

Forgotten Books

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SACRED SONGS AND SOLOS

Twelve Hundred Hymns

COMPILED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
IRA D. SANKEY

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INDEX TO SUBJECTS

GOD THE FATHER:	HYMNS	THE CHRISTIAN LIFE:	HYMNS
Creation, Providence, and Redemption	1-23	Christian Fellowship ..	500-512
GOD THE SON:		Protection and Guidance ..	513-568
His Birth	24-35	Desires after Holiness ..	569-589
His Life and Love	36-82	Consecration	590-642
His Names and Titles ..	83-112	Love, Joy, and Peace ..	643-668
His Humiliation, Resurrec- tion, and Glory	113-158	Conflict and Victory ..	669-708
His Second Coming ..	159-186	(and Temperance Hymns)	
GOD THE HOLY SPIRIT:		Comfort in Sorrow	709-747
His Office and Work ..	187-202	Service and Reward ..	748-820
PUBLIC WORSHIP:		Songs of Pilgrimage ..	821-840
Songs of Praise	203-256	Assurance and Testimony ..	841-906
The Word of God	257-269	THE LIFE TO COME:	
The Lord's Day	270-276	Aspirations after Heaven ..	907-927
The Lord's Supper	277-285	Heaven Anticipated ..	928-989
Evening and Closing Hymns	286-302	The Redeemed in Heaven ..	990-1024
Prayer-Meetings and Revival	303-333	Death and Resurrection ..	1025-1046
After-Meetings	334-352	SPECIAL OCCASIONS:	
THE GOSPEL:		New Year	1047-1052
Its Message	353-368	Seed-Time and Harvest ..	1053-1060
Invitation	369-427	Travellers by Land and Sea	1061-1065
Warning and Entreaty ..	428-461	CHRISTIAN MISSIONS	1066-1090
Response and Repentance..	462-499	CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOUR ..	1091-1126
		HYMNS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE ..	1127-1167
		SOLOS AND CHOIR PIECES ..	1168-1200

SACRED SONGS AND SOLOS

Twelve Hundred Hymns

In order to facilitate reference to the existing editions of SACRED SONGS & SOLOS, NEW HYMNS & SOLOS, and THE CHRISTIAN CHOIR, the original Nos. in these books are inserted after the Nos., thus:—

1 (S.S.
679); **27** (N.H.
84); **36** (O.C.
75).

GOD THE FATHER : Creation, Providence, Redemption

1 (S.S.
679) 8.7.4.

PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven;
To His feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like thee His praise shall sing?
Praise Him! praise Him!
Praise the everlasting King!

2 Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him, still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless:
Praise Him! praise Him!
Glorious in His faithfulness!

3 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:
Praise Him! praise Him!
Widely as His mercy flows.

4 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,
Praise Him! praise Him!
Praise with us the God of grace!

2 (S.S.
729) 8.7.8.7.8.8.8.2.

A MIGHTY fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing:
Our Helper He, amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work his woe;
His craft and power are great,
And armed with cruel hate—
On earth is not his equal.

2 Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing,
Were not the right Man on our side,
The Man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is He!
Lord Sabaoth is His name,
From age to age the same:
And He must win the battle.

3 And 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.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill:
God's truth abideth still,
His Kingdom is for ever.

GOD THE FATHER

3

8.7.8.7.6.6.6.7.

A SAFE stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
The ancient prince of hell
Hath risen with purpose fell;
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour,
On earth is not his fellow.

2 With force of arms we nothing can,
Full soon were we down-ridden;
But for us fights the proper Man,
Whom God Himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, Who is this same?
Christ Jesus is His name,
The Lord Sabaoth's Son;
He, and no other one,
Shall conquer in the battle.

3 And were this world all devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore;
Not they can overpower us.
And let the prince of ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit:
For why? His doom is writ;
A word shall quickly slay him.

4 God's word, for all their craft and
One moment will not linger, [force,
But, spite of hell, shall have its course;
'Tis written by His finger.
And though they take our life,
Goods, honour, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small;
These things shall vanish all,
The city of God remaineth.

4 (S.S.)
116

6.6.8.4.

THE God of Abraham praise!
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love!
Jehovah, great I AM!
By earth and Heaven confest!
I bow, and bless the sacred name,
For ever blest!

2 The God of Abraham praise!
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At His right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power,
And Him my only portion make,
My Shield and Tower.

3

The God of Abraham praise!
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all my ways:
He calls a worm His friend!
He calls Himself my God!
And He shall save me to the end
Through Jesus' blood!

4

He by Himself hath sworn,
I on His oath depend;
I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore!

5

The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high:
"Hail! Father, Son, and Holy
They ever cry: [Ghost!"
Hail! Abraham's God and mine!
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise!

5 (S.S.)
233

6.6.4.

THOU whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray;
And, where the Gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
"Let there be light!"

2 Thou, who didst come to bring.
On Thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight—
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind—
Oh, now to all mankind
"Let there be light!"

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight!
Move on the waters' face
By Thine almighty grace,
And in earth's darkest place
"Let there be light!"

4 Blessèd and holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, love, might;
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
O'er the world far and wide,
"Let there be light!"

6 (S.S.)
(726)

8.6.4.

COME, Thou almighty King,
Help us Thy name to sing,
Help us to praise:

Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of Days!

2 Come, Thou incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend:
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy Word success:
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!

3 Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour:
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

4 To the great One in Three
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

7 (S.S.)
(402)

8.6.4.

GLORY to God on high!
Let heaven and earth reply,
"Praise ye His name!"

His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
Sing loud for evermore,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

2 While they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising His name,—
Ye who have felt His blood
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound His dear name abroad!
"Worthy the Lamb!"

3 Join, all ye ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye His name!
In Him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

4 What though we change our place,
Yet we shall never cease
Praising His name;

To Him our songs we bring,
Hail Him our gracious King,
And without ceasing sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

8 (S.S.)
(81)

S.M.

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

Saved by grace alone;
This is all my plea—
Jesus died for all mankind,
And Jesus died for me.

2 'Twas grace that wrote my name
In life's eternal book;
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.

3 Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 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.

5 Oh, let Thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine!
May all my powers to Thee aspire,
And all my days be Thine.

9 (S.S.)
(83)

L.M.

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
Him serve with mirth, His praise
forth tell,

Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2 Know that the Lord is God indeed,
Without our aid He did us make:
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 Oh, enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto:
Praise, laud, and bless His name
For it is seemly so to do. [always,

4 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.

10 (S.S.)
(368)

78

DAY by day the manna fell;
Oh to learn this lesson well!
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give us, Lord, our daily bread.

2 "Day by day," the promise reads,
Daily strength for daily needs;

GOD THE FATHER :

Cast foreboding fear away,
Take the manna of to-day.

- 3 Thou our daily task shalt give;
Day by day to Thee we live:
So shall added years fulfil—
Not our own, our Father's will.

11 (S.S.)
786

5.5.8.5.

- OH, worship the King,
All glorious above !
Oh, gratefully sing
His power and His love;
Our Shield and Defender,
The Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendour,
And girded with praise.
- 2 Oh, tell of His might,
Oh, sing of His grace !
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath
The deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path
On the wings of the storm.
- 3 The earth with its store
Of wonders untold,
Almighty ! Thy power
Hath founded of old:
Hath 'stablished it fast
By a changeless decree;
And round it hath cast,
Like a mantle, the sea.
- 4 Thy bountiful care,
What tongue can recite ?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light;
It streams from the hills,
It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in
The dew and the rain.
- 5 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 !
- 6 O measureless Might !
Ineffable Love !
While angels delight
To hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall sing to Thy praise.

12

5.5.8.5.

- OH, praise ye the Lord
With heart and with voice;
His mercies record,
And round Him rejoice.
Ye children of Zion,
Your Saviour adore !
And learn to rely on
His grace evermore.
- 2 Repose on His arm,
Ye sheep of His fold,
What terror can harm
With Him to uphold ?
His saints are His treasure,
Their peace will He seek,
And pour without measure
His gifts on the meek.
- 3 Go on in His might,
Ye men of the Lord:
His word be your light,
His promise your sword:
The King of Salvation
Your foes will subdue,
Bring forth your oblation,
Your praises renew.

13 (S.S.)
733

5.5.8.5.

- THOUGH troubles assail,
And dangers affright;
Though friends should all fail,
And foes all unite—
Yet one thing secures us,
Whatever betide:
The Scripture assures us,
“ The Lord will provide.”
- 2 The birds, without barn
Or storehouse, are fed;
From them let us learn
To trust for our bread:
His saints what is fitting
Shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written,
“ The Lord will provide.”
- 3 His call we obey,
Like Abram of old,
Not knowing our way;
But faith makes us bold:
For though we are strangers,
We have a good Guide;
And trust in all dangers:
“ The Lord will provide.”
- 4 No strength of our own,
Or goodness we claim;
Yet since we have known
The Saviour's great name,

In this our strong tower
For safety we hide,
Almighty His power:
"The Lord will provide."

14 (S.S.)
784

5.5.6.5.

BEGONE, unbelief,
My Saviour is near,
And for my relief
Will surely appear:
By prayer let me wrestle,
And He will perform;
With Christ in the vessel,
I smile at the storm.

- 2 Though dark be my way,
Since He is my Guide,
'Tis mine to obey,
'Tis His to provide:
Though cisterns be broken,
And creatures all fail,
The word He hath spoken
Shall surely prevail.
- 3 His love, in time past,
Forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last
In trouble to sink:
Each sweet Ebenezer
I have in review
Confirms His good pleasure
To help me quite through.
- 4 Why should I complain
Of want or distress,
Temptation or pain?—
He told me no less;
The heirs of salvation,
I know from His Word,
Through much tribulation
Must follow their Lord.
- 5 How bitter that cup
No heart can conceive,
Which He drank quite up,
That sinners might live!
His way was much rougher
And darker than mine;
Did Christ, my Lord, suffer,
And shall I repine?
- 6 Since all that I meet
Shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet,
The medicine, food;
Though painful at present,
'Twill cease before long,
And then—oh, how pleasant
The conqueror's song!

Creation, Providence, Redemption

15 (S.S.)
480

P.M.

LET us sing of the love of the Lord,
As now unto Him we draw nigh;
Let us sing to the praise of the God
of all grace,

For the love that gave Jesus to die!

Oh, the love that gave Jesus to die!

The love that gave Jesus to die!

Praise God, it is mine, this love so divine,—

The love that gave Jesus to die!

2 Oh, how great was the love that was
shown

To us!—we can never tell why—

Not to angels, but *men*; let us praise

Him again,

For the love that gave Jesus to die!

3 Now this love unto all God commends,
Not one would His mercy pass by;

"Whosoever shall call," there is
pardon for all

In the love that gave Jesus to die!

4 Who is he that can separate those
Whom God doth in love justify?

Whatsoever we need He includes in
the deed

In the love that gave Jesus to die!

16 (S.S.)
657

P.M.

REDEMPTION! oh, wonderful story—

Glad message for you and for me:

That Jesus has purchased our pardon,

And paid all the debt on the tree.

Believe it, O sinner, believe it;

Receive the glad message—'tis true;

Trust now in the crucified Saviour:

Salvation He offers to you.

2 From death unto life He hath brought
us,

And made us by grace sons of God;

A fountain is opened for sinners:

Oh, wash and be cleansed in the
blood!

3 No longer shall sin have dominion,

Though present to tempt and annoy;

For Christ, in His blessed redemption,

The power of sin shall destroy.

4 Accept now God's offer of mercy;

To Jesus, oh hasten to-day;

For He will receive him that cometh,

And never will turn him away.

17 (S.S.)
38

C.M.

GOD loved the world of sinners lost

And ruined by the Fall;

Salvation full, at highest cost,

He offers free to all.

GOD THE FATHER :

Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love,
The love of God to me !
It brought my Saviour from above,
To die on Calvary.

- 2 E'en now by faith I claim Him mine,
The risen Son of God ;
Redemption by His death I find,
And cleansing through the Blood.
- 3 Love brings the glorious fulness in,
And to His saints makes known
The blessed rest from inbred sin,
Through faith in Christ alone.
- 4 Believing souls, rejoicing go ;
There shall to you be given
A glorious foretaste, here below,
Of endless life in heaven.
- 5 Of victory now o'er Satan's power
Let all the ransomed sing,
And triumph in the dying hour,
Through Christ the Lord, our King.

18 (C.C.)
(280)

S.M.

IN grace the holy God
Did full salvation plan,
Electing in His sovereign grace
To save rebellious man.

By grace are ye saved through faith,
Through faith, . . . through faith, . . .
Through faith, and that not of yourselves,
Through faith, and that not of yourselves,
Not of works, . . . not of works, . . .
Not of works, lest any man should boast :
It is the gift of God.
Not of works, lest any man should boast :
It is the gift of God.
It is the gift of God ; it is the gift of God ;
It is the gift of God—the gift of God.

- 2 This grace of God appears
In Jesus Christ His Son,
He, lifted on the cross of shame,
The grace of God makes known.
- 3 To all who do believe
In God, through Christ revealed,
By grace they full salvation have,
And " sons of God " are sealed.

19 (S.S.)
(21)

P.M.

IN some way or other
The Lord will provide :
It may not be *my* way,
It may not be *thy* way ;
And yet, in His *own* way,
" The Lord will provide."

Then we'll trust in the Lord,
And He will provide :
Yes, we'll trust in the Lord,
And He will provide.

- 2 At some time or other
The Lord will provide :
It may not be *my* time,
It may not be *thy* time ;
And yet, in His *own* time,
" The Lord will provide."
- 3 Despond then no longer ;
The Lord will provide ;
And this be the token—
No word He hath spoken
Was ever yet broken :
" The Lord will provide."
- 4 March on then right boldly ;
The sea shall divide ;
The pathway made glorious,
With shoutings victorious,
We'll join in the chorus,
" The Lord will provide."

20 (S.S.)
(466)

L.M.

COME sing, my soul, and praise the
Lord, [blood ;
Who bath redeemed thee by His
Delivered thee from chains that
bound, [ground.
And brought thee to redemption

Redemption ground, the ground of peace
Redemption ground, oh, wondrous grace
Here let our praise to God abound,
Who saves us on REDEMPTION GROUND !

- 2 Once from my God I wandered far,
And with His holy will made war ;
But now my songs to God abound ;
I'm standing on redemption ground.
- 3 Oh, joyous hour when God to me
A vision gave of Calvary ; [bound :
My bonds were loosed, my soul un-
I sang upon redemption ground.
- 4 No works of merit now I plead,
But Jesus take for all my need ;
No righteousness in me is found,
Except upon redemption ground.
- 5 Come, weary soul, and here find rest ;
Accept redemption, and be blest :
The Christ who died, by God is
crowned
To pardon on redemption ground.

21 (S.S.)
(391)

C.M.

BEHOLD, what love, what boundless
The Father hath bestowed [love,
On sinners lost, that we should be
Now called " the sons of God !"

" Behold . . . what manner of love . . .
what manner of love the Father hath bestowed
upon us, that we . . . that we should be
called . . . should be called the sons of God I"

- 2 No longer far from Him, but now
By "precious blood" made nigh,
Accepted in the "Well-beloved,"
Near to God's heart we lie.
- 3 What we in glory soon shall be,
It doth not yet appear;
But when our precious Lord we see,
We shall His image bear.
- 4 With such a blessed hope in view,
We would more holy be,
More like our risen, glorious Lord,
Whose face we soon shall see.

22 (S.S.) 11.12.12.10.
715

HOLY, Holy, Holy! Lord God
Almighty! [rise to Thee;
Early in the morning our song shall
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and
Mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

2 Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints
adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns
around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down
before Thee, [shalt be.
Which wert, and art, and evermore

3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the dark-
ness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy
glory may not see: [beside Thee,
Only Thou art holy, there is none
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, Hdly, Holy! Lord God
Almig ity!
All Thy works shall praise Thy
name in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and
Mighty! [Trinity!
God in Three Persons, blessed

23 (S.S.) 11s.
378

To God be the glory! great things
He hath done: [us His Son;
So loved He the world that He gave
Who yielded His life an atonement
for sin, [may go in.
And opened the Life-gate that all
Praise the Lord! praise the Lord! Let the
earth hear His voice! [people rejoice!
Praise the Lord! praise the Lord! Let the
Oh, come to the Father, through Jesus the Son;
And give Him the glory—great things He hath
done!

2 O perfect redemption, the purchase
of blood, [God;
To every believe the promise of

I*

- The vilest offender who truly believes,
That moment from Jesus a pardon
receives.
- 3 Great things He hath taught us, great
things He hath done, [the Son;
And great our rejoicing through Jesus
But purer, and higher, and greater
will be [Jesus we see.
Our wonder, our transport, when

**GOD THE SON :
His Birth**

24 8.7.8.7.

HARK! what mean those holy voices
Sweetly sounding in the skies?
Lo! th' angelic host rejoices,
Loudest hallelujahs rise.

2 Listen to the wondrous story
Which they chant in hymns of joy:
"Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high.

3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heav-
Reaching far as man is found; [en,
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 "Christ is born! the great Anointed!
Heaven and earth His glory sing;
Oh receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!

5 "Hasten, mortals, to adore Him,
Learn His name and taste His joy,
Till in heaven ye sing before Him—
Glory be to God most high!"

6 Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth;
Spread the brightness of His glory,
Till it cover all the earth.

25 (S.S.) C.M.
659

HARK, the glad sound—the Saviour
The Saviour promised long; [comes!
Let every heart exult with joy,
And every voice be song!

2 He comes! the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes! the broken hearts to bind,
The bleeding souls to cure;
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.

4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace!
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's exalted arches ring
With Thy most honoured name.

GOD THE SON:

26 (G.O.
46)

D.C.M.

O LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie !
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by ;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light ;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night!

2 For Christ is born of Mary ;
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth !

3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given !
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming ;
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him,
The dear Christ enters in. [still

4 O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray ;
Cast out our sin and enter in—
Be born in us to-day !
We hear the holy angels
The great glad tidings tell,—
Oh, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel !

27 (N.H.
64)

P.M.

NEVER shone a light so fair,
Never fell so sweet a song,
As the chorus in the air
Chanted by the angel throng ;
Every star took up the story :

“ Christ has come, the Prince of glory,
Come in humble hearts to dwell ;
God with us, God with us,
God with us, Immanuel ! ”

2 Still that Jubilee of song
Breaks upon the rising morn ;
While the anthem rolls along,
Floods of light the earth adorn ;
Old and young take up the story :

3 Welcome now the blessed day, [King ;
When we praise the Lord our
When we meet to praise and pray,
And His love with gladness sing ;
Let the world take up the story :

28 (S.S.
488)

P.M.

ROLLING downward through the mid-
night, [song ;
Comes a glorious burst of heavenly
'Tis a chorus full of sweetness—
And the singers are an angel throng.

“ Glory ! glory . . . in the highest [men ! ”
On the earth good-will and peace to
Down the ages . . . send the echo ;
Let the glad earth shout again !

2 Wondering shepherds see the glory,
Hear the word the shining ones
declare ;

At the manger fall in worship, [air.
While the music fills the quivering

3 Christ the Saviour, God's Anointed,
Comes to earth our fearful debt to
Man of Sorrows, and rejected, [pay—
Lamb of God, that takes our sin away.

29 (S.S.
680)

8.7.4.

ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth ;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth :
Come and worship !
Worship Christ, the new-born King !

2 Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er their flocks by
God with man is now residing, [night ;
Yonder shines the Infant-light :
Come and worship !

Worship Christ, the new-born King !

3 Sages, leave your contemplations ;
Brighter visions beam afar !
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen His natal star :
Come and worship !

Worship Christ, the new-born King !

4 Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear :
Come and worship !

Worship Christ, the new-born King !

30

7a.

HARK ! the herald angels sing,
“ Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled ! ”

Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies ;
With th' angelic host proclaim,
“ Christ is born in Bethlehem.”
Hark ! the herald angels sing,
“ Glory to the new-born King.”

2 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 th' Incarnate Deity,
Pleased as Man with men to dwell,
Jesus our Immanuel!

Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King."

3 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.

Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King."

31 (S.S.)
740

11a.

OH come, all ye faithful,
Joyfully triumphant, [accord:
To Bethlehem hasten now with glad
Lo! in a manger
Lies the King of angels;
Oh come, let us adore Him,
Oh come, let us adore Him, Christ
the Lord!

2 Raise, raise, choirs of angels,
Songs of loudest triumph;
Through heaven's high arches be your
praises poured:

Now to our God be
Glory in the highest;
Oh come, let us adore Him,
Oh come, let us adore Him, Christ
the Lord!

3 Amen! Lord, we bless Thee,
Born for our salvation;
O Jesus! for ever be Thy name
Word of the Father, [adored;
Late in flesh appearing;
Oh come, let us adore Him,
Oh come, let us adore Him, Christ
the Lord!

32

8.7.8.7.7.7.

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.

2 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 Saviour holy.

3 And through all His wondrous child-
He would honour and obey, [hood
Love and watch the lowly mother
In whose gentle arms He lay.
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

4 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.

5 And our eyes at last shall see Him
Through His own redeeming love,
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

6 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;
When like stars His children crowned,
All in white shall wait around.

33 (S.S.)
842

O.M.

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks
by night,
All seated on the ground;
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not!" said he—for mighty
dread
Had seized their troubled mind,—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born of David's line [Lord;
The Saviour, who is Christ the
And this shall be the sign:

4 "The heavenly Babe you there shall
To human view displayed, [find
All meanly wrapped in swathing
And in a manger laid." [bands,

5 Thus spake the seraph—and forth-
Appeared a shining throng [with
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:

GOD THE SON:

6 " All glory be to God on high !
And to the earth be peace !
Goodwill henceforth from heaven to
Begin, and never cease ! " [men

34 (S.S.)
388 C.M

To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given ;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.

2 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord !

3 His power; increasing, still shall
spread ;
His reign no end shall know :
Justice shall guard His throne above,
And peace abound below.

35 (S.S.)
237 P.M.

THOU didst leave Thy throne and Thy
kingly crown,
When Thou camest to earth for me ;
But in Bethlehem's home was there
found no room
For Thy holy nativity :

Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus !
There is room in my heart for Thee ;
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus, come !
There is room in my heart for Thee.

2 Heaven's arches rang when the angels
sang,
Proclaiming Thy royal degree ;
But of lowly birth cam'st Thou, Lord,
on earth,
And in great humility :

3 The foxes found rest, and the birds
had their nest
In the shade of the forest tree ;
But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou
Son of God,
In the deserts of Galilee :

4 Thou camest, O Lord, with the living
Word
That should set Thy people free ;
But with mocking scorn, and with
crown of thorn,
They bore Thee to Calvary :

Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus !
Thy cross is my only plea ;
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus, come !
Thy cross is my only plea.

5 When heaven's arches shall ring, and
her choirs shall sing
At Thy coming to victory ;
Let Thy voice call me home, saying,
" Yet there is room,
There is room at My side for thee ! "
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus !
When Thou comest and callest for me.

His Life and Love

36 (C.C.)
75 3.7.

I WILL sing the *love* of Jesus—
Greater love was never known ;
Yielding up His life for sinners,
Oh, what love to me was shown !

I will praise . . . my great Redeemer, . . .
As my days . . . are on the wing ;
I will sing . . . of Him who saves me, . . .
I will magnify the Lord my King.

2 I will sing the *words* of Jesus—
Words of life from lips Divine ;
Full of comfort, joy, and courage,
Precious to this soul of mine.

3 I will sing the *grace* of Jesus—
Grace my heart may now receive ;
He by faith will seal my pardon,
If His promise I believe.

4 I will sing the *name* of Jesus—
Name of all most dear to me ;
By the ransomed host in glory
Shall His name exalted be.

37 (S.S.)
569 11.9.

SITTING by the wayside, sinful, weak,
and blind, [day,
Waiting in my darkness for the
O Thou Saviour, Jesus, merciful and
kind, [away !
Hear me now, and take my sins

No one knows my sorrow, no one cares for me—
Waiting in the darkness for the day ;
Hear a sinner pleading, pleading, Lord, with
Jesus, come and take my sins away ! [Thee—

2 Long in darkness waiting, weary, sad,
and lone, [see !
How I long Thy glorious face to
O Thou blessed Jesus, make me all
Thine own ; [set me free !
Speak the word, and Thou canst

3 Weary with my blindness, waiting all
the day, [pain ;
Weary with my sorrow and my
O Thou Son of David, pass me not,
I pray : [again !
Leave me not in hopeless night

4 Sitting by the wayside, sinful, weak,
and blind,
Is there any hope for one like me?
Something seems to whisper in my
darkened mind, [sinner free."
"Christ has power to set the

38 (S.S.) 10s.

I AM so glad that our Father in
heaven [given:
Tells of His love in the Book He has
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.

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

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

4 Jesus loves me, and I know I love
Him: [soul to redeem;
Love brought Him down my poor
Yes, it was love made Him die on
the tree:

Oh, I am certain that Jesus loves me!

5 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, [me.
Constantly witnessing—Jesus loves

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

39 (C.C.) P.M.

TELL the glad story of Jesus, who
came, [claim;
Full of compassion, the lost to re-
Tell of redemption through faith in
His name:

Tell the glad story again!

Tell . . . it again! . . . Tell . . . it again! . . .
Tell the glad story to suffering man;
Tell it, oh tell it, again!

2 Tell the glad story where, sad and
opprest, [rest;
Many in bondage are sighing for
Tell them in Jesus they all may be
Tell the glad story again! [blest:

3 Tell the glad story with patience and
love, [prove;
Urging the lost ones His mercy to
Tell them of mansions preparing
Tell the glad story again! [above:

4 Tell the glad story when Jordan's
dark wave [brave;
Calleth our loved ones its billows to
Tell them that Jesus is mighty to save:
Tell the glad story again!

40 (S.S.) P.M.

JESUS, my Saviour, to Bethlehem
came, [shame;
Born in a manger to sorrow and
Oh, it was wonderful—blest be His
Seeking for me, for me! [name!

Seeking for me! for me! . . .

Seeking for me! for me! . . .

Oh, it was wonderful—blest be His name
Seeking for me, for me!

2 Jesus, my Saviour, on Calvary's tree,
Paid the great debt, and my soul He
set free; [be?—
Oh, it was wonderful—how could it
Dying for me, for me!

Dying for me! for me! . . .

Dying for me! for me! . . .

Oh, it was wonderful—how could it be?—
Dying for me, for me!

3 Jesus, my Saviour, the same as of old,
While I was wand'ring afar from the
fold, [my soul,
Gently and long did He plead with
Calling for me, for me!

Calling for me! for me! . . .

Calling for me! for me! . . .

Gently and long did He plead with my soul,
Calling for me, for me!

4 Jesus, my Saviour, shall come from
on high—
Sweet is the promise as weary years
fly; [sky,
Oh, I shall see Him descend from the
Coming for me, for me!

Coming for me! for me! . . .

Coming for me! for me! . . .

Oh, I shall see Him descend from the sky,
Coming for me, for me!

GOD THE SON:

41 (C.C.)
19

P.M.

- I HAVE heard of Jesus in Bethlehem
Of whom it hath been said, [born,
That a star the wise men followed
from far,
Till they reached His lowly bed.
He is my Saviour! This same Jesus of
whom I've heard; [Word.
He is my Saviour! I've found it in His
- 2 I have heard of Jesus on Galilee's
The wind obeyed His will, [wave;
And the sea grew calm at hearing His
voice
In the wondrous "Peace, be still!"
- 3 I have heard of Jesus at Bethany's
When standing by the grave, [home,
How He cried, "Come forth, O
Lazarus, now!"
In His mighty power to save.
- 4 I have heard of Jesus on Calvary's
He died a Saviour true; [brow,—
And He said, "Forgive them, Father,
I pray,
For they know not what they do."
- 5 I have heard of Jesus in sepulchre laid,
In death's dark, sullen gloom;
How He burst the bars, and rising,
came forth,
Mighty Victor from the tomb.

42 (C.C.)
125

10.8.

- THERE is no love like the love of Jesus,
Never to fade or fall,
Till into the fold of the peace of God
He has gathered us all.
Jesus' love, precious love,
Boundless and pure and free; [soul,
Oh, turn to that love, weary wandering
Jesus pleadeth for thee.
- 2 There is no heart like the heart of
Filled with a tender love; [Jesus,
No throb nor throe that our hearts
But He feels it above. [can know,
- 3 Oh, let us hark to the voice of Jesus!
Oh, may we never roam,
Till safe we rest on His loving breast
In the dear heavenly home.

43

8.7.

- TELL me the story of Jesus,
Write on my heart every word;
Tell me the story most precious,
Sweetest that ever was heard:
Tell how the angels in chorus
Sang, as they welcomed His birth,
"Glory to God in the highest,
Peace and good tidings to earth!"

- 2 Fasting alone in the desert,
Tell of the days that He passed;
How for our sins He was tempted,
Yet was triumphant at last:
Tell of the years of His labour,
Tell of the sorrows He bore;
He was despised and rejected,
Homeless, afflicted, and poor.
- 3 Tell of the cross where they nailed
Tell of His anguish and pain; [Him;
Tell of the grave where they laid
Tell how He liveth again: [Him,—
Love, in that story so tender,
Clearer than ever I see:
Glory for ever to Jesus!
He paid the ransom for me.

44 (N.H.)
29

7a.

- FROM the Bethlehem manger-home,
Walking His dear form beside,
We to Calvary's mount have come,
Where our Lord was crucified.
Sweet tones of love come down the ages
through "do."
"Father, forgive! they know not what they
- 2 Scornful words the soldiers fling,
Wicked rulers Him deride,
Saying, "If Thou be the King,
Save Thyself, Thou Crucified!"
- 3 Wondrous love for sinful men,
Of the sinless One that died!
May we wound Thee not again,
Thou, O Christ, the Crucified!

45 (S.S.)
425

8.8.8.7.

- 'Tis known on earth and heaven too,
'Tis sweet to me because 'tis true;
The "old, old story" is ever new;
Tell me more about Jesus!
"Tell me more about Jesus!"
"Tell me more about Jesus!"
Him would I know who loved me so:
"Tell me more about Jesus!"
- 2 Earth's fairest flowers will droop and
die,
Dark clouds o'erspread yon azure sky;
Life's dearest joys flit fleetest by;
Tell me more about Jesus!
- 3 When overwhelmed with unbelief,
When burdened with a blinding grief
Come kindly then to my relief;
Tell me more about Jesus!
- 4 And when the glory-land I see,
And take the "place prepared" for
me, [be—
Through endless years my song shall
"Tell me more about Jesus!"

46 (S.S.)
51)

7.6.

I LOVE to tell the Story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
I love to tell the Story,
Because I know it's true;
It satisfies my longings
As nothing else can do.
I love to tell the Story!
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the Old, Old Story,
Of Jesus and His love.

- 2 I love to tell the Story:
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the Story:
It did so much for me;
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.
- 3 I love to tell the Story:
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the Story:
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own Holy Word.
- 4 I love to tell the Story:
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the NEW, NEW SONG,
'Twill be the OLD, OLD STORY
That I have loved so long.

47 (S.S.)
467)

7.6.

- "NEITHER do I condemn thee!"—
Oh, words of wondrous grace!
Thy sins were borne upon the cross:
Believe, and go in peace.
- "Neither do I condemn thee!"
Oh, sing it o'er and o'er:
"Neither do I condemn thee
Go, and sin no more."
- 2 "Neither do I condemn thee!"—
For there is therefore now
"No condemnation" for thee,
As at the cross you bow.
 - 3 "Neither do I condemn thee!"—
I came not to condemn;
I came from God to save thee,
And turn thee from thy sin."
 - 4 "Neither do I condemn thee!"—
Oh, praise the God of grace!

Oh, praise His Son, our Saviour,
For this His word of peace!

48

6.5.

- JESUS knows thy sorrow,
Knows thine every care;
Knows thy deep contrition,
Hears thy feeblest prayer;
Do not fear to trust Him—
Tell Him all thy grief;
Cast on Him thy burden,
He will bring relief.
- 2 Trust the heart of Jesus,
Thou art precious there;
Surely He would shield thee
From the tempter's snare;
Safely He would lead thee,
By His own sweet way,
Out into the glory
Of a brighter day.
 - 3 Jesus knows thy conflict,
Hears thy burdened sigh;
When thy heart is wounded,
Hears thy plaintive cry:
He thy soul will strengthen,
Overcome thy fears;
He will send thee comfort,
Wipe away thy tears.

49

7.6.

WHAT a blessed hope is mine,
Through the love of Jesus!
I'm an heir of life divine,
Through the love of Jesus!
He will my soul defend;
He, my unchanging Friend
He will keep me to the end:
All glory be to Jesus!

- 2 I can sing without a fear,
Praise the name of Jesus!
He, my present help, is near,
Praise the name of Jesus!
- 3 Pressing on my pilgrim way,
Trusting only Jesus!
Oh, 'tis joy from day to day,
Trusting only Jesus!
- 4 Thus my journey I'll pursue,
Looking unto Jesus!
Till the land of rest I view,
There to dwell with Jesus!

50

L.M.

I MET a Stranger fair to see,
As walked I down life's rugged way;
He spoke so sweet, so tenderly,
He won me to Himself that day.

GOD THE SON :

It was the Man . . . of Galilee . . .
Who whispered words . . . of joy to me : . . .
"Thy many sins . . . be all forgiven thee,
Thy sins be all . . . forgiven thee."

2 And when that Stranger spoke to me,
My heart threw off its guilty load ;
I felt at once that I was free ;
I left my burdens by the road.

3 I love that Stranger since the hour
He talked to me in tender tone ;
A joy is mine, I feel its power—
And Him as Lord I'm glad to own.

51 (S.S.) 218

P.M.

ONLY Jesus feels and knows
All the weight of human woes ;
Full and free His mercy flows,—
Blessèd, blessèd Jesus !

Oh, that Name we love to hear,
Name above all others dear !
How it calms our every fear !
Blessèd, blessèd Jesus !

2 Only Jesus looks within,
Sees our hearts and all our sin ;
Only He can make us clean ;
Blessèd, blessèd Jesus !

3 Only Jesus answers prayer,
Lighter makes the cross we bear,
Bids us cast on Him our care ;
Blessèd, blessèd Jesus !

4 Safe in Him our souls abide,
Safe His hand our steps will guide,
Till we sing beyond the tide,
"Blessèd, blessèd Jesus !"

52 (S.S.) 449

P.M.

COME near me, O my Saviour !
Thy tenderness reveal ;
Oh, let me know the sympathy
Which Thou for me dost feel !
need Thee every moment ;
Thine absence brings dismay ;
But when the tempter hurls his darts,
'Twere death with Thee away !

2 Come near me, my Redeemer,
And never leave my side !
My bark, when tossed on trouble's
The storm cannot outride, [sea,
Unless Thy word of power
Arrest the surging wave, [quell ;
No voice but Thine its rage can
No arm but Thine can save !

3 Come near me, blessèd Jesus !
I need Thee in my joy,
No less than when the direst ills
My happiness destroy ;

For when the sun shines o'er me,
And flowers strew my way,
Without Thy wise and guiding hand,
More easily I stray.

4 Be near me, mighty Saviour,
When comes the latest strife !
For Thou hast through death's
shadows passed,
And ope'd the gates of life ;
And when among the ransomed
I stand with crown and palm,
To Thee, Divine, unfailing Friend,
I'll raise th' eternal psalm !

53

D.C.M.

OH where is He that trod the sea ?
Oh where is He that spake,
And demons from their victims flee,
The dead their slumber break ?
The palsied rise in freedom strong,
The dumb men talk and sing,
And from blind eyes, benighted long,
Bright beams of morning spring.

2 Oh where is He that trod the sea ?
'Tis only He can save ;
To thousands hungering wearily
A wondrous meal He gave : [made,
The Word, who all the worlds had
To His own creatures spake ;
'Twas spring-tide when He blest the
bread,
And harvest when He brake.

3 Oh where is He that trod the sea ?
My soul, the Lord is here !
Let all thy fears be hushed in thee,
Be thine to know Him near :
Thy utmost needs He'll satisfy :
Art thou diseased or dumb,
Or dost thou in thy hunger cry ?
"I come," saith Christ, "I come !"

54 (C.C.) 142

9.8.

COME, sing the sweet song of the
ages—
The song of Immanuel sing ! [nal
There comes through the portals eter-
An anthem of praise to the King !

Then loud let our carols of gladness
Re-echo the song of the skies ;
Once more to the tidings of glory
The earth in its fulness replies.

2 Foretold by the word of the prophets ;
Decreed by the wisdom of God ;
We hail the fulfilment of mercy,
We praise our Redeemer and Lord.

3 The centuries sing of His coming ;
The nations His wonders proclaim ;

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GOD THE SON:

And on His shoulders brought me
Back to His fold again;
While angels in His presence sang
Until the courts of heaven rang.

Oh, the love that sought me!
Oh, the blood that bought me!
Oh, the grace that brought me to the fold!
Wondrous grace that brought me to the fold!

2 He found me bruised and dying,
And poured in oil and wine;
He whispered to assure me,
"I've found thee—thou art
Mine!"

I never heard a sweeter voice,
It made my aching heart rejoice!

3 He pointed to the nail-prints,
For me His blood was shed;
A mocking crown so thorny
Was placed upon His head.

I wondered what He saw in me
To suffer such deep agony.

4 I'm sitting in His presence,
The sunshine of His face,
While with adoring wonder
His blessings I retrace.
It seems as if eternal days
Are far too short to sound His praise.

5 So while the hours are passing,
All now is perfect rest;
I'm waiting for the morning,
The brightest and the best,
When He will call us to His side,
To be with Him, His spotless Bride.

60 (S.S.) 657

O.M.

JESUS, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can
Nor can the memory find [frame,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 Oh, hope of every contrite heart!
Oh, joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 And those who find Thee, find a bliss
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus! our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus! be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

61 (S.S.) 395

P.M.

MASTER, the tempest is raging!
The billows are tossing high!
The sky is o'er-shadowed with black-
No shelter or help is nigh: [ness,
"Carest Thou not that we perish?"
How canst Thou lie asleep,
When each moment so madly is
threatening
A grave in the angry deep?

"The winds and the waves shall obey My will!
Peace! . . . be still! . . .

Whether the wrath of the storm-tost sea,
Or demons, or men, or whatever it be,
No waters can swallow the ship where lies
The Master of ocean, and earth, and skies:
They all shall sweetly obey My will;
Peace! be still! Peace! be still!
They all shall sweetly obey My will;
Peace! peace! be still!"

2 Master, with anguish of spirit
I bow in my grief to-day;
The depths of my sad heart are
troubled;

Oh, waken and save, I pray!
Torrents of sin and of anguish
Sweep o'er my sinking soul;
And I perish! I perish! dear Master:
Oh, hasten, and take control.

3 Master, the terror is over,
The elements sweetly rest;
Earth's sun in the calm lake is
mirrored,
And heaven's within my breast;
Linger, O blessed Redeemer,
Leave me alone no more: [harbour,
And with joy I shall make the blest
And rest on the blissful shore.

62 (C.C.) 171

P.M.

He is seeking for the lost,
For the lone and tempest-tost,
Hear the tender Shepherd calling day
by day; . . .

Over mountain, hill, and plain,
In the sunshine and the rain, [away.
He is seeking for the wanderers far
Far away, . . . far away, . . . He is seeking for
the wanderers gone astray; . . .
Over mountain, hill, and plain, in the sunshine
and the rain,
Hear the tender Shepherd calling day by day.

2 See His feet, all bleeding, torn,
Pierced with many a cruel thorn,
While He struggles thro' the valleys
chill and lone; . . .
But He presses eager on,

All the rocks and caves among,
Ever seeking to reclaim and save His
own.

- 3 Oh, the night is closing round,
Have the lost ones all been found?
Are they coming from the mountains
dark and cold? . . .
Let us heed the Shepherd's voice,
Let us follow and rejoice, [the fold.
While He leads us, gently leads us to

63

S.S.

- JESUS, Thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue
declare;
Oh, knit my thankful heart to Thee,
And reign without a rival there!
Thine wholly, Thine alone I am;
Lord, with Thy love my heart inflame.
- 2 Oh, grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but Thy pure love
alone!
Oh, may Thy love possess me whole—
My joy, my treasure, and my
crown!
All coldness from my heart remove;
May every act, word, thought, be
love.
- 3 O Love, how cheering is Thy ray!
All pain before Thy presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er Thy healing beams arise;
O Jesus, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee.
- 4 In suffering be Thy love my peace;
In weakness be Thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall
cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
In death, as life, be Thou my Guide,
And save me who for me hast died.

64 (S.S.)

P.M.

TENDERLY the shepherd,
O'er the mountains cold,
Goes to bring his lost one
Back to the fold.

Seeking to save, seeking to save;
Lost one, 'tis Jesus seeking to save.
Seeking to save, seeking to save;
Lost one, 'tis Jesus seeking to save.

- 2 Patiently the owner
Seeks with earnest care,
In the dust and darkness,
Her treasure rare.

- 3 Lovingly the father
Sends the news around:
"He once dead now liveth—
Once lost is found."

65 (S.S.)

F.M.

- ONE there is above all others,
Oh, how He loves!
His is love beyond a brother's,
Oh, how He loves!
Earthly friends may fail or leave us,
One day soothe, the next day grieve
us;
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us,
Oh, how He loves!
- 2 'Tis eternal life to know Him,
Oh, how He loves! [Him,
Think, oh think, how much we owe
Oh, how He loves! [us,
With His precious blood He bought
In the wilderness He sought us,
To His fold He safely brought us,
Oh, how He loves!
- 3 Blessèd Jesus! would you know
Oh, how He loves! [Him?
Give yourselves entirely to Him,
Oh, how He loves!
Think no longer of the morrow,
From the past new courage borrow,
Jesus carries all your sorrow:
Oh, how He loves!
- 4 All your sins shall be forgiven,
Oh, how He loves!
Backward shall your foes be driven,
Oh, how He loves!
Best of blessings He'll provide you,
Naught but good shall e'er betide you,
Safe to glory He will guide you,
Oh, how He loves!

66 (S.S.)

F.M.

WHO is He in yonder stall,
At whose feet the shepherds fall?

'Tis the Lord! O wondrous story!
'Tis the Lord, the King of Glory!
At His feet we humbly fall—
Crown Him! crown Him Lord of all!

- 2 Who is He in deep distress,
Fasting in the wilderness?
- 3 Who is He the people bless
For His words of gentleness?
- 4 Who is He to whom they bring
All the sick and sorrowing?
- 5 Who is He who stands and weeps
At the grave where Lazarus sleeps?

