1926

Great Songs of the Church: A Comprehensive Collection of Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs of the First Class, Suitable For all Services of the Church, Alphabetically Arranged.

E. L. Jorgenson

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Great Songs of the Church
Great Songs of The Church

A Comprehensive Collection of Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs of the First Class, Suitable For all Services of the Church.

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED

E. L. JORGENSEN
Compiler

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1926
Foreword

Many lands and languages have been laid under tribute for these songs. Approximately two hundred books, aggregating forty thousand numbers, were winnowed for the work, and the number reduced to “The first four hundred and fifty.” As the title indicates, the effort has been to combine into one volume of convenient size the best from all the books—those hymns and songs that will endure. In what instances we may have erred in judgment, time alone will tell; but for the most part, they have already withstood the test of time: we know they will live because they have lived.

The book has been built on this unusual principle: no song was eligible unless it was indispensable, or at least of compelling excellence; and the compiler feels profoundly grateful to God—to whose overruling providence he attributes the remarkable fact—that copyright obstacles, insuperable for years, were at last removed, and that of the “indispensables” not one proved ultimately unobtainable.

A conscientious effort has been made to render a lasting service to the Church of God, rather than to build a book which, no matter how popular for a season, would soon wear out, and call for another. Accordingly, songs of transient interest have been omitted. Hymns of strength, clearness, poetic beauty, lyrical quality, and, above all, scripturalness, joined with suitable music to wing the words, high-grade of its kind but not too difficult (for the greatest things are simple)—such are the songs of this collection; here are the classics of hymnology.

But this does not mean the exclusion of those animated pieces, with their bright and rhythmic choruses, commonly called “gospel songs” as distinguished from the “hymns” of statelier measure. This style has passed the experimental stage, and, having proved its usefulness, has come to stay. The tried and tested songs of this class are in this book.

Twelve songs are printed without tunes. These are well-known, and the key is given. Twelve other “word-songs” are merely separated from their tunes. Their tune number and name (which appears over the music) are cited. Words and music may usually be brought together by gently bending or “rolling in” the pages between.

Reference to the Index of First Lines is never necessary, as the book is built in perfect alphabetical order. If desirable to start up a hymn or invitation song without announcement, the first few words will enable all to turn immediately to it.

Free use of the other indexes is earnestly recommended. The Topical or Scripture Index will usually suggest songs suited to any lesson text or sermon-subject. Let the leaders learn to use these helps.

The children’s songs are arranged alphabetically, but in their own group, for obvious reasons.

Responsive readings have been designedly omitted. It is not believed advisable to provide this substitute for the Bible itself.

The helpful counsel and gracious assistance of many capable friends is gratefully acknowledged. Above all, “I thank Him that enabled me, Christ Jesus our Lord.”

The Compiler.

Copyright, 1925, By E. L. Jorgenson.
No. 1. A Charge to Keep I Have.

Charles Wesley. (BOYLSTON.) Lowell Mason.

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

A never-dying soul to save, And fit it for the sky,
O may it all my pow'rs engage To do my Master's will!
And O Thy servant, Lord, prepare A strict account to give!
Assured if I my trust betray, I shall forever die.

(SECOND TUNE.)

(LABAN.) Lowell Mason.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glorify;

A never-dying soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
No. 2.  A Wonderful Savior.
("He Hideth My Soul.")

Copyright, 1890, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Fanny J. Crosby.
Allegretto.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. A wonderful Savior is Jesus my Lord, A wonderful Savior to me; He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock, Where rivers of way; He holdeth me up, and I shall not be moved, He giveth me sky, His perfect salvation, His wonderful love, I'll shout with the

2. A wonderful Savior is Jesus my Lord, He taketh my burden a-

3. When clothed in His brightness, transported, I rise To meet Him in clouds of the

pleasure I see.
strength as my day.
millions on high.

shadows a dry, thirsty land; He hideth my life in the depths of His love, And covers me there with His hand.

CHORUS.

He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock, That
No. 3.  
Abide With Me.

Henry F. Lyte.  
(EVENTIDE.)  
Wm. H. Monk.

1. Abide with me: fast falls the even-tide; The darkness deepens: Lord, with me abide! When other helpers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the pass away; Change and decay in all around I see: O Thou who

2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories me abide! When other helpers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the pass away; Change and decay in all around I see: O Thou who

3. I need Thy presence every passing hour; What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power? Who like Thyself, my guide and stay can be? Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

4. Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes; Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies; [shadows flee; Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

No. 4.  
Again the Lord of Light and Life.

Anna L. Barbauld.  
(ARLINGTON.) Thomas A. Arne.

1. Again the Lord of light and life A-wakes the kindling ray,

2. O what a night was that which wrapt The hea-then world in gloom!

3. This day be grateful hom-age paid, And loud ho-san-nas sung;

4. Ten thou-sand differ-ent lips shall join To hail this wel-come morn,

Un-seals the eye-lids of the morn, And pours in-creas-ing day, 
O what a Sun which rose this day Tri-umph-ant from the tomb! Let glad-ness dwell in ev-ry heart, And praise on ev-ry tongue. Which scatters bless-ings from its wings To na-tions yet un-born.
No. 5.  
Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?  
(Or use Tune, with Chorus, "At the Cross," Key E♭.)  
Isaac Watts.  
Asa Hull.

1. Alas! and did my Savior bleed? And did my Sovereign die?  
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned upon the tree?  
3. Well might I hide my blushing face While His dear cross appears;  
4. But drops of grief can ever repay The debt of love I owe;  

Would He devote that sacred head For such a worm as I?  
Amazing pity! grace unknown! And love beyond degree!  
Disolve my heart in thankfulness, And melt mine eyes to tears.  
Here, Lord, I give myself away—'Tis all that I can do.

No. 6.  
All for Jesus.  
Mary D. James.  
Arranged.

1. All for Jesus, all for Jesus! All my being's ransomed pow'r:  
Let my hands perform His bidding, Let my feet run in His ways,  
Since my eyes were fired on Jesus, I've lost sight of all beside;  
Deigns to call me His beloved, Lets me rest beneath...  

All for Jesus! all for Jesus! All my days and all my hours;  
Let my lips speak forth His praise; His praise.  
Looking at the Crucified; 
Resting now beneath His wings; His wings.
No. 7.  All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.
Edward Perronet.  (CORONATION.)  Oliver Holden.

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

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

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

(SECOND TUNE.)
(MILES LANE.)  William Shrubsole.

1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall! Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.
No. 8.  

“All Things Are Ready.”

Charlotte G. Homer.  
COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY CHAR. M. GABRIEL.  
W. E. N. HAGLERMAN, OWNER.  
W. A. Ogden.

1. “All things are ready,” come to the feast! Come, for the ta - ble now is spread; Ye fam - ish - ing, ye wea - ry, come, And thou shalt be rich - ly fed. 
2. “All things are ready,” come to the feast! Come, for the door is o - pen wide; A place of hon - or is re - serv’d For you at the Mas - ter’s side. 
3. “All things are ready,” come to the feast! Come, while He waits to welcome thee; De - lay not while this day is thine, To-mor - row may nev - er be. 
4. “All things are ready,” come to the feast! Leave ev - ry care and world - ly strife; Come, feast up - on the love of God, And drink ev - er - last - ing life.

CHORUS.

Hear ... the in - vi - ta - tion, Come, “who - so - ev - er will;” Praise God for full sal - 
Hear the in - vi - ta - tion, “Who - so - ev - er will,” Hear the in - vi - ta - tion, For

“Who - so - ev - er will;” Praise God for full sal - va - tion For

“Who - so - ev - er will;” Praise God for full sal - va - tion For

“Who - so - ev - er will;” Praise God for full sal - va - tion For

“Who - so - ev - er will;” Praise God for full sal - va - tion For

“Who - so - ev - er will.”
No. 9. **All Things Praise Thee.**

G. W. Conder. (Dix.) Conrad Kocher.

1. All things praise Thee, Lord most high, Heav'n and earth, and sea and sky; All were for Thy glory made, That Thy greatness, thus displayed,

2. All things praise Thee—night to night Sings in silent hymns of light; All things praise Thee—day by day Chants Thy pow'r in burning ray;

3. All things praise Thee, hear'n's high shrine Rings with melody divine; Lowly bending at Thy feet, Seraph and archangel meet;

Should all worship bring to Thee; All things praise Thee—Lord, may we! Time and space are praising Thee, All things praise Thee—Lord, may we! This their highest bliss, to be Ever praising—Lord, may we!

No. 10. **“Almost Persuaded.”**

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

Copyright, 1902, by The John Church Co.

1. “Almost persuaded” now to believe; “Almost persuaded” Christ to receive; Seems now some soul to say, “Go, Spirit, go Thy way, Some more conway; Jesus invites you here, Angles are lingering near, Pray'r's rise from

2. “Almost persuaded,” come, come to-day; “Almost persuaded,” turn not away; “Almost persuaded,” harvest is past! “Almost persuaded,” doom comes at last!

3. “Almost persuaded,” hearts so dear, O wand'rer, come. “Almost” cannot avail; “Almost” is but to fail; Sad, sad, that bitter wail— “Almost—but lost!”
No. 11. Amazing Grace.
John Newton. (Or use Tune "Manoa.")
Arr.

1. A-maz-ing grace—how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me!
2. Thro' man-y dan-gers, toils and snares, I have al-read-y come;
3. The Lord has prom-ised good to me: His word my hope se-cures;
4. And when this fleh and heart shall fail, And mor-tal life shall cease,

I once was lost, but now am found—Was blind, but now I see.
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
He will my shield and por-tion be, As long as life en-dures.
I shall pos-sess with-in the veil A life of joy and peace.

(Tune: "Arlington," No. 4; or, "St. Peter.")

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?
2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
4 Sure I must fight if I would reign:
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

Am I a Soldier of the Cross.

Isaac Watts.

No. 13. Angel, Roll the Rock Away!
T. Scott. Copyright, 1900, by C. C. Cline.

1. An-gel, roll the rock a-way! Death, yield up thy might-y prey!
2. Tis the Sav-i-or! An-gel, raise Shouts of ev-er-last-ing praise;
3. Saints on earth, lift up your eyes, Now to glo-ry see Him rise,

See, He ris-es from the tomb, See, He ris-es from the tomb,
Let the world's re-mot-est bound, Let the world's re-mot-est bound,
In long tri-umph thro' the sky, In long tri-umph thro' the sky,
Angel, Roll the Rock Away!

See, He rises from the tomb, Glowing with immortal bloom.

Let the world's remotest bound Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

In long triumph thro' the sky, Up to waiting worlds on high.

Chorus

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Christ the Lord is ris'n to-day;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Christ the Lord is ris'n to-day.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Christ the Lord is ris'n to-day.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Christ the Lord is ris'n to-day.


G. Y. Tickle. (TOULON.) C. Goudimel.

1. Another week with all its care, hath flown, Another day of rest and peace is here;
2. Jesus, our great High Priest, our Sacrifice, Our Passover, rich gift of love divine!
3. O what a feast ineffable is this, Thy table spread with more than angels' food!
4. May we as servants joy to do Thy will, As sons the honor of Thy house maintain,

Sweet day on which our wearied hearts are drawn In holy fellowship to Jesus near.

With Thee we would in-to the holiest rise, Communing with Thee in the bread and wine.

Angels the highest never taste the bliss, The dear communion of Thy flesh and blood.

As soldiers stand prepared for conflict still, And count all suffering, borne for Thee, as gain.
Anywhere With Jesus

1. Anywhere with Jesus I can safely go, Any where, anywhere;
2. Anywhere with Jesus I am not alone; Other
3. Anywhere with Jesus over land and sea, Telling
4. Anywhere with Jesus I can go to sleep, When the

where He leads me in this world below; Anywhere with
friends may fail me, He is still my own; Tho' His hand may
souls in darkness of salvation free; Ready as He
dark'ning shadows round about me creep, Knowing I shall

out Him dearest joys would fade, Anywhere with Jesus I am
lead me over dearest ways, Anywhere with Jesus is a
summons me to go or stay, Anywhere with Jesus when He
waken never more to roam; Anywhere with Jesus will be

Chorus.

not afraid, house of praise. Anywhere, anywhere! Fear I cannot know;
points the way, home, sweet home.

An - y-where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go.
No. 16.  Arise, My Soul, Arise.
Charles Wesley.  Arranged.

1. Arise, my soul, arise, Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice In thy behalf appears;

2. He ever lives above, For me to intercede;
His all redeeming love, His precious blood to plead;

3. To God I'm reconciled,
His pard'ning voice I hear;
He owns me for His child,
I can no longer fear;

My name is written on His hands,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

No. 17.  Art Thou Weary?

1. Art thou weary, art thou languid, Art thou sore distressed?
2. If I ask Him to receive me, Will He say me nay?
3. If I still hold closely to Him, What hath He at last?
4. Finding Him, and following, keeping, Is He sure to bless?

"Come to Me," saith One, "and coming, Be at rest."
"Not till earth and not till heaven Pass away."
"Sorrow vanished, labor ended, Jordan passed."
Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs, Answer "Yes!"
No. 18. As a Tree Beside the Water.

A. H. A.

As a Tree Beside the Water

1. As a tree beside the water Has the Savior planted me;
2. Tho' the tempest rage a-round me, Thro' the storm my Lord I see,
3. When by grief my heart is broken, And the sunshine steals away,
4. When at last I stand before Him, Oh, what joy it will afford,

Pointing upward to that haven, Where my loved ones wait for me.
Then His grace, in mercy given, Changes darkness into day.
Just to see the sinner ransomed, And behold my sovereign Lord!

All my fruit shall be in season, I shall live eternally.

Chorus.

I shall not be moved; I shall not be moved;
shall not be moved,

Anchored to the Rock of Ages, I shall not be moved.
1. As pants the hart for cooling streams, When heated in the chase,
2. For Thee, my God, the living God, My thirsty soul doth pine;
3. Why restless, why cast down, my soul? Trust God and thou shalt sing

So pants my soul, O Lord, for Thee, And Thy refreshing grace.
O when shall I behold Thy face, Thou majesty divine?
His praise again, and find Him still Thy health's eternal spring.

Refrain.

As pants the hart for cooling streams, So pants my soul, O Lord, for Thee;
As pants the hart for cooling streams, As pants the hart for cooling streams, So pants my soul, O Lord, for Thee.
No. 20.  Ask For the Showers of Blessing.
F. E. B.  
Copyright, 1910, by F. E. Belden.
F. E. Belden.

1. "Ask for the showers of blessing, Ye shall not seek Me in vain;"
2. "Bring all the tithes to My store-house, Prove Me here-with," saith the Lord;
3. "Mine all the gold and the silver, Mine all the houses and lands;

After the voice of confessing, "Sound of abundance of rain."
Windows of heaven shall open, Wonderful blessings be poured.
Blood-bro't are ye and your children, See the nail-prints in My hands."

CHORUS.

"Ask for the rain," life-giving rain, Look for the show'r, wait for the pow'r;

"I will pour water on him that is thirst-y, And floods upon the dry ground."

No. 21.  Asleep In Jesus.
Margaret Mackay.  
Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. A-sleep in Je-sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none ev-er wakes to weep!
2. A-sleep in Je-sus! O how sweet To be for such a slum-ber meet!
3. A-sleep in Je-sus! peace-ful rest, Whose waking is sup-rem-ly blest!
4. A-sleep in Je-sus! O for me May such a bliss-ful ref-u-ge be!
Asleep In Jesus.

A calm and undisturbed repose, Unbroken by the last of foes,
With holy confidence to sing, That death hath lost its venomed sting.
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That mani-fests the Savior's pow'r.
Securely shall my ashes lie, And wait the summons from on high.

No. 22. Awake, My Soul, in Joyful Lays.

Samuel Medley. American Melody.

1. Awake, my soul, in joyful lays, And sing the great Redeemer's praise;
2. He saw me ruined in the fall, Yet lov'd me, not with-standing all;
3. Tho' num'rous hosts of might-y foes, Tho' earth and hell my way oppose,
4. When trouble, like a gloom-y cloud, Has gath-ered thick and thundered loud,

He just-ly claims a song from me—His loving-kind-ness, O how free!
He saved me from my lost es-tate—His loving-kind-ness, O how great!
He safe-ly leads my soul a-long—His loving-kind-ness, O how strong!
He near my soul has al-ways stood—His loving-kind-ness, O how good!

Lov-ing-kind-ness, loving-kind-ness, His loving-kind-ness, O how free!
Lov-ing-kind ness, loving-kind-ness, His loving-kind-ness, O how great!
Lov-ing-kindness, loving-kind-ness, His loving-kind-ness, O how strong!
Lov-ing-kindness, loving-kind-ness, His loving-kind-ness, O how good!
No. 23.  Awake, My Soul, Stretch Every Nerve.

Philip Doddridge.  (CHRISTMAS.)  George Frederick Handel.

1.  Awake, my soul, stretch ev’ry nerve, And press with vig’or on; A heav’n-ly
2.  A cloud of wit-ness-es a-round, Hold thee in full sur-v’e’y; For-get the
3.  ’Tis God’s all-an-i-mat-ing voice That calls thee from on high; ’Tis His own
4.  Blest Sav-i-or, in-tro-duced by Thee, Have I my race be-gun; And, crowned with

race demands thy zeal, And an im-mor-tal crown, And an im-mor-tal crown.
steps al-read-y trod, And on-ward urge thy way, And on-ward urge thy way.
hand presents the prize To thine as-pir-ing eye, To thine as-pir-ing eye.
vic-t’ry, at Thy feet I’ll lay my hon-ors down, I’ll lay my hon-ors down.


1.  A-wake, my tongue, thy trib-ute bring To Him who gave thee pow’r to sing;
2.  How vast His knowledge! how profound! A deep where all our tho’ts are drowned;
3.  Thro’ each bright world a-bove, be-hold, Ten thousand thousand charms un-fold;
4.  But in re-demp-tion, O what grace! Its wonders, O what tho’t can trace!

Praise Him who is all praise a-bove, The source of wis-dom and of love.
The stars He numbers, and their names He gives to all those heav’n-ly flames.
Earth, air, and might-y seas com-bine To speak His wis-dom all di-vine.
Here wisdom shines for-ev-er bright: Praise Him, my soul, with sweet de-light.
No. 25.  Beautiful Zion, Built Above.

George Gill.

1. Beautiful Zion, built above, Beautiful city that I love;
2. Beautiful heav'n, where all is light, Beautiful angels, clothed in white;
3. Beautiful throne for Christ our King, Beautiful songs the angels sing;

Thos. J. Cook.

Beautiful gates of pearl-y white, Beautiful temple—God its light;
Beautiful strains that never tire, Beautiful harps thro' all the choir;
Beautiful rest—all wand'rings cease, Beautiful home of perfect peace;

He who was slain on Cal-va-ry Opens those pearly gates to me.
There shall I join the cher-ubs sweet, Worshiping at the Sav-iour's feet.
There shall my eyes the Sav-iour see: Haste to this heav'nly home with me.

Zi-on, Zi-on, love-ly Zi-on! Beautiful Zi-on, cit-y of our God!


(Tune: "OLD HUNDRED.")

1 Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create and He destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

3 We are His people, we His care—
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name?

4 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Isaac Watts.
No. 27.  Behold a Stranger At the Door.

Joseph Grigg.  (HOLLY.)  George Hewa.

1. Behold a stranger at the door! He gently knocks, has knocked before,

2. But will He prove a Friend in deed? He will—the very Friend you need!

3. O lovely attitude! He stands with melting heart and laden hands!

4. Admit Him, for the human breast never entertained so kind a guest;

Has waited long, is waiting still; You treat no other friend so ill.
The Man of Nazareth, 'tis He, With garments died at Calvary.
O matchless kindness! and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
No mortal tongue their joys can tell, With whom He condescends to dwell.

No. 28.  Beneath the Cross of Jesus.

Elizabeth C. Clephane.  (ST. CHRISTOPHER.)  Frederick C. Maker.

1. Beneath the cross of Jesus I fain would take my stand, The shadow of a might-y Rock Within a weary land; A home within the wilderness, A

2. Upon that cross of Jesus Mine eye at times can see The very dying form of One Who suffered there for me; And from my smitten heart with tears, Two

3. I take, O cross, thy shadow For my abiding place; I ask no other sun-shine than The sun-shine of His face; Content to let the world go by, To
Beneath the Cross of Jesus.

rest upon the way, from th' burning of the noon-tide heat, and the burden of the day.

No. 29. Be Not Dismayed Whate'er Betide.

("God Will Take Care of You.")

Copyright, 1905, by John A. Davis.


1. Be not dismayed whate'er betide, God will take care of you;
Beneath His wings of love abide, God will take (<em>Omit. . . .</em>) care of you.

2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail God will take care of you;
When dangers fierce your path assail; God will take (<em>Omit. . . .</em>) care of you.

3. All you may need He will provide; God will take care of you;
Nothing you ask will be denied; God will take (<em>Omit. . . .</em>) care of you.

4. No matter what may be the test, God will take care of you;
Lean, weary one, upon His breast, God will take (<em>Omit. . . .</em>) care of you.

Chorus.

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

He will take care of you, God will take care of you.
No. 30. Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping.


Slowly.

1. Beyond the smiling and the weeping, I shall be soon; Beyond the waking and the sleeping, I shall be soon; Beyond the blooming and the fading, Beyond the shining and the shading, Beyond the hoping and the dreading, I shall be soon.

2. Beyond the frost-chain and the fever, I shall be soon; Beyond the rock-waste and the river, I shall be soon; Beyond the pulse’s fevered beating, Beyond the parting and the meeting, Beyond the farewell and the greeting, I shall be soon.

No. 31. Blessed Assurance.


1. Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine! O what a foretaste of glory divine!

2. Perfect submission, perfect delight, Visions of rapture now burst on my sight;

3. Perfect submission, all is at rest, I in my Savior am happy and blest.

Heir of salvation, purchase of God, Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood.

Angels descending, bring from above, Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

Watching and waiting, looking above, Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.
Blessed Assurance.

This is my story, this is my song, Praising my Savior all the day long.

No. 32. Blest Be the Tie.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love;
2. Before our Father's throne We pour our ardent pray'rs;
3. We share our mutual woes, Our mutual burdens bear;
4. When we a-sunder part, It gives us inward pain;
5. This glorious hope re-vives Our courage by the way;
6. From sorrow, toil, and pain, And sin, we shall be free;

The fellowship of kindred minds Is like to that above,
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our comforts and our cares.
And often for each other flows The sympathizing tear.
But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet again.
While each in expectation lives, And longs to see the day.
And perfect love and friendship reign Thro' all eternity.
No. 33.  
**Bread of the World.**
Reginald Heber.  
(Eucharist.)  
J. S. B. Hodges.

1. Bread of the world, in mercy broken, Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,
2. Look on the heart by sorrow broken, Look on the tears by sinners shed;

By whom the words of life were spoken, And in whose death our sins are dead, And be Thy feast to us the token, That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

No. 34.  
**Break Thou the Bread of Life.**
Mary Ann Lathbury.  
William F. Sherwin.

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst

break the loaves Beside the sea, Beyond the sacred page
bless the bread By Galilee; Then shall all bondage cease,

I seek Thee, Lord; My spirit pants for Thee, O living Word! 
All fetters fall, And I shall find my peace, My All in All.
No. 35. Brightest and Best.

Reginald Heber.  Music copyright, 1891, by The Biglow & Main Co.  Ira D. Sankey.

1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid; Star of the East, the horizon adorning, of frings divine? Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,

D.S.—Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,
D.S.—Richer by far is the heart's adoration,

Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid. Cold on His cradle the Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine? Vainly we offer earth's

Maker, and Monarch, and Savior of all.
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

No. 36. Brightly Beams Our Father's Mercy.

(Key, Bl.)

1 Brightly beams our Father's mercy From His light-house evermore; But to us He gives the keeping Of the lights along the shore.

CHORUS—Let the lower lights be burning! Send a gleam across the wave! Some poor fainting, struggling sea-man You may rescue, you may save.

2 Dark the night of sin has settled, Loud the angry billows roar; Eager eyes are watching, longing For the lights along the shore.

3 Trim your feeble lamp, my brother; Some poor sailor, tempest-tossed, Trying now to make the harbor, In the darkness may be lost.
No. 37. Buried With Christ.
T. Ryder.

Copyright, 1899, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Buried with Christ and raised with Him too, What is there left for me to do?
2. Risen with Christ, my glorious Head, Holiness now the pathway I tread;
3. Living with Christ, Who dieth no more, Following Christ, who goeth before;
4. Living with Christ, my members I yield, Servants of God forever-more sealed;

Simply to cease from struggling and strife, Simply to walk in newness of life.
Beautiful thought while walking therein, He that is dead is freed from all sin.
I am from bondage utterly freed, Reckoning self as dead in deed.
Not under law, I'm now under grace, Sin is dethroned and Christ takes its place.

D. S.-Ruling and reigning day after day, Guiding and keeping all of the way.

CHORUS.

Buried with Christ and dead unto sin; Dying but living, Jesus within;

No. 38. By Christ Redeemed, In Christ Restored.

1. By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored, We keep the memory adored,
2. His body, given in our stead, Is seen in this memorial bread;
3. His fearful unknown agony, His life-blood shed for us we see;
4. And thus that dark betrayal night With the last advent we unite;

FINIS.
By Christ Redeemed, In Christ Restored.

And show the death of our dear Lord, Until He come!
And so our feeble love is fed, Until He come!
The wine shall tell the mystery, Until He come!
By one bright chain of loving rite, Until He come! Amen.

No. 39. Christ, the Lord, is Risen To-day.
(Or use tune: "HENDON," without Hallelujahs.)

Charles Wesley. J. Worgan.

1. Christ, the Lord, is risen today, Hallelujah! Sons of men and
2. Love's redeeming work is done, Hallelujah! Fought the fight, the

angels say: Hallelujah! Raise your joys and triumphs high,
battle won: Hallelujah! Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;

Hallelujah! Sing, ye heav'n's, thou earth reply;
Hallelujah! Lo! he sets in blood no more,

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids His rise,
Christ hath opened paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King:
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls to save:
Where's thy victory, boasting grave?
No. 40. Christ Will Me His Aid Afford.

COPYRIGHT, "SWEETER THAN ALL," 1890, BY J. H. ENTWISLE.

Johnson Oatman, Jr. JOHN J. HOOD, OWNER. USED BY PER. J. Howard Entwisle.

1. Christ will me His aid af-ford, Nev-er to fall, nev-er to fall;
2. I can fol-low all the way, Hear-ing Him call, hear-ing Him call;
3. Tho' a ves-sel I may be, Bro-ken and small, bro-ken and small,
4. When I reach the crys-tal sea, Voi-ces will call, voi-ces will call;

While I find my pre-cious Lord Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.
Find-ing Him, from day to day, Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.
Yet His bless-ings fall on me, Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.
But my Sav-ior's voice will be Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.

CHORUS.

Je-sus is now and ev-er will be, Sweet-er than all the world to me,

Since I heard His lov-ing call, Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.
No. 41. Come, Let Us Anew.

Charles Wesley.

(Charles.)

James Lucas.

1. Come, let us anew Our journey pursue—Roll round with the year,
2. Our life is a dream: Our time, as a stream, Glides swiftly away,
3. O that each, in the day Of His coming, may say, "I have fought my way thro',

And never stand still till the Master appear; His adorable will
And the ingressive moment refuses to stay; The arrow is flown,
I have finished the work Thou didst give me to do"

O that each from his Lord

Let us gladly fulfill, And our talents improve By the patience of
The moment is gone, The millennial year Rushes on to our view,
May receive the glad word, "Well and faithfully done; Enter into my

hope, and the labor of love, By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.
view, and eternity's near, Rushes on to our view, and eternity's near.
joy, and sit down on my throne, Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne!"
No. 42. Go, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley.  (ITALIAN HYMN.)  Felice Giardini.

Come, Thou Almighty King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise! Father all

1. Come, Thou Almighty King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise! Father all
2. Come, Thou Incarnate Word, Gird on Thy mighty sword, Our pray'rs attend! Come, and Thy
3. O Lord, our God to Thee, The highest praises be, Hence, ever-more; Thy sov'reign

No. 43. Go, We That Love the Lord.

(Key, G.)  I. Watts.

Go, we that love the Lord, But children of the heavenly King

1. Go, we that love the Lord, But children of the heavenly King
2. Join in a song with sweet accord, 3 The hill of Zion yields
3. Let those refuse to sing We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground

No. 44. Go, Ye Disconsolate.

Thomas Moore.  (CONSOLATOR.)  Samuel Webbe.

Come, ye disconsolate, where e'er ye languish; Come, at the

1. Come, ye disconsolate, where e'er ye languish; Come, at the
2. Joy of the desolate, light of the straying, Hope of the
3. Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing Forth from the

mercy-seat fervently kneel; Here bring your wound-ed hearts, peni-tent, fade-less and pure; Here speaks the Com-fort-er, 

throne of God, pure from above; Come to the feast of love;

Come, Ye Disconsolate.

No. 45. Coming, Coming, Yes, They Are.

J. Wakefield MacGill.  
Used by permission of R. L. Allen, Glasgow.  
E. Husband.

From the wild and scorching desert, 
From the fields and crowded cities, 
From the Indus, and the Ganges, 
From the frozen realms of midnight, 
All to meet in plains of glory, 
All to sing His praises sweet;

Jesus' love has drawn and won them, 
In His love Shem's gentle children 
To love's ocean, to love's bosom, 
To exchange their soul's long winter 
What a chorus, what a meeting, 
With the family complete!
Matthew 6: 28, 29.

Consider the Lilies.

Copyright, 1890, by E. O. Excell

E. H. Packard.

Consider the lilies of the field, Consider the lilies of the field,

how they grow. how they grow.

They toil not, they toil not, They toil not, they toil not,

how they grow. They toil not, they toil not,

neither do they spin; neither do they spin.

And yet I say, And yet I say,

And yet I say, ............. unto

unto you, That Solomon in all his glory was not ar-

unto you, That even Solomon... in all his glory
No. 47.  Crown Him With Many Crowns.
Matthew Bridges.  (Diademata.)  George J. Elvey.

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

Hark! how the heav'n-ly anthem dawns All music but its own!
Who rose victorious in the strife For those He came to save.
And the blest Spirit thro' Him giv'n From yon-der glorious throne!

Awake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee,
His glories now we sing, Who died and rose on high;
All hail, Redeemer, hail! For Thou hast died for me;

And hail Him as thy match-less King Thro' all eternity.
Who died eternal life to bring, And lives that death may die.
Thy praise and glory shall not fail, Thro'-out eternity.
No. 48.  
**Day is Dying in the West.**
Mary Ann Lathbury.  
Copyright, 1877, by J. H. Vincent.  
William F. Sherwin.

1. Day is dying in the west; Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and
2. Lord of life, beneath the dome Of the universe, Thy home, Gather
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of love, enfold-ing all, Thro' the
4. When forever from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of

wor-ship while the night Sets her evening lamps a-light Thro' all the sky.
us who seek Thy face To the fold of Thy embrace, For Thou art nigh.
glo-ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts ascend.
an-gels, on our eyes Let eternal morning rise, And shadows end.

**Refrain.**

Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are

full of Thee; Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord Most High!

No. 49.  
**Dear Lord and Father of Mankind.**
John G. Whittier.  
(ELTON.)  
Frederick C. Maker.

1. Dear Lord and Fa-ther of man-kind, Forgive our fool-ish ways; Re-clothe us
2. In sim-ple trust like theirs we heard, Beside the Syrian sea, The gracious
3. O Sab-bath rest by Gal-i-lee, O calm of hills a-bove, Where Je-sus
4. Drop Thy still dews of qui-et-ness, Till all our strivings cease; Take from our

Dear Lord and Fa-ther of man-kind, Forgive our fool-ish ways; Re-clothe us

In sim-ple trust like theirs we heard, Beside the Syrian sea, The gracious

O Sab-bath rest by Gal-i-lee, O calm of hills a-bove, Where Je-sus

Drop Thy still dews of qui-et-ness, Till all our strivings cease; Take from our
Dear Lord and Father of Mankind.

in our rightful mind, In pur'er lives Thy service find, In deeper reverence, praise, call-ing of the Lord, Let us, like them, without a word Rise up and fol-low Thee, knelt to share with Thee The si-ence of e-ter-ni-ty, In-ter-pret-ed by lov-el souls the strain and stress, And let our ordered lives con-fess The beauty of Thy peace.

No. 50.

Down In the Valley.

("Follow On.")

W. O. Cushing.

Copyright, 1908, by Mary Runyon Lowry. Renewal. Used by permission.

Robert Lowry.

1. Down in the val-ley with my Sav-i-or I would go, Where the flow'rs are blooming and the sweet wa-ters flow; Ev -'ry-where He leads me I would follow, fol-low on, Walking in His footsteps till the crown be won.

2. Down in the val-ley with my Sav-i-or I would go, Where the storms are sweep-ing and the dark wa-ters flow; With His Hand to lead me I will fol-low, fol-low on, Walking in His footsteps till the crown be won.

3. Down in the val-ley, or up - on the mountain steep, Close be-side my nev-er, nev-er fear, Dan-ger can-not fright me if my Lord is near., path that He has trod, Up to where they gather-on the hills of God.

D. S.—Ev'-ry-where He leads me I would fol-low on!

Refrain.

Fol-low! fol-low! I would follow Je-sus! Any-where, ev'-ry-where, I would follow on!

D. S. 2nd time.
No. 51. Dying With Jesus, By Death Reckoned Mine.
("Moment By Moment.")
Copyright, 1893, by Biglow & Main Co.
Used by permission, May Whittle Moody.

1. Dying with Jesus, by death reckoned mine; Living with Jesus, a new life divine; Looking to Jesus till glory doth shine, Moment by
2. Never a trial that He is not there, Never a burden that He doth not bear, Never a sorrow that He doth not share, Moment by
3. Never a heart-ache, and never a groan, Never a tear-drop and never a moan; Never a danger but there on the throne, Moment by
4. Never a weakness that He doth not feel, Never a sickness that He cannot heal; Moment by moment, in woe or in weal, Jesus, my

Chorus:
Moment by moment, O Lord, I am Thine.
Moment I'm under His care. Moment by moment I'm kept in His love; Moment by moment He thinks of His own.
Savior, abides with me still.

D.S.-moment, O Lord, I am Thine.
Moment I've life from above; Looking to Jesus till glory doth shine; Moment by
No. 52. **Early, My God, Without Delay.**

Isaac Watts.  
*(LANESBORO.)*  
Wm. Dixon.

1. Ear-ly, my God, without de-lay, I haste to seek Thy face; My thirsty spir-it faints a-way, My thirst-y spirit faints a-way, Without Thy cheering grace.
2. So pilgrims on the scorching sand, Beneath a burning sky, Long for a cool-ing stream at hand, Long for a cooling stream at hand; And they must drink or die.
3. Not life it-self, with all its joys, Can my best passions move, Or raise so high my cheer-ful voice, As Thy for-giving love.
4. Thus, till my last, ex-piring day, I'll bless my God and King; Thus will I lift my hands to pray, Thus will I lift my hands to pray, And tune my lips to sing.

No. 53. **Encamped About the Saints Below.**

E. L. Jorgenson.  
*(WALTON.)*  
Ps. 34: 7; Heb. 1: 14.  
Beethoven.

1. Encamped a-bout the saints be-low, De-fend-ing them from ev-ry foe,
2. Bright heralds of the Fa-ther's will, O-be-dient spir-its serv-ing still,
3. What hon-ors, Lord, have an-gels won, Who shared the sorrows of the Son!

With mighty mul-ti-tudes at hand, The an-gel of the Lord doth stand.  
In fly-ing winds, in flam-ing fire, In heav'n's a-dor-ing ho-ly choir.  
Who to the saints of old were near, And still, in- vis-i-ble, ap-pear!
No. 54. Encamped Along the Hills of Light.
(“Faith is the Victory.”)
COPYRIGHT, 1919, BY HEIRS OF IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Encamped a-long the hills of light, Ye Chris-tian sol-diers, rise,
   2. His ban-ner o-ver us is love, Our sword the Word of God;
   3. On ev-ry hand the foe we find Drawn up in dread ar-ray;
   4. To him that o-ver-comes the foe, White rai-ment shall be giv’n;

   And press the bat-tle e’er the night Shall veil the glow-ing skies:
   We tread the road the saints a-bove With shouts of tri-umph trod;
   Let tents of ease be left be-hind, And on-ward to the fray:
   Be-fore the an-gels he shall know His name con-fessed in Heav’n:

   A-gainst the foe in vales be-low, Let all our strength be hurled;
   By faith, they, like a whirl-wind’s breath, Swept on o’er ev-ry field;
   Sal-va-tion’s hel-met on each head, With truth all girt a-bout,
   Then on-ward from the hills of light, Our hearts with love a-flame;

   Faith is the vic-to-ry, we know, That o-ver-comes the world.
   The faith by which they conquered Death Is still our shin-ing shield.
   The earth shall trem-ble ’neath our tread, And ech-o with our shout.
   We’ll van-quish all the hosts of night, In Je-sus’ conq’ring name.
Encamped Along the Hills of Light.

