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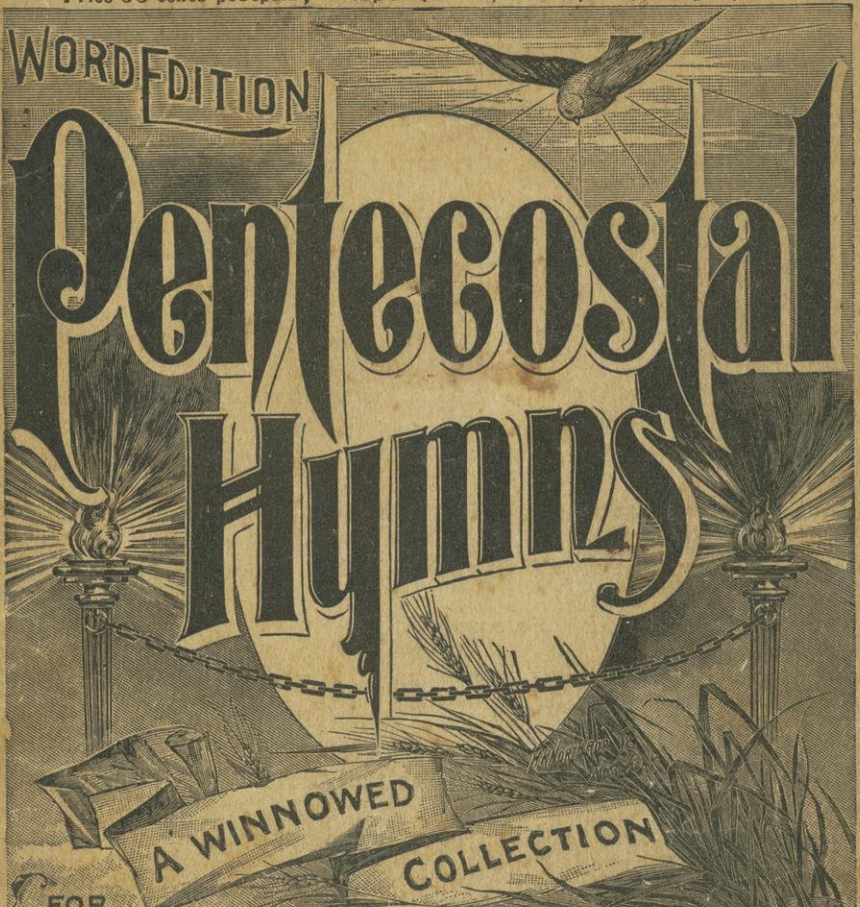
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Secure a copy of the music edition of Pentecostal Hymns, 224 pages in board covers.
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WORD EDITION

Pentecostal Hymns



A WINNOWED
COLLECTION

FOR

EVANGELISTIC SERVICES
YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES
AND
SUNDAY SCHOOLS

SELECTED BY
HENRY DATE

MUSIC EDITORS

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PREFATORY.

Pentecost was the peep of day.

Each dawn wakens melody; music dwells in light.

Nature hails every rising sun with a matin of praise.

There is a hallelujah chorus in every sunbeam, and an oratorio in every drop of dew the sun kisses.

Every heart from sin set free is a whispering gallery, wherein Purity walks and Hope sings.

Christianity will never fail while men and women pray, praise and practice.

Outbursts of song follow in the wake of showers of blessing.

Satan trembles whenever he visits a church where everybody sings.

The heart that cannot sing needs Christ.

A dumb pew makes a numb pulpit.

Let it not be forgotten that sin is a discordant note whose measure is eternity.

Holiness is a unison tone, whose time-beat is forever.

Years come and go, but "Peace on earth, good-will to men" is the song of ages.

Moses would have reached Canaan, had Miriam kept Israel singing.

No forward movement is possible where doubt stifles joy, and murmurings drown the voice of praise.

Salvation is not a dirge, but a resurrection doxology.

Henry Wate.

M
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P46
D3
1894

Emmie Hopkins.

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Pentecostal Hymns.

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(word ed.)

Music Locked Case



1 More about Jesus would I know,
More of his grace to others show,
More of his saving fullness see,
More of his love, who died for me.
REF.—More, more about Jesus,
More, more about Jesus,
More of his saving fullness see,
More of his love, who died for me.

2 More about Jesus let me learn,
More of his holy will discern;
Spirit of God, my teacher be,
Showing the things of Christ to me.

3 More about Jesus; in his Word
Holding communion with my Lord,
Hearing his voice in ev'ry line,
Making each faithful saying mine.

4 More about Jesus on his throne,
Riches in glory all his own;
More of his kingdom's sure increase;
More of his coming, Prince of Peace.



1 Throw out the Life-Line across the dark wave,
There is a brother whom some one should save;
Somebody's brother! oh, who then, will dare
To throw out the Life-Line, his peril to share?

CHO.—||: Throw out the Life-Line! :||
Some one is drifting away;
||: Throw out the Life-Line! :||
Some one is sinking to-day.

2 Throw out the Life-Line with hand
quick and strong:
Why do you tarry? why linger so long?
See! he is sinking; oh, hasten to-day,
And out with the Life-Boat, away, then away.

3 Throw out the Life-Line to danger-fraught men,
Sinking in anguish where you've never been;
Winds of temptation and billows of woe
Will soon hurl them out where the dark
waters flow.

4 Soon will the season of rescue be o'er,
Soon will they drift to eternity's shore;
Haste, then, my brother, no time for delay,
But throw out the Life-Line and save them to-day.

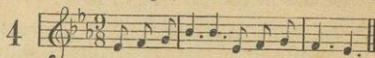


1 Through the cleansing blood of the
dying Lamb,
Through the pow'r of grace and the
precious name,
Through the light that beams from the
Morning Star,
More than conquerors, conquerors we are.
REF.—More than conquerors, more than
conquerors,

Through the cleansing blood of the dying Lamb;
More than conquerors, more than conquerors,
Through the pow'r of grace and the
precious name.

2 Who shall sever us from the Savior's love,
Or shall blot our names from Life's book above?
Neither present things, nor the things to come,
Shall defeat our souls of the heavenly home.

3 More than conquerors! There our
Captain stands,
While our names are graven upon his hands;
Though the pow'rs of darkness against us frown,
We shall win the fight, and shall wear the crown.



1 I must tell Jesus all of my trials;
I cannot bear these burdens alone;
In my distress he kindly will help me;
He ever loves and cares for his own.

CHO.—I must tell Jesus! I must tell Jesus!
I cannot bear my burdens alone;
I must tell Jesus! I must tell Jesus!
Jesus can help me, Jesus alone.

2 I must tell Jesus all of my troubles;
He is a kind, compassionate Friend;
If I but ask him, he will deliver,
Make of my troubles quickly an end.

3 Tempted and tried I need a great Savior,
One who can help my burdens to bear;
I must tell Jesus! I must tell Jesus!
He all my cares and sorrows will share.

4 O how the world to evil allures me!
O how my heart is tempted to sin!
I must tell Jesus, and he will help me
Over the world the vict'ry to win.

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5
1 My soul in sad exile was out on life's sea,
So burdened with sin and distress,
Till I heard a sweet voice saying, "Make me your choice;"
And I entered the "Haven of Rest."

CHO.—I've anchored my soul in the "Haven of Rest,"

I'll sail the wide seas no more;
The tempest may sweep o'er the wild, stormy deep,
In Jesus I'm safe evermore.

2 I yielded myself to his tender embrace,
And faith taking hold of the Word,
My fetters fell off, and I anchored my soul;
The "Haven of Rest" is my Lord.

3 The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole,
Has been the OLD STORY so blest,
Of Jesus, who'll save whosoever will have
A home in the "Haven of Rest."

4 How precious the thought that we all may recline,
Like John, the beloved and blest,
On Jesus' strong arm, where no tempest can harm,
Secure in the "Haven of Rest!"

5 Oh, come to the Savior, he patiently
To save by his power divine; [waits
Come, anchor your soul in the "Haven of Rest,"
And say, "My Beloved is mine." [Rest,"



6
1 Blessed be the Fountain of blood,
To a world of sinners revealed;
Blessed be the dear Son of God;
Only by his stripes we are healed;
Though I've wandered far from his fold,
Bringing to my heart pain and woe,
Wash me in the blood of the Lamb,
And I shall be whiter than snow.

CHO.—||: Whiter than the snow, :||
Wash me in the blood of the Lamb,
And I shall be whiter than snow.

2 Thorny was the crown that he wore,
And the cross his body o'ercame;
Grievous were the sorrows he bore,
But he suffered thus not in vain;
May I to that Fountain be led,
Made to cleanse my sins here below;
Wash me in the blood that he shed,
And I shall be whiter than snow.

3 Father, I have wandered from thee,
Often has my heart gone astray;

Crimson do my sins seem to me;
Water cannot wash them away;
Jesus, to that Fountain of thine,
Leaning on thy promise I go;
Cleanse me by thy washing divine,
And I shall be whiter than snow.



7
1 Come to the Father's house,
Come ere the day be gone;
Tempests are gathering fast,
Darkness is coming on.

CHO.—Fly, for the tempest is coming,
Sweeping the fields of sin;
Knock at the portals of mercy,
Jesus will let you in.

2 Look at the weary way,
Look where thy feet have trod,
Finding no rest nor peace,
Wandering away from God.

3 Haste from the fields of sin,
Fly for thy life to-day;
Come to our Father's house,
Enter the narrow way.



8
1 Our hearts have felt the rapture of the presence of our God;
We're pressing on to vict'ry in the paths too long untrod;
The cross of Christ our symbol and salvation through his blood,
Our hosts are marching on.

CHO.—Loyalty to Christ assures us
Victory so grand and glorious;
All our foes shall fall before us,
Our God is marching on.

2 We've heard the call of Jesus as it echoes through the soul,
More loud than call of trumpet or the solemn drum-beat's roll;
The God who calls to duty, of heart-service asks the whole,
As he is marching on.

3 We've hosts of sin to conquer in the name of Christ our King,
We've souls to win for Jesus till with joy the heavens shall sing,
And Gospel words to carry till the distant isles shall ring
That God is marching on.

4 In "Loyalty to Jesus" we will ever do his will; [and bless us still;
The God that leads our forces will direct His everlasting promises he will in us
As he is marching on. [fulfill,



1 Mine eyes have seen the tokens of
another Pentecost,
Mine ears have heard the gathering of a
dedicated host,
My soul has felt the presence of the prom-
ised Holy Ghost,
Our youth are marching on.

CHO.—Look up, lift up, night is fleeing!
Look up, lift up, day is breaking!
Look up, lift up, victory cometh!
Our youth are marching on.

2 There's a fire of consecration that is
kindling in our youth,
They are vowing hearty service to the
Master and his truth,
Their faith is pure and ardent, and their
works are gospel proof,
Our youth are marching on.

3 There's a fervor of revival, burning
bright in many hearts,
There's a glow of generous loyalty, their
noble purpose starts;
'Tis the Spirit of the fathers and the zeal
that Christ imparts;
Our youth are marching on.

4 They unfurl Immanuel's banner, and,
behold, the thousands rise!
They are looking up in prayer to him en-
throned beyond the skies,
They are lifting up their brother from
the ruin where he lies,
Our youth are marching on.



1 Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee;
Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of thy love.

CHO.—Wash me in the Savior's precious
blood,
Cleanse me in its purifying flood,
Lord, I give to thee, my life and
all, to be,
Thine, henceforth, eternally.

2 Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for thee;
Take my voice and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.

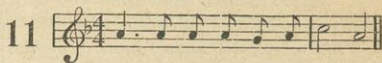
3 Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages for thee;
Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold.

4 Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in endless praise;

Take my intellect, and use
Every power as thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will, and make it thine;
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart,—it is thine own;
It shall be thy royal throne.

6 Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store!
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee!



1 All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
All my being's ransomed powers,
All my thoughts, and words, and
doings,
All my days, and all my hours.
||:All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
All my days, and all my hours.:||

2 Let my hands perform his bidding,
Let my feet run in his ways,
Let my eyes see Jesus only,
Let my lips speak forth his praise.
||:All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Let my lips speak forth his praise.:||

3 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all besides,
So enchained my spirit's vision,
Looking at the Crucified.
||:All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Looking at the Crucified.:||

4 Oh, what wonder! how amazing!
Jesus, glorious King of kings,
Deigns to call me his beloved,
Lets me rest beneath his wings.
||:All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Resting now beneath his wings.:||



1 My life, my love I give to thee,
Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
Oh, may I ever faithful be,
My Savior and my God!

CHO.—I'll live for him who died for me,
How happy then my life shall be!
I'll live for him who died for me,
My Savior and my God!

2 I now believe thou dost receive,
For thou hast died that I might live;
And now henceforth I'll trust in thee,
My Savior and my God!

3 Oh, thou who died on Calvary,
To save my soul and make me free,
I consecrate my life to thee,
My Savior and my God.



1 Oh, the best friend to have is Jesus,
When the cares of life upon you roll;
He will heal the wounded heart,
He will strength and grace impart;
Oh, the best friend to have is Jesus!

CHO.—The best friend to have is Jesus,
The best friend to have is Jesus;
He will help you when you fall,
He will hear you when you call;
Oh, the best friend to have is Jesus!

2 What a friend I have found in Jesus!
Peace and comfort to my soul he brings;
Leaning on his mighty arm,
I will fear no ill nor harm;

Oh, the best friend to have is Jesus!

3 Tho' I pass thro' the night of sorrow,
And the chilly waves of Jordan roll,
Never need I shrink nor fear,
For my Savior is so near;

Oh, the best friend to have is Jesus!

4 When at last to our home we gather,
With the loved ones who have gone before,
We will sing upon the shore,
Praising him for evermore;

Oh, the best friend to have is Jesus!



1 Jesus, Savior, pilot me
Over life's tempestuous sea;
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rocks and treacherous shoal;
Chart and compass came from thee;
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

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

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on thy breast,
May I hear thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee!"



1 Come, sinners, to the Living One;
He's just the same Jesus
As when he raised the widow's son,
The very same Jesus.

CHO.—The very same Jesus,
The wonder-working Jesus!

Oh, praise his name, he's just the same,
The very same Jesus!

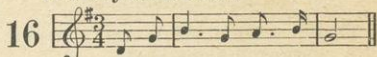
2 Come, feast upon the "living bread;"
He's just the same Jesus
As when the multitudes he fed,
The very same Jesus.

3 Come, tell him all your griefs and fears;
He's just the same Jesus
As when he shed those loving tears,
The very same Jesus.

4 Come unto him for clearer light;
He's just the same Jesus
As when he gave the blind their sight,
The very same Jesus.

5 Calm 'midst the waves of trouble be;
He's just the same Jesus
As when he hushed the raging sea,
The very same Jesus.

6 Some day our raptured eyes shall see
He's just the same Jesus;
Oh, blessed day for you and me!
The very same Jesus.



1 I am coming to the Cross;
I am poor, and weak, and blind;
I am counting all but dross;
I shall full salvation find.

CHO.—I am trusting, Lord, in thee,
Blest Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at thy cross I bow;
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

2 Long my heart has sighed for thee;
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

3 Here I give my all to thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store,
Soul and body, thine to be,
Wholly thine for evermore.

4 In thy promises I trust;
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes! he fills my soul!
Perfect in him I am;
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb!



1 There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea:
There's a kindness in his justice
Which is more than liberty.

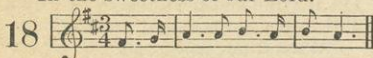
CHO.—He is calling, "Come to me!"
Lord, I gladly haste to thee.

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

There is mercy with the Savior,
There is healing in his blood.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word,
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.



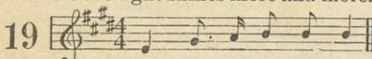
1 Are you living in the darkness;
Light is shining on before;
Christ, the Sun, in all his brightness,
Glows with beauty more and more.

CHO.—Light is shining more and more,
Shining clearer on before,
Clear and clearer, bright and brighter on before,
Shining clearer on before,
Shining brighter on before,
Light is shining, light is shining more and more.

2 Are there doubts and fears within you,
Clouds of darkness hov'ring o'er?
Look to Christ, and find in looking,
Light is shining more and more.

3 Are the shades of death appearing?
Do not fear the Jordan's roar;
Christ and home and friends are nearing
In the light from heaven's shore.

4 Walk no longer in the darkness;
Give your fears and doubtings o'er;
Trust in God, and go right onward
Where the light shines more and more.



1 Sweet are the promises,
Kind is the word,
Dearer far than any message
Man ever heard;
Pure was the mind of Christ,
Sinless I see;
He the great example is,
And pattern for me.

CHO.—Where he leads I'll follow,
Follow all the way;
Where he leads I'll follow,
Follow Jesus every day.

2 Sweet is the tender love
Jesus hath shown,
Sweeter far than any love that
Mortals have known;
Kind to the erring one,
Faithful is he;

He the great example is,
And pattern for me.

3 List to his loving words,

"Come unto me;"

Weary, heavy-laden, there is
Sweet rest for thee;
Trust in his promises,
Faithful and sure;
Lean upon the Savior, and
Thy soul is secure.



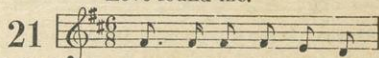
1 When out in sin and darkness lost,
Love found me,
My fainting soul was tempest-tossed,
Love found me;
I heard the Savior's words so blest,
Love found me;
"Come, weary, heavy-laden, rest;"
Love found me.

CHO.—Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love,
Love that moved the mighty God,
Love, love, 'twas love found me.

2 The Spirit roused me from my sleep,
Love found me;
Conviction seized me strong and deep,
Love found me;
Although I long withstood his grace,
Love found me,
He wooed me to his kind embrace,
Love found me.

3 I'll praise him while he gives me breath,
Love found me,
For saving from an endless death,
Love found me;
Christ is my advocate above,
Love found me,
I'm yoked to him in perfect love,
Love found me.

4 And when I reach the gold-paved street,
Love found me,
I'll sit adoring at his feet,
Love found me;
And sing hosannas round the throne,
Love found me,
Where I shall know as I am known,
Love found me.



1 Beckoning hands at the gateway to-night,
Faces a-shining with radiant light,
Eyes looking down from yon heavenly home,
Beautiful hands, they are beckoning "come."

REF.—Beautiful hands, beckoning hands,
Calling the dear ones to heavenly lands,
Beautiful hands, beckoning hands,
Beautiful, beautiful, beckoning hands.

2 Beckoning hands of a mother whose love
Sacrificed life its devotion to prove,
Hands of a father to memory dear,
Beckon up higher the waiting ones here.

3 Beckoning hands of a little one, see!
Basy voice calling, O mother, for thee;
Rusy-cheek'd darling, the light of the home,
Taken so early, is beckoning "come."

4 Beckoning hands of a husband, a wife,
Watching and waiting the loved one of life,
Hands of a brother, a sister, a friend,
Out from the gateway to-night they extend.

5 Brightest and best of that glorious throng,
Center of all and the theme of their song,
Jesus our Savior, the pierced One stands,
Lovingly calling with beckoning hands.

22



1 Wanderer away from Jesus,
In the winding ways of sin,
Turn and seek the world's Redeemer,
And his service now begin;
On Mount Calvary he suffered,
On the cruel cross he died;
See his hands and feet so wounded,
And behold his pierced side.

CHO.—Wandering away, wandering away,
Wandering away from Jesus;
Hear his gentle voice, calling you to-day,
And wander no more away from Jesus.

2 Wanderer away from Jesus,
In the road to endless woe,
If thou wilt not turn to Jesus,
Whither, whither wilt thou go?
Broad the road where thou art going;
Many with thee downward move;
Turn and seek the narrow pathway
That will lead to bliss above.

3 Wanderer away from Jesus,
Wouldst thou not a crown obtain?
Why, then, wilt thou slight his goodness?
Fearest not the woe and pain?

Can you barter life eternal
For the pleasure sin can give?
Turn, oh, turn you to the Savior,
And a fadeless crown receive.

23



1 Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear,
Out in the desert dark and drear,
Calling the sheep who've gone astray,
Far from the Shepherd's fold away.

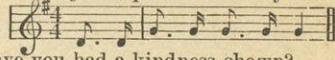
CHO.—Bring them in, bring them in,
Bring them in from the fields of sin;
Bring them in, bring them in,
Bring the wand'ring ones to Jesus.

2 Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind,
Help him the wand'ring ones to find?
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold,
Where they'll be shelter'd from the cold?

3 Out in the desert hear their cry,

Out on the mountain wild and high;
Hark! 'tis the Master speaks to thee,
"Go, find my sheep where'er they be."

24



1 Have you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on, pass it on!
'Twas not given for thee alone,
Pass it on, pass it on!
Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears;
Till in heaven the deed appears,
Pass it on, pass it on!

CHO.—Pass it on, pass it on!
Cheerful word or loving deed,
Pass it on, pass it on!
Live for self, you live in vain;
Live for Christ, you live again;
Live for him, with him you reign,
Pass it on, pass it on!

