Pilothymos
Library of W. L. Walters
Foreword

PILOT HYMNS has been planned with the prayer that these dear old Standard Hymns and Popular Gospel Songs, including a number of the very choicest new songs, may pilot the multitudes out of the depression of discouragement and doubt into the haven of courageous faith and joyful trust. You will find the music in this book to be good, but the message is better. Even a person who cannot sing will find great pleasure and profit just to sit down and read and meditate upon these poems, many of which are among the most helpful ever written. May they direct you to The Great Pilot is the prayer of

The Editor.

The Doxology

The hundredth. Geneva Psalter.

God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures.

Praise Him above, ye heavenly host; Praise

Holy Ghost, Amen.

SHEET M. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEXAS.
Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper.

J. B. Gould.

1. Jesus, Savior, pilot me Over He's tempestuous sea;
   Unknown waves before me roll, Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;
   Chart and compass come from Thee: Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

2. As a mother stills her child, Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
   Boist'rous waves obey Thy will, When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
   Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

3. When at last I neer the shore, And the fearful breakers roar
   Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
   May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pilot thee."
Trust Him Just for Today.

A. H. A.

Rev. A. H. Ackley.

1. Jesus has promised your needs to supply, Trust Him just for today;
2. Tell Him your troubles, un-bur-den your heart, Trust Him just for today;
3. Brave-ly go for-ward what-ev-er the task, Trust Him just for today;
4. Then do not fear what to-mor-row may bring, Trust Him just for today;

Out of His store-house of rich-es on high, Trust Him just for today,
Grace to o'er-come He will glad-ly im-part, Trust Him just for today.
He will do more for you than you can ask, Trust Him just for today.
He is your Sav-i-or, Re-deem-er and King, Trust Him just for today.

Chorus

Trust Him just for to-day, Trust Him just for to-day; For

God is true, He will see you thro', Trust Him just for to-day, for to-day.
Under the Blood.

Words arr. by
B. B. McK.

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R. B. McKinney.

1. Christ has for sin a-tone-ment made, I’m un-der the blood of the Lamb;
2. I praise Him for the crim-son flood, I’m un-der the blood of the Lamb;
3. He cleansed my heart from all its sin, I’m un-der the blood of the Lamb;
4. He walks be-side me all the way, I’m un-der the blood of the Lamb;

I am re-deemed, the price is paid, I’m un-der the blood of the Lamb.
That re-con-ciled my soul to God, I’m un-der the blood of the Lamb.
He gave me peace and joy with-in, I’m un-der the blood of the Lamb.
And keeps me sing-ing ev’ry day, I’m un-der the blood of the Lamb.

C Cassus

Un-der the blood of the Lamb, Un-der the blood of the Lamb,
Un-der the blood,

Cleared and for-given, thank God I am Un-der the blood of the Lamb.
1. The name of Jesus is so sweet, I love its music to repeat;
2. I love the name of Him whose heart knows all my griefs, and bears a part;
3. That name I fondly love to bear, It never fails my heart to cheer;
4. No word of man can ever tell How sweet the name I love so well;

It makes my joys full and complete, The precious name of Jesus.
Who bids all anxious fears depart—I love the name of Jesus.
Its music dries the falling tear: Exalt the name of Jesus.
Oh, let its praises ever swell, Oh, praise the name of Jesus.

Chorus:

"Jesus," O how sweet the name! "Jesus," ev'ry day the same;

"Jesus," let all saints proclaim Its worthy praise forever.
Its worthy praise
Give Me Thyself.

A. H. A.

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Rev. A. H. Ackley.

1. Give me Thy-self that I may have The spirit of love tow'd all,
2. Give me Thy-self that I may have The faith to believe the best,
3. Give me Thy-self that I may have The knowledge of Thy commands,
4. Give me Thy-self that I may have The crowning when life is done,

Car-ing for oth-ers in their need, And help-ing them when they fall,
Pa-tience to wait un-till the dawn, And strength to en-dure the test,
Do-ing Thy will and Thine a-bove, In all that Thy law de-mands,
Com-ing in to Thy pres-ence, Lord, Thru' Christ having fought and won.

Chorus

Give me Thy-self, give me Thy-self, Not sil-ver nor gold I plead;

Give me Thy-self, more of Thy-self, Dear Lord, Thou art all I need.
1. If you are burdened with grief and woe, Talk it all o-ver with Je-sus;
2. When you are tempted and tried by sin, Talk it all o-ver with Je-sus;
3. If you are weary of toil and strife, Talk it all o-ver with Je-sus;
4. Lay your heart o-pen at His dear feet, Talk it all o-ver with Je-sus;

Peace and contentment He will be-stow, Talk it all o-ver with Je-sus.
O-ver the world He will help you win, Talk it all o-ver with Je-sus.
If you would master your dai-ly life, Talk it all o-ver with Je-sus.
Joy you will find "at the mer-cy seat," Talk it all o-ver with Je-sus.

Cameus.

Talk it all o-ver with Je-sus, With Je-sus, your Sav-ior,

He's waiting so near To comfort and cheer, Talk it all o-ver with Je-sus.
I Surrender All to Thee.

B. B. McK.

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1. I surrender, blessed Savior, I have heard Thy tender call;
2. I surrender, blessed Savior, Thine forever more to be,
3. I surrender, blessed Savior, Sinful pleasures all may go;
4. I surrender, blessed Savior, Let the cross my glory be;

To Thy will my heart has yielded, I surrender Thee my all.
Soul and body on the altar, I surrender all to Thee.
In Thy will there's joy and gladness That the world can never know.
Fill me with Thy Holy Spirit, Make me more and more like Thee.

Chorus

I surrender all to Thee, I surrender all to Thee;
I surrender all to Thee, I surrender all to Thee;
I surrender all to Thee, I surrender all to Thee;
All I am, or ever hope to be, I surrender all to Thee.
Face to Face.

Copyright, 1867, by Grant Collax Tullar. Revised.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Grant Collax Tullar.

1. Face to face with Christ my Savior, Face to face, how can it be,
2. Only faintly now I see Him, With the dark-ling veil betwixt;
3. What rejoicing in His presence, When are banished grief and pain!
4. Face to face—O blissful moment! Face to face, to see and know;

When with rapture I behold Him, Jesus Christ, who died for me!
But a blessed day is coming, When His glory shall be seen.
When the crooked ways are straightened, And the dark things shall be plain!
Face to face with my Redeemer, Jesus Christ, who loves me so.

Chorus.

Face to face shall I behold Him, Far beyond the starry sky;

Face to face in all His glory, I shall see Him by and by!
Blessed be the Name.


1. O for a thousand tongues to sing; Blessed be the name of the Lord!
2. Je-sus, the name that charms our fears, Blessed be the name of the Lord!
3. He breaks the pow’r of can-celed sin; Blessed be the name of the Lord!
4. I nev-er shall for-get that day, Blessed be the name of the Lord!

The glo ries of my God and King! Blessed be the name of the Lord!
'Tis ma-sic in the sin-ner’s ears, Blessed be the name of the Lord!
His blood can make the soul-cist clean, Blessed be the name of the Lord!
When Je-sus washed my sins a-way, Blessed be the name of the Lord!

Refrain.

Bless-ed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord!

Bless-ed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord!
Help Somebody To-day.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.  
Hymn A. Buchman, Detroit.  
Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Look all around you, find some one in need, Help somebody today!
2. Many are waiting a kind, loving word, Help somebody today!
3. Many have burdens too heavy to bear, Help somebody today!
4. Some are discouraged and weary in heart, Help somebody today!

Tho' it be little—a neighborly deed—Help somebody today!
Then hast a message, O let it be heard, Help somebody today!
Grief is the portion of some everywhere, Help somebody today!
Some one the journey to Heaven should start, Help somebody today!

Chorus.

Help somebody today, ... Somebody along life's way; ... Let to-day,

sorrow be ended, The friendless befriended, Oh, help somebody to-day! Amen.
I Know the Bible Is True.

Gene Routh.

1. I know the Bible was sent from God, The Old, as well as the New;
2. I know the story of Christ is true. His virgin, glorious birth,
3. I know the Bible is wholly true. For peace it gave me within;
4. Thou'fore deny with a spirit bold The message old, but still new.

Inspired and holy, the living Word, I know the Bible is true.
His life, His death, and the open tomb. And His return is the earth.
It finds me, comforts me day by day. And gives me vic'try o'er sin.
Its truth is sweeter each time 'tis told. I know the Bible is true.

Coda.

I know, I know. I know the Bible is true; ... I know, I know.
Divinely inspired the whole way thro'. I know the Bible is true.
Pray Your Troubles Away.

1. When you are weary and sore oppressed, When sorrow darkens the day,
2. When strong temptations in you combine To lead your footsteps astray,
3. Be not discouraged, but press along, And live for Jesus to-day;
4. Oh, seal in bondage, why longer roam In sin's endless dismay?

Have faith in Jesus, He knoweth best, And pray your troubles away.
Just go to Jesus your Friend divine, And pray your troubles away.
He'll turn your sighing into a song, And pray your troubles away.
Just trust in Jesus, He'll lead you home, And pray your troubles away.

Chorus.

Just pray your troubles away; (away;) Just pray your troubles away; (away;)

Have faith in Jesus from day to day, And pray your troubles away.
God Will Take Care of You.

C. D. Martin.

1. Be not dismayed, what e'er betide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil, when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will provide, God will take care of you;
4. No matter what may be the test, God will take care of you;

Beneath His wings of love abide, God will take care of you.
When dangers fierce your path assail, God will take care of you.
Nothing you ask will be denied, God will take care of you.
Lean, weary one, upon His breast, God will take care of you.

Chorus.

God will take care of you, Thro' ev'ry day, O'er all the way;

He will take care of you, God will take care of you. Amen.

take care of you.
1. Shall we gather at the river, Where bright angel feet have trod;
2. On the margin of the river, Washing up its silver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shining river, Lay we every burden down;
4. Soon we'll reach the shining river, Soon our pilgrim-age will cease;

With its crystal tide forever Flowing by the throne of God?
We will walk and worship ever, All the happy, golden day.
Grace our spirits will deliver, And provide a robe and crown.
Soon our happy hearts will quiver With the melody of peace.

Chorus.

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. Amen.
Let Others See Jesus in You.

B. B. McKinney.

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1. While pass-ing thr' this world of sin, And oth-ers your life shall view,
2. Your life's a book be-fore their eyes, They're reading it thr' and thr'us;
3. What joy 'twill be at set of sun, In man-sions be-yond the blue,
4. Then live for Christ both day and night, Be faith-ful, be brave and true,

Be clean and pure with-out, with-in, Let oth-ers see Je-sus in you.
Say, does it point them to the skies, Do oth-ers see Je-sus in you?
To find some souls that you have won; Let oth-ers see Je-sus in you.
And lead the lost to life and light; Let oth-ers see Je-sus in you.

Crescendo.

Let oth-ers see Je-sus in you; Let oth-ers see Je-sus in you; Let oth-ers see Je-sus in you.

Keep tell-ing the sto-ry, be faithful and true, Let oth-ers see Je-sus in you.
1. Give me a heart like Thine, dear Lord, A heart that’s clean and strong,
2. Give me a heart like Thine, dear Lord, A heart of tender-ness,
3. Give me a heart like Thine, dear Lord, A heart with loving glow,
4. Give me a heart like Thine, dear Lord, This is the plea I make,

A sun-lit heart with holy zeal, To triumph over wrong.
A heart to feel my brother’s woe, And lift him from distress.
That leads a lone-ly sin-sick soul Thy precious love to know.
Give me a heart to do Thy will, I ask, for Jesus’ sake.

CHORUS.

Give me a heart like Thine, Give me a heart like Thine,

O Master divine, my nature re-fine, And give me a heart like Thine...
My Hope is Built.


1. My hope is built on nothing less than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
   I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

2. When darkness veils His lovely face, I rest on His unchanging grace;
   In every high and stormy gale, My anchor holds within the veil.

3. His oath, His covenant, His blood, Support me in the whenling flood;
   When all around my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.

4. When He shall come with trumpet sound, Oh, may I then in Him be found;
   Dressed in His righteousness alone, Faultless to stand before the throne.

Refrain.

On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand; All other ground is

sinking sand, All other ground is sinking sand. Amen.
Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T. 

Very slow. pp

1. Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling, Calling for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh! for the wonderful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;

See, on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
Shadows are gathering, death beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.
The' we have sinned, He has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.

Crescendo.

Come home... come home... Ye who are weary, come home;...
Come home, come home,

Earnestly, tenderly, Jesus is calling, Calling, O sinner, come home! Amen.
Love Is the Theme.

To my friend, L. E. James.

A. C. F.

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Albert C. Fisher.

1. Of the themes that men have known, One supreme-ly stands a lone;
2. Let the bells of Heav-en ring, Let the saints their trib-ute bring;
3. Since the Lord my soul un-bond, I am tell-ing all a-round;
4. As of old when blind and lone To the bless-ed Mas-ter came,

Thro' the a-ges it has shown,—'Tis His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.
Let the world true praise en-sing For His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.
Par-don, peace and joy are found In His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.
Sin-ners, call ye on His name,—Trust His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.

Canaan.

Love is the theme, Love is supreme; Sweet-er it grows, Glo-ry be-stows;

Bright as the sun Ev-er it grows! Love is the theme, E-ter-nal theme! A-MEN.
Throw Out the Life-Line.


1. Throw out the Life-Line across the dark wave, There is a brother worth

2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong; Why do you tarry, why

3. Throw out the Life-Line to danger-fraught men, Sinking in anguish where

4. Soon will the season of rescue be o'er, Soon will they drift to some one should save; Somebody's brother! oh, who then, will dare To throw out the lingering so long? See! he is sinking; oh; hasten to-day—And set with the you've never been: Winds of temptation and billows of woe Will soon hurl them terror's shore, Haste then, my brother, no time for delay, But throw out the

Chorus.

Life-Line, his peril to share? Life-Boat! a-way, then, a-way! Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! out where the dark waters flow. Life-Line and save them to-day.

Some one is drifting a-way; Some one is sinking to-day. Amen.
I Am Resolved.

Palmer Hartsough.  
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1. I am resolved no longer to linger, Charmed by the world's delight;  
2. I am resolved to go to the Savior, Leaving my sin and strife;  
3. I am resolved to follow the Savior, Faithful and true each day;  
4. I am resolved to enter the Kingdom, Leaving the paths of sin;

Things that are higher, things that are nobler, These have allured my sight.  
He is the true One, He is the just One, He hath the words of life.  
Heed what He sayeth, do what He willeth, He is the living way.  
Friends may oppose me, foes may beset me, Still will I enter in.

Chorus.

I will hasten to Him, Hasten so glad and free;  
I will hasten, hasten to Him, Hasten so glad and free;

Hasten glad and free;

Jesus, Greatest, Highest, I will come to Thee.  
Jesus, Jesus,
1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus
2. At the sign of triumph Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers,
3. Like a mighty army Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading
4. Onward, then, ye people, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices

Going on before! Christ, the royal Master, Leads against the foe;
On to victory! Hell's foundations quiver At the shout of praise;
Where the saints have trod; We are not divided; All one body we,
In the triumph song; Glory, land, and honor, On to Christ the King;

Refrain.

Forward into battle, See, His banner goes!
Brothers, lift your voices, Lead your anthems raise! Onward, Christian soldiers,
One in hope and doctrine, One in chariety.
This thro' countless ages Men and angels sing.

Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus Going on before! Amen.
It Is Well With My Soul.


1. When peace, like a river, attendeth my way, When sorrows like Sea-bills roll; Whatever my lot, Thos hast taught me to say,
   2. Though Satan should buffet, the trials should come, Let this blest assurance control, That Christ has regarded my helpless estate, part, but the whole, Is nailed to the cross and I bear it no more, back as a scroll, The trumpet shall resound and the Lord shall descend,
   3. My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious th'et—My sin—not in
   4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled

It is well, it is well with my soul. And hath shed His own blood for my soul. It is well... with my Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul! "Even so"—it is well with my soul. It is well

soul... It is well, it is well with my soul. Amen.
Rescue the Perishing.

1. Rescue the perishing, Care for the dying, Snatch them in pity from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is waiting, Waiting the penitent
3. Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feelings lie buried that
4. Rescue the perishing, Duty demands it; Strength for thy labor the

sin and the grave; Weep o'er the erring one, Lift up the fallen, child to receive; Plead with them earnestly, Plead with them gently, grace can restore; Touched by a loving heart, Wakened by kindness, Lord will provide; Back to the narrow way Patiently win them;

Cresc.

Tell them of Jesus the mighty to save, He will forgive if they truly believe. Rescue the perishing, Chords that are broken will vibrate once more. Tell the poor wanderer a Savior has died.

Care for the dying; Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save. A-MEN.
I Am Praying for You.

S. O'Malley Cluff.  

1. I have a Savior, He's pleading in glory, A dear, loving Savior, the earth-friends be few; And now He is watching in tenderness, forever, blessed and true; And soon will He call me to meet Him in glory my wondering view; Oh, when I receive it all shining in Savior is your Savior too; Then pray that your Savior may bring them to

2. I have a Father; to me He has given A hope for e- Savior, the earth-friends be few; And now He is watching in tenderness, forever, blessed and true; And soon will He call me to meet Him in glory my wondering view; Oh, when I receive it all shining in Savior is your Savior too; Then pray that your Savior may bring them to

3. I have a robe: 'tis resplendent in white-ness, A-wait-ing in Chorus.

4. When Jesus has found you, tell other the sto-ry, That my living e'er me, And, oh, that my Savior were your Savior 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.
Hath Everlasting Life.

G. M. J.

1. Oh, what a Savor, that He died for me! From condemnation has He me set free; "He that believeth on the Son, saith He, Hath everlasting life." He that believeth on the Son of God, Hath everlasting life.

2. All my iniquities on Him were laid; All my iniquities on Him were laid; He that believeth on the Son, saith He, Hath everlasting life. He that believeth on the Son of God, Hath everlasting life.

3. Tho' poor and needy, I can trust my Lord; The weak and poor and needy, I can trust my Lord; He that believeth on the Son, saith He, Hath everlasting life. He that believeth on the Son of God, Hath everlasting life.

4. Tho' all unworthy, yet I will not doubt, For Him that hath made me free; "He that believeth on the Son, saith He, Hath everlasting life." He that believeth on the Son of God, Hath everlasting life.

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B. B. McKinney.
Higher Ground.

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, The Satan's darts at me are hurled;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a glimpse of glory bright;

Still praying as I onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."
The same may dwell where these abound, My prayer, my aim, is higher ground.
For faith has caught the joyous 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."

Chorus.

Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on Heaven's table-land, A higher plane than I have found; Lord, plant my feet on higher ground. Amen.
The Haven of Rest.

H. L. Gilmour.

George D. Moore.

1. My soul in sad exile was cast on life's sea, So burdened with
   sin and distress, Till I heard a sweet voice saying, "Make me your choice,"
   And I entered the haven of rest. The haven of rest is my Lord. I've anchored my
   soul in the haven of rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more;

2. I yielded myself to His tender embrace, And, faith taking
   the word, My letters fell off, and I anchored my soul;
   home in the haven of rest. And say, "My Beloved is mine."

3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has been the old
   story so blest, Of Jesus, who'll save who so ever will have
   In Jesus I'm safe evermore.

4. Oh, come to the Savior, He patiently waits, To save by His
   D. S.—The tempest may sweep o'er the wild stormy deep.
   And I entered the haven of rest. The haven of rest is my Lord. I've anchored my
   And say, "My Beloved is mine."

D. S.
Joy to the World!

Isaac Watts.  

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth receive her King; Let ev’ry heart prepare Him room,
2. Joy to the earth! the Savior reigns; Let men their songs employ; While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
3. No more let sins and sorrows grow, Nor thorns inquire The glories of His righteousness,
4. He rules the world with truth and grace; And makes the nations prove The sound - ing joy, Re - peat the sound - ing joy, Re - peat the sound - ing joy.

And Heav’n and nature sing, And Heav’n and nature sing, And Heav’n and nature sing.
And Heav’n and nature sing, And Heav’n and nature sing, And Heav’n and nature sing.

And Heav’n and nature sing, And Heav’n and nature sing, And Heav’n and nature sing.

And wonders of His love, And wonders of His love, And wonders of His love. Amen.
Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us.

Anonymous.  | Shepherd. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.  | William B. Bradbury.

1. Savior, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy tender care;
2. We are Thine; do Thou be-friend us, Be the Guardian of our way;
3. Thou hast promised to receive us, Fear and sinful though 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 Savior, With Thy love our bosoms fill:

Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are; Blessed
Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus, Hear the children when they pray; Blessed
Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus, Early let us turn to Thee; Blessed
Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus, Thou hast loved us, love us still; Blessed

Jesus, Blessed Jesus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
Jesus, Blessed Jesus, Hear the children when they pray.
Jesus, Blessed Jesus, Early let us turn to Thee.
Jesus, Blessed Jesus, Thou hast loved us, love us still. Amen.
It Came Upon the Midnight

1. It came upon the midnight clear, That glorious song of old,  
   2. Still thru' the cloven skies they come, With peace-fal wings unfurled,  
   3. And ye, be-nath life's crush-ing load, Whose forms are bend-ing low,  
   4. For lo, the days are hast'ning on, By proph-et hands fore-told,  

From angels bend-ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold:  
And still their heav'n-ly musi-cal floats O'er all the wear-y world:  
Who tell a-long the climb-ing way With pain-ful steps and slow,  
When with the ev-er-cir-cling years Comes round the age of gold;  

“Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From Heav'n's all-gracious King:” The  
A-bove its sad and low-ly plains They bend on heav'ning wing, And  
Look now, for glad and gold-en hours Come swift-ly on the wing: O  
When peace shall o-ver all the earth Its an-cient splen-dor bring, And  

world in sol-eem still-ness lay To hear the an-gels sing,  
ev-er o'er its Ba-bel sounds The bless-ed an-gels sing,  
rest be-side the wear-y road, And hear the an-gels sing,  
the whole world give back the song Which now the an-gels sing. A-men.
33 Safely Through Another Week.

John Newton, Sabbath. 72. Lowell Mason.

1. Safely through another week God has brought us on our way;
2. While we pray for pard'ning grace, Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
3. Here we come Thy name to praise, Let us feel Thy presence near;
4. May Thy gospel's joyfal sound Conquer sinners, comfort saints;

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

Day of all the week the best, Emblem of eternal rest; Day of
From our worldly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee; From our
Here afforded us, Lord, a taste Of our everlasting feast; Here af-
Thus may all our Sab-sath prove, Till we join the Church above; Thus may

all the week the best, Emblem of eternal rest,
worldly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee,
ford us, Lord, a taste Of our everlasting feast,
all our Sab-sath prove, Till we join the Church above. Amen.
Love Divine.


1. Love divine, all love excelling, Joy of Heaven, to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy living Spirit Into ev'ry troubled breast!
3. Come, Almighty to deliver, Let us all Thy life receive;
4. Finish then Thy new creation; Pure and spotless let us be;

Fix in us Thy humble dwelling; All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Let us all in Thee inherit, Let us find that second rest.
Suddenly return, and never, Never more Thy temples leave;
Let us see Thy great salvation, Perfectly restored in Thee;

Jesus, Thou art all compassion, Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Take away our bent to sinning; Alpha and Omega be;
These we would be always blessing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a love,
Changed from glory into glory, Till in Heaven 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. Amen.
America the Beautiful.

Katherine Lee Bates.
Materna. C. M. D.
Samuel A. Ward.

1. O beau-ti-ful for spa-cious skies, For am-ber waves of grain,
   For pur-ple moun-tain maj-es-ties A-love the fruit-ed plain!