GOD THE SON :

- 6 Who is He the gathering throng
Greet with loud triumphant song ?
- 7 Lo, at midnight, who is He
Prays in dark Gethsemane ?
- 8 Who is He on yonder tree
Dies in grief and agony ?
- 9 Who is He who from the grave
Comes to succour, help, and save ?
- 10 Who is He who from His throne
Rules through all the worlds alone ?

67 (C.C. 42)

- HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son;
Hail in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun !
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.
- 2 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth:
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth.
Before Him on the mountains
Shall Peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.
 - 3 Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing.
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.
 - 4 For Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever,
That name to us is—Love !

68 (S.S. 159)

S.M.

- DID Christ o'er sinners weep ?
And shall our tears be dry ?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see:
Be thou astonished, O my soul ?
He shed those tears for thee.

- 3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear:
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

69

P.M.

- I WILL tell you the wonderful story
again,
Of Jesus, the mighty to save;
Who purchased salvation for all on
the cross, [grave.
And triumphed o'er death and the
- Oh, hear it again, blessed story of love,
Redemption through Jesus from sin; . . .
He opened the portals of life to my soul,
And tenderly welcomed me in. . . .
- 2 I will tell you the wonderful story
again,
Of pardon to all that believe;
And, oh that the Spirit will help you
just now,
The message of grace to receive !
 - 3 I will tell you the wonderful story
again,
So precious and dear to my heart;
'Twill give you a comfort the world
cannot give,
A joy it can never impart.
 - 4 I will tell you the wonderful story
The wonderful story so true: [again,
Oh, haste to the fountain of mercy
divine,
Whose waters are flowing for you.

70 (N.H. 54)

L.M.

- HE lives and loves, our Saviour King;
With joyful lips your tribute bring;
Repeat His praise, exalt His Name,
Whose grace and truth are still the
same.
- His mercy flows, an endless stream,
To all eternity the same;
To all eternity, to all eternity,
To all eternity the same.
- 2 His hand is strong, His Word endures,
His sacrifice our peace secures;
From sin and death He doth redeem,
His changeless love be all our theme.
 - 3 Each day reveals His constant love,
With "mercies new" from heaven
above;
Thro' ages past His Word hath stood;
Oh, taste and see that He is good !

71 (S.S. 507)

G.M.

- OH, precious words that Jesus said !—
"The soul that comes to Me,

I will in no wise cast him out,
Whoever he may be."

"Whoever he may be,
Whoever he may be;
I will in no wise cast him out,
Whoever he may be."

2 Oh, precious words that Jesus said !—

"Behold, I am the Door;
And all that enter in by Me
Have life for evermore."

"Have life for evermore,
Have life for evermore;
And all that enter in by Me
Have life for evermore."

3 Oh, precious words that Jesus said !—

"Come, weary souls oppressed,
Come, take My yoke and learn of Me;
And I will give you rest."

"And I will give you rest,
And I will give you rest;
Come, take My yoke and learn of Me;
And I will give you rest."

4 Oh, precious words that Jesus said !—

"The world I overcame;
And they who follow where I lead,
Shall conquer in My name."

"Shall conquer in My name,
Shall conquer in My name;
And they who follow where I lead,
Shall conquer in My name."

72

P.M.

O THOU precious Saviour,
So kind and good to me:
That I might live, Thy blood was shed
On Calvary's cruel tree.

O my precious Saviour,
So wonderfully kind!
Should I search the wide world over,
I could none like Jesus find.

2 O Thou precious Saviour,
To whose kind, loving heart
The burdened soul may tell its grief,
And in Thy love have part.

3 O Thou precious Saviour,
Who suffer'd long for me,
Thy power alone can save from guilt,
From Satan's yoke set free.

4 O Thou precious Saviour,
Whose love will give the prize,
When life's toils o'er, my soul wings
To realms beyond the skies. [on

5 O Thou precious Saviour,
Let all my added days
Be spent to serve and honour Thee,
Be spent to bring Thee praise.

73

P.M.

OH, sweet is the story of Jesus,
The wonderful Saviour of men.

Who suffered and died for the sinner—
I'll tell it again and again !

Oh, won - - - derful, wonderful sto - - - ry!
The dear - - - est that ever was told; . . .
I'll repeat it in glo - - - ry, the wonderful
sto - - - ry,
Where I . . . shall His beauty behold.

2 He came from the mansions of glory;
His blood as a ransom He gave
To purchase eternal redemption—
And oh, He is mighty to save !

3 His mercy flows on like a river;
His love is unmeasured and free;
His grace is for ever sufficient,
It reaches and saves even me.

74 (S.S.)

P.M.

Go and tell Jesus, weary, sin-sick
soul ! [thee whole;
He'll ease thee of thy burden, make
Look up to Him, He only can forgive;
Believe on Him, and thou shalt surely
live.

Go and tell Jesus—He only can forgive:
Go and tell Jesus—oh, turn to Him and live!
Go and tell Jesus ! go and tell Jesus !
Go and tell Jesus !—He only can forgive.

2 Go and tell Jesus, when your sins
arise [your eyes:
Like mountains of dark guilt before
His blood was shed, His precious life
He gave; [might have.
That mercy, peace, and pardon you

3 Go and te Jesus: He'll dispel thy
fears, ll [thy tears;
Will calm thy doubts, and wipe away
He'll take thee in His arms, and on
His breast [blest.
Thou may'st be happy, and for ever

75 (S.S.)

P.M.

WHO came down from heaven to
Jesus Christ our Saviour ! [earth ?
Came a child of lowly birth ?
Jesus Christ our Saviour !

Sound the chorus loud and clear—
He hath brought salvation near;
None so precious, none so dear:
Jesus Christ our Saviour !

2 Who was lifted on the tree ?
Jesus Christ our Saviour !
There to ransom you and me ?
Jesus Christ our Saviour !

3 Who hath promised to forgive ?
Jesus Christ our Saviour !
Who hath said, "Believe and live"
Jesus Christ our Saviour !

GOD THE SON:

- 4 Who is now enthroned above?
Jesus Christ our Saviour!
Whom should we obey and love?
Jesus Christ our Saviour!
- 5 Who again from heaven shall come?
Jesus Christ our Saviour!
Take to glory all His own?
Jesus Christ our Saviour!

76 (G.O.
60)

7.6.D.

O LOVE, that passeth knowledge,
O Love, whose beams have shone
Through everlasting ages,
From God's eternal throne;
What power Thy depths can fathom?
What tongue can speak Thy worth?
And yet Thou condescendest
To dwell with men on earth.

O Love, all love excelling;
Unnumbered hosts are telling,
In yonder blissful dwelling,
What Thou for them hast done.

- 2 O Love, that our redemption
Made perfect through the blood
Of Him whose life was offered,
To bring us near to God;
O Love, that now extendeth
A pardon full and free,
And bends with eyes of pity
On sinners such as we.
- 3 We give our hearts' devotion,
And grateful thanks we bring,
And lift our hearts and voices,
To praise our Lord and King;
O Love, all thought surpassing,
What will our rapture be,
When, safe beyond the river,
Our souls are lost in Thee!

77 (S.S.
20)

P.M.

WHAT means this eager, anxious
throng,
Which moves with busy haste along—
These wondrous gatherings day by
day: [pray?
What means this strange commotion,
In accents hushed the throng reply,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

- 2 Who is this Jesus? Why should He
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger, has He skill
To move the multitude at will?
Again the stirring tones reply,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."
- 3 Jesus! 'tis He who once below
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and
woe;

And burdened ones, where'er He
came, [lame:
Brought out their sick, and deaf, and
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

- 4 Again He comes! From place to place
His holy footprints we can trace;
He pauseth at our threshold—nay,
He enters—condescends to stay:
Shall we not gladly raise the cry?—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."
- 5 Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come!
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and
home;
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept His proffered grace;
Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh;
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."
- 6 But if you still His call refuse,
And all His wondrous love abuse,
Soon will He sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.
"Too late! too late!" will be the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth *has passed by.*"

78 (S.S.
115)

69.

ONCE I was dead in sin,
And hope within me died;
But now I'm dead to sin,
With Jesus crucified.

And can it be that "He loved me,
And gave Himself for me"?

- 2 O height I cannot reach!
O depth I cannot sound:
O love, O boundless love,
In my Redeemer found!
- 3 O cold, ungrateful heart,
That can from Jesus turn,
When living fires of love
Should on His altar burn.
- 4 I live—and yet not I,
But Christ that lives in me,
Who from the law of sin
And death hath made me free.

79 (S.S.
431)

L.M.

AT even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
Oh, in what divers pains they met!
Oh, with what joy they went away!

2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near
What if Thy form we cannot see!
We know and feel that Thou art here.

3 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:
- 4 And all, O Lord, crave perfect rest,
And to be wholly free from sin; [best,
And they who fain would serve Thee
Are conscious most of wrong within.
- 5 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art man!
Thou hast been troubled, tempted,
tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can
scan [hide:
The very wounds that shame would
- 6 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.

80

P.M.

- THERE is love, true love, and the
heart grows warm,
When the Lord to Bethany comes;
And the word of life has a wondrous
charm,
When the Lord to Bethany comes.
There is joy, glad joy, and a feast is
spread,
When the Lord to Bethany comes;
For His heavenly voice brings to life
the dead,
When the Lord to Bethany comes.
- 'Twas a happy, happy day in the olden time,
When the Lord to Bethany came;
Open wide the door, let Him enter now,
For His love is ever the same! [the same! . . .
His love is ever the same! . . . His love is ever
Open wide the door, let Him enter now!
For His love is ever the same!

- 2 There is peace, sweet peace, and the
life grows calm,
When the Lord to Bethany comes;
And the trusting soul sings a sweet,
soft psalm,
When the Lord to Bethany comes.
There is faith, strong faith, and our
home seems near,
When the Lord to Bethany comes;
And the crown more bright, and the
cross more dear,
When the Lord to Bethany comes.

81

8.7.

- SING, oh sing the old, old story
Of our Saviour's matchless love!
Sing of Jesus and His glory
With the ransomed host above!
Sing, oh sing . . . the love of Je - - sus!
Sound His prais - - es far and near! . . .
Sing the won - - drous story over,
Till the whole . . . wide world shall hear!

- 2 Sing of love, to you so precious—
Tell in song how Jesus died;
Let sweet music draw the nations
To the dear Redeemer's side.
- 3 Ye redeemed ones, sing the story!
Sing it o'er and o'er again!
Till from every land the people
Join to sing the glad refrain.

82

11.5.

- OH, how dark the night that wrapt
my spirit round! [found
Oh, how deep the woe my Saviour
When His blessed sunshine flooded
all my soul, [me whole!
Bade the darkness vanish: made
All the way to Calvary He went for me,
He went for me, He went for me;
All the way to Calvary He went for me,
He died to set me free.
- 2 Tremblingly a sinner bowed before
His face, [grace;
Naught I knew of pardon—nor His
Heard a voice so tender: "Cease
thy wild regret— [debt."
I have bought thy pardon, paid thy
- 3 Oh, 'twas wondrous love the Saviour
showed for me, [Calvary,
When He left His throne for
When He trod the winepress, trod it
all alone: [known!
Praise His name for ever—make it

His Names and Titles

83

10.8.

- BLESSED Redeemer, full of compas-
sion,
Great is Thy mercy, boundless and
free; [favour,
Now in my weakness, seeking Thy
Lord, I am coming closer to Thee.
Blessed Redeemer, wonderful Saviour,
Fountain of wisdom, Ancient of days,
Hope of the faithful, Light of all ages,
Jesus, my Saviour, Thee will I praise.
- 2 Blessed Redeemer, Thou art my
Refuge, [be;
Under Thy watch-care safe I shall
Gladly adoring, joyfully trusting,
Still I am coming closer to Thee.
- 3 Blessed Redeemer, gracious and
tender,
Now and for ever dwell Thou in me;
Thou, my Protector, Shield, and
Defender, [Thee.
Draw me and keep me closer to

GOD THE SON :

84 (S.S.)
134)

7.6.

- ONE offer of salvation,
To all the world made known;
The only sure foundation
Is Christ, the Corner-Stone.
No other name is given,
No other way is known;
'Tis Jesus Christ, the First and Last—
He saves, and He alone!
- 2 One only door of heaven
Stands open wide to-day;
One sacrifice is given—
'Tis Christ, the Living Way.
- 3 My only song and story
Is—Jesus died for me;
My only hope for glory—
The Cross of Calvary.

85

8.7.8.7.D.

- FRIEND of sinners! Lord of glory!
Lowly, mighty, Brother, King!
Musing o'er Thy wondrous story,
Grateful we Thy praises sing.
Friend to help us, cheer us, save us,
In whom power and pity blend—
Praise we must the grace which gave us
Jesus Christ, the sinner's Friend.
- 2 Friend who never fails nor grieves
us—
Faithful, tender, constant, kind!
Friend who at all times receives us,
Friend who came the lost to find.
Sorrow soothing, joys enhancing,
Loving until life shall end—
Then conferring bliss entrancing,
Still in heaven the sinner's Friend.
- 3 Oh to love and serve Thee better!
From all evil set us free;
Break, Lord, every sinful fetter, [Thee.
Be each thought conformed to
Looking for Thy bright appearing,
May our spirits upward tend;
Till, no longer doubting, fearing,
We behold the sinner's Friend.

86

6.6.6.6.8.8.

- JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That mortals ever knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean to speak His worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.
- 2 Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless Thy
By Thee the joyful news [name;
Of our salvation came:

The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with
heaven.

- 3 Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offered His blood, and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside:
His powerful blood did once atone—
And now it pleads before the throne.
- 4 My dear Almighty Lord,
My Conqueror and my King!
Thy matchless power and love,
Thy saving grace, I sing:
Thine is the power—oh, may I sit
In willing bonds beneath Thy feet.
- 5 Then let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down;
My Captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown.
The feeblest saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the
way.
- 6 Should all the hosts of death,
And powers of hell unknown,
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on,
I shall be safe; for Christ displays
Superior power and guardian grace.

87

GOLDEN harps are sounding,
Angel voices ring,
Pearly gates are opened—
Opened for the King;
Christ, the King of Glory,
Jesus, King of Love,
Is gone up in triumph
To His throne above.

All His work is ended, joyfully we sing:
Jesus hath ascended—Glory to our King

- 2 He who came to save us,
He who bled and died,
Now is crowned with glory
At His Father's side:
Nevermore to suffer,
Nevermore to die,
Jesus, King of Glory,
Is gone up on high.
- 3 Praying for His children
In that blessed place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them His grace;
His bright home preparing,
Little ones, for you,
Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.

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Continue

GOD THE SON:

92 (N.H.)
95

8.7.

IN the hour when guilt assails me,
On His gracious name I call,
Then I find the heavenly fulness,
Christ, my righteousness, my all!

All my song, when standing yonder,
Shall be—"Christ, my joy, my all!"
This shall ever be my anthem,
"Christ my glory, Christ my all!"
This shall ever be my anthem,
"Christ my glory, Christ my all!"

2 In the night when sorrow clouds me,
And the burning teardrops fall,
Then I sing the song of patience,
Christ, my Brother and my all!

3 In the day when this immortal
Shall fling off its mortal thrall,
Then my song of resurrection
Shall be—"Christ, my all in all!"

93 (S.S.)
588

P.M.

BEAUTIFUL the fields beyond the
river! [there!

Glorious the thousands gathered
But who in heaven, so full of grace
and glory— [compare? . . .

Who with Him, our Saviour, can
Oh, He is the chief among ten thou - - -
sand! . . .

Roll His praise in joyful waves along!
For "altogether, altogether love - - - ly!"
Shall for ever be our happy song! . . .

2 Altogether, altogether lovely!
He is calling tenderly to thee;
My soul, why not accept His great
salvation, [free? . . .
Offered now - so rich, so full, so

3 Altogether, altogether lovely!
Hear His voice—how tender still
the call: [heavy-laden,
"Come, come, ye weary ones and
Come to Me, and let your burdens
fall!" . . .

94

P.M.

CROWN Him, crown Him, Christ our
Lord and King!

Through all ages let His praises ring!
Glory, honour to His name we'll
Now and for evermore. [bring

We will crown . Him, we will crown . Him;
In the glory land we'll crown Him King!
Crown . Him, we will crown . Him—
Loud let His praises ring!

2 Hail Him, hail Him, angel-hosts on
high, [draw nigh;
To His throne with harps and songs
Let all nations join the joyful cry:
"Crown Him, the King of kings!"

3 He is Victor, He has conquered sin;
Let His Spirit rule our hearts within;
In His name the victory we shall win:
Crown Him for evermore.

95

P.M.

HE hath spoken, "Be still," the
Rebuker of seas:

The command was for me, and my
heart is at ease;

He hath hushed into silence the waves
and the winds, [my sins.

By applying His blood and removing

He's the Prince of Peacemakers, all glory to
God, [own blood;

To redeem me, and cleanse me, He shed His
My adoption is sealed, I'm a child of the King,
And for ever and ever of Jesus I'll sing.

2 He hath quickened my soul by a life
from above; [is love,

It was done by the Spirit, its essence
He hath pardoned and washed me as

white as the snow,
And my heart with His love does this
moment o'erflow.

3 He's a wonderful Jesus, this Saviour
of mine; [deemer Divine;

He's the great Son of God—a Re-
He's my Strength and my Wisdom,
my Life and my Lord,

And enthroned in my heart to be
loved and adored.

4 I will love Him, and serve Him from
now till I die;

For His love fills my heart, and His
beauty my eye,

He's the fairest and dearest of all to
my soul, [eternities roll.

And our lives shall be one, while

96 (S.S.)
496

C.M.

OH, wondrous Name, by prophets
Long years before His birth; [heard,

They saw His coming from afar,
The Prince of Peace on earth.

The Wonderful! The Counsellor!
The Great and Mighty Lord!
The Everlasting Prince of Peace!
The King, the Son of God!

2 Oh, glorious Name the angels praise,
And ransomed saints adore—

The Name above all other names,
Our refuge evermore.

3 Oh, precious Name, exalted high,
To whom all power is given;

Through Him we triumph over sin,
By Him we enter heaven.

97 (S.S.)
43

THERE were ninety and nine that
In the shelter of the fold, [safely lay
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.

2 "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."

3 But none of the ransomed ever knew

How deep were the waters crossed;

Nor how dark was the night that the

Lord passed through [lost.

Ere He found His sheep that was

Out in the desert He heard its cry—

Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops
all the way [track?"

That mark out the mountain's

"They were shed for one who had
gone astray [back."

Ere the Shepherd could bring him

"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent
and torn?" [thorn."

"They are pierced to-night by many a

5 But all through the mountains,
thunder-riven,

And up from the rocky steep,

There arose a cry to the gate of
heaven, [sheep!"

"Rejoice! I have found My
And the angels echoed around the

throne, [His own!"

"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back

98

8.7.

THOU art fairer than the morning,

O my Saviour and my King!

Of Thy grandeur and Thy beauty,

How my soul delights to sing.

Thou art fair - - er than the morning,

Thou art brighter, brighter than the day;

At the glo - - ry of Thy presence

Clouds and darkness flee away.

2 Clothed in light as with a garment,

Crowned with majesty Divine,

Lo, the sceptre of dominion

Now and ever, Lord, is Thine.

3 Oh, the greatness of Thy mercy,
And the richness of Thy grace!
Oh, the love that in Thy kingdom
Is preparing me a place!

4 When the silver cord is broken,
And this mortal life is o'er,
With ten thousand times ten thousand
I shall sing for evermore.

99 (C.C.)
184

7.8.

BEAUTIFUL star of promise,

Beautiful morning star;

Beaming with joy and gladness

Over the world afar.

Smile on me, smile on me,

Beautiful, beautiful morning star

Smile on me, smile on me,

Beautiful morning star.

2 Beautiful star of promise,

Beacon of hope and rest;

Lighting the couch of sorrow,

Soothing the weary breast.

3 Beautiful star of promise,

Shining when waves are dark;

Into its long-sought haven

Guiding the lonely bark.

4 Beautiful star of promise,

Star of eternal love;

Thou wilt conduct me safely

Home to the realms above.

100 (S.S.)
238

8.7.

IN the Rifted Rock I'm resting,

Sure and safe from all alarm;

Storms and billows have united,

All in vain, to do me harm;

In the Rifted Rock I'm resting,

Surf is dashing at my feet,

Storm-clouds dark are o'er me hover-

Yet my rest is all complete. [ing.

In the Rifted Rock I'm resting,

Sure and safe from all alarm:

Storms and billows have united,

All in vain, to do me harm.

2 Many a stormy sea I've traversed,

Many a tempest-shock have known;

Have been driven, without anchor,

On the barren shore and lone.

Yet I now have found a haven,

Never moved by tempest shock,

Where my soul is safe for ever,

In the blessed Rifted Rock.

GOD THE SON:

101

9.8.9.8.

THE Lord is our Strength and Redeemer,
The Rock where in safety we hide;
He feedeth His flock like a Shepherd,
His love shall for ever abide.

By cool flowing waters He leads them,
Where pastures are blooming and fair . . .
He gathers the lambs in His bosom,
And carries them tenderly there; . . .
He gathers the lambs in His bosom,
And carries them tenderly there. . . .

2 The Lord is our Shield and Defender,
His eye never slumbers nor sleeps;
He feedeth His flock like a Shepherd,
Their footsteps from wandering He keeps.

3 The Lord is our Hope and Salvation,
Oh, glory and praise to His name!
He feedeth His flock like a Shepherd—
The weakest His blessings may claim.

102 (S.S.) 190

P.M.

“MAN of Sorrows,” what a name
For the Son of God, who came
Ruined sinners to reclaim!

Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

2 Bearing shame and scoffing rude,
In my place condemned He stood;
Sealed my pardon with His blood:
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

3 Guilty, vile, and helpless, we;
Spotless Lamb of God was He:
“Full atonement!”—can it be?
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

4 “Lifted up” was He to die,
“It is finished!” was His cry;
Now in heaven exalted high:
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

5 When He comes, our glorious King,
All His ransomed home to bring,
Then anew this song we'll sing:
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

103 (S.S.) 378

P.M.

Joy to the world! the Lord is come:
The mighty God, the Everlasting
Father, and the Prince of Peace!
Let every heart prepare Him room:
The mighty God, the Everlasting
Father, and the Prince of Peace!

2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns,
The mighty God, the Everlasting
Father, and the Prince of Peace!

Oh, praise Him, floods, rocks, hills,
and plains,
The mighty God, the Everlasting
Father, and the Prince of Peace!

3 He rules the world with truth and
grace,
The mighty God, the Everlasting
Father, and the Prince of Peace!
And saves us by His righteousness,
The mighty God, the Everlasting
Father, and the Prince of Peace!

104 (S.S.) 545

P.M.

I'VE found a friend in Jesus,—He's
everything to me; [my soul!
He's the fairest of ten thousand to
The “Lily of the Valley,” in Him
alone I see— [me fully whole;
All I need to cleanse and make
In sorrow He's my comfort, in
trouble He's my stay; [roll:
He tells me every care on Him to
He's the “Lily of the Valley,” the
“Bright and Morning Star”;
He's the fairest of ten thousand to
my soul!

In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble He's
my stay;
He tells me every care on Him to roll:
He's the “Lily of the Valley,” the “Bright
and Morning Star”;
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my
[soul!

2 He all my grief has taken, and all my
sorrows borne;
In temptation He's my strong and
mighty tower; [idols torn
I've all for Him forsaken, I've all my
From my heart—and now He keeps
me by His power.
Though all the world forsake me, and
Satan tempt me sore,
Through Jesus I shall safely reach
the goal.
He's the “Lily of the Valley,” the
“Bright and Morning Star”;
He's the fairest of ten thousand to
my soul!

3 He'll never, never leave me nor yet
forsake me here, [blessèd will;
While I live by faith, and do His
A wall of fire about me, I've nothing
now to fear: [soul shall fill.
With His manna He my hungry
When crowned at last in glory, I'll
see His blessèd face, [roll.
Where rivers of delight shall ever

He's the "Lily of the Valley," the
 "Bright and Morning Star";
 He's the fairest of ten thousand to
 my soul!

105 (N.H.) C.M.
35

JESUS, Thou Refuge of the soul,
 To Thy dear arms I flee;
 From Satan's wiles, from self and sin,
 Oh, make and keep me free.

2 Though clouds may rise, though
 tempests rage,
 Thou wilt my shelter be, [true,
 While with a steadfast heart and
 My trust is stayed on Thee.

3 No power on earth, or power below,
 Can tear me from Thy side,
 If 'neath Thy sheltering wings of love,
 Dear Refuge, I abide.

4 Not death itself, that last dread foe,
 Can hold me with his chain;
 Through Christ, who conquered
 And life eternal gain. [death, I rise,

106 (S.S.) C.M.
856

DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
 On Thee, when sorrows rise,
 On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
 My fainting hope relies.

2 To Thee I tell each rising grief,
 For Thou alone canst heal;
 Thy Word can bring a sweet relief
 For every pain I feel.

3 But oh, when gloomy doubts prevail,
 I fear to call Thee mine;
 The springs of comfort seem to fail,
 And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
 Thou art my only trust; [Thee,
 And still my soul would cleave to
 Though prostrate in the dust.

5 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
 Here let my soul retreat;
 With humble hope attend Thy will,
 And wait beneath Thy feet.

107 C.M.

THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
 We love to hear of Thee;
 No music's like Thy charming name,
 Nor half so sweet can be.

Oh, may we ever hear Thy voice
 In mercy to us speak!
 And in our Priest we will rejoice,
 Thou great Melchisedek.

3 Our Jesus shall be still our theme
 While in the world we stay;
 We'll sing our Jesus—lovely name!
 When all things else decay.

4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
 With all the ransomed throng,
 Then will we sing more sweet, more
 And Christ shall be our song. [loud,

108 (S.S.) C.M.
538

THERE is no name so sweet on earth,
 No name so sweet in heaven;
 The name before His wondrous birth,
 To Christ the Saviour given.

We love to sing of Christ our King,
 And hail Him blessèd Jesus!
 For there's no word ear ever heard
 So dear, so sweet as "JESUS!"

2 And when He hung upon the tree,
 They wrote this name above Him;
 That all might see the reason we
 For evermore must love Him.

3 So now, upon His Father's throne—
 Almighty to release us
 From sin and pains—He ever reigns
 The Prince and Saviour, Jesus.

4 O Jesus, by that matchless Name
 Thy grace shall fail us never;
 To-day as yesterday the same,
 Thou art the same for ever!

109 9.9.9.9.

REST of the weary, joy of the sad;
 Hope of the dreary, light of the glad;
 Home of the stranger, strength to the
 end;
 Refuge from danger, Saviour and
 Friend.

2 Pillow were, lying, love rests its
 head
 Peace of the dying, life of the dead;
 Path of the lowly, prize at the end;
 Breath of the holy, Saviour and
 Friend.

3 When my feet stumble, to Thee I'll
 cry, [high;
 Crown of the humble, cross of the
 When my steps wander, over me bend,
 Truer and fonder, Saviour and Friend.

4 Ever confessing Thee, I will raise
 Unto Thee blessing, glory, and praise;
 All my endeavour, world without end,
 Thine to be ever, Saviour and Friend.

GOD THE SON:

110

110.

THE Day-star hath risen, the night-
clouds have flown;
No longer in sadness I wander alone;
Its beams in the valley reflected I see:
The Day-star hath risen—it shineth
for me.

It shi - - - neth for me, . . . shi - - - neth
for me; . . . [neth for me. . .
The Day - - - star hath ris - - en, it shi - - -

- 2 The Day-star hath risen in beauty
sublime, [clime;
To cheer and illumine each far-distant
The regions in darkness its beauty
shall see: [for me.
The Day-star hath risen—it shineth
- 3 The Day-star hath risen, it shineth for
all; [ness will fall:
O'er paths that are lonely its bright-
O blessed Redeemer, all honour to
Thee, [for me!
Thou Day-star of glory that shinest

111 (S.S.) 644

C.M.

- Joy to the world; the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the world; the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills,
and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 He rules the world with truth and
grace;
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

112 (S.S.) 145

C.M.

- How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear; [wounds,
It soothes his sorrows, heals his
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear Name, the Rock on which I
build,
My Shield and Hiding-place,
My never-failing Treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,

My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

- 5 I would Thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death.

His Humiliation, Resurrection, and Glory

113 (S.S.) 396

P.M.

- BLESSÈD be the Fountain of blood,
To a world of sinners revealed;
Blessèd be the dear Son of God:
Only by His stripes we are healed.
Tho' I've wandered far from His fold,
Bringing to my heart pain and woe,
Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb,
And I shall be whiter than snow!
- Whi - - ter than the snow, . . .
Whi - - ter than the snow, . . .
Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb, . . .
And I shall be whiter than snow! . . .
- 2 Thorny was the crown that He wore,
And the cross His body o'ercame;
Grievous were the sorrows He bore,
But He suffered not thus in vain.
May I to that Fountain be led,
Made to cleanse my sins here
below!
- Wash me in the Blood that He shed,
And I shall be whiter than snow!
- 3 Father, I have wandered from Thee,
Often has my heart gone astray;
Crimson do my sins seem to me—
Water cannot wash them away.
Jesus, to that Fountain of Thine,
Leaning on Thy promise I go;
Cleanse me by Thy washing divine,
And I shall be whiter than snow!

114

P.M.

- LOOK away to the cross of the Cruci-
fied One; [you;
Where He purchased salvation for
When He laid down His life, and
completed the work
That the Father had sent Him to do.
- Room at the cross, there is room at the cross,
And a welcome that all may receive;
There is room at the cross of the Crucified One,
And redemption for all who believe.
- 2 Look away to the cross of the Cruci-
fied One, [bled;
To the Cross where He suffered and
And to-day He invites you to come if
you will, [He shed.
And be cleansed in the blood that

- 3 Look away to the cross of the Crucified One, [trod;
Where the wine-press alone He hath
Where He cried in His anguish,
“ ’Tis finished, ’tis done ! ”
And commended His spirit to God.
- 4 There is life at the cross of the Crucified One,
And its hope is abiding and sure;
For the rapture that flows from the love He bestows
Shall for ever and ever endure.

115 (S.S.)
424 L.M.

- WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God:
All the vain things that charm me
I sacrifice them to His blood. [most,
- 3 See ! from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
Did e’er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

116 (S.S.)
539 L.M.

- ON Calvary’s brow . . my Saviour died, . . [fied: . .
’Twas there my Lord . . was crucified:
’Twas on the cross . . He bled for me, . . [free.
And purchased there . . my pardon
- O Calvary ! dark Calvary !
Where Jesus shed His blood for me : . .
O Calvary ! blest Calvary !
’Twas there my Saviour died for me.
- 2 ’Mid rending rocks . . and darkening skies, . .
My Saviour bows . . His head and dies ; . . [way . .
The opening vail . . reveals the To heaven’s joys . . and endless day.
- 3 O Jesus, Lord, . . how can it be, . .
That Thou shouldst give . . Thy life for me ?— . .
To bear the cross . . and agony, . .
In that dread hour . . on Calvary !

117 (S.S.)
158 S.M.

- NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away ;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burden Thou didst bear
When hanging on th’ accursèd tree,
And knows her guilt was there.

118 S.S.

- “ CHRIST hath redeemed us ” : sing the glad word !
Mercy’s sweet message be telling,
How, through the ransom made by His blood,
Christ now within us is dwelling.
- “ Christ hath redeemed us ” : Praise to His Praise Him, ye angels in glory ! [name !
“ Christ hath redeemed us,” bearing our shame;
Tell out the wonderful story !
- 2 “ Christ hath redeemed us,” making us free,
Free from the sins that enslaved us ;
Never in bondage more can we be,
Trusting in Him who hath saved us.
- 3 “ Christ hath redeemed us ” : we are His own, [us ;
Purchased by blood—He will hold
Nor will He ever leave us alone,
Safely His arms shall enfold us.
- 4 “ Christ hath redeemed us ” : soon with the throng
Gathered in glory we’ll meet Him ;
Oh, with what rapture join in the song,
When face to face we shall greet Him !

119 (N.H.)
5 P.M.

- CHRIST has for sin atonement made:
What a wonderful Saviour !
We are redeemed !—the price is paid:
What a wonderful Saviour !
- What a wonderful Saviour is Jesus, my Jesus !
What a wonderful Saviour is Jesus, my Lord !
- 2 I praise Him for the cleansing blood:
What a wonderful Saviour !

GOD THE SON:

That reconciled my soul to God:
What a wonderful Saviour!

- 3 He cleanses me from all my sin:
What a wonderful Saviour!
And now He reigns and rules within:
What a wonderful Saviour!
- 4 He walks beside me in the way:
What a wonderful Saviour!
And keeps me faithful day by day:
What a wonderful Saviour!
- 5 He gives me overcoming power:
What a wonderful Saviour!
And triumph in each trying hour:
What a wonderful Saviour!
- 6 To Him I've given all my heart:
What a wonderful Saviour!
The world shall never share a part:
What a wonderful Saviour!

120

L.M.

OH, what am I, that I should be
The object of God's wondrous grace?
That He should send His Son to me,
That I might see Him face to face?

It was for me, . . . it was for me, . . .
For me He left His throne above;
His grace, His goodness all for me, . . .
For me the ocean of His love.

- 2 That He should give His Son for me,
A sacrifice of love Divine—
Of love as boundless as the sea,
That I might call the Saviour mine?
- 3 Oh, wondrous love, that He should
leave
His throne, and come to earth for me!
Should give His life my soul to save,
The ransom pay that sets me free.
- 4 A life of service, death of shame,
Ensample true for all, for me—
Oh, shall I not adore His name,
Through time and through eternity.

121

L.M.

ON yonder hill of Calvary,
Where Jesus bled and died for me;
'Twas there from sin He set me free,
On Calvary, dark Calvary.

On Cal - - vary, dark Calvary,
They nailed my Lord upon the tree—
And there He died in agony,
On Calvary, dark Calvary.

- 2 On yonder hill of Calvary,
Behold the world's great tragedy;
The sun that awful hour did flee
From Calvary, dark Calvary.
- 3 On yonder hill of Calvary,
The sinner's only hope and plea,

Christ gave Himself for such as we—
On Calvary, dark Calvary.

122 (S.S.) (456)

P.M.

OH, who is this that cometh
From Edom's crimson plain,
With wounded side, with garments
Oh, tell me now Thy name. [dyed?
"I that saw thy soul's distress,
A ransom gave;
I that speak in righteousness,
Mighty to save!"

Mighty to save! . . .
Mighty to save! . . .
Lord, I'll trust Thy wondrous love,
Mighty to save!

- 2 Oh, why is Thine apparel
So very deeply dyed?— [red?
Like them that tread the wine-press
Oh, why this crimson tide?
"I the wine-press trod alone,
'Neath darkening skies;
Of the people there was none
Mighty to save!"
- 3 O bleeding Lamb, my Saviour,
How couldst Thou bear this shame?
With mercy fraught, Thine arm hath
brought
Salvation in Thy name!
"I the victory have won,
Conquered the grave:
Now the year of joy has come—
Mighty to save!"

123 (S.S.) (32)

P.M.

THERE is life for a look at the Crucified
One, [thee;
There is life at this moment for
Then, look, sinner, look unto Him
and be saved, [tree.
Unto Him who was nailed to the

Look! look! look and live!
There is life for a look at the Crucified One,
There is life at this moment for thee.

- 2 Oh, why was He there as the Bearer
of sin,
If on Jesus thy guilt was not laid?
Oh, why from His side flowed the
sin-cleansing blood, [paid?
If His dying thy debt has not
- 3 It is not thy tears of repentance or
prayers, [soul;
But the *Blood*, that atones for the
On Him, then, who shed it, thou
mayest at once
Thy weight of iniquities roll.

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GOD THE SON:

128 (S.S.
44)

S.S.

- O CHRIST, what burdens bowed Thy
Our load was laid on Thee; [head !
Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead,
Didst bear all ill for me.
A Victim led, Thy blood was shed !
Now there's no load for me.
- 2 Death and the curse were in our cup:
O Christ, 'twas full for Thee !
But Thou hast drained the last dark
'Tis empty now for me: [drop,
That bitter cup, love drank it up,
Now blessing's draught for me.
- 3 Jehovah lifted up His rod:
O Christ, it fell on Thee !
Thou wast sore stricken of Thy God;
There's not one stroke for me.
Thy tears, Thy blood, beneath it
Thy bruising healeth me. [flowed;
- 4 The tempest's awful voice was heard;
O Christ, it broke on Thee !
Thy open bosom was my ward,
It braved the storm for me.
Thy form was scarred, Thy visage
marred;
Now cloudless peace for me.
- 5 Jehovah bade His sword awake,
O Christ, it woke 'gainst Thee;
Thy blood the flaming blade must
slake,
Thy heart its sheath must be.
All for my sake, my peace to make:
Now sleeps that sword for me.
- 6 For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died,
And I have died in Thee:
Thou'rt risen—my bands are all un-
tied;
And now Thou liv'st in me;
When purified, made white, and tried,
Thy GLORY then for me.

129 (S.S.
45)

C.M.

- THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that
Lose all their guilty stains. [flood
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

- 4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering
Lies silent in the grave. [tongue

130 (C.C.
284)

P.M.

March on, march on ! sing joyfully,
While the world, into life awaking, [Day,
Hails the bright, bright ray of the glad Easter
O'er the hills in beauty breaking !

MARCH on, while in praise every
heart we raise
To Him, our King all-glorious,
For He lives on high no more to die,
And shall reign o'er the earth
victorious !

March on, march on ! etc.

- 2 March on, and proclaim our Re-
deemer's name,
Who rent the grave asunder,
And the angel eyes that saw Him rise,
How they gazed on the scene with
wonder !

March on, march on ! etc.

- 3 March on, and rejoice with a tuneful
voice,
Ring out a grateful chorus;
To His courts away, oh, haste to-day,
Where the Saviour has gone before
March on, march on ! etc. [us !

131 (S.S.
72)

P.M.

- My God, I have found the thrice-
blessèd ground,
Where life and where joy and true
comfort abound.
Hallelujah ! Thine the glory ! Hallelujah !
Amen. [again !
Hallelujah ! Thine the glory ! revive us
- 2 'Tis found in the blood of Him who
once stood [with God.
My refuge and safety, my Surety
- 3 He bore on the tree the sentence for
me, [are free.
And now both the Surety and sinner
- 4 Accepted I am in the once-offered
Lamb; [visèd the plan.
It was God who Himself had de-
- 5 And though here below, 'mid sorrow
and woe, [know.
My place is in heaven with Jesus, I
- 6 And this I shall find, for such is His
mind, [me behind."
"He'll not be in glory, and leave
- 7 For soon He will come, and take me
safe home, [on His throne.
And make me to sit with Himself

132 (S.S.)
(219)

L.M.

- 'Tis midnight: and on Olive's brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone;
'Tis midnight; in the garden now
The suffering Saviour prays alone.
- 2 'Tis midnight: and from all removed,
The Saviour wrestles 'lone with fears;
E'en that disciple whom He loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
- 3 'Tis midnight: and for others' guilt
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet He, who hath in anguish knelt,
Is not forsaken by His God.
- 4 'Tis midnight: and from ether-plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

133

68.

- THOU spotless Lamb of God,
On Thee for help I lean;
I know Thy precious blood
Has power to make me clean.
Oh, take my burdened heart,
And wash away its sin;
Thy righteousness impart,
And make me pure within.
- 2 I have no hope beside,
I urge no other plea,
Save Thou hast lived and died,
Hast lived and died for me.
Thy pardoning voice I hear,
That tells me I am Thine;
I can no longer fear
Since Thou, O Christ, art mine!
- 3 For ever by Thy side
My willing soul would stay;
Be Thou my Guard and Guide
Through life's uncertain day.
No other will I own,
No other name I plead;
Thou didst for sin atone,
And Thou art all I need.

134 (S.S.)
(127)

7.6.

- JESUS, keep me near the Cross:
There a precious fountain,
Free to all—a healing stream—
Flows from Calvary's mountain.
- In the Cross, in the Cross, be my glory ever;
Till my raptured soul shall find rest beyond
the river.
- 2 Near the Cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me;
There the Bright and Morning Star
Shed its beams around me.

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

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

135 (N.H.)
(9)

L.M.

RIDE on! ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes hosanna cry!
O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road
With palms and scattered garments
strewed.

Ride on! . . . ride on . . . in ma - - jesty! . . .
In low - - ly pomp . . . ride on . . . to die! . . .

- 2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The angel armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering
To see th' approaching Sacrifice. [eyes.]
- 3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father on His sapphire throne
Awaits His own anointed Son.
- 4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power, and
reign.

136 (S.S.)
(478)

S.M.

ENTHRONED is Jesus now
Upon His heavenly seat;
The kingly crown is on His brow,
The saints are at His feet.

There . . . with the glorified,
Safe . . . by our Saviour's side,
We shall be satisfied by-and-by!
By- - - and-by! . . . by- - - and-by!
We shall be satisfied by-and-by!

- 2 In shining white they stand,
A great and countless throng;
A palmy sceptre in each hand,
On every lip a song.
- 3 They sing the Lamb of God,
Once slain on earth for them;
The Lamb through whose atoning
Each wears his diadem. [blood]
- 4 Thy grace, O Holy Ghost,
Thy blessed help supply,
That we may join that radiant host,
Triumphant in the sky!

137 (S.S.)
(495)

P.M.

Lo! a fountain full and free,
Flowing, ever flowing!

GOD THE SON:

Fainting heart, it is for thee—
Flowing, ever flowing!
Ever sparkling, never still,
Taste its sweetness, all who will.
Flowing ever! flowing, ever flowing!
Flowing ever! flowing now for thee!

- 2 List the murmur that it speaks,
Flowing, ever flowing!
On the soul in song it breaks,
Flowing, ever flowing!
Singing weary souls to ease—
Music of all melodies.
- 3 Blessèd fount! the purest known,
Flowing, ever flowing!
Stream of life from out God's throne,
Flowing, ever flowing!
Sacred blood for sinners spilt—
This can cleanse away thy guilt.

138 (S.S.)
298

C.M.

THE blood has always precious been,
'Tis precious now to me;
Through it alone my soul has rest,
From fear and doubt set free.

Oh, wondrous is the crimson tide,
Which from my Saviour flowed!
And still in heaven my song shall be,
"The precious, precious blood!"

