Christian
Hymnal

Praise the Lord in Song
CHRISTIAN HYMNAL
CHRISTIAN HYMNAL

A COLLECTION OF HYMNS AND SACRED SONGS
SUITABLE FOR USE IN PUBLIC WORSHIP,
WORSHIP IN THE HOME, EVANGELISTIC
MEETINGS, AND GENERAL
OCCASIONS

REVISED EDITION
Printed in Shaped Notes Only

This book has been compiled with great care and is
designed to fill the needs of the church having as its
doctrine, "The faith . . . once delivered unto the saints."

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Song service is one of the most beautiful ways in which children of God join with heart and voice in expressing their love, praise, and adoration to God their Maker. Through song, the soul's deep need, its struggles, joys, and contentment are expressed. Spiritual songs and hymns reveal to us the Deity of God and His plan of salvation given to a lost world. In song we implore God for His convicting Spirit to arouse sinners to repentance and to give inspiration to a more noble walk of life. Song also is prayer to God for deliverance, guidance, and keeping.

In April 1956, the General Conference of the Church of God in Christ, Mennonite, adopted a resolution to revise The Christian Hymnal. The following brethren were chosen as the committee: Alvin J. Becker, Reuben Buller, Adin F. Holdeman, Henry E. Friesen, P. G. Hiebert, P. F. Barkman, Jesse Dirks, J. D. Toews, J. G. Loewen, and Howard Schneider. They immediately organized and prepared for accepting appropriate songs to be used in this extensive hymnal. They realized this was a worthy cause and that a heavy responsibility was entrusted to them. They implored the Lord for guidance and discretion in the acceptance of hymns sound in doctrine and having lasting value. It has been their endeavor to make a wide range of selections suitable for all occasions of religious worship in the church, Sunday school, home, evangelistic meetings, etc. Special emphasis was placed on old favorites which have stood the test of usefulness. However, valuable later compositions were also accepted.

The committee gratefully acknowledges the kind co-operation of all who sent in selections and gave of their time and valuable counsel; and to authors, composers, and publishers of copyrighted materials who kindly granted permission to use such materials. Every effort has been made to determine ownership. The publishers desire to express their regret if any infringement has been made. Upon notification they will be glad to make proper acknowledgment.

This volume is sent forth with a sincere prayer that God may bless it to His name's honor.

The Publishers.
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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.
**Come, Thou Almighty King**

Source Unknown, c.1757

Felice de Giardini, 1716-1796

1. Come, Thou Almighty King, Help us Thy name to sing,
   Help us to praise: Father, all glorious, O'er all vic-
   To - ri - ous, Come, and reign o-ver us, Anc - cient of Days.

2. Come, Thou Incarnate Word, Gird on Thy mighty sword,
   Our prayer attend: Come, and Thy people bless, And give Thy

3. Come, Holy Comforter, Thy sacred witness bear
   In this glad hour: Thou who al - might - y art, Now rule in
   ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir - it of pow'r.

4. To the great One in Three Eternal praises be
   Hence, ev - er - more! His sov' reign maj - es - ty May we in
   glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore! A-MEN.
Bless Jehovah

*From Psalm 103*

_Bless the Lord, O my soul._—Psalm 103:1

_Silas J. Vail, 1818-1884_

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**Refrain**

Bless Jehovah, all His creatures Ever under His control,

All thro’-out His vast domin-ion; Bless Jehovah, O my soul.

---

1. O my soul, bless thou Jehovah, All within me bless His name;
2. Who forgives all my transgressions, Thy diseases all who heals;
3. Who with tender mercies crowns thee, Who with good things fills thy mouth,
4. In His righteousness, Jehovah Will deliver those distressed;
5. For as high as is the heaven, Far above the earth below,

Bless Jehovah, and forget not All His mercies to proclaim.
Who redeems thee from destruction, Who with thee so kindly deals;
So that even like the eagle Thou hast been restored to youth.
He will execute just judgment In the cause of all oppressed.
Ever great to them that fear Him Is the mercy He will show.
Blessed Be the Name

Blessed be the name of the Lord.—Job 1:21

W. H. Clark, 19th Century

Refrain, Ralph E. Hudson, 1843-1901

Arr. by William J. Kirkpatrick, 1838-1921

1. All praise to Him who reigns above In majesty supreme,
2. His name above all names shall stand, Exalted more and more,
3. Redeemer, Saviour, Friend of man Once ruined by the fall,
4. His name shall be the Counselor, The mighty Prince of Peace,

Who gave His Son for man to die, That He might man redeem!
At God the Father's own right hand, Where angel-hosts adore.
Thou hast devised salvation's plan, For Thou hast died for all.
Of all earth's kingdoms Conqueror, Whose reign shall never cease.

Refrain

Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord;

Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord.
Glory to His Name

God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.—Gal. 6:14

Elisha A. Hoffman, 1839-1929

John H. Stockton, 1813-1877

1. Down at the cross where my Saviour died, Down where for cleansing from
   sin I cried, There to my heart was the blood applied; Glory to His name!

2. I am so wondrously saved from sin, Jesus so sweetly entered in; There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean; Glory to His name!

3. Oh, precious fountain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have Saviour's feet; Plunge in today, and be made complete; Glory to His name!

4. Come to this fountain so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the
   There to my heart was the blood applied; Glory to His name!

Refrain

Glory to His name, Glory to His name!
Sing About Jesus

Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness—Psalm 107:8

B. Elliott Warren, 1867-1951

1. Sing about Jesus who died to save, Who for my soul His life He gave; Sing, for He's reigning above the grave, saves from sin: Sing of His grace, He keeps me clean, soul to bless, While I with glad-ness His name confess, heart's delight; Sing in the Spirit, for it is right, loving Lord, Sing about Him, sing about Him; Sing of His goodness in sweet accord, Sing about Him, yes, sing about Him.

2. Sing about Jesus, He took me in, Sing of His pow'r, He

3. Sing about Jesus, our righteousness, Sing, for He came my

4. Sing about Jesus both day and night, This is my theme, my
Worthy Art Thou, Lord

Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honour.—Rev. 4:11

M. Gurke, 19th Century
Trans. by Frieda Kauffman, b. 1883

Source Unknown

1. Worthy art Thou, Lord divine, To receive this praise of mine,
2. From the dawn of my first day, Thou hast led me all the way,
3. All my guilt Thou dost remove, In Thy great redeeming love.

To receive this grateful praise of mine. Mercy hast Thou shown to me,
Guided, loved, and kept me all the way. And Thy life-blood Thou didst give,
Through Thy great redeeming grace and love. And this love so full and free,

And my soul delights in Thee, Joyfully my soul delights in Thee.
That forever I may live, That with Thee forever I may live.
Gives me joy to come to Thee, Boldly, gladly, do I come to Thee.

Refrain

Lord, I thank Thee for Thy love, Draw my heart to Thine above;

True and faithful would I be, Jesus, draw me close to Thee.
Oh, Could I Speak the Matchless Worth

I will declare what He hath done for my soul—Psalm 66:16

Samuel Medley, 1738-1799

Wolfgang A. Mozart, 1756-1791
Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1792-1872

1. Oh, could I speak the matchless worth, Oh, could I sound the
glories forth, Which in my Saviour shine! I'd soar and
glorious righteousness, In which all-perfect heavenly dress
touch the heavenly strings, And vie with Gabriel while he sings
tones almost divine, In tones almost divine.
2. I'd sing the precious blood He spilt, My ransom from the
dreadful guilt, Of sin, and wrath divine: I'd sing His
songs of sweetest praise, I would to everlasting days
In tones almost divine, In tones almost divine.
3. I'd sing the precious characters He bears, And all the forms of
love He wears, Exalted on His throne; In loftiest
Saviour, Brother, Friend, A blest eternity I'll spend,
My soul shall ever shine, My soul shall ever shine.
Make all His glories known, Make all His glories known.
4. Well—the delightful day will come When my dear Lord will
bring me home, And I shall see His face; Then with my
Triumphant in His grace, Triumphant in His grace,
I Will Sing of My Redeemer

O Lord, my strength, and my Redeemer.—Psalm 19:14

Philip P. Bliss, 1838-1876
James McGranahan, 1840-1907

1. I will sing of my Redeemer, And His wondrous love to me;
   On the cruel cross He suffered, From the curse to set me free.
2. I will tell the wondrous story, How my lost estate to save,
   In His boundless love and mercy, He the ransom freely gave.
3. I will praise my dear Redeemer, His triumphant power I'll tell,
   How the victory He giveth Over sin, and death, and hell.
4. I will sing of my Redeemer, And His heav'nly love to me;
   He from death to life hath brought me, Son of God, with Him to be.

Refrain

Sing, oh, sing . . . . . . of my Redeemer,
   With His blood He purchased me . . . . . .
   On the cross . . . . . . He sealed my pardon,

Sing, oh, sing . . . . . . of my Redeemer,
   Sing, oh, sing of my Redeemer,
   He purchased me, With His blood He purchased me,
   He sealed my pardon, On the cross He sealed my pardon,
I Will Sing of My Redeemer

PRAISE AND ADORATION

Paid the debt, and made me free.

Oh, Worship the King

O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.—Psalm 96:9

From Psalm 104

Robert H. Grant, 1779-1838

Adapted from J. Michael Haydn, 1737-1806

1. Oh, worship the King all-glorious above, And gratefully
2. Oh, tell of His might and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the
3. Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite? It breathes in the
4. Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail, In Thee do we

sing His wonderful love; Our Shield and Defender, the
light, whose canopy space; His chariots of wrath the deep
air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it de-
trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mercies how tender, how

An-cient of days, Pa-vil-ioned in splen-dor, and gird-ed with praise.
thun-der-clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
scends to the plain, And sweet-ly dis-tils in the dew and the rain.
firm to the end! Our Mak-er, De-fend-er, Re-deem-er and Friend.
10  
Holý God, We Praise Thy Name  
I will praise Thy name, O Lord; for it is good.—Psalm 54:6

Te Deum, c.4th Century  
Trans. by Clarence Walworth, 1820-1900  
Katholisches Gesangbuch, Vienna, 1774

1. Ho - ly God, we praise Thy name; Lord of all, we bow be - fore Thee;  
2. Hark the loud ce - les - tial hymn, An - gel choirs a - bove are rais - ing;  
3. Lo! the ap - os - tol - ic train, Joins Thy sa - cred name to hal - low;  
4. Ho - ly Fa - ther, Ho - ly Son, Ho - ly Spir - it, Three we name Thee;

All on earth Thy scepter claim, All in heav'n a - bove a - dore Thee.  
Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim, In un - ceas - ing cho - rus prais - ing,  
Proph - ets swell the glad re - train, And the white - robed mar - tyr - ds fol - low;  
While in es - sence on - ly One, Un - di - vided God we claim Thee,

In - fi - nite Thy vast do - main, Ev - er - last - ing is Thy reign.  
Fill the heav'ns with sweet ac - cord: Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord.  
And, from morn to set of sun, Through the Church the song goes on.  
And a - dor - ing bend the knee, While we sing our praise to Thee. A-men.

11  Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow  
I will praise the Lord.—Psalm 118:19

Thomas Ken, 1637-1711  
Genevan Psalter 1551  
Louis Bourgeois, c.1510-c.1561

1. Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him, all creatures here be - low,  
2. Ye na - tions round the earth re - joice Be - fore the Lord your Sov - reign King;  
3. The Lord is God: 'tis He a - lone Doth life, and breath, and be - ing give:
Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow

Praise Him above, ye heav'n-ly host, Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost. Serve Him with cheerful heart and voice; With all your tongues His glo-ry sing. We are His work, and not our own; The sheep that on His pas-ture live.

Holy, Holy, Holy

They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy.—Rev. 4:8

Reginald Heber, 1783-1826
John B. Dykes, 1823-1876


2. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly! All the saints a-dore Thee, Cast-ing down their gold-en crowns a-round the glass-y sea; Cher-u-bim and ser-a-phil-m sin-ful man Thy glo-ry may not see, On-ly Thou art ho-ly; praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly!

3. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly! Tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly!

4. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly! Lord God Al-might-y! All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly!
All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name

At the name of Jesus every knee should bow.—Phil. 2:10

Edward Perronet, 1726-1792
Alt. by John Rippon, 1751-1836
Oliver Holden, 1765-1844

1. All hail the pow’r of Jesus’ name! Let angels prostrate fall;
2. Ye chosen seed of Israel’s race, A remnant weak and small,
3. Ye Gentile sinners, ne’er forget The worm-wood and the gall;
4. Let every sinner, ev’ry tribe On this terrestrial ball,
5. O that, with yonder sacred throng, We at His feet may fall,

Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown Him Lord of all;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all majesty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We’ll join the everlasting song, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown Him Lord of all;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all majesty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We’ll join the everlasting song, And crown Him Lord of all;

How Sweet the Name of Jesus

Unto you therefore which believe He is precious.—1 Peter 2:7

John Newton, 1725-1807
Thomas Hastings, 1784-1872

1. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds In a believer’s ear! It soothes his
2. It makes the wounded spirit whole, And calms the troubled breast; ’Tis manna
3. Dear name! the rock on which I build, My shield and hiding place; My never-
4. Weak is the effort of my heart, And cold my warmest thought; But when I
5. Till then I would Thy love proclaim With ev’ry fleeting breath; And may the
How Sweet the Name of Jesus

sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear, And drives away his fear.
to the hungry soul, And to the weary rest, And to the weary rest.
fail - ing treasury filled With boundless stores of grace, With boundless stores of grace.
see Thee as Thou art, I'll praise Thee as I ought, I'll praise Thee as I ought.
music of Thy name Re-fresh my soul in death, Re-fresh my soul in death!

Glory to God on High

Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honour.—Rev. 4:11

James Allen, 1734-1804
Felice de Giardini, 1716-1796

1. Glory to God on high! Let heav'n and earth re - ply,
2. While they a - round the throne Cheer - ful - ly join in one,
3. Join, all ye ran - somed race, Our Lord and God to bless:
4. Soon must we change our place, Yet will we nev - er cease

"Praise ye His name!" His love and grace a - dore, Who all our
Prais - ing His name— Ye who have felt His blood Seal - ing your
Praise ye His name! In Him we will re - joice, And make a
Prais - ing His name: To Him our songs we bring; Hail Him our

sor - rows bore; Sing loud for - ev - er - more, "Wor - thy the Lamb!"
peace with God, Sound His dear name a - broad, "Wor - thy the Lamb!"
joy - ful noise, Shout - ing with heart and voice, "Wor - thy the Lamb!"
gra - cious King; And thro' all a - ges sing, "Wor - thy the Lamb!"
What a Mighty God We Serve!

What is the exceeding greatness of His power to us-ward.—Eph. 1:19

Clara M. Brooks, b. 1882

B. Elliott Warren, 1867-1951

1. Our Father's wondrous works we see In the earth and sea and sky;
2. The raging winds and waves are calm, When He says to them, "Be still";
3. He mak-eth worlds by His command, Weighs the mountains great and high;
4. Our God, to save from sin's control, Gave His Son a sacrifice;

He rules o'er all in maj-es-ty, From His roy-al throne on high.
The heav-ens praise Him in a psalm, And the an-gels do His will.
He metes the wa-ters in His hand, Spans the loft-y, star-lit sky.
His grace, a-bound-ing in the soul, Makes the earth a par-a-disce.

Refrain

What a might-y God we serve! What a might-y God we serve!
we serve! we serve!

Reigning now a-bove on His throne of love, What a might-y God we serve!

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Loving Kindness

I will sing of the mercies of the Lord.—Psalm 89:1

Samuel Medley, 1738-1799

William Caldwell, 19th Century

1. Awake, my soul, to joyful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise; He justly claims a song from me, His loving-kindness, oh, 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, oh, how great!

3. Tho' numerous hosts of mighty foes, Tho' earth and hell my way oppose, He safely leads my soul along, His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!

4. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gathered thick, and thundered loud, He near my soul has always stood, His loving-kindness, oh, how good!

His loving-kindness, His loving-kindness, oh, how free! His loving-kindness, His loving-kindness, oh, how great! His loving-kindness, His loving-kindness, oh, how strong! His loving-kindness, His loving-kindness, oh, how good!
Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned

And set Him at His own right hand.—Eph. 1:20

Samuel Stennett, 1727-1795

1. Majestic sweetness sits enthroned, Upon the
2. No mortal can with Him compare, Among the
3. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the
4. Since from His bounty I receive Such proofs of

Samuel Stennett, 1727-1795

Ye Nations Round the Earth

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.—Psalm 100:1

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

1. Ye nations round the earth, rejoice Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
2. The Lord is God; 'tis He alone Doth life and breath and being give;
3. Enter His gates with songs of joy, With praises to His courts repair,
4. The Lord is good; the Lord is kind; Great is His grace, His mercy sure;

Genevan Psalter, 1551

Louis Bourgeois, c.1510-c.1561
Serve Him with cheerful heart and voice, With all your tongues His glory sing. We are His work, and not our own; The sheep that on His pastures live. And make it your divine employ To pay your thanks and honors there. And the whole race of man shall find His truth from age to age endure.

1. O the unsearchable riches of Christ! Wealth that can never be told; Riches exhauntless of mercy and grace, Precious, more precious than gold! Jewels whose luster our lives may adorn, Pearls that the poorest may wear. Making the souls of the faithful and true Happy wherever they go. Trials, afflictions, and cross-ces on earth, Riches like these to secure!

2. O the unsearchable riches of Christ! Who shall their greatness declare!丸 D.S. O the unsearchable riches of Christ! Precious, more precious than gold. Precious, more precious; Wealth that can never be told; Amen.
Wonderful Jesus

And, lo, I am with you always.—Matt. 28:20

James Rowe, 1865-1933

1. Wonderful Jesus! glorious friend! He will be with me
2. Wonderful Jesus! showing the way into the blessed
3. Wonderful Jesus! all thro' the night He will enfold me,

unto the end, Cheer-ing, up-hold-ing, keep-ing me strong,
king-dom of day; Guid-ing my foot-steps, hold-ing con-trol,
giv-ing me light; Then when the morn-ing breaks on the shore,

Fear-less and loy-al, shield-ing from wrong.
Mak-ing me hap-py, keep-ing me whole. Won-der-ful Je-sus!
This He will whis-per, "Mine ev-er-more."

mar-vel-ous King! Ev-er His praise my spir-it shall sing, When I be-

hold His glo-ri-fied face, How I shall praise His won-der-ful grace!
There Is No Name So Sweet on Earth

And thou shalt call His name Jesus.—Matt. 1:21

George W. Bethune, 1805-1862
William B. Bradbury, 1816-1868

1. There is no name so sweet on earth,
   No name so dear in heaven,
   As that before His wondrous birth
   To Christ the Saviour given.

2. 'Twas Gabriel first that did proclaim,
   To His most blessed mother,
   That name which now and ever more
   We praise above all other.

3. And when He hung upon the tree,
   They wrote His name above Him,
   From sin and pains, He ever reigns
   The Prince and Saviour, Jesus.

4. So now upon His Father's throne,
   Almighty to relieve us
   For there's no word ever heard so dear,
   So sweet as Jesus.

Refrain

We love to sing around our King,
   And hail Him blessed Jesus;
   For there's no word ever heard so dear,
   So sweet as Jesus.
Jesus Is All the World to Me

Christ is all, and in all.—Col. 3:11

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 golden 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's gold, He's my Friend.
Following Him, by day and night, He's my Friend.
Eternal life, eternal joy, He's my Friend.

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PRAISE AND ADORATION

My Saviour's Love

And to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.—Eph. 3:19

Charles H. Gabriel, 1856-1932

1. I stand amazed in the presence Of Jesus the Naz-a-rene,
2. For me it was in the garden He prayed: "Not My will, but Thine;"
3. He took my sins and my sorrows, He made them His very own;
4. When with the ransomed in glory His face I at last shall see,

And wonder how He could love me, A sinner, 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-v'ry, And suffered, 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 Saviour's love for me!
Oh, how mar-vel-ous! oh, how won-der-ful

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1. I have found a friend in Jesus, He's everything to me, He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul; The Lily of the Valley, in ta-tion He's my strong and mighty tow'r; I have all for Him for-sak-en, and live by faith and do His bless-ed will; A wall of fire about me, I've Him alone I see All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole. all my i-dols torn From my heart, and now He keeps me by His pow'r. nothing now to fear, With His man-na He my hun-gry soul shall fill, bright and morn-ing star, He's the fair-est of ten thou-sand to my soul.

2. O He all my griefs has tak-en, and all my sor-rows borne; In tem-p- He will never, nev-er leave me, nor yet for-sake me here, While I IN noth-ing now to fear, With His man-na He my hun-gry soul shall fill, bright and morn-ing star, He's the fair-est of ten thou-sand to my soul.

3. He will never, nev-er leave me, nor yet for-sake me here, While I fair-est of ten thousand to my soul; The Lily of the Val-ley, in ta-tion He's my strong and mighty tow'r; I have all for Him for-sak-en, and live by faith and do His bless-ed will; A wall of fire about me, I've Him alone I see All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole. all my i-dols torn From my heart, and now He keeps me by His pow'r. nothing now to fear, With His man-na He my hun-gry soul shall fill, bright and morn-ing star, He's the fair-est of ten thou-sand to my soul.

4. In sor-row He's my com-fort, in trou-ble He's my stay, Tho' all the world for-sake me, and Sa-tan tempt me sore, Then sweep-ing up to glo-ry to see His bless-ed face, He tells me ev-'ry care on Him to roll, He's the Thro' Je-sus I shall safely reach the goal, He's the Where riv-ers of de-light shall ev-er roll, He's the
What Tender Mercy

God, who is rich in mercy, for His great love wherewith He loved us.—Eph. 2:4

Wm. Henry Gardiner, 19th Century

William A. Ogden, 1841-1897

1. When I see the way my Saviour leads me, Caring for me
day by day, Then I sadly bow my head and wonder
blessed my days, In my grateful heart is deep thanksgiving,
Refrain

2. When I see the way my Saviour leads me, Bearing patient-
ly with me, Then I know how weak and undeserving

3. When I see the way my Saviour leads me, How He crowned and

How I could have gone astray.
Without Him I'd counted be. Oh, what tender, tender mercy!
To my lips spring songs of praise.

Oh, what kind and loving care, (loving care,) Shown us

by the dear and loving Shepherd, From His dwelling place so fair.
Take the Name of Jesus with You

There is none other name ... whereby we must be saved.—Acts 4:12

1. Lydia Baxter, 1809-1874

2. William H. Doane, 1832-1915

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 ev'ry snare;
3. Oh! the precious name of Jesus; How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Jesus bowing, Falling prostrate at His feet,

It will joy and comfort give you, Take it then wher-e'er you go.
If temp-ta-tions round you gath-er, Breathe that ho-ly name in prayer.
When His lov-ing arms re-ceive us, And His songs our tongues employ!
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour-ney is com-plete.

REFRAIN

Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n,
Precious name, O how sweet!
Heavenly Sunlight

1. Walking in sunlight, all of my journey, Over the mountains, through the deep vale; Jesus has said, "I'll never forsake thee," Promise divine that never can fail.
2. Shadows around me, shadows above me, Never conceal my salvation above; Singing His praises, gladly I'm walking, Ever I'm walking close to His side. Heavenly sunlight, Walking in sunlight, sunlight of love.
3. In the bright sunlight, ever rejoicing, Pressing my way to salvation, Flooding my soul with glory divine; Hallelujah! I am rejoicing, Singing His praises, Jesus is mine.
We're Marching to Zion

Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.—Psalm 149:2

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

Refrain by Robert Lowry, 1826-1899

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 with sweet accord,
But children of the heav'n-ly King, But children of the heav'n-ly King,
Before we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Before we reach the heav'n-ly fields,
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,

And thus surround the throne, And thus surround the throne.
May speak their joys abroad, May speak their joys abroad.
Or walk the golden streets, Or walk the golden streets.
To fairer worlds on high, To fairer worlds on high.

And thus surround the throne, And thus surround the throne.

Refrain

We're marching to Zion, Beautiful, beautiful Zion;
We're marching on to Zion,

We're marching upward to Zion, The beautiful city of God.
Zion, Zion,
I Wonder, Often Wonder

And His name shall be called Wonderful.—Isa. 9:6

Elisha A. Hoffman, 1839-1929

Charles Edwin Pollock, b. 1853

1. I wonder, often wonder, Just how it came to be That there is up in heav-en, A man-sion fair for me; And then do I re-mem-ber That the dear Son of God Once shed for rebel sin-ners His own a-ton-ing blood on the shame-ful tree The Sav-iour made a-tonement For ten-der love of me.

2. I wonder, often wonder, Just why His ten-der love Brought down the dear Re fol-lies, And yet so gra-cious be; And then do I re-mem-ber His grace is rich and free, And that He is so pa-tient Be-cause He so loves me.

3. I wonder, often wonder, That He can bear with me, En-dur-ing all my the dear Son of God Once shed for rebel sin-ners His own a-ton-ing blood on the shame-ful tree The Sav-iour made a-tonement For ten-der love of me.

Refrain

For-ev-er at His feet I'll sit, And won-der at the grace So large and free it found for me In heav'n a dwell-ing-place.

PRAISE AND ADORATION
Seeking for Me

I will both search My sheep, and seek them out.—Ezek. 34:11

Source Unknown

1. Jesus, my Saviour, to Bethlehem came, Born in a manger to
   sor-row and shame; Oh, it was won-der-ful—blest be His name! Seek-ing for
   soul He set free; Oh, it was won-der-ful—how could it be? Dy-ing for

2. Jesus, my Saviour, on Cal-va-ry's tree, Paid the great debt, and my
   far from the fold, Gen-tly and long did He plead with my soul, Call-ing for
   weary years fly; Oh, I shall see Him de-scend-ing the sky, Com-ing for

3. Jesus, my Saviour, the same as of old, While I was wand’ring a-
   me, for me! Seek-ing for me! Seek-ing for me! Seek-ing for me! Seek-ing for me!
   me, for me! Dy-ing for me! Dy-ing for me! Dy-ing for me! Dy-ing for me!
   me, for me! Call-ing for me! Call-ing for me! Call-ing for me! Call-ing for me!
   me, for me! Com-ing for me! Com-ing for me! Com-ing for me! Com-ing for me!

4. Jesus, my Saviour, shall come from on high—Sweet is the prom-ise as
   Oh, it was won-der-ful—blest be His name! Seek-ing for me, for me!
   Oh, it was won-der-ful—how could it be? Dy-ing for me, for me!
   Gen-tly and long did He plead with my soul, Call-ing for me, for me!
   Oh, I shall see Him de-scend-ing the sky, Com-ing for me, for me!
Sweet Is the Story

I bring you good tidings of great joy.—Luke 2:10

Elisha A. Hoffman, 1839-1929
William T. Giffe, b. 1848

1. Oh, wondrously sweet is the story, That Jesus came down from above,
2. Oh, wondrously sweet is His mercy, And wondrously free is His grace,
3. Oh, beautiful story of Jesus, The sweetest that ever was told,

To make an atonement for sinners, And bless this poor world with His love.
And wondrously rich His compassion, For did He not die in our place?
The holiest, purest, most precious, That God could to mortals unfold!

Refrain

The story grows sweeter and sweeter, And cheers me along the way;

The Saviour grows sweeter and dearer; His love is more precious each day.
Brethren, We Have Met to Worship

Praying . . . for me, that utterance may be given unto me.—Eph. 6:18, 19

George Atkins, 19th Century
William Moore, 19th Century

1. Brethren, we have met to worship and adore the Lord our God;
2. Brethren, see poor sinners round you slum-b'ring on the brink of woe;
3. Sisters, will you join and help us? Moses' sister aided him;
4. Let us love our God supremely, Let us love each other too;

Will you pray with all your power, While we try to preach the Word?
Death is coming, hell is moving, Can you bear to let them go?
Will you help the trembling mourners Who are struggling hard with sin?
Let us love and pray for sinners, Till our God makes all things new.

All is vain unless the Spirit Of the Holy One comes down;
Tell them all about the Saviour Tell them that He will be found;
Then He'll call us home to heaven, At His table we'll sit down;

Brethren, pray, and holy manna Will be show-ered all around.
Brethren, pray, and holy manna Will be show-ered all around.
Sisters, pray, and holy manna Will be show-ered all around.
Christ will gird Himself, and serve us With sweet manna all around.
Saviour, We Come to Thee

My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me.—John 10:27

Mrs. L. M. Evilsizer, 19th Century

S. J. Perry, 19th Century

1. Saviour, we come to Thee In our humility, Lambs of Thy fold are we
Seeking Thy love; Grant us Thy blessing now, While at Thy ever be Gentle and pure;
As in the days of old, Keep us with eye doth see Where'er we roam; And oh, 'tis sweet to know That where-so-

2. Saviour, we pray to Thee, Heed Thou our earnest plea, Help us to feet we bow, O tender Shepherd, Thou, Guide us above. Saviour, O Saviour dear, in Thy fold; While we Thy face behold, Rest we secure.
e'er we go Thou dost the pathway show, Leading us home.

3. Saviour, we trust in Thee, In our simplicity, Knowing Thine eye doth see Wher'e'er we roam; And oh, 'tis sweet to know That where-so-

To Thee our hearts draw near; Hear Thou our pray'r sincere, And meet with us here.
Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

Robert Robinson, 1735-1790

1. Come, Thou Fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
2. Here I raise mine Ebenezer; Hitherto by Thy help I'm 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 my wandering heart to Thee:

Teach me some melodious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above;
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;

Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—Mount of Thy redeeming 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. Amen.
Wonderful Words of Life

Philip P. Bliss, 1838-1876

The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life.—John 6:63

Let me more of their beauty see, Wonderful words of Life;
Sinner, list to the loving call, Wonderful words of Life;
Offer pardon and peace to all, Wonderful words of Life;

Words of life and beauty, Teach me faith and duty;
All so freely given, Wooing us to heaven;
Jesus, only Saviour, Sanctify forever.

Refrain

Beautiful words, wonderful words, Wonderful words of Life;...
There Shall Be Showers of Blessing

There shall be showers of blessing.—Ezek. 34:26

Daniel W. Whittle, 1840-1901
James McGranahan, 1840-1907

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

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

Refrain

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

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

As the Father hath loved Me, so have I loved you.—John 15:9

Philip P. Bliss, 1838-1876

1. I am so glad that our Father in heav'n Tells of His love in the Book He has giv'n; Wonderful things in the Bible I see—This is the dearest, that Jesus loves me.

2. Though I forget Him and wander away, Still He doth love me wherever I stray; Back to His dear loving beauty I see the great King, This shall my song in eternity be: "Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me!"

3. Oh, if there's only one song I can sing, When in His love in the Book He has giv'n; Wonderful things in the Bible I see—This is the dearest, that Jesus loves me.

Refrain

I am so glad that Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me;

I am so glad that Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me, Jesus loves even me.
**Tread Softly**

*Hold thy peace at the presence of the Lord God.—Zeph. 1:7*

Fanny J. Crosby, 1820-1915

William H. Doane, 1832-1915

**Refrain**

listen, Oh, treasure each word.
echoes The message of grace.
E den This moment we share.
silent, And wait on the Lord.

Tread softly here, tread softly here,

Master is here; Tread softly, tread softly, He bids us draw near.
Tread softly here, tread softly here,

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**Jesus Calls Us**

*They forsook all, and followed Him.—Luke 5:11*

Cecil F. Alexander, 1818-1895

William H. Jude, 1852-1922

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,
Jesus Calls Us

Day by day His sweet voice sound-eth, Say-ing: “Chris-tian, fol-low Me.”
From each i-dol that would keep us, Say-ing: “Chris-tian, love Me more.”
Still He calls, in cares and pleas-u res: “Christian, love Me more than these.”
Give our hearts to Thy o-be-dience, Serve and love Thee best of all.

Lord, I Hear of Showers of Blessing

The parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water.—Isa. 35:7

Elizabeth Codner, 1824-1919
William B. Bradbury, 1816-1868

1. Lord, I hear of show’rs of bless-ing Thou art scat-t’ring full and free;
2. Pass me not, O gra-cious Fa-ther! Sin-ful though my heart may be;
3. Pass me not, O ten-der Sav-iour! Let me live and cling to Thee;
4. Pass me not, O might-y Spir-it! Thou canst make the blind to see;
5. Love of God, so pure and change-less, Blood of Christ, so rich and free,

Show’rs, the thirst-y land re-fresh-ing; Let some drops now fall on me,
Thou might’st leave me, but the rath-er Let Thy mer-cy light on me,
I am long-ing for Thy fa-vor, Whilst Thou’rt calling, oh, call me,
Wit-ness-er of Je-sus’ mer-it, Speak the word of pow’r to me,
Grace of God, so strong and bound-less, Mag-ni-fy them all in me,

E-ven me, e-ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.
E-ven me, e-ven me, Let Thy mer-cy light on me.
E-ven me, e-ven me, Whilst Thou’rt calling, oh, call me.
E-ven me, e-ven me, Speak the word of pow’r to me.
E-ven me, e-ven me, Mag-ni-fy them all in me.
Jesus, Thy Boundless Love to Me

To know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.—Eph. 3:19

Paul Gerhardt, 1607-1676 Alt.
Trans. by John Wesley, 1703-1791

Dimitri S. Bortniansky, 1752-1825

1. Jesus, Thy boundless love to me
   No thought can reach, no
   tongue declare; Unite my thankful heart to Thee, And
   reign without a rival there. Thine wholly, Thine e'er its healing beams arise: O Jesus, nothing
   I am; My soul with constant love a-flame.
   may I see, Nothing desire or seek but Thee.

2. Thy love, how cheering is its ray!
   All pain before its
   presence flies; Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away, Wherever tire. With gracious words still comfort me; Be
   love hath wrought! Still lead me, lest I go astray; Dilev my pow'r; And when the storms of life shall cease, Je-
   may I see, Nor fear Nor sin can come, if Thou art here.

3. O draw me, Saviour, after Thee!
   So shall I run and
   love my pow'r; And when the storms of life shall cease, Je-
   may I hear Thy voice, and know that love is near.
   Thou my guide, And save me, who for me hast died!

4. Still let Thy love point out my way;
   How wondrous things Thy
   love my pow'r; And when the storms of life shall cease, Je-
   may I hear Thy voice, and know that love is near.
   Thou my guide, And save me, who for me hast died!

5. In suffering be Thy love my peace,
   In weakness be Thy
   love my pow'r; And when the storms of life shall cease, Je-
   may I hear Thy voice, and know that love is near.
   Thou my guide, And save me, who for me hast died!

To know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.—Eph. 3:19

Paul Gerhardt, 1607-1676 Alt.
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Dimitri S. Bortniansky, 1752-1825
Love Divine, All Love Excelling

Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us.—I John 3:1

Charles Wesley, 1707-1788

John Zundel, 1815-1882

1. Love divine, all love Excelling, Joy of heav’n, to earth come down,
2. Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving Spirit In to ev’ry troubled breast;
3. Come, Almighty to deliver! Let us all Thy life receive;
4. Finish, then, Thy new creation; Pure, un-spotted let us be;

Fix in us Thy humble dwelling, All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Let us all in Thee inherit, Let us find Thy promised rest;
Suddenly return, and never, Never more Thy temples leave.
Let us see our whole salvation Perfectly secured by Thee:

Jesus, Thou art all compassion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art;
Take away the love of sinning, Alpha and Omega be;
Thee we would be always blessing; Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
Changed from glory in to glory Till in heav’n we take our place—

Visit us with Thy salvation, Enter ev’ry 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.
COME, GRACIOUS SPIRIT, HEAVENLY DOVE

He will guide you into all truth.—John 16:13

Simon Browne, 1680-1732

1. Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove, With light and comfort from above; Be Thou our guardian, Thou our guide, O'er every thought and step preside, O'er every thought and step preside.

2. The light of truth to us display, And make us know and north, O'er every there, Full-ness of joy for ev'er there.

3. Lead us to holiness—the road Which we must take to from His pastures stray, Nor let us from His pas-tures stray. joy for ev'er there, Full-ness of joy for ev'er there.

4. Lead us to God, our final rest, To be with Him forever. God may ne'er depart, That we from God may ne'er depart. from His pas-tures stray, Nor let us from His pas-tures stray. joy for ev'er there, Full-ness of joy for ev'er there.

MY GOD, HOW ENDLESS IS THY LOVE

I have loved thee with an everlasting love.—Jer. 31:3

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

Charles Edwin Pollock, b. 1853

1. My God, how endless is Thy love! Thy gifts are ev'ry evening new; Thy love! Thy gifts are ev'ry evening new; Thy love! Thy gifts are ev'ry evening new;

2. Thou spread'st the curtains of the night, Great Guardian of my sleep-ing hours; Thou spread'st the curtains of the night, Great Guardian of my sleep-ing hours; Thou spread'st the curtains of the night, Great Guardian of my sleep-ing hours;

3. I yield my pow'rs to Thy com-mand; To Thee I con-se-crate my days; I yield my pow'rs to Thy com-mand; To Thee I con-se-crate my days; I yield my pow'rs to Thy com-mand; To Thee I con-se-crate my days;
My God, How Endless Is Thy Love

And morning mercies from above Gen-tly dis-til like ear-ly dew.
Thy sov-reign word re-stores the light, And quick-ens all my drow-sy pow’rs.
Per- pet-ual blessings from Thine hand De-mand per-pet-ual songs of praise.

Oh, How I Love Jesus

He is altogether lovely. This is my Beloved, and this is my Friend.—S.S. 5:16
Frederick Whitfield, 1829-1904

1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It sounds like
2. It tells me of a Sav-iour’s love, Who died to set me free; It tells me
3. It tells me what my Fa-ther hath In store for ev-ery day, And though I
4. It tells of One whose loving heart Can feel my deep-est woe, Who in each

Refrain

mu-sic in mine ear, The sweet-est name on earth.
of His pre-cious blood, The sin- ner’s per-fect plea. Oh, how I love Je-sus,
tread a darksome path, Yields sun-shine all the way. Oh, how I love Je-sus,
sor-row bears a part, That none can bear be-low.

Oh, how I love Je-sus, Oh, how I love Je-sus, Be-cause He first loved me!
Sitting at the Feet of Jesus

Mary . . . sat at Jesus' feet and heard His word.—Luke 10:39

K. C. Minter, 20th Century

1. Sitting at the feet of Jesus, Watching, waiting every day;
2. Listening at the feet of Jesus, His command to go or stay;
3. Seeking still the feet of Jesus, I would seek no other place;
4. When the toils of life are over, When my race on earth is run;

Trust- ing in His grace and power, Safe to keep me all the way.
Trust- ing al- ways in His wis- dom, Safe to guide when I obey.
For 'tis there I claim the promise Of the full- ness of His grace.
May the ev'-ningshadows gath'ring Find me there when day is done.

Refrain

Sitting at the feet of Jesus, Where I love to kneel and pray,

Till His good- ness and His glo - ry Drive the shad- ows from my way.
The Beatitudes
Matthew 5:3-12

From Matthew 5
Jac. D. Toews, b. 1903

1. When Jesus on the mountain, these sayings taught.
2. O comfort, what a blessing to those who mourn.
3. Blest are the ones who hunger and thirst for Thee.
4. The merciful, the peaceful, the pure in heart,

The promise to the faithful, O sweetest thought!
Blest are the meek, the humble, God's Word adorned;
Thy righteousness, O Jesus, their only plea,
God's children, they shall see Him and never depart

Blest are the poor in spirit, to them be given
They shall be overcomers 'gainst sin and wrong,
Their soul be filled with manna from heaven's skies—
From Him who calls them blessed, salt of the earth,

The kingdom rich in blessing in earth and heav'n.
And sing the wondrous story, redemption's song!
The living bread of Jesus that satisfies!
A light within a city of holy birth.
WORSHIP

49 Leaning on the Everlasting Arms

The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.—Deut. 33:27

Elisha A. Hoffman, 1839-1929

Anthony J. Showalter, 1858-1924

1. What a fellowship, what a joy divine, Leaning on the everlasting arms; What a blessedness, what a peace is mine, Leaning on the everlasting arms. Lean - ing, lean - ing, Lean - ing on Je - sus, lean - ing on Je - sus,

2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the everlasting arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day, Leaning on the ever - lasting arms, with my Lord so near, Lean - ing on the ever - lasting arms. Lean - ing, lean - ing, Lean - ing on Je - sus, lean - ing on Je - sus,

3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the everlasting arms; I have blessed peace Safe and secure from all alarms; Lean - ing, Lean - ing on Je - sus, lean - ing on Je - sus,

Leaning on the Everlasting Arms

In the secret of His tabernacle shall He hide me.—Psalm 27:5

Cleland B. McAfee, 1866-1944

In moderate time, with expression

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,

REFRAIN

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

Hold us, who wait before Thee, Near to the heart of God.
Once Again We Come

Let us go into the house of the Lord.—Psalm 122:1

Charles W. Naylor, 1874-1950

1. Once again we come to the house of God, To unite in songs of praise;

2. In the days gone by Thou hast been our stay, Thou hast led us safely on To the blessed light of the present day, ship and love;

3. May our hearts, O Lord, e'er united be In true fellowship;

4. May our pray'rs ascend as an incense sweet, And our praise ascended be, As in gratitude all our hearts overflow;

And to tell His wondrous ways.
Where the darkness now is gone.
To Thy house, O Lord, with rejoicing we come, For we know that we are Thine; We will

worship Thee in the Bible way, As the evening light doth shine.

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Lord, in Thy Presence

1. Lord, in Thy presence here we meet, May we in Thee be found!
2. With harmony Thy servants bless, That we may own to Thee,
3. May Zion's good be kept in view, And bless our feeble aim,

O make the place divinely sweet, And let Thy grace abound.
How good, how sweet, how pleasant 'tis When brethren all agree.
That all we undertake to do, May glorify Thy name.

Lord, We Come Before Thee Now

1. Lord, we come before Thee now, At Thy feet we humbly bow; Oh I do not our
2. In Thine own appointed way, Now we seek Thee, here we stay; Lord, we know not
3. Send some message from Thy Word, That may peace and joy afford; Let Thy Spirit
4. Grant that all may seek and find Thee a gracious God and kind; Heal the sick, the

suit disdain, Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain? Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?
how to go, Till a blessing Thou bestow. Till a blessing Thou be-stow.
now impart Full salvation to each heart. Full salvation to each heart.
captive free, Let us all rejoice in Thee. Let us all rejoice in Thee.
We Now Have Met to Worship Thee

For the edifying of the body of Christ.—Eph. 4:12

1. We now have met to worship Thee, And glorify Thy name, dear Lord;
   Help every one attentive, And heed the teaching of Thy Word.

2. Assist Thy servant to proclaim The Gospel message plain and pure,
   That all who hear accept the same, And make in Thee salvation sure.

Fill every heart with love divine, Teach every tongue Thy praise to sing;
In Thee alone help us to trust, And in Thy love and laws abide,

Help each to say, Lord, we are Thine, And all we have to Thee we bring.
That when our bodies turn to dust, Our souls in heav’n be glorified.

Father, We Come

Give ear to my prayer, O God.—Psalm 55:1

1. Father, we come in Jesus’ name, To worship at this place;
2. We know not how to come a-right, Except Thou be our Guide;
3. Give grace to hear and sing Thy praise, And grace for Thee to live;
4. Moment by moment be Thou near, And keep us in Thy love;

54  We Now Have Met to Worship Thee

55  Father, We Come
Father, We Come

Do Thou with love our hearts in-flame, And give us peace and grace.
Fill Thou our hearts with heav'ny light, And with us now a-bide.
Keep us, O Lord, in all Thy ways, To us Thy Spirit give.
And when our life is ended here, Take us to Thee above.

Come, Heaven-Bound Pilgrims

O come, let us worship and bow down.—Psalm 95:6

1. Come, heaven bound pilgrims, and join in God's praise, Come seek now His
2. Let each one consider the price we have cost, Let each one be
3. Remember each other in true, fervent prayer, Pray too for God's
4. O gracious Redeemer, be with us we pray, Breathe on us Thy

blessing and learn of His ways, In humble devotion bow
bur-dened with souls that are lost, And seek that in-filling of
servants that they may declare The message of truth with an
Spirit to show us the way, And fill us with goodness, with

low at His feet, In true spirit worship, His favor entreat.
pow'r from above, That fits us for service and fills us with love.
anxious desire, That all be en-kindled with heavily fire.
peace and de-light, That all to Thy glory may shine as a light.

John M. Shenk, 1848-1935

John M. Shenk, 1848-1935
Every Morning Mercies New

The Lord's mercies . . . are new every morning.—Lam. 3:22, 23

Greville Philimore, 1821-1884

1. Every morning mercies new Fall as fresh as morning dew;
2. Still the greatness of Thy love Daily doth our sins remove;
3. Let our prayers each morn prevail, That these gifts may never fail;
4. As the morning light returns, As the sun with splendor burns,

Ev'ry morning let us pay Tribute with the early day;
Dai-ly, far as east from west, Lifts the burden from the breast;
And, as we confess the sin And the tempter's pow'r within,
Teach us still to turn to Thee, Ever blessed Trinity,

For Thy mercies, Lord, are sure; Thy compassion doth endure.
Gives un-bought, to those who pray, Strength to stand in evil day.
Feed us with the Bread of Life; Fit us for our daily strife.
With our hands our hearts to raise, In un-failing prayer and praise.

I Owe the Lord a Morning Song

But I will sing of Thy power; yea, I will sing aloud of Thy mercy in the morning.—Psa. 59:16

Amos Herr, 1816-1897

1. I owe the Lord a morning song Of gratitude and praise,
2. He kept me safe another night; I see another day;
3. Keep me from danger and from sin; Help me Thy will to do,
4. Keep me till Thou wilt call me hence, Where never night can be;
I Owe the Lord a Morning Song

For the kind mercy He has shown In length'ning out my days.
Now may His Spirit, as the light, Direct me in His way.
So that my heart be pure within; And I Thy goodness know.
And save me, Lord, for Jesus' sake,—He shed His blood for me.

Saviour, Hear Us, We Pray

Hear me when I call, O God of my righteousness.—Psalm 4:1

W. W. Ellsworth, 19th Century
Johannes Brahms, 1833-1897
Arr. by A. Cortada, 20th Century

1. Saviour, hear us, we pray, Keep us safe thro' this day; Keep our lives free from sin, And our hearts pure within.
2. Be our Guardian and Guide; May we walk by Thy side Till the evening shades fall O'er us o'er all.

Refrain

Jesus, Lord, hear our prayer, May we rest in Thy care; Jesus, Lord, hear our prayer, May we rest in Thy care.
**Now the Shades of Night Are Gone**

*I am with thee, and will keep thee.—Gen. 28:15*

Source Unknown

William G. Fischer, 1835-1912

1. Now the shades of night are gone; Now the morn- ing light is come;
2. Fill my soul with heav’n-ly light, Ban-ish doubt, and cleanse my sight;
3. Keep my laugh-ty pas-sions bound, Save me from my foes a-round;
4. When my work of life is past, Oh! re-ceive me then at last!

Lord, may I be Thine to-day,—Drive the shades of sin a-way.
In Thy ser-vice, Lord, to-day, Help me la-bor, help me pray:
Go-ing out and com-ing in, Keep me safe from ev’ry sin.
Night of sin will be no more When I reach the heav’n-ly shore.

**Begin the Day with God**

*I have set the Lord al-ways before me.—Psalm 16:8*

Source Unknown

Daniel Read, 1757-1836

1. Be-gin the day with God, Kneel down to Him in prayer,
2. O-pen the book of God, And read a por-tion there,
3. Go through the day with God, What-e’er thy work may be;
4. Con-verse in mind with God; Thy spir-it heav’n-ward raise,
5. Con-clude the day with God; Thy sins to Him con-fess,

Lift up thine heart to His a-bode, And seek His love to share.
That it may hal-low all thy tho’ts, And sweet-en all thy care.
Wher-e’er thou art, at home, a-broad, He still is near to thee.
Ac-knowl-edge ev’ry good be-stowed, And of-fer grate-ful praise.
Trust in the Lord’s a-ton-ing blood, And plead His right-eous-ness.
As the Sun Doth Daily Rise

Source Unknown
Old French Melody
Arr. by William H. Monk, 1823-1889

MORNING

1. As the sun doth daily rise, Bright'ning all the morning skies,
2. Day by day provide us food, For from Thee come all things good:
3. Be our Guard in sin and strife; Be the Leader of our life;
4. Quick'en'd by the Spirit's grace All Thy holy will to trace,

So to Thee with one accord Lift we up our hearts, O Lord!
Strength unto our souls afford From Thy living bread, O Lord!
Lest like sheep we stray abroad, Stay our wayward feet, O Lord!
While we daily search Thy Word, Wisdom true impart, O Lord!

I Name Thy Hallowed Name

Louis F. Benson, 1855-1930
Johann M. Spiess, 1715-c.1766

1. I name Thy hallowed name, I bring Thee a new day; Lord,
2. Thy kingdom come to me, And build within my heart A
3. Thy will be done by me In little things, close by, That
4. Give me my bread to-day, Enough to keep me strong, E-
5. If any tempt me, lead To purer air above; Thy

keep my life from sin and shame, And teach me how to pray.
shrine for me, a throne for Thee, A temple set apart.
so my home on earth may be More like Thy heav'n on high.
nough to share; and help me pray For those who do me wrong.
power is gentle in our need, Thy glory is Thy love. A-MEN.

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1. Safely thro' another week God has brought us on our way;
2. While we seek supplies of grace, Thro' the blest Re-deem'er's name,
3. Here we come, Thy name to praise: Let us feel Thy presence near;
4. May the Gospel's joyful sound Conquer sinners, comfort saints,

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

Day of all the week the best, Emblem of eternal rest,
From our worldly care set free, May we rest this day in Thee,
Here afford us, Lord, a taste Of our ever-lasting rest,
Thus let all our worship prove, Till we join Thy courts above,

Day of all the week the best, Emblem of eternal rest.
From our worldly care set free, May we rest this day in Thee.
Here afford us, Lord, a taste Of our ever-lasting rest.
Thus let all our worship prove, Till we join Thy courts above.
0 Day of Rest and Gladness

The Sabbath of rest, holy to the Lord.—Exodus 31:15

Christopher Wordsworth, 1807-1885
Old German Melody
Lowell Mason, 1792-1872

1. O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light,
On thee, at the creation, The light first had its birth;
Today on weary nations The heav'n-ly manna falls:
New graces ever gaining From this our day of rest,

2. O balm of care and sadness, Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee, for our salvation, Christ rose from depths of earth;
To holy conversations The heav'n-ly trump-et calls,
We reach the rest remaining To spir-its of the blest.

3. O balm of care and sadness, Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee, for our salvation, Christ rose from depths of earth;
To holy conversations The heav'n-ly trump-et calls,
We reach the rest remaining To spir-its of the blest.

4. On thee the high and lowly, Before th'e-ter nal throne,
On thee our Lord, vic-torious, The Spir-it sent from heav'n;
Where Gos-pel light is glow-ing With pure and ra-diant beams,
To Holy Ghost be prais-es, To Fa-ther, and to Son;

5. On thee the high and lowly, Before th'e-ter nal throne,
On thee our Lord, vic-torious, The Spir-it sent from heav'n;
Where Gos-pel light is glow-ing With pure and ra-diant beams,
To Holy Ghost be prais-es, To Fa-ther, and to Son;

6. Sing Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, To the great Three in One.
And thus on thee, most glori-ous, A trip-le light was giv'n.
And liv-ing wa-ter flow-ing, With soul-re-fresh-ing streams.
The Church her voice up-rais-es To Thee, blest Three in One.
WORSHIP

66

O Holy Day

The Son of man is Lord of the Sabbath.—Luke 6:5

Elisha A. Hoffman, 1839-1929

Charles Edwin Pollock, b. 1853

Rather slow

1. How calm and how bright is this ho - ly day! We haste to the
courts of the Lord a-way; We wor - ship and pray and ex-
here our de-vo - tion prove; We lay our ob-la - tions down
rich-ly with com-fort blest; Our faith is in-creased and our
ult in His praise, And we hal - low and hon - or this best of all days.
low at His feet, And in songs of re-joic-ing our thanks we re-peat.
love is re-newed, And our hearts are with pow-er from heav-en en-dued.

Refrain

O ho - ly day! O hap-py day! O day of days the best!

We wor-ship at God’s glo-rious throne, And there find peace and rest.
Upon the First Day of the Week

Upon the first day of the week.—Luke 24:1

James H. Childress, 20th Century

Benjamin M. Taylor, b. 1881

Slowly

1. Upon the first day of the week, Our Saviour came forth from the grave,
   He died, was buried, then arose,
   To reign, to triumph and to save!
   He died, was buried, then arose,
   To reign, to triumph and to save!
   And drink the cup in memory Of Him whose blood for us was shed!
   As blest and prospered by the Lord, The King of kings whom we adore!
   As blest and prospered by the Lord, The King of kings whom we adore!
   And drink the cup in memory Of Him whose blood for us was shed!

2. Upon the first day of the week, Disciples met to break the bread,
   And drink the cup in memory Of Him whose blood for us was shed!
   As blest and prospered by the Lord, The King of kings whom we adore!
   We, too, in spirit worship Him, With prayer and song our hearts rejoice!
   We, too, in spirit worship Him, With prayer and song our hearts rejoice!
   And drink the cup in memory Of Him whose blood for us was shed!
   As blest and prospered by the Lord, The King of kings whom we adore!

3. Upon the first day of the week, Let each of us lay by in store,
   Let each of us lay by in store,
   To reign, to triumph and to save!
   Let each of us lay by in store,
   To reign, to triumph and to save!
   As blest and prospered by the Lord, The King of kings whom we adore!
   We, too, in spirit worship Him, With prayer and song our hearts rejoice!
   We, too, in spirit worship Him, With prayer and song our hearts rejoice!
   As blest and prospered by the Lord, The King of kings whom we adore!

4. Upon this day "beloved" John Saw Christ, and heard His trumpet voice;
   "beloved" John Saw Christ, and heard His trumpet voice;
   To reign, to triumph and to save!
   "beloved" John Saw Christ, and heard His trumpet voice;
   To reign, to triumph and to save!
   As blest and prospered by the Lord, The King of kings whom we adore!
   We, too, in spirit worship Him, With prayer and song our hearts rejoice!
   We, too, in spirit worship Him, With prayer and song our hearts rejoice!
   As blest and prospered by the Lord, The King of kings whom we adore!

Refrain

Though others may forsake the Lord, Thy holy presence comforts us,
Though others may forsake the Lord, Thy holy presence comforts us,
Upon the first day of the week.

Yet, we are here Thy truth to seek:
Yet, we are here Thy truth to seek:
Upon the first day of the week.

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WORSHIP

Sun of My Soul

The darkness and the light are both alike to Thee.—Psalm 139:12

John Keble, 1792-1866

Adapted from Katholisches Gesangbuch, c.1774

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kindly sleep My wea-ry eye-lids gen-tly steep,
3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can-not live;
4. Watch by the sick: en-rich the poor With bless-ings from Thy boundless store;
5. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro’ the world our way we take,

Oh, may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy serv-ant’s eyes.
Be my last tho’t,—how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-iour’s breast.
A-bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.
Be ev-ry mourner’s sleep to-night, Like in-fant’s slumbers, pure and light.
Till, in the o-cean of Thy love, We lose our-selves in heav’n a-bove.

Now from the Altar of My Heart

Let my prayer be set forth before Thee as incense.—Psalm 141:2

John Mason, 1634-1694

Hugh Wilson, 1764-1824

1. Now from the al-tar of my heart Let sweet-est in-cense rise:
2. A-wake, my lovel a-wake, my joy! A-wake, my heart and tongue!
3. This day God was my sun and shield, My keep-er and my guide;
4. Lord of my time, whose hand hath set New time up-on my score,

As-sist me, Lord, to of-fer up Mine eve-ning sac-ri-fice.
Sleep not, when mer-cies loud-ly call; Break forth in-to a song.
His care was on my frail-ty shown, His mer-cies mul-ti-plied.
Then shall I praise for all my time, When time shall be no more.
Saviour, Breathe an Evening Blessing

I will lay me down in peace, and sleep.—Psalm 4:8

James Edmeston, 1791-1867
Jacob H. Hall, 1855-1941

Not too fast.

1. Saviour, breathe an evening blessing, Ere repose our spirits seal;
2. Tho' the night be dark and dreary, Darkness cannot hide from Thee;

Sin and want we come confessing; Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
Thou art He who dost not weary, Watch-est where Thy people be.

Tho' destruction walk around us, Tho' the arrows past us fly,
Should swift death this night o'ertake us, And command us to the tomb,

An - gel guards from Thee surround us; We are safe, if Thou art nigh.
May the morn in heav'n awake us, Clad in bright eternal bloom.
In Mercy, Lord, Remember Me

Remember Thou me for Thy goodness' sake, O Lord.—Psalm 25:7

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748
William B. Bradbury, 1816-1868

1. In mercy, Lord, remember me Thro' all the hours of night,
2. With cheerful heart I close my eyes, Since Thou wilt not remove:
3. Or if this night should prove the last, And end my transient days,

And grant to me most graciously The safeguard of Thy might.
Oh, in the morning let me rise Rejoicing in Thy love.
Then take me to Thy promised rest, Where I may sing Thy praise.

I Love to Steal Awhile Away

And when the evening was come, He was there alone.—Matt. 14:23

Phoebe H. Brown, 1783-1861
Charles Edwin Pollock, b. 1853

1. I love to steal awhile away From ev'ry cum-b'ring care,
2. I love in solitude to shed The pen-i-tential tear,
3. I love to think on mercies past, And future good implore,
4. I love by faith to take a view Of brighter scenes in heav'n,
5. Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er, May its departing ray

And spend the hours of setting day In humble, grateful prayer.
And all His promises to plead, Where none but God can hear.
And all my cares and sorrows cast On Him whom I adore.
The prospect doth my strength renew, While here by tempests driv'n.
Be calm as this impressive hour, And lead to endless day.
Evening Praise

Our God, we thank Thee, and praise Thy glorious name.—1 Chron. 29:13

Lois Loewen, b. 1928

1. We owe the Lord an evening song Of thankful-ness and praise,
   'Tis through Thy love that we are saved, And by Thy grace we stand
2. We know that now the night has come, The day is spent! but how?
3. If we have failed to do His will Let's cast our sins aside,
4. For giving us our daily bread, And light and truth and grace.
   On solid ground thro' storms of life, And not on sinking sand.
   Have we with lips and actions too, Been calling sinners now?
   Let's kneel right down before our rest, And all to Him confide.

Refrain

Yes, Lord, we thank Thee for this day, Though it is past and gone,

We needs must go the narrow way, So Thou canst lead us Home.

Miss Lois Loewen, owner. Used by permission.
Saviour, Again to Thy Dear Name

Peace be with you all that are in Christ Jesus.—1 Peter 5:14

John Ellerton, 1826-1893
E. S. Widdeman, 19th Century

1. Saviour, again to Thy dear name we raise
2. Grant us Thy peace upon our home-ward way;
3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the com-ing night;
4. Grant us Thy peace through-out our earth-ly life,

With one ac-cord our part-ing hymn of praise;
With Thee be-gan, with Thee shall end the day:
Turn Thou for us its dark-ness in-to light;
Our balm in sor-row, and our stay in strife;

We stand to bless Thee ere our wor-ship cease;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame;
From harm and dan-ger keep Thy chil-dren free,
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our con-flict cease,

Then trust-ing Thee a-wait Thy word of peace.
That in this house have called up-on Thy name.
For dark and light are both a-like to Thee.
Call us, O Lord, to Thine e-ter-nal peace.
May the Grace of Christ

11 Corinthians 13:11-14

John Newton, 1725-1807

From Hymns and Tunes, 1890

1. May the grace of Christ our Saviour And the Father's boundless love,
2. Thus may we abide in union With each other and the Lord,

With the Holy Spirit's favor, Rest upon us from above.
And possess, in sweet communion, Joys which earth cannot afford.

The Lord Be with Us

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all.—Rev. 22:21

John Ellerton, 1826-1893

Thomas A. Arne, 1710-1778

1. The Lord be with us as each day His blessings we receive;
2. The Lord be with us as we walk Along our home-ward road;
3. The Lord be with us till the night Enfold our day of rest;
4. The Lord be with us thro' the hours Of slumber calm and deep,

His gift of peace on all we pray, Before His courts we leave.
In silent thought or friendly talk, Our hearts be near to God.
Be He of ev'-ry heart the Light, Of ev'-ry home the Guest.
Protect our homes, renew our pow'rs And guard His people's sleep.
77

Bless the Words

The Lord will bless His people with peace.—Psalm 29:11

Jac. D. Toews, b. 1903
Stanza 4, Fanny J. Crosby, 1820-1915

Charles Edwin Pollock, b. 1853

1. Je - sus, bless us with Thy Spir - it, Give Thou strength for wea - ry feet,
2. Clothe our walk of life, O Je - sus, With Thy vir - tues all a - glow;
3. Keep us in Thy fold, pro - tect us Safe from blight and stain of sin,
4. Bless the words we here have spo - ken, Of - fered pray'r and cheer - ful strain;

O re - fresh us with Thy man - na So di - vine - ly pure and sweet!
Come in - to our hearts and teach us Thee more ful - ly yet to know.
Cleanse, re - fine our thoughts and ac - tions, Come and reign Thou Lord with - in.
If Thy will, O Lord, we pray Thee, Grant we all may meet a - gain.

78

Once More Before We Part

Let us come before His presence with thanksgiving.—Psalm 95:2

Joseph Hart, 1712-1768

Benjamin C. Unseld, 1848-1923

1. Once more be - fore we part, Oh, bless the Sav - iour's name!
2. Lord, in Thy grace we came, That bless - ing still im - part,
3. Still on Thy ho - ly Word We'll live, and feed, and grow;
4. Now, Lord, be - fore we part, Help us to bless Thy name;

Let ev - 'ry tongue and ev - 'ry heart A - dore and praise the same.
We met in Je - sus' sa - cred name, In Je' - sus' name we part.
And still go on to know the Lord, And prac - tice what we know.
Let ev - 'ry tongue and ev - 'ry heart A - dore and praise the same.
Lord, Dismiss Us with Thy Blessing
The Lord bless thee and keep thee.—Num. 6:24-26

Ascribed to John Fawcett, 1740-1817
Alt. by Godfrey Thring, 1823-1903
Arr. from a 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;
   Thanks we give and adoration For Thy Gospel's joyful sound;
   So that when Thy love shall call us, Saviour, from the world away,
   Let no fear of death appall us, Glad Thy summons to obey:

2. O refresh us, O refresh us, Travelling thro' this wilderness.
   Ever faithful, Ever faithful To the truth may we be found;
   May we ever, May we ever Reign with Thee in endless day.

3. Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly.—Col. 3:16
   From Genevan Psalter, 1551
   Louis Bourgeois, c.1510-c.1561

   1. Dismiss us with Thy blessing, Lord—Help us to feed upon Thy Word;
   2. Though we are guilty, Thou art good—Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;

All that has been a-miss, forgive, And let Thy truth within us live.
Give every fettered soul release, And bid us all depart in peace. A-men.
God Is Love

God is love.—I John 4:8

Edmund S. Lorenz, 1854-1942

1. Come, let us all unite to sing, God is love; Let heav'n and earth their praises bring, God is love; Let ev'ry soul from have redemption found, God is love; His blood has washed our
2. Oh, tell to earth's remotest bound, God is love; In Christ we es our spirits' cheer, God is love; He is our sun and sin a-wake, Each in his heart sweet music make, And sing, with sins a-way, His Spirit turned our night to day, And now we shield by day, Our help, our hope, our strength and stay, He will be
3. How happy is our portion here, God is love; His promises—

Refrain

us for Jesus' sake, For God is love. God is love! God is love! God is love! Can rejoice to say, That God is love. with us all the way, Our God is love. God is love!

love! Come, let us all unite to sing That God is love.

God is love!
1. The love of God is greater far Than tongue or pen can ever tell; 
2. When hoary time shall pass away And earthly thrones and kingdoms fall; 
3. Could we with ink the ocean fill, And were the skies of parchment made; 

It goes beyond the highest star, And reaches to the lowest hell. 
When men who here refuse to pray, On rocks and hills and mountains call; 
Were every stalk on earth a quill, And every man a scribe by trade; 

The guilty pair, bowed down with care, God gave His Son to win; 
God’s love, so sure, shall still endure, All measureless and strong; 
To write the love of God above Would drain the ocean dry; 

His erring child He reconciled, And pardoned from his sin, 
Re-deeming grace to Adam’s race—The saints’ and angels’ song. 
Nor could the scroll contain the whole, Tho’ stretched from sky to sky. 

**Refrain**

Oh, love of God, how rich and pure! How measureless and strong! 
It shall forevermore endure—The saints’ and angels’ Song.
Wondrous Love

God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son.—John 3:16

Martha M. Stockton, 1821-1885
William G. Fischer, 1835-1912

1. God loved the world of sinners lost And ruined by the fall;
2. E'en now by faith I claim Him mine, The risen Son of God;
3. Believing souls, rejoicing go, There shall to you be giv'n
4. Of vict'ry now o'er Satan's pow'r, Let all the ransomed sing

Salvation full at highest cost, He offers free to all.
Redemption by His death I find, And cleansing thro' His blood.
A glorious foretaste, here below, Of endless life in heav'n.
And triumph in the dying hour, Thro' Christ, the Lord, our King.

Refrain

O 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love! The love of God to me;

It brought my Saviour from above, To die on Calvary.
Behold What Love

Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us.—1 John 3:1

B. Elliott Warren, 1867-1951

D. Otis Teasley, 1876-1942

1. Behold what love, yes, love divine, The Father showed to thee, 
2. He gave His life to make thee whole, He shed His blood for all, 
3. Oh, depths of love to mortals lost, He suffered on the tree; 
4. The love of Christ is warm and free, We live because He died; 

In that He gave His only Son, Thy soul from sin to free. 
To heal the body, save the soul, Then come, for mercy call. 
Our only hope of heaven cost His blood—'twas all for thee. 
His drops of mercy fall on thee And all the world beside. 

