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PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
FAMOUS GOSPEL HYMNS

EDITED BY
D. B. TOWNER
AND
E. O. EXCELL

For price of this book, see next page

CHICAGO
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1. All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall,
2. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race, Ye ransomed from the fall,
3. Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe On this terrestrial ball
4. O that with yonder sacred throng We at His feet may fall;

Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown Him Lord of all;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all majesty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the everlasting song, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown Him Lord of all!
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all!
To Him all majesty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all!
We'll join the everlasting song, And crown Him Lord of all!
Grace, Enough for Me!

1. In looking thro' my tears one day I saw Mount Cal-va-ry;
2. While standing there my trembling heart, Once full of ag-o-ny,
3. When I beheld my ev'ry sin Nailed to the cruel tree,
4. When I am safe within the veil, My portion there will be

Beneath the cross there flowed a stream Of grace, enough for me.
Could scarce believe the sight I saw Of grace, enough for me.
I felt a flood go thro' my soul Of grace, enough for me.
To sing thro' all the years to come Of grace, enough for me.

Chorus.

Grace is flowing from Cal-va-ry, Grace as fathomless as the sea,
Grace is flowing from Cal-va-ry, for me, Grace as fath-o-m-less as the roll-ing sea.

Grace for time and e-ter-ni-ty, ... Grace, enough for me!
Grace for time and e-ter-ni-ty. A-bun-dant grace I see, e-nough for me!
1. Great things the Lord has done for me, For His redeeming love
2. He left His throne, His life He gave, He suffered all my pains;
3. My heavy load He bore away, He heard my humble pray'r;
4. He sent the Holy One to be My Comforter and Guest,

Is deeper than the deepest sea, And wide as heav'n above.
For me, arising from the grave, He lives and ever reigns.
He turned my darkness into day, And saved me from despair.
To show the things of Christ to me, And lead me into rest.

CHORUS.

Yes, deeper, wider than the sea The fountain of His love must be,
boundless sea, must be.

A fountain flowing full and free, . . . . It flows for you as well as me.
A fountain flowing full and free,
There's Victory in My Soul!

JAMES M. GRAY.

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D. B. TOWNER.

1. The burden of my fear and sin On Christ by faith I roll,
2. I know there is a test for me, A battle to be won,
3. E'en death itself I do not fear, Since Christ hath borne its sting,
4. On battle fields of long ago When Israel drew the sword,

And now I have His peace within, And victory in my soul.
But God bestows the victory Ere yet it is begun.
While faith regards His coming near His crown with Him to bring.
'Twas not her strength o'er-came the foe, But trusting in the Lord.

CHORUS.

There's victory in my soul, Victory in my soul!

I grasp the promises by faith— There's victory in my soul!
Bring Peace to My Soul!

1. When earth-ly cares and sorrows roll Like o-cean bil-lows o'er my soul No
temp-est can my barque con-trol If Thou wilt on-ly bring peace to my soul.

2. I need Thee, oh, I need Thee so, To help me as I on-ward go; Sin's
ar-rows can-not lay me low, If Thou wilt on-ly bring peace to my soul.

3. No cloud can hide from me Thy face, No storm de-prive me of Thy grace, No
sin with-in my heart have place, If Thou wilt on-ly bring peace to my soul.

4. In joy or sor-row still be near To drive a-way my ev'-ry fear; Earth's
chang-es can-not harm me here If Thou wilt on-ly bring peace to my soul.

CHORUS.

Bring peace to my soul to-day, . . . Bring peace . . . to-day, . . .
to-day, sweet peace to-day,

Bring peace to my soul to-day, to-day, Bring peace to my soul to-day!
There is Glory in My Soul!

1. Since I lost my sins and I found my Saviour, There is glory in my soul! Since by faith I sought and obtain'd God's favor, There is glory in my soul!

2. Since He cleans'd my heart, gave me sight for blindness, There is glory in my soul! Since He touch'd and heal'd me in loving-kindness, There is glory in my soul!

3. Since with God I've walk'd, having sweet communion, There is glory in my soul! Brighter grows each day in this heavenly union, There is glory in my soul!

4. Since I enter'd Canaan on my way to heaven, There is glory in my soul! Since the day my life to the Lord was given, There is glory in my soul!

Chorus.

Glo-ry in my soul! There is glo-ry, glo-ry, there is glo-ry in my soul! Ev'-ry day brighter grows, And I conquer all my foes; There is glo-ry,

glo-ry, there is glo-ry in my soul! There is glo-ry in my soul! glo-ry in my soul!
Coming to Thee.

E. E. Hewitt.

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JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Too long have I wandered, too long roamed afar, Un-heeding the beams of the bright Morning Star; But still its fair beauty is shining for me, So now I am coming, my Saviour, to Thee. Coming to

2. Thy sweet invitation is cheering my soul, Like music from heaven the soft echoes roll; Thy cross is my refuge, Thy promise my plea, For whilst Thou art calling me, I'm coming, my Saviour, to Thee!

3. I need the full cleansing of Calvary's tide; The robe, fair and spotless, I'll follow Thee wholly.

4. Oh, make me so steadfast, so true and sincere, I'll follow Thee wholly, for Thy grace will provide; Thy riches are boundless, Thy mercy is free, So missing all fear; My strength and salvation, my victory be, For whilst Thou art calling, art calling for me.

Chorus.

Com-ming to Thee, I am coming to Thee;... Whilst coming to Thee, Com-ming to Thee, I am coming to Thee; Whilst Thou art calling, art calling for me.
1. He knows the bit-ter, wea-ry way, The end-less striv-ing day by day,
2. He knows how hard the fight has been, The clouds that come our lives between,
3. He knows when faint and worn we sink, How deep the pain, how near the brink
4. He knows—oh, tho’ so full of bliss! For though on earth our joys we miss,

The souls that weep, the souls that pray—He knows it all!
The wounds the world has nev-er seen—He knows it all!
Of dark de-spair we pause and shrink—He knows it all!
We still can bear it, feel-ing this—He knows it all!

He knows it all, He knows it all,
He knows it all, He knows it all,
He knows, He knows it all, He knows, He knows it all,

The bit-ter, wea-ry way—He knows it all!
The bit-ter, wea-ry way— The Saviour knows it all!
I am Happy in Him.

1. My soul is so happy in Jesus, For He is so precious to me;
2. He sought me so long ere I knew Him, When wand’ring afar from the fold;
3. His love and His mercy surround me, His grace like a river doth flow;
4. They say I shall some day be like Him, My cross and my burden lay down;

His voice it is music to hear it, His face it is heaven to see.
Safe home in His arms He hath bro’t me, To where there are pleasures untold.
His Spirit, to guide and to comfort, Is with me wher’er I go.
Till then I will ever be faithful, In gathering gems for His crown.

Chorus.

I am happy in Him, I am happy in Him;
I am happy in Him, I am happy in Him;

My soul with delight He fills day and night, For I am happy in Him.
1. So precious is Jesus, my Saviour, my King, His praise all the day long
2. He stood at my heart's door 'mid sunshine and rain, And patiently waited
3. I stand on the mountain of blessing at last, No cloud in the heavens
4. I praise Him because He appointed a place Where some day thro' faith in

with rapture I sing; To Him in my weakness for strength I can cling,
an entrance to gain; What shame that so long He entreated in vain,
a shadow to cast; His smile is upon me, the valley is past,
His wonderful grace I know I shall see Him—shall look on His face,

CHORUS.

For He is so precious to me.
For He is so precious to me,

precious to me, For He is so precious to me, 'Tis heaven be-

low My Redeemer to know, For He is so precious to me......
Some Fair Tomorrow We Shall Know.

1. Some fair to-mor-row we shall know Life's mys-ter-ies that hurt us so,
2. Some fair to-mor-row we shall know The se-cret joy be-neath our woe;
3. Some fair to-mor-row we shall know Why seeming good we must fore-go,
4. Some fair to-mor-row we shall know, We trust in Him who tells us so;

And how the bur-dens furnished wings To lift us o-ver earth-ly things.
The love and wis-dom in dis-guise Will then be o-pen to our eyes.
While plans are hindered which we tho't Were all for Je-sus' glo-ry wrought.
Se-rene and pa-tient, we a-bide To see our sor-row glo-ri-fied.

Chorus.

Some fair to-mor-row we shall know! Then let us wait His time be-low, While

hope may bor-row from that bright morrow A light to cheer us as we go,

While hope may borrow from that bright morrow A light to cheer us as we go.
1. A Saviour who died our salvation to win, A Saviour who
2. A Shepherd who giveth His life for the sheep, A Shepherd both
3. A Pilot who knoweth the dangers at hand, A Pilot who
4. A Shelter from tempest, from wind and from storm, A Shelter from

knows how to save us from sin,—Yes, He is the Saviour, the
might-y to save and to keep,—Yes, this is the Shepherd, the
bring-eth all vessels to land,—Yes, this is the Pilot, the
judgment, a Shelter from harm,—Yes, this is the Shelter, the

a tempo.

Saviour we need, And He is a Saviour indeed!
Shepherd we need, And He is a Shepherd indeed!
Pilot we need, And He is a Pilot indeed!
Shelter we need, And He is a Shelter indeed!

Chorus.

Is He yours?... Is He yours?... Is this Saviour, who loves you, yours?
Is He yours?... Is He yours?
Holy Bible, Book Divine.

1. Holy Bible, Book divine, Precious treasure, thou art mine,
2. Mine to chide me when I rove, Mine to show a Saviour's love,
3. Mine to comfort in distress, Suffering in this wilderness;
4. Mine to tell of joys to come, And the rebel sinner's doom;

Mine to tell me whence I came, Mine to tell me what I am!
Mine thou art to guide and guard, Mine to punish or reward.
Mine to show, by living faith, Man can triumph over death,
O thou holy Book divine, Precious treasure, thou art mine!

CHORUS.

Mine, mine, Book divine, Precious treasure, thou art mine;
Holy Bible,

O thou holy Book divine, Precious treasure, thou art mine!
Here am I!

1. Jesus, Master, hast Thou messages to send? Here am I,
2. Saviour, is there not some lowly task to do? O send me,
3. Dost Thou need a hand to bear a shining light? Use my hand,
4. Working, waiting, what-so-e'er Thy holy will, Here am I,

Here am I! Waiting, list'n-ing, at Thy feet I low-ly bend,
O send me! Gird me now for serv-ice, make me strong and true,
use my hand! Dost Thou need a pa-tient watch-er in the night?
here am I! Mas-ter, let me Thy de-sire a-lone ful-fill,

Chorus.

Here am I—O do not pass me by!
Send me on some er-rand, Lord, for Thee! Read-y for Thy serv-ice,
Let me serve Thee, Lord, at Thy com-mand!
Keep me to Thy heart for-ev-er nigh!

Mas-ter, here am I! Hush my heart to hear Thee call-ing from on high;

Choose Thou for me, let me still re- ply—O Mas-ter, here am I!
1. Naught have I got-ten but what I re-ceived; Grace hath bestowed it since
2. Once I was fool-ish, and sin ruled my heart, Caus-ing my footsteps from
3. Tears un-a-vail-ing, no mer-it had I; Mer-cy had saved me, or
4. Suf-fer a sin-ner whose heart o-ver-flows, Lov-ing his Sav-iour, to

I have be-lieved; Boast-ing ex-clu-d-ed, pride I a-base; I’m
God to de-part; Je-sus hath found me, hap-py my case, I
else I must die; Sin had a-larmed me, fear-ing God’s face; But
tell what he knows; Once more to tell it would I em-brace—I’m

Chorus.

on-ly a sin-ner saved by grace!
now am a sin-ner saved by grace! On-ly a sin-ner saved by grace,
now I’m a sin-ner saved by grace!
on-ly a sin-ner saved by grace!

On-ly a sin-ner saved by grace! This is my sto-ry, to

God be the glo-ry,—I’m on-ly a sin-ner saved by grace!
It is Well with My Soul.

1. When peace like a river attendeth my way, When sorrows like sea-bills roll, What-e'er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say: "It is well, it is well with my soul."

2. Though Satan should buffet, tho' trials should come, Let this blest assurance control, That Christ hath regard-ed my sin—not in part but the whole,—Is nailed to His cross, and I bear it no more; Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul! Lord shall descend,—"E-ven so"—it is well with my soul.

3. My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious tho't—My clouds be roll'd back as a scroll, The trump shall re-sound, and the Chorus.

4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be roll'd back as a scroll, The trump shall re-sound, and the Chorus.

It is well .... with my soul, .... It is well, it is well with my soul! It is well with my soul,

P. P. Bliss.
Till We Get Home.

1. Thro' toil and sorrow, thro' pain and strife, Thro' days of blessing
2. Thro' oft the journey seem dark and drear, And rough the path-way
3. He will not suffer us to be tried More than we're a-ble,
4. All thro' the journey of life be-low, His blessed Spirit

and all thro' life, His Word is faith-ful: wher-e'er we roam
we travel here, Still He is lead-ing wher-e'er we roam,
and will pro-vide A way more bless-ed for us who roam, —
He will be-stow, And won-drous glo-ry is yet to come

Chorus.

He will be with us till we get home. 1, 2, 3. Till we get home,
His pow'r will keep us till we get home.
His presence with us till we get home.
Aft-er the strug-gle, when we get home. 4. When we get home,

till we get home, He will be with us till we get home!
when we get home, And won-drous glo-ry when we get home!
get home!
1. Beyond the veil that lies between And hides from sight the world unseen,
   There is a home all bright and fair, And friends I love are gathered long,
   My mother dear, the guiding star That leads me to that home a-yore,
   And while a far my footsteps roam They long to bid me welcome King;
   All praise to Him whose wondrous love Prepared for me a home a-

2. And one I know amid that throng Has watch'd and hoped and waited seen,
   Dear earthly friends gone on before Still love me as in days of
   I hear the song the ransomed sing A-round the throne of Christ, the
   There is a home all bright and fair, And friends I love are gathered long,
   My mother dear, the guiding star That leads me to that home a-yore,
   And while a far my footsteps roam They long to bid me welcome King;
   All praise to Him whose wondrous love Prepared for me a home a-

3. Dear earthly friends gone on before Still love me as in days of
   Happy home I long to see, Where loved ones watch and wait for
   Home.
   With gentle voice, with beck'ning hand, They call me to that heav'nly land.
   There is a home all bright and fair, And friends I love are gathered long,
   My mother dear, the guiding star That leads me to that home a-yore,
   And while a far my footsteps roam They long to bid me welcome King;
   All praise to Him whose wondrous love Prepared for me a home a-

4. I hear the song the ransomed sing A-round the throne of Christ, the
Have Compassion, Lord, on Me!

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. O my Saviour, I am weary! Let my cry to Thee ascend
2. O my Saviour, tho' unworthy, I have no where else to go;
3. O my Saviour, by Thy Spirit Thou hast called me o'er and o'er;
4. O my Saviour, do not leave me Here to perish at Thy throne;

While in humble supplication
Now before Thy throne I bend!
Thou canst pardon my transgressions,
Thou canst wash me white as snow!

Now repentant I am coming;
Lord, my wandering soul restore!
In Thy tender, loving mercy
Cleanse and make me all Thine own!

CHORUS

Weak and helpless, yet believing,
Cast-ing all my care on Thee,

Weak and helpless, yet believing.

I am hoping, trusting, praying;
Have compassion, Lord, on me!
I am hoping,
trusting, praying;
I'll Never Turn Back Again.

JAMES M. Gray.

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D. B. TOWNER.

I've parted at last from the world and its store, Its
Enough I've had of earth's pleasure and sin, Its
One glimpse I beheld of a wonderful face, One
Though night may be dark and though storms may arise, Though

Idols no longer do I adore; On heaven my conflict without and its fears within; I've ended the vision of Jesus, one touch of grace, One promise I Satan may offer a tempting prize, Yet ever on

Hope I have fixed evermore—and I'll never turn back again!
past, a new life I begin—and I'll never turn back again!
heard, which by faith I embrace—and I'll never turn back again!
Christ I am keeping my eyes—and I'll never turn back again!

