Reformation Hymnal

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.
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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
1. Before Jehovah's awful throne,
2. His sovereign power, without our aid,
3. We'll crowd His gates with thankful songs,
4. Wide as the world is His command,

Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
High as the heavens our voices raise;
Vast as Eternity His love;

Know that the Lord is God alone;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Firm as a rock His truth shall stand,

He can create, and He destroy.
He brought us to His fold again.
Shall fill His courts with sounding praise.
When rolling years shall cease to move.
ADORATION

All People That on Earth Do Dwell

William Kethe, 1561

The Genevan Psalter, 1551

1. All people that on earth do dwell,
   The Lord ye know is God indeed;

2. O enter, then, His gates with praise,
   For why? the Lord our God is good,

3. Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
   With out our aid He did us make;

4. Approach with joy His courts unto;
   His mercy is for ever sure;

Him serve with fear; His praise forth tell;
We are His folk, He doth us feed;
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
His truth at all times firmly stood;

Come ye before Him and rejoice.
And for His sheep He doth us take.
For it is seemly so to do.
And shall from age to age endure.
ADORATION

Father, Again in Jesus' Name We Meet

Lucy Whitmore, 1824

J.B. Dykes, 1868

1. Father, again in Jesus' name we meet,
2. O we would bless Thee for Thy ceaseless care,
3. Alas! unworthy of Thy boundless love,
4. O by that name in which all fullness dwells,

And bow in penitence beneath Thy feet;
And all Thy love from day to day declare!
Too oft with careless feet from Thee we rove;
O by that love which every love excels,

Again to Thee our grateful voices raise,
Is not our life with hourly mercies crowned?
But now, encouraged by Thy voice, we come,
O by that blood so freely shed for sin,

To sue for mercy, and to sing Thy praise.
Does not Thine arm encircle us around?
Returning sinners, to a Father's home.
Open blessed mercy's gate, and take us in.
ADORATION

4

Blessed Jesus, at Thy Word

Tobias Clausnitzer, 1671
Tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1858

Johann Rudolph Ahle, 1664

1. Blessed Jesus, at Thy word We are gathered
2. All our knowledge, sense, and sight Lie in deepest
3. Glorious Lord, Thyself impart! Light of light, from

to hear Thee; Let our hearts and
darkness shrouded, Till Thy Spirit
God proceeding, Open Thou our

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

Thee; By Thy teachings sweet and holy,
ed. Thou alone to God canst win us;
ing. Hear the cry Thy people raises,
Drawn from earth to love Thee solely.
Thou must work all good within us.
Hear, and bless our prayers and praises.

Glory Be to the Father

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen, Amen.
ADORATION

6 Come, Thou Almighty King

Unknown

Felice de Giardini, 1769

1. Come, Thou almighty King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise. Father all glorious, O'er all victorious,
mighty art, Rule now in every heart, majesty May we in glory see,

2. Come, holy Comforter; Thy sacred witness bear In this glad hour: Thou who all will be done From shore to shore. Thy sovereign

3. Thou art the mighty One, On earth Thy

Come and reign over us, Ancient of Days.
And ne'er from us depart, Spirit of power.
And to eternity Love and adore.
1. For the beauty of the earth, For the glory of the skies, For the love which from our birth over and around us lies, Lord of all, to Thee we raise this our grateful song of praise.

2. For the joy of human love, Brother, sister, parent, child, Friends on earth and Friend above, Pleasures pure and undefiled, Lord of all, to Thee we raise this our grateful song of praise.

3. For the gift of Thy dear Son, For the hope of heaven at last, For the Spirit's victory won, For the crown when life is past, Lord of all, to Thee we raise Songs of gratitude and praise.
ADORATION

8

Holy God, We Praise Thy Name

Te Deum
Tr. Clarence Walworth, 1820-1900

Katholisches Gesanbuch, 1774

1. Holy God, we praise Thy name;
2. Hark, the loud celestial hymn,
3. Holy Father, Holy Son,

Lord of all, we bow before Thee;
Angel choirs above are raising;
Holy Spirit, Three we name Thee;

All on earth Thy scepter claim,
Cherubim and Seraphim,
While in essence only One,

All in heav'n above adore Thee.
In unceasing chorus praising,
Undivided God we claim Thee,
Infinite Thy vast domain, 
Fill the heav'ns with sweet accord:
And adoring bend the knee,

Ev'ry lasting is Thy reign. 
Holy holy holy Lord. 
While we sing our praise to Thee.

Praise God, From Whom All Blessings Flow

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here below; Praise Him above, ye heavenly host; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken, 1695
Louis Bourgeois, 1551
1. God's free mercy streameth Over all the world, And His banner gleameth, By His church unfurled; Broad and deep and glorious, As the heaven above, Shines in might victorious His eternal love.

2. Summer suns are glowing Over land and sea; Happy light is flowing, Bountiful and free; Everything rejoices In the mellow rays; Earth's ten thousand voices Swell the psalm of praise. Then, the veil uplifting, Father, be Thou nigh.

3. Lord, upon our blindness Thy pure radiance pour; For Thy loving-kindness We would love Thee more; And when clouds are drifting Dark across the sky, Swell the psalm of praise. Then, the veil uplifting, Father, be Thou nigh.

William W. Howe, 1871
Samuel Smith, 1865
Lift Up to God the Voice of Praise  11

Ralph Wardlaw

Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Lift up to God the voice of praise,
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 anthem 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 ard or fired.
With ben e fits un sought.
From sin, and all its woes.
To realms of end less day.
ADORATION

12

Lord God Omnipotent

F. A. Spearing

A. Lyoff

1. Lord God Omnipotent, gracious and holy,
   We sing Thy praise for Thy wonderful love.
   King of the Angels, and Friend of the lowly,
   May Thy rich blessing descend from above.

2. Jesus all merciful, Saviour most precious,
   We yield our hearts to Thy loving embrace.
   By the still waters, O Master refresh us,
   Till, robed in glory, we see Thy dear face.

3. Spirit of purity, Spirit of gladness,
   Fill with Thy presence this temple of Thine.
   Dwell in our hearts, and dispel all our sadness;
   Seal us forever, O Spirit Divine!
Lord, We Come Before Thee Now

1. Lord, we come before Thee now,
2. Lord, on Thee our souls depend;
3. Comfort those who weep and mourn,
4. Grant that all may seek, and find

At Thy feet we humbly bow; O do not our
In compassion now descend, Fill our hearts with
Let the time of joy return; Those that are cast
Thee a God supremely kind; Heal the sick, the

suit disdain! 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,
captive free; Let us all rejoice 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 rejoice in Thee.

William Hammond (1719-1783)  H. A. C. Malan, 1827
**ADORATION**

**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 afar;
2. Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray
3. Lord of all life, below, above,
4. Grant us Thy truth to make us free,

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

Center and soul of every sphere,
Star of our hope, Thy softened light
Before Thy everblazing throne
Till all Thy living altars claim

Yet to each loving heart how near!
Cheers the long watches of the night,
We ask no luster of our own,
One holy light, one heavenly flame!
Praise Ye the Father

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 pass ion,
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 en s;
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!
1. Mighty God, while angels bless Thee,
2. For the grandeur of Thy nature,
3. But Thy rich, Thy free redemption,
4. From the highest throne of glory,

May a mortal sing Thy Name?
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
Dark through brightness all a long
To the cross of deepest woe,

Lord of men as well as angels,
For created works of power,
Thought is poor, and poor expression
All to ransom guilty captives,

Thou art every creature's theme.
Works with skill and kindness wrought;
Who dare sing that wondrous song?
Flow, my praise, for ever flow.
ADORATION

Lord of every land and nation,
For Thy providence that governs through
Brightness of the Father's glory,
Go, return, immortal Saviour;

Ancient of eternal days,
Thine empi re's wide domain,
Shall Thy praise uttered lie?
Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne;

Sound ed thro' the wide creation
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;
Break, my tongue, such guilt silence,
Thence return and reign for ever,

Be Thy just and endless praise.
Blessed be Thy gentle reign.
Sing the Lord Who came to die.
Be the kingdom all Thine own.
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 resigned, submissive, meek,
3. A heart in every thought renewed,
4. Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;

A heart from sin set free,
My dear Redeemer's throne,
And full of love divine,
Come quickly from above;

A heart that always feels Thy blood,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
Write Thy new name up on my heart,

So freely shed for me.
Where Jesus reigns alone.
A copy, Lord, of Thine.
Thy new, best name of Love.
O Worship the Lord

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

Edwin Barnes, 1886

1. O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness,
2. Low at His feet lay thy burden of carefulness;
3. Fear not to enter His courts in the slender ness;
4. These, though we bring them in trembling and fearful ness,

Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim;
High on His heart He will bear it for thee,
Of the poor wealth thou wouldst reckon as thine.
He will accept for the Name that is dear;

With gold of obedience, and incense of lowliness,
Com fort thy sorrows, and answer thy prayer ful ness,
Truth in its beauty and love in its tender ness,
Mornings of joy give for evenings of tear ful ness,

Kneel and adore Him; the Lord is His name.
Guid ing thy steps as may best for thee be.
These are the offerings to lay on His shrine.
Trust for our trembling, and hope for our fear.
Praise the Lord, His Glories Show

1. Praise the Lord, His glories show, Saints within His courts below,
   Angels round His throne above, All that see and share His love,
   Earth to heaven and heaven to earth, Tell His wonders, sing His worth;
   Age to age, and shore to shore, Praise Him, praise Him ever more.

2. Praise the Lord, His mercies trace; Praise His providence and grace,
   All that He for men hath done, All He sends us through His Son.
   Strings and voices, hands and hearts, In the concert bear your parts;
   All that breathe, your Lord adore, Praise Him, praise Him ever more.

W. B. Gilbert H. F. Lyte (1793-1847)
Praise to the Lord

Joachim Neander (1650-1680)
Tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1863

W. S. Bennett

1. Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of creation!
2. Praise to the Lord, who o'er all things so wondrously reigneth,
3. Praise to the Lord, who doth prosper thy work and defend thee;

O my soul, praise Him, for He is thy health and salvation!
Shieldeth thee under His wings, yes, so gently sustaineth!
Surely His goodness and mercy here daily attend thee.

All ye who hear, now to His temple draw near;
Hast thou not seen how thy desires e'er have been
Ponder anew what the Almighty can do

Join ye in glad adoration!
Grant ed in what He ordaineth?
If with His love He befriend thee.
Praise Ye the Lord

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

Francis Duckworth

1. Praise ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise
2. Sing to the Lord, exalt Him high,
3. He makes the grass the hills adorn,
4. His saints are lovely in His sight,

Your hearts and voices in His praise;
Who spreads His clouds along the sky;
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;
He views His children with delight;

His nature and His works invite
There He prepares the fruitful rain,
The beasts with food His hands supply,
He sees their hope, He knows their fear;

To make this duty our delight.
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.
And the young ravens when they cry.
And looks and loves His image there.
The Lord in Zion Reigneth

1. The Lord in Zion reigneth; Let all the world rejoice,
2. The Lord in Zion reigneth; And who so great as He?
3. The Lord in Zion reigneth, These hours to Him belong;

And come before His throne of grace With tuneful heart and voice;
The depths of earth are in His hands; He rules the mighty sea.
O enter now His temple gates, And fill His courts with song;

The Lord in Zion reigneth, And there His praise shall ring,
O crown His name with honor, And let His standard wave,
Be beneath His royal banner Let every creature fall,

To Him shall princes bend the knee And kings their glory bring.
Till distant isles beyond the deep Shall own His power to save.
Exalt the King of heaven and earth, And crown Him Lord of all.
ADORATION

23

The Lord Jehovah Reigns

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)  Unknown

1. The Lord Jehovah reigns, His throne is built on high;
2. The thunders of His hand Keep the wide world in awe;
3. Through all His mighty works Amazing wisdom shines;
4. And will this sovereign King Of glory condescend,

The garments He assumes Are light and majesty.
His wrath and justice stand To guard His holy law.
Confound the powers of hell, And all their dark designs.
And will He write His name My Father and my Friend?

His glories shine with beams so bright
And where His love resolves to bless,
Strong is His arm, and shall fulfill
I love His name, I love His word;

No mortal eye can bear the sight.
His truth confirms and seals the grace.
His great decrees and sovereign will.
Join all my powers to praise the Lord!
The Lord Jehovah Reigns

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

1. The Lord Jehovah reigns His throne is built on High;
   The garments He assumes Are light and majesty.
   His glories shine with beams so bright,
   No mortal eye can bear the sight.

2. The thunders of His hand Keep the wide world in awe;
   His wrath and justice stand To guard His holy law.
   And where His love resolves to bless,
   His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3. Through all His mighty works Amazing wisdom shines,
   Confounds the powers of hell, And breaks their dark designs;
   Strong is His arm, and shall fulfill
   His great decrees and sovereign will.

4. And will this sovereign King Of glory descend,
   And will He write His name My Father and my Friend?
   I love His name, I love His word;
   Join all my powers to praise the Lord!

5. The Lord Jehovah reigns His throne is built on High;
   The garments He assumes Are light and majesty.
   His glories shine with beams so bright,
   No mortal eye can bear the sight.
To God Be the Glory

Fanny J. Crosby (1823-1915)

1. To God be the glory, great things He hath done;
2. O perfect redemption, the purchase 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 every believer the promise of God;
And great our rejoicing through Jesus the Son;

Who yielded His life an atonement for sin,
The vilest of fanneder who truly believes,
But purer, and higher, and greater will be

And opened the life gate that all may go in.
That moment from Jesus a pardon receives.
Our wonder, our transport, when Jesus we see.
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Let the earth hear His voice;
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Let the people rejoice;
O come to the Father, through Jesus the Son,
And give Him the glory, great things He hath done.
ADORATION

26

We Praise Thee, O God

William P. Mackay

John J. Husband

1. We praise Thee, O God, for the Son of Thy love,
   For Jesus who died and is now gone above.

2. We praise Thee, O God, for Thy Spirit of light,
   Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.

3. All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
   Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.

4. Revive us again, fill each heart with Thy love;
   May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

Refrain

Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the glory, Hal-le-lu-jah! Amen;
Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the glory; Revive us again.
We Gather Together

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

1. We gather together to ask the Lord's blessing;
   Beside us to guide us, our God with us joining,
   We all do exalt Thee, Thou Leader triumphant,

   He chastens and hastens His will to make known;
   Ordaining, maintaining His kingdom divine;
   And pray that Thou still our Defender wilt be.

   The wicked oppressing now cease from distressing,
   So from the beginning the fight we were winning;
   Let Thy congregation escape tribulation;

   Sing praises to His Name; He forgets not His own.
   Thou, Lord, wast at our side; all glory be Thine!
   Thy Name be ever praised! O Lord, make us free!
REVERENCE

28 Be Silent, Be Silent

Fanny J. Crosby (1823-1915) W. H. Doane (1832-1915)

1. Be silent, be silent, A whisper is heard;
2. Be silent, be silent, For holy this place,
3. Be silent, be silent, Breathe humbly our prayer;
4. Be silent, be silent, His mercy record;

Be silent, and listen, Oh, treasure each word.
This altar that echoes The message of grace.
A foretaste of Eden This moment we share.
Be silent, be silent, And wait on the Lord.

Refrain

Tread softly, tread softly, The Master is here;
Tread softly here, tread softly here,

Tread softly, tread softly, He bids us draw near.
Tread softly here, tread softly here,
There Is a Place of Quiet Rest

C. B. McAfee (1866-1944)

1. There is a place of quiet rest, Near to the heart of God,
2. There is a place of comfort sweet, Near to the heart of God,
3. There is a place of full release, Near to the heart of God,

A place where sin cannot molest, Near to the heart of God.
A place where we our Saviour meet, Near to the heart of God.
A place where all is joy and peace, Near to the heart of God.

O Jesus, blest Redeemer, Sent from the heart of God,

Hold us, who wait before Thee, Near to the heart of God.
With Reverence Let the Saints Appear

1. With reverence let the saints appear,
   How terrible Thy glories be!
2. Sing, all ye ransomed of the Lord,
   O Jesus, Lord of earth and heaven,
3. And bow before the Lord;
   How bright Thine armies shine!
4. Our life and joy, to Thee
   Be honor, thanks, and blessing given.

His high commands with reverence hear;
Where is the power that vies with Thee,
Ye pilgrims now for Zion bound,
Be joy in your King;

And tremble at His word;
Or truth compared with Thine?
Be joy in your King,
Through all eternity;

And tremble at His word.
Or truth compared with Thine?
Be joy in your King.
Through all eternity;

William B. Bradbury (1816-1868)

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)
For Jesus, All My Morning Hours

F. E. Belden

1. For Jesus, all my morning hours,
   For Jesus, all my noonday pow'rs;
   For Jesus, evening's gathered flow'rs,
   For Jesus, all for Jesus.

2. For Jesus, all the songs I sing,
   For Jesus, all the praise I bring,
   For Jesus, He who bore death's sting,
   For Jesus, all for Jesus.

3. For Jesus, all the gold He lends,
   For Jesus, all the strength He sends,
   For Jesus, heart and home and friends,
   For Jesus, all for Jesus.

4. For Jesus, all who sigh in sin,
   For Jesus, all that love can win,
   For Jesus, King enthroned within,
   For Jesus, and more, for Jesus.

MORNING WORSHIP
1. Lord, in the morning Thou shalt hear
2. Up to the hills where Christ is gone
3. O may Thy Spirit guide my feet
4. The men that love and fear Thy name

My voice ascending high;
To plead for all His saints,
In ways of righteous ness;
Shall see their hopes fulfilled;

To Thee will I direct my prayer,
Present ing at His Fa ther’s throne
Make every path of duty straight
The might y God will com pass them

To Thee lift up mine eye.
Our songs and our complaints.
And plain before my face.
With favor as a shield.

Aaron Williams
Isaac Watts, 1719
New Every Morning

1. New every morning is the love
2. New mercies, each returning day,
3. If, on our daily course, our mind
4. Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,

Our waking and rising prove;
Hover around us while we pray;
Be set to hallow all we find,
Fit us for perfect rest above;

Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New treasures still, of countess price,
And help us, this and every day,

Restored to life and power and thought.
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
God will provide for sacrifice.
To live more nearly as we pray.

John Keble, 1822
Samuel Webbe, 1782
1. Once more, my soul, the rising day

2. Night unto night His name repeats,

3. O God, may all my hours be Thine,

Salutes thy waking eye;
The day renews the sound,
While I enjoy the light;

Once more, my voice, thy tribute, pay
Wide as the heav'n's on which He sits
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,

To Him who rules on high.
To turn the sea- sons round.
And bring a peaceful night.
Sweetly the Holy Hymn

C. H. Spurgeon, 1866

Joseph E. Sweetser, 1849

1. Sweetly the holy hymn
2. While flow'rs are wet with dews,
3. Up on the battle field,
4. Oh, hear us then, for we

breaks on the morning air;
dew of our souls, descend;
before the fight begins,
Are very weak and frail;

before the world with smoke is dim,
Ere yet the sun the day renew,
We seek, O Lord, Thy sheltering shield,
We make the Saviour's name our plea,

We meet to offer prayer.
O Lord, Thy Spirit it send.
To guard us from our sins.
And surely must prevail.
1. The morning light is breaking, The darkness disappears,
   The sons of earth are waking To penitential tears;
   Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings tidings from afar;
   Of nations in commotion, Prepared for Zion's war.

2. Rich dews of grace come o'er us, In many a gentle show'r;
   And harvest fields before us Are opening every hour;
   Each cry to heaven going, A bountant answer brings,
   And heavy gales are blowing, With peace upon their wings.

3. Blest river of salvation, Pursue thy onward way;
   Flow thou to every nation, Nor in thy richness stay.
   Stay not till all the lowly Triumphant reach their home;
   Stay not till all the holy Proclaim, "The Lord is come."
MORNING WORSHIP

The Sun Is on the Land

Louis F. Benson, 1897

Our morning hymn begins with Thee, Most Holy One.
Thy gifts are every morning new, O God of light;
The heart shall find some gladness there That loves its King;
And, Holy Spirit, unto Thee, Forever One;

1. The sun is on the land and sea, The day begun;
2. Thy love was ever in our view, Like stars by night;
3. We do not know what grief or care The day may bring;
4. All glory to the Father be, With Christ the Son,

Our praise shall rise continually Till day is done.
Thy mercy, like the heavens' blue, Fills all our sight.
The life that serves Thee everywhere Can always sing.
All glory to the Holy Three, While ages run.
When Morning Gilds the Skies

1. When morning gilds the skies, My heart awaking cries,
2. The night becomes as day, When from the heart we say,
3. Ye nations of mankind, In this your concord find,
4. In heaven's eternal bliss The love-liest strain is this,

May Jesus Christ be praised! A-like at work and prayer,
May Jesus Christ be praised! The powers of darkness fear;
May Jesus Christ be praised! Let all the earth around,
May Jesus Christ be praised! Let earth, and sea, and sky

To Jesus I repair; May Jesus Christ be praised!
When this sweet chant they hear, May Jesus Christ be praised!
Ring joyous with the sound, May Jesus Christ be praised!
From depth to height reply, May Jesus Christ be praised!
Abide With Me

Henry F. Lyte, 1847

1. Abide with me; fast falls the evening tide;
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
3. I need Thy presence every passing hour;
4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;

The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:

When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Change and decay in all around I see;
Who like Thy self my guide and stay can be?
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?

Help of the helpless, O abide with me!
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!
I triumph still if Thou abide with me!
Day Is Dying in the West

Mary A. Lathbury, 1877

1. Day is dying in the west; Heaven is touching earth with rest; Wait and worship while the night
verse, Thy home, Gather us who seek Thy face
fold ing all, Thro' the glory and the grace
day, the night, Lord of angels, on our eyes

2. Lord of life, beneath the dome Of the union

3. While the deepening shadows fall, Heart of love, end

4. When forever from our sight Pass the stars, the

Sets her evening lamps a light Through all the sky.
To the fold of Thy embrace, For Thou art nigh.
Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts ascend.
Let eternal morning rise, And shadows end.

Refrain

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts! Heaven and earth are

full of Thee; Heaven and earth are praising Thee, O Lord most high!
How Sweet the Light of Sabbath Eve

1. How sweet the light of Sabbath eve!
2. Season of rest! the tranquil soul!
3. Nor will our days of toil be long;

How soft the sunbeams lingering there.
Feels the sweet calm, and melts in love;
Our pilgrimage will soon be trod;

For these blest hours the world I leave,
And while these sacred moments roll,
And we shall join the ceaseless song,

Wafted on wings of faith and pray'r.
Faith sees a smiling heav'n above.
The endless Sabbath of our God.
If I have wounded any soul today,
If I have uttered idle words or vain,
If I have been perverse, or hard or cold,
Forgive the sins I have confessed to Thee;

If I have caused one foot to go astray,
If I have turned aside from want or pain,
If I have longed for shelter in the fold,
Forgive the secret sins I do not see;

If I have walked in my own willful way,
Lest I offend some other thru the strain,
When Thou hast given me some fort to hold,
O guide me, love me, and my keeper be,

Dear Lord, forgive (forgive)! Dear Lord, forgive (forgive)!
1. Now God be with us, for the night is closing;
2. We have no refuge, none on earth to aid us,
3. Father, Thy name be praised, Thy kingdom given,

The light and darkness are of His disposing;
Save Thee, O Father, who Thine own hast made us;
Thy will be done on earth as 'tis in heaven;

And 'neath His shadow here to rest we yield us,
But Thy dear presence will not leave them lonely
Keep us in life, forgive our sins, deliver us.

For He will shield us,
Who seek Thee only.
Us now and ever.
EVENING WORSHIP

The Shadows of the Evening Hours

Adelaide A. Procter, 1862

1. The shadows of the evening hours Fall from the darkening sky;
2. The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord, O do not Thou despise,
3. Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God, Upon our souls descend;

Up - on the fragrance of the flowers The dews of evening lie;
But let the incense of our prayers Before Thy mercy rise;
From midnight fears and perils Thou Our trembling hearts defend;

Before Thy throne, O Lord of heaven, We kneel at close of day;
The brightness of the coming night Upon the darkness rolls;
Give us a respite from our toil, Calm and subdue our woes;

Look on Thy children from on high, And hear us while we pray;
With hopes of future glory chase The shadows from our souls.
Through the long day we labor, Lord; O give us now repose.
1. Sun of my soul, O Saviour dear!
2. When soft the dews of kindly sleep
3. Abide with me from morn till eve,
4. Be near and bless me when I wake,

It is not night if Thou be near;
My weary eye lids gently steep,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Ere through the world my way I take;

O may no earth-born cloud arise
Be my last thought--how sweet to rest
Abide with me when night is nigh,
Till in the ocean of Thy love

To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
For ever on my Saviour's breast!
For without Thee I dare not die.
I lose myself in heaven above.

Adapted from Katholisches Gesangbuch, c. 1774
Sun of My Soul, O Saviour Dear!
John Keble, 1820
EVENING WORSHIP
EVENING WORSHIP

The Day Thou Gavest

John Ellerton, 1870
Clement C. Scholefield, 1874

1. The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
   The darkness falls at Thy bestest;
   To Thee our morning hymns ascend,
   Thy praise shall hollow now our rest.

2. We thank Thee that Thy church, unsleeping,
   While earth rolls onward into light,
   Through all the world her watch is keeping,
   And rests not now by day or night.

3. As o'er each continent and island
   The dawn leads on another day,
   The voice of prayer is never silent,
   Nor die the strains of praise away.

4. So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall never,
   Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
   Thy kingdom stands, and grows forever,
   Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.
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 prolongs my days;
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
Peace is the pillow for my head;

And every evening shall make known
But He forgives my follies past,
While well appointed angels keep

Some fresh memorial of His grace.
And gives me strength for days to come.
Their watchful stations round my bed.
1. Under His wings I am safely abiding;
2. Under His wings, what a refuge in sorrow!
3. Under His wings, O what precious enjoyment!

Though the night deepens and tempests are wild,
How the heart yearningly turns to its rest!
There will I hide till life's trials are o'er;

Still I can trust Him; I know He will keep me;
Often when earth has no balm for my healing,
Sheltered, protected, no evil can harm me;

He has redeemed me, and I am His child.
There I find comfort, and there I am blest.
Resting in Jesus I'm safe forever more.

Under His wings, under His wings, Who from His love can sever?
When Softly Falls the Twilight Hour

When softly falls the twilight hour, when nature's voice is hush'd in sleep, how sweet to leave a world of care:

And lift to heav'n the voice of pray'r! May find in pray'r the sweetest rest. Let pray'r ascend like incense sweet.

1. When softly falls the twilight hour; when nature's voice is hush'd in sleep, how sweet to leave a world of care:

2. In solemn midnight's silence deep, the mountain's voice begins to dawn, how sweet to leave a world of care:

3. And when with redd'ning blush of morn The new-born day begins to dawn, how sweet to leave a world of care:

When the world of care is hush'd in sleep, how sweet to leave a world of care:

F. E. Belden, 1886

EVENING WORSHIP

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Come, Let Us All Unite to Sing

H. Kingsbury, 1876

1. Come, let us all unite to sing: God is love!
2. Oh, tell to earth's remotest bound: God is love!
3. How happy is our portion here! God is love!
4. In Canaan we will sing again: God is love!

Let Heav'n and earth their praises bring; God is love!
In Christ we have redemption found: God is love!
His promises our spirits cheer; God is love!
And this shall be our loudest strain: God is love!

Let every soul from sin awake, Each in his heart sweet
His blood has washed our sins away; His Spirit turned our
He is our Sun and Shield by day, Our Help, our Hope, our
Whilst endless ages roll along, We'll triumph with the

music make, And sing with us, for Jesus' sake
night to day! And now we can rejoice to say,
Strength, and Stay; He will be with us all the way;
Heav'nly throng, And this shall be our sweetest song:
The Lord Is King, Lift Up Thy Voice

J. Conder

1. The Lord is King: lift up thy voice, O earth, and all ye heav'n's 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.
1. "God is Love!" His word proclaims it, Day by day the truth we prove; Heav'n and earth with joy are telling, from above Came to seek and save the lost ones, fullness prove! Telling those who sit in darkness,

2. "God is Love!" Oh, tell it gladly, How the Saviour ther's pride. Hal - le - lu - jah! "God is Light, and God is Love!"

3. "God is Love!" Oh, boundless mercy May we all its tell the story, Sung by angel choirs above; Sounding forth the mighty chorus "God is Light, and God is Love!"

GOD'S MAJESTY

"God Is Love!" His Word Proclaims It

Rian A. Dykes

Ira D. Sankey

52
1. Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
2. Holy, holy, holy! Angels adore Thee,
3. Holy, holy, holy! Though darkness 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 shall be.
Per - fect in power, in love and pu - ri - ty.
1. Great, Thou Jehovah, is Thy mighty power,
2. Great, Thou Jehovah, is Thy matchless wisdom,
3. Great, Thou Jehovah, is Thy boundless mercy;

Creating life, by Thy divine command;
Beauty and order are creation’s goal;
In Christ Thy Son my heart can know Thy care;

Order from chaos came when Thou hadst spoken;
To man Thou gavest sonship in Thy kingdom;
Thou wilt accept that flame within me burning;

Light, life, and beauty on both sea and land.
From Thine own spirit came his living soul.
This bruised reed in mercy Thou wilt spare.
The myriad stars, the sun in golden glory,
Whether in grass or in the mighty oak tree,
Once bound in evil, captive in its fetters,

Ev'rything by Thy summons came to be;
Signs of Thy hand my eyes can clearly trace;
Thou didst deliver by Thy mighty hand;

My heart is bowed in awe and adoration,
With open heart-ed reverence and meekness,
With tears of joy, on bended knee, I bless Thee

All of creation sings its praise to Thee.
Thy glorious wisdom I will gladly praise.
For that dear love in which I now can stand.
**GOD’S MAJESTY**

### 55 Immortal, Invisible, God Only Wise

**Walter Chalmers Smith, 1867 (1824-1908)**

**Welsh Melody, c. 1839**

1. Immortal, invisible, God only wise,
2. Unresting, unhasting, and silent as light,
3. To all life Thou giv’st to both great and small;
4. Great Father of glory, pure Father of light,

In light inaccessible hid from our eyes,
Nor wanting, nor wasting, Thou统治 in might;
In all life Thou livest, the true life of all;
Thine angels adore Thee, all veiling their sight;

Most blessed, most glorious, the Ancient of days,
Thy justice like mountains high soaring above
We blossom and flourish, like leaves on the tree,
All laud we would render: O help us to see

Almighty, victorious, Thy great name we praise.
Thy clouds, which are fountains of goodness and love.
Then wither and perish; but naught changeth Thee.
Tis only the splendor of light hideth Thee.
My Maker and My King

Anne Steele (1716-1778)

My Maker and my King, To Thee my all I owe;
The creature of Thy hand, On Thee alone I live;
Lord, what can I impart When all is Thine before?
O! let Thy grace inspire My soul with strength divine;

Thy sovereign bounty is the spring Whence all my blessings flow;
My God, Thy benefits demand More praise than I can give.
Thy love demands a thankful heart; The gift, alas! how poor.
Let every word and each desire And all my days be Thine.

Thy sovereign bounty is the spring, Whence all my blessings flow.
My God, Thy benefits demand More praise than I can give.
Thy love demands a thankful heart; The gift, alas! how poor.
Let every word and each desire And all my days be Thine.
Lord, Thy Glory Fills the Heaven

1. Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven;
2. Ever thus in God’s high praises,
3. Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven;

Earth is with its fulness stored;
Brethren, let our tongues unite;
Earth is with its fulness stored;

Unto Thee be glory given,
While our thought His greatness raises,
Unto Thee be glory given,

Holy, holy, holy, holy Lord!
And our love His gifts excite:
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
GOD'S MAJESTY

Heav'n is still with anthems ringing;
With His seraph train before Him,
Thus Thy glorious name confessing,

Earth takes up the angel's cry,
With His holy church below,
We adopt the angel's cry,

Holy, holy, holy, singing,
Thus unite we to adore Him,
Holy, holy, holy, blessing

Lord of hosts, Thou Lord most high.
Bid we thus our anthem flow.
Thee, the Lord our God most high!
1. The spacious firmament on high,
2. Soon as the evening shades prevail,
3. What though in solemn silence all

With all the blue, ethereal sky,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?

And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
And nightly to the listening earth
What though no real voice nor sound

Their great original proclaim.
Repeats the story of her birth;
A mid their radiant orbs be found?

Arr. from F. J. Haydn, 1798
Joseph Addison, 1712
Th’ unweary’d sun from day to day
While all the stars that round her burn,
In reason’s ear they all rejoice

Does his Creator’s power display,
And all the planets in their turn,
And utter forth a glorious voice,

And publishes to every land
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
Forever singing as they shine,

The work of an almighty hand.
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
"The hand that made us is divine."
1. Angel voices ever singing Round Thy throne of light;
2. Thou who art beyond the farthest Mortal eye can scan,
3. Yea, we know Thy love rejoices O'er each work of Thine;
4. Here, great God, today we offer Of Thine own to Thee;

Angel harps, for ever ringing, Rest not day nor night.
Can it be that Thou regardest Songs of sinful man?
Thou didst ears and hands and voices For Thy praise combine;
And for Thine acceptance offered, All unworthy;

Thousands only live to bless Thee, And confess Thee Lord of might.
Can we feel that Thou art near us, And will hear us? Yea, we can.
Craftsman's art and music's measure For Thy pleasure Didst design.
Hearts and minds, and hands and voices, In our choicest Melody.
JESUS CHRIST'S NATIVITY

A Beautiful Star Arose One Night

1. A beautiful star arose one night, Divinely it shone with
   purer light; Its wonderful rays the wise men led to
   find the Saviour's lowly bed. 'Tis shining still, 'tis
   shining still, That beautiful star, 'o'er plain and hill;

2. They knew by the word of truth divine, Twas time that guiding
   star should shine; They followed its light which shone a far, Twas
   perfect rest in heaven, my home. 'Tis shining still, 'tis
   shining still, Salvation's star of God's good will.

3. We'll follow its light, like those of old, The "Light of the World," by

   seers foretold; We'll follow His light till we shall come to
   Christ, "the bright and morning star." 'Tis shining still, 'tis
   shone a far, 'Twas 'Tis shining still, 'tis

   follow His light till we shall come to
   shone a far, 'Twas 'Tis shining still, 'tis

   follow His light till we shall come to
   shone a far, 'Twas 'Tis shining still, 'tis
**JESUS CHRIST’S NATIVITY**

61  **Angels From the Realms of Glory**

James Montgomery, 1816

Henry Smart, 1867

1. Angels from the realms of glory, Wing your flight o'er all the earth; Ye, who sang creation's story,

2. Shepherds, in the field abiding, Watching o'er your flocks by night, God with man is now residing;

3. Sages, leave your contemplations, Brighter visions beam afar; Seek the great Desire of nations;

4. Saints, before the altar bending, Watching long in hope and fear, Suddenly the Lord, descending,

Now proclaim Messiah's birth; Come and worship,

Yonder shines the Infant Light; Come and worship,

Ye have seen His natal star; Come and worship,

In His temple shall appear; Come and worship,

Come and worship, Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Come and worship, Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Come and worship, Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Come and worship, Worship Christ, the new-born King.
As With Gladness Men of Old

William C. Dix

Conrad Kocher

1. As with gladness men of old
   Did the guiding star behold,
   As with joyful steps they sped,
   Savour to Thy lowly bed,
   As they offered gifts most rare
   At Thy cradle rude and bare;
   Bless-ed Savour, ev-ery day
   Keep us in the narrow way;

2. As with joy they hailed its light,
   Leading onward, beam-ing bright;
   There to bend the knee be-fore Thee
   Whom heaven and earth adore;
   So may we with holy joy
   Pure and free from sins al-loy;
   And, when earth-ly things are past,
   Bring our ran-somed souls at last

3. 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 treas-ures bring,
   Christ, to Thee our heav-en-ly King.
   Where they need no star to guide,
   Where no clouds Thy glo-ry hide.
1. Hark! the herald angels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King;
2. Christ, by high-est heaven adored, Christ the ev-er-last-ing Lord;
3. Hail! the heaven-born Prince of Peace! Hail! the Sun of Right-eous-ness!

Peace on earth, and mer-cy mild, God and sin-ners re-con-ciled!"
In the man-ger born a king, While ad-oring 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.
Hark! the herald angels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King."

While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks 64

1. While shep-herds watched their flocks by night, All
   seat-ed on the ground, The an-gel of the
   Lord came down, And glo-ry shone a-round.

2. "Fear not!" said He, for might-y dread Had
   seized their trou-bled mind, "Glad tid-ings of great
   joy I bring, To you and all man-kind."

3. "To you, is born of Da-vid's line, In
   Da-vid's town this day, The Sav-iour wrapped in
   swath-ing bands, And in a man-ger laid."

4. "All glo-ry be to God on high, And
   to the earth be peace; Good will hence-forth from
   heaven to men, Be-gin and nev-er cease!"

Nahum Tate (1652-1715)
Este's Psalter, 1592

JESUS CHRIST'S NATIVITY

Refrain
It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

Arr. by A. S. Sullivan

1. It came upon the midnight clear, That glorious song of old,
   From angels bending near the earth, To touch their harps of gold:
   "Peace on the earth, goodwill to men, From heaven's all-gracious King!"
   The world in solemn stillness lay, To hear the angels sing.

2. Still through the cloven skies they come, With peaceful wings unfurled,
   And still their heavenly music floats O'er all the weary world;
   Above its sad and lowly plains They bend on hovering wing,
   And ever o'er its Babel sounds The blessed angels sing.

3. And ye, beneath life's crushing load Whose forms are bending low,
   Who toil along the climbing way, With painful steps and slow,
   Look up! for glad and golden hours Come swiftly on the wing:
   O rest beside the weary road, And hear the angels sing!
It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

E. H. Sears, 1850

1. It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - ri - ous song of old, From an - gels bend - ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold; “Peace on the earth, good will to men, From heaven’s all-gra - cious King”;
The world in sol - emn still - ness lay, To hear the an - gels sing.

2. Still through the clo - ven skies they come, With peace - ful wings un - fur - pled, And still their heaven - ly mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world; A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hov - er - ing wing, And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing.

3. And ye, be - neath life's crush - ing load, Whose forms are bend - ing low, Who toil a - long the climb - ing way With pain - ful steps and slow Look up! for glad and gold - en hours Come swift - ly on the wing; O rest be - side the wea - ry road, And hear the an - gels sing.

R. S. Willis, 1850

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JESUS CHRIST'S NATIVITY

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 yon 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;

Christ the Sav - iour is born, Christ the Sav - iour is born.
Christ the Sav - iour is born, Christ the Sav - iour is born.
Joy to the World

Isaac Watts, 1719

Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1830

1. Joy to the world, the Lord will come! Let earth receive her King;
2. Joy to the earth, the Lord will reign! Let men their songs employ;
3. No more let sin and sorrow grow, Nor thorns infest the ground;
4. Soon will He rule the earth with grace, And make the nations prove

Let every heart prepare Him room,
While fields and floods, 
He comes to make His blessings flow,
The glories of His righteousness,

And heaven and nature sing,
Re peat the sounding joy,
Far as the curse is found,
And wonders of His love,

And heaven and nature sing,
And heaven and nature sing,
And heaven and nature sing,
And heaven and nature sing,

Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1830
Isaac Watts, 1719

JESUS CHRIST'S NATIVITY

Joy to the World

68

Arrangement by Lowell Mason, 1830

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**JESUS CHRIST’S NATIVITY**

**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 faithful, joyful and triumphant,  
2. Sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation,  
3. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this happy morning,

---

**Refrain**

O come let us adore Him, O come, let us adore Him,  
O come, let us adore Him, Christ, the Lord!
O Little Town of Bethlehem

1. O little town of Bethlehem, How still we see thee lie!
2. For Christ is born of Mary; And gathered all above,
3. How silently, how silently The wondrous gift is given!
4. O holy Child of Bethlehem, Descend to us, we pray;

A - bove thy deep and dreamless sleep The silent stars go by;
While mortals sleep, the angels keep Their watch of wondering love.
So God imparts to human hearts The blessings of His heaven.
Cast out our sin and enter in—Be born in us today.

Yet in thy dark streets shineth The everlasting light;
O morning stars, together Proclaim the holy birth!
No ear may hear His coming; But in this world of sin,
We hear the heavenly angels The great glad tidings tell—

The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee tonight.
And praises sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.
Where meek souls will receive Him still, The dear Christ enters in.
Oh, come to us, abide with us, Our Lord Immanuel!
1. O Word of God Incarnate, O Wisdom from on high,
2. The church from her dear Master Received the gift divine,
3. It floateth like a banner Before God's host unfurled:
4. O make Thy church, dear Saviour, A lamp of purest gold,

O Truth unchanging, unchanging, O Light of our dark sky,
And still that light she lifteth O'er all the earth to shine;
It shineth like a beacon Above the darkling world;
To bear before the nations Thy true light as of old;

We praise Thee for the radiance That from the hallowed page,
It is the golden casket, Where gems of truth are stored,
It is the chart and compass That o'er life's surging sea,
O teach Thy wandering pilgrims By this their path to trace,

A lamp to guide our footsteps, Shines on from age to age.
It is the heav'n-drawn picture Of Christ, the living Word.
Mid mists and rocks and quicksands, Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.
Till, clouds and darkness ended, They see Thee face to face.

William W. Howe, 1867
F. Mendelssohn
Once in Royal David's City

Cecil F. Alexander, 1848

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1849

1. Once in royal David's city
   Stood a lowly cattle shed,
   Where a mother laid her baby
   In a manger for His bed; Mary

2. He came down to earth from heaven,
   Who is God and Lord of all?
   And His shelter was a stable,
   And His cradle was a stall; With the mother

3. And through all His wondrous childhood He would
   Have the honor and obey,
   Love and watch the lowly day like us.
   Christian helpless, Tears and smiles like us.

4. Jesus is our childhood's pattern, Day by day
   Was that mother mild, Jesus Christ her little Child.
   Poor, and mean, and lowly, Lived on earth our Saviour holy.
   Children all must be Mild, obedient, good as He.

    JESUS CHRIST'S NATIVITY

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JESUS CHRIST'S NATIVITY

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 - ity.
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!  

1. All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown Him Lord of all! Bring forth the royal diadem, And by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.

2. Ye seed of Israel's chosen race, Ye ransomèd of the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all! Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And ty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all.

3. Let every kinired, every tribe, On this terrèstrial ball, To Him all majesty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all! To Him all majesty ascribe, And last ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

4. Oh, that with wonder sacred throng We at His feet may fall, Join in the everlasting song, And crown Him Lord of all! Join in the everlasting song, And all! Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown Him Lord of all.
1. All hail the power of Jesus' name!
2. Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
3. Let every kindred, every tribe,
4. Oh, that with yonder sacred throng

Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal
Ye ransomed of the fall, Hail Him who saves you
On this terrestrial ball, To Him all majes-
We at His feet may fall, Join in the ever-

dia dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,
by His grace, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,
y as scribe, And crown Him, 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

1. Creator Spirit! by whose aid The world's foundations first were laid, Come, visit every earnest mind; set us free, And make Thy temples worthy Thee.

2. Thou Strength of His almighty hand, Whose power does heaven and earth command, Refine and purge our earthly parts; step astray, Protect and guide us in the way.

3. Plenteous of grace, descend from high, Rich in Thy seven-fold first were laid, Come, visit every earnest mind; set us free, And make Thy temples worthy Thee.

J. B. Dykes
Tr. John Dryden, 1631
1. A wonderful Saviour is Jesus my Lord,
2. A wonderful Saviour is Jesus my Lord,
3. With numberless blessings each moment He crowns,
4. When clothed in His brightness transported I rise

A wonderful Saviour to me, He hideth my soul in the
He taketh my burden away, He holdeth me up, and I
And filled with His fullness divine, I sing in my rapture, Oh
To meet Him in clouds of the sky, His perfect salvation, His

cleft of the rock, Where rivers of blessings I see.
shall not be moved, He giveth me strength as my day.
glory to God For such a Redeemer as mine.
won-der-ful love, I'll shout with the millions on high.

Refrain

He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock That shad-ows a dry, thirst-y
How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds 78

John Newton, 1779

1. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds In a believer’s ear!
2. It makes the wounded spirit whole, And calms the troubled breast;
3. Dear name, the rock on which I build, My shield and hiding place,

It soothes his sorrow, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear.
'Tis manna to the hungry soul, And to the weary rest.
My never-failing treasury, filled With boundless stores of grace.
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End! Accept the praise I bring.

JESUS’ GLORY AND PRAISE

land; He hideth my life in the depths of His love,

And covers me there with His hand, And covers me there with His hand.
Crown Him With Many Crowns
Matthew Bridges, 1851

1. Crown Him with many crowns, The Lamb upon His throne;
2. Crown Him the Lord of love! Behold His hands and side,
3. Crown Him the Lord of peace! Whose hand a scepter sways
4. Crown Him the Lord of years, The Pontiffate of time,

Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns All music but its own!
Those wounds, yet visible above, In beauty glorified;
From pole to pole, that wars may cease, And all be prayer and praise;
Creator of the rolling spheres, Ineffably sublime!

A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee;
No angel in the sky Can fully bear that sight,
His reign shall know no end, And round His pierced feet
All hail! Redeem er; hail! For Thou hast died for me;

And hail Him as thy match-less King Through all eternity.
But downward bends his wondering eye At mysteries so great.
Fair flowers of Paradise extend, Their fragrance ever sweet.
Thy praise shall never, never fail Throughout eternity.

George J. Elvey, 1868
JESUS' GLORY AND PRAISE

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;
Jesus is fair¬er, Jesus is pur¬er;
Jesus shines bright¬er, Jesus shines pur¬er

Thou art my glo¬ry, joy, and crown.
Who makes the woeful heart to sing.
Than all the an¬gels heaven can boast.
81  God Is Love; His Mercy Brightens

1. God is love; His mercy brightens.
2. Chance and change are busy ever;
3. E’en the hour that darkest seemeth;
4. He with earthly care entwineth.

All the path in which werove;
Man decays and ages move;
Will His changeless good ness prove;
Hope and comfort from above;

Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens;
But His mercy wan eth never;
From the gloom His brightness streameth;
Ev er where His glory shin eth:

God is wisdom, God is love.
God is wisdom, God is love.
God is wisdom, God is love.
God is wisdom, God is love.
JESUS' GLORY AND PRAISE

Hark! Ten Thousand Harps and Voices  82

Thomas Kelly

Lowell Mason

1. Hark! ten thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise above;
2. King of glory, reign forever, Thine an everlasting crown;
3. Saviour, hast ten Thine appearing; Bring, O bring, the glorious day

Jesus reigns, and heav'n rejoices; Jesus reigns, the God of love;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever Those whom Thou dost seal Thine own;
When the awful summons hearing, Heav'n and earth shall pass away!

See, He sits on yonder throne; Jesus rules the world alone.
Happy objects of Thy grace, Destined to behold Thy face.
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing, "Glory, glory to our King."

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Amen!
I Love to Tell the Story

Katherine Hankey, 1866

1. I love to tell the story Of unseen things above,
   Of Jesus and His glory, Of Jesus and His love;
   I love to tell the story, Because I know 'tis true;
   I love to tell the story, For some have never heard.

2. I love to tell the story; More wonderful it seems
   Than all the golden fancies Of all our golden dreams;
   I love to tell the story; It did so much for me,
   I love to tell the story, For when in scenes of glory

3. I love to tell the story; 'Tis pleasant to repeat
   What seems each time I tell it, More wonderfully sweet;
   I love to tell the story; For those who know it best
   And when in scenes of glory I sing the new, new song.

4. I love to tell the story; For those who know it best
   Seem hungry and thirsting To hear it like the rest;
   I love to tell the story, Because I know 'tis true;
   And when in scenes of glory I sing the new, new song.
It satisfies my longing
As nothing else can do.
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.
'Twill be the old, old story
That I have loved so long.

Refrain

I love to tell the story;
'Twill be my theme in glory

To tell the old, old story
Of Jesus and His love.
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.

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!
1. Jesus, the very thought of Thee,
   No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
   O hope of every contrite heart!
   Jesus, our only joy be Thou,

2. With sweetness fills my breast;
   Nor can the memory find
   O joy of all the meek,
   Thou our prize wilt be;

3. But sweeter far Thy face to see,
   A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,
   To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
   In Thee be all our glory now,

4. And in Thy presence rest.
   The Saviour of mankind,
   How good to those who seek!
   And through eternity.

Bernard of Clairvaux (1091-1153)
Tr. by Edward Caswall (1814-1878)
John B. Dykes, 1866
1. Jesus, these eyes have never seen
2. I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
3. Like some bright dream that comes unsought,
4. Yet though I have not seen, and still

That radiant form of Thine;
Yet art Thou oft with me;
When slumberers o'er me roll,
Must rest in faith alone,

The veil of sense hangs dark between
And earth has ne'er so dear a spot
Thine image ever fills my thought,
I love Thee, dearest Lord, and will,

Thy blessed face and mine.
As where I meet with Thee.
And charms my 'nrap tured soul.
Unseen, but not unknown.
More About Jesus

E. E. Hewitt

1. More about Jesus I would know, More of His grace to others show;
2. More about Jesus let me learn, More of His holy will discern;
3. More about Jesus; in His word Holding communion with my Lord,
4. More about Jesus; on His throne, Riches in glory all His own;

More of His saving fullness see, More of His love who died for me.
Spirit of God, my teacher be, Showing the things of Christ to me.
Hearing His voice in every line, Making each faithful saying mine.
More of His Kingdom's sure increase; More of His coming, Prince of Peace.

Refrain

More, more about Jesus, More, more about Jesus;

More of His saving fullness see, More of His love who died for me.
1. Lift Him up, 'tis He that bids you, Let the dying look and live;
2. Lift Him up, this precious Saviour, Let the multitude behold;
3. Lift Him up in all His glory, Tis the Son of God on high;
4. O then lift Him up in singing, Lift the Saviour up in prayer;

To all weary, thirsting sinners, Living waters will He give;
They with willing hearts shall seek Him, He will draw them to His fold;
Lift Him up, His love shall draw them, 'E'en the careless shall draw nigh;
He, the glorious Redeemer, All the sins of men did bear;

And though once so meek and lowly, Yet the Prince of heaven was He;
They shall gather from the way-side, Hastening on with joyous feet,
Let them hear again the story Of the cross, the death of shame;
Yes, the young shall bow before Him, And the old their voices raise;
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.

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.
JESUS' GLORY AND PRAISE

89

My Heart and Voice I Raise

B. Rhodes

German Melody

1. My heart and voice I raise,
   To spread Messiahs praise.
2. A servants form He wore,
   And in His body bore
3. But soon the Victor rose
   Triumphant o'er His foes,
4. Soon shall His kingdom come,
   His righteous will be done

Mesiahs praise let all repeat;
The universal Lord,
Our dreadful curse on Calvary; He like a victim stood,
And led the vanquished host in chains; He threw their empire down,
On earth, as by the hosts above; Who to Messiah fly,

By whose almighty word Creation rose in form complete.
And poured His sacred blood, To set the guilty captives free.
His foes compelled to own O'er all the great Messiah reigns.
Shall find redemption nigh, And all His great salvation prove.
O Could I Speak the Matchless Worth

1. O could I speak the matchless worth, O
   could I sound the glories forth, Which in my Saviour shine!
   I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings And vie with Gabriel
   while he sings In notes almost divine, In notes almost divine.
   heavenly dress My soul shall ever shine, My soul shall ever shine.

2. I'd sing the precious blood He spilt, My
   ransom from the dreadful guilt Of sin and wrath divine!
   I'd sing His glorious righteousness, In which all perfect
   last ing days Make all His glories known, Make all His glories known.

3. I'd sing the character He bears, And
   all the forms of love He wears, Exalted on His throne;
   In loftiest songs of sweetest praise, I would to ever-
   make all His glories known, Make all His glories known.

Samuel Medley, 1789
Arr. from Mozart by Lowell Mason, 1836

Arr. from Mozart by Lowell Mason, 1836

Samuel Medley, 1789
Arr. from Mozart by Lowell Mason, 1836

JESUS' GLORY AND PRAISE
Oh, For a Thousand Tongues

1. Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing
   My gracious Master and my God,
   He breaks the cruel power of sin,

2. My great Redeemer's praise,
   As I assist me to proclaim,
   He sets the prisoner free;

3. My great Redeemer's praise.
   To spread through all the earth a broad
   His blood can make the foulest clean,

4. The glories of my God and King.
   The honors of Thy name, my God and King.
   His blood avails for me, my God and King.

Refrain

The triumphs of His grace, The triumphs of His grace, The triumphs of His grace.
Jesus, Thou Joy of Loving Hearts

1. Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts! Thou fount of grace,
   The triumphs of His grace! The triumphs of His grace!

2. Thy truth unchanged has ever stood; Thou saved those that on Thee call;
   From the best bliss that earth immemorially doth bend;
   From Thee, Thou art the light of men! To Thee, O Jesus, Thou art the light of men!

3. Our restless spirit yearns for Thee, Where'er our moments calm and bright;
   Chase the dark night of sin and earth's infirmities;
   Chase the dark night of sin and earth's infirmities;

4. O Jesus, ever with us stay; Make all our parts, We turn unfilled to Thee again.
   Good, To them that find Thee, all in all. Thy holy light!
   See, Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.
O Saviour, Precious Saviour

Frances R. Havergal, 1870

J. Michael Haydn (1737-1806)

1. O Saviour, precious Saviour, Whom yet unseen we love,
2. O bringer of salvation, Who wondrously hast wrought,
3. In Thee all fullness dwell-eth, All grace and power divine;
4. O grant the consummation Of this our song above,

O name of might and favor, All other names above!
Thyself the revelation Of love beyond our thought,
The glory that excelleth, O Son of God, is Thine;
In endless adoration, And everlasting love;

We worship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee, O Christ, we sing;
We worship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee, O Christ, we sing;
We worship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee, O Christ, we sing;
Then shall we praise and bless Thee Where perfect praises ring.