Refrain

Such love cannot be fathomed, 'Tis like the boundless sea; 

His broken heart so wounded, Is bleeding now for thee.
GOD THE FATHER

85 God Moves in a Mysterious Way

O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God.—Rom. 11:33

William Cowper, 1731-1800

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. Judge not the Lord by feeble sense, But trust Him for His grace;
4. His purposes will ripen fast, Unfolding every hour;
5. 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.
Be-hind a frowning providence He hides a smiling face.
The bud may have a bitter taste, But sweet will be the flow'r.
God is His own interpreter, And He will make it plain.

86 God Is Love, His Mercy Brightens

The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear Him.—Psalm 103:17

John Bowring, 1792-1872

1. God is love, His mercy brightens All the path in which we move;
2. Chance and change are busy ever; Worlds de-cay, and ages move;
3. E'en the hour that darkest seemeth Will His changeless goodness prove;
4. He with earthly cares entwines Hope and comfort from above;

Bliss He forms, and woe He lightens; God is light, and God is love.
But His mercy wanes never; God is light, and God is love.
From the mist His brightness streameth; God is light, and God is love.
Ev'rywhere His glory shineth; God is light, and God is love.
Such Love, Such Wondrous Love

Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us.—I John 3:1

C. Bishop, 20th Century

Robert Harkness, 1880-1961

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Oh, Such Wonderful Love

That the love wherewith Thou hast loved Me may be in them.—John 17:26

1. Oh, the great love the dear Saviour has shown To shamefully
die on the tree, Leaving His sceptre and beautiful throne
joyfully came Down from yon heaven our path to illumine,
deeper and Friend, Pouring in infinite streams upon me

2. Palaces, mansions and inns had no room For Christ, who so

3. Man of great sorrows and homeless was He, But yet my Re-

Refrain

To rescue a sinner like me! Oh, . . . . such
And save us from sin and from shame.
A love that can never more end. Oh, such wonderful.

Such wonderful love! Oh, . . . . such wonderful love! Jesus, my
Oh, such wonderful,

Saviour, left sceptre and throne, To rescue a sinner like me.

I. N. McHose, 19th Century, Alt.
I. N. McHose, 19th Century
Love Found Me

God, who is rich in mercy, for His great love wherewith He loved us.—Eph. 2:4

Henry L. Gilmour, 1836-1920
Arr. by Henry L. Gilmour, 1836-1920

1. When out in sin and darkness lost, Love found me; My fainting soul was tempest tossed, Love found me; I heard the Saviour's words so blest, Love found me, "Come, weary, heavy—though I long withstand His grace, Love found me, He wooed me to His is my advocate above, Love found me, I'm yoked to Him in singing hasons nas round the throne, Love found me, Where I shall know as

2. The Spirit roused me from my sleep, Love found me; Con viction seized me strong and deep, Love found me; Al though I long withstand His grace, Love found me, He wooed me to His is my advocate above, Love found me, I'm yoked to Him in singing hasons nas round the throne, Love found me, Where I shall know as

3. I'll praise Him while He gives me breath, Love found me; For saving from an endless death, Love found me; Christ is my advocate above, Love found me, I'm yoked to Him in singing hasons nas round the throne, Love found me, Where I shall know as

4. And when I reach the gold-paved street, Love found me; And sit adoring at His feet, Love found me; And And

Refrain

laden, rest," Love found me. Oh, 'twas love, love, kind embrace, Love found me. perfect love, Love found me. I am known, Love found me. Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love, Love that moved the mighty God, Love, love, 'twas love found me.
O Word of God Incarnate

The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us.—John 1:14

William W. Howe, 1823-1897
Lowell Mason, 1792-1872

1. O Word of God incarnate O Wisdom from on high,
2. The Church from her dear Master Received the gift divine,
3. It float-eth like a banner Before God's host un-furled;
4. O make Thy Church, dear Saviour, A lamp of purest gold,

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

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

A lan-tern to our foot-steps Shines on from age to age.
It is the heav'n-drawn pic-ture Of Christ, the liv-ing Word.
'Mid mists and rocks and quick-sands, Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.
Till, clouds and dark-ness end-ed, They see Thee face to face.
Hark! Are They Not Angels?

Glory to God in the highest.—Luke 2:14

F. A. Willmann, 19th Century
Trans, by Anna Toews Friesen, b. 1912

1. Hark! Are they not angels that gladly are bringing
   To mankind the wonderful message of love? Soul, list to the
   pro-claiming that Jesus, our Saviour, is born; Arouse, all ye
   No greater love ever was given to man. Give hearts, hands, and

2. Lo! Singers of heaven in infinite number,
   An-thems of multitudes singing; The songs of rejoicing they
   People, awake from your slumber! And saints then may comfort the
   voices, in praise for His favor! Proclaiming our Father's great

3. Come! Sing, all ye nations, sing praise to our Saviour!
   Bring from above! That peace be on earth and good
   Sinners that mourn. For peace be on earth, and good
   Blessing again. Now sweetly and clearly the

will be to man! Glory to God! Glory to God in heav'n!
will be to man! Glory to God! Glory to God in heav'n!
message is given: Glory to God! Glory to God in heav'n!
Joy to the World!

Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion.—Zech. 9:9

From Psalm 98
Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

Arr. from George F. Handel, 1685-1759

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth receive her King; Let every heart prepare Him room,
   And heavens and nature sing, And heavens and nature sing.

2. Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns; Let men their songs employ; While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
   Repeal the sounding joy, Repeal the sounding joy.

3. No more let sins and sorrows grow, Nor thorns interrupt the way, Nor thorns interrupt the way.
   Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is found.

4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove The glories of His righteousness,
   And wonders of His love, And wonders of His love.

1. And heavens and nature sing, And heavens and nature sing.

2. Repeal the sounding joy, Repeal the sounding joy.

3. Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is found.

4. And wonders of His love, And wonders of His love.

Amen.
Hark! What Mean Those Holy Voices?

Glory to God ... , on earth peace, good will toward men.—Luke 2:14

John Cawood, 1775-1852
Arr. by George C. Stebbins, 1846-1945

1. Hark! what mean those holy voices, Sweetly sounding thro' the skies?
2. Peace on earth, good-will from heaven, Reaching far as man is found;
3. Haste, ye mortals, to adore Him; Learn His name and taste His joy;

Lo! the angelic host rejoices; Heav'nly hallelujahs rise.
Sons redeemed, and sins forgiven, Loud our songs of joy shall sound.
Till in heav'n ye sing before Him, "Glory be to God most high!"

Hear them tell the wondrous story, Hear them chant in hymns of joy:
Christ is born, the great Anointed; Heav'n and earth His praises sing!
Let us learn the wondrous story, Of our great Redeemer's birth,

"Glory in the highest, glory! Glory be to God most high!"
Oh, receive whom God appointed, For your Prophet, Priest and King!
Spread the bright-ness of His glory, Till it cover all the earth.
O Come, All Ye Faithful

Let us now go ... and see this thing which is come to pass.—Luke 2:15

Latin Hymn, 18th Century Trans. by Frederick Oakley, 1802-1880
Stanza 2, William Mercer, 1811-1873

John F. Wade's Cantus Diversi 1751

1. O come, all ye faithful, Joyful and triumphant,
2. True God of true God, Light of light eternal,
3. Sing, choirs of angels, Sing in exultation,
4. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this happy morning,

O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
Our lowly nature He hath not abhorred;
O sing, all ye citizens of heaven above:
Jesus, to Thee be all glory given;

Come and behold Him Born, the King of angels;
Son of the Father, Begotten, not created;
Glory to God, all Glory in the highest;
Word of the Father, Now in flesh appearing;

Refrain

O come, let us adore Him, O come, let us adore Him,

O come, let us adore Him, Christ, the Lord.
Oh, Beautiful Star of Bethlehem

We have seen His star in the east.—Matt. 2:2

1. Oh, beautiful Star of Bethlehem, shining afar thro' shadows dim,
   Giving a light for those who long have gone, (have gone,) and guiding the wise men
   Over the mountain till the break of dawn, (the dawn;) And into the light of
   Yonder in glory when the crown is won, (is won;) For Jesus is now that
   D.S. Oh, give us thy light to
   on their way unto the place where Jesus lay,
   Perfect day it will give out a lovely ray, Beautiful Star of Bethlehem
   Star divine, brighter and brighter He will shine.

Fine. Refrain
   Beautiful, beautiful Star,
   Oh beautiful Star
   Beautiful Star of Bethlehem,
   Shine upon us until the glory dawn;
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Star of the East

We have seen His star in the east.—Matt. 2:2

Amanda Kennedy, 19th Century
Arr. by Jesse R. Baxter, 1887-1960

George Cooper, 1840-1905

D.C.—Star of the East, thou hope of the soul, While around us the heaven afar; Sorrow and grief are lulled by thy light, Thou grief gather loud? Faithful and pure thy rays beam to save, Still dark billows roll: Lead us from sin to glory afar, Thou hope of each mortal in death's lonely night; Fearless and tranquil we bright o'er the cradle and bright o'er the grave; Smiles of a Saviour are star of the East, thou sweet Bethlehem star.

look up to thee, Knowing thou beam'st thro' eternity; Help us to mirrored in thee, Glimpses of heav'n in thy light we see; Guide us still follow where thou still dost guide, Pilgrims of earth so wide, on ward to that blessed shore, After earth's toil is o'er.
O Little Town of Bethlehem

And thou Bethlehem . . . art not the least among the princes of Juda.—Matt. 2:6
Phillips Brooks, 1835-1893
Lewis H. Redner, 1831-1908

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;

Aboye thy deep and dreamless sleep The silent stars go by;
While mortals sleep, the angels keep Their watch of wond’ring love.
So God imparts to human hearts The blessings of His heav’n.
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 Christmas angels, The great glad tidings tell;

The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to-night.
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.
O come to us, abide with us, Our Lord Emmanuel!
While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks

_Fear not, for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy._—Luke 2:10

Nahum Tate, 1652-1715

Richard S. Willis, 1819-1900

1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seated on the ground,

2. "To you, in David's town this day, Is born of David's line,

3. Thus spake the seraph, and forth-with appeared a shining throng

The angel of the Lord came down, And glory shone around.
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, And this shall be the sign:
Of angels praising God, and thus addressed their joyful song:

"Fear not," said he,—for mighty dread Had seized their troubled mind,—
The heav'nly Babe you there shall find To human view displayed.
"All glory be to God on high, And to the earth be peace:

"Glad tidings of great joy I bring To you and all mankind."
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands, And in a manger laid.
Good will henceforth, from heav'n to men, Begin and never cease.

90
Room for Thee

There was no room for them in the inn.—Luke 2:7

Emily E. S. Elliott, 1836-1897

Ira D. Sankey, 1840-1908

1. Thou didst leave Thy throne, and Thy king-ly crown,
   When Thou cam-est to earth for me;
   But in Beth-le-hem's home there was found no room
   For Thy holy nat-ivity.
2. Heav-en's arch-es rang, when the an-gels sang,
   Of Thy birth, and Thy roy-al de-cree;
   But in low-ly birth didst Thou come to earth, And in great-est hu-mil-i-ty.
3. Fox-es found their rest, and the birds had their nests
   In the shade of the for-est tree;
   But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou crown of thorn
   Did they take Thee to Cal-vary.
4. Thou cam-est, O Lord, with the liv-ing Word
   That should set Thy peo-ple free;
   But with mock-ing and scorn, and with thy heart, Lord Je-sus! There is room in my heart for Thee.
   Thine choirs shall sing, At Thy cam-est to earth for me;
   But in Beth-le-hem's home there was found no room For Thy holy nat-ivity.
5. When the heav-ens shall ring and its choirs shall sing,
   At Thy cam-est to earth for me;
   But in Beth-le-hem's home there was found no room For Thy holy nat-ivity.
   Yet there is room," There is room at my side for Thee.
Refrain

Oh, come to my heart, Lord Je-sus! There is room in my heart for Thee. Oh, come to my heart, Lord Je-sus, come! There is room in my heart for Thee. A-men.
100  Silent Night! Holy Night!

Silent Night! Holy Night!
And found ... the babe lying in a manger.—Luke 2:16

Joseph Mohr, 1792-1848
Trans. by John Freeman Young, 1820-1885
Franz Grueber, 1787-1863

1. Silent night! Holy night! All is calm, all is bright,
   Round yon virgin mother and Child; Holy Infant, so tender and mild,
   Sleep in heavenly peace, Sleep in heavenly peace.

2. Silent night! Holy night! Shepherds quake at the sight!
   Glories stream from heaven afar, Heav’nly hosts sing alleluia.
   Christ, the Saviour, is born! Christ, the Saviour, is born.

3. Silent night! Holy night! Son of God, love’s pure light
   Radiant beams from Thy holy face, With the dawn of redeeming grace,
   Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth, Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.

101  To Us a Child of Hope Is Born

Unto us a child is born,... a son is given.—Isa. 9:6

John Morrison, 1749-1798
Lowell Mason, 1792-1872

1. To us a child of hope is born, To us a Son is giv’n,
   No more a- dored.

2. His name shall be the Prince of Peace, For ev er more a- dored.
   His pow’r, in-creas- ing, still shall spread, His reign no end shall know;

3. His pow’r, in-creas- ing, still shall spread, His reign no end shall know;
To Us a Child of Hope Is Born

Him shall the tribes of earth obey, Him, all the hosts of heav'n.
The Wonderful, the Counselor, The great and mighty Lord.
Justice shall guard His throne above And peace abound below.

Angels! from the Realms of Glory

A multitude of the heavenly host praising God.—Luke 2:13

1. Angels! from the realms of glory, Wing your flight o'er all the earth; Ye who
sang creation's story, Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
man is now residing; Yonder shines the heav'nly light:

2. Shepherds! in the field abiding, Watch-ing o'er your flocks by night, God with
now revokes the sentence, Mercy calls you, break your chains:

3. Saints! before the altar bending, Watch-ing long in hope and fear, Sudden-

4. Sinners! wrung with true repentance, Doomed for guilt to endless pains: Justice

Worship Christ, the newborn King. Come and worship, Worship Christ the newborn King.
Glory to God in the Highest

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace.—Luke 2:14

B. Elliott Warren, 1867-1951

Lively

1. Glory to God in the highest! Said the angels to the shepherds on the plain; Singing with music the sweetest, Christ has come, a Saviour ever-more to reign.

2. Glory to God in the highest! Let its joyful melody the dies reach every land; Christ, our Redeemer, the greatest, Has appeared to save from sin by His right hand.

3. Glory to God in the highest! For His mercy and His goodness unto all; Oh, for His love! 'tis the deepest, Ev'er shown to sinful mortals on this ball.

4. Glory to God in the highest! For this wondrous plan of pardon thro' His blood; How blest to know His forgiveness, Granting full salvation thro' the grace of God.

Refrain

"Glory to God in the highest! Peace on earth, good will to men";
Let angels join the chorus, And help to praise His name.

Zion's Glad Morning

They saw the young child with Mary His mother, and fell down and worshipped Him.
—Matt. 2:11

Reginald Heber, 1783-1826
Arr. from Harmonia Sacra

1. Hail the blest morn when the great Mediator
2. Bright-est and best of the sons of the morning,
3. Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
4. Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
5. Vainly we offer each ample oblation, Vainly with

regions of glory descends; Shepherds, go worship the
darkness, and lend us Thine aid; Star of the East, the head with the beasts of the stall; Angels adore Him in
Edom and of offerings divine, Gems of the mountain and
gifts would His favor secure; Richer by far is the

Babe in the manger; Lo! for His guard the bright angels attend.
rizon adorn ing, Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.
slumbering, Mak er, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.
pearls of the ocean, Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?
heart's adoration,—Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
The Old Rugged Cross

George Bennard, 1873-1958

1. On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross, The emblem of
2. Oh, that old rugged cross, so despised by the world, Has a wondrous at-
3. In the old rugged cross, stained with blood so divine, A wondrous
4. To the old rugged cross I will ever be true, Its shame and re-
suffering and shame; And I love that old cross where the dear-est and best
traction for me; For the dear Lamb of God left His glory above
beauty I see; For 'twas on that old cross Jesus suffered and died
proach gladly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my home far away,

For a world of lost sinners was slain.
To bear it to dark Calvary.
To pardon and sanctify me.
Where His glory forever I'll share.

For the dear Lamb of God left His glory above beauty I see;
For 'twas on that old cross Jesus suffered and died
proach gladly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my home far away,

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The Hand That Was Wounded for Me

He was wounded for our transgressions.—Isa. 53:5

Hattie H. Pierson, 19th Century
Daniel B. Towner, 1850-1919

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1. What a wonder-ful, won-der-ful Sav-iour, Who would die on the
cross for me! Free-ly shed-ding His pre-cious life-blood, That the
Fa-ther's plan; He was born of the Vir-gin Ma-ry, Took up-
sor-rows, too; He's the Heal-er of ev-ery sick-ness, This He
world from sin, And He's gone to pre-pare a man-sion, That at
sin-ner might be made free.
Refrain
on Him the form of man. He was nailed to the cross for
came to the world to do. He was nailed to the cross for
last we may en-ter in. He was nailed to the cross for
me, He was nailed to the cross for me:
nailed to the cross,
On the cross cru-ci-fied, for me He died, He was nailed to the cross for me.
Behold the Saviour of Mankind

1. Behold the Saviour of mankind
2. Hark! how He groans while nature shakes,
3. 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid!
4. But soon He'll break death's envious chain,

How great the love that Him inclined
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
See where He bows His sacred head!
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,

Not All the Blood of Beasts

1. Not all the blood of beasts,
2. But Christ, the heav'n-ly Lamb,
3. My faith would lay her hand
4. My soul looks back to see
5. Believing, we rejoice

Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,

A sacrifice of no-bler name
While, like a pen-i-tent, I stand,
When hanging on the curs-ed tree,
We bless the Lamb with cheer-ful voice,
The Eventide Falls Gently Now

Not My will, but Thine, be done.—Luke 22:42

Clara M. Brooks, b. 1882
With feeling

B. Elliott Warren, 1867-1951

1. The e-ven-tide falls gen-tly now, By Ked-ron's side, o'er Olive's brow,
   2. In fer-vent prayer for you and me He wres-tled there in ag-o-ny;
   3. And then be-fore His vi-sion came The crown of thorns, the cru-el shame,
   4. Geth-sem-a-ne! O sa-cred place! Once more I see my Sav-iour's face;

And thro' the gloom me-thinks I see A lone-ly form in prayer for me.
With drops of sweat, of crim-son hue, His brow was wet as with the dew.
The scorn of those He sought to save, The reek-ing cross, the si- lent grave.
It shines a-new with glo-ry now, And an-gels smooth His pal-lid brow.

The gen-tle tone, thro' state-ly trees, Is borne up-on the mur-m'ring breeze,
In tears He knelt, with troubled soul, While there He felt death's so-ros roll;
'This bit-ter cup, O Lord, I pray, Be-fore I sup, take Thou a- way.'
Oh, let me e'er this scene be-hold! Oh, let me hear the sto-ry told

He bowed His head—God's on-ly Son—And meekly said, 'Thy will be done.'
Our sins He bore—the Ho-ly One—And said once more, 'Thy will be done.'
Yet an-swered still, as there He knelt, 'Not as I will, but as Thou wilt.'
Of Him who there the vic-t'ry won, Who said in prayer, 'Thy will be done!'
Lead Me to Calvary

When they were come to Calvary, there they crucified Him.—Luke 23:33

Jennie Evelyn Hussey, b. 1874
William J. Kirkpatrick, 1838-1921

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, through 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.
Angels in robes of light arrayed Guarded Thee whilst Thou slept.
Show to me now the empty tomb, Lead me to Calvary.
Even Thy cup of grief to share, Thou hast borne all for me.

Refrain

Lest I forget Gethsemane; Lest I forget Thine agony;

Lest I forget Thy love for me, Lead me to Calvary.
Arise, My Soul, Arise

Behold My hands, . . . My side.—John 20:27

Charles Wesley, 1707-1788

1. Arise, my soul, arise, Shake off thy guilty fears; A bleeding love, His precious blood to plead; His blood atoned for all our race, efficacious prayers, They strongly speak for me; Forgive him, oh! forgive, they cry, for a child, I can no longer fear; With confidence I now draw nigh,

2. He ever lives above, For me to intercede; His all-redeeming love, His precious blood to plead; His blood atoned for all our race, efficacious prayers, They strongly speak for me; Forgive him, oh! forgive, they cry, for a child, I can no longer fear; With confidence I now draw nigh,

3. Five bleeding wounds He bears, Received on Calvary; They pour efficacy, They strongly speak for me; Forgive him, oh! forgive, they cry, for a child, I can no longer fear; With confidence I now draw nigh,

4. My God is reconciled, His pardoning voice I hear; He owns me, Sacrifice in my behalf appears; Before the throne my Surety stands, His blood atoned for all our race, efficacy, They strongly speak for me; Forgive him, oh! forgive, they cry, for a child, I can no longer fear; With confidence I now draw nigh,

Before the throne my Surety stands, My name is written on His hands. His blood atoned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace. Forgive him, oh! forgive, they cry, Nor let the ransomed sinner die. With confidence I now draw nigh, And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

By whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world.—Gal. 6:14

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

1. When I survey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glory died,
2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ my Lord;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and love flow mingled down;
4. Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a present far too small;

From a Gregorian Chant

Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1792-1872
When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
Did e'er such love and sor-row meet, Or thorns com-pose so rich a crown?
Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all.

'Tis Midnight

And He went forward a little, and fell on the ground, and prayed.—Mark 14:35

William B. Tappan, 1794-1849

1. 'Tis mid-night, and on Ol - ive's brow The star is dimmed that late-ly shone; 'Tis mid-night, in the
did not His mas-ter's grief and tears. gar - den now The suf - f'ring Sav - iour prays a - lone.
2. 'Tis mid-night, and from all re - moved The Sav - iour wres-tles lone with fears; E'en that dis - ci - ple
from others' guilt The Man of Sorr - rows weeps in blood; Yet He who hath in
3. 'Tis mid-night, and for oth - ers' guilt The Man of song that an - gels know; Un - heard by mor - tals
4. 'Tis mid-night, and from e - ther - plains Is borne the gar - den now The suf - f'ring Sav - iour prays a - lone.

William B. Bradbury, 1816-1868
Nothing But the Blood

The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.—1 John 1:7

Robert Lowry, 1826-1899

1. What can wash away 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;
5. Glory! glory! thus I sing—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 righteousness—Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
All my praise for this I bring—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.
He Loves Me

The Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me.—Gal. 2:20

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

Source Unknown

SULLERING AND ATONEMENT

He loves me, He loves me, He loves me this I know;
He gave Himself to die for me, Because He loves me so.
Cross of Christ, O Sacred Tree

Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree.—1 Pet. 2:24

Daniel T. Taylor, b. 1823

Albert H. Grove, 19th Century

1. Cross of Christ, O sacred tree, Hide my sins and shelter me;
2. Cross of Christ, O sacred tree, Let me to Thy shadow flee;
3. Cross of Christ, O sacred tree, Type of love's deep mystery;
4. Cross of Christ, O sacred tree, This my boast shall ever be,

Claim or merit have I none, I am vile and all undone;
Here they mocked the Crucified, Here the royal sufferer died;
'Twas my sins provoked this love, I this matchless passion moved;
That Thy blood for me was shed, That for me He groaned and bled.

I to Thee for succor fly—Give me refuge or I die.
Here was shed the a-toning blood, Here expired the Son of God;
For my soul this love was stored, On my head the blessing poured.
Now I catch that gracious eye, Now I know I shall not die.

Cross of Christ, O sacred tree, All my hopes are set on Thee.
Cross of Christ, O sacred tree, Can the guilty trust in Thee?
Cross of Christ, O sacred tree, Now I solve love's mystery.
Cross of Christ, O sacred tree, All my guilt is lost in Thee.
There Is a Fountain

There shall be a fountain opened ... for sin.—Zech. 13:1

William Cowper, 1731-1800

Early American Melody
Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1792-1872

1. There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
2. The dying thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day;
3. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply,
4. And when this feeble, faltering tongue Lies silent in the grave,

And sinners, washing in that flood, Lose all their guilty stains:
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins away:
Re deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die:
Then in a nobler, sweeter song, I'll sing Thy power to save:

Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains; And
Wash all my sins away, Wash all my sins away; And
And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die; Re-
I'll sing Thy power to save, I'll sing Thy power to save; Then

sinners, washing in that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.
there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins away.
deeding love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
in a nobler, sweeter song I'll sing Thy power to save. A-men.
Christ Arise

He is not here, but is risen.—Luke 24:6

Robert Lowry, 1826-1899

Slowly and softly

1. Low in the grave He lay—Jesus my Saviour! Waiting the coming day—Jesus my Lord!
2. Vainly they watch His bed—Jesus my Saviour! Vainly they seal the dead—Jesus my Lord! Up from the grave He arose,
bars away—Jesus my Lord!
3. Death cannot keep his prey—Jesus my Saviour! He tore the He arose,
He arose, sealed the dead—Jesus my Lord!
He arose, bars away—Jesus my Lord!
He arose, bars away—Jesus my Lord!

Refrain Faster

With a mighty triumph o'er His foes;
With a mighty triumph o'er His foes;
He arose a
He arose a
He arose a

Victor from the dark domain, And He lives forever with His saints to reign.
Victor from the dark domain, And He lives forever with His saints to reign.
He arose! He arose! He arose! Hallelujah! Christ arose!
He arose! He arose! He arose! Hallelujah! Christ arose!
He arose! He arose! He arose! Hallelujah! Christ arose!
He arose! He arose! He arose! Hallelujah! Christ arose!
Awake, Awake, O Earth

I am the resurrection, and the life.—John 11:25

Lucy Randolph Flemming, 19th Century

J. Henry Showalter, 1864-1947

1. A-wake, a-wake, O earth! Thy many voices raise, And let the echoing
   hills Re-peat the note of praise. Let all the isles re- joice, Let seas take
   joy-ous spring, Crown thee with lil-ies fair, To greet the ris-en King.

2. A-wake, a-wake, O earth! For-get the hour of gloom, When in thy shudd’ring
   breast Thy Maker claimed a tomb. Put off thy win-try robes For garb of
   put a-way, Let youth and age a-like Sing "Christ is ris’n to-day."
   gifts to men; He lives, no more to die, He lives, He lives a-gain.

3. Bring treasures of the field, Bring leaf and blossom sweet, Thy choic-est and thy
   death Hath ris-en to His throne. He hath gone up on high, And giv-eth
   He lives...... a-gain!...... Our ris-en Lord, to-day! Christ
   He lives! Christ lives! He lives a-gain!

4. Lift up thy gates with praise, And robes of joy put on, The Lord of life and
   D. S.—from the dead hath come, He lives, He lives a-gain.

   Refrain
   D. S.
   He lives...... a-gain!...... Our ris-en Lord, to-day! Christ
   He lives! Christ lives! He lives a-gain!
GOD THE SON

Look, Ye Saints

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 Thou hast . . . crowned Him with glory and honour.—Psalm 8:5

Thomas Kelly, 1769-1854

Arr. by George C. Stebbins, 1846-1945

1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious, See the Man of sorrows now;  
2. Crown the Saviour, angels crown Him; Rich the trophies Jesus brings;  
3. Sinners in desolation crowned Him, Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;  
4. Hark, those bursts of acclamation! Hark, those loud triumphant chords!

From the fight returned victorious, Ev'ry knee to Him shall bow:  
In the seat of pow'r enthrone Him, While the vault of heaven rings:  
Saints and angels crowd around Him, Own His title, praise His name:  
Jesus takes the highest station; O what joy the sight affords!

REFRAIN

Crown Him, crown Him! Angels crown Him! Crown the Saviour King of kings.

Crown Him, crown Him! Angels crown Him! Crown the Saviour King of kings.
This Is the Day the Lord Hath Made

1. This is the day the Lord hath made, He calls the hours His own;
2. To-day He rose and left the dead, And Satan's empire fell;
3. Bless'd is the Lord, who comes to men With messages of grace;
4. Hosanna in the highest strains The church on earth can raise;

Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad, And praise surround the throne.
To-day the saints His triumph spread, And all His wonders tell.
Who comes, in God His Father's name, To save our sinful race.
The highest heav'ns in which He reigns Shall give Him nobler praise.

Christ, the Lord, Is Risen Today

1. Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day, Sons of men and angels say,
2. Hymns of praise then let us sing, Unto Christ, our heav'n-ly King,
3. Now be God the Father praised, With the Son, from death up-raised,

Raise your joys and triumphs high; Sing, ye heav'n, and earth reply.
Who endured the cross and grave, Sinners to redeem and save.
And the Spirit ever blest, Our true God by all confessed.
GOD THE SON

He Comes

Behold, He cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see Him.—Rev. 1:7

O. A. Pratt, 19th Century

J. Raymond Neff, 19th Century

1. He comes! He comes with trumpet sound, To wake the slum-b'ring
dear nations round; His par-d'ning love no more is found—He comes! He comes!
tongue con-fess: To judge the world in right-eous-ness He comes! He comes!
late, too late! To en-ter in at heav-en's gate!' He comes! He comes!
Him re-joice; The way of life has been their choice: He comes! He comes!
in the sky! The end has come, de-struc-tion's nigh, He comes! He comes!

2. He comes no more in priest-ly dress; Each eye shall see, each
The dead in Christ shall then a-rise To meet their Sav-iour
The earth shall melt, the moun-tains quake, The sea shall roar, the
"Let rocks and moun-tains on us fall," In vain at mer-cy's
Now to those man-sions fair and bright They take their ev-er-
Oh, fear-ful scene! cre-a-tion groans, While loud a-bove the

3. Dear sin-ners, what will be your fate? The cry will be, "Too
The way of life has been their choice: He comes! He comes!
in the sky! The end has come, de-struc-tion's nigh, He comes! He comes!

4. His loved, His own, all hear His voice, O bey His call, in
The dead in Christ shall then a-rise To meet their Sav-iour
The earth shall melt, the moun-tains quake, The sea shall roar, the
"Let rocks and moun-tains on us fall," In vain at mer-cy's
Now to those man-sions fair and bright They take their ev-er-
Oh, fear-ful scene! cre-a-tion groans, While loud a-bove the

5. Be-hold, what won-der greets mine eye,—Ten thou-sand an-gels
The dead in Christ shall then a-rise To meet their Sav-iour
The earth shall melt, the moun-tains quake, The sea shall roar, the
"Let rocks and moun-tains on us fall," In vain at mer-cy's
Now to those man-sions fair and bright They take their ev-er-
Oh, fear-ful scene! cre-a-tion groans, While loud a-bove the

The end has come, de-struc-tion's nigh, He comes! He comes!

The dead in Christ shall then a-rise To meet their Sav-iour
The earth shall melt, the moun-tains quake, The sea shall roar, the
"Let rocks and moun-tains on us fall," In vain at mer-cy's
Now to those man-sions fair and bright They take their ev-er-
Oh, fear-ful scene! cre-a-tion groans, While loud a-bove the

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Christ the Lord Cometh?

The coming of the Lord draweth nigh.—James 5:8

1. Christ the Lord cometh? per-chance at the dawn, Where earth a-wak-eth to
2. Christ the Lord cometh? earth's evening may bring Back to His vine-yard our
3. Christ the Lord cometh? man know-eth not when, But when ye think not He

wel-come the morn; Hath He not told us the hour draweth near; Watching and Sav-iour and King; Death shall be conquered and sino-ver-thrown; When He re-
com-eth a-gain; To all found watching He bringeth no fear, Nev-er a

Refrain

read-y, His sum-mons to hear? turn-eth to gath-er His own. Je-sus is com-ing! we know not how soon, shad-ow, a part-ing, a tear.

Com-ing at mid-night, at morn-ing or noon; Eve-ning may bring Him to

bear us a-way; For Him I'm watch-ing and wait-ing each day.
Face to Face with Christ

Now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face.—I Cor. 13:12

Carrie E. Breck, 1855-1934
Grant Colfax Tullar, 1869-1950

1. Face to face with Christ my Sav-iour, Face to face—what will it be,
   On-ly faint-ly now I see Him, With the dark-ling veil be-tween,
   What re-joic-ing in His pres-ence, When are ban-ished grief and pain;
   Face to face! oh, bliss-ful mo-ment! Face to face—to see and know;

2. What shall it be, when I then see Him, Face to face, Face to face?
   What shall it be, when I then see Him, Face to face, Face to face?
   What shall it be, when I then see Him, Face to face, Face to face?
   What shall it be, when I then see Him, Face to face, Face to face?

3. Face to face in all His glo-ry, I shall see Him by and by.

Moderato

Refrain

Face to face shall I be-hold Him, Far be-yond the star-ry sky;

Face to face in all His glo-ry, I shall see Him by and by.
At midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh.—Matt. 25:6

Johnson Oatman, Jr., 1856-1926
Robert E. Winsett, 1876-1952

1. Time is gliding like the shuttle of the weaver And the day is swiftly passing by; (swiftly by;)

2. You must for Him ev'ry day and hour keep watching, The time for His coming If to-night should be the coming of the Bridegroom, draweth nigh; (draweth nigh;)

3. Are your lamps all filled and ready to be lighted, Is the wedding garment In the hour when ye think not behold He cometh, now close by? (now close by?) Just outside the Bridegroom now may be approaching, of an eye; (of an eye;)

4. Soon may ring that awful cry “Behold He cometh” “In the twinkling, twinkling pass-ing by; (swiftly by;)

Fine Refrain

Are you ready for the midnight cry? O, behold..... the D.S. Are you ready for the midnight cry? (midnight cry?)

Bridegroom cometh, "............. What if now it sounded from the sky? Would to meet Him bring you joy or sorrow? from the sky? joy or sorrow?

D. S.
The Bridegroom Soon Will Call Us

Behold, the bridegroom cometh.—Matt. 25:6

From a German Melody
Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1792-1872

1. The Bridegroom soon will call us, Come, all ye wedding guests! May not His voice appear, While slumber binds our breasts; May all our lamps be burning, And oil be night-ed To glory by His grace; The patriarchs shall meet us, The prophets' shown us When we with them appear; We all shall come be-fore Him, Who for us gracious, Bid us its rich-es share; There bliss that knows no measure From springs of

found in store, That we, with Him re-turn-ing, May o-per find the door. ho-ly band, A-pos-tles, martyrs, greet us In that ce-les-tial land. Man be-came, As Lord and God a-dore Him, And ev-er bless His name. love shall flow, And nev-er chang-ing plea-ure His bounty will be-stow.

Watchman, Tell Me?

Watchman, what of the night?—Isa. 21:11

S. S. Brewer, 19th Century

John W. Dadman, 1819-1890

1. Watchman, tell me, does the morn-ing Of fair Zi-on's glo-ry dawn? D.C.—Gird thy bri-dal robes a-round thee, Morn-ing dawns, a-rise, a-rise!

2. Watchman, see, the light is beam-ing Bright-er still up-on the way; Signs thro' all the earth are gleam-ing, O-men of the com-ing day, D.C.—All the saints of earth now sleep-ing, Clad in im-mor-tal-i-ty.
Watchman, Tell Me

SECOND COMING

Pilgrim, yes, arise, look round thee; Light is breaking in the skies; When the Jubal trumpet, sounding, Shall awake from earth and sea.

Christ’s Return

Behold, I come quickly.—Rev. 3:11

1.
Christ our Lord will soon be coming,
To this land of sin and woe;
Then be watching and be waiting,
For He’s coming soon I know.
We’ll be gathered in His kingdom,
And our reign with Him begin.
With the angels we’ll be singing Hal-le-lu-jahs by and by.

2.
He was wounded, bruised and beaten,
To redeem us from our sin;
Then be watching and be waiting,
For He’s coming soon I know.
We’ll be gathered in His kingdom,
And our reign with Him begin.
With the angels we’ll be singing Hal-le-lu-jahs by and by.

3.
Soon we’ll hear the trumpet sounding,
And we’ll see our Lord on high,
Then be watching and be waiting,
For He’s coming soon I know.
We’ll be gathered in His kingdom,
And our reign with Him begin.
With the angels we’ll be singing Hal-le-lu-jahs by and by.

Refrain

We’ll be gathered home to Zion,
Be united in that land.

Won’t that be a happy meeting,
With the holy blood-washed band.
Blessed Quietness

He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you forever.—John 14:16

Manie P. Ferguson, 19th Century.
Altered
Arr. by James H. Fillmore, 1849-1936

1. Joys are flowing like a river, Since the Comforter has come;
2. Everything is turned to gladness, All around this glorious 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.
Banished unbelief and sadness, All is perfect peace and rest.
So the Holy Spirit given, Falls upon us from on high.
What a peaceful habitation, What a quiet resting place!

REFRAIN

Blessed quietness, holy quietness, Blessed assurance in my soul!

On the stormy sea Jesus speaks to me, And the billows cease to roll!
The Comforter Has Come!
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I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter.—John 14:16

Frank Bottome, 1823-1894

William J. Kirkpatrick, 1838-1921

1. O spread the tidings 'round, wher-ev-er man is found, Wher-ev-er hu-man
2. The long, long night is past, the morn-ing breaks at last, And hushed the dreadful
3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal-ing in His wings, To ev'-ry cap-tive
4. O bound-less love di-vine! how shall this tongue of mine To wond’ring mortals

hearts and hu-man woes a-bound; Let ev'-ry Christian tongue pro-claim the joy-ful
wail and fu-ry of the blast, As o’er the gold-en hills the day ad-vas-c-es
soul a full de-lib’rance brings; And thro’ the va-cant cells the song of tri-umph
tell the matchless grace di-vine—That I, a child of sin, should in His im-age

sound: The Com-fort-er has come!
fast! The Com-fort-er has come! The Com-fort-er has come, the Com-fort-er has
rings; The Com-fort-er has come! shine! The Com-fort-er has come!

come! The Ho-ly Ghost from heav’n, the Fa-ther’s promise giv’n; O spread the

ti-dings 'round, wher-ev-er man is found—The Com-fort-er has come!
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### Spirit So Holy

*Lead me in Thy truth, and teach me.—Psalm 25:5*

Daniel W. Whittle, 1840-1901

George C. Stebbins, 1846-1945

1. Spirit so holy, Spirit of love, Spirit so gentle, Sent from above; Priceless possession,
   2. Spirit of wisdom, Spirit of light, Spirit of knowledge, Showing the right; Guide us and teach us,
   3. Spirit so humble, Spirit so meek, Spirit so kindly, Helping the weak; Work in and through us,
   4. Spirit of power, Spirit of God, Spirit of burning, Work through Thy word; Search us and sift us,

Purchase of blood, Good beyond measure, Gift of our Lord.
Ful ly to know All that in Jesus God would bestow.
Make us to be Low ly and loving, Yield ing to Thee.
Spare not the dross, Show us that self life Ends at the cross.

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### Holy Ghost, with Light Divine

*Lead me in Thy truth, and teach me.—Psalm 25:5*

Andrew Reed, 1787-1862

Louis M. Gottschalk, 1829-1869

Arr. by Hubert P. Main, 1836-1925

1. Holy Ghost, with light divine, Shine upon this heart of mine;
2. Holy Ghost, with pow'r divine, Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
3. Holy Ghost, with joy divine, Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
4. Holy Spirit, all divine, Dwell within this heart of mine;

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Holy Ghost, with Light Divine

Chase the shades of night away, Turn my darkness into day,
Long hath sin, without control, Held dominion o'er my soul.
Bid my many woes depart; Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
Cast down every idol throne; Reign supreme, and reign alone.

Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide

When He, the Spirit of truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth.—John 16:13
Marcus M. Wells, 1815-1895

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 heav'n and prayer, Wondering if our names are there,

D.S.—Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come! Follow Me, I'll guide thee home."

Weary souls forever rejoice, While they hear the sweetest voice,
When the storms are raging sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Wading deep the dismal flood, Pleading naught but Jesus' blood,
Fill Me Now

That thou mightest . . . be filled with the Holy Ghost.—Acts 9:17

Elwood H. Stokes, 1815-1895

John R. Sweney, 1837-1899

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.

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 power, 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.
HOLY SPIRIT

Fill Me with Thy Spirit 137

Peter, filled with the Holy Ghost.—Acts 4:8

Daniel S. Warner, 1842-1895
Andrew L. Byers, 1869-1952

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1. Fill me with Thy Spirit, Lord, Fully save my longing soul;

2. Fill me with Thy holy light, I would have a single eye;

3. Fill me with Thy perfect love, Naught of self would I retain;

4. Fill me with Thy mighty pow'r, Father, Son and Spirit, come;

5. Fill me with Thy presence now, Lord, Thyself in me reveal;

Thro' the precious cleansing blood Purify and make me whole.
Make me perfect in Thy sight, 'Tis Thy will to sanctify.
 Losing all Thy love to prove, Lord, I count a happy gain.
In my soul the unc - tion pour, Make me ever all Thine own.
At Thy feet I humbly bow To receive the holy seal.

Refrain

Come, O Spirit, seal me Thine, Come, Thy fullness now bestow.

Let Thy glory in me shine, Make me whiter than the snow.
Give Me the Bible

His delight is in the law of the Lord.—Psalm 1:2

Priscilla J. Owens, 1829-1907

Edmund S. Lorenz, 1854-1942

1. Give me the Bible, star of gladness gleaming, To cheer the wand’rer lone and tempest-tossed; No storms can hide that radiance peaceful beam-ing 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, by the open grave; Show me the light from heaven’s shining portals,

2. Give me the Bible when my heart is broken, When sin and grief have D.S.—Precept and promise, law and love combin-ing,

3. Give me the Bible, all my steps en-light-en, Teach me the danger FINE REFRAIN

4. Give me the Bible, lamp of life immortal, Hold up that splendor D.S.

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 alone the path of peace can show. Give me the Bible,
Show me the glory gild-ing Jordan’s wave.

Till night shall vanish in eternal day.

Holy message shin-ing, Thy light shall guide me in the narrow way;
I Believe the Bible

Edward S. Ufford, 1851-1929
Stanza 3, G. W. Shurman, 19th Century

1. I believe the Bible, it taught me how to pray, Jesus heard and answered,
   took my sins away; Gave me peace and pardon, wrote my name above,
   took my sins away: Gave me peace and pardon, wrote my name above,

2. I believe the Bible, it teaches me to sing Moses' song of victory,
   o'er the tyrant king; Or with Paul and Silas, mid-night brings relief,
   o'er the tyrant king; Or with Paul and Silas, mid-night brings relief,

3. I believe the Bible, of holiness it speaks. Grace of Jesus
   to the one who seeks; Tells of keeping power 'neath the cleansing flood,
   to the one who seeks; Tells of keeping power 'neath the cleansing flood,

4. I believe the Bible, it teaches me to run in this royal highway
   till the prize is won; Shows the crown awaiting, if I win the race,
   till the prize is won; Shows the crown awaiting, if I win the race,

5. Let us live the Bible, and then the world will see we have been with Jesus
   more like Him to be; With His word bidding in our hearts made new,
   more like Him to be; With His word bidding in our hearts made new,

Refrain

Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! for His wondrous love.
Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! for His perfect love.
Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! for His precious blood. I believe the Bible,
Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! for the precious blood. I believe the Bible,
Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! for His saving grace.
Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! for His saving grace.
That will prove the blessed Book is always true.
That will prove the blessed Book is always true.

O it is divine! Heaven's golden sunlight in its pages shine; Lights my way to
glo-ry, and I'm surely going thro'; I believe the Bible, for 'tis ever true.
glo-ry, and I'm surely going thro'; I believe the Bible, for 'tis ever true.
Cling to the Bible

Thy testimonies ... are the rejoicing of my heart.—Psalm 119:111

M. J. Smith, 19th Century

James R. Murray, 1841-1905

1. Cling to the Bible, tho' all else be taken; Lose not its promises
2. Cling to the Bible, this jewel, this treasure Brings to us honor and
3. Lamp for the feet that in by-ways have wandered; Guide for the youth that would

precious and sure; Souls that are sleeping its echoes awakened;
saves fallen man; Pearl whose great value no mortal can measure,
otherwise fall; Hope for the sinner whose best days are squandered;

Refrain

Drink from the fountain, so peaceful, so pure.
Seek and secure it, O soul, while you can. Cling to the Bible!
Staff for the aged, and best book of all.

Cling to the Bible! Cling to the Bible, Our Lamp and Guide.
 Thy Word Have I Hid in My Heart

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Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.—Psalm 119:105

From Psalm 119
Adapted by Ernest O. Sellers, 1809-1952
Ernest O. Sellers, 1809-1952

1. Thy Word is a lamp to my feet, A light to my path al - way;
2. For - ev - er, O Lord, is Thy Word Es - tab - lished and fixed on high;
3. At morn-ing, at noon, and at night, I ev - er will give Thee praise;
4. Thro' Him Whom Thy Wordhath foretold, The Sav - iour and Morn-ing Star,

To guide and to save me from sin, And show me the heav'n-ly way.
Thy faith-ful - ness un - to all men A - bid - eth for - ev - er nigh.
For Thou art my por-tion, O Lord, And shall be thro' all my days!
Sal - va - tion and peace have been bro't To those who have strayed a-far.

Refrain—Ps. 119: 11

Thy Word have I hid in my heart,............. That I might not sin a - gainst Thee,............. That I might not sin, That

I might not sin, Thy Word have I hid in my heart.
The Christian's Guide

Maggie Stratton, 20th Century

1. Holy Bible, how I love it! How it doth my bosom cheer,
2. As I walk this narrow path-way That will lead to endless rest,
3. From the state of condemnation, Pride and all formal-ity,
4. When old earth shall cease to travel, And when time shall be no more,

When thro' trials and temptations It has always been so near!
In the arms of my Redeemer, With my head upon His breast,
And from self-ish exal-tation, Thro' Christ's word and blood I'm free.
With our loved ones we will gather O-ver on the other shore.

It will surely guide my foot-steps In the strait and narrow way,
I cannot enough be thank-ful For the love He showed to me.
Bless-ed Bi-ble! what a com-fort! Its dear pages shine so bright;
Where all sorrow will be o-ver, Where all tears are wiped a-way.

If in trust I read its con-tents, If I al-ways watch and pray.
When He bore my sins of crim-son In His body on the tree.
'Tis the way from earth to heav-en, I am walk-ing in its light;
Where with an-gel voic-es blend-ing, We shall sing in end-less day.

Refrain

Ho-ly Bi-ble, how I love thee, How I love thee!
The Christian's Guide

Safest guide thro' this dark world; See its banner now unfurled.

Blessed Bible

O how love I Thy law!—Psalm 119:97

Phoebe Palmer Knapp, 1839-1908

A. L. Landis, 19th Century

1. Blessed Bible, how I love it! How it doth my bosom cheer!
   What hath earth like this to covet? Oh, what stores of wealth are here!

2. Yes, I'll to my bosom press thee, Precious Word, I'll hide thee here!
   Sure my very heart will bless thee, For thou ever say'st, "Good cheer!"

3. Yes, sweet Bible! I will hide thee Deep, yes, deeper in this heart;
   Thou thro' all my life wilt guide me, And in death we will not part.

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Man was lost and doomed to sorrow, Not one ray of light or bliss
Speak, my heart, and tell my pond'ring, Tell how far thy rov'ings led,
Part in death! no, never, never! Thro' death's vale I'll lean on thee!

Could he from earth's treasures borrow, Till his way was cheered by this.
When this book bro't back thy wand'ring, Speaking life as from the dead.
And in brighter worlds, for ever, Sweeter far thy truths shall be.
1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves Beside the sea; Beyond the sacred page
2. Bless Thou the truth, revealed This day to me, As Thou didst bless the bread By Galilee; Then shall all bondage cease, to obey, But I am weak; Thou art my only help,
3. Spirit and life are they, Words Thou dost speak; I have broken the loaves Beside the sea; Beyond the sacred page

I seek Thee, Lord; My spirit pants for Thee, O living Word! All fetters fall; And I shall find in Thee My All in All! Thou art my life; Heeding Thy holy Word I win the strife.

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Holy Bible, Book Divine

The law of Thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver.—Psalm 119:72

1. Holy Bible, book divine! Precious treasure, thou art mine!
2. Mine to chide me when I rove; Mine to show a Saviour’s love;
3. Mine to comfort in distress, If the Holy Spirit bless;
4. Mine to tell of joys to come, In the saint’s eternal home:

Mary A. Lathbury, 1841-1913
William F. Sherwin, 1826-1888
Holy Bible, Book Divine

Mine to tell me whence I came; Mine to teach me what I am;
Mine to guide my way-ward feet; Mine to judge, con-demn, ac-quit;
Mine to show by liv-ing faith, Man can tri-umph o-ver death;
O thou ho-ly Book di- vine, Pre-cious treas-ure, thou art mine!

How Firm a Foundation

Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to day, and for ever.—Heb. 13:8

"K" in Rippon’s Selection of Hymns, 1787

Early American Melody

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
   faith in His ex-cel-lent Word! What more can He say than to
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed, For I am thy
   God, I will still give thee aid; I’ll strength-en thee, help thee, and
   cause thee to stand, Up-held by My right-eous, om-nip-o-tent hand,
3. "When through the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of
   sor-row shall not o-ver-flow, For I will be with thee, thy
   trials to bless, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress,
   will not de-sert to his foes; That soul, though all hell should en-
4. "The soul that on Je-sus hath leaned for re-pose, I will not, I
   deav-or to shake, I’ll nev-er, no nev-er, no nev-er for-sake!
The Spirit of the Lord Revealed

When He, the Spirit of truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth.—John 16:13

George Wallace Briggs, b. 1875
Arranged. Hamburg, 1598

1. The Spirit of the Lord revealed His will to saints of old.  
2. The prophets passed: at length there came, To sojourn and abide,  
3. Eternal Spirit, who dost speak To mind and conscience still,

Their heart and mind and lips unsealed His glory to unfold:  
The Word incarnate, to whose name The prophets testified:  
That we, in this our day, may seek To do our Father's will:

In gloom of ancient night They witnessed to the dawning word,  
The twilight overpast, Himself the very Light of light,  
Thy word of life impart, That tells of Christ, the living Way;

And in the coming of the light Proclaimed the coming Lord.  
As man with men, revealed at last The Father to our sight.  
Give us the quiet humble heart To hear and to obey.
Jesus the Teacher

Matthew 5, 6 and 7

R. A. Van Pelt, 19th Century

1. Our Sav-iour in his earth-ly life Taught peace, and how we should for-give;
2. He taught us when by man op-pressed, To of-fer e'en the oth-er cheek;
3. When at the last He was betrayed,—Dis-hon-ored by the trai-tor’s kiss,—

He taught us to re-frain from strife, And showed us how in love to live,
To pray in spir-it, faith pos-sessed, And His for-giv-ing love to seek,
He gave command to sheathe the blade: Nor need-ed He such arm as this.

No bit-ter tone, no an-gry blow, No weap-on save His pre-cious word;
For an-gry word has nev-er yet A heart-ache healed—a will sub-dued,
All lamb-like to the slaugh-ter led, While nails and spear His life-blood drew,

No emp-ty pomp, no gau-dy show: He gen-tly leads us by His love.
Nor made a sin-ner turn and set His heart on God, with faith en-dued.
This crowning pray’r its glo-ry shed: “For-give! they know not what they do.”
I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord

I love Thy kingdom, Lord, The house of Thine abode—
For my tears shall fall, For her my prayers ascend;
For her my prayers ascend;

1. I love Thy kingdom, Lord, The house of Thine abode—
The Church our blest Redeemer saved With His own precious blood.
To her my cares and toils be giv'n Till toils and cares shall end.
Thy hand from ev'ry snare and foe Shall great deliverance bring.

2. Jesus, Thou Friend divine, Our Saviour and our King,
I prize her heav'nly ways,
And grave'n on Thy hand.
Her sweet communion, solemn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.

3. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zion shall be giv'n
Her walls before Thee stand,
The bright'est glories earth can yield, And bright'er bliss of heav'n.

4. Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house.—Psalm 26:8
To her my cares and toils be giv'n Till toils and cares shall end.
Thy hand from ev'ry snare and foe Shall great deliverance bring.

Timothy Dwight, 1752-1817
Lowell Mason, 1792-1872
The Blameless Church

_A glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing._—Eph. 5:27

B. Elliott Warren, 1867-1951

Amanda L. Speck, b. 1865

1. Without spot and blameless, O Saviour, What a glorious church Thou hast built! For this Thou didst patiently suffer, beauty sublime; She lives on the bright hills of glory, heaven above; From depths that were sinful He sought her, sin she is free; With blood from the cross He doth sprinkle church.

2. Without spot and blameless, so holy, See the church in her brother, She lives 'neath the all-cleansing blood; In heaven and earth is no other, Her builder and maker is God.

3. Without spot and blameless He bought her, In the likeness of He bought her, In the likeness of

4. She's blameless, without spot or wrinkle, From the last stain of She reigns over sin all the time. With-out spot and blame-less, my Her altars of cleansing for me.

Refrain

For this was Thy blood freely spilt. She reigns over sin all the time. With-out spot and blameless, my

And filled her with infinite love. With-out spot and blame-less, my
The church of God, thou spotless virgin, Church of Christ for whom He died,
Or organized by Jesus on ly, Oh, the union pure and sweet!
Sanc ti fied by God the Fa ther, Built by Jesus Christ, the Son,
Tem pered by the Ho ly Spir it, Like the Ho ly Three in One.

1. Church of God, thou spot less vir gin, Church of Christ for whom He died,
   Thou hast known no hu man found er, Jesus bought thee for His bride.
   Sanctified by God the Father, Built by Jesus Christ, the Son,
   Tempered by the Holy Spirit, Like the Holy Three in One.

2. God Himself has set the members In His body all complete,
   Organ ized by Jesus on ly, Oh, the union pure and sweet!
   Church of God, the angels marvel At the music of thy song;
   Earth and hell in terror trem ble, As thy army moves a long.

3. Church of God, 'be loved city,' Thou art of celestial mold;
   Lo! from God and out of heaven, Came the city of pure gold.
   Stones of jasper, clear as crystal is the building of thy wall;
   And the Lamb, thy light for ever, Jesus, Jesus, all in all.

4. God's own holiness with in thee, His own beauty on thy brow;
   Glo ri fied in His own image, This thy wondrous portion now.
   In theedwells the tri ume full ness, Bless ing all thy pilgrim days;
   All around thee His sal vation, And be fore thee gates of praise.

5. Church of God, in heaven written, Thine the risen life of Christ,
   And the treas ures to thee giv en, Nev er, never can be priced.
   Far above this world's con fusion, Walking close by Jesus' side,
   Lean ing on His loving bos om, Is the church, His chosen bride.
The Church of the Living God

The house of God, which is the church of the living God.—I Tim. 3:15

Robert E. Winsett, 1876-1952

1. Built on the Rock, without spot or wrinkle, Is the Church of the
   Living God; Born of the Spirit, filled with His glory, 'Tis the
   raging storm; Jesus the head, we the living body, 'Tis the
   government; To shine on earth, and draw saints together, Holy
   Lamb once slain; The Church of God, the pure spotless Virgin, She will

2. Built on the Rock, Rock revealed to Peter, It will stand every
   way the apostles trod.
   safe from all earthly harm. Built on the Rock, on the Solid Rock,
   Spir-it to earth was sent. For 'tis built on the Solid Rock. (Solid Rock.)

3. Built on the Rock, and 'twill stand forever, It is God's earthly
   Is the Church of the Living God; The gates of hell can
   nev-er prevail, For 'tis built on the Solid Rock. (Solid Rock.)

4. Built on the Rock, and in the one body, 'Tis the Bride of the
For Christ and the Church

Christ also loved the church, and gave Himself for it.—Eph. 5:25

Eliza E. Hewitt, 1851-1920
William J. Kirkpatrick, 1838-1921

1. "For Christ and the Church" let our voices ring, Let us honor the name of our own blessed King; Let us work with a will in the strength of youth, And loyalty stand for the kingdom of truth.

2. "For Christ and the Church" be our earnest prayer, Let us follow His banner the cross daily bear; Let us yield, wholly yield, to the spirit's power, And faithfully serve Him in life's brightest hour.

3. "For Christ and the Church" willing Offerings make, Time and talents and bring to Him, The heart's wealth of love, that will never grow dim.

4. "For Christ and the Church" let us cast aside, By His conquering aim so grand; Then happy the call to the Saviour's right hand.

Refrain

For Christ, our dear Redeemer, For Christ, who died to save; For Christ, His blood hath purchased; Lord, make us pure and brave.

For the Church...
Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken

Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God.—Psalm 87:3

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John Newton, 1725-1807

Jacob Henry Hall, 1855-1941

Not too fast.

1. Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zion, city of our God;
2. See the streams of living waters, Springing from eternal Love,
3. Round each habitation hov'ring, See the cloud and fire appear
4. Saviour, 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 of want remove:
For a glory and a covering, Showing that the Lord is near:
Let the world de ride or pity, I will glory in Thy name:

On the Rock of Ages found ed, What can shake thy sure repose?
Who can faint while such a river Ever flows their thirst to assuage;
Thus deriving from their banner Light by night and shade by day,
Fading is the world-ling's pleasure, All his boasted pomp and show:

With salvation's walls sur-round-ed, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.
Grace which, like the Lord the Giver, Never fails from age to age?
Safe they feed upon the man na Which He gives them when they pray.
Solid joys and lasting treasure None but Zion's children know.
People of the Living God

Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.—Ruth 1:16

James Montgomery, 1771-1854

From Harmonia Sacra

1. People of the living God, I have sought the world around;
2. Lone-ly I no lon-ger roam Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
3. Tell me not of gain and loss, Ease, en-joy-ment, pomp, and pow'r;

Paths of sin and sor-row trod, Peace and com-fort no-where found:
Where you dwell shall be my home, Where you die shall be my grave;
Wel-come pov-er-ty and cross, Shame, re-proach, af-flic-tion's hour.

Now to you my spir-it turns,—Turns a fu-gi-tive un-blest;
Mine the God whom you a-dore; Your Re-deem-er shall be mine;
"Fol-low Me"—I know Thy voice; Je-sus, Lord, Thy steps I see;

Breth-ren, where your al-tar burns, Oh, re-ceive me in-to rest.
Earth can fill my soul no more,—Ev'-ry i-dol I re-sign.
Now I take Thy yoke by choice, Light Thy bur-den now to me.
Jesus, from Whom All Blessings Flow

**That they may be one, even as We are one.—John 17:22**

Charles Wesley, 1707-1788

George Coie, 1792-1858

1. Jesus, from whom all blessings flow, Great builder of Thy church below;
2. O let them all Thy mind express, Stand forth Thy chosen witnesses;
3. Call them into Thy wondrous light, Worthy to walk with Thee in white;

**If now Thy Spirit move my breast, Hear, and fulfil Thine own request.**

Thy power unto salvation show, And perfect holiness below.
Make up Thy jewels, Lord, and show Thy glorious spotless church below.

The few that truly call Thee Lord, And wait Thy sanctifying Word,
In them let all mankind behold How Christians lived in days of old;
From every sinful wrinkle free, Redeemed from all iniquity,

And Thee their utmost Saviour own,—U-nite and perfect them in one.
Mighty their envious foes to move,—A proverb of reproach and love.
The fellowship of saints make known, And oh, my God, may I be one.
Ye Are the Light of the World

Ye are the light of the world.—Matt. 5:14

R. J. Craig, 19th Century

John D. Brunk, 1872-1926

1. Ye are the light of the world, Driv-ing the dark-ness a-way,
   Shed-ding your beams on the lost, Chang-ing their night in-to day.
   Then let your light ev-er shine, Show-ing the right way to go;
   Glad-ly the lost ones will see— God’s bound-less love they will know.

2. Ye are the light of the world, Caus-ing the clouds to de-part,
   Throw-ing the sun-shine of peace Down on the poor bur-dened heart.
   Then let your light ev-er shine; Loved ones are pant-ing for rest;
   Sun-shine their souls will re-vive, Lift-ing them up to the blest.

3. Ye are the light of the world; Thro’ you the true light must shine,
   Call-ing the lost sons of men Home to the Fa-ther di-vine.
   Then let your light ev-er shine; Hal-low the name that is love;
   You will each shine as a star, Fixed in the or-bit a-bove.
Are You Adorning the Doctrine?

That they may adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things.—Titus 2:10

Charles W. Naylor, 1874-1950
Andrew L. Byers, 1869-1952

1. Are you adorning the doctrine, The glorious doctrine of God,
2. Are you adorning the doctrine, And making attractive the way,
3. Are you adorning the doctrine, By meekness and love and good will,
4. If you're adorning the doctrine, Its beauties your soul will array;

Walking so holy before Him, Following where He hath trod:
Honoring Christ by your actions And by the words that you say?
Gentleness, patience and true ness, Liberty's law to fulfill?
Showers of grace will be given—Strength from the Lord as your day:

So when the world looks upon you Nothing but Christ is in view?
Are you, my brother and sister, Proving the Bible is true?
Jesus will shine if within you Showing these graces divine.
Light from on high will be streaming Over the pathway you tread.

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So when the world looks upon you Nothing but Christ is in view?
Are you, my brother and sister, Proving the Bible is true?
Jesus will shine if within you Showing these graces divine.
Light from on high will be streaming Over the pathway you tread.
Lord of the Church

1. Lord of the Church, we humbly pray
   For those who guide us in Thy way,
2. Help them to preach the truth of God,
   Redemption thro' the Saviour's blood;
3. So may they live to Thee alone;
   Then hear the welcome word,—"Well done!"

And speak Thy holy Word:
With love divine their hearts inspire,
Nor let the Spirit cease
On all the Church His gifts to shower;
And take their crown above;
Enter into their Master's joy,

And touch their lips with hallowed fire,
And needful strength afford.
To them a messenger of power,
To us, of life and peace.
And all eternity employ
In praise, and bliss, and love. Amen.

Let Zion's Watchmen All Awake

1. Let Zion's watchmen all awake
   And take th' alarm they give,
2. 'Tis not a cause of small import,
   The pastor's care demands;
3. They watch for souls, for which the Lord
did heav'nly bliss forego!
4. Lord, let Thy servants, as they preach,
   Thy great salvation see;

Let Zion's Watchmen All Awake

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   And take th' alarm they give,
2. 'Tis not a cause of small import,
   The pastor's care demands;
3. They watch for souls, for which the Lord
did heav'nly bliss forego!
4. Lord, let Thy servants, as they preach,
   Thy great salvation see;
Now let them from the mouth of God Their solemn charge receive.
But what might fill an angel's heart, And filled a Saviour's hands.
For souls, which must for-ever live, In raptures, or in woe.
And watch Thou daily o'er their souls, That they may watch for Thee.

Lord, Speak to Me

That we might know the things that are freely given to us of God.—I Cor. 2:12
Frances R. Havergal, 1836-1879
George Hews, 1806-1873

1. Lord, speak to me that I may speak, In living
2. O lead me, Lord, that I may lead The wand’ring
3. O fill me with Thy fullness, Lord, Until my
4. O use me, Lord, use even me, Just as Thou

echoes of Thy tone: As Thou hast sought, so let me
and the wav’ring feet; O feed me, Lord, that I may
very heart o'er-flow In kindling thought and glowing
wilt, and when, and where; Until Thy blessed face I

seek, Thy err-ing children lost and lone.
feed Thy hun-g'ring ones with man-na sweet.
word, Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.
see, Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share. A-MEN.
1. Speak gently to the erring ones: Ye know not all the pow’r
2. Ye may not know how earnestly They struggled, or how well,
3. Speak gently to the erring one: Oh, do not thou forget,
4. Heir of the self-same heritage, Child of the self-same God,

With which the dark temptation came, In some unguarded hour.
Until the hour of weakness came, And sadly thus they fell.
However darkly stain’d by sin, He is thy brother yet.
He hath but stumbled in the path Thou hast in weakness trod.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glorify;
2. To serve the present age, My calling to fulfill—
3. Arm me with jealous care, As in Thy sight to live;
4. Help me to watch and pray, And, on Thyself rely;

A never-dying soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
Oh, may it all my pow’rs engage To do my Master’s will.
And, oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare A strict account to give.
As sure if I my trust betray, I shall forever die.
Lord, When at Thy Command

I have planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase.—I Cor. 3:6

Charles Wesley, 1707-1788

Isaac B. Woodbury, 1819-1858

Arr. by Arthur S. Sullivan, 1842-1900

1. Lord, when at Thy command, The Word of life we sow,
   Wa-tered by Thy al-might-y hand, The seed shall sure-ly grow:
   The vir-tue of Thy grace A large in-crease shall give,
   And mul-ti-ple the faith-ful race Who to Thy glo-ry live.

2. Now then the cease-less show'r Of Gos-pel bless-ings send,
   And let the soul-con-vert-ing pow'r Thy min-is-ters at-tend.
   On mul-ti-tudes con-fer The heart-re-new-ing love,
   And by the joy of grace pre-pare For full-er joys a-bove.
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Baptized into Our Saviour's Death

So many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into His death.—Rom. 6:3
Philip Doddridge, 1702-1751
William H. Havergal, 1793-1870

1. Baptized into our Saviour's death, Our souls to sin must die;
2. There by His Father's side He sits, En-throned di-vine-ly fair;
3. Rise from these earth-ly tri-fles, rise On wings of faith and love;
4. Let not earth's pleasures draw us down; Lord, give us strength to rise,

With Christ our Lord we live a-new, With Christ as-cend on high.
Yet owns Him-self our Broth-er still, And our fore-run-ner there.
A-bove, our choic-est treas-ure lies,—And be our hearts a-bove.
And thro' Thy strong, at-tract-ive pow'r, At last to gain the prize.