Chorus.

I'll never, never, I'll never turn back again;
I'll never, never, No, never turn back again!
1. Just carry the sun-shine of grace in your face As a long life's rough
2. Just carry the sun-shine of grace in your face When the winds of temp-
3. Just carry the sun-shine of grace in your face When the dark clouds of
4. Just carry the sun-shine of grace in your face When the death an-gel

high-way you pass; It will bright-en and cheer many souls that are dear,
ta-tion blow hard; It will quell ev'-ry blast, and give vic-t'ry at last,
sor-row hang low; It will brighten the gloom, bringing hap-pi-ness soon,
knocks at your door; It will banish death's sting, and triumphant you'll sing

If you car-ry the sun-shine of grace.
If you car-ry the sun-shine of grace. Just car-ry the
If you car-ry the sun-shine of grace. Just car-ry the sun-shine, the
As you soar to the king-dom of grace.

sun-shine of grace in your face; It will brighten and cheer
sun-shine, the sun-shine of grace in your face;

ma-ny souls that are dear, If you car-ry the sun-shine of grace.
As Thy Days Thy Strength Shall Be.

E. E. Hewitt.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Needful strength for me each day, Strength to walk in duty's way;
2. Strength the heavy yoke to wear, Strength my daily cross to bear;
3. Strength when beams of pleasure glow, Love's surpassing joy to show;
4. Wouldst thou have this bless-ed strength, Offered all the journey's length?

For my Saviour says to me: "As thy days thy strength shall be."
In the battle fought with sin, Strength the victory to win.
When the shadows gather dim, Strength because I lean on Him.
Close to Jesus ever be, He will give this strength to thee.

Chorus.

"As thy days thy strength shall be"—Oh, what grace His words display!
"As thy days thy strength shall be"—Oh, what grace

All along my pilgrim way Jesus gives me strength each day.

All along my pilgrim way Jesus gives, He gives
It is a Good Thing to Give Thanks.

JAMES M. GRAY.

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D. B. Towner.

1. It is a good thing to give thanks un-to the Lord, And to praise in cheer-ful lay, For His faith-ful-ness ev-ry night shows forth, harp of sol-emn sound, On an in-stru-ment of the sweet-est strings, tho'ts are ver-y deep; Lo! His en-e-mies shall be scat-tered far, let His fruit be seen, For the trees of God are like Leb-a-non,

2. It is a good thing to give thanks un-to the Lord On the praise of praise the Lord! But the right-eous shall He keep. And their leaf is ev-er green.

3. It is a good thing to give thanks un-to the Lord, For His and His mer-cy ev-ry day. And His wondrous name a-dore! Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!

4. It is a good thing to give thanks un-to the Lord, And to praise the Lord! For He is Most High for-ev-er-more!
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 path that the Saviour trod, If I ever climb to the heights sublime
I must needs go on in the blood-sprink-led way, The walk in it ne'er more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,
Then I bid fare-well to the way of the world, To no other way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the gates of light path that the Saviour trod, If I ever climb to the heights sublime

CHORUS.

If the way of the cross I miss. Where the soul is at home with God. The way of the cross leads Where He waits at the open door.

home, The way of the cross leads home; It is sweet to know, as I onward go, The way of the cross leads home.
Forward, Men and Brothers!

David Lindsey.

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1. Forward, men and brothers! Hear the Saviour's call! Countless souls are waiting, there is work for all; Shall we linger idly while the days pass on? God and angels beckon; Forward, ev'ry one!

2. Ours a royal standard, ours a glorious strife, winning men from evil to a holy life; Jesus Christ the Captain, faith in danger, soon the triumph-song; Strike the shackles quickly with the mighty sword; Forward, men and brothers, conquer by His Word!

3. Courage! Never falter, in Christ's strength be strong; Now the strife and countless souls are waiting, there is work for all. Forward, ev'ry one!

Chorus

Forward, men and brothers! Hear the Saviour's call!

Countless souls are waiting, there is work for all.
"Forward!" is the Order.

1. "Forward!" is the order, Men of God, away! Leave the camp behind you, Seek the field and fray; See the line extending From the humblest door To the throne of monarchs On the farthest shore.

2. Forward, press the battle! One in purpose go, Shunning strife with every breeze Over hearts and nations—We must capture these.

3. Forward, ever forward! We must camp to-night Where the foe this into line, Pledged to die or conquer For their King divine.

Chorus.

For-ward then, ye faith-ful! Think not of retreat! Death for Christ is triumph, Life for self, defeat.

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I Believe.

EDGAR LEWIS.

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L. E. JONES.

1. I am saved from my sin, and to joy enter in,—With the heart I believe on the Saviour; I have wonderful peace, from my burdens release,—I believe on the Son of God.

2. 'Tis by faith I can say Jesus saves me to-day,—With the heart I believe on the Saviour; Waves of love o'er me roll, all is well with my soul,—I believe on the Son of God.

3. There is comfort and rest on His sheltering breast,—With the heart I believe on the Saviour; I will praise Him in song, tell His love all day long,—I believe on the Son of God.

CHORUS.

I believe, I believe, With the heart I believe on the Saviour; I believe, I believe, With the heart I believe Jesus saves; I believe, I believe, I believe on the Son of God! I believe, I believe, I believe on the Son, the Son of God!

I believe, I believe, I believe on the Son of God!
1. The hand that was nailed to the cross of woe,
   In love reaches
2. E'en now I can see, thro' a mist of tears,
   That hand still out-
3. The hand that wrought wonders in days of old,
   Holds treasure more
   down to the world below;
   'Tis beckoning now to the souls that roam,
   stretched o'er the gulf of years,
   With healing and hope for my sin-sick soul,
   precious than gems or gold,
   The price of redemption from sin and shame,

Chorus.

And pointing the way to the heav'n-ly home.
One touch of its fin-ger will make me whole!
The hand of my Saviour
The gift of sal-va-tion thro' Je-sus' name.

I see,... The hand that was wounded for me;... 'Twill lead me in
my Saviour I see,
was wounded for me;

I see, I see, for me:

love to the mansions a-bove,
The hand that was wounded for me!...
1. Down in-to the fount-ain I would deep-er go, Down in-to the fount-ain
2. Down in-to the fount-ain, deep-er, deep-er still, Till the grace of Je-sus
3. Down in-to the fount-ain flow-ing from the cross; Let the might-y cur-rent

mak-ing white as snow; Tho' with sins of scar-let and of crim-son dyed,
all my be-ing fill, Till the Ho-ly Spir-it works the change di-vine,
sweep a-way all dross; Ev-er there a-bid-ing thro' His wondrous love,

CHORUS.

I shall come up spot-less from the sav-ing tide!
Mak-ing earth-en ves-sels with His glo-ry shine!
Washing there the garments for the feast a-bove!

To Cal-v'ry I will
His voice is call-ing

go,
The bless-ed Word I know, The pre-cious blood of Je-sus cleans-eth
still To "who-so-ever will,"

white as snow! Down in-to the fount-ain I would deep-er go!
O That Will Be Glory!

C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. When all my labors and trials are o'er, And I am safe on that
   beautiful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I adore
   heaven a place, Just to be there and to look on His face
   round me will flow; Yet just a smile from my Saviour, I know,

   Will thro' the ages be glory for me... O that will be...
   glory for me, Glory for me, glory for me; When by His grace
   be glory for me, Glory for me, glory for me;...

   I shall look on His face, That will be glory, be glory for me!
He is Able to Deliver Thee.

W. A. O.

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W. A. OGDEN.

1. 'Tis the grand-est theme thro' the a-ges rung, 'Tis the grand-est theme for a mor-tal tongue, 'Tis the grandest theme that the world e'er sung; theme for a mor-tal tongue, 'Tis the grandest theme that the world e'er sung;

2. 'Tis the grand-est theme in the earth or main, 'Tis the grand-est theme for a mor-tal strain, 'Tis the grandest theme, tell the world a-gain: theme for a mor-tal strain, 'Tis the grandest theme, tell the world a-gain:

3. 'Tis the grand-est theme, let the ti-dings roll To the guilt-y heart, to the sin-ful soul; Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole,

Chorus.

"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; Tho' by sin op-

prest, Go to Him for rest, "Our God is a-ble to de-liv-er thee."
The Hour of Prayer.

1. Glory to God for the joy to meet Here at the hour of prayer;  
2. Far from the world we may turn a-way Here at the hour of prayer;  
3. Rich are the blessings that all may seek Here at the hour of prayer;  
4. Oh, what a holy and calm re-pose Here at the hour of prayer!

Welcome the bliss of communion sweet Here at the hour of prayer!  
Gladly we rest from the toils of day Here at the hour of prayer.  
Grace for the weary, the faint, the weak, Here at the hour of prayer.  
Love in its fulness the heart over-flows Here at the hour of prayer.

Chorus.

Nearer the gate to the soul’s bright home, Nearer the vales where the faithful roam,

Nearer to God and the Lamb we come, Here at the hour of prayer.
God's Skies are Blue.

1. It rain-drops fall when most you wish for sun-shine, Grieve thou no more;
2. If sorrow deep in heav-en's love and mer-cy Should us en-shroud,
3. If o'er a new-made grave the tears are fall-ing, Faith points a-bove
4. What though the cares of life press thick upon you, Nev-er de-spair:

Be-hind the clouds the sun is ev-er shin-ing, Storms will pass o'er.
Be sure God's wis-dom sees the sil-ver lin-ing Be-hind the cloud.
To where the light of His dear face is shin-ing On those we love.
For since God watch-es, noth-ing shall be-fall that You can-not bear.

CHORUS.

God's skies are blue, And shine with heaven's radiance Each gloomy day;
always blue.

Although His hand lets fall a cloud-y cur-tain, It will pass a-way!
1. I am a stranger here within a foreign land, My home is far away upon a golden strand; Ambassador to be of turn away from sin's seductive snare; That all who will obey, with life and joy thro' out its vast domain; My Sov'reign bids me tell how realms beyond the sea, I'm here on business for my King. Him shall reign for aye, And that's my business for my King. This is the mortals there may dwell, And that's my business for my King.

2. This is the King's command, that all men everywhere Repent and message that I bring, A message angels fain would sing; "Oh, be ye reconciled," Thus saith my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye reconciled to God!"

3. My home is brighter far than Sharon's rosy plain, Eternal far away upon a golden strand; Ambassador to be of turn away from sin's seductive snare; That all who will obey, with life and joy thro' out its vast domain; My Sov'reign bids me tell how realms beyond the sea, I'm here on business for my King. Him shall reign for aye, And that's my business for my King. This is the mortals there may dwell, And that's my business for my King.
Keep the Heart Singing!

C. H. G.

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CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. We may light-en toil and care, Or a heav-y bur-den share, With a
2. If His love is in the soul, And we yield to His con-trol, Sweetest
3. How a word of love will cheer, Kin-dle hope, and ban-ish fear, Soothe a

word, a kind-ly deed, or sun-ny smile; We may gir-dle day and night mu-
sic will the lone-ly hours be-guile; We may drive the clouds a-way, pain, or take a-way the sting of guile; Oh, how much we all may do,

With a ha-lo of de-light, If we keep the heart singing all the while! Cheer and bless the darkest day, If we keep the heart singing all the while! In the world we trav-el thro', If we keep the heart singing all the while!

CHORUS.

Keep the heart singing all the while; ... Make the world brighter with a
singing, singing all the while; brighter.

smile; ... Keep the song ringing, lone-ly hours we may be-guile,
brighter with a smile;

D. S.
The Old Time Fire.

1. O for that flame of living fire Which shone so bright in saints of old,
2. Where is that Spirit, Lord, who dwelt In Abram's breast, and sealed him Thine,
3. That Spirit who from age to age Proclaim'd Thy love and taught Thy ways,
4. Is not Thy grace as mighty now As when E-li-jah felt its pow'r—
5. Re-mem-ber, Lord, the ancient days; Re-new Thy work, Thy grace re-store,

Which bade their souls to heav'n aspire, Calm in dis-tress, in dan-ger bold!
Who made Paul's heart with sorrow melt, And glow with en-er-gy di-vine?
Bright-en-ed Isai-ah's vivid page, And breath'd in Da-vid's hallowed lays?
When glo-ry beamed from Moses' brow, Or Job en-dured the try-ing hour?
And while to Thee our hearts we raise, On us Thy Ho-ly Spir-it pour!

CHORUS.

Send the old time fire up-on us, Lord! Send the old time fire up-on us, Lord!
1. Sav-iour, 'tis a full sur-ren-der, All I leave to fol-low Thee;
2. As I come in deep con-tri-tion At this con-se-crat-ed hour,
3. No with-hold-ing—full con-fess-ion, Pleasures, rich-es, all must flee;
4. Be this theme my song and sto-ry Now and un-till life is o'er;
5. Oh, the joy of full sal-va-tion! Oh, the peace of love di-vine!

Thou my lead-er and de-fend-er From this hour shalt ev-er be!
Hear, O Christ, my heart's pe-ti-tion, Let me feel the Spir-it's power!
Ho-ly Spir-it, take pos-ses-sion, I no more, but Thou in me!
This my rapt-ure, this my glo-ry, Till I reach the shin-ing shore!
Oh, the bliss of con-se-cra-tion—I am His, and He is mine!

Chorus.

I sur-ren-der all! I sur-ren-der all! I sur-ren-der all!
Teach Me.

KATE ULMER.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

VICTOR H. BENKE.

1. Teach me, O Thou Ho-ly Spir-it, How to do my Mas-ter's will;
2. Teach me how to be sub-mis-sive, Free-ly con-se-crat-ing all,
3. Teach me how to trust Him ful-ly, E'en when faith is sore-ly tried;
4. Teach me how to fol-low tru-ly, Nev-er run-ning on be-fore,

In o-be-dience to His bid-ding, Help me His commands ful-fill.
Fond-est hopes with joy re-sign-ing In sur-ren-der to His call.
Teach me how to tell the sto-ry Of a Sav-iour cru-ci-fied.
Ev-er in His foot-steps walk-ing Till my serv-ice here is o'er.

CHORUS.

Teach me, teach me, Teach me ev'ry day what to do and what to say;
Teach me, Holy Spir-it, teach me, Holy Spir-it,

Teach me, teach me, How to do my Mas-ter's will!
Teach me, Ho-ly Spir-it, teach me, Ho-ly Spir-it.
There Shall Be Showers of Blessing.

1. "There shall be showers of blessing,"—This is the promise of love;
2. "There shall be showers of blessing,"—Precious reviving again,
3. "There shall be showers of blessing,"—Send them upon us, O Lord!
4. "There shall be showers of blessing,"—O that today they might fall,

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

CHORUS.

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

Mercy-drops round us are falling, But for the showers we plead.
The Gift of Grace.

Charles Wesley Fletcher.

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D. B. Towner.

1. Uncounted years may not suffice To understand the grace
2. Not worlds of wealth or human worth Could e'er redeem the lost;
3. In Him God's grace and justice meet, The smitten Rock of God;
4. And can I look on that face, Still scarred with wounds for me,

Which furnished me a sacrifice To suffer in my place.
The love which brought God's Son to earth Alone could meet the cost.
I take the living water, sweet, He takes the smiting rod.
And e'er forget that loving grace Alone has set me free?

Chorus.

Grace, . . . . . wonder-ful grace, . . . . . Providing a
Grace, wonder-ful grace,
grace, wonder-ful grace,
Provid-

ing a par-don for me; . . . . . Grace, . . . . . wonder-ful
par-don for me; Grace, wonder-ful grace,

Ad lib.

grace, . . . . Of-fered so free on Cal-va-ry! . . . .
grace, wonder-ful grace,
Of-fered so free on Cal-va-ry, on Cal-va-ry!
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Was There Ever a Friend so True?