We praise Thee, and confess Thee Our holy Lord and King.
We praise Thee, and confess Thee Our gracious Lord and King.
We praise Thee, and confess Thee Our glorious Lord and King.
And ever more confess Thee Our Saviour and our King.
O Worship the King

Robert Grant, 1833 (1779-1838)  J. Michael Haydn, 1770

1. O worship the King, all glorious above,
   O gratefully sing His wonderful love;
   Our shield and defender, the Ancient of days,
   Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

2. O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
   Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
   His chariots of wrath the deep thunder clouds form,
   And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

3. Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?
   It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
   It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
   And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

4. Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
   In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
   Thy mercies, how tender! how firm to the end!
   Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!
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;

Strengt 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!
Like a shepherd, Jesus will guard His children,
Sound His praises! Jesus who bore our sorrows,
Christ is coming over the world victorious,

In His arms He carries them all day long;
Love unbounded, wonderful, deep and strong;
Power and glory unto the Lord belong;

Refrain

Praise Him! praise Him! tell of His excellent greatness;

Praise Him! praise Him ever in joyful song!
1. Praise, my soul, the King of heaven; To His feet thy tribute bring; Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
in distress; Praise Him, still the same for ever;
frame He knows; In His hands He gently bears us,
face to face; Sun and moon bow down before Him:

Who like thee His praise should sing? Praise Him, Praise Him,
Slow to chide and swift to bless; Praise Him, praise Him,
Rescues us from all our foes: Praise Him, praise Him,
Dwellers all in time and space, Praise Him, praise Him,

alleluia, Praise the everlasting King,
alleluia, Glorious in His faithfulness
alleluia, Wide ly as His mercy flows,
alleluia, Praise with us the God of grace.
There Is a Fountain Filled With Blood

There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins;

E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply;

Lord I believe Thou hast prepared, Unworthy though I be,

There in a nobler, sweeter song, I'll sing Thy power to save,

And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains,

And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die;

When this poor lisp ing, stammering tongue Is ransomed from the grave,

Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains;

A golden harp for me, A golden harp for me!

Is ransomed from the grave, Is ransomed from the grave;

And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.

Re - deem ing love has been by theme, And shall be till I die.

For me a blood-bought free reward, A golden harp for me!

When this poor lisp ing, stammering tongue Is ransomed from the grave.
JESUS’ GLORY AND PRAISE

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 Saviour's love, Who died to set me free;
3. It tells of One whose loving heart Can feel my deepest woe,

It sounds like music in my ear, The sweetest name on earth.
It tells me of His precious blood, The sinner's perfect plea.
Who in each sorrow bears a part That none can bear below.

Refrain

O, how I love Jesus, O, how I love Jesus,

O, how I love Jesus Because He first loved me!
There's No Other Name Like Jesus

F. E. Belden, 1886

1. There's no other name like Jesus, 'Tis the dearest name we know,
   Tis the angel's joy in heaven, Tis the Christian's joy below,
   Sweet name, dear name, There's no other name like Jesus;
   Sweet name, dear name, There's no other name like Jesus;

2. There's no other name like Jesus, When the heart with grief is sad,
   Tis the hope to hear His welcome That my fainting spirit cheers.

3. 'Tis the hope that I shall see Him When in glory He appears,
   Then 'tis well if only Jesus Blesses all I do or say.

Refrain

JESUS' GLORY AND PRAISE

F. E. Belden

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Worthy, Worthy Is the Lamb

1. Worthy, worthy is the Lamb, Worthy, worthy is the Lamb;
2. Saviour, let Thy kingdom come! Now the power of sin consume;
3. Thus may we each moment feel, Love Him, serve Him, praise Him still,

Worthy, worthy is the Lamb That was slain.
Bring Thy blest millennium, Holy Lamb.
Till we all on Zion's hill See the Lamb.

Refrain

Glory, hallelujah! Praise Him, hallelujah!

Glory, hallelujah To the Lamb!
O For a Thousand Tongues to Sing

1. O for a thousand tongues to sing:
2. Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
3. He breaks the pow'r of cancelled sin,

Bless-ed be the name of the Lord! The glories of my
Bless-ed be the name of the Lord! Tis music 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!
Sinner'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.
Tell me the old, old story, Of unseen things above,
2. Tell me the story softly, With earnest tones and grave;
3. Tell me the same old story, When you have cause to fear

Of Jesus and His glory, Of Jesus and His love;
Remember I'm the sinner Whom Jesus came to save;
That this world's empty glory Is costing me too dear;

Tell me the story simply, As to a little child,
Tell me the story always, If you would really be,
Yes, and when that world's glory Is dawning on my soul,

For I am weak and weary, And helpless and defiled,
In any time of trouble, A comforter to me.
Tell me the old, old story: "Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

Tell me the old, old story, Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story, Of Jesus and His love.

"Man of Sorrows!" What a Name

1. "Man of Sorrows!" what a name For the Son of God, Who came Ruined sinners to reclaim!
2. Bearing shame and scoffing rude, In my place condemned He stood; Sealed my pardon with His blood:
3. "Lifted up" was He to die, "It is finished!" home to bring, Now in heaven exalted high:
4. When He comes, our glorious King, All His ransomed were! 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!
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!
1. I have a Saviour, He's pleading in glory, A dear, loving
2. I have a Father; to me He has given A hope for e-
3. I have a robe; 'tis resplendent in whiteness, A waiting in
4. When Jesus has found you, tell others the story, That my loving

Saviour, though earth friends be few; And now He is watching in tender-ness

ter-ni-ty, blessed and true; And soon He will call me to meet Him in
glory my wonder-ing view; Oh, when I receive it, all shin-ing in
Saviour is your Saviour, too; Then pray that your Saviour will bring them to

o'er me, But oh that my Saviour were your Saviour, too.
heaven, But oh that He'd let me bring you with me, too! For you I am
glo-ry, And prayer will be answered, 'twas answered for you!

praying, For you I am praying, For you I am praying, I'm praying for you.
Tell Me the Story of Jesus

1. Tell me the story of Jesus, Write on my heart every word,
   Fast-ing, a-lone in the des-ert, Tell of the days that He passed,
   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;
Glory to God in the highest, Peace and good tidings to earth.
He was despised and afflicted, Homeless, rejected, and poor.
Stay, let me weep while you whisper; Love paid the ransom for me.

Refrain

Tell me the story of Jesus, Write on my heart every word,

Tell me the story most precious, Sweetest that ever was heard.

CHRIST'S LIFE AND MINISTRY
**CHRIST’S SUFFERING AND DEATH**

1. Blessed be the Fountain of blood, To a world of sinners re-
2. Thorn-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;

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**107**

**Blessed Be the Fountain**

E. R. Latta

H. S. Perkins
Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whiteer than snow.
Wash me in the blood that He shed, And I shall be whiteer than snow.
Cleanse me by Thy washing divine, And I shall be whiteer than snow.

Refrain

Whiteer than the snow,
Whiteer than the snow,
Whiteer than the snow,
Whiteer than the snow,

Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whiter than snow.
Wash me in the blood that He shed, And I shall be whiter than snow.
Cleanse me by Thy washing divine, And I shall be whiter than snow.

Lamb, And I shall be whiter than snow.
Lamb, And I shall be whiter than snow.
Lamb, And I shall be whiter than snow.
Lamb, And I shall be whiter than snow.
My Lord Has Garments

1. My Lord has garments so wondrous fine, And myrrh their texture fills;
2. His life had also its sorrows sore, For aloes had a part;
3. His garments too were in cas-tia dipped, With healing in a touch;
4. In garments glorious He will come, To open wide the door;

Its fragrance reached to this heart of mine, With joy my being 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 enter my heavenly home, To dwell forever more.

Refrain

Out of the ivory palaces Into a world of woe,

Full Chorus

Only His great eternal love Made my Saviour go.
1. Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
2. Was it for deeds that I have done,
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide,
4. But drops of grief can ne'er repay

Refrain Help me, dear Saviour, Thee to own,

And did my Sovereign die?
He groaned up on the tree?
And shut his glories in,
The debt of love I owe;

And ever faithful be;
Would He devote that sacred head
A-mazing pity! grace unknown,
When Christ died for me I said,
Here, Lord, I give my self away,

And when Thou sittest on Thy throne,
For such a worm as I?
And love beyond degree!
For man, the creature's sin.
Tis all that I can do.

O Lord, remember me.
110 Alas! and Did My Saviour Bleed?

Isaac Watts, 1707

R. E. Hudson

1. Alas! and did my Saviour bleed, And did my Sovereign die?
2. Was it for deeds that I have done, He groaned upon the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne'er repay The debt of love I owe;

Would He devote that sacred head for such a worm as I?
Amazing pity, grace unknown, And love beyond degree!
Here, Lord, I give myself away, 'Tis all that I can do!

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

burden of my heart rolled away, It was there by faith

rolled away
Rock of Ages, Cleft For Me

Augustus M. Toplady, 1776

Thomas Hastings, 1830

1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee;
2. Not the labors of my hands Can fulfill Thy law's demands;
3. Nothing in my hand I bring, Simply to Thy cross I cling;
4. When my pilgrimage I close, Victor over the last of foes,

Let the water and the blood, From Thy right side which flowed,
Could my zeal no spite know, Could my tears ever flow,
Naked, come to Thee for dress, Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
When I soar to worlds unknown, See Thee on Thy judgment throne,

Be of sin the double cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
All for sin could not a-tone; Thou must save, and Thou alone.
Foul, I to the fountain fly; Wash me, Saviour, or I die.
Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee.
O Who Is This That Cometh?

1. O who is this that cometh From E dom's crimson plain.
2. O why is Thine apparel With reeking gore all dyed,
3. O bleeding Lamb, my Saviour! How couldst Thou bear this shame?

With wounded side, with garments dyed? O tell me now Thy name.
Like them that tread the wine-press red? O why this bloody tide?
'With mercy fraught, Mine own arm brought Salvation in My name;

"I that saw thy soul's distress, A ransom gave;
"I the wine-press trod alone, 'Neath darkening skies;
"I the bloody fight have won, Conquered the grave,

I that speak in righteousness, Mighty to save."
Of the people there was none Mighty to save."
Now the year of joy has come—Mighty to save."

Mighty to save, Mighty to save, Mighty to save;
Lord, I trust Thy wondrous love, Mighty to save.

In the Cross of Christ I Glory

1. In the cross of Christ I glory, Towering o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of sacred love up on my way, From the cross the radiance cross are sanctified; Peace is there that knows no

2. When the woes of life o'er take me, Hopes do cease, and fears annoy; Never shall the cross for love round its head sublime. sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and stream ing Adds new luster to the day.

4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the measure, Joys that through all time abide.
114  King of My Life, I Crown Thee Now

Jennie Evelyn Hussey

1. King of my life, I crown Thee now, Thine shall the glory be;
2. Show me the tomb where Thou wast laid, Tenderly mourned and wept;
3. Let me like Mary, thru the gloom, Come with a gift to Thee;
4. May I be willing, Lord, to bear Daily my cross for Thee;

Lest I forget Thy thorn crowned brow, Lead me to Calvary.
An - gels in robes of light arrayed Guard-ed Thee whilst Thou slept.
Show to me now the empty tomb, Lead me to Calvary.
E - ven Thy cup of grief to share, Thou hast borne all for me.

Lest I forget Gethse - mane; Lest I forget Thine ag - o - ny;
Lest I forget Thy love for me, Lead me to Calvary.
CHRIST'S SUFFERING AND DEATH

'Tis Midnight; and on Olives' Brow  115

William B. Tappan, 1822
William B. Bradbury, 1853

1. 'Tis midnight; and on Olives' brow
2. 'Tis midnight; and from all removed,
3. 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt
4. 'Tis midnight; and from heavenly plains

The star is dimmed that lately shone:
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Is borne the song that angels know;

'Tis midnight; in the garden, now,
E'en that disciple whom He loved
Yet He who hath in anguish knelt,
Unheard by mortals are the strains

The suffering Saviour prays alone.
Heeds not His Master's grief and tears.
Is not forsoaken by His God.
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.
CHRIST'S SUFFERING AND DEATH

116
On a Hill Far Away

George Bennard, 1913

1. On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross, The
2. Oh, that old rugged cross, so despised by the world, Has a
3. In the old rugged cross, stained with blood so divine, A
4. To the old rugged cross I will ever be true, Its

emblem of suffering and shame, And I love that old cross where the
wondrous attraction for me, For the dear Lamb of God left His
wondrous beauty I see; For 'twas on that old cross Jesus
shame and reproach gladly bear; Then He'll call me some-day to my
dearest and best For a world of lost sinners was slain.
glory above, To bear it to dark Calvary.
suffered and died, To pardon and sanctify me.
home far away, Where His glory forever I'll share.

Refrain

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross, Till my

CHRIST'S SUFFERING AND DEATH

1. Rock of A-ge, cleft for me, Let me hide my-sell in Thee;
2. Not the la-bors of my hands Can ful-fill 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-ge, cleft for me, Let me hide my-sell in Thee.
CHRIST'S SUFFERING AND DEATH

118 There Was One Who Was Willing

Mrs. Frank A. Breck

Grant Colfax Tullar

Duet

There was One who was willing to die in my stead,
He is tender and loving and patient with me,
I will cling to my Saviour and never depart—

That a soul so unworthy might live, And the path to the cross
While He cleanses my heart of its dross, But there's no condemnation—
I will joyful journey each day, With a song on my lips

He was willing to tread, All the sins of my life to forgive;
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 taken away.

Refrain

They are nailed to the cross, They are nailed to the cross,
CHRIST'S SUFFERING AND DEATH

O how much He was willing to bear! With what anguish and loss,

Jesus went to the cross! But He carried my sins with Him there.

There Is a Green Hill Far Away

1. There is a green hill far away, Without a city wall,
2. We may not know, we cannot tell, What pains He had to bear,
3. He died that we might be forgiven, He died to make us good,
4. There was no other good enough To pay the price of sin;

Where the dear Lord was crucified, Who died to save us all.
But we believe it was for us He hung and suffered there.
That we might go at last to heaven, Saved by His precious blood.
He only could unlock the gate Of heaven, and let us in.
1. What shall I do with Jesus? He stands before me now,
2. Solemn and awful question! How still the balance stands!
3. Self on the seat of judgment, Dare you the world deny?
4. Not to the sinner only, The question comes with pow’r;

Wearing the robe of purple, And thorns upon His brow.
Mercy a moment lingers, It trembles in her hands.
Louder and louder calling, "Away!" and "Crucify!"
Hear it, ye halting Christians, In every trial hour.

Refrain

This is the question now; What shall the answer be?
Shall I (Fourth verse) I will

crucify King Jesus, And set Barabbas free?
crucify Barabbas, And set King Jesus free.
When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

Isaac Watts, 1707

1. When I survey the wondrous cross
2. See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
3. Since I, who was undone and lost,
4. Were the whole realm of nature mine,

On which the Prince of glory died,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Have pardon through His name and word;
That were a tribute far too small;

My richest gain I count but loss,
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Forbid it, then, that I should boast,
Love so amazing, so divine,

And pour contempt on all my pride.
Or thorns compose such a crown?
Save in the cross of Christ my Lord.
Demands my life, my soul, my all.
Awake My Soul, and Greet the Dawn

122

R. L. Fletcher

Robert Lowry

Refrain

Awake, my soul, The Saviour lives, no more to die,
Awake, a-wake, a-wake my soul

Awake, my soul, The Lord ascends on high.
Awake, a-wake, a-wake my soul
CHRIST'S RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION

Christ the Lord Is Risen Today

Charles Wesley, 1739

From Lyra Davidica, 1708

1. Christ the Lord is risen today, Alleluia!
2. Lives again our glorious King, Alleluia!
3. Love's redeeming work is done, Alleluia!
4. Soar we then where Christ has led, Alleluia!

Sons of men and angels say, Alleluia!
Where, O death, is now thy sting? Alleluia!
Fought the fight, the battle won, Alleluia!
Following our exalted Head, Alleluia!

Raise your joys and triumphs high, Alleluia!
Once He died, our souls to save, Alleluia!
Death in vain for bids Him rise, Alleluia!
Made like Him, like Him we rise, Alleluia!

Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth reply, Alleluia!
Where's thy victory, boasting grave? Alleluia!
Christ hath opened Paradise, Alleluia!
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies, Alleluia!
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, Alleluia!
2. There the glorious triumph waits; Alleluia!
3. See! He lifts His hands above; Alleluia!
4. Lord beyond our mortal sight, Alleluia!

Glorious to His native skies; Alleluia!
Lift your heads, eternal gates! Alleluia!
See! He shows the prints of love; Alleluia!
Raise our hearts to reach Thy height, Alleluia!

Christ, a while to mortals given, Alleluia!
Wide unfold the radiant scene; Alleluia!
Hark! His gracious lips bestow, Alleluia!
There Thy face unclouded see, Alleluia!

Enters now the highest heaven! Alleluia!
Take the King of glory in! Alleluia!
Blessings on His church below. Alleluia!
Find our heaven of heavens in Thee. Alleluia!
I Cease to Sing of Sweet Tomorrow

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-given, 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.
Lift Up Your Heads

Georg Weissel, 1642

William Knapp, 1738

1. Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates!
2. O blest the land, the city blest,
3. Fling wide the portals of your heart;
4. Redeemer, come; I open wide

Behold the King of glory waits;
Where Christ the Ruler is confessed!
Make it a temple, set a part
My heart to Thee; here, Lord, abide.

The King of kings is drawing near;
O happy hearts and happy homes
From earthly use for heaven's employ,
Let me Thy inner presence feel,

The Saviour of the world is here,
To whom this King in triumph comes!
Adorned with prayer, and love, and joy.
Thy grace and love in me reveal.
Low in the Grave He Lay

1. Low in the grave He lay—Jesus, my Saviour!
2. Vainly they watch His bed—Jesus, my Saviour!
3. Death cannot keep His prey—Jesus, my Saviour!

Waiting the coming day—Jesus, my Lord!
Vainly they seal the dead—Jesus, my Lord!
He tore the bars away—Jesus, my Lord!

Refrain

Up from the grave He arose With a mighty triumph o'er His foes; He arose
He arose a Victor from the dark domain, And He lives for ever with His

saints to reign; He arose! He arose! Hallelujah! Christ arose! He arose! He arose!
CHRIST’S RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION

The Day of Resurrection

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

Henry Smart, 1836

1. The day of resurrection—Earth, tell it out abroad—
2. Our hearts be pure from evil, That we may see a right
3. Now let the heavens be joyful, Let earth her song begin,

The pass-over of gladness, The pass-over of God.
The Lord in rays eternal Of resurrection light,
Let the round世界 keep triumph And all that is therein;

From death to life eternal, From this world to the sky,
And, listening to His accents, May hear, so calm and plain,
Invisible and visible, Their notes let all things blend,

Our Christ hath brought us over With hymns of victory.
His own “All Hail!” and, hearing, May raise the victor strain.
For Christ the Lord hath risen, Our joy that hath no end.
Baptize Us Anew

W. A. Ogden

1. Baptize us anew With power from on high,
2. Unworthy we cry, Unholy, unclean,
3. O heavenly Dove, Descend from on high!
4. O list the glad voice! From heaven it came:

With love, O refresh us! Dear Saviour, draw nigh.
O wash us and cleanse us From sin's guilty stain.
We plead Thy rich blessing; In mercy draw nigh.
Thou art My beloved, Well pleased I am.

Refrain

(Last vs.) We humbly beseech Thee, Lord Jesus, we pray,
We praise Thee, we bless Thee, dear Lamb that was slain,

With love and the Spirit baptize us today.
We laud and adore Thee, Amen and Amen.
THE HOLY SPIRIT

130  

Come Holy Spirit, Come

J. Hart  

G. F. Handel

1. Come, Holy Spirit, come,
2. Convince us all of sin,
3. 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,

Let Thy bright beams arise,
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
To sanctify the soul,

Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
And to our wondering view reveal
To pour fresh life in every part,

The darkness from our eyes.
The mercies of our God.
And new create the whole.
Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove

1. Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
2. Awake our souls to joyful songs,
3. Father, we would no longer live
4. Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,

With all Thy quickening powers;
Let pure devotion rise;
At this poor, dying rate;
With all Thy quickening powers;

Kin - dle a flame of sacred love
Till praise employs 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 ever dies.
For Thine to us is great.
And that shall kindle ours.
THE HOLY SPIRIT

132

Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide

M. M. Wells, 1858

M. M. Wells

1. Holy Spirit, faithful Guide, Ever near the Christian's side,
2. Ever present, truest Friend, Ever near Thine aid to lend,
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet release,

Gently lead us by the hand, Pilgrims in a desert land;
Leave us not to doubt and fear, Groping on in darkness drear.
Nothing left but heaven and prayer, Wondering if our names are there;

Weary souls for e'er rejoice, While they hear that sweetest voice,
When the storms are raging sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Wading deep the dismal flood, Pleading nought but Jesus' blood,

Whispering softly, "Wanderer, come! Follow Me, I'll guide thee home."
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come! Follow Me, I'll guide thee home."
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come! Follow Me, I'll guide thee home."
THE HOLY SPIRIT

Holy Spirit, Light Divine

Andrew Reed, 1817
Arr. from Louis M. Gottschalk, 1867

1. Holy Spirit, light divine,
   Shine upon this heart of mine,
   Chase the shades of night away,
   Turn my darkness into day.

2. Holy Spirit, power divine,
   Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
   Long has sin, without control,
   Held doiminion o’er my soul.

3. Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
   Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
   Bid my man y woes depart,
   Heal my wound ed, bleeding heart.

4. Holy Spirit, all divine,
   Dwell within this heart of mine;
   Cast down every idol throne,
   Reign supreme, and reign alone.
134 Hover O'er Me, Holy Spirit

Ellwood H. Stokes

1. Hover o'er me, Holy Spirit; Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
2. Thou canst fill me, gracious Spirit; Though I cannot tell Thee how;
3. I am weakness, full of weakness; At Thy sacred feet I bow;
4. Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me; Bathe, O, bathe my heart and brow;

Fill me with Thy hallowed presence, Come, O come and fill me now.
But I need Thee, greatly need Thee; Come, O come and fill me now.
Blest, divine, eternal Spirit, Fill with love, and fill me now.
Thou art comforting and saving, Thou art sweetly filling now.

Refrain

Fill me now, fill me now, Jesus, come and fill me now.

Fill me with Thy hallowed presence, Come, O come and fill me now.
THE HOLY SPIRIT

Let Thy Spirit, Blessed Saviour 135

1. Let Thy Spirit, 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-stroy;
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

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.
Lord, I Hear of Showers of Blessing

1. Lord, I hear of showers of blessing
   Thou art scattering
2. Pass me not, O gracious Father!
   Sinful though my
3. Have I long in sin been sleeping?
   Long been slighting,
4. Pass me not, O Holy Spirit!
   Thou canst make the

full and free;
Shower, the thirsty soul refreshing;
heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
against, Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
blind to see;
Testify of Jesus' merit,

Let some drops now fall on me.
Let Thy mercy rest on me.
O forgive and rescue me!
Speak the word of peace to me.

Refrain

even me, Let some drops now fall on me.
O for That Flame of Living Fire

1. O for that flame of living fire
2. Where is that spirit, Lord, which dwelt
3. Is not Thy grace as mighty now
4. Remember, Lord, the ancient days;

Which shone so bright in saints of old;
In Abram's breast, and sealed him Thine?
As when Elijah felt its power?
Renew Thy work, Thy grace restore;

Which bade their souls to heaven aspire,
Which made Paul's heart with sorrow melt,
When glory beamed from Moses' brow,
And while to Thee our hearts we raise,

Calm in distress, in danger bold!
And glow with energy divine?
Or Job endured the trying hour?
On us Thy Holy Spirit pour.
139 Spirit Divine, Attend Our Prayer

Andrew Reed, 1829
Adapted by Samuel Longfellow, 1864
Wilhelm A. F. Schulthes, 1871

1. Spirit divine, attend our prayer;
   And make our hearts Thy home;
   Descend with all Thy gracious power;
   Come, Holy Spirit, come.

2. Come as the light! to us reveal
   The truth we long to know,
   Reveal the narrow path of right,
   The way of duty show.

3. Come as the fire! and purge our hearts
   Like sacrificial flame,
   Till our whole souls an offering be
   In love's redeeming name.

4. Come as the dew! and sweetly bless
   This consecrated hour,
   Till every barren place shall own
   With joy Thy quickening power.
1. "There shall be showers of blessing"; This is the promise of love;
2. "There shall be showers of blessing"; Precious reviving again;
3. "There shall be showers of blessing"; Send them upon us, O Lord;
4. "There shall be showers of blessing"; O that today they might fall,

There shall be seasons refreshing, Sent from the Saviour above.
Over the hills and the valleys, Sound of abundance of rain.
Grant to us now a refreshing; Come, and now honor Thy word.
Now as to God we're confessing; Now as on Jesus we call!

Refrain

Showers of blessing, Showers of blessing we need;
Showers, showers of blessing.

Mercy drops round us are falling, But for the showers we plead.
THE WORD OF GOD

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 glorious motto 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 procured 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 im-par-ts; 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, and ev’ry sea,

night Are led to God and heav’n by thee.
1. I love the sacred book of God,
2. Sweet book! in thee my eyes discern
3. With-in thy sacred lids is found
4. Light of the world, thy beams impart,

No other can its place supply;
The image of my absent Lord;
A transcript of my Maker's will;
To lead my feet through life's dark way;

It points me to the saints' abode,
From thy instructive page I learn.
Treasures of knowledge here abound,
O, shine on this be-nighted heart,

And bids me from destruction fly.
The joys His presence will afford.
The deepest, loftiest mind to fill.
Nor let me from thy guidance stray.
THE WORD OF GOD

143 Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters

Unknown

1. "Cast thy bread upon the waters," Ye who have but scant supply;
2. "Cast thy bread upon the waters," Sad and weary, worn with care,
3. "Cast thy bread upon the waters," Ye who have abundant store;

Angel eyes will watch above it; You shall find it by and by;
Wherefore sitting in the shadow? Surely you've a crumb to spare.
It may float on many a bilow, It may strand on many a shore;

He who in His righteous balance, Doth each human action weigh,
Can you not to those around you Sing some little song of hope,
You may think it lost forever; But, as sure as God is true,

Will your sacrifice remember, Will your loving deeds repay,
As you look with longings vision Thro' faith's mighty telescope.
In this life, or in the other, It will yet return to you.
How Firm a Foundation

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His excellent word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, Who unto the Saviour for refuge have fled? Who unto the Saviour for refuge have fled? hand, Up - held by My righteous, omnipotent fine, Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine, sake, I'll never, no, never, no, never for - sake."

2. "Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dismayed; For I am thy cause thee to stand, Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent on - ly de - sign Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to re - deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er, no, nev - er, no, nev - er for -

3. "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie, My grace all-suf - ficient shall be thy sup - ply; The flame shall not hurt thee; I will not des - eret to His foes; That soul, though all hell should en -

4. The soul that on Jesus doth lean for re - pose, I will not, I ss, and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and will not desert to His foes; That soul, though all hell should en -

Rippon's Selection, 1787
Wade’s Cantus Diversi, 1751

144

THE WORD OF GOD

Wade's Cantus Diversi, 1751
Rippon's Selection, 1787

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Give Me the Bible

1. Give me the Bible, star of gladness gleaming, To cheer the wanderer lone and tempest tossed, No storm can hide that peaceful radiance beamning, filled my soul with fear; Give me the precious words by Jesus spoken, of these realms below; That lamp of safety, o'er the gloom shall brighten, since Jesus came to seek and save the lost. Hold up faith's lamp to show my Saviour near. Give me the Bible, That light alonethen the path of peace can show. holy message shining, Thy light shall guide me in the narrow way.

2. Give me the Bible when my heart is broken, When sin and grief have

3. Give me the Bible, all my steps enlighten, Teach me the danger
How Precious Is the Book Divine  146

1. How precious is the book divine, By inspiration given!
2. It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts In this dark vale of tears,
3. This lamp, thro' all the tedious night Of life, shall guide our way,

Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine, To guide our souls to heaven.
And life and light and joy impart, To banish all our fears.
Till we behold the clearer light Of an eternal day.
Break Thou the Bread of Life

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me,
2. Bless Thou the truth revealed This day to me,
3. Spirit and life are they, Words Thou dost speak;

As Thou didst break the loaves Beside the sea;
As Thou didst bless the bread By Galilee;
I have ten to obey, But I am weak;

Beyond the sacred page I seek Thee, Lord;
Then shall all bondage cease, All fetters fall;
Thou art my only help, Thou art my life;

My spirit pants for Thee, O living Word!
And I shall find in Thee My all in all!
Heeding Thy holy word I win the strife.

Mary A. Lathbury, 1877
William F. Sherwin, 1877
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.
GOD'S POWER IN NATURE

149

Eternal Light

Thomas Binney, c. 1826

Henry L. Morley, 1875

1. Eternal Light! Eternal Light! How pure that soul must be
2. The angels that surround Thy throne May bear the burning bliss;
3. There is a way for man to rise To that sublime abode;
4. These, these prepare us for the sight Of holiness above;

When, placed within Thy searching sight, It shrinks not, but with
But surely that is theirs alone Who, undefiled, have
An offering and a sacrifice, A Holy Spirit's
The sons of ignorance and night May dwell in the e-

calm delight Can live, and look on Thee.
never known A fallen world like this.
en energies, An Advocate with God:
ternal Light, Through the e-
ternal Love!
Father, How Wide Thy Glory Shines!  150

Dr. Watts

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 heav - en - 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.
Why Should I Feel Discouraged

1. Why should I feel discouraged, Why should the shadows come,
   He is the Shepherd, ever guiding me.

2. "Let not your heart be troubled," His tender word I hear,
   I know He watches me;

3. When ever I am tempted, When ever clouds arise,
   His eye is on the sparrow, And I know He cares for me;

Why should my heart be lonely, And long for heav'n and home,
   My constant Friend is He: Tho' by the path He leads me,

When songs give place to sighing, When hope within me dies,
   I draw the closer to Him, From care He sets me free;

When Jesus is my portion? My constant Friend is He:
   His eye is on the sparrow, And I know He cares for me;

His eye is on the sparrow, And I know He watches me;
   His eye is on the sparrow, And I know He watches me;

His eye is on the sparrow, And I know He cares for me.
   His eye is on the sparrow, And I know He cares for me;

His eye is on the sparrow, And I know He watches me.
   His eye is on the sparrow, And I know He watches me;

His eye is on the sparrow, And I know He cares for me.
   His eye is on the sparrow, And I know He cares for me;
Refrain

I sing because I'm happy (I'm happy) I sing because I'm free (I'm free),

For His eye is on the sparrow, And I know He watches me.

God Moves in a Mysterious Ways

William Cowper, 1772 (1731-1800)

Scottish Psalter; 1615

1. God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform;
2. Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take; The clouds ye so much dread
3. His purposes will ripen fast, Unfolding every hour;
4. Blind unbelief is sure to err; And scan His work in vain;

He plants His footsteps in the sea, And rides upon the storm.
Are big with mercy, and shall break In blessings on your head.
The bud may have a bitter taste, But sweet will be the flower.
God is His own interpreter; And He will make it plain.
This is my Father's world, And to my listening ears,
This is my Father's world, The birds their carols raise;
This is my Father's world, O let me ne'er forget

All nature sings, and round me rings The music of the spheres.
The morning light, the lily white, Declare their Maker's praise.
That though the wrong seems oft so strong, God is the Ruler yet.

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

Of rocks and trees, of skies and seas; His hand the wonders wrought.
In the rustling grass I hear Him pass, He speaks to me everywhere.
The Lord is King; let the heavens ring! God reigns; let the earth be glad.
Again the Day Returns

William Mason

1. Again the day returns of holy rest,
2. Let us devote this consecrated day
3. Lord of all worlds, incline Thy gracious ear;
4. Father in heaven, in whom our hopes confide,

Which, when He made the world, Jehovah blest;
To learn His will, and all we learn obey;
Thy children's voice in tender mercy hear;
Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide,

When, like His own, He bade our labors cease,
So shall He hear, when fervently we raise
Bear Thy blest promise, fixed as hills, in mind,
Through life our surest guardian, and friend,

And all be piety, and all be peace.
Our suplications, and our songs of praise.
And shed renewing grace on lost mankind.
Glory supreme be Thine till time shall end.
155 Another Six Days' Work Is Done

S. Stennett (1727-1795)

L. Mason, 1830

1. Another six days' work is done,
2. Come, bless the Lord, whose love is sure,
3. O that our thoughts and thanks may rise
4. This heavenly calm within the breast

Another Sabbath is begun;
So sweet a rest to weary minds;
As grateful incense to the skies,
Is the best pledge of glorious rest,

Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
A blessed soul antepast is given,
And draw from Christ that sweet repose
Which for the church of God remains,

Improve 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

1. Another week has passed a-way, With all its busy cares;
2. How many dangers we have passed, Directed, Lord by Thee,
3. When-e'er we drifted from the track, Un-pilot-ed by Thee,
4. Fresh par-doned through the Crucified, Thy mercy we entreat,

And now before Thy holy day, With its glad praise and pray'rs, While others on the rocks were cast In life's deceit-ful sea; Thou didst in mercy call us back, And still the storm-y sea; To guide us to the far-ther side, And there Thy serv-ants meet;

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

157
Don't Forget the Sabbath

Fanny J. Crosby (1823-1915)  William B. Bradbury (1816-1868)

1. Don't forget the Sabbath, The Lord our God hath blest,
2. Keep the Sabbath holy, And worship Him today,
3. Day of sacred pleasure! Its golden hours we'll spend

Of all the week the brightest, Of all the week the best;
Who said to His disciples, "I am the living way";
In thankful hymns to Jesus, The children's dearest Friend;

It brings repose from labor; It tells of joy divine,
And if we meekly follow Our Saviour here below;
O gentle loving, Saviour; How good and kind Thou art,

Its beams of light descending, With heavenly beauty shine.
He'll give us of the fountain Whose streams eternal flow.
How precious is Thy promise To dwell in every heart!

Refrain

Welcome, welcome, ever welcome, Blessed Sabbath day.
God Bless Our Sabbath School

F.E. Belden

Arr. F. E. Belden

1. God bless our Sabbath school! Christ sup'r-intend it,
Source of true wisdom, yet ruling by love;
Our great Example and Shepherd we follow,
Till Thy great fold we shall enter above.

2. Search-ing Thy holy word, here weassemble,
Parents and children the aged and youth,
Wonderful Counselor, our minds enlighten,
Thy Holy Spirit revealing Thy truth.

3. Pow'r both to will and do, Lord, Thou hast promised,
Will thou hast giv'n, now the power bestow,
Vainly we call Thee our Lord and our Master,
Unless we live out the truth that we know.

THE SABBATH

Welcome, welcome, ever welcome, Blessed Sabbath day.

A. Lyoff

158
Hail, Happy Day!

1. Hail, happy day! thou day of holy rest;
2. Let earth and all its vani - ties be gone,
3. O Son of God, exalted on Thy throne,

What heavenly peace and transport fill our breast
Move from my sight, and leave my soul alone;
Impart that grace which comes from Thee alone;

When Christ, the Lord of grace, in love descends,
Its flattering, fading glo - ries I despise,
Thou, by whose love our light and peace are given,

And kindly holds communion with His friends!
And to immor - tal beauties turn my eyes.
Bring us, dear Sav - iour, to Thy - self and heaven.
THE SABBATH

Holy Sabbath Day of Rest

1. Holy Sabbath day of rest, By our Master richly blest,
2. Seek not pleasures of this earth, With its folly, noise, and mirth,
3. As the Sabbath draweth on Friday eve at set of sun,
4. Ask ing Him for saving grace, Also victory in the race,

God created and divine, Set aside for holy time.
There are better things in store, Over on the other shore.
Christian house-hold then should meet, Sing and pray at Jesus’ feet.
And to help us by His pow’r, To keep holy every hour.

Refrain

Yes, the holy Sabbath rest, By our God divinely blest,

It to us a sign shall be Throughout all eternity.
1. Lord of the Sabbath and its light, I hail Thy
   hal - lowed day of rest; It is my wea - ry
   soul's de - light, The sol - ace of my care - worn
   breast, The sol - ace of my care - worn breast.

2. O sa - cred day of peace and joy, Thy hours are
   ev - er dear to me; Ne'er may a sin - ful
   thought de - stroy The ho - ly calm I find in
   thee, The ho - ly calm I find in thee.

3. How sweet - ly now they glide a - long! How hal - lowed
   is the calm they yield! Trans - port - ing is their
   rap - turous song, And heavenly vi - sions seem re -
   vealed, And heavenly vi - sions seem re - vealed.

4. O Je - sus, let me ev - er hail Thy pres - ence
   with the day of rest; Then will Thy ser - vant
   nev - er fail To deem Thy Sab - bath dou - bly
   blest, To deem Thy Sab - bath dou - bly blest.

Arranged from Frederick M. A. Venua, c. 1810
O Day of Rest and Gladness

1. O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light,
2. Thou art a port protect ed From storms that round us rise,
3. A day of sweet reflection Thou art, a day of love;

O balm of care and sadness, Most beautiful, most bright;
A garden intersected With streams of Paradise;
A day to raise affection From earth to things above.

On thee, the high and lowly, Who bend before the throne,
Thou art a cooling fountain In life's dry, dreary sand;
New graces ever gaining From this our day of rest,

Sing Holy, holy, holy, To the Eternal One.
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain, We view our promised land.
We seek the rest remaining In mansions of the blest.
Safely Through Another Week

John Newton, 1774

Lowell Mason, 1824

1. Safely through another week God has brought us on our way;
2. While we seek supplies of grace Through the dear Redeemer's name,
3. Here we come to pray For Thy dear name near;
4. May the gospel's joyful sound Conquer sinners, comfort saints;

Let us now a blessing seek, Waiting in His courts today;
Show Thy reconciling face, Take away our sin and shame;
May Thy glory meet our eyes While we in Thy courts appear;
Make the fruits of grace abound, Bring relief to all complaints;

Day of all the week the best, Emblem of eternal rest;
Here our worldly cares set free May we rest this day in Thee.
Here afford us Lord, a taste Of our everlasting feast.
Thus may all our Sabaths be Till we rise to reign with Thee.

Day of all the week the best, Emblem of eternal rest.
From our worldly cares set free May we rest this day in Thee.
Here afford us Lord, a taste Of our everlasting feast.
Thus may all our Sabaths be Till we rise to reign with Thee.
Sweet Sabbath School

1. Sweet Sabbath School! more dear to me Than fair-est palace 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.
Welcome, Delightful Morn

1. Welcome, delightful morn, Thou day of sacred rest!
2. Now may the King descend, And fill His throne with grace;
3. Descend, celestial Dove, With all Thy quickening powers;

I hail thy kind return; Lord, make these moments blest;
Thy scepter, Lord, extend, While saints address Thy face;
Disclose a Saviour's love, And bless the sacred hours;

From the low plain of mortal toys
Let sinners feel Thy quickening word,
Then shall my soul new life obtain,

I soar to reach immortal joys,
And learn to know and fear the Lord,
Nor Sabaths be enjoyed in vain,
I soar to reach immortal joys.
And learn to know and fear the Lord.
Nor Sabbaths be enjoyed in vain.

This Is the Day of Rest

J. Ellerton, 1867
Cantica Laudis, 1850

1. This is the day of rest; Our failing strength renew;
2. This is the day of peace; Thy peace our spirits fill;
3. This is the day of prayer; Let earth to heaven draw near;
4. This is the best of days; Send forth Thy quickening breath,

On weary brain and troubled breast Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.
Bid Thou the blasts of discord 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 Vanquisher of death!
THE SABBATH

167 The Dawn of God's Dear Sabbath

A. Cross

1. The dawn of God's dear Sabbath
   Breaks o'er the earth again,
   As some sweet summer morning
   After a night of pain;
   It comes as cooling showers
   To some exhausted land,
   As shade of clustered palm trees
   Mid weary wastes of sand.

2. Lord, we would bring for offering,
   Though marred with earthly soil,
   A week of earnest labor,
   Of steady, faithful toil,
   Fair fruits of self-denial,
   Of strong, deep love to Thee,
   Fostered by Thine own Spirit,
   In true humility.

3. And we would bring our burden
   Of sinful thought and deed,
   In Thy pure presence kneeling,
   From bondage to be freed,
   Our heart's most bitter sorrow
   For all Thy work undone,
   So many talents wasted!
   So few bright laurels won!

4. And with that sorrow mingling,
   A steadfast faith, and sure,
   And love so deep and fervent,
   For Thee to make it pure,
   In Thy dear presence finding
   The pardon that we need,
   And then the peace so lasting
   Celestial peace indeed.
1. Fresh from the throne of glory, Bright in its crystal gleam,
   Bursts out the living Fountain, Swells on the living Stream.
2. Stream full of life and gladness, Spring of all health and peace,
   No harps by thee hang silent, Nor happy voices cease.
3. River of God, I greet thee, Now not afar, but near;
   My soul to thy still waters Hastes in its thirstings here.
4. Jesus, the healing Fountain, Fresh from the throne above,
   Thou art the living water, Thou art the stream of love.

Refrain

Holy River, I would ever Draw my life from thee (from thee);
Mighty River, I will never Cease to sing of thee.
1. Are you weary, are you heavy hearted? Tell it to Jesus,
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbidden? Tell it to Jesus,
3. Do you fear the gathering clouds of sorrow? Tell it to Jesus,
4. Are you troubled at the thought of dying? Tell it to Jesus,

tell it to Jesus; Are you grieving over joys departed?
tell it to Jesus; Have you sins that to the world are hidden?
tell it to Jesus; Are you anxious what shall be tomorrow?
tell it to Jesus; For Christ's coming kingdom are you sighing?

Refrain
Tell it to Jesus alone.
Tell it to Jesus alone. Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus,
Tell it to Jesus alone.
Tell it to Jesus alone.

He is a friend that's well known; You've no other
How Shall I Follow Him?  170

Josiah Conder, 1824

1. How shall I follow Him I serve? How shall I
2. Lord, should my path through suffering lie, Forbid that
3. O, let me think how Thou didst leave Thy heav'ly
4. All this Thou didst, then died for me! Thou camest

Josiah Conder, 1824

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4. All this Thou didst, then died for me! Thou camest

The Christian Refuge
Hark! Salvation News Is Sounding

1. Hark! Salvation news is sounding, Christ has suffered on the tree;
   Streams of mercy are bounding, Grace for all is rich and free.
   Now, poor sinner, Now, poor sinner, Now, poor sinner,

2. Oh, escape to yonder mountain; Refuge find in Him today!
   Christ invites you to the Fountain, Come and wash your sins away.
   Do not tarry, Do not tarry, Do not tarry,

3. Grace is flowing like a river, Millions there have been supplied;
   Still it flows as fresh as ever From the Saviour's wounded side;
   None need perish, None need perish, None need perish,

Now, poor sinner, Now, poor sinner, Now, poor sinner,

Turn to Him who died for thee, Turn to Him who died for thee.
   Turn to Him who died for thee, Turn to Him who died for thee.
   All may live, for Christ hath died, All may live, for Christ hath died.
Firmly Stand for God

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,

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.
I Do Not Know Why

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

1. I need Thee ev'ry hour; Most gracious Lord;
2. I need Thee ev'ry hour; Stay Thou near by;
3. I need Thee ev'ry hour; In joy or pain;
4. I need Thee ev'ry hour; Teach me Thy will,

No tender voice like Thine Can peace afford.
Tempitations lose their power When Thou art nigh.
Come quickly and abide, Or life is vain.
And Thy rich promises In me fulfill.

I need Thee, O I need Thee! Ev'ry hour I need Thee;

O bless me now, my Saviour! I come to Thee.
1. I need Thee, precious Jesus, For I am very poor;
2. I need the heart of Jesus To feel each anxious care,
3. I need Thee, precious Jesus, I hope to see Thee soon,

A stranger and a pilgrim, I have no earthly store.
To tell my every trial, And all my sorrows share.
Encircled with the rainbow, And seated on Thy throne.

I need the love of Jesus To cheer me on my way;
I need the Holy Spirit To teach me what I am,
There, with Thy blood-bought children, My joy shall ever be

To guide my doubting footsteps, To be my strength and stay.
To show me more of Jesus, To point me to the Lamb.
To sing Thy ceaseless praises, To gaze, my Lord, on Thee!
In the Hour of Trial

1. In the hour of trial, Jesus, plead for me,
2. With forbidden pleasures Would this vain world charm;
3. Should Thy mercy send me sorrow, toil, and woe,

Lest by base denial I depart from Thee;
Or its sor did treasures Spread to work me harm;
Or should pain attend me On my path below,

When Thou see est me waver, With a look recall,
Bring to my remembrance Sad Gethsemane,
Grant that I may never Fail Thy hand to see;

Nor, for fear or favor, Suffer me to fall.
Or, in darker semblance, Cross-crowned Calvary.
Grant that I may ever Cast my care on Thee.
THE CHRISTIAN REFUGE

177 Jesus Is All the World to Me

Will L. Thompson (1847–1909)

1. Jesus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;  
2. Jesus is all the world to me, My Friend in trials sore;  
3. Jesus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;  
4. Jesus is all the world to me, I want no better friend;

He is my strength from day to day, Without Him I would fall.  
I go to Him for blessings, and He gives them o'er and o'er.  
Oh, how could I this Friend deny, When He's so true to me?  
I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleeting days shall end.

When I am sad to Him I go, No other one can cheer me so;  
He sends the sunshine and the rain, He sends the harvest's gold-en grain;  
Following Him I know I'm right, He watches o'er me day and night;  
Beautiful life with such a Friend; Beautiful life that has no end;

When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my Friend.  
Sunshine and rain, harvest of grain, He's my Friend.  
Following Him, by day and night, He's my Friend.  
Eternal life, eternal joy, He's my Friend.
1. Just when I need Him, Jesus is near;
2. Just when I need Him, Jesus is true,
3. Just when I need Him, Jesus is strong,
4. Just when I need Him, He is my all.

Just when I falter, just when I fear; Ready to help me,
Never forsaking, all the way through; Giving for burdens
Bearing my burdens all the day long; For all my sorrowing
Answering when upon Him I call; Tenderly watching

Just when I need Him most, Just when I need Him most;
Jesus is near to comfort and cheer, Just when I need Him most.
1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness; I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But changing grace; In every high and stormy gale, My whelming flood; When all around my soul gives way, He Him be found; Clad in His righteousness alone, Fault-

Refrain

wholly lean on Jesus' name. an anchor holds within the veil. On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand; All then is all my hope and stay. less to stand before the throne.

other ground is sinking sand, All other ground is sinking sand.
1. O safe to the Rock that is higher than I, My soul in its conflicts and sorrows would fly; So sinful, so times when tempation casts o'er me its power; In the tempests of fled to my Refuge and breathed out my woe; How often, when

2. In the calm of the noon-tide, in sorrow's lone hour; In weary, Thine, Thine would I be; Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm life, on its wide, heaving sea, Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm trials like sea bilows roll, Have I hidden in Thee, O Thou

3. How oft in the conflict, when pressed by the foe, I have weary, Thine, Thine would I be; Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm life, on its wide, heaving sea, Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm trials like sea bilows roll, Have I hidden in Thee, O Thou

Refrain

O Safe to the Rock

Ira D. Sankey

William O. Cushing

Thine, Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in Thee.
1. O Thou in whose presence my soul takes delight,
2. His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
3. His lips, as a fountain of righteousness flow,
4. He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,

On whom in affliction I call,
Is heard through the shadows of death;
To water the gardens of grace;
And myriads wait for His word;

My comfort by day and my song in the night,
The cedars of Lebanon bow at His feet,
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know,
He speaks, and eternity, filled with His voice,

My hope, my salvation, my all!
The air is perfumed with His breath.
And bask in the smiles of His face.
Receives the praise of the Lord.
Pass Me Not, O Gentle Saviour

Fanny J. Crosby (1823-1915)  
William H. Doane, 1870

1. Pass me not, O gentle Saviour; Hear my humble cry;
2. Let me at Thy throne of mercy Find a sweet relief;
3. Trusting only in Thy merit, Would I seek Thy face;
4. Thou the spring of all my comfort, More than life for me;

While on others Thou art calling, Do not pass me by.  
Kneeling there in deep contrition, Help my unbelief.  
Heal my wounded, broken spirit, Save me by Thy grace.  
Whom have I on earth beside Thee? Whom in heaven but Thee?

Refrain

Saviour, Saviour, hear my humble cry,

While on others Thou art calling, Do not pass me by.
THE CHRISTIAN REFUGE

183 Oh, the Best Friend to Have Is Jesus

P. P. Bilhorn

1. Oh, the best friend to have is Jesus; When the cares of life upon you roll, He will heal the wounded heart, He will strength and grace impart; Oh, the best friend to have is Jesus. The best friend to have is Jesus, Jesus every day,

2. What a friend I have found in Jesus! Peace and comfort to my soul He brings; Leaning on His mighty arm, I will fear no ill no harm; The best friend to have is Jesus; He will help you when you fall, Jesus all the way,

3. Though I pass through the night of sorrow, And the chilly waves of Jordan fore, We will sing upon the shore, Praising Him forevermore;

4. When at last to our home we gather, With the faithful who have gone before, We will sing upon the shore, Praising Him forevermore;

Refrain

The best friend to have is Jesus; He will help you when you fall, Jesus all the way,
Hark, My Soul! It Is the Lord

William Cowper, 1768

Verse 1: Hark, my soul! it is the Lord; 'Tis thy Saviour.

Verse 2: Mine is an unchanging love, Higher than the heights above;

Verse 3: Thou shalt see My glory soon, When the work of grace is done;

Verse 4: Lord, it is my chief complaint That my love is weak and faint;

He will hear you when you call; Oh, the best friend to have is Jesus.
THE CHRISTIAN REFUGE

185 Once My Way Was Dark and Dreary

E. E. Hewitt

B. D. Ackley

1. Once my way was dark and dreary, For my heart was full of sin,
2. There is grace for all the lowly, Grace to keep the trusting soul;
3. Let me spread abroad the story, Others to Jesus win;

But the sky is bright and cheerful, Since the fulness of his love came in,
Pow'r to cleanse and make me holy, Jesus shall my yielded life control.
For the cross is now my glory, Since the fulness of His love came in.

Refrain

I can never tell how much I love Him, I can never tell his love for me;

---
For it passeth human 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.
1. Prince of Peace, control my will,
2. Thou hast bought me with Thy blood,
3. May Thy will, not mine, be done,

Bid this struggling heart be still;
Opened wide the gate to God;
May Thy will and mine be one;

Bid my fears and doubts cease,
Peace, I ask, but peace must be,
Chase these doubts from my heart,

Hush my spirit into peace.
Lord, in being one with Thee.
Now Thy perfect peace impart.
Take the Name of Jesus With You  

Lillian Baxter

1. Take the name of Jesus with you, Child of sorrow and of woe;
2. Take the name of Jesus ever, As a shield from every snare;
3. O the precious name of Jesus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Jesus bowing, Fall-ing prostrate at His feet,

It will joy and comfort give you, Take it, then, where-er you go.
If tempta-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.

Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heaven;
Precious name, O how sweet!

Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heaven.
Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet!
1. The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide, A shelter in the time of storm;
2. A shade by day, defense by night, A shelter in the time of storm;
3. The raging storms may round us beat, A shelter in the time of storm;
4. O Rock divine, O Refuge dear, A shelter in the time of storm;

Secure what ever ill betide, A shelter in the time of storm.
No fears alarm, no foes affright, A shelter in the time of storm.
We'll never leave our safe retreat, A shelter in the time of storm.
Be Thou our helper ever near, A shelter in the time of storm.

Refrain

Oh, Jesus is a Rock in a weary land, A weary land, a weary land,

Oh Jesus is a Rock in a weary land, A shelter in the time of storm.
1. The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide, A shelter in the time of storm;  
2. A shade by day, defense by night, A shelter in the time of storm;  
3. The raging floods may round us beat, A shelter in the time of storm;  
4. O Rock divine, O Refuge dear, A shelter in the time of storm;  

Secure whatever may betide, A shelter in the time of storm.  
No fears alarm, no foes affright, A shelter in the time of storm.  
We find in God a safe retreat, A shelter in the time of storm.  
Be Thou our helper, ever near, A shelter in the time of storm.  

Mighty Rock in a weary land, Cooling shade on the burning sand,  
Mighty Rock                 Cooling shade  

Faithful guide for the pilgrim band— A shelter in the time of storm.  
Faithful guide
190 There Are Two Ways for Trav'lers

There are two ways for trav'lers, only two ways:
There are two guides for trav'lers, only two guides:
There are two homes for trav'lers, only two homes:
Quick-ly enter the strait way, leading to life;

One's a hill pathway of battle and praise; The other leads
One's the Good Shep-herd, e'en thro' the death tides; The other, the
One's the fair cit-y where evil ne'er comes; The other, sin's
Shun the wide gate-way of folly and strife, The Spirit 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, ex-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.
poison with-in, Hides poison with-in, death poison 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

1. There's life in a look at the sacred cross, Jesus has said, "Look unto me," Earth with its riches is only dross, Bright fell on me; Oft as the clouds of temptation rise, A God has given; None ever fall 'neath the temper's pow'r, Who

2. When first to the Saviour I raised my eyes, Sweet was the smile that trust and obey in the strength of heav'n. In a look there's life for thee, In a look at Calvary; Bless-ed thought, salvation life for thee, In a look at Calvary, Bless-ed thought, salvation free, By a look at Calvary.