- 2 "I will remember now no more"—
God's faithful Word has said—
"The follies and the sins of him
For whom My Son has bled."
- 3 Not all my well-remembered sins
Can startle or dismay:
That precious blood atones for all,
And bears my guilt away.
- 4 Perhaps this feeble frame of mine
Will soon in sickness lie;
But, resting on that precious blood,
How peacefully I'll die!

139 (S.S.)
108

P.M.

BENEATH the Cross of Jesus
I fain would take my stand—
The shadow of a mighty Rock
Within a weary land;
A home within the wilderness,
A rest upon the way, [heat,
From the burning of the noontide
And the burden of the day.

- 2 O safe and happy shelter,
O refuge tried and sweet,
O trysting place, where Heaven's love
And Heaven's justice meet!
As to the holy patriarch
That wondrous dream was given,

So seems my Saviour's cross to me
A ladder up to heaven.

- 3 There lies beneath its shadow,
But on the farther side,
The darkness of an awful grave
That gapes both deep and wide;
And there between us stands the cross,
Two arms outstretched to save,
Like a watchman set to guard the way
From that eternal grave.
- 4 Upon that cross of Jesus
Mine eye at times can see
The very dying form of One
Who suffered there for me;
And from my smitten heart, with
Two wonders I confess— [tears,
The wonder of His glorious love,
And my own worthlessness.
- 5 I take, O cross, thy shadow
For my abiding place;
I ask no other sunshine than
The sunshine of His face:
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss—
My sinful self my only shame,
My glory all the cross.

140 (S.S.)
787

5.5.8.5.D.

ALL ye that pass by,
To Jesus draw nigh;
To you is it nothing
That Jesus should die?
Your ransom and peace,
Your surety He is,
Come, see if there ever
Was sorrow like His.

- 2 For what you have done
His blood must atone:
The Father hath punished
For you His dear Son:
The Lord, in the day
Of His anger did lay
Your sins on the Lamb,
And He bore them away.
- 3 He died to atone
For sins not His own;
Your debt He hath paid
And your work He hath done:
Ye all may receive
The peace He did leave,
Who made intercession,
"My Father, forgive!"
- 4 For you and for me
He prayed on the tree;
The prayer is accepted,
The sinner is free;

The sinner am I,
Who on Jesus rely,
And come for the pardon
God cannot deny.

- 5 His death is my plea;
My Advocate see,
And hear the blood speak
That hath answered for me:
He purchased the grace
Which now I embrace;
O Father, Thou know'st
He hath died in my place!

141 (S.S.) C.M.
(661)

- THE head that once was crowned with
thorns
Is crowned with glory now:
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.
- 2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His by sovereign right:
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
He reigns in perfect light.
- 3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know.
- 4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given:
Their name, an everlasting name;
Their joy, the joy of heaven.
- 5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above;
Their profit and their bliss to know
The fulness of His love.
- 6 His cross to them is life and health,
Though it was death to Him;
Their present hope, and joy, and
And their eternal theme. [wealth,

142 (S.S.) P.M.
(74)

- NOTHING either great or small—
Nothing, sinner, no;
Jesus did it, did it all,
Long, long ago.
- “IT IS FINISHED!” yes, indeed,
Finished every jot:
Sinner, this is all you need—
Tell me, is it not?
- 2 When He, from His lofty throne,
Stooped to do and die,
Everything was fully done:
Hearken to His cry.
- 3 Weary, working, burdened one,
Wherefore toil you so?
Cease your doing; all was done
Long, long ago.

- 4 Till to Jesus' work you cling
By a simple faith,
“Doing” is a deadly thing—
“Doing” ends in death.
- 5 Cast your deadly “doing” down—
Down at Jesus' feet;
Stand in Him, in Him alone,
Gloriously complete.

143 (S.S.) P.M.
(11)

- FREE from the law, oh, happy condi-
tion! [sion!
Jesus hath bled, and *there* is remis-
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.
- 2 Now are we free—there's no con-
demnation,
Jesus provides a perfect salvation;
“Come unto *Me*,”—oh, hear His
sweet call,
Come, and He saves us once for all.
- 3 “Children of God!” oh, glorious
calling! [falling;
Surely His grace will keep us from
Passing from death to life at His call,
Blessed salvation once for all.

144 (N.H.) C.M.
(87)

- 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 for ever true:
“When I the Lord . . . shall see the blood, . . .
I will pass over you.”
- 2 By Christ, the sinless Lamb of God,
The precious blood was shed,
When He fulfilled God's holy Word,
And suffered in our stead.
- 3 O soul, for thee salvation thus
By God is freely given;
The blood of Christ atones for sin,
And makes us meet for heaven.
- 4 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.
- 5 How calm the judgment hour shall
To all who do obey [pass
The Word of God, and trust the blood,
And make that Word their stay!

GOD THE SON:

145

P.M.

WOULD you be free from your burden
of sin? [in the blood;
There's power in the blood, power
Would you o'er evil a victory win?
There's wonderful power in the
blood.

There is power, . . . power, wonder-working
In the blood . . . of the Lamb; . . . [power
There is power, . . . power, wonder-working
In the precious blood of the Lamb. [power

2 Would you be free from your passion
and pride? [in the blood;
There's power in the blood, power
Come for a cleansing to Calvary's
tide, [blood.

There's wonderful power in the

3 Would you be whiter, much whiter
than snow? [in the blood;
There's power in the blood, power
Sin-stains are lost in its life-giving
flow, [blood.

There's wonderful power in the

4 Would you do service for Jesus your
King? [in the blood;
There's power in the blood, power
Would you live daily His praises to
sing? [blood.

There's wonderful power in the

146 (C.C.) (288)

C.M.

BEHOLD, the Easter-tide is here,
With Easter joy and bloom:
Behold, the stone is rolled away,
To show a conquered tomb.

Jesus is risen, as He said—

Risen in triumph from the grave!
Rejoice and sing on this Easter-tide—
Jesus is risen, mighty to save!

2 Behold, the vestures of the dead,
All folded back with care:
Behold, the dark and vacant tomb,
For Jesus is not there.

3 Behold, He walks the earth again,
Exalted in His love:
Behold, the glory on His brow,
Reflected from above.

4 Behold, the Easter-tide is here,
With Easter song and word:
Behold, amid these Easter gifts,
The triumph of the Lord.

147

8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

THE Lord of glory! who is He?
Who is the King of glory?
Only the Son of God can be
The Christ, the King of glory:

Consider all His wounds, and see
How Jesus' death upon the tree
Proclaims Him King of glory.

2 Above all heavens, at God's right
Now sits the King of glory; [hand,
The angels by His favour stand
Before the throne of glory:
Swiftly they fly at His command,
To guard His own of every land,
To keep the heirs of glory.

3 Death and the grave confess the Lamb
To be the King of glory; [name,
The powers of darkness dread His
All creatures show His glory:
He said, "Ere Abraham was I AM"—
Jesus is evermore the same,
Th' Almighty King of glory.

4 Thrice happy who in Him believe,
They soon will share His glory;
Born of His Spirit, they receive
His secret pledge of glory: [grieve;
Taught by His cross, for sin they
He calls them brethren, and they
To Him, their hope of glory. [cleave

148

8.7.

SOFT and sweet the bells are ringing
From the steeple old and grey;
Sweet and soft the children singing—
Christ the Lord arose to-day!

Sweetly, softly sounds the anthem,
For the stone is rolled away;
Glory, honour give to Jesus
On this resurrection day!

2 Sweeter far than earthly music
Since the Christmas melody,
Is this song of Easter glory,
This glad psalm of victory.

3 Love's redeeming work is finished,
Fought the fight, the victory won;
Glory, glory in the highest!
To the Father and the Son.

149 (S.S.) (877)

8.7.

HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above;
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the God of love:
. . . See, He sits on yonder throne;
. . . Jesus rules the world alone.
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Jesus rules the world alone.

2 King of glory! reign for ever—
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine
own;—

... Happy objects of Thy grace,
... Destined to behold Thy face.

Hallelujah ! hallelujah !

Destined to behold Thy face.

- 3 Saviour ! hasten Thine appearing;
Bring, oh bring the glorious day,
When the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;
... Then, with golden harps we'll
... " Glory, glory to our King ! [sing,
Hallelujah ! hallelujah !
Glory, glory to our King ! "

150

7.6.7.6.7.7.

JESUS lives, and Jesus leads,
Though the way be dreary;
Morn to darkest night succeeds,
Courage, then, ye weary:
Still the faithful Shepherd feeds;
Jesus lives, and Jesus leads.

- 2 All the words He ever spoke,
Still to us He speaketh;
All the bread He ever broke,
Still for us He breaketh:
Still the faithful Shepherd feeds;
Jesus lives, and Jesus leads.
- 3 Jesus lives, but Jesus died;
Love to death consigned Him:
Death the mighty Love resigned,
Could not hold or bind Him:
Therefore still He meets our needs;
Jesus lives, and Jesus leads.
- 4 Jesus lives, and every grace
Comes because He giveth;
Life and love in every place
Live, for Jesus liveth:
All our thoughts His love exceeds;
Jesus lives, and Jesus leads.
- 5 Yes, if Jesus lives, He leads—
He will not forsake us;
He will crown His gracious deeds,
And to glory take us:
Till that hour the Shepherd feeds;
Jesus lives, and Jesus leads.

151

C.M.

BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree;
How vast the love that Him inclined
To bleed and die for thee !

- 2 Hark, how He groans, while nature
shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend;
The temple's vail in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.
- 3 'Tis done ! the precious ransom's paid;
" Receive My soul ! " He cries;

See where He bows His sacred head—
He bows His head and dies.

- 4 But soon He'll break death's envious
And in full glory shine: [chain,
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love, like Thine ?

152 (S.S.) 817)

P.M

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 for ever with His saints to reign:
He arose ! . . . He arose ! . . .
Hallelujah ! Christ arose !

- 2 Vainly they watch His bed—
Jesus, my Saviour !
Vainly they seal the dead—
Jesus, my Lord !
- 3 Death cannot keep his prey—
Jesus, my Saviour !
He tore the bars away—
Jesus, my Lord !

153 (N.H.) 75)

8.7.8.7.D.

HALLELUJAH ! hallelujah !
Hearts to heaven and voices raise ; . . .
Sing to God a hymn of gladness,
Sing to God a hymn of praise ; . . .
He who on the cross a victim
For the world's salvation bled,
Jesus Christ, the King of glory,
Now is risen from the dead.

- 2 Christ is risen, Christ the first-fruits
Of the holy harvest-field ; . . .
Which will all its full abundance
At His glorious advent yield ; . . .
Then the golden ears of harvest
Will their heads before Him wave,
Ripened by His glorious sunshine
From the furrows of the grave.
- 3 Hallelujah ! hallelujah !
Glory be to God on high ! . . .
Hallelujah to the Saviour,
Who has gained the victory ; . . .
Hallelujah to the Spirit ;
Let our high ascriptions be,
Hallelujah, now and ever,
To the blessed Trinity !

154 (S.S.) 163)

6.6.6.6.8.8.

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

GOD THE SON :

Before the throne my Surety stands ;
My name is written on His hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead ;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on Calvary ;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me :
“ Forgive him, oh, forgive ! ” they cry,
“ Nor let that ransomed sinner die.”

4 My God is reconciled ;
His pardoning voice I hear :
He owns me for His child ;
I can no longer fear :
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And “ Father, Abba Father ! ” cry.

155 (S.S.) 8.8.8.8.8.8.
720

REJOICE, the Lord is King !
Your God and King adore ;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore :
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice :
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice !

2 Rejoice ! the Saviour reigns—
The God of truth and love ;
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above :
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice :
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice !

3 He all His foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy ;
And every bosom swell
With pure, seraphic joy ;
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice :
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice !

4 Rejoice in glorious hope !
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home : [voice :
We soon shall hear th' archangel's
The trump of God shall sound :
Rejoice !

156 (N.H.) 8.7.
85

CHRIST hath risen ! Hallelujah !
Blessèd morn of life and light !
Lo. the grave is rent asunder,
Death is conquered through His
Christ is risen ! Hallelujah ! [might.
Gladness fills the world to-day ;
From the tomb that could not hold Him,
See, the stone is rolled away I

2 Christ hath risen ! Hallelujah !
Friends of Jesus, dry your tears ;
Through the veil of gloom and dark-
Lo, the Son of God appears ! [ness.

3 Christ hath risen ! Hallelujah !
He hath risen, as He said ;
He is now the King of glory,
And our great exalted Head.

157 (S.S.) 8.7.4.
173

HALLELUJAH, “ He is risen ! ”
Jesus is gone up on high !
Burst the bars of death asunder ;
Angels, shout ; and men, reply :
He is risen, He is risen,
Living now, no more to die.

2 Hallelujah, He is risen !
Our exalted Head to be ;
Sends the witness of the Spirit
That our Advocate is He :
He is risen, He is risen,
Justified in Him are we.

3 Hallelujah, He is risen !
Death for aye has lost his sting ;
Christ, Himself the Resurrection,
From the grave His own will bring :
He is risen, He is risen,
Living Lord and coming King.

158 (S.S.) 7a.
692

“ CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day ! ”
Hallelujah !
Sons of men and angels say ;
Hallelujah !
Raise your joy and triumph high,
Hallelujah !
Sing, ye heavens ! and earth, reply :
Hallelujah !

2 Love's redeeming work is done :
Fought the fight, the battle won :
Lo ! our Sun's eclipse is o'er ;
Lo ! He sets in blood no more :

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

4 Lives again our glorious King ;
Where, O death, is now thy sting ?
Once He died our souls to save ;
Where's thy victory, boasting grave ?

5 King of glory ! Souj of bliss !
Everlasting life is this :
Thee to know, Thy power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love :

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GOD THE SON :

- 3 When the solemn trump has sounded,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate Him must, confounded,
Hear the summons of that day—
Come to Judgment !
Come to Judgment, come away !
- 4 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear !
All His saints, by men rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air:
Hallelujah !
See the day of God appear !
- 5 Yea, Amen ! let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for Thine own !
Oh, come quickly !
Hallelujah ! come, Lord, come !

162 (S.S.)
531

8.7.

- CHRIST is coming ! let creation
From her groans and travail cease;
Let the glorious proclamation
Hope restore and faith increase:
Christ is coming ! Christ is coming !
Come, Thou blessed Prince of Peace !
Christ is coming ! Christ is coming !
Come, Thou blessed Prince of Peace !
- 2 Earth can now but tell the story
Of Thy bitter cross and pain;
She shall yet behold Thy glory
When Thou comest back to reign.
- 3 Though once cradled in a manger,
Oft no pillow but the sod;
Here an alien and a stranger,
Mocked of men, disowned of God:
- 4 Long Thy exiles have been pining,
Far from rest, and home, and Thee;
But, in heavenly vesture shining,
Soon they shall Thy glory see.
- 5 With that "blessèd hope" before us,
Let no harp remain unstrung;
Let the mighty ransomed chorus
Onward roll from tongue to tongue.

163 (S.S.)
324

P.M.

- It may be at morn, when the day is
awaking,
When sunlight through darkness and
shadow is breaking,
That Jesus will come in the fulness of
glory, [own."
To receive from the world "His
O Lord Jesus, how long ?
How long ere we shout the glad song ?—
Christ returneth ! Hallelujah !
Hallelujah ! Amen !
Hallelujah ! Amen !

- 2 It may be at midday, it may be at
twilight, [ness of midnight
It may be, perchance, that the black-
Will burst into light in the blaze of
His glory,
When Jesus receives "His own."
- 3 While hosts cry Hosanna, from
heaven descending,
With glorified saints and the angels
attending, [of glory,
With grace on His brow, like a halo
Will Jesus receive "His own."
- 4 Oh, joy ! oh, delight ! should we go
without dying;
No sickness, no sadness, no dread,
and no crying;
Caught up through the clouds with
our Lord into glory,
When Jesus receives "His own."

164 (S.S.)
524

P.M.

- REJOICE ! Rejoice ! our King is com-
And the time will not be long, [ing !
Until we hail the radiant dawning,
And lift up the glad new song.
Oh, wondrous day ! oh, glorious morning,
When the Son of Man shall come !
May we with lamps all trimmed and burning
Gladly welcome His return !
Rejoice ! Rejoice ! our King is coming !
And the time will not be long,
Until we hail the radiant dawning,
And lift up the glad new song.
- 2 With joy we wait our King's returning
From His heavenly mansions fair;
And with ten thousand saints appear-
We shall meet Him in the air. [ing
- 3 Oh, may we never weary, watching,
Never lay our armour down,
Until He come, and with rejoicing
Give to each the promised crown.

165 (S.S.)
100

7.6.D.

- OUR lamps are trimmed and burning,
Our robes are white and clean,
We've tarried for the Bridegroom,
Oh, may we enter in ?
We know we've nothing worthy
That we can call our own:
The light, the oil, the robes we wear,
All come from Him alone.
Behold, the Bridegroom cometh
And all may enter in,
Whose lamps are trimmed and burning,
Whose robes are white and clean.
- 2 Go forth, go forth to meet Him !
The way is open now,
All lighted with the glory
That's streaming from His brow

Accept the invitation,
Beyond deserving kind;
Make no delay, but take your lamps,
And joy eternal find.

We see the marriage splendour
Within the open door;
We know that those who enter
Are blest for evermore.
We see He is more lovely
Than all the sons of men,
But still we know the door, once shut,
Will never ope again.

166 (C.C. 278) S.S.

WHEN JESUS shall gather the nations
Before Him at last to appear,
Oh, how shall we stand in the Judgment,
When summoned our sentence to
He will gather the wheat in His garner,
But the chaff will He scatter away;
Then how shall we stand in the Judgment—
Oh, how shall we stand in that day?

2 Shall we hear from the lips of the
Saviour [done!]
The words, "Faithful servant, well
Or, trembling with fear and with
anguish,
Be banished away from His throne?

3 Then let us be watching and waiting—
Our lamps burning steady and
bright—
That when we are called by the
Bridegroom,
We'll answer the call with delight.

4 Thus living with hearts fixed on Jesus,
In patience we wait for the time
When the days of our pilgrimage
ended,
We'll rest in His presence divine.

167 (S.S. 167) P.M.

Do you see the Hebrew captive
kneeling, [pray?
At morning, noon, and night, to
In his chamber he remembers Zion,
Though in exile far away.

Are your windows open toward Jerusalem,
Though as captives here a "little while" we
For the coming of the King in His glory, [stay?
Are you watching day by day?

2 Do not fear to tread the fiery furnace,
Nor shrink the lions' den to share;
For the God of Daniel will deliver,
He will send His angel there.

3 Children of the living God, take
courage, [sing;
Your great deliverance sweetly

Set your faces toward the hill of Zion,
Thence to hail your coming King!

168 (C.C. 40) P.M.

THERE'S a glorious Kingdom waiting
in the land beyond the sky,
Where the saints have been gather-
ing year by year;
And the days are swiftly passing that
will bring the Kingdom nigh:
For the coming of the Kingdom
draweth near!

Oh, the coming of the Kingdom draweth
near! . . . [near! . . .
Oh, the coming of the Kingdom draweth
Be thou ready, O my soul, for the trumpet
soon may roll,
And the King in His glory shall appear

2 'Tis the hope of yonder Kingdom, and
the glory there prepared,
And the looking for the Saviour to
appear]
That delivers us from bondage to the
world that once ensnared:
For the coming of the Kingdom
draweth near!

3 With the coming of the Kingdom we
shall see our blessed Lord,
For the King ere the Kingdom
must appear,
Hallelujah to His name, who re-
deemed us by His blood!
Oh, the coming of the Kingdom
draweth near!

4 Oh, the world is growing weary, it
has waited now so long,
And the hearts of men are failing
them for fear;
Let us tell them of the Kingdom, let
us cheer them with the song,
That the coming of the Kingdom
draweth near!

169 (C.C. 138) 7.8.8.8.

A BETTER day is coming,
A morning promised long,
When girded Right, with holy Might,
Will overthrow the Wrong;
When God the Lord will listen
To every plaintive sigh,
And stretch His hand o'er every land,
With justice by and by.

Coming by and by, coming by and by! [nigh
The better day is coming, the morning draweth
Coming by and by, coming by and by!
The welcome dawn will hasten on, 'tis coming
by and by.

GOD THE SON:

- 2 The boast of haughty Error
No more will fill the air, [Truth,
But Age and Youth will love the
And spread it everywhere;
No more from Want and Sorrow
Will come the hopeless cry;
For strife will cease, and perfect Peace
Will flourish by and by.
- 3 Oh, for that holy dawning
We watch, and wait, and pray,
Till o'er the height the morning light
Shall drive the gloom away;
And when the heavenly glory
Shall flood the earth and sky,
We'll bless the Lord for all His word,
And praise Him by and by.

170

8.7.

- WE are waiting, blessèd Saviour,
We are watching for the hour
When in majesty descending,
Thou shalt come in mighty power;
Then the shadows will be lifted,
And the darkness rolled away,
And our eyes behold the splendour
Of the glorious crowning-day.
- 2 We are waiting, blessèd Saviour,
We are watching not in vain
For the cloud that bore Thee upward,
And will bring Thee back again;
Then, among Thy ransomed people,
We shall tread the shining way,
And our eyes behold the splendour
Of the glorious crowning-day.
- We are waiting, blessèd Saviour,
For a union, heart to heart,
With our dear ones o'er the river,
Where we nevermore shall part;
Then our sorrows, in a moment,
Like a dream will pass away
When our eyes behold the splendour
Of the glorious crowning-day.

171 (N.H.)

127)

P.M.

- HE dies ! He dies ! the lowly Man of
Sorrows, [and woes;
On whom were laid our many griefs
Our sins He bore, beneath God's
awful billows, [our foes.
And He hath triumphed over all
- "I am He that liveth, that liveth, and was dead ;
I am He that liveth, that liveth, and was dead ;
And behold, . . . I am alive . . . for evermore, . . .
Behold, . . . I am alive . . . for evermore. . . .
I am He that liveth, that liveth, and was dead ;
And behold, . . . I am alive . . . for evermore. . . ."

- 2 He lives ! He lives ! what glorious
consolation ! [hand ;
Exalted at His Father's own right
He pleads for us, and by His inter-
cession, [stand.
Enables all His saints by grace to
- 3 He comes ! He comes ! Oh, blest
anticipation ! [faithful word ;
In keeping with His true and
To call us to our heavenly consum-
mation— [the Lord."
Caught up, to be "for ever with

172 (S.S.)

483)

P.M.

- HE is coming, the "Man of Sorrows,"
Now exalted on high ;
He is coming with loud hosannas,
In the clouds of the sky.
- Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
He is coming again ;
And with joy we will gather round Him,
At His coming to reign !
- 2 He is coming, our loving Saviour,
Blessèd Lamb that was slain !
In the glory of God the Father,
On the earth He shall reign.
- 3 He is coming, our Lord and Master,
Our Redeemer and King ;
We shall see Him in all His beauty,
And His praise we shall sing.
- 4 He shall gather His chosen people,
Who are called by His name ;
And the ransomed of every nation,
For His own He shall claim.

173 (C.C.)

248)

P.M.

- THERE'S a light that is shining in
darkness, [day ;
While we wait for the dawning of
And it cheers us along on our journey,
Till the shadows shall vanish away !
- So we'll wait and watch for the dawning,
The day of eternity blest ;
Then take the wings of the morning,
And fly away to our rest.
- 2 From the sure word the prophets
have spoken, [the gloom ;
There is light flashing forth through
For the Scripture can never be broken,
And the ing in His glory will come.
- 3 Now we sing 'mid the darkness and
shadows, [dawn ;
And we pray and we watch for the
Till the Day-star, in glory arising,
Shall betoken the coming of morn.

4 We are not of the night nor of darkness,
 Let us walk, then, as children of
 Our weeping shall be for a moment,
 And our joy shall ne'er vanish
 away!

174

P.M.

OH, the weary night is waning,
 And the clouds are rolling by;
 See, the long-expected morning
 Now is dawning in the sky;
 When from Zion's lofty mountain
 We shall hear the watchmen cry,
 And rejoicing we shall gather
 When the King shall come.

O Zion! O Zion! Great will be thy triumph
 When the King shall come;
 O Zion! O Zion! Thou shalt be exalted
 When the King shall come.

- 2 When the ransomed of Jehovah,
 From the East and from the West,
 Shall return with joy and gladness,
 To receive the promised rest—
 Then shall every tribe and nation
 Out of every land be blessed,
 And rejoicing they shall gather
 When the King shall come.
- 3 May He find us, when He cometh,
 Faithful watchers, day and night,
 At our royal post of duty,
 With our armour shining bright;
 May our lamps be trimmed and burn—
 With a clear and steady light, [ing
 That rejoicing we may gather
 When the King shall come.

175

14s.

- BEHOLD, the Bridegroom cometh in
 the middle of the night,
 And blest is he whose loins are girt,
 whose lamp is burning bright;
 But woe to that dull servant whom
 the Master shall surprise
 With lamp untrimmed, unburning,
 and with slumber in his eyes.
- 2 Do thou, my soul, keep watch, beware
 lest thou in sleep sink down,
 Lest thou be given o'er to death, and
 lose the golden crown;
 But see that thou art sober, with a
 watchful eye, and thus
 Cry, "Holy, Holy, Holy God, have
 mercy upon us."
- 3 That day, the day of fear, shall come;
 my soul, slack not thy toil,

But light thy lamp, and feed it well,
 and make it bright with oil;
 Thou knowest not how soon may
 sound the cry at eventide:
 "Behold the Bridegroom comes!
 Arise, go forth to meet the
 Bride!"

- 4 Beware, my soul! take thou good
 heed lest thou in slumber lie,
 And, like the five, remain without,
 and knock, and vainly cry;
 But watch, and bear thy lamp un-
 dimmed, and Christ shall gird
 thee on
 His own bright wedding-robe of
 light—the glory of the Son.

176 (S.S.)
 363

P.M.

- 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.
- 2 The heavens shall glow with splen-
 But brighter far than they, [dour;
 The saints shall shine in glory,
 As Christ shall them array:
 The beauty of the Saviour
 Shall dazzle every eye,
 In the crowning day that's coming
 By and by.
- 3 Our pain shall then be over:
 We'll sin and sigh no more;
 Behind us all of sorrow,
 And nought but joy before—
 A joy in our Redeemer,
 As we to Him are nigh,
 In the crowning day that's coming
 By and by.
- 4 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.

GOD THE SON:

177 (S.S.)
618

L.M.

- JESUS, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these
arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 When, from the dust of death, I rise
To take my mansion in the skies;
E'en then shall this be all my plea—
Jesus hath lived and died for me.
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay,
While, through Thy blood, absolved
I am
From sin's tremendous curse and
shame?
- 4 This spotless robe the same appears
When ruined nature sinks in years:
No age can change its glorious hue;
The robe of Christ is ever new.
- 5 Oh, let the dead now hear Thy voice!
Bid, Lord, Thy banished ones rejoice:
Their beauty this their glorious dress,
Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness.

178 (S.S.)
308

P.M.

- JESUS is coming! sing the glad word!
Coming for those He redeemed by
His blood,
Coming to reign as the glorified Lord!
Jesus is coming again!
- Jesus is coming, is coming again!
Jesus is coming again! . . .
Shout the glad tidings o'er mountain and
Jesus is coming again! [plain!
- 2 Jesus is coming! the dead shall arise,
Loved ones shall meet in a joyful
surprise,
Caught up together to Him in the
Jesus is coming again! [skies.
- 3 Jesus is coming! His saints to release;
Coming to give to the warring earth
peace:
Sinning, and sighing, and sorrow shall
cease.
Jesus is coming again!
- 4 Jesus is coming! the promise is true
Who are the chosen, the faithful, the
few, [review?
Waiting and watching, prepared for
Jesus is coming again!

179 (C.C.)
260

IN the crimson blush of morning
In the glitter of the noon,

- In the midnight's gloomy darkness,
Or the gleaming of the moon,
In the stillness of the twilight,
As it shimmers in the sky,
We are watching, we are waiting,
For the end that draweth nigh.
- 2 We shall see our Lord in splendour,
And amid a countless throng,
On the clouds to earth descending,
With a movement swift and strong;
And the angels round about Him,
In their dazzling white array,
While before Him sounds the sum-
mons
For the final Judgment-day.
- 3 He will welcome all His people,
He will diadem His own;
He will show to them His glory,
And will share with them His
throne;
And for ever in His presence
They shall see Him face to face,
While they chant His matchless
wisdom,
And extol His wondrous grace.
- 4 He is coming, surely coming,
For His promise cannot fail;
And the scoffers shall behold Him,
And before Him they shall quail!
He is coming, quickly coming!
But His coming we shall greet;
We have waited for His advent,
And have listened for His feet.

180

S.S.

- COME on the wings of the morning;
Come, Thou Redeemer and King,
Hail to the day that is dawning,
Hail to the joy it will bring.
- Oh, come on the wings of the morning!
Oh, come to our hearts as we sing! . . .
Come as we sing in the day that is
dawn - - - ing;
Oh, come, Thou Redeemer and King!
- 2 Come on the wings of the morning;
Come with Thy glory and grace,
All of Thy promise performing,
Showing the light of Thy face.
- 3 Come on the wings of the morning;
Come with a joyful surprise,
Lifting the sad and the mourning,
Wiping the tears from their eyes.
- 4 Come on the wings of the morning;
Come as the King to Thy throne;
Have we not sounded Thy warning?
Now let Thy glory be known.

181 (C.C.)
57

P.M.

WATCH, earnestly watch, the Lord's
approach is nearing;

Pray, fervently pray, no man can
know the hour;

Like as a thief at night is His appear-
ing; [truth and power.

He cometh to judge the world in

Watch ye, pray ye, soldiers of the Lord;
Work ye, wait ye, trusting in His word;
Keep His commandments, and His law obey,
And He will reward you in the last great day.

2 Work, joyfully work, all ye who know
His chastening; [reward is nigh;

Wait, patiently wait, for your
Lift up your heads, the day of rest is
hastening; [and by.

Rest, glorious rest, with Jesus by

3 Trust, loyally trust, and as to Him
thou'rt clinging,

Keep, faithfully keep the Saviour's
blest commands;

Then in thy heart the blest assurance
ringing, [in His hands.

Know surely thy name is written

182 (W.H.)
42

P.M.

THE Lord is coming by-and-by:

Be ready when He comes!

He comes from His fair home on

Be ready when He comes! [high:
He is the Lord our Righteousness,

And comes His chosen ones to bless,
And at His Father's throne confess:

Be ready when He comes!

Will you be ready when the Bridegroom
comes? . . . [comes? . . .

Will you be ready when the Bridegroom
Will your lamps be trimmed and bright,
Be it morning, noon, or night? [comes?

Will you be ready when the Bridegroom

2 He soon will come to earth again:

Be ready when He comes!

Begin His universal reign:

Be ready when He comes!

With hallelujahs heaven will ring,

When Jesus doth redemption bring;

Oh, trim your lamps to meet your

Be ready when He comes! [King!

3 Behold! He comes to one and all:

Be ready when He comes!

And soon we'll hear the trumpet call:

Be ready when He comes!

To Judgment called at His command,

From every clime, from every land,

Before His throne we all must stand:

Be ready when He comes!

183

P.M.

IMPATIENT heart, be still!

What though He tarries long?

What though the triumph song

Is still delayed?

Thou hast His promise sure,

And that is all secure:

Be not afraid!

Be still! be still!

Impatient heart, be still!

2 My eager heart, be still!

Thy Lord will surely come,

And take thee to His home,

With Him to dwell:

It may not be to-day;

And yet, my soul, it may—

I cannot tell!

Be still! be still!

My eager heart, be still!

3 My anxious heart, be still!

Watch, work, and pray; and then

It will not matter when

Thy Lord shall come,

At midnight or at noon;

He cannot come too soon

To take thee home.

Be still! be still!

My anxious heart, be still!

184

P.M.

A LAMP in the night, a song in time
of sorrow, [ever borrow

A great glad hope which faith can
To gild the passing day with the glory

of the morrow, [Lord.

Is the hope of the coming of the

Blessèd hope, . . . blessèd hope, . . .

Blessèd hope of the coming of the Lord;

How the aching heart it cheers;

How it glistens through our tears,

Blessèd hope of the coming of the Lord.

2 A star in the sky, a beacon bright to
guide us; k [betide us;

An anchor sure to hold when storms

A refuge for the soul, where in quiet

we may hide us— [Lord.

Is the hope of the coming of the

3 A call of command, like trumpet

clearly sounding, [rounding;

To make us bold when evil is sur-

To stir the sluggish heart, and to

keep in good abounding— [Lord.

Is the hope of the coming of the

4 A word from the One to all our hearts

the dearest, [nearest;

A parting word to make Him aye the

GOD THE HOLY SPIRIT :

Of all His precious words, the sweetest,
brightest, clearest,
Is the hope of the coming of the Lord.

185 (C.C.)
(246)

P.M.

WILL our lamps be filled and ready,
When the Bridegroom comes ?
And our lights be clear and steady,
When the Bridegroom comes ?
In the night, . . . that solemn night, . . .
Will our lamps be burning bright,
When the Bridegroom comes ?

Oh, be ready ! Oh, be ready !
Oh, be ready when the Bridegroom comes !

2 Shall we hear a welcome sounding,
When the Bridegroom comes ?
And a shout of joy resounding,
When the Bridegroom comes ?
In the night, that solemn night,
Will our lamps be burning bright,
When the Bridegroom comes !

3 Don't delay our preparation
Till the Bridegroom comes ;
Lest there be a separation,
When the Bridegroom comes.
In the night, that solemn night,
Will our lamps be burning bright,
When the Bridegroom comes ?

4 It may be a time of sorrow,
When the Bridegroom comes ;
If our oil we hope to borrow,
When the Bridegroom comes.
In the night, that solemn night,
Will our lamps be burning bright,
When the Bridegroom comes ?

5 Oh, there'll be a glorious meeting
When the Bridegroom comes !
And a hallelujah greeting,
When the Bridegroom comes !
In the night, that joyful night,
With our lamps all burning bright,
When the Bridegroom comes.

186 (C.C.)
(69)

C.M.

O WATCHMAN on the mountain
Proclaim the coming day ; [height,
Behold the spires of golden fires
Point upward far away.

Coming, yes, He's coming, the Day-spring
from on high ; [is nigh ;
Coming, yes, He's coming ; the promised hour
Coming, yes, He's coming ; let all the ransomed
sing ; [the coming King !

The hills are bright with shining light ; all hail
2 O watchman, bid the sleeping Church
Awake, arise, and pray ;

The heavenly Bridegroom soon will
And now is on His way. [come,
3 All hail to Zion's glorious King,
By prophets long foretold ;
Praise Him in song, ye angel throng,
Strike all your harps of gold.

GOD THE HOLY SPIRIT : His Office and Work

187

C.M.

JESUS, Thine all-victorious love
Shed in my soul abroad ;
Then shall my heart no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

2 Oh that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow !
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow.
3 Thou, who at Pentecost didst fall,
Do Thou my sins consume ;
Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call ;
Spirit of Burning, come !

4 Refining Fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul ;
Scatter Thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

5 My steadfast soul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move,
While Christ is all the world to me,
And all my heart is love.

188 (S.S.)
(212)

C.M.

COME, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove !
With all Thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 O Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate ?—
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great.

3 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove !
With all Thy quickening powers,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

189

C.M.

COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire ;
Let us Thine influence prove,
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of light and love. [Thee,

2 Come, Holy Ghost, for, moved by
The prophets wrote and spoke ;
Unlock the truth, Thyself the Key,
Unseal the sacred book.

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GOD THE HOLY SPIRIT :

- Whisp'ring softly, " Wanderer, come !
Follow me, I'll guide thee home ! "
- 2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near, Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear:
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whisper softly, " Wanderer, come !
Follow Me, I'll guide thee home ! "
- 3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Trusting that our names are there,
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood;
Whisper softly, " Wanderer, come !
Follow Me, I'll guide thee home ! "

195 (M.H.)

P.M.

- COME, Holy Spirit, like a dove descending,
Rest Thou upon us while we meet
Show us the Saviour, His great love revealing;
Lead us to Him, the Life, the
- 2 Come, O y Spirit, every cloud dispelling;
Fill us with gladness, through the
Bring to our memory words that He hath spoken,
Then shall our tongues His wondrous grace proclaim.
- 3 Come, Holy Spirit, sent from God the Father—
Thou Friend and Teacher, Comforter and Guide—
Our thoughts directing, keep us close to Jesus,
And in our hearts for evermore

196

6.6.4.6.6.4.

- COME, Holy Ghost, in love,
Shed on us from above
Thine own bright ray:
Divinely good Thou art;
Thy sacred gifts impart
To gladden each sad heart:
Oh, come to-day !
- 2 Come, tenderest Friend and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
With soothing power:
Rest, which the weary know;
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow;
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow:
Cheer us this hour.

- 3 Come, Light serene and still,
Our inmost bosoms fill;
Dwell in each breast !
We know no dawn but Thine;
Send forth Thy beams divine.
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest.
- 4 Exalt our low desires,
Extinguish passion's fires,
Heal every wound;
Our stubborn spirits bend,
Our icy coldness end,
Our devious steps attend
While heavenward bound.
- 5 Come, all the faithful bless:
Let all who Christ confess
His praise employ;
Give virtue's rich reward;
Victorious death accord,
And, with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy.

197

6.5.

- HEAR us, Thou that broodedst o'er
the watery deep,
Waking all creation from its primal
Holy Spirit, breathing breath of life
divine,
Breathe into our spirits, blending
Light and Life Immortal !
Hear us as we raise
Hearts, as well as voices,
Mingling prayer and praise.
- 2 When the sun ariseth in a cloudless
sky,
May we feel Thy presence, Holy
Shed Thy radiance o'er us, keep it
cloudless still,
Through the day before us, perfecting
- 3 When the fight is fiercest in the noon-
tide heat,
Bear us, Holy Spirit, to our Saviour's
There to find a refuge till our work is
done,
There to fight the battle till the
- 4 If the day be falling sadly as it goes,
Slowly in its sadness sinking to its
close,
May Thy love in mercy, kindling ere
it die,
Cast a ray of glory o'er our evening
- 5 Morning, noon, and evening, when-
soever it be,
Grant us, gracious Spirit, quickening
Life, that gives us, living, life of
heavenly love;
Life, that brings us, dying, life from

198 (C.C.)
261

P.M.

OH, spread the tidings round, wherever man is found,
Wherever human hearts and human woes abound; [the joyful sound:
Let every Christian tongue proclaim
The Comforter has come!

The Comforter has come, the Comforter has come!
[promise given;
The Holy Ghost from heaven, the Father's
Oh, spread the tidings round, wherever man is found:

The Comforter has come!

2 The long, long night is past, the morning breaks at last;
And hushed the dreadful wail and fury of the blast, [vances fast:
As o'er the golden hills the day ad-
The Comforter has come!

3 The mighty King of kings, with healing in His wings,
To every captive soul a full deliverance brings;
And through the vacant cells the song of triumph rings:
The Comforter has come!

4 Oh, boundless love divine! how shall this tongue of mine
To wondering mortals tell the matchless grace divine—
That I may with Him dwell, and in His image shine!—
The Comforter has come!

5 Oh, let the echoes fly above the vaulted sky, [reply
And all the saints above to all below
In strains of endless love, the song that ne'er will die:
The Comforter has come!

199 (N.H.)
41

7^h.

HOLY Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone!

200 (C.C.)
128

L.H.

DESCEND, O Flame of sacred fire:
Now may we feel Thy quickening power;

To purest love each heart inspire,
And keep us in each trying hour.

2 Come like a rushing wind, we pray,
And let Thy presence fill this place;
Oh, take our unbelief away,
Baptize us with Thy boundless grace.

3 Come down from heaven, O quenchless Flame,
Through Christ, the Everlasting Son;
The riches of His love proclaim,
And melt our every heart in one.

201 (C.C.)
279

C.M.

SPIRIT Divine! attend our prayers,
And make our hearts Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers
Oh come, great Spirit, come!

2 Come as the light—to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire—and purge our
Like sacrificial flame; [hearts,
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the dew—and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
May barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fertilising power.

5 Come as the dove—and spread Thy
The wings of peaceful love; [wings,
And let Thy church on earth become
Blest as the church above.

6 Come as the wind—with rushing
And Pentecostal grace; [sound
That all of woman born may see
The glory of Thy face.

202 (S.S.)
588

S.M.

COME, Spirit, source of light,
Thy grace is unconfined;
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
The darkness of the mind.

2 Now to our eyes display
The truth Thy words reveal:
Cause us to run the heavenly way,
Delighting in Thy will.

3 Thy teachings make us know
The mysteries of Thy love;
The vanity of things below,
The joy of things above.

PUBLIC WORSHIP :

- 4 While through this maze we stray,
Oh, spread Thy beams abroad;
Disclose the dangers of the way,
And guide our steps to God.

Songs of Praise

203 (S.S.)
(646)

C.M.P.

- ALL hail the power of Jesus' name !
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all !
- 2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all !
- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all !
- 4 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all !
- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all !
- 6 Oh that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall;
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all !

204 (S.S.)
(725)

G.B.A.

- JESUS, Thy name I love,
All other names above;
Jesus, my Lord !
Oh, Thou art all to me !
Nothing to please I see,
Nothing apart from Thee,
Jesus, my Lord !
- 2 Thou, blessèd Son of God,
Hast bought me with Thy blood,
Jesus, my Lord !
Oh, how great is Thy love,
All other loves above,
Love that I daily prove,
Jesus, my Lord !
- 3 When unto Thee I flee,
Thou wilt my refuge be,
Jesus, my Lord !
What need I now to fear ?
What earthly grief or care,
Since Thou art ever near ?
Jesus, my Lord !

- 4 Soon Thou wilt come again !
I shall be happy then,
Jesus, my Lord !
Then Thine own face I'll see,
Then I shall like Thee be,
Then evermore with Thee,
Jesus, my Lord !

205 (S.S.)
(320)

S.S.B.D.

- OH, could I speak the matchless
worth,
Oh, could I sound the glories forth
Which in my Saviour shine,
I'd soar, and touch the heavenly
strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings
In notes almost divine.
- 2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine:
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.
- 3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise
I would, to everlasting days,
Make all His glories known.
- 4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will take me
And I shall see His face; [home,
Then with my Saviour, Brother,
A blest eternity I'll spend, [Friend,
Triumphant in His grace !