CHORUS.

Faith is the victory! Faith is the victory!

Faith is the victory! Faith is the victory!

O glorious victory, That overcomes the world.

No. 55. Ere You Left Your Room this Morning.

Mrs. M. A. Kidder. ("Did You Think to Pray?") W. O. Perkins.

1. Ere you left your room this morning, Did you think to pray? In the name of
2. When you met with great temptation, Did you think to pray? By His dying
3. When your heart was filled with anger, Did you think to pray? Did you plead for
4. When sore trials came upon you, Did you think to pray? When your soul was

Christ, our Savior, Did you sue for loving favor, As a shield to-day?
love and merit, Did you claim the Holy Spirit, As your guide and stay?
grace, my brother, That you might forgive another Who had crossed your way?
bowed in sorrow, Balm of Gilead did you borrow At the gates of day?

D.S.—So when life seems dark and dreary, Don’t forget to pray.

CHORUS.

O how praying rests the weary! Prayer will change the night to day;

D.S.
No. 56.

Face to Face.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

Grant Colfax Tullar.

Copyright, 1899, by Tullar-Meredith Co.

1. Face to face with Christ my Savor, Face to face—what will it be?
2. Only faintly now I see Him, With the darkling veil be-tween;
3. What rejoicing in His presence, When are banished grief and pain;
4. Face to face! O blissful mo-ment! 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 Re-deem-er, Jesus Christ who loves me so.

CHORUS.

Face to face shall I behold Him, Far beyond the star-ry sky;

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

No. 57.

Fairest Lord Jesus.

R. S. Willis, tr.

(Crusaders.) Old Air. Arr. R. S. Willis.

1. Fairest Lord Jesus! Ruler of all na-ture!
2. Fair are the mead-ows, Fair-er still the wood-lands,
3. Fair is the sun-shine, Fair-er still the moon-light,
Fairest Lord Jesus.

O Thou of God and man the Son! Thee will I cherish,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring; Jesus is fairer,
And all the twinkling starry host: Jesus shines brighter,

Thee will I honor, Thou, my soul's glory, joy, and crown.
Jesus is purer, Who makes the woeful heart to sing.
Jesus shines purer, Than all the angels heav'n can boast.

Frederick W. Faber. (St. Catherine.) Henry F. Hemy.

1. Faith of our fathers! living still In spite of dungeon, fire and sword;
2. Our fathers, chained in prisons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free;
3. Faith of our fathers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife;

O how our hearts beat high with joy, When-e'er we hear that glorious word:
How sweet would be their children's fate If they, like them, could die for thee!
And preach thee too, as love knows how, By kindly words and virtuous life.

REFRAIN.

Faith of our fathers, holy faith! We will be true to thee till death.
No. 59. Far and Near the Fields Are Teeming.


1. Far and near the fields are teeming With the waves of ripened grain;
2. Send them forth with morn's first beaming, Send them in the noontide's glare;
3. O thou, whom thy Lord is sending, Gather now the sheaves of gold;

FINE.

Far and near their gold is gleaming O'er the sunny slope and plain, When the sun's last rays are gleaming, Bid them gather ev'rywhere. Heav'nward then at evening wending, Thou shalt come with joy untold.

D.S.—Send them now the sheaves to gather, Ere the harvest-time pass by.

CHORUS.

Lord of harvest, send forth reapers! Hear us, Lord, to Thee we cry;

D.S.

No. 60. Father and Friend, Thy Light, Thy Love.


1. Father and Friend, Thy light, Thy love, Beaming thro' all Thy works we see;
2. Thy voice we hear, Thy presence feel, While Thou, too pure for mortal sight,
3. We know not in what hallowed part Of the wide heav'n! Thy throne may be;
4. Thy children shall not faint nor fear, Sustained by this de-light-ful sho't;

Thy glory gilds the heav'n a-bove, And all the earth is full of Thee. En-wrapt in clouds, in-vis-i-ble, Reignest the Lord of life and light. But this we know, that where Thou art, Strength, wisdom, goodness, dwell with Thee. Since Thou, their God, art ev'-ry-where, They cannot be where Thou art not.
No. 61.  Father, Hear the Prayer We Offer.

1. Father, hear the pray'r we offer: Not for ease that pray'r shall be;
2. Not for- ev- er by still wa - ters Would we id - ly, qui - et stay;
3. Be our strength in hours of weak - ness, In our wand'ring's, be our guide;
4. Let our path be bright or drear-y, Storm or sun-shine be our share;

But for strength, that we may ev - er Live our lives courageous - ly.
But would smite the liv - ing foun - tains From the rocks a-long our way.
Thro'en - deav-or, fail-ure, dan - ger, Fa - ther, be Thou at our side.
May our souls in hope un - wea - ry Make Thy work our ceaseless pray'r. Amen.

No. 62.  Father, Hear Thy Children's Gall.
Thomas B. Pollock.  (GOWER'S LITANY.)  J. H. Gower.

1. Fa - ther, hear Thy children's call, Hum - bly at Thy feet we fall,
2. Christ, beneath Thy cross we blame All our life of sin and shame;
3. Sick, we come to Thee for cure; Guilt - y, seek Thy mer - cy sure;
4. Blind, we pray that we may see; Bound, we pray to be made free;
5. By Thy love that bids Thee spare, By the heav'n Thou dost pre- pare,

Prod - i - gals, con - fess - ing all: We be - seech Thee, hear us.
Pen - i - tent, we breathe Thy name: We be - seech Thee, hear us.
Ev - il, long to be made pure: We be - seech Thee, hear us.
Stained, we pray for sanc - ti - ty: We be - seech Thee, hear us.
By Thy prom - is - es to pray'r: We be - seech Thee, hear us.
No. 63.  Father, In the Morning.

A. Cummings.

(Used by permission. J. H. Tenney.

1. Father, in the morning Unto Thee I pray; Let Thy loving-kindness Keep me thro' this day.

2. At the busy noon-tide, Pressed with work and care, Then I'll wait with Jesus, Till He hear my pray'r. I will pray, I will pray,

3. When the evening shadows Chase away the light, Father, then I'll pray Thee, Bless Thy child to-night.

4. Thus in life's glad morning, In its bright noon-day, In the shadowy evening, Ever will I pray.

CHORUS.

Ev'er will I pray; Morning, noon and evening Unto Thee I'll pray.

No. 64. Father, Whate'er of Earthly Bliss.

Anne Steele.  

(A NAOMI.) Hans Nageli.

1. Father, what-e'er of earthly bliss Thy sovereign will denies, Accepted at Thy throne of grace, Let (Omit.) this petition rise:

2. Give me a calm, a thankful heart, From ev'ry murmur free; The blessings of Thy grace impart, And (Omit.) let me live to Thee.

3. Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine My life and death attend, Thy presence thro' my journey shine, And (Omit.) crown my journey's end.

This represents the plain text of the musical piece titled "Father, In the Morning" and "Father, Whate'er of Earthly Bliss" as they appear in the document. The text includes the lyrics of the songs along with the original authorship information and some additional editorial notes.
No. 65. Fear Not, Little Flock.


1. Fear not, little flock, says the Savior divine, The Father has
2. Far whiter than snow, and as fair as the day, For Christ is the
3. You sheep, that was lost in the valley of sin, Was found by the
4. Ride o'er temptation and cease your alarms, Your Shepherd is

willed that the kingdom be thine; O soil not your garments with
fountain to wash guilt away; O give Him, poor sinner, that
Shepherd, who gathered him in; With songs of thanks-giving the
Jesus, your refuge His arms; He'll never forsake you—a

sin here below, My sheep and my lambs must be whiter than snow.
burden of thine, And enter the fold with the ninety and-nine.
hills did resound, "My friends and my neighbors, the lost sheep is found."
Brother and Friend, But love you and save you in worlds without end.

CHORUS.

Whiter than snow, Whiter than
Whiter than the snow, I long to be, dear Savior, Whiter than the snow,

Whiter than snow, Whiter than
I long to be, Whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow.
No. 66.  
Fight the Good Fight.  
J. S. Monsell.  
(PENTECOST.)  
William Boyd.

1. Fight the good fight with all thy might; Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;  
2. Run the straight race thro' God's good grace, Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;  
3. Cast care a-side; up-on thy Guide Lean, and His mercy will pro-vide;  
4. Faint not, nor fear, His arms are near; He changeth not, and thou art dear;  

Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and crown eternal.  
Life with its way before us lies; Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.  
Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove Christ is its life, and Christ its love.  
On-ly believe, and thou shalt see That Christ is all in all to thee.

No. 67.  
Flee As a Bird.  
Mary S. B. Dana.  
Spanish.

1. Flee as a bird to your mountain, Thou who art weary of sin;  
Go to the clear flowing fountain Where you may (Omit ............ )  
2. He will protect thee forever, Wipe every falling tear;  
He will for-sake thee, O never Sheltered so (Omit ............ )  

wash and be clean.  Fly for th' avenger is near thee, Call, and the ten-derly there.  Haste, then, the hours are flying, Spend not the

Savior will hear thee, He on His bosom will bear thee, O moments in sighing, Cease from your sorrow and crying: The
Flee As a Bird.

thou who art weary of sin, O thou who art weary of sin.
Savior will wipe every tear, The Savior will wipe every tear.

No. 68. Fling Out the Banner.

1. Fling out the banner! let it float Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
2. Fling out the banner! angels bend In anxious silence o'er the sign;
3. Fling out the banner! sick souls That sink and perish in the strife,
4. Fling out the banner! let it float Skyward and seaward, high and wide;

The sun, that lights its shining folds, The cross, on which the Savior died,
And vainly seek to comprehend The wonder of the love divine.
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem, And spring immortal into life.
Our glory, only in the cross; Our only hope, the Crucified.

No. 69. For All the Saints.

1 For all the saints who from their labors rest,
Who Thee by faith before to world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesus, be forever bless'd:
Hallelujah!
2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou in the darkness drew their one true Light:
Hallelujah!
3 O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold:
Hallelujah!
4 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong:
Hallelujah!
5 The golden evening brightens in the west,
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest:
Hallelujah!
6 But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day:
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of glory passes on His way:
Hallelujah!
No. 70. From Galvary a Cry Was Heard.

J. W. Cunningham. (FEDERAL STREET.)

1. From Cal-va-ry a cry was heard—A bit-ter and heart-rend-ing cry;
2. A hor-ror of great darkness fell On Thee, Thou spot-less, ho-ly One,
3. The scourge, the thorns, the deep dis-grace, These Thou couldst bear, nor once re-pine;
4. Lord, on Thy cross I fix mine eye: If e'er I lose its strong con-trol,

My Sav-ior, ev'-ry mourn-ful word Bespeaks Thy soul's deep ag-ony.
And all the swar-ming hosts of hell Conspired to tempt God's on-ly Son.
But when Je-ho-vah veiled His face, Un-utter-a-ble pains were Thine.
O let that dy-ing, pierc-ing cry Melt and reclaim my wand'ring soul.

No. 71. From Every Stormy Wind That Blows.

Hugh Stowell. (RETREAT.)

1. From ev-'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev-'ry swell-ing tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads—
3. There is a scene where spir-its blend, Where friend holds fel-low-ship with friend;
4. There, there on ea-gle's wings we soar, And sin and sense seem all no more,
5. O let my hand for-get her skill, My tongue be si-lent, cold and still.

There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be-neath the mer-cy-seat.
A place than all besides more sweet; It is the blood-bo't mer-cy-seat.
Tho' sun-dered far, by faith they meet A-round one com-mon mer-cy-seat.
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glo-ry crowns the mer-cy-seat.
This bounding heart for-get to beat, Ere I for-get the mer-cy-seat.
No. 72. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.
Reginald Heber. (MISSIONARY.) Lowell Mason.

1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand;
2. What tho' the spicy breezes Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle—
3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted With wisdom from on high—
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His story; And you, ye waters, roll,

Where Africa's sunny fountains Roll down their golden sand;
Tho' every prospect pleases, And only man is vile!
Shall we to man be-nighted The lamp of life deny?
Till, like a sea of glory, It spreads from pole to pole;

From many an ancient river, From many a palm-y plain,
In vain, with lavish kindness, The gifts of God are strown;
Salvation! O salvation! The joyful sound proclaim,
And o'er our ransomed nature, The Lamb for sinners slain,

They call us to deliver Their land from error's chain.
The heathen, in their blindness, Bow down to wood and stone.
Till earth's remotest nation Has heard Messiah's name.
Re-deemer, King, Creator, In bliss returns to reign.
No. 73. Give Me the Bible.

P. J. Owens.

E. S. Lorenz.

1. Give me the Bible, star of gladness gleaming, To cheer the wanderer
2. Give me the Bible when my heart is broken, When sin and grief have
3. Give me the Bible, all my steps enlightened, Teach me the danger
4. Give me the Bible, lamp of life immortal, Hold up that splendor

D.S.—Precept and promise, law and love combining,

FINE. CHORUS.

Since Jesus came to seek and save the lost,
Hold up faith’s lamp to show my Savior near. Give me the Bible,
That light alone the path of peace can show.
Show me the glory gilding Jordan’s wave.

Till night shall vanish in eternal day.

D. S.

Holy message shining, Thy light shall guide me in the narrow way;

lone and tempest-tossed; No storm can hide that radiance peaceful beaming,
filled my soul with fear; Give me the precious words by Jesus spoken,
of these realms below; That lamp of safety o’er the gloom shall brighten,
by the open grave; Show me the light from heaven’s shining portal,
No. 74. Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken.

John Newton. (AUSTRIA.) Haydn.

1. **Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zion, city of our God;**
   He whose word cannot be broken, Formed thee for His own abode.

2. **See, the streams of living waters, Spring-ing from eternal love,**
   Well supply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want remove.

3. **Savior, since of Zion's city I, thro' grace, a member am,**
   Let the world deride or pity, I will glory in Thy name.

---

On the Rock of ages found-ed, What can shake thy sure re-pose?
Who can faint while such a riv-er Ever flows their thirst t's-sume?
Fad-ing is the worldling's pleasure, All his boast-ed pomp and show;

With sal-va-tion's walls sur-round-ed, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.
Grace, which, like the Lord the Giv-er, Nev-er fails from age to age?
Solid joys and last-ing treas-ure None but Zion's chil-dren know.

No. 75. God Be With You.

(Key C.)

1 God be with you till we meet again;
By His counsels guide, uphold you,
With His sheep securely fold you,
God be with you till we meet again.

CHO.—Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet at Jesus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet,
God be with you till we meet again.

2 God be with you till we meet again;
'Neath His wings securely hide you,
Daily manna still provide you,
God be with you till we meet again.

3 God be with you till we meet again;
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailling round you,
God be with you till we meet again.

4 God be with you till we meet again;
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.

J. E. Rankin.
1. God is calling the prodigal, come without delay, Hear, O hear Him calling,
calling now for thee; Tho' you've wandered so far from His presence, come to-day,

2. Patient, loving and tenderly still the Father pleads, Hear, O hear Him calling,
calling now for thee; Oh! return while the Spirit in mercy intercedes,

3. Come, there's bread in the house of thy Father, and to spare; Hear, O hear Him calling,
calling now for thee; Lo! the table is spread and the feast is waiting there,

CHORUS.

Hear His loving voice calling still. . . . Call - ing now for thee, . . .
calling still. Calling now for thee, Calling now for thee,

O weary prodigal, come; . . . . Call - ing now for the weary prodigal, come; Calling now for thee,

thee, . . . . O weary prodigal, come. . . .

Calling now for thee, Wear-y prodigal, come, wear-y prodigal, come.
No. 77. God is the Fountain Whence.
Author unknown. (GERAR.)

Lowell Mason.

1. God is the fountain whence Ten thousand blessings flow; To Him my life, my health, and friends, And every good I owe.
2. The comforts He affords Are neither few nor small; He is the source of fresh delights, My portion and my all.
3. He fills my heart with joy, My lips at-tunes for praise; And to His glory I'll devote The remnant of my days.

No. 78. God Moves In a Mysterious Way.
Wm. Cowper. (SALEBURG; or use tune "DUNDEE.")

Haydn.

1. God moves in a mys-te-rious way, His won-ders to per-form;
2. Deep in un-fath-om-a-ble mines Of nev-er-fai-ling skill,
3. Ye fear-ful saints fresh cour-age take; The clouds ye so much dread
4. Judge not the Lord by fee-ble sense, But trust Him for His grace;
5. His pur-pose will ri-pen fast, Un-fold-ing ev-ery hour;
6. Blind un-belief is sure to err, And scan His work in vain;

He plants His foot-steps in the sea, And rides up-on the storm.
He treas-ures up His bright de-signs, And works His gra-cious will.
Are big with mer-cy, and shall break in bless-ings on your head.
Be-hind a frown-ing prov-i-dence, He hides a smil-ing face.
The bud may have a bit-ter taste, But sweet will be the flow'r.
God is His own in-ter-pret-er, And He will make it plain.
No. 79.  Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.
W. Williams.    (ZION.) Thomas Hastings.

1. Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah, Pilgrim thro' this barren land;
   I am weak, but Thou art mighty, Hold me with Thy powerful hand;
   Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more: Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.
2. O- pen now the crystal fountain, Whence the healing waters flow;
   Let the fier-y, cloud-y pillar, Lead me all my journey tho';
   Strong Deliverer, Be Thou still my strength and shield: Strong Deliverer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
3. When I tread the verge of Jordan, Bid my anxious fears subside;
   Bear me thro' the swelling current, Land me safe on Canaan's side;
   Praises I will ev-er give to Thee; Songs of praises I will ev-er give to Thee.

No. 80.  Hail, Morning Known Among the Blest!

1. Hail, morning known a-mong the blest! Morning of hope and joy and love;
2. Blest be the Fa-ther of our Lord, Who from the dead has bro't His Son;
3. Scarce morning twi-light had be-gun To chase the shades of night a-away,
4. Mer-cy looked down with smiling eye When our Im-man-u-el left the dead;
5. God's goodness let us bear in mind, Who to His saints this day has giv'n,

Of heav'n-ly peace and ho-ly rest, The pledge of end-less rest a-bove.
Hope to the lost was then restored, And ev-er last-ing glo-ry won.
When Christ a-rose—un-set-ting Sun—The dawn of joy's e-ter-nal day!
Faith marked His bright ascent on high, And Hope with gladness raised her head.
For rest and se-rious joy designed, To fit us for the bliss of heav'n.
No. 81. Hail, Thou Once Despised Jesus.
John Bakewell. (VESPER HYMN.) Arr. from Bortnianski.

1. Hail, Thou once despised Jesus, Hail, Thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us, Thou didst free salvation bring.

2. Paschal Lamb, by God appointed, All our sins on Thee were laid;
By almighty love anointed, Thou hast full atonement made.

D.C.—By Thy merit we find favor, Life is given thro' Thy name.
D.C.—Opened is the gate of heaven, Peace is made twixt man and God.

No. 82. Hail to the Brightness.
Thomas Hastings. (WESLEY.) Lowell Mason.

1. Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning, Joy to the lands that in
darkness have lain! Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning, Zion in
Israel foretold; Hail to the millions from bondage returning! Gentiles and

2. Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning, Long by the prophets of
triumph begins her mild reign.
Jews the blest vision behold.

3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,
Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.

4 See, from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fall'n are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.
Hallelujah, Praise Jehovah!

Psalm 148.

Copyright, 1893, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Hallelujah, praise Jehovah! From the heavens praise His name; let them praises give Jehovah! They were made at His command;
2. All ye fruitful trees and cedars, All ye hills and mountains high,
3. Praise Jehovah in the highest, All His angels praise proclaim.

Praise Jehovah in the highest, All His angels praise proclaim.
Them forever He established, His decree shall ever stand.
Creeping things and beasts and cattle, Birds that in the heavens fly;

All His hosts together praise Him, Sun and moon and stars on high;
From the earth, O praise Jehovah, All ye floods, ye dragons all;
Kings of earth and all ye people, Princes great, earth's judges all;

Praise Him, O ye heav'n of heav'ns, And ye floods above the sky.
Fire and hail and snow and vapors, Storm-y winds that hear Him call.
Praise His name, young men and maidens, Aged men, and children small.

CHORUS.

Let them praises give Jehovah, For His name alone is high,

Let them praises
Hallelujah, Praise Jehovah!

And His glory is exalted, And His glory is exalted,
And His glory Far above the earth and sky.

No. 84. Hark, Hark, My Soul!

Frederick W. Faber. Henry Smart.

1. Hark, hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling O'er earth's great fields and
   How sweet the truth those blessed strains (Omit.)
2. Onward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, weary souls, for
   And thro' the dark, its echoes sweet- (Omit.)
3. Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing The voice of Jesus
   And laden souls by thousands meek (Omit.)

   ocean's wave-beat shore; are telling Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
   Jesus bids you come, by ringing, The music of the gospel leads us home.
   sounds o'er land and sea; by stealing, Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.

REFRAIN.

Angels of Jesus, Angels of light, Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!
Hark! Ten Thousand Harps and Voices.

No. 85.

Thomas Kelly. (HARWELL.) Lowell Mason. FINE.

1. Hark! ten thousands harps and voices Sound the note of praise above; Jesus reigns, and heav'n rejoices—Jesus reigns, the God of love.

Lord of life, Thy smile en-lightens, Cheers and charms Thy saints on earth.

D.C.—Ha-lie - lu-jah! Ha-lie - lu-jah! Jesus rules the world a-lone.
D.C.—Ha-lie - lu-jah! Ha-lie - lu-jah! Lord, we own it love di-vine.

See, He sits on yon-der throne; Jesus rules the world a-lone.
When we think of love like Thine, Lord, we own it love di-vine.

1. See, He sits on yon-der throne; Jesus rules the world a-lone.

No. 86.

Hark! the Gentle Voice.


1. Hark! the gen-tle voice of Jesus fall-eth Ten-der-ly up-on your ear; Sweet His cry of love and pit-y call-eth; Turn (Omit . . . . . . . . . . . . . . )

2. Take His yoke, for He is meek and low-ly, Bear His bur-den, to Him turn; He who call-eth is the Mas-ter ho-ly, He (Omit . . . . . . . . . . . . . . )

3. Then, His loy-ing, ten-der voice o bey-ing, Bear His yoke, His burden take; Find the yoke His hand is on you lay-ing, Light (Omit . . . . . . . . . . . . . . )

D.C.—Ye that la-bor and are heav-y-laden, Come, (Omit . . . . . . . . . . . . . . )

2—FINE. CHORUS. D.C.

and lis-ten, stay and hear.
will teach if you will learn. Ye that labor and are heavy-laden, Lean upon your dear Lord's breast; and eas-y for His sake.

and I will give you rest.
No. 87.  Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.

Charles Wesley.  (MENDELSSOHN.)  Mendelssohn.

1. Hark! the herald angels sing, "Glory to the new-born King!
2. Mild, He lays His glory by, Born that man no more may die;
3. Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun of Righteousness!

Peace on earth, and mercy mild, God and sinners reconciled!
Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them second birth.
Light and life to all He brings, His'n with healing in His wings.

Joyful, all ye nations, rise; Join the triumph of the skies;
Veiled in flesh the God-head see; Hail th'incarnate Deity;
Christ, by highest heav'n adored, Christ, the everlasting Lord:

With th'angelic host proclaim, Christ is born in Beth-le-hem!
Pleased as man with men to dwell, Jesus, our Im-man-u-el!
Come, Desire of nations, come, Fix in us Thy humble home;

With th'angelic host proclaim, Christ is born in Beth-le-hem!
Pleased as man with men to dwell, Jesus, our Im-man-u-el!
Come, Desire of nations, come, Fix in us Thy humble home.
No. 88.  Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling.

Daniel March.  (AUTUMN.)  Marechto.

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. While the souls of men are dying, And the Master calls for you,

Fields are white, the harvest waiting—Who will bear the sheaves away?"
You can find the heathen nearer, You can help them at your door;
Let none hear you idly saying, "There is nothing I can do."

D.S.—Who will answer gladly saying, "Here am I, O Lord, send me."
D.S.—You can tell the love of Jesus, You can say "He died for all,"
D.S.—Answer quickly when He calleth, "Here am I, O Lord, send me."

Loud and long the Master calleth, Rich reward He offers free;
If you cannot speak like angels, If you cannot preach like Paul,
Gladly take the task He gives you, Let His work your pleasure be;

No. 89.  Have Thine Own Way, Lord.


1. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Thou art the Potter; I am the clay.
2. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Search me and try me, Master, today!
3. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Wounded and weary, Help me, I pray!
4. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Hold over my being Absolute sway!
No. 90. Have You Any Room For Jesus?

Copyright, 1914, by Chas. M. Alexander.

ARR. W. W. D.
C. C. Williams.

1. Have you any room for Jesus, He who bore your load of sin;
2. Room for pleasure, room for business, But for Christ the Crucified—
3. Have you any room for Jesus, As in grace He calls again?

As He knocks and asks admission, Sinner, will you let Him in?
Not a place that He can enter, In the heart for which He died!
Today is time accepted, Tomorrow you may call in vain.

CHORUS.

Room for Jesus, King of glory, Hasten now, His word obey;

Swing the heart's door widely open, Bid Him enter while you may.
No. 91. Have You Been to Jesus?

E. A. H.

("Are You Washed in the Blood?"
Used by permission. E. A. Hoffman.

1. Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you fully trusting in His grace this hour? Are you ready for the mansions bright, and be washed in the blood of the Lamb? There's a fountain flowing for the soul unclean, O be washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you fully trusting in His grace this hour? Are you ready for the mansions bright, and be washed in the blood of the Lamb? There's a fountain flowing for the soul unclean, O be washed in the blood of the Lamb?

D. S.—Are your garments spotless? Are they white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

FINE. CHORUS.

Have you heard the glorious tidings, Jesus saves from doubt and fear?

2. Since I met Thee, O my Savior, Earth has lost its charm for me; me.

3. Thou hast taught and drawn and won me, Blessed Bridegroom of my soul; soul.

No. 92. Have You Heard?

Words and arrangement copyright, 1918, by Victoria Booth-Clibborn Demarest.

Catherine Booth-Clibborn.

Dalcaze.

1. Have you heard the glorious tidings, Jesus saves from doubt and fear? fear?

2. Since I met Thee, O my Savior, Earth has lost its charm for me; me.

3. Thou hast taught and drawn and won me, Blessed Bridegroom of my soul; soul.
Have You Heard?

Sal-va-tion, salvation, Thro' the pre-cious blood Of the Son of God; Of the Son of God.
Thy glo-ry, Thy glo-ry, O reflect in me: I am one with Thee; I am one with Thee.
I love Thee, I love Thee, All I have is Thine; All Thine hast is mine; All Thine hast is mine.

No. 93. Hear the Sweet Voice of Jesus Say.

C. H. G. Copyri~ht, 1890, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Hear the sweet voice of Je-sus say, "Come unto me, I am the way;"
2. Cast-ing your heav- y bur-den down, Come to the cross, the world may frown;
3. O - pen, for you, the pearl-y gate; Loved ones for you now watch and wait;

Hearken, the lov-ing call o - bey, Come, for He loves you so.
Yet you shall wear a glorious crown, When He makes up His own.
Ter - ri - ble tho', to cry "too late"—"Je-sus, I come to Thee."

D. S.—He's the same lov-ing Sav-ior yet, Je-sus, the Cruc-i-fied.

Chorus.

On-ly a step, on - ly a step, Come, for He bled for you and died;

No. 94. Heirs of Victory.

(Used by permission. Tune: "MENDELSSOHN," No. 87.)

1 Heirs of victory are we
Through the Christ of Calvary;
Storms may beat and foes assail,
But His kingdom cannot fail.
Cho.—Christ is coming, shout your praise;
2 Our inheritance is sure:
Christ hath made His word secure,
Cease your doubting, hush the sigh,
His appearing draweth nigh.

3 Lol! He cometh, and shall reign;
We have not believed in vain.
In our hearts who speaks release
Brings from heav'n His reign of peace.

Henry Ostron.
No. 95.  He Is Able.
(1) Rom. 4:21; (2) 2 Tim. 1:12; (3) Rom. 14:4; (4) Jude 24; (5) Eph. 3:21; (6) 2 Cor. 9:8; (6) Heb. 11:19.

1. "He is a-ble"—this my peace—Help-less though I face the storm:
2. "He is a-ble"—this my trust—Word of words to cheer my way:
3. "He is a-ble"—this my might—This the strength in which I stand:
4. "He is a-ble"—this my faith—A - ble all His own to bless,

"What-so-ev-er God hath promised, He is a-ble to per-form."
"That which I've com-mit-ted to Him, He will keep a-gainst That Day."
By His grace es-tab-lished, guarded, Who can take me from His hand?
Far be-yond all tho't or ask-ing, In un-fail-ing faith-ful-ness.

5 "He is able"—this my store—God shall every want supply:
6 "He is able"—this my hope—Able e'en the dead to raise:
Love enriching, grace abound-ing,
O Almighty God and Father,
In unending constancy.
Thine be endless power and praise!

No. 96.  He Leadeth Me.
J. H. Gilmore.  Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. He lead-eth me: O bless-ed tho't! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom;
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev-er mur-mur nor re-pine;
4. And when my task on earth is done, When by Thy grace the vic-t'ry's won,

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

CHORUS.

1. He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me, By His own hand He leadeth me;
   His faithful follow'r I would he, For by His hand He leadeth me.

No. 97. Here, O My Lord, I See Thee.

Horatius Bonar. (Raynolds.) Mendelssohn.

1. Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face; Here would I
2. Here would I feed up on the bread of God; Here drink with
3. Too soon we rise; the symbols disappear; The feast, tho'
4. Feast after feast thus comes and passes by; Yet, passing,

touch and handle things unseen; Here grasp with firmer
Thee the royal wine of heav'n; Here would I lay a-
not the love, is past and gone; The bread and wine re-
points to the glad feast above—Giving sweet foretaste

hand the eternal grace, And all my weariness upon Thee lean,
side each earthy load, Here taste a-fresh the calm of sin for-giv'n.
move, but Thou art here—Nearer than ever—still my Shield and Sun.
of the festal joy, The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.
No. 98.  
Hold Thou My Hand.


1. Hold Thou my hand, so weak I am, and helpless, I dare not take one step without Thine aid; Hold Thou my hand, for then, O loving Savior, No dread of joy, my all; Hold Thou my hand, lest haply I should wander; And, missing

out Thine aid; Hold Thou my hand, for then, O loving Savior, No dread of joy, my all; Hold Thou my hand, lest haply I should wander; And, missing

2. Hold Thou my hand, and closer, closer draw me To Thy dear self—my hope, my

ill shall make my soul afraid.  Thee, my trembling feet shall fall.

3 Hold Thou my hand, the way is dark before me Without the sun-light of Thy face divine; But when by faith I catch its radiant glory, What heights of joy, what rapturous songs are mine!

4 Hold Thou my hand, that when I reach the margin Of that lone river Thou didst cross for me, A heavenly light may flash along its waters, And ev'ry wave like crystal bright shall be.

No. 99.  
Holy, Holy, Holy!

Reginald Heber.  (Nicaea.)  John B. Dykes.

1. Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty! Early in the morn—ing our song shall rise to Thee; Holy, holy, holy!

2. Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their golden crowns a—round the crystal sea; Cher-u—bim and ser—a—phim

3. Holy, holy, holy! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of sin—ful man Thy glo—ry may not see; On—ly Thou art ho—ly!

4. Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty! All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Holy, holy, holy!
Holy, Holy, Holy!

mer-ci-ful and might-y! God o-ver all, and blest e-ter-nal-ly.
fall-ing down be-f ore Thee, Who wast, and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
there is none be-side Thee, Per-fect in pow'r, in love, and pu-ri-ty.
mer-ci-ful and might-y! God o-ver all, and blest e-ter-nal-ly.

No. 100. How Firm a Foundation.
George Keith. (FOODATION; or use "Portuguese Hymn.")

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed, I, I am thy
3. "When thro' the deep wa-ters I cause thee to go, The riv-ers of
4. "When thro' fier-y tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all-suf-
5. "E'en down to old age all my peo-ple shall prove My sov-reign, e-
6. "The soul that on Je-sus hath leaned for re-pose, I will not, I

faith in His ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say than to
God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
sor-row shall not o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee thy
fi-cient shall be thy sup-ply; The flame shall not hurt Thee; I
ter-nal, un-change-a-ble love; And when hoar-y hairs shall their
will not de-sert to his foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en-

you He has said, You, who un-to Je-sus for ref-uge have fled?
cause thee to stand, Up-held by My gra-cious, om-nip-o- tent hand,
troub-les to bless, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
on-ly de-sign Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-fine.
tem-ples a-dorn, Like lambs they shall still in my bos-om be borne,
deav-or to shake, I'll nev-er, no, nev-er, no, nev-er, for-sake."
No. 101. How Happy Are They.


1. How happy are they who their Saviour obey, And have laid up their 
2. 'Tis a heaven below my Redeemer to know; And the angels can 
3. Now my remnant of days will I spend to His praise, Who has died, me from 


Treasures above! Tongue cannot express the sweet comfort and peace 
do nothing more Than to fall at His feet, and the story repeat, 
sin to redeem; Whether many or few, all my years are His due—

Of a soul in its earliest love, Of a soul in its earliest love. 
And the Lover of sinners adore, And the Lover of sinners adore. 
They shall all be devoted to Him, They shall all be devoted to Him.

No. 102. How Precious is the Book Divine.

John Fawcett. (CHESTERFIELD.) Thomas Haweis.

1. How precious is the book divine, By inspiration giv'n! 
2. O'er all the straight and narrow way Its radiant beams are cast; 
3. This lamp, thro' all the tedious night Of life, shall guide our way, 

Bright as a lamp its precepts shine, To guide our souls to heaven 
A light whose ever-cheering ray Grows brighter at the last. 
Till we behold the clearer light Of an eternal day.
1. How shall I my Savior set forth? How shall I His beauties declare? 
2. Tho’ once He was nailed to the cross, Vile rebels like me to set free,
3. O sinners! believe and adore This Savior, so rich to redeem;
4. Come, all ye who see yourselves lost, And feel yourselves burdened with sin,

Or how shall I speak of His worth, Or what His chief dignities are? 
His glory sustained no loss, Eternal His kingdom shall be. 
No creature can ever explore The treasure of goodness in Him. 
Draw near while with terror you’re tossed, Obey and your peace shall be-gin.

CHORUS.

O wonderful love! O wonderful love! O wonderful love! O wonderful love!

O wonderful, wonderful love, My Savior showed to me. 
Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful love,
No. 104. How Shall the Young Secure Their Hearts.
Isaac Watts. (From Psalm 119.)
Beethoven.

1. How shall the young secure their hearts, And guard their lives from sin?
2. 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light, That guides us all the day;
3. Thy precepts make me truly wise; I hate the sinner's road;
4. Thy word is everlasting truth; How pure is every page!

Thy word the choicest rules imparts To keep the conscience clean,
And, thro' the dangers of the night, A lamp to lead our way.
I hate my own vain thought's that rise, But love Thy law, my God!
That holy book shall guide our youth, And well support our age.

No. 105. How Sweet, How Heavenly, is the Sight.
J. Swain. (BROWN.)
William B. Bradbury.

1. How sweet, how heavenly, is the sight, When those that love the Lord,
2. When each can feel his brother's sigh, And with him bear a part;
3. When, free from envy, scorn, and pride, Our wishes all above;
4. When love in one delightful stream Thro' every bosom flows;
5. Love is the golden chain that binds The happy souls above;

1. A lamp to lead our way.
2. But love Thy law, my God!
3. And well support our age.
4. To keep the conscience clean.
5. Keep the conscience clean, To keep the conscience clean!
No. 106. How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds.
John Newton. (Ortonville.) Thomas Hastings.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds In a believer's ear! It soothes his

1. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds in a believer's ear! It soothes his

sorrows, heals his wounds, and drives away his fear, and drives away his fear.
to the hungry soul, and to the weary, rest, and to the weary, rest.

2. It makes the wounded spirit whole, and calms the troubled breast; 'Tis manna

to the hungry soul, and to the weary, rest, and to the weary, rest.

see thee as thou art, I'll praise thee as I ought, I'll praise thee as I ought.

3. Weak is the effort of my heart, and cold my warmest thought; But when I

music of thy name refresh my soul in death, refresh my soul in death.

4. Till then, I would thy love proclaim with every fleeting breath; and may the

three by the fountain we stay, here eat this bread of thine; then go, rejoicing, on our way,

renewed with strength divine.

No. 107. Hungry, and Faint, and Poor.
(Tune: "Boylston," No. 1.)

