It Is Written, man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.
MAKING THE SCRIPTURES LIVE
WITH THE

Capturing the spirit of the Essene community—the area of the Dead Sea scrolls—for "Hidden Treasure" and "Digging Up the Book."

Filming the arrival of Mayflower II for "Does Liberty Wear Chains?"

Fulfilling Bible prophecy on the site of ancient Tyre—appearing in "Dead Men Do Tell Tales."
Surveying the "rose-red city half as old as time,"
carved out of solid rock—for "Red Stairs to the Sun."

Modern cameras record priceless treasures in troubled Palestine (Byron Logan and camera).

The Lithostrotos, the pavement on which Christ was condemned—shown in "God and Fate in Collision."

The Garden Tomb makes possible a reliving of the resurrection in "Can the Space Age Conquer Death?"

The "place of the skull," or Golgotha—in "Fallout Over Calvary."
A BRIEF LOOK AT THE PEOPLE BEHIND

The Seventh-day Adventist Church is a conservative Christian body of Protestant origins. Adventists regard their group as a people of prophecy rather than merely a denomination. The church, however, has a closely-knit worldwide organization, specialized departments, a trained and ordained clergy, and a sound and equitable system of finance.

The concept of their prophetic mission dates to the days of Adventist beginnings in the 1840's, when large numbers of people in all religious groups in America and Europe became deeply absorbed in the doctrine of Christ's return. This conviction hinged on certain prophetic portions of Scripture.

Organized in 1863 as a denomination, Seventh-day Adventists believe they

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Membership*

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Membership Category</th>
<th>Number</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Baptized adult church members</td>
<td>1,051,452</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Churches</td>
<td>12,081</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sabbath school members</td>
<td>1,381,979</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sabbath schools</td>
<td>20,041</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ordained ministers</td>
<td>5,598</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Full-time salaried workers</td>
<td>40,734</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Membership figures here are at close of '56, latest exact figures available.

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Educational Program

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Educational Program Details</th>
<th>Number</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Schools operated by denomination</td>
<td>5,222</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total enrollment</td>
<td>267,791</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schools above elementary level</td>
<td>346</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Academies in North America</td>
<td>73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Colleges in North America</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schools of Nursing in North America</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schools of Nursing outside of North America</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Medical center for training physicians, dentists, etc.</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>University</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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Foreign Missions

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Foreign Missions Details</th>
<th>Number</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Countries in which church is working</td>
<td>185</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Countries in world as per United Nations, 205)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Languages in which church is working</td>
<td>748</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Missionaries sent overseas in '56</td>
<td>245</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Foreign missions offerings, '56</td>
<td>$13,679,505</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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Good-Neighbor Program

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Good-Neighbor Program Details</th>
<th>Number</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Value of laymen's welfare work</td>
<td>$22,949,664</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Persons helped</td>
<td>5,432,042</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Articles of clothing given</td>
<td>4,633,062</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Food baskets given</td>
<td>2,021,042</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Health and Welfare Centers</td>
<td>474</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
are called to continue the work begun in Reformation times, to help reillumine principles tarnished or forgotten during Christianity's long and tortuous history. These include beliefs pertaining to the judgment, the imminent return of Christ, the Sabbath, attention to physical health as related to spiritual health (a precursor of psychosomatic medicine), and certain standards of life and practice.

Along with these concepts, Adventists share with Christians everywhere a compelling mission to tell the gospel story in all the world. They trust implicitly in the blood atonement of Christ on Calvary and believe that the cross delivers not only from the guilt but from the power of sin.

### Contributions*

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Total church offerings</td>
<td>$72,967,198</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tithe</td>
<td>43,460,182</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total offerings in North America</td>
<td>58,285,363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Per capita giving</td>
<td>202</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*For 1956, latest available.

### Medical Ministry

- Total medical units: 197
- Sanitariums and hospitals: 113
- Treatment rooms or clinics: 84
- Physicians employed by institutions: 394
- Total medical employees: 10,292
- Physicians graduated annually: 100
- Nurses graduated annually: 500
- Overseas patients treated in '56: 1,542,003
- Patients treated in North America: 563,188

### Publishing Ministry

- Publishing houses: 42
- Periodicals published: 356
- Books published annually: about 75
- Book and periodical sales in '56: $21,406,478
- Languages used in publications: 213
My soul is filled with music,
So rich, so full, so free,
For Jesus touched my heart-strings,
And woke a melody;
How sweetly does it echo,
And re-echo in my heart,
Until its walls are fallen,
And I give the world a part.

The Master touched my heart-strings,
And bade my soul, awake,
To sing His praises ever;
I'm singing for His sake.

—FLORENCE S. PARKHURST
The Lord in Zion Reigneth

FANNY J. CROSBY

1. The Lord in Zion reigneth; Let all the world rejoice,
And come before His throne of grace With tune-ful heart and voice;
The depths of earth are in His hands; He rules the mighty sea.
O enter now His temple gates, And fill His courts with song;
The Lord in Zion reigneth, And there His praise shall ring,
O crown His name with honor, And let His standard wave,
Beneath His royal banner Let every creature fall,
To Him shall princes bend the knee And kings their glory bring.

2. The Lord in Zion reigneth, And who so great as He?
O enter now His temple gates, And fill His courts with song;
The Lord in Zion reigneth, And there His praise shall ring,
O crown His name with honor, And let His standard wave,
Beneath His royal banner Let every creature fall,
To Him shall princes bend the knee And kings their glory bring.

3. The Lord in Zion reigneth, These hours to Him belong;
And come before His throne of grace With tune-ful heart and voice;
The depths of earth are in His hands; He rules the mighty sea.
O enter now His temple gates, And fill His courts with song;
The Lord in Zion reigneth, And there His praise shall ring,
O crown His name with honor, And let His standard wave,
Beneath His royal banner Let every creature fall,
To Him shall princes bend the knee And kings their glory bring.

Till distant isles beyond the deep Shall own His power to save.
Exalt the King of heaven and earth, And crown Him Lord of all.
1. O worship the King, all glorious above,
   O gratefully sing His wonderful love;
   Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
   Our shield and defender, the Ancient of days.

2. O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
   It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
   It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
   And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

3. Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?
   Thy mercies, how tender! how firm to the end!
   It descends to the plain, it de-scends to the plain,
   And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

4. Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
   Sing of His grace, tongue can recite?
   Feeble as frail, it descends to the plain,
   Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

   O worship the King, all glorious above,
   O gratefully sing His wonderful love;
   Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
   Our shield and defender, the Ancient of days.

   O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
   It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
   It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
   And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

   Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?
   Thy mercies, how tender! how firm to the end!
   It descends to the plain, it de-scends to the plain,
   And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

   Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
   Sing of His grace, tongue can recite?
   Feeble as frail, it descends to the plain,
   Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!
Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah

WILLIAM WILLIAMS

CWM RHONDDA

JOHN HUGHES, 1873-1932

LLANTWIT VARDRE, Wales

1. Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah, Pilgrim through this barren land; I am weak, but Thou art mighty; Hold me with Thy powerful hand; Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven,
journey through; Strong Deliverer, strong Deliverer,
Canaan's side; Songs of praises, songs of praises,

2. Open now the crystal fountain, Whence the healing stream doth flow; Let the fire and cloudy pillar Lead me all my fears subside; Bear me through the swelling current, Land me safe on

3. When I tread the verge of Jordan, Bid my anxious fears subside; Bear me through the swelling current, Land me safe on

Feed me till I want no more, Feed me till I want no more. Be Thou still my strength and shield, Be Thou still my strength and shield. I will ever give to Thee, I will ever give to Thee. Amen.

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Praise Him! Praise Him!

1. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Redeemer! Sing, O earth—His wonderful love proclaim! Hail Him! hail Him! highest arch-sins He suffered, and bled and died; He—our Rock, our hope of e-portals, loud with hosannas ring! Jesus, Saviour, reign-eth for-

2. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Redeemer! For our eternal salvation, Hail Him! hail Him! Jesus, the crucified, ever and ever; Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King!

3. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Redeemer! Heavenly angels in glory; Strength and honor give to His holy name! Like a shepherd, Jesus will guard His children, In His arms He Sound His praises! Jesus who bore our sorrows, Love unbound-ed, Christ is com-ing o-ver the world victo-rious, Power and glo-ry

Refrain

carries them all day long; wonderful, deep and strong; Praise Him! praise Him! tell of His excellent un-to the Lord belong;

FANNY J. CROSBY

CHESTER G. ALLEN
This Is My Father's World
MALTIE D. BABCOCK
Traditional English melody

Music arranged from a traditional English melody by Franklin L. Sheppard in 1915. Used by permission. Words used by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.
Jesus, Come and Bless Us

E. R. LATTA

W. O. PERKINS

1. Jesus, Thou hast promised That where two or three In Thy name have gathered, Thou wilt present be; And Thy word believing,
   presence With us till the last; Come, O blessed Saviour,
tition That to Thee we raise; May our faith grow stronger,

2. Jesus, Thou hast met us Oft in seasons past, But we need Thy grace display; Hear us and accept us; Bless us while we pray.
   And our hope more bright; May our love be purer, And our path more light.

3. Jesus, tune our voices To Thy songs of praise; Be in each presence With us till the last; Come, O blessed Saviour,
tition That to Thee we raise; May our faith grow stronger,

Refrain

Jesus, come and bless us While we linger here;

Jesus, come and bless us, Be Thou ever near.

Now in prayer we kneel; Jesus, come and bless us; Lord, Thyself reveal.
And Thy grace display; Hear us and accept us; Bless us while we pray.
And our hope more bright; May our love be purer, And our path more light.

Je - sus, come and bless us While we linger here;

Je - sus, come and bless us, Be Thou ev - er near.
In the Beauty of Holiness

J. S. B. MONSELL

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

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

With gold of obedience, and incense of lowliness,
Com-fort thy sorrows, and answer thy prayerfulness,
Truth in its beauty and love in its tender-ness,
Morn-ings of joy give for evenings of tearfulness,

Kneel and adore Him; the Lord is His name.
Guiding thy steps as may best for thee be.
These are the offerings to lay on His shrine.
Trust for our trembling, and hope for our fear.
I Sing the Mighty Power

ISAAC WATTS

1. I sing the mighty power of God, That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad, And built the lofty skies;
The moon shines full at His command, And all the stars obey.

2. I sing the goodness of the Lord, That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with His word, And then pronounced them good.
If I survey the ground I tread, Or gaze upon the sky!

3. There's not a plant or flower below But makes Thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow, By order from Thy throne.
There's not a place where we can flee But God is present there.

ISAAC WATTS

G. F. ROOT
How Firm a Foundation

RIPPON'S Selection

WADE’S Cantus Diversi

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His excellent word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, Who unto the Saviour for refuge have fled? Who unto the Saviour for refuge have fled?

2. “Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dismayed; For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand. faith in His excellent word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, Who unto the Saviour for refuge have fled? Who unto the Saviour for refuge have fled?

3. “When through the deep waters I call thee to go, The rivers of sorrows shall not overflow; For I will be with thee, thy fi- cient shall be thy supply; The flame shall not hurt thee; I will not desert to His foes; That soul, though all hell should en-

4. “When through fiery trials thy path-way shall lie, My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply; The flame shall not hurt thee; I will not desert to His foes; That soul, though all hell should en-

5. “The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose, I will not, I repent of grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply; The flame shall not hurt thee; I will not desert to His foes; That soul, though all hell should en-

"His foes; That soul, though all hell should en-

fied? Who unto the Saviour for refuge have fled? hand, Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand. fine, Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine, sake, I'll never, no, never, no, never for-sake.”
10  

Lead On, O King Eternal

ERNEST W. SHURTLEFF  
HENRY SMART

1. Lead on, O King Eternal, The day of march has come;
   Thy tents shall be our home;
   For gladness breaks like morning Wher-e'er Thy face appears;
   And now, O King Eternal, We lift our battle song.

2. Lead on, O King Eternal, Till sin's fierce war shall cease,
   And holiness shall whisper The sweet Amen of peace;
   For deeds of love and mercy, The heavenly kingdom comes.
   With Thy cross is lifted o'er us; We journey in its light;

3. Lead on, O King Eternal, We follow, not with fears,
   And now, O King Eternal, We lift our battle song.
   For not with swords, loud clashing, Nor roll of stirring drums,
   And now, O King Eternal, We lift our battle song.

The crown awaits the conquest; Lead on, O God of might.
Be silent, be silent, A whisper is heard;
2. Be silent, be silent, For holy this place,
3. Be silent, be silent, Breathe humbly our prayer;
4. Be silent, be silent, His mercy record;

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

Refrain

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

Tread softly, tread softly, He bids us draw near.
Tread softly here, tread softly here,
Near to the Heart of God

C. B. MCAFEE

1. There is a place of quiet rest, Near to the heart of God, A place where sin cannot molest, Near to the heart of God.

2. There is a place of comfort sweet, Near to the heart of God, A place where we our Saviour meet, Near to the heart of God.

3. There is a place of full release, Near to the heart of God, A place where all is joy and peace, Near to the heart of God.

Refrain

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

Hold us, who wait before Thee, Near to the heart of God.

Fount of Every Blessing

ROBERT ROBINSON

ROBERT ROBINSON

ASAHEL NETTLETON

1. Come, Thou Fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;

2. Here I raise my Ebenezer, Hither by Thy help I've come,

3. O, to grace how great a debt—daily I'm constrained to be!

Streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise.
And I hope by Thy good pleasure Safely to arrive at home.
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter, Bind me closer still to Thee.

Teach me ever to adore Thee, May I still Thy goodness prove,
Jesus sought me when a stranger, Wandering from the fold of God;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;

While the hope of endless glory Fills my heart with joy and love,
He to rescue me from danger Interposed His precious blood,
Here's my heart—O, take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts above.
Love Divine

JOHN ZUNDEL

1. Love divine, all loves excelling,
   Joy of heaven, to earth come down;

2. Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
   Into every troubled breast!

3. Come, Almighty to deliver,
   Let us all Thy grace receive;

4. Finish, then, Thy new creation;
   Pure and spotless let us be;

---

Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest;
Sudden ly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.
Let us see Thy great salvation
Perfectly restored in Thee:

---

Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Take away our bent to sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,

---

Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.
1. Let us work for the school with our hearts and our hands; Let it
   nev - er, no nev - er, de - cline; For its prais- es are sung by the
   ral - ly then, stand by the school; Why should it lan-guish and die?

2. 'Tis per - fum'd by the pray'rs, 'tis be - dewed by the tears, Of the
   good in all lands That are blest with the gos - pel di - vine.
   ral - ly then, stand by the school; Why should it lan-guish and die?

3. Now the sun - shine of fa - vor il - lum - ines its path, And the
   mourned at its fears, When its friends were but fee - ble and few. Ral- ly then,
   good in all lands That are blest with the gos - pel di - vine.

REFRAIN

work for the school with our hearts and our hands; Let it
   nev - er, no nev - er, de - cline; For its prais- es are sung by the
   ral - ly then, stand by the school; Why should it lan-guish and die?

Now the sun - shine of fa - vor il - lum - ines its path, And the
   mourned at its fears, When its friends were but fee - ble and few. Ral- ly then,
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   mourned at its fears, When its friends were but fee - ble and few. Ral- ly then,
   good in all lands That are blest with the gos - pel di - vine.

work for the school with our hearts and our hands; Let it
   nev - er, no nev - er, de - cline; For its prais- es are sung by the
   ral - ly then, stand by the school; Why should it lan-guish and die?
To God Be the Glory

1. To God be the glory, great things He hath done; So loved He the
world that He gave us His Son, Who yielded His life an aliever the promise of God; The vilest offender who will be Our wonder, our transport, when Jesus we see.

2. O perfect redemption, the purchase of blood, To every be - truly believes, That moment from Jesus a pardon receives.
great - er will be Our wonder, our transport, when Jesus we see.

3. Great things He hath taught us, great things He hath done, And great our re - tone - ment for sin, And opened the life gate that all may go in.
greater will be Our wonder, our transport, when Jesus we see.

Refrain

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Let the earth hear His voice; Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Let the people rejoice; O come to the Father, through
My Sabbath Home

C. R. BLACKWELL

WILLIAM H. DOANE

1. Sweet Sabbath School! more dear to me
   Than fairest palace dome,
   My heart e'er turns with joy to thee,
   My own dear Sabbath Home.

2. Here first my will - ful, wand'ring heart
   The way of life was shown;
   Here first I sought the bet - ter part,
   And gained a Sabbath Home.

3. Here Je - sus stood with lov - ing voice,
   En - treat-ing me to come,
   And make of Him my on - ly choice,
   In this dear Sabbath Home.

REFRAIN

Sabbath home! bless-ed home! Sabbath home! bless-ed home!
Sweet home! sweet home! Sweet home! sweet home!

My heart e'er turns with joy to thee, My own dear Sabbath Home.
Wake the Song

WILLIAM F. SHERWIN

1. Wake the song of joy and gladness; Hither bring your noblest lays;
2. Joyfully with songs and banners, We will greet the festival day;
3. Thanks to Thee, O holy Father, For the mercies of the year;

Banish every thought of sadness, Pouring forth your highest praise.
Shout aloud our glad hosannas, And our grateful homage pay.
May each heart, as here we gather, Swell with gratitude sincere.

Sing to Him whose care has brought us
We will chant our Saviour's glory
Thanks to Thee, O loving Saviour,

Once again with friends to meet,
While our thoughts we raise above,
For redemption through Thy blood.

And whose loving voice has taught us
Tell ing still "the old, old story," Precious theme—Redeem ing love!
Breathe upon us, Holy Spirit, Sweetly draw us near to God.

Refrain

Wake the song, wake the song, the song of joy and gladness,
Wake the song, wake the song, the song of joy and gladness,
Wake the song, wake the song, The song of Jubilee.

Wonderful Love of Jesus

E. D. MUND

1. In joyful high and holy lays My soul her grateful voice would raise;
2. A joy by day, a peace by night, In storms a calm, in darkness light;
3. My hope for pardon when I call, My trust for lifting when I fall,

But who can sing the worthy praise Of the wonderful love of Jesus?
In pain a balm, in weakness might, Is the wonderful love of Jesus.
In life, in death, my all in all, Is the wonderful love of Jesus.

Refrain

Wonderful love! wonderful love! Wonderful love of Jesus!
A Year of Precious Blessings

FANNY J. CROSBY

1. A year of precious blessings, And glorious victories won, Of earnest work progressing, Its onward course has run; To Thee, O God, our Refuge, Whose goodness crowns our days, Within Thy earthly temple We lift our souls in praise; With-in Thy earthly temple We lift our souls in praise.

2. Thou Master of assemblies, In mighty power descend, Behold our glad reunion, Conduct it to the end; Inspire our hearts with courage, And deeper love for Thee, That all Thy name may honor, Wher-e’er our field may be; That all Thy name may honor, Where’er our field may be.

3. O church of God’s Anointed, March on the lost to win, Lead forth thy ranks victorious Against the hosts of sin; ’Till at His throne in glory, Lord of all; One hallelujah chorus Shall crown Him Lord of all.
21

Our Help in Ages Past

ISAAC WATTS

1. O God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come,
2. Under the shadow of Thy throne Still may we dwell secure;
3. Before the hills in order stood, Or earth received her frame,
4. A thousand ages in Thy sight Are like an evening gone;
5. O God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come,

Our shelter from the stormy blast, And our eternal home!
Sufficient is Thine arm alone, And our defense is sure.
From everlasting Thou art God, To endless years the same.
Short as the watch that ends the night, Before the rising sun.
Be Thou our guide while life shall last, And our eternal home!

22

The Opening Year

PHILIP DODDRIDGE

1. Great God, we sing that mighty hand By which support-ed still we stand;
2. By day, by night, at home, abroad, Still are we guarded by our God;
3. With grateful hearts the past we own; The future, all to us unknown,
4. In scenes ex-alt-ed or de-pressed Thou art our joy and Thou our rest;

The opening year Thy mercy shows; That mercy crowns it till it close.
By His incessant bounty fed, By His unerring counsel led.
We to Thy guardian care com-mit, And, peace-ful, leave be-fore Thy feet.
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise, Adored thro' all our chang-ing days. A-men.
Another Year

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL

Arr. from WEBER

1. Another year is dawning! Dear Master, let it be
2. Another year of mercies, Of faithfulness and grace,
3. Another year of service, Of witness for Thy love;

In working or in waiting, Another year with Thee.
Another year of gladness—The shining of Thy face.
Another year of training For holier work above.

Thanksgiving

ALBERT H. HUTCHINSON

ROBERT N. QUAILE

1. For all the blessings of the year, For all the friends we hold so dear,
2. For life and health, those common things, Which every day and hour brings,
3. For love of Thine, which never tires, Which all our better thought inspires,

For peace on earth, both far and near, We thank Thee, Lord.
For home, where our affection clings, We thank Thee, Lord.
And warms our lives with heavenly fires, We thank Thee, Lord. Amen.
Come, Ye Thankful People

HENRY ALFORD

GEORGE J. ELVEY

1. Come, ye thankful people, come, Raise the song of harvest home!
2. We ourselves are God's own field, Fruit unto His praise to yield;
3. For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take His harvest home;
4. Then, thou church triumphant, come, Raise the song of harvest home;

All is safely gathered in, Ere the winter storms begin;
Wheat and tares to gather sown, Un to joy or sorrow grown;
From His field shall purge away All that doth offend, that day;
All are safely gathered in, Free from sorrow, free from sin;

God, our Maker, doth provide For our wants to be supplied;
First the blade and then the ear, Then the full corn shall appear;
Give His angels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast,
There for ever purified In God's garner to abide;

Come to God's own temple, come; Raise the song of harvest home!
Grant, O harvest Lord, that we Wholesome grain and pure may be.
But the fruitful ears to store In His garner evermore.
Come, ten thousand angels, come, Raise the glorious harvest home!