206 (N.H.)
(7)

118

- WE praise Thee, we bless Thee, our
Saviour divine, [Thine !
All power and dominion for ever be
We sing of Thy mercy with joyful
acclaim, [praise to Thy name !
For Thou hast redeemed us: all
- 2 All honour and praise to Thine ex-
cellent name, [same !
Thy love is unchanging—for ever the
We bless and adore Thee, O Saviour
and King; [praises we sing !
With joy and thanksgiving Thy
- 3 The strength of the hills and the
depths of the sea, [Thee ;
The earth and its fulness, belong unto
And yet to the lowly Thou bendest
Thine ear, [hear !
So ready their humble petitions to

4 Thine infinite goodness our tongues shall employ; [enjoy; Thou givest us richly all things to We'll follow Thy footsteps, we'll rest in Thy love, [mansions above! And soon we shall praise Thee in

207 (S.S.)
291

8s.

BE glad in the Lord, and rejoice,
All ye that are upright in heart;
And ye that have made Him your choice,
Bid sadness and sorrow depart.

Rejoice! . . . Rejoice! . . .
Be glad in the Lord and rejoice! . . .

- 2 Be joyful, for He is the Lord,
On earth and in heaven supreme;
He fashions and rules by His word;
The "Mighty" and "Strong" to redeem.
- 3 What though in the conflict for right
Your enemies almost prevail! [sight,
God's armies, just hid from your
Are more than the foes which assail.
- 4 Though darkness surround you by day,
Your sky by the night be o'ercast,
Let nothing your spirit dismay,
But trust till the danger is past.
- 5 Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice,
His praises proclaiming in song;
With harp, and with organ, and
The loud hallelujahs prolong! [voice,

208 (S.S.)
454

P.M

PRAISE Him! praise Him! Jesus, our
blessèd Redeemer!

Sing, O earth—His wonderful love
proclaim! [angels in glory;
Hail Him! hail Him! highest arch-
Strength and honour give to His
holy name!

Like a shepherd, Jesus will guard
His children, [day long;
In His arms He carries them all

Praise Him! praise Him! tell of His excellent
greatness;

Praise Him! praise Him ever in joyful song!

- 2 Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our
blessèd Redeemer! [and died;
For our sins He suffered, and bled,
He—our Rock, our hope of eternal
salvation, [Crucified!
Hail Him! hail Him! Jesus, the
Sound His praises—Jesus who bore
our sorrows, [and strong;
Love unbounded, wonderful, deep,

3 Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our
blessèd Redeemer!

Heavenly portals, loud with hosanna-
nas ring! [ever:

Jesus, Saviour, reigneth for ever and
Crown Him! crown Him! Pro-
phet, and Priest, and King!

Christ is coming, over the world
victorious, [belong;

Power and glory unto the Lord

209 (C.C.)
176

6.5.

PRAISE the King of Glory, He is God
alone; [hath shown;

Praise Him for the wonders He to us
For His promised presence all the
pilgrim way, [by day.

For the flaming pillar, and the cloud

Praise . . . Him, shining angels,
Strike . . . your harps of gold, . . .

All . . . His hosts adore Him,

Who . . . His face behold: . . .

Through . . . His great dominion,

While . . . the ages roll, . . .

All His works shall praise Him, all His
works shall praise Him,

All His works shall praise Him; bless the
Lord, my soul!

- 2 Praise Him for redemption, free to
every soul; [can make us whole;
Praise Him for the Fountain that
For His gifts of kindness and His
loving care, [answers prayer.
For the blest assurance that He
- 3 Praise Him for the trials sent as cords
of love, [things above;
Binding us more closely to the
For the faith that conquers, hope,
that naught can dim,
For the land where loved ones gather
unto Him.

210 (S.S.)
503

8.7.

GLORY ever be to Jesus!—

God's own well-belovèd Son!

By His grace He hath redeemed us,
"It is finished," all is done.

Saved by grace through faith in Jesus,
Saved by His own precious blood,

May we in His love abiding,

Follow on to know the Lord.

- 2 Oh, the weary days of wandering,
Longing, hoping for the light!
These at last lie all behind us,
Jesus is our strength and might.
- 3 In His safe and holy keeping,
'Neath the shadow of His wing
Gladly in His love confiding,
May our souls His praises sing.

PUBLIC WORSHIP :

211 (C.C.)
(250)

L.M.

REDEEMED from death, redeemed
from sin,
Redeemed from ills without, within;
Redeemed ! what new light gilds the
skies !

What glories on the soul arise !

Redeemed ! redeemed ! . . . my song shall be, . . .
Through time and through . . . eternity ! . . .
Redeemed ! let all . . . the ransomed sing, . . .
Eternal praise . . . to Christ our King !

2 Glory to Him, whose love unknown
Touched man's abyss from heaven's
high throne; [beamed,
Like some new star its radiance
A new song rose—Redeemed ! re-
deemed !

3 As ocean's billows swell and break,
The mighty tide of praise shall wake;
Thy love, Lord, like th' unfathomed
sea,
Shall waft a world redeemed to Thee.

4 Redeemed ! creation joyful brings
Its tribute to the King of kings;
Redeemed ! earth's million voices
raise
One sounding anthem to His praise.

212 (S.S.)
(728)

S.S.S.S.

YE servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful name;
The name all-victorious
Of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save;
And still He is nigh,
His presence we have !
The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus our King.

3 Salvation to God,
Who sits on the throne;
Let all cry aloud,
And honour the Son;
The praises of Jesus
All angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces,
And worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore
And give Him his right;

All glory and power,
All wisdom and might;
All honour and blessing,
With angels above;
And thanks never-ceasing,
And infinite love.

213

S.S.S.S.

How honoured, how dear, - that
sacred abode, [Father and God !
Where Christians draw near their
'Mid worldly commotion, my wearied
soul faints [of Thy saints.
For the house of devotion, the home

2 The birds have their home, they fix
on their nest; [their rest:
Wherever they roam, they turn to
From them fondly learning, my soul
would take wing; [my King.
To Thee so returning, my God and

3 O happy the choirs who praise Thee
above ! [worship is love.
What joy tunes their lyres ! their
Yet safe in Thy keeping and happy
they be [strength is in Thee.
In this world of weeping, whose

4 Though rugged their way, they drink,
as they go, [they flow:
Of springs that convey new life as
The God they rely on, their strength
shall renew, [shall view.
Till each, brought to Zion, His glory

5 Thou Hearer of prayer, still grant me
a place [courts of Thy grace:
Where Christians repair to the
More blest, beyond measure, one day
so employed, [lings enjoyed.
Than years of vain pleasure by world-

6 The Lord is a Sun, the Lord is a
Shield; [sealed.
What grace has begun, with glory is
He hears e distressed, He succours
the just: [Him their trust.
And they shall be blessed who make

214 (C.C.)
(191)

S.S.S.S.

COMING, coming, we are coming
To Thy temple, gracious Lord,
To receive the blessed teaching
Of Thy pure and perfect Word;
Meekly would we learn our duty,
Learn it kneeling at Thy feet,
While a radiance from Thy glory
Covers all the Mercy-seat.

2 Singing, singing, we are singing
Of Thy wondrous love so free,
How it floweth ever onward
Like a vast and mighty sea;
And our souls mount up with glad-
ness,
While we swell the lofty strain,
“Glory, glory, hallelujah
To the Lamb for sinners slain !”

3 Praying, praying, we are praying
That Thy Spirit, like a dove,
May descend with gifts of mercy
From Thy gracious hand above.
Lord, we ask that, by Thy watch-care,
We may all protected be,
Every hand be quick to labour,
And our hearts be stayed on Thee.

215

P.M.

PRAISE ye the Lord ! joyfully shout
hosanna !

Praise the Lord with glad acclaim;
Lift up your hearts unto His throne
with gladness—

Magnify His holy name. [bright,
Marching along under His banner
Trusting in His mercy as we go.

His light divine tenderly o'er us will
shine; [now and for ever.

We shall be guided by His hand
Steadily marching on, with our banner waving
o'er us; [joyful chorus;

Steadily marching on, while we sing the
Steadily marching on, pillar and cloud going
before us,

To the realms of glory, to our home on high.

2 Praise ye the Lord ! He is the King
eternal;

Glory be to God on high !
Praise ye the Lord, tell of His loving-
kindness—

Join the chorus of the sky. [on,
Still marching on, cheerily marching
In the ranks of Jesus we will go:

Home to our rest, joyfully home
where the blest

Gather and praise the Saviour's
name, praise Him for ever.

216 (S.S.)

D.C.M.

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.

2 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 re-
And now I live in Him. [vived

3 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.

217 (S.S.)

7.6.

JERUSALEM the golden !
With milk and honey blest;
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest.
I know not, oh, I know not
What holy joys are there;
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr-throng.
There is the throne of David;
And there, from toil released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.

3 And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.
O land that see'st no sorrow !
O state that fear'st no strife !
O royal land of flowers !
O realm and home of life !

4 O sweet and blessed country !
The home of God's elect:
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect !
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest !

218 (S.S.)

S.M.

I FEEL like singing all the time,
My tears are wiped away;
For Jesus is a Friend of mine,
I'll serve Him every day.

PUBLIC WORSHIP :

- I'll praise Him ! praise Him ! praise Him all
the time ! [the time !
Praise Him ! praise Him ! I'll praise Him all
- 2 When on the cross my Lord I saw,
Nailed there by sins of mine,
Fast fell the burning tears; but now
I'm singing all the time.
- 3 When fierce temptations try my heart,
I'll sing, " Jesus is mine ! "
And so, though tears at times may
I'm singing all the time. [start,
- 4 The wondrous story of the Lamb
Tell with that voice of thine,
Till others, with the glad new song,
Go singing all the time.

219 (C.C.) 11.10.

- PRAISE our Creator and Saviour
eternal ! [and the grave;
Him who redeemed us from death
Sing of His greatness, oh, hail and
adore Him, [save.
Strong to deliver and mighty to
Praise . . . Him ! . . . praise . . . Him ! . . .
Glory in the highest unto Him ascribing ;
Praise . . . Him ! . . . praise . . . Him ! . . .
Blessèd be His name, our Lord and King !
- 2 Praise our Creator and gracious
Defender ! [abide;
Rock where in safety we still may
He is our Shepherd, how gently He
leads us [glide !
Where in the valley the cool waters
- 3 Praise our Creator, the Fountain of
goodness ! [above;
Now in His grandeur exalted
Rest in His mercy and trust in His
promise, [love.
Ever to keep us, upheld by His

220 11.5.

- PRAISE the Lord and worship Him,
a song prepare, [prayer;
While we enter joyfully the house of
Praise the Lord and honour Him who
guards our way, [and day.
Watching o'er us tenderly by night
Praise Him ! praise Him ! join the loud
acclaim ; [name ;
Praise Him ! praise Him ! bless His holy
Ever kind and merciful in all His ways,
He alone is worthy to receive our praise.
- Praise Him in His majesty and
strength arrayed ; [have made ;
Praise Him in the firmament His hands
In our lives acknowledge Him the
King of kings, [His wings,
Then in safety we may dwell beneath

- 3 Praise Him in His righteousness, the
Holy One ; [that He hath done ;
Spread abroad the wondrous work
Through His perfect sacrifice the
world is blest, [and rest.
Whosoever will, may come to Him

221 (S.S.) 8.7.

- 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.
- 2 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 t' assuage ?—
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.
- 3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear !
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near ;
He who gives them daily manna,
He who listens when they cry—
Let Him hear the loud hosanna,
Rising to His throne on high.

222 (S.S.) D.C.M.

- AWAKE, awake, O heart of mine !
Sing praise to God above ;
Take up the song of endless years,
And sing redeeming love !
Redeemed by Him who bore my sins,
When on the cross He died ;
Redeemed and purchased with His
Redeemed and sanctified. [blood,
Awake, awake, . . . O heart of mine ! . . .
Sing praise, sing praise . . . to God above ; . . .
Take up the song . . . of endless years, . . .
And sing . . . redeeming love ! . . .
- 2 Redeemed by Him, my Lord and
Who saves me day by day ; [King,
My life and all its ransomed powers
Could ne'er His love repay.
And yet His mercy condescends
My humble gift to own ;
And through the riches of His grace,
He brings me near His throne.
- 3 Oh, love unchanging, love sublime !
Not all the hosts above

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PUBLIC WORSHIP :

- While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last !
- 2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh, 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 defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.
- 3 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;
Vile, and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
Make me, 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.

228 (S.S.)
703

7.8.

- THE church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is His new creation
By water and the Word:
From Heaven He came and sought
To be His holy bride; [her
With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.
- 2 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.
Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore opprest,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest:
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

- 4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumults of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great church victorious,
Shall be the church at rest.
- 5 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won:
Oh, happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace, that we,
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee !

229 (C.C.)
251

P.M

- GREAT is the Lord, who ruleth over
all: [wake, and sing!
Wake, wake, and sing! wake,
Down at His feet in adoration fall—
Praise and magnify our King !
- O ye redeemed above, strike, strike your harps
of love !
Hail the Blessèd One ! hail the Mighty One !
Sweetly His wonders tell, loudly His glory
Praise and magnify our King ! [swell—
- 2 Great is the Lord, who spake and it
was done: [has won.
Honour and strength, dominion He
- 3 Great is the Lord ! oh, come with
holy mirth; [earth.
Come and rejoice, ye nations of the
- 4 Great is the Lord, and holy is His
name ! [works proclaim.
Angels and men, His wondrous

230 (S.S.)
423

8.8.8.8.8

- COME, every joyful heart,
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate His fame;
Tell all above and all below,
The debt of love to Him you owe.
- 2 He left His starry crown,
And laid His robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died:
What he endured no tongue can tell,
To save our souls from death and
hell.
- 3 From the dark grave He rose—
The mansion of the dead;
And thence His mighty foes
In glorious triumph led:

Up through the sky the Conqueror
rode, [God.
And reigns on high, the Saviour

- 4 From thence He'll quickly come—
His chariot will not stay—
And bear our spirits home
To realms of endless day:
There shall we see His lovely face,
And ever be in His embrace.

231 (S.S.) 11.10.
361

- 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 [no more.
Of that new life when sin shall be
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.
- 2 Far, far away, like bells at evening
pealing, [and sea,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land
And laden souls, by thousands meekly
stealing, [steps to Thee.
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary
- 3 Onward we go, for still we hear them
singing, [bids you come " ;
" Come, weary souls ! for Jesus
And through the dark, its echoes
sweetly ringing, [home.
The music of the Gospel leads us

232 L.M.

- WAKE Thou my harp, O Mighty Love,
That fill'st the boundless realm above !
Sweep Thou my strings, for I would
sing [King.
Redeeming grace through Christ my
Redeeming grace, redeeming grace,
That gives my soul a resting-place ;
I'll sing, while time rolls on apace,
Redeeming grace, redeeming grace.
- 2 Thou great First Cause of mortal
good, [has stood,
Whose throne through endless years
Instruct my feeble voice to sing [King.
Redeeming grace through Christ my
- 3 The spark has kindled to a flame ;
My soul, rejoicing in Thy name.
Bids all within me join and sing [King.
Redeeming grace through Christ my
- 4 And when my spirit flees away [day,
From all that cheers life's fleeting

With saints around Thy throne I'll
sing [King
Redeeming grace through Christ my

233 (S.S.) 8.7.
520

- " GOD is Love ! "—His Word pro-
claims it,
Day by day the truth we prove ;
Heaven and earth with joy are telling,
Ever telling, " God is Love ! "
- Hallelujah ! tell the story,
Sung by angel choirs above ;
Sounding forth the mighty chorus—
" God is Light, and God is Love ! "
- 2 " God is Love ! "—oh, tell it gladly,
How the Saviour from above
Came to seek and save the lost ones,
Showing thus the Father's love.
- 3 " God is Love ! "—oh, boundless
mercy—
May we all its fulness prove !
Telling those who sit in darkness,
" God is Light, and God is Love ! "

234 P.M.

- LET us sing again the praise of the
Saviour, [the Father's love ;
How He died that we might know
Let us tell to all the world His com-
passion, [above.
How He ever lives to plead for us
- Let us tell . . . the wondrous story,
How He died . . . upon the tree ;
Unto Him be all the praise and the glory ;
He hath suffered that from sin we might be
free. . . .
- 2 Let us praise Him for the words full
of comfort, [ago ;
That He left for us recorded long
He is near to every one that believeth,
And His mercy to the faithful He
will show.
- 3 Let us praise Him for the soul-
cheering promise [yet behold ;
Of the mansions that our eyes shall
When we gather with the blest in
His kingdom, [ne'er be told.
Where the riches of His grace can

235 (S.S.) 6.6.4.6.6.4.
160

My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine ;
Now hear me while I pray ;
Take all my guilt away ;
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

PUBLIC WORSHIP :

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire:
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

3 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.

4 When ends life's transient dream—
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll—
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul.

236

8.7.

COME, oh come, and let us worship,
Gathered in the house of prayer;
Praise the God of our salvation
While He waits to meet us there.

Come, oh come, and let us worship,
Bringing songs of love and praise,
Unto Him whose loving kindness
Has been o'er us all our days.

2 He hath pardoned our transgressions
Taken all our sins away;
He will lead us, by His Spirit,
Safely to the perfect day.

3 Soon our trials will be ended,
And, among the loved and blest,
We shall join the bright immortals
In that Home of joy and rest.

237 (S.S.) 697

7s.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy Cross I cling!
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace:

Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy Judgment-throne;
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

238

7

GOD of love, and God of might,
God of truth, and God of light,
Heart and voice we would unite,
Giving praise to Thee.

2 With the sweets of morning's balm,
With the hush of evening's calm,
Fervent hymn and holy psalm
Rise continually.

3 We adore Thee, God most high,
We Thy mercy magnify;
On Thy word our souls rely,
Trusting peacefully.

4 We have heard Thy words of cheer
On our pilgrim journey here;
We have known Thy presence near,
Shining constantly.

239 (S.S.) 155

8.7.

IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance
streaming
Adds new lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no
measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

240 (N.H.) 62

C.M.

I've learned to sing a glad new song
Of praise unto our King!
And now with all my ransomed
His praises I will sing. [powers

His praises I will sing!
He is my Lord and King!
And now with all my ransomed powers
His praises I will sing!

2 I've learned to sing the song of
'Tis sweeter every day, [peace,
Since Jesus calmed my troubled soul,
And bore my sins away.

3 I sing the song of perfect love,
It casteth out all fear!
Oh breadth, oh length, oh depth,
oh height!

Oh love so full of cheer!

4 I've learned to sing the song of joy;
My cup is running o'er
With blessings full of peace and love:
And still there's more and more.

5 Soon I shall sing the new, new song
Of Moses and the Lamb,
With all the sainted hosts above,
Before the great I AM!

241

C.M.

My Saviour's praises I will sing,
And all His love express;
Whose mercies each returning day,
Proclaim His faithfulness.

"Every day will I bless Thee!
Every day will I bless Thee!
And I will praise, will praise
Thy name for ever and ever!"

2 Redeemed by His almighty power,
My Saviour and my King;
My confidence in Him I place,
To Him my soul would cling.

3 On Thee alone, my Saviour, God,
My steadfast hopes depend;
And to Thy holy will my soul
Submissively would bend.

4 Oh, grant Thy Holy Spirit's grace,
And aid my feeble powers,
That gladly I may follow Thee
Through all my future hours.

242 (S.S.) (404)

B.7.

LOVE divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart!

2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving
Into every troubled breast! [Spirit
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find Thy promised rest.
Come, Almighty to deliver!
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.

3 Finish, then, Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless may we be;
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by Thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

243 (S.S.) (141)

C.M.

OH for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim—
To spread thro' all the earth abroad—
The honours of Thy name.

3 Jesus, the Name that charms our
That bids our sorrows cease; [fears,
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest
His blood avails for me. [clean,

244 (S.S.) (436)

C.M.

I to the hills will lift mine eyes,
From whence doth come mine aid;
My safety cometh from the Lord,
Who heaven and earth hath made.

2 Thy foot He'll not let slide, nor will
He slumber that thee keeps:
Behold, He that keeps Israèl,
He slumbers not nor sleeps.

3 The Lord thee keeps, the Lord thy
shade
On thy right hand doth stay:

The moon by night thee shall not
Nor yet the sun by day. [smite,

4 The Lord shall keep thy soul; He
Preserve thee from all ill: [shall
Henceforth thy going out and in
God keep for ever will.

245

C.M.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their
But all their joys are one. [tongues,

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they
"To be exalted thus"; [cry,
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us."

PUBLIC WORSHIP :

- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.
- 5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

246

8.4.8.4.8.4.

- MY God, I thank Thee, who hast
The earth so bright, [made,
So full of splendour and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right.
- 2 I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast
Joy to abound; [made
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round;
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.
 - 3 I thank Thee more that all my joy
Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours,
That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be my guide,
And not my chain.
 - 4 For Thou who knowest, Lord, how
Our weak heart clings, [soon
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings,
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.
 - 5 I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast
The best in store; [kept
I have enough, yet not too much,
To long for more;
A yearning for a deeper peace
Not known before.
 - 6 I thank Thee, Lord, that here our
Though amply blest, [souls,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest—
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast.

247 (C.C.) 148

7.6.D.

“OH, serve the Lord with gladness,”
And come before His throne;
He is the great Creator,
And He is God alone;

The heavens declare His glory,
The earth His power displays;
While millions without number
To Him glad anthems raise.

“Oh, serve the Lord with gladness,”
And come before His throne!
He is our great Redeemer,
And He is God alone.

- 2 “Oh, serve the Lord with gladness,”
And glad hosannas bring
To Him, the Sovereign Ruler,
The universal King;
For ever through the ages
His truth unchanging stands;
Let all the nations fear Him,
And reverence His commands.
- 3 “Oh, serve the Lord with gladness,”
His love to all proclaim;
Exalt Him in the highest,
And spread abroad His fame;
All majesty, dominion,
All power and glory, be
To Him who reigns in triumph,
Through all eternity.

248 (S.S.) 688

78

- SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.
 - 3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
 - 4 And will man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious Kingdom come?
No:—the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of
praise.
 - 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
 - 6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

249 (S.S.) 405

S.M.

COME, sound His praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing!
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King!

2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound:
The watery worlds are all His own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at His throne,
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are His work, and not our own,
He formed us by His word.

4 To-day attend His voice,
Nor dare provoke His rod;
Come, like the people of His choice,
And own your gracious God.

250 (S.S.) 8.7.
356

My life flows on in endless song;
Above earth's lamentation
I hear the sweet though far-off hymn
That hails a new creation:
Through all the tumult and the strife
I hear the music ringing;
It finds an echo in my soul—
How can I keep from singing?

2 What though my joys and comforts
The Lord my Saviour liveth; [die!
What though the darkness gather
round!
Songs in the night He giveth:
No storm can shake my inmost calm
While to that refuge clinging;
Since Christ is Lord of heaven and
earth,

How can I keep from singing?

3 I lift mine eyes; the cloud grows thin;
I see the blue above it; [smooths
And day by day this pathway
Since first I learned to love it:
The peace of Christ makes fresh my
A fountain ever springing: [heart,
All things are mine since I am His—
How can I keep from singing?

251 (S.S.) L.M.
372

AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me:
His loving-kindness, oh, how free!

2 He saw me ruined by the Fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate:
His loving-kindness, oh, how great!

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty
foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along:
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!

252 (S.S.) L.M.
143

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

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

3 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful
songs, [raise;
High as the heavens our voices
And earth, with her ten thousand
tongues, [praise.
Shalt fill Thy courts with sounding

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

253 (S.S.) S.M.
222

I LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

2 I love Thy Church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

254 (S.S.) S.M.
412

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart and every tongue
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of His dying love;
Sing of His risen power;
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.

PUBLIC WORSHIP :

- 3 Ye pilgrims on the road
To Zion's city, sing !
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God—
In Christ, th' eternal King !
- 4 There shall each raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim ;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

255 (S.S.) 683 8.7.4.

- IN Thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We Thy people now draw near ;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling,
Speak, and let Thy servants hear,
Hear with meekness,
Hear Thy Word with godly fear.
- 2 While our days on earth are length-
ened,
May we give them, Lord, to Thee ;
Cheered by hope, and daily strength-
ened,
May we run, nor weary be ;
Till Thy glory,
Without clouds in heaven we see.
- 3 Then in worship purer, sweeter,
Thee Thy people shall adore,
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Far than thought conceived before ;
Full enjoyment,
Full, unmixed, and evermore.

256 (S.S.) 750

GLORY be to the Father, and to the
Son, and to the Holy Ghost ;
As it was in the beginning, is now,
and ever shall be, world without
end. Amen.

The Word of God

257 11s.

- OH, tell me the story that never grows
old, [foretold ;
The story of One whom the prophets
The Horn of salvation, the Sceptre,
the Star, [from afar.
The Light in the darkness they saw
It never grows old, it never grows old ;
The story of Jesus will never grow old.
- 2 Oh, tell me the story that never grows
old, [told ;
The story the angel at Bethlehem
The Babe in the manger, of lowliest
birth, [worth.
The highest archangel excelling in

- 3 Oh, tell me the story that never grows
old, [fold ;
The story the Gospels repeat mani-
The love and compassion in Jesus we
trace, [and grace.
The power and patience, the glory
- 4 Oh, tell me the story that never grows
old, [fold ;
The story the ages to come will un-
The kindness of God in redeeming
the lost ; [the cost.
The death of our Saviour in paying

258 (S.S.) 660 C.M.

- FATHER of mercies ! in Thy Word
What endless glory shines !
For ever be Thy name adored
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find ;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around ;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.
- 4 Oh, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight !
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.
- 5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord !
Be Thou for ever near ;
Teach me to love Thy sacred Word,
And view my Saviour there.

259 C.M.

- GREAT God, with wonder and with
On all Thy works I look ! [praise
But still Thy wisdom, power, and
grace,
Shine brightest in Thy book.
- 2 The stars that in their courses roll
Have much instruction given ;
But Thy good Word informs my soul
How I may rise to heaven.
- 3 Here are my choicest treasures hid,
Here my best comfort lies ;
Here my desires are satisfied
And hence my hopes arise.
- 4 Then may I love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight
By day to read these wonders o'er
And meditate by night.

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PUBLIC WORSHIP :

It tells of a Saviour, and points to
the cross,
Where pardon we now may secure;
For we know that when time and the
world pass away,
God's Word shall for ever endure.

- 4 Oh, wonderful, wonderful Word of
the Lord !
The hope of our friends in the past ;
Its truth where so firmly they anchored
their trust,
Through ages eternal shall last.
Oh, wonderful, wonderful Word of
the Lord !
Unchanging, abiding, and sure ;
For we know that when time and
the world pass away,
God's Word shall for ever endure.

265 (S.S.)
626

L.M.

- Now let my soul, eternal King,
To Thee its grateful tribute bring ;
My knee with humble homage bow,
My tongue perform its solemn vow.
- 2 All nature sings Thy boundless love,
In worlds below and worlds above ;
But in Thy blessed Word I trace
Diviner wonders of Thy grace.
- 3 Here Jesus bids my sorrows cease,
And gives my labouring conscience
peace ;
Here lifts my grateful passions high,
And points to mansions in the sky.
- 4 For love like this, oh, let my song
Through endless years Thy praise
prolong !
Let distant climes Thy name adore,
Till time and nature are no more.

266

P.M.

THANKS for Thy Word, O blessed
Redeemer !
Open our eyes its beauty to see ;
Grant us Thy grace to study it wisely,
Close every heart to all but Thee.

Thanks for the Bible, offering so freely
Pardon and peace to all who believe ;
Help us, O Lord, its counsel to follow,
Meekly by faith its truth receive.

- 2 Thanks for Thy Word of precept and
promise, [way,
Lamp to our feet and light to our
Points us afar where pleasures im-
mortal [of day.
Bloom in Thine own bright realm

- 3 Blessed are they who keep its com-
mandments, [Thee ;
They shall abide for ever with
Close by the clear and beautiful river,
Sharing the fruits of life's fair tree.

267 (C.C.)
163

THY Word is a lamp to my feet, O Lord,
Thy Word is a light to my way ;
It shines in my soul like a star by
night, [day.
And comforts and cheers me by
O wonderful, wonderful Word,
My treasure, my hope, and my stay ;
Each promise recorded delights my soul,
And brightens each step of my way.

- 2 Thy Word is a lamp to my feet, O Lord,
And, trusting in Thee as my all,
Whatever of evil may cross my path,
I never, no, never can fall.
- 3 Thy Word is a lamp to my feet, O Lord ;
And oh, when Thy glory I see,
For all the rich blessings its truth has
brought,
The praise will I give unto Thee.

268 (S.S.)
623

L.M.

- THE heavens declare Thy glory, Lord !
In every star Thy wisdom shines ;
But when our eyes behold Thy Word,
We read Thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 The radiant sun, the changing light,
And nights and days Thy power
confess ;
But the blest volume Thou hast writ
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy
praise [stand :
Round the whole earth, and never
So, when Thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.
- 4 Nor shall Thy spreading Gospel rest,
Till through the world Thy truth has
run ;
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light or feel the sun.

269 (S.S.)
550

L.M.

- THERE is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God ;
Life, love, and joy, still gliding
through,
And watering our divine abode.
- 2 That sacred stream — Thy holy
Word—
Supports our faith, our fear controls ;

Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting
souls.

- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar:
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling
tide.

The Lord's Day

270 ^(S.S.)
₍₇₀₇₎

7.R.

- O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light;
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright !
On thee the high and lowly
Before th' eternal throne
Sing "Holy, Holy, Holy,"
To God the Three in One !
- 2 On Thee at the creation
The light first had its birth;
On thee for our salvation
Christ rose from depths of earth:
On thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.
- 3 Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry, dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land;
A day of sweet refection,
A day of holy love,
A day of resurrection
From earth to things above.
- 4 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel-light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.
- 5 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

271

6.6.8.6.6.8.

How pleased and blest was I
To hear the people cry:
Come, let us seek our God to-day !

Yes, with a cheerful zeal
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honours pay.

- 2 Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee
In thee our tribes appear, [round;
To pray and praise and hear
The sacred Gospel's joyful sound.
- 3 There David's greater Son
Has fixed His royal throne—
He sits for grace and judgment there
He bids the saint be glad,
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.
- 4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait
To bless the soul of every guest:
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest.
- 5 My tongue repeats her vows,
Peace to this sacred house !
For there my friends and kindred
And since my glorious God [dwell;
Makes thee His blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

272 ^(S.S.)
₍₆₅₅₎

C.M.

- THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours His own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day He rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell:
To-day the saints His triumph spread,
And all His wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son !
Help us, O Lord ! descend and bring
Salvation from Thy throne.
- 4 Blest be the Lord who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes in God His Father's
To save our sinful race. [name.
- 5 Hosanna, in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens in which He
reigns
Shall give Him nobler praise.

273

7.8.

THE dawn of God's dear Sabbath
Breaks o'er the earth again,
As some sweet summer morning
After a night of pain:

PUBLIC WORSHIP :

- It comes as cooling showers
To some exhausted land,
As shade of clustered palm trees
'Mid weary wastes of sand.
- 2 O day, when earthly sorrow
Is merged in heavenly joy,
And trial changed to blessing
That foes may not destroy;
When want is turned to fulness,
And weariness to rest;
And pain to wondrous rapture,
Upon the Saviour's breast.
- 3 Lord, we would bring for offering,
Though marred with earthly soil,
A week of earnest labour,
Of steady, faithful toil;
Fair fruits of self-denial,
Of strong, deep love to Thee,
Fostered by Thine own Spirit
In our humility.
- 4 And we would bring our burden
Of sinful thought and deed,
In Thy pure presence kneeling,
From bondage to be freed;
Our hearts' most bitter sorrow
For all Thy work undone,—
So many talents wasted,
So few bright laurels won !
- 5 So be it, Lord, for ever:
Oh, may we evermore,
In Jesus' holy presence,
His blessed name adore:
Upon His peaceful Sabbath,
Within His temple walls,
Type of the stainless worship
In Zion's golden halls;
- 6 So that in joy and gladness
We reach that home at last;
When life's short week of sorrow,
And sin, and strife is past;
When angel-hands have gathered
The fair ripe fruit for Thee,
O Father, Lord, Redeemer,
Most Holy Trinity.

274 (S.S.)
621

L.M.

- LORD of the Sabbath ! hear our vows
On this Thy day, in this Thy house;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from the desert rise.
- 2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we
love;
But there's a nobler rest above:
To that our labouring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor hell, shall reach the
place;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 4 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose:
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 5 O long-expected day, begin !
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death to rest with God.

275 (S.S.)
406

L.M.

- SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks and
sing,
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares can seize my breast;
Oh may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- 3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His
Word; [shine !
Thy works of grace, how bright they
How deep Thy counsels, how divine !
- 4 Lord, I shall share a glorious part
When grace hath well refined my
heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 5 Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.
- 6 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below,
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

276

L.M.

- ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy the rest;
Improve the day thy God has blest.
- 2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love
assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds,
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.

- 3 Oh that our thoughts and thanks may
rise
As grateful incense to the skies,
And draw from heaven that sweet
repose [knows.
Which none but he that feels it
- 4 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the Church of God re-
mains;
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 5 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away:
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

The Lord's Supper

277 (S.S.) 78.
694

- "TILL He come!" Oh, let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the "little while" between
In their golden light be seen:
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that "*Till He come!*"
- 2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above—
Seems the earth so poor and vast?—
All our life-joy overcast?
Hush! be every murmur dumb:
It is only "*Till He come!*"
- 3 Clouds and conflicts round us press;
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss—
Death, and darkness, and the tomb—
Only whisper "*Till He come!*"
- 4 See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine and break the bread—
Sweet memorials—till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board;
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only "*Till He come!*"

278 C.M.

- JESUS! of Thee we ne'er would tire;
The new and living food
Can satisfy our hearts' desire,
And life is in Thy blood.
- 2 If such the happy midnight song
Our prisoned spirits raise,
What are the joys that cause ere long
Eternal bursts of praise?

- 3 To look within and see no stain,
Abroad no curse to trace;
To shed no tears, to feel no pain,
But see Thee face to face.
- 4 To find each hope of glory gained,
Fulfilled each precious word;
And fully all to have attained
The image of our Lord.

279 (S.S.) 108.
732

- COME ye yourselves apart and rest
awhile, [throng;
Weary, I know it, of the press and
Wipe from your brow the sweat and
dust of toil, [strong.
And in My quiet strength again be
- 2 Come ye aside from all the world
holds dear, [never known;
For converse which the world has
Alone with Me and with My Father
here, [alone.
With Me and with My Father not
- 3 Come, tell Me all that ye have said
and done, [fears;
Your victories and failures, hopes and
I know how hardly souls are wooed
and won; [with tears.
My choicest wreaths are always wet
- 4 Come ye and rest: the journey is too
great, [and sink:
And ye will faint beside the way,
The bread of life is here for you to
eat, [to drink.
And here for you the wine of love
- 5 Then, fresh from converse with your
Lord, return [even:
And work till daylight softens into
The brief hours are not lost in which
ye learn [heaven.
More of your Master and His rest in

280 (S.S.) 8.7.8.7.D.
676

- COME, Thou everlasting Spirit,
Bring to every thankful mind
All the Saviour's dying merit,
All His sufferings for mankind:
True Recorder of His passion,
Now the living faith impart;
Now reveal His great salvation
Unto every faithful heart.
- 2 Come, Thou witness of His dying;
Come, Remembrancer Divine;
Let us feel Thy power applying
Christ to every soul, and mine;

PUBLIC WORSHIP :

Let us groan Thine inward groaning;
Look on Him we pierced, and
grieve;

All partake the grace atoning—
All the sprinkled blood receive.

- 3 Yes, in me, in me He dwelleth;
I in Him, and He in me!
And my empty soul He filleth,
Here and through eternity.
Thus I wait for His returning,
Singing all the way to heaven;
Such the joyous song of morning,
Such the banquet song of even.

281 (S.S. 227)

8.4.6.4.8.6.6.4.

COME, for the feast is spread;
Hark to the call!
Come to the Living Bread,
Broken for all;
Come to His "house of wine,"
Low on His breast recline;
All that He hath is thine;
Come, sinner, come.

- 2 Come where the fountain flows—
River of life—
Healing for all thy woes,
Doubting, and strife;
Millions have been supplied,
No one was e'er denied;
Come to the crimson tide,
Come, sinner, come.

- 3 Come to the throne of grace,
Boldly draw near;
He who would win the race
Must tarry here;
Whate'er thy want may be
Here is the grace for thee,
Jesus thy only plea:
Come, Christian, come.

- 4 Come to the Better Land,
Pilgrim, make haste!
Earth is a foreign strand—
Wilderness waste!
Here are the harps of gold,
Here are the joys untold—
Crowns for the young and old:
Come, pilgrim, come.

- 5 Jesus, we come to Thee,
Oh, take us in!
Set Thou our spirits free;
Cleanse us from sin!
Then, in yon land of light,
Clothed in our robes of white,
Resting not day nor night,
Thee will we sing.

282 (S.S. 342)

P.M.]

THOU art coming, O my Saviour
Thou art coming, O my King!
Every tongue Thy name confessing,
Well may we rejoice and sing!
Thou art coming! Rays of glory
Thro' the veil Thy death has rent
Gladden now our pilgrim pathway,
Glory from Thy presence sent.

Thou art coming! Thou art coming
We shall meet Thee on Thy way!
Thou art coming! we shall see Thee,
And be like Thee on that day!
Thou art coming! Thou art coming!
Jesus, our beloved Lord!
Oh, the joy to see Thee reigning,
Worshipped, glorified, adored!

- 2 Thou art coming! Not a shadow,
Not a mist, and not a tear,
Not a sin, and not a sorrow,
On that sunrise grand and clear:
Thou art coming! Jesus, Saviour,
Nothing else seems worth a
thought;
Oh, how marvellous the glory
And the bliss Thy pain hath
bought.

- 3 Thou art coming! We are waiting
With a "hope" that cannot fail,
Asking not the day or hour,
Anchored safe within the veil.
Thou art coming! At Thy table
We are witnesses for this,
As we meet Thee in communion,
Earnest of our coming bliss.

283

P.M

WE adore Thee, O Lord, for the
wonderful grace [till now;
That has kept and preserved us
We hallow Thy goodness, Thy
infinite love, [we bow.
While our hearts in Thy presence

In accordance to-day with Thy blessed
command,

We commune at Thy Table with Thee,
Recalling the words that to us Thou hast
"Do this in remembrance of Me." [said,

- 2 Though unworthy to eat of Thy life-
giving bread, [fall;
Or to gather the crumbs as they
We come through Thy merit and take
of the feast,
In Thy mercy provided for all.
- 3 May our strength be renewed and our
souls be impressed [behold;
With the scenes that by faith we

And show forth the death of the Lord
till He come,
And we rest in Thy glory untold.

284 (S.S.) 714 7.8.

SIT down beneath His shadow,
And rest with great delight;
The faith that now beholds Him
Is pledge of future sight.

2 Our Master's love remember,
Exceeding great and free;
Lift up thy heart in gladness,
For He remembers thee.

3 Bring every weary burden,
Thy sin, thy fear, thy grief;
He calls the heavy laden,
And gives them kind relief.

4 A little while, though parted,
Remember, wait, and love;
Until He comes in glory,
Until we meet above:

5 Till in the Father's Kingdom
The heavenly feast is spread;
And we behold His beauty,
Whose blood for us was shed!

285 L.M.

JESUS, Thou joy of loving hearts,
Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of
men, [parts,
From the best bliss that earth im-
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee, Thou art
good,
To them that find Thee, all in all.

3 We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain
Head, [fill.
And thirst our souls from Thee to

4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we
see; [fast.
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and
bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away:
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

Evening and Closing Hymns

286 (S.S.) 370 8.7.

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal:
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and Thou canst
heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly;
Angel guards from Thee surround us:
We are safe if Thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

4 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!

287 (S.S.) 153 8.7.8.7.8.7.

LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace.
Oh, refresh us, oh, refresh us.
Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound.
Ever faithful, ever faithful
To the truth may we be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever, may we ever,
Reign with Christ in endless day.

288 8.8.7.D.

FATHER, in high heaven dwelling,
May our evening song be telling
Of Thy mercy large and free:
Through the day Thy love has fed us,
Through the day Thy care has led us,
With divinest charity.

2 This day's sins, oh pardon, Saviour,
Evil thoughts, perverse behaviour,
Envy, pride, and vanity:
From the world, the flesh, deliver—
Save us now, and save us ever,
O Thou Lamb of Calvary!

PUBLIC WORSHIP :

3 From enticements of the devil,
From the might of spirits evil,
Be our shield and panoply:
Let Thy power this night defend us,
And a heavenly peace attend us,
And angelic company.

4 Whilst the night-dews are distilling,
Holy Ghost, each heart be filling
With Thine own serenity:
Softly let the eyes be closing,
Loving souls on Thee reposing,
Ever blessed Trinity !

289 (S.S.)
366

8.7.

SILENTLY the shades of evening
Gather round my lonely door;
Silently they bring before me
Faces I shall see no more.

2 Oh, not lost, but gone before us !
Let them never be forgot:
Sweet their memory to the lonely;
In our hearts they perish not.

3 How such holy memories cluster,
Like the stars when storms are past;
Pointing up to that far heaven,
Where we hope to meet at last.

290 (C.C.)
269

8.7.

AT evening time may there be light,
While life's brief day is closing;
Then shall I fear no gathering night,
In Jesus' love reposing.

2 At evening time may there be light,
The light of life eternal;
The radiance of those mansions
In climes for ever vernal. [bright,

3 At evening time there shall be light,
Earth's day of storm is dying;
Sorrow and sadness take their flight,
There shall be no more sighing.

4 At evening time there shall be light,
The twilight skies adorning;
But oh, how fair the radiance bright
Of that swift-speeding morning.

291 (S.S.)
729

10s.

SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear name we
raise [of praise:
With one accord our parting hymn
We rise to bless Thee ere our worship
cease; [of peace.

And now, departing, wait Thy word
2 Grant us Thy peace upon our home-
ward way; [end the day;
With Thee began, with Thee shall

Guard Thou the lips from sin, the
hearts from shame, [Thy name.
That in this house have called upon

3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through
the coming night; [light;

Turn Thou for us its darkness into
From harm and danger keep Thy
children free, [Thee.

For dark and light are both alike to

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our
earthly life, [strife;

Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our
conflict cease, [peace.

Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal

292

P.M.

DAY is dying in the west,
Heaven is touching earth with rest;
Wait and worship while the night
Sets her evening lamps alight
Through all the sky.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts
Heaven and earth are full of Thee !
Heaven and earth are praising Thee,
O Lord most high!

