise.

The second system of music continues with the same treble and bass staff notation as the first system, maintaining the D major key signature and common time signature.

# 582

## Far Away the Noise of Strife

C. Austin Miles

C. Austin Miles

1. Far a - way the noise of strife up - on my ear is fall - ing.  
 2. Far be - low the storm of doubt up - on the world is beat - ing,  
 3. Let the storm - y breez - es blow, their cry can - not a - larm me,  
 4. View - ing here the works of God, I sing in con - tem - pla - tion,

Then I know the sins of earth be - set on ev - 'ry hand;  
 Sons of men in bat - tle long the en - e - my with - stand;  
 I am safe - ly shel - ter'd here, pro - tect - ed by God's hand;  
 Hear - ing now His bless - ed voice, I see the way He plann'd;

Doubt and fear and things of earth in vain to me are call - ing,  
 Safe am I with - in the cas - tle of God's word re - treat - ing,  
 Here the sun is al - ways shin - ing, here there's naught can harm me,  
 Dwell - ing in the Spir - it, here I learn of full sal - va - tion,

None of these shall move me from Beu - lah Land.  
 Noth - ing there can reach me, 'tis Beu - lah Land.  
 I am safe for - ev - er in Beu - lah Land.  
 Glad - ly will I tar - ry in Beu - lah Land.

THE SAINT'S REWARD

Refrain

I'm liv - ing on the moun - tain, un - der - neath a cloud - less sky,  
Praise God!

I'm drink - ing at the foun - tain that nev - er shall run dry, O yes!

I'm feast - ing on the man - na from a boun - ti - ful sup - ply

For I am dwell - ing in Beu - lah Land.



## 583 Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken

John Newton, 1779

Franz J. Haydn, 1797

1. Glo - rious things of thee are spok - en, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;  
 2. See the streams of liv - ing wat - ers Spring-ing from e - ter - nal love,  
 3. Round each hab - i - ta - tion hover-ing, See the cloud and fire ap - pear  
 4. Sav - iour, if of Zi - on's cit - y I, through grace, a mem - ber am,

He whose word can - not be bro - ken Formed thee for His own a - bode;  
 Well sup - ply thy sons and daugh - ters, And all fear and want re - move;  
 For a glo - ry and a cover - ing, Show - ing that the Lord is near;  
 Let the world de - ride or pit - y, I will glo - ry in Thy name;

On the Rock of A - ges found - ed, What can shake Thy sure re - pose?  
 Who can faint when such a riv - er Ev'r flows their thirst to as - suage?  
 Blest in - hab - i - tants of Zi - on, Washed in the Re - deem - er's blood;  
 Fad - ing is the world - ling's plea - sure, All his boast - ed pomp and show;

With sal - va - tion's wall sur - round - ed, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.  
 Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age.  
 Je - sus, whom their souls re - ly on, Makes them kings and priests to God.  
 Sol - id joys and last - ing trea - sure None but Zi - on's chil - dren know.

## Hail to the Brightness

584

Thomas Hastings, 1832

Lowell Mason, 1833

1. Hail to the bright - ness of Zi - on's glad morn - ing!  
 2. Lo, in the des - ert rich flow - ers are spring - ing;  
 3. See, the dead ris - en from land and from o - cean;

Joy to the lands that in dark - ness have lain!  
 Streams ev - er co - pious are glid - ing a - long;  
 Praise to Je - ho - vah, as - cend - ing on high;

Hushed be the ac - cents of sor - row and mourn - ing;  
 Loud, from the moun - tain - tops ech - oes are ring - ing;  
 Fall - en the en - gines of war and com - mo - tion,

Zi - on, in tri - umph, be - gins her mild reign.  
 Wastes rise in ver - dure, and min - gle in song.  
 Shouts of sal - va - tion are rend - ing the sky.

# 585

## I Am Thinking Today

Eliza E. Hewitt

John R. Sweney, 1897

1. I am think - ing to - day of that beau - ti - ful land  
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la - bor and pray,  
3. O what joy will it be when His face I be - hold,

I shall reach when the sun go - eth down;  
Let me watch as a win - ner of souls;  
Liv - ing gems at His feet to lay down;

When through won - der - ful grace by my Sav - iour I stand,  
That bright stars may be mine in the glo - ri - ous day,  
It would sweet - en my bliss in the cit - y of gold,

Will there be an - y stars in my crown?  
When His praise like the sea bil - low rolls.  
Should there be an - y stars in my crown.

THE SAINT'S REWARD

*Refrain*

Will there be an - y stars, an - y stars in my crown,

When at eve - ning the sun go - eth down? go - eth down?

When I wake with the blest In the man - sions of rest,

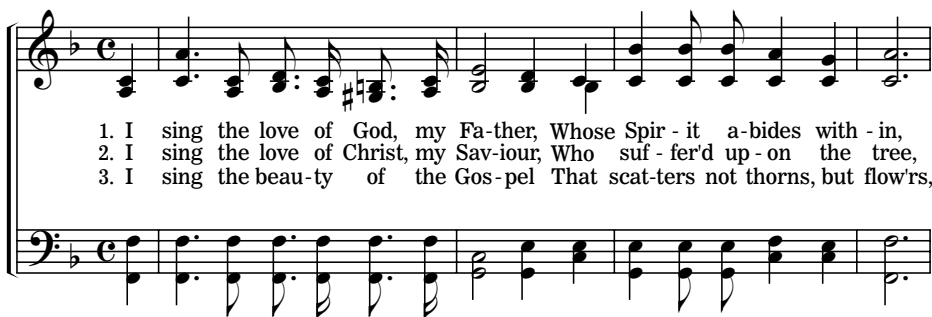
Will there be an - y stars in my crown?  
an - y stars in my crown?

## 586

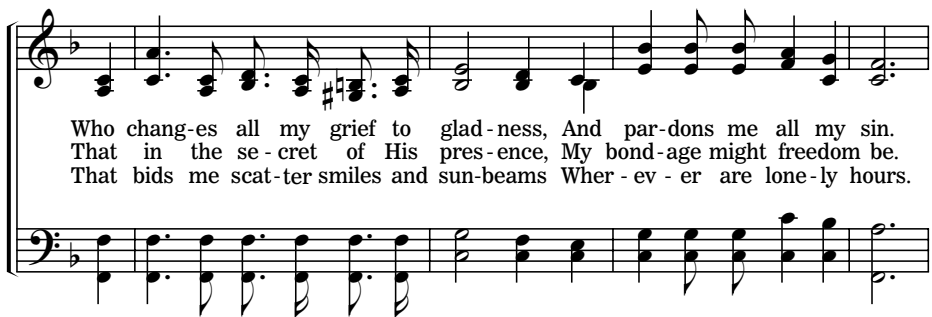
## I Sing the Love of God

J. G. Crabbe

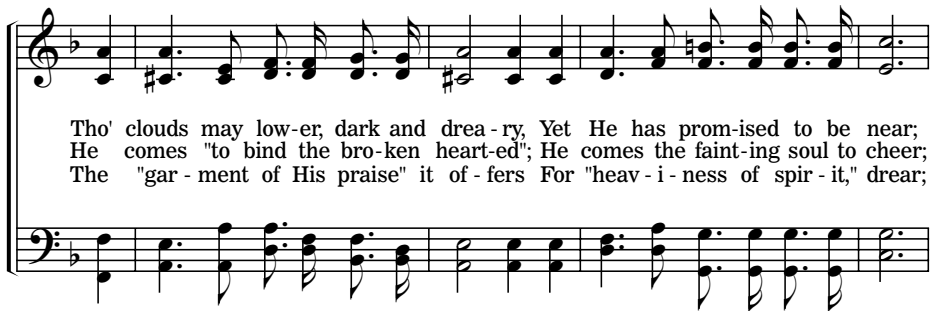
J. G. Crabbe



1. I sing the love of God, my Fa-ther, Whose Spir - it a-bides with - in,  
 2. I sing the love of Christ, my Sav-iour, Who suf - fer'd up - on the tree,  
 3. I sing the beau-ty of the Gos-pel That scat-ters not thorns, but flow'rs,



Who chang-es all my grief to glad-ness, And par-dons me all my sin.  
 That in the se-cret of His pres-ence, My bond-age might freedom be.  
 That bids me scat-ter smiles and sun-beams Wher - ev - er are lone-ly hours.



Tho' clouds may low-er, dark and drea-ry, Yet He has prom-ised to be near;  
 He comes "to bind the bro-ken heart-ed"; He comes the faint-ing soul to cheer;  
 The "gar - ment of His praise" it of - fers For "heav - i - ness of spir - it," drear;



He gives me sun-shine for my shad-ow, And "beau-ty for ash-es," here.  
 He gives me "oil of joy" for mourn-ing, And "beau-ty for ash-es," here.  
 It gives me sun-shine for my shad-ow, And "beau-ty for ash-es," here.

THE SAINT'S REWARD

Refrain

He gives me joy in place of sor - - - row;  
He gives me joy in place of care;

He gives me love that casts out fear;  
He gives me love that casts out fear;

He gives me sun - shine for my shad - ow,

And "beau - ty for ash - es," here.

# 587 I Will Sing You a Song

Ellen H. Gates

Philip Phillips

1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land, The  
 2. O, that home of the soul! in my vis - ions and dreams Its  
 3. That un - change - a - ble home is for you and for me, Where  
 4. O, how sweet it will be in that beau - ti - ful land, So

far - a - way home of the soul, Where no storms ev - er beat on the  
 bright, jas - per walls I can see, Till I fan - cy but thin - ly the  
 Je - sus of Naz - a - reth stands; The King of all king - doms for -  
 free from all sor - row and pain; With song on our lips and with

glit - ter - ing strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll, While the  
 veil in - ter - venes Be - tween the fair cit - y and me, Be -  
 ev - er, is He, And He hold - eth our crowns in His hands, And He  
 harps in our hands, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain! To

years of e - ter - ni - ty roll; Where no storms ev - er beat on the  
 tween the fair cit - y and me; Till I fan - cy but thin - ly the  
 hold - eth our crowns in His hands; The King of all king - doms for -  
 meet one an - oth - er a - gain! With song on our lips and with

glit - ter - ing strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.  
 veil in - ter - venes Be - tween the fair cit - y and me.  
 ev - er, is He, And He hold - eth our crowns in His hands.  
 harps in our hands, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain.

## Jesus Shall Reign

588

Isaac Watts

Francis Duckworth

1. Je - sus shall reign where-'er the sun Does His suc - ces - sive  
 2. To Him shall end - less prayer be made, And prais - es throng to  
 3. Peo - ple and realms of ev - ery tongue Dwell on His love with  
 4. Let ev - ery crea - ture rise, and bring Its grate - ful hon - ors

jour - neys run; His king - dom stretch from shore to  
 crown His head; His name like sweet per - fume shall  
 sweet - est song; And in - fant voic - es shall pro -  
 to our King; An - gels de - scend with songs a

shore, Till sun shall rise and set no more.  
 rise With ev - ery morn - ing sac - ri - fice.  
 claim Their young ho - san - nas to His name.  
 gain, And earth pro - long the joy - ful strain.



# 589

## In the Land of Fadeless Day

John R. Clements

H. P. Danks

1. In the land of fade-less day Lies "the cit - y four - square";  
 2. All the gates of pearl are made, In "the cit - y four - square";  
 3. And the gates shall nev - er close To "the cit - y four - square";  
 4. There they need no sun - shine bright, In "that cit - y four - square";

It shall nev - er pass a - way, And there is "no night there."  
 All the streets with gold are laid, And there is "no night there."  
 There life's crys - tal riv - er flows, And there is "no night there."  
 For the Lamb is all the light, And there is "no night there."

*Refrain*

God shall "wipe a - way all tears"; There's no death, no pain, nor fears;  
 God shall "wipe a - way all tears"; There's no death, no pain, nor fears;

And they count not time by years, For there is "no night there."  
 And they count not time by years, by years, For there is "no night there."

## Jerusalem the Golden

590

Bernard of Cluny, 12th Century

Tr. by J. M. Neale, 1851

Alexander Ewing, 1853

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest,  
 2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,  
 3. There is the throne of Da - vid, And there, from care re - leased,  
 4. O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect!

Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - pressed.  
 And bright with man - y an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng.  
 The song of them that tri - umph, The shout of them that feast;  
 O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, That ea - ger hearts ex - pect!

I know not, O I know not What ho - ly joys are there;  
 The Prince is ev - er in them, The day - light is se - rene;  
 And they who, with their Lead - er, have con - quered in the fight,  
 Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To that dear land of rest;

What ra - di - ancy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.  
 The pas - tures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious sheen.  
 For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.  
 Who art, with God the Fa - ther, And Spir - it, ev - er blest.

# 591

## Just Over the Mountains

C. P. Whitford

John R. Sweney

1. Just o - ver the moun-tains in the Prom - ised Land, Lies the ho - ly  
 2. In the rolls of the proph - ets we have long been told of that won-drous  
 3. Those who en - ter that cit - y are the faith - ful few Who keep God's com-  
 4. My broth - er, my sis - ter, will you meet us there, In that land of

cit - y built by God's own hand; As our wea - ry foot-steps gain the  
 cit - y with its streets of gold; Now with rap - tured vi - sion we can  
 mand-ments faith of Je - sus, too; There we'll lift our voic-es through the  
 sun-shine where there'll be no care? Ac - cept of God's mes-sage, and to

moun-tain's crest, We can view our home-land of e - ter - nal rest.  
 see it there, With its walls of jas - per and its man - sions fair.  
 end - less days, In sweet songs of glad-ness and in psalms of praise.  
 Him be true; Then when Je - sus com - eth He will call for you.

*Refrain*

We are near - ing home! We are near - ing home!  
 We are near-ing home, near-ing home! We are near-ing home!

THE SAINT'S REWARD

See the splen - dor gleam - ing from the domes a - far! See the

glo - ry stream - ing through the "gates a - jar"! There we soon will

en - ter, nev - er - more to roam, Hear the an - gels sing - ing!

We are near - ing home! We are near - ing home!  
We are near - ing, near - ing home!

## 592

## My Soul in Sad Exile

H. L. Gilmour

George D. Moore

1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea,  
 2. I yield - ed my - self to His ten - der em - brace,  
 3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole,  
 4. O come to the Sav - iour! He pa - tient - ly waits

So bur - dened with sin, and dis - tressed,  
 And faith tak - ing hold of His Word,  
 Has been the old sto - ry so blest,  
 To save by His pow - er di - vine;

Till I heard a sweet voice say - ing, "Make me your choice";  
 My fet - ters fell off, and I an - chored my soul:  
 Of Je - sus, who'll save who - so - ev - er will have  
 Come, an - chor your soul in the "Ha - ven of Rest,"

And I en - tered the "Ha - ven of Rest!"  
 The "Ha - ven of Rest" is my Lord.  
 A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"  
 And say, "My Be - lov - ed is mine."

THE SAINT'S REWARD

Refrain

I've an - chored my soul in the "Ha - ven of Rest,"

I sail the wide seas no more;

The tem - pest may sweep o'er the wild, storm - y deep,

In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er more.

# 593 On the Happy, Golden Shore

Henrietta E. Blair, 19th century

William J. Kirkpatrick, 1838-1921

1. On the hap - py, gold - en shore Where the faith - ful part no more,  
2. Here our fond - est hopes are vain, Dear - est links are rent in twain,  
3. Where the harps of an - gels ring And the blest for - ev - er sing,

When the storms of life are o'er, Meet me there;  
But in heav'n no throb of pain Meet me there;  
In the pal - ace of the King, Meet me there;

Where the night dis - solves a - way In - to pure and per - fect day,  
By the riv - er spar - kling bright In the cit - y of de - light,  
Where in sweet com - mun - ion blend Heart with heart and friend with friend,

I am go - ing home to stay Meet me there.  
Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.  
In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.

THE SAINT'S REWARD

Refrain 3

Meet me there, Meet me there, Meet me there,

Detailed description: This system shows the beginning of the refrain. It consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The treble staff contains the vocal melody, and the bass staff contains the piano accompaniment. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The lyrics are 'Meet me there, Meet me there, Meet me there,' with a triplet of eighth notes in the final measure of the treble staff.

Where the tree of life is bloom-ing, Meet me there; Meet me there;

Detailed description: This system continues the refrain. The treble staff has a melodic line with lyrics 'Where the tree of life is bloom-ing, Meet me there; Meet me there;'. The bass staff provides harmonic support with chords and a bass line.

When the storms of life are o'er, On the hap-py, gold-en shore,

Detailed description: This system continues the refrain. The treble staff has a melodic line with lyrics 'When the storms of life are o'er, On the hap-py, gold-en shore,'. The bass staff provides harmonic support.

Where the faith-ful part no more, Meet me there.

Detailed description: This system concludes the refrain. The treble staff has a melodic line with lyrics 'Where the faith-ful part no more, Meet me there.'. The bass staff provides harmonic support.



