

ALEXANDER'S HYMNS

NO. 3

With Standard Hymns

EDITED BY

CHARLES M. ALEXANDER

AS USED IN THE

**CHAPMAN – ALEXANDER
MISSION**

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1

When I fear my faith will fail,
Christ will hold me fast;
When the tempter would prevail,
He can hold me fast.

He will hold me fast,
He will hold me fast;
For my Saviour loves me so,
He will hold me fast.

I could never keep my hold,
He will hold me fast;
For my love is often cold,
He must hold me fast.

I am precious in His sight,
He will hold me fast;
Those He saves are His delight.
He will hold me fast.

He'll not let my soul be lost,
Christ will hold me fast;
Bought by Him at such a cost,
He will hold me fast.

2

Be not dismayed whate'er betide,
God will take care of you;
Beneath His wings of love abide,
God will take care of you.

God will take care of you,
Through every day, over all the way;
He will take care of you,
God will take care of you.

Through days of toil when heart doth fail,
God will take care of you;
When dangers fierce your path assail,
God will take care of you.

All you may need He will provide,
God will take care of you;
Nothing you ask will be denied,
God will take care of you.

No matter what may be the test,
God will take care of you;
Lean, weary one, upon His breast,
God will take care of you.

3

When all my labours and trials are o'er,
And I am safe on that beautiful shore,
Just to be near the dear Lord I adore,
Will through the ages be glory for me.

O that will be glory for me,
Glory for me, glory for me,
When by His grace I shall look on His face,
That will be glory, be glory for me.

When, by the gift of His infinite grace,
I am accorded in Heaven a place,
Just to be there and to look on His face,
Will through the ages be glory for me.

Friends will be there I have loved long ago;
Joy like a river around me will flow;
Yet just a smile from my Saviour, I know,
Will through the ages be glory for me.

4

I stand amazed in the presence
Of Jesus the Nazarene,
And wonder how He could love me,
A sinner, condemned, unclean.

O how marvellous! O how wonderful!
And my song shall ever be:
O how marvellous! O how wonderful!
Is my Saviour's love for me!

For me it was in the garden
He prayed: "Not My will, but Thine."
He had no tears for His own griefs,
But sweat drops of blood for mine.

In pity angels beheld Him,
And came from the world of light
To comfort Him in the sorrows
He bore for my soul that night.

He took my sins and my sorrows,
He made them His very own;
He bore the burden to Calvary,
And suffered and died alone.

When with the ransomed in glory
His face I at last shall see,

'Twill be my joy through the ages
To sing of His love for me.

5

1 Through days of toil and sorrow,
Thro' days of joy and pain,
God surely has been with us,
And now we meet again.

*O what love! Wondrous love,
That He should let us meet again,
O what love! Wondrous love,
That He should let us meet again.*

So safely has He guided
Through every trying hour,
Our hearts have felt the rapture
Of all His keeping power.

He might have called us yonder,
We might have gone astray;
But by His love and mercy
We meet another day.

When in the heavenly mansions
We meet those gone before,
We'll sing in glad reunion
Upon the shining shore.

6

O Pilgrim bound for the heavenly land,
Never lose sight of Jesus;
He'll lead you gently with loving hand,
Never lose sight of Jesus.

*Never lose sight of Jesus,
Never lose sight of Jesus;
Day and night He will lead you right,
Never lose sight of Jesus.*

When-e'er you're tempted to go astray,
Never lose sight of Jesus;
Press onward, upward, the narrow way,
Never lose sight of Jesus.

Though dark the pathway may seem ahead,
Never lose sight of Jesus;

"I will be with you", His Word hath said,
Never lose sight of Jesus.

When death is knocking outside the door,
Never lose sight of Jesus;
Till safely landed on Canaan's shore,
Never lose sight of Jesus.

7

Hide God's Word in your heart,
Its precious truth believe;
At His command take from His hand,
The Bread of Life receive.

*Hide God's Word in your heart,
Hide God's Word in your heart—
His Word of love sent from above,
Hide God's Word in your heart.*

Hide God's Word in your heart,
If you would grow in grace,
And like Him be until you see
Your Master face to face.

Hide God's Word in your heart,
And seek the Spirit's power
To understand each blest command
He gives from hour to hour.

Hide God's Word in your heart,
And, having hidden well,
Seek out the lost, the tempest tossed,
Go forth His love to tell.

Hide God's Word in your heart,
Each day a verse repeat;
Though sin allure success is sure,
You cannot have defeat.

8

Soon will our Saviour from Heaven appear,
Sweet is the hope and its power to cheer;
All will be changed by a glimpse of His face;
This is the goal at the end of our race.

*Oh, what a change! Oh, what a change!
When I shall see His wonderful face!
Oh, what a change! Oh, what a change!
When I shall see His face!*

Loneliness changed to reunion complete,
Absence exchanged for a place at His feet,
Sleeping ones raised in a moment of time,
Living ones changed to His image sublime.

Sunrise will chase all the darkness away,
Night will be changed to the brightness of day,
Tempests will change to ineffable calm,
Weeping will change to a jubilant psalm.

Weakness will change to magnificent strength,
Failure will change to perfection at length,
Sorrow will change to unending delight,
Walking by faith change to walking by sight

9

'Tis the old time religion,
'Tis the old time religion,
'Tis the old time religion,
And it's good enough for me.

It was good for our mothers.
It was good for our mothers.
It was good for our mothers.
And it's good enough for me.

Makes me love everybody.
Makes me love everybody.
Makes me love everybody.
And it's good enough for me.

It has saved our fathers.
It has saved our fathers.
It has saved our fathers.
And it's good enough for me.

It will do when I am dying.
It will do when I am dying.
It will do when I am dying.
And it's good enough for me.

It will take us all to heaven.
It will take us all to heaven.
It will take us all to heaven.
And it's good enough for me.

10

Shall I empty handed be,
When beside the crystal sea,
I shall stand before the everlasting throne?
Must I have a heart of shame,
As I answer to my name,
With no works that my Redeemer there can own?

What regret must them be mine,
When I meet my Lord divine,
If I've wasted all the talents He doth lend?
If no soul to me can say,
I am glad you passed my way.
For 'twas you who told me of the sinner's Friend.

If my gratitude I'd show,
Unto Him who loves me so,
If I've wasted all the talents He doth lend?
That some little gift of love,
I may bear to realms above,
And not empty handed be when comes the call.

When the harvest days are past,
Shall I hear Him say at last,
Welcome, toiler, I've prepared for thee a place?
Shall I bring Him golden sheaves,
Ripened fruit, not faded leaves,
When I see the blessed Saviour face to face?

When the books are opened wide,
And the deeds of all are tried,
May I have a record whiter than the snow;
When my race on earth is run,
May I hear Him say, Well done!
Take the crown that love immortal doth bestow.

11

There are glories untold in that city of gold,
On the brink of the beautiful river;
Its wonderful light will burst on my sight,
But what will it be to see Jesus?

*What will it be to see Jesus?
What will it be to see Him?
There are glories untold in that city of gold,
But what will it be to see Jesus?*

There are some who have died that His name should abide,
There are some who have lived for His glory;
What bliss will it be, their faces to see,
But what will it be to see Jesus?

When in wonder I stand with my hand in His hand,
In the home with the ransomed forever,
The sorrow all past, triumphant at last,
But what will it be to see Jesus?

When the love-light doth shine from His eyes into mine,
While the face that was marred is uplifted,
With rapture complete, His smile I shall meet,
But what will it be to see Jesus?

12

Through the gate of the city they led Him still
Bearing His cross;
Till He came to the summit of Calvary's hill,
Bearing His cross;
As a sheep by the shearers is meekly led,
He endured it for us, and no word He said,
Bearing His cross.

*O wonder of wonders, can it be
All for me, all for me?
O wonder of wonders, can it be
All for me?*

Though he knew what it meant, yet He turned not back,
Bearing His cross;
And He patiently trod all the weary track,
Bearing His cross;
Though the tree was so heavy, 'twould not compare
With the burden of sin which He carried there,
Bearing His cross;

They had never been able to lead Him thus,
Bearing His cross;
If He had not been willing to die for us,
Bearing His cross;
For He laid down the life which He took again,
And the joy set before Him surpassed the pain—
Bearing His cross;

All the burdens are gone which He took that day,
Bearing His cross;
Nevermore will He travel that blood stained way,
Bearing His cross;
When we see Him in glory enthroned on high,
How we'll thank Him that thus He went forth to die,
Bearing His cross.

13

The burden of my fear and sin
On Christ by faith I roll;
And now I have His peace within
And victory in my soul.

*There's victory in my soul,
Victory in my soul;
I grasp the promises by faith,
There's victory in my soul.*

I know there is a test for me,
A battle to be won;
But God ensures the victory
Before it is begun.

On battlefields of long ago,
When saints have drawn the sword,
Their strength did not o'ercome the foe,
But trusting in the Lord.

While leaning on His arm alone
I cannot know defeat;
The glory shall be all His own
When victory is complete.

E'en death itself I do not fear
Since Christ hath borne its sting;
His presence through the valley drear
Will help us then to sing.

14

Out in the breakers are perishing souls,
Save one, save one,
Out where the current of sin madly rolls,
Save one, save one.

*Pity the perishing,
Labour and pray;
Hasten to rescue them,
Save one to-day,
Then in your heart will be heaven begun,
Save one, save one.*

Out in the darkness of sin's awful night,
Save one, save one;
Tell them of Jesus, and lead to the light,
Save one, save one.

Out on the mountain so sadly astray,
Save one, save one;
From the sweet home land so far, far away,
Save one, save one.

Loved ones or strangers, whoe'er they may be,
Save one, save one;
Go in his Spirit who saves you and me,
Save one, save one.

15

There are loved ones in the glory
Whose dear forms you often miss.
When you close your earthly story,
Will you join them in their bliss?

*Will the circle be unbroken
By and by, by and by?
Is a better home awaiting
In the sky, in the sky?*

In the joyous days of childhood
Oft they told of wondrous love
Pointed to the dying Saviour;
Now they dwell with Him above.

You remember songs of heaven
Which you sang with childish voice.

Do you love the hymns they taught you,
Or are songs of earth your choice?

You can picture happy gatherings
Round the fireside long ago,
And you think of tearful partings
When they left you here below.

One by one their seats were emptied.
One by one they went away.
Now the family is parted.
Will it be complete one day?

16

Trembling soul, beset by fears, Thy God reigneth!
Look above, and dry thy tears: Thy God reigneth!
Though thy foes with power assail, naught against thee shall prevail;
Trust in Him — He'll never fail:
Thy God reigneth, Thy God reigneth!

Sinful soul, thy debt is paid, Thy God reigneth!
On the Lord thy sins were laid, Thy God reigneth!
On the cross of Calvary, Jesus shed His blood for thee,
From all sin to set thee free,
Thy God reigneth, Thy God reigneth!

Seeking soul, to Jesus turn, Thy God reigneth!
None that seek Him will He spurn, Thy God reigneth!
Wandering sheep the Shepherd seeks and, when found, He ever keeps,
For He slumbers not nor sleeps,
Thy God reigneth, Thy God reigneth!

Join, ye saints, the truth proclaim, Thy God reigneth!
Shout it forth with glad acclaim, Thy God reigneth!
Zion, wake! the morn is nigh; see it break from yonder sky;
Loud and clear the watchmen cry:
Thy God reigneth, Thy God reigneth!

Church of Christ, awake, awake! Thy God reigneth!
Forward then, fresh courage take: Thy God reigneth!
Soon, descending from His throne, He shall claim thee for His own;
Sin shall then be overthrown:
Thy God reigneth, Thy God reigneth!

17

Shepherd of Israel, keeping Thy sheep —
Never forgetting in slumber or sleep;

Folding them gently when night cometh on,
Going before them at break of the dawn.

*Shepherd of Israel, Shepherd of love,
Watching Thy flock from the glory above!
Knowing how weary their wilderness way;
Praying for them—ever living to pray!*

Shepherd of Israel, true to Thine own
When the false hireling servant hath flown;
Laying Thy life down their pardon to win,
Shedding Thy blood to redeem them from sin!

Shepherd of Israel, strong is Thine arm;
Shielding Thy flock from each threatening harm;
Gathering the lambs as they falter and fall,
Safe in Thy bosom enfolding them all!

Shepherd of Israel, soon to appear,
Soon to deliver Thy little flock here!
Just to behold Thee their richest reward,
Shepherd of Israel, Jesus, their Lord!

18

You must do something with Jesus,
You must do something tonight,
You must decide this great question,
You must do something tonight,

*You must do something with Jesus,
You must do something tonight,
Will you reject? Or, will you accept?
You must do something tonight,*

No neutral ground can be taken,
You must do something tonight,
You must be for or against Him,
You must do something tonight,

Jesus would have you receive Him,
You must do something tonight,
You must confess or deny Him,
You must do something tonight,

You must choose life or death's darkness,
You must do something tonight,
These are the issues eternal,

You must do something tonight,

With God there is no tomorrow,
You must do something tonight,
Now you can have this salvation,
You must do something tonight,

19

Just lean upon the arms of Jesus,
He'll help you along, help you along;
If you will trust His love unfailing,
He'll fill your heart with song.

*Lean on His arms, trusting in His love;
Lean on His arms, all His mercies prove;
Lean on His arms, looking home above,
Just lean on the Saviour's arms!*

Just lean upon the arms of Jesus,
He'll brighten the way, brighten the way;
Just follow gladly where He leadeth,
His gentle voice obey.

Just lean upon the arms of Jesus,
Oh, bring every care, bring every care!
The burden that has seemed so heavy,
Take to the Lord in prayer.

Just lean upon the arms of Jesus,
Then leave all to Him, leave all to Him;
His heart is full of love and mercy,
His eyes are never dim.

Just lean upon the arms of Jesus,
He meets every need, meets every need,
To all who take Him as a Saviour,
He is a Friend indeed.

20

Is your life a channel of blessing?
Is the love of God flowing through you?
Are you telling the lost of the Saviour?
Are you ready His service to do?

*Make me a channel of blessing today,
Make me a channel of blessing, I pray;
My life possessing, my service blessing,
Make me a channel of blessing today.*
Is your life a channel of blessing?
Are you burdened for those that are lost?
Have you urged upon those who are straying
The Saviour Who died on the cross?
Is your life a channel of blessing?
Is it a daily telling for Him?
Have you spoken the Word of salvation
To those who are dying in sin?
We cannot be channels of blessing
If our lives are not free from known sin;
We will barriers be and a hindrance
To those we are trying to win.

21

In loving-kindness Jesus came,
My soul in mercy to reclaim,
And from the depths of sin and shame
Through grace he lifted me.

*From sinking sand He lifted me,
With tender hand He lifted me;
From shades of night to plains of light,
Oh, praise His name, He lifted me!*

He called me long before I heard,
Before my sinful heart was stirred,
But when I took Him at His word,
Forgiven, He lifted me.

His brow was pierced with many a thorn,
His hands by cruel nails were torn,
When from my guilt and grief, forlorn,
In love He lifted me.

Now on a higher plane I dwell,
And with my soul I know 'tis well;
Yet how or why, I cannot tell,
He should have lifted me.

22

A Saviour who died our salvation to win,
A Saviour who knows how to save us from sin—
Yes, He is the Saviour, the Saviour we need,
And He is a Saviour indeed!

*Is He yours? Is He yours?
Is this Saviour, who loves you, yours?*

A Shepherd who giveth His life for the sheep,
A Shepherd both mighty to save and to keep—
Yes, this is the Shepherd, the Shepherd we need,
And He is a Shepherd indeed!

A Pilot who knoweth the dangers at hand,
A Pilot who bringeth all vessels to land—
Yes, this is the Pilot, the Pilot we need,
And He is a Pilot indeed!

A Shelter from tempest, from wind and from storm,
A Shelter from judgment, a Shelter from harm—
Yes, this is the Shelter, the Shelter we need,
And He is a Shelter indeed!

23

1 Let earth's brightest pleasures vanish,
Let its gems and riches flee;
Give to me my Saviour, Jesus,
And His love so full and free.

*Give me Jesus, only Jesus,
Grace and mercy from above;
With Him I shall ne'er be lonely,
Give me Jesus and his love.*

In my sorrow Jesus comforts
Till each bitter trial is o'er,
With Him I shall ne'er be lonely,
Give me Jesus, nothing more

In the hour of great temptation,
Let me to my Saviour fly;
Jesus, while on earth I linger,

Jesus, when at last I die.

24

Far from God, away from Jesus,
Straying in the paths of sin,
Knowing not God's full salvation,
Jesus calls you midst earth's din.

*Come, 'tis Jesus calls you;
Come, without delay.
He is willing now to save you;
Come, O come today.*

Why continue in your roaming?
Jesus bids you come today.
Mercy's offer still is open;
Why not come without delay?

How much longer will you tarry?
How much longer will you roam?
Listen, Jesus calls you to Him;
Will you not at once come home?

Can you stay away from Jesus
With eternity in view?
Can you still reject His mercy
When you hear His call so true?

You may almost come to Jesus,
But almost will never save;
For the soul that fully trusts Him
On the cross His life He gave.

25

Go home and tell to those you love
How Christ hath set you free;
The wondrous change which grace hath wrought,
Let all your neighbours see.

*Go home and tell, go home and tell
What God hath done for you;
Go home and tell, go home and tell,
That they may want Him too.*

Go home and tell them how you met

With One who understood,
Who knew your need and saw your sin,
And shed for you His blood.

Go forth and tell to those around
That He can meet their need,
That 'twas for them He came to earth,
On Calvary to bleed.

Go forth and tell to those afar
That they too may be blessed,
Till in the utmost bounds of earth,
Your Lord you have confessed.

26

No burdens yonder, not a single care,
When home is entered, not a load to bear;
No burdens yonder, all will be laid down
Before we share His glory and His throne.
*No burdens yonder,
All sorrow past;
No burdens yonder,
Home at last.*
No trials yonder, all the testing done,
The schooldays over and the prizes won;
No much-tried faith like gold in furnace heat,
The purifying will be all complete.
No toiling yonder, and no weariness,
No disappointments, and no more distress;
The future bright, the past all understood,
We'll see that all the way He led was good.
No parting yonder, and no sad goodbyes,
No pain, no sickness, and no weeping eyes;
But, best of all, my Saviour I shall see,
No cloud will come between my Lord and me.

27

He knoweth the way that I take,
Although it is hidden from me!
My Saviour, who loveth me so,
Each step of my journey can see,
He knoweth the way that I take!
When heavy the cross I must bear,

With me he has promised to be,
Each joy and each sorrow to share.

*He knoweth the way that I take!
Sweet comfort the though doth afford;
He knoweth the way that I take!
My Father, my Saviour, my Lord!*

He knoweth the way that I take,
When faltering my footsteps and slow!
My hand in his own He doth hold,
He never will fail me, I know.
He knoweth the way that I take,
And sends the blest Spirit to guide!
And when I so often would stray,
He woos me again to His side.

He knoweth the way that I take!
And though most unworthy am I,
Through grace he will lead me safe home,
To live with Himself, by and by.
Eternity then will be thine,
To praise Him, rejoice, and adore,
The King I am longing to see,
And with Him to dwell evermore.

28

Some day, I know not when 'twill be,
The angel death will come to me;
But this I know, if Christ be near
Old Jordan's waves I will not fear.

My sins he long ago forgave,
And still I feel his power to save;
And if I keep the witness clear,
Old Jordan's waves I shall not fear.

O'er me has sorrow's storm oft swept,
Safe from the danger me he's kept;
If still I trust this friend so dear,
Old Jordan's waves I need not fear.

My loved ones they have crossed the tide,
But safely crossed with Christ their guide;
They sweetly whispered in my ear,
Old Jordan's waves I do not fear.

So when at death's cold brink I stand,
My hand clasped in my Saviour's hand;
I too, shall shout in tones so clear,
Old Jordan's waves I do not fear.

29

Only in Thee, O Saviour mine,
Dwelleth my soul in peace divine,
Peace that the world, though all combine,
Never can take from me.
Pleasures of earth, so seemingly sweet,
Fail at the last my longings to meet;
Only in Thee my bliss is complete,
Only, dear Lord, in Thee!
Only in Thee a radiance bright,
Shines like a beacon in the night,
Guiding my pilgrim bark aright,
Over life's trackless sea.
Only in Thee, when troubles molest,
When with temptation I am oppressed,
There is a sweet pavilion of rest,
Only, dear Lord, in Thee!
Only in Thee, when days are drear,
When neither sun nor stars appear,
Still I can trust and feel no fear,
Sing when I cannot see.
Only in Thee, whatever betide,
All of my need is freely supplied;
There is no help nor helper beside,
Only, dear Lord, in Thee!
Only in Thee, dear Saviour, slain,
Losing Thy life my own to gain,
Trusting, I'm cleansed from every stain;
Thou art my only plea.
Only in Thee my heart will delight,
Till in that land where cometh no night
Faith will be lost in heavenly sight,
Only, dear Lord, in Thee!

30

O sinner leave the darkened path,
For God has found a way
Where all the lost may safely come,
To heaven's eternal day.

*For God so loved the world,
That He gave His only Son,
That whosoe'er on Him believe,
Eternal life at once receives
The moment it is done.*

How long will you reject His love,
And scorn His grace divine,
Your Saviour died to gain for you
The gift you now decline.

Each moment as it passes by,
With vast results is fraught,
You may accept, you may reject,
The kingdom for you bought.

Believe His Word, your sins forsake,
And take the eternal prize,
Come now, surrender at His feet,
Accept His sacrifice.

31

When Jesus hung on Calvary,
He thought of you and me;
'Twas love that held Him there to be
A sacrifice for you, for me.

*He thought of you, He thought of me,
While hanging there in agony;
Oh! wonder-love to you and me!
It broke His heart on Calvary.*

He wore a crown on Calvary,
He thought of you and me;
He knew His thorny crown would be
A diadem for you, for me.

On that dread cross of Calvary
He thought of you and me;
He thought not of His agony;
His heart went out to you, to me.

At last He cried on Calvary,
He thought of you and me;

"Tis finished for eternity!"
Oh! blessed cry for you, for me.

32

I have such a wonderful Saviour,
Who helps me wherever I go,
That I must be telling His goodness
That everybody should know.

*Everybody should know,
Everybody should know;
I have such a wonderful Saviour,
That everybody should know.*

His mercy and love is unbounded,
His rivers of grace overflow;
Yes, He is "The Chief of ten-thousand"
That everybody should know.

He helps me when trials surround me,
His love and His goodness to show;
How can I but love and adore Him
That everybody should know.

My life and my love I will give Him,
And faithfully serve Him below,
Who brought me His wondrous salvation,
That everybody should know.

33

I must needs go home by the way of the cross,
There's no other way but this;
I shall ne'er get sight of the gates of light,
If the way of the cross I miss.

*The way of the cross leads home,
The way of the cross leads home,
It is sweet to know as I onward go,
The way of the cross leads home.*

I must needs go on in the blood sprinkled way,
The path that the Saviour trod,
If I ever climb to the heights sublime,
Where the soul is at home with God.
Then I bid farewell to the way of the world,
To walk in it never more;

For the Lord says, "Come", and I seek my home,
Where He waits at the open door.

34

The Saviour has died to redeem you,
To pardon He shows you the way;
With tender compassion He loves you:
Oh, will you not love Him today?

*Yield to Him now,
Oh, yield to Him now,
While still He is calling today!
Yield to Him now,
Oh, yield to Him now!
Oh, will you not yield while you may?*

The Spirit is tenderly pleading,
He waits to give strength in the way;
He pleads with you now to be yielding:
Oh, will you not heed Him today?

Then hasten, for time is fast speeding,
There's hope only promised today;
Tomorrow His grace may be ending:
Oh, will you not take Him today?

Yield now to the Saviour who loves you,
For how can you longer delay?
He patiently waits to receive you:
Oh, will you not trust Him today?

35

I have heard of a land
On a far away strand,
In the Bible the story is told,
Where no cares ever come,
Neither darkness nor gloom,
And nothing shall ever grow old.
*In that beautiful land,
On the faraway strand,
There awaits us a robe and a crown;
In that city, we're told,
The streets are pure gold,
And the sunlight shall never go down.*

There are evergreen trees
That bend low in the breeze,
And their fruitage is brighter than gold;
There are harps for our hands,
In that fairest of lands,
And nothing shall ever grow old.
There's a home in that land,
At the Father's right hand;
There are mansions whose joys are untold;
There the ransomed will sing
Round the throne of their King,
And nothing shall ever grow old.

39

Don't stop praying! The Lord is nigh;
Don't stop praying! He'll hear your cry;
God has promised, and He is true;
Don't stop praying; He'll answer you.

Don't stop praying! For every need;
Don't stop praying! The Lord will heed;
No petition to him is small;
Don't stop praying! He'll hold your hand.

Don't stop praying when led to sin;
Don't stop praying! That good may win;
Christ was tempted and understands;
Don't stop praying! He'll hold your hands.

Don't stop praying! When bowed with grief;
Don't stop praying! You'll get relief;
Troubles never escape God's sight;
Don't stop praying! He'll make it right.

Don't stop praying! But have more trust;
Don't stop praying! For pray we must;
Faith will banish a mount of care;
Don't stop praying! God answers prayer

40

I have a Saviour who's pleading above;
Have you? Have you?
I have a Saviour who keeps by His love;
O friend without Jesus, have you?

*My dear loving Savior, my keeper, my king;
My blessèd Redeemer, Thy praises I sing;
Yes, I have a master so gentle and true;
O friend without Jesus, have you?*

I have a shepherd who leads all the way;
Have you? Have you?
I have a shepherd who seeks when I stray;
O friend without Jesus, have you?

I have a Father who hears when I call;
Have you? Have you?
I have a Father who warns ere I fall;
O friend without Jesus, have you?

Who could reject Him, my Saviour and King!
Will you? Will you?
I have believed Him; His love makes me sing;
O friend, I received Him; will you?

41

When I was but a little child how well I recollect
How I would grieve my mother with my folly and neglect;
And now that she has gone to Heav'n I miss her tender care:
O Saviour, tell my mother, I'll be there!

*Tell mother I'll be there, in answer to her prayer;
This message, blessèd Saviour, to her bear!
Tell mother I'll be there, Heaven's joys with her to share;
Yes, tell my darling mother I'll be there.*

Though I was often wayward, she was always kind and good;
So patient, gentle, loving when I acted rough and rude;
My childhood griefs and trials she would gladly with me share:
O Saviour, tell my mother, I'll be there!

When I became a prodigal, and left the old roof-tree,
She almost broke her loving heart in mourning after me;
And day and night she prayed to God to keep me in His care:
O Saviour, tell my mother, I'll be there!

One day a message came to me, it bade me quickly come
If I would see my mother ere the Saviour took her home;

I promised her, before she died, for Heaven to prepare:
O Saviour, tell my mother, I'll be there!

42

If we but knew that through the closing door
Someone we love would enter nevermore.
Would we not hasten with our richest store?
If we but knew! If we but knew!

If we but knew that from the market place
We soon should miss some kind familiar face,
Would our kind greetings not be touched with grace?
If we but knew! If we but knew!

If we but knew some heart beside our own
Had walked in dark Gethsemane alone,
Oh, with what bounty would our love be shown!
If we but knew! If we but knew!

O Saviour, patient, understanding, kind,
Thy sheep we are, out in the winter wind,
Forgive us that we are so willful, blind!
If we but knew! If we but knew!

43

As your journey through life to the grave you pursue,
There is one thing in earnest I wish you to do.
Oh! listen, my boy, while I say this to you—
Oh! cling to the Bible, my boy.

*Then cling to the Bible, my boy,
Oh! cling to the Bible, my boy;
While living or dying, all else letting go,
Oh! cling to the Bible, my boy.*

You may meet with misfortunes and sorrows and tears,
You may battle with sin and with Satan for years.
Be a Christian! press on! do not have any fears,
But cling to the Bible, my boy.

Put your faith in our Father, and you will be strong;
Keep your eye on the cross and you'll never go wrong;
Sing the sweet songs of praise as you journey along,
And cling to the Bible, my boy.

Every time that you read it you'll learn something new,
Of Jesus who died on the cross to save you;
To the Lord, to yourself, and to Heaven be true,
And cling to the Bible, my boy.

'Tis the anchor of hope, and the lamp that gives light;
'Tis the star that will shine thro' your life's darkest night.
If you follow its guidance you'll always be right.
Oh! cling to the Bible, my boy.

44

Simply trusting every day,
Trusting through a stormy way;
Even when my faith is small,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

*Trusting as the moments fly,
Trusting as the days go by;
Trusting Him whate'er befall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.*

Brightly does His Spirit shine
Into this poor heart of mine;
While He leads I cannot fall;
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

Singing if my way is clear,
Praying if the path be drear;
If in danger for Him call;
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

Trusting Him while life shall last,
Trusting Him till earth be past;
Till within the jasper wall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

45

I am so glad that our Father in Heaven
Tells of His love in the Book He has given;
Wonderful things in the Bible I see,
This is the dearest, that Jesus loves me.

*I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me.
I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves even me.*

Though I forget Him, and wander away,
Still He doth love me wherever I stray;
Back to His dear loving arms I do flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me.

Jesus loves me, and I know I love Him;
Love brought Him down my poor soul to redeem;
Yes, it was love made Him die on the tree;
Oh, I am certain that Jesus loves me!

If one should ask of me, how can I tell?
Glory to Jesus, I know very well!
God's Holy Spirit with mine doth agree,
Constantly witnessing Jesus loves me.

In this assurance I find sweetest rest,
Trusting in Jesus, I know I am blessed;
Satan, dismayed, from my soul now doth flee,
When I just tell him that Jesus loves me.

Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,
When in His beauty I see the great King,
This shall my song through eternity be,
Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me!

46

Jesus! what a Friend for sinners!
Jesus! Lover of my soul;
Friends may fail me, foes assail me,
He, my Saviour, makes me whole.

Hallelujah! what a Saviour!
Hallelujah! what a Friend!
Saving, helping, keeping, loving,
He is with me to the end.

Jesus! what a Strength in weakness!
Let me hide myself in Him.
Tempted, tried, and sometimes failing,
He, my Strength, my victory wins.

Jesus! what a Help in sorrow!
While the billows over me roll,
Even when my heart is breaking,
He, my Comfort, helps my soul.

Jesus! what a Guide and Keeper!
While the tempest still is high,

Storms about me, night overtakes me,
He, my Pilot, hears my cry.

****** Jesus! I do now receive Him,
More than all in Him I find.
He hath granted me forgiveness,
I am His, and He is mine.

****** or, Jesus! I do now adore Him,

47

I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice,
And it told Thy love to me;
But I long to rise in the arms of faith
And be closer drawn to Thee.

*Draw me nearer, nearer blessèd Lord,
To the cross where Thou hast died.
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer blessèd Lord,
To Thy precious, bleeding side.*

Consecrate me now to Thy service, Lord,
By the power of grace divine;
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope,
And my will be lost in Thine.

O the pure delight of a single hour
That before Thy throne I spend,
When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God
I commune as friend with friend!

There are depths of love that I cannot know
Till I cross the narrow sea;
There are heights of joy that I may not reach
Till I rest in peace with Thee.

48

There shall be showers of blessing:
This is the promise of love;
There shall be seasons refreshing,
Sent from the Saviour above.

*Showers of blessing,
Showers of blessing we need:
Mercy drops round us are falling,
But for the showers we plead.*

There shall be showers of blessing,
Precious reviving again;
Over the hills and the valleys,
Sound of abundance of rain.

There shall be showers of blessing;
Send them upon us, O Lord;
Grant to us now a refreshing,
Come, and now honor Thy Word.

