1943

Great Gospel Songs for Tent and Tabernacle

Great Songs Press

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Great Gospel Songs
for
TENT AND TABERNACLE

Chosen from the “Gospel Songs” section of the
New Alphabetical Hymnal
“GREAT SONGS OF THE CHURCH”
and numbered for use either with or without the
complete, all-purpose collection
(Arranged in Alphabetical Order)

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GREAT SONGS PRESS
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(Edition of 1943)
Foreword

Gathered between the covers of this little book are the gospel songs best known and loved throughout the Christian world, especially wherever the New Alphabetical Hymnal, "Great Songs of The Church," has gone. All songs (but two or three) are tried and tested—singable, serviceable, generally familiar, and immediately useful for the purposes of revival and evangelism. The 18 best invitation songs are included.

The copyright songs herein are chosen from more than a hundred costly copyrights that appear in the Alphabetical Hymnal; and the evident connection of this book with the complete hymnal—in similarity of name, selections, arrangement and numbering—is by deliberate design; the two books may be used together, with the smaller collection in the leader's hands. But each book is, after all, entirely independent of the other.

While this abridged collection of the world's great gospel songs is not offered as a complete, all-purpose hymnal, the publishers do feel that it is worthy of comparison with the best of the portable songbooks in its price class: Consider the many costly copyrights; the general excellence and popular appeal of the songs; the large, clear type and note-heads; the convenient, alphabetical self-indexing system; and the fact that the price includes delivery to any Post Office in the U. S. A.

With sincere thanks to copyright owners, who have again been more than generous; and in deepest gratitude to God, who has brought us hitherto, we offer—for missions, tent, and tabernacle—"GREAT GOSPEL SONGS"

Note: The asterisk (*) before a verse indicates that the stanza may be omitted.

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Lead Me to Some Soul Today

Will H. Houghton

(Theme Song) Wendell P. Loveless

Lead me to some soul today; O teach me, Lord, just what to say;

Friends of mine are lost in sin, And cannot find their way.

D. S.—Melt my heart and fill my life: Give me one soul today.

D. S.

Few there are who seem to care, And few there are who pray;
1. A wonderful Savior is Jesus my Lord, A wonderful Savior to me; He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock, Where such a Redeemer as mine! That shadows a dry, thirsty land; He hideth my life in the depths of His love,

2. A wonderful Savior is Jesus my Lord, He taketh my burden away; He holdeth me up, and I shall not be moved, He shout with the millions on high.

3. With numberless blessings each moment He crowns, And filled with His fullness divine, I sing in my rapture, O glory to God For rivers of pleasure I see.

4. When clothed in His brightness, transported I rise To meet Him in clouds of the sky, His perfect salvation, His wonderful love, I'll And covers me there with His hand, And covers me there with His hand.
Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

Isaac Watts

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R. E. Hudson

1. Alas! and did my Savior bleed? And did my Sov'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned upon the tree?
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glories in,
4. Thus might I hide my blushing face While His dear cross appears;
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe:

Would He devote that sacred head For such a worm as I?
Amazing pity! grace unknown! And love beyond degree!
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died For man, the creature's sin.
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give myself away, 'Tis all that I can do!

CHORUS

At the cross, at the cross where I first saw the light, And the
burden of my heart rolled away (rolled away), It was there by faith
I received my sight, And now I am happy all the day!

* See Note in Foreword
"All things are ready," come to the feast! Leave ev'-ry care and worldly strife; Come, feast upon the love of God, And drink everlast-ing life.

spread; Ye fam-ished, ye weary, come, And thou shalt be rich-ly fed.
wide; A place of hon-or is re-served For you at the Mas-ter's side.
three; De-lay not while this day is thine, To-mor-row may nev-er be.

Hear the invi-ta-tion, "Who-so-ev-er will;" Praise God . . .
Hear the invi-ta-tion, For "who-so-ev-er will."
1. Any-where with Je-sus I can safe-ly go, Any-where He
leads me in this world be-low;  An-y-where with-out Him dear-est
fail me, He is still my own; Tho' His hand may lead me o-ver
dark-ness of sal-va-tion free; Read-y as He sum-mons me to
shad-ows round a-bout me creep, Know-ing I shall wak-en nev-er-

2. An-y-where with Je-sus I am not a-lone; Oth-er friends may
drear-est ways, An-y-where with Je-sus I am not a-fraid.
go or stay, An-y-where with Je-sus is a house of praise.
more to roam; An-y-where with Je-sus when He points the way.

3. An-y-where with Je-sus, o-ver land and sea, Tell-ing souls in
joys would fade; An-y-where with Je-sus I am not a-fraid.
drear-est ways, An-y-where with Je-sus is a house of praise.
go or stay, An-y-where with Je-sus when He points the way.
more to roam; An-y-where with Je-sus will be home, sweet home.

Chorus
An-y-where, an-y-where! Fear I can-not know;
An-y-where with Je-sus I can safe-ly go.
Blessed Assurance

Fanny J. Crosby

1. Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine! O what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God, burst on my sight;
Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood.
This is my story.

2. Perfect submission, perfect delight, visions of rapture now
In my Savior am happy and blest; angels descending bring from above
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love. This is my story.

3. Perfect submission, all is at rest; I in my Savior am
Watching and waiting, looking above
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.
This is my song, Praising my Savior all the day long; This is my story.

Chorus

This is my song, Praising my Savior all the day long.
Come, Ye that Love the Lord

Isaac Watts

(Marching to Zion) Robert Lowry

1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known;
2. Let those refuse to sing Who never knew our God;
3. The hill of Zion yields A thousand sacred sweets
4. Then let our songs abound, And every tear be dry;

Join in a song with sweet accord, Join in a song with sweet accord,
But children of the heav'nly King, But children of the heav'nly King,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields, Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,

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

(1) And thus surround the throne, And thus surround the throne.