2 Lord of life, beneath the dome
Of the universe, Thy home,
Gather us, who seek Thy face,
To the fold of Thy embrace,
For Thou art nigh.

3 While the deepening shadows fall,
Heart of Love, enfolding all,
Through the glory and the grace
Of the stars that veil Thy face,
Our hearts ascend.

4 When for ever from our sight
Pass the stars, the day, the night,
Lord of angels, on our eyes
Let eternal morning rise,
And shadows end.

293

P.M.

ONCE more at rest, my peaceful
thoughts are blending;

Once more, O Lord, Thy loving
smile I see;

For softly now the twilight shades
descending [alone with Thee.

Have closed, and left my heart

Still, still I hear Thy words of consolation
That gave me hope when I was sorely tried;
And since that hour of hallowed meditation,
Thy counsel, Lord, has been my only guide.

2 Once more at rest, my cares awhile
forsaking, [have won;
I thank Thee, Lord, for victories I

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PUBLIC WORSHIP :

- Put His loving arms around you;
God be with you till we meet again!
- 4 God be with you till we meet again !—
Keep love's banner floating o'er
you, [before you;
Smite death's threatening wave
God be with you till we meet again !

299

7s.

- JESUS, Saviour, on Thy breast
I would lay me down to rest;
While mine eyelids gently close,
Thou wilt grant me calm repose.
- May Thine angels vigil keep
While I lay me down to sleep.
- 2 Lord, this wayward heart forgive,
Teach me more like Thee to live;
Every evil thought subdue;
May Thy grace my strength renew.
- 3 When the day of life is past,
And the twilight comes at last,
When I cross the narrow sea,
I shall still abide in Thee.

300

S.M.

LORD, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears. Amen.

301 (S.S.)

(628)

L.M.

- GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be. [Thee,
- 3 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 Judgment Day.
- 4 Oh, let my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids
close; [make
Sleep, that shall me more vigorous
To serve my God when I awake.

302 (S.S.)

(616)

L.M.

SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide ee from Thy servant's
eyes !Th

- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought—How sweet to
For ever on my Saviour's breast ! [rest
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.
- 4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice Divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 5 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.

Prayer-Meetings and Revival

303 (S.S.)

(276)

P.M.

'Tis the blessèd hour of prayer, when
our hearts lowly bend,
And we gather to Jesus, our Saviour
and Friend; [tection to share,
If we come to Him in faith, His pro-
What a balm for the weary ! Oh,
how sweet to be there !

Blessèd hour of prayer !
Blessèd hour of prayer !
What a balm for the weary !
Oh, how sweet to be there !

- 2 'Tis the blessèd hour of prayer, when
the Saviour draws near,
With tender compassion His people
to hear; [feet every care,
When He tells us we may cast at His
What a balm for the weary ! Oh,
how sweet to be there !
- 3 'Tis the blessèd hour of prayer, when
the tempted and tried,
To the Saviour who loves them their
sorrows confide:
With a sympathising heart He re-
moves every care;
What a balm for the weary ! Oh,
how sweet to be there !
- 4 At the blessèd hour of prayer, if we
firmly believe [surely receive,
That the blessing we ask for we'll
In the fulness of delight we shall lose
every care;
What a balm for the weary ! Oh,
how sweet to be there !

304 (C.C.)
154

P.M.

- LET us sing of the wonderful mercy
of God, [care;
Of His constant protection and
Let our fervent devotions like incense
arise, [prayer.
When we gather before Him in
Let us praise and adore Him for all He hath
Let us tell of His goodness and care; [done,
Let our fervent devotions like incense arise,
When we gather before Him in prayer.
- 2 Let us sing of the wonderful gift of
His grace,
That to us He has tenderly shown;
In the blessed communion with Jesus
His Son, [throne.
That has brought us so near to His
- 3 Let us pray that His blessing may
follow us still, [shine;
That His light on our pathway may
And at last that our spirits made
perfect in Him
May inherit His kingdom divine.

305

D.C.M.

- PRAY on, pray on, believing ones,
God's promised word is sure,
That they shall overcome by faith
Who to the end endure;
Pray on, pray on; oh, weary not,
The cross with patience bear;
And though its burdens weigh us
down,
The Lord will answer prayer.
- 2 His eye foresees our greatest good,
While we at best are weak;
And thus in wisdom He withholds
The boon that oft we seek:
And yet His all-sufficient grace
He bids us freely share,
And in a way we little know
The Lord will answer prayer.
- 3 With anxious thoughts for those we
love
How oft our hearts are filled !
But soon the clouds are rolled away,
The troubled waves are stilled:
Then murmur not, but trust in Him
Who knows our every care—
And better far than we can ask,
The Lord will answer prayer.

306 (S.S.)
522

P.M.

“THERE shall be showers of bless-
This is the promise of love; [ing ”:
There shall be seasons refreshing,
Sent from the Saviour above.

Show - - ers of blessing,
--- Showers of blessing we need ;
Mercy-drops round us are falling,
But for the SHOWERS we plead.

- 2 “ There shall be showers of bless-
Precious reviving again; [ing ”—
Over the hills and the valleys,
Sound of abundance of rain.
- 3 “ There shall be showers of bless-
Send them upon us, O Lord! [ing ”:
Grant to us now a refreshing;
Come, and now honour Thy Word.
- 4 “ There shall be showers of bless-
ing ”, h all
Oh that to-day they might fall,
Now as to God we're confessing,
Now as on Jesus we call !

307

B.7.

GOD is here, and that to bless us
With the Spirit's quickening power ;
See, the cloud already bending
Waits to drop the grateful shower.

Let it come, . . O Lord, we pray Thee!
Let the shower . . of blessing fall ;
We are wait - - ing, we are waiting ;
Oh revive . . the hearts of all !

- 2 God is here ! we feel His presence
In this consecrated place ;
But we need the soul refreshing
Of His free, unbounded grace.
- 3 God is here ! oh, then believing,
Bring to Him our one desire,
That His love may now be kindled,
Till its flame each heart inspire.
- 4 Saviour, grant the prayer we offer
While in simple faith we bow ;
From the windows of Thy mercy
Pour us out a blessing now.

308

D.S.M.

- OH, welcome, hour of prayer !
So full of peace and rest !
Here we may cast our every care
Upon the Saviour's breast ;
We leave the world without,
To sit at Jesus' feet ;
His love can banish every doubt,
And make our joys complete.
- 2 We see each other's face,
And take each other's hand ;
We sing our hymns of saving grace,
And of the Better Land ;
And while we feast with Him
Who is the Truth, the Light,
May we again our lamps retrim,
To shine forth in the night.

PUBLIC WORSHIP :

3 Thrice welcome, precious hour,
Of faith, and hope, and love,
When we may feel the Spirit's power
Descending from above !
He dries the falling tears
That will, unbidden, start ;
He scatters all our anxious fears,
And fills each waiting heart.

4 O Thou that hearest prayer !
How sad this life would be—
How hard each heavy cross to bear,
Could we not come to Thee !
When faith seems lost in fear,
And hopes are dimmed by care,
In Thee we find refreshing cheer,
Thou blessed hour of prayer !

309 (S.S.) S.M.
(273)

REVIVE Thy work, O Lord !
Now to Thy saints appear !
Oh, speak with power to every soul,
And let Thy people hear !

Revive Thy work, O Lord ! . . .
While here to Thee we bow ; . . .
Descend, O gracious Lord, descend !
Oh come, and bless us now !

2 Revive Thy work, O Lord !
Exalt Thy precious name !
And may Thy love in every heart
Be kindled to a flame !

3 Revive Thy work, O Lord !
And bless to all Thy word !
And may its pure and sacred truth
In living faith be heard !

4 Revive Thy work, O Lord !
Give pentecostal showers !
Be Thine the glory, Thine alone !
The blessing, Lord, be ours !

310 (S.S.) L.M.
(186)

FAITH is a living power from heaven
Which grasps the promise God has
given ;

Securely fixed on Christ alone,
A trust that cannot be o'erthrown.

2 Faith finds in Christ whate'er we need
To save and strengthen, guide and
feed ;
Strong in His grace, it joys to share
His cross, in hope His crown to wear.

3 Faith to the conscience whispers peace,
And bids the mourner's sighing cease ;
By faith the children's right we claim,
And call upon our Father's name.

4 Such faith in us, O God, implant,
And to our prayers Thy favour grant,
In Jesus Christ, Thy saving Son,
Who is our fount of health alone.

311 (S.S.) L.M.
(142)

WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to the mercy-seat !

Yet who, that knows the worth of
But wishes to be often there ! [prayer,

2 Prayer makes the darkened clouds
withdraw,

Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour
bright ;

And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

312 S.M.

ONCE more, O Lord, we pray !

Put Thy strong armour on ;

Strike down the shield of Satan's
Let victory be won ! [power ;

Once more, O Lord, once more
Thy blessing we implore ;

In Thy great name let victory sweep
Through Zion's gates once more.

2 Lord Jesus, come to-day !
Let souls before Thee bow ;
Be this Thine hour of triumph, Lord ;
Oh, send salvation now !

3 Lord Jesus, come and reign !
Let error's empire fall ;
We long to see Thy glory shine,
And crown Thee Lord of all !

313 (S.S.) 6.6.6.6.8.8.
(717)

O THOU that hearest prayer !

Attend our humble cry ;

And let Thy servants share

Thy blessing from on high :

We plead the promise of Thy Word ;
Grant us Thy Holy Spirit, Lord !

2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry ;
If they, with love sincere,

Their children's wants supply :
Much more wilt Thou Thy love dis-
play,

And answer when Thy children pray.

3 Our heavenly Father Thou ;
We—children of Thy grace ;
Oh, let Thy Spirit now
Descend and fill the place :

That all may feel the heavenly flame,
And all unite to praise Thy name.

314 (S.S.) 8.8.8.4.
(724)

MY GOD, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to Thy feet—
The hour of prayer ?

2 Then is my strength by Thee renewed ;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven ;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude,
With hopes of heaven.

3 No words can tell what sweet relief
Here for my every want I find :
What strength for warfare, balm for
What peace of mind ! [grief,

4 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear ;
My spirit seems in heaven to stay ;
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

5 Lord, till I reach yon blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee.

315

FOR the tempted, Lord, we pray ;
For the souls that go astray ;
Weak and weary, tempest-tost,
Stars all hid, and compass lost ;
Sailors on the dangerous seas—
God of love, we pray for these.

2 For the tempted, Lord, we pray ;
Thou didst make them, Thine are
When alluring forms are nigh, [they ;
When a thousand voices cry,
Loud and clear above them all
Let them hear Thy tender call.

3 For the tempted, Lord, we pray ;
For the souls that go astray,
Beaten back by storm and sleet,
Scorned by all they chance to meet ;
On them let Thy mercy shine,
Still remember they are Thine.

4 For the tempted, Lord, we pray ;
Dust and ashes—such are they !
Hear them while they make their
moan ;

Thou canst save, and Thou alone :
See, their feet are on the sands ;
Christ of Calvary, hold their hands.

316 (C.C.) 8.7.8.7.
(209)

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross we spend ;

Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before His cross to lie,
While we see Divine compassion
Beaming in His gracious eye.

3 Love and grief our hearts dividing,
With our tears His feet we bathe,
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.

4 For Thy sorrows we adore Thee,
For the pains that wrought our
peace,
Gracious Saviour, we implore Thee
In our souls Thy love increase.

317 (C.C.) 6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.
(36)

FATHER, before Thy throne
My soul would bow ;
Ne'er have I asked in vain,
Oh, hear me now :
Hear Thou the prayer I make,
Answer for Jesus' sake ;
Bid faith and love awake
Within my heart.

2 Father, this heart of mine,
Which now I bring,
Lies down before Thy feet,
A guilty thing ;
Kindle its altar fire,
Then hope and zeal inspire ;
Wake Thou its silent lyre
In praise to Thee.

3 Thou art our dwelling-place
In every age ;
In Thy sweet love we trace
Our heritage—
Our refuge from the storm,
Our shelter safe and warm ;
Help us our vows perform,
Father Divine.

318 (S.S.) D.L.M.
(48)

SWEET hour of prayer ! sweet hour
of prayer !

That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known.
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer !

2 Sweet hour of prayer ! sweet hour of
prayer !
Thy wings shall my petition bear

PUBLIC WORSHIP :

To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless ;
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of
prayer !

3 Sweet hour of prayer ! sweet hour of
prayer !

May I thy consolation share, [height,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty
I view my home and take my flight.
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize ;
And shout, while passing through the
air, [prayer ! ”

“ Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of

319 (^{S.S.}₁₁₇)

8.7.D.

WHAT a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear !
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer !
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer !

2 Have we trials and temptations ?
Is there trouble anywhere ?

We should never be discouraged ;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a Friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness—
Take it to the Lord in prayer !

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care ?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee ?
Take it to the Lord in prayer ;
In His arms He'll take and shield
Thou wilt find a solace there. [thee,

320 (^{N.B.}₈₂)

P.M.

'Tis the hallowed hour of prayer,
And we trustingly bring
All our doubtings and our fears
To our Saviour and King ;
For we know that He delights
A glad welcome to give,
And the blessings that we ask for
We shall fully receive.

Precious hour of prayer !
Hallowed hour of prayer !
Sacred season of communion,
It is sweet to be there !

2 'Tis the precious hour of prayer,
And we humbly entreat :
Father, breathe the Spirit now,
As we bow at Thy feet ;
Touch our lips with power of song ;
Fill our souls with Thy love,
And bestow the benediction
Of Thy peace from above.

3 'Tis the sacred hour of prayer,
Calm as heaven above ;
Soul to soul is breathing here
The communion of love ;
Every heart is sweetly filled
With a peace most profound ;
Oh, the place is like to heaven
Where such true joys abound.

321 (^{C.C.}₉₉)

D.O.M.

How sweet the hour of praise and
When our devotions blend, [prayer,
And on the wings of faith divine,
Our songs of joy ascend !
'Tis then we hear in tones more clear
The gracious promise given,
That, though we part from friends on
earth,
We all shall meet in heaven.

We all shall meet in heaven at last,
We all shall meet in heaven ;
Through faith in Jesus' precious blood,
We all shall meet in heaven.

2 How sweet the tie of hallowed love
That binds our hearts in one ;
When gathered in the blessed name
Of Christ, the Father's Son !
And though the parting soon may
Yet in His Word is given [come,
The blessed hope that by and by
We all shall meet in heaven.

3 Yes, soon our worn and weary feet
Will reach the golden strand,
Where those we love our coming wait
In yonder summer land ;
A few more days, a few more years,
By storm and tempest driven,
With songs and everlasting joy,
We all shall meet in heaven.

322 (^{S.S.}₈₆₉)

S.M.

O LORD, Thy work revive,
In Zion's gloomy hour ;
And make her dying graces live
By Thy restoring power.

2 Awake Thy chosen few
To fervent, earnest prayer ;
Again may they their vows renew,
Thy blessed presence share

- 3 Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of feeble clay;
And hearts of adamant will break,
And rebels will obey.
- 4 Lord, lend Thy gracious ear;
Oh, listen to our cry;
Oh come, and bring salvation here:
Our hopes on Thee rely.

323

S.M.

- LORD GOD, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all Thy power.
- 2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.
- 3 The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above,
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.
- 4 Spirit of Light, explore
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day!

324

P.M.

- LORD, we gather in Thy name;
May we now Thy promise claim;
Grant Thy presence from above,
And fill our souls with love.
- Lord, we come on bended knee,
Looking up by faith to Thee:
Thou, on whom we cast our care,
Bless this hour of prayer!
- 2 Welcome hour that ever brings
Peace and gladness on its wings;
Hallowed rest and calm repose
Thy tranquil joy bestows.
- 3 Now to us Thy grace impart,
Nearer draw each waiting heart;
Consecrate us all Thine own,
While here before Thy throne.

325 (S.S.)

6.4.8.4.8.6.6.4.

- HERE from the world we turn,
Jesus to seek;
Here may His loving voice
Tenderly speak!
Jesus, our dearest Friend,
While at Thy feet we bend,
Oh, let Thy smile descend!
'Tis Thee we seek.
- 2 Come, Holy Comforter,
Presence divine.

Now in our longing hearts
Graciously shine;
Oh for Thy mighty power!
Oh for a blessed shower,
Filling this hallowed hour
With joy divine!

- 3 Saviour, Thy work revive,
Here may we see
Those who are dead in sin
Quickened by Thee;
Come to our hearts' delight,
Make every burden light,
Cheer Thou our waiting sight;
We long for Thee.

326 (S.S.)

(840)

C.M.

- COME, Thou Desire of all Thy saints!
Our humble strains attend;
While with our praises and com-
Low at Thy feet we bend. [plaints,
- 2 How should our songs, like those
With warm devotion rise! [above,
How should our souls, on wings of
Mount upward to the skies! [love,
- 3 Come, Lord! Thy love alone can
In us the heavenly flame; [raise
Then shall our lips resound Thy praise,
Our hearts adore Thy name.
- 4 Dear Saviour, let Thy glory shine,
And fill Thy dwellings here;
Till life, and love, and joy divine
A heaven on earth appear.

327 (S.S.)

(150)

C.M.

- OH for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe;
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe:
- 2 That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chastening rod;
But in the hour of grief or pain
Will lean upon its God:
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and
clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt—
- 4 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last spark is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up the dying bed.
- 5 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed
Of our eternal home! [bliss

PUBLIC WORSHIP :

328 (^{N.H.}₁) P.M.

HEAR us, O Saviour, while we pray,
Humbly our need confessing;
Grant us the promised showers to—
Send them upon us, O Lord ! [day—

Send showers of blessing; send showers
refreshing; [Lord, we pray !

Send us showers of blessing; send them,

2 Knowing Thy love, on Thee we call,
Boldly Thy throne addressing;
Pleading that showers of grace may
Send them upon us, O Lord ! [fall—

3 Trusting Thy Word that cannot fail,
Master, we claim Thy promise;
Oh that our faith may now prevail—
Send us the showers, O Lord !

329 (^{S.S.}₃₈₄) 7s.

JESUS, we Thy promise claim,
We are gathered in Thy name;
In the midst do Thou appear;
Manifest Thy presence here.

2 Sanctify us, Lord, and bless;
Breathe Thy Spirit, give Thy peace;
Come and dwell within each heart;
Light, and life, and joy impart.

3 Make us all in Thee complete,
Make us all for glory meet—
Meet t' appear before Thy sight;
Partners with the saints in light !

330 (^{S.S.}₆₈₉) 7s.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare;
Jesus loves to answer prayer:
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King:
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin—
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest—
Take possession of my breast, [tain,
There Thy blood-bought right main—
And without a rival reign.

5 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.

6 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.

331 (^{S.S.}₆₉₁)

LORD, we come before Thee now,
At Thy feet we humbly bow;
Oh, do not our suit disdain !
Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain ?

2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend:
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

3 In Thine own appointed way
Now we seek Thee; here we stay:
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.

4 Send some message from Thy Word
That may joy and peace afford;
Let Thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

5 Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope.

6 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind:
Heal the sick; the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

332 10.10.

PRAY, always pray; the Holy Spirit
pleads

Within thee all thy daily, hourly needs.

2 Pray, always pray; beneath sin's
heaviest load [that flowed.
Prayer sees the blood from Jesus' side

3 Pray, always pray, though weary,
faint, and lone, [ing throne.
Prayer nestles by the Father's shelter—

4 Pray, always pray; amid the world's
turmoil [nerves for toil.
Prayer keeps the heart at rest, and

5 Pray, always pray; if joys thy path-
way throng, [the angels' song.
Prayer strikes the harp, and sings

6 Pray, always pray; if loved ones pass
the veil, [that cannot fail.
Prayer drinks with them of springs

7 All earthly things with earth shall
fade away; [pray.
Prayer grasps eternity: pray, always

333 C.M.

LORD, teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear;
Though dust and ashes in Thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.

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PUBLIC WORSHIP :

- 3 Waiting will not save me !
Helpless, guilty, lost, I lie ;
In my ear is Mercy's cry ;
If I wait I can but die :
Waiting will not save me !
- 4 Faith in Christ will save me !
Let me trust Thy weeping Son,
Trust the work that He has done ;
To His arms, Lord, help me run :
Faith in Christ will save me !

338 (S.S.)
499

P.M.

- SOMEONE will enter the pearly gate
By and by, by and by ;
Taste of the glories that there await :
Shall you ? shall I ? [gold,
Someone will travel the streets of
Beautiful visions will there behold,
Feast on the pleasures so long fore-
Shall you ? shall I ? [told :
- 2 Someone at last will his cross lay
By and by, by and by ; [down
Faithful, approved, shall receive a
Shall you ? shall I ? [crown :
Someone the glorious King will see,
Ever from sorrow of earth be free,
Happy with Him through eternity :
Shall you ? shall I ?
- 3 Someone will knock when the door is
By and by, by and by ; [shut—
Hear a voice saying, " I know you
Shall you ? shall I ? [not " :
Someone will call and shall not be
heard, [barred,
Vainly will strive when the door is
Someone will fail of the saint's re-
Shall you ? shall I ? [ward :
- 4 Someone will sing the triumphant
By and by, by and by ; [song
Join in the praise with the blood-
bought throng :
Shall you ? shall I ?
Someone will greet on the golden
shore [before,
Loved ones of earth who have gone
Safe in the glory for evermore :
Shall you ? shall I ?

339 (S.S.)
547

L.M.

- GOD calling yet ! shall I not hear ?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold
dear ?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumber lie ?
- Call - - ing yet, oh, hear Him !
Call - - ing yet, oh, hear Him !
God is calling yet ; oh, hear Him calling, calling !

Call - - ing yet, oh, hear Him !
Call - - ing yet, oh, hear Him !
God is calling yet ; oh, hear Him calling yet !

- 2 God calling yet ! shall I not rise ?
Can I His loving voice despise,
And basely His kind care repay ?
He calls me still ; can I delay ?
- 3 God calling yet ! and shall He knock,
And I my heart the closer lock ?
He still is waiting to receive ;
And shall I dare His Spirit grieve ?
- 4 God calling yet ! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live ?
I wait ; but He does not forsake :
He calls me still : my heart, awake !
- 5 God calling yet ! I cannot stay ;
My heart I yield without delay :
Vain world, farewell ! from thee I
part ; [heart.
The voice of God has reached my

340 (S.S.)
71

6.4.

- TO-DAY the Saviour calls :
Ye wanderers, come ;
Oh, ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam ?
- 2 To-day the Saviour calls :
Oh, listen now !
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.
- 3 To-day the Saviour calls :
For refuge fly ;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.
- 4 The Spirit calls to-day :
Yield to His power ;
Oh, grieve Him not away !
'Tis mercy's hour.

341 (N.H.)
8

75.

WHILE we pray, and while we plead,
While you see your soul's deep need,
While your Father calls you home,
Will you not, my brother, come ?

Why not now ? . . why not now ?
Why not come to Jesus now ?
Why not now ? . . why not now ? . .
Why not come to Jesus now ?

- 2 You have wandered far away,
Do not risk another day ;
Do not turn from God your face,
But to-day accept His grace.
- 3 In the world you've failed to find
Aught of peace for troubled mind ;
Come to Christ, on Him believe,
Peace and joy you shall receive.

4 Come to Christ, confession make;
Come to Christ and pardon take;
Trust in Him from day to day,
He will keep you all the way.

342

OUT of Christ, and yet so near,
That Thy heart His voice can hear,
Pleading still—O “Come to Me!
I have given My life for thee.”

Out of Christ, a slave to sin—
Rise, and let the Saviour in!
If thou bid Him longer wait,
Soon for thee 'twill be too late.

2 Out of Christ, a wanderer yet—
What if now thy sun should set?
And in darkness leave thy soul
To the tempter's dread control.

3 Yield to Him thy broken heart,
He will take thee as thou art;
Now His offered grace receive,
And no more the Spirit grieve.

343 (S.S.) 65

P.M.

THERE are angels hovering round,
There are angels hovering round,
There are angels, angels hovering

2 To carry the tidings home, etc. [round.

3 To the new Jerusalem.

4 Poor sinners are coming home.

5 And Jesus bids them come.

6 And children too may come.

7 All heaven is full of joy.

8 For Jesus loves to save.

9 Come, children, trust Him now.

344 (S.S.) 552

P.M.

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!

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

3 Wouldst thou find a Refuge
For thy soul oppressed?
Jesus kindly answers,
“I am thy rest.”

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

345 (S.S.) 341

B.7.

SINNER, how thy heart is troubled!
God is coming very near;
Do not hide thy deep emotion,
Do not check that falling tear.

Oh, be saved, His grace is free!
Oh, be saved, He died for thee!
Oh, be saved, He died for thee!

2 Jesus now is bending o'er thee,
Jesus lowly, meek, and mild:
To the Friend who died to save thee,
Wilt thou not be reconciled?

3 Art thou waiting till the morrow?
Thou may'st never see its light;
Come at once! accept His mercy:
He is waiting—come to-night!

4 With a lowly, contrite spirit,
Kneeling at the Saviour's feet,
Thou canst feel, this very moment,
Pardon—precious, pure, and sweet!

5 Let the angels bear the tidings
Upward to the courts of heaven!
Let them sing, with holy rapture,
O'er another soul forgiven!

346 (S.S.) 469

P.M.

NOT far, not far from the Kingdom,
Yet in the shadow of sin;
How many are coming and going!—
How few there are entering in!

How few there are entering in!
How few there are entering in!
How many are coming and going!—
How few there are entering in!

2 Not far, not far from the Kingdom,
Where voices whisper and wait;
Too timid to enter in boldly,
So linger still outside the gate.

3 Away in the dark and the danger,
Far out in the night and the cold;
There Jesus is waiting to lead you
So tenderly into His fold.

4 Not far, not far from the Kingdom,
'Tis only a little space;
But oh, you may still be for ever
Shut out from yon heavenly place!

347 (S.S.) 326

B.5.

OH come, sinner, come! 'tis mercy's
Here at Jesus' feet! [call;
Oh come, and, repenting, lay thy all
Down at Jesus' feet!

Oh, lay it down I lay it down!
Lay thy weary burden down;
Oh, lay it down, lay it down,
Down at Jesus' feet!

PUBLIC WORSHIP:

- 2 Oh come, and, believing, seek thy rest
Here at Jesus' feet!
Thy heart, with its heavy weight
Lay at Jesus' feet! [oppressed
- 3 Oh come, where thy faith can make
Here at Jesus' feet! [thee whole,
Oh come, and thy weary, troubled
Lay at Jesus' feet! [soul
- 4 Oh come! bless the Lord, there's
room for thee,
Here at Jesus' feet!
Thy burden of guilt, whate'er it be,
Lay at Jesus' feet!

348

8.8.8.8.

- WHY waitest thou, O burdened soul,
When Jesus now will make thee
whole?
Give up thy all to His control—
The Life, the Truth, the Way.
He is calling thee, gently calling thee;
He is calling thee, gently calling thee:
Oh, come and give Him now thy heart—
He is calling thee to-day.
- 2 Why waitest thou? why not believe?
His offered grace with joy receive;
How can you still the Spirit grieve?
Thou hast no time to stay.
- 3 Why waitest thou? the days are few,
And there is work for thee to do;
Forsake the wrong, the right pursue;
Arise! no more delay.

349 (S.S.) 333

8.8.D.

- COME, oh come, with thy broken
heart,
Weary and worn with care;
Come and kneel at the open door,
Jesus is waiting there:
Waiting to heal thy wounded soul,
Waiting to give thee rest:
Why wilt thou walk where shadows
Come to His loving breast! [fall?
- 2 Firmly cling to the blessed cross,
There shall thy refuge be;
Wash thee now in the crimson fount,
Flowing so pure for thee:
List to the gentle, warning voice!
List to the earnest call!
Leave at the cross thy burden now:
Jesus will bear it all.
- 3 Come and taste of the precious feast,
Feast of eternal love;
Think of joys that for ever bloom,
Bright in the life above:
Come with a trusting heart to God,
Come and be saved by grace;

Come, for He longs to clasp thee now
Close in His dear embrace.

350 (S.S.) 108

- I HAVE a Saviour, He's pleading in
glory, [earth-friends be few;
A dear loving Saviour, though
And now He is watching in tender-
ness o'er me: [Saviour too!
And oh, that my Saviour were your
For you I am praying, for you I am praying,
For you I am praying, I'm praying for you.
- 2 I have a Father: to me He has given
A hope for eternity, blessed and true;
And soon He will call me to meet
Him in heaven, [with me too!
But oh, may He lead you to go
- 3 I have a robe: 'tis resplendent in
whiteness, [view;
Awaiting in glory my wondering
Oh, when I receive it all shining in
brightness, [ceiving one too!
Dear friend, could I see you re-
- 4 I have a peace: it is calm as a river—
A peace that the friends of this
world never knew;
My Saviour alone is its Author and
Giver, [given to you!
And oh, could I know it was
- 5 When Jesus has found you, tell others
the story, [Saviour too;
That my loving Saviour is your
Then pray that your Saviour may
bring them to glory,
And prayer will be answered, 'twas
answered for you!

351 (S.S.) 297

7.8.9.8.

- 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?
- 2 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.
- 3 Do you not feel, dear brother,
His Spirit now striving within?
Oh, why not accept His salvation,
And throw off thy burden of sin?
- 4 Why do you wait, dear brother?
The harvest is passing away;
Your Saviour is longing to bless you:
There's danger and death in delay.

352 (S.S.)
(475)

P.M.

COME with thy sins to the fountain,
Come with thy burden of grief;
Bury them deep in its waters—
There thou wilt find a relief.

Haste thou away!—why wilt thou stay?
Risk not thy soul on a moment's delay;
Jesus is waiting to save thee,
Mercy is pleading to-day!

- 2 Come as thou art to the fountain—
Jesus is waiting for thee;
What though thy sins be like crim-
son?—
White as the snow they shall be!
- 3 These are the words of the Saviour:
They who repent and believe,
They who are willing to trust Him,
Life at His hands shall receive.
- 4 Come and be healed at the fountain—
List to the peace-speaking voice;
Over a sinner returning,
Now let the angels rejoice!

The Gospel Message

353

8.7.D.

OH, the precious gospel story,
How it tells of love to all!
How the Saviour in compassion
Died to save us from the Fall;
How He came to seek the lost ones,
And to bring them to His fold:
Let us hasten to proclaim it,
For the story *must* be told.

The story must be told, . . .
The story must be told;
That Jesus died for sinners lost,
The story must be told.

- 2 Oh, the blessed gospel story
Of His meek and lowly birth,
And the welcome of the angels
When they sang good-will to
earth;—
Of the cross on which He suffered,
As by prophets seen of old,—
Of His death and resurrection,
Let the story *now* be told.
- 3 Oh, the wondrous gospel story!
There is life in every word;
There is hope and consolation
Where the message sweet is heard;
Let us tell it to the weary,
And its beauties all unfold;
'Tis the only guide to heaven,
And the story *must* be told.

354 (S.S.)
(70)

P.M.

JESUS the water of life has given,
Freely, freely, freely; [live,
Come to that fountain, oh, drink and
Flowing for every sinner.

The Spirit and the Bride say, Come; freely,
freely, freely; [of the water of life.
And he that is thirsty, let him come, and drink
The fountain of life is flowing, flowing, freely
flowing; [you and for me.
The fountain of life is flowing, is flowing for

- 2 Jesus has promised a home in heaven,
Freely, freely, freely; [given
Treasures unfailing will there be
Freely to those that love Him.
- 3 Jesus has promised a robe of white,
Freely, freely, freely; [light,
Kingdoms of glory, and crowns of
Freely to those that love Him.
- 4 Jesus has promised eternal day,
Freely, freely, freely;
Pleasures that never shall pass away,
Freely to those that love Him.

355 (S.S.)
(205)

C.M.

COME, sing the gospel's joyful sound,
Salvation full and free;
Proclaim to all the world around
The year of jubilee!

Salvation! Salvation!
The grace of God doth bring;
Salvation! Salvation!
Through Christ our Lord and King.

- 2 Ye mourning souls, aloud rejoice;
Ye blind, your Saviour see! [voice:
Ye prisoners, sing with thankful
The Lord hath made you free!
- 3 With rapture swell the song again,
Of Jesus' dying love;
'Tis peace on earth, good-will to men,
And praise to God above!

356 (S.S.)
(381)

P.M.

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.

- 2 The Gospel bells invite us
To a feast prepared for all;

THE GOSPEL :

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."

- 3 The Gospel bells give warning,
As they sound from day to day,
Of the fate which doth await them
Who for ever will delay.
"Escape thou for thy life,
Tarry not in all the plain;
Nor behind thee look—oh, never,
Lest thou be consumed in pain."
- 4 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, [King.
Which is Christ the Lord" and

357 (S.S. 272)

P.M.

- SING them over again to me,
Wonderful words of Life !
Let me more of their beauty see,
Wonderful words of Life !
Words of life and beauty,
Teach me faith and duty !
Beautiful words I wonderful words I
Wonderful words of Life !
- 2 Christ, the blessèd One, gives to all
Wonderful words of Life !
Sinner, list to the loving call,
Wonderful words of Life !
All so freely given,
Wooing us to heaven !
- 3 Sweetly echo the gospel call !
Wonderful words of Life !
Offer pardon and peace to all !
Wonderful words of Life !
Jesus, only Saviour,
Sanctify for ever !

358

7.7.7.5.

- JESUS knocks : He calls to thee,
"Weary one, oh come to Me !"
He can save, and only He:
O - - pen wide the door !
O - - pen wide the door ! . . .
O - - pen wide the door ! . . .
He can save, and only He :
O - - pen wide the door ! . . .
- 2 Jesus knocks: He comes to save—
'Twas for thee His life He gave;
He hath triumphed o'er the grave:
O - - pen wide the door !

- 3 Jesus knocks, is knocking still:
Yield to Him at once thy will;
He with joy thy heart can fill:
O - - pen wide the door !
- 4 Jesus knocks, the moments fly;
While salvation yet is nigh,
Ere the Saviour passeth by,
O - - pen wide the door !

359 (S.S. 299)

10.6.

- OH, what a Saviour—that He died
for me ! [me free ;
From condemnation He hath made
"He that believeth on the Son," saith
"Hath everlasting life." [He,
"Verily, verily, I say unto you" ;
"Verily, verily," message ever new !
"He that believeth on the Son"—'tis true !—
"Hath everlasting life !"
- 2 All my iniquities on Him were laid,
All my indebtedness by Him was paid ;
All who believe on Him, the Lord
hath said,
"Have everlasting life."
- 3 Though poor and needy, I can trust
my Lord ; [His word ;
Though weak and sinful, I believe
Oh, glad message ! every child of
"Hath everlasting life !" [God
- 4 Though all unworthy, yet I will not
doubt ; [out :
For Him that cometh He will not cast
"He that believeth," oh, the good
news shout !
"HATH everlasting life !"

360 (N.H. 67)

C.M.

- O WANDERER from thy Father's house,
Why wilt thou longer roam ?
Return ! oh, hear the gentle voice
That bids thee now come home.
"The Spirit and the bride say, Come ! . . .
And let him that heareth say, Come ! . . .
And let him that is athirst come,
And whosoever will, let him take the water
of life freely."
- 2 To Jesus come—oh, trust His word,
And on His name believe ;
Forsake thy sins, and thro' His blood
Eternal life receive.
- 3 The gracious Saviour calls thee now
To feast upon His love ;
And of the living water drink,
And all His mercy prove.
- 4 The Church, His bride, invites thee
To own her risen Lord ; [now,
For, "Whosoever will may come."
Is God's eternal word.

361 (N.H.)
77

8s.

BEHOLD, behold the wondrous love,
That ever flows from God above;
Thro' Christ, His only Son, who gave
His precious blood our souls to save.

All praise and glory be unto Jesus,
For He hath purchased a full salvation;
Behold, how wondrous the proclamation,
"Whosoever will may come!"

- 2 Behold, a fountain in His side,
To all the world is opened wide;
Where all may come, by sin opprest,
And find in Him sweet peace and rest.
- 3 Behold Him now exalted high
Above the bright and starry sky;
Yet through His Word He calleth still,
"Come unto Me," whoever will.
- 4 Behold in Him the Living Way,
That onward leads to endless day;
Where, saved by grace, the ransomed
Lift up the everlasting song. [throng

362

L.M.

THY Saviour calls! oh, come and see
What things He hath prepared for
thee!

Life, love, and joy, from God on high,
By Christ Himself to thee brought
nigh.

"Him that cometh, him that cometh, him
that cometh to Me,
I will in no wise, I will in no wise, I will
in no wise cast out."

- 2 Thy Saviour calls! oh, can it be
That call has no sweet charm for
thee? [heed?
Wilt thou not turn and give Him
Wilt thou not think while He doth
plead?
- 3 Thy Saviour calls! He knows thy sin;
But trust Him now, He'll enter in:
And He thy heart will purify,
And every needed grace supply.

363 (N.H.)
114

P.M.

THERE'S a Stranger at the door:

Let . . . Him in! . . .

He has been there oft before:

Let . . . Him in! . . .

Let Him in ere He is gone;

Let Him in, the Holy One.

Jesus Christ, the Father's Son:

Let . . . Him in! . . .

- 2 Open now to Him your heart:

Let . . . Him in! . . .

If you wait He will depart:

Let . . . Him in! . . .

Let Him in: He is your Friend;
He your soul will sure defend:
He will keep you to the end:

Let . . . Him in! . . .

- 3 Hear you now His loving voice!

Let . . . Him in! . . .

Now, oh, now make Him your choice;

Let . . . Him in! . . .

He is standing at the door;

Joy to you He will restore,

And His name you will adore:

Let . . . Him in! . . .

- 4 Now admit the heavenly Guest:

Let . . . Him in! . . .

He will make for you a feast:

Let . . . Him in! . . .

He will speak your sins forgiven;

And when earth-ties all are riven,

He will take you home to heaven:

Let . . . Him in! . . .

364

P.M.

Is there a sinner awaiting

Mercy and pardon to-day? [him:

Welcome the news that we bring

"Jesus is passing this way!"

Coming in love and in mercy,

Pardon and peace to bestow,

Coming to save the poor sinner

From his heart-anguish and woe.

Jesus is passing this way . . .

To-day, . . . to-day; . . .

While He is near, O believe Him,

Open your heart to receive Him,

For Jesus is passing this way, . . .

Is passing this way to-day.

- 2 Brother, the Master is waiting,
Waiting to freely forgive;
Why not this moment accept Him,
Trust in His grace and live?
He is so tender and precious,
He is so near you to-day;
Open your heart to receive Him,
While He is passing this way.
- 3 Yes, He is coming to bless you
While in contrition you bow:
Coming from sin to redeem you,
Ready to save you now:
Can you refuse the salvation
Jesus is offering here?
Open your heart to admit Him,
While He is coming so near.

365 (S.S.)
688

7s.

HARK, my soul! it is the Lord;

'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word;

Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee—

"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

THE GOSPEL :

- 2 " I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy
wound; [right;
Sought thee wandering, set thee
Turned thy darkness into light.
- 3 " Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare ?
Yes ! she may forgetful be ;
Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 " Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above ;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 " Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done ;
Partner of My throne shalt be ;—
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me ? "
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint ;
Yet, I love Thee and adore ;
Oh for grace to love Thee more.

366 (S.S.) 379

A RULER once came to Jesus by night,
To ask Him the way of salvation and
light; [true and plain,
The Master made answer in words
" Ye must be born again ! "

" Ye must be born again ! " . .
" Ye must be born again ! " . .
I verily, verily say unto thee—
" Ye must be born again ! " . .

- 2 Ye children of men, attend to the word
So solemnly uttered by Jesus, the
Lord; [in vain :
And let not this message to you be
" Ye must be born again ! "
- 3 O ye who would enter this glorious
rest, [of the blest—
And sing with the ransomed the song
The life everlasting if ye would obtain,
" Ye must be born again ! "
- 4 A dear one in heaven thy heart yearns
to see, [ing for thee ;
At the beautiful gate may be watch-
Then list to the note of this solemn
" Ye must be born again ! " [refrain.

367 (N.H.) 2

8.7.

'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 !

- 2 He has made a full atonement,
Now His saving work is done ;
He has satisfied the Father,
Who accepts us in His Son.
- 3 Still upon His hands the nail-prints,
And the scars upon His brow ;
Our Redeemer, Lord, and Saviour,
In the glory standeth now.
- 4 But remember, this same Jesus
In the clouds will come again ;
And with Him His blood-bought
people
Evermore shall live and reign.

368

9.8.

WE never grow weary of telling
The story of Jesus our King ;
Who left the bright throne of His
glory, [bring.
And came His great treasures to

Oh, wonderful gift of the Gospel,
That each in our hearts may receive !
It offers to all free salvation,
And happy are they that believe.

- 2 We never grow weary of telling
His love to the poor and oppressed ;
And still He is tenderly calling,
" Come hither, ye weary, and
rest ! "
- 3 We never grow weary of telling
Of yonder bright mansions above ;
Where we shall behold our Redeemer,
And dwell in the smile of His love.

Invitation

369 (S.S.) 587

C.M.

THE Spirit and the bride say " Come ! "
And take the water of life !
Oh, blessed call !—good news to all
Who tire of sin and strife !

The Spi - - rit says " Come ! " . . The Bride
. . . says " Come ! " . . .
And take . . of the wa - - ter of life . . freely.
The Spi - - rit says " Come ! " . . The bride
. . . says " Come ! " . . .
And take . . of the wa - - ter of life . . . freely.

- 2 Let every one who hears, say " Come ! "
And joyful witness give ;
I heard the sound, the stream I
I drank, and now I live ! [found—
- 3 Ye souls who are athirst, forsake
Your broken cisterns first ;
Then come, partake : one draught
will slake
Your soul's consuming thirst.

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THE GOSPEL :

- It tells of benediction ;
Of pardon, grace, and peace ;
Of joy that hath no ending ;
Of love which cannot cease.
- 2 " Come unto Me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light."
Oh, loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night !
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way ;
But He has brought us gladness,
And songs at break of day.
- 3 " Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life."
Oh, cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife :
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long,
But He has made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.
- 4 " And whosoever cometh
I will not cast him out."
Oh, welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt :
Which calls us—very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless—
To come, dear Lord, to Thee !

375 (N.H.)
117

C.M.