There shall be showers of blessing:
Oh, that today they might fall,
Now as to God we're confessing,
Now as on Jesus we call!

There shall be showers of blessing,
If we but trust and obey;
There shall be seasons refreshing,
If we let God have His way.

49

I've something in my heart that Jesus gave to me,
It makes me feel like singing glory all the day;
He found my captive soul and gave me liberty,
And now I feel like singing glory!

*He makes the path grow brighter every passing day;
He makes the burden lighter all along the way;
His Word is my delight, His will I now obey,
And all the time I'm singing glory!*

My Saviour loosed my tongue that I might speak His praise;
Since then I have been singing glory all the day;
I love to tell the lost of Jesus and His ways,
And oh, it keeps me singing glory!

My Saviour took my feet from out the miry clay;
Since then I have been singing glory all the day;
He placed them on the rock that shall not pass away—
I cannot keep from singing glory!

O weary heart and sad, O heavy laden soul,
If you would feel like singing glory all the day,
Just let the Saviour in, and let Him take control;
Then you will feel like singing glory!

50

Saviour, 'tis a full surrender,
All I leave to follow Thee;
Thou my leader and defender
From this hour shalt ever be.

I surrender all!
I surrender all!
All I have I bring to Jesus,
I surrender all.

As I come in deep contrition,
At this consecrated hour,
Hear, O Christ, my heart's petition,
Let me feel the Spirit's power!

No withholding — full confession;
Pleasures, riches, all must flee;
Holy Spirit, take possession!
I no more, but Thou in me.

Be this theme my song and story,
Now and until life is o'er;
This my rapture, this my glory,
Till I reach the shining shore.

Oh, the joy of full salvation!
Oh, the peace of love divine!
Oh, the bliss of consecration!
I am His, and He is mine.

51

Why should I feel discouraged, why should the shadows come,
Why should my heart be lonely, and long for Heaven and home,
When Jesus is my portion? My constant friend is He:
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me;
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me.

I sing because I'm happy,
I sing because I'm free,
For His eye is on the sparrow,
And I know He watches me.

Let not your heart be troubled, His tender word I hear,
And resting on His goodness, I lose my doubts and fears;
Though by the path He leadeth, but one step I may see;
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me;
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me.

Whenever I am tempted, whenever clouds arise,
When songs give place to sighing, when hope within me dies,
I draw the closer to Him, from care He sets me free;
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me;
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me.

52

Where will you spend eternity?
This question comes to you and me!
Tell me, what shall your answer be?
Where will you spend eternity?
Eternity! eternity!
Where will you spend eternity?

Many are choosing Christ today,
Turning from all their sins away;
Heav'n shall their happy portion be;
Where will you spend eternity?
Eternity! eternity!
Where will you spend eternity?

Leaving the straight and narrow way,
Going the downward road today,
Sad will their final ending be,
Lost thro' a long eternity!
Eternity! eternity!
Lost thro' a long eternity!

Repent, believe, this very hour,
Trust in the Saviour's grace and power,
Then will your joyous answer be,
Saved through a long eternity!
Eternity! eternity!
Saved thro' a long eternity!

53

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.

*Trust and obey, for there's no other way
To be happy in Jesus, but to trust and obey.*

Not a shadow can rise, not a cloud in the skies,
But His smile quickly drives it away;

Not a doubt or a fear, not a sigh or a tear,
Can abide while we trust and obey.

Not a burden we bear, not a sorrow we share,
But our toil He doth richly repay;
Not a grief or a loss, not a frown or a cross,
But is blessed if we trust and obey.

But we never can prove the delights of His love
Until all on the altar we lay;
For the favor He shows, for the joy He bestows,
Are for them who will trust and obey.

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.

54

There was One who was willing to die in my stead
That a soul so unworthy might live;
And the path to the cross He was willing to tread,
All the sins of my life to forgive.

*They are nailed to the cross, they are nailed to the cross,
Oh, how much He was willing to bear!
With what anguish and loss Jesus went to the cross,
And He carried my sins with Him there!*

He is tender and loving and patient with me,
While He cleanses my heart of its dross;
For "there's no condemnation" — I know I am free,
For my sins are all nailed to the cross.

I will leave them all there; no more upon me
Can the weight, that would crush me, be laid;
For in Jesus my Lord were they nailed to the cross
When the price of redemption He paid.

I will cling to my Saviour and never depart —
I will joyfully serve Him each day,
With a song on my lips and a song in my heart,
That my sins have been taken away

55

Over the river, faces I see,
Fair as the morning, looking for me;
Free from their sorrow, grief and despair,
Waiting and watching patiently there.

*Looking this way, yes, looking this way,
Loved ones are waiting, looking this way;
Fair as the morning, bright as the day,
Dear ones in glory, looking this way.*

Father and mother, safe in that vale,
Watch for the boatman, wait for the sail,
Bearing their loved ones over the tide,
Into the harbor, near to their side.

Brother and sister, gone to that clime,
Wait for the others, coming sometime,
Safe with the angels, whiter than snow,
Watching for dear ones, waiting below.

Sweet little darling, light of the home,
Looking for someone, beckoning, Come;
Bright as a sunbeam, pure as the dew,
Anxiously looking, mother, for you.

Jesus the Saviour, bright Morning Star,
Looking for lost ones straying afar;
Hear the glad message, why will you roam?
Jesus is calling, "Sinner come home."

56

Nearer, still nearer, close to Thy heart,
Draw me, my Saviour — so precious Thou art!
Fold me, oh, fold me close to Thy breast.
Shelter me safe in that Haven of Rest;
Shelter me safe in that Haven of Rest.

Nearer, still nearer, nothing I bring,
*Naught as an offering to Jesus, my king;
Only my sinful, now contrite heart.
Grant me the cleansing Thy blood doth impart.
Grant me the cleansing Thy blood doth impart.

Nearer, still nearer, Lord, to be Thine!
Sin, with its follies, I gladly resign,
All of its pleasures, pomp and its pride,
Give me but Jesus, my Lord, crucified.
Give me but Jesus, my Lord, crucified.

Nearer, still nearer, while life shall last.
Till safe in glory my anchor is cast;
Through endless ages ever to be
Nearer, my Saviour, still nearer to Thee;

57

Where is my wandering boy tonight—
The boy of my tenderest care,
The boy that was once my joy and light,
The child of my love and prayer?

*Oh, where is my boy tonight?
Oh, where is my boy tonight?
My heart o'erflows, for I love him, he knows;
Oh, where is my boy tonight?*

Once he was pure as morning dew,
As he knelt at his mother's knee;
No face was as bright, no heart more true,
And none was so sweet as he.

Oh, could I see you now, my boy,
As fair as in olden time,
When prattle and smile made home a joy,
And life was a merry chime!

Go for my wandering boy tonight;
Go search for him where you will;
But bring him to me with all his blight,
And tell him I love him still.

Tell him that Jesus loves him too,
And is waiting to bring him home;
He surely will yield to Love so true,
Oh, plead with him now to come!

58

Sinners Jesus will receive;
Sound this word of grace to all
Who the heavenly pathway leave,
All who linger, all who fall.

*Sing it o'er and o'er again;
Christ receiveth sinful men;
Make the message clear and plain:
Christ receiveth sinful men.*

Come, and He will give you rest;
Trust Him, for His Word is plain;
He will take the sinfulest;
Christ receiveth sinful men.

Now my heart condemns me not,
Pure before the law I stand;
He who cleansed me from all spot,
Satisfied its last demand.

Christ receiveth sinful men,
Even me with all my sin;
Purged from every spot and stain,
Heaven with Him I enter in.

59

I am saved from my sin, and to joy enter in:
With the heart I believe on the Saviour!
I have wonderful peace, from the burden release;
I believe on the Son of God!

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

First He showed me my need, and in love He did plead,
With heart I believe on the Saviour!
Then He opened my eyes, and the light did arise;
I believe on the Son of God.

I have tasted His grace, I have gazed on His face;
With the heart I believe on the Saviour!
Waves of love o'er me roll, all is well with my soul;
I believe on the Son of God.

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

60

I am walking every day with Jesus!
I feel His presence sweetly near;

Unto me He whispers words of wisdom,
That banish doubt and quiet fear.

*For I am walking every day with Jesus!
With Jesus, my Saviour!
For I am walking every day with Jesus!
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way!*

I am walking every day with Jesus!
My burden and my cross He shares,
With His counsel guards and guides me onward,
And shields me from the tempter's snare.

I am walking every day with Jesus!
Content and fully satisfied;
For the way is growing brighter, clearer,
As on we journey side by side.

I am walking every day with Jesus!
Although His face I cannot see,
He has said, "I will be with thee alway!"
His promise is enough for me.

61

I've wandered far away from God,
Now I'm coming home;
The paths of sin too long I've trod,
Lord, I'm coming home.
*Coming home, coming home,
Nevermore to roam;
Open wide Thine arms of love,
Lord, I'm coming home.*
I've wasted many precious years,
Now I'm coming home;
I now repent with bitter tears,
Lord, I'm coming home.
I'm tired of sin and straying, Lord,
Now I'm coming home;
I'll trust Thy love, believe Thy word,
Lord, I'm coming home.
My soul is sick, my heart is sore,
Now I'm coming home;
My strength renew, my home restore,
Lord, I'm coming home.
My only hope, my only plea,
Now I'm coming home;
That Jesus died, and died for me,
Lord, I'm coming home.

I need His cleansing blood I know,
Now I'm coming home;
Oh, wash me whiter than the snow,
Lord, I'm coming home.

62

Some one will enter the pearly gates —
By and by, by and by,
Taste of the glories that there await,
Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?
Someone will travel the streets of gold,
Beautiful visions will there behold,
Feast on the pleasures so long foretold:
Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?

Someone will gladly his cross lay down
By and by, by and by,
Faithful approved, shall receive a crown,
Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?
Someone the glorious King will see,
Ever from sorrow of earth be free,
Happy with Him thro' eternity:
Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?

Someone will knock when the door is shut
By and by, by and by,
Hear a voice saying, I know you not,
Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?
Someone will call and shall not be heard,
Vainly will strive when the door is barred,
Someone will fail of the saint's reward:
Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?

Someone will sing the triumphant song
By and by, by and by,
Join in the praise with the blood-bought throng,
Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?
Someone will greet on the golden shore
Loved ones of earth who have gone before,
Safe in the glory forevermore:
Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?

63

Somebody came and lifted me
Out of my sin and misery
Somebody came, Oh, who could it be,
Who could it be but Jesus?

*Who could it be, Oh, who could it be?
Who could it be but Jesus?
Who could it be, Oh, who could it be?
Who could it be but Jesus?*

Somebody bent so tenderly,
Pleading so long and patiently,
Somebody came, Oh, who could it be,
Who could it be but Jesus?

Somebody whispered sweet and low,
Telling me just the way to go,
Somebody spoke, I listened, and lo,
Who could it be but Jesus?

Somebody holds my hand each day,
Guiding my feet lest I should stray,
Walking with Him how blessed the way,
Who can it be but Jesus?

64

Open my eyes, that I may see
Glimpses of truth Thou hast for me;
Place in my hands the wonderful key
That shall unclasp and set me free.

*Silently now I wait for Thee,
Ready my God, Thy will to see,
Open my eyes, illumine me,
Spirit divine!*

Open my ears, that I may hear
Voices of truth Thou sendest clear;
And while the wave notes fall on my ear,
Everything false will disappear.

Open my mouth, and let me bear,
Gladly the warm truth everywhere;
Open my heart and let me prepare
Love with Thy children thus to share.

Open my mind, that I may read
More of Thy love in word and deed;
What shall I fear while yet Thou dost lead?
Only for light from Thee I plead.

Open my way, that I may bring
Trophies of grace to Thee, my King;
Echoed in love Thy Word shall out-ring,

Sweet as the note that angels sing.

*Silently now I wait for Thee,
Ready my God, Thy will to see,
Open my way, illumine me,
Spirit divine!*

65

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.

*Stand up, stand up for Jesus, ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner, it must not, it must not, suffer loss.*

Stand up, stand up for Jesus, the solemn watchword hear;
If while ye sleep He suffers, away with shame and fear;
Where'er ye meet with evil, within you or without,
Charge for the God of battles, and put the foe to rout.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus, the trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict, in this His glorious day.
Ye that are brave now serve Him against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger, and strength to strength oppose.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus, stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you, ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the Gospel armor, each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls or danger, be never wanting there.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus, each soldier to his post,
Close up the broken column, and shout through all the host:
Make good the loss so heavy, in those that still remain,
And prove to all around you that death itself is gain.

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 who overcometh a crown of life shall be;
They with the King of Glory shall reign eternally.

66

Jesus Himself drew near,
And joined them as they walked,
And soon their hearts began to burn,

As of Himself He talked:
Draw near, O Lord.

Jesus Himself drew near,
They were no longer sad;
When He was walking at their side,
How could they but be glad?
Draw near, O Lord.

Jesus Himself drew near,
And all their doubts were solved;
He showed them why Christ came to die,
And what that death involved:
Draw near, O Lord.

Jesus Himself drew near,
And at the journey's end
They could not let Him leave them thus,
The Stranger was their Friend:
Draw near, O Lord.

67

Like a river glorious, is God's perfect peace,
Over all victorious, in its bright increase;
Perfect, yet it floweth, fuller every day,
Perfect, yet it groweth, deeper all the way.

*Stayed upon Jehovah, hearts are fully blest
Finding, as He promised, perfect peace and rest.*

Hidden in the hollow of His blessed hand,
Never foe can follow, never traitor stand;
Not a surge of worry, not a shade of care,
Not a blast of hurry touch the spirit there.

Every joy or trial falleth from above,
Traced upon our dial by the Sun of Love;
We may trust Him fully all for us to do.
They who trust Him wholly find Him wholly true.

67

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one
Our comforts and our cares.

We share each other's woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathising tear.

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

This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

From sorrow, toil and pain,
And sin, we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

69

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.

I love Thee because Thou has 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.

I'll 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.

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.

70

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.

*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.*

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 labour 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.

71

I need Thee every hour, most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like Thine can peace afford.

*I need Thee, Oh, I need Thee;
Every hour I need Thee;
O bless me now, my Savior,
I come to Thee.*

I need Thee every hour, stay Thou nearby;
Temptations lose their power when Thou art nigh.

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

I need Thee every hour; teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises in me fulfill.

I need Thee every hour, most Holy One;
Oh, make me Thine indeed, Thou blessed Son.

72

In the secret of His presence there is rest,
There is shelter for the burdened and oppressed,
From the weariness of earthly sin and sorrow

I will flee to Jesus Christ who giveth rest.

*Beneath His wings I'm safely hiding,
In Him alone my soul confiding.
I will not fear in Him abiding,
My Saviour dear, my Saviour dear.*

In the secret of His presence there is peace,
Where the echoes of earth's pain and passion cease,
From the fever and the fret of earthly striving,
I will to Jesus Christ who giveth peace.
In the secret of His presence there is joy,
Where the foe can never enter to destroy,
Looking yonder to the glory of His presence,
I will flee to Jesus Christ who giveth joy.

In the secret of His presence there is love,
"Come to me" He calleth gently from above,
I will trust His wondrous love and tender mercy,
I will flee to Jesus Christ and share his love,

73

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.

*Rescue the perishing, care for the dying,
Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.*

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.

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.

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 Saviour has died.

74

Jesus, the Saviour, is calling today,
Sinner, will you come?
Do not reject Him, oh, turn not away,
Sinner, will you come

*Come, come, do not delay,
Jesus is tenderly pleading,
Waiting to pardon and welcome you home,
Oh, come to Him while you may.*

Many are wandering far from the fold,
Dying, sick and sore,
Christ, the good Shepherd, with mercy untold,
Seeks them evermore.

Come to Me ye that are weary and worn,
I will give you rest,
Easy the yoke when with Me it is borne,
Take it and be blest.

Certain the road to eternity lies,
Bringing life or woe,
Jesus will give you a home in the skies,
Can you still say No?

75

Gone are my fears, for the Saviour has found me;
My sins He forgave, by His grace I am free;
In storm and in calm His strong arms are around me:
To know that He love me is heaven for me.

*It is heaven just to know that Jesus
Washed away my every stain of sin;
It is heaven just to know that Jesus
Washed away my every stain of sin.*

Nailed to the cross, by the world un-befriended,
What anguish He suffered on Calvary's tree!
In sorrow He died, but in glory ascended:
To know He redeemed me is heaven for me.

Wonderful love of the heart that was broken!
He cast all my sins in the depths of the sea;
And daily His gifts are to me as a token:
To know He is with me in heaven for me.

Saved by His grace I shall meet Him in glory —
What joy will be mine when His face I shall see!
And sing with the ransomed Redemption's glad story:
To be with the Lord will be heaven for me.

76

They are gathering homeward from every land,
One by one! one by one!
As their weary feet touch the shining strand,
Yes, one by one!
They rest with the Saviour, they wait their crown,
Their travel-stained garments are all laid down;
They wait the white raiment the Lord shall prepare
For all who the glory with Him shall share.

Gathering home! gathering home!
Fording the river one by one!
Gathering home, gathering home,
Yes, one by one!

Before they rest, they pass through the strife,
One by one! one by one!
Through the waters of death they enter life,
Yes, one by one!
To some are the floods of the river still,
As they ford on their way to the heavenly hill;
The waves to others run fiercely and wild,
Yet they reach the home of the undefiled.

We too shall come to the riverside,
One by one! one by one!
We are nearer its waters each eventide,
Yes, one by one!
We can hear the noise of the dashing stream,
Oft now and again, thro' our life's deep dream;
Sometimes the dark floods all the banks overflow,
Sometimes in ripples and small waves go.

Oh, Jesus, Redeemer, we look to Thee,
One by one! one by one!
We lift up our voices tremblingly,
Yes, one by one!
The waves of the river are dark and cold,
But we know the place where our feet shall hold;
O Thou who didst pass through the deepest midnight,
Now guide us, and send us the staff and light.

77

O listen to our wondrous story,
Counted once among the lost;
Yet One came down from Heaven's glory,
Saving us at awful cost!

*Who saved us from eternal loss?
Who but God's Son upon the cross?
What did He do?
He died for you!
Where is He now?
In Heaven interceding!*

No angel could His place have taken,
Highest of the high though he;
The loved One on the cross forsaken,
Was One of the Godhead three!

And yet this wondrous tale proceedeth,
Stirring heart and tongue aflame!
As our high priest in Heaven He pleadeth,
And Christ Jesus is His name!

Will you surrender to this Saviour?
To His sceptre humbly bow?
You, too, shall come to know His favour,
He will save you, save you now.

78

Though the angry surges roll
On my tempest driven soul,
I am peaceful, for I know,
Wildly though the winds may blow,
I've an anchor safe and sure,
That can evermore endure.

*And it holds, my anchor holds:
Blow your wildest, then, O gale,
On my bark so small and frail;
By His grace I shall not fail,
For my anchor holds, my anchor holds.*

Mighty tides about me sweep,
Perils lurk within the deep,
Angry clouds o'er shade the sky,
And the tempest rises high;
Still I stand the tempest's shock,
For my anchor grips the rock.

I can feel the anchor fast
As I meet each sudden blast,
And the cable, though unseen,
Bears the heavy strain between;
Through the storm I safely ride,
Till the turning of the tide.

Troubles almost 'whelm the soul;
Griefs like billows o'er me roll;
Tempters seek to lure astray;
Storms obscure the light of day:
But in Christ I can be bold,
I've an anchor that shall hold.

79

Must I go, and empty handed,
Thus my dear Redeemer meet?
Not one day of service give Him,
Lay no trophy at His feet?

*Must I go, and empty handed?
Must I meet my Saviour so?
Not one soul with which to greet Him,
Must I empty handed go?*

Not at death I shrink or falter,
For my Saviour saves me now;
But to meet Him empty handed,
Thought of that now clouds my brow.

O the years in sinning wasted,
Could I but recall them now,
I would give them to my Saviour,
To His will I'd gladly bow.

O ye saints, arouse, be earnest,
Up and work while yet 'tis day;
Ere the night of death o'ertake thee,
Strive for souls while still you may.

80

Soul adrift upon life's stormy sea,
Jesus draweth near to rescue thee;
Ruler of the winds and waves is He;
Will you let him save you now?

*Will you let Him save you now?
Will you let Him save you now?
Will you take His loving hand,
Pilot to the better land?
Will you let him save you now?*

Do not fear to trust to His control,
He can still the storm though billows roll;
His strong arm hath never failed a soul;
Will you let him save you now?

Though before the storm you may not quail,
All your fancied skill will not avail;
Jesus ready stands — He cannot fail;
Will you let him save you now?

Let Him save you now! Oh, do not wait,
Hoping that the tempest may abate;
Be not yours that bitter cry “Too late!”
Will you let him save you now?

81

The Name of Jesus is so sweet,
I love its music to repeat;
It makes my joys full and complete,
The precious Name of Jesus!

*“Jesus”, Oh, how sweet the Name!
“Jesus”, every day the same;
“Jesus”, let all saints proclaim
Its worthy praise forever!*

I love the Name of Him Whose heart
Knows all my griefs and bears a part;
Who bids all anxious fears depart,
I love the Name of Jesus!

That Name I fondly love to hear,
It never fails my heart to cheer;
Its music dries the falling tear,
Exalt the Name of Jesus!

No word of man can ever tell
How sweet the Name I love so well;
Oh, let its praises ever swell,
Oh, praise the Name of Jesus!

82

I was far away from Jesus, dead in trespasses and sin,
And I thought for one so vile no hope could be;
But the blessed Lord of Glory stooped and raised me to Himself,
As He put his loving arms around me.

*He put His mighty arms around me,
He put His loving arms around me,
I looked into His face, it beamed with tender grace
As He put his loving arms around me.*
Then He whispered to me pardon thro' the all atoning blood
Which He shed for my transgressions on the tree;
And the blessed peace of heaven came into my weary soul,
As He put his loving arms around me.

*Day by day He guides and keeps me in the blessed narrow way,
He put His mighty arms around me,
He put His loving arms around me,
I looked into His face, it beamed with tender grace*

As He put his loving arms around me.
From the ban of sin and death He makes me free;
There's no evil can befall me while I'm resting in His grace,
As He put his loving arms around me.

In the hour of deepest trial when all earthly comfort fails
And no cheering ray of sunshine I can see,
Then to Him I bring my sorrow and He wipes away my tears,
As He put his loving arms around me.

Oh, this blessed life in Jesus! Sinner, won't you hear His call?
From the power of sin's dominion He can free;
Yield thy heart to Him this moment and with joy thou'lt surely find
As He put his loving arms around me.

83

I've tried in vain a thousand ways
My fears to quell, my hopes to raise;
But what I need, the Bible says,
Is ever, only Jesus.

My soul is night, my heart is steel—
I cannot see, I cannot feel;
For light, for life, I must appeal
In simple faith to Jesus.

He died, He lives, He reigns, He pleads;
There's love in all His words and deeds;
There's all a guilty sinner needs
Forevermore in Jesus.

Though some should sneer, and some should blame,
I'll go with all my guilt and shame;
I'll go to Him because His name,
Above all names, is Jesus.

84

Does Jesus care when my heart is pained
Too deeply for mirth or song,
As the burdens press, and the cares distress
And the way grows weary and long?

*Oh yes, He cares, I know He cares,
His heart is touched with my grief;
When the days are weary, the long nights dreary,
I know my Savior cares.*

Does Jesus care when my way is dark
With a nameless dread and fear?
As the daylight fades into deep night shades,
Does He care enough to be near?

Does Jesus care when I've tried and failed
To resist some temptation strong;
When for my deep grief there is no relief,
Though my tears flow all the night long?

Does Jesus care when I've said goodbye
To the dearest on earth to me,
And my sad heart aches till it nearly breaks,
Is it aught to Him? Does He see?

85

Dear Lord, I cannot see
Where Thou art leading me!
I cannot tell if thorns or roses strew the way,
My future is concealed!
Thou hast not yet revealed
Thy will in me, nor do I for the knowledge pray.

*Thy will be done in me, Lord!
My all I yield to Thee, Lord!
In life, in death, be Thou my Guide,
And I shall be satisfied*

What streams I have to cross,
Of sorrow, pain or loss,
Are not for me to fear—I shall not be dismayed;
Content if Thou, my Guide,
Art ever near my side,
That I may hear thee whisper, “Child, be not afraid!”

Rejoicing, on I go;
I do not ask to know
The path I tread, or whither be the way I take!
Thy will be done in me;
This is my only plea;
Forgive, and love, and guide, for Thy mercy’s sake.

86

Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod,
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?

*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.*

On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will talk and worship ever,
All the happy golden day.

Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

At the smiling of the river,
Mirror of the Saviour’s face,
Saints, whom death will never sever,
Lift their songs of saving grace.

Soon we’ll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

87

Oh, why not say Yes to the Saviour tonight?
He's tenderly pleading with thee
To come to Him now with thy sin burdened heart
For pardon so full and so free.

*Why not say Yes tonight?
Why not? Why not?
While He so gently, so tenderly pleads,
Oh, accept Him tonight!*

For with you the Spirit will not always plead—
Oh, do not reject Him tonight!
Tomorrow may bring you the darkness of death,
Unbroken by heavenly light.

Take Christ as your Saviour, then all shall be well,
The morrow let bring what it may;
His love shall protect you, His Spirit shall guide,
And safely keep you in His way.

88

I stand all amazed at the love Jesus offers me,
Confused at the grace that so fully He proffers me;
I tremble to know that for me He was crucified—
That for me, a sinner, He suffered, He bled, and died.

*Oh, it is wonderful that He should care for me!
Enough to die for me!
Oh, it is wonderful, wonderful to me!*

I marvel that He would descend from His throne divine,
To rescue a soul so rebellious and proud as mine;
That He should extend His great love unto such as I;
Sufficient to own, to redeem, and to justify.

I think of His hands pierced and bleeding to pay the debt!
Such mercy, such love and devotion can I forget?
No, no! I will praise and adore at the mercy seat,
Until at the glorified throne I kneel at His feet.

89

I know not what before me lies:
God kindly veils the distant skies;
I trust His love — He knoweth best,
His way will lead me into rest

*He is my guide, He knows the way,
He keepeth me from day to day;
Just as He wills my path shall be,
For oh, I know He leadeth me.*

I know not how, or when, or where
He'll lift the heavy cross I bear;
But this I know, when 'tis laid down,
I shall receive for it a crown.
Sometimes the way is rough and steep,
The fords of sorrow dark and deep;
And yet I know when these are past,
I'll reach my home in heaven at last.

There, with the loved ones gone before,
United we for evermore
Shall sing the wonders of His grace
As we behold Him face to face.

90

I know my heavenly Father knows
The storms that would my way oppose;
But He can drive the clouds away,
And turn the darkness into day.

*He knows, He knows
The storms that would my way oppose;
He knows, He knows
And tempers every wind that blows*

I know my heavenly Father knows
The balm I need to soothe my woes;
And with His touch of love divine
He heals this wounded heart of mine.

I know my heavenly Father knows
How frail I am to meet my foes;
But He my cause will e'er defend,
Uphold and keep me to the end.

I know my heavenly Father knows
The hour my journey here will close;

And may that hour, O faithful Guide,
Find me safe sheltered by Thy side.

91

So near to the kingdom of heaven,
But yet outside the gate!
Some day you plan to enter —
“Some day” may be too late!

*So near to the kingdom, why hesitate?
So near to the kingdom, why longer wait?
Oh, enter before 'tis forever too late!
So near to the kingdom, so near*

So near to the kingdom of heaven!
Almost persuaded now
To trust the blessed Saviour,
Before His sceptre bow.

So near to the kingdom of heaven!
Your friends are entering in
To find the great salvation
That cleanseth from all sin.

So near to the kingdom of heaven,
Yet halting at the door!
Oh, shall your soul, through doubting,
Be doubting forevermore?

92

The hand that was nailed to the cross of woe,
In love reaches out to the world below;
'Tis beckoning now to the souls that roam,
And pointing the way to the heavenly home.

*The hand of my Saviour I see,
The hand that was wounded for me;
'Twill lead me in love to the mansions above,
The hand that was wounded for me!*

E'en now I can see, through a mist of tears,
That hand still outstretched o'er the gulf of years,
With healing and hope for my sin sick soul,
One touch of its finger will make me whole!

The hand that wrought wonders in days of old,
Holds treasure more precious than gems or gold,
The price of redemption from sin and shame,
The gift of salvation through Jesus' name.

How oft at the touch of that nail scarred palm,
My storm-troubled heart has at once grown calm!
The tempest that surges I will not fear
For how can I sink while that hand is near?

Triumphant through grace I shall some day stand,
With Jesus at home on that golden strand,
His face in His beauty at last to see,
My hand in His hand that was pierced for me.

93

Will you not try to win someone?
Back from the path of sin?
Telling the love of Jesus,
Will you not now begin?

*Will you not try to win someone?
Someone has gone astray.
Will you not try to win someone
Back to the narrow way*

Will you not try to win someone?
Just by a word or smile?
Lifting your heart to Jesus
Praying for grace the while.

Will you not try to win someone?
Just for the Saviour's sake?
Bearing in mind His sorrow,
Knowing His heart must ache.

Will you not try to win someone?
Great is the need today.
Someone is perishing near you,
There must be no delay.

94

Throw out the life line across the dark wave;
There is a brother whom someone should save;
Somebody's brother! Oh, who then will dare
To throw out the life line, his peril to share?

Throw out the life line! Throw out the life line!
Someone is drifting away;
Throw out the life line! Throw out the life line!
Someone is sinking today.

Throw out the life line with hand quick and strong:
Why do you tarry, why linger so long?
See! he is sinking; oh, hasten today
And out with the life boat! away, then away!

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.

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 today.

This is the life line, oh, tempest tossed men;
Baffled by waves of temptation and sin;
Wild winds of passion, your strength cannot brave,
But Jesus is mighty, and Jesus can save.

Jesus is able! To you who are driven,
Farther and farther from God and from Heaven;
Helpless and hopeless, o'erwhelmed by the wave;
We throw out the life line, 'tis Jesus can save.

This is the life line, oh, grasp it today!
See, you are recklessly drifting away;
Voices in warning, shout over the wave,
O grasp the strong life line, for Jesus can save.

95

When we cross the valley there need be no shadows,
When life's day is ended and its sorrows o'er;
When the summons comes to meet the blessed Saviour,
When we rise to dwell with Him forevermore.

*Shadows! no need of shadows
When at last we lay life's burdens down;
Shadows! no need of shadows!
When at last we gain the victor's crown.*

When our loved ones leave us there need be no shadows,
If their faith is fixed in Jesus as their Lord;
For they go to be with Him who died to save them,
To be with the One whom they have long adored.

When He comes to meet us there need be no shadows,
When He comes in all His glorious array;
When the trump of God shall sound and loved ones waken,
When He leads us onward with triumphant sway.

96

When I see my Saviour, hanging on Calvary,
Bearing there for sinners bitterest agony.
Gratitude o'erwhelms me, makes mine eyes grow dim,
All my ransomed being captive is to Him.

I can see the blood drops, red 'neath His thorny crown,
From the cruel nail wounds now they are falling down;
Lord, when I would wander from Thy love away,
Let me see those blood drops shed for me that day.

Why hast Thou forsaken? List to that sad, sad moan!
Oh, His heart was broken, suffering there alone;
Broken then that mortals ne'er need cry in vain
For God's love and comfort, in the hour of pain.

97

Many are happy in Jesus tonight,
Why not you? Why not you?
Sure of a home in the mansions of light,
Why not you?