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My God, Accept My Heart

My son, give me thine heart.—Prov. 23:26
Matthew Bridges, 1800-1894
James Walch, 1837-1901

1. My God, ac-cept my heart this day, And make it al-ways Thine,
2. Be-fore the cross of Him who died, Be-hold, I pros-trate fall;
3. A-noint me with Thy heav'n-ly grace And seal me for Thine own;
4. Let ev'-ry tho't and work and word To Thee be ev-er giv'n;

That I from Thee no more may stray, No more from Thee de-cline.
Let ev'-ry sin be cru-ci-fied, And Christ be all in all.
That I may see Thy glo-rious face, And wor-ship near Thy throne.
Then life shall be Thy serv-ice, Lord, And death the gate of heav'n!
We Bless the Name of Christ, the Lord

For thus it cometh us to fulfill all righteousness.—Matt. 3:15

Samuel F. Coffman, b. 1872

Thomas Hastings, 1784-1872

1. We bless the name of Christ, the Lord, We bless Him for His holy Word,
2. We follow Him with pure delight To sanctify His sacred rite;
3. Baptized in God,—the Father, Son And Holy Spirit,—Three in One,
4. By grace we "Abba, Father," cry; By grace the Comforter comes nigh;

Who loved to do His Father's will And all His righteousness fulfill,
And thus our faith with water seal To prove obedience that we feel.
With conscience free, we rest in God, In love and peace, thro' Jesus' blood.
And for Thy grace our love shall be For ev'ry, on'y, Lord, for Thee.

O Lord, While We Confess

The answer of a good conscience toward God.—1 Pet. 3:21

Mary P. Bowly, 19th Century

John Chetham, 1685-1763

1. O Lord, while we confess the worth Of this the outward seal,
2. Death to the world we here a-vow, Death to each fleshly lust;
3. Baptized into the Father's name, We'd walk as sons of God;
4. Baptized into the Holy Ghost, We'd keep His temple pure,

Do Thou the truths here-in set forth, To ev'ry heart reveal.
Newness of life our calling now, A risen Lord our trust.
Baptized in Christ, we own Thy claim, As ransomed by Thy blood.
And make Thy grace our on'y boast, And by Thy strength endure.
Behold, Where, in a Mortal Form

1. Behold, where, in a mortal form, Appears each grace divine;
2. To spread the rays of heav'nly light, To give the mourner joy,
3. Lowly in heart to all, His friends A friend and servant found;
4. Be Christ our pattern and our guide! His image may we bear!

The virtues, all in Jesus met, With mildest radiance shine.
To preach glad tidings to the poor, Was His divine employ.
He washed their feet, He wiped their tears, And healed each bleeding wound.
O may we tread His holy steps, His joy and glory share.

Love Consecrates the Humblest Act

1. Love consecrates the humblest act, And sanctifies each deed,
2. When in the shadow of the cross, Christ bowed and washed the feet
3. "Ye call Me Lord and Master, all. Yet I would humbly bow
4. "As I have done this unto you, My brethren, here this night,
5. Love serves, yet willingly stoops to serve, What Christ in love so true,

It sheds a benediction sweet, And hallows ev'ry need.
Of His disciples, 'twas a sign Of His great love complete.
And consecrate this lowly deed, As ye behold Me now.
Thus would I have you do to each When I have passed from sight."
Hath freely done for one and all—Shall we not gladly do?
That Doleful Night

1. That doleful night before His death, The Lamb, for sinners slain,
2. To keep the feast, Lord, we are met, And to remember Thee;
3. Thy sufferings, Lord, each sacred sign To our remembrance brings;
4. Oh, tune our tongues, and set in frame Each heart that pants for Thee,

Did, almost with His latest breath This solemn feast ordain.
Help each poor trembling to repeat, "The Saviour died for me."
We eat the bread and drink the wine, But think on no blander things.
To sing "Hosanna to the Lamb, The Lamb that died for me."

Forever Here My Rest

1. Forever here my rest shall be, Close to Thy bleeding
2. My dying Saviour and my God, Fountain for guilt and
3. Wash me and make me thus Thine own; Wash me, and mine Thou
4. Th' atonement of Thy blood apply, Till faith my sight im-

side; This all my hope, and all my plea; For me the Saviour died.
sin, Spring me ever with Thy blood, And cleanse and keep me clean.
Art; Wash me, but not my feet alone, My hands, my head, my heart.
prove; Till hope in full fruition die, And all my soul be love.
Extol the Love of Christ

1. Ex-tol the love of Christ, ye saints, And sing His won-drous worth,
Whose love, like God, e-ter-nal is In heav-en and on earth.
From God He brought His bless-ing rare; To God He did as-cend;
And con-stant in His heav’n-ly love He loved un-to the end.

2. Ex-tol the love which sought to show The Fa-ther’s bound-less grace:
The Son, from Fa-ther’s bos-om come, — Be-held the Fa-ther’s face:—
In serv-ile gar-ments clothed up-on, With hum-ble serv-ice meet,
The Mas-ter loved as none could love And washed His serv-ants’ feet.

3. The Lord and Mas-ter hum-bly served To glo-ri-fy the meek;
His heav’n-ly glo-ry shared with those Who would His fa-vor seek.
Lord, teach Thy saints in Thee to know The full-ness of Thy love,
The fel-low-ship Thy serv-ice taught, Thy glo-ry, bright, a-bove.

4. Let poor, vain man ex-am-ple take And from his pride re-pent;
For Christ far great-er is than man, Or serv-ant that is sent.
Ex-am-ple, wor-thy, Christ has giv’n, And hap-py shall they be
Who wash each oth-er’s feet, and love As deep and true as He.
If I Would Be a Child of God

If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with Me.—John 13:8

Lydia A. Forney, 19th Century

If I would be a child of God, I surely must obey His Word;
The last great feast-time having come Before our Lord was going home—
Then, seated in their midst again, This new example to explain,
"Ye call me Lord and Master, true, For so I am." Then ought ye, too,
"If I, your Lord, have seen it meet To stoop and wash my brethren's feet,
Dear Lord, we'll gladly follow Thee: We come in deep humility;
With cheerful heart and willing mind, To all His precepts be inclined.
Adorned in humility complete, He washed His twelve disciples' feet.
He taught them how to understand, And to observe this plain command:
Be of a meek and lowly mind; In sweet obedience pleasure find.
No greater than your Lord are ye; Then in this act do follow me."
Oh, bless us now while here we meet, Thy will to do in washing feet.

Christ, in the Night He Was Betrayed

I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you.—John 13:15

Lowell Mason, 1792-1872

Christ in the night He was betrayed For us a plain example laid;
The paschal feast was there prepared, And Lord and servants mutual shared;
He rose and laid His garments by, When towel and water were bro't nigh;
"Ex ample give I unto you, As I have done so ye should do,
He to a private room retired With those He afterwards inspired.
Before He suffered 'twas His will This great desire He should fulfill.
To prove His love divine sweet, He stooped to wash His servants' feet.
He asked them if they now had tho't What lesson plain He here had taught.
And if ye then My servants be, O obey My Word and follow Me."
1. According to Thy gracious word, In meek humility, This will I do, my dying Lord, I will remember Thee.
2. Thy body, broken for my sake, My bread from heav'n shall be; Thy testamental cup I take, And thus remember Thee.
3. Remember Thee and all Thy pains, And all Thy love to me: Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains, Will I remember Thee.
4. And when these failing lips grow dumb, And mind and memory flee, When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come, Jesus, remember me. Amen.

177 In Memory of the Saviour's Love
This do in remembrance of Me.—Luke 22:19

1. In memory of the Saviour's love, We keep the sacred feast, Where every humble, contrite heart Is made a welcome guest.
2. Here let our ransom'd pow'rs unite, His honored name to raise; Let grateful joy fill every mind, And every voice be praise.
3. One fold, one faith, one hope, one Lord, One God alone we know; Brethren we are; let every heart With kind affections glow.
4. By faith we take the bread of life, With which our souls are fed; And cup, in token of His blood That was for sinners shed.
5. Under His banner thus we sing The wonders of His love. And thus anticipate by faith The heav'nly feast above.

176 According to Thy Gracious Word
This do in remembrance of Me.—1 Cor. 11:24

James Montgomery, 1771-1854

Hugh Wilson, 1764-1824

James Montgomery, 1771-1854

Thomas Cotterill, 1779-1823

Melody of the 18th Century
Arr. by Robert Simpson, 1790-1832
Sweet the Moments

Walter Shirley, 1725-1786

Source Unknown

1. Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which before the cross I spend; Life and health and peace possessing From the sinner's dying friend.
2. Truly blessed is this station, Low before His cross to lie; While I see divine compassion Floating in His lan-guid eye.
3. Love and grief my heart divining, With my tears His feet I bathe; Constant still in faith abiding, Life deriving from His death.

D. C. Precious drops my soul bedewing, Plead and claim my peace with God. Love I much—I've much forgiven; I'm a miracle of grace. Prove His wounds each day more healing, And Himself more deeply known.

Here I'll sit forever viewing Mercy's streams in streams of blood, Here it is I find my heaven, While upon the Lamb I gaze, May I still enjoy this feeling, In all need to Jesus go,

Jesus In Gethsemane

My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death.—Matt. 26:38

Thomas MacKellar, 1812-1899

Christian H. Brunk, 1845-1921

1. O the agonizing prayer Rising on the mid-night air! "Let this cup pass
2. O the tears and bloody sweat Falling fast on Oliyet! In Thy lonely
3. O what wrath of earth and hell On Thy head un-pity-ing fell, When Thy passion
4. Wake me from sin-ful sleep; Faithful, loving, make me keep, Watching ev'ry

from thy Son: Not my will, but Thine be done!" Jesus in Geth-sem-a-ne! ag-o-y, Shedding crimson tears for me, Jesus in Geth-sem-a-ne! time began, Bear-er of the sin of man, Jesus in Geth-sem-a-ne! hour with Thee Who didst ag-o-nize for me, Jesus in Geth-sem-a-ne!
I've Enlisted in the Service

For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.—Phil. 1:21

William J. Henry, 1867-1955
Andrew L. Byers, 1869-1952

1. I am fighting in the army of the Lord, And though dangers thickly round my pathway lie, I shall never faint or fear, for my thickly round me fly; When the shield of faith he sees, then he loved now pass me by; But to Him I'll faithful be who has coming by and by; Then thro' all eternity I shall

Je - sus is so near; I've enlisted in the service till I die.
al - ways quickly flees, I've enlisted in the service till I die.
shed His blood for me, I've enlisted in the service till I die.
shout the victory; I've enlisted in the service till I die.

Refrain

I will press the battle on till the victory is won, And I

reach my crown and mansion by and by; By the grace of God I know,
I've Enlisted in the Service

ACTIVITY AND SERVICE

I shall conquer ev'ry foe; I've enlisted in the service till I die.

Thine for Service

Then said I, Here am I; send me.—Isa. 6:8

Lida Shivers Leech, 1873-1962

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1. I have made my choice to follow Christ each day, I am Thine for service, Lord;
2. Let me idle not the precious hours away, I am Thine for service, Lord;
3. I will never ask Thee “How” or “Where” or “Why?” For I've cast my lot with Thee
4. I am Thine for service till the last glad hour Shall have passed on earth from me;

Tho' I sometimes falter on the thorny way, I am Thine for service, Lord;
As Thy voice shall bid me, I will go or stay, I am Thine for service, Lord;
Till the glory gates shall open by and by, With a “Welcome Home” for me.
And I wake to service of a greater pow'r, Thro' a glad eternity.

Refrain

Thine for service when the days are drear, Thine for service when the skies are clear;

Yes, Thine for service thro' the coming years, I am Thine for service, Lord.
While the Days Are Going By

I must work the works of Him that sent Me, while it is day.—John 9:4

George Cooper, 1840-1905

Ira D. Sankey, 1840-1908

1. There are lonely hearts to cherish, While the days are going by;
2. There's no time for idle scorn-ing, While the days are going by;
3. All the lovin' links that bind us, While the days are going by;

There are weary souls who perish, While the days are going by;
Let your face be like the morn-ing, While the days are going by;
One by one we leave behind us, While the days are going by;

If a smile we can re-new, As our jour-ney we pur-sue, Oh, the good we
Oh, the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weep-ing eyes, Help your fall-en
But the seeds of good we sow, Both in shade and shine will grow, And will keep our

Fine Refrain

all may do, While the days are going by. Go-ing by, go-ing by,
brother rise, While the days are going by. Go-ing by, go-ing by,
hearts aglow, While the days are going by. Go-ing by, go-ing by.
ACTIVITY AND SERVICE

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She gleaned in the field until even.—Ruth 2.17

Christopher R. Blackall, b. 1830

William H. Doane, 1832-1915

In the Harvest Field

1. In the harvest field there is work to do, For the grain is ripe,
2. Crowd the garner well, with its sheaves all bright, Let the song be glad,
3. In the gleaners' path may be rich reward, Tho' the time seems long,
4. Lo! the Harvest Home in the realms above Shall be gained by each

and the reapers few; And the Master's voice bids the workers true
and the heart be light; Fill the precious hours, ere the shades of night
and the labor hard; For the Master's joy, with His chosen shared,
who has toiled and strove, When the Master's voice, in its tones of love,

Refrain

Heed the call that He gives today.
Take the place of the golden day. Labor on! labor
Drives the gloom from the darkest day.
Calls a-way to e-ternal day. Labor on!

on! Keep the bright reward in view; For the Master has

said He will strength re-new; Labor on till the close of day!
1. I want to be a worker for the Lord, I want to love and trust His holy Word; I want to sing and pray, and be busy every day erring in the way That leads to heav'n above, where all is peace and love, Jesus' power to save; All who will truly come, shall find a happy home erring to Thy Word That points to joys on high, where pleasures never die

In the kingdom of the Lord. I will work, and pray, I will pray

In the vineyard, in the vineyard of the Lord; I will work and pray

work I will pray, I will labor every day In the vineyard of the Lord.
To the Work

Go work to day in my vineyard.—Matt. 21:28
Fanny J. Crosby, 1820-1915
William H. Doane, 1832-1915

1. To the work! to the work! we are servants of God, Let us follow the path that our Master has trod; With the balm of His counsel our strength to renew,
Life let the weary be led; In the cross and its banner our glory shall be, dark-ness and error shall fall, And the name of Jehovah exalted shall be crowned shall our labor reward; When the home of the faithful our dwelling shall be,

2. To the work! to the work! let the hungry be fed; To the fountain of Toil-ing on, 
Let us do with our might what our hands find to do. Toil-ing on, 
While we herald the tidings, "Sal-sa- tion is free!" 
In the loud swelling chorus "Sal-sa- tion is free!" 
And we shout with the ransomed, "Sal-sa- tion is free!" 

3. To the work! to the work! there is labor for all, For the kingdom of toil-ing on, 
Toil-ing on, Toil-ing on, toil-ing on,
Le-t us hope, le-t us watch, And labor till the Master comes. and trust, and pray,

4. To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord, And a robe and a
Refrain
Winning Souls for Jesus

He that winneth souls is wise.—Prov. 11:30

J. B. Mackay, 19th Century

1. Rouse, ye Christian workers, be ye up and doing; Shall the Master's kingdom suffer at your hands? There are precious souls just dying 'round you, let them not be lost; Talk or sing of Jesus, might repay you with a cruel sneer? Do not let them perish; crown of glory Jesus has for you; Always thus be working,

2. Wait no longer for some more convenient season; Souls are waiting for your wooing; Go ye forth and win them, Christ your Lord commands, they will yield to reason; Tell of their redemption, what a price it cost.

3. Do your spirits falter at the undertaking, Lest one stand no longer quaking; Win them for the Master, tell them He is near. doing all your duty, Winning souls for Jesus; they will bless you too.

4. Every soul you win shall add a star of beauty To the -A- to the Master's kingdom suffer at your hands? There are precious souls just dying 'round you, let them not be lost; Talk or sing of Jesus, might repay you with a cruel sneer? Do not let them perish; crown of glory Jesus has for you; Always thus be working,

D.S.—seeking to reclaim them, O be up and winning souls, While 'tis call'd today.

Refrain

Winning souls, winning souls, winning souls for Jesus, O what joy in winning souls from the downward way; Out upon the highways,
Bringing In the Sheaves

He ... shall ... come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.—Psalm 126:6

Knowles Shaw, 1834-1878

George A. Minor, 1845-1904

1. Sow-ing in the morn-ing, sow-ing seeds of kind-ness, Sow-ing in the noon-tide
2. Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sow-ing in the shad-ows, Fear-ing neither clouds nor
3. Go-ing forth with weeping, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sus-tained our

and the dew-y eve; Wait-ing for the har-vest, and the time of reap-ing,
winter's chilling breeze; By and by the har-vest, and the la-bor end-ed,
spir-it oft-en grieves; When our weeping's o-ver, He will bid us wel-come,

We shall come, re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves, bringing

in the sheaves, We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves; Bringing in the sheaves,

bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall come, re-joic-ing, Brin-ging in the sheaves.
Throw Out the Life-Line
He cried, saying, Lord, save me.—Matt. 14:30

Edward S. Ufford, 1851-1929
Arr. by George C. Stebbins, 1846-1945

1. Throw out the Life-Line a-cross the dark wave. There is a broth-er whom
   some-one should save; Some-bod-y’s broth-er! oh, who then will dare To
   lin - ger so long? See! he is sink-ing; oh, has-ten to-day—And
   you’ve nev-er been: Winds of temp-ta-tion and bil - lows of woe Will
   ter - ni - ty’s shore; Haste then, my broth-er, no time for de-lay, But

2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong: Why do you tar - ry, why
   throw out the Life-Line, his per - il to share?
   soon hurl them out where the dark wa-ters flow.

3. Throw out the Life-Line to dan-ger fraught men, Sink-ing in an-guish where
   throw out the Life-Line and save them to-day.
   Throw out the Life-Line! Some-one is drift - ing a-way; 

4. Soon will the sea-son of res-cue be o’er, Soon will they drift to e-
   Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some-one is sink - ing to - day.
Work, For the Night Is Coming

The night cometh, when no man can work.—John 9:4

Annie L. Coghill, 1836-1907
Alt. by Lowell Mason, 1792-1872

Lowell Mason, 1792-1872

1. Work, for the night is coming! Work thro' the morning hours;
2. Work, for the night is coming! Work thro' the sunny noon;
3. Work, for the night is coming! Under the sunset skies,

Work, while the dew is sparkling; Work 'mid springing flow'rs;
Fill bright-est hours with labor; Rest comes sure and soon.
While their bright tints are glowing, Work, for daylight flies;

Work while the day grows brighter, Under the glowing sun;
Give ev'ry flying minute Some-thing to keep in store;
Work till the last beam fadeth, Fadeth to shine no more;

Work, for the night is coming, When man's work is done.
Work, for the night is coming, When man works no more.
Work while the night is dark-'ning, When man's work is o'er.
I Cannot Be Idle

W. J. Henry

1. I cannot be idle, for Jesus says, “Go and work in My harvest today;
2. I cannot be idle, the fields are so white, And then at the evening, when numberless sheaves will be lost; They perish for want of more reap ing be ended for aye; I’ll gather the lost from the rest ing shall be over there, Where all of the faithful in labor is done, Whatever is right I will pay,” reapers to save, How awful to think of the cost! byways of sin To walk in the beautiful way, heaven above A crown of bright glory shall wear.

Refrain

Then away to the work I will go (I’ll go), And join in the reaping of grain (I’ll go), And back from the harvest with
I Cannot Be Idle

ACTIVITY AND SERVICE

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Building for Eternity

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Let every man take heed how he buildeth thereupon.—I Cor. 3:10

James B. Coats, 1902-1961

1. There's work for the hand and there's work for the heart, Something to do,
2. The sick must be sooth'd and the hun-gry be fed, Something to do,
3. The Mas-ter says "Work," and has shown us the way, Something to do,

...something to do; And each should be bus- y per-form-ing his part,
something to do; The nak-ed be cloth'd and the er-ring be led,
something to do; He says "Not to-mor-row, the time is to-day."

Refrain

There's some-thing for all to do. There's work for the a-ged and

work for the young; There's work for us all and ex-cus-es for none; There's

work for the fee-ble and work for the strong; There's something for all to do.
Let the Lower Lights Be Burning

Philip P. Bliss, 1838-1876

Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.—Matt. 5:16

1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer-cy From His light-house ev-er-more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an-gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee-ble lamp, my broth-er: Some poor sail-or tem-pest-tossed,

But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a-long the shore.
Es-ger eyes are watch-ing, long-ing, For the lights a-long the shore.
Try-ing now to make the har-bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.

Refrain

Let the low-er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a-cross the wave!

Some poor faint-ing struggling sea-man You may res-cue, you may save.
Rescue the Perishing

He which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death.
—James 5:20

Fanny J. Crosby, 1820-1915
William H. Doane, 1832-1915

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, Wait- ing the penitent. Tell them of Jesus the mighty to save. He will forgive if they only believe. Rescue the perishing, Chords that were broken will vibrate once more. Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.

3. Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feelings lie buried that Care for the dying; Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.
Lord, Give Us a Vision

Come over into Macedonia, and help us.—Acts 16:9

Orvin S. Davis, b. 1902

1. Lord, give us a vision of souls gone a-stray, Out on the cold
   mountains of sin; Help us to be working while yet it is day,
   soon will be o'er; The Master is calling to me and to you,
   lectures each day; Renew our lost vision of souls to be won,

Refrain

For soon the judgment will begin.
Go work and be idle no more. Lord, give us a vision we pray.

2. The harvest is great and the lab'rous are few, The harvest time
   of

3. Lord, give us a vision of work to be done, Of duties neg-

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196 Onward, Christian Soldiers

The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds.—2 Cor. 10:4

Sabine Baring Gould, 1834-1924

Arthur S. Sullivan, 1842-1900

1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus Going on before: Christ the Royal we are treading Where the saints have trod; We are not distant Church of Jesus Constant will remain: Gates of hell can ours your voices In the triumph song; "Glory, praise and Master Leads against the foe; Forward into battle, vivid, All one body we, One in hope and doctrine, never 'Gainst the Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, honor, Unto Christ the King;" This thro' countless ages

Refrain

Sea, His banners go. One in charity. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching And that can not fail. Men and angels sing.

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Onward, Christian Soldiers

as to war, With the cross of Jesus Going on before.

Now Just a Word for Jesus

My mouth shall shew forth Thy righteousness and Thy salvation.—Psalm 71:15

Fanny J. Crosby, 1820-1915

William H. Doane, 1832-1915

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 hath done for you.
And by His grace are striving To reach a home in heav'n.
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!
Have You Sought for the Sheep?

My sheep wandered through all the mountains.—Ezek. 34:6

Fanny J. Crosby, 1820-1915

Ira D. Sankey, 1840-1908

1. Have you sought for the sheep that have wandered, Far away on the dark mountains cold? Have you gone, like the tender Shepherd, To heav'ry to bear? Have you carried the name of Jesus, And mercy to tell? Have you stood by the trembling captive A faith-ful and true, Then behold, in the man-sions yonder Are

2. Have you been to the sad and the lonely Whose burdens are bring them again to the fold? Have you followed their weary ten-der-ly breathed it in prayer? Have you told of the great sal-lone in his dark prison cell? Have you pointed the lost to crowns of rejoicing for you; And there from the King e-

3. Have you knelt by the sick and the dying, The message of foot-steps? And the wild desert waste have you crossed, Nor lingered till va-tion He died on the cross to secure? Have you asked them to Jesus, And urged them on Him to believe? Have you told of the ter-nal Your welcome and greeting shall be, "In-as-much" as 'twas
Have You Sought for the Sheep?

ACTIVITY AND SERVICE

Have you sought for the sheep? Safe home returning, you have gathered the sheep that were lost?

Trust in the Saviour Whose love shall forever endure? Life ever lasting, that all, if they will, may receive?

done for "My brethren," Even so it was done "unto Me."

Building for Eternity

The fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is.—1 Cor. 3:13

1. We are building in sorrow or joy A temple the world may not see,
2. Every thought that we've ever had, Its own little place has fill'd;
3. Every word that so lightly falls, Giving some heart joy or pain,
4. Are you building for God alone? Are you building in faith and love,

Which time cannot mar nor destroy: We build for eternity.
Every deed we have done, good or bad, Is a stone in the temple we build.
Will shine in our temple wall, Or ever its beauty stain.
A temple the Father will own, In the city of light above?

Refrain

We are building every day A temple the world may not see;

Building, building every day, Building for eternity!
I Love to Tell the Story

I will speak . . . of Thy wondrous works.—Psalm 145:5

A. Katherine Hankey, 1834-1911
William G. Fischer, 1835-1912

1. I love to tell the story Of unseen things above, Of Jesus and His glory, Of Jesus and His love.
2. I love to tell the story, More wonderful it seems Than all the golden fancies Of all our golden dreams.
3. I love to tell the story, 'Tis pleasant to repeat What seems, each time I tell it, More wonderfully sweet.
4. I love to tell the story, For those who know it best Seem hungering and thirsting To hear it like the rest. And when, in telling the story, Because I know 'tis true; It satisfies my longings As nothing else can do.

REFRAIN

reason I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the story, 'Twill be my theme in glory To tell the old, old story Of Jesus and His love.

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, More wonderful it seems Than all the golden fancies Of all our golden dreams. 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 Seem hungering and thirsting To hear it like the rest. And when, in telling the story, Because I know 'tis true; It satisfies my longings As nothing else can do.

I love to tell the story, 'Twill be the old, old song, 'Twill be the old, old song, 'Twill be the old, old song.
Jesus Saves

Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.—Acts 16:31

Priscilla J. Owens, 1829-1907

William J. Kirkpatrick, 1838-1921

1. We have heard the joyful sound: Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
2. Wait it on the rolling tide; Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
3. Sing above the battle strife, Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
4. Give the winds a mighty voice, Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

Spread the tidings 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!
The Ninety-Nine

Doth he not leave the ninety and nine... and seeketh that which is gone astray?—Matt. 18:12

William G. Schell, b. 1869
B. Elliott Warren, 1867-1951

Slow, with expression

1. The ninety-nine within the fold, Are safe from fears and storms of night,
2. The ninety-nine are safe to-day, They’re all at home, so fully blest,
3. The ninety-nine with care are fed, And rest within the Shepherd’s fold;
4. The Shepherd dear, a-loud doth weep Because one lamb a-far doth roam;

But one is on the mountains cold, ‘Twill perish there—how sad the sight!
But one is wandering far a-way, Up on the mountain’s snowy crest.
But one is starving, nearly dead, Up on the mountains bare and cold.
The ninety-nine He’ll safely keep,—We’ll seek that lamb and bring it home.

Refrain

Go search it out, and bring it home, No more in darkness let it roam:

You’ll find it there in dread-ful plight, Oh! go and bring it back to-night.
We’ll Work till Jesus Comes

ACTIVITY AND SERVICE

Thy work shall be rewarded.—Jer. 31:16

Elizabeth K. Mills, 1805-1829

William Miller, 1801-1878

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh, When will the moment come, And we’ll be gathered home.
2. No tranquil joys on earth I know, No peaceful, sheltering dome; We’ll work till Jesus comes.
3. To Jesus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam, We’ll work till Jesus comes.
4. I sought at once my Saviour’s side, No more my steps shall roam; We’ll work till Jesus comes.

Refrain

When I shall lay my armor by, And dwell in peace at home?
This world’s a wilderness of woe, This world is not my home.
And lean for succor on His breast, Till He conduct me home.
With Him I’ll brave death’s chilling tide, And reach my heav’n-ly home.

We’ll work till Jesus comes, We’ll work till Jesus comes, We’ll work till Jesus comes, We’ll work till Jesus comes, And we’ll be gathered home.
The Lord of the Harvest Calls

Pray ye . . . the Lord of the harvest, that He would send forth labourers.—Luke 10:2

R. A. Evilsizer, 19th Century

J. Henry Showalter, 1864-1947

1. The time of the harvest is nigh, All ripened the waiting fields lie;
2. The Lord of the harvest needs you—There’s work that you only can do;
3. Oh, brother, the labor is blest, And after the toil cometh rest;

The labourers are few, Christ calleth for you To glean for His garner on high.
Then do not delay, But hasten away And glean where the toilers are few.
Your Saviour and Lord Will richly reward, If you will but heed His request.

Refrain

The labourers are few; Christ calleth for you; Then

has ten away, The Lord of the harvest obey. (to-day.)

has ten, oh, has ten away, a-way, The Lord of the harvest obey. (to-day.)
Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling

Look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest.—John 4:35

Daniel March, 1816-1909

Charles Edwin Pollock, b. 1853

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. 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;
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,
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.
Answer quickly when He calleth, "Here am I, O Lord, send me."

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'Tis the Harvest Time

He putteth in the sickle, because the harvest is come.—Mark 4:29

Alexcenah Thomas, 19th Century

1. 'Tis the harvest time, 'tis the harvest time, To the fields I must a-way;
2. 'Tis the harvest time, 'tis the harvest time, Oh! who will go a-long?
3. 'Tis the harvest time, 'tis the harvest time, There is work for all to-day;

For the Master now is calling me, To go and work to-day.
See, the fields for harvest now are white; I hear the reaper's song.
If you cannot be a reaper, You can bear the sheaves a-way.

Refrain

Gleaning on the hill-side, Gleaning on the plain,
Gleaning on the hill-side, hill-side, Gleaning on the sunny plain,

Working for the Master, 'Mong the golden grain.
Working, working for the Master, 'Mong the golden grain, 'Mong the golden grain.
The Golden Harvest

The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few.—Matt. 9:37

H. R. Jeffrey, 19th Century

1. Oh, why should I be idle, While there's so much to do?
2. Oh, why should I be idle? The morning sun is high,
3. No, I shall not be idle, For in God's Word I see:
4. I'll be no longer idle, But faithful I will be;
5. Why stand ye all day idle? There's harvesting for all;

The wheat is ripe to harvest, And the laborers are few.
And soon it will be sinking Low in the western sky.
"No idlers in My vineyard; Go thou and work for Me."
I'll go and work for Jesus, I hear Him calling me.
Oh, grasp the flaming sickle, And heed the Master's call.

Refrain

The laborers are few, And still there's much to do; too few,
Speed Away
Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel.—Mark 16:15

W. E. M. Hackleman, b. 1868
Har. by W. E. M. Hackleman, b. 1868

Isaac B. Woodbury, 1819-1853

1. Speed away! Speed away! Take the Gospel of light
   To the lands that are wrapped in the darkness of night. "Go ye
   To the souls that know not of the Father above, Who so
   To the nations in which Satan's kingdom is rife; For the

   in - to the world," is the Saviour's command, That the light of the
   loved this dark world that He gave His own Son, Thro' whose blood on Cal-
   World if believed and obeyed will give peace, To the captives of

   Gos - pel shine o'er ev'ry land, Go ye forth in His name and the
   va - ry re - demp - tion was won. Let us haste while 'tis day, not a
   Satan it will bring re - lease; To the res - cue make haste, there is

   Gos - pel pro - claim, Speed a - way! Speed a - way! Speed a - way!
   mo - ment's de - lay, Speed a - way! Speed a - way! Speed a - way!
   no time to waste, Speed a - way! Speed a - way! Speed a - way!
Into Our Hands

God . . . hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation.—II Cor. 5:19

Ruth Johnson Carruth, b. 1900

Tillit S. Teddlie, b. 1885

1. Swift-ly we’re turn-ing life’s dai-ly pag-es, Swift-ly the hours are chang-ing to years; How are we us-ing God’s gold-en mo-men.ts?

2. Mil-lions are grop-ing with-out the Gos-pel, Quick-ly they’ll reach e-
ter-ni-ty’s night; Shall we sit id-ly as they rush on-ward?
sins are for-giv’n; Did He not al-so die for these lost ones?

3. Souls that are pre-cious, souls that are dy-ing, While we re-joice our souls that are pre-cious, souls that are dy-ing, While we re-joice our

Refrain

Shall we reap glo-ry? Shall we reap tears? Haste, let us hold up Christ the true light. In-to our hands the car-ry God’s pre-cious mes-sage, Guid-ing the err-ing back to the right.

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The Call for Reapers

Look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest.—John 4:35

John O. Thompson, 1782-1818  J. B. O. Clemm, 19th Century

Spirited

1. Far and near the fields are teem-ing With the waves of rip - ened grain;
2. Send them forth with morn’s first beaming, 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 gleam-ing; Bid them gath - er ev - ’ry - where.
Heav’nward 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.
I’ll Go Where He Sendeth Me

As My Father hath sent Me, even so send I you.—John 20:21

James Rowe, 1865-1933

W. C. Tinsley, 20th Century

1. My Saviour needs helpers from day to day, To serve Him on land and sea;
2. So many are needing the Gospel light, So many made free would be;
3. The way may be dreary and thorny, too, But His blessed smile I’ll see,

And so I am ready to speed away—I’ll go where He sendeth me.
And so, to be useful with all my might, I’ll go where He sendeth me.
And so, for my Saviour my best to do, I’ll go where He sendeth me.

Refrain

I’ll go, . . . . . . I’ll go, . . . . . . A help to my Lord to be;
I’ll willingly go and gladly I’ll go, to be;

I’ll go, . . . . . . I’ll go, . . . . . . Wher-ever He sendeth me . . . .
I’ll willingly go and gladly I’ll go I’ll go.

MISSION 211
Send the Light

O send out Thy light and Thy truth.—Psalm 43:3

Charles H. Gabriel, 1856-1932

1. There's a call comes ringing o'er the rest-less wave, "Send the light! ..."
2. We have heard the Mac-e-do-nian call to-day, "Send the light! ..."
3. Let us pray that grace may ev'-ry-where a-bound; Send the light! ..."
4. Let us not grow wea-ry in the work of love, Send the light! ..."

Send the light! There are souls to res-cue, there are souls to save,
Send the light! And a gold-en of-f-ring at the cross we lay,
Send the light! And a Christ-like spir-it ev'-ry-where be found,
Send the light! Let us gath-er jew-els for a crown a-bove,

Send the light! ... Send the light! ... Send the light! ... the
Send the light! Send the light! Send the light! Send the light!

bless-ed gos-pel light; Let it shine ... from shore to
the bless-ed gos-pel light; Let it shine

shore! ... Send the light! ... and let-its ra-di-ant
from shore to shore! Send the light! and let-its ra-di-ant
Send the Light

MISSION

beams Light the world for-ev-er-more.

beams Light the world for-ev-er more.

Bring Them In

Bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind.—Luke 14:21
Alexcenah Thomas, 19th Century
William Ogden, 1841–1897

1. Hark! 'tis the Shep-herd's voice I hear, Out in the des-ert dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shep-herd kind, Help Him the wan-d'ring ones to find?
3. Out in the des-ert hear their cry, Out on the moun-tains wild and high;

Call-ing the sheep who've gone a-stray Far from the Shep-herd's fold a-way.
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be shel-tered from the cold?
Hark! 'tis the Mas-ter speaks to thee, "Go find My sheep wher-e'er they be."

Refrain

Bring them in, bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;

Bring them in, bring them in, Bring the wan-d'ring ones to Je-sus.
Long Have They Waited

Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel.—Mark 16:15

William G. Schell, b. 1869
Refrain by B. Elliott Warren, 1867-1951

B. Elliott Warren, 1867-1951

1. Long have they waited in the far distant lands For the pure living
   wa-ter from the dear Saviour's hands; Still they are wait- ing for the
   heaven was pro-claimed by the
   Lord: "Teach ev'-ry na-tion," was the
   sleeping in a dark sin-ful night; Pit- y them, broth-er, O how
   darkness and in dread sin-ful fears; Where are the work- ers who will
   Gos-pel to come, Let us hast-en to tell them of our heav-en-ly home.
   ur-gent com-mand, Yet we have not en-light-ened ev'-ry dark hea-then land.
   great is their need! They have no one to teach them, and no Bi-ble to read.
   leave friends and home To de-liv-er lost sin-ners from the wrath yet to come?

Refrain

Hark! hear them call-ing from ev'-ry dark land, Who will o-
be-y the dear Saviour's com-mand? Go with the Gos-pel, the
Long Have They Waited

rough billows brave, And lead them to Jesus who only can save.

Over the Ocean Wave

I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance.—Psalm 2:8

Julia Sampson Haskell, 19th Century

William B. Bradbury, 1816-1868

1. Over the ocean wave, far, far away, There the poor
2. Here in this happy land we have the light Shin- ing from
3. Then, while the mission ships glad tid- ings bring, List! as that

Ref. — Pit - y them, pit - y them, Chris- tians at home. Haste with the

Fine

heathen live, wait- ing for day; Grop- ing in ig- no- rance,
God's own Word, free, pure, and bright; Shall we not send to them
heathen band joy- ful- ly sing, "O- ver the o- cean wave,

bread of life, hasten and come.

D. C. Refrain

dark as the night, No bless- ed Bi- ble to give them the light.
Bi- bles to read, Teach- ers, and preach- ers, and all that they need?
oh, see them 'come, Bring- ing the bread of life, guid- ing us home."
O Where Are the Reapers?

I will say to the reapers ... gather the wheat into my barn.—Matt. 13:30

Eben E. Rexford, b. 1848

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 sickles of truth must the work be done, though the weeds are tall; Then search in the high-way, and pass none by, ing the harvest tide; But reapers are few, and the work is great, er the golden grain; Toil on till the Lord of the harvest come, from the fields of sin; With sickles of truth must the work be done, though the weeds are tall; Then search in the high-way, and pass none by, ing the harvest tide; But reapers are few, and the work is great, er the golden grain; Toil on till the Lord of the harvest come,

Refrain

And no one may rest till the "harvest home."
But gather from all for the home on high.
And much will be lost should the harvest wait.

where are the reapers! O

Then share ye His joy in the "harvest home."

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.
All Because We Do Not Love Them

Ezekiel 3:17-22

D. Otis Teasley, 1876-1942

1. Man-y souls to-day are dy-ing, Sin and sor-row is their lot;
2. Broth-er, can we guilt-less lin-ger, When to us the truth is giv’n?
3. Love bro’t Je-sus down from glo-ry, On the cru-el cross to die;
4. Love un-dy-ing, love e-ter nal— Love will send us o’er the wave,
5. Je-sus said, “Go teach all na-tions”; They are lost if we de-lay.

Dark-ness shrouds them with its man-tle, All be-cause we love them not.
Tear-less, see the hea-then dy-ing, With-out God or hope of heav’n?
Can we say we love the hea-then, If we turn a-way their cry?
Will im-pel us to our du-ty, Help-less hea-then souls to save.
Can we face Him at the judg-ment If His Word we dis- o-bey?

Refrain

All be-cause we do not love them, Mil-lions fill the hea-then grave;

Broth-er, can you see them per-ish, When a lit-tle love would save?
Gather Them into the Fold

Go ye therefore into the highways, and ... bid to the marriage.—Matt. 22:9

Source Unknown

J. Henry Showalter, 1864-1947

1. In from the high-ways and by-ways of sin, In from the storm and cold,
   Gather the lambs that are going a-stray, In to the Shepherd's fold.

2. Bring them to Je-sus from pal-aice and cot, Waifs from the lane and street;
   Gather them in, jew-els bright for His crown; Gather them in to-day;
   Gather them in from the by-ways of sin, In from the storm and cold;

3. Gatherer them in, jew-els bright for His crown; Gatherer them in to-day;
   Gatherer the rich and the poor just the same, Show them the nar-row way.
   Gatherer the lambs that are going a-stray, In to the Shepherd's fold.

Refrain

Gatherer them in from the by-ways of sin, In from the storm and cold;
Bid Them Look to Christ

Bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind.—Luke 14:21
Mrs. L. M. Evilsizer, 19th Century
J. C. Perry, 19th Century

1. Out in the desert the lost are straying, Bid them look to Christ and live;
2. By-ways and high-ways are thronged with dying, Bid them look to Christ and live;
3. Shout ye a warning to ev'ry nation, Bid them look to Christ and live;

Tell them their dear ones for them are praying, Bid them look to Christ and live.
Life is uncertain and time is flying, Bid them look to Christ and live.
This is the day to accept salvation, Bid them look to Christ and live.

Refrain

Go to the lost and the dying, brother, Bid them look to Christ and live;

Sin doth beset them, for help they're crying, Oh, bid them look to Christ and live.
"Whosoever Will"

Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.—Rev. 22:17

1. "Who-so-ev-er hear-eth," shout, shout the sound! Spread the bless-ed ti-dings
   all the world a-round; Tell the joy-ful news wher-ev-er man is found,

2. Whoso-ev-er com-eth, need not de-lay, Now the door is o-pen,
   en-ter while you may; Je-sus is the true, the on-ly Liv-ing Way;

3. "Who-so-ev-er will," the prom-ise is se-cure; "Who-so-ev-er will," for-
   ev-er must en-dure; "Who-so-ev-er will," 'tis life for-ev-er-more;

   Send the proc-la-ma-tion o-ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov-ing

Refrain

"Who-so-ev-er will may come." "Who-so-ev-er will, who-so-ev-er will!"

Fa-ther calls the wan-d’rer home: "Who-so-ev-er will may come."
Softly and Tenderly

Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden.—Matt. 11:28

Will L. Thompson, 1847-1909

1. Soft-ly and ten-der-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is plead-ing, Plead-ing for you and for me;
3. Time is now flee-ting, the moments are pass-ing, Pass-ing for you and for me;
4. Oh! for the won-der-ful love He has promis-ed, Promised for you and for me;

See, on the por-tals He’s watch-ing and wait-ing, Watch-ing for you and for me.
Why should we lin-ger and heed not His mer-cies, Mer-cies for you and for me.
Shad-ows are gath-er-ing, death beds are com-ing, Com-ing for you and for me.
Tho’ we have sinned, He has mer-cy and par-don, Par-don for you and for me.

Refrain

Come home, come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home!

Ear-nest-ly, ten-der-ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!
Come, Ye Wanderers

Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.—Matt. 11:28

Source Unknown
Words arr. by Chas. Edw. Pollock, b. 1853

Charles Edwin Pollock, b. 1853

1. Come, ye wan-d’rers, all for-sak-en, Come to Christ for sweet-est rest; Come and join the heav’n-ly cho-rus; Come, and be su-preme-ly blessed.

2. Saints are wait-ing, an-gels long-ing, God’s in-vi-ting, sin-ner, come; Why still lin-ger? Why re-fuse Him? And in sin-ful paths still roam?

3. Christ is wait-ing to for-give you, Seek, and His for-give-ness find; One and all can have sweet par-don; He has died for all man-kind.

4. Come, ye wea-ry, heav-ly la-den, Lay your bur-dens all a-side; Come and claim the bless-ed Je-sus; ’Twas for you the dear Lord died.

REFRAIN

Come, ye wea-ry, heav-ly la-den, Long by sin and care op-pressed; Hear the pre-cious in-vi-ta-tion; “Come, and I will give you rest.”
INVITATION
AND
APPEAL

Come to Jesus

Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.—John 6:37

Source Unknown

Charles Edwin Pollock, b. 1853

1. Are you weary, heavy laden, Do you long for peace and rest? Jesus waits with full forgiveness, For the soul with sin oppressed.

2. Are you weary with the pleasures That can never satisfy? You may have joys pure and lasting, That earth's gold can never buy.

3. Are you weary with the friendship The vain world has to bestow? Come to Christ, the friend of sinners, Then true friendship you shall know.

4. Come to Jesus, weary, lost one; Come for He is passing by; Venture all, and fully trust Him, He will save and satisfy.

REFRAIN

Come to Jesus, come to Jesus, He will all your sins forgive; He is calling, He is calling, Trust Him now and you shall live.
Jesus Will Give You Rest

Come unto Me, . . . and I will give you rest.—Matt. 11:28

Fanny J. Crosby, 1820-1915
John R. Sweney, 1837-1899

1. Will you come, will you come, With your poor broken heart, Burdened and sin-op-press'd? Lay it down at the feet of your Sav-iour and Lord, ach-ing breast; On-ly come as you are, and be-lieve on His name, loves you best, By His death on the cross pur-chased life for your soul, lov-ing breast, And what-ev-er your sin or your sor-row may be,

2. Will you come, will you come? There is mer-cy for you, Balm for your REFRAIN

3. Will you come, will you come? You have noth-ing to pay; Je-sus who

4. Will you come, will you come? How He pleads with you now; Fly to His

REFRAIN

Jesus will give you rest. O hap-py rest, sweet hap-py rest,

Jesus will give you rest. (hap-py rest.) O why won't you come in sim-ple, trust-ing faith? Je-sus will give you rest.
Come, Lost One

Joseph S. Shoemaker, 1854-1936

1. Come, lost one, your Saviour is calling, He's pleading with tender-est voice;
2. Come with all thy guilt and pollution, And call on the name of the Lord;
3. Thy sins tho' they be red like crimson, Yea, tho' they be many and great,
4. The Lord has provided abundance, Yea, all that ye need is in store;

Come out from your ways of transgression, And has-ten to make Him your choice.
He's ready to cleanse and to bless you, And save by His life-giv-ing Word.
Shall be blot-ted out by your Saviour, If you come to Him ere too late.
Then come and par-take of His boun-ty, And trust Him for grace ev'er-more.

REFRAIN

Oh, why should you wan-der in dark-ness? Oh, why should you lon-ger de-lay,

When Je-sus is read-y to save you, And keep you from sin ev'-ry day?
No Hope in Jesus

Having no hope, and without God in the world.—Eph. 2:12

William O. Cushing, 1823-1902

Robert Lowry, 1826-1899

1. Oh, to have no Christ, no Saviour! No Rock, no Refuge night!
2. Oh, to have no Christ, no Saviour! How lonely life must be!
3. Oh, to have no Christ, no Saviour! No hand to clasp thine own!
4. Now, we pray thee, come to Jesus; His pard'ning love receive;

When the dark days round thee gather, When the storms sweep o'er the sky!
Like a sail or, lost and driven On a wide and shoreless sea.
Thro' the dark, dark vale of shadows Thou must press thy way alone.
For the Saviour now is calling, And He bids thee turn and live.

Refrain

1-3. Oh, to have no hope in Jesus! No friend, no light in Jesus!
4. Come to Jesus, He will save you; He is the friend of sinners;

Oh, to have no hope in Jesus! How dark this world must be!
Then, when thou hast found the Saviour, How bright this world will be!
Only Trust Him

Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; ... and ye shall find rest unto your souls.—Matt. 11:29

John H. Stockton, 1813-1877

1. Come, ev'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mercy with the Lord,
   And He will surely give you rest By trusting in His word.

2. For Jesus shed His precious blood, Rich blessings to bestow;
   Plunge now into the crimson flood That washes white as snow.

3. Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you into rest:
   Believe in Him without delay, And you are fully blest.

4. Come, then, and join this holy band, And on to glory go,
   To dwell in that celestial land, Where joys immortal flow.

REFRAIN

Only trust Him, only trust Him, Only trust Him now;

He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.
Jesus Is Calling

Come unto Me, ... and I will give you rest.—Matt. 11:28

Fanny J. Crosby, 1820-1915

and I will give you rest.—Matt. 11:28

George C. Stebbins, 1846-1945

1. Jesus is tenderly calling thee home—Calling today,
2. Jesus is calling the weary to rest—Calling today,
3. Jesus is waiting; O come to Him now—Waiting today,
4. Jesus is pleading; O list to His voice: Hear Him today,

Call—ing to—day; Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam
Call—ing to—day; Bring Him thy burden and thou shalt be blest:
wait—ing to—day; Come with thy sins; at His feet low—ly bow;
hear Him to—day; They who believe on His name shall re—joice;

Refrain

Far—ther and far—ther a—way? Call—ing to—day, .......
He will not turn thee a—way.
Come, and no lon—ger de—lay.
Quick—ly a—rise and a—way. Call—ing, call—ing to—day, to—day,

Call—ing to—day, ......... Je—sus is
Call—ing, call—ing to—day, to—day, Je—sus is ten—der—ly
call—ing, Is ten—der—ly call—ing to—day.
call—ing to—day,
While Jesus Whispers to You

When Thou saidst, Seek ye My face; my heart said ... Thy face, Lord, will I seek. — Psalm 27:8

William E. Witter, b. 1854
Stanzas 3 & 4, Mrs. C. M. Alexander

Horatio R. Palmer, 1834-1907

1. While Jesus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come!
2. Are you too heavy-laden? Come, sinner, come!
3. Why will you longer doubt Him? Come, sinner, come!
4. Far off you may have wandered, Come, sinner, come!
5. Oh, hear His tender pleading, Come, sinner, come!

While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!
Jesus will bear your burden, Come, sinner, come!
What will you do without Him? Come, sinner, come!
God's gifts you may have squandered, 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!
For you His heart is yearning, Come, sinner, come!
Cease now, your heart to harden, Come, sinner, come!
While Jesus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come!

Now is the time to know Him, Come, sinner, come!
Jesus will now receive you, Come, sinner, come!
Why not to Him be turning? Come, sinner, come!
Jesus will freely pardon, Come, sinner, come!
While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!
There's a Fountain Free

Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.—Rev. 22:17

Mary B. C. Slade, 1826-1882
Asa Brooks Everett, 1828-1875

1. There's a fountain free, 'tis for you and me, Let us haste, O haste to the brink;
2. There's a living stream with a crystal gleam, From the throne of life now it flows;
3. There's a living well and its waters swell, And eternal life they can give;
4. There's a rock that's cleft and no soul is left, That may not its pure waters share;

'Tis a fountain of love from the Source above, And He bids us all freely drink.
While the waters roll let the weary soul hear the call that forth freely goes.
And we joyful sing, ever spring, O spring, As we haste to drink and to live.
'Tis for you and me, and its stream I see; Let us hasten joyously there.

Refrain

Will you come to the fountain free? Will you come? 'tis for you and me;
Will you come,
Will you come,
Come to the Fountain

For with Thee is the fountain of life.—Psalm 36:9

Fanny J. Crosby, 1820-1915
George C. Stebbins, 1846-1945

1. Come with thy sins to the fountain, Come with thy burden of grief;
2. Come as thou art to the fountain, Jesus is waiting for thee;
3. These are the words of the Saviour, They who repent and believe,
4. Come and be healed at the fountain, List to the peace-speak-ing voice;

Bur-y 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.
They who are will-ing to trust Him, Life at His hand shall re-ceive.
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.
Come Home, Poor Sinner

Let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him.—Isa. 55:7

H. R. Jeffrey, 19th Century

1. Come home, poor sinner, Why longer roam?
2. He died to save you On Calvary;
3. Oh, come to Jesus, Do not delay;
4. Oh, come to Jesus, He's waiting still
5. Oh, come to Jesus, How can you stay?

Thy Saviour's calling; "Come home, come home."
Behold what suffering! 'Twas all for thee.
Come, and He'll save you, Come while you may.
With His salvation Thy soul to fill.
He's pleading, pleading, Come, come today.

Refrain

Jesus is pleading, He's interceding; Yes, pleading, pleading

For thee to come; Come home, poor sinner, Come home, come home.
Come to the Saviour

And he arose, and came to his father.—Luke 15:20

George F. Root, 1820-1895

Earnestly

1. Come to the Saviour, make no delay; Here in His heart leap forth and rejoice; And let us freely blest command and obey; Hear now His accents.

Word He has shown us the way; Here in our midst He's heart leap forth and rejoice; And let us freely blest command and obey; Hear now His accents.

Refrain

standing today, Tenderly saying, "Come!" make Him our choice: Do not delay, but come. Joyful, joyful, tenderly say, "Will you, My children, come?"

will the meeting be, When from sin our hearts are pure and free;

And we shall gather, Saviour, with Thee, In our eternal home.
Come, Ye Weary Ones, Tonight

Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden.—Matt. 11:28

1. Come, ye weary ones, tonight, Jesus helps the foe to fight,
   And He'll gladly all your sin forgive; Plunge into the healing stream, wholly on His promise lean, For His promise says then will ye live.

2. Leave the world with all its sin, Jesus helps to cleanse within,
   He will take away your guilty stain; He will give you joy and peace and your burdened heart release, For His promise always wait ere for you it is too late, Yes, His promise stands ever.

3. O His love is full and free, For His blood flowed there for thee,
   From His riv'rous side on Calvary; Come to-night and do not remain. Come tonight and do not tarry, Take your

Refrain

shall ye live. Come tonight and do not tarry, Take your

cross He'll help to carry, Ev'ry burden cast on Him tonight.
Troubled Soul, Thy God Is Calling

The Lord hath spoken, and called the earth from the rising of the sun.—Psalm 50:1

Christian G. Buerge, 1803-1948

J. W. Davis, 20th Century

1. Troubled soul, thy God is calling, Softly calling, dost thou hear?
2. "I have heard thy bitter groaning, I have heard thy mourning sigh,
3. "I rejoice in thy returning, Come, My child, I love thee still;

Whilst the ev'ning dews are falling, He is drawing very near.
Past offenses now be moaning, Help is coming from on high.
Thou hast grieved My heart in spurning, Yet thy heart with love I'll fill.

In His tender tones addressing, Reaching out His hand of love,
Faint I hear thee in the distance, In the cold and chilly night,
Come, ye need no price or money, Feast upon the living Word:

In His Word comes forth a blessing, Constant, streaming from above.
Thro' the fog that's ever misting, I'll reveal My pow'r and might."
Better this than milk and honey, It is I, I am the Lord."
Why Not Now?

Behold, now is the accepted time; ... the day of salvation.—II Cor. 6:2

Daniel W. Whittle, 1840-1901

1. While we pray, and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wandered far away; Do not risk another day,
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troubled mind;
4. Come to Christ, confession make; Come to Christ, and pardon take;

While your Father calls you home, Will you not, my brother, come?
Do not turn from God your face, But today accept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him believe, Peace and joy you shall receive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.

Refrain

Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Jesus now?
Why not now? why now now?

Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Jesus now?
Why not now? why not now?
Oh, Why Not Tonight?

Now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.—II Cor. 6:2

Eliza H. Reed, 1794-1867

J. Calvin Bushey, 19th Century

1. Oh, do not let the Word depart, And close thine eyes against the light; Poor sinner, harden not your heart, Be saved, oh, to-night.

2. Tomorrow's sun may never rise To bless thy long deluded sight; This is the time, oh, then be wise, Be saved, oh, to-night.

3. Our Lord in pity lingers still: And wilt thou thus His love re- quite? Renounce at once thy stubborn will, Be saved, oh, to-night.

4. Our blessed Lord refuses none Who would to Him their souls un- night. Be- lieve, obey, the work is done, Be saved, oh, to-night.

Refrain

Oh, why not to-night? Oh, why not to-night? Why not to-night? Why not to-night?

Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night? Why not to-night? Wilt thou be saved, wilt thou be saved, Then why not, oh, why not to-night?
Will You Go to Jesus?

Knowing therefore the terror of the Lord, we persuade men.—II Cor. 5:11

Eden R. Latta, b. 1839

1. Wanderer in sinful ways, Will you go to Jesus?
2. Wanderer on barren ground, Will you go to Jesus?
3. Wanderer, before too late, Will you go to Jesus?
4. Wanderer, do not delay! Will you go to Jesus?

He will save you by His grace, Will you go to Jesus?
On-ly so can peace be found, Will you go to Jesus?
Death may seal your awful fate, Will you go to Jesus?
Start for heaven Start to-day! Will you go to Jesus?

D.S.—And to Him your heart will give, Will you go to Jesus?

REFRAIN

He is waiting to receive, If you only will believe,

Remember Me

I will arise and go to my father.—Luke 15:18

John S. Coffman, 1848-1899

1. O weary wanderer, come home, Thy Saviour bids thee come;
2. Think of thy Father's house to-day, So blest with plentiful store.
3. Poor prodigal, come home and rest, Come and be reconciled;

REF.—Help me, dear Saviour, Thee to own, And ever faithful be;
Remember Me

Thou long in sin didst love to roam, Yet still He calls thee, come.
Think of thy sinful, wan-d'ring way, Then come, and roam no more.
Here lean upon thy Father's breast, He loves His wan-d'ring child.
And when Thou sittest on Thy throne, O Lord, re-mem-ber me.

Come, Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters.—Isa. 55:1
Joseph Hart, 1712-1768
Jean J. Rousseau, 1712-1778

1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore;
2. Now, ye need-y, come and wel-come; God's free boun-ty gio-ri-fy;
3. Let not con-science make you lin-ger, Nor of fit-ness fond-ly dream;
4. Come, ye wea-ry, heav-y-laden, Bruised and man-gled by the fall;

Je-sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit-y, love, and pow'r;
True be-lief and true re-pent-ance, Ev 'ry grace that brings you nigh,
All the fit-ness He re-quir-eth is to feel your need of Him:
If you tar-ry till you're bet-ter, You will nev-er come at all;

He is a-ble, He is a-ble, He is will-ing: doubt no more.
With-out mon-ey, With-out mon-ey, Come to Je-sus Christ and buy.
This He gives you, This He gives you; 'Tis the Spir-it's glimm'ring beam.
Not the righteous,—Not the righteous,—Sin-ners Je-sus came to call.
Troubled Heart, Thy God Is Calling

The Son of man is come to save that which was lost.—Matt. 18:11

1. Troubled heart, thy God is calling, He is drawing very near; Do not hide thy deep emotion,
meek and mild; He is waiting now to save you, see its light; Come at once! accept His mercy;
courts of heav'n! Let them sing, with holy rapture,

2. Come, the Spirit still is pleading, Come to Him, theREFRAIN
Wilt thou not be reconciled?
He is waiting—come to-night.
O'er another soul forgiven!

3. Art thou waiting till the morrow? Thou may'st never

4. Let the angels bear the tidings Upward to the

Oh, be saved, His grace is free!
Oh, be saved, He died for thee! Oh be saved, He died for thee!

Fanny J. Crosby, 1820-1915
Silas J. Vail, 1818-1883
The Midnight Call

Ye know not when the Master . . . cometh, at even, or at midnight.—Mark 13:35

Christian G. Buerge, 1863-1948

Jeremiah Ingalls, 1764-1828

1. 'Tis midnight and the Saviour calls: "Come unto Me, both great and small;
2. Ye slumbering nations, wake and rise, Lift up your heads, look to the skies;
3. Now is the time, the day of grace, For all the fallen human race;
4. Then make your bed in torments where God will not hear your bitter prayer.

From every kindred, nation, tongue; Come one, come all, come old and young!
The Saviour's invitation heed, Awake, arise, and make full speed!
Come to the Lord, accept His hand, Or soon you must reject-ed stand.
Gnashing of teeth will be your doom, No light, no hope— eternal gloom.

'Tis midnight and we hear the cry, The Saviour now is passing by.
Bring oil in lamps and march along The Lord to meet a happy throng;
Oh, will you now the call obey, Or will you longer lingering stay.
Oh, will you make that awful choice? Or will you hear the Saviour's voice?

Oh, will you let Him call in vain, Lie down and fall asleep again?
The precious time may soon be o'er, You'll hear the Saviour's call no more.
Until you hear the trumpet sound, The dead rise from the quaking ground?
"Come unto Me while yet I call, For now I will forgive you all."
1. Why do you wait, dear brother,...... Oh, why do you
tarry so long? Your Saviour is waiting to

2. What do you hope, dear brother,...... To gain by a
further delay? There's no one to save you but

3. Do you not feel, dear brother,...... His Spirit now
striving within? Oh, why not accept His sal-

4. Why do you wait, dear brother?...... The harvest is
passing away, Your Saviour is longing to
give you...... A place in His sanctified throng.

Refrain

Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now?.....

Jesus,..... There's no other way but His way.

Expiration..... And throw off thy burden of sin.

Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now?

bless you,..... There's danger and death in delay.
In the Silent Midnight Watches

In the silent midnight watches, List—thy bosom's door!

1. In the silent midnight watches, List—thy bosom's door!
2. Death comes down with reckless footsteps, To the hall and hut;
3. Then 'tis time to stand entreat—from Christ to let thee in;

How it knock-eth, knock-eth, knock-eth, Knock-eth ever-more!
Think you death will tarry knocking, When the door is shut?
At the gate of heaven beating, Wailing for thy sin?

Say not 'tis thy pulse's beating, 'Tis thy heart of sin;
Jesus wait-eth, wait-eth, wait-eth; But the door is fast;
Nay! alas, thou guilty creature! Hast thou, then, forgot?

'Tis thy Saviour knocks, and crieth, 'Rise, and let Me in!'
Grieved, a-way thy Saviour go-eth, Death breaks in at last.
Jesus wait-ed long to know thee, Now He knows thee not!
Knocking at the Door

Behold, I stand at the door, and knock.—Rev. 3:20

Mary B. C. Slade, 1826-1882
Asa Brooks Everett, 1828-1875

1. Who at my door is standing, Patiently drawing near,
   Entrance within demanding? Whose is the voice I hear?
   While I am still delaying, Will He not pass me by?
   Jesus, art Thou not weary, Waiting so long for me?
   Though He rebuke and chasten, He shall with me abide.

2. Lone ly without He's staying, Lone ly within am I,
   While I am still delaying, Will He not pass me by?
   Jesus, art Thou not weary, Waiting so long for me?
   Though He rebuke and chasten, He shall with me abide.

3. All thro' the dark hours dreary, Knocking again is He;
   Entrance within demanding? Whose is the voice I hear?
   While I am still delaying, Will He not pass me by?
   Jesus, art Thou not weary, Waiting so long for me?
   Though He rebuke and chasten, He shall with me abide.

4. Door of my heart, I hasten! Thee will I open wide,
   Entrance within demanding? Whose is the voice I hear?
   While I am still delaying, Will He not pass me by?
   Jesus, art Thou not weary, Waiting so long for me?
   Though He rebuke and chasten, He shall with me abide.

Refrain

Sweetly the tones are falling: "Open the door for Me!

If thou wilt heed My calling, I will abide with thee.
There's a Stranger at the Door

If any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him.—Rev. 2:20

John B. Atchinson, 1840-1882
Edwin O. Excell, 1851-1921

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 loving voice? Let Him in;
4. Now admit the heav'nly Guest, 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, oh, now make Him your choice, Let Him in;
He will make for you a feast, 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 your door, Joy to you He will restore,
He will speak your sins forgiven, And when earth-ties all are riven,

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.
He will take you home to heav'n, Let the Saviour in, Let the Saviour in.
Come, Just As You Are

I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.—Matt. 9:13

Elisha A. Hoffman, 1839-1929

Come, Just as You Are

1. Shall I come just as I am, Come with all my guilt and sin? If I
2. Shall I come vile as I am, And bend low at Jesus' feet? Shall I
3. Shall I come with all my fear, Lest my sins have been too great? Shall I
4. Shall I come, tho' far away From the loving Shepherd's fold? Will He

Open wide my heart, Will He enter in?
plead His pard'ning grace, And His love entertain?
As you are, just as you are
break thro' all my doubts, To sweet mercy's gate?

Come to Jesus, come to-day; He will kindly welcome you, Take your sins away.

Listen to the Gentle Promptings

Behold, now is the day of salvation.—II Cor. 6:2

James Montgomery, 1771-1854

Listen to the gentle promptings Of the Spirit's warning voice;
Sweetly calling on the erring, Pardons offered without price;
Joy and hope the troubled conscience Will all lay with soothing peace;
Hesitate no longer, sinner, Lest the Spirit, sad and grieved,
Listen to the Gentle Promptings

Will ye heed His solemn warnings? Can ye slight His wondrous love?
Come, accept the invitation, and receive the offered grace.
Press ye then to realms of glory, Run with joy the offered race.
Should ye then to realms of glory, Run with joy the offered race.

O Save Me at the Cross

God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.—Gal. 6:14

Fanny J. Crosby, 1820-1915

Hubert P. Main, 1839-1925

1. Loving Savior, hear my cry, Hear my cry, hear my cry, Trembling,
2. I have sinned, but Thou hast died, Thou hast died, Thou hast died; In Thy
3. Thou hast said Thy grace is free, Grace is free, grace is free; Have com-
4. Only faith will pardon bring, Par don bring, par don bring; In that

Refrain

to Thy arms I fly, O save me at the cross.
mercy let me hide, O save me at the cross. Dear Jesus, receive me,
pas-sion, Lord, on me, O save me at the cross. Dear Jesus, receive me,
fault to Thee I cling, O save me at the cross.

No more would I grieve Thee; Now, blessed Redeemer, O save me at the cross.
The Gate Ajar for Me

The gates of it shall not be shut at all by day.—Rev. 21:25

Lydia Baxter, 1809-1874

1. There is a gate that stands a-jar, And thro' its portals gleaming
2. That gate a-jar stands free for all Who seek thro' it salvation;
3. Press on-ward then, tho' 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.

Refrain

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

For me, ....... for me? ....... Was left a-jar for me?

For me, for me?
Open Wide Thy Heart

If any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him.—Rev. 2:20

Hattie H. Pierson, 19th Century

1. O - pen wide thy heart to - day At Je - sus' call;
2. O - pen wide thy heart to - day To Him who pleads;
3. O - pen wide thy heart to - day To love di - vine,
4. O - pen wide thy heart to - day With all its need,

Bid Him en - ter and a - bide, Thy life, thy all.
Heed His voice and fol - low on Wher - e'er He leads.
And a wealth of grace un - told May all be thine.
And the hun - ger of the soul His love will feed.

Refrain

On - ly trust Him, and be still; Let Him work in thee His will,

For the heart that's o - pen'd wide... His love shall fill.
Him That Cometh unto Me

1. Listen to the blessed invitation, Sweet-er than the notes of angel-song, Chiming softly with a heav'n-ly cadence, great salvation see; Close beside thee stands the Bur-den Bear-er, on His bounty feed; Not thy fit-ness is the plea to bring Him, heart to Him in prayer; Com-ing someday to the heav'n-ly man-sions,

2. Weary toiler, sad and heav-y laden, Joy-ful-ly theREFRAIN

3. Come, ye thirst-y, to the liv-ing wa-ters, Hun-gry, come and Calling to the pass-ing throng.

4. Com-ing hum-bly, dai-ly to this Sav-iour, Breath-ing all the Strong to bear thy load and thee. "Him that com-eth un-to

But thy press-ing ut-most need. He will give thee wel-come there.

Me, (unto Me,) Him that com-eth un-to Me, (unto Me,) Him that com-eth un-to Me, (unto Me,) I will in no wise cast out."