## 594

## Joy By and By

F. E. Belden

F. E. Belden

1. O there'll be joy when the work is done, Joy when the reap-ers gath-er home,  
 2. Sweet are the songs that we hope to sing, Grateful the thanks our hearts shall bring,  
 3. Pure are the joys that a-wait us there, Man - y the gold-en man-sions fair;

Bring - ing the sheaves at set of sun To the New Je - ru - sa - lem.  
 Prais - ing for - ev - er Christ our King To the New Je - ru - sa - lem.  
 Je - sus Him - self doth them pre - pare, To the New Je - ru - sa - lem.

*Refrain*

Joy, joy, there'll be joy by and by, Joy, joy, where the joys nev-er die;  
 Joy, joy, joy, joy by and by, Joy, joy, joy, joys nev-er die;

Joy, joy, for the day draw-eth nigh When the work-ers gath-er home.  
 Joy, joy, joy,

## The Homeland!

595

Hugh R. Haweis, 1855 (1838-1901)

George C. Stebbins, 1903 (1846-1945)

1. The home-land! O the home-land! The land of the free-born!  
 2. My Lord is in the home-land, With an-gels bright and fair;  
 3. The dwell-ers in the home-land Are beckon-ing me to come,

There's no night in the home-land, But aye the fade-less morn;  
 There's no sin in the home-land, And no temp-ta-tion there;  
 Where nei-ther death nor sor-row In-vades their ho-ly home;

I'm sigh-ing for the home-land, My heart is ach-ing here;  
 The mu-sic of the home-land Is ring-ing in my ears;  
 O dear, dear na-tive coun-try! O rest and peace a-bove!

There is no pain in the home-land To which I'm draw-ing near;  
 And when I think of the home-land My eyes are filled with tears;  
 Christ bring us all to the home-land Of Thy re-deem-ing love;

There is no pain in the home-land To which I'm draw-ing near.  
 And when I think of the home-land My eyes are filled with tears.  
 Christ bring us all to the home-land Of Thy re-deem-ing love.

# 596

# Oh, Glory to God!

Mrs. L. D. Avery-Stuttle

W. A. Ogden

1. Oh, glo - ry to God! it is com - ing a - gain, 'Tis the  
 2. 'Tis the glad an - ti - type of that day long a - go, When the  
 3. Yes, glad - der by far is that rest "by and by," When on

glad ju - bi - lee of the chil - dren of men; Then blow ye the trumpet, shout  
 hosts of the Lord might not gath - er or sow; When the min - ions of Is - rael from  
 wings like the ea - gle we mount to the sky; We shall dwell ev - er - more in that

glo - ry and sing, And join in the prais - es of Je - sus the King.  
 la - bor were free, And the land was to rest in the glad ju - bi - lee.  
 land of the blest, In that grand ju - bi - lee, in that sab - bath of rest.

*Refrain*

Shout with the voice of tri - umph, Soon shall the saints be free (be free);

Glo - ry to the Lord! hal - le - lu - jah! Has - ten the ju - bi - lee!

# Shall We Gather at the River? 597

Robert Lowry

Robert Lowry

1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er Where bright an - gel feet have trod,  
 2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray,  
 3. Ere we reach the shin - ing riv - er, Lay we ev - ery bur - den down;  
 4. Soon we'll reach the shin - ing riv - er, Soon our pil - grim - age will cease,

With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er Flow - ing by the throne of God?  
 We will walk and wor - ship ev - er, All the hap - py gold - en day.  
 Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro - vide a robe and crown.  
 Soon our hap - py hearts will quiv - er With the mel - o - dy of peace.

## Refrain

Yes, we'll gath - er at the riv - er, The beau - ti - ful, the beau - ti - ful riv - er;

Gath - er with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.

# 598 Shall We Meet Beyond the River?

Horace L. Hastings

Elihu S. Rice

1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the surg-es cease to roll?  
 2. Shall we meet in that blest har-bor, When our storm-y voyage is o'er?  
 3. Shall we meet in yon - der cit - y, Where the towers of crys-tal shine?  
 4. Shall we meet with Christ, our Saviour, When He comes to claim His own?

Where, in all the bright for - ev - er, Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul?  
 Shall we meet and cast the an-chor By the fair, ce - les - tial shore?  
 Where the walls are all of jas-per, Built by work-man-ship di - vine?  
 Shall we know His bless - ed fa - vor, And sit down up - on His throne?

*Refrain*

Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er?

Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the surg-es cease to roll?

## Sing the Wondrous Love of Jesus 599

E. E. Hewitt

J. G. Wilson

1. Sing the won-drous love of Je-sus, Sing His mer-cy and His grace;  
 2. While we walk the pil-grim path-way, Clouds will o-ver-spread the sky;  
 3. Let us then be true and faith-ful, Trust-ing, serv-ing ev-'ry day;  
 4. On-ward to the prize be-fore us! Soon His beau-ty we'll be-hold;

In the man-sions bright and bless-ed He'll pre-pare for us a place.  
 But when trav'-ling days are o-ver, Not a shad-ow, not a sigh.  
 Just one glimpse of Him in glo-ry Will the toils of life re-pay.  
 Soon the pearl-y gates will o-pen, We shall tread the streets of gold.  
 for us a place.

*Refrain*  
 When we all get to heav-en, What a  
 When we all

day of re-joic-ing that will be! When we all see  
 What a day of re-joic-ing that will be! When we all

Je-sus, We'll sing and shout the vic-to-ry.  
 and shout the vic-to-ry.

# 600 There Is a Land of Corn and Wine

Edgar Page

John R. Sweney

1. There is a land of corn and wine, And all its joys will soon be mine;  
 2. My Sav-iour then will walk with me; O sweet com-mun-ion that will be!  
 3. A sweet perfume up-on the breeze, Will come from ev-er ver-nal trees,  
 4. The zeph-yrs then will la-den be With sounds of sweet-est mel-o-dy,

There shines un-dimmed one bliss-ful day, For earth's dark night has passed away.  
 He'll gent-ly lead me by the hand, In that ce-les-tial, hap-py land.  
 And flowers that nev-er fad-ing grow, Where streams of life for-ev-er flow.  
 As an-gels, with the ran-somed throng, Join in the sweet re-demp-tion song.

*Refrain*

O Beau-lah land! sweet Beau-lah land! Up-on thy heights I long to stand,

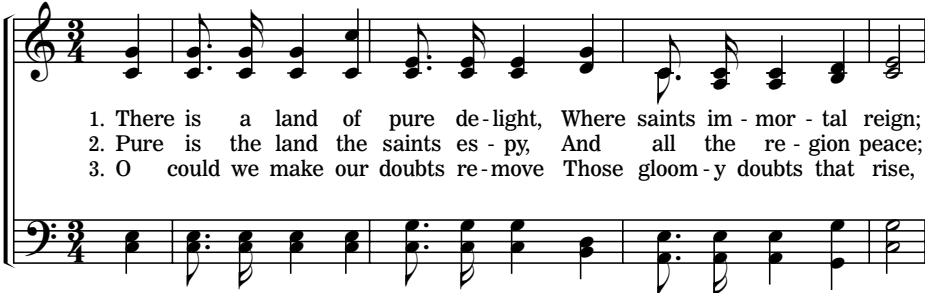
And view the ra-diant, jas-per sea, And man-sions fair, pre-pared for me,

And find on that e-ter-nal shore My heaven, my home, for-ev-er-more.

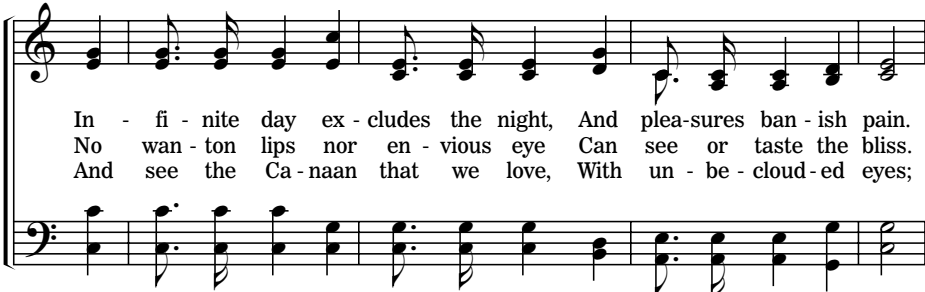
# There Is a Land of Pure Delight 601

I. Watts

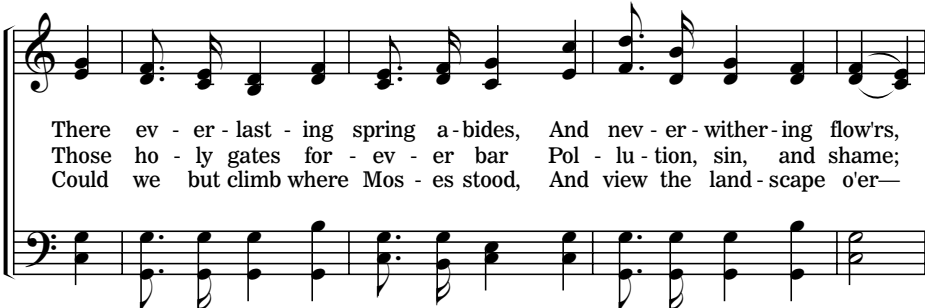
Charles H. Rinck



1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im - mor - tal reign;  
 2. Pure is the land the saints es - py, And all the re - gion peace;  
 3. O could we make our doubts re-move Those gloom - y doubts that rise,



In - fi - nite day ex - cludes the night, And plea-sures ban - ish pain.  
 No wan - ton lips nor en - vious eye Can see or taste the bliss.  
 And see the Ca - naan that we love, With un - be - cloud - ed eyes;



There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er - wither - ing flow'rs,  
 Those ho - ly gates for - ev - er bar Pol - lu - tion, sin, and shame;  
 Could we but climb where Mos - es stood, And view the land - scape o'er—



And but a lit - tle space di - vides This heaven - ly land from ours.  
 None shall ob - tain ad - mit - tance there But follow - ers of the Lamb.  
 Not all this world's pre - tend - ed good Could ev - er charm us more.



# 602 There's a Land Beyond the River

Unknown

Dion De Marbelle

1. There's a land be-yond the riv - er, That we call the sweet for - ev - er,  
2. We shall know no sin nor sor-row, In that ha - ven of to - mor-row,

And we on - ly reach that shore by faith's de - cree;  
When our barque shall sail be - yond the sil - ver sea;

One by one we'll gain the por - tals, There to dwell with the im - mor - tals,  
We shall on - ly know the bless - ing Of our Fath - er's sweet ca - ressing,

When they ring the gold - en bells for you and me.  
When they ring the gold - en bells for you and me.  
you and me.

THE SAINT'S REWARD

*Refrain*

Don't you hear the bells now ring-ing? Don't you hear the an-gels sing-ing?

'Tis the glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah Ju-bi-lee (Ju-bi-lee).

In that far-off sweet for-ev-er, Just be-yond the shin-ing riv-er,

When they ring the gold-en bells for you and me.  
you and me.

# 603

## There'll Be No Dark Valley

W. O. Cushing

Ira D. Sankey

1. There'll be no dark val - ley when Je - sus comes, There'll be  
 2. There'll be no more sor - row when Je - sus comes, There'll be  
 3. There'll be no more weep - ing when Je - sus comes, There'll be  
 4. There'll be songs of greet - ing when Je - sus comes, There'll be

no dark val - ley when Je - sus comes; There'll be no dark val - ley when  
 no more sor - row when Je - sus comes; But a glo - rious mor - row when  
 no more weep - ing when Je - sus comes; But a bless - ed reap - ing when  
 songs of greet - ing when Je - sus comes; And a joy - ful meet - ing when

*Refrain*

Je - sus comes To gath - er His loved ones home.  
 Je - sus comes To gath - er His loved ones home.  
 Je - sus comes To gath - er His loved ones home. To gath - er His loved ones  
 Je - sus comes To gath - er His loved ones home.

home, safe home, To gath - er His loved ones home; There'll be  
 safe home, safe home;

no dark val - ley when Je - sus comes To gath - er His loved ones home.

# There's a Land That Is Fairer Than Day 604

S. F. Bennet

J. P. Webster

1. There's a land that is fair-er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far;  
 2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore The mel - o - di - ous songs of the blest,  
 3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa-ther a - bove, We will of - fer a trib-ute of praise,

For the Fa-ther waits o - ver the way, To pre-pare us a dwell-ing place there.  
 And our spir-its shall sor-row no more, Not a sigh for the bless-ing of rest.  
 For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the bless-ings that hal-low our days.

*Refrain*

In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore;  
 In the sweet by and by, by and by,

In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore.  
 In the sweet by and by,

# 605 They Come From the East and West

Tr from the Swedish by E. R. Colson

J. A. Hultman

1. They come from the east and west, they come from the north and south,  
 2. Here gath - ers a count-less host Re - deemed by His grace from wrong.  
 3. Re - mem - ber the pear-ly gate Stands o - pen for you and me.  
 4. They come from the thor-ny path, They come from the storm - y sea,

In - vit - ed to join with Je - sus as guests, And dwell in their Fa-ther's house;  
 No more an - y sin, No more an - y tears, No more an - y night so long.  
 Our Sav - iour has gone a place to pre-pare For those He from sin set free.  
 They come from the hills, They come from the dales, They come now, O Lord, to Thee,

To gaze at His love - ly face, And clothed with His pu - ri - ty,  
 Old things are now passed a - way, All things are be - come as new.  
 Loved ones who have passed a - way Are rest - ing with - in the grave.  
 Ar - rayed in His mar - riage robes, Their Bride - groom so soon to see,

Join with Him in song and joy Through-out e - ter - ni - ty.  
 Joy shall reign e - ter - nal - ly, For death is end - ed, too.  
 A - wait - ing God's last trumpet call, For those He came to save.  
 He who hung up - on the cross To win their vic - to - ry.

## We Speak of the Realms

606

Elizabeth Mills

Early American Melody

1. We speak of the realms of the blest, That coun-try so bright and so fair,  
 2. We speak of its free-dom from sin, From sor-row, temp-ta-tion and care,  
 3. Our mourn-ing is all at an end, When, raised by the life-giv-ing word,  
 4. Do Thou, midst temp-ta-tion and woe, For heav-en my spir-it pre-pare;

And oft are its glo-ries con-fessed— But what must it be to be there!  
 From tri-als with-out and with-in But what must it be to be there!  
 We see the new cit-y de-scend, A-dorned as a bride for her Lord;  
 And short-ly I al-so shall know And feel what it is to be there.

We speak of its path-way of gold— Its walls decked with jew-els so rare,  
 We speak of its ser-vice of love, Of the robes which the glo-rified wear,  
 The cit-y so ho-ly and clean, No sor-row can breathe in the air;  
 Then o'er the bright fields we shall roam, In glo-ry ce-less-tial and fair

Its won-ders and plea-sures un-told But what must it be to be there!  
 Of the church of the First-born above But what must it be to be there!  
 No gloom of af-lic-tion or sin, No shad-ow of e-vil, is there.  
 With saints and with an-gels at home, And Je-sus Him-self will be there.

# 607 When the Trumpet of the Lord

J. M. Black

J. M. Black

1. When the trum - pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,  
 2. On that bright and cloud-less morn-ing, when the dead in Christ shall rise,  
 3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - ting sun,

And the morn - ing breaks, e - ter - nal, bright and fair;  
 And the glo - ry of His res - ur - rec - tion share;  
 Let us talk of all his won - drous love and care,

When the saved of earth shall gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore,  
 When His chos - en ones shall gath - er to their home be - yond the skies,  
 Then, when all of life is o - ver, and our work on earth is done,

And the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.  
 And the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.  
 And the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.

THE SAINT'S REWARD

Refrain

When the roll is called up yon - - - der,  
When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there,

When the roll is called up yon - - - der,  
When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there,

When the roll is called up yon - der,  
When the roll

When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.



# 608 When We Hear the Music Ringing

W. M.

Robert Lowry

1. When we hear the mu - sic ring - ing In the bright ce - les - tial dome,  
 2. When the ho - ly an - gels meet us, As we go to join their band,  
 3. Yes, my earth - worn soul re - joic - es, And my wea - ry heart grows light;

When sweet an - gel voic - es sing - ing, Glad - ly bid us wel - come home,  
 Shall we know the friends that greet us In the glo - rious, hap - py land?  
 For the sweet im - mor - tal voic - es And th'an - gel - ic fac - es bright

To the land of an - cient sto - ry, Where the dwell - ers know no care,  
 Shall we see the same eyes shin - ing, On us as in days of yore?  
 That shall sing with us the sto - ry Of re - demp - tion round the throne,

In that land of light and glo - ry; Shall we know each oth - er there?  
 Shall we feel the same arms twin - ing, Fond - ly round us as be - fore?  
 Are with us the heirs of glo - ry, And we'll know as we are known.

THE SAINT'S REWARD

*Refrain*

Shall we know each oth - er?  
(Last stanza) We shall know each oth - er,  
Shall we know

Shall we know each oth - er?  
We shall know each oth - er,  
Shall we know

Shall we know each oth - er?  
We shall know each oth - er,  
Shall we know

Shall we know each oth - er there?  
We shall know each oth - er there.