*Daily His wonderful mercy they prove,
Singing, rejoicing, as onward they move;
Safe in His keeping they rest in His love,
Why not you?*

Many were snatched from the brink of despair,
Why not you? Why not you?
Now in the joys of the Righteous they share,

Why not you?

Many a prodigal child has returned,
Why not you? Why not you?
Blessings to find in the home they had spurned,
Why not you?

Many are close to the brink of the grave,
Why not you? Why not you?
Fully persuaded that Jesus can save,
Why not you?

Many are now on their journey to heaven,
Why not you? Why not you?
Knowing thro' faith that their sins are forgiven,
Why not you?

98

98

Jesus is all the world to me, my life, my joy, my all;
He is my strength from day to day, without Him I would fall.
When I am sad, to Him I go, no other one can cheer me so;
When I am sad, He makes me glad, He's my friend.

Jesus is all the world to me, my friend in trials sore;
I go to Him for blessings, and He gives them over and o'er.
He sends the sunshine and the rain, He sends the harvest's golden grain;
Sunshine and rain, harvest of grain, He's my friend.

Jesus is all the world to me, and true to Him I'll be;
O how could I this friend deny, when He's so true to me?
Following Him I know I'm right, He watches o'er me day and night;
Following Him by day and night, He's my friend.

Jesus is all the world to me, I want no better friend;
I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when life's fleeting days shall end.
Beautiful life with such a friend, beautiful life that has no end;
Eternal life, eternal joy, He's my friend.

99

My Father knows just what I need,
He watches o'er my way;
How sweet to lean upon His love
Each moment of the day.

*He knows, He cares, He loves me so,
He watches o'er the way I go;
And by His hand will lead me on
To that fair land of endless song.*

His eye will guide me in the path
That leads to light and home;
His grace will hold me, so that I
From Him will never roam.

His grace is mine in weakest hour,
When enemies appall;
My hand in His, His hand in mine,
I know I cannot fail.

100

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.

*Anywhere, anywhere! Fear I cannot know;
Anywhere with Jesus I can safely go.*

Anywhere with Jesus I need fear no ill,
Though temptations gather round my pathway still;
He Himself was tempted that He might help me;
Anywhere with Jesus I may victor be.

Anywhere with Jesus I am not alone;
Other friends may fail me, He is still my own;
Though His hand may lead me over dreariest ways,
Anywhere with Jesus is a house of praise.

Anywhere with Jesus, over land and sea,
Telling souls in darkness of salvation free;
Ready as He summons me to go or stay,
Anywhere with Jesus when He points the way.

Anywhere with Jesus I can go to sleep,
When the darkening shadows round about me creep,
Knowing I shall waken nevermore to roam;
Anywhere with Jesus will be home, sweet home.

101

Like wandering sheep o'er mountains cold,
Since all have gone astray;
To "Life" and peace within the fold,
How may I find the way

*I am the way, the Truth, and the Life;
No man cometh unto the Father but by me.
I am the way, the truth, and the life;
I am the way, the Truth, and the Life;
No man cometh unto the Father but by Me.*

Bewildered oft with doubt and care,
To God I fain would go;
But while they cry, "Lo here! lo there!"
The truth how may I know.

To Christ the Way, the Truth, the Life,
I come, no more to roam;
He'll guide me to my "Father's house,"
To my eternal home.

102

As far as the west is removed from the east,
He banished my sins, both the greatest and least;
My sins are forgiven — Are yours?
My sins are forgiven — Are yours?

Like clouds they had gathered, obscuring the sun;
He blotted them out, there remaineth not one;
My sins are forgiven — Are yours?
My sins are forgiven — Are yours?

I could not have settled the least of my debts;
He paid the great price, and He even forgets;
My sins are forgiven — Are yours?
My sins are forgiven — Are yours?

My sins were as scarlet, and crimson the stains;
He made them like snow, and no vestige remains;
My sins are forgiven — Are yours?
My sins are forgiven — Are yours?

My guilt and my need His great love have revealed;
Once wounded for me, by His stripes I am healed;
My sins are forgiven — Are yours?
My sins are forgiven — Are yours?

And this is the reason I'm pardoned today,
Because with His blood He has washed them away;
My sins are forgiven — Are yours?

My sins are forgiven — Are yours?

103

I know that my Father is caring
For all of His children below;
I know that through sunshine and shadow,
He guides me wherever I go.

*I trust Him thro' all of life's journey,
For clearly the way He can see;
He holdeth my hand in the darkness;
I know He is caring for me.*

I fear not though peril surround me,
He promised to shield me from harm;
Though doubt and temptation assail me,
I'm safe in His sheltering arm.

One world is but dust in His balance,
One sea but a drop in His hand;
One soul in His sight is more precious
Than treasures of ocean and land.

104

Someone is slighting the Saviour of men;
Lord, is it I? Lord, is it I?
Someone is spurning His love once again;
Lord, is it I?

*Lord is it I? Lord is it I?
Pardon our weakness, and blot out each sin;
Hear us, dear Lord, as we cry.*

Someone is halting, and counting the cost;
Lord, is it I? Lord, is it I?
Someone in darkness and sin may be lost;
Lord, is it I?

Someone's betraying his Master today;
Lord, is it I? Lord, is it I?
Someone is walking a perilous way;
Lord, is it I?

Someone is living in selfish delight;
Lord, is it I? Lord, is it I?

Someone is turning his face from the light,
Lord, is it I?

Someone in silence is making the choice;
Lord, is it I? Lord, is it I?
Someone will yield to the Lord, and rejoice,
Lord, is it I?

105

Jesus is tenderly calling thee home
Calling today, calling today,
Why from the sunshine of love will you roam,
Farther and farther away?

*Calling today, calling today,
Jesus is calling, is tenderly calling today.*

Jesus is calling the weary to rest,
Calling today, calling today,
Bring Him your burden and you shall be blest;
He will not turn you away.

Jesus is waiting, Oh, come to Him now,
Waiting today, waiting today,
Come with your sins, at His feet lowly bow;
Come, and no longer delay.

Jesus is pleading, Oh, list to His voice,
Hear Him today, hear Him today,
They who believe on His name shall rejoice;
Quickly arise and away!

106

There are angels hovering round,
There are angels hovering round,
There are angels hovering, hovering round.

To carry the tiding home
To carry the tiding home
To carry the tiding home
To carry the tiding home

Etc.

To the New Jerusalem.

Poor sinners are coming home.

And Jesus bids them come.
And children too may come.
All heaven is full of joy.
For Jesus loves to save.
The children are coming home
There are angels hovering round. (*Softly*)

107

Almost persuaded now to believe;
Almost persuaded Christ to receive;
Seems now some soul to say,
Go, Spirit, go Thy way,
Some more convenient day
On Thee I'll call.

Almost persuaded, come, come today;
Almost persuaded, turn not away;
Jesus invites you here,
Angels are lingering near
Prayers rise from hearts so dear;
O wanderer, come!

Almost persuaded, harvest is past!
Almost persuaded, doom comes at last!
Almost cannot avail;
Almost is but to fail!
Sad, sad, that bitter wail—
Almost, but lost!

Be now persuaded; Christ never fails;
Oh, be persuaded!
His blood avails —
Can save from every sin,
Cleanse you without, within —
Will you not let Him in?
Open the door!

Be now persuaded, oh, sinner, hear!
Be now persuaded,
Jesus is near;
His voice is pleading still,
Turn now with heart and will,
Peace with your spirit fill —
Oh, turn today!

108

If you could see Christ standing here tonight,
His thorn-crowned head and piercèd hands could view,
Could see those eyes that beam with Heaven's own light,
And hear Him say — Belovèd, 'twas for you.

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

If you could see that face, so calm and sweet,
Those lips that spoke words only pure and true,
Could see the nail prints in His tender feet,
And hear Him say — Belovèd, 'twas for you.

He whispers to your heart, turn not away,
For He's beside you in your narrow pew;
If you will listen, you will hear Him say,
In loving tones — Belovèd, 'twas for you.

*Will you believe, and Jesus receive,
For He were standing here?
Will you believe, and Jesus receive,
For He were standing here?*

109

In the dark without a light,
Blind, but longing for my sight,
Always vanquished in the fight,—
Just the case for him.

Lost, and wandering from the way,
Bankrupt, with my debts to pay,
Guilty, and with naught to say,—
Just the case for him.

Burdens much too hard to bear,
Only filthy rags to wear,
Many griefs, and none to care,—
Just the case for him.

Tossed upon the billow's crest,
With no place where I can rest,
Safe at last upon His breast,—
Just the case for him.

Coming with my every need,
Having nothing good to plead,
Yet I know I am indeed,—
Just the case for him.

110

My mother's hand is on my brow,
Her gentle voice is pleading now;
Across the years so marred by sin
What memories of love steal in!

*O mother, when I think of thee,
'Tis but a step to Calvary;
Thy gentle hand upon my brow
Is leading me to Jesus now.*

Once more I see that look of pain,
The anguish in those eyes again;
My heart is sad, for well I know
My sin has caused this bitter woe.

While others scorned me in their pride
She gently drew me to her side;
When all the world has turned away,
My mother stood by me that day.

The memories of bygone years,
My mother's love, my mother's tears,
The thought of all her constant care
Doth bring the answer to her prayer.

I'm coming home, by sin beset,
For Jesus loves me even yet;
My mother's love brings home to me
The greater love of Calvary.

111

Why do you wait, dear brother,
Oh, why do you tarry so long?
Your Saviour is waiting to give you
A place in His sanctified throng.

*Why not? Why not?
Why not come to Him now?
Why not? Why not?
Why not come to Him now?*

What do you hope, dear brother,
To gain by a further delay?
There's no one to save you but Jesus,
There's no other way but His way.

Do you not feel, dear brother,
His Spirit now striving within?
Oh, why not accept His salvation,
And throw off your burden of sin?

Why do you wait, dear brother?
The harvest is passing away,
Your Saviour is longing to bless you,
There are danger and death in delay.

112

Naught have I gotten but what I received;
Grace hath bestowed it since I have believed;
Boasting excluded, pride I abase;
I'm only a sinner, saved by grace!

Only a sinner, saved by grace!
Only a sinner, saved by grace!
This is my story, to God be the glory —
I'm only a sinner, saved by grace!

Once I was foolish, and sin ruled my heart,
Causing my footsteps from God to depart;
Jesus hath found me, happy my case;
I now am a sinner, saved by grace!

Tears unavailing, no merit had I;
Mercy had saved me, or else I must die;
Sin had alarmed me fearing God's face;
But now I'm a sinner saved by grace!

Suffer a sinner whose heart overflows,
Loving his Saviour to tell what he knows;
Once more to tell it would I embrace—
I'm only a sinner saved by grace!

113

Safe in the arms of Jesus, safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershaded, sweetly my soul shall rest.

Hark! 'tis the voice of angels, borne in a song to me.
Over the fields of glory, over the jasper sea.

*Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast
There by His love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.*

Safe in the arms of Jesus, safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations, sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow, free from my doubts and fears;
Only a few more trials, only a few more tears!

Jesus, my heart's dear refuge, Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages, ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience, wait till the night is over;
Wait till I see the morning break on the golden shore.

114

Oh, what a Saviour that He died for me!
From condemnation He hath made me free;
He that believeth on the Son, said He,
Hath everlasting life.

*Verily, verily, I say unto you;
Verily, verily, message ever new!
He that believeth on the Son 'tis true!
Hath everlasting life!*

All my iniquities on Him were laid,
All my indebtedness by Him was paid;
All who believe on Him, the Lord hath said,
Hath everlasting life.

Though poor and needy, I can trust my Lord;
Though weak and sinful I believe His Word;
O glad message! Every child of God
Hath everlasting life.

Though all unworthy, yet I will not doubt;
For him that cometh He will not cast out:
He that believeth, oh, the good news shout!
Hath everlasting life.

115

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.

*Come home, come home,
You who are weary, come home;
Earnestly, tenderly, Jesus is calling,
Calling, O sinner, come home!*

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?

Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing,
Passing from you and from me;
Shadows are gathering, deathbeds are coming,
Coming for you and for me.

O for the wonderful love He has promised,
Promised for you and for me!
Though we have sinned, He has mercy and pardon,
Pardon for you and for me.

116

I never can forget the day
I heard my mother kindly say,
You're leaving now my tender care;
Remember, child, your mother's prayer.

*Whene'er I think of her so dear,
I feel her angel spirit near;
A voice comes floating on the air,
Reminding me of mother's prayer.*

I never can forget the voice
That always made my heart rejoice;
Though I have wandered God knows where,
Still I remember mother's prayer.

Though years have gone, I can't forget
Those words of love — I hear them yet;
I see her by the old arm chair,
My mother dear, in humble prayer.

I never can forget the hour
I felt the Saviour's cleansing power.

My sin and guilt be canceled there,
'Twas there He answered Mother's prayer.

*O praise the Lord for saving grace!
We'll meet up yonder face to face;
The home above together share,
In answer to my mother's prayer.*

117

I do not know, I cannot tell
When my dear Lord will come;
But this know, some happy day
He'll come to take me home.

*Some happy day, some happy day,
I know He'll come for me;
This He has promised in His Word,
And I will faithful be,
Some happy day, some happy day
My Lord will come for me.*

I do not know, I cannot tell
When I shall see my King;
Nor when I'll lay my burden down,
His praise in heaven to sing.

I do not know, I cannot tell
Why he should e'er love me;
But this I know, on Calvary
He died to set me free.

I do not know, I cannot tell
When I His face shall see;
But this know, His praise I'll sing,
Though all eternity.

118

Sweet is the promise I will not forget thee,
Nothing can molest or turn my soul away;
E'en though the night be dark within the valley,
Just beyond is shining an eternal day.

*I will not forget thee or leave thee,
In My hands I'll hold thee,
In My arms I'll fold thee,*

*I will not forget thee or leave thee;
I am thy Redeemer, I will care for thee.*

How can I show my gratitude to Jesus,
For His love unfailing and His tender care?
I will proclaim to others His salvation,
That they may accept him, and His promise share.

Trusting the promise I will not forget thee,
Onward I will go with songs of joy and love,
Though earth despise me,
Though my friends forsake me,
I shall be remembered in my home above.

When at the golden portals I am standing,
All my tribulations, all my sorrows past;
How sweet to hear the blessed proclamation,
Enter, faithful servant, welcome home at last.

119

When I put out to sea,
Into eternity,
My Pilot will be there;
His hand will hold the helm —
Lest storms should overwhelm —
Till I shall reach the realm
Where lies my haven fair.

Though darkness should be deep
And billows toss and leap,
I shall not be afraid,
My Pilot knows the way
Across the sea's highway,
Through night, to that glad day
Where light will never fade.

And if, perchance, dread fear
Shall draw a moment near,
As storms around me roar;
Above the night wind's sigh,
I'll hear my Saviour cry,
"Fear not for I am nigh",
And I shall fear no more.

The darkness over-past,
I'll reach my port at last,
And rest in haven calm;
Brought safely, sweetly though,

I'll thank my Pilot true,
And oft my thanks renew,
In praise and triumph psalm.

And so I wait on shore,
My gaze fixed on before,
Across the darkening wave;
My Pilot of the sea
Will one day call for me —
Then I shall ready be,
And trust His power to save!

120

Jesus is standing in Pilate's hall,
Friendless, forsaken, betrayed by all;
Hearken! what meaneth the sudden call?
What will you do with Jesus?

*What will you do with Jesus?
Neutral you cannot be;
Some day your heart will be asking,
What will He do with me?*

Jesus is standing on trial still,
You can be false to Him if you will,
You can be faithful through good or ill:
What will you do with Jesus?

Will you evade Him as Pilate tried?
Or will you choose Him, whate'er betide?
Vainly you struggle from Him to hide:
What will you do with Jesus?

Will you, like Peter, your Lord deny?
Or will you scorn from His foes to fly,
Daring for Jesus to live or die?
What will you do with Jesus?

Jesus, I give Thee my heart today!
Jesus, I'll follow Thee all the way,
Gladly obeying Thee! will you say:
This I will do with Jesus!

121

When the dark clouds round you gather,
When life's mist obscures the way,

Christ will set the joy bells ringing
If you will his Word obey.

*Joy bells ringing in your soul today;
Joy bells ringing in your soul today;
To the Lord surrender,
Let him take control;
He will set the joy bells ringing in your soul.*

In the time of earthly sorrow
When all earthly comfort fails,
He will set the joy bells ringing
If His will in you prevails.

Doubt no more, but trust Him fully,
Let Him be your Friend and Guide;
He will set the joy bells ringing
If you in His love abide.

He will satisfy each longing,
Every burden He will share;
He will set the joy bells ringing
Will give peace beyond compare.

He has riches everlasting
In the storehouse of His love;
He will set the joy bells ringing
Till you reach the Home above.

122

Low in the grave He lay,
Jesus my Saviour,
Waiting the coming day,
Jesus my Lord!

*Up from the grave He arose,
With a mighty triumph o'er His foes,
He arose a victor from the dark domain,
And He lives forever, with His saints to reign.
He arose! He arose!
Hallelujah! Christ arose!*

Vainly they watch His bed,
Jesus my Saviour;
Vainly they seal the dead,
Jesus my Lord!

Death cannot keep its prey,
Jesus my Savior;
He tore the bars away,
Jesus my Lord!

123

Blessèd assurance, Jesus is mine!
O what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood.

*This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour, all the day long;
This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour, all the day long.*

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

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

124

Somebody's here with an aching heart,
No rest and no peace within;
Somebody's here, and the teardrops start,
As God convicts of sin.

*Jesus will give you rest,
Jesus will give you rest;
Turn from your sin, call now on Him,
For Jesus will give you rest.*

Somebody's here with a burdened soul,
A heart that's inclined to pray;
Seeking for cleansing, for peace and power,
To you doth the Spirit say:

Somebody's here whom the Lord doth seek,
That somebody may be you;
Come as you are, and make no delay,
And prove every promise true.

Somebody's waiting to hear the news,
The glorious Gospel sound;
Jesus has died to save all from sin;
Go tell it all around!

125

Hark! there comes a whisper
Stealing on thine ear:
'Tis the Saviour calling,
Soft, soft and clear.

*Give thy heart to Me,
Once I died for thee;
Hark! Hark! thy Saviour calls:
Come, sinner, come!*

With that voice so gentle,
Dost thou hear Him say?
Tell Me all thy sorrows;
Come, come away!

Wouldst thou find a refuge
For thy soul oppressed?
Jesus kindly answers,
I am thy rest.

At the cross of Jesus,
Let thy burden fall;
While He gently whispers
"I'll bear it all."

125

I am a stranger here, within a foreign land;
My home is far away, upon a golden strand;
Ambassador to be of realms beyond the sea,
I'm here on business for my King.

*This is the message that I bring,
A message angels fain would sing:
Oh, be ye reconciled,
Thus saith my Lord and King,
Oh, be ye reconciled to God.*

I come to tell of One Who gave His precious life,
That He might offer peace, and end the sinful strife;
This message I repeat, 'tis God who doth entreat,

And that's my business for my King.

This is the King's command: that all men, everywhere,
Repent and turn away from sin's seductive snare;
That all who will obey, with Him shall reign for aye,
And that's my business for my King.

You would not turn away, and spurn His proffered grace,
If you could only see the love upon His face;
Your heart He fain would reach, through me He doth beseech,
And that's my business for my King.

My home is brighter far than Sharon's rosy plain,
Eternal life and joy throughout its vast domain;
My sovereign bids me tell how mortals there may dwell,
And that's my business for my king.

127

Have you any room for Jesus,
He who bore your load of sin?
As He knocks and asks admission,
Sinners, will you let Him in?

*Room for Jesus, King of Glory!
Hasten now His Word obey;
Swing the heart's door widely open,
Bid Him enter while you may.*

Room for pleasure, room for business,
But for Christ the Crucified,
Not a place that He can enter,
In the heart for which He died?

Have you any room for Jesus,
As in grace He calls again?
O today is time accepted,
Tomorrow you may call in vain.

Room and time now give to Jesus,
Soon will pass God's day of grace;
Soon thy heart left cold and silent,
And thy Savior's pleading cease.

128

Thou remainest, blest Redeemer,
Lord of peace and Lord of strife,

Jesus, Saviour, Lord forever,
Thou remainest, Christ, my life.

*Thou remainest, Thou remainest,
Thou remainest, Christ, my all;
Peace or conflict, joy or sorrow,
Thou remainest, Christ, my all.*

Satisfying every longing,
Of my sinful soul for grace;
From my weakness never turning,
Thou remainest, Christ, my peace.

Earthly joys may soon be fading,
Wintry frosts sweet flowers destroy;
But above the cloud that's shading,
Thou remainest, "Christ my joy."

One by one my loved ones leave me,
Voices sweet no more be heard;
But of God naught can bereave me,
Thou remainest, Christ, my Lord.

When from earth, Thou, Lord, shalt call me,
Calm I'll lay my burden down;
For I know, whate'er befall me,
Thou remainest, Christ, my crown.

129

I have heard a most wonderful story
Of the Son of the Highest in glory,
How my heart He doth seek, though so sinful, so weak,
He wants a poor sinner like me.

*He wants a poor sinner like me,
Oh, wonderful love, can it be!
Christ shed His own blood to redeem me,
He wants a poor sinner like me.*

When I see Him beneath the cross bending,
When I hear the sharp nails His flesh rending,
When I see His blood flow, Jesus loves me I know,
He wants a poor sinner like me.

Yes, He wants all the sinful, the grieving,
His dear arms are held out for receiving.
I no longer will stay from this Saviour away,
He wants a poor sinner like me.

Yes, He wants by His hand now to hold me,
And with His mighty love to enfold me;
Yes, He wants me to stay in His presence alway,
He wants a poor sinner like me.

130

I know of a world that is sunk in shame,
Where hearts oft faint and tire;
But I know of a name, a precious name,
That can set that world on fire;

*I know of a name, a precious name,
'Tis Jesus.*

I know of a book a marvelous book,
With a message for all who hear;
And the same dear name, His wonderful name,
Illumines its pages clear;
The book is His Word, its message I've heard.

I know of a home in Immanuel's land,
Where hearts ne'er faint nor tire;
And His marvelous name, His own dear name,
Inspires the heavenly choir;
Hear the melody ringing, my own heart singing.

I know of a Day, a glorious Day,
When He will come again;
Then crown Him King, His praises sing
When he begins His reign,
'Tis the Day of the Lord, foretold in His Word;

131

I dreamed I saw the Saviour climb,
Up Calvary, up Calvary;
I sorrowed, oh, I sorrowed sore
To see the heavy cross He bore;
I cried, "O Christ, and must it be?"
He sighed, "I bear this cross for thee."

I dreamed I saw Him hanging there
On Calvary, on Calvary;
I wept to see a crown of thorn
His brow in mockery adorn;
When lo! A whisper from the tree:
"Thy sins are sharper thorns to me."

I dreamed I saw the Saviour slain
On Calvary, on Calvary,
And when such agony He bore
My heart was pierced to the core:
But hark! He spoke to me,
“I bear this grief to set thee free.”

I woke to find my dream was true
Of Calvary, of Calvary;
The sins were mine his body bore,
For me the cruel thorns he wore;
O wondrous love, to die for me!
I yield myself, O Lord, to Thee.

132

When I had wandered from the track
The Shepherd longed to bring me back,
Though on the hills I went astray,
He rescued me — In His own way.

*He rescued me in His own way,
He rescued me one happy day,
Though on the hills I went astray,
He rescued me — In His own way.*

He saw what misery was mine
And on my darkness He did shine,
It vanished at His first bright ray,
My night is gone — In His own way.

He raised me from the fearful pit,
And for His presence made me fit,
He came Himself to where I lay,
Delivered me — In His own way.

He wished to form a precious cup
For His own use; He took me up,
And though I am but helpless clay,
He fashions me — In His own way.

He longed to have me for His own,
So for my sin He must atone,
When enemies my soul would slay,

He conquered them — In His own way.

133

I hear Thy welcome voice
That calls me, Lord, to Thee,
For cleansing in Thy precious blood
That flowed on Calvary.

*I am coming Lord!
Coming now to Thee!
Wash me, cleanse me in the blood
That flowed on Calvary!*

Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure.

'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope and peace and trust,
For earth and Heav'n above.

'Tis Jesus who confirms
The blessèd work within,
By adding grace to welcomed grace,
Where reigned the power of sin.

And He the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

All hail! atoning blood!
All hail! redeeming grace!
All hail! the gift of Christ our Lord,
Our strength and righteousness.

134

O Christian traveller, fear no more
The storms which round thee spread;
Nor yet the noontide's sultry beams
On thy defence-less head.

*"Fear thou not, for I am with thee:
Be not dismayed, for I am thy God!
Fear thou not, for I am with thee;
Be not dismayed, for I am thy God!"*

Thy Saviour, who upon the cross
Thy full redemption paid,
Will not from thee, His ransomed one,
Withhold His promised aid.

A safe retreat and hiding place
Thy Saviour will provide;
And sorrow cannot fill thy heart,
While sheltered at His side.

No; in thy darkest days on earth,
When every joy seems flown,
Believer, thou shalt never tread
The toilsome way alone.

135

When you long for Christ to bless,
Count on Him!
In your time of sore distress,
Count on Him!
When no other help is near,
If your way be dark and drear,
When your heart is full of fear,
Count on Him!

*Count on Him! Count on Him!
Every hour of every day:
Count on Him! Count on Him!
He says you may.*

When you need His strong right hand,
Count on Him!
When in slippery paths you stand,
Count on Him!
Needed grace He will bestow,
Give you victory o'er the foe,
Tell you just where you should go;

Count on Him!

If you would His heart rejoice,
Count on Him!
Let Him often hear your voice:
Count on Him!
Be not silent in your need,
'Tis the very thing to plead,
Every promise that you claim
And He lives to intercede:
Count on Him!

Is it wisdom that you lack?
Count on Him!
He is always just the same,
Every promise that you claim,
Magnifies His holy Name.

136

Sing the wondrous love of Jesus,
Sing His mercy and His grace.
In the mansions bright and blessed
He'll prepare for us a place.

*When we all get to Heaven,
What a day of rejoicing that will be!
When we all see Jesus,
We'll sing and shout the victory!*

While we walk the pilgrim pathway,
Clouds will overspread the sky;
But when travelling days are over,
Not a shadow, not a sigh.

Let us then be true and faithful,
Trusting, serving every day;
Just one glimpse of Him in glory
Will the toils of life repay.

Onward to the prize before us!
Soon His beauty we'll behold;
Soon the pearly gates will open;
We shall tread the streets of gold.

137

Not now, but in the coming years,
It may be in the better land,
We'll read the meaning of our tears,
And there, some time, we'll understand.

*Then trust in God through all the days;
Fear not, for He doth hold thy hand;
Though dark thy way, still sing and praise,
Some time, some time we'll understand.*

We'll catch the broken thread again,
And finish what we here began;
Heav'n will the mysteries explain,
And then, ah then, we'll understand.

We'll know why clouds instead of sun
Were over many a cherished plan;
Why song has ceased when scarce begun;
'Tis there, some time, we'll understand.

Why what we long for most of all,
Eludes so oft our eager hand;
Why hopes are crushed and castles fall,
Up there, some time, we'll understand.

God knows the way, He holds the key,
He guides us with unerring hand;
Some time with tearless eyes we'll see;
Yes, there, up there, we'll understand.

138

He was not willing that any should perish;
Jesus enthroned in the glory above,
Saw our poor fallen world, pitied our sorrows,
Poured out His life for us, wonderful love!
Perishing, perishing! Thronging our pathway,
Hearts break with burdens too heavy to bear:
Jesus would save, but there's no one to tell them,
No one to lift them from sin and despair.

He was not willing that any should perish;
Clothed in our flesh with its sorrow and pain,
Came He to seek the lost, comfort the mourner,
Heal the heart broken by sorrow and shame.
Perishing, perishing! Harvest is passing,
Reapers are few and the night draweth near:

Jesus is calling thee, haste to the reaping,
Thou shalt have souls, precious souls for thy hire.

Plenty for pleasure, but little for Jesus;
Time for the world with its troubles and toys,
No time for Jesus' work, feeding the hungry,
Lifting lost souls to eternity's joys.
Perishing, perishing! Hark, how they call us;
Bring us your Savior, oh, tell us of Him!
We are so weary, so heavily laden,
And with long weeping our eyes have grown dim.

He was not willing that any should perish;
Am I His follower, and can I live
Longer at ease with a soul going downward,
Lost for the lack of the help I might give!
Perishing, perishing! Thou wast not willing;
Master, forgive, and inspire us anew;
Banish our worldliness, help us to ever
Live with eternity's values in view.

139

Pray, pray, when things go wrong,
And gloomy fears around you throng;
The loving God your voice will hear,
Look up to Him, He's always near.

*Pray, pray though your eyes grow dim,
Go with your troubles straight to Him;
Pray, pray, for God understands;
Have faith, leaving all in His dear hands.*

Pray, pray, be calm and still,
Whatever comes must be His will;
His promises like buds unfold,
Naught that is good will He withhold.

Pray, pray, for others' need,
For loved ones you may intercede
Oh, bring each one for whom you care
Before the throne of grace in prayer

Pray, pray till faith grows strong,
And in your heart rings Heaven's song;
Till self shall die in pure desire,
And every thought to Him aspire.

140

When God of old the way of life
Would teach to all His own,
He placed them safe beyond the reach
Of death, by blood alone.

*It is His Word, God's precious Word,
It stands forever true;
When I the Lord shall see the blood,
I will pass over you.*

By Christ, the sinless Lamb of God,
The precious blood was shed,
When He fulfilled God's holy Word,
And suffered in our stead.

O soul, for thee salvation thus
By God is freely given;
The blood of Christ atones for sin,
And makes us meet for Heaven.

The wrath of God that was our due,
Upon the Lamb was laid;
And by the shedding of His blood,
The debt for us was paid.

How calm the Judgement hour shall pass
To all who do obey
The Word of God, and trust the blood,
And make that Word their stay!

141

Holy Spirit, bending lowly,
Bring I Thee my heart and will;
Cleanse Thou me and make me holy,
And with Thine own fullness fill.

*Holy Spirit, Thy infilling
Is the gift for which I pray;
I am waiting, Thou art willing,
Fill me with Thyself today.*

Lord, I ask it, hardly knowing
What this wondrous gift may be;
But Thy mercy, ever flowing,
Will its meaning let me see.

Make me in Thy royal palace
Vessel worthy for my King;
With Thy goodness fill my chalice
From Thy never failing spring.

Promise and command combining
Doubt to chase and faith to lift;
Self renouncing, all resigning,
I would seek this mighty gift.

142

Carry your Bible with you,
Let all its blessings outflow;
It will supply you each moment—
Take it wherever you go!

*Take it wherever you go,
Take it wherever you go,
God's message of love
Sent down from above,
Oh, take it wherever you go!*

Carry the word of pardon,
Sweeter each day it will grow;
Somewhere some heart will be waiting—
Take it wherever you go!

Carry the wondrous story,
Tell it to hearts plunged in woe;
This word of gracious redemption—
Take it wherever you go!

Carry the word of promise;
Sinners unpardoned may know
God's path from sin unto safety—
Take it wherever you go!

143

Why should I charge my soul with care?
The wealth of every mine
Belongs to Christ, God's Son and heir,
And He's a friend of mine.

*Yes, He's a friend of mine,
And He with me doth all things share;
Since all is Christ's, and Christ is mine,*

*Why should I have a care?
For Jesus is a friend of mine.*

The silver moon, the golden sun,
The countless stars that shine,
Are His alone, yes, every one,
And He's a friend of mine.

He daily spreads a glorious feast,
And at His table dine
The whole creation, man and beast,
And He's a friend of mine.