Harriet Fithian

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Ira B. Wilson

1. I have a dear Saviour who loves me, I know, And whose
   will I de-light to do; He's present to cheer me wher-ev-er I go,
will I de-light to do; He's present to cheer me wher-ev-er I go,
promised to lead me thro', And clos-er He comes than a broth-er in need,
promised to lead me thro', And clos-er He comes than a broth-er in need,
spires me with hope a-new; He fills me with cour-age my bat-tles to fight,
spires me with hope a-new; He fills me with cour-age my bat-tles to fight,
flow-ing for me, for you; His pow'r is un-fail-ing, His prom-ise is sure,
flow-ing for me, for you; His pow'r is un-fail-ing, His prom-ise is sure,

Chorus.

Was there ev-er a friend so true? Was there ev-er a friend so
true?... Was there ev-er a friend so true?... I oft-en have
true?... Was there ev-er a friend so true?... I oft-en have

proved Him, I ev-er will love Him—Was there ev-er a friend so true?
proved Him, I ev-er will love Him—Was there ev-er a friend so true?
Christ at the Door.

J. Grigg.

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Frank A. Simpkins.

1. Behold, a Stranger at the door! He gently knocks, has knocked before;
2. O love-ly at-ti-tude! He stands With melting heart and laden hands;
3. But will He prove a Friend in-deed? He will—the ver-y Friend you need;
4. Ad-mit Him ere His an-ger burn—His feet, de-part-ed, ne'er re-turn;

Has wait-ed long, is wait-ing still; You treat no oth-er friend so ill.
O match-less kindness! and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
The Friend of sin-ners? yes, 'tis He, With garments dyed on Cal-va-ry.
Ad-mit Him, or the hour's at hand You'll at His door re-ject-ed stand.

Chorus.

He is knock-ing, gen-tly knock-ing, He is

knock-ing at your door; ........ 'Tis Je-sus knock-ing
knock-ing, gen-tly knock-ing at your door, at your door; knock-ing

gen-tly at your door,— Why will you have Him turn a-way?

He is knock-ing,— why will
What More Can He Do?

1. O lost ones, in danger no longer remain! The Saviour is calling again and again; Remember the anguish He treats you. His grace to receive; He offers full pardon, and Spirit, you grieve Him away; Ah, soon your probation will give you salvation to choose! His blood of atonement is suffered for you; His life paid your ransom—what more can He do? on ly demands Your loving submission to all He commands. haps may be o'er, And then your Redeemer will call you no more! flow ing for you, He offers it freely—what more can He do?

D. S.—His life paid your ransom—what more can He do?

What more can He do, what more can He do—His hands and His feet to the cross nailed for you? What more can He do, what more can He do—
1. Just lean up-on the arms of Je-sus, He'll help you a-long,
2. Just lean up-on the arms of Je-sus, He'll bright-en the way,
3. Just lean up-on the arms of Je-sus, O bring ev'-ry care,
4. Just lean up-on the arms of Je-sus, Then leave all to Him,

help you a-long; If you will trust His love un-fail-ing He'll brighten the way; Just fol-low glad-ly where He lead-eth, His bring ev'-ry care! The bur-den that has seemed so heav- y, Take leave all to Him; His heart is full of love and mer-cy, His

CHORUS.

fill your heart with song, gen-tle voice o-bey. Lean on His arms, trust-ing in His love;
to the Lord in pray'r. Lean up-on His arms, ful-ly trust-ing in His love;
eyes are nev-er dim. Lean on His arms, trust-ing in His love;

Lean on His arms, all His mer-cies prove; Lean on His Lean on His arms, and all His mer-cies prove; Lean up-on His

arms, look-ing home a-bove; Just lean on the Sav-iour's arms! arms, ev-er
There is Glory Enough for Us All.

JAMES M. GRAY

1. He came from the bosom of God, He exiled Himself from His throne;
2. Despised and rejected of men, Acquainted with sorrow was He;
3. His back to the smiters He gave, His face unto mocking and shame;
4. But hark! He arose from the dead; The battle with sin has been won;

The path of affliction He trod Was trodden by Jesus alone.
Dishonored again and again The Sinless consented to be.
Obdient e'en to the grave Our lowly Redeemer became.
The price of the blood that He shed Is glory already begun.

CHORUS.

There is glory enough for us all, . . . Glory already begun!
There is glory enough for us all, Glory already begun!

In the victory Jesus has won There is glory,
Glo - ry, there is glory, Yes, glory enough for us all!
1. Bugle calls are ringing out, "Forward" is the battle shout, See where
floats the conqu'ring sign, Onward to the war divine,
when the battle's over, We shall wear a crown In the new Jerusalem!
D.S.-when the battle's over, We shall wear a crown In the new Jerusalem!

2. Sound the charge against the foe, Lay the hosts of error low; In His
name, victorious King, Let the song of triumph ring! And when the battle's
soldiers, do and dare, Your Commander's joy to share.

3. Fight the fight of faith and love, Looking unto Him above; Loyal
Chorus. Adapted and arr.

Wear a crown, wear a crown, Away over Jordan! And
Nothing Satisfies But Jesus.

Mrs. C. H. M. and Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Nothing satisfies but Jesus, Bread of life to mortals given;
   May His presence now refresh us Like the morning dew from heav'n!
   To satisfy with every blessing, His love and peace my soul possessing;
   To all beside my heart replies: There's naught but Jesus satisfies!

2. Since I heard the voice of Jesus, Since mine eyes beheld the King,
   All my love, my heart's affection, All I have to Him I bring.
   To satisfy with every blessing, His love and peace my soul possessing;
   To all beside my heart replies: There's naught but Jesus satisfies!

3. With His joy my heart is thrilling, All my hope in Him I see;
   Doubt and gloom and fear dispelling, Christ is All in all to me!
   To satisfy with every blessing, His love and peace my soul possessing;
   To all beside my heart replies: There's naught but Jesus satisfies!
1. Eternal God, Celestial King, Exalted be Thy glorious name;
2. My heart is fixed on Thee, my God; I rest my hope on Thee alone;
3. With those who in Thy grace are bound, To Thee I'll raise my thankful voice.

Let hosts in heav'n Thy praises sing, And saints on earth Thy love proclaim!
I'll spread Thy sacred truths abroad, To all mankind Thy love make known.
Till every land the earth around Shall hear, and in Thy name rejoice.

CHORUS.

A - wake, my tongue! a - wake, my lyre! With
A - wake, my tongue! a - wake, my lyre!

To songs of joy my soul inspire, And swell your music to the skies!
1. There's a song in my heart that my lips cannot sing, 'Tis praise in the
2. I shall stand one day faultless and pure by His throne, Transformed from my
3. All the music of heaven, so perfect and sweet, Will blend with my

high-est to Jesus, my King; Its music each moment is thrilling my soul,
image conformed to His own; Then I shall find words for the song of my soul,
song and will make it complete; Thro' ages un-end-ing the echoes will roll,

For I was a sinner, but Christ made me whole. A sinner made whole, a

sinner made whole! The Saviour hath bought me and ransomed my soul! My heart it is

singing, the anthem is ringing, For I was a sinner, but Christ made me whole!
Love Found a Way.

W. S. Martin.

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D. B. TOWNER.

1. No hope had I, no light within, Till Jesus saved me from my sin;
2. My burdened heart found no relief, And deeper grew my pain and grief;
3. I looked to Christ as on the tree He bore my sins and guilt for me;

I wandered on from day to day, To bring me back love found a way.
My heavy debt I could not pay, But, praise the Lord! love found a way.
In tender tones I heard Him say: "My child, to save, love found a way."

CHORUS.

Love found a way my life to save, His precious blood Christ freely gave;

For years I prayed and hoped and tried, But now I trust the Crucified.
Thou Wilt Remember Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

JNO. R. SWENY.

1. I want no other hand, O Lord, But Thine my guide to be,
2. No tongue can tell the joy I feel Since I am one with Thee;
3. Thy Spirit's seal is on my heart, Thy image there I see;
4. No pow'r shall break my firm resolve To live and die in Thee;

For well I know thro' all my life Thou wilt remember me,
And this my song the whole day long: Thou wilt remember me.
And every hour the witness have Thou wilt remember me.
For grace thro' faith has taught my soul Thou wilt remember me.

Chorus.

Thou wilt remember me, O Lord, Thou wilt remember me!

Thy Word has said, and I believe, Thou wilt remember me.
Rejoice, Rejoice, the Lost is Found!

F. L. B.

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Frank L. Bristow.

1. Joy-ful-ly march a-long and shout the song To the earth's re-mot-est bound: "Sal-va-tion's come, the wand’rer's home, The lost one now is found!" bound: "Sal-va-tion's come, the wand’rer's home, The lost one now is found!"
low, A call from home now bids you come; Arise and say: "I'll go"; low, A call from home now bids you come; Arise and say: "I'll go";
grace, And roy-al fare they now pre-pare Be-fore His smil-ing face, grace, And roy-al fare they now pre-pare Be-fore His smil-ing face,
rare, With an-gel throng join in the song Of joy be-yond com-pare:
rare, With an-gel throng join in the song Of joy be-yond com-pare:

Sing in unison except the D. S.

Re-joice, re-joice, with heart and voice, Re-peat the wel-come sound! Re-joice, re-joice, with heart and voice, Re-peat the wel-come sound!
A crown of life is wait-ing there, And rai-ment white as snow! A crown of life is wait-ing there, And rai-ment white as snow!
A-way with fears, a-way with tears, Re-ceive His fond em-brace! A-way with fears, a-way with tears, Re-ceive His fond em-brace!
"Re-deem-er! King!" for-ev-er sing The loved ones gath-ered there. "Re-deem-er! King!" for-ev-er sing The loved ones gath-ered there.

D.S.-Sal-va-tion's come, the wand’rer's home, The lost one now is found!

Chorus.

With songs of joy your tongues employ, And re-peat the wel-come sound;
1. All glory to my Saviour, For He hath made me free; There's joy among the angels, They're singing over me; The precious blood of Calvary Is sin-ner turning To seek the Shepherd's fold; O come, dear friend, to Je-sus, And joy is greater, For great-er is His love; When one re-pent-ant sin-ner He cleansing me from sin, And in my ransomed spir-it The songs of heav'n be-gin, you'll be hap-py too, And set the bless-ed an-gels A-sing-ing o-ver you! wel-comes to His breast, In raptured hal-le-lu-jahs He lead-eth all the rest!

D. S.—There's joy among the an-gels A

round the cry-stal sea; All glory to my Saviour—They're singing o-ver me!

Chorus.

D. S.

Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry to my Saviour! Glo-ry, glory, sing His grace so free!
I'll Praise Him More and More!

1. For what the Saviour did for me Upon the cross of Calvary,
2. Because, for my lost soul to prove The depth and sweetness of His love,
3. Because He paid the debt for me, And gave my soul sweet liberty,
4. Because I know that He will come To bear my weary spirit home,

With joy thro' all eternity I'll praise Him more and more!
He left His Father's house above, I'll praise Him more and more!
Forever His my love shall be— I'll praise Him more and more!
When here below I cease to roam, I'll praise Him more and more!

CHORUS.

I'll praise Him more and more, Yes, praise Him more and more!
I'll praise Him more and more, Yes, praise Him more and more!

While ages roll my ransomed soul Shall praise Him more and more!
1. Saved by the blood of the Crucified One! Ransomed from sin and a new work begun, Sing praise to the Father and praise to the Son, Saved by the blood of the Crucified One! Glor-ry, I'm saved! glor-ry, I'm saved!

2. Saved by the blood of the Crucified One, The angels re-

3. Saved by the blood of the Crucified One! The Father He heir with the Son, Saved by the blood of the Crucified One! I am saved by the blood of the Crucified One! Glor-ry, I'm saved, glor-ry, I'm saved!

4. Saved by the blood of the Crucified One! All hail to the prayer, and a new work begun, Sing praise to the Father and praise to the Son, Saved by the blood of the Crucified One! Glor-ry, I'm saved! glor-ry, I'm saved!

C H O R U S.

My sins are all pardoned, my guilt is all gone! Glor-ry, I'm saved! glor-ry, I'm saved!

5. Saved!... saved!... My sins are all pardoned, my guilt is all gone! Glor-ry, I'm saved! glor-ry, I'm saved!

6. Saved!... saved!... I am saved by the blood of the Crucified One! Glor-ry, I'm saved, glor-ry, I'm saved!
Ye are My Witnesses.

1. The Saviour is summoned to trial again, Depending, my brother, on you to speak as His witness to perishing men, sinners through thee; He uses thy lips the good tidings to tell: Lamb and thy word, confessing the grace He extended to you, mercy, so great; Your word may save others from sin and distress;

2. Thy heart is the home where He deigneth to dwell, He reaches lost hope of o'ercoming the arch foe is through The blood of the Master is waiting to hear you confess His goodness and

3. Your hope of o'ercoming the arch foe is through The blood of the Master is waiting to hear you confess His goodness and

4. The Master is waiting to hear you confess His goodness and

CHORUS.

And tell what His power can do.
Thy faithfulness setteth men free. Tell it, tell it,
Acknowledging blessings conferred.
Some future time may be too late. Tell it, oh, tell it in words true and plain!

Lest Jesus should trust you in vain! Did He die in your place,

Did He grant you His grace, And can you in silence remain?

Note: Ad lib. indicates that the singer should improvise.
1. Sinners Jesus will receive: Sound this word of grace to all
2. Come, and He will give you rest; Trust Him, for His Word is plain;
3. Now my heart condemns me not, Pure before the law I stand;
4. Christ receiveth sinful men, Even me with all my sin;

Who the heav'n-ly path-way leave, All who linger, all who fall.
He will take the sinful-est; Christ receiveth sinful men.
He who cleansed me from all spot Satis-fied its last de-mand.
Purged from ev'-ry spot and stain, Heav'n with Him I enter in.

REFRAIN.

Sing it o'er a-gain: Make the mes-sage clear and plain:

Sing it o'er a-gain, sing it o'er a-gain:

Sing it o'er a-gain, sing it o'er a-gain:

Sing it o'er a-gain, sing it o'er a-gain:

Sing it o'er a-gain, sing it o'er a-gain:
Let Him In!

J. B. Atchinson.
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1. There's a Stranger at the door, Let Him in;
2. Open now to Him your heart, Let Him in;
3. Hear you now His loving voice? Let Him in;
4. Now admit the heav'nly Guest, Let Him in;

Let the Saviour in, Let the Saviour in;

He has been there oft before, Let Him in;
If you wait He will depart, Let Him in;
Now, oh, now make Him your choice, Let Him in;
He will make for you a feast, Let Him in;

Let the Saviour in, Let the Saviour in;

Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Holy One,
Let Him in, He is your Friend He your soul will sure defend,
He is standing at your door, Joy to you He will restore,
He will speak your sins for-giv'n, And when earth ties all are riv'n,

Jesus Christ, the Father's Son, Let Him in!
He will keep you to the end, Let Him in!
And His name you will adore, Let Him in!
He will take you home to heav'n,

Let the Saviour in. Let the Saviour in!
1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of His Word, What a glory He sheds on our way! While we do His good will He abides with us still, drives it away; Not a shadow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly Not a burden we bear, Not a sorrow we share, But our toil He doth But we never can prove The delights of His love Until all on the Chorus.

And with all who will trust and obey.
Can abide while we trust and obey.
But is blest if we trust and obey. Trust and obey, for there's Are for those who will trust and obey.
Never fear, only trust and obey.

no other way To be happy in Jesus but to trust and obey!

2. Not a shadow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly Not a burden we bear, Not a sorrow we share, But our toil He doth But we never can prove The delights of His love Until all on the Chorus.