# 609 Will You Meet Me at the Fountain

Unknown

Unknown

1. Will you meet me at the Foun-tain When I reach the Glo - ry - land?  
 2. Will you meet me at the Foun-tain? I shall long to have you near;

Will you meet me at the Foun-tain? Shall I clasp your friend - ly hand?  
 When I meet my lov - ing Sav - iour, When His wel - come words I hear.

O - ther friends will bid me wel - come, O - ther lov - ing voic - es cheer;  
 He will meet me at the Foun-tain, His em - bra - ces I shall share;

There'll be mu - sic at the Foun-tain; Will you, will you meet me there?  
 There'll be glo - ry at the Foun-tain; Will you, will you meet me there?

THE SAINT'S REWARD

Refrain

Yes, I'll meet you at the Foun - tain,

At the Foun - tain bright and fair;

Yes, I'll meet you at the Foun - tain,

Yes, I'll meet you, meet you there.

# 610 When All My Labors and Trials Are O'er

Charles H. Gabriel, 1900

Charles H. Gabriel, 1900

1. When all my la - bors and tri - als are o'er,  
2. When by the gift of His in - fi - nite grace,  
3. Friends will be there I have loved long a - go;

And I am safe on that beau - ti - ful shore,  
I am ac - cord - ed in heav - en a place,  
Joy like a riv - er a - round me will flow,

Just to be near the dear Lord I a - dore,  
Just to be there and to look on His face,  
Yet, just a smile from my Sav - iour, I know,

Will through the a - ges be glo - ry for me.

THE SAINT'S REWARD

Refrain

O that will be glo - ry for me,  
O that will be glo - ry for

Glo - ry for me, glo - ry for me;  
me, Glo - ry for me, glo - ry for

When by His grace I shall look on His face,  
me;

That will be glo - ry, be glo - ry for me.

# 611

## We Speak of the Realms

J. M. Kieffer

Unknown

1. We speak of the realms of the blest, That coun - try so bright and so fair,  
 2. We speak of its path - ways of gold, Its walls decked with jew - els so rare,  
 3. We speak of its peace and its love, The robes which the glo - ri - fied wear,  
 4. We speak of its free - dom from sin, From sor - row, temp - ta - tion, and care,

And oft are its glo - ries con - fess'd; But what must it be to be there!  
 Its won - ders and plea - sures un - told; But what must it be to be there!  
 The songs of the blood - washed a - bove; But what must it be to be there!  
 From tri - als with - out and with - in; But what must it be to be there!

*Refrain*

To be there! to be there! Oh, what must it be to be there!  
 To be there! to be there! To be there!

To be there! to be there! Oh, what must it be to be there!  
 To be there! to be there!

## O Perfect Love

612

Dorothy Blomfield Gurney, 1883

Joseph Barnby, 1889

1. O per - fect Love, all hu - man thought tran - scend - ing,  
 2. O per - fect Life, be Thou their full as - sur - ance,  
 3. Grant them the joy which bright - ens earth - ly sor - row;

Low - ly we kneel in prayer be - fore Thy throne,  
 Of ten - der char - i - ty and stead - fast faith,  
 Grant them the peace which calms all earth - ly strife,

That theirs may be the love that has no end - ing,  
 Of pa - tient hope, and qui - et, brave en - dur - ance,  
 Add to life's day the glo - rious un - known mor - row

Whom Thou for - ev - er - more dost join in one.  
 With child - like trust that fears nor pain nor death.  
 That dawns up - on e - ter - nal love and life.



## 613 'Mid Pleasures and Palaces

John Howard Payne

Henry R. Bishop

1. 'Mid plea - sures and pal - a - ces though we may roam,  
 2. An ex - ile from home, splen - dor daz - zles in vain  
 3. To us, in de - spite of the ab - sence of years,

Be it ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place like home!  
 O give me my low - ly thatched cot - tage a - gain;  
 How sweet the re - mem - brance of home still ap - pears;

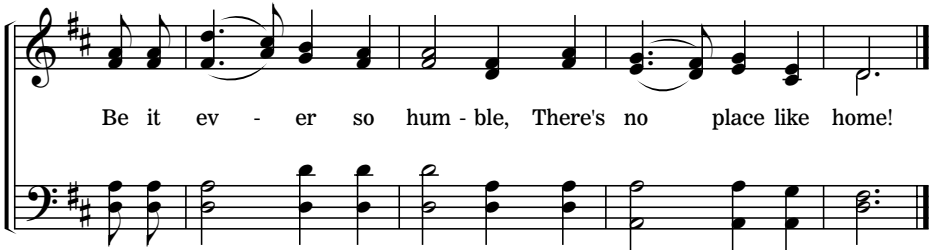
A charm from the skies seems to hal - low us there,  
 The birds sing - ing sweet - ly, that came at my call;  
 From al - lure - ments a - broad which but flat - ter the eye,

Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with else - where.  
 Give me, then, that peace of mind dear - er than all.  
 The un - sat - is - fied heart turns and says with a sigh

Refrain



Home, home, sweet, sweet home!



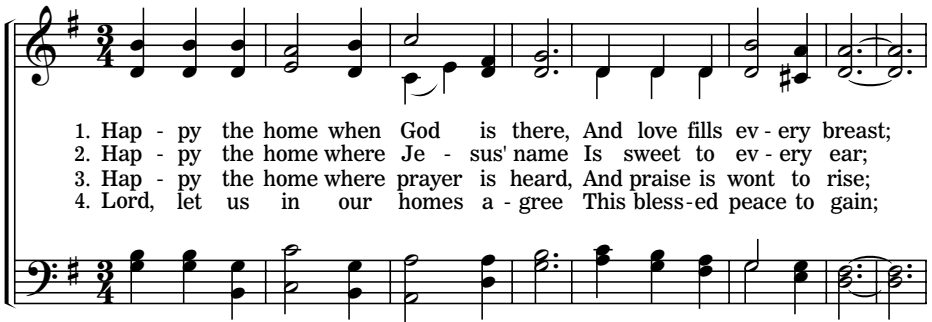
Be it ev - er so hum - ble, There's no place like home!

# Happy the Home

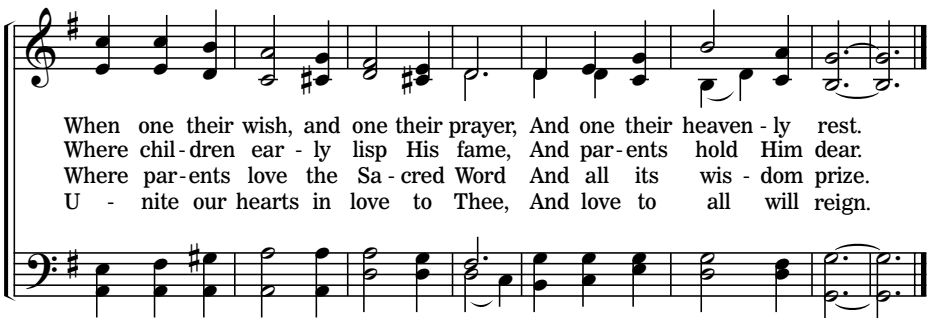
# 614

Henry Ware, the younger (1794-1843)

John B. Dykes, 1866



1. Hap - py the home when God is there, And love fills ev - ery breast;
2. Hap - py the home where Je - sus' name Is sweet to ev - ery ear;
3. Hap - py the home where prayer is heard, And praise is wont to rise;
4. Lord, let us in our homes a - gree This bless - ed peace to gain;



When one their wish, and one their prayer, And one their heaven - ly rest.  
 Where chil - dren ear - ly lisp His fame, And par - ents hold Him dear.  
 Where par - ents love the Sa - cred Word And all its wis - dom prize.  
 U - nite our hearts in love to Thee, And love to all will reign.

# 615 There Is Beauty All Around

J. H. McNaughton

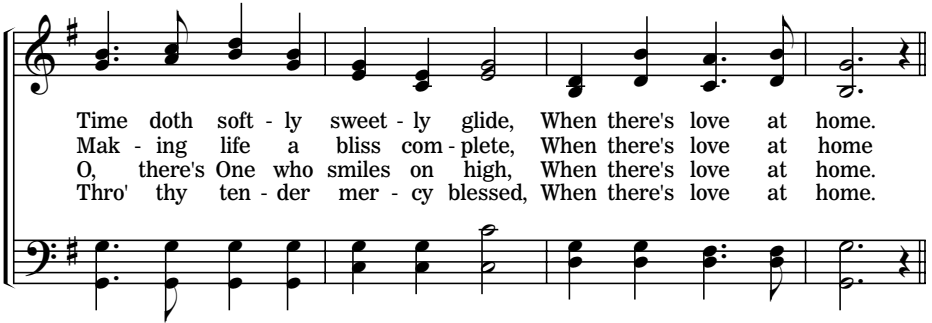
J. H. McNaughton

1. There is beau - ty all a - round, When there's love at home;  
2. In the cot - tage there is joy, When there's love at home;  
3. Kind - ly heav - en smiles a - bove, When there's love at home;  
4. Je - sus, make me whol - ly thine, Then there's love at home;

There is joy in ev - 'ry sound, When there's love at home.  
Hate and en - vy ne'er an - noy, When there's love at home.  
All the earth is fill'd with love, When there's love at home.  
May thy sac - ri - fice be mine, Then there's love at home.

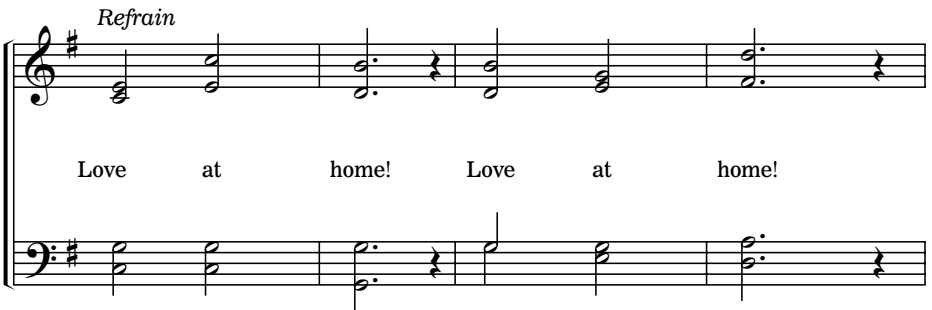
Peace and plen - ty here a - bide, Smil - ing fair on ev - 'ry side;  
Ro - ses blos - som 'neath our feet, All the earth's a gar - den sweet,  
Sweet - er sings the brook - let by, Bright - er beams the az - ure sky;  
Safe - ly from all harm I'll rest, With no sin - ful care dis - tress'd,

THE CHRISTIAN HOME



Time doth soft - ly sweet - ly glide, When there's love at home.  
Mak - ing life a bliss com - plete, When there's love at home.  
O, there's One who smiles on high, When there's love at home.  
Thro' thy ten - der mer - cy blessed, When there's love at home.

*Refrain*



Love at home! Love at home!



Time doth soft - ly sweet - ly glide, When there's love at home.

# 616 'Twas in the Days of Careless Youth

P. P. Bilhorn

P. P. Bilhorn

1. 'Twas in the days of care - less youth, when  
 2. I thought but lit - tle of it then, tho'  
 3. I wan - dered on, and heed - ed not God's

life was fair and bright, And ne'er a tear; and  
 rev' - rence touch'd my heart, To her whose love sought  
 oft re - peat - ed call To turn from sin, to

scarce a fear o'er - cast my day and night, As, in the  
 from a - bove for me the bet - ter part; But when life's  
 live for Him, and trust to Him my all; But when at

qui - et e - ven - tide, I pass'd her kneel - ing there,  
 stern - er bat - tles came with many a sub - tle snare,  
 last, con - vinced of sin, I sank in deep de - spair;

THE CHRISTIAN HOME

That just one word, my name, I heard  
Oft that one word in thought I heard  
My hope a - woke, when mem - 'ry spoke

*Refrain*

my name in moth - er's pray'r.  
my name in moth - er's pray'r. My name in moth - er's pray'r,  
my name in moth - er's pray'r.

My name in moth - er's pray'r, That just one word, my name I heard,

I heard my name in moth - er's pray'r.  
My name

# 617 All Glory, Laud, and Honor

Theodulph of Orleans (?-821)

Tr. by John M. Neale (1818-1866)

Melchior Teschner, 16th or 17th century

1. All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or To Thee, Re - deem - er, King,  
 2. The com - pa - ny of an - gels Are prais - ing Thee on high,  
 3. To Thee, be - fore Thy pas - sion, They sang their hymns of praise;

To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring.  
 And mor - tal men and all things Cre - a - ted make re - ply.  
 To Thee, now high ex - alt - ed, Our mel - o - dy we raise.

Thou art the King of Is - ra - el, Thou, Da - vid's roy - al Son,  
 The peo - ple of the He - brews With palms be - fore Thee went;  
 Thou didst ac - cept their prais - es; Ac - cept the praise we bring,


Who in the Lord's name com - est, The King and Bless - ed One.  
 Our praise and prayer and an - thems Be - fore Thee we pre - sent.  
 Who in all good de - light - est, Thou good and gra - cious King.

## Beautiful Little Hands



618

T. Corben



Bishop W. Johns





1. Beau - ti - ful the lit - tle hands That ful - fill the Lord's com - mands;  
 2. All the lit - tle hands were made Je - sus pre - cious cause to aid;  
 3. All the lit - tle lips should pray To the Sav - iour ev - 'ry day;  
 4. What your lit - tle hands can do, That the Lord in - tends for you;

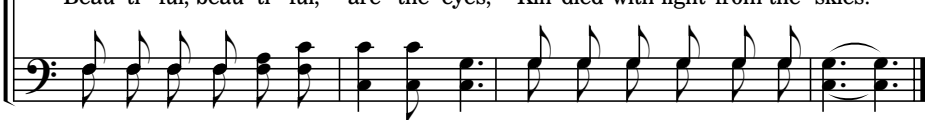
Beau - ti - ful the lit - tle eyes, Kin - dled with light from the skies.  
 All the lit - tle hearts to beat Warm in His ser - vice so sweet.  
 All the lit - tle feet should go Swift on His er - rands be - low.  
 Make that thing your first de - light, Do it for Him with your might.


*Refrain*


Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful, are the hands That ful - fill the Lord's com - mands;

Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful, are the eyes, Kin - dled with light from the skies.





# 619 All Things Bright and Beautiful

Cecil F. Alexander (1823-1895)

Adapted from an English traditional

Stanza 1 to be sung as refrain after stanzas 2-5

melody by Martin Shaw

1. All things bright and beau - ti - ful, All crea - tures great and small,

All things wise and won - der - ful, The Lord God made them all.

2. Each lit - tle flower that o - pens, Each lit - tle bird that sings;  
 3. The pur - ple - head - ed moun - tain, The riv - er run - ning by,  
 4. The cold wind in the win - ter, The pleas - ant sum - mer sun,  
 5. He gave us eyes to see them, And lips that we might tell

He made their glow - ing col - ors, He made their ti - ny wings.  
 The sun - set, and the morn - ing That bright - ens up the sky.  
 The ripe fruits in the gar - den, He made them ev - ery one.  
 How great is God Al - might - y, Who has made all things well.

# God Sees the Little Sparrow Fall 620

Maria Straub

S. W. Straub

1. God sees the lit - tle spar - row fall, It meets His ten - der view;  
 2. He paints the lil - y of the field, Per - fumes each lil - y bell;  
 3. God made the lit - tle birds and flow'rs, And all things large and small;

If God so loves the lit - tle birds, I know He loves me, too.  
 If He so loves the lit - tle flow'rs, I know He loves me well.  
 He'll not for - get His lit - tle ones, I know He loves them all.

*Refrain*

He loves me, too, He loves me, too, I know He loves me, too;

Be - cause He loves the lit - tle things, I know He loves me, too.

# 621 Children of Jerusalem Sang the Praise

John Henley (1800-1842)

Curwen's Tune Book, 1842

1. Chil - dren of Je - ru - sa - lem Sang the praise of Je - sus' name;  
 2. We are taught to love the Lord, We are taught to read His Word;  
 3. Par - ents, teach - ers, old and young, All u - nite to swell the song;

Chil - dren, too, of mod - ern days Join to sing the Sav - iour's praise.  
 We are taught the way to heaven; Praise for all to God be given.  
 High - er and yet high - er rise, Till ho - san - nas fill the skies.

*Refrain*

Hark, hark, hark! while in - fant voi - ces sing,

Hark, hark, hark! while in - fant voi - ces sing

Loud ho - san - nas, loud ho - san - nas, loud ho - san - nas to our King.

## Jesus Bids Us Shine

622

F. E. Belden

F. E. Belden

1. Je - sus bids us shine with a pure, clear light,  
 2. Je - sus bids us shine thro' the gloom a - round,  
 3. When we shine for oth - ers we shine for Him,  
 4. Je - sus is a bright light of love di - vine,

Like a lit - tle can - dle burn - ing in the night;  
 Man - y kinds of dark - ness in this world are found;  
 Well He sees and knows it if our light is dim;  
 When on Him we're look - ing, then it is we shine,

In this world of dark - ness we must shine,  
 Sin, and want, and sor - row; so we shine,  
 He looks down from heav - en, sees us shine,  
 Like the sil - ver moon, with bor - rowed light,

You in your cor - ner, I in mine.  
 You in your cor - ner, I in mine.  
 You in your cor - ner, I in mine.  
 Each in his cor - ner, do - ing right.