And when he comes in bright array,
And leads the conquering line,
It will be glory then to say,
That He's a friend of mine.

144

When I think how they crucified my Lord,
When I think how they crucified my Lord,
Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble
When I think how they crucified my Lord,

When I think how they struck Him in the face.
Etc.

When I think how they crowned Him with the thorns,
Etc.

When I think how they nailed Him to the tree,
Etc.

When I think of the nail prints in his hands,
Etc.

When I think how they pierced His blessed side,
Etc.

When I think how they laid Him in the tomb,
Etc.

When I think how He rose up from the dead,
Etc.

When I think how He washed my sins away,
Etc.

146

Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!
Thou art the Potter, I am the clay.
Mould me and make me after Thy will,
While I am waiting, yielded and still.

Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!
Search me and try me, Master, today!
Whiter than snow, Lord, wash me just now,
As in Thy presence humbly I bow.

Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!
Wounded and weary, help me, I pray!
Power, all power, surely is Thine!
Touch me and heal me, Savior divine.

Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!
Hold o'er my being absolute sway!
Fill with Thy Spirit 'till all shall see
Christ only, always, living in me.

147

I am standing on the Word of God,
Which came to men of old;
The Holy Book our fathers loved,
And treasured more than gold.

*I am standing, standing on the Word,
Though the earth change and decay,
It shall never, never pass away,
I am standing on the Word of God.*

I am standing on the Word of God,
'Tis holy and 'tis true;
Through ages it has been our light,
With splendor ever new.

I am standing on the Word of God,
'Tis full of life divine;
God's Spirit lives in every word,
And moves in every line.

I am standing on the Word of God,
And thus I am secure;
Though blows the tempest wild and hard,
'Twill evermore endure.

I am standing on the Word of God,
And on my dying bed
I'll share its consolations, Lord,
When death's dark vale I tread.

148

I know not why God's wondrous grace
To me He hath made known,
Nor why, unworthy, Christ in love
Redeemed me for His own.

*But I know whom I have believed,
And am persuaded that He is able
To keep that which I've committed
Unto Him against that day.*

I know not how this saving faith
To me He did impart,
Nor how believing in His Word
Wrought peace within my heart.

I know not how the Spirit moves,
Convincing us of sin,
Revealing Jesus through the Word,
Creating faith in Him.

I know not what of good or ill
May be reserved for me,
Of weary ways or golden days,
Before His face I see.

I know not when my Lord may come,
At night or noontide fair,
Nor if I walk the vale with Him,
Or meet Him in the air.

149

Though the storm of life be raging high,
Fraught with dangers, perils ever nigh,
Still I know my soul shall never die,
Trusting in the Lord.

*O trusting, trusting in the Lord,
I believe the promises He gave;
Trusting, trusting in the Lord,
He alone can save.*

Pain may rack this earthly house of mine,
I believe the promises He gave;
Trusting, trusting in the Lord,
He alone can save.

Surely I can trust my blessed Lord;
I can rest when He is by my side;
With His goodness I am satisfied,
Trusting in the Lord.

On the cross He suffered for my sake,
All my future He doth undertake;
In His likeness I shall soon awake,
Trusting in the Lord.

Other hopes may swiftly pass away,
Other joys may vanish or decay,
Still with faith I tread the narrow way,
Trusting in the Lord.

150

When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
When sorrows like sea billows roll;
Whatever my lot, Thou has taught me to say,
It is well, it is well, with my soul.

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

Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,
Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ has regarded my helpless estate,
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.

My sin — oh, the bliss of this glorious thought —
My sin — not in part but the whole,
Is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!

For me, be it Christ, be it Christ hence to live:
If Jordan above me shall roll,
No pang shall be mine, for in death as in life
Thou wilt whisper Thy peace to my soul.

But, Lord, 'tis for Thee, for Thy coming we wait,
The sky, not the grave, is our goal;

Oh trump of the angel! Oh voice of the Lord!
Blessèd hope, blessèd rest of my soul!

And Lord, haste the day when my faith shall be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll;
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend,
Even so — it is well with my soul.

151

I need not ask what time will bring
While to my Saviour's hand I cling;
A song of trust my soul can sing,
For step by step he will lead me.

*Step by step to the glory-land,
My Saviour guides with a loving hand;
I go to dwell with the blood-washed band,
And step by step he will lead me.*

I need not fear though dark the way,
For Jesus close to me doth stay;
Until the dawn of perfect day
And step by step he will lead me.

Oft on my path falls golden light,
And blooming flowers greet my sight;
My Saviour's love makes all scenes bright,
And step by step he will lead me.

I shall not have to go alone
From earth into the realms unknown;
My Lord doth ne'er forsake His own,
And step by step he will lead me.

152

Jesus, I am coming home today,
My heart is weary and my soul undone;
From the path of sin I turn away now,
I am coming home.

*Jesus, I am coming home today,
I am turning from my sins away;
Thou are giving me the strength to say:
Lord, I am coming home.*

Though a great way off with weary feet,

I know the Father waits for me to come,
And with open arms will haste to meet me;
I am coming home.

Oh, what misery my sin has caused me,
Naught but pain and sorrow I have known;
Now I seek Thy saving grace and mercy;
I am coming home.

Many years my heart has strayed from Thee,
But now repent — and to Thy throne I come;
Thou hast opened up the way for me, now
I am coming home.

Fully trusting in Thy precious promise,
With no righteousness to call my own;
Pleading nothing but the blood of Jesus,
I am coming home.

153

When upon life's billows you are tempest tossed,
When you are discouraged, thinking all is lost,
Count your many blessings, name them one by one,
And it will surprise you what the Lord hath done.

*Count your blessings, name them one by one,
Count your blessings, see what God hath done!
Count your blessings, name them one by one,
And it will surprise you what the Lord hath done.*

Are you ever burdened with a load of care?
Does the cross seem heavy you are called to bear?
Count your many blessings, every doubt will fly,
And you will keep singing as the days go by.

When you look at others with their lands and gold,
Think that Christ has promised you His wealth untold;
Count your many blessings, wealth can never buy
Your reward in heaven, nor your home on high.

So, amid the conflict whether great or small,
Do not be disheartened, God is over all;
Count your many blessings, angels will attend,
Help and comfort give you to your journey's end.

154

Speak just a word for Jesus,
Tell how He died for you,

Often repeat the story,
Wonderful, glad, and true!
*Speak just a word,
Ever to Him be true;
Speak just a word,
Tell what He's doing for you.*
Speak just a word for Jesus,
Tell how He helps you live;
Tell of the strength and comfort
Which He will freely give.
Speak just a word for Jesus,
Do not for others wait;
Gladly proclaim your message
Ere it shall be too late.
Speak just a word for Jesus,
Why should you doubt or fear?
Surely His love will bless it;
Someone will gladly hear.
Speak just a word for Jesus,
Tell of His love for men;
Someone distressed may listen,
Willing to trust Him then.

155

Sing the gospel story, how the Lord from Glory,
Came to earth and dwelt with men,
To win them back to Him again.
To seek the vile and lowly, make them pure and holy,
Bring them into joy with Him, because he loved them so.

*Swell the chorus!
Echo the glad Redemption song!
Let every tongue confess Him,
Unto Him praises sing!
God is for us!
Sweetly the joyful strains prolong,
Till every knee, bended shall be,
Unto our Lord and King.*

Sing the gospel story, how the Lord from Glory,
Claimed His own and was denied,
Was led away and crucified!
His life He freely gave, that He might any save
Who would repent and trust in Him, because he loved them so.

Sing the gospel story, how the Lord from Glory,
From the mystery of death,

Triumphant came with living breath,
That men should see His face, and through His mighty grace,
Have life that is, and evermore, because He loved them so!

Sing the gospel story, how the Lord from Glory,
From the earth went up to heaven,
Made a place for men forgiven.
Now is interceding, patiently is pleading,
Bidding them return to Him, because He loved them so!

156

Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
Lift my heart to things above;
Teach me how to do Go's will,
In my life His plan fulfil.

Holy Spirit, love divine,
O'er life's path Thy radiance shine;
Purify my every thought
Help me love Thee as I ought.

Holy Spirit, heavenly light,
Banish from my mind the night;
To my soul best comfort give,
In Thy love I long to live.

Holy Spirit, gift of power,
I will love Thee more and more;
Be my never failing Friend.
I will love Thee to the end.

157

Come to the Saviour, make no delay;
Here in His Word He has shown us the way;
Here in our midst He's standing today,
Tenderly saying, Come!

*Joyful, joyful will the meeting be,
When from sin our hearts are pure and free;
And we shall gather, Saviour, with Thee,
In our eternal home.*

Suffer the children! oh, hear His voice!
Let every heart leap forth and rejoice;
And let us freely make Him our choice;
Do not delay, but come.

Think once again, He's with us today;
Heed now His blest command, and obey;
Hear now His accents tenderly say,
Will you, My children, come?

Look in His face, a smile you will meet,
With open arms His love doth entreat,
Lay all your burdens down at his feet,
Come as you are, but come.

Come with your sin, your sorrow and care,
He will not turn away from your prayer,
Come to the cross, He died for you there,
Sinner, He bids you come.

158

Work for the Saviour, go forth and sow,
Scatter the seed wherever you go,
Tell of His love, pass on what you know,
Bid all you meet to come.

Come to the Saviour, come every day,
Would you be strong? Then pray always pray,
Come as at first, there's no other way,
He is not weary, come!

Follow the Saviour, run in the race,
Walk in His footsteps, gaze on His face,
He went before to furnish a place.
Soon He will bid you come.

159

Will you take Jesus to be your guide?
His love will brighten the way;
Safe in His keeping you may abide;
Will you take Jesus today?

*Will you take Jesus today?
Will you take Jesus today?
He offers pardon and peace to all;
Will you take Jesus today?*

For you the Saviour was crucified,
Accept His love while you may;
The door of mercy stands open wide;
Will you take Jesus today?

He longs to enter your heart of sin;
How can you turn Him away?
Throw wide the portal and let Him in;
Will you take Jesus today?

I will take Jesus, my Lord and King;
His word I gladly obey;
My sins forgiven, His praise I'll sing,
I will take Jesus today!

I will take Jesus today;
I will take Jesus today;
He offers pardon and peace to all:
I will take Jesus today.

160

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

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

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.

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.

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.

Standing on the promises I cannot fall,
Listening every moment to the Spirit's call

Resting in my Saviour as my all in all,
Standing on the promises of God.

161

'Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus,
And to take Him at His Word;
Just to rest upon His promise,
And to know, Thus says the Lord!

*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!*

Oh, how sweet to trust in Jesus,
Just to trust His cleansing blood;
And in simple faith to plunge me
'Neath the healing, cleansing flood!

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.

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.

162

The Gospel bells are ringing,
Over land, from sea to sea:
Blessèd news of free salvation
Do they offer you and me.
For God so loved the world
That His only Son He gave;
Whosoe'er believeth in Him
Everlasting life shall have.

*Gospel bells, how they ring;
Over land from sea to sea;
Gospel bells freely bring
Blessèd news to you and me.*

The Gospel bells invite us
To a feast prepared for all;
Do not slight the invitation,

Nor reject the gracious call.
I am the Bread of life;
Eat of Me, thou hungry soul;
Though your sins be red as crimson,
They shall be as white as wool.

The Gospel bells give warning,
As they sound from day to day,
Of the fate which doth await them
Who forever will delay.
Escape ye, for thy life;
Tarry not in all the plain,
Nor behind thee look, oh, never,
Lest thou be consumed in pain.

The Gospel bells are joyful,
As they echo far and wide,
Bearing notes of perfect pardon,
Through a Saviour crucified.
Good tidings of great joy
To all people do I bring,
Unto you is born a Saviour,
Which is Christ the Lord and King.

163

Blessed Master, I am yearning
For Thy service to be free,
Now I claim complete redemption,
Keep me close in touch with Thee.

*Keep me close in touch with Thee,
Keep me close in touch with Thee,
Blessed Master, Wondrous Saviour,
Keep me close in touch with Thee.*

Sin beset am I and tempted,
Yet I would the victor be,
When my faith would surely falter
Keep me close in touch with Thee.

Lord, my feet have grown so weary,
And my way I cannot see,
Lead me, for I trust Thee wholly,
Keep me close in touch with Thee.

When the day of toil is ended,
As the darkness falls on me,

In the valley of the shadow,
Keep me close in touch with Thee.

164

Jesus, I am resting, resting,
In the joy of what Thou art;
I am finding out the greatness
Of Thy loving heart.
Thou hast bid me gaze upon Thee,
And Thy beauty fills my soul,
For by Thy transforming power,
Thou hast made me whole.

*Jesus, I am resting, resting,
In the joy of what Thou art;
I am finding out the greatness
Of Thy loving heart.*

Oh, how great Thy loving kindness,
Vaster, broader than the sea!
Oh, how marvelous Thy goodness,
Lavished all on me!
Yes, I rest in Thee, Belovèd,
Know what wealth of grace is Thine,
Know Thy certainty of promise,
And have made it mine.

Simply trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
I behold Thee as Thou art,
And Thy love, so pure, so changeless,
Satisfies my heart;
Satisfies its deepest longings,
Meets, supplies its every need,
Compasseth me round with blessings:
Thine is love indeed!

Ever lift Thy face upon me
As I work and wait for Thee;
Resting 'neath Thy smile, Lord Jesus,
Earth's dark shadows flee.
Brightness of my Father's glory,
Sunshine of my Father's face,
Keep me ever trusting, resting,
Fill me with Thy grace.

165

I'm pressing on the upward way,
New heights I'm gaining every day;
Still praying as I'm onward bound,
Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.

*Lord, lift me up and let me stand,
By faith, on Heaven's table land,
A higher plane than I have found;
Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.*

My heart has no desire to stay
Where doubts arise and fears dismay;
Though some may dwell where those abound,
My prayer, my aim, is higher ground.

Beyond the mist I fain would rise,
To rest beyond unclouded skies,
Above earth's turmoil peace is found
By those who dwell on higher ground.

I want to live above the world,
Though Satan's darts at me are hurled;
For faith has caught the joyful sound,
The song of saints on higher ground.

I long to scale the utmost height
And catch a gleam of glory bright;
But still I'll pray till Heav'n I've found,
Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.

Lord, lead me up the mountain side,
I dare nor climb without my Guide;
And, heaven gained, I'll gaze around,
With grateful heart from higher ground.

166

Free from the law, O happy condition,
Jesus has bled and there is remission,
Cursed by the law and bruised by the fall,
Grace hath redeemed us once for all.

*Once for all, O sinner, receive it,
Once for all, O brother, believe it;
Cling to the cross, the burden will fall,
Christ hath redeemed us once for all.*

There on the cross your burden up-bearing,

Thorns on His brow your Saviour is wearing;
Never again your sin need appall,
You have been pardoned once for all.

Now we are free, there's no condemnation,
Jesus provides a perfect salvation.
Come unto Me, O hear His sweet call,
Come, and He saves us once for all.

Children of God, O glorious calling,
Surely His grace will keep us from falling;
Passing from death to life at His call;
Blessèd salvation once for all.

167

Have you read the story of the cross,
Where Jesus bled and died,
Where your debt was paid by the precious blood
That flowed from His wounded side?

*He died of a broken heart for you,
He died of a broken heart;
Oh, wondrous love! for you, for me,
He died of a broken heart.*

Have you read how they placed the crown of thorns
Upon His kingly brow,
How He cried, They know not what they do;
O Father, forgive them now?

Have you read how the dying thief was saved
While hanging on the tree,
When he looked with pleading eyes and said,
O Lord, remember me?

Have you read how in anguish He cried aloud
And died on Calvary?
Have you ever said, I thank Thee, Lord,
For giving Thy life for me?

167

Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;

Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

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.

Work for the blessed Master,
Long as He lends you breath;
His precious blood redeemed you,
Saved your soul from death.

Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

169

Would you be free from the burden of sin?
There's power in the blood, power in the blood;
Would you o'er evil a victory win?
There's wonderful power in the blood.

*There is power, power, wonder working power
In the blood of the Lamb;
There is power, power, wonder working power
In the precious blood of the Lamb.*

Would you be free from your passion and pride?
There's power in the blood, power in the blood;
Come for a cleansing to Calvary's tide;
There's wonderful power in the blood.

Would you be whiter, much whiter than snow?
There's power in the blood, power in the blood;
Sin stains are lost in its life giving flow.
There's wonderful power in the blood.

Would you do service for Jesus your king?
There's power in the blood, power in the blood;
Would you live daily His praises to sing?
There's wonderful power in the blood.

170

Oh, day of awful story—
Jesus is dead!
Sad end to hope of glory—
Jesus is dead!

*Behold the stone is rolled away!
And shining ones have come to say:
He is not here, but is risen!
He is not here, but is risen
The night of death is past and gone—
Arise, and greet the glorious morn!
He is not here, but is risen!
He is not here, but is risen*

A weary night of weeping—
Jesus is dead!
A night that knew no sleeping—
Jesus is dead!

A day in sorrow dawning—
Jesus is dead!
A sad and gloomy morning—
Jesus is dead!

171

What can wash away my stain?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
What can make me whole again?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

*Oh! precious is the flow
That makes me white as snow;
No other fount I know,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.*

For my pardon, this I see,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
For my cleansing this my plea,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Nothing can for sin atone,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
Naught of good that I have done,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

This is all my hope and peace,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
This is all my righteousness,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Now by this I'll overcome—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus,
Now by this I'll reach my home—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Glory! Glory! This I sing—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus,
All my praise for this I bring—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

172

When the storms of life are raging,
Tempests wild on sea and land,
I will seek a place of refuge,
In the shadow of God's hand.

*He will hide me, He will hide me,
Where no harm can e'er betide me;
He will hide me, safely hide me,
In the shadow of His hand.*

Though He may send some affliction,
'Twill but make me long for home;
For in love and not in anger,
All His chastenings will come.

Enemies may strive to injure,
Satan all his arts employ;
He will turn what seems to harm me
Into everlasting joy.

So, while here the cross I'm bearing,
Meeting storms and billows wild,
Jesus for my soul is caring,
Naught can harm His Father's child.

173

Blessed Jesus, Thou didst go
From Gethsemane, unto Calvary,
Thy redeeming love to show
Unto sinners — even me.

*This, O Lord, is all my plea,
“Wash away my sin;
Make me pure within;
Make me more and more like Thee;
Here and now the work begin.”*

Now before Thy throne of grace,
Freely I resign all my will to Thine;
Unto me reveal Thy face
Let it in my darkness shine.

Cleanse me now from every stain!
As Thou dost require, so is my desire;
Let no dross in me remain,
Send the Pentecostal fire!

Search me, Lord, and know my heart;
All of self remove; fill me with Thy love;
Bid the power of sin depart;
Seal me for Thy courts above.

174

Do you ever feel down-hearted or discouraged?
Do you ever think your work is all in vain?
Do the burdens thrust upon you make you tremble,
And you fear that you shall ne'er the victory gain.

*Have faith in God, the sun will shine,
Though dark the clouds may be today;
His heart has planned your path and mine;
Have faith in God, have faith always.*

Darkest night will always come before the dawning,
Silver linings shine on God's side of the cloud;
All your journey He has promised to be with you,
Naught has come to you but what His love allowed.

God is mighty! He is able to deliver;
Faith can victor be in every trying hour;
Fear, and care, and sin, and sorrow be defeated
By our faith in God's almighty, conquering power.

175

Help me to be holy, O Father of light;
Guilt-burdened and lowly, I bow in Thy sight;
How shall a stained conscience dare gaze on Thy face,
E'en though in Thy presence Thou grant me a place?

Help me to be holy, O Saviour divine;
Why conquer so lowly this nature of mine?
Stamp deeply Thy likeness where Satan's has been;
Expel with Thy brightness my darkness and sin!

Help me to be holy, O Spirit divine;
Come, sanctify wholly this temple of Thine;
Now cast out each idol, here set up Thy throne.
Reign, reign without rival, supreme and alone!

176

All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

*Let us crown Him, let us crown Him,
Let us crown the great Redeemer Lord of all;
Let us crown him, let us crown Him,
Let us crown Him Lord of all.*

Let highborn seraphs tune the lyre,
And as they tune it, fall
Before His face who tunes their choir,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
who fixed this floating ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
and crown Him Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the Stem of Jesse's Rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,

Whom David Lord did call,
The God incarnate, Man divine,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Let every tribe and every tongue
Before Him prostrate fall
And shout in universal song
The crownèd Lord of all.

Oh, that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
and crown Him Lord of all.

177

I have a Saviour, He died for me
In cruel anguish on Calvary's tree.
I do not merit such love divine,
Only God's mercy makes Jesus mine.

*Jesus, my Saviour,
I come to Thee
In full surrender
Thine own to be.*

I have a keeper, He now prevails,
I fear no evil whate'er assails.
His arms enfold me, safe and secure,
In His blest keeping victory is sure.

I have a master, He bids me go
Rescue lost sinners from sin and woe.
I love to serve Him, this master true,
Now I am willing His will to do.

178

Oh, come sinner come! Oh, why do you delay?
The pressing invitation is that you should come today,
Tomorrow has no promise that it can give to you,
Tomorrow is eternity, just hidden from your view.

*Then come, sinner, come! Salvation's free for all;
It may be the last time you'll ever hear the call;
Then come, sinner, come! Salvation's free for all;
It may be the last time you'll ever hear the call;*

Oh, come sinner come! The Bride, the Spirit call,
Thus saying now to you and me
That Jesus died for all.
Oh, grieve not then the Spirit,
Accept Him while you can,
For God has said,
"My Spirit shall not always strive with man."

Oh, come sinner come! Accept the proffered grace.
For death may soon be calling you,
Into his cold embrace.
The summer will be ended,
The harvest will be past,
Your lamentation then will be,
"My soul is lost at last."

179

I cannot do without Thee, Lord,
My helplessness I own;
I am no stronger than I was,
Oh, leave me not alone!

*Oh, leave me not alone!
Oh, leave me not alone!
I cannot stand
Without Thy hand,
Oh, leave me not alone!*

The added years have only proved
That I am weak indeed;
That in myself I dare not trust,
Thy grace I always need.

I am as strength-less as I was
When first I came to Thee,
A helpless sinner in my sins,
And Thou didst pardon me.

A should a sudden need arise
When I no prayer can frame,
Oh, leave me not, lest I should bring
Dishonour to Thy name.

180

Some day the silver cord will break,
And I no more as now shall sing;
But oh, the joy when I shall wake
Within the palace of the King!

*And I shall see Him face to face,
And tell the story — Saved by grace;
And I shall see Him face to face,
And tell the story — Saved by grace.*

Some day my earthly house will fall.
I cannot tell how soon 'twill be;
But this I know — my All in All
Has now a place in Heaven for me.

Some day, when fades the golden sun
Beneath the rosy tinted west,
My blessèd Lord will say, "Well done!"
And I shall enter into rest.

Some day: till then I'll watch and wait,
My lamp all trimmed and burning bright,
That when my Saviour opes the gate,
My soul to Him may take its flight.

181

Upon a wide and stormy sea,
Thou'rt sailing to eternity,
And thy great admiral orders thee:
Sail on! Sail on! Sail on!

*Sail on! Sail on!
The storms will soon be past,
The darkness will not always last;
Sail on! Sail on!
God lives and He commands:
Sail on! Sail on!*

Unerringly He steers thee home,
And if a few more storms should come,
In spite of waves and angry foam,
Sail on! Sail on! Sail on!

Art far from shore, and weary worn,
The sky o'ercast, thy canvas torn?

Hark ye! a voice to thee is borne:
Sail on! Sail on! Sail on!

Do comrades tremble and refuse
To further dare the taunting hues?
No other course is thine to choose,
Sail on! Sail on! Sail on!

Do snarling waves thy craft assail?
Art powerless, drifting with the gale?
Take heart! God's Word shall never fail.
Sail on! Sail on! Sail on!

182

Pass along the invitation,
Whosoever will may come;
Pass it on, pass it on,
Pass along the loving message
Unto every thirsty one;
Pass it on, pass it on.

*Pass along the invitation,
Pass along the Word of God,
Until every tribe and nation
Shall have heard of Christ the Lord,
Shall have heard, shall have heard,
Shall have heard of Christ the Lord.*

Pass along the cup of comfort
That the Lord has given you;
Pass it on, pass it on,
Other weary, troubled spirits
Need to taste its sweetness too;
Pass it on, pass it on.

Pass along each boon and blessing
That may come to you through life;
Pass it on, pass it on,
You may help the weary-hearted
Who are faint amid the strife;
Pass it on, pass it on.

Pass along the watchword "Courage";
Soon the darkness will be o'er;
Pass it on, pass it on,
See, already dawn is breaking
On the bright celestial shore;
Pass it on, pass it on.

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!

Are you too heavy laden?
 Come, sinner, come!
 Jesus will bear your burden:
 Come, sinner, come!
 Jesus will now receive you:
 Come, sinner, come!
 Jesus can now redeem you:
 Come, sinner, come!

Why will you longer doubt Him?
 Come, sinner, come!
 What will you do without Him?
 Come, sinner, come!
 For you His heart is yearning,
 Come, sinner, come!
 Jesus will freely pardon:
 Come, sinner, come!

Far off you may have wandered;
 Come, sinner, come!
 God's gifts you may have squandered;
 Come, sinner, come!
 Cease now you heart to harden;
 Come, sinner, come!
 Jesus will freely pardon;
 Come, sinner, come!

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!

184

The downward path of sin I trod,
And day by day I farther strayed from God;
From Jesus' love my steps did stay,
I'm going home in the good old way.

*I'm going home in the good old way;
I am going home in the good old way;
Dear sinner, come with me I pray,
For I'm going home in the good old way.*

It was a joyous day for me,
He touched my eyes and made me see;
He taught me how to live and pray,
I'm going home in the good old way.

I could not find the path alone,
The Lord my hand took in His own;
His grace upholds me day by day,
I'm going home in the good old way.

I'm going home, where loved ones wait,
Whom I shall greet at heaven's gate;
With Christ I shall forever stay,
I'm going home in the good old way.

185

O house of many mansions,
Thy doors are open wide,
And dear are all the faces
Upon the other side.
Thy portals they are golden,
And those who enter in
Shall know no more of sorrow,
Of weariness and sin.

*O house of many mansions,
Thy doors are open wide,
And dear are all the faces
Upon the other side.*

O house of many mansions,
My weary spirit waits
And longs to join the ransomed
Within thy pearly gates;

Who enter through thy portals,
The mansions of the blest;
Who come to thee a-weary,
And find in thee their rest.

O house of many mansions,
O house not made with hands,
I sigh for thee while waiting
Within these border lands.
I know that but in dying,
The threshold is crossed o'er;
There shall be no more sorrow
In thy forevermore.

186

She only touched the hem of His garment
As to His side she stole,
Amid the crowd that gathered around Him,
And straightway she was whole.

*Oh, touch the hem of His garment!
And thou, too, shalt be free!
His saving power this very hour
Shall give new life to thee!*

She came in fear and trembling before Him,
She knew her Lord had come;
She felt that from Him virtue had healed her,
The mighty deed was done.

He turned with "Daughter, be of good comfort,
Thy faith hath made thee whole!"
And peace that passeth all understanding
With gladness filled her soul.

187

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

*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!*

Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, Thine —
And bathed in its own blood —
While the firm mark of wrath divine,
His soul in anguish stood.

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

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

Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

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.

188

Take Thou my hands, dear Saviour,
And lead me on,
Until earth's joys and sorrows
Be past and gone:
Be it through wood or valley,
Or over mountain-side,
Take both my hands, dear Saviour —
Be Thou my Guide.

Take Thou my hands, dear Saviour,
When morning bright
Breaks through the fleeting shadows
Of weary night;
Whene'er my strength shall fail me,
Uphold me by Thy might;
In glory and in darkness
By Thou my Light.

Take Thou my hands, dear Saviour,
Within Thine own,

For how can I move onward
One step alone?
My soul is well-content, Lord
If Thou art leading me,
To follow till my faltering feet
Find rest with Thee.

189

My soul crieth out for the Spirit,
I'm hungering and thirsting to know
The fullness of blessing He giveth;
Now fill me while humbly I bow.

*Come in! come in! Holy Spirit,
Thy work of great blessing begin;
By faith I lay hold of Thy promise,
And claim complete victory o'er sin.*

O Spirit of God and of Jesus,
Blest Trinity, come and possess
My body, my soul, and my spirit,
And fill me with Thy holiness.

My body made meet for Thy temple;
My heart make Thou whiter than snow;
My spirit make loving and gentle —
Oh, fill me while humbly I bow!

O ye that are thirsting for fullness,
Make room by forsaking all sin;
Surrender to Him your whole nature,
By faith let the Spirit come in.

190

Far, far away, in heathen darkness dwelling,
Millions of souls forever may be lost;
Who, who will go, salvation's story telling,
Looking to Jesus, heeding not the cost?

*All power is given unto Me,
All power is given unto Me,
Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel,
And lo, I am with you always.*

See o'er the world wide open doors inviting,
Soldiers of Christ, arise and enter in!

Christians, awake! your forces all uniting,
Send forth the gospel, break the chains of sin.

Why will you die? the voice of God is calling.
Why will you die? re-echo in His name;
Jesus has died to save from death appalling,
Life and salvation, therefore go proclaim.

God speed the day, when those of every nation
Glory to God triumphantly shall sing.
Ransomed, redeemed, rejoicing in salvation,
Shout Hallelujah, for the Lord is king.

191

Sow flowers, and flowers will blossom
Around you wherever you go;
Sow weeds, and of weeds reap the harvest,
You'll reap whatsoever you sow.

*You'll reap whatsoever you sow,
You'll reap whatsoever you sow,
The harvest is certainly coming,
You'll reap whatsoever you sow.*

Sow blessings, and blessings will ripen,
Sow hatred, and hatred will grow;
Sow mercy and reap sweet compassion,
You'll reap whatsoever you sow.

Sow love, and its sweetness uprising
Shall fill all your heart with its glow;
Sow hope, and receive its fruition,
You'll reap whatsoever you sow.

In faith sow the word of the Master,
A blessing He'll surely bestow;
And souls shine like stars for your crowning,
You'll reap whatsoever you sow.

Preach Christ in His wonderful fullness,
That all His salvation may know;
Reap life thro' the ages eternal,
You'll reap whatsoever you sow.

192

There's a royal banner given for display
To the soldiers of the King;
As an ensign fair we lift it up today,
While as ransomed ones we sing.

*Marching on, marching on,
For Christ count everything but loss!
And to crown Him King, we'll toil and sing,
'Neath the banner of the cross!*

Though the foe may rage and gather as the flood,
Let the standard be displayed;
And beneath its folds, as soldiers of the Lord,
For the truth be not dismayed!

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

When the glory dawns — 'tis drawing very near,
It is hastening day by day —
Then before our King the foe shall disappear,
And the cross the world shall sway!

193

Loved with everlasting love,
Led by grace that love to know;
Gracious Spirit from above,
Thou hast taught me it is so!
O this full and perfect peace!
O this transport all divine!
In a love which cannot cease,
I am His, and He is mine.
In a love which cannot cease,
I am His, and He is mine.

Heaven above is softer blue,
Earth around is sweeter green!
Something lives in every hue
Christless eyes have never seen;
Birds with gladder songs o'erflow,
Flowers with deeper beauties shine,
Since I know, as now I know,
I am His, and He is mine.
Since I know, as now I know,
I am His, and He is mine.

Things that once were wild alarms
Cannot now disturb my rest;
Closed in everlasting arms,
Pillowed on the loving breast.
Oh, to lie forever here,
Doubt and care and self resign,
While He whispers in my ear,
I am His, and He is mine.
While He whispers in my ear,
I am His, and He is mine.