And with all who will trust and obey.
Can abide while we trust and obey.
But is blest if we trust and obey. Trust and obey, for there's Are for those who will trust and obey.
Never fear, only trust and obey.

no other way To be happy in Jesus but to trust and obey!
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Will I Shine Like the Stars?

Harriet E. Jones.

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English Copyright.

D. B. Towner.

1. I am thinking just now of that wonderful clime
   Where the songs of the

2. Am I loyal to Christ, am I spreading His fame
   In His field, in my

3. With His sword in my hand do I stand for the right?
   Am I eager to

4. Do I win for my Lord, in my journey along,
   Precious souls all His

   blest fill the air;
   When I stand with the saved in that region sublime,
   home, everywhere?
   All His mercy and love do I daily proclaim?
   do and to dare?
   Am I filled with His love?
   Am I strong in His might?
   riches to share?
   Am I serving my King by confession and song?

Chorus.

Will I shine like the stars o-ver there? Will I shine

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Chorus.
Get Ready to Welcome the King!

Fannie K. Allen.
Arr. by J. M. G.

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1. A servant of Jesus am I, To you this message I bring: The night is far spent, the day dawns at length, Get ready to near, For Jesus, God's Son, shall come to His throne, The Saviour to gain; He humbled Himself to die on the cross, But soon He is hold; The night is far spent, the day is at hand, The day by the
2. Dark evil has long held its sway; Its end is coming and sinners so dear. Get ready to welcome the King, Get coming to reign, prophets foretold!
3. All power to Jesus is given, Ascended to heaven a-day dawns at length, Get ready to welcome the King!
4. Then lift up your heads, O ye saints, Your great redemption be-
Yes, There's One!

1. Is there a Friend on whom sinners may call? Yes, there's one, yes, there's one;  
2. Is there a Saviour for souls that are lost? Yes, there's one, yes, there's one;  
3. Is there a refuge from sorrow and sin? Yes, there's one, yes, there's one;  
4. Is there a haven of rest from all care? Yes, there's one, yes, there's one;  
5. Is there a heaven where we all may meet? Yes, there's one, yes, there's one;  

A Friend who will help you whatever be-fall? Yes, there's one, only one;  
A Saviour who'll rescue, tho' great is the cost? Yes, there's one, only one;  
A refuge for all who would enter in? Yes, there's one, only one;  
A haven where Satan can never ensnare? Yes, there's one, only one;  
Where loved ones who've gone on before we may greet? Yes, there's one, only one;  

Jesus of Nazareth, crucified, On the cross for sinners died;  

He is a Friend when there's none beside; Yes, there's one, only one!  
He is the Saviour, there's none beside; Yes, there's one, only one!  
He is the refuge, there's none beside; Yes, there's one, only one!  
He is the resting-place, there abide; Yes, there's one, only one!  
With Him in heaven the saved abide; Yes, there's one, only one!
All for Jesus.

1. All, yes, all I give to Jesus, It belongs to Him;
2. All, yes, all I give to Jesus, It belongs to Him;
3. All, yes, all I give to Jesus, It belongs to Him;
4. All, yes, all I give to Jesus, It belongs to Him;

All my heart I give to Jesus, It belongs to Him;
All my voice I give to Jesus, It belongs to Him;
All my love I give to Jesus, It belongs to Him;
All my life I give to Jesus, It belongs to Him;

Ev-er-more to be His dwelling, Ev-er-more His praises swelling;
Pleading for the young and hoar-y, Tell-ing of His pow'r and glory,
Lo-ving Him for love un-ceasing, For His mer-cy e'er in-creasing,
Hour by hour I'll live for Jesus, Day by day I'll work for Jesus,

Ev-er-more His good-ness tell-ing, It belongs to Him.
Sing-ing o'er and o'er the sto-ry, It belongs to Him.
For His watch-care nev-er ceasing, It belongs to Him.
Ev-er-more I'll hon-or Jesus, It belongs to Him.
1. Make us ready when the Lord descends! Grant that we may gladly greet Him,

2. Make us ready when the Lord descends! Let our lamps be trimmed and burning,

3. Blessed morning when the Lord descends! We shall then with praise receive Him,

Hast- ing forth with joy to meet Him— Make us ready when the Lord descends!
All our hearts for Him be yearning— Make us ready when the Lord descends!
Even sin- ners will be- lieve Him On that morning when the Lord descends.

CHORUS.

When He comes, when He comes, When He comes to reign in right-eous-ness,

When He comes, when He comes, Make us read- y when the Lord de- scends!
How Sweet is His Love!

1. When troubled my soul and when peace I would find, How sweet is the
   love of Jesus! When lonely I feel, and when friends are unkind,
   sweet is His love, How sweet is His love to me! When

2. When fainting and helpless I fall in despair, How sweet is the
   love of Jesus! When suffering with pain, and when sorrow I bear,
   how sweet, how sweet is His love, O how

3. When dark is the night and when sorely distressed, How sweet is the
   love of Jesus! When longing my soul for His comfort and rest,
   friends all have gone, and I suffer alone, How sweet is His love to me!
Oh, it is Wonderful!

C. H. G.

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WORhS AND MUSIC.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I stand all a-mazed at the love Jesus of-fers me, Con-fused at the
2. I mar-vel that He would descend from His throne divine To res-cue a
3. I think of His hands, pierc'd and bleeding to pay the debt! Such mercy, such

grace that so ful-ly He prof-fers me; I trem-ble to know that for
soul so re-bel-lious and proud as mine; That He should ex-tend His great
love and de-vo-tion can I for-get? No, no, I will praise and a-

me He was cru-ci-fied, That for me, a sin-ner, He suffer'd, He bled and died.
love un-to such as I, Suf-fi-cient to own, to re-deem and to jus-ti-fy.
dore at the mer-cy-seat, Un-til at the glo-ri-fied throne I kneel at His feet.

CHORUS.

Oh, it is won-der-ful that He should care for me

won-der-ful!
Oh, it is Wonderful!

Enough to die for me; Oh, it is wonderful, wonderful to me!

67

Look and Live!

W. A. O.

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W. A. OGDEN.

1. I've a message from the Lord, Hal-le-lu-jah! The message un-to you I'll give;
2. I've a message full of love, Hal-le-lu-jah! A message, O my friend, for you;
3. Life is of-fer'd un-to you, Hal-le-lu-jah! E-ter-nal life thy soul shall have
4. I will tell you how I came, Hal-le-lu-jah! To Jesus when He made me whole:

'Tis re-cord-ed in His word, Hal-le-lu-jah! It is on-ly that you "look and live"!
'Tis a message from above, Hal-le-lu-jah! Je-sus said it, and I know 'tis true!
If you'll on-ly look to Him, Hal-le-lu-jah! Look to Jesus who a-lone can save!
'Twas believing on His name, Hal-le-lu-jah! I trusted, and He saved my soul!

D.S. 'Tis re-cord-ed in His word, Hal-le-lu-jah! It is on-ly that you "look and live"!

CHORUS.

"Look and live," . . . my brother, live, Look to Je-sus now and live!
"Look and live," "my brother, live," "look and live,"
1. When they crucified my Saviour
   On the cross of Calvary, There a

2. Now I plead the blood of Jesus,
   And He's with me all the way; I am

3. He will robe me with white raiment
   When my pilgrim-age is past, And pre-

blessed fount was opened For my cleansing, full and free, And my sins were
happy and rejoicing In His favor ev'ry day; In the burden
sent me pure and spotless With the sanctified at last; I will sing His

all forgiven Just by faith in His shed blood—They are wash'd away for
and the trial There is none so kind as He; My Redeemer is my
praise and glory Un-to all e-ter-ni-ty, Tell-ing ev-er-more the

Chorus.

ever By the crimson flood!
kinsman, And His blood saves me! It cleanseth me, it cleanseth me! The
story How His blood saved me!

precious blood of Jesus Ful-ly cleanseth me! It cleanseth me,
Yes, the precious blood of Jesus ful-ly cleanseth, cleanseth me!
The Cleansing Blood.

it cleans-eth me! The precious blood of Je-sus Ful-ly cleans-eth me.

He Died for Thee.

WORDS ARRANGED.

1. Hark, hark, hark! 'Tis a mes-sage of mer-cy free;
2. Come, come, come! It was Je-sus who res-cued me;
3. Now, now, now! To-mor-row too late may be;

O sin-ner, thy crim-son sins are dark, But Je-sus hath
He heal-eth the lep-er, the lame, the dumb—O sin-ner, He
O sin-ner, with tears of con-tra-tion bow, Con-fess-ing He

REFRAIN.

died for thee! Died for thee, died for thee! O

sin-ner, thy crim-son sins are dark, But Je-sus hath died for thee!
1. There's a royal banner given for display
   To the soldiers of the Lord;
   As an ensign fair we lift it up to-day,
   Marching on, marching on,

2. Though the foe may rage and gather as the flood,
   Let the standard be displayed,
   And beneath its folds, as soldiers of the Lord,
   Marching on, marching on,

3. Over land and sea, wherever man may dwell,
   Make the glorious tidings known;
   Of the crimson banner now the story tell,
   While the Lord shall claim His own!

4. When the glory dawns—'tis drawing very near—It is hast'ning of the King;
   Then before our King the foe shall disappear,
   And the cross the world shall sway!
   For Christ count every thing but loss!

chorus

While as ransomed ones we sing.
For the truth be not dismayed!
While the Lord shall claim His own!
And to
The Banner of the Cross.

crown Him King, toil and sing 'Neath the banner of the cross!

71  We'll Work till Jesus Comes.

ELIZABETH MILLS.  WILLIAM MILLER.

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the moment come
2. To Jesus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
3. I sought at once my Saviour's side, No more my steps shall roam;

When I shall lay my armor by, And dwell in peace at home?
And lean for succor on His breast Till He conduct me home.
With Him I'll brave death's chilling tide, And reach my heav'n-ly home.

CHORUS.

We'll work till Jesus comes, We'll work till Jesus comes,
We'll work We'll work

We'll work till Jesus comes, And we'll be gathered home!
1. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The storms that would my way oppose,
2. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The balm I need to soothe my woes,
3. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows How frail I am to meet my foes,
4. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The hour my journey here will close,

But He can drive the clouds a-way, And turn my dark-ness in - to day,
And with His touch of love di-vine, He heals this wounded soul of mine,
But He my cause will e'er de-fend, Up-hold and keep me to the end,
And may that hour, O faith-ful Guide, Find me safe shel-tered by Thy side,

Refrain.

And turn my dark-ness in - to day.
He heals this wound-ed soul of mine.
He knows,
Up-hold and keep me to the end.
Find me safe shel-tered by Thy side.

knows The storms that would my way op-pose; He
I'm sure He knows that would my way op-pose:
My Father Knows.

knows, He knows, And tempers ev'ry wind that blows!
My Fa-ther knows, I'm sure He knows, ev'-ry wind that blows!

73  I Never Will Cease to Love Him.

C. H. G.

For all the Lord has done for me I nev-er will cease to love Him;
He gives me strength for ev'-ry day—I nev-er will cease to love Him;
He saves ev'-ry day and hour—I nev-er will cease to love Him;
While on my jour-ney here be-low I nev-er will cease to love Him;

And for His grace so rich and free I nev-er will cease to love Him.
He leads and guides me all the way—I nev-er will cease to love Him.
Just now I feel His cleansing pow'r—I nev-er will cease to love Him.
And when to that bright world I go I nev-er will cease to love Him.

CHORUS.

I never will cease to love Him, (He's) My Saviour, (He's) my Saviour;
I never will cease to love Him, (for) He's done so much for me.

1. Faith has o-ver-come temp-ta - tion, Fear-less faced the sword and fire;
2. Faith has fought and been vic-to-ri-ous, Put the al - ien hordes to flight;
3. Faith has held the cross up-lift - ed High a - bove the wrecks of time;

Hope has lightened trib-u-la - tion, Pointing t’ward the heart’s de-sire;
Hope up-held the vis - ion glo - ri- ous Of the tri-umph of the right;
Hope the low-’ring cloud has rift- ed With her prom - is - es sub - lime;

Love a-lone her-self has of - fered For a sor - row not her own;
But ’twas Love came down from heav-en, Came to van - quish death and sin;
But ’tis Love throws wide the por - tal Of the home be-yond the skies;

Love a-lone has borne and suf - fered Ev - ’ry woe to mar - tyr’s known.
Love a-lone her life has giv - en, Hearts to heal and souls to win.
Love that gives to souls im - mor - tal Fade - less joys of Par - a - dise.

CHORUS.

Faith, Hope and Love,— Grac - es from heav-en they fall;
Love is the Greatest of All.

Faith, Hope and Love,— Love is the greatest of all.

Blessed Lord Jesus!

1. Thou bless-ed Lord Je-sus, my Treas-ure di-vine, My spir-it re-
   joc-es to claim Thee as mine; Thine arm to em-brace me, my
   life, and Thy love is as wine; Thy words are as hon-ey that
   me than rich gold from the mine, Than gems from the mountain, than
   ray me in beau-ty like Thine? When o'er the dark mountains Thy

2. Thou bless-ed Lord Je-sus, my Treas-ure di-vine, Thy fa-vor is

3. Thou bless-ed Lord Je-sus, my Treas-ure di-vine, More pre-cious to

4. Thou bless-ed Lord Je-sus, my Treas-ure di-vine, When wilt Thou ar-

pil-low Thy breast, Is ful-ness of bless-ing and in-fi-nite rest!
drops from the comb, And they com-fort my soul like a mes-sage from home,
pearls from the sea, More fair in Thy beau-ty, and dear-er to mel
ra-di-ance fling, Bright Star of the Morn-ing, my Bridegroom, my King?
Will There be Any Stars?

E. E. Hewitt.

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JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I am think-ing to - day of that beau - ti - ful land I shall
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la - bor and pray, Let me
3. Oh, what joy it will be when His face I be - hold, Liv - ing

reach when the sun go - eth down; When thro' won - der - ful grace by my
watch as a win - ner of souls, That bright stars may be mine in the
gems at His feet to lay down! It would sweet - en my bliss in the

Sav - iour I stand, Will there be an - y stars in my crown?
glo - ri - ous day When His praise like the sea - bil - low rolls.
cit - y of gold Should there be an - y stars in my crown.

Chorus.

Will there be an - y stars, an - y stars in my crown When at

ev - 'ning the sun go - eth down? When I wake with the blest
Will There be Any Stars?

In the mansions of rest, Will there be any stars in my crown?

He Leadeth Me.

1. He lead-eth me: O bless-ed thought! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
2. Sometimes'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev-er mur-mur or re-pine;
4. And when my task on earth is done, When by Thy grace the vict'ry's won,

What-e'er I do, whe-ner I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
By wa-ters still, o'er trou-bled sea—Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
Con-tent, what-ev-er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me.
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor-dan lead-eth me.

CHORUS.

He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me, By His own hand He lead-eth me;

His faith-ful follower I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.
My Anchor Holds.

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W. C. Martin.

1. Tho' the angry Surg-es roll, On my tem-pest-driv-en soul,
2. Mighty tides a-bout me sweep, Per-ils lurk with-in the deep,
3. Troubles al-most whelm the soul, Griefs like bil-lows o'er me roll,

I am peace-ful, for I know, Wild-ly tho' the winds may blow,
An-gry clouds o'er-shade the sky, And the tem-pest ris-es high;
Tempters seek to lure a-stray, Storms ob-scure the light of day,

I've an an-chor safe and sure, And in Christ I shall en-dure!
Still I stand the tempest's shock, For my an-chor grips the Rock!
But in Christ I can be bold—I've an an-chor that shall hold!

Chorus.