3. I'll look to the cross every day and hour, Trusting the promise treasurers beyond in the cross I see. look at the cross still my strength shall be. In a look there's life for thee, In a look at Calvary; Bless-ed thought, salvation life for thee, In a look at Calvary, Bless-ed thought, salvation free, By a look at Calvary.

REFRAIN

In a look there's life for thee, In a look at Calvary; Bless-ed thought, salvation life for thee, In a look at Calvary, Bless-ed thought, salvation free, By a look at Calvary.

F. E. Belden

THE CHRISTIAN REFUGE

Refrain
THE CHRISTIAN REFUGE

192  There's Room for You to Anchor

F. E. Belden  

1. There's room for you to anchor With
   in the port of rest, Where tempests all are
   o'er, And calms no more molest; How
   sweet to weary voyagers This precious promise
   boundless love and mercy No tongue can ever
   hush! ye murm'ring waters, Ye tempests, cease to
   there my fainting spirit No more for rest shall

2. There's room for you to anchor; The
   ship is waiting now, The ship of God's pre-
   paring, O ask not why nor how, His
   greeting us As in the long ago. Then
   headlands I see its shining dome. There,
   boundless love and mercy No tongue can ever

3. The same dear friends shall meet us That
   we have loved below; The same sweet voices
   over, And calms no more molest; How
   boundless love and mercy No tongue can ever
   there my fainting spirit No more for rest shall

4. O heaving, swelling billows, Bear
   onward to my home! Beyond these dreary
   o'er, And calms no more molest; How
   boundless love and mercy No tongue can ever
   there my fainting spirit No more for rest shall
THE CHRISTIAN REFUGE

Refrain

f

dim.

giv'n;  There's room for you to anchor Safe in

tell,  If you but trust His promise, All is

blow!  I almost hear the music Soft and

sigh;  'Tis there I hope to anchor, By and

room (for you), there's room (for you); There's

room (for you), there's room (for you); There's room for you to

anchor Safe in heav'n.
1. A ruler once came to Jesus by night, To ask Him the way of salvation and light; The Master made answer in solemnly uttered by Jesus the Lord, And let not this message to sing with the ransom'd the song of the blest, The life everlasting if words true and plain, "Ye must be born again." you be in vain, "Ye must be born again." you would obtain, "Ye must be born again." again.

Refrain

"Ye must be born again, again Ye must be born again, again, I very, very, say unto thee, Ye must be born again, again.
THE GOSPEL CALL

Call Them in

Anna Shipton

Ira D. Sankey

1. "Call them in," the poor, the wretched, Sin-stained wanderers from the fold;
2. "Call them in," the Jew, the Gentile; Bid the stranger to the feast;
3. "Call them in," the mere professors, Slumbering, sleep- ing, on death's brink;
4. "Call them in," the broken-hearted, Cowering 'neath the brand of shame;

Peace and pardon freely offer; Can you weigh their worth with gold?
"Call them in," the rich, the noble, From the highest to the least:
Naught of life are they possessors, Yet of safety vainly think:
Speak love's message low and tender; Twas for sinners Jesus came:

"Call them in," the weak the weary, Laden with the doom of sin;
Forth the Father runs to meet them, He hath all their sorrow's seen;
Bring them in, the careless scoffers, Pleasure seekers of the earth;
See, the shadows lengthen round us, Soon the day-dawn will begin:

Bid them come and rest in Jesus; He is waiting, "Call them in."
Robe, and ring, and royal sandals, Wait the lost ones, "Call them in."
Tell of God's most gracious offer, And of Jesus' priceless worth.
Can you leave them lost and lonely? Christ is coming, "Call them in."
1. Christ is knocking at my sad heart; Shall I let Him in?  
2. Shall I send Him the loving word? Shall I let Him in?  
3. Yes, I'll open this proud heart's door; Yes, I'll let Him in.

Patiently pleading with my sad heart; O shall I let Him in?  
Meekly accepting my gracious Lord, O shall I let Him in?  
Gladly I'll welcome Him evermore; O, yes, I'll let Him in.

Cold and proud is my heart with sin, Dark and cheerless is all within;  
He can infinite love impart, He can pardon this rebel heart;  
Blessed Saviour, abide with me, Cares and trials will lighter be;

Christ is bidding me turn unto Him; O shall I let Him in?  
Shall I bid Him forever depart, Or shall I let Him in?  
I am safe if I'm only with Thee, O, blessed Lord, come in!
Come With Thy Sins to the Fountain

1. Come with thy sins to the fountain, Come with thy burdens of grief; 
2. Come as thou art to the fountain, Jesus is waiting for thee; 
3. Come and be healed at the fountain, List to the peace speaking 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.
If You Are Tired

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin,
2. If 'tis for purity now that you sigh,
3. If there's a tempest your voice cannot still,
4. If you would join the glad songs of the blest,

C. H. Morris

Let Jesus come into your heart;
Let Jesus come into your heart;
Let Jesus come into your heart;
Let Jesus come into your heart;

If you desire a new life to begin,
Fountains for cleansing are flowing near by,
If there's a void this world never can fill,
If you would enter the mansions of rest,

Let Jesus come into your heart.
Let Jesus come into your heart.
Let Jesus come into your heart.
Let Jesus come into your heart.
Refrain

Just now, your doubts give o'er; Just now, reject Him no more;
(Last verse) Just now, my doubts are o'er; Just now, rejecting no more;

Just now, throw open the door; Let Jesus come into your heart.
Just now, I open the door, And Jesus comes into my heart.

Come to Jesus

1. Come to Jesus, Come to Jesus, Come to Jesus just now;
2. Come confess Him, Come confess Him, Come confess Him just now;
3. He will hear you, He will hear you, He will hear you just now;
4. He'll forgive you, He'll forgive you, He'll forgive you just now;

Just now come to Jesus, come to Jesus just now.
Just now come confess Him, Come confess Him just now.
Just now He will hear you, He will hear you just now.
Just now He'll forgive you, He'll forgive you just now.
1. Crowded is your heart with cares, Have you no room for Jesus?
2. Wasting all your precious hours, Have you no work for Jesus?
3. Seeking earth's possessions fair, Have you no time for Jesus?
4. Bearing only worthless leaves, Have you no fruit for Jesus?

Captured by earth's gilded snares, Have you no room for Jesus?
Spending those God-given pow'rs, Have you no work for Jesus?
None for gracious deeds to spare, Have you no time for Jesus?
In your hands no precious sheaves, Have you no fruit for Jesus?

Lo! He's standing at your door; Knocking, knocking, o'er and o'er;
Striving not to conquer sin, Seeking not a soul to win,
Worldly pleasures, wealth, and ease, Seeking, grasping toys like these,
Not a grain to store a way, Naught your labor to repay,

Hear Him pleading evermore; Have you no room for Jesus?
Bringing not a wanderer in; Have you no work for Jesus?
Striving only self to please; Have you no time for Jesus?
Not a joy for that great day When you shall meet with Jesus.
I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say

Horatius Bonar, 1846

I came to Jesus as I was, Weary and worn and sad;
I came to Jesus and I drank Of that life-giving stream;
I looked to Jesus, and I found In Him my star, my sun;
I found in Him a resting place, And He has made me glad.

Lay down, thou weary one, lay down Thy head upon My breast.
The living water; thirsty one, Stoop down and drink, and live.
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright.

My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in Him.
And in that light of life I'll walk, Till traveling days are done.

John B. Dykes, 1868

THE GOSPEL CALL

200
1. I heard the voice of Jesus say, "Come unto Me and rest; Lay down, thou weary one, lay down Thy head upon My breast." I came to one, Stoop down, and drink, and live!" I came to rise, And all thy days be bright." I looked to

2. I heard the voice of Jesus say, "Behold, I freely give The living water; thirst ye dark world's Light; Look unto Me, thy morn shall

3. I heard the voice of Jesus say, "I am this Me and rest; Lay down, thou weary one, lay down Thy head upon 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, Weary, and worn, and sad; Je - sus, and I drank Of that life-giving stream; Je - sus, and I found in Him my Star, my Sun.

I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say
Horatius Bonar

THE GOSPEL CALL

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Old English Air

Horatius Bonar

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I found in Him a resting place, and
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And
And in that light of life I'll walk, Till

He has made me glad.
now I live in Him.
travailing days are done.

Jesus Calls Us

Frances Alexander, 1852

1. Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult Of our life's wild, restless sea,
2. Jesus calls us from the worship Of the vain world's golden store,
3. In our joys and in our sorrows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
4. Jesus calls us! By Thy mercies, Saviour, may we hear Thy call,

Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Saying, "Christian, follow Me."
From each idol that would keep us, Saying, "Christian, love Me more."
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures, "Christian, love Me more than these."
Give our hearts to Thy obedience, Serve and love Thee best of all.
I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say

Horatius Bonar, 1846

1. I heard the voice of Jesus say, "Come unto Me and rest;
   Lay down, thou weary one, lay down Thy head upon My breast."
2. I heard the voice of Jesus say, "Be hold, I freely give
   The living water; thirsty one, Stoop down and drink, and live."
3. I heard the voice of Jesus say, "I am this dark world's light;
   Look unto Me; thy morn shall rise, And all thy days be bright."

I came to Jesus as I was—Weary, and worn, and sad;
I came to Jesus, and I drank Of that living stream;
I looked to Jesus, and I found In Him my star, my sun;

I found in Him a resting place, And He has made me glad.
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in Him.
And in that light of life I'll walk, Till all my journey's done.
Come to the Saviour

George F. Root

1. Come to the Saviour, make no delay; Here in His Word He's shown us the way; Here in our midst He's standing today, thoughts and rejoicing. And let us freely make Him our choice, commands, and obey; Hear now His voice tenderly say, tenderly saying, "Come!"

2. "Suffer the children!" Oh, hear His voice, Let every heart leap forth and rejoice, And let us freely make Him our choice, mands, and obey! Hear now His voice tenderly say,

3. Think once again, He's with us today; Heed now His blest command The meeting be, When from sin our hearts are pure and free;

4. Ten. - der - ly say - ing, "Come!"
Do not delay, but come. Joyful, joyful Ten - der - ly say - ing, "Come!"
Do not delay, but come. Joyful, joyful

5. Make the meeting be, When from sin our hearts are pure and free; And we shall gather, Saviour, with Thee, In our eternal home.

And we shall gather, Saviour, with Thee, In our eternal home.
THE GOSPEL CALL

205 Jesus Is Tenderly Calling

Fanny J. Crosby (1823-1915) George C. Stebbins

1. Jesus is tenderly calling thee home Call - ing to - day,
call - ing to - day; Why from the sun - shine of love wilt thou roam
Far - ther and far - ther a - way?
call - ing to - day; Bring Him thy bur - den, and thou shalt be blest;
call - ing, call - ing to - day, Call - ing to - day,
He will not turn thee a - way. 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;

2. Jesus is calling the wea - ry to rest Call - ing to - day,
call - ing to - day; Bring Him thy bur - den, and thou shalt be blest;
call - ing to - day; Bring Him thy bur - den, and thou shalt be blest;
call - ing, call - ing to - day, Call - ing to - day, to - day;

3. Jesus is waiting oh, come to Him now Wait - ing to - day,
wait - ing to - day; Come with thy sins, at His feet low - ly bow;
wait - ing to - day; Come with thy sins, at His feet low - ly bow;
wait - ing, wait - ing, wait - ing, wait - ing, to - day;

4. Jesus is pleading oh, list to His voice Hear Him to - day,
hear Him to - day; They who be - lieve on His name shall re - joice;
hear Him to - day; They who be - lieve on His name shall re - joice;
hear Him to - day;

Jesus Is Tenderly Calling

Fanny J. Crosby (1823-1915) George C. Stebbins

Refrain

Far - ther and far - ther a - way?
He will not turn thee a - way. Come, and no long - er de - lay.
Quick - ly a - rise and a - way.
call - ing to - day; Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day;
call - ing to - day; Je - sus is ten - der - ly
Knocking, Knocking, Who Is There?  206

H. B. Stowe

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.
I Hear My Blessed Saviour Say

George D. Watson

Arr. by George W. Cooke

THE GOSPEL CALL

Duet

1. I hear my blessed Saviour say:
2. "Thou' hast sinn'd, I'll pardon thee,
3. "Bring unto me thy many cares,

"Follow me, follow me, follow me;"
Follow me, follow me, follow me;
Follow me, follow me, follow me;

His voice is calling all the day,
From every sin I'll set thee free,
Thy heavy load my arm upbears,

"Follow me, follow me, follow me;"
Follow me, follow me, follow me;
Follow me, follow me, follow me;
For thee I trod the bitter way,
In all thy changing life I'll be
 Lean on my breast, dismiss thy fears,

the bitter way,
thy life I'll be
 dismiss thy fears,

For thee I gave my life away,
Thy God, thy guide on land and sea,
And trust me thro' thy future years,

For thee I gave my life away,
Thy God, thy guide on land and sea,
And trust me thro' thy future years,

And drank the gall thy debt to pay,
Thy bliss thro' all eternity,
My hand shall wipe away all tears,

And drank the gall thy debt to pay,
Thy bliss thro' all eternity,
My hand shall wipe away all tears,

"Follow me, follow me, follow me."
"Follow me, follow me, follow me."
"Follow me, follow me, follow me."

"Follow me, follow me, follow me."
"Follow me, follow me, follow me."
"Follow me, follow me, follow me."

Duet ad lib.
THE GOSPEL CALL

208  I Hear Thy Welcome Voice
L. Hartsough, 1872

1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee;
2. Though coming weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure;
3. Tis Jesus calls me on To perfect faith and love,
4. All hail, atoning blood! All hail, redeeming grace!

For cleansing in Thy precious blood, That flowed on Calvary.
Thou dost my vile-ness fully cleanse, Till spotless all, and pure.
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust, For earth and heaven above.
All hail! the gift of Christ, our Lord, Our Strength and Righteousness.

Refrain

I am coming, Lord! Coming now to Thee!

Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flowed on Calvary.
1. I hear the Saviour say, "Thy strength indeed is small;
2. Lord, now indeed I find Thy power, and Thine alone,
3. Since nothing good have I Whereby Thy grace to claim,
4. And when before the throne I stand in Him complete,

Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all.
Can change the leper's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
I'll wash my garment white In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.
I'll lay my trophies down, All down at Jesus' feet.

Refrain

Jesus paid it all, All to Him I owe;

Sin had left a crimson stain; He washed it white as snow.
THE GOSPEL CALL

210 O Heart Bowed Down With Sorrow

F. E. Belden

Soprano and Alto

1. O heart bowed down with sorrow! O eyes that long for sight!
2. Earth's fleeting gain and pleasure Can never satisfy:
3. Divinest consolation Doth Christ the Healer give;
4. His peace is like a river, His love is like a song;

There's gladness in believing; In Jesus there is light.
Tis love our joy doth measure, For love can never die.
Art thou in condemnation? Repent, believe, and live.
His yoke's a burden never; Tis easy all day long.

Refrain

"Come unto me, all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and all ye that labor; Come, O come, heavy laden souls,

Come, O come, come unto me, Come, O come,

Come, O come,
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

ye shall find rest un - to your souls."

THE GOSPEL CALL
THE GOSPEL CALL

211  O Jesus, Thou Art Standing

William W. Howe, 1867
Justin H. Knecht, 1799
Edward Husband, 1871

1. O Jesus, Thou art standing Outside the fast-closed door;
   In lowly patience waiting To pass the threshold o'er:
   Shame on us, Christian brethren, His name and sign who bear,
   O shame, thrice shame upon us, To keep Him standing there!

2. O Jesus, Thou art knocking; And, lo, that hand is scarred,
   And thorns Thy brow encircle, And tears Thy face have marred.
   O love that passeth knowledge, So patiently to wait!
   O sin that hath no equal, So fast to bar the gate!

3. O Jesus, Thou art pleading In voice so meek and low,
   "I died for you, My children, And will ye treat Me so?"
   O Lord, with shame and sorrow We open now the door;
   Dear Saviour, enter, enter, And leave us nevermore.
Only a Step to Jesus

Fanny J. Crosby

1. Only a step to Jesus! Then why not take it now?
2. Only a step to Jesus! Believe, and thou shalt live;
3. Only a step to Jesus! A step from sin to grace;
4. Only a step to Jesus! Oh, why not come, and say,

Come, and thy sin confessing, To Him thy Sav'ior, bow.
 Lovingly now He's waiting, And ready to forgive.
What has thy heart decayed? The moments fly apace.
"Gladly to Thee, my Sav'ior, I give myself away!"

Refrain

Only a step, only a step! Come, He waits for thee! (for thee!)

Come, and thy sin confessing, Thou shalt receive a blessing;

Do not reject the mercy, He freely offers thee!
THE GOSPEL CALL

213  O Tender and Sweet

N. K. Bradford  F. E. Belden

1. O tender and sweet was the Father's voice,
2. "But my sins are so many, my faith so small"
3. "But my flesh is so feeble," with tears I said,
4. The world is so cold I cannot go back,

As He lovingly called to me,
Lo! the answer came quick and clear,
"And the path way I cannot see;
Press forward I surely must;

"Come over the line, it is only a step;
"Thou needest not trust in thyself at all;
I fear if I try I may sadly fail,
I'll lay my weak hand in His wounded palm,

I'm waiting, My child, for thee."
Step over the line, I'm here."
And thus dishon or Thee."
Step over the line and trust.
"Over the line," hear the sweet refrain;

Angels are chanting the heavenly strain;

"Over the line" Why should I remain
(4th verse) I will not remain,

With a step between me and Jesus?
I will cross it and go to Jesus.
THE GOSPEL CALL

214 Softly and Tenderly Jesus Is Calling

Will L. Thompson

1. Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling,
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading,
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing,
4. Think of the wonderful love He has promised,

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 portal He's waiting and watching,
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies,
Shadows are gathering and death's night is coming,
Though we have sinned, He has mercy and pardon,
THE GOSPEL CALL

Refrain

Watch - ing for you and for me.  
Mericies for you and for me?  
Com - ing for you and for me.  
Par - don for you and for me.  
Come home, come
Come home,

home,  
Ye who are wea - ry, come home;  
Earnest - ly, ten - der - ly come home,

Je - sus is call - ing,  
Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!
There Is a Gate That Stands Ajar

Lillian Baxter

1. There is a gate that stands a-jar, And through its portals gleaming,
2. That gate a-jar stands free for all Who seek through it salvation;
3. Press onward, then, though foes may frown; While mercy's gate is open
4. Beyond the river's brink we'll lay The cross that here is given,

A radiance from the cross afar, The Saviour's love revealing,
The rich and poor, the great and small, Of every tribe and nation.
Accept the cross, and win the crown, Love's ever-lasting token.
And bear the crown of life a-way, And love Him more in heaven.

O depth of mercy! can it be That gate was left a-jar for me?

For me, for me? Was left a-jar for me?
There's a Stranger at the Door

1. There's a Stranger at the door, Let Him in;
2. Open now to Him your heart, Let Him in;
3. Hear you now His pleading voice? Let Him in;

Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in;

He has been there oft before, Let Him in;
If you wait He will depart, 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 Holy One,
Let Him in, He is your friend, And your soul He will defend;
He is standing at the door, Joy to you He will restore,

Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in.

Jesus Christ, the Father's Son, Let Him in.
He will keep you to the end, Let Him in.
And His name you will adore, Let Him in.
Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in.
While Jesus Whispers to You

1. While Jesus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come!
2. Are you too heavy laden? Come, sinner, come!
3. O hear His tender pleading, Come, sinner, come!

While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!
Jesus will bear your burden, Come, sinner come!
Come and receive the blessing, Come, sinner come!

Now is the time to own Him, Come, sinner, come!
Jesus will not deceive you, Come, sinner, come!
While Jesus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come!

Now is the time to know Him, Come, sinner, come!
Jesus can now redeem you, Come, sinner, come!
While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!

Will E. Witter
Horatio R. Palmer, 1879
Who at My Door Is Standing!  218

M. B. C. Slade

1. Who at my door is standing Patiently drawing near.
2. Lonely without He’s staying, Lonely within am I;
3. Door of my heart I hasten! Thee will I open wide;

En trance within demanding? Who is the voice I hear?
While I am still delaying, Will He not pass me by?
Though He rebuke and chasten, He shall with me abide.

Refrain

Sweetly the tones are falling: Open the door for me!

If thou will heed my calling, I will abide with thee.
THE GOSPEL CALL

219  Whosoever Heareth

P P. Bliss  P. P. Bliss

1. "Whosoever heareth," shout, shout the sound!
2. Whosoever cometh need not delay;
3. "Whosoever will," the promise secure,

Send the blessed tidings all the world around;
Now the door is open, enter while you may;
"Whosoever will," forever must endure;

Spread the joyful news wherever man is found:
Jesus is the true, the only living way;
"Whosoever will," 'Tis life forevermore;

"Whosoever will, may come."
Whosoever will, may come. "Whosoever will,
Whosoever will, may come.

Refrain

Whosoever Heareth  P. P. Bliss 219

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"Whosoever will, may come."
Whosoever will, may come. "Whosoever will,
Whosoever will, may come.
CHRIST'S LOVE AND SYMPATHY

Amazing Grace

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.
Amazing Grace

1. Amazing grace! how sweet the sound,
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear;
3. Through many dangers, toils and snares,
4. When we've been there ten thousand years,

That saved a wretch like me! I once was lost,
And grace my fears relieved; How precious did I find
I have already come; 'Tis grace hath brought
Bright shining as the sun, We've no less days

but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
that grace appear The hour I first believed!
me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
to sing God's praise Than when we'd first begun.
1. I gave My life for thee, My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be, And quickened from the dead;
I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou given for Me?
I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou given for Me?
I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou given for Me?
I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou given for Me?
I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou given for Me?
I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou given for Me?

2. My Father's house of light, My glory circled throne,
I left for earthly night, For wanderings sad and lone;
I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?
I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?
I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?
I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?
I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?
I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?

3. I suffered much for thee, More than thy tongue can say,
Of bitterest agony, To make for thee a way.
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?
I Have a Friend So Precious

L. Shorey, 1890

He loves me with such tender love, He loves so faithfully;
And as He bids me lean on Him, His help I gladly seek;
I tell Him all that pleases me, I tell Him what annoys;
And so He bids me go and speak The loving word for Him;

I could not live apart from Him, I love to feel Him nigh,
He leads me in the paths of light, Beneath a sunny sky,
He tells me what I ought to do, He tells me how to try,
He bids me tell His wondrous love, And why He came to die,

And so we dwell together, My Lord and I.
And so we walk together, My Lord and I.
And so we talk together, My Lord and I.
And so we work together, My Lord and I.
I Know God Loves Me

Unknown

Old European Melody

1. I know God loves me, He came to save me,
2. I was in bondage Of sin and darkness
3. He sent me Jesus The loving Saviour,
4. Now I will praise Thee Thou Love Eternal,

I know God loves me, For He is love.
I was in bondage By sin enslaved.
He sent me Jesus Who set me free.
Yes I will praise Thee While life shall last.

And this my song shall be: I know God loves me,

I know God loves me, For He is love.
I Stand Amazed

Charles H. Gabriel

1. I stand amazed in the presence Of Jesus 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 very 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-vari, 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 loving kindness Jesus came, My soul in mercy to reclaim;
2. He called me long before I heard, Before my sinful heart was stirred;
3. His brow was pierced with many thorn, His hands by cruel nails were torn,
4. Now on a higher 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 Jesus, He's every thing to me,
2. He all my grief has taken, and all my sorrows borne;
3. He'll never, never leave me, nor yet for sake me here,

He's the fair est of ten thousand to my soul;
In temptation He's my strong and mighty tower;
While I live by faith and do His blessed will;

The Lily of the Valley, in Him alone I see
I've all for Him forsaken, and all my idols torn
A wall of fire about me, I've nothing now to fear;

All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole.
From my heart, and now He keeps me by His pow'r.
With His manna He my hungry soul doth fill.
In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble He's my stay,
Tho' all the world forsake me, and Satan tempts me sore,
Then sweeping up to glory, I'll see His blessed face,

He tells me every care on Him to roll,
Thro' Jesus I shall safely reach the goal.
Where rivers of delight shall ever roll.

He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright and Morning Star;
He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright and Morning Star;
He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright and Morning Star;

He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul!
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul!
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul!
CHRIST'S LOVE AND SYMPATHY

228  Jesus, Full of All Compassion

Daniel Turner

1. Jesus, full of all compassion, Hear Thy humble suppliant's cry;
2. Whither should my soul be flying But to Him who comfort gives?
3. With Thy righteous-ness and Spirit I am more than angels blessed;

Let me know Thy great salvation; See, I languish, faint, and die;
Whither from the dread of dying But to Him who ever lives?
Heir with Thee, all things in-her-it Peace and joy, and endless rest.

Guilty, but with heart relent-ing, Overwhelmed with help-less grief,
While I view Thee, wounded, grieving, Breath-less on the cursed tree,
Saved! the deed shall spread new glory Through the shining realms above;

Prostrate at Thy feet repent-ing, Send, O send me quick relief!
Pain I'd feel my heart believing Thou didst suffer thus for me.
Angels sing the pleasing story, All enraptured with Thy love.
Jesus, Thy Boundless Love to Me  229

P. Gerhardt

CHRIST'S LOVE AND SYMPATHY

H. J. E. Holmes, 1875

1. Jesus, Thy boundless love to me No thought can reach, no tongue declare; O knit my thankful heart to Thee, And reign without a rival there; Thine wholly, Thine alone.

2. O grant that nothing in my soul May dwell, but Thy pure love alone; O may Thy love possess me whole, My joy, my treasure, and my crown; All coldness from my soul I am; Lord, with Thy love my heart inflame.

3. O Love, how cheerful is Thy ray! All pain be Thine healing beams arise; O Jesus, nothing may I see—Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee. Thou my Guide, And save me, who for me hast died.

4. In suffering be Thy love my peace, In weakness the storms of life shall cease, Be Thy love my power; And when without a rival there; Thine wholly, Thine alone.

5. Jesus, in that important hour, In death, as life, be
CHRIST’S LOVE AND SYMPATHY

230 Life Is Not a Cloudless Journey

Flora Kirkland I. H. Meredith

1. Life is not a cloudless journey, Storms and darkness oft oppress,
   But the Father’s changeless mercy, Comes to cheer the heart’s distress;
   Heavy clouds may darkly hover, Hiding all faith’s view above,
   But across the thickest darkness, Shines the rainbow of His love.

2. Dark the clouds and wild the tempest; Turn, oh, turn thy longing eyes;
   See afar, the Father’s promise, Out of gloom, in light arise;
   See the glowing, gleaming colors, Father’s love to us they prove;
   He hath promised; He is faithful, ’Tis the rainbow of His love.

3. Never fear, nor be discouraged, Tho’ life’s journey dark appear;
   Travel on, by faith upholden, “God is love” oh, thou of cheer!
   When thy path seems hid in shadow, Look with fearless eyes above;
   Spanning o’er thy deepest sorrow, Shines the rainbow of His love.

Refrain

After storm the rainbow shineth, Promise writ in light above;

4. Life seems less changeless; faith proves; cheer is cheer;
   Storms less wild, caution, with faith also, cheer;
  The rainbow of His love shines shining, cheer above;
   Faith’s rainbow of His love shines shining, cheer above;
CHRIST'S LOVE AND SYMPATHY

Ev'en so a-cross our sorrow Shines the rainbow of His love.

We May Not Climb

John G. Whittier, 1806

1. We may not climb the heavenly steeps
2. But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
3. The healing of the seamless dress
4. O Lord and Master of us all,

To bring the Saviour down; In vain we search
A present 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 lowest deeps, For Him no depths can drown.
its Olivet, And love its Galilee.
life's throng and press, And we are whole again.
we hear Thy call, We test our lives by Thine!
Love Divine

Charles Wesley, 1747

1. Love divine, all loves excelling, Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit Into every troubled breast!
3. Come, Almighty to deliver, Let us all Thy grace receive;
4. Finish, then, Thy new creation; Pure and spotless let us be;

Fix in us Thy humble dwelling, All Thy faithful mercies crown!
Let us all in Thee inherit it, Let us find the promised rest;
Sudden return, and never, Never more Thy temples leave.
Let us see Thy great salvation Perfectly restored in Thee:

Jesus, Thou art all compassion, Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Take away our bent to sinning; Alpha and Omega be;
Thee we would be always blessing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a bove,
Changed from glory into glory, Till in heaven we take our place,

Visit us with Thy salvation, Enter every trembling heart.
End of faith, as its beginning, Set our hearts at liberty.
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing, Glory in Thy perfect love.
Till we cast our crowns before Thee, Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

CHRIST'S LOVE AND SYMPATHY

232

Love Divine

Charles Wesley, 1747

John Zundel, 1870
CHRIST’S LOVE AND SYMPATHY

Just One Touch

Birdie Bell

J. Howard Entwisle

Refrain

Cured by the Healer divine.
Cured by the Healer divine.
Cured by the Healer divine.
Just one touch as He pass-eth by,

He will list to the faintest cry; Come and be saved while the

Lord is nigh, Christ is the Healer divine. di-vine.

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

just - ling throng, 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,

Cured by the Healer divine.
Cured by the Healer divine.
Cured by the Healer divine.

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CHRIST'S LOVE AND SYMPATHY

234 O Love Divine, How Sweet Thou Art!

Charles Wesley

J. Foster

1. O love divine, how sweet thou art! When shall I find my willing heart? All taken up by thee?
2. Stronger His love than death or grave; Its riches are unsearchable; The first-born sons of light.
3. God only knows the love of God; O that it now were shed a broad! In this poor stony heart!
4. O that I could forever sit With Mary at the Master's feet! Be this my happy choice;

I thirst, I faint, I die to prove The greatness of desire in vain its depths to see; They cannot reach.
For love I sigh, for love I pine; This only por-
My only care, delight, and bliss, My joy, my heaven.

redeeming love, The love of Christ to me, the mystery, The length, and breadth, and height.
formation, Lord, be mine--Be mine this better part!
on earth, be this, To hear the Bridegroom's voice.
O Love Divine, What Hast Thou Done!

1. O Love divine, what hast Thou done! The incarnate
2. Is crucified for me and you, To bring us
3. Behold Him, all ye that pass by, The bleeding

God hath died for me! The Father's well-beloved Son
rebels back to God; Believe, believe the record true,
Prince of life and peace! Come, sinners, see your Saviour die,

Bore all my sins upon the tree! The Son of God for
Ye all are bought with Jesus' blood; Pardon for all flows
And say, was ever grief like His? Come, feel with me His

me hath died; My Lord, my Love, is crucified:
from His side; My Lord, my Love, is crucified.
blood applied; My Lord, my Love, is crucified.
O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go

George Matheson, 1882

1. O Love that wilt not let me go,
2. O Light that followest all my way,
3. O joy that seekest me through pain,
4. O Cross that liftest up my head,

I rest my weary soul in Thee;
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;

I give Thee back the life I owe,
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
I lay in dust life's glory dead,

That in Thine ocean depths its flow May richer, fuller be.
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day May brighter, fairer be.
And feel the promise is not vain That morn shall tearless be.
And from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall endless be.
O Pow'r of Love

Gerhard Tersteegen, (1697-1769)  Dimitri S. Borniansky, (1752-1825)

1. O pow'r of love, all else transcending
2. Thou art my rest, no earthly treasure
3. To Thee my heart and life be given,

In Jesus present evermore, I worship
Can satisfy my yearning heart, And naught can
Thou art in truth my highest good; For me Thy

Thee, in homage bending, Thy name to honor or
give to me the pleasure I find in Thee, my
sacred side was riven, For me was shed Thy

and adore: Yea, let my soul, in deep devotion,
chosen part, Thy love, so tender, so possessing,
precious blood. O Thou who art the world's salvation,

Bathe in love's mighty boundless ocean.
Is joy to me, and every blessing.
Be Thine my love and adoration.
CHRIST’S LOVE AND SYMPATHY

238 The Great Physician Now Is Near

William Hunter

Arr. by J. H. Stockton

1. The Great Physician now is near, The sympathizing Jesus;
2. All glory to the dy - ing Lamb! I now believe in Jesus;
3. His name dispels my guilt and fear; No other name but Jesus;
4. And when He comes to bring the crown, The crown of life and glory,

He speaks, the drooping heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Jesus!
I love the blessed Sav - iour’s name, I love the name of Jesus.
O how my soul delights to hear The precious name of Jesus!
Then by His side we will sit down, And tell re - demp - tion’s story.

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!
1. All to Jesus I surrender; All to Him I freely give;
2. All to Jesus I surrender; Humbly at His feet I bow,
3. All to Jesus I surrender; Make me, Saviour, wholly Thine;
4. All to Jesus I surrender; Now I feel the sacred flame.

I will ever love and trust Him, In His presence daily live;
Worldly pleasures all forsaken; Take me, Jesus, take me now;
Let me feel the Holy Spirit, Truly know that Thou art mine;
O the joy of full salvation! Glory, glory to His name!

Refrain

I surrender all, I surrender all;
I surrender all, I surrender all,

All to Thee, my blessed Saviour, I surrender all.
1. Flee as a bird to your mountain, Thou who art weary of sin;  
   Go to the clear-flowing Fountain, Where you may wash and be clean;  
   Fly, for th' avenger is near thee, Call, and the Saviour will hear thee, He on His bosom will bear thee, O thou who art sighing, Cease from your sorrow and crying, The Saviour will

2. He will protect thee forever, Wipe every falling tear;  
   He will forsake thee, oh, never, Sheltered so tenderly there!  
   Haste, then, the daylight is flying, Spend not the moments in

Mary S. B. Dana, 1840  
Spanish Melody

Flee as a Bird to Your Mountain

Mary S. B. Dana, 1840

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REPENTANCE AND ACCEPTANCE
REPENTANCE AND ACCEPTANCE

weary of sin, O thou who art weary of sin.
wipe every tear; Yes, Jesus will wipe every tear.

Depth of Mercy!

Charles Wesley (1707-1788)  
William B. Bradbury (1816-1868)

1. Depth of mercy! can there be Mercy
2. I have long with stood His grace, Long pro-
3. Now incline me to repent; Let me
4. There for me the Saviour stands, Shows His

still reserved for me? Can my God His wrath for-
voked Him to His face, Would not hearken to His
now my sins lament; Now my foul revolt de-
wounds and spreads His hands; God is love! I know, I

bear? Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
calls, Grieved Him by a thousand falls.
plore, Weep, believe, and sin no more.
feel; Jesus weeps, and loves me still.
REPENTANCE AND ACCEPTANCE

242

Almost Persuaded

P. P. Bliss

1. Almost persuaded now to believe;
2. Almost persuaded, come, come today;
3. Almost persuaded; harvest is past;

Almost persuaded Christ to receive;
Almost persuaded; turn not away.
Almost persuaded; doom comes at last!

Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spirit, go Thy way,
Jesus invites you here, Angels are lingering near;
"Almost" cannot avail; "Almost" is but to fail!

Some more convenient day On Thee I'll call.
Prayers rise from hearts so dear; O wanderer, come!
Sad, sad that bitter wail, "Almost but lost!"
REPENTANCE AND ACCEPTANCE

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.

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.
1. I've wandered far away from God, Now I'm coming home;
2. I've wasted many precious years, Now I'm coming home;
3. I'm tired of sin and straying Lord, Now I'm coming home;
4. My only hope, my only plea, Now I'm coming home;

The paths of sin too long I've trod; Lord, I'm coming home.
I now repent with bitter tears; Lord, I'm coming home.
I'll trust Thy love, believe Thy word; Lord, I'm coming home.
That Jesus died, and died for me; Lord, I'm coming home.

Refrain

Coming home, coming home Nevermore to roam;

Open wide Thine arms of love; Lord, I'm coming home.
Jesus, My Lord, to Thee I Cry

J. H. Stockton

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.

My only plea Christ died for me! Oh, take me as I am.
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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 shall be. Per - ish ev - ery fond am-bi - tion,
Thou art faith - ful, Thou art true. O, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
Some thing still to do or bear. Think what Spir - it dwells with - in me;
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
REPENTANCE AND ACCEPTANCE

my condition, 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

Charlotte Elliot, 1836

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William B. Bradbury, 1849

Just as I am, with-out one plea But that Thy blood was 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; Because 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.
1. Lord, I care not for riches, Neither silver nor gold;
   I would make sure of heaven, I would enter the fold;
   In the book of Thy kingdom, With its pages so fair;
   Tell me, Jesus, my Saviour, Is my name written there?
2. Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea,
   But Thy blood, O my Saviour, Is sufficient for me;
   For Thy promise is written In bright letters that glow,
   "Though your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow."
3. Oh, that beautiful city, With its mansions of light,
   With its glorified beings In pure garments of white;
   Where no evil thing cometh To despoil what is fair;
   Where the angels are watching Is my name written there?
Is my name written there, On the page white and fair?

In the book of Thy kingdom, Is my name written there?

We Stand in Deep Repentance

1. We stand in deep repentance, Before Thy throne of love;
2. Behold us while with weeping We lift our eyes to Thee;
3. Our souls—on Thee we cast them, Our only refuge Thou!
4. Thou bearest the trusting spirit Upon Thy loving breast,

O God of grace, forgive us, The stain of guilt remove.
And all our sins subduing, Our Father, set us free!
Thy cheering words revive us, When pressed with grief we bow.
And givest all Thy ransomed A sweet, unending rest.
REPENTANCE AND ACCEPTANCE

250 Low at Thy Piercèd Feet

James Stephens J. S. Mitchell

1. Low at Thy pierced feet, Saviour of all,
2. Sinful my life hath been, Unclean, unclean;
3. Thou didst for me endure Dread Calvary;
4. Lord, I accept Thee now, Accept Thou me;

Helpless and sorrowful Prostrate I fall.
All my iniquity Thine eye hath seen;
Sin's punishment and shame All, all for me.
I have delayed too long, And grieved Thee.

O cast me not away, Forgive my sin this day,
Cleanse Thou my soul today, Wash all my sins away
On Thee my guilt was laid, By Thee my debt was paid,
By all Thy love to me, I give myself to Thee;

Forgive 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

1. O Jesus, I have promised To serve Thee to the end;
   Be Thou forever near me, My Master and my Friend;
   I shall not fear the battle If Thou art by my side,
   Nor wander from the pathway If Thou wilt be my Guide.

2. O let me feel Thee near me; The world is ever near!
   I see the sights that dazzle, The tempting sounds I hear;
   My foes are ever near me, Around me and within;
   But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer; And shield my soul from sin.

3. O Jesus, Thou hast promised To all who follow Thee
   That where Thou art in glory There shall Thy servant be;
   And, Jesus, I have promised To serve Thee to the end;
   O give me grace to follow My Master and my Friend.

John E. Bode, 1866
Arthur H. Mann, 1881
1. There's a line that is drawn by rejecting our Lord,
2. You may barter your hope of eternity's morn,
3. While the door of his mercy is open to you,

Where the call of His Spirit is lost,
For a moment of joy at the most,
Ere the depth of His love you exhaust,

And you hurry along with the pleasure mad throng
For the glitter of sin and the things it will win
Won't you come and be healed, won't you whisper, I yield

Have you counted, have you counted the cost?
Have you counted, have you counted the cost?
I have counted, I have counted the cost.
Refrain

Have you counted the cost, if you should be lost,

Tho' you gain the whole world for your own?

Even now it may be that the line you have crossed,

Have you counted, have you counted the cost?

REPENTANCE AND ACCEPTANCE
REPENTANCE AND ACCEPTANCE

253 Where Is My Wand'ring Boy Tonight?

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?
1. With a sorrow for sin must repentance begin, Then salvation of course will draw nigh; But till washed in the blood of the crucified Lord, You will never be ready to die.

2. We've His word and His oath, and His blood seals them both And we're certain the Almight-y can't lie If you do not delay, but repent while you may, He will soon make you ready to die.

3. And that you may succeed, come along with all speed To a blassed mercy seat, And He'll soon make you ready to die.

Refrain

Look, Look, look and live! There is life for a look at the crucified One, There is life at this moment for thee.
REPENTANCE AND ACCEPTANCE

**255  Who Is on the Lord's Side?**

F. R. Havergal  
Arr. by J. Goss

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1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King?
2. Not for weight of glory, Not for crown and palm,
3. Jesus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem,
4. Fierce may be the conflict, Strong may be the foe,

---

Who will be His helpers Other lives to bring?
Enter we the army, Raise the warrior psalm;
But with Thine own life blood, For Thy diadem;
But the King's own army None can overthrow:

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Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?
But for love that claimeth Lives for whom He died:
With Thy blessing filling, Each who comes to Thee,
Round His standard ranging, Vic'try is secure:

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Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go?
He whom Jesus nameth Must be on His side.
Thou hast made us willing, Thou hast made us free.
For His truth unchanging Makes the triumph sure;

By Thy call of mercy, By Thy grace Divine,
By Thy love constraining, By Thy grace Divine,
By Thy grand redemption, By Thy grace Divine,
Joyfully enlisting By Thy grace Divine,

We are on the Lord's side, Saviour, we are Thine.
We are on the Lord's side, Saviour, we are Thine.
We are on the Lord's side, Saviour, we are Thine.
We are on the Lord's side, Saviour, we are Thine.
FORGIVENESS OF SINS

256  I Was Sinking Deep in Sin

James Rowe  Howard E. Smith

1. I was sinking deep in sin, Far from the peaceful shore,
   But the Master of the sea Heard my despairing cry,
   Love lifted me! Love lifted me! Love lifted me! Love lifted me!
   When nothing even me!

2. All my heart to Him I give, Ever to Him I'll cling,
   Love so might-y and so true Mer- its my soul's best songs;
   When nothing even me!

3. Souls in danger; look above, Jesus completely saves;
   He's the Master of the sea, Bil-lows His will obey;
   He's the Master of the sea, Bil-lows His will obey;
   He's the Master of the sea, Bil-lows His will obey;

Ver-ey deeply stained within, Sinking to rise no more;
But the Master of the sea Heard my despairing cry,
From the waters lifted me, Now safe am I.

In His blessed presence live, Ever His praises sing.
He will lift you by His love Out of the angry waves.
Faith-ful, loving service, too, To Him belongs.
He your Sav-iour wants to be, Be saved to-day.

I Was Sinking Deep in Sin
James Rowe Howard E. Smith
FORGIVENESS OF SINS

1. Chief of sinners though I be, Jesus shed His blood for me;
   Died that I might live on high, Died that I might never die;
   As the branch is to the vine, I am His, and He is mine.

2. O the height of Jesus' love! Higher than the heaven above;
   Deep er than the deepest sea, Lasting as eternity;
   Love that found me, wondrous thought! Found me when I sought Him not!

3. Chief of sinners though I be, Christ is all in all to me;
   All my wants to Him are known, All my sorrows are His own;
   Safe with Him from earthly strife, He sustains the hidden life.

Chief of Sinners

William McComb

Arr. by Benjamin Carr, 1826

FORGIVENESS OF SINS

1. Chief of sinners though I be, Jesus shed His blood for me;
   Died that I might live on high, Died that I might never die;
   As the branch is to the vine, I am His, and He is mine.

2. O the height of Jesus' love! Higher than the heaven above;
   Deep er than the deepest sea, Lasting as eternity;
   Love that found me, wondrous thought! Found me when I sought Him not!

3. Chief of sinners though I be, Christ is all in all to me;
   All my wants to Him are known, All my sorrows are His own;
   Safe with Him from earthly strife, He sustains the hidden life.
FORGIVENESS OF SINS

258  I Lay My Sins on Jesus

Horatius Bonar, 1843  Justin H. Knecht and Edward Husband

1. I lay my sins on Jesus, The spotless Lamb of God;
2. I lay my wants on Jesus; All fullness dwells in Him;
3. I long to be like Jesus, Meek, loving, lowly, mild;

He bears them all, and frees us From the accursed load;
He healeth my diseases, He doth my soul redeem;
I long to be like Jesus, The Father's holy child;

I bring my guilt to Jesus, To wash my crimson stains
I lay my griefs on Jesus, My burdens and my cares;
I long to be with Jesus Amid the heavenly throng,

White in His blood most precious, Till not a stain remains.
He from them all releases, He all my sorrow shares.
To sing with saints His praises, And learn the angels' song.
FORGIVENESS OF SINS

Tho' Your Sins Be as Scarlet

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-member 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-member them no more;

Tho' they be red-like crimson, 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-member them no more, And re-member them no more.
FORGIVENESS OF SINS

Would We Be Joyful in the Lord?

El Nathan James McGranahan

1. Would we be joyful in the Lord?
2. For every sin, by grace divine
3. Of grace to break the pow'r of sin,
4. The pow'r to win a soul to God,

Then count the riches o'er,
A pardon free bestowed;
He gives a full supply,
The Spirit, too, im parts;

Revealed to faith within His Word,
And with the pardon peace is mine,
The Holy Ghost, the heart within,
And He, the gift of Christ, our Lord,

And note the boundless store.
The peace in Jesus' blood.
From sin doth purity.
Dwell now in all our hearts.
FORGIVENESS OF SIN

Refrain

There is pardon, peace and pow'r; ............
Par-don, peace and pow'r; par-don, peace and pow'r;

And purity; ............ and Para-dise; ............
And purity, and Para-dise;

With all of these in Christ for me, ............
With all of these in Christ for me,

Let joyful songs of praise to Him arise.
FORGIVENESS OF SINS

261 Marvelous Grace


1. Marvelous grace of our loving Lord, Grace that exceeds our
   sin and our guilt! Yonder on Calvary’s mount out-poured—
   grace, grace,
   God’s grace, Grace that will pardon and cleanse within; Grace,
   grace, God’s grace, Grace that is greater than all our sin!
   grace, grace, Grace that is greater than all our sin!

2. Sin and despair, like the sea-waves cold, Threaten the soul with
   in-finite loss; Grace that is great-er—yes, grace un-told—
   grace, grace,
   grace, grace, Grace that is greater than all our sin!
   grace, grace, Grace that is greater than all our sin!

3. Marvelous, in-finite, match-less grace, Free-ly bestowed on
   all who believe! You that are long-ing to see His face,
   grace, grace,
   grace, grace, Grace that is greater than all our sin!
   grace, grace, Grace that is greater than all our sin!

Refrain

There where the blood of the Lamb was spilt. Grace, grace,
Points to the Refuge, the mighty Cross. Marvel-ous grace,
Will you this moment His grace receive?

God’s grace, Grace that will pardon and cleanse within; Grace,
Marvel-ous grace, Grace that is greater than all our sin!
Anywhere With Jesus

1. Anywhere with Jesus I can safely go, Anywhere He leads me in this world below; Anywhere without Him, dearest fail me, He is still my own; Though His hand may lead me over shad-ows round about me creep, Knowing I shall wake never joys would fade; Anywhere with Jesus I am not afraid. drea-ry ways, Anywhere with Jesus is a house of praise. more to roam; Anywhere with Jesus will be home sweet home.

2. Anywhere with Jesus I am not alone; Other friends may keep their ways, But He is friend whom I can trust. And in the storms of life I need no fear, For He will lead me safe and sound to my home.

3. Anywhere with Jesus I can go to sleep, When the gloom yells where my friends are that they may find Me safe and sound. He will guide me through the night, And lead me safe to home, Where my friends will welcome me with open arms.

Refrain

Anywhere! anywhere! Fear I cannot know; Where He leads me, I will go, Wherever He may lead, I will follow Him.
FAITH AND TRUST

263 Are You Christ's Lightbearer?

Priscilla J. Owens

I. Baltzell

Refrain

O brother! is your lamp trimm'd and burn - ing? Is the
FAITH AND TRUST

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

Frances R. Havergal, 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.
1. Down in the valley with my Saviour I would go,
2. Down in the valley with my Saviour I would go,
3. Down in the valley or upon the mountain steep,

Where the flowers are blooming and the sweet waters flow;
Where the storms are sweeping and the dark waters flow;
Close beside my Saviour would my soul ever keep;

Everywhere He leads me I would follow, follow on,
With His hand to lead me I will never, never fear;
He will lead me safely in the path that He has trod,

Walking in His footsteps till the crown be won.
Danger cannot fright me if my Lord is near.
Up to where they gather on the hills of God.
Follow! follow! I would follow Jesus! Anywhere, ev'rywhere,

I would follow on! Ev'rywhere He leads me I would follow on!

Father, I Stretch My Hands

1. Father, I stretch my hands to Thee; No other help I know; If Thou withdraw Thyself from me, Ah, whither shall I go?
2. On Thy dear Son I now believe, O let me feel Thy power; And all my varied wants relieve, In this accepted hour. And that He shed His precious blood From sin to set me free.
3. How would my fainting soul rejoice Could I but see Thy face! Now let me hear Thy quickening voice, And taste Thy par-don-ing grace.
4. I do believe, I now believe That Jesus died for me,
FAITH AND TRUST

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; Bears patiently the cross of grief or pain;
   Leave to thy God to order and direct the future as He has the past.
   In every change He faithful will remain.
   Thy hope, thy confidence let nothing be forever with the Lord,
   All now mysterious shall be bright at last.

2. Be still, my soul: thy God doth under take To guide the
   Thy hope, thy confidence let nothing be forever with the Lord,
   In every change He faithful will remain.
   All now mysterious shall be bright at last.
   Thy hope, thy confidence let nothing be forever with the Lord,
   All now mysterious shall be bright at last.

3. Be still, my soul: the hour is hastening on When we shall
   Bear patiently the cross of grief or pain;
   Leave to thy God to order and direct the future as He has the past.
   In every change He faithful will remain.
   Thy hope, thy confidence let nothing be forever with the Lord,
   All now mysterious shall be bright at last.

   Be still, my soul: thy best, thy heavenly Friend
   Be still, my soul: the waves and winds still know
   Be still, my soul: when change and tears are past,
Come, Ye Disconsolate

1. Come, ye disconsolate, wheresoe'er ye languish;
   Come to the mercy seat, fervently kneel;
   Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
   Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

2. Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,
   Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure!
   Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
   "Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure."

3. Here see the Bread of Life; see waters flowing
   Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
   Come in the feast of love—come, ever knowing
   Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

FAITH AND TRUST

Through thorny ways leads to a joyful end.
His voice who ruled them while He dwelt below.
All safe and blessed we shall meet at last.

Thomas Moore, 1816
Samuel Webbe, 1792
269  Far Away in the Depths of My Spirit

W. D. Cornell  W. G. Cooper

Far away in the depths of my spirit to-night,
What a treasure I have in this wonderful peace,
I am resting to-night in this wonderful peace,
Weary soul, without gladness or comfort or rest,

Rolls a melody sweeter than psalm;
Buried deep in my innermost soul,
Resting sweetly in Jesus' control;
Passing down the rough pathway of time!

In celestial-like strains it unceasingly falls
So secure that no power can mine it away,
I am kept from all danger by night and by day,
Make the Saviour your friend ere the shadows grow dark;

O'er my soul like an infinite calm,
While the years of eternity roll!
And His glory is flooding my soul.
O accept of this peace so sublime.
FAITH AND TRUST

Peace! peace! wonderful peace, Coming down from the Father above; Sweep o'er my spirit forever, I pray, In fathomless billows of love.

As Sure As Jesus Lives

1. As sure as Jesus lives, To me His strength He gives
2. And when the sunlight fades, The darkness me o'er-shades,
3. Yes, if my faith should fail, The enemy prevails,
4. Now unto Him I look, My burden to Him took:

Then fear, anxiety will go, My heart with faith o'er-flow.
I know that Jesus through the night Will guard me with His might.
Then to the Saviour I will flee To find a remedy.
Oh Jesus loves me tenderly; This will my comfort be.
FAITH AND TRUST

271  Faith of Our Fathers

Faith of our fathers! living still In spite of dungeon,
2. Our fathers, chained in prisons dark, Were still in heart and
3. Faith of our fathers! we will love Both friend and foe in

Ultimately we hear that glorious word. Faith of our fathers!
If they, like them, could die for Thee! Faith of our fathers!
By kindly words and virtuous life. Faith of our fathers!

Holy faith! We will be true to thee till death.
Holy faith! We will be true to thee till death.
Holy faith! We will be true to thee till death.
Have I Need of Aught, O Saviour!

Corie F. Davis

1. Have I need of aught, O Saviour! Aught on earth but Thee?  
2. Though I have of friends so many, Love, and gold, and health,  
3. Is there heart so kind and patient With my failings all?  
4. Not for worlds would I exchange it This sweet faith in Thee!

Have I any in the heavens, Any one but Thee?  
If I have not Thee, my Saviour, Hold I any wealth?  
Or a voice so true and ready, Answering my call?  
Earth-ly treasures cannot equal All Thou art to me.

Refrain

Only Thee, only Thee, O the wondrous love shown  
Only Thee, only Thee, None on earth but Thee.
I have learn'd the wondrous secret Of abiding in the Lord;
I have found the strength and sweetness Of confiding in His word;
I have tasted life's pure fountain, I am trusting in His blood,
I have lost myself in Jesus, I am sinking into God.

I am crucified with Jesus, And He lives and dwells in me,
I have ceased from all my struggling, 'Tis no longer I, but He;
All my will is yielded to Him, And His Spirit reigns within,
And His precious blood each moment Keeps me cleans'd and free from sin.

All my cares I cast upon Him, And He bears them all away;
All my fears and griefs I tell Him, All my needs from day to day.
All my strength I draw from Jesus, By His breath I live and move;
E'en His very mind He gives me, And His faith, and life, and love.
Refrain

I'm abiding in the Lord,
I'm abiding in the Lord, I'm abiding in the Lord,

And confiding in His word,
And confiding in His word, And confiding in His word.

And I'm hiding, safely hiding,
And I'm hiding, safely hiding, I am hiding, safely hiding

In the bosom of His love.