CHORUS

We're marching to Zion, Beautiful, beautiful Zion; We're
We're marching on to Zion,
marching upward to Zion, The beautiful city of God.
Zion, Zion,
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.
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, till we meet;
meet at Jesus' feet; till we meet; Till we meet, Till we meet,

2. God be with you till we meet again; Neath His wings protecting hide you,
Dai ly man na still provide you; God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, till we meet;
till we meet; 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 un-failing 'round you; God be with you till we meet again.
till we meet, 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,
Smitedeath's threat'ning wave before you; God be with you till we meet again.
till we meet, God be with you till we meet again.
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 today;
O weary prodigal, come; Calling now for thee, weary prodigal, come.

2. Patient, loving, and tenderly still the Father pleads; Hear,O hear Him calling,
calling now for thee; O return while the Spirit in mercy intercedes;
calling now for thee; Lo! the table is spread and the feast is waiting there;
Weary prodigal, come; Calling now for thee, weary prodigal, come.

3. Come, there's bread in the house of thy Father, and to spare; Hear,O hear Him calling,
for thee;
CHORUS

Hear His loving voice calling still.
Calling now for thee, calling still. Calling now for thee, Calling now for thee,
now for thee. O weary prodigal, come.
Calling now for thee, Weary prodigal, come, weary prodigal, come.
I Am Coming to the Cross

Wm. McDonald

1. I am coming to the cross; I am poor and weak and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee; Long has evil reigned with-in;
3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends and time and earthly store;
4. Gladly I accept Thy grace; Gladly I obey Thy word;

Chorus: I am trusting, Lord, in Thee, Blessed Lamb of Calvary;

I am counting all but dross: I shall full salvation find.
Now Thy message comes to me, "I will cleanse thee from all sin."
Soul and body Thine to be, Wholly Thine for evermore.
All Thy promises embrace, O my Savior and my Lord.

Humbly at Thy cross I bow, Seeking Thy salvation now.

I Am Dwelling on the Mountain

Harriett W. Re Qua

1. I am dwelling on the mountain, Where the golden sunlight gleams
   Over a land whose wondrous beauty Far exceeds my fondest dreams.

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

D.C. — Where the flow-ers bloom for ev-er, And the sun is al-ways bright?
D.C. — For I've found a rich-er treas-ure, One that fad-eth not a-way.

Is not this the land of Beulah, Bless-ed, bless-ed land of light,
There's no thirst-ing for life's pleas-ures, Nor a-dorn-ing, rich and gay,
1. "I am the vine and ye are the branch-es:" Bear pre-cious 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

Jesus to-day; Branch-es in Him no fruit ev-er bear-ing,
fruit ye shall bear; Dwell-ing in you, my prom-ise un-bro-ken,
chil-dren of day; Fol-low your Guide: He pass-eth be-fore you,

CHORUS

Jesus hath said, "He tak-eth a-way."
Glo-ry in heav'n with me ye shall share." "I am the vine and ye are the
Lead-ing to realms of glo-ri-ous day.

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

prayer shall be grant-ed; The Fa-ther loved me, so I have loved you."
I Am Thine, O Lord

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy
   love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
   grace divine; Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope,
   throne I spend, When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God,
   nar-row sea; There are heights of joy that I may not reach

2. Con-se-crte me now to Thy serv-ice, Lord, By the pow’r of
   Refrain
   And be clos-er drawn to Thee.
   And my will be lost in Thine. Draw me near-er,
   I com-mune as friend with friend!
   Till I rest in peace with Thee. near-er, near-er,
   near-er, bless-ed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me near-er,

3. O the pure de-light of a sin-gle hour That be-fore Thy
   near-er, bless-ed Lord, To Thy pre-cious, bleed-ing side.

4. There are depths of love that I can-not know Till I cross the
I Am Thinking Today

(Will There Be Any Stars?)

F. E. Hewitt

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Jno. R. Sweney

1. I am thinking to-day of that beautiful land I shall reach when the sun goeth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Saviour I stand, Will there be any stars, any stars in my crown? Will there be any stars in my crown?

2. In the strength of the Lord let me labor and pray, Let me watch as a praise like the seabelow rolls. Will there be any stars, any stars in my crown? When at evening the sun goeth down?

3. O what joy it will be when His face I behold, Living gems at His In the mansions of rest, Will there be any stars in my Crown? ... When I wake with the blest goeth down?

Chorus

...
75  
**I Bring My Sins to Thee**  
Frances R. Havergal  
P. P. Bliss  

1. I bring my sins to Thee, The sins I can-not count, That all may clean-ed
2. I bring my grief to Thee, The grief I can-not tell; No word shall need-ed
3. My life I bring to Thee; I would not be my own; O Sav-ior, let me

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**Refrain**

In Thy once o-pened fount: I bring them, Sav-ior, all to Thee;  
Thou knowest all so well: I bring the sor-row laid on me,  
Thine ev-er, Thine a- lone: My heart, my life, my all I bring

---

The bur-den is too great for me, The bur-den is too great for me.  
O suf-fring Sav-ior, all to Thee, O suf-fring Sav-ior, all to Thee.  
To Thee, my Sav-ior and my King, To Thee, my Sav-ior and my King.

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76  
**I Can Hear My Savior Calling**  
E. W. Blandly  
(Where He Leads Me I Will Follow)  
J. S. Norris  

1. I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing, I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing,  
2. He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will give me grace and glo-ry,

---

Chor.: Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,  
I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing, "Take thy cross and fol-low, fol-low Me,"  
He will give me grace and glo-ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

---

Where He leads me I will fol-low; I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I Come to the Garden Alone

(In the Garden)

C. A. M.

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C. Austin Miles

1. I come to the gar - den a - lone, While the dew is still on the
ros - es; And the voice I hear, Fall - ing on my ear, The
songs; And the mel - o - dy That He gave to me, With-
fall - ing, But He bids me go: Thro' the voice of woe His

2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet the birds hush their
sing - ing; And the mel - o - dy That He gave to me, With-
fall - ing, But He bids me go: Thro' the voice of woe His