2 Did you hear the loving word?
Pass it on, pass it on!
Like the singing of a bird?
Pass it on, pass it on!
Let its music live and grow,
Let it cheer another's woe;
You have reaped what others sow,
Pass it on, pass it on!

3 Have you found the heavenly light?
Pass it on, pass it on!
Souls are groping in the night,
Daylight gone, daylight gone!
Hold your lighted lamp on high,
Be a star in some one's sky,
He may live who else would die,
Pass it on, pass it on!

25



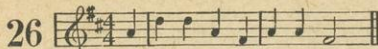
1 Holy Spirit, dwell with me,
Make me holy, like to thee;
Bring thou ev'ry thought of mine
Into harmony with thine. ||

CHO.—Fill thou me! fill thou me!
All my heart I yield to thee!
With thy holiness divine
Fill this longing heart of mine!

2 Loving Spirit, come to me,
Make me loving, like to thee;
To its depths my being stir,
Print my Master's likeness there. ||

3 Mighty Spirit, live in me;
I would heav'nly-minded be;
Let my heart its Sovereign own,
Christ its center, Christ alone. ||

4 Glorious Spirit, fill thou me;
This poor heart I yield to thee;
Take me, body, spirit, soul,
Let thy life pervade the whole. ||



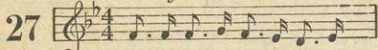
26
1 We journey to the home above,
Never to say farewell,
To yon fair palaces of love,
Never to say farewell;
Within that glorious summer land
The many jeweled mansions stand,
And there we'll meet, at God's right hand,
Never to say farewell.

CHO.—Never to say farewell,
Never to say farewell;
O we shall meet at God's right hand,
Never to say farewell!

2 We'll meet our sainted parents there,
Never to say farewell,
And heav'n with sisters, brothers, share,
Never to say farewell;
Upon the plains of perfect light,
Upon the pavements golden bright,
We'll walk with them, enrobed in white,
Never to say farewell.

3 We'll meet beyond life's swelling flood,
Never to say farewell,
Redeemed and washed in Jesus' blood,
Never to say farewell;
Earth's long, long night will pass away,
Dissolving into heavenly day,
And we shall with our loved ones stay,
Never to say farewell.

4 O what a blessed hope is this,
Never to say farewell!
What pure and perfect happiness,
Never to say farewell!
Delivered from all sin and pain,
To reach yon fair, celestial plain,
And meet the loved and lost again,
Never to say farewell.



27
1 Standing on the promises of Christ my King,
Thro' eternal ages let his praises ring;
Glory in the highest, I will shout and sing,
Standing on the promises of God.

CHO.—Standing, standing,
Standing on the promises of God my Savior,
Standing, standing,
I'm standing on the promises of God.

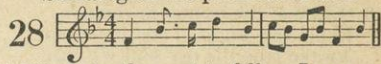
2 Standing on the promises that cannot fail,
When the howling storms of doubt and fear assail,
By the living Word of God I shall prevail,
Standing on the promises of God.

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

4 Standing on the promises of Christ the Lord,
Bound to him eternally by love's strong cord,

Overcoming daily with the Spirit's sword,
Standing on the promises of God.

5 Standing on the promises I can not fall,
List'ning ev'ry moment to the Spirit's call,
Resting in my Savior, as my all in all,
Standing on the promises of God.



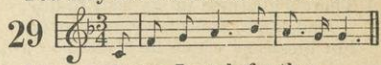
28
1 Who'll be the next to follow Jesus,
Treading the bright and heav'nly way
Leading from earth to realms of glory,
Leading from night to endless day?

CHO.—Who'll be the next, who'll be the next,
Who'll be the next the yoke to wear?
Who'll be the next, who'll be the next,
Who'll be the next the cross to bear?

2 Who'll be the next to bow before him?
Who'll be the next his praise to sing,
And with the host of saints adore him,
Reigning above, our Lord and King?

3 Who'll be the next to reach the kingdom,
Leaving behind, the path of sin,
Looking to Jesus for salvation,
Bearing the cross the crown to win?

4 Who'll be the next to heed the summons,
"Come unto me, oh, weary one?"
Do not neglect the invitation,
You may not see to-morrow's sun.



29
1 Jesus, and may I work for thee,
A mortal man from sin set free,
A mortal man with short'ning days,
Permitted thus to work and praise?

CHO.—I'll work for thee, I'll work for thee,
Yes, dearest Lord, I'll work for thee.

2 To work for thee, the Morning Star,
That saw me lost, and from afar
Shed o'er my soul a light divine,
And comforted this heart of mine.

3 To work for thee, my dearest Friend,
On whom my ev'ry hope depends;
Who washed away my earthly shame,
And gave to me a new, best name.

4 I'll work for thee, thou blessed One,
Eternal God, eternal Son,
And boast, but never boast in vain,
I'll work for him who once was slain.



30
1 O Light of light, shine in, shine in;
Cast out this night of gloom and sin;
Create true day my soul within;
O Light of light, shine in.

REF.—Shine in, shine in,
O Light divine, shine in;

Create true day my soul within;
O Light of life, shine in.

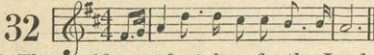
- 2 O Joy of joys, come in, come in,
And end this night of grief and sin:
Create true peace my soul within;
O Joy of joys, come in.
- 3 O Life of life, come in, come in,
Expel this night of death and sin;
A wake true life my soul within;
O Life of life, come in.



- 1 There's sunshine in my soul to-day,
More glorious and more bright
Than glows in any earthly sky,
For Jesus is my light.

REF.— Oh, there's sunshine, blessed sunshine,
While the peaceful, happy moments roll;
When Jesus shows his smiling face,
There is sunshine in the soul.

- 2 There's music in my soul to-day,
A carol to my King,
And Jesus, listening, can hear
The songs I cannot sing.
- 3 There's springtime in my soul to-day,
For, when the Lord is near,
The dove of peace sings in my heart,
The flowers of grace appear.
- 4 There's gladness in my soul to-day,
And hope, and praise, and love,
For blessings which he gives me now,
For joys "laid up" above.



- 1 The world must be taken for the Lord;
Onward, soldiers, and arm ye for the fight;
"In his name" now watch and fight and pray,
Till all foes fear and tremble at the sight.

CHO.— Ever onward, Christian soldier,
The world must be taken for the Lord;
"Ever onward" be your watchword,
The world must be taken for the Lord;

- 2 The world must be taken for the Lord;
And if faithful we know that we shall win,
Each day there's a shout along the line
As we capture some citadel of sin.
- 3 The world must be taken for the Lord;
Final victory is nearer ev'ry day.
The past holds no record of a time
When so many as now the Lord obey.
- 4 The world must be taken for the Lord.
Ev'ry nation and land shall yet be won;
His banner shall wave o'er all the world,
For our God with his army marches on.



- 1 Hark, I hear the Savior calling.

"All ye weary, come to me!
To that fountain flowing freely,
Flowing freely now for thee."

CHO.— "Come to me, and I will save thee;"
List to Jesus' gentle call;

"I will pardon, cleanse, redeem thee;"
Hear the loving message fall.

- 2 "I will make thy burden lighter,
I will give thee rest from pain;
I will make thy pathway brighter,
Sin shall smite thee ne'er again."

- 3 Heed the voice that gently calls thee,
Heed before it is too late,
Or at last when death shall claim thee,
Thou shalt stand outside the gate.



- 1 I have precious news to tell, hallelujah!
Christ has come with me to dwell, hallelujah!
By his grace and pow'r divine,
He has changed this heart of mine,
And he whispers, "I am thine," hallelujah!

CHO.— Hallelujah! I'm redeemed!
Oh, so wondrously redeemed;
I'm rejoicing night and day,
As I walk the narrow way,
For he washed my sins away, hallelujah!

- 2 It was Christ's redemption blood, hallelujah!
That restored my soul to God, hallelujah!
He the cleansing stream applied,
Flowing from his wounded side;
I am saved and justified, hallelujah!

- 3 I have found a precious friend, hallelujah!
On whose help I can depend, hallelujah!
Since he took my sins away,
He has taught me how to pray,
And to do his will each day, hallelujah!



- 1 Thro' the meadows green, inviting,
Where the Shepherd leads I'll go;
Thro' the shadows dark, exciting,
Where the Shepherd leads I'll go.

CHO.— Hark! his voice is gently calling,
On my ear its strains are falling;
Though the gloom may be appalling,
||: Where the Shepherd leads I'll go. :||

- 2 See the gentle Shepherd leading!
Where the Shepherd leads I'll go;
Hark, His voice in mercy pleading!
Where the Shepherd leads I'll go.
- 3 Though my feet be worn and weary,
Where the Shepherd leads I'll go;
Though the mountain-side be dreary,
Where the Shepherd leads I'll go.



1 Forward, Christian workers,
Quit yourselves like men;
Wielding gospel weapons,
Force the fight again;
Yours are strength and daring,
Confident and free;
Rouse to splendid action,
Fervid loyalty!

CHO.—Onward, Christian workers,
Raise your battle cry;
Looking up to Jesus,
Lift your standard high.

2 Mighty reinforcements
Thrill the church with cheer;
Freshly press the vet'rans,
Not a sign of fear;
Thinned by age and death-stroke,
Ranks fill up with youth;
Sons in fathers' places,
Stand defending truth!

3 Trusting in his prowess,
Home and nation rest;
Future ages signal
Each to do his best;
Hasten earth's redemption,
Bring the perfect law,
Speed millennial glories,
Visions prophets saw.

4 Rout and panic seize them,
All the hosts of wrong;
Soon for you the conquest,
Soon the victor's song;
What are toils or dangers,
Marches, wounds or pain?
Christ is near his triumph,
You with him shall reign.



1 By the help of God, we'll endeavor
To gather the lost ones in,
Who have strayed away on the mountains,
Who dwell in the haunts of sin.

CHO.—We'll endeavor, we'll endeavor,
By the help of God we'll endeavor;
To the fold of Christ, from the haunts of sin,
We'll gather the lost ones in.

2 By the help of God, we'll endeavor
To spread the glad news abroad,
Of the Christ who saves and redeems men,
Who calls wand'ers home to God.

3 By the help of God, we'll endeavor
In Christ's work to never pause,
Give our means and time with our talents,
To help on our Master's cause.



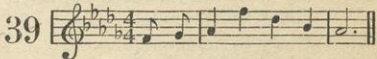
1 'Tis religion that can give,
In the light, in the light,
Sweetest pleasure while we live,
In the light of God.

CHO.—Let us walk in the light,
In the light, in the light,
Let us walk in the light,
In the light, the light of God.

2 'Tis Christ Jesus must supply,
In the light, in the light,
Solid comfort when we die,
In the light of God.

3 After death our joys will be,
In the light, in the light,
Lasting as eternity,
In the light of God.

4 Be the living God my Friend,
In the light, in the light,
Then my bliss shall never end,
In the light of God.



1 There's a stranger at the door,
Let him in,
He has been there oft before,
Let him in;

Let him in ere he is gone,
Let him in, the Holy One,
Jesus Christ, the Father's Son,
Let him in.

2 Open now to him your heart,
Let him in,
If you wait he will depart,
Let him in;

Let him in, he is your Friend,
He your soul will sure defend,
He will keep you to the end,
Let him in.

3 Hear you now his loving voice,
Let him in,
Now, oh, now make him your choice,
Let him in;

He is standing at the door,
Joy to you he will restore,
And his name you will adore,
Let him in.

4 Now admit the heav'nly Guest,
Let him in,
He will make for you a feast,
Let him in;

He will speak your sins forgiven,
And when earth ties all are riven,
He will take you home to heaven,
Let him in.

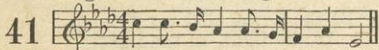


40
1 What a fellowship, what a joy divine,
Leaning on the everlasting arms!
What a blessedness, what a peace is mine,
Leaning on the everlasting arms!

REF.—Leaning, leaning,
Safe and secure from all alarms;
Leaning, leaning,
Leaning on the everlasting arms.

2 Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way,
Leaning on the everlasting arms!
Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
Leaning on the everlasting arms!

3 What have I to dread, what have I to fear,
Leaning on the everlasting arms?
I have blessed peace with my Lord so near,
Leaning on the everlasting arms.



41
1 Down at the cross where my Savior died,
Down where for cleansing from sin I cried,
There to my heart was the blood applied;
Glory to his name!

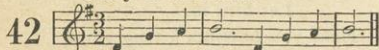
CHO.—Glory to his name,
Glory to his name!

There to my heart was the blood applied;
Glory to his name!

2 I am so wondrously saved from sin,
Jesus so sweetly abides within;
There at the cross where he took me in,
Glory to his name!

3 Oh, precious fountain, that saves from sin!
I am so glad I have entered in;
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean,
Glory to his name!

4 Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet;
Cast thy poor soul at the Savior's feet;
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;
Glory to his name!



42
1 O happy day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Savior and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

CHO.—Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away!
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing ev'ry day;
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away!

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

3 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful center, rest,
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With him of ev'ry good possessed.

4 High heav'n that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.



43
1 I walked in the woodland meadows,
Where sweet the thrushes sing,
And found on a bed of mosses,
A bird with a broken wing;
I healed its wing, and each morning
It sang its old sweet strain,
—But the bird with the broken pinion,
Never soared as high again. :||

2 I found a young life broken
By sin's seductive art,
And touched with a Christ-like pity,
I took him to my heart;
He lived with a nobler purpose,
And struggled not in vain,
—But the life that sin had stricken,
Never soared as high again. :||

3 But the bird with a broken pinion,
Kept another from the snare,
And the life that sin had stricken,
Raised another from despair;
Each loss has its own compensation,
There's healing for each pain,
—But the bird with the broken pinion,
Never soared as high again. :||



44
1 Christ has for sin atonement made,
What a wonderful Savior!
We are redeemed, the price is paid;
What a wonderful Savior!

CHO.—What a wonderful Savior
Is Jesus, my Jesus!
What a wonderful Savior
Is Jesus, my Lord!

2 I praise him for the cleansing blood,
What a wonderful Savior!
That reconciled my soul to God;
What a wonderful Savior!

3 He cleansed my heart from all its sin,
What a wonderful Savior!
And now he reigns and rules therein;
What a wonderful Savior!

4 He walks beside me in the way,
What a wonderful Savior!
And keeps me faithful day by day;
What a wonderful Savior!

5 He gives me overcoming power,
What a wonderful Savior!
And triumph in each conflict hour;
What a wonderful Savior!

6 To him I've given all my heart,
What a wonderful Savior!
The world shall never share a part,
What a wonderful Savior!



1 Whoever receiveth the Crucified One,
Whoever believeth on God's only Son,
A free and a perfect salvation shall have,
For he is abundantly able to save.

CHO.—My brother! the Master is calling for thee;
His grace and his mercy are wondrously free;
His blood as a ransom for sinners he gave,
And he is abundantly able to save.

2 Whoever receiveth the message of God,
And trusts in the pow'r of the soul-cleansing blood,
A full and eternal redemption shall have,
For he is both able and willing to save.

3 Whoever repents and forsakes ev'ry sin,
And opens his heart for the Lord to come in,
A present and perfect salvation shall have,
For Jesus is ready this moment to save.



4 Come, sinners, to the gospel feast;
It is for you, it is for me;
Let ev'ry soul be Jesus' guest:
It is for you, it is for me.

CHO.—Salvation full, salvation free,
The price was paid on Calvary;
O weary wand'rer, come and see!
It is for you, it is for me.

2 Ye need not one be left behind;
For God hath bidden all mankind;

3 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all:

4 Come, all the world! come, sinner, thou!
All things in Christ are ready now;

5 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wanderers after rest;

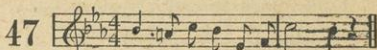
6 Ye poor and maimed and halt and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find;

7 My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live:

8 O let this love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain!

9 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice;

10 His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace;



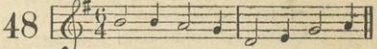
1 Lift your heart in prayer to Jesus,
He is full of truth and grace;
All of light and all of knowledge
Shineth ever in his face.

CHO.—Lift your heart in prayer to Jesus,
He will lead you all the way;
Lift your heart in prayer to Jesus,
Without ceasing ev'ry day.

2 Lift your heart in prayer to Jesus,
He can ev'ry need supply;
Tell him all your care and trouble,
None like him can satisfy.

3 Lift your heart in prayer to Jesus,
When you prosper in the way;
For the tempter seeks to snare you,
Though all seems as bright as day.

4 Lift your heart in prayer to Jesus,
When in sorrow's darkest hour,
He will know just how to rest you,
Praise his name, he has the power.



1 Hover o'er me, Holy Spirit;
Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
Fill me with thy hallowed presence;
Come, oh, come and fill me now.

CHO.—Fill me now, fill me now,
Jesus, come and fill me now;
Fill me with thy hallowed presence;
Come, oh, come and fill me now.

2 Thou canst fill me, gracious Spirit,
Though I cannot tell thee how;
But I need thee, greatly need thee;
Come, oh, come and fill me now.

3 I am weakness, full of weakness;
At thy sacred feet I bow;
Blest divine, eternal Spirit,
Fill with power, and fill me now.

4 Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me;
Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow;
Thou art comforting and saving,
Thou art sweetly filling now.



1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

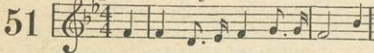
2 Father, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

3 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers.

Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.



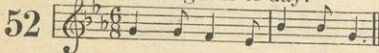
- 1 Jesus, my life, thyself apply;
Thy Holy Spirit breathe:
My vile affections crucify;
Conform me to thy death.
- 2 Reign in me, Lord; thy foes control,
Who would not own thy sway;
Diffuse thine image through my soul;
Shine to thy perfect day.
- 3 Scatter the last remains of sin,
And seal me thine abode;
O make me glorious all within,
A temple built by God!



- 1 Not far from the kingdom of heaven,
The kingdom of heaven with men,
And yet in the bondage of Satan,
And yet in the shadow of sin;
Not far from the path that is narrow,
And leadeth to glory on high,
Yet treading the broad road to ruin;
Oh, why is it, sinner, oh, why?
- CHO.—Not far, not far,
Not far from the kingdom of heaven!
Still treading the broad road to ruin,
Yet near to the kingdom of heaven!

- 2 Not far from the kingdom of heaven,
The kingdom of peace and of love,
Yet out on the edge of the desert,
The prodigal's fortune to prove;
Oh, rise, and return to thy Father,
And crave in his mercy a share!
Far off he will see thee and know thee,
And rescue thy soul from despair.

- 3 Not far from the kingdom of heaven,
Yet will not on Jesus believe;
O sinner, what terrors await thee!
The blessing of pardon receive;
The portal of mercy is open;
Poor prodigal, do not delay;
Arise, and return to thy Father;
Oh, enter the kingdom to-day!



- 1 Heaven is not far away,
When Jesus is near;
Give your heart to him I pray,
When Jesus is near;
Place your trust in him, dear friend,
He will keep you to the end;
Heaven is not far away,
When Jesus is near.
- 2 Will you not repent, believe,
When Jesus is near?

Peace and pardon now receive,
When Jesus is near;
He will not your pray'r refuse;
Come, and now the Savior choose;
Heaven is not far away,
When Jesus is near.

- 3 Are you coming home to-day,
When Jesus is near?
Do not longer stay away,
When Jesus is near;
Cast your burdens on the Lord;
Help is promised in his word;
Heaven is not far away,
When Jesus is near.

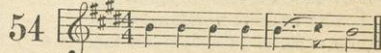


- 1 Fall into line, brother, fall into line!
Hearken with me to the message divine!
Jesus invites you to join in the fray,
Gives you assurance of vict'ry to-day.

CHO.—Fall into line, soldiers, fall into line!
On to the battle, for Jesus shall win!
Fierce is the warfare with Satan to-day;
Arm for the conflict, and march to the fray.

- 2 Fall into line, brother, fall into line!
See how the hosts of the foeman combine!
Join in the conflict, and rush to the field,
Till we shall crush and compel them to yield.

- 3 Fall into line, brother, fall into line!
God is omnipotent and he shall win!
Only be true to thyself and the Lord,
And you shall share the eternal reward.



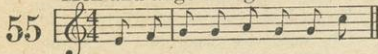
- 1 Onward, Christian soldiers:
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before;
Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, his banners go!

CHO.—Onward, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

- 2 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

- 3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;

Gates of hell can never
 'Gainst that Church prevail;
 We have Christ's own promi-
 And that cannot fail.
 Onward, then, ye people!
 Join our happy throng;
 Blend with ours your voices
 In the triumph song;
 Glory, laud, and honor
 Unto Christ the King,
 This through countless ages
 Men and angels sing.



1 "He is able to deliver,"
 Sing the joyful strain;
 "He is able to deliver,"
 Tell it out again;
 "He is able to deliver"
 All that come to him in faith;
 He is able to deliver
 Even unto death.

CHO.—Able to deliver,
 Able to deliver,
 He is able to deliver,
 All that come to him in faith.

2 He is able to deliver
 From the chains of sin;
 He is able to deliver,
 Shout the joyful strain;
 He is able to deliver,
 See how patiently he stands;
 He is able to deliver
 Thee with willing hands.