HENRY ALFORD

GEORGE J. ELVEY

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Grant, O harvest Lord, that we Wholesome grain and pure may be.
But the fruitful ears to store In His garner evermore.
Come, ten thousand angels, come, Raise the glorious harvest home!
1. Now thank we all our God
   With heart and hands and voices,
   Who won-der-ous things hath done,
   In whom His world re-joic-es;
   With ever joy-ful hearts
   And bless-ed peace to cheer us;
   The Son, and Him who reigns
   With them in high-est heav-en,

2. O may this boun-tees God
   Through all our life be near us,
   Who, from our moth-ers' arms
   Hath blessed us on our way
   And keep us in His grace,
   And guide us when per-plexed,
   The one e-ter-nal God
   Whom earth and heaven ad-ore;

3. All praise and thanks to God,
   The Fa-ther, now be giv-en,
   With count-less gifts of love,
   And still is ours to-day.
   And free us from all ills
   In this world and the next.
   For thus it was, is now,
   And shall be ev-er-more.
Welcome, Delightful Morn

"Hayward," in JOHNS DOBELL'S Selection, 1806

FRIEDRICH SCHNEIDER (1786-1853)

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

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

From the low plane of mortal toys I soar to reach immortal joys,
Let sinners feel Thy quickening word, And learn to know and fear the Lord,
Then shall my soul new life obtain, Nor Sab-baths be enjoyed in vain.

mor - tal joys, I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys.

fear the Lord, And learn to know and fear the Lord,
joyed in vain, Nor Sab-baths be enjoyed in vain.

from the low plane of mortal toys, I soar to reach immortal joys.
let sinners feel Thy quickening word, And learn to know and fear the Lord,
then shall my soul new life obtain, Nor Sab-baths be enjoyed in vain.
Don't Forget the Sabbath

FANNY J. CROSBY

1. Don't forget the Sabbath, The Lord our God hath blest, Of all the week the brightest; Of all the week the best; It brings repose from week the brightest, Of all the week the best; It brings repose from
2. Keep the Sabbath holy, And worship Him today, Who said to His disciples, "I am the living way," And if we meekly hymns to Jesus, The children's dearest Friend; O gentle loving,
3. Day of sacred pleasure! Its golden hours we'll spend In thankful praise to The Lord our God hath blest, And worship Him today, Its beams of light descending, follow Our Saviour here below, He'll give us of the fountain Saviour, How good and kind Thou art, How precious is Thy promise
Refrain
With heavenly beauty shine. Whose streams eternal flow. Welcome, welcome, ev'ry heart!
Blessed Sabbath day. Welcome, welcome, ev'ry welcome, Blessed Sabbath day.

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

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

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

L. E. C. JOERS

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

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

Refrain

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

It to us a sign shall be Throughout all eternity.

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Day of Rest and Gladness

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH

Arr. from a German melody by LOWELL MASON

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

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

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

4. Sing, Holy, holy, holy, To the Eternal One.
   From thee, like Pisgah's mountain, We view our promised land.
   We seek the rest remaining In mansions of the blest.
1. Again the day returns of holy rest,
2. Let us devote this consecrated day
3. Lord of all worlds, incline Thy gracious ear;
4. Father in heaven, in whom our hopes confide,

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

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

And all be piety, and all be peace.
Our supplications, and our songs of praise.
And shed renewing grace on lost mankind.
Glory supreme be Thine till time shall end.
33 How Sweet Upon This Sacred Day

MRS. FOLLEN

GEORGE KINGSLEY

1. How sweet upon this sacred day, The best of all the seven, Our sins may be forgiven! From Him to whom 'tis given In vain the will has striven,

2. How sweet to be allowed to pray, Our sins may be forgiven! From Him to whom 'tis given In vain the will has striven,

3. How sweet the words of peace to hear From Him to whom 'tis given In vain the will has striven,

4. And if to make our sins depart, In vain the will has striven,

To cast our earthly thoughts away, And think of God and heaven! With filial confidence to say, “Father, who art in heaven!”

To wake the penitential tear, And lead the way to heaven! He who regards the inmost heart Will send His grace from heaven.

34 Welcome, Welcome, Day of Rest

Anon.

Arranged from

IGNACE FLEYEL

1. Welcome, welcome, day of rest, To the world in kindness given; Welcome to this humble breast, As the beam ing light from heaven.

2. Day of calm and sweet repose, Gently now thy moments run; Balm to soothe our cares and woes, Till our labor here is done.

3. Holy day that most we prize, Day of solemn praise and prayer, Day to make the simple wise, O, how great thy blessings are!

4. Welcome, welcome, day of rest, With thy influence all divine; May thy hallowed hours be blessed To this waiting heart of mine.
1. Holy day, Jehovah's rest, Of creation's week the best;
2. First His six days' work was done, Then the Sabbath was begun;
3. Thousands have His plan reversed, Resting now upon the first;
4. All who speak the truth must say It was man who changed the day;
5. Thus I searched; and when I saw Only one great Sabbath law,

Last of all the chosen seven, Blessed of God, to man 'twas given.
Thus He blessed the seventh day, Thus in resting we obey.
Search the Book and you shall know There's no scripture tells them so.
In God's word no change appears Through the whole six thousand years!
Then I hastened to obey—Plainly, 'twas the only way.

Refrain

Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome;
Welcome, welcome, ever welcome, welcome, welcome, ever welcome;

Glad we hail its presence blest, 'Tis the great Jehovah's rest.
1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me,
   As Thou didst break the loaves Beside the sea;
   My spirit pants for Thee, O living Word!
   And I shall find in Thee My all in all!

2. Bless Thou the truth revealed This day to me,
   As Thou didst bless the bread By Galilee;
   Beyond the sacred page I seek Thee, Lord;
   Heeding Thy holy word I win the strife.

3. Spirit and life are they, Words Thou dost speak;
   I hasten to obey, But I am weak;
   Then shall all bondage cease, All fetters fall;
   My all in all!
An Open Bible for the World

HENRY M. KING, D.D. WILLIAM J. KIRKPATRICK

1. An open Bible for the world! May this our glorious
2. Where'er it goes its golden light, Streaming as from un-
3. It shows to men the Father's face, All radiant with for-
4. It tells of Jesus and His death, Of life procured for
5. It offers rest to weary hearts; It comforts those who

mot-to be! On every breeze the truth unfurled Shall scatter
veiled sun, Shall dissipate the clouds of night, Undo the
giving love; And to the lost of Adam's race, Proclaims sweet
dying men; And to each soul of humble faith, Gives sonship
sit in tears; To all who faint it strength imparts, And gilds with

Refrain

blessings rich and free. Blest word of God! send forth thy
work that sin has done. Blest word of God!
mercy from above. With the Lord again.
hope th'eternal years.

light send forth thy light O'er every land and every sea,

Till all who wander in the night Are led to God and heav'n by thee.

37
O Word of God Incarnate

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

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

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

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Mid mists and rocks and quicksands, Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.
Till, clouds and darkness ended, They see Thee face to face.
Give Me the Bible

1. Give me the Bible, star of gladness gleaming, To cheer the wanderer lone and tempest tossed, No storm can hide that peaceful radiance beaming,
   since Jesus came to seek and save the lost.

2. Give me the Bible when my heart is broken, When sin and grief have filled my soul with fear; Give me the precious words by Jesus spoken,
   hold up faith’s lamp to show my Saviour near.

3. Give me the Bible, all my steps enlightened, Teach me the danger of these realms below; That lamp of safety, o’er the gloom shall brighten,
   show me the glory path of peace can show.

4. Give me the Bible, lamp of life immortal, Hold up that splendor by the open grave; Show me the shining portal,
   gilding Jordan’s wave.

Refrain

Give me the Bible—holy message shining, Thy light shall guide me in the narrow way. Precept and promise, law and

PRISCILLA J. OWENS

E. S. LORENZ
love combining, 'Till night shall vanish in eternal day.

A Glory in the Word

1. A glory in the word we find When grace restores our sight;
2. When God's own Spirit clears our view, How bright the doctrines shine!
3. How blest are we, with open face To view Thy glory, Lord,
4. O teach us, as we look, to grow In holiness and love,

But sin has darkened all the mind, And
Their holy fruits and sweetness show The
And all Thy image here to trace, Re-
That we may long to see and know Thy

veiled the heavenly light, And veiled the heavenly light.
author is divine, The author is divine.
Reflected in Thy word! Reflected in Thy word!
glorious face above, Thy glorious face above.
Standing on the Promises

R. KELSO CARTER

1. Standing on the promises of Christ my King, Thro' eternal ages let His praises ring; Glory in the highest, I will
shout and sing, Standing on the promises of God.

2. Standing on the promises that can not fail, When the howling
storms of doubt and fear assail, By the living Word of God I
shall prevail, Standing on the promises of God.

3. Standing on the promises I now can see Perfect, present
cleaning in the blood for me; Standing in the liberty where
Christ makes free, Standing on the promises of God.

4. Standing on the promises of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e-
ternal by love's strong cord, O ver-coming daily with the
Spirit's sword, Standing on the promises of God.

5. Standing on the promises I cannot fail, Listening ev'ry
moment to the Spirit's call, Resting in my Saviour, as my
tall in all, Standing on the promises of God.

REFRAIN

Standing, Standing, Standing on the
promises of God (my Saviour); Standing on the
Standing, I'm standing on the promises of God.

Open My Eyes, That I May See
CLARA H. SCOTT

1. Open my eyes, that I may see Glimpses of truth Thou hast for me;
2. Open my ears, that I may hear Voices of truth Thou sendest clear;
3. Open my mouth, and let me bear Gladly the warm truth everywhere;

Place in my hands the wonderful key That shall unclasp and set me free.
And while the wave notes fall on my ear, Everything false will disappear.
Open my heart, and let me prepare, Love with Thy children thus to share.

Refrain
Silently now I wait for Thee, Ready, my God, Thy will to see;

Open my eyes, illumine me, Spirit divine!
The Sacred Book

THOMAS KELLY

GREGORIAN, arr. by LOWELL MASON

1. I love the sacred Book of God, No other can its place supply;
2. Sweet Book! in thee my eyes discern The image of my absent Lord;
3. But while I'm here, thou shalt supply His place, and tell me of His love;
4. With in thy sacred lids is found A transcript of my Maker's will;
5. Light of the world, thy beams impart, To lead my feet through life's dark way;

It points me to the saints' abode, And bids me from destruction fly.
From thy instructive page I learn The joys His presence will afford.
I'll read with faith's discerning eye, And thus partake of joys above.
Treasures of knowledge here abound, The deepest, loftiest mind to fill.
Oh, shine on this be-nighted heart, Nor let me from thy guidance stray.

Thy Word Is Like a Garden

E. HODDER

Fr. Rippon's Collection

1. Thy Word is like a garden, Lord, With flowers bright and fair;
2. Thy Word is like a deep, deep mine; And jewels rich and rare
3. O may I love Thy precious Word, May I explore the mine,

And every one who seeks may pluck And weave a garland rare.
Are hidden in its mighty depths For every search-er there.
May I the fragrant flowers glean, Thy graces all divine.
Wonderful Words of Life

P. P. BLISS

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

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

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

Refrain

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

43
Go and Inquire

W. A. OGDEN

1. Searching the Scriptures, the blessed Scriptures, Seeking the Saviour
day by day, Striving to learn the wondrous story—What does the
2. Searching the Scriptures, the blessed Scriptures, Seeking to know the
heav'nly way, Trying to reach the golden city—What does the
3. Searching the Scriptures, the blessed Scriptures, Seeking the wanderers
by the way, Trying to point a soul to Jesus—What does the

Refrain

blessed Bible say?
Go and inquire, the King commands,

mandeth, Ask of the Lord... for me and thee; Knock at the

open door of mercy, Where there is pardon full and free.

Knock at the open
Faith of Our Fathers

HENRI F. HEMY

Alt. by JAMES G. WALTON

1. Faith of our fathers! living still
   In spite of dungeon,

2. Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
   Were still in heart and

3. Faith of our fathers! we will love
   Both friend and foe in

fire, and sword,
O how our hearts beat high with joy

conscience free;
How sweet would be their children's fate,

all our strife,
And preach Thee, too, as love knows how,

When-e'er we hear that glorious word,
Faith of our

If they, like them, could die for Thee! Faith of our

By kindly words and virtuous life. Faith of our

faith! holy faith! We will be true to thee till death.

faith! holy faith! We will be true to thee till death.

faith! holy faith! We will be true to thee till death.
All Hail the Power of Jesus’ Name!

1. All hail the power of Jesus’ name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem,
   of the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
   res - trial ball, To Him all majes - ty as - cribe,
   feet may fall, Join in the ev - er - last - ing song,
   And crown Him Lord of all! Bring forth the roy - al
di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.

2. Ye seed of Israel’s chosen race, Ye ransomed
   of the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
   res - trial ball, To Him all majes - ty as - cribe,
   feet may fall, Join in the ev - er - last - ing song,
   And crown Him Lord of all! Hail. Him who saves you
   by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.

3. Let every kin - dred, every tribe, On this ter - 
   res - trial ball, To Him all majes - ty as - cribe,
   feet may fall, Join in the ev - er - last - ing song,
   And crown Him Lord of all! To Him all majes - ty as - cribe,
   last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

4. Oh, that with yon - der sac - red throng We at His
   Of the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
   res - trial ball, To Him all majes - ty as - cribe,
   feet may fall, Join in the ev - er - last - ing song,
   And crown Him Lord of all! Join in the ev - er -
1. Awake, my soul, in joyful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise; He justly claims a song from me; His loving-kindness, O, how free!

2. He saw me ruined in the fall, Yet loved me, not withstanding all; He saved me from my lost estate: His loving-kindness, O, how great!

3. Though numerous hosts of mighty foes, Though earth and hell my way oppose, He safely leads my soul a long; His loving-kindness, O, how strong!

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

5. And when earth's right-ful King shall come To take His ransom'd people home, I'll sing upon that blissful shore His loving-kindness, ever more. Loving-kindness, His loving-kindness, O, how free!

Refrain

Loving-kindness, O, how great! Loving-kindness, O, how strong!

Loving-kindness, O, how good! Loving-kindness, ever more.
1. I will sing (I will sing) of Jesus' love, Sing of Him (sing of Him)
2. Ere a tear (ere a tear) had dimmed mine eyes, Jesus' tears (Jesus' tears)
3. O the depths (O the depths) of love divine! Earth or heaven (earth or heaven)
4. Nothing good (nothing good) for Him I've done; How could He (how could He)

who first loved me; For He left (for He left) bright worlds above,
for me did flow; Ere my first (ere my first) faint prayer could rise,
can never know How that sins (how that sins) as dark as mine
such love bestow? Lord, I own (Lord, I own) my heart is, won,

And died on Calvary.
He had prayed in tones of woe. I will sing (I will sing) of
Can be made as white as snow.
Help me now my love to show.

Jesus' love, Endless praise (endless praise) my heart shall give; He has
died (He has died) that I might live— I will sing His love to me.

Refrain

I will sing (I will sing) of Jesus' love, Sing of Him (sing of Him)
Ere a tear (ere a tear) had dimmed mine eyes, Jesus' tears (Jesus' tears)
O the depths (O the depths) of love divine! Earth or heaven (earth or heaven)
Nothing good (nothing good) for Him I've done; How could He (how could He)
1. The Great Physician now is near, The sympathizing Jesus;
2. All glory to the dying Lamb! I now believe in Jesus;
3. His name dispels my guilt and fear; No other name but Jesus;
4. And when He comes to bring the crown—The crown of life and glory—

He speaks, the drooping heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Jesus!
I love the blessed Saviour's name, I love the name of Jesus.
O how my soul delights to hear The precious name of Jesus!
Then by His side we will sit down, And tell redemption's story.

Refrain

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

Sweetest carol ever sung—Jesus, blessed Jesus!
I've Found a Friend

J. G. SMALL

GEORGE C. STEBBINS

1. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;
   He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him.
   And 'round my heart still closely twine Those ties which nought can sever,
   For I am His, and He is mine, Forever and ever.

2. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me;
   And not alone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me.
   Nought that I have my own I call, I hold it for the Giver;
   My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His forever.

3. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! All power to Him is given;
   To guard me on my upward course, And bring me safe to heaven.
   The eternal glories gleam afar, To nerve my faint endeavor;
   So now to watch, to work, to war, And then to rest forever.

4. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! So kind, and true, and tender,
   So wise a counselor and guide, So mighty a defender.
   From Him, who loveth me so well, What power my soul can sever?
   Shall life or death, or earth or hell? No; I am His forever.
1. I have a Friend so precious, So very dear to me,
2. Sometimes I'm faint and weary, He knows that I am weak,
3. I tell Him all my sorrows, I tell Him all my joys,
4. He knows that I am longing Some weary soul to win,

He loves me with such tender love, He loves so faithfully;
And as He bids me lean on Him, His help I gladly seek;
I tell Him all that pleases me, I tell Him what annoys;
And so He bids me go and speak The loving word for Him;

I could not live apart from Him, I love to feel Him nigh,
He leads me in the paths of light, Beneath a sunny sky,
He tells me what I ought to do, He tells me how to try,
He bids me tell His wondrous love, And why He came to die,

And so we dwell together, My Lord and I.
And so we walk together, My Lord and I.
And so we talk together, My Lord and I.
And so we work together, My Lord and I.
1. There’s not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like Him is so high and ho-ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There’s not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ev-er saint find this friend for-sake Him? No, not one! no, not one!
5. Was e’er a gift like the Sav-iour giv-en? No, not one! no, not one!

None else could heal all our soul’s dis-eases, No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and low-ly, No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
Or sin-ner find that He would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!
Will He re-fuse us a home in heav-en? No, not one! no, not one!

Refrain
Je-sus knows all a-bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done,

There’s not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!
1. Oh, the best friend to have is Jesus; When the cares of life upon you roll, He will heal the wounded heart, He will strength and grace impart; brings; Leaning on His mighty arm, I will fear no ill nor harm; roll, Never need I shrink nor fear; For my Saviour is so near; fore, We will sing upon the shore, Praising Him forevermore; The best friend to have is Jesus; He will help you when you fall, The best friend to have is Jesus; He will hear you when you call; Oh, the best friend to have is Jesus.
Precious Name

LILLIAN BAXTER

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

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

Refrain

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

Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heaven.
Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet!
The Name of Jesus

W. C. MARTIN

E. S. LORENZ

Copyright, 1901 and 1902, by E. S. Lorenz. Renewal 1929 and 1930.
There's No Other Name Like Jesus

F. E. BELDEN

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

2. There's no other name like Jesus When the heart with grief is sad,
   There's no other name like Jesus When the heart is free and glad.
   (sweet name) (dear name)

3. 'Tis the hope that I shall see Him When in glory He appears,
   'Tis the hope to hear His welcome That my fainting spirit cheers.
   Then 'tis well if only Jesus Blesses all I do or say.

4. If He wills that I should labor In His vineyard day by day,
   Then 'tis well if only Jesus Is my dying trust and stay.

5. If He wills that death's cold finger Touch my feeble, mortal clay,
   If He wills that death's cold finger Touch my feeble, mortal clay.
   If He wills that death's cold finger Touch my feeble, mortal clay.

Refrain

Sweet name, dear name, There's no other name like Jesus;
   Sweet name, dear name, There's no other name like Jesus.
The Holiest Name

MARGARET MOODY

W. A. OGDEN

REFRAIN

'Tis the holiest name, 'Tis the lowliest name; From the blessed name!

Fa-ther's lips to the earth it came. Bro't by an-gels of light,

In the still-ness of night, Was the dear, dear name of Je-sus.

By the Fa-ther it was giv-en To His well-be-lov-ed Son.

And His won-d'rous name con-fess-ing, Tell its sweet-ness o'er a-gain.

And as-crive e-ter-nal prais-es To the name all names a-bove.

1. Dear-est name in earth or heav-en, Sweetest name my heart hath known,
2. To my heart it brings a bless-ing, And my lips take up the strain,
3. Oh, my soul would swell the cho-rus, Sing-ing His re-deem-ing love,

REFRAIN

'Tis the holiest name, 'Tis the lowliest name; From the blessed name!

Fa-ther's lips to the earth it came. Bro't by an-gels of light,

In the still-ness of night, Was the dear, dear name of Je-sus.

bless-ed name!
Seeking for Me

E. E. HASTY

1. Jesus, my Saviour, to Bethlehem came, Born in a manger to sorrow and shame; Oh, it was wonder-ful, blest be His name! Seeking for me, for me.

2. Jesus, my Saviour, on Cal-va-ry's tree, Paid the great debt, and my soul He set free; Oh, it was wonder-ful, how could it be? Dying for me, for me.

3. Jesus, my Saviour, the same as of old, While I was wand'ring a-far from the fold, Gent-ly and long did He plead with my soul, Call-ing for me, for me.

4. Jesus, my Saviour, shall come from on high, Sweet is the prom-ise as wea-ry years fly; Oh, I shall see Him de-scend-ing the sky, Coming for me, for me.

Seek-ing for me, seeking for me, Seek-ing for me, seeking for me;
Dy-ing for me, dy-ing for me, Dy-ing for me, dy-ing for me;
Call-ing for me, call-ing for me, Call-ing for me, call-ing for me;
Com-ing for me, com-ing for me, Com-ing for me, com-ing for me;

Oh, it was won-der-ful, blest be His name! Seek-ing for me, for me.
Oh, it was won-der-ful, how could it be? Dying for me, for me.
Gent-ly and long did He plead with my soul; Call-ing for me, for me.
Oh, I shall see Him de-scend-ing the sky, Com-ing for me, for me.
O Come, All Ye Faithful

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

Refrain

born the King of angels! O come, let us adore Him, O
glory in the highest!
now in flesh appearing!

come, let us adore Him, O come, let us adore Him, Christ, the Lord!
Hark! the Herald Angels Sing
CHARLES WESLEY

Arr. from MENDELSSOHN
by WILLIAM H. CUMMINGS

1. Hark! the herald angels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King;
   Peace on earth, and mercy mild, God and sin-ners rec-on-ciled!"
   In the man-ger born a king, While a-dor-ing an-gels sing,
   Joy-ful, all ye na-tions, rise, Join the tri-umph of the skies;
   With th’ an-gel-ic host pro-claim, "Christ is born in Beth-le-hem!"

2. Christ, by high-est heaven adored, Christ the ever-last-ing Lord;
   In the man-ger born a king, While a-dor-ing an-gels sing,
   "Peace on earth, to men good will;" Bid the trem-bling soul be still,
   Christ on earth has come to dwell, Je-sus, our Im-man-u-el!

3. Hail! the heaven-born Prince of Peace! Hail! the Sun of Righteous-ness!
   Life and light to all He brings, Risen with heal-ing in His wings.
   Mild He lays His glo-ry by, Born that man no more may die,
   Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them sec-ond birth.

4. With th’ an-gel-ic host pro-claim, "Christ is born in Beth-le-hem!"
   With th’ an-gel-ic host pro-claim, "Christ is born in Beth-le-hem!"
   With th’ an-gel-ic host pro-claim, "Christ is born in Beth-le-hem!"
   With th’ an-gel-ic host pro-claim, "Christ is born in Beth-le-hem!"
Refrain, after each stanza.

Hark! the herald angels sing, "Glory to the newborn King."