- COME, weary one, and find sweet rest :
Jesus is passing by !
Come where the longing heart is blest,
And on His word rely.
- Pass - - ing by ! . . pass - - ing by ! . .
Hasten to meet Him on the way,
Jesus is passing by to-day !
Pass - - ing by ! . . pass - - ing by ! . .
- 2 Come, burdened one, bring all your
Jesus is passing by ! [care :
The love that listens to your prayer
Will " no good thing " deny.
- 3 Come, hungry one, and tell your
Jesus is passing by ! [need :
The Bread of Life your soul will feed,
And fully satisfy.
- 4 Come, contrite one, and seek His
Jesus is passing by ! [grace :
See in His reconciled face
The sunshine of the sky.

376 (S.S.)
130

8.7.4.

- COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power.
He is able ;
He is willing : doubt no more.

- 2 Now ye needy, come and welcome ;
God's free bounty glorify :
True belief and true repentance—
Every grace that brings you nigh—
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him :
This He gives you—
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and ruined by the Fall ;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all :
Not the righteous—
Sinners, Jesus came to call.
- 5 View Him prostrate in the garden,
On the ground your Maker lies !
On the bloody tree behold Him,
Hear Him cry before He dies,
" *It is finished !* "
Sinner, will not this suffice ?
- 6 Lo, th' incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of His blood ;
Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude :
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

377

P.M.

- STEP over the threshold, and wander
no more,
Oppressed with the burden of sin ;
Step over the threshold : why stand
at the door ?
The Healer is waiting within.
- Then come as thou art ; thy poor broken heart
Renewed by His Spirit shall be :
Step over the threshold : why stand at the door ?
Come in, there is mercy for thee.
- 2 Step o er the threshold : let faith be
thy guide
To Him, thy Physician so kind ;
Go wash in the fountain that flows
from His side, [find.
And health to thy soul thou shalt
- 3 Step over the threshold, repent and
believe,
And quickly thy burden will fall ;
Oh, touch but His garment, and thou
shalt receive
The pardon He offers to all.
- 4 Step over the threshold, no shelter
last thou ;
Thy refuge He offers to be :

Step over the threshold, and come to
Him now;
O lost one, He tarries for thee!

378 (S.S.)
319

L.M.

BEHOLD Me standing at the door,
And hear Me pleading evermore,
With gentle voice: Oh, heart of sin,
May I come in? may I come in?

Behold Me standing at the door,
And hear Me pleading evermore:
Say, weary heart, oppressed with sin,
May I come in? may I come in?

- 2 I bore the cruel thorns for thee,
I waited long and patiently:
Say, weary heart, oppressed with sin,
May I come in? may I come in?
- 3 I would not plead with thee in vain;
Remember all My grief and pain!
I died to ransom thee from sin:
May I come in? may I come in?
- 4 I bring thee joy from heaven above,
I bring thee pardon, peace, and love:
Say, weary heart, oppressed with sin,
May I come in? may I come in?

379 (S.S.)
398

11.9.

HAVE you been to Jesus for the
cleansing power? [Lamb?

Are you washed in the blood of the

Are you fully trusting in His grace
this hour? [Lamb?

Are you washed in the blood of the

Are you washed . . . in the blood, . . .

In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? . . .

Are your garments spotless? Are they white as
snow?

Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

- 2 Are you walking daily by the Saviour's
side? [Lamb?

Are you washed in the blood of the

Do you rest each moment in the
Crucified? [Lamb?

Are you washed in the blood of the

- 3 When the Bridegroom cometh will
your robes be white? [Lamb?

Pure and white in the blood of the

Will your soul be ready for the
mansions bright, [Lamb?

And be washed in the blood of the

- 4 Lay aside the garments that are
stained with sin, [Lamb!

And be washed in the blood of the

There's a fountain flowing for the
soul unclean— [Lamb!

Oh, be washed in the blood of the

380

7.5.7 5

ART thou troubled, sin-oppressed?
Come to Jesus now;
Wouldst thou find thy only rest?
Come to Jesus now.

Weary wanderer, come and see
What His grace will do for thee
Hear Him say, Come away,
Come, oh come to-day!

- 2 Day is fading in the west,
Come to Jesus now;
Lean thy head upon His breast—
Come to Jesus now.
- 3 He will all thy sins forgive,
Come to Jesus now;
Look to Him and thou shalt live;
Come to Jesus now.

381 (S.S.)
514

8.7

ONCE again the Gospel message
From the Saviour you have heard;
Will you heed the invitation?
Will you turn and seek the Lord?
Come believing! . . . come believing! . . .
Come to Jesus! look and live! . . .
Come believing! . . . come believing! . . .
Come to Jesus! look and live!

- 2 Many summers you have wasted,
Ripened harvests you have seen;
Winter snows by spring have melted,
Yet you linger in your sin.
- 3 Jesus for your choice is waiting;
Tarry not: at once decide!
While the Spirit now is striving,
Yield, and seek the Saviour's side.
- 4 Cease of fitness to be thinking;
Do not longer try to feel;
It is *trusting*, and not *feeling*,
That will give the Spirit's seal.
- 5 Let your will to God be given,
Trust in Christ's atoning blood;
Look to Jesus now in heaven,
Rest on His unchanging word.

382

P.M.

BELIEVE and receive the Saviour,
God's gift of love divine,
And Christ and heaven and glory
Shall evermore be thine.

Believe, and receive Him,
'Tis all that you have to do;
For He, your great Redeemer,
Has done all the rest for you.

- 2 Believe and receive the Saviour,
For you His blood was shed;
He took your sins upon Him,
And suffered in your stead.

THE GOSPEL :

- 3 Believe and receive the Saviour,
And ne'er from Him depart;
He'll set His mark in your forehead,
His seal upon your heart.
- 4 Believe and receive the Saviour,
Forth to the conflict go, [Spirit,
With the word, the sword of the
To meet the advancing foe.
- 5 Go forth in the Spirit's power,
And the all-prevailing name
Of Christ, the world's Redeemer,
His Gospel to proclaim.

383 (S.S.)
530

L.M.

- O WANDERING souls, why will you
roam
Away from God, away from Home?
The Saviour calls, oh, hear Him say—
“Whoever will” may come to-day!
“Whoever will!” “whoever will!”
“Whoever will” may come to-day;
“Whoever will” may come to-day,
And drink of the water of life.
- 2 Behold His hands extended now,
The dews of night are on His brow;
He knocks, He calls, He waiteth still:
Oh, come to Him, “whoever will!”
 - 3 In simple faith His word believe,
And His abundant grace receive;
No love like His the heart can fill;
Oh, come to Him, “whoever will!”
 - 4 The “Spirit and the bride say,
Come!” [home;
And find in Him sweet rest, and
Let him that heareth echo still
The blessed “Whosoever will!”

384

8.8.8.8.

- O WEARY heart, why seek in vain
The balm of rest from earth to gain,
While Jesus waits, your King to reign,
And all your sins forgive?
Awake, arise! no more delay;
He calls you now—His voice obey;
The loving words He speaks to-day,
Oh hear, and you shall live!
- 2 He calls again; on Him believe,
His gift of grace through faith receive;
Your truest Friend no longer grieve,
But haste your heart to give.
 - 3 To Jesus come, and at His feet
That precious name with praise
repeat; [sweet
Oh, trust Him now, and learn how
The peace His love will give.

385 (S.S.)
510

C.M.

- “Look unto Me, and be ye saved!”
Oh, hear the blest command!
Salvation full, salvation free,
Proclaim o'er every land!
“Look unto Me, . . . and be ye saved, . . .
All ye ends of the earth! . . .
For I am God; . . . there is none else: . . .
Look unto me, and be ye saved.” . . .
- 2 “Look unto Me,” upon the cross,
O weary, burdened soul;
’Twas there on Me thy sins were
Believe, and be made whole! [laid—
 - 3 “Look unto Me,” thy risen Lord,
In dark temptation’s hour;
The needful grace I’ll freely give,
To keep from Satan’s power.
 - 4 “Look unto Me,” and not *within*—
No help is *there* for thee:
For pardon, peace, and all thy need,
Look only unto ME!

386 (S.S.)
334

P.M.

- JESUS, Gracious One, calleth now to
“Come, O sinner, come!” [thee,
Calls so tenderly, calls so lovingly,
“Now, O sinner, come!”
Words of peace and blessing,
Christ’s own love confessing!
Hear the sweet voice of Jesus,
Full, full of love;
Calling tenderly, calling lovingly,
“Come, O sinner, come!”
- 2 Still He waits for thee, pleading
patiently,
“Come, oh come, to Me!”
“Heavy-laden one, I thy grief have
Come and rest in Me.” [borne,
Words with love o’erflowing,
Life and bliss bestowing!
 - 3 Weary, sin-sick soul, called so gra-
Canst thou dare refuse? [ciously,
Mercy offered thee, freely, tenderly,
Wilt thou still abuse?
Come, for time is flying!
Haste, thy lamp is dying!

387 (S.S.)
348

P.M.

- TAKE the wings of the morning,
speed quickly thy flight
To Jesus, thy Saviour, thy hope,
and thy light! [thee,
The fount of His mercy is open for
Go wash, and be cleansed in its
waters so free!
Fly away, fly away on the wings of the
morning! [Friend!
Fly away, fly away, to thy Saviour and

- 2 Fly away to thy Saviour, He waits to forgive; [shall live:
One look of His love, and thy spirit
Thy faith will secure thee His blessing
divine; [will be thine!
Go plead thou His merit, and peace
- 3 On the wings of the morning fly home
to His breast— [rest:
There only thy refuge, there only thy
The moments are precious, the noon-
tide is near; [not here!
Fly home to thy Saviour! oh, linger

388 (C.C.)
185.

8.7.

COME, oh, come, while Christ is call-
Linger not in paths of sin; [ing,
Sever every tie that binds you,
And the heavenly race begin.

Calling now, . . . calling now, . . .
Hear the Saviour calling now; . . .
Calling now, . . . calling now, . . .
Hear the Saviour calling now.

- 2 Come, oh, come, while Christ is
pleading;
Oh, what love His tones convey!
Will you slight His proffered mercy,
Will you longer from Him stray?
- 3 Come, oh, come, delay no longer,
For th' accepted time is now;
Yield, oh, yield yourself to Jesus,
And before His sceptre bow.

389 (S.S.)
24.

P.M.

"WHOSOEVER heareth!" shout, shout
the sound!

Send the blessed tidings all the world
around; [man is found,
Spread the joyful news wherever
"Whosoever will may come."

"Whosoever will!" "whosoever will!"
Send the proclamation over vale and hill;
'Tis a loving Father calls the wanderer
"Whosoever will may come." [home:

- 2 Whosoever cometh need not delay;
Now the door is open, enter while
you may; [Way:
Jesus is the True, the only Living
"Whosoever will may come."
- 3 "Whosoever will," the promise is
secure; [endure;
"Whosoever will," for ever shall
"Whosoever will," 'tis life for ever-
more:
"Whosoever will may come."

390 (S.S.)
477.

7s.

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 receiv - - eth sinful men ; . . .
Make the mes - - - sage clear and plain : ..
Christ receiveth sinful men.

- 2 Come: and He will give you rest;
Trust Him: for His word is plain;
He will take the sinfulest:
Christ receiveth sinful men.
- 3 Now my heart condemns me not,
Pure before the law I stand;
He who cleansed me from all spot,
Satisfied its last demand.
- 4 Christ receiveth sinful men,
Even me with all my sin;
Purged from every spot and stain,
Heaven with Him I enter in.

391 (S.S.)
197.

8.7.

"CALL them in"—the poor, the
wretched, [fold;
Sin-stained wanderers from the
Peace and pardon freely offer;
Can you weigh their worth with
gold? [weary,

"Call them in"—the weak, the
Laden with the doom of sin;
Bid them come and rest in Jesus;
He is waiting—"Call them in."

- 2 "Call them in"—the Jew, the Gen-
Bid the stranger to the feast; [tile;
"Call them in"—the rich, the noble,
From the highest to the least:
Forth the Father runs to meet them,
He hath all their sorrows seen;
Robe, and ring, and royal sandals,
Wait the lost ones—"Call them in."

- 3 "Call them in"—the little children,
Tarrying far away . . . away;
Wait—oh, wait not for to-morrow,
Christ would have them come to-
day.

Follow on! the Lamb is leading!
He has conquered—we shall win;
Bring the halt and blind to Jesus;
He will heal them—"Call them in."

- 4 "Call them in"—the broken-hearted,
Cowering 'neath the brand of
shame;
Speak Love's message, low and
tender—

'Twas for sinners Jesus came:
See! the shadows lengthen round us,
Soon the day-dawn will begin;
Can you leave them lost and lonely?
Christ is coming—"Call them in."

THE GOSPEL :

392 (S.S.)
64

C.M.

COME, every soul by sin oppressed,
There's mercy with the Lord;
And He will surely give you rest
By trusting in His word.

Only trust Him! only trust Him
Only trust Him now!
He will save you! He will save you!
He will save you now!

- 2 For Jesus shed His precious blood
Rich blessings to bestow;
Plunge now into the crimson flood
That washes white as snow.
- 3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way
That leads you into rest;
Believe in Him without delay,
And you are fully blest.
- 4 Come then, and join this holy band,
And on to glory go,
To dwell in that celestial land
Where joys immortal flow.

393 (N.H.)
111

P.M.

PRAISE be to Jesus, His mercy is free:
Mercy is free, mercy is free! [thee—
Sinner, that mercy is flowing for
Mercy is boundless and free!
If thou art willing on Him to believe:
Mercy is free, mercy is free!
Life everlasting thou mayest receive:
Mercy is boundless and free!

Jesus, the Saviour, is seeking for thee,
Seeking for thee, seeking for thee;
Lovingly, tenderly calling for thee,
Calling and seeking for thee!

- 2 Why on the mountains of sin wilt
thou roam? [home:
Gently the Spirit is calling thee
Art thou in darkness? oh, come to
the light: [night:
Jesus is waiting, He'll save you to-
- 3 Think of His goodness, His patience,
and love: [above:
Pleading thy cause with His Father
Come, and repenting, oh, give Him
thy heart: [thou art:
Grieve Him no longer, but come as
- 4 Yes, there is pardon for all who be-
lieve: [receive:
Come, and this moment a blessing
Jesus is waiting, oh, hear Him pro-
claim: [name:
Cling to His promise, believe on His

394 (C.C.)
183

S.S.S.S.

WILT thou not come, O soul opprest,
To Him who offers peace and rest?

While Jesus pleads, no longer stay;
He's calling thee to-day.

He is call - - ing, gently call - - ing,
Do not turn from Him away;
He is call - - ing, gently call - - ing,
He is calling thee to-day.

- 2 Wilt thou not heed the Saviour's
voice, [choice?
Believe His word, make Him thy
Accept His grace without delay;
He's calling thee to-day.
- 3 Oh, hear Him say, "Be not afraid,
On Me thy load of guilt was laid;"
"Come unto Me," "I am the Way;"
He's calling thee to-day.
- 4 O wandering one, no longer roam
Away from God, away from home;
The Spirit's voice at once obey;
He's calling thee to-day.

395 (N.H.)
49

D.L.M.

OUR life is like a stormy sea
Swept by the gales of sin and grief;
While on the windward and the lee
Hang heavy clouds of unbelief.
But o'er the deep a call we hear,
Like harbour bell's inviting voice;
It tells the lost that hope is near,
And bids the trembling soul rejoice.

"This way, this way, O heart opprest,
So long by storm and tempest driven;
This way, this way—lo! here is rest,"
Rings out the harbour bell of heaven.

- 2 Oh, let us now the call obey, [shore;
And steer our bark for yonder
Where still that voice directs the way,
In pleading tones for evermore.
A thousand life-wrecks strew the sea;
They're going down at every swell:
"Come unto me! Come unto me!"
Rings out th' assuring harbour bell.
- 3 O tempted one, look up, be strong!
The promise of the Lord is sure,
That they shall sing the victor's song,
Who faithful to the end endure.
God's Holy Spirit comes to thee,
Of His abiding love to tell;
To blissful port, o'er stormy sea, [bell.
Calls heaven's inviting harbour
- 4 Come, gracious Lord, and in Thy love
Conduct us o'er life's stormy wave;
Oh, guide us to the home above,
The blissful home beyond the
grave;
There, safe from rock, and storm, and
flood, [cease,
Our song of praise shall never

To Him who bought us with His
blood, [peace.
And brought us to the port of

396 (S.S.)
(464)

P.M.

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

Call - - ing to-day ! . . call - - ing to-day ! . .
Je - - - sus is call - - - ing, is tenderly calling
to-day !

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

3 Jesus is waiting, oh, come to Him
now—
Waiting to-day, waiting to-day !
Come with thy sins, at His feet lowly
bow ;
Come, and no longer delay !

4 Jesus is pleading : oh, list to His
voice— [day !
Hear Him to-day, hear Him to-
They who believe on His name shall
Quickly arise and away ! [rejoice ;

397 (S.S.)
(493)

C.M.

“ LOOK unto Me, and be ye saved ! ”
Look, men of nations all ;
Look, rich and poor ; look, old and
young ;

Look, sinners, great and small !
Look unto Him, and be ye saved !
O weary, troubled soul ;
Oh, look to Jesus while you may :
One look will make thee whole !

2 “ Look unto Me, and be ye saved ! ”
Look now, nor dare delay ;
Look as you are—lost, guilty, dead ;
Look while 'tis called to-day.

3 “ Look unto Me, and be ye saved ! ”
Look from your doubts and fears ;
Look from your sins of crimson dye,
Look from your prayers and tears

4 “ Look unto Me, and be ye saved ! ”
Look to the work all done ;
Look to the pierced Son of Man ;
Look, and your sins are gone !

398 (N.H.)
(79)

7.8.D.

NOT saved are we by trying,
From self can come no aid ;
'Tis on the Blood relying,
Once for our ransom paid.

'Tis looking unto Jesus,
The holy One and just ;
'Tis His great work that saves us—
It is not Try, but Trust !

It is not Try, but Trust !
It is not Try, but Trust !
'Tis His great work that saves us :
It is not Try, but Trust !

2 'Twas vain for Israel bitten
By serpents, on their way,
To look to their own doing,
That awful plague to stay ;
The only means for healing,
When humbled in the dust ;
Was of the Lord's revealing—
It was not Try, but Trust !

3 No deeds of ours are needed
To make Christ's merit more ;
No frames of mind, or feelings,
Can add to His great store ;
'Tis simply to receive Him,
The holy One and just ;
'Tis only to believe Him—
It is not Try, but Trust !

399

COME to the Saviour now !
He gently calleth thee ;
In true repentance bow,
Before Him bend the knee !
He waiteth to bestow
Salvation, peace, and love,
True joy on earth below,
A home in heaven above.
Come, come, come.

2 Come to the Saviour now !
Gaze on that cleansing tide—
Water and blood that flow
Forth from His wounded side.
Hark to the suffering One :
“ 'Tis finished ! ” now He cries ;
Redemption's work is done,
Then bows His head and dies.
Come, come, come.

3 Come to the Saviour now !
He suffered all for thee ;
And in His merits thou
Hast an unfailing plea :
No vain excuses frame,
For feelings do not stay ;
None who to Jesus came
Were ever sent away.
Come, come, come.

4 Come to the Saviour now !
Ye who have wandered far,
Renew your solemn vow,
For His by right you are.

THE GOSPEL :

Come, like poor wandering sheep
Returning to His fold—
His arm will safely keep,
His love will ne'er grow cold.
Come, come, come.

- 5 Come to the Saviour, all !
Whate'er your burdens be ;
Hear now His loving call—
" Cast all your care on Me."
Come, and for every grief
In Jesus you will find
A sure and safe relief,
A loving Friend and kind.
Come, come, come.

400 (N.H.)
(115)

P.M.

WHOEVER receiveth the crucified One,
Whoever believeth on God's only
Son, [have:
A free and a perfect salvation shall
For He is abundantly able to save.

My brother, the Mas - - - ter is calling for
thee ; . . . [drously free I . . .
His grace and His mer - - - cy are won-
His blood as a ran - - - som for sinners He
gave, . . .

And He is abun - - - dantly able to save.

- 2 Whoever receiveth the message of
God, [cleansing blood,
And trusts in the power of the soul-
A full and eternal redemption shall
have: [save.
For He is both able and willing to
- 3 Whoever repents and forsakes every
sin, [come in,
And opens his heart for the Lord to
A present and perfect salvation shall
have: [save.
For Jesus is ready this moment to

401 (S.S.)
(261)

8.5.8.3.

ART thou weary ? art thou languid ?
Art thou sore distress ? [coming,
" Come to Me," saith One ; " and
Be at rest ! "

- 2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide ? [prints,
" In His feet and hands are wound-
And His side."
3 Is there diadem as Monarch
That His brow adorns ?
" Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."
4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here ?
" Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

- 5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last ?
" Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan passed."
6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay ?
" Not till earth, and not till heaven,
Pass away."
7 Finding, following, keeping, strug-
Is He sure to bless ? [gling,
" Saints, Apostles, Prophets, Martyrs,
Answer—Yes ! "

402 (C.C.)
(226)

116.

PRESS onward, press onward, and,
trusting the Lord, [His Word ;
Remember the promise proclaimed in
He guideth the footsteps, directeth
the way, [obey !
Of all who confess Him : believe and
Believe and obey, believe and obey !
The Master is calling,—no longer delay !
The light of His mercy shines bright on the way
Of all who confess Him : believe and obey.

- 2 Press onward, press onward, if you
would secure [sure ;
The rest of the faithful, abiding and
The gift of salvation is offered to-day
To all who confess Him : believe and
obey !
3 Press onward, press onward, your
courage renew ; [in view ;
The prize is before you, the crown is
His love is so boundless, He'll never
say Nay [and obey !
To those who confess Him : believe

403 (C.C.)
(14)

P.M.

OVER the thorn and thistle,
Along the stony way,
From the Shepherd's care to the
desert bare,
There wandered a sheep one day ;
And a voice fell sadly from far
away : [love to stray ? "

- " My sheep, how long wilt thou
2 Over the thorn and thistle,
Along the stony way, [sped
With feet that bled, the Shepherd
To where the wanderer lay ;
He had heard it crying from far
away : [flock, I pray ! "
" Lord, bring me home to Thy
3 " Over the thorn and thistle,
Along the stony way, [Me,
I have sought for thee, now trust to
I'll bear thee home to-day.

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THE GOSPEL :

- 3 Come to Jesus ! cling to Him ;
He'll keep thee far from paths of sin ;
Thou shalt at last the victory win,
And He will welcome thee.
- 4 Come to Jesus ! do not stand :
The Father draws—'tis His com-
mand ; [hand,
And none shall pluck thee from His
No—that can never be !
- 5 Come to Jesus !—Lord, I come !
Weary of sin, no more I'd roam,
But with my Saviour be at home ;
I know He'll welcome me !

409 (S.S.) 189

6.5.

- LOOK away to Jesus, soul by woe
oppressed ; [Him and rest.
'Twas for thee He suffered, come to
All thy griefs He carried, all thy sins
He bore ; [more.
Look away to Jesus ; trust Him ever-
- 2 Look away to Jesus, soldier in the
fight ; [armour bright ;
When the battle thickens, keep thine
Though thy foes be many, though
thy strength be small, [all.
Look away to Jesus ; He will conquer
- 3 Look away to Jesus, when the skies
are fair : [ner, beware !
Calm seas have their dangers ; mari-
Earthly joys are fleeting, going as
they came ; [same.
Look away to Jesus ; evermore the
- 4 Look away to Jesus, 'mid the toil and
heat ; [Master's feet ;
Soon will come the resting at the
For the guests are bidden, and the
feast is spread ; [tread.
Look away to Jesus, in His footsteps
- 5 When, amid the music of the endless
feast, [shall not be least ;
Saints will sing His praises, thine
Then, amid the glories of the crystal
sea, [nity.
Look away to Jesus, through eter-

410 (S.S.) 186

11.8.

- OH, come to the Saviour, believe in
His name,
And ask Him your heart to renew :
He waits to be gracious, oh, turn not
away,
For now there is pardon for you.
Yes, there is pardon for you, . .
Yes, there is pardon for you ; . .
For Jesus has died to redeem you,
And offers full pardon to you.

- 2 The way of transgression that leads
unto death,
Oh, why will you longer pursue ?
How can you reject the sweet message
of love,
That offers full pardon to you ?
- 3 Be warned of your danger, escape to
the cross ;
Your only salvation is there :—
Believe, and that moment the Spirit
of grace
Will answer your penitent prayer.

411 (S.S.) 589

P.M.

- I'VE a message from the Lord, Halle-
lujah !
The message unto you I'll give ;
'Tis recorded in His Word, Halle-
lujah !
It is only that you " look and live."
" Look and live," . . . my brother, live ! . . .
Look to Jesus now and live ;
'Tis recorded in His Word, Hallelujah !
It is only that you " look and live ! "
- 2 I've a message full of love, Halle-
lujah !
A message, O my friend, for you ;
'Tis a message from above, Halle-
lujah !
Jesus said it—and I know 'tis true !
- 3 Life is offered unto thee, Hallelujah !
Eternal life thy soul shall have,
If you'll only look to Him, Halle-
lujah !
Look to Jesus, who alone can save.

412 (S.S.) 118

P.M.

- THIS loving Saviour stands patiently ;
Though oft rejected, calls again for
thee.
Calling now for thee, prodigal,
Calling now for thee :
Thou hast wandered far away,
But He's calling now for thee.
- 2 Oh, boundless mercy, free, free to all !
Stay, child of error, heed the tender
call.
- 3 Though all unworthy, come now,
come home ; [Lord, I come."
Say while He's waiting, " Jesus,

413 (S.S.) 596

P.M.

- COME to the Saviour, hear His loving
voice ! [true ;
Never will you find a Friend so
Now He is waiting, trust Him and
Tenderly He calleth you ! [rejoice,

Oh, what a Saviour standing at the door !
Haste while He lingers ; pardon now implore !
Still He is waiting, grieve His love no more :
Tenderly He calleth you.

- 2 Blest words of comfort, gently now
they fall, [Way ;
Jesus is the Life, the Truth, the
Come to the fountain, there is room
Jesus bids you come to-day. [for all,
3 Softly the Spirit whispers to thy
heart— [grace ;
Do not slight the Saviour's offered
Gladly receive Him, let Him not
depart—
Happy they who seek His face !

414 (S.S.) P.M.
458

- SOFTLY and tenderly Jesus is calling—
Calling for you and for me ;
Patiently Jesus is waiting and watch-
ing—
Watching for you and for me !
“ Come home ! . . . come home ! . . . ”
“ Ye who are weary—come home ! ”
Earnestly, tenderly Jesus is calling—
Calling, O sinner, “ come home I ”
2 Why should we tarry when Jesus is
pleading—
Pleading for you and for me ?
Why should we linger and heed not
His mercies—
Mercies for you and for me ?
3 Time is now fleeting, the moments
are passing—
Passing from you and from me ;
Shadows are gathering, deathbeds are
coming—
Coming for you and for me !
4 Oh 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 !

415 (S.S.) 11.10.
553

- Ho ! every one that is thirsty in spirit,
Ho ! every one that is weary and
sad ; [in Jesus,
Come to the fountain, there's fulness
All that you're longing for : come
and be glad !
“ I will pour water on him that is thirsty,
I will pour floods upon the dry ground :
Open your hearts for the gifts I am bringing ;
While ye are seeking Me, I will be found.”
2 Child of the world, are you tired of
your bondage ? [untrue ?
Weary of earth-joys, so false, so

Thirsting for God and His fulness of
blessing ?— [you !

- List to the promise—a message for
3 Child of the Kingdom, be filled with
the Spirit ! [can meet ;
Nothing but fulness thy longing
'Tis the enduement for life and for
service ; [sweet.
Thine is the promise, so certain, so

416 (S.S.) 7a.
686

- FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear,
Bursting on the ravished ear !
“ Love's redeeming work is done—
Come and welcome ! sinner, come !
2 “ Spread for thee, the festal board
See with richest bounty stored ;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Thou shalt be a child confessed,
Never from His house to roam ;
Come and welcome ! sinner, come !
3 “ Soon the days of life shall end—
Lo, I come—your Saviour, Friend !
Safe your spirit to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to My eternal home—
Come and welcome ! sinner, come ! ”

417 (S.S.) P.M.
123

- THE whole world was lost in the
darkness of sin,
The Light of the world is Jesus !
Like sunshine at noonday His glory
shone in,
The Light of the world is Jesus !
Come to the Light, 'tis shining for thee ;
Sweetly the Light has dawned upon me ;
Once I was blind, but now I can see :
The Light of the world is Jesus !
2 No darkness have we who in Jesus
abide,
The Light of the world is Jesus !
We walk in the Light when we follow
our Guide,
The Light of the world is Jesus !
3 Ye dwellers in darkness, with sin-
blinded eyes,
The Light of the world is Jesus !
Go, wash at His bidding, and light
will arise,
The Light of the world is Jesus !
4 No need of the sunlight in heaven,
we're told,
The Light of that world is Jesus !

THE GOSPEL :

The Lamb is the Light in the City
of Gold,
The Light of that world is Jesus!

418 (N.H.) 10s.
73

OUT on the mountain, sad and for-
saken, [see;
Lost in its mazes, no light canst thou
Yet in His mercy, full of compassion,
Lo! the Good Shepherd is calling to
thee Good

Calling to thee, calling to thee;
Jesus is calling, "Come unto Me!"
Calling to thee, calling to thee,
Hear the Good Shepherd calling to thee!

2 Far on the mountain, why wilt thou
wander? [be;

Darker and darker thy pathway will
Turn from thy roaming, fly from its
dangers, [to thee!
While the Good Shepherd is calling

3 Flee from thy bondage, Jesus will
help thee, [free;

Only believe Him, and thou shalt be
Wonderful mercy, boundless com-
passion: [thee!

Still the Good Shepherd is calling to

419 (S.S.) 7.8.
541

OH, hear the joyful message,
'Tis sounding far and wide:
Good news of full salvation,
Through Him, the Crucified;
God's Word is truth eternal;
Its promise all may claim,
Who look by faith to Jesus,
And call upon His name.

"Whosoever calleth, whosoever calleth,
Whosoever calleth on His name shall be saved!
Whosoever calleth, whosoever calleth,
Whosoever calleth on the Lord shall be saved"

2 Ye souls that long in darkness

The path of sin have trod,
Behold the light of mercy!
Behold the Lamb of God!
With all your heart believe Him,
And now the promise claim—
That none shall ever perish
Who call upon His name.

3 Ye weary, heavy-laden,

Oppressed with toil and care:
He waits to bid you welcome,
And all your burdens bear;
A precious gift He offers,
A gift that all may claim,
Who look to Him believing,
And call upon His name.

420 (N.H.)
116

8.8.8.8.

JUST as thou art, without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
Or meetness for the heavenly place,
O guilty sinner, come!

2 Burdened with guilt, wouldst thou be
blest?

Trust not the world, it gives no rest;
Christ brings relief to hearts opprest;
O weary sinner, come!

3 Come, leave thy burden at the cross,
Count all thy gains but empty dross;
His grace repays all earthly loss:
O needy sinner, come!

4 Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy burning tears;
'Tis Mercy's voice salutes thine ears:
O trembling sinner, come!

5 "The Spirit and the Bride say,
Come!"

Rejoicing saints re-echo, "Come!"
Who faints, who thirsts, who will,
may come:

The Saviour bids thee come!

421 (C.C.)
26

L.M.

WOULDST thou, O weary soul, be
blest?

In Christ the Lord thy Saviour see;
His grace alone can give thee rest,
And lo! He calleth, "Come to
Me!"

Oh, come to Me! . . . Oh, come to Me! . . .
The Saviour calleth, "Come to Me! . . .
Ye heavy la - - - den, come to Me, . . .
And I will give you rest."

2 He does not wait for greater worth,
Or more of holiness in thee;
He brings good news to all the earth,
And still He calleth, "Come to
Me!"

3 Hast thou not sinned ten thousand
times? [free;

His pardoning grace will set thee
Count unbelief the worst of crimes,
And trust thy Saviour's "Come to
Me!"

4 Eternal life is in His Word,
He asks thee now His child to be;
No sweeter sound was ever heard
Than His most gracious "Come to
Me!"

5 Be this thine answer now, and here:
"Since Thou hast kindly called for
Thy tender love dispels my fear; [me,
I come, I come O Lord, to Thee!"

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THE GOSPEL :

Come guilty, come wretched, come
just as you are, [repair.
All helpless and dying, to Jesus

- 3 The contrite in heart He will freely
receive; [age believe?
Oh, why will you not the glad mess-
If sin be your burden, why will ye
not come? [you come home.
'Tis you He makes welcome; He bids

427 (S.S.) P.M. 588

LOOK to the Saviour on Calvary's
tree—

See how He suffered for you and me;
Hark while He lovingly calls to thee,
“ Look, and thou shalt live ! ”

Look, and thou shalt live !
Look, and thou shalt live !
Look to the cross where He died for thee :
Look, and thou shalt live !

- 2 Hast thou a sin-burdened soul to
save ?

Life everlasting wouldst thou have ?
Jesus Himself a ransom gave :
Look, and thou shalt live !

- 3 Look to the Saviour who rose from
the tomb; [is room;
Haste now to Him, while there yet
His shining face will dispel thy
gloom :

Look, and thou shalt live !

- 4 Jesus on high lives to intercede,
He knows the weary sinner's need :
Surely thy footsteps He will lead :
Look, and thou shalt live !

Warning and Entreaty

428 (N.H.) P.M. 11

WHY do you linger, why do you stay,
In the broad road, that most danger-
ous way—

While right before you, narrow and
strait, [pearly gate ?

Is the bright pathway to heaven's

Narrow and strait, . . narrow and strait . .
Is the bright pathway to heaven's pearly gate.

- 2 Do you find pleasures lasting and
pure [less allure—

In the gay scenes that the thought-
While your Redeemer, with love so
great, [and strait ?

Points to the way that is narrow

- 3 Come, then, beloved, no longer stay;
Leave the broad highway, oh, leave
it to-day !

Make your decision—oh, do not
wait ! [and strait !
Take thou the pathway so narrow

429 (S.S.) 10s. 31

“ YET there is room ! ” The Lamb's
bright hall of song, [along :
With its fair glory, beckons thee
Room, room, still room !
Oh, enter, enter now !

- 2 Day is declining, and the sun is low ;
The shadows lengthen, light makes
haste to go.

- 3 The bridal hall is filling for the feast ;
Pass in ! pass in ! and be the Bride-
groom's guest :

- 4 It fills, it fills, that hall of jubilee !
Make haste, make haste ! 'tis not too
full for thee !

- 5 Yet there is room ! still open stands
the gate— [late :

The gate of love ; it is not yet too

- 6 Pass in ! pass in ! That banquet is
for thee :

That cup of everlasting love is free ;

- 7 All heaven is there ! all joy ! Go in,
go in ! [win :

The angels beckon thee the prize to

- 8 Louder and sweeter sounds the loving
call : [festal hall :

Come, lingerer, come ! enter that

- 9 Ere night that gate may close, and
seal thy doom :

Then the last, low, long cry, “ No
room, no room ! ”

No room, no room !
Oh, woful cry !—“ No room ! ”

430 (N.H.) L.M. 112

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 ?

- 2 Many are choosing Christ to-day,
Turning from all their sins away ;
Heaven shall their blessed portion be
Where will you spend Eternity ?

- 3 Leaving the strait and narrow way,
Going the downward road to-day,
What shall the final ending be—
Where will you spend Eternity ?

- 4 Turn, and believe this very hour,
Trust in the Saviour's grace and
power :

Then shall your joyous answer be,
Saved through a long Eternity !

Eternity ! Eternity !
Saved through a long Eternity !

431 (S.S.)
84

P.M.

NOTHING but leaves ! The Spirit
grieves

O'er years of wasted life ;
O'er sins indulged while conscience
O'er vows and promises unkept ; [slept,
And reaps, from years of strife,
Nothing but leaves ! nothing but
leaves !

2 Nothing but leaves ! No gathered
sheaves

Of life's fair ripening grain :
We sow our seeds ; lo, tares and
weeds,

Words, *idle* words, for earnest deeds :
Then reap, with toil and pain,
Nothing but leaves ! nothing but
leaves !

3 Nothing but leaves ! Sad memory
No veil to hide the past : [weaves
And as we trace our weary way,
And count each lost and misspent
We sadly find at last— [day,
Nothing but leaves ! nothing but
leaves !

4 Ah ! who shall thus the Master meet,
And bring but withered leaves ?
Ah ! who shall at the Saviour's feet,
Before the awful Judgment-seat,
Lay down, for golden sheaves,
Nothing but leaves, nothing but
leaves ?

432 (S.S.)
549

P.M.

AT the feast of Belshazzar and a
thousand of his lords,

While they drank from golden vessels,
as the Book of Truth records :

In the night, as they revelled in the
royal palace hall,

They were seized with consternation
—'twas the Hand upon the wall !

'Tis the hand of God on the wall ! . . .

'Tis the hand of God on the wall ! . . .

Shall the record be—" Found wanting ! "

Or shall it be—" Found trusting ! "

While that hand is writing on the wall ? . . .

2 See the brave captive, Daniel, as he
stood before the throng,

And rebuked the haughty monarch
for his mighty deeds of wrong ;

As he read out the writing—'twas the
doom of one and all,

For the kingdom now was finished—
said the Hand upon the wall !

3 See the faith, zeal, and courage, that
would dare to do the right,
Which the Spirit gave to Daniel—
'twas the secret of his might ;

In his home in Judea, or a captive in
the hall, [upon the wall !

He understood the writing of his God

4 So our deeds are recorded—there's a
Hand that's writing now :

Sinner, give your heart to Jesus—to
His royal mandate bow ;

For the day is approaching—it must
come to one and all,

When the sinner's condemnation will
be written on the wall !

433 (S.S.)
267

78.

TIME is earnest, passing by ;
Death is earnest, drawing nigh ;
Sinner, wilt thou trifling be ?
Time and death appeal to thee.

2 Life is earnest ; when 'tis o'er,
Thou returnest nevermore ;
Soon to meet eternity,
Wilt thou never serious be ?

3 God is earnest, kneel and pray
Ere thy season pass away ;
Ere be set His judgment-throne,
Vengeance ready, mercy gone.

4 Oh, be earnest ! death is near ;
Thou wilt perish lingering here :
Sleep no longer, rise and flee ;
Lo, thy Saviour waits for thee !

434 (N.H.)
27

P.M.

OH, list to the watchman crying :
Come, come away !

The arrows of death are flying :
Come, come to-day !

Come, come away ! Come, come away !
Jesus is gently calling : Come, come to-day !

2 The Spirit of God is pleading :
Come, come away !

The Saviour is interceding :
Come, come to-day !

3 The mercy of God is calling :
Come, come away !

How sweetly the words are falling
Come, come to-day !

4 The angels of God entreat you :
Come, come away !

The Father Himself will meet you ;
Come, come to-day !

435 ^(S.S.)
13

P.M.

COME home, come home !
You are weary at heart,
For the way has been dark,
And so lonely and wild :
O prodigal child !
Come home ; oh, come home !
Come . . . home ! . . .
Come, oh, come home ! . . .

2 Come home, come home !
For we watch and we wait ;
And we stand at the gate,
While the shadows are piled :
O prodigal child !
Come home ; oh, come home !

3 Come home, come home !
From the sorrow and blame,
From the sin and the shame,
And the tempter that smiled :
O prodigal child !
Come home ; oh, come home !

4 Come home, come home !
There is bread and to spare,
And a warm welcome there :
Then, to friends reconciled,
O prodigal child !
Come home ; oh, come home !

436

7.8.

OH, give thy heart to Jesus,
Thy weary heart of care ;
No friend can love so deeply ;
Go, find thy refuge there.
Oh, give thy heart to Jesus—
A balm for every care ;
Go, hide beneath His shadow ;
No storm can reach thee there.

2 Oh, trust the heart of Jesus,
Breathe all thy sorrows there ;
He loves to hear thy pleadings,
Thy humble, contrite prayer.

3 Go, hide thyself in Jesus ;
No foe can harm thee there ;
His hand will lift thy burdens,
And all thy sorrows bear.

4 Go, lean thy heart on Jesus,
Who sees each falling tear,
No friend so true and tender
Can soothe thy every fear.

437

P.M.

LIFE at best is very brief,
Like the falling of a leaf,
Like the binding of a sheaf :
Be in time !
Fleeting days are telling fast
That the die will soon be cast,

And the fatal line be passed :
Be in time !

Be in time ! . . . Be in time ! . . .
While the voice of Jesus calls you,
Be in time ! . . .
If in sin you longer wait,
You may find no open gate,
And your cry be just too late :
Be in time !

2 Fairest flowers soon decay,
Youth and beauty pass away ;
Oh, you have not long to stay :
Be in time !

While God's Spirit bids you come,
Sinner, do not longer roam,
Lest you seal your hopeless doom :
Be in time !

3 Time is gliding swiftly by,
Death and judgment draweth nigh,
To the arms of Jesus fly :
Be in time !

Oh, I pray you count the cost,
Ere the fatal line be crossed,
And your soul in hell be lost :
Be in time !

4 Sinner, heed the warning voice,
Make the Lord your final choice,
Then all heaven will rejoice :
Be in time !

Come from darkness into light ;
Come, let Jesus make you right ;
Come, and start for heaven to-night :
Be in time !

438

P.M.

LOOK not behind thee ; O sinner,
beware ! [there ;
Haste to the mountain, thy refuge is
Trust not the voices that lure thee to
stay ; [delay ?
Jesus is calling thee—then why still

List to the warning ! no longer remain !
Fly from the valley, escape from the plain !
Turn from the voices that lure thee to stay :
Angels are calling thee—then why still delay ?

2 Look not behind thee ; O lost one,
beware ! [and despair ?
Why dost thou linger 'twixt hope
Danger and darkness encompass thy
way : [delay ?
Jesus is calling thee—then why still

3 Look not behind thee, the tempter is
near ; [is clear :
Speed to the mountain, thy pathway
Jesus who loves thee is calling to-
day : [why still delay ?
Come to thy Father's house—oh,

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THE GOSPEL :

- 3 Despised and rejected, at length He
may leave thee:
What anguish and horror thy
bosom will rend !
Then haste thee, O sinner, while He
will receive thee !
“ The harvest is passing, the sum-
mer will end.”
- 4 The Saviour will call thee in judg-
ment before Him;
Oh, bow to His sceptre, and make
Him thy Friend;
Now yield Him thy heart, and make
haste to adore Him;
“ Thy harvest is passing, thy sum-
mer will end.”

443 (S.S.)
(386)

8.7.