FAITH AND TRUST
I Trust in God Wherever I May Be

W. C. Martin

1. I trust in God wherever I may be,
2. He makes the rose an object of His care,
3. I trust in God, for in the lion's den,
4. The valley may be dark, the shadows deep,

Up on the land or on the rolling sea,
He guides the eagle thro' the pathless air,
On battlefield, or in the prison pen,
But O, the Shepherd guards His lonely sheep,

For come what may, From day to day,
And surely He remembers me,
Thro' praise or blame, Thro' flood or flame,
And thro' the gloom He'll lead me home,

My heavenly Father watches over me.
My heavenly Father watches over me.
My heavenly Father watches over me.
My heavenly Father watches over me.

FAITH AND TRUST

274

W. C. Martin

C. H. Gabriel
FAITH AND TRUST

Refrain

I trust in God, I know He cares for me,
He cares for me,

On mountain peak or on the stormy sea;
On mountain peak or on the sea, the stormy sea;

Tho' billows roll, He keeps my soul,
Tho' billows roll, He keeps my soul,

My heavenly Father watches over me.
FAITH AND TRUST

275    I Know Not Why God's Wondrous Grace

Daniel W. Whittle

James McGranahan

1. I know not why God's wondrous grace To me He hath made known, Nor why, unworthy, Christ in love Redeemed me for His own.
2. I know not how this saving faith To me He did impart, Nor how believing in His word Wrought peace within my heart.
3. I know not how the Spirit moves, Convincing men of sin, Revealing Jesus thro' the word, Creating faith in Him.
4. I know not when my Lord may come, At night or noon day fair, Nor if I walk the vale with Him, Or "meet Him in the air."

Refrain

But "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able To keep that which I've committed Unto Him against that day."
My Faith Has Found a Resting Place

Lidie H. Edmunds, c. 1891

Norwegian Melody

1. My faith has found a resting place, Not in a man-made creed;
2. Enough for me that Jesus saves, This ends my fear and doubt;
3. My soul is resting on the Word, The living Word of God;
4. The great Physician heals the sick, The lost He came to save;

I trust the ever living One, That He for me will plead.
A sinful soul I come to Him, He will not cast me out.
Salvation in my Saviour’s name, Salvation through His blood.
For me His precious blood He shed, For me His life He gave.

I need no other evidence, I need no other plea;
It is enough that Jesus died And rose again for me.
FAITH AND TRUST

277  Look Upon Jesus, Sinless Is He

F. E. Belden  F. E. Belden

Refrain

Cov-er with His life, whit-er than snow; Full-ness of His life then shall I know;
FAITH AND TRUST

My life of scar-let, my sin and woe, Cov-er with His life, whit-er than snow.

My Faith Looks Up to Thee

H. Ray Palmer, 1830

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.
FAITH AND TRUST

279 Never Be Sad or Desponding

Fanny J. Crosby                     I. Allan Sankey

1. Never be sad or desponding, Only have faith to believe;
2. What if thy burdens oppress thee? What tho' thy life may be drear?
3. Never be sad or desponding, Lean on the arm of thy Lord;

Grace, for the duties before thee, Ask of thy God and receive.
Look on the side that is brightest, Pray, and thy path will be clear.
Dwell in the depths of His mercy, Thou shalt receive thy reward.

Refrain

Never give up, Never give up,
Never give up, nev-er give up, Nev-er give up nev-er give up,

Never give up to thy sorrows, Jesus will bid them depart;
Trust in the Lord, Trust in the Lord,
Trust in the Lord, Trust in the Lord, Trust in the Lord,

Sing when your trials are greatest, Trust in the Lord and take heart.

Sing of Jesus, Sing Forever

1. Sing of Jesus, sing forever; Of the love that changes never;
2. With His precious blood He bought us; When we knew Him not, He sought us,
3. Thro' the desert drear He leads us, With the bread of heav'n He feeds us,

Who or what from Him can sever Those He makes His own?
And from all our wanderings bro't us; His the praise alone.
And thro' all the journey speeds us To His glorious throne.
FAITH AND TRUST

281  O Brother, Be Faithful

Uriah Smith  I. B. Woodbury

1. O brother, be faithful! soon Jesus will come,
   For whom we have waited so long;
   O, soon we shall enter our glorious home,
   And join in the conqueror's song.

2. O brother, be faithful! the city of gold,
   Prepared for the good and the blest;
   Is waiting its portals of pearl to unfold,
   And welcome thee into thy rest.

3. O brother, be faithful! He soon will descend,
   Creation's omnipotent King,
   While legions of angels His chariot attend,
   And palm wreaths, of victory bring.

4. O brother, be faithful! eternity's years
   Shall tell for thy faithfulness now,
   When bright smiles of gladness shall scatter thy tears,
   A coronet gleam on thy brow.

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O brother, be faithful! for why should we prove
Then, brother, prove faithful! not long shall we stay
O brother, be faithful! and soon shalt thou hear
O brother, be faithful! the promise is sure,

Unfaithful to Him who hath shown
In wearness here, and forlorn,
Thy Saviour pronounce the glad word,
That waits for the faithful and tried;

Such deep, such unbounded and infinite love
Time's dark night of sorrow is wearing away,
Well done, faithful servant, thy title is clear,
To reign with the ransomed, immortal and pure,

Who died to redeem us His own.
We haste to the glorious morn.
To enter the joy of thy Lord.
And ever with Jesus abide.
1. O for a faith that will not shrink, Though pressed by many a foe; That will not tremble
2. That will not murmur or complain But in the hour of tempests rage without; That when in danger then, what e'er may come I'll taste e'en here the
3. A faith that shines more bright and clear When on the brink of poverty, Of poverty or grief or pain, of grief or pain Can lean upon its knows no fear, knows of no fear, In darkness feels no hal lowed bliss, the hal lowed bliss Of an eternal
4. Lord, give me such a faith as this, And woe; Of poverty or woe; God; Can lean upon its God. doubt; In darkness feels no doubt. home; Of an eternal home.
OFT OUR TRUST HAS KNOWN BETRAYAL

FAITH AND TRUST

Oft Our Trust Has Known Betrayal

1. Oft our trust has known betrayal, Oft our hopes were vain,
2. Like a rock midst dash- ing billows 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- t'ry 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 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!
FAITH AND TRUST

284  Safe in the Arms of Jesus

Fanny J. Crosby (1823-1915)  W. H. Doane, 1898

1. Safe in the arms of Jesus, Safe on His gentle breast!
2. Safe in the arms of Jesus, Safe from corroding care;
3. Jesus, my heart's dear refuge, Jesus has died for me;

Here by His love o'ershadowed, Sweetly my soul doth rest.
Safe from the world's temptations, Sin cannot harm me there.
Firm on the Rock of Ages, Ever my trust shall be.

Hark! 'tis the voice of angels, Borne in a song to me,
Free from the blight of sorrow, Free from my doubts and fears;
Here let me wait with patience, Wait till the night is o'er;

Over the fields of glory, Over the jasper sea.
Only a few more trials, Only a few more tears.
Wait till I see the morning Break on the golden shore.
**FAITH AND TRUST**

Refrain

Safe in the arms of Jesus, Safe on His gentle breast

Here by His love o'ershaded, Sweetly my soul doth rest.

*When, My Saviour, Shall I Be* 285

Charles Wesley (1707-1788)  
George Hews, 1835

1. When, my Saviour, shall I be Perfectly resigned to Thee? Poor and vile in rant of all bel ow; Only guided heights of holiness; Sweetly let my

2. Only Thee content to know; Ignorant of my own eyes, On ly in Thy wisdom wise; by Thy light, Only might y in Thy might?

3. Fully in my life express All the depths of humble love.
FAITH AND TRUST

286  O Lamb of God!

James G. Deck  T. R. Matthews

1. O Lamb of God! still keep me Near to Thy wounded side;
2. 'Tis only in Thee hiding I know my life secure—
3. Soon shall my eyes behold Thee, With gladness face to face;

'Tis only there in safety And peace I can abide!
Only in Thee abiding, The conflict can endure.
One half hath not been told me Of all Thy power and grace.

What foes and snares surround me, What doubts and fears within!
Thine arm the victory gained O'er every hateful foe;
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory, The wonders of Thy love,

The grace that sought and found me, Alone can keep me clean.
Thy love my heart sustains In all its care and woe.
Shall be the endless story Of all the saints above.
Since Christ My Soul From Sin Set Free  

FAITH AND TRUST

C. F. Butler

1. Since Christ my soul from sin set free, This world has been a heav'n to me;  
2. Once heav'n 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.
1. So precious is Jesus, my Saviour, my King.
2. He stood at my heart’s door in sunshine and rain,
3. I praise Him because He appointed a place

His praise all the day long with rapture I sing
And patiently waited an entrance to gain;
Where, some day, thro’ faith in His wonderful grace,

To Him in my weakness for strength I can cling,
What shame that so long He entreated in vain,
I know I shall see Him, shall look on His face,

For He is so precious to me.
For He is so precious to me.
For He is so precious to me.
For He is so precious to me,

Tis heaven below My Redeemer to know,

For He is so precious to me.
Sometimes a Light Surprises

Cowper & Cennick, 1779

1. Sometimes a light surprises The Christian while he sings;
2. In holy contemplation We sweetly then pursue
3. Children of God lack nothing, His promise bears them through;
4. Though vine nor fig tree neither Their wonted fruit should bear;

It is the Lord, who rises With healing in His wings;
The theme of God’s salvation, And find it ever new;
Who gives the lilies clothing, Will clothe His people too;
Though all the fields should wither, Nor flocks nor herds be there;

When comforts are declining, He grants the soul again
Set free from present sorrow, We cheerfully can say,
Be beneath, the spreading heavens No creature but is fed,
Yet God the same abiding, His praise shall tune my voice,

A season of clear shining, To cheer it after rain.
Let the unknown tomorrow Bring with it what it may.
And He who feeds the ravens Will give His children bread.
For while in Him confiding, I cannot but rejoice.
To Thee, O Dear Saviour

1. To Thee, O dear, dear Saviour; My spirit turns for rest; My peace is in Thy favor, My pillow on Thy breast; Though all the world deceive me, I know that I am Thine, And Thou wilt never leave me, O blessed Saviour mine.

2. In Thee my trust abideth, On Thee my hope relies, O Thou whose love provideth For all beneath the skies; O Thou whose mercy found me, From bondage set me free, And then forever bound me With three-fold cords to Thee.

3. Atlas, that I should ever Have failed in love to Thee, The only One who never Forget or slighted me! For a heart to love Thee More truly as I ought, And nothing place above Thee In deed, or word, or thought. The holy calm and quiet Of faith's serene repose!

4. O for that choicest blessing Of living in Thy love, And thus on earth possessing The peace of heaven above! O for the bliss that by it The soul securely knows And then forever bound me With three-fold cords to Thee. The holy calm and quiet Of faith's serene repose!

FAITH AND TRUST

John S. B. Monsell, 1863

J. Baptiste Calking, 1887
FAITH AND TRUST

291 Standing on the Promises

R. Kelso Carter (1849-1928) R. Kelso Carter, 1886

1. Standing on the promises of Christ my King,
2. Standing on the promises that cannot fail,
3. Standing on the promises I now can see
4. Standing on the promises of Christ the Lord,

Thro' eternal ages let His praises ring;
When the howling storms of doubt and fear as sail,
Perfect, present cleansing in the blood for me;
Bound to Him eternally by love's strong cord,

Glory in the highest, I will shout and sing,
By the living Word of God I shall prevail,
Standing in the liberty where Christ makes free,
Overcoming daily with the Spirit's sword,

Standing on the promises of God.
Standing on the promises of God.
Standing on the promises of God.
Standing on the promises 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 Savi - our;

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.
The Home Where Changes Never Come

W. H. Bellamy

1. The home where changes never come,
   Nor pain nor sorrow, toil nor care;
   Yes! 'tis a bright and blessed home;
   Who would not fain be resting there?

2. Yet when bowed down beneath the load,
   By Heaven allowed, thine earthly lot;
   Thou yearnest to reach that blest abode,
   Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.

3. If in thy path some thorns are found,
   O, think who bore them on His brow;
   If grief thy sorrowing heart has found,
   It reached a holier than thou.

4. Toil on, nor deem, though sore it be,
   One sigh unheard, one prayer for got;
   The day of rest will dawn for thee!
   Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.
Refrain

O wait! meekly wait, and murmur not,
meekly wait,

O wait! meekly wait, and murmur not,
meekly wait,

O wait! meekly wait, O wait! meekly wait,

O wait! and murmur not. O murmur not.
The Lord Is My Light

James Nicholson

1. The Lord is my light; then why should I fear?
2. The Lord is my light; though clouds may arise,
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 presence is near;
Faith, stronger than sight, looks up to the skies
I know in His might I'll conquer at length;
There is in His sight no darkness at all;

He is my salvation from sorrow and sin;
Where Jesus forever in glory doth reign:
My weakness in mercy He covers with pow'r;
He is my Redeemer, my Saviour and King;

This blessed persuasion the Spirit brings in.
Then how can I ever in darkness remain?
And, walking by faith, He upholds me each hour.
With saints and with angels His praises I sing.
**Refrain**

The Lord is my light, my joy, and my song;

By day and by night He leads me along;

The Lord is my light, my joy, and my song;

By day and by night He leads me along.
We'll Build on the Rock

1. We'll build on the Rock, the living Rock,
   On Jesus, the Rock of Ages;
   So shall we abide the fearful shock,
   When loud the tempest rages.

2. Some build on the sinking sands of life,
   On visions of earthly treasure;
   Some build on the waves of sin and strife,
   Of fame, and worldly pleasure.

3. O build on the Rock forever sure,
   The firm and the true foundation;
   Its hope is the hope which shall endure,
   The hope of our salvation.
We'll build on the Rock, on the solid Rock;
We'll build on the Rock, on the solid Rock;

On Christ, the mighty Rock.
FAITH AND TRUST

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 - is - e, 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

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 quickly drives it away; Not a doubt nor a fear,
But our toil He doth richly repay; Not a grief nor a loss,
Or we'll walk by His side in the way; What He says we will do,

He abides with us still, And with all who will trust and obey.
Not a sigh nor a tear; Can abide while we trust and obey.
Not a frown nor a cross, But is blest if we trust and obey.
Where He sends we will go, Never fear, only trust and obey.

Refrain

Trust and obey, for there's no other way To be happy in Jesus, but to trust and obey.
Will Your Anchor Hold?

Priscilla J. Owens  
William J. Kirkpatrick

1. Will your anchor hold in the storm of life,  
2. If 'tis safely moored, 'twill the storm withstand,  
3. It will firmly hold in the straits of Fear;  
4. When our eyes behold, in the dawning light,

When the clouds unfold their wings of strife?  
For 'tis well secured by the Saviour's hand;  
When the breakers tell that the reef is near;  
Shining gates of pearl, our harbor bright,

When the strong tides lift, and the cables strain,  
And the cables, passed from His heart to thine,  
Though the tempest rage and the wild winds blow,  
We shall anchor fast to the heavenly shore,

Will your anchor drift, or firm remain?  
Can defy the blast, through strength divine.  
Not an angry wave shall our bark o'erflow.  
With the storms all past for evermore.
We have an anchor that keeps the soul

Steadfast and sure while the billows roll;

Fastened to the Rock which cannot move,

Grounded firm and deep in the Saviour's love.
HOPE AND ASPIRATION

298 Blessed Lord, How Much I Need Thee!

F. E. Belden

F. E. Belden, 1886

1. Blessed Lord, how much I need Thee! Weak and sinful, 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 future 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.
HOPE AND ASPIRATION

Gracious Father, Guard Thy Children

1. Gracious Father, guard Thy children From the foe's destructive power;
   Save, O save them, Lord, from falling In this dark and trying hour.
   Thou wilt surely prove Thy people, All our graces must be tried;
   But Thy word illumes our pathway, And in God we still confide.

2. We are in the time of waiting; Soon we shall behold our Lord,
   Wafted far away from sorrow, To receive our rich reward.
   Keep us, Lord, till Thine appearing, Pure, unspotted from the world;
   Let Thy Holy Spirit cheer us Till Thy banner is unfurled.

3. With what joyful exultation Shall the saints Thy banner see,
   When the Lord for whom we've waited Shall proclaim the jubilee!
   Free-dom from this world's pollutions; Free-dom from all sin and pain;
   Free-dom from the wiles of Satan, And from death's destructive reign.

Arr. from Mozart
by Hubert P. Main, 1873

Unknown

[Music notation]
HOPE AND ASPIRATION

300  I Must Tell Jesus

Elisha A. Hoffman (1839-1929)  

1. I must tell Jesus all of my trials; I cannot bear these burdens alone,
2. I must tell Jesus all of my troubles, He is a kind, compassionate Friend;
3. O how the world to evil allures me! O how my heart is tempted to sin!

In my distress He kindly will help me, He ever loves and cares for His own.
If I but ask Him, He will deliver, Make of my troubles quickly an end.
I must tell Jesus, and He will help me over the world the trial to win.

Refrain

I must tell Jesus! I must tell Jesus! I cannot bear my burdens alone;
I must tell Jesus! I must tell Jesus! Jesus can help me, Jesus alone.
HOPE AND ASPIRATION

As Pants the Wearied Hart

Unknown

F. Mendelssohn

1. As pants the wea - ried hart for cool - ing springs,
2. Lord, Thy sure mer - cies, ev - er in my sight,

That sinks ex - haust - ed in the sum - mer's chase,
My heart shall glad - den thro' the te - dious day;
Thy God the God of mer - cy still shall prove;

So pants my soul for Thee, great King of kings,
And 'midst the dark and gloom - y shades of night,
With - in His courts Thy thanks shall yet be paid;

So thirsts to reach Thy sa - cred dwell - ing place.
To Thee, my God, I'll tune the grate - ful lay.
Un - question - ed be His faith - ful - ness and love.

Unknown F. Mendelssohn

As Pants the Wearied Hart

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Gracious Spirit! Dwell With Me

T. T. Lynch

Conrad Kocher

1. Gracious Spirit! dwell with me; I my self would gracious be; And with words that help and heal, Would Thy life in mine reveal; And with actions bold and meek, Would for Christ my Sav iour speak.

2. Truth ful Spirit! dwell with me; I my self would truth ful be; And with wisdom kind and clear; Let Thy life in mine appear; And with actions brother ly, Speak my Lord’s sincer i ty.

3. Tender Spirit! dwell with me; I my self would tender be; Shut my heart up like a flow’r; At temptation’s dark some hour; Open what ev er I can be, Give to Him, Who gave me Thee.

4. Holy Spirit! dwell with me; I my self would ho ly be; Separate from sin, I would, Choose and cherish all things good; And what ev er I can be, Give to Him, Who gave me Thee.
I Would Be True

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 learning, day by day, the lessons

I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be giving, and forget the gift;
My heavenly Father gives me in His word;

I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would be quick to hear His lightest whisper;

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.
Jesus Comes With Pow'r to Gladden

Frank A. Breck

1. Jesus 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 - joice 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.
When love shines in,

When love shines in,

How the heart is tuned to singing, When love shines in!

When love shines in, 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 others bringing, When love shines in.

When love shines in.
HOPE AND ASPIRATION

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.
Yet their in-ner mean-ing Ne'er can be ex-pressed.
I'm Pressing on the Upward Way

Johnson Oatman, Jr.  
Charles H. Gabriel

1. I'm pressing on the upward way, New heights I'm gaining every day;  
2. My heart has no desire to stay Where doubts arise and fears dismay;  
3. I want to live above the world, Though Satan's darts at me are hurled;  
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glory bright;  

Still praying as I onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."  
Though some may dwell where these a-bound, My prayer, my aim is higher ground.
For faith has caught the joyful sound, The song of saints on higher ground.
But still I'll pray till heaven I've found, "Lord, lead me on to higher ground."

Refrain

Lord, lift me up, and I shall stand By faith, on heaven's table-land;

A higher plane than I have found; Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.
HOPE AND ASPIRATION

307 Joys Are Flowing Like a River

W. S. Marshall, 1897, J. M. Kirk, 1900
Arr. by F. E. Belden

M. P. Ferguson, Arr. by F. E. Belden

1. Joys are flowing like a river, Since the Comforter has come;
2. O what holy peace and gladness! What a comfort our Guest,
3. Like the rain that falls from heaven, Like the sunlight from the sky,
4. What a wonderful salvation, Where we always see His face!

He abides with us forever, Makes the trusting heart His home.
No more unbelief and sadness, As obeying now we rest.
So the Holy Ghost is given, Coming gently from on high.
What a peaceful habitation! What a quiet resting place!

Blessed quietness, holy quietness, Sweet assurance in my soul;

On the stormy sea, Jesus speaks to me, And the billows cease to roll.

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Kind Words Can Never Die

Arr. By F. E. Belden

Abbie Hutchinson

1. Kind words can nev-er die, Cherish’d and blest; God knows how
deepley they lie, Stored in the breast, Like child-hood’s sim-ple rhymes,
deep they lie, Stored in the breast, Like child-hood’s sim-ple rhymes,
depththey lie, Stored in the breast, Like child-hood’s sim-ple rhymes,
depththey lie, Stored in the breast, Like child-hood’s sim-ple rhymes,

2. Sweet that’s can nev-er die, Tho’ like the flow’rs Their bright-est
dees may fly In wint’ry hours; But when the gen-tle dew
dee may fly In wint’ry hours; But when the gen-tle dew
dee may fly In wint’ry hours; But when the gen-tle dew
dee may fly In wint’ry hours; But when the gen-tle dew
dee may fly In wint’ry hours; But when the gen-tle dew

3. True love can nev-er die, Tho’ in the tomb We all may
deesent lie, Wrapp’d in its gloom; Tho’ mor-tal flesh de-cay,
deesent lie, Wrapp’d in its gloom; Tho’ mor-tal flesh de-cay,
deesent lie, Wrapp’d in its gloom; Tho’ mor-tal flesh de-cay,
deesent lie, Wrapp’d in its gloom; Tho’ mor-tal flesh de-cay,
deesent 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
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
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

Dis-tant or near. Kind words can nev-er die, Nev-er die,
They bloom a-gain. Sweet that’s can nev-er die, Nev-er die,
Dis-tant or near. Kind words can nev-er die, Nev-er die,
They bloom a-gain. Sweet that’s can nev-er die, Nev-er die,
Dis-tant or near. Kind words can nev-er die, Nev-er die,
They bloom a-gain. Sweet that’s can nev-er die, Nev-er die,

nev-er die; Kind words can nev-er die, No, nev-er die.
nev-er die; Sweet that’s can nev-er die, No, nev-er die.
nev-er die; Kind words can nev-er die, No, nev-er die.
nev-er die; Sweet that’s can nev-er die, No, nev-er die.
nev-er die; Kind words can nev-er die, No, nev-er die.
nev-er die; Sweet that’s can nev-er die, No, nev-er die.
HOPE AND ASPIRATION

309 Lord, I Want to Be Made Holy

Unknown

Refrain

Lord, I want to be made holy, Give me now Thy purity;
This my soul's sincerest yearning; Cleanse me from my guilt I pray;
In myself I have no goodness; Without Thee, my strength is weak;
Holy Father, to Thy presence Penitent I come today;

In the blood of Jesus cleanse me, That, like snow, I pure may be.
Grant my heart's desire by turning Sinful night to sinless day.
For Thy holiness I'm pleading, Grace, through Jesus' blood I seek.
Grant me, Lord, Thy boundless mercy, Take my many sins a-way.

Refrain

Make me holy, Lord, just now; Cleanse my heart as here I bow.

Jesus, Lord, take my heart, never let me ever part.
Must I Go, Empty-Handed?

C. C. Luther

1. "Must I go, and empty-handed," Thus my dear Redeemer meet?
2. Not at death I shrink nor falter, For my Saviour saves me now;
3. O the years in singing wasted, Could I but recall them now,
4. O ye saints, a-rouse, be earnest, Up and work while yet 'tis day;

Not one day of service give Him, Lay no trophy at His feet?
But to meet Him empty-handed, Tho't of that now clouds my brow.
I would give them to my Saviour, To His will I'd gladly bow.
Ere the night of death o'er-take thee, Strive for souls while still you may.

Refrain

"Must I go, and empty-handed?" Must I meet my Saviour so?

Not one soul with which to greet Him: Must I empty-handed go?
1. O softly the Spirit is whispering to me,
2. Some heart may be longing for only a word,
3. Some soul may be plunged in the darkest despair,
4. Come, all ye that labor, ye weary and worn,

With tender compassion, with pitying plea;
Whose love by the Spirit is quickened and stirred;
Whose shadows would melt in the sunlight of pray'r;
Come ye who in sorrow or sinfulness mourn;

I hear His beseeching, and earnestly pray
Now grant, blessed Saviour, this service to me,
O give me, dear Saviour, I humbly implore,
With me this petition to Jesus convey;

That Jesus will make me a blessing today.
Of speaking a comforting message for Thee.
The sweet consolation that soul to restore.
O make me a blessing, dear Saviour, today.
**Refrain**

Lord, make me a blessing to-day,
Lord, make me a blessing.

A blessing to some one, I pray;
I pray;

In all that I do, in all that I say,

O make me a blessing to-day.
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,
There Is a Blessed Hope

Unknown

Arr. from Johann G. Naegeli
by Lowell Mason, 1845

1. There is a blessed hope, More precious
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-vari'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-i-ous doubt, And whis-pers, "God is love."
la-tion's light, That hope, the hope of heaven.
HOPE AND ASPIRATION

314   Someone Will Enter the Pearly Gate

G. M. J. James McGranahan

1. Someone will enter the pearly gate By and by, by and by,
   Taste of the glories that there a-wait, Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?
   Some-one will travel the streets of gold, Beau-ti-ful vi-sions will there be-hold,
   Feast on the plea-sures so long fore-told; 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?
   Some-one the glo-rious King will see, Ev-er from sor-row of earth be free,
   Happy 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?
   Some-one will sing the tri-um-phant song By and by, by and by,
   Some-one the glo-rious King will see, Ev-er from sor-row of earth be free,
   Some-one will greet on the gold-en shore, Loved ones of earth, pain and parting o'er;
   Safe in the glo-ry for-ev-er-more; Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?

   2. Someone will gladly his cross lay down By and by, by and by,
     Some-one will knock when the door is shut By and by, by and by,
     Some-one will travel the streets of gold, Beau-ti-ful vi-sions will there be-hold,
     Feast on the plea-sures so long fore-told; Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?
     Anything, ap-proved, shall re-ceive a crown, Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?
     Some-one the glo-rious King will see, Ev-er from sor-row of earth be free,
     Happy 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?
     Some-one will sing the tri-um-phant song By and by, by and by,
     Some-one the glo-rious King will see, Ev-er from sor-row of earth be free,
     Some-one will greet on the gold-en shore, Loved ones of earth, pain and parting o'er;
     Safe in the glo-ry for-ev-er-more; Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?

   3. Someone will happily his cross lay down By and by, by and by,
   Someone will knock when the door is shut By and by, by and by,
   Someone will travel the streets of gold, Beau-ti-ful vi-sions will there be-hold,
   Feast on the plea-sures so long fore-told; 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?
   Someone the glo-rious King will see, Ev-er from sor-row of earth be free,
   Happy with Him through e-ter-ni-ty; Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?
   Some-one will fall of the saint's re-ward; Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?
   Some-one will sing the tri-um-phant song By and by, by and by,
   Someone the glo-rious King will see, Ev-er from sor-row of earth be free,
   Someone will greet on the gold-en shore, Loved ones of earth, pain and parting o'er;
   Safe in the glo-ry for-ev-er-more; Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?

   4. Someone will enter the pearly gate By and by, by and by,
   Someone will gladly his cross lay down By and by, by and by,
   Someone will travel the streets of gold, Beau-ti-ful vi-sions will there be-hold,
   Feast on the plea-sures so long fore-told; Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?
   Someone the glo-rious King will see, Ev-er from sor-row of earth be free,
   Someone will fall of the saint's re-ward; Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?
   Someone will sing the tri-um-phant song By and by, by and by,
   Someone the glo-rious King will see, Ev-er from sor-row of earth be free,
   Someone will greet on the gold-en shore, Loved ones of earth, pain and parting o'er;
   Safe in the glo-ry for-ev-er-more; Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?

   Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?
   Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?
   Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?
   Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?
We Have Not Known Thee

Thomas B. Pollock, 1889

1. We have not known Thee as we ought, Nor learned Thy wis - dom, grace, and power; The things of earth have filled our thought, And tri - files of the pass - ing hour, Lord, give us light
2. We have not feared Thee as we ought, Nor bowed be - neath Thine aw - ful eye, Nor guard - ed deed, and word, and thought, Re - mem - ber - ing that God was nigh. Lord, give us faith
3. We have not loved Thee as we ought, Nor cared that we are loved by Thee; Thy pres - ence we have cold - ly sought, And fee - bly longed Thy face to see. Lord, give a pure
4. We have not served Thee as we ought, A - las! the du - ties left un - done, The work with lit - tle fer - vor wrought, The bat - tles lost, or scarce - ly won! Lord, give the zeal,

And make us wise in know - ing Thee. to know Thee near; And grant the grace of ho - ly fear.

and give the might, For Thee to toil, for Thee to fight.

and loving heart To feel and own the love Thou art.
316  Speak to My Soul, Dear Jesus

L. L. Pickett

Adapted by L. L. Picket

1. Speak to my soul, dear Jesus, Speak now in tend'rest tone;
2. Speak to Thy children ever, Lead in the holy way;
3. Speak now as in the old time Thou didst reveal Thy will;

Whisper in loving kindness; "Thou art not left alone,"
Fill them with joy and gladness, Teach them to watch and pray,
Let me know all my duty, Let me Thy law fulfill,

Open my heart to hear Thee, Quickly to hear Thy voice,
May they in consecration Yield their whole lives to Thee,
Lead me to glorify Thee, Help me to show Thy praise,

Fill Thou my soul with praises Let me in Thee rejoice.
 Hasten Thy coming kingdom, Till our dear Lord we see.
 Gladly to do Thy bidding, Honor Thee all my days.
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."
HOPE AND ASPIRATION

317  When My Lifework Is Ended
Fanny J. Crosby  John R. Sweney

1. When my life-work is ended, and I cross the swelling tide,
2. O, the soul-thrilling rapture when I view His blessed face,
3. O, the dear ones departed! How the tender mem'ries come,
4. Thro' the gates to the city, in a robe of spotless white,

When "this mortal puts on immortal 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 Eden 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-vour first of all.
But I long to meet my Sa-vour first of all.
Refrain

I shall know Him, I shall know Him
I shall know

As redeem'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.

HOPE AND ASPIRATION

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We Would See Jesus

1. "We would see Jesus"; for the shadows lengthen
2. "We would see Jesus"; Rock of our salvation,
3. "We would see Jesus"; other lights are paling,
4. "We would see Jesus"; this is all we're needing

Across the little landscape of our life;
Where on our feet were set with sovereign grace;
Which for long years we did rejoice to see;
Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight;

We would see Jesus, our weak faith to strengthen
Not life, nor death, with all their agitation,
The blessings of this sinful world are failing;
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading,

For the last conflict, in this mortal strife.
Can thence remove us, gazing on His face.
We would not mourn them, in exchange for Thee.
Soon to return and end this mortal night!
1. Arise, my soul, arise, Shake off thy guilty fears; 
2. He ever lives above, For me to intercede; 
3. Five bleeding wounds He bears, Received on Calvary; 
4. The Father hears Him pray, His dear, anointed One; 

The bleeding Sacrifice In my behalf appears; 
His all-redeeming love, His precious blood to plead; 
They pour effectual prayer's, They strongly speak for me; 
He would not turn away The presence of His Son; 

Before the throne my Surety stands, Before 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 Spirit answers to the blood, His Spirit answers 

Surety stands; My name is written on His hands. 
all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace. 
give"! they cry, "Nor let the contrite sinner die!" 
to the blood, And tells me I am born of God.
CONSECRATION

320  Beneath the Cross of Jesus

Elizabeth C. Clephane, 1872  Frederick C. Maker, 1881

1. Beneath the cross of Jesus I fain would take my stand,
   The shadow of a mighty rock Within a weary land;
   A home within the wilderness, A rest upon the way.
   From the burning of the noon-tide heat, And the burden of the day.

2. Upon that cross of Jesus Mine eye at times can see
   The very dying form of One Who suffered there for me;
   And from my smitten heart with tears Two wonders I confess;
   The wonders of redeeming love And my unworthiness.

3. I take, O cross, thy shadow For my abiding place;
   I ask no other sunshine than The sunshine of His face;
   Content to let the world go by, To know no gain nor loss,
   My sinful self my only shame, My glory all the cross.
Closer to Thee, My Father, Draw Me  321

E. W. Chapman           J. H. Tenney

1. Closer to Thee, my Father, draw me, I long for Thine embrace;
2. Closer to Thee, my Saviour, draw me, Nor let me leave Thee more;
3. Closer by Thy sweet Spirit draw me, Till I am all like Thee;

Closer within Thine arms enfold me, I seek a resting place.
Fain would I feel Thine arms around me, And count my wanderings o'er.
Quicken, refine, and wash, and cleanse me, Till I am pure and free.

Refrain

Closer with the cords of love, Draw me
To Thyself above; Closer with the cords of love,

Draw me, to Thyself above, Draw me to Thyself above.

CONSECRATION
CONSECRATION

322  Do We Live So Close to the Lord?

C. H. Morris

1. Do we live so close to the Lord to-day, Passing 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?

Can the world see Je-sus in me?
Can the world see Je-sus in me?
Can the
CONSECRATION

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?

Breathe on Me, Breath of God

Edwin Hatch, 1878

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.
CONSECRATION

324 Dying With Jesus
D. W. Whittle

1. Dying with Jesus, by death reckoned mine, Living with Jesus, a new life divine, Looking to Jesus till glory doth shine,
2. Never a trial that He is not there, Never a burden that He doth not bear, Never a moan; Never a danger but there on the throne,
3. Never a heartache, and never a groan, Never a tear-drop and He cannot heal; Moment by moment, in woe or in weal,
4. Never a weakness that He doth not feel, Never a sickness that Moment by moment, O Lord, I am Thine.

Refrain

Moment by moment I'm under His care. Moment by moment He thinks of His own. Jesus, my Saviour; abides with me still.

Mo-ment by mo-ment I'm kept in His love; Mo-ment by mo-ment I've life from above; Look-ing to Je-sus till glo-ry doth shine;

Mary Whittle
CONSECRATION

Moment by moment, O Lord, I am Thine.

Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone? 325

Thomas Shepherd (1665-1739) George N. Allen (1812-1877)

1. Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
2. The consecrated cross I'll bear,
3. Up on the crystal pavement, 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 Jesus' pierced 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.
CONSECRATION

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;

Noth-ing world-ly shall en-thral 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.

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

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!

5. Break ev-ery ten-der tie, Je-sus is mine!
6. Here would I ev-er stay, Je-sus is mine!
7. Lost in this dawm-ing light, Je-sus is mine!
8. Wel-come e-ter-ni-ty, Je-sus is mine!

9. Dark is the wil-der-ness, Earth has no rest-ing place,
10. Per-ish-ing things of clay, Born but for one brief day,
11. All that my soul has tried, Left but a dis-mal void,
12. Wel-come, O loved and blest, Wel-come, sweet scenes of rest,

13. Je-sus a- lone can bless, Je-sus is mine!
14. Pass from my heart a-way, Je-sus is mine!
15. Je-sus has sat-is-fied, Je-sus is mine!
16. Wel-come my Sav-iour's breast, Je-sus is mine!
CONSECRATION

328  Father, We Come to Thee

F. E. Belden  W. J. Bostwick

1. Father, we come to Thee, No other help have we; Thou wilt our
   refuge be, On Thee we call. Earth is but dark and drear
soul’s repose In time of need. Doubting are we, and weak;
feet incline From sin to flee. Oh, guide us, we implore,

With-out Thy presence near; Be Thou our comfort here, Father of all.
To us sweet courage speak; Thy mighty arm we seek For strength indeed.
Till weary life is o’er, And on a brighter 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!

E. Liebich

1. Here is my heart! O Lord, I give to Thee This heart my love, my all.
2. Here is my heart! Command-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.
Humble Me, Lord

1. Humble me, Lord, as I come unto Thee, Deepen my trust in Thy mercy toward me; Bowed with my burden of sin and of dross, sin set me free; I am unworthy, no merit I claim; full and secure; Though, often in sorrow my heart despair, Lord, I bend at the foot of Thy cross. Looking to Jesus, I trust in His name. Let me but enter I know my salvation now is prepared.

2. Humble me, Lord, as I offer my plea, Cleanse every stain, from each Thy wounded side, This world rejecting, there to abide; Only in

3. Humble me, Lord, and I then will be sure Of perfect redemption, Thee can my spirit be blest, Low at Thy feet, Lord, find peace and rest.
I Am Thine, O Lord

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. Consecrate me now to Thy service, Lord, By the power of grace divine;
3. O the pure delight of a single hour That before Thy throne I spend;
4. There are depths of love that I cannot know Till I cross the narrow sea;

But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be closer drawn to Thee. May my soul look up with a steadfast hope And my will be lost in Thine. When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God, I commune as friend with friend! There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.

Draw me 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 precious, bleeding side.
I Come to the Garden Alone

C. Austin Miles

1. I come to the garden alone, While the dew is still on the roses; And the voice I hear, Falling on my ear, The son of God discloses. And in my heart is ringing. And He walks with me, and His voice to me is calling.

2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet the birds hush their singing; And the melody That He gave to me, With falling, But He bids me go Through the voice of woe, His own, And the joy we share as we tarry there, None other has ever known.

3. I'd stay in the garden with Him Though the night around me be lone, Voice Him While is so still I so sweet the birds hush their singing; And the melody That He gave to me, With falling, But He bids me go Through the voice of woe, His own, And the joy we share as we tarry there, None other has ever known.

C. Austin Miles, 1912
CONSECRATION

Have Thine Own Way, Lord!  

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 Potter; I am the clay.  
Search me and try me, Master today!  
Wound-ed and wea-ry Help me, I pray!  
Hold o'er my be-ing ab-so-lute sway!

Mold me and make me After Thy will,  
Whit-er than snow, Lord, Wash me just now,  
Pow-er, all pow-er, Surely 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!
I Love Thee Better, Lord

1. I know I love Thee better, Lord, Than any earthly joy;
2. I know that Thou art nearer still Than any earthly throng;
3. Thou hast put gladness in my heart; Then may I well be glad;
4. O Saviour, precious Saviour, mine! What will Thy presence be,

For Thou hast given me the peace Which nothing can destroy.
And sweeter is the thought of Thee Than any lovely song.
With out the secret of Thy love I could not but be sad.
If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with Thee.

The half has never yet been told, Of love so full and free;
never told,

The half has never yet been told, The blood it cleanseth me.
never told, cleanseth me.
CONSECRATION

I Love Thee

Unknown

Ingall's Christian Harmony, 1805

1. I love Thee, I love Thee, I love Thee, my Lord; My joys are immortal, I stand on the mount! My life and salvation, my joy and my rest: I love Thee, I love Thee, and that Thou dost know; But how much I love Thee my actions will show.

2. I'm happy, I'm happy, O, wondrous account! I gaze on my treasure and long to be there, Thy name be my theme, and Thy love be my song; With Jesus and angels, and kindred so dear: With Jesus and angels, and kindred so dear.

3. O Jesus, my Saviour, with Thee I am blest, My life and salvation, my joy and my rest: I'll praise Him, I'll praise Him, with notes loud and clear; Thy grace shall inspire both my heart and my tongue.

4. O, who's like my Saviour? He's Salem's bright King; I love Thee, my Saviour, I love Thee, my God. He smiles, and He loves me, and helps me to sing. While rivers of pleasure my spirit do cheer.
CONSECRATION

336 More Diligence Give Me

F. E. Belden

1. More diligence give me; Swift flies the day,
2. More tenderness give me For wandering sheep,
3. More gratitude give me, More love for my Lord,
4. More purity give me, More hated of sin,

Each moment some lost one Is passing away;
Like Jesus the Shepherd, To search and to weep
More gifts for the Giver Who spreadeth my board;
More hungring and thirsting For goodness within;

How can I be idle, Christ knowing so well?
In byways and hedges, O'er desert and sea;
More memories of mercies, More praises in pray'r;
More watching and praying, From self to be free;

More diligence give me, Love's story to tell,
More tenderness give me For sinners like me.
More gladness in labor, More trust with my care.
More fruits of the Spirit, More, Jesus of Thee.
I Would Draw Nearer to Jesus

1. I would draw nearer to Jesus, In His sweet presence abide,
   Constantly trying to serve Him, Safe and secure at His side.
   I would draw nearer to Jesus, I would draw nearer to Him;
   Fully surrendered each moment, I would draw nearer to Him.

2. I would draw nearer to Jesus, Nothing withholding from Him,
   Knowing He loves to be gracious, I would draw nearer to Him.
   I would draw nearer to Jesus, I would draw nearer to Him;
   Fully surrendered each moment, I would draw nearer to Him.

3. I would draw nearer to Jesus, Seeking His strength to be true,
   Willing to tell of His goodness, Gladly His blest will to do.
   I would draw nearer to Jesus, I would draw nearer to Him;
   Fully surrendered each moment, I would draw nearer to Him.
CONSECRATION

338 I Am Coming to the Cross


1. I am coming to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
   Long my heart has sighed for Thee; Long has evil reigned within;
   Here I give my all to Thee—Friends, and time, and earthly store;
   Jesus comes! He fills my soul! Perfect ed in Him I am;

   I am counting all but dross; I shall full salvation find.
   Jesus sweetly speaks to me, "I will cleanse you from all sin."
   Soul and body Thine to be, Wholly Thine for evermore.
   I am every whit made whole—Glory, glory to the Lamb!

Refrain

   I am trusting, Lord in Thee, O Thou Lamb of Calvary;

Hum bly at Thy cross I bow; Save me, Jesus, save me now.

   Thine is the glory, Lord in Thee; O Lamb of Calvary.
   Jesus, Lamb of Calvary, let all Thy faithful ones adore Thee;
I Would Be, Dear Saviour, Wholly Thine

F. E. Belden, 1886

1. I would be, dear Saviour, wholly Thine;
2. What is worldly, pleasure, wealth, or fame,
3. As I cast earth's transient joys behind,

Teach me how, teach me how; I would do Thy will,
Without Thee, without Thee? I will leave them all
Come Thou near, come Thou near; In Thy presence 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 comfort here.

Refrain

Wholly Thine, Wholly Thine, Wholly Thine, this is my vow;
Wholly Thine, Wholly Thine, Wholly Thine, O Lord, just now.
CONSECRATION

340  Jesus, Keep Me Near the Cross

Fanny J. Crosby, 1869  William H. Doane, 1869

1. Jesus, keep me near the cross; There a precious fountain
2. Near the cross, a trembling soul, Love and mercy found me;
3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes before me;
4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hoping, trusting ever;

Free to all, a healing stream, Flows from Calvary's mountain.
There the bright and Morning Star Sheds its beams around me.
Help me walk from day to day, With its shadows o'er me.
Till I reach the golden strand, Just beyond the river.

Refrain

In the cross, in the cross, Be my glory ever,

Till my ransomed soul shall find Rest beyond the river.
Jesus, Lover of My Soul

1. Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to Thy bosom fly,
2. Other refuge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in Thee I find;
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found—Grace to pardon all my sin;

While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high;
Leave, O leave me not alone! Still support and comfort me;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Let the healing streams abound, Make and keep me pure within;

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide! Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and holy is Thy name, I am all unrighteousness;
Thou of life the Fountain art, freely let me take of Thee;

Safe into the haven guide, O receive me home at last!
Cover my defenseless head With the shadow of Thy wing.
Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring Thou up within my heart, Rise to all eternity.
CONSECRATION

342 Jesus, Lover of My Soul

Charles Wesley, 1740

John B. Dykes, 1861

1. Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to Thy bosom fly,
2. Other refuge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in Thee I find;
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found—Grace to pardon all my sin;

While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high;
Leave, O leave me not alone! Still support and comfort me;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Let the healing streams abound, Make and keep me pure within;

Hide me, O my Saviour hide! Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and holy is Thy name, I am all unrighteousness;
Thou of life the Fountain art, Freely let me take of Thee;

Safe into the haven guide, Receive me home at last!
Cover my defenceless head With the shadow of Thy wing.
Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring Thou up within my heart, Rise to all eternity.
CONSECRATION

Jesus, Lover of My Soul

Charles Wesley

J. P. Holbrook

1. Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to Thy bosom fly,
2. Other refuge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in Thee I find:
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cover all my sin;

While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high;
Leave, O leave me not a lone, Still support and comfort me.
Raise the laglen, cheer the faint, Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Let the healing streams abound; Make and keep me pure within.

Hide me, O my Saviour 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 holy is Thy name; I am all unrighteousness;
Thou of life the fountain art, Free ly let me take of Thee;

Safe into the haven guide, O receive me home at last!
Cover my defenceless head With the shadow of Thy wing.
Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring Thou up within my heart, Rise to all eternity!

CONSECRATION

Jesus, Lover of My Soul

Charles Wesley

J. P. Holbrook
CONSECRATION

344 Live Out Thy Life Within Me

Frances R. Havergal (1836–1879)

Samuel Wesley, 1864

1. Live out Thy life within me, O Jesus, King of kings!
2. The temple has been yielded, And purified of sin;
3. Its members every moment Held subject to Thy call,
4. But restless, calm, and pliant, From bend and bias free,

Be Thou Thyself the answer To all my questionings;
Let Thy Shekinah glory Now shine forth from within,
Read y to have Thee use them, Or not be used at all;
Awaiting Thy decision, When Thou hast need of me.

Live out Thy life within me, In all things have Thy way!
And all the earth keep silence, The body henceforth be
Held without restless longing, Or strain, or stress, or fret,
Live out Thy life within me, O Jesus, King of kings!

I, the transparent medium Thy glory to display,
Thy silent, gentle servant, Moved only as by Thee,
Or chafings at Thy dealings, Or thoughts of vain regret;
Be Thou the glorious answer To all my questionings.
Lord Jesus, I Long to Be Perfectly Whole

James Nicholson

1. Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole; I want Thee for ever to live in my soul; Break down every idol, cast out every foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

2. Lord Jesus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a complete sacrifice; I give up myself, and what I see Thy blood flow; Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

3. Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat; I wait, bless-ed in me a new heart create; To those who have sought Thee, Thou ne'er said'st No; Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

4. Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait; Come now, and with-ev er to live in my soul; By faith, for my cleansing; I Lord, at Thy crucified feet, Break down every idol, cast out every foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow;

Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Refrain

CONSECRATION

James Nicholson

William G. Fischer

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CONSECRATION

346 More Holiness Give Me

P. P. Bliss

1. More holiness give me, More striving within;
2. More gratitude give me, More trust in the Lord;
3. More purity give me, More strength to o'ercome;

More patience in suffering, More sorrow for sin;
More pride in His glory, More hope in His word;
More freedom from earth-stains, More longings for home;

More faith in my Saviour, More sense of His care;
More tears for His sorrows, More pain at His grief;
More fit for the kingdom, More used would I be;

More joy in His service, More purpose in prayer;
More meekness in trial, More praise for relief;
More blessed and holy, More, Saviour, like Thee.
My Jesus, I Love Thee

1. My Je-sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine;
2. I love Thee because Thou hast first loved me,
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee 'til death,
4. In mansions of glory and endless delight,

For Thee all the fol-lies of sin I resign;
And pur-chased my pardon on Cal-va-ry's tree;
And praise Thee as long as Thou lend'st 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.
Living for Jesus

1. Living for Jesus a life that is true,
2. Living for Jesus who died in my place,
3. Living for Jesus wherever I am,

Striving to please Him in all that I do;
Bearing on Calvary my sin and disgrace;
Doing each duty in His holy name;

Yielding allegiance, glad-hearted and free,
Such love constrains me to answer His call,
Willing to suffer affliction and loss,

This is the pathway of blessing for me.
Follow His leading and give Him my all.
Deeming each trial 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.
CONSECRATION

349  My Life Flows on in Endless Song

Unknown  Samuel A. Ward, 1882

My life flows on in endless song; Amid earth's lamentation,
What though my joys and comforts die, The Lord my Helper liveth!
I lift mine eyes; the cloud grows thin; I see the blue above it;

I hear the sweet, though far-off hymn That hails a new creation;
What though the darkness gather round; Songs in the night He giveth!
And day by day this pathway smooths Since first I learned to love it.

Through all the tumult and the strife I hear the music ringing;
No storm can shake my inmost calm While to that refuge clinging;
The peace of God makes fresh my heart, A fountain ever springing;

It finds an echo in my soul, How can I keep from singing?
Since God is Lord of heaven and earth, How can I keep from singing?
All things are mine, since I am His— How can I keep from singing?
Nearer, My God, to Thee

Sarah F. Adams, 1841

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 stony 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,

Nearer, my God to Thee, Nearer to Thee.
Nearer, my God to Thee, Nearer to Thee.
Nearer, my God to Thee, Nearer to Thee.
Nearer, my God to Thee, Nearer to Thee.

CONSECRATION

350

Lowell Mason, 1856
CONSECRATION

351  Nearer, Still Nearer

C. H. Morris

1. Near-er, still near-er, close to Thy heart, Draw me, my Lord, to be Thine; Sin, with its

2. Near-er, still near-er, nothing I bring, Naught as an

3. Near-er, still near-er, while life shall last; Till safe in

4. Near-er, still near-er, close to Thy heart; Draw me, my

Sav-iour, so precious Thou art; Fold me, O fold me

of-fering to Je-sus my King On-ly my sin-ful

fo-lies, I gladly 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.
CONSECRATION

Not I, But Christ

Arr. by Fannie E. Bolton

1. Not I, but Christ, be honored, loved exalted;
2. Not I, but Christ, to gently soothe in sorrow;
3. Christ, only Christ! no idle words e'er falling;
4. Not I, but Christ, my every need supplying,

Not I, but Christ, be seen, be known, be heard;
Not I, but Christ, to wipe the falling tear;
Christ, only Christ; no need less bustling sound;
Not I, but Christ; my strength and health to be;

Not I, but Christ, in every look and action,
Not I, but Christ, to lift the weary burden,
Christ, only Christ, no self-important bearing;
Christ, only Christ, for body, soul, and spirit,

Not I, but Christ, in every thought and word.
Not I, but Christ, to hush away all fear.
Christ, only Christ; no trace of 'I' be found.
Christ, only Christ, here and externally.
O, for a Closer Walk With God!

William Cowper, 1772

Henry W. Greatorex's "Collection," Boston, 1851

1. O, for a closer walk with God! A calm and heavenly frame, A light to shine up!
2. Return, O holy Dove! return, Sweet messenger of rest; I hate the sins that made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my breast.
3. What peaceful hours I once enjoyed! How sweet their memory still! But they have left an aching void The world can never fill.
4. The dearest idol I have known, What e'er that idol be, Help me to tear it from Thy throne, And worship only Thee.

CONSECRATION

353
O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee

1. O Master, let me walk with Thee In lowly paths of service free; Tell me Thy secret; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.
2. Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear, stay, And guide them in the home-ward way.
3. Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee In closer, dearer company, In work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In trust that triumphs over wrong;
4. In hope that sends a shining ray Far down the future's broad-en ing way; In peace that only Thou canst give, With Thee, O Master, let me live.

CONSECRATION

Washington Gladden, 1879

H. Percy Smith, 1874
CONSECRATION

355 O, the Bitter Pain and Sorrow

Theo. Monod

James McGranahan

1. O, the bitter pain and sorrow; That a time could ever be,
   When I proudly said to Jesus, "All of self and none of Thee!"

2. Yet He found me; I beheld Him Bleeding on the accursed tree;
   And my wistful heart said faintly, "Some of self and some of Thee,"
   And my wistful heart said faintly, "Some of self and some of Thee,"

3. Day by day His tender mercy, Healing, helping, full and free,
   Brought me lower, while I whispered, "Less of self and more of Thee,"
   Brought me lower, while I whispered, "Less of self and more of Thee,"

4. Higher than the highest heavens, Deeper than the deepest sea,
   Lord, Thy love at last has conquered, "None of self and all of Thee,"
   When I proudly said to Jesus, "All of self and none of Thee!"

Daily by day His tender mercy, Healing, helping, full and free.
Sick of long, his wistful heart said faintly, "Some of self and more of Thee,"
Lord, Thy love at last has conquered, "None of self and all of Thee,"
When I proudly said to Jesus, "All of self and none of Thee!"
CONSECRATION

One Thing I of the Lord Desire

Walter C. Smith

Fred H. Byshe

1. One thing I of the Lord desire, For all my paths have mir-y been,
2. If clearer vision Thou impart, 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.

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,
1. Precious Redeemer, my brother and friend, Dearer than all is my
2. Earth holds no charm that can lure me away, Kept by the love of my
3. Deeper than ocean and boundless as space, Such is the love of my
4. Friends here may fail me, but Jesus is true; O what a wonderful

Saviour; On me His grace and His blessings descend, I'm
Saviour; Sweet'er He grows every step of the way, I'm
Saviour; Soul-thrill ing rapture to look in His face, I'm
Saviour; His love sufficient will carry me thro', I'm

Refrain

longing, dear Saviour, for Thee.
longing, dear Saviour, for Thee. Longing, dear Saviour, I'm longing for Thee!
longing, dear Saviour, for Thee. Longing, longing,
longing, dear Saviour, for Thee.

Has ten, glad moment, when Jesus I'll see; Longing to be,
Longing

CONSECRATION

Precious Redeemer

Henry De Fluiter

Henry De Fluiter
Saviour, with Thee, Longing, I'm longing for Jesus.

Take My Life and Let It Be

Frances R. Havergal

1. Take my life, and let it be Consecrated,
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beautiful,
3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with message,
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 silver and my gold,
longer mine; Take my heart, it is Thine own!