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The Good Shepherd

I am the good shepherd; the good shepherd giveth His life for the sheep.—John 10:11
O. A. Pratt, 20th Century
Clarence E. Hunter, 1869-1945

1. A - far on the moun-tain the Shep-herd Is seek - ing the lost ones to save; Oh, flee to the arms of His mer - cy, For the gate is wide o - pen for thee; Borne safe from all harm On the Shep-herd’s strong arm, A rock and a ref - uge is He.

2. Though far from the fold thou hast wan - dered In by - ways of sor - row and sin, Fear not, 'tis dreary and cold, The light of com-fort and rest; Be - side the still wa - ters He'll lead thee Till

3. Though dark - ness and dan - ger as - sail thee On des - erts so dark - ness and dan - ger as - sail thee On des - erts so

4. There in the green pas - tures He'll give thee A place of sweet com-fort and rest; Be - side the still wa - ters He'll lead thee Till

Refrain
thee His life free - ly He gave. long - ing to wel-come thee in. Then come, wan - der - er, come, The safe in the home of the blest.

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Only a Step to Jesus

_Fanny J. Crosby, 1820-1915_  
_William H. Doane, 1832-1815_  

Then come thou: for there is peace.—I Sam. 20:21

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! O why not come, and say,

Come, and, thy sin confessing, To Him thy Saviour bow.
Lovely now He's waiting, And ready to forgive.
What hast thy heart decided? The moments fly apace.
Gladly to Thee, my Saviour, I give myself away.

REFRAIN

On-ly a step, On-ly a step; Come, He waits for thee;

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

Do not reject the mercy He freely offers thee.
Follow Me

Jesus . . . saith unto him: Follow Me.—John 1:43

M. B. Sleight, 19th Century

Horatio R. Palmer, 1834-1907

1. Hark! the voice of Jesus calling, "Follow Me, follow Me!"
2. Who will heed the holy mandate, "Follow Me, follow Me!"
3. Harken, lest He plead no longer, "Follow Me, follow Me!"

Softly thro' the silence falling, "Follow, follow Me!"
Leaving all things at His bidding, "Follow, follow Me!"
Once again, O hear Him calling, "Follow, follow Me!"

As of old He called the fishers, When He walked by Galilee,
Hark! that tender voice entreat- ing, Mariners on life's rough sea,
Turning swift at Thy sweet summons, Ev er-more, O Christ, would we,

Still His patient voice is pleading, "Follow, follow Me!"
Gently, lovingly repeating, "Follow, follow Me!"
For Thy love all else for sake ing, Follow, follow Thee!
Look to the Lamb of God

Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.—John 1:29

H. G. Jackson, 19th Century
James M. Black, 1856-1938

1. If you from sin are longing to be free, Look to the Lamb of God;
2. When Satan tempts, and doubts and fears assail, Look to the Lamb of God;
3. Are you a-weary, does the way seem long? Look to the Lamb of God;
4. Fear not when shadows on your pathway fall, Look to the Lamb of God;

He, to redeem you, died on Calvary, Look to the Lamb of God.
You in His strength shall over all prevail, Look to the Lamb of God.
His love will cheer and fill your heart with song, Look to the Lamb of God.
In joy or sorrow Christ is all in all, Look to the Lamb of God.

Refrain

Look to the Lamb of God, Look to the Lamb of God,
the Lamb of God, the Lamb of God,

For He alone is able to save you, Look to the Lamb of God.

The River of Life

And he shewed me a pure river of water of life.—Rev. 22:1

Elizabeth Codner, 1824-1919
Trans. by Ernst H. Gebhardt, 1832-1899
Trans. to Eng. by John D. Warkentin, b. 1898

Asa Hull, b. 1828

1. I know of a river whose beautiful stream Flows gently and calm thro' the land;
2. To those that give heed it will blessings impart, Its flowing will not be in vain,
3. To them that are thirsty the Spirit and bride Say, come! you may drink of it free!

Its waters are pure for the healing within, 'Tis flowing from Jesus our Friend.
For blessedness comes and peace in your heart, Redeems you from sorrow and pain.
All those that are washed and in Jesus abide, Our Father in heav-en re-ceives.

Refrain

Dear soul, we pray, will you come, And wash in this won-der-ful stream?

This water flows free, so clear and true, Believe, 'tis flowing for you.
Who'll Be the Next?

Who will go for us?—Isa. 6:8

1. Who'll be the next to follow Jesus? Who'll be the next His cross to bear?
2. Who'll be the next to follow Jesus—Follow His weary, bleeding feet?
3. Who'll be the next to follow Jesus? Who'll be the next to praise His name?
4. Who'll be the next to follow Jesus, Down thro' the Jordan's rolling tide?

Some-one is read-y, some-one is wait-ing; Who'll be the next a crown to wear?
Who'll be the next to lay ev'-ry bur-den Down at the Father's mercy-seat?
Who'll swell the chorus of free redemption—Sing, hal-le-lu-jah! praise the Lamb?
Who'll be the next to join with the ransomed, Sing-ing up-on the oth-er side?

Refrain

Who'll be the next? Who'll be the next? Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?

Who'll be the next to follow Jesus now? Follow Jesus now?
Invitation and Appeal

Have You Any Room for Jesus?

Behold, I stand at the door, and knock.—Rev. 3:20

Source Unknown

Arr. by Daniel W. Whittle, 1840-1901

C. C. Williams, 19th Century

1. Have you any room for Jesus, He who bore your load of sin?
2. Room for pleasure, room for business, But for Christ the Crucified,
3. Have you any room for Jesus, As in grace He calls again?
4. Room and time now give to Jesus, Soon will pass God's day of grace;

As He knocks and asks admission, Sinner, will you let Him in?
Not a place that He can enter, In the heart for which He died?
O today is time accepted, Later you may call in vain.
Soon thy heart left cold and silent, And thy Saviour's pleading cease.

Refrain

Room for Jesus, King of glory! Hasten now His Word obey;

Swing the heart's door widely open, Bid Him enter while you may.
Give Me Thy Heart

My son, give Me thine heart.—Prov. 23:26

Eliza E. Hewitt, 1851-1920

William J. Kirkpatrick, 1838-1921

1. "Give Me thy heart," says the Father above, No gift so precious to Him as our love; Softly He whispers, wherever thou art, give Me thy heart," "Gratefully trust Me, and give Me thy heart.

2. "Give Me thy heart," says the Saviour of men, Calling in mercy again and again; "Turn now from sin, and from evil depart, Have I not died for thee? give Me thy heart." "Give Me thy heart, Make full surrender and give Me thy heart." Give Me thy heart," Hear the soft whisper, wherever thou art: From this dark

3. "Give Me thy heart," says the Spirit divine, "All that thou hast, to My world He would draw thee apart; Speaking so tenderly, "Give Me thy heart."
Let Jesus Come into Your Heart

I will come in to him, and will sup with him.—Rev. 3:20

Lelia N. Morris, 1862-1929

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Jesus come into your heart; If you desire a new life to begin,
   in to your heart; If you desire a new life to begin,
2. If 'tis for purity now that you sigh, Let Jesus come into your heart; Fountains for cleansing are flowing near by,
   in to your heart; Fountains for cleansing are flowing near by,
3. If there's a tempest your voice cannot still, Let Jesus come into your heart; If there's a void this world never can fill,
   in to your heart; If there's a void this world never can fill,
4. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Jesus come into your heart; If you would enter the mansions of rest,
   in to your heart; If you would enter the mansions of rest,

Refrain

Let Jesus come into your heart. Just now, your doubts give o'er; Just now, reject Him no more; Just now, throw open the door; Let Jesus come into your heart.

Lelia N. Morris, 1862-1929
Not Far from the Kingdom

Thou art not far from the kingdom of God.—Mark 12:34

Eden R. Latta, b. 1839

J. H. Tenney, 19th Century

1. Not far from the kingdom of heaven,—The kingdom of heaven with men,
   And yet in the bondage of Satan, And yet in the shadow of sin!
   Not far from the path that is narrow, And leadeth to glory on high;
   Yet treading the broad road to ruin,—Oh, why is it, sinner? oh, why?
   Not far, not far, Not far from the kingdom of heav’n!

2. Not far from the kingdom of heaven,—The kingdom of peace and of love,
   Yet out on the edge of the desert, The prodigal’s fortune to prove!
   Oh, rise, and return to thy Father, And crave in His mercy a share!
   Far off He will see thee and know thee, And rescue thy soul from despair!
   Not far, not far, the kingdom of heav’n!

3. Not far from the kingdom of heaven, Yet will not on Jesus believe!
   Yet will not on Jesus believe!
   The portal of mercy is open, Poor prodigal, do not delay!
   Arise, and return to thy Father! Oh, enter the kingdom to-day!
   Not far, not far, the kingdom of heav’n!
Not Far from the Kingdom

INVITATION AND APPEAL

Still treading the broad road to ruin, Yet near to the kingdom of heav'n!

Almost Persuaded

Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.—Acts 26:28

Philip P. Bliss, 1838-1876

1. "Almost persuaded," now to believe; "Almost persuaded,"

Christ to receive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spirit, turn not away; Jesus invites you here, Angels are doom comes at last! "Almost" cannot avail; "Almost" is

go Thy way, Some more convenient day On Thee I'll call." ling'ring near, Prayers rise from hearts so dear, O wan-d'rer, come, but to fail! Sad, sad, that bitter wail—"Almost—but lost!"
Christ Receiveth Sinful Men

They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick.—Matt. 9:12

Erdmann Neumeister, 1671-1756
Trans. by Emma F. Bevan, 1827-1909

James McGranahan, 1840-1907

1. Sinners Jesus will receive; Sound this word of grace to all
2. Come, and He will give you rest; Trust Him, for His word is plain;
3. Now my heart condemns me not, Pure before the law I stand;
4. Christ receiveth sinful men, Even me with all my sin;

Who the heav'n-ly pathway leave, All who linger, all who fall.
He will take the sinful-est; Christ receiveth sinful men.
He who cleansed me from all spot, Satis-fied its last de-mand.
Purged from ev'ry spot and stain, Heav'n with Him I en-ter in.

Refrain

Sing it o'er and o'er again; Christ receiveth sinful men; Make the message clear and plain:
Sing it o'er a-gain, rising it o'er a-gain; Christ receiveth sinful men, Christ receiveth sinful men; Make the message plain,

Who the heav'n-ly path-way leave, All who lin-ger, all who fall.
He will take the sin-ful-est; Christ re-ceiv-eth sin-ful men.
He who cleansed me from all spot, Sat-is-fied its last de-mand.
Purged from ev'ry spot and stain, Heav'n with Him I en-ter in.

Sing it o'er and o'er again; Christ receiveth sinful men; Make the message clear and plain:
Sing it o'er a-gain, rising it o'er a-gain; Christ receiveth sinful men, Christ receiveth sinful men; Make the message plain,

Clear and plain:

Christ receiveth sinful men.

Make the message plain:
Do You Love the World?

Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world.—1 John 2:15

B. Elliott Warren, 1867-1951
Clarence E. Hunter, 1869-1945

1. Do you love the world, in its pomp and show? In its course of sin
   row, re-morse and shame; Je - sus bids you come and re-deem your soul
   in e - ter - ni - ty? Will you choose its way more than god - ly fear,
   from His pierc - ed side! When it cost His life to pre-pare that “place,”

2. Do you love the world, its ap-plause and fame? Soon ’twill end in sor-
   will you on - ward go? Is the pride of life more than heav’n a - bove?
   Refrain

3. Do you love the world? is it dear to thee? Can it help thy soul
   Seal - ing thus your doom, when the Lord is near.

4. Do you love the world more than Christ who died? How the blood flow’d free
   Will you die in sin, and re-fuse His grace?

Will you lose your soul for the sins you love?
From its aw - ful doom, ere the judg-ments roll.
Do you love the world?

Will you self - ish be, When the Lord pro-vides ev - ry-thing for thee? Can you

still re-fuse? Will you come and bow? Give your heart and life to His serv-ice now?
What Will You Do with Jesus?

What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ?—Matt. 27:22

1. Jesus is standing in Pilate's hall—Friend-less, for-sak-en, be-trayed by all:
2. Jesus is standing on tri-al still, You can be false to Him if you will,
3. Will you e-vade Him as Pilate tried? Or will you choose Him, what-e'er be-tide?
4. Will you, like Peter, your Lord de-ny? Or will you scorn from His foes to fly,
5. "Jesus, I give Thee my heart to-day! Jesus, I'll fol-low Thee all the way,

Heark-en! what mean-eth the sud-den call! What will you do with Jesus?
You can be faith-ful thro' good or ill; What will you do with Jesus?
Vain-ly you strug-gle from Him to hide: What will you do with Jesus?
Dar-ing for Jesus to live or die? What will you do with Jesus?
Glad-ly o-bey-ing Thee!" will you say: "This will I do with Jesus!"

Refrain

What will you do with Jesus? Neut-ral you can-not be:

Some-day your heart will be ask-ing, "What will He do with me?"
He Seeks His Wandering Sheep

And goeth after that which is lost, until He find it.—Luke 15:4

Martha Mills Newton, 19th Century

J. Henry Showalter, 1864-1947

1. The Shepherd's heart is saddened, His sheep have gone astray; Thro' summer's heat, and
2. Thro' briers, thorns, and brambles, He seeks with anxious heart; O'er mountain, vale, or
3. He's calling for thee, lost one, Can you not hear His voice? Then answer to His

winter's cold, He seeks His sheep alway. Some wand'ring sheep He's seeking now, Say for est wild, Or in the crowded mart, O'er ocean's main, o'er desert sands, He loving call, Go meet Him and rejoice. Are you not weary wand'ring Out

brother, is it you? Are you safe sheltered in the fold, Or are you wand'ring too? seeksthewide worldo'er; In gild-ed palace of the rich; In cottage of the poor. in the storm and cold? A-rise, and seek your Shepherd's face, Re-turn un-to the fold.

Refrain

He seeks His wand'ring sheep, Out in the storm and cold;
He seeks His wand'ring, wand'ring sheep to-day, Out in the storm and cold;

Oh, shall He seek in vain, To bring them to the fold?
Oh, shall He seek, oh, shall He seek in vain, To bring them to the fold?
Where Will You Spend Eternity?

These shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal.

Matt. 25:46

Elisha A. Hoffman, 1839-1929

J. H. Tenney, 19th Century

1. Where will you spend eternity? This question comes to you and me! Tell me, what shall your answer be?

2. Many are choosing Christ today, Turning from all their sins away; Heav’n shall their happy portion be;

3. Leaving the strait and narrow way, Going the downward road today, Sad will their final ending be,

4. Repent, believe, this very hour, Trust in the Saviour’s grace and pow’r; Then will your joyous answer be,

Refrain

Where will you spend eternity? Eternity! eternity!

Where will you spend eternity? Eternity! eternity!

Lost through a long eternity! Eternity! eternity!

Saved through a long eternity! Eternity! eternity!

Where will you spend eternity?

Where will you spend eternity?

Lost through a long eternity!

Saved through a long eternity!
Glory Gates

He looked for a city,... whose builder and maker is God.—Heb. 11:10

George P. Hott, 19th Century

I am looking for the city built of God, Where the many mansions be;
I am walking now the path that Jesus trod, And His face I soon shall see.

1. I am looking for the city built of God, Where the many mansions be;
2. Thro' the valley of the shadow I may go, But His grace shall be my stay;
3. 'Tis the glory now that fills and thrills my soul, As I walk the narrow way;

I am walking now the path that Jesus trod, And His face I soon shall see.
Tho' the path be dark and dangerous, I know He will guide me all the way.
I am looking for the heavenly light to dawn, That shall rise in endless day.

Refrain

Oh, the glory gates are ever open wide, Inviting the world to come;
Oh, the glory gates are ever open wide, To welcome the weary home!
Give Me Jesus

By whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world.—Gal. 6:14

Fanny J. Crosby, 1820-1915
John R. Sweney, 1837-1899

1. Take the world, but give me Jesus, All its joys are but a name;
2. Take the world, but give me Jesus, Sweet-est 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 a-bid-eth ev-er, Thro’ e-ter-nal years the same.
With my Sav-iour watch-ing o’er me I can sing though bil-lows roll.
Then thro’-out my pil-grim jour-ney Light will cheer me all the while.
Till, with clear-er, bright-er vi-sion, Face to face my Lord I see.

Refrain

Oh, the height and depth of mer-cy! Oh, the length and breadth of love!

Oh, the full-ness of re-demp-tion, Pledge of end-less life a-bove!

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Nothing Like Jesus

Unto Him that is able to do ... above all that we ask or think.—Eph. 3:20

Charles P. Jones, 20th Century

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Jesus, the Light of the World

I am the light of the world.—John 8:12

G. D. Elderkin, 20th Century

1. All ye saints of light proclaim, Jesus, the light of the world;
2. Hear the Saviour's earnest call, Jesus, the light of the world;
3. Why not seek Him then to-day, Jesus, the light of the world;
4. Come, confess Him as your King, Jesus, the light of the world;

Life and mercy in His name, Jesus, the light of the world.
Send the Gospel truth to all, Jesus, the light of the world.
Go with truth the narrow way, Jesus, the light of the world.
Then the hosts of heav'n will sing, Jesus, the light of the world.

Refrain

We'll walk in the light, beautiful light, Come where the dewdrops of mercy are bright,

Shine all around us by day and by night, Jesus, the light of the world.
The Light of the World Is Jesus

I am come a light into the world.—John 12:46

Philip P. Bliss, 1838-1876

The whole world was lost in the darkness of sin; The Light of the world is Jesus; Like sunshine at noon-day, His glory shone in,

No darkness have we who in Jesus abide, The Light of the world is Jesus; We walk in the light when we follow our Guide,

Ye dwellers in darkness, with sin-blind-ed eyes, The Light of the world is Jesus; Go, wash at His bidding, and light will arise,

No need of the sunlight in heaven, we're told, The Light of the world is Jesus; The Lamb is the light in the city of gold,

The Light of the world is Jesus. Come to the Light, 'tis shining for thee; Sweetly the Light has dawned upon me, Once I was blind, but now I can see: The Light of the world is Jesus.
Is Thy Heart Right with God?

Thy heart is not right in the sight of God.—Acts 8:21

Elisha A. Hoffman, 1839-1929

1. Have thy affections been nailed to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?
2. Hast thou dominion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Is there no more condemnation for sin? Is thy heart right with God?
4. Are all thy pow'rs un-der Je-sus' con-trol? Is thy heart right with God?
5. Art thou now walk-ing in heaven's pure light? Is thy heart right with God?

Dost thou count all things for Je-sus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?
O-ver all e-evil with-out and with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
Does Je-sus rule in the tem-ple with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
Does He each mo-ment a-bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?
Is thy soul wear-ing the gar-ment of white? Is thy heart right with God?

Refrain

Is thy heart right with God, Washed in the crim-son flood, Cleansed and made

ho-ly, hum-ble and low-ly, Right in the sight of God?... of God?
What Would You Give in Exchange? 275

What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?—Mark 8:37

Floyd J. Berry, 20th Century

J. H. Carr, 20th Century

1. Brother afar from the Saviour to-day, Risking your soul for the
2. Mercy is calling you, won't you give heed? Must the dear Saviour still
3. More than the silver and gold of the earth, More than all jewels thy
4. If, when you stand at the bar by and by; When you are weighed in the

things that decay, O if to-day God should call it away,

Fine Refrain

What would you give in exchange for your soul? What would you give?

D.S. What would you give in exchange for your soul?

What would you give? What would you give in exchange?

D.S. What would you give in exchange for your soul? O if to-day God should call it away,
Are You Washed in the Blood?

Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.—Psalm 51:7

Elisha A. Hoffman, 1839-1929

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?

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?

3. When the Bridegroom cometh will your robes be white, Pure and white in the blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright?

4. Lay aside the garments that are stained with sin, And be washed in the blood of the Lamb? There's a fountain flowing for the soul unclean,

Refrain

Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed in the blood, In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are your garments spotless, are they white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
His Way with Thee

Submit yourselves therefore to God.—James 4:7

Cyrus S. Nusbaum, 1861-1937

1. Would you live for Jesus, and be always pure and good? Would you walk with Him within the narrow road? Would you have Him bear your burden, peace that comes by giving all? Would you have Him save you, so that you need never fall? Let Him have His way with thee. 

2. Would you have Him make you free, and follow at His call? Would you know the true each providential test? Would you in His service labor ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can fill your soul, and you will see 'Twas best for Him to have His way with thee.

3. Would you in His kingdom find a place of constant rest? Would you prove Him Him with—
There Is Power in the Blood

They overcame him by the blood of the Lamb.—Rev. 12:11

Lewis E. Jones, 1865-1936

1. Would you be free from your burden of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er evil a victory win?

2. Would you be free from your passion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleansing to Calvary's tide,

3. Would you be whiter, much whiter than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
pow'r in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life-giving flow,

4. Would you do service for Jesus your King? There's pow'r in the blood,
pow'r in the blood; Would you live daily, His praises to sing?

Refrain
There's wonderful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, there is 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.
there is pow'r,
The Best Friend of All

There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.—Prov. 18:24

G. M. Bills, 20th Century

1. Do you seek for a friend who is always the same, Who will answer your sigh and your call? There is just such a Friend, I will forces of ill that a-bound? Grasp the hand that was pierced to reme smile of the angels of God? Would you know the re-pose that no glo ries that fade not away? Would you drink endless bliss from the

2. Would you lean on an arm that is able to quell All the answer your sigh and your call? There is just such a Friend, I will forces of ill that a-bound? Grasp the hand that was pierced to reme smile of the angels of God? Would you know the re-pose that no glo ries that fade not away? Would you drink endless bliss from the

3. Would you walk day by day in a halo of light, In the answer your sigh and your call? There is just such a Friend, I will forces of ill that a-bound? Grasp the hand that was pierced to reme smile of the angels of God? Would you know the re-pose that no glo ries that fade not away? Would you drink endless bliss from the

4. Would you dwell ever-more in the mansions above, 'Mid the answer your sigh and your call? There is just such a Friend, I will forces of ill that a-bound? Grasp the hand that was pierced to reme smile of the angels of God? Would you know the re-pose that no glo ries that fade not away? Would you drink endless bliss from the

D.S.—Precious Jesus, the best Friend of all.

Refrain

Oh, the best Friend of all is the "Might-y to save." He ever will hear when you call; He poured out His soul to redeem from the grave,
Tell Me the Old, Old Story

For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son.—John 3:16

A. Katherine Hankey, 1834-1911

William H. Doane, 1832-1915

1. Tell me the old, old story Of unseen things above, Of Jesus
2. Tell me the story slowly, That I may take it in— That wonder-
3. Tell me the story softly, With earnest tones and grave; Remember,
4. Tell me the same old story When you have cause to fear That this world's

and His glory, Of Jesus and His love. Tell me the story
ful redemption, God's remedy for sin. Tell me the story
I'm the sinner Whom Jesus came to save. Tell me the story
empty glory Is costing me too dear. Yes, and when that world's

simply, As to a little child, For I am weak and weary,
often, For I forget so soon; The "early dew" of morning
always, If you would really be, In any time of trouble,
glory is dawning on my soul, Tell me the old, old story:

Refrain

And helpless and defiled.
Has passed away at noon. Tell me the old, old story, Tell me the
A comforter to me.
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

old, old story, Tell me the old, old story Of Jesus and His love.
Wonderful Story of Love

I bring you good tidings of great joy.—Luke 2:10

1. Wonderful story of love, Tell it to me again, Wonderful story of love, Wake the immortal strain; Angels with rapture announce it, Shepherds with wonder receive it; Sinner, O won't you believe it?

2. Wonderful story of love, Tho' you are far away, Wonderful story of love, Still He doth call to day, Calling from Calvary's mountain, Down from the crystal bright fountain, E'en from the dawn of creation, With those who've gone on before us, Singing the rapturous chorus,

3. Wonderful story of love, Jesus provides a rest, Wonderful story of love, For all the pure and blest; Rest in those mansions above us, For all the pure and blest; Rest in those mansions above us, For all the pure and blest; Rest in those mansions above us

Refrain

Wonderful story of love, Wonderful, Wonderful story of love, Wonderful story of love, Wonderful story of love, Wonderful story of love, Wonderful story of love,
You Can't Do Wrong and Get By

Be sure your sin will find you out.—Num. 32:23

Lethal A. Ellis, 20th Century

1. There's a God who's standing at heaven's door, He's looking this high,
   You can't do wrong and get by. You can't do wrong and get by.

2. Out into the darkness you alone may go, And seeds for the try,
   You can't do wrong and get by. You can't do wrong and get by.

3. Yes, He knows your secrets, every thing you do, He knows that your life is untrue;
   You can never deceive Him, there's no use to

Refrain

You can't do wrong and get by, No matter how much you may try; Nothing hidden can be, every thing He doth see, You can't do wrong and get by.

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Sin Can Never Enter There

Revelation 21:27

Charles W. Naylor, 1874-1950

B. Elliott Warren, 1867-1951

1. Heaven is a holy place, filled with glory and with grace,
   Sin can never enter there; All within its gates are pure,
   from defilement kept secure, Sin can never enter there.
   Sin can never enter there, Sin can never enter there; So, if at the

2. If you hope to dwell at last, when your life on earth is past,
   In that home so bright and fair, You must here be cleans'd from sin,
   have the life of Christ within, Sin can never enter there.
   judgment bar, sinful spots your soul shall mar, You can never enter there.

3. You may live in sin below, heaven's grace refuse to know,
   But you cannot enter there; It will stop you at the door,
   bar you out forevermore, Sin can never enter there.

4. If you cling to sin till death, when you draw your latest breath,
   You will sink in dark despair, To the regions of the lost
   thus to prove at awful cost, Sin can never enter there.

   You may live in sin below, heaven's grace refuse to know,
   You will sink in dark despair, To the regions of the lost
   from defilement kept secure, Sin can never enter there.
   Sin can never enter there, Sin can never enter there; So, if at the

   Revelation 21:27
Will Jesus Find Us Watching?

Watch therefore; for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come.—Matt. 24:42

Fanny J. Crosby, 1820-1915
William H. Doane, 1832-1915

1. When Jesus comes to reward His servants, Whether it be
   noon or night, Faithful to Him will He find us watching,
   With our lamps all trimmed and bright?
   Will He answer thee—"Well done"? Oh, can we say we are
   ready, brother? Ready for the soul's bright home? Say, will He

2. If, at the dawn of the early morning, He shall call us
   one by one, When to the Lord we restore our talents,
   ready, brother? Read-y for the soul's bright home? Say, will He
   find you and me still watching, Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?

3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to
   do our best? If in our hearts there is naught condemns us,
   find you and me still watching, Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?

4. Blessed are those whom the Lord finds watching, In His glory
   they shall share; If He shall come at the dawn or midnight,
   find you and me still watching, Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?

   ————

   Read-y, broth-er? Read-y for the soul's bright home? Say, will He

   ————

   find you and me still watching, Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?

   ————

   Will He find us watch-ing there?
Be Ready When He Comes

Therefore be ye also ready.—Matt. 24:44

D. Otis Teasley, 1876-1942

1. Would you flee from sin and serve the Lord, Be ready when He comes;  
2. It is not His will that you be lost, Be ready when He comes;  
3. Do you know the end of time is near? Be ready when He comes;  
4. There is awful danger in delay, Be ready when He comes;  

He will soon appear with His reward, Be ready when He comes.  
Would you save your soul at any cost? Be ready when He comes.  
Can you live and die in sin’s career? Be ready when He comes.  
Will you cast your only hope away? Be ready when He comes.  

Refrain

Be ready, Be ready Be ready when He comes, when He comes, when He comes.
Where Shall I Be?

The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised.—I Cor. 15:52

1. When judgment day is drawing nigh, Where shall I be?
   Where shall I be?

2. When east and west the fire shall roll, Where shall I be?
   Where shall I be?

3. When wicked men His wrath shall see, Where shall I be?
   Where shall I be?

4. When hills and mountains flee away, Where shall I be?
   Where shall I be?

5. When all the saints re-deemed shall stand, Where shall I be?
   Where shall I be?

Refrain  Andante con expressivo

O where shall I be when the last trumpet sounds? O

where shall I be when it sounds so loud? When it sounds so loud

as to wake up the dead? O where shall I be when it sounds?

Source Unknown  Arr. by Robert E. Winsett, 1876-1952
The Last Great Day

The day of the Lord will come.—II Pet. 3:10

Daniel S. Warner, 1842-1895
B. Elliott Warren, 1867-1951

1. The earth shall melt with fervent heat, The heavens pass away,
2. The trump will sound, the Lord return, And time no longer be,
3. So all who make this world their god, Can here no longer stay;
4. The quick and dead o'er land and sea, Will leave their mortal clay;
5. The church of God no more shall need This poor terrestrial home;

And all mankind their doom shall meet, In that last great day.
The world in judgment flames consume, In that last great day.
Their fondest hopes will all have fled, In that last great day.
And put on immortality, In that last great day.
For she shall dwell with Christ, her head, At the great white throne.

Refrain

Oh, that last great day is coming very soon, 'Tis the
judgment day, and the lost shall weep; 'Tis the crowning

day, and the saints shall greet, In that last great day.
Why Carelessly Wait?

Why tarriest thou?—Acts 22:16

1. Oh, come to the Lord to-day, Come, sinner, without delay;
   Since there is no hope at last, The day of God's grace then past,
   O soul, do not idly stand, Unheeding the Lord's command;
   Soon, soon in eternity, Poor sinner, your soul shall be,

   Oh, give Him your heart, I pray, Why carelessly wait?
   With mercy's door closed and fast, Why carelessly wait?
   You'll perish in sinking sand, Why carelessly wait?
   What then can a tone for thee? Why carelessly wait?

   Soon you will be called to die, Poor soul, to the Saviour fly;
   When there at the judgment throne, Your sins will be all made known,
   Your pulse will ere long be still, In death will your blood soon chill;
   You'll stand at the judgment seat, Your record of sins you'll meet;

   You know that the end is nigh, Why carelessly wait?
   There Satan will claim his own, Why carelessly wait?
   Oh, hasten, obey God's will, Why carelessly wait?
   Come bowing at Jesus' feet, Why carelessly wait?
Lost Forever

The smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever.—Rev. 14:11

B. Elliott Warren, 1867-1951

1. Where is thy hope, poor sinner? What are you going to do?
2. Where is thy refuge, sinner? Look where your pathway will end,
3. What can you plead, poor sinner, In the great judgment day?
4. Where will you go, poor sinner? How will your soul escape?

Hope is a God-given anchor, Lavished so freely on you;
Repent, or perish forever, Awful destruction's at hand:
Heaven now offers you favor, Oh, do not cast it away;
Think of thy lot when forever Cast in the dark, burning lake:

If it is fixed in the Saviour, On that bright shore you will
Heaven, or hell you are choosing, Fixing and sealing your
Slighted, the warnings repeated, Leave you in Satan's con-
If, then you're lost and forgotten, Writhing in flames of de-

Lost, forever! Lost, forever! Oh, how sad!
Where Will I Go?

Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire.—Matt. 25:41

1. Eternity draws near, As time moves on;
2. Soon will the lightnings flash, The trumpet sound;
3. When the sun shines no more, No hope in sight;

When earth shall disappear, Will I have gone Out in the
The judgment thunders crash, Shaking the ground: Waking the
Gone from this vernal shore Where all is night: Down where dark

great unknown, To reap what I have sown? Summoned be
sleeping dead; Then will this earth have fled: Sinner, the
billows roll, Lost, lost, my precious soul, Never to

Refrain

fore the throne, Then, where will I go?
sight you'll dread; Where will you be found? Where will I go?
reach that goal, In heaven so bright,

Where will I go? From the great judgment seat, Where will I go?

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Shall You? Shall I? 291

Strive to enter in at the strait gate.—Luke 13:24

James McGranahan, 1840-1907

1. Some-one will enter the pearl-y gate By and by, by and by, 
2. Some-one will glad-ly his cross lay down By and by, by and by, 
3. Some-one will knock when the door is shut By and by, by and by, 
4. Some-one will sing the tri-umph-ant song By and by, by and by, 

Taste of the glo-ries that there a-wait, Shall you? shall I? 
Faith-ful, ap-proved, shall re-ceive a crown, Shall you? shall I? 
Hear a voice say-ing, “I know you not,” Shall you? shall I? 
Join in the praise with the blood-bought throng, Shall you? shall I? 

Some-one will trav-el the streets of gold, Beau-ti-ful vis-ions will 
Some-one the glo-ri-ous King will see, Ev-er from sor-row of 
Some-one will call and shall not be heard, Vain-ly will strive when the 
Some-one will greet on the gold-en shore Loved ones of earth who have 

there be-hold, Feast on the pleasures so long fore-told; Shall you? shall I? 
earth be free, Hap-py with Him thro’e-ter-ni-ty: Shall you? shall I? 
door is barred, Someone will fail of the saints’ re-ward: Shall you? shall I? 
gone be-fore, Safe in the glo-ry for ev-er-more: Shall you? shall I?
At the Saviour's Right Hand

He shall set the sheep on His right hand.—Matt. 25:33

1. In the day of all days, when the world shall be judged, And the
   chaff from the wheat shall be thoroughly fanned, Then the righteous shall shine as the
   never live up to the Master's command, Shall be placed on the left, as un-
   bank of death's Jordan we sometime shall stand! Shall we fear to pass over the
   lead us safe home, to that beautiful land; And, with crowns on our brows, and with
   the Saviour's right hand, the Saviour's right hand, the Saviour's right hand?

2. But the wicked who will not repent and believe, And will
   stars in the sky, And their places shall be at the Saviour's right hand.
   worthy to be With the children of God at the Saviour's right hand.
   dark rolling flood, Lest our portion be not at the Saviour's right hand?
   branches of palm, We shall ever abide at the Saviour's right hand.

3. We are journeying on to eternity now, On the
   Refrain

4. If our Shepherd He is, and we follow His call, He will

   Let me ... find a place ... with that ... happy band, ...
   Let me find a place with that happy band, Let me find a place with that happy band,
At the Saviour's Right Hand

Who shall ever abide, ... Abide at the Saviour's right hand.

When the Book of Life Is Opened

And another book was opened, which is the book of life.—Rev. 20:12

F. L. Snyder, 19th Century

1. When your toils below are ended, And the race of life is run,
2. When you pilgrim here no longer, And your work on earth is done,
3. When the days of earth are gathered Into His great judgment one.

And the book of life is opened, Will your name be found thereon?

Refrain

When the book of life is opened, And you stand before the Son,

On the final day of reckoning, Will your name be found thereon?

WARNING AND JUDGMENT
Weighed in the Balance

Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting.—Dan. 5:27

B. Elliott Warren, 1867-1951

Slowly

1. Weighed in the balance of justice true, Sinful the path thou hast trod;
2. There it will hurt like a wounding dart, When this dread answer shall fall,
3. Weighed by the Word which is given now, Search it and know thou art pure;
4. At the tribunal where Christ is judge, Where every deed is made known,

Weighed and found wanting, will it be you? Weighed by the Word of God.
"Weighed and found wanting," 'twill pierce thy heart At the last judgment call.
Unto its mandates in meekness bow, Then thou shalt be secure.
"Weighed and found wanting," each guilty soul, Stands there before His throne.

Refrain a tempo

Weighed and found wanting, Weighed and found wanting, Weighed
Weighed by the Word, weighed and found wanting, Weighed by the Word,

and found wanting, Rejected at heaven's door.

Weighed and found wanting,
What Will Your Answer Be?

When God riseth up . . . what shall I answer Him.—Job 31:14

1. Someday you'll stand at the bar on high, Someday your record you'll see;
2. Sadly you'll stand, if you're unprepared, Trembling, you'll fall on your knee;
3. Now is the time to prepare, my friend, Make your soul spotless and free;

Someday you'll answer the question of life, What will your answer be?
Facing the sentence of life or of death, What will that sentence be?
Washed in the blood of the Crucified One, He will your answer be.

Refrain

What will it be? What will it be? Where will you spend your eternity?

What will it be? O what will it be? What will your answer be?

Tillit S. Teddlie, owner, 1935. Used by permission.
Eternity

And sware by Him that liveth for ever and ever, ... that there should be time no longer.—Rev. 10:6

D. Otis Teasley, 1876-1942

1. I stood at the time-beat-en por-tals, Where man-y a pil-grim had
2. I lin-gered, and si- lent ly lis-tened To the dull heav-y tread of the
3. I saw then the Judge in His splen-dor, As He stepped to His great judg-ment
4. Let us work while 'tis day, brother, sis-ter, For soon shall the Mas-ter re-

passed Out in - to the in-fi-nite fu-ture, To be with the pure and the blest;
years, And tho’t of the fate of the guil-ty, When Christ in His glo-ry ap-pears.
seat, And tho’t of the crashing of a-ges, When time and e-ter-ni-ty meet.
turn To gar - ner the wheat that we har-vest, The chaff in His fu-ry to burn.

And, mus - ing in si- lent de-vo-tion, E-ter-ni-ty seemed to draw near;
A shud-ders came o-ver my spir-it, As I tho’t what a moment might cost;
For Time, who has laid man-y mil-ions To slum-ber in death’s silent shade;
Then in haste let us rush to the res-cue, But few can we save at the most:

And strains from the choir of the faithful I seemed in my fan-cy to hear.
For e-ter-ni-ty’s stillness was bro-ken By the groans and the sighs of the lost.
Shall reel at e-ter-ni-ty’s presence, And sleep in the tomb he has made.
Soon mil-lions shall be at the judg-ment, For-ev-er, e-ter-nal-ly lost.

Refrain

Oh, e-ter-ni - ty! Long e-ter-ni - ty!

270
Eternity

Hear the solemn footsteps Of eternity.

The Great Reaping Day

Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap—Gal. 6:7

Robert E. Winsett, 1876-1952

1. There is coming a day when to judgment we'll go,
2. Every day passing by you are sowing the seed
3. If you'd win life eternal there's no time to lose,
4. Every act you perform is as seed to someone,

There to reap as in life we've sown, Death eternal we'll reap
Fruits of life or of death will bear, When you reap what you sow
Look around you, the fields are white, Go ye forth to the field,
For the influence will never die, Then be careful each day

D. S.—O the joy on that day

if we sow to the flesh, Heaven's joys then will never be known.
to that land may you go. To that bright, happy home over there.
sow and reap golden grain, Soon will fall the dark shadows of night.
what you do, what you say, For you'll meet it again by and by.

when we hear Jesus say, "Come, ye blessed, a crown you have won."

Refrain

May we sow righteous seed for the reaping Which is coming to every one.
I Am Resolved

I will arise and go to my father.—Luke 15:18

Palmer Hartsough, 1844-1932

James H. Fillmore, 1849-1936

1. I am re-solved no longer to linger, Charmed by the world's delight; Things that are higher, things that are nobler, sin and strife; He is the true One, He is the just One, true each day, Heed what He say-eth, do what He will-eth, paths of sin, Friends may oppose me, foes may beset me, out de-lay, Taught by the BIBLE, led by the Spirit, world's delight; Things that are higher, things that are nobler, sin and strife; He is the true One, He is the just One, true each day, Heed what He say-eth, do what He will-eth, paths of sin, Friends may oppose me, foes may beset me, out de-lay, Taught by the BIBLE, led by the Spirit,

2. I am re-solved to go to the Saviour, Leav-ing my
3. I am re-solved to fol-low the Saviour, Faith-ful and
4. I am re-solved to enter the king-dom, Leav-ing the
5. I am re-solved, and who will go with me? Come, friends, with-

Refrain

These have al-lured my sight. I will has-ten to Him, He hath the words of life. He is the liv-ing way. Still will I en-ter in. We'll walk the heav'n-ly way. I will has-ten, has-ten to Him,

Has-ten so glad and free, has-ten glad and free,

Je-sus, great-est, high-est, I will come to Thee.
I Am Coming, Lord

Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.—Rev. 22:17

Lewis Hartsough, 1828-1919

1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee,
2. Thou' com' ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as sure;
3. 'Tis Jesus calls me on To perfect faith and love,

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 heav'n aabove.

Refrain

I am com' ing, Lord! Com' ing now to Thee! Wash me,

cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Calvary!
Jesus, I Come

Deliver me, O my God.—Psalm 71:4

1. Out of my bondage, sorrow and night, Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come;
2. Out of my shameful failure and loss, Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come;
3. Out of unrest and arrogant pride, Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come;
4. Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come;

Into Thy freedom, gladness and light, Jesus, I come to Thee;
Into the glorious gain of Thy cross, Jesus, I come to Thee;
Into Thy blessed will to abide, Jesus, I come to Thee;
Into the joy and light of Thy home, Jesus, I come to Thee;

Out of my sickness into Thy health, Out of my want and into Thy wealth,
Out of earth's sorrows into Thy balm, Out of life's storms and into Thy calm,
Out of myself to dwell in Thy love, Out of despair into raptures above,
Out of the depths of ruin untold, Into the peace of Thy sheltering fold,

Out of my sin and into Thyself, Jesus, I come to Thee.
Out of distress to jubilant psalm, Jesus, I come to Thee.
Upward for aye on wings like a dove, Jesus, I come to Thee.
Ever Thy glorious face to behold, Jesus, I come to Thee. Amen.
Saviour, I'm Coming

If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink.—John 7:37

1. Saviour, coming to Thee, I would be Thine own;
2. Saviour, hear Thou my plea, Pained with sin and grief;
3. Saviour, let me not die From Thy fold of love;

Thou on Calvary's tree Didst for me atone.
Oh, have mercy on me, Bring my heart relief.
Hear me while Thou art nigh, Bring me home above.

REFRAIN

Saviour, Saviour, Tho' I am guilty I come to Thee; Saviour, I come, Saviour, I come,

Saviour, Saviour, Cleanse me this moment and make me free. Saviour, I come, Saviour, I come,
Lord, I'm Coming Home

I will arise and go to my father.—Luke 15:18

William J. Kirkpatrick, 1838-1921

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've tired of sin and straying, Lord, Now I'm coming home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, 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.
My strength renew, my hope restore, Lord, I'm coming home.

D. S. — Open wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm coming home.

REFRAIN

Coming home, coming home, Never more to roam,

Just as I Am

Behold the Lamb of God.—John 1:29

Charlotte Elliott, 1789-1871

1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And
2. Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To
3. Just as I am, though tossed about With many a conflict, many a doubt, Fight-
4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, healing of the mind, Yea,
5. Just as I am, Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve; Be-

William B. Bradbury, 1816-1868
Just as I Am

that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Thine whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
all I need, in Thee I find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
cause Thy promise I believe, O Lamb of God, I come! I come! A-MEN.

I Have Decided to Follow Jesus

Let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me.—Mark 8:34
As sung by the Garo Christians

1. I have decided to follow Jesus, I have decided to follow Jesus, No turning back, no turning back.
2. If no one joins me, still I will follow, If no one joins me, still I will follow, No turning back, no turning back.
3. The cross before me, the world behind me, The cross before me, the world behind me, No turning back, no turning back.

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I Intend to Go Through with Him

Joying and beholding... the steadfastness of your faith in Christ.—Col. 2:5

Herbert Buffum, b. 1879
Homer F. Morris, 1876-1955

1. My heart is so happy in Jesus my Lord, No clouds can my faith in Him dim; I've started to walk in the strait narrow way, pitfalls of sin; The ship-wrecks of faith line the shore all along, shadows so dim; I lean on His promise and draw from His grace, favor to win; His smile is sufficient and pays me for all.

2. I know many others have fallen away, Ensnared by the ship-wrecks of faith line the shore all along, I've started to walk in the strait narrow way,

3. I find His yoke easy, His burden is light, He brightens the faith in Him dim; I've started to walk in the strait narrow way, pitfalls of sin; The ship-wrecks of faith line the shore all along, shadows so dim; I lean on His promise and draw from His grace, favor to win; His smile is sufficient and pays me for all.

4. My friends may forsake me and turn from my path, I'll seek not their friendship.

Refrain

I intend to go thro' with Him...
But I mean to go thro' with Him.... I intend to go thro',
I intend to go thro' with Him.... I intend to go thro',
I intend to go thro' with Him(with Him.)

I intend to be true Thro' sunshine or thro' shadows dim; I'll shadows dim;

count all but loss, For Christ and the cross, I intend to go thro' with Him.
I Am Coming to the Cross

Having made peace through the blood of His cross.—Col. 1:20

William McDonald, 1820-1901

William G. Fischer, 1835-1912

1. I am coming to the cross: I am poor and weak and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee; Long has evil reigned with-in;
3. Here I give my all to Thee—Friends and time and earthly store;
4. 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 ever more.
I am ev’ry whit made whole; Glory, glory to the Lamb.

Refrain

I am trusting, Lord, in Thee, Blessed Lamb of Calvary;

Humbly at Thy cross I bow; Save me, Jesus, save me now.
When I See the Blood

When I see the blood, I will pass over you.—Exodus 12:13

John Foote, 19th Century, Alt. J. Henry Showalter, 1864-1947

1. Christ, our Redeemer, died on the cross, Died for the sinner, paid all his due;
2. Chiefest of sinners Jesus can save, As He has promised, so will He do;
3. Judgment is coming, all will be there Who have rejected, who have refused;
4. Oh, what compassion! oh, boundless love! Jesus hath power, Jesus is true:

All who receive Him need never fear, For He will pass, will pass over you.
O, sinner, hear Him, trust in His word, Then He will pass, will pass over you.
O, sinner, hasten, let Jesus in, Then God will pass, will pass over you.
All who believe are safe from the storm, Oh, He will pass, will pass over you.

Refrain

"When I see the blood, I will pass over you; Yes, when I see the blood, I will pass over you;

When I see the blood. I will pass, I will pass over you." Yes, when I see the blood of the Lamb
The Cleansing Wave

The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.—1 John 1:7

Phoebe Palmer Knapp, 1839-1908

1. Oh, now I see the crimson wave, The fountain deep and wide;
2. I see the new creation rise, I hear the speaking blood;
3. I rise to walk in heav'n's own light, Above the world and sin;
4. Amazing grace! 'tis heav'n below, To feel the blood applied;

Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save, Points to His wounded side.
It speaks! polluted nature dies, Sinks 'neath the crimson 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 oh, it cleanseth me;

Oh, praise the Lord, it cleanseth me, It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me.
One Day!

J. Wilbur Chapman, 1859-1918

1. One day when heaven was filled with His praises, One day when
2. One day they led Him up Calvary's mountain, One day they
3. One day they left Him alone in the garden, One day He
4. One day the grave could conceal Him no longer, One day the
5. One day the trumpet will sound for His coming, One day the

sin was as black as could be, Jesus came forth to be
nailed Him to die on the tree; Suffering anguish, de-
rested, from suffering free; Angels came down o'er His
stone rolled away from the door; Then He arose, over
skies with His glory will shine; Wonderful day, my be-

born of a virgin—Dwelt among men, my example is He!
spised and rejected; Bearing our sins, my Redeemer is He!
tomb to keep vigil; Hope of the hopeless, my Saviour is He!
death He had conquered; Now is ascended, my Lord ever more!
loved ones bringing; Glorious Saviour, this Jesus is mine!

REFRAIN

Living, He loved me; dying, He saved me; Buried, He
carried my sins far away; Rising, He justified
One Day!

free-ly for-ev-er: One day He's com-ing—oh, glo-ri-ous day!

Thou Spotless Lamb of God

Redeemed . . . with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot.—I Pet. 1:18, 19

May Maurice, 19th Century

William J. Kirkpatrick, 1838-1921

1. Thou spot-less Lamb of God, On Thee for help I lean; I know Thy pre-cious
2. I have no hope be-side, I urge no oth-er plea, Save Thou hast lived and
3. For-ev-er by Thy side My will-ing soul would stay; Be Thou my Guard and

blood Has pow'r to make me clean. Oh, take my bur-den'd heart, And
died, Hast lived and died for me. Thy par-d'ning voice I hear, That
Guide Thro' life's un-cer-tain day. No oth-er will I own, No

wash a-way its sin; Thy righteousness im-part, And make me pure with-in.
tells me I am Thine; I can no long-er fear Since Thou, O Christ, art mine.
oth-er name I plead; Thou didst for sin a-tone, And Thou art all I need.

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At the Cross

He... became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.—Phil. 2:8

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748
Refrain by Ralph Hudson, 1843-1901

Ralph E. Hudson, 1843-1901

1. Alas, and did my Saviour bleed, And did my Sovereign die;  
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree?  
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glories in,  
4. 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!  
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died For man the creature's sin.  
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

rolled away,

faith I received my sight, And now I am happy all the day!
I Gave My Life for Thee

I lay down My life for the sheep.—John 10:15

Frances R. Havergal, 1836-1879

Philip P. Bliss, 1838-1876

1. I gave my life for thee, My precious blood I shed,
   That thou might'st ransomed be, And quick-ened from the dead;
   I gave, I gave my life for thee, What hast thou giv'n for me?

2. My Father's house of light, My glory-circled throne
   I left, for earthly night, For wand'ring sad and lone;
   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 tell,
   Of bitterest agony, To rescue thee from hell;
   I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for me?

4. And I have brought to thee, Down from my home above,
   Salvation full and free, My pardon and my love;
   I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to me?

I gave, I gave my life for thee, What hast thou giv'n for me?
I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for me?
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for me?
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to me?
Mercy's Free

By the remission of their sins, through the tender mercy of our God.—Luke 1:77, 78

Richard Jukes, 19th Century

To every nation He is crying, Look to me, Look to me;
And did He snatch my soul from ruin, Can it be, Can it be?
And every moment Christ is precious, Unto me, Unto me;
And this shall be my theme when dying, Mercy's free, Mercy's free.

1. By faith I view my Saviour dying, On the tree, On the tree;
2. Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing, Pity me, Pity me?
4. Long as I live, I'll still be crying, Mercy's free, Mercy's free.

He bids the guilty now draw near, Repent, believe, dismiss their fear;
Oh, yes! He did salvation bring; He is my Prophet, Priest, and King.
None can describe the bliss I prove, While thro' this wilderness I rove,
And when the vale of death I've passed, When lodged above the stormy blast,

Hark, hark! what precious words I hear, Mercy's free, Mercy's free.
And now my happy soul can sing, Mercy's free, Mercy's free.
All may enjoy the Saviour's love, Mercy's free, Mercy's free.
I'll sing, while endless ages last, Mercy's free, Mercy's free.
All I Need

Charles P. Jones, 20th Century

REDEMPTION

Christ is all, and in all.—Col. 3:11

1. Jesus Christ is made to me, All I need, all I need,
2. He redeemed me when He died, All I need, all I need,
3. To my Saviour will I cleave, All I need, all I need,
4. He's the treasure of my soul, All I need, all I need,

He alone, is all my plea, He is all I need.
I with Him was crucified, He is all I need.
He will not His servant leave, He is all I need.
He hath cleansed and made me whole, He is all I need.

Refrain

Wisdom, righteousness and pow'r, Holiness forevermore,

My redemption full and sure, He is all I need.
Redemption! Oh, Wonderful Story

In whom we have redemption through His blood.—Eph. 1:7

Fanny J. Crosby, 1820-1915
Peter P. Bilhorn, 1861-1936

1. Redemption! Oh, wonderful story—Glad message for you and for me; That Jesus has purchased our pardon, grace sons of God; A fountain is opened for sinners:
tempt and annoy; For Christ in His blessed redemption, has ten today; For He will receive him that cometh,

2. From death unto life He hath brought us, And made us by you and for me; That Jesus has purchased our pardon, grace sons of God; A fountain is opened for sinners:
tempt and annoy; For Christ in His blessed redemption, has ten today; For He will receive him that cometh,

3. No longer shall sin have dominion, Thou present to you and for me; That Jesus has purchased our pardon, grace sons of God; A fountain is opened for sinners:
tempt and annoy; For Christ in His blessed redemption, has ten today; For He will receive him that cometh,

4. Accept now God's offer of mercy; To Jesus, Oh, you and for me; That Jesus has purchased our pardon, grace sons of God; A fountain is opened for sinners:
tempt and annoy; For Christ in His blessed redemption, has ten today; For He will receive him that cometh,

Refrain

And paid all the debt on the tree.
Oh, wash and be cleansed in the blood. Believe it, O sinner, believe it, Re - ceive the glad mes - sage—tis true; Trust now in the crucified Saviour, Salvation He offers to you.
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;

Redeemed through His infinite mercy, His child, and forever, I am.
I know that the light of His presence With me doth continually dwell.
I sing, for I cannot be silent; His love is the theme of my song.
Who lovingly guardeth my footsteps, And giveth me songs in the night.

Refrain

Redeemed, redeemed, redeemed, Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;
redeemed, redeemed,

Redeemed, redeemed, His child, and forever, I am.
redeemed, redeemed,
1. Tell me the story of Jesus, Write on my heart ev'ry word;  
Tell how the angels, in chorus, Sang as they welcomed His birth,  
Tell how the story so tender, Clearer than ever I see:  
"Glory to God in the highest! Peace and good tidings to earth."

2. Fasting alone in the desert, Tell of the days that are past,  
Tell of the grave where they laid Him, Tell how He liveth again.  
Tell how the years of His labor, Tell of the sorrow He bore,  
Stay, let me weep while you whisper, Love paid the ransom for me.

3. Tell of the cross where they nailed Him, Whirling in anguish and pain;  
Tell of the days that are past, Tell of the years of His labor,  
Love in that story so tender, Clearer than ever I see:  
"Glory to God in the highest! Peace and good tidings to earth."

REF. — Tell me the story of Jesus, Write on my heart ev'ry word;  
Tell me the story most precious, Sweetest that ever was heard.  
Tell me the story of Jesus, Write on my heart ev'ry word;  
Tell me the story most precious, Sweetest that ever was heard.
Not What These Hands Have Done

Redeemed ... with the precious blood of Christ.—I Pet. 1:18, 19

Horatius Bonar, 1808-1899

William M. Runyan, 1870-1957

1. Not what these hands have done Can save this guilty soul;
2. Not what I feel or do Can give me peace with God;
3. Thy love to me, O God, Not mine, O Lord, to Thee,
4. I praise the God of grace, I trust His love and might;

Not what this toiling flesh has borne Can make my spirit whole.
Not all my prayers, nor sighs, nor tears, Can ease my awful load.
Can rid me of this dark unrest, And set my spirit free.
He calls me His, I call Him mine; My God, my joy, my light!

Refrain

Thy work alone, my Saviour, Can ease this weight of sin;

Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God, Can give me peace within.

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A Ransom for All

Christ Jesus, who gave himself a ransom for all.—I Tim. 2:5, 6

Mary J. Helphingstine, b. 1888
B. Elliott Warren, 1867-1951

1. A ransom for all my Saviour once came; He bore all my sins and my sor-row and shame; He carried them all to Cal-va-ry's tree, He died there in stead of a sin-ner like me. 

2. A ransom for all my Saviour once came; He con-quered the grave by the pow'r of His name! He rose, and we'll meet when He com-eth a-gain, Im-ev-er the same; He heal-eth the sick and for-giv-eth man's sin. A mor-tal and free from earth's suff'ring and pain, A ran-som... man-sion a-bove thro' His mer-cy we win.

3. A ransom for all my Saviour once came; He's yes-ter-day, now and for-ev-er the same; He heal-eth the sick and the strength of my days, And spend them for-ev-er in la-bor and praise. for all, for all, 

4. A ransom for all my Saviour once came; Left heav-en-ly man-sions and splen-dor and fame; I'll give Him my life and the strength of my days, And A ran-som for sin-ners the wide world a-round! He paid your debt glad-ly, 

Refrain

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A Ransom for All

He purchased you, too; For "a ransom for all" means a ransom for you.

Jesus Paid It All

Ye were not redeemed with corruptible things . . . but with the precious blood of Christ.—
I Pet. 1:18, 19

Elvina M. Hall, 1820-1889

John T. Grape, 1835-1915

1. I hear the Saviour say, "Thy strength in deed is small, Child of
   weakness, watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all."
2. Lord, now in deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a lone, Can
   change the lep-er's spots, And melt the heart of stone. Je sus paid it all,
3. For noth ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim—I'll
   wash my garments white In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.
4. And when, be fore the throne, I stand in Him com-plete, "Je sus
   died my soul to save," My lips shall still re peat.

Refrain

All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crim-son stain, He washed it white as snow.
Grace Greater Than Our Sin
Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound.—Rom. 5:20

Julia H. Johnston, 1849-1919
Daniel B. Towner, 1850-1919

1. Marvelous grace of our loving Lord, Grace that exceeds our sin and our guilt, Yonder on Calvary's mount out-poured, God's grace, Grace that will pardon and cleanse within; Grace, God's grace, Grace that is greater than all our sin.
2. Sin and despair like the sea waves cold, Threaten the soul with infinite loss; Grace that is greater, yes, grace untold, MAR-VEL-ous grace,
3. Dark is the stain that we cannot hide, What can avail to wash it away? Look! there is flowing a crimson tide; MAR-VEL-ous grace,
4. Marvelous, infinite, match-less grace, Freely bestowed on all who believe; You that are longing to see His face, Unlimited grace, Mar-vel-ous grace,

Refrain

There where the blood of the Lamb was spilt. Points to the Refuge, the mighty Cross. Grace, grace, God's grace, Grace that is greater than all our sin.
Will you this moment His grace receive? Marvelous grace

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Amazing Grace

That . . . He might shew the exceeding riches of His grace.—Eph. 2:7

John Newton, 1725-1807

Early American Melody

1. Amazing grace! how sweet the sound That saved a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears relieved;
3. Thro' man-y dan-gers, toils and snares, I have al-read-y come;
4. The Lord has prom-ised good to me, His word my hope secures;
5. When we've been there ten thousand years, Bright shining as the sun;

I once was lost, but now I'm found, Was blind, but now I see.
How pre-cious did that grace ap-pear The hour I first be-lieved.
'Twas grace that bro't me safe thus far And grace will lead me home.
He will my shield and por-tion be As long as life en-dures.
We've no less days to sing God's praise Than when we first be-gun.

Grace, 'Tis a Charming Sound

The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men.—Titus 2:11

Philip Doddridge, 1702-1751

C. U. Link, 19th Century

1. Grace, 'tis a charm-ing sound, Har-mo-nious to mine ear;
2. Grace first con-trived the way To save re-bel-lious man;
3. Grace first in-scribed my name In God's e-ter-na-l book;
4. Grace led my rov-ing feet To tread the heav'nly road;
5. Grace all the work shall crown, Thro' ev'er-last-ing days;

Heav'n with the ech-o shall re-sound, And all the earth shall hear.
And all the steps that grace dis-play Which drew the won-drous plan.
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb, Who all my sor-rows took.
And new sup-plies each hour I meet, While press-ing on to God.
It lays in heav'n the top-most stone, And well de-serves the praise.
Wonderful Grace

By grace are ye saved through faith.—Eph. 2:8

Charles Edwin Pollock, b. 1853

Source Unknown

With expression.

1. Saved by grace, I live to tell What the love of Christ hath done; He re-
   deemed my soul from hell, Of a rebel made a son. Oh, I trem-ble still to
   by His Spir-it's pow'r, And my dang'rous slumber broke. Then I saw and owned my
   you as well as I May His wondrous mer-cy prove. He has sent me to de-

2. In a kind, pro-pli-tious hour, To my heart the Sav-iour spoke; Touch'd me
   think How se-cure I lived in sin, Sport-ing on de-struc-tion's brink, Yet pre-
   guilt; Soon my gra-cious Lord replied, 'Fear not; I my blood have split;' Twas for
   clare, All is read-y, all is free; Why should a- ny soul de-spair, When He

3. Come, my fel-low sin-ners, try; Je-sus' heart is full of love; Oh, that
   served from fall-ing in. Oh, 'tis grace, 'tis won-der-ful grace, That full sal-
   va-tion such as thou I died.'
   saved a wretch like me?

Refrain
Wonderful Grace

brings; Oh, 'tis grace, 'tis won-der-ful grace, My ran-som-ed spir-it sings.

A Prayer for Grace

Unto every one of us is given grace.—Eph. 4:7

1. Grace, dear Lord, grace, dear Lord, To sweet-ly o-bey Thy will;
   May self be slain, Thy will re-main, O help me Thy law ful-fill.
2. Strength I need, strength in-deed, That on-ly Thy pow'r can give;
   Im-part to me grace full and free, That on-ly for Thee I'll live.
3. Let Thy Word in me, Lord, So rich-ly a-bide each day,
   That fruits of worth may be bro't forth To gar-nish Thy ho-ly way.

May self be slain, Thy will re-main, O help me Thy law ful-fill.
Im-part to me grace full and free, That on-ly for Thee I'll live.
That fruits of worth may be bro't forth To gar-nish Thy ho-ly way.

Ye Must Be Born Again

Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.—John 3:3

William T. Sleeper, 1819-1904

1. A ruler once came to Jesus by night To ask Him the way of salvation and light; The Master made answer in words true and plain, uttered by Jesus the Lord; And let not this message to you be in vain, ransomed the song of the blest; The life everlasting if ye would obtain,

2. Ye children of men, attend to the word So solemnly

3. O ye who would enter that glorious rest, And sing with the

Refrain

"Ye must be born again." ...... "Ye must be born again,

again, ...... Ye must be born again; ...... I verily, a - gain,

a - gain, a - gain;

I verily say unto thee, Ye must be born again." ...... a - gain.
The Hallowed Spot

1. There is a spot to me more dear Than native vale or mountain;
2. Hard was my toil to reach the shore, Long toss'd up-on the ocean;
3. Sink-ing and pant-ing as for breath I knew not help was near me;
4. O sacred hour! O hallowed spot! Where Love Divine first found me;

A spot for which affection's tear Springs grateful from its fountain.
A-bove me was the thunder's roar, Be-neath, the waves' com-mo-tion
I cried, "Oh, save me, Lord, from death Immortal Jesus, hear me."
Wher-ever falls my dis-tant lot My heart shall lin-ger round thee

'Tis not where kindred souls a-bound, 'Tho' that is al-most heav-en.
Dark-ly the pall of night was thrown A-round me faint with ter-ror;
Then quick as tho' I felt Him mine, My Sav-iour stood be-fore me;
And when from earth I rise to soar Up to my home in heav-en,

But where I first my Sav-iour found, And felt my sins for-giv-en.
In that dark hour how did my groan As-cend for years of er-ror.
I saw His bright-ness round me shine, And shout-ed "Glo-ry, glo-ry."
Down will I cast my eyes once more, Where I was first for-giv-en.
There Is Life for a Look

It shall come to pass that every one . . . when he looketh upon it, shall live.—Num. 21:8

Amelia Matilda Hull, 1825-1862

E. G. Taylor, 19th Century

1. There is life for a look at the Crucified One, There is life at this moment for thee, Then look, sinner, look unto Him and be saved, guilt was not laid? O why from His side, flowed the sin-cleansing blood, tones for the soul; On Him, then, who shed it, thou may-est at once, And know with assurance thou never shalt die,

2. O why was He there as the Bear-er of sin, If on Jesus thy weight of iniquities roll. Since Jesus, thy righteousness lives.

3. It is not thy tears of repentance or pray'rs, But the Blood that a-

4. Then take with rejoicing from Jesus at once, The life everlasting for thee. Then look, sinner, look unto Him and be saved, un to Him who was nailed to the tree. Un to Him who was nailed to the tree. Un to Him who was nailed to the tree. Un to Him who was nailed to the tree. Un to Him who was nailed to the tree. Un to Him who was nailed to the tree. Un to Him who was nailed to the tree. Un to Him who was nailed to the tree. Un to Him who was nailed to the tree. Un to Him who was nailed to the tree. Un to Him who was nailed to the tree. Un to Him who was nailed to the tree. Un to Him who was nailed to the tree. Un to Him who was nailed to the tree. Un to Him who was nailed to the tree. Un to Him who was nailed to the tree. Un to Him who was nailed to the tree. Un to Him who was nailed to the tree. Un to Him who was nailed to the tree. Un to Him who was nailed to the tree. Un to Him who was nailed to the tree. Un to Him who was nailed to the tree. Un to Him who was nailed to the tree. 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Refrain

Un-to Him who was nailed to the tree. If His dy ing thy debt has not paid? Thy weight of iniquities roll. Look! look! look and live! There is life for a look at the Crucified One, There is life at this moment for thee.
I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say

If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink.—John 7:37

Horatius Bonar, 1808-1889

John D. Brunk, 1872-1926

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!
   The living water; thirsty one, Stoop down and drink and live!
   Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise And all thy day be bright!

2. I heard the voice of Jesus say, "Be hold, I freely give
   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 found in Him a resting place, And He has made me glad.

3. I heard the voice of Jesus say, "I am this dark world's Light;
   I looked to Jesus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;
   I looked to Jesus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;
   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.
Love Lifted Me

Jesus took him by the hand, and lifted him up.—Mark 9:27

James Rowe, 1865-1933
Howard E. Smith, 1863-1918

1. I was sink-ing deep in sin, Far from the peace-ful shore, Ver-y deep-ly
   stained with-in, Sink-ing to rise no more; But the Mas-ter of the sea

2. All my heart to Him I give, Ev-er to Him I'll cling, In His bless-ed
   pres-ence live, Ev-er His prais-es sing. Love so might-y and so true,

3. Souls in dan-ger, look a-bove, Je-sus com-plete-ly saves; He will lift you
   by His love Out of the an-gry waves. He's the Mas-ter of the sea,

Stained with-in, Sink-ing to rise no more; But the Mas-ter of the sea

Heard my de-spair-ing cry, From the wa-ters lift-ed me, Now safe am I.
Mer-its my soul's best songs; Faith-ful, lov-ing serv-ice, too, To Him be-

Bil- lows His will o-bey; He your Sav-iour wants to be—Be saved to-
day.

Refrain

Love lift-ed me!..... Love lift-ed me!..... When noth-ing e- ven me!

else could help, Love lift-ed me..... Love lift-ed me....

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Happy Day

1. O happy day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
2. O happy bond that seals my vows To Him who merits all my love;
3. ’Tis done, the great transaction’s done; I am my Lord’s and He is mine;
4. Now rest, my long-divided heart, Fixed on this blissful center, est;
5. High heav’n that heard the solemn vow, That vow renewed shall daily hear,

Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all abroad,
Let cheerful anthems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move.
He drew me and I followed on, Charmed to confess the voice divine.
Nor ever from thy Lord depart, With Him of every good possessed.
Till in life’s latest hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.