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Silent Night, Holy Night

JOSEPH MOHR, 1818

Tr. compiled from various sources

FRANZ GRUBER

1. Silent night, holy night, All is calm, all is bright,

2. Silent night, holy night, Darkness flies, all is light;

3. Silent night, holy night, Son of God, love's pure light,

4. Silent night, holy night, Wondrous star, lend thy light;

Round yon virgin mother and Child! Holy Infant, so tender and mild,
Shepherds hear the angels sing, "Alleluia! hail the King!
Radiant beams from Thy holy face, With the dawn of redeeming grace,
With the angels let us sing, Alleluia to our King;

Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace.

Christ the Saviour is born,
Christ the Saviour is born."

Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.

Christ the Saviour is born,
Christ the Saviour is born.
Little Town of Bethlehem

PHILLIPS BROOKS

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

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

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

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

GEORGE BENNARD

1. On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross, The emblem of suffering and shame, And I love that old cross where the dearest and best
2. Oh, that old rugged cross, so despised by the world, Has a wondrous attraction for me, For the dear Lamb of God left His glory above, So I'll cherish the old rugged cross, the
3. In the old rugged cross, stained with blood so divine, A wondrous beauty I see; For 'twas on that old cross Jesus suffered and died, Where His glory forever I'll share.
4. To the old rugged cross I will ever be true, Its shame and reproach gladly bear; Then He'll call me someday to my home far away, Till my trophies at last I lay down; I will cling to the old rugged cross, and ex-change it someday for a crown.

Refrain

For a world of lost sinners was slain. To bear it to dark Calvary. So I'll cherish the old rugged cross, the
To pardon and sanctify me. Where His glory forever I'll share.

Alas! and Did My Saviour Bleed?

ISAAC WATTS

1. Alas! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sovereign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne’er re-pay The debt of love I owe;
4. Help me, dear Saviour, thee to own, And ever faithful be;

Would He de-vote that sacred head For such a worm as I?
A-maz-ing pity! grace un-known! And love beyond degree!
Here, Lord, I give my-self a-way; ’Tis all that I can do.
And when Thou sit-est on Thy throne, O Lord, re-mem-ber me.

ASA HULL

1. Alas! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sovereign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne’er re-pay The debt of love I owe;
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Would He de-vote that sacred head For such a worm as I?
A-maz-ing pity! grace un-known! And love beyond degree!
Here, Lord, I give my-self a-way; ’Tis all that I can do.
And when Thou sit-est on Thy throne, O Lord, re-mem-ber me.

ASA HULL
1. I gave My life for thee, My precious blood I shed,
2. My Father's house of light, My glory-circled throne,
3. I suffered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell,

That thou might'st ransomed be, And quickened from the dead;
I left for earthly night, For wanderings sad and lone;
Of bitterest agony, To rescue thee from hell;

I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou given for Me?
I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?

I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou given for Me?
I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?
1. Tell me the old, old story, Of unseen things above, Of Jesus and His love; Tell me the story and His glory, Of Jesus and His love; Tell me the story
2. Tell me the story softly, With earnest tones and grave; Remember that this world's empty glory Is costing me too dear; Yes, and when that world's sim-ply, As to a little child, For I am weak and weary,
3. Tell me the same old story, When you have cause to fear That this world's always, If you would really be, In any time of trouble, glory Is dawning on my soul, Tell me the old, old story:

Refrain

And helpless and defiled.
A comforter to me. Tell me the old, old story, Tell me the "Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

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

Tell Me the Old, Old Story

KATHERINE HANKEY

WILLIAM H. DOANE
1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no other way but this: I shall ne'er get sight of the gates of light, 
Saviour's trod, If I ever climb to the heights sublime, 
nev’r more; For my Lord says, "Come," and I seek my home,

2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way, The path that the way leads home; The path that the cross leads home; It is sweet to know as I onward go, The way of the cross leads home.

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

1. Tell me the story of Jesus, Write on my heart every word,
   Tell me the story most precious, Sweetest that ever was heard;
   Glory to God in the highest, Peace and good tidings to earth.

2. Fasting, alone in the desert, Tell of the days that He passed,
   How for our sins He was tempted, Yet was triumphant at last;
   He was despised and afflicted, Homeless, rejected, and poor.

3. Tell of the cross where they nailed Him, Wringing in anguish and pain;
   Tell of the grave where they laid Him, Tell how He liveth again;
   Stay, let me weep while you whisper, Love paid the ransom for me.

Tell of the years of His labor, Tell of the sorrow He bore,
Love in that story so tender, Clearer than ever I see;

Tell how the angels, in chorus, Sang as they welcomed His birth,
Tell of the years of His labor, Tell of the sorrow He bore,
Love in that story so tender, Clearer than ever I see;

Tell Me the Story of Jesus
FANNY J. CROSBY
JOHN R. SWENEY
Tell me the story of Jesus, Write on my heart every word,

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

1. Fairest Lord Jesus, Ruler of all nature,

O Thou of God and man the Son! Thou will I cherish,

Thee will I honor, Thou art my glory, joy, and crown.

2. Fair are the meadows, Fairer still the woodlands,

Robed in the blooming garb of spring; Jesus is fairer,

Jesus is purer, Who makes the woeful heart to sing.

3. Fair is the sunshine, Fairer still the moonlight,

And all the twinkling starry host; Jesus shines brighter,

Jesus shines purer Than all the angels heaven can boast.

Refrain

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

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

Fairest Lord Jesus

German, 1677

From Schlesische Volkslieder
Arr. by RICHARD S. WILLIS

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My Redeemer

P. P. BLISS

JAMES MCGRANAHAN

1. I will sing of my Redeemer, And His wondrous love to me;
2. I will tell the wondrous story, How my lost estate to save,
3. I will praise my dear Redeemer, His triumph pow'r I'll tell,
4. I will sing of my Redeemer, And His heavenly love to me;

On the cruel cross He suffered, From the curse to set me free.
In His boundless love and mercy, He theransom freely gave.
How the victory He giveth Over sin, and death, and hell.
He from death to life hath brought me, Son of God, with Him to be.

Refrain

Sing! Oh sing of my Redeemer, With His blood
Sing of my Redeemer ever, Sing of my

He purchased me. On the cross He sealed my
Redeemer ever. He sealed my pardon
Lead Me to Calvary

JENNIE EVELYN HUSSEY

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

Lest I forget Thy thorn-crowned brow, Lead me to Calvary.
Angels in robes of light arrayed Guarded Thee whilst Thou slept.
Show to me now the empty tomb, Lead me to Calvary.
Even Thy cup of grief to share, Thou hast borne all for me.

REFRAIN

Lest I forget Gethsemane; Lest I forget Thine agony;

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

1. Lift Him up, 'tis He that bids you, Let the dying look and live;
   Lift Him up, precious Saviour, Let the multitude behold;
   Lift Him up in all His glory, 'Tis the Son of God on high;
   Lift Him up in singing, Lift the Saviour up in prayer;

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

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

And the blind, who grope in darkness, Through the blood of Christ shall see.
They shall bear the cross of Jesus, And shall find salvation sweet.
And from tongue to tongue repeat it; Mighty throngs shall bless His name.
All the deaf shall hear hosannah; And the dumb shall shout His praise.
Jesus Calls Us

FRANCES ALEXANDER

1. Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult Of our life's wild, restless sea,
   Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Say ing, "Christian, follow Me."

2. Jesus calls us from the worship Of the vain world's golden store,
   From each idol that would keep us, Say ing, "Christian, love Me more."

3. In our joys and in our sorrows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
   Still He calls, in cares and pleasures, "Christ ian, love Me more than these."

4. Jesus calls us! By Thy mercies, Saviour, may we hear Thy call,
   Give our hearts to Thy obedience, Serve and love Thee best of all.

WILLIAM H. JUDE
1. Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling, Calling for you and for me; At the heart's portal He's waiting and watching, Watch-ing for you and for me.
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me? Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me; Shadows are gathering and death's night is coming, Coming for you and for me.
4. Think of the wonderful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me; Though we have sinned, He has mercy and pardon, Pard-on for you and for me.

Refrain

Come home, come home, Come home, come home,
Ye who are weary, come home; Earnestly, tenderly
Jesus is calling, Calling, O sinner, come home!
There were ninety and nine that safely lay

"Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine;

But none of the ransomed ever knew

"Lord, whence are these blood-drops all the way

But all through the mountains, thunder-riven,

fold, But one was out on the hills away, Far, far from the gates of Thee?" But the Shepherd made answer: 

One of Mine Has wandered away from crossed, Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through Ere He found His sheep that was track?" "They were shed for one who had gone astray, Ere the Shepherd could bring him steep, There rose a cry to the gate of heaven, "Rejoice, I have found My gold— Away on the mountains wild and bare, Away from the tender Me, And although the road be rough and steep, I go to the desert to lost. Far out in the desert He heard its cry—Fainting and help-less and back." "Lord, why are Thy hands so rent and torn?" "They are pierced tonight by sheep!" And the angels sang around the throne, "Rejoice, for the Lord brings Shep-herd's care, Away from the tender Shep-herd's care. find My sheep, I go to the desert to find My sheep." ready to die, Fainting and help-less and ready to die. many a thorn, They are pierced tonight by many a thorn," back His own! Re-joice, for the Lord brings back His own!"
Shall You? Shall I?

G. M. J.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN

1. Some-one will en - ter the pearl - y gate By and by, by and by,
2. Some-one will glad - ly his cross lay down By and by, by and by,
3. Some-one will knock when the door is shut By and by, by and by,
4. Some-one will sing the tri - um - phant song By and by, by and by,

Taste of the glo - ries that there a - wait, Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?
Faith - ful, approved, shall re - ceive a crown, Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?
Hear a voice say - ing, "I know you not;" Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?
Join in the praise with the blood - bought throng; Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?

Some-one will trav - el the streets of gold, Beau - ti - ful vi - sions will there be - hold,
Some-one the glo - ri - ous King will see, Ev - er from sor - row of earth be free,
Some-one will call and shall not be heard, Vain - ly will strive when the door is barred,
Some-one will greet on the gold - en shore, Loved ones of earth, pain and part - ing o'er,

Feast on the pleasures so long fore - told; Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?
Hap - py with Him through e - ter - ni - ty; Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?
Some-one will fail of the saints' re - ward; Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?
Safe in the glo - ry for - ev - er-more; Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?
1. Jesus is tenderly calling thee home—Calling to-day,
2. Jesus is calling the weary to rest—Calling to-day,
3. Jesus is waiting—oh, come to Him now—Waiting to-day,
4. Jesus is pleading—oh, list to His voice—Hear Him to-day,

Calling to-day; Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam
Calling to-day; Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest;
Waiting to-day; Come with thy sins, at His feet lowly bow;
Hear Him to-day; They who believe on His name shall rejoice;

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

Calling, calling to-day, to-day;
Jesus is tenderly calling,
calling to-day,
calling to-day,
I heard the voice of Jesus say, "Come unto Me and rest;
Be hold, I freely give;
I am this dark world's light;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down Thy head upon My breast."
I came to Jesus as I was—Weary, and worn, and sad;
I drank Of that life-giving stream;
I found In Him my star, my sun;
I found in Him a resting place, And He has made me glad.
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in Him.
And in that light of life I'll walk, Till all my journey's done.
Whosoever Will

P. P. BLISS

1. “Who-so-ev-er hear-eth,” shout, shout the sound! Send the blessed ti-dings all the world a-round; Spread the joy-ful news where-ev-er man is found: call the wan-derer home; Whosoever will, may come.

2. Who-so-ev-er com-eth need not de-lay; Now the door is o-pen, en-ter while you may; Je-sus is the true, the on-ly liv-ing way; ev-er must en-dure; “Who-so-ev-er will,” Tis life for-ev-er-more;

3. “Who-so-ev-er will,” the prom-ise se-ure, “Who-so-ev-er will,” for-

Refrain

“Who-so-ev-er will, may come.” Who-so-ev-er will, may come. “Who-so-ev-er will, who-so-ev-er will,” Who-so-ev-er will, may come.

Send the procla-ma-tion o-ver vale and hill; ’Tis a lov-ing Fa-ther calls the wan-derer home; Whoso-ev-er will, may come.
Lovingly, Tenderly Calling

W. A. OGDEN

1. Jesus, the loving Shepherd, Call-eth thee now to come
   Into the fold of safety, Where there is rest and room; Come in the morn of youth, Enter the fold of
   strength of man-hood, Come in the morn of youth, Enter the fold of

2. Jesus, the loving Shepherd, Gave His dear life for thee;
   Tender-ly now He's calling, Wander-er, come to Me; Haste, for with-
   out is dan-ger, Come, cries the Shepherd blest, Enter the fold of
   love-ing Shepherd, Call-eth thee now to come In- to the fold of

3. Ling-ering is but fol-ly; Wolves are a-broad to-day,
   Seek-ing the sheep now stray-ing; Seek-ing the lambs to slay; Je-sus, the
   stay, En-ter the way of truth. Loving-ly, ten-der-ly
   stay, En-ter the place of rest. Loving-ly, tender-ly
   stay, Where there is rest and room.

Refrain

call-ing is He: Wander-er, wander-er, come un-to Me;

Enter the way of truth.

Enter the place of rest.

Where there is rest and room.
I Surrender All

J. W. VAN DE VENTER

1. All to Jesus I surrender, All to Him I freely give;
2. All to Jesus I surrender; Humbly at His feet I bow;
3. All to Jesus I surrender; Make me, Saviour, wholly Thine;
4. All to Jesus I surrender; Now I feel the sacred flame.

I will ever love and trust Him, In His presence daily live;
Worldly pleasures all forsaken; Take me, Jesus, take me now;
Let me feel the Holy Spirit, Truly know that Thou art mine;
O the joy of full salvation! Glory, glory to His name!

Refrain

I surrender all, I surrender all;
I surrender all, I surrender all,

All to Thee, my blessed Saviour, I surrender all.
Your Saviour, Too

S. O'MALEY CLUFF

1. I have a Saviour, He's pleading in glory, A dear, loving
2. I have a Father; to me He has given A hope for eternity, blessed and true; And soon He will call me to meet Him in
glory my wondering view; Oh, when I receive it, all shining in
Saviour is your Saviour, too; Then pray that your Saviour will bring them to

3. I have a robe; 'tis splendid in whiteness, Awaiting in
brightness, Dear friend, could I see you receiving one, too!

4. When Jesus has found you, tell others the story, That my loving
prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you!

Refrain

Saviour, though earth friends be few; And now He is watching in tenderness

For you I am praying, For you I am praying, I'm praying for you.
Ye Must Be Born Again

W. T. SLEEPER

REFRAIN

1. A ruler once came to Jesus by night, To ask Him the way of salvation and light; The Master made answer in words true and plain, "Ye must be born again." you be in vain, "Ye must be born again." "Ye must be you would obtain, "Ye must be born again." 

Ye Must Be Born Again

W. T. SLEEPER

GEORGE C. STEBBINS

A ruler once came to Jesus by night, To ask Him the way of salvation and light; The Master made answer in words true and plain, "Ye must be born again." you be in vain, "Ye must be born again." "Ye must be you would obtain, "Ye must be born again."
Whiter Than Snow

1. Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole; I want Thee for ever to live in my soul; Break down every idol, cast out every foe; make a complete sacrifice; I give up myself, and whatever I know; Lord, at Thy crucified feet, By faith, for my cleansing; I see Thy blood flow; in me a new heart create; To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st No;

2. Lord Jesus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait; Come now, and with;

3. Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat; I wait, blessed

4. Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat; I wait, blessed

Refrain

Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. Whiter than snow, yes,

whiter than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
Pass Me Not

FANNY J. CROSBY

1. Pass me not, O gentle Saviour, Hear my humble cry;
   While on others Thou art calling, Do not pass me by.

2. Let me at Thy throne of mercy Find a sweet relief;
   Kneeling there in deep contrition, Help my unbelief.

3. Trusting only in Thy merit, Would I seek Thy face;
   Heal my wounded, broken spirit, Save me by Thy grace.

4. Thou the spring of all my comfort, More than life for me;
   Whom have I on earth beside Thee? Whom in heaven but Thee?

Refrain

Saviour, Saviour, hear my humble cry,
While on others Thou art calling, Do not pass me by.

WILLIAM H. DOANE

88
Blessed Jesus, Meek and Lowly

ANNE R. SMITH

Adapted from Psalm 42 in the Genevan Psalter

1. Blessed Jesus, meek and lowly, With us here take Thine abode; We would fain like Thee be holy, Humbly walking with our God.

2. Guide us in the path to heaven, Rugged though that path may be; Let each bitter cup that's given, Serve to draw us nearer Thee.

3. In Thy vineyard let us labor, Of Thy goodness let us tell; All is ill without Thy favor, With Thy presence all is well.

4. Then with Thee may we forever Reign with all the good and blest, Where no sin from Thee can sever, Where the weary are at rest;

We would Thy sweet Spirit cherish, Welcome in our hearts Thy stay; We would Thee, like Thee be holy, Humbly walking with our God.

In Thy footsteps traced before us, There we see earth's scorn and crown; In Thy footsteps traced before us, There we see earth's scorn and crown;

While the evening shadows gather, Through this dreary night of tears, In Thy footsteps traced before us, There we see earth's scorn and crown;

There to praise the matchless Giver, There with angels to adore, Lest without Thine aid we perish, O, abide with us, we pray!

There is suffering ere the glory, There's a cross before the crown. There is suffering ere the glory, There's a cross before the crown.

Tarry with us, O our Saviour, Till the morning light appears, Tarry with us, O our Saviour, Till the morning light appears.

Him who did through grace deliver Us from death forevermore. Him who did through grace deliver Us from death forevermore.
1. Baptize us anew With power from on high,
   With love, O refresh us! Dear Saviour, draw nigh.

2. Unworthy we cry, Unholy, unclean,
   O wash us and cleanse us From sin’s guilty stain.

3. O heavenly Dove, Descend from on high!
   We plead Thy rich blessing; In mercy draw nigh.

4. O list the glad voice! From heaven it came:
   Thou art My beloved, Well pleased I am.

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

We laud and adore Thee, Amen and Amen.

With love and the Spirit baptize us today.

Baptize Us Anew
W. A. OGDEN

87
It Is Morning in My Heart

1. All the darkness of the night has passed away, It is morning in my heart; I am living in the sunlight of the day, It is morning in my heart; And I know that life for me begins again, It is morning in my heart; Every duty in the light of love I see, It is morning in my heart; I shall sing it when I reach the other shore, It is morning in my heart.

2. I can hear the song-birds singing their refrain, It is morning in my heart; Christ has made the world a paradise to me, It is morning in my heart; Every duty in the light of love I see, It is morning in my heart; I shall sing it when I reach the other shore, It is morning in my heart.

3. Christ has made the world a paradise to me, It is morning in my heart; Every duty in the light of love I see, It is morning in my heart; I shall sing it when I reach the other shore, It is morning in my heart.

4. Joy has come to dwell with me forever more, It is morning in my heart. Je-sus made the gloomy shadows all depart; Songs of gladness now I made all depart; I shall sing, for since Je-sus is my King It is morning, it is morning in my heart.

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Redeemed

FANNY J. CROSBY

1. Redeemed! how I love to proclaim it! Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;
2. Redeemed! and so happy in Jesus! No language my rapture can tell;
3. I think of my bless-ed Redeemer, I think of Him all the day long;
4. I know I shall see in His beauty The King in whose law I delight;
5. I know there's a crown that is waiting In yon-der bright mansion for me;

Redeemed through His infinite mercy, His child, and forever, I am.
I know that the light of His presence With me doth continually dwell.
I sing, for I cannot be silent; His love is the theme of my song.
Who lovingly guardeth my footsteps, And giveth me songs in the night.
And soon, with the spirits made perfect, At home with the Lord I shall be.

Refrain

Redeemed, redeemed, Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;
Redeemed, redeemed, His child, and forever, I am.
Jesus Saves

PRISCILLA J. OWENS

WILLIAM J. KIRKPATRICK

1. We have heard a joyful sound, Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
2. Waft it on the rolling tide, Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
3. Sing above the battle's strife, Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
4. Give the winds a mighty voice, Jesus saves, Jesus saves;

Spread the gladness all around, Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
Tell to sinners, far and wide, Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
By His death and endless life, Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
Let the nations now rejoice, Jesus saves, Jesus saves;

Bear the news to every land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves,
Sing, ye islands of the sea, Echo back, ye ocean caves,
Sing it softly through the gloom, When the heart for mercy craves,
Shout salvation full and free, Highest hills and deepest caves,

Onward, 'tis our Lord's command, Jesus saves, Jesus saves.
Earth shall keep her jubilee, Jesus saves, Jesus saves.
Sing in triumph o'er the tomb, Jesus saves, Jesus saves.
This our song of victory, Jesus saves, Jesus saves.
Life in a Look

F. E. BELDEN

REFRAIN

Bright treasures beyond in the cross I see. In a look there's life for thee,
A look at the cross still my strength shall be. Who trust and obey in the strength of Heav'n.

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

2. When first to the Saviour I raised my eyes, Sweet was the view I saw; In a look there's life for thee,
   trust and obey in the strength of Heav'n; By a look at Calvary.

3. I'll look to the cross every day and hour, Trusting the Saviour's pow'r,
   life for thee, In a look at Calvary; Blessed thought, salvation free,
   there's life for thee, In a look at Calvary; By a look at Calvary.
I Love to Tell the Story

KATHERINE HANKEY

1. I love to tell the story Of unseen things above,
   Of Jesus and His glory,
   Of Jesus and His love;

2. I love to tell the story; More wonderful it seems
   Than all the golden fancies
   Of all our golden dreams;

3. I love to tell the story; 'Tis pleasant to repeat
   What seems each time I tell it,
   More wond'rously sweet;

4. I love to tell the story; For those who know it best
   Seem hungry and thirsting
   To hear it like the rest;

I love to tell the story, Because I know 'tis true;
I love to tell the story, It did so much for me,
I love to tell the story, For some have never heard
And when in scenes of glory I sing
   It satisfies my longing
   As nothing else can do.

And that is just the reason I tell it now to thee.
The message of salvation From God's own holy word.
'Twill be the old, old story That I have loved so long.
Refrain

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

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

Jesus Never Fails

1. Earthly friends may prove untrue, Doubts and fears assail; One still loves and cares for you, One who will not fail.

2. Tho' the sky be dark and drear, Fierce and strong the gale, Just remember He is near, And He will not fail. Jeesus nev-er fails, Jesus nev-er fails;

3. In life's dark and bitter hour Love will still prevail; Trust His ever-lasing pow'r, Jesus will not fail.

Je-sus nev-er fails; Heav'n and earth may pass a-way, But Jesus nev-er fails.