His forever, only His;
Who the Lord and me shall part?
Ah, with what a rest of bliss
Christ can fill the loving heart!
Heaven and earth may fade and flee,
Firstborn light in gloom decline;
But while God and I shall be,
I am His, and He is mine.
But while God and I shall be,
I am His, and He is mine.

194

I hear the words that Jesus spake
To them of Galilee;
To fishermen beside the lake
He said: "Come, follow Me."

*"Follow Me, Fellow Me!
Fishers of men henceforth to be,"
Echo the words from Galilee;
Jesus! I follow Thee!*

I long to make Thy words my own!
O, Jesus may it be;
Thou spakest not to them alone,
But even now to me?

I'll follow on with all my heart,
I'll walk with Thee today;
Though vile I am, do not depart,
Forgive and cleanse, I pray!

Within my heart Thy love beget
A fisherman to be;
And teach me where to cast the net
As when in Galilee.

195

What a friend we have in Jesus, all our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit, Oh, what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry everything to God in prayer.

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.

Are we weak and heavy laden, cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge, take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake you? Take it to the Lord in prayer!
In His arms He'll take and shield you; thou will find a solace there.

Blessèd Saviour, Thou hast promised Thou wilt all our burdens bear
May we ever, Lord, be bringing all to Thee in earnest prayer.
Soon in glory bright unclouded there will be no need for prayer
Rapture, praise and endless worship will be our sweet portion there.

196

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

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

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

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

Thou the Spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
Whom in Heaven but Thee?

197

Sinner, how thy heart is troubled,
God is coming very near;
Do not hide thy deep emotion,
Do not check that falling tear.
*O be saved, His grace is free;
O be saved, He died for thee;
O be saved, He died for thee.*
Jesus now is bending o'er thee,
Jesus lowly, meek and mild;
To the Friend who died to save thee,
Canst thou not be reconciled?
Art thou waiting till the morrow?
Thou may'st never see its light;
Come at once — accept His mercy,
He is waiting — come tonight.
With a lowly, contrite spirit,
Kneeling at the Saviour's feet;
Thou canst feel this very moment,
Pardon — precious, pure and sweet.
Let the angels bear the tidings,
Upward to the courts of Heaven;
Let them sing, with holy rapture,
O'er another soul forgiven.

198

Our Lord is now rejected,
And by the world disowned,
By the many still neglected,
And by the few enthroned,
But soon He'll come in glory,
The hour is drawing nigh,
For the crowning day is coming by and by.

*Oh, the crowning day is coming,
Is coming by and by,
When our Lord shall come in power,
And glory from on high.
Oh, the glorious sight will gladden,
Each waiting, watchful eye,
In the crowning day that's coming by and by.*

The heavens shall glow with splendour,
But brighter far than they
The saints shall shine in glory,

As Christ shall them array,
The beauty of the Saviour,
Shall dazzle every eye,
For the crowning day is coming by and by.

Our pain shall then be over,
We'll sit and sigh no more,
Behind us all of sorrow,
And naught but joy before,
A joy in our Redeemer,
As we to Him are nigh,
For the crowning day that's coming by and by.

Let all that look for, hasten
The coming joyful day,
By earnest consecration,
To walk the narrow way,
By gathering in the lost ones,
For whom our Lord did die,
For the crowning day that's coming by and by.

199

I can hear my Saviour calling,
I can hear my Saviour calling,
I can hear my Saviour calling,
Take thy cross and follow, follow Me.

*Where He leads me I will follow,
Where He leads me I will follow,
Where He leads me I will follow;
I'll go with Him, with Him, all the way.*

I'll go with Him through the garden,
I'll go with Him through the garden,
I'll go with Him through the garden,
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

I'll go with Him through the judgement,
I'll go with Him through the judgement,
I'll go with Him through the judgment,
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

He will give me grace and glory,
He will give me grace and glory,
He will give me grace and glory,
And go with me, with me all the way.

200

Grace, 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to mine ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

Saved by His grace alone!
Saved by His grace alone!
And we shall sing around His throne:
Saved by His grace alone.

Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

Grace first inscribed my name
In God's eternal book;
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.

Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road,
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

Grace taught my soul to pray
And made mine eyes o'erflow;
'Twas grace which kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.

Grace all the works shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

O let Thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine
My all my powers to Thee aspire,
And all my days be Thine.

201

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

Though like the 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.

There let the way appear, steps unto Heav'n;
All that Thou sendest me, in mercy given;
Angels to beckon me nearer, my God, to Thee.

Then, with my waking thoughts bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be nearer, my God, to Thee.

Or, if on joyful wing cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot, upward I'll fly,
Still all my song shall be, nearer, my God, to Thee.

There in my Father's home, safe and at rest,
There in my Saviour's love, perfectly blest;
Age after age to be, nearer my God to Thee.

202

We're just a sunset nearer,
Each time the daylight fades;
The glory that excelleth
Will know no evening shades.

*A sunset nearer every night,
A sunset nearer glory bright.*

It may be we shall see him
Ere sinks the sun today,
And hear the welcome summons,
"Arise, and come away!"

If Christ should come tomorrow,
This night would be our last;
Then farewell pain and sorrow,
The darkness will be past.

A sunset nearer daybreak,
When suns will set no more,
This evening we are nearer
Than we have been before.

203

'Tis a true and faithful saying,
Jesus died for sinful men;
Though we've told the story often,
We must tell it o'er again.

Oh, glad and glorious gospel!
With joy we now proclaim
A full and free salvation,
Through faith in Jesus' name.
He has made a full atonement,
Now His saving work is done;
He has satisfied the Father,
Who accepts us in His Son.

Still upon His hands the nail prints,
And the scars upon His brow;
Our Redeemer, Lord, and Saviour,
In the glory standeth now.

But remember, this same Jesus
In the clouds will come again;
And with Him His blood-bought people
Evermore shall live and reign.

204

Here I need not be discouraged,
At the trials that befall;
God does love me dearly,
And He plans and orders all.

Does He really love me dearly?
Yes, I will not doubt His love,
He has sought me, He has brought me,
And in Christ His love I prove.

Fret and worry, rush and hurry,
Must disturb my peace of soul,
He can keep sweetly resting,
Satisfied with His control.

Faith can calm me, naught can harm me,
For my Saviour cares so much;
In His hand he safely holds me,
And no other hand can touch.

Naught can sever, He will never,

Let another take my place,
For He has engaged to save me,
Even I must share His grace.

Want a wonder! As I ponder
On His love I am amazed,
That a sinner such as I am,
To such glory should be raised.

205

One day when Heaven was filled with His praises,
One day when sin was as black as could be,
Jesus came forth to be born of a virgin,
Dwelt among men, my example is He!

*Living, He loved me; dying, He saved me;
Buried, He carried my sins far away;
Rising, He justified freely forever;
One day He's coming — O glorious day!*

One day they led Him up Calvary's mountain,
One day they nailed Him to die on the tree;
Suffering anguish, despised and rejected:
Bearing our sins, my Redeemer is He!

One day they left Him alone in the garden,
One day He rested, from suffering free;
Angels came down o'er His tomb to keep vigil;
Hope of the hopeless, my Saviour is He!

One day the grave could conceal Him no longer,
One day the stone rolled away from the door;
Then He arose, over death He had conquered;
Now is ascended, my Lord evermore!

One day the trumpet will sound for His coming,
One day the skies with His glories will shine;
Wonderful day, my beloved ones bringing;
Glorious Saviour, this Jesus is mine!

206

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

*Jesus knows all about our struggles,
He will guide till the day is done;
There's not a friend like the lowly Jesus,
No, not one! No, not one!*

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

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

Did ever saint find this Friend forsake him?
No, not one! No, not one!
Or sinner find that He would not take him?
No, not one! No, not one!

Was ever a gift like the Saviour given?
No, not one! No, not one!
Will He refuse us a home in heaven?
No, not one! No, not one!

207

Dear ones will give me their last embrace,
Faces will bend o'er my still cold face,
Shadows of mourning will fill the place,
Five minutes after I die.
But the sorrowing faces I shall not see,
The murmuring voices will not reach me,
And where, oh, where will my spirit be,
Five minutes after I die?

Quickly the years of my life have flown,
Gathering treasure I thought my own,
There I must reap from the seed I have sown,
Five minutes after I die.
The chance of salvation I did not lack,
But then I must stay on my chosen track,
No room for repentance, no turning back,
Five minutes after I die.

Now I can stifle convictions stirred,
Now I can silence the voice oft heard,
But I must face His neglected Word,
Five minutes after I die.
And mated at last with my chosen throng,

I must enter eternity, endless long,
Oh, woe is me, if my soul is wrong!
Five minutes after I die.

What if turn from my sin and pride,
Open to Jesus my heart's door wide?
Trusting Him now, and to be my Guide,
Five minutes after I die.
All heaven to gain when the race is won,
My loved ones to meet when my work is done,
Eternity's joy would be just begun,
Five minutes after I die.

Fool that I am — a hard word, yet true,
Passing perchance of a prize in view,
Doing a deed I can ne'er undo,
Five minutes after I die.
God help me to choose! My eternal state
Depends on my choosing — I dare not wait,
The choice must be now; it will be too late
Five minutes after I die.

208

Once far from God and dead in sin,
No light my heart could see;
But in God's Word the light I found,
Now Christ liveth in me.

*Christ liveth in me,
Christ liveth in me,
Oh! what a salvation this,
That Christ liveth in me.*

As rays of light from yonder sun,
The flowers of earth set free,
So life and light and love came forth
From Christ living in me.

As lives the flower within the seed,
As in the cone the tree,
So, praise the God of truth and grace,
His Spirit dwelleth in me.

With longing, all my heart is filled,
That like Him I may be,
As on the wondrous thought I dwell
That Christ liveth in me.

209

His grace was sufficient for me!
When in trembling and fear
To His side I drew near,
And He cleansed me from sin,
Made my heart pure within;
His grace was sufficient for me!

*For me, for me,
His grace is sufficient for me!
For me, for me,
His grace is sufficient for me!*

His grace is sufficient for me!
And whatever my lot,
I can hear His "Fear not!"
I am safe in His care,
Who can guard from each snare;
His grace is sufficient for me!

His grace is sufficient for me!
All my need He'll provide,
And my steps homeward guide;
And in death I shall sing,
As I rest 'neath His wing,
His grace is sufficient for me!

His grace is sufficient for me!
When in mansions of bliss
Still my theme shall be this;
And for aye I shall sing,
To the praise of my King,
Whose grace is sufficient for me!

210

Father, I am weak and sinful,
Ever prone to go astray;
Like a wayward child of error,
I so often lose my way.

*In Thy love, O God, have mercy;
In Thy grace redeem my soul;
Bring me back, O gentle Shepherd,
Keep me safe within The fold.*

In the billows of temptation,
When its waves are running high.

Bear me o'er life's sea of trouble,
Leave me not to sink and die.

Father, when the shades are falling,
And the night of death is near,
Guide me thro' the gloomy valley,
With Thy light my journey cheer.

Open, then, the pearly portals,
That, unworthy though I be,
I may join the ransomed legions,
There to dwell eternally.

211

Brightly beams our Father's mercy
From His lighthouse evermore,
But to us He gives the keeping
Of the lights along the shore.

*Let the lower lights be burning!
Send a gleam across the wave!
Some poor, fainting, struggling seaman
You may rescue, you may save.*

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

Trim your feeble lamp, my brother;
Some poor sailor tempest tossed,
Trying now to make the harbour,
In the darkness may be lost.

With the Saviour as your Pilot
You have conquered wind and wave;
Let His brightness shining through you
Be a beacon light to save.

212

Today the Saviour calls:
Ye wanderers, come;
O ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

Today the Saviour calls:
O listen now!
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

Today the Saviour calls:
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

The Spirit calls today:
Yield to His power;
O grieve Him not away —
'Tis mercy's hour.

213

Somebody made a loving gift'
Cheerfully tried a load to lift;
Somebody told the love of Christ,
Told how He was sacrificed.

*Was that somebody you?
Was that somebody you?*

Somebody did a golden deed,
Proving himself a friend in need;
Somebody sang a cheerful song,
Brightening the skies the whole day long.

Somebody thought 'tis sweet to live,
Willingly said, "I'm glad to give";
Somebody fought a valiant fight,
Bravely, he lived to shield the right.

Somebody idles all the hours,
Carelessly crushed life's fairest flowers;
Somebody made life loss, not gain,
Thoughtlessly seemed to live in vain.

Somebody filled the days with light,
Constantly chased away the night;
Somebody's work bore joy and peace,
Surely his life shall never cease.

214

Come to Jesus,

Come to Jesus just now;
Just now come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now.

He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you just now;
Just now He will save you,
He will save you just now.

He will is able, etc.

He is willing, etc.

Call upon Him, etc.

He will hear you, etc.

He'll forgive you, etc.

He will cleanse you, etc.

He'll renew you, etc.

Jesus loves you, etc.

Only trust Him, etc.

215

Oh, I love to read of Jesus and His love,
How He left His Father's mansion far above,
How He came on earth to live,
How He came His life to give,
Oh, I love to read of Jesus and His love.

*It's just like Him to take my sins away,
To make me glad and free,
To keep me day by day;
It's just like Him to give His life for me,
That I might go to heaven, and ever with Him be.*

Oh, I love to read of Jesus as He went
Everywhere, to do His Father's will intent;
How He gave the blind their sight,
How He gave the wronged ones right,
How He swift deliverance to the captive sent.

Oh, I love to read of Jesus on the tree,
For it shows how great the love that died for me;

And the blood that from His side
Flowed, when on the cross He died,
Paid my debt and evermore doth make me free.

Oh, my dear and precious Saviour, at Thy feet
Here I give myself and all I have complete;
I will serve Thee all my days
With a heart all filled with praise,
And I'll thank Thee face to face when we shall meet.

216

Oh, the wondrous love,
Coming from above;
In the sacrifice,
Jesus paid the price.

*Of a truth I know
Jesus loves me so;
For He died for me
On the cruel tree.*

From the gloom of night
Into the glorious light
Jesus lifted me,
When He set me free.

I had gone astray
From the narrow way;
But He loved me so —
Would not let me go.

Now I'm cleansed from sin,
And my heart within
Overflows with love,
Coming from above.

217

All hail to Thee, Immanuel,
We cast our crowns before Thee;
Let every heart obey Thy will,
And every voice adore Thee.
In praise to Thee, our Saviour King,
The vibrant chords of heaven ring,
And echo back the mighty strain:
All hail! All hail! All hail Immanuel!

[Optional]

*Hail to the King we love so well!
Hail Immanuel!
Hail to the King we love so well!
Immanuel! Immanuel!
Glory and honour and majesty,
Wisdom and power be unto Thee,
Now and evermore!
Hail to the King we love so well!*

*Immanuel! Immanuel!
Hail to the King we love so well!
Immanuel! Immanuel!
King of kings and Lord of lords,
All hail, Immanuel!*

All hail to Thee, Immanuel,
The ransomed hosts surround Thee;
And earthly monarchs clamour forth
Their sovereign King to crown Thee.
While those redeemed in ages gone,
Assembled round the great white throne,
Break forth into immortal song:
All hail! All hail! All hail Immanuel!

All hail to Thee, Immanuel,
Our risen King and Saviour!
Thy foes are vanquished, and
Thou art omnipotent forever.
Death, sin and hell no longer reign,
And Satan's power is burst in twain;
Eternal glory to Thy name:
All hail! All hail! All hail Immanuel!

218

I must have the Saviour with me,
For I dare not go alone,
I must feel His presence near me,
And His arm around me thrown.

*Then my soul shall fear no ill, fear no ill,
Let Him lead me where He will, where He will,
I will go without a murmur,
And His footsteps follow still.*

I must have the Saviour with me,
For my faith, at best, is weak;

He can whisper words of comfort,
That no other voice can speak.

I must have the Saviour with me,
In the onward march of life,
Thro' the tempest and the sunshine,
Thro' the battle and the strife.

I must have the Saviour with me,
And His eye the way must guide,
Till I reach the vale of Jordan,
Till I cross the rolling tide.

219

There is a happy land, far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand, bright, bright as day.
Oh, how they sweetly sing, worthy is our Saviour king,
Loud let His praises ring, praise, praise for aye!

Come to that happy land, come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand, why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be, when from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with Thee, blest, blest for aye!

Bright, in that happy land, beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand, love cannot die.
Oh, then to glory run; be a crown and kingdom won;
And, bright, above the sun, we reign for aye!

220

Though your sins be as scarlet,
They shall be as white as snow;
Though your sins be as scarlet,
They shall be as white as snow;
Though they be red like crimson,
They shall be as wool!
Though your sins be as scarlet,
Though your sins be as scarlet,
They shall be as white as snow,
They shall be as white as snow.

Hear the voice that entreats you,
O return ye unto God!
Hear the voice that entreats you,
O return ye unto God!
He is of great compassion,
And of wondrous love;
Hear the voice that entreats you,

Hear the voice that entreats you,
O return ye unto God!
O return ye unto God!

He'll forgive your transgressions,
And remember them no more;
He'll forgive your transgressions,
And remember them no more;
Look unto Me, ye people,
Saith the Lord your God!
He'll forgive your transgressions,
He'll forgive your transgressions,
And remember them no more,
And remember them no more.

He can save to the uttermost
Them that come to God by Him,
He can save to the uttermost
Them that come to God by Him,
Seeing He lives for ever,
And He pleads for us;
He can save to the uttermost
Them that come to God by Him,
Them that come to God by Him,

Unto Him who hath loved us,
And washes us from our sins
Unto Him who hath loved us,
And washes us from our sins
Glory to Him and honour
Through eternity;
Unto Him who hath loved us,
Unto Him who hath loved us
And hath washed us from our sins,
And hath washed us from our sins,

221

Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Thy mighty arm make bare;
Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
And make Thy people hear.

*Revive Thy work, O Lord,
And give refreshing showers;
The glory shall be all thine own;
The blessing shall be ours.*

Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Disturb this sleep of death;
Quicken the smoldering embers now
By Thine almighty breath.

Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Create soul-thirst for Thee;
And hungering for the bread of life
O may our spirits be.

Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Exalt Thy precious name;
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
For Thee and Thine inflame.

Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Give Pentecostal showers;
The glory shall be all Thine own,
The blessing, Lord, be ours.

222

One thing I of the Lord desire,
For all my path hath miry been,
Be it by water or by fire,
Oh, make me clean, Oh, make me clean.

*Wash me, Thou, without, within,
Or purge with fire, if that must be,
Anyhow, if only sin
Die out in me, die out, die out in me.*

I watch to shun the miry way,
And stanch the springs of guilty thought,
But, watch and struggle as I may,
Pure I am not, pure I am not.

If clearer vision Thou impart,
Grateful and glad my soul shall be;
But yet to have a purer heart
Is more to me, is more to me.

Yea, only as this heart is clean
May larger vision yet be mine,
For mirrored in its depths are seen
The things divine, the things divine.

223

Sometimes along our journey here
Our Father's voice we scarce can hear;
It seems that clouds His face do mask:
"What shall we do?" we trembling ask?
Just simply trust,
Just simply trust,

When gloom increaseth day by day,
Our souls unlit by heavenly ray;
When sweet communion with the Lord
Has ceased, we cannot love His Word.
Just simply trust,
Then we should trust
Then we should trust.

Yes, trust in every hour of need;
In bondage trust we shall be freed;
He makes the crooked places straight,
And opens every heavy gate.
If we will trust,
If we will trust,

224

Soon I shall leave all the burdens of life,
At rest with Him,
At rest with Him.
Mine eyes shall close to earth's care and its strife,
At rest with Him,
At rest with Him.

*With my blest Lord in the haven of peace,
Rest will be mine, with Him divine,
Anchored at last where all sorrow shall cease,
At rest with Him,
At rest with Him.*

Soon I shall be where my tears cannot flow,
At rest with Him,
At rest with Him.
In that blest homeland no grief can I known,
At rest with Him,
At rest with Him.

Loved ones have gone with their Saviour to be,
At rest with Him,
At rest with Him.
When I shall join them, what joy it will be!

At rest with Him,
At rest with Him.

225

Thy love, our Father, day by day,
Has strewn new joys upon our way,
Thy goodness makes it sweet to say,
“Thy will, thy will be done.”

How bright our path with heaven’s own light!
It groweth ever still more bright,
The joy Thou sendest must be right,
“Thy will, thy will be done.”

What wondrous gifts Thou dost bestow,
As more of Thee we learn to know,
And evermore it will be so,
“Thy will, thy will be done.”

Thy will is far beyond our thought,
And is with perfect blessing fraught,
The echo of heaven’s song we’ve caught,
“Thy will, thy will be done.”

226

We all like sheep have gone astray,
We’ve turned us each to his own way;
In sinful thought and word and deed,
And on God’s lamb our guilt was laid.

*Let the wicked forsake his way,
And the unrighteous man his thoughts;
And let him return unto the Lord,
And He will abundantly pardon;
Let him return unto the Lord,
And He will abundantly pardon.*

Oh, hear and heed the prophet’s cry,
“Ye sons of men, why will ye die?”
Why do ye spend your strength for naught,
For bread which satisfieth not?

“Incline your ear and come to me,
And take salvation’s waters free;

Here all your sins and sorrows cure
In David's mercies sweet and sure."

Proclaim this gospel grace to all,
The thoughtless throng in pleasure's thrall:
The busy world, refined or rude,
And all the sin-stained brotherhood.

227

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

*For you I am praying,
For you I am praying,
For you I am praying,
I'm praying for you.*

I have a Father; to me He has given
A hope for eternity, blessed and true;
And soon He will call me to meet Him in heaven,
But, oh, that He'd let me bring you with me, too!

I have a robe; 'tis resplendent in whiteness,
Awaiting in glory my wondering view;
Oh, when I receive it all shining in brightness,
Dear friend, could I see you receiving one, too!

When Jesus has found you, tell others the story,
That my loving Saviour is your Saviour, too;
Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to glory,
And prayer will be answered — 'twas answered for you!

Speak of that Saviour, that Father in heaven,
That harp, crown, and robe which are waiting for you —
That peace you possess, and that rest to be given,
Still praying that Jesus may save them with you.

228

Rise, ye children of salvation,
All who cleave to Christ the Head;

Wake, arise! O mighty nation,
Ere the foe on Zion tread.

*Pour it forth a mighty anthem
Pour it forth a mighty anthem
Like the thunders of the sea;
Through the blood of Christ our ransom,
More than conquerors are we,
More than conquerors are we,
More than conquerors are we;
Through the blood of Christ our ransom,
More than conquerors are we.*

Saints and martyrs long before us
Firmly on this ground have stood;
See their banners waving o'er us,
Conquerors through Jesus' blood.

Deathless, we are all un-fearing,
Life, laid up with Christ in God,
In the morn of His appearing
Floweth forth a glory flood.

Soon we all shall stand before Him,
See and know our glorious Lord;
Soon in joy and light adore Him,
Each receiving his reward.

229

The fight is on, the trumpet sound is ringing out,
The cry To arms! is heard afar and near;
The Lord of hosts is marching on to victory,
The triumph of the Christ will soon appear.

*The fight is on, O Christian soldier,
And face to face in stern array,
With armor gleaming, and colors streaming,
The right and wrong engage today!
The fight is on, but be not weary;
Be strong, and in His might hold fast;
If God be for us, His banner o'er us,
We'll sing the victor's song at last!*

The fight is on, arouse, ye soldiers brave and true!
Jehovah leads, and victory will assure;
Go buckle on the armour God has given you,
And in His strength unto the end endure.

The Lord is leading on to certain victory;
The bow of promise spans the eastern sky;
His glorious name in every land shall honored be;
The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.

230

There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold.
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold.
Away on the mountains wild and bare.
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for Thee?
But the Shepherd made answer: This of Mine
Has wandered away from Me;
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find My sheep,
I go to the desert to find My sheep.

But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night the Lord passed through
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry,
Sick and helpless and ready to die;
Sick and helpless and ready to die.

Lord, whence are those blood drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track
They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back.
Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?
They are pierced tonight by many a thorn;
They are pierced tonight by many a thorn.

But all through the mountains, thunder riven
And up from the rocky steep,
There arose a glad cry to the gate of Heaven,
Rejoice! I have found My sheep!
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!
Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!"

231

[Just before William Tecumseh Sherman began his famous march to the sea in 1864, and while his army lay camped in the neighborhood of Atlanta on the 5th of October, the army of Hood, in a carefully prepared movement, passed the right flank of Sherman's army, gained his rear, and commenced the destruction of the railroad leading north, burning blockhouses and capturing the small garrisons along the line. Sherman's army was put in rapid motion pursuing Hood, to save the supplies and larger posts, the principal one of which was located at Altoona Pass. General Corse, of Illinois, was stationed there with about fifteen hundred men, Colonel Tourtelotte being second in command. A million and a half rations were stored here and it was highly important that the earthworks commanding the pass and protecting the supplies be held. Six thousand men under command of General French were detailed by Hood to take the position. The works were completely surrounded and summoned to surrender. Corse refused and a sharp fight commenced. The defenders were slowly driven into a small fort on the crest of the hill. Many had fallen, and the result seemed to render a prolongation of the fight hopeless. At this moment an officer caught sight of a white signal flag far away across the valley, twenty miles distant, upon the top of Kenesaw Mountain. The signal was answered, and soon the message was waved across from mountain to mountain: Hold the fort; I am coming. W. T. Sherman.

Cheers went up; every man was nerved to a full appreciation of the position; and under a murderous fire, which killed or wounded more than half the men in the fort — Corse himself

being shot three times through the head, and Tourtelotte taking command, though himself badly wounded — they held the fort for three hours until the advance guard of Sherman's army came up. French was obliged to retreat.

Sankey. pp 150-1]

Ho, my comrades! see the signal
Waving in the sky!
Reinforcements now appearing,
Victory is nigh.

*Hold the fort, for I am coming,
Jesus signals still;
Wave the answer back to Heaven,
"By Thy grace we will."*

See the mighty host advancing,
Satan leading on;
Mighty ones around us falling,
Courage almost gone!

See the glorious banner waving!
Hear the trumpet blow!
In our leader's name we triumph
Over every foe.

Fierce and long the battle rages,
But our help is near;
Onward comes our great Commander,

Cheer, my comrades, cheer!

232

I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night;
Do not detain me, for I am going
To where the stream-lets are ever flowing.

*I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.*

Of that city to which I journey;
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light;
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any tears there; nor any dying.

There the sunbeams are ever shining;
Oh, my longing heart, my longing heart is there;
Here in this country, so dark and dreary,
I long have wandered forlorn and weary.

Farewell, neighbours, with tears I've warned you,
I must leave you, I must leave you and be gone!
With this your portion, your heart's desire,
Why will you perish in raging fire?

Father, mother, and sister, brother!
If you will not journey with me, I must go!
Now since your vain hopes you will thus cherish,
Should I, too, linger, and with you perish?

Farewell, drear earth, by sin so blighted,
In immortal beauty soon you'll be arrayed;
He who has formed thee will soon restore thee,
And then the dread curse shall nevermore be.

233

There is a land mine eye hath seen
In visions of enraptured thought,
So bright that all which spread between
Is with its radiant glories fraught.

*Oh, land of love, of joy and light,
Thy glories gild earth's darkest night;
Thy tranquil shore, we, too, shall see,
When day shall break and shadows flee.*

A land upon whose blissful shore
There rests no shadow, falls no stain;
There those who meet shall part no more,
And those long parted meet again.

Its skies are not like earthly skies,
With varying blues of shade and light;
It hath no need of suns to rise
To dissipate the gloom of night.

There sweeps no desolating wind
Across the calm, serene abode.
The wanderer there a home may find
Within the paradise of God.

234

The cross, it standeth fast—
Hallelujah, hallelujah!
Defying every blast—
Hallelujah, hallelujah!
The winds of hell have blown,
The world its hate hath shown,
Yet it is not overthrown—
Hallelujah for the cross!

*Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Hallelujah for the cross;
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
It shall never suffer loss!
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Hallelujah for the cross;
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
It shall never suffer loss!*

It is the old cross still—
Hallelujah, hallelujah!
Its triumph let us tell—
Hallelujah, hallelujah!
The grace of God here shone
Through Christ, the blessed Son,
Who did for sin atone—
Hallelujah for the cross!

'Twas here the debt was paid—
Hallelujah, hallelujah!
Our sins on Jesus laid—
Hallelujah, hallelujah!
So round the cross we sing
Of Christ, our offering,

Of Christ, our living king—
Hallelujah for the cross!

235

Lift up your heads ye gates eternal,
The King of glory enters in,
Ascending to the throne supernal,
The conqueror of death and sin!

*Who is the King of glory?
He who overcame our enemy;
Who took our place at judgement-bar,
And made His cross the Victor's car;
He is the King of glory!
He is the King of glory!*

'Tis He who this round world hath founded,
And 'stablished upon the flood;
And Satan's hosts He hath confounded
When on the cross He shed his blood.

Who shall approach His holy mountain,
Or stand within His holy place?
E'en he who, bathed in Calvary's fountain,
Hath been redeemed by heavenly grace.

The eye of faith e'en now discerneth
The King upon His Father's throne,
And waits the hour when He returneth
To take the kingdom for His own.

236

Still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee.

Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with Thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

As in the dawning o'er the waveless ocean
The image of the morning star doth rest,

So in the stillness Thou beholdest only
Thine image in the waters of my breast.

Still, still with Thee, as to each newborn morning,
A fresh and solemn splendor still is given,
So does this blessed consciousness, awaking,
Breathe each day nearness unto Thee and Heaven.

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose beneath the wings o'ershading,
But sweeter still to wake and find Thee there.

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh and life's shadows flee;
Oh, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee.

237

Hark! hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling,
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

*Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!*

Darker than night life's shadows fall around us,
And like benighted men we miss our mark:
God hides Himself, and grace hath scarcely found us,
E'er death finds out his victims in the dark.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.

Rest comes at length: though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And Heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

Cheer up, my soul! faith's moonbeams softly glisten
Upon the breast of life's most troubled sea,
And it will cheer thy drooping heart to listen
To those brave songs which angels mean for thee.

Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

238

The King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never,
I nothing lack if I am His
And He is mine forever.

Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
And O what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth!

And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house forever.

239

[Perhaps one of the most interesting occasions on which this hymn was used was

that on which King George, the sable, of the South Sea Islands, but of blessed memory, gave a new constitution to his people, exchanging a heathen for a Christian

form of government. Under the spreading branches of the banyan trees sat some thousand natives from Tonga, Fiji, and Samoa, on Whitsunday, 1862, assembled for Divine worship. Foremost amongst them all sat King George himself. Around him

were seated old chiefs and warriors who had shared with him the dangers and fortunes of many a battle — men whose eyes were dim, and whose powerful frames

were bowed down with the weight of years. But old and young alike rejoiced together

in the joys of that day, their faces most of them radiant with Christian joy, love, and hope. It would be impossible to describe the deep feeling manifested when the solemn service began, by the entire audience singing Dr. Watts' hymn... Who so much as they could realise the full meaning of the poet's words? For they had been rescued from the darkness of heathenism and cannibalism and they were that day met for the first time under a Christian constitution, under a Christian king, and with Christ Himself reigning in the hearts of most of those present. That was indeed Christ's kingdom set up in the earth.

Stevenson, pp 351-52]

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

Behold the islands with their kings,
And Europe her best tribute brings;
From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at His feet.

There Persia, glorious to behold,
There India shines in eastern gold;
And barbarous nations at His word
Submit, and bow, and own their Lord.

To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;

The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blessed.

Where He displays His healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more:
In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud amen!