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.
REDEMPTION

At Calvary

But I obtained mercy.—I Tim. 1:13

William R. Newell, 1868-1956
Daniel B. Towner, 1850-1919

1. Years I spent in vanity and pride, Car-ing not my Lord was
2. By God’s Word at last my sin I learned; Then I trem-bled at the
3. Now I’ve given to Je-sus ev-ery-thing; Now I glad-ly own Him
4. Oh, the love that drew sal-va-tion’s plan! Oh, the grace that brought it

cru-ci-fied, Know-ing not it was for me He died On Cal-va-ry.
law I’d spurned, Till my guilt-y soul im-plo-ring turned To Cal-va-ry.
as my King; Now my rap-tured soul can on-ly sing Of Cal-va-ry.
down to man! Oh, the might-y gulf that God did span At Cal-va-ry!

Refrain

Mer- cy there was great, and grace was free; Par-don there was mul-
plied to me; There my burdened soul found lib-er-ty, At Cal-va-ry.
O Lord, Within My Soul

Ye are complete in Him.—Col. 2:10

Elisha A. Hoffman, 1839-1929

1. O Lord, within my soul I long for purity,
2. I bend before Thy cross, And know my heart can be
3. I pray at Thy dear feet, Salvation full entreat,
4. My faith Thy Word believes, The promise made to me,

Refrain

To be complete and whole Alone through Thee.
Cleansed from its sin and dross Alone through Thee. There is no
And want to feel my love In Thee complete.
And perfect peace receives Alone through Thee.

Other hope, There is no other plea;
There is no other hope, There is no other plea;
Salvation, full salvation free, Must come alone through Thee.
I Have Something I Would Tell You

We declare unto you glad tidings.—Acts 13:32

Eden R. Latta, b. 1839

S. E. Duncan, 19th Century

1. I have something I would tell you, That 'tis very sweet to know!
2. I have something I would tell you, That is old, and yet, 'tis new!
3. I have something I would tell you, Of the agony He felt,
4. I have something I would tell you, Of the Saviour crucified!

'Tis about the infant Saviour, Born to save the world from woe!
How the Saviour preached salvation, When He into man-hood grew!
Then He prayed the cup might pass Him, As in garden drear He knelt!
How, for you and me, He suffered—How, for sinners lost, He died!

Refrain

I have something I would tell you, Of a crown upon the brow,

And a place among the angels! Do you want to hear it now?
Where Jesus Is, 'Tis Heaven

That where I am, there ye may be also.—John 14:3

Charles J. Butler, 1879-1929
James M. Black, 1856-1936

1. Since Christ my soul from sin set free, This world has been a heav'n to me;
   And 'mid earth's sorrows and its woe, 'Tis heav'n my Jesus here to know.
   Now it's begun with in my soul, 'Twill last while endless ages roll.
   In cottage, or a mansion fair, Where Jesus is, 'tis heav'en there.

2. Once heav'en seemed a far-off place, Till Jesus showed His smiling face;
   On land or sea, what matters where? Where Jesus is, 'tis heav'en there.

3. What matters where on earth we dwell? On mountain top, or in the dell,
   What matters where on earth we dwell? On mountain top, or in the dell,
Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love

Let the peace of God rule in your hearts.—Col. 3:15

Peter P. Bilhorn, 1861-1936

REDEMPTION

1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain, (sweet strain,) A
   2. Thro' Christ on the cross peace was made, (was made,) My
   3. When Jesus as Lord I had crowned, (had crowned,) My
   4. In Jesus for peace I abide, (abide,) And

   glad and a joy-ous re-frain, (re-frain,) I sing it a-
   debt by His death was all paid, (all paid,) No oth-er four-
   heart with this peace did a-bound, (a-bound,) In Him the rich
   as I keep close to His side, (His side,) There's noth-ing but

   gain and a-gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love....
   da-tion is laid, For peace, the gift of God's love....
   bless-ing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love....
   peace doth be-tide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love....

REFRAIN

Peace, peace, sweet peace, Won-der-ful gift from a-
bove, ........ Oh, a-

Peter P. Bilhorn, 1861-1936
Sweet Peace, the Gift of God’s Love

won-der-ful, won-der-ful peace, Sweet peace, the gift of God’s love.

Glorious Peace

The God of hope fill you with all joy and peace.—Rom. 15:13

D. Otis Teasley, 1876-1942

1. I came de-filed and guilt-y To Je-sus the might-y to save,
2. I came to Je-sus re-pent-ing, Con-fess-ing my ev-ry sin,
3. And since that joy-ful mo-ment Of glo-ri-ous peace to me,
4. Roll on, ye chang-ing sea-sons, Or tur-bu-lent seas of sin;

He took my sins and sor-rows, And beau-ty for ash-es gave.
My heart’s door swung wide o-pen, And glo-ri-ous peace flowed in.
My soul has ceased its pin-ing, My heart has been light and free.
I’ve found a bless-ed shel-ter, And glo-ri-ous peace with-in.

Refrain

Peace, peace, glo-ri-ous peace, Like tran-quil wa-ters flow,

Stream-ing down o-ver my heart, Made white as the driv-en snow.
338  
I Need Thee, Precious Jesus

I am poor and needy; yet the Lord thinketh upon me.—Psalm 40:17

Frederick Whitfield, 1829-1904  
George J. Webb, 1803-1887

1. I need Thee, precious Jesus, For I am very poor; A stranger and a
   pilgrim, I have no earthly store; I need the love of Jesus To cheer me
   pit-y, A friend to care for me: I need the heart of Jesus To feel each
   ful-ness, To lead me on my way; I need Thy Holy Spirit To teach me

2. I need Thee, precious Jesus, I need a friend like Thee; A friend to soothe and
   on my way, To guide my doubt-ing foot-steps, To be my strength and stay.
   anxious care, To tell my ev'-ry tri-al, And all my sor-rows share.

3. I need Thee, precious Jesus, I need Thee day by day, To fill me with Thy
   what I am, To show me more of Jesus, And point me to the Lamb.

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How Oft, Alas, This Wretched Heart

I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord.—Psalm 32:5

Anne Steele, 1716-1778  
Charles Edwin Pollock, b. 1853

1. How oft, alas, this wretched heart Has wan-der'd from the
2. Yet sov-reign mercy calls, "Re-turn!" Dear Lord, and may I
3. And can'st Thou, wilt Thou, yet for-give, And bid my sins re-
4. Thy par-d'ning love, so free, so sweet, Blest Sav-iour, I a-

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How Oft, Alas, This Wretched Heart

Lord! How oft my roving thoughts depart, For- get-ful of His word! Come? My vile in- grat-i- tude I mourn; Oh, take the wan-d' rer home! Move? And shall a par-doned rebel live To speak Thy won-drous love? Dore; Oh, keep me at Thy sacred feet, And let me rove no more.

My Testimony

Ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ.—Eph. 2:13

J. P. Bobbitt, 19th Century

1. I was once far away from the Sav-iour, And as vile as a sinner could be; And I wondered if Christ the Re-deem-er
   He made me free, Then my heart o-ver-flowed with His praise; love I now see; And to others I'm tell-ing the sto-ry

2. But I trust-ed the mer-cy of Je-sus, And from sin's bond-age D. S. — Say-ing, "Christ the Re-deem-er hath pow-er.
   He had saved a poor sinner like me. To my heart in that

3. I no long-er in dark-ness am walk-ing, For the light of God's FINE REFRAIN
   How He saved a poor sinner like me.

And will save a poor sinner like thee." D. S.

Could in truth save a sinner like me.

dark lone-ly hour, Came a voice sweet-ly whisp'-ring to me.

D. S.
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Thou Art the Way

I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.—John 14:6

George W. Doane, 1799-1859

Charles Edwin Pollock, b. 1853

1. Thou art the Way: to Thee alone From sin and death we flee;
2. Thou art the Truth: Thy Word alone True wisdom can impart;
3. Thou art the Life: the rend-ing tomb Pro-claims Thy conqu'ring arm;
4. Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life: Grant us that way to know.

And he who would the Fa-ther seek, Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.
Thou on-ly canst in-form the mind And pu-ri fy the heart.
And those who put their trust in Thee Nor death nor hell shall harm.
That truth to keep, that life to win, Whose joys e-ter-nal flow.

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I'm Not Ashamed

Nevertheless I am not ashamed.—II Tim. 1:12

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

Thomas A. Arne, 1710-1778

1. I'm not a-shamed to own my Lord, Or to de-fend His cause,
2. Je-sus, my Lord! I know His name, His name is all my trust;
3. Firm as His throne His prom-ise stands, And He can well se-cure
4. Then will, He own my worth-less name, Be-fore His Fa-ther's face,

Main-tain the hon-or of His Word, The, glo-ry of the cross.
Nor will He put my soul to shame, Nor let my hope be lost.
What I've com-mit-ted to His hand, Till the de-ci-sive hour.
And in the new Je-ru-sa-lem, Ap-point my soul a place.
Shall I Be Ashamed?

Be not thou therefore ashamed of the testimony of our Lord.—II Tim. 1:8

Charles W. Naylor, 1874-1950
Refrain by Andrew L. Byers, 1869-1952

Refrain by Andrew L. Byers, 1869-1952

1. Shall I be ashamed of my Saviour and King, Who left His bright glory, salvation to bring? Who was cruelly crucified, wound-ed, and maimed—Of such a great Saviour shall I be ashamed?

2. Shall I be ashamed of His wonder-ful Word? Or blush when the praise-es of Jesus are heard? Shall the laugh of the skept-ic my lips tight-ly seal, Lest I my profes-sion of Christ should re-veal?

3. Shall I be ashamed of the peo-ple of God Who walk in the pathway that Jesus has trod? Shall I shrink from op-posing the peo-ple, His cause, or His Word; I'll be faith-ful in Jesus, His for-ces of sin, And grieve from my bos-om the Spir-it with-in? ban-ner I'll bear, The joy of His king-dom for-ev-er to share.

4. I'll not be ashamed of my dear lov-ing Lord, A-shamed of His no, no! I'll not be a-shamed; No, no! I'll not be a-shamed.

Andrew L. Byers, 1869-1952
My God, I Am Determined

I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ.—1 Cor. 2:2

Jonathan Paul, b. 1853
Trans. by Paul F. Barkman, b. 1921

1. In ev'ry waking moment Thy gentle face I see,
2. How oft, in desolation, When Satan bruised my soul,
3. When all my earthly pleasures Had disappeared like foam,
4. I keep Thy gentle image Forever in my heart,

And hear Thy tender pleading, "Hast thou forsaken Me?"
Have I embraced Thy mercy, And Thou hast made me whole.
Amid my ruined treasures Thy cross remained alone.
That I may tell unceasing How wondrous good Thou art.

Refrain

My God, I am determined Forever Thine to be,

I cannot live without Thee, For peace is found in Thee.

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Must I Go, and Empty-Handed?

We are unprofitable servants.—Luke 17:10
Charles C. Luther, 1847-1921
George C. Stebbins, 1846-1945

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 sinning 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, Thought 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?
Tell What He's Done for You

Tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee.—Mark 5:19

Lizzie DeArmond, 20th Century

Andrew L. Byers, 1869-1952

1. Have you found rest and peace with-in, Rolled far away your load of sin,
   Stepped from the old life to the new? Tell what the Lord has done for you.

2. Have you a Friend whose wondrous grace Lights up with joy the dark-est place,
   Who to the end will still prove true? Tell what the Lord has done for you.

3. Have you been saved His love to show, Who by your side each day doth go?
   Look-ing to Him to help you thro'; Tell what the Lord has done for you.

4. Have you a joy that ne'er shall fail E'en when you walk thro' death's dark vale,
   Someone whose pow'r great things can do? Tell what the Lord has done for you.

Refrain

Oh, tell what He's done for you, Of His love so strong and true;
Tell what He's done, what He's done for you, Tell of His love so strong and true:

Oh, tell what He's done, what He's done for you; Others may need Him, too.

I Know in My Heart What It Means

And to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.—Eph. 3:19

D. Otis Teasley, 1876-1942

1. When I read how my Saviour was nailed to the cross, For the sins of the world to a-tone, Oh, I feel so un-wor-thy such suff'ring and loss, For I
2. When the Gos-pel is preached in the name of the Lord By the Spir-it sent down from a-bove, My soul thrills with joy at the sound of His word, For I
3. When the sweet songs of Zi-on are float-ing a-bove, And the saints all re-joice in the Lord, I am hap-py in Je-sus and lost in His love, For I
4. And when oth-ers pro-claim that sal-va-tion is free, When they tell of the soul-cleansing blood, I, too, can re-joice, for He's sanc-ti-fied me, And I

Refrain

know in my heart what it means. I know in my heart what it means,

Sal-va-tion, that word so di-vine; His Spir-it has wit-nessed to mine, And I know in my heart what it means.

so clearly to mine,

so di-vine;

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His Yoke Is Easy

My yoke is easy, and My burden is light.—Matt. 11:30

Daniel S. Warner, 1842-1895
B. Elliott Warren, 1867-1951

1. I've found my Lord and He is mine, He won me by His love;
2. No other Lord but Christ I know, I walk with Him alone;
3. He's dearer to my heart than life, He found me lost in sin;
4. My flesh recoiled before the cross, And Satan whispered there,
5. I've tried the road of sin and found Its prospects all deceive;

I'll serve Him all my years of time, And dwell with Him above.
His streams of love forever flow, With-in my heart, His throne.
He calmed the sea of inward strife, And bade me come to Him.
"Thy gain will not repay the loss, His yoke is hard to bear."
I've proved the Lord and joys a-bound, More than I could believe.

Refrain

His yoke is easy, His burden is light, I've found it so, I've found it so;
His service is my sweetest delight, His blessings ever flow.
Jesus Has Died for Me

While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.—Rom. 5:8

Source Unknown

1. Oh, to be there, where the songs of glory Float o'er the waves of the bright crystal sea;
2. Oh, for a voice to proclaim the message In every land and the isles of the sea,
3. Now that I've tasted Thy love, O Jesus, Take en my cross and am following Thee,
4. Oh, for a heart that will always love Him, Trusting His promise wherever I be;

This the refrain of the wondrous story, "Jesus has died for me."
"God's only Son is the friend of sinners," Jesus has died for me."
Help me to tell this great truth to others, "Jesus has died for me."
Bearing in mind this sweet truth so precious, "Jesus has died for me."

While still I linger in this world below, Waiting till homeward I am called to go,
'Tis but a little that my hands can do For this dear loving One so kind and true,
Oh, that the world would seek the Father's face, Trust in His mercy and giving grace;
Washed in the blood of Jesus Christ my King, Thro' endless ages I this song shall sing,

I will repeat o'er and o'er the story, "Jesus has died for me."
But I can tell to the world the story, "Jesus has died for me."
Then how all hearts would rejoice in singing, "Jesus has died for me."
"Glory to God, ever-lasting glory, "Jesus has died for me."

What a Friend We Have in Jesus

There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.—Prov. 18:24

Joseph M. Scriven, 1819-1886
Charles C. Converse, 1832-1918

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 Ev'rything 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 need-less 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 Ev'rything 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.
PRAYER AND SUPPLICATION

At the Golden Gate of Prayer

Ye people, pour out your heart before Him.—Psalm 62:8

Mrs. C. L. Shacklock, 19th Century

J. Henry Showalter, 1864-1947

1. Would you know the love of Jesus? Would you cast on Him your care?
2. Oh! what peace the Saviour giveth to the souls that seek Him there;
3. He will bless you, He will shield you, He will all your burdens bear,
4. Oh! the sweet foretaste of heaven, That with angels we may share,

Seek His help and blessed guidance, At the golden gate of prayer.
How they gain the full assurance, At the golden gate of prayer.
When in trust and hope you gather, At the golden gate of prayer.
When with God we hold communion, At the golden gate of prayer.

Refrain

At the golden gate, We will come with all our need;
At the golden, golden gate of prayer, yes, all our need;

At the golden gate, We will come and humbly plead.
At the golden, golden gate of prayer,
'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer

It is good for me to draw near to God.—Psalm 73:28

Fanny J. Crosby, 1820-1915
William H. Doane, 1832-1915

1. 'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, when our hearts lowly bend, And we
   gather to Jesus, our Saviour and Friend: If we come to Him in
tender compassion His children to hear; When He tells us we may
Saviour who loves them their sorrow confide; With a sympathizing
blessings we're needing we'll surely receive, In the fullness of this
faith, His protection to share;
cast at His feet ev'ry care; What a balm for the weary! O how
heart He removes ev'ry care;
trust we shall lose ev'ry care;

D. S. — What a balm for the weary! O how

FINE. REFRAIN

sweet to be there! Bless-ed hour of prayer, Bless-ed hour of prayer!

D. S.

sweet to be there!
Sweet Hour of Prayer

My heart said unto Thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek.—Psalm 27:8

William W. Walford, 1772-1850
William B. Bradbury, 1816-1868

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!
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:
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:
And shout, while passing thro' the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

In seasons of distress and grief, My soul has often found relief,
And since He bids me seek His face, Believe His Word, and trust His grace,
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise, To seize the ever-lasting prize;

To Him, whose truth and faithfulness Engage the waiting soul to bless:
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height, I view my home, and take my flight:
And shout, while passing thro' the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

In seasons of distress and grief, My soul has often found relief,
And since He bids me seek His face, Believe His Word, and trust His grace,
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise, To seize the ever-lasting prize;

And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.
I'll cast on Him my every care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
And shout, while passing thro' the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.
I Need Thee Every Hour

Mine eyes are ever toward the Lord.—Psalm 25:15

Annie S. Hawks, 1835-1918
Robert Lowry, 1826-1899

1. I need Thee ev'-ry hour, Most gracious Lord; No tender voice like
2. I need Thee ev'-ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp-ta-tions lose their
3. I need Thee ev'-ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick-ly and a-
4. I need Thee ev'-ry hour, Teach me Thy will; And Thy rich prom-is-
5. I need Thee ev'-ry hour, Most Ho-ly One; Oh, make me Thine in-

Refrain

Thine Can peace af-ford.
pow'r When Thou art nigh.
bide, Or life is vain. I need Thee, oh, I need Thee; Ev'-ry hour I
es In me ful-fill.
deed, Thou bless-ed Son.

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

Prayer Is the Soul's Sincere Desire

Whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in My name, He may give it you.—John 15:16

James Montgomery, 1771-1854

1. Prayer is the soul's sin-cere de-sire, Un-ut-tered or ex-pressed;
2. Prayer is the sim-plest form of speech That in-fant lips can try;
3. Prayer is the con-trite sin-ner's voice Re-turn-ing from his ways,
4. Prayer is the Chris-tian's vi-tal breath, The Chris-tian's na-tive air,
Prayer Is the Soul's Sincere Desire

The motion of a hidden fire That trembles in the breast.
Prayer, the sub-limest strains that reach The Majesty on high.
While angels in their songs rejoice, And say, 'Be-hold, he prays!'
His watch-word at the gate of death—He enters heav'n with prayer.

Abide with Me

Henry F. Lyte, 1793-1847
William H. Monk, 1823-1889

1. Abide with me: fast falls the evening; The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide: When other helpers fail, and comeforts flee, Help of the helpless, O abide with me.
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away; Change and decay in all around I see; O Thou who changest not, abide with me.
3. I need Thy presence ev'ry passing hour; What but Thy vic-tory? I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.
4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless: Ills have no stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun-shine, O abide with me.
5. Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes; Shine through the shad-ows flee: In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.
I Must Tell Jesus

Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden.—Matt. 11:28

Elisha A. Hoffman, 1839-1929

1. I must tell Jesus all of my trials; I cannot bear these burdens alone; In my distress He kindly will help me;

2. I must tell Jesus all of my troubles; He is a kind, compassionate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will deliver,

3. Tempted and tried I need a great Saviour, One who can help my burdens to bear; I must tell Jesus, I must tell Jesus;

4. O how the world to evil allures me! O how my heart is tempted to sin! I must tell Jesus, and He will help me;

Refrain

He ever loves and cares for His own. Make of my troubles quickly an end. I must tell Jesus!
He all my cares and sorrows will share. O ver the world the victory to win.

I must tell Jesus! I cannot bear my burdens alone; I must tell

Jesus! I must tell Jesus! Jesus can help me, Jesus alone.
Alone with God

He went up into a mountain apart to pray.—Matt. 14:23

Johnson Oatman, Jr., 1856-1926
William J. Kirkpatrick, 1838-1921

1. When storms of life are round me beating, When rough the path that I have trod,
2. What tho' the clouds have gathered o'er me? What tho' I've passed beneath the rod?
3. 'Tis there I find new strength for duty, As o'er the sands of time I plod,
4. And when I see the moment near- ing When I shall sleep beneath the sod,

With-in my closet door re-treating, I love to be alone with God.
God's perfect will there lies before me, When I am thus alone with God.
I see the King in all His beauty, While resting there alone with God.
When time with me is disappearing, I want to be alone with God.

With-in my closet door re-treating, I love to be alone with God.
God's perfect will there lies before me, When I am thus alone with God.
I see the King in all His beauty, While resting there alone with God.
When time with me is disappearing, I want to be alone with God.

Refrain

A-lone with God, the world forbidden, A-lone with God,
A-lone with God, O blest retreat! A-lone with God,
A-lone with God, and in Him hidden, To hold with Him.

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Pray, Pray in the Old-Time Way

1. Pray, pray in the old-time way, Come, Christians, gather round; Pray, pray as they used to pray, When the pow'r of God came down.

2. Pray, pray where two or three are gathered in His name; Pray, pray, for grace to go And bring the wand'ring better in. Pray, pray, the only way, To reach the saints' high ground; Pray, pray, the prayer of faith Will bring God's blessings down.

3. Pray, pray and seek His face, And turn from all your sin; Pray, pray, for souls are lost, Their blood is on our hands; Pray, pray, e'en

4- Pray, pray, for Jesus said, I am in the midst of them. grace to go And bring the wand'ring in. Pray, pray, the only way, To now their feet Are on death's sinking sands.

Father, I Stretch My Hands to Thee

I stretch forth my hands unto Thee.—Psalm 143:6

1. Father, I stretch my hands to Thee, No other help I know;

2. What did Thy only Son endure, Before I drew my breath!

3. O Jesus, could I this believe, I now should feel Thy pow'r;

4. Author of faith, to Thee I lift My weary, longing eyes;
**Father, I Stretch My Hands to Thee**  

PRAYER AND SUPPLICATION

If Thou with-draw Thy self from me, Ah, whith-er shall I go?  
What pain, what la - bor to se-cure My soul from end-less death!  
Now my poor soul Thou wouldst re-trieve, Nor let me wait one hour.  
O may I now re-ceive that gift, My soul with-out it dies.

**Don’t Forget to Pray**  

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Be ye therefore sober, and watch unto prayer.—I Pet. 4:7  
Mary A. Kidder, 1820-1905  
W. O. Perkins, 19th Century

1. Ere you left your room this morn-ing, Did you think to pray? In the name of  
2. When you met with great temp-ta-tion, Did you think to pray? By His dy-ing  
3. When your heart was filled with an-ger, Did you think to pray? Did you plead for  
4. When sore tri- als came up-on you, Did you think to pray? When your soul was

Christ, our Sav-iour, Did you sue for lov-ing fa-vor As a shield to-day?  
love and mer - it, Did you claim the Ho-ly Spir-it As your guide and stay?  
grace, my broth - er, That you might forgive an-oth-er Who had crossed your way?  
bowed in sor-row, Balm of Gil-eal did you bor-row At the gates of day?

D. S.—So when life seems dark and dreary, Don’t for-get to pray.

**Refrain**  

D. S.

Oh, how pray-ing rests the wea-ry! Prayer will change the night to day:

FINE
We went out . . . by a river side, where prayer was wont to be made.—Acts 16:13

Eleanor Allen Schroll, 20th Century
James H. Fillmore, 1849-1936

There's a garden where Jesus is waiting, There's a place that is
won-drous-ly fair; For it glows with the light of His pres-ence, 'Tis the
bur-den and care, Just to learn from His lips words of com-fort In the
come meet Him there; Just to bow, and re-ceive a new bless-ing, In the

Refrain

beauti-ful gar-den of prayer; O the beauti-ful gar-den, the
gar-den of prayer, O the beauti-ful gar-den of prayer; There my Sav-iour a-
waits, and He o-pens the gates To the beauti-ful gar-den of prayer.
Watch unto Prayer

Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.—Matt. 26:41

Clara M. Brooks, b. 1882
B. Elliott Warren, 1867-1951

1. There's a way that is free from sin; Few there be that shall enter in;
2. Watch and pray ev'ry day and hour, Satan seeks whom he may devour;
3. Watch and pray, lest the care and toil Of this life should your purpose foil,
4. Watch and pray; soon the Lord shall come For His chosen, to take them home;

Lest we stray from the narrow way, Help us ever to watch and pray,
You shall conquer; resist the wrong, Standing fast—in the Lord be strong.
Lest you miss the eternal prize For the faithful in paradise.
Those who walk in His righteousness Shall abide in supernal bliss.

Refrain

Watch and pray, watch and pray, Or the tempter will lead a-stray;

Watch and pray, watch and pray, You shall overcome if you watch and pray.
Leave Your Burden at the Place of Prayer

Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.—Matt. 11:28

Bertha Mae Lillenas, 1891-1945

1. When the clouds are hanging low, When the raging tempests blow, When your soul is burdened with its weight of care; There's a place of perfect rest, One who waits your heavy load to bear; Jesus understands your need, meet your Saviour and His blessings share; Bring your troubles not a few, blessedness of peace awaiting there; Till that glorious day has come, Where no evil can molest; Leave your burden at the place of prayer.

2. There is rest for you today, Tho' you walk life's busy way, There is a place of soul is burdened with its weight of care; There's a place of perfect rest, One who waits your heavy load to bear; Jesus understands your need, meet your Saviour and His blessings share; Bring your troubles not a few, blessedness of peace awaiting there; Till that glorious day has come, Where no evil can molest; Leave your burden at the place of prayer.

3. Bring your load of doubts and fears, All the burdens of the years, You may meet your Saviour and His blessings share; Bring your troubles not a few, blessedness of peace awaiting there; Till that glorious day has come, Where no evil can molest; Leave your burden at the place of prayer.

4. We shall soon from care be free, With our eyes His glory see, O the soul is burdened with its weight of care; There's a place of perfect rest, One who waits your heavy load to bear; Jesus understands your need, meet your Saviour and His blessings share; Bring your troubles not a few, blessedness of peace awaiting there; Till that glorious day has come, Where no evil can molest; Leave your burden at the place of prayer.

Refrain

Leave your burden at the place of prayer, the place of prayer, Take to Jesus all your want and care; your want and care; For He is a Friend indeed,
Leave Your Burden at the Place of Prayer

And supplieth ev'ry need; Leave your burden at the place of prayer.

O God, We Pray for All Mankind

I exhort . . . that . . . supplications, prayers, intercessions, . . . be made for all men.—I Tim. 2:1

1. O God, we pray for all mankind, The nations far astray; We plead that all Thy grace may find,
2. Thou knowest, Lord, man's sinful state, The source of human woe, His evil heart, his greed and hate,
3. With humble plea on Thee we call For nations in distress; Of one hast Thou not made us all?
4. Help all the nations, near and far, Awake, Thy glory see; Behold the bright and morning star.

In this Thy gracious day, In this Thy gracious day,
But whither can he go? But whither can he go?
O God, our kindred bless! O God, our kindred bless.
The Christ of Calvary, The Christ of Calvary!

Howard J. Conover, 1850-1922
Thomas Hastings, 1784-1872

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Oh, I Love to Talk with Jesus

O Lord, ... let me talk with Thee.—Jer. 12.1

Source Unknown

William G. Fischer, 1835-1912

1. Oh, I love to talk with Jesus, for it smooths the rugged road;
   And it seems to help me onward, when I faint beneath my load;
   When my heart is crush'd with sorrow, and my eyes with tears are dim,
   There is nought can yield me comfort like a little talk with Him.

2. Oft I tell Him I am weary, and I fain would be at rest;
   That I'm daily, hourly longing to repose upon His breast;
   And He answers me so kindly, in the tenderest tones of love,
   "I am coming soon to take thee to my happy home above."

3. Though the way is long and dreary to that far-off, distant clime,
   Yet I know that my Redeemer journeys with me all the time;
   And the more I come to know Him, and His wondrous grace explore,
   How my longing grows ever stronger still to know Him more and more.

4. So I'll wait a little longer, till my Lord's appointed time,
   And along the upward pathway still my pilgrim feet shall climb;
   Soon with in my Father's dwelling, where the many mansions be,
   I shall see my blessed Savior, and He then will talk with me.
I Am Praying for You

We give thanks to God, ... praying always for you.—Col. 1:3

S. O'Maley Clough, 1837-1910

Ira D. Sankey, 1840-1908

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 splendid in whiteness, A waiting in
4. When He has found you, tell others the story, That my loving

Saviour, tho' earth-friends be few; And now He is watching in tenderness
ter-ni-ty, blessed and true; And soon will He call me to meet Him in
glory my wonder-ing view; Oh, when I receive it all shining in
Saviour is your Saviour, too; Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to

Refrain

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
brightness, Dear friend, could I see you receiving one too!
glory, 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.

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Abide with Me, I Need Thee

Abide with us: for it is toward evening.—Luke 24:29

Emma G. Dietrick, 19th Century

Charles Edwin Pollock, b. 1853

Slowly

1. Abide with me, I need Thee every day, To lead me
   2. Be with me, Lord, wher'ere my path may lead, Fulfill Thy
   3. Abide with me, my Lord, and when at last This earth and

   safe through all the weary way; When storms surround and
   Word, supply my every need; Help me to live each
   all its weary cares are past, I'll pray no more that

   on-ly clouds I see, Lord, be my comfort and abide with me!
   day more close to Thee, And oh, dear Lord, I pray, abide with me!
   Thou abide with me, For then, at last, I shall abide with Thee!

From Every Stormy Wind

An hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest.—Isa. 32:2

Hugh Stowell, 1799-1865

Thomas Hastings, 1784-1872

1. From ev'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev'ry swelling tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Jesus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads,
3. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
4. Ah! whither could we flee for aid, When tempted, desolate, dismayed;
5. There, there on eagle wings we soar, And sin and sense molest no more;

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From Every Stormy Wind

There is a calm, a sure retreat; Tis found beneath the mercy seat.
A place than all besides more sweet; It is the blood-bo't mercy seat.
Tho' sun-dered far, by faith they meet Around one common mercy seat.
Or how the hosts of hell de-feat, Had suf'ring saints no mercy seat?
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, While glory crowns the mercy seat.

PRAYER AND SUPPLICATION

The City of Light

The city had no need of the sun.—Rev. 21:23

Aldine S. Kieffer, d. 1904

1. There's a city of light'mid the stars, we are told, Where they know not a
   sorrow or care; And the gates are of pearl and the streets are of gold,
   word He has given; When our trials and toils, and our weepings are past,
   near to the cross; Let us love, watch, and pray, in our pilgrim- age here,
   heart you'll go there.

2. Brother dear, never fear, we shall triumph at last If we trust in the
   D.C.—For that home is so bright, and is almost in sight, And I trust in my
   Fine.

3. Let us walk in the light of the gospel divine, Let us ever keep
   And the building exceedingly fair; Let us pray for each
   We shall meet in that home up in heav'n.
   Let us count all things else but as loss.

And the building exceeding fair; Let us pray for each
We shall meet in that home up in heav'n.
Let us count all things else but as loss.

D.C.

Other, not faint by the way, In this sad world of sorrow and care.

Aldine S. Kieffer, d. 1904
Open the Wells of Salvation

Spring up, O well.—Num. 21:17

Elisha A. Hoffman, 1839-1929
Charles Edwin Pollock, b. 1853

1. Lord, I am fondly, earnestly longing
   Into Thy holy likeness to grow;
   Thirsting for more and deeper consolation,
   Yearning Thy love more fully to know.

2. Dead to the world would I be, O Father!
   Dead unto sin, alive unto Thee;
   Crucify all the earthly with Spirit, lost in Thy love;
   Come to my heart, Lord, come with a nointment.

3. I would be Thine, and serve Thee forever,
   Filled with Thy holy likeness to grow;
   Thirsting for more and deeper consolation,
   Yearning Thy love more fully to know.

Refrain

Open the wells of grace and salvation,
Pour the rich streams deep into my heart;
Cleanse and refine my

Earnestly

1. Lord, I am fondly, earnestly longing
   Into Thy holy likeness to grow;
   Thirsting for more and deeper consolation,
   Yearning Thy love more fully to know.

2. Dead to the world would I be, O Father!
   Dead unto sin, alive unto Thee;
   Crucify all the earthly with Spirit, lost in Thy love;
   Come to my heart, Lord, come with a nointment.

3. I would be Thine, and serve Thee forever,
   Filled with Thy holy likeness to grow;
   Thirsting for more and deeper consolation,
   Yearning Thy love more fully to know.

Refrain

Open the wells of grace and salvation,
Pour the rich streams deep into my heart;
Cleanse and refine my
Open the Wells of Salvation

tho’t and affection, Seal me and make me pure as Thou art.
tho’t and affection, Seal me and make me pure as Thou art.

Nearer, My God, to Thee

Sarah F. Adams, 1805–1848
Lowell Mason, 1792–1872

1. Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee; E’en though it
   be a cross That raiseth me; Still all my song shall be,
   o’ver me, My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I’d be,
2. Tho’ like a wanderer, Day-light all gone, Darkness be
   sendest me In mercy giv’n; Angels to beckon me,
3. There let the way appear, Steps up to heav’n; All that Thou
   stony griefs Bethel I’ll raise; So by my woes to be,
4. Then with my waking thoughts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my
   meet my King, Swiftly I fly, Still all my song shall be
5. Or if on joyful wing, Cleaving the sky, Caught up to
   e’en though it Darkness be All that Thou

Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee.
More About Jesus

Learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart.—Matt. 11:29

Eliza E. Hewitt, 1851-1920

John R. Sweney, 1837-1899

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

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

Refrain

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

More of His sav-ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me.
I Want to Love Him More

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart.—Mark 12:30

F. L. Snyder, 19th Century

Howard E. Smith, 1863-1918

1. There is a story ever new, I'll tell it o'er and o'er,
   How Jesus gave His life for me; I want to love Him more.
   To bring good-will and peace to men; I want to love Him more.
   My sins, and by His stripes I'm healed; I want to love Him more.
   I know and feel I love Him, yet I want to love Him more.

2. The Prince of life, yet as a babe He came in days of yore,
   To draw a wretched soul like mine to rest in heaven's shore.
   I want to love Him more, I want to love Him more;
   He did so very much for me, I want to love Him more.
   I want to love Him more, I want to love Him more;
   He did so very much for me, I want to love Him more.

3. The story ever sweet-er grows, How on the cross He bore
   O, how He suffered on the tree, No love like that before;
   My sins, and by His stripes I'm healed; I want to love Him more.
   I know and feel I love Him, yet I want to love Him more.
   I want to love Him more, I want to love Him more;
   He did so very much for me, I want to love Him more.

4. O, how He suffered on the tree, No love like that before;
   How Jesus gave His life for me; I want to love Him more.
   To bring good-will and peace to men; I want to love Him more.
   My sins, and by His stripes I'm healed; I want to love Him more.
   I know and feel I love Him, yet I want to love Him more.
More Like Thee, O Saviour

Put on the new man, . . . after the image of Him that created him.—Col. 3:10

1. More like Thee, O Saviour, let me be, More like Thee from day to day; Never let me from Thy footsteps stray, Keep me in the narrow way.

2. More like Thee, O Saviour, let me be, Pure without, and pure within; Keep me ever from the ways of sin, I the crown of life would win.

3. More like Thee, O Saviour, let me be, All my pilgrim journey thro'; Meek and lowly, ever kind and true, Like Thyself in all I do.

Refrain

More like Thee, More like Thee, More like Thee, O Christ, like Thee;

Yes, more like Thee, Yes, more like Thee,

By Thy grace, O let me day by day Grow more and more like Thee.

Frank M. Davis, 1839-1896
J. Henry Showalter, 1864-1947
More Like Jesus

My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me.—John 10:27

J. M. Stillman, 20th Century

1. I want to be more like Jesus, And follow Him day by day;
2. I want to be kind and gentle To those who are in distress;
3. I want to be meek and lowly, Like Jesus, our friend and King;
4. I want to be pure and holy, As pure as the crystal snow;

I want to be true and faithful, And ev'ry command obey.
To comfort the broken-hearted With sweet words of tenderness.
I want to be strong and earnest, And souls to the Saviour bring.
I want to love Jesus truly, For Jesus loves me, I know.

Refrain

More and more like Jesus, I would ever be; ever be;

More and more like Jesus, My Saviour who died for me.
Nearer, Still Nearer

Let us draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith.—Heb. 10:22

Lelia N. Morris, 1862-1929

1. Near-er, still near-er, close to Thy heart, Draw me, my Sav-iour, so pre-cious Thou art; Fold me, O fold me close to Thy breast, Shel-ter me Je-sus my King, On-ly my sin-ful, now con-trite heart; Grant me the glad-ly re-sign, All of its pleasures, pomp and its pride; Give me but an-chor is cast, Thro’ end-less a-ges, ev-er to be, Near-er, my

2. Near-er, still near-er, noth-ing I bring, Naught as an of-f’ring to safe in that “Ha-ven of Rest,” Shel-ter me safe in that “Ha-ven of Rest.” cleansing Thy blood doth impart, Grant me the cleansing Thy blood doth impart. Je-sus, my Lord cru-ci-fied, Give me but Je-sus, my Lord cru-ci-fied. Sav-iour, still near-er to Thee, Near-er, my Sav-iour, still near-er to Thee.

3. Near-er, still near-er, Lord, to be Thine, Sin, with its fol-lies, I 4. Near-er, still near-er, while life shall last, Till safe in glo-ry my

Oh, for a Closer Walk with God

That ye might walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing.—Col. 1:10

William Cowper, 1731-1800

1. Oh, for a clos-er walk with God, A calm and heav’n-ly frame!
2. Where is the bless-ed-ness I knew When first I saw the Lord?
3. The dear-est i-dol I have known, What-e’er that i-dol be,
4. So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and se-rene my frame;
Oh, for a Closer Walk with God

A light to shine up-on the road That leads me to the Lamb.
Where is the soul-refresh-ing view Of Jesus and His Word?
Help me that idol to de-throne And worship only Thee.
So pur-er light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb.

More Love to Thee

To know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.—Eph. 3:19

Elizabeth P. Prentiss, 1818-1878
William H. Doane, 1832-1915

1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the
prayer I make On bend-ed knee; This is my ear-nest plea:
lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my prayer shall be:

2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-
mes-sengers, Sweet their re-frain, When they can sing with me:

3. Let sor-row do its work, Send grief and pain; Sweet are Thy
part-ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its prayer shall be:

4. Then shall my lat-est breath Whis-per Thy praise; This be the
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee! A-MEN.
Pass Me Not, O Gentle Saviour

Whom have I in heaven but Thee?—Psalm 73:25

Fanny J. Crosby, 1820-1915
William H. Doane, 1832-1915

1. Pass me not, O gentle Saviour, Hear my humble cry;
2. Let me at a 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 heav'n but Thee?

Refrain

Saviour, Saviour, Hear my humble cry, While on
I Would Be Closer to Thee

Teach me Thy way, O Lord; I will walk in Thy truth.—Psalm 86:11

1. I would be closer to my Saviour, Yes, closer to Thee each day,
2. I would be closer for shelter, Just leaning upon Thy breast,
3. I would be closer for guidance, Oh, let me not go astray,
4. Closer to Jesus my helper, His merits I humbly plead,

Filled with Thy Spirit and power, And walking the holy way,
Trust-ing my all on the altar, Thou giv-est me sweet-er rest.
Feel-ing the bless-ed as-sur-ance That brightens my hope each day.
Draw-ing from heav-en my treas-ure, The grace I shall dai-ly need.

Refrain

I would be closer to Thee... I would be closer to Thee...
yes, closer to Thee, yes, closer to Thee,

Clos-er each day, my heart doth say, Closer, my Lord, to Thee (to Thee).
I'm Pressing on the Upward Way

I press . . . for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.—Phil. 3:14

Johnson Oatman, Jr., 1856-1926
Charles H. Gabriel, 1856-1932

1. I'm pressing on the upward way, New heights I'm gaining ev'ry day;
2. My heart has no desire to stay Where doubts arise and fears dismay;
3. I want to live above the world, Tho' 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'm onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground." Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My prayer, my aim is higher ground. For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on higher ground. But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to higher ground."

Refrain

Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on heav'en's table-land,

A higher plane than I have found; Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.
Jesus, Keep Me Near the Cross

In Christ Jesus ye . . . are made nigh by the blood of Christ.—Eph. 2:13

Fanny J. Crosby, 1820-1915
William H. Doane, 1832-1915

1. Jesus, keep me near the cross, There a precious fountain,
   Free to all, a healing stream, Flows from Cal-v'ry's mountain.

2. Near the cross, a trembling soul, Love and mercy found me,
   There the Bright and Morning Star Shed His beams around me.

3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes before me;
   Help me walk from day to day, With its shadows o'er me.

4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hoping, trusting ever,
   Till I reach the golden strand, Just beyond the river.

Refrain

In the cross, in the cross Be my glory ever,

Till my raptured soul shall find Rest beyond the river.
Close to Thee

As ye have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in Him.—Col. 2:6

Fanny J. Crosby, 1820-1915
Silas J. Vail, 1818-1884

1. Thou my everlasting portion, More than friend or life to me,
2. Not for ease or worldly pleasure, Nor for fame my pray’r shall be;
3. Lead me thro’ the vale of shadows, Bear me o’er life’s full sea,

All along my pilgrim journey, Saviour, let me walk with Thee.
Gladly will I toil and suffer, Only let me walk with Thee.
Then the gate of life eternal May I enter, Lord, with Thee.

Refrain

Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee; All along my pilgrim journey, Saviour, let me walk with Thee.
Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee; Gladly will I toil and suffer, Only let me walk with Thee.
Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee; Then the gate of life eternal, May I enter, Lord, with Thee.
Shine in My Heart, Lord Jesus

God... hath shined in our hearts.—II Cor. 4:6

F. P. Griffith, 19th Century

1. Shine in my heart, Lord Jesus, And lead me into light,
2. Shine in my heart, Lord Jesus, I need Thee every day,
3. InCREASE my faith, Lord Jesus, May Thy dear precious blood,
4. Come, Holy Spirit, fill me, Come show me all my need;
5. And when the king of terrors Shall stand across my way,

Dispel each cloud and shadow And chase away my night;
To help me keep Thy statutes To walk the narrow way;
Of sin completely cleanse me And make me pure and good;
With heaven's refreshing manna My hungry spirit feed;
Oh, help me to go forward, Regardless of his sway;

Shine on my soul, O Jesus, And warm me with Thy love,
Oh, leave me not, my Saviour, Or else I faint, I fall;
InCREASE my love O Jesus, And bind my heart to Thee,
And though the way is rugged, And though my path is drear,
Thy rod and staff to help me, My safety will insur;

Oh, help me when I need Thee, Thy faithfulness to prove.
Come in Thy might and help me When Thou dost hear me call.
So when my days are numbered Thy smile of love I'll see.
Thy presence will sustain me, Give comfort, hope, and cheer.
And with the Father's favor I'll rest in love secure.

ASPIRATION 385
**Purer in Heart, O God**

_Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God._—Matt. 5:8

Fannie Estelle Davison, 1851-1887

James H. Fillmore, 1849-1936

1. Purer in heart, O God, Help me to be; May I devote my life Wholly to Thee.
2. Purer in heart, O God, Help me to be; Teach me to do Thy will Most lovingly.
3. Purer in heart, O God, Help me to be; That I Thy holy face One day may see. Keep me from secret sin,

Guide me with counsel sweet; Purer in heart, Help me to be.
Let me with Thee abide; Purer in heart, Help me to be.
Reign Thou my soul within; Purer in heart, Help me to be.

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**Oh, for a Heart to Praise My God**

_I will praise Thee, O Lord, with my whole heart._—Psalm 9:1

Charles Wesley, 1707-1788

Anthony J. Showalter, 1858-1924

1. Oh, for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free!
2. A heart resigned, submissive, meek, My dear Redeemer's throne;
3. A heart in ev'ry thought renewed, And full of love divine;
4. An humble, lowly, contrite heart, Believing, true, and clean,
5. Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart, Come quickly from above,
Oh, for a Heart to Praise My God

A heart that's sprin-kled with the blood So free-ly shed for me.
Where on-ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je-sus reigns a-lone.
Per-fect, and right, and pure, and good,—A cop-y, Lord, of Thine.
Which neit-her life nor death can part From Him that dwells with-in.
Write Thy new name up-on my heart, Thy new, best name of Love.

So Let Our Lives and Lips Express

1. So let our lives and lips ex-press The ho-ly
2. Thus shall we best pro-claim a-broad The hon-or
3. Our flesh and sense must be de-nied; Pas-sion and
4. Re-li-gion bears our spir-its up, While we ex-
5. That sa-cred stream, Thy ho-ly Word, That all our

Adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things.—Titus 2:10

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748
Lowell Mason, 1792-1872

Gos-pel we pro-fess; So let our walks and
of our Sav-iour God; When the sal-va-tion
en-vy, lust and pride; While jus-tice, tem-p'rance,
pECT that bless-ed hope, The bright ap-pear-
rag-ing fear con-trols: Sweet peace Thy prom-

vir-tues shine, To prove the doc-trine all di-
reigns with-in, And grace sub-dues the pow'r of sin.
truth and love Our in-ward pi-e-ty ap-prove,
of the Lord, And faith stands lean-ing on His Word.
es af-ford, And give new strength to faint-ing souls.
God's Way Is Best

Just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of saints.—Rev. 15:3

1. God's way is best; if human wisdom a fairer way may seem to show,
2. Had I the choosing of my path-way, In blindness I should go a-stray,
3. He lead-eth true; I will not ques-tion, Tho' thro' the val-ley I shall go,
4. Thy way is best, so lead me on-ward, My all I give to Thy con-trol;

'Tis on-ly that our earth-dimmed vi-sion The truth can nev-er clear-ly know.
And wan-der far a-way in dark-ness, Nor reach that land of end-less day.
Tho' I should pass thro' clouds of tri-al, And drink the cup of hu-man woe.
Thy lov-ing hand will tru-ly guide me, And safe to glo-ry bring my soul.

Refbain

God's way is best, I will not mur-mur, Al-though the end I may not see;

Where'er He leads I'll meekly fol-low—God's way is best, is best for me.
Thy Will Be Done

Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.—Matt. 6:10

Charlotte Elliott, 1789-1871
James McGranahan, 1840-1907

1. My God and Father, while I stray Far from my home, on life’s rough way, Oh, teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done!"
2. What tho’ in lonely grief I sigh For friends beloved, no longer night, Submissive still would I reply, "Thy will be done!"
3. Let but my fainting heart be blest With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest, My God, to Thee I leave the rest, "Thy will be done!"
4. Renew my will from day to day; Blend it with Thine; and take away All now that makes it hard to say, "Thy will be done!"
5. Then when on earth I breathe no more The prayer oft mixed with tears before, I’ll sing up on a happier shore, "Thy will be done!"

Refrain

Thy will be done! Thy will be done! Thy will be done! Thy will be done!

Oh, teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done!"
Submissive still would I reply, "Thy will be done!"
My God, to Thee I leave the rest, "Thy will be done!"
All now that makes it hard to say, "Thy will be done!"
I’ll sing up on a happier shore, "Thy will be done!"
My Jesus, As Thou Wilt

For even Christ pleased not Himself.—Rom. 15:3

Benjamin Schmolck, 1672-1737
Trans. by Jane Borthwick, 1813-1897

Carl M. von Weber, 1786-1826
Arr. by Joseph P. Holbrook, 1822-1888

1. My Jesus, as Thou wilt: O may Thy will be mine!
2. My Jesus, as Thou wilt: Tho' seen thro' many a tear,
3. My Jesus, as Thou wilt: All shall be well for me;

Into Thy hand of love I would my all resign.
Let not my star of hope Grow dim or disappear.
Each changing future scene I gladly trust with Thee.

Through sorrow or through joy, Conduct me as Thine own,
Since Thou on earth hast wept And sorrowed oft alone,
Straight to my home above, I travel calmly on,

And help me still to say, "My Lord, Thy will be done."
If I must weep with Thee, "My Lord, Thy will be done.
And sing in life or death, "My Lord, Thy will be done." Amen.
My Heart Says Amen

I delight to do Thy will, O my God.—Psalm 40:8

Charles W. Naylor, 1874-1950
Clarence E. Hunter, 1869-1945

1. I have yield-ed my-self to Thy serv-ice, And Thy pres-ence my
2. All the heart-ties of earth may be sun-dered, So that I may Thy
3. Tho’ my plans and my hopes may seem blight-ed, I will love Thee and
4. When I pass to that heav-en-ly coun-try, And my soul with its

bos-om doth fill; O my Sav-iour, I haste to o-bey Thee, And my
pur-pose ful-fill; Help me glad-ly sub-mit and not mur-mur, Ev-er
trust in Thee still, For I know all is well that Thou do-est, And my
glo-ry doth thrill, This for-ev-er shall be my re-joic-ing, That my

Refrain

heart says a-men to Thy will.
say-ing a-men to Thy will. Yes, my heart says a-men to Thy
heart says a-men to Thy will.
heart said a-men to Thy will.

will, Lord, And I know that Thou lov-est me still, While I bow low in

hum-ble sub-mis-sion, And my heart says a-men to Thy will.
I Would Not Have My Way

Not as I will, but as Thou wilt.—Matt. 26:39

Mrs. W. H. Olinger, 20th Century

Andrew L. Byers, 1869-1952

1. I would not have my way, dear Lord, but Thine; I would not walk a-
   lone, for I might fall: Thou know-est what is best, so lead me on; I'll rough I will not fear: E'en tho' the sun re-fuse some-times to shine, I'll beds with flow'rs entwined: Thy way might be some moun-tain-side to climb, Some

2. I would not have my way, dear Lord, but Thine; E'en tho' the road be
   Refrain listen, Lord, I'll hear Thy faint-est call. I would not have my way, dear wand'ring sheep or some lost lamb to find.

3. I would not have my way, dear Lord, but Thine; I do not ask for

   Lord, but Thine; O keep me for Thy-self and Thine a-lone: When shadows fall and
dark-est night has come, I'll trust in Thee to guide me safe-ly home.

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Oh, Be Still

Be still, and know that I am God.—Psalm 46:10

William Ebel, 1863-1918

Peter J. Goerz, 1870-1913

Har. by Henry J. K. Goerz, 1872-1952

1. Oh, be still, thou soul of mine, Thou art not forsaken;
2. Be courageous, firm and true When life's battle's waging;
3. Why shouldst thou so fearful be At the tempter's roaring?
4. Yes, dear Lord, I will be still, I will trust Thee ever;

Thou the pow'rs of sin may rage, Thou shalt be unshaken.
Oh, be still, my soul, and rest When the tempest's raging.
Simply trust in God alone, Satan's wrath ignoring.
I'll submit to all Thy will, Cling to Thee forever.

He who gave His life for thee, Thus permits that thou shouldst be—
He who doth our sorrows share In His love and tender care—
See God's tenderness, and prove, With the sainted hosts above,
Lord, Thou knowest what is best, Confident in this I'll rest,

For thy good, as thou shalt see—Tempted for a season.
Trials more than thou canst bear—Will not let thee suffer.
His unfailing, wondrous love, Ever for thee caring.
Till I dwell with all the blest, And with Thee in heaven.
Have Thine Own Way, Lord

O Lord, Thou art our Father; we are the clay, and Thou our potter.—Isa. 64:8
Adelaide A. Pollard, 1862-1934  George C. Stebbins, 1846-1945

1. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Thou art the Potter; I am the clay. Mould me and make me After Thy try me, Master, today! Whiter than snow, Lord, Wash me just weary, Help me, I pray! Power—all power—Surely is being Absolute sway! Fill with Thy Spirit Till all shall will, While I am waiting, Yielded and still.
now, As in Thy presence Humbly I bow.
Thine! Touch me and heal me, Saviour divine!
see Christ only, always, Living in me! Amen.

My Jesus, I Love Thee

We love Him, because He first loved us.—1 John 4:19
William R. Featherstone, 1846-1873  Adoniram J. Gordon, 1836-1895

1. My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the
2. I love Thee because Thou hast first loved me, And purchased my
3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In mansions of glory and endless delight, I'll ever a-

Copyright, 1907. Renewal 1935 by G. C. Stebbins. Assigned to Hope Publishing Co. All rights reserved. Used by permission.
My Jesus, I Love Thee

1. Take my life, and let it be Con-se-crat-ed, Lord, to Thee:
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti-ful for Thee;
3. Take my sil-ver and my gold; Not a mite would I with-hold;
4. Take my will and make it Thine, It shall be no lon-ger mine;
5. Take my love; my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its treas-ure-store;

Take my hands, and let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love,
Take my voice, and let me sing Al-ways, on-ly for my King,
Take my mo-ments and my days, Let them flow in cease-less praise.
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.

Lord, I give my life to Thee. Thine for-ev-er-more to be.

Take My Life, and Let It Be

Who then is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord?—1 Chron. 29:5
Frances R. Havergal, 1836-1879
William B. Bradbury, 1816-1868

1. Take my life, and let it be
2. Take my feet, and let them be
3. Take my sil-ver and my gold;
4. Take my will and make it Thine,
5. Take my love; my Lord, I pour

At the im-pulse of Thy love,
Al-ways, on-ly for my King,
Let them flow in cease-less praise.
It shall be Thy roy-al throne.
At Thy feet its treas-ure-store;

Lord, I give my life to Thee. Thine for-ev-er-more to be.
Consecration

_I will keep Thy precepts with my whole heart._—Psalm 119:69

Mildred E. Howard, 20th Century
Andrew L. Byers, 1869-1952

1. Since Jesus gave His life for me Should I not give Him mine?
2. I care not where my Lord directs, His purpose I'll fulfill;
3. Tho' He may call across the sea, With Jesus I will go.
4. My home and friends are dear to me, Yet He is dearer still;
5. My all, O Lord, to Thee I'll give, Accept it as Thine own:

I'm consecrated, Lord, to Thee, I shall be wholly Thine.
I know He every one protects Who does His holy will.
And tell the lost of love so free, Till all His pow'r may know.
In my affections first He'll be, And first His righteous will:
For Thee alone I'll ever live, My heart shall be Thy throne.

Refrain

My life, O Lord, I give to Thee, My talents, time and all;

I'll serve Thee, Lord, Thine own to be, I'll hear Thy faint-est call... faint-est call.
A Full Surrender

Johnson Oatman, Jr., 1856-1926
George C. Hugg, 1848-1907

He left all, rose up, and followed Him.—Luke 5:28

1. A full surrender I have made, I've given all to Jesus;
2. My hands, my feet, my head, my heart, I've given all to Jesus;
3. My loss or gain, my hopes and fears, I've given all to Jesus;
4. My money, labors, burdens, cares, I've given all to Jesus;
5. My life, my love, my family, I've given all to Jesus;

My all is on the altar laid, I've given all to Jesus.
I've not retained a single part, I've given all to Jesus.
My health and strength, my grief and tears, I've given all to Jesus.
My voice, my pen, my songs, my prayers, I've given all to Jesus.
For time, and for eternity, I've given all to Jesus.

Refrain

I've surrendered all, I've surrendered all; surrendered all;

Everything is on the altar, I've surrendered all... surrendered all.
I Will Be True to Thee

It is required in stewards, that a man be found faithful.—1 Cor. 4:2

Lelia N. Morris, 1862-1929

1. Fully surrendered, Lord divine, I will be true to Thee;
2. Thou' it may cost me friends and home, I will be true to Thee;
3. Now to the world I bid farewell, I will be true to Thee;
4. I will go with Thee all the way, I will be true to Thee;

5. All that I am or have is Thine, I will be true to Thee.
6. Cause me in lands afar to roam, I will be true to Thee.
7. Broken forever its deep spell, I will be true to Thee.
8. All of Thy bidding will obey, I will be true to Thee.

Refrain

I will be true to Thee, Lord, I will be true to Thee;

Where Thou lead-est me, I will fol-low Thee, I will be true to Thee.

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Ready to Do His Will

I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die.—Acts 21:13

Ascribed to A. C. Palmer

Charles D. Tillman, 1861-1943

1. Read-y to suf-fer grief or pain, Read-y to stand the test;
2. Read-y to go, read-y to bear, Read-y to watch and pray;
3. Read-y to speak, read-y to think, Read-y with heart and brain;
4. Read-y to speak, read-y to warn, Read-y o'er souls to yearn;

Read-y to stay at home and send Oth-ers, if He sees best.
Read-y to stand a-side and give, Till He shall clear the way.
Read-y to stand where He sees fit, Read-y to bear the strain.
Read-y in life, read-y in death, Read-y for His re-turn.

Refrain

Read-y to go, read-y to stay, Read-y my place to fill;

Read-y for serv-ice low-ly or great, Read-y to do His will.
Is Your All on the Altar?

As the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart.—Eph. 6:6

Elisha A. Hoffman, 1839-1929

1. You have longed for sweet peace, and for faith to increase, And have earnestly, You can not have rest, or be perfectly blest tentment always, You must do His sweet will, to be free from all ill, which we have pray'd, Till our body and soul He doth fully control, hearts will be made, Of the fellowship sweet we shall share at His feet,

2. Would you walk with the Lord, in the light of His Word, And have peace and contentment, you yield Him your body and soul.

3. Oh, we never can know what the Lord will bestow Of the blessings for

4. Who can tell all the love He will send from above, And how happy our fervently pray'd; But you can not have rest, or be perfectly blest

Refrain

Until all on the altar is laid.
On the altar your all you must lay. Is your all on the altar of
And our all on the altar is laid. When our all on the altar is laid.

Sac - ri - fice laid? Your heart, does the Spirit control? You can only be

blest and have peace and sweet rest, As you yield Him your body and soul.
All for Jesus

Lo, we have left all, and have followed Thee.—Mark 10:28

Mary D. James, 1810-1883

A. D. Lough, 19th Century

1. All for Jesus! All for Jesus! All my being’s ransomed pow’rs,
2. Let my hands perform His bidding, Let my feet run in His ways,
3. Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus, I’ve lost sight of all besides,
4. O what wonder! how amazing! Jesus, glorious King of kings,

All for Jesus! All for Jesus! All my days, and all my hours.
All for Jesus! All for Jesus! Let my lips speak forth His praise,
All for Jesus! All for Jesus! Looking at the Crucified;
All for Jesus! All for Jesus! Resting now beneath His wings;

All for Jesus! All for Jesus! All my days, and all my hours.
All for Jesus! All for Jesus! Let my lips speak forth His praise,
All for Jesus! All for Jesus! Looking at the Crucified;
All for Jesus! All for Jesus! Resting now beneath His wings.
CHRISTIAN LIFE

404  Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy

But what things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ.—Phil. 3:7
Jane C. Bonar, 1821-1884

1. Fade, fade, each earthly joy; Jesus is mine. Break ev'ry tender tie; Jesus is mine. Dark is the wilderness,
2. Tempt not my soul a-way; Jesus is mine. Here would I ever stay; Jesus is mine. Perishing things of clay,
eddying bright, Jesus is mine. All that my soul has tried,
ter-ni-ty; Jesus is mine. Welcome, O loved and blest,

Earth has no resting place, Jesus alone can bless; Jesus is mine. Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart a-way; Jesus is mine. Left but a dismal void; Jesus has satisfied; Jesus is mine. Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Saviour's breast; Jesus is mine.

405  Take My Heart, O Father

Unite my heart to fear Thy name.—Psalm 86:11

Source Unknown

1. Take my heart, O Father! take it; Make and keep it all Thine own
2. Father, make me pure and lowly, Fond of peace and far from strife;
3. Ever let Thy grace surround me, Strengthen me with pow'r divine,
4. May the blood of Jesus heal me, And my sins be all for-giv'n;
RESIGNATION AND CONSECRATION

Take My Heart, O Father

Let Thy Spirit melt and break it—This proud heart of sin and stone.
Turn-ing from the paths un-ho-ly Of this vain and sin-ful life.
Till Thy cords of love have bound me, Make me to be whol-ly Thine.
Ho-ly Spir-it, take and seal me, Guide me in the path to heav'n.

Only Thine

O Lord, truly I am Thy servant.—Psalm 116:16

1. I heard the dear Re-deem-er say, In tones of love di-vine,
2. I see the Man of Sor-rows bow And die up-on the cross;
3. For me He rose and in-ter-cedes Up-on His Fa-ther's throne;
4. And shall my poor di-vid-ed heart Cling to the world and Thee?
5. O Lord, I bow to rea-son's claim, Here on Thy al-tar lie,

"I gave My-self, O man, for thee, And wilt thou not be Mine?"
'Twas all for me, O Lord, I know, And all Thy love con-fess.
And lo, His ten-der mer-cy pleads To make me all His own.
Nay, Lord, take all, and not a part, All Thine I'll ev-er be.
A sac-ri-fice in Je-sus' name, To all this world I die.

Refrain

On-ly Thine, on-ly Thine, My life to Thee I give;
On-ly Thine, on-ly Thine, For Thee a-

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Whiter Than Snow

Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.—Psalm 51:7

James Nicholson, c.1828-1876

William G. Fischer, 1835-1912

1. Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole; I
   want Thee forever to live in my soul; Break down every help me to make a complete sacrifice; I give up my wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet; By faith, for my now, and within me a new heart create; To those who have

2. Lord Jesus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And
   want Thee for ever to live in my soul; Break down every help me to make a complete sacrifice; I give up my wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet; By faith, for my now, and within me a new heart create; To those who have

3. Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat; I
   want Thee for every help me to make a complete sacrifice; I give up my wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet; By faith, for my now, and within me a new heart create; To those who have

4. Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait; Come
   want Thee for ever to live in my soul; Break down every help me to make a complete sacrifice; I give up my wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet; By faith, for my now, and within me a new heart create; To those who have

Refrain

whiter than snow. Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than

snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
I now believe Thou dost receive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
Oh, Thou who died on Calvary To save my soul and make me free,

Oh, may I ever faithful be, My Saviour and my God!
And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee, My Saviour and my God!
I'll consecrate my life to Thee, My Saviour and my God!

I'll live for Him who died for me, How happy then my life shall be!
I'll live for Him who died for me, My Saviour and my God!
Love Not the World

Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world.—I John 2:15

Gertrude A. Flory, 19th Century

George B. Holsinger, 1857-1908

1. Love not the world! Its daz-zling show Con-ceals a snare of death;
2. Love not the world! Its wealth, re-nown, The blood-bought soul en-slaves;
3. Love not the world! Its sin and strife Ex-ceed the good and true;
4. Love not the world! Pure joys a-bove All earth-ly things tran-scend;
5. Love not the world! O Chris-tian, hear, In shin-ing words im-pearled,

The sweet-est joy earth can be-stow, Dies as a wast-ed breath.
Oh, strive to win a heav'n-ly crown, Which plumes of glo-ry wave.
Oh, con-se-crate to Christ your life! He drained death's cup for you.
In Je-sus lose each i-dol love, And ev-er up-ward tend.
Shall on your ho-ly brow ap-pear, "He did not love the world"

Refrain

Love not the world is Je-sus' plea, Sweet life to you He brought;

A-lone with death on Cal-va-ry, Your sin-lost soul He sought.
May the Christ-life Shine in Me

Let your light so shine before men.—Matt. 5:16

RESIGNATION AND CONSECRATION

Johnson Oatman, Jr., 1856-1926

George C. Hugg, 1848-1907

With feeling.

1. In this world of sin and care, This shall ev-er be my pray’r:
2. Spot-less, pure, and un-de-filed, As be-com-eth, Lord, Thy child,
3. May the pow’rs at my com-mand, Soul and bod-y, heart and hand,
4. May I find that in Thy will, I my mis-sion can ful-fill;
5. May it shine in me each day, Till I leave this house of clay;

“Sav-iour, where-so-e’er I be, May the Christ-life shine in me.”
Cloth’d in Thy hu-mil-i-ty, May the Christ-life shine in me.
Ev-er con-se-cra-ted be, May the Christ-life shine in me.
Glo-ri-fy-ing on-ly Thee, May the Christ-life shine in me.
Then thro’ all e-ter-ni-ty, May the Christ-life shine in me.

Refrain

Shine in me, yes, shine in me, May the Christ-life shine in me;

Ritard.

Sav-iour, where-so-e’er I be, May the Christ-life shine in me.
1. I am Thine, O Lord; I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be graced divine; Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my throne I spend, When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God, I com narrow sea; There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I

2. Con-secrate me now to Thy serv-ice, Lord, By the pow'r of

3. O the pure de-light of a sin-gle hour That be-fore Thy

4. There are depths of love that I can-not know Till I cross the

REFRAIN

clos-er drawn to Thee. will be lost in Thine. Draw me near-er, near-er, bless-ed mune as friend with friend. rest in peace with Thee. near-er, near-er,

Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me near-er,

near-er, near-er, bless-ed Lord, To Thy pre-cious bleed-ing side.
Follow On

If any man serve Me, let him follow Me.—John 12:26

William O. Cushing, 1832-1902

Robert Lowry, 1826-1899

1. Down in the valley with my Saviour I would go, Where the flow'rs are bloom'ing and the sweet waters flow: Ev'rywhere He leads me I would sweep'ing and the dark waters flow: With His hand to lead me I will Sav'ior would my soul ev'er keep; He will lead me safely in the fol'low, fol'low on, Walk-ing in His foot-steps till the crown be won. nev-er, nev-er fear, Dan-ger can-not fright me if my Lord is near. path that He has trod, Up to where they gath'er on the hills of God.

Refrain

Fol-low! fol-low! I would follow Je-sus! Anywhere, ev'rywhere, I would follow on!