# 623 I Am So Glad That Our Father

P. P. Bliss

P. P. Bliss

1. I am so glad that our Fa-ther in heaven Tells of His love in the  
 2. Though I for - get Him and wan-der a - way, Still He doth love me wher-  
 3. O, if there's on - ly one song I can sing, When in His beau-ty I

Book He has given, Won - der - ful things in the Bi - ble I see;  
 ev - er I stray; Back to His dear lov - ing arms would I flee,  
 see the great King, This shall my song in e - ter - ni - ty be:

*Refrain*

This is the dear-est, that Je - sus loves me.  
 When I re - mem - ber that Je - sus loves me. I am so glad that  
 "O, what a won - der that Je - sus loves me."

Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me,

I am so glad that Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves e - ven me.

# I Think When I Read That Sweet Story 624

Jemima Luke, 1841

 Arr. by William B. Bradbury, 1859  
 Harmonized by Winfred Douglas, 1918

1. I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old,  
 2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,  
 3. Yet still to His foot - stool in prayer I may go,  
 4. I long for the joy of that glo - ri - ous time,

When Je - sus was here a - mong men,  
 That His arm had been thrown a - round me,  
 And ask for a share in His love;  
 The sweet - est and bright - est and best,

How He called lit - tle chil - dren as lambs to His fold,  
 And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,  
 And if I thus ear - nest - ly seek Him be - low,  
 When the dear lit - tle chil - dren of ev - er - y clime

I should like to have been with them then.  
 "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me."  
 I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove.  
 Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

# 625 I Wash'd My Hands This Morning

Mrs. L. M. B. Bateman

J. H. Rosecrans

1. I wash'd my hands this morn - ing, O ver - y clean and bright,  
 2. I told my ears to lis - ten Quite close - ly all day thro',  
 3. My eyes are set to watch them A - bout their work or play,

And lent them both to Je - sus, To work for Him till night.  
 For a - ny act of kind - ness, Such lit - tle hands can do.  
 To keep them out of mis - chief, For Je - sus' sake all day.

*Refrain*

Lit - tle feet, be care - ful, Where you take me to,

A - ny - thing for Je - sus, On - ly let me do.

## I Will Early Seek the Saviour

626

Mrs. L. M. B. Bateman

Fred A. Fillmore

1. I will ear - ly seek the Sav - iour, I will learn of Him each day;  
 2. I will has - ten where He bids me, I am not too young to go  
 3. He is stand - ing at the door - way Of es - cape from ev - ery sin;

I will fol - low in His foot - steps, I will walk the nar - row way.  
 In the path - way where He lead - eth, Not too young His will to know.  
 I will knock, for He has prom - ised, He will hear and let me in.

*Refrain*

For He loves me, yes, He loves me, Je - sus loves me, this I know.

Je - sus loves me, died to save me, This is why I love Him so.



## 627

## In the Temple

Flora Kirkland

Howard E. Smith

1. In the tem-ple, in the tem-ple Stood a hap-py boy one day,  
 2. It was Je-sus who was teach-ing And they lis-tened to His word,  
 3. Let us ev-er then be ea-ger To sit down at Je-sus' feet.

And the doc-tors won-dered great-ly At the words they heard Him say.  
 As He told them of His mis-sion From the great and might-y Lord.  
 To be learn-ing from our Sav-iour, And His les-sons to re-peat.

*Refrain*

It was Je-sus! It was Je-sus! Stand-ing in the tem-ple there.

And the light of heav'n was shin-ing In His face so pure and fair.

# Hushed Was the Evening Hymn 628

James D. Burns, 1857

Arthur S. Sullivan, 1874

1. Hushed was the eve - ning hymn, The tem - ple courts were dark,  
 2. O give me Sam - uel's ear, The o - pen ear, O Lord,  
 3. O give me Sam - uel's heart, A low - ly heart, that waits  
 4. O give me Sam - uel's mind, A sweet, un - mur - muring faith,

The lamp was burn - ing dim Be - fore the sa - cred ark,  
 A - live and quick to hear Each whis - per of Thy word!  
 Where in Thy house Thou art, Or watch - es at Thy gates!  
 O - be - dient and re - signed To Thee in life and death!

When sud - den - ly a voice di - vine  
 Like him to an - swer at Thy call,  
 By day and night, a heart that still  
 That I may read with child - like eyes

Rang through the si - lence of the shrine.  
 And to o - bey Thee first of all.  
 Moves at the breath - ing of Thy will.  
 Truths that are hid - den from the wise.

# 629 Jesus Calls the Children Dear

C. H. Woolston

George F. Root

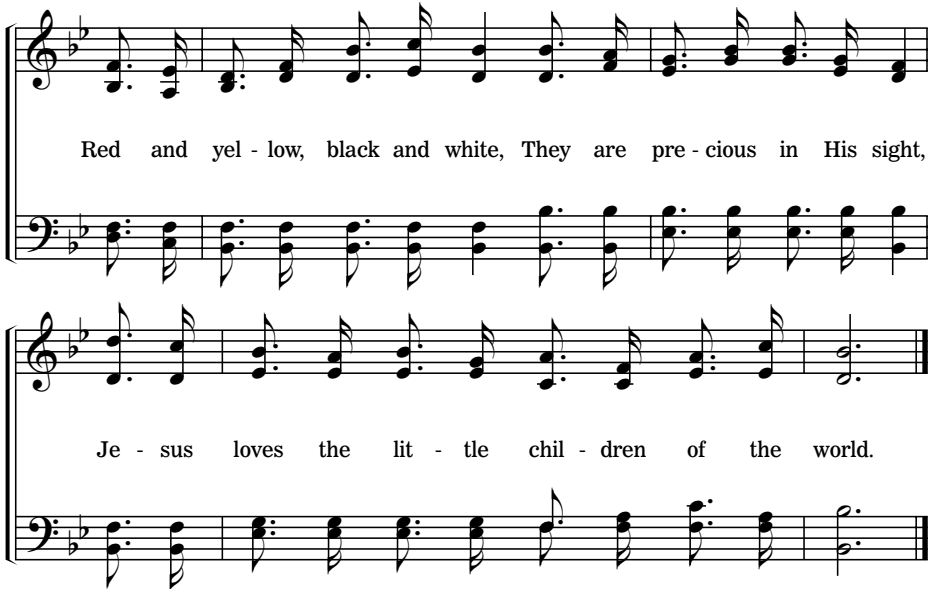
1. Je - sus calls the chil - dren dear, "Come to Me and nev - er fear,  
 2. Je - sus is the Shep - herd true, And He'll al - ways stand by you,  
 3. I am com - ing, Lord, to Thee, And Thy sol - dier I will be,

For I love the lit - tle chil - dren of the world; I will take you by the hand,  
 For He loves the lit - tle chil - dren of the world; He's a Sav - iour great and strong,  
 For He loves the lit - tle chil - dren of the world; And His cross I'll al - ways bear,

Lead you to the bet - ter land, For I love the lit - tle chil - dren of the world."  
 And He'll shield you from the wrong, For He loves the lit - tle chil - dren of the world.  
 And for Him I'll do and dare, For He loves the lit - tle chil - dren of the world.

*Refrain*

Je - sus loves the lit - tle chil - dren, All the chil - dren of the world;  
 lit - tle chil - dren, All the chil - dren of the world;



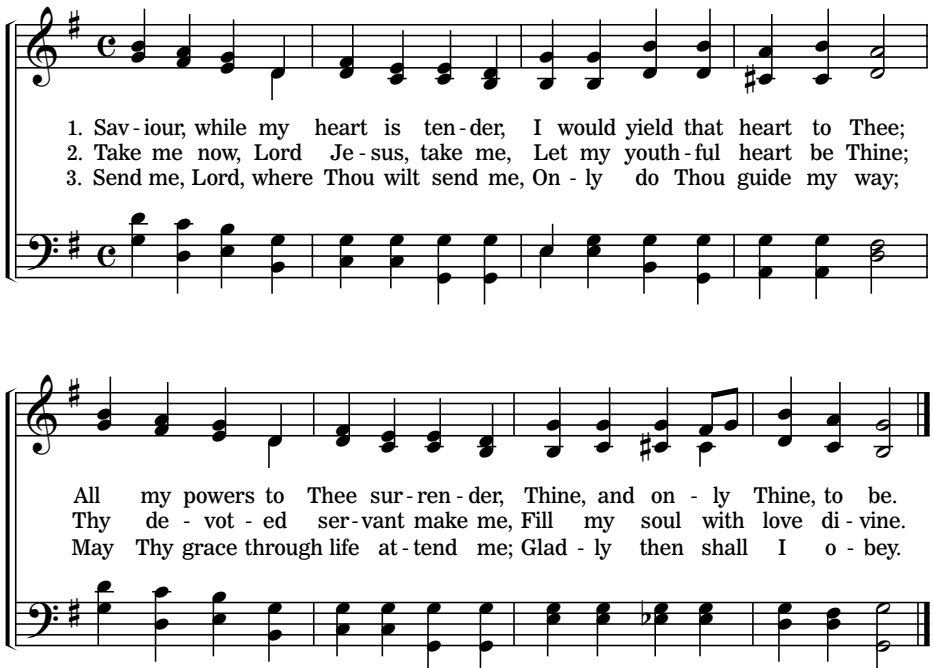
Red and yel - low, black and white, They are pre - cious in His sight,

Je - sus loves the lit - tle chil - dren of the world.

## Saviour, While My Heart Is Tender 630

John Burton

Charlotte A. Barnard, 1868



1. Sav-iour, while my heart is ten-der, I would yield that heart to Thee;  
 2. Take me now, Lord Je-sus, take me, Let my youth-ful heart be Thine;  
 3. Send me, Lord, where Thou wilt send me, On - ly do Thou guide my way;

All my powers to Thee sur-ren-der, Thine, and on - ly Thine, to be.  
 Thy de - vot - ed ser-vant make me, Fill my soul with love di - vine.  
 May Thy grace through life at-tend me; Glad - ly then shall I o - bey.

# 631 Jesus, Friend of Little Children

W. J. Mathams

J. Harker

1. Je - sus, Friend of lit - tle chil - dren, Be a Friend to me;  
 2. Teach me how to grow in good - ness, Dai - ly as I grow;  
 3. Step by step, O, lead me on - ward, Up - ward in - to youth;  
 4. Nev - er leave me, nor for - sake me, Ev - er be my Friend;

Take my hand and ev - er keep me Close to Thee.  
 Thou hast been a child, and sure - ly Thou dost know.  
 Wis - er, strong - er, still be - com - ing In Thy truth.  
 For I need Thee from Life's dawn - ing To its end.

# 632 Jesus, Tender Shepherd, Hear Me

Mary Duncan (1814-1840)

English traditional melody

1. Je - sus, ten - der Shep - herd, hear me, Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to - night;  
 2. All this day Thy hand has led me, And I thank Thee for Thy care;

Through the dark - ness be Thou near me; Watch my sleep till morn - ing light.  
 Thou hast clothed me, warmed and led me; Lis - ten to my eve - ning prayer.

## Jesus Loves Me!

633

Anna B. Warner

William B. Bradbury

1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so;  
 2. Je - sus loves me! He who died, Heav - en's gate to o - pen wide;  
 3. Je - sus loves me! loves me still, When I'm sad or weak and ill;  
 4. Je - sus loves me! He will stay, Close be - side me all the way,

Lit - tle ones to Him be - long, They are weak, but He is strong.  
 He will wash a - way my sin. Let His lit - tle child come in.  
 From His shin - ing throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie.  
 If I love Him, by and by He will take me home on high.

*Refrain*

Yes, Je - sus loves me, Yes, Je - sus loves me;

Yes, Je - sus loves me, The Bi - ble tells me so.

# 634 Jesus, I Will Follow Thee

Grace Glenn

J. H. Rosecrans

1. Je - sus, I will fol - low Thee, For I hear Thee call - ing me;  
 2. Lit - tle eyes might lose the way, Lit - tle feet might go a - stray;  
 3. Grief and want may be my foes, Fool - ish sins my way op - pose;

Lov - ing, trust - ing, glad I come, To let Thee lead me home.  
 I might weak and wea - ry be, But Thou art strong for me.  
 Full of cour - age I will be, When - e'er I fol - low Thee.

*Refrain*

I will fol - low Thee, I will fol - low Thee,

I will fol - low Thee Wher - ev - er Thou dost lead.

# Lead Them, My God, to Thee 635

Words arranged by F. E. Belden

F. E. Belden, 1886

1. Lead them, my God to Thee,      Lead them to Thee,  
 2. When earth looks bright and fair,      Fes - tive and gay,  
 3. E'en for such lit - tle ones,      Christ came a child,  
 4. Yea, though my faith be dim,      I would be - lieve

These chil - dren dear of mine,      Thou gav - est me;  
 Let no de - lu - sive snare      Lure them a - stray;  
 And in this world of sin      Lived un - de - filed.  
 That Thou this pre - cious gift      Wilt now re - ceive;

O, by Thy love di - vine,  
 But from temp - ta - tion's power,      Lead them, my God, to Thee;  
 O, for His sake, I pray,  
 O, take their young hearts now,

Lead them, my God, to Thee,      Lead them to Thee.



# 636 Little Stars That Twinkle

Grace Glenn

J. H. Fillmore

1. Lit - tle stars that twin - kle in the heav - en's blue,  
 2. Did you see the cost - ly pres - ents they had bro't?  
 3. Did you hear the moth - ers plead - ing thro' their tears  
 4. Did you watch the Sav - iour all those years of strife?

I have oft - en won - dered if you ev - er knew,  
 Did you see the sta - ble they in won - der sought?  
 For the babes that He - rod slew the com - ing years?  
 Did you know, for sin - ners, how He gave His life?

How there 'rose one like you, lead - ing wise old men  
 Did you see the wor - ship ten - der - ly they paid  
 Did you see how Jo - seph, warn'd of God in dreams,  
 Lit - tle stars that twin - kle in the heav - en's blue,

From the East, thro' Ju - dah, down to Beth - le - hem.  
 To that strang - er ba - by in the man - ger laid?  
 Hur - ried in - to E - gypt guid - ed by your beams?  
 All you saw of Je - sus how I wish I knew.

## Long Ago the Children Sang

637

F. E. Belden

F. E. Belden

1. Long a - go the chil - dren sang a song Of praise to Je - sus  
 2. As of old He loves to hear us sing Our songs of praise to  
 3. By and by we'll sing a sweet - er song With all the saved, a

as He rode a - long: "Ho - san - na! Ho - san - na!  
 Him, our heav'n - ly King: "Ho - san - na! Ho - san - na!  
 glad and glo - rious throng: "Ho - san - na! Ho - san - na!

*Refrain*

Ho - san - na in the high - est!"  
 Ho - san - na in the high - est! "Hap - py songs, hap - py songs,  
 Ho - san - na in the high - est!"

Let the chil - dren sing their hap - py, hap - py songs; Hap - py songs,

hap - py songs, Je - sus loves to hear our songs.

8

# 638 Jesus, the Loving Shepherd

W. A. Ogden

W. A. Ogden

1. Je - sus the lov - ing Shep - herd, Call - eth thee now to come  
 2. Je - sus, the lov - ing Shep - herd, Gave His dear life for thee;  
 3. Lin - ger - ing is but fol - ly; Wolves are a - broad to - day,

In - to the fold of safe - ty, Where there is rest and room;  
 Ten - der - ly now He's call - ing, Wan - der - er, come to Me:  
 Seek - ing the sheep now stray - ing, Seek - ing the lambs to slay;

Come in the strength of man-hood, Come in the morn of youth,  
 Haste, for with - out is dan - ger, Come, cries the Shep-herd blest,  
 Je - sus, the lov - ing Shep-herd, Call - eth thee now to come

En - ter the fold of safe - ty, En - ter the way of truth.  
 En - ter the fold of safe - ty, En - ter the place of rest.  
 In - to the fold of safe - ty, Where there is rest and room.

## Refrain

Lov-ing-ly, ten-der-ly call-ing is He: Wan-der-er, wan-der-er, come un-to Me;  
 Pa-tient-ly stand-ing there, wait-ing, I see Je-sus my Shep-herd di-vine.

# O Holy Lord, Content to Fill 639

William W. Howe (1823-1897)

Thomas B. Southgate, 1855

1. O ho - ly Lord, con-tent to fill In low - ly home the low-liest place;  
 2. Lead ev - ery child that bears Thy name To walk in Thine own guile-less way,  
 3. So shall we, wait - ing here be - low, Like Thee, our Lord, a lit - tle span,  
 Thy child-hood's law, a moth-er's will; O-be-dience meek, Thy bright-est grace.  
 To dread the touch of sin and shame, And hum-bly, like Thy-self, o - bey.  
 In wis - dom and in stat-ure grow, And fa - vor with both God and man.