1. Hungry, and faint, and poor,
   Behold us, Lord, again
   Assembled at thy mercy's door,
   Thy bounty to obtain.

2. Thy word invites us nigh,
   Or we would starve indeed;
   For we no money have to buy,
   Nor righteousness to plead.

3. The food our spirits want,
   Thy hand alone can give;
   O hear the prayer of faith, and grant
   That we may eat and live!

4. Here, by the fountain we stay,
   Here eat this bread of Thine;
   Then go, rejoicing, on our way,
   Renewed with strength divine.

Unknown.
I Am a Stranger Here.

1. I am a stranger here, within a foreign land; My home is far away, up on a golden strand; Ambassador to be reconciled," Thus saith my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye reconciled.

2. This is the King’s command; that all men, everywhere, repent and turn away from sin’s seductive snare; That all who will obey, life and joy throughout its vast domain; My Sovereign bids me tell of realms beyond the sea, I’m here on business for my King.

3. My home is brighter far than Sharon’s rosy plain, Eternal far away, turn away life and joy throughout its vast domain; My Sovereign bids me tell how mortals there may dwell, 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.”

Chorus.

1. I am a stranger here, within a foreign land; My home is
2. This is the King’s command; that all men, everywhere, repent and
3. My home is brighter far than Sharon’s rosy plain, Eternal far away, turn away life and joy throughout its vast domain; My Sovereign bids me tell of realms beyond the sea, I’m here on business for my King.

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Chorus.

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2. This is the King’s command; that all men, everywhere, repent and
3. My home is brighter far than Sharon’s rosy plain, Eternal far away, turn away life and joy throughout its vast domain; My Sovereign bids me tell of realms beyond the sea, I’m here on business for my King.
No. 109.  I Am the Vine.  
Knowles Shaw.  Arr. from K. S.

1. "I am the vine and ye are the branch-es," Bear precious fruit for
2. "Now ye are clean thro' words I have spo-ken, Liv-ing in Me, much
3. Yes, by your fruits the world is to know you, Walk-ing in love as

Je-sus to-day; Branches in Him no fruit ev-er bear-ing, Je-sus hath
fruit ye shall bear; Dwelling in you, My promise un-bro-ken, Glo-ry in
children of day; Fol-low your Guide, He passeth be-fore you, Leading to

CHORUS.

said, "He tak-eth a-way."
heav'n with Me ye shall share." "I am the vine and ye are the
realms of glo-ri-ous day.

branch-es; I am the vine, be faith-ful and true; Ask what ye

will, your pray'r shall be granted, The Father loved me, so I have loved you."
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 pow'r of grace divine;
3. O the pure delight of a single hour That before Thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I cannot know Till I cross the narrow sea;

But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be closer drawn to Thee.
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God, I commune as friend with friend.
There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.

REFRAIN.

Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died;
nearer, nearer,
I Am Thinking To-day.
("Will There Be Any Stars.")

1. I am thinking to-day of that beautiful land I shall reach when the sun goeth down; When through wonderful grace by my Savior I stand, winner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glorious day, feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the city of gold,

2. In the strength of the Lord let me labor and pray, Let me watch as a winner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glorious day,

3. Oh, what joy it will be when His face I behold, Living gems at His feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the city of gold,

Chorus.

Will there be any stars in my crown?
When His praise like the hill-low rolls. Will there be any stars, any stars in my crown When at evening the sun goeth down?... When I goeth down?... When I wake with the blest In the mansions of rest, Will there be any stars in my crown? any stars in my crown?
No. 112.  I Ask Not, Lord, For Less to Bear.


1. I ask not, Lord, for less to bear, Of burdens here below;
2. I pray for naught that earth can give, Of wealth or fame or pow'r;
3. Give me a humble, peaceful heart, From pride and envy free;

Nor do I pray that I may share Earth's pleasures as I go.
Nor would I wish to ever live In sin's dark, trying hour.
From all impurities apart, And more, my God, like Thee.

D.S.—And knowing, give me strength to do, And Thy behests fulfill.

REFRAIN.

Lord, this I pray: Make me to know Thy holy, sovereign will;

No. 113.  I Bring My Sins to Thee.

Frances R. Havergal.  Robert Jackson.

(WAVERTON.)

1. I bring my sins to Thee, The sins I cannot count;
2. I bring my grief to Thee, The grief I cannot tell;
3. My joys to Thee I bring, The joys Thy love has giv'n,
4. My life I bring to Thee, I would not be my own;
I Bring My Sins to Thee.

No. 114. I Can Hear My Savior Calling.

("Where He Leads Me I Will Follow.")

E. W. Blandly.

1. I can hear my Savior calling, I can hear my Savior calling,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him thro' the garden,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glory, He will give me grace and glory,

D.C.—Where He leads me I will follow, Where He leads me I will follow,

I can hear my Savior calling, "Take thy cross and follow, follow Me."
I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glory, And go with me, with me all the way.
No. 115. I Come to the Garden Alone.

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Slowly.

1. I come to the garden alone, While the dew is still on the roses;
2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet the birds hush their singing;
3. I'd stay in the garden with Him, Tho' the night around me be falling,

And the voice I hear, Falling on my ear, The Son of God discloses.
And the melody That He gave to me, With in my heart is ringing.
But He bids me go: Thro' the voice of woe His voice to me is calling.

Chorus.

And He walks with me, and He talks with me, And He tells me I am His own;

And the joy we share as we tarry there, None other has ever known.

No. 116. I Have a Savior.

(Key C.)

1 I have a Savior, He's pleading in glory,
   A dear, loving Savior, though earth-friends be few;
   And now He is watching in tenderness o'er me,
   And O that my Savior were your Savior too!

   Ref. -- For you I am praying,
   I'm praying for you.

2 I have a robe: 'tis resplendent in whiteness,

   3 I have a peace: it is calm as a river—
   A peace that the friends of this world never knew;
   My Savior alone is its Author and Giver,
   And O could I know it was given to you!

   S. O'Malley Cluff.
No. 117.  I HAVE HEARD OF A LAND.

Copyright, 1889, by Mark M. Jones.


Mark M. Jones.

1. I have heard of a land On a far-away strand, In the Bible the

2. There are ever-green trees That bend low in the breeze, And their fruitage is

3. There's a home in that land, At the Father's right hand, There are mansions whose

story is told, Where cares never come, Never darkness nor gloom,
brighter than gold; There are harps for our hands, In that fairest of lands,
joys are untold; And perennial spring, Where the birds ever sing,

And nothing shall ever grow old. . . . In that beautiful land, On the

far-away strand, No storms with their blasts ever frown; The streets, I am

told, are paved with pure gold, And the sun, it shall never go down.
No. 118.

I Hear the Savior Say.

Elvina M. Hall.

("Jesus Paid It All.")

John T. Grape.

1. I hear the Savior say, "Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weakness,

2. Lord, now indeed I find, Thy power, and Thine alone, Can change the

D. S. — washed it white as snow.

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim;
Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He

4 And when before the throne
I stand in Him complete,
And He assurance gives To loyal hearts and true, That every promise

No. 119.

I Hear Thy Welcome Voice

L. H.

L. Hartsough.

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

2. 'Tis Jesus calls me on To perfect faith and love, To perfect hope and

3. 'Tis Jesus who confirms The blessed work within, By adding grace to

4. And He assurance gives To loyal hearts and true, That every promise

precious blood That flowed on Calvary.
peace and trust, For earth and heav'n above. I am coming, Lord, Com-ing
welcomed grace, Where reigned the power of sin.
is fulfilled, To those who hear and do.
I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

No. 120. I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.
Horatius Bonar. Arr. from Spohr.

1. I heard the voice of Jesus say, "Come unto Me and rest;
2. I heard the voice of Jesus say, "Behold, I freely give
3. I heard the voice of Jesus say, "I am this dark world's light:

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

D. S.—found in Him a resting-place, And He has made me glad.
D. S.—thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in Him.
D. S.—in that light of life I'll walk Till trav'ling days are done.

I came to Jesus as I was, Weary and worn and sad; I
I came to Jesus and I drank Of that life-giving stream: My
I looked to Jesus and I found In Him my Star, my Sun; And

No. 121. I Know I Love Thee Better, Lord.
(Key C.)

1 I know I love Thee better, Lord,
Than any earthly joy;
For Thou hast given me the peace
Which nothing can destroy.

CHOR.—The half has never yet been told,
Of love so full and free;
The half has never yet been told,
The blood—it cleanseth me.

2 Thou hast put gladness in my heart:
Then well may I be glad!
Without the secret of Thy love,
I could not but be sad.

3 O Savior, precious Savior mine!
What will Thy presence be,
If such a life of joy can crown
Our walk on earth with Thee?

Frances R. Havergal.
No. 122. I Know My Heavenly Father Knows.

S. M. I. Henry.

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WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

1. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The storms that would my way oppose;
2. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The balm I need to soothe my woes,
3. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows How frail I am to meet my foes,
4. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The hour my journey here will close,

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

Refrain.

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

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

No. 123. I Know Not Why God’s Wondrous Grace.


1. I know not why God’s wondrous grace To me He hath made known,
2. I know not how the Spirit moves, Convincing men of sin,
3. I know not what of good or ill May be reserved for me,
4. I know not when my Lord may come, At night or noon-day fair,

Nor why—unworthy—Christ in love, Redeemed me for His own.
Revealing Jesus thro’ the Word, Creating faith in Him.
Of weary ways or golden days, Before His face I see.
Nor if I’ll walk the vale with Him, Or “meet Him in the air.”

CHORUS.

But “I know whom I have believed, And am persuaded that He is able

To keep that which I’ve committed Unto Him against that day.”
Charles Wesley.  (MESSIAH.)  Handel.

1. I know that my Redeemer lives, And ever prays for me;
2. I find Him lifting up my head; He brings salvation near;
3. He wills that I should holy be: Can I withstand His will?
4. Jesus, I hang upon Thy word: I steadfastly believe

A token of His love He gives, A pledge of liberty.
His presence makes me free indeed, And He will soon appear.
The counsel of His grace in me, He surely shall fulfill.
Thou wilt return and claim me, Lord, And to Thyself receive.

Samuel Medley.  (LUTON.)  George Burder.

1. I know that my Redeemer lives! What comfort this sweet sentence gives;
2. He lives to bless me with His love; He lives to plead for me above;
3. He lives, my kind, wise, heavenly Friend; He lives, and loves me to the end;
4. He lives, and grants me daily breath; He lives, and I shall conquer death;
5. He lives, all glory to His name! He lives, my Jesus, still the same!

He lives, He lives who once was dead; He lives, my ever-living Head.
He lives my hungry soul to feed; He lives to help in time of need.
He lives, and while He lives I'll sing; He lives, my Prophet, Priest, and King!
He lives, my man-stone to prepare; He lives to bring me safely there.
O the rich joy this sentence gives—I know that my Redeemer lives.
No. 126.  I Know That My Redeemer Liveth.


1. I know that my Redeemer liveth, And on the earth again shall stand;
2. I know His promise never faileth, The word He speaks, it cannot die;
3. I know my mansion He prepareth, That where He is there I may be;

1. And on the earth again shall stand;

I know eternal life He giveth, That grace and pow'r are in His hand.
Tho' cruel death my flesh assaileth, Yet I shall see Him by and by.
O wondrous tho't, for me He careth, And He at last will come for me.

That grace and pow'r are in His hand.

CHORUS.

I know, I know...... that Jesus liveth, And on the earth again shall stand; I know, I know......

And on the earth that life He giveth, That grace and pow'r are in His hand.

That grace and pow'r
No. 127. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

Timothy Dwight. (BEALOTH.) Anon.

1. I love Thy kingdom, Lord, The house of Thine a-bode; The church our blest Rest.
2. For her my tears shall fall, For her my pray'rs ascend; To her my cares and fears be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end. Beyond my high-est joy I prize her deemer saved With His own precious blood. I love Thy church, O God! Her walls be pierced by Thine own precious blood.
3. Je-sus, Thou Friend divine, Our Sav-ior and our King! Thy hand from ev-'ry heav'nly ways, Her sweet commu-nion, solemn vows, Her hymns of love and praise, shall be giv'n The brightest glories earth can yield, And brighter bliss of heav'n.

fore Thee stand Dear as the apple of Thine eye, And graven on Thy hand.

No. 128. I Love to Tell the Story.

(Key, Ah.)

1 I love to tell the story
   Of unseen things above;
   Of Jesus and His glory,
   Of Jesus and His love.
   I love to tell the story,
   Because I know 'tis true;
   It satisfies my longings
   As nothing else can do.
   Cho.-I love to tell the story;
   'Twill be my theme in glory,
   To tell the old, old story
   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.
   I love to tell the story;
   It did so much for me—
   And that is just the reason
   I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the story:
   'Tis pleasant to repeat,
   What seems, each time I tell it,
   More wonderfully sweet.
   I love to tell the story,
   For some have never heard
   The message of salvation
   From God's own holy word.

4 I love to tell the story;
   For those who know it best
   Seem hungering and thirsting
   To hear it like the rest.
   And when, in scenes of glory,
   I sing the new, new song,
   'Twill be the old, old story
   That I have loved so long.

Catherine Hankey.
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 trod, If I ever climb to the heights sublime, never more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home, where He waits at the open door.

2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way, The path that the blood of Christ has made, If I ever reach the Heights of Power, For I desire to be made whole, and I seek my home, where the soul is at home with God.

3. Then I bid farewell to the way of the world, To walk in it where the soul is at home with God. The way of the cross leads home. It is sweet to know, as I onward go, The way of the cross leads home.
No. 130. I Need Thee Every Hour.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks. Robert Lowry.

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1. I need Thee ev'ry hour, Most gracious Lord; No tender voice like Thine
2. I need Thee ev'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temptations lose their pow'r

3. I need Thee ev'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quickly and abide, Or life is vain.
4. I need Thee ev'ry hour, Most Holy one; O make me Thine indeed, Thou blessed Son!

Chorus.
Can peace afford. I need Thee, O I need Thee; Ev'ry hour I need Thee!
When Thou art nigh.

No. 131. I Saw One Hanging On a Tree.

John Newton. (Hull.) Asa Hull.

1. I saw One hanging on a tree, In agony and blood;
2. O never, till my latest breath, Shall I forget that look!
3. A second look He gave, which said, "I freely all forgive;
4. Thus while His death my sin displays In all its blackest hue;

He fixed His languid eyes on me, As near His cross I stood.
It seemed to charge me with His death, Tho' not a word He spoke.
This blood is for thy ransom paid; I die that thou may'st live."
Such is the mystery of grace, It seals my pardon too.

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<td>I need Thee ev'ry hour, Most gracious Lord; No tender voice like Thine</td>
<td>Can peace afford. I need Thee, O I need Thee; Ev'ry hour I need Thee!</td>
<td>In joy or pain; Come quickly and abide, Or life is vain.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>I need Thee ev'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temptations lose their pow'r</td>
<td>When Thou art nigh.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>Can peace afford. I need Thee, O I need Thee; Ev'ry hour I need Thee!</td>
<td>In joy or pain; Come quickly and abide, Or life is vain.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>When Thou art nigh.</td>
<td></td>
<td>Most Holy one; O make me Thine indeed, Thou blessed Son!</td>
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<th>1</th>
<th>2</th>
<th>3</th>
<th>4</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>I saw One hanging on a tree, In agony and blood;</td>
<td>He fixed His languid eyes on me, As near His cross I stood.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>O never, till my latest breath, Shall I forget that look!</td>
<td>It seemed to charge me with His death, Tho' not a word He spoke.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>A second look He gave, which said, &quot;I freely all forgive;</td>
<td>This blood is for thy ransom paid; I die that thou may'st live.&quot;</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>Thus while His death my sin displays In all its blackest hue;</td>
<td>Such is the mystery of grace, It seals my pardon too.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
I Stand Amazed.

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

And wonder how He could love me, A sinner, condemned, unclean.
He had no tears for His own griefs, But sweat-drops of blood for mine.
To comfort Him in the sorrows He bore for my soul that night.
He bore the burden to Calvary, And suffered, and died alone.
'Twill be my joy thro' the ages To sing of His love for me.

CHORUS.

How marvelous! how wonderful! And my song shall ever be:
Oh, how marvelous! oh, how wonderful!

How marvelous! how wonderful Is my Savior's love for me!
Oh, how marvelous! oh, how wonderful!
No. 133.  I Was Sinking Deep in Sin.

(“Love Lifted Me.”)

James Rowe.  Howard E. Smith.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN, ROBERT H. COLEMAN, OWNER.

1. I was sinking deep in sin, Far from the peaceful shore, Very deep-
   ly
2. All my heart to Him I give, Ever to Him I’ll cling, In His blessed
   presence live, Ever His praises sing, Love so mighty and so true by His love Out of the angry waves, He’s the Mas-ter of the sea,
3. Souls in danger, look above, Jesus completely saves; He will lift you stained within, Sinking to rise no more; But the Master of the sea
   presence live, Ever His praises sing. Love so mighty and so true by His love Out of the angry waves. He’s the Master of the sea,

Chorus.

Heard my despairing cry, From the waters lifted me, Now safe am I. Mere-its my soul’s best songs; Faithful, loving service, too, To Him belongs. Bil-lows His will obey; He your Savior wants to be—Be saved to-day.

Love lifted me!....... Love lifted me!....... 

When nothing else could help, Love lifted me. Love lifted me.

Love lifted me!
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 triumphant 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 the ransom freely gave,
How the victorious He giveth over sin, and death, and hell,
He from death to life hath brought me, Son of God with Him to be.

Chorus.

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

Paid the debt and made me free, and made me free.
3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to Thy control;
Thy tender mercies shall illume
The midnight of the soul.

4 Teach us, in every state,
To make Thy will our own;
And when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.
No. 137.  If the Name of the Savior.

('Will You Not Tell It.')

Copyright, 1915, by Fillmore Bros.

J. H. Fillmore.

Jessie Brown Pounds.

1. If the name of the Savior is precious to you, If His care has been
   constant and tender and true, If the light of His presence has
   brightened your way, O will you not tell of your gladness to-day?

2. If your faith in the Savior has bro't its reward, If a strength you have
   found in the strength of your Lord, If the hope of a rest in His
   palace is sweet, O will you not, brother, the story repeat?

3. If the souls around you are living in sin, If the Master has
   told you to bid them come in, If the sweet invitation they
   never have heard, O will you not tell them the cheer-bringing word?

CHORUS.

O will you not tell it to-day? Will you not tell it to-day? If the
will you not tell it to-day? will you not tell it to-day?

light of His presence has brightened your way, O will you not tell it to-day?
No. 138. If You Could See Christ Standing Here.

("Would You Believe.")

Caroline Sawyer.

Copyright, 1893, by D. B. Towner.

D. B. Towner.

If you could see Christ standing here to-night, His thorn-crowned head and
1. If
you could see Christ standing here to-night, His thorn-crowned head and
2. If
you could see that face, so calm and sweet, Those lips that spake words
3. He
whispers to your heart; turn not away, For He's beside you

pierced hands could view; Could see those eyes that beam with heav'n's own light,
only pure and true; Could see the nail-prints in His tender feet,
in your narrow pew! If you will listen you will hear Him say,

And hear Him say: "Beloved, 'twas for you!"— Would you believe,

and Jesus receive, If He were standing

and Jesus receive, If He were standing

here? If He were standing here?

here, were standing here? If He were standing, if He were standing here?
No. 139.  
I'm a Pilgrim.  
Mrs. M. S. B. Dana.  
Italian Air.  

1. I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger; I can tar-ry, I can  
2. Of that cit-y to which I jour-ney, My Re-deem-er my Re-  
3. There the sun-beams are ev-er shin-ing, O my long-ing heart, my  

D.C.-I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stranger; I can tar-ry, I can  

FINE.  

D. C.  

tar-ry but a night.  

do not de-tain me, for I am go-ing  

to where the foun-tains are ev-er flow-ing.  

dee-n-er is the light.  

There is no sor-row nor an-y sigh-ing,  

Nor an-y tears there, nor an-y dy-ing.  

long-ing heart is 'there.  

Here in this coun-try, so dark and drear-y,  

I long have wandered, for-lorn and wear-y.  

No. 140.  
Immortal Love, Forever Full.  
John G. Whittier.  
Copyright, 1922, by E. L. Jorgenson.  
E. L. Jorgenson.  

1. Im-mor-tal Love, for-ev-er full, For-ev-er flow-ing free,  
2. We may not climb the heav'ly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down;  
3. But warm, sweet, ten-der, e-ven yet A pres-ent help is He;  
4. The heal-ing of His seam-less dress Is by our beds of pain:  
5. Thro' Him the first fond prayers are said Our lips of child-hood frame;  

For-ev-er shared, for-ev-er whole, A nev-er-ebb-ing seal.  

In vain we search the low-est deeps, For Him no de-pths can drown:  
And faith has still its Ol-i- vet, And love its Gal-i-lee.  
We touch Him in life's throng and press, And we are whole a-gain.  
The last low whis pers of our dead Are bur-dened with His name.
1. I'm pressing on the upward way, New heights I'm gaining ev'ry day;
2. My heart has no desire to stay Where doubts arise and fears dismay;
3. I want to live above the world, Tho' Satan's darts at me are hurled;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glory bright;

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

CHORUS.

Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on Heav'n's table-land;

A higher plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.
In Heavenly Love Abiding.

No. 142. Anna L. Waring. (WARING.) Mendelssohn.

1. In heav'ly love abiding, No change my heart shall fear;
2. Where'er He may guide me, No want shall turn me back;
3. Green pastures are before me, Which yet I have not seen;

And safe is such confiding, For nothing changes here.
My Shepherd is beside me, And nothing can I lack.
Bright skies will soon be o'er me, Where the dark clouds have been.

The storm may roar without me, My heart may low be laid,
His wisdom ever waketh, His sight is never dim;
My hope I cannot measure, My path to life is free;

But God is round about me—And can I be dismayed?
He knows the way He taketh, And I will walk with Him.
My Savior has my treasure, And He will walk with me.

(1.) And can . . . . . . I be dismayed?
1. In loving-kindness Jesus came My soul in mercy to reclaim,
2. He called me long before I heard, Before my sinful heart was stirred,
3. His brow was pierced with many a thorn, His hands by cruel nails were torn,
4. Now on a higher plane I dwell, And with my soul I know 'tis well;

And from the depths of sin and shame Thro' grace He lifted me.
But when I took Him at His word, For-giv'n He lifted me.
When from my guilt and grief, for-lorn, In love He lifted me.
Yet how or why, I can-not tell, He should have lifted me.

He lifted me.

CHORUS.

From sinking sand He lifted me, With tender hand He lifted me,

From shades of night to plains of light, O praise His name, He lifted me!
No. 144. In Memory of the Savior's Love.
T. Cotterill. (WINCHESTER, OLD.) Este's Psalter, 1592.

1. In memory of the Savior's love We keep the sacred feast,
2. Beneath His banner thus we sing The wonders of His love;

Where every humble, contrite heart Is made a welcome guest,
And here anticipate by faith The heav'nly feast above.

No. 145. In the Christian's Home In Glory.

1 In the Christian's home in glory (Key C.) Where the tree of life is blooming,
There remains a land of rest; There is rest for you.
There my Savior's gone before me, To fulfill my soul's request.
To fullfill my soul's request.

CHO.—There is rest for the weary, There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary, There is rest for you.
There is rest for the weary, There is rest for you.
On the other side of Jordan, In the sweet fields of Eden,
And here anticipate by faith The heav'nly feast above.

No. 146. In the Cross of Christ I Glory.
John Bowring. (RATHBUN.) I. Conkey.

1. In the cross of Christ I glory, Tow'r'ing o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes deceive, and fears an-noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up-on my way,
4. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleas-ure, By the cross are sa-c- ti-fied;

All the light of sacred story Gath'ers round its head sub-lime.
Neve'r shall the cross for-sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the ra-diance streaming Adds new lustre to the day.
Peace is there that knows no meas-ure, Joys that thro' all time a-bide.
No. 147. In the Desert of Sorrow and Sin.


1. In the desert of sorrow and sin, Lo! I faint as I journey along; With the warfare without and within, See my strength and my hope nearly gone.

I thirst, let me drink,

Trials a blessing to be,

Join Thee in mansions of light.

I thirst, let me drink.

2. In my weakness I turn to the fountain, From the rock that was cleft for me; And I drink, and I joyfully count All my blessings and my days.

Of the life-giving stream let me drink;

'Tis the Rock, cleft for me, 'Tis the water, the water of life.

3. O Thou God of compassion, I pray, Let me ever abide in Thy sight; Let me drink of the fountain day by day, Till I learn to sing, 'Tis the Rock, cleft for me.

Chorus.

'I thirst, let me drink;

'Tis the Rock, cleft for me.
No. 148.  In the Hour of Trial.

James Montgomery.  (PENITENCE.)  Spencer Lane.

1. In the hour of trial, Jesus, plead for me,
   Lest by base denial
   I depart from Thee; When Thou seest me waver,
   With a look recall,
   Nor for fear nor favor suffer me to fall,
   Or, in darker semblance, Cross-crowned Calvary.

2. With forbidden pleasures Would this vain world charm;
   Or its sor did treasures
   Spread to work me harm; Bring to my remembrance
   Sad Gethsemane,
   Or, in darker semblance, Cross-crowned Calvary.
   Grant that I may never Cast my care on Thee.

3. Should Thy mercy send me sorrow, toil and woe;
   Or should pain attend me
   When Thou seest me waver, With a look recall.
   With a look recall,
   Nor for fear nor favor suffer me to fall,
   Or, in darker semblance, Cross-crowned Calvary.
   Grant that I may never Cast my care on Thee.

4. When my last hour cometh, Fraught with strife and pain,
   And my dust returneth,
   To the dust again;
   On Thy truth relying, Thro' that mortal strife,
   Jesus, take me, dying,
   To immortal life.

No. 149.  In the House of Ancient Story.

Miss H. M. Bolman.  (DIJON.)  J. G. Bitthauer.

1. In the house of ancient story, Where no storms can ever come,
   Where the Savior dwells in glory, There remains for us a home.

2. There with in the heavenly mansions, Where life's river flows so clear,
   We shall see our blessed Savior, If we love and serve Him here.

3. There amid the shining numbers, All our toils and labors o'er,
   Where the Guardian never slumbers, We shall dwell forevermore.
No. 150. In the Hush of Early Morning.

Copyright, 1890, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Mrs. R. N. Turner.

1. In the hush of early morning, When the breeze is whispering low,
2. When the noon-tide falls upon me, With its fervid light-ning ray,
3. As the dew-y shades steal downward O'er the earth at evening mild,

There's a voice that gently calls me, And its accents well I know,
There's a voice divinely earnest, Bids me work while it is day,
There's a voice I love that whispers, "After labor, rest, my child."

Here I am, O Savior, waiting, For Thy will alone is mine;
O pen, Savior, now before me All Thy will for me to do;
O my Savior, loving, tender, Help me to account it blest

This is all my crown and glory, I am Thine, and only Thine.
Only help me, watching, working, Still to keep my Lord in view.
Thus to work within Thy vine-yard, Till Thou call-est me to rest.
No. 151.  In the Land of Fadeless Day.

("No Night There.")

John R. Clements.

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H. P. Danks.

1. In the land of fade-less day Lies the "cit-y four-square;"
2. All the gates of pearl are made In the "cit-y four-square;"
3. And the gates shall never close To the "cit-y four-square;"
4. There they need no sun-shine bright, In the "cit-y four-square;"

It shall never pass away, And there is "no night there;"
All the streets with gold are laid, And there is "no night there;"
There life's crystal river flows, And there is "no night there;"
For the Lamb is all the light, And there is "no night there;"

CHORUS.

God shall "wipe away all tears;" There's no death, no pain, nor fears;
God shall "wipe away all tears;" There's no death, no pain, nor fears;

And they count not time by years, For there is "no night there;"
And they count not time by years, For there is "no night there;"
No. 152  In the Shadow of His Wings.
J. B. Atchinson. COPYRIGHT, 1849, BY E. O. Excell RENEWAL. E. O. Excell.

1. In the shadow of His wings There is rest, sweet rest; There is rest from care and labor, There is rest for friend and neighbor; In the shadow of His wings There is rest, sweet rest.

2. In the shadow of His wings There is peace, sweet peace, Peace that passeth understanding, Peace, sweet peace that knows no ending; In the shadow of His wings There is peace, sweet peace.

3. In the shadow of His wings There is joy, glad joy; There is joy to tell the story, Joy exceeding, full of glory; In the shadow of His wings There is joy, glad joy.

CHORUS.

There is rest (sweet rest). There is rest, There is rest (sweet rest).
There is peace (sweet peace). There is peace, There is peace (sweet peace).
There is joy (glad joy). There is joy, There is joy (glad joy).
In the shadow of His wings; shadow of His wings.
No. 153. In Vain in High and Holy lays.
(“Wonderful Love.”)
E. D. Mund.

1. In vain in high and ho-ly lays, My soul her grateful voice would raise;
2. A joy by day, a peace by night; In storms a calm, in dark-ness light;
3. My hope for par-don when I call, My trust for lift-ing when I fall;

For who can sing the wor-thy praise Of the won-der-ful love of Je-sus!
In pain a balm, in weakness might, Is the won-der-ful love of Je-sus.
In life, in death, my all in all, Is the won-der-ful love of Je-sus.

CHORUS.

Won-der-ful love! won-der-ful love! Won-der-ful love of Je-sus!

(Tune: “WABHAM,” No. 80.)

1 In weak-ness, Lord, Thou art our power, In bonds, our perfect liberty,
   In want, our plentiful supply.
2 Thou art our fortress, rock divine, Our trust and portion, our repose;
   Our light, in deepest gloom to shine,
3 Our Com-forter, O Lord, Thou art, Our rest in toil, our ease in pain;
   Our balm to heal each broken heart,
4 Our joy, beneath the worldling’s frown, Our comfort, ’midst all grief and thrall;
   In shame, our glory and our crown,

Urwick’s Collection.
No. 155.  Is It For Me, Dear Savior?
Frances R. Havergal.

1. Is it for me, dear Savior, Thy glory and Thy rest—For me, so
2. Is it for me, Thy welcome, Thy gracious "Enter in?—For me Thy
3. O Savior, precious Savior, My heart is at Thy feet; I bless Thee,
4. I'll be with Thee forever, And never grieve Thee more; Dear Savior,

CHORUS.

What can I but adore, And magnify and praise Thee, And love Thee evermore.

No. 156.  Is Not This the Land of Beulah?
Harriett Warner Re Qua.

1. Is not this the land of Beulah, Blessed, blessed land of light;
   Where the flowers bloom forever, And the sun is always bright.
D. C.-O'er a land whose wondrous beauty For exceeds my fondest dreams.

2. I am drinking at the fountain,
   Where I ever would abide;
   For I've tasted life's pure river,
   And my soul is satisfied.

I am dwelling on the mountain,
   Where the golden sunlight gleams

D. C.
No. 157. Is Your Life a Channel of Blessing?

H. G. S.  

H. G. Smyth.

1. Is your life a channel of blessing? Is the love of God flowing through you? Are you telling the lost of the Savior? Are you those that are lost? Have you urged upon those who are straying, The telling for Him? Have you spoken the word of salvation To free from all sin; We will barriers be and a hindrance to

2. Is your life a channel of blessing? Are you burdened for...  

3. Is your life a channel of blessing? Is it daily...  

4. We can not be channels of blessing If our lives are not...  

CHORUS.

read—y His service to do? Savior who died on the cross? Make me a channel of blessing today, those who are dying in sin? those we are trying to win.  

Make me a channel of blessing, I pray; My life possessing,  

My service blessing, Make me a channel of blessing today.
No. 158.  It Game Upon the Midnight Clear.
E. H. Sears.  (Carol.)  R. Storrs Willis.

1. It came up'on the mid-night clear, That glorioys song of old,
2. Still thro' the clo-ven skies they come, With peace-ful wings un-furled,
3. Yet with the woes of sin and strife The world has suf-fered long;
4. For lo! the days are has-t'ning on, By proph-ets seen of old,

From an-gels bend-ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold;
And still their hea-v'n-ly mu-sic floats O'er all the wear-y world;
Be-neath the an-gel-strain have rolled Two thou-sand years of wrong;
When with the ev-er-cir-cling years, Shall come the time fore-told;

"Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From heav'n's all-gra-cious King."
A-bove its sad and low-ly plains They bend on hov-ring wing,
And men, at war with men, hear not The love-song which they bring:
When the whole heav'n and earth shall own The Prince of Peace their King,

The world in sol-emn still-ness lay To hear the an-gels sing.
And ev-er, o'er its Ba-bel sounds, The bless-ed an-gels sing.
O hush the noise, ye men of strife, And hear the an-gels sing.
And the whole world send back the song Which now the an-gels sing.
No. 159. It May Not Be On the Mountain’s Height.

("I’ll Go Where You Want Me to Go.")

Copyright, 1894, by C. E. Rounsefell.
Homer A. Rodeheaver, owner. Carrie E. Rounsefell.

Mary Brown.

It may not be on the mountain’s height, Or over the storm-y sea;
2. Perhaps to-day there are loving words Which Jesus would have me speak;
3. There’s sure-ly somewhere a low-ly place, In earth’s harvest fields so wide,

It may not be at the battle’s front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand’rer whom I should seek;
Where I may labor thro’ life’s short day For Jesus, the Cru-ci-fied;

But if, by a still small voice, He calls To paths that I do not know,
O Sav-i-or, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho’ dark and rugged the way,
So trust-ing my all to Thy ten-der care, And knowing Thou lov-est me,

D.S.- I’ll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O’er mountain, or plain, or sea;

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

I’ll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I’ll be what you want me to be.
No. 160. I've Found a Friend Who Is All to Me.

("Saved."")

J. P. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

J. P. Schofield.

1. I've found a friend who is all to me,... His love is ever true;... I love to tell how He cured my soul each day;... I'm leaning strong on His love he said to me;... "Come un-to me and I'll lifted me,... And what His grace can do for you,... mighty arm;... I know He'll guide me all the way,... lead you home,... To live with me et-er-nal-ly."

Chorus.

Saved.... by His pow'r di-vine, Saved.... to new life su-b-lime!
Saved by His pow'r, Saved to new life,

Life now is sweet and my joy is complete, for I'm Saved, saved, saved!
No. 161.  Jerusalem, the Golden.


(Tune: "Arlington," No. 4.)

1.  Jerusalem, the golden, With milk and honey blest,
2.  They stand, those halls of Zion, All jubilant with song,
3.  There is the throne of David; And there from care released,

Beneath thy contemplation Sink heart and voice oppressed:
And bright with many an angel, And all the martyr throng;
The shout of them that triumph, The song of them that feast;

I know not, O I know not, What social joys are there,
The Prince is ever in them, The daylight is serene;
And they, who, with their Leader, Have conquered in the fight;

What radiance of glory, What light beyond compare.
The pastures of the blessed Are decked in glorious sheen.
Forever and forever Are clad in robes of white.

No. 162.  Jesus, and Didst Thou Leave the Sky.

Anne Steele.
No. 163. Jesus, and Shall It Ever Be.
Joseph Grigg. (HEBREON.) Lowell Mason.

1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man a-shamed of Thee;
2. A-shamed of Je - sus! Soon - er far Let evening blush to own a star;
3. A-shamed of Je - sus, that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heav 'n de - pend!
4. A-shamed of Je - sus! Yes, I may, When I've no guilt to wash a-way;
5. Till then — nor is my boasting vain — Till then I'll boast a Sav - ior slain;

A-shamed of Thee, whom angels praise, Whose glo - ry shines thro' endless days,
He sheds the beams of light di - vine O'er this be - night - ed soul of mine,
No; when I blush, he this my shame, That I no more re - vere His name.
No tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save,
And O may this my glo - ry be, That Christ is not a-shamed of me!

No. 164. Jesus Calls Us.
Cecil F. Alexander. (JUDE.) W. H. Jude.

1. Je - sus calls us: o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild rest - less sea,
2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's golden store;
3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil, and hours of ease;
4. Je - sus calls us: by Thy mer - cies, Sav - ior, make us hear Thy call,

Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Say - ing, "Christian, fol - low Me."
From each i - dol that would keep us, Say - ing, "Christian, love Me more."
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures, "Christian, love Me more than these."
Give our hearts to Thine o - be - dience, Serve and love Thee best of all.
No. 165.  Jesus, I My Gross Have Taken.

Henry F. Lyte.

Music by Mozart.

1. Jesus, I my cross have taken, All to have and follow Thee;
   I am poor, despised, forsaken, Thou from (Omit . . . . ) hence my all shalt be.
   D.C. Yet how rich is my condition, God and (Omit . . . . ) heav'n are still my own.

Perish ev'ry fond ambition, All I've sought and hoped and known;

2 Let the world despise and leave me, It has left my Savior, too;
   Human hearts and looks deceive me, Thou art not, like man, untrue;
   And, while Thou shalt smile upon me, God of wisdom, love, and might,
   Foes may hate, and friends may shun me; Show Thy face, and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure! Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!
   In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
   With Thy favor, loss is gain.
   I have called Thee, "Abba, Father;"
   I have stayed my heart on Thee;
   Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
   All must work for good to me.