Fol-low! fol-low! I would fol-low Jesus! Ev'rywhere He leads me I would follow on!
Sitting at the Feet of Jesus

Mary . . . sat at Jesus' feet, and heard His word.—Luke 10:39

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 sit low 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.
Oh, look down in love upon me, Let me see Thy face so sweet.

Sitting at the feet of Jesus, I would look up—on 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 fulness gather Grace and comfort ev'ry day.
May I prove I've been with Jesus, Who is all my righteousness.
I Am the Vine

Knowles Shaw, 1834-1878

I am the vine, ye are the branches.—John 15:5

1. "I am the vine and ye are the branches." Bear precious fruit for
   Jesus today; Branches in Him no fruit ever bearing, Jesus hath
   fruit ye shall bear; Dwelling in you, My promise unbroken, Glory in
   children of day; Follow your Guide, He passeth before you, Leading to

2. "Now ye are clean thro' words I have spoken, Living in Me, much

3. Yes, by your fruits the world is to know you, Walking in love as

Refrain

said, "He taketh away."
heaven with Me ye shall share." "I am the vine and ye are the
realms of glorious day.

branches; I am the vine, be faithful and true; Ask what ye

will, your pray'r shall be granted, The Father loved Me, so I have loved you."
By Thy Blessed Word Obeying

If a man love Me, he will keep My words.—John 14:23

Daniel S. Warner, 1842-1895
Andrew L. Byers, 1869-1952

1. By Thy blessed Word obeying, Lord, we prove our love sincere,
   For we hear Thee gently saying, "Love will do as well as hear."
   But we feel Thy great salvation, And in all Thy truth abide.
   All Thy mandates love be-ten, To oppose them is but strife.
   With Thy love in us a-biding, 'Tis delightful to obey.
   Lead-up from earth to heaven, To the blessed throne of God.

2. Feigned hearts Thy name professing, Thy commandments cast aside;
   Alphabetical assignment, Thine is the place to abide.
   With Thy love in us abiding, 'Tis delightful to obey.
   Lead-up from earth to heaven, To the blessed throne of God.

3. Ev'ry word Thy mouth hath spoken Is essential to our life;
   Dear Redeemer, we would hallow All Thy Word, so firm and true,
   In Thy footsteps meekly follow, Thy commands we love to do.

4. In Thy wisdom, Lord, confiding, We will follow in Thy way:
   In Thy footsteps meekly follow, Thy commands we love to do.

5. Each commandment Thou hast given Is a way-mark on the road,
   Each commandment Thou hast given Is a way-mark on the road,
   Each commandment Thou hast given Is a way-mark on the road,
   Each commandment Thou hast given Is a way-mark on the road,
Make Me a Blessing Today

I will extol Thee, O Lord.—Psalm 30:1

1. I do not ask to choose my path, Lord, lead me in Thy way;
2. Around me, Lord, are sinful men, Who scorn and disobey;
3. To those who once Thy love have known, But now are far astray;
4. Some saints of Thine are in distress, And for Thy fullness pray,
5. If Thou hast any errand, Lord, Send me, and I'll obey;

Inspire each tho't and prompt each word, And make me a blessing today.
Use me to win them from their sins, And make me a blessing today.
Help me to lead them back to Thee, And make me a blessing today.
O let me go and help them, Lord, And make me a blessing today.
Use me in any way Thou wilt, And make me a blessing today.

Refrain

Bless me, Lord, and make me a blessing, I'll gladly Thy message convey:

Use me to help some poor, needy soul, And make me a blessing today.
Revive Us Again

Wilt Thou not revive us again?—Psalm 85:6

William P. Mackay, 1839-1885

John J. Husband, 1760-1825

1. We praise Thee, O God, for the Son of Thy love, For Jesus who
2. We praise Thee, O God, for Thy Spirit of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. Revive us again, fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-

died and is now gone above.
Saviour, and scattered our night. Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the glory, Hal-le-
sins, and has cleansed ev’ry stain.
kinded with fire from above.

Refrain

lu-jah! A-men; Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the glory; Revive us again.

Saviour, Teach Me Day by Day

We love Him, because He first loved us.—1 John 4:19

Jane E. Leeson, 1807-1882

Source Unknown

1. Saviour, teach me day by day Love’s sweet lesson to obey;
2. With a child-like heart of love, At Thy bidding may I move,
3. Love in loving finds employment—In obedience all her joy;
4. Thus may I rejoice to show That I feel the love I owe;
RESIGNATION AND CONSECRATION

Saviour, Teach Me Day by Day

Prompt to serve and follow Thee—Lov ing Him who first loved me.
Ev er new that joy will be: Lov ing Him who first loved me.
Sing ing till Thy face I see, Of His love who first loved me.

Use Me, O My Gracious Saviour

Then said I, Here am I; send me.—Isa. 6:8

Frederick Woodrow, 19th Century
Charles H. Gabriel, 1856-1932

1. Use me, O my gracious Saviour, Use me, Lord, as pleas eth Thee;
2. Be it noon or be it mid night, Wea ry watch or blaze of day,
3. Pride of will and lust of station, Lord, I would from all be free.

Noth ing done for Thee so low ly But is great e nough for me
Shout ing with the hap py reap ers, Toil ing in the hid den way.
And the on ly hon or seek ing, Lord, to be of use to Thee.

REFRAIN

Use me, Use me, Use me as it pleas eth Thee;
Use me, O my Saviour, Use me, O my Saviour,
420  Teach Me the Measure of My Days

Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days.—Psalm 39:4
Isaac Watts, 1674-1748
Hugh Wilson, 1764-1824

1. Teach me the measure of my days, Thou Maker of my frame;
2. A span is all that we can boast; How short the fleeting time!
3. What should I wish, or wait for, then, From creatures—earth and dust?
4. Now I forbid my carnal hope, My fond desire recall;

I would survey life's narrow space, And learn how frail I am.
Man is but vanity and dust, In all his flow'r and prime.
They make our expectations vain, And disappoint our trust.
I give my mortal interest up, And make my God my all.

421  Prince of Peace, Control My Will

Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee.—Isa. 26:3
Mary A. S. Barber, b. 1840
William B. Bradbury, 1816-1868

1. Prince of Peace, control my will; Bid this struggling heart be still;
2. Thou hast bought me with Thy blood, Opened wide the gate to God:
3. May Thy will, not mine, be done; May Thy will and mine be one;
4. Saviour, at Thy feet I fall, Thou my life, my God, my all!

Bid my fears and doubts cease, Hush my spirit into peace.
Peace I ask, but peace must be, Lord, in being one with Thee.
Chase these doubtings from my heart, Now Thy perfect peace impart.
Let Thy happy servant be One forever more with Thee.
Saviour, More than Life to Me

Lead me in the way everlasting.—Psalm 139:24

Fanny J. Crosby, 1820-1915

William H. Doane, 1832-1915

1. Saviour, more than life to me, I am cling-ing, cling-ing close to Thee;
2. Thro' this chang-ing world be-low, Lead me gen-tly, gen-tly as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleet-ing, fleet-ing life is o'er;

Let Thy pre-cious blood ap-plied, Keep me ev-er, ev-er near Thy side,
Trust-ing Thee, I can-not stray, I can nev-er, nev-er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a bright-er, bright-er world a-bove.

Refrain

Ev-ry day, ev-ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing pow'r;
Ev-ry day and hour, ev-ry day and hour,

May Thy ten-der love to me Bind me clos-er, clos-er, Lord, to Thee.
Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken

Come, take up the cross, and follow Me.—Mark 10:21

Henry F. Lyte, 1793-1847
Ascribed to Wolfgang A. Mozart, 1756-1791
Arr. by Hubert P. Main, 1839-1925

1. Jesus, I my cross have taken, All to leave and follow Thee;
2. Let the world despise and leave me, They have left my Saviour too;
3. Man may trouble and distress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;

Naked, poor, despised, forsaken, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
Human hearts and looks deceive me; Thou art not like them untrue;
Life with trials hard may press me; Heav'n will bring me sweeter rest.

Perish every fond ambition, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
And while Thou shalt smile upon me, God of wisdom, love, and might,
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me;

Yet, how rich is my condition! God and heav'n are still my own.
Foes may hate and friends may shun me; Show Thy face and all is bright.
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy un-mixed with Thee.
The Way of the Cross Leads Home

Let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me.—Matt. 16:24

Jessie Brown Pounds, 1861-1921

Charles H. Gabriel, 1856-1932

1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no other way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light, Saviour tred, If I ever climb to the heights sublime, nev-er-more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home

2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way, The path that the way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light, Saviour tred, If I ever climb to the heights sublime, nev-er-more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home

3. Then I bid fare-well to the way of the world, To walk in it way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light, Saviour tred, If I ever climb to the heights sublime, nev-er-more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home

Refrain

If the way of the cross I miss, Where the soul is at home with God. The way of the cross leads home, The way of the cross leads home;

The way of the cross leads home; It is sweet to know, as I onward go, The way of the cross leads home.

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**425**

**Am I a Soldier of the Cross**

*Endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.—II Tim. 2:3*

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

Thomas A. Arne, 1710-1778

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. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; Increase my courage, Lord;
5. Thy saints in all this glorious war Shall conquer, tho' they die:
6. 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?
While others fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, Supported by Thy Word.
They view the triumph from afar, And seize it with their eye.
In robes of victory through the skies, The glory shall be Thine.

**426**

**Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?**

*Let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow Me.—Luke 9:23*

Thomas Shepherd, 1665-1739

George N. Allen, 1812-1877

1. Must Jesus bear the cross alone, And all the world go free?
2. Dis-owned on earth, 'mid griefs and cares, He led His toilsome way;
3. The consecrated cross I'll bear, Till from the cross set free,

No: there's a cross for every one, And there's a cross for me.
But now in heav'n a crown He wears, And reigns in endless day.
And then go home, my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
The Cross Is Not Greater

Come, take up the cross, and follow Me.—Mark 10:21

Ballington Booth, 1855-1940

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 shin-eth brighter,
   As it falls on paths of woe,
4. His will I have joy in ful-fill-ing,
   As I'm walk-ing in His sight,

The storm that I feared may surround me,
But it ne'er excludes His face.
The cup that I drink not more bit-ter
Than He drank in Geth-se-ma-ne.
The toil of my work grow-eth light-er,
As I stoop to raise the low.
My all to the blood I am bring-ing,
It a lone can keep me right.

REFRAIN

The cross is not great-er than His grace,
The storm can not

hide His bless-ed face;
I am sat-is-fied to know

That with Je-sus here be-low, I can con-quer ev -'ry foe.
Take Time to Be Holy

Be ye holy: for I am the Lord your God.—Lev. 20:7

William D. Longstaff, 1822-1894
George C. Stebbins, 1846-1945

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 betide;
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;

Forget 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.
Follow peace with all men, and holiness.—Heb. 12:14

More holiness give me, More strivings within;...
More gratitude give me, More trust in the Lord,...
More purity give me, More strength to overcome;...

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.
Humble Thyself to Walk with God

Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God.—I Pet. 5:6

Johnson Oatman, Jr., 1856-1926
W. J. Rogers, 19th Century

1. If thou wouldst have the dear Saviour from heav-en Walk by thy side from the morn till the e-ven, There is a rule that each day you must fol-low, pure and the ho-ly; Cast out thy pride, and in heart-felt con-tri-tion

2. Just as the Lord in the world's ear-ly a-ges Walked and communed with the proph-ets and sa-ges, He will come now if you meet the con-di-tions;

3. Just as the stream finds a bed that is low-ly, So Je-sus walks with the near thee, Hum-ble thy-self and His pres-ence shall cheer thee: He will not walk with the proud or the scorn-ful, Hum-ble thy-self to walk with God.
Humility, Thou Secret Vale

Be subject one to another, and be clothed with humility.—1 Pet. 5:5

William G. Schell, b. 1869
Clarence E. Hunter, 1869-1945

1. Humility, thou secret vale, Unknown to proud in heart;
2. Humility, how pure thy place! Thou seat of holiness!
3. Humility, how calm the breast That knows thy peace sublime!
4. Humility, thou shore-less sea Of perfect love so deep!

Where show'rs of blessing ne'er fail, And glories ne'er depart.
Thou door of entrance into grace And everlast ing bliss!
With in thy courts our perfect rest Grows sweet-er all the time.
Thy crystal waters cov er me, My help less soul to keep.

Refrain

Oh, make thy blest abode with me, Thou angel of the sky;

If I may ever dwell with thee, My soul shall nev er die.
The Christian's Passport

Our conversation is in heaven.—Phil. 3:20

Lewis J. Heatwole, 1852-1932

1. The saint who enters heav'n, Who comes of royal birth, Or
dwells with all the sanctified, Is first a saint on earth.

2. Who shines in that bright world, Or wears the blood-washed robe, Finds
the first ray of brightness gleam, While yet in this abode.
earth first sought Christ's righteousness, And found His promises.

3. To those who enter heav'n, And rest in tranquil ease, On
To walk in heav'n's sunlight,... To see its glory there, And
Who joins the jubilee,... Or sings with the glad throng, Or
And when they reach the port,... The language all aglow Stands
he who dwells with all the blest, First sees God's sunlight here.
shouts with all that happy choir, On earth first heard the song.
on the passport at the gate, "You first found heav'n below."
The Temple of God

Ye are the temple of God.—1 Cor. 3:16

1. Not in the temples made with hands, Tho' beau - ti - ful by art;
2. How won - der - ful that He would take This poor a - bode of sin,
3. No more I think of God a - far, But see Thee, Lord, with - in;
4. O Lord, en-shrine with - in my breast, My con - stant joy and peace;

But God in mer - cy con - de-scends To dwell with - in my heart.
And wash me in His pre - cious blood, And now a - bide with - in!
Oh, shine in me, Thou morn - ing star, And keep Thy tem - ple clean.
My soul can now for - ev - er rest, Se - cure in Thy em - brace.

Oh, glo - ry to Je - sus! so sweet in me;

My bod - y, Thy tem - ple shall for - ev - er be.
Faith of Our Fathers

Earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints.—Jude 3

Frederick W. Faber, 1814-1863
Henri F. Hemy, 1818-1888
Adapted by James G. Walton, 1821-1905

1. 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

fire, and sword; O how our hearts beat high with joy

conscience free: How sweet would be their children's fate,

all our strife; And preach thee, too, as love knows how,

When-e'er 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!
Striving Onward, Pressing Forward

I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God.—Phil. 3:14

Philip Friedrich Hiller, 1699-1769
Trans. by Julius H. Horstmann, b. 1860
Melody from Württenberg, c.1853

1. Striving onward, pressing forward, Life divine to gain,
   We will ever make endeavor
   What detains we'll cast aside, By that promise to abide:
   Who endur-eth, life secureth, And the prize shall gain.

2. While contending, and standing For the truth and right;
   Draw us nearer, show us clearer, Lord, Thy Spirit's might;
   Let Thy Word its strength impart To each sad and yearning heart;
   Praise a-bounding shall be sounding, At Thy throne of light.

3. In the sorrow which the morrow May around us roll,
   Hold us ever, leave us never, Save, O save the soul;
   Thro' temptation's daily strife, Thro' the vanities of life,
   Lead us on-ward, for-ward, up-ward, To our glorious goal.

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Don't Let Your Light Burn Low

Let your light so shine before men.—Matt. 5:16

1. O would you be a blessing true, As on thro' life you go?
2. The world is groping in despair, God's love they do not know,
3. The loving Saviour needs your aid, In letting sinners know,

Be constant in God's service here,
So live to guide them to the right, Don't let your light burn low.
Salvation's free, who will may come,

REFRAIN

Don't let your light burn low, Don't let your light burn low;

Be constant in God's service here, Don't let your light burn low.
Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus

Stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong.—I Cor. 16:13

George Duffield, Jr., 1818-1888

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.
Your 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.
Would Men Know?

They took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus.—Acts 4:13

Ernest O. Sellers, 1869-1952

1. Would men know you’ve been with Jesus, Can they feel His presence near?
2. Would men know by word and action, In the small things of this life,
3. “In as much as unto others Ye have done these things,” said He,
4. Not by word of lip, full often, Is the world convinced of truth,

As with them you joy and labor, As with them you journey here?
In the daily round of duty, In the midst of toil and strife?
“Unto Me” ye did the service, Witness that all men may see.
But the deed of loving service, From the heart, brings fullest proof.

Refrain

Can men tell that you love Jesus, Can they by your life and mine,

See in daily walk and action, That we have His life divine?

Ernest O. Sellers, 1869-1952
I Will Never Turn Back

Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life.—John 6:68

R. N. Grisham, 20th Century
Stanza 4, Robert E. Winsett, 1876-1952

1. Once I wandered in darkness unsaved, Till the Saviour came knocking at my heart,
2. Of His love I will sing ev’ry day, Yes, I’ll sing of His wondrous pow’r to save,
3. In His service each day may I be, Leading sinners to Jesus to be healed
4. Healing body and soul by His blood, And He keeps me each moment by His pow’r,

And I opened the door, let Him in, Now rich blessings to me He imparts.
For my Saviour is leading the way, To those mansions of glory above.
Thro’ the blood flowing from Calvary, Till the light of His love is revealed.
I will walk in the light of His Word, And be ready to go any hour.

REFRAIN

I will never turn back, He’s my light ev’ry day;
Never turn back, never turn back, He is my light ev’ry hour and day;

No, I’ll never turn back, For my Saviour is leading the way.
Never turn back, never turn back,
Walking in the Sunshine

He that followeth Me... shall have the light of life.—John 8:12

W. Robert Lindsay, 19th Century
Ira D. Sankey, 1840-1908

1. Walking in the sunshine, beautiful and bright,
   In the rosy morning,
   Or the dewy night; Steadily advancing onward day by day,
   Where so-e'er He leads us, We will follow Jesus all the way.

2. In the brightest sunshine, or the darkest gloom,
   In the lovely springtime,
   Or the summer's bloom; Hear the Saviour calling, hasten to obey,
   Follow, follow day by day; Onward,

3. In the golden sunshine, or the shadows deep,
   When the storm is raging,
   When it sinks to sleep; Trusting in His mercy till the closing day,
   Follow, follow, follow,

4. Follow Jesus all the way.
   Follow, we will follow Jesus;
   Follow, follow,
   Onward, onward,
   Onward, onward

Refrain

Follow Jesus all the way.
Follow, we will follow Jesus;
Follow, follow,
Follow, follow,
Follow, follow day by day;
Onward
Onward, onward
Onward

Follow Jesus all the way.
Follow, we will follow Jesus;
Follow, follow,
Follow, follow,
Follow, follow day by day;
Onward
Onward, onward
Onward

Follow Jesus all the way.
Follow, we will follow Jesus;
Follow, follow,
Follow, follow,
Follow, follow day by day;
Onward
Onward, onward
Onward

Follow Jesus all the way.
Follow, we will follow Jesus;
Follow, follow,
Follow, follow,
Follow, follow day by day;
Onward
Onward, onward
Onward

Follow Jesus all the way.
Follow, we will follow Jesus;
Follow, follow,
Follow, follow,
Follow, follow day by day;
Onward
Onward, onward
Onward

Follow Jesus all the way.
Follow, we will follow Jesus;
Follow, follow,
Follow, follow,
Yield Not to Temptation

My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.—Prov. 1:10

Horatio R. Palmer, 1834-1907

1. Yield not to temptation, for yielding is sin; Each victory will help you some other to win; Fight manfully onward; reverence, nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earnest, conquer, though often cast down; He who is our Saviour dark passions subdue; Look ever to Jesus—He will carry you kind-hearted and true; Look ever to Jesus—He will carry you our strength will renew; Look ever to Jesus—He will 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

3. To him that o'ercometh God giveth a crown; Thro' faith we shall our strength will renew; Look ever to Jesus—He will carry you through.
How Reads Your Life-Book?

Ye are our epistle, ... known and read of all men.—II Cor. 3:2

1. The world of sinners know not God, Nor read the Gospel true;
2. Oh, are you writing deeds of love, Of holiness and grace?
3. Do you desire that men shall think That God is what you say?
4. Oh, write upon your daily page A Gospel that is true.

They care not for the holy Word, But they are reading you.
And do they see the peace of God Illuminate your face?
Or that a man who lives like you Is on the narrow way?
And that will lead a soul to God If he shall follow you.

A Gospel others daily see, Your words and deeds inditing;

Oh, what do men read in your life—In the book that you are writing?
Somebody Follows You

Brethren, be followers together of me.—Phil. 3:17

1. Brother along on the high-way of life, Strive to be good and true;
2. Little you think when you turn from the right, Who sees the things you do;
3. Never forget that the Lord keeps His own, So to His Word be true;

Take Jesus with you to aid in the strife, Somebody follows you.
But others watch you by day and by night, Somebody follows you.
Many are longing the way to be shown, O let them follow you.

Refrain

Somebody follows you, Watching the things you do;
follows you, you do;

Walk in the light and be pure in His sight, Somebody follows you.

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Christian, Walk Carefully

Walk as children of light.—Eph. 5:8

George C. Stebbins, 1846-1945

1. Christian, walk carefully, danger is near; On in thy
   journey with trembling and fear. Snares from without and tem-

2. Christian, walk cheerfully thro' the fierce storm; Dark tho' the
   sky with its threat of alarm. Soon will the clouds and the
   get on thy Saviour to call; Safe thou shalt walk thro' each

3. Christian, walk prayerfully, oft wilt thou fall If thou for-
   haven of rest thou shalt gain; Then from the lips of the
   tempest be o'er, Then with thy Saviour thou'lt rest ev-
   more. tri-al and care, If thou art clad in the armor of prayer.

4. Christian, walk hopefully, sorrow and pain Cease when the
   dangers will be o'er, Then with thy Saviour thou'lt rest ev-
   er more. Judge thy reeward: "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Refrain

Christian, walk carefully, Christian, walk carefully,
Christian, walk cheerfully, Christian, walk cheerfully,
Christian, walk prayerfully, Christian, walk prayerfully,
Christian, walk hopefully, Christian, walk hopefully,
Christian, Walk Carefully

Christian, walk carefully, danger is near.
Christian, walk cheerful, through the fierce storm.
Christian, walk prayerful, fear lest thou fall.
Christian, walk hopeful, rest thou shalt gain.

Walk Daily with Your Saviour

As ye have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in Him.—Col. 2:6

Elisha A. Hoffman, 1839-1929
Charles Edwin Pollock, b. 1853

1. Walk daily with your Saviour, And doubt will disappear; You
2. Walk daily with your Saviour, And never leave His side; For
3. Walk daily with your Saviour, And love Him more and more; And
4. Walk daily with your Saviour, And trust His sovereign grace; Un-

Refrain

can-not be in darkness, While He, the Light, is near. Walk daily with your
unt o those who trust Him, No evil can betide.
you will find the pathway Grow brighter on before.
til at last He leads you To heav'n, His dwelling-place

Saviour, In fellowship of love; And you shall share His friendship, In your fair land a-bove.
Hold to God's Unchanging Hand

I am the Lord, I change not.—Mal. 3:6

Jennie Wilson, 1857-1913
Franklin L. Eiland, 1860-1909

1. Time is filled with swift transition, Naught of earth un-moving can stand,
   Build your hopes on things eternal, Hold to God's un-changing hand!

2. Trust in Him who will not leave you, What-so-ever years may bring,
   If by earthly friends forsaken, Still more closely to Him cling!

3. Covet not this world's vain riches, That so rapidly decay,
   Seek to gain the heav'nly treasures, They will never pass away!

4. When your journey is completed, When the Valley you pass thro',
   Fair and bright the home in glory, Your enraptured soul will view!

Refrain

Hold to God's un-changing hand! Hold to God's unchanging hand!
Hold to His hand, Hold to His hand,

Build your hopes on things eternal, Hold to God's un-changing hand!

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Loyal and True

Well done, good and faithful servant.—Matt. 25:23

1. Loyal and true and faithful, Filled with courage brave;
2. Help us to do Thy bidding, Shunning all evil and wrong,
3. Not for the love of money, Silver or gold or fame;

Work ing for the kingdom Precious souls to save.
Giving our lives in service, Praising Thy name in song.
Work ing in Thy kingdom Only in Jesus' name.

Refrain

Giving our best to the Saviour, Giving the strength of our youth—

Ever witnessing for Thee, Standing on guard for truth.
Be Ye Strong in the Lord

Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might.—Eph. 6:10

Daniel W. Whittle, 1840-1901

Ira D. Sankey, 1840-1908

1. "Be ye strong in the Lord and the power of His might," Firmly standing for the truth of His Word; He shall lead you safely through the turning from the face of the foe; He will surely by you stand, as you promises shall never, never fail; By thy right hand He'll hold thee while thick'est of the fight, You shall conquer in the name of the Lord.

2. "Be ye strong in the Lord and the power of His might," Never battling for the right, In the power of His might onward go.

3. "Be ye strong in the Lord and the power of His might," For His promises shall never, never fail; By thy right hand He'll hold thee while thick'est of the fight, You shall conquer in the name of the Lord.

Refrain

Firmly stand
for the right, On to victory at the King's command; For the honor of the Lord, and the
Be Ye Strong in the Lord

FAITHFULNESS AND STEADFASTNESS

Be Ye Strong in the Lord

triumph of His Word, In the strength of the Lord firmly stand.

Dark and Thorny Is the Desert

Ye endured a great fight of afflictions.—Heb. 10:32

1. Dark and thorny is the desert, Thro' which pilgrims make their way;
   But beyond this vale of sorrows, Lie the fields of endless day:

2. Does your strength begin to fail you, And your vigor to decay?
   O, young soldiers, are you weary Of the troubles of the way?

3. He whose thunder shakes creation, He who bids the planets roll;
   He who rides upon the tempest, And whose sceptre sways the whole,

Fiends loud howling thro' the desert, Make them tremble as they go;
   Jesus, Jesus will go with you, He will lead you to His throne,

And the fiery darts of Satan Oft-en bring their courage low.
   They are always hov'ring round you, Till you reach the heav'n-ly land.

Source Unknown

Slowly

Source Unknown

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Walk in the Light

Walk as children of light.—Eph. 5:8

Bernard Barton, 1784-1849
J. Henry Showalter, 1864-1947

1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fellowship of love
2. Walk in the light! and thou shalt find Thy heart made truly His
3. Walk in the light! and thou shalt own Thy darkness passed away,
4. Walk in the light! thy path shall be Peaceful, serene and bright:

His Spirit only can bestow Who reigns in light above.
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined, In whom no darkness is.
Because that light hath on thee shone In which is perfect day.
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee, And God Himself is light.

Refrain

Walk... in the light, ... Walk... in the light, ...
Walk in the light, yes, walk in the light, Walk in the light, yes, walk in the light,

Walk... in the light, ... The beautiful light of God.
Walk in the light, yes, walk in the light,
My Soul, Be on Thy Guard

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes arise;
2. O watch, and fight, and pray; The battle ne'er give o'er;
3. Ne'er think the victory won, Nor lay thine armor down;
4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God;

The hosts of sin are pressing hard To draw thee from the skies.
Renew it boldly every day, And help divine implore.
Thy arduous work will not be done, Till thou obtain thy crown.
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath, To His divine abode.

I Would Love Thee

1. I would love Thee, God and Father! My Redeemer, and my King!
2. I would love Thee; every blessing Flows to me from out Thy throne;
3. I would love Thee; look up on me, Ever guide me with Thine eye:
4. I would love Thee; I have vowed it; On Thy love my heart is set;

I would love Thee; for without Thee Life is but a bitter thing.
I would love Thee; he who loves Thee Never feels himself alone.
I would love Thee; if not nourished By Thy love, my soul would die.
While I love Thee, I will never My Redeemer's blood forget.
1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary,
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread,
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream

Saviour divine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
My zeal inspire; As Thou hast died for me, Oh, may my
Be Thou my guide; Bid darkness turn to day, Wipe sorrow's
Shall o'er me roll, Blest Saviour, then, in love, Fear and dis-

...away; Oh, let me from this day Be wholly Thine!
love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A living fire!
tears away, Nor let me ever stray From Thee aside.
trust remove; Oh, bear me safe above, A ransomed soul!

454 O for a Faith That Will Not Shrink

Beholding ... the steadfastness of your faith in Christ.—Col. 2:5
William H. Bathurst, 1796-1877 William H. Havergal, 1793-1870

1. O for a faith that will not shrink Tho' pressed by many a foe,
2. That will not murmur nor complain Beneath the chast'ning rod,
3. A faith that keeps the narrow way Till life's last spark is fled,
4. Lord, give me such a faith as this, And then, what'e'er may come,
O for a Faith That Will Not Shrink

That will not tremble on the brink Of any earthly woe;
But in the hour of grief or pain Can lean upon its God;
And with a pure and heav'n-ly ray Lights up a dying bed.
I'll taste e'en here the hal-lowed bliss Of an e-ter-nal home.

Faith Is a Living Power from Heaven

We are ... of them that believe to the saving of the soul.—Heb. 10:39

Petrus Herbert, d. 1571           Luther O. Emerson, 1820-1915

1. Faith is a living pow'r from heav'n Which grasps the
   promise God has giv'n;
2. Faith finds in Christ what-e'er we need To save and
   strength-en, guide and feed;
3. Faith to the con-science whis-pers peace; And bids the
   mourn-er's sigh-ing cease;
4. Such faith in us, O God, im-plant, And to our
   prayers Thy fa-vor grant, In Jesus Christ, Thy
   Christ a-lone, A trust that can-not be o'er-thrown.
   joys to share His cross, in hope...... His crown to wear.
   right we claim, And call up-on...... our Fa-ther's name.
   sav-ing Son, Who is our fount...... of health a-lone.

Faith, Trust and Assurance
Faith Is the Victory

This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.—I John 5:4

John H. Yates, 1837-1900
Ira D. Sankey, 1840-1908

1. Encamped along the hills of light, Ye Christian soldiers, rise, And
2. His banner o'er us is love, Our sword the Word of God; We
3. To him that overcomes the foe, White raiment shall be giv'n; Be-

press the battle ere the night Shall veil the glowing skies. Against the foe in tread the road the saints above With shouts of triumph trod. By faith they, like a fore the angels he shall know His name confessed in heav'n. Then onward from the

vales below Let all our strength be hurled; Faith is the victory, we know, whirlwind's breath, Swept on o'er ev'ry field; The faith by which they conquered Death hills of light, Our hearts with love a-flame, We'll vanquish all the hosts of night,

Refrain

That overcomes the world. Faith is the victory! Faith is the Is still our shining shield. In Jesus' conqu'ring name. Faith is the victory! Faith is the

vic-to-ry! Oh, glo-ri-ous vic-to-ry, That overcomes the world. vic-to-ry!
Increase My Faith, Dear Lord

The apostles said unto the Lord, Increase our faith.—Luke 17:5

Henry W. VanHoose, b. 1900

1. Increase my faith, dear Lord, I pray, That I may have more working pow'r;
2. I want my faith to please Thee, Lord, Thy charge to keep, I must not fail;
3. I thank Thee, Lord, for living faith, By which I'll live till life is o'er;

And when the tempter comes my way, Lord, keep me in each trying hour.
I have a blessed hope steadfast, 'Tis anchored safe within the veil.
Then still by faith, on wings of love, I'll soar away to heav'n's shore.

Refrain

O hear my earnest prayer, dear Lord, And make me stronger day by day;

And when the cross seems hard to bear, Increase my faith, dear Lord, I pray.
'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus

Many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the Lord.—Psalm 40:3

Louisa M. R. Stead, c.1850-1917
William J. Kirkpatrick, 1838-1921

1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus, Just to take Him at His word;
2. O how sweet to trust in Jesus, Just to trust His cleansing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Jesus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee, Precious Jesus, Saviour, Friend;

Just to rest upon His promise; Just to know, “Thus saith the Lord.”
Just in simple faith to plunge me 'Neath the healing, cleansing flood!
Just from Jesus simply taking Life and rest, and joy and peace.
And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

Refrain

Jesus, Jesus, how I trust Him! How I've proved Him o'er and o'er!

Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus! O for grace to trust Him more!
1. Simply trusting every day, Trusting through a stormy way;
2. Brightly doth His Spirit shine Into this poor heart of mine;
3. Singing if my way is clear; Praying if the path be drear;
4. Trusting Him while life shall last, Trusting Him till earth be past;

Even when my faith is small, Trusting Jesus, that is all.
While He leads I cannot fall; Trusting Jesus, that is all.
If in danger, for Him call; Trusting Jesus, that is all.
Till within the jasper wall; Trusting Jesus, that is all.

Refrain

Trusting as the moments fly, Trusting as the days go by;

Trusting Him what-e'er be-fall, Trusting Jesus, that is all.
I Am Trusting in His Word

It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man.—Psalm 118:8

Laura E. Newell, b. 1854

Robert M. Moon, 19th Century

1. I am trusting day by day in His Word (blessed Word); Oh, the
sweetness of His voice I have heard. Lovingly the Master called, "Come to
know each day I'm nearer my home." 'Tis the hand divine that's leading me
mag-ni-fy His name and adore. Unto Him my heart's devotion I
barque is madly toss'd on life's sea. O'er the waves I hear His words of com-
mand (His command); E'en the tempest doth His voice un-derstand.

2. I'm rejoicing in a hope as I roam (as I roam), For I
bring (gladly bring); All secured I safely rest 'neath His wing.
on (safely on), And will guide me till the shad-ows are gone.

3. Christ the fainting soul with love doth restore (doth restore); I will
trust-ing in my Lord and my King. I am trust-ing, I am

4. Christ the anchor of my soul still shall be (ever be), Tho' my
mand (His command), And my heart replied, "I'll come, Lord, to Thee."

Refrain

I am trust-ing, I am trust-ing, I am
Trust-ing in His Word, Trust-ing in His Word,

I am trust-ing, I am trust-ing, I am
and my King. I am trust-ing in His Word,
I Am Trusting in His Word

trust - -ing; All the richness of His grace I would sing.
Trust - ing in His Word;

Trust in Jesus

Let him trust in the name of the Lord.—Isa. 50:10

Faith, Trust and Assurance

C. L. Moore, 19th Century

1. Oh, any-where my Sav-iour leads, I'll put my trust in Je-sus; He
2. Tho' friends for-sake me here be-low, I'll put my trust in Je-sus; His
3. My way seems clear, I need not fear, I'll put my trust in Je-sus; For
4. O Je-sus, save me in Thy love, I'll put my trust in Je-sus; At

will sup-ply my ev'-ry need, I'll put my trust in Je-sus.
loving grace He will be-stow, I'll put my trust in Je-sus.
He's a lov-ing Friend so dear, I'll put my trust in Je-sus.
last I'll rest with Him a-bove, I'll put my trust in Je-sus.

Refrain

Trust .... Him, .... trust .... Him, Ev'er trust in Je-sus; His
Trust Him, trust Him, yes, we'll trust Him,

prom-is-es He'll ev -er keep, I'll put my trust in Je-sus.
1. I am trusting in my Saviour, With a calm and steady light;
2. I am trusting in my Saviour, Oh, how sad my life would be,
3. I am trusting in my Saviour, Faith exultant mounts above
4. Oh, how sweet to trust my Saviour, Knowing that He is a friend,

Hope is shining on my path-way, Making all things fair and bright.
But for Thy dear presence, Saviour, And to know I'm led by Thee.
This dark world and all its passions To the realms of endless love.
Who will cheer me thro' life's journey, And be with me to the end.

Refrain

I am trusting, trusting, trusting, ....... I am trusting day by day; .......
wholly trusting, day by day;

I am trusting in my Saviour, ....... To go with me all the way.
bless-ed Saviour,
Trust Your Hand into His

We trust in the living God.—I Tim. 4:10

Edwin W. Penner, b. 1924

1. O soul, you know the present and the past; All that you have been thro',
2. May-be some joy or sorrow round the bend Lies there to wrap your soul,
3. Oh, will you trust your future unto Him, Who led the men of old,
4. Then when at last you're led up the last climb; And break all earthly ties;

Yet lies before you "future" deep and vast; God only knows what
Or just a chance a helping hand to lend Some weary wandering
To lead you too, thro' valleys that are dim And tread each step as
And God Himself will welcome you sublime For ever more be-

REFRAIN

it will hold for you.
er to find the goal. He to you'll unfold? Trust your hand into His, Give your all unto Him,

neath celestial skies.

Let Him lead you all the way, Trust your hand into His.
Trust Him

The Lord ... knoweth them that trust in Him.—Nah. 1:7

1. Fear not, for God the Father Thy secret sorrow knows,
2. His eye is always watching, His ear is keen to hear;
3. Will He who feeds the sparrow Not also care for thee,
4. "I never will forsake thee!" Blest promise from His Word!

And to thy strength He tempers The coldest wind that blows.
His love is all-sufficient To calm the gravest fear.
And in the hour of sorrow Thy guide and comfort be?
Take heart, and cease repining; Believe on Christ the Lord.

Refrain

Then trust Him in shine and shade; Trust Him, be not afraid:

He's walking close beside thee; His hand will safely guide thee;

His wings securely hide thee; Then trust! Be not afraid.

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Trust and Obey

Obey My voice, and I will be your God.—Jer. 7:23

1. When we walk with the Lord
   In the light of His Word
   What a glory He sheds on our way! While we do
   His good will He abides with us still,
   drives it away; Not a doubt nor a fear,
   Not a sigh nor a tear,
   al - tar we lay; For the fa - vor He shows,
   And the joy He be - stows,
   side in the way; What He says we will do,
   Where He sends we will go—

2. Not a shad - ow can rise,
   Not a cloud in the skies,
   But His smile quickly
   drives it away; Not a doubt nor a fear,
   Not a sigh nor a tear,
   al - tar we lay; For the fa - vor He shows,
   And the joy He be - stows,
   side in the way; What He says we will do,
   Where He sends we will go—

3. But we nev - er can prove
   The de - lights of His love
   Unt - il all on the
   way To be hap - py in Je - sus,
   But to trust and o - bey.
   Can a - bide while we trust and o - bey.
   Trust and o - bey, for there's no oth - er
   Are for them who will trust and o - bey.
   Nev - er fear, on - ly trust and o - bey.

Refrain

And with all who will trust and o - bey.
Can a - bide while we trust and o - bey. Trust and o - bey, for there's no oth - er
Are for them who will trust and o - bey.
Nev - er fear, on - ly trust and o - bey.
All the Way My Saviour Leads Me

Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee.—Deut. 8:2

Fanny J. Crosby, 1820-1915
Robert Lowry, 1826-1899

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; Oh, the fulness of His love!

Can I doubt His tender mercy, Who through life has been my Guide?
Gives me grace for ev'ry trial, Feeds me with the living bread.
Per-fect rest to me is promised In my Father's house above.

Heav'nly peace, di-vin-est comfort, Here by faith in Him to dwell!
Though my wea-ry steps may fal-ter, And my soul a-thirst may be,
When my spir-it, clothed im-mor-tal, Wings its flight to realms of day,

For I know, what-e'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well; well.
Gush-ing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see; see.
This my song through endless a-ges: Je-sus led me all the way; way.
The Unseen Hand

O my God, I trust in Thee.—Psalm 25:2

A. J. Sims, 20th Century

1. There is an unseen hand to me, That leads thro' ways I cannot see; While going thro' this world of woe, This hand still leads me as I go.
2. His hand has led thro' shad-ows drear, And while it leads I have no fear. I know 'twill lead me to that home, Where sin or sorrow ne'er can come.
3. I long to see my Sav-iour's face And sing the sto-ry "Saved by Grace," And there up-on that gold-en strand, I'll praise Him for His guid-ing hand.

Refrain

I'm trust-ing to the un-seen hand, That guides me thro' this wear-y land;

And some sweet day I'll reach that strand, Still guid-ed by the un-seen hand.
Leave It There

Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass.—Psalm 37:5

Charles Albert Tindlay, 1851-1933
Arr. by Charles A. Tindlay, Jr., 20th Century

1. If the world from you withhold of its silver and its gold, And you have to get along with meager fare, Just remember, in His Word, how He soul is almost sinking in despair, Jesus knows the pain you feel, He can feeds the little bird; save and He can heal; lead you safely through; Take your burden to the Lord and leave it there. Leave it there, with you to the end;

2. If your body suffers pain and your health you can't regain, And your body bends beneath the weight of care; He will never leave you then, He'll go feeds the little bird; save and He can heal; lead you safely through; Take your burden to the Lord and leave it there. Leave it there, with you to the end;

3. When your enemies assail and your heart begins to fail, Don't forget, if your youth is going and old age is stealing on, And your soul is almost sinking in despair, Jesus knows the pain you feel, He can feeds the little bird; save and He can heal; lead you safely through; Take your burden to the Lord and leave it there. Leave it there, with you to the end;

4. When your youthful days are gone and old age is stealing on, And your soul is almost sinking in despair, Jesus knows the pain you feel, He can feeds the little bird; save and He can heal; lead you safely through; Take your burden to the Lord and leave it there. Leave it there, with you to the end;

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Hold Thou My Hand

I the Lord have called thee ... and will hold thine hand.—Isa. 42:6

Fanny J. Crosby, 1820-1915

Hubert P. Main, 1839-1925

1. Hold Thou my hand, so weak I am, and help-less,
   I dare not take one step without Thine aid;
   Hold Thou my hand, for then, O loving Saviour,
   No dread of ill shall make my soul afraid.

2. Hold Thou my hand, and closer, closer draw me
   To Thy dear self, my hope, my joy, my all;
   Hold Thou my hand, lest happily I should wander;
   And missing Thee, my trembling feet shall fall.

3. Hold Thou my hand, the way is dark before me
   Without the sunlight of Thy face divine;
   But when by faith I catch its radiant glory
   What heights of joy, what rapt'rous songs are mine!

4. Hold Thou my hand, that when I reach the margin
   Of that lone river Thou didst cross for me;
   A heavenly light may flash along its waters,
   And every wave like crystal bright shall be.
Anywhere with Jesus

I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me.—Psalm 23:4

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 shadows round about me creep; Knowing I shall waken never joys would fade; Anywhere with Jesus I am not afraid. dreary ways, Anywhere with Jesus is a house of praise. more to roam, Anywhere with Jesus will be home, sweet home.

Refrain

Anywhere! anywhere! Fear I cannot know;

Anywhere with Jesus I can safely go.
Lean on His Arms

God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting Arms.—Deut. 33:27

Lewis E. Jones, 1865-1936

1. Just lean up-on the arms of Je-sus, He'll help you a-long,
   help you a-long; If you will trust His love un-fail-ing, He'll

2. Just lean up-on the arms of Je-sus, He'll bright-en the way,
   bright-en the way; Just fol-low glad-ly where He lead-eth, His

3. Just lean up-on the arms of Je-sus, O bring ev'-ry care,
   bring ev'-ry care! The bur-den that has seemed so heav-y, Take

4. Just lean up-on the arms of Je-sus, Then leave all to Him,
   leave all to Him; His heart is full of love and mer-cy, His

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fill your heart with song. Lean on His arms, trust-ing in His love;

gen-tle voice o bey. Lean on His arms, ful-ly

to the Lord in pray'r. Lean up-on His arms, all His mer-cies prove;
eyes are nev-er dim. Lean up-on His arms and

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The Promises of God

All the promises . . . in Him are yea.—II Cor. 1:20

Lanta Wilson Smith, 19th Century

1. I was wand’ring in a wilderness of deep despair and sin, And my feet were growing weary of the road; But my sorrow, doubt and care fled, when Jesus met me there, and I learned to trust the promises of God.

2. I was follow’d by the tempter, as he watch’d me day by day, While I sought the shining path my Saviour trod; But with pansy and shield, and the heart so torn by grief, found its comfort and relief, only through the blessed promises of God.

3. After days of joyful dreaming came a time of grief and care, When I sank beneath the heavy chastening rod; And the heart so torn by grief, found its brightened every step my feet have trod; And this shining happy way brightens into perfect day, thro’ the never failing promises of God.

4. So I pave the way before me with the promises of God; They have feet were growing weary of the road; But my sorrow, doubt and care fled, when Jesus met me there, and I learned to trust the promises of God.

Refrain

I believe the promises of God, I can trust His never failing Word;

When earthly hopes shall fail, or hosts of sin assail, I rest upon the promises of God.
The Lord Is My Shepherd

From Psalm 23

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want; He mak-eth me down to
2. My soul cri-eth out: "Re-store me a-gain, And give me the strength to
3. Yea, tho’ I should walk the val-ley of death, Yet why should I fear from

lie In pas-tures green, He lead-eth me The qui-et wa-ters by.
take The nar-row path of right-eous-ness, E’en for His own name’s sake.
ill? For Thou art with me, and Thy rod And staff me com-fort still.

Refrain

His yoke is eas-y, His bur-den is light, I’ve found it so, I’ve found it so;

He lead-eth me by day and by night, Where liv-ing wa-ters flow.
Standing on the Promises

All the promises of God in Him are yea, and in Him Amen.—II Cor. 1:20

R. Kelso Carter, 1849-1928

1. Standing on the promises of Christ my King, Through eternal ages
2. Standing on the promises that cannot fail, When the howling storms of
3. Standing on the promises of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him eternal-
4. Standing on the promises I cannot fall, Listening every moment

let His praises ring; Glory in the highest, I will shout and sing,
doubt and fear as sail, By the living word of God I shall prevail,
ly by love's strong cord, Overcoming daily with the Spirit's sword,
to the Spirit's call, Resting in my Saviour, as my all in all,

Refrain

Standing on the promises of God. Standing, standing,
Standing on the promises, standing on the promises,

Standing on the promises of God my Saviour; Standing,
Standing on the promises,

I'm standing on the promises of God.
What God Hath Promised

The Lord will give you, according as He hath promised.—Exodus 12:25

Annie Johnson Flint, 1866-1932
William M. Runyan, 1870-1957

1. God hath not promised skies always blue, Flow-er-strewn path-ways all our lives through; God hath not promised sun without rain, trouble and woe; He hath not told us we shall not bear

2. God hath not promised we shall not know Toil and tem-p-ta-tion, need-ing no guide; Nev-er a moun-tain rock-y and steep,


Refrain

Joy with-out sor-row, peace with-out pain. But God hath prom-ised


strength for the day, Rest for the la-bor, light for the way, Grace for the
I Know God's Promise Is True

The promise is unto you, and to your children.—Acts 2:39

Lelia N. Morris, 1862-1929

1. For God so loved this sinful world, His Son He freely gave,
2. I was a wayward, wand'ring child, A slave to sin and fear,
3. The "who-so-ever" of the Lord, I trusted was for me;
4. Eternal life, begun below, Now fills my heart and soul;

That who-so-ever would believe, Eternal life should have.
Until this blessed promise fell Like music on my ear.
I took Him at His gracious word, From sin He set me free.
I'll sing His praise for evermore, Who has re-deemed my soul.

Refrain

'Tis true, oh, yes, 'tis true, . . . . . . . God's wonderful promise is true;
the promise is true,

For I've trusted, and tested, and tried it, And I know God's promise is true . . . . . . .
'tis true.
Blessed Assurance

He is faithful that promised.—Heb. 10:23

Blessed Assurance

1. Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glory divine!
   Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
burst on my sight; Angels descending bring from above
happy and blest; Watching and waiting, looking above,
glory divine! Heir of salvation, purchase of God,

Refrain

Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood.
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love. This is my story,
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

2. Perfect submission, perfect delight, Visions of rapture now this is my song, Praising my Saviour all the day long; This is my

3. Perfect submission, all is at rest, I in my Saviour am story, this is my song, Praising my Saviour all the day long.

Fanny J. Crosby, 1820-1915
Phoebe P. Knapp, 1839-1908
I Know Whom I Have Believed

II Timothy 1:12

Daniel W. Whittle, 1840-1901

James McGranahan, 1840-1907

1. I know not why God's wondrous grace To me He hath made known,
2. I know not how this saving faith To me He did impart,
3. I know not how the Spirit moves, Convincing men of sin,
4. I know not when my Lord may come, At night or noon-day fair,

Nor why, unworthy, Christ in love Redeemed me for His own. 
Nor how believing in His Word Wrought peace within my heart. 
Revealing Jesus through the Word, Creating faith in Him. 
Nor if I'll 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."
I Know I Love Thee Better, Lord

Behold, the half was not told me.—I Kings 10:7

Frances R. Havergal, 1836-1879
Ralph E. Hudson, 1843-1901

1. I know I love Thee better, Lord, Than any earthly joy;
   For Thou hast given me the peace Which nothing can destroy.
   And sweeter is the thought of Thee, Than any love-ly song.
   If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with Thee?

2. I know that Thou art nearer still Than any earthly throng;
   The half has never yet been told Of love so full and free!
   The half has never yet been told, The blood—it cleans-eth me!
   Cleans-eth me!

3. O Saviour, precious Saviour mine! What will Thy presence be,
   Yet been told
   Of

Refrain

The half has never yet been told Of
   The blood—it cleans-eth me!
   Cleans-eth me!

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1. Be not dismayed what-e’er be-tide, God will take care of you;
2. Through days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro-vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat-ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;

Be-neath His wings of love a-bide, God will take care of you.
When dan-gers fierce your path as-sail, God will take care of you.
Noth-ing you ask will be de-nied, God will take care of you.
Lean, wea-ry one, up-on His breast, God will take care of you.

Refrain

God will take care of you, Through ev’ry day, O’er all the way;

He will take care of you, God will take care of you... take care of you.
Not Made with Hands

We know . . . we have . . . an house not made with hands.—II Cor. 5:1

1. Christ went a building to prepare, Not made with hands;
2. Put on the armor of our God, Not made with hands;
3. Keep fighting sin, that awful foe, Not made with hands;
4. That city's built with precious stone, Not made with hands;

And 'twill be decked with jewels rare, Not made with hands.
And take the path our Captain trod, Not made with hands.
Until you hear the trumpet blow, Not made with hands.
Within we'll gather 'round the throne, Not made with hands.

Refrain

I know, I know, I know, I have another building;
I know, I know, I know, Not made with hands.
The Solid Rock

The Lord is my defence; and my God is the rock of my refuge.—Psalm 94:22

Edward Mote, 1797-1874

William B. Bradbury, 1816-1868

1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness; I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly my hope and stay.

2. When darkness seems to veil His face, I rest on His unchanging grace; In every high and stormy gale, My anchor holds within the vail. On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand; All other ground is sinking sand, All other ground is sinking sand.

3. His oath, His covenant, and blood, Support me in the tempests of the sea; If I but trust in Jesus' blood, In Him be found; Clad in His righteousness alone, Faultless to stand before the throne.

4. When He shall come with trumpet sound, O, may I then in righteousness I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly trust in Jesus' blood and righteousness; I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly my hope and stay.

Refrain

lean on Jesus' name.
holds within the vail. On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand; All my hope and stay. stand before the throne.
Will Your Anchor Hold?

1. Will your anchor hold in the storms of life, When the clouds unfold?
2. It is safely moored, 'twill the storm withstand, For 'tis well secured.
3. It will firmly hold in the straits of fear, When the breakers have told.
4. When our eyes behold through the gathering night The city of gold,

Refrain

Will your anchor drift, or firm remain? Can defy the blast, thro' strength divine. We have an anchor that
Not an angry wave shall our bark overflow. With the storms all past for evermore.

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.

An anchor of the soul, both sure and stedfast.—Heb. 6:19

Priscilla J. Owens, 1829-1899
William J. Kirkpatrick, 1838-1921
When Peace, Like a River

Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you.—John 14:27

Horatio G. Stafford, 1828-1888
Philip P. Bliss, 1838-1876

1. When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
2. Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,
3. My sin—O the bliss of this glorious thought—
4. O Lord, haste the day when my faith shall be sight,

When sorrows like sea billows roll; What-er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say, It is well, it is well with my soul.
Let this blest assurance control, That Christ hath gard-ed my help-less estate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
My sin—not in part, but the whole, Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no more— Praise the Lord, praise the sound, and the Lord shall de-scend, "E-ven so"—It is well with my soul.
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll, The trump shall re-flect its own light, And the Lord shall de-scend, "E-ven so"—It is well with my soul.

Refrain

well with my soul.
Lord, O my soul!

It is well with my soul.
When Peace, Like a River

To Thy Pastures, Fair and Large

The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.—Psalm 23:1

James Merrick, 1720-1796

Henri A. Caesar Malan, 1787-1864

1. To Thy pastures, fair and large, Heav’n-ly Shepherd,
2. When I faint with summer’s heat, Thou shalt guide my
3. Safe the dreary vale I tread, By the shades of
4. Constant to my latest end, Thou my footsteps

lead Thy charge; And myouch with tenderest care, Midst the
weary feet To the streams, that, still and slow, Thro’ the
death o’er-spread, With Thy rod and staff supplied— This my
shall at tend; Thou shalt bid Thy hallowed dome Yield me

Midst the springing grass prepare, This my guard, and that my guide,
verdant meadows flow, Thro’ the verdant meadows flow,
guard, and that my guide, This my guard, and that my guide,
an eternal home, Yield me an eternal home.
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 blood, O my Saviour, Is sufficient for me; For Thy promise is glorified beings, In pure garments of white; Where no evil thing

2. Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea, But Thy kingdom, With its pages so fair, Tell me, Jesus, my Saviour, Is my written, In bright letters that glow; "Thou' your sins be as scarlet, I will cometh To despoil what is fair; Where the angels are watching, Is my

3. Oh! that beautiful city, With its mansions of light, With its

Refrain

name written there? Is my name written there, On the page white and fair? name written there?

In the book of Thy kingdom, Is my name written there?
He Knoweth the Way that I Take

He knoweth the way that I take.—Job 23:10

Elisha A. Hoffman, 1839-1929
Charles Edwin Pollock, b. 1853

With expression.

1. He know-eth the way that I take, And nev-er His child will for-sake,
2. He know-eth the way that I take, He will not His cov-e-nant break;
3. He know-eth the way that I take, And hap-py my life He will make;

But He will be with me each day, And for me will light up the way.
His love will be faith-ful and true, And dai-ly its blessings re-new.
My side He is con-stant-ly near, To fill me with com-fort and cheer.

Refrain

The way that I take He know-eth, And to me His love He show-eth; With-

in me His im-age grow-eth, And so I am hap-py al-way.

FAITH, TRUST AND ASSURANCE
Thou Thinkest, Lord, of Me

The Lord thinketh upon me.—Psalm 40:17

1. A - mid the tri - als which I meet, A - mid the thorns that pierce my feet,
2. The cares of life come thronging fast, Up - on my soul their shad - ow cast;
3. Let shadows come, let shad - ows go, Let life be bright or dark with woe,

One thought re - mains su - preme-ly sweet, Thou think - est, Lord, of me!
Their gloom re - minds my heart at last, Thou think - est, Lord, of me!
I am con - tent for this I know, Thou think - est, Lord, of me!

D.S. — What need I fear since Thou art near, And think - est, Lord, of me!

Refrain

D.S.

Thou think-est, Lord, of me, Thou think-est, Lord, of me!

How Gentle God's Commands

His commandments are not grievous.—1 John 5:3

1. How gen - tle God's com - mands! How kind His pre - cepts are!
2. Be -neath His watch - ful eye His saints se - cure - ly dwell;
3. Why should this anx - ious load Press down your wea - r y mind?
4. His good - ness stands ap - proved, Un - changed from day to day;
How Gentle God's Commands

Come, cast your burdens on the Lord, And trust His constant care. That hand which bears all nature up, Shall guard His children well. Haste to your heav'n-ly Father's throne, And sweet refreshment find. Come, drop your burden at His feet, And bear a song away.

The Lord of Glory

1. The Lord of glory is my light, And my salvation too;
2. One privilege my heart desires, Oh, grant me an abode
3. There shall I offer my requests, And see Thy beauty still;

God is my strength; nor will I fear What all my foes can do...
A- mong the churches of Thy saints, The temples of my God!
Shall hear Thy mes- sages of love, And there inquire Thy will.
D.S.—God has a strong pavilion, where He makes my soul abide.

Refrain

When troubles rise and storms appear, There may His children hide...

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748
T. B. Mosley, 19th Century
O Father, Lead Us

I am the Lord thy God . . . which leadeth thee.—Isa. 48:17

Alice Jean Cleator, 19th Century

With spirit

George C. Hugg, 1848-1907

1. O Father, lead us Gently by the hand, Thro' sun and shadow of the future land! Dim and un-traveled Lies the lead us All along our way! Help us to ever closer way before: O Father, lead us, Lead us ever more! walk to Thee, Thro' ways of darkness Where we cannot see!

REFRAIN

Fears oft fright us! Doubt-ings walk before!

O heav'n-ly Father, lead us, Now, and ever more.
Precious Promise

I will guide thee with Mine eye.—Psalm 32:8

Nathaniel Niles, b. 1835

Philip P. Bliss, 1838-1876

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 perished 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 heaven, "I will guide thee with Mine eye."
Let this promise ring within thee, "I will guide thee with Mine eye."
Let this promise still be cherished, "I will guide thee with Mine eye."
Hear the trust-y Pilot calling, "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 way from earth to heaven, I will guide thee with Mine eye.

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Just As Seemeth Good to Thee

1. Choose my path, O blessed Saviour, Let me, trusting, lean on Thee;
2. Let Thy wisdom guide me ever, For I dare not trust my own;
3. Life is full of cares perplexing, And alone I lose the way;

Order Thou life's joys and duties, Just as seem-eth good to Thee.
Lead Thou me in tender mercy, Leave me not to walk alone.
Keep me near to Thee, dear Saviour, Choose for me the path, I pray.

Refrain

Just as seem-eth good to Thee, Just as seem-eth good to Thee;

Order Thou my steps, dear Saviour, Just as seem-eth good to Thee.
Where He Leads I’ll Follow

My sheep hear My voice, . . . and they follow Me.—John 10:27

William A. Ogden, 1841-1897

1. Sweet are the promises, Kind is the word; Dearer far than any message man ever heard; Pure was the mind of Christ, any love that mortals have known; Kind to the erring one, laden, there is sweet rest for thee; Trust in His promises,

2. Sweet is the tender love Jesus hath shown, Sweet-er far than any less, I see; He the great example is, and pattern for me. Faith-ful is He; He the great ex-ample is, and pattern for me. Faith-ful and sure; Lean upon the Saviour and thy soul is secure.

3. List to His loving words, ‘Come unto Me!’ Weary, heavily

Refrain

Where He leads I’ll follow, where He leads I’ll follow,

Follow all the way; Follow Jesus everyday.
He Leadeth Me

For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand.—Isa. 41:13

Joseph H. Gilmore, 1834-1918
William B. Bradbury, 1816-1868

1. He lead-eth me: O bless-ed tho’t! O words with heav’nly comfort fraught!
2. Sometimes ’mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden’s bow-ers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev-er mur-mur nor re-pine;
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic-t’ry’s won,

What-e’er I do, wher-e’er I be, Still ’tis God’s hand that lead-eth me.
By wa-ters calm—o’er troubled sea,—Still ’tis His hand that lead-eth me.
Con-tent, what-ev-er lot I see, Since ’tis my God that lead-eth me.
E’en death’s cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro’ Jor-dan lead-eth me.

Refrain

He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me; By His own hand He lead-eth me:

His faith-ful fol-l’wer I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.
1. Saviour, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy tenderest care;
2. We are Thine, do Thou befriend us, Be the guardian of our way;
3. Thou hast promised to receive us, Poor and sinful tho' we be;
4. Early let us seek Thy favor, Early let us do Thy will;

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 Lord and only Saviour, With Thy love our bosoms fill:

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 loved us, love us still,

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 loved us, love us still.
Lead Me Safely On

The Spirit . . . will guide you into all truth.—John 16:13

J. H. Leslie, 19th Century

Lead me safely on by the narrow way
From the shores of time to the realms of day;
By the cross of Christ may I ever stand,
As I journey on to the better land.

With a Shepherd’s care thro’ the night and day,
Keep me close to tender love, Thro’ this world of sin
‘Mid the ocean’s foam, Lead me safely on
To my heavenly home; At the fount of life
To the realms of endless day.

Thro’ the storms of life, Keep me close to
Mid the ocean’s foam, Lead me safely on
To my heavenly home; At the fount of life
To the realms of endless day.

Leads me on, Lead me on, lead me on,
By the strait and narrow way;

Leads me on, lead me on, lead me on,
To the realms of endless day.
Follow the Path of Jesus

Leaving us an example, that ye should follow His steps.—I Pet. 2:21

Source Unknown

From Hymns and Tunes, 1890

1. Follow the path of Jesus, Walk where His footsteps lead;
2. Cling to the hand of Jesus, All through the day and night;
3. Take up the cross of Jesus, Sharing the shame He bore;

Keep in His beam-ing presence, Ev'ry counsel heed;
Dark though the way and dreary, He will guide you right;
Self and the world denying, Love the Saviour more;

Watch, while the hours are flying, Read-y some good to do;
Live for the good of others, Help-less, op-pressed and wrong;
Tell all the world of Jesus, Think of their gloom and loss,

Quick, while His voice is call-ing, Yield o-be-dience true!
Lift them from depths of sorrow, In His strength be strong!
Tell of His great sal-va-tion, Glo-ry in His cross.
Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah

Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel.—Psalm 73:24

William Williams, 1717-1791

Thomas Hastings, 1784-1872

1. Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah, Pilgrim thro' this barren land; I am weak, but Thou art mighty, Hold me with Thy powerful hand; Bread of heaven, fervent, cloud-y pil-lar, Lead me all my journey thro'; Strong Deliverer, thro' the swelling current, Land me safe on Canaan's side; Songs of praises Feed me till I want no more; Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.

2. Open now the crystal fountain, Whence the healing waters flow; Let the weak, but Thou art mighty, Hold me with Thy powerful hand; Bread of heaven, fervent, cloud-y pil-lar, Lead me all my journey thro'; Strong Deliverer, thro' the swelling current, Land me safe on Canaan's side; Songs of praises Feed me till I want no more; Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.

3. When I tread the verge of Jordan, Bid my anxious fears subside; Bear me weak, but Thou art mighty, Hold me with Thy powerful hand; Bread of heaven, fervent, cloud-y pil-lar, Lead me all my journey thro'; Strong Deliverer, thro' the swelling current, Land me safe on Canaan's side; Songs of praises Feed me till I want no more; Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.

4. Bread of heaven, feed me till I want no more; Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.

5. Be Thou still my strength and shield; Strong Deliverer, Be Thou still my strength and shield. I will ev-er give to Thee, Songs of praises I will ev-er give to Thee.

Jesus, Still Lead On

For Thy name's sake lead me, and guide me.—Psalm 31:3

Nicolaus L. von Zinzendorf, 1700-1760

Trans. by Jane L. Borthwick, 1813-1897

Adam Drese, 1620-1701

1. Jesus, still lead on, Till our rest be won, And although the way be cheerless, If the way be drear, If the foe be near, Let not faithless fears o'ertake us, When we seek relief From a long-felt grief, When oppressed by new temptations,

2. Jesus, still lead on, Till our rest be won, And although the way be cheerless, If the way be drear, If the foe be near, Let not faithless fears o'ertake us, When we seek relief From a long-felt grief, When oppressed by new temptations,

3. Jesus, still lead on, Till our rest be won; Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Jesus, Still Lead On

We will follow, calm and fearless; Guide us by Thy hand To our father-land. 
Let not faith and hope forsake us, For, thro' many a woe, To our home we go. 
Lord, increase and perfect patience; Show us that bright shore Where we weep no more. 
Still support, console, protect us, Till we safely stand In our father-land.

Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me

1. Jesus, Saviour, pilot me Over life's tempestuous sea; 
2. As a mother stills her child, Thou canst hush the ocean wild; 
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fearful breakers roar

Un-known waves before me roll, Hiding rock and treach'rous shoal; 
Bois-t'rous waves obey Thy will When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!" 
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while leaning on Thy breast,

Chart and compass came from Thee: Jesus, Saviour, pilot me. 
Wonderous Sov'reign of the sea, Jesus, Saviour, pilot me. 
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pilot thee." Amen.
Ever Lead Me

Even there shall Thy hand lead me.—Psalm 139:10

B. Elliott Warren, 1867-1951

1. Out on this dark world, Saviour, am I; Be Thou my helper,
2. Hope of my heart, Lord, Strength of my soul, Guide Thou my footsteps
3. Calm Thou the wild storm, Clear up the way; Keep me from falling

Oh, hear my cry. Thou art my portion, All is in Thee, Oh, let Thy
And keep me whole. My grace and fortress, Lord, Thou wilt be, Oh, let Thy
By night and day. Trav'ling to glory, Walking with Thee, Oh, let Thy

Refrain

might-y hand ev-er lead me.
might-y hand ev-er lead me. Wilt Thou lead me by the hand?
might-y hand ev-er lead me.

Oh, Happy Is the Man

Her ways are ways of pleasantness.—Prov. 3:17

Michael Bruce, 1746-1767, Alt.
L. C. Everett, 1818-1867

Moderato

1. Oh, happy is the man who hears Instruction's warning voice, And who ce-
2. For she hath treasures greater far Than east and west un-fold; And her re-
3. In her right hand is length of days For those who heed her voice; Her left hand
4. She guides the young with innocence In pleasure's paths to tread; A crown of
5. According as her labors rise, So her rewards increase; Her ways are
Oh, Happy Is the Man

GUIDANCE AND KEEPING

les-tial wisdom makes His ear-ly, on-ly choice, His ear-ly, on-ly choice,
wards more precious are Than all their stores of gold, Than all their stores of gold.
of-fers wealth and praise To make her sons re-joice, To make her sons re-joice.
glo-ry she be-stows Up-on the hoar-y head, Up-on the hoar-y head.
ways of pleas-ant-ness, And all her paths are peace, And all her paths are peace.

Take Thou My Hand and Lead Me

Lead me, O Lord, in Thy righteousness.—Psalm 5:8

Julie K. Hausmann, 1825-1901
Trans. by Rudolph A. John, 1859-1938
Friedrich Silcher, 1789-1860

1. Take Thou my hand and lead me Un-to the end; In life and death I
need Thee, O bless-ed Friend; I can-not live with-out Thee For one brief
ra-ges I need not fear; Close by Thy side a-bid- ing I fear no
strengthen And bring me home. Take Thou my hand and lead me Un-to the

day; Lord, be Thou ev-er near me, And lead the way.
foe, While Thy strong hand is guid-ing Life hath no woe.