3 He is able to deliver
 From the foeman strong;
 He is able to deliver,
 All the journey long;
 He is able to deliver,
 Trust him boldly, never fear;
 He is able to deliver;
 Let the nations hear.



The Voice of thy conscience oft whispers,
 Believe on the Lord and be saved,
 And turn from the path of transgressors;
 Believe on the Lord and be saved.

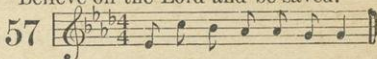
CHO.—Be saved, be saved,
 Believe on the Lord and be saved;
 Be saved, be saved,
 Believe on the Lord and be saved.

2 A voice in compassion is crying,
 Believe on the Lord and be saved,
 And cease from your sorrow and sighing;
 Believe on the Lord and be saved.

3 God's voice and his goodness are calling,
 Believe on the Lord and be saved;

The judgment of death is appalling;
 Believe on the Lord and be saved.

4 The voice of the Spirit is pleading,
 Believe on the Lord and be saved,
 While loved ones are now interceding,
 Believe on the Lord and be saved.



1 Mighty army of the young,
 Lift the voice in cheerful song,
 Send the welcome word along,
 Jesus lives!

Once he died for you and me,
 Bore our sins upon the tree,
 Now he lives to make us free,
 Jesus lives!

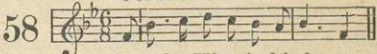
CHO.—Wait not till the shadows lengthen,
 Till you older grow;
 Rally now and sing for Jesus,
 Ev'rywhere you go;
 Lift your joyful voices high,
 Ringing clear thro' earth and sky,
 Let the blessed tidings fly,
 Jesus lives!

2 Tongues of children light and free,
 Tongues of youth all full of glee,
 Sing to all on land and sea,
 Jesus lives!

Light for you and all mankind,
 Sight for all by sin made blind
 Life in Jesus all may find,
 Jesus lives!

3 Jesus lives, oh, blessed words!
 King of kings, and Lord of lords!
 Lift the cross and sheathe the swords,
 Jesus lives!

See, he breaks the prison wall,
 Throws aside the dreadful pall,
 Conquers death at once for all,
 Jesus lives!



1 Come, look on the King in his beauty,
 And gaze on his reconciled face;
 Enthroned in thy heart he appeareth,
 Adorned with an infinite grace.

CHO.—Enthroned him thy King and thy Savior,
 His loving commands to obey;
 Oh, give to the King all his glory,
 And crown him to-day!

2 Come, look on the King in his beauty;
 Oh, look, and thy heart shall be won;
 His love shall come out in its sweetness,
 And Jesus will claim thee his own.

3 Come, look on the King in his beauty,
 And open thy lips in his praise;
 Oh, sing till the world shall be hearing
 The anthem thy spirit shall raise!



59
 † When the trumpet of the Lord shall
 sound, and time shall be no more,
 And the morning breaks, eternal,
 bright and fair,
 When the saved of earth shall gather
 over on the other shore,
 And the roll is called up yonder,
 I'll be there.

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

2 On that bright and cloudless morning
 when the dead in Christ shall rise,
 And the glory of his resurrection share,
 When his chosen ones shall gather to
 their home beyond the skies,
 And the roll is called up yonder,
 I'll be there.

† Let us labor for the Master from the
 dawn till setting sun,
 Let us talk of all his wondrous love
 and care,
 Then when all of life is over and our
 work on earth is done,
 And the roll is called up yonder,
 I'll be there.



60
 1 Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds
 of kindness,
 Sowing in the noontide, and the dewy eves,
 Waiting for the harvest, and the time
 of reaping,
 We shall come rejoicing, bringing in
 the sheaves.

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

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in
 the shadows,
 Fearing neither clouds nor winter's
 chilling breeze;
 By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,
 We shall come rejoicing, bringing in
 the sheaves.

3 Go then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,
 Though the loss sustained our spirit
 often grieves;
 When our weeping's over, he will bid
 us welcome,
 We shall come rejoicing, bringing in
 the sheaves.



61
 1 I want no other grace than thine;
 O may it fill this heart of mine,
 And ev'ry impulse there refine,
 Until conformed to thee!

CHO.—No other grace, no other grace
 To help me in the Christian race,
 No other grace, dear Lord, than thine
 To help me on my way.

2 I want no other peace than thine
 To rest me in the life divine;
 Oh, may thy peace be ever mine
 Now and eternally!

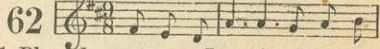
CHO.—No other grace, no other grace
 To help me in the Christian race,
 No other peace or grace than thine
 To help me on my way.

3 I want no other love than thine,
 For this, O Lord, my heart incline,
 For this the world I would resign,
 And rest my soul on thee!

CHO.—No other love, no other grace,
 To cheer me in the Christian race,
 I want no other love than thine
 To help me on my way.

4 I want no other cross than thine,
 To bear it, Lord, my heart incline,
 Till crowned at last by love divine,
 In immortality.

CHO.—No other love, no other grace,
 Can help me on my pilgrim race,
 I want no other cross but thine
 To help me on my way.

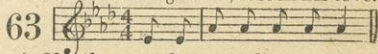


62
 1 Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!
 Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine!
 Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
 Born of his Spirit, washed in his blood.

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

2 Perfect submission, perfect delight,
 Visions of rapture now burst on my sight;
 Angels descending, bring from above
 Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

3 Perfect submission, all is at rest;
 I in my Savior am happy and blest,
 Watching and waiting, looking above,
 Filled with his goodness, lost in his love.



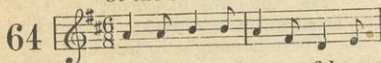
63
 1 Oh, the gospel story tell
 Of the cross!
 Let the echo rise and swell

Of the cross!
Sing the Savior's grief and woe,
How his blood did freely flow,
Till the children all shall know
Of the cross!

CHO.—Of the cross, of the cross!
Sing the Savior's grief and woe,
How his blood did freely flow,
Till the children all shall know
Of the cross!

2 Let us plead the holy name
Of the cross!
And the Savior's pain and shame
Of the cross!
For his name must be our plea,
For salvation full and free,
And in death our hope must be
Of the cross!

3 Oh, the song shall never cease
Of the cross!
Of the mercy, grace and peace,
Of the cross!
For its glory gilds the way,
And it hath immortal ray,
And we'll sing in heav'n for aye
Of the cross!



1 Anywhere with Jesus I can safely go,
Anywhere he leads me in this world below;
Anywhere without him, dearest joys would fade,
Anywhere with Jesus I am not afraid.

CHO.—Anywhere! anywhere! fear I can not know,
Anywhere with Jesus I can safely go.

2 Anywhere with Jesus I am not alone,
Other friends may fail me, he is still my own;
Tho' his hand may lead me over drearest ways,
Anywhere with Jesus is a house of praise.

3 Anywhere with Jesus I can go to sleep,
When the dark'ning shadows round
about me creep;

Knowing I shall waken never more to roam,
Anywhere with Jesus will be home, sweet home.



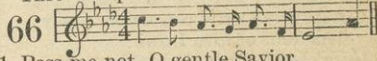
1 We shall reach our home some day,
Thro' the precious blood of Jesus;
We shall tread the golden way,
Thro' the precious blood of Jesus;
We shall lay each burden down,
And shall gain a glorious crown,
Hallelujah! gain a crown,
Thro' the precious blood of Jesus.

CHO.—Precious blood! crimson flood!
Oh, the precious blood of Jesus!
Hallelujah, we shall gain a glorious crown,
Thro' the precious blood of Jesus!

2 We shall sit upon the right,
Thro' the precious blood of Jesus;
We shall wear "the robes of white,"
Thro' the precious blood of Jesus;
Done with toiling cares and fears,
Done with partings, pains and tears,
While shall roll the endless years,
Thro' the precious blood of Jesus.

3 We shall hear the angels sing,
Thro' the precious blood of Jesus;
We shall gaze upon our King,
Thro' the precious blood of Jesus;
We shall join the upper throng,
In the sweet redemption song,
Chant it sweetly, loud and long,
Thro' the precious blood of Jesus.

4 We shall dwell in safety there,
Thro' the precious blood of Jesus,
Where the skies are ever fair,
Thro' the precious blood of Jesus;
We shall never sigh again;
We shall never die again;
Glory to his holy name,
Thro' the precious blood of Jesus.



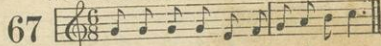
1 Pass me not, O gentle Savior,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others thou art smiling,
Do not pass me by.

REF.—Savior, Savior,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

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

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

4 Thou, the spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside thee?
Whom in heav'n but thee?



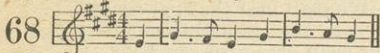
1 Jesus is tenderly calling thee home,
Calling to-day, calling to-day;
Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam,
Farther and farther away?

CHO.—Calling to-day, calling to-day;
Jesus is calling, is tenderly calling to-day.

2 Jesus is calling the weary to rest,
Calling to-day, calling to-day;
Bring him thy burden and thou shalt be blest;
He will not turn thee away.

3 Jesus is waiting, oh, come to him now,
Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;
Come with thy sins, at his feet lowly bow,
Come, and no longer delay.

4 Jesus is pleading, oh, list to his voice,
Pleading to-day, pleading to-day;
They who believe on his name shall rejoice;
Quickly arise and away.



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

CHO.—At the cross, at the cross, where
I first saw the light,

And the burden of my heart rolled away,
It was there by faith I received my sight,
And now I am happy all the day.

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree!

3 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do!



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.

CHO.—||:Oh, how I love Jesus! :||
Because he first loved me;
||:How can I forget thee? :||
Dear Lord, remember me.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 I would thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.



1 Keep a light in the window, my brother,
The storm fiercely rages without,
And winds in their fury are blinding;
The travellers are groping in doubt.

CHO.—Keep a light in the window, my brother,
The tempter is setting a snare,
But a ray from a light in your window
May help the poor sinner beware.

2 Keep a light in the window, my brother,
Perchance there is some one astray;

Just a gleam may give hope to the weary,
And guide till the breaking of day.

3 Keep a light in the window, my brother,
Illumined the pathway should be;
Keep a bright shining light in the window,
And night will be brighter for thee.



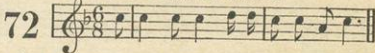
1 Keep the banner flying!
This your cry should be;
Many souls are dying,
Jesus must they see;
Under condemnation,
Life will soon be gone;
Only is salvation
In the sinless One.

CHO.—||:Shout, shout the battle cry,
Girt with endeavor;
Lift, lift the banner high,
Now and forever. :||

2 Keep the banner flying!
When the faithful fall,
Give not up to sighing,
Christ is All in all;
Rally all your forces;
See, the Captain's near;
Trust to his resources;
There is naught to fear.

3 Keep the banner flying!
Christians should agree,
With each other vying,
Yet in harmony,
Working still for Jesus,
Righting human wrong,
Till the angels greet us
With their welcome song.

4 Keep the banner flying
Over land and sea;
By yourself denying
Comes the victory;
Brighten toil with singing,
Better days will come;
To the Savior clinging,
You shall rest at home.

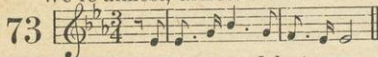


1 "How far, how far to the City of Gold?"
The anxious pilgrim cries,
"How far to journey ere I see
Its towers before me rise?"
Though often worn and sad,
Oppressed with grief and care,
Pilgrim, press on a few more steps;
Thy feet are almost there.

CHO.—Press on, press on,
Where lies thy home so fair;
Pilgrim, press on a few more steps;
Thy feet are almost there.

2 "How far, how far to the City of Gold?"
The saddened hearts would know,
While mourning o'er the friends they love,
In death's embrace laid low;
How long ere saints awake
And pass those portals fair?
Hope whispers in affliction's hour,
Weep not, they're almost there.

3 "How far, how far to the City of Gold,"
Where sorrow ne'er shall come,
The promised land of joy and rest,
The saints' eternal home?
The journey long has been,
But home will soon appear;
Each laud-mark past proclaims to us
We're almost, almost there.



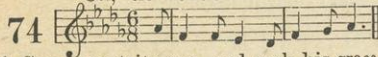
1 When I was far away and lost,
Oh, 'tis wonderful!
That I was saved at such a cost!
Oh, 'tis wonderful!

CHO.—Oh, 'tis wonderful!
Oh, 'tis wonderful!
That Jesus gave his life for me!
Oh, 'tis wonderful!

2 I once was blind, but now I see;
Oh, 'tis wonderful!
Was bound by sin, but now am free;
Oh, 'tis wonderful!

3 My guilt was all I had to bring,
Oh, 'tis wonderful!
Yet I was made his love to sing;
Oh, 'tis wonderful!

4 Come, sinner, now, and seek his grace,
Oh, 'tis wonderful!
And find in him a resting place;
Oh, 'tis wonderful!



1 Come, contrite one, and seek his grace,
Jesus is passing by;
See in his reconciling face,
The sunshine of the sky.

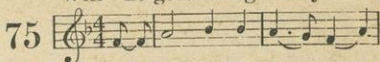
CHO.—Passing by, passing by,
Hasten to meet him on the way,
Jesus is passing by to-day,
Passing by, passing by.

2 Come, hungry one, and tell your needs,
Jesus is passing by;
The Bread of Life your soul will feed,
And fully satisfy.

3 Come, weary one, and find your rest,
Jesus is passing by;
Come where the longing heart is blessed,
And on his bosom lie.

4 Come, burdened one, bring all your care,
Jesus is passing by;

The love that listens to your prayer,
Will "no good thing" deny.



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 I will love thee in life, I will love
thee in death,

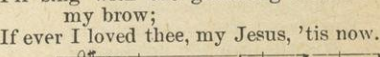
And praise thee as long as thou lendest
me breath;

And say when the death-dew lies cold
on my brow,

If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

4 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.



1 Come, ye desolate, where'er ye languish,
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here
tell your anguish;

Earth has no sorrow that heaven can not heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
"Earth has no sorrow that heaven can
not cure."

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters
flowing

Forth from the throne of God, pure
from above;

Come to the feast of love, come, ever
knowing

Earth has no sorrow but heaven can
remove.



1 Wondrous news! we'll raise the song,
As we journey 'mid the throng,

Of a Savior's gracious love to-day,
How on Calvary's rugged mount

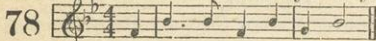
He has opened up a fount

That will wash the stains of sin away.

CHO.—We will tell, we will tell
Of a Savior's dying love to-day;

We will tell, we will tell
Of a Savior's precious love to-day.

- 2 Wondrous news! we'll raise the song,
And the notes we will prolong,
Of the Christ that saves from ev'ry sin;
Whosoever will believe,
Peace and pardon shall receive,
And the blest assurance know within.
- 3 Wondrous news! we'll raise the song
As we join the ransomed throng,
Marching homeward to the land on high;
There our loved ones gone before,
Wait for us upon the shore;
Thro' his love we'll meet them by and by.



- 1 Why stand ye idle, waiting,
While Christ is calling you?
For in his world-wide vineyard
There's work for all to do.

CHO.—Why idle? why waiting
To render service true?
Oh! ev'rywhere we turn us
There's earnest work to do.

- 2 The fields are white and ripened;
The harvest time is here;
The Master pleads for toilers;
His call, can you not hear?
- 3 Some hearts are touched with sorrow,
And some are touched with sin;
Poor wanderers from Jesus,
Oh! haste to bring them in.
- 4 Some homes with gloom are shaded;
Some lives are cheerless, sad;
Go bear to them the message
That Christ can make them glad.
- 5 And some poor souls, discouraged
With failure and with sin,
At Mercy's door are waiting
For us to lead them in.



- 1 In thought I travel back to-night
To my old country home;
What joyful scenes flash thro' my mind
As in the past I roam!
My mother with her locks of snow,
Is knitting in her chair,
While father, sitting by her side,
Sings this familiar air:

CHORUS to 1st verse.—
Thus far the Lord has led me on;
Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days,
And ev'ry ev'ning shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

- 2 I left my room and gently crept
Down to the open door,

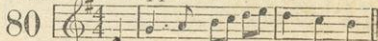
And heard my mother join the song,
And chant it o'er and o'er;
Since then in cities, great and small,
I've heard the cultured sing,
But no such rapture to my heart
Could all their music bring.

- 3 The Holy Book was opened then,
And mother read aloud
About the home prepared on high,
Above the storm and cloud;
That humble cottage seemed to me
Grand as the mansions fair,
And I am sure before they knelt,
The angels hovered there.
- 4 The holy hush came o'er my soul,
As on their knees they fell;
They prayed as tho' they were inspired;
So listen while I tell;
They prayed for pastor, neighbor, friend,
And then they prayed for me:
"O Jesus, grant that our dear boy
May follow only thee!"

5 I gave my heart to God that night,
Ere they rose up from prayer;
Then saw them kiss each other's face,
Though furrowed deep with care;
Again I heard a sweet refrain
While I stole back to rest;
Help me to sing it o'er again,
In mem'ry of the blest.

CHORUS to last verse.—

- 1 Children of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, let us sing;
Sing your Savior's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 We are traveling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.



- 1 I have a song I love to sing,
Since I have been redeemed,
Of my Redeemer, Savior King,
Since I have been redeemed.
- CHO.—Since I have been redeemed,
Since I have been redeemed,
I will glory in his name;
Since I have been redeemed,
I will glory in the Savior's name.
- 2 I have a Christ that satisfies,
Since I have been redeemed;
To do his will my highest prize,
Since I have been redeemed.
- 3 I have a Witness bright and clear
Since I have been redeemed,
Dispelling ev'ry doubt and fear,
Since I have been redeemed.

4 I have a joy I can't express,
 Since I have been redeemed,
 All thro' his blood and righteousness,
 Since I have been redeemed.

5 I have a home prepared for me,
 Since I have been redeemed,
 Where I shall dwell eternally,
 Since I have been redeemed.



1 Hark! the Savior speaks with gentle voice
 To each heart with guilt oppress;
 Here is living water, soul athirst,
 Come drink, and be at rest.

CHO.—The Spirit and the bride say come,
 Oh, come, and no more delay;
 Life's water is free, Christ calleth thee,
 Sin-laden soul, oh, come to-day!

2 Whosoever will may come and drink
 Of this living water free;
 Thirsty one, where life's pure fountain flows,
 There is a gift for thee.

3 Over desert sands, in paths of sin,
 Stray no more with weary feet;
 The refreshing stream inviteth thee
 To joy and rest complete.



1 We are sowing, ever sowing,
 In the paths where others move,
 And the harvest that shall follow,
 Shall a bane or blessing prove;
 Are we sowing thorns and thistles,
 That shall pierce the trav'ler's feet,
 Or the seeds of love and mercy,
 That shall make existence sweet?

CHO.—Sowing pain or sowing pleasure,
 Sowing tares or golden wheat;
 What, oh, what shall be the harvest,
 When our sowing is complete?

2 We are sowing, ever sowing,
 Be the weather foul or fair;
 Heedlessly how oft we scatter,
 Where there's need of greatest care;
 Now's the seed-time, full of promise,
 Full of possibility;
 What the fruitage we shall gather,
 Here and in eternity?

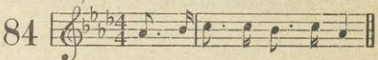
3 We are sowing, ever sowing,
 In the home and on the street,
 Sowing good or sowing evil,
 For ourselves and all we meet;
 Let us earnestly endeavor
 Seeds of happiness to strew,
 That our fellow-men may bless us,
 Wheresoever we may go.



1 Nearer, yet nearer, my God, to thee,
 Dearer, yet dearer thou art to me,
 Still hoping, trusting, ever to be,
 Nearer, my Savior, nearer to thee.

2 Purer, yet purer I long to be,
 Nearer, yet nearer, my God, to thee,
 Still hoping, praying, ever to be,
 Nearer, still nearer, my God, to thee.

3 Higher, yet higher, out of the night,
 Nearer, yet nearer the throne of white,
 Still rising higher, nearer the light,
 Nearer, still nearer the throne of white.



1 We shall stand before the King,
 With the angels we shall sing,
 By and by, by and by;
 Walk the bright, the golden shore,
 Praising him for evermore,
 By and by, by and by.

CHO.—We shall stand before the King,
 With the angels we shall sing,
 Glory, glory to our King:
 Hallelujah, hallelujah,
 We shall stand before the King!

2 Ring, ye bells of heaven, ring,
 We shall stand before the King,
 By and by, by and by;
 There our sorrows will be o'er,
 There his name we will adore,
 By and by, by and by.

3 Wake, my soul, thy tribute bring,
 Thou shalt stand before the King,
 By and by, by and by;
 Lay thy trophies at his feet,
 In his likeness stand complete,
 By and by, by and by.



1 In vain in high and holy lays
 My soul her grateful voice would raise;
 For who can sing the worthy praise
 Of the wonderful love of Jesus?

REF.—Wonderful love! wonderful love!
 Wonderful love of Jesus!
 Wonderful love! wonderful love!
 Wonderful love of Jesus!