And it holds, my an-chor holds; Blow your wild-est, then, O
gale,
And it holds, my an-chor holds, Blow your wild-est

And it holds, my an-chor holds; Blow your wild-est, then, O
gale,
And it holds, my an-chor holds, Blow your wild-est
goal,
On my bark so small and frail, I shall nev-er, nev-er
then, O gale,
My Anchor Holds.

fail; For my anchor holds, my anchor holds!
For my anchor holds, it firmly holds,

At Calvary.

1. Years I spent in vanity and pride, Car-ing not my Lord was
2. By God's Word at last my sin I learned; Then I trem-bled at the
3. Now I've giv'n to Je-sus ev'-ry thing, Now I glad-ly own Him
4. O the love that drew sal-va-tion's plan! O the grace that brought it

cru-ci-fied, Know-ing not it was for me He died On Cal-va-ry.
law I'd spurn'd, Till my guilt-y soul im-plor-ing turned To Cal-va-ry.
as my King, Now my raptured soul can on-ly sing Of Cal-va-ry.
down to man! O the might-y gulf that God did span At Cal-va-ry!

CHORUS.

Mer-cy there was great, and grace was free; Par-don there was mul-ti-
plied to me; There my burdened soul found lib-er-ty, At Cal-va-ry!
Calling the Prodigal.

C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. God is calling the prod-i-gal, come with-out de-lay, Hear, O
2. Pa-tient, lov-ing, and ten-der-ly still the Fa-ther pleads, Hear, O
3. Come, there's bread in the house of thy Fa-ther, and to spare, Hear, O

hear Him call-ing, call-ing now for thee; Tho' you've wandered so
hear Him call-ing, call-ing now for thee; O re-turn while the
hear Him call-ing, call-ing now for thee; Lo! the ta-ble is

far from His presence, come today, Hear His loving voice calling still.
Spirit in mer-cy in-ter-cedes, Hear His loving voice calling still.
spread and the feast is waiting there, Hear His loving voice calling still.
calling still.

CHORUS.

Call-ing now for thee, ... O wea-ry prod-i-gal,
Calling now for thee, Calling now for thee, Wea-ry prod-i-gal, come,

come; ... . . . Call-ing now for thee, ... . . .
wea-ry prod-i-gal, come; Call-ing now for thee, Call-ing now for thee,
Calling the Prodigal.

O wea-ry prod-i-gal, come!

Wea-ry prod-i-gal, come!

Wea-ry prod-i-gal, come!

Wea-ry prod-i-gal, come!

Somebody.

1. Some-body did a gold-en deed, Prov-ing him-self a friend in need;
2. Some-body tho't 'tis sweet to live, Will-ing-ly said: 'I'm glad to give';
3. Some-body i-died all the hours, Care-less-ly crush'd life's fairest flow'rs;
4. Some-body filled the day with light, Con-stant-ly chased a-way the night;

Some-body sang a cheer-ful song, Bright'ning the skies the whole day long—
Some-body fought a val-iant fight, Bravely he lived to shield the right—
Some-body made life loss, not gain, Thought-less-ly seemed to live in vain—
Some-body's work bore joy and peace, Sure-ly his life shall nev-er cease—

Was that some-body you? Was that some-body you?
1. I’ve something in my heart that Jesus gave to me, It makes me feel like singing glory all the day; He found my captive soul and gave me liberty, And now I feel like singing glory! and let Him take control: Then you will feel like singing glory!

2. My Saviour loosed my tongue that I might speak His praise; Since then I have been singing glory all the day; I love to tell the lost that shall not pass away—I cannot keep from singing glory! and let Him take control: Then you will feel like singing glory!

3. My Saviour took my feet from out the miry clay; Since then I feel like singing glory all the day, Just let the Saviour in, and let Him take control: Then you will feel like singing glory!

4. O weary heart, and sad, O heavy laden soul, If you would feel like singing glory all the day; He placed them on the Rock and gave me liberty, And now I feel like singing glory! of Jesus and His ways, And oh, it keeps me singing glory! and let Him take control: Then you will feel like singing glory!

Chorus.

He makes the path grow brighter every passing day, He makes the burden lighter all along the way; His Word is my delight,
O Could I Speak!

SAMUEL MEDLEY. ARIEL. Arr. Lowell Mason.

1. O could I speak the matchless worth, O could I sound the glories forth Which
2. I'd sing the precious blood He spilt, My ransom from the dreadful guilt Of
3. I'd sing the char-ac-ter He bears, And all the forms of love He wears, Ex-
4. Well, the de-lightful day will come When my dear Lord will bring me home, And

in my Sav-iour shine, I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with sin and wrath di-vice; I'd sing His glo-rious righteousness, In which all alt-ed on His throne; In loftiest songs of sweet-est praise I would to I shall see His face; Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend, A blest e-

Gabriel while he sings In notes almost di-vice, In notes al-most di-vice! perfect heav'nly dress My soul shall ever shine, My soul shall ev-er shine! ev-er-lasting days Make all His glories known, Make all His glories known! ter-ni-ty I'll spend, Triumphant in His grace, Triumphant in His grace!
1. On Ol - i - vet the Vic - tor stands, The King of Glo - ry now; His
   blood has met the law's demands, Rich bless - ings fall from outstretched hands His
2. In cloud - y car of white and gold He rides in maj - es - ty, And
   leads in chains, as long fore - told, Both sin and death, our foes of old, To
3. His train draws near, Swing wide the gates, His tri - umph has be - gun! This
   day all heav - en cel - e - brates; The Fa - ther on His throne a - waits The
4. Ye wist - ful watch - ers, some glad day Your King will come a - gain As
   ye have seen Him go a - way, His sce - pre all the earth to sway—Will

   Chorus. Moderato.

   peo - ple to en - dow. 
   Af - ter the shock of the bat - tle, Af - ter the
   their cap - tiv - i - ty. 
   com - ing of His Son.
   you be read - y then?

   fall of the foe, 
   Crowned with the glo - ry of con - quest, Back to His

   throne doth He go; An - gels with sil - ver trum - pets Fling the glad echoes a-
The Ascending King.

far, Herald His coming to heaven, Tell it from star unto star!

Arise and Shine!

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D. B. TOWNER.

1. Arise and shine, thy light is come! The Lord hath made thee free;
2. Arise and shine, thy light is come! Let sin and sorrow hide;
3. Arise and shine, thy light is come! Thy God thy glory is;
4. Arise and shine, thy light is come, And night shall be no more;

The chains of darkness bind no more; Go forth in liberty!
Go forth and show to all the world That light and life abide!
Show forth the wonders of His love, And let all praise be His!
Shine till the glory of the Lord Is known from shore to shore!

CHORUS.

A - rise and shine, thy light is come! A - rise, a - rise and shine! With

love’s bright adornment, Shine forth as the morning, A - rise, a - rise and shine!
1. When my life work is ended, and I cross the swelling tide, When the
bright and glorious morning I shall see, I shall know my Redeemer when I
reach the other side, And His smile will be the first to welcome me,
mercy, love and grace That prepared for me a mansion in the sky,
sing my welcome home; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.
mingle with delight; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.

2. Oh, the soul-thrilling rapture when I view His blessed face, And the
I shall know Him, I shall know Him, And redeemed by His side I shall stand,
3. Oh, the dear ones in glory, how they beckon me to come, And our
I shall know Him.
4. Thro' the gates to the city in a robe of spotless white He will

CHORUS.
My Saviour First of All.

I shall know Him, I shall know Him By the print of the nails in His hand.

I shall know Him.

I Need Thee Every Hour.

1. I need Thee ev'ry hour, Most gracious Lord; No tender voice like
2. I need Thee ev'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temptations lose their
3. I need Thee ev'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quickly and a-
4. I need Thee ev'ry hour, Most Holy One; O make me Thine in-

Chorus.

Thine Can peace afford.
pow'r When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, O I need Thee, Ev'-ryhour I
bide, Or life is vain.
deed, Thou bless-ed Son!

need Thee! O bless me now, my Saviour, I come to Thee!
My Light and My Salvation.

1. My light and my salvation, O Lord of life, art Thou; Accept
   my consecration, To Thee I pay my vow. Thou art the King of
   glory, Thy love hath set me free; O sweet and blessed story, The
   ages Thy Word has still been true; Today its blessed pages My
   holy, In all Thy love and might, Within my heart so lowly, Be

   Chorus.

   Saviour died for me!
   hope and strength re-new. O Lord, my life and
   Thou my life and light! O Lord, my life, my life and light,

   O Lord, my life, my life and light, my
   my salvation, I love Thee and adore; I rest on
   my life and my
   life and my salvation.

   I rest on Thee, I
My Light and My Salvation.

Thee, the true foundation, I rest for-ev-er-more.
I rest on Thee, on Thee, on Thee, The true
3

Let the Lower Lights be Burning.


1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer-cy From His light-house ev-er-more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an-gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee-ble lamp, my broth-er; Some poor sail-or, tem-pest-toss'd,

But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a-long the shore.
Ea-ger eyes are watch-ing, long-ing, For the lights a-long the shore.
Try-ing now to make the har-bor, In the dark-ness may be lost!

Chorus.

Let the low-er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a-cross the wave!

Some poor faint-ing strug-gling sea-man You may res-cue, you may save!
Christ Jesus Hath the Power.

JAMES M. GRAY.

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1. Christ Jesus hath the pow'r, The pow'er to for-give,
The pow'r to quick-en whom He will, And make the sin-ner live.
Christ Jesus hath the pow'r, O tell it far and near!
O bring to Him your guilt-y heart, And grace shall ban-ish fear!

2. Christ Jesus hath the pow'r, The pow'er to re-new,
The pow'r to cleanse your heart from sin, And make you whol-ly true.
Christ Jesus hath the pow'r For ev-er-more to keep;
O none can pluck you from His hand, Or rob Him of His sheep!

3. Christ Jesus hath the pow'r, The pow'er to con-sole,
The pow'r to car-ry all your care—On Him your bur-dens roll.
Christ Jesus hath the pow'r To wipe the tear a-way;
O place in Him your con-fi-dence! O trust Him, and o-bey!

4. Christ Jesus hath the pow'r, The pow'er to de-stroy,
The pow'r to bruise your en-e-my Who would your soul an-noy.
Christ Jesus hath the pow'r, When on your dy-ing bed,
To give your soul the vic-to-ry, The pow'r to raise the dead!

CHORUS.

Christ Jesus hath the pow'r, The pow'r of God He wields! Christ Jesus

The pow'r to quick-en whom He will, And make the sin-ner live.
The pow'r to cleanse your heart from sin, And make you whol-ly true.
The pow'r to car-ry all your care—On Him your bur-dens roll.
The pow'r to bruise your en-e-my Who would your soul an-noy.
Christ Jesus Hath the Power.

hath the pow'r, My heart sur-ren-der yields! Christ Jesus hath the pow'r, I

trust Him ev-er-more! Christ Jesus hath the pow'r, I wor-ship and a-dore!

91 “Almost Persuaded.”

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

1. "Al-most per-suad-ed" now to be-lieve; "Al-most per-suad-ed?"
2. "Al-most per-suad-ed"—come, come to-day! "Al-most per-suad-ed?"
3. "Al-most per-suad-ed"—har-vest is past! "Al-most per-suad-ed"—

Christ to re-ceive; Seems now some soul to say: "Go, Spir-it,
turn not a-way! Je-sus in-vites you here, An-gels are
doom comes at last! "Al-most? can-not a-vail, "Al-most? is
go Thy way; Some more con-ven-ient day On Thee I'll call,"
lingering near, Prayers rise from hearts so dear; O wanderer, come!
but to fail; Sad, sad, that bit-ter wail: "Al-most—but lost!"
Would You Believe?

Caroline Sawyer.  
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D. B. TOWNER.

1. If you could see Christ stand-ing here to-night, His thorn-crown'd head and
pierced hands could view, Could see those eyes that beam with heav'n's own light,
on-ly pure and true, Could see the nail-prin-ts in His ten-der feet, in
your nar-row pew; If you will list-en you will hear Him say

2. If you could see that face, so calm and sweet, Those lips that spake words
And hear Him say—"Beloved, 'twas for you"—Would you be-lieve, . . . . .
In lov-ing tones—"Beloved, 'twas for you"—Will you be-lieve, . . . . .
Wouuld you be-lieve,
Last v. Will you be-lieve.

3. He whis-pers to your heart, turn not a-way, For He's be-side you
and Je-sus re-ceive . . . . . . If He were stand-ing
and Je-sus re-ceive . . . . . . For He is stand-ing

and Je-sus re-ceive? If He were stand-ing
and Je-sus re-ceive? For He is stand-ing
Would You Believe?

Would you believe, and Jesus were standing here?

If He were standing, If He were standing here?

Would you believe, Will you believe, and Jesus receive, If He were standing here?

Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper.

J. E. Gould.

1. Jesus, Saviour, pilot me Over life's tempestuous sea!

2. As a mother stills her child, Thou canst hush the ocean wild;

3. When at last I reach the shore, And the fearful breakers roar

unknown waves before me roll, Hiding rock and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves obey Thy will When Thou sayst to them: "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while leaning on Thy breast,

D. C.-Chart and compass come from Thee: Jesus, Saviour, pilot me!
D. C.-Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Jesus, Saviour, pilot me!
D. C.-May I hear Thee say to me: "Fear not, I will pilot Thee"!

D. C.
1. When upon life's billows you are tempest-tossed, When you are distressed,
2. Are you ever burdened with a load of care? Does the cross seem heavy to you, thinking all is lost, Count your many blessings, name them one by one,
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, And it will surprise you what the Lord hath done.
4. So amid the conflict, wheth-er great or small, Do not be dis-tressed,
   And you will be sing-ing as the days go by, can-not buy—Your re-ward in heaven, nor your home on high.
   will at-tend, Help and com-fort give you to your jour-ney's end.

Chorus.

Count your blessings, Name them one by one; Count your
Count your many bless-ings, Name them one by one; Count your many
Count Your Blessings!

blessings, See what God hath done; Count your blessings,
See what God hath done; Count your many blessings.

Name them one by one; Count your many blessings, See what God hath done!

When I Survey.

1. When I survey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glory 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 mingled down!
4. Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were an off'ring far too small;

My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri-fice them to His blood.
Did e'er such love and sor-row meet, Or thorns com-pose so rich a crown?
Love so a-maz-ing, so di-vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all!
1. O golden day when light shall break And dawn's bright glories shall un-
fold, When He who knows the path I take Shall place Where, safe from sin, and storm, and wrath, They me; I fol-low Him, that won-drous Friend Whose

gold! ... Earth's lit-tle while will live who trust re-deem-ing grace. ... Sing, sing, my heart, a-
matchless love is full and free. ... And when with Him I

soon be past, My pil-grim song will soon be o'er; The grace that long the way! The grace that saves will keep and guide Till breaks the en-
ter in, And all the way look back to trace, The conqu'ror's

saves shall time out-last, And be my theme on yon-der shore. glo-
rious crown-ing day, And I shall cross to yon-der side. palm I then shall win, Thro' Christ and His re-deem-ing grace.
Chorus.

Then I shall know as I am known, and stand complete before the throne;

Then I shall see my Saviour's face, And all my song be "Saving grace!"

Fairest Lord Jesus.

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

O Thou of God and man the Son, Thee will I cher-ish,
Robed in the bloom-ing garb of spring; Je-sus is fair-er,
And all the twink-ling star-ry host; Je-sus shines bright-er,

Thee will I hon-or, Thou my soul's glo-ry, joy and crown!
Je-sus is pur-er, Who makes the woeful heart to sing!
Je-sus shines pur-er, Than all the an-gels heav'n can boast!
Some Day.

1. Some day 'twill all be over—The toil and cares of life; Some day the world be vanquish'd, With all this mortal strife; Some day, the journey ended, I'll lay my burden down; Some day, in realms supernatural, Revoic-es Of God's angelic throng; Some day I'll join the chorus In on me from that white throne above; Some day I'll know the fullness Of

Chorus.

receive at last my crown.

heav'n's immortal song. Some day, some happy day, some happy day.