2. O beau-ti-ful for pil-grim feet, Whose stern, im-pas-sioned stress
   A-thor-o-gh-lace for free-dom beat A-cross the wil-der-ness

3. O beau-ti-ful for her-oes proved In lib-er-at-ing strife,
   Who more than self their coun-try loved, And mer-cy more than fed

4. O beau-ti-ful for pa-triot dream That sees be-yond the years
   Thine al-a-bas-ter cit-ies gleam, Un-dimmed by hu-man tears

A-mer-i-cal! A-mer-i-cal God shed His grace on thee,
A-mer-i-cal! A-mer-i-cal God mend thine ev-ry flaw,
A-mer-i-cal! A-mer-i-cal May God thy gold re-fine,
A-mer-i-cal! A-mer-i-cal God shed His grace on thee

And crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing seal
Con-firm thy soul in self-con-trol, Thy lib-er-ty in law!
Till all suc-cess be no-ble-ness, And ev-ry gain di-vined
And crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing seal

A-MEN.
The Morning Light is Breaking.

S. F. Smith.

Webb, 72, 64, D.

G. J. Webb.

1. The morning light is breaking, The darkness disappears;
2. See heaven nations bowing Before the God of love,
3. Bluest river of salvation, Pursue thine onward way;
4. Rich dews of grace come o'er us In many a gentle shower,

The sons of earth are waking To penitential tears;
And those sad hearts ascending In gratitude above;
Flow thou to every nation, Nor in thy richness stay;
And brighter scenes before us Are opening every hour;

Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings tidings from afar, Of
While sinners, now con- fessing, The Gospel's call obey, And
Stay not till all the lowly Triumphant reach their home; Stay
Each cry to Heaven going, Abundant answer brings, And

nations in communion, Prepared for Zion's war
seek a Saviour's blessing, A nation in a day,
not till all the holy Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"
heav'nly gales are blowing, With peace upon their wings. Amen.
Crown Him with Many Crowns.

Matthew Bridges.  

1. Crown Him with many crowns, The Lamb upon His throne;  
2. Crown Him the Lord of love! Be hold His hands and side,—  
3. Crown Him the Lord of life! Who triumphed o'er the grave;  
4. Crown Him the Lord of Heav'n! One with the Father known,

Hark! how the heav'n-ly anthem drowns All music but its own!  
Rich wounds, yet visible above, In beauty glorified!  
Who rose victorious to the strife, For those He came to save:  
One with the Spirit thro' Him given From yonder glorious throne!

A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee; And  
No angel in the sky Can tell y - bear that sight, But  
His glories now we sing, Who died and rose on high; Who  
To Thee be endless praise, For Thou for us hast died; Be

 hail Him as thy matchless King Thro'all eternity,  
downward bends his wand'ring eye At mysteries so bright.  
died eternal life to bring, And lives that death may die.  
Then, O Lord, thro' endless days Adored and magnified. A-men.
A Mighty Fortress.

M. L.  \hspace{1cm}  Ein' Feste Burg. P. M.  Martin Luther.

1. A mighty fortress is our God, A bulwark never failing;
2. Did we in our own strength confide, Our striving would be losing,
3. And the world with devils filled, Should threaten to undo us,
4. That word above all earthly pow'rs—No thanks to them—God bids us.

Our helper He, amid the flood of mortal ills prevailing,
Were not the right Man on our side, The Man of God's own choosing,
We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to triumph thro' us.
The Spirit and the gifts are ours Thro' Him who with us sideth.

For still our ancient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are
Dost ask who that may be? Christ Jesus, it is He; Lord Sabaoth is His
The prince of darkness grins—We tremble not for him; His rage we can endure.
Let goods and kins-dread go, This mortal life alone; The body they may

great, And, armed with cruel hate, On earth is not his equal.
name, From age to age the same, And He must win the battle.
dare. For lo! his doom is sure; One little word shall fell him.
kill; God's truth a-bideth still, His kingdom is forever. A-men.
The Ninety and Nine.

Elizabeth C. Clephane, Ira D. Sankey.

1. There were ninety and nine that safely lay In the shelter of the fold.
2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine; Are they not enough for Thee?"
3. But none of the ransomed ever knew How deep the waters were crossed;
4. "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way That mark out the mountain's track?"
5. But all thru' the mountains, thunder-riv'n, And up from the rocky steep,

But one was out on the hills away, Far off from the gates of
But the Shepherd made answer: "This of Mine Has wandered away from
No how dark was the night that the Lord passed thro' Ere He found His sheep that was
They were shed for one who had gone a-stray Ere the Shepherd could bring him
There arose a glad cry to the gate of heav'n, "Rejoice! I have found My

gold—Away on the mountains wild and bare, Away from the
Me. And altho' the road be rough and steep, I go to the
lost.
Out in the desert He heard His cry—Sick and
back." "Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?" "They're pierced to
sheep!" "And the angels echoed around the throne, "Rejoice, for the

ten--der Shepherd's care, Away from the tender Shepherd's care,
desert to find My sheep, I go to the desert to find My sheep."
helpless, and ready to die; Sick and helpless, and ready to die.
night by man--y a thorn; They're pierced to-night by man--y a thorn."
Lord brings back His own! Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own."
1. There is a fountain fed with blood Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
2. The dying thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day;
3. Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood Shall never lose its pow'r;
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply,
5. Then in a holier, sweeter song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,

And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains;
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins away;
Till all the ransomed church of God Be saved, to sin no more;
Re-deeming love has been my theme, And shall be till I die;
When this poor lips-ling, stammering tongue Lies silent in the grave:

Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains; And
Wash all my sins away, Wash all my sins away; And
Be saved, to sin no more, Be saved, to sin no more; Till
And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die; Be-
Lies silent in the grave, Lies silent in the grave; When

sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.
there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins away.
all the ransomed church of God Be saved, to sin no more.
deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
this poor lips-ling, stammering tongue Lies silent in the grave. A-MEN.
He Keeps Me Singing.

L. B. B.

1. There's within my heart a melody Jesus whispers sweet and low,
2. All my life was wrecked by sin and strife, Discord filled my heart with pain,
3. Feasting on the riches of His grace, Resting 'neath His sheltering wing,
4. Though sometimes He leads thro' waters deep, Trials fall across the way,
5. Soon He's coming back to welcome me Far beyond the starry sky;

Fear not, I am with thee, peace, be still, In all of life's ebb and flow.
Jesus swept across the broken strings, Stirred the slumbering chords again.
Always looking on His smiling face, That is why I shout and sing.
Though sometimes the path seems rough and steep, See His footprints all the way.
I shall wing my flight to worlds unknown, I shall reign with Him on high.

Choire.

Jesus, Jesus, Jesus—Sweetest name I know,

Fills my every longing, Keeps me singing as I go. Amen.
My Savior's Love.

C. H. G.

1. I stand amazed in the presence Of Je-sus the Naz-a-rene,
2. For me it was in the gar-den He prayed: "Not My will, but Thine;"
3. In pity angels beheld Him, And came from the world of light
4. He took my sins and my sorrows, He made them His very own;
5. When with the ransomed in glo-ry His face I at last shall see,

And won-der how He could love me, A sin-ner, con-demned, un-clean,
He had no tears for His own griefs, But sweat-drops of blood for mine.
To com-fort Him in the sorrows He bore for my soul that night.
He bore the bur-den to Cal-v'ry, And suf-fered, and died a-lone.
'Twill be my joy thro' the ages To sing of His love for me.

Cresc.

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!

Oh, how mar-vel-ous! oh, how won-der-ful.
His Grace Is Sufficient for Me.

W. W. Hamilton.

1. When sin-stricken, burdened and wea-ry, From bondage I longed to be free,
2. The' tempt-ed and sad-ly dis-cour-aged, My soul to this ref-uge will flee,
3. My bark may be tossed by the tem-pest That sweeps o'er the tur-bu-lent sea;
4. When life here on earth is all o-ver, When Je-sus, my Sav-ior, I see,

There came to my heart the sweet mes-sage, "My grace is suf-fi-cient for thee."
And rest in the bless-ed as-sur-ance, "My grace is suf-fi-cient for thee."
A rain-bow illu-mines the dark-ness, "My grace is suf-fi-cient for thee."
I'll know as I dwell in His pre-sence, "His grace is suf-fi-cient for me."

Chorus

His grace is suf-fi-cient for me, . . .
His grace is suf-fi-cient, suf-fi-cient for me, His grace is suf-
fi-cient for me; . . . .
In shad-y green pas-tures or
fi-cient, suf-fi-cient for me;
on the rough sea, His grace is suf-fi-cient for me.
I've Been Redeemed.

B. B. McKinney.

1. The Spirit of Jesus bears witness with mine That I've been redeemed;
2. I have a new song in my heart every day Since I've been redeemed;
3. I'll sing of His mercy, I'll sing of His grace, Since I've been redeemed;
4. I have a new home in the kingdom on high, Since I've been redeemed;

Secur·ely I rest in His grace divine, Since I've been redeemed.
I walk with the King in the straight, narrow way, Since I've been redeemed.
I dwell in the light of His reconciled face, Since I've been redeemed.
I'll enter its courts in the sweet by and by, Since I've been redeemed.

Chorus

I've been re-deemed, I've been re-deemed, By marvelous redemption.
I've been re-deemed, I've been re-deemed, His Spirit bears witness with mine, That I've been re-deemed.
Tell It to Jesus.

J. H. Rankin, D.D.  

1. Are you wea-ry, are you heavy-heart-ed? Tell it to Je-sus.
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks un-hid-den? Tell it to Je-sus.
3. Do you fear the gath-ering clouds of sor-row? Tell it to Je-sus.
4. Are you trou-bled at the thought of dy-ing? Tell it to Je-sus.

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

Chorus

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

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

such a friend or broth-er. Tell it to Je-sus a-lone.
Prayer Changes Things

1. When the dark shadows come o'er you, Bringing troubles you never knew,
2. Prayer will bring peace when the days are long, Turn your sighing into a song,
3. Pray for the wanderer at your door, Pray for lost ones the wide world o'er;
4. Pray and take courage thro' weal or woe, In life's battles on earth below;

Trust in the Savior and pray it thro', For prayer changes things,
It will bring victory o'er wrong, For prayer changes things,
Jesus will save them forevermore, For prayer changes things,
Pray with a faith that will not let go, For prayer changes things.

Chorus

Prayer changes things... Prayer changes things...

When the world is cold and blue, Trust in Jesus, pray it through,
Victory will come to you, For prayer changes things.
Living for Jesus.

B. B. McK.

1. Living for Jesus, Savior and King, Under His banner,
2. Living for Jesus, dying to sin, Thrilled with His Spirit.
3. Living for Jesus, seeking His face, Just a weak vessel.
4. Living for Jesus, all of my days, Telling the story.

Under His wing, Pledged to His service, I would be true, Faithful and dwelling within. Charms of the world have faded and died, I am now saved by His grace. Willing to suffer sorrow and loss, That I may sing His praise, "Seeking the lost ones, straying afar, Leading them

Course

Loyal all the way through, owned by Him crucified. Living for Jesus, living for fol low under the cross, to the Bright Morning Star."

Jesus, lost in His goodness, lost in His love. Ready to follow where He shall call, Living for Jesus, He is my all.
I Must Tell Jesus.

E. A. H.


1. I must tell Jesus all of my trials; I cannot bear these burdens alone; In my distress He kindly will help me; I must tell Jesus, I must tell Jesus;

2. I must tell Jesus all of my troubles; He is a kind, compassionate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will deliver, I must tell Jesus, and He will help me;

3. Tempted and tried I need a great Savior, 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;

Chorus.

He ever loves and cares for His own. I must tell Jesus!
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. Amen.
I Would Be True.

Words adapted by B. B. McK.

1. I would be true, dear Lord, to Thee, Friend of man-kind, who died for me,
2. In the glad morn-ing of my day, My life to give, my vows to pay,
3. I would live ev-er in the light, I would work ev-er for the right,
4. I would be true in ev'-ry test, Giv-ing, dear Lord, my ver-y best,

Yield-ed to Thee, Thine own to be, I would be true to Thee.
Glad-ly I fol-low all the way, I would be true to Thee.
Serv-ing Thee, Lord, with all my might, I would be true to Thee.
Till I shall greet e-ter-nal rest, I would be true to Thee.

Chorus

I would be true to Thee, I would be true. In all I say, dear Lord.

In all I do. True to Thee when Thou shalt call; True to Thee what-

ever be-fall, True to Thee, my life, my all. I would be true.
I Want Jesus.

1. I want Jesus in my heart To purify loves that are there;...
2. I want Jesus in my life, His wisdom, His courage, His grace;...
3. I want Jesus by my side, When thro' the dark valley I go;...
4. I want Jesus at the end, When life's weary road I have trod;...

I want Jesus to impart The spirit of unfailing prayer.
I want Jesus in the strife, None other can e'er take His place.
I want Jesus as my guide, When tempted and tried by my foe.
I want Jesus as my friend, When I stand at last before God.

Chorus.

I want Jesus, my need He supplies; I want Jesus, for He satisfies; To Him I am turning, With infinite yearning; I want Jesus! Jesus alone.
1. Have faith in God when your pathway is lonely, He sees and
knows all the way you have trod; Never alone are the
least of His children; Have faith in God, have faith in
Himself.

2. Have faith in God when your prayers are unanswered, Your earnest
plea, He will never forget; Wait on the Lord, trust His
touched with your grief and despair; Cast all your cares and your
Word and be patient; Have faith in God, He'll answer yet.
burdens upon Him, And leave them there, oh, leave them there.
kings shall perish, He rules. He reigns upon His throne.

3. Have faith in God in your pain and your sorrow, His heart is
provided for His own; He cannot fail though all

4. Have faith in God though all else fail about you; Have faith in
Croses

Have faith in God, He's on His throne; Have faith in God, He watcheth o'er His own;

He cannot fail, He must prevail; Have faith in God, have faith in God.
The Old Rugged Cross.

1. On a hill far away stood an old ragged cross, The emblem of
   suf'ring and shame; And I love that old cross where the dear-est and best

2. Oh, that old ragged cross, so despised by the world, Has a wondrous at-
   trac-tion for me; For the dear Lamb of God left His glo-ry a-
   cross, the

3. In the old ragged cross, stained with blood so di-vine, A won-
   drous trea-

4. To the old ragged cross I will ev-er be true, Its shame and re-
   cross, the

Psalm 22:8

Crown.

For a world of lost sin-ners was slain,
To bear it to dark Cal-
va-ry. So I'll cher-

To par-don and san-ci-
fi me.
Where His glo-ry for-ev-er I'll share.

Till my tro-phies at last I lay down; I will cling to the

Crown.

old ragged cross,..... And ex-change it some day for a crown.
ocd ragged cross,..... And ex-change it some day for a crown.
Keep a Glad Song Singing.

Keep a glad song sing-ing in your heart each day; Man-y souls are weary on their lone-ly way; You may lift their burden, bid their gloom depart; bright-er side of life to know; Ev-ry deed of kindness God will sure-ly bless; glad-ness when the way is drear; Sweeter joys and blessings will come back to you; Je-sus, He's a Friend in-deed; Songs of His redemption drive the clouds a-way;

Chorus

Keep a glad song sing-ing in your heart.
He will crown your life with hap-pi-ness, Keep a glad song sing-ing in your heart.
Gold-en sun-beams will come shining ther'e.

Turn the dark-ness in-to bright-est day, Keep a glad song sing-ing.

Sing-ing in your heart, Keep a glad song sing-ing, sing-ing in your heart;

The' fee-s an-call you, God will not fail you, Keep a glad song singing in your heart.
1. Have you prayed today in the secret place, Have you knelt alone.
2. Have you prayed today, have you read His Word, Has your soul commenced?
3. Did you pray today when temptation came, Did you call on Him?
4. Have you prayed today for some lonely heart, Have you prayed that God

at the throne of grace; Did you linger there at the place of prayer,
with the blessed Lord; Have you felt His power in that sacred hour,
in the Savior's name, Did you conquer sin and the victory win,
would His peace impart, Did you intercede for your friend in need,

Have you prayed, have you prayed today? Have you prayed today, have you
prayed today? Have you turned aside from your work or play? Have you

met Him there at the place of prayer? Have you prayed, have you prayed today?
1. There's a road divine by the foot of the cross, It's the way that the
2. On a ragged cross by the side of the road, Christ the dear Lamb of
3. Every soul must go by the way of the cross, It's the way to the
4. I will travel on, up the 'strait, narrow way,' In the path where the

Savior trod; And it leads alone to the city above,
God hath died; And the old cross points to the beautiful land,
utmost height; Where they need no sun, where no storms ever come,
saints have trod; And some day I'll come to the end of the road,

In the beautiful hills of God...
Where the saints of the Lord abide...
The road by the cross leads
In the city of endless light...
There I'll rest at the throne of God,

home...
The road by the cross leads home; There's no other way to eternal day, The road by the cross leads home.
Moment By Moment I Need Thee.

Martha Annis.

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1. Mo-ment by mo-ment I need Thee, Precious Friend di-vine; Mo-ment by
2. Mo-ment by mo-ment I need Thee, Then my all in all; Mo-ment by
3. Mo-ment by mo-ment I need Thee In temp-ta-tion's hour; Mo-ment by
4. Mo-ment by mo-ment I need Thee, Need Thee as my song; Mo-ment by

mo-ment I need Thee In this heart of mine; Thou hast led me ev-er,
mo-ment I need Thee, Lest I faint and fall; I am weak and help-les,
mo-ment I need Thee, Need Thy keep-ing pow'r; Let my soul up-lift-ed,
mo-ment I need Thee, Help me to be strong; In Thy se-cret pres-ence

Still my re-fuge be; Je-sus, my lov-ing Sav-ior, A-bide with me.
Then my strength must be; Je-sus, my lov-ing Sav-ior, A-bide with me.
Cling by faith to Thee; Je-sus, my lov-ing Sav-ior, A-bide with me.
Let my dwell-ing be; Je-sus, my lov-ing Sav-ior, A-bide with me.

Coda.

Mo-ment by mo-ment, Mo-ment by mo-ment I need Thee;

Mo-ment by mo-ment, Sav-ior, a-bide with me.
He's Just the Same Today.

Words adapted by B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKinney.

1. When Moses and the Israelites From Egypt's land did see, Be-
2. When Daniel, faithful to his God, Would not bow down to men, And
3. When David and Goliath met, The wrong against the right, The
4. When Pentecost had fully come, And fire from heav'n did fall, The

blind them were proud Pharaoh's host, In front of them the sea; God raised the water
by God's enemies were hurled into the lion's den, God shut the lion's
giant arm with human pow'r And David with God's might, God's pow'r with David's
Holy Ghost with mighty pow'r Baptised them one and all; Three thousand were con-

like a wall, And opened up the way; And the God that lived in Moses' time
months, we read, And robbed them of their prey; And the God that lived in Daniel's time
sling and stone The giant low did lay; And the God that lived in David's time
verted and were soldiers right away; And the God that lived at Pentecost

He's just the same to-day. He's just the same to-day, He's just the same to-day:

Yes, the God that lived in {Moses' time} Is just the same to-day.
1. Is your life a channel of blessing? Is the love of God flowing through you? Are you telling the lost of the Savior? Are you lost?

2. Is your life a channel of blessing? Are you burdened for those that are stray ing? Have you urged them on those who are straying? The Sav ior who died on the cross?

3. Is your life a channel of blessing? Is it daily telling for Him? Have you spoken the word of salvation to sin? We will barriers be and a hindrance to read y His service to do?

4. We cannot be channels of blessing if our lives are not free from all those who are dying in sin? those we are trying to win.

Make me a channel of blessing today, Make me a channel of blessing today, I pray; My life possessing, My service blessing, Make me a channel of blessing today. A-men.
Jesus, the Rock of Ages.

Bertha Mae Lillemor.

1. I have found a Rock in a weary land, I have found cool springs 'mid the desert sand, And my heart sings for joy, for my feet now stand refuge high; Here my needs are all met from a full supply, safe retreat; Here the cool, sparkling streams 'mid the burning heat one by one; In Thy cleft I shall hide till the morn shall dawn.

2. From the drifting sands that a-bout me fly, I am safely kept on this

3. 'Mid the stormy gales that a-round me beat, This eternal Rock is a

4. Let the things of earth vanish and be gone, Let my fondest hopes perish

Firm on the Rock of Ages.
Jesus, the Rock of Ages. I am hiding, Safe-ly hid-ing, I am
Flow from the Rock of Ages.
Jesus, Thou Rock of Ages.

hiding in the shadow of the Rock; When the raging tempests

brow. To my refuge I will go. Jesus, the Rock of Ages.
1. It's the only message God has given To the sinner, lost, condemned to die; It's the only guide from sin and sorrow To that blessed home beyond the sky.

2. It's the Father's only salvation Of the Christ who came of lowly birth; How He suffered, died, rose, ascended, How soon day He's coming back to earth. Dear old Bible, Precious Bible, never, never pass away.

3. It's the Truth of God without error. It shall stand forever in the night; Christ the Master calleth thee, oh, Christian, Bear a light.

4. This old world is dying for its message. Heathen lands are groaning for day He's coming back to earth. Dear old Bible, Precious Bible, never, never pass away.

Chorus.

Every word by inspiration given; Dear old Bible, Precious Bible, Blessed guide that leads us on to heaven.
At the Cross.

1. A - las, and did my Sav - or bleed? And did my Sov - reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
4. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe:

Would He de - vote that sa -cred head For such a worm as I?
A - mas - ing pit - y! grace un - known! And love be - yond de - gree!
When Christ, the might - y Mak - er, died For man, the crea - ture's sin.
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, Tis all that I can del

At the cross, at the cross where I first saw the light, And the
bur - den of my heart rolled a - way. (rolled away,) It was there by faith

I re - ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day! A - men.
God Leads Us Along.

Used by Permission. G. A. Young.

1. In shady green pastures, so rich and so sweet, God leads His dear children a-long;
   Where the water's cold flow bathes the weary one's feet,
   God leads His dear children a-long.

2. Sometimes on the mount where the sun shines so bright, God leads His dear children a-long;
   Sometimes in the valley in the darkest of night,
   God leads His dear children a-long.

3. Though sorrows befall us, and Satan oppose, God leads His dear children a-long;
   Through grace we can conquer, defeat all our foes,
   God leads His dear children a-long.

4. Away from the mire, and away from the clay, God leads His dear children a-long;
   Away up in glory, eternity's day,
   God leads His dear children a-long.

Chorus

God leads His dear children a-long.
Some thru' the waters, some thru' the flood,

Some thru' the fire, but all thru' the Blood; Some thru' great sorrow, but

God gives a song, In the night season and all the day long.
The Nail-Scarred Hand.

B. B. McK.

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1. Have you failed in your plan of your storm-tossed life? Place your hand in the
nail- scarred hand; Are you wea- ry and worn from its toil and strife?

2. Are you walk- ing a - lone thro' the shad - ows dim? Place your hand in the
nail- scarred hand; Christ will com - fort your heart, put your trust in Him,

3. Would you fol - low the will of the ris - en Lord? Place your hand in the
nail- scarred hand; Would you live in the light of His bless - ed word?

4. Is your soul bur- dened down with its load of sin? Place your hand in the
nail- scarred hand; Throw your heart o - pen wide, let the Sav -ior in,

Crescendo.

Place your hand in the nail- scarred hand. Place your hand in the nail- scarred

hand, Place your hand in the nail- scarred hand; He will keep to the

end, He's your dear - est Friend, Place your hand in the nail- scarred hand.
1. Who can tell how great the love Christ reveals to me, Higher than the heights above, Deeper than the sea.
   Who can tell it all? Who can tell how lovingly He answers when I call?
2. Life unmeasured He bestows, By His grace divine, Like a healing stream it flows Thro' this heart of mine.
   Care released, And a quiet mind, Jesus all my trouble bears, Jesus all my sorrows share.
3. Sorrow's hour is filled with peace, Comfort sweet I find, From all anxious care released, With my faithful Guide.
   Jesus all my trouble bears, Jesus all my sorrows share, Who can tell how much He cares, Who can tell it all?
4. And when all of life is o'er, Then shall I abide On that bright shore, With my faithful Guide.
   Jesus all my trouble bears, Jesus all my sorrows share, Who can tell how much He cares, Who can tell it all?
Send the Light.