At the impulse of Thy love, At the impulse of Thy love.
Always, only, for my King, Always, only, for my King.
Not a mite would I withhold, Not a mite would I withhold.
It shall be Thy royal throne, It shall be Thy royal throne.
CONSECRATION

359  Saviour, More Than Life to Me

Fanny J. Crosby  W. H. Doane

1. Saviour, more than life to me, I am clinging.
   Thro' this changing world below, Lead me gently.
   I would love Thee more and more, Till this fleeting,

   clinging close to Thee; Let Thy precious blood applied,
   gently as I go, Trusting Thee, I cannot stray, Keep me
   fleet ing life is o'er, Till my soul is lost in

   love In a brighter, brighter world above.

Refrain

Ev'ry day, ev'ry hour, Let me
CONSECRATION

Thine Forever!

Mary F. Maude
Archbishop of Maclaggan

1. Thine forever! God of love, Hear us from Thy throne above;
2. Thine forever! Lord of life, Shield us through our earth by strife;
3. Thine forever! Oh how blest They who find in Thee their rest!
4. Thine forever! Thou our Guide, All our wants by Thee supplied,

Thine forever may we be, Here and in eternity.
Thou the life, the truth, the way, Guide us to the realms of day.
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend, O defend us to the end.
All our sins by Thee forgiven, Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.
CONSECRATION

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.

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,
my life and all, to be, Thine, hence - forth et - ter - nal - ly.
CONSECRATION

Ready to Suffer Grief or Pain  362

A. C. Palmer

1. Ready to suffer grief or pain, Ready to stand the test;
2. Ready to go, ready to bear, Ready to watch and pray;
3. Ready to speak, ready to think, Ready with heart and brain;
4. Ready to speak, ready to warn, Ready o'er souls to yearn;

Ready to stay at home and send Others if He sees best.
Ready to stand aside and give, Till He shall clear the way.
Ready to work where He sees fit, Ready to bear the strain.
Ready in life, ready in death, Ready for His return.

Refrain

Ready to go, ready to stay, Ready my place to fill;

Ready for service, lowly or great, Ready to do His will.
CONSECRATION

363  Take the World, But Give Me Jesus

Fanny J. Crosby (1823-1915)  John R. Sweney

1. Take the world, but give me Jesus; All its joys are but a name,
2. Take the world, but give me Jesus, Sweetest comfort of my soul;
3. Take the world, but give me Jesus; Let me view His constant smile;
4. Take the world, but give me Jesus; In His cross my trust shall be,

But His love abideth ever, Through eternal years the same.
With my Saviour watching o'er me, I can sing, though billows roll.
Then throughout my pilgrim journey Light will cheer me all the while.
Till, with clearer, brighter vision, Face to face my Lord I see.

Refrain

Oh, the height and depth of mercy! Oh, the length and breadth of love!

Oh, the fullness of redemption, Pledge of endless life above.
1. Take time to be holy, Speak oft with thy Lord;
2. Take time to be holy, The world rushes on;
3. Take time to be holy, Let Him be thy Guide;
4. Take time to be holy, Be calm in thy soul,

Abide in Him always, And feed on His word;
Spend much time in secret With Jesus alone;
And run not before Him, What ever be tide;
Each thought and each motive Beneath His control;

Make friends of God's children, Help those who are weak,
By looking to Jesus, Like Him thou shalt be;
In joy or in sorrow, Still follow thy Lord,
Thus led by His Spirit To fountains of love;

For getting in nothing His blessing to seek.
Thy friends in thy conduct His likeness shall see.
And, looking to Jesus, Still trust in His word.
Thou soon shalt be fitted For service above.
1. The cross that He gave may be heavy, But it ne'er out-weighs His grace;  
2. The thorns in my path are not sharper Than composed His crown for me;  
3. The light of His love shines brighter, As it falls on paths of woe;  
4. His will I have joy in fulfilling, As I walk in His sight;  

The storm that I fear may surround me, But it ne'er excludes His face.  
The cup that I drink not more bitter Than He drank in Geth-semane.  
The toil of my work grows lighter, As I stoop to raise the low.  
My all to the blood I am bringing, It alone can keep me right.  

Refrain  
The cross is not greater than His grace,  

The storm cannot hide His blessed face;  

I am satisfied to His smiling face;  

Arranged by F. E. Belden  

Ballington Booth  

CONSECRATION  

The Cross That He Gave  

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CONSECRATION

know That with Jesus here below, I can conquer every foe.

More Love to Thee, O Christ  366


1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee; Hear Thou the
2. Once earthly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-
3. Let sorrow do its work, Send grief or pain; Sweet are Thy
4. Then shall my latest breath Whisper Thy praise; This be the

prayer I make On bended knee. This is my earnest plea,
alone I seek, Give what is best, This all my prayer shall be,
messages, Sweet their refrain, When they can sing with me,
parting 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!
CONSECRATION

367 True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted

Frances R. Havergal

George C. Stebbins

1. True-hearted, whole-hearted, faithful and loyal,
2. True-hearted, whole-hearted, fullest allegiance
3. True-hearted, whole-hearted, Saviour all-glorious!

King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be;
Yielding henceforth to our glorious King;
Take Thy great power and reign there alone,

Under the standard exalted and royal,
Valiant endeavor and loving obedience,
Over our wills and affections victorious,

Strong in Thy strength we will battle for Thee.
Freely and joyously now would we bring.
Freely surrendered and wholly Thine own.
CONSECRATION

Refrain

Peal out the watch-word! silence it never!
Peal out the watch-word! silence it never!

Song of our spirits, rejoicing and free;
Song of our spirits, rejoicing and free;

Peal out the watch-word! loyal forever,
Peal out the watch-word! loyal forever,

King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be.
King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be.
1. Sitting at the feet of Jesus, O what words I hear Him say!
2. Sitting at the feet of Jesus, Where can mortal be more blest?
3. Bless me, O my Saviour, bless me, As I'm waiting at Thy feet,

Happy place! so near, so precious! May it find me there each day;
There I lay my sins and sorrows, And, when weary, find sweet rest;
O look down in love upon me, Let me see Thy face so sweet;

Sitting at the feet of Jesus, I would look upon the past,
Sitting at the feet of Jesus, There I love to weep and pray,
Give me, Lord, the mind of Jesus, Make me holy as He is,

For His love has been so gracious, It has won my heart at last.
While I from His fullness gather Grace and comfort every day.
May I prove I've been with Jesus, Who is all my righteous-ness.
The Name of Jesus Is So Sweet

W. C. Martin

1. The name of Jesus is so sweet, I love its music to repeat;
   It makes my joys full and complete, The precious name of Jesus.
   "Jesus," oh, how sweet the name! "Jesus," every day the same;
   "Jesus," let all saints proclaim Its worthy praise forever.

2. I love the name of Him whose heart Knows all my griefs and bears a part;
   Who bids all anxious fears depart I love the name of Jesus.
   "Jesus," let all saints proclaim Its worthy praise forever.

3. That name I fondly love to hear, It never fails my heart to cheer;
   Its music dries the falling tears; Exalt the name of Jesus.
   "Jesus," let all saints proclaim Its worthy praise forever.

4. No word of man can ever tell How sweet the name I love so well;
   Oh, let its praises ever swell, Oh, praise the name of Jesus.
   "Jesus," let all saints proclaim Its worthy praise forever.

E. S. Lorenz
A Mighty Fortress

Martin Luther, 1529
Tr. by Frederick H. Hedge, 1853

1. A mighty fortress is our God, A bulwark never failing; Our helper He, amid the flood of our suffering. For still our ancient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and power are great;

2. Did we in our own strength confide, Our striving would be losing, Our hard-fought battles often lost, Through Him who with us side; Let goods and kindred go,

3. And though this world, with devils filled, Should threaten to undo us, We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to triumph through us. The prince of darkness grim,

4. That word above all earthly powers, No thanks to them, a-\text{\textit{\textsuperscript{1}}}—

Of mortal ills prevailing. For still our ancient foe Christ Jesus, it is He, Lord Saba-th His name,

Of our help in ages past, Who our hard fight leads on. We tremble not for him; His rage we can endure,

Martin Luther, 1529
Tr. by Frederick H. Hedge, 1853

A Mighty Fortress

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Awake, My Soul!

And armed with cruel hate, On earth is not his equal.
From age to age the same, And He must win the battle.
For lo! his doom is sure, One little word shall fell him.
God's truth abideth still, His kingdom is forever.

1. Awake, my soul! stretch every nerve, And press with vigor on;
   A heavenly race descalls thee from on high; Tis He whose hand pre-
   race have we begun; And, crowned with victory,

2. 'Tis God's all animating voice That sends the prize To thine aspiring eye.
   race in full survey; For get the steps al-
   read trod, And onward urge thy way.

3. A cloud of witnesses a round Hold mands thy zeal, And an immortal crown.
   race have we begun; And, crowned with victory,
   at Thy feet We'll lay our trophies down.

4. Blest Savour, introduced by Thee, Our
   press with vigor on; A heavenly race descalls thee from on high; Tis He whose hand pre-
   race have we begun; And, crowned with victory,
Awake, Ye Saints

Philip Doddridge

1. Awake, ye saints, and raise your eyes, And
2. Swift on the wings of time it flies; Each
3. Not many years their round shall run, Not

raise your voices high; Awake, and praise that
moment brings it near; Then welcome each de-
man-y morn-ings rise, Ere all its glo-
ries

sov-r-eign love That shows sal-va-tion nigh; Awake, 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!

Norman Macleod

1. Courage, brother! do not stumble, Though thy path be dark as night;
2. Perish policy and cunning, Perish all that fears the light,
3. Some will hate thee, some will love thee, Some will flatter; some will slight;

There's a star to guide the humble; Trust in God, and do the right.
Whether losing, wheth er winning, Trust in God, and do the right,
Cease from man, and look above thee; Trust in God, and do the right.

Though the road be long and dreary, And the end be out of sight,
Shun all forms of guilty passion, Fiends can look like angels bright;
Simple rule and safest guiding, Inward peace and shining light,

Tread it bravely, strong or weary; Trust in God,
Heed no custom, school, nor fashion; Trust in God,
Star upon our path a bidding; Trust in God,

trust in God, trust in God, and do the right.
THE CHRISTIAN WARFARE

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Conquering Now

F. J. Crosby

John R. Sweney

1. Conquering now and still to conquer; Rideth a
   King in His might, Leading the host of all the
   faithful In to the midst of the fight; See them with
   courage advancing, Clad in their brilliant array;

2. Conquering now and still to conquer; Who is this
   wonder-ful King? Whence all the armi-es which He
   lead-eth, While of His glo-ry they sing? He is our
   Lord and Redeem-er, Sav-iour and Mon-arch di-vine,

3. Conquering now and still to conquer; Jesus, Thou
   Ruler of all, Thrones and their scepters all shall
   perish, Crowns and their splen-dor shall fall, Yet shall the
   armies Thou lead-est, Faith-ful and true to the last,
Shouting the name of their Leader, Hear them ever say,
They are the stars that forever bright in His kingdom will shine. Not to the strong is the battle, Not to the swift is the race, Yet to the true and the faith-ful Vict’ry is promised through grace.
Christ, Our Mighty Captain

Mrs. Frank A. Breck

1. Christ our mighty Captain, leads against the foe;
2. Let our glorious banner ever be unfurled;
3. Fierce the battle rages, but 'twill not be long,

We will never falter when he bids us go;
From its mighty stronghold evil shall be hurled;
Then triumphant shall we join the blessed throng,

Tho' His righteous purpose we may never know,
Christ, our mighty Captain, overcomes the world,
Joyfully uniting in the victor's song,

Yet we'll follow all the way.
And we follow all the way. Forward! forward! 'tis the Lord's command,
If we follow all the way.

Grant C. Tullar
Am I a Soldier of the Cross

Isaac Watts, 1724

1. Am I a soldier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb?
2. Must I be carried to the skies On flow'ry beds of ease,
3. Sure I must fight if I would reign; Increase my courage, Lord;
4. When that illustrious day shall rise, And all Thy armies shine

And shall I fear to own His cause? Or blush to speak His name?
Whilst others fought to win the prize, And sailed through bloody seas?
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, Supported by Thy word.
In robes of victory through the skies, The glory shall be Thine.
FORWARD, CHRISTIAN, FORWARD!

S. Trevor Francis  H. J. E. Holmes

1. Forward, Christian, forward! spread abroad the cry;
2. Forward, Christian, forward! Christ thy life, thy song;
3. Sound your hallelujahs, praise to Jesus bring;
4. Haste, thou glorious morn-ing! welcome, shade-less day!

Shout aloud the watch-word, "Jesus draweth nigh!"
Trust in "Jesus only," in His strength be strong;
Magnify His glories, of His coming sing;
Chasing with thy sunlight all our tears away;

Wave the gospel standard, banner of His love;
Christ, the glorious leader of the blood-bought band;
Sing amidst the conflict, shout the battle cry;
Haste, O wondrous moment, when 'midst radiant skies

Sing, as marching onward to your home above.
Follow closely follow, to the heavenly land.
"Jesus Christ is coming; on to victory!"
Sleeping saints and living at His word arise.
Light After Darkness

Frances R. Havergal

1. Light after darkness, Gain after loss, Strength after weariness,
   Crown after cross, Sweet after bitterness, Song after sigh,
   Home after wandering, Praise after cry.

2. Sheaves after sowing, Sun after rain, Sight after mystery,
   Peace after pain, Joy after sorrow, Calm after blast,
   Rest after weariness, Sweet rest at last. Now comes the weeping,

3. Near after distant, Gleam after gloom, Love after loneliness,
   Life after tomb, After long agony, Rapture of bliss!

   Right was the pathway Leading to this.

   Then the glad reaping, Now comes the labor hard, Then the reward.
Encamped Along the Hills of Light

By faith they, like a whirlwind's breath, swept
Against the foe in vales below,
Let salvation's helmet on each head, With
Then onward from the hills of light, Our

Ye Christian soldiers rise, And press the battle
Our sword the word of God; We tread the road the
Drawn up in dread array; Let tents of ease be
White raiment shall be given; Before the angels

Ere the night Shall veil the glowing skies;
Saints above With shouts of triumph trod;
Left behind, And onward to the fray;
He shall know His name confessed in heaven;

A gainst the foe in vales below, Let
Sal va tion's hel met on each head, With
The

1. Encamped along the hills of light,
2. His banner o ver us is love,
3. On ev'ry hand the foe we find
4. To him that overcomes the foe,
Faith is the victory! Faith is the victory!

O, glorious victory, That overcomes the world.
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-ery day;
Turn-ing a-way from e-vil, Je-sus will keep His own;

Whol-ly at His com-mand-ment let ev-ery 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.
Loyal soldiers, let us joyfully march along,

Forward, forward, with a triumphant song;
Joyfully march, steadily march,

Onward, upward, a happy and loyal throng,
Joyfully march, steadily march,

Loyal to our Saviour and our King.
O Christian, Awake!

Fanny J. Crosby

W. B. Bradbury and Philip Philipps

1. O Christian, awake! 'tis the Master's command;
   With helmet and shield, and a sword in thy hand,
   To meet the bold tempter, go, fearlessly go,
   And stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.

2. Whatever thy danger, take heed and beware;
   And turn not thy back, for no armor is there;
   The legions of darkness, if thou wouldst o'erthrow,
   Then stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.

3. The cause of thy Master with vigor defend;
   Be watchful, be zealous, and fight to the end;
   Whichever He leads thee, go, valiantly go,
   And stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.

4. Press on, never doubting, thy Captain is near;
   With grace to supply, and with comfort to cheer;
   His love, like a stream in the desert will flow;
   Then stand like the brave, Stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.
1. Soldiers of Christ, arise, And put your armor on,
   Stand, then, in His great might, With all His strength endowed;
   From strength to strength go on; Wrestle, and fight, and pray;

Strong in the strength which God supplies Through His eternal Son;
But take, to arm you for the fight, The panoply of God;
Tread all the powers of darkness down, And win the well-fought day;

Strong in the Lord of hosts, And in His mighty power,
That, having all things done, And all your conflicts passed,
Still let the Spirit cry, In all His soldiers, "Come!"

Who in the strength of Jesus trusts Is more than conqueror.
Ye may o'er-come through Christ alone, And stand entire at last.
Till Christ the Lord who reigns on high, Shall take the conq'rors home.
Soldiers of the Cross, Arise!

1. Soldiers of the cross, arise! Lo! your Leader from the skies
2. Now the fight of faith begin, Be no more the slaves of sin,
3. Jesus conquered when He fell, Met and vanquished sin and hell;

Waves before you glory's prize, Prize of victory.
Strive the victor's palm to win, Trusting in the Lord;
Now He bids His followers tell Triumphs of His cross.

Seize your armor, gird it on; Soon the battle will be won;
Gird ye on the armor bright, Warriors of the King of Light,
Tho' the evil hosts appear, Who can doubt, or who can fear?

See! the strife is almost done; Struggle manfully.
Never yield, nor lose by flight Your divine reward.
God our strength and shield, is near; Can we suffer loss?
Stand Up! Stand Up for Jesus!

1. Stand up! stand up! for Jesus! Ye soldiers of the cross;
2. Stand up! stand up! for Jesus! The trumpet call obey;
3. Stand up! stand up! for Jesus! Stand in His strength alone;
4. Stand up! stand up! for Jesus! The strife will not be long;

Lift high His royal banner; It must not suffer loss;
Forth to the mighty conflict, In this His glorious day.
The arm of flesh will fail you; Ye dare not trust your own.
This day the noise of battle, The next the victor's song.

From victory unto victory, His army shall He lead,
Ye that are men now serve Him against unnumbered foes;
Put on the gospel armor, And, watching unto prayer,
To him that overcometh, A crown of life shall be;

Till every foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord indeed.
Let courage rise with danger, And strength to strength oppose.
Where duty calls, or danger, Be never wanting there.
He with the King of glory Shall reign eternally.
1. When I can read my title clear, When
2. Should earth against my soul engage, Should
3. Let cares like a wild deluge come, Let
4. There shall I bathe my weary soul, There

I can read my title clear, When I can read my title clear. To mansions in the skies, I'll bid farewell to every fear,
earth against my soul engage, Should earth against my soul engage. And fiery darts be hurled; Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
cares like a wild deluge come, Let cares like a wild deluge come. And storms of sorrow fall; Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
shall I bathe my weary soul, There shall I bathe my weary soul. May I but safely reach my home,
in seas of heavenly rest, And not a wave of trouble roll,

fear, I'll bid farewell to every fear, I'll
rage, Then I can smile at Satan's rage, Then
home, May I but safely reach my home, May
roll, And not a wave of trouble roll, And
THE CHRISTIAN WARFARE

Bid farewell to every fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.
I can smile at Satan's rage, And face a frowning world.
I but safely reach my home, My God, my heaven, my all.
Not a wave of trouble roll, Across my peaceful breast.

Refrain

We will stand the storm, We will

We will stand the storm, It will not be very long, We will

Anchor by and by, by and by; We will stand

Anchor by and by, We will anchor by and by; the storm,

The storm, We will anchor by and by.

It will not be very long, by and by.
THE CHRISTIAN WARFARE

386  We Are Living, We Are Dwelling

Arthur C. Coxe  Unknown

We are living, we are dwelling, In a grand and awful time,
2. Christian, rouse and arm for conflict, Nerve thee for the battle-field;
3. Wick-ed spirit its gather round thee; Legions of those foes to God,
4. Christian, rouse! fight in this warfare, Cease not till the victory's won;

In an age on ages telling—To be living is sublime,
Bear the helmet of salvation, And the mighty gospel shield;
Prin-ci-pal-ities most mighty, Walk unseen the earth abroad;
Till your Captain loud proclaims, "Servant of the Lord, well done!"

Hark! the waking up of nations, Gog and Magog to the fray;
Let the breast-plate, peace, be on thee, Take the Spirit's sword in hand;
They are gathering to the battle, Strengthened for the last deep strife;
He, alone, who thus is faithful, Who abideth to the end,

Hark! what sound? Is creation groaning for her latter day?
Bold-ly, fear-less-ly, go forth then, In Jehovah's strength to stand.
Christian, arm! be watchful, read-y, Struggle man-fully for life.
Hath the promise, in the kingdom An e-tern-ity to spend.
All the Way My Saviour Leads Me 387

Fanny J. Crosby, 1875

Robert Lowry, 1875

1. All the way my Saviour leads me; What have I to ask beside?
2. All the way my Saviour leads me; Cheers each winding path I tread;
3. All the way my Saviour leads me; O the fullness of His love!

Can I doubt His tender mercy, Who through life has been my guide?
Gives me grace for every trial, Feeds me with the living bread;
Perfect rest to me is promised In my Father's house above;

Heavenly peace, divine comfort, Here by faith in Him to dwell;
Though my weary steps may falter, And my soul a-thirst may be,
When I wake to life immortal, Wing my flight to realms of day,

For I know what-e'er befall me, Jesus doeth all things well;
Gushing from the Rock before me, Lo, a spring of joy I see;
This my song through endless ages, Jesus led me all the way;

For I know what-e'er befall me, Jesus doeth all things well,
Gushing from the Rock before me, Lo, a spring of joy I see,
This my song through endless ages, Jesus led me all the way.
GUIDANCE

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 refuse to sing Who never knew our God;
3. The hill of Zion yields A thousand sacred sweets,
4. Then let our songs abound, And every tear be dry;

Join in a song with sweet accord, Join in a song
But children of the heavenly King, But children of
Before we reach the heavenly fields, Before we reach
We're marching through Immanuel's ground, We're marching through

with sweet accord, And thus surround the throne,
the heavenly King, May speak their joys abroad,
the heavenly fields, Or walk the golden streets,
Immanuel's ground, To fairer worlds on high,

And thus surround the throne, And thus
May speak their joys abroad.
Or walk the golden streets.
To fairer worlds on high.

surround the throne.
Father, Lead Me Day by Day

John P. Hopps (1834-1912)

1. Father, lead me day by day, Ever in Thine own sweet way;
2. When in danger, make me brave; Make me know that Thou canst save;
3. When I'm tempted to do wrong, Make me steadfast, wise, and strong;
4. May I do the good I know, Be Thy loving child below,

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 abide.
And when all alone I stand, Shield me with Thy mighty hand.
Then at last go home to Thee, Evermore Thy child to be.
Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah

William Williams, 1745 (1717-1791)

1. Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah, Pilgrim through this barren land;
   2. Open now the crystal fountain, Whence the healing stream doth flow;
   3. When I tread the verge of Jordan, Bid my anxious fears subside;

I am weak, but Thou art mighty; Hold me with Thy powerful hand;
Let the fire and cloud y pillar Lead me all my journey through;
Bear me through the swelling current, Land me safe on Canaan’s side;

Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more,
Strong Deliverer, strong Deliverer, Be Thou still my strength and shield,
Songs of praises, songs of praises I will ever give to Thee,

Feed me till I want no more, Feed me till I want no more.
Be Thou still my strength and shield. I will ever give to Thee.
Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah

William Williams, 1745
Robert Edwards (1796-1862)

1. Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah! Pilgrim through this barren land; I am weak, but Thou art mighty, fears subsiding. Hold me with Thy powerful hand; Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven, Lead me all my journey through; Strong Deliverer, Strong Deliverer, Land me safe on Ca-naan's side, Songs of praises, Songs of praises.

2. Open now the crystal fountain Whence the healing waters flow, Let the fire and cloudy pillar fears subsiding. Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven, Strong Deliverer, Strong Deliverer, Songs of praises, I will ever give to Thee.

3. When I tread the verge of Jordan, Bid my anxious heart subside; I want no more. Thee. Songs of praises, I will ever give to Thee.
Hark! Hark, My Soul!

Frederick W. Faber, 1854

1. Hark! hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling
2. Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
3. Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
4. Angels, sing on, your faithful watch es keeping;

O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave beat shore;
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come";
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,

How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,

Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
The music of the gospel leads us home.
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
And life's long shadows break in cloud less love.

Henry Smart, 1868
Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me

Edward Hopper, 1871
John E. Gould, 1871

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem - pes - tuous sea;
   Un-known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach-erous shoal;
   Chart and com - pass come from Thee; Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.

2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
   Bois - terous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou sayest to them, "Be still."
   Won - drous Sov - ereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.

3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar
   'Twixt me and the peace - ful rest, Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
   May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

An - gels of Je - sus, an - gels of light,
Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night.
1. Hark! hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling
2. Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
3. Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
4. Angels, sing on, your faithful watch-ers keep-ing.

O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore;
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come";
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;
Sing us sweet frag-ments of the songs above,

How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are tell-ing
And through the dark, its echoes sweet-ly ring-ing,
And laden 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 music of the gospel leads us home.
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
And life's long shadows break in cloud-less love.
An - gels of Je - sus, an - gels of light,

Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night.

Guide and Guard Us

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.
He Leadeth Me

J. H. Gilmore, 1862

1. He lead-eth me! O bless-ed thought! O words with heav-en-ly com-fort fraught! What-e'er I do, where-er I be, still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me;

2. Some-times 'mid scenes of deep-est gloom, Some-times where E-den's bow-ers bloom, By wa-ters still, o'er trou-bled sea—nor re-pine; Con-tent, what-ev-er lot I see, still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me.

3. Lord, I would clasp my hand in Thine, Nor ev-er mur-mur vic-tory's won, E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, since 'tis my God that lead-eth me.

4. And when my task on earth is done, When by Thy grace, the His faith-ful fol-lower I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

J. H. Gilmore, 1862

William B. Bradbury, 1864
1. I can hear my Saviour calling, I can hear my Saviour calling,
   "Take thy cross and follow, follow Me."
   Where He leads me I will follow, Where He leads me I will

2. I'll go with Him through the garden, I'll go with Him through the garden,
   with Him, with Him all the way. Where He leads me I will follow, Where He leads me

3. I'll go with Him through the judgment, I'll go with Him through the judgment,
   with me, with me, all the way. Where He leads me I will follow, Where He leads me

4. He will give me grace and glory, He will give me grace and glory,
   And go I will follow, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
1. I must have the Saviour with me, For I dare not walk alone;
2. I must have the Saviour with me, For my faith, at best, is weak;
3. I must have the Saviour with me, In the onward march of life,
4. I must have the Saviour with me, And His eye the way must guide,

I must feel His presence near me, And His arm a-round me thrown,
He can whisper words of comfort That no other voice can speak.
Thro' the tempest and the sunshine, Thro' the battle and the strife.
Till I reach the vale of Jordan, Till I gain the other side.

Refrain

Then my soul shall fear no ill, Let Him lead me where He will,
Then my soul shall fear no ill, fear no ill, Let Him lead me, where He will,
will, I will go without a murmur, And His footsteps follow still.
will, where He will, I will go
Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah

William Williams, 1745
Unknown

GUIDANCE

1. Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah, Pilgrim thro' this barren land!
   Streams doth flow; Let the fire and cloud-y pillar fears sub-side; Bear me through the swelling current,
   Hold me with Thy pow'r-ful hand; Bread of heav-en, Lead me all my jour-ney through; Strong De-liv-er-er,
   Bread of heav-en, Feed me till I want no more. Strong De-liv-er-er, Be Thou still my Strength and Shield. Songs of prais-es I will ev-er give to Thee.

2. Open Thou the crystal fountain, Whence the healing
   I am weak, but Thou art might-y; Let the fire and cloud-y pillar
   Bear me through the swelling current,
   Hold me with Thy pow-r-ful hand; Bread of heav-en, Lead me all my jour-ney through; Strong De-liv-er-er,
   Bread of heav-en, Feed me till I want no more. Strong De-liv-er-er, Be Thou still my Strength and Shield. Songs of prais-es I will ev-er give to Thee.

3. When I tread the verge of Jordan, Bid my anx-i-ous
   Not to fear; I am weak, but Thou art might-y; Let the fire and cloud-y pillar
   Hold me with Thy pow-r-ful hand; Bread of heav-en, Lead me all my jour-ney through; Strong De-liv-er-er,
   Bread of heav-en, Feed me till I want no more. Strong De-liv-er-er, Be Thou still my Strength and Shield. Songs of prais-es I will ev-er give to Thee.
GUIDANCE

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I Will Never Leave Thee

Unknown

Unknown

1. I will never, never leave thee, I will never
2. When the storm is raging round thee, Call on Me in
3. When the sky above is glowing, And around thee
4. When thy soul is dark and clouded, Filled with doubt, and

thee for-sake; I will guide, and save, and keep thee,
humble prayer; I will fold My arms around thee,
all is bright, Pleasure like a river flowing,
grief, and care, Through the mists by which tis shrouded,

For My name and mercy's sake. Fear no evil,
Guard thee with the tenderest care; In the trial,
All things tending to delight; I'll be with thee,
I will make the light appear; And the banner,

Fear no evil, Only all My counsel take.
In the trial, I will make thy pathway clear,
I'll be with thee, I will guide thy steps a-right.
And the banner Of My love I will up-rear.
Lead Kindly Light

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid encircling gloom,
   I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou

2. So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
   Lead 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 torrent, till

3. Lead Thou me on. Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to
   Lead Thou me on. I loved the garish day, and, spite of
   The night is gone; And with the morn those angel faces

4. See The distant scene; one step's enough for me.
   Fears, Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.
   Smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost a while.
1. Lead on, O King Eternal, The day of march has come;
2. Lead on, O King Eternal, Till sin's fierce war shall cease,
3. Lead on, O King Eternal, We follow, not with fears,

Henceforth in fields of conquest Thy tents shall be our home;
And holiness shall whisper The sweet Amen of peace;
For gladness breaks like morning Wher'e'er Thy face appears;

Through days of preparation Thy grace has made us strong,
For not with swords, loud clashing, Nor roll of stirring drums,
Thy cross is lifted o'er us; We journey in its light;

And now, O King Eternal, We lift our battle song.
With deeds of love and mercy, The heavenly kingdom comes.
The crown awaits the conquest, Lead on, O God of might.
1. Precious promise God hath given To the weary passer-by,
2. When temptations almost win thee, And thy trusted watch-ers fly,
3. When thy secret hopes have perish-ed In the grave of years gone by,
4. When the shades of life are falling, And the hour has come to die.

On the way from earth to heav-en, "I will guide thee with mine eye."
Let this promise ring with-in thee, "I will guide thee with mine eye."
Let this promise 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.
Lonely? No, Not Lonely

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-
main-eth, The same un-to the end. No, nev-er a-
Je-sus, And He is keep-ing guard. No, no,

day-
tion, The joy that is my Lord's. No, nev-

lone - a- lone, no, nev-er a- lone; He has
nev-er a- lone, No, no nev-er a- lone;

prom-ised nev-er to leave me, Nev-er to leave me a-

Nev-er to leave me a-

Nev-er to leave me a- lone.
1. Saviour, lead me lest I stray, 
   Gent-ly lead me all the way;
2. Thou the refuge of my soul, 
   When life's stormy billows roll;
3. Saviour, lead me till at last, 
   When the storm of life is past,

Gent-ly lead me all the way;

I am safe when by Thy side, 
I would in Thy love a-bide (love a-bide).
I am safe when Thou art nigh, 
All my hopes on Thee re-ly (I re-ly).
I shall reach the land of day, 
Where all tears are wiped a-way (wiped a-way).

I am safe when by Thy side, 
I would in Thy love a-bide.

Refrain

Lead me, lead me, Saviour, lead me, lest I stray;

Gent-ly down the stream of time, 
Lead me Saviour, all the way.
Chang-ing stream of time, 
al the way.
Saviour, Like a Shepherd

1. Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us,
   Much we need Thy tenderest care;
2. We are Thine; do Thou be-friend us,
   Be the Guardian of our way;
3. Thou hast promised to receive us,
   Poor and sinful though we be;

In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
   For our use Thy folds prepare.
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
   Seek us when we go astray.
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
   Grace to cleanse, and power to free.

Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
   Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
   Hear, O hear us, when we pray!
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
   We will early turn to Thee;

Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
   Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
   Hear, O hear us, when we pray!
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
   We will early turn to Thee.
1. Take Thou my hand, O Father, And lead Thou me,
2. O cover with Thy mercy My poor, weak heart!
3. Though naught of Thy great power May move my soul,

Until my journey endeth, Eternally.
Let ev'ry thought rebellious From me depart.
With Thee thru night and darkness I reach the goal.

Alone I will not wander One single day;
Permit Thy child to linger Here at Thy feet,
Take, then, my hands, O Father, And lead Thou me

Be Thou my true Companion And with me stay.
And blindly trust Thy goodness With faith complete.
Until my journey endeth Eternally

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The Angel of the Lord

1. The angel of the Lord encampeth round about us,
   Round about us; Round about the souls that fear Him, Night and day,
   God of Israel, Till we reach the land of promise, Just before.

2. When danger hovers o'er our pathway, He will hide us,
   He will hide us, Safe within the mighty shadow Of His wing.

3. We'll trust Thee as we onward journey, God of Israel,
   God of Israel, Till we reach the land of promise, Just before.

Refrain

O pillar of fire, pillar of cloud,
O fiery, cloudy pillar, fiery, cloudy pillar,

Lead me, lead me every day! O pillar of fire,
O fiery, cloudy pillar,

pillar of cloud, Lead me on my heavenly way.
fiery, cloudy pillar,
1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;  
2. Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,  
3. In the midst of affliction my table is spread,  
4. Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,  

I feed in green pastures, safefolded I rest;  
Since Thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;  
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth over;  
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above;  

He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,  
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay,  
With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head;  
I seek—by the path which my forefathers trod,  

Restores me when wanding, redeems when oppressed.  
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.  
O, what shall I ask of Thy providence more?  
Through the land of their sojourn—Thy kingdom of love.
SALVATION

Jesus, My Saviour

S. L. Ginsburg

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;

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.

E. E. Hasty
SALVATION

411

Have You Been to Jesus?

Elisha A. Hoffman

1. Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you
washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you fully trusting in His
grace this hour? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

2. Are you walking daily by the Saviour's side? Are you
washed in the blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the
Crucified? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

3. When the Bridegroom cometh will your robes be white? Are you
mansions bright, And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?
soul unclean, O be washed in the blood of the Lamb?

4. Lay aside the garments that are stained with sin, And be
washed in the blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be ready for the
Refrain

Are you washed in the blood, In the

Are you washed in the blood,
From Every Stormy Wind

Hugh Stowell, 1828

1. From every stormy wind that blows, From every swelling tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure retreat;
   'Tis found beneath the mercy seat.

2. There is a place where Jesus sheds the oil of gladness on our heads, A place than all beloved far, by sides more sweet; It is the blood-bought mercy seat.

3. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where earthy cares molest no more, And friend holds fellowship with friend; Though sundered far, by faith they meet A round one common mercy seat.

4. There, there, on angel's wings we soar; And where is the place of ourFound the friend, And glory crowns the mercy seat.
1. Redeemed! how I love to proclaim it! Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;
2. Redeemed! and so happy in Jesus! No language my rapture can tell;
3. I think of my blessed Redeemer; I think of Him all the day long;
4. I know I shall see in His beauty The King in whose law I delight,

Replaced through His infinite mercy, His child, and forever, I am.
I know that the light of His presence With me continually dwell.
I sing, for I cannot be silent; His love is the theme of my song.
Who lovingly guard-eth my footsteps, And giv-eth me songs in the night.

Refrain

Redeemed, redeemed, Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;

Refrain

Redeemed, redeemed, His child, and forever, I am.
We Have Heard a Joyful Sound

Priscilla J. Owens

1. We have heard a joyful sound, Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
2. Waft it on the rolling tide, Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
3. Sing above the battle's strife, Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
4. Give the winds a mighty voice, Jesus saves, Jesus saves;

Spread the gladness all around, Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
Tell to sinners, far and wide, Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
By His death and endless life, Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
Let the nations now rejoice, Jesus saves, Jesus saves;

Bear the news to every land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves,
Sing, ye islands of the sea, Echo back, ye ocean caves,
Sing it softly through the gloom, When the heart for mercy craves,
Shout salvation full and free, Highest hills and deepest caves,

Onward, 'tis our Lord's command, Jesus saves, Jesus saves.
Earth shall keep her jubilee, Jesus saves, Jesus saves.
Sing in triumph o'er the tomb, Jesus saves, Jesus saves.
This our song of victory, Jesus saves, Jesus saves.
1. What can wash a-way my sin? Nothing but the blood of Jesus; 
2. For my cleansing this I see Nothing but the blood of Jesus; 
3. Nothing can for sin a-tone Nothing but the blood of Jesus; 
4. This is all my hope and peace Nothing but the blood of Jesus; 

What can make me pure within? Nothing but the blood of Jesus. 
For my pardon this my plea Nothing but the blood of Jesus. 
Naught of good that I have done Nothing but the blood of Jesus. 
This is all my righteous-ness Nothing but the blood of Jesus. 

Refrain

Oh! precious is the flow That makes me white as snow; 

No other fount I know, Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
Who, Who Are These?

T. C. O'Kane

1. Who are these raised up to endless joy, Whose faith is pure as gold without alloy, Which no foe could e'er destroy, and in wisdom's ways Proved the fulness of His grace.
2. These, these are they who in their youth-ful days Found Jesus early, sor-row calm re-pose, Peace which from a pure heart flows.
3. Safe, safe up on the ever-shining shore, Sin, pain, and death, and these are they who in affliction's woes, Ever have found in sor-row all are o'er; Happy now and et-ter-
4. Who are these raised up to endless joy, Whose faith is pure as gold without alloy, Which no foe could e'er destroy, and in wisdom's ways Proved the fulness of His grace.

Refrain

Washed in the blood of the Lamb.
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.
New Jerusalem, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

Sweeping thro' the gates to the
Sweeping thro' the gates to the
Sweeping thro' the gates to the New Jerusalem, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.
Sweeping thro' the gates to the New Jerusalem, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.
Would You Be Free?

L. E. Jones

There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood;
Would you o'er evil a victory win?
Come for a cleansing to Calvary's tide,
Sin stains are lost in its life-giving flow,
Would you live daily His praises to sing?

There's wonder-ful pow'r in the blood.

1. Would you be free from your burden of sin?
2. Would you be free from your passion and pride?
3. Would you be whiter, much whiter than snow?
4. Would you do service for Jesus your King?
There is pow'r, pow'r, wonder-working pow'r in the

blood of the Lamb; There is pow'r, pow'r;

wonder-working pow'r In the precious blood of the Lamb.

Awake, and Sing the Song

W. Hammond Lockhart

1. Awake, and sing the song Of Moses 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 ransomed sin-ners sing!
4. Soon shall ye hear Him say, "Ye bless-ed chil-dren, come."

Wake ev-ery heart and ev-ery 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-d'ers home.
Be Glad in the Lord

Unknown

1. Be glad in the Lord, and re-joice, 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-joice! Re-joice! Be glad in the Lord, and re-joice!
Re-joice in the Lord! Re-joice! Re-joice! Re-joice!

Re-joice! Re-joice! Be glad in the Lord, and re-joice!
Re-joice in the Lord! Re-joice! Re-joice!

Re-joice! Re-joice! Be glad in the Lord, and re-joice!
Re-joice in the Lord! Re-joice! Re-joice!
I Sing the Mighty Power

1. I sing the mighty power of God, That made the mountains rise,
2. I sing the goodness of the Lord, That filled the earth with food;
3. There's not a plant or flower below But makes Thy glories known;

That spread the flowing seas abroad, And built the lofty skies;
He formed the creatures with His word, And then pronounced them good.
And clouds arise, and tempests blow, By order from Thy throne.

I sing the wisdom that ordained The sun to rule the day;
Lord, how Thy wonders are displayed Wher'er I turn my eye!
Creatures that borrow life from Thee Are subject to Thy care;

The moon shines full at His command, And all the stars obey.
If I survey the ground I tread, Or gaze upon the sky!
There's not a place where we can flee But God is present there.
421  I Have a Song I Love to Sing

E. O. Excell

I have a song I love to sing, Since I have been redeemed;
I have a Christ that satisfies, Since I have been redeemed;
I have a witness bright and clear, Since I have been redeemed;
I have a home prepared for me, Since I have been redeemed;

Of my Redeemer, Saviour, King, Since I have been redeemed.
To do His will my highest prize, Since I have been redeemed.
Dispelling every doubt and fear, Since I have been redeemed.
Where I shall dwell eternally, Since I have been redeemed.

Since I have been redeemed, I will glory in His name, Since I have been redeemed,
Since I have been redeemed, Since I have been redeemed,
JOY AND PEACE

Rejoice, the Lord Is King!

Charles Wesley

W. H. Havergal

1. Rejoice, the Lord is King! Your Lord and King adore;
2. His kingdom cannot fail, He rules o'er earth and heaven;
3. Rejoice in glorious hope; Jesus the Judge shall come,

Mortals, give thanks, and sing, And triumph evermore;
The keys of death and hell Are to our Jesus given;
And take His servants up To their eternal home;

Lift up your heart, lift up your voice, Rejoice; again I say, Rejoice.
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice, Rejoice; again I say, Rejoice.
We soon shall hear the arch-angel's voice; The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice!
I Wandered in the Shades of Night

1. I wandered in the shades of night, Till Jesus came to me, While walking in the light of God, I sweet communion find; Soon I shall see Him as He is, The Light that came to me; And with the sunlight of His love Bid all my darkness flee. How-ev-er dark the world may be; I've sunlight in my soul. I press with holy vigor on, And leave the world behind. Be-hold the brightness of His face Throu-gout et-er-ni-ty.

Refrain

Sunlight, sunlight, in my soul to-day, sunlight, sunlight, all along the way; Since the Saviour found me, took away my sin, narrow way;
Rejoice, Ye Pure in Heart

Edward H. Plumptre, 1865
Arthur H. Messiter, 1883

1. Rejoice, ye pure in heart, Rejoice, give thanks and sing;
   Your festal banner wave on high, The cross of Christ your King.

2. Bright youth and snow-crowned age, Strong men and maidens meek;
   Raise high your free, exulting song, God’s wondrous praises speak.

3. With all the angel choirs, With all the saints on earth,
   Pour out the strains of joy and bliss, True rapture, no blest mirth.

4. Yes, on through life’s long path, Still chanting as ye go;
   From youth to age, by night and day, In gladness and in woe.

Refrain

Rejoice, rejoince, Rejoice, give thanks and sing.
Rejoice, rejoiceth,
JOY AND PEACE

425  I Will Sing of Jesus' Love

F. E. Belden  F. E. Belden, 1886

1. I will sing (I will sing) of Jesus' love, Sing of Him (sing of Him)
2. Ere a tear (ere a tear) had dimmed mine eyes, Jesus' tears (Jesus' tears)
3. O the depths (O the depth) of love divine! Earth or heaven (earth or heaven)
4. Nothing good (nothing good) for Him I've done; How could He (how could He)

who first loved me; For He left (for He left) bright worlds above,
for me did flow; Ere my first (ere my first) faint prayer could rise,
can never know How that sins (how that sins) as dark as mine
such love bestow? Lord, I own (Lord, I own) my heart is won,

And died on Calvary.
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.

Refrain

Je - sus' love, End - less praise (end-less praise)
my heart shall give;
There Is a Song in My Heart

James P. 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!
I Will Sing the Wondrous Story

1. I will sing the wondrous story Of the Christ who died for me,
2. I was lost, but Jesus found me, Found the sheep that went a-stray,
3. I was bruised, but Jesus healed me; Faint was I from many fall;
4. Days of darkness still come o'er me, Sorrow's paths I often tread,

How He left His home in glory For the cross of Calvary
Threw His loving arms around me, Drew me back into His way
Sight was gone, and fears possessed me, But He freed me from them all.
But the Saviour still is with me; By His hand I'm safely led.

Refrain

Yes, I'll sing the wondrous story Of the Christ who died for me,
Yes, I'll sing the wondrous story

Christ who died for me, Sing it with the saints in
Let Our Hearts Be Always Cheerful 428

Fanny Crosby

Refrain

1. Let our hearts be always cheerful; Why should murm'ring enter there,
2. With His gentle hand to lead us, Should the pow'rs of sin assail,
3. When we turn aside from duty Comes the pain of doing wrong;
4. Oh, the good are always happy, And their path is ever bright;

When our kind and loving Father Makes us children of His care?
He has promised grace to help us; Never can His promise fail.
And a shadow, creeping o'er us, Checks the rapture of our song.
Let us heed the blessed counsel, Shun the wrong and love the right.

Refrain

Always cheerful, always cheerful, Sun-shine all around we see;

Full of beauty is the path of duty, cheerful we may always be.
If the Dark Shadows Gather

Lizzie DeArmond  B. D. Ackley

1. If the dark shadows gather As you go along,
2. Is your life just a tangle Full of toil and care?
3. There are blossoms of gladness 'Neath the winter's snow,

Do not grieve for their coming. Sing a cheerful song.
Smile a bit as you journey, Others' burdens share;
From the gloom and the darkness Comes the morning's glow;

There is joy for the taking. It will soon be light.
You'll forget all your troubles, Making their lives bright,
Never give up the battle, You will win the fight,

Every cloud wears a rainbow If your heart keeps right.
Skies will grow blue and sunny If your heart keeps right.
Gain the rest of the Victor, If your heart keeps right.
If your heart keeps right, If your heart keeps right,

There's a song of gladness in the darkest night;

If your heart keeps right, If your heart keeps right,

Ev'ry cloud will wear a rainbow, If your heart keeps right.
Rejoice, Rejoice, Believers

L. Laurenti (1660-1722)  
Tr. Sarah L. Findlater, 1854

Johann M. Haydn, 1806

1. Rejoice, rejoice, believers, And let your lights appear;  
2. The watchers on the mountain Proclaim the Bridegroom near;  
3. You saints who here in patience Your cross and sufferings bore,  
4. Our hope and expectation, O Jesus, now appear;

The evening is advancing, And darker night is near.  
Go, meet Him as He cometh, With hallelujahs clear.  
Shall live and reign forever, When sorrow is no more.  
Arise, O sun so longed for, O'er this benighted sphere!

The Bridegroom is arising And soon He draweth nigh:  
The marriage feast is waiting, The gates wide open stand;  
Up on the throne of glory The Lamb you shall behold,  
With hearts and hands uplifted, We plead, O Lord, to see

Up, pray and watch and wrestle, At midnight comes the cry.  
Up, up, you heirs of glory, The Bridegroom is at hand.  
In triumph cast before Him Your dems of gold.  
The day of earth's redemption That brings us unto Thee.
The Dove of Peace

1. The dove of peace sings in my heart, "In strife and war thou hast no part;"
2. The dove of peace hath radiant wings, And light and melody he brings;
3. O gentle voice of Jesus' love! It links the life to heav'n above,
4. O wouldst thou hear the dove within? Let Jesus cleanse thy heart from sin;

Thy place among the hosts of wrong is but to echo love's sweet song."
He tells of my soon-coming King, Of praises that the angels sing.
And thro' all sorrow and all wrong O'erflows the soul with tender song.
Then in sweet measures from above Thou'll hear the music of His love.

Refrain

The dove of peace sings in my soul, "Thy Saviour's blood doth make thee whole;"
The dove of peace sings in my soul.
"Thy Saviour's blood doth make thee whole;"
The Spirit's voice, like wooing dove, Sings of my Saviour's endless love.
1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain (sweet strain),
2. Through Christ on the cross peace was made (was made)
3. When Jesus as Lord I had crowned (had crowned),
4. In Jesus for peace I abide (abide),

A glad and a joyous refrain (refrain);
My debt by His death was all paid (all paid),
My heart with this peace did abound (abound);
And as I keep close to His side (His side),

I sing it again and again, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
No other foundation is laid For peace, the gift of God's love.
In Him the rich blessing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
There's nothing but peace doth be tide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

Peace, peace, sweet peace, Wonderful gift from above (above)

Oh, wonderful, wonderful peace, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
There's Sunshine in My Soul Today

E. E. Hewitt

1. There's sunshine in my soul today, More glorious and bright
2. There's music in my soul today, A carol to my King,
3. There's spring-time in my soul today, For when the Lord is near;
4. There's gladness in my soul today, And hope, and praise, and love,

Than glows in any earthly sky, For Jesus is my light,
And Jesus, listening, can hear The songs I cannot sing,
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flowers of grace appear,
For blessings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" above.

O there's sunshine, blessed sunshine,
Sunshine in the soul, blessed sunshine in the soul,

When the peaceful, happy moments roll;
When Jesus shows His happy moments roll,
Smiling face There is sunshine in the soul.
There Lives a Voice Within Me

G. Massey

Berthold Tours, 1872

1. There lives a voice within me, Guest angel of my heart, Whose whisprings strive to win me to act a noble part. Up evermore it springeth Like some sweet melody, And bringeth Joy o'er land and sea, Have bringeth Its songs of praise to Thee, While

2. The leaf tongues of the forest, The flower lips of the vine, Still be my heart's defender Till to the throne of God; The summer wind that every thought is Thine; My soul in gladness

3. O voice of God most tender, O voice of God di-

JOY AND PEACE
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:

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.
1. Wake the song of joy and gladness; Hither bring your noblest lays; Banish every thought of sadness, Pouring forth your highest praise. Sing to Him whose care has brought us

2. Joyfully with songs and banners, We will greet the festal day; Shout aloud our glad mercies of the year; May each heart, as here we gather, Swell with gratitude sincere. Thanks to chant our Saviour's glory While our thoughts we raise again with friends to Thee, O loving Saviour, For redemption through Thy
JOY AND PEACE

Meet, and whose loving voice has taught us Of the
above. Telling still "the old, old story," Precious
blood. Breathe upon us, Holy Spirit, Sweetly

way to Jesus' feet. Wake the song, Wake the
theme Redeeming love! Wake the
draw us near to God. Wake the song,

song, the song of joy and gladness, Wake the
Wake the song, Wake the

song, wake the song. The song of Jubilee.
wake the song, wake the song,
1. Walking in sunlight, all of my journey, Over the mountains,
thru the deep vale; Jesus has said, "I'll never forsake thee,"
Promise divine that never shall fail.
Walking in sunlight, sunlight of love;
Hal-le-lu-jah! I am rejoicing, singing His praises, Jesus is mine.

2. Shadows around me, shadows above me, Never conceal my
Saviour and Guide; He is the light, in Him is no darkness, Ev'ry I'm walking close to His side. Heav'ly
Ev'ry I'm walking close to His side. Heav'ly
sunlight, heav'ly sunlight, Flood-ing my soul with glory divine;

3. In the bright sunlight, ever rejoicing, Pressing my way to
man'sions above; Singing His praises, gladly I'm walking,
Walk-ing in sunlight, sunlight of love.

JOY AND PEACE
436
Walking in Sunlight
H. J. Zelley
G. H. Cook

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What a Fellowship, What a Joy Divine  437

E. A. Hoffman

1. What a fellowship, what a joy divine, Lean-ing on the ever-
   last-ing arms; What a bless-ed ness, what a peace is mine,

2. O how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Lean-ing on the ev-
   last-ing arms; O how bright the path grows from day to day,

3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev-
   last-ing arms; I have bless-ed peace with my Lord so near;

Refrain

Lean-ing on the ever-last-ing arms. Lean-ing,
Lean-ing on the ever-last-ing arms. Lean-ing on Je-sus,
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 ever-last-ing arms.
Lean-ing on Je-sus,
Lean-ing on Je-sus,
JOY AND PEACE

438 There Is Sunlight on the Hilltop

M. T. Haughey

1. There is sunlight on the hilltop, There is
2. In the dust I leave my sadness, As the
3. Loving Saviour, Thou hast bought me, And my

sunlight on the sea; And the golden beams are
garb of other days; For Thou rested me with
life, my all, is Thine; Let the lamp Thy love hath

sleeping, On the soft and verdant lea; But a
gladness, And Thou est me with praise; And to
lighted To Thy praise and glory shine; And to

richer light is filling All the chambers of my
that bright home of glory Which Thy love hath won for
that bright home of glory Which Thy love hath won for
joy and peace

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 - low - s Thee. O the sun - light! beau - ti - ful
spirit 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.
You May Have the Joy Bells

J. E. Ruark

1. You may have the joy bells ringing in your heart,
2. Love of Jesus in its fullness you may know,
3. You will meet with trials as you journey home;
4. Let your life speak well of Jesus every day;

And a peace that from you never will depart;
And this love to those around you sweetly show;
Grace sufficient He will give to overcome;
Own His right to every service you can pay;

Walk the straight and narrow way, Live for Jesus every day,
Words of kindness always say, Deeds of mercy do each day,
Tho’ unseen by mortal eye, He is with you ever nigh,
Sinners you can help to win If your life is pure and clean,

He will keep the joy bells ringing in your heart.
Then He’ll keep the joy bells ringing in your heart.
And He’ll keep the joy bells ringing in your heart.
And you keep the joy bells ringing in your heart.
Joy bells ringing in your heart,

Ring - ing in your heart,

You may have the joy bells ringing in your heart;

Take the Sav - iour here be - low With you ev - 'ry-where you go;

He will keep the joy bells ringing in your heart.
JOY AND PEACE

440 When Peace Like a River

H. G. Spafford, 1876

When Peace Like a River

Refrain

1. When peace, like a river attendeth my way,
2. Tho' Satan should buffet, tho' trials should come,
3. My sin—O the bliss of the glorious thought!
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight,

When sorrows like sea billows roll; What ever my lot, Thou hast
Let this blest assurance control, That Christ hath regard 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 estate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
bear it no more; Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
Lord shall descend; "Even 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?

Annie R. Smith, 1853

1. How far from home? I asked, as on I bent my steps the watch-man spake:
   The long, dark night is almost gone, The morn-ing soon will break.
   "The long, dark night is almost gone."
   Then weep no more, but speed thy flight, With Hope's bright star thy guid-ing ray.
   Till thou shalt reach the realms of light, In ever-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.