His undying love.
The Lord will wipe all tears away, And I shall go to dwell with Him, To dwell with Him some happy day!

Fling Out the Banner!

1. Fling out the banner! let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide;
2. Fling out the banner! angels bend In anxious silence o'er the sign,
3. Fling out the banner! heathen lands Shall see from far the glorious sight,
4. Fling out the banner! let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide;
5. Fling out the banner! wide and high, Sea-ward and sky-ward let it shine;

The sun that lights its shining folds, The cross on which the Sav-iour died.
And vain-ly seek to com-pre-hend The won-der of the love di-vine.
And na-tions, crowd-ing to be born, Bap-tize their spir-its in its light.
Our glo-ry on-ly in the cross, Our on-ly hope the Cru-ci-fied.
Nor skill, nor might, nor mer-it ours; We con-quer on-ly in that sign.
Oh, What a Change!

100

Oh, what a change, Oh, what a change, ... When I shall
Oh, what a change, Oh, what a change,
Oh, What a Change!

see His wonderful face! Oh, what a change, ... Oh, what a change,

change, ... When I shall see His face!

101 Hallelujah, What a Saviour!

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

1. "Man of Sorrows"—what a name For the Son of God who came
2. Bear-ing shame and scoff-ing rude, In my place condemned He stood,
3. Guilt-y, vile and help-less we; Spot-less Lamb of God was He;
4. Lift-ed up was He to die; "It is fin-ished!" was His cry;
5. When He comes, our glo-rious King, All His ran-somed home to bring,

Ru-ined sin-ners to re-claim! Hal-le-lu-jah, what a Sav-iour!
Sealed my par-don with His blood; Hal-le-lu-jah, what a Sav-iour!
Full a-tone-ment—can it be? Hal-le-lu-jah, what a Sav-iour!
Now in heav’n ex-alt-ed high; Hal-le-lu-jah, what a Sav-iour!
Then a-new this song we’ll sing: "Hal-le-lu-jah, what a Sav-iour!"
1. Before I found my Saviour I had a load of care, No
2. Since I have found the Saviour My heart is free and light, My
3. I'm ever looking home-ward Where perfect bliss a-waits, Where

com-fort in my sor-row, No help my yoke to bear; But
days no more are drear-y, No sad-ness comes with night; But
crowns a-wait our com-ing, Be-yond the pearl-y gates; My

now that I know Je-sus, And all my cares are gone, My
joy is mine un-ceas-ing, And sun-shine floods my way— I'm
heart is filled with long-ing To pass those por-tals fair, And

soul is filled with sing-ing, And my lips are filled with song!
on the road to heav-en, And to ev-er-last-ing day!
greet the friends and an-gels Who a-wait my com-ing there.
My Soul is Filled with Singing.

CHORUS.

My soul is filled with singing, My days are bright with love,

My soul is filled with singing, My days are bright with love,

I'm happy here, and waiting For the perfect bliss above!

103 My Faith Looks Up to Thee!

RAY PALMER. OLIVET. LOWELL MASON.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry, Saviour di-vine! Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my guide; Bid darkness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Saviour,

while I pray, Take all my guilt a-way, O let me from this day Be wholly Thine!
died for me, O may my love to Thee Pure, warm and changeless be, A living fire!
turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears a-way, Nor let me ev'er stray From Thee a-side!
then in love Fear and distrust re-move; O bear me safe a-bove, A ransomed soul
1. A light shines on my pilgrim way, That once to me was dim,
Oh, boundless is His love divine, Amaz ing is His grace;
At morn, or noon, or yet at night, Per-chance His voice shall call;
And earth seems bright wher-e’er I stray Since I am led by Him,
By Him in whom I place my trust; For shelter now I flee
To Him who knows I am but dust—Jesus who died for me!
Oh, wondrous love, vouchsafed for me, ... When Jesus died .........

Oh, wondrous love, vouchsafed for me, ... When Jesus died .........

Oh, wondrous love, vouchsafed for me, ... When Jesus died .........
Oh, Wondrous Love!

on Cal-va-ry!............. In Him I trust,............. to Him I on Cal-va-ry!
In Him I trust.

flee,............. And 'tis e-nough,............. He died for me!............. to Him I flee, And 'tis e-nough, He died for me!

105 Soldiers of Christ, Arise!

1. Sol-diers of Christ, a-rise And put your ar-mor on,
2. Strong in the Lord of hosts, And in His might-y pow'r,
3. Stand then in His great might, With all His strength en-dued;
4. From strength to strength go on; Wres-tle, and fight, and pray;
5. Still let the Spir-it cry In all His sol-diers: "Come,"

Strong in the strength which God supplies Thro' His e-ter-nal Son!
Who in the strength of Je-sus trusts Is more than con-quer-or!
But take, to arm you for the fight, The pan-o-ply of God!
Tread all the pow'rs of dark-ness down, And win the well-fought day!
Till Christ the Lord de-scends from high, And takes the conqu'rors home!
1. Do you ever feel down-hearted or discouraged? Do you
2. Darkest night will always come before the dawning, Silver
3. God is mighty—He is able to deliver; Faith can
4. ever think your work is all in vain? Do the burdens thrust upon you
5. linings shine on God's side of the cloud; All your journey He has promised
6. victor be in every trying hour; Fear, and care, and sin, and sorrow
7. make you tremble, And you fear that you shall never the victory gain?
8. to be with you, Naught has come to you but what His love allowed.
9. be defeated By our faith in God's almighty conqu'ring pow'r.
10. Chorus.

Have faith in God, the sun will shine,

Have faith in God, the sun will shine,

Tho' dark the cloud may be today;

Tho' dark the cloud may be today;
Have Faith in God.

Have faith in God, have faith al-way.

Have faith in God, have faith al-way.

107  Come, Thou Almighty King!

1. Come, Thou al-mighty King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise; Father all-
glo-rious, O'er all vic-to-ri-ous, Come and reign o-ver us, Ancient of days!
people bless, And give Thy Word success: Spirit of ho-li-ness, On us descend!
might-y art, Now rule in ev-'ry heart And ne'er from us depart, Spirit of pow'ril
maj-es-ty May we in glo-ry see, And to e-ter-ni-ty Love and a-dore!


2. Come, Thou in-car-nate Word, Gird on Thy mighty sword, Our pray'r attend; Come and Thy

3. Come, ho-ly Com-fort-er, Thy sa-cred witness bear In this glad hour; Thou who al-

4. To the great One in Three The highest prais-es be Hence ev-er-more! His sov'reign

May we in glo-ry reign, And in e-ter-ni-ty Love and a-dore!
Follow Me!

G. M. Bills.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

M. L. McPhail.

1. Like a chime of silver bells In the darkness ringing, Comes a voice that

2. Lost one, will you close your ears To the magic story That can charm a-

3. Lo! the tempter doth deceive, Luring you to sadness, Then he mocks you

ever tells Of the Shepherd's care; To the wanderer from the fold Love is

way your fears When earth's joys depart? Shall the spell of evil hide From your

while you grieve, Pointing to despair; From his fetters break away, Seek the

ever bringing Tidings from the gates of gold, Of a welcome there.

eyes the glory That forever will abide With the pure in heart?

path of gladness, Spurn the pleasures that decay, Of their sting beware.

CHORUS.

"Follow Me," O hear the Shepherd saying; "Seek the

"Follow, follow, follow Me," "Seek the door to
Follow Me!

door to pastures ever fair”; Heed, O heed thy pastures fair, to
Heed, O heed thy Saviour’s voice, O

Saviour’s tender pleading, Follow Him and find a welcome there!
heed His Follow in His footsteps, Find a blessed welcome there!

109 The Mercy-Seat.

Hugh Stowell. Thomas Hastings.

1. From ev’ry stormy wind that blows, From ev’ry swelling tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Jesus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads,
3. There is a spot where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
4. There, there on eagle’s wing we soar, And time and sense seem all no more,

There is a calm, a sure retreat, ‘Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.
A place than all beside more sweet,—It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
Thou saddened far, by faith they meet Around one common mercy-seat.
And heav’n comes down our souls to greet, And glory crowns the mercy-seat!
1. Do you know the world is dy-ing For a lit-tle bit of love?
2. From the poor of ev'-ry cit-y, For a lit-tle bit of love,
3. Down be-fore their i-dols fall-ing, For a lit-tle bit of love,
4. While the souls of men are dy-ing For a lit-tle bit of love,

Ev'-ry-where we hear the sigh-ing For a lit-tle bit of love;
Hands are reach-ing out in pit-y For a lit-tle bit of love;
Ma-ny souls in vain are call-ing For a lit-tle bit of love;
While the chil-dren too are cry-ing For a lit-tle bit of love,

For the love that rights a wrong, Fills the heart with hope and song;
Some have bur-dens hard to bear, Some have sorrows we should share;
If they die in sin and shame, Some-one sure-ly is to blame
Stand no long-er i-dly by, You can help them if you try;

They have wait-ed, oh, so long, For a lit-tle bit of love!
Shall they fal-ter and de-spair For a lit-tle bit of love?
For not go-ing in His name, With a lit-tle bit of love.
Go, then, say-ing: "Here am I," With a lit-tle bit of love!
A Little Bit of Love.

Refrain.

For a little bit of love, For a little bit of love,
For a little bit of love, For a little bit of love,
With a little bit of love, With a little bit of love,
With a little bit of love, With a little bit of love,

They have wait-ed, oh, so long, For a little bit of love!
Shall they fal - ter and de - spir For a little bit of love?
For not go - ing, in His name, With a little bit of love.
Go, then, say-ing: "Here am I," With a little bit of love!

111

Where He Leads Me.

E. W Blandly.

Copyright, 1860, by J. S. Morris.

J. S. Norris.

1. I can hear my Saviour call - ing, I can hear my Saviour call - ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,

D.C.-Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low, ad lib.

D. C.

I can hear my Saviour call - ing: "Take thy cross and follow, fol - low Me."
I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

Where He leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
1. Be strong and courageous what-e'er may be-fall, We know our Re-
deeem-er will an-swer our call; Tho' sor-row and tri-als are
2. His cup of af-flic-tion was filled to the brim, And are we not
will-ing to suf-fer for Him? The robe of His glo-ry for
weigh-ing us down, Yet hope looks a-way from the cross to the crown.
3. This life is a con-flict, a bat-tle with sin, Yet trust-ing in
Je-sus thro' grace we shall win; The world may op-pose us, the
us He laid down, To show us the path from the cross to the crown.
tempt-er may frown, Yet faith lead-eth on from the cross to the crown.
bur-dens laid down, How short was their path from the cross to the crown!
4. Tho' friends that are dear-est have gone from our sight, 'Tis on-ly to
en-ter the man-sions of light; Their war-fare is o-ver, their
From the cross to the crown let us fol-low our Lord, From the cross to the
From the Cross to the Crown.

crown let us cling to His Word; Tho' sorrow and trials are
weighing us down, Yet faith leads us on from the cross to the crown!

113 March On, March On!

MARY THOMPSON.

March On, March on to vic- t'ry, O ar-my of the Lord; Take up the
March on, march on with firm-ness, Your peerless ranks dis-play Tho' le-gions
March on, the Lord is with you, His arm your strength and shield; Not all the
March on, March on with boldness, Lay not your armor down Till ev'ry

CHORUS.

Gos-pel ban-ner, Gird on the Spir-it's sword!
rise a-against you In battle's dread ar-ray! March on-ward, march on-ward, And
pow'rs u-nit-ed Can drive you from the field!
foe is con-quered, And faith re-ceives her crown!

thro' the world be-low To Je-sus your Redeemer Shout glo-ry as you go!
1. I am on the Gospel high-way, Press-ing for-ward to the goal
2. From the snares of sin-ful pleas-ure Here my feet are al-ways free;
3. Ma-ny friends have gone be-fore me, They have laid their ar-mor down,
4. Just a few more steps to fol-low, Just a few more days to roam,

Where for me a rest re-main-eth In the home-land of the soul;
Tho’ the way may be called nar-row, It is wide e-nough for me;
With the pil-grims and the mar-tyrs Have obtained a robe and crown;
But the way grows more de-light-ful As I’m draw-ing near-er home;

Ev’ry hour I’m mov-ing on-ward, Not a mo-ment to de-lay;
It was wide e-nough for Dan-iel, And for Da-vid in his day;
On this road they fought their battles, Shout-ing vic-t’ry day by day;
When the storms of life are o-ver, And the clouds have rolled a-way,

I am go-ing home to glo-ry In the good old-fash-ioned way.
I am glad that I can fol-low In the good old-fash-ioned way.
I shall o-ver-come and join them In the good old-fash-ioned way.
I shall find the gates of heav-en In the good old-fash-ioned way.
The Good Old-Fashioned Way.

CHORUS.

In the good old-fashioned way, In the good old-fashioned way,

I am going home to glory In the good old-fashioned way!

CODA.

Then palms of victory, crowns of glory, Palms of victory I shall wear!

115 Break Thou the Bread of Life.

MARY A. LATHBURY. BY PER. OF BISHOP VINCENT, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. W. F. SHERWIN.

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves Beside the sea;
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst bless the bread By Galilee;

Beyond the sacred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spirit pants for Thee, O living Word!
Then shall all bondage cease, All fetters fall, And I shall find my Peace, My All in all!
Hallelujah for the Cross!

Horatius Bonar, arr.

Copyright, 1882, by James McGranahan.

James McGranahan.

1. The cross it stand-eth fast, Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah! De-fy-ing
ev'-ry blast, Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah! The winds of hell have blown, The
let us tell, Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah! The grace of God here shone Thro' Je-sus laid, Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah! So round the cross we sing Of

2. It is the old cross still, Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah! Its tri-um-ph
world its hate hath shown, Yet it is not o-ver thrown, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross! Christ the bless-ed Son, Who did for sin a-tone, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross! Christ our of-fer-ing, Of Christ our liv-ing King, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross!

3. 'Twas here the debt was paid, Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah! Our sins on

Solo. Sop. or Ten. of Duet.

Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-
Soprano and Alto.*

Cho. mp. Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-
Tenor and Bass.

* If desired, the Soprano and Alto may sing the upper Staff, omitting the middle Staff.
Hallelujah for the Cross!

Hallelujah for the cross!
Hallelujah for the cross, hallelujah for the cross!
Hallelujah, it shall never suffer loss!
Hallelujah, it shall never suffer, never suffer loss!

FULL CHORUS.

* Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah for the cross!

Hallelujah, hallelujah, it shall never suffer loss!

* For a final ending, all the voices may sing the melody in unison through the last eight measures—the instrument playing the harmony.
1. Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war,
2. At the sign of triumph Satan's host doth flee;
3. Like a mighty army Moves the church of God;
4. Onward, then, ye people! Join our happy throng,

With the cross of Jesus Going on before.
On, then, Christian soldiers, On to victory!
Brothers, we are treading Where the saints have trod;
Blend with ours your voices In the triumph song;

Christ, the royal Master, Leads against the foe;
Hell's foundations quiver At the shout of praise;
We are not divided, All one body we,
Glory, laud, and honor Unto Christ the King.
Onward, Christian Soldiers!

Forward into battle, See His banners go!
Brothers, lift your voices, Loud your anthems raise.
One in hope and doctrine, One in charity.
This thro’ countless ages Men and angels sing.

Chorus.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war,

With the cross of Jesus Going on before.

Interlude.
Little Soldiers of the King.

A. C. B.

Introduction and Interlude.

1. Tramp, tramp, tramp! O hear us coming,
   Flags unfurl'd and banners flying,
   Little soldiers of the King;

2. Over vale and hill resounding,
   Come and join the royal army,
   In our Leader's name advancing,

3. Jesus is our mighty Captain,
   Forward march, and never falter,
   Onward, forward, Let us march against the foe!

Chorus.