C. H. G.

There's a call comes ring-ing o'er the rest-less wave, "Send the light!"
We have heard the Mac - e - do - nian call to-day, "Send the light!"
Let us pray that grace may ev - ry-where a - bound; Send the light!
Let us not grow wear - y 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 Chris - t-like spir - it ev - ry-where be found,
Send the light! Let us gath-er jew - els for a crown a - bove,

REFRAIN.

Send the light! ... Send the light! ... Send the light! ... the
Send the light! Send the light! Send the light!

bless-ed gospel light; Let it shine ... from shore to the
bless-ed gospel light; Let it shine

shore! ... shine ... for-ev - er - more! ... A - men.
from shore to shore! Let it shine for-ev - er - more.
Ye Must Be Born Again.

W. T. Sleeper.

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 ever last-ing if ye would obtain,
gate may be watching for thee; Then list to the note of this sal-som re-frain:

2. Ye children of men, attend to the word So solemn
Ye must be born a-gain. (a-gain.) Ye must be born a-
I ver-i-ly.

3. Oh, ye who would enter that glori-ous rest, And sing with the
Ye must be born a-gain; I ver-i-ly, ver-i-ly say un-to thee, "Ye must be born a-

4. A dear one in Heav-en thy heart yearns to see, At the beau-ti-ful
A-men.
1. Oh, what a bless-ed Christ is mine, He saved me, this I know;
2. I have no merit of mine own To save from sin and woe;
3. I am so weak and frail and small, But Christ doth love me so
4. He paid for me the awful cost; Up on the cross of woe;

I'm anchored in His grip di-vine And He will not let me go.
I'm trusting in His grace a-bove, And He will not let me go.
That He hath saved me from them all And He will not let me go.
He'll never let my soul be lost Be-cause He loves me so.

FULL CHOIR, Faster.

He will not let me go, ... He will not let me go, ... 
He will not let me go, ... He will not let me go.

For Christ my Sav-ior loves me so, He will not let me go.
Take the Name of Jesus With You.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter. COPYRIGHT, 1846, BY M. H. DOANE, NEW YORK. W. H. Doane.

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

It will joy and comfort give you, Take it then, wher’er you go.
If temptations round you gather, Breathe that holy name in prayer.
When His loving arms receive us, And His songs our tongues employ!
King of kings in Heav’n we’ll crown Him, When our journey is complete.

Precious name, O how sweet! Precious name, O how sweet!
Precious name, O how sweet! Precious name, O how sweet!
Precious name, O how sweet! Precious name, O how sweet!
Precious name, O how sweet!

Hope of earth and joy of Heav’n; Precious name, O how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of Heav’n. Amen.
1. Just when I need Him, Jesus is near, Just when I falter,
   just when I fear; Ready to help me, ready to cheer,
   Just when I need Him most.

2. Just when I need Him, Jesus is true, Never forsaking
   all the way thru; Giving for burdens pleasures anew,
   Just when I need Him most; Jesus is near to

3. Just when I need Him, Jesus is strong, Bearing my burdens
   all the day long; For all my sorrow giving a song,
   comfort and cheer; Just when I need Him most.

4. Just when I need Him, He is my all, Answering when up
   on Him I call; Tenderly watching lest I should fall,
   Amen.
1. I was lost in sin, but Jesus rescued me. He's a wonderful Savior to me;
2. He's a friend so true, so patient and so kind. He's a wonderful Savior to me;
3. He is always near to comfort and to cheer. He's a wonderful Savior to me;
4. Dearer grows the love of Jesus day by day. He's a wonderful Savior to me;

Savior to me; I was bound by fear, but Jesus set me free,
Savior to me; Everything I need in Him I always find,
Savior to me; (So wonderful) He forgives my sins, He dries my every tear,
Savior to me; Sweeter is His grace while pressing on my way,

Chorus:

He's a wonderful Savior to me; (So wonderful) For He's a wonderful Savior to me;

Savior to me, wonder-ful! He's a wonderful Savior to me;

I was lost in sin, but Jesus took me in. He's a wonderful Savior to me.
Are You Washed in the Blood?

H. A. H. 

Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

1. Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you fully trusting in His grace this hour? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

2. Are you walking daily by the Saviour's side? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the Crucified? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

3. When the Bridegroom cometh will your robes be white? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright, And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?

4. Lay aside the garments that are stained with sin. And be washed in the blood of the Lamb; There's a fountain flowing for the soul unclean, O be washed in the blood of the Lamb. Are you washed in the blood, Are you washed in the blood, Are your garments spotless? Are they white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Satisfied With Jesus.

B. B. McK.

Slowly.

1. I am satisfied with Jesus, He has done so much for me,
2. He is with me in my trials, Best of friends of all is He;
3. I can hear the voice of Jesus Calling out so pleadingly,
4. When my work on earth is ended, And I cross the mystic sea,

He has suffered to redeem me, He has died to set me free,
I can always count on Jesus, Can He always count on me?
"Go and win the lost and straying," Is He satisfied with me?
Oh, that I could hear Him saying, "I am satisfied with thee."

Chorus.

I am satisfied, I am satisfied, I am satisfied with Jesus.
But the question comes to me, As I think of Calvary, Is my Master satisfied with me?
1. When I need some-one in time of grief, Some-one my cheer to be,
2. When I need some-one to guide my soul O-ver the storm-y sea,
3. When I need help to de-feat the foe, Some-one my shield to be,
4. When all my tri-als on earth are o'er, And the dark stream I see,

Jesus I choose, for He gives re-lief, He is the best for me.
Always to Jesus I give con-trol, He is the best for me.
Always to Jesus in faith I go, He is the best for me.
Jesus shall bear me to yonder shore, He is the best for me.

Chorus.

I choose Jesus when I need a friend;... What I need I know that He will send;... I have proved Him.
Yes, I choose my Savior always when I need a help-ful friend; What I need I know that surely He to me will free-ly send; I have proved Him o'er and o'er, and

good and true is He;... I choose Jesus, He is the best for me...
always good and true is He; Yes, I choose my Savior dear, He is the best of all for me.
Loyalty to Christ.

Dr. E. T. Cassel.

1. From o-ver hill and plain There comes the signal strain, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
2. O hear, ye brave, the sound That moves the earth around, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
3. Come, join our loy-al throng; We'll rout the giant wrong, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
4. The strength of youth we lay At Je-sus' feet to-day, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,

loy-al-ty to Christ; Its mus-ic rolls a-long, The hills take up the song,
loy-al-ty to Christ; A-rise to dare and do, Ring out the watch-word true,
loy-al-ty to Christ; Where Satan's banners float We'll send the be-gle note,
loy-al-ty to Christ; His gos-pel we'll pro-claim Thro'-out the world's domain,

Of loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ. "On to vic-to-ry! On to

vic-to-ry?" Cries our great Com-mander; "On!" We'll move at His com-mand,
great Com-mander; "On!"

We'll soon possess the land, Thro' loyalty, loyalty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ. A-men.
I Am Thine, O Lord.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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

2. Con-se-crate me now to Thy serv-ice, Lord, By the pow’r of
grace di-vine; Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my

3. O the pure de-light of a sin-gle hour That be-fore Thy
throne I spend, When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God, I com-
nar-row sea; There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I

4. There are depths of love that I can-not know Till I cross the
love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be
closer drawn to Thee.
closer drawn to Thee.
closer drawn to Thee, Draw me near-er, near-er, bless-ed
closer drawn to Thee, Draw me near-er, near-er, bless-ed

Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me near-er, near-er,
Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me 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.
near-er, bless-ed Lord, To Thy pre-cious, bleed-ing side.
near-er, bless-ed Lord, To Thy pre-cious, bleed-ing side.

A-MEN.
Jesus is Calling.

Fanny J. Crosby.


Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Jesus is tenderly calling thee home—Calling to-day,
2. Jesus is calling the weary to rest—Calling to-day,
3. Jesus is waiting; O come to Him now—Waiting to-day,
4. Jesus is pleading; O list to His voice; Hear Him to-day,
calling to-day; Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam
calling to-day; Bring Him thy burden and thou shalt be blest
waiting to-day; Come with thy sins; at His feet lowly bow;
hear Him to-day; They who believe on His name shall rejoice;

REFRAIN.

Farther and farther away?
He will not turn thee away.
Come, and no longer delay.
Quickly arise and away.

Calling to-day, . . .
Calling, calling to-day, to-day,

Calling to-day, . . .
Jesus is tenderly

Calling, calling to-day, to-day, Jesus is tenderly calling,
calling to-day,

A-men.
The Shepherd of Love.

1. The Shepherd of Love is seeking the lost In paths that are rough and steep; He's calling the lambs that have gone astray,
2. The Shepherd of Love knows His sheep by name, And tenderly leads the way; O weary one, come to the Shepherd's fold, vanishing free; He's patiently waiting for thee to come,
3. The Shepherd of Love our ransom hath paid, And offers salvation free; He's patiently waiting for thee to come,
4. The Shepherd of Love now seeketh His sheep, He seeketh what' e'er the cost; Be hold, He is calling the wand'ring home,

He's calling, calling His sheep. Out of your darkness of sin and shame, into His love, forever the same; Come to Him now, believe on His name, O answer the call today.
He's calling, calling today. Call ing.
He's calling, calling for thee. Call ing. Call ing.
He's calling, calling the lost. Call ing.
No One Seemed to Care.

B. B. McKinney.

1. I drifted away from the love of God, Sin and doubt o'er my life had control; My sad heart was alone with its grief and its woe; No one seemed to care for my soul.

2. Then I met day by day failed to tell me of Christ, Who is mighty to save and make whole; But they left me to drift and to die in my sin; No one seemed to care for my soul.

3. I cried unto God from my sin-burdened heart, There I yielded to His blest control; Christ, the dear Lamb of God, took me into His fold. For none can make whole; Then your friends cannot say at the great bar of God, "No one seemed to care for my soul."

4. Oh, Christian, arise, in the name of the Lord, Tell the lost He has saved and made whole; My soul has found rest in the name of the Lord. Yes, my Savior cared, yes, He always cared, one seemed to care for my soul.

No one seemed to care for my soul; Christians met me day by day, Yes, my Savior cared for my soul; All my guilt He washed away.

To their shame, I'm sad to say, No one seemed to care for my soul. I will praise His name for aye, For Christ surely cares for my soul.
Will Jesus find us watching?

1. When Jesus comes to reward His servants, Whether it be noon or night, Faithful to Him will He find us watching,
2. If, at the dawn of the early morning, He shall call us one by one, When to the Lord we restore our talents,
3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to do our best? If in our hearts there is nought condemns us,
4. Blessed are those whom the Lord finds watching, In His glory they shall share; If He shall come at the dawn or midnight,

With our lamps all trimmed and bright?
Will He answer thee—Well done?
We shall have a glorious rest.
Will He find us watching there?

ready, brother? Ready for the soul's bright home? Say, will He find you and me still watching, Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?
I Can Find Him Everywhere.

A. H. A.

1. In the winter's snow, as soft and white, And in the fragrant breath of spring; In the sunny morn and moonlight night, I see God's wondrous pow'r and sing.

2. In the fields of grain and fruitful trees, And in the harvest store they bring; In the gentle, cooling, summer breeze, I see God's wondrous care and sing.

3. In the bow'rs of many forms and hues, And in each tiny creeping thing, In the daily blessings that we use, I see God's wisdom, too, and sing.

4. In the gift of Christ to us He gave, And in the cross to which we cling; In the death He died the world to save, I can find Him, and Him every-where.

A. H. Ackley.

All the world reveals God's care; God is great and glorious,

King of love, victorious, I can find Him every-where.
Does Jesus Care?

Rev. Frank E. Graett.  J. Lincoln Hall.

1. Does Jesus care when my heart is pained Too deeply for
   birth or song; As the burdens press, And the cares distress,
   And the way grows weary and long? Does He care enough to be near? Oh yes, He cares.

2. Does Jesus care when my way is dark With a nameless
   dread and fear? As the daylight fades into deep night shades,
   know He cares, His heart is touched with my grief.  When the days are

3. Does Jesus care when I've tried and failed To resist some tempt-
   ation strong; When for my deep grief There is no relief,
   wear-y, The long night dreary, I know my Savior cares. (He cares.)

4. Does Jesus care when I've said "good-by" To the dearest on
Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.

Fanny J. Crosby.  

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FANNIE F. DOANE, OWNER.  
W. H. Doane.

1. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when our hearts low-ly bend.  And we
gath-er to Je-sus, our Sav-ior and Friend; If we come to Him in
faith, His pro tec tion to share, What a balm for the wear y!
O how sweet to be there! Bless-ed hour of prayer, bless-ed hour of

2. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when the Sav-ior draws near, With a
cast at His feet ev ery care, What a balm for the wear y!
heart He re moves ev ery care; What a balm for the wear y!
prayer, What a balm for the wear y!  O how sweet to be there!  A men.

3. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when the tempt-ed and tried To the
trust we shall lose ev ery care; What a balm for the wear y!

4. At the bless-ed hour of prayer, trust-ing Him, we be lieve That the
Standing On the Promises.

R. K. C.  
Copyright, 1876. By John J. Hopkins.  
Used by permission.  
R. Kelso Carter.

1. Standing on the promises of Christ my King,  
   Thro' eternal ages.
2. Standing on the promises that cannot fail,  
   When the howling storms of doubt and fear assail,  
   By the living word of God I shall prevail.
3. Standing on the promises of Christ the Lord,  
   Bound to His eternal;  
   Over-coming daily with the Spirit's sword,  
   To the Spirit's call, Resting in my Savior, as my all in all.
4. Standing on the promises I cannot fall,  
   Listening ev'ry moment  
   Let His praises ring; Glory in the highest, I will shout and sing.

Standing on the promises of God. Standing, standing,
Standing on the promises, standing on the promises,
Standing on the promises of God my Savior; Standing,
Standing on the promises,
Standing, I'm standing on the promises of God. Amen.
Back to Bethel.

B. B. McKinney.

1. Back to the Bible, the true Living Word, Sweetest old story that ever was heard; Back to the joy-life my soul longs to know, Bethel is calling, and I must go. Back to Bethel.

2. Back to the beautiful path I once trod, Back to the church and the people of God; Out of the cold world of sin and its woe, I must go, Back where the rivers of sweet waters flow, Back to the true life my soul longs to know, Bethel is calling, and I must go.

3. Back to the giving of money and time, Back to the life of consecration, Back to the prayer-life in Christ I once knew, Back to its beautiful Bethel.

4. Back to the prayer-life in Christ I once knew, Back to its beautiful Bethel.
1. On the sea of life, 'mid the storm and strife, I am sailing to eternity.
2. Though the day is gone, and the night hangs on, I will trust Him tho' I cannot
3. As I sail a-long, Jesus gives a song, For in Him I have the victory.
4. When my bark shall land on that golden strand, How my heart will thrill with ecstasy;

I will fear no ill, Christ is with me still, And His everlasting arms are under-neath me. Oh, the everlasting arms are under-neath me.

He will lead me through, where the skies are blue, For the everlasting arms are under-neath me. Under-neath me, under-neath me; Tho' the storms may blow, I am

safe I know, For the everlasting arms are under-neath me.
There's a Beautiful Land On High.

Arr. by
B. B. McKinney.

James Nicholson.

1. There's a beautiful land on high, To its glories I fain would fly; When by sorrows pressed down, I long for a crown by; There with friends hand in hand, I shall walk on the strand, die. When death is the way To the realms of day, bye; Where the righteous will sing, And their cho- ruses will ring

2. There's a beautiful land on high, I shall enter it by and by; There with friends hand in hand, I shall walk on the strand, die. When death is the way To the realms of day, bye; Where the righteous will sing, And their cho- ruses will ring

3. There's a beautiful land on high, Then why should I fear to fly; When by sorrows pressed down, I long for a crown by; There with friends hand in hand, I shall walk on the strand, die. When death is the way To the realms of day, bye; Where the righteous will sing, And their cho- ruses will ring

4. There's a beautiful land on high, Where we never shall say "good-by; When by sorrows pressed down, I long for a crown by; There with friends hand in hand, I shall walk on the strand, die. When death is the way To the realms of day, bye; Where the righteous will sing, And their cho- ruses will ring

Chorus

In that beautiful land on high, In that beautiful land I'll be, From earth and its care set free; My Je-sus is there, He's gone to pre-pare A place in that land for me.
Christ Returneth.

H. L. Turner.

1. It may be at morn, when the day is a-waking, When sunlight thru' darkness and shadow is breaking, That Jesus will come in the chance, that the blackness of midnight will burst into light in the saints' hope and the angels attending, With grace on His brow, like a sadness, no dread and no crying, Caught up thru' the clouds with our fullness of glory, To receive from the world "His own." Praise of His glory, When Jesus receives "His own." Hallelujah! When Jesus receives "His own." Lord into glory, When Jesus receives "His own."

Copyright, 1900, by James McGranahan. Published by J. C. McGranahan, Nashville, Tenn.

James McGranahan.

O Lord Jesus, how long, how long Ere we shout the glad song, Christ returneth! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Amen, Hallelujah! Amen.
We're Marching to Zion.


1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join in a song with sweet accord, Join in a song with sweet accord, children of the heav'n-ly King, But children of the heav'n-ly King, for we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Before we reach the heav'n-ly fields, marching thro' Im-manuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground.

2. Let those refuse to sing Who never knew our God; But may speak their joys a-broad, May speak their joys a-broad. Or walk the gold-en streets, Or walk the gold-en streets. To fair-er worlds on high, To fair-er worlds on high.

3. The hill of Zion yields A thou-sand sac-red sweets, Be-fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Before we reach the heav'n-ly fields, marching thro' Im-manuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground.

4. Then let our songs abound, And ev'ry tear be dry; We're And thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne. May speak their joys a-broad, May speak their joys a-broad. Or walk the gold-en streets, Or walk the gold-en streets. To fair-er worlds on high, To fair-er worlds on high.

(1) And thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.

Chorus.

We're march-ing to Zio-n, Beau-ti-ful, Beau-ti-ful Zio-n; We're march-ing on to Zio-n.

We're march-ing up-ward to Zio-n, The beau-ti-ful cit-y of God. A-men.

Zio-n, Zio-n, Zio-n.
Sunlight.

J. W. Van DeVenter.

1. I wandered in the shades of night, Till Jesus came to me,
   And with the sunlight of His love He all my darkness flee.
   Sunlight, sunlight in my soul today, today, yes,
   To-day, sun-light.

2. The clouds may gather in the sky, And billows round me roll,
   However dark the world may be, I've sunlight in my soul.
   All along the way; Since the Savior found me,
   Took away my sin, load of sin,

3. While walking in the light of God, I sweet companions find;
   Whatever in the sunlight of His love I reap the golden grain.
   For the row way;
   I have had the sunlight of His love within.

4. I cross the wide-extended fields, I journey o'er the plain,
   And in the sunlight of His face, Thro' out eternity.
   Since the Savior found me,
   Took away my sin, load of sin,
When the Saints Go Marching In.

Words adapted and Copyright, 1905, by Robert L. Colman.
Written by B. B. McK.
Arr. by B. B. McKinney

1. I had a loving brother, Death released him from sin.
2. I had a precious sister, She has gone on before.
3. I have a Christ-like father, Far beyond the blue skies.
4. I have a dear, sweet mother, Singing 'round the white throne.
5. I have a living Savior, He redeemed me from sin.

And I promised I would meet him, When the saints go marching in.
And I promised I would meet her On that happy, golden shore.
And some day I'll surely meet him, Where there'll be no sad good-byes.
And I promised I would meet her; There we'll know as we are known.
Oh, how sweet 'twill be to meet Him, When the saints go marching in.

Chorus:

When the saints... go marching in, Oh, when the saints go marching in.

When the saints go marching in; Lord, I want to be in that number.
When the saints go marching in.
Since Jesus Came Into My Heart

1. What a wonderful change in my life has been wrought Since Jesus came in to my heart!
2. I have ceased from my wand'ring and going a-stray, Since Jesus came in to my heart!
3. I'm possessed of a hope that is steadfast and sure, Since Jesus came in to my heart!
4. There's a light in the valley of death now for me, Since Jesus came in to my heart!
5. I shall go there to dwell in that City, I know, Since Jesus came in to my heart!

Since Jesus came in to my heart!
Since Jesus came in to my heart!
Since Jesus came in to my heart, Since Jesus came in to my heart, Floods of joy o'er my soul like the sea billows roll, Since Jesus came in to my heart.
While the Days Are Going By.

George Cooper.  Ira D. Sankey.

1. There are lonely hearts to cherish, While the days are going by;
   There are weary souls who perish, While the days are going by;

2. There's no time for idle mourning, While the days are going by;
   Let your face be like the morning, While the days are going by;

3. All the loving links that bind us, While the days are going by;
   One by one we leave behind us, While the days are going by;

If a smile we can renew, As our journey we pursue,
Oh, the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weeping eyes;
But the seeds of good we sow, Both in shade and shine will grow,

Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are going by,
Help your fallen brother rise, While the days are going by,
And will keep our hearts aglow, While the days are going by.

Refrain

Going by, going by, going by,

by,

by, Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are going by,
1. I love to tell the story, Of unseen things above, Of Jesus and His glory, Of Jesus and His love, I love to tell the story, Because I know 'tis true; It satisfies my longings As nothing else can do.

2. I love to tell the story; More wonderful it seems Than all the golden fancies Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell it, more wonderful than sweet. I love to hungering and thirsting To hear it, like the rest. And when I tell the story, It did so much for me; And that is just the reason I tell it now to thee, I love to tell the story; Twill

3. I love to tell the story; 'Tis pleasant to repeat What Jesus and His glory, What Jesus and His love. I love to tell the story, For some have never heard The message of salvation From God's own Holy Word. The story That I have loved so long.

4. I love to tell the story; For those who know it best Seen

Refrain.

be my theme in glory To tell the old, old story, Of Jesus and His love.
"Twas in the Father's plan that Jesus died for me; To pay the price for my sin did go to Calvary. Twas in the Father's plan He left His glorious day a bidden fall and free; Twas in the Father's plan that in eternity it was His will and way. His word shall never fail, so come whatever home to journey here to earth to save me for His own. I shall His face behold and in His likeness be. Oh! hallelujah, may. With Him I'll reign on high, one glad and glorious day.

D. S.—faith in Jesus Christ, God set me as His Son.

wondrous mystery (mystery). Oh! hallelujah, grace has set me free (set me free). Before the world in order had begun (had begun), Thro'
Praise Him! Praise Him!

Fanny J. Crosby.

Chester G. Allen.

1. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Sing O Earth, His won-der-ful love proclaims! Hail Him! hail Him! highest archangels in glo-ry; Strength and hon-or give to His ho-ly name! Like a shep-herd, Je-sus will guard His children, In His arms He car-riesthem all day long: Praise Him! praise Him! beseare sorrows, Love un bounded, won-der ful, deep and strong: tell of His ex cel lent greatness; Praise Him! praise Him! ever in joy ful song! A-MEN.

2. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! For our sins He suf fered, and bled, and died; His our Rock, our hope of e ter nal sal va tion, Sound His Praise-es! Je-sus who Crown Him! crown Him! Pro phet, and Priest, and King! Christ is coming! over the

3. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Heavenily por tals, Lead with ho-san na ring! Je-sus, Sav ior, reigneth for ev er and ev er; World vic to rious, Pow'r and glo ry un to the Lord be long;
I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

Mary Brown.

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, or over the stormy sea;
2. Perhaps to-day there are loving words Which Jesus would have me speak;
3. There's surely somewhere a lowly place In earth's harvest-fields so wide,

It may not be at the battle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now, in the paths of sin, Some wanderer whom I should seek,
Where I may labor thro' life's short day For Jesus, the Crucified.

But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths I do not know,
O Saviour, if Thou wilt be my Guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
So, trusting my all into Thy care, I knew Thou lov'est me!

I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go,
My voice shall echo the message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say,
I'll do Thy will with a heart sincere, I'll be what you want me to be.

D.S. — I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

Refrain.

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O'er mountain, or plain, or sea;
He Lives On High.


From Hawaiian Folk Song.

1. Christ the Savior came from heaven's glory, To redeem the lost from sin and shame; On His brow He wore the thorn-crown.