3. I'd stay in the gar - den with Him, Tho' the night a-round me be
ros - es; And the voice I hear, Fall - ing on my ear, The
songs; And the mel - o - dy That He gave to me, With-
fall - ing, But He bids me go: Thro' the voice of woe His

Chorus

Son of God dis - clos - es.
in my heart is ring - ing. And He walks with me, and He
voice to me is call - ing.

talks with me, And He tells me I am His own: And the
joy we share as we tar - ry there, None oth - er has ev - er known.
I Have a Savior

(I Am Praying for You)

S. O'Maley Cluff

Ira D. Sankey

1. I have a Savior, He's pleading in glory, A dear loving
   Father: to me He has given A hope for e-

2. I have a robe: 'tis resplendent in whiteness, A waiting in
   peace: it is calm as a river, A peace that the

3. I have a robe: 'tis resplendent in whiteness, A waiting in
   peace: it is calm as a river, A peace that the

4. I have a robe: 'tis resplendent in whiteness, A waiting in
   peace: it is calm as a river, A peace that the

Savior, tho' earth-friends be few; And now He is watching in

ter - ni - ty, blessed and true; And soon He will call me to
glory my won - der - ing view; O when I receive it all
friends of this world never knew; My Savior alone is its

ten - der - ness o'er me, But O that my Savior were your Savior too!
meet Him in heav - en, But O that He'd let me bring you with me too!
shin - ing in brightness, Dear friend, could I see you receiv - ing one too!
Au - thor and Giv - er, And O could I know it was given to you!

Chorus

For you I am praying, For you I am praying,

For you I am praying, I'm praying for you.
I Hear the Savior Say

Elvina M. Hall (Jeaua Paid It All) John T. Grape

1. I hear the Savior say, "Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weakness,
2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a-lone, Can change the
3. And when be-fore the throne I stand in Him com-plete, I'll lay my

Chorus

watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all."
leper's spots, And melt the heart of stone. Jesus paid it all,
trophies down, All down at Jesus' feet.

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

I Hear Thy Welcome Voice

L. H. (I Am Coming, Lord) L. Hartsough

1. I hear Thy wel-come voice That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleans-ing
2. Tis Je - sus calls me on To per-fect faith and love, To per-fect
3. And He as-sur-ance gives To loy-al hearts and true, That ev'ry

Chorus

in Thy pre-cious blood That flowed on Cal-va-ry,
hope and peace and trust, For earth and heav'n a-bove. I am com-ing, Lord,
promise is ful-filled, To those who hear and do.
84 I Know I Love Thee Better, Lord
Frances R. Havergal  (The Half Has Never Yet Been Told)  R. E. Hudson

1. I know I love Thee better, Lord, Than any earthly joy;
2. I know that Thou art nearer still Than any earthly throng;
3. Thou hast put gladness in my heart: Then well may I be glad!
4. O Savior, precious Savior mine! What will Thy presence be,

For Thou hast given me the peace Which nothing can destroy.
And sweeter is the thought of Thee Than any lovely song.
Without the secret of Thy love I could not but be sad.
If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with Thee?

Chorus

The half has never yet been told, Of love so full and free!
I Know that My Redeemer Lives

(O 'Twas Wonderful Love)

(The verses are from a hymn by Jesse Brown Pounds, recast by E. L. J., and Copyright in this work)

1. I know that my Redeemer lives, And living, cares for me; I know eternal life He gives, And gave on Calvary.

2. I know the promise cannot fail—The hour is drawing nigh; Tho' cruel death my flesh assail, My soul shall never die.

3. I know my mansion He prepares, Beside the crystal sea, That where He lives and loves and cares, There I may ever be.

CHORUS

O 'twas wonderful, wonderful love, wonderful, wonderful love, wonderful, wonderful love,

That brought Him from heaven above, brought Him from heaven above, beautiful heaven above,

As a ransom to die on the tree, ransom to die on the tree, suffer and die on the tree,

To save a poor sinner like me, save a poor sinner like me, like me, a sinner like me.
I Must Needs Go Home
(The Way of the Cross)

Jessie Brown Pounds

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, Where the soul is at home with God. The way of the cross leads home, sweet to know, as I onward go, The way of the cross leads home.

2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way, The path that the Savior trod, If I ever climb to the heights sublime, never more; For my Lord says, "Come", and I seek my home, leads home; It leads me to the open door.

3. Then I bid farewell to the way of the world, To walk in it way leads home, It leads home; It leads me to the open door.

Chorus
If the way of the cross I miss, Where the soul is at home with God, The way of the cross leads home, sweet to know, as I onward go, The way of the cross leads home.
**I Must Tell Jesus**

*Chorus*

E. A. H. 

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E. A. Hoffman

I must tell Je-sus! I must tell Je-sus! I can-not bear my bur-dens a-lone;

I must tell Je-sus! I must tell Je-sus! Je-sus can help me, Je-sus a-lone.

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**I Need Thee Every Hour**

Annie S. Hawks

Robert Lowry

1. I need Thee ev'ry hour, Most gra-cious Lord; No ten-der 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 quick-ly and a-bide,
4. I need Thee ev'ry hour, Most Ho-ly One; O make me Thine in-deed,

C瀚US

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

need Thee! O bless me now, my Sav-ior: I come to Thee! A-men.
I Was Sinking Deep in Sin

(\textit{Love Lifted Me})

James Rowe

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Howard E. Smith

1. I was sinking deep in sin, Far from the peaceful shore, Very deeply 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

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

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

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

   
   [Staff notation]

   [Staff notation]
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 heav'nly 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 victory 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, O sing ... of my Redeemer! With His
Sing, O sing of my Redeemer, Sing, O sing of my Redeemer;

blood ... He purchased me; ... On the cross ... He sealed my
He purchased me, With His blood He purchased me, He sealed my pardon, On the

par - don, Paid the debt ... and made me free, ... 
cross He sealed my pardon, Paid the debt and made me free, and made me free.
96 I Will Sing the Wondrous Story

F. H. Rowley

CHORUS:

Yes, I'll sing the wondrous story

Of the Christ who died for me,

Sing it with the saints in glory,

Gathered by the crystal sea.