Send Me Light

1. Lord, give me light to do Thy work, For only, Lord, from Thee
2. The way is narrow, often dark, With lights and shadows strown;
3. Oh, send me light to do Thy work! More light, more wisdom give;
4. The work is Thine, not mine, O Lord; It is Thy race we run;

Can come the light, by which these eyes The way of life can see.
I wander oft, and think it Thine, When walking in my own.
Then shall I work Thy work indeed, While on Thine earth I live.
Give light! and then shall all I do Be well and truly done.

Refrain

Send me light! Send me light! Light along the toil-some way!
Send me light! Send me light!

Send me light, dear Lord, that I may labor on, Till I rest in eternal day.

Christ shall give thee light.—Eph. 5:14

Horatius Bonar, 1808-1889
George C. Hugg, 1848-1907
Keep Me Near Thee

Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life.—John 6:68
William J. Henry, 1867-1955
B. Elliott Warren, 1867-1915

1. Keep me near Thee, blessed Jesus, Keep me near Thee lest I stray;
2. Keep me near Thee, precious Saviour, Many snares are by the way:
3. Help me live so near Thee, Jesus, That Thy whispers I may hear;
4. Draw me nearer, blessed Jesus, Close-ly fold me to Thy breast;

With Thy mighty hand uphold me, Lead me gently all the way.
'Neath Thy balm-y wings protect me, Draw me nearer Thee each day.
Let me feel Thy arms around me, When the hand of danger's near.
Pil-lowed on Thy loving bosom, Let me ever sweetly rest.

REFRAIN

Life without Thee would be dreary; Cheer-less all my path would be;

But while walking in Thy presence, Heaven's glory shines on me.
I Remember Calvary

W. C. Martin, 19th Century

1. Where He may lead me I will go, For I have learned to trust Him so,
   And I remember 'twas for me, That He was slain on Calvary.
   His divine will is sweet to me, Hallowed by bloodstained Calvary.
   Trusting that I some-day shall see Jesus my Friend of Calvary.

2. I delight in His command, Love to be led by His dear hand;
   Jesus shall lead me night and day, Jesus shall lead me all the way;
   He is the truest Friend to me, For I remember Calvary.

3. Onward I go, nor doubt nor fear, Happy with Christ my Saviour near,
   Jesus shall lead me night and day, Jesus shall lead me all the way;
   He is the truest Friend to me, For I remember Calvary.
Footprints of Jesus

Order my steps in Thy word.—Psalm 119:133

Mary B. C. Slade, 1826-1882
Asa Brooks Everett, 1828-1875

1. Sweet - ly, Lord, have we heard Thee call - ing, Come, fol - low me!
2. Tho' they lead o'er the cold, dark mountains, Seek - ing His sheep;
3. If they lead thro' the tem - ple ho - ly, Preach - ing the Word;
4. Then at last, when on high He sees us, Our jour - ney done,

And we see where Thy foot - prints fall - ing, Lead us to Thee.
Or a - long by Si - lo - am's foun - tains, Help - ing the weak.
Or in homes of the poor and low - ly, Serv - ing the Lord.
We will rest where the steps of Je - sus End at His throne.

REFRAIN

Foot - prints of Je - sus, that make the path - way glow;

We will fol - low the steps of Je - sus wher - e'er they go.
Jesus, Lover of My Soul

The Lord . . . is my refuge.—Psalm 91:9

Charles Wesley, 1707-1788

1. Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to Thy bosom fly,
    While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high:
    Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
    Safe into the haven guide, O receive my soul at last.

2. Other refuge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
    Leave, oh, leave me not alone, Still support and comfort me.
    Raise the fallen, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
    Cover my defenceless head With the shadow of Thy wing.

3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;
    Let the healing streams abound; Make and keep me pure within.
    Just and holy is Thy name, I am all unrighteousness;
    False, and full of sin, I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.

4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to pardon all my sin;
    Let the healing streams abound; Make and keep me pure within.
    Thou of life the fountain art, Freely let me take of Thee;
    Spring Thou up within my heart, Rise to all eternity.

Simeon B. Marsh, 1798-1875
He Hideth My Soul

Hide me under the shadow of Thy wings.—Psalm 17:8

Fanny J. Crosby, 1820-1915
William J. Kirkpatrick, 1838-1921

1. A wonderful Saviour is Jesus my Lord, A wonderful
2. A wonderful Saviour is Jesus my Lord, He taketh my
3. With numberless blessings each moment He crowns, And, filled with His
4. When clothed in His brightness, transported I rise To meet Him in

Saviour to me; He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock, Where
burden away; He holdeth me up, and I shall not be moved, He
fullness divine, I sing in my rapture, oh, glory to God For
clouds of the sky, His perfect salvation, His wonderful love, I'll

refrain

rivers of pleasure I see. He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock
such a Redeemer as mine! shout with the millions on high.

That shadows a dry, thirsty 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.
The Cleft of the Rock

Thou art my hiding place.—Psalm 32:7

1. There's a cleft in the Rock of Ages, Where my soul may safely hide While the storms of life are raging And the billows roll o'er the tide.

2. There is peace for the soul that hideth In the Rock that is higher than I, For the soul that only confideth And the come for rest, Come to Him who only can cheer thee, To the cleft of the Rock will try, dear loving Saviour's breast. Oh, the cleft of the Rock, Oh, the cleft of the Rock,

3. Oh, soul, thou who now art weary, To the Rock do ly hide While the storms of life are raging And the higher than I, For the soul that only confideth And the come for rest, Come to Him who only can cheer thee, To the cleft of the Rock will try, dear loving Saviour's breast. Oh, the cleft of the Rock, Oh, the cleft of the Rock,

Refrain

Where my soul may securely, may securely hide, While the storms of life are raging, And the billows roll o'er the tide.
In the Rifted Rock I'm Resting

These things have I spoken unto you, that in Me ye might have peace.—John 16:33

Mary D. James, 1810-1883

William W. Bentley, 19th Century

1. In the rift-ed Rock I'm rest-ing, Safe-ly shel-tered, I a- bide;
2. Long pur-sued by sin and Sa-tan, Wea-ry, sad, I longed for rest;
3. Peace, which passeth un-der-stand-ing, Joy, the world can nev-er give,
4. In the rift-ed Rock I'll hide me, Till the storms of life are past,

There no foes nor storms mo- lest me, While with-in the cleft I hide.
Then I found this heav'n-ly shel-ter, O-pened in my Saviour's breast.
Now in Je-sus I am find-ing; In His smiles of love I live.
All se-cure in this blest ref- uge, Heed-ing not the fierce-est blast.

Refrain

Now I'm rest-ing, sweet-ly rest-ing, In the cleft once made for me:


In the Rifted Rock I'm Resting

REFUGE

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1. Hide me, O my Saviour, hide me
In Thy holy place;

2. Hide me, when the storm is raging
O'er life's troubled sea;

3. Hide me, when my heart is breaking
With its weight of woe;

Resting there beneath Thy glory, O let me see Thy face.
Like a dove on ocean's billows, O let me fly to Thee.
When in tears I seek the comfort Thou canst alone bestow.

Refrain

Hide me, hide me, O blessed Saviour, hide me;
Hide me, hide me, safely hide me,

O Saviour, keep me safely, O Lord, with Thee.
O my Saviour, keep Thou me,
Hide Thou Me

Thou art my hiding place.—Psalm 32:7

Fanny J. Crosby, 1820-1915

Robert Lowry, 1826-1899

1. In Thy cleft, O Rock of Ages, Hide Thou me; When the
   2. From the snare of sinful pleasure, Hide Thou me; Thou, my
   3. In the lonely night of sorrow, Hide Thou me; Till in

   fitful tempest rages, Hide Thou me; Where no
   soul's eternal treasure, Hide Thou me; When the
   gro - ry dawns the mor - row, Hide Thou me; In the

   mortal arm can sever From my heart Thy love for-
   world its pow'r is wield - ing And my heart is almost
   sight of Jordan's bil - low, Let Thy bos - om be my

   ev - er, Hide me, O Thou Rock of Ages, Safe in Thee.
   yield - ing, Hide me, O Thou Rock of Ages, Safe in Thee.
   pil - low; Hide me, O Thou Rock of Ages, Safe in Thee.
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 whatever ill betide, A shelter in the time of storm.
No fears alarm, no foes afright, 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.
Closer Cling to Jesus

[He] exhorted them all, that ... they would cleave unto the Lord.—Acts 11:23

1. Do life's storms above thee roll? Closer cling to Jesus;
2. Are there griefs that bow thee low? Closer cling to Jesus;
3. Are thy days full often drear? Closer cling to Jesus;

There is refuge for thy soul, Closer cling to Jesus.
He thine every care doth know, Closer cling to Jesus.
He will give thee joy and cheer, Closer cling to Jesus.

Nearer pressing to His side, 'Neath His wing securely hide,
Do not stand apart and grieve, At His feet thy burden leave;
Trust Him, love Him, to Him cling, Crown Him evermore thy King;

 Safely in His love abide, Closer cling to Jesus.
Ask, and His strong help receive, Closer cling to Jesus.
Gladness, peace and rest 'twill bring, Closer cling to Jesus.

Ida L. Reed, b. 1865
George C. Hugg, 1848-1907
0 Sometimes the Shadows Are Deep

Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.—Psalm 61:2

1. O sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal,
   And sorrows, sometimes how they sweep Like tempests down o-ver the soul!
   But toil-ing in life's dust-y way, The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!
   Or climb-ing the moun-tain way steep, Or walk-ing the shadow-y vale.

2. O sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how wea-ry my feet;
   O then to the Rock let me fly, To the Rock that is high-er than I;
   O then to the Rock let me fly, To the Rock that is high-er than I.

3. O near to the Rock let me keep, If bless-ings or sor-rows pre-vail;
   Or climb-ing the moun-tain way steep, Or walk-ing the shadow-y vale.

Refrain

To the Rock that is high-er than I;
O then to the Rock let me
fly, let me fly To the Rock that is high-er than I.
Jesus, Lover of My Soul

Who loved me, and gave Himself for me.—Gal. 2:20

Charles Wesley, 1707-1788

Joseph P. Holbrook, 1822-1888

1. Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to Thy bosom fly,
   While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high.
   Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
   Safe into the haven guide, O receive my soul at last.

2. Other refuge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
   Leave, oh, leave me not alone, Still support and comfort me.
   All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
   Cov' er my defenseless head With the shadow of Thy wing.

3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;
   Raise the fallen, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
   Just and holy is Thy name, I am all unrighteousness;
   False, and full of sin, I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.

4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to pardon all my sin;
   Let the healing streams abound; Make and keep me pure within.
   Thou of life the fountain art, Freely let me take of Thee;
   Spring Thou up within my heart, Rise to all eternity.
Give Me a Foothold

And that Rock was Christ.—1 Cor. 10:4

Thomas MacKellar, 1812-1899

Henry S. Rupp, 1826-1898

1. Give me a foothold on the Rock; The billows round me roll;

2. Give me a foothold on the Rock, O Saviour of the lost!

3. Give me a foothold on the Rock, Till voices 'yond the sea,

Let not their wild impetuous shock O'erwhelm my trembling soul.
The world and sin my struggles mock, And I am tempest-tost.
Like evening chimings of the clock, Bid welcome home to me.

O Thou that walk-est on the wave, Thou Ruler of the sea,
I strive to reach an anchoring place; My God, give me a stay;
The day of toil and watching o'er, The night of sorrow past,

Stretch forth Thy mighty arm to save The soul that calls on Thee.
Extend to me Thy hand of grace, Lest I be cast away.
I step up on the eternal shore, And rest in peace at last.
Where Could I Go?

Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life.—John 6:68

James B. Coats, 1902-1961

Where could I go but to the Lord? Where could I go, O

1. Liv - ing be - low in this old sin - ful world, Hard - ly a com - fort can af - ford; Striv - ing a - lone to face temp - ta - tions sore, sweet ac - cord; But when my soul needs man - na from a - bove, God's own Word; Yet when I face the chill - ing hand of death,

2. Neighbors are kind, I love them ev - 'ry one, We get a - long in where could I go, Seek - ing a ref - uge for my soul? Need - ing a friend to save me in the end, Where could I go, but to the Lord?

3. Life here is grand with friends I love so dear, Com - fort I get from

Refrain

Where could I go but to the Lord? Where could I go, O


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1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;
2. Not the labor of my hands Can ful-fill the law's demands;
3. Nothing in my hands I bring, Sim-ply to Thy cross I cling;
4. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my heart-strings break in death,

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

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

1. Je-sus my Sav-iour, Look Thou on me, Here I but wander Far, far, from Thee;
2. I'm but a stran-ger, Sad-ly I roam, Thro' a strange country, Far from my home;
3. Lead me, my Sav-iour, Show me the way, That I may nev-er Far from Thee stray;

Fast to Thine Arm

1. Jesus my Saviour, Look Thou on me, Here I but wander Far, far, from Thee;
2. I'm but a stranger, Sadly I roam, Thro' a strange country, Far from my home;
3. Lead me, my Saviour, Show me the way, That I may never Far from Thee stray;
**Fast to Thine Arm**

I am so weary, Sighing for rest, Bless me, my Saviour, Come to my breast.

Pity my weakness, Strengthen my feet, That I may journey To rest complete.

I fear no danger. No rude alarm, While I am clinging, Fast to Thine arm.

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**Hiding in Thee**

1. O safe to the Rock that is higher than I, My soul in its
2. In the calm of the noon-tide, in sorrow's lone hour, In times when temp-
3. How oft in the conflict, when pressed by the foe, I have fled to my

conflicts and sorrows would fly; So sinful, so weary, Thine,
tation casts o'er me its pow'r; In the tempests of life, on its
Refuge and breathed out my woe; How oft, when trials like

Thine would I be; Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in Thee.
wide, heaving sea, Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in Thee.
sea-bil-lows roll, Have I hidden in Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul.

**REFRAIN**

The Haven of Rest

He bringeth them unto their desired haven.—Psalm 107:30

Henry L. Gilmour, 1836-1920

George D. Moore, 19th Century

1. My soul in sad exile was out on life's sea, So
2. I yield-ed my-self to His ten-der em-brace, And
3. The song of my soul since the Lord made me whole Has
4. Oh, come to the Saviour, He pa-tient-ly waits, To

bur-dened with sin and dis-tress, Till I heard a sweet voice say-ing,
faith tak-ing hold of the Word, My fet-ters fell off, and I
been the old sto-ry so blest, Of Je-sus, who'll save who-so-
save by His pow-er di-vine; Come, an-chor your soul in the

D. S.—The tem-pest may sweep o'er the

“Make me your choice;” And I en-tered the ha-ven of rest.
an-chored my soul; The ha-ven of rest is my Lord.
ev-er will have A home in the ha-ven of rest.
ha-ven of rest, And say, “My Be-lov-ed is mine.”

wild, storm-y deep, In.... Je-sus I'm safe ev-er-more.

Refrain

I've anchored my soul in the ha-ven of rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more;

D. S.
Under His Wings

Under His wings shalt thou trust.—Psalm 91:4

William O. Cushing, 1832-1902
Ira D. Sankey, 1840-1908

1. Under His wings I am safely abiding; Though the night deepens and tempests are wild, Still I can trust Him; I know He will keep me; He has redeemed me, and I am His child.

2. Under His wings, what a refuge in sorrow! How the heart yearns; for His rest! Often when earth has no balm for my healing, There I find comfort, and there I am blest.

3. Under His wings, O what precious enjoyment! There will I hide till life's trials are o'er; Sheltered, protected, no evil can harm me; Resting in Jesus I'm safe evermore.

Refrain

Under His wings, under His wings, Who from His love can sever?

Under His wings my soul shall abide, Safely abide forever.
No Friend Like Jesus

Ye are My friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.—John 15:14

Mrs. H. A. Hendricks, 20th Century

D. Otis Teasley, 1876-1942

1. There is not a friend like Jesus In the trying scenes of life,

2. There is not a friend like Jesus; Bid the scoffing world adieu;

3. There is not a friend like Jesus; Trust Him ev'rywhere you go;

4. There is not a friend like Jesus; When you draw your life's last breath;

5. There is not a friend like Jesus; What a blessed thought to be

He can hear the heart's faint whisper, Calm the tempest's raging strife.
For if you're ashamed of Jesus He will be ashamed of you.
He has trod the way before you, Suffered ev'ry pain and woe.
If you'll be His friend while living, He will be your friend in death.
Folded in His arms of power Ever in eternity!

Refrain

There is not a friend like Jesus, Patient, tender, kind and true;

If you'll be a friend of Jesus, He will be a friend to you.
I've Found a Friend

A Friend that sticketh closer than a brother.—Prov. 18:24

James G. Small, 1817-1888
George C. Stebbins, 1846-1945

1. I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;
2. I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me;
3. I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend! All pow'r to Him is giv-en,
4. I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend! So kind, and true, and ten-der,

He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him.
And not a-lone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me.
To guard me on my onward course, And bring me safe to heav-en.
So wise a Coun-sel-or and Guide, So might-y a De-fend-er!

And round my heart still close-ly twine Those ties which naught can sev-er,
Naught that I have my own I call, I hold it for the Giv-er:
Th'e-ter-nal glo ries gleam a-far, To nerve my faint en-deav-or:
From Him who loves me now so well, What pow'r my soul can sev-er?

For I am His, and He is mine, For-ev-er and for-ev-er.
My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for-ev-er.
So now to watch, to work, to war, And then to rest for-ev-er.
Shall life or death, or earth or hell? No; I am His for-ev-er.
Does Jesus Care?

Casting all your care upon Him; for He careth for you.—I Pet. 5:7

Frank E. Graeff, 1860-1919

J. Lincoln Hall, 1866-1930

1. Does Jesus care when my heart is pained Too deeply for
   2. Does Jesus care when my way is dark With a nameless
   3. Does Jesus care when I've tried and failed To resist some temptation
   4. Does Jesus care when I've said "good-bye" To the dearest

mirth and song; As the burdens press, and the cares distress,
dread and fear? As the daylight fades into deep night shades,
testation strong; When for my deep grief I find no relief,
earth to me, And my sad heart aches till it nearly breaks—

And the way grows weary and long?
Does He care enough to be near?
Tho' my tears flow all the night long?
Is it aught to Him? Does He see?

know He cares! His heart is touched with my grief;
When the days are

weary, the long nights dreary, I know my Saviour cares. (He cares.)
Safe in the Arms of Jesus

Underneath are the everlasting Arms.—Deut. 33:27

Fanny J. Crosby, 1820-1915
William H. Doane, 1832-1915

1. Safe in the arms of Jesus, Safe on His gentle breast,
   Safe in the arms of Jesus, Safe on His gentle breast,

2. Safe in the arms of Jesus, Safe from corroding care,
   Safe in the arms of Jesus, Safe from corroding care,

3. Jesus, my heart's dear refuge, Jesus has died for me;
   Jesus, my heart's dear refuge, Jesus has died for me;

REF. — Safe in the arms of Jesus, Safe on His gentle breast,
   There by His love o'er shaded, Sweetly my soul shall rest.

There by His love o'er shaded, Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Safe from the world's temptations, Sin cannot harm me there.
Firm on the Rock of Ages Ever my trust shall be.

There by His love o'er shaded, Sweetly my soul shall rest.

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;

D. C. REFRAIN

O-ver the fields of glory, O-ver the jasper sea....
On-ly a few more trials, On-ly a few more tears!....
Wait till I see the morning Break on the golden shore....
Be Not Afraid

If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him.—II Tim. 2:12

From Temple Star

1. When trials and temptations Around thee darkly flow, When storms and grieves assail thee To bring thy courage low, Be not discouraged, brother, But firmly stand and wait; The clouds again will vanish, cour age, The Lord will dis sipate The waves that dash against thee, perish, The gold is brighter made; Be not discouraged, broth er, river Which sinners cannot wade. And death shall lose its terrors.

2. When waters of affliction May seem to overflow, Or through some broth er, But firmly stand and wait; The clouds again will vanish, cour age, The Lord will dis sipate The waves that dash against thee, perish, The gold is brighter made; Be not discouraged, broth er, river Which sinners cannot wade. And death shall lose its terrors.

3. The soul that Jesus loveth He'll chasten and refine, That like a broth er, But firmly stand and wait; The clouds again will vanish, cour age, The Lord will dis sipate The waves that dash against thee, perish, The gold is brighter made; Be not discouraged, broth er, river Which sinners cannot wade. And death shall lose its terrors.

4. "Let not your heart be troubled," Oh, hear the Saviour speak, God comforts broth er, But firmly stand and wait; The clouds again will vanish, cour age, The Lord will dis sipate The waves that dash against thee, perish, The gold is brighter made; Be not discouraged, broth er, river Which sinners cannot wade. And death shall lose its terrors.

Refrain

Oh, be thou not afraid! Fear not, be not afraid! There is sweet rest in heav'n, There is sweet rest in heav'n, There is sweet rest, there is sweet rest, There is sweet rest in heav'n.
Often Weary and Worn

There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.—Heb. 4:9

W. F. Cosner, 19th Century
Charles Edwin Pollock, b. 1853

1. Often weary and worn on the pathway below, When the burden is heavy, my heart throbs with woe; Oh, there comes a sweet whisper to hear, your free spirit shall go to the light of His presence in bed of sweet roses recline; For a country I seek where they quell every sigh, "Do not faint 'neath the load, there is rest by and by," mansions on high, Where the faithful repose; there is rest by and by, never more die, And in Zion my home, there is rest by and by.

D. S.—Saviour on high, In the beautiful city there is rest by and by.

Refrain

There is rest by and by, In the beautiful city there is rest by and by; Where the ransomed shall live with the
Come Closer to Me

Come unto Me, . . . I will give you rest.—Matt. 11:28

1. When I get weary with toils of the day, Off in the secret I
   kneel and pray; There I can hear my Lord sweetly say, "Come
   me to stand, Jesus says, holding me by the hand, "Come
   love-ly song:" Trust in My grace and you shall be strong, Come
   loved ones here, Look-ing to Jesus, His voice I can hear: "Come
   closer, My child, to Me."

2. When all around in this cold, dark land, Nothing encourages
   Clos-er, My child, to Me, Clos-er, My child, to Me,

3. When in afflictions I suffer long, Jesus comes, bringing this
   Clos-er, My child, to Me, Clos-er, My child, to Me,

4. When I am meeting with trials severe, When I am parting with
   Clos-er, My child, to Me. Clos-er, My child, to Me.

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Let your heart not be troubled. — John 14:1

Let not your weary heart be troubled, Believe in God, believe in Me; For in My Father's house are mansions, I by the storms of life, But, soldier-like, with firm endurance, Just burdens foil your grace; But in each conflict victory shouting; Like

REFRAIN
Will prepare a place for thee. Let not.... your heart be glory in the holy strife. Let not.... your heart be him who runs to win a race. Let not your heart be

1. Let not your weary heart be troubled, Believe in God, believe in Me; For in My Father's house are mansions, I by the storms of life, But, soldier-like, with firm endurance, Just burdens foil your grace; But in each conflict victory shouting; Like

Let not your heart be troubled, Let not.... your heart be troubled, Let not your heart be troubled, Let not your heart be troubled, Let not your heart be troubled, Nor let it be afraid.
Never Alone

I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.—Heb. 13:5

Composer Unknown
Arr. by M. L. McPhail, 19th Century

1. How many times, discouraged, We sink beside the way;
   About us all is darkness, We hardly dare to pray.
   Then, thro' the mists and shadows, The sweetest voice e'er known
   Says, "Child, am I not with thee, Never to leave thee alone?"

2. Oh, soul, hast thou forgotten The tender word and sweet
   Of Him who left behind Him The print of bleeding feet?
   "I never will forsake thee, Oh, child, so weary grown;
   Remember, I have promised Never to leave thee alone."

3. Take courage, way-worn pilgrim! Tho' mists and shadows hide
   The face of Him thou lovest, He's ever at thy side.
   Reach out thy hand and find Him, And lo, the clouds have flown;
   He smiles on thee who promised Never to leave thee alone.

Refrain

No, never alone, ... no, never alone! He
Never Alone

COMFORT AND CONSOLATION

promised never to leave me, Never to leave me alone.

The Great Physician

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William Hunter, 1811-1877

1. The great Physician now is near, The sympathizing Jesus;
2. Your many sins are all forgiven, O hear the voice of Jesus;
3. All glory to the dying Lamb! I now believe in Jesus;
4. And when to that bright world above We rise to be with Jesus,

He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Jesus.
Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Jesus.
I love the blessed Saviour's name, I love the name of Jesus.
We'll sing around the throne of love, His name, the name of Jesus.

D. S. Sweetest carol ever sung, 'tis Jesus, blessed Jesus.

Refrain

Sweetest note in seraph song, Sweetest name on mortal tongue;

D. S.
Some Near, Near Day

Until the day break, and the shadows flee.—S.S. 2:17

Elisha A. Hoffman, 1839-1929
Charles Edwin Pollock, b. 1853

1. Some day these conflicts will be o'er, And sin and sense most no more; And
2. Some day this toiling will be o'er, And hands a-weary grow no more; Then
3. Some day these longings will be o'er, And hearts grow sick and faint no more; And
4. Some day our journ'lings will be o'er, And we will rest forever more; Em-

you shall pass from earth below, To where the tree of life doth grow,
from the skies a call will come, To go to your eternal home.
in the Paradise so wide, All will be blest and satisfied.
robbed in garments pure and white, In yonder palaces of light.

Refrain

Some near, near day, not far away, Along a bright and shining way An

an-gel of God's love will come, To guide you to your heav'n-ly home.
Jesus Will Bear Me O'er

Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness.—II Tim. 4:8

Lewis E. Jones, 1865-1936

W. S. Nickle, 19th Century

1. When I have reached earth's border-land, Jesus will bear me away;
2. City of glory so bright and fair, City of peace above,
3. Dwelling with Jesus in glory-land, What could I ask beside?

Take me to sing with the ransomed band, Happy in endless day.
I shall sing praises to Jesus there, Telling His wondrous love.
Sing-ing the song of the angel-band, Near to the Saviour's side.

Refrain

Carried away to the realms of light, Safe on the golden shore;

In-to the summer-land ever bright, Jesus will bear me o'er.

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My Saviour Cares for Me

Casting all your care upon Him; for He careth for you.—1 Pet. 5:7

Luther G. Presley, b. 1887

William M. DeVaughan, 1882-1962

1. I have a friend in whom I trust, Tho' great my load may be;
2. Sometimes my strength seems almost gone, No light ahead I see,
3. I could not do without Him now, His grace my only plea;

Foes may assail me if they must, My Saviour cares for me.
But God is watching from His throne, I know He cares for me.
He keeps the love-light on my brow, I know He cares for me.

Refrain

O yes, He cares for me, I know He cares for me;

In every prayer I find Him there, My Saviour cares for me.
Is There Any Pleasure?

John 16:33

Christian Rudolph Flad, 1806-1830

Trans. by John D. Warkentin, b. 1898

Hans G. Nägeli, 1773-1836

1. Is there any pleasure, Any joy in life?
   Any-thing to treasure, Save the Light of Life?

2. Oft our way seems dreary, And with tears we sigh;
   Sor-row makes us weary, And at last we die!

3. Oh, how great a failure Then our life would be;
   But the loving Saviour Came to set us free.

4. What a blessed feeling, Oft-en we re-ceive,
   When in pray'r we're kneel-ing And on Him be-lieve.

5. Yet in all our glad ness We with sor-row meet;
   Even in our sad-ness Life in Christ is sweet.

6. Time is swift-ly fleet-ing, Saints have gone be-fore.
   May we all be meet-ing Them on yon-der shore.

7. There we'll rest for-ev-er! From all toil and care,
   Pain and grief can nev-er, Nev-er en-ter there!

O Lord, to Thee I Cry

Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice.—Psalm 27:7

C. U. Link, 19th Century

1. O Lord, to Thee I cry, Thou art my Rock and Trust;
   O be not si-lent lest I die, And slum-ber in the dust.

2. O hear my ear-nest cry, Thy fa-vor I en-treat;
   Here while I lift im-plo-ring hands, Be-fore Thy mer-cy-seat.

3. Oh, bless-ed be the Lord, He heard me when I cried.
   Je-ho- vah is my strength and shield, On Him my heart re-lied.

4. From Him I help ob-tained, And now my voice I raise;
   And while my heart ex-ults with joy, My heart is turned to praise:
Therefore Give Us Love

1 Corinthians Chapter 13

Christopher Wordsworth, 1807-1885 Scottish folksong

1. Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost, Taught by Thee we covet most, Of Thy gifts at
   Pen-te-cost, Ho-ly, heav’n-ly love. Love is kind, and suf-fers long; Love is
   meek and thinks no wrong; Love than death itself more strong; Therefore give us love.
   1 Thess. 2:17
   Charles Wesley, 1707-1788

2. Faith and hope and love we see, Join-ing hand and hand, a-gree; But the greatest
   Faith will van-ish in - to sight; Hope be
   emp-tied in delight; Love in heav’n will shine more bright; Therefore give us love.
   John Chetham, 1685-1763

3. From the o-ver-shad-ow-ing Of Thy gold and sil-ver wing, Shed on us who
   From the o-ver-shad-ow-ing Of Thy gold and sil-ver wing, Shed on us who
   in the light of day; Love will ev-er with us stay; Therefore give us love. A-MEN.

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Blest Be the Dear Uniting Love

Being taken from you for a short time in presence, not in heart.—1 Thess. 2:17

Charles Wesley, 1707-1788

1. Blest be the dear u-nit-ing love That will not let us part;
   1. Blest be the dear u - nit - ing love That will not let us part;
   John Chetham, 1685-1763

2. Joined in one spir - it to our Head, Where He ap - points we go;
   2. Joined in one spir - it to our Head, Where He ap - points we go;

3. Par - tak - ers of the Sav-iour’s grace, The same in mind and heart,
   3. Par - tak - ers of the Sav-iour’s grace, The same in mind and heart,

4. Then let us has - ten to the day Which shall our flesh re - store,
   4. Then let us has - ten to the day Which shall our flesh re - store,
Blest Be the Dear Uniting Love

Our bodies may far off remove, We still are one in heart.
And still in Jesus' foot-steps tread, And do His work below.
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place, Nor life, nor death, can part.
When death shall all be done away, And we shall part no more.

Love Each Other

1. Let us ever love each other With a heart that's warm and true,
2. When the heart is sad and lonely, And the eyes with tears o'er-flow,
3. Let us help our fallen brother, Lift him gently by the hand,
4. In this world of toil and sorrow Many hearts are full of care;

Ev - er do - ing to our broth - er As to us we'd have him do.
Gen - tle words and deeds of kind - ness Fall like sun-beams on the snow.
Speak-ing words of cheer and com - fort, Point him to a bet - ter land.
Let us live to serve our Mas - ter, And each oth - er's bur - dens bear.

Refrain

Kind and lov - ing to each oth - er, Gen - tle words to all we meet-

Thus we fol - low Christ our Sav - iour, Prov - ing all His serv - ice sweet.
How Sweet, How Heavenly

Increase and abound in love one toward another.—I Thess. 3:12

Joseph Swain, 1761-1796

William B. Bradbury, 1816-1868

1. How sweet, how heav'n-ly is the sight, When those who love the Lord
   In one an-o-th-er's peace de-light, And so ful-fill His Word.
2. When each can feel his broth-er's sigh, And with him bear a part;
   When sor-row flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart.
3. When, free from en-vy, scorn, and pride, Our wish-es all a-bove,
   Each can his broth-er's fail-ings hide, And show a broth-er's love.
4. Let love, in one de-light-ful stream, Thro' ev-'ry bos-om flow,
   And un-ion sweet, and dear es-teem, In ev-'ry ac-tion glow.
5. Love is the gold-en chain that binds The hap-py souls a-bove;
   And he's an heir of heav'n that finds His bos-om glow with love.

Lo, What a Pleasing Sight

That ye be perfectly joined together.—I Cor. 1:10

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

Lowell Mason, 1792-1872

1. Lo, what a pleas-ing sight Are broth-ren that a-gree! How
   blest are all whose hearts u-nite,
2. All in their sta-tions move, And each per-forms his part In
   all the cares of life and love, With sym-pa-thiz-ing heart.
3. Formed for the pur-est joys, By one de-sire pos-sessed, One
   aim the zeal of all em-ploys, To make each oth-er blest.
4. No bliss can e-qual theirs, Where such af-fec-tions meet; While
   praise de-vout, and min-gled prayers Make their com-mun-ion sweet.
5. 'Tis the same pleas-ure fills The breast in worlds a-bove, Where
   joy, like morn-ing dew, dis-tils, And all the air is love.
How Pleasant and How Good

From Psalm 68

1. How pleasant and how good it is When brethren in the Lord
2. Such love is like anointing oil In consecration poured;
3. To those who dwell in brotherhood The Lord His blessing sends,

In one another's joy delight And dwell in sweet accord.
Such love is like the morning dew, With sweet refreshment stored.
He crowns them with the crown of life, Of life that never ends.

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All Praise to Our Redeeming Lord

Keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.—Eph. 4:3

1. All praise to our redeeming Lord, Who joins us by His grace,
2. He bids us build each other up; And, gathered into one,
3. The kiss of peace to each we give—A pledge of Christian love;
4. And if our fellowship be low, In Jesus is so sweet,

And bids us, each to each restored, To gether seek His face.
To our high calling's glorious hope, We hand in hand go on.
In love, while here on earth we'll live, In love we'll dwell above.
What height of rapture shall we know When round His throne we meet.
Blest Be the Tie

Being knit together in love.—Col. 2:2

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The fellowship of kindred minds Is like to that above.

2. Before our Father's throne, We pour our ardent prayers; Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our comforts and our cares.

3. We share our mutual woes, Our mutual burdens bear; And oft'en for each other flows The sympathizing tear.

4. When we a-sunder part, It gives us keenest pain; But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet again.

Jesus, United by Thy Grace

That they may be one, even as We are one.—John 17:22

1. Jesus, united by Thy grace, And each to each en-deared, With confidence we seek Thy face, And know our prayer is heard. And know our prayer is heard.

2. Help us to help each other, Lord, Each other's cross to bear; Let each his friend-ly aid afford, And feel his brother's care. And feel his brother's care.

3. Up unto Thee, our living Head, Let us in all things grow, Till Thou hast made us free in-deed And spot-less here be-low. And spot-less here be-low.

4. Touched by the loadstone of Thy love, Let all our hearts a-gree; And ev'er t'ward each oth'er move, And ev'er move t'ward Thee. And ev'er move t'ward Thee.
The Bond of Perfectness

Above all . . . put on charity, which is the bond of perfectness.—Col. 3:14

1. How sweet this bond of perfectness, The wondrous love of Jesus;
2. The bond that circles heaven's pure—Oh, wondrous, wondrous story!
3. Oh, praise the Lord for love divine That binds us all together;
4. Oh, mystery of heaven's peace! Oh, bond of heaven's union!

A pure fore-taste of heaven's bliss, Oh, fellowship so precious!
Has dropped around the holy here, And fills us all with glory.
A thousand cords our hearts entwine, For ever and for ever.
Our souls in fellowship embrace, And live in sweet communion.

Refrain

O brethren, how this perfect love Unites us all in Jesus!

One heart, and soul, and mind, we prove The union heaven gave us.
551

Since Jesus Freely Did Appear

And ... Jesus was called ... to the marriage.—John 2:2

Source Unknown

Flora H. Good, 19th Century

1. Since Jesus freely did appear To grace a marriage feast,
2. Upon the bridal pair look down, Who now have plight-ed hands;
3. In purest love these souls unite, That they with Christian care,
4. And when that solemn hour shall come, And life's short space be o'er,

O Lord, we ask Thy presence here, To be a wedding guest.
Their union with Thy favor crown, And bless the nuptial bands.
May make domestic burdens light By taking mutual share.
May they in triumph reach that home, Where they shall part no more.

552

We Join to Pray

Marriage is honourable.—Heb. 13:4

Source Unknown

Edward D. Naff, 19th Century

1. We join to pray, with wishes kind, A blessing, Lord, from Thee,
2. We know that scenes not always bright Must un to them be giv'n;
3. Still hand in hand, their journey thro', Joint pilgrims may they go;
4. May each in each still feed the flame Of pure and holy love;

On those who now the bands have twined Which ne'er may broken be.
But over all give Thou the light Of love, and truth, and heav'n.
Mingling their joys as helpers true, And sharing ev'ry woe.
In faith, and trust, and heart the same, The same their home a bove.
O God of Wisdom

Menno M. Brubacher, 20th Century

Early American Melody

1. O God of wisdom, life and love, Thine is the blessed plan
2. These souls betrothed before Thee stand; Thy blessing we implore;
3. As they go forth upon life's way, Sustain them by Thy grace;
4. May they with holy lives adorn Thy doctrines, Lord, and be
5. And when Thou, Lord, shalt come again To gather home Thine own,

In holy bonds of love to join The twain, created man,
Unite Thou them in heart and hand, And guide them evermore.
May they Thy holy laws obey And live in joy and peace.
A mid life's sun-shine and its storm True witness-es for Thee.
May they, with duty nobly done, Be blessed before Thy throne.

O Lord Divine, We Come

Jac. D. Toews, b. 1903

Asa Hull, b. 1828

1. O Lord divine, we come to pray, This bridal pair to bless,
2. Grant knowledge, wisdom, light and love, That Spirit filled they be;
3. Therefore again we pray, dear Lord, Bless Thou their journey here;
4. When this short span of life is o'er, Their race on earth is run;

Lead Thou them on in holy ways And paths of right-eous-ness.
A light and pattern ever true, Extol ling on ly Thee!
Unite their hearts and hands as one, In Christian love sin cere,
For ever may Thee Lord adore With that celestial throng.
Love at Home

Now Jesus loved Martha, and her sister [Mary], and Lazarus.—John 11:5

John H. McNaughton, 1829-1896

Tenderly

1. There is beauty all around, When there's love at home; There is joy in
every sound, When there's love at home; Peace and plenty here abide,
ne'er an- noy, When there's love at home; Ros-es blossoms 'neath our feet,

2. In the cot-tage there is joy, When there's love at home; Hate and en-vy
filled with love, When there's love at home; Sweet-er sings the brook-let by,

3. Kind-ly heav-en smiles a-bove, When there's love at home; All the earth is
"I am thine," Then there's love at home; Source of love, Thy cheer-ing light

4. Je-sus, show Thy mer-cy mine, Then there's love at home; Sweetly whisper
Smil-ing sweet on ev-ry side, Time doth soft-ly, sweetly glide, When there's

All the earth's a gar-den sweet, Mak-ing life a bliss complete, When there's
Brighter beams the az-ure sky; Oh, there's One who smiles on high When there's
Far ex-ceeds the sun so bright—Can dis-pel the gloom of night, Then there's

love at home, Love at home, love at
love at home, Love at home, love at
love at home, Love at home, love at
love at home, Love at home, love at

Love at home, yes, love at home, Love at home, oh,

home; (at home;) Time doth soft-ly, sweet-ly glide, When there's love at home.
home; Mak-ing life a bliss complete, When there's love at home.
home; Oh, there's One who smiles on high, When there's love at home.
home; Can dis-pel the gloom of night, Then there's love at home.
Happy the Home When God Is There

Henry Ware, the younger, 1794-1843
William H. Havergal, 1793-1870

1. Happy the home when God is there, And love fills ev'ry breast;
2. Happy the home where Jesus' name Is sweet to ev'ry 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 heav'n-ly 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.

Thou Gracious God Whose Mercy Lends

Oliver W. Holmes, 1809-1894

1. Thou gracious God whose mercy lends The light of home, the smile of friends;
2. Wilt Thou not hear us while we raise, In sweet accord of solemn praise,
3. For all the blessings life has brought, For all its sorrowing hours have taught,
4. The noon-tide sun-shine of the past, These brief, bright moments fading fast,
5. We thank Thee, Father, let Thy grace Our loving circle still embrace,

Our gathered flock Thine arms enfold, As in the peaceful days of old.
The voices that have mingled long, In joyous flow of mirth and song?
For all we mourn, for all we keep, The hands we clasp, the loved that sleep.
The stars that gild our dark'ning years, The twi-light ray from holier spheres.
Thy mercy shed its heav'n-ly store, Thy peace be with us ev-er-more.
O Happy Home, Where Thou Art Loved

Carl J. P. Spitta, 1801-1859
Trans. by Sarah B. Findlater, 1823-1907

Gütersloh, 1852

1. O happy home, where Thou art loved the dear-est, Thou loving
   Friend and Saviour of our race, And where among the guests there nev-er
   Un-til at last, when earth's day's work is end-ed, All meet Thee.

2. O happy home, whose lit-tle ones are giv-en Ear-ly to
   Thee in hum-ble faith and prayer, To Thee, their Friend, who from the heights of
   Un-til at last, when earth's day's work is end-ed, All meet Thee.

3. O happy home, where Thou art not for-got-en When joy is
   spir-it Is brought, Phy-sician, Com-fort-er, to Thee,
   faith and bless-ed hope are one; Where joys are shared and love flows un-di-

4. O happy home, where ev-ery wound-ed
   heav-en Guides them, and guards with more than moth-er's care!
   his ap-point-ed work may be, Till ev-ery com-mon task seems great and in

5. O happy home, where two in heart u-nit-ed In ho-ly
   phy-sician, Com-fort-er, to Thee,
   the bless-ed home a-bove, From whence Thou camest, where Thou hast as-
O Happy Home, Where Thou Art Loved

1. Happy Home, Where Thou Art Loved
   vid-ed, And where Thy holy will, O Lord, is done.
   ho-ly, When it is done, O Lord, as un-to Thee!
   cend-ed, Thy ev-er-last-ing home of peace and love!

Precious Memories

1. Precious mem’ries, un-seen an-gels, Sent from somewhere to my soul;
2. Precious fa-ther, lov-ing moth-er, Fly a-cross the lone-ly years,
3. In the still-ness of the midnight, Ech-oes from the past I hear;
4. As I trav-el on life’s pathway, Know not what the years may hold,

How they lin-ger, ev-er near me, And the sa-cred past un-fold.
And old home scenes of my child-hood, In fond mem-ory ap-pears.
Old-time sing-ing, glad-ness bring-ing, From that love-ly land somewhere.
As I pon-der, hope grows fond-er, Precious mem’ries flood my soul.

Refrain

Precious mem’ries, How they lin-ger, How they ev-er flood my soul,

In the still-ness of the mid-night, Precious, sa-cred scenes un-fold.

Remember Thy Creator

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.—Eccl. 12:1

From Ecclesiastes 12
John D. Warkentin, b. 1898

Old German Melody
Arr. by Jesse R. Baxter, 1887-1960

1. Remember thy Creator, While thou art in thy youth!
2. Remember thy Creator, Dear soul, oh do not wait!
3. Remember thy Creator, And full surrendered be!

Accept the Lord thy Maker, And walk with Him in truth!
Nor say, I will come later, It then may be too late.
Then thou shalt be partaker Of gifts in store for thee.

Ere low the sound of grinding, When thou wilt sadly say:
Come while the sun is shining, And moon and stars give light.
Soon in the clouds appearing, Our Lord will claim His own.

No pleasures I am finding, For it's an evil day!
The day is fast declining, Yea, soon will come the night!
The Judgment Day is nearing, Oh! do not longer roam!

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Stepping in the Light

He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness.—John 8:12

Eliza E. Hewitt, 1851-1920
William J. Kirkpatrick, 1838-1921

1. Trying to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Trying to follow our
2. Pressing more closely to Him who is leading, When we are tempted to
3. Walking in footsteps of gentleness forbearance, Footsteps of faithfulness,
4. Trying to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Upward, still upward we'll

Saviour and King; Shaping our lives by His blessed example,
turn from the way; Trusting the arm that is strong to defend us,
mercy and love; Looking to Him for the grace freely promised,
follow our Guide; When we shall see Him, “the King in His beauty,”

Refrain

Happy, how happy, the songs that we bring.
Happy, how happy, our praises each day. How beautiful to walk in the
Happy, how happy, our journey above!
Happy, how happy, our place at His side!

steps of the Saviour, Stepping in the light, Stepping in the light; How

beautiful to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Led in paths of light!
Father, in My Life’s Young Morning

My Father, Thou art the guide of my youth.—Jer. 3:4

Thomas MacKellar, 1812-1899

Christian H. Brunk, 1845-1921

1. Father! in my life’s young morning, May Thy Word direct my way;
2. Father! gentle is Thy teaching; Be a docile spirit mine;
3. Father! let me never covet Things of vanity and pride;

Let me heed each gracious warning, Lest my feet should go astray;
Every day Thy grace beseeching, Let Thy loving kindness shine
Teach me truth, and may I love it Better than all else beside.

Make me willing, make me willing, All its precepts to obey;
Always on me, always on me, And my heart be wholly Thine.
Blessed Bible! blessed Bible! May it be my heav’nward guide.

Let me heed each gracious warning, Lest my feet should go astray.
Every day Thy grace beseeching, Let Thy loving kindness shine.
Teach me truth, and may I love it Better than all else beside.
Dare to Be a Daniel

Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself.—Dan. 1:8

Philip P. Bliss, 1838-1876

1. Standing by a purpose true, Heeding God's command,
2. Many might-y men are lost, Dar-ing not to stand,
3. Many gi-ants, great and tall, Stalk-ing through the land,
4. Hold the Gos-pel ban-ner high! On to vic-t'ry grand!

Hon-or them, the faith-ful few! All hail to Dan-iel's Band!
Who for God had been a host, By join-ing Dan-iel's Band!
Head-long to the earth would fall, If met by Dan-iel's Band!
Satan and his host de-fy, And shout for Dan-iel's Band!

Refrain

Dare to be a Dan-iel! Dare to stand a-lone!

Dare to have a pur-pose firm! Dare to make it known!
Lord, a Little Band

Feast not, little flock.—Luke 12:32

1. Lord, a little band, and lowly, We are come to sing to Thee;
2. Fill our hearts with tho’ts of Jesus, And of heav’n, where He has gone;
3. For we know the Lord of glory Always sees what children do,
4. Let our sins be all forgiven; Make us fear what-e’er is wrong;

Thou art great, and high, and holy—Oh, how solemn we should be!
And let nothing ever please us He would grieve to look upon.
And is writing now the story Of our thoughts and actions, too.
Lead us on our way to heaven, There to sing a nobler song.

D.S.—Press-ing on, in the line of duty, We shall meet to part no more.

Far away, in the realms of beauty, Farther on, to the golden shore,

Fairest Lord Jesus

Yea, He is altogether lovely.—S.S. 5:16

1. Fair-est Lord Je-sus, Rul-er of all na-ture, O Thou of God and man the Son;
2. Fair are the meadows, Fair-er still the woodlands, Robed in the blooming garb of spring;
3. Fair is the sunshine, Fair-er still the moonlight, And all the twinkling, star-ry host;

Münster, 1662
From Schlesische Volkslieder, 1842
Arr., by Richard S. Willis, 1819-1900
Fairest Lord Jesus

Thee will I cherish, Thee will I honor, Thou, my soul's glory, joy and crown.
Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer, Who makes the woeful heart to sing.
Jesus shines brighter, Jesus shines purer Than all the angels heav'n can boast. A-men.

Teach Me Thy Will, O Lord

Teach me to do Thy will; for Thou art my God.—Psalm 143:10

Katherine A. Grimes, b. 1877
William M. Runyan, 1870-1957

1. Teach me Thy will, O Lord, Teach me Thy way; Teach me to know Thy word, Teach me to pray. What-e'er seems best to Thee, That be my
2. Teach me Thy wondrous grace, Bound-less and free; Lord, let Thy bless-ed face Shine up-on me. Heal Thou sin's ev'-ry smart, Dwell Thou with-
3. Teach me by pain Thy pow'r, Teach me by love; Teach me to know each hour, Thou art a-bove. Teach me as seem-eth best In Thee to Lord and King Through all my days. Teach Thou my soul to cry, 'Be Thou, dear
4. Teach Thou my lips to sing, My heart to praise; Be Thou my ear-nest plea, So that Thou draw-est me Clos-er each day. in my heart; Grant that I nev-er part, Sav-iour, from Thee. find sweet rest; Lean-ing up-on Thy breast, All doubt re-move. Sav-iour, nigh, Teach me to live, to die, Saved by Thy grace.'" A-men.
On Jordan's Stormy Banks

There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.—Heb. 4:9

Samuel Stennet, 1727-1795
Tullius C. O'Kane, 1830-1912

1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye
2. O'er all those wide-extend ed plains Shines one eternal day;
3. When shall I reach that happy place, And be for ever blest?
4. Filled with delight, my raptured soul Would here no longer stay;

To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie.
There God the Son for ever reigns, And scatters night away.
When shall I see my Father's face, And in His bosom rest?
Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll, Fearless I'd launch away.

Refrain

We will rest in the fair and happy land, Just a-
cross on the ever-green shore, . . . Sing the song of Moses and the 
ev-er-green shore,

Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Jesus evermore.
I Shall Be Like Him

When He shall appear, we shall be like Him.—1 John 3:2

W. A. Spencer, 20th Century

1. When I shall reach the more excellent glory, And all my trials are past, I shall behold Him, O wonderful story! In His beauty shall shine; I shall be like Him, wondrously like Him.

2. We shall not wait till the glorious dawn breaks on the vision so fair; Now we may welcome the heavenly morning, over again; Changed by His Spirit from glory to glory,

3. More and more like Him, repeat the blest story Over and over all my visions so fair; Now we may welcome the heavenly morning, changed by His Spirit from glory to glory,

FINE REFRAIN

I shall be like Him at last. Now we His image may bear. I shall be like Him, I shall be like Him, I shall be satisfied then.

D.S.—Jesus, my Saviour divine.

And in His beauty shall shine; I shall be like Him, wondrously like Him.
Where the Gates Swing Outward Never

My flesh also shall rest in hope.—Psalm 16:9

Charles H. Gabriel, 1856-1932

Some Time We'll See

Then shall I know even as also I am known.—1 Cor. 13:12

1. Some time we all shall understand, When in a brighter clime we'll land;
2. Some time our loved ones we shall see, And in their presence ever be;
3. Some time we'll join the angel throng, And sing with them the new new song;
4. Some time by God's grace I shall see The place that is prepared for me;

Some time God'sondrous ways we'll know, And see why He has loved us so.
Some time our Saviour we shall meet, And walk with Him the golden street.
The arch of God above shall ring, When we with them that song shall sing.
And in the rainbow of our tears, We'll see what we have felt for years.

Refrain

No more we'll roam, no more we'll stray, For ever there with God we'll stay;

The song of bliss, the song of love, We'll sing in our abode above.
Shining Shore

Here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come.—Heb. 13:14

David Nelson, 1793-1844
George F. Root, 1820-1895

Slowly

1. My days are gliding swiftly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger,
2. We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear! Our heav'n-ly home discerning;
3. Should coming days be cold and dark, We need not cease our singing;
4. Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow, Each cord on earth to sever;

Would not detain them as they fly, Those hours of toil and danger.
Our absent Lord has left us word, "Let ev'ry lamp be burning."
That perfect rest none can molest, Where golden harps are ringing,
Our King says, "Come!" and there's our home, For-ev-er, oh! for-ev-er!

Refrain

For, oh! we stand on Jordan's strand, And soon we'll all pass over;

And, just before, the shining shore We may almost discover.
My Saviour First of All

We are... willing rather... to be present with the Lord.—II Cor. 5:8

Fanny J. Crosby, 1820-1915
John R. Sweney, 1837-1899

1. When my life-work is ended, and I cross the swelling tide, When the bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Redeemer when I luster of His kindly beam ing eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the part ing at the river I recall; To the sweet vales of Eden they will lead me where no tears will ever fall; In the glad song of ages I shall reach the other side. And His smile will be the first to welcome me. mercy, love, and grace, That prepare for me a mansion in the sky. sing my welcome home; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all. ming le with delight; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.

Refrain

I shall know Him, I shall know Him, And redeemed by His side I shall stand, I shall know Him,
Home, Sweet Home

They desire a better country, that is, an heavenly.—Heb. 11:16

David Denham, 1791-1848

Henry R. Bishop, 1786-1855

1. 'Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints, How sweet to my soul is communion with saints! To
2. Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace! And thrice, blessed Jesus, whose love cannot cease! Though
3. While here in the valley of conflict I stay, Oh, give me submission and strength as my day, In
4. I long, dearest Lord, in Thy beauty to shine, No more as an exile in sorrow to pine, And

find at the banquet of mercy there's room, And
oft from Thy presence in sadness I roam, I
all my afflictions to Thee would I come, Re-
in Thy dear image arise from the tomb, With

feel in the presence of Jesus at home. Home, home,
long to behold Thee, in glory at home.
joicing in hope of my glorious home.
glorified millions to praise Thee at home.

refrain

sweet, sweet home, Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.
Rest for the Weary

That they may rest from their labours.—Rev. 14:13

Samuel Y. Harmer, 19th Century
William McDonald, 1820-1901
Arr. by Rigdon McCoy McIntosh, 1836-1899

1. In the Christian's home in glory, There remains a land of rest;
2. He is fitting up my mansion, Which eternally shall stand,
3. Pain and sickness ne'er shall enter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share,
4. Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory, Shout your triumphs as ye go;

There my Saviour's gone before me To fill my soul's request.
For my stay shall not be transient In that holy, happy land.
But, in that celestial center, I a crown of life shall wear.
Zion's gates will open for you, Ye shall find an entrance thro'.

REFRAIN

There is rest for the weary, There is rest for the weary,
On the other side of Jordan, In the sweet fields of Eden,

There is rest for the weary, There is rest for you;
Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.
My Latest Sun Is Sinking Fast

I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand.—II Tim. 4:6
Jefferson Hascall, 19th Century
William B. Bradbury, 1816-1868

1. My latest sun is sinking fast, My race is nearly run;
2. I know I'm nearing the holy ranks Of friends and kindred dear,
3. I've almost gained my heav'n-ly home, My spirit loudly sings;
4. O bear my longing heart to Him Who bled and died for me;

My strongest trials now are past, My triumph is begun.
For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks, The crossing must be near.
Thy holy ones, behold, they come! I hear the noise of wings.
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin, And gives me victory.

Refrain

O come, angel band, Come and around me stand; O,

bear me away on your snowy wings To my immortal home: O,

bear me away on your snowy wings To my immortal home.
A Few More Years Shall Roll

When a few years are come, then I shall go the way whence I shall not return.—Job 16:22
Horatius Bonar, 1808-1889

Source Unknown

1. A few more years shall roll,..... A few more seasons come;
2. A few more storms shall beat.... On this wild, rocky shore;
3. A few more struggles here,..... A few more partings o'er,
4. A few more meetings here.... Shall cheer us on our way;

And we shall lie with them that rest, A-sleep within the tomb.
And we shall be where tempests cease, And surges swell no more.
A few more toils, a few more tears, And we shall weep no more.
And we shall reach the endless rest, The eternal Sabbath day.

Refrain

Then oh, my Lord, prepare..... My soul for that great day;.......
Then oh,........ my Lord, prepare My soul........ for that great day;

Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood, And take my sins away.
577
When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder

And another book was opened, which is the book of life.—Rev. 20:12

James M. Black, 1856-1938

When the trum-pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the morning breaks, e-ter-nal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall gath-er
glo-ry of His res-ur-rec-tion share; When His cho-sen ones shall gath-er
talk of all His won-drous love and care; Then when all of life is o-ver,
om-ming breaks, e-ter-nal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall gath-er
glo-ry of His res-ur-rec-tion share; When His cho-sen ones shall gath-er
talk of all His won-drous love and care; Then when all of life is o-ver,
over on the oth-er shore, And the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.
to their home be-yond the skies, And the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.
and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.

Refrain

When the roll is called up yon-der, When the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there,

When the roll is called up yon-der, When the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there,

When the roll is called up yon-der, When the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there,

When the roll is called up yon-der, When the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there,
When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder

When the roll is called up yonder, When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder

Beautiful Valley of Eden

There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.—Heb. 4:9

William O. Cushing, 1823-1902
William F. Sherwin, 1826-1888

1. Beautiful valley of Eden! Sweet is thy noon-tide calm;
2. Over the heart of the mourner Shin-eth thy golden day,
3. There is the home of my Saviour; There, with the blood-washed throng,

Over the hearts of the weary Breath- ing thy waves of balm.
Waft- ing the songs of the angels Down from the far away.
Over the high-lands of glory Roll- eth the great, new song.

Refrain

Beautiful valley of Eden, Home of the pure and blest, ...

How often amid the wild billows I dream of thy rest—sweet rest!
Life on Earth Is But a Vapor

Great is your reward in heaven.—Matt. 5:12

William G. Schell, b. 1869
Clarence E. Hunter, 1869-1945

1. Life on earth is but a vapor, Soon we'll lay these bodies down;
   We shall not abide forever In this gloomy vale of tears;
   I would not give up my title To that future world of bliss,
   Let us then be up and doing, We have but a few more days.

2. But if we continue faithful We shall wear the victor's crown.
   For our life shall at the longest Only last a few short years.
   For the shining gold and silver Of a thousand worlds like this.
   Priceless souls of men to rescue From their dark and sinful ways.

3. Brighter than the stars of heaven, Brighter than the dazzling sun,
   Then we'll fly away to glory, At our Father's own right hand;
   I would rather bear affliction, Be a hated pilgrim here,
   Courage, brother, work and suffer, Till this fleeting life is past.

4. We shall shine among the ransomed, When our work on earth is done.
   Help to sing redemption's story With the blood-washed angel band.
   Miss the disciples' terestrial, And obtain a crown up there.
   God will recompense our labor With a great reward at last.
The Last Mile of the Way

There is laid up for me a crown of righteousness.—II Tim. 4:8

Johnson Oatman, Jr., 1856-1926

William Edie Marks, 20th Century

1. If I walk in the path-way of duty, If I work till the close of the day, I shall see the great King in His beauty
2. If for Christ I pro-claim the glad story, If I seek for His sheep gone astray, I am sure He will show me His glory
3. Here the dearest of ties we must sever, Tears of sorrow are seen ev'ry day; But no sickness, no sighing forever
4. And if here I have earnestly striven And have tried all His will to obey, 'Twill enhance all the rapture of heaven

Copyright, 1908. Renewal 1936 by William Edie Marks. Assigned to John T. Benson, Jr. All rights reserved. Used by permission.
1. The time for toil is past, and night has come, The last and sad-dest
2. Few, light, and worth-less—yet their tri-ling weight Thro’ all my frame a
3. Full well I know I have more tares than wheat, Bram-bles and flow’rs, dry
4. So do I gath-er hope and strength a-new; For well I know Thy

of the har-vest eves; Worn out with la-bor long and wea-ri-some, Droop-ing and
wea-ry ach-ing leaves; For long I strug-gled with my hap less fate, And staid and
stalls and withered leaves; Wherefore I blush and weep, as at Thy feet I kneel down
patient love per-ceives Not what I did, but what I strove to do—And though the

faint, the reapers hasten home, Each laden with his sheaves, Each laden with his sheaves.
tooled till it was dark and late, Yet these are all my sheaves, Yet these are all my sheaves.
rev-er-ent-ly, and re-repeat, “Master, behold my sheaves,” “Master, behold my sheaves.”
full ripe ears be sad-ly few. Thou wilt accept my sheaves, Thou wilt accept my sheaves.

This Is Not My Place of Resting

1. This is not my place of rest-ing, Mine’s a cit-y yet to come;
2. In it all is light and glo-ry, O’er it shines a night-less day;
3. There the Lamb, our Shep-herd, leads us By the streams of life a-long;
4. Soon we’ll pass this des-ert drear-y, Soon we bid fare-well to pain;

This have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come.—Heb. 13:14

Horatius Bonar, 1808-1889
Isaac B. Woodbury, 1819-1858
This Is Not My Place of Resting

Onward to it I am hast'ning, On to my eternal home.  
Every trace of sin's sad story, All the curse hath passed away.  
On the freshest pasture feeds us, Turns our sighing into song.  
Nevermore are sad and weary, Never, never sin again. Amen.

Seedtime and Harvest

For in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.—Gal. 6:9

1. As pilgrims and strangers we journey thro' life, Thro' sunshine and shadow, thro' calm and thro' strife, Each day we are scattering seed as we go; Someday 'twill be harvest—"we reap what we sow."  
2. Tho' wea-ry and worn and a- lone in your way, And stormclouds are faint as you go; The harvest is nearing—"we reap what we sow."  
3. Tho' life may appear as a cold, barren waste, And comes no rest, deeds as you go; The harvest is nearing—"we reap what we sow."  
4. We'll reap what we sow when the harvest is come, Someday we shall cold winds that blow, Toil on till the harvest—"we reap what we sow."
Only Remembered

I will make Thy name to be remembered.—Psalm 45:17

Horatius Bonar, 1808-1889

Ira D. Sankey, 1840-1908

1. Fading away like the stars of the morning,
   Losing their light in the glorious sun—Thus would we pass from the earth and its toiling, Only remembered by what we have done.

2. Shall we be miss'd though by others succeed'd,
   Reaping the fields we in spring-time have sown? No, for the sowers may pass from their labors, Only remembered by what they have done.

3. Only the truth that in life we have spoken,
   Only the crowns of rejoicing are won, Then shall His weary and we are forgoten. Fruits of the harvest and what we have done.

4. Oh, when the Saviour shall make up His jewels,
   When the bright light in the glorious sun—Thus would we pass from the fields we in spring-time have sown? No, for the sowers may earth and its toiling, Only remembered by what we have done.

Refrain

Only remembered, only remembered, Only remembered by what we have done. Thus would we pass from the
Only Remembered

earth and its toil-ing, Only remembered by what we have done.

In That Day

I should ... raise it up again at the last day.—John 6:39

John McPhail, 19th Century

1. All those who love and o-bey My Word, In that day,
2. They shall be Mine, saith the Lord of hosts, In that day,
3. They shall be with Me for ev-er-more, In that day,

In that day, They shall re-ceive a great re-ward, In that day.
In that day, When I shall make My jew-els up, In that day.
In that day, And all their tri-als will be o'er In that day.

Refrain

They to My pre-cepts are al-ways true, Do-ing My will in the work they do;

I shall be with them and crown them too, In that day.
586  I Love to Think of My Home Above

Set your affection on things above.—Col. 3:2

Source Unknown
Charles Edwin Pollock, b. 1853

1. I love to think of my home a-bove, In the glorious realms of light, Of the pearl-y gates and the gold-en streets, In that clime, Where the sor-rows of earth can nev-er come, But e-bright, Of the bless-ed ones there a-round the throne, In the land where there is no night. Home, sweet home! Happy ter-nal joys will be mine. land of pure de-light. Home, sweet home! Home, sweet home! Home, sweet home! Oh! say will you meet me there, Home, sweet home! Happy home, sweet home!

In that home a-bove, where all is love, And joy be-yond com-pare?
Sweet By and By

I go to prepare a place for you.—John 14:2

Sanford F. Bennett, 1836-1898
Joseph P. Webster, 1819-1875

1. There's a land that is fair-er than day, And by faith we can
2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore The me-lo-di-ous
3. To our boun-ti-ful Fa-ther a-bove, We will of-fer the

see it a-far; For the Fa-ther waits o-ver the way, To pre-
songs of the blest, And our spir-its shall sor-row no more, Not a
trib-ute of praise For the glo-ri-ous gift of His love, And the

Refrain

pare us a dwell-ing-place there. In the sweet by and
sigh for the bless-ing of rest.
bless-ings that hal-low our days. In the sweet

by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore; In the
by and by,

sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore.

In the sweet by and by,
Home of the Soul

In My Father’s house are many mansions.—John 14:2

Ellen H. Gates, 1835-1920

1. I will sing you a song of that beautiful land, The
2. Oh, that home of the soul in my visions and dreams, Its
3. That unchangeable home is for you and for me, Where
4. Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land, So

far away home of the soul; Where no storms ever beat on that
bright jasper walls I can see; Till I fancy but thinly the
Jesus of Nazareth stands; The King of all kingdoms for
free from all sorrow and pain; With songs on our lips and with

glittering strand, While the years of eternity roll.
valentines between the fair city and me.
ever, is He, And He holdeth our crowns in His hands.
harps in our hands To meet one another again.

Refrain

While the years of eternity roll. While the years of eternity roll, Where no

storms ever beat on that glittering strand, While the years of eternity roll.
There's a Beautiful, Beautiful Land

And the city had no need of the sun, ... for the glory of God did lighten it.—Rev. 21:23

Henry B. Brenneman, 1831-1887

1. There's a beautiful, beautiful land—'Tis the home of the blest,
   Where with Jesus, a glorified band, They forever shall rest.
   Where, from sin and from misery free, We shall dwell with our God.

2. In that land is the city of light, Bright and fair, we are told:
   All its mansions are daz-zling and white, And its streets are of gold.

3. There's no need of the sun in that land, For the Lamb is its light;
   And He sits at His Father's right hand, Crowned with glory and might.

4. Oh, how glorious and sweet it must be In that peaceful abode!
   There to be with the glorified band, Oh, how sweet it will be.

Refrain

Oh, that beautiful, beautiful land Is for you and for me!
How Beautiful Heaven Must Be

A. S. Bridgewater, 20th Century
A. P. Bland, 20th Century

1. We read of a place that's called heaven, It's made for the pure and the free;
2. In heaven, no drooping nor pinning, No wishing for elsewhere to be;
3. Pure waters of life there are flowing, And all who will drink may be free;
4. The angels so sweetly are singing, Up there by the beautiful sea;

These truths in God's Word He has given, How beautiful heaven must be.
God's light is forever there shining, How beautiful heaven must be.
Rare jewels of splendor are glowing, How beautiful heaven must be.
Sweet chords from their gold harps are ringing, How beautiful heaven must be.