2. He arose from death and all its sorrow, To dwell in that land of joy and love; He is coming back some glad tomorrow.

3. Wear-y soul, to Jesus come confessing, Redemption from sin He offers thee; Look to Jesus and receive a blessing. There is life, there is joy and victory.

Crescendo.

He lives on high, He lives on high, Triumphant over sin and all its stain; He lives on high, He lives on high, Some day He's coming again.
Saved, Saved.

1. I've found a Friend— who is all to me— His love is ever true; I love to tell— how He cares my soul each day; I'm learning strength— on His love He said to me, "Come un-to Me— and I'll lifted me— And what His grace can do for you mighty arm; I knew He'll guide me all the way lead you home, To live with Me e- ter-nal-ly." Saved— by His pow'r di-vine, Saved— to new life sub-lime! Saved by His pow'r, Saved to new life, Life new is sweet and my joy is com-plete, for I'm Saved, saved, saved!
Bringing In the Sheaves.

Knowles Shaw.

George A. Minor.

1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noon-tide and the dewy eve; Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reap-ing, We shall come re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.

2. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadow, Fear-ing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze; By and by the harvest, and the labor ended, We shall come re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.

3. Going forth with weeping, sowing for the Master, Though the loss a-

Chorus.

Bring-ing in the sheaves, bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall come re-joic-

Bring-ing in the sheaves, bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall come re-joic-

ing, bring-ing in the sheaves; ing, bring-ing in the sheaves. A-men.
1. Safe in the arms of Jesus, Safe on His gentle breast, There by His love o'er-shaded, Sweetly my soul shall rest. Hark! 'tis the voice of angels, Hark! 'tis the voice of angels, Hark! 'tis the voice of angels, Hark! 'tis the voice of

2. Safe in the arms of Jesus, Safe from corroding care, Safe from the world's temp-ta-tions, Sin cannot harm me there. Free from the blight of over the fields of glory, sor-row, Free from my doubts and fears; Only a few more tri-als, patience, Wait till the night is o'er; Wait till I see the morn-ing

3. Jesus, my heart's dear ref-uge, Jesus has died for me; Firm on the Rock of Ages, Ever my trust shall be. Here let me wait with over the jasper sea. Only a few more tears! Safe in the arms of Jesus, Break on the gold-en shore.

gen-tle breast, There by His love o'er-shaded, Sweetly my soul shall rest. Amen.
1. Bring ye all the tithes into the store-house, All your money,
  talents, time and love; Consecrate them all up on the
  altar; While your Savior from above speaks sweetly,
  Trust Me, try Me, prove Me, saith the Lord of hosts, and see
  If a blessing, unmeasured blessing, I will not pour out on thee.

2. When my wavering faith in trials falter, When His guiding
  hand I cannot see, Then in wonder love and tender
  mercy, Thro' His word He says to me, My child, just
  Trust Me, yea, then try Me, prove Me.

3. I have yielded Him my life forever, All I am, or
  have, or hope to be; Naught on earth my hold on Him can
  sever, While I hear Him say to me, My child, just
  If a blessing, unmeasured blessing, I will not pour out on thee.
Yield Not to Temptation.

H. R. P.

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RENEWAL.
H. R. Palmer.

1. Yield not to temptation, For yielding is sin; Each victory will help you some other to win; Right manfully onward,
2. Shame evil companions, Bad language disdain; God's name hold in reverence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earnest,
3. To him that o'ercomeseth God giveth a crown, Through faith we shall conquer, The often cast down; He who is our Savior,

Dark passions subdue, Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through. Our strength will renew, Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.

Chorus.

Ask the Savior to help you, Comfort, strengthen and keep you; He is willing to aid you, He will carry you through. Amen.
The Rainbow With the Rain.

B. B. McK.

UNISON. Slowly

1. Tho' the storm-y clouds may hover o'er me, And He is
   bur-dened with sorrow's pain, Christ my Pilot ever goes be-
   jera me, He sends the rainbow with the rain.

2. On each cloud there is a sil-ver lin-ing, The golden
   sun-light will come a-gain; I will trust and cease my sad re-
   pin-ing, He sends the rainbow with the rain.

3. At the dawning of that golden mor-row, When Christ my
   Savior shall come for me, Free from earth and all its bitter
   sor-row, I'll dwell with Him eternally.

Coda. Forte, faster.

He sends the rainbow, a lovely rainbow, He sends the rainbow with the rain;

He sends the sunshine up-on the shadow, He sends the rainbow with the rain.
Love Lifted Me.

James Rowe.

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Howard E. Smith.

1. I was sick-ing deep in sin, Far from the peace-ful shore, Ver-y deep-ly
2. All my heart to Him I give, Ev-er to Him I'll cling, In His bless-ed
3. Sanc-ing dan-ger, look a-bove, Je-sus com-plete-ly saves; He will lift you

stained with-in, Sink-ing to rise no more; But the Mas-ter of the sea
prac-ence live, Ev-er His praise-er sing. Love so might-y and so true
by His love Out of the an-gry waves, He's the Mas-ter of the sea,

Heard my de-spair-ing cry, From the wa-ters lift-ed me, Now safe am I.
Mir-its my soul's best songs; Faith-ful, loy-ing serv-ice, too, To Him be-
Hil-ews His will o- bey; He your Sav-ior wants to be—Be saved to-day.

Crown.

Love lift-ed me!... Love lift-ed me!... When noth-ing
e-ven me! e-ven me!

also could help, Love lift-ed me. Love lift-ed me. A- men.
His Way With Thee.

C. S. N.

1. Would you live for Jesus, and be always pure and good? Would you walk with
2. Would you have Him make you free, and follow at His call? Would you know the
3. Would you in His kingdom find a place of constant rest? Would you prove Him

Him with-in the narrow road? Would you have Him bear your burden, carry peace that comes by giving all? Would you have Him save you, so that you can true in providential test? Would you in His service labor always

all your load? Let Him have His way with thee.
ever fall? Let Him have His way with thee. His pow'r can make you what you at your best? Let Him have His way with thee.

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. A-men.
1. I want my life to glorify my Lord and King; I want to please and honor Him in every thing; I want my life to tell men that He is my witness to His grace each hour; Oh, that my words might magnify His holy name, So let my heart and voice His mighty pow'r proclaim. I want to live as Jesus lived, I want to love as Jesus loved, I want to serve and honor Him and please Him in every thing; I want my life to testify that He's my Lord and King.

2. Oh, that my life might magnify the Savior's pow'r; Oh, that my deeds might make His crimson banner wave; I want to tell the blessed story every day; I want to be a light to others on their way.

3. I want my life to testify that He can save; I want to help to guide; I want the world to know He's walking by my side. I want to live as day; I want to be a light to others on their way.
1. Hear ye the Master's call, "Give Me thy best!" For, be it great or small,
2. Wait not for men to lead; Heed not their slight; Winning the smile of God
3. Night soon comes on apace; Day has tens by; Workman and work must face

That is His test. Do then the best you can, Not for re-ward, Not for the
Brings its de-light! Aid-ing the good and true - Ne'er goes un-best, All that we
Test-ing on high. Oh, may we in that day Find rest, sweet rest, Which God has

praise of man, But for the Lord.
think or do, Be it the best. Ev'-ry work for Je-sus will be best,
promised those Who do their best.

But He asks from ev'-ry-one His best. Our tal-ents may be few,

These may be small, But un-to Him is due Our best, our all.
'Neath The Old Olive Trees.

B. B. McK.
Duet. Slowly.

1. 'Neath the stars of the night, Walked the Savior of light, In the garden of dew-laden breeze; Where no light could be found, Jesus knelt on the ground, gar-den a-lone; Hear His soul-burdened plea, Let this cup pass from me, lone on His knees; Praise His won-der-ful name, He who bore all my blame,

2. All the sin of the world On the Savior was hurled, As He knelt in the gar-den a-lone; Hear His soul-burdened plea, Let this cup pass from me, lone on His knees; Praise His won-der-ful name, He who bore all my blame,

Chorus.

There He prayed 'neath the old ol-ive trees, "E-ven so, not my will, Thine be done." 'Neath the old ol-ive trees, 'Neath the old ol-ive trees, Went the Savior a-lone on His knees, "Not my will, Thine be done," cried the Father's own Son, As He knelt 'neath the old ol-ive trees.
Blessed Assurance.

Panny J. Crosby.  

Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

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1. Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine. Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine!
   Heir of salvation, purchase of God, born of His Spirit, washed in His blood.

2. Perfect submission, perfect delight, visions of rapture now, 
   Angels descending, bringing from a love, richness of mercy, whispers of love.

3. Perfect submission, all is at rest, I in my Saviour am, 
   Happy and blest, watching and waiting, looking above, filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

Chorus.

Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood. 
This is my story, this is my song.

Praising my Saviour all the day long; This is my story, this is my song. Praising my Saviour all the day long. Amen.
1. The redeemed are waiting for the sunrise. For the triumph that shall
greet our eyes, When the King shall come In all His glory, The re-
deemed are waiting for the sunrise.

2. Oh, what joy will greet us when He cometh, When the dead in Jesus
shall arise; When all pain and sorrow shall be over, The re-
deemed are waiting for the sunrise. For the sunrise, golden sunrise,
gathered jewels for the sunrise.

3. Let us never falter in His service. Let us follow on with
lifted eyes, To the fields all ripe unto the harvest, Let us
from the vaulted skies. The redeemed are waiting for the sunrise.
1. Love found its way to my sin - bur-dened soul, Caused me from sin to de-part; Christ reigns with-in, He has per - fect con-trol, Love sings a song in my heart. Ring-ing so sweet-ly with-in, Love sings a song, a glad new song.

2. I have a song that the world can-not sing, Since Christ has saved me from sin; Love's mel-o-dy, oh, what peace it doth bring, He'll safe-ly lead all the way.

3. If you would have this sweet song in your soul, Turn from your sin, turn to-day; Come un-to Christ, He will save and make whole, Thro' His grace di-vine This sweet mel-o-dy is mine, Wondrous love sings a song in my heart.
More Than You Know.

A. H. A.

1. I sing you the song of a wonder-ful friend, Whose love is unmeasured.
2. To-day He is wait-ing new strength to impart, When life has grown weary.
3. What-ter the sin and the shame of the past, His soul-cleansing blood cov-

for you; (all for you;) He nev-er for-sakes but is true to the end.
with care; (weary care;) His healing is sure for the bro-ken in heart,
er; (over all;) In time of tem-pa-tion He holds the soul fast.

Chorus.

No mat-ter what oth-ers may do.
And all who are lost in de-spair. He loves you far more than you
And saves all on Him who will call.

know, (than you know,) He died because He loved you so; (loved you so;) He
gave up His throne just to make you His own, He loves you far more than you know.
113 Since His Love Came Shining Through.

1. I was drifting far from the "Beacon Star," Clouds of sin had covered the brow; From His throne on high Jesus heard my cry,
2. Thro' the stormy night or the sunshine bright, I've a song triumphant and new; Jesus saved from sin, gave me peace within,
3. Souls afar in sin I will help to win, And to Christ I'll ever be true; Then when all is o'er I will reach that shore,

Chorus.

And His love came shining thro';
And His love came shining thro'; Since His love came shining through,
Since His love came shining thro';

I've a joy that's always new; All the clouds are

rifted And my burdens lifted. Since His love came shining through.
Serve the Lord With Gladness.

H. B. McK.  B. B. McKinney.

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1. Serve the Lord with gladness, In our works and ways... Come before His presence.
2. Serve the Lord with gladness, Thankful all the while... For His tender mercies,
3. Serve the Lord with gladness, This shall be our theme... As we walk together.

With our songs of praise; Unto Him our Maker We would pledge anew (a-new).
For His loving smile, Blessed truth enduring, Always just the same (the same).
In His love supreme, Lest 'ning, ev'ry list 'ning, For the still small voice (is new).

Chorus.
Life's supreme devotion To serve thee true.
We will serve with praises And praise His name. "Serve Him with gladness." Enter His courts with His sweet will so precious Will be our choice.

Song (with song); To our Creator True praises belong (belong). Great is His mercy,

Wonderful is His name (His name). We gladly serve Him, His great love proclaim (proclaim).
Sweet By and By.

S. F. Bennett.                                      J. P. Webster.

1. There's a land that is fairer than day, And by faith we can
2. We shall sing on that beautiful shore The melodies of the best,
3. To our bountiful Father above, We will offer the

see it afar; For the Father waits over the way, To prepare us a dwelling-place there.
songs of the best. And our spirits shall sorrow no more, Not a pure for the blessing of rest.
tribute of praise. For the glorious gift of His love, And the blessings that hollow our days.

Courts.

In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore;
by and by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore. Amen.

In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore; In the sweet by and by,
116 The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

Jesse Brown Pounder.

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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,
   Savior trod, If I ever climb to the heights sublime, never 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 of the cross I miss.
   Where the soul is at home with God. The way of the cross leads home.

3. Then I bid farewell to the way of the world, To walk in it leads home; It is sweet to know, as I onward go, The way of the cross leads home, Amen.

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His Promise To Me.

James Rowe.  

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Henry P. Morton.

1. Dark-ness may o'er-take me and my song for-sake me, But a-lone I nev-er shall be; For the Friend be-side me prom-isèd He would guide me.  
2. Should mis-for-tune meet me, friends may fail to greet me, But if true to Je-sus I stay He will still up-hold me, let His love en-fold me.  
3. How the tho't en-thralls me, that what-e'er be-falls me One will al-ways And will keep His prom ise to me.  

Cresc.  

Ev - 'ry drear-y mile of the way. He will keep His prom ise to me, All the way with me He will go; He has nev-er  

bro-ken an-y prom ise spo-ken; He will keep His prom ise, I know.  

A-men.
In the Garden.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

Solely.

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1. I come to the gar-den a-lone, While the dew is still on the
ros-es; And the voice I hear, Fall-ing on my ear, The
2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet, the birds hush their
singing, And the mel-o-dy, That He gave to me, With-
3. I'd stay in the gar-den with Him, The' the night a-round me be
fall ing, But He bids me go; Toro' the voice of wee, His

Crown.

Son of God, dis-clos-es,
in my heart is ring-ing. And He walks with me, and He
talks with me, And He tells me I am His own; And the
voice to me is call-ing.

joy we share, as we tar-ry there, None oth-er has ev-er known.
Whisper a Prayer.

Rather slowly.

1. Whisper a prayer in the morning, Just at the break of the day;
2. Whisper a prayer at the noon-time, Peace in the midst of the throng;
3. Whisper a prayer at the twilight, After the day's work is done,

Why fear the fight, In your battle for right, When you know He will
Look unto Him, Who can conquer all sin; In thy weakness, in
No other friend Will prove true to the end, Like Christ Jesus, the

Coda.

lead all the way?
Him then art strong. Whisper a prayer, Just whisper a prayer,
Crucified One.

Even a whisper He'll hear over there; Victory is thine, In His

love so sublime, When to Jesus you whisper a prayer.
1. On life's pathway I am never lonely. My Lord is with me, my Lord di-
2. I shall not be lonely in my sorrow. He will sustain me un-till the
3. I shall not be lonely in the valley. Tho' shadows gather, I will not

verse:
Eve-er present Guide, I trust Him only. No lon-
end:
Darkest night He turns to bright-est mor-row, No lon-
fear:
He has prom-ised ev-er to up-hold me, No lon-

Chorus:
lonely, for He is mine.
lonely! He is my Friend... No lon-ger lone-ly, No lon-
lonely! He will be near.

Jesus is the Friend of friends to me;... No lon-
lonely, For Jesus is the Friend of friends to me.
1. I am a stranger here, within a foreign land; My home is far away,

2. This is the King's command: that all men, everywhere, Repent and turn away

3. My home is brighter far than Sharon's royal plain, Eternal life and joy

up - on a gold-en strand; Amb-o-sa - cor to be of realms beyond the sea,
from sin's seductive snare; That all who will obey, with Him shall reign for aye,
thro' - out its vast domain; My Saviour bids me tell how mortals there may dwell,

Chorus.

I'm here on business for my King.
And that's my business for my King. This is the message that I
And that's my business for my King.

bring, A message angels fain would sing: "Oh, be ye re - con - ciled;"

Thus saith my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye re - con - ciled to God." Amen.
"Whosoever Will."

1. "Whosoever hear'st," short, short, the sound! Spread the blessed tidings all the world around; Spread the joyful news wherever man is found:

2. Whosoever cometh need not delay, Now the door is open; ever must endure; "Whosoever will," 'tis He forevermore:

3. "Whosoever will," the promise secure. "Whosoever will," forevermore:

Send the proclamation o'er vale and hill; 'Tis a loving Father calls the wan'drer home: "Whosoever will, may come."
123

Able, Willing, Mighty.

J. P. S.

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ROYAL MUSIC CO., PROP.

J. P. Schofield.

1. Jesus is able to save from sin, Will you receive Him today?
2. Jesus is willing to save your soul, Will you receive Him today?
3. Jesus is mighty to hold you fast, Why not accept Him today?

Able to plant the new life within, Will you receive Him today?
Willing to take you and make you whole, Jesus is willing today,
Mighty to keep you unto the last; Jesus is mighty to save.

Chorus, Unison. Parts. Unison.

Able, able, Jesus is able to save; Willing, willing,
Jesus is able to save;

Parts. Unison. Parts.

Jesus is willing to save; Mighty, mighty, Jesus is mighty to save; Jesus is mighty to save;

Mighty, He's mighty, Jesus is mighty to save. Amen.
mighty to save; yes, Jesus is mighty,
Sunrise.

W. C. Poole.  B. D. Ackley.

1. When I shall come to the end of my way, When I shall rest at the close of life's day, When "Welcome home" I shall hear Jesus say, O praise to sing, When I shall join them my tribute to bring, O anchor is cast, When I see Jesus my Savior at last, O

2. When in His beauty I see the great King, Join with the ransomed His that will be sunrise for me. ... Sunrise tomorrow, sunrise to

3. When life is over and daylight is passed, In heaven's harbor my morning, Sunrise in glory is waiting for me; Sunrise tomorrow, sunrise tomorrow, Sunrise with Jesus for eternity.
1. I heard a sweet story, I know its true, It took a firm grip on my soul;
2. I yield-ed my-self to this Christ divine, For sin was a bur-den to me;
3. And now I am singing a-long my way, Where once I was burdened and sad;

It told of a Sav-ior who came to save, And make a bro-ken life whole,
He lift-ed that burden and gave me peace, And set my cap-tive soul free.
Now He is my Shep-herd, my Friend and Guide, And keeps my heart ev-er glad.

SAVE 1.

His love won my heart... A love that will nev-er de-part;
yes, won my heart,
no, nev-er de-part;

SAV E 2.

He took sin a-way, and came in to stay, His love won my heart.

I want to be faith-ful, and lea-ral and true To the love that won my heart.
1. 'Tis the grand-est theme thro' the a-ges rung; 'Tis the grandest theme for a
mor-tal tongue; 'Tis the grandest theme that the world e'er sung, "Our God is
or-tal strain; 'Tis the grandest theme, tell the world a-again, "Our God is
sin-ful soul; Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole, "Our God is
a-ble to de-liv-er thee." He is a-ble to de-liv-er thee.
He is a-ble to de-liv-er thee; Thou by sin op-pris-t
Go to Him for rest; "Our God is a-ble to de-liv-er thee." A-MEN.
1. Speak to my heart, Lord Jesus, Speak that my soul may hear;
2. Speak to my heart, Lord Jesus, Purge me from ev'ry sin;
3. Speak to my heart, Lord Jesus, It is no longer mine;

Speak to my heart, Lord Jesus, Calm ev'ry doubt and fear.
Speak to my heart, Lord Jesus, Help me the lost to win.
Speak to my heart, Lord Jesus, I would be wholly Thine.

Chorus.

Speak to my heart, oh, speak to my heart, Speak to my heart, I pray;

Yielded and still, seeking Thy will, Oh, speak to my heart to-day.
1. Love sent my Savior to die in my stead, Why should He love me so? Meekly to Calvary's cross He was led, Why should He love me so?

2. Nails pierced His hands and His feet for my sin, Why should He love me so? He suffered sore my salvation to win, Why should He love me so? Nothing with-holding my sin to efface,

3. O how He agonized there in my place, Why should He love me so? Why should He love me so? Why should He love me so? Why should He love me so?

Why should He love me so? Why should He love me so? Why should He love me so?

Canaan

Why should He love me so? Why should my Savior to Calvary go? Why should He love me so?
How Long Must We Wait?

Rev. S. M. Glasgow.
Duet. Soothing.

1. Long have we sought eternal life, Years have we
   wait - ed in sin and strife; In darkness groped, and mis - ry's mate. How
   brought you their grace un - told; Peace and a hope, no fear of fate, How
   gath - er - ing bring the end; Fades now the light, 'tis grow - ing late, How

2. You know the love of God man - i - fold, A - ges have

3. The a - ged faint and long for the Friend, Dark shad - ows

   long? how long must we wait? "How long? how long must we wait?"

   "How long? how long must we wait?" The la - borers still are few;

   Our Lord has need of you, How long? how long must we wait?

[Rev. Marie Martin, of Africa, recites the moving incident of a seeker after a teacher for his distant village who, when three refused, then being home in need, cried out in his brokenheartedness, in response to the answer, "You must wait." "HOW LONG MUST WE WAIT? Oh, Teacher, seek the whole man in your land. "HOW LONG MUST WE WAIT?"

M. 2]
Christ Arose.

1. Low in the grave He lay—Jesus my Savior! Waiting the coming day—
2. Vainly they watch His bed—Jesus my Savior! Vainly they seal the dead—
3. Death cannot keep his prey—Jesus my Savior! He tore the bars a-way—

Refrain. Futer.

Jesus my Lord! Up from the grave He arose, (He arose,) With a mighty triumph o'er His foes; (He arose!) He arose a Victor from the dark domain, And He lives forever with His saints to reign. He arose! He arose! Hallelujah! Christ arose! Amen.
All the Way My Savior Leads Me.

Fanny J. Crosby. Copyright 1879, by Mary Rustin Lowry, Episcopal Church, Used by Permission. Robert Lowry.

1. All the way my Savior leads me; What have I to ask beside?
2. All the way my Savior leads me, Cheers each winding path I tread,
3. All the way my Savior leads me; Oh, the fullness of His love!

Can I doth His tender mercy, Who thru' 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'n-ly peace, di-vin-est com-fort, Here by faith in Him to dwell!
Though my weary 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'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well; well.
Gush- ing from the Rock before me, Lo! a spring of joy I see; see.
This my song thru' endless a-ges: Je-sus led me all the way; way. Amen.
132 Open My Eyes, That I May See.

C. H. S.  

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Chas. H. Scott.

1. O - pen my eyes, that I may see Glimps-es of truth Thou hast for me;  
2. O - pen my ears, that I may hear Voices of truth Thou send - est clear;  
3. O - pen my mouth, and let me bear Gladly the warm truth ev'ry - where;

Place in my hands the won - der - ful key That shall un - clasp, and set me free.  
And while the wave - notes fall on my ear, Ev - 'ry - thing false will dis - appear.  
O - pen my heart, and let me pre - pare Love with Thy chil - dren thus to share.

Silent ly now I wait for Thee, Read - y, my God, Thy will to see;  
Silent ly now I wait for Thee, Read - y, my God, Thy will to see;  
Silent ly now I wait for Thee, Read - y, my God, Thy will to see;

O - pen my eyes, Il - um - ine me, Spir - it di - vine!  
O - pen my ears, Il - um - ine me, Spir - it di - vine!  
O - pen my heart, Il - um - ine me, Spir - it di - vine!  
A - men.
Give of Your Best to the Master.

H. B. G.  

Barnard, 8s. 7s. D.  

Mrs. Charles Barnard.

1. Give of your best to the Master; Give of the strength of your youth;
2. Give of your best to the Master; Give Him first place in your heart;
3. Give of your best to the Master, Naught else is worthy His love;

Ref.-Give of your best to the Master; Give of the strength of your youth:

Throw your soul's fresh, glowing ardor Into the battle for truth.
Give Him first place in your service, Consecrate every part.
He gave Himself for your ransom, Gave up His glory above;

Clad in salvation's full armor, Join in the battle for truth.