Loudly let our watch-word ring!
In our ranks there's room for all! Onward, forward, We shall surely win the day!

In our Leader's name advancing, On to vict'ry we will go!
I'll be a Sunbeam.

1. Jesus wants me for a sunbeam, To shine for Him each day;
2. Jesus wants me to be loving And kind to all I see;
3. I will ask Jesus to help me To keep my heart from sin;
4. I'll be a sunbeam for Jesus; I can if I but try;

In ev'ry way try to please Him, At home, at school, at play. Showing how pleasant and happy His little one can be. Ever reflecting His goodness, And always shine for Him. Serving Him moment by moment, Then live with Him on high.

CHORUS.

A sunbeam, a sunbeam, Jesus wants me for a sunbeam;
Little Sunbeams.

120

EDEN E. REXFORD.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I think God gives the children, As thro' the land they go,
   The most delightful mission That any one can know;
   He wants us to be sun-beams Of love, and hope, and cheer.

2. The clouds may hide the sunshine Of heaven from our sight,
   And life have much of sorrow To mar the heart's delight;
   But if like faithful sun-beams We children do our part,

3. Then let us live our mission Of sunshine day by day,
   And scatter joy and brightness About us all the way;
   Let's chase away life's shadows With loving thought and deed,

   To brighten up the shadows That oft en gather here.
   We'll bring a ray of brightness To every shadowed heart.
   And be the sunshine-makers Of which the world has need.

   Of which the world has need.

   O we are little sun-beams, Sent down from God to man;
   To brighten up the shadows That often gather here.
   We'll bring a ray of brightness To every shadowed heart.
   And be the sunshine-makers Of which the world has need.

   D.S.-In all life's shady places We shine as best we can.

   D. S.
Anywhere with Jesus.

1. Anywhere with Jesus I can safely go, Anywhere He leads me in this world below; Anywhere without Him dearest fail me, He is still my own; Tho' His hand may lead me over shadows round about me creep, Knowing I shall waken never joys would fade, Anywhere with Jesus I am not afraid.

2. Anywhere with Jesus I am not alone, Other friends may dark'n ing When the dark'n ing darkening darkening makes me fear. Anywhere without Jesus I can go to sleep. 

3. Anywhere with Jesus I can go to sleep. When the dark'ning darkening darkening makes me fear. Anywhere without Jesus I can go to sleep. 

Chorus.

An - y-where! an - y-where! Fear I can not know; 

An - y-where with Jesus I can safely go.
Why Not Now?

EL NATHAN.  

Copyright, 1901, by C. C. Case.  

C. C. Case.

1. While we pray and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wandered far away; Do not risk another day;
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troubled mind;
4. Come to Christ, confession make; Come to Christ, and pardon take;

While our 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.

Chorus

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

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

Chorus.

Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now?

Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now?
Onward, Christian Soldiers!

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, laud and honor Unto Christ, the King,

Refrain.

Forward into battle See His banners go!
Brothers, lift your voices, Loud your anthems raise, Onward, Christian soldiers!
One in hope and doctrine, One in charity.
This thro' countless ages Men and angels sing.

Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus Going on before.
All Hail the Power of Jesus’ Name!

E. Perronet.

1. All hail the power of Jesus’ name, Let angels prostrate fall,
2. Ye chosen seed of Israel’s race, Ye ransomed from the fall,
3. Let ev’ry kindred, ev’ry tribe On this terrestrial ball,
4. O that with wonder sacred throng We at His feet may fall,

Let angels prostrate fall, Bring forth the royal diadem,
Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
On this terrestrial ball, To Him all majesty ascribe,
We at His feet may fall! We’ll join the everlasting song,

And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all;
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him Lord of all!
1. Far away in the depths of my spirit to-night Rolls a melody sweeter than psalm; In celestial-like strains it un-deep in the heart of my soul, So secure that no power can sweetly in Jesus' control; For I'm kept from all danger by Author of peace I shall see, That one strain of the song which the down the rough pathway of time? Make Jesus your Friend ere the

2. What a treasure I have in this wonderful peace, Buried mine it away, While the years of eternity roll! night and by day, And His glory is flooding my soul! ransomed will sing In that heavenly kingdom will be: shadows grow dark; O accept of this peace so sublime!

3. I am resting to-night in this wonderful peace, Resting ceasing -ly falls O'er my soul like an infinite calm.

4. And me-thinks when I rise to that city of peace, Where the Chorus.

5. Ah soul are you here without comfort and rest, Marching, Peace, peace, wonderful peace, Coming down from the Father above! Sweep o-ver my spirit for-ev-er, I pray, In fathom-less billows of love!

Copyright, 1888, by Daniel B. Towner.
1. Where is my wand'ring boy to-night, The boy of my tenderest care,
2. Once he was pure as morn-ing dew, As he knelt at his moth-er's knee;
3. O could I see you now, my boy, As fair as in old-en time
4. Go for my wandering boy to-night; Go, search for him where you will;

The boy that was once my joy and light, The child of my love and pray'r?
No face was so bright, no heart more true, And none was so sweet as he.
When prattle and smile made home a joy, And life was a mer-ry chime!
But bring him to me with all his blight, And tell him I love him still!

CHORUS. Not too fast.

O where is my boy to-night? O where is my boy to-night?

My heart o'erflows, for I love him, he knows; O where is my boy to-night?
1. **Blessed Assurance.** Jesus is mine! Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine! Heir of salvation, purchase of God, Born of His burst on my sight; Angels descending, bring from above Echoes of happy and blest, Watching and waiting, looking above, Filled with His

2. Perfect submission, perfect delight, Visions of rapture now song, Praise my Saviour all the day long; This is my story, this is my song, Praise my Saviour all the day long!

3. Perfect submission, all is at rest; I in my Saviour am Chorus.

Spir- it, washed in His blood.

mer-cy, whispers of love. This is my story, This is my good-ness, lost in His love.
Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY.

1. Jesus, Lover of my soul, Let me to Thy bosom fly While the nearer
2. Other refuge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, O leave me
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in Thee I find! Raise the fallen,
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cover all my sin; Let the healing

waters roll, While the tempest still is high! Hide me, O my Saviour, hide Till the
not a-lone, Still support and comfort me! All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my
cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind, Just and holy is Thy name, I am
streams abound, Make and keep me pure within; Thou of life the fountain art. Free-ly

storm of life is past; Safe into the haven guide; O receive my soul at last!
help from Thee I bring; Cover my defenceless head With the shadow of Thy wing!
all unrighteousness; False and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace,
let me take of Thee; Spring Thou up within my heart, Rise to all eternity.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

MARTYN.

130
1. Hover o'er me, Holy Spirit, Bathe my trembling heart and brow,
2. Thou canst fill me, gracious Spirit, Tho' I can not tell Thee how;
3. I am weakness, full of weakness, At Thy sacred feet I bow;
4. Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me, Bathe, O bathe my heart and brow!

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

D.S.—Fill me with Thy hallowed presence, Come, O come and fill me now!

Chorus.

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

Come, Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy!

1. Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore!}
2. Jesus ready stands to save you, Full of pity, love and pow'r.
3. Glory, honor and salvation, Christ the Lord has come to reign!

D.C.—Glory, honor and salvation, Christ the Lord has come to reign!
Come, Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy!

Chorus.

Turn to the Lord and seek salvation, Sound the praise of His dear name!

2 Let not conscience make you linger,
   Nor of fitness fondly dream;
   All the fitness He requireth
   Is to feel your need of Him.

3 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
   Bruised and mangled by the fall!
   If you tarry till you're better,
   You may never come at all.

At the Fountain.

1. Of Him who did salvation bring—I'm at the fountain drinking! I
   could for-ev-er think and sing— I'm on my journey home! Glory to God, I'm at the fountain drinking! Glory to God, I'm on my journey home!
   and He turns your hell to heav'n—I'm on my journey home! (Last verse)—My soul is sat- is-fied!
2. Ask but His grace, and lo! 'tis giv'n—I'm at the fountain drinking! Ask,
   sus, Thy balm will make me whole—I'm on my journey home!
3. Tho' sin and sor-row wound my soul—I'm at the fountain drinking! Je-
   meet the ob-ject of my love—I'm on my journey home!
4. Wher-e'er I am, wher-e'er I move—I'm at the fountain drinking! I
   drink, and yet am ev-er dry—I'm on my journey home!
5. In - sa-tiate to this spring I fly—I'm at the fountain drinking! I
   God, I'm at the fountain drinking! Glory to God, I'm on my journey home!
Glory to His Name!

E. A. Hoffman.

1. Down at the cross where my Saviour died, Down where for cleansing from
sin I cried, There to my heart was the blood applied—Glo-ry to His
bides with-in,—There at the cross where He took me in,—Glo-ry to His
entered in; There Je-sus saved me and keeps me clean—Glo-ry to His
Saviour's feet, Plunge in to-day, and be made com-plete,—Glo-ry to His

2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin,—Je-sus so sweet-ly a-
nother voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee For cleansing in Thy
3. 'Tis Je-sus calls me on To per-fect faith and love, To per-fect hope, and

3. O pre-cesious fount-ain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
 suis so sweet-ly a-

4. Come to this fount-ain so rich and sweet, Cast thy poor soul at the
Glory to His Sav-iour's feet,

D. S.—There to my heart was the blood ap-plied—Glo-ry to His

Fine. Chorus.

name! Glo-ry to His name, Glo-ry to His name!

I am Coming, Lord!

L. H.

1. I hear Thy wel-come voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee For cleansing in Thy

2. Tho' coming weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure, Thou dost my vileness

3. 'Tis Je-sus calls me on To per-fect faith and love, To per-fect hope, and
I am Coming, Lord!

CHORUS.

precious blood That flowed on Cal-va-ry.
fully cleanse, Till spot-less all and pure. I am com-ing, Lord, Com-ing
peace, and trust, For earth and heav’n above.

now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flowed on Cal-va-ry!

136

Jesus Paid it All.

Mrs. E. M. Hall.

1. I hear the Saviour say: “Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weakness,
2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy power, and Thine a-lone, Can change the
3. For noth-ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim; I’ll wash my

watch and pray, Find in Me thine All in all.”
leper’s spots, And melt the heart of stone. Jesus paid it all,
garments white In the blood of Cal-v’ry’s Lamb.

All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow!
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Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady.

Thomas Hastings.

Fine.

1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee:
D. C.—Be of sin the double cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Let the water and the blood, From Thy wounded side which flow'd,

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

138

Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, The joys I feel, the bliss I share,
3. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, Thy wings shall my petition bear

And bids me at my Father's throne Make all my wants and wishes known;
Of those whose anxious spirits burn With strong desires for thy return!
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness Engage the waiting soul to bless;

D. S.—And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet hour of pray'r.
D. S.—And gladly take my station there, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.
D. S.—I'll cast on Him my every care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.
Sweet Hour of Prayer.

In seasons of distress and grief My soul has often 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,

What a Friend we have in Jesus!

1. What a Friend we have in Jesus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we trials and temptations? Is there trouble anywhere?
3. Are we weak and heavy-laden, Cumbered with a load of care?

What a privilege to carry Ev'rything to God in pray'r!
We should never be discouraged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,— Take it to the Lord in pray'r.

D. S.—All because we do not carry Ev'rything to God in pray'r.
D. S.—Jesus knows our every weakness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
D. S.—In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a solace there.

O what peace we often forfeit, O what needless pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith-ful, Who will all our sorrows share?
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r,
140  O Love that Wilt not Let Me Go!

GEORGE MATHESON.

1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my weary soul in Thee;
2. O Light that followest all my way, I yield my flickering torch to Thee;

I give Thee back the life I owe, That in Thine ocean depths its flow
My heart restores its borrowed ray, That in Thy sunshine's glow its day

3 O Joy that seekest me through pain,
   I cannot close my heart to Thee;
   I trace the rainbow through the rain,
   And feel the promise is not vain
   That morn shall tearless be!

4 O Cross that liftest up my head,
   I dare not ask to hide from thee:
   I lay in dust life's glory dead,
   And from the ground there blossoms red
   Life that shall endless be!

141  Oh, for a Thousand Tongues!

CHARLES WESLEY.

1. Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing My great Redeemer's praise, The glories of my
2. My gracious Master and my God, Assist me to proclaim, To spread thro' all the

God and King, the triumphs of His grace!
earth abroad The honors of Thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our tears,
    That bids our sorrows cease:
    'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
    'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
   He sets the prisoner free;
   His blood can make the foulest clean,
   His blood availed for me.
1. Stand up, stand up for Jesus, Ye soldiers of the cross; Lift high His royal banner, D. S.—Till ev'ry foe is vanquished, 

2. Stand up, stand up for Jesus, The trumpet call obey; Forth to the mighty conflict, In this His glorious day: "Ye that are men, now serve Him" Against unnumbered foes; Your courage rise with danger, And strength to strength oppose.

3. Stand up, stand up for Jesus, Stand in His strength alone; The arm of flesh will fail you, Ye dare not trust your own; Put on the Gospel armor, And watching unto prayer, Where duty calls or danger, Be never wanting there.

143

Blest be the Tie!

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The fellowship of

2. Before our Father's throne We pour our ardent pray'rs; Our fears, our hopes, our

3. We share our mutual woes, Our mutual burdens bear; And often for each other flows The sympathizing tear.

4. When we asunder part, It gives us inward pain; But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet again.
Love Divine.

1. Love divine, all love Excelling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down. Fix in us Thy humble dwelling, All Thy faithful mercies crown; Jesus, Thou art all compassion, Pure, un-Thee in- her-it. Let us find the promised rest; Take a-way the love of sinning; Al-pharturn, and never, Never moro Thy temples leave; Thee we would be always blessing. Serve Thee whole sal-va-tion Perfectly secured by Thee; Changed from glo-ry in- to glo-ry, Till in bound-ed love Thou art; Vis- it us with Thy sal-va-tion, Enter ev'ry trembling heart! and O-me-ga be; End of faith, as its be-gin-ning, Set our hearts at lib-er-ty!
as Thy hosts a-bove, Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing, Glory in Thy per-fect love!
heav'n we take our place; Till we cast our crowns before Thee, Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

2. Breath, O breathe Thy loving Spirit In- to ev'-ry trou-bled breast! Let us all in

3. Come, Al-might-y to da-liv-er, Let us all Thy graco re-ceive, Sud-den-ly re-

4. Fin-ish then Thy new cro-a-tion, Pure and spotless may we be; Let us see our

Majestic Sweetness.

1. Majes-tic sweetness sits enthroned Up-on the Saviour's brow; His head with radiant

2. No mor-tal can with Him compare Among the sons of men; Fair-er is He than

3. He saw me plung'd in deep distress, And flew to my re-lief; For me He bore the

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

1. Glories crown'd, His lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.
   All the fair That fill the heav'n-ly train, That fill the heav'n-ly train.
   Shameful cross, And car-ried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.
   Over death, And saves me from the grave, And saves me from the grave.

146

The Solid Rock.

1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and righteousness;
   I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name.

2. When darkness veils His love-ly face I rest on His un-chang-ing grace;
   In ev-ry high and storm-y gale My an-chor holds with-in the veil.

CHORUS.

On Christ, the sol-id Rock, I stand: All oth-er ground is

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

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

4 When He shall come with trump-et sound,
   O may I then in Him be found,
   Dressed in His righteousness alone,
   Faultless to stand before the throne!
1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty,
   Of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died, Land of the
   Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
   Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal tongues awake, Let all that
   To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With freedom's
   pilgrims' pride, From every mountain side Let freedom ring!
   templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that above!
   breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong!
   holy light, Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

148 O Happy Day!

P. Doddridge.  E. F. Rimbault
Happy Day!

Happy day, happy day, When Jesus washed my sins away!

'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 confess the voice divine.