We are redeemed! the price is paid! What a wonderful Saviour!
That reconciled my soul to God; What a wonderful Saviour!
And now He reigns and rules therein; What a wonderful Saviour!
And keeps me faithful day by day; What a wonderful Saviour!
And triumph in each trying hour; What a wonderful Saviour!
The world shall never share a part; What a wonderful Saviour!

Refrain

What a wonderful Saviour is Jesus, my Jesus!

What a wonderful Saviour is Jesus, my Lord!
Come, Great Deliverer, Come

FANNY J. CROSBY
WILLIAM H. DOANE

1. O hear my cry, be gracious now to me, Come, Great Deliverer, come; My soul bowed down is longing now for Thee,
2. I have no place, no shelter from the night, Come, Great Deliverer, come; One look from Thee would give me life and light,
3. My path is lone, and weary are my feet, Come, Great Deliverer, come; Mine eyes look up Thy loving smile to meet,
4. Thou wilt not spurn contrition's broken sigh, Come, Great Deliverer, come; Regard my prayer, and hear my humble cry,

REFRAIN

Come, Great Deliverer, come. I've wandered far away o'er mountains cold, I've wandered far away from home; O take me now, and bring me to Thy fold, Come, Great Deliverer, come.

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**Only Thee**

**1.** Have I need of aught, O Saviour! Aught on earth but Thee?

**2.** Though I have of friends so many, Love, and gold, and health,

**3.** Is there heart so kind and patient With my failings all?

**4.** Not for worlds would I exchange it—This sweet faith in Thee!

---

**Refrain**

On-ly Thee, on-ly Thee, O the won-drous love shown me!

On-ly Thee, on-ly Thee,

On-ly Thee, on-ly Thee,

None on earth but Thee.

---

**CORIE F. DAVIS**

**DR. W. O. PERKINS**
1. My heart was distress'd 'neath Je-ho-vah's dread frown, And low in the pit where my sins dragg'd me down; I cried to the Lord from the deep miry clay, Who tenderly brought me out to golden day.

2. He placed me up - on the strong Rock by His side, My steps were estableished and here I'll abide; No danger of falling while home and abroad, Till many shall hear the truth and trust in God.

3. He gave me a song, 'twas a new song of praise. By day and by night its sweet notes I will raise; My heart's overflow - ing, I'm happy and free, I'll praise my Re-deem - er, who has rescued me.

4. I'll sing of His won - der - ful mer - cy to me, I'll praise Him till home and abroad, Till many shall hear the truth and trust in God.

Refrain

He brought me out of the miry clay, He set my feet on the Rock to stay;

He puts a song in my soul to-day, A song of praise, hal-le-lu-jah!
Anywhere With Jesus

JESSIE H. BROWN

1. Anywhere with Jesus I can safely go, Anywhere He
   leads me in this world below; Anywhere with-out Him, dearest
   safe - ly go, not, a - lone;
2. Anywhere with Jesus I am not alone; Other friends may
   joy - s would fade; Anywhere with Jesus I am not afraid.
   go to sleep, An - y - where He
   fail me, He is still my own; Though His hand may lead me o-ver
   drear - y ways, Anywhere with Jesus is a house of praise.
3. Anywhere with Jesus I can go to sleep, When the gloom - y
   can - go to sleep, An - y - where He
   shad-ows round a - bout me creep, Know-ing I shall wak - en nev - er-
   more to roam; Anywhere with Jesus will be home sweet home.

Refrain

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

An - y - where with Jesus I can safely go.
1. Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy tenderest care;  
2. We are Thine; do Thou be-friend us, Be the Guardian of our way;  
3. Thou hast promised to receive us, Poor and sinful though we be;  

In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy folds prepare.  
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us, Seek us when we go astray.  
Thou hast mercy to relieve us, Grace to cleanse, and power to free.

Bless-ed Jesus, bless-ed Jesus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;  
Bless-ed Jesus, bless-ed Jesus, Hear, O hear us, when we pray!  
Bless-ed Jesus, bless-ed Jesus, We will early turn to Thee;

Bless-ed Jesus, bless-ed Jesus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.  
Bless-ed Jesus, bless-ed Jesus, Hear, O hear us, when we pray!  
Bless-ed Jesus, bless-ed Jesus, We will early turn to Thee.
1. A wonderful Saviour is Jesus my Lord, A wonderful
   Sav-iour to me, He hid-eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, Where
   riv-ers of pleasure I see.

2. A wonderful Saviour is Jesus my Lord, He tak-eth my
   bur-den a-way, He hold-eth me up, and I shall not be moved, He
   giv-eth me strength as my day. He hid-eth my soul in the cleft of the rock
   such a Redeem-er as mine.

3. With num-ber-less bless-ings each mo-ment He crowns, And filled with His
   full-ness di-vine, I sing in my rap-ture, Oh, glo-ry to God For
   clouds of the sky, His per-fect sal-va-tion, His won-der-ful love, I'll
   shout with the millions on high.

4. When clothed in His brightness, transport-ed I rise To meet Him in
   That shad-ows a dry, thirst-y land; He hid-eth my life in the depths of
   His love, And cov-ers me there with His hand, And cov-ers me there with His hand.
1. Jesus has promised my Shepherd to be, That's why I love Him so; And to the children He said, "Come to Me,"
2. He the weak lambs to His bosom will take, That's why I love Him so; Never will He for a moment forsake, 
3. He has in heaven prepared me a place, That's why I love Him so; Where I may dwell, by His wonderful grace, 

REFRAIN

That's why I love Him so. That's why I love Him, That's why I love Him, Because He first loved me; When I'm tempted and tried, He is close by my side, That's why I love Him so.
1. Just when I need Him, Jesus is near, Just when I fal—ter,
   just when I fear; Read—y to help me, read—y to cheer,
   all the way through; Giv—ng for bur—dens pleas—ures a—new,
   all the day long; For all my sor—row giv—ng a song,
   on Him I call; Ten—der—ly watch—ing lest I should fail,

2. Just when I need Him, Jesus is true, Nev—er for—sak—ing,
   most, Just when I need Him most; Je—sus is near to com—fort and cheer, Just when I need Him most.

3. Just when I need Him, Jesus is strong, Bear—ing my bur—dens
   most, Just when I need Him most; Je—sus is near to com—fort and cheer, Just when I need Him most.

4. Just when I need Him, He is my all, An—swer—ing when up—
   most, Just when I need Him most; Je—sus is near to com—fort and cheer, Just when I need Him most.

1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus, Just to take Him at His word;
2. O how sweet to trust in Jesus, Just to trust His cleansing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Jesus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee, Precious Jesus, Saviour, Friend;

Refrain

Jesus, Jesus, how I trust Him; How I've proved Him o'er and o'er!

Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus! O for grace to trust Him more!
1. Under His wings I am safely abiding; Though the night deepens and
tempests are wild, Still I can trust Him; I know He will keep me;
turns to its rest! Of ten when earth has no balm for my healing,
trials are o'er; Sheltered, protected, no evil can harm me;

2. Under His wings, what a refuge in sorrow! How the heart yearningly
Under His wings, Who from His love can sever?

3. Under His wings, O what precious enjoyment! There will I hide till life's
Under His wings my soul shall abide, Safely abide forever.

Refrain

He has redeemed me, and I am His child.

There I find comfort, and there I am blest. Under His wings,
Resting in Jesus I'm safe evermore.
108

Hiding in Thee

WILLIAM O. CUSHING

IRA D. SANKEY

1. O safe to the Rock that is higher than I, My soul in its conflicts and sorrows would fly; So sinful, so weary, Thine, Thine would I be; Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in Thee.

2. In the calm of the noon-tide, in sorrow's lone hour, In the tempests of life, on its wide, heaving sea, Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in Thee.

3. How oft in the conflict, when pressed by the foe, I have fled to my Refuge and breathed out my woe; How often, when trials like sea billows roll, Have I hidden in Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul.

4. Refrain

A Shelter in the Time of Storm

J. V. C., refrain added

F. E. Belden

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

Secure what-ever may be-tide, A shelter in the time of storm.
No fears a- larm, no foes af-fright, A shelter in the time of storm.
We find in God a safe re-treat, A shelter in the time of storm.
Be Thou our help-er, ev-er near, A shelter in the time of storm.

Refrain

Mighty Rock in a wea-ry land, Cool-ing shade on the burn-ing sand,
Mighty Rock
Cool-ing shade

Faith-ful guide for the pil-grim band—A shelter in the time of storm.
Faith-ful guide
We Have an Anchor

PRISCILLA J. OWENS

1. Will your anchor hold in the storm of life, When the clouds unfold their wings of strife?
2. If 'tis safely moored, 'twill the storm withstand, For 'tis well secured by the anchor drift, or firm remain?
3. It will firmly hold in the straits of Fear, When the breakers tell that the anchor strain, Will your
4. It will surely hold in the floods of death, When the waters cold chill our ty the blast, through strength divine.
5. When our eyes behold, in the dawning light, Shining gates of pearl, our angry wave shall our bark overflow. We have an anchor that keeps the soul hopes abide within the veil.

WILLIAM J. KIRKPATRICK

1. Will your anchor hold in the storm of life, When the clouds unfold their
2. If 'tis safely moored, 'twill the storm withstand, For 'tis well secured by the
3. It will firmly hold in the straits of Fear, When the breakers tell that the
4. It will surely hold in the floods of death, When the waters cold chill our
5. When our eyes behold, in the dawning light, Shining gates of pearl, our
1. When we walk with the Lord
2. Not a shad—ow can rise,
3. Not a bur-den we bear,
4. But we nev—er can prove
5. Then in fel—low-ship sweet

111
Trust and Obey

In the light of His word, What a glo—ry He
Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quick-ly
Not a sor—row we share, But our toil He doth
The de—lights of His love, Un—til all on the
We will sit at His feet, Or we'll walk by His

sheds on our way! While we do His good will, He a-bides with us still,
drives it a—way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a tear,
rich—ly re-pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a cross,
al—tar we lay, For the fa—vor He shows, And the joy He be—stows,
side in the way; What He says we will do, Where He sends we will go,

And with all who will trust and o—bey.
Can a-bide while we trust and o—bey.
But is blest if we trust and o—bey. Trust and o—bey, for there's no oth—er
Are for them who will trust and o—bey.
Nev—er fear, on—ly trust and o—bey.

way To be hap—py in Je—sus, but to trust and o—bey.
The Solid Rock

1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
   I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But my anchor holds within the veil.
   On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand; All other ground is sinking sand.

2. When darkness seems to veil His face, I rest on His unchanging grace;
   In every high and stormy gale, My soul会选择 Jesus as my King of Peace.
   All other ground is sinking sand.

3. His oath, His covenant, and blood, Support me in the overwhelming flood;
   When all around my soul gives way, He will nil my hope and stay.
   All other ground is sinking sand.

4. When He shall come with trumpet sound, O may I then in righteousness;
   I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But my anchor holds within the veil.
   On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand; All other ground is sinking sand.

Refrain

wholly lean on Jesus' name.

an-chor holds with-in the veil. On Christ, the sol-id Rock, I stand; All then is all my hope and stay.

less to stand be-fore the throne.
Build on the Rock

We'll build on the Rock, We'll build on the Rock;
We'll build on the Rock, on the solid Rock, We'll build on the Rock, on the solid Rock;

So shall we abide the fearful shock, When loud the tempest rages,
Some build on the waves of sin and strife, Of fame, and worldly pleasure.
Its hope is the hope which shall endure, The hope of our salvation.

Refrain

We'll build on the Rock, We'll build on the Rock;
We'll build on the Rock, on the solid Rock, We'll build on the Rock, on the solid Rock;

We'll build on the Rock, on the solid Rock, On Christ, the mighty Rock.
The Lord Is My Light

JAMES NICHOLSON

DR. J. W. BISCHOFF

1. The Lord is my light; then why should I fear? By day and by night His presence is near; He is my salvation from sorrow and sin;
up to the skies Where Jesus forever in glory doth reign;
conquer at length; My weakness in mercy He covers with power,
darkness at all; He is my Redeemer, my Saviour and King;

2. The Lord is my light; though clouds may arise, Faith, stronger than sight,
looks to the skies Where Jesus forever in glory doth reign;
conquer at length; My weakness in mercy He covers with power,
darkness at all; He is my Redeemer, my Saviour and King;

3. The Lord is my light, the Lord is my strength; I know in His might I'll prevail.
joy, and my song; By day and by night He leads me along; The Lord is my light, my joy, and my song;

4. The Lord is my light, my all and in all; There is in His sight no fear.

Refrain

This blessed persuasion the Spirit brings in.
Then how can I ever in darkness remain? The Lord is my light, my light, my joy, and my song;
And, walking by faith, He upholds me each hour.
With saints and with angels His praises I sing.

This blessed persuasion the Spirit brings in.
Then how can I ever in darkness remain? The Lord is my light, my light, my joy, and my song;
And, walking by faith, He upholds me each hour.
With saints and with angels His praises I sing.

The Lord Is My Light

111
I Need Thee Every Hour

MRS. ANNIE S. HAWKS

1. I need Thee every hour, Most gracious Lord;
   Ten - der voice like Thine Can peace afford.
   No - ten - der voice like Thine Can peace af - ford.

2. I need Thee every hour; Stay Thou near by;
   Tem - pa - tions lose their power When Thou art nigh.
   Temp - ta - tions lose their power When Thou art nigh.

3. I need Thee every hour, In joy or pain;
   Come quickly and abide, Or life is vain.
   Come quickly and abide, Or life is vain.

4. I need Thee every hour; Teach me Thy will,
   And Thy rich prom - is - es In me ful - fill.
   And Thy rich prom - is - es In me ful - fill.

5. I need Thee every hour, Most Ho - ly One;
   O make me Thine in - deed, Thou bless - ed Son.
   O make me Thine in - deed, Thou bless - ed Son.

Refrain

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

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

1. Dying with Jesus, by death reckoned mine, Liv-ing with Jesus, a
2. Never a trial that He is not there, Never a burden that
3. Never a heartache, and never a groan, Never a tear-drop and
4. Never a weakness that He doth not feel, Never a sickness that

new life divine, Looking to Jesus till glory doth shine,
He doth not bear; Never a sorrow that He doth not share,
never a moan; Never a danger but there on the throne,
He cannot heal; Moment by moment, in woe or in weal,

Refrain

Moment by moment, O Lord, I am Thine.
Moment by moment I'm under His care. Moment by moment I'm
Moment by moment He thinks of His own.
Jesus, my Saviour, abides with me still.

kept in His love; Moment by moment I've life from above; Looking to

Jesus till glory doth shine; Moment by moment, O Lord, I am Thine.
1. All the way my Saviour leads me; What have I to ask beside?

2. All the way my Saviour leads me; Cheers each winding path I tread;

3. All the way my Saviour leads me; Oh the fullness of His love!

Can I doubt His tender mercy, Who through life has been my guide?
Gives me grace for every trial, Feeds me with the living bread;
Perfect rest to me is promised In my Father's house above;

Heavenly peace, divinest comfort, Here by faith in Him to dwell;
Though my weary steps may falter, And my soul a-thirst may be,
When I wake to life immortal, Wing my flight to realms of day,

For I know what-e'er befall me, Jesus doeth all things well; well.
Gushing from the Rock before me, Lo, a spring of joy I see; see.
This my song through endless ages, Jesus led me all the way; way.
Tell It to Jesus

1. Are you weary, are you heavy-hearted? Tell it to Jesus,
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbidden? Tell it to Jesus,
3. Do you fear the gathering clouds of sorrow? Tell it to Jesus,
4. Are you troubled at the thought of dying? Tell it to Jesus,

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

Tell it to Jesus alone. Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus, He is a friend that's well known; You've no other

Tell it to Jesus alone.
119 Leaning on the Everlasting Arms

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN

A. J. SHOWALTER

1. What a fellowship, what a joy divine, Lean-ing on the ever-last-ing arms; What a bless-edness, what a peace is mine, Lean-ing on the ever-last-ing arms?

2. How sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Lean-ing on the ever-last-ing arms; O how bright the path grows from day to day, Lean-ing on the ever-last-ing arms?

3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ever-last-ing arms? I have bless-ed peace with my Lord so near, Lean-ing on the ever-last-ing arms.

Refrain

Lean-ing on the ever-last-ing arms. Lean-ing, Lean-ing on the ever-last-ing arms. Lean-ing on Je-sus, Lean-ing, Safe and secure from all alarms; Lean-ing on Je-sus, Lean-ing, Lean-ing on the ever-last-ing arms. Lean-ing on Je-sus, Lean-ing on Je-sus,
1. My Father is rich in houses and lands; He holdeth the
wealth of the world in His hands! Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and gold,
earth as the poorest of them; But now He is pleading for sinners on high,
choice, and an alien by birth! But I've been adopted, my name's written down,
palace for me over there! Though exiled from home, yet still I may sing:

His coffers are full—He has riches untold.
And will give me a home when He comes by and by. I'm a child of the
An heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown.
"All glory to God, I'm a child of the King."

2. My Father's own Son, the Saviour of men, Once wandered on
An heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown.
"All glory to God, I'm a child of the King."

3. I once was an outcast, a stranger on earth, A sinner by
palace for me over there! Though exiled from home, yet still I may sing:

"All glory to God, I'm a child of the King."

4. A tent or a cottage, O why should I care? They're building a

King, a child of the King! With Jesus, my Saviour, I'm a child of the King!

"All glory to God, I'm a child of the King."

117
121 Sweet Peace

P. P. BILHORN

P. P. BILHORN

1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain (sweet strain),
2. Through Christ on the cross peace was made (was made),
3. When Jesus as Lord I had crowned (had crowned),
4. In Jesus for peace I abide (abide),

A glad and a joyous refrain (refrain);
My debt by His death was all paid (all paid);
My heart with this peace did abound (abound);
And as I keep close to His side (His side),

I sing it again and again, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
No other foundation is laid For peace, the gift of God's love.
In Him the rich blessing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
There's nothing but peace doth be - tide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

Refrain

Peace, peace, sweet peace, Wonderful gift from above (above);

Oh, wonderful, wonderful peace, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
1. Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine! O, what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God, now burst on my sight.
Angels descending bring from above, this is my story,
This is my song, Praising my Saviour all the day long.

2. Perfect submission, perfect delight, visions of rapture am happy and blest, watching and waiting, looking above,
Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood. Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.
This is my story, this is my song, Praising my Saviour all the day long.

3. Perfect submission, all is at rest, I in my Saviour's assurance, submission, submission,
Echos of mercy, whispers of love. This is my story,
This is my song, Praising my Saviour all the day long.
Marching to Zion

ISAAC WATTS

LOBRT LOWRY

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known;
2. Let those re-fuse to sing Who nev-er knew our God;
3. The hill of Zi-on yields A thou-sand sa-cred sweets,
4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev-ery tear be dry;

Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, Join in a song with sweet ac-cord,
But chil-dren of the heaven-ly King, But chil-dren of the heavenly King,
Be-fore we reach the heaven-ly fields, Be-fore we reach the heavenly fields,
We're march-ing through Imman-uel's ground, We're march-ing through Im-manuel's ground,

And thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.
May speak their joys a-broad, May speak their joys a-broad.
Or walk the gold-en streets, Or walk the gold-en streets.
To fair-er worlds on high, To fair-er worlds on high.

And thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.

Refrain

We're march-ing to Zi-on, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful Zi-on;
We're march-on to Zi-on,

We're march-ing up-ward to Zi-on, The beau-ti-ful cit-y of God.
We're march-ing heaven-ly Zi-on,
1. There's sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo-ri-ous and bright
2. There's mu-sic in my soul to-day, A car-ol to my King,
3. There's spring-time in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near,
4. There's glad-ness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,

Than glows in an-y earth-ly sky, For Je-sus is my light.
And Je-sus, list-en-ing, can hear The songs I can-not sing.
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flowers of grace ap-pear.
For bless-ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a-bove.

Refrain

O there's sun-shine, bless-ed sun-shine,
sun-shine in the soul, bless-ed sun-shine in the soul,

When the peace-ful, hap-py mo-ments roll;
 hap-py mo-ments roll,

When Je-sus shows His smil-ing face There is sun-shine in the soul.
A. H. ACKLEY

1. I serve a risen Saviour, He's in the world to-day; I know that He is living, whatever men may say; I see His hand of mercy, I hear His voice of cheer, And just the time I need Him He's always near.

2. In all the world a-round me I see His loving care, And though my heart grows weary, I never will despair; I know that He is leading through all the stormy blast; The day of His appearing will come at last.

3. Rejoice, rejoice, O Christian, lift up your voice and sing Eternal hallelujahs to Jesus Christ the King! The Hope of all who seek Him, the Help of all who find, None other is so loving, so good and kind.

4. Rejoice, rejoice, 0 Christian, lift up your voice and sing Eternal hallelujahs to Jesus Christ the King! The Hope of all who seek Him, the Help of all who find, None other is so loving, so good and kind.

He lives, He lives, Christ Jesus lives to-day! He walks with me and helps me always.

He lives, He lives, He lives, He lives, He lives, He lives, He lives, He lives.

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1. I must have the Saviour with me, For I dare not walk alone;
2. I must have the Saviour with me, For my faith at best is weak;
3. I must have the Saviour with me, In the onward march of life,
4. I must have the Saviour with me, And His eye the way must guide,

I must feel His presence near me, And His arm around me thrown.
He can whisper words of comfort That no other voice can speak.
Thro' the tempest and the sunshine, Thro' the battle and the strife.
Till I reach the vale of Jordan, Till I gain the other side.

Refrain

Then my soul shall fear no ill, Let Him lead me where He will,
Then my soul shall fear no ill, fear no ill, Let Him lead me where He will,

I will go without a murmur, And His footsteps follow still.
I will go
Higher Ground

1. I'm pressing on the upward way, New heights I'm gaining every day;
2. My heart has no desire to stay Where doubts arise and fears dismay;
3. I want to live above the world, Though Satan's darts at me are hurled;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glory bright;

Still praying as I onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."
Though some may dwell where these abound, My prayer, my aim is higher ground.
For faith has caught the joyful sound, The song of saints on higher ground.
But still I'll pray till heaven I've found, "Lord, lead me on to higher ground."

A higher plane than I have found; Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.
Is My Name Written There?

1. Lord, I care not for riches, Neither silver nor gold; I would make sure of heaven, I would enter the fold; In the book of Thy kingdom, With its pages so fair, Tell me, Jesus, my name written in bright letters that glow, "Though your sins be as fair, Where the angels are, Is my name written there?

2. Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea, But Thy blood, O my Saviour, Is sufficient for me; For Thy promise is glorified beings In pure garments of white; Where no evil thing cometh To despoil what is fair, Where the angels are.

3. Oh, that beautiful city, With its mansions of light, With its pages white and fair? In the book of Thy kingdom, Is my name written there?