Jesus has set the example; Dauntless was He, young and brave;
Give, and to you shall be given; God His beloved Son gave;
Laid down His life without murmur, You from sin's ruin to save;

Give Him your loyal devotion, Give Him the best that you have,
Gratefully seeking to serve Him, Give Him the best that you have,
Give Him your heart's adoration, Give Him the best that you have. A-amen.
1. I need Jesus, my need I now confess; No friend like Him in times of deep distress; I need Jesus, the need I gladly own; Those may bear their life are dim; I need Jesus, when foes my soul assail; A lone I know I sinner's Friend; I need Jesus, no other friend will do; So constant, kind, so

2. I need Jesus, I need a friend like Him, A friend to guide when paths of lead a lone. Yet I need Jesus. I need Jesus, I need Jesus, I need Jesus, I need Jesus, I need Jesus with me, I need Jesus always.

3. I need Jesus, I need Him to the end; No one like Him, He is the

Coda.

I need Jesus ever' day; . . . . Need Him in the sunshine hour, every day;

Need Him when the storm-clouds low're; Every day a long my way, Yes, I need Jesus.
You Can Know Him Now.

1. If you want to know the Savior, Not an hour need you de-lay, He is

2. If you want to know the Savior, And the love that sat-is-fies, Find the

3. If you want to know the Savior, In that land of cloudless day, With its

pleading, gently pleading, O accept Him while you may; Even now if you will joy of boundless measure, That His weakness grace supplies, 'Tis for you the very bright su-per-nal glories, That shall never pass a-way; You must meet Him on life's

heed Him, At the cross of mer-cy bow, All your sin shall be for-giv-en, You can moment, When you make this holy vow, "I will take Him as my Savior." You can pathway; Place the crown upon His brow, Do not wait un-till to-mor-row, You can

Crescendo,

know Him now. You can know Him now. You can know Him now. If you know Him now, know Him now, know Him now, know Him now, know Him now;

want to know His Savior, You can know Him now; You can know Him now, You can know Him now, You can know Him now, You can know Him now.
You Can Know Him Now.

I will tell you how, If you take Him as your Savior, You can know Him now.

136

My Prayer.

R. R. McKinney.

1. Take me, oh Lord, I now can see Thy precious will is best for me;
2. Mend me, oh Lord, with all my pride Let selfish plans be crucified;
3. Make me, oh Lord, completely Thine, Fill Thou my life with pow'r divine;

Just as I am, tho' weak and small, I yield my life, my all.
Oh, mend and purge this heart of mine, Give me a heart like Thine.
Own me, and use me, Lord, I pray, Thro'out life's little day.

Crown

Just as I am, oh take me, Bend me, oh Lord, or break me,

Mould me, oh Lord, and make me Af-ter Thy will di-vine.
137 Look for The Silver Lining.

B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKinney.

1. Tho' the dark clouds roll O'er your troubled soul, "Somewhere the sun is shinin','"
2. There's a rainbow bright From the throne of light, O-ver the clouds 'tis shining.
3. Tho' the days are long, Sing a cheer-y song. Come from your sad re-pin-ing;

Never doubt nor fear, Christ is al-ways near, Look for the sil-ver lin-ing.
Soon its cheering ray Drives the clouds a-way, Look for the sil-ver lin-ing.
God is on His throne Watching o'er His own, Look for the sil-ver lin-ing.

Chorus.

Look for the sil-ver lin-ing, When the clouds are hang-ing low,

Always look for the sil-ver lin-ing, Sweeter joys your heart will know;

Put your trust in the liv-ing Sav-i-er, He is watching o-ver you.
Look for The Silver Lining.

Always look for the silver lin-ing, 'Till the sun comes shining thro'.

Glory Be To God.

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B. W. McKinney.

Anon.

Slowly.

1. Soft-ly the night is fall-ing, On Beth-le-hem's fair hill;
2. Come with the joy-ful shep-herds, Leav-ing their peace-ful fold;
3. Ye who are worn and won-ry, Come with the cra-sis-throng;

Sil-ent the shep-herds watch-ing, Their gen-tle flocks are still.
Come with the wise-men bring-ing Their in-ces, myrrh and gold.
Bring Him your heart's de-vote-ment, Join in the an-ge-l's song.

Chorus. Faster.

Glo-ry to God, Glo-ry to God.
Glo-ry to God, Glo-ry to God.
Glo-ry be to God on high.
1. In a land of sin and doubt, Where the Master's crowd-ed out, Do you
2. Lonely hearts are sad and drear, Long-ing for a word of cheer, They have
3. Many lost ones in the night Turn their eyes to-ward your light; Does its

stand among the faith-ful, brave and true? Do you live for God and right,
lost the joy in Je-sus they once knew; Do you light-ly pass them by,
gleam re-flect the Savi-er kind and true? Does it lead them to His side,

Do you fal-ter in the fight, Is the world a bet-ter place be-cause of you? Are you heed-less of their cry, Is the world a bet-ter place be-cause of you? Do you in His will a-bide, Is the world a bet-ter place be-cause of you?

Chorus,

Is the world a bet-ter place be-cause of you? ... De you be-cause of you?

stand among the faith-ful, brave and true? ... Can the lost see Christ in you,
the brave and true?
Because of You.

Does your life ring true, is the world a better place because of you?

Nothing Between.


1. Nothing between my soul and the Savior, Naught of this world's de-
2. Nothing between like worldly pleasure; Hab its of life, though
3. Nothing between, e'en many hard trials, Though the whole world a-

Insane dream; I have renounced all sinful pleasure, Jesus is

D. S. — Keep the way

mines; let nothing between.

all, let nothing between. Nothing between my soul and the Savior,

last, with nothing between.

clear! Let nothing between.

D. S.

So that His blessed face may be seen; Nothing preventing the least of His favor,
Count Your Blessings.


F. O. Hare Coll.

1. When up on life's billows you are tempest-tossed, When you are dis
couraged, thinking all is lost, Count your many blessings, Name them one by one; Count your many blessings, See what God hath done; Count your many blessings.

2. Are you ever burdened with a load of care? Does the cross seem heavy you are called to bear? Count your many blessings, Very nearly you He promised you His wealth untold; Count your many blessings, Never mind the conflict, whether great or small, Do not be discouraged, thinking all is lost, Count your many blessings, Name them one by one; Count your many blessings, See what God hath done; Count your many blessings.

3. When you look at others with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has cour-aged, God is over all; Count your many blessings, angels one by one; Count your many blessings, Name them one by one; Count your many blessings, See what God hath done; Count your many blessings.

4. So, one by one, And it will surprise you what the Lord hath done, doubt will fly, And you will be singing as the days go by, cannot buy Your reward in Heaven, nor your home on high, will attend, Help and comfort give you to your journey's end, Count your blessings, Name them one by one; Count your many blessings, Name them one by one; Count your many blessings, See what God hath done; Count your many blessings.
Count Your Blessings.

Count your blessings, name them one by one; Count your many blessings, see what God hath done. A-men.

142 There's No Friend Like Jesus.

M. J. B.

M. J. Babbitt.

1. There’s no friend to me like Je-sus, He my ev’ry need supplies;
2. All, yes, all to me is Je-sus, Brest Re-deem-er, Sav-iour, Guide,
3. I will nev-er cease to love Him, He who died to set me free;

He not only saves but keeps me, Nothing good from me denies;
And from ev’ry foe defends me, And in Him I’ll ev-ver hide;
Now in Him I am abiding, And some day His face I’ll see.

Chorus.

Yes, in Him I’m fully trusting, Yes, thro’ Him I’ll con-qu’r all;
For I know He saves and keeps me, And He’ll nev-er let me fall. A-men.
1. Far a-way the noise of strife up-on my ear is falling; Then I know the
2. Far be-low the storm of doubt up-on the world is beat-ing, Some of men in
3. Let the storm-y breezes blow, their cry can-not a-harm me, I am safe-ly
4. Viewing here the works of God, I sink in con-tam-pla-tion, Hearing new His

niss of earth be-set on ev-ry hand; Docht and fear and things of earth in bat-tle long the en-e-my with-stand; Safe am I with-in the cas-tle sheltered here, pro-tect-ed by God's hand; Here the sun is al-ways shin-ing, bless-ed voice, I see the way He planned; Dwelling in the Spir-it, here I

vain to me are call-ing, None of these shall move me from Beul-ah Land. of God's word re-treat-ing, Nothing there can reach me-'tis Beul-ah Land. here there's naught can harm me, I am safe for-ev-er in Beul-ah Land. learn of fall sa-lu-ta-tion, Glad-ly will I tar-ry in Beul-ah Land.

Chorus.

I'm liv-ing on the moun-tain, un-derneath a cloud-less sky, I'm

Praise God!

drink-ing at the foun-tain that nev-er shall run dry, O yes! I'm feast-ing on the
Dwelling In Beulah Land.

man-na from a beau-ti-ful sup-ply, For I am dwell-ing in Beul-ah Land.

Lord, Send a Revival.

1. Send a re-viv-al, O Christ, my Lord, Let it go o-ver the land and sea,
2. Send a re-viv-al among Thine own, Help us to turn from our sins a-way,
3. Send a re-viv-al to those in sin, Help them, O Je-sus, to turn to Thee,
4. Send a re-viv-al in ev’ry heart, Draw the world nearer, O Lord, to Thee,

Send it ac-cord-ing to Thy dear Word And let it be-gin in me.  
Let us get near-er the Father’s throne, Re-vive us a-gain, we pray.  
Let them the new life in Thee be-gin, O, give them the vic-to-ry.  
Let Thy sal-va-tion true joy im-part And let it be-gin in me.

Lord, send a re-viv-al, Lord, send a re-viv-al,

Lord send a re-viv-al And let it be-gin in me.
1. Living for Jesus a life that is true, Striving to please Him in all that I do, Yielding allegiance, glad-hearted and free,

2. Living for Jesus who died in my place, Bearing on Calvary's hill, sin and disgrace, Such love constrains me to answer His call,

3. Living for Jesus wherever I am, Doing each duty in His holy name, Willing to suffer affliction or loss, light of His smile, Seeking the last ones He died to redeem,

4. Living for Jesus through earth's little while, My dearest treasure, the Savior, I give myself to Thee; For Thou, in Thy Assert-meant, Didst

*Chorus. Unless. A little slower.

This is the pathway of blessing for me. Follow His leading and give Him my all. O Jesus, Lord and Deeming each trial a part of my cross. Bringing the weary to find rest in Him.

Savior, I give myself to Thee; For Thou, in Thy Assert-meant, Didst give Thyself for me; I own no other Master, My heart shall be Thy

*Simp.--Melody in lower notes. A two-part effect may be had by having the men sing the melody, the women singing the middle notes.
Living For Jesus.

thronè, My life I give, henceforth to live, O Christ, for Thee a lone.

146 The Great Physician.


1. The great Physician now is near, The sympathy of 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. His name dispels my guilt and fear, No other name but Jesus;

His speaks the drooping heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Jesus.
Go on your way in peace to Heaven, And wear a crown with Jesus.
I love the blessed Savor's name, I love the name of Jesus.
Oh! how my soul delights to hear The charming name of Jesus.

Refrain.

Sweetest note in seraph song, Sweetest name on mortal tongue;

Sweetest carol ever sung, Jesus, blessed Jesus. Amen.
1. Hark! the herald angels sing, "Glory to the new-born King;
2. Christ, by highest heav'n adored, Christ, the everlasting Lord:
3. Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun of right-eous-ness!
4. Come, Desire of nations, come! Fix in us Thy hum-ble home:

Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sin-ners rec-on-ciled.
Late in time behold Him come,
Glo-sy of a vir-gin's womb.
Light and life to all He brings, 
Rise, with heal-ing in His wings;
Rise, the wom-an's con-qu'ring seed,
Braie in us the ser-pent's head;

Joy-ful, all ye na-tions, rise,
Join the tri-umph of the skies;
Veiled in flesh the God-head see,
Hail th' em-car-nate De-i-ty!
Min: He lays His glo-ry by,
Bred that man no more may die;
Ad-am's like-ness now of-face,
Stamp Thine im-age in its place;

With an-gel-ic hosts pro-claim, "Christ is born in Beth-le-hem."
Pleased as man with men to ap-pear, 
Je-sus our Im-man-u-el here.
Born to raise the sons of earth; Born to give them sec-ond birth.
Sec-on-d Ad-am from a-bove, Re-in-state us in Thy love.
Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.

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

148 Silent Night! Holy Night!


1. Si-lent night! Ho-ly night! All is dark, save the light. Ye-ster-day,
2. Si-lent night! Peaceful night! Dark-ness flies, all is light; Shep-herds
3. Si-lent night! Ho-ly night! Guidd-ing Star, lead thy light! See the
4. Si-lent night! Ho-ly night! Wondrous Star, lead thy light! With the

where they sweet vig-ils keep, O'er the Babe who in si-lent sleep
hear the an-gels sing, "Al-le-lu-ia! hail the King!
East-ern wise men bring Gifts and born-age to our King!
an-gels let us sing Al-le-lu-ia to our King!

Christ the Sav-ior born, Je-sus the Sav-ior is born.
Christ the Sav-ior is born, Je-sus the Sav-ior is born!
Christ the Sav-ior is born, Je-sus the Sav-ior is born! A-MEN.
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 re-demp-tion, God's rem-e-dy for sin; Tell me the story
I'm the sin-ner Whom Jesus came to save; Tell me the story
empt-y glo-ry Is cost-ing me too dear; Yes, and when that world's

sim-ply, As to a lit-tle child, For I am weak and wear-y, And
oft-en, For I forget so soon, The "ear-ly dew" of morn-ing Has
al-ways, If you would real-ly be, In an-y time of trou-ble, A
glo-ry Is daw-n-ing on my soul, Tell me the Old, Old Sto-ry: "Christ

Coda.

help-less and de-fied.
passed a-way at noon. Tell me the Old, Old Sto-ry, Tell me the Old, Old
com-fort-er to me,
Je-sus makes thee whole."
Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

Story, Tell me the Old, Old Story Of Je - sus and His love. A - men.

May Jesus Christ Be Praised.

From the German. Sir Joseph Barnby.

1. When morn - ing gilds the skies, May heart a - wait - ing crisi;
2. When sleep her balm de - nise, My si - lent spir - it slum - ber;
3. Does sad - ness fill my mind, A sol - ace here I find;
4. In Heav'n's e - ter - nal bliss The love - liest strain is this;
5. In this, while life is mine, My can - ti - cle di - vine,

May Je - sus Christ be praised; A - like at work and prayer
May Je - sus Christ be praised; When e - vil thoughts mo - lest,
May Je - sus Christ be praised; Or fades my earth - ly bliss,
May Je - sus Christ be praised; The pow'rs of dark - ness fear,
May Je - sus Christ be praised; Be this th'o - ter - nal song.

To Je - sus I re - pair: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
With this I shield my breast: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
My com - fort still is this: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
When this sweet chant they hear: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
Thro' all the a - ges on: May Je - sus Christ be praised. A - men.
1. It may be in the valley, where countless dangers hide; It may be
in the sunshine that I, in peace, abide; But this one thing I know—if
it be dark or fair, If Jesus is with me, I’ll go any-where!
bear my colors there, If Jesus goes with me, I’ll go any-where!

2. It may be I must carry the blessed word of life Across the
burning deserts to those in sinful strife; And the it be my lot to
flee my judgments fair, And, if He stays with me, I’ll go any-where!

3. But if it be my portion to bear my cross at home, While others
bear their burdens across the sullen’s beam, I’ll prove my faith in Him—come
whether here or there, I’ll be, with my Savior, content any-where!

4. It is not mine to question the judgments of the Lord, It is but
it be dark or fair, If Jesus is with me, I’ll go any-where!
bear my colors there, If Jesus goes with me, I’ll go any-where!

Chorus.

If Jesus goes with me, I’ll go.... Any-where! ’Tis heaven to me, Where
I’ll go,
If Jesus Goes With Me.

O'er I may be, If He is there! I count it a privilege here. His His cross, His cross to bear; If Jesus goes with me, I'll go Anywhere!

Pass Me Not.

1. (Pass me not, O gentle Savior, Hear my humble cry; While on others Thou art calling, (Omit............. ) Do not pass me by.
2. (Let me at a throne of mercy Find a sweet relief; Kneeling there in deep contrition, (Omit............. ) Help my unbelief.
3. Trusting only in Thy merit, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my wounded, broken spirit, (Omit............. ) Save me by Thy grace.
4. (Then the Spring of all my comfort, More than life to me, Whom have I on earth beside Thee? (Omit............. ) Whom in Heaven but Thee?

D.S.—While on others Thou art calling, (Omit............. ) Do not pass me by.

Savior, Savior, Hear my humble cry;
153  O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson.  Margaret.  S. S. S. S. G.

1. O Love that wilt not let me go,
   I rest my weary soul in Thee;
2. O Light that leadest all my way,
   I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
3. O Joy that none can come between,
   I can not close my heart to Thee;
4. O Cross that liftest up my head,
   I dare not ask to hide from Thee;

   I give Thee back the life I owe,
   That in Thine ocean depths its flow
   May richer, fuller be.
   May nevermore be seen.
   May brighter, fairer be.
   May nevermore be seen.
   May endless life be seen.
   Life that shall endless be.

   My heart restores its borrowed ray,
   That in Thy sunshine's glow its day
   May brighten, glow.
   May nevermore be seen.
   May brighten, glow.
   May nevermore be seen.
   May endless life be seen.
   Life that shall endless be.

   I trace the rainbow thro' the rain,
   And feel the promise is not vain
   That sorrow shall be done:
   That grief shall be done:
   That grief shall be done:
   That grief shall be done:
   That grief shall be done:
   That grief shall be done:

   I lay in dust life's glory dead,
   And from the ground there blossoms red
   Life that shall endless be.
   A-MEN.

154  Over the Line.

B. B. McK.

Over the line, Over the line, Step over the line to Jesus;

   Over the line, Over the line, Step over the line to Jesus;
Over the Line.

Out of your night, into the light, Step o-ver the line to Je-sus.

There's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T.

1. There's a great day coming, A great day coming, There's a great day coming by and by; When the saints and the sinners shall be part-ed right and left. Are you by; But its brightness shall on-ly come to them that love the Lord, Are you by; When the sin-ner shall hear his doom, "De-part, I know ye not," Are you read-y for that day to come? Are you read-y? Are you read-y? Are you read-y read-y for the judgment day? Are you read-y? Are you read-y for the judgment day?
Near the Cross

1. Jesus, keep me near the cross, There a precious fountain,
2. Near the cross, a trembling soul, Love and mercy found me;
3. Near the cross O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes before me;
4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Haplog, trusting ever,

Free to all, a healing stream, Flows from Calvary's mountain.
There the bright and morning star Shed His beams around me.
Help me walk from day to day, With its shades o'er me.
Till I reach the golden strand, Just beyond the river.

REFRAIN.

In the cross, in the cross, Be my glory ever,

Till my raptured soul shall find Rest beyond the river.

157 The Sunshine of My Heart.

Jesus is the sunshine of my heart, Jesus is the sunshine of my heart,
The Sunshine of My Heart.

Joy and peace eternal! He doth impart. Jesus is the sunshine of my heart.

158

When We All Get to Heaven.


1. Sing the wonder love of Jesus, Sing His mercy and His grace;
2. While we walk the pilgrim pathway, Crosses will overflow the sky;
3. Let us then be true and faithful, Trusting, serving every day;
4. Onward to the prize before us! Soon His beauty we'll behold;

In the mansions bright and blessed, He'll prepare for us a place.
But when trav'ling days are over, Not a shadow, not a sigh.
Just one glimpse of Him in glory Will the toils of life repay.
Soon the pearl-y gates will open, We shall tread the streets of gold.

When we all get to heaven, What a day of rejoicing that will be!
When we all What a day of rejoicing that will be!

When we all see Jesus, We'll sing and shout the victory.
159

I Gave My Life for Thee.

Frances R. Havergal. COPYRIGHT, 1861, BY THE SIROCCO CHURCH CO.

P. P. Bliss.

1. I gave My life for thee, My precious blood I shed,
2. My Father's house of light, My glory circled throne
3. I suffered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell,
4. And I have brought to thee, Down from My house above,

That thou mightst ransom'd be, And quicken'd from the dead;
I left, for earthly night, For wand'ring sad and lone;
Of his trust agony, To rescue thee from hell;
Salvation full and free, My pardon and My love;

I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou given for Me?
I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to Me? A-men.

160

A Charge to Keep I Have.


1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glorify, Who
2. To serve the present age, My calling to fulfill, O
3. Arm me with jealous care, As in Thy sight to live, And
4. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thy grace rely, As-
A Charge to Keep I Have.

1. His Son gave His soul to save, And fit it for the sky, may it all my pow'r be engage To do my Mas-ter's will.

2. Thy serv-ant, Lord, prepare A strict ac-count to give, surely Tho' it not my trust be- tray, Nor shall I ev-er die. A-men.

161 Jesus Loves Even Me.

P. P. B.  
COPYRIGHT, 1865, BY THE JOHN CLEMSEN CO. P. P. Bliss.

1. I am so glad that our Fa-ther in heav'n Tells of His love in the Book He has giv'n. Won-der-ful things in the Bi-ble I see; ev-er I stray; Back to His dear lov-ing arms would I flee, see the Great King. This shall my song in e-ter-ni-ty be:

2. The I for-get Him and wan-der a-way, Still He doth love me where- This is the dear-est—that Je-sus loves me. When I re-mem-ber that Je-sus loves me. I am so glad that

"Oh, what a won-der that Je-sus loves me!"

3. Oh, if there's on-ly one song I can sing, When in His beau-ty I This shall my song in e-ter-ni-ty be:

Jesus loves me, Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves me; even me.
162

Why Do You Wait?

1. Why do you wait, dear brother, Oh, why do you tarry so long?
2. What do you hope, dear brother, To gain by a further delay?
3. Do you not feel, dear brother, His Spirit now striving within?
4. Why do you wait, dear brother? The harvest is passing away,

Your Savior is waiting to give you A place in His sanctified throng.
There's no one to save you but Jesus, There's no other way but His way.
Oh, why not accept His salvation? And throw off thy burden of sin?
Your Savior is longing to bless you, There's danger and death in delay.

163

I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

1. I love Thy kingdom, Lord, The home of Thine abode,
2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls before Thee stand,
3. For her my tears shall fall; For her my prayers ascend;
4. Beyond my highest joy I prize her heaven-ly ways,
5. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zion shall be given
I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

The Church our blest Re-deem-er saved With His own pre-cious blood.
Dear as the apple of Thine eye, And gra-ven on Thy hand.
To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
Her sweet com-mun-ion, sol-emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
The bright-est glo ries earth can yield, And bright-er bliss of Heav'n. A-MEN.

164

Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. J. H. Stockton.

1. Come, ev'ry soul by sin op-pressed, There's mer-cy with the Lord,
2. For Je-sus shed His pre-cious blood, Rich bless-ings to be-stow;
3. Yes, Je-sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest;
4. Come, then, and join this ho-ly hand, And on to glo-ry go,

And He will sure-ly give you rest By trust-ing in His word.
Plunge now in-to the crim-son blood That wash-es white as snow.
Be-lieve in Him with-out de-lay, And you are full-y blest.
To dwell in that ce-les-tial land, Where joys im-mor-tal flow.

Crosses.

(On-ly trust Him, on-ly trust Him, On-ly trust Him now;)
(He will save you. He will save you. He will...) save you now. A-MEN.
1. My Jesus, I love Thee, I knew Thou art mine, For Thee all the
2. I love Thee, because Thou hast first loved me, And purchased my
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In mansion of glory and endless delight, I'll ever a-

My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art
paragon on Calvary's tree; I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy
long as Thou lendest me breath; And say when the death-dew lies cold on my

Thou; If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
bow; If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
bow, If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
bow, If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now. Amen.

Oh, for a Closer Walk.