# 640 Our Sweetest Songs of Gladness

Charles H. Gabriel

Charles H. Gabriel

1. Our sweet-est songs of glad-ness, On this de-light-ful day,  
 2. He lov'd the lit-tle chil-dren, When He was here be-low,  
 3. We love to sing His prais-es, And hear the sto-ries told,  
 4. O Sav-iour, bless-ed Sav-iour, We kneel be-fore Thy throne,

We bring to praise the Sav-iour, Who is the Life, the Way.  
 And tho' He's up in heav-en, He loves us yet we know.  
 Of Him when He was dwell-ing In Gal-i-lee of old.  
 And ask that Thou wilt help us To live for Thee a-lone.

*Refrain*

We sing, we sing, The prais-es of our King,  
 We sing, we sing Heav'n-ly King,

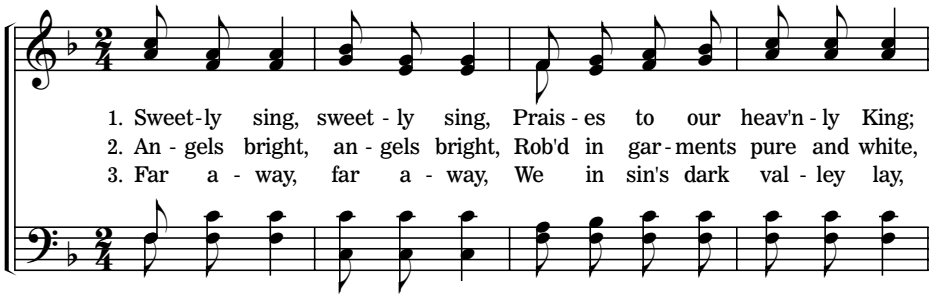
We sing, we sing, we sing The glo-ry of our King.

## Sweetly Sing

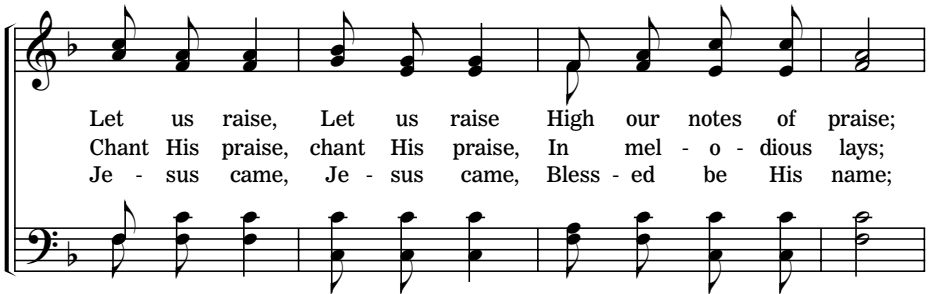
641

J. W. Sampson

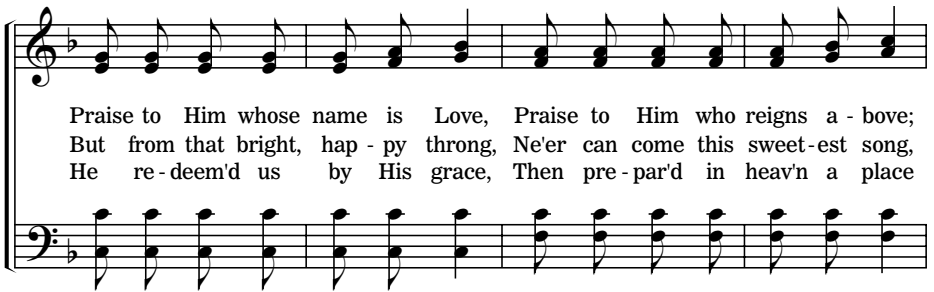
J. W. Sampson




1. Sweet-ly sing, sweet - ly sing, Prais - es to our heav'n - ly King;  
 2. An - gels bright, an - gels bright, Rob'd in gar - ments pure and white,  
 3. Far a - way, far a - way, We in sin's dark val - ley lay,



Let us raise, Let us raise High our notes of praise;  
 Chant His praise, chant His praise, In mel - o - dious lays;  
 Je - sus came, Je - sus came, Bless - ed be His name;



Praise to Him whose name is Love, Praise to Him who reigns a - bove;  
 But from that bright, hap - py throng, Ne'er can come this sweet - est song,  
 He re - deem'd us by His grace, Then pre - par'd in heav'n a place



Raise your songs, raise your songs, Now with thank - ful tongues.  
 "Pard'n - ing love, pard'n - ing love, Brought us here a - bove.  
 To re - ceive, to re - ceive, All who will be - lieve.

## 642 We Should Be Like Gardens

F. E. Belden

F. E. Belden

1. We should be like gar - dens, Bright and sweet with flowers,  
 2. Not a frown of an - ger, Not a shade of care,  
 3. Self - ish tho'ts and wish - es, Un - kind words and deeds,  
 4. Je - sus has a gar - den, Fill'd with chil - dren sweet;

Blessed with heav - en's sun - shine, Cheered by gen - tle showers;  
 Not one look of sad - ness, Do the blos - soms wear;  
 Are like cru - el bram - bles, This - tles, thorns, and weeds;  
 We would be a - mong them, Bow - ing at His feet,

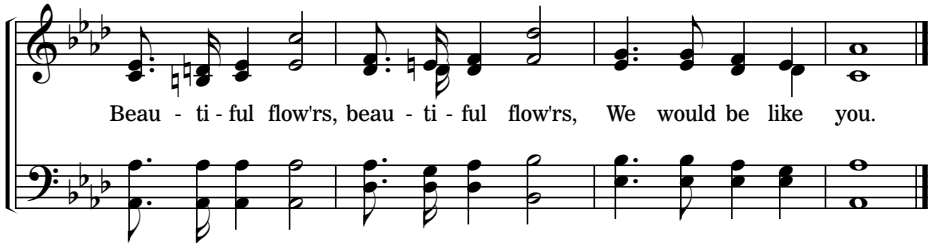
Vio - lets are the kind words, Ros - es, deeds of love,  
 They are al - ways trust - ing, This is how they grow  
 Kind tho'ts are the sweet - est, Lov - ing word the best.  
 Drink - ing in life's wa - ters, Grow - ing by His grace,

Fra - grant pinks and pan - sies, Tho'ts of God a - bove.  
 Beau - ti - ful and fra - grant, In a world of woe.  
 Yield - ing hope and com - fort, Joy, and peace, and rest.  
 Like the flow - ers look - ing Up in - to His face.

## Refrain



Beau - ti - ful flow'rs, beau - ti - ful flow'rs, Bright with morn - ing dew;



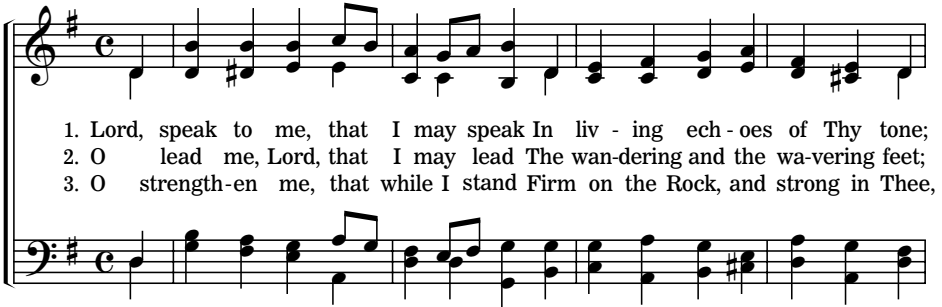
Beau - ti - ful flow'rs, beau - ti - ful flow'rs, We would be like you.

## Lord, Speak to Me

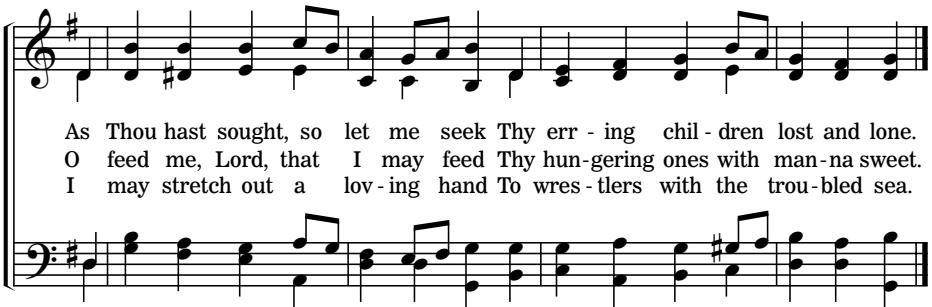
643

Frances R. Havergal, 1872

Arr. from Robert A. Schumann, 1839



1. Lord, speak to me, that I may speak In liv - ing ech - oes of Thy tone;  
 2. O lead me, Lord, that I may lead The wan - dering and the wa - vering feet;  
 3. O strength - en me, that while I stand Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,



As Thou hast sought, so let me seek Thy err - ing chil - dren lost and lone.  
 O feed me, Lord, that I may feed Thy hun - gering ones with man - na sweet.  
 I may stretch out a lov - ing hand To wres - tlers with the trou - bled sea.



## 644

## When He Cometh

W. O. Cushing

George F. Root

1. When He com-eth, when He com-eth To make up His jew - els,  
 2. He will gath - er, He will gath - er The gems for His king - dom,  
 3. Lit - tle chil - dren, lit - tle chil - dren Who love their Re - deem - er,

All His jew - els, pre - cious jew - els, His loved and His own.  
 All the pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His own.  
 Are the jew - els, pre - cious jew - els, His loved and His own.

*Refrain*

Like the stars of the morn - ing, His bright crown a - dorn - ing,

They shall shine in their beau - ty, Bright gems for His crown.

## Ho, My Comrades!

645

P. P. Bliss

P. P. Bliss

1. Ho, my com - rades! see the sig - nal Wav - ing in the sky!  
 2. See the might - y host ad - vanc - ing, Sa - tan lead - ing on;  
 3. See the glo - rious ban - ner wav - ing! Hear the trum - pet blow!  
 4. Fierce and long the bat - tle rag - es, But our help is near;

Re - in - force - ments now ap - pear - ing, Vic - to - ry is nigh.  
 Might - y men a - round us fall - ing, Cour - age al - most gone!  
 In our Lead - er's name we tri - umph O - ver ev - 'ry foe.  
 On - ward comes our great Com - mand - er, Cheer, my com - rades, cheer!

*Refrain*

"Hold the fort, for I am com - ing," Je - sus sig - nals still;

Wave the an - swer back to heav - en, "By Thy grace we will."

# 646 Give of Your Best to the Master

Howard B. Grose

Charlotte A. Barnard

1. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;  
 2. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give Him first place in your heart;  
 3. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Naught else is wor - thy His love;

Throw your soul's fresh, glow - ing ar - dor In - to the bat - tle for truth.  
 Give Him first place in your ser - vice, Con - se - crate ev - ery part.  
 He gave Him - self for your ran - som, Gave up His glo - ry a - bove:

Je - sus has set the ex - am - ple; Daunt - less was He, young and brave;  
 Give, and to you shall be giv - en; God His be - lov - ed Son gave;  
 Laid down His life with - out mur - mur, You from sin's ru - in to save;

Give Him your loy-al de-vo - tion, Give Him the best that you have.  
 Grate-ful - ly seek-ing to serve Him, Give Him the best that you have.  
 Give Him your heart's ad-o-ra - tion, Give Him the best that you have.

*Refrain*

Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;

Clad in sal - va-tion's full ar - mor, Join in the bat-tle for truth.

# 647 Onward, Christian Soldiers!

Sabine Baring-Gould, 1864

Arthur S. Sullivan, 1871

1. On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers! March - ing as to war,  
 2. Like a might - y ar - my Moves the church of God;  
 3. Crowns and thrones have per - ished, King - doms ruled and waned,  
 4. On - ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap - py throng,

With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.  
 Broth - ers, we are tread - ing Where the saints have trod;  
 But the church of Je - sus Con - stant has re - mained.  
 Blend with ours your voic - es In the tri - umph song;

Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;  
 We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,  
 Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that church pre - vail;  
 Glo - ry, praise, and hon - or Un - to Christ the King,

For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban - ners go!  
 One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.  
 We have Christ's own prom - ise, That can nev - er fail.  
 This through count-less ag - es Men and an - gels sing.

*Refrain*

On - ward, Chris-tian sol - diers! March - ing as to war,

With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

## There's a Royal Banner

Daniel W. Whittle

James McGranahan

1. There's a roy - al ban - ner giv - en for dis - play To the sol - diers  
 2. Though the foe may rage and gath - er as the flood, Let the stan - dard  
 3. O - ver land and sea, wher - ev - er man may dwell, Make the glo - rious  
 4. When the glo - ry dawns 'tis draw - ing ver - y near It is has - tening

of the King; As an en - sign fair we lift it up to - day,  
 be dis - played; And be - neath its folds, as sol - diers of the Lord,  
 tid - ings known; Of the crim - son ban - ner now the sto - ry tell,  
 day by day Then be - fore our King the foe shall dis - ap - pear,

*Refrain*

While as ran - somed ones we sing.  
 For the truth be not dis - mayed! March - ing on, march - ing  
 While the Lord shall claim His own! on, on,  
 And the cross the world shall sway!

on, For Christ count ev - ery - thing but loss! And to  
 on, on, ev - ery - thing, ev - ery - thing but loss!

crown Him King, toil and sing 'Neath the ban - ner of the cross!  
 we'll Be - neath

# We Have Heard Thy Call, Lord Jesus 649

C. Harold Lowden

C. Harold Lowden

1. We have heard Thy call, Lord Je-sus, And our hearts re-pond with joy;  
 2. Where-so - e'er Thy chal-lenge leads us, What-so - e'er shall be the test,  
 3. Ev - 'ry tal - ent Thou hast giv - en Not for hid - ing, but for use;  
 4. What - so - e'er we are or have, Lord, shall be sub - ject to Thy will;

We will pledge Thee our al - le - giance, For Thy cause our all em - ploy.  
 On - ly make it known, dear Mas - ter, And we prom - ise Thee our best.  
 All our time is of Thy lend - ing To be spent as Thou shalt choose.  
 Trust us with Thy great - est task, Lord, And with pride our hearts shall thrill.

*Refrain*

The youth of the world for the Man of Gal - i - lee! The youth of the world

from all sin and self set free! Ev - 'ry tal - ent pledg'd in ser - vice Now and

through e - ter - ni - ty, The youth of the world for the Man of Gal - i - lee!



# 650

## Sound the Battle Cry

William F. Sherwin

William F. Sherwin

*Vigorously*

1. Sound the bat - tle cry, See! the foe is nigh; Raise the stan - dard high  
 2. Strong to meet the foe, March - ing on we go, While our cause we know  
 3. O Thou God of all, Hear us when we call, Help us, one and all,

For the Lord; Gird your ar - mor on, Stand firm, ev - ery one,  
 Must pre - vail; Shield and ban - ner bright, Gleam - ing in the light,  
 By Thy grace; When the bat - tle's done, And the vic - tory won,

*Refrain*

Rest your cause up - on His ho - ly word.  
 Bat - tling for the right, We ne'er can fail. Rouse, then sol - diers!  
 May we wear the crown Be - fore Thy face.

ral - ly round the ban - ner! Read - y, stead - y, pass the word a - long; On - ward, for - ward,  
 shout a - loud Ho - san - na! Christ is Cap - tain of the might - y throng.

## As the Hart, About to Falter

651

Unknown

Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy

1. As the hart, a - bout to fal - ter, In its trem - bling ag - o - ny,  
 2. Bit - ter tears of lam - en - ta - tion Are my food by night and day;  
 3. O my soul, why art Thou griev - ing, Why dis - qui - et - ed in me?

Pant - eth for the brooks of wa - ter, So my soul doth pant for Thee.  
 In my deep hu - mil - i - a - tion Where is now my God? they say.  
 Hope in God, thy faith re - triev - ing; Let Him still Thy ref - uge be.

Yea, a - thirst for Thee I cry; God of Life, O when shall I  
 Yea, my soul doth melt in me, When I bring to mem - o - ry,  
 I shall yet ex - tol His grace For the com - fort of His face;

Come a - gain to stand be - fore Thee In Thy tem - ple and a - dore Thee?  
 How of yore I did as - sem - ble With the joy - ful in Thy tem - ple.  
 He has ev - er turned my sor - row In - to glad - ness on the mor - row.

# 652

## Great King of Glory

Benjamin Francis (1734-1799)

John Darwall, 1770

1. Great King of glo - ry, come, And with Thy fa - vor crown  
 2. Here may Thine ears at - tend, Our in - ter - ced - ing cries,  
 3. Here may our un - born sons And daugh - ters sound Thy praise,  
 4. Here may the lis - tening throng Re - ceive Thy truth in love;

This tem - ple as Thy home, This peo - ple as Thine own;  
 And grate - ful praise as - cend, Like in - cense, to the skies;  
 And shine, like pol - ished stones, Through long - suc - ceed - ing days;  
 Here Chris - tians join the song Of ser - a - phim a - bove,

Be - neath this roof, O deign to show  
 Here may Thy word mel - o - dious sound,  
 Here, Lord, dis - play Thy sav - ing power,  
 Till all, who hum - bly seek Thy face,

How God can dwell with men be - low.  
 And spread ce - les - tial joys a - round.  
 While tem - ples stand and men a - dore.  
 Re - joice in Thy a - bound - ing grace.