2. I asked the war-rion on the field; This was his soul-in-spir-ing song:
   "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 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,

3. I asked a-gain; earth, sea, and sun Seemed, with one voice, to make reply:
   "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 well en-dure The con-flict, till thy work is done;
   Then weep no more, with warm-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,

4. Not far from home! O bless-ed thought! The trav-eler's lone-ly heart to cheer;
   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,
PILGRIMAGE

I Saw One Weary

Annie R. Smith, 1852

George Coles, 1835

1. I saw one weary, sad, and torn, With eager 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 behind The cherished friends of early years,
4. While pilgrims here we journey on In this dark vale of sin and gloom,

Who long the hallowed cross had borne, Still looking for the promised day;
And fought, unyielding, on the field, To win an ever lasting crown.
And honor, pleasurable, wealth re-signed, To tread the path be-deowed with tears.
Through tribulation, hate, and scorn, Or through the portals of the tomb,

While many a line of grief and care, Up on his brow was furrowed there;
Though worn with toil, oppressed by foes, No murmur from his heart arose;
Through trials deep and conflicts sore, Yet still a smile of joy he wore;
Till our returning King shall come To take His exiled captives home,

I asked what buoyed his spirits up, “O this!” said he—“the blessed hope.”
I asked what buoyed his spirits up, “O this!” said he—“the blessed hope.”
I asked what buoyed his spirits up, “O this!” said he—“the blessed hope.”
O! what can buoy the spirits up? Tis this a lone— the blessed hope.
I'm But a Stranger Here

1. I'm but a stranger here, Heaven is my home;
2. What though the tempest rage, Heaven is my home;
3. There at my Saviour's side, Heaven is my home;

Earth is a desert drear; Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage, Heaven is my home.
I shall be glorified, Heaven is my home.

Danger and sorrow stand Round me on every hand;
Time's cold and try blast Soon will be over past;
There'll be the good and blest, Those I love most and best,

Heaven is my Fatherland, Heaven is my home.
I shall reach home at last; Heaven is my home.
There, too, I soon shall rest; Heaven is my home.
I'm a Pilgrim
Mary S. B. Dana, 1841
Arr. from an Italian air

1. I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger; I can tarry, I can
tarry but a night; Do not detain me, for I am going
longing heart is there; Here in this country so dark and drea ry,
dee mer is its light! There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,

To where the fountains are ever flowing.
I long have wandered forlorn and weary. I'm a pilgrim, and
Nor any tears there, or any dying.

2. There the glory is ever shining! O, my longing heart, my
do not detain me, for I am going longing heart is there; Here in this country so dark and drea ry,
dee mer is its light! There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,

3. There's the city to which I journey; My Redeemer, my Re-
do not detain me, for I am going longing heart is there; Here in this country so dark and drea ry,
dee mer is its light! There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,

I'm a stranger; I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.
On Jordan's Stormy Banks

1. On Jordan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
2. O'er all those wide-extend-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-naan'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?

We will rest in the fair and hap-py land, by and by, Just a-
cross on the ev-er-green shore; Sing the song of Mo-ses and the
Lamb by and by, And dwell with Je-sus ev-er-more.
Let Us Sing a Song

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 little while we're going home;
In a little while we're going home;
In a little while we're going home;
In a little while we're going home;

For the night will end in the everlasting day,
And the grace of God will our daily strength renew,
And may loving hearts spread a round an influence sweet!
And no tears shall fall in that city bright and fair,

In a little while we're going home.
In a little while we're going home.
In a little while we're going home.
In a little while we're going home.
PILGRIMAGE

Refrain

In a little while, In a little while,
In a little while, In a little while,

We shall cross the billow's foam;

We shall meet at last, When the storm-y winds are past,

In a little while we're going home.
PILGRIMAGE

447 Pilgrims, On! the Day Is Dawning

Unknown

1. Pil-grims, on! the day is daw-ning; Strike your tents, and homeward haste;
   Sleep not while the blush of morn-ing Calls you on the des-ert waste.
   Though the way be dark and drea-ry, Life's sharp an-guish must be borne;
   Cour-age, then, ye faint and wea-ry, Lin-ger not to weep and mourn.

2. Pil-grims, on! the storm is beat-ing, Beat-ing wild-ly on your way;
   Tar-ry not, the time is fleet-ing; Shall the storm your foot-steps stay?
   Has-ten on, through joy and sor-row, Or what-ev-er may be-tide,
   Wait not for the calm to-mor-row, Faith-ful at your work a-bide.

3. Pil-grims, on! what though in dan-gers, Life's e-vent-ful course pur-sue;
   La-bor on, ye friend-less strang-ers, Grace will guide you safe-ly through.
   What if tri-als must be-fall you! What if fierce tem-p-ta-tions rise!
   Shall earth's bit-ter strife ap-pall you While con-tend-ing for the prize?

4. Pil-grims, on! there's rest in heav-en, Rest from ev-ery anx-i-ous care,
   Rest in Je-us' smiles, for-giv-en, Peace-ful and e-ter-nal there.
   O, 'twere sweet to toil in sad-ness, O, 'twere well the cross to bear;
   If, at last in joy and glad-ness, We may rest for-ev-er there!
We're Bound for the Land

1. We're bound for the land of the pure and the holy, The home of the happy, the kingdom of love; Ye wanderers from God, in the broad road of folly, O say, will you go to the Eden above?

2. In that bless-ed land, neither sigh-ing nor an-guish Can breathe in the fields where the glori-fied rove; Ye heart-bur-dened ones, who in misery lan-guish, O say, will you go to the Eden above?

3. Nor fraud, nor de-ceit, nor the hand of op-pres-sion, Can in-jure the dwell-ers in that ho-ly grove; No wick-ed ness there, not a coun-try is health-y; O say, will you go to the Eden above?

4. No pov-er ty there, no, the saints are all wealth-y, The heirs of His love; will you go, will you go, will you go, will you go?

PILGRIMAGE

Unknown

Unknown
Christ for the World

1. Christ for the world we sing; The world to
   bring With loving zeal; The poor and
   them that mourn, The faint and overborne, Sin-sick and
   sorrow-worn, Whom Christ doth heal.

2. Christ for the world we sing; The world to
   bring With fervent prayer; The wayward
   and the lost, By restless passions tossed, Redeemed at
   countless cost From dark despair.

3. Christ for the world we sing; The world to
   bring With joyful song; The newborn
   souls, whose days, Reclaimed from error's ways, Inspired with
   hope and praise, To Christ belong.
From Greenland's Icy Mountain

Reginald Heber, 1819

1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand,
   Where Africa's sunny fountains Roll down their golden sands,
   From many an ancient river, From many a palm-y plain,
   They call us to deliver Their land from error's chain.

2. What though the spicy breezes Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
   Though every prospect pleases, And only man is vile;
   In vain with lavish kindness The gifts of God are strewn;
   The heathen in his blindness Bows down to wood and stone.

3. Can men, whose souls are light-ed With wisdom from on high,
   Can they to men be night-ed The lamp of life deny?
   Salvation! O salvation! The joyful sound proclaim,
   Till earth's remotest nation Has learned Messiah's name.

4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His story, And you, ye waters, roll,
   Till, like a sea of glory, It spreads from pole to pole;
   Till o'er our ransomed nature The Lamb for sinners slain,
   Redeem-er, King, Cre-a-tor, In bliss re-turns to reign.
THE GOSPEL COMMISSION

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 giant 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 bugle 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 victory! On to victory!"

Cries our great Commander; "On!"
great Commander; "On!"

We'll move at His command, We'll soon possess the land,

Through loyalty, loyalty, Yes, loyalty to Christ.
"Go ye into all the world, And preach the gospel to every creature," Let my banner be unfurled, sions forgiven; Millions, cursed with heathen night, clared thy wages; Work on, love demands no pay, only glory; Cast all selfish fear away, With pen, and song, and the living teacher. Yet long to know of the way to heaven. Tis all set down in the heav'nly pages. Begin just now telling love's sweet story. "Even unto the end, un-to the end, Even unto the end"; Go ye, go ye over 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

Isaac Watts, 1709

1. "Go, preach My gos-pel," saith the Lord; 'Bid the whole
world My grace re-ceive; He shall be saved who

2. 'Tll make your great com-mis-sion known, And ye shall
till the world shall end; All power is vest-ed

3. "Teach all the na-tions My com-mands; I'm with you
cloud to heaven He rode; They to the far-thest

4. He spoke, and light shone round His head; On a bright
trusts My word, And they con-demned who dis-believe. 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.
He That Goeth Forth With Weeping

1. He that goeth forth with weeping, Bearing precious seed in love,
2. Soft descend the dews of heaven, Bright the celestial shine;
3. Sow thy seed, be never weary, Let no fears thy soul annoy;

Nev'er tir'ing, nev'er sleep'ing, Find'eth mercy from above.
Precious fruits will thus be given Thro' an influence all divine.
Be the prospect ne'er so drea-ry, Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

Look! the waving fields are whit'ning, For the harvest time is near.
Look! the waving fields are whit'ning.
Ho! Reapers of Life's Harvest

1. Ho! reapers of life's harvest, Why stand with rusty blade
2. Thrust in your sharp-en ed 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 error low;

5. Until the night draws round thee, And day begins 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 knowledge That hu man hearts should know.

6. Why stand ye id le, waiting For reapers more to come?
The Mas ter calls for reapers, And shall He call in vain?
And come with the strong she red, Nor faint in heat or cold;
Be faith ful to thy mis sion, In ser vice of thy Lord,

7. The golden morn is pass ing; Why sit ye id le, dumb?
Shall sheaves lie there un gath ered, And waste un on the plain?
And pause not till the even ing Draws round its wealth of gold.
And soon a golden chap let Will be thy rich re ward.
Hear the Lord of Harvest

G. Bennard

1. Hear the Lord of harvest sweetly calling.
2. When the coal of fire touched the prophet,
3. Millions now in sin and shame are dying,
4. Soon the time for reaping will be over;

"Who will go and work for Me today?
Making him as pure, as pure can be,
Listen to their sad and bitter cry;
Soon we'll gather for the harvest home;

Who will bring to Me the lost and dying?
When the voice of God said, "Who'll go for us?"
Has ten, brother, has ten to the rescue;
May the Lord of harvest smile upon us,

Who will point them to the narrow way?
Then he answered, "Here I am, send me."
Quickly answered, "Master, here am I."
May we hear His blessed, "Child, well done."
**THE GOSPEL COMMISSION**

*Refrain*

Speak, my Lord, speak, my Lord, speak, my Lord,

Speak, and I'll be quick to answer Thee; to answer Thee;

Speak, my Lord, speak, my Lord, speak, my Lord,

Speak, and I will answer, "Lord, send me." "Lord, send me."
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 heavy 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

Mary A. Thomson, 1871

James Walch, 1875

1. O Zion, haste, thy mission high fulfilling, To tell to all the world that God is light; That He who made all nations is not live and move, is love; Tell how He stooped to save His lost speed them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in prayer victory of Zion.

2. proclaim to every people, tongue, and nation That God, in whom they come again; O Zion, ere thou meet Him, Make known to every world that God is light; That He who made all nations is not live and move, is love; Tell how He stooped to save His lost speed them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in prayer victory of Zion.

3. Give of thy sons to bear the message glorious; Give of thy wealth to heart His saving grace; Let none whom He hath ransomed fail to willing One soul should perish, lost in shades of night. a tion, And died on earth that man might live above. to rious; And all thou spendest Jesus will repay. greet Him, Through thy neglect, unfit to see His face.

4. He comes again; O Zion, ere thou meet Him, Make known to every world that God is light; That He who made all nations is not live and move, is love; Tell how He stooped to save His lost speed them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in prayer victory of Zion.

Refrain

Publish glad tidings, Tidings of peace,

Tidings of Jesus, Redemption and release.
Rescue the Perishing

1. Rescue the perishing, Care for the dying; Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave; Weep o'er the erring one, Lift up the fallen, child to receive. Plead with them earnestly, Plead with them gently; grace can restore; Touched by a loving heart, Wakened by kindness, Lord will provide; Back to the narrow way, Patiently win them;

2. Though they are slighting Him, Still He is waiting, Waiting the penitent, sin and the grave; Weep o'er the erring one, Lift up the fallen, child to receive. Plead with them earnestly, Plead with them gently; grace can restore; Touched by a loving heart, Wakened by kindness, Lord will provide; Back to the narrow way, Patiently win them;

3. Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feelings lie buried that sin and the grave; Weep o'er the erring one, Lift up the fallen, child to receive. Plead with them earnestly, Plead with them gently; grace can restore; Touched by a loving heart, Wakened by kindness, Lord will provide; Back to the narrow way, Patiently win them;

4. Rescue the perishing, Duty demands it; Strength for thy labor the sin and the grave; Weep o'er the erring one, Lift up the fallen, child to receive. Plead with them earnestly, Plead with them gently; grace can restore; Touched by a loving heart, Wakened by kindness, Lord will provide; Back to the narrow way, Patiently win them;
Saved to Serve

1. Saved to serve in any station, Saved to make His goodness known;
2. Saved to show by loving kindness That His love is full and free;
3. Saved to lift my lowest brothers, As the Highest lifted me;

Saved to sing His great salvation, Saved to live for Him alone.
Saved to lead from error's blindness With a tender sympathy.
Crucified with Him, that others May have immortality.

Refrain

Saved to serve; no reserve; Saved to wear His yoke alone;

Work and praise, all my days, Here and round His glorious throne.
THE GOSPEL COMMISSION

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Seeking the Lost

W. A. Ogden (1841-1897)

1. Seeking the lost, yes, kindly entreat-ing Wan-der-ers
2. Seeking 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
far upon the mountain,

mountain, Bringing the

Bring-ing the wan-d'ers, the wan-d'ers back a-gain,

wan-d'ers back a-gain, In-to the

In-to the fold of my Re-deem-er,

fold of my Re-deem-er, Je-sus, the

Je-sus, the Lamb for sin-ners slain, for sin-ners slain.

Lamb for sin-ners slain.
1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,
2. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
3. Going forth with weeping, sowing for the Master;

Sowing in the noon-tide and the dewy eve;
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;

Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,
When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,

We shall come rejoicing, bringing 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.
Throw Out the Lifeline

Edward S. Ufford

1. Throw out the life-line across the dark wave,
2. Throw out the life-line with hand quick and strong;
3. Throw out the life-line to danger-fraught men,
4. Soon will the season of rescue be o'er;

There is a brother whom someone should save;
Why do you tarry, why linger so long?
Sink ing in anguish where you've never been;
Soon will they drift to eternity's shore;

Somebody's brother! oh, who then will dare
See! he is sinking; oh, hasten today
Winds of temptation and billows of woe
Haste, then, my brother, no time for delay;

To throw out the life-line, his peril to share?
And out with the life-boat! away, then, away!
Will soon hurl them out where the dark waters flow.
But throw out the life-line and save them today.
Throw out the life-line! Throw out the life-line!

Someone is drifting away!

Throw out the life-line! Throw out the life-line!

Someone is sinking today.
1. Speed on Thy truth, Eternal One, Thy holy law proclaim,
   Till every land beneath the sun, Has heard Jehovah's name.
2. Thy truth shall stand, unchanging God, Long as the ages roll,
   Thou trampled oft where sin has trod, And error chained the soul.
3. We near the hour of calm cease, From sorrow, death, and sin,
   That brings the weary one release, And ushers heaven in.
4. We sing Thy praise, eternal Lord, Thy glorious truth proclaim;
   Thy man-date is a shield and sword, Thy word a living flame.

We own, O Lord, Thy sovereign power; And bow before Thy throne,
A rise and shine, ye chosen band, Ye patient scat-tered few;
A wake, arise, arise and shine; Proclaim His truth abroad;
Long as the promised years shall roll Long as eternity

To sing Thy glories in this hour, Immortal God alone.
No work so high, so deep, so grand, Has e'er been given you.
It is thy Saviour's work and thine, Thou messenger of God.
We'll bow to Thy benign control, And worship only Thee.
Watchman, Blow the Gospel Trumpet

H. L. Gilmour

William J. Kirkpatrick

1. Watch-man, blow the gospel 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 heavy 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;

God com mis sions, sound the mes sage! Ev ery cap tive may be free.
There Are Lonely Hearts to Cherish

George Cooper

1. There are lonely hearts to cherish, While the days are going by;
   There are weary souls who perish, While the days are going by;
   If a smile we can renew, As our journey we pursue.

2. There's no time for idle scorning, While the days are going by;
   Let your face be like the morning, While the days are going by;
   For the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weeping seeds of good we sow.

3. All the loving links that bind us, While the days are going by;
   One by one we leave behind us, While the days are going by;
   Both in shade and shine will
sue, O, the good we all may do, While the
eyes; Help your fallen brother rise, While the
grow, And will keep our hearts aglow, While the

Refrain

days are going by! Going by, going
days are going by.
days are going by.

by, Going by, going by, going by.

by, Going by, going by, going by.

by, Going by, going by, going by.

by, Going by, going by, going by.

O, the
good we all may do, While the days are going by!
THE GOSPEL COMMISSION

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

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-ising? 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.
THE GOSPEL COMMISSION

469  What Means This Eager, Anxious Throng

Emma Campbell  T. E. Perkins

1. What means this eager, anxious throng, Which moves with busy haste along,
2. Who is this Jesus? Why should He The city move so mightily?
3. Ho! all ye heavy laden, come! Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home;
4. But if you still this call refuse, And all His wondrous love abuse.

These wondrous gatherings day by day? What means this strange commotion, pray?
A passing strang'er, has He skill To move the multitude at will?
Ye wan'ers from a Father's face, Return, accept His prof'fered grace.
At last He'll sadly from you turn, Who now His invitation spurn.

In accents hushed the throng reply: Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.
Again the stirring notes reply: Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.
Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh: Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.
"Too late! too late!" will be the cry: Jesus of Nazareth has passed by.

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Ye Servants of God

Charles Wesley, 1744
William Croft, 1708

1. Ye serv - vants of God, your Mas - ter pro - claim,
2. God rul - eth on high, al - might - y to save;
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 prai - ses 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.
1. We plough the fields and scatter
   The good seed on the
   land, But it is fed and watered
   By God's almighty hand; He sends the snow in
   winter, The warmth to swell the grain, The

2. We thank Thee, loving Father,
   For all things bright and
good, The seed-time and the harvest,
   Our life, our health, our food. No wealth have we to
   offer; For all Thy love imparts, But

3. Shall we not give for others,
   As God to us has
   own all mankind as brothers,
   And gladly, And speed the message on, Of

We Plough the Fields

Jane M. Campbell

J. A. Schulz
breezes, and the sunshine, And soft, refreshing
that which Thou desirest, Our humble, thankful
Christ and His salvation, To all beneath the

Chorus

rain. All good gifts around us, Are
hearts. Best of all Thy blessings, To
sun. Quickly, blessed Master, O

sent from heav'n above, Then thank the Lord, O
earth the Saviour came, That we may rise and
may Thy kingdom come! At Thy command, in

thank the Lord, For all His wonderful love.
win the prize, Of endless life with Him.
every land, We speed the "harvest home."
Ask Not to Be Excused

F. E. Belden

1. Ask not to be excused, There's earnest work to do;

2. Ask not to be excused, The Master calls today;

3. Ask not to be excused, There's danger in delay;

Stand ready to be used Where God may station you.
Too long hast thou reused, Now has ten to obey.
That wondrous love abused, Forever turns away.

His invitation kind To thee has oft been given;
The harvest fields are white, The laborers are few;
While Mercy gently pleads And points the way to heav'n,

Accept, and thou shalt find 'Tis sweet to work for Heav'n.
Let this be thy delight, The Master's work to do.
While Jesus intercedes, O come and be forgiven.

WORK AND DUTY

472
Refrain

Come, O come! to-day, Ask not to be excused;

Come, O come! to-day! Stand ready to be used.

Ask not to be excused, This answer may be giv'n;

Thou hast my love abused, Thou art excused from heav'n.
WORK AND DUTY

473

Anywhere, Dear Saviour

W. A. Ogden

1. Anywhere, dear Saviour, In Thy vineyard wide,
2. Where the night may find us, Surely matters not;
3. All along the journey, Let us fix our eyes

Where Thou bidst me labor, Lord, there would I abide.
If we camp with Jesus, O blessed is the spot!
On the "Rock of Ages," Until we gain the prize.

Miracle of saving grace, That Thou givest
Quickly we the tent may fold, Cheerful march through
There the heart will make its home, Willing led by

me a place Anywhere, dear Saviour, to work for Thee.
storm or cold, Anywhere, dear Saviour, to work for Thee.
Thee to roam, Anywhere, dear Saviour, to work for Thee.
Brightly Beams Our Father's Mercy

P. P. Bliss (1838-1876)

1. Brightly beams our Father's mercy, From His light-house ev-er-more,
   But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a-long the shore.
   Let the low-er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a-cross the wave!

2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an-gry bil-lows roar;
   Ea-ger eyes are watch-ing, long-ing, For the lights a-long the shore.
   Some poor faint-ing, strug-gling sea-man You may res-cue, you may save.

3. Trim your fee-ble lamp, my broth-er; Some poor sail-or, temp-est tossed,
   Try-ing now to make the har-bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.

   Re-frain
**WORK AND DUTY**

**475**

*Do Not Wait*

Ina D. Ogdon

C. H. Gabriel

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1. Do not wait until some deed of greatness you may do, Do not wait to shed your light afar, To the many duties ever near you now be true, Brighten the corner where you are. Shines for Jesus where you are!

2. Just above are clouded skies that you may help to clear, Let not song of cheer, Brighten the corner where you are. Brighten the corner where you are! Someone far from

3. Here for all your talent you may surely find a need, Here re- life may feed, Brighten the corner where you are.

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Harbor you may guide across the bar, Brighten the corner where you are.
1. Far and near the fields are teeming With the sheaves of ripened 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.
WORK AND DUTY

Far, Far Away

James McGranahan

1. Far, far away, in heathen darkness dwelling, Millions of souls for-
    ever may be lost; Who, who will go, salvation's story telling,
    Looking to Jesus, mind- ing not the cost?

2. See o'er the world wide open doors inviting, Soldiers of Christ, a-
    rise and enter in! Chris- tians, a-wake! your forces all uniting,
    Send forth the gospel, break the chains of sin.

3. "Why will ye die?" the voice of God is calling, "Why will ye die?" re-
    turn in His name; Je- sus hath died to save from death appall ing,
    Life and sal- va- tion there-fore go proclaim, "All pow'r is given unto Me,

4. God speed the day, when those of ev'ry na- tion "Glo- ry to God!" tri-
    umphant-ly shall sing; Ransomed, redeemed, re-joicing in sal- va- tion,
    All pow'r is given unto Me, Go ye into all the world and
    preach the gospel, And lo, I am with you al- way.

Refrain

"Glo- ry to God!" tri- umphant-ly shall sing; Ransomed, redeemed, re-joicing in sal- va- tion,
    All pow'r is given unto Me, Go ye into all the world and
    preach the gospel, And lo, I am with you al- way."
Gladly, Gladly, Toiling for the Master

W. A. Ogden

1. Gladly, gladly, toiling for the Master, Go we forth with willing hands to do What so e'er to us He hath appointed, joy-fully, joy-fully, we will tell the story Of His love to mortals here below; Christ, the brightness of the Father's glory, glad-ly, glad-ly, following the Master, Walking faithful-ly the path He trod; Leading wan'd'rors to the dear Redeemer;

2. Joyful, joyful, we will tell the story Of His love to mortals here below; Christ, the brightness of the Father's glory, joyful-ly, joyful-ly we go, joy-ful-ly we go; for the Master, Yes, for the Master;

3. Meekly, meekly, following the Master, Lead-ing wan'd'rors to the dear Redeemer; Faith-fully our mission we'll pursue. Toiling for Free-ly here His blessing will be-stow. Toil-ing, toil-ing, for Jesus, Joy-ful-ly we go, joy-ful-ly we go; for the Master, Yes, for the Master;

Refrain

Faith-fully our mission we'll pursue. Toiling for Free-ly here His blessing will be-stow. Toil-ing, toil-ing, for Jesus, Joy-ful-ly we go, joy-ful-ly we go; for the Master, Yes, for the Master;
Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling

Daniel March, 1868
F. E. Belden, 1886

1. Hark! the voice of Jesus calling, "Who will go and work today?"
2. If you cannot cross the ocean And the heathen lands explore,
3. If you cannot be the watchman, Standing high on Zion's wall,
4. While the souls of men are dying, And the Master calls for you,

Fields are white, the harvest waiting, Who will bear the sheaves away?
You can find the heathen nearer; You can help them at your door;
Pointing out the path to heaven, Offering life and peace to all;
Let none hear you idly saying, "There is nothing I can do!"

Loud and long the Master calleth, Rich reward He offers free;
If you cannot speak like angels, If you cannot preach like Paul,
With your prayers and with your bounties You can do what Heaven demands,
Gladly take the task He gives you, Let His work your pleasure be;

Who will answer, gladly saying, "Here am I, O Lord, send me?"
You can tell the love of Jesus, You can say He died for all.
You can be like faithful Aaron, Holding up the prophet's hands,
Answer quickly when He calleth, "Here am I, O Lord, send me."
Hark! 'Tis the Shepherd's Voice I Hear

1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the desert dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help the Shepherd kind, Help Him the wand'ring ones to find?
3. Out in the desert hear their cry, Out on the mountain wild and high,

Call ing the sheep who've gone a-stray, Far from the Shepherd's fold a-way.
Who'll bring them back in to the fold, Where they'll be sheltered from the cold?
Hark! 'tis the Master 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 wand'ringers to Jesus.

Alexcenah Thomas
W. A. Ogden

WORK AND DUTY

Reformation Hymnal 8/20/03 7:20 PM Page 541
1. How beautiful the feet of those Who spread the Gospel cheer;
2. O Lord send out more messengers, Because the need is great;
3. Tho’ evil threatens everywhere, Fear not the tempest shock;

Salvation’s tidings they disclose To men both far and near.
And there are many needy hearts Who for Thy Gospel wait.
The Church in triumph standeth sure, Upon the solid Rock.

Refrain

Hallelujah, we praise the Lord alway, Who is building His

Kingdom here today: O Lord, send out more messengers, Because the need is

great; And there are many needy hearts Who for Thy Gospel wait.
I Am Happy in the Service of the King

A. H. Ackley

WORK AND DUTY

Bentley D. Ackley

1. I am happy in the service of the King, I am happy, oh, so happy;
2. I am happy in the service of the King, I am happy, oh, so happy;
3. I am happy in the service of the King, I am happy, oh, so happy;
4. I am happy in the service of the King, I am happy, oh, so happy;

I have peace and joy that nothing else can bring, In the service of the King.
Thro' the sunshine and the shadow I can sing, In the service of the King.
To His guiding hand forever I will cling, In the service of the King.
All that I possess to Him I gladly bring, In the service of the King.

Refrain

In the service of the King, Every talent I will bring;

I have peace and joy and blessing In the service of the King.
1. If any little word of mine May make a dark life brighter,
2. If any little love of mine May make a hard life sweeter,
3. If any little lift of mine May ease a toiler bending,

If any little song of mine May make a sad heart lighter,
If any little care of mine May make a friend's the fleetest,
God give me love and care and strength; We live for Him by lending.

Refrain
God help me speak the helping word, And sweeten it with singing,

And drop it in some lonely vale, To set the echoes ringing.
In the Heart of Jesus

Alice Pugh

1. In the heart of Jesus There is love for you,
2. In the mind of Jesus There is thought for you,
3. In the field of Jesus There is work for you;
4. In the home of Jesus There's a place for you;

Love most pure and tender, Love most deep and true;
Warm as summer sunshine, Sweet as morning dew;
Such as even angels Might rejoice to do;
Glorious, bright, and joyous, Calm and peaceful too;

Why should you be lonely, Why for friendship sigh,
Why should you be fearful, Why take anxious thought,
Why stand idly sighing For some life-work grand,
Why then, like a wanderer, Roam with weary pace,

When the heart of Jesus Has a full supply?
Since the mind of Jesus Cares for those He bought?
While the field of Jesus Seeks your reaping hand?
If the home of Jesus Holds for you a place?
WORK AND DUTY

485 It May Not Be on the Mountain's Height

Mary Brown

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'er 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 echo Thy
know-ing Thou lov-est me, I'll do Thy will with a
hand in Thine, I'll go where Thou want me to go.
message sweet, I'll say what Thou want me to say.
heart sincere, I'll be what Thou want me to be.

I'll go where Thou want me to go, dear Lord, O-ver
moun-tain, or plain, or sea; I'll say what Thou want me to
say, dear Lord, I'll be what Thou want me to be.
1. Into the tent where a heathen boy lay, Dying alone at the close of the day, News of Salvation we carried; said he, tidings of joy? Need I not perish? my hand will He hold? valley of death, “God sent His Son!” “who so ever,” said He; me He was sent!” Whispered, while low sank the sun in the west,

2. “No body ever has told it to me!” “No body ever the story has told!” “Then I am sure that He sent Him for me!” Tell it again! “Lord, I believe; “tell it now to the rest!”

3. Tell it again! Salvation’s story repeat o’er and o’er,

4. Till none can say of the children of men, “No body ever has told me before.”
Let Others Seek a Home Below 487

Unknown

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 till Je-sus comes, And we'll be gath-ered home.
We'll work
WORK AND DUTY

488  Now Just a Word for Jesus

Fanny J. Crosby  W. H. Doane

1. Now just a word for Jesus; Your dearest Friend so true,
2. Now just a word for Jesus; You feel your sins forgiven,
3. Now just a word for Jesus; A cross it cannot be
4. Now just a word for Jesus; And if your faith be dim,

Come, cheer our hearts and tell us What He has done for you.
And by His grace are striving To reach a home in heaven.
To say, "I love my Saviour Who gave His life for me."
A rise in all your weakness, And leave the rest to Him.

Refrain

Now just a word for Jesus—Twill help us on our way;

One little word for Jesus, O speak, or sing, or pray.
WORK AND DUTY

O Where Are the Reapers?  489

Eben E. Rexford  George F. Root (1820-1895)

1. O where are the reapers that garner in The sheaves of the good
from the fields of sin? With sickness of truth must the work be done,
who will come And share in the glory of the "harvest home"?
O who will help us to garner in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?

2. Go out in the by-ways and search them all; The wheat may be there,
though the weeds are tall; Then search in the high-way, and pass none by;
And no one may rest till the "harvest home."
And much will be lost should the harvest wait. Where are the reapers? O
But gather from all for the home on high.
Then share ye His joy in the "harvest home."

3. The fields all are ripening, and far and wide The world now is wait-
er the golden grain; Toil on till the Lord of the harvest come,
where are the reap-ers? O where are the reap-ers? O
And much will be lost should the harvest wait. Where are the reapers? O

4. So come with your sickles, ye sons of men, And gather together,
with the harvest tide: But reapers are few, and the work is great,
who will come And share in the glory of the "harvest home."
who will come And share in the glory of the "harvest home."

Refrain

And no one may rest till the "harvest home."
And much will be lost should the harvest wait. Where are the reapers? O
WORK AND DUTY

490  Sowing the Seed

Emily S. Oakley
F. E. Belden

1. Sowing the seed by the day - - - light fair,
2. Sowing the seed by the way - - - side high,
3. Sowing the seed of a living pain,
4. Sowing the seed with an aching heart,

Sowing the seed by the noon - - - day glare,
Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,
Sowing the seed of a mad - - - dened brain,
Sowing the seed while the tear - - - drops start,

Sowing the seed by the fad - - - ing light,
Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil,
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
Sowing in hope till the reapers come

Sowing the seed in the solemn night.
Sowing the seed in the fertile soil.
Sowing the seed of eternal shame.
Gladly to gather the harvest home.
Refrain

Sown in the darkness or sown in the light,

Sown in our weakness or sown in our might;

Gathered in time or eternity,

Sure, ah! sure will the harvest be.
1. Saints of God, the dawn is bright'ning, Tokens of the
   coming Lord; O'er the earth the fields are whit'ning,
   louder rings the Master's word; Pray for reapers,
   pray for reapers, In the harvest of the Lord.

2. Feebly now they toil in sadness, Weeping o'er the
   waste around, Slowly gathering grains of gladness,
   while their echoing cries resound; Pray that reapers,
   pray that reapers, In God's harvest may abound.

3. Now, O Lord, fulfill Thy pleasure, Breathe upon the
   chosen band, And with pentecostal measure,
   send forth reapers in our land; Faithful reapers,
   faithful reapers, Gath'ring sheaves for Thy right hand.

4. Soon shall end the time of weeping, Soon the reaping
   time will come, Heav'n and earth together keeping
   God's eternal harvest home; Saints and angels,
   saints and angels, Shout the world's great harvest home.
Tell It to Every Kindred and Nation  492

Henry DeFluiter

1. Tell it to every kindred and nation, Tell it far and near;
2. Nations again in strife and commotion, Warnings by the way;
3. Children of God look up with rejoicing; Shout and sing His praise;

Earth's dark-est night will fade with the dawn-ing, Jesus will soon appear.
Signs in the heav-ens, un-err-ing o-men, Her-ald the glo-rious day.
Bless-ed are they who, wait-ing and watch-ing, Look for the dawn-ing rays.

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."
WORK AND DUTY

493 The Gospel Bells Are Ringing

S. Wesley Martin

1. The gospel bells are ringing Over land from sea to sea;
Blessed news of free salvation Do they offer you and me.
For God so loved the world That His only Son He gave;
Whosoever cometh I do bring, Unto the gay:

2. The gospel bells invite us To a feast prepared for all;
Do not slight the invitation, Nor receive the gracious call.
Eat of me, thou hungry soul; Tho' your joy

3. The gospel bells are joyful, As they echo far and wide, Bearing notes of perfect pardon, Thro' a world
That His only Son He gave; Whosoever cometh I do bring, Unto the gay:

S. Wesley Martin
WORK AND DUTY

e'er believeth in Him Everlasting life shall have."
sins be red as crimson They shall be as white as wool."
you is born a Saviour, Which is Christ, the Lord and King."

Refrain

Gospel bells, how they ring, Over

Gospel bells, how they ring,

land from sea to sea; Gospel bells, freely

Gospel bells, freely

bring Blessed news to you and me.

freely bring
1. There is no work too humble For Christian hands to do; 
2. If we are His disciples, Call'd by His holy name, 
3. That He, the High and Holy, Whose life-work was complete, 

There is no path too lowly For our feet to pursue; 
A portion of His Spirit We surely ought to claim. 
Should gird Himself for labor, And washed those humble feet! 

Our blessed Lord and Master Was servant unto all; 
And tho' the task be menial Which He for us hath set; 
And yet we shrink from duties Which seem so far above 

None were too poor and needy For Him to heed their call. 
His own divine example We never should forget. 
This deed of Christ like meekness, This tender proof of love!
WORK AND DUTY

Work, for the Night Is Coming

Anna L. Coghill

Lowell Mason, 1864

1. Work, for the night is coming; Work through the morning hours;
   Work while the dew is sparkling; Work ‘mid springing flowers;
   Work while the day grows brighter, Under the glowing sun;
   Work, for the night is coming, When man’s work is done.

2. Work, for the night is coming; Work through the sunny noon;
   Fill brightest hours with labor; Rest comes sure and soon;
   Give every flying minute Something to keep in store;
   Work, for the night is coming, When man works no more.

3. Work, for the night is coming; Under the sunset skies,
   While their bright tints are glowing, Work, for daylight flies;
   Work till the last beam faideth, Fadeth to shine no more;
   Work, while the night is darkening, When man’s work is o’er.

Anna L. Coghill

Lowell Mason, 1864
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:
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!"

WORK AND DUTY

W. A. Ogden

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 - cien - t is; This chang - es toil to bliss, Work - ing with Thee. and a - dore, And join us ev - er - more, Work - ing with Thee. 

Working, O Christ, With Thee 497

Arthur S. Sullivan, 1872
WORK AND DUTY

There's a Call

1. There's a call comes ringing o'er the
2. We have heard the Macedonian
3. Let us pray that grace may every-
4. Let us not grow weary in the

restless wave, "Send the light!"
call to-day, "Send the light!"
where a-bound; Send the light!
work of love, Send the light!

Send the light!

light!
There are souls to rescue, there are
light!
And a golden offering at the
light!
And a Christ-like spirit every-
light!
Let us gather jewels for a

Send the light!

souls to save, Send the light!
cross we lay, Send the light!
where be found, Send the light!
crown above, Send the light!

Send the light! Send the light!
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!

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.
To the Work!

Fanny Crosby

1. To the work! to the work! we are servants of God,
Let us follow the path that our Master has trod;
With the word of His counsel our strength to renew,
Let us do with our might what our hands find to do.

2. To the work! to the work! let the hungry be fed;
To the Fountain of Life let the weary be led;
In the cross and its banner, our glory shall be,
While we herald the tidings, "Salvation is free!"

3. To the work! to the work! there is labor for all,
For the kingdom of darkness and error shall fall;
And the name of Jehovah exalted shall be,
In the loud swelling chorus, "Salvation is free!"

4. To the work! to the work! pressing on to the end,
For the harvest will come, and the reapers descend;
And the home of the ransom'd our dwelling will be,
And our chorus forever, "Salvation is free!"
Toil - ing on, toil - ing on,

Let us hope, and trust,

And la - bor till the Mas - ter comes.
MEDITATION AND PRAYER

500  Come, My Soul

John Newton  C. M. Von Weber

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

Thou art in the midst of foes; Watch and pray!
Am - bushed lies the e - vil one; Watch and pray!
Hid-e with - in thy heart His word: "Watch and pray!
Pray that help may be sent down; Watch and pray!

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;

1. Gird thy heaven - ly ar - mor on, Wear it ev - er, night and day;
2. Hear, a - bove all, hear thy Lord, Him thou lov - est to o - bey;
3. Watch, as if on that a - lone Hung the is - sue of the day;

1. Chris - tian, seek not yet re - pose, Cast thy dreams of ease a - way;
2. Hear, O come to Thee for rest, Take pos-sess - ion of my breast;
3. Watch, as if on that a - lone Hung the is - sue of the day;

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;

1. Gird thy heaven - ly ar - mor on, Wear it ev - er, night and day;
2. Hear, a - bove all, hear thy Lord, Him thou lov - est to o - obey;
3. Watch, as if on that a - lone Hung the is - sue of the day;

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;

1. Gird thy heaven - ly ar - mor on, Wear it ev - er, night and day;
2. Hear, a - bove all, hear thy Lord, Him thou lov - est to o - obey;
3. Watch, as if on that a - lone Hung the is - sue of the day;

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;

1. Gird thy heaven - ly ar - mor on, Wear it ev - er, night and day;
2. Hear, a - bove all, hear thy Lord, Him thou lov - est to o - obey;
3. Watch, as if on that a - lone Hung the is - sue of the day;
Go Forth on Wings of Faith and Prayer

Thomas Hastings

1. Go forth on wings of faith and pray'r; Ye pages bright with love;
2. Go, tell the sinful, careless soul, The warning God has giv'n;
3. Go to the rude, the dark, the poor; That live estranged from God;

Tho' mute, the joyful tidings bear, Salvation from above.
Go make the wounded spirit whole, With healing balm from heav'n.
Bid them the pearl of life secure, Bought with a Saviour's blood.

Refrain

Ye silent messengers, go forth, From east to west, from south to north;

The seed of God's own living Word, Shall not be sown in vain.
I Love to Steal Awhile Away

Phoebe Hinsdale Brown, 1818
William B. Bradbury, 1844

1. I love to steal awhile away From every cum-berring care,
2. I love in sol-i-tude to shed The pen-i-tent-ial 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.

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-tent-ial tear Is wiped a-way.
As thus my in-most soul to pour In prayer to Thee.
Jesus, Thou Hast Promised

1. Jesus, Thou hast promised That where two or three In Thy name have gathered, Thou wilt present be; And Thy word believing, presence With us till the last; Come, O blessed Saviour,
tition That to Thee we raise; May our faith grow stronger,
gathered, Thou wilt present be; And Thy word believing,
presence With us till the last; Come, O blessed Saviour,
tition That to Thee we raise; May our faith grow stronger,

Now in prayer we kneel; Jesus, come and bless us; Lord, Thyself reveal. And Thy grace display; Hear us and accept us; Bless us while we pray. And our hope more bright; May our love be purer, And our path more light.

Refrain

Jesus, come and bless us While we linger here;

Jesus, come and bless us, Be Thou ever near.
MEDITATION AND PRAYER

506 'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer

Fanny J. Crosby

And we gather to Jesus, our Saviour and Friend;
With a tender compassion His children to hear;
To the Saviour who loves them their sorrows confide;
That the blessings we're needing we'll surely receive;

If we come to Him in faith, His protection to share,
When He tells us we may cast at His feet every care,
With a sympathizing heart He removes every care;
In the fullness of this trust we shall lose every care;

What a balm for the weary! O how sweet to be there!
What a balm for the weary! O how sweet to be there!
What a balm for the weary! O how sweet to be there!
What a balm for the weary! O how sweet to be there!

1. 'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, when our hearts lowly bend,
2. 'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, when the Saviour draws near;
3. 'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, when the tempted and tried
4. At the blessed hour of prayer, trusting Him we believe,

W. H. Doane
MEDITATION AND PRAYER

Refrain

Blessed hour of prayer, Blessed hour of prayer,

What a balm for the weary! O how sweet to be there!

Still With Thee

J. D. Burns, 1857

J. E. Sweetser, 1849

1. Still with Thee, O my God! I would desire to be;
2. With Thee when dawn comes in, And calls me back to care;
3. With Thee when day is done, And evening calms the mind;
4. With Thee, in Thee, by faith Abiding I would be;

By day, by night, at home, abroad, I would be still with Thee.
Each day returning to begin With Thee, my God, in prayer.
The setting, as the rising sun, With Thee my heart would find.
By day, by night, in life, in death, I would be still with Thee.
1. There's a garden where Jesus is waiting,
   And I go with my burden and care
   There's a place that is wondrously fair;
   For it glows with the light of His presence,
   'Tis the beautiful garden of prayer.

2. There's a garden where Jesus is waiting,
   And He bids you to come meet Him there;
   Just to learn from His lips words of comfort,
   In the beautiful garden of prayer.

3. There's a garden where Jesus is waiting,
   Just to bow, and receive a new blessing.
   Tis the beautiful garden of prayer.
   In the beautiful garden of prayer.
   In the beautiful garden of prayer.
O the beautiful garden, the garden of prayer, O the beautiful garden of prayer; There my Saviour awaits, and He opens the gates To the beautiful garden of prayer.

**Sweet the Time**

George Burder

Refrain

1. Sweet the time, exceeding sweet! When the saints together meet,
2. Sing we then eternal love, Such as did the Father move;
3. Sing the Son's amazing love; How He left the realms above,
4. Sweet, the time, exceeding sweet, When the saints in heaven shall meet;

When the Saviour is the theme, When they join to sing of Him.
He beheld the world undone, Loved the world and gave His Son.
Told our nature and our place, Loved and died to save our race.
Jesus still will be the theme, They shall always sing of Him.
Sweet Hour of Prayer

1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,
   And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wishes known!
   In seasons of distress and grief, My soul has often found relief,
   And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! Thy wings shall my petition bear
   To Him whose truth and faithfulness Engage the waiting soul to bless.
   And since He bids me seek His face, Believe His word, and trust His grace,
   I'll cast on Him my every care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! May I thy consolation share
   Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height I view my home and take my flight.
   In my immortal flesh I'll rise To seize the everlasting prize.
   And shout while passing through the air, "Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!"
MEDITATION AND PRAYER

O Hear My Cry

Fanny J. Crosby

1. O hear my cry, be gracious now to me, Come, Great Deliverer come;
2. I have no place, no shelter from the night, Come, Great Deliverer come;
3. My path is lone, and weary are my feet, Come, Great Deliverer come;
4. Thou wilt not spurn contrition's broken sigh, Come, Great Deliverer come;

My soul bowed down is longing now for Thee, Come, Great Deliverer come.
One look from Thee would give me life and light, Come, Great Deliverer come.
Mine eyes look up Thy loving smile to meet, Come, Great Deliverer come.
Regard my prayer, and hear my humble cry, Come, Great Deliverer come.

I've wandered far away o'er mountains cold, I've wandered far away from home;

O take me now, and bring me to Thy fold, Come, Great Deliverer, come.
**What a Friend We Have in Jesus**

John M. Scriven, 1855

Charles C. Converse, 1868

1. What a friend we have in Jesus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
2. Have we trials and temptations? Is there trouble anywhere?
3. Are we weak and heavy laden, Cumbered with a load of care?

What a privilege to carry Every thing to God in prayer!
We should never be discouraged; Take it to the Lord in prayer!
Precious Saviour, still our refuge, Take it to the Lord in prayer!

O what peace we often forfeit, O what needless pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faithful, Who will all our sorrows share?
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer!

All because we do not carry Everything to God in prayer.
Jesus knows our every weakness; Take it to the Lord in prayer!
In His arms He’ll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a solace there.
Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

Robert Robinson, 1758

1. Come, Thou Fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
2. Here I raise my Ebenezer, Hither by Thy help I've come,
3. O, to grace how great a debt or Daily I'm constrained to be!

Streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise.
And I hope by Thy good pleasure Safely to arrive at home.
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter, Bind me closer still to Thee.

Teach me ever to adore Thee, May I still Thy goodness prove,
Jesus sought me when a stranger, Wandering from the fold of God;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;

While the hope of endless glory Fills my heart with joy and love.
He to rescue me from danger Interposed His precious blood.
Here's my heart O, take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts above.
PRAISES AND THANKSGIVING

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,

Hei-er of sal-va-tion, pur-chase of God, Born of His Spir-it, washed in His blood.
Ang-els de-scend-ing bring from a-bove Ech-oes of mer-cy, whis-per-s 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

A. A. Procter

1. Our God, we thank Thee, Who hast made The earth so bright;
2. We thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast made Joy to abound;
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 splendor and of joy, Beauty and light;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds Circling us round,
That shadows fall on brightest hours; That thorns remain;
We have enough, yet not too much To long for more:

So many glorious things are here, Noble and right.
That in the darkest spot of earth some love is found.
So that earth's bliss may be our guide, And not our chain.
A yearning for a deeper peace, Not known before.
516 I Will Sing of My Redeemer

1. I will sing of my Redeemer;
2. I will tell the wondrous story;
3. I will praise my dear Redeemer;
4. I will sing of my Redeemer;

And His wondrous love to me;
How my lost estate to save,
His triumphal pow’r I’ll tell,
And His heavenly love to me;

On the cruel cross He suffered,
In His boundless love and mercy,
How the victory He gave,
He from death to life hath brought me,

From the curse to set me free;
He ran from sin, and death, and hell;
Son of God with Him to be.
Sing, oh, sing of my Redeemer,

Sing of my Redeemer, Sing, oh, sing of my Redeemer,

With His blood He purchased me,

With His blood He purchased me, With His blood He purchased me,

On the cross He sealed my pardon,

On the cross He sealed my pardon, On the cross He sealed my pardon,

Paid the debt and made me free.

Paid the debt and made me free, and made me free.
1. Now thank we all our God With heart and hands and voices,
   O may this bounteous God Through all our life be near us,
   All praise and thanks to God, The Father, now be given,

   Who wondrous things hath done, In whom His world rejoices;
   With ever joyful hearts And blessed peace to cheer us;
   The Son, and Him who reigns With them in highest heaven,

   Who, from our mothers’ arms Hath blessed us on our way
   And keep us in His grace, And guide us when perplexed,
   The one eternal God, Whom earth and heaven adore;

   With countless gifts of love, And still is ours today.
   And free us from all ills In this world and the next.
   For thus it was, is now, And shall be evermore.
O Jesus, My Redeemer

F. E. Belden

1. O Jesus, my Redeemer, Thou art my joy and song,
2. Thou art my hope and comfort Through all the weary years,
3. I trust in Thee, my Saviour, My faithful Friend and Guide;
4. My song and my rejoicing While in this world of sin,

My Saviour and my solace When griefs around me throng,
When shadows dark surround me, When fall the bitter tears.
For Thou to me art dearer Than all on earth beside.
My song and my rejoicing The heavenly gates within.

Refrain

O Jesus, my Redeemer, My song shall be of Thee;

No other friend so constant, No friend so dear to me.

D. S. Hakes
The God of Abraham Praise

1. The God of Abraham praise, Who reigns enthroned above; 
2. The God of Abraham praise, At whose supreme command 
3. The whole triumphant host Give thanks to God on high;

Ancient of everlasting days, And God of love; 
From earth I rise, and seek the joys At His right hand; 
"Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!" They ever cry;

Jehovah! Great I AM! By earth and heaven confessed; 
I all on earth for sake, Its wisdom, fame, and power; 
Hail, Abraham's God and mine! I join the heavenly lays;

I bow and bless the sacred name, Forever blest. 
And Him my only portion make, My shield and tower: 
All might and majesty are Thine, And endless praise.
'Tis Love That Makes Us Happy

1. 'Tis love that makes us happy, 'Tis love that smooths the way;
   It helps us "mind," it makes us kind To others every day.

2. This world is full of sorrow, Of sickness, death, and sin;
   With loving heart we'll do our part, And try some soul to win.

3. And when this life is over, And we are called above,
   Our song shall be eternally, Of Jesus and His love.

Refrain

God is love; we're His little children. God is love; we would be like Him.

'Tis love that makes us happy, 'Tis love that smooths the way;

It helps us "mind," it makes us kind To others every day.
PRAISES AND THANKSGIVING

521 When Upon Life's Billows

Johnson Oatman, Jr. (1856–1926) E. O. Excell (1851–1921)

When upon life's billows you are tempest-tossed,
2. Are you ever burdened with a load of care?
3. When you look at others with their lands and gold,
4. So, amid the conflict, whether great or small,

When you are discouraged, thinking all is lost,
Does the cross seem heavy you are called to bear?
Think that Christ has promised you His wealth untold;
Do not be discouraged, God is over all;

Count your many blessings, name them one by one,
Count your many blessings, every doubt will fly,
Count your many blessings, money cannot buy,
Count your many blessings, angels will attend,

And it will surprise you what the Lord hath done.
And you will be singing as the days go by.
Your reward in Heaven, nor your home on high.
Help and comfort give you to your journey's end.
PRAISES AND THANKSGIVING

Count your blessings, Name them one by one;
Count your many blessings, Name them one by one;

Count your blessings, See what God hath done;
Count your many blessings, See what God hath done;

Count your blessings, Name them one by one;
Count your many blessings,

Count your many blessings, See what God hath done.
1. Stand up, and bless the Lord,
2. Tho' high above all praise,
3. O for the living flame
4. God is our strength and song,

Ye people of His choice;
Above all blessing, high,
From His own altar brought,
And His salvation ours;

Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
Who would not fear His holy name,
To touch our lips, our souls inspired,
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed.

With heart, and soul, and voice.
And laud and magnify?
And wing to heav'n our thought!
With all our ransom'd pow'rs.
We Sing the Praise of Him Who Died  523

Thomas Kelly, 1815

1. We sing the praise of Him who died,
   Inscribed on that cross we see
2. The cross! it takes our guilt a way,
   The balm of life, the cure of woe,

3. Of Him who died up on the cross;
   In shining letters "God is love."
4. It holds the fainting spirit up,
   The measure and the pledge of love,

5. The sinners' hope let men derive,
   He bears our sins up on the tree,
6. It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
   The sinners' refuge here below,

7. For this we count the world but loss.
   He brings us mercy from above.
8. And sweetens every bitter cup.
   The angels' theme in heaven above.

Nurnbergisches Gesangbuch, 1676
1. Christ is made the sure foundation, Christ the head and cornerstone, Chosen of the Lord, and precious, God on high, In exultant jubilation hosts, today; With Thy wonted loving kindness, Thee to gain, What they gain from Thee, forever

2. All that dedicated city, Dearily loved of binding all the church in one; Holy Zion's Pours perpetual melody; God the One in Hear Thy servants as they pray; And Thy fullest With the blessed to retain, And hereafter help forever, And her confidence alone. Three adoring In glad hymns eternally. benediction Shed within its walls always. in Thy glory Evermore with Thee to reign.
Lord, Her Watch Thy Church Is Keeping

H. Downton

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-ish-ed sin;

See the whit-ening 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.
THE CHURCH

526  The Church Has One Foundation

Samuel J. Stone, 1866                                                   Samuel S. Wesley, 1864

1. The church has one foundation, 'Tis Jesus Christ her Lord;
2. Elect from every nation, Yet one o'er all the earth,
3. Though with a scornful wonder, Men see her sore oppressed,
4. 'Mid toil and tribulation, And tumult of her war;

She is His new creation, By water and the word;
Her charter of salvation, One Lord, one faith, one birth;
Though foes would rend a sun-der The Rock where she doth rest,
She waits the consummation Of peace for ever more;

From heaven He came and sought her To be His holy bride;
One Holy name she blesses, Partakes one holy food,
Yet saints their faith are keeping; Their cry goes up. "How long?"
Till with the vision glorious Her longing eyes are blest,

With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.
And to one hope she presses, With every grace endued.
And soon the night of weeping Shall be the morn of song.
And the great church victorious Shall be the church at rest.
Buried Beneath the Yielding Wave

1. Buried beneath the yielding wave,
2. Thus do these willing souls today,
3. With joy we in His footsteps tread,
4. His presence oft revives our hearts,

The great Redeemer lies;
Their ardent zeal express,
And would His cause maintain;
And drives our fears away;

Faith views Him in the watery grave,
And in the Lord's appointed way,
Like Him be numbered with the dead,
When He commands, and strength imparts,

And thence beholds Him rise.
Fulfill all righteous-ness.
And with Him rise and reign.
We cheerfully obey.
I Will Follow Thee, My Saviour

James Lawson

1. I will fol-low Thee, my Savi-our, Where-so-e’er my lot may be.
2. Though the road be rough and thorn-ry, 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-joice to fol-low Thee.
Thou wast des-ti-tute, af-flict-ed, And I on-ly fol-low Thee.