Refrain

Saviour, Is my name written there? scarlet, I will make them like snow." Is my name written there, On the watching— Is my name written there?

page white and fair? In the book of Thy kingdom, Is my name written there?
Showers of Blessing

EL. NATHAN

JAMES MCGRANAHAN

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

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

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

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

DR. C. R. BLACKALL
WILLIAM H. DOANE

1. Firm-ly stand for God in the world's mad strife, Tho' the bleak winds roar
   and the waves beat high; 'Tis the Rock a-lone giv-eth strength and life
   stand on the Rock, On the Rock of Christ a-lone; If the strife we
   en-dure, We shall stand se-cure 'Mid the throng who sur-round the throne.

2. Firm-ly stand for Right, with a mo-tive pure, With a true heart bold
   and a faith e'er strong; 'Tis the Rock a-lone giv-eth tri-umph sure
   stand on the Rock, On the Rock of Christ a-lone; If the strife we
   en-dure, We shall stand se-cure 'Mid the throng who sur-round the throne.

3. Firm-ly stand for Truth, it will serve you best; Tho' it wait-eth long,
   it is sure at last; 'Tis the Rock a-lone giv-eth peace and rest
   stand on the Rock, On the Rock of Christ a-lone; If the strife we
   en-dure, We shall stand se-cure 'Mid the throng who sur-round the throne.

REFRAIN

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

We shall stand se-cure 'Mid the throng who sur-round the throne.
Sunlight in the Heart

1. There is sun-light on the hill-top, There is sun-light on the sea;
2. In the dust I leave my sadness, As the garb of other days;
3. Loving Saviour, Thou hast bought me, And my life, my all, is Thine;

And the golden beams are sleeping, On the soft and verdant lea;
For Thou robest me with gladness, And Thou fillest me with praise;
Let the lamp Thy love hath lighted To Thy praise and glory shine;

But a richer light is filling All the chambers of my heart;
And to that bright home of glory Which Thy love hath won for me,
And to that bright home of glory Which Thy love hath won for me,

For Thou dwellest there, my Saviour, And 'tis sun-light where Thou art.
In my heart and mind ascending, My glad spirit follows Thee.
In my heart and mind ascending, My glad spirit follows Thee.

Refrain

O the sun-light! beautiful sun-light! O the sun-light in the heart!
O Jesus, My Redeemer

1. O Jesus, my Redeemer, Thou art my joy and song,
   Jesus' smile can banish sadness; It is sunlight in the heart.

2. Thou art my hope and comfort Through all the weary years,
   My Sav-iour and my solace When griefs around me throng.

3. I trust in Thee, my Saviour, My faithful Friend and Guide;
   When shadows dark surround me, When fall the bitter tears.

4. My song and my rejoicing While in this world of sin,
   For Thou to me art dearer Than all on earth beside.

Refrain

O Jesus, my Redeemer, My song shall be of Thee;
   No other friend so constant, No friend so dear to me.
Abiding and Confiding

A. B. SIMPSON

1. I have learn'd the wondrous secret Of a-biding in the Lord; I have
2. I am crucified with Jesus, And He lives and dwells in me; I have
3. All my cares I cast upon Him, And He bears them all away; All my
4. For my words I take His wisdom, For my works His Spirit's pow'r, For my

found the strength of sweetness Of confiding in His Word; I have tasted ceased from all my struggling, 'Tis no longer I, but He; All my will is fears and griefs I tell Him, All my needs from day to day. All my strength I ways His gracious Presence Guards and guides me every hour. Of my heart He

life's pure fountain, I am trusting in His blood, I have lost myself in yield to Him, And His Spirit reigns within, And His precious blood each draw from Jesus, By His breath I live and move; E'en His very mind He is the Portion, Of my joy the ceaseless Spring; Saviour, San-ti-fi-er,

REFRAIN.

Jesus, I am sinking into God. Moment keeps me cleans'd and free from sin. I'm a-biding in the Lord, I'm a-biding in the Lord, And confiding in His Word, And I'm bid-ing in the Lord, And confiding in His word, And confiding in His word, And I'm

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life's pure fountain, I am trusting in His blood, I have lost myself in yield to Him, And His Spirit reigns within, And His precious blood each draw from Jesus, By His breath I live and move; E'en His very mind He is the Portion, Of my joy the ceaseless Spring; Saviour, San-ti-fi-er,
I Would Draw Nearer to Jesus

ROBERT HARKNESS

1. I would draw near-er to Je - sus, In His sweet pres-ence a - bide,
   Constant-ly try - ing to serve Him, Safe and se-cure at His side.
   Know-ing He loves to be gra - cious, I would draw near-er to Him.
   Will - ing to tell of His good - ness, Glad - ly His blest will to do.

2. I would draw near-er to Je - sus, Noth-ing with-hold - ing from Him,
   I would draw near-er to Je - sus, Seek-ing His strength to be true,
   I would draw near-er to Je - sus, I would draw near-er to Him,
   Ful - ly sur - ren-dered each mo - ment, I would draw near-er to Him.

REFRAIN

I would draw near-er to Je - sus, I would draw near-er to Him,

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Count Your Mercies

1. Are you heavily laden and with sorrow tried? Look in faith to
   bound-less store; Tears will change to praises as you count them o'er.
   Christ, your Helper, Friend and Guide; Think of all your mercies, such a
   pressed and running o'er; All your mercies, count them o'er.

2. Think of hidden dangers He has brought you thro', Of the cares and
   deep-est need; Count the times when Jesus proved a Friend in-deed.
   hot tears start; Give to Him the incense of a grateful heart.
   Bound-less store; Tears will change to praises as you count them o'er.

3. Does your pathway darken when the clouds draw near? Count your many
   pressed and running o'er; All your mercies, count them o'er.
   inner life; Count the times when Jesus proved a Friend indeed.
   bound-less store; Count your many mercies, bound-less store; Count your many mercies,

4. As He looks from heaven down on you and me, Know you not He
   chooseth what each day shall be? Trust His loving wisdom, tho' the
   Count your many mercies, bound-less store; Count your many mercies,
   Count your mercies, such a bound-less store; Count your mercies,

REFRAIN

Count your mercies, such a bound-less store; Count your mercies,
Count your many mercies, bound-less store; Count your many mercies,
Count your many mercies, bound-less store; Count your many mercies,
Count your mercies, such a bound-less store; Count your mercies,
o'er and o'er, Lost in love and wonder at the boundless store.

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

The glories of my God and King, Blessed be the name of the Lord!
'Tis music in the sinner's ears, Blessed be the name of the Lord!
His blood can make the foulest clean, Blessed be the name of the Lord!

Blessed be the name, Blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord.
1. Life is not a cloud-less jour-ney, Storms and dark-ness oft op-press,
2. Dark the clouds and wild the tem-pest; Turn, oh, turn thy long-ing eyes!
3. Nev-er fear nor be dis-cour-aged, Tho' life's jour-ney dark ap-pear;

But the Fa-ther's change-less mer-cy Comes to cheer the heart's dis-tress;
See a-far the Fa-ther's prom-ise, Out of gloom, in light a-rise;
Travel on, by faith up-hold-en, "God is love", oh, tho't of cheer!

Heav-y clouds may dark-ly hov-er, Hid-ing all faith's view a-bove,
See the glow-ing, gleam-ing col-or-s, Fa-ther's love to us they prove;
When thy path seems hid in shad-ow, Look with fear-less eyes a-bove;

But a-cross the thick-est dark-ness Shines the rain-bow of His love.
He hath prom-ised; He is faith-ful, 'Tis the rain-bow of His love.
Span-ning o'er thy deep-est sor-row, Shines the rain-bow of His love.

REFRAIN

After storm the rain-bow shin-eth Prom-ise writ in light a-bove;
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More About Jesus

E. E. HEWITT

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

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

REFRAIN

More, more about Jesus, More, more about Jesus;
More of His saving fullness see, More of His love who died for me.

JOHN R. SWENEY
Music in My Soul

F. E. BELDEN

1. My heart's a tuneful harp when Christ abides within, There's music in the name of Jesus; But Satan always strikes the chords of doubt and sin; I love the gentle touch of Jesus.

2. How cheerful is the voice of heavenly melody! How different is the world's complaining! And we may make the choice of what this life shall be, With promise of the life remaining.

3. When we are dead to Self, then are we dead to sin; "An undivided heart," says Jesus; Till then the Prince of Peace can not a moment lost in sighing; To save a dying world is not to abide within, With Self there is no room for Jesus.

4. Don't bind the giant down, nor lay him on the shelf, Nor rid the heart of Self—A burial deep in Calvary's fountain. For love is more than self-denying.

5. Then Love begins her life of work, and song, and prayer, With promise of the life remaining. With love there is no room for Jesus.

Refrain

O there's music, sweetest music, There's music in my soul.

O there's music in my soul, sweetest music in my soul,
music in the name of Jesus; O there's music, 
there's music every day,

heavenly music, With Jesus in my soul.

Look for the Beautiful

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F. E. Belden

1. Look for the beautiful, look for the true; Sun-shine and shadow are all around you; Looking at evil we grope in the night, Looking at sweep o-ver you; Keep not the multitude, sort them with care, Testing by whispr'ing to you; An-swer them not with a tale-bearing word; Only in Christ lift-ed you; Search for the jew-els im-bed-ded in sin; Bring them to Jesus we walk in the light; Look for the beauti-ful, hon-or the right.

2. Think of the beautiful, think of the true; Thoughts like an avalanche are whispr'ing to you; Keep not the mul-ti-tude, sort them with care, Testing by whispr'ing to you; An-swer them not with a tale-bearing word; Only in Christ lift-ed you; Search for the jew-els im-bed-ded in sin; Bring them to Jesus we walk in the light; Look for the beauti-ful, hon-or the right.

3. Talk of the beautiful, talk of the true; Tongues full of poison are whispr'ing to you; Keep not the multi-tude, sort them with care, Testing by whispr'ing to you; An-swer them not with a tale-bearing word; Only in Christ lift-ed you; Search for the jew-els im-bed-ded in sin; Bring them to Jesus we walk in the light; Look for the beauti-ful, hon-or the right.

4. Live for the beautiful, live for the true, Lift-ing the fallen as whispr'ing to you; Keep not the multi-tude, sort them with care, Testing by whispr'ing to you; An-swer them not with a tale-bearing word; Only in Christ lift-ed you; Search for the jew-els im-bed-ded in sin; Bring them to Jesus we walk in the light; Look for the beauti-ful, hon-or the right.
Nor Silver Nor Gold

JAMES M. GRAY

D. B. TOWNER

1. Nor silver nor gold hath obtained my redemption, No riches of earth could have saved my poor soul; The blood of the cross is my
2. Nor silver nor gold hath obtained my redemption, The guilt on my conscience too heavy had grown; The blood of the cross is my
3. Nor silver nor gold hath obtained my redemption, The holy corn-mand-ment for-bade me draw near; The blood of the cross is my
4. Nor silver nor gold hath obtained my redemption, The way into heaven could not thus be bought; The blood of the cross is my

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I. Nor
2. Nor
3. Nor
4. Nor

141
1. Joys are flowing like a river Since the Comforter has come;

2. O what holy peace and gladness! What a comfort is our Guest.

3. Like the rain that falls from heaven, Like the sunlight from the sky,

4. Lo! a fruitful field is growing; Blessed fruits of righteousness;

5. What a wonderful salvation, Where we always see his face!

REFRAIN

Blessed quietness, holy quietness, Sweet assurance in my soul;

On the stormy sea Jesus speaks to me, And the billows cease to roll.

Blessed Quietness

M. P. FERGUSON
Arr. by F. E. BELDEN

Arr. by J. H. F. and F. E. BELDEN

price— the blood of Jesus, Precious price of love untold!
Bought with a price— the precious blood of Jesus,
Never Alone

C. F. O.

J. C. H. and V. A. WHITE

1. Lonely? no, not lonely
   While Jesus standeth by;
   His presence always
   cheers me; I know that He is nigh.
   Friendless? no, not friendless,
   For Jesus joyment
   in His eternal rest.

2. Weary? no, not weary
   While leaning on His breast;
   My soul hath full end
   is my Friend; I change, but He remaineth,
   The same unto the end.
  lean-ing hard
   on the mighty arm of Jesus,
   And He is keeping guard.

3. Waiting? yes, I'm waiting
   He bids me watch and wait;
   I only wonder
   deep for words,
   A precious, sure foundation,
   The joy that is my Lord's.

Refrain

No, never alone,
   No, never alone; He has promised never to

No, no, never alone,
   No, no, never alone;

leave me, Never to leave me alone.
   No, never alone, No, never a-

No, no, never alone, No, no,
I Would Be Like Jesus

JAMES ROWE

B. D. ACKLEY

1. Earthly pleasures vainly call me, I would be like Jesus;
2. He has broken ev’ry fetter, I would be like Jesus;
3. All the way from earth to glory, I would be like Jesus;
4. That in heaven He may meet me, I would be like Jesus;

Nothing worldly shall enthrall me; I would be like Jesus.
That my soul may serve Him better, I would be like Jesus.
Telling o’er and o’er the story, I would be like Jesus.
That His words “Well done” may greet me, I would be like Jesus.

REFRAIN

Be like Jesus, this my song, In the home and in the throng;

Be like Jesus all day long! I would be like Jesus.

1. I sing the love of God, my Father, Whose Spirit abides within,
    That in the secret of His presence, My bondage might freedom be.
    That bids me scatter smiles and sunbeams Wherever are lonely hours.

2. I sing the love of Christ, my Saviour, Who suffered upon the tree,
    He comes "to bind the broken hearted"; He comes the fainting soul to cheer;
    The "garment of His praise" it offers For "heaviness of spirit" drear;

3. I sing the beauty of the Gospel That scatters not thorns, but flow'rs,
    He gives me sunshine for my shadow And "beauty for ashes" here.
    He gives me "oil of joy" for mourning And "beauty for ashes" here.

REFRAIN

He gives me joy in place of sorrow;
    He gives me joy in place of care;
He gives me love that casts out fear;
He gives me love that casts out fear;
He gives me sunshine for my shadow And "beauty for ashes" here.

146 Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me

EDWARD HOPPER

1. Jesus, Saviour, pilot me Over life's tempestuous sea;
2. As a mother stills her child, Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fearful breakers roar

Un-known waves before me roll, Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will When Thou sayest to them, "Be still."
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while leaning on Thy breast,

Chart and compass come from Thee; Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pilot thee."

JOHN E. GOULD
I Belong to the King

IDA L. REED

I'm a child of His love, I shall dwell in His palace so fair; For He tells of its bliss in yon heaven above, And His kindness so free Are unceasingly mine wherever I go, And my gathered at last In His kingdom above, by life's waters so pure, When this

1. I belong to the King, I'm a child of His love, I shall dwell in His palace so fair; For He tells of its bliss in yon heaven above, And His kindness so free Are unceasingly mine wherever I go, And my gathered at last In His kingdom above, by life's waters so pure, When this

2. I belong to the King, and He loves me I know, For His mercy and the King, and His promise is sure, That we all shall be gathered at last In His kingdom above, by life's waters so pure, When this

3. I belong to the King, and He never forsaketh His own; He will call me someday to His palace above, I shall dwell by His glorified throne.

REFRAIN

I belong to the King, I'm a child of His love, And He never forsaketh His own; He will call me someday to His palace above, I shall dwell by His glorified throne.

4. I belong to the King, I'm a child of His love, I shall dwell by His glorified throne.
Father, We Come to Thee

F. E. Belden

1. Father, we come to Thee, No other help have we; Thou wilt our refuge be,
2. Save from our many foes, Save from our earthly woes; Be Thou our soul's repose
3. Give us Thy grace divine, Seal us forever Thine; Our wayward feet incline

On Thee we call. Earth is but dark and drear Without Thy presence near;
In time of need. Doubting are we, and weak; To us sweet courage speak;
From sin to flee. Oh, guide us, we implore, Till weary life is o'er,

Refrain

Be Thou our comfort here, Father of all.
Thy mighty arm we seek For strength indeed. Father, we come to Thee,
And on a brighter shore We dwell with Thee.

Turn not away; Helpless we come to Thee, Hear while we pray.

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145
Take Time to Be Holy

W. D. LONGSTAFF

GEORGE C. STEBBINS

1. Take time to be holy, Speak oft with thy Lord;
2. Take time to be holy, The world rushes on;
3. Take time to be holy, Let Him be thy Guide,
4. Take time to be holy, Be calm in thy soul,

A - bide in Him always, And feed on His word;
Spend much time in secret With Jesus alone;
And run not before Him, Whatever betide;
Each thought and each motive Beneath His control;

Make friends of God's children, Help those who are weak,
By looking to Jesus, Like Him thou shalt be;
In joy or in sorrow, Still follow thy Lord,
Thus led by His Spirit To fountains of love;

Forgetting in nothing His blessing to seek.
Thy friends in thy conduct His likeness shall see.
And, looking to Jesus, Still trust in His word.
Thou soon shalt be fitted For service above.

149
Draw Me Nearer

FANNY J. CROSBY

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it
told Thy love to me;

2. Consecrate me now to Thy service, Lord, By the
power of grace divine;

3. O the pure delight of a single hour That be-
fore Thy throne I spend, When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God,

4. There are depths of love that I cannot know Till I
cross the narrow sea; There are heights of joy that I may not reach
May my soul look up with a steadfast hope

Refrain
And be closer drawn to Thee.

And I rest in peace with Thee.

near-er, blesséd Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me

near-er, near-er, near-er, blesséd Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.
1. He lead-eth me! O blessed thought! O words with heav-en-ly comfort fraught!
2. Some-times 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Some-times where E-den's bow-ers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp my hand in Thine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine;
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic-tory's won,

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

Refrain

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

His faith-ful fol-low-er I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.
152  Sitting at the Feet of Jesus  

J. H. Arr.

1. Sitting at the feet of Jesus, O what words I hear Him say!
2. Sitting at the feet of Jesus, Where can mortal be more blest?
3. Bless me, O my Saviour, bless me, As I'm waiting at Thy feet,

Happy place! so near, so precious! May it find me there each day; 
There I lay my sins and sorrows, And, when weary, find sweet rest;
O look down in love upon me, Let me see Thy face so sweet;

Sitting at the feet of Jesus, I would look upon the past,
Sitting at the feet of Jesus, There I love to weep and pray,
Give me, Lord, the mind of Jesus, Make me holy as He is,

For His love has been so gracious, It has won my heart at last.
While I from His fullness gather Grace and comfort every day.
May I prove I've been with Jesus, Who is all my righteousness.

149
What a Friend We Have in Jesus

JOHN M. SCRIVEN

1. What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear.

2. Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer!

3. Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
All because we do not carry
Ev - ery-thing to God in prayer.

What a privilege to carry
Ev - ery-thing to God in prayer!
We should never be discouraged;
Take it to the Lord in prayer!

Precious Saviour, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer!

JOHN M. SCRIVEN

What Jesus knows our every weakness;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

CHARLES C. CONVERSE
1. Marvelous grace of our loving Lord, Grace that exceeds our sin and our guilt, Yonder on Calvary's mount out-poured, God's grace, Grace that will pardon and cleanse within; Grace, grace, grace, God's grace, Grace that is greater than all our sin.

2. Sin and despair like the sea waves cold, Threaten the soul with infinite loss; Grace that is greater, yes, grace untold, Whiter than snow you may be today. Will you this moment His grace receive? Marvelous grace, In-finite grace, grace, grace, grace.

3. Dark is the stain that we cannot hide, What can avail to wash it away? Look, there is flowing a crimson tide; You that are longing to see His face, Refrain

4. Marvelous, infinite, matchless grace, Free ly bestowed on all who believe; You that are longing to see His face, There where the blood of the Lamb was spilt. Grace, grace, God's grace, Grace that will pardon and cleanse within; Grace, grace, grace, grace.

1. Beneath the cross of Jesus I fain would take my stand,
The shadow of a mighty rock Within a weary land;
A home within the wilderness, A rest upon the way,
From the burning of the noon-tide heat, And the burden of the day.

2. Up on that cross of Jesus Mine eye at times can see
The very dying form of One Who suffered there for me;
And from my smitten heart with tears Two wonders I confess:
The wonders of redeeming love And my unworthiness.

3. I take, O cross, thy shadow For my abiding place;
I ask no other sunshine than The sunshine of His face;
Content to let the world go by, To know no gain nor loss,
My sinful self my only shame, My glory all the cross.
I Have Promised

JOHN E. BODE

ARTHUR H. MANN

1. O Jesus, I have promised To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou forever near me, My Master and my Friend;
I shall not fear the battle If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway If Thou wilt be my Guide.

2. O let me feel Thee near me; The world is ever near!
I see the sights that dazzle, The tempting sounds I hear;
My foes are ever near me, Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer, And shield my soul from sin.

3. O Jesus, Thou hast promised To all who follow Thee
That where Thou art in glory There shall Thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised To serve Thee to the end;
O give me grace to follow My Master and my Friend.
Near the Cross

FANNY J. CROSBY

1. Jesus, keep me near the cross; There a precious fountain
   Free to all, a healing stream, Flows from Calvary's mountain.

2. Near the cross, a trembling soul, Love and mercy found me;
   There the bright and Morning Star Sheds its beams around me.

3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes before me;
   Help me walk from day to day, With its shadows o'er me.

4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hoping, trusting ever,
   Till I reach the golden strand, Just beyond the river.

Refrain

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

Till my raptured soul shall find Rest beyond the river.
1. Take the world, but give me Jesus; All its joys are but a name,
2. Take the world, but give me Jesus, Sweetest comfort of my soul;
3. Take the world, but give me Jesus; Let me view His constant smile;
4. Take the world, but give me Jesus; In His cross my trust shall be,

But His love abideth ever, Through eternal years the same.
With my Saviour watching o'er me, I can sing, though billows roll.
Then throughout my pilgrim journey Light will cheer me all the while.
Till, with clearer, brighter vision, Face to face my Lord I see.

Refrain
Oh, the height and depth of mercy! Oh, the length and breadth of love!

Oh, the fullness of redemption, Pledge of endless life above.
1. I would be, dear Saviour, wholly Thine; Teach me how, teach me how;
2. What is worldly pleasure, wealth, or fame, Without Thee, without Thee?
3. As I cast earth's transient joys behind, Come Thou near, come Thou near;

I would do Thy will, O Lord, not mine; Help me, help me now.
I will leave them all for Thy dear name, This my wealth shall be.
In Thy presence all in all I find, 'Tis my comfort here.