## God of the Universe

653

Unknown

John Chetahm's "Book of Psalmody," 1718

1. God of the u - ni - verse, to Thee These sa - cred walls we rear;  
 2. Here let Thy love, Thy pres - ence, dwell; Thy glo - ry here make known;  
 3. When sad with care, by sin op - pressed, Here may the bur - dened soul  
 4. And when the last long Sab - bath morn Up - on the just shall rise,

And now, with songs and bend - ed knee, In - voke Thy pres - ence here.  
 Thy peo - ple's home, O come and fill, And seal it as Thine own.  
 Be - neath Thy shel - tering wing find rest; Here make the wound - ed whole.  
 May all who own Thee here, be borne To man - sions in the skies.

## How Pleasant, How Divinely Fair

654

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

I. B. Woodbury (1819-1858)

1. How pleas - ant, how di - vine - ly fair, O Lord of hosts, Thy dwell - ings are!  
 2. Blest are the souls that find a place With - in the tem - ple of Thy grace;  
 3. Blest are the men whose hearts are set To find the way to Zi - on's gate:  
 4. Cheer - ful thy walk, with grow - ing strength, Till all shall meet in heaven at length,

With long de - sire my spir - it faints To meet th'as - sem - blies of Thy saints.  
 There they be - hold Thy gen - tle rays, And seek Thy face, and learn Thy praise.  
 God is their strength; and through the road They lean up - on their help - er, God.  
 Till all be - fore Thy face ap - pear, And join in no - bler wor - ship there.

# 655 Out From the Campfire's Red Glowing

Arthur W. French

Frank M. Davis



1. Out from the camp-fire's red glow - ing, Cheer-ful-ly shed-ding its light,
2. Yon - der Rum's camp lights are burn-ing; Hark to the rev - el - ry there!
3. Our aim is vig - i - lance ev - er, We can al - low no de - feat;



On to the pick-ets we're go - ing, For the long watch-es of night;  
Wait - ing the con - flict re - turn - ing, Scouts are a - broad ev-ery-where;  
True-heart-ed sol - diers will nev - er Join in the cow - ard's re - treat;



Let us be care - ful that slum - ber Press not our eye - lids too hard—  
We must be watch-ful and read - y, See ev - ery en - trance is barred,  
War - y and watch-ful be keep - ing, Though the task be e'er so hard,



TEMPERANCE

Sure - ly not one of our num - ber Must be found sleep-ing on guard.  
Keep - ing our heads cool and stead - y All is lost, sleep-ing on guard.  
Know - ing what dan-gers come creep - ing When we are sleep-ing on guard.

*Refrain*

Yes, sleep-ing on guard, Sleep-ing on guard, No!  
Sleep - ing on guard,

sure - ly not one of our num - ber Must be found sleep-ing on guard.

# 656

## Raise the Standard High

F. E. Belden

D. S. Hakes

1. Raise the stan - dard high, Sound the gather - ing cry,  
 2. O - ver sea and land, With an i - ron hand,  
 3. Let the right pre - vail, Let the e - vil fail

Let the e - vil king - dom fall; With a pur - pose true,  
 Has the mon - arch held his sway; But his rule shall cease,  
 In the con - flict fierce and long, 'Till the land is free,

And a will to do, Sons of free - dom, come ye all.  
 And the reign of peace Ush - er in the gold - en day.  
 And the vic - to - ry Crowns the temper - ance ar - my strong.

*Refrain*

Raise the temper - ance stan - dard high, Shout the might - y bat - tle cry;  
 stan - dard high, bat - tle cry;

Let the e - vil king - dom fall, Sons of free - dom, come ye all.

## Standing by a Purpose True

657

P. P. Bliss

P. P. Bliss

1. Stand - ing by a pur - pose true, Heed - ing God's com - mand,  
 2. Man - y might - y men are lost, Dar - ing not to stand,  
 3. Man - y gi - ants great and tall, Stalk - ing through the land,  
 4. Hold the tem - perance ban - ner high! On to vic - tory grand!

Hon - or them, the faith - ful few, All hail to Dan - iel's band!  
 Who for God had been a host By join - ing Dan - iel's band!  
 Head - long to the earth would fall If met by Dan - iel's band!  
 Sa - tan and his host de - fy, And shout for Dan - iel's band!

*Refrain*

Dare to be a Dan - iel, Dare to stand a - lone!

Dare to have a pur - pose firm! Dare to make it known!



# 658 Yield Not to Temptation

Horatio R. Palmer

Horatio R. Palmer, 1868



1. Yield not to temp - ta - tion, For yield - ing is sin, Each vic - tory will  
 2. Shun e - vil com - pan - ions, Bad lan - guage dis - dain, God's name hold in  
 3. To him that o'er - com - eth God giv - eth a crown, Through faith we shall



help you some oth - er to win; Fight man - ful - ly on - ward,  
 rev - erence, Nor take it in vain; Be thought - ful and ear - nest,  
 con - quer, Though oft - en cast down; He who is our Sav - iour



Dark pas - sions sub - due, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.  
 Kind - heart - ed and true, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.  
 Our strength will re - new, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.



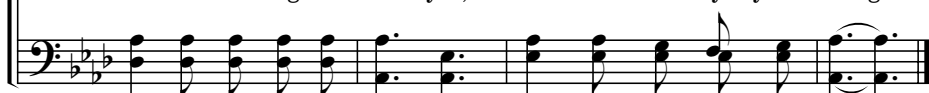
*Refrain*



Ask the Sav - iour to help you, Com - fort, strength - en, and keep you;



He is will - ing to aid you, He will car - ry you through.



# Awake, My Soul, to Joyful Lays 659

Samuel Medley, 1782

Joshua Leavitt's "Christian Lyre," 1830

1. A - wake, my soul, to joy - ful lays, And sing thy great  
 2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me, not -  
 3. When trou - ble, like a gloom - y cloud, Has gath - ered thick  
 4. And when earth's right - ful King shall come To take His ran -

Re - deem - er's praise; He just - ly claims a song from me;  
 with - stand - ing all; He saved me from my lost es - tate,  
 and thun - dered loud, He near my soul has al - ways stood:  
 somed peo - ple home, I'll sing up - on that bliss - ful shore

*Refrain*

His lov - ing - kind - ness, O, how free! Lov - ing - kind - ness,  
 His lov - ing - kind - ness, O, how great! Lov - ing - kind - ness,  
 His lov - ing - kind - ness, O, how good! Lov - ing - kind - ness,  
 His lov - ing - kind - ness, ev - er - more. Lov - ing - kind - ness,

lov - ing - kind - ness, His lov - ing - kind - ness, O, how free!  
 lov - ing - kind - ness, His lov - ing - kind - ness, O, how great!  
 lov - ing - kind - ness, His lov - ing - kind - ness, O, how good!  
 lov - ing - kind - ness, His lov - ing - kind - ness, ev - er - more.

# 660 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name

Edward Perronet, 1779

James Ellor

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall,  
 2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran - sored from the fall,  
 3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,  
 4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall,

Let an - gels pros - trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,  
 Ye ran - sored from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,  
 On this ter - res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - scribe,  
 We at His feet may fall; We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song,

And crown Him! Crown Him,  
 And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him! And crown Him  
 And crown Him, Crown Him,  
 And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown

crown Him, crown Him;  
 Lord of all, crown Him; And crown Him Lord of all!  
 crown Him;  
 Him; And crown Him Lord of all!

## Behold, Behold the Lamb of God 661

*(For male voices)*

H. S. F.

J. S. Washburn and F. E. Belden

1. Be - hold, be - hold the Lamb of God, On the cross, on the cross;  
 2. Be - hold His arms ex - tend - ed wide, On the cross, on the cross;  
 3. And now the might - y deed is done, On the cross, on the cross;  
 4. Where - e'er I go, I'll tell the sto - ry Of the cross, of the cross;

For you He shed His pre - cious blood, On the cross, on the cross;  
 Be - hold His bleed - ing hands and side, On the cross, on the cross;  
 The bat - tle fought, the vic - t'ry won, On the cross, on the cross;  
 In noth - ing else my soul shall glo - ry, Save the cross, save the cross;

O hear His ag - o - niz - ing cry, "E - loi, la - ma, sa - bach - tha - ni,"  
 The sun with - holds his rays of light, The heav'n's are clothed in shades of night,  
 "Tis fin - ished," now the Sav - iour cries; To heav'n He turns His lan - guid eyes;  
 And this my con - stant theme shall be, Thro' time and in e - ter - ni - ty,

Draw near, and see your Sav - iour die, On the cross, on the cross.  
 While Je - sus doth for sin - ners fight, On the cross, on the cross.  
 Then bows His sa - cred head, and dies, On the cross, on the cross.  
 That Je - sus shed His blood for me, On the cross, on the cross.

# 662 Angry Words! Oh, Let Them Never

H. R. Palmer

H. R. Palmer

1. An - gry words! oh, let them nev - er  
 2. Love is much too pure and ho - ly,  
 3. An - gry words are light - ly spok - en;

From the tongue un - brid - led slip;  
 Friend - ship is too sa - cred far,  
 Bit - trest tho'ts are rash - ly stirred—

May the heart's best im - pulse ev - er  
 For a mo - ment's reck - less fol - ly  
 Bright - est links of life are brok - en,

Check them e'er they soil the lip.  
 Thus to des - o - late and mar.  
 By a sin - gle an - gry word.

CHOIR AND MISCELLANEOUS

Refrain

3

"Love one an - oth - er," thus saith the Sav - iour,  
 "Love each oth - er, love each oth -

3

Chil - dren, o - bey the Fath - er's blest com - mand:  
 er;" 'Tis the Fath - er's blest com - mand;

3

"Love one an - oth - er," Thus saith the Sav - iour,  
 "Love each oth - er, love each oth -

3

Chil - dren o - bey His blest com - mand.  
 er;" 'Tis His blest com - mand.

# 663

## Each Cooing Dove

(For male voices)

Robert Morris

H. R. Palmer

1. Each coo-ing dove (each coo-ing dove) and sigh-ing bough (and sigh-ing bough),  
2. Each flow-ry glen (each flow'-ry glen) and moss-y dell (and moss - y dell),  
3. And when I read (and when I read) the thrill-ing lore (the thrill-ing lore),

That makes the eye (that makes the eye) so blest to me (so blest to me)  
Where hap - py birds (where hap - py birds) in song a - gree (in song a - gree),  
Of Him who walk'd (of Him who walk'd) up - on the sea (up - on the sea),

Has some-thing far (has some-thing far) di - vin - er now (so blest to me),  
Thro' sun - ny morn (thro' sun - ny morn) the prais-es tell (the prais-es tell),  
I long, oh, how (I long, oh, how) I long once more (I long once more),

CHOIR AND MISCELLANEOUS

It bears me back (di - vin - er now), to Gal - i - lee (to Gal - i - lee).  
 Of sights and sounds (of sights and sounds) in Gal - i - lee (in Gal - i - lee).  
 To fol - low Him (to fol - low Him) in Gal - i - lee (in Gal - i - lee).

*Refrain*

O Gal - i - lee, sweet Gal - i - lee, Where Je - sus loved so much to be,

O Gal - i - lee, blue Gal - i - lee, Come sing thy song a - gain to me.  
 sing thy song a - gain to me.



# 664

## Lift Up the Trumpet

J. E. Strout

G. E. Lee

1. Lift up the trumpet, and loud let it ring: Je-sus is com-ing a - gain!  
2. Ech - o it, hill-tops; pro-claim it, ye plains: Je-sus is com-ing a - gain!  
3. Sound it, old o-cean, in each might-y wave: Je-sus is com-ing a - gain!  
4. Na - tions are an - gry, by this we do know: Je-sus is com-ing a - gain!

Cheer up, ye pil-grims, be joy - ful and sing; Je-sus is com-ing a - gain!  
Com - ing in glo - ry, the Lamb that was slain; Je-sus is com-ing a - gain!  
Break on the sands of the shores that ye lave; Je-sus is com-ing a - gain!  
Knowl-edge in - creas-es; men run to and fro; Je-sus is com-ing a - gain!

### *Refrain*

Com - ing a - gain, com - ing a - gain, Je - sus is com - ing a - gain!

## Father, I Yield to Thee My Life

665

D. A. R. Aufranc

Old Melody

1. Fa-ther, I yield to Thee my life, Thine on - ly shall it be;  
 2. Fa-ther, I yield to Thee my love, Its flick'r - ing flame is Thine.  
 3. Fa-ther, I yield to Thee my will, I would sub - mis - sive be;

From sor - did plea - sures, sin and strife, I turn, O Lord, to Thee.  
 Clothe with the lus - ter of Thy love Each wan - ing beam of mine.  
 Con - tent to lean up - on Thy breast And hear Thee speak to me.

Un - fet - ter'd from all earth - ly ties, From cru - el change and scorn,  
 From foes and friends which ev - er fail, O'er storm-swept seas I find  
 Grant me a heart in tune with Thine To see as Thou do'st see,

I haste to Thee, where sha - dows flee Be - fore the cloud - less morn.  
 With - in the hav - en of Thine arms A love most won - drous kind.  
 That each de - sire, each word and thought May breathe, dear Lord, of Thee.

# 666 Jesus Is Coming to Earth Again

Leila N. Morris (1862–1929)

Leila N. Morris (1862–1929)



1. Je - sus is com - ing to earth a - gain, What if it were to - day?  
 2. Sa - tan's do - min - ion will soon be o'er, Oh, that it were to - day!  
 3. Faith - ful and true would He find us here, If He should come to - day?



Com - ing in pow - er and love to reign, What if it were to - day?  
 Sor - row and sigh - ing shall be no more, Oh, that it were to - day!  
 Watch - ing in glad - ness and not in fear, If He should come to - day?



Com - ing to claim His cho - sen bride, All the re - deemed and pu - ri - fied,  
 Then shall the dead in Christ a - rise, Caught up to meet Him in the skies,  
 Signs of His com - ing mul - ti - ply, Morn - ing light breaks in east - ern sky,



O - ver this whole earth scat - tered wide, What if it were to - day?  
 When shall these glo - ries meet our eyes? What if it were to - day?  
 Watch, for that time is draw - ing nigh, What if it were to - day?



CHOIR AND MISCELLANEOUS

Refrain

Glo - ry, glo - ry! Joy to my heart 'twill bring;  
Joy to my heart 'twill bring;

Glo - ry, glo - ry! When we shall crown Him King;  
When we shall crown Him King;

Glo - ry, glo - ry! Haste to pre - pare the way;  
Haste to pre - pare the way;

Glo - ry, glo - ry! Je - sus will come some day.

*rit.*

## 667

## I've Found a Friend

J. G. Small

George C. Stebbins

1. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!  
 2. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!  
 3. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!  
 4. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!

He loved me ere I knew Him;  
 He bled, He died to save me;  
 All power to Him is given;  
 So kind, and true, and tender,

He drew me with the cords of love,  
 And not a lone gift of life,  
 To guard me on my upward course,  
 So wise a coun - se - lor and guide,

And thus He bound me to Him.  
 But His own self He gave me.  
 And bring me safe to heav - en.  
 So might - y a de - fend - er.

CHOIR AND MISCELLANEOUS

And 'round my heart still close - ly twine  
 Nought that I have my own I call,  
 Th'e - ter - nal glo - ries gleam a - far,  
 From Him, who lov - eth me so well,

Those ties which nought can sev - er,  
 I hold it for the Giv - er;  
 To nerve my faint en - deav - or;  
 What power my soul can sev - er?

For I am His, and He is mine,  
 My heart, my strength, my life, my all,  
 So now to watch, to work, to war,  
 Shall life or death, or earth or hell?

For - ev - er and for - ev - er.  
 Are His, and His for - ev - er.  
 And then to rest for - ev - er.  
 No; I am His for - ev - er.

# 668 Jesus Is Standing in Pilate's Hall

Unknown

M. L. Stocks

1. Je - sus is stand - ing in Pi - late's hall Friend - less, for - sak - en, be - trayed by all:  
 2. Will you e - vade Him as Pi - late tried? Or will you choose Him, what'e'er betide?  
 3. "Je - sus, I give Thee my heart to - day! Je - sus, I'll fol - low Thee all the way,

Heark - en! what mean - eth the sud - den call! What will you do with Je - sus?  
 Vain - ly you strug - gle from Him to hide: What will you do with Je - sus?  
 "Glad - ly o - bey - ing Thee!" will you say: "This will I do with Je - sus!"

*Refrain*

What will you do with Je - sus? Neu - tral you can - not be;

Some day your heart will be ask - ing, "What will He do with me?"