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1. I will sing the wondrous story Of the Christ who died for me,
2. I was lost, but Jesus found me, Found the sheep that went astray,
3. I was bruised, but Jesus healed me; Faint was I from many a fall;
4. Days of darkness still come o'er me, Sorrows paths I often tread,
5. He will keep me till the river Rolls its waters at my feet;

How He left His home in glory For the cross of Calvary,
Threw His loving arms around me, Drew me back into His way.
Sight was gone, and fears possessed me, But He freed me from them all.
But the Savior still is with me; By His hand I'm safely led.
Then He'll bear me safely over, Where the loved ones I shall meet.

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CHRIST:

Yes, I'll sing the wondrous story

Of the Christ who died for me,

Sing it with the saints in glory,

Gathered by the crystal sea.
In Sorrow I Wandered  
(I Walk with the King)

James Rowe
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B. D. Ackley

1. In sorrow I wandered, my spirit oppressed. But now I am happy securely I rest; From morning till evening glad carols I sing. And this is the reason: I walk with the King.

2. For years in the fetters of sin I was bound; The world could not help me—no comfort I found; But now, like the birds and the sunbeams of spring, I'm free and rejoicing: I walk with the King. you He would bring: Come into the sunlight and walk with the King.

3. O soul near despair in the lowlands of strife, Look up and let Jesus come into your life; The joy of salvation to Chorus

I walk with the King, hallelujah! I walk with the King, praise His name!

No longer I roam, my soul faces home, I walk and I talk with the King.
Is Thy Heart Right with God?

1. Is thy heart right with God, Washed in the crimson flood,
   Cleansed and made holy, humble and lowly, Right in the sight of God?

2. Is your life a channel of blessing? Is the love of God flowing thro' you?
   Are you telling the lost of the Savior? Are you ready His service to do?
   Is your life a channel of blessing? Is it daily telling for Him?
   Have you spoken the word of salvation To those who are dying in sin?

3. We cannot be channels of blessing If our lives are not free from all sin;
   We will barriers be and a hindrance To those we are trying to win.

Chorus

Make me a channel of blessing to-day, Make me a channel of blessing, I pray;

My life possessing, My service blessing, Make me a channel of blessing to-day.
1. It may be at morn, when the day is awaking, When 
2. It may be at mid-day, it may be at twi-light, It
3. While hosts cry Hosanna, from heaven descending, With
4. O joy! O delight! should we go without dying, No

sun-light thro' darkness and shadow is breaking, That Jesus will
may be, perchance, that the blackness of midnight Will burst into
glorified saints and the angels attending, With grace on His
sickness, no sadness, no dread and no crying, Caught up thro' the

come in the fullness of glory, To receive from the world His own.
light in the blaze of His glory, When Jesus receives His own.
brow, like a halo of glory, Will Jesus receive His own.
clouds with our Lord into glory, When Jesus receives His own.

CHORUS

O Lord Jesus, how long, how long Ere we shout the glad song, Christ re-

turn-eth! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Amen, Hallelujah! Amen.
1. Just a few more days to be filled with praise, And to tell the
2. Just a few more years with their toil and tears, And the jour-ney
3. Tho' the hills be steep and the valleys deep, With no flow'rs my
4. What a joy 'twill be when I wake to see Him for whom my

old, old story; Then, when twi-light falls, and my Sav-ior calls,
will be end-ed; Then I'll be with Him, where the tide of time
way a-dorn-ing; Tho' the night be lone and my rest a stone,
heart is burn-ing! Nev-er-more to sigh, nev-er-more to die-

I shall go to Him in glo-ry.
With e-ter-ni-ty is blend-ed. I'll ex-change my cross for a
Joy a-waits me in the morn-ing.
For that day my heart is yearn-ing.

star-ry crown, Where the gates swing out-ward nev-er; At His feet I'll
lay ev'-ry bur-den down, And with Je-sus reign for ev-er.
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 blot,
3. Just as I am! tho' tossed about With many a conflict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind-sight, rich-es, healing of the mind,
5. Just as I am! Thou wilt receive, Wilt 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 fears with-in, and foes with-out, 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!

Just Now

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

Just now, your doubtings give o'er; Just now, reject Him no more;

Just now, throw open the door; Let Jesus come into your heart.
Like a Star of the Morning

H. B. Hartzler

(My Precious Bible)

E. S. Lorenz

1. Like a star of the morning in its beauty, Like a
sun is the Bible to my soul, Shining clear on the way of
love and duty, As I hasten on my journey to the goal,
D.S. - holy Bible, As I hasten to the city of the King.

2. 'Tis a light in the wilderness of sorrow, And a
lamp on the weary pilgrim way; And it guides to the bright, etoil and the battle here below; In the gloom of the valley
it will cheer me, Till the glory of His kingdom I shall know,

3. 'Tis the voice of a friend for ever near me, In the
earth and the heavens pass away, Ever telling the blessed,
won-drous story Of the loving Lamb, the only Living Way.

4. It shall stand in its beauty and its glory, When the
When the goal is won, I will cling to the dear old

FINE.

CHORUS

Holy Bible! my precious Bible! Gift of God, and
lamp of life, my beautiful Bible! I will cling to the dear old

Holy Bible! holy Bible! precious Bible! book divine!

D.S.
143 Lord, I Hear of Showers of Blessing

(Even Me)

Elizabeth Codner

William B. Bradbury

1. {Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessing Thou art scat-t'ring full and free, } 
   Show'rs the thirst-y 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 change-less, Blood of Christ so rich, so free, } 
   Grace of God, so strong and bound-less, Mag-ni-fy them all in me.

REFRAIN

E-ven me, E-ven me, Let Thy mer-cy fall on me.