Refrain

Wholly Thine, wholly Thine, Wholly Thine, this is my vow;
Wholly Thine, wholly Thine, Wholly Thine, O Lord, just now.
1. Not I, but Christ, be honored, loved, exalted;  
2. Not I, but Christ, to gently soothe in sorrow;  
3. Christ, only Christ! no idle words e'er falling;  
4. Not I, but Christ, my every need supplying;

Not I, but Christ, be seen, be known, be heard;  
Not I, but Christ, to wipe the falling tear;  
Christ, only Christ; no needless bustling sound;  
Not I, but Christ, my strength and health to be;

Not I, but Christ, in every look and action,  
Not I, but Christ, to lift the weary burden,  
Christ, only Christ; no self-important bearing;  
Christ, only Christ, for body, soul, and spirit,

Not I, but Christ, in every thought and word.  
Not I, but Christ, to hush away all fear.  
Christ, only Christ; no trace of "I" be found.  
Christ, only Christ, here and eternally.

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FANNIE E. BOLTON, alt.
1. My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine;
2. I love Thee because Thou hast first loved me,
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
4. In mansions of glory and endless delight,

For Thee all the follies of sin I resign;
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree;
And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath;
I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright;

My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art Thou;
I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow;
And say when the death dew lies cold on my brow,
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,

If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
1. I come to the garden alone,
While the dew is still on the grass.
And the voice I hear,
Is so sweet the birds hush their trills.
1. I come to the garden alone,
While the dew is still on the grass.
And the voice I hear,
Is so sweet the birds hush their trills.

2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice
Is so sweet the birds hush their trills.
And the melody That He gave to me,
With roses; And the voice I hear,
And the melody That He gave to me,
With roses; And the voice I hear,
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And the melody That He gave to me,
With roses; And the voice I hear,
And the melody That He gave to me,
1. Closer to Thee, my Father, draw me, I long for Thine embrace;
2. Closer to Thee, my Saviour, draw me, Nor let me leave Thee more;
3. Closer by Thy sweet Spirit draw me, Till I am all like Thee;

Closer with in Thine arms enfold me, I seek a resting place.
Fain would I feel Thine arms around me, And count my wanderings o'er.
Quicken, refine, and wash, and cleanse me, Till I am pure and free.

Refrain

Closer with the cords of love, Draw me to Thyself above;
Closer, closer with the cords of love, Draw me, draw me to thyself above;

Closer draw me, To Thyself above.
Closer with the cords of love, Draw me to Thyself above, Draw me to Thyself above.
1. Hear the words our Saviour hath spoken, Words of life un-
fail - ing and true; Careless one, prayer-less one, hear and re-
mem-ber,
sor-row and strife, Sanctified, glorified, now and for-
ev-er,

2. All in vain we hear His commandments, All in vain His
prom-ises, too; Hear-ing them, fear-ing them, nev-er can save us,
prom-is-es, too; Hear-ing them, fear-ing them, nev-er can save us,

3. They with joy may enter the cit-y, Free from sin, from
sor-row and strife, Sanctified, glorified, now and for-
ev-er,

They may have right to the tree of life.

Jesus says, "Bless-ed are they that do." Bless-ed, O bless-ed are they that do. Bless-ed are they that

Bless-ed are they that do His commandments, Bless-ed are they, bless-ed are they; Bless-ed are

they that do His commandments, Bless-ed, bless-ed, bless-ed are they.
1. Speak to my soul, dear Jesus, Speak now in tenderest tone;
2. Speak to Thy children ever, Lead in the holy way;
3. Speak now as in the old time Thou didst reveal Thy will:

Whisper in loving-kindness, “Thou art not left alone.”
Fill them with joy and gladness, Teach them to watch and pray.
Let me know all my duty, Let me Thy law fulfill.

Heart to hear Thee, Quickly to hear Thy voice,
Consecration Yield their whole lives to Thee,
Glory Thee, Help me to show Thy praise,
Gladly to do Thy prais-es, Let me in Thee rejoice.
King-dom, Till our dear Lord we see.
Bid-ding, Honor Thee all my days.

Whispers of love to me, “Thou shalt be always conqueror, Thou shalt be
O Let Me Walk With Thee

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MRS. L. D. AVERY STUTTLE

EDWIN BARNES

1. O let me walk with Thee, my God, As E-noch walked in days of old;
   Place Thou my trembling hand in Thine And sweet communion with me hold;
   E'en though the path I may not see, Yet, Je-sus, let me walk with Thee.
2. I can-not, dare not, walk a-lone; The tem-pest rag-es in the sky,
   A thou-sand snares be-set my feet, A thou-sand foes are lurk-ing nigh.
   Still Thou the rag-ing of the sea; O Mas-ter! let me walk with Thee.
3. If I may rest my hand in Thine, I'll count the joys of earth but loss,
   And firm-ly, brave-ly, jour-ney on; I'll bear the ban-ner of the cross
   Till Zi-on's glo-rious gates I see; Yet, Sav-iour, let me walk with Thee.
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Sweeter as the Years Go By

MRS. C. H. MORRIS

1. Of Jesus' love that sought me When I was lost in sin; Of wondrous mercy Far deeper than the sea And higher than the heavens, heart-ed And caused the blind to see; And still His great heart yearn-eth glory, Let us our voices raise, Till heav'n and earth re-ech-o grace that brought me Back to His fold again; Of heights and depths of thronged a-bout Him, His saving grace to know; He healed the broken- out a mur-mur, The anguish of the cross; With saints re-deemed in

2. He trod in old Ju-de-a Life's path-way long ago; The people

3. 'Twas wondrous love which led Him For us to suf-fer loss— To bear, with-

REFRAIN

My theme shall ev-er be. Sweet-er as the years go by,

In love for e-ven me. With our Redeem-er's praise. Sweet-er as the years go by, 'Tis

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God Will Take Care of You

C. D. MARTIN

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

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

REFRAIN

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

He will take care of you; God will take care of you.

The Rock That Is Higher

E. JOHNSON

1. O sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal;
2. O sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how heavy my feet;
3. O near to the Rock let me keep, Or blessings or sorrows prevail;

And sorrows, how often they sweep Like tempests down over the soul!
But toiling in life's dusty way, The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!
Or climbing the mountain way steep, Or walking the shadowy vale.

Refrain

O, then to the Rock let me fly, let me fly—To the

Rock that is higher than I; O, then to the

Rock let me fly, let me fly—To the Rock that is higher than I.
1. We are living, we are dwelling, In a grand and awful time,  
2. Christian, rouse and arm for conflict, Nerve thee for the battlefield;  
3. Wick-ed spirits gather round thee; Legions of those foes to God,  
4. And the prince of evil spirits, Great deceiver of the world!  
5. Christian, rouse! fight in this warfare, Cease not till the victory's won;  

In an age on ages telling—To be living is sublime.  
Bears the helmet of salvation, And the mighty gospel shield;  
Principalties most mighty, Walk unseen the earth abroad;  
He who at the blessed Jesus Once his deadly weapons hurled,  
Till your Captain loud proclaims, "Servant of the Lord, well done!"  

Hark! the waking up of nations, Gog and Magog to the fray;  
Let the breastplate, peace, be on thee, Take the Spirit's sword in hand;  
They are gathering to the battle, Strengthened for the last deep strife;  
Comen with unwonted power, Knowing that his reign will cease  
He, alone, who thus is faithful, Who abideth to the end,  

Hark! what soundeth? Is creation groaning for her latter day?  
Boldly, fearlessly, go forth then, In Jehovah's strength to stand.  
Christian, arm! be watchful, ready, Struggle manfully for life.  
When the kingdom shall be given To the mighty Prince of Peace.  
Hath the promise, in the kingdom An eternity to spend.
Onward, Christian Soldiers!

SABINE BARING-GOULD

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN

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. Crowns and thrones have perished, Kingdoms ruled and waned, But the church of Jesus
5. Onward, then, ye people! Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices

For ward into battle, See, His banners go!
Brothers, lift your voices, Loud your anthems raise.
One in hope and doctrine, One in charity. Onward, Christian soldiers!
We have Christ's own promise, That can never fail.
This through countless ages Men and angels sing.

Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus Going on before.
Forward

1. Christ, our might-y Cap-tain, leads a- gainst the foe; We will nev-er fal-ter
   Forward! for-ward! 'tis the Lord's command;

2. Let our glo-ri-ous ban-ner ev-er be un-fur-led; From its might-y strong-hold
   Yet we'll fol-low all the way.

3. Fierce the bat-tle rag-es, but 'twill not be long; Then tri-um-phant shall we
   For-ward! for-ward! to the prom-ised land; For-ward! for-ward!

When He bids us go; Tho' His right-eous pur-pose we may nev-er know,
when He bids us go; Tho' His right-eous pur-pose we may nev-er know,
ungl-y u-nit-ing in the vic-tor's song;

Let our glo-ri-ous ban-ner ev-er be un-fur-led; Christ, our might-y Cap-tain,
Let our glo-ri-ous ban-ner ev-er be un-fur-led; Christ, our might-y Cap-tain,
join the bless-ed throng, Joy-ful-ly u-nit-ing in the vic-tor's song;

join the bless-ed throng, Joy-ful-ly u-nit-ing in the vic-tor's song;

For-ward! for-ward! 'tis the Lord's command;
For-ward! for-ward! 'tis the Lord's command;

If we fol-low all the way.
If we fol-low all the way.

When He bids us go; Tho' His right-eous pur-pose we may nev-er know,
When He bids us go; Tho' His right-eous pur-pose we may nev-er know,
joy-ful-ly u-nit-ing in the vic-tor's song;

joy-ful-ly u-nit-ing in the vic-tor's song;

Forward! for-ward! to the prom-ised land; For-ward! for-ward!
Forward! for-ward! to the prom-ised land; For-ward! for-ward!

let the cho-rus ring; We are sure to win with Christ our King!
let the cho-rus ring; We are sure to win with Christ our King!

169
1. Encamped along the hills of light, Ye Christian soldiers, rise,
   A against the foe in vales below Let all our strength be hurled;

2. His banner o'er us is love, Our sword the word of God;
   By faith they, like a whirlwind's breath, Swept on o'er every field;

3. On every hand the foe we find Drawn up in dread array;
   Salvation's helmet on each head, With truth all girt about,

4. To him that overcomes the foe White raiment shall be given;
   Then onward from the hills of light, Our hearts with love a-flame,

Faith is the victory, we know, That overcomes the world.
The faith by which they conquered Death Is still our shining shield.
The earth shall tremble 'neath our tread And echo with our shout.
We'll vanquish all the hosts of night In Jesus' conqu'ring name.

Faith is the victory! Faith is the victory;
Faith is the victory; Faith is the victory!
Men of God, Arise!

Arr. from M. ANDERSON

J. HOLBROOK

1. The whole wide world is pleading: Ye men of God arise!
2. Go, where the waves are breaking On coldest Northern shore,
3. The love of Christ unfolding, Speed on from east to west,

His providence is leading To many a glad surprise.
The precious gospel taking, More rich than golden ore.
Till all, by faith holding, In Christ are fully blest.

Lo! every sky is bright'ning, Rich promise clothes the soil;
On highest Eastern mountain, In lowest Western vale,
Great Author of salvation, Haste, haste the glorious day

Wide fields for harvest whit'ning Invite the reaper's toil.
Beside the Southern fountains, Rehearse the wondrous tale.
Foretold by revelation—Thy universal sway.

Oh, glorious victory That overcomes the world.
175

Stand Like the Brave

FANNY J. CROSBY

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY and PHILIP PHILLIPS

1. O Christian, awake! 'tis the Master's command;
2. What ev'r thy danger, take heed and beware,
3. The cause of thy Master with vigor defend;
4. Press on, never doubting, thy Captain is near,

With helmet and shield, and a sword in thy hand,
And turn not thy back, for no armor is there;
Be watchful, be zealous, and fight to the end;
With grace to supply, and with comfort to cheer;

To meet the bold tempter, go, fearlessly go,
The legions of darkness, if thou wouldst o'erthrow,
Whichever He leads thee, go, valiantly go,
His love, like a stream in the desert will flow;

And stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.
Then stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.
And stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.
Then stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.

brave, stand like the brave, Stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.

172
176

Heir of the Kingdom

Anon.

LOWELL MASON

1. Heir of the kingdom, O why dost thou slumber?
2. Heir of the kingdom, say, why dost thou linger?
3. Earth's mighty nations, in strife and commotion,
4. Stay not, O stay not for earth's vain allurements!
5. Keep the eye single, the head upward lifted;

Why art thou sleeping so near thy blest home?
How canst thou tarry in sight of the prize?
Tremble with terror, and sink in dismay;
See how its glory is passing away;
Watch for the glory of earth's coming King;

Wake thee, arouse thee, and gird on thine armor,
Up, and adorn thee, the Saviour is coming;
Listen, 'tis nought but the chariot's loud rumbling;
Break the strong fetters the foe hath bound o'er thee;
Lo! o'er the mountain-tops light is now breaking;

Speed, for the moments are hurry ing on.
Haste to receive Him descending the skies.
Heir of the kingdom, no longer delay.
Heir of the kingdom, turn, turn thee away.
Heirs of the kingdom, rejoice ye and sing.
Sound the Battle Cry

1. Sound the battle cry, See! the foe is nigh; Raise the standard high. See! the foe is nigh; Raise the standard high. For the Lord; Gird your armor on, Stand firm, everyone, Rest your cause up-on His holy word. 

2. Strong to meet the foe, Marching on we go, While our cause we know Stand firm, every one, Rest your for the right, We ne'er can fail. Rouse, then, soldiers! rally round the stand firm, every one, Rest your wear the crown Before Thy face. 

3. O Thou God of all, Hear us when we call, Help us, one and all, While our cause we know Stand firm, every one, Rest your rally round the wear the crown Before Thy face. 

Refrain

cause up-on His holy word. for the right, We ne'er can fail. Rouse, then, soldiers! rally round the wear the crown Before Thy face. 

banners! Read- y, steady, pass the word along; On- ward, forward, 

shout a-loud Hosanna! Christ is Captain of the mighty throng.
Stand Up for Jesus

GEORGE DUFFIELD

1. Stand up! stand up for Jesus! Ye soldiers of the cross;
2. Stand up! stand up for Jesus! The trumpet call obey;
3. Stand up! stand up for Jesus! Stand in His strength alone;
4. Stand up! stand up for Jesus! The strife will not be long;

Lift high His royal banner, It must not suffer loss;
Forth to the mighty conflict, In this His glorious day.
The arm of flesh will fail you; Ye dare not trust your own.
This day the noise of battle, The next the victor's song.

From victory unto victory, His army shall He lead,
Ye that are men now serve Him against unnumbered foes;
Put on the gospel armor, And, watching unto prayer,
To him that overcometh, A crown of life shall be;

Till every foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord indeed.
Let courage rise with danger, And strength to strength oppose.
Where duty calls, or danger, Be never wanting there.
He with the King of glory Shall reign eternally.

175
179 From Greenland's Icy Mountains

REGINALD HEBER

LOWELL MASON

1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand,
   Where Arctic's sunny fountains Roll down their golden sands,
   From many an ancient river, From many a palm-y plain,
   They call us to deliver Their land from error's chain.

2. What though the spicy breezes Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
   Though every prospect pleases, And only man is vile;
   In vain with lavish kindness The gifts of God are strewn;
   The heathen in his blindness, Bows down to wood and stone.

3. Can men, whose souls are lighted With wisdom from on high,
   Can they to men benighted The lamp of life deny?
   Salvation! O salvation! The joyful sound proclaim,
   Till earth's remotest nation Has learned Messiah's name.

4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His story, And you, ye waters, roll,
   Till, like a sea of glory, It spreads from pole to pole;
   Till o'er our ransomed nature The Lamb for sinners slain,
   Redeemer, King, Creator, In bliss returns to reign.

176
180 We've a Story to Tell to the Nations

COLIN STERNE

1. We've a story to tell to the nations That shall turn their hearts to the right,
   A story of truth and mercy, A story of peace and light.

2. We've a song to be sung to the nations That shall lift their hearts to the Lord,
   A song that shall conquer evil And shatter the spear and sword.

3. We've a message to give to the nations That all of the world's great peoples Might come to the truth of God,
   That the Lord who reigns May come to the truth of God.

4. We've a Saviour to show to the nations Who the path of sorrow hath trod,
   That all of the world's great peoples Might turn their hearts to the right,
   A story of truth and mercy, A story of peace and light.

REFRAIN

A story of peace and light.

For the darkness shall turn to dawn-ing, And the dawn-ing to noon-day bright,

And Christ's great kingdom shall come to earth, The kingdom of love and light.
1. The whole wide world for Jesus! This shall our watch-word be;
2. The whole wide world for Jesus! In-spires us with the thought
3. The whole wide world for Jesus! The march-ing or-der sound:

Up-on the high-est moun-tain, Down by the wid-est sea;
That all God's wan-d'ring chil-dren Have by His love been sought.
Go ye and preach the gos-pel Wher-ev-er man is found.

The whole wide world for Jesus! To Him shall all men bow,
The whole wide world for Jesus! O faint not by the way!
The whole wide world for Jesus! Ride forth, O con-quering King,

In cit-y or in prai-rie— The world for Je-sus now!
The cross shall sure-ly con-quer In this our glo-rious day.
Through all the might-y na-tions The world to glo-ry bring!
**Refrain**

The whole wide world, The whole wide world—Proclaim the gospel tidings through

The whole wide world; Lift up the cross for Jesus, His banner be unfurled,

Till every tongue confess Him through The whole wide world! Amen.

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1. **Awake, My Soul!**

PHILIP DODDRIDGE

THOMAS A. ARNE

1. Awake, my soul! Stretch every nerve, And press with vigor on;
2. 'Tis God's all-an-imating voice That calls thee from on high;
3. A cloud of witnesses a-round Hold thee in full survey;
4. Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee, Our race have we begun;

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A heavenly race demands thy zeal, And an immortal crown.
'Tis He whose hand presents the prize To Thine aspiring eye.
Forget the steps already trod And onward urge thy way.
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet We'll lay our trophies down.

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179
Ho! Reapers of Life's Harvest

ISAAC B. WOODBURY

1. Ho! reapers of life's harvest, Why stand with rusty blade:
   Thrust in your sharpened sickle, And gather in the grain;
   Come down from hill and mountain, In morning's ruddy glow,
   Mount up the heights of wisdom, And crush each error low;

2. Until the night draws round thee, And day begins to fade?
The night is fast approaching, And soon will come again.
Nor wait until the dial points to the noon below;
Keep back no words of knowledge That human hearts should know.

3. Why stand ye idle, waiting For reapers more to come?
The Master calls for reapers, And shall He call in vain?
And come with the strong sinew, Nor faint in heat or cold;
Be faithful to thy mission, In service of thy Lord,

4. The golden morn is passing; Why sit ye idle, dumb?
Shall sheaves lie there ungathered, And waste upon the plain?
And pause not till the evening Draws round its wealth of gold.
And soon a golden chaplet Will be thy rich reward.
1. The morning light is breaking, The darkness disappears;
   The sons of earth are waking To penitential tears;
   Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings tidings from afar
   Of nations in commotion, Prepared for Zion's war.

2. See heathen nations bending Before the God we love,
   And thousand hearts ascending In gratitude above;
   While sinners, now confessing, The gospel call obey,
   And seek the Saviour's blessing, A nation in a day.

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

   And thou thousand hearts as ascending In gratitude above;
   Flow thou to every nation, Nor in thy richness stay—
   Stay not till all the lowly, Triumphant reach their home;
   Stay not till all the holy, Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"
1. The world's glorious harvest is fast drawing on, The Master is calling His reapers to come; The grain bright and golden, in approaching as on roll the years; The wheat, rudely scattered by failing, whose Fount is above; 'Tis love that invites us, 'tis fields far and near, Is ripe for the garner when He shall appear. sin's cruel blast, Then hasten to gather e'er autumn be past. love points the field, 'Tis love wields the sickle— and wondrous the yield.

2. That morn everlasting, that day free from tears, Is swiftly approaching as on roll the years; The wheat, rudely scattered by failing, whose Fount is above; 'Tis love that invites us, 'tis sin's cruel blast, Then hasten to gather e'er autumn be past. love points the field, 'Tis love wields the sickle— and wondrous the yield.

3. O sweet is the labor that floweth from love!— A stream never draweth on, The Master is calling His reapers to come; The grain bright and golden, in approaching as on roll the years; The wheat, rudely scattered by failing, whose Fount is above; 'Tis love that invites us, 'tis fields far and near, Is ripe for the garner when He shall appear. sin's cruel blast, Then hasten to gather e'er autumn be past. love points the field, 'Tis love wields the sickle— and wondrous the yield.

REFRAIN

Has-ten on, glad day, Bear the sheaves a-way; Has-ten on, angel reapers, come, glad day, Bear the sheaves to the garner, far a-way; Has-ten on, angel reapers, come, glad day, Bring the "harvest home."
PRISCILLA J. OWENS

1. Are you Christ's light-bearer? Of His joy a sharer? Is this dark world fairer For your cheering ray? Is your beacon lighted, Guiding showing More and more each day? Are you pressing onward With His yearning Draws Him ever near; With His radiance splendid Shall your lamp trimmed and burning? Is the world made brighter by its cheering ray? Are you waiting, yearning, For your Lord's returning? Are you watching day by day?

REFRAIN

souls be-nighted To the land of perfect day? faithful vanguard In the safe and narrow way? O brother! is your light be blended When His glory shall appear.
1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Nor o-ver the storm-y sea;
   It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
   I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.

2. Per-haps to-day there are lov-ing words Which Je-sus would have me speak,
   There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek;
   My voice shall ech-o Thy mes-sage sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.

3. There's sure-ly some-where a low-ly place In earth's harvest fields so wide,
   Where I may la-bor thro' life's short day For Je-sus, the cru-ci-fied;
   I'll do Thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

REFRAIN

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O-ver mountain, or plain, or sea;
1. Saved to serve in any station, Saved to make His goodness known;
2. Saved to show by loving kindness That His love is full and free;
3. Saved to lift my lowest brothers As the Highest lifted me;

Saved to sing His great salvation, Saved to live for Him alone.
Saved to lead from error's blindness With tender sympathy.
Crucified with Him that others May have immortality.

REFRAIN

Saved to serve; no reserve; Saved to wear His yoke alone:

Work and praise, all my days, Here and round His glorious throne.