## Knocking, Knocking

669

H. B. Stowe

F. E. Belden

1. Knock - ing, knock - ing, who is there? Wait - ing, wait - ing,  
 2. Knock - ing, knock - ing, still He's there, Wait - ing, wait - ing,  
 3. Knock - ing, knock - ing, what! still there? Wait - ing, wait - ing,

O how fair! 'Tis a Pil - grim, strange and king - ly,  
 won - drous fair; But the door is hard to o - pen,  
 grand and fair; Yes, the wound - ed hand still knock - eth,

Nev - er such was seen be - fore; Ah! my soul, for such a won - der  
 For the weeds and i - vy vine With their dark and cling - ing ten - drils  
 And be - neath the thorn - wreath'd hair Beam the pa - tient eyes, so ten - der,

Wilt thou not un - do the door? Wilt thou not un - do the door?  
 Ev - er round the hin - ges twine, Ev - er round the hin - ges twine.  
 Of thy Sav - iour wait - ing there; Wilt thou keep Him wait - ing there?



# 670 Look for the Waymarks

F. E. Belden

F. E. Belden, 1886

1. Look for the way - marks as you jour - ney on,  
 2. First, the As - syr - ian king - dom ruled the world,  
 3. Down in the feet of i - ron and of clay,

Look for the way - marks, pass - ing one by one;  
 Then Me - do - Per - sia's ban - ners were un - furled;  
 Weak and di - vid - ed, soon to pass a - way;

Down through the a - ges, past the king - doms four  
 And aft - er Greece held u - ni - ver - sal sway,  
 What will the next great, glo - rious dra - ma be?

Where are we stand - ing? Look the way - marks o'er.  
 Rome seized the scep - ter Where are we to - day?  
 Christ and His com - ing, And e - ter - ni - ty.

CHOIR AND MISCELLANEOUS

*Refrain*

Look for the way - marks, the great pro - phet - ic way - marks,

Down through the a - ges, past the king - doms four.

Look for the way - marks, the great pro - phet - ic way - marks;

The jour - ney's al - most o'er.

# 671 Look for the Beautiful

F. E. Belden

F. E. Belden

1. Look for the beau - ti - ful, look for the true; Sun - shine and  
 2. Think of the beau - ti - ful, think of the true; Thoughts like an  
 3. Talk of the beau - ti - ful, talk of the true; Tongues full of  
 4. Live for the beau - ti - ful, live for the true, Lift - ing the

shad - ow are all a - round you; Look - ing at e - vil we  
 av - a - lanche sweep o - ver you; Keep not the mul - ti - tude,  
 poi - son are whisp'r - ing to you; An - swer them not with a  
 fall - en as Christ lift - ed you; Search for the jew - els im -

grope in the night, Look - ing at Je - sus we walk in the light,  
 sort them with care, Test - ing by pu - ri - ty, purg - ing by pray'r;  
 tale - bear - ing word, On - ly in bless - ing the voice should be heard;  
 bed - ed in sin, Bring them to Je - sus, His blood wash - es clean;

Look for the beau - ti - ful, hon - or the right.  
 Think of the beau - ti - ful, think of the fair.  
 Talk of the beau - ti - ful, talk of thy Lord.  
 Live for the beau - ti - ful, keep love with - in.

## Jesus Will Come!

672

D. W. Whittle

J. McGranahan

1. Je - sus will come! O sing the glad word! Com - ing for those He re -  
 2. Je - sus will come! The dead shall a - rise, Loved ones shall meet in a  
 3. Je - sus will come! His saints to re - lease; Com - ing to give to the  
 4. Je - sus will come! The prom - ise is true; Who are the chos - en, the

deemed by His blood, Com - ing to reign as the glo - ri - fied Lord!  
 joy - ful sur - prise, Caught up to - geth - er to Him in the skies  
 war - ring earth peace: Sin - ning and sigh - ing, and sor - row shall cease.  
 faith - ful, the few, Wait - ing and watch - ing, pre - pared for re - view?

*Refrain*

Je - sus is com - ing a - gain! Je - sus is com - ing, is

com - ing a - gain! Je - sus is com - ing a - gain!  
 com - ing a - gain!

Shout the glad tid - ings o'er moun - tains and plain! Je - sus is com - ing a - gain!

# 673 Master, the Tempest Is Raging

M. A. Baker

H. R. Palmer

1. Mas - ter, the tem - pest is rag - ing! The bil - lows are toss - ing high!  
 2. Mas - ter, with an - guish of spir - it I bow in my grief to - day;  
 3. Mas - ter, the ter - ror is o - ver, The el - e - ments sweet - ly rest;

The sky is o'er - shadow - ed with black - ness; No shel - ter or help is nigh;  
 The depths of my sad heart are trou - bled; O, wak - en and save, I pray!  
 Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir - rored, And heav - en's with - in my breast;

Car - est Thou not that we per - ish? How canst Thou lie a - sleep,  
 Tor - rents of sin and of an - guish Sweep o'er my sink - ing soul;  
 Lin - ger, O bless - ed Re - deem - er, Leave me a - lone no more:

When each mo - ment so mad - ly is threaten - ing A grave in the an - gry deep?  
 And I per - ish! I per - ish! dear Mas - ter; O has - ten, and take con - trol.  
 And with joy I shall make the blest har - bor, And rest on the bliss - ful shore.

CHOIR AND MISCELLANEOUS

*Refrain*

"The winds and the waves shall o - bey My will, Peace, be still!  
Peace be still! peace, be still!"

Wheth - er the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, or de - mons, or men, or what -

ev - er it be, No wa - ter can swal - low the ship where lies The Mas - ter of

o - cean, and earth, and skies; They all shall sweet - ly o - bey My will; Peace, be still!

Peace, be still! They all shall sweet - ly o - bey My will; Peace, peace, be still!"

# 674 My Father Is Rich in Houses and Lands

Hattie E. Buel

Arr. from a melody by John B. Sumner

1. My fa - ther is rich in hous - es and lands; He hold - eth the  
 2. My Fa - ther's own Son, the Sav - iour of men, Once wan - dered on  
 3. I once was an out - cast, a strang - er on earth, A sin - ner by  
 4. A tent or a cot - tage, O why should I care? They're build - ing a

wealth of the world in His hands! Of ru - bies and dia - monds, of  
 earth as the poor - est of them; But now He is plead - ing for  
 choice, and an al - ien by birth! But I've been a - dopt - ed, my  
 pal - ace for me o - ver there! Though ex - illed from home, yet

sil - ver and gold, His cof - fers are full He has rich - es un - told.  
 sin - ners on high, And will give me a home when He comes by and by.  
 name's writ - ten down, An heir to a man - sion, a robe, and a crown.  
 still I may sing: "All glo - ry to God, I'm a child of the King."

*Refrain*

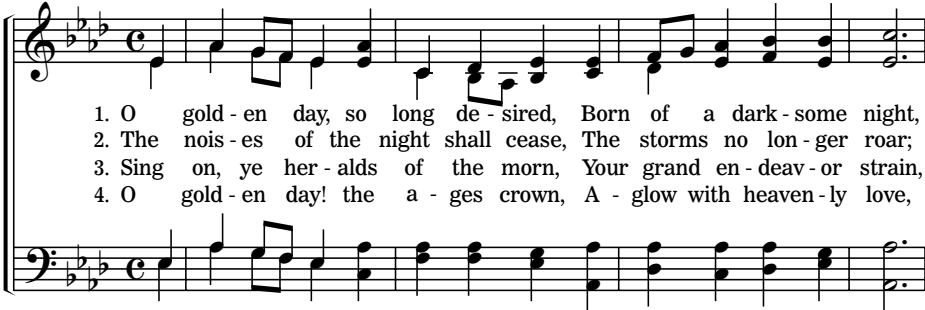
I'm a child of the King, a child of the King!

With Je - sus, my Sav - iour, I'm a child of the King!

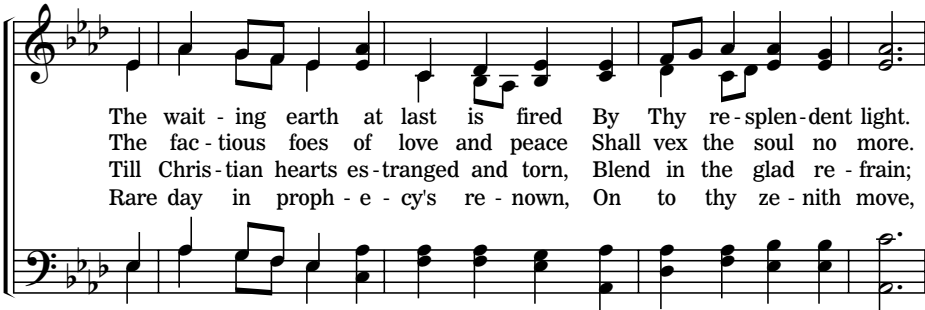
## O Golden Day

675

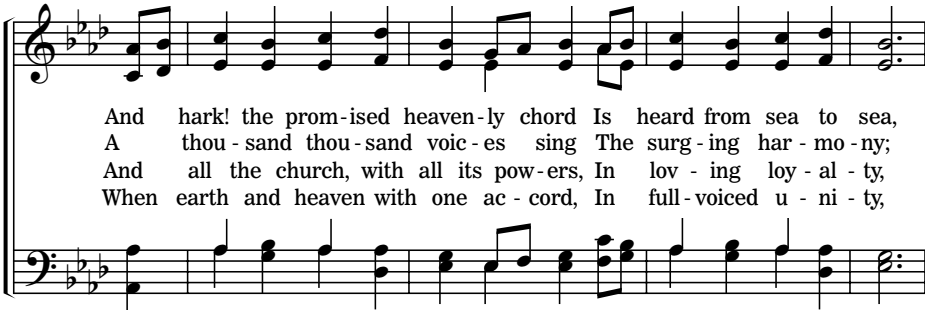
Charles A. Dickinson

"Gesangbuch der Herzogl  
Württembergischen Katholischen Hofkapelle," 1784


1. O gold - en day, so long de - sired, Born of a dark - some night,  
2. The nois - es of the night shall cease, The storms no lon - ger roar;  
3. Sing on, ye her - alds of the morn, Your grand en - deav - or strain,  
4. O gold - en day! the a - ges crown, A - glow with heav - en - ly love,



The wait - ing earth at last is fired By Thy re - splen - dent light.  
The fac - tious foes of love and peace Shall vex the soul no more.  
Till Chris - tian hearts es - tranged and torn, Blend in the glad re - frain;  
Rare day in proph - e - cy's re - nown, On to thy ze - nith move,



And hark! the prom - ised heav - en - ly chord Is heard from sea to sea,  
A thou - sand thou - sand voic - es sing The surg - ing har - mo - ny;  
And all the church, with all its pow - ers, In lov - ing loy - al - ty,  
When earth and heaven with one ac - cord, In full - voiced u - ni - ty,



This song: One Mas - ter, Christ the Lord, And breth - ren all are we.  
One Mas - ter, Christ, one Sav - iour King, And breth - ren all are we.  
Shall sing: One Mas - ter, Christ, is ours, And breth - ren all are we.  
Shall sing: One Mas - ter, Christ our Lord, And breth - ren all are we.



# 676 O Sacred Head Now Wounded

Authorship uncertain

Tr. by James W. Alexander (1804-1859)

Hans L. Hassler (1564-1612)

Harmonized by J. S. Bach (1685-1750)

1. O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weighed  
 2. What Thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered Was all for sin - ners'  
 3. What lan - guage shall I bor - row To thank Thee, dear - est

down, Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With  
 gain; Mine, mine was the trans - gres - sion, But  
 Friend, For this Thy dy - ing sor - row, Thy

thorns, Thine on - ly crown; How pale Thou art with an - guish,  
 Thine the dead - ly pain. Lo, here I fall, my Sav - iour!  
 pit - y with - out end? O make me Thine for - ev - er;

With sore a - buse and scorn! How does that vis - age  
 'Tis I de - serve Thy Place; Look on me with Thy  
 And should I faint - ing be, Lord, let me nev - er,

lan - guish Which once was bright as morn!  
 fa - - vor; Vouch - safe to me Thy grace.  
 nev - er Out - live my love to Thee.

## O for a Thousand Tongues to Sing 677

Charles Wesley, 1739

Carl G. Glaser (1784-1829)  
 Arr. by Lowell Mason (1792-1872)

1. O for a thou - sand tongues to sing My  
 2. My gra - cious Mas - ter and my God, As -  
 3. Je - sus! the name that calms our fears, That  
 4. He breaks the power of reign - ing sin, He

great Re - deem - er's praise, The glo - ries of my  
 sist me to pro - claim, To spread through all the  
 bids our sor - rows cease— 'Tis mu - sic in the  
 sets the pris - oner free; His blood can make the

God and King, The tri - umphs of His grace.  
 earth a - broad The hon - ors of Thy name.  
 sin - ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.  
 sin - ful clean; His blood a - vails for me.

# 678 One Hundred Forty-Four Thousand

A. Cecan

E. Sarmento

1. One hun-dred for-ty-four thou-sand saints in this way-far-ing life,  
 2. When on the glo-ri-ous Mount they stand, sealed with Je-ho-vah's seal,  
 3. The Lamb they fol-low wher-e'er He goes, a group in one ac-cord.  
 4. One hun-dred for-ty-four thou-sand saints u-pon the glass-y sea.

Will keep God's law and o-ver-come all e-vil, sin, and strife.  
 With-out a flaw; God's pu-ri-ty had al-ways been their zeal.  
 They sing the song of vic-to-ry through their own bless-ed Lord.  
 They o-ver-came by Je-sus' blood, and gained the vic-to-ry.

*Refrain*

U-pon the sea tri-  
 One hun-dred for-ty-four thou-sand saints tri-

umph-ant-ly they'll sing, U-pon the  
 umph-ant-ly they all shall sing. One hun-dred for-ty-four

sea with harps in har-mo-ny.  
 thou-sand saints with gold-en harps in har-mo-ny.

# Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand 679

H. Alford, 1867

J. B. Dykes, 1875

1. Ten thou-sand times ten thou-sand, In spar-king rai-ment bright,  
 2. What rush of hal-le-lu-jahs Fills all the earth and sky!  
 3. O then what rap-tured greet-ings On Ca-naan's hap-py shore!  
 4. Bring near Thy great sal-va-tion, Thou Lamb for sin-ners slain,

The ar-mies of the ran-somed saints Throng up the steeps of light.  
 The ring-ing of a thou-sand harps Pro-claims the tri-umph high.  
 What knit-ting sev-ered friend-ship where Death part-ings are no more!  
 Fill up the roll of Thine e-lect, Then take Thy power and reign!

'Tis fin-ished, all is fin-ished, Their fight with death and sin.  
 O day for which cre-a-tion And all its tribes were made!  
 Then eyes with joy shall spar-kle, That brimmed with tears of late;  
 Ap-pear, De-sire of na-tions, Thine ex-iles long for home;

Fling o-pen wide the gold-en gates, And let the vic-tors in.  
 O joy, for all its form-er woes A thou-sand-fold re-paid!  
 Or-phans no lon-ger fa-ther-less, Nor wid-ows des-o-late.  
 Show in the heavens Thy prom-ised sign; Thou Prince and Sav-iour, come!

# 680 Tell Me What to Do to Be Pure

Unknown

H. S. Perkins

1. Tell me what to do to be pure, In the sight of the All-see-ing Eyes!  
 2. Will my Sav-iour on - ly pass by On - ly show me how faul - ty I've been?  
 3. Now I know to me Thou wilt show What be - fore I could nev - er see;

Tell me, is there no thor-ough cure, No es-cape from the sins I de-spise?  
 Will He not at-tend to my cry? Can I not at this mo-ment be clean?  
 Now I know, in me Thou wilt dwell, And u-nit-ed to Thee I shall be.

Tell me, can I ne-ver be free From this dread-ful bond-age with-in?  
 Bless-ed Lord, al-might-y to heal, I know that Thy power can-not fail!  
 Sure-ly now Thy smile is on me, And Thy love to my heart is made known;

Is there no de-liver-ance for me, Must I al-ways have sin dwell with-in?  
 Here and now I know yes, I feel The prayer of my heart does pre-vail.  
 Now the face of God I shall see, And His power in my life shall be shown.

CHOIR AND MISCELLANEOUS

*Refrain*

Whit - - - - er than the snow!  
Whit - er than the snow! whit - er than the snow!

Whit - - - - er than the snow!  
Whit - er than the snow! whit - er than the snow!

Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb,  
Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb (of the Lamb)

And I shall be whit - er than snow (than snow).  
And I shall be whit - er than snow.

## 681

## The Conflict Is Over

Unknown

P. P. Bliss

1. The con - flict is o - ver, the tem - pest is past,  
 2. There's peace in be - liev - ing, sweet peace to the soul,  
 3. Oh, hind - er me not while His love I pro - claim:

I'm rest - ing in Je - sus, I'm rest - ing at last;  
 To know that He mak - eth me per - fect - ly whole;  
 My soul makes her boast in His wond - er - ful name;

The bil - lows that filled my poor soul with a - larm  
 There's joy ev - er - last - ing to feel His blood flow,  
 I stand with my foot on the neck of my foe,

Are hushed at His word in - to still - ness and calm.  
 'Tis life from the dead my Re - deem - er to know.  
 then, bound - ing with glad - ness, tri - umph - ant I go.

CHOIR AND MISCELLANEOUS

*Refrain*

The con - quer - ing Sav - iour will break ev - 'ry chain,

And give us the vict - 'ry a - gain and a - gain;  
and a - gain;

The con-quer-ing Sav - iour will break ev - 'ry chain,

And give us the vict - 'ry a - gain and a - gain.