1. Oh, for a closer walk with God, A calm and heav'n-ly frame; A
2. Where is the bless-ed-ness I knew When first I saw the Lord? Where
3. What peace-ful hours I once en-joyed! How sweet their mem-ry still! But
4. Re-turn, O Ho-ly Dove, re-turn, Sweet mes-sen-ger of rest; I
Oh, for a Closer Walk.

Right to shine up on the road That leads me to the Lamb!
is the soul-re-fresh-ing view Of Je-sus and His word?
they have left an ach-ing void! The world can nev-er fill.
hate the sins that made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my breast. A-MEN.

167  My Faith Looks Up to Thee.


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry,
2. May Thy rich grace in-part Strength to my faint-ing heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a-round me spread,
4. When ends life's tran-sient dream, When death's cold, sul-len stream

Sav-lor di-vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
My zeal in-pire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my
Be Thou my guide;Bid dark-ness turn to day, Wipe sor-row's
Shall o'er me roll; Best Sav-lor, then, in love, Fear and dis-

guilt a-way, O let me from this day Be whol-ly Thine!
love to Thee Pure, warm and change-less be, A liv-ing fire!
tears a-way, Nor let me ev-er stray From Thee a-side,
trust re-move; O bear me safe a-bove, A ransomed soul! A-MEN.
168 There is a Name I Love to Hear.

How I Love Jesus. C. M.

I. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It sounds like music in mine ear, The sweetest name on earth.
2. It tells me of a Saviour’s love, Who died to set me free; It tells me of His precious blood, The sinner’s perfect plea.
3. It tells me what my Father hath in store for every day, And tho’ I tread a darksome path, Yet He’s sunshine all the way.
4. It tells of One whose loving heart Can feel my deepest woe, Who in each sorrow bears a part, That none can bear below.

Chorus.

Oh, how I love Jesus, Oh, how I love Jesus, Because He first loved me.

169 Everybody Ought to Love Jesus.

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Ev’rybody ought to love Jesus, Jesus, Jesus; He

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Harry Dixon Losse.
Everybody Ought to Love Jesus.

1. What can wash away my sin? Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
   For my pardon this I see—Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
   Nothing can for sin atone—Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
   This is all my hope and peace—Nothing but the blood of Jesus;

2. What can make me whole again? Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
   For my cleansing, 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 right-cleansing—Nothing but the blood of Jesus;

Refrain.

O! precious is the flow That makes me white as snow;

No other font I know, Nothing but the blood of Jesus. Amen.
171  O Little Town of Bethlehem.


1. O little town of Bethlehem, How still we see thee lie! A - bove thy deep and
2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry, And gathered all a - bove, While mortals sleep, the
3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly, The wondrous gift is giv'n! So God imparts to
4. O ho - ly Child of Beth-le - hem! De-scend to us, we pray; Cast out our sin, and

dreamless sleep The si - lent stars go by; Yet in thy dark streets shineth The ev - er-
angels keep Their watch of wond'ring love. O morning stars, togeth - er Proclaim the
man hearts The bless - ings of His heav'n. No ear may hear His coming, But in this
ster in; Be born in us to-day. We hear the Christ - mas angels The great glad

lasting Light; The hope and fear of all the years Are met in thee to-night,
bo - ly birth! And praises sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth,
world of sin, Where neath each will receive Him still, The dear Christ enters in.
ti - dings tell; 0 come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Em - man - u-el. A - MEN.

172 I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day.


1. I heard the bells on Christmas day Their old fa - mil - iar car - ols play,
2. I thought how, as the day had come, The bell - fries of all Chris - ten - dom
3. And in de - spair I bowed my head: "There is no peace on earth," I said,
4. Then pealed the bells more loud and deep: "God is not dead, nor doth He sleep;
5. Till ring - ing, sing - ing on its way, The world revolved from night to day,
I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day.

And wild and sweet the words repeat Of peace on earth, good-will to men.
Had rolled along th’ unbroken song Of peace on earth, good-will to men.
"For hate is strong, and mocks the song Of peace on earth, good-will to men."
The wrong shall fall, the right prevail, With peace on earth, good-will to men.
A voice, a chime, a chant sublime, Of peace on earth, good-will to men! A-MEN.

173 While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks.
Nahum Tate. Christmas. C. M. George F. Händel.

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

2. "Fear not!" said he; for might-y dread Had se-ized their
troub-led mind, "Glad ti-dings of great joy I bring,
To you and all man-kind, To you and all man-kind.

3. "To you, in Da-vid’s town, this day Is born, of
Da-vid’s line, The Sav-ior, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign: And this shall be the sign;

4. "The hea’n-ly babe you there shall first To hu-man
view dis-played, All mean-ly wrapped in swath-ing bands,
And in a manger laid: And in a manger laid," Be-gin and nev-er cease; Be-gin and nev-er cease! A-MEN.

5. "All glo-ry be to God on high, And to the
earth be peace; Good-will hence-forth from heav’n to men,
To you and all man-kind, To you and all man-kind.

Be-gin and nev-er cease; Be-gin and nev-er cease! A-MEN."
174 Brethren, We Have Met to Worship.
Geo. Atkins.
Holy Manna, 82, 72.

1. Brethren, we have met to worship, And adore the Lord our God.
D. C.—Brethren, pray, and holy manna Will be show-ered all a-round.

2. Brethren, see poor sinners round you, Slumbering on the brink of woe;
D. C.—Brethren, pray, and holy manna Will be show-ered all a-round.

3. Sisters, will you join and help us? Moses' sister ab- st ed him;
D. C.—Sisters, pray, and holy manna Will be show-ered all a-round.

Will you pray with all your pow- er, While we try to preach the word?
Death is com-ing, bell is mov-ing, Can you bear to let them go?
Will you help the trem- bling mourners Who are struggling hard with sin?

All is vain un-less the Spir-it Of the Ho- ly One comes down;
See our fa- thers and our mothers, And our chil-dren sink-ing down;
Tell them all a-bout the Sav- 0 r, Tell them that He will be found; A-men.

175 How Firm a Foundation.
George Keith.
Foundation, 112.
Anne Steele.

1. How firm a founda-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. In ev'ry con-di-tion, in sick-ness, in health, In pow-er-ty's
3. When thro' her-y tri-al, thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all suf-
4. Even down to old age, all My peo- ple shall prove My sav- reign, o-
5. The soul that on Je-sus hath leaned for re-pose, I will not, I
How Firm a Foundation.

faith in His ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say than to
tale, or a-bond-ing in wealth; At home and a-broad, on the
fi-cient, shall be thy sup-ply; The flame shall not hurt thee;—I
ter-nal, un-change-a-ble love; And when hoar-y hairs shall their
will not de-sert to its face; That soul, tho' all hell should en-
you He hath said, You who un-to Je-sus for ref-uge have fled!
land, on the sea. As your days may demand, shall year strength ever be,
on-ly de-sign Thy dress to con-sume, and thy gold to re-fine,
tem-ples a-dorn, Like lambs they shall still in My bos-on be born.
deav-or to shake, I'll nev-er, nev-er, nev-er, nev-er for-sake'" A-MEN.

176

[Second Tune.] Portuguese Hymn. 311.

Unknown.
177

Rock of Ages.

Augustus M. Toplady.

1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide my self in Thee;
2. Not the lab'ring of my hands Can full fill Thy law's demands;
3. Nothing in my hand I bring, Simply to Thy cross I cling;
4. While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyes shall close in death,

Let the water and the blood, From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Could my zeal no respite know, Could my tears for ever flow,
Naked, come to Thee for dress; Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
When I rise to worlds unknown, And behold Thee on Thy throne,

Be of sin the sabb-le care, Save from wrath and make me pure.
These for sin could not atone; Thou must save, and Thou alone.
Vile, I to the fountain fly, Wash me, Savior, or I die.
Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide my self in Thee. Amen.

178

Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams.

1. Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee! Even though it
2. Though like the wanderer, The sun gone down, Darkness be
3. There let the way appear, Steps unto heaven: All that Thou
4. Then, with my wandering heart Bright with Thy praise, Out of my
5. Or, if on joyful wing, Clearing the sky, Sun, moon, and
Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Be a cross That raiseth me; Still all my song shall be,
o'er me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be
sendest me, In mercy giv'n; Angels to beckon me,
stormy griefs Bethel I'll raise; So by my woes to be
stars for-got, Upwards I'll fly; Still all my song shall be,

Nearer, my God, to Thee. Nearer, my God, to Thee. Nearer to Thee!

179 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley.

1. Jesus, Lover of my soul, Let me to Thy heaven fly.
   While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high!
2. Other refuge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
   Leave, ah, leave me not alone, Still support and comfort me!
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.
4. Pardon grace with Thee is found, Grace to cover all my sin;
   Let the healing streams a-bound, Make and keep me pure within.

D.C.—Safe in to the haven guide, O receive my soul at last!
D.C.—O'er my defenseless head With the shadow of Thy wing.
D.C.—False and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
D.C.—Spring Thou up with-in my heart, Rise to all eternity.

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and holy is Thy name, I am all unrighteousness;
Thee of life the Fountain art; Freely let me take of Thee;
Hail to the Brightness.


1. Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning! Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain! Hushed be the accents of sorrow and prophecies of Israel foretold! Hail to the millions from bondage released, are gliding along; Lord from the mountain-tops echoes are ho - vah ascend-ing on high; Fall'n are the engines of war and con-

181  Close to Thee.


1. Thou, my everlasting portion, More than friend or life to me; 2. Not for ease or worldly pleasure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be; 3. Lead me thro' the vale of shadow, Bear me o'er life's fitful sea;
Close to Thee.

D.S.—All along my pilgrim journey, Saviour, let me walk with Thee.
D.S.—Gladly will I tell and suffer, Only let me walk with Thee.
D.S.—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; A-MEN.

O Happy Day.


1. O happy day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God! Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all a-broad.

2. O happy bond, that seals my vows To Him who merits all my love! Let cheerful anthems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move.

3. 'Tis done; the great transaction's done! I am my Lord's, and He is mine; He drew me, and I followed on, Charmed to contain the voice divine.

4. High Heav'n, that heard the solemn vow, That vow renewed shall daily hear, Till in life's last 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;
He Leadeth Me.

1. He lead-eth me! O bless-ed tho'! 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 clap Thy hand in mine, Nor ev-er mur-mer 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, where-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me, By wa-ters still, o'er trou-bled 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! Even 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-lower I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

Stand Up for Jesus.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je-sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross, Lift high His
2. Stand up, stand up for Je-sus, The trump-et call o' bey; Forth to the
3. Stand up, stand up for Je-sus—Stand in His strength alone; The arm of
Stand Up For Jesus.

roy - al ban - ner. It must not suf - fer loss; From vic - t'ry on - to vic - t'ry, His mighty con - flict, In this His glorious day. "Ye that are men now serve Him," A - flesh will fail you—Ye dare not trust your own; Put on the gos - pel ar - mor. And, ar - my shall He lead, Till ev - ry foe is vanquished And Christ is Lord indeed. against un - numbered foes; Let courage rise with danger. And strength to strength oppose. watch - ing on - to prayer. Where day - by calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er wanting there.

185

Footsteps of Jesus.

Mary B. C. Slade. A. B. Everett.

1. Sweetly, Lord, have we heard Thee calling, Come, fol - low me! And we see
2. Tho' they lead o'er the cold, dark mountains, Seek-ing His sheep; Or a - long
3. If they lead thro' the tem - ple ho - ly, Preach-ing the word; Or in homes
4. Then at last, when on high He sees us, Our jour - ney done, We will rest

where Thy footprints falling Lead us to Thee.
by Si - lo - am's foun - tains, Help-ing the weak: Footprints of Je - sus, that
do the poor and low - ly, Serv - ing the Lord:
where the steps of Je - sus end at His throne.

make the pathway glow; We will fol - low the steps of Je - sus where'er they go.
Into My Heart.

H. D. C.

1. Come in to my heart, blessed Jesus, Come in to my heart, I pray:

2. Come in to my heart, blessed Jesus, I need Thee thro' life's dreary way;

3. Come in to my heart, blessed Jesus, And take all my guilt a-way;

4. Come in to my heart, blessed Jesus, O cleanse and il-mine my soul;

My soul is so troubl-ed and wea-ry, Come in to my heart to-day,
The burden of sin is so heavy, Come in to my heart to stay,
Then spotless I'll stand in Thy presence, When breaks Thine e-ter-nal day,
Fill me with Thy won-der-ful Spir-it, Come in and take full con-trol.

Chorus.

In-to my heart, in-to my heart, Come in to my heart, Lord Je-sus;

Come in to-day, come in to stay, Come in to my heart, Lord Je-sus.

187 Old Time Religion.

Arranged.

Chorus: The old time religion, 'Tis the old time religion,
1. It was good for our moth-ers, It was good for our moth-ers,
Old-Time Religion.

'Tis the old time religion,—It's good enough for me.
It was good for our mothers,—It's good enough for me.

2 Makes me love everybody.
3 It has saved our fathers.
4 It was good for the Prophet Daniel.
5 It was good for the Hebrew children.
6 It was tried in the fiery furnace.
7 It was good for Paul and Silas.
8 It will be when I am dying.
9 It can take us all to heaven.

Faith of Our Fathers.


1. Faith of our fathers living still In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword;
2. Our fathers, chained in prison dark, Were still in heart and conscience free;
3. Faith of our fathers we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife;
4. O how our hearts beat high with joy When e'er we hear that glorious word!
5. How sweet would be their children's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee!
6. And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kindly words and virile life:

Faith of our fathers! holy faith! We will be true to thee till death!
Faith of our fathers! holy faith! We will be true to thee till death!
Faith of our fathers! holy faith! We will be true to thee till death! Amen.
189 Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.


1. Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
   Up-on the Saviour's brow; His head with
   He than all the fair. Who fill the train, Who fill the train,
   bore the shameful cross, And carried all my grief, And carried all my grief,
   frail children of dust, and feeble as frail, In Thee do we

2. No mortal can with Him compare, Among the sons of
   He saw me plunged in deep distress, And flew to my relief; For me He
   bore the shroud of death, And saved me from the grave, And saves me from the grave.

3. He saw me plunged in deep distress, And flew to my relief; For me He

4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me

190 O Worship the King.

Sir Robert Grant.       Lyons, 10. 11.       Francis Joseph Haydn.

1. O worship the King all-glorious above, And gratefully
   sing His wonderful love; Our Shield and Defender, the

2. O tell of His might, and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the
   light, whose compass space; His chariots of wrath the deep

3. Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite? It breathes in the
   air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it destroyst, nor find Thee to fall; Thy mercies how tender how
O Worship the King.

Ancient of days, Pavil-loned in splen-dor, and gird-ed with praise.

thunder-clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

sends 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.


Glory to His Name.


1. Down at the cross where my Sav-iour died, Down where for cleansing from

2. I am so won-drously saved from sin, Je-sus so sweet-ly a-

3. Oh, pre-cious foun-tain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have

4. Come to this foun-tain so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

sin. I cried. There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo-ry to His name.

lies with-in. There at the cross where He took me in; Glo-ry to His name.

en-tered in; There Je-sus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo-ry to His name.

Sav-iour’s feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made com-plete; Glo-ry to His name.

D. S.—There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo-ry to His name.

Cresc. D. S.

Glo-ry to His name... Glo-ry to His name...
192

Ready.

S. B. L.

Charlie D. Tillman.

1. Ready to suffer grief or pain, Ready to stand the test;
2. Ready to go, ready to bear, Ready to watch and pray;
3. Ready to speak, ready to think, Ready with heart and brain;
4. Ready to speak, ready to warn, Ready o'er souls to yearn;

Ready to stay at home and send Others, if He sees best.
Ready to stand aside and give, Till He shall clear the way.
Ready to stand where He sees fit, Ready to stand the strain.
Ready in life, ready in death, Ready for His return.

Crown.

Ready to go, ready to stay, Ready my place to fill;

Ready for service, lowly or great, Ready to do His will.

193

Keep On Praying.

B. B. McKinney.

B. B. McKinney.

Keep on praying till you pray it thro', Keep on praying till you pray it thro'.
Keep On Praying.

God's great promises are always true, Keep on praying till you pray it thru'.

194 Have Thine Own Way, Lord.

A. A. P.


Geo. C. Stebbins.

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
2. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Search me and try me, Master, to-day! Whiter than snow, Lord, Wash me just wear-y. Help me, I pray! Pow-er—all pow-er—Sure-ly is being Abs-olutely away! Fill with Thy Spir-it Till all shall will, While I am wait-ing. Yield-ed and still.
4. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Hold o'er my Thine! Teach me and heal me, Sav-iour di-vine!

see Christ on-ly, al-ways, Liv-ing in me! A-men.
Lead On, O King Eternally


1. Lead on, O King Eternal! The day of march has come; Henceforth in fields of conquest Thy tents shall be our home. Thy holiness shall whisper The sweet A-men of peace; For days of preparation, Thy grace has made us strong. And now, O King Eternal, We lift our battle song.

2. Lead on, O King Eternal! Till sin's fierce war shall cease, And days of preparation, Thy grace has made us strong. And now, O King Eternal, We lift our battle song.

3. Lead on, O King Eternal! We follow, not with tears; For gladness breaks like morning Where'er Thy face appears; Thy days of preparation, Thy grace has made us strong. And now, O King Eternal, We lift our battle song.

There's Only One Savior Who Saves.

J. P. S.

There's only one Savior who saves, There's only one Savior who saves;
There's Only One Savior Who Saves.

Then anchor your faith to Christ Jesus to-day, For there's only one Savior who saves.

197

Trusting Jesus, That is All.

E. P. Stokes.

Copyright, 1904, By Ira D. Sankey.

Ira D. Sankey.

1. Sim-ply trust-ing ev-ry day, Trust-ing thro' a storm-y way;
   E-ven when my faith is small, Trust-ing Je-sus, that is all.
2. Bright-ly doth His Spir-it shine In-to this poor heart of mine;
   While He leads I can-not fall, Trust-ing Je-sus, that is all.
3. Sing-ing, if my way is clear; Pray-ing, if the path is dear;
   If in dan-ger, for Him call; Trust-ing Je-sus, that is all.
4. Trust-ing Him while He shall last, Trust-ing Him till earth is past;
   Till with-in the jas-per wall, Trust-ing Je-sus, that is all.

Cau-sers.

Trust-ing as the mo-ments fly, Trust-ing as the days go by;

Trust-ing Him what-e'er be-fall, Trust-ing Je-sus, that is all.
Some Day He'll Make It Plain.

Lida Shivers Leech, 
Solo, or all in unison

Adam Geibel.

1. I do not know why 'round me My hopes all shattered seem to be;
2. I cannot tell the depth of love Which moves the Father's heart above,
3. The trials come thru' passing days, My life will still be filled with praise;

God's perfect plan I cannot see, But some day I'll understand.
My faith to test, my love to prove, But some day I'll understand.
For God will lead thru' darkened ways, But some day I'll understand.

Chorus

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

Some day from tears I shall be free, For some day I shall understand.

199

Tarry Ye Here.

R. B. McK.

R. B. McKinney.

Tarry ye here, Tarry ye here, Tarry ye here til the pow'r comes down;
Tarry Ye Here.

Pray and believe, Free-ly receive, Tarry ye here till the pow'r comes down.

200 The Light of the World Is Jesus.

P. P. B.

Copyright, 1872, by the John Church Co. General. P. P. Bliss.

1. The whole world was lost in the darkness of sin, The Light of the world is Je-sus;
2. No darkness have we who in Je-sus abide, The Light of the world is Je-sus;
3. Ye dwell-ers in darkness with sin-blinded eyes, The Light of the world is Je-sus;
4. No need of the sun-light in heaven we're told, The Light of that world is Je-sus;

Like sunshine at noon-day His gleam shines in, The Light of the world is Je-sus.
We walk in the Light when we follow our Guide, The Light of the world is Je-sus.
Go, wash, at His bidding, and light will arise, The Light of the world is Je-sus.
The Lamb is the Light in the City of Gold, The Light of that world is Je-sus.

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 Je-sus.
201  Still, Still With Thee.  
Harriet B. Stowe.  
Consolation.  
Arr. Mendelssohn.

1. Still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh. When the bird
waketh, and the shadows flee; Fairer than morning, rosy bush of nature newly born; Alone with Thee in breathless
waketh, and life's shadows flee; O in that hour, fairer than

2. Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows, The sol-en
of the morning-star doth rest; So in this stillness, Thou behes
of nature newly born; Alone with Thee in breathless
er than day-light, Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee.

3. As in the dawning o'er the wave-less ocean, The image
eyes look up to Thee in prayer; Sweet the repose beneath Thy
waketh, and life's shadows flee; O in that hour, fairer than
hold-est on-ly Thine image in the wa-ters of my breast.

4. When sinks the soul subdued by toil, to slumber, its closing
waketh, and the shadows flee; Fairer than morning, rosy

5. So shall it be at last, in that bright morning, When the soul
er than day-light, Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee.

A-men.

202  There's A Wideness.  
Frederick W. Faber.  
There's A Wideness.  
William H. Joad.

1. There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea;

2. There is welcome for the sinner, And more grace for the good;
There is welcome for the sinner, And more grace for the good;

3. For the love of God is broader Than the measure of man's mind;
For the love of God is broader Than the measure of man's mind;

4. If our love were but more simple, We should take Him at His word,
There's A Wideness.

There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice, Which is more than Eu-ry-ty.
There is mer-cy with the Sav-ior; There is heal-ing in His blood.
And the heart of the E-ver nal Is most won-der-ful-ly kind.
And our Eves would be all sun-shine In the sweet-ness of our Lord.

203
Did You Think to Pray?


1. Are you left your room this morn-ing? Did you think to pray? In the name of
2. When you met with great tempta-tion Did you think to pray? By His dy-ing
3. When your heart was filled with anger 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-ior, 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 for-give an-oth-er Who had crossed your way?
bowed in sor-row, Balm of Gilead did you bor-row At the gates to-day?

O how pray-ing rests the wea- ry! Prayer will change the night to day;

So, when life seems dark and drear-y, Don't for-get to pray.
204
Savior, More Than Life.
Fanny J. Crosby.

1. Savior, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
2. Thro' this changing world below, Lead me gently, gently as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;

Let Thy precious blood applied, Keep me ever, ever near Thy side.
Trusting Thee, I cannot sway, I can never, never lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a brighter, brighter world above.

D.S.—May Thy tender love to me Bind me closer, closer, Lord, to Thee.

Every day, every hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing pow'r; Amen.
Every day and hour, every day and hour,

205
Take My Life, and Let It Be.
R. R. Havergal

1. Take my life, and let it be Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beautiful for Thee;
3. Take my all and my gold, Not a mite would I withhold;
4. Take my will, and make it Thine, It shall be no longer mine;

Chorus—Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine forevermore to be
Take My Life, and Let It Be.

Take my hands and let them move At the impulse of Thy love.
Take my voice, and let me sing Always, eternally, for my King.
Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy royal throne.

Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine forevermore to be.

206 Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

1. Brightly beams our Father’s mercy From His lighthouse evermore.
2. Dark the night of sin has settled, Loud the angry billows roar.
3. Trim your feeble lamp, my brother: Some poor sailer tempest tossed,

But to us He gives the keeping Of the lights along the shore.
Eager eyes are watching, longing, For the lights along the shore.
Trying now to make the harbor, In the darkness may be lost.

D.S.—Some poor fainting, struggling seaman You may rescue, you may save.

Chorus.

Let the lower lights be burning! Send a gleam across the wave! Amen.
I Need Thee Every Hour.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks. Copyright, 1904, BY MARY KENTON LOWRY. REMARKS. USED BY PERMISSION. Rev. Robert Lowry.

1. I need Thee ev'-ry hour, Most gra-cious Lord; No ten-der voice like
2. I need Thee ev'-ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Tempt-a-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, Most Ho-ly One; O make me Thine in-

Cresc.

Thine Can peace af-ford.
pow'r When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, O, I need Thee; Ev'-ry hour I
hide, Or life is vain.
deed, Thou bless-ed Son.

need Thee! O bless me now, my Sav-ior, I come to Thee! A-men.