Refrain

How beautiful heaven must be... Sweet home of the happy and free;
Fair haven of rest for the weary, How beautiful heaven must be.
My Heavenly Home Is Bright and Fair

He looked for a city . . . whose builder and maker is God.—Heb. 11:10

William Hunter, 1811-1877

William Miller, 1801-1878

1. My heav'n-ly home is bright and fair, Nor pain, nor death can en- ter there;
2. My Fa- ther's house is built on high, Far, far a- bove the star- ry sky;
3. While here a stran- ger far from home, Af- flic- tion's waves may round me foam;
4. Let oth- ers seek a home be- low, Which flames devour, or waves o'er- flow:
5. Then fail the earth, let stars de- cline, And sun and moon re- fuse to shine,

Its glit- t'ring tow'rs the sun out- shine; That heav' nly man- sion shall be mine.
When from this earth- ly pris- on free, That heav' nly man- sion mine shall be.
Al- tho', like Laz- arus, sick and poor, My heav' nly man- sion is se- cure.
Be mine the hap- pier lot to own A heav' nly man- sion near the throne.
All na- ture sink and cease to be, That heav' nly man- sion stands for me.

Refrain

I'm go- ing home, I'm go- ing home, I'm go- ing home to die no more;
To die no more, to die no more, I'm go- ing home to die no more.
O Think of the Home Over There

I go to prepare a place for you.—John 14:2

Dewitt C. Huntington, 1830-1912

1. O think of the home o-ver there, By the side of the riv-er of light,
2. O think of the friends o-ver there, Who be-fore us the journey have trod,
3. My Sav-iour is now o-ver there, There my kindred and friends are at rest;
4. I’ll soon be at home o-ver there, For the end of my journey I see;

Where the saints all immortal and fair Are robed in their garments of white.
Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their home in the palace of God.
Then a-way from my sorrow and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest.
Man-y dear to my heart o-ver there Are watching and waiting for me.

Refrain

O-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the home o-ver there,
O-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the friends o-ver there,
O-ver there, o-ver there, My Sav-iour is now o-ver there,
O-ver there, o-ver there, I’ll soon be at home o-ver there.

O-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the home o-ver there.
O-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the friends o-ver there.
O-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, My Sav-iour is now o-ver there.
O-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, I’ll soon be at home o-ver there.

O-ver there
We're Going Home Tomorrow

Willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord.—II Cor. 5:8
Mrs. E. W. Griswold, 19th Century

1. We're going home, no more to roam, No more to sin and sorrow;
2. For weary feet a-wait a street Of wondrous pave and golden;
3. For those who sleep, and those who weep, Above the portals narrow;
4. Oh, joyful song! oh, ransomed throng! Where sin no more shall sever;

No more to wear the brow of care, We're going home tomorrow.
For hearts that ache, the angels wake The story, sweet and olden.
The mansions rise beyond the skies—We're going home tomorrow.
Our King to see, and, oh, to be With Him at home forever.

Refrain

We're going home, We're going home, We're going home tomorrow.

We're going home, We're going home, We're going home tomorrow.

We're going home, We're going home, We're going home tomorrow.

We're going home, We're going home, We're going home tomorrow.
Soon Trials and Conflicts

Our light affliction, which is but for a moment. —II Cor. 4:17
A. S. Doughty, 19th Century

1. Soon trials and conflicts of life will be o'er, And we shall have crossed the dark main;
2. Faith's rapturous vision may sometimes behold An out-line of heavenly scene;
3. That city of jewels, and mansions untold, And walls made of jasper sublime;
4. A land that's so pure and so free from all sin, Where pain never uttered a cry;
5. When we with the saints and the glorified throng Assemble up on that blest shore,

Earth's pleasures forsaken we'll never deplore, If heaven's blest portal we gain. As Moses beheld the fair Canaan of old, Far off, with a Jordan between. Refulgent with luster, like transparent gold, And never corroded by time. Where sickness and death cannot enter therein, And nothing that maketh a lie. With harps and with voices we'll chant the new song, With heaven's redeemed ever more.

Refrain

We're nearing the shore of that beautiful land, That far-away home of the soul;

And soon we will stand on that glittering strand, And chant while the ages shall roll.
That Heavenly Home

An house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.—II Cor. 5:1

Aaron C. Kolb, 1871-1937

Slowly

Aaron C. Kolb, 1871-1937

1. Oh, when I think of that heavenly home, Where all earth's sorrows shall cease,
2. Sweet is the tho't of that won-der-ful home, Shown by our Fa-ther of love,
3. When I shall meet in that hea-ven-ly place Loved ones who've gone on be-fore,

Free from all care, where no trou-ble may come Dwell-ing for-ev-er in peace;
Where all the wea-ry are wel-come to come And dwell in glo-ry a-bove.
We may re-joice in each oth-er's em-brace, Nev-er to part ev-er-more.

Where I may see the dear Saviour's sweet face, E'en in His like-ness to be,
There I shall sing with the glo-ri-fi-ed throng, Hap-py and joy-ous and free,
There in the sun-light of hea-ven-ly bliss, Feast-ing on joys nev-er told,

I'm o-ver-come with the tho't of His grace, What a blest home that must be!
Heaven shall ring with re-demption's glad song, Oh, what a joy that will be!
I shall be rest-ing se-cre-ly in peace, Safe in that hea-ven-ly fold.
There Is a Land of Pure Delight

Thine eyes ... shall behold the land that is very far off.—Isa. 33:17

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

George F. Root, 1820-1895

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign;
   And pleasures banish pain.
   So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan rolled between.
   And see the Canaan that we love, With unclouded eyes!

2. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood Stand dressed in living green;
   There everlasting spring abides, And never-with'ring flow'rs.
   But tim'rous mortals start and shrink To cross this narrow sea,
   Death, like a narrow sea, divides This heav'n-ly land from ours.

3. Oh, could we make our doubts remove, Those gloomy doubts that rise,
   There everlast ing spring abides, And ne ver-with'ring flow'rs;
   But tim'rous mortals start and shrink To cross this narrow sea,
   And linger, trembling, on the brink, And fear to launch away.

4. And eternal day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.
   So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan rolled between.
   And see the Canaan that we love, With unclouded eyes!
   Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

5. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign;
   And pleasures banish pain.
   So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan rolled between.
   And see the Canaan that we love, With unclouded eyes!

6. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood Stand dressed in living green;
   There everlasting spring abides, And never-with'ring flow'rs.
   But tim'rous mortals start and shrink To cross this narrow sea,
   Death, like a narrow sea, divides This heav'n-ly land from ours.

7. Oh, could we make our doubts remove, Those gloomy doubts that rise,
   There everlast ing spring abides, And ne ver-with'ring flow'rs;
   But tim'rous mortals start and shrink To cross this narrow sea,
   And linger, trembling, on the brink, And fear to launch away.

8. And eternal day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.
   So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan rolled between.
   And see the Canaan that we love, With unclouded eyes!
   Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.
Shall We Gather at the River

And he shewed me a pure river of water of life.—Rev. 22:1

Robert Lowry, 1826-1899

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.
   Your life with the melody of peace.

3. Ere we reach the shining river, Lay we every burden down;
   Grace our spirits will deliver, And provide a robe and crown.
   Soon our happy hearts will quiver With the melody of peace.

4. Soon we'll gather at the river, Soon our pilgrim-age will cease;
   Soon our happy hearts will quiver With the melody of peace.

Robert Lowry, 1826-1899

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Sweet Rest in Heaven

That they may rest from their labours.—Rev. 14:13

Sarah C. Leatherman, 19th Century

M. Janie Leatherman, 1867-1927

1. Some days are dark and dreary,... And some are warm and bright;
2. Sometimes our hearts are lonely,... Oft-times the way seems hard,
3. Thus when this life is over,... When comes the time of rest,
4. We'll never then grow weary,... Our toil will all be o'er;
5. Yes, there we'll meet together,... With loved ones gone before;

And oft we feel so weary,... We're glad when comes the night.
But rest comes to us only,... When we deserve reward.
Our souls will rest forever,... In mansions of the blest.
These days that are so dreary,... Will trouble us no more.
We'll rest and sing forever,... On that celestial shore.

Refrain

Our rest will soon be given...... By Him who has control;

There's rest, sweet rest, in heaven...... Rest for the weary soul....
Rest over Jordan

For we which have believed do enter into rest.—Heb. 4:3

Source Unknown

George B. Holsinger, 1857-1908

1. To the promised home in glory, To that land of blissful rest,
2. He is fitting up that mansion, Which eternally shall stand,
3. Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share,
4. Death itself shall then be vanquished; And his sting shall be withdrawn;
5. Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory, Shout your triumph as you go;

My Redeemer's gone before me, To prepare a mansion, blest.
For my stay shall not be transient, In that holy, happy land.
But in that celestial centre, I a crown of life shall wear.
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed, Hail with joy the rising morn.
Zion's gate will open for you, You shall find an entrance through.

Refrain

Yes, there is rest over Jordan's waters, Rest for such as from sin are free;

Rest for all who come to Jesus—Rest for you and me.
No Tears in Heaven

1. No tears in heav-en, no sor-rows giv-en, All will be glo-ry in that land;
2. Glo-ry is wait-ing, waiting up yonder, Where we shall spend an endless day;
3. Some morning yonder, we'll cease to ponder O'er things this life has bro't to view;

There'll be no sad-ness, all will be gladness, When we shall join that hap-py band....
There with our Sav-iour, we'll be for-ev-er, Where no more sor-row can dis-may....
All will be clear-er, loved ones be dear-er, In heav'n where all will be made new....

Refrain

No tears, no tears, no tears up there. Sorrow and pain will all have flown;
in heaven fair,

No tears, no tears, no tears up there, No tears in heaven will be known.
in heaven fair,
No Mortal Eye Hath Seen

Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, . . . the things which God hath prepared.—1 Cor. 2:9

Jac. D. Toews, b. 1903

Source Unknown

1. No mortal eye hath seen that land Across the distant sky
   That waits the faithful 'til they stand Before the throne on high.
   Its beauties far outshine what here We see upon the earth;
   There all things will be bright and clear, Of great and noble worth.

2. No heart of man can fully know The bliss of that fair clime.
   Its riches far exceed below The things of earth and time,
   No pain nor parting mar the days, No deaf nor blind nor lame;
   But all will join in happy praise And sing God's holy name.

3. No mortal ear hath heard such song Of everlasting love,
   When the redeemed and happy throng Praise God in heav'n above.
   The sweetest melodies resound When all the saved shall sing;
   Eternal bliss and joys abound In praises to our King!
FUTURE LIFE

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Shall We Meet Beyond the River
And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads.—Isa. 35:10

Horace L. Hastings, 1831-1899
Elihu S. Rice, b. 1827

1. Shall we meet beyon-d the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet in that blest har-bor, When our storm-y voyage is o’er?
3. Shall we meet in yon-der cit-y, Where the tow’rs of crys-tal shine,
4. Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour, When He comes to claim His own?

Where in all the bright for-ev-er, Sor-row ne’er shall press the soul?
Shall we meet and cast the an-chor By the fair ce-les-tial shore?
Where the walls are all of jas-per, Built by work-man-ship di- vine?
Shall we know His bless-ed fa-vor, And sit down up-on His throne?

Refrain

Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet beyon-d the riv-er?

Shall we meet beyon-d the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll?
Meet Me There

Where I am, there ye may be also.—John 14:3

Henrietta E. Blair, 19th Century, William J. Kirkpatrick, 1838-1921

1. On the happy, golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, When the storm of life is o'er, Meet me there.
2. Here our fondest hopes are vain, Dear est links are rent in twain, But in our city of delight, Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.
3. Where the harps of angels ring, And the blest forever sing, In the storms of life are o'er, Meet me there.

D. S.—storms of life are o'er, On the pure and perfect day, I am going home to stay, Meet me there.

Refrain

Meet me there, Meet me there, Where the tree of life is blooming, Meet me there.

Meet me there, Meet me there, When the

Meet me there.
Heaven Holds All to Me

Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven.—Matt. 6:20

1. Earth holds no treasures but perish with using, However
2. Out on the hills of that wonderful country, Happy, con-
3. Why should I long for the world and its sorrows, When in that

precious they be; Yet there's a country to which I am
tented and free, Loved ones are waiting and watching my home o'er the sea Millions are singing the wonderful

me, Brighter its glory will be; Joy without

measure will be my treasure, Heaven holds all to me.
I'll Make It My Home

I go to prepare a place for you.—John 14:2

L. J. Morris, 20th Century

Christopher C. Stafford, b. 1897

1. I've heard of a beau-ti-ful cit-y a-bove, Where no one can
   go a-stray; And since I am trust-ing His won-der-ful love, I'll
   make it my home some-day. I'll make it my home some-day,
   soul shall en-joy some-day.

2. I've heard of a cit-y with streets of pure gold, Where treasures can
   not de-cay; Where love's blessed sto-ry with rap-ture is told, I'll
   make it my home some-day. I'll make it my home some-day.
   some-day,

3. I've heard of a cit-y where stands the great throne, And an-gels in
   white ar-ray Are prais-ing my Lord, with my loved and His own, I'll
   make it my home some-day. I'll make it my home some-day.
   soul shall en-joy some-day.

4. So pa-tient-ly, lov-ing-ly trust-ing my Lord, Till I shall be
   Where love's bless-ed sto-ry with rap-ture is told, I'll
   soul shall en-joy some-day. I'll make it my home some-day.
   some-day,

5. When shad-ows have passed a-way; (a-way;) A man-sion of
   love is wait-ing a-bove, I'll make it my home some-day. (someday.)

There'll Be No Shadows in Heaven

The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.—Psalm 121:6

John T. Cook, b. 1900

1. There'll be no shadows in heaven, No cares to darken the way;

2. There'll be no weeping in heaven, No sorrow ever can come;

3. There'll be no parting in heaven, For time and space count no more;

God's face with light will be shining, Thro'out that eternal day.
God's hand all tear-drops will banish, In heaven our home, sweet home.
God's love will there reunite us With dear ones who've gone before.

Refrain

'Twill all be joy up in heaven, Beautiful city of gold;

Contentment reigneth eternal, The half has ne'er yet been told.

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Far, Far Beyond the Starry Sky
And I saw a new heaven and a new earth.—Rev. 21:1

Carl Plank, 1801-1825
Trans. by Jac. D. Toews, b. 1903

English Folk Melody

1. Far, far beyond the starry sky There is a blessed land,
No words of man can ever tell The joys so full and free;
Its glorious gates are open wide To all who trust the Lord;
'Tis but a little while on earth Where fleeting time shall cease;

By faith we see its mountains rise As made by God's own hand,
Yet yearnings fill my long soul In that fair land to be.
Who consecrate their lives to Him—Accept His precious Word.
But ever on that blessed shore Shall reign eternal peace.

O happy land of fairest flow'rs! Eternal joys and bliss
Tho' pain and sorrow here my lot, I know they shall depart,
In silent penitential tears Confess their guilt and sin,
The yoke of sin we've cast behind, O grasp this truth, my heart!

Awaits the weary wanderer, Sweet rest and happiness.
For rays of faith and hope, O Lord, I'llumine my longing heart.
Peace to the weary wand'ring heart The Lord now gives within.
When the redeemed shall meet above And there shall never part.
The Unclouded Day

There shall be no night there.—Rev. 22:5

Josiah K. Alwood, 1828-1909
Mel. by Josiah K. Alwood, 1828-1909
Har. by John F. Kinsey, 1852-ca.1915

Moderato.

1. Oh, they tell me of a home far beyond the skies; Oh, they tell me of a home far away;
   Where the tree of life in eternal bloom sits; Where He sits on the throne that is white-er than snow.
   Oh, they tell me of an unclouded day; Oh, the land of cloudless day,
   Sheds its fragrance thro' the unclouded day; Oh, the land of cloudless day,
   In the city that is made of gold; Oh, that land mine eyes shall see,
   In that lovel-y land of unclouded day; Oh, that land of lovel-y smiles,

2. Oh, they tell me of a home where my friends have gone; Oh, they tell me of a land far away;
   Where the tree of life in eternal bloom sits; Where He sits on the throne that is white-er than snow.
   Oh, they tell me of an unclouded day; Oh, the land of cloudless day,
   Sheds its fragrance thro' the unclouded day; Oh, the land of cloudless day,
   In the city that is made of gold; Oh, that land mine eyes shall see,
   In that lovel-y land of unclouded day; Oh, that land of lovel-y smiles,

3. Oh, they tell me of the King in His beauty there; And they tell me that mine eyes shall behold;
   Where He sits on the throne that is white-er than snow; And they tell me that no storms ever come again.
   Oh, they tell me of an unclouded day; Oh, the land of cloudless day,
   Sheds its fragrance thro' the unclouded day; Oh, the land of cloudless day,
   In the city that is made of gold; Oh, that land mine eyes shall see,
   In that lovel-y land of unclouded day; Oh, that land of lovel-y smiles,

4. Oh, they tell me that He smiles on His children there; And His smile drives their tears away;
   Where the tree of life in eternal bloom sits; Where He sits on the throne that is white-er than snow.
   Oh, they tell me of an unclouded day; Oh, the land of cloudless day,
   Sheds its fragrance thro' the unclouded day; Oh, the land of cloudless day,
   In the city that is made of gold; Oh, that land mine eyes shall see,
   In that lovel-y land of unclouded day; Oh, that land of lovel-y smiles,
The Unclouded Day

Storm-clouds rise, Oh, they tell me of an unclouded day.
Tree of life, In the land of the unclouded day.
Snow-white throne, In the land of the unclouded day.

Heaven Is My Home

And confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth.—Heb. 11:13

1. I'm but a stranger here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a desert drear, Heav'n is my home. Danger and sorrow stand pilgrimage, Heav'n is my home. Time's cold and wintry blast glorified, Heav'n is my home. There are the good and blest,

2. What though the tempest rage, Heav'n is my home; Short is my home; I shall be

3. There at my Saviour's side, Heav'n is my home; There are the good and blest,

Round me on ev'ry hand; Heav'n is my father-land, Heav'n is my home. Shall soon be over-past; I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home. Those I love most and best, There, too, I soon shall rest, Heav'n is my home.
Jerusalem, My Happy Home

The Holy City, New Jerusalem.—Rev. 21:2

Aurelius Augustine, 353-430
Henry S. Rupp, 1826-1898

1. Jerusalem, my happy home, Name ever dear to me!
   When shall these eyes thy heav'n-built walls, And pearl-y gates behold? Thy
dear home, near my Father's house, Where mansions be; Near-er the
shall my labors have an end, In joy and peace in thee? My home, dear

2. When shall these eyes thy heav'n-built walls, And pearl-y gates behold? Thy
   There hap-pier bow'rs than Eden's bloom, Nor sin nor sor-row know; Blest
   Shall I thy courts ascend, Where shall my labors have an end, When I thy joys shall see.

3. Oh, when, thou cit-y of my God, Shall I thy courts as-cend, Where
   Near-er the bound of life, Where bur-dens are laid down; Near-er to
   Seats! thro' rude and storm-y scenes I on-ward press to you.

4. There hap-pier bow'rs than Eden's bloom, Nor sin nor sor-row know; Blest
   There hap-pier bow'rs than Eden's bloom, Nor sin nor sor-row know; Blest
   Be near me when my feet Are slip-ping o'er the brink; For I am

5. Jerusalem, my happy home! My soul still pants for thee; Then
   Jerusalem, my happy home! My soul still pants for thee; Then
   My soul still pants for thee; Then

Refrain

One Sweetly Solemn Thought

Now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly.—Heb. 11:16
Phoebe Cary, 1824-1871
Philip Phillips, 1834-1895

1. One sweet-ly sol-lemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er: I'm near-er
2. Near-er my Father's house, Where man-y mansions be; Near-er the
3. Near-er the bound of life, Where bur-dens are laid down; Near-er to
4. Be near me when my feet Are slip-ping o'er the brink; For I am

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One Sweetly Solemn Thought

Refrain

home to-day, to-day, Than I have been before:
great white throne to-day, Near-er the crystal sea:
leave the cross to-day, And near-er to the crown.
near-er home to-day, Per-haps, than now I think.

Near-er my home, Near-er my home to-day, to-day, Than I have been before.

Oh! Sing to Me of Heaven

Mary S. B. Dana, b. 1810

1. Oh! sing to me of heav'n, When I am called to die;
2. When cold and sluggish drops Roll off my marble brow,
3. When the last moments come, Oh, watch my dying face,
4. Then to my raptured ear Let one sweet song be giv'n;

Ref. — There'll be no sorrow there, There'll be no sorrow there;

Sing songs of holy ecstasy, To waft my soul on high.
Break forth in songs of joyful ness, Let heav'n begin below.
To catch the bright seraphic gleam, Which on each feature plays,
Let music cheer me last on earth, And greet me first in heav'n.

In heav'n above, where all is love, There'll be no sorrow there.
Will the Circle Be Unbroken?

Ada R. Habershon, 1861-1918
Charles H. Gabriel, 1856-1932

1. There are loved ones in the glory Whose dear forms you often miss;  
2. In the joyous days of childhood, Oft they told of wondrous love;  
3. You remember songs of heaven, Which you sang with childish voice;  
4. You can picture happy gath'ring's, 'Round the fire-side long ago,  
5. One by one their seats were emptied, One by one they went away,  

When you close your earthly story, Will you join them in their bliss?  
Pointed to the dying Saviour, Now they dwell with Him above.  
Do you love the hymns they taught you, Or are songs of earth your choice?  
And you think of tearful partings, When they left you here below.  
Now the family is parted, Will it be complete one day?  

Refrain  
Will the circle be unbroken By and by, by and by?  

In a better home awaiting, In the sky, in the sky?
Let Me Go

In this we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven.

II Cor. 5:2

Lewis Hartsough, 1828-1919

1. Let me go where saints are going, To the mansions of the blest;
   Let me go where my Redeemer Has prepared His people rest.
   Let me go and bathe my spirit In the raptures angels know.
   I would gain the realms of brightness, Where they dwell for evermore;
   I would join the friends that wait me Over on the other shore.
   Oh! I've gathered brightest flowers, But to see them fade and die.

2. Let me go where none are weary, Where is raised no wail of woe;
   Let me go where my Redeemer Has prepared His people rest.
   Let me go and bathe my spirit In the raptures angels know.
   I would gain the realms of brightness, Where they dwell for evermore;
   And the victor's song triumphant Thrills my heart—I cannot stay.
   Oh! I've gathered brightest flowers, But to see them fade and die.

3. Let me go, why should I tarry? What has earth to bind me here?
   Let me go where none are weary, Where is raised no wail of woe;
   What but cares, and toils, and sorrows? What but death, and pain, and fear?
   Let me go where my Redeemer Has prepared His people rest.
   Let me go and bathe my spirit In the raptures angels know.
   I would gain the realms of brightness, Where they dwell for evermore;
   I would join the friends that wait me Over on the other shore.
   And the victor's song triumphant Thrills my heart—I cannot stay.
   Oh! I've gathered brightest flowers, But to see them fade and die.
We Are Going Down the Valley

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.—Psalm 23:4

Jessie Brown Pounds, 1861-1921
James H. Fillmore, 1849-1936

Doloroso.

1. We are going down the valley, one by one, With our faces tow'r'd the setting of the sun; Down the valley where the mourn-ful cy-pruss grows, wea-ry day are done; One by one, the cares of earth for-ev-er past, I will there have none; But a ten-der hand will guide us lest we fall,

2. We are going down the valley, one by one, When the la-bors of the day are done; One by one, the cares of earth for-ev-er past, I will there have none; But a ten-der hand will guide us lest we fall,

3. We are going down the valley, one by one, Hu-man comrade you or I will there have none; But a ten-der hand will guide us lest we fall,

Refrain

Where the stream of death in si-lence onward flows. We shall stand up-on the riv-er bank at last.} We are go-ing down the val-ley, Christ is go-ing down the valley with us all.

go-ing down the val-ley, Go-ing tow'rd the set-ting of the sun; We are

going down the valley, going down the valley, Go-ing down the valley, one by one.

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Silently, They Pass Away

The spirit shall return unto God who gave it.—Eccl. 12:7

1. Silently, silently, they pass away, Silently,
2. Silently, silently, sweet is their sleep, Silently,
3. Silently, silently, bury the dead, Silently,
4. Silently, silently, lay them to rest, Silently,

silently, short is their stay; From earth to heaven they've
silently, for them we weep; Oh, how we mourn, and how
silently, the soul has fled Up to our heavenly
silently, God thought it best A loft in heaven their

taken their flight, Far from all sorrow and pain and from night,
sad are our hearts, When from the body the spirit departs!
Father who gave, And through His great loving kindness will save.
Saviour to meet, And all the sanctified angels to greet.

To their Saviour who is calling, Calling, come home, Calling, come home.
But 'tis Jesus who is calling, Calling, come home, Calling, come home.
For 'tis Jesus who is calling, Calling, come home, Calling, come home.
So, 'tis Jesus who is calling, Calling, come home, Calling, come home.
The Last Farewell

The time of my departure is at hand.—II Tim. 4:6

D. Otis Teasley, 1876-1942

1. Fare-well, dear friends, I bid you
2. Fare-well, dear friends, re-mem-ber,
3. Fare-well, oh, will you meet me
4. Fare-well, dear friends, I'm near-ing

A lov-ing, last fare-well;
Our walk on earth was sweet,
In that ce-les-tial land,
The man-sions bright a-bove,

I hear my Sav-iour call-ing,
But sweet-er far the end-ing,
Where we shall dwell for-ev-er,
My on-ly plea for en-trance—

I soon with Him shall dwell.
To rest at Je-sus’ feet.
And grasp no part-ing hand?
My Sav-iour’s dy-ing love.

Weep not at my de-part-ure,
I see
Nor trem-ble with a-larm,
My work on earth is end-ed,
And when I shout the cho-rus

For on that shore I see
And there a star-ry crown
Of Je-sus cru-ci-fied,
Of Je-sus cru-ci-fied,

The blest of a-ges wait-ing
To chant a song for me.
For an-gels wait to bear me
A - bove the rag-ing storm.
A - waits me, for I've con-quer-ed,

To o-pen wide.
To o-pen wide.
I lay my arm-or down.
I know will o-pen wide.
Sleep till that Morning

I know that he shall rise again . . . at the last day.—John 11:24

Source Unknown

B. F. Showalter, 19th Century

1. Peace-ful-ly lay her down to rest; Place the turf kind-ly o'er her breast;
2. Close to her lone and nar-row house, Graceful-ly wave, ye wil-low boughs;
3. Qui-et-ly sleep, be-loved one, Rest from thy toil, thy la-bor's done;

Sweet be the slum-ber 'neath the sod, While the pure soul is rest-ing with God.
Flow'rs of the wild-wood, o-dors shed, O-ver the ho-ly, beau-ti-ful dead.
Rest till the trump from th'op-'ning skies, Bids thee from dust to glo-ry a-rise.

Refrain

Peace-ful-ly sleep, . . . Sleep . . . till that
Peace-ful-ly, peace-ful-ly, sweet-ly sleep, Peace-ful-ly sleep till that

morn-ing, Yes, peace-ful-ly sleep, . . .
morn-ing, Yes, peace-ful-ly, peace-ful-ly, peace-ful-ly sleep.
**Sometime We’ll Understand**

*Now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face.—I Cor. 13:12*

Maxwell N. Cornelius, 19th Century

James McGranahan, 1840-1907

1. Not now, but in the com-ing years, It may be in the bet-ter land,
2. We’ll catch the bro-ken thread a-gain, And fin-ish what we here be-gan;
3. We’ll know why clouds instead of sun Were o-ver many a cher-ished plan;
4. God knows the way, He holds the key, He guides us with un-err-ing hand;

We’ll read the mean-ing of our tears, And there, some-time we’ll un-der-stand.
Heav’n will the mys-ter-ies ex-plain, And then, ah, then, we’ll un-der-stand.
Why song has ceased when scarce begun; ’Tis there, some-time, we’ll un-der-stand.
Some-time with tear-less eyes we’ll see; Yes, there, up there, we’ll un-der-stand.

**Refrain**  *A little faster*

Then trust in God thro’ all the days; Fear not, for He doth hold thy hand;
doth hold thy hand;

Though dark thy way, still sing and praise, Sometime, sometime, we’ll under-stand.
Not Dead, But Sleeping

The maid is not dead, but sleepeth.—Matt. 9:24

Clara M. Brooks, b. 1882
B. Elliott Warren, 1867-1951

Slowly and softly

1. "Lo, 'she is not dead, but sleep-ing,"—Thus the bless-ed Mas-ter spake:
2. Just a - sleep, her soul im-mor-tal, Dwell-ing now be-yond life's woes,
3. As a dream when one a-wak-eth, As a tale when it is told;
4. Like the pearl-y drops of morn-ing Soar-ing up-ward tow'rd the sun,
5. Death no dread-ed sting con-tain-eth, For the soul, in Je-sus blest,

Why are all these tears of weep-ing? We shall in His likeness wake.
Finds from care and pain and sor-row Sweet and un-dis-turbed re-pose.
Thus its flight the spir-it tak-eth, Dust re-turns to earth-ly mold.
Thus our spir-it-its are re-turn-ing To their Ma-ker, one by one.
O'er the grave a vic-t'ry gain-eth—He who finds this heav'nly rest.

Refrain

On - ly sleep-ing, sweetly sleep-ing, While the an-gels vig-il keep;

Je-sus gives to His be-lov-ed Rest at last in peaceful sleep.

*Use masculine form of pronouns if required.
Asleep in Jesus

Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the firstfruits of them that slept.—I Cor. 15:20
Margaret Mackay, 1802-1887
William B. Bradbury, 1816-1868

1. A - sleep in Je - sus! bless - ed sleep, From which none
ev - er wakes to weep; A calm and un - dis-
such a slum - ber meet! With ho - ly con - fi-
is su - preme - ly blest; No fear, no woe shall
bliss - ful ref - uge be! Se - cure - ly shall my
turbed re - pose, Un - bro - ken by the last of foes.
dence to sing That death has lost its ven - om - ed sting.
dim that hour Which man - i - fests the Sav - iour's pow'r.
ash - es lie, And wait the sum - mons from on high.

Jesus, While Our Hearts Are Bleeding

The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.—Job 1:21
Thomas Hastings, 1784-1872
Lowell Mason, 1792-1872

1. Je - sus, while our hearts are bleed - ing O'er the spoils that death has won,
2. Tho' cast down, we're not for - sak - en; Tho' af - flict - ed, not a - lone:
3. Tho' to - day we're filled with mourn - ing, Mer - cy still is on the throne;
4. By Thy hands the boon was giv - en; Thou hast tak - en but Thine own:
Jesus, While Our Hearts Are Bleeding

We would, at this solemn meeting, Calmly say, "Thy will be done."
Thou didst give, and Thou hast taken: Blessed Lord, "Thy will be done."
With Thy smiles of love returning, We can sing, "Thy will be done."
Lord of earth, and God of heaven, Evermore, "Thy will be done."

Some Sweet Day

1. Some sweet day when life is o'er, We shall meet above;
2. Trials here below we meet, Sorrow, pain and care;
3. Bright the dawning of that morn, Night returned to day;

We shall greet those gone before, In that home of love.
In that happy home so sweet, Joy and peace we'll share.
Parted friends no farewells know; Tears be wiped away.

Refrain

Some sweet day, some sweet day, Oh! that happy time will be, some sweet day.
1. Jesus has taken a beautiful bud, Out of our garden of love,
   Borne it away to the city of God, Home of the angels above.
   You shall behold them again, and be glad, Beautiful flowers on high.
   Follow the Lord, tho' the city be far, Till our bright blossoms we see.

2. Full blooming flowers alone will not do, Some must be young and ungrown;
   So the frail buds He is gathering, too, Beautiful gems of His throne.
   Jesus is gathering, day after day, Buds for the palace of heav'n.

3. Fathers and mothers, weep not or be sad, Still on the Saviour rely;
   Fathers and mothers, weep not or be sad, Still on the Saviour rely.
   You shall behold them again, and be glad, Beautiful flowers on high.

4. Blooming in beauty in heaven are they, Blooming for you and for me;
   Blooming in beauty in heaven are they, Blooming for you and for me;
   You shall behold them again, and be glad, Beautiful flowers on high.

5. Refrain
   Gathering buds, gathering buds, Wonderful care will be given,
   Gathering buds, gathering buds, Wonderful care will be given,
   Gathering buds, gathering buds, Wonderful care will be given.
Two Little Hands

Daniel S. Warner, 1842-1895

B. Elliott Warren, 1867-1951

With expression

1. Two little hands are sweetly folded Up on a silent breast:
2. Two little eyes are closed forever To earth's unholy sight,
3. Two little feet have ceased to travel Up on the shores of time;
4. Oh, what a comfort, dear Redeemer, Thy grace and love hath giv'n,

The little heart within has numbered Its throbs and gone to rest.
Two little cherub wings now hover In heaven's golden light.
A little gem released from trouble, Has gone above to shine.
That when life's winter day is ended, We'll meet our child in heav'n.

Refrain

Resting, resting, oh, how sweet!..
Gone to Bloom Above

Daniel S. Warner, 1842-1895

D. Otis Teasley, 1876-1942

1. A gentle hand unseen by us Has plucked our tender bud;
2. In all our hearts He planted deep This precious little one;
3. No care was lavished here in vain Up on this plant of love;
4. Would not our grief for ever flow Up on thy silent tomb,
5. Dear Jesus, Thou hast died for us, And for our darling, too;

By this alone our grief is blest—It was the hand of God.
As forth He takes His own, we weep, But say, "Thy will be done."
Tho' soon removed, 'twill bloom again In sweet-er form a-bove.
Did not our hearts this comfort know—We soon to thee shall come.
We trust Thee in each providence, Thy love is ever true.

Refrain

O gentle one, we miss thee here, Sweet form we love so well;

But in our Father's better care, We know the child is well.
Go to Thy Rest, Fair Child

I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.—II Sam. 12:23
Lydia H. Sigourney, 1791-1865
J. H. Tenney, 19th Century

Softly

1. Go to thy rest, fair child! Go to thy dream-less bed,
2. Before thy heart had learned In way-ward-ness to stray;
3. Ere sin had seared the breast, Or sorrow woke the tear;
4. Because thy smile was fair, Thy lip and eye so bright,
5. Shall love, with weak embrace, Thy up-ward wing detain?

While yet so gentle, undeiled, With blessings on thy head,
Before thy feet had ever turned The dark and down-ward way;
Rise to thy throne of change-less rest, In yon ce-les-tial sphere!
Because thy loving cra-dle-care Was such a dear de-light;
Nol gen-tle spir-it, seek thy place A-mid the cher-ub train.

Sister, Thou Wast Mild and Lovely

Behold how He loved him!—John 11:36
Samuel F. Smith, 1808-1895
Lowell Mason, 1792-1872

1. Sister, thou wast mild and love-ly, Gentle as the sum-mer breeze,
2. Peace-ful be thy si- lent slum-ber, Peace-ful in the grave so low;
3. Dear-est sis-ter, thou hast left us; Here thy loss we deep-ly feel;
4. Yet a-gain we hope to meet thee, When the day of life is fled,

Pleas-ant as the air of eve-ning, When it floats a-mong the trees.
Thou no more wilt join our num-ber, Thou no more our songs shalt know.
But 'tis God that hath be-reft us: He can all our sor-rows heal.
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee, Where no fare-well tear is shed.
629  And Now, My Soul, Another Year  
*Here have we no continuing city.—Heb. 13:14*  
Simon Browne, 1680-1732  
Aldine S. Kieffer, d. 1904

1. And now, my soul, an-oth-er year Of thy short life is past;  
2. Much of my hast-y life is gone, Nor will re-turn a-gain;  
3. A-wake, my soul, with ut-most care Thy true con-di-tion learn;  
4. Be-hold an-oth-er year be-gins; Set out a-fresh for heav’n;  
5. De-vout-ly yield thy-self to God, And on His grace de-pend;

I can-not long con-tin-ue here, And this may be my last.  
And swift my pass-ing mo-ments run, The few that yet re-main.  
What are thy hopes? how sure? how fair? What is thy great con-cern?  
Seek par-don for thy for-mer sins, In Christ so free-ly giv’n.  
With zeal pur-sue the heav’n-ly road, Nor doubt a hap-py end.

630  Now, Gracious Lord, Thine Arm Reveal  
*Remember, O Lord, Thy tender mercies.—Psalm 25:6*  
John Newton, 1725-1807  
Hugh Wilson, 1764-1824

1. Now, gra-cious Lord, Thine arm re-veal, And make Thy glo-ry known;  
2. From all the guilt and for-mer sin, May mer-cy set us free;  
3. Send down Thy Spir-it from a-bove, That saints may love Thee more;  
4. And when be-fore Thee we ap-pear In our e-ter-nal home,

Now let us all Thy pres-ence feel, And soft-en hearts of stone.  
And let the year we now be-gin, Be-gin and end with Thee.  
And sin-ners now may learn to love, Who nev-er loved be-fore.  
May grow-ing num-bers wor-ship here, And praise Thee in our room.
Another Year Is Dawning

His merciful kindness is great toward us.—Psalm 117:2

Frances R. Havergal, 1836-1879
Samuel S. Wesley, 1810-1876

1. Another year is dawning, Dear Father, let it be,
2. Another year of mercies, Of faithfulness and grace,
3. Another year of service, Of witness for Thy love,

In working or in waiting, Another year with Thee;
Another year of gladness The glory of Thy face;
Another year of training For holier work above.

Another year of progress, Another year of praise,
Another year of leaning Upon Thy loving breast,
Another year is dawning, Dear Father, let it be.

Another year of proving Thy presence all the days;
Another year of trusting, Of quiet, happy rest,—
On earth, or else in heaven, Another year for Thee.
I Thank the Lord My Maker

Giving thanks always for all things unto God.—Eph. 5:20

Thomas MacKellar, 1812-1899
George J. Webb, 1803-1887

1. I thank the Lord my Maker
   For all His gifts to me; For making me part-
   tak-er Of bounties rich and free; For fa-ther and for moth-er, Who give me fa-
   clothes and food, For sis-ter and for broth-er, And all the kind and good.
   washed a-way, I may be found un-spot-ted When comes the final day.
   ev-er see, And tell the won-drous sto-ry Of all His love for me.

2. I thank the Lord my Sav-iour
   Who came for me to die, And bless me with His liv-ing, And dy-ing, reach the place Where Je-sus in His glo-ry I shall for-

3. I thank the Lord for giv-ing The Spir-it of His grace, That I may serve Him

Praise to God, Immortal Praise

Being enriched in every thing to all bountifulness.—II Cor. 9:11

Anna L. Barbauld, 1743-1825
Asahel Abbot, 19th Century

1. Praise to God, im-mor-tal praise, For the love that crowns our days;
2. For the bless-ings of the field, For the stores the gar-dens yield,
3. Clouds that drop re-fresh-ing dews; Suns that ge-nial heat dif-fuse;
4. All that Spring with boun-teous hand, Scat-ters o’er the smil-ing land;
5. These, great God, to Thee we owe, Source whence all our bless-ings flow;
Praise to God, Immortal Praise

Bounteous source of every joy, Let Thy praise our tongues employ.
For the joy which harvests bring, Grateful praises now we sing.
Flocks that whiten all the plain, Yellow sheaves of ripened grain.
All that liberal Autumn pours From her overflowing stores;
And for these our souls shall raise Grateful vows and solemn praise.

For the Beauty of the Earth

The living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy.—I Tim. 6:17
Folliott S. Pierpont, 1835-1917
Conrad Kocher, 1786-1872

1. For the beauty of the earth, For the beauty of the skies,
2. For the joy of human love, Brother, sister, parent, child,
3. For Thy Church, that ever more Lift-eth holy hands above,
4. For Thyself, best gift divine, To our race so freely giv'n;

For the love which from our birth Over and around us lies,—
Friends on earth, and friends above; For all gentle thoughts and mild,—
Of 'ring up on every shore Its pure sacrifice of love,—
For that great, great love of Thine, Peace on earth, and joy in heav'n,—

Christ our God, to Thee we raise This our hymn of grateful praise.

THANKSGIVING
635

Chief Shepherd

Sounce Unknown

William B. Bradbury, 1816-1868

1. Chief Shepherd of Thy chosen sheep, From death and sin set free,
2. With plentiful grace their hearts pre-pare, To ex-ecute Thy will;
3. In-flame their minds with ho-ly zeal, Their flocks to feed and teach;

May ev'-ry un-der-shep-herd keep His eye in-tent on Thee!
Com-pas-sion, pa-tience, love, and care, And faith-ful-ness and skill.
And let them live, and let them feel, The sa-cred truths they preach.

636

Pour Out Thy Spirit

Until the Spirit be poured upon us from on high.—Isa. 32:15

James Montgomery, 1771-1854

Adapted from Katholisches Gesangbuch, c.1774

1. Pour out Thy Spir-it from on high; Lord! Thine as-sem-bled serv-ants bless;
2. Wis-dom, and zeal, and faith im-part, Firm-ness with meekness from a-bove,
3. To watch and pray, and nev-er faint; By day and night strict guard to keep;
4. Then, when our work is fin-ished here, In hum-ble hope our charge re-sign:

Grac-es and gifts to each sup-ply, And clothe Thy saints with right-eous-ness.
To bear Thy peo-ple on our heart, And love the souls whom Thou dost love:
To warn the sin-ner, cheer the saint, Nour-ish Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep:
When the chief Shep-herd shall ap-pear, O God! may they and we be Thine!
Here, Lord of Life and Light

1. Here, Lord of life and light, to Thee Our pil-grim fa-thers bowed the knee;
2. Here Thy own servants preached Thy Word, Safe from the pris-on and the sword;
3. Here still Thy Word is preached, and still, As once on Zi-on's sa-cred hill,
4. A-mid our fa-thers' graves, to-day, To Thee, our fa-thers' God, we pray—

Thou heard'st their prayer, and in this place They reared the tem-ple of Thy grace.
Nor preached in vain, each roll-ing year Gave wit-ness that the Lord was here.
Thy grace descends like timely showers—For still our fa-thers' God is ours.
Here on Thy church, till time shall end, Let showers of heav'n-ly grace de-scend.

Great King of Saints

1. Great King of saints, en-throned on high, Un-der Thy care Thy church-es live:
2. For pas-tors may Thy name be blessed, Who teach the doc-trines of the Lord;
3. While they their works as-signed ful-fill, O may their souls with grace be crowned,
4. Sound in the faith, in conscience clear, Ev-er may they them-selves ap-prove;
5. And when their serv-ice here is done, Their la-bors and their con-flicts o'er,

Thou dost their var-ious wants sup-ply, And well-ap-point-ed eld-ers give.
On dea-cons may Thy fa-vor rest, Cho- sen ac-cord-ing to Thy Word.
And pa-tience, sympa-thy, and zeal, With meekness in their lives a-bound.
So-ber and just, de-vout, sin-cere, Guid-ed with wis-dom from a-bove.
Then may they wait before Thy throne, In heav'n to praise Thee ev-er-more.
639  O God, Our Help

Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.—Psalm 90:1

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

William Croft, 1678-1727

1. O God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come,
2. Beneath the shadow of Thy throne Still may we dwell secure,
3. Before the hills in order stood, Or earth received her frame,
4. A thousand ages, in Thy sight, Are like an evening gone;
5. O God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come;

Our shelter from the stormy blast, And our eternal home!
Sufficient is Thine arm alone, And our defence is sure.
From everlasting Thou art God; To endless years the same.
Short as the watch that ends the night, Before the rising sun.
Be Thou our guide while life shall last, And our eternal home!

640  Lord, Cause Thy Face on Us to Shine

Endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.—Eph. 4:3

Thomas Cottier, 1779-1823

Lowell Mason, 1792-1872

1. Lord, cause Thy face on us to shine, Give us Thy peace, and seal us Thine;
2. One is our faith, and one our Lord; One body, Spirit, hope, reward:
3. Bless all whose voice salvation brings, Who minister in holy things;
4. Let many in the judgment day, Turned from the error of their way,

Teach us to prize the means of grace, And love Thine earthly dwelling-place.
May we in one communion be, One with each other, one with Thee.
The elders, pastors, deacons, bless; Clothe them with zeal and righteousness.
Their hope, their joy, their crown appear: Save those who preach and those who hear. AMEN.
And Are We Yet Alive

God, who is rich in mercy, . . . hath quickened us together with Christ.—Eph. 2:4, 5
Charles Wesley, 1707-1788

Hans G. Nägeli, 1773-1836
Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1792-1872

1. And are we yet a-live, And see each oth-er's face? Glo-
2. Pre-served by pow'r di-vine To full sal-va-tion here, A-
3. What trou-bles have we seen; What con-flicts have we passed; Fight-
4. But out of all, the Lord Hath brought us by His love; And
5. Let us take up the cross Till we the crown ob-tain; And

ry and praise to Je-sus give For His re-deem-ing grace.
gain in Je-sus' praise we join And in His sight ap-pear.
ings with-out and fears with-in Since we as-sem-bled last.
still He doth His help af-ford, And hides our life a-bove.
glad-ly reck-on all things loss, So we may Je-sus gain.

O Grant Thy Servants, Through Thy Grace

And the apostles and elders came together for to consider of this matter.—Acts 15:6
John Gambold, 1711-1771

Carl G. Gläser, 1784-1829
Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1792-1872

1. O grant Thy serv-ants, thro' Thy grace, An un-der-stand-ing heart,
2. With heav'nly wis-dom us en-dow; Thy peace, O may we feel;
3. Thus, by Thy gra-cious Spir-it blest, Sup-port-ed by Thy aid,

Thy deal-ings with Thy Church to trace, And coun-sel to im-part.
A read- y mind on us be-stow, To do Thy ho-ly will.
And whol-ly of Thy will pos-sessed, All in Thy path pro-ceed.
643  All Things Are Thine

Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above.—James 1:17

John G. Whittier, 1807-1892
Adapted from Katholisches Gesangbuch, c.1774

All things are Thine: no gift have we, Lord of all gifts, to offer Thee;
Thy will was in the builder's thought; Thy hand unseen amidst us wrought;
In weakness and in want we call on Thee for whom the heavens are small;
O Father, deign these walls to bless; Fill with Thy love their emptiness;

And hence, with grateful hearts today
Thy own before Thy feet we lay.
Thro' mortal motive, scheme and plan,
Thy wise eternal purpose ran.
Thy glory is Thy children's good,
Thy joy Thy tender Fatherhood.
And let their door a gateway be
To lead us from our-selves to Thee.

644  Lord of Hosts!

Hearken Thou to the supplication of Thy servant, and of Thy people.—1 Kings 8:30

Thou Thy people's hearts prepare Here to meet for praise and prayer.
Here, in hope of glory blest, May the dead be laid to rest.
Here reveal Thy mercy sure, While the sun and moon endure.
Hallelujah! hence ascend Prayer and praise till time shall end.
O Thou, Whose Temple Stands 645

Behold, the heaven and heaven of heavens cannot contain Thee.—1 Kings 8:27

Source Unknown

Thomas A. Arne, 1710-1778

1. O Thou, whose own vast temple stands, Built o-ver earth and sea,
2. Lord, from Thine in-most glory send, With-in these courts to bide,
3. May erring minds that worship here Be taught the better way,
4. May faith grow firm, and love grow warm, And pure devotion rise,

Accept the walls that human hands Have raised to worship Thee.
The peace that dwell-eth, with-out end, Serene-ly by Thy side.
And they who mourn, and they who fear, Be strength-ened as they pray.
While round these hal-lowed walls the storm Of earth-born pas-sion dies.

When Here, O Lord 646

Hear Thou in heaven, and forgive.—1 Kings 8:34

Source Unknown

Adapted from Katholisches Gesangbuch, c.1774

1. When here, O Lord, we seek Thy face, And dy-ing sin-ners pray to live,
2. When here, Thy mes-sen-gers pro-claim The bless-ed Gos-pel of Thy Son,
3. But will, in-deed, Je-ho-vah deign Here to a-bide, no transient guest?
4. Thy glo-ry nev-er hence de-part; Yet choose not, Lord, this house a-lone;

Hear Thou, in heav'n Thy dwell-ing place, And when Thou hear-est, Lord, for-give.
Still by the power of His great name Be might-y signs and won-ders done.
Here will our great Re-deem-er reign, And here the Ho-ly Spir-it rest?
Thy king-dom come to ev'-ry heart; In ev'-ry bos-om fix Thy throne.
1. Give as the Lord hath prospered thee, Give, give to the Lord;
2. Give to the poor a-long the way, Give, give to the Lord;
3. Give, tho' so poor thy gift may seem, Give, give to the Lord;

Give with a willing mind and free, Give, give to the Lord;
Give to His people far a-way, Give, give to the Lord;
Give but the cup in Jesus' name, Give, give to the Lord;

He hath supplied thee o'er and o'er, Blessed thee in basket and in store,
Give to His need-y as they cry, Give to His people ere they die,
Cheerful then give the good thou hast, Fear-less thy bread on waters cast,

Promised to fill thee more and more, Thy gracious Lord.
Give to His Gospel that it fly, O give, give, give.
It will return to thee at last In harvests great.
Give to the Lord

Give, give with a willing hand, Give, give with a liberal hand,

Give, give at His blest command, Who prospered thee, prospered thee.

We Give Thee But Thine Own

All things come of Thee, and of Thine own have we given Thee.—I Chron. 29:14
William W. Howe, 1823-1897
Mason and Webb's Cantica Laudis, 1850

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. To comfort and to bless, To find a balm for woe,
4. The captive to release, To God the lost to bring,
5. 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 blessest us, To Thee our first fruits give.
To tend the lone and fatherless, Is angels' work below.
To teach the way of life and peace— It is a Christ-like thing.
What e'er for Thine we do, O Lord, We do it unto Thee. Amen.
Glory Be to the Father

From Ephesians 3:21

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, And to the Holy Ghost.
As it was in the beginning, is now, and . . . . ev-er shall be, world without end. A-men.

Grace Before Meals

John Cennick, 1718-1755

Be present at our ta-ble, Lord, Be here and ev'-ry-where a-dored,
These mercies bless, and grant that we May feast in Para-dise with Thee.

Thanks Returned for Meals

We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food, For life, and health, and ev'-ry good:
Let man-na to our souls be giv'n,—The Bread of Life sent down from heav'n.
The Lord’s Prayer

Matthew 6:9-13

Sarah J. B. Hale, 1788-1879

Aaron L. Toews, 1899-1964

1. Our Father in heaven, we hallow Thy name; May Thy Kingdom
   Holy on earth be the same; O give to us daily our
   por-tion of bread, It is from Thy bounty that all must be fed.

2. For-give our trans-gres-sions and teach us to know That hum-ble com-
   e-vil and sin, And Thine be the glo-ry, for-ev-er! A-men.

God Is Great, and God Is Good

O taste and see that the Lord is good.—Psalm 34:8

Source Unknown

Adapted from Katholisches Gesangbuch, c.1774

By His hand must all be fed, Give us, Lord, our dai-ly bread. A-men.
Now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of His grace.—Acts 20:32

Jeremiah E. Rankin, 1828-1904

William G. Tomer, 1833-1896

God Be with You

1. God be with you till we meet again, By His counsels guide, up-hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet again, When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet again, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,

With His sheep securely fold you: God be with you till we meet again.
Daily manna still provide you: God be with you till we meet again.
Put His arms un-failing round you: God be with you till we meet again.
Smite death's threatening wave before you: God be with you till we meet again.

Refrain

Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet, Till we meet, Till we meet,

meet at Jesus' feet; Till we meet, till we meet; Till we meet,

meet, God be with you till we meet again.
PARTING AND FAREWELL

My Dearest Friends, in Bonds of Love

He that loveth his brother abideth in the light.—I John 2:10

Source Unknown
Jeremiah Ingalls, 1764-1828

1. My dear-est friends, in bonds of love, Our hearts in sweet-est un-ion prove;
2. How sweet the hours have passed away, When we have met to sing and pray;
3. And since it is God's ho-ly will, We must be part-ed for a while,
4. How oft I've seen the flow-ing tears, And heard you tell your hopes and fears;

Your friendship's like a draw-ing band, Yet we must take the part-ing hand.
How loath I've been to leave the place Where Je-sus shows His smil-ing face.
In sweet sub-mis-sion all in one, We'll say, "Our Fa-ther's will be done."
Your hearts with love have seemed to flame, Which makes me hope we'll meet a-gain.

Your pres-ence sweet, your un-ion dear, Your words de-light-ful to my ear;
Oh, could I stay with friends so kind, How would it cheer my struggling mind!
Dear fel-low youth in Chris-tian ties, Who seek for man-sions in the skies,
Ye mourn-ing souls, in sad sur-prise, Je-sus re-mem-bers all your cries;

And when I see that we must part, You draw like cords a-round my heart.
But du-ty makes me un-der-stand That we must take the part-ing hand.
Fight on, you'll win the hap-py shore, Where parting hands are known no more.
Oh, taste His grace, in all that land We'll no more take the part-ing hand.
We'll Never Say Good-By

We shall never say 'good-bye' in heaven (The words of a dying Christian woman).
Mrs. F. W. Chapman, 19th Century

J. H. Tenney, 19th Century

1. Our friends on earth we meet with pleasure, While swift the moments fly,
   Yet ever comes the thought of sadness That we must say good-bye.
   That when our labors here are ended, With them we'll ever be.
   But songs of joy, and peace, and gladness, Shall ever-more be ours.

2. How joyful is the thought that lingers, When loved ones cross death's sea,
   How joy-ful is the thought that lingers, When loved ones cross death's sea.

3. No parting words shall e'er be spoken In that bright land of flowers,
   No parting words shall e'er be spoken. In that bright land of flowers,

Refrain

We'll nev-er say good-by in heav'n, We'll nev-er say good-by,...

Repeat Refrain pp after last stanza.

For in that land of joy and song We'll nev-er say good-by.
Should We Meet Here No More

D. Otis Teasley, 1876-1942

PARTING AND FAREWELL

1. Should we meet no more till at the judgment, When the mighty
   millions now that sleep Shall awake from slumber in a moment,
   mawder blissful shore, Where we'll know no more the thought of parting,
   grasp no parting hand; Let us work and pray for souls immortal,
   path our Saviour trod; Let us live the life His Word demands us,

2. Should we meet no more till at the judgment, We shall meet on
   ere we sleep 'neath the sod, May the
   path our Saviour trod; Let us live the life His Word demands us,

3. Should we meet no more till at the judgment, There we'll meet to
   there we'll meet to
   path our Saviour trod; Let us live the life His Word demands us,

4. Should we meet no more till at the judgment, Let us walk the
   there we'll meet to
   path our Saviour trod; Let us live the life His Word demands us,

We will pray God our ransomed souls to keep. Should we meet here no more
For we'll dwell with the faithful ever more.
Till we meet in the bright and happy land.
Till we meet round the golden throne of God.

Should we meet here no more

Ere we sleep 'neath the sod,
May the

hand of mercy ever lead you, Till we meet at the judgment bar of God.

D. Otis Teasley, 1876-1942
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Abide with Me, I Need Thee
All for Jesus
All Hail the Power of Jesus’ Name
All Things are Thine
Alone with God
Am I a Soldier of the Cross
At the Golden Gate of Prayer
Behold What Love
Bless Jehovah
Blessed Be the Name
Blessed Quietness
Break Thou the Bread of Life
Brethren, We Have Met to Worship
By Thy Blessed Word
Cling to the Bible
Close to Thee
Come, Gracious Spirit,
Heavenly Dove
Come, Heavenly-Bound Pilgrims
Come, Thou Almighty King
Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing
Dark and Stormy Is the Desert
Ever Lead Me
Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy
Father of Our Fathers
Father, We Come
Fill Me Now
Follow the Path of Jesus
Give Me a Foothold
Give Me the Bible
Glory to God on High
Glory to Him
God Is Love
God Is Love, His Mercy
God’s Abode
Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah
Have Thine Own Way, Lord
He Knoweth the Way That I Take
Heavenly Sunlight
Hide Thou Me
Him That Cometh unto Me
Holy Bible, Book Divine
Holy God, We Praise Thy Name
Holy, Holy, Holy
Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide
Home of the Soul
How Pleasant and How Good
How Sweet the Name of Jesus
I Am Coming, Lord
I Am Thine, O Lord
I Am Trusting in His Word
I Am Trusting in My Saviour
I Believe the Bible
I Have Something I Would Tell You
I Know I Love Thee Better, Lord
I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord
I Love to Steal Awhile Away
I Love to Tell the Story
I Need Thee Every Hour
I Need Thee, Precious Jesus
I Remember Calvary
Thank the Lord My Maker
I Will Sing of My Redeemer
I Wonder, Often Wonder
I'm Presuming on the Upward Way
In Mercy, Lord, Remember Me!
I've Found a Friend
Jesus Calls Us
Jesus, from Whom All Blessings Flow
Jesus, Lover of My Soul (Martyn)
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Jesus Loves Even Me
Jesus Paid All
Jesus, Still Lead On
Jesus, Thou Boundless Love to Me
Jesus, United by Thy Grace
Just as Seemeth Good to Thee
Lead Me Safely On
Lean on His Arms
Learning on the Everlasting Heart
Look, Ye Saints
Lord, a Little Band
Lord, I Hear of Shoovers of Blessing
Lord in the Presence
Lord of Hosts!
Lord, We Come Before Thee Now
Love Divine, All Love Excelling
Loving Kindness
Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned
Make Me a Blessing Today
May the Christ-life Shine
More About Jesus
More Love to Thee
My God, Accept My Heart
My God, How Endless Is Thy Love
My Jesus, I Love Thee
My Saviour Cares for Me
Near to the Heart of God
Nearer, My God, to Thee
Not Friend Like Jesus
Not What These Hands
Have Done
Nothing Like Jesus
Now from the Altar of My Heart
O Day of Rest and Gladness
O Father, Lead Us
O God, We Pray for All Mankind
O Holy Day
O Lord, to Thee I Cry
O Lord, Within My Soul
O the Unsearchable Riches
O Thou, Whose Temple
O Word of God Incarnate
'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus
'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer
Tread Softly
Walk in the Light
We Give Thee but Thine Own
We Now Have Met to Worship Thee
We're Marching to Zion
What a Friend We Have in Jesus
What Tender Mercy
Whiter than Snow
Wonderful Jesus
Wonderful Words of Life
Worthy Art Thou, Lord
Ye Nations Round the Earth

Easter
(See "Resurrection")

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Be Not Afraid
Be Ye Strong in the Lord
Brethren, We Have Met to Worship
Bringing Home Our
Sheep
Christian, Walk Carefully
Cling to the Bible
Closer Cling to Jesus
Come Closer to Me
Come, Fountain-bound Pilgrims
Dark and Thorny is the Desert
Don't Forget to Pray
Don't Let Your Light Burn Low
Faith Is a Living Power
Faith Is the Victory
Follow the Path of Jesus
Give Me the Bible
Have You Sought for the Sheep?
Heaven Holds All to Me
Him that Cometh unto Me
Hold to God's Unchanging Hand
How Gentle God's
I Shall Be Like Him
I Will Sing of My Redeemer
I'm Pressing on the Upward Way
Is There Any Pleasure?
Jesus Calls Us
Jesus, Thy Boundless Love to Me
Lean on His Arms
Leave In There
Leave Your Burden at the Place of Prayer
Let the Lower Lights Be Burning
Life on Earth Is But a Vapor
Love Each Other
Must I Go and Empty-Handed?
My Saviour First of All
My Soul, Be on Thy Guard
Never Alone
Not Made with Hands
Now Just a Word for Jesus
Often Weary and Worn
Oh, Be Still
Only Remembered
Onward, Christian Soldiers
Pray, Pray in the Old-time
Precious Promise
Remember Me
Rest over Jordan
Seedtime and Harvest
Seek the Old Lives and Lips
Express
Sombody Follows You
Something to Do
Speak Gently
Take the Name of Jesus
with You
The Beautiful Garden of Prayer
The Best Friend of All
The City of Light
The Cleft of the Rock
The Cross Is Not Greater
The Last Mile of the Way
The Light of the World Is Jesus
Thou Thinkest, Lord, of Me
Throw Out the Life-Line
'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus
Trust Him
Walk in the Light
Walking in the Sunshine
What a Friend We Have in Jesus
What Tender Mercy
When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder
Where the Gates Swing Forward Never
While the Days Are Going By
Winning Souls for Jesus
Would Men Know?

Eternity

Building for Eternity (Coats)
Building for Eternity (Sargent)
Where Will You Spend Eternity?

Evangelistic

All Because We Do Not Love Them
Almost Persuaded
Are You Washed in the Blood?
At the Saviour's Right Hand
Be Ready When He Comes
Bid Them Look to Christ
Bring Them in
Bringing In the Sheaves
Building for Eternity (Coats)
Building for Eternity (Sargent)
Christ Receiving Sinful Men
Come Home, Poor Sinner
Come, Just as You Are
Come, Lost One
Come to Jesus
Come to the Fountain
Come to the Saviour
Come, Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy
Come, Ye Wanderers
Come, Ye Weary Ones, Tonight
Do You Love the World?
Eternity
Follow Me
Gather Them into the Fold
Give Me Jesus
Give Me Thy Heart
Glory Gates
Hark! the Voice of Jesus
Calling
Have You Any Room for Jesus?
Have You Sought for the Lord
He Seeks His Wandering Sheep
Hi That Cometh unto Me
His Way with Thee
I Am Calling
I Am Coming to the Cross
I Am Resolved
I Cannot Be Idle
I Have Decided to Follow Him
I Intend to Go Through with Him
I Love to Tell the Story
I Want to Be a Worker
I'll Go Where He Sends Me
In the Harvest Field
In the Silent Midnight
Watches
Into Our Hands
Is Thy Heart Right with God?
I've Enlisted in the Service of Jesus, I Come
Jesus Is Calling
Jesus Saves
Jesus, the Light of the World
Jesus Will Give You Rest
Just As I Am
Knocking at the Door
Let Jesus Come into Your Heart
Let the Lower Lights Be Burning
Listen to the Gentle Prompts
Long Have They Waited
Look to the Lamb of God
Lord, Give Us a Vision
Lord, I'm Coming Home
Lost Forever
No Hope in Jesus
Not Far from the Kingdom
Nothing Like Jesus
Now Just a Word for Jesus
O Save Me at the Cross
O Where Are the Reapers?
Oh, Why Not Tonight?
On, Step to Jesus
Only Trust Him
Onward, Christian Soldiers
Open Wide Thy Heart
Over the Ocean Wave
Remember Me
Rescue the Perishing
Saviour, I'm Coming
Send the Light
Shall You? Shall I?
Silence Cannot Enter There
Softly and Tenderly
Something to Do
Speed Away
Tell Me the Old, Old Story
The Best Friend of All
The Call for Reapers
The Gate Ajar for Me
The Golden Harvest
The Holy Child
The Great Reaping Day
The Last Great Day
The Light of the World Is Jesus
The Lord of the Harvest Calls
The Midnight Call
The Ninety-Nine
The River of Life
There Is Power in the Blood
There's a Fountain Free
There's a Stranger at the Door
Thine for Service
Throw Out the Life-Line
'Tis the Harvest Time
To the Work
Troubled Heart, Thy God Is Calling
Troubled Soul, Thy God Is Calling
Weighed in the Balance
We'll Work till Jesus Comes
What Will You Do with Jesus?
What Will Your Answer Be?
What Would You Give in Exchange?
When the Book of Life Is Opened
Where Shall I Be?
Where Will I Go?
Where Will You Spend Eternity?
While Jesus Whispers to You
While the Days Are Going By
Who'll Be the Next?
"Whosesoever Will"
Why Carelessly Wait?
Why Do You Wait?
Why Not Now?
Will Jesus Find Us
Watching?
Will You Go to Jesus?
Wandering Souls for Jesus
Wanderer's Picture of Love
Work, for the Night Is Coming
You Can't Do Wrong and Get By

**Evening**

Abide with Me
Abide with Me, I Need Thee
Evening Praise
I Love to Steal Awhile Away
In Mercy, Lord, Remember Me
My God, How Endless Is Thy Love
Now from the Altar of My Heart
Saviour, Again to Thy Dear Name
Saviour, Breathe an Evening Blessing
Sun of My Soul
Take Thou My Hand and Lead Me
The Lord Be with us

**Faith**

All the Way My Saviour Leads Me
Faith Is a Living Power from Heaven
Faith Is the Victory
Faith of Our Fathers
Father, I Stretch My Hands to Thee
God Will Take Care of You
God's Way Is Best
How Firm a Foundation
I Believe the Bible
I Know God's Promise Is True

**I Know Whom I Have Believed**

I'm Not Ashamed
Increase My Faith, Dear Lord
Jesus Loves Even Me
My Faith Looks Up to Thee
My Heart Says Amen
O for a Faith That Will Not Shrink
Something of the Moments
The Lord of Glory
The Solid Rock
The Unseen Hand
There Is a Fountain
What God Hath Promised
When I See the Blood

**Faithfulness and Steadfastness**

A Charge to Keep I Have
A Few More Years Shall Roll
Be Ye Strong in the Lord
Building for Eternity (Coats)
Building for Eternity (Sargent)
By Thy Blessed Word
Obeying
Christian, Walk Carefully
Close to Thee
Do All Be, Daniel
Dark and Thorny Is the Desert
Don't Let Your Light Burn Low
Faith Is the Victory
Faith of Our Fathers
Follow On
For Christ and the Church
His Way With Thee
How God's Unchanging Hand
How Reads Your Life-Book?
I Am Resolved
I Am the Vine
I Cannot Be Idle
I Intend to Go Through with Him
I Want to Love Him More
I Will Never Turn Back
I Would Love Thee
Is Your All on the Altar?
I've Enlisted in the Service of Jesus
Jesus the Teacher
Let the Lower Lights Be Burning
Let Zion's Watchmen All Awake
Loyal and True
My Soul, Be Thy Guard
O for a Faith That Will Not Shrink
Onward, Christian Soldiers
Saviour, Teach Me Day by Day
Sendtime and Harvest
Shall I Be Ashamed?
Somebody Follows You
Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus
Striving Onward, Pressing Forward
Take My Life, and Let It Be
The Bond of Perfection
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