Refrain

I will fol-low Thee, my Savi-our; 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

1. O happy day! that fixed my choice
   On Thee, my Saviour and my God;
2. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
   I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
3. High heav'n, that heard the solemn vow,
   That vow renewed shall daily hear;
4. And when the bright celestial train,
   From highest heaven to earth shall come;

Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
He drew me and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.
Till in time's latest hour I bow,
And bless at last a bond so dear.
Then with my Lord I'll rise, and reign
Forever in that happy home.

Refrain

Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away!

He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day;

Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away!
BAPTISM

530 O Now I See the Crimson Wave

Phoebe Palmer

Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp

1. O now I see the crimson wave, The fountain deep and wide;
   I see the new creation rise, I hear the speaking blood;
   I rise to walk in heaven's own light, Above the world and sin;
   Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below To feel the blood applied,

2. Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save, Points to His wounded side.
   It speaks polluted nature dies, Sinks 'neath the cleansing flood.
   With heart made pure and garments white, And Christ enthroned within.
   And Jesus, only Jesus, know, My Jesus crucified.

Refrain

The cleansing stream I see, I see, I plunge, and O, it cleanseth me!

O praise the Lord! it cleanseth me, It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me.
We'll Tarry by the Living Waters

1. We'll tarry by the living waters, The fountain pure and free;
2. When weary with the toilsome journey, 'Tis sweet to rest a while;
3. Then come to Christ, the living water, Thy strength will He restore;

There Jesus waits to give us welcome, A welcome sweet 'twill be.
Where crystal waters gently murmur, And sunny fountains smile.
Come, taste the joy of His salvation, And drink to thirst no more.

Refrain

We'll tarry by the living waters, Tarry by the living waters;
Fount of living waters, Fount of living waters,

Tarry by the living waters, Tarry by the Fount of Life.
1. Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy today,
2. Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy today,
3. Ring the bells of heaven! spread the feast today,

For a soul, returning from the wild;
For the wanderer now is reconciled;
Angels swell the glad triumphal strain!

See! the Father meets him out upon the way,
Yes, a soul is rescued from his sinful way,
Tell the joyful tidings! bear it far away,

Welcoming His weary, wandering child.
And is born a new a ransomed child.
For a precious soul is born again.
Glo - ry! glo - ry! how the an - gels sing;

Glo - ry! glo - ry! how the loud bells ring;

'Tis the ransomed ar - my, like a might - y sea,

Peal - ing forth the an - them of the free.
Blest Be the Tie

John Fawcett, 1782

From Johann G. Naegeli (1768-1836)

Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1845

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in
2. Before our Father's throne We pour our
3. We share our mutual woes, Our mutual
4. When we a-sunder part, It gives us

Christian love! The fellowship of kindred
ardent prayers; Our fears, our hopes, our aims are
burdens bear, And often for each other
inward pain; But we shall still be joined in

minds Is like to that above.
one, Our comforts, and our cares.
flows The sympathizing tear.
heart, And hope to meet again.
THE HOLY COMMUNION

Coming Saviour

Unknown

1. Coming Saviour; now in faith
2. While in faith we drink the wine,
3. Lord, we thus remember Thee,

We remember still Thy death;
Of Thy blood we see the sign;
But we long Thy face to see

Thou wast broken—Thou hast died;
Wash us pure from ev'ry stain,
Long to reach our heav'nly home;

For us Thou wast crucified.
Thou that comest soon to reign.
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!
Once in Jerusalem

T. R. Williamson

1. Once in Jeru - sa - lem of old
   Our Sav - iour washed their feet
   Who climbed with Him J u - de - a's hills,
   And roved its val - leys sweet.
   With low - ly at - ti - tude and mien
   To them He bowed the knee,
   Thus let us raise This long - for - got - ten rite;
   Keep more near The good old Bi - ble ways;

2. But far from that low path of grace
   His peo - ple since have trod,
   And err - ing feet have tram - pled down
   The or - di - nance of God.
   With low - ly at - ti - tude and mien
   To them He bowed the knee,
   Thus let us raise This long - for - got - ten rite;
   Keep more near The good old Bi - ble ways;

3. With ho - ly kiss, with words of love,
   With hearts all kind and true,
   We'll ban - ish thoughts of en - vi - ous pride,
   As Je - sus' friends should do.
   Dear Sav - iour, help us raise
   This low - ly at - ti - tude and mien
   To them He bowed the knee,
   Thus let us raise This long - for - got - ten rite;

4. And from that kiss, with low - ly grace,
   Our His - ters now grants His grace.
   With hearts all kind and true,
   As Je - sus' friends should do.
   Dear Sav - iour, help us raise
   This low - ly at - ti - tude and mien
   To them He bowed the knee,
   Thus let us raise This long - for - got - ten rite;

5. With ho - ly kiss, with words of love,
   With hearts all kind and true,
   We'll ban - ish thoughts of en - vi - ous pride,
   As Je - sus' friends should do.
   Dear Sav - iour, help us raise
   This low - ly at - ti - tude and mien
   To them He bowed the knee,
   Thus let us raise This long - for - got - ten rite;

Early American melody

D. B. Thompson
show'ing how love's service blends With meek humility.
each to each with humble minds, And walk in duty's light.
hands, and feet we pray Thee wash, That we may speak Thy praise.

Jesus Invites His Saints

1. Jesus invites His saints To meet around His board,
2. We take the bread and wine As emblems of Thy death;
3. Faith eats the bread of life, And drinks the living wine;
4. Soon shall the night be gone, Our Lord will come again;

And sup in memory of the death And sufferings of their Lord.
Lord, raise our souls above the sign, To feast on Thee by faith.
It looks beyond this scene of strife—Unites us to the Vine.
The marriage supper of the Lamb Will usher in His reign.

Isaac Watts, 1719
Mason and Webb's "Cantica Laudis," Boston, 1850
THE HOLY COMMUNION

537 Thy Broken Body, Gracious Lord

Unknown

Thy Broken Body, Gracious Lord

Lowell Mason, 1850

1. Thy broken body, gracious Lord,
   Is shadowed by this broken bread;
The wine which in this cup is poured,
Points to the blood which Thou hast shed.
Thy death, O Lord, has set us free.

2. And while we meet together thus,
   We show that we are one in Thee;
Thy precious blood was shed for us;
And we shall ever reign with Thee.

3. We have one hope, that Thou wilt come:
   Then Thou wilt give Thy saints a home,
Then Thou wilt give Thy saints a home,
Then Thou wilt give Thy saints a home,
While in Sweet Communion Feeding

E. Denny Rousseau

1. While in sweet communion feeding
On this earthly bread and wine,
Saviour, may we see Thee bleeding
On the cross, to make us Thine.
Thou unseen Lord, Thou art near us
With Thy still small voice of love;
Whisper words of peace to cheer us
Ev'ry doubt and fear remove.

2. Bring before us all the story
Of life, and death of woe;
And, with hopes of endless glory,
Wean our hearts from all below.
Draw us nearer and still nearer
To Thy pierc'd and bleeding side,
Till our view of self grows clearer
In the light of Him who died.
TITHES AND OFFERINGS

539

Hear the Words of Scripture

Helen E. Rasmussen

H. L. Gilmour

1. Hear the words of Scripture from the ages past,
2. Do you seek to know the Holy Spirit’s pow’r?
3. Lift your heart this moment, claim Him Lord and King,
4. Let the anthems roll in grandeur thro’ the skies,

"Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse."
As ye bring the tithes into the storehouse;

Make a consecration that will ever last,
Live in sweet communion with Him hour by hour,

Trust the blessed promise, and your praise shall ring.
Joyous hallelujahs from our hearts arise.

Trust ing for the promised blessing.
While He gives the promised blessing.
From the heart He is possessing.
For we have the promised blessing.
"Bring ye all the tithes into the store-house, And prove me now," saith the Lord of hosts; And I will pour you out a blessing, There shall not be room enough to receive it."

We Give Thee But Thine Own

1. We give Thee but Thine own, What-e'er the gift may be;
2. May we Thy bounties thus As stewards true receive,
3. O hearts are bruised and dead, And homes are bare and cold,
4. And we believe Thy word, Though dim our faith may be;

All that we have is Thine alone, A trust, O Lord, from Thee.
And gladly, as Thou bless-est us, To Thee our first fruits give.
And lambs for whom the Shepherd bled Are straying from the fold.
What-e'er for Thine we do, O Lord, We do it unto Thee.
**TITHES AND OFFERINGS**

**541  Hear the Pennies Dropping**

Fidelia H. DeWitt  
William J. Kirkpatrick

**Refrain**

Hear the pennies dropping! Listen while they fall;
Drop-ping, drop-ping ev- er; From each lit - tle hand;
Now, while we are lit - tle, Pen - nies are our store;
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.

Drop-ping, drop-ping, drop-ping, drop-ping; Hear the pennies fall!

Ev - 'ry one for Je - sus, He will get them all.
Master, No Offering

1. Master, no offering Costly or sweet,
   Lay we, like Magdalen, Here at Thy feet;
   Yet may love's incense rise, Sweeter than sacrifice,
   Dear Lord, to Thee,

2. Daily our lives would show Weakness made strong,
   Toil some and gloomy ways Brightened with song;
   Some deeds of kindness done, Some souls by patience won,
   Dear Lord, to Thee,

3. Some word of hope, for hearts Burdened with fears,
   Some balm of peace, for eyes Blind with tears,
   Some dews of mercy shed, Some wayward footsteps led,
   Dear Lord, to Thee,

4. Thus, in Thy service, Lord, Till eventide
   Closes the day of life, May we abide,
   And when earth's labors cease, Bid us depart in peace,
   Some and gloomy ways Brightened with song;

Edwin P. Parker, 1888

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TITHES AND OFFERINGS

Edwin P. Parker, 1888

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Master, No Offering

Edwin P. Parker, 1888
1. They brought their gifts to Jesus, And laid them at His feet,
   And love for this dear Saviour; Made every offering sweet;
   Good deeds and words of kindness, Help for the poor of earth,

2. Apart from other givers A poor way farther stood;
   He saw the gifts they offered, The poorest counted good;
   And he was filled with longing, A gift, though poor, to bring;
   Then Jesus answered softly, "Count not the gift as small,

3. "Dear Lord," he cried in sorrow, "I know how kind Thou art,
   Take all I have to give Thee, My sinful wayward heart."

   "Count not the gift as small, And do not account the sacrifice small,"

They Brought Their Gifts to Jesus
Eben E. Rexford

Joseph Garrison
And not a gift among them Was thought of little worth.
A - las! all empty handed He stood before the King.
Though all of them are precious, Thine is the best of all.

Refrain

Wouldst bring a gift to Jesus, That He will count most sweet?

Say, "Lord, my heart I give Thee," And lay it at His feet.
Would You Win a Saviour's Blessing?

1. Would you win a Saviour's blessing? Freely, freely give;
   Would you see His work progressing? Freely, freely give;
   Let your souls with love expand, Open wide a liberal hand;

2. With a cheerful heart and willing, Freely, freely give;
   Like the dew its balm distilling, Freely, freely give;
   Have you little? Give your mite; O how precious in His sight!

3. Give to spread the grand old story, Freely, freely give;
   Give to speed the light of glory, Freely, freely give;
   Would you gain a rich reward In the harvest of the Lord?

   He your offering will requite; Freely, freely give.
   Would you like to win a Saviour's blessing?

Fanny J. Crosby
Theo. E. Perkins
Called to the Feast

J. E. Landor

1. Called to the feast by the King are we, Sitting, perhaps, where His people be; How will it fare, friend, with thee and me died for men; Splendid the vision before us then, friend and foe; Just what we are will each neighbor know, garments 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 in!

When the King comes in? When the King comes in? When the King comes in? When the King comes in?

in! How will it fare with thee and me When the King comes in?
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At the Feast of Belshazzar

Knowles Shaw

Knowles Shaw/Arr. by F. E. Belden

1. At the feast of Bel-sha-zar and a thou-sand of his lords,
   While they drank from gold-en ves-sels, as the book of truth re-cords,
   In the night as they rev-eled in the roy-al pal-ace hall,
   They were seiz'd with con-ster-na-tion, at the hand u-pon the wall.

2. See the brave cap-tive Da-niel as he stood be-fore the throng,
   And re-buked the haugh-ty mon-arch for his might-y deeds of wrong;
   As he read out the writ-ing, 'twas the doom of one and all;
   For the king-dom now "is fi-nished," said the hand u-pon the wall.

3. See the faith, zeal, and cour-age that would dare to do the right,
   Which the Spir-it gave to Da-niel this the se-cret of his might;
   In his home in Ju-de-a, or a cap-tive in the hall,
   Yet he un-der-stood the writ-ing of his God u-pon the wall.

4. All our deeds are re-cord-ed; there's a hand that's writ-ing now;
   Sin-ner, give your heart to Je-sus, to His roy-al man-date bow;
   For the day is ap-proach-ing, it must come to one and all,
   When the sin-ner's con-dem-na-tion will be writ-ten on the wall.

U
Refrain

Tis the hand of God on the wall, the palace wall.

Shall the record be "Found wanting," Or shall it be "Found trusting,"

While the hand is writing on the wall? the palace wall.
THE JUDGMENT

O Solemn Thought!

R. F. Cottrell, 1886

George Coles (1792-1858)

1. O solemn thought! and can it be The hour of judgment now is come,
2. He who came down to earth to die, An offering for the sins of men,
3. The solemn moment is at hand When we who have His name confessed,
4. O blessed Saviour! may we feel The full importance of this hour:

Which soon must fix our destiny, And seal the sinner’s fearful doom?
And then ascended up on high, And will ere long return again,
Each in his lot must singly stand, And pass the final, searching test.
Inspire our hearts with holy zeal, And aid us by Thy Spirit’s power,

Yes, it is so; the judgment hour Is swiftly hastening to its close;
Is standing now before the ark, And mercy seat, and mercy bin,
Je sus! we hope in Thee alone; In mercy now upon us look,
That we may, in Thy strength, be strong, And brave the conflict valiantly;

Then will the Judge, in mighty power, Descend in vengeance on His foes.
To plead His blood for saints, and make The last remembrance of their sin.
Confess our names before the throne, And blot our sins from out Thy book.
Then, on Mount Zion, join the song, And swell the notes of victory.
The Judgment Has Set

F. E. Belden

1. The judgment has set, the books have been opened; How shall we stand in that great day? When every thought, and word, and action, shall we be found before Him wanting? Or with our sins all washed away?

2. The work is begun with those who are sleeping, Soon will the day be ended. How shall we stand that moment of searching, When all our sins those books reveal? When from that court, each case decided, Shall we be granted no appeal?

3. O, how shall we stand that moment of searching, When all our sins those books reveal? When from that court, each case decided, Shall we be granted no appeal?

4. How shall we stand in that great day? When every thought, and word, and action, shall we be found before Him wanting? Or with our sins all washed away?

F. E. Belden, 1886

Refrain

God, the righteous Judge, shall weigh? His decision to abide. How shall we stand in that great day? How shall we stand in that great day? Shall we be found before Him wanting? Or with our sins all washed away?
THE JUDGMENT

There's a Great Day Coming

William L. Thompson

1. There's a great day coming, A great day coming, There's a
   great day coming by and by, When the saints and the sinners shall be
parted right and left, Are you ready for that day to come?
2. There's a bright day coming, A bright day coming, There's a
   bright day coming by and by, But its brightness shall only come to
them that love the Lord, Are you ready for that day to come?
part, I know ye not,” Are you ready for that day to come?
3. There's a sad day coming, A sad day coming, There's a
   sad day coming by and by, When the sinner shall hear his doom ‘De-
Are you ready? Are you ready? Are you ready for the judgment day?
Are you ready? Are you ready? for the judgment day?

Refrain

William L. Thompson

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THE JUDGMENT

When the Judge Shall Weigh  550

F. E. Belden  F. E. Belden

1. When the Judge shall weigh our motives, For eternal gain or loss,
   Shall we hear the glad words spoken: "Faithful servant," and "Well done,"
   Weigh'd in the balance of the Lord, Weigh'd, weigh'd, and wanting;

2. Shall we stand as gold before Him, Or as vile and worthless dross?
   Or the dread and awful sentence, "Thou art wanting," sinful one?
   Weigh'd by the standard of His word, Weigh'd, weigh'd, and wanting.

3. Shall we heed the Spirit's pleading, While for mercy we may call,
   Delay till God's hand-writing Seals the final doom of all?
   Weigh'd, weigh'd, and wanting;

Refrain

Weigh'd, weigh'd, and wanting;

Weigh'd by the standard of His word, Weigh'd, weigh'd, and wanting.
1. When Jesus shall gather the nations,
2. Shall we hear, from the lips of the Saviour,
3. He will smile when He looks on His children,
4. Then let us be watching and waiting.

Before Him at last to appear,
The words "Faithful servant, well done,"
And sees on the ransomed His seal;
With lamps burning steadily and bright;

Then how shall we stand in the judgment,
Or, trembling with fear and with anguish,
He will clothe them in heavenly beauty,
When the Bridegroom shall call to the wedding,

When summoned our sentence to hear?
Be banished away from His throne?
As low at His footstool they kneel.
O may we be ready for flight!
He will gather the wheat in His garner,

But the chaff will He scatter away;

Then how shall we stand in the judgment

Of the great resurrection day?
When Thou, My Righteous Judge

1. When Thou, my righteous Judge shalt come, To call Thy ransomed people home, Shall I among them stand? Shall such a worthless worm as I, Who
2. I love to meet among them now, Be fore Thy gracious throne to bow, Though weakest of them all; Nor can I bear the piercing thought, To Thy parading voice, O let me hear, To
3. Prevent, prevent it by Thy grace! Be e'er the Arch-angel's trump shall sound, To see Thy smiling face; Then joyfully Thy praise I'll sing, While
4. Let me among Thy saints be found, When some-times am afraid to die, Be found at Thy right hand? have my worthless name left out, When Thou for them shalt call, still each unbelieving fear, Nor let me fall, I pray, heaven's resounding mansions ring With shouts of endless grace.
When Thou, My Righteous Judge

1. When Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come, To call Thy ransom'd people home, Shall I among them stand?
2. I love to meet among them now, Be fore Thy gracious throne to bow, Though weak'est of them all; Nor can I bear the piercing thought, To have my worthless
3. Prevent, prevent it by Thy grace! Be e'er the Arch-angel's trump shall sound, To see Thy smiling face; Thy pard'ning voice, O let me hear, To still each unbec-
4. Let me among Thy saints be found, When-Then joyful Thy praise I'll sing, While heaven's resounding-ing fraid to die, Be found at Thy right hand? Be found at Thy right hand? name left out, When Thou for them shall call, When Thou for them shall call. liev-ing fear, Nor let me fall, I pray, Nor let me fall, I pray. mansions ring With shouts of end-less grace, With shouts of end-less grace.
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;

Be - hold, He com - eth! be - hold, He com - eth! Be robed 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!

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-robbed and read-y, for the Bride-groom comes.

Hark! That Shout!

1. Hark! that shout of rap-ture high, Burst-ing forth from yon-der cloud;
   Je-sus comes, and thro’ the sky;
   An-gels tell their joy a-loud, An-gels tell their joy a-loud.

2. Hark! the trum-pet’s aw-ful voice Sounds a broad o’er sea and land;
   Let His peo-ple now re-joice;
   Their re-demp-tion is at hand. Their re-demp-tion is at hand.

3. See, the Lord ap-pears in view; Heav’n and earth be-
   fore Him fly;
   Rise, ye saints, He comes for you;
   Rise, to meet Him in the sky.

4. Go and dwell with Him a-bove, Where no foe can e’er mo-lest;
   Happy in the Savi-our’s love,
   Ev-er bless-ing, ev-er blest, Ev-er bless-ing, ev-er blest.

Thomas Kelly

C. H. A. Malan

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1. As we see the day approaching And Thy coming drawing near.
2. We would so abide in Thee, Lord, That when Thou shalt soon appear,
3. Some of us may sleep in Jesus E'er that holy day shall be:

We rejoice in Thee with trembling, While we serve Thee, Lord, with fear.
We, with boldness, may salute Thee, Knowing nought of slavish fear:
Wheth'er sleep-ing, wheth-er walk-ing, We shall rise and live with Thee.

Soon that day, foretold, expected, And for which we've hoped so long,
For, with this bright hope upon Thee, We our lives would purify,
So amid the present darkness We will comfort each his heart;

Will, in rapture, burst upon us With a resurrection song.
Not to be ashamed before Thee When we meet Thee in the sky,
We shall "all be changed," be like Thee And be with Thee where Thou art.
THE SECOND COMING OF JESUS

Face to Face With Christ My Saviour 557

Mrs. Frank A. Breck

Grant Colfax Tullar

1. Face to face with Christ my Saviour; Face to face, what will it be,
   When with rapture I behold Him, Jesus Christ, who died for me?

2. On-ly faint-ly now I see Him, With the dark-en-ing veil be-tween,
   But a bless-ed day is com-ing, When His glo-ry shall be seen.

3. What re-joic-ing in His pres-ence, When are ban-ished grief and pain;
   When the crooked ways are straight-en-ed, And the dark things shall be plain!

4. Face to face! oh, bliss-ful mo-ment! Face to face—to see and know;
   Face to face with my Re-deem-er, Jesus Christ, who loves me so.

Refrain

Face to face shall I behold Him, Far be-yond the star-ry sky;

Face to face in all His glo-ry I shall see Him by and by!
1. Heir of the kingdom, O why dost thou slumber?
2. Heir of the kingdom, say, why dost thou linger?
3. Stay not, O stay not for earth's vain allurements!
4. Keep the eye single, the head upward lifted;

Why art thou sleeping so near thy blest home?
How canst thou tarry in sight of the prize?
See how its glory is passing away;
Watch for the glory of earth's coming King;

Wake thee, arouse thee, and gird on thine armor;
Up, and adorn thee, the Saviour is coming;
Break the strong fetters the foe hath bound o'er thee;
Lo! o'er the mountain-tops light is now breaking;

Speed, for the moments are hurried on.
Haste to receive Him descending the skies.
Heir of the kingdom, turn, turn thee away.
Heirs of the kingdom, rejoice ye and sing.
1. He's coming once again, To set His people free:
2. The earth shall quake with fear; The heavens shall flee a way;
3. His eyes of living flame The wicked shall devour;

That where He is, in glory bright, His saints may also be.
And where shall guilty man appear In that tremendous day?
No tongue will lightly speak the name Of Jesus in that hour.

Then lift the drooping head, Look up, rejoice and sing;
No refuge then is nigh, No shelter from the blast;
No scorn, no words of hate For His meek followers then;

He comes, in majesty sublime, Salvation's glorious King!
The night of vengeance veils the sky When mercy's day is past.
But prayers and tears that come too late Will mark earth's mighty men.
THE SECOND COMING OF JESUS

560 How Sweet Are the Tidings

Unknown  From John R. Thomas, 1858

1. How sweet are the tidings that greet the pilgrim's ear;
2. The mossy old graves where the pilgrims sleep
3. There we'll meet ne'er to part in our happy Eden home,
4. Hallelujah, Amen! Hallelujah again!

As he wanders in exile from home!
Shall be open as wide as before!
Sweet songs of redemption we'll sing;
Soon, if faithful, we all shall be there;

Soon, soon will the Saviour in glory appear;
And the millions that sleep in the mighty deep
From the north, from the south, all the ransomed shall come,
O, be watchful, be hopeful, be joyful till then,

And soon will the kingdom come.
Shall live on this earth once more.
And worship our heavenly King.
And a crown of bright glory we'll wear.
THE SECOND COMING OF JESUS

Refrain

He's coming, coming, coming 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.

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THE SECOND COMING OF JESUS

561  In the Glad Time of the Harvest

L. D. Santee

Edwin Barnes, 1886

1. In the glad time of the harvest, In the grand millennial year,
2. O the rapture of His people! Long they’ve dwelt on earth’s low sod,
3. Long they’ve toiled within the harvest, Sown the precious seed with tears;
4. We shall greet the loved and loving, Who have left us lonely here;

When the King shall take His scepter, And to judge the world appear,
With their hearts e’er turning home-ward, Rich in faith and love to God.
Soon they’ll drop their heavy burdens In the glad millennial years;
Every heart-ache will be banished When the Saviour shall appear;

Earth and sea shall yield their treasure, All shall stand before the throne;
They will share the life immortal, They will know as they are known,
They will share the bliss of heaven, Never more to sigh or moan;
Never grieved with sin or sorrow, Never weary or alone;

Just a-wards will then be given, When the King shall claim His own.
They will pass the pearly portal, When the King shall claim His own.
Star-ry crowns will then be given, When the King shall claim His own.
O, we long for that glad mor-row When the King shall claim His own.
THE SECOND COMING OF JESUS

It May Be at Morn

H. L. Turner

James McGranahan

Refrain

O Lord Jesus, how long, how long Ere we shout the glad song? Christ re-

1. It may be at morn, when the day is a-wak-ing, When sun-light in
dark-ness and shad-ow is break-ing, That Je-sus will come in the
full-ness of glo-ry To re-ceive from the world His own.

2. It may be at mid-day, it may be at twi-light, It may be, per-
blaze of His glo-ry, When Je-sus re-ceives His own.

3. O joy! O de-light! should we go without dy-ing, No sick-ness, no
Lord in-to glo-ry, When Je-sus re-ceives His own.

When

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1. Let every lamp be burning bright, The darkest hour is near ing;
Though thou sands calm ly slumber on, The last great message spurn ing;
His word our lamp, His truth our guide, We cannot be mis taken;
Then let good works with faith appear, To shame the world around us;

The darkest hour of earth's long night, Before the Lord's appearing,
We'll rest our living faith upon His promise of return ing.
Though dangers rise on every side, We shall not be forsaken.
Obedience brings the blessing near When faith has firmly bound us.

Refrain

Then trim your lamps, my brethren dear, Then trim your lamps with god ly fear;

The Master's com ing draweth near, Let every lamp be burning.
Lo! He Comes

John Cennick and Charles Wesley, 1758

J. F. Wade's "Cantus Diversi," 1751

1. Lo! He comes, with clouds descending, Once for favored
   sinners slain; Countless angels, Him attending,
   Swell the triumph of His train: Hallelujah!
   Hal-le-lu-jah! Jesus comes, and comes to reign.

2. Every eye shall now behold Him Robed in dreadful
   majesty! Those who set at nought and sold Him,
   Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree, Deeply wailing,
   Deeply wailing, Shall the true Messiah see!

3. When the solemn trump has sounded, Heaven and earth shall
   flee away; All who hate Him, must, confounded,
   Hear the summons of that day—"Come to judgment!
   Come to judgment! Come to judgment! Come away!"

4. Yea, amen! let all adore Thee, High on Thy ever
   funeral throne! Saviour, take the power and glory,
   Make Thy righteous sentence known; O come quickly,
   O come quickly, Claim the kingdom for Thine own!
565  The Coming King Is at the Door

F. E. Belden

1. The coming King is at the door, Who once the cross for sinners bore,
2. The signs that show His coming near Are fast fulfilling year by year,
3. Look not on earth for strife to cease, Look not below for joy and peace,
4. Then in the glorious earth made new We'll dwell the count-less ages through

But now the righteous ones alone He comes to gather home.
And soon we'll hail the glorious dawn Of heaven's eternal morn.
Until the Saviour comes again To banish death and sin.
This mortal shall immortal be, And time, eternity.

Refrain

At the door, at the door, At the door; yes, even at the door;
At the door, at the door;

He is coming, He is coming, He is even at the door:
coming again, coming again,
O Prince of Peace

J. T. Graves

1. O Prince of Peace, Who once didst rise In splendid triumph to the skies,
2. Hear, Thou, the whole cre-ation's groan, The war-swept na-tions' plain-ble moan,
3. By doubts and sor-rows in-ly pressed, By foes be-lea-guered and op-pressed,
4. Come with Thy beau-tious di-adem; Come with em-bat-tled cher-ub-im,

Before 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-di-ant 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!
O'er All the Land

W. C. Gage

1. O'er all the land have the signs now appeared,
   Tell ing us soon our dear Sav iour will come;
   Long has the worn pil - grim watched, hoped, and feared,
   Wait ing for that bless ed hope; O come, Sav iour come.

2. Signs in the sun and the moon and the stars
   Faith ful ly show that the great day is near;
   Na - tions dis - tressed by the ru - mors of wars,
   And the hearts of wick ed men are fail ing for fear.

3. These, to the pil - grim, are o - mens of cheer;
   Toil ing and sigh ing in life's gloom y way;
   All, all pro - claim that the Sav iour is near;
   And the light is dawning of that soon - com ing day.

4. Then let us ral - ly, and fresh cour - age take;
   Soon will we hear our dear Lord's lov ing voice;
   Those who will now all their er - rors for - sake
   Soon the pearl - y gates will en - ter sing and re - joice.

Henry C. Work
THE SECOND COMING OF JESUS

Refrain

Sound forth the tidings, long, loud, and clear; Jesus is coming, and soon will appear; All hearts respond as we long for our home, "Quickly come, O blessed Jesus, come, Saviour, come!"

One Sweetly Solemn Thought 568

Phoebe Cary, 1852

1. One sweetly solemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er;
2. Nearer my Father's house, Where many mansions be;
3. Nearer the bound of life, Where burdens are laid down;

Nearer my home to-day am I Than e'er I've been before.
Nearer to-day the great white throne, Nearer the crystal sea.
Nearer to leave the heavy cross, Nearer to gain the crown.
THE SECOND COMING OF JESUS

569 One Sweetly Solemn Thought

Phoebe Cary

Philip Phillips

1. One sweetly solemn thought, Comes to me o'er and o'er;
2. Nearer my Father's house, Where many mansions be;
3. Nearer my going home, Lay ing my burdens down,

I'm nearer to my home to-day, Than e'er I've been before.
Nearer the throne where Jesus reigns, Nearer the crystal sea.
Leaving my cross of heavy grief, Wearing my starry crown.

Refrain

Nearer my home, Nearer my home; Nearer my home to-

day, to-day, Than e'er I've been before.
Sweet Promise Is Given

F. E. Belden

1. Sweet promise is given to all who believe "Behold I come quickly, Mine own to receive; Hold fast till I come; the danger is great; others a "thief in the night." We know He is near, but know not the day

2. We'll "watch unto prayer" with lamps burning bright; He comes to all

3. Yes! this is our hope, 'tis built on His word, The glorious appearing of Jesus, our Lord; Of promises all, it stands as the sun:

Refrain

Sleep not as do others; be watchful, and wait.
As spring shows that summer is not far away. "Hold fast till I come;" sweet "Behold I come quickly, hold fast till I come."

Promise of heaven "The kingdom restored, to you shall be given." "Come, enter My

joy, sit down on My throne; Bright crowns are in waiting; hold fast till I come."
1. The golden morning is fast approaching; Jesus soon will come.
2. The gospel summons will soon be carried to the nations round;
3. Attended by all the shining angels, Down the flaming sky;
4. There those loved ones who have long been parted, Will all meet that day;

To take His faithful and happy children To their promised home.
The Bride-groom then will cease to tarry And the trumpet sound.
The Judge will come, and will take His people Where they will not die.
The tears of those who are broken-hearted Will be wiped away.

Refrain

O, we see the gleams of the golden morning

Piercing through this night of gloom! O, we see the gleams of the golden morning That will burst the tomb.
THE SECOND COMING OF JESUS

This Same Jesus

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.
1. We know not the hour of the Master’s appearing;
2. There’s light for the wise who are seeking salvation;
3. We’ll watch and we’ll pray, with our lamps trimmed and burning;

Yet signs all foretell that the moment is nearing
There’s truth in the book of the Lord’s revelation;
We’ll work and we’ll wait till the Master’s returning;

When He shall return ‘tis a promise most cheering—
Each prophecy points to the great consummation—
We’ll sing and rejoice, every omen discerning—

But we know not the hour.
But we know not the hour.
But we know not the hour.
He will come, let us watch and be ready; He will come, hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah!
He will come in the clouds of His Father's bright glory

But we know not the hour.
THE SECOND COMING OF JESUS

574 We Know Not the Time

S. M. H.  Will H. Pontius

1. We know not the time when He cometh, At even, or
2. I think of His wonderful pity, The price our salvation hath cost;
3. O Jesus, my loving Redeemer, Thou knowest I cherish as dear The hope that mine eyes shall behold Thee,

It may be at earliest dawn. He bids us to suffer and die for the lost. And sometimes I That I shall Thine own welcome hear! If to some as a watch and be ready, Nor suffer our light to grow dim, think it will please Him, When those whom He died to redeem judge Thou appeared, Who forth from Thy presence would flee,

midnight, or morn; It may be at deepening twilight;

...
That when He shall come, He may find us All waiting and
Rejoice in the hope of His coming By waiting and
A Friend most beloved I'll greet Thee, I'm waiting and

Refrain

watching for Him. Waiting and watching,
watching for Him. Waiting and watching, yes, waiting for Thee,

Waiting and watching; Waiting and waiting and watching, yes, waiting for Thee;
Waiting and watching, yes, waiting for Thee;

watching. Still waiting and watching for Thee.
Waiting and watching,
When the Mists Have Rolled

Annie Herbert

1. When the mists have rolled in splendor From the beauty of the hills,
   And the sunshine, warm and tender, Falls in kisses on the rills,
   We may read love's shining letter In the rainbow of the spray;
   We shall know each other better When the mists have cleared away.

2. If we err in human blindness, And forget that we are dust,
   If we miss the law of kindness When we struggle to be just,
   Snowy wings of peace shall cover All the errors of today,
   When the weary watch is over, And the mists have cleared away.

3. When the mists have risen above us, As our Father knows His own,
   Face to face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known;
   Far beyond the orient meadows Floats the golden fringe of day;
   Heart to heart we hide the shadows, Till the mists have cleared away.
THE SECOND COMING OF JESUS

Refrain

We shall know - - as we are known, - - Never-

more - - to walk a-lone, - - In the dawn - ing of the

Never-more to walk a-lone, In the dawning 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 dawning

mists - - have cleared a-way. When the mists

(have cleared a-way).
THE SECOND COMING OF JESUS

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 shaking;
2. Lo! the prom-i-se 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-is hed.

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

Horatius Bonar

William J. Kirkpatrick

1. Angel voices sweetly singing, Echos through the blue dome ringing,
2. Softest voices, silver pealing, Freshest fragrance, spirit healing,
3. Not a tear-drop ever fall-eth, Not a pleasure ever healing,
4. Christ Himself the living splendor, Christ the sunlight, mild and tender;

News of wondrous gladness bringing; Ah, 'tis heaven at last!
Happy hymns around us stealing; Ah, 'tis heaven at last!
Song to song forever call-eth; Ah, 'tis heaven at last!
Prais-es to the Lamb we render; Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Refrain

Heaven at last, heaven at last; O, the joy-ful story of heaven at last!

Heaven at last, heaven at last; End-less, bound-less glo-ry, In heaven at last.
THE SAINT'S REWARD

Beautiful Valley of Eden

W. O. Cushing

William F. Sherwin (1826-1888)

1. Beautiful valley of Eden, Sweet is thy noon-tide calm;
2. Over 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,

Over 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.
Over the high-lands of glo-ry Roll-eth the great new song.

Refrain

Beautiful valley of Eden, 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

1. Beyond the light of setting suns, Beyond the clouded sky,
   Far out on seas of light, I bid them all farewell,
   Beyond where starlight fades in night, I have a home on high.
   Will bring no darkness to my soul; My home's restored for me.

2. Beyond all pain, beyond all care; Beyond life's mystery,
   A place prepared for me; And while God lives, and angels sing,
   Beyond the range of time and change, My home's served for me.
   That home my home shall be; my home shall be.

3. Swift flying worlds, their nights that roll
   Beyond the light of setting suns
   High up amid the eternal years, With Christ, my Lord, to dwell.

4. My sins and sorrows, strifes and fears,
   Beyond the light of setting suns,
   Beyond the light of setting suns
   Beyond the light of setting suns

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L. W. Mansfield

George C. Stebbins
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.
THE SAINT’S REWARD

Near-er home, near-er home. A day’s march near-er home.

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

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 SAINT'S REWARD

Far Away the Noise of Strife

C. Austin Miles

1. Far a-way the noise of strife up-on my ear is fall-ing,
   Then I know the sins of earth be-set on ev'-ry hand;
   Doubt and fear and things of earth in vain to me are call-ing,
   None of these shall move me from Beulah Land.

2. Far be-low the storm of doubt up-on the world is beat-ing,
   Sons of men in bat-tle long the en-e-my with-stand;
   Safe am I with-in the cas-tle of God's word re-treat-ing,
   Nothing there can reach me, 'tis Beulah Land.

3. Let the storm-y breeze-es blow, their cry can-not a-larm me,
   I am safely shel-ter'd here, pro-tect-ed by God's hand;
   Here the sun is al-ways shin-ing, here there's naught can harm me,
   I am safe for-ev-er in Beulah Land.

4. View-ing here the works of God, I sing in con-tem-pla-tion,
   Hear-ing now His bless-ed voice, I see the way He plann'd;
   Dwell-ing in the Spir-it, here I learn of full sal-va-tion,
   Glad-ly will I tar-ry in Beulah Land.
THE SAINT'S REWARD

Refrain

I'm living on the mountain, underneath a cloudless sky,

Praise God!

I'm drinking at the fountain that never shall run dry, O yes!

I'm feasting on the manna from a bountiful supply

For I am dwelling in Beulah Land.
THE SAINT'S REWARD

583 Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken

John Newton, 1779
Franz J. Haydn, 1797

1. Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zion, city of our God;
   See the streams of living waters Springing from eternal love,
   Round each habitation hover-ing, See the cloud and fire appear,
   Savior, if of Zion's city I, through grace, a member am,

He whose word cannot be broken Formed thee for His own abode;
Well supply thy sons and daughters, And all fear and want remove;
For a glory and a covering, Showing that the Lord is near;
Let the world deride or pity, I will glory in Thy name;

On the Rock of Ages founded, What can shake Thy sure repose?
Who can faint when such a river Ev'ry thine to assuage?
Blest in habitants of Zion, Washed in the Redeemer's blood;
Fading is the world's delight, All his boasted pomp and show;

With salvation's wall sur-round-ed, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.
Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver, Never fails from age to age.
Jesus, whom their souls rely on, Makes them kings and priests to God.
Solid joys and lasting treasure None but Zion's children know.
Hail to the Brightness

Thomas Hastings, 1832

1. Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!
2. Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing;
3. See, the dead risen from land and from ocean;

Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Praise to Jehovah, ascending on high;

Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning;
Loud, from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing;
Fallen the engines of war and commotion;

Zion, in triumph, begins her mild reign.
Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song.
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

Lowell Mason, 1833
1. I am thinking today of that beautiful land
2. In the strength of the Lord let me labor and pray,
3. O what joy will it be when His face I behold,

I shall reach when the sun goeth down;
Let me watch as a winner of souls;
Living gems at His feet to lay down;

When through wonderful grace by my Saviour I stand,
That bright stars may be mine in the glorious day,
It would sweeten my bliss in the city of gold,

Will there be any stars in my crown?
When His praise like the sea billow rolls.
Should there be any stars in my crown.
THE SAINT'S REWARD

Refrain

Will there be any stars, any stars in my crown,

When at evening the sun goeth down?

When I wake with the blest In the mansions of rest,

Will there be any stars in my crown?
I Sing the Love of God

J. G. Crabbe

1. I sing the love of God, my Father, Whose Spirit abides within,
2. I sing the love of Christ, my Saviour, Who suffered upon the tree,
3. I sing the beauty of the Gospel That scatters not thorns, but flowers,

Who changes all my grief to gladness, And pardons me all my sin.
That in the secret of His presence, My bondage might freedom be.
That bids me scatter smiles and sunbeams Wherever are lonely hours.

Tho' clouds may lower, dark and dreary, Yet He has promised to be near;
He comes "to bind the broken hearted"; He comes the fainting soul to cheer;
The "garment of His praise" it offers For "heaviness of spirit," drear;

He gives me sunshine for my shadow, And "beauty for ashes," here.
He gives me "oil of joy" for mourning, And "beauty for ashes," here.
It gives me sunshine for my shadow; And "beauty for ashes," here.
THE SAINT'S REWARD

Refrain

He gives me joy in place of sorrow;

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 sunshine for my shadow,

And "beauty for ashes," here.
I Will Sing You a Song
Ellen H. Gates

1. I will sing you a song of that beautiful land, The far-away home of the soul, Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand, While the years of eternity roll, Where no storms ever beat on the
even, is He, And He hold-eth our crowns in His hands, And He
years of eternity roll; Where no storms ever beat on the
tween the fair city and me; Till I fancy but thinly the
hold-eth our crowns in His hands; The King of all kingdoms formet one another again! With song on our lips and with

2. O, that home of the soul! in my visions and dreams Its bright, jasper walls I can see, Till I fancy but thinly the Jesus of Nazareth stands; The King of all kingdoms for

3. That unchangeable home is for you and for me, Where free from all sorrow and pain; With song on our lips and with

4. O, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land, So
THE SAINT’S REWARD

Jesus Shall Reign

Isaac Watts

1. Jesus shall reign wherever the sun
   Does His successive victories bring.

2. To Him shall endless prayer be made,
   And praises throng to crown His head.

3. People and realms of every tongue
   Dwell on His love with journeys run;

4. Let every creature rise, and bring
   Its grateful honors to our King.

Francis Duckworth

1. Jesus shall reign wherever the sun
   Does His successive victories bring.

2. To Him shall endless prayer be made,
   And praises throng to crown His head.

3. People and realms of every tongue
   Dwell on His love with journeys run;

4. Let every creature rise, and bring
   Its grateful honors to our King.
**THE SAINT’S REWARD**

589  **In the Land of Fadeless Day**

John R. Clements  

H. P. Danks

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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";

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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."

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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;

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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

1. Jerusalem the golden, With milk and honey blest,
2. They stand, those halls of Zion, All jubilant with song,
3. There is the throne of David, And there, from care released,
4. O sweet and blessed country, The home of God's elect!

Be beneath thy contemplation Sink heart and voice oppressed.
And bright with many an angel, And all the martyr throng.
The song of them that triumph, The shout of them that feast;
O sweet and blessed country, That eager hearts expect!

I know not, O I know not What holy joys are there;
The Prince is ever in them, The daylight is serene;
And they who, with their Leader, have conquered in the fight,
Jesus, in mercy bring us To that dear land of rest;

What radiance of glory, What bliss beyond compare.
The pastures of the blessed Are decked in glorious sheen.
For ever and for ever Are clad in robes of sheen.
Who art, with God the Father, And Spirit, ever blest.
THE SAINT'S REWARD

591 Just Over the Mountains

C. P. Whitford

John R. Sweney

1. Just over the mountains in the Promised Land, Lies the holy
city built by God's own hand; As our weary footsteps gain the
mountain's crest, We can view our home-land of eternal rest.
We are nearing home! We are nearing home!

2. In the rolls of the prophets we have long been told of that wondrous
city with its streets of gold; Now with raptured vision we can
see it there, With its walls of jasper and its mansions fair:
end less days, In sweet songs of gladness and in psalms of praise.
We are nearing home, nearing home! We are nearing home!

3. Those who enter that city are the faithful few Who keep God's commandments faith of Jesus, too; There we'll lift our voices through the
Him be true; Then when Jesus cometh He will call for you.

4. My brother, my sister, will you meet us there, In that land of
sun-shine where there'll be no care? Accept of God's message, and to

Refrain

We are nearing home! We are nearing home!
We are nearing home, nearing home! We are nearing home!
See the splendor gleaming from the domes afar! See the
magnificent glory streaming through the "gates ajar"! There we soon will
enter, nevermore to roam, Hear the angels singing!

We are nearing home! We are nearing, nearing home!
My Soul in Sad Exile

H. L. Gilmour

1. My soul in sad exile was out on life's sea,
   So burdened with sin, and distressed.
   Till I heard a sweet voice saying, "Make me your choice";
   And I entered the "Heaven of Rest!"

2. I yielded myself to His tender embrace,
   And faith taking hold of His Word,
   My fetters fell off, and I anchored my soul:
   The "Heaven of Rest" is my Lord.

3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole,
   Has been the old story so blest,
   Of Jesus, who'll save whoever will have
   A home in the "Heaven of Rest"!

4. O come to the Saviour! He patiently waits
   To save by His power divine;
   Come, anchor your soul in the "Heaven of Rest,"
   And say, "My Beloved is mine."

George D. Moore
THE SAINT'S REWARD

Refrain

I've anchored my soul in the "Haven of Rest,"

I sail the wide seas no more;

The tempest may sweep o'er the wild, stormy deep,

In Jesus I'm safe ever more.

In Jesus I'm safe ever more.
On the Happy, Golden Shore

Henrietta E. Blair, 19th century

1. On the happy, golden shore Where the faithful part no more,
2. Here our fondest hopes are vain, Dearest links are rent in twain,
3. Where the harps of angels ring And the blest forever 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 palace of the King Meet me there;

Where the night dissolves away Into pure and perfect day,
By the river sparkling bright In the city of delight,
Where in sweet communion blend Heart with heart and friend with friend,

I am going 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.

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Meet me there,
Meet me there,
Meet me there,

Where the tree of life is blooming, Meet me there;

When the storms of life are o'er, On the happy, golden shore,

Where the faithful part no more, Meet me there.
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!

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 holy home;

I’m sigh-ing for the home-land, My heart is aching 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.
THE SAINT'S AWARD

596  Oh, Glory to God!

Mrs. L. D. Avery-Stuttle  W.A. Ogden

Refrain

Shout with the voice of triumph, Soon shall the saints be free (be free);

Glo-ry to the Lord! hal-le-lu-jah! Hast-en the ju-bi-lee!
Shall We Gather at the River?

Robert Lowry

1. Shall we gather at the river Where bright angel feet have trod,
With its crystal tide forever Flowing by the throne of God?
Yes, we'll gather at the river, The beautiful, the beautiful river;
Gather with the saints at the river That flows by the throne of God.

2. On the margin of the river, Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever, All the happy golden day.
Gather with the saints at the river That flows by the throne of God.

3. Ere we reach the shining river, Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver, And provide a robe and crown.
Gather with the saints at the river That flows by the throne of God.

4. Soon we'll reach the shining river, Soon our pilgrim age will cease,
Soon our happy hearts will quiver With the melody of peace.
Gather with the saints at the river That flows by the throne of God.
THE SAINT'S REWARD

598   Shall We Meet Beyond the River?

Horace L. Hastings                                Elihu S. Rice

Refrain

1. Shall we meet beyond the river, Where the surges cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet in that blest harbor, When our stormy voyage is o'er?
3. Shall we meet in yonder city, Where the towers of crystal shine?
4. Shall we meet with Christ, our Saviour, When He comes to claim His own?

Where, in all the bright forever, Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor By the fair, celestial shore?
Where the walls are all of jasper, Built by workmanship divine?
Shall we know His blessed favor, And sit down up on His throne?

Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet beyond the river?

Shall we meet beyond the river, Where the surges cease to roll?
Sing the Wondrous Love of Jesus

E. E. Hewitt

1. Sing the wondrous love of Jesus, Sing His mercy and His grace;
2. While we walk the pilgrim pathway, Clouds will over-spread the sky;
3. Let us then be true and faithful, Trusting, serving every day;
4. O'erward to the prize before us! Soon His beauty we'll behold;

In the mansions bright and blessed He'll prepare for us a place.
But when travelling days are over, Not a shadow, not a sigh.
Just one glimpse of Him in glory Will the toils of life repay.
Soon the pearl gates will open, We shall tread the streets of gold.

When we all get to heaven, What a joy that will be!
When we all see Jesus, We'll sing and shout the victory.

Refrain

THE SAINTS REWARD

E. E. Hewitt

J. G. Wilson

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**THE SAINT’S REWARD**

### 600 There Is a Land of Corn and Wine

**Edgar Page**

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-yr 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 gen-tly lead me by the hand, In that ce-les-tial, hap-py land.  
And flowers that nev-er fa-ding 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 Beu-lah land! sweet Beu-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.
THE SAINT'S REWARD

There Is a Land of Pure Delight  601

I. Watts

Charles H. Rinck

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign;
2. Pure is the land the saints espy, And all the region peace;
3. O could we make our doubts remove Those gloomy doubts that rise,

Infinite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.
No wanton lips nor envious eye Can see or taste the bliss.
And see the Canaan that we love, With unclouded eyes;

There everlasting spring abides, And neverwithering flow'rs,
Those holy gates foreverbar Pollution, sin, and shame;
Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er—

And but a little space divides This heavenly land from ours.
None shall obtain admission there But followers of the Lamb.
Not all this world's pretended good Could ever charm us more.
1. There's a land beyond the river, That we call the sweet forever,
   And we only reach that shore by faith's decree;
   One by one we'll gain the portals, There to dwell with the immortals,
   When they ring the golden bells for you and me.

2. We shall know no sin nor sorrow, In that haven of tomorrow,
   When our barque shall sail beyond the silver sea;
   We shall only know the blessing Of our Father's sweet caressings,
   When they ring the golden bells for you and me.

There's a Land Beyond the River
Unknown
Dion De Marbelle
Don't you hear the bells now ringing? Don't you hear the angels singing?

'Tis the glory hallelujah Jubilee (Jubilee).

In that far-off sweet forever, Just beyond the shining river,

When they ring the golden bells for you and me, you and me.
THE SAINT'S REWARD

There'll Be No Dark Valley

W. O. Cushing        Ira D. Sankey

1. There'll be no dark valley when Jesus comes, There'll be
   no dark valley when Jesus comes; There'll be no dark valley when
   Jesus comes;

2. There'll be no more sorrow when Jesus comes, There'll be
   no more sorrow when Jesus comes; But a glorious morn when
   no more sorrow when Jesus comes;

3. There'll be no more weeping when Jesus comes, There'll be
   no more weeping when Jesus comes; But a blessed reaping when
   no more weeping when Jesus comes;

4. There'll be songs of greeting when Jesus comes, There'll be
   songs of greeting when Jesus comes; And a joyful meeting when
   songs of greeting when Jesus comes;

Refrain

Jesus comes to gather His loved ones home.
Jesus comes to gather His loved ones home.
Jesus comes to gather His loved ones home.
Jesus comes to gather His loved ones home.

Safe home, safe home, To gather His loved ones home; There'll be
safe home, safe home, To gather His loved ones home; There'll be
safe home, safe home, To gather His loved ones home; There'll be
safe home, safe home, To gather His loved ones home; There'll be

no dark valley when Jesus comes To gather His loved ones home.
There's a Land That Is Fairer Than Day

S. F. Bennet

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-ing that hal-low our days.

In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore;

Refrain
THE SAINT'S REWARD

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,
   Invited to join with Jesus as guests, And dwell in their Father's house;

2. Here gathers a countless host Re-deemed by His grace from wrong.
   No more any sin, No more any tears, No more any night so long.

3. Remember the pearl-y gate Stands open for you and me.
   Our Saviour has gone a place to prepare For those He from sin set free.

4. They come from the thorny path, They come from the stormy sea,
   They come from the hills, They come from the dales, They come now, O Lord, to Thee,

To gaze at His lovely face, And clothed with His purity,
Old things are now passed away, All things are become as new.
Loved ones who have passed away Are resting with in the grave.
Ar-rayed in His marriage robes, Their Bridegroom so soon to see.

Join with Him in song and joy Throughout eternity.
Joy shall reign eternally, For death is ended, too.
Awaiting God's last trumpet call, For those He came to save.
He who hung upon the cross To win their victory.
The Saint's Reward

We Speak of the Realms

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-ri-fied 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-les-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-fic-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.

86
**THE SAINT'S REWARD**

**607 When the Trumpet of the Lord**

J. M. Black

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1. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,  
2. On that bright and cloud-less morning, when the dead in Christ shall rise,  
3. Let us labor for the Master from the dawn till setting sun,

---

And the morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair;  
And the glory of His resurrection share;  
Let us talk of all his wondrous love and care,

---

When the saved of earth shall gather over on the other shore,  
When His chosen ones shall gather to their home beyond the skies,  
Then, when all of life is over, and our work on earth is done,

---

And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.  
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.  
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
When the roll is called up yon-der,
When the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there,
1. When we hear the music ringing In the bright celestial dome,
   When the holy angels meet us, As we go to join their band,
   Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices, And my weary heart grows light;

2. When sweet angel voices singing, Gladly bid us welcome home,
   Shall we know the friends that greet us In the glorious, happy land?
   For the sweet immortal voices And the angelic faces bright

3. To the land of ancient story, Where the dwellers know no care,
   Shall we see the same eyes shining, On us as in days of yore?
   That shall sing with us the story Of redemption round the throne,

4. In that land of light and glory; Shall we know each other there?
   Shall we feel the same arms twining, Fondly round us as before?
   Are with us the heirs of glory, And we'll know as we are known.
Shall we know each other?

(Last stanza) We shall know each other,

Shall we know

Shall we know each other?

We shall know each other,

Shall we know

Shall we know each other there?

We shall know each other there.
THE SAINT'S REWARD

609 Will You Meet Me at the Fountain

Will You Meet Me at the Fountain
Unknown

1. Will you meet me at the Fountain When I reach the Glory-land?
2. Will you meet me at the Fountain? I shall long to have you near,

Will you meet me at the Fountain? Shall I clasp your friendly hand?
When I meet my loving Saviour, When His welcome words I hear.

Other friends will bid me welcome, Other loving voices cheer;
He will meet me at the Fountain, His embraces I shall share;

There'll be music at the Fountain; Will you, will you meet me there?
There'll be glory at the Fountain; Will you, will you meet me there?
THE SAINT’S REWARD

Refrain

Yes, I’ll meet you at the Fountain,

At the Fountain bright and fair;

Yes, I’ll meet you at the Fountain,

Yes, I’ll meet you, meet you there.
THE SAINT'S REWARD

610 When All My Labors and Trials Are O'er

Charles H. Gabriel, 1900

1. When all my labors and trials are o'er;
2. When by the gift of His infinite grace,
3. Friends will be there I have loved long ago;

And I am safe on that beautiful shore,
I am accorded in heaven a place,
Joy like a river around me will flow,

Just to be near the dear Lord I adore,
Just to be there and to look on His face,
Yet, just a smile from my Saviour, I know,

Will through the ages be glory for me.
THE SAINT'S REWARD

Refrain

When by His grace I shall look on His face,
That will be glory, be glory for me.