2 A joy by day, a peace by night,
 In storms a calm, in darkness light,
 In pain a balm, in weakness might
 Is the wonderful love of Jesus.

3 My hope for pardon when I call,
 My trust for lifting when I fall,
 In life, in death, my all in all,
 Is the wonderful love of Jesus.



86
1 Thanks be to Jesus, his mercy is free,
Mercy is free, mercy is free;
Sinner, that mercy is flowing for thee,
Mercy is boundless and free;
If thou art willing on him to believe,
Mercy is free, mercy is free;
Life everlasting thy soul may receive,
Mercy is boundless and free.

REF.—Jesus the Savior, is looking for thee,
Looking for thee, looking for thee;
Lovingly, tenderly calling for thee,
Calling and looking for thee.

2 Why on the mountains of sin wilt thou roam?
Mercy is free, mercy is free;
Gently the Spirit is calling, "Come home,"
Mercy is boundless and free;
Thou art in darkness, O, come to the light,
Mercy is free, mercy is free;
Jesus is waiting, he'll save you to-night,
Mercy is boundless and free.

3 Think of his goodness, his patience, and love;
Mercy is free, mercy is free;
Pleading thy cause with his Father above,
Mercy is boundless and free;
Come and repenting, O, give him thy heart,
Mercy is free, mercy is free;
Grieve him no longer, but come as thou art,
Mercy is boundless and free.

4 Yes, there is pardon for all who believe;
Mercy is free, mercy is free;
Come, and this moment a blessing receive,
Mercy is boundless and free;
Jesus is waiting, O, hear him proclaim,
Mercy is free, mercy is free;
Cling to his mercy, believe on his name,
Mercy is boundless and free.

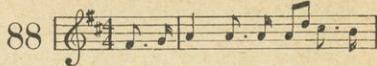


87
1 O for a thousand tongues to sing,
Blessed be the name of the Lord!
The glories of my God and King,
Blessed be the name of the Lord!

CHO.—||:Blessed be the name,:||
Blessed be the name of the Lord!
||:Blessed be the name,:||
Blessed be the name of the Lord.

2 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
Blessed be the name of the Lord!
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
Blessed be the name of the Lord!

3 He breaks the pow'r of cancelled sin,
Blessed be the name of the Lord!
His blood can make the foulest clean,
Blessed be the name of the Lord.



88
1 Look away to the cross, leave thy burdens all there,
All the sins that condemn, all the wrong,
All thy bitter remorse, all thy grief and despair;

Look away to the cross and be strong.
CHO.—Look away to the cross, it will ease thee of care,
And the shadows will leave thy soul;
Look away to the cross, humbly kneeling in prayer,
Only Christ can make thee whole.

2 Look away to the cross, leave thy burdens all there,
In the course of the swift coming years;
He will give needed grace, all thy troubles will bear,
And like clouds he will scatter thy fears.

3 Look away to the cross, leave thy burdens all there,
At the cross where thy Savior has died;
All thy sins he will pardon, thy sorrow he'll share,
And for all of thy wants will provide.



89
1 In loving consecration,
Lord, let me bring my heart;
All its affection shall be thine;
None else shall share a part.

CHO.—My all I now surrender, Lord,
Give it beyond recall;
None else shall share a part, No!
Jesus shall have it all.

2 All of my life I pledge thee,
All of my ransomed pow'rs,
All of my service and my love,
All of my days and hours.

3 Nothing shall be with-holden;
Nothing will I recall;
All shall be on the altar laid;
Jesus shall have it all.

4 My hands for thee to labor,
My feet to walk thy ways,
My life to magnify thy grace,
My lips to speak thy praise.

5 I should have served thee better,
I should have loved thee more;
Now I will live for thee alone,
Henceforth and evermore.

6 Here, at this holy altar,
Now, while in tears I bow,
Seal thou the covenant I make,
Hear and accept my vow.



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."

REF.—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!

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.



1 There's a great day coming,
A great day coming,
There's a great day coming by and by,
When the saints and the sinners shall
be parted right and left;
Are you ready for that day to come?

CHO.—Are you ready? Are you ready?
Are you ready for the judgment day?
Are you ready? Are you ready
For the judgment day?

2 There's a bright day coming,
A bright day coming,
There's a bright day coming by and by,
But the brightness shall only come to
those who love the Lord;
Are you ready for that day to come?

3 There's a sad day coming,
A sad day coming,
There's a sad day coming by and by,
When the sinner shall hear his doom,
"depart, I know ye not;"
Are you ready for that day to come?



1 Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear;
Repent, thine end is nigh;
Death, at the farthest, can't be far;
O think before thou die!

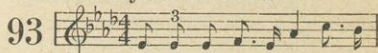
REF.—||: We are passing away, :||
We are passing away
To the great judgment day.

2 Reflect, thou hast a soul to save;
Thy sins, how high they mount!

What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
How stands that dark account?

3 Death enters, and there's no defence;
His time there's none can tell;
He'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven, or down to hell.

4 Thy flesh (perhaps thy greatest care)
Shall into dust consume;
But, ah! destruction ends not there;
Sin kills beyond the tomb.



1 Scattering precious seed by the wayside,
Scattering precious seed by the hillside,
Scattering precious seed o'er the field, wide,
Scattering precious seed by the way.

CHO.—Sowing in the morning,
Sowing at the noontide,
Sowing in the ev'ning,
Sowing the precious seed by the way.

2 Scattering precious seed for the growing,
Scattering precious seed, freely sowing,
Scattering precious seed, trusting, knowing,
Surely the Lord will send it the rain.

3 Scattering precious seed, doubting never,
Scattering precious seed, trusting ever,
Sowing the word with pray'r and endeavor,
Trusting the Lord for growth and for yield.



1 There is a Rock in a weary land,
Its shadow falls on the burning sand,
Inviting pilgrims as they pass
To seek a shade in the wilderness.

REF.—Then why will ye die?
Oh! why will ye die?
When the shelt'ring Rock is so near by?
Oh! why will ye die?

2 There is a Well in a desert plain,
Its waters call with entreating strain,
"Ho, ev'ry thirsting sin-sick soul,
Come, freely drink, and thou shalt be whole."

REF.—Then why will ye die?
Oh! why will ye die?
When the living Well is so near by?
Oh! why will ye die?

3 A great fold stands with its portals wide,
The sheep astray on the mountain side;
The Shepherd climbs o'er mountains steep,
He's searching now for his wand'ring sheep.

REF.—Then why will ye die?
Oh! why will ye die?
When the Shepherd's fold is so near by?
Oh! why will ye die?

4 There is a Cross where the Savior died,
His blood flowed out in a crimson tide,

A sacrifice for sins of men,
And free to all who will enter in.

REF.—Then why will ye die?

Oh! why will ye die?

When the crimson cross is so near by?

Oh! why will ye die?



1 The blood of Jesus frees from sin,

Hallelujah, what a Savior!

Renews the troubled heart within;

Hallelujah, what a Savior!

His life he gave upon a tree,

That sinful man redeemed might be,

And live through all eternity;

Hallelujah, what a Savior!

2 Salvation, oh, that joyful sound!

Hallelujah, what a Savior!

It reaches earth's remotest bound;

Hallelujah, what a Savior!

Triumphant raise the joyful strain,

A Savior dies but lives again,

Eternal in the heav'ns to reign;

Hallelujah, what a Savior!

3 Arise! arise! thy light is come!

Hallelujah, what a Savior!

Why sit ye longer idle, dumb?

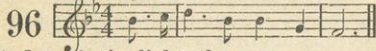
Hallelujah, what a Savior!

Proclaim abroad his matchless name,

Whose pow'r the vilest can reclaim,

Throughout eternity the same;

Hallelujah, what a Savior!



1 Jesus is the light, the way,

||:We are walking in the light;:||

Shining brighter day by day,

We are walking in the beautiful light of God.

REF.—||:We are walking in the light;:||

We are walking in the light,

We are walking in the beautiful light of God.

2 We who know our sins forgiven,

||:We are walking in the light;:||

Find on earth the joy of heav'n,

We are walking in the beautiful light of God.

3 As we journey here below,

||:We are walking in the light;:||

Oh, what joy and peace we know!

We are walking in the beautiful light of God.

4 We will sing his power to save,

||:We are walking in the light;:||

We will triumph o'er the grave,

We are walking in the beautiful light of God.



1 When I read the dear old story

Of the Cross and Calvary,

With what joy my heart runs over,

As I think he died for me;

And my soul is filled with longing,

As I read that long ago,

Persons walked and talked with Jesus

As he journeyed to and fro.

CHO.—Oh, to walk and talk with Jesus,

'Tis a blessed thought to me!

This my daily pray'r, my Savior,

Let me walk and talk with thee.

2 Oh, to walk and talk with Jesus,

What a rapture in the thought!

Oh, to be like his disciples,

By the world's great teacher taught!

And my heart o'erflows with gladness,

As the story I repeat;

Let me walk and talk with Jesus,

Let me learn at Jesus' feet.

3 I can walk and talk with Jesus,

Though I cannot see his face;

I can feel the Lord who loves me

Near in ev'ry time and place;

I can feel his smile upon me;

"Follow me," I hear him say;

Soul, be glad! with those who love him

Jesus walks and talks to-day.



1 Where will you spend eternity?

This question comes to you and me;

Tell me, what shall your answer be?

Where will you spend eternity?

REF.—Eternity! eternity!

Where will you spend eternity?

2 Many are choosing Christ to-day,

Turning from all their sins away;

Heav'n shall their happy portion be;

Where will you spend eternity?

3 Leaving the strait and narrow way,

Going the downward road to-day,

Sad will their final ending be,—

Lost through a long eternity!

REF.—Eternity! eternity!

Lost through a long eternity!

4 Repent, believe, this very hour,

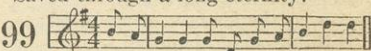
Trust in the Savior's grace and pow'r,

Then will your joyous answer be:

Saved through a long eternity!

REF.—Eternity! eternity!

Saved through a long eternity!



1 Oh, my heart is thrilled with wondrous joy to-day!

I am resting in the Savior's love;

Christ, the Lord, has taken all my sins away,

I am resting in the Savior's love.

REF.—||: I am resting, sweetly resting,
I am resting in the Savior's love. :||

2 At the fountain opened for the soul unclean,
I am resting in the Savior's love;
Trusting in his grace I ventured freely in,
I am resting in the Savior's love.

3 All my doubts are vanished, all my fears are gone,
I am resting in the Savior's love;
When I trusted Jesus, lo, the work was done!
I am resting in the Savior's love.

4 O the peace and rapture! O the wondrous bliss!
I am resting in the Savior's love;
I have never known so pure a joy as this;
I am resting in the Savior's love.

5 So I live rejoicing in his love each day,
I am resting in the Savior's love;
I am walking with him in the narrow way,
I am resting in the Savior's love.



1 There's a song my heart is singing,
In my soul its tones are ringing,
Peace and rest and joy 'tis bringing,
Jesus Christ has power to save!

CHO.—Sing it over and over again to me,
In its wonderful sweet simplicity;
Tell it o'er the ocean wave,
Jesus Christ has power to save.

2 Oh, that song my soul is thrilling,
Jesus saves the soul that's willing!
Precious truth! my heart 'tis filling,
Jesus Christ has power to save!

3 Sinner, come, if thou'lt receive him,
Look to Jesus and believe him,
All your life and service give him,
Jesus Christ has power to save!



1 What a scene of wondrous glory,
When we reach our home,
Chanting there redemption's story,
'Neath its golden dome!
With myriads round the throne,
His anointed and his own,
We will make his praises known,
When we reach our home.

CHO.—When we reach our home over there,
All the wondrous glory to share,
What a meeting that will be
Christ and his redeemed to see,
When we reach our home over there!

2 We shall know no more of trial,
When we reach our home,
Nor of toil and self-denial,
'Neath its golden dome;

In robes of purity,
From all sin and sorrow free,
Safe with Jesus we will be
In our heav'nly home.

3 We will meet our precious Savior
When we reach our home,
Live forever in his favor
'Neath the golden dome;
Changed to his likeness, we
Shall his glorious person see,
And adore him ceaselessly
In our heav'nly home.



1 With friends on earth we meet in gladness,
While swift the moments fly,
Yet ever comes the thought of sadness,
That we must say, "good-by."

CHO.—We'll never say good-by in heav'n,
We'll never say good-by,
For in that land of joy and song
We'll never say good-by.

2 How joyful is the hope that lingers,
When loved ones cross death's sea,
That we, when all earth's toils are ended,
With thee shall ever be.

3 No parting words shall e'er be spoken
In yonder home so fair,
But songs of joy, and peace, and gladness,
We'll sing forever there.



1 Come, sinner, behold what Jesus hath done,
Behold how he suffered for thee;
They crucified him, God's innocent Son;
Forsaken, he died on the tree!

CHO.—They crucified him, they crucified him,
They nailed him to the tree,
And there he died, a King crucified
To save a poor sinner like me.

2 From heaven he came, he loved you, he died;
Such love as his never was known;
Behold on the cross your King crucified,
To make you an heir to his throne.

3 No pitying eye, a saving arm, none,
He saw us and pitied us then;
Alone in the fight, the vict'ry he won;
O praise him, ye children of men!

4 They crucified him, and yet he forgave,
"My Father, forgive them," he cried;
What must he have borne, the sinner to save,
When under the burden he died!

5 So what will you do with Jesus your King?
Say, how will you meet him at last?
What plea in the day of wrath will you bring,
When offers of mercy are past?



- 104
- 1 Beneath thy shadow hiding,
I sing my pilgrim song;
Brief here is my abiding,
My stay cannot be long;
Thus far thy hand hath brought me,
And I am faring on
To where thy word has taught me,
My Lord, himself, is gone.

CHO.—Beneath thy shadow hiding,
I sing my pilgrim song,
My all to thee confiding,
To whom I all belong.

- 2 I'm naught, dear Lord, without thee,
But feeble, falt'ring clay;
Throw thy strong arms about me,
And cheer me on my way;
Whatever lot betide me,
This thing I surely know:
Salvation's stream beside me
Shall still unfailling flow.

- 3 Thou hast my ransom paid me,
The wine-press for me trod,
In faith's fair robe arrayed me;
Now bring me home to God;
While thou art there preparing
For my poor soul a place,
Thus heav'nward am I faring,
To see thee face to face.



- 105
- 1 Lo! a mighty army now assembling,
Rallying to the cross, a mighty band,
Bold to strive against the pow'rs of evil,
Sworn to do or die at God's command.

CHO.—Forward, ye soldiers of Jesus,
With his banner o'er you,
Charge the foe before you;
Valiantly follow your captain,
Till the fight with sin is o'er;
Forward, ye soldiers of Jesus,
Faithful to your calling,
Though in battle falling,
Ye shall with Jesus victorious
Reign in glory evermore.

- 2 Marshall'd league of eager, youthful soldiers,
Girt with truth they bear the Spirit's sword,
Shield of faith and helmet of salvation,
Ready, waiting for the Captain's word.

- 3 Fierce and long may be the direful conflict
With the host of unbelief and sin;
Falter not, but swift go forth to battle,
Truth and right with God the fight will win.



CHO.—Young men and maidens,

Praise ye the Lord!
Numberless blessings
On you hath he poured.

- 1 For the life your pulses thrilling,
For the hope glad hearts now filling,
Praise the Lord! oh, praise the Lord!
- 2 For the hand that ever guides you,
For the rock that safely hides you,
Praise the Lord! oh, praise the Lord!
- 3 For the love your pathway brightens
All your heavy burdens lightens,
Praise the Lord! oh, praise the Lord!
- 4 For the good that waits your doing,
Noble ends for your pursuing,
Praise the Lord! oh, praise the Lord!
- 5 For your influence still immortal
When you pass heav'n's shining portal,
Praise the Lord! oh, praise the Lord!



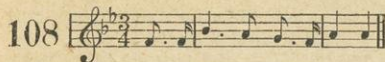
- 107
- 1 When deep in sin and folly
My feet had gone astray,
A voice of warning led me
To seek the better way;
The burden of my sorrow
Was more than I could bear
I sought the shrine of mercy,
He came and blest me there.

CHO.—Oh, praise his name forever!
The Savior blessed me there!
In life and death I'll praise him,
Because he blessed me there!

- 2 I sought my mother's Bible,
And searched its pages o'er,
To find the shining pathway
That saints have trod before;
I found abundant riches
Of grace that all may share,
And while I read those pages,
Christ came and blessed me there.

- 3 My soul knows well its Bethel
Where God spoke peace to me;
The very gate of heaven
It evermore must be;
I've wrestled thro' the mid-night
Of doubt, and pain, and care,
But always ere the dawning
Christ came and blessed me there.

- 4 Oh, all along my pathway
What altars I may rear,
With this inscription:
"Christ came and blest me there!"
And when mid heaven's glories
A crown of life I wear,
I'll tell how through earth's conflicts
Christ came and blessed me there.



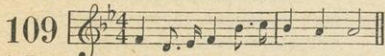
1 Earnest workers for the Master,
Send the word along the line:
We shall never know disaster,
Trusting in the pow'r divine.

CHO.—Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Praises sing to God on high!
And to Jesus who hath bought us,
Let the glorious anthem fly.

2 Earnest workers grace he giveth,
Grace for ev'ry time of need;
While the God of glory liveth,
They shall on his manna feed.

3 Earnest workers, up in heaven
There awaits for you a crown,
Which the Lord himself will give you
When you lay your armor down.

4 Earnest workers, true and loyal
To the Lord, oh, let us be!
As we go in service royal,
Let us shout the Jubilee.



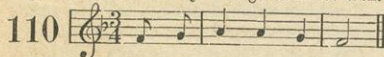
1 Be strong to toil in the vineyard wide,
And in the service of Christ abide;
A rich reward you at last shall win,
When all the sheaves shall be gathered in.

CHO.—Quit you like men, be strong!
The fight may be fierce and long,
But in God's strength we shall win at length;
Then quit you like men, be strong!

2 Be strong to take up your daily cross,
And bear for Christ any pain or loss,
Until, the burdens of life laid down,
Jesus shall give you a fadeless crown.

3 Be strong to battle against all sin,
The foes without and the foes within;
Conquer by faith in the cleansing blood,
Conquer the world by the help of God.

4 Be brave and faithful, and courage take;
Never, no, never your Lord forsake;
Fight till the conflict on earth is done;
Fight till the vict'ry through Christ is won.



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,
And with all who will trust and obey.

CHO.—Trust and obey,
For there's no other way
To be happy in Jesus
But to trust and obey.

2 Not a shadow can rise,
Not a cloud in the skies,
But his smile quickly drives it away;
Not a doubt nor a fear,
Not a sigh nor a tear
Can abide while we trust and obey.

3 Not a burden we bear,
Not a sorrow we share,
But our toil he doth richly repay;
Not a grief nor a loss,
Not a frown nor a cross,
But is blest if we trust and obey.

4 But we never can prove
The delights of his love
Until all on the altar we lay,
For the favor he shows,
And the joy he bestows,
Are for all who will trust and obey.

5 Then in fellowship sweet
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.



1 There's a place where we may labor,
One and all;
To the harvest fields that ripen,
Hear the call;
Idle stand not all the day,
Stow the Master's grain away;
It is ready for the garner,
Why delay?

CHO.—Why delay? Haste away,
Soon will come the settling day;
While the golden harvests wait
Ripe to fall,

Stand not at the market gate;
Hear, oh, hear the Master's call:
"Work you my desire
I'll give, will give you hire."

2 "In the market idly standing,
Are there more?"
Calls the Master of the harvest,
O'er and o'er;
Calls the Master, far and near:
"Idle stand no longer here,
I will give you righteous wages,
Never fear."

3 And the Master still is waiting,
Calling still:
"Go ye into my vine-yard,
With a will;
Be it early, be it late,
Idle there no longer wait;
What is right I sure will give you,
Small or great."

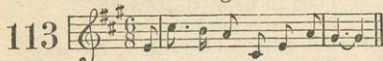


112 O love surpassing knowledge!
O grace so full and free!
I know that Jesus saves me,
And that's enough for me!

REF.—And that's enough for me!
And that's enough for me!
I know that Jesus saves me,
And that's enough for me!

2 O wonderful salvation!
From sin he makes me free
I have the sweet assurance,
And that's enough for me!

3 O blood of Christ so precious,
Poured out on Calvary!
I feel its cleansing power,
And that's enough for me!



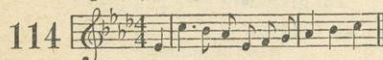
113 1 There comes to my heart one sweet strain,
A glad and a joyous refrain,
I sing it again and again.
Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

CHO.—Peace, peace, sweet peace!
Wonderful gift from above!
Oh, wonderful, wonderful peace!
Sweet peace, the gift of God's love!

2 By Christ on the cross peace was made,
My debt by his death was all paid;
No other foundation is laid
For peace, the gift of God's love.

3 When Jesus as Lord I had crowned,
My heart with this peace did abound;
In him the rich blessing I found,
Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

4 In Jesus for peace I abide,
And as I keep close to his side,
There's nothing but peace doth betide,
Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.