144 Lord Jesus, I Long to be Perfectly Whole

James Nicholson

(Whiter than Snow)

Wm. G. Fischer

1. Lord Je-sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; I want Thee for ev-er
2. Lord Je-sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a
3. Lord Je-sus, Thou see-est I pa-tient-ly wait; Come now, and within me

to live in my soul; Break down ev-ry i-dol, cast out ev-ry foe:
com-plete sac-ri-fice; I give up my-self and what-ev-er I know:
a new heart cre-ate; To those who have sought Thee, Thou never saidst No:

CHORUS

Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow. Whit-er than snow,

†Or, "Lord Jesus, I see Thou dost..."
(Lord Jesus, I Long to Be Perfectly Whole)

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

145 Low in the Grave He Lay

(R. L. Slowly Robert Lowry)

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

CHORUS Quickly

Jesus, my Lord! Up from the grave He arose With a mighty triumph o'er His

foes; He arose a Victor from the dark domain, And He lives for ever with His

saints to reign: He arose! He arose! Hal-le-lu-jah! Christ arose!

He arose! He arose!
1. O do not let the word depart, And close thine eyes against the light;
2. To-mor-row's sun may nev-er rise To bless thy long-de-lud-ed sight;
3. Our God in pit-y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re-quite?
4. The world has noth-ing left to give, It has no new, no pure de-light;
5. Our bless-ed Lord re-fus-es none Who would to Him their souls u-nite;

Poor sin-ner, hard-en not thy heart: Be saved, O to-night.
This is the time, O then be wise: Be saved, O to-night.
Re-nounce at once thy stub-born will: Be saved, O to-night.
O try the life which Chri-stians live: Be saved, O to-night.
Be-lieve, o-bey, the work is done: Be saved, O to-night.

Chorus

O why not to-night? O why not to-night?
O why not to-night? Why not to-night? Why not to-night?

Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night?
Wilt thou be saved, wilt thou be saved? Then why not, O why not to-night?
175

O to be Like Thee!

T. O. Chisholm

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Wm. J. Kirkpatrick

1. O to be like Thee! bless-ed Re-deem-er: This is my con-stant
2. O to be like Thee! full of com-pas-sion, Lov-ing, for-giv-ing,
3. O to be like Thee! low-ly in spir-it, Ho-ly and harm-less,
4. O to be like Thee! Lord, I am com-ing, Now to re-ceive th' a-

long-ing and prayer; Glad-ly I'll for-feit all of earth's trea-ures,
ten-der and kind, Help-ing the help-less, cheer-ing the faint-ing,
pa-tient and brave; Meek-ly en-dur-ing cru-el re-proach-es,
noint-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-men-t 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 full-ness; Stamp Thine own im-age deep on my heart.
On a Hill Far Away
(The Old Rugged Cross)

1. On a hill far a-way stood an old rug-ged cross, The em-blem of
2. O that old rug-ged cross, so de-spised by the world, Has a won-drous at-
3. In that old rug-ged cross, stained with blood so di-vine, A won-
drous suf-fering and shame; And I love that old cross where the dear-est and best
traction for me; For the dear Lamb of God left His glo-ry a-bove.
beau-ty I see; For 'twas on that old cross Je-sus suf-fered and died,
proach glad-ly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my home far a-way,

For a world of lost sin-ners was slain. So I'll cher-ish the old rug-ged
to bear it to dark Cal-va-ry.
To par-don and sanc-ti-fy me.
Where His glo-ry for ev-er I'll share. So I'll cher-ish the cross, the
cross . . . Till my tro-phies at last I lay down; I will cling to the
old rug-ged cross . . . . And ex-change it some day for a crown.
cross, the old rug-ged cross,
1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus
2. At the sign of triumph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers,
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the church of Jesus
4. Onward, then, ye people, Join our happy throng; Blend with ours your voices

Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;
On to vic - to - ry; Hell's foun-da - tions quiv - er At the shout of praise:
Con - stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that church prevail;
In the tri - umph - song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ the King,

For - ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban - ners go!
Brothers, lift your voices, Loud your anthems raise! Onward, Christian soldiers!
We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.
This thro' countless ages Men and angels sing.

March - ing as to war, With the cross of Jesus Go - ing on be - fore,
1. Rescue the perishing, Care for the dying, Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave; Weep o'er the erring one, Lift up the fallen, child to receive; Plead with them earnestly, Plead with them gently: grace can restore; Touched by a loving hand, Wakened by kindness, Lord will provide; Back to the narrow way Patiently win them; Tell them of Jesus the Mighty to save. He will forgive if they truly believe. Rescue the perishing, Chords that were broken will vibrate once more. Tell the poor wanderer a Savior has died.

2. Though they are slighting Him, Still He is waiting, Waiting the penitent. Tell the poor wanderer a Savior has died.

3. Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feelings lie buried that. Care for the dying; Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

4. Rescue the perishing, Duty demands it; Strength for thy labor the. Care for the dying; Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.
Seeking the Lost

W. A. Ogden

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, Fol-low-ing

on the moun-tain a-stray; "Come un-to me," His mes-sage re-
weak and hearts that are sore; Lead-ing them forth in ways of sal-
Christ from day un-to day, Cheer-ing the faint and rais-ing the

peat-ing, Words of the Mas-ter speak-ing to-day.
va-tion, Show-ing the path to life ev-er-more.
fall-en, Point-ing the lost to Je-sus, the Way.

CHORUS

{Go-ing a-far
{In-to the fold
up-on the moun-tain,
of my Re-deem-er,

1 2

Bringing the wand’rer back a-gain, back a-gain
Je-sus the Lamb for sin-ners . . . . slain, for sin-ners slain.

wan-d’rer back a-gain
Lamb . . . . for sin-ners . . . . slain.
1. Sing on, ye joyful pilgrims, Nor think the moments long; My faith is heav'nward rising With ev'ry tune-ful song; Lo! on the mount of blessing, The glorious mount, I stand; And looking over 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.

2. Sing on, ye joyful pilgrims, While here on earth we stay; Let songs of home and Chorus O bliss-ful mu-sic! With ev'-ry note you raise My heart is filled with rap-ture, My soul is lost in praise; Sing on, O bliss-ful mu-sic! Sing on, blissful, blissful mu-sic!