240

The Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord,
She is His new creation
By water and the Word.
From Heav'n He came and sought her
To be His holy bride;
With His own blood He bought her
And for her life He died.

Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth;
Her charter of salvation,
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

The Church shall never perish!
Her dear Lord to defend,
To guide, sustain, and cherish,
Is with her to the end:
Though there be those who hate her,
And false sons in her pale,
Against both foe or traitor
She ever shall prevail.

Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore oppressed,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distressed:
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, How long?
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song!

'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace forevermore;
Till, with the vision glorious,
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won,
With all her sons and daughters
Who, by the Master's hand
Led through the deathly waters,
Repose in Eden land.

O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee:
There, past the border mountains,
Where in sweet vales the Bride
With Thee by living fountains
Forever shall abide!

242

Crown Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne.
Hark! How the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own.
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him who died for thee,
And hail Him as thy matchless king
Through all eternity.

Crown Him the virgin's son,
The God incarnate born,
Whose arm those crimson trophies won
Which now His brow adorn;
Fruit of the mystic rose,
As of that rose the stem;
The root whence mercy ever flows,
The Babe of Bethlehem.

Crown Him the Son of God,
Before the worlds began,
And ye who tread where He hath trod,

Crown Him the Son of Man;
Who every grief hath known
That wrings the human breast,
And takes and bears them for His own,
That all in Him may rest.

Crown Him the Lord of life,
Who triumphed o'er the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife
For those He came to save.
His glories now we sing,
Who died, and rose on high,
Who died eternal life to bring,
And lives that death may die.

Crown Him the Lord of peace,
Whose power a scepter sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
And all be prayer and praise.
His reign shall know no end,
And round His pierced feet
Fair flowers of paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

Crown Him the Lord of love,
Behold His hands and side,
Those wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified.
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

Crown Him the Lord of Heav'n,
Enthroned in worlds above,
Crown Him the king to whom is giv'n
The wondrous name of Love.
Crown Him with many crowns,
As thrones before Him fall;
Crown Him, ye kings, with many crowns,
For He is king of all.

Crown Him the Lord of lords,
Who over all doth reign,
Who once on earth, the incarnate Word,
For ransomed sinners slain,
Now lives in realms of light,
Were saints with angels sing
Their songs before Him day and night,
Their God, Redeemer, king.

Crown Him the Lord of years,
The potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime.
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For Thou has died for me;
Thy praise and glory shall not fail
Throughout eternity.

243

We plough the fields, and scatter the good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered by God's almighty hand;
He sends the snow in winter, the warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine, and soft refreshing rain.

*All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord
For all His love.*

He only is the Maker of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower, He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him, by Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children, He gives our daily bread.

We thank Thee, then, O Father, for all things bright and good,
The seed time and the harvest, our life, our health, and food;
No gifts have we to offer, for all Thy love imparts,
But that which Thou desirest, our humble, thankful hearts.

244

From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy seat.

There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet;
It is the blood bought mercy seat.

There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy seat.

Ah, whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed,
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

There, there, on eagles' wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more;
And heaven comes down, our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy seat.

Oh, let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy seat!

245

Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King?
Who will be His helpers, other lives to bring?
Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?
Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go?
By Thy call of mercy, by Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side — Saviour, we are Thine!

Not for weight of glory, nor for crown and palm,
Enter we the army, raise the warrior psalm;
But for love that claimeth lives for whom He died:
He whom Jesus nameth must be on His side.
By Thy love constraining, by Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side — Saviour, we are Thine!

Jesus, Thou hast bought us, not with gold or gem,
But with Thine own life blood, for Thy diadem;
With Thy blessing filling each who comes to Thee,
Thou hast made us willing, Thou hast made us free.
By Thy grand redemption, by Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side — Saviour, we are Thine!

Fierce may be the conflict, strong may be the foe,
But the King's own army none can overthrow;
'Round His standard ranging, victory is secure,
For His truth unchanging makes the triumph sure.
Joyfully enlisting, by Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side — Saviour, we are Thine!

Chosen to be soldiers, in an alien land,
Chosen, called, and faithful, for our Captain's band,
In the service royal, let us not grow cold;

Let us be right loyal, noble, true and bold.
Master, Thou wilt keep us, by Thy grace divine,
Always on the Lord's side — Saviour, always Thine!

246

For all the saints, who from their labors rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesus, be forever blessed.
Alleluia, Alleluia!

Thou wast their rock, their fortress and their might;
Thou, Lord, their captain in the well fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true Light.
Alleluia, Alleluia!

For the apostles' glorious company,
Who bearing forth the cross o'er land and sea,
Shook all the mighty world, we sing to Thee:
Alleluia, Alleluia!

For the evangelists, by whose blest word,
Like fourfold streams, the garden of the Lord,
Is fair and fruitful, be Thy name adored.
Alleluia, Alleluia!

For martyrs, who with rapture kindled eye,
Saw the bright crown descending from the sky,
And seeing, grasped it, Thee we glorify.
Alleluia, Alleluia!

O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
All are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
Alleluia, Alleluia!

O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win with them the victor's crown of gold.
Alleluia, Alleluia!

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph song,
And hearts are brave, again, and arms are strong.
Alleluia, Alleluia!

The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes their rest;
Sweet is the calm of paradise the blessed.
Alleluia, Alleluia!

But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of glory passes on His way.
Alleluia, Alleluia!

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
And singing to Father, Son and Holy Ghost:
Alleluia, Alleluia!

247

Lead, kindly Light, amid the 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.

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!

So long Thy power 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!

Meantime, along the narrow rugged path,
Thyself hast trod,
Lead, Saviour, lead me home in childlike faith,
Home to my God.
To rest forever after earthly strife
In the calm light of everlasting life.

248

Take my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee.
Take my moments and my days;
Let them flow in endless praise.

Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of thy love.
Take my feet and let them be

swift and beautiful for thee.

Take my voice and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.
Take my lips and let them be
Filled with messages from thee,

Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold.
Take my intellect and use
Every power as thou shalt choose,

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.

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

249

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!

Holy, holy, holy! All the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Who was, and is, and evermore shall be.

Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though 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.

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!

250

Lord, I hear of showers of blessing,
Thou art scattering full and free;
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;

Let some droppings fall on me;
Even me, even me,
Let some droppings fall on me.

Pass me not, O gracious Father,
Sinful though my heart may be,
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather;
Let Thy mercy light on me;
Even me, even me,
Let Thy mercy light on me.

Pass me not, O tender Saviour,
Let me love and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favor;
Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me;
Even me, even me,
Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.

Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the Word of power to me;
Even me, even me,
Speak the Word of power to me.

Have I been in sin long sleeping,
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
O forgive and rescue me;
Even me, even me,
O forgive and rescue me.

Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless
Magnify them all in me;
Even me, even me,
Magnify them all in me.

Pass me not; but pardon bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;
Whilst the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, O bless me;
Even me, even me,
Blessing others, Oh, bless me.

251

Search me, O God, my actions try,
And let my life appear

As seen by Thine all-searching eye:
To mine my ways make clear.

Search all my sense, and know my heart,
Who only canst make known;
And let the deep, the hidden part
To me be fully shown.

Throw light into the darkened cells,
Where passion reigns within;
Quicken my conscience till it feels
The loathsomeness of sin.

Search all my thoughts, the secret springs,
The motives that control;
The chambers where polluted things
Hold empire o'er the soul.

Search, till Thy fiery glance has cast
Its holy light through all,
And I by grace am brought at last
Before Thy face to fall.

Thus prostrate I shall learn of Thee
What now I feebly prove —
That God alone in Christ can be
Unutterable love!

252

Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide;
The darkness thickens. Lord with me abide.
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, Oh, abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word;
But as Thou dwellest with Thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free.
Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me.

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings,
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea,
Come, friend of sinners, and then abide with me.

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile;
And though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee,
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

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

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

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

253

Come ye yourselves apart and rest awhile,
weary, I know it, of the press and throng;
wipe from your brow the sweat and dust of toil,
and in my quiet strength again be strong.

Come ye aside from all the world holds dear,
for converse which the world has ever known,
alone with me and with my Father here,
with me and with my Father, not alone.

Come, tell me all that ye have said and done,
your victories and failures, hopes and fears.
I know how hardly souls are wooed and won:
my choicest wreaths are always wet with tears.

Come ye and rest: the journey is too great,
and ye will faint beside the way and sink;
the Bread of life is here for you to eat,
and here for you the Wine of love to drink.

Then, fresh from converse with your Lord, return
and work till daylight softens into even:
the brief hours are not lost in which ye learn
more of your Master and his rest in heaven.

254

All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Let highborn seraphs tune the lyre,
And as they tune it, fall
Before His face who tunes their choir,
and crown Him Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
who fixed this floating ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,

And crown Him Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the Stem of Jesse's Rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
whom David Lord did call,
The God incarnate, Man divine,
and crown Him Lord of all.

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
the wormwood and the gall,
Go spread your trophies at His feet,
and crown Him Lord of all.

Let every tribe and every tongue
Before Him prostrate fall
And shout in universal song
the crownèd Lord of all.

Oh, that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

255

Let the song go round the earth,
Jesus Christ is Lord!

Sound His praises, tell His worth,
Be His name adored;
Every clime and every tongue
Join the grand, the glorious song!

Let the song go round the earth,
From the eastern sea,
Where the daylight has its birth,
Glad, and bright, and free;
China's millions join the strains,
Waft them on to India's plains.

Let the song go round the earth,
Lands where Islam's sway
Darkly broods o'er home and hearth,
Cast their bonds away;
Let His praise from Afric's shore
Rise and swell her wide lands o'er.

Let the song go round the earth,
Where the summer smiles;
Let the notes of holy mirth
Break from distant isles;
Inland forests, dark and dim,
Ice bound coasts give back the hymn.

Let the song go round the earth,
Jesus Christ is King!
With the story of His worth
Let the whole world ring;
Him creation all adore
Evermore and evermore.

256

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

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

Dear name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place,
My never failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace!

By Thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.

Jesus! my shepherd, husband, friend,
O prophet, priest and king,
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath,
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death!

257

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life and power and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If, on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

We need not bid, for cloistered cell,
Our neighbour and our words farewell,
Nor strive to find ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky.

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;

Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

Seek we no more; content with these,
Let present rapture, comfort, ease—
As heaven shall bid them, come and go:
The secret this of rest below.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above,
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

258

Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Thy precious time misspent, redeem,
Each present day thy last esteem,
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

By influence of the Light divine
Let thy own light to others shine.
Reflect all Heaven's propitious ways
In ardent love, and cheerful praise.

In conversation be sincere;
Keep conscience as the noontide clear;
Think how all seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.

All praise to Thee, who safe has kept
And hast refreshed me while I slept
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake
I may of endless light partake.

Heav'n is, dear Lord, where'er Thou art,
O never then from me depart;
For to my soul 'tis hell to be
But for one moment void of Thee.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew.
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

I would not wake nor rise again
And Heaven itself I would disdain,
Wert Thou not there to be enjoyed,
And I in hymns to be employed.

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.

259

Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labor to pursue;
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know
In all I think, or speak, or do.

The task Thy wisdom hath assigned,
O let me cheerfully fulfill;
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.

Preserve me from my calling's snare,
And hide my simple heart above,
Above the thorns of choking care,
The gilded baits of worldly love.

Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes mine inmost substance see,
And labor on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.

Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray,
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day.

For Thee delightfully employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given;

And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to Heaven.

260

O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free,
A heart that always feels Thy blood
So freely shed for me.

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

A humble, lowly, contrite, heart,
Believing, true and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Christ who dwells within.

A heart in every thought renewed
And full of love divine,
Perfect and right and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

Thy tender heart is still the same,
And melts at human woe:
Jesus, for thee distressed I am,
I want Thy love to know.

My heart, Thou know'st, can never rest
Till Thou create my peace;
Till of mine Eden repossessed,
From self, and sin, I cease.

Fruit of Thy gracious lips, on me
Bestow that peace unknown,
The hidden manna, and the tree
Of life, and the white stone.

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

261

Come, my soul, thy suit prepare:
Jesus loves to answer prayer;

He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay;
Therefore will not say thee nay.

Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much;
None can ever ask too much.

With my burden I begin:
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt;
Set my conscience free from guilt.

Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign;
And without a rival reign.

As the image in the glass
Answers the beholder's face;
Thus unto my heart appear,
Print Thine own resemblance there,
Print Thine own resemblance there.

While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end;
Lead me to my journey's end.

Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew:
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death;
Let me die Thy people's death.

262

Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide,
O'er every thought and step preside,

The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way;

Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

Conduct me safe, conduct me far
From every sin and hurtful snare;
Lead me to God, my final rest,
In His enjoyment to be blest.

Lead me to Christ, the living way,
Nor let me from His pastures stray;
Lead me to Heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

Lead us to holiness, the road
Which we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from His pastures stray.

Lead me to means of grace, where I
May own my wants, and seek supply;
Lead to Thyself, the spring from whence
To fetch all quickening influence.

Thus I, conducted still by Thee,
Of God a child beloved shall be;
Here to His family pertain,
Hereafter with Him ever reign.

263

Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
O may no earthborn cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

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.

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Has spurned today the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep tonight,
Like infants' slumbers, pure and right.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

264

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 me from its guilt and power.

Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfill Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to the cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgement throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

265

[Miss Charlotte Elliott was visiting some friends in the West End of London, and there met the eminent minister, [César Malan](#). While seated at supper, the minister said he hoped that she was a Christian. She took offense at this, and replied that she would rather not discuss that question. Dr. Malan said that he was sorry if had offended her, that he always liked to speak a word for his Master, and that he hoped that the young lady would some day become a worker for Christ. When

they met again at the home of a mutual friend, three weeks later, Miss Elliott told the minister that ever since he had spoken to her she had been trying to find her Saviour, and that she now wished him to tell her how to come to Christ. Just come to him as you are, Dr. Malan said. This she did, and went away rejoicing. Shortly afterward she wrote this hymn.

Sankey, p. 186

Evangelist Billy Graham said he was saved in 1934 in a revival meeting in Charlotte, North Carolina, led by Mordecai Ham, after hearing Just As I Am. This became an altar call song in the Billy Graham Crusades in the latter half of the 20th Century. Graham also used it in the title of his 1997 book, Just As I Am: The Autobiography of Billy Graham.]

Just as I am — without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee —
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

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.

Just as I am — though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without —
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

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

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.

Just as I am — Thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone—
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Just as I am — of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above—
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

Eternal Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee,
For those in peril on the sea!

O Christ! Whose voice the waters heard
And hushed their raging at Thy Word,
Who walked upon the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep;
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee,
For those in peril on the sea!

Most Holy Spirit! Who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace;
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee,
For those in peril on the sea!

O Trinity of love and power!
Our family shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect us wheresoe'er we go;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

267

I heard the voice of Jesus say, Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down Thy head upon My breast.
I came to Jesus as I was, weary and worn and sad;
I found in Him a resting place, and He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say, Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one, stoop down, and drink, and live.
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.

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.
I looked to Jesus, and I found in Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk, till travelling days are done.

I heard the voice of Jesus say, My Father's house above
Has many mansions; I've a place prepared for you in love.
I trust in Jesus — in that house, according to His word,
Redeemed by grace, my soul shall live forever with the Lord.

268

O Jesus, I have promised to serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou forever near me, my master and my friend;
I shall not fear the battle if Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway if Thou wilt be my guide.

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

Oh, let me hear Thee speaking in accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion, the murmurs of self will.
Oh, speak to reassure me, to hasten or control;
Oh, speak, and make me listen, Thou guardian of my soul.

O Jesus, Thou hast promised to all who follow Thee
That where Thou art in glory there shall Thy servant be.
And Jesus, I have promised to serve Thee to the end;
Oh, give me grace to follow, my master and my friend.

Oh, let me see Thy footprints, and in them plant mine own;
My hope to follow duly is in Thy strength alone.
O guide me, call me, draw me, uphold me to the end;
And then in Heaven receive me, my Saviour and my friend!

269

Thine forever! God of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above;
Thine forever may we be
Here and in eternity.

Thine forever! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife;
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

Thine forever! O how blest
They who find in Thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
Oh, defend us to the end.

Thine forever! Saviour, keep
These Thy frail and trembling sheep,
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

Thine forever in that day
When the world shall pass away;
When the trumpet note shall sound,
And the nations underground,

Shall the awful summons hear,
Which proclaims the judgement near.
Thine forever, 'neath Thy wings
Hide and save us, King of kings.

Thine forever! Thou our guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

270

God be with them while they stand
Heart in heart, as hand in hand;
Breathing first to heaven above
Holy vows of faith and love.

God be with them when they go,
By the path His love will show;
Each to work with ready will.
What they must for Him fulfill.

God be with them while they share
All He gives of toil and care;
Making glad whate'er they do,
With affection kind and true.

God be with them while they sing,
'Mid the blessings time may bring;
Rising then on wings of praise,
To the light of all their days.

God be with them while they pray,
Through a dark and troubled day;
Learning then in pain and loss,
How to share their Master's cross.

God be with them when at last
Earthly joy for them is past;
Looking then for deathless love,
In a better home above.

271

Tell me the old, old story of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory, of Jesus and His love.
Tell me the story simply, as to a little child,
For I am weak and weary, and helpless and defiled.

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

Tell me the story slowly, that I may take it in,
That wonderful redemption, God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often, for I forget so soon;
The early dew of morning has passed away at noon.

Tell me the story softly, with earnest tones and grave;
Remember I'm the sinner whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me the story always, if you would really be,
In any time of trouble, a comforter to me.

Tell me the same old story when you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story: Christ Jesus makes thee whole.

272

On the resurrection morning,
Soul and body meet again,
No more sorrow, no more weeping,
No more pain.

Here awhile they must be parted,
And the flesh its Sabbath keep,
Waiting in a holy stillness,
Wrapped in sleep.

For a while the wearied body
Lies with feet toward the morn;
Till the last and brightest Easter
Day be born.

But the soul in contemplation,
Utters earnest prayer and strong,
Bursting at the resurrection
Into song.

Soul and body reunited
Thenceforth nothing shall divide,
Waking up in Christ's own likeness
Satisfied.

O the beauty, O the gladness
Of that resurrection day,
Which shall not through endless ages
Pass away!

On that happy Easter morning
All the graves their dead restore,
Father, mother, sister, brother,
Meet once more.

To that brightest of all meetings
Bring us, Jesus Christ, at last,
By Thy cross, through death and judgement,
Holding fast.

273

Jesus, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize will be;
Jesus be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

O Jesus, King most wonderful
Thou Conqueror renowned,

Thou sweetness most ineffable
In whom all joys are found!

When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.

O Jesus, light of all below,
Thou fount of living fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire.

Jesus, may all confess Thy name,
Thy wondrous love adore,
And, seeking Thee, themselves inflame
To seek Thee more and more.

Thee, Jesus, may our voices bless,
Thee may we love alone,
And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine own.

O Jesus, Thou the beauty art
Of angel worlds above;
Thy name is music to the heart,
Inflaming it with love.

Celestial sweetness unalloyed,
Who eat Thee hunger still;
Who drink of Thee still feel a void
Which only Thou canst fill.

Oh, most sweet Jesus, hear the sighs
Which unto Thee we send;
To Thee our inmost spirit cries;
To Thee our prayers ascend.

Abide with us, and let Thy light
Shine, Lord, on every heart;
Dispel the darkness of our night;
And joy to all impart.

Jesus, our love and joy to Thee,
The virgin's holy Son,
All might and praise and glory be,
While endless ages run.

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.

Sorrowing I shall be in spirit,
Till released from flesh and sin,
Yet from what I do inherit,
Here Thy praises I'll begin;

Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Here by Thy great help I've 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;

How His kindness yet pursues me
Mortal tongue can never tell,
Clothed in flesh, till death shall loose me
I cannot proclaim it well.

O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.

Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

O that day when freed from sinning,
I shall see Thy lovely face;
Clothed then in blood washed linen
How I'll sing Thy sovereign grace;

Come, my Lord, no longer tarry,
Take my ransomed soul away;

Send Thine angels now to carry
Me to realms of endless day.

275

At even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
O, with how many pains they met!
O, with what joy they went away!

Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near;
What if Thyself we cannot see?
We know that Thou art ever near.

O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick, and some are sad;
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had.

And some are pressed with worldly care
And some are tried with sinful doubt;
And some such grievous passions tear,
That only Thou canst cast them out.

And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a Friend in Thee.

And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve Thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.

O Saviour Christ, Thou too art man;
Thou has been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide.

Thy touch has still its ancient power.
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

276

O Love that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in thee;

I give thee back the life I owe,
That in thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

O light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

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

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

277

My heavenly home is bright and fair,
Nor pain nor death can enter there;
Its glittering towers the sun outshine,
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

*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.*

My Father's home is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

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.

278

Jesus, lover of my soul, let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll, while the tempest still is high.

Hide me, O my Savior, hide, till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide; O receive my soul at last.

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.

Wilt Thou not regard my call? Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?
Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall — Lo! on Thee I cast my care;
Reach me out Thy gracious hand! While I of Thy strength receive,
Hoping against hope I stand, dying, and behold, I live.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want, more than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint, heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name, I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am; Thou art full of truth and grace.

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.

279

Saviour, again to Thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease;
Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day.
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy name.

Grant us Thy peace, through this approaching night;
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

Grant us Thy peace — the peace Thou didst bestow
On Thine apostles in Thine hour of woe;
The peace Thou broughtest, when at eventide
They saw Thy pierced hands, Thy wounded side.

Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life;
Peace to Thy church from error and from strife;
Peace to our land, the fruit of truth and love;
Peace in each heart, Thy Spirit from above.

Thy peace in life, the balm of every pain;
Thy peace in death, the hope to rise again;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

280

O the deep, deep love of Jesus,
Vast, unmeasured, boundless, free!
Rolling as a mighty ocean
In its fullness over me!
Underneath me, all around me,
Is the current of Thy love
Leading onward, leading homeward
To Thy glorious rest above!

O the deep, deep love of Jesus,
Spread His praise from shore to shore!
How He loveth, ever loveth,
Changeth never, nevermore!
How He watches o'er His loved ones,
Died to call them all His own;
How for them He intercedeth,
Watcheth o'er them from the throne!

O the deep, deep love of Jesus,
Love of every love the best!
'Tis an ocean full of blessing,
'Tis a haven giving rest!
O the deep, deep love of Jesus,
'Tis a heaven of heavens to me;
And it lifts me up to glory,
For it lifts me up to Thee!

281

Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land.
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand.
Bread of Heaven, Bread of Heaven,
Feed me till I want no more;
Feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream doth flow;
Let the fire and cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through.

Strong deliverer, strong deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield;
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

Lord, I trust Thy mighty power,
Wondrous are Thy works of old;
Thou deliverest Thine from thralldom,
Who for naught themselves had sold:
Thou didst conquer, Thou didst conquer,
Sin, and Satan and the grave,
Sin, and Satan and the grave.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.
Songs of praises, songs of praises,
I will ever give to Thee;
I will ever give to Thee.

Musing on my habitation,
Musing on my heavenly home,
Fills my soul with holy longings:
Come, my Jesus, quickly come;
Vanity is all I see;
Lord, I long to be with Thee!
Lord, I long to be with Thee!

282

Forever with the Lord!
Amen, so let it be!
Life from His death is in that word
'Tis immortality.
Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!
Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies;

Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.
Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease,
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace.

I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel tongues o'erpower;
Then, then I feel that He,
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.

Forever with the Lord!
Forever in His will,
The promise of that faithful word,
Lord, here in me fulfill.
With You at my right hand,
Then I shall never fail;
Uphold me, Lord, and I shall stand,
Through grace I will prevail.

So when my latest breath
Breaks through the veil of pain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
That resurrection word,
That shout of victory:
Once more, Forever with the Lord!
Amen, so let it be!

283

Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

He came in semblance of a dove,
With sheltering wings outspread,
The holy balm of peace and love
On earth to shed.

He came in tongues of living flame
To teach, convince, subdue,
All powerful as the wind He came
As viewless too.

He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of Heaven.

And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see:
Oh, make our hearts Thy dwelling place
And worthier Thee.

284

Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.

Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

285

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.

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.

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?

His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er His body on the tree;
Then I am dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

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.

To Christ, who won for sinners grace
By bitter grief and anguish sore,
Be praise from all the ransomed race
Forever and forevermore.

286

Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep,
Watch did Thine anxious servants keep
But Thou wast wrapped in guileless sleep,
Calm and still.

Save, Lord, we perish, was their cry,
O save us in our agony!
Thy word above the storm rose high,
Peace, be still.

The wild winds hushed; the angry deep
Sank, like a little child, to sleep;
The sullen billows ceased to leap,
At Thy will.

So, when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
Peace, be still.

287

Hark, my soul, it is the Lord!
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His Word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
Say, poor, sinner, lovest thou Me?

"I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

"Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

"Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me?

Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee, and adore:
O for grace to love Thee more!

288

Jesus calls us over the tumult
Of our life's wild, restless, sea;
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, Christian, follow Me!

As of old apostles heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home and toil and kindred,
Leaving all for Jesus' sake.

Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, Christian, love Me more!

In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,

Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
Christian, love Me more than these!

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

289

Saviour, breathe an evening blessing
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing:
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.

Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel guards from Thee surround us;
We are safe if Thou art nigh.

Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

Father, to thy holy keeping
Humbly we ourselves resign;
Saviour, who hast slept our sleeping,
Make our slumbers pure as thine

Blessèd Spirit, brooding o'er us,
Chase the darkness of our night,
Till the perfect day before us
Breaks in everlasting light.

290

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.

Here's love and grief beyond degree:
The Lord of Glory dies for men!
But lo! what sudden joys we see,
Jesus, the dead, revives again!

The rising God forsakes the tomb;
The tomb in vain forbids His rise;
Cherubic legions guard Him home,
And shout Him welcome to the skies.

Break off your fears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great deliverer reigns;
Sing how He spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains!

Say, Live forever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save;
Then ask the monster, Where's thy sting?
And, Where's thy victory, boasting grave?

291

O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and king,
The triumphs of His grace!

My gracious master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of Thy name.

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.

He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

He speaks, and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive,

The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

292

Jesus, Master, whose I am,
Purchased Thine alone to be,
By Thy blood, O spotless Lamb,
Shed so willingly for me,
Let my heart be all Thine own,
Let me live for Thee alone.

Other lords have long held sway;
Now Thy name alone to bear,
Thy dear voice alone obey,
Is my daily, hourly prayer;
Whom have I in Heaven but Thee?
Nothing else my joy can be.

Jesus, Master, I am Thine;
Keep me faithful, keep me near;
Let Thy presence in me shine
All my homeward way to cheer,
Jesus, at Thy feet I fall,
O be Thou my all in all.

Jesus, Master, whom I serve,
Though so feebly and so ill,
Strengthen hand and heart and nerve
All Thy bidding to fulfill;
Open Thou mine eyes to see
All the work Thou hast for me.

Lord, Thou needest not, I know,
Service such as I can bring,
Yet I long to prove and show
Full allegiance to my king.
Thou an honor art to me;
Let me be a praise to Thee.

Jesus, Master, wilt Thou use
One who owes Thee more than all?
As Thou wilt! I would not choose;

Only let me hear Thy call.
Jesus, let me always be
In Thy service glad and free.

293

A few more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb;
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day.

*O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.*

A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not
A far serener clime:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day.

A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more;
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day.

A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day.

A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way,
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal Sabbath day;
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that sweet day.

'Tis but a little while,
And He shall come again
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with Him may reign;
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day.

294

Make me a captive, Lord, and then I shall be free.
Force me to render up my sword, and I shall conqueror be.
I sink in life's alarms when by myself I stand;
Imprison me within Thine arms, and strong shall be my hand.

My heart is weak and poor until it master find;
It has no spring of action sure, it varies with the wind.
It cannot freely move till Thou has wrought its chain;
Enslave it with Thy matchless love, and deathless it shall reign.

My power is faint and low till I have learned to serve;
It lacks the needed fire to glow, it lacks the breeze to nerve.
It cannot drive the world until itself be driven;
Its flag can only be unfurled when Thou shalt breathe from heaven.

My will is not my own till Thou hast made it Thine;
If it would reach a monarch's throne, it must its crown resign.
It only stands unbent amid the clashing strife,
When on Thy bosom it has leant, and found in Thee its life.

295

For My sake, and the gospel's, go
And tell redemption's story;
His heralds answer, Be it so,
And Thine, Lord, all the glory!
They preach His birth, His life, His cross,
The love of His atonement,
For whom they count the world but loss,
His Easter, His enthronement.

Hark, hark, the trump of jubilee
Proclaims to every nation,
From pole to pole, by land and sea,
Glad tidings of salvation;
As nearer draws the day of doom,
While still the battle rages,
The heavenly dayspring through the gloom
Breaks on the night of ages.

Still on and on the anthems spread
Of alleluia voices,
In concert with the holy dead
The warrior Church rejoices;
Their snow white robes are washed in blood,
Their golden harps are ringing;

Earth and the paradise of God
One triumph song are singing.

He comes, whose advent trumpet drowns
The last of time's evangels,
Emmanuel crowned with many crowns,
The Lord of saints and angels;
O Life, Light, Love, the great I AM,
Triune, who changest never,
The throne of God and of the Lamb
Is Thine, and Thine forever.

296

Lo, a loving Friend is waiting,
He is calling thee;
Listen to His voice so tender,
"Come to Me.

"On the cross for thee I suffered,
Death I bore for thee,
Canst thou still refuse My mercy?
Trust to Me.

Long hast thou been Satan's captive,
I will set Thee free;
Then, rejoicing in thy freedom,
Follow Me.

Many times has Jesus spoken,
Now He speaks again;
Shall Thy Saviour's invitation
Be in vain?

Soon that voice will cease its calling,
Wilt thou still delay?
Wait no longer, sin grows stronger,
Yield today.

Saviour, I will wait no longer,
Now to Thee I come;
And when life's short voyage is over,
Take me home.

297

Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
Come to Me, saith One, and coming,
Be at rest.

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
In His feet and hands are wound prints
And His side.

Hath He diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
Yes, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns.

If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear.

If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed.

If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
Not till earth and not till Heaven
Pass away.

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes!

298

I am trusting Thee, Lord, Jesus,
Trusting only Thee;
Trusting Thee for full salvation,
Great and free.

I am trusting Thee for pardon;
At Thy feet I bow;
For Thy grace and tender mercy,
Trusting now.

I am trusting Thee for cleansing
In the crimson flood;
Trusting Thee to make me holy
By Thy blood.

I am trusting Thee to guide me;
Thou alone shalt lead;

Every day and hour supplying
All my need.

I am trusting Thee for power,
Thine can never fail;
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me
Must prevail.

I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus;
Never let me fall;
I am trusting Thee forever,
And for all.

299

The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank Thee that Thy church, unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away:
Thy kingdom stands, and grows forever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

300

Yield not to temptation, for yielding is sin;
Each victory will help you some other to win;
Fight manfully onward, dark passions subdue,
Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.

*Ask the Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen and keep you;
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through.*

Shun evil companions, bad language disdain,
God's name hold in reverence, nor take it in vain;
Be thoughtful and earnest, kindhearted and true,
Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.

To him that o'ercometh, God giveth a crown;
Through faith we shall conquer, though often cast down;
He who is our Saviour our strength will renew;
Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.

301

Breathe on me, breath of God,
Fill me with life anew,
That I may love what Thou dost love,
And do what Thou wouldst do.

Breathe on me, breath of God,
Until my heart is pure,
Until with Thee I will one will,
To do and to endure.

Breathe on me, breath of God,
Blend all my soul with Thine,
Until this earthly part of me
Glows with Thy fire divine.