F. E. BELDEN

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

F. E. BELDEN

His yoke alone:

I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.
1. Seeking the lost, yes, kindly entreat-ing
Wanders on the moun-tains a-stray, “Come un-to Me,”
Core un-to Me,” His mes-sage re-peat-ing, Words of the
Seek-ing the lost and point-ing to Je-sus Souls that are weak and
Lead-ing them forth in ways of sal-va-tion, Show-ing the
day un-to day; Care for the dy-ing, raise up the fal-len, Point-ing the
Lost to Je-sus the way.
Master speak-ing to-day.
Path to life ev-er-more.
Seek-ing the Lost
W. A. OGDEN
W. A. OGDEN

2. Thus would I go, for Je-sus hath call’d me, Him would I fol-low
Thus would I go, for Je-sus hath call’d me, Him would I fol-low
Thus would I go, for Je-sus hath call’d me, Him would I fol-low
On the moun-tain,
Bringing the wan-d’ners.
Bringing the wan-d’ners

3. To day un-to day; Care for the dy-ing, raise up the fal-len, Point-ing the
Seek-ing the Lost
W. A. OGDEN
W. A. OGDEN

Go-ing a-far, a-far up
Go-ing a-far, a-far up
Go-ing a-far, a-far up

REFRAIN With Bass Solo obligato

REFRAIN With Bass Solo obligato

REFRAIN With Bass Solo obligato

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In-to the fold, the fold of my Re-

back a-gain,
deem-er,
Je-sus the Lamb, the Lamb for sin-ners slain.

Jesus the Lamb for sinners slain.

190
Wonderful Love for Me

HENRY DE FLUITER

1. Won-der-ful love of my Sav-iour, No great-er love could be;
2. Mar-vel-ous grace with-out meas-ure, Saved me from all my sin;
3. Now I have peace like a riv-er, Gent-ly He leads the way;
4. All of His rich-es in glo-ry, All of His full-ness here;

Might-y to save and might-y to keep, Won-der-ful love for me.
Tho I had wan-dered far from His fold, Now He a-bides with-in.
Thru cloud and sun-shine, or dark-est night, He's all my hope and stay.
Mine are the gifts of in-fi-nite love, Now and for-ev-er there.

REFRAIN

Won-der-ful love of Je-sus, Won-der-ful grace so free; for me

Sing, O my soul, while a-ges roll, Won-der-ful love for me.

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What Are You Doing for Jesus?

EMILY P. MILLER

J. LINCOLN HALL

1. What are you doing for Jesus As you journey thro' life?
2. What are you doing for Jesus? Are you striving each day
3. What are you doing for Jesus? Soon comes setting of sun;

Sowing the grain for the harvest Or scattering seeds of strife?
By little acts of kindness To brighten someone's way?
Has ten to tell the glad tidings, Lest you leave some work undone.

REFRAIN

What are you doing for Jesus your Friend? What are you doing for Jesus today?
What are you doing for Jesus your Friend? What are you doing for Jesus your Friend?

As the days go by? What are you doing for Jesus your Friend?
192 In Christ There Is No East nor West

JOHN OXENHAM

ALEXANDER R. REINAGLE

1. In Christ there is no east nor west, In Him no south or north;
2. In Him shall true hearts every-where Their high com-mun-ion find;
3. Join hands, then, broth-ers of the faith, What-e'er your race may be.
4. In Christ now meet both east and west, In Him meet south and north;

But one great fel-low-ship of love Through-out the whole wide earth.
His serv-ice is the gold-en cord Close bind-ing all man-kind.
Who serves my Fa-ther as a son Is sure-ly kin to me.
All Christ-ly souls are one in Him Through-out the whole wide earth.

From "Bees in Amber." Copyright by the American Tract Society. Used by permission.
F. E. BELDEN

1. Ask not to be excused, There's earnest work to do; Stand ready to be used. Ask not to be excused, This answer is given; Where God may station you. His invitation kind.

2. Ask not to be excused, The Master calls today; Too long hast thou refused; Now hasten to obey. The harvest fields are white, love abused, forever turns away. While Mercy gently pleads.

3. Ask not to be excused, There's danger in delay; That wondrous work for heaven. Come, O come, Ask not to be excused; Come, O be forgiven. The laborers are few; Let this be thy delight, The Master's points the way to heaven, While Jesus intercedes, O come and.

REFRAIN

work for heaven. Come, O come, Ask not to be excused; Come, O be forgiven.
194

"Even Unto the End"

F. E. Belden

1. "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature,"
2. Millions, bless'd with gospel light, Yet need the glad-ness of sins for-giv-en;
3. Stand not i-dle all the day Be-cause no man hath de-clared thy wag-es;
4. All things on the al-tar lay, Let Cal-v'ry's cross be thy on-ly glo-ry;

Let My ban-ner be un-furled, With pen, and song, and the liv-ing teach-er.
Mill-ions, cursed with heathen night, Yet long to know of the Way to heav-en.
Work on, love de-mands no pay, 'Tis all set down in the heav'n-ly pag-es.
Cast all self-ish fear a-way, Be-gin just now tell-ing love's sweet sto-ry.

Refrain

Go ye, go ye o-ver land and sea, Pow'r, "all pow'r is

den;" "Lo, I am with you al-way, E-ven un-to the end,"
giv-en un-to me," I will guide you, I defend, I will keep you unto the end.

may be giv'n: Thou hast my love a-bused, Thou art excused from heav'n.
1. O softly the Spirit is whispering to me With tender compassion, with pitying plea; I hear His beseeching, and Spirit is quickened and stirred; Now grant, blessed Saviour, this melt in the sunlight of prayer; O give me, dear Saviour, I sorrow or sinful-ness mourn; With me this petition to earnestly pray That Jesus will make me a blessing today. service to me, Of speaking a comforting message for Thee. humbly implore, The sweet consolation that soul to restore. Jesus convey: O make me a blessing, dear Saviour, today.

Refrain

Lord, make me a blessing today, A blessing to someone I pray Lord, make me a blessing, I pray;

In all that I do, In all that I say, O make me a blessing today.
Living for Jesus

T. O. CHISHOLM

Not fast

1. Living for Jesus a life that is true, Striving to please Him in all that I do,
2. Living for Jesus, who died in my place, Bearing on Cal'v'ry my sin and dis-grace;
3. Living for Jesus wherever I am, Doing each duty in His holy name,
4. Living for Jesus thro' earth's little while, My dear-est treasure, the light of His smile,

Yielding allegiance, gladhearted and free, This is the pathway of blessing for me.
Such love constrains me to answer His call, Following His leading, and give Him my all.
Willing to suffer affliction or loss, Deeming each trial a part of my cross.
Seeking the lost ones He died to redeem, Bringing the weary to find rest in Him.

*REFRAIN UNISON A little slower*

O Jesus, Lord and Saviour, I give myself to Thee; For Thou, in Thy atonement, Didst give Thyself for me;
I own no other Master, My heart shall be Thy throne, My life I give, henceforth to live, O Christ, for Thee a-lone.

* Melody in lower notes. A two-part effect may be had by having the men sing the melody, the women taking the middle notes.

1. If any little word of mine
   May make a dark life brighter,
2. If any little love of mine
   May make a hard life sweeter,
3. If any little lift of mine
   May ease a toiler bending,

If any little song of mine
   May make a sad heart lighter,
If any little care of mine
   May make a friend's the fleetest,
God give me love and care and strength; We live for Him by lending.

Refrain

God help me speak the helping word,
   And sweeten it with singing,

And drop it in some lonely vale,
   To set the echoes ringing.

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Lower Lights

1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther’s mer-cy, From His light-house ev-er-more,
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 darkness may be lost.

2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an-gry bil-lows roar;
Ea-ger eyes are watch-ing, long-ing, For the lights a-long the shore.

3. Trim your fee-ble lamp, my broth-er: Some poor sail-or, temp-est tossed,
Some poor faint-ing, strug-gling sea-man You may res-cue, you may save.

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

Refrain

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

1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther’s mer-cy, From His light-house ev-er-more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an-gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee-ble lamp, my broth-er: Some poor sail-or, temp-est tossed,
Bring Them In

ALEXCENAH THOMAS

1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the desert dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help the Shepherd kind, Help Him the wandering ones to find?
3. Out in the desert hear their cry, Out on the mountain wild and high,

Call—ing the sheep who've gone astray, Far from the Shepherd's fold away.
Who'll bring them back into the fold, Where they'll be sheltered from the cold?
Hark! 'tis the Master speaks to thee, "Go, find My sheep where'er they be."

Refrain

Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;

Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring the wanderers to Jesus.

W. A. OGDEN
Throw Out the Life Line

EDWARD S. UFFORD

1. Throw out the life line across the dark wave, There is a brother whom some-one should save; Some-body's brother! oh, who then will dare To linger so long? See! he is sinking; oh, has-ten to-day— And you've nev-er been; Winds of tempta-tion and bil-lows of woe Will ter-ni-ty's shore; Haste, then, my broth-er, no time for de-lay, But

2. Throw out the life line with hand quick and strong; Why do you tar-ry, why soon hurl them out where the dark wa-ters flow. throw out the life line! a-way, then, a-way! Throw out the life line!}

3. Throw out the life line to dan-ger-fraught men, Sink-ing in an-guish where

4. Soon will the sea-son of res-cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e-

Throw out the life line! Some-one is drift-ing a-way! Throw out the life line! Throw out the life line! Some-one is sink-ing to-day.
Rescue the Perishing

1. Rescue the perishing, Care for the dying; Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave; Weep o'er the erring one, Lift up the fallen, Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.

2. Though they are slighting Him, Still He is waiting, Waiting the penitent child to receive. Plead with them earnestly, Plead with them gently; He will forgive if they only believe.

3. Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feelings lie buried, Wakened by kindness, Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.

4. Rescue the perishing, Duty demands it; Strength for thy labor, Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave; Weep o'er the erring one, Lift up the fallen, Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.

Refrain

Rescue the perishing, Care for the dying; Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.
Where Are the Reapers?

EBEN E. REXFORD

1. O where are the reapers that garner in The sheaves of the good
2. Go out in the by-ways and search them all; The wheat may be there,
3. The fields all are ripening, and far and wide The world now is wait-
4. So come with your sickles, ye sons of men, And gather together

from the fields of sin? With sickles of truth must the work be done,
though the weeds are tall; Then search in the high-way, and pass none by;
ing the harvest tide: But reapers are few, and the work is great,
er the golden grain; Toil on till the Lord of the harvest come,

Refrain

And no one may rest till the "harvest home."
But gather from all for the home on high. Where are the reapers? O
And much will be lost should the harvest wait.
Then share ye His joy in the "harvest home."

who will come And share in the glory of the "harvest home"? O
who will help us to garner in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?
Blow the Trumpet

H. L. GILMOUR

1. Watch-man, blow the gospel trumpet, Every soul a warning give;
2. Sound it loud o'er every hill-top, Gloom-y shade and sunny plain;
3. Sound it in the hedge and high-way, Earth's dark spots where exiles roam;
4. Sound it for the heavy laden, Weary, long-ing to be free;

Who-ever hears the message May re-pent, and turn and live.
Ocean depths re-peat the message, Full sal-va-tion's glad re-frain.
Let it tell all things are read-y, Fa-ther waits to wel-come home.
Sound a Sav-iour's in-vi-ta-tion, Sweet-ly say-ing, "Come to me."

Refrain

Blow the trum-pet, trust-y watch-man, Blow it loud o'er land and sea;

God com-mis-sions, sound the mes-sage! Ev-ery cap-tive may be free.

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WILLIAM J. KIRKPATRICK
Harvest Time

J. B. O. CLEMM

J. O. THOMPSON

1. Far and near the fields are teem-ing With the sheaves of rip - ened grain;
2. Send them forth with morn's first beam-ing, Send them in the noon-tide's glare;
3. O thou, whom thy Lord is send-ing, Gath - er now the sheaves of gold;

Far and near their gold is gleam-ing O'er the sun - ny slope and plain.
When the sun's last rays are stream-ing, Bid them gath - er ev - ery-where.
Heavenward then at eve-ning wend-ing Thou shalt come with joy un - told.

Lord of har-vest, send forth reap - ers! Hear us, Lord, to Thee we cry;

Send them now the sheaves to gath - er, Ere the har - vest-time pass by.
1. Hark! the voice of Jesus calling, "Who will go and work to-day?

2. If you cannot cross the ocean And the heathen lands explore,

3. If you cannot be the watch-man, Standing high on Zion's wall,

4. While the souls of men are dying, And the Master calls for you,

Fields are white, the harvest waiting, Who will bear the sheaves away?

You can find the heathen nearer, You can help them at your door;

Pointing out the path to heaven, Offering life and peace to all;

Let none hear you idly saying, "There is nothing I can do!"

Loud and long the Master calleth, Rich reward He offers free;

If you cannot speak like angels, If you cannot preach like Paul,

With your prayers and with your bounties You can do what Heaven demands,

Gladly take the task He gives you, Let His work your pleasure be;

Who will answer, gladly saying, "Here am I, O Lord, send me"?

You can tell the love of Jesus, You can say He died for all.

You can be like faithful Aaron, Holding up the prophet's hands.

Answer quickly when He calleth, "Here am I, O Lord, send me".
The Night Is Coming

1. Work, for the night is coming; Work through the morning hours;
   Work while the dew is sparkling; Work 'mid springing flowers;
   Work, for the night is coming, When man's work is done.

2. Work, for the night is coming; Work through the sunny noon;
   Fill brightest hours with labor, Rest comes sure and soon;
   Work, for the night is coming, When man works no more.

3. Work, for the night is coming; Under the sunset skies,
   While their bright tints are glowing, Work, for daylight flies;
   Work while the night is darkening, When man's work is o'er.
Working, O Christ, With Thee

W. A. OGDEN

1. Working, O Christ, with Thee, Working with Thee,
2. Along the city's waste, Working with Thee,
3. Saviour, we weary not, Working with Thee,
4. So let us labor on, Working with Thee,

Unworthy, sinful, weak, Tho' we may be;
Our eager footsteps haste, Like Thee to be;
As hard as Thine our lot Can never be;
Till earth to Thee is won, From sin set free;

Our all to Thee we give, For Thee alone we live,
The poor we gather in, The outcasts raise from sin,
Our joy and comfort this, "Thy grace sufficient is";
Till men, from shore to shore Receive Thee, and adore,

And by Thy grace achieve, Working with Thee.
And labor souls to win, Working with Thee.
This changes toil to bliss, Working with Thee.
And join us evermore, Working with Thee.
1. I am a stranger here, within a foreign land; My home is far away,
2. This is the King's command: that all men, everywhere, Repent and turn away
3. My home is brighter far than Sharon's rosy plain, Eternal life and joy,

up - on a gold - en strand; Ambas - sador to be of realms beyond the sea,
from sin's seduc - tive snare; That all who will obey, with Him shall reign for aye,
thru - out its vast do - main; My Sov - reign bids me tell how mortals there may dwell,

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

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Publish Glad Tidings

MARY A. THOMSON

JAMES WALCH

1. O Zion, haste, thy mission high fulfilling, To tell to all the world that God is light; That He who made all nations is not willing live and move, is love; Tell how He stooped to save His lost creation, speed them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in prayer victorious; heart His saving grace; Let none whom He hath ransomed fail to greet Him,

Refrain

One soul should perish, lost in shades of night. And died on earth that man might live above. Publish glad tidings, And all thou spendest Jesus will repay. Through thy neglect, unfit to see His face.

Tidings of peace, Tidings of Jesus, Redemption and release.

2. Proclaim to every people, tongue, and nation That God, in whom they

3. Give of thy sons to bear the message glorious; Give of thy wealth to

4. He comes again; O Zion, ere thou meet Him, Make known to every
Anywhere, Dear Saviour

1. Anywhere, dear Saviour, In Thy vine-yard wide,
   Where Thou bidst me labor, Lord, there would I abide.
   Anywhere, dear Saviour, to work for Thee.

2. Where the night may find us, Surely matters not;
   If we camp with Jesus, O blessed is the spot!
   Anywhere, dear Saviour, to work for Thee.

3. All along the journey, Let us fix our eyes
   Where the heart will make its home, Willing led by Thee to roam,
   Anywhere, dear Saviour, to work for Thee.
Building for Eternity

N. B. SARGENT

1. We are building in sorrow or joy, A temple the
2. Every thought that we've ever had, Its own little
3. Every word that so lightly falls, Giving some heart
4. Are you building for God alone? Are you building

world may not see, Which time cannot mar nor destroy:
place has fill'd; Every deed we have done, good or bad,
joy or pain, Will shine in our temple wall,
in faith and love, A temple the Father will own,

We build for eternity. We are building
Is a stone in the temple we build.
Or ever its beauty stain.
In the city of light above? We are building,

ev'ry day, A temple the world may not see;
build- ing ev'ry day,

Build-ing, build-ing ev'ry day, Build-ing for eternity!
The Breaking of the Day

1. 'Tis almost time for the Lord to come, I hear the people say; The stars of heaven are growing dim, It must be the breaking of the day.

2. The signs fore-told in the sun and moon, In earth and sea and sky, A - loud proclaim to all mankind, The coming of the Master draweth nigh.

3. It must be time for the waiting church To cast her pride a - way, With girded loins and burning lamps, To look for the breaking of the day.

4. Go quickly out in the streets and lanes And in the broad high-way, And call the maimed, the halt, and blind, To be ready for the breaking of the day.

Refrain

O it must be the breaking of the day! O it must be the breaking of the day! The night is almost gone, The day is coming on; O it must be the breaking of the day!
213 In a Little While We're Going Home

E. E. HEWITT

1. Let us sing a song that will cheer us by the way, In a little while we're going home; For the night will end in the everlasting day, And may the grace of God will our daily strength renew,

2. We will do the work that our hands may find to do, In a little while, We shall cross the billow's foam; We shall meet at last, When the stormy winds are past, In a little while we're going home.

3. We will smooth the path for some weary, way-worn feet, In a little while, Loving hearts spread around an influence sweet! And no tears shall fall in that city bright and fair,

4. There's a rest beyond, there's relief from every care, In a little while, When the stormy winds are past, In a little while we're going home.

REFRAIN

In a little while we're going home. In a little while, In a little while, We shall cross the billow's foam; We shall meet at last, When the stormy winds are past, In a little while we're going home.
Longing

HENRY DE FLUITER

1. Precious Redeemer, my brother and friend, Dearer than all is my Saviour; On me His grace and His blessings descend, love of my Saviour; Sweet-er He grows ev'ry step of the way, love of my Saviour; Soul-thrilling rap-ture to look in His face, wonder-ful Saviour; His love suf-fi-cient will car-ry me thro',

2. Earth holds no charm that can lure me away, Kept by the朋友们 may fail me, but Jesus is true; O what a

3. Deeper than ocean and bound-less as space, Such is the

4. Friends here may fail me, but Jesus is true; O what a

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211
He’s Coming

Anon.

Arranged

1. How sweet are the tidings that greet the pilgrim’s ear, As he
wanders in exile from home! Soon, soon will the Saviour in
songs of redemption we’ll sing;
glory appear, And soon will the kingdom come.

2. The mossy old graves where the pilgrims sleep Shall be
open as wide as before, And the millions that sleep in the
might y deep Shall live on this earth once more.
the ransomed shall come, And worship our heavenly King.
joyful till then, And a crown of bright glory we’ll wear.

3. There we’ll meet ne’er to part in our happy Eden home, Sweet
from the north, from the south, all
faithful, we all shall be there; O, be watchful, be hopeful, be

And the millions that sleep in the
Friends we all shall be there; O, be watchful, be hopeful, be

Refrain

He’s coming, coming, coming soon I know, Coming
back to this earth again; And the weary pilgrims

will to glory go, When the Saviour comes to reign.

1. O for a closer walk with God! A calm and heavenly frame,
2. Return, O holy Dove! return, Sweet messenger of rest;
3. What peaceful hours I once enjoyed! How sweet their memory still!
4. The dearest idol I have known, What'er that idol be,

A light to shine up-on the road That leads me to the Lamb.
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn And drove Thee from my breast.
But they have left an aching void The world can never fill.
Help me to tear it from Thy throne, And worship on-ly Thee.
Waiting and Watching

[Music notation]

1. We know not the time when He cometh, At even, or mid-night, or morn;
2. I think of His wonderful pity, The price our salvation hath cost;
3. O Jesus, my loving Redeemer, Thou knowest I cherish as dear

It may be at deepening twilight; It may be at earliest dawn.
He left the bright mansions of glory To suffer and die for the lost.
The hope that mine eyes shall behold Thee, That I shall Thine own welcome hear!

He bids us to watch and be ready, Nor suffer our lights to grow dim,
And sometimes I think it will please Him, When those whom He died to redeem
If to some as a judge Thou appearest, Who forth from Thy presence would flee,

That when He shall come, He may find us All waiting and watching for Him.
Rejoice in the hope of His coming By waiting and watching for Him.
A Friend most beloved I'll greet Thee, I'm waiting and watching for Thee.

Refrain
Waiting and watching, yes, waiting for Thee; Waiting and watching, yes, waiting for Thee;
218  Hail Him the King of Glory

HENRY DE FLUITER

1. Tell it to ev-ery kin-dred and na-tion, Tell it far and near;
2. Na-tions a-gain in strife and com-mo-tion, Warn-ings by the way;
3. Chil-dren of God look up with re-joic-ing; Shout and sing His praise;

Earth's darkest night will fade with the dawn-ing, Je-sus will soon ap-pear.
Signs in the heav-ens, un-err-ing o-mens, Her-ald the glo-rious day.
Bless-ed are they who, wait-ing and watch-ing, Look for the dawn-ing rays.

Refrain

Hail Him the King of glo-ry, Once the Lamb for sin-ners slain;

Tell, tell the won-drous sto-ry, "Je-sus comes to reign."

Henry de Flüiter, owner.
How Shall We Stand in the Judgment?

HARRIET B. M'KEEVER  JOHN R. SWENEY

1. When Jesus shall gather the nations, Before Him at last
2. Shall we hear, from the lips of the Saviour, The words "Faithful servant,
3. He will smile when He looks on His children, And sees on the ran-
4. Then let us be watching and waiting, With lamps burning steadily
5. Thus living with hearts fixed on heaven, In patience we wait

to appear, Then how shall we stand in the judgment, When
vant, well done," Or, trembling with fear and with anguish, Be
somed His seal; He will clothe them in heavenly beauty, As
y and bright; When the Bride-groom shall call to the wedding, O
for the time When, the days of our pilgrimage ended, We'll

summoned our sentence to hear? banished away from His throne?
low at His footstool they kneel. He will gather the wheat in His
may we be ready for flight! bask in the presence divine.

garner, But the chaff will He scatter away; Then

how shall we stand in the judgment Of the great resurrection day?