No. 166.  Jesus is Calling, Calling, Calling.


1. Jesus is calling, calling, calling, Jesus is calling today;
   Why should I linger, linger, linger? (Omit . . . . )

2 Jesus is pleading, pleading, pleading;
   Why should I wander in sin?
   While to His glory, glory, glory,
   Glad He would welcome me in.

3 Jesus is waiting, waiting, waiting,
   Open now standeth the door;
   Soon the night faileth, faileth, faileth,
   Closed are the gates evermore.
No. 167. Jesus Is Going to Earth Again.

(“What if It Were To-day?”)

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

Copyright, 1912, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Com-ing in pow-er and love to reign, What if it were to-day?
Sor-row and sigh-ing shall be no more, O that it were to-day!
Watching in glad-ness and not in fear, If He should come to-day?

Com-ing to claim His cho- sen Bride, All the re-deemed and pu- ri-fied,
Then shall the dead in Christ a-rise, Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
Signs of His com-ing mul-ti-ply, Morn-ing light breaks in east-ern sky.

O-ver this whole earth scat-tered wide, What if it were to-day?
When shall these glo- ries meet our eyes? What if it were to-day?
Watch, for the time is draw-ing nigh, What if it were to-day?

Chorus.

Glo-ry! Glo-ry! Joy to my heart ’twill bring; Glo-ry, glo-ry!
Joy to my heart ’twill bring.
Jesus Is Coming to Earth Again.


Used by permission of S. H. Hall and Flavil Hall.

Mrs. W. S. Stroud. Flavil Hall.

Duet.

1. Jesus is our loving Shepherd, And He is a faithful guide; He is coming back from heaven, For the Church of Christ His bride.
2. We are watching now, and waiting, For the coming of our Lord; He is coming up His jewels, Safely kept in His own name.
3. Yes, He's coming back from glory, Coming to this world again; He will gather a - gain; And to glory will receive them, Ever - more with Him to reign.

CHORUS.

back from heaven, For the Church of Christ His bride, He has promised all the faithful for His loved ones, As He promised in His word, That He'll come to earth (Omit ...)

up His jewels, Safely kept in His own name.

Mrs. W. S. Stroud.
1. Jesus is tenderly calling thee home—Calling to-day, calling to-day;
2. Jesus is calling the weary to rest—Calling to-day, calling to-day;
3. Jesus is waiting, O come to Him now—Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;
4. Jesus is pleading, O list to His voice—Hear Him to-day, hear Him to-day;

Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam Farther and farther away?
Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee away.
Come with thy sins, at His feet lowly bow; Come, and no longer delay.
They who believe on His name shall rejoice; Quickly arise and away.

CHORUS.

Jesus is calling, Is tenderly calling to-day.
Jesus is tenderly calling to-day.

Calling, calling to-day, to-day!
Calling, calling to-day, to-day!
No. 170.  Jesus, Keep Me Near the Cross.

Fanny J. Crosby.  Copyright, 1890, by W. H. Doane.

W. H. Doane.

1. Jesus, keep me near the cross, There a precious fountain Free to all—a
2. Near the cross, a trembling soul, Love and mercy found me; There the bright and
3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes before me; Help me walk from

CHORUS.

healing stream, Flows from Calvary's mountain.
Morning Star Sheds its beams a-round me. In the cross, in the cross, Be my
day to day, With its shadow o'er me.

glo-ry ev-er; Till my raptured soul shall find Rest be-yond the riv-er.

No. 171.  Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley.  (Martyr.)  S. B. Marsh.

1 Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.

3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art;
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.
No. 172.  Jesus, Meek and Gentle.

George R. Prynne.  
(Dowston Castle)  
Clarence Hudson.

This hymn may be followed with chorus: "O Lord, our Lord, How Excellent Thy Name."

1. Jesus, meek and gentle, Son of God most high,       
2. Pardon our offenses, Loose our captives chains,       
3. Give us holy freedom, Fill our hearts with love;       
4. Lead us on our journey, Be Thyself the Way,       

Pitying, loving Savior, Hear Thy children's cry,       
Break down every idol Which our soul detains,       
Draw us, holy Jesus, To the realms above,       
Thro' terrestrial darkness To celestial day.

No. 173.  Jesus, Merciful and Mild.

Thomas Hastings.  
(Wilson.)  
W. T. Moore.

1. Jesus, merciful and mild, Lead me as a help-less child;       
2. On no other arm but Thine Would my weary (Omit ...) soul recline;       
3. Thou canst fit me by Thy grace, For the heav'nly dwelling-place;       
4. All Thy promises are sure, Ever shall Thy (Omit ...) love endure;

D.C.—Guide the wand'rer, day by day, In the straight and (Omit ...) narrow way,       
D.C.—All I need in Thee I see; Thou art all in (Omit ...) all to me.

 Thou art ready to forgive, Thou canst bid the sinner live—       
Then what more could I desire? How to greater bliss aspire!
No. 174. Jesus, My Savior, to Bethlehem Came.

A. N.

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

2. Jesus, my Savior, on Calvary's tree,
   Paid the great debt, and my soul He set free;
   Oh, it was wonderful, how could it be? Dy-ing for me, for me!

3. Jesus, my Savior, the same as of old,
   While I was wandering afar from the fold,
   Gently and long did He plead with my soul, Calling for me, for me!

4. Jesus, my Savior, shall come from on high-Sweet is the promise as weary years fly;
   Oh, I shall see Him descending the sky, Coming for me, for me!

REFRAIN.

me! Seeking for me! Seeking for me! Seeking for me! Seeking for me!
dy-ing for me! Dy-ing for me! Dy-ing for me! Dy-ing for me!
calling for me! Call-ing for me! Call-ing for me! Call-ing for me!
coming for me! Coming for me! Coming for me! Coming for me!

Oh, it was wonderful—blest be His name! Seeking for me, for me!
Oh, it was wonderful—how could it be? Dy-ing for me, for me!
Gently and long did He plead with my soul, Call-ing for me, for me!
Oh, I shall see Him descending the sky, Coming for me, for me!
No. 175.  
Jesus Only.  
Elias Nason.  
I. B. Woodbury.  
(DORRNANCE.)

1. Jesus only, when the morning beams upon the path I tread; Jesus only, when the darkness gathers round my weary head.

2. Jesus only, when the billows cold and sullen o'er me roll; Jesus only, when the trumpet rends the tomb and wakes the soul.

3. Jesus only, when adoring, saints their crowns before Him bring; Jesus only, I will, joyous, through eternal ages sing.

No. 176.  
Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.  
Edward Hopper.  
John E. Gould.

1. Jesus, Savior, 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 unknown waves before me roll, Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;

D.C.—Chart and compass came from Thee; Jesus, Savior, pilot me.
D.C.—Wondrous sovereign of the sea, Jesus, Savior, pilot me.
D.C.—May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pilot Thee."

No. 177.  
Jesus Shall Reign Where'er the Sun.  
(Tune: "Duke Street," No. 24; or "Mainzer.")

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun Both his successive journeys run; His Kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 Blessings abound where'er He reigns: The pris'ner leaps to lose His chains; The weary finds eternal rest, And all the sons of want are blest.

3 Where He displays His healing pow'r Death and the curse are known no more In Him the tribes of Adam boast More blessings than their father's seed.

4 Let ev'ry creature rise and bring Peculiar honors to our King; Angels descend with songs again, And earth repeat the glad Amen.
1. Jesus, the loving Shepherd, Call-eth thee now to come In- to the fold of safety, Where there is rest and room; Come in the strength of manhood, now He's calling, "Wander-er, come to me;" Hasten for without is danger, sheep who're straying, seeking the lambs to slay; Jesus, the loving Shepherd, Come in the morn of youth, Enter the fold of safety, Enter the way of truth. "Come," cries the Shepherd blest; Enter the fold of safety, Enter the place of rest. Call-eth thee now to come; Enter the fold of safety, Where there is rest and room.

CHORUS.

Lov- ing-ly, ten- der- ly call- ing is He, "Wander- er, wan- der- er, come un- to Me;"

Pa-tient- ly wait- ing, there stand- ing I see Jesus, my Shep- herd di- vine.
No. 179.  Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee.

Bernard of Clairvaux.  (St. Agnes.)  John B. Dykes.

1. Jesus, the very thought of Thee With sweetness fills my breast;
2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the memory find
3. O Hope of every contrite heart! O Joy of all the meek!
4. Jesus, our only joy be Thou, As Thou our prize wilt be;

But sweeter far Thy face to see, And in Thy presence rest,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name, O Savior of mankind!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek!
Jesus, be Thou our glory now, And through eternity.


Bernard of Clairvaux.  (Maryton.)  Henry P. Smith.

1. Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts, Thou fountain of life, Thou light of men,
2. Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood Thou savest those that on Thee call;
3. On Thee we feed, Thou living bread, And long to feast upon Thee still;
4. Our restless spirits yearn for Thee, Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
5. O Jesus, ever with us stay, Make all our moments calm and bright.

From all the bliss that earth imparts We turn unfilled to Thee again.
To them that seek Thee Thou art good, To them that find Thee, all in all,
We drink of Thee, Thou fountain-head, Whose streams each thirsting soul can fill.
Glad when Thy gracious smile we see, Blessed when our faith can hold Thee fast.
Chase the dark night of sin away, Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.
No. 181.  Jesus, Thy Boundless Love to Me.

Paul Gerhardt.
Tr. John Wesley.

(St. Catherine.)

Henry F. Hemy.

1. Jesus, Thy boundless love to me No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
2. O Lord! how gracious is Thy sway, All fear before Thy presence flies;
3. In suffering be Thy love my peace, In weakness be Thine arm my strength;

O knit my thankful heart to Thee, And reign without a rival there.

Care, anguish, sorrow, pass away Where'er Thy healing beams arise.

Thine wholly, Thine alone, I'd live, Myself to Thee entirely give.

Care, anguish, sorrow, pass away Where'er Thy healing beams arise.

And when the storms of life shall cease, And Thou from heaven shalt come at length,

Thine wholly, Thine alone, I'd live, Myself to Thee entirely give.

O Jesus! nothing may I see, Nothing desire, apart from Thee.

O Jesus! then this heart shall be Forever satisfied with Thee.

No. 182.  Jesus, Thy Name I Love.

J. G. Deck.

(Lyte.)

Joseph P. Holbrook.

1. Jesus, Thy name I love, All other names above, Jesus, my Lord! O Thou art all to me; Nothing to please I see, Nothing apart from Thee, Jesus, my Lord!
2. Thou, blessed Son of God, Hast bounteously shed Thy blood, Jesus, my Lord! How mighty is Thy love, All other loves above, Love that I daily prove, Jesus, my Lord! face I'll see, Then I shall like Thee be, Then evermore with Thee, Jesus, my Lord!
3. Soon Thou wilt come again: I shall be happy then, Jesus, my Lord! Then Thou seest, Then Thou art all to me; Nothing to please I see, Nothing apart from Thee, Jesus, my Lord!
1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King; Let ev'ry heart prepare Him room,

2. Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns! Let men their songs em-

3. No more let sins and sorrows grow, Nor thorns infest the ground; He comes to make His blessings flow,

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

And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature Re-peat the sounding joy, Re-peat the sounding joy,

Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is found, And wonders of His love, And wonders of His love,

I. And heav'n and nature sing, And

And heav'n and heav'n and nature sing.

joy; Re-peat, re-peat the sounding joy.

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

love, And wonders, wonders of His love.
Just a Few More Days.
("Where the Gates Swing Outward Never.")

C. H. G.

1. Just a few more days to be filled with praise, And to tell the
   old story; Then, when twi-light falls, and my Sav-i-or calls,
   I shall go to Him in glo-ry.

2. Just a few more years with their toil and tears, And the jour-ney
   will be end-ed; Then I'll be with Him, where the tide of time
   With e-ter-ni-ty is blend-ed. I'll ex-change my cross for a
   Joy a-waits me in the morn-ing.

3. Tho' the hills be steep and the val-leys deep, With no flow'rs my
   way a-dorn-ing; Tho' the night be lone and my rest a stone,
   star-ry crown, Where the gates swing outward nev-er; At His feet I'll

4. What a joy 'twill be when I wake to see Him for whom my
   heart is burn-ing! Nev-er-more to sigh, nev-er-more to die-
   lay ev-ry bur-den down, And with Je-sus reign for-ev-er.
No. 185.  Just As I Am.
Charlotte Elliott.  (Woodworth.)  Wm. Bradbury.

1. Just as I am! without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am! and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark spot;
3. Just as I am! tho' tossed about With many a conflict, many a doubt;
4. Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind—Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
5. Just as I am! Thou wilt receive, With welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
6. Just as I am!—Thy love unknown, Has broken every barrier down;

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
With tears within, and foes without, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Yea, all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Because Thy promise I believe, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

No. 186.  King Jesus, Reign.
Ralph Wardlaw.  (Sessions.)  L. O. Emerson.

1. King Jesus, reign for ever more, Unrivaled in Thy courts a-low,
2. No other Lord but Thee we'll know, No other pow'r but Thine confess,
3. Till, with pure hands and voices sweet, We cast our crowns at Jesus' feet,

While we, with all Thy saints, adore The wonders of
We'll spread Thine honors while below, And heav'n shall hear
And sing of ever-last-ing love, In ever-last-ing strains a-bow.
1. Lay hold on the hope set before you, And let not a moment be lost,
   Lay hold on the hope set before you, Of life that you now may receive,
   Lay hold on the hope set before you, Of joy that no mortal can speak;
   Lay hold on the hope set before you, A hope that is steadfast and sure;

CHORUS.

Lay hold...... on e - ter - nal sa - va - tion,
Lay hold, lay hold........... on e - ter - nal sa - va - tion, Lay

hold..... on the gift of God’s on - ly Son; Lay hold...... on His in-
hold, lay hold........... on God’s on - ly Son; Lay hold, lay hold...........

fi - nite mer - cy, Lay hold....... on the Might - y One!

on His mer - cy, Lay hold, lay hold on the Might - y One!
No. 188. Lead, Holy Shepherd.

Clement of Alexandria. Tr. (ST. ALPHEGE.) H. J. Gauntlett.

1. Lead, ho-ly Shep-herd, lead us, Thy fee-ble flock, we pray;
2. In Thy blest foot-prints guide us A-long the heav’n-ward road;
3. O fill us with Thy Spir-it, Like morn-ing dew shed down;

Thou King of wea-ry pil-grims, Safe lead us all the way.
Thine age fills all the a-ges, Un-dy-ing Word of God.
And with our prai-es loy-al, King Je-sus we shall crown.

No. 189. Lead, Kindly Light.


1. Lead, kindly Light, a-mid th’encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is
2. I was not e-ver thus, nor pray-ed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved
3. So long Thy pow’r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O’er moor and

dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on. Keep Thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on. I loved the gar-ish
fen, o’er crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone. And with the morn those

do not ask to see The dis-tant scene—one step e-nough for me.
day, and spite of fears, Pride ruled my will; Remember not past years.
an-gel-fa-ces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost a-while.
No. 190. **Lead Me Gently Home, Father.**

_Copyright, 1879, by Will L. Thompson & Co._

_Hope Publishing Co., Owner._

_Will L. Thompson._

1. Lead me gently home, Father, Lead me gently home, When life's toils are ended, And parting days have come; Sin no more shall tempt me, hours, Father, When life's troubles come, Keep my feet from wandering,

2. Lead me gently home, Father, Lead me gently home, In life's darkest Ne'er from Thee I'll roam, If Thou'lt only lead me, Father, Lead me gently home. Lest from Thee I roam, Lest I fall upon the wayside, Lead me gently home.

**CHORUS.**

Lead me gently home, Father, Lead me gently home, Father,

Lest I fall upon the wayside, Lead me gently home.
No. 191.  Let Every Heart Rejoice and Sing.


1. Let ev'-ry heart re-joice and sing, Let cho-ral an-thems rise;
   Ye a-ged men, and chil-dren, bring To God your sac-ri-fice.

2. He bids the sun to rise and set; In heav’n His pow’r is known;
   And earth, subdued to Him, shall yet Bow low be-fore His throne.

CHORUS.

For He is good, the Lord is good, And kind are all His ways; With songs and
hon-ors sounding loud, The Lord Je-ho-vah praise. While the rocks and the rills,

While the vales and the hills, A glo-rious an-them raise; Let each prolong the

grateful song, And the God of our fathers praise, And the God of our fathers praise.
No. 192. Let the Words of My Mouth.
Psalm 19: 14.

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my Rock and my Redeemer. Amen.

Mrs. Chant.
(SANDON.)
C. H. Purday.

1. Light of the world! Faint were our weary feet With wand'ring far; But Thou didst come, our lonely hearts to greet, Our Morning Star; And Thou didst bid us lift our gaze on high, And see the glory of the glowing sky.

2. Blind were our eyes—our feet were bent to stray—How blind to Thee! But Thou didst pity, Lord, our gloomy plight, And Thou didst touch our eyes and give them sight.

3. Where is death's sting, where grace thy victory? Where all the pain? Where is death's sting, where grace thy victory? Where all the pain? Light of the world, we hear Thee bid us come To light and love, in Thine eternal home.

(SECOND ARRANGEMENT.)
Arranged for male voices, and copyright, 1925, by E. L. Jorgenson.

1. Light of the world! Faint were our weary feet With wand'ring far; But Thou didst come, our lonely hearts (Omit . . . . . . . . . .) to greet, Our Morning Star;

And Thou didst bid us lift our gaze on high, And see the glory of the glowing sky.
No. 194. **Lo! He Comes With Clouds Descending.**

**Charles Wesley.**  
**Henry Smart.**

1. Lo! He comes with clouds descending, Once for favored sinners slain;
2. Every eye shall now behold Him Robed in dreadful majesty;
3. Now redemption, long expected, See in solemn pomp appear;

Thousand thousand saints attending, Swell the triumph of His train.  
Those who set at naught and sold Him, Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,  
All His saints, by man rejected, Now shall meet Him in the air.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Jesus now shall ever reign.  
Deeply wailing, Deeply wailing, Shall the true Messiah see.  
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! See the day of God appear.

No. 195. **Lo! What a Glorious Sight Appears.**

**Isaac Watts.**  
**Jeremiah Ingalls.**

1. Lo! what a glorious sight appears To our believing eyes!

The earth and sea are passed away,  
The earth and sea

The earth and sea are passed away, The earth and sea
Lo! What a Glorious Sight Appears.

And the old rolling skies,

are passed away, And the .... old rolling skies.

are passed away,

2 From the third heaven, where God resides,

That holy, happy place,

The New Jerusalem comes down,

Adorned with shining grace.

3 The God of glory down to men

Removes His blest abode—

Men, the dear objects of His grace,

And He, the loving God.

No. 196. Look, Ye Saints, the Sight is Glorious!


1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious! See the Man of Sorrows now,

2. Crown the Savior! angels crown Him! Rich the trophies Jesus brings;

3. Sinners in derision crowned Him, Mocking thus the Savior's claim;

4. Hark the bursts of acclamation! Hark those loud triumphant chords!

Crown Him! angels, crown Him! Crown the Savior King of kings!

D.S.-Crown Him! angels, crown Him! Crown the Savior King of kings!

REFRAIN.
No. 197. Lord, Dismiss Us.

1. Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
2. Thanks we give, and adoration, For the Gospel's joy-ful sound;

Let us each, Thy love possessing, Tri-umph in re-deeming grace.
May the fruits of Thy sal va tion In our hearts and lives a-bound. Amen.

No. 198. Lord, Have Mercy.
S. P. Tuckerman.

Lord, have mercy, have mercy upon us, and in-cline our hearts to keep Thy law.

No. 199. Lord, I Hear of Showers of Blessing.
Elizabeth Codner. ("Even Me.") William B. Bradbury.

1. Lord, I hear of show'r's of bless-ing Thou art seat-t'ring full and free;
Show'r's, the thirsty land re-fresh-ing; Let Thy mer cy fall on me.
2. Pass me not, O gra-cious Sav ior, Let me live and cling to Thee;
I am long ing for Thy fa vor, Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.
3. Love of God, so pure and changeless, Blood of Christ so rich, so free,
Grace of God, so strong and boundless, Mag ni fy them all in me.
Lord, I Hear of Showers of Blessing.

No. 200. Lord Jesus, I Long to Be Perfectly Whole.

James Nicholson.

(Whiter Than Snow.)

Used by permission. Wm. G. Fischer.

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
    make a complete sacrifice; I give up myself and whatever I
    in me a new heart create; To those who have sought Thee, Thou never saidst

CHORUS.

foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
know; Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. Whiter than
No: Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

snow, yes, whiter than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
No. 201. Lord of All Being, Throned Afar.
O. W. Holmes (ARIZONA.) Robert H. Earnshaw.

1. Lord of all being, throned afar, Thy glory flames from sun and star;
2. Sun of our life, Thy quick'ning ray Sheds on our path the glow of day;
3. Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn; Our noon tide is Thy gracious dawn;
4. Lord of all life, below, above, Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
5. Grant us Thy truth to make us free, And kind'ly hearts that burn for Thee,

Center and soul of ev'ry sphere, Yet to each loving heart how near!
Star of our hope, Thy softened light Cheers the long watches of the night.
Our rainbow arch, Thy mercy's sign; All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.
Before Thy ever-blazing throne We ask no lust'ry of our own.
Till all Thy living altars claim One holy light, one heav'nly flame.

No. 202. Lord of Our Highest Love!
G. Y. Tickle. (FRANCONIA.) An old Chorale.

1. Lord of our highest love! Let now Thy peace be giv'n;
2. Then, dear'est Lord, draw near, Whilst we Thy table spread;
3. Then as the loaf we break, Thine own rich bless'ing give;
4. Dear Lord! what mem'ries crowd Around the sacred cup!
5. O scenes of suf'ring love, Enough our souls to win—

Fix all our tho'ts on things above, Our hearts on Thee in heav'n.
And crown the feast with heav'nly cheer, Thy self the living bread.
May all with lov'ing hearts par'take, And all new strength receive.
The upper room! Geth sesame! Thy foes! Thy lift'ing up!
Enough to melt our hearts and prove The antidote of sin.

[Music not transcribed]
No. 203.  Lord, Speak to Me.
Frances R. Havergal. (HOLLY.)  George Hewitt.

1. Lord, speak to me, that I may speak in living echoes of Thy tone;
2. O strengthen me, that while I stand firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,
3. O teach me, Lord, that I may teach The precious things Thou dost impart;
4. O fill me with Thy fullness, Lord, until my very heart overflow

As Thou hast sought, so let me seek Thy erring children, lost and lone.
I may stretch out a loving hand to wrestlers with the troubled sea.
And wing my words, that they may reach the hidden depths of many a heart.
In kindling thought and glowing word, Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

No. 204.  Lord, We Come Before Thee Now.
W. Hammond. (HENDON.)  C. H. A. Malan.

1. Lord, we come before Thee now; At Thy feet we humbly bow; O do not our
2. Lord, on Thee our souls depend: In compassion now descend; Fill our hearts with
3. In Thine own appointed way, Now we seek Thee, here we stay; Lord, we know not
4. Grant that all may seek and find Thee a God supremely kind; Heal the sick, the

suit disdain; Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain? Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?
Thy rich grace, Tune our lips to sing Thy praise, Tune our lips to sing Thy praise,
how to go, Till a blessing Thou bestow, Till a blessing Thou bestow,
captive free; Let us all rejoice in Thee, Let us all rejoice in Thee.
No. 205.  Love Divine.

Charles Wesley.  (BEECHER.)  John Zundel.

1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cel - ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov - ing Spir - it In - to ev - 'ry trou - bled breast;
3. Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion, Pure, un - spot - ted, may we be;

Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing, All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
D.S.- Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry trem - bling heart!
D.S.- End the work of Thy be - gin - ning, Bring us to e - ter - nal day.
D.S.- Till we cast our crowns be - fore Thee, Lost in won - der, love and praise.

No. 206.  Love For All.

S. Longfellow.  (HORTON.)  Xavier Schnyder.

1. Love for all! and can it be? Can I hope it is for me-
2. I, the dis - o - be - dient child, Way - ward, pas - sion - ate, and wild;
3. I, who spurned His lov - ing hold; I, who would not be controlled;
4. To my Fa - ther can I go! At His feet my - self I'll throw;
5. See! my Fa - ther waiting stands; See! He reach - es out His hands:

Jesus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un-bounded love Thou art;
Take a-way the love of sin-ning, Take our load of guilt a-way;
Changed from glo-ry in-to glo-ry, Till in heav'n we take our place;

D. S.
No. 207. Low In the Grave He Lay.

(“Christ Arose.”)

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Renewal. Used by permission.

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

CHORUS.

Jesus, my Lord! Up from the grave He a-rose, With a mighty triumph o'er His foes;
He a-rose a Victor from the dark domain, And He lives for-ever with His saints to reign: He a-rose! He a-rose! Hal-le-lu-jah! Christ a-rose!

Robert Lowry.
No. 208. Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.
Samuel Stennett. (MANOAH.) Greatorex.

1. Majestic sweetness sits enthroned Upon the Savior's brow;
2. No mortal can with Him compare Among the sons of men;
3. He saw me plunged in deep distress, And flew to my relief;
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have;
5. Since from Thy bounty I receive Such proofs of love divine,

His head with radiant glo-ries crowned, His lips with grace o'er-flow.
Fair-er is He than all the fair Who fill the heav'nly train.
For me He bore the shameful cross, And carried all my grief.
He makes me triumph o-ver death, And saves me from the grave.
Had I a thousand hearts to give, Lord, they should all be Thine.

No. 209. May the Grace of Christ Our Savior.
John Newton. (SARDIS.) Beethoven.

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

With the Holy Spirit's favor, Rest upon us from above.
And possess, in sweet commun-ion, Joys which earth can-not afford.

1. Majestic sweetness sits enthroned Upon the Savior's brow;
2. No mortal can with Him compare Among the sons of men;
3. He saw me plunged in deep distress, And flew to my relief;
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have;
5. Since from Thy bounty I receive Such proofs of love divine,

1. Mighty God, while angels bless Thee, May a mortal Lisp Thy name?
2. From the highest throne of glory, To the cross of deepest woe,
3. Re-as-cend, im-mortal Savior; Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne;

Lord of men, as well as angels, Thou art every creature's theme.
Thou didst stoop to ransom captives—Flow, my praise, for-ev-er flow.
Thence return, and reign for-ev-er: Be the kingdom all Thine own!

No. 211. Mighty Rock, Whose Towering Form.

1. Mighty Rock, whose tow'ring form Looks above the frowning storm;
2. Of the springs that from Thee burst, Let me drink and quench my thirst;
3. When I near the stream of death, When I feel its chilly breath,

Rock a-mid the desert waste, To Thy shadow now I haste.
Weary, faint-ing, toil op-pressed, In Thy shadow let me rest.
Rock where all my hopes a-bide, In Thy shadow let me hide.

D.S.—Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee.

Unto Thee, unto Thee, Precious Sav-i-or, now I flee;
More About Jesus

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E. E. Hewitt.

1. More a-bout Je-sus would I know, More of His grace to oth-ers show;
2. More a-bout Je-sus let me learn, More of His ho-ly will dis-cern;
3. More a-bout Je-sus in His word, Hold-ing com-mun-ion with my Lord;
4. More a-bout Je-sus on His throne, Rich-es in glo-ry all His own;

More of His sav-ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me.
Spir-it of God my teach-er be, Show-ing the things of Christ to me.
Hear-ing His voice in ev 'ry line, Mak-ing each faithful say-ing mine.
More of His kingdom's sure increase; More of His coming, Prince of Peace.

D. S.—More of His sav-ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me.

REFRAIN.

More, more a-bout Je-sus, More, more a-bout Je-sus;

More Holiness Give Me

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P. P. Bliss.

1. More ho-li-ness give me, More strivings with-in; More patience in
2. More grat-i-tude give me, More trust in the Lord; More pride in His
3. More pu-ri-ty give me, More strength to o'ercome; More freedom from

No. 212.

No. 213.
More Holiness Give Me.

suffering, More sorrow for sin; More faith in my Savior, glory, More hope in His word; More tears for sorrows, earth-stains, More longings for home; More fit for the kingdom,

More sense of His care; More joy in His service, More purpose in prayer. More pain at His grief; More meekness in trial, More praise for relief. More useful I'd be; More blessed and holy, More, Savior, like Thee.

No. 214. More Love to Thee.

Elizabeth Prentiss. Used by permission. W. H. Doane.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the pray'r I make On bended knee; This is my earnest plea:

2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee alone I seek, Give what is best; This all my pray'r shall be:

3. Then shall my latest breath Whisper Thy praise; This be the parting cry, My heart shall raise; This still its pray'r shall be:

More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee!
No. 215. **Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?**


1. Must Jesus bear the cross alone, And all the world go free?
2. The consecrated cross I'll bear, Till He shall set me free;
3. Upon the crystal pavement, down At Jesus' pierced feet,
4. O precious cross! O glorious crown! O resurrection day!

No, there's a cross for every one, And there's a cross for me. And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me. With joy I'll cast my golden crown, And His dear name re-peat. Ye angels from the stars come down And bear my soul away.

No. 216. **My Faith Looks Up to Thee.**

Ray Palmer. (Olivet.) Lowell Mason.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Savior divine:
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire;
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my guide;
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll;

Now hear me while I pray; O let me, from this day, Be wholly Thine. As Thou hast died for me, Pure, warm, and changeless be—A living fire. Bid darkness turn to-day, Nor let me ever stray From Thee a-side. Blest Savior, then in love, O bear me safe above, A ransomed soul.
No. 217.  

My Father is Rich.  
("The Child of a King.")  

Arr. John B. Sumner.

Hattie E. Buell.

1. My Fa-ther is rich in hous-es and lands, He hold-eth the wealth of
the world in His hands! Of ru-bies and diamonds, of sil-ver and
the poor-est of them; But now He is reign-ing for-ev-er on
an al-ien by birth! But I've been a-dopt-ed, my name's writ-ten
for me o-ver there! Tho' ex-iled from home, yet still I may

gold, His cof-fers are full,—He has rich-es un-told.
high, And will give me a home in heav'n by and by. I'm the child of a
down,—An heir to a man-sion, a robe and a crown.
sing: All glo-ry to God, I'm the child of a King.

CHORUS.

Ad lib.

King, The child of a King! With Je-sus, my Sav-ior, I'm the child of a King!
No. 218. My Gracious Redeemer I Love!
B. Francis. (DE FLEURY.)
Lewis Edson.

Edward Mote. Wm. B. Bradbury.

D. C. — And feel them incessantly shine, My boundless, in-effable joy.
D. C. — My joy everlasting flows — My God, my Redeemer, is mine.

On Christ, the Solid Rock, I stand; All other ground is
My Hope Is Built On Nothing Less.

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

No. 220. My Jesus, As Thou Wilt!


1. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine; In-to Thy
2. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! If need-y here and poor, Give me Thy
3. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! Tho' seen thro' many a tear, Let not my
4. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well with me; Each chang-ing

hand of love I would my all re-sign. Thro' sor-row, or thro' joy,
people's bread, Their portion rich and sure; The man-na of Thy word,
star of hope Grow dim or dis-ap-pear. Since Thou on earth hast wept,
fu-ture scene I glad-ly trust with Thee. Straight to my home a-bove

Conduct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done.
Let my soul feed up-on, And, if all else should fail, My Lord, Thy will be done.
And sorrowed oft a-lone, If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done.
I trav- el calm-ly on, And sing, in life or death, My Lord, Thy will be done.
No. 221. My Jesus, I Love Thee.
W. R. Featherston. (Gordon.) A. J. Gordon.

1. My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine;
   For Thee all the follies of sin I resign;
   My gracious Redeemer,
   my Savior art Thou; If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

2. I love Thee, because Thou hast first loved me,
   And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree;
   I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow; If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

3. In mansions of glory and endless delight,
   I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright;
   I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow: If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

No. 222. My Latest Sun Is Sinking Fast.
Jefferson Hascall. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. My latest sun is sinking fast, My race is nearly run;
   My strongest trials now are past, My triumph is begun.

2. I know I'm near the holy ranks Of friends and kindred dear;
   I brush the dews on Jordan's banks; The crossing must be near.

3. I've almost gained my heavenly home, My spirit loudly sings;
   Thy holy ones, behold, they come! I hear the noise of wings.

CHORUS.
O come, angel band, Come, and around me stand; O bear me away on your snowy wings To my immortal home; To my immortal home.
No. 223. My Lord Has Garments So Wondrous Fine.
("Ivory Palaces.")

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

Its fragrance reached to this heart of mine,—With joy my being thrills.
And when I think of the cross He bore, My eyes with tear-drops start.
Each time my feet in some sin have slipped, He took me from its clutch.
And I shall enter my heav'nly home, To dwell for-ever-more.

Duet. Soprano and Alto, or Tenor and Alto.

Slowly and Softly.

Out of the ivory palaces, Into a world of woe,

Full Chorus.

Duet.

Only His great eternal love... Made my Savior go.
No. 224. My Sins, My Sins, My Savior.

(DOLORES.)


Slowly.

1. My sins, my sins, my Savior, Their guilt I never knew;
2. My sins, my sins, my Savior! How sad on Thee they fall!
3. My songs, my songs, my Savior, E'en in the time of woe,

Till with Thee in the desert, I near Thy passion drew;
Seen thro' Thy gentle patience, I tenfold feel them all;
Shall tell of all Thy goodness To suffering man below;

Till with Thee in the garden, I heard Thy pleading pray'r,
I know they are forgiven, But still, their pain to me
Thy goodness and Thy favor, Whose presence from above

And saw Thy blood-sweat falling, That told Thy sorrow there.
Is all the grief and anguish They laid, my Lord, on Thee.
Rejoice those hearts, my Savior, That live in Thee and love.
No. 225. My Stubborn Will At Last Hath Yielded.

Mrs. C. H. M.  
Duet.

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Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. My stub-born will at last hath yield-ed; I would be Thine and
2. I'm tired of sin, foot-sore and wear-y, The darksome path hath
3. Thy pre-cious will, O con-qu'ring Sav - ior, Doth now em-brace and
4. Shut in with Thee, O Lord, for-ev-er, My wayward feet no

Thine a - lone; And this the prayer.... my lips are bring-ing,
drear-y grown, But now a light..... has ris'n to cheer me;
com-pass me; All dis-cords hushed..... my peace a riv - er,
more to roam; What pow'r from Thee..... my soul can sev - er?

CHORUS.

"Lord, let in me Thy will be done."
I find in Thee my Star, my Sun. Sweet will of God, still
My soul a pris-oned bird set free.
The cen-ter of God's will my home.

fold me clo-ser, Till I am whol - ly lost in Thee; Sweet will of

God, still fold me clo-ser, Till I am whol - ly lost in Thee.
No. 226. 

Nearer My God, to Thee!

Sarah F. Adams. 

(BETHANY.)

Lowell Mason.

1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o-ver me,
3. There let the way ap-pear Steps un-to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me,
4. Or, if on joy-ful wing, Cleav-ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars forgot,

D. S.—Near-er, my God, to Thee,

That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er my God, to Thee,
My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be Near-er my God, to Thee,
In mer-cy giv'n; An-gels to beck-on me Near-er my God, to Thee,
Up-ward I fly; Still all my song shall be, Near-er my God, to Thee,

Near-er to Thee!

No. 227.

Nearer, Still Nearer.

C. H. M.

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Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Near-er, still near-er, close to Thy heart, Draw me, my Sav-ior, so
2. Near-er, still near-er, noth-ing I bring, Naught as an off'ring to
3. Near-er, still near-er, Lord, to be Thine, Sin, with its fol-lies, I
4. Near-er, still near-er, while life shall last, Till safe in glo-ry my

precious Thou art; Fold me, O fold me close to Thy breast, Shel-ter me
Je-sus my King; On-ly my sin-ful, now con-trite heart, Grant me the
glad-ly re-sign; All of its plea-sures, pomp and its pride, Give me but
an-chor is cast; Thro' endless a-ges, ev-er to be, Near-er, my

...
Nearer, Still Nearer.

safe in that haven of rest, Shelter me safe in that haven of rest.
cleansing Thy blood doth impart, Grant me the cleansing Thy blood doth impart.
Jesus, my Lord crucified, Give me but Jesus, my Lord crucified.
Savior, still nearer to Thee, Nearer, my Savior, still nearer to Thee.

No. 228. Nearer the Cross.

Fanny J. Crosby.