114 1 I know not why God's love and
mighty pow'r
To me he hath revealed;
But this I know, in ev'ry trying hour
He is my rock and shield.

CHO.—He is my rock and sure defense;
My all to him I yield;
For this I know, in ev'ry trying hour,
He is my rock and shield.

2 His mercy smoothes my rough and
stony way
O'er life's dark pathway dim;
He is my rock and sure defense each day;
My trust is all in him.

3 And when affliction's rod and heavy hand
Is laid upon me sore,
I put my faith and trust in him, for he
Is life for evermore.



115 1 Linger no longer, Jesus is waiting,
Waiting to cleanse your soul;
Linger no longer, Jesus is waiting,
Waiting to make you whole.

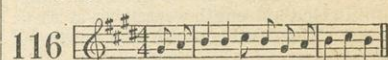
CHO.—Linger no longer, come, come to Jesus,
Open is mercy's gate;
Linger no longer, come, come to Jesus
Ere it may be too late.

2 Linger no longer, angels are waiting,
Waiting to see you come;
Linger no longer, angels are waiting
To bear the tidings home.

3 Linger no longer, loved ones are waiting,
Waiting the while they pray;
Linger no longer, loved ones are waiting
For your return to-day.

4 Linger no longer, mercy is flowing,
Flowing so rich and free;
Linger no longer, mercy is flowing,
And you may pardoned be.

5 Linger no longer, this is the moment
Of God's redemptive pow'r;
Linger no longer, linger no longer,
This is salvation's hour.



116 1 I have been to Jesus, he has cleansed
my soul,
I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb;
By the precious fountain I have been
made whole,
I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb.

CHO.—I've been washed, I've been washed,
I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb;
And my robe is spotless, it is white as snow,
I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb.

2 I am daily trusting Jesus at my side,
I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb;
I am sweetly resting in the Crucified,
I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb.

3 I am working in the vineyard of the Lord,
I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb;
I am trusting in the promise of his word,
I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb.

4 I am list'n'ng now to hear the Bride-
groom's voice,
I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb;
How his coming will each faithful
heart rejoice!
I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb.



1 When light divine had touched the hills
By slumb'ring Galilee,
The golden wave then rolled afar
Towards the western sea,
And when the men had knowledge of
The Holy One of God,
They journeyed forth thro' all the land,
And spread his fame abroad.

CHO.—O sing of the loving One!
O sing of the healing One!
O sing of the mighty One,
He's just the same to-day!

2 And when they brought the suff'ring ones,
The lowly and the dear,
And laid them at the Healer's feet,
From far away and near,
They bent before the wondrous One,
And earnestly besought,
That they might only touch the hem
Around his garment wrought.

3 He heard the prayer and gave the will
And strength to touch the hem,
And gave the faith, and virtue flowed
From him and healèd them;
For ev'ry one whose feeblest touch
Thus met the Savior's pow'r,
Rose up in perfect health and strength
In that accepted hour.

4 Oh, tender One, oh, mighty One,
Who never sent away
The sinner, or the sufferer,
Thou art the same to-day,
The same in love, the same in pow'r,
And thou art waiting still
To heal the multitude that come,
Yea, whosoever will.



1 The voice of Christ to thee is crying
"Grace is free! Grace is free!"

O come to me, ye sad and dying,
Grace is free! Grace is free!"
O, glory in the sacred cross,
And count all other things but loss;
The best beside is naught but dross;
Grace is free! Grace is free!

2 Our Father now to thee is calling,
"Grace is free! Grace is free!"
O hear his accents gently falling,
Grace is free! Grace is free!"
He knows thy grief, he hears thy moan,
He'll welcome thee, no longer roam;
The feast is spread for thee at home,
Grace is free! Grace is free!

3 Our loved in glory now are singing,
"Grace is free! Grace is free!"

And heaven's bells with joy are ringing,
"Grace is free! Grace is free!"
The Spirit pleads with thee to-day,
O come to Christ without delay,
He is the truth, the life, the way!
Grace is free! Grace is free!



1 I've heard the call ringing far and wide:
"Who'll come and work for the
Lord to-day?
Who'll feed the hungry and clothe the poor?
Who'll find the lost that are gone astray?"

CHO.—I'll lend a hand in the work of
the Lord;
I've heard the call, and ready I stand;
Gladly to seek and to rescue the lost,
I'll lend a hand, lend a hand.

2 I'll lend a hand in the church of God,
Some work is waiting for me to do;
Ready for service or sacrifice,
I'll join the ranks of the faithful few.

3 O let us work while the days go by,
Striving to lighten the world's despair,
Winning the hearts that are filled with sin,
Leaving the joy of salvation there!



1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast."

CHO.—My sins are taken away,
Praise God! they're taken away;
My soul rejoices to-day,
My sins are all taken away.

2 I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in him a resting place,
And he has made me glad.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water: thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."

4 I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

5 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise
And all thy day be bright."

6 I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till all my journey's done.



- 1 Hear the message from above,
Wonderful the news!
God bestows on us his love,
Wonderful the news!
All earth's weary ones are blest
Who have Jesus Christ confessed;
Jesus gives them peace and rest,
Wonderful the news!

CHO.—Oh, the blessed message!
Oh, the gracious news!
On the tree Christ died for me,
Oh, the glad, good news!

- 2 Jesus took the sinner's place,
Oh, the precious news!
Offers now to all his grace,
Oh, the precious news!
He atoned on Calvary,
From my sins to ransom me,
To forever set me free;
Oh, the precious news!

- 3 Have you heard of Jesus' power,
Oh, the gracious news!
Manifest each passing hour?
Oh, the gracious news!
He has come to my poor soul,
My affections to control,
And his blood has made me whole;
Oh, the gracious news!

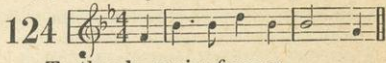


- 1 A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing;
Our helper he, amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing;
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work his woe;
His craft and pow'r are great
And, armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.
- 2 Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing,
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing;
Doth ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is he!
Lord Sabaoth is his name,
From age to age the same,
And he must win the battle.
- 3 And tho' this world with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us,
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us;
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life, also;
The body they may kill,

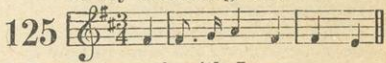
God's truth abideth still;
His kingdom is forever.



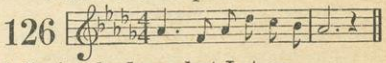
- 1 Savior, like a shepherd lead us;
Much we need thy tend'ring care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us;
For our use thy folds prepare;
||:Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.:||
- 2 We are thine, do thou befriend us;
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us;
Seek us when we go astray;
||:Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Hear, oh, hear us, when we pray!:||
- 3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse and power to free;
||:Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to thee.:||



To thee be praise forever,
Thou glorious King of kings!
Thy wondrous love and favor
Each ransomed spirit sings;
We'll celebrate thy glory,
With all thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.



- 1 I'm resting safe with Jesus;
On the rock of faith I dwell;
His presence cheers me ever
With a peace no tongue can tell.
- CHO.—Oh, 'tis sweet to trust in Jesus,
And to feel his presence near,
To know he will not leave me,
Tho' the way be dark and drear!
- 2 Tho' hosts encamp around me;
I am safe within his care;
For Christ the "Friend of sinners"
Will be with me ev'rywhere.
- 3 He is my "ark of safety,"
And my "rock" when storms assail,
And if I fully trust him,
I shall over all prevail.

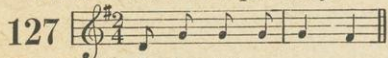


- 1 Savior, lead me, lest I stray,
Gently lead me all the way;
I am safe when by thy side,
I would in thy love abide.

CHO.—Lead me, lead me,
Savior, lead me, lest I stray;
Gently down the stream of time,
Lead me, Savior, all the way.

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.



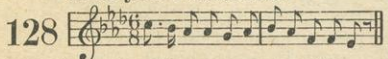
1 Hear the bugle calling,
Come without delay;
Arm you, Christian soldiers,
For the fight to-day;
Lift on high your banner,
Firmly march and true;
In this fight your Leader
Must depend on you.

CHO.—Hear the bugle calling:
"To arms! ye soldiers of the cross;"

Hear the bugle calling:
"Come without delay;
Arm you, Christian soldiers,
For the fight to-day."

2 Christ, the conquering Hero,
Wages war with sin,
And he needs brave soldiers,
Victory to win;
Forward, then, ye people,
Forward, Church of God;
See the crimson footsteps
Where your Master trod.

3 Satan's host now trembling,
Cannot longer stand;
Though the conflict rages,
Vict'ry is at hand;
See! our line advances,
Hear the shout of praise!
Vict'ry crowns our banners;
Loud your voices raise.



1 Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling,
Calling for you and for me;
See on the portals he's waiting and watching,
Watching for you and for me.

CHO.—Come home, come home,
Ye who are weary, come home;
Earnestly, tenderly Jesus is calling,
Calling, O sinner, come home!

2 Why should we tarry when Jesus is
pleading,
Pleading for you and for me?

Why should we linger and heed not his mercies,
Mercies for you and for me?

3 Time is now fleeting, the moments
are passing,

Passing from you and from me;
Shadows are gathering, death beds are coming,
Coming for you and for me.

4 Oh! for the wonderful love he has
promised,

Promised for you and for me;
Tho' we have sinned, he has mercy and pardon,
Pardon for you and me.



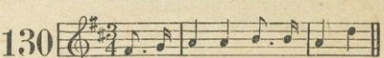
1 Keep your covenant with Jesus,
'Tis the least that you can do;
For he died for your salvation,
And he always has been true;
He has been your guide and helper,
He has been a faithful friend,
And you never can repay him,
Though you serve him to the end.

REF.—Keep your covenant with Jesus,
To your pledge be ever true;
For he gave himself your ransom;
Yes, he died, he died for you.

2 Though we give our dearest treasure,
'Tis a trifle we bestow;

Tho' we mete with largest measure,
'Tis but little we can show;
But he sees the good intention
And the loyal, loving will,
And by giving him our utmost,
We may each his charge fulfill.

3 What are all our cares and burdens?
They are shadows dimly cast;
They will fade and quickly vanish,
If we hold our promise fast;
We can smile at all our losses,
We can welcome toil and pain;
If we keep our pledge to Jesus,
None of these will be in vain.



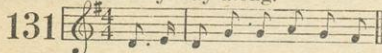
1 We are coming! we are coming!
From the east and from the west;
Onward, soldiers, stand for Jesus,
Fight for him you love the best.

CHO.—We are coming! we are coming!
Eager now to join the fray;
With the Savior as our Captain,
We will surely win the day.

2 We are coming! we are coming!
With his banner floating high;
From the north and south we're coming,
Him to serve until we die.

3 We are coming! we are coming!
With the gospel armor on,
Great in number, bound to conquer
In the name of God's own Son.

4 We are coming! we are coming!
Precious Christ, our joy and song;
As we march we'll gather trophies,
All the earthly way along.



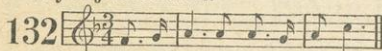
1 What a wonderful salvation!
For its length and breadth and height
Far excel the grandest knowledge
Of the seraphim in light;
I can never, never fathom
Half its holy mystery,
But I know it is for sinners,
And it just suits me.

CHO.—||:It just suits me, it just suits me.
This wonderful salvation, it just suits me.:||

2 Oh, this blessed "whosoever,"
Calling ev'ry one who will,
To the sparkling, living waters,
Flowing fully, freely still;
No, I know not why he loves me,
But his blood is all my plea;
I can trust his "whosoever,"
For it just suits me.

3 Precious promises of Jesus,
Sweeping ev'ry human need!
For the grace of our Redeemer
Must our highest thought exceed;
To the mighty royal storehouse
Let me use the golden key,
Find the special, tender promise
That will just suit me.

4 What a perfect, present Savior!
What a true and loving friend!
Can we ever praise him rightly?
Tell how grace and glory blend?
Now the Prince of Peace is reigning,
Over-ruling all I see;
So, whatever lot he orders,
May it just suit me.

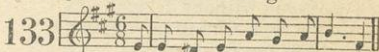


1 Have you told it all to Jesus,
All your weakness and your sin?
Have you made a full confession,
Nothing left concealed within?
Have you told it all to Jesus,
Who was once for sinners slain?
Have you felt the blood of cleansing,
Washing out your ev'ry stain?

CHO.—Yes, I've told it all to Jesus,
Told him all the sins I know:
Though they were as red as crimson,
He has washed them white as snow.

2 Have you told it all to Jesus,
Hidden in his riven side,
There made free and full confession,
Washed you in the crimson tide?
Are you on the Rock of Ages,
And though billows round you roll,
Do you know the joy of pardon?
Is there peace within your soul?

3 Have you told it all to Jesus?
Has he answered o'er and o'er,
"Go in peace, thou art forgiven,
Go in peace, and sin no more?"
In the secret of his presence,
'Neath the shadow of his wing,
Can you bid your foes defiance?
Can you full salvation sing?

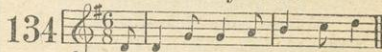


1 I'm glad that the Savior redeemed me,
My life is all sunshine to-day;
For Jesus, in wonderful mercy,
Has carried my sorrows away.

CHO.—I'm so glad! I'm so glad
That who ever will may be free!
I'm so glad! I'm so glad
That grace reaches even to me.

2 I'm glad that the Savior has called me
From out the dark valley of sin,
So glad that he purchased my pardon,
And welcomed the wanderer in.

3 I'm glad that when shadows hang o'er me,
Then in the great Rock I can hide;
'Twas cleft for the rest of the weary;
And there I can safely abide.



1 What means this eager, anxious throng,
Which moves with busy haste along;
These wondrous gath'rings day by day?
What means this strange commotion, pray?
||:In accents hushed the throng reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."||

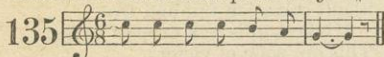
2 Who is this Jesus? Why should he
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger, has he skill
To move the multitude at will?
||:Again the stirring notes reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."||

3 Jesus! 'tis he who once below
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe,
And burdened ones, where'er he came,
Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame;
||:The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."||

4 Again he comes! from place to place
His holy footprints we can trace;
He pauseth at our threshold; nay,

He enters, condescends to stay;
 ||:Shall we not gladly raise the cry:
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by?"||
 5 Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come!
 Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home;
 Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
 Return, accept his proffered grace;
 ||:Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh:
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."||

6 But if you still this call refuse,
 And all his wondrous love abuse,
 Soon will he sadly from you turn,
 Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn;
 ||:"Too late! too late!" will be the cry:
 "Jesus of Nazareth *has passed by.*"||

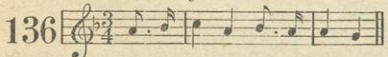


1 Wonderful story of love!
 Tell it to me again;
 Wonderful story of love!
 Wake the immortal strain;
 Angels with rapture announce it;
 Shepherds with wonder receive it;
 Sinner, oh! won't you believe it?
 Wonderful story of love!

CHO.—Wonderful! wonderful! wonderful!
 Wonderful story of love!

2 Wonderful story of love!
 Though you are far away,
 Wonderful story of love!
 Still he doth call to-day,
 Calling from Calvary's mountain,
 Down from the crystal bright fountain;
 E'en from the dawn of creation,
 Wonderful story of love!

3 Wonderful story of love!
 Jesus provides a rest,
 Wonderful story of love!
 For all the pure and blest,
 Rest in those mansions a bove us,
 With those who've gone on before us,
 Singing the rapturous chorus,
 Wonderful story of love!



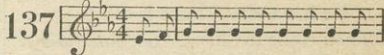
1 I am coming, Jesus, coming,
 At thy feet I humbly bow;
 I have tasted thy salvation,
 But I want the fullness now.

CHO.—Cleanse and fill me, cleanse and fill me,
 Fill me with thy Spirit now;
 Cleanse and fill me, blessed Jesus,
 Fill me with thy Spirit now

2 Take away the bent to sinning,
 Ev'ry bitter root within;
 Heal the tide at its beginning,
 That has caused me oft to sin.

3 Search as with a lighted candle
 Ev'ry hidden corner, Lord;
 Separate me from the evil
 Through thine everliving Word.
 4 Now thou art the blood applying;
 I am clean, I feel the flow
 That alone hath power to make me
 Whiter than the purest snow.

5 Lo! the promise of the Father
 Swift descends, and fills me now;
 Glory, glory, hallelujah!
 Thou art cleansing, filling now.
 CHO.—Cleansing, filling, cleansing, filling,
 Thou art cleansing, filling now;
 Glory, glory, hallelujah!
 Thou art cleansing, filling now.



1 When the trumpet sounds to battle
 With the strong and wily foe,
 And the hosts of our Immanuel
 To the earnest conflict go,
 Will you prove that you are loyal?
 Will you prove that you are true?
 For devoted, faithful service
 May the Master count on you?

CHO.—May he count on you, my brother?
 May the Master count on you,
 In the thickest of the battle,
 To be faithful, to be true?

2 There are those who follow Jesus
 When there is no cross to bear,
 But refuse the burden-bearing
 And the toils with him to share;
 Oh! it grieves the blessed Master
 That their hearts are so untrue;
 Surely for a better service
 The dear Lord may count on you?

3 Are you fully consecrated
 To the service of the Lord?
 Are you ready on the battle-field
 To wield for him the sword?
 Are you one among the faithful?
 Are you one among the true?
 And for steady, life-long service
 May the Master count on you?



1 I entered once a home of care,
 For age and penury were there,
 Yet peace and joy withal;
 I asked the lonely mother whence
 Her helpless widowhood's defence;
 She told me, "Christ was all."

CHO.—||Christ is all, all in all,
 Yes, Christ is all in all.||

2 Palaces, mansions and inns had no room
For Christ, who so joyfully came
Down from yon heaven our path to illumine,
And save us from sin and from shame.

3 Man of great sorrows and homeless was he,
But yet my Redeemer and Friend,
Pouring in infinite streams upon me
A love that can nevermore end.



1 There's a wonderful army now marching,
But its warfare is not one of blood;
For by mercy and love are the conquest
Of the wonderful army of God.

CHO.—Who will march in this wonderful army,
With the banner of Jesus unfurled?
Who will march in this wonderful army,
Marching with Jesus to conquer the world?

2 Floating out o'er this wonderful army
Is the banner of infinite love,
While the songs of earth's conquering legions
Echo back from the armies above.

3 There's a place in this wonderful army
For the loyal, true-hearted and brave,
Who will follow the blessed Redeemer,
Follow Jesus the mighty to save.

4 All the armies of evil must perish,
But the glorious promise is giv'n,
That our army, in youth everlasting,
Shall assemble unbroken in heav'n.

5 Then all hail to the conquering Chieftain,
Who is victor o'er death and the grave;
Swift to rescue the world's darkest province
Marches Jesus the mighty to save.



1 Why are you waiting, brother?
Why do you still delay?
Enter the door of mercy;
Come, and be saved to-day.

CHO.—Why are you waiting? Why are you
waiting?
Now is God's gracious hour!
Why are you waiting? Why are you waiting?
Now he will save with power.

2 Why are you waiting, brother?
Why is your heart so cold?
Why not return, repentant,
Into the Savior's fold?

3 Why are you waiting, brother?
Why still unreconciled?
This is God's time of mercy;
Trust him, and be his child.

4 Why are you waiting, brother?
Jesus is very near,
Blessing and saving others,
Ready to save you here.



1 I gave my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed
That thou might'st ransom'd be,
And quicken'd from the dead;
||:I gave, I gave my life for thee;:||
What hast thou given for me?

2 My Father's house of light,
My glory-circled throne
I left, for earthly night,
For wand'rings sad and lone;
||:I left, I left it all for thee;:||
Hast thou left aught for me?

3 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
||:I've borne, I've borne it all for thee;:||
What hast thou borne for me?

4 And I have brought to thee,
Down from my home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and my love;
||:I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee;:||
What hast thou brought to me?



1 O sweet will of God! thou hast girded
me round
Like the deep, moving currents that
girdle the sea;
With omnipotent love is my poor nature bound,
And this bondage to love sets me
perfectly free.

CHO.—Hallelujah! hallelujah! my soul
is now free!
For the precious blood of Jesus cleans-
eth even me.

2 For years my soul wrestled with
vague discontent,
That like a sad angel o'ershadowed
my way;
God's light in my soul with the dark-
ness was blent,
And my heart ever longed for an
unclouded day.

3 And now I have flung myself recklessly out,
Like a chip on the stream of the Infinite Will;
I pass the rough rocks with a smile
and a shout,
And I just let my God his dear purpose fulfill.

4 Forever I choose the good will of my God,
Its holy deep riches to love and to know,
The serfdom of love to so sweeten the rod,
That its touch maketh rivers of honey
to flow.

5 Roll on, checkered seasons, bring
 smiles or bring tears,
 My soul sweetly sails on an infinite tide;
 I shall soon touch the shores of eter-
 nity's years,
 And near the white throne of my
 Saviour abide.