## 682 The Lord Is My Shepherd

Unknown

T. Koschat

*Lento*

1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, no want shall I know, I feed in green  
 2. Thro' the val - ley and shad-ow of death tho' I stray, Since Thou art my  
 3. In the midst of af - flic-tion my ta - ble is spread; With bless-ings un-  
 4. Let good-ness and mer-cy, my boun-ti - ful God, Still fol - low my

pas - tures, safe fold - ed I rest, He lead - eth my soul where the  
 Guard - ian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de - fend me, Thy  
 mea - sured my cup run - neth o'er; With per - fume and oil Thou an -  
 steps till I meet Thee a - bove, I seek by the path which my

still wat - ers flow, Re - stores me when wandr - ing, re - deems when op -  
 staff be my stay; No harm can be - fall, with my Com - for - ter  
 oint - est my head; Oh, what shall I ask of Thy pro - vi - dence  
 fore - fa - thers trod, Thro' the land of their so - journ, Thy king - dom of

*ff* *rit.* *p*  
 press'd, Re - stores me when wandr - ing, re - deems when op - press'd.  
 near, No harm can be - fall, with my Com - for - ter near.  
 more? Oh, what shall I ask of Thy pro - vi - dence more?  
 love, Thro' the land of their so - journ, Thy king - dom of love.

## Summer Sun Is Glowing

683

W. W. Howe

Samuel Smith

1. Sum - mer sun is glow - ing O - ver land and sea,  
 2. God's free mer - cy stream - eth O - ver all the world,  
 3. Lord, up - on our blind - ness Thy pure ra - diance pour;  
 4. We will nev - er doubt Thee, Though Thou veil Thy Light:

Hap - py light is flow - ing, Boun - ti - ful and free.  
 And His ban - ner gleam - eth, Ev - ery - where un - furled.  
 For Thy lov - ing kind - ness Make us love Thee more.  
 Life is dark with - out Thee; Death with Thee is bright.

Ev - 'ry - thing re - joi - ces In the mel - low rays;  
 Broad and deep and glo - rious As the heaven a - bove,  
 And when clouds are drift - ing Dark a - cross our sky,  
 Light of light, shine o'er us On our pil - grim way;

All earth's thou - sand voi - ces Swell the psalm of praise.  
 Shines in might vic - to - rious His e - ter - nal love.  
 Then, the veil up - lift - ing, Fath - er, be Thou nigh.  
 Go Thou still be - fore us To the end - less day.

# 684

## There Is No Love

W. E. Littlewood

T. E. Perkins

1. There is no love like the love of Je - sus Nev - er to fade or fall,  
 2. There is no eye like the eye of Je - sus Pierc - ing so far a - way;  
 3. There is no voice like the voice of Je - sus Ten - der and sweet its chime,  
 4. There is no heart like the heart of Je - sus Fill'd with a ten - der love;

Till in - to the fold of the peace of God He has gath - er'd us all.  
 Ne'er out of the sight of its ten - der light Can the wan - der - er stray.  
 Like mu - si - cal ring of a flow - ing spring In the bright sum - mer time.  
 No throb of woe that our hearts can know, But He feels it a - bove.

*Refrain*

Je - sus' love, pre - cious love, Bound - less and pure and free;

O turn to that love, wea - ry wand'r - ing soul; Je - sus plead - eth with thee!

# Be Not Dismayed Whate'er Betide 685

C. D. Martin

W. Stillman Martin

1. Be not dis-mayed what - e'er be - tide, God will take care of you;  
 2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail God will take care of you;  
 3. All you may need He will pro-vide, God will take care of you;  
 4. No mat - ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;

Be - neath His wings of love a - bid, God will take care of you.  
 When dan - gers fierce your path as - sail, God will take care of you.  
 Noth - ing you ask will be de - nied, God will take care of you.  
 Lean, wea - ry one, up - on His breast, God will take care of you.

*Refrain*

God will take care of you, Thro' ev - ry day, O'er all the way;

He will take care of you, God will take care of you.  
 of you

# 686

## God Be With You

Jeremiah E. Rankin, 1880

William G. Tomer, 1880

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain; By His coun-sels guide, up -  
 2. God be with you till we meet a-gain; 'Neath His wings pro - tect - ing  
 3. God be with you till we meet a-gain; When life's per - ils thick con -  
 4. God be with you till we meet a-gain; Keep love's ban - ner float - ing

hold you, With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you; God be with you till we  
 hide you, Dai - ly man - na still pro - vide you; God be with you till we  
 found you, Put His arms un - fail - ing round you; God be with you till we  
 o'er you, Smite death's threat - ning wave be - fore you; God be with you till we

*Refrain*

meet a-gain.  
 meet a-gain. Till we meet, till we meet, Till we  
 meet a-gain.  
 meet a-gain. Till we meet, till we meet a - gain,

meet at Je - sus' feet, Till we meet,  
 till we meet; Till we meet,

till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.  
till we meet a - gain,

## The Lord Be With Us

687

J. Ellerton

J. Walch

1. The Lord be with us as we bend His bless-ing to re-ceive;  
2. The Lord be with us as we walk A-long our home-ward road;  
3. The Lord be with us till the night En-fold us all to rest;

His gift of peace up-on us send, Be-fore His courts we leave.  
In si-lent thought or friend-ly talk Our hearts be still with God.  
Be He of ev-ry heart the light, Of ev-ry home the guest.

# 688 Lord, Dismiss Us With Thy Blessing

John Fawcett, 1773

Sicilian Melody, 1794

1. Lord, dis - miss us with Thy bless - ing; Fill our hearts with  
 2. Thanks we give, and ad - o - ra - tion, For Thy gos - pel's

joy and peace; Let us each, Thy love pos - sess - ing,  
 joy - ful sound. May the fruits of Thy sal - va - tion

Tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace. O re - fresh us,  
 In our hearts and lives a - bound. Ev - er faith - ful,

O re - fresh us, Trav - eling thro' this wil - der - ness.  
 Ev - er faith - ful To the truth may we be found.

Saviour, Again to Thy Dear Name **689**

John Ellerton, 1866

E. J. Hopkins, 1869

1. Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise  
 2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our home - ward way;  
 3. Grant us Thy peace through - out our earth - ly life,

With one ac - cord our part - ing hymn of praise.  
 With Thee be - gan, with Thee shall end, the day.  
 Our balm in sor - row, and our stay in strife.

We stand to bless Thee ere our wor - ship cease,  
 Guard Thou the lips from sin, the heart from shame,  
 Then when Thy voice shall bid our con - flict cease,

Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace.  
 That in this house have called up - on Thy name.  
 Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace!



# 690 On the Shore Beyond the Sea

I. Baltzell

I. Baltzell

1. On the shore (on the shore) be - yond the sea,  
 2. Hark! I hear (hark! I hear) the Mas - ter say,  
 3. Just be - yond (just be - yond) the roll - ing tide,  
 4. Fa - ther, moth - (fath - er, moth) - er, dar - ling child,

Where the fields (where the fields) are bright and fair,  
 "Up, ye reap - (up, ye reap) - ers! why so slow?"  
 The up - lift - (the up - lift) - ed hand I see:  
 I must bid (I must bid) you all a - dieu;

There's a call, (there's a call) a plain - tive plea,  
 To the vine - (to the vine) - yard, far a - way,  
 Lo! the gates (lo! the gates) are o - pen wide.  
 Far a - cross (far a - cross) the wa - ters wild,

I must has - (I must has) - ten to be there.  
 Earth - ly kin - (earth - ly kin) - dred, let me go.  
 And the lost (and the lost) are call - ing me.  
 There's a work (there's a work) for me to do.

FAREWELL

*Refrain*

Let me go, I can - not stay,

'Tis the Mas - - - ter call - ing me;

Let me go, I must o - bey;

Na - tive land, fare - well to thee.



# With Friends on Earth We Meet 692

E. W. Chapman

J. H. Tenney

1. With friends on earth we meet in glad-ness, While swift the mo-ments fly,  
 2. How joy - ful is the hope that lin-gers, When loved ones say "Fare-well,"  
 3. No part-ing words shall e'er be spok-en In yon - der home so fair,

Yet ev - er comes the tho't of sad-ness, That we must say "Good-bye."  
 That we, when all earth's toils are end-ed, With them shall ev-er dwell.  
 But songs of joy, and peace, and glad-ness, We'll sing for - ev - er there.

*Refrain*

We'll nev - er say good-bye in heav'n, We'll nev - er say good-bye,

In that fair land of joy and song We'll nev - er say good - bye.

# 693 All Life Doth Like a Summer's Day

Unknown

W. H. Doane

1. All life doth like a summer's day Its light and shadow see;  
 2. So must this fleeting life of ours A time for sowing be,  
 3. Come, early do thou now awake And labor while you may,

And even the longest happy day Can only fleeting be.  
 A gracious time for planting flowers For all eternity.  
 For all too soon the night will break Your work on earth to stay.

*Refrain*

O how soon the time doth flee, That the  
 O how soon the time doth flee, time doth flee,

Lord gave to me; What so with-ered is at  
 That the Lord gave to me, gave to me; What so with-ered is at

night, is at night In the morn was fresh and bright.

## Asleep in Jesus!

694

Margaret Mackay, 1832

William B. Bradbury, 1843

1. A - sleep in Je - sus! bless - ed sleep, From which none  
 2. A - sleep in Je - sus! O how sweet To be for  
 3. A - sleep in Je - sus! Peace - ful rest, Whose wak - ing  
 4. A - sleep in Je - sus! Soon to rise, When the last

ev - er wake to weep; A calm and un - dis - turbed re -  
 such a slum - ber meet! With ho - ly con - fi - dence to  
 is su - preme - ly blest; No fear, no woe, shall dim that  
 trump shall rend the skies: Then burst the fet - ters of the

pose, Un - bro - ken by the last of foes.  
 rest In hope of be - ing ev - er blest.  
 hour That man - i - fests the Sav - iour's power.  
 tomb, And wake in full, im - mor - tal bloom.

# 695

## Does Jesus Care?

Frank E. Graeff

J. Lincoln Hall

1. Does Je - sus care when my heart is pained Too deep - ly for  
 2. Does Je - sus care when my way is dark With a name - less  
 3. Does Je - sus care when I've tried, and failed To re - sist some temp -  
 4. Does Je - sus care when I've said "good - bye" To the dear - est on

mirth or song; As the bur - dens press, And the cares dis - tress,  
 dread and fear? As the day - light fades In - to deep night shades,  
 ta - tion strong? When in my deep grief I find no re - lief,  
 earth to me, And my sad heart aches "Till it near - ly breaks—

*Refrain*

And the way grows wea - ry and long?  
 Does He care e - nough to be near? O yes, He cares, I  
 Tho' my tears flow all the night long?  
 Is it aught to Him? does He see?

know He cares, His heart is touched with my grief; When the days are

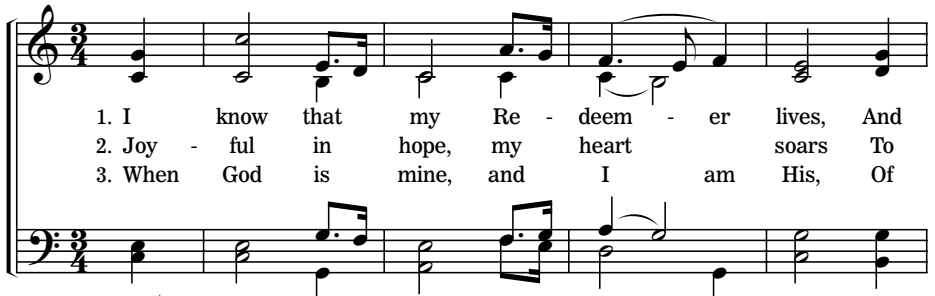


wea - ry, The long nights drea - ry, I know my Sav - iour cares (He cares).

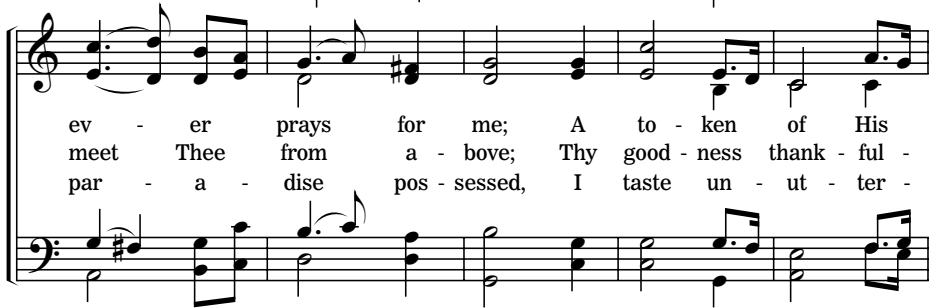
# I Know That My Redeemer Lives 696

Charles Wesley

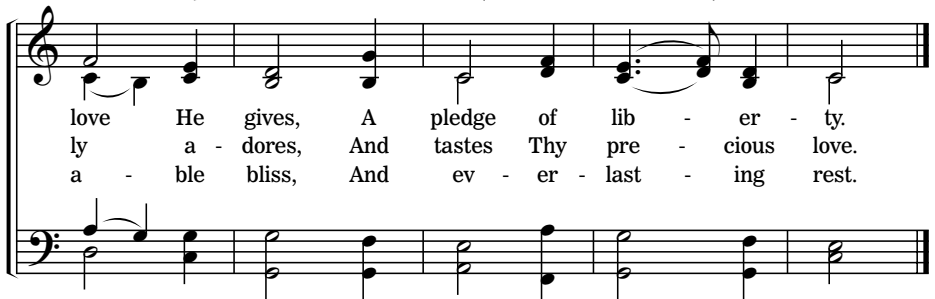
George F. Handel



1. I know that my Re - deem - er lives, And  
 2. Joy - ful in hope, my heart soars To  
 3. When God is mine, and I am His, Of



ev - er prays for me; A to - ken of His  
 meet Thee from a - bove; Thy good - ness thank - ful -  
 par - a - dise pos - sessed, I taste un - ut - ter -



love He gives, A pledge of lib - er - ty.  
 ly a - dores, And tastes Thy pre - cious love.  
 a - ble bliss, And ev - er - last - ing rest.



# 697

## He Sleeps in Jesus

Annie R. Smith

Edwin Barnes

1. He sleeps in Je - sus peace - ful rest—  
 2. He lived his Sav - iour to a - dore,  
 3. Does earth at - tract thee here? they cried;  
 4. He sleeps in Je - sus— soon to rise,

No mor - tal strife in - vades his breast;  
 And meek - ly all his suf - fer - ings bore;  
 The dy - ing Chris - tian thus re - plied,  
 When the last trump shall rend the skies;

No pain, nor sin, nor woe, nor care,  
 He loved, and all re - signed to God,  
 While point - ing up - ward to the sky,  
 Then burst the fet - ters of the tomb,

Can reach the si - lent slum - berer there.  
 Nor mur - mured at His chas - tening rod.  
 "My trea - sure is laid up on high."  
 To wake in full, im - mor - tal bloom.

# How Vain Is All Beneath the Skies! 698

David E. Ford

H. Abbott

1. How vain is all be - neath the skies!  
 2. The eve - ning cloud, the morn - ing dew,  
 3. But though earth's fair - est blos - soms die,  
 4. Then let the hope of joys to come

How tran - sient ev - ery earth - ly bliss!  
 The wither - ing grass, the fad - ing flower,  
 And all be - neath the skies is vain,  
 Dis - pel our cares, and chase our fears;

How slen - der all the fond - est ties  
 Of earth - ly hopes are em - blems true—  
 There is a land whose con - fines lie  
 If God be ours, we're travel - ing home,

That bind us to a world like this!  
 The glo - ry of a pass - ing hour.  
 Be - yond the reach of care and pain.  
 Though pass - ing through a vale of tears.

# 699 I Know That My Redeemer Lives

Unknown

Thomas Hastings, 1842

1. I know that my Re - deem - er lives;  
 2. In this re - an - i - mat - ed clay  
 3. With mine and not an - oth - er's eyes

He lives, and on the earth shall stand;  
 I sure - ly shall be - hold Him near,  
 The King in beau - ty I shall view;

And though to worms my flesh He gives,  
 Shall see Him in the lat - ter day  
 I shall from Him re - ceive the prize,

My dust lies num - bered in His hand.  
 In all His maj - es - ty ap - pear.  
 The star - ry crown to vic - tors due.

## See the Leaves Around Us Falling 700

Horne

George E. Lee

1. See the leaves a - round us fall - ing,  
 2. Youth on length of days pre - sum - ing,  
 3. Year - ly in our course ap - pear - ing,

Dry and with - ered to the ground;  
 Who the paths of plea - sure tread,  
 Mes - sen - gers of short - est stay,

Thus to thought - less mor - tals call - ing,  
 View us, late in beau - ty bloom - ing,  
 Thus we preach in mor - tal hear - ing

In a sad and sol - emn sound:  
 Num - bered now a - mong the dead.  
 Ye, like us, shall pass a - way.

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