- HAVE you any room for Jesus,
He who bore your load of sin ?
As He knocks and asks admission,
Sinner, 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 !
- 2 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 ?
- 3 Have you any time for Jesus,
As in grace He calls again ?
Oh, “ TO-DAY ” is “ time accepted,”
To-morrow you may call in vain.
- 4 Room and time now give to Jesus :
Soon will pass God's day of grace ;
Soon thy heart be cold and silent,
And thy Saviour's pleadings cease.

444

P.M.

- O WANDERER, come to the Father's
home !
Why wilt thou farther roam ?
There's joy and rest for the weary
In the Father's home. [breast
Then come to the Father's home ;
No longer sadly roam ;
There's joy and rest for the weary breast
In the Father's home.
- 2 Why linger away on the mountains
cold ? [roam ?
Why friendless and hopeless
There's bread to spare, and there's
In the Father's home. [room for all,
- 3 Oh come, and taste of the Father's
Return, no more to roam, [love !
For loved ones wait at the golden
Of the Father's home. [gate

- 4 Then come and rest in your Father's
Beneath its sheltering dome ; [house,
There's joy and peace that shall never
In the Father's home. [cease

445 (S.S.)
(310)

P.M.

- ONE there is who loves thee, waiting
still for thee ; [kind as He !
Canst thou yet reject Him ? none so
Do not grieve Him longer : come and
trust Him now ! [waitest thou ?
He has waited all thy days : why
One there is who loves thee : oh, receive Him
now ! [thou ?
He has waited all the day : why waitest
- 2 Tenderly He woos thee : do not slight
His call ; [give them all.
Though thy sins are many, He'll for-
Turn to Him, repenting : He will
cleanse thee now ! [waitest thou ?
He is waiting at thy heart : why
- 3 Jesus still is waiting : sinner, why
delay ? [away !
To His arms of mercy rise and haste
Only come believing, He will save
thee now ! [waitest thou ?
He is waiting at the door : why

446 (S.S.)
(450)

P.M.

- 'Tis the Saviour who would claim
Entrance to your heart :
Will you send your Lord away ?—
Will you say—“ Depart ! ” ?
He will all your trials share,
He will cleanse you from all sin.
'Tis your Saviour, 'tis your Saviour standing
Haste, and let Him in ! let Him in ! . [there : .
Lest He turn away, let Him in !
- 2 No one like the Saviour knocks
At the sinner's door ;
'Tis no stranger that implores,—
He has knocked before ;
He has often sought your heart :
Shall He cleanse it now from sin ?
- 3 Oh, how can you bid Him wait
Till another day,
When already Jesus weeps
At the long delay ?
'Twas for you that Jesus died,
And 'tis you He longs to win.

447 (N.B.)
(101)

8.5.6.2.

- IN the land of strangers,
Whither thou art gone,
Hear a far voice calling,
“ My son ! my son !
Welcome, wanderer ! welcome ! welcome back
to home ! [come home ! ”
Thou hast wandered far away : come home !

- 2 " From the land of hunger,
Fainting, famished, lone,
Come to love and gladness,
My son ! my son !
- 3 " Quit the haunts of riot,
Wasted, woe-begone ;
Sick at heart and weary,
My son ! my son !
- 4 " See the door still open !
Thou art still my own ;
Eyes of love are on thee,
My son ! my son !
- 5 " Far off thou hast wandered :
Wilt thou farther roam ?
Come ! and all is pardoned,
My son ! my son !
- 6 " See the well-spread table,
Unforgotten one !
Here is rest and plenty,
My son ! my son !
- 7 " Thou art friendless, homeless,
Hopeless, and undone ;
Mine is love unchanging,
My son ! my son ! "

448 (S.S.)
(236)

7.6.

ONLY a step to Jesus !
Then why not take it now ?
Come, and thy sin confessing,
To Him, thy Saviour, bow.

Only a step ! only a step !
Come, He waits for thee ;
Come, and thy sin confessing,
Thou shalt receive a blessing :
Do not reject the mercy
He freely offers thee.

- 2 Only a step to Jesus !
Believe, and thou shalt live ;
Lovingly now He's waiting,
And ready to forgive.
- 3 Only a step to Jesus !
A step from sin to grace ;
What has thy heart decided ?
The moments fly apace.
- 4 Only a step to Jesus !
Oh, why not come, and say—
" Gladly to Thee, my Saviour,
I give myself away " ?

449 (N.H.)
(88)

105.

TURN thee, O lost one, careworn and
weary, [ing to-day ;
Lo ! the Good Shepherd is plead-
Seeking to save thee, waiting to
cleanse thee : [delay !
Haste to receive Him—no longer

Tenderly calling, patiently pleading,
Hear the Good Shepherd calling to thee ;
Tenderly pleading, patiently calling,
Lovingly saying, " Come unto Me ! "

- 2 Still He is waiting: why wilt thou
perish ? [from the fold—
Though thou hast wandered so far
Yet with His life-blood He has re-
deemed thee ; [be told !
Wondrous compassion that cannot
- 3 List to His message, think of His
mercy ! [the tree ;
Sinless, yet bearing thy sins on
Perfect remission, life everlasting,
Through His atonement He offers
to thee.
- 4 Come in the old way, come in the
true way, [Door ;
Enter through Jesus, for He is the
He is the Shepherd, tenderly calling :
Come in thy weakness and wander
no more.

450 (S.S.)
(581)

P.M.

OH, what will you do with Jesus !
The call comes low and sweet ;
And tenderly He bids you
Your burdens lay at His feet ;
O soul, so sad and weary,
That sweet voice speaks to thee :
Then what will you do with Jesus ?
Oh, what shall the answer be ?

What shall the answer be ? What shall the
answer be ? [the answer be ?
What will you do with Jesus ? Oh, what shall

- 2 Oh, what will you do with Jesus ?
The call comes low and clear ;
The solemn words are sounding
In every listening ear ;
Immortal life's in the question,
And joy through eternity :
Then what will you do with Jesus ?
Oh, what shall the answer be ?
- 3 Oh, think of the King of Glory—
From heaven to earth come down ;
His life so pure and holy ;
His death, His cross, His crown ;
Of His divine compassion,
His sacrifice for thee :
Then what will you do with Jesus ?
Oh, what shall the answer be ?

451 (S.S.)
(582)

P.M.

WHERE hast thou built thine house,
Thy soul's eternal dwelling ?
Upon the treacherous sands of sin,
'Mid floods and tempests swelling ?

THE GOSPEL :

- Oh, build upon the Rock—the only sure foundation ; [of our salvation I
On Christ alone, the Corner-stone, the Rock
- 2 What wilt thou do when storms
Upon thy house are beating ? [sands
When from beneath, the treacherous
That held thee are retreating ?
- 3 Wait not until the floods,
With final shock appalling, [save
Shall come—and thou canst never
Thy ruined house from falling.

452 (S.S.)

P.M.

- “ALMOST persuaded” now to believe ;
“Almost persuaded” Christ to re-
Seems now some soul to say, [ceive ;
“Go, Spirit, go Thy way,
Some more convenient day
On Thee I’ll call.” [to-day ;
- 2 “Almost persuaded,” come, come
“Almost persuaded,” turn not away ;
Jesus invites you here,
Angels are lingering near,
Prayers rise from hearts so dear ;
O wanderer, come !
- 3 “Almost persuaded,” harvest is past !
“Almost persuaded,” doom comes at
“Almost” cannot avail ; [last !
“Almost” is but to fail !
Sad, sad, that bitter wail—
“Almost—but lost !”

453

P.M.

- No longer wait, my brother ; even
now [your heart ;
God’s Spirit seeks an entrance to
Come to the cross, and to the Saviour
bow ; [He depart.
Unbar the door : make haste, lest
O sinner, come to Christ, the living Way ;
Still He is pleading, why not come to-day ?
- 2 No longer wait, O sad and troubled
soul, [to all ;
His pardoning grace He offers free
O weary one, that grace will make
you whole : [Saviour’s call ?
Oh, why not hear the loving
- 3 No longer wait ; the Lord your God
hath said, [your heart” ;
“I will not strive for ever with
Oh come, ere yet the spark of life has
fled, [better part.
And thou hast failed to choose the

454 (C.C.)

IF Jesus should call you to-day, dear
friend,
To stand at His Judgment-seat,

And you knew that this hour your
life would end, [sweet ?
Would the summons be sad or
Oh, would . . . you be ready . . .
If Jesus should call you to-day ? . .
Oh, would . . . you be ready, . . .
Be ready His call to obey ? . .

- 2 If Jesus should call you to-day, to-day,
Oh, what would your answer be ?
Could you with rejoicing His voice
Be glad His dear face to see ? [ōbey,
- 3 Oh, would you be ready to lay life
If Jesus should come to-day ? [down,
Would you know there awaiteth for
you a crown
That never shall fade away ? [when
- 4 Be ready, be ready ! you know not
The summons to you may come.
When you shall be missed from the
haunts of men,
And enter your final doom.

455 (S.S.)

C.M.

- MAKE room for Jesus ! room, sad
Beguiled and sick of sin ; [heart !
Bid every alien guest depart,
Arise, and let Him in !
Make room, sad heart ! make room ! make
Bid alien guests depart ! [room !
Oh, let the Master in, sad heart !
Arise, and let Him in !
- 2 Make room for Jesus ! room ! make
His hand is at the door ; [room !
He comes to banish guilt and gloom,
And bless thee more and more.
- 3 Make room for Jesus ! soul of mine :
He waits response to-day ;
His smile is peace, His grace divine ;
Oh, turn Him not away !
- 4 Make room for Jesus ! By and by,
’Mid saints and seraphim,
He’ll welcome to His throne on high
The soul that welcomed Him.

456 (S.S.)

O.M.

- RETURN, O wanderer, now return !
And seek thy Father’s face !
Those new desires which in thee burn
Were kindled by His grace.
Return ! Return !
- 2 Return, O wanderer, now return !
He hears thy humble sigh ;
He sees thy softened spirit mourn
When no one else is nigh.—Return !
- 3 Return, O wanderer, now return !
Thy Saviour bids thee live ;
Go to His bleeding feet, and learn
How freely He’ll forgive.—Return !

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THE GOSPEL :

- 3 My path is lone, and weary are my feet, [to meet,
Mine eyes look up Thy loving smile
- 4 Thou wilt not spurn contrition's broken sigh; [humble cry,
Regard my prayer, and hear my

463 (S.S. 462)

C.M.

AFFLICTIONS, though they seem severe,
In mercy oft are sent;
They stopped the prodigal's career,
And caused him to repent.

"I'll not pine here for bread,
I'll not pine here for bread," he cries;
"Nor starve in foreign lands:
My father's house has large supplies,
And bounteous are his hands."

- 2 "What have I gained by sin," he said,
"But hunger, shame, and fear?
My father's house abounds in bread,
While I am starving here!"
- 3 "I'll go and tell him all I've done,
Fall down before his face;
Unworthy to be called his son,
I'll seek a servant's place."
- 4 His father saw him coming back;
He saw, he ran, he smiled,
And threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child!
- 5 "O father, I have sinned—forgive!"
"Enough!" the father said:
"Rejoice, my house; my son's alive,
For whom I mourned as dead!"
- 6 'Tis thus the Lord His love reveals,
To call poor sinners home;
More than a father's love He feels,
And welcomes all that come.

464 (S.S. 318)

8.7.8.7.

- TAKE me, O my Father, take me!
Take me, save me, through Thy
Son; [make me,
That which Thou wouldst have me,
Let Thy will in me be done. [ing,
Long from Thee my footsteps stray—
Thorny proved the way I trod;
Weary come I now, and praying,
Take me to Thy love, my God!
- 2 Fruitless years with grief recalling,
Humbly I confess my sin;
At Thy feet, O Father, falling,
To Thy household take me in.
Freely now to Thee I proffer
This repenting heart of mine;
Freely life and soul I offer,
Gift unworthy love like Thine.

- 3 Once the world's Redeemer, dying,
Bare our sins upon the tree;
On that Sacrifice relying,
Now I look in hope to Thee:
Father, take me! all forgiving,
Fold me to Thy loving breast;
In Thy love for ever living,
I must be for ever blest!

465 (C.C. 49)

G.M.

HAST thou no room within thy heart,
Where Jesus may abide?
And canst thou say to Him, Depart,
Who for thee bled and died?

Oh yes, there's room within my heart,
There's room, O Lord, for Thee:
Come in, and never more depart:
Come in; abide with me

- 2 No room for Him whose glory light,
In lowly manger laid, [bright,
Shone forth in heavenly mansions
Before the worlds were made!
- 3 I will, O Lord, unbar the door!
No longer stand outside;
But come within, and evermore
In my poor heart abide.
- 4 Abide with me; through all my days
Thy presence be my light;
Then shall my mouth show forth Thy
And I shall walk aright. [praise,
- 5 When comes at last the Judgment—
And I Thy face shall see, [day,
What joy supreme to hear Thee say,
"Come in! there's room for thee."

466 (S.S. 883)

P.M.

- OH, tender and sweet was the Master's
As He lovingly called to me: [voice
"Come over the line! it is only a
step—
I am waiting, My child, for thee!"
- "Over the line!" Hear the sweet refrain!
Angels are chanting the heavenly strain!
"Over the line"—why should I remain,
With a step between me and Jesus?
- 2 "But my sins are many, my faith is
small:" [clear:
Lo! the answer came quick and
"Thou needest not trust in thyself at
all;
Step over the line: I am here!"
- 3 "But my flesh is weak," I tearfully
"And the way I cannot see; [said,
I fear if I try I may sadly fail,
And thus may dishonour Thee!"

4 Ah, the world is cold, and I cannot go
Press forward I surely must: [back;
I will place my hand in His wounded
Step over the line, and *trust*. [palm,
"Over the line!" Hear the sweet refrain!
Angels are chanting the heavenly strain!
"Over the line" I *will not* remain;
I'll cross it and go to Jesus!

467

8.4.8.4

I COME, O blessèd Lord, to Thee I
come to-day;
I am no longer satisfied to stay away.
2 I will not wait until my life like Thine
shall grow; [I'll tell Thee so.
I'll come at once—I know I've sinned:
3 It is enough for me to know Thou
wilt receive [if I believe.
And cleanse my heart from every sin
4 Help me that I forget myself in loving
Thee; [reflected be.
And let Thine image on my heart
5 Oh, take me, Saviour crucified, and let
me prove [given have most of love.
That those who most have been for-

468 (S.S.)
(816)

6.5.

JESUS, I will trust Thee,
Trust Thee with my soul:
Guilty, lost, and helpless,
Thou canst make me whole.
There is none in heaven
Or on earth like Thee:
Thou hast died for sinners—
Therefore, Lord, for me.
In Thy love confiding,
I will seek Thy face,
Worship and adore Thee
For Thy wondrous grace.
Jesus, I will trust Thee,
Trust Thee with my soul!
Guilty, lost, and helpless,
Thou canst make me whole.
2 Jesus, I can trust Thee,
Trust Thy written Word;
Since Thy voice of mercy
I have often heard.
When Thy Spirit teacheth,
To my taste how sweet!
Only may I hearken,
Sitting at Thy feet.
3 Jesus, I do trust Thee,
Trust Thee without doubt;
"Whosoever cometh"
Thou "wilt not cast out:"
Faithful is Thy promise,
Precious is Thy blood—
These my soul's salvation,
Thou my Saviour God!

469 (C.C.)
(104)

LIKE a bird on the deep, far away
from its nest, [Thee;
I had wandered, my Saviour, from
But Thy kind, loving voice called me
home to Thy breast, [me!
And I knew there was welcome for
Welcome for me, Saviour, from Thee!
A welcome, glad welcome for me!
Now, like a dove, I rest in Thy love,
And find a sweet refuge in Thee.
2 I am safe in the Ark; I have folded
my wings
On the bosom of mercy Divine;
I am filled with delight by Thy
presence so bright,
And the joy that will ever be mine.
3 Now in Jesus I rest, and I dread not
the storm, [roll;
Though around me the surges may
I will look to the skies, where the day
never dies,
I will sing of the joy in my soul.

470 (S.S.)
(508)

P.M.

CHRIST is knocking at my sad heart;
Shall I let Him in?
Patiently knocking at my sad heart,
Oh, shall I let Him in?
Cold and proud is my heart with sin;
Dark and cheerless is all within:
Christ is bidding me turn unto Him;
Oh, shall I let Him in?
2 Shall I send Him the loving word?
Shall I let Him in?
Meekly accepting my gracious Lord,
Oh, shall I let Him in?
He can infinite love impart;
He can pardon this rebel heart:
Shall I bid Him for ever depart,—
Or shall I let Him in?
3 Yes, I'll open this proud heart's door;
I will let Him in!
Gladly I'll welcome Him evermore,
Oh yes, I'll let Him in!
Blessèd Saviour, abide with me;
Cares and trials will lighter be;
I am safe if I'm only with Thee;
Come in, O Lord, come in!

471

P.M.

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; [coming home.
By Thy grace I will be Thine: Lord, I'm

THE GOSPEL :

- 2 I've wasted many precious years:
Now I'm coming home;
I now repent with bitter tears:
Lord, I'm coming home.
- 3 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.
- 4 My soul is sick, my heart is sore:
Now I'm coming home;
My strength renew, my hope restore:
Lord, I'm coming home.

472 (S.S.)
585

C.M.

LIKE wandering sheep o'er mountains
Since all have gone astray; [cold,
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; . . .
No man cometh unto the Father but by Me."

- 2 Bewildered oft with doubt and care,
To God I fain would go; [there!"]
But while they cry, "Lo here! lo
The Truth how may I know?"
- 3 To Christ—the Way, the Truth, the
I come, no more to roam; [Life—
He'll guide me to my "Father's
To my Eternal home. [house,"

473 (S.S.)
82

8.8.8.8.

JUST as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to
O Lamb of God, I come! [Thee,

- 2 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!
- 3 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, re-
Because thy promise I believe, [lieve:
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 4 Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down:
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

474 (O.C.)
74

P.M.

ONCE more, my soul, thy Saviour,
through the Word,
Is offered full and free; [decide:
And now, O Lord, I must, I must
Shall I accept of Thee?

I will! . . . I will! . . . I will! God helping me
I will, O Lord, be Thine!
Thy precious blood was shed to purchase me—
I will be wholly Thine!

- 2 By grace I will Thy mercy now receive,
Thy love my heart hath won:
On Thee, O Christ, I will, I will be-
And trust in Thee alone! [lieve,
- 3 Thou knowest, Lord, how very weak
And how I fear to stray; [I am,
For strength to serve I look to Thee
alone—
The strength Thou must supply!
- 4 And now, O Lord, give all with us to-
The grace to join our song; [day
And from the heart to gladly with us
"I WILL to Christ belong!" [say:
- 5 To all who came, when Thou wast
here below
And said, "O Lord, wilt Thou?"
To them, "I will!" was ever Thy
We rest upon it now. [reply:

475 (S.S.)
10

S.M.

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.
- 2 Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure.
- 3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust
For earth and heaven above.
- 4 'Tis Jesus who confirms
The blessed work within,
By adding grace to welcomed grace,
Where reigned the power of sin.
- 5 And He the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.
- 6 All hail, atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the Gift of Christ our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness!

476 (S.S.)
327

JESUS, my Lord, to Thee I cry;
Unless Thou help me, I must die:
Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh,
And take me as I am!

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THE GOSPEL :

4 The mistakes of my life have been many,
And my spirit is sick with sin,
And I scarce can see for weeping,
But the Saviour will let me in.

481 (S.S.)
854

8.7.

LONB and weary, sad and dreary,
Lord, I would Thy call obey;
Thee believing, Christ receiving,
I would come to Thee to-day.

I am coming, I am coming,
Coming, Saviour, to be blest;
I am coming, I am coming,
Coming, Lord, to Thee for rest!

2 Thou, the Holy, Meek, and Lowly,
Jesus, unto Thee I come;
Keep me ever, let me never
From Thy blessed keeping roam.

Here abiding, in Thee hiding,
Seeks my weary soul to rest;
Till the dawning of the morning,
When I wake among the blest.

Be Thou near me, keep and cheer me,
Through life's dark and stormy
Turn my sadness into gladness, [way;
Turn my darkness into day.

482 (S.S.)
225

6s.

I STOOD outside the gate,
A poor, wayfaring child;
Within my heart there beat
A tempest loud and wild;
A fear oppressed my soul
That I might be *too late*!
And oh, I trembled sore,
And prayed outside the gate,
And prayed outside the gate.

2 "Oh, Mercy!" loud I cried,
"Now give me rest from sin!"
"I will!" a voice replied;
And Mercy let me in:
She bound my bleeding wounds,
And soothed my heart opprest;
She washed away my guilt,
And gave me peace and rest.

3 In Mercy's guise I knew
The Saviour long abused,
Who often sought my heart,
And wept when I refused.
Oh, what a blest return
For all my years of sin!—
I stood outside the gate,
And Jesus let me in.

483

7.6.

WHAT shall I do with Jesus?
I hear His pleading voice;

He asks that He may enter,
And make my heart rejoice.
The hand that's gently knocking
Bore cruel wounds for me;
And on His brow, so holy,
The thorn-marks yet I see.

What shall I do with Jesus?
For time is gliding by;
What shall I do with Jesus?
Eternity is nigh!

2 What shall I do with Jesus—
The Lamb of Calvary?
His wonderful salvation
He freely offers me:
His precious blood for cleansing,
The comfort of His love;
The glory of His blessing,
And life with Him above.

3 What shall I do with Jesus,
The King upon His throne?
He claims my full allegiance,
Redeemed me for His own.
Oh, deeply solemn question!
Lord, help me now decide,
And take Thee for my Saviour—
My Master, Friend, and Guide.

484 (S.S.)
181

D.S.M.

I WAS a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled:
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild:
They found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas He that loved my soul;
'Twas He that washed me in His
blood,
'Twas He that made me whole;
'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep;
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.

4 I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled;
But now I love my Saviour's voice,
I love, I love the fold.

I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam;
But now I love my Father's voice—
I love, I love His home.

485 (S.S.) 8.7.8.7.3.
58

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!

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father!
Sinful though my heart may be:
Thou might'st leave me, but the
rather [me!
Let Thy mercy fall on me—Even

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour,
Let me love and cling to Thee:
I am longing for Thy favour;
Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh, call
me—Even me!

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see:
Witnesses of Jesus' merit, [Even me!
Speak the word of power to me—

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so strong and bound-
less; [me!
Magnify them all in me—Even

6 Pass me not; Thy lost one bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;
While the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, oh, bless me—
Even me!

486 (S.S.) 7.
138

DEPTH of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God His wrath forbear?—
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood His grace,
Long provoked Him to His face;
Would not hearken to His calls,
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

3 Whence to me this waste of love?
Ask my Advocate above!
See the cause in Jesus' face,
Now before the throne of grace.

4 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows His wounds, and spreads His
God is love, I know, I feel; [hands;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

5 If I rightly read Thy heart,
If Thou all compassion art,
Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow,
Pardon and accept me now!

487 (N.H.)
40

P.H.

WE are coming home to Jesus,
We have heard His welcome voice;
We are trusting in His goodness.
In His mercy we rejoice.

We are coming . . . home, we are coming . . .
home, [light; . . .
We are coming from the darkness to the
We are coming . . . home, we are coming . . .
We are coming . . . home to-night. [home,

2 We are coming home to Jesus,
For He died that we might live;
He is willing to receive us,
He is waiting to forgive.

3 We are coming home to Jesus,
By the cross, our only way;
There He finished our redemption,
And we can no more delay.

488 (S.S.)
68

S.S.

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

Saviour, Saviour, hear my humble cry
And while others Thou art calling, do
not pass me by!

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

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

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

489

10.10.10.10.

WEARY of earth, and laden with my
sin, [in;
I look at heaven, and long to enter
But there no evil thing may find a
home, ["Come!"
And yet I hear a voice that bids me.

2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to
stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that throne
appear? [draw me near.

3 The while I fain would tread the
heavenly way,
Seems evil ever with me day by day;

THE GOSPEL :

- Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings
fall: [from all.]
“ Repent, confess, and thou art loosed
- 4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands outstretched to
draw me near, [atone,
And His the blood that can for all
And set me faultless there before the
Throne.
- 5 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me,
righteous Lord; [reward;
Thine all the merits, mine the great
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the
golden crown;
Mine the life won, and Thine the life
laid down.
- 6 Naught can I bring Thee, Lord, for
all I owe, [bestow:
Yet let my full heart what it can
Myself my gift, let my devotion
prove,
Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love.

490 (S.S.) 426

G.G.G.G.S.S.

- THE gospel of Thy grace
My stubborn heart has won;
For God so loved the world,
He gave His only Son,
That “ Whosoever will believe,
Shall everlasting life receive ! ”
- 2 The serpent “ lifted up ”
Could life and healing give,
So Jesus on the cross
Bids me to look and live;
For “ Whosoever will believe,
Shall everlasting life receive ! ”
- 3 “ The soul that sinneth dies : ”
My awful doom I heard ;
I was for ever lost,
But for Thy gracious word,
That “ Whosoever will believe,
Shall everlasting life receive ! ”
- 4 “ Not to condemn the world ”
The “ Man of Sorrows ” came ;
But that the world might have
Salvation through His name ;
For “ Whosoever will believe,
Shall everlasting life receive ! ”
- 5 “ Lord, help my unbelief ! ”
Give me the peace of faith,
To rest with childlike trust
On what Thy gospel saith,
That “ Whosoever will believe,
Shall everlasting life receive ! ”

491 (S.S.) 120

7s.

- HEAVENLY Father, bless me now,
At the cross of Christ I bow ;
Take my guilt and grief away,
Hear and heal me now, I pray.
Bless me now ! bless me now !
Heavenly Father, bless me now !
- 2 Now, O Lord, this very hour,
Send Thy grace and show Thy power ;
While I rest upon Thy word,
Come and bless me now, O Lord !
- 3 Now, just now, for Jesus’ sake,
Lift the clouds, the fetters break ;
While I look, and as I cry,
Touch and cleanse me ere I die.
- 4 Never did I so adore
Jesus Christ, Thy Son, before ;
Now the time ! and this the place !
Gracious Father, show Thy grace.

492 (S.S.) 262

7s.

- JESUS Christ is passing by,
Sinner, lift to Him thine eye ;
As the precious moments flee,
Cry, “ Be merciful to me ! ”
- 2 Jesus Christ is passing by,
Will He always be so nigh ?
Now is the accepted day,
Seek for healing while you may.
- 3 Lo ! He stands and calls to thee,
“ What wilt thou then have of Me ? ”
Rise, and tell Him all thy need ;
Rise—He calleth thee indeed.
- 4 “ Lord, I would Thy mercy see ;
Lord, reveal Thy love to me ;
Let it penetrate my soul,
All my heart and life control.”
- 5 Oh, how sweet ! the touch of power
Comes,—it is salvation’s hour ;
Jesus gives from guilt release,
“ Faith hath saved thee, go in peace ! ”

493 (S.S.) 382

C.M.

- FATHER, I stretch my hands to Thee ;
No other help I know :
If Thou withdraw Thyself from me,
Ah, whither shall I go ?
I do believe, I do believe
That Jesus died for me ;
And through His blood, His precious
I shall from sin be free. [blood,
- 2 What did Thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath ;
What pain, what labour, to secure
My soul from endless death !

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THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

498 (S.S.)
487)

P.M.

OUT of my bondage, sorrow, and
night,

Jesus, I come ! Jesus, I come !
Into Thy freedom, gladness, and light,
Jesus, I come to Thee !

Out of my sickness into Thy health,
Out of my want and into Thy wealth,
Out of my sin and into Thyself,

Jesus, I come to Thee !

2 Out of my shameful failure and loss,
Jesus I come ! Jesus, I come !
Into the glorious gain of Thy cross,
Jesus, I come to Thee !

Out of earth's sorrows into Thy balm,
Out of life's storm and into Thy calm,
Out of distress to jubilant psalm,
Jesus, I come to Thee !

3 Out of unrest and arrogant pride,
Jesus, I come ! Jesus, I come !
Into Thy blessed will to abide,
Jesus, I come to Thee !

Out of myself to dwell in Thy love,
Out of despair into raptures above,
Upward for aye on wings like a dove,
Jesus, I come to Thee !

4 Out of the fear and dread of the tomb,
Jesus, I come ! Jesus, I come !
Into the joy and light of Thy home,
Jesus, I come to Thee !

Out of the depths of ruin untold,
Into the peace of Thy sheltering fold,
Ever Thy glorious face to behold,
Jesus, I come to Thee !

499

S.S.S.S.S.S.S.S.

I WAS wandering, sad, and weary,
When the Saviour came unto me ;
For the paths of sin were dreary,
And the world had ceased to woo me :
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way :

"Wandering souls, O do come near Me ;
My sheep should never fear Me : [true !"
I am the Shepherd true, I am the Shepherd

2 At first I would not hearken,
But put off till the morrow,
Till life began to darken,
And I grew sick with sorrow :
Then I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way :

3 At last I stopped to listen—
His voice could ne'er deceive me—
I saw His kind eye glisten,
So anxious to relieve me :
Then I *knew* I heard Him say,
As He came along His way :

4 I thought His love would weaken
As more and more He knew me,
But it burneth like a beacon, [me ;
And its light and heat go through
And I ever hear Him say,
As He goes along His way :

Christian Fellowship

500

11.10.

ONE is our Master, the blessed Re-
deemer, [in Him ;

Strong is the bond that unites us
Oh may the love His own Spirit hath
kindled [grow dim.

Burn with a light that will never
Brethren in Jesus, let us be faithful,
Faithful to Him who is guiding our ways ;
True in allegiance and loving obedience,
Till in His glory hosannas we raise.

2 One is our Master ; with gladness
we'll serve Him,
"Doing the will" of the Lord
"from the heart,"

Knowing His strength is made perfect
in weakness— [impart.

All that is needful His grace will

3 One is our Master, the highest and
noblest, [same " ;
Yet in His tenderness always " the
Be it our honour to follow His
banner, [name.

Blessing for ever be unto His

4 One is our Master ; and happy those
servants, [may come ;
Watching and ready when'er He
Changed in His image, from "glory
to glory," [home.

Joyful reward in His kingdom and

501 (N.H.)
18)

P.M.

IN the heavenly pastures fair,
'Neath the tender Shepherd's care,
Let us rest beside the living stream to-
Calmly there in peace recline, [day ;
Drinking in the truth divine, [obey.

As His loving call we now with joy

Glorious stream of life eternal,
Beauteous fields of living green, . . .
Thou revealed within the Word
Of our Shepherd and our Lord,

By the pure in heart alone can they be seen . . .

2 Far from all the noise and strife
That disturb our daily life, [adore ;
Let us pause awhile in silence and
Then the sound of His dear voice
Will our waiting souls rejoice,
As He nameth us His own for ever-
more.

3 Oh, how good, and true, and kind,
Seeking His stray sheep to find,
If they wander into danger from His
Ever closely may we tread [side !
Where His holy feet have led ;
So at last with Him in heaven we
may abide.

502

C.M.

I WOULD commune with Thee, my
E'en to Thy seat I come: [God:
I leave my joys, I leave my sins,
And seek in Thee my home.

2 I stand upon the mount of God,
With sunlight in my soul ;
I hear the storms in vales beneath,
I hear the thunders roll ;

3 But I am calm with Thee, my God,
Beneath these glorious skies ;
And to the height on which I stand,
Nor storms nor clouds can rise.

4 Oh, this is life ! Oh, this is joy,
My God, to find Thee so !
Thy face to see, Thy voice to hear,
And all Thy love to know !

503 (C.C.
159)

C.M.

WALK in the light, so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.

2 Walk in the light, and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His
Who dwells in cloudless light en-
In whom no darkness is. [shrined,

3 Walk in the light—and sin abhorred
Shall not defile again ;
The blood of Jesus Christ the Lord
Shall cleanse from every stain.

4 Walk in the light, and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear ;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

5 Walk in the light, and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that light hath on thee shone,
In which is perfect day.

6 Walk in the light—thy path shall be
Peaceful, serene, and bright ;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee
And God Himself is Light.

504 (C.C.
52)

S.7.

SONS of God, beloved in Jesus !
Oh, the wondrous word of grace !

In His Son the Father sees us,
And as sons He gives us place.

Beloved, now are we the sons of God,
And it doth not yet appear what we shall be
But we know . . . that when He shall appear,
We know . . . that when He shall appear,
We shall be like Him ; we shall be like Him,
For we shall see Him as He is.

2 Blessèd hope, now brightly beaming,
On our God we soon shall gaze ;
And in light celestial gleaming,
We shall see our Saviour's face.

3 By the power of grace transforming,
We shall then His image bear ;
Christ His promised word performing,
We shall then His glory share.

505 (S.S.
562)

P.M.

PRAISE the Saviour, ye who know
Him ;
Who can tell how much we owe Him ?
Gladly let us render to Him
All we are and have.

2 " Jesus " is the name that charms us ;
He for conflicts fits and arms us ;
Nothing moves and nothing harms us,
When we trust in Him.

3 Trust in Him, ye saints, for ever ;
He is faithful, changing never ;
Neither force nor guile can sever
Those He loves from Him.

4 Keep us, Lord, oh, keep us cleaving
To Thyself, and still believing,
Till the hour of our receiving
Promised joys in heaven.

5 Then we shall be where we would be,
Then we shall be what we should be ;
Things which are not now, nor could
Then shall be our own. be,

506 (S.S.
80)

S.M.

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

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

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

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

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

507 (S.S.)
443

6.5.

ONWARD, upward, homeward ! joy-
fully I flee [Lord to be:
From this world of sorrow, with my
Onward to the glory; upward to the
prize; [the skies.
Homeward to the mansions far above
Onward to the glory ! upward to the prize!
Homeward to the mansions far above the skies !
2 Onward, upward, homeward ! here I
find no rest; [Saviour pressed.
Treading o'er the desert which my
Onward, upward, homeward ! I shall
soon be there; [grace, shall share.
Soon its joys and pleasures I, through
3 Onward, upward, homeward ! come
along with me; [company.
Ye who love the Saviour, bear me
Onward, upward, homeward ! press
with vigour on; [won.
Yet a little moment, and the race is

508 (S.S.)
453

P.M.

REJOICE in the Lord ! oh, let His
mercy cheer;
He sunders the bands that enthrall;
Redeemed by His blood, why should
we ever fear—
Since Jesus is our "all in all" ?
"If God be for us, if God be for us, if God
Who can be against us ? [be for us,
Who ? . . . who ? . . . who ? . . ."
Who can be against us, against us ?"
2 Be strong in the Lord ! rejoicing in
His might,
Be loyal and true day by day;
When evils assail, be valiant for the
right, [stay.
And He will be our strength and
3 Confide in His Word—His promises
so sure; [amen";
In Christ they are "yea and
Though earth pass away, they ever
shall endure,
'Tis written o'er and 'oer again.
4 Abide in the Lord : secure in His con-
'Tis life everlasting begun; [trol,
To pluck from His hand the weakest
trembling soul—
It never, never can be done !

509 (S.S.)
407

8.7.

WE are out on the ocean sailing,
Homeward bound we sweetly glide;
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To a home beyond the tide.

All the storms will soon be over,
Then we'll anchor in the harbour;
We are out on the ocean sailing
To a home beyond the tide.

- 2 Millions now are safely landed,
Over on the golden shore;
Millions more are on their journey,
Yet there's room for millions more.
- 3 Spread your sails, while heavenly
Gently waft our vessel on; [breezes
All on board are sweetly singing—
Free salvation is the song.
- 4 When we all are safely anchored,
We will shout—our trials o'er;
We will walk about the city,
And we'll sing for evermore.

510

10.8.

- THE dear old story of a Saviour's love
Is sweeter as the days go by;
The glad assurance of a home above
Is sweeter as the days go by.
We'll fill . . . the days with joy - - ful praise;
We'll sing as the happy moments fly ; . . .
The song of love to Him above
Grows sweeter as the days go by.
- 2 The sunbeams shining from the living
light
Are brighter as the days go by;
The stars of promise cheering sor-
row's night
Are brighter as the days go by.
 - 3 Hope's anchor, holding in the stormy
Is stronger as the days go by; [strife,
We feel the throbbings of immortal
life
Grow stronger as the days go by.
 - 4 The peace that Jesus gives to us anew
Is deeper as the days go by;
The prospects opening to the Chris-
tian's view
Are grander as the days go by.

511

P.M.

- COME, let us all unite to sing:
God is love ! God is love !
While heaven and earth their praises
God is love ! God is love ! [bring:
Let every soul from sin awake,
Each in his heart sweet music make,
And sweetly sing for Jesus' sake:
God is love ! God is love !
- 2 Oh, tell to earth's remotest bound:
God is love ! God is love !
In Christ is full redemption found:
God is love ! God is love !
His blood can cleanse our sins away;
His Spirit turns our night to day.

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THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

6 Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But oh, eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise !

516 (S.S.) 636

C.M.

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take !
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

517 (C.C.) 199

10s.

GOD will take care of you, be not
afraid,

He is your safeguard through sun-
shine and shade; [own,
Tenderly watching and keeping His
He will not leave you to wander alone.

God will take care of you still to the end ;
Oh, what a Father, Redeemer, and Friend !
Jesus will answer whenever you call ;
He will take care of you ; trust Him for all !

2 God will take care of you through all
the day, [your way ;
Shielding your footsteps, directing
He is your Shepherd, Protector, and
Guide. [waters glide.

Leading His children where still

3 God will take care of you, long as you
live, [give ;
Granting you blessings no other can
He will take care of you when time is
past, [at last.
Safe to His kingdom will bring you

518

P.M.

HE leadeth His own with a gentle
hand,

A wonderful Saviour have we !
Oh, where is the friend that on earth
we can find

So full of compassion as He ?

Won - - - derful Saviour, won - - - derful Saviour
Watching so tenderly o'er us !
Shedding bright sunshine before us ;

Glo - - ry, hon - - our, and praise . . to His name !

2 He leadeth His own with a gentle
hand,

Whenever we faint by the way ;
How precious the blessings that fall
from His throne,

Like dew at the close of the day !

3 He leadeth His own with a gentle
hand,

And when we are sorrow-oppressed,
He gathers us under the shade of His
love,

And there on His bosom we rest.

4 He leadeth His own with a gentle
hand,

And oh, when our journey is o'er,
What rapture in Eden to sit at His
feet, [more !

And praise Him when time is no

519 (S.S.) 292

11s.

OH, safe to the Rock that is higher
than I, [would fly ;

My soul in its conflicts and sorrows
So sinful, so weary, Thine, Thine
would I be; [ing in Thee.

Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hid-

Hiding in Thee, hiding in Thee,
Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in Thee.

2 In the calm of the noontide, in sor-
row's lone hour, [its power ;

In times when temptation casts o'er me
In the tempests of life, on its wide,
heaving sea, [ing in Thee.

Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hid-

3 How oft in the conflict, when pressed
by the foe, [out my woe ;

I have fled to my Refuge and breathed
How often when trials like sea-billows
roll, [of my soul.

Have I hidden in Thee, O Thou Rock

520 (N.H.)
121

HIDE me, O my Saviour, hide me
In Thy holy place;
Resting there beneath Thy glory,
Oh, let me see Thy face.

Hide . me ! . hide . me ! .
O blessèd Saviour, hide me !
O . Saviour, keep . me
Safely, O Lord, with Thee !

- 2 Hide me, when the storm is raging
O'er life's troubled sea;
Like a dove on ocean's billows,
Oh, let me fly to Thee !
- 3 Hide me, when my heart is breaking
With its weight of woe;
When in tears I seek the comfort
Thou canst alone bestow.

521

8.7.

IN the shadow of the Highest
My defence shall ever be,
For His eye, that never sleepeth,
Still is watching over me.

I am dwell - - - ing in the shadow . . .
Of the migh - - - ty King of kings ; . . .
With His feath - - - ers I am covered, . . .
And I rest . . . beneath His wings. . . .

- 2 In the shadow of the Highest
I am safe from dread alarms,
For beneath me and around me
Are His everlasting arms.
- 3 In the shadow of the Highest,
There no evil can befall—
He's my Hope, my Shield, and Buck-
My Deliverer and my All. [ler,

522 (S.S.)
131

8.7.

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.

- 2 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.
- 3 All the way my Saviour leads me;
Oh, the fulness 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 !

523

8.7.

LEAD me now and lead me ever,
Lest my feet should turn aside
From the path of love and duty, [died.
From the Cross where Thou hast
Lead me now and lead me ever,
Till beyond the crystal sea,
Through the bright and shining portals,
I shall come and dwell with Thee.

- 2 Thou the great and only centre
Of my love and highest praise,
Let my soul, revolving round Thee,
Catch Thy pure, celestial rays.
- 3 Keep me, Lord, for well Thou
knowest
How I need Thy grace divine, [me,
From the thoughts that oft beguile
Still to shield this heart of mine.

524 (S.S.)
57

8.7.4.

GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer, [shield.
Be Thou still my strength and
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee !

525

10a.

THOU art my Rock, O blessèd Re-
deemer, [hide;
Thou art my Refuge where I may
Thou art my Rock to shelter and
bless me;
Ever in Thee I safely abide.

- Thou art my Rock, . . . O blessèd Redeemer, . . .
Thou art my Friend, . . . and Thou art my
Guide ; . . .
Thou art my Hope, . . . and Thou art my
Saviour, . . . [hide. . . .
Thou art my Trust ; . . . in Thee will I

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 2 Thou art my Rock when sin is invit-
ing, [near;
Thou art my Rock when trial is
Thou art my Rock when sorrow is
smiting, [should I fear ?
Thou art my Rock; why then
- 3 Thou art my Rock, temptations defy-
ing, [and sure;
Thou art my Friend unchanging
Wholly on Thee my soul is relying,
Ever to keep me faithful and pure.
- 4 Thou art my Rock; when kingdom
and nation, [to dust;
Ruler and crown, have crumbled
Thou shalt remain my Rock of
salvation,
Rock everlasting, Thee will I trust.

526 (S.S.)

(739)

115.

- How firm a foundation, ye saints of
the Lord, [Word !
Is laid for your faith in His excellent
What more can He say, than to you
He hath said— [fled ?
To you, who for refuge to Jesus have
- 2 “ Fear not, I am with thee; oh, be
not dismayed ! [thee aid;
For I am thy God, I will still give
I’ll strengthen thee, help thee, and
cause thee to stand, [hand.
Upheld by My gracious, omnipotent
- 3 “ When through the deep waters I
call thee to go, [flow,
The rivers of sorrow shall not over-
For I will be with thee, thy trials to
bless, [distress.
And sanctify to thee thy deepest
- 4 “ When through fiery trials thy path-
way shall lie, [supply:
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy
The flame shall not hurt thee: I only
design [to refine.
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold
- 5 “ E’en down to old age all My people
shall prove [love;
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable
And then, when grey hairs shall their
temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in My
bosom be borne.
“ The soul that on Jesus hath leaned
for repose, [foes;
I will not—I will not desert to its
That soul—though all hell should
endeavour to shake— [sake ! ”
I’ll never—no, never—no, never for-

527

O.M.