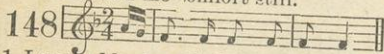


147 The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want,
 He maketh me down to lie
 In pastures green; he leadeth me
 The quiet waters by.

CHO.—His yoke is easy, his burden is light,
 I've found it so, I've found it so;
 He leadeth me, by day and by night,
 Where living waters flow.

2 My soul crieth out: "restore me again,
 And give me the strength to take
 The narrow path of righteousness,
 E'en for his own name's sake."

3 Yea, tho' I should walk in the valley
 of death,
 Yet why should I fear from ill?
 For thou art with me, and thy rod
 And staff me comfort still.



148 I saw a blood-washed pilgrim,
 A sinner saved by grace,
 Upon the King's great highway
 With peaceful, shining face;
 Temptations sore beset him,
 But nothing could affright;
 He said, "The yoke is easy,
 The burden, it is light."

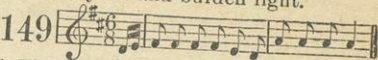
CHO.—Then palms of victory, crowns of glory,
 Palms of victory I shall wear.

2 I saw him in the furnace;
 He doubted not, nor feared,
 And in the flames beside him
 The Son of God appeared;
 Though seven times 'twas heated
 With all the tempter's might,
 He said, "The yoke is easy,
 The burden, it is light."

3 Mid storms, and clouds, and trials,
 In prison, at the stake,
 He leaped for joy, rejoicing,
 'Twas all for Jesus' sake;
 That God should count him worthy,
 Was such supreme delight,
 He cried, "The yoke is easy,
 The burden is so light."

4 I saw him overcoming,
 Through all the swelling strife,
 Until he crossed the threshold
 Of God's Eternal Life;

The Crown, the Throne, the Sceptre,
 The Name, the Stone so White,
 Were his, who found, in Jesus,
 The yoke and burden light.



149 1 The Master wants workers, his har-
 vest is white;
 His command, "Go ye forth," is to all;
 Go work with a will, and let not the
 dark night
 On an ungathered harvest-field fall.

CHO.—The Master wants workers, a
 host of true men,
 To gather the lost ones from hill,
 plain and glen.

2 The Master wants workers, and that
 which is right
 He will give at the end of the day;
 So thrust in the sickle and work with
 thy might;
 If not gathered ripe grain will decay.

3 The Master wants workers, each serv-
 ice he knows;
 Not a service too small to record;
 E'en he who a cup of cold water bestows
 "In his name" shall not lose his reward.

4 The Master wants workers; the night
 cometh soon,
 When the weary shall rest from all care,
 When those who have toiled through the
 heat of the noon
 Shall no longer its weariness bear.

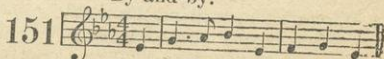


150 1 Who is on the Lord's side,
 Always true?
 There's a right and wrong side;
 Where stand you?

CHO.—Choose now, choose now;
 On the right or wrong side,
 False or true?
 Choose now, choose now;
 On the right or wrong side,
 Where stand you?

2 Thousands on the wrong side
 Choose to stand;
 Still 'tis not the strong side,
 True and grand.

3 Come and join the Lord's side;
 Ask you why?
 'Tis the only safe side,
 By and by.



151 1 There is a home, a blessed home,

In that fair land above,
Where peace and happiness abound,
The Paradise of Love.

REF.—This blessed home our gracious Lord
Has purchased with his blood,
That we might enter, through the gates,
The Paradise of God.

2 There is a home, a heav'nly home,
In fadeless verdure drest,
Where toil and labor are no more,
The Paradise of Rest.

3 There is a home, a happy home,
Where care and sorrow cease,
Where sin and sickness never come,
The Paradise of Peace.



1 Have you any cross to bear?
Leave it all with Jesus;
Are you bowed with grief and care?
Leave it all with Jesus;
He has promised to defend,
He will prove a constant friend,
He will help you to the end;
Leave it all with Jesus.

2 Have you felt the weight of sin?
Leave it all with Jesus;
He will make you clean within;
Leave it all with Jesus;
In the sacred, healing flow,
He will wash you white as snow,
If you humbly, trusting go;
Leave it all with Jesus.

3 Would you in his image live?
Leave it all with Jesus;
He can every blessing give;
Leave it all with Jesus;
He will lead you safely through,
He is merciful and true,
He has died for love of you;
Leave it all with Jesus.



1 Workman of God! O lose not heart,
But learn what God is like,
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.

2 Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when he
Is most invisible.

3 Blest, too, is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blind-fold eye.

4 Then learn to scorn the praise of men,
And learn to lose with God;

For Jesus won the world thro' shame,
And beckons thee his road.



1 Oh, for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe;

2 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

3 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour has fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Illumes a dying bed.

4 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.



1 Do you hear the Savior pleading, hear
him pleading?

"Go ye forth into my vineyard day by day;
Go ye forth, I will be with you interceding,
That some soul may from the dark-
ness turn away."

CHO.—We will go and God be with us,
with us ever;

We will take the words of Jesus as our stay,
And to lift a fallen brother we'll endeavor,
For we know we ne'er again may pass
this way.

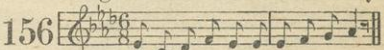
2 Out upon the mountains dreary, cold
and dreary,
There are souls that may be waiting
just for you;

May be waiting near your pathway,
oh, so weary;

Will you not go out and tell them
God is true?

3 Ev'ry day some soul is dying, yes, is dying,
On the mountains where they linger,
far away,

While the Master on yourself may be relying,
That he gets the invitation while 'tis day.



1 Countless the perils that threaten to-day;
Dangers are waiting each step of the way;
Many now careless are meeting their doom;
O, what is more certain than death and the tomb?

CHO.—Moments are flying, sinners are dying,
Shall we save some one to-day?

Moments are flying, sinners are dying,
We must save some one to-day.

2 Are we neglecting the words we should say,
Words that might save a poor sinner to-day?
Why are we careless when no one can know
The fate that a day or an hour may bestow?
3 Are we in safety, and those that we love
All on the way to the heaven above?
O then in pity reach out to the lost!
To-day haste to save them at whatever cost.



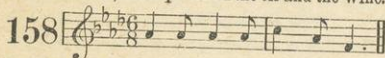
1 On the Jericho road there is service to-day,
For all who are ready to work or to pray;
Around us are lying the wounded
and dying,

And few the Samaritans passing that way.

CHO.—On the Jericho road, leading down,
The Levite goes carelessly by,
Yet many who journey along that way,
Are wounded and ready to die.

2 On the Jericho road you will find him to-day,
Your brother who wanders from Jesus away;
Oh, wait not to-morrow; his deep cup of sorrow
Is brimming and bitter; no longer delay.

3 On the Jericho road many forces combine,
To stifle the voice of the Spirit Divine;
About us are lying the wounded and dying,
Go, brother, and pour in the oil and the wine.



1 Hark! I hear my Savior say:
"Suffer the children to come to me;"

Do not turn the lambs away,

"Suffer the children to come;"

Point them to the Father's throne,

Speak to them in tend'rst tone;

Jesus calls them for his own;

"Suffer the children to come."

CHO.—Do not turn the lambs away,
Precious in his sight are they;
Teach them how to watch and pray;
"Suffer the children to come."

2 Tell them Jesus loves them all,
"Suffer the children to come to me;"

He will guide them lest they fall,

"Suffer the children to come;"

Oh, forbid them not, I pray!

Let the children come to-day;

Hear the blessed Savior say:

"Suffer the children to come."

3 Take them gently by the hand,
"Suffer the children to come to me,"

Lead them to the better land,

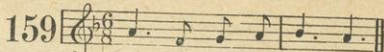
"Suffer the children to come;"

Lead them with a willing mind;

Tell them of a Savior kind;

They eternal life may find;

"Suffer the children to come."



1 He keepeth me, ever,
Where'er be the place;

I've only to ask it,

Most wonderful grace!

Though sorest temptations

My spirit may try,

I know my Redeemer

Will ever be nigh.

CHO.—He keepeth me, ever;
His love endeth never;
From him naught shall sever;
He keepeth my soul.

2 He keepeth me, ever,
With tenderest care;

I've only to ask him

My burdens to bear;

A word of his promise

He never will break;

Whoever may leave me,

He ne'er will forsake.

3 He keepeth me, ever,
From yielding to dread,

Though darkness be round me,

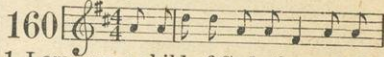
And clouds overhead;

He stilleth my doubtings,

He lightens my grief;

I've only to trust him,

He'll give me relief.



1 I am now a child of God, through the
all-atoning blood

That was shed upon the cross of Calvary;

'Twas the price that Jesus paid; for

my sins on him were laid,

And I now through him am made

forever free.

CHO.—What wondrous love, what match-
less love

The Father hath bestowed!

He gave his Son that I might be

A child, a child of God.

2 How I glory in the thought that the
precious blood hath brought

Hope of everlasting life to all the race;

In his loving heart there's room for

the poorest that will come;

For within his love I found my rest-
ing-place.

3 I'm rejoicing all the day, since my
Savior rolled away

All the weight of sin that pressed my

weary soul;

I will offer heart-felt praise to his

name through all the days,

As I press my journey onward to the goal.



161 We glorify God for the gift of his Son,
And for the great work the Redeemer
has done!

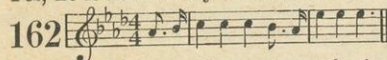
Himself as a ransom he willingly gave,
And he is abundantly able to save.

CHO.—Oh, tell the glad news,

Go spread it afar,
That Jesus is able and willing to save!

2 The moment a sinner on Jesus believes,
That moment a pardon for sin he receives;
No sinner in vain his forgiveness shall crave,
For he is abundantly able to save.

3 O wondrous redemption, the purchase of blood!
Secured thro' the death of the dear Son of God!
His life as a ransom for sinners he gave;
Yes, he is abundantly able to save.



162 We shall hear a voice, an immortal voice,
"Behold, the Bridegroom comes!"
At the midnight watch, in the darkness deep,
When across our souls heavy slumbers creep,
We shall hear that voice, that immortal voice,
"Behold, the Bridegroom comes!"

CHO.—Oh, be ready when the Bridegroom comes!
Oh, be ready when the Bridegroom comes!

At the noontide, in the evening,
At the midnight, in the morning,
Oh, be ready, oh, be ready,
Oh, be ready when the Bridegroom comes!

2 When the voice shall cry, "Go ye
forth to-night,

Behold, the Bridegroom comes!"
Then the pulse will cease, and the heart grow still,
And the eyes will close, and the blood grow chill,
And the soul will take its eternal flight,
"For lo, the Bridegroom comes!"

3 Brother, trim your lamp, have it
burning bright,

"Behold, the Bridegroom comes!"
He will surely come, though he seemeth late;
Be at peace with him, nor a moment wait;
You will hear the cry ere the morning light,
"Behold, the Bridegroom comes!"

4 Hast thou made a vow? hasten ye to pay;
"Behold, the Bridegroom comes!"

For when he has come, and hath closed the door,
And ye stand and pray, "Open, we implore,"
It will be too late; pay thy vows to-day;
"Behold, the Bridegroom comes!"



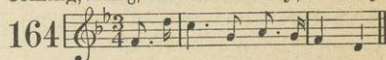
163 Coming when the day is bright,
Coming in the silent night,

Coming at the morning light,
Coming, coming, death and eternity, eternity.

2 Coming to the gay and proud,
Coming with a snow-white shroud,
Coming to the gray head bowed,
Coming, coming, death and eternity, eternity.

3 Coming with unhindered sway,
Coming ev'ry fleeting day,
Coming to the young and gay,
Coming, coming, death and eternity, eternity.

4 Coming to the sinful one,
Coming when our life is done,
Gath'ring to the judgment throne,
Coming, coming, death and eternity, eternity.

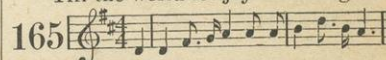


164 Oh, how beautiful the coming
Of the heralds of the King,
As the message of salvation
To the lost they gladly bring!

CHO.—Speed, ye children of the King,
Let the blessed tidings ring,
Till from ev'ry land shall echo:
"We are children of the King."

2 You shall rescue souls from danger
As the story you repeat,
And in place of sin and darkness
Leave a joy and bliss complete.

3 Speed away o'er hill and valley
Like a bird on tireless wing;
Fill the air with songs of glory
Till the world for joy shall sing.



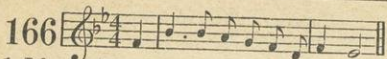
165 The mercy of God is an ocean divine,
A boundless and fathomless flood;
Launch out in the deep, cut away the
shore-line,
And be lost in the fullness of God

CHO.—Launch out into the deep;
Oh, let the shore-line go!
Launch out, launch out in the ocean divine,
Out where the full tides flow.

2 But many, alas! only stand on the shore,
And gaze on the ocean so wide;
They never have ventured its depths to explore,
Or to launch on the fathomless tide.

3 And others just venture away from the land,
And linger so near to the shore,
That the surf and the slime that beat
over the strand,
Dash o'er them in floods evermore.

4 Oh, let us launch out on this ocean so broad,
Where the floods of salvation o'erflow;
Oh, let us be lost in the mercy of God,
Till the depths of his fullness we know!

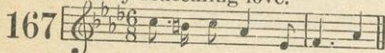


166 I know in whom I have redemption,
In whom I have believed,
Whence cometh peace that passeth knowledge,
That saving grace received.

CHO.—'Tis nothing that I've done can merit
This love that Christ for me has shown;
He sought me when I was a stranger,
In love redeemed me for his own.

2 I know that he who stilled the tempest
Has touched my troubled heart,
Renewed within my fainting spirit,
And bade my fears depart.

3 I know that some day I shall see him
In yon bright courts above,
And bear the likeness of my Savior,
Saved by redeeming love.

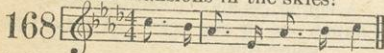


167 1 Only a look at Jesus!
O soul bowed down with sin,
A look will give salvation,
Eternal life will win!

CHO.—Only a look, only a look,
It is a simple thing;
Yet wonderful the blessing
A look in faith will bring.

2 Only a look at Jesus!
O soul by care opprest,
A look at Christ, the Savior,
Will bring thee peace and rest!

3 Only a look at Jesus!
O soul, lift up thine eyes,
For soon the Lord will hail th
From mansions in the skies!



168 1 Christian, gird the armor on,
There's a vict'ry to be won
For the Lord, for the Lord;
Take the helmet, sword and shield,
Forth unto the battle-field
At his word, at his word.

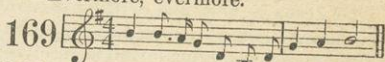
CHO.—On we'll march to victory,
Jesus will our leader be,
Jesus will our leader be;
On we'll march to victory,
To a final and a glorious victory.

2 Let his banner be unfurled
Till it waves o'er all the world,
Sea to sea, shore to shore,
Till the nations all shall own
He is King and he alone
Evermore, evermore.

3 When the battle shall be done,
And the victory be won,

Conflict past, conflict past,
In the new Jerusalem
We shall wear a diadem
At the last, at the last.

4 That will be an hour of joy,
Praise shall then our tongues employ
More and more, more and more;
We shall stand before the King,
And the song of triumph sing
Evermore, evermore.



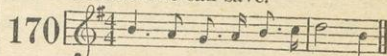
169 1 No other name on earth to men is given,
Jesus alone can save;
Whereby they can be saved, on earth or heav'n;
Jesus alone can save.

CHO.—God hath exalted him to his right hand,
To be a prince over ev'ry land;
His blessed kingdom shall forever stand;
Jesus alone can save.

2 He opens wide the door, oh, enter in!
Jesus alone can save;
He is a mighty Savior from all sin;
Jesus alone can save.

3 Rest all upon him, do not be afraid;
Jesus alone can save;
He is the sure foundation God hath laid;
Jesus alone can save.

4 Turn ye away from things of earth and sin;
Jesus alone can save;
Trust now and evermore alone in him;
Jesus alone can save.

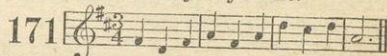


170 1 Shall we reach the home in glory
When the years of life are gone?
Shall we sing the dear old story
With redeemed ones 'round the throne?

CHO.—Yes, we'll reach the mansions yonder,
If we keep the armor bright,
We will greet our loved immortals
In yon palaces of light.

2 Shall we see the blessed Savior
Radiant with eternal light,
With him dwell in heav'n forever,
Clothed in robes of purest white?

3 Shall we share the joys eternal,
And the glory all divine?
Shall we, with the pure and holy,
In the heav'nly city shine?



171 1 Jesus, my Savior, is all things to me;
Oh, what a wonderful Savior is he,
Guiding, protecting, o'er life's rolling sea!
Mighty Deliv'rer: Jesus for me,


CHO.—Jesus for me, Jesus for me,
All the time, ev'rywhere, Jesus for me.

2 Jesus in sickness, and Jesus in health,
Jesus in poverty, comfort or wealth,
Sunshine or tempest, whatever it be,
He is my safety: Jesus for me.

3 He is my Refuge, my Rock, and my Tower,
He is my Fortress, my Strength and my Pow'r;
Life everlasting, my Day'sman is he,
Blessed Redeemer: Jesus for me.

4 He is my Prophet, my Priest and my King,
He is my Bread of Life, Fountain and Spring;
Bright Sun of Righteousness, Day-star is he,
Horn of Salvation: Jesus for me.

5 Jesus in sorrow, in joy, or in pain,
Jesus my Treasure in loss or in gain;
Constant Companion, where'er I may be,
Living or dying, Jesus for me.

172 

1 A crimson stream is flowing
From rugged Calvary,
A tide of life which cleanses
From all impurity;
It is the blood of Jesus,
The precious, precious blood
By which our souls are ransomed,
And reconciled to God.

CHO.—Oh! Calvary's stream is flowing,
Calvary's stream is flowing,
Flowing so free for you and me,
Calvary's stream is flowing,

2 There is a stream of healing
Whose waters, clear and sweet,
Are for the weary nations
Helpless at Jesus' feet;
These waters are refreshing,
Abundant, rich and free,
Imparting health eternal
And immortality.

3 O stream of love eternal!
O source of purity!
O grace of God abundant!
O fountain rich and free!
Flow on and flow forever,
Flow through and through my soul,
With power and with cleansing,
Till thou hast made me whole.

4 I long for perfect cleansing;
I long for perfect peace;
I yearn to have the conflicts
Within my spirit cease;
O stream of life eternal!
Flow in and make me free
From all that can defile me,
From all impurity.

173 

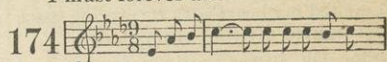
1 Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:

CHO.—I will go,
Yes, I will go to Jesus now,
To be saved, to be saved;
Before his cross I'll humbly bow.

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Like mountains round me close;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him, I'm a wretch undone
Without his sovereign grace.

4 I cannot perish if I go;
I'll call "while he is nigh;"
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

174 

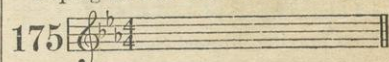
1 Trusting each day in the words of the Savior,
Shaping my life by his gentle commands,
Sweet are the promises all in my favor;
So I am trusting my all in his hands.

CHO.—'Tis blessed to trust in the words
of my Savior,

To trust ev'ry day and to trust ev'ry night,
To work to win souls to his love and his favor,
And rest then at home in the mansions of light.

2 Working each day for the cause of the Savior,
Gathering jewels for Jesus, my King,
Cheering the weak and faint-hearted ever,
Glad that some souls to the Lord I may bring.

3 Singing each day to his praise and his glory,
Singing of Christ and his wonderful love,
Telling in song unto others the story,
Hoping to lead them to mansions above.

175 

1 The cross! the cross! the blood-stained cross!
The hallow'd cross I see!
Reminding me of precious blood
That once was shed for me.

CHO.—O the blood! the precious blood
That Jesus shed for me,
Upon the cross in crimson flood,
Just now by faith I see.

2 A thousand thousand fountains spring
Up from the throne of God,
But none to me such blessings bring
As Jesus' precious blood.

3 By faith that blood now sweeps away
My sins, as like a flood,
Nor lets one guilty blemish stay;
All praise to Jesus' blood!



1 I wandered in sorrow and sin;
My heart it was heavy and sore;
I heard a voice saying, "Arise, and come in,
Oh! wander in sorrow no more;"

REF.—Who can it be? Who can it be?
Thus I was wondering, who can it be
Tenderly calling to me?

2 I struggled in doubt and in fear,
Not knowing to whom I should go;
I heard a voice saying, "Son, be of good cheer,"
So soothingly, tender and low;

REF.—Who can it be? Who can it be?
Thus I was wondering, who can it be
Tenderly calling to me?

3 I heard it again and again,
Wherever my footsteps did roam;
It melted my heart with its pitying strain;
It lighted my soul of its gloom;

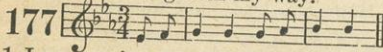
REF.—Oh, it was thee! Oh, it was thee!
Savior of men, oh, my Jesus, 'twas thee
Tenderly calling to me!