1. Nearer the cross, my heart can say, I am coming nearer; Nearer the cross from day to day, I am coming (Omit.) nearer;
2. Nearer the Christian's mercy-seat, I am coming nearer; Feasting my soul on manna sweet, I am coming (Omit.) nearer;
3. Nearer in pray'r my hope aspires, I am coming nearer; Deeper the love my soul desires, I am coming (Omit.) nearer;

Nearer the cross where Jesus died, Nearer the fountain's crimson tide,
Stronger in faith, more clear I see Jesus, who gave Himself for me;
Nearer the end of toil and care, Nearer the joy I long to share,

Nearer my Savior's wounded side, I am coming nearer, I am coming nearer.
Nearer to Him I still would be, Still I'm coming nearer, Still I'm coming nearer.
Nearer the crown I soon shall wear, I am coming nearer, I am coming nearer.
No. 229. 'Neath the Shadow of The Almighty.


E. O. Excell.

1. 'Neath the shadow of th' Almighty, In the presence of my King, I am
   Hiding, hiding, hiding, Hiding in the shadow of His wing;

   In the secret place a-biding, In contentment I can sing; I am
   Hiding, safely hiding, hiding, safely hiding,

   In His love I'm safely sheltered, Peace and quiet He doth bring; I am

   He will hide me, safely hide me, Till in heav'n this song I sing; I am

   Hiding, hiding, hiding, hiding, safely hiding.

   Chorus.

   Hiding, hiding, Hiding in the shadow of His wing; ....
   Hiding, safely hiding, hiding, safely hiding,

   I'm hiding, hiding,
'Neath the Shadow of The Almighty.

Hiding, hiding, Hiding in the shadow of His wing.


L. H. Jameson. \n(SORROWS.) \nJ. P. Powell.

1. Night, with ebon pinion, Brooded o'er the vale;
   All around was silent, Save the night-wind's wall,
   When Christ, the Man of Sorrows, In tears and sweat and blood,
   Prostrate in the garden, Raised His voice to God.

2. Smitten for offenses Which were not His own,
   He, for our transgressions, Had to weep alone;
   No friend with words to comfort, Nor hand to help was there,
   When the Meek and Lowly Humbly bowed in prayer.

3. "Abba, Father, Father, If indeed it may,
   Let this cup of anguish Pass from me, I pray;
   Yet, if it must be suffer'd, By me, Thine only Son,
   Abba, Father, Father, Let Thy will be done."

1. Night, with ebon pinion, Brooded o'er the vale;
   All around was silent, Save the night-wind's wall,
   When Christ, the Man of Sorrows, In tears and sweat and blood,
   Prostrate in the garden, Raised His voice to God.

2. Smitten for offenses Which were not His own,
   He, for our transgressions, Had to weep alone;
   No friend with words to comfort, Nor hand to help was there,
   When the Meek and Lowly Humbly bowed in prayer.

3. "Abba, Father, Father, If indeed it may,
   Let this cup of anguish Pass from me, I pray;
   Yet, if it must be suffer'd, By me, Thine only Son,
   Abba, Father, Father, Let Thy will be done."
No. 231. Nobody Knows But Jesus.

1. Nobody knows but Jesus; 'Tis but an old refrain, But it is new to my heart,
2. Nobody knows but Jesus; 'Tis music for to-day; And thro' the hardest trials,
3. Burdens might be so heavy That dear ones could not bear To know the bitter heart-ache;
4. Nobody knows but Jesus: My Lord, I bless Thee now For the great gift of sorrow,

D. S.—That no one else but Jesus,

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.

Now as it comes again.
Helps me along the way. Nobody knows but Jesus: Is it not better so?
They could not come and share.
That no one knows but Thou.

My own dear Lord shall know.

No. 232. Not Now, But in the Coming Years.
("Sometime We'll Understand.")

1. Not now, but in the coming years, It may be in the better land,
2. We'll catch the broken thread again, And finish what we here began;
3. We'll know why clouds in-stead of sun Were over many a cherished plan;
4. God knows the way, He holds the key, He guides us with unerring hand;

We'll read the meaning of our tears. And there, sometime, we'll understand.
Heaven will the mysteries explain, And then, ah then, we'll understand.
Why song has ceased when scarce begun; 'Tis there, sometime, we'll understand.
Sometimes with tearless eyes we'll see; Yes, there, sometime, we'll understand.
Not Now, But in the Coming Years.

Chorus. A little faster.

Then trust in God thro' all thy days; Fear not, for He doth hold thy hand; doth hold, doth hold thy hand,

Tho' dark thy way, still sing and praise; Sometime, sometime we'll understand.

No. 233. Now the Day is Over.

Sabine Baring-Gould. (Evening.)

Joseph Barnby.

1. Now the day is over, Night is drawing nigh;
2. Jesus, give the weary Calm and sweet repose;
3. Grant to little children Visions bright of Thee;
4. Comfort every sufferer, Watching late in pain;
5. When the morning wakens, Then may I arise

Shadows of the evening Steal across the sky.
With Thy tender blessing May our eyelids close.
Guard the sailors tossing On the deep blue sea.
Those who plan some evil From their sin restrain.
Pure, and fresh, and sinless In Thy holy eyes.

evening Steal across the sky.
No. 234.  
**O Come, All Ye Faithful.**  
(From the Latin.  
(Portuguese Hymn.)  
M. Simas (Portogallo).)

1. O come, all ye faithful, Joyful and triumphant, O come ye, O come ye, to Bethlehem; Come and adore Him, Born the King of angels; praise is poured; Now to our God be, Glory in the highest; O come, let us adore Him, O come, let us adore Him, Christ, the Lord.  

2. Sing, choirs of angels, Sing in exultation, Thro' the vast high arches be your song; Born for our salvation; O Jesus forever be Thy Name adored; Word of the Father, Now in flesh appearing:  

3. Ye, Lord, we bless Thee, Born for our salvation; O Jesus forever be Thy Son, Which in my Savior shine! I'd soar and touch the heavenly string, And vie with Gabriel Of sin and wrath divine! I'd sing His glorious righteousness, In which all perfect And I shall see His face: Then with my Savior, Brother, Friend, A blest eternity-
0 Gould I Speak the Matchless Worth.

while he sings In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine,
heav’nly dress My soul shall ev-er shine, My soul shall ev-er shine.
y I’ll spend, Tri-umph-ant in His grace, Tri-umphant in His grace.

No. 236. O Day of Rest and Gladness.
Wordsworth. (Mendelssohn; or use "Aurora.") Arr. Lowell Mason.

1. O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light, O balm of care and sadness, Most beauti-ful, most bright! Thou art a cool-ing foun-tain In our sal-vation, Christ rose from depths of earth; On thee, our Lord, vic-torous, The con-vo-cations The sil-ver trum-pet calls, Where gospel light is glowing With life’s dry, dreary sand; From thee, like Pisgah’s mountain, We view our promised land.

2. On thee, at the cre-a-tion, The light first had its birth; On thee, for Spir-it sent from heav’n; And thus on thee, most glorious, A trip-le light is giv’n, pure and radiant beams; And living wa-ter flowing With soul-re-fresh-ing streams.

3. To-day on wea-ry na-tions The heav’nly man-na falls; To ho-ly Our bless-ed Lord refuses none Who would to Him their souls unite; Be lieve, ob-ey, the work is done, Be saved, O to-night.

No. 237. O Do Not Let the Word Depart.
(Key, Eb.)

1 O do not let the word depart,
And close thine eyes against the light;
Poor sinner, harden not thy heart:
Be saved, O to-night.
Cho.—O why not to-night?
O why not to-night?
Wilt thou be saved?
Then why not to-night?

2 To-morrow’s sun may never rise
To bless thy long-deluded sight;
This is the time, O then be wise!
Be saved, O to-night.

3 Our bless-ed Lord refuses none
Who would to Him their souls unite;
Believe, obey, the work is done,
Be saved, O to-night.

Etiza Read, Alt.
No. 238.  O For a Faith That Will Not Shrink.

1. O for a faith that will not shrink,Tho' pressed by ev'-ry foe;
2. That will not murmur or complain Beneath the chast'ning rod;
3. A faith that shines more bright and clear When tempests rage without;
4. Lord, give us such a faith as this; And then, what e'er may come,

No. 239.  O For a Heart to Praise My God.
Charles Wesley.  (BALERMA.)  Robert Simpson.

1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free;
2. A heart resigned, submissive, meek, My great Redeemer's throne—
3. O for a lowly, contrite heart, Confiding, true and clean,
4. Thy Spirit, gracious Lord, impart; Direct me from above;

A heart that always feels the blood So freely shed for me.
Where only Christ is heard to speak, Where Jesus reigns alone.
Which neither life nor death can part From Him that dwells within.
May Thy dear name be near my heart—That dear, best name is Love.
No. 240.  O For the Peace.
Jane Fox Crewdson.  By permission of Paul Kellogg.

Paul Kellogg.

1. O for the peace which floweth like a river, Making life's desert
   O for the faith to grasp heart's bright forever (Omit.

2. A little while for patient keeping, To face the storm, to
   A little while to sow the seed with weeping; (Omit.

3. A little while to keep the oil from failing, A little while faith's
   And then, the Bridegroom's coming footsteps hailing; (Omit.

4. And He who is Himself the Gift and Giver—The future glory
   With the bright promise of the glad forever, (Omit.

No. 241.  O God of Bethel, By Whose Hand.
(St. Andrews; or use “Salzburg,” No. 78.)

Philip Doddridge.  Guillaume Franck.

1. O God of Bethel, by whose hand Thy people still are fed;

2. Our vows, our prayers, we now present Before Thy throne of grace;

3. Thro' each perplexing path of life Our wand'ring footsteps guide;

4. O spread Thy covering wings around, Till all our wand'ring cease,

Who thro' this weary pilgrim-age Hast all our fathers led.
God of our fathers, be the God Of their succeeding race.
Give us each day our daily bread, And raiment fit to provide.
And at our Father's loved abode Our souls arrive in peace. Amen.
No. 242.  O God, Our Help In Ages Past.
Isaac Watts.  (HARVEY’S CHANT.)  Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. O God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come, Our shelter from the stormy blast, And our eternal home! And our eternal home!
2. Beneath the shadow of Thy throne Thy saints have dwelt secure; Sufficient is Thine arm alone, And our defense is sure, And our defense is sure.
3. Before the hills in order stood, Or earth received her frame, From everlasting last- ing Thou art God, To endless years the same, To endless years the same, got-ten, as a dream Dies at the opening day, Dies at the opening day.
4. Time, like an ever-rolling stream, Bears all its sons away; They fly, forever guard while life shall last, And our eternal home! And our eternal home!
5. O God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come, Be Thou our

No. 243.  O Happy Day.
Philip Doddridge.  Edward F. Rimbault.

REFRAIN.

1. O happy day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Savior and my God! Happy day,
   Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all abroad! Happy day,
2. O happy bond, that seals my vows To Him who merits all my love! Happy day,
   Let cheerful anthems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move. Happy day,
3. ’Tis done, the great transaction’s done; I am my Lord’s and He is mine! Happy day,
   He drew me, and I followed on, Charmed to confess the voice divine. Happy day,
4. Now rest, my long-divided heart, Fixed on this blissful center, rest; Happy day,
   Here have I found a nobler part, Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast. Happy day,

FINE.
D.S.

hap-py day, When Jesus washed my sins away.  He taught me how to watch and pray, And live rejoicing every day;
1. O heart bowed down with sorrow! O eyes that long for sight!
2. Divinest consolation Doth Christ the Healer give;
3. His peace is like a river, His love is like a song;

There's gladness in believing; In Jesus there is light,
Art Thou in condemnation? Believe, repent and live.
His yoke's a burden never; 'Tis easy all day long.

CHORUS.

"Come... unto Me,... all ye... that labor
"Come, O come, come unto Me, Come, O come, all ye that labor;

and... are heavy-laden, and I... will give you rest....
Come, O come, heavy-laden souls, I... will give you rest.

I will give you rest....

Take... My yoke upon you, and learn... of Me;... for
Come, O come, Come, take My yoke, Come, O come, come learn of Me;

I... am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls."
I am meek and lowly in heart:
No. 245.  O How Kindly Hast Thou Led Me.  
Grinfield.  
(MIDDLETOWN.)  
English Air.  
FINE.

1. O how kindly hast Thou led me, Heav'nly Father, day by day;  
   Found my dwelling, clothed and fed me, Furnished friends to cheer my way!  
D.C.-'Twas that still my step might hasten Homeward, heav'nward, to my God.  
2. O how slowly have I oft'en followed where Thy hand would draw!  
   How Thy kindness failed to soften! How Thy chast'ning failed to awe!  
D.C.-Keep me in Thy friendship steady, Till Thou call me home, my God.

No. 246.  O Jesus, I Have Promised.  
John E. Bode.  
(ANGEL'S STORY.)  
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 path-way If Thou wilt be my Guide, to the end: O give me grace to follow My Master and my Friend.

2. O Jesus, Thou hast promised To all who follow Thee, That where Thou art glo-ry There shall Thy servant be; And Jesus, I have promised To serve Thee by my side, Nor wander from the path-way If Thou wilt be my Guide, to the end: O give me grace to follow My Master and my Friend.
No. 247.  **O Jesus, King Most Wonderful.**  
Bernard of Clairvaux. Tr. (ST. PETER.) A. R. Reinagle.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No. 247. O Jesus, King Most Wonderful.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. O Jesus, King most wonderful, Thou Conqueror renowned,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. When once Thou visitest the heart Then truth begins to shine;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. May every heart confess Thy name, And ever Thee adore;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4. Thee may our tongues forever bless; Thee may we love alone;</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| Thou Sweet-ness most ineffable, In whom all joys are found! |
| Then earthly vanities depart, Then kindles love divine. |
| And seeking Thee, itself in-flame To seek Thee more and more. |
| And ever in our lives express The image of Thine own. |

No. 248.  **O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.**  
W. W. How. (MUNICH; or use "ANGEL'S STORY," No. 246.) Arr. Mendelssohn.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No. 248. O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. O Jesus, Thou art standing Outside the fast-closed door; In lowly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. O Jesus, Thou art knocking, And lo, that hand is scarred; And thorns Thy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. O Jesus, Thou art pleading In accents meek and low, &quot;I died for</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| patience waiting To pass the threshold o'er: We bear the name of Christian, His |
| brow encircle, And tears Thy face have marred: O love that passeth knowledge, So |
| you, My children, And will ye treat Me so?" O Lord, with shame and sorrow We |

| name and sign we bear; O shame, thrice shame upon us To keep Him standing there! |
| patiently to wait! O sin that hath no equal, So fast to bar the gate! |
| open now the door; Dear Savior, enter, enter, And leave us never-more. |
No. 249.  **O Land of Rest, For Thee I Sigh.**

*Elizabeth Mills.*

(“*We’ll Work Till Jesus Comes.*”)  

*William Miller.*

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the moment come,  
When I shall lay my armor by, And (Omit . . . . . . . . ) dwell in peace at home?  

2. To Jesus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,  
And lean for succor on His breast Till (Omit . . . . . . . . ) He conduct me home.  

3. I sought at once my Savior’s side, No more my steps shall roam;  
With Him I’ll brave death’s chilling tide, And (Omit . . . . . . . . ) reach my earthly home.  

**CHORUS.**  

We’ll work till Jesus comes, We’ll work till Jesus comes;  
We’ll work, We’ll work, And we’ll be gathered home.

No. 250.  **O Little Town of Bethlehem.**

*Phillips Brooks.*  

*(St. Louis.)*  

*Lewis H. Redner.*

1. O little town of Bethlehem, How still we see thee lie!  

2. For Christ is born of Mary, And gathered all a- bove,  

3. O holy Child of Bethlehem, Descend to us, we pray,  

Above thy deep and dream-less sleep The silent stars go by,  
While mortals sleep, the angels keep Their watch of wond’ring love.  
Cast out our sin, and enter in—Be born in us to-day.
O Little Town of Bethlehem.

Yet, in thy dark streets shineth The everlasting Light;  
O morning stars, together Proclaim the holy birth;  
We hear the heav'n-ly angels The great glad tidings tell;

The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to-night. 
And praises sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth. 
O come to us, abide with us, Our Lord Em-man-u-el!

No. 251. O Lord of Heaven, and Earth, and Sea.

C. Wordsworth. (ALMSGIVING.) J. B. Dykes.

1. O Lord of heav'n, and earth, and sea, To Thee all praise and 

2. The gold-en sun-shine, ver-nal air, Sweet flow'rs and fruits Thy 

3. For peace-ful homes, and health-ful days, For all the bless-ings 

4. Thou didst not spare Thine on-ly Son, But gav'est Him for a 

5. For souls re-deemed, for sins for-giv'n, For means of grace and 

6. What-ev-er, Lord, we lend to Thee, Re-paid a thou-sand-

glo-ry be; How shall we show our love to Thee, Who giv-est all? 
love declare, Where harvests rip-en, Thou art there, Who giv-est all! 
earth displays, We owe Thee thank-ful-ness and praise, Who giv-est all! 
world un-done, And free-ly with that bless-ed One Thou giv-est all! 
hopes of heav'n, O Lord, what can to Thee be giv'n Who giv-est all? 
fold will be; Then gladly will we give to Thee, Who giv-est all!
No. 252.  O Lord, Our Lord, How Excellent Thy Name.

(Ps. 8: 1.)

O Lord, our Lord, how excellent Thy name; How excellent is Thy name
Who hast set Thy glory above the heavens, We'll praise Thy holy name forever, ever-more.

We will praise Thy name for-ever-more, how excel-lent Thy glorious name;

Lord, our Lord, how excel-lent Thy name.
We will praise Thy name forevermore, how excel-lent Thy name. We'll praise and magni-
O Lord, Our Lord, How Excellent Thy Name.

We will praise Thy name forevermore, We will praise Thy name forevermore, 

We will laud and magnify Thy name forevermore. We will laud and magnify Thy name forevermore.

Soprano Voice.

For-er, and ever, We will magnify

We will praise Thy holy name forever, We will laud and magnify Thy


name for ever-more, For ever-more, for ever-more. Amen, and Amen.
George Matheson.  (St. Margaret.)  Albert L. Peace.

1. O Love that will not let me go, I rest my weary soul in Thee; I give Thee
back the life I owe, That in Thine ocean depths its flow, May richer, fuller be.
stores its borrowed ray, That in Thy sunshine's glow its day May brighter, fairer be.
rain-bow thro' the rain, And feel the promise is not vain, That men shall tearless be.
dust life's glory dead, And from the ground there blossoms red, Life that shall endless be.

(Second Tune.)
Arr. and copyright, 1925, by E. L. Jorgenson.  L. K. Harding.

1. O Love that will not let me go, I rest my weary soul in Thee; I give Thee
back the life I owe, That in Thine ocean depths its flow May richer, fuller be.

No. 254.  O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee.
(Tune: "Maryton," No. 180.)

1 O Master, let me walk with Thee
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me Thy secret, help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

2 Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear, winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

3 Teach me Thy patience: still with Thee
In closer, dearer company;
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong.

4 In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way;
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live.

W. Gladden.
No. 255.  
O Mother Dear, Jerusalem.

F. B. P., 16th Century.  
(MATERNA.)  
Samuel A. Ward.

1. O mother dear, Jerusalem, When shall I come to thee?
2. No murky cloud overshadows thee, Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
3. Thy gardens and thy goodly walks Continually are green;
4. There trees for evermore bear fruit, And evermore do spring;

When shall my sorrows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?
But every soul shines as the sun, For God Himself gives light.
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers As nowhere else are seen,
And all the nations of the earth To thee their honors bring.

O happy harbor of the saints! O sweet and pleasant soil!
O my sweet home, Jerusalem, Thy joys when shall I see?
Right thro' the streets, with silver sound, The living waters flow;
Jerusalem, my happy home, When shall I come to thee?

In thee no sorrow may be found, No grief, no care, no toil.
The King that sitteth on thy throne In His felicity?
And on the banks, on either side, The tree of life doth grow.
When shall my sorrows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?
No. 256.  O My Soul is Filled With Rapture.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter.

1. 0 my soul is filled with rapture As I think of God's great love;
2. I was lost in sin and sorrow, Ne'er could I have seen His face;
3. Can I ev - er cease to love Him, Ev - er cease to sound His praise?

Love that purchased my re - demp - tion, Fit - ted up my home a - bove.
With His own life-blood He bought me, Saved me by His won - drous grace.
O that ev - 'ry soul might know Him, And in - cline to right-eous ways.

Chorus:

Love of Je - sus, O how pre - cious! Love that res - cued e - ven me;

Lord, my soul looks up in glad - ness, And my heart sings praise to Thee.

No. 257.  O My Soul, My Inmost Being.

(Psalm 103: 1-13; Tune: No. 256.)

1 0 my soul, my inmost being,
   Bless Jehovah's holy name;
He who healed, redeemed, renewed thee
   Evermore abides the same.

Cho.—O my soul, bless thou Jehovah,
   All within me, bless His name;
Bless Jehovah, and forget not
   All His goodness to proclaim.

2 He made known His ways to Moses,
   And His works to Israel's race,
Ways of everlasting justice,
   Works of overflowing grace.

3 Far as east from west is distant
   Hath He put away our sin;
High as heaven—vast and boundless,
   Hath His loving-kindness been.

E. L. J. et al.
No. 258.  
O Praise the Lord.
Psalm 117.  
Will Hill.

O praise the Lord, all ye nations: Praise Him, all ye people, praise Him, all ye people. O praise the Lord, Praise Him, all ye people, For His merciful kindness is great toward us, is great toward us, and the truth of the Lord endureth forever, forever and ever, ever and ever: Praise ye the Lord.
O Safe to the Rock.

W. O. Cushing.

Ira D. Sankey.

1. O safe to the Rock that is high - er than I, My soul in its sin - ful, so wea - ry, Thine, Thine would I be; Thou blest "Rock of the calm of the noon-tide, in sor - row's lone hour, In times when tempt - in the tempest of life, on its wide, heavy - ing sea, Thou blest "Rock of How oft in the con - flict, when pres - e'd by the foe, I have fled to my How oft - en when tri - als like sea - bil - lows roll, Have I hid - den in con - flicts and sor - rows would fly; A - ges," I'm hid - ing in Thee. a - tions casts o'er me its pow' r; A - ges," I'm hid - ing in Thee. Ref - uge and breathed out my woe;} Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul.

REFRAIN.

Hiding in Thee, Hiding in Thee; Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in Thee.

O Savior, Bless Us Ere We Go.

Frederick W. Faber.

Old English Melody.

1. O Sav - ior, bless us ere we go; Thy word in - to our minds in - still; 2. Grant us, dear Lord, from e - vil ways True ab - so - lu - tion and re - lease; 3. Do more than par - don: give us joy, Sweet fear, and so - ter lib - er - ty,

And make our lukewarm hearts to glow With low - ly love and fer - vent will. And bless us, more than in past days, With pu - ri - ty and inward peace. And lov - ing hearts with - out al - loy That on - ly long to be like Thee.
O Savior, Bless Us Ere We Go.

**Refrain.**

Thro' life's long day and death's dark night, O gentle Jesus, be our light.

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No. 262.  
**O Savior Mine.**  
Palmer Hartsough.  
Copyright, 1896, by Fillmore Bros.  
J. H. Fillmore.

1. O Savior mine, so full, so free, Thy pard'ning love has been to me;  
2. O Savior mine, Thy feet to kiss In service low is highest bliss;  
3. O Savior mine, can I withhold The trifling deed, the paltry gold?

Were I possessed of boundless store, My heart would long to yield Thee more.  
O give to me one glance of Thine, And pain for Thee is joy divine.  
Nay, lowly at Thy feet I fall, O Savior mine, I give Thee all.

**Chorus.**

{The world is naught apart from Thee, O Savior mine,}  
{And crusts are kingly fare for me since I am Thine;}  
My life, my all,  
My life,

to Thee I give,  
to Thee I give,  
O Savior mine, for Thee to live.  
to live.
0 the Bitter Pain and Sorrow.

1. O the bitter pain and sorrow, That a time could ever be.
2. Yet He found me, I beheld Him, Bleeding on th' accursed tree,
3. Day by day His tender mercies, Healing, helping, full, and free,
4. Higher than the highest heavens, Deeper than the deepest sea,

When I proudly said to Jesus, All of self and none of Thee.
And my wistful heart said faintly, Some of self and some of Thee.
Brought me lower, while I whispered, Less of self and more of Thee.
Lord, Thy love at last hath conquered, None of self and all of Thee.

All of self and none of Thee, All of self and none of Thee;
Some of self and some of Thee, Some of self and some of Thee;
Less of self and more of Thee, Less of self and more of Thee;
None of self and all of Thee, None of self and all of Thee;

When I proudly said to Jesus, All of self and none of Thee.
And my wistful heart said faintly, Some of self and some of Thee.
Brought me lower, while I whispered, Less of self and more of Thee.
Lord, Thy love at last hath conquered, None of self and all of Thee.
No. 264.  O the Precious Love of Jesus.

Eliza Sherman... J. H. Fillmore.

1. O the precious love of Jesus, Growing sweeter day by day:
   Tun-ing all my heart, so joy-ous, To a heav’nly mel-(Omit...) o-dy.
2. But we cannot know the fullness Of the Savior’s wondrous love,
   Till we see and know His glo-ry, In the heav’nly home(Omit...) a-bove.
3. Come and taste the love of Jesus, At His feet thy burdens lay;
   Trust Him with thy grief and sorrow, Bear this joyful song (Omit...) a-way.

CHORUS.

Christ is precious, Christ is precious, In life’s journey He will lead thee;
Christ is precious, Christ is precious, He will lead thee all (Omit...) the way.

No. 265.  O Thou Fount of Every Blessing.

Robert Robinson. (NETTLETON.) A. Nettleton.

1. O Thou Fount of ev-ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
   Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loudest praise.
2. Here I raise my Eb-en-e-zer: Hith-er by Thy help I’ve come;
   And I hope by Thy good pleasure Safe-ly to ar-rive at home.
3. O to grace how great a debt-or Dai-ly I’m constrained to bel
   Let Thy good-ness like a fet-ter Bind my wand’ring heart to Thee.

D.C.-While the hope of end-less glo-ry, Fills my heart with joy and love.
D.C.-He to res-cue me from dan-ger In-ter-posed His precious blood.
D.C.-Here’s my heart, O take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a-bove.

Teach me ev-er to a-dore Thee; May I still Thy goodness prove;
Je-sus sought me when a stranger, Wand’ring from the fold of God;
Nev-er let me wan-der from Thee, Nev-er leave the God I love;
No. 266.  
T. O. Chisholm.  
Copyright, 1897, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.  
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. O to be like Thee! bless-ed Re-deem-er, This is my con-stant
long-ing and pray’r; Glad-ly I’ll for-feit all of earth’s treasures,

2. O to be like Thee! full of com-pas-sion, Lov-ing, for-giv-ing,
ten-der and kind; Help-ing the help-less, cheer-ing the faint-ing,

3. O to be like Thee! low-ly in spir-it, Ho-ly and harm-less,
pat-tient and brave; Meek-ly en-dur-ing cru-el re-proach-es,

4. O to be like Thee! Lord, I am com-ing, Now to re-ceive th’a-
point-ing di- vine; All that I am and have I am bring-ing;

CHORUS.

Je-sus, Thy per-fect like-ness to wear.
Seek-ing the wan-d’ring sin-ner to find.  O to be like Thee!
Will-ing to suf-fer, oth-ers to save.
Lord, from this mo-ment all shall be Thine.

O to be like Thee! bless-ed Re-deem-er, pure as Thou art; Come in Thy
sweet-ness, come in Thy fullness; Stamp Thine own im-age deep on my heart.
No. 267.  O What Will You Do With Jesus?

1. O what will you do with Jesus? The call comes low and sweet;
   As tenderly He bids you Your burdens lay at His feet;
   O soul so sad and weary, That sweet voice speaks to thee;
   Then what will you do with Jesus? O what shall the answer be?

2. O what will you do with Jesus? The call comes loud and clear;
   The solemn words are sounding In every listening ear;
   Immortal life's in the question, And joy through eternity;
   D. S.—What will you do with Jesus? O what shall the answer be?

3. O think of the King of Glory From heaven to earth come down,
   His life so pure and holy, His death, His cross, His crown;
   Of His divine compassion, His sacrifice for thee;
   What shall the answer be? What shall the answer be?

D. S.
No. 268.  O Worship the King.

Robert Grant. (LYONS.) Haydn.

1. O worship the King, all-glorious above,
And granteul-ly sing His praise.
D. S.—Pavilioned in splendor and wonder-ful love; Our Shield and De-fender, the An-cient of Days,
gird-ed with praise.

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

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

No. 269.  O Zion, Haste.

Mary A. Thomson. James A. Walch.

1. O Zion, haste, thy mission high full-filling,
To tell to all the world that God is Light;
That He who made all nations is not willing
prison-house of sin, With none to tell them of the Savior's dying,
life and move is love; Tell how He stooped to save His lost crea-tion,
speed them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in pray'r vic-to-rious;

2. Be-hold how many thousands still are lying,
Bound in the darksome prison-house of sin, With none to tell them of the Savior's dying,
life and move is love; Tell how He stooped to save His lost crea-tion,
speed them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in pray'r vic-to-rious;

3. Pro-claim to ev'ry people, tongue and na-tion That God in Whom they speed them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in pray'r vic-to-rious;

4. Give of Thy sons to bear the mes-sage glorious; Give of thy wealth to speed them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in pray'r vic-to-rious;
0 Zion, Haste.

Refrain.

One soul should perish, lost in shades of night.
Or of the life He died for them to win. Publish glad tidings,
And died on earth that man might live above.
And all thou spendest Jesus will repay.

Tidings of peace; Tidings of Jesus, Redemption and release.

No. 270. Of One the Lord Has Made the Race.
J. M. McCabe. (McAnally.) Arr. by R. M. McIntosh.

1. Of one the Lord has made the race, Thro' one has come the fall;
2. Say not the hea-then are at home, Beyond we have no call,
3. Receiv'd ye free-ly, free-ly give, From ev'-ry land they call;

Where sin has gone must go His grace, The gos-pel is for all.
For why should we be blest a-lone? The gos-pel is for all.
Un-less they hear they can-not live, The gos-pel is for all.

D. S.-Where sin has gone must go His grace, The gos-pel is for all.

Chorus.

The bless-ed gos-pel is for all, The gos-pel is for all;

D. S.
On a Hill Far Away

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

2. Oh, that old rugged cross, so despised by the world, Has a wondrous atoning and redeeming grace, And I love that old cross on the Cross of Calvary, And I love that old cross to bear for my sins.

3. In the old rugged cross, stained with blood so divine, A wondrous mystery unsearchable, Those who are buried with Him have a heavenly place, Those who are buried with Him have a crown of thorns.

4. To the old rugged cross I will ever be true, Its shame and reverence I will cherish, And I love that old cross where the dear Lamb of God left His glory above, beauty I see; For 'twas on that old cross Jesus suffered and died, prosing gladly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my home far away,

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

Till my trophies at last I lay down; I will cling to the old rugged cross, And exchange it some day for a crown.

Geo. Bennard.
On Jordan's Stormy Banks I Stand.

1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye
2. O'er all those wide-extende[d] plains Shines one eternal day;
3. When shall I reach that happy place, And be forever blest?
4. Filled with delight, my raptured soul Would here no longer stay;

To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie.
There God, the Sun, forever reigns, And scatters night away.
When shall I see my Father's face And in His bosom rest?
Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll, Fearless I'd launch away.

Chorus.

We will rest in the fair and happy land, by and by,

Just across on the evergreen shore, Sing the song of evergreen shore,

Moses and the Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Jesus evermore.
1. On Zion's glorious summit stood A numerous host redeemed by blood!
2. Here all who suffered sword or flame For truth, or Jesus' loving name,
3. While everlasting ages roll, Eternal love shall feast their soul,

They hymned their King in strains divine; I heard the song, and
Shout victory now and hail the Lamb, And bow before the
And scenes of bliss, forever new, Rise in succession

SANCTUS. To be sung at the close of the Hymn.

Holy, holy, holy Lord, God of hosts, on high adored!

Who like me Thy praise should sing, O Almighty King! Holy, holy, holy.
No. 274. One Day!

1. One day when heaven was filled with His praises, One day when sin was as black as could be,
   Jesus came forth to be born of a virgin,
   Dwelt amongst men, my example is He!

2. One day they led Him up Calvary's mountain, One day they nailed Him to the tree; Suffering anguish, despised and rejected; Suffering an guish, despised and rejected;
   Angels came down o' er His tomb to keep vigil;
   Living, He loved me;

3. One day they left Him alone in the garden, One day He rested, from the way from the door; Then He arose, over death He had conquered;
   Then He arose, over death He had conquered;
   Now is ascended, my Lord evermore!

4. One day the grave could conceal Him no longer, One day the stone rolled away; Glory will shine; Wonderful day, my beloved ones bring ing;
   Then He arose, over death He had conquered;
   Lord evermore!

5. One day the trumpet will sound for His coming, One day the skies with His glo-ry will shine; Wonderful day, my beloved ones bring ing;
   Jesus came forth to be born of a virgin-
   Dwelt amongst men, my example is He!

Chorus:
   Bear-ing our sins, my Redeemer is He!
   Hope of the hopeless, my Saviour is He! Living, He loved me;
   Now is ascended, my Lord evermore!

   Glor-io us Savi-our, this Jesus is mine!
No. 275.  One Step at a Time.

1. One step at a time, dear Savior, I can not take any more;
2. One step at a time, dear Savior, I am not walking by sight;
3. One step at a time, dear Savior, O guard my faltering feet!

No. 276.  One Sweetly Solemn Thought.
Phoebe Cary.  (Oxtem.)  I. B. Woodbury.

1. One sweetly solemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er: To-day I'm nearer
2. Nearer my Father's house, Where many mansions be; And nearer to the
3. Nearer the bound of life, Where falls my burden down; Nearer to where I
4. Savior, confirm my trust,
   Complete my faith in Thee;
   And let me feel as if I stood
   Close to eternity—
5. Feel as if now my feet
   Were slipping o'er the brink;
   For I may now be nearer home,
   Much nearer than I think.

The flesh is so weak and hope-less, I know not what is before.
Keep step with my soul, dear Savior, I walk by faith in Thy might.
Keep hold of my hand, dear Savior, Till I my journey complete,

D. S.—step at a time, dear Savior, Till hope grows stronger in me.

CHORUS.

One step at a time, dear Savior, Till faith grows stronger in Thee; One in Thee;

D. S.
No. 277. 

Only in Thee.

T. O. Chisholm.

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1. Only in Thee, O Savior mine, Dwelleth my soul in peace divine,
2. Only in Thee a radiance bright, Shines like a beacon in the night,
3. Only in Thee, when days are drear, When neither sun nor stars appear,
4. Only in Thee, dear Savior, slain, Losing Thy life my own to gain,

Peace that the world, tho' all combine, Never can take from me.
Guiding my pilgrim bark a-right, Over life's trackless sea.
Still I can trust and feel no fear, Sing when I cannot see.
Trusting, I'm cleansed from e'ry stain, Thou art my only plea.

Pleasures of earth, so seemingly sweet, Fail at the last my longings to
Only in Thee, when troubles molest, When with temptation I am opposed.
Only in Thee, what-e'er betide, All of my need is freely supplied.
Only in Thee my heart will delight, Till in that land where cometh no

meet; Only in Thee my bliss is complete, Only, dear Lord, in Thee!
pressed, There is a sweet pavilion of rest, Only, dear Lord, in Thee!
plied; There is no hope or helper beside, Only, dear Lord, in Thee!
night, Faith will be lost in heavenly sight, Only, dear Lord, in Thee!
No. 278. Onward, Christian Soldiers.


1. Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus
2. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Jesus
3. Onward, then, ye people, Join our happy throng; Blend with ours your voices

Going on before; Christ, the royal Master, Leads against the foe;
Constant will remain; Gates of hell can never 'Gainst that Church prevail;
In the triumph-song; Glory, laud and honor Unto Christ the King,

Refrain.

Forward into battle, See His banners go!
We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail. Onward, Christian soldiers!
This thro' countless ages Men and angels sing.

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

No. 279. Onward, Christian, Though the Region.

(Tune: "St. Asaph," No. 388.)

1 Onward, Christian, though the region Where thou art be drear and lone;
God has set a guardian legion Very near thee: press thou on.
Listen, Christian! their hosanna Rolleth o'er thee: "God is Love;"
Write upon Thy red-cross banner, "Upward ever; heaven's above."

2 By the thorn-road, and none other,
Is the mount of vision won;
Tread it without shrinking, brother—Jesus trod it—press thou on.
By thy trustful, calm endeavor, Guiding, cheering, like the sun,
Earth-bound hearts thou shalt deliver: O, for their sake press thou on!