3. Sing on, ye joyful pilgrims; The time will not be long, Till in our Father's Chorus O bliss-ful mu-sic! With ev'-ry note you raise My heart is filled with rap-ture, My soul is lost in praise; Sing on, O bliss-ful mu-sic! Sing on, blissful, blissful mu-sic!

Sing On

Carrie M. Wilson

Jno. R. Sweney
(Sing On)

With ev'-ry note you raise My heart is filled with rapture, My soul is lost in praise.

207 Sing the Wondrous Love

(When We All Get to Heaven)

E. E. Hewitt

Mrs. J. G. Wilson

1. Sing the won-drous love of Je-sus, Sing His mer-cy and His grace;
2. While we walk the pil-grim path-way, Clouds will o-ver-spread the sky;
3. On-ward to the prize be-fore us! Soon His beau-ty we'll be-hold;

In the man-sions bright and blessed, He'll pre-pare for us a place.
But when trav-ling days are o-ver, Not a shad-ow, not a sigh.
Soon the pearl-y gates will o-pen—We shall tread the streets of gold.

When we all get to heav-en! What a day of rejoicing that will be!
When we all What a day of rejoicing that will be!

When we all see Je-sus, We'll sing and shout the vic-to-ry.
When we all and shout the vic-to-ry.
208 Sing Them Over Again to Me

P. P. B. (Wonderful Words of Life) P. P. Bliss

1. Sing them o-ver a-gain to me, Won-der-ful words of Life;
   Let me more of their beau ty see, Won-der-ful words of Life.

2. Christ, the bless-ed One, gives to all, Won-der-ful words of Life;
   Sin-ner, list to the lovin-g call, Won-der-ful words of Life.

3. Sweet-ly ech-o the gos-pel call, Won-der-ful words of Life;
   Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won-der-ful words of Life.

P. P. Bliss

Words of life and beau ty, Teach me faith and du ty;
All so free - ly giv en, Woo - ing us to heav en;
Je sus, on ly Sav - ior, Sanc ti fy for ev er:

Refrain

Beau ti-ful words, won-der-ful words, Won-der-ful words of Life; Life.

209 Sing unto the Lord

Ps. 96: 1-3; Is. 66: 19 (Troyte's Chant, No. 2) A. H. D. Troyte

Sing unto the Lord a new song, His praise proclaim;
Let all the earth sing unto the Lord, and bless His name;

Declare His glory among the nations, His end less fame; Halle - lu - jah!
Sinners Jesus Will Receive

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

Who the heavenly pathway leave, All who linger, all who fall.
He will take the sinfullest: Christ receiveth sinful men.
He who cleansed me from all spot Satisfied its last demand.
Purged from every spot and stain, Heav’n with Him I enter in.

Refrain

Sing it over and over again: Christ receiveth sinful men;
Sing it over and over again: Make the message clear and plain;
Sing it over and over again: Christ receiveth sinful men;
Sing it over and over again: Make the message plain;
Sing it over and over again: Christ receiveth sinful men.
Sing it over and over again: Make the message plain;
**Sowing in the Morning**

Knowles Shaw  
(Bringing in the Sheaves)  
George A. Minor

1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noon-tide
2. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor
3. Go then even weeping, sowing for the Master, Tho' the loss sustained our

and the dew-y eves; Waiting for the harvest and the time of reaping,  
winter's chilling breeze; By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,  
spirit often grieves; When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,

Chorus

We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves,

We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves; Bring ing in the sheaves, Bring ing in the sheaves,

We shall come rejoicing. Bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves.
Sweet is the Promise

C. H. G.  

1. Sweet is the promise, "I will not forget thee;" Nothing can molest or turn my soul away; E'en tho' the night be dark within the valley, Just besongs of joy and love; Tho' earth despise me, tho' my friends forsake me, I shall all my sorrows past, How sweet to hear the blessed proclamation, "Enter,

2. Trusting the promise, "I will not forget thee," Onward will I go with be remembered in my home above, faithful servant, welcome home at last." I will not forget thee; I will never leave thee; In my hands I'll hold thee, in my arms I'll fold thee; I will not forget thee or leave thee; I am thy Redeemer, I will care for thee.

3. When at the golden portals I am standing, All my tribulations, 

Chorus

yon'd is shin-ing an et-ter-nal day. I . . . will not for-get thee or
Tell Me the Story of Jesus

1. Tell me the story of Jesus, Write on my heart ev'ry word;
2. Fast- ing a- lone in the de- sert, Tell of the days that are passed,
3. Tell of the cross where they nailed Him, Wrth- ing in an- guish and pain;

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- umphant at last;
Tell of the grave where they laid Him, Tell how He liveth again.

D. S.—Tell me the story most pre- cious, Sweet- est that ev- er was heard.

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;

"Glo- ry to God in the high- est! Peace and good ti- dings on earth."
He was de- spised and af- flict- ed, Home- less, re- ject- ed and poor:
Stay, let me weep while you wis- per, "Love paid the ran- som for me."

REFRAIN

Tell me the story of Jesus, Write on my heart ev'ry word:
1. The hand that was nailed to the cross of woe, In love reaches down to the world below;
   'Tis beckoning now to the souls that roam, stretched o'er a gulf of years, With heal-ing and hope for my sin-sick soul;

2. E'en now I can see, thro' a mist of tears, That hand still out- precious than gems of gold: The price of re-demp-tion from sin and shame,
   home on that gold-en strand, His face in its beau-ty at last to see, And point-ing the way to the heav'n-ly home.

3. The hand that wrought wonders in days of old Holds treas-ure more The gift of sal-va-tion thro' Je-sus' name.
   my My hand in the hand that was pierced for me. 