4 I turned to my Father above;
I read of his promises sure;
I thought of my Savior, his cross and his love,
And oh, what a friend I found there!

REF.—Oh, what a friend! Oh, what a friend!
Savior of men thou hast been unto me,
Savior thou'st been unto me.

5 I'm groping in darkness no more,
His glory illumines my way;
I'm walking by faith, and his promises are
My solace and joy ev'ry day;

REF.—Yes, ev'ry day! Yes, ev'ry day!
Jesus of Nazareth lighteth my way,
Jesus now lighteth my way.



1 I am praying, blessed Savior,
To be more and more like thee;
I am praying that thy Spirit
Like a dove may rest on me.

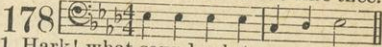
CHO.—Thou who knowest all my weakness,
Thou who knowest all my care,
While I plead each precious promise,
Hear, oh, hear and answer prayer!

2 I am praying, blessed Savior,
For a faith so clear and bright
That its eye will see thy glory
Through the deepest, darkest night.

3 I am praying to be humbled
By the power of grace divine,

To be clothed upon with meekness,
And to have no will but thine.

4 I am praying, blessed Savior,
And my constant prayer shall be
For a perfect consecration,
That shall make me more like thee.



1 Hark! what sound salutes your ear?
Whose the gentle voice you hear,
Whisp'ring softly, tenderly:
"Come, oh! come to me?"

QUARTET. 'Tis the dear Lord calling,
'Tis the dear Lord calling,
Calling, calling,
"Come, oh! come to me,"
Softly, mildly, sweetly calling,
"Come, oh! come to me."

2 Heard you ever tones so sweet,
Words that with such pow'r entreat,
Pressing on your heart the plea:
"Come, oh! come to me?"

3 Oh! respond to Jesus' call;
At his feet, repentant, fall;
Heed his sweet and earnest plea:
"Come, oh! come to me."



1 All those who love and obey my word,
In that day, in that day,
They shall receive a great reward
In that day.

CHO.—They to my precepts are always true,
Doing my will in the work they do;
I shall be with them and crown them, too,
In that day.

2 They shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts,
In that day, in that day,
When I shall make my jewels up,
In that day.

3 They shall be with me for evermore,
In that day, in that day,
And all their trials will be o'er
In that day.



1 Made one in Christ by holiest ties,
In his dear love we meet,
And all who labor in his cause
In Christ's dear name we greet.

CHO.—One kingdom to our conq'ring Prince,
From sea to sea be giv'n;
His will be done o'er the wide earth
Just as 'tis done in heav'n.

2 We hold one Lord, one central light;
Our hopes, our aims are one,
As planets in their devious flight
Revolve around one sun.

- 3 Humbly in loyal faith we bow
At one Redeemer's feet;
Our prayers, like clouds of incense, rise
Before one mercy-seat.
- 4 If blossoms of the early spring
Are doubly sweet and fair,
Our budding youth to God we bring,
And leave the off'ring there.



- 1 Christ, for the world we sing,
The world to Christ we bring,
With love and zeal,
The poor and them that mourn,
The faint and overborne,
Sin-sick and sorrow worn,
Whom Christ doth heal.

- 2 Christ for the world we sing,
The world to Christ we bring,
With one accord,
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.



- 1 My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From ev'ry mountain side,
Let freedom ring.
- 2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

- 3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

- 4 Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.



- 1 "Christian Endeavor" bright,
Offspring of truth and light,

Sent from above;
We'll stoutly strive to stand
For this most glorious band,
Strong pillars of our land,
Our faith and love.

- 2 Our banner onward wave,
As guiding star to save
Souls for our King;
We'll do our best to fight
For all that's true and right,
Until that day of light
Victory bring.

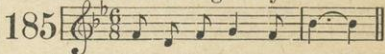
- 3 United Christians, we
Would praise and pray to thee,
Our Savior, Lord;
We'll strive at last to win
The mansions free from sin;
Trusting, we'll enter in
To live with God.



- 1 To the front, ye Christian workers!
In your blessed Master's name,
Stand and nobly, bravely battle,
Win eternal, fadeless fame,
Looking upward,
Till your hearts are all aflame!

- 2 To the front, ye Christian workers!
See the dying everywhere;
Cursed by sin, and bruised by Satan,
How they need your help and care!
Lifting upward,
In their rescue have a share.

- 3 To the front, ye Christian workers!
God has much for you to do:
Hear his calls, and do his bidding;
Prove yourselves his servants true;
Look up, lift up,
Till the crown is given you!



- 1 Over the rolling sea,
Many the voices appealing to me;
Groping in the darkness they,
And to us for light they pray;
O, their cry rings piteously
O'er the waves of the deep, rolling sea,
Over the rolling sea, over the rolling sea!

CHO.—Over the sea, calling to me,
There without Jesus the millions I see,
Over the sea, pleading with me;
Shall I not answer the pitiful plea?

- 2 Over the rolling sea,
Millions are perishing, Lord, without thee,
We are blessed with Gospel light,
While they grope in heathen night,
And we send not, O the shame!
Help to them in the Savior's dear name,

When he turns to God in the gospel way,
There is joy, there is joy.

CHO.—There is joy among the angels,
And their harps with music ring,
When a sinner comes repenting,
Bending low before the King

2 When a soul is born in the kingdom bright,
There is joy, there is joy;
When it walks by faith in the gospel light,
There is joy, there is joy.

3 When a pilgrim comes to the river wide,
There is joy, there is joy;
When he dwells secure on the other side,
There is joy, there is joy.

192 

1 Oh! why will you turn from the Savior away?
He's calling you tenderly, calling to-day;
There's only one refuge from death and the grave;
That refuge is Jesus, the mighty to save.

CHO.—Believe on the crucified One,
Believe on the crucified One;

No longer delay, he is calling to-day,
He waits to receive you, come home, come home.

2 He pleads by the anguish he suffered for thee,
By nail-prints that bound him to Calvary's tree,
By victory over the grave and its gloom;
Oh, sinner, believe him, he's calling you, come!

3 Why wander away in the darkness afar?
You've only to knock, for the door is ajar;
Come quickly and give him your heart
while you may;

Oh, haste to receive him, he's waiting to-day!

193 

1 My gladsome heart these words repeat,
"I am the Lord's forever!"
And ev'ry time they seem more sweet!
Oh, praise his name forever!

CHO.—Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Light breaks in upon my soul;
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Jesus' blood has made me whole.


2 Too long and far from Christ I strayed,
But he forsook me never;
Now walking in the narrow way,
I am the Lord's forever!

3 'Twas Christ, the Lamb of Calvary,
That loved and sought me ever,
That broke my chains and set me free;
Oh, praise his name forever!

4 I am the Lord's! Oh, blessed thought!
And he will leave me never;
By Jesus' blood my soul was bought,
And I am his forever!

5 This is the burden of my song,
"I am the Lord's forever!"

And naught that earth can offer me
My heart from Christ can sever.


194 

1 Seeking the lost, yes, kindly entreating
Wanderers on the mountains astray,
"Come unto me," his message repeating,
Words of the Master speaking to-day.

CHO—Going afar, upon the mountain,
Bringing the wand'ers back again,
Into the fold of my Redeemer,
Jesus the Lamb for sinners slain.

2 Seeking the lost, and pointing to Jesus
Souls that are weak and hearts that are sore,
Leading them forth in ways of salvation,
Showing the path to life evermore.

3 Thus would I go, for Jesus hath called me;
Him would I follow day unto day,
Care for the dying, raise up the fallen,
Pointing the lost to Jesus the way.

195 

1 Jesus came to save from sin,
Pass the word along;
He can make us pure within,
Pass the word along.

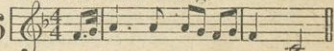
CHO.—||:Good news! good news!
Pass the word along. :||

2 To the Savior all may come,
Pass the word along;
All the wanderers from home,
Pass the word along.

3 Without money you can buy,
Pass the word along;
Wine and milk that satisfy,
Pass the word along.

4 All the lame, and halt, and blind,
Pass the word along;
Here may full salvation find,
Pass the word along.

5 All his benefits embrace,
Pass the word along;
Freely now be saved by grace,
Pass the word along.

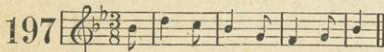
196 

1 O day of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright!
On thee, the high and lowly,
Through ages joined in tune.
Sing, "Holy, holy, holy,"
To the great God Triune.

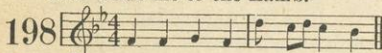
2 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations

The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

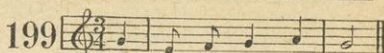
- 3 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.



- 1 Oh, for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
- 3 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 4 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.



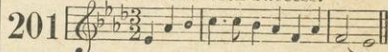
- 1 Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heav'n to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation;
Enter ev'ry trembling heart.
- 2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest;
Take away our bent to sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.
- 3 Finish then thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee;
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.



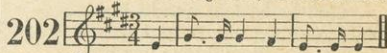
- 199
- 1 Mourn for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.
- 2 Mourn for the lost, but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.
- 3 Mourn for the lost, but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.



- 200
- 1 What ruin hath intemperance wro't!
How widely roll its waves!
How many myriads hath it brought
To fill dishonored graves!
- 2 Stretch forth thy hand, O God, our King,
And break the galling chain;
Deliverance to the captive bring,
And end the usurper's reign.
- 3 The cause of temperance is thine own;
Our plans and efforts bless:
We trust, O Lord, in thee alone
To crown them with success.



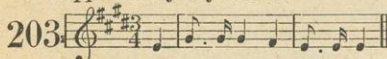
- 201
- 1 Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on;
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.
- 2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on;
I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.
- 3 So long thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.



- 202
- 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 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?

- 3 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.



- 1 Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 Blest Savior, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun,
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

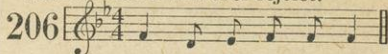


- 1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run,
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet,
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.
- 3 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

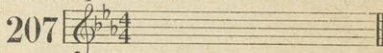


- 1 O thou in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call,
My comfort by day and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all!
- 2 Where dost thou, dear Shepherd, resort
with thy sheep,
To feed them in pastures of love?
Say, why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in this wilderness rove?
- 3 He looks! and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks! and eternity, filled with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.
- 4 Dear Shepherd, I hear, and will follow thy call;
I know the sweet sound of thy voice;

Restore and defend me, for thou art my all,
And in thee I will ever rejoice.



- 1 Rescue the perishing,
Care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
Weep o'er the erring one,
Lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.
- CHO.—Rescue the perishing,
Care for the dying;
Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.
- 2 Though they are slighting him,
Still he is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive;
Plead with them earnestly,
Plead with them gently;
He will forgive if they only believe.
- 3 Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.
- 4 Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it;
Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide;
Back to the narrow way
Patiently win them;
Tell the poor wanderer a Savior has died.



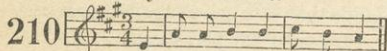
- 1 Shall we gather at the river
Where bright angel feet have trod,
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?
- CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God.
- 2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy golden day.
- 3 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.
- 4 At the smiling of the river,
Mirror of the Savior's face,
Saints whom death will never sever,
Lift their songs of saving grace.
- 5 Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease,
Soon our happy hearts will quiver,
With the melody of peace.



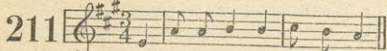
Sing we to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son and Holy Ghost.



- 1 Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope and all my plea,
For me, the Savior died.
- 2 My dying Savior and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.
- 3 Wash me and make me thus thine own,
Wash me and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.
- 4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve,
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.



- 1 O, for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free,
A heart that always feels thy blood
So freely spilt for me!
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.
- 4 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.



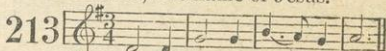
- 1 Salvation! Oh, the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears!
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.
- 3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs;
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.



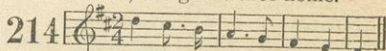
- 1 The great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus;
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
Oh! hear the voice of Jesus.

REF.—Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

- 2 Your many sins are all forgiv'n,
Oh! hear the voice of Jesus!
Go on your way in peace to heav'n,
And wear a crown with Jesus.
- 3 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.
- 4 And when to that bright world above
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love,
The name, the name of Jesus.



- 1 Holy Spirit, faithful guide,
Ever near the Christian's side,
Gently lead us by the hand,
Pilgrims in a desert land;
Weary souls fore'er rejoice,
While they hear that sweetest voice
Whisp'ring softly, "wand'rer come,
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."
- 2 Ever present, truest friend,
Ever near thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear;
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whisp'ring softly, "wand'rer come,
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."
- 3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heav'n and pray'r,
Wond'ring if our names are there,
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood,
Whisp'ring softly, "wand'rer come,
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."



- 1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heav'n and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the world! the Savior reigns;
Let men their songs employ,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,

Repeat the sounding joy.

- 3 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.



- 1 O for a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!
- 2 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 3 He breaks the power of canceled sin;
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

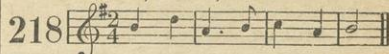


- 1 All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall,
||:Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.:||
- 2 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
||:To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.:||
- 3 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall!
||:We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.:||



- 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!



- 1 Depth of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear,
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
- 2 I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face,
Would not hearken to his calls,
Grieved him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament,
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.
- 4 There for me the Savior stands,
Shows his wounds and spreads his hands;
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

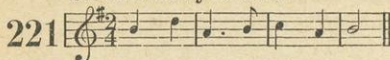


- 1 Holy Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine;
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine to teach me what I am.
- 2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Savior's love;
Mine art thou to guide my feet;
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit.
- 3 Mine to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death.
- 4 Mine to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
Oh, thou holy book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine!



- 1 Come, ye weary and oppressed,
Jesus now is calling you;
Come to him, he'll give you rest;
Still he bids you come.
- REF.—Jesus now is calling,
Calling, calling,
Jesus now is calling you,
Calling you to come.
- 2 Tho' your sins like mountains rise,
Jesus now is calling you;
He has made the sacrifice;
Still he bids you come.
- 3 Tho' your sins like scarlet be,
Jesus now is calling you;
From your sins he'll set you free;
Still he bids you come.

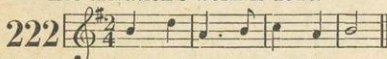
4 Come, ye wand'ers from the fold,
 Jesus now is calling you;
 Oh! his love can ne'er be told;
 Still he bids you come.



1 Haste, O sinner, now be wise;
 Stay not for the morrow's sun;
 Wisdom if you still despise
 Harder is it to be won.

2 Haste, and mercy now implore;
 Stay not for the morrow's sun,
 Lest thy season should be o'er
 Ere this evening's stage be run.

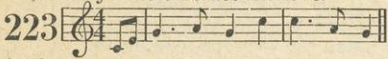
3 Haste, O sinner, now return,
 Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
 Ere salvation's work is done.



1 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
 God, your Maker, asks you why,
 God, who did your being give,
 Made you with himself to live.

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
 God, your Savior, asks you why;
 Will ye not in him believe?
 He has died that ye might live.

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
 God, the Spirit, asks you why;
 Often with you he has strove,
 Wooed you to embrace his love.



1 There is a fountain filled with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day,
 And there may I, though vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.

3 Ere since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be, till I die.

4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy power to save,
 When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.



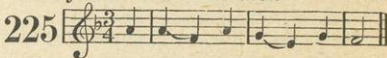
1 Father, I stretch my hands to thee:
 No other help I know;
 If thou withdraw thyself from me,
 Ah, whither shall I go?

CHO.—I do believe, I now believe,
 That Jesus died for me,
 And thro' his blood, his precious blood,
 I shall from sin be free.

2 What did thine only Son endure,
 Before I drew my breath,
 What pain, what labor to secure
 My soul from endless death!

3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
 I now should feel thy power,
 And all my wants thou wouldst relieve,
 In this accepted hour.

4 Author of faith, to thee I lift
 My weary, longing eyes;
 O let me now receive that gift!
 My soul without it dies.



1 Blest be the tie that binds
 Our hearts in Christian love;
 The fellowship of kindred minds
 Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
 We pour our ardent pray'rs;
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
 Our comforts and our cares.

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

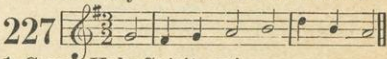


1 O Spirit of the living God!
 In all thy plenitude of grace,
 Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
 Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
 To preach the reconciling word;
 Give power and unction from above,
 Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light;
 Confusion, order in thy path:
 Souls without strength, inspire with might;
 Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
 The triumphs of the cross record;
 The name of Jesus glorify,
 Till every kindred call him Lord.



1 Come, Holy Spirit, raise our songs
 To reach the wonders of that day,
 When, with thy fiery, cloven tongues
 Thou didst such glorious scenes display.

2 Lord, we believe to us and ours,
 The apostolic promise given;

We wait the pentecostal powers,
The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

3 Assembled here with one accord,
Calmly we wait the promised grace,
The purchase of our dying Lord;
Come, Holy Ghost, and fill the place.

4 If every one that asks, may find,
If still thou dost on sinners fall,
Come as a mighty, rushing wind;
Great grace be now upon us all.



1 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

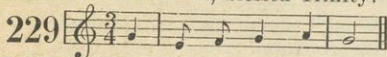
2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around
the glassy sea,

Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! tho' the darkness hide thee;
Tho' the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see;
Only thou art holy! there is none beside thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

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

Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

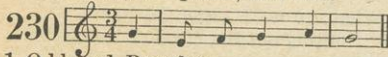


1 Lord, God, the Holy Ghost!
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power.

2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

3 Like mighty, rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind;
One soul, one feeling breathe.

4 The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above,
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
To pray, and praise, and love.



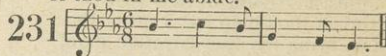
1 O blessed Paraclete,
Assert thine inward sway;
My body make the temple meet,
For thy perpetual stay.

2 Too long this house of thine
By alien loves possessed,

Has shut from thee its inner shrine,
Kept thee a slighted guest.

3 Now rend, O Spirit blest,
The veil of my poor heart;
Enter thy long forbidden rest,
And nevermore depart.

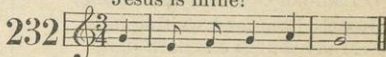
4 Oh, to be filled with thee!
I ask not aught beside;
For all unholy guests must flee,
If thou in me abide.



1 Fade, fade, each earthly joy,
Jesus is mine!
Break, ev'ry tender tie,
Jesus is mine!
Dark is the wilderness,
Earth has no resting place;
Jesus alone can bless,
Jesus is mine!

2 Farewell, ye dreams of night,
Jesus is mine!
Lost in this dawning light,
Jesus is mine!
All that my soul has tried
Left but a dismal void;
Jesus has satisfied,
Jesus is mine!

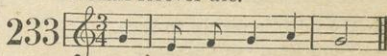
3 Farewell, mortality,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, eternity,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, O loved and blest!
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome, my Savior's breast,
Jesus is mine!



1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will!

3 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.



1 And can I yet delay
My little all to give,
To tear my soul from earth away,
For Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield!

I can hold out no more;
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror!

- 3 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all thy weight of love.



- 1 Jesus, my Lord, to thee I cry;
Unless thou help me, I must die;
Oh, bring thy free salvation nigh,
And take me as I am!

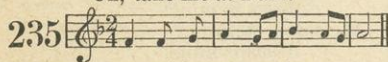
REF.—Take me as I am,
Take me as I am,

Oh, bring thy free salvation nigh,
And take me as I am!

- 2 Helpless I am, and full of guilt,
But yet for me thy blood was spilt,
And thou canst make me what thou wilt;
But take me as I am!

- 3 If thou hast work for me to do,
Inspire my will, my heart renew,
And work both in and by me, too,
But take me as I am!

- 4 And when at last the work is done,
The battle o'er, the vict'ry won,
Still, still my cry shall be alone,
Oh, take me as I am!



- 1 Just as I am without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

- 3 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

- 4 Just as I am; thy love unknown,
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!



- 1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary;
Savior divine,
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my sins away;
Oh, let me from this day,
Be wholly thine.

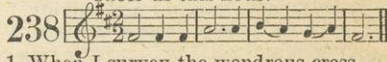
- 2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire:
As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

- 3 When ends life transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Savior, then, in love,
Fear and distress remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!



- 1 Come, Holy Ghost, in love,
Shed on us from above
Thine own bright ray!
Divinely good thou art;
Thy sacred gifts impart
To gladden each sad heart:
Oh, come to-day!

- 2 Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
With soothing power:
Rest, which the weary know,
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow,
Cheer us this hour!

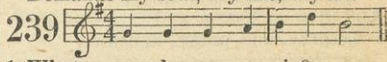


- 1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

- 3 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?

- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.



- 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.

CHO.—Oh, 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.



- 240
- 1 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy wounded side which flowed,
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Save from wrath and make me pure.
- 2 Could my tears forever flow,
 Could my zeal no languor know,
 These for sin could not atone;
 Thou must save, and thou alone:
 In my hand no price I bring;
 Simply to thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyes shall close in death,
 When I rise to worlds unknown,
 And behold thee on thy throne,
 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee.