Samuel Johnson.
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 ev'ry where;

Place in my hands the wonderful key That shall un-clasp, and
And while the wave-notes fall on my ear, Ev'ry thing false will
Open my heart, and let me prepare Love with Thy children

Refrain.

set me free. Silently now I wait for Thee, Ready, my God, Thy
disappear. Silently now I wait for Thee, Ready, my God, Thy
thus to share. Silently now I wait for Thee, Ready, my God, Thy

will to see: Open my eyes, il-lu-mine me, Saviour di-vine!
will to see: Open my ears, il-lu-mine me, Saviour di-vine!
will to see: Open my heart, il-lu-mine me, Saviour di-vine!
No. 281. **Others He Saved.**

*J. C. Blissard.*

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**T. Hewlett.**

1. "Others He saved, Himself He *could* not save," So scoffed the priests, and upward rolled the wave Of blasphemy against the dying Lord, Until it broke up-

2 "Others He saved, Himself He *did* not save," So sighed the mourners round the Savior's grave; Their grief embittered by the mystery Why He, who Lazarus raised, Himself need die.

3 "Others to save, Himself He *would* not save," There rests the truth, His life for us He gave: O ruined heart! thy Savior had to choose, If He should die, or thou salvation lose.

No. 282. **Our Blest Redeemer, Ere He Breathed.**

*Harriet Auber.*

**ST. CUTHBERT.**

*J. B. Dykes.*

1. Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed His tender, last farewell,
2. He came sweet influence to impart, A gracious, willing Guest,
3. And His that gentle voice we hear, Soft as the breath of even,
4. O God of purity and grace, Our weakness, pitying, see;

A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed With us to dwell.
While He can find one humble heart Wherein to rest.
That checks each fault, that calms each fear, And speaks of heav'n.
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place, And worship Thee.
No. 283.  Our Day of Praise is Done.

John Ellerton.  (ST. THOMAS.)  A. Williams.

1. Our day of praise is done, The evening shadows fall;
2. A round the throne on high, Where night can never be,
3. Too faint our anthems here, Too soon of praise we tire;
4. 'Tis Thine each soul to calm, Each wayward thought reclaim,

But pass not from us with the sun, True light that lightest all.
The white-robed harpers of the sky Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.
But O the strains how full and clear Of that eternal choir!
And make our life a daily psalm Of glory to Thy name.

No. 284.  Out of My Bondage.


1. Out of my bondage, sorrow and sigh, Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come;
   Into Thy freedom, gladness and light, Jesus, I (Omit . . . . . .) come to Thee;
   D. C. - Out of my sin and into Thyself, Jesus, I (Omit . . . . . .) come to Thee.

   Out of my sickness into Thy health, Out of my want, and into Thy wealth,

2. Out of my shameful failure and loss, Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come;
   Into the glorious gain of Thy cross,
   Jesus I come to Thee.
   Out of earth's sorrows into Thy balm,
   Out of life's storms and into Thy calm,
   Out of distress to jubilant psalm,
   Jesus, I come to Thee.

3. Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come;
   Into the joy and light of Thy home,
   Jesus, I come to Thee.
   Out of the depths of ruin untold,
   Into the peace of Thy sheltering fold,
   Ever Thy glorious face to behold,
   Jesus, I come to Thee.
Fanny J. Crosby. By permission of W. H. Doane, owner.
W. H. Doane.

1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-iour, Hear my hum-ble cry; While on oth-ers
2. Let me at Thy throne of mercy Find a sweet re-lief; Kneel-ing there in
3. Trusting on-ly in Thy mer-i-t, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my wound-ed,
4. Thou the Spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me; Whom have I on

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FINE. CHORUS. D. S.

Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.
deep con-tri-tion, Help my un-belief. Sav-iour, Sav-iour, Hear my humble cry;
bro-ken spir-it, Save me by Thy grace.
earth beside Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?

(D. S. in 1st verse.)

No. 286. Peace, Perfect Peace.
Edward H. Bickersteth. (PAX TECUM.) George T. Caldbeck.

1. Peace, per-fect peace, in this dark world of sin: The blood of Je-sus
2. Peace, per-fect peace, by thronging du-ties pressed: To do the will of
3. Peace, per-fect peace, with sorrows surging 'round: On Je-sus' bos-om
4. Peace, per-fect peace, with loved ones far a-way; In Je-sus' keep-ing

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5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown;
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours:
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7 It is enough; earth's struggles soon shall cease;
And Jesus calls us to heaven's perfect peace.

No. 287. Praise God, From Whom All Blessings Flow.
(Tune: "OLD HUNDRED," No. 351.)

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

Thomas Ken.
No. 288. Praise the Lord, Ye Heavens, Adore Him.

J. Kempthorne.

1. Praise the Lord, ye heav'ns, a-dore Him! Praise Him, an-gels, in the height;
2. Praise the Lord, for He hath spo-ken, Worlds His might-y voice o-beys;
3. Praise the Lord, for He is glo-rious, Nev-er shall His prom-ise fail;
4. Praise the God of our sal-va-tion; Hosts on high, His pow'r proclaims;

Sun and moon rejoice before Him; Praise Him, all ye stars of light.
Laws which never shall be bro-ken, For their guidance He hath made.
God hath made His saints victorious: Sin and death shall not prevail.
Heav'n and earth, and all crea-tion, Laud and mag-ni-fy His name.
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him; Praise Him, all ye stars of light.

Refrain.


No. 289. Praise to God, Immortal Praise.

Anna L. Barbauld.

1. Praise to God, im-mor-tal praise, For the love that crowns our days;
2. For the bless-ings of the field, For the stores the gar-dens yield;
3. As Thy prosp'ring hand hath blest, May we give Thee of our best;

Bounteous Source of ev-ry joy, Let Thy praise our tongues em-ploy.
For the joy which har-vests bring Grate-ful praise-es now we sing.
And by deeds of kind-ly love For Thy mer-cies grate-ful prove.
No. 290.  Prince of Peace! Control My Will.
Mary A. S. Barber.  
(HATFIELD.)  
W. T. Porter.

1. Prince of peace! control my will,  
Bid this struggling heart be still;
2. Thou hast b o't me with Thy blood,  
O-pened wide the gate of God;
3. May Thy will, not mine, be done;  
May Thy will and mine be one;
4. Sav - ior, at Thy feet I fall;  
Thou my Life, my God, my All;

Bid my fears and doubtings cease—Hush my spir - it in - to peace.  
Peace I ask—but peace must be, Lord, in be - ing one with Thee.  
Chase these doubtings from my heart, Now Thy per - fect peace im - part.  
Let Thy hap - py serv - ant be One for - ev - er - more with Thee.

No. 291.  Purer In Heart.
Mrs. A. L. Davison.  
J. H. Fillmore.

1. Purer in heart, O God, Help me to be;  
May I de - vote my life
2. Purer in heart, O God, Help me to be;  
Teach me to do Thy will

Whol - ly to Thee. Watch Thou my wayward feet, Guide me with coun - sel sweet;  
Most lov - ing - ly. Be Thou my Friend and Guide, Let me with Thee a - bide;

3 Purer in heart, O God,  
Help me to be,  
That I Thy holy face  
One day may see.  
Keep me from secret sin,  
Reign Thou my soul within;  
Purer in heart,  
Help me to be.
No. 292.  Purer Yet And Purer.
John von Goethe. (LYNDHURST.)
S. J. Vail.

Purer yet and purer, I would be in mind; Dearer yet and dearer,
D. S. — Pa-tient-ly be-liev-ing

1. Pur-er yet and pur-er, I would be in mind; Dear-er yet and dear-er,
   Calmer yet and calmer,
   Trial bear and pain;
   Surer yet and surer,
   Peace at last to gain;
   Suffering still and doing,
   To His will resigned,
   And to God subduing
   Heart and will and mind.

2. Calmer yet and calmer,
   Trial bear and pain;
   Surer yet and surer,
   Peace at last to gain;
   Suffering still and doing,
   To His will resigned,
   And to God subduing
   Heart and will and mind.

3. Higher yet and higher,
   Out of clouds and night;
   Nearer yet and nearer,
   Rising to the light;
   Oft these earnest longings
   Swell within my breast;
   Yet their inner meaning
   Ne'er can be expressed.

No. 293.  Rejoice, Ye Pure In Heart.

Rejoice, ye pure in heart, Rejoice, give thanks and sing; Your glorious banner wave on high,
2. With voice as full and strong, As ocean's surge of praise, Send forth the hymn our fathers loved,
3. Still lift your standard high, Still march in firm array, As warriors thro' the darkness toil
4. At last the march shall end, The wearied one shall rest, The pilgrim find their Father's home,

REFRAIN.

The cross of Christ your King. Re-joice, re-joice,
The psalms of ancient days.
Till dawns the golden day.
Je-ru-sa-lem the blest. Re-joice, re-joice,
No. 294. Rescue the Perishing.

Fanny J. Crosby.

1. Rescue the perishing, Care for the dying, Snatch them in pity from
   Weep o'er the erring one, Lift up the fallen. Tell them of Jesus, the
2. Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feelings lie buried that
   Touched by a loving hand, Wakened by kindness, Chords that were broken will
3. Rescue the perishing, Duty demands it; Strength for Thy labor the
   Back to the narrow way Patiently win them; Tell the poor wand'rer a

CHORUS.

sin and the grave; Might-y to save,
grace can re-store; vi-brate once more, Rescue the perishing,
Lord will pro-vide; Savior has died.

Care for the dying; Jesus is merci-ful, Jesus will save.

No. 295. Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady.

1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee; Let the water and the blood,
   D.S.-Be of sin the double cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r. From Thy riven side which flowed,

2 Not the labor of my hands
   Can fulfill the law's demands;
   Could my zeal no respite know,
   Could my tears forever flow,
   All for sin could not atone,
   Thou must save and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring:
   Simply to Thy cross I cling;
   Naked, come to Thee for dress;
   Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
   Vile, I to the fountain fly:
   Wash me, Savior, or I die.
No. 296. Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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W. H. Doane.

1. Safe in the arms of Jesus, Safe on His gentle breast,
2. Safe in the arms of Jesus, Safe from corroding care,
3. Jesus, my heart's dear refuge, Jesus has died for me;

CHO. — Safe in the arms of Jesus, Safe on His gentle breast,

There by His love o'er-shaded, Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Safe from the world's temptations, Sin cannot harm me there.
Firm on the Rock of Ages, Ever my trust shall be.

There by His love o'er-shaded, Sweetly my soul shall rest.

Hark! 'tis the voice of angels, Borne in a song to me,
Free from the blight of sorrow, Free from my doubts and fears;
Here let me wait with patience, Wait till the night is o'er;

D. C. for Chorus.

Over the fields of glory, Over the jasper sea.
Only a few more trials, Only a few more tears!
Wait till I see the morning Break on the golden shore.
No. 297.  Safely Through Another Week.


1. Safely thro' another week, God has bro't us on our way;
2. While we pray for pard'ning grace, Thro' the dear Redeem'er's name,
3. Here we come Thy name to praise: Let us feel Thy presence near;
4. May the gospel's joyful sound Conquer sinners, comfort saints;

Let us now a blessing seek, Waiting in His courts to-day:
Show Thy reconciled face, Take away our sin and shame;
May Thy glory meet our eyes, While we in Thy house appear;
Make the fruits of grace abound, Bring relief 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 worship prove, Till we join the church above;

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 worship prove, Till we join the church above.
No. 298. Savior, Again to Thy Dear Name.

John Ellerton. (ELLERS) E. J. Hopkins.

Savior, again to Thy dear name we raise,

With one accord, our parting hymn of praise;

We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,

Then, lowly bowing, wait Thy word of peace.

1. Savior, again to Thy dear name we raise,

2. Grant us Thy peace upon our home-ward way;

3. Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,

4. Body, soul, and spirit, All, we yield to Thee.

5. Thou, that we might follow, Hast gone up on high.

6. Where the angel legions Circle round Thy throne.

John Ellerton. (ELLERS) E. J. Hopkins.

Savior, again to Thy dear name we raise,

With one accord, our parting hymn of praise;

We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,

Then, lowly bowing, wait Thy word of peace.

No. 299. Savior, Blessed Savior.


Savior, blessed Savior, Listen while we sing;

Hearts and voices raising

Near-er, ev-er near-er, Christ, we draw to Thee, Deep in ad-o-ra-tion

Great, and ever great-er Are Thy mer-cies here; True and ev-er-last-ing

D.S. - Body, soul, and spir-it, All, we yield to Thee.

D.S. - Thou, that we might follow, Hast gone up on high.

D.S. - Where the angel legions Circle round Thy throne.

D.S. - Bend ing low the knee: Thou for our re-dem-p-tion Cam'st on earth to die:

Prais-es to our King. All we have we of-fer, All we hope to be;

Bend ing low the knee: Thou for our re-dem-p-tion Cam'st on earth to die:

Are the glo ries there; Where no pain, or sor row, Toil, or care, is known,
No. 300.  Savior, Breathe An Evening Blessing.  
Slowly.

1. Savior, breathe an evening blessing, Ere re- pose our spir-its seal;
2. Tho' de- struc-tion walk a-round us, Tho' the ar-rows past us fly,
3. Tho' the night be dark and drear-y, Darkness can- not hide from Thee;
4. Should swift death this night o'ertake us, And our couch be-come our tomb,

Sin and want we come con-fess-ing, Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
An-gel guards from Thee surround us, We are safe if Thou art nigh.
Thou art He who, nev-er wea-ry, Watch-est where Thy peo-ple be.
May the morn in heav'n a-wake us, Clad in bright and death-less bloom.

No. 301.  Savior, Grant Me Rest and Peace.
Slowly.

1. Savior, grant me rest and peace, Let my trou-bled dreamings cease;
2. I would trust my all with Thee, All my cares and sor-rows flee,
3. I would seek Thy serv-ice, Lord, Lean-ing on Thy prom-ise-word;

With the chim-ing mid-night bell, Teach my heart that "All is well."
Till the break-ing light shall tell, Night is past, and "All is well."
Let my hour-ly la-bors tell, I am Thine, and "All is well."
No. 302.  Savior, Lead Me, Lest I Stray.
F. M. D.  Used by permission of John J. Hood/ Frank M. Davis.

1. Savior, lead me, lest I stray,  Gen-tly
   lead me all the way;  I am safe when by Thy
   side,  I would in Thy love abide.

2. Thou, the refuge of my soul,  When life's
   stormy billows roll;  I am safe when Thou art
   nigh,  All my hopes on Thee rely.

3. Savior, lead me then at last,  When the
   storm of life is past,  To the land of endless
   day,  Where all tears are wiped away.
   safe when by Thy side,  I would in Thy love abide.

Chorus.

Lead me, lead me, Savior, lead me, lest I stray;  Gen-tly lest I stray;

down the stream of time,  Lead me, Savior, all the way.

stream of time,  all the way.
No. 303. **Savior, Teach Me.**

1. Savior, teach me day by day, Love's sweet lesson to obey;
   Sweeter lesson can not be, Loving Him who first loved me.

2. With a childlike heart of love,
   At Thy bidding may I move;
   Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
   Loving Him who first loved me.

3. Love in loving finds employ,
   In obedience all her joy;
   Ever new that joy will be,
   Loving Him who first loved me.

No. 304. **Savior, Thy Dying Love.**

1. Savior, Thy dying love Thou gavest me, Nor should I aught with-hold, Dear Lord, from Thee: In love my soul would bow, My heart fulfill its vow, Some offering bring Thee now, Something for Thee.

2. At the blest mercy-seat, Pleading for me, My feeble faith looks up, Jesus, to Thee: Help me the cross to bear, Thy wondrous love declare, Some song to raise, or prayer, Something for Thee.

3. Give me a faithful heart, Like-ness to Thee, That each day Hence-forth may see Some work of love begun, Some deed of kindness done, Some wanderer sought and won, Something for Thee.

4. All that I am and have, Thy gifts so free, In joy, in grief, thro' life, Dear Lord, for Thee! And when Thy face I see, Some ransomed soul shall be, Thro' all eternity, Something for Thee.
1. Seeking the lost, yes, kindly entreat-ing, Wander-ers
2. Seeking the lost, and point-ing to Je-sus, Souls that are
3. Thus I would go on mis-sions of mer-cy, Follow-ing

on the mount-a-in a-stray; “Come un-to me,” His weak and hearts that are sore; Lead-ing them forth in Christ from day un-to day; Cheer-ing the faint, and

mes-sage re-pet-ing, Words of the Mas-ter speak-ing to-day. ways of sal-va-tion, Show-ing the path to life ev-er-more. rais-ing the fall-en; Point-ing the lost to Je-sus, the Way.

CHORUS.

{ Go-ing a-far up-on the mount-a-in
In-to the fold of my Re-deem-er,

{ Go-ing a-far.................... up-on the mount-a-in. Bringing the In-to the fold.................... of my Re-deem-er,......... Je-sus the

Bring-ing the wan-d’rer back a-gain, back a-gain Jesus the Lamb for sin-ners (Omit,) slain, for sin-ners slain.

wan d’rer back a-gain .......... Lamb......... for sin-ners (Omit) slain.
No. 306. Seek Ye First the Kingdom.

E. E. Hewitt.

Copyright, 1901, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Seek ye first the kingdom, Not the things of earth; Price-less are the
treasures of immortal worth.

2. Seek ye first the kingdom; Ever-lasting love Woos you to the
treasures, From the land above.

3. Seek ye first the kingdom, Seek the "Gift of God"; 'Tis the Savior's
way, But the heavenly riches Change not, nor decay.

CHORUS.

"Seek ye first the kingdom:" 'Tis the Master's voice; In His precious promise
peace, Grace for every trial, Joys that never cease.

aim Him to serve and honor, Trusting in His name.

Ev-er-more rejoice. "All things else," His word is true, "Shall be added
Seek Ye First the Kingdom.

No. 307. Shall We Gather At the River?

R. L. Copyright property of Mary Runyon Lowry. Robert Lowry.

1. Shall we gather at the river, Where bright angel feet have trod;
2. On the margin of the river, Washing up its silver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shining river, Lay we every burden down;
4. Soon we'll reach the silver river, Soon our pilgrim-age will cease;
5. At the smiling of the river, Mirror of the Savior's face—

With its crystal tide forever Flow-ing by the throne of God?
We will walk and worship ever, All the happy, golden day.
Grace our spirits will deliv-er, And pro-vide a robe and crown.
Soon our hap-py hearts will quiv-er With the me-lo-dy of peace.
Saints whom death will nev-er sev-er, Lift their songs of sav-ing grace.

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll gather at the river, The beautiful, the beautiful river—

Gather with the saints at the river, That flows by the throne of God.
No. 308.  Shall We Meet?
H. L. Hastings.
Used by permission.  Elihu S. Rice.

1. Shall we meet beyond the river, Where the surges cease to roll;
2. Shall we meet beyond the river, When our stormy voyage is o'er?
3. Shall we meet in yonder city, Where the towers of crystal shine;
4. Shall we meet with Christ, our Savior, When He comes to claim His own?

D. S.-Shall we meet beyond the river, Where the surges cease to roll?

Chorus.

Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet beyond the river?

No. 309.  Silently the Shades of Evening.
C. C. Cox.
Copyright, 1906, by E. O. Excell.

1. Silently the shades of evening Gather 'round my lowly door;
2. O the lost, the unforgotten, Tho' the world be oft forgot!
3. How such holy memories cluster, Like the stars when storms are past.
Silently the Shades of Evening.

Chorus:

Come the silent shades of evening,
Come the shades of evening silently,
Pointing up to that fair heaven; We may hope to gain at last.

No. 310. Silent Night,

Joseph Mohr. Franz Gruber.

1. Silent night! hallowed night! Land and deep silent sleep!
2. Silent night! hallowed night! On the plain wakes the strain;
3. Silent night! hallowed night! Earth awake, silence break;

Softly glitters bright Bethlehem's star, Beck'ning Is-ra-el's eye from afar,
Sung by heav-en-ly har-bin-gers bright, Fraught with tidings of boundless delight;
High your anthems of mel-o-dy raise, Heav'n and earth in full choro-s of praise;

Where the Sav-ior is born,
Christ the Sav-ior has come,
Peace for-ev-er shall reign,
Where the Sav-ior is born,
Christ the Sav-ior has come,
Peace for-ev-er shall reign.
1. Sing on, ye joyful pilgrims, Nor think the moment long; My faith is heav’nward rising With every tuneful song; Lo! on the mount of blessing, The Jesus Beguile each fleeting day; Sing on the grand old story Of king-dom We swell a nobler song, Where those we love are wait-ing To glorious mount, I stand; And looking o-ver Jordan, I see the promised land, His Redeeming love, The ever-last-ing chorus That fills the realms above, greet us on the shore, We’ll meet beyond the river, Where surges roll no more.

CHORUS.

Sing on, O blissful music! With ev’ry note you raise My heart is filled with rapture, My soul is lost in praise; Sing on, O blissful music!

Sing on, blissful, blissful music!


Copyright, 1866, by Jno. R. Sweney.
Sing On.

With ev’ry note you raise My heart is filled with rapture, My soul is lost in praise.

No. 312. Sing Them Over Again to Me.

Copyright, 1917, by The John Church Co.

P. P. Bliss.

1. Sing them over again to me, Wonderful words of Life;
2. Christ, the blessed One, gives to all, Wonderful words of Life;
3. Sweetly echo the gospel call, Wonderful words of Life;

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

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

REFRAIN.

Beautiful words, wonderful words, Wonderful words of Life;
No. 313. Sinners Jesus Will Receive.

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1. Sin-ners Je - sus will re - ceive; Sound this word of grace to all
2. Come, and He will give you rest; Trust Him, for His word is plain;
3. Now my heart con-demns me not; Pure be - fore the law I stand;
4. Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men, E - ven me with all my sin;

Who the heav'n-ly path-way leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall.
He will take the sin - ful - est; Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
He who cleansed me from all spot, Sat - is - fied its last de-mand.
Purged from ev - ry spot and stain, Heav'n with Him I en - ter in.

Refrain.

Sing it o'er . . . . and o'er a - gain; . . . . Christ re -
Sing it o'er a-gain, Sing it o'er a-gain; Christ re -

ceiv - eth sin - ful men; . . . . Make the mes - sage
ceiveth sin-ful men, Christ re-c eiveth sin-ful men; Make the message plain,

clear and plain: . . . . Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
Make the mes-sage plain:
1. Soft as the voice of an angel, Breathing a lesson unheard,
   Hope with a gentle persuasion, Whispers her comforting word.
   Hope for the sunshine to-morrow, After the shower is gone.
   Whispering Hope...

2. If in the dusk of the twilight, Dim be the region afar,
   Will not the deep-en-ing darkness Bright-en the glim-mer-ing star?
   When the dark midnight is over, Watch for the breaking of day.
   Whispering Hope, whispering Hope, Welcome thy voice, O how welcome thy voice,

3. Hope as an anchor so steadfast, Rends the dark veil for the soul.
   Whither the Master has entered, Robbing the grave of its goal.
   Come, O Thou blest hope of glory, Never, O never depart.
   Making my heart... in its sorrow rejoice...

CHORUS.
   O how welcome thy voice...
   Whispering Hope...
   Whispers Hope, whispering Hope, Welcome thy voice, O how welcome thy voice,

   Making my heart, making my heart in its sorrow rejoice...
1. Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling, Call-ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing for you and for me;
4. Oh! for the wonderful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;

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

CHORUS.
Come home, come home,
Ye who are weary, come home!

Earnestly, tenderly, Jesus is calling, Calling, O sinner, come home!
No. 316. Softly Now the Light of Day.
G. W. Doane.

1. Softly now the light of day Fades upon my sight away;
   Free from care, from labor free, Lord, (Omit ..............) I would commune with Thee.

2. Thou, whose all-pervading eye
   Naught escapes, without, within;
   Pardon each infirmity,
   Open fault, and secret sin.

3. Soon for me the light of day
   May forever pass away;
   Then, from sin and sorrow free,
   Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee!

No. 317. Soldiers of Christ, Arise.
Charles Wesley.

1. Soldiers of Christ, arise, And put your armor on;
   Soldiers of Christ, arise.

2. Strong in the Lord of hosts,
   And in His mighty power;
   Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
   Is more than conqueror.

3. Stand, then, in His great might,
   With all His strength ended;
   But take, to arm you for the fight,
   The panoply of God.

4. Leave no unguarded place,
   No weakness of the soul;
   Take every virtue, every grace,
   And fortify the whole.

5. That having all things done,
   And all your conflicts past,
   You may overcome through Christ alone,
   And stand entire at last.
No. 318. Some Day the Silver Cord Will Break.

("Saved By Grace.")

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Fanny J. Crosby.

Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Some day the silver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;
2. Some day my earthly house will fall, I cannot tell how soon 'twill be,
3. Some day when fades the golden sun Beneath the rose-tinted west,
4. Some day, till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all trimmed and burning bright,

But O, the joy when I shall wake Within the palace of the King!
But this I know—my All in All Has now a place in Heav'n for me.
My bless-ed Lord shall say, "Well done!" And I shall enter into rest.
That when my Sav-i-or ope's the gate, My soul to Him may take its flight.

CHORUS.

And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the story—Saved by grace;

And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the story—Saved by grace.
No. 319. Some Day We Shall Be Satisfied.

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JOHN J. HOOD, OWNER.

1. Some day we shall be satisfied,
   When in His likeness we appear,
   Shall know each other as we're known,
   When all that's dark shall be made clear.

2. Some day we shall be satisfied,
   When we shall meet Him face to face,
   And sing with angels round the throne,
   We're saved, we're saved from sin by grace.

3. Some day we shall be satisfied,
   When all our burdens are laid down,
   When we shall stand before the King,
   And there receive the promised crown.

CHORUS.

Sat - is - fied, we shall be sat - is - fied, Some day we shall be sat - is - fied;
   When in His likeness we appear, We shall be sat - is - fied.
No. 320. Some Time the Burden Will Be Lifted.

(Exell's Last Song.)

E. E. Richardson.  
COPYRIGHT, 1920, BY E. O. EXCELL.  
E. O. Excell.

1. Some time the burden will be lifted, Some time my pilgrim-age shall cease, Some time the dark cloud will be rifted, And eyes I'll see The weary path I have ascended, Though deems from sin; He knows, ah yes, He knows and guides me, And

I shall enter into peace. Some time my foes will all be steep, was far the best for me. Some time my weeping will be I will trust my way to Him; Till all my earthly tasks are

vanquished, And I shall lay my armor down; Some time my over, Like shining pearls my tears shall be, Like gems my ended, And I shall enter into rest, And meet a-

task will be completed, And I shall wear the victor's crown. diadem adorning, Each drop a jewel bright shall be, gain with friends long parted, And with them join the saved and blest.
No. 321. 

Songs of Praise.
J. Montgomery. (Mozart: or use Tune, "Hendon," No. 204.) From Mozart.

1. Songs of praise a-woke the morn When the Prince of Peace was born;
2. Heav’n and earth must pass a-way—Songs of praise shall crown the day;
3. Saints below, with heart and voice, Still in songs of praise rejoice;
4. Borne upon the latest breath, Songs of praise shall conquer death;

Songs of praise arose when He Captive led captivity.
God will make new heav’ns and earth—Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
Learning here, by faith and love, Songs of praise to sing above.
Then, amidst eternal joy, Songs of praise their pow’r employ.

No. 322. 

So Tender, So Precious.
J. E. Rankin. 
E. S. Lorenz.

1. So tender, so precious, My Savior to me; So true and so gracious
2. So patient, so kindly Tow’rd all of my ways; I blunder so blind-ly-

Chorus.

I’ve found Him to be { How can I but love Him? But love Him, but
He love still repays. { There’s no friend a-bove Him, (Omit) ............

3 Of all friends the fairest
And truest is He;
His love is the rarest
That ever can be.

4 His beauty, though bleeding
And circled with thorns,
Is then most exceeding,
For grief Him adorns.
No. 323. Soul, A Savior Thou Art Needing.


1. Soul, a Savior thou art needing! Soul, a Savior waits for thee!
2. He has died for thy transgression, If thou wilt, thou canst be free;
3. Do not linger till the morrow, Let thy loving answer be,

Hear His words of tender pleading, Hear His gracious "Come to Me."
Soul, He waits for thy confession, "Savior, I will go to Thee."
"Savior, in my joy or sorrow, I will ever go to Thee."

Chorus.

He is calling, softly calling, On thine ear His voice is falling;
He is calling, softly calling, On thine ear His voice is falling;

He is calling, softly calling, "Come to Me and be at rest."
He is calling, softly calling, "Come to Me and be at rest."

No. 324. Sound, Sound the Truth Abroad.

Thomas Kelly.  (Italian Hymn.)  Felice Giardini.

1. Sound, sound the truth abroad; Bear ye the word of God Thro’ the wide world; Tell what our
2. Far o’er sea and land, Go at your Lord’s command; Bear ye His name; Bear it to
3. Speed on the wings of love; Je-sus, who reigns above, Bids us to fly; They who His
Sound, Sound the Truth Abroad.

Lord has done, Tell how the day is won, Tell from his loft-y throne Sat-an is hurled.
ev - 'ry shore, Regions unknown explore, Enter at ev - 'ry door; Silence is shame.
mes-sage bear Should neither doubt nor fear; He will their Friend appear, He will be nigh.

No. 325. Sowing in the Morning.

Knowles Shaw. George A. Minor.

1. Sow-ing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sow-ing in the noon-tide
2. Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sowing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor
3. Go then, e - ven weeping, sowing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sustained our

and the dew-y eve; Waiting for the har-vest, and the time of reap-ing,
win-ter's chilling breeze; By and by the har-vest, and the la - bor end - ed,
spir - it oft-en grieves; When our weeping's o - ver, He will bid us welcome,

CHORUS.

We shall come re-joicing, bringing in the sheaves.

in the sheaves, We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves;
in the sheaves, We shall come, rejoicing, (Omit ............)
1. Speak to my soul, dear Jesus, Speak now in tenderest tone; Whisper in loving kindness, "Thou art not left alone." Open my heart to hear Thee, Quickly to hear Thy voice, Fill Thou my soul with praises, Let me in Thee rejoice.

2. Speak to Thy children ever, Lead in the holy way; Fill them with joy and gladness, Teach them to watch and pray; May they in consecration Yield their whole lives to Thee; Hasten Thy coming kingdom, Till our dear Lord we see.

3. Speak now as in the old time Thou didst reveal Thy will; Let me know all my duty, Let me Thy lawful fill. Lead me to glorify Thee, Help me to show Thy praise, Gladly to do Thy bidding, Honor Thee all my days.

CHORUS.

Speak Thou in softest whispers, Whispers of love to me; Speak Thou to me each day, Lord, Always in tenderest tone;

"Thou shalt be always conqueror, Thou shalt be always free."
Let me now hear Thy whisper, "Thou art not left (Omit . . . . . .) alone."
Speed Away.

1. Speed away, speed away on your mission of light,
   To the lands that are lying in darkness and night; 'Tis the Master's command; go ye forth in His name, The wonderful wings of the morning fly o'er the wave, In the strength of your Master's command; go ye forth in His name, The wonderful wings of the morning fly o'er the wave, In the strength of your Savior has purchased their ransom from sin, And the banquet is
   To the nations that know not the voice of the Lord; Take the Gospel of Jesus proclaim; Take your lives in your hand, to the Master the lost ones to save; He is calling once more, not a read-y, O gather them in; To the rescue make haste, there's no work while 'tis day; Speed away, speed away, speed away. moment's delay; Speed away, speed away, speed away. time for delay; Speed away, speed away, speed away.
No. 328. Stand Up, Stand Up For Jesus.

George Duffield. (WEBB.) G. J. Webb.

1. Stand up, stand up for Jesus, Ye soldiers of the cross;
   Lift high His royal banner, (Omit. . . . . . . . . ) It must not suffer loss;
   D.C.-Till ev'ry foe is vanquished, (Omit. . . . . . . . ) And Christ is Lord indeed.

2. Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
   Stand in His strength alone;
   The arm of flesh will fail you,
   Ye dare not trust your own.

3. Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
   The strife will not be long;
   This day the noise of battle,
   The next the victor's song.

From vict'ry unto vict'ry His army shall He lead.

No. 329. Standing On the Promises.

Used by permission of John J. Hood.
(Key, Bb.)

1. Standing on the promises of Christ my King,
   Through 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 cannot 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 of Christ the Lord,
   Bound to Him eternally by love's strong cord,
   Overcoming daily with the Spirit's sword,
   Standing on the promises of God.

No. 330. Sun of My Soul.

John Keble. (HURSELY.)

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Savior dear, It is not night if Thou be near;

2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wearied eye - lids gen- tly steep,

3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can - not live;

4. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take;
Sun of My Soul.

O may no earth-born cloud arise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes, Be my last thought, how sweet to rest Forever on my Savior's breast! A-bide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die. Till, in the ocean of Thy love, We lose our-selves in heav'n above.

No. 331.  Sweet Hour of Prayer.  Wm. B. Bradbury.

W. W. Walford.  Slow.

1. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r, That calls me from a world of care, Of those whose anxious spirits burn With strong desires for thy return!
2. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r, The joy I feel, the bliss I share, To Him whose truth and faithful-ness Engage the waiting soul to bless;
3. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r, Thy wings shall my petition bear And bid me at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wishes known.

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

D.S. — And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet hour of pray'r.
D.S. — And glad-ly take my sta-tion there, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.
D.S. — I'll cast on Him my ev'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.

D.S.

In seasons of distress and grief My soul has oft-en found re-lief; With such I hast-en to the place Where God, my Savior, shows His face, And since He bids me seek His face, Believe His word, and trust His grace,
1. Sweet is the promise "I will not forget thee," Nothing can molest or
turn my soul away; Even tho' the night be dark within the valley,
songs of joy and love, The earth despise me, tho' my friends forsake me,
all my sorrows past, How sweet to hear the blessed proclamation,

2. Trusting the promise "I will not forget thee," Onward will I go with

3. When at the golden portals I am standing, All my tribulations,

CHORUS.
Just beyond is shining an eternal day.
I shall be remembered in my home above. I...... will not for-
"Enter faithful servant, welcome home at last." I will not forget thee;

get thee or leave thee, In my hands I'll hold thee, in my arms I'll hold thee, I......
I will never leave thee,

......will not forget thee or leave thee; I am thy Redeemer, I will care for thee.
get thee, forget
No. 333.  **Sweet Is the Solemn Voice That Calls.**

Henry F. Lyte.  (WARRINGTON; or use "DUKE St.," No. 24.) Ralph Harrison.

1. Sweet is the solemn voice that calls The Christian to the house of pray'r;
2. I love to tread the hallowed courts Where two or three for worship meet;
3. 'Tis sweet to raise the common song, To join in holy praise and love;

I love to stand within its walls, For Thou, O Lord, art present there.
For thither Christ Himself re sorts, And makes the little band complete.
And imitate the blessed throng That mingle hearts and songs above.

No. 334.  **Sweet is the Work, My God, My King.**

Isaac Watts.  (Ps. 92.) Joseph Mainzer.

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King! To praise Thy name, give thanks and sing;
2. My heart shall triumph in my Lord, And bless His works, and bless His word:
3. Lord, I shall share a glorious part, When grace hath well refined my heart,
4. Then shall I see, and hear, and know All I desired or hoped below;

To show Thy love by morning light, And talk of all Thy truth at night.
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine! How deep Thy counsels, how divine!
And fresh supplies of joy are shed, Like holy oil upon my head.
And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ In that eternal world of joy.
No. 335. Sweetly, Lord, Have We Heard Thee Calling.

1. Sweetly, Lord, have we heard Thee calling, Come, follow Me!
   And we see where Thy footprints falling, (Omit ............) Lead us to Thee.
2. Tho' they lead o'er the cold dark mountains, Seeking His sheep;
   Or a - long by Si - lo-am's fountains, (Omit ............) Help-ing the weak.
3. By and by, thro' the shining portals, Turning our feet,
   We shall walk, with the glad immortals, (Omit ............) Heav'n's golden street.

D.C.- We will follow the steps of Je - sus, (Omit ............) Where - er they go.

CHORUS.

Foot - prints of Je - sus, That make the path - way glow;

No. 336. Take My Life, and Let It Be.
(Mozart; or use tune "Wilson," No. 173.)
Frances R. Havergal.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love;
3. Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly, for my King;
4. Take my sil - ver and my gold: Not a mite would I with-hold;
5. Take my will, and make it Thine: It shall be no lon - ger mine;
6. Take my love, my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its treas - ure store;

Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
Take my feet and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee.
Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sag - es from Thee.
Take my in - tel - lect, and use Ev - 'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.
Take my heart—it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.
Take my - self and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee!
No. 337. Take the Name of Jesus With You.

("Precious Name."")

Mrs. Lydia Baxter.

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W. H. Doane.

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

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

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

Chorus.

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!
No. 338. Take the World, But Give Me Jesus.

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; In His cross my trust shall be,

But His love abideth ever, Thro' eternal years the same.
With my Savior watching over me, I can sing tho' billows roll.
Till, with clearer, brighter vision, Face to face my Lord I see.

D. S.-O the fullness of redemption, Pledge of endless life above!

CHORUS.