Breathe on me, breath of God,
So shall I never die,
But live with Thee the perfect life
Of Thine eternity.

302

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

303

My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary, Savior divine!
Now hear me while I pray, take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day be wholly Thine!

May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart, my zeal inspire!
As Thou hast died for me, O may my love to Thee,
Pure warm, and changeless be, a living fire!

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread, be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day, wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray from Thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream over me roll;
Blest Saviour, then in love, fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above, a ransomed soul!

304

There is a green hill far away,
Outside a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

*O dearly, dearly, has He loved,
And we must love Him, too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.*

We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven and let us in.

*O dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him, too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.*

305

O worship the King, all glorious above,
O gratefully sing His power and His love;
Our shield and defender, the Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendour, and girded with praise.

O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space,
His chariots of wrath the deep thunderclouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

The earth with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old;
Established it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;

Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

O measureless might! Ineffable love!
While angels delight to worship Thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall sing to Thy praise.

306

Glory to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
beneath thine own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

O may my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

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.

307

Holy Father, in Thy mercy,
Hear our anxious prayer.
Keep our loved ones, now far distant,
'Neath Thy care.

Jesus, Savior, let Thy presence
Be their light and guide;
Keep, oh, keep them, in their weakness,
At Thy side.

When in sorrow, when in danger,
When in loneliness,
In Thy love look down and comfort
Their distress.

May the joy of Thy salvation
Be their strength and stay;
May they love and may they praise Thee
Day by day.

Holy Spirit, let Thy teaching
Sanctify their life;
Send Thy grace, that they may conquer
In the strife.

Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
God the One in Three,
Bless them, guide them, save them, keep them
Near to Thee.

308

Fight the good fight with all thy might;
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

Run the straight race through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

Cast care aside, upon thy guide,
Lean, and His mercy will provide;
Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

Faint not nor fear, His arms are near,
He changeth not, and thou art dear.
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

309

Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power.

*I will arise and go to Jesus,
He will embrace me in His arms;
In the arms of my dear Saviour,
O there are ten thousand charms.*

Come, ye thirsty, come, and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh.

Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.

View Him prostrate in the garden;
On the ground your Maker lies.
On the bloody tree behold Him;
Sinner, will this not suffice?

Lo! The incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merit of His blood:
Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude.

Let not conscience make you linger,
Not of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him.

310

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent Word!
What more can He say than to you He hath said,
You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

In every condition, in sickness, in health;
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

Fear not, I am with thee, Oh, be not dismayed,
For I am thy God and will still give thee aid;

I'll strengthen and help thee, and cause thee to stand
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

When through fiery trials thy pathways shall lie,
My grace, all sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

The soul that on Jesus has leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to its foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake.

311

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 us woe;
His craft and power are great, and, armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

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:
Dost ask who that may be? Christ Jesus, it is He;
Lord Sabaoth, His name, from age to age the same,
And He must win the battle.

And though this world, with devils filled, should threaten to undo us,
We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to triumph through us:
The Prince of Darkness grim, we tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure, for lo, his doom is sure,
One little word shall fell him.

That word above all earthly powers, no thanks to them, abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours through Him who with us sideth:
Let goods and kindred go, this mortal life also;
The body they may kill: God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is forever.

312

Oh, come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant,
Oh, come ye, Oh, come ye, to Bethlehem.
Come and behold Him, born the King of angels;

*Oh, come, let us adore Him,
Oh, come, let us adore Him,
Oh, come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord.*

True God of true God, Light from Light Eternal,
Lo, He shuns not the Virgin's womb;
Son of the Father, begotten, not created;

Sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation;
Oh, sing, all ye citizens of heaven above!
Glory to God, all glory in the highest;

See how the shepherds, summoned to His cradle,
Leaving their flocks, draw nigh to gaze;
We too will thither bend our joyful footsteps;

Lo! star led chieftains, Magi, Christ adoring,
Offer Him incense, gold, and myrrh;
We to the Christ Child bring our hearts' oblations.

Child, for us sinners poor and in the manger,
We would embrace Thee, with love and awe;
Who would not love Thee, loving us so dearly?

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this happy morning;
Jesus, to Thee be all glory given;
Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing.

313

Hark! The herald angels sing,
Glory to the newborn King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!
Joyful, all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

*Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the newborn King!*

Christ, by highest Heaven adored;
Christ the everlasting Lord;
Late in time, behold Him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the incarnate Deity,

Pleased with us in flesh to dwell,
Jesus our Emmanuel.

Hail the heavenly Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die.
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

Come, Desire of nations, come,
Fix in us Thy humble home;
Rise, the woman's conquering Seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head.
Now display Thy saving power,
Ruined nature now restore;
Now in mystic union join
Thine to ours, and ours to Thine.

314

Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down His sweet head.
The stars in the sky looked down where He lay,
The little Lord Jesus, asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing, the Baby awakes,
But little Lord Jesus, no crying He makes;
I love Thee, Lord Jesus, look down from the sky
And stay by my cradle till morning is nigh.

Be near me, Lord Jesus, I ask Thee to stay
Close by me forever, and love me, I pray;
Bless all the dear children in Thy tender care,
And fit us for Heaven to live with Thee there.

315

From Greenland's icy mountains, from India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains roll down their golden sand:
From many an ancient river, from many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver their land from error's chain.

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

Shall we, whose souls are lighted with wisdom from on high,
Shall we to those benighted the lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation! The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation has learned Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story, and you, ye waters, roll
Till, like a sea of glory, it spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature the Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, king, creator, in bliss returns to reign.

316

The children's Friend is Jesus,
He calls them to His side;
He gave His life a ransom,
Heaven's gate to open wide.

*The children's Friend is Jesus,
Jesus, Jesus;
His life He gave their souls to save,
The children's friend is He.*

The children's Friend is Jesus,
He loves their joys to share,
He knows their little sorrows,
He longs each one to bear.

The children's Friend is Jesus,
There's no one else so true;
He keeps all those who trust Him,
As no one else can do.

The children's Friend is Jesus,
He bids them work each day;
In gladsome, willing service,
His every call obey.

The children's Friend is Jesus,
And they His friends should be;
He never will forsake them,
Throughout eternity.

317

Jesus loves me—this I know,
For the Bible tells me so;
Little ones to Him belong—
They are weak, but He is strong.

Refrain

Yes, Jesus loves me!
Yes, Jesus loves me!
Yes, Jesus loves me!
The Bible tells me so.

Jesus loves me — He who died
Heaven's gate to open wide;
He will wash away my sin,
Let His little child come in.

Jesus loves me — loves me still,
Though I'm very weak and ill;
From His shining throne on high
Comes to watch me where I lie.

Jesus loves me — He will stay
Close beside me all the way,
Then His little child will take
Up to heaven for His dear sake.

318

We are but little children weak,
Nor born in any high estate;
What can we do for Jesus' sake,
Who is so high and good and great?

We know the holy innocents
Laid down for Him their infant life,
And martyrs brave and patient saints
Have stood for Him in fire and strife.

We wear the cross they wore of old
Our lips have learned like vows to make;
We need not die; we cannot fight;
What may we do for Jesus' sake?

Oh, day by day each Christian child
Has much to do, without, within;
A death to die for Jesus' sake,
A weary war to wage with sin.

When deep within our swelling hearts
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues,
And tears of passion in our eyes;

Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord.

With smiles of peace and looks of love,
Light in our dwellings we may make,
Bid kind good humor brighten there,
And still do all for Jesus' sake.

There's not a child so weak and small
But has his little cross to take,
His little work of love and praise,
That he may do for Jesus' sake.

319

Jesus bids us shine with a pure, clear light,
Like a little candle burning in the night.
In this world of darkness so let us shine—
You in your small corner, and I in mine.

Jesus bids us shine, first of all for Him;
Well He sees and knows it, if our light grows dim.
He looks down from Heaven to see us shine—
You in your small corner, and I in mine.

Jesus bids us shine, then, for all around;
Many kinds of darkness in the world are found—
Sin and want and sorrow; so we must shine—
You in your small corner, and I in mine.

Jesus bids us shine, as we work for Him,
Bringing those that wander from the paths of sin;
He will ever help us, if we shine,
You in your small corner, and I in mine.

320

Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep,
Birds, and beasts and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May mine eyelids close.

Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep, blue sea.

Comfort those who suffer,
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

Through the long night watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, blest Spirit,
While all ages run.

321

When He cometh, when He cometh
To make up His jewels,
All His jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own.

*Like the stars of the morning,
His brightness adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty,
Bright gems for His crown.*

He will gather, He will gather
The gems for His kingdom;
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and His own.

Little children, little children,
Who love their Redeemer,

Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own.

322

Once in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her Baby
In a manger for His bed:
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little Child.

He came down to earth from Heaven,
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Savior holy.

And, through all His wondrous childhood,
He would honor and obey,
Love and watch the lowly maiden,
In whose gentle arms He lay:
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

For He is our childhood's pattern;
Day by day, like us He grew;
He was little, weak and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew;
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love,
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in Heav'n above,
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him; but in Heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
Where like stars His children crowned
All in white shall wait around.

323

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

Fain I would to Thee be brought,
Dearest God, forbid it not;
Give me, dearest God, a place
In the kingdom of Thy grace

Lamb of God, I look to Thee;
Thou shalt my Example be;
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild;
Thou wast once a little child.

Fain I would be as Thou art;
Give me Thine obedient heart;
Thou art pitiful and kind,
Let me have Thy loving mind.

Let me, above all, fulfill
God my heavenly Father's will;
Never His good Spirit grieve;
Only to His glory live.

Thou didst live to God alone;
Thou didst never seek Thine own;
Thou Thyself didst never please:
God was all Thy happiness.

Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Savior, what Thou art,
Live Thyself within my heart.

I shall then show forth Thy praise,
Serve Thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the holy Child, in me.

324

Jesus wants me for a sunbeam,
To shine for Him each day;
In every way try to please Him,
At home, at school, at play.

*A sunbeam, a sunbeam,
Jesus wants me for a sunbeam;*

*A sunbeam, a sunbeam,
I'll be a sunbeam for Him.*

Jesus wants me to be loving,
And kind to all I see;
Showing how pleasant and happy
His little one can be.

I will ask Jesus to help me
To keep my heart from sin,
Ever reflecting His goodness,
And always shine for Him.

I'll be a sunbeam for Jesus;
I can if I but try;
Serving Him moment by moment,
Then live with Him on high.

325

I think, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
Let the little ones come unto Me.

Yet still to His foot stool in prayer I may go;
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above.

But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I wish they could know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children shall be with Him there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

I long for the joy of that glorious time,
The sweetest and brightest and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

There's a Friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A friend who never changes,
Whose love will never die;
Our earthly friends may fail us,
And change with changing years,
This Friend is always worthy
Of that dear name He bears.

There's a rest for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Who love the blessed Saviour,
And to the Father cry
A rest from every turmoil,
From sin and sorrow free,
Where every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

There's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare;
For everyone is happy
Nor could be happier there.

There's a crown for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look for Jesus
Shall wear it by and by;
A crown of brightest glory,
Which He will then bestow
On those who found his favor
And loved His name below.

There's a song for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A song that will not weary,
Though sung continually;
A song which even angels
Can never, never sing
They know not Christ as Savior,
But worship Him as king.

There's a robe for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And a harp of sweetest music,

And palms of victory.
All, all above is treasured,
And found in Christ alone:
O come, dear little children
That all may be your own.

327

Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He, whose Word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode.
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

See! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love;
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a covering
Showing that the Lord is near.
Thus deriving from our banner
Light by night and shade by day;
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which He gives them when they pray.

Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.
'Tis His love His people raises,
Over self to reign as kings,
And as priests, His solemn praises
Each for a thank offering brings.

Saviour, if of Zion's city,
I through grace a member am,

Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy name.
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

328

When storms around are sweeping,
When lone my watch I'm keeping,
'Mid fires of evil falling,
'Mid tempters' voices calling.

Remember me, O Mighty One!
Remember me, O Mighty One!

When walking on life's ocean,
Control its raging motion;
When from its dangers shrinking,
When in its dread deeps sinking.

When weight of sin oppresses,
When dark despair distresses,
All through the life that's mortal,
And when I pass death's portal.

329

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around,

Fear not! said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind.
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind

"To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line
A Savior, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign,

The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid,

Thus spake the seraph and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God on high,
Who thus addressed their song,

All glory be to God on high,
And to the Earth be peace;
Good will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease."

330

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

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

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.

God be with you till we meet again;
With the oil of joy anoint you;
Sacred ministries appoint you;
God be with you till we meet again.

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

God be with you till we meet again;
Of His promises remind you;
For life's upper garner bind you;
God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again;
Sicknesses and sorrows taking,

Never leaving or forsaking;
God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again;
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Strike death's threatening wave before you;
God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again;
Ended when for you earth's story,
Israel's chariot sweep to glory;
God be with you till we meet again.

331

Good-bye! God bless you one and all'
Good-bye! God bless you one and all'
Good-bye! God bless you one and all'
Until we meet again.

332

Give your heart to Jesus,
He is calling you;
Give your heart to Jesus,
He is calling you;
Give your heart to Jesus,
He is calling you;
Give Him your heart today.

333

Praise Him! Praise Him!
For His grace so rich and free!
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise Him through eternity!

334

It is wonderful, very wonderful,
Just to know that Jesus died for me.
It is wonderful, very wonderful,
Just to know that Jesus died for me

Just to know that I belong to Him.

Just to know that God does answer prayer.

Just to know that I may work for Him.

Just to know that I shall see His face.

Just to know that He will soon return.

Just to know that I shall dwell with Him.

335

O Lord, send a revival!

Lord, send a revival!

O Lord, send a revival,

And let it begin in me!

336

Blessed be the name,

Blessed be the name,

Blessed be the name of the Lord;

Blessed be the name,

Blessed be the name,

Blessed be the name of the Lord;

337

Lord, I believe,

Lord, I believe,

Lord, I believe,

By grace alone I am set free,

Lord, I believe.

338

Everlasting life is free;

Everlasting life is free;

Simply by believing on the Son of God,

Everlasting life is free.

339

Every day will I bless Thee!

Every day will I bless Thee!

And I will praise, will praise Thy name,

For ever and ever.

340

Travelling home,
Travelling home,
Led by Jesus we are travelling home;
Travelling home,
Travelling home,
Led by Jesus we are travelling home.

341

When God forgives, He forgets,
When God forgives, He forgets;
No more He remembers our sins,
When God forgives, He forgets.

342

He will keep you from falling,
He will keep to the end;
What a Saviour is Jesus!
What a wonderful Friend!

343

I am included!
I am included!
When the Lord said, "Whosoever",
He included me;
I am included!
I am included!
When the Lord said, "Whosoever",
He included me.

344

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee;
The Lord make His face shine upon thee,
And be gracious unto thee;
The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee,
And give thee peace,
And give thee peace!

345

O Lord, send the power just now;
O Lord, send the power just now;
O Lord, send the power just now;
And baptize everyone.

346

Can the Lord depend on you?
Can the Lord depend on you?
Does He find you ever true?
Can the Lord depend on you?

347

Fasten your eyes upon Jesus,
Jesus the crucified;
Fasten your eyes upon Jesus,
It was for you He died.

348

All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice.
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell;
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His folk, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

O enter then His gates with praise;
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why? the Lord our God is good;
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
The God whom Heaven and earth adore,

From men and from the angel host
Be praise and glory evermore.

349

Be present at our table, Lord,
Be here, and everywhere, adored;
These mercies bless, and grant that we,
May feast in Paradise with Thee.

350

We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,
For life, and health, and every good;
Let manna to our souls be give,
The Bread of life sent down from heaven.

351

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!

*Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus going on before.*

At the sign of triumph Satan's host doth flee;
On then, Christian soldiers, on to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver at the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices, loud your anthems raise.

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.

What the saints established that I hold for true.
What the saints believèd, that I believe too.
Long as earth endureth, men the faith will hold,
Kingdoms, nations, empires, in destruction rolled.

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 promise, 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.

352

Psalm 23

The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want.
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

My soul He doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Even for His own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod
And staff my comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnishèd
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house forevermore
My dwelling place shall be.

353

Psalm 40

I waited for the Lord my God,
Yea, patiently drew near,
And He at length inclined to me,
My pleading cry to hear.

He took me from destruction's pit,
From out the miry clay;
He set my feet upon a rock,
And steadfast made my way.

A new and joyful song of praise
My thankful heart He taught,
A song of glory to our God
For all that He has wrought.

And many who behold how good
The Lord has been to me
Shall learn to fear, and in His name
Their trust shall henceforth be.

Oh, truly blessed is the man
That on the Lord relies,
Respecting not the proud, nor such
As turn aside to lies.

O Lord my God, how manifold
The works which Thou hast wrought,
Ofttimes Thou hast bestowed on us
Thy care and gracious thought.

Thy works and thoughts most wonderful,
If I of them would speak,
Cannot be numbered, and in vain
To set them forth I seek.

354

Psalm 103

O thou my soul, bless God the Lord;
And all that in me is
Be stirrèd up His holy name
To magnify and bless.

Bless, O my soul, the Lord thy God,
And not forgetful be
Of all His gracious benefits
He hath bestowed on thee.

All thine iniquities who doth
Most graciously forgive;
Who thy diseases all and pains
Doth heal, and thee relieve.

Such pity as a father hath
And shows his children dear,
Like pity shows the Lord to such
As worship Him in fear.

Yea, unto them that fear the Lord
His mercy never ends;
And to their children's children still
His righteousness extends.

To such as keep His covenant
Nor from it go astray,
Who His commandments bear in mind
And faithfully obey.

355

Psalm 121

I to the hills will lift my eyes;
From whence doth come my aid?
My help is from the Lord alone,
Who heaven and earth has made.

Thy foot he'll not let slide, nor will
He slumber that thee keeps;
Behold, He that keeps Israel,
He slumbers not nor sleeps.

Thy faithful keeper is the Lord,
Thy shelter and thy shade;
'Neath sun or moon, by day or night,
Thou shalt not be afraid.

The Lord shall keep thy soul;
He shall preserve thee from all ill,
Henceforth thy going out and in
God keep for ever will.

356

Psalm 93:3-5

O send Thy light forth and Thy truth;
Let them by guides to me,
And bring me to Thine holy hill,
Even where Thy dwellings be.

Then will I to God's altar go,
To God my chiefest joy;
Yea, God my God, Thy name to praise
My harp, my harp, my harp I will employ, I will employ.

Why art thou then cast down, my soul?
What should discourage thee?
And why with vexing thoughts art thou
Disquieted in me?

Still trust in God; for Him to praise good cause I yet shall have;
He of my countenance is the health,
My God, my God, my God that doeth me save, that doth me save.

357

Psalm 25:1-7

To Thee I lift my soul,
O Lord, I trust in Thee;
My God, let me not be ashamed,
Nor foes exult o'er me.

Let none that wait on Thee,
Be put to shame at all;
But those that without cause transgress,
Let shame upon them fall.

Show me Thy ways, O Lord,
Thy paths, Oh, teach Thou me,
And do Thou lead me in the truth,
Therein my Teacher be.

For Thou art God that dost
To me salvation send,
And I upon Thee all the day
Expecting do attend.

Thy tender mercies, Lord,
To mind do Thou recall,
And loving-kindnesses, for they
Have been through ages all.

My sins and faults of youth
Do Thou, O Lord, forget;
After Thy mercy think on me,
And for Thy goodness great.

358

Psalm 67:1-2

Lord bless and pity us,
Shine on us with Thy face;
That the earth Thy way, the nations all
May know Thy saving grace.

Let people praise Thee, Lord;
Let people all Thee praise,
Oh, let the nations all be glad,
In songs their voices raise.

Thou'lt justly people judge,
On earth rule nations all,
Let people praise Thee, Lord; let them
Praise Thee, both great and small,

The earth her fruit hath given;
Our God shall blessing send,
God shall us bless, men shall Him fear,
Unto earth's utmost end.

359

Psalm 84:1-5

How lovely is Thy dwelling place,
O Lord of hosts to me!
Thy tabernacles of Thy grace
How pleasant, Lord, they be!

My thirsty soul longs vehemently,
Yea, fains Thy courts to see;
My very heart and flesh cry out,
O living God, for Thee.

Behold the sparrow findeth out
An house wherein to rest;
The swallow also for herself
Provided hath a nest;

Even Thy altars, where she safe
Her young ones forth may bring,
O Thou almighty Lord of hosts,
Who art my God and King.

Blest are they in Thy house that dwell,
They ever give Thee praise,
Blest is the man whose strength Thou art,
In whose heart are Thy ways.

360

Psalm 65:1-4

Praise waits for Thee in Zion, Lord;
To thee vows paid shall be,
O Thou that Hearer art of prayer,
All flesh shall come to Thee.

Iniquity I must confess,
Prevail against me do;
But as for our transgressions all,
Them purge away shalt Thou.

Blessed is the man whom Thou dost choose,
And makest approach to Thee,
That he within Thy courts, O Lord,
May still a dweller be:

We surely shall be satisfied
With Thy abundant grace,
And with the goodness of Thy house,
Even of Thy holy place.

361

Psalm 51:1-3, 9-12

After Thy loving-kindness, Lord,
Have mercy upon me;
For Thy compassions great, blot out
All mine iniquity.

Me cleanse from sin, and thoroughly wash
From mine iniquity;
For my transgressions I confess;
My sin I ever see.

All mine iniquities blot out,
Thy face hide from my sin,
Create a clean heart, Lord, renew,
A right spirit me within.

Cast me not from Thy sight, not take
Nor take Thy Holy Spirit away,
Restore me Thy salvation's joy;
With Thy free Spirit me stay.

362

Psalm 46:1-5

God is our refuge and our strength,
Our ever present aid,
And, therefore, though the earth remove,
We will not be afraid;

Though hills amidst the sea be cast,
Though foaming waters roar,
Yes, though the mighty billows shake
The mountains on the shore.

A river flows whose streams make glad
The city of our God,
The holy place wherein the Lord
Most high has His abode;

Since God is in the midst of her,
Unmoved her walls shall stand,
For God will be her early help,
When trouble is at hand.

363

Psalm 24:7-10

Ye gates, lift up your heads on high;
Ye doors that last for aye,
Be lifted up, that so the King
Of glory enter may.
But who of glory is the King?
The mighty Lord is this;
E'en that same Lord that great in might
And strong in battle is—
E'en that same Lord that great in might
And strong in battle is.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Amen, Amen, Amen.

Ye gates, lift up your heads on high;
Ye doors that last for aye,
Be lifted up, that so the King
Of glory enter may.
But who is He that is the King
Of glory? Who is this?

The Lord of hosts, and none but He
The King of Glory is—
The Lord of hosts, and none but He
The King of Glory is.

364

Psalm 30

Come, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.

His voice commands the tempest forth
And stills the stormy wave;
And though His arm be strong to smite,
'Tis also strong to save.

Long hath the night of sorrow reigned,
The dawn shall bring us light;
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in His sight.

Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know Him, and rejoice;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs His voice.

As dew upon the tender herb
Diffusing fragrance round,
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground.

So shall His presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light;
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

365

Psalm 63

Lord, thee my God, I'll early seek:
My soul doth thirst for thee;
My flesh longs in a dry parched land,
Wherein no water be:

That I thy power may behold,
And brightness of thy face,
As I have seen thee heretofore
Within Thy holy place.

Since better is Thy love than life,
My lips Thee praise shall give.
I in Thy name will lift my hands,
And bless Thee while I live.

Even as with marrow and with fat
My soul shall filled be;
Then shall my mouth with joyful lips
Sing praises unto Thee.

366

Psalm 1

That man hath perfect blessedness,
Who walketh not astray
In counsel of ungodly men,
Nor stands in sinners' way.

Nor sitteth in the scorner's chair:
But placeth his delight
Upon God's law, and meditates
On His law day and night.

He shall be like a tree that grows
near planted by a river,
Which in his season yields his fruit,
And his leaf fadeth never:

And all he doth shall prosper well.
The wicked are not so;
But like they are unto the chaff,
Which wind drives to and fro.

In judgement therefore shall not stand
Such as ungodly are;

Nor in the assembly of the just
Shall wicked men appear.

For why? the way of godly men
Unto the Lord is known:
Whereas the way of wicked men
Shall quite be overthrown.

367

Psalm 54

2 Timothy 1:12

I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend His cause;
Maintain the honour of His Word,
The glory of His cross.

Jesus, my God! I know His name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

Firm as His throne His promise stands,
And He can well secure
What I've committed to His hands
Till the decisive hour.

Then will He own my worthless name
Before His Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

368

Psalm 67

Revelation 21:9

O may we stand before the Lamb,
When earth and seas are fled,
And hear the Judge pronounce our name,
With blessings on our head!

369

Psalm 95

O come, and let us to the Lord
In songs our voices raise,
With joyful noise let us the Rock
Of our salvation praise.

Let us before his presence come
With praise and thankful voice;
Let us sing psalms to him with grace,
And make a joyful noise.

The Lord's a great God, and great King
Above all gods he is;
Depths of the earth are in his hand,
The strength of hills is his.

To him the spacious sea belongs,
For he the same did make;
The dry land also from his hands
Its form at first did take.

O come and let us worship him,
Let us bow down withal,
And on our knees before the Lord
Our Maker let us fall.

370

Psalm 8

How excellent in all the earth,
Lord, our Lord, is Thy name!
Who hast Thy glory far advanced
Above the starry frame!

From infants and from sucklings' mouth
Thou power didst ordain,
Because of foes, so that Thy might'st
The vengeful foe retrain.

When I look up unto the heavens,
Which Thine own fingers framed,
Unto the moon and to the stars,
Which were by Thee ordained.

Then say I, What is man, that he
Remembered is by Thee?

Or what the son of man, that Thou
So kind to him should'st be?

For Thou a little lower hast
Him than the angels made;
With glory and with dignity
Thou crowned hast his head.

Of Thy hands works Thou madest, Lord;
All 'neath his feet didst lay,
All sheep and oxen, yea, and beasts
That in the field do stray.
Fowl of the air, fish of the sea,
All that pass through the same,
How excellent in all the earth,
Lord, our Lord, is Thy name!

371

Psalm 39
Luke 4:18-19

Hark, the glad sound! The Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

On Him the Spirit, largely poured,
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

He comes the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.

He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.

His silver trumpets publish loud
The jubilee of the Lord

Our debts are all remitted now,
Our heritage restored.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And Heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved name.

372

Psalm 64
Revelation 7:13-17

How bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

Lo! these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light;
And in the blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.

Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love amidst
The glories of the sky.

His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every mouth to sing:
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannas ring.

Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray;
God is their sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

The Lamb, which dwells amidst the throne
Shall over them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

Midst pastures green He'll lead His flock
Where living streams appear;

And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

373

Psalm 2 Genesis 28:20-21

O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led.

Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

O spread Thy covering wings around
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

374

Psalm 60 Hebrews 8:20-21

Father of peace, and God of love,
We own Thy power to save,
That power by which our Shepherd rose
Victorious o'er the grave.

Him from the dead Thou brought'st again,
When by His sacred blood,
Confirmed and sealed forevermore
The eternal covenant stood.

Oh, may Thy Spirit seal our souls,
And mould them to Thy will,
That our weak hearts no more may stray,
But keep Thy covenant still.

That all we think and all we do
Be pleasing in Thy sight,
Through Jesus Christ, to whom be praise
In endless glory bright.

375

Psalm 32:1-2, 5-6

Oh, blessed is the man to whom
Is freely pardoned
All the transgression he hath done,
Whose sin is covered.

Blessed is the man to whom the Lord
Imputeth not his sin,
And in whose spirit there is no guile,
Nor fraud is found therein.

I will confess unto the Lord
My trespasses, said I;
And of my sin Thou freely didst
Forgive the iniquity.

For this shall every godly one
His prayer make to thee;
In such a time he shall thee seek,
As found Thou mayest be.

376

Psalm 41 John 3:14-19

As when the Hebrew prophet raised
The brazen serpent high,
The wounded looked and straight were cured,
The people ceased to die.
So from the Saviour on the cross
A healing virtue flows;
Who looks to Him with lively faith
Is saved from endless woes.
For God gave up His Son to death,
So generous was His love,
That all the faithful might enjoy
Eternal life above.
Not to condemn the sons of men
The Son of God appeared;
No weapons in His hand are seen,
Nor voice of terror heard.
He came to raise our fallen state,
And our lost hopes restore;
Faith leads us to the mercy-seat,
And bids us fear no more.

But vengeance just forever lies
On all the rebel race,
Who God's eternal Son despise,
And scorn His proffered grace.

377

Go to the deeps of God's promise;
Ask freely of Him, and receive;
All good may be had for the asking,
If, seeking, you truly believe.

*Go to the deeps of God's promise;
There's wideness of meaning untold
In the promises given His people,
And the treasures they ever unfold.*

Go to the deeps of God's promise;
And know of His wonderful might;
Whatever would be a true blessing,
For Jesus' sake, comes as thy right.

Go to the deeps of God's promise;
The blessing is never denied;
He loves, and remembers His children,
And every good thing is supplied.

Go to the deeps of God's promise;
And claim whatsoever ye will;
The blessing of God will not fail thee,
His Word He will surely fulfill.

378

What a wonderful change in my life has been wrought
Since Jesus came into my heart!
I have light in my soul for which long I had sought,
Since Jesus came into my heart!

*Since Jesus came into my heart,
Since Jesus came into my heart,
Floods of joy o'er my soul
Like the sea billows roll,
Since Jesus came into my heart.*

I have ceased from my wandering and going astray,
Since Jesus came into my heart!
And my sins, which were many, are all washed away,
Since Jesus came into my heart!

I'm possessed of a hope that is steadfast and sure,
Since Jesus came into my heart!
And no dark clouds of doubt now my pathway obscure,
Since Jesus came into my heart!

There's a light in the valley of death now for me,
Since Jesus came into my heart!
And the gates of the city beyond I can see,
Since Jesus came into my heart!

I shall go there to dwell in that city, I know,
Since Jesus came into my heart!
And I'm happy, so happy, as onward I go,
Since Jesus came into my heart!

379

I was sinking deep in sin, far from the peaceful shore,
Very deeply stained within, sinking to rise no more,
But the Master of the sea, heard my despairing cry,
From the waters lifted me, now safe am I.

*Love lifted me! Love lifted me!
When nothing else could help
Love lifted me!
Love lifted me! Love lifted me!
When nothing else could help
Love lifted me!*

All my heart to Him I give, ever to Him I'll cling
In His blessed presence live, ever His praises sing,
Love so mighty and so true, merits my soul's best songs,
Faithful, loving service too, to Him belongs.

Souls in danger look above, Jesus completely saves,
He will lift you by His love, out of the angry waves.
He's the Master of the sea, billows His will obey,
He your Saviour wants to be, be saved today.

380

My Lord has garments so wondrous fine,
And myrrh their texture fills;
Its fragrance reached to this heart of mine
With joy my being thrills.

*Out of the ivory palaces,
Into a world of woe,
Only His great eternal love
Made my Saviour go.*

His life had also its sorrows sore,
For aloe had a part;
And when I think of the cross He bore,
My eyes with teardrops start.

His garments too were in cassia dipped,
With healing in a touch;
Each time my feet in some sin have slipped,
He took me from its clutch.

In garments glorious He will come,
To open wide the door;
And I shall enter my heavenly home,
To dwell forevermore.

381

Travelling onward to a city bright and fair,
Tears and sorrows never enter there;

Jesus said he would a place prepare
For those in the King's Highway.