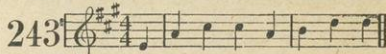


- 241
- 1 And can it be that I should gain
 An interest in the Savior's blood?
 Died he for me, who caused his pain,
 For me, who him to death pursued?
 ||: Amazing love! how can it be
 That thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me?: ||
- 2 He left the Father's throne above,
 So free, so infinite his grace!
 Emptied himself of all but love,
 And bled for Adam's helpless race;
 ||: 'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
 For, O my God, it found out me!: ||
- 3 Long my imprisoned spirit lay,
 Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
 Thine eye diffused a quickening ray;
 I woke, the dungeon flamed with light;
 ||: My chains fell off, my heart was free,
 I rose, went forth, and followed thee.: ||

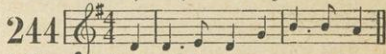


- 242
- 1 He dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
 Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
 A solemn darkness veils the skies;

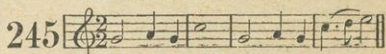
- A sudden trembling shakes the ground;
 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
 For him who groaned beneath your load;
 He shed a thousand drops for you,
 A thousand drops of richer blood.
- 2 Here's love and grief beyond degree
 The Lord of glory dies for man!
 But lo! what sudden joys we see;
 Jesus, the dead, revives again!
 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
 In vain the tomb forbids his rise;
 Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies.



- 243
- Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
 Praise him, all creatures here below;
 Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



- 244
- 1 Come, ev'ry soul by sin oppressed,
 There's mercy with the Lord,
 And he will surely give you rest,
 By trusting in his word.
- CHO.-Only trust him, only trust him,
 Only trust him now;
 He will save you, he will save you,
 He will save you now.
- 2 For Jesus shed his precious blood
 Rich blessings to bestow;
 Plunge now into the crimson flood
 That washes white as snow.
- CHO.-Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,
 Come to Jesus now;
 He will save you, he will save you,
 He will save you now.
- 3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
 That leads you into rest;
 Believe in him without delay,
 And you are fully blest.
- CHO.-Don't reject him, don't reject him,
 Don't reject him now;
 He will save you, he will save you,
 He will save you now.
- 4 Come, then, and join this holy band,
 And on to glory go,
 To dwell in that celestial land,
 Where joys immortal flow.
- CHO.-I will trust him, I will trust him,
 I will trust him now;
 He will save me, he will save me,
 He will save me now.



- 245
- 1 I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God,

To wash me in thy cleansing blood,
To dwell within thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but thee;
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide,
Close sheltered in thy bleeding side,
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live!

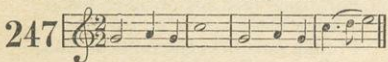
4 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know
Nor will we think of aught beside,
"My Lord, my Love is crucified."



1 Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sov'reign right in me.

2 Thine would I live, thine would I die,
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.

3 Here, at the cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.



Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



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

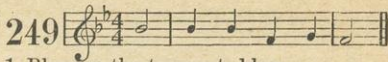
||:Before the throne my Surety stands;:||
My name is written on his hands.

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

||:His blood atoned for all our race;:||
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 To God I'm reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear;

||:With confidence I now draw nigh;:||
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.



1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
||:The year of jubilee is come;:||
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad;
||:The year of jubilee is come;:||
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim;
||:The year of jubilee is come;:||
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.



1 Jesus, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad;
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

2 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow,
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow!

3 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume!
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call;
Spirit of burning, come!

4 Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul,
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

5 My steadfast soul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move,
While Christ is all the world to me,
And all my heart is love.



This Chorus can be used with hymns 224,
235, 246, and 250.

1st CHO.—We're waiting at the mercy-seat,
||:We're waiting at the mercy-seat;:||
Where Jesus answers prayer.

2d CHO.—I can, I will, I do believe,
||:I can, I will, I do believe;:||
That Jesus died for me.



1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith

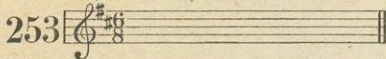
What more can he say, than to you he hath said,
To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

2 "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause
thee to stand,

Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand.

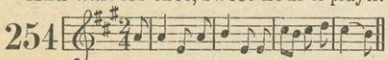
3 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake."

I'll never, no never, no never forsake."



1 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known;
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

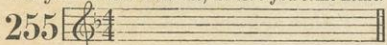
2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petitions bear
To him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.



1 Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die,
When God, in great mercy, is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, come,
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 In riches, in pleasure, what can you obtain,
To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain,
To bear up your Spirit, when summoned to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?

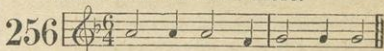
3 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
Oh, how can you question if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you he bids welcome; he bids you come home.



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,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,

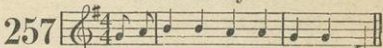
Rest comes sure and soon;
Give every flying minute,
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.



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, oh, my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on thee is stayed;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

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.



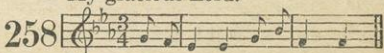
1 What a precious, precious Friend is he!
How can I but love him?
He has loved me from eternity,
My gracious Lord.

CHO.—How can I but love him,
Wonderfully love him,
And forever love him,
My gracious Lord.

2 He has taken all my sins away,
How can I but love him?
He has taught me how to trust and pray,
My gracious Lord.

3 He has rolled the burden from my soul,
How can I but love him?
He has purified and made me whole,
My gracious Lord.

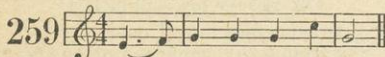
4 He has filled my heart with perfect peace,
How can I but love him?
He has thrilled my soul with heav'nly bliss,
My gracious Lord.



1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;

Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount! I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of thy redeeming love.

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come,
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home;
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

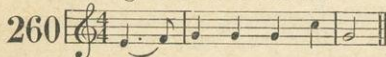


1 I love thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

4 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

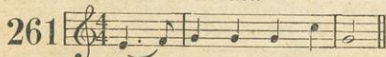


1 Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son.

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 endued,
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:

4 Till, having all things done,
And all your conflicts passed,
You may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

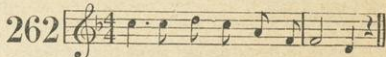


1 My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise,
And hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er,
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thine arduous work will not be done
Till thou hast got the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.



1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our griefs and sins to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Ev'rything to God in prayer!
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Ev'rything to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Savior, still our refuge!
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

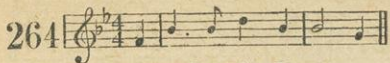


1 Oh, now I see the cleansing wave,
The fountain deep and wide;
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,
Points to his wounded side.

CHO.—The cleansing stream, I see, I see;
I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me!
Oh, praise the Lord! it cleanseth me!
It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me.

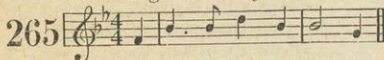
2 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world of sin,
With heart made pure and garments white,
And Christ enthroned within.

3 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below
To feel the blood applied,
And Jesus, only Jesus, know
My Jesus crucified.



1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead,
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.



1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

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



1 O youth with hearts aspiring,
What visions greet your eye!
What fields for noble conquest!
What growth and victory!
How high your heavenly calling,
The Christ-like life to win,
The prize of holy manhood,
The overthrow of sin!

2 O youth with hearts aspiring,
Embrace your heavenly call!
Your standard is perfection,
Your Christ the Lord of all;
Win others to his standard;
Enlarge the youthful throng,
Till all the earth, in Jesus,
Can sing redemption's song.

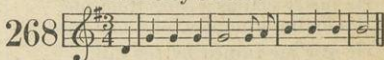


1 To-day the Savior calls;

Ye wand'ers, come;
O ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?
2 To-day the Savior calls;
Oh, hear him now!
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Savior calls;
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day;
Yield to his power;
Oh, grieve him not away,
'Tis mercy's hour!



1 We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love,
For Jesus who died and is now gone above.

REF.—Hallelujah! thine the glory;
Hallelujah! amen!
Hallelujah! thine the glory;
Revive us again.

2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Savior and scat-
tered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has
cleansed every stain.

4 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire
from above.



1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praise
I will ever give to thee.



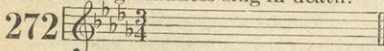
1 Welcome, welcome, dear Redeemer,
Welcome to this heart of mine;

Lord, I make a full surrender,
Every power and thought be thine;
Thine entirely,
Through eternal ages thine.

- 2 Known to all to be thy mansion,
Earth and hell will disappear,
Or in vain attempt possession,
When they find the Lord is near;
Shout, O Zion!
Shout, ye saints! the Lord is here.



- 1 Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me;
His loving kindness, oh, how free!
- 2 He saw me ruined by the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate:
His loving kindness, oh, how great!
- 3 Though mighty hosts of cruel foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along;
His loving kindness, oh, how strong!
- 4 So when I pass death's gloomy vale,
And all my mortal powers must fail,
Oh, may my last, expiring breath
His loving kindness sing in death!



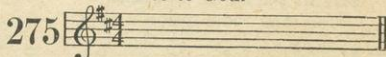
- 1 More love to thee, O Christ!
More love to thee!
Hear thou the prayer I make
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea:
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!
- 2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now thee alone I seek,
Give what is best;
This all my prayer shall be:
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!
- 3 Let sorrow do its work;
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are thy messengers;
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!
- 4 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,
This still its prayer shall be:
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee.



- 1 Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be:
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
- 2 Though, like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
- 3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
- 4 Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be:
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!



- 1 My body, soul, and spirit,
Jesus, I give to thee,
A consecrated offering,
Thine evermore to be.
- REF.—My all is on the altar,
I'm waiting for the fire,
Waiting, waiting, waiting;
I'm waiting for the fire.
- O Jesus, mighty Savior,
I trust in thy great name!
I look for thy salvation;
Thy promise now I claim.
- 3 Oh, let the fire, descending
Just now upon my soul,
Consume my humble offering,
And cleanse and make me whole!
- 4 I'm thine, O blessed Jesus,
Wash'd by thy precious blood;
Now seal me by thy Spirit,
A sacrifice to God.



- 1 He leadeth me! oh, blessed thought!
Oh! words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,

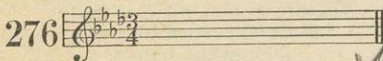
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

REF.—He leadeth me! he leadeth me!
By his own hand he leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine,
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by thy grace the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.



1 Take the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe;
It will joy and comfort give you;
Take it, then, where'er you go.

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

2 Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from every snare;
If temptations round you gather,
Breathe that holy name in prayer.

3 Oh! the precious name of Jesus;
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When his loving arms receive us,
And his songs our tongues employ!

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at his feet,
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown him,
When our journey is complete.



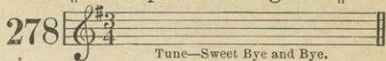
1 Oh, could I speak the matchless worth,
Oh, could I sound the glories forth
Which in my Savior shine,
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings,
||:In notes almost divine! :||

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine!

I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect heavenly dress
||:My soul shall ever shine. :||

3 Well, the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face;

Then with my Savior, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
||:Triumphant in his grace. :||



1 I am coming to Jesus for rest,
Rest, such as the purified know;
My soul is athirst to be blest,
To be washed and made whiter than snow.

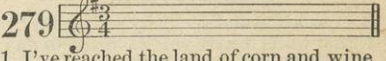
CHO.—||:I believe Jesus saves,
And his blood washes whiter than snow. :||

2 In coming, my sin I deplore,
My weakness and poverty show;
I long to be saved evermore,
To be washed and made whiter than snow.

3 To Jesus, I give up my all,
Every treasure and idol I know;
For his fullness of blessing I call,
Till his blood washes whiter than snow.

4 I am trusting in Jesus alone,
Trusting now his salvation to know,
And his blood doth so fully atone,
I am washed and made whiter than snow.

5 My heart is in raptures of love,
Love, such as the ransomed ones know;
I am strengthened with might from above,
I am washed and made whiter than snow.

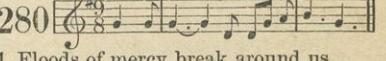


1 I've reached the land of corn and wine,
And all its riches freely mine;
Here shines undimmed one blissful day,
For all my night has passed away.

CHO.—O Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land,
As on the highest mount I stand,
I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me,
And view the shining glory shore,
My heav'n, my home, for evermore!

2 My Savior comes and walks with me,
And sweet communion here have we;
He gently leads me by his hand,
For this is heaven's border-land.

3 The zephyrs seem to float to me
Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,
As angels with the white-rob'd throng
Join in the sweet redemption song.

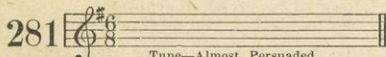


1 Floods of mercy break around us,
Jesus comes, comes to save!
Fetters fall that long have bound us,
Jesus comes, comes to save!

CHO.—Hallelujah! joyful story;
Jesus comes, the King of glory!
Hallelujah! hallelujah!

Jesus comes, comes to save.

- 2 While like rain our tears are falling,
Jesus comes, comes to save!
While these souls for help are calling,
Jesus comes, comes to save!
- 3 Glorious light is dawning o'er us,
Jesus comes, comes to save!
And the way grows bright before us,
Jesus comes, comes to save!
- 4 Hallelujah! saints are singing,
Jesus comes, comes to save!
Heaven with joyous song is ringing,
Jesus comes, comes to save!



Tune—Almost Persuaded.

1 O weary wand'rer, dark night comes on,
When slighted mercy will be withdrawn:
The Spirit strive no more;
Christ gives his pleadings o'er;
Closed then shall be the door;
Thy doom, despair.

2 O weary wand'rer, Jesus still pleads;
For you he suffers, for you he bleeds;
O let his love constrain,
Nor let him bleed in vain;
Hark! hark! he calls again,
"O wand'rer, come."

3 O weary wand'rer, why still delay?
Christ waits to save you, save you to-day;
Fast falls the eventide;
Soon, soon you must decide;
For you he bled and died
On Calvary!

4 O weary wand'rer, see loved ones stand,
All saved in heaven, a happy band;
Come, join them on that shore,
Where death shall part no more;
Wide open stands the door,
O wand'rer, come.



- 1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power;
||:He is able, :||
He is willing; doubt no more.
- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
||:Without money, :||
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth

Is to feel your need of him;

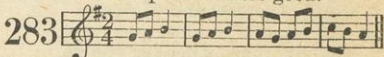
||: This he gives you; :||

'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.

- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
||:Not the righteous, :||
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry, before he dies,
||: "It is finished!" :||
Sinners, will not this suffice?

- 6 Lo! the incarnate God, ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture freely
Let no other trust intrude;
||:None but Jesus: ||
Can do helpless sinners good.



- 1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and pow'r:

CHO.—||: Turn to the Lord, and seek salvation,
Sound the praise of his dear name;
Glory, honor, and salvation,
Christ the Lord has come to reign.

Verses 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 above.



- 1 Jerusalem, my happy home,
Oh, how I long for thee!
When will my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys, when shall I see?

CHO.—||: I will meet you in the City of
the new Jerusalem,

I am washed in the blood of the Lamb. :||

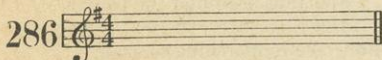
- 2 Thy walls are all of precious stone
Most glorious to behold;
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are paved with gold.
- 3 Thy gardens and thy pleasant streams
My study long have been—
Such sparkling gems by human sight
Have never yet been seen.
- 4 Reach down, reach down thine arms of grace,
And cause me to ascend
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And praises never end.



- 1 Sun of my soul, thou Savior dear,

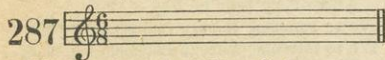
It is not night if thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Savior's breast.
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.
- 4 If some poor wand'ring child of thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.



- 1 My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger.
- CHO.—For, O, we stand on Jordan's strand;
Our friends are passing over;
And just before the shining shore
We may almost discover.

- 2 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.
- 3 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever;
Our King says, "Come," and there's our home,
Forever, O, forever!



- 1 My latest sun is sinking fast,
My race is nearly run;
My strongest trials now are past,
My triumph is begun.
- CHO.—O come, angel band,
Come and around me stand;
:O, bear me away on your snowy wings,
To my immortal home.:||

- 2 I know I'm nearing the holy ranks,
Of friends and kindred dear,
For 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;
The holy ones, behold, they come!
I hear the noise of wings.



- 1 My heavenly home is bright and fair,
Nor pain, nor death can enter there;

Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine;
That heav'nly mansion shall be mine.

CHO.—I'm going home, I'm going home,
I'm going home to die no more!
To die no more, to die no more,
I'm going home to die no more!

2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

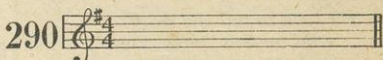
3 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow,
Be mine a happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.



- 1 Now the chains of sin are broken,
I am free, I'm free;
Christ the word of power has spoken
Unto me, to me.

CHO.—Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Jesus died for me;
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
I am free, I'm free.

- 2 Soon as I by faith received him
Fled the night, the night;
In the moment I believed him
Came the light, the light.
- 3 All the fetters that oppressed me
Now are riv'n, are riv'n;
With his precious love he blessed me,
This to me is heav'n.
- 4 I will tell the wondrous story
Of his grace and love;
He has filled my soul with glory;
Praise the Lord above!



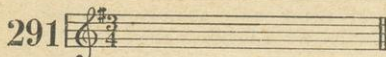
Tune—Nothing but the Blood.

- 1 The Holiest Place stands open wide,
Enter by the blood of Jesus;
The shadowing veil now hangs aside,
Enter by the blood of Jesus.

CHO.—Beyond the second veil
Pure love and joy prevail;
God's promise ne'er can fail;
Enter by the blood of Jesus.

- 2 Enter now this holiest place,
Enter by the blood of Jesus;
Here Christ reveals his shining face,
Enter by the blood of Jesus.

- 3 Now by faith you may prevail,
Enter by the blood of Jesus;
Pass beyond the second veil,
Enter by the blood of Jesus.



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

CHO.—On Christ, the Solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

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

3 When he shall come with trumpet sound,
Oh, may I then in him be found,
Drest in his righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne!

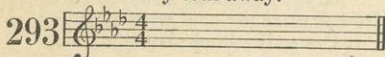


1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for ev'ry one,
And there's a cross for me.

2 The consecrated cross I'll bear
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

3 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' pierced feet,
With joy I'll cast my golden crown,
And his dear name repeat.

4 Oh, precious cross! oh, glorious crown!
Oh, resurrection day!
Ye angels from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.



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,
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.



1 Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known,
Join in a song with sweet accord,
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne,
And thus surround the throne.

CHO.—We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion,
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heav'nly King,
But children of the heav'nly King,
May speak their joys abroad,
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets,
Or walk the golden streets.

4 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry,
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high,
To fairer worlds on high.



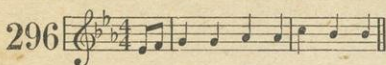
1 I sing the praise of him to-day
Who washed my many sins away;
His love is more than tongue can tell;
My Jesus hath done all things well.

CHO.—And above the rest this note shall swell,
This note shall swell, this note shall swell;
And above the rest this note shall swell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.

2 I marvel at his grace to me,
It is so boundless, rich and free;
His grace is more than tongue can tell;
My Jesus hath done all things well.

3 A blessed life it is to be,
Through Jesus, saved so wondrously;
His pow'r is more than tongue can tell;
My Jesus hath done all things well.

4 Oh, wondrous peace! Oh, sacred rest!
In him I am supremely blest;
His praise is more than tongue can tell;
My Jesus hath done all things well.

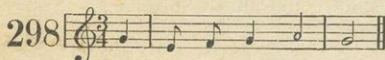


Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

CHO.—And above the rest this note shall swell,
This note shall swell, this note shall swell;
And above the rest this note shall swell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.



To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore!



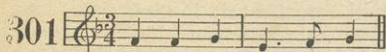
To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One in Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.



To God, the Father's throne
Your highest honors raise;
Glory to God, the Son;
To God, the Spirit, praise:
With all our powers, eternal King,
Thy everlasting praise we sing.



Praise the name of God most high;
Praise him, all below the sky;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
As through countless ages past,
Evermore his praise shall last.



To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, Three in One,
All praise be given!
Crown him in every song;
To him your hearts belong:

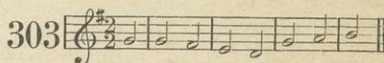
Let all his praise prolong,
On earth, in heaven!



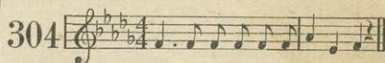
1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O refresh us! O refresh us!
Trav'ling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence, may thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ready, may we ready,
Rise and reign in endless day.



Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



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 protecting, 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 threaten'ing wave before you;
God be with you till we meet again.

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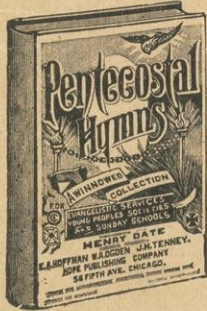
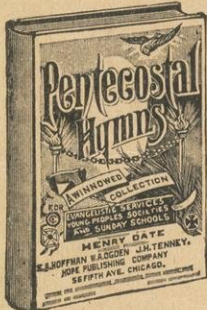
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