O the height and depth of mercy! O the length and breadth of love!

No. 339. Take Thou My Hand, and Lead Me.

1. Take Thou my hand and lead me, From day to day; I cannot walk without Thee, One step, not one; Where Thou dost go or tarry I follow on.
2. Deep in Thy mercy fold me, In joy or pain; Thy guidance kind, Surpass all sight or feeling—In follow, blind, lead me, Thro' all my way, Un-till at last I see Thee in endless day.
3. When darkness is the deep-est, The path unknown; Thy word of peace and Thy watch Thou ev-er keep-est, Thou faith-ful One; Take Thou my hand and

FINE.
No. 340. **Take Time to Be Holy.**


1. Take time to be holy, Speak oft with thy Lord; A-bide in Him always,
2. Take time to be holy, The world rushes on, Spend much time in secret,
3. Take time to be holy, Let Him be thy Guide; And run not before Him,
4. Take time to be holy, Be calm in thy soul;

And feed on His Word. Make friends of God's children; Help those who are weak;
With Jesus alone. By looking to Jesus, Like Him thou shalt be;
Whatever betide; In joy or in sorrow, Still follow thy Lord;
For getting in nothing His blessing to seek.

Thy friends in thy conduct His likeness shall see.
And, looking to Jesus, Still trust in His Word.

No. 341. **Tarry With Me.**

Mrs. C. S. Smith. (ST. SYLVESTER.)

J. B. Dykes.

1. Tarry with me, O my Savior, For the day is passing by;
2. Tarry with me, blessed Savior, Leave me not till morning light;
3. Deeper, deeper grow the shadows, Paler now the glowing west;
4. Tarry with me, O my Savior, Lay my head upon Thy breast

See, the shades of evening gather, And the night is drawing nigh.
For I'm lone-ly here without Thee; Tarry with me thro' the night.
Swift the night of death ad- vances: Shall it be the night of rest?
Till the morning; then a-wake me Morn-ing of e-ter-nal rest.
1. Tell me the old, old Story, Of unseen things above, Of Jesus
2. Tell me the story, slowly, That I may take it in—That wonder-
3. Tell me the story, softly, With earnest tones and grave; Remember

and His glory, Of Jesus and His love. Tell me the story
ful redemption, God's remedy for sin. Tell me the story
I'm the sinner Whom Jesus came to save. Tell me the story

simply, As to a little child, For I am weak and weary, And
often, For I forget so soon: The "early dew" of morning Has
always, If you would really be, In any time of trouble, A

Chorus.

helpless and defiled. passed away at noon. Tell me the old, old Story, Tell me the old, old
comforter to me.

Story; Tell me the old, old Story Of Jesus and His love.
1. Tell me the story of Jesus, Write on my heart every word;
   Fast- ing a- lone in the de s- ert, Tell of the days that are passed,
   Tell of the cross where they nailed Him, Writh- ing in an-guish and pain;

Cho.—Tell me the story of Jesus, Write on my heart every word;

Tell me the story most pre- cious, Sweet- est that ev- er was heard.
How for our sins He was tempt- ed, Yet was tri- um-phant at last.
Tell of the grave where they laid Him, Tell how He liv- eth a- gain.

Tell how the an- gels, in cho- rus, Sang as they wel- comed His birth,
Tell of the years of His la- bor, Tell of the sor- row He bore,
Love in that sto- ry so ten- der, Clear- er than ev- er I see;

D.C. for Cho.

"Glo- ry to God in the high- est! Peace and good ti- dings to earth."
He was de- spised and af- flict- ed, Home-less, re- ject- ed and poor.
Stay, let me weep while you whis- per, Love paid the ran- som for me.
No. 344. The Church’s One Foundation.

S. J. Stone. (AURELIA.)

S. S. Wesley.

1. The Church’s one foundation, Is Jesus Christ her Lord; She is His new creation.
2. Elect from every nation, Yet one o'er all the earth; Her charter of salvation By water and the word; From heav'n He came and sought her To va-tion One Lord, one faith, one birth; One holy name she blesses, Pari-mation Of peace for evermore; Till with the vision glorious Her be His holy bride; With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.

takes one holy food, And to one hope she presses, With ev'ry grace endued. longing eyes are blest, And the great church victorious Shall be the church at rest.

No. 345. The Day of Resurrection.

Greek. Tr. J. M. Neale.

D. C. Martin.

Unison. All voices in melody.

1. The day of Resurrrec-tion! Earth, tell it out abroad,
2. Our hearts be pure from evil, That we may see aright,
3. Now let the heav'n's be joy-ful, Let earth her song begin,

The Lord in rays e-ter-nal Of resurr-rec-tion-light; The round world keep high tri-umph, And all that is there-in;

The Pass-o-ver of glad-ness, The Pass-o-ver of God.
The Lord in rays e-ter-nal Of resurr-rec-tion-light; The round world keep high tri-umph, And all that is there-in;
The Day of Resurrection.

From death to life eternal, From earth unto the sky,
And, listening to His accents, May hear so calm and plain
Let all things seen and unseen Their notes together blend,

Harmony, all parts.

Our Christ hath brought us over With hymns of victory,
His own "All hail," and hearing, May raise the victor strain.
For Christ the Lord is risen, Our joy that hath no end.


John Ellerton. (ST. CLEMENT.) C. C. Scholefield.

1. The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended, The darkness falls at Thy behest;
2. We thank Thee that Thy Church, unsleeping, While earth rolls onward into light;
3. The sun that bids us rest is waking Our brethren 'neath the western sky;
4. So be it, Lord: Thy throne shall never, Like earth's proud empires, pass away;

To Thee our morning hymns ascended, Thy praise shall hallow now our rest.
Thro' all the world her watch is keeping, And rests not now by day or night.
And hour by hour fresh lips are making Thy wondrous doings heard on high.
But stand and rule and grow for-ever, Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.
No. 347. The God of Abraham Praise.
Thomas Olivers. (LEONI.) Hebrew Melody.

1. The God of Abraham praise, Who reigns enthroned above; Ancient of ever-last-ing days, And God of love; Jehovah, great I AM. By
2. The God of Abraham praise, At whose supreme command From earth I rise, and seek the joys, At His right hand: I all on earth forsake, Its
3. He by Himself hath sworn, I on His oath de-pend; I shall, on an-gel-wings upborne, To heav'n as-cend; I shall be-hold His face, I

earth and heav'n confused; I bow and bless the sacred name, For-ev-er blest.
wis-dom, fame and pow'r; And Him my on-ly portion make, My shield and tow'r.
shall His pow'r a-dore, And sing the wonders of His grace For-ev-er - more.

No. 348. The Great Physician.

FINE.

2. He speaks the droop-ing heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je-sus.
All glo-ry to the dy-ing Lam-bl I now be-lieve in Je-sus;
I love the bless-ed Sav-ior’s name, I love the name of Je-sus.

D.S. REFRAIN. 3 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
{Sweetest note in seraph song;} No other name but Jesus;
{Sweetest name on mortal tongue;} O how my soul delights to hear
3 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
{Sweetest note in seraph song;} The charming name of Jesus.
{Sweetest name on mortal tongue;} 4 And when to that bright world above,
3 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
{Sweetest note in seraph song;} We rise to see our Jesus,
{Sweetest name on mortal tongue;} We'll sing around the throne of love
3 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
{Sweetest note in seraph song;} His name, the name of Jesus.
{Sweetest name on mortal tongue;}
No. 349.  The Hand That Was Nailed to the Cross.

International copyright secured.

Hattie H. Pierson and Fred P. Morris.

D. B. Towner.

Slowly.

1. The hand that was nailed to the cross of woe, In love reaches...
2. E'en now I can see, thro' a mist of tears, That hand still out...
3. The hand that wrought wonders in days of old Holds treasures more...
4. Tri-umphant thro' grace I shall some day stand, With Je-sus at...

down to the world below; 'Tis beck-on-ing now to the souls that roam,
stretched o'er a gulf of years, With healing and hope for my sin-sick soul;
precious than gems of gold; The price of re-deption from sin and shame,
home on that gold-en strand, His face in its beau-ty at last to see,

Chorus.

And pointing the way to the heav'ly home, The hand of my Sav-i-or I
One touch of its fin-ger will make me whole,
The gift of sal-va-tion thro' Je-sus' name,
My hand in the hand that was pierced for me.

see, The hand that was wounded for me: 'Twill lead me in
Sav-i-or I see,
was wounded for me:

see, I see, for me:

love to the mansions a-bove, The hand that was wounded for me.
No. 350. The Head That Once Was Crowned With Thorns.  
Thomas Kelly.  (St. MAGNUS.)  Jeremiah Clarke.

1. The head that once was crowned with thorns, Is crowned with glory now;  
2. The highest place that heav'n affords Is His by sov'reign right;  
3. The joy of all who dwell above, The joy of all below  
4. To them the cross, with all its shame, With all its grace, is giv'n;  
5. The cross He bore is life and health, Tho' shame and death to Him;

A royal diadem adorns The mighty Victor's brow.  
The King of kings, and Lord of lords, And heav'n's eternal Light.  
To whom He manifests His love, And grants His name to know,  
Their name an everlasting name, Their joy the joy of heav'n,  
His people's hope, His people's wealth, Their everlasting theme.

No. 351. The Heavens Declare Thy Glory, Lord.  
Isaac Watts. (Ps. 19.) (OLD HUNDRED.)  Louis Bourgeois.

1. The heavens declare Thy glory, Lord, In ev'ry star Thy wisdom shines:  
2. The rolling sun, the changing light, And nights and days Thy pow'r confess;  
3. Great Sun of righteousness, arise, Bless the dark world with heav'nly light:  
4. Thy blest wonders here we view, In souls renewed and sins for-giv'n:

But when our eyes behold Thy word, We read Thy name in fair'er lines.  
But the blest volume Thou didst write Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.  
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise, Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.  
Lord, cleanse our sins, our souls re-new, And make Thy word our guide to heav'n.
The kingdoms of earth pass away one by one,
But the kingdom of heaven remains;
It is built on a rock and the Lord is its King,
It shall stand, it shall stand,

And forever and ever He reigns.
It shall stand,
For the kingdom shall stand till the end.
It shall stand, it shall stand,

For ever and ever and ever,
It shall stand,

Full salvation and pardon for sin.

Forever and ever and ever,
It shall stand,
1. The Lion of Judah goes forth in His might, To vanquish the wrong and establish the right, To shatter the chains of the poor and oppressed, And millions from Satan's dominion to wrest.

2. The Lion of Judah shall conquer the world, The slayer of the souls from his throne shall be hurled; The powers of darkness shall utterly fail, For worthy and able is Christ to prevail.

3. The Lion of Judah shall reign over all, And low at His angels proclaim, Oh holy, thrice holy, His wonderful name, boldness we flying The banner of Judah's all-conquering King.

CHORUS.

The glorious banner of Christ is unfurled, The Li - on of Ju - dah shall con - quer the world; So
No. 354. The Lord is Nigh.
Ps. 145: 18. Copyright, 1921, by E. L. Jorgenson.
E. L. Jorgenson.

The Lord is nigh un-to all them that call up-on Him, Un-to all that

Joseph Addison. Composer unknown.

1. The Lord my pasture shall prepare, And feed me with a shepherd's care; His
2. When in the sul-try glebe I faint, Or on the thirsty mountain pant, To
3. Tho' in the paths of death I tread, With gloomy hor-rors o-ver-spread, My

1. The Lord my pas-ture shall prepare, And feed me with a shepherd's care; His

presence shall my wants supply, And guard me with a watchful eye; My noon-day
fer-tile vales and dewy meads My weary, wand'ring steps He leads; Where peace-ful
steadfast heart shall feel no ill, For Thou, O Lord, art with me still; Thy friend-ly
presence shall my wants supply,

My noon-day walks He
walks He shall at-tend, And all my mid-night hours de-fend.
riv-ers, soft and slow, A-mid the ver-dant land-scape flow.
crook shall give me aid, And guide me through the dis-mal shade.
shall attend, And all my midnight hours defend,

And all my midnight hours de-fend.
No. 356. The Lord My Shepherd Is.
Isaac Watts.

1. The Lord my Shepherd is; I shall be well supplied; Since He is mine, and I am His, What can I want beside? What can I want beside?
2. He leads me to the place Where heavenly pasture grows, Where living waters gently pass, And full salvation flows, And full salvation flows.
3. If e'er I go astray, He doth my soul reclaim, And guides me in His own right way, For His most holy name, For His most holy name.

No. 357. The Lord's My Shepherd, I'll Not Want.
Scottish Psalter, 1650.

1. The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want: He makes me down to lie.... In pastures green; He leadeth me In walk doth make. With-in the paths of right-eous-ness, With-
2. My soul He doth restore again, And me to fear none ill;.... For Thou art with me, and Thy rod, For of my foes;.... My head Thou dost with oil anoint, My fol-low me;.... And in God's house for-ev-er-more, And
The Lord's My Shepherd, I'll Not Want.

No. 358. The Name of Jesus.

W. C. Martin.

Copyright, 1901 and 1902, by E. S. Lorenz.

E. S. Lorenz.

1. The name of Jesus is so sweet, I love its music to repeat;
2. I love the name of Him whose heart Knows all my griefs and bears a part;
3. That name I fondly love to hear, It never fails my heart to cheer;
4. No word of man can ever tell How sweet the name I love so well;

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

Chorus.

"Jesus," O how sweet the name! "Jesus," every day the same;

"Jesus," let all saints proclaim Its worthy praise forever.
No. 359.  The Night is Fast Passing.
A. J. C.

(A. J. Gordon.

Copyright, 1894, Coronation Hymnal.

1. The night is fast passing, The day is at hand, day is at hand;
2. With harps and with trumpets, The glo-ri-fied band, glo-ri-fied band,
3. The Lamb on Mount Zi-on With nail-pierced hand, nail-pierced hand,
4. Then sing, wea-ry pilgrims, You're nearing the strand, near-ing the strand,

We've sight-ed the mountains of Beu-lah land, Sweet Beu-lah land.
Are sounding their wel-come to Beu-lah land, Sweet Beu-lah land.
Has o-pened the por-tals of Beu-lah land, Sweet Beu-lah land.
Where loved ones a-wait you in Beu-lah land, Sweet Beu-lah land.

REFRAIN.

We'll say good morning in glo-ry, good morn-ing in glo-ry, We'll say good morning in glo-ry, When the darkness has turned to day.

No. 360. The Radiant Morn Hath Passed Away.
(Tune: "Troyte's Chant No. 1," No. 38.)

1 The radiant morn hath passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store:
The shadows of departing day,
Creep on once more.

2 Our life is but an autumn sun,
Its glorious noon how quickly past!
Lead us O Christ, our life-work done,
Safe home at last.

3 Where light and life and joy and peace,
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain.

4 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall;
Where Thou eternal Light of light,
Art Lord of all. Amen.

Godfrey Thring.
No. 361. The Sands of Time.

Anne R. Cousin. (Rutherford.) D'Urhan-Rimbault.

Slowly.

1. The sands of time are sink-ing, The dawn of heav-en breaks;
2. O Christ, He is the foun-tain, The deep sweet well of love,
3. With mer-cy and with judg-ment My web of time He wove,
4. The King there in His beau-ty With-out a veil is seen;

The sum-mer morn I’ve sighed for, The fair sweet morn a-wakes.
The streams on earth I’ve tast-ed, More deep I’ll drink a-bove.
And aye the dews of sor-row Were brightened by His love.
It were a well-spent jour-ney, Tho’ sev’n deaths lay be-tween.

Dark, dark hath been the mid-night, But day-spring is at hand,
There to an o-cean full-ness His mer-cy doth ex-pand,
I’ll bless the hand that guid-ed, I’ll bless the heart that planned,
The Lamb with His fair ar-my Doth on Mount Zi-on stand,

And glo-ry, glo-ry dwell-eth In Im-man-uel’s land.
And glo-ry, glo-ry dwell-eth In Im-man-uel’s land.
When throned where glo-ry dwell-eth In Im-man-uel’s land.
And glo-ry, glo-ry dwell-eth In Im-man-uel’s land.
The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

Reginald Heber.

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain;
2. The mar-tyr first, whose eag-le eye Could pierce bey-ond the grave,
3. A glo-rious band, the chos-en few On whom the Spir-it came,

His blood-red ban-ner streams a-far: Who fol-lows in His train?
Who saw his Mas-ter in the sky, And called on Him to save;
Twelve val-iant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame.

Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-um-phant o-ver pain,
Like him, with par-don on his tongue, In midst of mor-tal pain,
They climbed the steep as-cent of heav’n Thro’ per-il, toil, and pain;

Who pa-tient bears his cross be-low—He fol-lows in His train.
He prayed for them that did the wrong; Who fol-lows in his train?
O God, to us may grace be giv’n To fol-low in their train!
The spacious firmament on high, With all the blue, the real sky,
And spangled heav'n, a shining frame, Their great Original (Omit. . . .)

Soon as the evening shades prevail, The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth, Repeats the story of (Omit. . . .)

What tho' in solemn silence, all Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What tho' no real voice nor sound Among their radiant orbs (Omit. . . .)

proclaim: Th'un-wea-ried sun, from day to day, Does his . . . . Creator's birth; While all the stars that round her burn, And all . . . . the be found: In reason's ear they all rejoice, And utter

a - tor's pow'r display; And pub - lish - es to planets in their turn, Con - firm the tidings forth a glo - rious voice, For - ev - er sing - ing

ev - 'ry land The work of an . . . . a - might - y hand, as they roll, And spread the truth . . . from pole to pole, as they shine, "The hand that made . . . . us is di - vine."

Haydn.
No. 364. The Statutes of the Lord Are Right.
("O How Love I Thy Law.")


Copyright, 1897, by James McGranahan.
Charles M. Alexander, owner.

James McGranahan.

1. The statutes of the Lord are right, And do rejoice the heart;
2. Unspotted is the fear of God, And ever doth endure;
3. They more than gold, yea, much fine gold, To be desired are;
4. More over, they Thy servant warn How he his life should frame;
5. O do not suffer sin to have Dominion over me;

The Lord's command is pure, and doth Light to the eyes impart.
The judgments of the Lord are truth, And righteousness most pure.
Than honey, from the honeycomb That droppeth sweeter far.
A great reward provided is For them that keep the same.
I shall be righteous, then, and from The great transgression free.

CHORUS. Psalm 119: 97.

"O how love I Thy law, O how love I Thy law; It is my med-
tation all... the day; O how love I Thy law, O how

love I Thy law; It is my meditation all the day." (all the day.)
The Strife Is O'er.

Latin. Tr. F. Pott.

Prelude, v. 1 only.

Prelude, v. 1 only.

No. 365.
The Strife Is O'er.

(VICTORY.)

FINE.

Palestrina.

bat-tie done; The victo-ry of life is won; The song of triumph has be-gun;
done their worst, But Christ their legions hath dispersed; Let shout of ho-ly joy out-burst:

3 The three sad days are quickly sped;
He rises glorious from the dead;
All glory to our risen head!
Hallelujah!

4 Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live and sing to Thee:
Hallelujah!

No. 366.
The Sun Declines.

(R. Walmsley.

Music copyright by H. R. Palmer.

H. R. Palmer.

1. The sun declines o'er land and sea Creeps on the night; The twinkling stars come
2. And when with morning light we rise, Kept by Thy care, We'll lift to Thee, with

one by one To shed their light; With Thee there is no dark-ness, Lord:
grateful hearts, Our morn-ing pray'r. Be Thou thro' life our Strength and Stay,

With us a-bide; And 'neath Thy wings we rest secure This e-ven-tide.

Our Guard and Guide To that dear home where there will be No e-ven-tide. A-men.
No. 367. The Voice of the Savior Says, "Come."

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY J. E. Hawes. RENEWAL.

Jessie Brown Pounds.

J. E. Hawes.

1. The voice of the Savior says "Come," The cross where He died is in sight;
2. The voice of the Father implores, From mercy's most wonderful height;
3. The voices of loved ones entreat: You know in your heart they are right;
4. The voices of friends gone before Come floating from regions of light;
5. O who to himself will be true, Of all whom these voices invite?

E'en now at the cross there is room, Are you coming to Jesus to-night?
His love in that call He out-pours, Are you coming to Jesus to-night?
Then list, for the moments are fleet! Are you coming to Jesus to-night?
They tenderly say, o'er and o'er, Are you coming to Jesus to-night?
Who answers, my brother, do you? "I am coming to Jesus to-night."

CHORUS.

Are you coming to Jesus to-night? Are you coming to Jesus to-night?

The Bride and the Spirit invite, Are you coming to Jesus to-night?
There Are Days So Dark.

1. There are days so dark that I seek in vain For the face of my

2. There are times, when tired of the toil-some road, That for ways of the

3. When the way is dim, and I can-not see Thro' the mist of His

4. In the last sad hour, as I stand a-lone Where the pow-ers of

Friend Divine; But tho' dark-ness hide, He is there to guide
world I pine; But He draws me back to the up-ward track
wise de-sign, How my glad heart yearns and my faith re-turns
death com-bine, While the dark waves roll He will guide my soul

FINE. CHORUS.

By the touch of His hand on mine, Oh, the touch of His hand on mine,

D. S.—In the touch of His hand on mine.

Oh, the touch of His hand on mine! There is grace and pow'r, in the trying hour,

D. S.
No. 369. There is a Fountain Filled With Blood.
Wm. Cowper. (FOUNTAIN.) Lowell Mason.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Immanuel's veins; D. C.—And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, (Omit.)

D. C.

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

2 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood Shall never lose its power, Till all the ransomed Church of God Be saved to sin no more.

3 E'er since by faith I saw the stream Redeeming love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.

No. 370. There is a Green Hill Far Away.

1. There is a green hill far a-way, Without a city wall;

2. We may not know, we can not tell What pains He had to bear;

3. He died that we might be forgiv'n, He died to make us good,

4. There was no other good enough To pay the price of sin;

Where the dear Lord was crucified, Who died to save us all.

But we believe it was for us He hung and suffered there.

That we might go at last to heav'n, Saved by His precious blood.

He only could unlock the gate Of heav'n and let us in.

CHORUS.

O dearly, dearly has He loved, And we must love Him, too,
There is a Green Hill Far Away.

And trust in His re-deem-ing blood, And try His works to do.

No. 371. There is a Peace.

Copyright, 1925, by E. L. Jorgenson.

E. L. Jorgenson.

1. There is a peace that com-eth after sor-row,
   A hope that look-eth not up-on the mor-row,
   Of hope sur-ren-dered—not of hope ful-filled;
   But calm-ly on the tem-pest that (Omit . . .) is still-ed.

2. A peace that lives not now, in joys ex-cess-es,
   But in the calm-er strength the soul pos-ses-ses,
   Nor in the hap-py life of love se-ure;
   Of con-flicts won, while learn-ing to (Omit . . .) en-dure.

3. 'Tis not the peace that cover Ed-en brood-ed,
   A peace there is, in sac-rif-ice se-clud-ed,
   Of con-flicts won, while learn-ing to
   But that which tri-nymph'd in Geth-sem- (Omit . . .) a-ne.

Coda.—To be sung or omitted, as desired, after No. 371.

Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah,

There is a Sea.

1. There is a sea which day by day Receives the rippling rills;
2. There is a sea which day by day Receives a fuller tide;
3. Which shall it be for you and me Who God's good gifts obtain?

And streams that spring from wells of God, Or fall from cedared hills. But what it
But all its store it keeps, nor gives To shore nor sea beside. It's Jor-dan
Shall we accept for self alone, Or take, to give again? For He who

Thus...... receives, it gives,...... With glad unsparing
But what it thus receives, it gives,...... With glad unsparing,
stream...... now turned to brine,...... Lies heavy as molten
It's Jor-dan stream, now turned to bring,...... Lies heavy as molten,
once...... was rich in-deed...... Laid all His glo-ry
For He who once was rich in-deed Laid all His glo-ry,

Hand:...... A stream more wide,...... with deeper tide,......
unspiring hand: A stream more wide, with deeper tide,
lead;...... Its dreadful name...... doth e'er proclaim......
as mol-ten lead; Its dreadful name doth e'er proclaim-
down;...... That by His grace,...... our ransomed race......
His glo-ry down; That by His grace our ransomed race
There is a Sea.

Flows on to lower land.
That sea is waste and dead.
Should share His wealth and crown.

No. 373. There Shall Be Showers of Blessing.

El Nathan.

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James McGranahan.

1. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" This is the promise of love;
2. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" Precious 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-ior 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-cess-ing, Now as on Je-sus we call!

CHORUS.

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

Mer-cy-drops round us are fall-ing, But for the show-ers we plead.
No. 374. There Stands a Rock.


1. There stands a Rock, on shores of time, That rears to heav’n its head sublime;
That Rock is cleft, and they are blest Who find with-in this cleft a rest.

2. That Rock’s a cross, its arms out-spread, Celestial glory bathes its head; To its firm base my all I bring, And to the Cross of Ages cling. Some build their hopes on the

3. That Rock’s a tow’r, whose loft-y height, Illumed with heav’n’s uncloud-ed light, Opes wide its gates be-neath the dome, Where saints find rest with Christ at home.

ever-drift-ing sand, Some on their fame or their treas-ure or their land;

Mine’s on the Rock that for-ev-er shall stand, Je-sus the “Rock of Ages.”

CHORUS.
No. 375. There Was One Who Was Willing.

("Nailed to the Cross.")

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

Duet. Ad lib.

1. There was One who was willing to die in my stead, That a
soul so un-worth-y might live, And the path to the cross
will-ing to tread, All the sins of my life to for-give.

2. He is ten-der and lov-ing and pa-tient with me, While He
and pa-tient with me, While He
know I am free, For my sins are all nail’d to the cross. They are nail’d to the cross,

3. I will cling to my Sav-ior and nev-er de-part— I will
joy-ful-ly jour-ney each day, With a song on my lips and a
song in my heart, That my sins have been taken away.

They are nail’d to the cross, O how much He was will-ing to bear! With what
an-guish and loss, Jesus went to the cross! But He carried my sins with Him there.
No. 376.  There Will Be Light.
Jennie Wilson.
Copyright, 1894, by A. J. Showalter.
A. J. Showalter.

1. There will be light for the spirits Who thro' deep shadows have come.
2. There will be light for the weary Who thro' sore trials have passed.
3. There will be light for the faithful, What-e'er the way they have trod.

Fade-less light shining glad welcome Out from the windows of home.
Radiant light as they enter, Peace that forever shall last.
Glorious light sent to guide them Safe to the city of God.

REFRAIN.

There will be light at the river, There will be light at the river, There will be light, blessed light at the river, There will be light at the river, While the redeem'd ones pass o'er.
There's a Book.

1. There's a book which surpasses the sages, A volume of wisdom divine;
2. 'Tis the light which will guide us to glory, The Sword of the Spirit of might;
3. It reveals where a fountain is flowing, Which washes the soul from its stain;
4. And the glory that gleams from its pages, No splendor of earth can outshine.

And the glory that gleams from its pages, No splendor of earth can outshine.
And to dwell on its beautiful story Is of heaven the sweetest delight.
Age and sorrow are comforted, knowing With earth they shall part with all pain.

CHORUS.

'Tis the Bible! the Bible! Our guiding star that leads from earth to heaven, The Bible! the Bible! We

'Tis the blessed, blessed Bible! the blessed, blessed Bible! Our

The blessed, blessed Bible! We love the precious Book of Truth which God has given.

blessed, blessed Bible! We
No. 378. There's a Gall Comes Ringing.
("Send the Light.")

G. H. G. Copyright, 1890, by Chas. H. Gabriel, E. O. Excell, owner. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. There's a call comes ring-ing o'er the rest-less wave, Send the light!
   There are souls to res-cue, there are souls to save, Send the light!
2. We have heard the Mac-e-do-nian call to-day, Send the light!
   And a gold-en of-f'ring at the cross we lay, Send the light!
3. Let us pray that grace may ev-ry-where a-bound; Send the light!
   And a Christ-like spir-it ev-ry-where be found, Send the light!
4. Let us not grow wea-ry in the work of love; Send the light!
   Let us gath-er jew-els for a crown a-bove, Send the light!

REFRAIN.
Send the light! Send the light! the blessed gos-pel light;
Send the light! Send the light! the blessed gos-pel light;

Let it shine... from shore to shore! for-ev-er-more.
Let it shine from shore to shore! for-ev-er-more.

No. 379. There's a Land That is Fairer Than Day.

S. F. Bennet. ("Sweet By-and-By.") Jos. P. Webster.

1. There's a land that is fair-er than day, And by faith we can see it a-far;

For the Fa-ther waits o-ver the way, To prepare us a dwelling place there.
There's a Land That is Fairer Than Day.

CHORUS.

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.

3 To our bountiful Father above
We will offer our tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.

No. 380. There's a Pardon Full and Sweet.

E. E. Hewitt.
Copyright, 1894, by E. O. Excell.

E. O. Excell.

1. There's a pardon full and sweet,'Tis for you,'tis for me; Blessed rest at
2. There's a help for ev'ry day,'Tis for you,'tis for me; Joy and blessing
3. There's a robe of snow-y white,'Tis for you,'tis for me; There's a home of

CHORUS.

Je-sus' feet,'Tis for you and me.
by the way,'Tis for you and me. All for you, if you be-lieve, If sal-
va-tion you receive; There's a welcome, warm and true, All for you, all for me.
No. 381. There's a Stranger At the Door.

J. B. Atchinson. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY E. O. EXCELL.

RENEWAL.

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

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

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

Jesus Christ, the Father's Son, Let Him in.
He will keep you to the end, Let Him in.
And His name you will adore, Let Him in.
He will take you home to Heav'n, Let Him in.
No. 382. There's a Wideness in God's Mercy.
(WELLESLEY; or use tune, "ERIE," No. 407.)

Frederick W. Faber.

1. There's a wide-ness in God's mercy, Like the wide-ness of the sea;
2. There is wel-come for the sin-ner, And more gra-ces for the good;
3. For the love of God is broa-der Than the meas-ure of man's mind;
4. If our love were but more sim-ple, We should take Him at His word;

Frederick W. Faber.

Lizzie S. Tourje.

No. 383. There's Not a Friend Like the Lowly Jesus.
("No, Not One.")

Johnson Oatman, Jr.

1. There's not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!
   None else could heal all our soul's dis-eases, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like Him is so high and ho-ly, No, not one! no, not one!
   And yet no friend is so meek and low-ly, No, not one! no, not one!

Geo. C. Hugg.

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

No, not one! no, not one! No, not one! no, not one!

D.C.-There's not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!

CHORUS.

Jesus knows all a-bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done;

3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, 4. Did ever saint find this Friend forsake him?
   No, not one! no, not one! No, not one! no, not one!
   No night so dark but His love can cheer us, Or sinner find that He would not take him?
   No, not one! no, not one! No, not one! no, not one!
No. 384.  Thou Art Coming, O My Savior.
F. R. Havergal.  (ADVENT.)  W. H. Monk.

1. Thou art coming, O my Savior! Thou art coming, O my King!
2. Thou art coming, Thou art coming! We shall meet Thee on Thy way;
3. Thou art coming: at Thy table We are witnesses for this:
4. O the joy to see Thee reigning, Thee, our own beloved Lord!

In Thy beauty all resplendent, In Thy glory all transcendent,
We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee, We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee
While remembrance hearts Thou meetest In communion clearest, sweetest,
Ev'ry tongue Thy name confessing, Worship, honor, glory, blessing,

Well may we rejoice and sing; Coming: in the opening east, Herald brightness
All our hearts could never say; What an anthem that will be! Music rapturous
Earnest of our coming bliss; Showing not Thy death alone, And Thy love ex-Bro't to Thee with one accord; Thee, our Master, and our Friend, Vindicated

slowly swells; Coming, O Thou Great High Priest! As Thy holy word foretells.
oursely sweet, Pouring out our love to Thee, At Thine own all-glorious feet.
ceeding great, But Thy coming, and Thy throne, All for which we long and wait.
and enthroned, Unto earth's remotest end, Glorious, adored and owned.
No. 385.  
Thou Art the Way. 
G. W. Doane. 
(SAWLEY.) 
James Walch.

1. Thou art the Way, to Thee a- lone From sin and death we flee;  
2. Thou art the Truth: Thy word a- lone True wis-dom can im-part;  
3. Thou art the Life: the rend-ing tomb Pro-claims Thy conqu'ring arm;  
4. Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life: Grant us that way to know,  

And he who would the Fa- ther seek, Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee. 
Thou on-ly canst in-struct the mind, And pur-i fy the heart. 
And those who put their trust in Thee, Nor death, nor hell shall harm. 
That truth to keep, that life to win, Whose joys e- ter-nal flow.

No. 386.  
Thou, My Everlasting Portion. 
Fanny J. Crosby.  
Silas J. Vail.

1. Thou, my ev-er-last-ing por- tion, More than friend or life to me;  
2. Not for ease or world-ly pleas-ure, Not for fame my pray'r shall be;  
3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad-ows, Bear me o'er life's fit-ful sea;  

D.S.-All a-long my pil-grim jour-ney, Sav-ior, let me walk with Thee. 
D.S.-Glad-ly will I toil and suf-fer, On-ly let me walk with Thee. 
D.S.-Then the gate of life e-ter-nal May I en-ter, Lord, with Thee.

Refrain.  
Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee,  
D. S.
No. 387. Though the Way We Journey.
(”We Shall See the King Some Day.”)

L. E. J. (L. E. Jones)

1. Tho' the way we journey may be often drear, We shall see the
2. After pain and anguish, after toil and care, We shall see the
3. After foes are conquered, after battles won, We shall see the
4. There with all the loved ones who have gone before, We shall see the

King some day; (someday;) On that blessed morning clouds will disappear;
King some day; (someday;) Thro' the endless ages joy and blessing share,
King some day; (someday;) After strife is over, after set of sun,
King some day; (someday;) Sorrow past forever, on that peaceful shore,

CHORUS.

We shall see the King some day. We shall see the King some day, (someday,)

We will shout and sing some day, (someday;) Gathered round the throne,

When He shall call His own, We shall see the King some day.
No. 388. Through the Night of Doubt and Sorrow.
Tr. S. Baring-Gould.
From the Danish of Ingemann. (ST. ASAPH.) W. S. Bambridge.

1. Thro' the night of doubt and sorrow On-ward goes the pil-grim band,
2. One, the light of God's own presence, O'er His ransomed peo-ple shed,
3. One, the strain the lips of thousands Lift as from the heart of one;
4. On-ward there-fore, pil-grim brothers, On-ward, with the cross our aid;

Sing-ing songs of ex-pec-ta-tion, Marching to the prom-is-ed land;
Chas-ing far the gloom and ter·ror, Bright'ning all the path we tread;
One the con·flict, one the per·il, One, the march in God be·gun;
Bear its shame, and fight its bat·tle, Till we rest be-neath its shade;

Clear be·fore us thro' the dark·ness Gleams and burns the guid·ing light;
One, the ob·ject of our jour·ney, One, the faith which nev·er tires,
One, the glad·ness of re·joic·ing On the far e·ter·nal shore,
Soon shall come the great a·wak·ing; Soon the rend·ing of the tomb;

Broth-er clasps the hand of broth·er, Step·ping fear-less thro' the night.
One, the earn·est look·ing for·ward, One, the hope our God in·spires.
Where the One Al·might·y Fa·ther Reigns in love for·ever·more,
Then, the scat·ting of all shadows, And the end of toil and gloom!
No. 389. Thy Life Was Given For Me.
Frances R. Havergal.

1. Thy life was giv'n for me, Thy blood, O Lord, was shed,
That I might ransomed be, And (Omit ............) quickened from the dead;
2. Thy Father's house of light, Thy glo-ry-cir-cled throne,
Were left for earthly night, For (Omit ............) wand'ring sad and lone;
3. And Thou hast bro't to me, Down from Thy home above,
Sal-va-tion full and free, Thy (Omit ............) par-don and Thy love;

Thy life, Thy life was giv'n for me: What have I giv'n for Thee?
Yea, all, yea, all, was left for me: Have I left aught for Thee?
Great gifts, great gifts Thou bro't-est me: What have I brought to Thee?

No. 390. Till He Come.
Edw. H. Bickersteth. (Wells; or use tune "To lady.") D. Bortmianski.

1. "Till He come;" O let the words Linger on the trembling chords:
Let the "lit-tle while" between In their golden (Omit . . . .) light be seen;
2. When the weary ones we love En-ter on their rest a - bove,
Seems the earth so poor and vast, All our life-joy (Omit . . . .) o - ver-cast—
3. See, the feast of love is spread: Drink the wine and break the bread—
Sweet memorials—till the Lord Call us round His (Omit . . . .) heav'nly board:

Let us think how heav'n and home Lie be-yond that "Till He come."
Hush! be ev'-ry mur-mur dumb: It is on-ly "Till He come."
Some from earth, from glo-ry some, Sev-ered on-ly "Till He come."
No. 391. 'Tis Midnight; and On Olive's Brow.