4. Tri-umphant thro' grace I shall some day stand, With Jesus at see, . . . . The hand that was wounded for me: . . . . 'Twill lead me in Sav-i-or I see, was wounded for me:
   was wounded for me: see, I see, rall.

love to the mansions a-bove, The hand that was wounded for me! . . . . was wound-ed for me!
1. The world all about me has now no allure: Its pleasures bring pain,
   Its wisdom is vain; I seek a foundation that's steadfast and sure:
   I'll put Jesus first in my life...
   all that I do, Thro'out the world of toil and strife, By day and by

2. The Lord Jesus died my salvation to win: He went in my stead
   To Calvary and bled; Redemption impels me to give up all sin:
   In all that I say, In
   night, Thro' trust in His might, I'll put Jesus first in my life...

3. I know there's a home for the ransomed and blest, When death is no more,
   When struggle is o'er, For those who love Jesus and give Him their best:
   Chorus
   By day and by

4. Tho' earth's tribulations continue each day, Tho' pleasures may call,
   Tho' evil enthrall, His grace will protect me forever and aye:
   Thro' trust in His might, I'll put Jesus first in my life...

   By day and by
There shall be showers of blessing: This is the promise of love;
There shall be showers of blessing: Precious, reviving again;
There shall be showers of blessing: Send them upon us, O Lord!
There shall be showers of blessing: O that today they might fall,
There shall be showers of blessing: If we but trust and obey;

There shall be seasons refreshing, Sent from the Savior above.
Over the hills and the valleys, Sound of abundance of rain.
Grant to us now a refreshing; Come, and now honor Thy word.
Now as to God we're confessing, Now as on Jesus we call!
There shall be seasons refreshing, When we let Him have His way.

CHORUS

Show-ers of blessing, Show-ers of blessing we need;
Show-ers, show-ers of blessing,

Mercy-drops round us are falling, But for the show-ers we plead.
There's a Call Comes Ringing

C. H. G. (Send the Light) Chas. H. Gabriel

1. There's a call comes ringing o'er the rest- less wave: Send the light!...
2. We have heard the Mac-e-do-nian call to- day: Send the light!...
3. Let us pray that grace may ev'-ry-where a-bound: Send the light!...
4. Let us not grow wea-ry in the work of love: Send the light!...

Send the light!...
There are souls to res-cue, there are souls to save:
Send the light!...
And a gold-en of-f'ring at the cross we lay:
Send the light!...
And a Christ-like spir-it ev'-ry-where be found:
Send the light!...
Let us gath-er jew-els for a crown a- bove:
Send the light!

REFRAIN

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

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

shore!...
for ev-er-more.
from shore to shore! for ev-er-more.
267 There's Not a Friend

Johnson Oatman, Jr.  (No, Not One)

Geo. C. Hugg

There's not a friend like the lowly Jesus, No, not one! no, not one!
None else could heal all our soul's diseases, No, not one! no, not one!

No friend like Him is so high and holy, No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and lowly, No, not one! no, not one!

There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!

D.C.-There's not a friend like the lowly Jesus, No, not one! no, not one!

Chorus

Jesus knows all about our struggles; He will guide till the day is done;

268 Thou, My Everlasting Portion

Fanny J. Crosby  (Close to Thee)

S. J. Vail

Thou, my everlasting portion, More than friend or life to me;
Not for ease or worldly pleasure, Not for fame my prayers shall be;

Lead me thro' the vale of shadows, Bear me o'er life's fateful sea;

D.S.-All along my pilgrim journey, Savior, let me walk with Thee.
D.S.-Gladly will I toil and suffer, Only let me walk with Thee.
D.S.-Then the gate of life eternal May I enter, Lord, with Thee.

Refrain

Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee!
271

Throw Out the Life-Line

E. S. Ufford

Arr. Geo. C. Stebbins

1. Throw out the Life-Line across the dark wave; There is a brother whom
   some one should save; Some-body's brother! O who then will dare To
   you've never been; Winds of tem-pa-tion and bil-lows of woe Will
   ter-ni-ty's shore; Haste then, my brother, no time for de-lay, But

272

’Tis Religion

’Tis re-lig-ion that can give, In the light, in the light,
Sweetest pleasure while we live, In the light of God.

’Tis re-lig-ion must sup-ply, In the light, in the light,
Sol-id com-fort when we die, In the light of God.
273  'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus

Louisa M. R. Stead

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Wm. J. Kirkpatrick

1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus, Just to take Him at His word,
   Just to rest upon His promise, Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."

2. O how sweet to trust in Jesus, Just to trust His cleansing blood,
   Just in simple faith to plunge me Neath the healing, cleansing flood.

3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Jesus, Just from sin and self to cease,
   Just from Jesus simply taking Life and rest, and joy and peace.

4. I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee, Precious Jesus, Savior, Friend;
   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 proved Him o'er and o'er!

Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus! O for grace to trust Him more!
'Tis the Old-Time Religion

1. 'Tis the old-time religion, 'Tis the old-time religion,
2. Makes me love every body, Makes me love every body,
3. It was good for Paul and Silas, It was good for Paul and Silas,

(Verse 1 for Chorus)

'Tis the old-time religion, And it's good enough for me.
Makes me love every body, And it's good enough for me.
It was good for Paul and Silas, And it's good enough for me.

'Tis the Promise of God

P. P. B. (Hallelujah, 'Tis Done) P. P. Bliss

1. 'Tis the promise of God, full salvation to give Unto him who on
2. Tho' the pathway be lonely, and dangerous too, Surely Jesus is
3. There's a part in the chorus for you and for me, And the theme of our

CHORUS

Jesus will truly believe,
able to carry me through. Hallelujah, 'tis done! I believe on
praises for ever will be:

the Son; I am saved by the blood of the crucified One; One,
284  
We Praise Thee, God  
(Chant: Te Deum Laudamus)  
From Ancient Greek Hymn  
J. Turle  
We praise Thee, God: we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord; doth worship Thee, the Father everlasting.

285  
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 Jesus who died, and is now gone above.  
Savior, and scattered our night.
sins, and has cleansed ev'ry stain. Hallelujah! Thine the glory; sought us, And guided our ways.
kindled With fire from above.