He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day;

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

149

Come, Holy Spirit!

ISAAC WATTS.

ARLINGTON.  
THOS. A. ARNE.

1. Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs;
2. Look how we grovel here below, Fond of these tri-fling toys!
3. In vain we tune our formal songs, In vain we strive to rise;
4. Dear Lord, and shall we ever live At this poor, dying rate—
5. Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs;

Kindle a flame of sacred love In these cold hearts of ours!
Our souls can neither fly nor go To reach eternal joys.
Hosannas languish on our tongues, And our devotion dies.
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great?
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love, And that shall kindle ours!

D. S.

Fine.
1. Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty, early in the morning our songs shall rise to Thee; holy, holy, holy,
golden crowns around the glassy sea; cherubim and seraphim
sinful man Thy glory may not see; only Thou art holy,
praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea; holy, holy, holy,
merciful and mighty, God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!
falling down before Thee, Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be,
there is none beside Thee, Perfect in pow'r, in love and purity.
merciful and mighty, God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!

2. Holy, holy, holy! All the saints adore Thee, casting down their shadows that hide Thee, Thou the eye of all
praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea; holy, holy, holy,
merciful and mighty, God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!

3. Holy, holy, holy! Thou the darkness hide Thee, Thou the eye of all
praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea; holy, holy, holy,
merciful and mighty, God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!

4. Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty, All Thy works shall

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At the Cross.

Isaac Watts.

1. Alas! and did my Saviour bleed, And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head For such a worm as I?

2. Would He devote that sacred head For such a worm as I?
Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned upon the tree?

A - mz - ing pit - y, grace unknown And love beyond degree!
At the Cross.

CHORUS.

At the Cross, at the Cross where I first saw the light, And the burden of my heart roll'd away, It was there by faith I received my sight, And now I am happy all the day!

Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glories in, When Christ the mighty Maker died For man the creature's sin.

But drops of grief can ne'er repay The debt of love I owe; 'Tis all that I can do!

152 Safely through Another Week.

JOHN NEWTON.

1. Safely thro' another week God has brought us on our way; Let us now a blessing seek, Waiting in His courts today;

2. While we pray for pard'ning grace Thro' the dear Redeemer's name, Show Thy re-concil-ed face, Take away our sin and shame;

Day of all the week the best, Emblem of eternal rest; From our worldly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee; Rest this day in Thee!

3 Here we come Thy name to praise, Let us feel Thy presence near, May Thy glory meet our eyes, While we in Thy house appear; Here afford us, Lord, a taste Of our everlasting feast!

4 Let the Gospel's joyful sound Conquer sinners, comfort saints; Make the fruits of grace abound, Bring relief to all complaints; Thus may all our Sabbaths prove, Till we join the church above.
There is a Fountain.

Wm. Cowper.  

1. There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
2. The dying thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day,
3. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply,
4. Then in a nobler, sweeter song I'll sing Thy power 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,
Re deem ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die,
When this poor, lis ping, stam ming tongue Lies si lent in the grave,

Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains;
Wash all my sins away, Wash all my sins away;
And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die;
Lies silent in the grave, Lies silent in the grave:

Jesus Shall Reign.

Isaac Watts. 

1. Jesus shall reign where'er the sun Does His successive journeys run;
2. To Him shall endless pray'r be made, And endless prais'ers crown His head;
3. People and realms of ev'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
4. Blessings a-bound where'er He reigns, The prisoner leaps to loose his chains,
5. Let ev'ry creature rise and bring Peculiar hon'ors to our King,
Jesus Shall Reign.

His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
His name like sweet perfume shall rise With every morning sacrifice.
And infant voices shall proclaim Their early blessings on His name.
The weary find eternal rest, And all the sons of want are blest.
Angels descend with songs again, And earth repeat the loud Amen!

155 We Praise Thee, O God!

We praise Thee, O God, for the Son of Thy love,
We praise Thee, O God, for Thy Spirit of light,
All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Revive us again, fill each heart with Thy love,

For Jesus who died and is now gone above!
Who has shown us our Saviour and scattered our night!
Who has borne all our sins and has cleansed every stain!
May each soul be quickened with fire from above!

CHORUS.

Hallelujah, Thine the glory! Hallelujah, amen! Revive us again!
1. My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the
2. I love Thee because Thou hast first loved me, And purchased my
3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In mansions of glory and endless delight I'll ever a-

fol-lies of sin I resign; My gracious Redeemer, my
par-don on Calvary's tree; I love Thee for wearing the
long as Thou lendest me breath, And say when the death dew lies
dore Thee in heaven so bright; I'll sing with the glittering

Saviour art Thou; If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now!
thorns on Thy brow; If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now!
cold on my brow: "If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now!"
crown on my brow: "If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now!"

157 Joy to the World!

ISAAC WATTS. C. F. HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King, Let ev'ry
2. No more let sin and sorrow grow, Nor thorns infest the ground; He comes to
3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove The glo-ries

156 My Jesus, I Love Thee!
Joy to the World!

heart prepare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing. And
make His blessing flow Far as the curse is found. Far
of His righteousness And wonders of His love, And

heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing.
as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.

wonders of His love, And wonders and wonders of His love.

My Shepherd is the Lord.

1. My Shepherd is the Lord Most High, And all my wants shall be supplied;
2. He in His mercy doth restore My soul, when sinking in distress;
3. Yea, tho' I walk thro' death's dark vale, E'en there no evil will I fear;
4. For me a table Thou hast spread, Prepared before the face of foes;

In pastures green He makes me lie, And leads by streams which gently glide.
For His name's sake He ever-more Leads me in paths of righteousness.
Because Thy presence shall not fail, Thy rod and staff my soul shall cheer.
With oil Thou dost anoint my head, My cup is fill'd, and overflows.
How Firm a Foundation!

GEORGE KEITH.

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-may'd, For I am thy God, I will
3. "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of sor-row shall
4. "The soul that on Je-sus hath lean'd for re-pose, I will not, I will not de-

ex-cel-lent Word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, To
still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up-
not o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee, thy trou-bl-e to bless, And
sort to his foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en-deav-or to shake, I'll

you who for refuge to Je-sus have fled? To you who for refuge to Je-sus have fled,
held by My gracious,omnip-o-tent hand, Up-held by My gracious,omnip-o-tent hand."
san-ci-o-ty to thee thy deepest distress, And san-ci-o-ty to thee thy deepest distress."
nev-er, no,nev-er, no,nev-er for-sake! I'll never, no, nev-er, no,never for-sake!"

160

Just As I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd a-bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt,
Just As I Am.

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Fight-ing and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

161

Only Trust Him!

J. H. S.

1. Come, ev-ry soul by sin oppress'd, 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 band, 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 flood That wash-es white as snow!
Be-lieve in Him with-out de-lay, And you are ful-ly blest!
To dwell in that ce - les-tial land Where joys im-mor-tal flow!

CHORUS.

On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now!
He will save you, He will save you, He will (Omit.) save you now!
162 Take My Life, and Let it Be!

Frances R. Havergal

Take my life, and let it be Consecrated,
Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beautiful,
Take my lips, and let them be Fill'd with mes-sa-
Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in
Take my will and make it Thine, It shall be no
Take my love, my God, I pour At Thy feet its

Take my hands, and let them move At the ful for Thee;
Take my voice and let me sing Al-ways,
end-less praise; Take my intel-lect and use Ev-ry long-er mine; Take my heart,—it is Thine own! It shall treas-ure store; Take my self, and I will be Ev-er,

im-pulse of Thy love, At the im-pulse of Thy love!
on-ly, for my King, Al-ways, on-ly, for my King!
mite would I with-hold, Not a mite would I with-hold!
pow'r as Thou shalt choose, Ev-ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose!
be Thy roy-al throne, It shall be Thy roy-al throne!
on-ly, all for Thee, Ev-er, on-ly, all for Thee!

163 Nearer, My God, to Thee!

Sarah F. Adams

Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee, E'en tho' it
Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be
There let the way ap-pear Steps un-to heav'n; All that Thou
Then with my wak-ing thoughts, Bright with Thy praise, Out of my
Or if on joy-ful wing Cleav-ing the sky, Sun, moon and
Nearer, My God, to Thee!

be a cross That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be-

o-ver me, My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be

send-est me, In mer-cy giv'n; An-gels to beck-on me

ston-y griefs Beth-el I'll raise, So by my woes to be

stars for-got, Up-ward I fly, Still all my song shall be-

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

The Old Time Religion.

Cho. 'Tis the old time re-li-gion, 'Tis the old time re-li-gion,

1. Makes me love ev'-ry-bod-y, Makes me love ev'-ry-bod-y,

2. It was good for our moth-ers, It was good for our moth-ers,

3. It has saved our fa-thers, It has saved our fa-thers,

'Tis the old time re-li-gion, And it's good e-nough for me!

Makes me love ev'-ry-bod-y, And it's good e-nough for me!

It was good for our moth-ers, And it's good e-nough for me!

It has saved our fa-thers, And it's good e-nough for me!

4 Makes me love the good old Bible, And it’s good enough for me!

5 It will lead me to Jesus, And it’s good enough for me!

6 It will do when I’m dying, And it’s good enough for me!

7 It will take us all to heaven, And it’s good enough for me!
Confession and Cleansing
1 John 1:5 to 2:2

5 This then is the message which we have heard of Him and declare unto you, that God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all.
6 If we say that we have fellowship with Him, and walk in darkness, we lie, and do not the truth:
7 But if we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.
8 If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.
9 If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.
10 If we say that we have not sinned, we make Him a liar, and His word is not in us.
11 My little children, these things write I unto you that ye sin not. And if any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous:
12 And He is the propitiation for our sins: and not for our's only, but also for the sins of the whole world.

Christ our Sin-bearer
Isaiah 53

1 Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?
2 For He shall grow up before Him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground: He hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see Him, there is no beauty that we should desire Him.
3 He is despised and rejected of men; a Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from Him; He was despised, and we esteemed Him not.
4 Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem Him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

5 But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed.
6 All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.
7 He was oppressed, and He was afflicted, yet He opened not His mouth: He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearsers is dumb, so He openeth not His mouth.
8 He was taken from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare His generation? for He was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was He stricken.
9 And He made His grave with the wicked, and with the rich in His death; because He had done no violence, neither was any deceit in His mouth.
10 Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise Him; He hath put Him to grief: when Thou shalt make His soul an offering for sin, He shall see His seed, He shall prolong His days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in His hand.
11 He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied: by His knowledge shall My righteous Servant justify many; for He shall bear their iniquities.
12 Therefore will I divide Him a portion with the great, and He shall divide the spoil with the strong; because He hath poured out His soul unto death: and He was numbered with the transgressors; and He bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

Regeneration and Salvation
John 3:1-17

1 There was a man of the Pharisees, named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews:
2 The same came to Jesus by night, and said unto Him, Rabbi,
we know that Thou art a teacher
come from God: for no man can do
these miracles that Thou doest, ex-
cept God be with him.
3 Jesus answered and said unto
him. Verily, verily, I say unto thee,
Except a man be born again, he
cannot see the kingdom of God.
4 Nicodemus saith unto Him, How
can a man be born when he is old?
can he enter the second time into
his mother’s womb, and be born?
5 Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I
say unto thee, Except a man be
born of water and of the Spirit, he
cannot enter into the kingdom of
God.
6 That which is born of the flesh
is flesh; and that which is born of
the Spirit is spirit.
7 Marvel not that I said unto thee,
Ye must be born again.
8 The wind bloweth where it list-
eth, and thou hearest the sound
thereof, but canst not tell whence
it cometh, and whither it goeth:
so is every one that is born of the
Spirit.
9 Nicodemus answered and said
unto Him, How can these things be?
10 Jesus answered and said unto
him. Art thou a master of Israel,
and knowest not these things?
11 Verily, verily, I say unto thee,
We speak that we do know, and
testify that we have seen; and
we receive not our witness.
12 If I have told you earthly
things, and ye believe not, how
shall ye believe, if I tell you of
heavenly things?
13 And no man hath ascended up
to heaven, but He that came down
from heaven, even the Son of man
which is in heaven.
14 And as Moses lifted up the
serpent in the wilderness, even so
must the Son of man be lifted up:
15 That whosoever believeth in
Him should not perish, but have
eternal life.
16 For God so loved the world,
that He gave His only begotten
Son, that whosoever believeth in
Him should not perish, but have
everlasting life.
17 For God sent not His Son into
the world to condemn the world;
but that the world through Him
might be saved.

168 Assurance
1 John 5:1-5, 9-15
1 Whosoever believeth that Je-
sus is the Christ is born of God:
and every one that loveth Him that
begat loveth him also that is be-
gotten of Him.
2 By this we know that we love
the children of God, when we love
God, and keep His commandments.
3 For this is the love of God,
that we keep His commandments:
and His commandments are not
grievous.
4 For whatsoever is born of God
overcometh the world: and this is
the victory that overcometh the
world, even our faith.
5 Who is he that overcometh the
world, but he that believeth that
Jesus is the Son of God?
6 If we receive the witness of
men, the witness of God is greater:
for this is the witness of God which
He hath testified of His Son.
7 He that believeth on the Son
of God hath the witness in himself:
he that believeth not God hath
made Him a liar; because he be-
lieveth not the record that God
gave of His Son.
8 And this is the record, that
God hath given to us eternal life,
and this life is in His Son.
9 He that hath the Son hath
life; and he that hath not the Son
of God hath not life.
10 These things have I written
unto you that believe on the name
of the Son of God; that ye may
know that ye have eternal life, and
that ye may believe on the name
of the Son of God.
11 And this is the confidence
that we have in Him, that, if we
ask any thing according to His
will, He heareth us:
12 And if we know that He hear-
us, whatsoever we ask, we know
that we have the petitions that we
desired of Him.

169 When Lord Jesus Returns
1 Thessalonians 4:13-18
13 But I would not have you to
be ignorant, brethren, concerning
them which are asleep, that ye
sorrow not, even as others which
have no hope.
14 For if we believe that Jesus
died and rose again, even so them
also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.

15 For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep.

16 For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trumpet of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first:

17 Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord.

18 Wherefore comfort one another with these words.

170 The Work of the Holy Spirit
John 16:7-15

7 Nevertheless I tell you the truth; it is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send Him unto you.

8 And when He is come, He will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment:

9 Of sin, because they believe not on Me;

10 Of righteousness, because I go to My Father, and ye see Me no more;

11 Of judgment, because the prince of this world is judged.

12 I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now.

13 Howbeit when He, the Spirit of truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth: for He shall not speak of Himself; but whatsoever He shall hear, that shall He speak: and He will shew you things to come.

14 He shall glorify Me: for He shall receive of Mine, and shall shew it unto you.

15 All things that the Father hath are Mine: therefore said I, that He shall take of Mine, and shall shew it unto you.

171 Prayer

1 And it came to pass, that, as He was praying in a certain place, when He ceased, one of His disciples said unto Him, Lord, teach us to pray, as John also taught his disciples.

2 And He said unto them, When ye pray, say, Our Father, which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, as in heaven, so in earth.

3 Give us day by day our daily bread.

4 And forgive us our sins; for we also forgive every one that is indebted to us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil.

5 And He said unto them, Which of you shall have a friend, and shall go unto him at midnight, and say unto him, Friend, lend me three loaves;

6 For a friend of mine in his journey is come to me, and I have nothing to set before him?

7 And he from within shall answer and say, Trouble me not: the door is now shut, and my children are with me in bed; I cannot rise and give thee.

8 I say unto you, Though he will not rise and give him, because he is his friend, yet because of his importunity he will rise and give him as many as he needeth.

9 And I say unto you, Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.

10 For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth: and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.

11 If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone? or if he ask a fish, will he for a fish give him a serpent?

12 Or if he shall ask an egg, will he offer him a scorpion?

13 If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?
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