I Will Arise and Go to Jesus.

J. Hart. Arise. 8.7.8.7.4.7. Arr.

1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore;
2. Come, ye thirst-y, come, and welcome, God's free boun-ty glo-ri-ty;
3. Come, ye wea-ry, heav-y-la-den, Lost and ru-insed by the fall;
4. Let not con-cer-nce make you lin-ger, Nor of fit-ness fond-ly dream;

Cbo.—I will a-rise and go to Je-sus, He will em-brace me in His arms;
I Will Arise and Go to Jesus.

Je-sus read-y stands to save you. Full of pit-y, love and pow’r.
True be-lief and true re-pen-tance, Ev’ry grace that brings you nigh.
If you tar-ry till you’re bet-ter, You will nev-er come at all.
All the fit-ness He re-quireth Is to feel your need of Him. A-men.

In the arms of my dear Sav-ior. Oh, there are ten thousand charms.

Revive Us Again.

Wm. F. Mackay.

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je-sus who
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir-it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo-ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. Re-vive us a-gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-

Cresc.

died, and is now gone a-bove.
Sav-ior, and scat-tered our night. Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the glo-ry, Hal-le-
as, and bath cleansed ev’ry stain.
kin-dled with fire from a-bove.

Ha-jah! a-men; Hal-le-Lu-jah! Thine the glo-ry, re-vive us a-gain. A- men.

John J. Husband.
1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care, And bids me at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wishes known! In seasons of distress and grief, My soul has oft'en found relief, For those whose anxious spirits burn With strong desires for thy return! D.S.-And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet hour of prayer. D.S.-And gladly take my station there, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer. D.S.-I'll cast on Him my every care. And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer. In seasons of distress and grief, My soul has oft'en found relief, With such I hasten to the place Where God, my Saviour, shows His face, And since He bids me seek His face, Believe His word, and trust His grace, D.S.-And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet hour of prayer. D.S.-And gladly take my station there, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer. D.S.-I'll cast on Him my every care. And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
There Is No Name So Sweet.

As that before His wondrous birth To Christ the Saviour given,
That name which now and evermore We praise above all other,
That all might see the reason we For evermore must love Him,
From sin and pain, He ever reigns: The Prince and Saviour, Jesus.

D.S.—For there's no word our ever heard, So dear, so sweet as Jesus.
REFRAIN.

We love to sing around our King, And hail Him blessed Jesus;

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

Wear-y souls for ever rejoice, While they hear that sweetest voice,
When the storms are raging sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give over,
Wading deep in the dismal flood, Pleading不断 but Jesus' blood,

212 Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.


   Gently lead us by the hand, Pilgrims in a desert land;
2. Ever present, truest Friend, Ever near Thine aid to lend,
   Leave us not to doubt and fear, Groping on in darkness drear;
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet release,
   Nothing left but Heav'n and prayer, Wandering if our names were there:

D.C.—Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come! Follow Me, I'll guide thee home."
D.C.—Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come! Follow Me, I'll guide thee home."
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Wear-y souls for ever rejoice, While they hear that sweetest voice,
When the storms are raging sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give over,
Wading deep in the dismal flood, Pleading naught but Jesus' blood,
213 Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

Isaac Watts.

Arlington. C. M.

Thomas A. Arne.

1. Am I a soldier of the cross, A fellow'r 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;

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? In 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. Amen.

214 My Jesus, As Thou Wilt!

Benjamin Schmelck.

Jewett. 6. 6. 6. 6. D.

From C. M. von Weber.

1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! O may Thy will be mine; In to Thy hand of love
2. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! The'seen thro' many a tear, Let not my star of hope
3. My Je - sus as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me; Each changing future scene

I would my all re - sign. Thro' sor - row, or thro' joy, Con - duct me
Grow dim or dis - ap - pear. Since Thou on earth hast wept And sor - rowed
I glad - ly trust with Thee. Straight to my home a - bove I trav - el
My Jesus, As Thou Wilt!

as Thine own; And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done.

oft a - lone, If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done.
calmly on, And sing, in life or death, My Lord, Thy will be done. A - MEN.

Abide With Me.

H. P. Lyte. 

1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness deep - ens;

2. Swift to its close oblet life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its

3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour: What but Thy grace can

4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and

Abide with me: When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts

gle - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in all a - round I

feel the tempter's pow'r? Who like Thy self my guide and stay can

point me to the skie: Heav'n's mor - ning breaks, and earth's vain shad - ows

A - bide With Me.

W. H. Monk.

Lord, with me a - bide: When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts

gle - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in all a - round I

feel the tempter's pow'r? Who like Thy self my guide and stay can

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4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and

Lord, with me a - bide: When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts

gle - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in all a - round I

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Lord, with me a - bide: When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts

gle - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in all a - round I

feel the tempter's pow'r? Who like Thy self my guide and stay can

point me to the skie: Heav'n's mor - ning breaks, and earth's vain shad - ows

A - bide With Me.
216

I'll Live For Him.


1. My life, my life, I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God who died for me;
2. I now believe Thou dost receive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. O Thou who died on Calvary, To save my soul and make me free,

Chorus.—I'll live for Him who died for me, How happy then my life shall be!

D. C. for Chorus.

Oh, may I ever faithful be, My Savior and my God!
And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee, My Savior and my God!
I'll consecrate my life to Thee, My Savior and my God! Amen.

I'll live for Him who died for me, My Savior and my God!

217

Almost Persuaded.

P. P. B.  P. P. Bliss.

1. "Almost persuaded," now to believe; "Almost persuaded!"
2. "Almost persuaded," come, come to-day; "Almost persuaded!"
3. "Almost persuaded," harvest is past! "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 a-vail; "Almost" is
Almost Persuaded.

1. While we pray, and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wandered far a-way; 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.

Why Not Now?

Why not now? why not now?
219  Sun of My Soul.

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 weary eye-lids gently steep,
3. Abide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I cannot live;
4. Be near to bless me when I wake, Ere thro' the world my way I take;

Oh, may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!
Be my last thought—how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Saviour's breast!
Abide with me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.
Abide with me 'till in Thy love I lose my self in Heaven a-bove. A-men.

220  Holy, Holy, Holy.

1. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear-ly in the
2. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly! All the saints a-dore Thee, Cast-ing down their
3. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly! The' the darkness hide Thee, The' the eye of
4. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! All Thy works shall

morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ha-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly!
gold-en crowns a-round the glass-y sea; Cher-u-bim and ser-a-phim
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!
Holy, Holy, Holy.

Merciful and Mighty! God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!
falling down before Thee, Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be,
there is none beside Thee Perfect in pow'r, in love, and po'-ri-ty.

221 Come, Thou Almighty King.
Anonymous. Italian Hymn, 64-42. Felice de Giardini.

1. Come, Thou Al-might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
2. Come, Thou In-car-nate Word, Give on Thy might-y sword,
3. Come, Holy Con-forter, Thy sa-cred wit-ness bear
4. To the great One in Three E-ter-nal prais-es be

Help us to praise: Fa-ther, all-glo-ri-ous, O'er all vic-
Our prayer at-tend: Come, and Thy peo-ple bless, And give Thy
In this glad hour: Thou who al-might-y art, Now rule in
Hence ev-er-more. His sov-reign maj-es-ty May we in

to-ri-ous, Come, and reign o-ver us, An-cient of Days,
word suc-come: Spir-it of be-li-ness, On us de-scend,
ev'-ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir-it of pow'r,
glo-ry see, And to e-ter-ni-ty Love and a-dore. A-men.
I've Found a Friend.

J. G. Small.

1. I've found a Friend; O such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;
2. I've found a Friend; O such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me;
3. I've found a Friend; O such a Friend! So kind and true and tender;

He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him, And not alone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me, So wise a Counselor and Guide, So mighty a Defender!

And round my heart still close-ly twine Those ties which naught can sever; Naught that I have my own I call, I hold it for the Giver; From Him who loves me now so well, What pow'r my soul shall sever?

For I am His, and He is mine, For ever and for ever, My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for ever, Shall life or death, shall earth or hell? No; I am His for ever.

When Jesus Forgives He Forgets.

B. B. McK.

When Jesus forgives He forgets, When Jesus forgives He forgets;
When Jesus Forgives He Forgets.

All sins of yore He remembers no more; When Jesus forgives He forgets.

224 From the Uttermost to the Uttermost.

R. B. McK.

1. Saved from the uttermost depths of de-spair; Saved to e-ver-y pre-va- tion and care;
2. Saved from the uttermost; Je-sus is near, Keep-ing me, guid-ing me, cast-ing out fear;
3. Saved from the uttermost; gladly I sing Praise to Je-sus, my Sav-ior and King;

Caused by the blood of my Sav-ior di- vine; Saved to the ut-ter- most, Je-sus is mine.
An-chored se-cure-ly, I nev-er can fall; Saved to the ut-ter- most, He is my all.
"Ransomed and pardoned, redeemed by His blood. Saved to the ut-ter-most, glo-ry to God."

Chorus

Saved . . . by His grace so free, Saved . . . for e-ter-ni-ty, Saved. I'm saved

Saved from the ut-ter- most, Saved to the ut-ter- most, Saved! Saved!! Saved!!!
Homeland.

B. B. McKinney.

1. No more toil in the home-land, Never a cross to bear;
2. No sad hearts in the home-land, Free from all grief and care;
3. No more pain in the home-land, No gloom nor dark despair;
4. No more death in the home-land, No grave, nor vacant chair;

There's peaceful rest in the home-land, For there is no toil-ing there.
Tears are unknown in the home-land, For there is no sor-row there.
Christ our Re-deem-er hath con-quered, And there is no sick-ness there.
No sep-a-ra-tion up yon-der, For there is no dy-ing there.

Chorus

Hom-land, home-land, No more sad-ness in the home-land;
Hom-land, home-land, All is glad-ness in the home-land.

Rest for the Weary.

Rev. Wm. McDonald.

There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for the wea-ry,
On the oth-er side of Jo-rdan, In the sweet fields of Ed-en.
Rest for the Weary.

There is rest for the weary. Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.

Better Farther On.

Arr. by B. B. McK.
Arr. by B. R. McKinney.

1. Dark and stormy is the desert, 'Thro' which pilgrims make their way; Just beyond the vale of sorrow Lies the field of endless day.

2. Hark! a voice from heaven stealing Softly in an undertone; Hark! I hear the gentle whisper, "It is better farther on." Sings it so my soul can hear it, "It is better farther on."

3. Night and morn it sings the same song, Sings it while I sleep alone; Sing it till the morning dawns, "It is better farther on."

4. At the grave I'll sing the same song, When my loved ones too are gone; Farther on, a little farther, Soon we'll gather round the throne;

There we'll dwell with Christ forever, It is better farther on.
228 Leaning On the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

1. What a fellowship, what a joy divine, Leaning on the everlasting arms;
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the everlasting arms;
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the everlasting arms;

What a blessedness, what a peace is mine, Leaning on the everlasting arms.
Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day, Leaning on the everlasting arms.
I have blessed peace with my Lord so near, Leaning on the everlasting arms.

Refrain.

Leaning, leaning, Safe and secure from all alarms;
Leaning on Jesus, leaning on Jesus,

Leaning, leaning, Leaning on the everlasting arms,
Leaning on Jesus, leaning on Jesus.

229 Come Into My Heart.

Martha S. Clingan.

Come into my heart, Come into my heart, Come into my heart, Lord Jesus;

Chorus.

Robert Harkness.
Come Into My Heart.

Possess me, I pray, O use me alway; Come into my heart, Lord Jesus.

230 O Come, All Ye Faithful.

Adeste Fideles. Portuguese Hymn. Irregular.

Tr. by Frederick Oakeley.

Anon.

1. O come, all ye faithful, joy-ful and triumphant, O come ye, O come ye to Beth-le-hem; Come and behold Him born the King of bright hosts of heav'n a-loving; Glory to God, all glory in the

2. Sing, choir of angels, sing in ex-al-ta-tion, O sing, all Ye come, let us adore Him, O come, let us adore Him, Christ, the Lord. Amen.

3. Yes, Lord, we greet Thee, born this happy morning, Jesus, to Thee be all glory given; Word of the Fa-ther, new in flesh ap-
231 Beneath the Cross of Jesus.

1. Beneath the cross of Jesus I fain would take my stand,
   The shadow of a mighty Rock Within a weary land,

2. Upon that cross of Jesus Mine eye at times can see,
   The very dying form of One Who suffered there for me;

3. I take, O cross, thy shadow For my abiding place;
   I ask no other sun-shine than The sunshine of His face;

   A bome with-in the wil-der-ness, A rest up-on the way,
   And from my smitten heart with tears, Two wonders I confess;

   Content to let the world go by, To know no gain nor loss.

   From the burning of the noontide heat, And the burden of the day,
   The wonders of His glorious love And my own worth-lessness.

   My sinful self my only shame, My glory all the cross! A-men.

232 I’m Not Ashamed to Own My Lord.
I'm Not Ashamed to Own My Lord.

Maintain the honor of His word, the glory of His cross,
Nor will He put my soul to shame, nor let my soul be lost.
What I've committed to His hands till the decisive hour.
And in the New Jerusalem appoint my soul a place. Amen.

233 A Friend of Mine.

B. B. McKinney.

1. There is joy in my heart as I journey to the city of love divine,
2. The world may despise and disown me, and the sun may refuse to shine,
3. I will work, watch and pray for my Savior, I will follow His wise design,

And I sing o'er and o'er the sweet story, Jesus is a Friend of mine.
There is One who ne'er will forsake me, Jesus is a Friend of mine.
Till He calls me to meet Him in glory, Jesus is a Friend of mine.

Chorus.

Jesus, Jesus is a Friend of mine, Jesus, Jesus is a Friend divine;

In my heart He makes the sun to shine, Jesus is a Friend of mine.
234  

Jesus Never Fails.

A. A. Luther.

Har. and arr. by Carl Blackmore.

1. Earth-ly friends may prove un-true, Doubts and fears as-sail;
2. Though the sky be dark and drear, Fierce and strong the gale,
3. In life's dark and bit-ter hour Love will still pre-vail:

One still loves and cares for you: Jesus nev-er fails.
Just re-mem-ber He is near, And He will not fail.
Trust His ever-last-ing pow'r, Jesus will not fail.

Chorus

Je-sus nev-er fails, Jesus nev-er fails;

Hea-v'n and earth may pass a-way But Jesus nev-er fails.

235  

Jesus Paid the Price for Me.

M. B. J.

Mrs. Maudie B. Jacobs.

Jesus paid the price for me, (for me,) Paid it for e-ter-ni-ty;
Jesus Paid the Price for Me.

This shall my song thro' the ages be: Jesus paid the price for me.

236

The Kingdom is Coming.

Mrs. M. E. C. Slade. R. M. McIntosh.

1. From all the dark places Of earth's heathen race, O see how the thick shadows fly! The voice of salvation A-awakes ev'ry nation, Come o'er and help us, they cry, His beauty shall enter them in. The kingdom is coming, O Come o'er and help us, they cry, His beauty shall enter them in. The kingdom is coming, O

2. The sun-light is glancing O'er arising nations To conquer the kingdoms of sin; Our Lord shall possess them, His presence shall bless them, to con-quer the At last ev'ry nation The Lord of salvation Their King and Re-deemer shall crown!

3. With shouting and singing, And jubilant ringing, Their arms of res-

D. S. The earth shall be full of His knowledge and glory. Fine. Coda.

As senators that crown the sun.

tell ye the story, God's banner exalted shall be!
Lead Me, Savior.

1. Savior, lead me, lest I stray,
   Gently lead me all the way;

2. Thou the refuge of my soul
   When life's stormy billows roll;

3. Savior, lead me, lest at last,
   When the storm of life is past,

I am safe when by Thy side,
I would in Thy love abide.

I am safe when Thou art nigh,
All my hopes on Thee rely.

To the land of endless day,
Where all tears are wiped away.

Causing,

Lead me, lead me, Savior, lead me, lest I stray;
Gently down the stream of time,

238 Let The Beauty Of Jesus.

Let the beauty of Jesus be seen in me.
All His
Let The Beauty Of Jesus.

wonderful passion and purity: O Thou Spirit divine.

All my nature refine, Till the beauty of Jesus be seen in me.

239 Send The Old-Time Power.

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B. H. McKinney.

1. As we gather in Thy presence, What a blessed, sacred hour! In the name of
2. Take possession of Thy people, Ev'ry heart and life refine, That the world may
3. Let the flood-tides come upon us, "As of old at Pentecost," Breathe upon us,
4. Lord, we claim the old-time pow'r, Claim it thro' Thy risen Son, Let the saints re-

Christ our Saviour, Send the old-time pow'r, Send the
old time pow'r,... That the lost may turn to Jesus, Send the old-time pow'r.
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, tho’ tossed about With many a conflict, many a doubt, Fight-
4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sigh, riches, healing of the mind, Yea,
5. Just as I am—Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve; Be-

that Thou bid’st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
ings and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
came Thy promise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come! A - MEN.

241

Come, Thou Fount.

Robert Robinson.

Nettleton. 87 77 D.

John Wyeth.

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev’ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
2. Here I raise mine Eb- en-a-zer; Hith-er by Thy help I’m come;
3. O to grace bow great a debt-er Dai-ly I’m constrained to be!

Streams of mercy, never ceas-ing, Call for songs of loudest praise.
And I hope, by Thy good pleas-ure, Safely to ar-rive at home.
Let Thy good-ness, like a let-ter, Bind my wand’ring heart to Thee:
Come, Thou Fount.

Teach me some mel-o-dious son-net, Song by flan-ing tongues a-bove;
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 re-deem-ing 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 a-bove. A-MEN.

242 Where He Leads Me.


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1. I can hear my Savior calling, I can hear my Savior calling, I can
2. I’ll go with Him thro’ the garden, I’ll go with Him thro’ the garden, I’ll go
3. I’ll go with Him thro’ the judgment, I’ll go with Him thro’ the judgment, I’ll go
4. He will give me grace and glory, He will give me grace and glory, He will

Rev.—Where He leads me I will follow, Where He leads me I will follow, Where He

hear my Savior calling, “Take thy cross and follow, follow Me,”
with Him thro’ the garden, I’ll go with Him, with Him all the way.
with Him thro’ the judgment, I’ll go with Him, with Him all the way.
give me grace and glory, And go with me, with me all the way. A-MEN.

leads me I will follow, I’ll go with Him, with Him all the way.
1. In the cross of Christ I glory, Tow'r-ing o'er the wrecks of time; All the
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes deceive, and fears an- noy, Ne-ver
3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love up-on my way, From the
4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc-ti-fied; Peace is

light of sac - red sto - ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.
shall the cross for-sake me? Lo! it glos-ses with peace and joy.
cross the ra-diance streaming Adds more lust-er to the day,
there that knows no meas-ure, Joys that thru' all time a - bide. A-men.

244  Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

William Williams.  Zion. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren
2. O - pen now the crys - tal foun-tain Whence the heal - ing wa - ters
3. When I tread the verge of Jordan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub-

land; I am weak, but Thou art might-y, Hold me with Thy pow'r-ful
flow; Let the si - ery, clos-ed - y pil - lar Lead me all my jour - ney
side; Bear me thro' the swell-ing cur - rent, Land me safe on Ca - naan's
Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

hand: Bread of Heav-en, Feed me till I want no more;  
thee: Strong De-liv-er, Be Thou still my Strength and Shield;  
side: Songs of prais-es I will ev-er give to Thee;

Bread of Heav-en, Feed me till I want no more.  
Strong De-liv-er, Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.  
Songs of prais-es I will ev-er give to Thee. A-men.

245

Asleep in Jesus.

Margaret Mackay.  
Rest. L. M.  
Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. A-sleep in Je-sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none ev-er wakes to weep!  
2. A-sleep in Je-sus! O how sweet To be for such a slum-ber meet!  
3. A-sleep in Je-sus! peace-ful rest, Whose wak-ing is su-preme-ly bless-ed!  
4. A-sleep in Je-sus! O for me May such a bliss-ful ref-u-ge be!

A calm and un-dis-tur-bed re-pose, Un-bro-ken by the last of foes.  
With ho-ly con-fi-dence to sing, That death hath lost his ven-om-ed sting.  
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hoar That manifes-tes the Sav-ior’s pow’r.  
So-cure-ly shall my ash-es lie, Wait-ing the sum-mo-nes from on high. A-men.
246

Jesus Shall Reign.

Isaac Watts. 

Duke Street. L. M. 

John Hatton.

1. Jesus shall reign where'er the sun Does his success-ive jour-neys run; 
2. From north to south the prin-ces meet To pay their hom-age at His feet; 
3. To Him shall end-less prayer be made, And end-less praise-es crown His head; 
4. Peo-ple and realms of ev-ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweet-est song,

His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more. 
While western empires own their Lord, And savage tribes attend His word. 
His name like sweet perfume shall rise With ev-ry morn-ing sac-ri-fice. 
And in- fant vo-ces shall pro-claim Their earthly blessings on His name. AMEN.

247

O Zion, Haste.

Mary A. Thomson. 

Tidings. P. M. 

James Walsh.

1. O Zí-on, haste, thy mis-sion high ful-fill-ing, To tell to all the 
2. Be-hold how man-y thou-sands still are ly-ing, Bound in the dark-ness 
3. Pro-claim to ev-ry peo-ple, tongue and na-tion That God in Whom they 
4. Give of thy sons to bear the mes-sage glo-rious; Give of thy wealth to

world that God is Light; That He who made all na-tions is not will-ing 
pris-on-house of sin, With none to tell them of the Sav-iors dy-ing, 
live and move in love; Tell how He stooped to save His lost cre-a-tion, 
send them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in prayer vic-to-rious;
O Zion, Haste.

Refrain.

One soul should perish, lost in shades of night.
Or of the life He died for them to win. Publish glad tidings.
And died on earth that man might live above.
And all thou spendest Jesus will repay.

Tidings of peace; Tidings of Jesus, Redemption and release. Amen.

248 Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

Text, Shepherd. Maitland, C. M. Geo. N. Allen.

1. Must Jesus bear the cross alone, And all the world go free?
2. The consecrated cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free,
3. Upon the crystal pavement, down At Jesus' pierced feet,
4. O, precious cross! O glorious crown! O resurrection day!

No! there's a cross for every one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go hence my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown, And His dear name re-peat.
Ye angels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a-way. Amen.
249 Jesus! the Very Thought of Thee.


1. Jesus! the very thought of Thee With sweet ness fills my breast;
2. No voice can sing, no heart can frame, Nor can the mem'ry find
3. O hope of ev 'ry con trite heart, O joy of all the meek,
4. But what to those who find? Ahi this Nor tongue nor pen can show,

But sweet er far Thy face to see, And in Thy presence rest,
A sweet er sound than Je sus' name, The Savor of man kind.
To those who ask, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek!
The love of Jesus, what it is None but His loved ones know. Amen.

250 Lead, Kindly Light.


1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th' en cir cling gloom, Lead Thou me on!
2. I was not ev er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on;
3. So long Thy pow' r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on

The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on!
I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on!
O'er moor and sea, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone,
Lead, Kindly Light.

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see...
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
And with the morn those angel faces smile...

The distant scene; one step enough for me.
Praise ruled my will. Remember not past years!
Which I have loved long since, and lost a while! Amen.

Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett. Dennis, S. M. Hans G. Naegeli.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The fellow-
2. Before our Father's throne, We pour our ardent prayers; Our fears, our
3. We share our mutual woes, Our mutual burdens bear; And often
4. When we a-sunder part, It gives us inward pain; But we shall

ship of kindred minds Is like to that love.
hopes, our aims are one, Our comforts and our cares.
for each other flows The sympathizing tear.
still be joined in heart, And hope to meet again. Amen.
252

Jesus Calls Us.


1. Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea,
2. Jesus calls us from the worship Of the vain world's golden star,
3. In our joys and in our sorrows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
4. Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies, Savior, may we hear Thy call,

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

253

What a Friend.