2. We praise Thee, O God, For Thy Spirit of light, Who has shown us our Chorus

3. All glory and praise To the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our Hal- le - lu- jah! Thine the glo - ry;
sought us, And guided our ways.

4. All glory and praise To the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and kin - dled With fire from above.

5. Revive us again: Fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re- Hal- le - lu- jah! A-men! Hal- le - lu- jah! Thine the glo-ry; Revive us a - gain.
What a Fellowship
(Leaning on the Everlasting Arms)

E. A. Hoffman

1. What a fellowship, what a joy divine, Leaning on the everlasting arms;
2. O how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the everlasting arms;
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the everlasting arms?

What a blessedness, what a peace is mine, Leaning on the everlasting arms.
O how bright the path grows from day to day, Leaning on the everlasting arms.
I have blessed peace with my Lord so near, Leaning on the everlasting arms.

REFRAIN

Leaning, leaning, Safe and secure from all alarms;
Leaning on Jesus, leaning on Jesus,

Leaning, leaning, Leaning on the everlasting arms.
Leaning on Jesus, leaning on Jesus,

What a Wonderful Savior

E. A. H.

What a wonderful Savior is Jesus, my Jesus!
What a wonderful Savior is Jesus, my Lord!

What Can Wash Away My Sin?
R. L. (Rev. 7: 14)

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;
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.

Chorus
D. S.—Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

O precious is the flow That makes me white as snow; No other fount I know,

What Will It Be
E. S. E. (Chorus)

What will it be when the King comes! What will it be when the King comes!

What will it be when He comes! . . . What will it be when the King comes!
291 When All My Labors and Trials Are O'er

(Glory Song)

C. H. G.

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Chas. H. Gabriel

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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, Glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me; When by His grace I shall look on His face, That will be glo-ry, be glo-ry for me.

3. Friends will be there I have loved long ago; Joy like a river a-
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**When He Calls Me**

*Soprano, with responses*

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ARR. by E. L. J.

When He calls me I will answer, When He calls me I will answer,

When He calls me I will answer; I'll be somewhere, listening for my name.

REFRAIN

When I see the blood, When I see the blood,

When I see the blood, I will pass, I will pass over you.

295

**When I See the Blood**

John Foote

J. G. Foote

When I see the blood, When I see the blood,

When I see the blood, I will pass, I will pass over you.
1. When Jesus comes to reward His servants, Whether it be
   noon or night, Faithful to Him will He find us watching,

2. If at the dawn of the early morning, He shall call us
   one by one, When to the Lord we restore our talents,

3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to
   do our best? If in our hearts there is naught condemns us,

4. Blessed are those whom the Lord finds watching: In His glory
   they shall share; If He shall come at the dawn or midnight,

CHORUS

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

read-y, broth-er? Read-y for the soul's bright home?
Say, will He

find you and me still watching, Wait-ing, wait-ing when the Lord shall come?
303 When the Trumpet of the Lord Shall Sound
(When the Roll is Called)

J. M. B.  
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1. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound and time shall be no more, And the
2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the
3. Let us labor for the Master from the dawn till setting sun, Let us

morning breaks eternal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall gather
glory of His resurrection share; When His chosen ones shall gather
talk of all His wondrous love and care; Then when all of life is over
over on the other shore, And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
to their home beyond the skies, And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

D. S.—roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

Chorus

When the roll ... is called up yonder, When the roll ... is
When the roll is called up yonder I'll be there, When the roll is

called up yonder, When the roll ... is called up yonder, When the
called up yonder I'll be there, When the roll is called up yonder,
1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of His Word, What a glory He sheds on our way! While we do His good will, He abides with us still, drives it away; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a tear, richly repay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a cross, al-tar we lay; For the favor He shows, And the joy He bestows, side in the way; What He says we will do, Where He sends we will go—

2. Not a shadow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly
*3. Not a burden we bear, Not a sorrow we share, But our toil He doth
4. But we never can prove The delights of His love Until all on the
5. Then in fellowship sweet We will sit at His feet, Or we'll walk by His

Chorus

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

no other way To be happy in Jesus, but to trust and obey.
Would You Be Free
(Power in the Blood)

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 serv-ice for Je-sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood,

There's won-der-ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r,

Won-der-work-ing pow'r in the blood of the Lamb; There is

pow'r, pow'r, Won-der-work-ing pow'r In the pre-cious blood of the Lamb,
there is pow'r,
Years I Spent in Vanity

(At Calvary)

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D. B. Towner

1. Years I spent in vanity and pride, Caring not my Lord was
2. By God's word at last my sin I learned; Then I trembled at the
3. Now I've giv'n to Jesus ev'rything; Now I gladly own Him
4. O the love that drew salvation's plan! O the grace that bro't it

Cru - ci - fied, Knowing not it was for me He died On Cal - va - ry.
Gav"I'd spurned, Till my guilt'y soul impior-ing turned To Cal - va - ry.
as my King; Now my rap-tured soul can on - ly sing Of Cal - va - ry.
down to man! O the might-y gulf that God did span At Cal - va - ry!

CHORUS

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

M. C. Kurfees

(Unity Song)

Alex. C. Hopkins

1. How blest and how joy-ous will be the glad day, When heart beats to

2. The prayer of our Sav-iour im-pels us move on; Its words are still

3. Be faith-ful and true till the war-fare is o'er, Till fac-tions are

heart in the work of the Lord; When Chris-tians u-nit-ed shall

sound-ing the call of our King; And Paul, in de-votion, doth

foil ed and the vic-t'ry is won; And mil-lions of voic-es shall

swell the grand lay, Di-visions all end-ed, tri-um-phant His word!

ech-o the song, “I beg you, my breth-ren, to speak the same thing.”

blend on the shore, To wel-come us en-ter our Fa-ther's glad home.

CHORUS

O shout the glad word, O hasten the day, When all of God's people are one; ... 

God's people are one;

O shout the glad word, O hasten the day, When all of God's people are one. ... 

God's people are one.
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