O that will be glory for me,
be glory for

Glory for me, glory for me,
Glory for me; glory for me.

When by His grace I shall look on His face,
That will be glory, be glory for me.
We Speak of the Realms

J. M. Kieffer

1. We speak of the realms of the blest, That country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confess'd; But what must it be to be there!
To be there! to be there! Oh, what must it be to be there!
To be there! to be there!

2. We speak of its path-ways of gold, Its walls decked with jewels so rare,
Its wonders and pleasures untold; But what must it be to be there!
To be there! to be there! Oh, what must it be to be there!
To be there! to be there!

3. We speak of its peace and its love, The robes which the glorified wear,
The songs of the blood-washed abode; But what must it be to be there!
To be there! to be there! Oh, what must it be to be there!
To be there! to be there!

4. We speak of its free-dom from sin, From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within; But what must it be 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

1. O perfect Love, all human thought transcending,
   Lowly we kneel in prayer before Thy throne,
   That theirs may be the love that has no ending,
   Whom Thou forevermore dost join in one.

2. O perfect Life, be Thou their full assurance,
   Of tender charity and steadfast faith,
   Of patient hope, and quiet, brave endurance,
   With childlike trust that fears nor pain nor death.

3. Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow;
   Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife,
   Add to life's day the glorious unknown morrow
   That dawns upon eternal love and life.

Dorothy Blomfield Gurney, 1883
Joseph Barnby, 1889
THE CHRISTIAN HOME

613 'Mid Pleasures and Palaces

John Howard Payne

Henry R. Bishop

1. 'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
   Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
   A charm from the skies seems to hollow us there,
   Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

2. An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain
   O give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
   The birds singing sweetly, that came at my call;
   Give me, then, that peace of mind dearer than all.

3. To us, in despite of the absence of years,
   How sweet the remembrance of home still appears;
   From allurements abroad which but flatten the eye,
   The unsatisfied heart turns and says with a sigh.
The Christian Home

Refrain

Home, home, sweet, sweet home!

Be it ever so humble, There's no place like home!

Happy the Home

1. Happy the home when God is there, And love fills every breast;
2. Happy the home where Jesus' name Is sweet to every ear;
3. Happy the home where prayer is heard, And praise is wont to rise;
4. Lord, let us in our homes agree This blessed peace to gain;

When one their wish, and one their prayer, And one their heavenly rest.
Where children early lisp His fame, And parents hold Him dear.
Where parents love the Sacred Word And all its wisdom prize.
Unite our hearts in love to Thee, And love to all will reign.
There Is Beauty All Around

J. H. McNaughton

1. There is beauty all around, When there's love at home;
   Happiness is joy; When there's love at home;
   Kindly heavy smiles above, When there's love at home;
   Jesus, make me wholly thine, Then there's love at home;

2. In the cottage there is joy, When there's love at home;
   All the earth is filled with love, When there's love at home;
   May thy sacrifice be mine, Then there's love at home;

3. There is joy in every sound, When there's love at home.
   Hate and envy ne'er annoy, When there's love at home.
   May the earth be filled with love, When there's love at home.
   May thy sacrifice be mine, Then there's love at home.

4. Peace and plenty here abide, Smiling fair on every side;
   Roses blossom 'neath our feet, All the earth's a garden sweet;
   Sweetly sings the brooklet by, Bright beams the azure sky;
   Safely from all harm I'll rest, With no sinful care distress'd.
Time doth softly sweetly glide, When there’s love at home.
Making life a bliss complete, When there’s love at home
O, there’s One who smiles on high, When there’s love at home.
Thro’ thy tender mercy blessed, When there’s love at home.

Refrain

Love at home! Love at home!

Time doth softly sweetly glide, When there’s love at home.
'Twas in the Days of Careless Youth

P. P. Bilhorn

1. 'Twas in the days of careless youth, when life was fair and bright, And ne'er a tear; and scarce a fear o'er-cast my day and night, As, in the quiet even-tide, I pass'd her kneeling there,

2. I thought but little of it then, tho' rev'en- rence touch'd my heart, To her whose love sought from a-bove for me the bet-ter part; But when life's stern-er bat-tles came with many a sub-tle snare,

3. I wan-dered on, and heed-ed not God's oft re-pet-ed call To turn from sin, to last, con-vinced of sin, I sank in deep de-spair;
That just one word, my name, I heard
Oft that one word in thought I heard
My hope awoke, when memory spoke

Refrain

my name in mother's pray'r,
my name in mother's pray'r. My name in mother's pray'r,
my name in mother's pray'r.

My name in mother's pray'r, That just one word, my name I heard,

I heard my name My name

my name in mother's pray'r.

Refrain

my name in mother's pray'r,
my name in mother's pray'r. My name in mother's pray'r,
my name in mother's pray'r.
CHILDREN

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 glory, laud, and honor To Thee, Redeemer, King,
2. The company of angels Are praising Thee on high,
3. To Thee, before Thy passion, They sang their hymns of praise;

To whom the lips of children Made sweet hosannas ring.
And mortal men and all things Created make reply.
To Thee, now high exalted, Our melody we raise.

Thou art the King of Israel, Thou, David's royal Son,
The people of the Hebrews With palms before Thee went;
Thou didst accept their praises; Accept the praise we bring,

Who in the Lord's name comest, The King and Blessed One.
Our praise and prayer and anthems Before Thee we present.
Who in all good delight and, Thou good and gracious King.
Beautiful Little Hands

1. Beautiful the little hands, That fulfill the Lord's commands;
2. All the little hands were made Jesus precious cause to aid;
3. All the little lips should pray To the Saviour every day;
4. What your little hands can do, That the Lord intends for you;

Beautiful the little eyes, Kindled with light from the skies.
All the little hearts to beat Warm in His service so sweet.
All the little feet should go Swift on His errands below.
Make that thing your first delight, Do it for Him with your might.

Refrain

Beautiful, beautiful, are the hands That fulfill the Lord's commands;

Beautiful, beautiful, are the eyes, Kindled with light from the skies.
All Things Bright and Beautiful

Cecil F. Alexander (1823-1895)

Adapted from an English traditional melody by Martin Shaw

Stanza 1 to be sung as refrain after stanzas 2-5

CHILDREN

619

All Things Bright and Beautiful

1. All things bright and beautiful, All creatures great and small,

2. Each little flower that opens, Each little bird that sings;

3. The purple-headed mountain, The river running by,

4. The cold wind in the winter, The pleasant summer sun,

5. He gave us eyes to see them, And lips that we might tell

He made their glowing colors, He made their tiny wings.
The sunset, and the morning That brightens up the sky.
The ripe fruits in the garden, He made them every one.
How great is God Almighty, Who has made all things well.
God Sees the Little Sparrow Fall

Maria Straub

1. God sees the little sparrow fall, It meets His tender view;
2. He paints the lily of the field, Perfumes each lily bell;
3. God made the little birds and flow'rs, And all things large and small;

If God so loves the little birds, I know He loves me, too.
If He so loves the little flow'rs, I know He loves me well.
He'll not forget His little ones, I know He loves them all.

Refrain

He loves me, too, He loves me, too, I know He loves me, too;

Because He loves the little things, I know He loves me, too.
CHILDREN

621  Children of Jerusalem Sang the Praise

John Henley (1800-1842)  Curwen's Tune Book, 1842

1. Children of Jerusalem Sang the praise of Jesus' name;
2. We are taught to love the Lord, We are taught to read His Word;
3. Parents, teachers, old and young, All unite to swell the song;

Children, too, of modern days Join to sing the Saviour's praise.
We are taught the way to heaven; Praise for all to God be given.
Higher and yet higher rise, Till hosannas fill the skies.

Refrain

Hark, hark, hark! while infant voices sing,

Hark, hark, hark! while infant voices sing

Loud hosannas, loud hosannas, loud hosannas to our King.
Jesus Bids Us Shine

F. E. Belden

1. Jesus bids us shine with a pure, clear light,
2. Jesus bids us shine thro' the gloom around,
3. When we shine for others we shine for Him,
4. Jesus is a bright light of love divine,

Like a little candle burning in the night;
Many kinds of darkness in this world are found;
Well He sees and knows it if our light is dim;
When on Him we're looking, then it is we shine,

In this world of darkness we must shine,
Sin, and want, and sorrow; so we shine,
He looks down from heaven, sees us shine,
Like the silver moon, with borrowed light,

You in your corner; I in mine.
You in your corner; I in mine.
You in your corner; I in mine.
Each in his corner, doing right.
CHILDREN

I Am So Glad That Our Father

1. I am so glad that our Father in heaven Tells of His love in the Book He has given, Wonder-ful things in the Bi-ble I see; This is the dear-est, that Je-sus loves me. I am so glad that 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.

2. Though I for-get Him and wan-der a-way, Still He doth love me where-er I stray; Back to His dear lov-ing arms would I flee, 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.

3. O, if there's on-ly one song I can sing, When in His beau-ty I see the great King, This shall my song in e ter ni-ty be: "O, what a won-der that Je-sus loves me.”

When I re-mem-ber that Je-sus loves me. I am so glad that 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.

P. P. Bliss

Refrain

P. P. Bliss

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I Think When I Read That Sweet Story

Jemima Luke, 1841
Arr. by William B. Bradbury, 1859
Harmonized by Winfred Douglas, 1918

1. I think when I read that sweet story of old,
   When Jesus was here among men,
   How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
   I should like to have been with them then.

2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
   That His arm had been thrown around me,
   Even if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
   "Let the little ones come unto Me."

3. Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
   And ask for a share in His love,
   When the dear little children of every clime
   I shall see Him and hear Him above.

4. I long for the joy of that glorious time,
   The sweetest and brightest and best,
   Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

Jemima Luke, 1841
Arr. by William B. Bradbury, 1859
Harmonized by Winfred Douglas, 1918

CHILDREN

624

When that sweet story of old
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

When that sweet story of old
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

When that sweet story of old
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with them then.
CHILDREN

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,
   And lent them both to Je-sus, To work for Him till night.
   Lit-tle feet, be care-ful, Where you take me to,

2. I told my ears to lis-ten Quite close-ly all day thro',
   For a-ny act of kind-ness, Such lit-tle hands can do.
   A ny-thing for Je-sus, On-ly let me do.

3. My eyes are set to watch them A-bout their work or play,
   To keep them out of mis-chie-f, For Je-sus' sake all day.
   Lit-tle feet, be care-ful, Where you take me to,
I Will Early Seek the Saviour

1. I will early seek the Saviour, I will learn of Him each day;
2. I will have where He bids me, I am not too young to go
3. He is standing at the doorway Of escape from every sin;

I will follow in His footsteps, I will walk the narrow way.
In the pathway where He leadeth, Not too young His will to know.
I will knock, for He has promised, He will hear and let me in.

Refrain

For He loves me, yes, He loves me, Jesus loves me, this I know.

Jesus loves me, died to save me, This is why I love Him so.
CHILDREN

627

In the Temple

Flora Kirkland

Howard E. Smith

1. In the temple, in the temple
   Stood a happy boy one day,
2. It was Jesus who was teaching
   And they listened to His word,
3. Let us ever then be eager
   To sit down at Jesus' feet.

And the doctors wondered greatly
At the words they heard Him say,
As He told them of His mission
From the great and mighty Lord.
To be learning from our Saviour,
And His lessons to repeat.

Refrain

It was Jesus! It was Jesus!
Standing in the temple there.

And the light of heav'n was shining
In His face so pure and fair.
Hushed Was the Evening Hymn

James D. Burns, 1857
Arthur S. Sullivan, 1874

Hushed was the evening hymn, The temple courts were dark,
O give me Samuel's ear, The open ear, O Lord,
O give me Samuel's heart, A lowly heart, that waits
O give me Samuel's mind, A sweet, un-mur-muring faith,

The lamp was burning dim Before the sacred ark,
Alive and quick to hear Each whisper of Thy word!
Where in Thy house Thou art, Or watches at Thy gates!
O obedient and resigned To Thee in life and death!

When suddenly a voice divine
Like him to answer at Thy call,
By day and night, a heart that still
That I may read with childlike eyes

Rang through the silence of the shrine.
And to obey Thee first of all.
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.
Truths that are hidden from the wise.
CHILDREN

629  Jesus Calls the Children Dear

C. H. Woolston  George F. Root

Refrain

Jesus loves the little children, All the children of the world;

lit-tle chil-dren, All the chil-dren of the world;

For I love the lit-tle chil-dren of the world; I will take you by the hand,

And He'll shield you from the wrong, For He loves the lit-tle chil-dren of the world.

Lead you to the better land, For I love 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.

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;

All the chil-dren of the world;
Red and yellow, black and white, They are precious in His sight,

Jesus loves the little children of the world.

Saviour, While My Heart Is Tender  630

John Burton

1. Saviour, while my heart is tender, I would yield that heart to Thee;
2. Take me now, Lord Jesus, take me, Let my youthful heart be Thine;
3. Send me, Lord, where Thou wilt send me, Only do Thou guide my way;

All my powers to Thee surrender, Thine, and only Thine, to be,
Thy devoted servant make me, Fill my soul with love divine,
May Thy grace through life attend me; Gladly then shall I obey.
CHILDREN

631  Jesus, Friend of Little Children

W. J. Mathams  J. Harker

1. Jesus, Friend of little children, Be a Friend to me;
2. Teach me how to grow in goodness, Daily as I grow;
3. Step by step, O, lead me onward, Upward into youth;
4. Never leave me, nor forsake me, Ever be my Friend;

Take my hand and ever keep me Close to Thee.
Thou hast been a child, and surely Thou dost know.
Wiser, stronger, still becoming In Thy truth.
For I need Thee from Life's dawning To its end.

632  Jesus, Tender Shepherd, Hear Me

Mary Duncan (1814-1840)  English traditional melody

1. Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me, Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
2. All this day Thy hand has led me, And I thank Thee for Thy care;

Through the darkness be Thou near me; Watch my sleep till morning light.
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and led me; Listen to my evening prayer.
Jesus Loves Me!

Anna B. Warner

1. Jesus loves me! this I know, For the Bible tells me so;
2. Jesus loves me! He who died, Heaven's gate to open wide;
3. Jesus loves me! He loves me still, When I'm sad or weak and ill;
4. Jesus loves me! He will stay, Close beside 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, Jesus loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me;

Yes, Jesus loves me, The Bible tells me so.
CHILDREN

634  Jesus, I Will Follow Thee

Grace Glenn  J. H. Rosecrans

Refrain

I will follow Thee, I will follow Thee,
I will follow Thee Wherever Thou dost lead.

1. Jesus, I will follow Thee, For I hear Thee calling me;
2. Little eyes might lose the way, Little feet might go astray;
3. Grief and want may be my foes, Foolish sins my way oppose;

Loving, trusting, glad I come, To let Thee lead me home.
I might weak and weary be, But Thou art strong for me.
Full of courage I will be, When' er I follow Thee.
Lead Them, My God, to Thee

Words arranged by F.E. Belden

1. Lead them, my God to Thee, Lead them to Thee,
2. When earth looks bright and fair, Festive and gay,
3. E'en for such little ones, Christ came a child,
4. Yea, though my faith be dim, I would believe

These children dear of mine, Thou gavest me;
Let no de - lusive 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;

These children dear of mine, Thou gavest me;
Let no de - lusive 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.
CHILDREN

636  Little Stars That Twinkle

Grace Glenn              J. H. Fillmore

1. Little stars that twinkle in the heaven's blue,
2. Did you see the costly presents they had bro't?
3. Did you hear the mothers pleading thro' their tears
4. Did you watch the Saviour all those years of strife?

I have often wondered if you ever knew,
Did you see the stable they in wonder sought?
For the babes that Herod slew the coming years?
Did you know, for sinners, how He gave His life?

How there 'rose one like you, leading wise old men
Did you see the worship tenderly they paid?
Did you see how Joseph, warn'd of God in dreams,
Little stars that twinkle in the heaven's blue,

From the East, thro' Judah, down to Bethlehem
To that stranger baby in the manger laid?
Hurried into Egypt guided by your beams?
All you saw of Jesus how I wish I knew.
1. Long ago the children sang a song Of praise to Jesus
2. As of old He loves to hear us sing Our songs of praise to
3. By and by we'll sing a sweeter song With all the saved, a

as He rode along: " Hosan na! Hosan na! "Hap py songs, hap py songs,
Him, our heav'ly King: " Hosan na! Hosan na! "Hap py songs, hap py songs,
glad and glorious throng: " Hosan na! Hosan na! "Hap py songs, hap py songs,

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! "Hap py songs, hap py songs,

Let the children sing their hap py, hap py songs; Hap py songs,

hap py songs, Jesus loves to hear our songs.
CHILDREN

638  Jesus, the Loving Shepherd

W. A. Ogden

1. Jesus the loving Shepherd, Call eth thee now to come
2. Jesus, the loving Shepherd, Gave His dear life for thee;
3. Linger ing is but folly; Wolves are abroad to day,

Into the fold of safety, Where there is rest and room;
Ten der ly now He's calling, 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 without is danger; Come, cries the Shep herd blest,
Jesus, the loving Shepherd, Call eth thee now to come

Enter the fold of safety, Enter the way of truth.
Enter the fold of safety, Enter the place of rest.
Into the fold of safety, Where there is rest and room.
CHILDREN

Refrain

Lovingly, tenderly calling is He: Wanderer, wanderer, come unto Me;

Patiently standing there, waiting, I see Jesus my Shepherd divine.

O Holy Lord, Content to Fill 639

William W. Howe (1823-1897)

1. O holy Lord, content to fill In lowly home the lowliest place;
2. Lead every child that bears Thy name To walk in Thine own guile-less way,
3. So shall we, waiting here below, Like Thee, our Lord, a little span,

Thy childhood's law, a mother's will; Obey, Thy bright-est grace.
To dread the touch of sin and shame, And humbly, like Thy self, obey.
In wisdom and in stature grow, And favor with both God and man.
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.

We sing, we sing, We sing, we sing, We sing, we sing, We sing,

We sing, we sing, The prais-es of our King.
We sing, we sing, The glow-ry of our King.

Refrain

Refrain
Sweetly Sing

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-pa'rd 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."
1. We should be like gardens, Bright and sweet with flowers,
2. Not a frown of anger; Not a shade of care,
3. Selfish thoughts and wishes, Unkind words and deeds,
4. Jesus has a garden, Filled with children sweet;

Blessed with heaven's sunshine, Cheered by gentle showers;
Not one look of sadness Do the blossoms wear;
Are like cruel brambles, Thistles, thorns, and weeds;
We would be among them, Bowing at His feet,

Violets are the kind words, Roses, deeds of love,
They are always trusting, This is how they grow
Kind thoughts are the sweetest, Loving word the best.
Drinking in life's waters, Growing by His grace,

Fragrant pinks and pansies, Thots of God above.
Beautiful and fragrant, In a world of woe.
Yielding hope and comfort, Joy, and peace, and rest.
Like the flowers looking Up into His face.
CHILDREN

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

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.
CHILDREN

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.

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!

P. P. Bliss

1. Ho, my comrades! see the signal Waving in the sky!
2. See the mighty host advancing, Satan leading on;
3. See the glorious banner waving! Hear the trumpet blow!
4. Fierce and long the battle rages, But our help is near;

Reinforcements now appearing, Victory is nigh.
Mighty men around us falling, Courage almost gone!
In our Leader’s name we triumph Over every foe.
Onward comes our great Commander, Cheer, my comrades, cheer!

Refrain

"Hold the fort, for I am coming," Jesus signals still;

Wave the answer back to heaven, "By Thy grace we will."
YOUTH

646 Give of Your Best to the Master

Howard B. Grose

Charlotte A. Barnard

1. Give of your best to the Master; Give of the strength of your youth;
2. Give of your best to the Master; Give Him first place in your heart;
3. Give of your best to the Master; Naught else is worthy His love;

Throw your soul's fresh, glowing ardor Into the battle for truth.
Give Him first place in your service, Consecrate every part.
He gave Himself for your ransom, Gave up His glory above:

Jesus has set the example; Dauntless was He, young and brave;
Give, and to you shall be given; God His beloved Son gave;
Laid down His life without murmur; You from sin's ruin to save;
Give of your loya - l 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.
Onward, Christian Soldiers!

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 - vi - ded, 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,
FORWARD INTO BATTLE

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.
YOUTH

648

There's a Royal Banner

Daniel W. Whittle

James McGranahan

1. There's a royal banner given for display To the soldiers of the King; As an ensign fair we lift it up today, while as ransomed ones we sing.

2. Though the foe may rage and gather as the flood, Let the standard be displayed; And beneath its folds, as soldiers of the Lord, for the truth be not dismayed! Marching on, marching on, on, on.

3. Over land and sea, wherever man may dwell, Make the glorious tidings known; Of the crimson banner now the story tell, while the Lord shall claim His own!

4. When the glory dawns 'tis drawing very near It is hastening to everything but loss! And to the cross the world shall sway! And to everything but loss!

Refrain

While the cross the world shall sway! And to everything but loss! And to everything but loss!

Be - neath crown Him King, toil and sing 'Neath the banner of the cross! Be - neath
We Have Heard Thy Call, Lord Jesus  649

C. Harold Lowden

1. We have heard Thy call, Lord Jesus, And our hearts respond with joy;
2. Where-so-e'er Thy challenge leads us, What-so-e'er shall be the test,
3. Ev-ry talent 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.

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 talent pledg’d in ser-vice Now and
through e-ter-ni-ty, The youth of the world for the Man of Gal-i-lee!
1. Sound the battle cry, See! the foe is nigh; Raise the standard 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 armor on, Stand firm, every one,
Must prevail; Shield and banner bright, Gleaming in the light,
By Thy grace; When the battle's done, And the victory won,

Rest your cause upon His holy word. Battling for the right, We ne'er can fail. Rouse, then soldiers!
May we wear the crown Before Thy face.

rally round the banner! Read-y, steady, pass the word a-long; On-ward, for-ward,

shout a-loud Hosanna! Christ is Capt-ain of the might-y throng.
As the Hart, About to Falter

Unknown

Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy

1. As the hart, about to falter, In its trembling agony,
2. Bitter tears of lamentation Are my food by night and day;
3. O my soul, why art Thou grieving, Why disquieted in me?

Pant for the brooks of water, So my soul doth pant for Thee.
In my deep humiliation Where is now my God? they say.
Hope in God, thy faith retrieving; Let Him still Thy refuge 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 memory,
I shall yet exalt His grace For the comfort of His face;

Come again to stand before Thee In Thy temple and adore Thee?
How of yore I did assemble With the joyful in Thy temple.
He has ever turned my sorrow Into gladness on the morn.
Great King of Glory

1. Great King of glory, come, And with Thy favor crown
2. Here may Thine ears attend Our interceding cries,
3. Here may our unborn sons And daughters sound Thy praise,
4. Here may the listening throng Receive Thy truth in love;

This temple as Thy home, This people as Thine own;
And grateful praise ascend, Like incense, to the skies;
And shine, like polished stones, Through long succeeding days;
Here Christians join the song Of seraphim above,

Beneath this roof, O deign to show
Here may Thy word melodious sound,
Here, Lord, display Thy saving power,
Till all, who humbly seek Thy face,

How God can dwell with men below.
And spread celestial joys around.
While temples stand and men adore.
Rejoice in Thy abounding grace.
God of the Universe

Unknown

John Chetahm’s “Book of Psalmody,” 1718

1. God of the universe, to Thee These sacred walls we rear;
2. Here let Thy love, Thy presence, dwell; Thy glory here make known;
3. When sad with care, by oppression, Here may the burdened soul
4. And when the last long Sabbath morn Up - on the just shall rise,

And now, with songs and bend - ed knee, In - voke Thy presence here.
Thy people’s home, O come and fill, And seal it as Thine own.
Be -neath Thy sheltering 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

Isaac Watts (1674-1748) I. B. Woodbury (1819-1858)

1. How pleasant, how divine - 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.
1. Out from the camp-fire's red glowing, Cheer-fully shedding its light,
2. Yon-der Rum's camp lights are burning; 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,
Surely not one of our number
Must be found sleeping on guard.

Keep our heads cool and steadily
All is lost, sleeping on guard.

Knowing what dangers come creeping
When we are sleeping on guard.

Refrain

Yes, sleeping on guard,
Sleeping on guard,
No!

Surely not one of our number
Must be found sleeping on guard.
TEMPE RANCE

656 Raise the Standard High

F. E. Belden D. S. Hakes

1. Raise the standard high, Sound the gathering cry,
2. Over sea and land, With an iron hand,
3. Let the right prevail, Let the evil fail

Let the evil kingdom fall; With a purpose true,
Has the monarch held his sway; But his rule shall cease,
In the conflict fierce and long, Till the land is free,

And a will to do, Sons of freedom, come ye all.
And the reign of peace Usher in the golden day.
And the victory Crowns the temperance army strong.

Refrain

Raise the temperance standard high, Shout the mighty battle cry;
standard high, battle cry;

Let the evil kingdom fall, Sons of freedom, come ye all.
Standing by a Purpose True

P. P. Bliss

1. Standing by a purpose true, Heeding God's command,
   Many might-y men are lost, Daring not to stand,
   Many giants great and tall, Stalking through the land,
   Hold the temperance banner high! On to victory grand!

2. Hon or them, the faithful few, All hail to Daniel's band!
   Who for God had been a host By joining Daniel's band!
   Head-long to the earth would fall If met by Daniel's band!
   Satan and his host defy, And shout for Daniel's band!

Refrain

Dare to be a Daniel, Dare to stand alone!

Dare to have a purpose firm! Dare to make it known!
TEMPERANCE

Yield Not to Temptation

Horatio R. Palmer

Horatio R. Palmer, 1868

1. Yield not to temptation, For yielding is sin, Each victory will
   help you some other to win; Fight manfully onward,
   Dark passions subdued, Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.
   Ask the Saviour to help you, Comfort, strengthen, and keep you;

2. Shun evil companions, Bad language disdain, God's name hold in
   reverence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earnest,
   Kind-hearted and true, Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.
   He is willing to aid you, He will carry you through.

3. To him that o'ercometh God giveth a crown, Through faith we shall
   conquer, Though often cast down; He who is our Saviour
   through these promises, The fight shall not be long;
   Through these promises, The fight shall not be long;

   Refrain

   Each day the fight we'll renew, God's strength shall not fail;
   Each day the fight we'll renew, God's strength shall not fail;
   Each day the fight we'll renew, God's strength shall not fail;
Awake, My Soul, to Joyful Lays

Samuel Medley, 1782  Joshua Leavitt's "Christian Lyre," 1830

1. Awake, my soul, to joyful lays, And sing thy great
   Redeemer's praise; He justly claims a song from me;
   His loving-kindness, O, how free! Loving-kindness,
   loving-kindness, His loving-kindness, O, how free!

2. He saw me ruined in the fall, Yet loved me, not -
   withstanding all; He saved me from my lost estate,
   His loving-kindness, O, how great! Loving-kindness,
   loving-kindness, His loving-kindness, O, how great!

3. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gathered thick
   and thundered loud, He near my soul has always stood:
   His loving-kindness, O, how good! Loving-kindness,
   loving-kindness, His loving-kindness, O, how good!

4. And when earth's rightful King shall come To take His ran -
  somewhere home, I'll sing upon that blissful shore
   His loving-kindness, ev - er more. Loving-kindness,
   loving-kindness, His loving-kindness, ev - er more.
All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name

Edward Perronet, 1779

1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall,
2. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race, Ye ransomed from the fall,
3. Let ev'ry kin-dred, ev'ry tribe, On this terrestrial ball,
4. O that with yon-der sacred throng We at His feet may fall,

Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal di-a-dem,
Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
On this terrestrial ball, To Him all maj-es-ty as-crIBE,
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! And crown Him
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown

Lord of all, crown Him; And crown Him Lord of all!

James Ellor
Behold, Behold the Lamb of God  661

(For male voices)  J. S. Washburn and F. E. Belden

H. S. F.

1. Behold, behold the Lamb of God, On the cross, on the cross;
2. Behold His arms extended wide, On the cross, on the cross;
3. And now the mighty deed is done, On the cross, on the cross;
4. Where 'e'er I go, I'll tell the story Of the cross, of the cross;

For you He shed His precious blood, On the cross, on the cross;
Behold His bleeding hands and side, On the cross, on the cross;
The battle fought, the victory won, On the cross, on the cross;
In nothing else my soul shall glory, Save the cross, save the cross;

O hear His agonizing cry, "Eloi, lama, sa-bach-tha-ni,"
The sun holds his rays of light, The heav'n are clothed in shades of night,
"Tis finished," now the Saviour cries; To heav'n He turns His guiding eyes;
And this my constant theme shall be, Thro' time and in eternity.

Draw near, and see your Saviour die, On the cross, on the cross.
While Jesus doth for sinners fight, On the cross, on the cross.
Then bows His sacred head, and dies, On the cross, on the cross.
That Jesus shed His blood for me, On the cross, on the cross.
Angry Words! Oh, Let Them Never

H. R. Palmer

1. Angry words! oh, let them never
2. Love is much too pure and holy,
3. Angry words are lightly spoken;

From the tongue unbridled slip;
Friendship is too sacred far;
Blest rest thou's are rashly stirred—

May the heart's best impulse ever
For a moment's reckless folly
Brightest links of life are broken,

Check them e'er they soil the lip.
Thus to desolate and mar.
By a single angry word.
"Love one another," thus saith the Saviour,
"Love each other, love each other,"

Children, obey the Father's blest command:
'Tis the Father's blest command;

"Love one another," Thus saith the Saviour,
"Love each other, love each other,"

Children obey His blest command.
'Tis His blest command.
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 eve (that makes the eve) 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),
It bears me back (diviner now), to Galilee (to Galilee).
Of sights and sounds (of sights and sounds) in Galilee (in Galilee).
To follow Him (to follow Him) in Galilee (in Galilee).

O Galilee, sweet Galilee, Where Jesus loved so much to be,

O Galilee, blue Galilee, Come sing thy song again to me.
THE SECOND COMING OF JESUS

664

Lift Up the Trumpet

J. E. Strout

Lift up the trumpet, and loud let it ring: Je-sus is com-ing a-gain!
Ech- o it, hill-tops; pro-claim it, ye plains: Je-sus is com-ing a-gain!
Sound it, old o-cean, in each might-y wave: Je-sus is com-ing a-gain!
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-creases; 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

D. A. R. Aufranc

Old Melody

1. Father, I yield to Thee my life, Thine only shall it be; From sor - did plea - sures, sin and strife, I turn, O Lord, to Thee. Un - fet - ter'd from all earth - ly ties, From cru - el change and scorn, I haste to Thee, where sha - dows flee Be - fore the cloud - less morn.

2. Father, I yield to Thee my love, Its flick'r - ing flame is Thine. Clothe with the lus - ter of Thy love Each wan - ing beam of mine. From foes and friends which ev - er fail, O'er storm-swept seas I find 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.

3. Father, I yield to Thee my will, I would sub - mis - sive be; Con - tent to lean up - on Thy breast And hear Thee speak to me. Grant me a heart in tune with Thine To see as Thou do' st see, That each de - faire, each word and thought May breathe, dear Lord, of Thee.
CHOIR AND MISCELLANEOUS

666  Jesus Is Coming to Earth Again

Leila N. Morris (1862–1929)

1. Jesus is coming to earth again, What if it were to-day?
   Satan’s dominion will soon be o’er, Oh, that it were to-day!
   Faithful and true would He find us here, If He should come to-day?

2. Coming in power and love to reign, What if it were to-day?
   Sorrow and sighing shall be no more, Oh, that it were to-day!
   Watching in gladness and not in fear, If He should come to-day?

3. Coming to claim His chosen bride, All the redeemed and purified,
   Then shall the dead in Christ arise, Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
   Signs of His coming multiplied, Morning light breaks in eastern sky,

4. Over this whole earth scattered wide, What if it were to-day?
   When shall these glories meet our eyes? What if it were to-day?
   Watch, for that time is drawing nigh, What if it were to-day?
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 prepare the way;
Haste to prepare the way;

Glo-ry, glo-ry! Je-sus will come some day.

rit.
I've Found a Friend

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 alone the gift of life,
To guard me on my upward course,
So wise a counselor and guide,

And thus He bound me to Him.
But His own self He gave me.
And bring me safe to heaven.
So might a defender.
And 'round my heart still closely twine
Nought that I have my own I call,
The-ternal glories gleam a-far;
From Him, who loveth me so well,

Those ties which nought can sever,
I hold it for the Giver;
To nerve my faint endeavor;
What power my soul can sever?

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 ever and for ever.
Are His, and His forever.
And then to rest forever.
No; I am His forever.
CHOIR AND MISCELLANEOUS

668 Jesus Is Standing in Pilate's Hall

Unknown

M. L. Stocks

1. Jesus is standing in Pilate's hall
   Friend-less, for-sak-en, be-trayed by all:
   Will you e-vade Him as Pilate tried?
   Or will you choose Him, whate'er betide?

2. "Jesus, I give Thee my heart to-day!"
   Je-sus, I'll fol-low Thee all the way,
   What will He do with Je-sus?
   "Glad-ly o-bey-ing Thee!") will you say: "This will I do with Je-sus!"

3. Some day your heart will be ask-ing, "What will He do with me?"

Refrain
Knocking, Knocking

1. Knocking, knocking, who is there? Waiting, waiting,
2. Knocking, knocking, still He's there, Waiting, waiting,
3. Knocking, knocking, what! still there? Waiting, waiting,

O how fair! Tis a Pilgrim, strange and kindly,
Wondrous fair; But the door is hard to open,
Grand and fair; Yes, the wounded hand still knocketh,

Never such was seen before; Ah! my soul, for such a wonder
For the weeds and ivy vine With their dark and clinging tendrils
And beneath the thorn-wreath'd hair Beam the patient eyes, so tender,

Wilt thou not undo the door? Wilt thou not undo the door?
Ever round the hinges twine, Ever round the hinges twine.
Of thy Saviour waiting there; Wilt thou keep Him waiting there?
1. Look for the waymarks as you journey on,
2. First, the Assyrian kingdom ruled the world,
3. Down in the feet of iron and of clay,

---

Look for the waymarks, passing one by one;
Then Medo-Persia's banners were unfurled;
Weak and divided, soon to pass away;

---

Down through the ages, past the kingdoms four
And after Greece held universal sway,
What will the next great, glorious drama be?

---

Where are we standing? Look the waymarks o'er;
Rome seized the scepter Where are we today?
Christ and His coming, And eternity.
Look for the way-marks, the great prophetic way-marks,

Down through the ages, past the kingdoms four.

Look for the way-marks, the great prophetic way-marks;

The journey's almost o'er.
1. Look for the beautiful, look for the true; Sun-shine and shadow are all around you; Looking at evil we grope in the night, Looking at Jesus we walk in the light,

2. Think of the beautiful, think of the true; Thoughts like an avalanche sweep over you; Keep not the multitude, sort them with care, Testing by purity, purging by pray'r;

3. Talk of the beautiful, talk of the true; Tongues full of poison are whispering to you; Answer them not with a tale-bearing word, Only in blessing the voice should be heard; bed-ed in sin, Bring them to Jesus, His blood wash-es clean;

4. Live for the beautiful, live for the true, Lift-ing the fallen as Christ lifted you; Search for the jewels im-portant, Look for the beautiful, honor the right. Look for the beautiful, keep love within.
Jesus Will Come!

D. W. Whittle

J. McGranahan

1. Jesus will come! O sing the glad word! Coming for those He deemed by His blood, Coming to reign as the glorified Lord!
   joy - ful sur - prise, Caught up to - geth - er to Him in the skies
   war - ring earth peace: Singing and sigh - ing, and sor - row shall cease.

2. Jesus will come! The dead shall arise, Loved ones shall meet in a faith - ful, the few, Waiting and watch - ing, pre - pared for re - view?
   Jesus is com - ing a - gain! Jesus is com - ing, is
   Jesus is com - ing a - gain! Jesus is com - ing a - gain!
   Jesus is com - ing a - gain!

3. Jesus will come! His saints to release; Coming to give to the saints and loved ones at last, to meet in a
   world of peace and bliss, to reign with Him for a - gain!

4. Jesus will come! The promise is true; Who are the chosen, the few, the
   Shout the glad tidings o'er mountains and plain! Jesus is com - ing a - gain!
   joy - ful sur - prise, Caught up to - geth - er to Him in the skies
   war - ring earth peace: Singing and sigh - ing, and sor - row shall cease.
**CHOIR AND MISCELLANEOUS**

**673**  
Master, the Tempest Is Raging

M. A. Baker  
H. R. Palmer

1. Master, the tempest is raging! The billows are tossing high!
2. Master, with anguish of spirit I bow in my grief today;
3. Master, the terror is over; The elements sweetly rest;

The sky is o'er-shadowed with blackness; No shelter or help is nigh;
The depths of my sad heart are troubled; O, wake and save, I pray!
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mirrored, And heaven's with in my breast;

Carest Thou not that we perish? How canst Thou lie asleep,
Torrents of sin and of anguish Sweep o'er my sinking soul;
Linger, O blessed Redeemer, Leave me alone no more:

When each moment so madly is threatening A grave in the angry deep?
And I perish! I perish! dear Master; O hasten, and take control.
And with joy I shall make the blest harbor; And rest on the blissful shore.
The winds and the waves shall obey My will, Peace, be still!
Peace be still! peace, be still!

Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, or demons, or men, or whatever it be, No water can swallow the ship where lies The Master of ocean, and earth, and skies; They all shall sweetly obey My will; Peace, be still!

Peace, be still! They all shall sweetly obey My will; Peace, peace, be still!
1. My father is rich in houses and lands; He holdeth the
2. My Father's own Son, the Saviour of men, Once wandered on
3. I once was an outcast, a stranger on earth, A sinner by
4. A tent or a cottage, O why should I care? They're building a

wealth of the world in His hands! Of rubies and diamonds, of
earth as the poorest of them; But now He is pleading for
choice, and an alien by birth! But I've been adopted, my
palace for me over there! Though exiled from home, yet

silver and gold, His coffers are full He has riches untold.
sinners on high, And will give me a home when He comes by and by.
name's written down, An heir to a man-sion, a robe, and a crown.
still I may sing: "All glory to God, I'm a child of the King."

Refrain

I'm a child of the King, a child of the King!

With Jesus, my Saviour, I'm a child of the King!
1. O golden day, so long desired, Born of a dark some night,  
2. The noises of the night shall cease, The storms no longer roar;  
3. Sing on, ye heralds of the morn, Your grand endeavor strain,  
4. O golden day! the ages crown, A glow with heavenly love,  

The waiting earth at last is fired By Thy resplendent light.  
The factious foes of love and peace Shall vex the soul no more.  
Till Christian hearts estranged and torn, Blend in the glad refrain;  
Rare day in prophecy's renown, On to thy zenith move,  

And hark! the promised heavenly chord Is heard from sea to sea,  
A thousand thousand voices sing The surging harmony;  
And all the church, with all its powers, In loving loyalty;  
When earth and heaven with one accord, In full-voiced unity,  

This song: One Master, Christ the Lord, And brethren all are we.  
One Master, Christ, one Saviour King, And brethren all are we.  
Shall sing: One Master, Christ, is ours, And brethren all are we.  
Shall sing: One Master, Christ our Lord, And brethren all are we.
O Sacred Head Now Wounded

1. O sacred Head, now wounded, With grief and shame weighed down, Now scornfully surrounded
2. What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered Was all for sinners' gain; Mine, mine was the transgression, But
3. What language shall I borrow To thank Thee, dearest Friend, For this Thy dying sorrow, Thy

Thorns, Thine only crown; How pale Thou art with anguish, Thine the deadly pain. Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!

Pity without end? O make me Thine for ever; With sore abuse and scorn! How does that visage

Tis I deserve Thy Place; Look on me with Thy And should I fainting be, Lord, let me never,
O for a Thousand Tongues to Sing

Charles Wesley, 1739

Arr. by Lowell Mason (1792-1872)

1. O for a thou - sand tongues to sing My
   great Re - deem - er's praise, The glo - ries of my
   God and King, The tri - umphs of His grace.

2. My gra - cious Mas - ter and my God, As -
   earth a - broad The hon - ors of Thy name.
   sin - ner's ears, Tis life, and health, and peace.

3. Je - sus! the name that calms our fears, That
   bids our sor - rows cease— Tis mu - sic in the
   sin - ful clean; His blood a - vails for me.

4. He breaks the power of reign - ing sin, He
   sets the pris - oner free; His blood can make the
   tri - umphs of His grace.

Carl G. Glaser (1784-1829)

Arr. by Lowell Mason (1792-1872)
1. One hundred forty-four thousand saints in this way-faring life,
2. When on the glorious Mount they stand, sealed with Jehovah's seal,
3. The Lamb they follow wher'e'er He goes, a group in one accord.
4. One hundred forty-four thousand saints upon the glassy sea.

Will keep God's law and overcome all evil, sin, and strife.
Without a flaw; God's purity had always been their zeal.
They sing the song of victory through their own blessed Lord.
They overcame by Jesus' blood, and gained the victory.

Refrain

Upon the sea tri-
One hundred forty-four thousand saints tri-
umphantly they'll sing, Upon the
umphantly they all shall sing. One hundred forty-four

sea with harps in harmony.

thousand saints with golden harps in harmony.
Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand

H. Alford, 1867

J. B. Dykes, 1875

1. Ten thousand times ten thousand, In sparkling raiment bright,
2. What rush of hal-le-lu-jahs Fills all the earth and sky!
3. O then what raptured greetings On Canaan's happy shore!
4. Bring near Thy great salvation, Thou Lamb for sinners slain,

The armies of the ransomed saints Throng up the steepes of light.
The ringing of a thousand harps Proclaims the triumph high.
What knitting severed friendship where Death partings are no more!
Fill up the roll of Thine elect, Then take Thy power and reign!

'Tis finished, all is finished, Their fight with death and sin.
O day for which creation And all its tribes were made!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle, That brimmed with tears of late;
Appear, Desire of nations, Thine exiles long for home;

Fling open wide the golden gates, And let the victors in.
O joy, for all its former woes A thousand-fold repaid!
Orphans no longer fatherless, Nor widows desolate.
Show in the heavens Thy promised sign; Thou Prince and Saviour, come!
1. Tell me what to do to be pure, In the sight of the All-seeing Eyes!
2. Will my Saviour only 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 thorough 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-ni-ted 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.

Tell Me What to Do to Be Pure
Unknown

H. S. Perkins
CHOIR AND MISCELLANEOUS

Refrain

Whit - er than the snow!
Whit - er than the snow!

Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb, (of the Lamb)

And I shall be whit - er than snow (than snow).

Whit - er than the snow!whit - er than the snow!
**The Conflict Is Over**

Unknown

P. P. Bliss

1. The conflict is over, the tempest is past,
2. There's peace in believing, sweet peace to the soul,
3. Oh, hinder me not while His love I proclaim:

I'm resting in Jesus, I'm resting at last;
To know that He maketh me perfectly whole;
My soul makes her boast in His wondrous name;

The billows that filled my poor soul with alarm
There's joy everlasting to feel His blood flow,
I stand with my foot on the neck of my foe,

Are hushed at His word into stillness and calm.
Tis life from the dead my Redeemer to know.
then, bounding with gladness, triumphant I go.
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<td>The conquering Saviour will break every chain,</td>
<td>Refrain</td>
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<td>And give us the victory again and again;</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Measure 3</td>
<td>The conquering Saviour will break every chain,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Measure 4</td>
<td>And give us the victory again and again.</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know, I feed in green pastures, safe fold-ed I rest, He lead-eth my soul where the still waters flow, Re-stores me when wand’ring, re-deems when op-press’d.

2. Thro’ the val-ley and shad-ow of death tho’ I stray, Since Thou art myLord, no e-evil I fear; Thy rod shall de-fend me, Thy near, No harm can be-fall, with my Com-for-ter near.

3. In the midst of af-flic-tion my ta-ble is spread; With bless-ings un-steps till I meet Thee a-bove, I seek by the path which my press’d, Re-stores me when wand’ring, re-deems when op-press’d.

4. Let good-ness and mer-cy, my boun-ti-ful God, Still fol-low my more? Oh, what shall I ask of Thy pro-vi-dence more? love, Thro’ the land of their so-journ, Thy king-dom of

The Lord Is My Shepherd

Unknown

T. Koschat

Lento

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Summer Sun Is Glowing

W. W. Howe

1. Summer sun is glowing over land and sea,
2. God's free mercy streameth over all the world,
3. Lord, upon our blindness Thy pure radiance pour;
4. We will never doubt Thee, Though Thou veil Thy Light:

Hap - py light is flowing, 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 without Thee; Death with Thee is bright.

Ev - 'ry - thing re - joi - ces In the mello - w 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 vo - ices 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.
CHORUS AND MISCELLANEOUS

684 There Is No Love

W. E. Littlewood

T. E. Perkins

1. There is no love like the love of Jesus Never to fade or fall,
2. There is no eye like the eye of Jesus Piercing so far away;
3. There is no voice like the voice of Jesus Tender and sweet its chime,
4. There is no heart like the heart of Jesus Fill’d with a tender love;

Till into the fold of the peace of God He has gathered us all.
Ne’er out of the sight of its tender light Can the wanderer stray.
Like musical ring of a flowing spring In the bright summer time.
No throb of woe that our hearts can know, But He feels it above.

Refrain

Jesus’ love, precious love, Boundless and pure and free;

O turn to that love, weary wand’ring soul; Jesus plead-eth with thee!
Be Not Dismayed Whate'er Betide

1. Be not dismayed what-e'er betide, 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 provide, God will take care of you;
4. No matter what may be the test, God will take care of you;

Be beneath His wings of love abide, God will take care of you.
When dangers fierce your path as sail, God will take care of you.
Lean, weary one, upon 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.
FAREWELL

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-
   hold you, With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you; God be with you till we

2. God be with you till we meet a-gain; 'Neath His wings pro-tect-ing
   hide you, Dai-ly man-na still pro-vide you; God be with you till we

3. God be with you till we meet a-gain; When life's per-ils thick con-
   found you, Put His arms un-fail-ing round you; God be with you till we

4. God be with you till we meet a-gain; Keep love's ban-ner float-ing
   o'er you, Smite death's threat-ning wave be-fore you; God be with you till we

Till we meet, till we meet, Till we
meet a-gain.
meet a-gain. Till we meet,
meet a-gain. Till we meet,
meet a-gain. Till we meet a-gain,

Till we meet, till we meet a-gain,

Till we meet; Till we meet,
FAREWELL

The Lord Be With Us

1. The Lord be with us as we bend His blessing to receive;
2. The Lord be with us as we walk Along our home-ward road;
3. The Lord be with us till the night En-fold us all to rest;

His gift of peace upon us send, Before His courts we leave.
In silent 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.
Lord, Dismiss Us With Thy Blessing

John Fawcett, 1773

Sicilian Melody, 1794

1. Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace; Let us each, Thy love possessing,
   Triumphant in redeeming grace. O refresh us,
   O refresh us, traveling thro' this wilderness.

2. Thanks we give, and adoration, For Thy gospel's joyful sound. May the fruits of Thy salvation
   In our hearts and lives abound. Ever faithful,
   Ever faithful To the truth may we be found.
Saviour, Again to Thy Dear Name

John Ellerton, 1866

E. J. Hopkins, 1869

FAREWELL

1. Saviour, again to Thy dear name we raise
2. Grant us Thy peace upon our home-ward way;
3. Grant us Thy peace throughout our earth-ly life,

With one accord our part-ing hymn of praise.
With Thee began, with Thee shall end, the day.
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife.

We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the heart from shame,
Then when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,

Then, low-ly kneel-ing, wait Thy word of peace.
That in this house have called upon Thy name.
Call us, O Lord, to Thine e-ter-nal peace!
FAREWELL

On the Shore Beyond the Sea

I. Baltzell

1. On the shore (on the shore) beyond the sea,
2. Hark! I hear (hark! I hear) the Master say,
3. Just beyond (just beyond) the rolling tide,
4. Father, mother (father, mother) dear, darling child,

Where the fields (where the fields) are bright and fair;
"Up, ye reap (up, ye reap) ers! why so slow?"
The uplift (the uplift) ed hand I see:
I must bid (I must bid) you all adieu;

There's a call, (there's a call) a plaintive plea,
To the vine (to the vine) yard, far away,
Lo! the gates (lo! the gates) are open wide.
Far across (far across) the waters wild,

I must have (I must have) ten to be there.
Earthly kin (earthly kin) dred, let me go.
And the lost (and the lost) are calling me.
There's a work (there's a work) for me to do.
Let me go, I cannot stay,

Tis the Master calling me;

Let me go, I must obey;

Native land, farewell to thee.
When Softly Fades the Dying Day

When softly fades the dying day,
And mortal cares we fold away,
Then with the last faint ray of light
All nature seems to say Good night.

And when the deeper shadows fall,
And nature veil as with a pall,
Then pray'rs of evening take their flight
From lips that softly say Good night.

O Father, give us sweet repose
From all our earthly cares and woes,
And grant that heav'n may greet our sight
When we have said our last Good night.

Good night, good night,
Good night, good night,
May angels ever bright,
Their vigils keep till morning light,

Good night, good night, Good night, good night (good night).

Refrain

Good night, good night,
Good night, good night,
May angels ever bright,
Their vigils keep till morning light,

Good night, good night, Good night, good night (good night).
With Friends on Earth We Meet

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.

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.
All Life Doth Like a Summer's Day

Unknown

1. All life doth like a summer's day
   Its light and shadow see;

2. So must this fleet ing life of ours
   A time for sowing be,

3. Come, early do thou now awake
   And labor while you may,

And e'en the longest happy day
Can only fleet ing be.
A gracious time for planting flow'rs
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 Lord gave to me;
What so withered is at
That the Lord gave to me, gave to me;
Asleep in Jesus!

Margaret Mackay, 1832
William B. Bradbury, 1843

1. A-sleep in Jesus! blessed sleep, From which none ever wake to weep; A calm and undisturbed rest, In hope of being ever blest.

2. A-sleep in Jesus! O how sweet To be for such a slumber meet! With holy confidence to hour That manifests the Saviour's power.

3. A-sleep in Jesus! Peaceful rest, Whose waking is supremely blest; No fear, no woe, shall dim that tomb, And wake in full, immortal bloom.

4. A-sleep in Jesus! Soon to rise, When the last pose, Unbroken by the last of foes.
1. Does Jesus care when my heart is pained Too deeply for mirth or song; As the burdens press, And the cares distress, And the way grows weary and long? Does He care enough to be near? O yes, He cares, I know He cares, His heart is touched with my grief; When the days are
2. Does Jesus care when my way is dark With a nameless dread and fear? As the daylight fades Into deep night shades, Tho' my tears flow all the night long? Is it aught to Him? does He see?
3. Does Jesus care when I've tried, and failed To resist some temptations strong? When in my deep grief I find no relief, earth to me, And my sad heart aches Till it nearly breaks—
4. Does Jesus care when I've said "good-bye" To the dearest on my heart is touched with my grief; When the days are

Refrain
Does Jesus care?
I Know That My Redeemer Lives

Charles Wesley

1. I know that my Redeemer lives, And ever prays for me; A token of His love He gives, A pledge of liberty. A-m melted, I taste

2. Joyful in hope, my heart soars To paradise possessed, I taste unutterable

3. When God is mine, and I am His, Of meet Thee from above; Thy goodness thankeful

George F. Handel

And I am His, Of everlast ing rest. A-m melted, I taste unutterable
He Sleeps in Jesus

Annie R. Smith

Edwin Barnes

1. He sleeps in Jesus peaceful rest.—
   No mortal strife invades his breast;
   Can reach the silent slumberer there.
   Nor murmured at His chastening rod.

2. He lived his Saviour to adore,
   And meekly all his sufferings bore;
   Nor pain, nor sin, nor woe, nor care,
   "My treasure is laid up high."

3. Does earth attract thee here? they cried;
   The dying Christian thus replied,
   He loved, and all resigned to God,
   "My treasure is laid up on high."

4. He sleeps in Jesus—soon to rise,
   When the last trumpet shall rend the skies;
   While pointing upward to the sky,
   To wake in full, immortal bloom.
How Vain Is All Beneath the Skies!

David E. Ford

1. How vain is all beneath the skies!
2. The evening cloud, the morning dew,
3. But though earth's fairest blossoms die,
4. Then let the hope of joys to come

How transient every earthly bliss!
The withering grass, the fading flower,
And all beneath the skies is vain,
Dispel our cares, and chase our fears;

How slender all the fondest ties
Of earthly hopes are emblems true—
There is a land whose confines lie
If God be ours, we're traveling home,

That bind us to a world like this!
The glory of a passing hour.
Beyond the reach of care and pain.
Though passing through a vale of tears.
1. I know that my Redeemer lives;
2. In this re-animated clay
3. With mine and not another's eyes

He lives, and on the earth shall stand;
I surely shall behold Him near;
The King in beauty I shall view;

And though to worms my flesh He gives,
Shall see Him in the latter day
I shall from Him receive the prize,

My dust lies numbered in His hand.
In all His majesty appear.
The starry crown to victors due.
See the Leaves Around Us Falling

Horne

1. See the leaves around us falling,
2. "Youth on length of days presuming,
3. "Yearly in our course appearing,

Dry and withered to the ground;
Who the paths of pleasure tread,
Messengers of shortest stay,

Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Thus we preach in mortal hearing

In a sad and solemn sound:
Numbered now among the dead.
Ye, like us, shall pass away.

George E. Lee
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