1. What a Friend we have in Jesus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we trials and temptations? Is there trouble anywhere?
3. Are we weak and heavy-laden, Cumbered with a load of care?

What a privilege to carry Every-thing to God in prayer!
We should never be dis-cour-aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—Take it to the Lord in prayer.
What a Friend.

O what peace we oft en for feit, O what need less pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith ful Who will all our sorrows share?
Do thy friends de spise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

All because we do not carry Ev’ry thing to God in prayer!
Jesus knows our ev’ry weakness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In His arms He’ll take and shield thee, Then will find a sol ace there. A - MEN.

254 Amazing Grace.


1. A - mar - ing grace! How sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me! I
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved; How
3. Thro’ man - y dan - gers, toils and snares, I have al - read - y come; 'Tis
4. When we’ve been there ten thousand years, Bright shin ing as the sun, We’ve

once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
precious did that grace ap pear The hour I first be - lieved! grace hath bro’t me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
no less days to sing God’s praise Than when we first be - gun. A - MEN.
255 O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee.

W. Glacken, Maryton, L. M.
H. P. Smith.

1. O Master, let me walk with Thee In lowly paths of service free;
2. Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear, winning word of love;
3. Teach me Thy patience still with Thee In closer, dearer company,
4. In hope that sends a shining ray Far down the future’s broad’ning way,

Tell me Thy secret; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.
Teach me the wayward feet to stay, And guide them in the homeward way.
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In trust that triumphs over wrong.
In peace that only Thee canst give, With Thee, O Master, let me live. Amen.

256 Just As I Am, Thine Own to Be.

Marianne Hearn, Just As I Am, 8. 8. 8. 6.
Joseph Barnby.

1. Just as I am, Thine own to be, Friend of the young, who lov’st me,
2. In the glad morn’ling of my day, My life to give, my vows to pay,
3. I would live ever in the light; I would work ever for the right;
4. Just as I am, young, strong, and free, To be the best that I can be

Unison

To consecrate myself to Thee, O Jesus Christ, I come.
With no reserve and no delay, With all my heart I come.
I would serve Thee with all my might; Therefore, to Thee I come.
257 What Glory Gilds the Sacred Page.

1. What glory gilds the sacred page, Majestic like the sun!
2. The hand that gave it still supplies His gracious light and heat;
3. Let ever lasting thanks be Thine, For such a bright display
4. My soul rejoices to pursue The paths of truth and love,

It gives a light to every age; It gives, but sorrows none.
His truths upon the nations rise; They rise, but never set.
As makes the world of darkness shine With beams of heartly day.
Till glory breaks upon my view In brighter worlds above. A - MEN.

258 Lamp of Our Feet, Whereby We Trace.
Bernard D. Barton. Lambeth. C. M. A. Schultheis.

1. Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace Our path, when wont to stray;
2. Bread of our souls, whereon we feed, True manna from on high;
3. Pilar of fire, thro' watches dark, Or radiant cloud by day;
4. Word of the ever-living God, Will of His glorious Son;

Stream from the fountain heavenly grace, Brook by the traveler's way;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read Of realms beyond the sky;
When waves would whelm our tempest-bark, Our anchor and our stay;
With-out thee how could earth be trod, Or heav'n itself be won? A - MEN.
259  God is Love; His Mercy Brightens.
J. Bowring.  Wabun.
Cari Marie von Weber.

1. God is love; His mercy brightens All the path in which we rove;
2. Chance and change are busy ever; Man decays, and ages move;
3. Even the hours that dark-est seem-eth Will His changeless goodness prove;
4. He with earth-ly cares en twain-eth Hope and com-fort from a love;

Bliss He waketh and woe He lightenth; God is wis-dom, God is love.
But His mer-cy wan-eth nev-er; God is wis-dom, God is love.
From the gloom His bright-ness streameth; God is wis-dom, God is love.
Ev-ry-where His glo-ry shin-eth; God is wis-dom, God is love. A-men.

260  My Times Are In Thy Hand.
William P. Floyd. Boylston. S. M.
Lowell Mason.

1. My times are in Thy hand; My God, I wish them there;
2. My times are in Thy hand, What-ev-er they may be;
3. My times are in Thy hand, Je-sus, the Cru-ci-fied!
4. My times are in Thy hand, I'll al-ways trust in Thee;

My life, my friends, my soul I leave En- tire-ly to Thy care.
Pleasing or pain-ful, dark or bright, As best may seem to Thee.
Those hands my cru-el sins had pierced Are now my guard and guide.
And, af-ter death, at Thy right hand I shall for-ev-er be. A-men.
261

When I Survey.


1. When I sur-vy the won-drous cross On which the Prince of Glo-ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and love flow min-plied down;
4. Were the whole realm of na-ture mine, That were a pres-ent far too small:

My rich-est gain I count but lost, 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 compose so rich a crown? 
Love so a-mar-ing, so di-vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all. A-men.

262

In All My Lord's Appointed Ways.


1. In all my Lord's ap-point-ed ways My jour-ney I'll pur-sue;
2. Thro' floods and flames, If Je-sus lead, I'll fol-low where He goes;
3. Thro' du-ty, and thro' tri-al, too, I'll go at His com-mand;
4. And when my Sav - ior calls me home, Still this my cry shall be,

Hin - der me not! ye nosh - loved saints, For I must go with you. 
Hin - der me not! shall be my cry, Tho' earth and hell op - pose. 
Hin - der me not! for I am bound To my Im - man - uel's land. 
Hin - der me not! come, welcome death; I'll glad-ly go with Thee! A-men.
263  O for a Thousand Tongues.

Arr. by Lowell Mason.

1. O for a thousand tongues to sing My great Redeemer's praise, The
   glorious Name, The sweet Name of Jesus, Name above all names.
   Sing them well, allinyour songs, And magnify His Name.

2. My gracious Master and my God, Assist me to proclaim, To
   spread thru' all the earth abroad The honour of Thy name.
   None in the sinner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
   Blind, behold your Saviour come; And leap, ye lame, for joy. A-MEN.

3. Je-sus, the name that charms our fears, That bids our sorrows cease;'Tis
   ma - sin in the sin-ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
   blood can make the foul'est clean; His blood a-valled for me.

4. He breaks the pow'r of can-celed sin, He sets the pris-ner free; His
   blood can make the foul'est clean; His blood a-valled for me.
   blin, behold your Saviour come; And leap, ye lame, for joy. A-MEN.

5. Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb, Your loosened tongues employ; Ye
   hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb, Your loosened tongues employ; Ye
   hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb, Your loosened tongues employ; Ye

264  Did Christ O'er Sinners Weep?


1. Did Christ o'er sinners weep? And shall our tears be dry? Let
   tears of pen - i - tential grief Flow forth from ev - ry eye.
   Heav'n a-long no sin is found, And there's no weep-ing there. A-MEN.

2. The Son of God in tears The wand-ring an-gels see; Bo
   thou as - sion-ished, O my soul; He shed those tears for thee.

3. He wept that we might weep—Each sin de-mands a tear; In
   He wept that we might weep—Each sin de-mands a tear; In
   He wept that we might weep—Each sin de-mands a tear; In
265 There Is a Green Hill Far Away.

1. There is a green hill far a-way, Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified, Who died to save us all.

2. We may not know, we cannot tell, What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us He hung and suffered there.

3. He died that we might be forgiven, He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heav’n, Saved by His precious blood.

4. There was no other good enough To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate of heav’n, and let us in.

5. O dear ly, dear ly has He loved! And we must love Him too.
And trust in His re-deem-ing blood, And try His works to do. Amen.

266 Prayer Is the Soul’s Sincere Desire.

1. Prayer is the soul’s sincere desire, Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire That trembles in the breast.

2. Prayer is the burden of a sigh, The falling of a tear,
The upward glance of an eye, When none but God is near.

3. Prayer is the contrite sinner’s voice, Return ing from his ways;
While angels in their songs re-joice And cry, “Be hold, he prays!”

4. Prayer is the Christian’s vital breath, The Christian’s native air,
His watch-word at the gates of death; He enters heav’n with prayer.

5. O Thou, by whom we come to God, The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer Thy self hast trod; Lord, teach us how to pray! Amen.
Jesus Loves Me.
(The favorite Hymns of China.)

1. Jesus loves me! this I know, For the Bible tells me so;
2. Jesus loves me! He who died, Heaven's gate to open wide;
3. Jesus loves me! loves me still, Too! I'm very weak and ill;
4. Jesus loves me! He will stay Close beside me all the way;

Chorus.

Little ones to Him belong, They are weak but He is strong.
He will wash away my sin, Let His little child come in. Yes, Jesus
From His shining throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie.
If I love Him when I die, He will take me home on high.

loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me. The Bible tells me so.

Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. H. M. Hall.

1. I hear the Savior say, "Thy strength indeed is small, Child of weakness, watch and
2. Lord, now indeed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine alone. Can change the leper's
3. For nothing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim—I'll wash my garments
4. And when, before the throne, I stand in Him complete, "Jesus died my soul to

John T. Grape.
Jesus Paid It All.

Jesus loved the little children, All the children of the world; Red and yellow, black and white, They are precious in His sight; Jesus loves the little children of the world.

pray, First in Me thine all in all." spots, And melt the heart of stone. Jesus paid it all, All to Him I white In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb, save," My lips shall still repeat.
270  Good Morning to You!

1. Good morning to you, Good morning to you,
   Happy birthday to you, Happy birthday to you,
   A welcome to you, A welcome to you,
   'Tis love brings us here, 'Tis love brings us here.

271  Praise Him, Praise Him!

1. Praise Him, praise Him, all ye little children, God is love, God is love;
2. Love Him, love Him, all ye little children, God is love, God is love;
3. Thank Him, thank Him, all ye little children, God is love, God is love;

Praise Him, praise Him, all ye little children, God is love, God is love.
Love Him, love Him, all ye little children, God is love, God is love.
Thank Him, thank Him, all ye little children, God is love, God is love.
Only Believe.

Paul Rader.

1. Gone from my heart the world and all its charm; Gone are my sins and all that would a - alarm; Gone ev - er - more, and by His grace I know The doubts and fears within; Once was afraid to trust a lov - ing God, But now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live, To

D.S.—Because He first loved me. And

precious blood of Je - sus cleanses white as snow, Now my guilt is washed a-way in Je - sus' blood. I love Him, I love Him, tell the world the peace that His love can give.

purchased my sal - va - tion on Calvary's tree.
274

Church Bells.

(A SONG FOR PRIMARY CLASSES.)

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1. To and fro the church bells swing, In the steeple high; Hear them while they
2. "Come to church," they seem to say," Times the hour of prayer; Come, and worship
3. Let me, like the bells above, Never weary grow. Telling of the

Chorus.

loudly sing Underneath the sky.
God to-day In His temple fair. "Ding, dong, ding, "The great bells ring,
Lest I love, So the world may know.

Calling "This is Sunday morning; Ding, dong, ding, Ding, dong, ding," The

great bells sing; Hear them loudly singing in the morning!

275

Good Morning Song.

(PRIMARY.)

Copyright, 1909, by Wm. E. Howard.

1-3. "Good morning, good morning, God gives the morning,
Good Morning Song.

smile at each oth-er. And wave our hands too.

276 Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B.  P. P. Bliss.

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

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

Words of Life and beau-ty, Teach me faith and du-ty;
All so free-ly giv-en, Woe-ing us to Heav-en;
Je-sus, en-ly Sav-i-or, Sancti-ly for-ev-er;

REFRAIN.

Beau-ti-ful words, won-der-ful words, Won-der-ful words of Life. Life. A-MEN.
All Hail the Power.

Coronation. C. M. Oliver Holden.

1. All hail the pow’r of Je- sus’ name! Let an-gels prostrate fall;
2. Ye cho-sen seed of Is-rael’s race, Ye ran-somed from the fall,
3. Let ev-ry kin-dred, ev-ry tribe On this ter-re-str-ial ball,

Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all,
To Him all maj-es-ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all,

Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all!
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all!
To Him all maj-es-ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all! A-men.

Miles’ Lane. C. M. William Shrubsole.

1. All hail the pow’r of Je- sus’ name! Let an-gels prostrate fall, Bring forth the roy-al
ds-a-dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all! A-men.
1. There's a land beyond the river, That we call the sweet forever, And we
2. We shall know no sin or sorrow, In that haven of tomorrow, When our
3. When our days shall know their number, And in death we sweetly number, When the

only reach that shore by faith's decree; One by one we'll gain the portals, There to
harbor shall sail beyond the all-ver sea; We shall only know the blessing Of our
King commands the spirit to be free; Never more with anguish laden, We shall
dwell with the immortals, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
Father's sweet caress, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
reach that lovely isle, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.

you and me.

D.S.-pound the shining river, When they ring the golden bells for you and me. (you and me.)
CROSSES.

Don't you hear the bells now ringing? Don't you hear the angels singing? 'Tis the

glo-ry hal-le-lujah, Ju-bi-lee, (Ju-bi-lee.) In that far-off sweet forever, Just be-
Sing to the Lord a New Song.


Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Sing to the Lord a new song; Praise Him with hymns of ecstasy;
2. Sing when your heart is aching; There must be others aching, too;
3. Sing for the sunny Spring-time, And for the Winter dark and cold;

Set the world a-boots you, Throbbing with melody; Sing, and the Long-ing for just a whispered Word, or a song from you, Sing when the Seasons a-like their blessings Man-y and rich un-fold. Sing to the

answ'ring ech-oes, Com-ing from lives de-void of cheer. Will be the sweet-est sky is dark-est, For there are man-y—it may be— Needing your song of Lord a new song, And be-fore men His name con-fess; Give to the world a

Crescendo

mus-eic you. On earth may hear... Sing, sing, sing... Till the comfort, hope, And sym-pa-thy... Sing, O sing un-to the Lord,

world re-sounds with glad-ness; With heart and with voice Before Him re-joice, For Sing un-to the Lord; Give praise to Him, for
Sing to the Lord a New Song.

hon - er and praise un - to Him be - long. Sing, sing, sing. . . . It will

psal - ms to Him be - long. Sing, O sing un - to the Lord,

soothe a world of sadness; Sing to the Lord. And praise Him with a joy - ful song.

281  On Jordan’s Stormy Banks.

Samuel Sternett.  Arr. by R. M. McIntosh.

1. On Jor - dan’s storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wist - ful eye
2. All o’er those wide-ex - tend - ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day;
3. No chill - ing winds, nor pos - ses - sions breath, Can reach that health - ful shore;
4. When shall I reach that hap - py place. And be for - ev - er blest?

To Ca - man’s fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie,
There God the Son for - ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way,
Sick - ness and sor - row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more,
When shall I see my Fa - ther’s face, And in His bess - om rest?

D.S.— who will come and go with me? I am bound for the prom - ised land.

I am bound for the promised land, . . . I am bound for the promised land;
Our Dearest Friend.

Joseph Scriven.

Chorus by B. B. McK.

Arr. by B. B. McKinney.

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!.....
2. Have we trials and tempta - tions? Is there trouble anywhere?.....
3. Are we weak and heavy laden, Cumbered with a load of care?.....

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we trials and tempta - tions, Is there trou - ble any - where?
3. Are we weak and heavy laden, Cumbered with a load of care?-

What a priv - ilege to car - ry Ev 'ry - thing to God in pray'r!
We should never be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
Precious Sav - ior, still our ref - uge, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.

What a priv - ilege to car - ry Ev 'ry - thing to God in pray'r! (to God in pray'r)
We should never be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r, (the Lord in pray'r)
Precious Sav - ior, still our refuge, Take it to the Lord in pray'r, (the Lord in pray'r)

O what peace we oft - en for - get, O what need - less pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith - ful Who will all our sorrows share?
Do thy friends de - spise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r;

O what peace we oft - en for - get, O what need - less pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith - ful Who will all our sorrows share?
Do thy friends de - spise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r;

All because we do not car - ry Ev 'ry - thing to God in pray'r, (to pray'r)
Je - sus knows our ev - ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r, (in pray'r)
In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a solace there, (yes, there)

All because we do not car - ry Ev 'ry - thing to God in pray'r...
Je - sus knows our ev - ry weakness. Take it to the Lord in pray'r...
In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a solace there ....
Our Dearest Friend.

Precious Jesus, we will trust Thee, Simply trust whate'er befall,

Precious Jesus, we will trust Thee, Simply trust whate'er befall,

Who will never, never leave us; Dearest, trust Friend of all,

Who will never, never leave us; Dearest, trust Friend of all.

283 Knocking At The Door.

Mrs. C. Shade.

Arr. by R. B. McKinney.

1. Who at my door is standing, Patiently drawing near, Entrance within;
2. Lone-ly without He's stay-ing, Lone-ly with-In am I, While I am still
3. All through the dark hours drear-y, Knock-ing again is He, Je-sus, art Thou
4. Door of my heart, I hast-en! Thee will I o-pen wide, Though He rebuke

Door of my heart, I hast-en! Thee will I o-pen wide, Though He rebuke

“O-pen the door for me! If Thou wilt heed my call-ing, I will abide with thee.”
Master, the Tempest Is Raging.

Mary A. Baker.

1. Master, the tempest is raging! The billows are tossing high!
2. Master, with anguish of spirit I bow in my grief to-day;
3. Master, the terror is o'er, The elements sweetly rest;

The sky is o'er-shadowed with blackness, No shelter or help is nigh;
The depths of my sad heart are troubled; O waken and save, I pray!
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mirrored, And heaven's with-in my breast.

"Darkest Thou not that we perish?" How canst Thou lie asleep,
Torrents of sin and of anguish Sweep o'er my sinking soul!
Linger, O blessed Redeemer, Leave me alone no more;

When each moment so madly is threatening A grave in the angry deep?
And I perish! I perish, dear Master; O hasten, and take control!
And with joy I shall make the blest harbor, And rest on the blissful shore.
Master, the Tempest Is Raging.

Refrain

The winds and the waves shall o - bey My will. Peace, be still! Peace, be still! peace, be still!

Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or de - mons, or men, or what -

ev - er it be, No wa - ter can swal - low the ship where lies The Master of oce - an and earth and skies; They all shall sweetly o - bey My will; Peace, be still!

Peace, be still! They all shall sweet-ly o - bey My will; Peace, peace, be still!!
Nearer Home.

Alice Cary.

Duet. Moderate.

1. O'er the hills the sun is setting, And the eve is drawing on,
2. One day nearer, sings the sailor, As he glides the waters o'er,
3. Nearer home, yes, one day nearer. To our home beyond the sky,

Slowly drops the gentle twilight, For another day is gone,
While the light is softly dying, On the distant, native shore,
To the green fields and the fountains, In our Father's home on high,

Gone forever, its race is over, Soon the dark-winged shades will come,
Thus the Christian, on Me's occasion, As his light boat cuts the foam,
For the hearts are growing brighter, And the lamps hang in the dome,

Still 'tis sweet to know at evening, We are one day nearer home,
In the evening cries withrapporture, I am one day nearer home,
And our hearts are growing lighter, For we're one day nearer home.

Still 'tis sweet to know at evening, We are one day nearer home,
In the evening cries with raporture, I am one day nearer home,
And our hearts are growing lighter, For we're one day nearer home.
Nearer Home.

Chorus. All Parts.

Nearer home, nearer home. Oh, 'tis
Near'er our home-hi, hi home,

always sweet to know We are one day nearer home, Nearer home;
Near'er our home-hi, hi home;

nearer home, nearer home. Oh, 'tis always sweet to know at even,
Near'er our home-hi, hi home;

We are one day nearer home. Father, be near when my feet

sweet home.
Are stepping o'er the brink, For it may be I am nearer home, Nearer now than I think.
1. There is a name, a wonderful name, Thro' ev'ry age its pow'r is the same;
2. There is a name, a wonderful name, Radiant with light, resplendent with fame;
3. There is a name, a wonderful name, Let ev'ry tongue its glory proclaims;

Great is its charm, endearing its grace, Never its depths we can fully trace. With Name that will open the portals of heav'n, Hope the' shed sin may be free from giv'n. The Seraphim, lift your voices in song, Angelic hosts shall its praise prolong. Let

Male Voices.

in a dark world it glitters and shines, Dispelling the gloom with souls that were bound in sin's galling chain, Their freedom have found as all that hath breath extol it once more, And hon'or it more than

glorious; Oh, that wonderful name, That marvelous name, gain and again; Oh, that wonderful name, That marvelous name, ever be-ties; Oh, that wonderful name, That marvelous name,

Chorus. Melody in Bass.

Oh, that beautiful name of Jesus! Wonderful name, Oh, that wonderful

*The melody is in the bass in first four measures. Tenors may be divided so as to have some of them sing the bass in order to emphasize the melody.
There Is A Wonderful Name.

wonderful name, Glorious name, glorious name.

No one can fathom its depth or height, No one describe all its grace a-right;

No one reveal all its wonderful might, That marvelous name of Jesus.

Coda (After last verse only.)

Precious name, oh how sweet, Hope of earth and joy of heav'n;

Precious name, oh, how sweet;

Precious name, oh, how sweet... Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.

Precious name, how sweet.
Awakening Chorus.

1. Awake! Awake! and sing the blessed story; A
   Awake! Awake! and let your song of praise arise; A

2. Ring out! Ring out! O bells of joy and gladness! Re-
   Repeat, repeat, a new the story o'er again, Till all the

wake! the earth is full of glory, And light is beam-ing
a-wake! And light is beam-ing
earth shall lose its weight of sadness, And shout a new the
the earth.

Male Voices in Unison.

from the radiant skies; The rocks and rills, the vale's and hills re-sound with
gl-re-oas re-frain; With angels in the heights sing of the great sal-

Full Harmony.

glad-ness, All na-ture joins to sing the triumph song. The Lord Je-
va- tion He wrest-ed from the band of sin and death.
Awakening Chorus.

Bovah reigns and sin is back-ward hurled! Re-joke! re-

Bovah reigns and sin is back-ward hurled! Re-joke! re-

Proclaim His sov'reign pow'r to all the world, And let His pow'r to all the world, And let His

glor-ious ban-ner be un-furled! Bovah reigns! glorious ban-ner be un-furled! Bovah reigns! Bovah reigns!

Bovah reigns! Bovah reigns! A-MEN.
My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty,
   Of thee I sing: Land where my fathers died, Land of the
   pilgrim's pride, From every mountain-side Let freedom ring!

2. My native country, thee, Land of the noble free,
   Thy name I love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
   templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that above,
   breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound pro-long.

3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
   Sweet freedom's song: Let mortal tongues awake: Let all that
   holy light; Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King! Amen.

4. Our father's God to Thee, Author of liberty,
   To Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With freedom's
I Would Be True.

pure, for there are those who care; I would be strong, for giv-
ing, and for-get the gift; I would be hum-
ble.

there is much to suf-
ter; I would be brave, for there is much to for I know my weak-
ness; I would look up, and laugh, and love, and
dare. I would be brave, for there is much to dare.
lift. I would look up, and laugh, and love, and lift. A-
men.

290 Fight the Good Fight.


1. Fight the good fight with all thy might! Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
2. Run the straight race thro' God's good grace. Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
3. Cast care a-side, upon thy Guide, Lean, and His mercy will provide;
4. P-aint not nor fear, His arms are near, He chang-eth not and thou art dear;

Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and crown e-
terior-l-y.
Life with its way before us Bes, Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.
Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove Christ is its life, and Christ its love.
O-n-ly be-lieve, and thou shalt see That Christ is all in all to thee. A-
men.
291 Response.

Sir George J. Elvey.

Lord, have mercy, have mercy upon us, And incline our hearts to keep this law. A - men.

292 Gloria Patri.

Charles Meineke.

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it was in the begin - ning, is now, and ever shall be, world with - out end, A - men. A - men.

293 The Lord’s Prayer.

Gregorian Chant.

1. Our Father which art in Heaven, hal - lowed be Thy name;
2. Give us this day our dail - ly bread;
3. And lead us not into temptation, but de - liv - er us from evil;

Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven;
And forgive us our debts, as we for - give our debtors;
For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for - ev - er, A - men.
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<td>Take my life and let</td>
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<td>Tell me the old, old</td>
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