1. 'Tis mid-night; and on Ol-ive's brow The star is dimmed that late-ly shone;
2. 'Tis mid-night; and from all removed, The Sav-ior wrestles lone with fears;
3. 'Tis mid-night; and for oth-ers' guilt The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
4. 'Tis mid-night; and from e-ther-plains Is borne the song that an-gels know;

'Tis mid-night; in the gar- den, now The suf-f'ring Sav-ior prays a-lone. 
E'en that dis-ci-ple whom He loved Heeds not His Master's grief and tears. 
Yet he that hath in an-guish knelt, Is not for-sak-en by his God. 
Un-heard by mor-tals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Savior's woe.

No. 392. 'Tis My Happiness Below.
Wm. Cowper. (MERCY.) Arr. from Gottschalk.

1. 'Tis my hap-pi-ness be-low, Not to live with-out the cross;
2. Tri- als must and will be-fall; But, with hum-ble faith, to see
3. Tri- als make the prom-ise sweet; Tri- als give new life to pray'r;

But the Sav-ior's pow'r to know, Sanc- ti-fy-ing ev-'ry loss. 
Love in-scribed up-on them all—This is hap-pi-ness to me. 
Tri- als bring me to His feet, Lay me low, and keep me there.
No. 393. 'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

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 learnt'd to trust Thee, Precious Jesus, Savior, Friend;

Just to rest up on His promise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord,"
Just in simple faith to plunge me 'Neath the healing cleansing flood,
Just from Jesus simply taking Life, and rest, and joy, and peace.
And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

CHORUS.

Jesus, Jesus, how I trust Him; How I've prov'd Him o'er and o'er;

Jesus, Jesus, Precious Jesus! O, for grace to trust Him more.
No. 394. 'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.

Fanny J. Crosby.

Copyright, 1892, by C. C. Cline.

E. Maude Cline.

1. 'Tis the blessed hour of pray'r, when our hearts low'ly bend, And we
2. 'Tis the blessed hour of pray'r, when the Savior draws near, With a
3. 'Tis the blessed hour of pray'r, when the tempted and tried To the
4. At the blessed hour of pray'r, trusting Him, we believe That the

gather to Jesus, our Savior and Friend; If we come to Him in ten-der com-passion His chil-dren to hear; When He tells us we may Savior who loves them their sor-row con-fide; With a sym-pa-thiz-ing bless-ing we're need-ing we'll sure-ly re-ceive; In the full-ness of this

faith, His pro-tec-tion to share, What a balm for the wea-ry!
cast at His feet ev'ry care, What a balm for the wea-ry!
heart He re-moves ev'ry care; What a balm for the wea-ry!
trust we shall lose ev'ry care; What a balm for the wea-ry!

D. S.—What a balm for the wea-ry!

FINE. REFRAIN.

O how sweet to be there. Bless-ed hour of pray'r, Blessed hour of pray'r;

O how sweet to be there.
No. 395. 'Tis the Savior Pleading.


1. 'Tis the Savior pleading, Come, O come to me; Weary, heavy-laden,
2. With a heavy bur-den Is my heart oppressed; But a soft voice calleth,
3. O I quick will has-ten At His summons sweet; I will drop my bur-den

Come, O come to me. Je-sus waiteth, O so pa-tient-ly, Je-sus call-eth,
Come to me and rest. 'Tis the Savior speaks so gracious-ly, All ye heav-y-
At His bless-ed feet. O the love so great and won-der-ful, O the word so

O so ten-der-ly, Come to me, come to me, Come, O come to me.
lad-en, come to me, Come to me, come to me, Come, O come to me.
sweet and mer-ci-ful, Come to me, come to me, Come, O come to me.

No. 396. To Him Who Spread the Skies.

Horatius Bonar. (DARWALL.) John Darwall.

1. To Him who spread the skies, Who formed the sea and earth,
2. In Him for-ev-er-mo-re, Ye sons of men re-joice,
3. Him praise and mag-ni- fy, Sun, moon, and ev-ery star;

Cre-at-ing all so good, To Him who gave us birth,—
To God, your God, with songs Lift up your heart and voice:
His name ex-alt on high, Cre-a-tion near and far!
To Him Who Spread the Skies.

To Him be praise and glory giv'n, From sons of earth, and hosts of heav'n, He toucheth, and the sickness flies; He speaketh, and the dead arise. To Him, the God of earth and heav'n, All blessing and all praise be giv'n!

No. 397. To Our Redeemer's Glorious Name.

Harriet B. Steele. (WARWICK.) Samuel Stanley.

1. To our Redeemer's glorious name, Awake the sacred song; O may His love, immortal flame! Tune ev'ry heart and tongue, bleed and die! Was ever love like this? 3 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay Our humble thanks to Thee, May every heart with rapture say, "The Savior died for me."

2. He left His radiant home on high, Left the bright realms of bliss, And came to earth to fill ev'ry heart and tongue, Till strangers love Thy charming name, And join the sacred song.

No. 398. To Us a Child of Hope is Born.

John Morrison. (ZERAH.) Lowell Mason.

1. To us a Child of hope is born, To us a Son is giv'n, Him shall the tribes of earth obey; Him, all the hosts of heav'n; Him shall the tribes of earth obey, Him, all the hosts of heav'n.

2 His name shall be the Prince of Peace, 3 His power, increasing, still shall spread Forevermore adored, His reign no end shall know; The Wonderful, the Counsellor, Justice shall guard His throne above, The great and mighty Lord! And peace abound below.

Frances R. Havergal, Geo. C. Stebbins.

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RENEWAL, Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. True-hearted, whole-hearted, faithful and loyal, King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be; Under the standard exalted and royal, Strong glorious King;

2. True-hearted, whole-hearted, full-est allegiance, Yielding henceforth to our wills and affections victorious, Free in Thy strength we will battle for Thee.

3. True-hearted, whole-hearted, Savior all-glorious! Take Thy great power and grace we will be; Under the standard exalted and royal, Strong glorious King; Valiant endeavor and loving obedience, Free reign there alone, Over our wills and affections victorious, Free in Thy strength we will battle for Thee.

CHORUS.

Peal out the watch-word! silenced it ly and joy-ously now would we bring, ly surrendered and wholly Thine own. Peal silenced

never! Song of our spirits rejoicing and free; Peal out the Song rejoicing and free; Peal

watch-word! loyal forever, King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be.

loyal King
No. 400. 'Twas On That Night.


1. 'Twas on that night, when doomed to know The eager rage of every foe,
2. And, after thanks and glory giv'n To Him that rules in earth and heav'n,
3. "My broken body thus I give For you, for all; take, eat, and live;
4. Then in His hands the cup He raised, And God anew He thanked and praised;
5. "My blood I thus pour forth," He cries, "To cleanse the soul in sin that lies;

The night in which He was betray'd, The Saviour of the world took bread,
That symbol of His flesh He broke, And thus to all His followers spoke:
And oft the sacred feast re-new, That brings My wondrous love to view.
While kindness in His bosom glowed, And from His lips salvation flowed.
Partake: and when the cup ye pour, Re-member still My dying hour.

No. 401. Unto the Hills.

Marquis of Lorne. (Ps. 121.) (SANDON.) C. H. Purday.

1. {Unto the hills a-round do I lift up My longing eyes:
   O whence for me shall my salvation come, From whence a-rise?
   From God the
2. He will not suffer that thy foot be moved; Safe shalt thou be;
   No care-less slumber shall His eyelids close, Who keepeth thee.
   Be hold, He
3. Je-ho-vah is Himself thy keeper true: Thy changeless shade,
   Je-ho-vah ever-more on thy right hand Himself hath made;
   And thee no
4. From ev'-ry evil shall He keep thy soul, From ev'-ry sin:
   Je-ho-vah shall preserve thy going out, Thy coming in;
   A-bove thee

Lord doth come my certain aid, From God the Lord, who heav'n and earth hath made,
sleep-eth not, He slumb'eth ne'er, Who keep-eth Israel in His ho-ly care.
sun by day shall ev-er smile, No moon shall harm thee in the si-lent night.
watch-ing, He whom we a-dore Shall keep thee henceforth, yea, for-ev-er-more.
No. 402.  We Give Thee But Thine Own.
W. W. How.  (Schumann.)  Schumann.

1. We give Thee but Thine own, What-e'er the gift may be;
2. May we Thy boun- ties thus As stew-ar ds true re-cieve;
3. And we be-lieve Thy word, Tho' dim our faith may be;

All that we have is Thine a-lone, A trust, O Lord, from Thee.
And glad-ly, as Thou bless-est us, To Thee our first-fruits give,
What-e'er for Thine we do, O Lord, We do it un-to Thee.

No. 403.  We Praise Thee, O God.
Wm. P. Mackay.  ("Revive Us Again.")  J. J. Husband.

1. We praise Thee, O God, For the Son of Thy love, For Je-sus who
died, and is now gone a-bove.
Sav-ior, and scat-tered our night.  Hal-le-lujah! Thine the glo-ry;
sins, and has cleansed ev'-ry stain.  Hal-le-lujah! Thine the glo-ry;

CHORUS.

4 All glory and praise
To the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us,
And guided our ways.

Hal-le-lujah! A-men! Revive us a-gain.

5 Revive us again;
Fill each heart with Thy love;
May each soul be rekindled
With fire from above.
1. We saw Thee not when Thou didst come To this poor world of sin and death;
2. We saw Thee not when lift-ed high, Amid that wild and savage crew;
3. We gazed not in the open tomb, Where once Thy mangled body lay;
4. We walked not with the chosen few, Who saw Thee from the earth ascend;

Nor yet beheld Thy cottage home, In that despised Nazareth;
Nor heard we that imploring cry, "Forgive, they know not what they do!"
Nor saw Thee in that "upper room," Nor met Thee on the open way;
Who raised to heaven their wondering view, Then low to earth all prostrate bend;

REFRAIN.

But we believe Thy footsteps trod Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God:
But we believe the deed was done, That shook the earth and veiled the sun;
But we believe that angels said, "Why seek the living with the dead?"
But we believe that human eyes Beheld that journey to the skies;

But we believe Thy footsteps trod Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God.
But we believe the deed was done, That shook the earth and veiled the sun;
But we believe that angels said, "Why seek the living with the dead?"
But we believe that human eyes Beheld that journey to the skies.
No. 405. **We Would See Jesus.**
Anna B. Warner.  
(Or use Tune, "RAYNOLES," No. 97.)  
Lowell Mason.

1. We would see Je - sus—for the shadows length-en A-cross the lit - tle D. S.—For the last wea - ri-

landscape of our life; We would see Je - sus, our weak faith to strengthen,

2 We would see Jesus—the great Rock 3 We would see Jesus—this is all we're

foundation, On which our feet were set with sov-

Nor life, nor death, with all their agitation, Can thence remove us, if we see His

2 To spend one sacred day 3 Now may the King descend
Where God and saints abide, And fill His throne with grace;
Affords diviner joy, The scepter, Lord, extend,
Than thousand days beside; While saints address Thy face;
I love it more where God resorts, Let sinners feel Thy quickening word,
To keep the door than shine in courts. And learn to know and fear the Lord.

No. 406. **Welcome, Delightful Morn**
Thos. Hayward.  
( Lischer.)  
F. Schneider.

1. Welcome, delightful morn, Thou day of sacred rest! I hail thy kind return: Lord, make these moments blest. From the low train of mortal toys,

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

I soar to reach
No. 407.  What a Friend.
Joseph Scriven. (EBRE.)  C. C. Converse.

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

What a privilege to carry Ev’rything to God in prayer!
We should never be discouraged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Precious Savior, still our refuge—Take it to the Lord in prayer.

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

No. 408.  What Can Wash Away My Sin?
("Nothing But the Blood.")
Copyright, 1904, by Mary Runyon Lowry. Renewal. Used by permission.
(Key G.)

1 What can wash away my sin? Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
What can make me whole again? Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Ref.—O precious is the flow That makes me white as snow;
No other fount I know, Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

2 For my pardon, this I see— Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
For my cleansing, this my plea— Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

3 Nothing can for sin atone— Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
Naught of good that I have done— Nothing but the blood of Jesus;

4 This is all my hope and peace— Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
This is all my righteousness— Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Robert Lowry.
No. 409. When All My Labors and Trials Are O'er.

("The Glory Song.")

COPYRIGHT, 1800, BY E. O. EXCEII.

WORDS AND MUSIC

C.H.G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

2. When, by the gift of His infinite grace, I am accorded in
   will thro' the ages be glory for me. O that will be
   Glory for me, Glory for me; When by His grace
   be glory for me, Glory for me, glory for me;

3. Friends will be there I have loved long ago; Joy like a river a-
   shall look on His face, That will be glory, be glory for me.
No. 410. When All Thy Mercies.

Joseph Addison. (GENRYA: or use "BELMONT," No. 135.)

John Cole.

1. When all Thy mercies, O my God,
soul surveys, Transport ed with the view, I'm lost

care bestowed, Before my infant heart conceived

1. When all Thy mercies, O my God,

2. Unnumbered comforts on my soul Thy tender

2. When all Thy mercies, O my God,

3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
In wonder, love, and praise.

3. Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;

From whom those comforts flowed.

3. Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

4 Through all eternity, to Thee
Through all eternity, to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;

4. Through all eternity, to Thee
But O eternity's too short;
To utter all Thy praise!

No. 411. When At Thy Foot-Stool, Lord, I Bend.

H. F. Lyte. (ERMAN.)

Lowell Mason.

1. When at Thy foot-stool, Lord, I bend, And plead with Thee for mercy there,
Think of the sinner's dying Friend, And for His sake receive my pray'r.

2. O think on Thy holy word, And ev'ry plighted promise there!
How pray'r should ever-more be heard, And how Thy glory is, to spare.

3. O think not of my doubts and fears, My strivings with Thy grace divine;
Think upon Jesus' woes and tears, And let His merits stand for mine.
No. 412. When Days of Toil Have All Gone By.

("Heaven for Me.")

Mrs. C. D. Martin.

Copyright, 1907, by Hall-Mack Co.

W. Stillman Martin.

1. When days of toil have all gone by, And I my dear Lord shall see,
   The Father's house, the mansions fair, My home shall forever be;
   He saved me from my lost estate, From sin He has set me free,

   Heaven for me, O it will be! Heaven for me, O it will be!

2. A word of welcome when we shall meet I know will make heav'n for me,
   But one sweet word from the Lord I love I know will make heav'n for me.
   And just to see Him when He shall come I know will be heav'n for me.

   When Jesus whispers a welcome to me, When Jesus gives a welcome to me, a smile and a welcome to me, to me.
1. When I shall reach the more excellent glory, And all my trials are past, I shall behold Him, O wonderful story!

2. We shall not wait till the glorious dawning breaks on the vision so fair; Now we may welcome the heavenly morning, over again; Changed by His Spirit from glory to glory,

3. More and more like Him, repeat the blest story over and over, I shall be like Him at last.

CHORUS.

I shall be like Him, I shall be satisfied then.

like Him, And in His beauty shall shine; I shall be like Him, wondrously like Him, Jesus, my Savior divine.
No. 414. When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

(Hamburg; or use "Rockingham," No. 400.)

Isaac Watts.

Gregorian. Arr. L. Mason.

When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss
(omit)

Forbid, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my Lord;
All the vain things that charm me most
(omit)

When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss

See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e’er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

And pour contempt on all my pride.
I sacrifice them to His blood.

Faithful to Him, will He find us watching,
With our lamps all trimmed and bright?
When to the Lord we restore our talents, Will He answer thee, "Well done?"
If in our hearts there is naught condemns us, We shall have a glorious rest.
If He shall come at the dawn or midnight, Will He find us watching there?

Refrain.

O can we say we are ready, brother? Ready for the soul’s bright home?

No. 415. When Jesus Comes.

Fanny J. Crosby.


When Jesus comes to reward His servants, Whether it be noon or night,
If at the dawn of the early morning, He shall call us one by one,
Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to do our best?
Blessed are those whom the Lord finds watching; In His glory they shall share;

Faithful to Him, will He find us watching, With our lamps all trimmed and bright?
When to the Lord we restore our talents, Will He answer thee, "Well done?"
If in our hearts there is naught condemns us, We shall have a glorious rest.
If He shall come at the dawn or midnight, Will He find us watching there?

Refrain.

O can we say we are ready, brother? Ready for the soul’s bright home?
When Jesus Comes.

Say, will He find you and me still watching, Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?

No. 416. When Morning Lights the Eastern Skies.
From Psalm 143: 8-10. (MARTYRDOM.) Hugh Wilson.

1. When morning lights the eastern skies, Thy mercy, Lord, disclose;
2. Teach me the way that I should go—I lift my soul to Thee;
3. Because Thou art my God, I pray, Teach me to do Thy will;

And let Thy loving-kindness rise: On Thee my hopes repose.
Redeem me from the raging foe: To Thee, O Lord, I flee.
O lead me in the perfect way By Thy good Spirit still.

No. 417. When My Love to Christ Grows Weak.

1. When my love to Christ grows weak, When for deeper faith I seek, Then in the' t I
2. There I walk amid the shades, While the lingering twilight fades, See that suffering,
3. When my love for man grows weak, When for stronger faith I seek, Hill of Calvar-

4. There behold His agony,
Suffered on the bitter tree;
See His anguish, see His faith,
Love triumphant still in death.

5. Then to life I turn again,
Learning all the worth of pain;
Learning all the might that lies
In a full self-sacrifice.

go to thee, Garden of Gethsemane!
friendless One, Weeping, praying there alone.
I go To thy scenes of fear and woe.
When Peace Like a River.

1. When peace, like a river, attendeth my way, When sorrows like sea-billows roll; What-er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say, 'Even so—it is well with my soul.

2. Tho' Satan should buffet, tho' trials should come, Let this blest assurance control, That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate, 'EVEN SO—it is well with my soul.

3. My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious thought—My sin—not in part, but the whole, Is nailed to the cross and I bear it no more, back as a scroll, The trump shall resound and the Lord shall descend,

4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled back as a scroll, The trump shall resound and the Lord shall descend, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul! It is well, 'EVEN SO—it is well with my soul.

CHORUS.

It is well, it is well with my soul.
And hath shed His own blood for my soul. It is well...
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul! It is well,
No. 419. When the Early Morning Breaking.

(“In His Keeping.”)

Mrs. C. H. M.

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Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. When the early morning breaking, Slumber from my eye-lids shaking, Comes the
blessed thought with waking, I am in His keeping. Day advances, labor
blessed thought so cheering, I am in His keeping.

2. Sometimes dark clouds hang o’er me, Not one step I see before me, Still, my
Savior, I adore Thee, I am in His keeping. I can trust His hand to
blessed thought so cheering, I am in His keeping.

3. Gentle even-tide is near-ing, Light from Heaven dis-appear-ing, Still the
night’s curtains gather, Care, her mantle ‘round me flinging, Yet midst all my soul keeps singing,
guide me, ’Neath His wings He’ll safely hide me, And no harm can e’er be-tide me,
round me, Yet its dan-gers have not found me, For His angel guards surround me,

Chorus.

I am in His care, I am in my Fa-ther’s keep-ing, I am in His
ten-der care; Wheth-er wake-ing, wheth-er sleep-ing, I am in His care.
When the South-Wind, Softly Blowing.

Robert Morris.

Copyright 1900, by C. C. Cline, E. Maude Cline.

1. When the south-wind, softly blowing, Gently sweeps the quiet sea,
2. Here befell the tragic story, Fancy paint the scene to me,
3. It is done! a consolation Gentle south-wind sends to me,

Then I leave my tented dwelling, Going to Gethsemane.
Faith, light up the central glory, Jesus in Gethsemane.
Such as angels bro't the sorrowing Jesus in Gethsemane.

Then I leave my tented dwelling, Going to Gethsemane.

There I bow in meditation, 'Neath the shade where olives grow,
In the dust Thy blood-drops moistened, 'Neath the trees that saw Thy woe,
Now I seek my tented dwelling, Where Si-lo-am's waters flow;

There I bow in meditation, 'Neath the shade where olives grow,

Think-ing of the "Man of Sorrows," Kneeling here so long a-go.
Let me meet Thee, "Man of Sorrows," Thou who knelt here long a-go.
Stay with me, O "Man of Sorrows," Thou who prayed here long a-go.
When the South-Wind, Softly Blowing.

CHORUS. A tempo.

Long ago, ah, bring to me, South-wind from the quiet sea;
Yes, long ago, ah, bring to me, sea, the quiet sea;

Tho' of Him on bended knee, O my Savior, in Gethsemane.

No. 421. When This Passing World Is Done.

1. When this passing world is done, When has sunk your glaring sun,
2. When I stand before the throne, Dressed in beauty not my own,
3. When the praise of heaven I hear, Loud as thunders to the ear,
4. E'en on earth, as thro' a glass, Darkly let Thy glory pass;

D. C. Then, Lord, shall I fully know, Not till then, how much I owe.

D. C. - E'en on earth, Lord, make me know Something of how much I owe.

When I stand with Christ on high, Looking o'er life's history—
When I see Thee as Thou art, Love Thee with unerring heart—
Loud as many waters' noise, Sweet as harp's melodious voice—
Make forgiveness feel so sweet; Make Thy Spirit's help so meet;
No. 422. When Upon Life's Billows.

("Count Your Blessings.")

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL.

W. O. Excell.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

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

2. Are you ever burdened with a load of care? Does the cross seem heavy you are called to bear? Count your many blessings, every doubt will fly, And you will be singing as the days go by, Count your blessings, name them one by one; Count your many blessings, see what God hath done; Count your many

3. When you look at others with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has promised you His wealth untold; Count your many blessings, money cannot buy your reward in Heaven, nor your home on high, Count your many blessings, name them one by one; Count your many blessings, see what God hath done; Count your many

4. So, amid the conflict, whether great or small, Do not be discouraged, God is over all; Count your many blessings, angels will attend, Help and comfort give you to your journey's end.

Chorus.

one, And it will surprise you what the Lord hath done.

fly, And you will be singing as the days go by. Count your blessings, Name them buy Your reward in Heaven, nor your home on high, tend, Help and comfort give you to your journey's end.

Count your many blessings,
When Upon Life's Billows.

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

No. 423. When We Walk With the Lord.

("Trust and Obey.")

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY D. B. TOWNER. RENEWAL.

J. H. Samms. CHARLES M. ALEXANDER, OWNER.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. When we walk with the Lord, In the light of His word, What a glory He
   While we do His good will, He abides with us still, And with all who will

2. Not a shadow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly
   Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a tear Can abide while we

3. Not a burden we bear, Not a sorrow we share, But our toil He doth
   Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a cross, But is blest if we

4. But we never can prove

5. Then in fellowship sweet

   The delights of His love,
   Until all on the altar we lay;
   For the favor He shows,
   And the joy He bestows,
   Are for those who will trust and obey.

   We will sit at His feet,
   Or we'll walk by His side in the way;
   What He says we will do;
   Where He sends we will go,
   Never fear, only trust and obey.
No. 424. While Jesus Whispers to You.

1. While Jesus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come! Now is the time to own Him, Come, sinner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sinner, come!
2. Are you too heavy laden? Come, sinner, come! Jesus will bear your burden, Come, sinner, come! Jesus will not deceive you, Come, sinner, come! Jesus can now redeem you, Come, sinner, come!
3. Oh, hear His tender pleading, Come, sinner, come! Come and receive the blessing, Come, sinner, come! While Jesus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!

No. 425. While We Pray, and While We Plead.

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

While your Father calls you home, Will you not, my brother, come?
Do not turn from God your face, But today accept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him believe, Peace and joy you shall receive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.

CHORUS.

Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Jesus now?
Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Jesus now?

No. 426. Who At the Door Is Standing.


1. Who at the door is standing, Patiently drawing near, Entrance within demanding?
2. Lonely without He's stay-ing: Lonely with-in am I; While I am still de-lay-ing,
3. All thro' the dark hours dreary, Knocking again is He; Jesus, art Thou not weary,
4. Door of my heart, I hasten! Thee will I o-pen wide; Tho' He rebuke and chasten,

D. S.—If thou wilt heed my calling,

FINE. REFRAIN. D. S.

Whose is the voice I hear?
Will He not pass me by? Sweetly the tones are falling: "Open the door for me!
Wait-ing so long for me?
He shall with me a-bide.

I will a-bide with thee."
No. 427. Who Is On the Lord's Side?
Frances R. Havergal. (ARMAGEDDON.)
Str John Goss.

1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His
2. Not for weight of glory, Not for crown and palm, Enter we the
3. Jesus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with Thine own
4. Fierce may be the conflict, Strong may be the foe, But the King's own

 helpers, Other lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side?
army, Raise the warrior-psalm; But for love that claimeth
life-blood, For Thy demand: With Thy blessing filling
army None can overthrow: Round His standard ranging

Who will face the foe? Who is on the Lord's side? Who for
Lives for whom He died: He whom Jesus nameth Must be
Each who comes to Thee, Thou hast made us willing, Thou hast
Victory is secure; For His truth unchanging Makes the

Him will go? By Thy call of mercy, By Thy grace did-
on His side. By Thy love constrain ing, By Thy grace did-
made us free. By Thy grand redemption, By Thy grace did-
triumph sure. Joyfully enlisting, By Thy grace did-

vine, We are on the Lord's side, Savior, we are Thine.
No. 428.  
"Whosoever Heareth."

P. P. B.

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P. P. Bills.

1. "Who-so-ev-er hear-eth," shout, shout the sound! Send the bless-ed ti-dings
   all the world a-round; Spread the joy-ful news where-ev-er man is found;
   Send the procla-ma-tion o-ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov-ing
   Fa-ther calls the wand’rer home; "Who-so-ev-er 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;
   'Tis a lov-ing
   Fa-ther calls the wand’rer home; "Who-so-ev-er will, may come."

3. "Who-so-ev-er will," the prom-ise se-cure; "Who-so-ev-er will," for-
   ever must en-dure; "Who-so-ev-er will," 'tis life for ev-er more;
   'Tis a lov-ing
   Fa-ther calls the wand’rer home; "Who-so-ev-er will, may come."
No. 429. Why Did My Savior Come to Earth?
(“The Love Song.”)
J. G. D.
Copyright by J. G. Dailey, Philadelphia.
J. G. Dailey.

1. Why did my Savior come to earth, And to the humble go?
2. Why did He drink the bitter cup Of sorrow, pain and woe?
3. Till Jesus comes I’ll sing His praise, And then to glory go,

Why did He choose a lowly birth? Because He loved me so!
Why on the cross be lifted up? Because He loved me so!
And reign with Him thro’ endless days, Because He loved me so.

CHORUS.

He loved... me so,
He loved, He loved me so,

He gave His precious life for me, for me, Because He loved me so.

No. 430.

Why Do You Wait?
G. F. R.
Geo. F. Root.

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

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

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

Chorus.

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

No. 431. Work, For the Night Is Coming.

Annie L. Walker. Lowell Mason.

1. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours; Work while the dew is sparkling, Work 'mid springing flow'rs. Work when the day grows brighter, hours with labor, Rest comes sure and soon. Give ev'ry fly-ing min-ute, tints are glow-ing, Work, for daylight flies. Work till the last beam fad-eth, Work in the glowing sun; Work, for the night is coming, When man's work is done. Something to keep in store; Work, for the night is coming, When man works no more. Fad-eth to shine no more; Work while the night is dark'ning, When man's work is o'er.
1. Would you be free from the burden of sin? There's pow'r in the blood.
2. Would you be free from your passion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood.
3. Would you be whiter, much whiter than snow? There's pow'r in the blood.
4. Would you do service for Jesus your King? There's pow'r in the blood.

pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er evil a victory win?
pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleansing to Calvary's tide;
pow'r in the blood; Sin-stains are lost in its life-giving flow;
pow'r in the blood; Would you live daily, His praises to sing?

There's wonderful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,

Wonder-working pow'r in the blood of the Lamb; There is

pow'r, pow'r, Wonder-working pow'r In the precious blood of the Lamb.
1. Would you live for Jesus and be always pure and good? Would you walk with Him in the narrow road? Would you have Him bear your burden, and carry all your load? Let Him have His way with thee.

2. Would you have Him make you free, and follow at His call? Would you know the peace that comes by giving all? Would you have Him save you, so that you need never fall? Let Him have His way with thee. His pow'r can make you what you always at your best? Let Him have His way with thee.

CHORUS.

ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can fill your soul, and you will see 'Twas best for Him to have His way with thee.

3. Would you in His kingdom find a place of constant rest? Would you prove Him truly each providential test? Would you in His service labor always at your best? Let Him have His way with thee.
No. 434. Yes, For Me, For Me Heareth.
Horatius Bonar. (MABYN.) Thomas Hastings. FINE

1. {Yes, for me, for me He car-eth With a broth-er's ten-der care;
   Yes, with me, with me He shar-eth Ev'-ry bur-den, ev'-ry fear.}

2. {Yes, for me He standeth pleading, At the mer-cy-seat a-bove,
   Ev-er for me in-ter-ced-ing, Con-stant in un-tir-ing love.}

3. {Yes, in me, in me He dwelleth—I in Him, and He in me;
   And my emp-ty soul He fill-eth, Here and thro' e-ter-ni-ty.}

D. C.—Yes, e'en me, e'en me He snatcheth From the per-il s of the way.
D. C.—And to cov-er me He spreadeth His pa-ter-nal wing of might.
D. C.—Such the joy-ful song of morn-ing, Such the tran-quil song of ev'n.

No. 435. Yield Not to Temptation.
(Key A.)
God's name bold in reverence,
Nor take it in vain;
Yield not to temptation, For yielding is sin;
Each victory will help you Some other to win;
Fight manfully onward, Dark passions subdue,
Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.

Cho.—Ask the Savior to help you,
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you; He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through.

2 Shun evil companions, Bad language distain;
Be thoughtful and earnest, Kind-hearted and true;
Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.

3 To him that o'ercometh God giveth a crown;
Through faith we shall conquer, Though often cast down;
He who is our Savior Our strength will renew;
Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.

No. 436. Zion Stands With Hills Surrounded.
(Tune: "ZION," No. 79.)
1 Zion stands with hills surrounded— Heaven and earth at last remove;
Zion, kept by power divine; But no changes
All her foes shall be confounded, Can attend Jehovah's love.
Though the world in arms combine; 3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Happy Zion, Thence to bring thee forth more bright;
What a favored lot is thine! But can never cease to love thee:

2 Every human tie may perish, Thou art precious in His sight.
Friend to friend unfaithful prove; God is with thee—
Mothers cease their own to cherish, God, thine everlasting light.

Songs For Children.

Note.—Many other numbers in Great Songs of The Church may be sung by older children. See the list under "Children" in Topical Index.

The songs in this department, except 437, 441, 444, and 445, will be found useful and quite suitable for adults also.

No. 437. Away In a Manger.

Martin Luther.

Traditional Melody.

1. Away in a manger, no crib for His bed,
2. Be near me, Lord Jesus, I ask Thee to stay

The little Lord Jesus laid down His sweet head;
Close by me forever, and love me, I pray;

The stars in the sky looked down where He lay,
Bless all the dear children in Thy tender care,

The little Lord Jesus, asleep on the hay.
And take us to glory, to live with Thee there.
No. 438.

Can You Count the Stars?

Tr. copyright, 1921, by E. L. Jorgenson.

Ps. 100: 4, 5.

Copyright, 1907, by Leyda & Burgener. Nettie D. Ellsworth.

1. Can you count the stars of evening That are shining in the sky?
2. Can you count the birds that warble In the sunshine all the day?
3. Can you count the many children In their little beds at night,

Can you count the clouds that daily Over all the world go by?
Can you count the little fishes That in sparkling waters play?
Who without a thought of sorrow Rise again at morning light?

God the Lord who doth not slumber Keepeth all the boundless number:
God the Lord their number knoweth, For each one His care He showeth:
God the Lord who dwells in heaven Loving care to each has given:

But He careth more for thee, But He careth more for thee.
Shall He not remember thee? Shall He not remember thee?
He has not forgotten thee, He has not forgotten thee.

Enter into His gates with thanksgiving, And into His courts with praise;

No. 439.

Enter Into His Gates.
**Enter Into His Gates.**

Be thankful unto Him, and bless His name, For the Lord is good.

**No. 440. Father, We Thank Thee for the Night.**

Rebecca Weston.

1. Father, we thank Thee for the night, And for the pleasant morning light;
2. Help us to do the things we should, To be to others kind and good;

For rest and food and loving care, And all that makes the day so fair.
In all we do, in work or play, To grow more loving every day. Amen.

**No. 441. I Washed My Hands This Morning.**


1. I washed my hands this morning, Very clean and white;
2. And lent them both to Jesus, To work for Him till night.
3. I told my ears to listen Quite close-ly all day thro';
4. For any act of kindness Such little hands can do.
5. My eyes are set to watch them About their work or play,
6. To keep them out of mischief, For Jesus' sake all day.

**Chorus.**

1. Lit-tle feet, be care-ful, Where you take me to;
2. Any-thing for Jesus (Omit) On-ly let me do.
No. 442. In His Rude Manger-Bed Sleeping.
Palmer Hartsough.  
COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY FILLMORE BROS.  
J. H. Fillmore.

1. In His rude manger-bed sleeping See Him, the heavenly Child;
   O'er Him her silent watch keeping, Mary, the mother, so mild;
   Mother, in wonder replying, Baby, O Baby divine.
   Mother, the Babe that Thou holdest Shall for a lost world atone;

2. Mother, a star now is rising Clear on the listening night;
   See how its beauty surprising Makes all the heavens so bright;
   Mother, it comes and is standing Over thy poor manger-bed;
   Wise men the way now are finding, By it they hither are led;

3. See them, their treasures out-pouring, Gold, with their incense so sweet;
   See them, in worship adoring, Low at the little One's feet;
   Mother, so poor and so lowly, Take the glad gifts that we bring;
   He is the blessed and holy, He is the Savior and King.

CHORUS.

Mother, the Babe that Thou holdest Shall for a lost world atone;
In His Rude Manger-Bed Sleeping.

Mother, the Son thou enfoldest Scepters and kingdoms shall own.

No. 443. In the Trees the Birds Are Singing.


1. In the trees the birds are singing, in the mountains and the
2. All the meadows bloom with daisy and with dandellions
3. And the world is full of children, O so many and so

... glens, By the rivers and the brooks and by the
... bold, And the clover blossoms cover all the
... fair! Like the sunbeams as they sparkle on the
... sea; .... But there's food for all the robins and the
... lea; .... But there's clothing for the lilies and the
... sea; .... But there's room for all the children in the

... tiny little wrens, And there's bread in His hand for me.
... butter-cups of gold, And there's raiment in His hand for me.
... Father's tender care, And there's room in His heart for me.
Jesus Bids Us Shine.

No. 444.

Susan Warner.

Copyright, 1884, by E. O. Excell.

E. O. Excell.

1. Jesus bids us shine, with a clear, pure light, Like a little candle burning in the night; In this world of darkness we must shine, You in your small corner, and I in mine.

2. Jesus bids us shine, first of all for Him: Well He sees and knows it if our light is dim; He looks down from heaven, sees us shine, You in your small corner, and I in mine.

3. Jesus bids us shine, then, for all around Many kinds of darkness in this world abound: Sin and want and sorrow—we must shine, You in your small corner, and I in mine.

4. Jesus bids us shine, as we work for Him, Bringing those that wander from the paths of sin; He will ever help us, if we shine, You in your small corner, and I in mine.

No. 445.

Jesus Loves Me!

No. 445.

Anna B. Warner.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Jesus loves me! this I know, For the Bible tells me so; Little ones to Him belong; They are weak, but He is strong.

2. Jesus loves me! He who died Heaven's gate to open wide; He will wash away my sin, Let His little child come in.

Chorus.

Yes, Jesus loves me; Yes, Jesus loves me; Yes, Jesus loves me; The Bible tells me so.

3. Jesus, take this heart of mine; Make it pure and wholly Thine; Thou hast bled and died for me I will henceforth live for Thee.
No. 446. Now the Day Is Dying.

Georgia Tillman Snead.
Slowly, with expression.

Copyright, 1917, by B. D. Ackley.

No. 446. Now the Day Is Dying.

B. D. Ackley.

Copyright, 1917, by B. D. Ackley.

1. Now the day is dying in the golden west, Little birds are flying homeward to their nest; Little children gatherer round the hearth-stone bright, Sweetly they are saying now, "Good-night, good-night." O worship the Lord, in the beauty of holiness; Let us exalt His name together. Amen, Amen.

2. In God’s care so tender they will fall asleep, For the Lord doth safely little children keep; Gives them sweetest slumbers, guards them in their bed, And from every danger shields each little head. Let us exalt His name together. Amen, Amen.

3. When the morn is breaking in the rosy east, They will thank the father for their pleasant rest; Happy, happy children in His loving care, They need fear no danger, God is every where. Amen, Amen.
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