*Walking with Jesus, by His side I'll stay,
Walking with Jesus in the narrow way;
Travelling along together day by day,
Walking in the King's Highway.*

There are many who are perishing today,
Treading not the straight and narrow way;
We must go to them without delay
And tell of the King's Highway.

"Go ye into all the world," the Saviour said,
Tell of Christ — the joyful message spread;
Jesus suffered in the sinner's stead,
Preparing the King's Highway.

382

Out in the wilderness wild and drear,
Sadly I've wandered for many a year,
Driven by hunger and filled with fear,
I will arise and go;
Backward with sorrow my steps to trace,
Seeking my heavenly Father's face,
Willing to take but a servant's place,
I will arise and go.

*Back to my Father and home,
Back to my Father and home,
I will arise and go
Back to my Father and home.*

Why should I perish in dark despair,
Here where there's no one to help or care,
When there is shelter and food to spare?
I will arise and go;
Deeply repenting the wrong I've done,
Worthy no more to be called a son,
Hoping my Father His child may own,
I will arise and go.

Sweet are the memories that come to me,
Faces of loved ones again I see,
Visions of home where I used to be,
I will arise and go;

Others have gone who had wandered, too,
They were forgiven, were clothed anew,
Why should I linger with home in view?
I will arise and go.

Oh, that I never had gone astray!
Life was all radiant with hope one day,
Now all its treasures I've thrown away,
Yet I'll arise and go;
Something is saying, God loves you still,
Though you have treated His love so ill,
I must not wait, for the night grows chill,
I will arise and go.

383

"Hidden with Christ in God",
Dead to the world am I;
Treading the path that Jesus trod,
Leading to heaven on high;
Yet as I know I onward plod,
My life is "Hidden with Christ in God."

"Hidden with Christ in God",
Death cannot harm my soul;
He died that I might live again,
His blood has made me whole;
Even when resting beneath the sod,
My life is "Hidden with Christ in God."

384

When the cold breath of sorrow blights our joys,
Let us trust in our Father undismayed;
There is gladness no wintery grief destroys,
In the land where the roses never fade.

*In the land where the roses never fade,
Where no sin, neither sorrow can invade,
We shall meet our loved ones there,
And eternal glories share,
In the land where the roses never fade.*

When our hopes fall like leaves before the blast,
We should never be troubled, nor afraid,
For in Jesus we'll gather home at last,
In the land where the roses never fade.

Working on, trusting ever in His love,
Let our hearts on our Saviour still be stayed;
For we know we shall see His face above,
In the land where the roses never fade.

385

Far away the noise of strife upon my ear is falling.
Then I know the sins of earth beset on every hand.
Doubt and fear and things of earth in vain to me are calling.
None of these shall move me from Beulah Land.

*I'm living on the mountain, underneath a cloudless sky,
I'm drinking at the fountain that never shall run dry,
O yes! I'm feasting on the manna from a bountiful supply,
For I am dwelling in Beulah Land.*

Far below the storm of doubt upon the world is beating.
Sons of men in battle long the enemy withstand.
Safe am I within the castle of God's Word retreating.
Nothing then can reach me — 'tis Beulah Land.

Let the stormy breezes blow, their cry cannot alarm me;
I am safely sheltered here, protected by God's hand.
Here the sun is always shining, here there's naught can harm me.
I am safe forever in Beulah Land.

Viewing here the works of God, I sink in contemplation.
Hearing now His blessed voice, I see the way He planned.
Dwelling in the Spirit here I learn of full salvation.
Gladly I will tarry in Beulah Land.

386

Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven;
To His feet thy tribute bring.
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Evermore His praises sing:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise the everlasting King.

Praise Him for His grace and favor
To our fathers in distress.
Praise Him still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glorious in His faithfulness.

Father-like He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He knows.
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Widely yet His mercy flows.

Frail as summer's flower we flourish,
Blows the wind and it is gone;
But while mortals rise and perish
Our God lives unchanging on,
Praise Him, praise Him, hallelujah
Praise the high eternal One!

Angels, help us to adore Him;
Ye behold Him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before Him,
Dwellers all in time and space.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise with us the God of grace.

389

Once my way was dark and dreary,
For my heart was full of sin,
But the sky is bright and cheery,
Since the fullness of His love came in.

*I can never tell how much I love Him,
I can never tell His love for me,
For it passeth human measure,
Like a deep, unfathomed sea;
'Tis redeeming love in Christ my Saviour,
In my soul the heavenly joys begin;
And I live for Jesus only,
Since the fullness of His love came in.*

There is grace for all the lowly,
Grace to keep the trusting soul:
Power to cleanse and make me holy,
Jesus shall my yielded life control.

Let me spread abroad the story,
Other souls to Jesus win;
For the cross is now my glory,
Since the fullness of His love came in.

391

Meet Him in the morning each recurring day;
Let His radiant sunshine flood your misty way.
Let Him stand between you and the tempter's wile;
Meet Him in the morning, talk with Him awhile.

Meet Him at the noon-tide, when life's cares oppress;
Let Him bear the burden of your weariness.
When perplexing problems press on every hand,
Meet Him in the noon-tide; he will understand.

Meet Him in the evening as the shadows fall;
Victories and failures — tell the Master all.
Meet Him in the evening at the throne of grace.

Wonderful Redeemer, Counselor and Friend,
Matchless in His mercy, loving to the end.
With your joy and sorrow meet Him here today —
Meet Him there tomorrow, dwell with Him for aye.

392

Jesus passed through Jericho, as to the cross He went;
To the sinful and the lost the Son of God was sent;
All the suffering ones of earth, the blind, the halt and lame,
Called His kind compassion forth, for unto them He came.

*Saviour, I believe;
Let me now my sight receive;
Christ of Jericho,
Let me Thy salvation know.*

Jesus passed thro' Jericho; with joy the blind man heard;
Heeding not the world's reproach, he begged a healing word;
This his opportunity; for him salvation's day;
"Lord, I would receive my sight; have mercy, now I pray."

Jesus passed through Jericho, and still He passeth by;
Would you from your sin be free? to Him lift up your cry;
Call to Him in humble faith; He cometh now this way!
Lo, the Christ of Jericho will save your soul today.

393

Oh, the friends that now are waiting,
In the cloudless realms of day,
Who are calling me to follow
Where their steps have led the way;

They have laid aside their armour,
And their earthly course is run;
They have kept the faith with patience
And their crown of life is won.

*They are calling, gently calling,
Sweetly calling me to come,
And I'm looking through the shadows
For the blessed lights of home.*

They have laid aside their armour
For the robe of spotless white;
And with Jesus they are walking
Where the river sparkles bright.
We have laboured here together,
We have laboured side by side,
Just a little while before me
They have crossed the rolling tide.

On those dear familiar faces
There will be no trace of care;
Every sigh was hushed forever
At the palace gate so fair.
I shall see them, I shall know them,
I shall hear their song of love,
And we'll all sing hallelujah
In our Father's house above.

394

Do you ever stop, my friend, to think,
The while this world you're passing through
Someone may be saved from ruin's brink,
By just a little help from you?

*Just a little help from you,
Just a little help from you;
Wondrous things the Lord may do,
By just a little help from you.*

Just a little deed of kindness now,
It may the faith of one restore,
Who beneath some load of grief doth bow,
Is almost ready to give o'er.

Just a little word of Jesus' love,
Some precious soul may help decide
To forsake the wrong and look above,
And let the Lord his footsteps guide.

Let us do our part, ere day is done,
And to our calling faithful be;
For the world to Christ must now be won,
By help of you, by help of me.

395

The sands of time are sinking, the dawn of heaven breaks;
The summer morn I've sighed for — the fair, sweet morn awakes:
Dark, dark hath been the midnight, but dayspring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land.

O Christ, He is the fountain, the deep, sweet well of love!
The streams on earth I've tasted more deep I'll drink above:
There to an ocean fullness His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land.

With mercy and with judgement my web of time He wove,
And aye, the dews of sorrow were lustered with His love;
I'll bless the hand that guided, I'll bless the heart that planned
When throned where glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land.

Oh, I am my Beloved's and my Beloved's mine!
He brings a poor vile sinner into His house of wine.
I stand upon His merit—I know no other stand,
Not even where glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land.

The bride eyes not her garment, but her dear bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory but on my king of grace.
Not at the crown He giveth but on His pierced hand;
The Lamb is all the glory of Immanuel's land.

396

Vile and sinful though my heart may be,
Fully trusting Lord, I come to Thee;
Thou hast power to cleanse and make me free,
I am coming home.

*Coming home, coming home,
No longer in the path of sin to roam;
I'm coming home, coming home,
Lord Jesus, I am coming home.*

Like a father seeks a wayward child,
Thou hast sought me o'er the desert wild,
Sick and helpless, by my sin defiled,
I am coming home.

Pleading tenderly, His voice I hear,
Why should I refuse a friend so dear?
He will take away my guilt and fear,
I am coming home.

Precious blood of Jesus, may its flow
Cleanse from evil, wash me white as snow;
There is hope alone in Thee, I know,
I am coming home.

397

When you count the ones who love the Lord,
Count me, count me;
When you count up those who trust His Word,
Count me, count me.

*Count me with the children of the heavenly King;
Count me with the servants who would service bring;
Count me with the ransomed who His praises sing;
Count me, count me.*

When you count up those who're saved by grace,
Count me, count me;
Who have found in Christ a hiding place,
Count me, count me.

When you count up those who do the right,
Count me, count me;
Who are walking in the Gospel light,
Count me, count me.

When you count up those who forward press,
Count me, count me;
Who shall gain the crown of righteousness,
Count me, count me.

398

The cross that He gave is heavy,
And the light on my path is dim,
Yet I feel a blessed assurance,
Whenever I think of Him.

*Whenever I think of Him,
Whenever I think of Him,
He fills my soul with divine control,
Whenever I think of Him.*

I stand on the mount of promise,
Rising up from the vale of prayer;
For my soul is filled with His goodness,
And thoughts of His love and care.

Some day it will all be over;
Then with loved ones gone on before,
I will join the saints and the martyrs,
And praise Him forevermore.

399

I've found a friend, who is all to me,
His love is ever true;
I love to tell how He lifted me
And what His grace can do for you.

*Saved by His power divine,
Saved to new life sublime!
Life now is sweet and my joy is complete,
For I'm saved, saved, saved!*

He saves me from every sin and harm,
Secures my soul each day;
I'm leaning strong on His mighty arm;
I know He'll guide me all the way.

When poor and needy and all alone,
In love He said to me,
Come unto Me and I'll lead you home,
To live with Me eternally.

400

Satisfied my highest longing,
Earthly griefs as naught shall be,
When I wake with Christ in glory,
When His face I see.

*When His face I see.
When His face I see,
Oh, the joy for me awaiting,
When His face I see.*

Human mind cannot conceive it,
My Redeemer's face so fair;
But I know they need no sunshine,
But His smile up there.

Though oft-times the way He leadeth,
Is a way of mystery;
There shall be no more of darkness
When His face I see.

Here my tongue can never utter
All the praise within my heart;
There, in heaven's song of triumph,
I shall have a part.

401

O lost one in the wilds of sin,
So long from God away;
Before thee lies an open path,
Where thou canst walk today.

*For if thou shalt confess the Lord,
And in thine heart believe;
His Word is sure, it stands secure,
Thou shalt be saved,
Thou shalt be saved.*

So many roads across the marsh
But lead to vales of night;
This one, the true and living way,
Ends in the fadeless light.

How many paths at first seem fair,
That lead to loss and pain!
This one yields comfort all the way,
The end eternal gain.

402

Beautiful City of God,
Beautiful City of Light,
Where naught that defileth may enter,
Where none see the shadow of night

*Beautiful City of God,
Beautiful City of Praise,
Where the songs of the blest shall be ringing,
Through eternity's endless days.*

Beautiful City of God,
Beautiful City of gold,

Whose treasures are far beyond telling,
Whose glories are yet to unfold.

Beautiful City of God,
Beautiful City of rest,
Where the wanderer reaches a shelter,
The lamb finds the Good Shepherd's breast.

405

Awake! awake! and sing the blessed story;
Awake! awake! and let your song of praise arise;
Awake! awake! the earth is full of glory,
And light is beaming from the radiant skies;
The rocks and rills, the vales and hills resound with gladness,
All nature joins to sing the triumph song.
The Lord Jehovah reigns and sin is backward hurled!
Rejoice! rejoice! lift heart and voice, Jehovah reigns!
Proclaim His sovereign power to all the world,
And let His glorious banner be unfurled!
Jehovah reigns! Rejoice! rejoice! rejoice! Jehovah reigns!
Ring out! ring out! O bells of joy and gladness;
Repeat, repeat anew the story o'er again,
Till all the earth shall lose its weight of sadness,
And shout anew the glorious refrain;
Ye angels in the heights, sing of the great Redeemer,
Who saves us from the power of sin and death.

406

In the paths of sin and darkness I no longer roam,
This vile world has no delights for me;
I have joined the band of pilgrims who are travelling Home,
I am on the road that leads to glory.

I am on the road, I am on the road,
I am on the road that leads to glory!
Soon I'll see the pearly gates,
Where my Lord and Saviour waits,
For I'm on the road that leads to glory!

Though the path may oft grow narrow He will lead me; through,
For He's Life and Light each day to me;
I will tread the way with Jesus' own despised few,
For I'm on the road that leads to glory!

Just beyond me lies that Glorious City, guilt four-square,
And the Home He has prepared for me;

When I reach my journey's end, I'll find Him waiting there,
For I'm on the road that leads to glory!

407

Where He may lead me I will go,
For I have learned to trust Him so,
And I remember 'twas for me,
That He was slain on Calvary.

*Jesus shall lead me night and day,
Jesus shall lead me all the way,
He is the truest Friend to me,
For I remember Calvary.*

O I delight in His command,
Love to be led by His dear hand;
His divine will is sweet to me,
Hallowed by bloodstained Calvary.

Onward I go, nor doubt nor fear,
Happy with Christ my Savior near,
Trusting that I some day shall see,
Jesus my Friend of Calvary.

408

I believed in God's wonderful mercy and grace;
Believed in the smile of His reconciled face;
Believed in His message of pardon and peace:
I believed, and I keep on believing!

*Believe! And the "feeling" may come or may go;
Believe in the Word that was written to show
That all who believe, their salvation may know;
Believe, and I keep right on believing!*

I believed in the work of my crucified Lord;
Believed in redemption alone thro' His blood;
Believed in my Saviour by trusting His Word:
I believed, and I keep on believing!

I believed in the heart that was opened for me;
Believed in the love flowing blessed and free;
Believed that my sins were all nailed to the tree:
I believed, and I keep on believing!

I believed in Himself, as the true Living One;
Believed in His presence on high on the throne;

Believed in His coming in glory full soon;
I believed, and I keep on believing!

409

We have heard the joyful sound: Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Spread the tidings all around: Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Bear the news to every land, climb the mountains, cross the waves;
Onward! 'tis our Lord's command; Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

Waft it on the rolling tide: Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Tell to sinners far and wide: Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Sing, you islands of the sea; echo back, you ocean caves;
Earth shall keep her jubilee: Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

Sing above the battle strife: Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
By His death and endless life Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Shout it brightly through the gloom, when the heart for mercy craves;
Sing in triumph o'er the tomb: Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

Give the winds a mighty voice: Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Let the nations now rejoice: Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Shout salvation full and free; highest hills and deepest caves;
This our song of victory: Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

410

Clouds may hover over me and hide my view,
Sin may seek in me its evil work to do;
Even try to conquer me, but never will,
While I trust my Saviour still.

*For nothing really matters if the Lord loves me,
And he does, O yes! He does!
No! Nothing really matters if the Lord loves me,
And He does, He does.*

There is naught that stands between my Lord and me
For my sins are hidden now in Love's great sea;
While the billows cover them from mortal eyes,
Heavenward my song shall rise.

Such a love as Jesus gives shall conquer fear,
Such a hope as he bestows shall dry each tear;
Wonderful it is that such a thing should be,
But the King of heaven loves me.

Though I try to love him as I really ought,
All my love before his cross must seem as naught;

Through the tears I'm always praying o'er and o'er,
"Teach me, Lord, to love Thee more."

411

All the sorrows of thy life,
Jesus knows, He knows;
All the weary years of strife,
Jesus knows, He knows.
All thy burdens, all thy cares,
All thy agonising prayers;
All the pain thy bosom bears,
Jesus knows, He knows.

All thy false friends and thy true,
Jesus knows, He knows;
When thy joys on earth are few,
Jesus knows, He knows;
When the world to thee seems drear,
When there is no helper near;
When thy heart is filled with fear,
Jesus knows, He knows.

All the path which thou shalt tread,
Jesus knows, He knows;
Rich the blessings He will shed,
Jesus knows, He knows;
Trust Him then and forward go,
He will guide thee here below;
And will shield thee from each foe,
Jesus knows, He knows.

412

Remember thy great Creator,
Think of His mighty love!
Think of His home above
Remember in life's bright morning
Ever to give thy grateful love to Him
All the sounds of life from creation are calling thee,
To worship thy creator and King.
All His silent works show His wonderful power and thought,
Oh, join thou, as His praises they sing!

*Ye children, oh, come to Jesus!
Give Him your early years,
Tell him your hopes and fears,
Ye children, oh, come to Jesus!*

He will reveal to you the Father's love.

Remember thy loving Father,
Even He cares for thee,
Patiently, tenderly,
Remember His gift of Jesus,
Out of His boundless love for thee, for me.
He is loving thee, He is guiding and helping thee,
Oh, think thou of that wonderful love!
He will comfort thee,
He will ever thy keeper be,
Oh, serve him till He calls thee above!

Remember thy loving Saviour,
He will thy pilot be,
Over life's troubled sea.
Remember His love on Calvary,
Out of eternity He calleth thee.
He is calling thee,
He is whispering "Come to me!"
Oh, heed now, as He calleth today!
Turn ye not away from the One who is calling thee!
But follow where He leadeth alway.

413

Face to face with Christ, my Saviour,
Face to face — what will it be,
When with rapture I behold Him,
Jesus Christ who died for me?

*Face to face I shall behold Him,
Far beyond the starry sky;
Face to face in all His glory,
I shall see Him by and by!*

Only faintly now I see Him,
With the darkened veil between,
But a blessed day is coming,
When His glory shall be seen.

What rejoicing in His presence,
When are banished grief and pain;
When the crooked ways are straightened,
And the dark things shall be plain!

Face to face — oh, blissful moment!
Face to face — to see and know;
Face to face with my Redeemer,
Jesus Christ who loves me so.

414

I long to know Thee better
Day by day,
I want to draw much closer
When I pray,
To listen more intently
For Thy voice,
To let the things Thou chooseth
Be my choice.

I long to serve Thee better
Hour by hour,
Depending more entirely
On Thy power,
I want to know more fully
All Thy will,
To count upon each promise,
And be still.

I long to keep more closely
At Thy side,
To worship in Thy presence,
And abide,
I want to rest more calmly
In Thy care,
Assured that Thou wilt keep me
Safely there.

I long to find new beauties
In Thy Word,
To follow in the footsteps
Of my Lord,
And, oh, the greatest longing
Through Thy grace,
Is that mine eyes may see Thee
Face to face

415

I sing the love of God, my Father,
Whose Spirit abides within,
Who changes all my grief to gladness,
And pardons me all my sin.
Though clouds may lower, dark and dreary,
Yet He has promised to be near;
He gives me sunshine for my shadow,
And "beauty for ashes" here.

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

I sing the love of God, my Saviour,
Who suffered upon the tree,
That, in the secret of His presence,
My bondage might freedom be.
He comes to bind the brokenhearted;
He comes the fainting soul to cheer;
He gives me oil of joy for mourning,
And "beauty for ashes" here.

I sing the beauty of the gospel
That scatters, not thorns, but flowers,
That bids me scatter smiles and sunbeams
Wherever are lonely hours.
The garment of His praise it offers
For heaviness of spirit drear;
It gives me sunshine for my shadow,
And "beauty for ashes" here.

416

I heard the Saviour calling
In accents sweet and low;
For ever calling, calling,
And yet I would not go.

*Oh, strange to say, I turned away
From One who loved me so.*

I heard the Saviour calling
So clear above the din;
Forever calling, calling,
"Oh, say, may I come in."

I heard the Saviour calling
With pity so divine;
Forever calling, calling,
It reached this heart of mine.

*Oh, glad to say, I turned that day
To Christ who loves me so.*

417

Far beyond all human comprehension,
Measured by an infinite dimension,
Wonderfully broad in its intention,
Is the boundless love of God.

*Love divine surpasses all that human tongue can tell,
While on earth or in eternity;
Higher than the mountains where the soaring eagles dwell,
Deeper than the mighty rolling sea,
Love sufficient to redeem and set a captive free,
As shoreless and as endless as eternity.*

Great enough to sacrifice with pleasure,
And to give away its richest treasure,
And to drink of pain in brimming measure,
Is the wondrous love of God.

Greater than my sin and condemnation,
Great enough to give me, full salvation,
And to fill my soul with jubilation,
Is the matchless love of God.

Deep enough for those in degradation,
Higher than the highest elevation,
Broad enough to take in every nation,
Is the boundless love of God.

418

We journey to a city,
Which eye hath never seen;
We journey to a country,
Whose shores are ever green.
Far, far away it lieth,
Beyond the valley low,
Beyond the chilling river,
Beyond its waves of woe

*We journey to a city,
Which eye hath never seen;
We journey to a country,
Whose shores are ever green.*

No eye hath seen its glories,
Its joys have ne'er been told;
No cloud of sorrow passes
Over its streets of gold.
But strains of sweetest music,
Float on its balmy air,

And voices of the harpers
Who sing their triumph there.

They sing the name of Jesus,
Who washed them in His blood;
The Lamb who went before them,
Through desert, fire and flood.
No more the far-off vision;
With open face they see
The King in all His beauty,
Who died to set them free.

We journey to a city,
Its gates are open wide,
And angel voices greet us
Beyond the swelling tide.
A little while of tempest,
And then the endless calm;
A little while of battle,
And then the victor's palm.

419

Since Christ my soul from sin set free,
This world has been a heaven to me;
And 'mid earth's sorrows and its woe,
'Tis heaven my Jesus here to know.
*Oh, hallelujah, yes, 'tis heaven,
'Tis heaven to know my sins forgiven;
On land or sea, what matters where? —
Where Jesus is, 'tis heaven there.*
Once Heaven seemed a far-off place,
Till Jesus showed His smiling face;
Now it's begun within my soul,
'Twill last while endless ages roll.
What matters where on earth we dwell?
On mountain top, or in the dell,
In cottage, or a mansion fair,
Where Jesus is, 'tis heaven there.

420

In looking through my tears one day,
I saw Mount Calvary;
Beneath the cross there flowed a stream
Of grace, enough for me.

*Grace as fathomless as the sea,
Grace flowing from Calvary,
Grace enough for eternity,
Grace, enough for me.*

While standing there, my trembling heart,
Once full of agony,
Could scarce believe the sight I saw
Of grace, enough for me.

When I beheld my every sin
Nailed to the cruel tree,
I felt a flood go through my soul
Of grace, enough for me.

When I am safe within the veil,
My portion there will be,
To sing through all the years to come
Of grace, enough for me.

421

Oh, what would I do without Jesus?
I have wondered again and again,
For I know that a life lived without Him,
Is a life full of sorrow and pain.

*Oh, what would I do without Jesus,
When the days with their shadows grow dim;
When the doubt billows roll, sweeping over my soul,
Then what would I do without Him?*

Oh, what would I do without Jesus,
When the dearest of friends pass away,
And my soul gropes around in the darkness
And its long ere the light of day?

Oh, what would I do without Jesus,
On the day when the trumpets have blown,
If I've never obeyed His commandments,
Or the joy of His service have known?

422

The time of the harvest was ended,
And the summer of life was gone,
When in from the fields came the reapers,
Called home by the dip of the sun;
I saw them each bearing a burden

Of toilsomely in gathered sheaves;
They brought them in love to their Master,
But I could bring nothing but leaves.

*I could bring nothing but leaves,
I could bring nothing but leaves.
While others came in with their bright golden sheaves,
I could bring nothing, nothing, nothing but leaves*

The years that He gave I had wasted,
Nor thought I how soon they would fly,
While others toiled hard for the harvest,
I carelessly let them slip by;
I idled about without purpose,
Nor cared I, but now how it grieves;
While others brought fruit to their Master,
I found I had nothing but leaves.

Then soon from my dream I was wakened,
And sad was my heart, for I knew
That though my life's day was not over,
Ere long I should bid it adieu.
I started in shame and in sorrow,
I turned from the sin that deceives;
Henceforth I must toil for the Saviour,
Or maybe bring nothing but leaves.

423

Lie still, and let Him mould thee!
Oh, Lord, I would obey;
Be Thou the skilful Potter,
And I the yielding clay.

*Bend me, oh, bend me to Thy will,
While in Thy hand I'm lying still.*

In Thy dear hand I'm resting,
Oh, hold me quiet there;
Then soften me and mould me,
And for Thy will prepare.

I need not fear to trust Thee,
Thy love and skill are such,
New lessons Thou wilt teach me,
While yielding to Thy touch.

Impress Thine image on me,
Fulfil Thy blest design,

Till others see upon me
That beauteous face of Thine.

424

I came unto Jesus confessing my sin,
Forsaking the wrongs of the past;
He promised me pardon and cleansing within
His promise I trusted at last.

His promises hold, hallelujah!
His promises hold, praise His name!
His promises hold, hallelujah!
For He is forever the same.

I sought for the Comforter promised to all,
Who all on the altar would lay;
I trusted the promise and blessing did fall
Upon me that glorious day.

He promised to keep me so safe in His fold
That no one should lead me astray;
His arms everlasting will ever uphold,
And He will be with me alway.

My constant Companion, My Guide and my Friend,
My Saviour, my Keeper is He;
His love and compassion shall never more end,
In life or in death He keeps me.

425

All the way my Saviour leads me;
What have I to ask beside?
Can I doubt His tender mercy,
Who through life has been my guide?
Heavenly peace, divinest comfort,
Here by faith in Him to dwell!
For I know, whate'er befall me,
Jesus doeth all things well;
For I know, whate'er befall me,
Jesus doeth all things well.

All the way my Saviour leads me,
Cheers each winding path I tread;
Gives me grace for every trial,
Feeds me with the living bread.

Though my weary steps may falter,
And my soul athirst may be,
Gushing from the rock before me,
Lo! A spring of joy I see;
Gushing from the rock before me,
Lo! A spring of joy I see.

All the way my Saviour leads me
Oh, the fullness of His love!
Perfect rest to me is promised
In my Father's house above.
When my spirit, clothed immortal,
Wings its flight to realms of day
This my song through endless ages —
Jesus led me all the way;
This my song through endless ages —
Jesus led me all the way.

426

I will sing of my Redeemer,
And His wondrous love to me;
On the cruel cross He suffered,
From the curse to set me free.

*Sing, oh sing, of my Redeemer,
With His blood, He purchased me.
On the cross, He sealed my pardon,
Paid the debt, and made me free.*

I will tell the wondrous story,
How my lost estate to save,
In His boundless love and mercy,
He the ransom freely gave.

I will praise my dear Redeemer,
His triumphant power I'll tell,
How the victory He giveth
Over sin, and death, and hell.

I will sing of my Redeemer,
And His heavenly love to me;
He from death to life hath brought me,
Son of God with Him to be.

427

Ere you left your room this morning,
Did you think to pray?

In the name of Christ our Savior,
Did you sue for loving favour,
As a shield today?

*Oh, how praying rests the weary!
Prayer will change the night to day;
So when life seems dark and dreary,
Don't forget to pray.*

When you met with great temptation,
Did you think to pray?
By His dying love and merit,
Did you claim the Holy Spirit
As your guide and stay?

When your heart was filled with anger,
Did you think to pray?
Did you plead for grace, my brother,
That you might forgive another
Who had crossed your way?

When sore trials came upon you,
Did you think to pray?
When your soul was bowed in sorrow,
Balm of Gilead did you borrow
At the gates of day?

428

God be merciful to me!
Sin hath sorely pressed and tried;
Swift for refuge would I flee,
To a Saviour crucified.

*Thou art a refuge, Oh, take me in,
Save me from self and from the power of sin.
High o'er the ruin, in the fear and the shock,
Humbly I'll hide in the cleft of the Rock,*

God be merciful to me!
I am wounded, faint, and sore;
Jesus is my only plea,
Save me that I sin no more.

Low in penitence I bow
At a Saviour's sheltering side.
Father, grant me pardon now
At the cross where Jesus died.

Oh, let not Thy grace depart,

Though I've grieved the love of heaven;
Lord, I come with contrite heart,
Let me know I am forgiven.

429

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.

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

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.

More about Jesus; in His Word,
Holding communion with my Lord;
Hearing His voice in every line,
Making each faithful saying mine.

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.

430

Do not be ashamed to own Him,
Or obey your Lord's command;
In your every word and action
Show the world just where you stand.

*Show the world just where you stand,
Gladly follow His command,
Your all resign to Christ divine;
Show the world just where you stand.*

When temptations throng around you,
Closer hold His nail-pierced hand;
You have joined His blessed service,
Show the world just where you stand.

Do not be ashamed to own Him,
Tell it out through all the land;

Loyal ever to the Master,
Show the world just where you stand.

431

Oh, happy day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

*Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away!
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day.
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away!*

Oh, happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

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

Now rest, my long divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful center, rest.
Here have I found a nobler part;
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

High heaven, 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.

432

I come to the garden alone
While the dew is still on the roses
And the voice I hear falling on my ear
The Son of God discloses.

*And He walks with me, and He talks with me,
And He tells me I am His own;
And the joy we share as we tarry there,
None other has ever known.*

He speaks, and the sound of His voice,
Is so sweet the birds hush their singing,
And the melody that He gave to me
Within my heart is ringing.

I'd stay in the garden with Him
Though the night around me be falling,
But He bids me go; through the voice of woe
His voice to me is calling.

433

Do not wait until some deed of greatness you may do,
Do not wait to shed your light afar,
To the many duties ever near you now be true,
Brighten the corner where you are.

Brighten the corner where you are!
Brighten the corner where you are!
Someone far from harbor you may guide across the bar;
Brighten the corner where you are!

Just above are clouded skies that you may help to clear,
Let not narrow self your way debar;
Though into one heart alone may fall your song of cheer,
Brighten the corner where you are.

Here for all your talent you may surely find a need,
Here reflect the bright and Morning Star;
Even from your humble hand the Bread of Life may feed,
Brighten the corner where you are.

434

Earthly pleasures vainly call me;
I would be like Jesus;
Nothing worldly shall enthrall me;
I would be like Jesus.

Be like Jesus, this my song,
In the home and in the throng;
Be like Jesus, all day long!
I would be like Jesus.

He has broken every fetter,
I would be like Jesus;
That my soul may serve Him better,
I would be like Jesus.

All the way from earth to glory,
I would be like Jesus;
Telling o'er and o'er the story,
I would be like Jesus.

That in heaven He may meet me,
I would be like Jesus;
That His words "Well done" may greet me,
I would be like Jesus.

435

Shine, shine, just where you are,
Send forth the light
Into the light,
Shine for the Lord where you are.

436

I'll trust where I cannot see,
Lord, I'll trust where I cannot see,
No matter how dark the way may be,
I'll trust where I cannot see,

437

Saved by grace, kept by power,
Every day and every hour;
Jesus will keep me from falling,
He is my Saviour dear.

438

Casting all your care,
Casting all your care,
For the Lord is able
All your cares to bear;
Casting all your care, casting all your care,
For the Lord is able
All your cares to bear;

439

"Whosoever will may come,
Whosoever will may come";
Then bring all your sins to the Saviour

For “Whosoever will may come”.