Refrain

219
1. In the glad time of the harvest, in the grand millennial year,
   Long they've toiled within the harvest, sown the precious seed with tears;

2. O the rapture of His people! Long they've dwelt on earth's low sod,
   Sown the precious seed with tears; who have left us lonely here;

3. Long they've dwelt on earth's low sod,
   Sown the precious seed with tears;

4. We shall greet the loved and loving,
   Who have left us lonely here;

When the King shall take His scepter, and to judge the world appear,
   With their hearts e'er turning home-ward, rich in faith and love to God.

Soon they'll drop their heavy burdens in the glad millennial years;
   Ev'ry heart-ache will be banished when the Saviour shall appear;

Earth and sea shall yield their treasure, all shall stand before the throne;
   They will share the life immortal, they will know as they are known,

They will share the bliss of heaven, never grieved with sin or sorrow;
   Never weary or alone;

Just awards will then be given, when the King shall claim His own.
   When the King shall claim His own.
When the King Comes In

J. E. LANDOR

E. S. LORENZ

1. Called to the feast by the King are we, Sitting, perhaps, where His
to - nes on the head where the thorns have been, Glor - i - fied He who once
Like lightning's flash will that in - stant show Things hid - den long from both
Joy - ful His eye shall on each one rest Who is in white wed - ding

2. How will it fare, friend, with thee and me
friend and foe; Just what we are will each neigh - bor know,
gar - ments dressed; Ah! well for us if we stand the test,
died for men; Splen - did the vi - sion be - fore us then,

3. Refrain

When the King comes in?
When the King comes in. When the King comes in, broth - er, When the King comes
When the King comes in.
When the King comes in.

in! How will it fare with thee and me When the King comes in?

218
Christ Returneth

H. L. TURNER
JAMES MCGRANAHAN

1. It may be at morn, when the day is awak-ing, When sun-light thro' darkness and shadow is break-ing, That Jesus will come in the chance, that the black-ness of mid-night Will burst in to light in the saints and the angels attending, With grace on His brow, like a sadness, no dread, and no crying, Caught up thro' the clouds with our fullness of glory To receive from the world His own.

2. It may be at mid-day, it may be at twi-light, It may be, per-

ble- of His glo-ry, When Jesus re- ceives His own.

ra- of glo-ry, Will Jesus re- ceive "His own."

ord into glo-ry, When Jesus re- ceives His own.

3. While His hosts cry Ho-san-na, from heaven descending, With glo- ri-fied while His hosts cry Hosanna, from heaven descending, With glorified saints and the angels attending, With grace on His brow, like a sadness, no dread, and no crying, Caught up thro' the clouds with our fullness of glory To receive from the world His own.


O Lord Jesus, how long, how long Ere we shout the glad song? Christ re-

rit.
We Know Not the Hour

F. E. BELDEN

1. We know not the hour of the Master's appearing; Yet signs all fore-
tell that the moment is near-ing When He shall return-
book of the Lord's revelation; Each prophecy points wait till the Master's return-ing; We'll sing and re-joice,

2. There's light for the wise who are seeking salvation; There's truth in the to the great consum-ma-tion But we know not the hour.
ev-ery o-men discern-ing But we know not the hour.

3. We'll watch and we'll pray, with our lamps trimmed and burning; We'll work and we'll come, hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! He will come in the come, He will come,

Refrain

He will come, let us watch and be read-y; He will come, hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! He will come in the

F. E. BELDEN

220
1. Lift up the trumpet, and loud let it ring: Jesus is coming again!
2. Echo it, hill-tops; proclaim it, ye plains: Jesus is coming again!
3. Sound it, old ocean, in each mighty wave: Jesus is coming again!
4. Heavings of earth, tell the vast, wondering throng: Jesus is coming again!
5. Nations are angry—by this we do know Jesus is coming again!

Refrain

Coming again, coming again, Jesus is coming again!

Cheer up, ye pilgrims, be joyful and sing; Jesus is coming again!
Com ing in glory, the Lamb that was slain; Jesus is coming again!
Break on the sands of the shores that ye lave; Jesus is coming again!
Tempests and whirlwinds, the anthem prolong; Jesus is coming again!
Knowledge increases; men run to and fro; Jesus is coming again!

Jesus Is Coming Again

JESSIE E. STROUT

GEORGE E. LEE

clouds of His Father's bright glory—But we know not the hour.
1. The coming King is at the door, Who once the cross for sinners bore,
   But now the righteous ones alone; He comes to gather home.

2. The signs that show His coming near Are fast fulfilling year by year,
   And soon we'll hail the glorious dawn Of heaven's eternal morn.

3. Look not on earth for strife to cease, Look not below for joy and peace,
   Until the Saviour comes again To banish death and sin.

4. Then in the glorious earth made new We'll dwell the countless ages through;
   This mortal shall immortal be, And time, eternity.

Refrain

At the door, at the door, At the door, yes, even at the door;

He is coming, He is coming, He is even at the door.
   com-ing a-gain, com-ing a-gain,
Gleams of the Golden Morning

S. J. GRAHAM

1. The golden morning is fast approaching; Jesus soon will come
   To take His faithful and happy children To their promised home.
   The Bridegroom then will cease to tarry
   And the trumpet sound.

2. The gospel summons will soon be carried To the nations round;
   The Judge will come, and will take His people Where they will not die.
   The tears of those who are broken-hearted Will be wiped away.

3. Attended by all the shining angels, Down the flaming sky
   Where they will not die.
   Will all meet that day;

4. There those loved ones who have long been parted, Will all meet that day;
   That will burst the tomb. Gleams of the golden morning
   Piercing through this night of gloom! O, we see the

Refrain

O, we see the gleams of the golden morning

Piercing through this night of gloom! O, we see the gleams of the golden morning That will burst the tomb.
Hold Fast Till I Come

F. E. Belden

1. Sweet promise is given to all who believe—"Behold I come quickly, Mine own to receive; Hold fast till I come; the danger is great; Sleep thief in the night." We know He is near, but know not the day—As Jesus, our Lord; Of promises all, it stands as the sum: "Be-

2. We'll "watch unto prayer" with lamps burning bright; He comes to all others; spring shows that summer is not far away. "Hold fast till I come;" sweet hold I come quickly, hold fast till I come.

3. Yes! this is our hope, 'tis built on His word—The glorious appearing of promise of heaven—"The kingdom restored, to you shall be given." "Come, enter My joy, sit down on My throne; Bright crowns are in waiting; hold fast till I come."

Refrain

not as do others; be watchful, and wait."
1. Watch, ye saints, with eye-lids waking; Lo! the powers of heaven are shaking;
2. Lo! the promise of your Saviour, Pardoned sin and purchased favour,
3. Kingdoms at their base are crumbling, Hark! His chariot wheels are rumbling;
4. Nations wane, though proud and stately; Christ His kingdom hasteneth greatly;
5. Sinners, come, while Christ is pleading; Now for you He's interceding;

Keep your lamps all trimmed and burning, Ready for your Lord's returning.
Blood-washed robes and crowns of glory; Haste to tell redemption's story.
Tell, O tell of grace abounding, Whilst the seventh trump is sounding.
Earth her lastest pangs is summing; Shout, ye saints, your Lord is coming.
Haste, ere grace and time diminished Shall proclaim the mystery finished.

Refrain

Lo! He comes, lo! Jesus comes; Lo! He comes, He comes all glorious!

Jesus comes to reign victorious, Lo! He comes, yes, Jesus comes.
1. I am waiting for the morning Of the day that brings release,
   Endless joy for hours of crying, Everlasting peace for care;

2. O'er the hill-tops brightly breaking, Sun of righteousness arise,
   Has ten on, day eternal!

3. Endless joy for hours of crying, Everlasting peace for care;

   Usher in love's reign supernal,
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Face to Face

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK

Bring the golden—en dawn of peace.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR

Face to face, what will it be

1. Face to face with Christ my Saviour, Face to face, what will it be
2. Only faintly now I see Him, With the darkening vale between,
3. What rejoicing in His presence, When are banished grief and pain;
4. Face to face! oh, blissful moment! Face to face—to see and know;

When with rapture I behold Him, Jesus Christ, who died for me?

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

REFRAIN

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

Face to face in all His glory I shall see Him by and by!

227
Shall We Gather at the River?

ROBERT LOWRY

1. Shall we gather at the river Where bright angel feet have trod,
   With its crystal tide forever Flowing by the throne of God?
   We will walk and worship ever, All the happy golden day.
   Grace our spirits will deliver, And provide a robe and crown.
   Soon our happy hearts will quiver With the melody of peace.

2. On the margin of the river, Washing up its silver spray,
   Where bright angel feet have trod,
   We will walk and worship ever, All the happy golden day.
   Grace our spirits will deliver, And provide a robe and crown.
   Soon our happy hearts will quiver With the melody of peace.

3. Ere we reach the shining river, Lay we every burden down;
   Wash ing up its silver spray,
   Soon our pilgrimage will cease,
   And provide a robe and crown.
   With the melody of peace.

4. Soon we'll reach the shining river, Soon our pilgrimage will cease,
   Soon our happy hearts will quiver With the melody of peace.
   And provide a robe and crown.
   With the melody of peace.

Refrain

Yes, we'll gather at the river, The beautiful, the beautiful river;

Gather with the saints at the river That flows by the throne of God.
Glory Song

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,

2. When, by the gift of His infinite grace, I am accorded in Will through the ages be glory for me. O that will be

3. Friends will be there I have loved long ago; Joy like a river a- flow, I shall look on His face, That will be glory, be glory for me.

Refrain

I shall look on His face, That will be glory, be glory for me.
We Are Nearing Home!

1. Just over the mountains in the Promised Land, Lies the holy city built by God's own hand; As our weary foot-steps gain the city, with its streets of gold; Now with raptured vision we can see it there, With its walls of jasper and its mansions fair. For mountain's crest, We can view our home-land of eternal rest. 

2. In the rolls of the prophets we have long been told Of that won-drous end-less days, In sweet songs of glad-ness and in psalms of praise. For see it there, With its walls of jasper and its mansions fair. For Him be true; Then when Je-sus com-eth He will call for you. 

3. Those who enter that city are the faith-ful few Who keep God's com-mandments—faith of Je-sus, too; There we'll lift our voices through the sun-shine where there'll be no care? Accep-t of God's mes-sage, and to for mountain's crest, We can view our home-land of eternal rest. 

4. My broth-er, my sis-ter, will you meet us there, In that land of for mountain's crest, We can view our home-land of eternal rest. 

Refrain

We are near-ing home! We are near-ing home! We are near-ing home, near-ing home! We are near-ing home!
See the splendor gleaming from the domes afar! See the
glory streaming through the "gates ajar!" There we soon will
enter, nevermore to roam, Hear the angels singing!

We are nearing home! We are nearing home.
We are nearing, nearing home!

231
On Jordan's Stormy Banks

1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye
   To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.

2. O'er all those wide-ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e-ter-nal day;
   There Christ, the Sun, for-ev-er reigns, And scat-ters night a-way.

3. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for-ev-er blest?
   When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His king-dom rest?

4. Filled with de-light, my rap-tured soul Would here no long-er stay;
   Though Jordan's waves a-round me roll, Fear-less I'd launch a-way.

We will rest in the fair and hap-py land, by and by, Just a-

cross on the ev-er-green shore;
SING THE SONG OF MO-SES AND THE EV-ER-GREEN SHORE;

Lamb by and by, And dwell with Je-sus ev-er-more.

232
1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign;
   Infinite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.

2. O could we make our doubts remove, Those gloomy doubts that rise,
   There everlasting spring abides And never-withering flowers,

And but a little space divides This heavenly land from ours.
Not all this world's pretended good Could ever charm us more.
1. Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!
2. Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing;
3. See, the dead risen from land and from ocean;

Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Praise to Jehovah, ascending on high;

Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning;
Loud, from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing;
Fallen the engines of war and commotion,

Zion, in triumph, begins her mild reign.
Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song.
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.
Beautiful Valley of Eden

W. O. CUSHING

1. Beautiful valley of Eden, Sweet is thy noon-tide calm;
2. Over the heart of the weary, Breath-ing thy waves of balm.
Waft-ing the songs of the angels Down from the far away.
3. There is the home of my Sav-iour; There, with the blood-washed throng,

Refrain

Beautiful valley of Eden, Home of the pure and blest, How

of-ten a-mid’ the wild bil-lows I dream of thy rest, sweet rest!

WILLIAM F. SHERWIN
1. When the mists have rolled in splendor From the beauty of the hills And the sun-shine, warm and tender, Falls in kisses on the rills, We may read love's miss the law of kindness When we struggle to be just, Snowy wings of face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known; Far beyond the shining letter In the rainbow of the spray; We shall know each other peace shall cover All the errors of today, When the weary watch is orient meadows Floats the golden fringe of day; Heart to heart we bide the better When the mists have cleared away. We shall know as we are over And the mists have cleared away. shadows, Till the mists have cleared away. We shall know known, Nevermore to walk alone, as we are known, Nevermore to walk alone,
Lord, in the Morning

ISAAC WATTS, 1719

AARON WILLIAMS

1. Lord, in the morn-ing Thou shalt hear My voice ascend-ing high;
2. Up to the hills where Christ is gone To plead for all His saints,
3. O may Thy Spir-it guide my feet In ways of right-eous-ness;
4. The men that love and fear Thy name Shall see their hopes ful-filled;

To Thee will I di-rec-t my prayer, To Thee lift up mine eye-
Pre-sent-ing at His Fa-ther's throne Our songs and our com-plaints.
Make ev-ery path of du-ty straight And plain be-fore my face.
The might-y God will com-pass them With fa-vor as a shield.

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Sweet By and By

1. There's a land that is fairer than day, And by faith we can see it afar; For the Father waits over the way, To prepare us a dwelling place there. In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore; In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

2. We shall sing on that beautiful shore The melodious songs of the blest, And our spirits shall sorrow no more, Not a sigh for the blessing of rest. In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore; In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

3. To our bountiful Father above, We will offer a tribute of praise, For the glorious gift of His love, And the blessings that hallow our days. In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore; In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

Refrain

And by faith we can see it afar; For the Father waits over the way, To prepare us a dwelling place there. In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.
1. I shall see the King Where the angels sing, I shall see the
2. In the land of song, In the glory throng, Where there never
3. I shall see the King, All my tributes bring, And shall look up-

King some day, In the better land, On the golden strand,
comes a night, With my Lord once slain I shall ever reign
on His face; Then my song shall be How He ransomed me

In the better land,
On the golden strand,
How He ransomed me

And has kept me by His grace.

In the glory, I shall see the King, And forever endless praises sing; 'Twas on

Calvary Jesus died for me; I shall see the King some day.

Over Yonder

HENRY DE FLUITER

1. Come let us sing of home-land, Down by the crystal sea;
2. There is a wondrous cit-y, Streets of trans-par-ent gold;
3. Wa-ter of life there flow-eth, Fruit in a-bun-dant store;
4. Come go with me to home-land, Je-sus in-vites you there;

Won-der-ful land where Je-sus Build-eth a man-sion for me.
Not half its glo-rious beau-ty Has e'er to mor-tals been told.
Cit-i-zens of that coun-try Hun-ger and thirst nev-er-more.
Help spread the in- vi-ta-tion, Tell it to men ev-ery-where.

REFRAIN

O-ver yon-der, down by the crys-tal sea, O-ver yon-der,

There's where I long to be; No more sor-row, toil, grief, nor
care In the home-land bright and fair, O-ver, o-ver there.

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Home of the Soul

ELLEN H. GATES

1. I will sing you a song of that beautiful land, The far-away
2. O, that home of the soul! in my visions and dreams Its bright, jasper
3. That unchangeable home is for you and for me, Where Jesus of
4. O, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land, So free from all

Home of the Soul, Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,
walls I can see, Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes
Nazareth stands; The King of all kingdoms forever is He,
sorrow and pain; With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands,

While the years of eternity roll, While the years of eternity roll;
Between the fair city and me, Between the fair city and me;
And He holdeth our crowns in His hands, And He holdeth our crowns in His hands;
To meet one another again! To meet one another again!

Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand, While the years of eternity roll.
Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes Between the fair city and me.
The King of all kingdoms forever is He, And He holdeth our crowns in His hands.
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one another again!
1. When my life-work is ended, and I cross the swelling tide,
   When "this mortal puts on immortality"; I shall
   know my Redeemer when I reach the other side, And His smile will be the
   full heart will praise Him for the mercy, love, and grace
   sweet vales of Eden we shall meet no more to roam, But I long to see my
   glad song of ages I shall mingle with delight; But I long to meet my

2. Oh, the soul-thrilling rapture when I view His blessed face,
   As the farewell at the river I recall; In the
   memories come, of spotless white,
   ten-robes I will wear, old sorrows I will crown,
   songs of gladness, I will sing, But I long to see my

3. Oh, the dear ones departed! How the tender memories come,
   He will lead me where no tears shall ever fall; In the
   In the sweet vales of Eden we shall meet no more to roam, But I long to see my
   glad song of ages I shall mingle with delight; But I long to meet my

4. Thro' the gates to the city, in a robe of spotless white,
   cool men's first to welcome me.
   mansions in the sky. I shall know Him, I shall
   know Him As redeemed by His side I shall stand, I shall
I shall know Him, I shall know Him
By the print of the nails in His hands.

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The Year of Jubilee

MRS. L. D. AVERY STUTTLE

W. A. OGDEN

1. Oh, glory to God! it is coming again,
   'Tis the glad jubilee.

2. 'Tis the glad anti-type of that day long ago,
   When the hosts of the Lord might not gather or sow;
   When the millions of Israel from labor were free,
   Then blow ye the trumpet, shout glory and sing,
   We shall dwell ever-more in that land of the blest,

3. Yes, gladder by far is that "rest by and by,
   When on wings like the eagle we mount to the sky;
   We shall dwell evermore in that land of the blest,
   And join in the praises of Jesus the King.

REFRAIN

And the land was to rest in the glad jubilee. Shout with the voice of triumph
In that grand jubilee, in that Sabbath of rest.

Soon shall the saints be free. Glory to the Lord! hallelujah! Has-ten the jubilee!

(Handwritten notation and musical notation are present.)
Beautiful Robes

E. E. HEWITT

1. We shall walk with Him in white
   Where faith yields to blissful sight,
   In that country pure and bright,
   Where the Lamb His ransomed ones shall lead;
   For His blood shall wash each stain,
   For the blessed light that shines
   Is the glory of the Saviour's smile.
   Till no spot of sin remain, And the soul forevermore is freed.

2. We shall walk with Him in white
   Where faith yields to blissful sight,
   Where shall enter naught that may defile;
   Where the day-beam ne'er declines,
   When the beauty of the King we see; Holding converse full and sweet,
   In a fellowship complete; Waking songs of holy melody.

3. We shall walk with Him in white
   By the fountains of delight,
   Where shall enter naught that may defile; Where the day-beam ne'er declines,
   When the beauty of the King we see; Holding converse full and sweet,
   Where shall enter naught that may defile; Where the day-beam ne'er declines,
   When the beauty of the King we see; Holding converse full and sweet,

REFRAIN

Beautiful robes, beautiful robes, beautiful robes, beautiful robes,
Beautiful robes, beautiful robes, beautiful robes, beautiful robes,
Beautiful robes we then shall wear;
Beautiful robes we then shall wear, Beautiful robes we then shall wear.
Garments of light, lovely and bright,
Garments of light, garments of light, Love-ly and bright, lovely and bright,

Walk-ing with Je-sus in white, Beau-ti-ful robes we shall wear.

Christ for the World

SAMUEL WOLCOTT

FELICE DE GIARDINI

1. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring
2. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring
3. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring

With lovin-g zeal; The poor and them that mourn, The faint and
With fer-vent prayer; The way-ward and the lost, By rest-less
With joy-ful song; The new-born souls, whose days, Re-claimed from

o-ver-borne, Sin-sick and sor-row-worn, Whom Christ doth heal.
 pas-sions tossed, Re-deemed at count-less cost From dark de-spair.
er-ror’s ways, In-spired with hope and praise, To Christ be-long.
1. They come from the east and west, They come from the north and south,
2. Here gathers a count-less host Re-deemed by His grace from wrong.
3. Re-member the pearl- y gate Stands o-pen for you and me.
Refrain. They come from the thorn- y path, They come from the storm- y sea,

In-vit- ed to join with Je-sus as guests, And dwell in their Fa-ther's house;
No more an-y sin, No more an-y tears, No more an-y night so long.
Our Sav-our has gone a place to pre-pare For those He from sin set free.
They come from the hills, They come from the dales, They come now, O Lord, to Thee,

To gaze at His love- ly face, And clothed with His pu- ri- ty,
Old things are now passed a-way, All things are be-come as new.
Loved ones who have passed a-way Are rest-ing with-in the grave,
Ar-rayed in His mar-riage robes, Their Bride-groom so soon to see,

Join with Him in song and joy Through-out e-ter-ni-ty.
Joy shall reign e-ter-nal-ly, For death is end-ed, too.
A-wait-ing God's last trumpet call, For those He came to save.
He who hung up-on the cross To win their vic-to-ry.
Heaven at Last

HORATIUS BONAR

1. Angel voices sweetly singing, Echos through the blue dome ringing, News of wondrous gladness bringing; Ah, 'tis heaven at last!
2. On the jasper threshold standing, Like a pilgrim safely landing, See the strange bright scene expanding; Ah, 'tis heaven at last!
3. Softest voices, silver pealing, Freshest fragrance, spirit healing, Hap-hap hymns around us stealing; Ah, 'tis heaven at last!
4. Not a tear-drop ever felleth, Not a pleasure ever ten-der; Praises to the Lamb we render; Ah, 'tis heaven at last!
5. Christ Himself the living splendor, Christ the sunlight, mild and Pall-eth, Song to song for-ev-er call-eth; Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Refrain

Heaven at last, heaven at last; O, the joyful story of heaven at last!

Heaven at last, heaven at last; Endless, boundless glory, In heaven at last.
1. Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zion, city of our God; 
   He whose word cannot be broken Formed thee for His own abode; 
   On the Rock of Ages founded, What can shake Thy sure repose?
   With salvation's wall surrounded, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

2. See the streams of living waters Springing from eternal love; 
   Well supply thy sons and daughters, And all fear and want remove; 
   Who can faint when such a river Ever flows their thirst to assuage?
   Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver, Never fails from age to age.

3. Round each habitation hovering, See the cloud and fire appear; 
   For a glory and a covering, Showing that the Lord is near; 
   Blest inhabitants of Zion, Washed in the Redeemer's blood; 
   Jesus, whom their souls rely on, Makes them kings and priests to God.

4. Saviour, if of Zion's city I, through grace, a member am, 
   Let the world deride or pity, I will glory in Thy name; 
   Fading is the worldling's pleasure, All his boasted pomp and show; 
   Solid joys and lasting treasure None but Zion's children know.
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Rock Island Children

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