- THOU art, O Lord, my Hiding Place;
My soul beneath Thy care
May fold its wings in perfect peace,
And fear no danger there.
My Hiding Place, my Hiding Place,
When stormy billows roll ;
My Rock, my Hope, my sure Defence,
The Anchor of my soul.
- 2 Thou art, O Lord, my Hiding Place
From storm and tempest wild;
For naught can harm the humblest
one
Whom Thou hast made Thy child.
- 3 Thou art, O Lord, my Hiding Place
From strong temptation’s power;
For Thou hast promised by Thy grace
To keep me hour by hour.
- 4 Thou art, O Lord, my Hiding Place:
My life is hid with Thee;
Lord, Thou art mine, and I am Thine,
Through all eternity.

528 (C.C.)

(257)

P.M.

- LIKE a shepherd, tender, true,
Jesus leads, Jesus leads !
Daily finds us pastures new,
Jesus leads, Jesus leads !
Though the mists hang o’er the way,
Or the flock ’mid danger feeds,
He will watch them lest they stray—
Jesus leads, Jesus leads ! [leads !
- 2 All along life’s rugged road Jesus
Till we reach yon blest abode, Jesus
All the way, before, He’s trod, [leads !
And He now the flock precedes:
Safe into the fold of God Jesus leads !
- 3 Through the sunlit ways of life Jesus
leads ! [Jesus leads !
Through the warrings and the strife
When we reach the Jordan’s tide,
Where life’s boundary line recedes,
He will turn the waves aside—
Jesus leads, Jesus leads !

529 (S.S.)

(345)

P.M.

- DOWN in the valley with my Saviour
I would go,
Where the flowers are blooming and
the sweet waters flow;
Everywhere He leads me I would
follow, follow on,
Walking in His footsteps till the
crown be won.
Follow ! follow ! I would follow Jesus !
Anywhere, everywhere, I would follow on !
Follow ! follow ! I would follow Jesus !
Everywhere He leads me I would follow one

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THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

Sa - viour, . Sa - viour, .
Keep me near to Thee ; . . .
Lest I wander into danger,
Keep me, Saviour, near to Thee.

- 2 Leave me not, for darkness gathers
Round about the path I tread ;
Leave me not, but let thy footsteps
Ever by Thy hand be led.
- 3 Leave me not, for sin is near me ;
With temptation life is fraught ;
Then through all life's toilsome jour-
O my Saviour, leave me not ! [ney,

535

P.M.

IN the secret of His presence He will
hide me, [of care ;
From the burden of a weary world
Overshadowed by His mercy, calmly
resting,

My Redeemer will protect me there.

He will hide . . . me, . safely hide . . . me, .
Where no sorrow nor temptation can betide me ;
He will hide . . . me, . safely hide . . . me ; .
In the secret of His presence He will hide me.

- 2 In the secret of His presence He will
hide me, [He will show :
And the brightness of His glory
While He covers me with light as
with a garment, [know !
Oh the rapture that my heart will
- 3 In the secret of His presence He will
hide me, [less love ;
In the secret of His blessed, bound-
There communing and abiding with
my Saviour,
What a foretaste of the joys above !

536 (C.C.)

D.C.M.

THOU art my hiding-place, O Lord !
In Thee I put my trust ;
Encouraged by Thy holy Word,
A feeble child of dust :
I have no argument beside,
I urge no other plea ;
And 'tis enough my Saviour died,
My Saviour died for me !

- 2 When storms of fierce temptation
And furious foes assail, [beat,
My refuge is the mercy-seat,
My hope within the veil :
From strife of tongues and bitter
My spirit flies to Thee ; [words
Joy to my heart the thought affords—
My Saviour died for me !
- 3 And when Thine awful voice com-
This body to decay, [mands
And life in its last lingering sands
Is ebbing fast away—

Then, though it be in accents weak,
My voice shall call on Thee, [speak,
And ask for strength in death to
“ My Saviour died for me ! ”

537 (N.H.)

74.

SAVIOUR, lead me, lest I stray, . . .
Gently lead me all the way ; . . .
I am safe when by Thy side, . . .
I would in Thy love abide. . . .

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

- 2 Thou the refuge of my soul, . . .
When life's stormy billows roll, . . .
I am safe when Thou art nigh, . . .
On Thy mercy I rely. . . .
- 3 Saviour, lead me, till at last, . . .
When the storm of life is past, . . .
I shall reach the land of day, . . .
Where all tears are wiped away. . . .

538

8.7.

LEAD us, Heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea ;
Guide us, guard us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee ;
Yet possessing every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

- 2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us,
All our weakness Thou dost know ;
Thou didst tread the earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe ;
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.
- 3 Spirit of our God descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy ;
Love with every feeling blending,
Pleasures that can never cloy :
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

539 (S.S.)

L.M.

THE Lord's our Rock, in Him we
hide :

A shelter in the time of storm !
Secure whatever ill betide :

A shelter in the time of storm !

Oh, Jesus is a Rock in a weary land !
A weary land, a weary land ;
Oh, Jesus is a Rock in a weary land
A shelter in the time of storm !

- 2 A shade by day, defence by night :
A shelter in the time of storm !
No fears alarm, no foes affright :
A shelter in the time of storm !

- 3 The raging storms may round us beat :
 A shelter in the time of storm !
 We'll never leave our safe retreat,
 A shelter in the time of storm !
- 4 O Rock divine, O Refuge dear :
 A shelter in the time of storm !
 Be Thou our helper ever near,
 A shelter in the time of storm !

540

P.M.

- A WONDERFUL Saviour is Jesus, my
 A wonderful Saviour to me; [Lord,
 He hideth my soul in the cleft of the
 Where rivers of pleasure I see. [rock,
 He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock,
 That shadows a dry, thirsty land ;
 He hideth my life in the depths of His love,
 And covers me there with His hand.
- 2 A wonderful Saviour is Jesus, my
 He taketh my burden away; [Lord,
 He holdeth me up, and I shall not be
 moved,
 He giveth me strength as my day.
- 3 With numberless blessings each mo-
 ment He crowns, [divine,
 And, filled with His goodness
 I sing in my rapture, oh, glory to God
 For such a Redeemer as mine !
- 4 When clothed in His brightness,
 transported I rise
 To meet Him in clouds of the sky,
 His perfect salvation, His wonderful
 love, [high.
 I'll shout with the millions on

541

P.M.

- UNDER His wings I am safely abiding ;
 Though the night deepens and
 tempests are wild,
 Still I can trust Him—I know He
 will keep me; [His child.
 He has redeemed me, and I am
 Under His wings, under His wings,
 Who from His love can sever ?
 Under His wings my soul shall abide,
 Safely abide for ever.
- 2 Under His wings, what a refuge in
 sorrow ! [its rest !
 How the heart yearningly turns to
 Often when earth has no balm for
 my healing, [am blest.
 There I find comfort, and there I
- 3 Under His wings, oh, what precious
 enjoyment ! [are o'er ;
 There will I hide till life's trials
 Sheltered, protected, no evil can
 harm me ;
 Resting in Jesus I'm safe evermore.

542 (S.S.)
 95

L.M.

- HE leadeth me ! O blessed thought !
 O words with heavenly comfort
 fraught !
 Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
 Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.
 He leadeth me ! He leadeth me !
 By His own hand He leadeth me ;
 His faithful follower I would be,
 For by His hand He leadeth me.
- 2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest
 gloom, [bloom,
 Sometimes where Eden's bowers
 By waters calm, o'er troubled sea—
 Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.
- 3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in
 Nor ever murmur, nor repine; [mine,
 Content, whatever lot I see,
 Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.
- 4 And when my task on earth is done,
 When, by Thy grace, the victory's
 won,
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
 Since Thou through Jordan ledest
 me.

543 (S.S.)
 128

8.7

- PRECIOUS promise God hath given
 To the weary passer-by,
 On the way from earth to heaven,
 "I will guide thee with Mine eye."
 "I will guide thee, I will guide thee
 I will guide thee with Mine eye ;
 On the way from earth to heaven,
 I will guide thee with Mine eye."
- 2 When temptations almost win thee,
 And thy trusted watchers fly,
 Let this promise ring within thee :
 "I will guide thee with Mine eye."
- 3 When thy secret hopes have perished
 In the grave of years gone by,
 Let this promise still be cherished,
 "I will guide thee with Mine eye."
- 4 When the shades of life are falling,
 And the hour has come to die,
 Hear thy trusty Leader calling,
 "I will guide thee with Mine eye."

544

8.8.8.7.

- WHERE my Saviour's hand is guiding,
 And for all my wants providing—
 In His precious love confiding,
 I'll go with Him all the way.
 Where my Saviour leads I'll follow,
 Where my Saviour leads I'll follow,
 Where my Saviour leads I'll follow—
 I will follow all the way.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 2 Though my path be dark and dreary,
And my steps be faint and weary—
With His loving voice to cheer me,
I'll go with Him all the way. [me,
- 3 Though the ills of earth may wound
And the storms of life confound me—
With His loving arms around me,
I'll go with Him all the way.
- 4 When the ties of earth shall sever,
And He calls me home for ever—
To the loved beyond the river,
I'll go with Him all the way.

545 (S.S. 470)

P.M.

- O SOUL, tossed on the billows,
Afar from friendly land,
Look up to Him who holds thee
In "the hollow of His hand."
In the hollow of His hand!
In the hollow of His hand!—
Oh, how safe are all who trust Him,
In the hollow of His hand!
- 2 Though raging winds may drive thee
A wreck upon the strand,
Still cling to Him who holds thee
In "the hollow of His hand."
- 3 When strength is spent in toiling,
And wearily you stand,
Then rest in Him who holds thee
In "the hollow of His hand."
- 4 When by the swelling Jordan,
Your feet in sinking sand,
Remember still He holds thee
In "the hollow of His hand."
- 5 And when at last we're gathered
With all the ransomed band,
We'll praise our God who holds us
In "the hollow of His hand."

546 (N.H. 69)

P.M.

- LEAD to the shadow of the Rock of
Refuge my weary feet;
Give me the water from the life-stream
flowing
Clear, pure, and sweet.
- There from the billows and the tempest hiding,
Under the shelter of Thy love abiding,
Safe in the shadow of the "Rock of Ages,"
Joy shall be mine!
- 2 Lead to the shadow of the Rock
Eternal my heart opprest;
There in the secret of Thy holy
presence, calm shall I rest.
- 3 Lead to the shadow of the "Rock of
Ages"; oh, keep Thou me
Safe from the arrows of the world's
temptations, close, close to Thee!

547 (S.S. 375)

8.7

- 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 sha - - dow of His hand !
- 2 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.
- 3 Enemies may strive to injure,
Satan all his arts employ;
God will turn what seems to harm me
Into everlasting joy.
- 4 So, while here the cross I'm bearing,
Meeting storms and billows wild,
Jesus for my soul is caring, [chil .
Naught can harm His Father's

548 (S.S. 556)

P.M.

- THOU knowest, Lord, Thou knowest
all about me, [have trod;
And all the winding way my feet
And now Thou know'st I cannot go
without Thee, [swelling flood.
To guide me onward through the
- 2 Thou know'st my way—how lone,
how dark, how cheerless, [see:
If Thy dear hand I fail in all to
Bright with Thy smile of love, my
heart is fearless, [on Thee.
When in my weakness I can lean
- 3 Give me Thy presence! Go Thou,
Lord, before me,
Make a plain path where all is
rough and drear; [o'er me,
So let me trust the love that watches
And in the shadows still believe
Thee near.

549

P.M.

- SAVIOUR, hold me close to Thee,
Kept by the power of God;
Only this my trust shall be,
Kept by the power of God.
Sweetly kept "in perfect peace,"
When from fears He gives release;
Kept "through faith" till time shall cease,
Kept by the power of God.
- 2 Kept from every evil thing,
Kept by the power of God;
Underneath His sheltering wing,
Kept by the power of God.
- 3 Kept till earthly perils past,
Kept by the power of God;

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THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

554

P.M.

HE feedeth His flock like a Shepherd,
Where pastures are blooming and
fair ;

He gathers the lambs in His bosom,
And shelters them tenderly there.

He feed - - eth His flock, . . His flock . . . like a
Shepherd, [in His bosom ;

And ga - - thers the lambs, . . the lambs . . .

He feed - - eth His flock, . . His flock . . . like a
Shepherd, [in His bosom.

And ga - - thers the lambs, . . the lambs . . .

2 He feedeth His flock like a Shepherd ;
And when in the desert they roam,
He patiently follows their footsteps,
And leadeth them tenderly home.

3 He feedeth His flock like a Shepherd ;
The weakest His kindness may
claim ;

He never will leave nor forsake them
Who trust in His excellent name.

555 (S.S.) 427

P.M.

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 !

2 When walking on life's ocean,
Control its raging motion ;
When from its dangers shrinking,
When in its dread-deeps sinking,

3 When weight of sin oppresses,
When dark despair distresses,
All through the life that's mortal,
And when I pass death's portal,

556 (S.S.) 654

7c.

JESUS, Saviour, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea ;
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal ;
Chart and compass come from Thee :
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me !

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild ;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them " Be
still ! "

Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me !

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar

'Twixt me and the peaceful rest—
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
" Fear not ! I will pilot thee ! "

557 (S.S.) 290

P.M.

IN Thy cleft, O Rock of Ages, hide
Thou me ! [Thou me !
When the fitful tempest rages, hide
Where no mortal arm can sever
From my heart Thy love for ever,
Hide me, O Thou Rock of Ages,
Safe in Thee !

2 From the snare of sinful pleasure,
hide Thou me ! [Thou me !
Thou, my soul's eternal Treasure, hide
When the world its power is wielding,
And my heart is almost yielding,
Hide me, O Thou Rock of Ages,
Safe in Thee !

3 In the lonely night of sorrow, hide
Thou me ! [Thou me !
Till in glory dawns the morrow, hide
When I'm nearing Jordan's billow,
Let Thy bosom be my pillow ;
Hide me, O Thou Rock of Ages,
Safe in Thee !

558 (N.H.) 12

M.

MY soul at last a rest hath found,
A rest that will not fail ;
A sure and certain anchorage ground
In Christ within the vail.

O Rock . . of Ages, cleft for me,
In Thee . . my soul securely hide !
My tower of strength, I fly to Thee,
And safely there abide.

2 I'll hide me in this refuge strong,
From every stormy blast ;
And sit and sing until the waves
Of wrath are overpast.

3 Ye comfortless and tempest-tost,
By sins and woes opprest :
Ye tempted, troubled, ruined, lost,
Come find in Christ your rest !

4 Ye thirsty, from this smitten Rock
Life's crystal water spring ;
There hide from every stormy shock,
And rest, and drink, and sing !

559

P.M.

THE Lord is my Refuge, my Strength
and Shield,
And this of a truth I know ;
His tender protection is o'er me still,
My comfort where'er I go.

Divine Protection and Guidance

Though bright with the joys that no tongue
Eternity's years may be ; [can tell,
Oh, never, no, never, can I forget
His wonderful love to me !

2 The Lord is my Refuge, my Strength,
and Shield,
All glory to Him I'll give; [day,
And sing of His mercy by night and
For only in Him I live.

3 The Lord is my Refuge, my Strength,
and Shield, [Guide !
My Saviour, my Friend, and
He makes me a child and an heir of
Oh, what can I ask beside ? [grace:

560

P.M.

BLESSÈD is he that is trusting the
Lord,
For the help that he daily needs;
He shall inherit the promised reward,
If he follow where Jesus leads.

Trust . . . in the Lord . . . with all . . . thine
heart, . . .
And in all thy ways acknowledge Him, . . .
And He shall direct thy paths ; . . . [heart, . . .
Trust . . . in the Lord . . . with all . . . thine
And in all thy ways acknowledge Him, . . .
And He shall direct thy paths.

2 Blessèd is he that is trusting the Lord,
Who doth follow the heavenly way;
Keeping with patience and hope the
path, [day.
All his steps shall be guarded each

3 Blessèd is he whom the Father will
aid,
And the Saviour will e'er befriend;
He shall not fear, and shall not be
dismayed,
For the Lord will his soul defend.

4 Blessèd is he who will keep in the way
That will upward and onward lead;
Walking by faith in His love every day,
Who supplieth his daily need.

561 (S.S.) (870)

S.M.

GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed:
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy
God shall lift up thy head. [tears;

2 Through waves, and clouds, and
He gently clears thy way; [storms,
Wait thou His time; so shall the
Soon end in joyous day. [night

3 He everywhere hath sway,
And all things serve His might;
His every act pure blessing is,
His path unsullied light.

4 - When He makes bare His arm,
What shall His work withstand ?
When He His people's cause defends,
Who, who shall stay His hand ?

5 Leave to His sovereign sway
To choose and to command; [own
With wonder filled thou then shalt
How wise, how strong His hand.

6 Thou comprehend'st Him not;
Yet earth and heaven tell,
God sits as Sovereign on His throne—
He ruleth all things well.

7 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to Thee:
Oh, lift Thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee !

8 Let us, in life and death,
Thy steadfast truth declare;
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

562 (S.S.) (78)

G.M.

THE Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not
He makes me down to lie [want:
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

2 My soul He doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Ev'n for His own name's sake.

3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark
Yet will I fear none ill; [vale,
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

4 My table Thou hast furnishèd
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

563

P.M.

TRUST God as a child of His love,
Trust in Him to guide you with
His eye;
Trust God for the blessings of life,
For these He will supply.

Trust God, as He has told you, and look to Him
from day to day; [way.
Put your trust in God, as the Guardian of your

2 Trust God when the tempter is near,
Trust in Him for grace to turn
aside;
Trust God 'mid the billows of life.
A refuge to provide.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

3 Trust God at the coming of grief,
Trust in Him to soothe its bitter
pain;
Trust God 'mid the burdens of life,
To strengthen and sustain.

4 Trust God as you journey along,
Trust in Him for grace to win the
prize;
Trust God till you answer the call
To meet Him in the skies.

564 (S.S.) P.M.
(877)

I KNOW not what awaits me;
God kindly veils mine eyes,
And o'er each step of my onward way
He makes new scenes to rise;
And every joy He sends me comes
A sweet and glad surprise.

Where He may lead I'll follow,
My trust in Him repose:
And every hour in perfect peace
I'll sing, "He knows! He knows!"

2 One step I see before me;
'Tis all I need to see: [shines,
The light of heaven more brightly
When earth's illusions flee;
And sweetly thro' the silence comes
His loving, "Follow Me."

3 Oh, blissful lack of wisdom!
'Tis blessed not to know;
He holds me with His own right hand,
And will not let me go;
And lulls my troubled soul to rest
In Him who loves me so.

4 So on I go—not knowing,
I would not if I might;
I'd rather walk in the dark with God
Than go alone in the light;
I'd rather walk by faith with Him
Than go alone by sight.

565 P.M.

I AM sailing afar on the ocean of life,
In my bark that is slender and frail;
But I know not a fear with my Pilot
to steer,
And in safety I meet every gale.

Jesus is my Pilot,
The Pilot of my soul;
I will ever trust Him,
Though surging billows roll.

2 I am tossed on the waves, to the
deeps I am borne,
But my Pilot is strong at the helm;
In His love I abide, in His promise
confide, [whelm.
And the wild waters never o'er-

3 When the harbour appears, and my
voyage is done, [more;
And the storms never come to me
Oh, what joy it will be all my loved
ones to see,
When we meet on eternity's shore.

566 (C.C.) 8.8.8.6
(237)

AMID the trials that I meet,
Amid the thorns that pierce my feet,
One thought remains supremely sweet—
Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!

Thou thinkest, Lord, of me! . . .
Thou thinkest, Lord, of me! . . .
What need I fear when Thou art near,
And thinkest, Lord, of me?

2 The cares of life come thronging fast,
Upon my soul their shadows cast;
Their gloom reminds my heart at last—
Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!

3 Let shadows come, let shadows go,
Let life be bright, or dark with woe,
I am content; for this I know—
Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!

567 P.M.

JESUS, my Shepherd and Saviour
divine,
Trusting in Thee, trusting in Thee;
Oh, what a foretaste of glory is mine
While I am trusting in Thee!

Trust - ing, . trust - ing, .
Jesus, my Saviour, in Thee; . . .
Oh, what a foretaste of glory is mine,
While I am trusting in Thee!

2 What though around me the billows
may roll?
Trusting in Thee, trusting in Thee;
Firm on the Rock I have anchored
my soul;
Lord, I am trusting in Thee!

3 What if the shadows encompass my
way?
Trusting in Thee, trusting in Thee;
Lord, Thou hast promised Thy
strength as my day,
While I am trusting in Thee.

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Redeemer, and
Friend,
Trusting in Thee, trusting in Thee;
Thou wilt deliver, and Thou wilt
defend,
While I am trusting in Thee.

568 (N.H.) 8.5.
(118)

PRECIOUS thought—my Father know-
In His love I rest; [eth!

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THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- Jesus, Redeemer from sorrow and
woe, [snow.
Wash me, and I shall be whiter than
3 Cleanse Thou the thoughts of my
heart, I implore; [and more;
Help me Thy light to reflect more
Daily in loving obedience to grow,
Wash me, and I shall be whiter than
snow.
- 4 Whiter than snow ! nothing farther
I need; [plead;
Christ is the Fountain: this only I
Jesus, my Saviour, to Thee will I go—
Wash me, and I shall be whiter than
snow.

573 (C.C.)
87)

D.C.M.

- SHOW me Thy face—one transient
Of loveliness Divine, [gleam
And I shall never think or dream
Of other love save Thine:
All lesser light will darken quite,
All lower glories wane,
The beautiful of earth will scarce
Seem beautiful again.
- 2 Show me Thy face—my faith and
Shall henceforth fixed be [love
And nothing here have power to
My soul's serenity. [move
My life shall seem a trance, a dream,
And all I feel and see,
Illusive, visionary—Thou
The one reality !
- 3 Show me Thy face—I shall forget
The weary days of yore,
The fretting ghosts of vain regret
Shall haunt my soul no more.
All doubts and fears for future years
In quiet rest subside, [calm
And naught but blest content and
Within my breast reside.
- 4 Show me Thy face—the heaviest cross
Will then seem light to bear,
There will be gain in every loss,
And peace with every care.
With such light feet the years will
Life seem as brief as blest, [fleet,
Till I have laid my burden down,
And entered into rest.

574 (S.S.)
172)

8.7.

THOU my everlasting Portion,
More than friend or life to me,
All along my pilgrim journey,
Saviour, let me walk with Thee.

Close to Thee, close to Thee,
Close to Thee, close to Thee,

- All along my pilgrim journey,
Saviour, let me walk with Thee.
- 2 Not for ease or worldly pleasure,
Not for fame my prayer shall be;
Gladly will I toil and suffer,
Only let me walk with Thee.
Gladly will I toil and suffer,
Only let me walk with Thee.
- 3 Lead me through the vale of shadows,
Bear me o'er life's fitful sea;
Then the gate of life eternal
May I enter, Lord, with Thee.
Then the gate of life eternal
May I enter, Lord, with Thee.

575 (S.S.)
295)

8.7.

- SOUL of mine, in earthly temple
Why not here content abide ?
Why art thou for ever pleading ?
Why art thou not satisfied ?
I . . . shall be satisfied,
I . . . shall be satisfied,
When I awake in His likeness.
- 2 Soul of mine, my heart is clinging
To the earth's fair pomp and pride;
Ah, why dost thou thus reprove me ?
Why art thou not satisfied ?
- 3 Soul of mine, must I surrender,
See myself as crucified,
Turn from all of earth's ambition,
That thou may'st be satisfied ?
- 4 Soul of mine, continue pleading;
Sin rebuke, and folly chide:
I accept the cross of Jesus,
That thou may'st be satisfied.

576 (C.C.)
98)

- I WANT the adorning Divine,
Thou only, my God, canst bestow;
I want in those beautiful garments to
shine, [below.
Which distinguish Thy household
I want every moment to feel [heart,
That Thy Spirit resides in my
That His power is present to cleanse
and to heal,
And newness of life to impart.
- 2 I want, oh, I want to attain [Thee !
Some likeness, my Saviour, to
That longed-for resemblance once
more to regain—
Thy comeliness put upon me !
I want to be marked for Thine own,
Thy seal on my forehead to wear;
To receive that " new name " on the
mystic white stone, [clare.
Which none but Thyself can de-

3 I want as a traveller to haste [way;
Straight onward, nor pause on my
Nor forethought, nor anxious con-
trivance to waste
On the tent only pitched for a day.
I want, and this sums up my prayer,
To glorify Thee till I die;
Then calmly to yield up my soul to
Thy care, [sigh.
And breathe out, in faith, my last

577 (S.S.) 84 6.4.

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;
Oh, bless me now, my Saviour!
I come to Thee.

2 I need Thee every hour,
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.

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

4 I need Thee every hour;
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil.

5 I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One:
Oh, make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son.

578 (C.C.) 234 8.7.

I WOULD have the Saviour with me,
For I dare not walk alone;
I would feel His presence near me,
And His arm around me thrown.

Then my soul . . . shall fear no ill, . . .
While He leads . . . me where He will, . . .
I will go . . . without a murmur,
And His footsteps follow still.

2 I would have the Saviour with me,
For my faith, at best, is weak;
He can whisper words of comfort
That no other voice can speak.

3 I would have the Saviour with me
In the onward march of life, [shine,
Through the tempest and the sun-
Through the battle and the strife.

4 I would have the Saviour with me,
That His eye the way may guide,
Till I reach the vale of Jordan,
Till I cross the rolling tide.

579 8.7.

THOU whose hand thus far hath led
—Wheresoe'er my path may be; [me,
Lord, I pray that Thou wilt ever
Draw, and keep me near to Thee.

Near to Thee, O Lord, to Thee—
Draw me ever near to Thee.

2 When the way is dark and cheerless,
When no ray of light I see,
May Thine arms of love and mercy
Draw me ever near to Thee.

3 Thou in whom my soul is trusting,
Hope of life and joy to me;
While on earth a pilgrim stranger,
Draw me ever near to Thee.

580 (N.H.) 124 6.5.

NEARER, blessed Jesus, to Thy
wounded side; [my soul abide;
Nearer to Thy heart of love, would
There alone is safety, there alone is
rest, [guilt opprest.

When beset with danger, when with

2 Purer, Saviour, purer, may I ever be,
Free from every earthly stain, more,
O Lord, like Thee;

Listening 'mid the tempest for Thy
"Peace, be still!" [in Thy will.
Trusting when in darkness, resting

3 Watching, ever watching, even unto
prayer; [every care;
Leaving all with Jesus, yielding
Trusting, fully trusting, every pro-
mise sweet; [precious feet.

Learning life's great lesson at Thy

4 Waiting, only waiting, till the hour
shall come, [the heavenly home;
When with joy I'll meet Him there, in
Oh for that glad morning, when my
Lord again, [with them to reign!
"Glorified in all His saints," comes

581 (S.S.) 162 6.4.6.4.6.6.4.

NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

2 Though, like 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!
Nearer to Thee!

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given:
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!
- 4 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!
Nearer to Thee!
- 5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

582 (S.S.)
94

118.

- MORE holiness give me, more strivings
within; [sorrow for sin;
More patience in suffering, more
More faith in my Saviour, more
sense of His care; [in prayer.
More joy in His service, more purpose
- 2 More gratitude give me, more trust
in the Lord; [in His Word;
More zeal for His glory, more hope
More tears for His sorrows, more
pain at His grief; [for relief.
More meekness in trial, more praise
 - 3 More purity give me, more strength
to o'ercome;
More freedom from earth-stains,
more longings for home;
More fit for the kingdom, more used
would I be; [like Thee.
More blessed and holy, more, Saviour,

583

C.M.

- OH for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?
 - 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed—
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

- 4 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.
- 5 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

584 (S.S.)
439

C.M.

- COME, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.
- 2 His voice commands the tempest
And stills the stormy wave; [forth,
And though His arm be strong to
'Tis also strong to save. [smite,
 - 3 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.
 - 4 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.
 - 5 As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round;
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground:
 - 6 So shall His presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light;
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

585

C.M.

- O JESUS CHRIST, grow Thou in me,
And all things else recede!
My heart be daily nearer Thee,
From sin be daily freed.
- 2 Each day let Thy supporting might
My weakness still embrace;
My darkness vanish in Thy light,
Thy life my death efface.
 - 3 In Thy bright beams which on me
Fade every evil thought; [fall
That I am nothing, Thou art all,
I would be daily taught.
 - 4 More of Thy glory let me see,
Thou Holy, Wise, and True!
I would Thy living image be,
In joy and sorrow too.
 - 5 Fill me with gladness from above,
Hold me by strength Divine:

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THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

Life's morn will soon be waning,
And its evening bells be tolled,
But my heart will know no sadness
When the pearly gates unfold.

- 2 When the voice of Jesus calls me,
And the angels whisper low,
I will lean upon my Saviour
Through the valley as I go:
I will claim His precious promise,
Worth to me the world of gold:
"Fear no evil, I'll be with thee
When the pearly gates unfold."
- 3 Just beyond the waves of Jordan,
Just beyond its chilling tide,
Blossoms the Tree of Life immortal,
And the living waters glide:
In that happy land of spirits
Are there stores of bliss untold,
And the angels are awaiting
Where the pearly gates unfold.

591 (C.C.)

(112)

L.M.

- My glorious Victor, Prince Divine,
Clasp these surrendered hands in
Thine;
At length my will is all Thine own,
Glad vassal of a Saviour's throne.
- 2 My Master, lead me to Thy door;
Pierce this now willing ear once more;
Thy bonds are freedom; let me stay
With Thee, to toil, endure, obey.
 - 3 Yes, ear and hand, and thought and
will,
Use all in Thy dear slavery still!
Self's weary liberties I cast [fast.
Beneath Thy feet; there keep them
 - 4 Tread them still down; and then I
know, [o'erflow;
These hands shall with Thy gifts
And pierced ears shall hear the tone
Which tells me Thou and I are one.

592

8.7.

- "Not my own!" but saved by Jesus,
Who redeemed me by His blood:
Gladly I accept the message,
I belong to Christ the Lord!
- "Not my own!" . . . Oh, "not my own!" . . .
Jesus, I . . . belong to Thee! . . .
All I have, and all I hope for,
Thine for all eternity!
- 2 "Not my own!" to Christ, my
Saviour,
I, believing, trust my soul;
Everything to Him committed,
While eternal ages roll,

"Not my own!" my time, my talent,
Freely all to Christ I bring,
To be used in joyful service
For the glory of my King.

- 4 "Not my own!" The Lord accepts me,
One among the ransomed throng,
Who in heaven shall see His glory,
And to Jesus Christ belong.

593 (C.C.)

(81)

8.5.

- ONCE it was the blessing, now it is
the Lord; [His Word;
Once it was the feeling, now it is
Once His gifts I wanted, now the
Giver own; [self alone.
Once I sought for healing, now Him-
All in all for ever, Jesus will I sing;
Everything in Jesus, and Jesus everything.
- 2 Once 'twas painful trying, now 'tis
perfect trust; [most;
Once a half salvation, now the utter-
Once 'twas ceaseless holding, now He
holds me fast; [anchor's cast.
Once 'twas constant drifting, now my
 - 3 Once 'twas busy planning, now 'tis
trustful prayer; [has the care;
Once 'twas anxious caring, now He
Once 'twas what I wanted, now what
Jesus says; [ceaseless praise.
Once 'twas constant asking, now 'tis
 - 4 Once it was my working, His it hence
shall be; [me;
Once I tried to use Him, now He uses
Once the power I wanted, now the
Mighty One; [alone.
Once for self I laboured, now for Him
 - 5 Once I hoped in Jesus, now I know
He's mine; [brightly shine;
Once my lamps were dying, now they
Once for death I waited, now His
coming hail; [within the veil.
And my hopes are anchored safe

594

P.M.

- I AM glad I have heard of the Saviour's
great mercy!
And that now I am singing His
redemption's new song;
And e'er since, by His grace, unto
Him I surrendered,
In my heart has been ringing—
"I believe! I belong!"
- Tell it out! tell it out! Christ the theme of my
story! [it along!
Sing, ye mountains and hills! breezes, waft
Praise the Lord! He provideth a perfect salva-
tion; [I belong!
So we'll take as our watchword—"I believe

- 2 Once the slave of my sin, then my soul lay in darkness,
Kept a prisoner by Satan in his dungeon so strong;
But the Lord, by His power, set me free from my bondage,
And He gave me this watchword—
“ I believe ! I belong ! ”
- 3 I believe for a full and a perfect salvation;
I belong to my Saviour with a love
And though oft sorely tempted to change my allegiance,
Still my faith gives the answer—
“ I believe ! I belong ! ”
- 4 But I look for the time when, my journey safe ended,
I shall join in the chorus of the heavenly throng:
Oh, what rapture 'twill be on the throne to behold Him,
To eternity singing—“ I believe ! I belong ! ”

595

8.4.8.4.8.8.4.

- THY will, O Lord, not mine,
Teach me to say;
Not my will, Lord, but Thine,
I would obey;
Then shall I know the joy,
And Thy name glorify,
When I, on earth, shall try
To follow Thee.
- 2 My weakness, Lord, I own,
From day to day;
I listen for Thy voice
To lead the way;
Oh, wilt Thou send the light
To make my pathway bright,
And show me what is right,
The only way.
- 3 I cannot see just where
The Spirit leads,
But know that Christ is there,
Who intercedes;
Oh, help me now to rest
On Jesus' loving breast,
Till He shall manifest
His love in me !

596 (C.C.)

ANYWHERE, my Saviour, lead my willing feet,
Only let me clasp Thy hand, feel Thy Thorns may pierce and snares beset,
I will follow Thee
Anywhere, my Saviour, if Thou lead-

An - - - y-where, my blessèd Saviour,
I will follow Thee, I will follow Thee;
An - - - y-where, my blessèd Saviour,
—If Thou leadest me. . . .

- 2 Anywhere, my Saviour, only on me smile;
Strengthen, guard, and comfort me,
Dark and toilsome though my way,
I will never fear,
Anywhere, my Saviour, if Thy presence cheer.
- 3 Anywhere, my Saviour: only this I pray,
Keep me in the narrow path, never
Sin may plead with siren voice, help me answer, Nay,
Kept by Thee, my Saviour, I will

597 (S.S.)

8.7.D.

- JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or
Yet how rich is my condition !
God and heaven are still my own.
- 2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like them, untrue.
And while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may scorn me;
Show Thy face, and all is bright.
- 3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me:
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unblest by Thee !

598

P.M.

It may not be on the mountain's
Or over the stormy sea;
It may not be at the battle's front
My Lord will have need of me;
But if by a still small voice He calls
To paths which I do not know,
I'll answer, O Lord, with my hand in
Thine,
I'll go where Thou wouldst I
I'll go where Thou wouldst I should go, dear
Over mountain, or plain, or sea;
I'll say what Thou wouldst I should say, dear
I'll be what Thou wouldst I should be.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 2 Perhaps to-day there are loving words
Which Jesus would have me speak;
There may be now in the paths of sin
Some wanderer whom I should
seek; [guide,
O Saviour, if Thou wilt be my
Though dark and rugged the way,
My voice shall echo Thy message
sweet— [should say.
I'll say what thou wouldst I
- 3 There must be still some lowly place
For me in the harvest wide,
Where I may labour through life's
For Jesus the crucified: [short day
So, trusting my all to Thy tender care,
And knowing Thou lovest me,
I'll do Thy will with a heart sincere—
I'll be what Thou wouldst I should
be.

599

L.M.

- O BLESSÈD life ! the heart at rest,
When all without tumultuous seems,
That trusts a higher will, and deems
That higher will, not mine, the best.
- 2 O blessèd life ! the mind that sees
Whatever change the years may bring;
A mercy still in everything,
And shining through all mysteries.
- 3 O blessèd life ! the soul that soars,
When sense of mortal sight is dim,
Beyond the sense—beyond to Him
Whose love unlocks the heavenly
doors.
- 4 O blessèd life ! heart, mind, and soul,
From self-born aims and wishes free
In all—at one with Deity,
And loyal to the Lord's control.
- 5 O life ! how blessèd, how divine !
High life, the earnest of a higher !
Saviour, fulfil my deep desire,
And let this blessèd life be mine.

600 (N.H.)

10s.

- SEARCH me, O Lord ! and try this
heart of mine; [am Thine:
Search me, and prove if I indeed
Test by Thy word, that never changed
can be, [in Thee.
My strength of hope and living faith
- 2 Search me, O Lord ! subdue each
vain desire, [spire;
And in my soul a deeper love in-
Hide Thou my life, that I, supremely
blest, [may rest.
Beneath Thy wings in perfect peace

- 3 Search me, O Lord ! and from the
dross of sin, [within;
Refine as gold, and keep me pure
Search Thou my thoughts, whose
springs Thine eyes can see:
From secret faults, O Saviour, cleanse
Thou me !
- 4 Search me, O Lord ! let faith thro'
grace divine
Thyself reflect in every act of mine,
Till at Thy call my waiting soul shall
rise, [the skies.
Caught up with joy to meet Thee in

601

8.7.

ALL to Jesus I surrender,
All to Him I freely give;
I will ever love and trust Him,
In His presence daily live.

I surrender all, . . . I surrender all ; . . .
All to Thee, my blessèd Saviour, I surrender
all. . . .

- 2 All to Jesus I surrender,
Humbly at His feet I bow;
Worldly pleasures all forsaken—
Take me, Jesus, take me now.
- 3 All to Jesus I surrender,
Make me, Saviour, wholly Thine;
Let the Holy Spirit witness
I am Thine and Thou art mine.
- 4 All to Jesus I surrender:
Lord, I give myself to Thee;
Fill me with Thy love and power,
Let Thy blessing rest on me.
- 5 All to Jesus I surrender:
Now I feel the sacred flame;
Oh the joy of full salvation !
Glory, glory to His name !

602 (N.H.)

11.10.

TRUE-HEARTED, whole-hearted, faith-
ful and loyal, [will be !
King of our lives by Thy grace we
Under the standard exalted and royal,
Strong in Thy strength we will
battle for Thee.

Peal out the watchword ! silence it never !
Song of our spirits rejoicing and free ;
Peal out the watchword ! loyal for ever,
King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be !

- 2 True-hearted, whole-hearted, fullest
allegiance [King;
Yielding henceforth to our glorious
Valiant endeavour and loving obedi-
ence, [bring.
Freely and joyously now would we

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THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Oh, give me grace to follow
My Master and my Friend !

5 Oh, let me see Thy footmarks,
And in them plant mine own;
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone.
Oh, guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end;
And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend !

607 (S.S.) 10.7.
(165)

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

Draw me near - - - er, nearer, blessed Lord,
To the cross where Thou hast died;
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed
Lord,
To Thy precious, bleeding side.

2 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.

3 Oh, 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.

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

608 (N.H.) 11a.
(80)

TAKE time to be holy, speak oft with
thy Lord; [His Word.
Abide in Him always, and feed on
Make friends of God's children; help
those who are weak; [seek.
Forgetting in nothing His blessing to

2 Take time to be holy, the world
rushes on; [Jesus alone—
Spend much time in secret with
By looking to Jesus, like Him thou
shalt be; [ness shall see.
Thy friends in thy conduct His like-

3 Take time to be holy, let Him be thy
Guide; [betide;
And run not before Him, whatever

In joy or in sorrow still follow thy
Lord, [His Word.
And, looking to Jesus, still trust in
4 Take time to be holy, be calm in thy
soul; [neath His control:
Each thought and each temper be-
Thus led by His Spirit to fountains
of love, [above.
Thou soon shalt be fitted for service

609 (C.C.) U.M.
(105)

My heart is resting, O my God,
I will give thanks and sing:
My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing.

2 Now the frail vessel Thou hast made,
No hand but Thine shall fill—
The waters of the earth have failed,
And I am thirsty still.

3 I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise;
I seek the treasure of Thy love,
And close at hand it lies.

4 And a "new song" is in my mouth,
To long-loved music set—
Glory to Thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet !

5 A prayer reposing on His truth,
Who hath made all things mine,
That draws my captive will to Him,
And makes it one with Thine.

610 (S.S.) U.M.
(206)

MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free ?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free:
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

3 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' piercèd feet,
With joy I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear name repeat.

4 O precious cross ! O glorious crown !
O resurrection day !
Ye angels, from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

611 (C.C.) P.M.
(265)

WHEN the heart, made pure, is the
temple of the Lord,
And we feel His presence there,
Oh, the joy that comes when we
gather in His name,
At the hallowed hour of prayer.

He is precious unto all that believe Him,
 He is precious unto all that receive Him,
 Oh, the blessings we may claim, when we
 gather in His name!
 For the Lord will answer prayer.

- 2 There are floods of light from His
 glory that descend,
 When we think our prospect dim,
 There are heights of love that His
 children may attain,
 By a closer walk with Him.
- 3 He will cheer us on when we follow
 where He leads,
 And our hearts with gladness fill;
 For we know by faith that His ever-
 lasting arms
 Are beneath and round us still.
- 4 Let us grow in grace and a know-
 ledge of the truth,
 Let us dwell in perfect peace;
 Till we all clasp hands in the palace
 of the King,
 Where our joy shall never cease.

612

11.10.

- THRICE-BLESSED Spirit! Giver of
 salvation, [shame;
 Purchased by Jesus on the cross of
 Dwell in our hearts; transform them
 with Thy beauty— [name.
 Fairest adorning of our Saviour's
- 2 Thy sevenfold grace bestow upon us
 freely:— [mankind;
Love, deep and full, to God and all
Joy in the Lord, 'mid every earthly
 sorrow; [eth heart and mind.
Peace, calm and sweet, that guard-
 - 3 Make us *long-suffering* 'mid earth's
 provocations; [wrong;
Gentleness give us, when enduring
Goodness impart, that we e'en foes
 may succour, [toil to song.
Faithfulness grant, to change our
 - 4 *Meekness* bestow, with humble self-
 abasement, [controlling might:
 And *Self-control*, through Thy
 And as we list to every call of duty,
 May we do all as in Thy searching
 sight.
 - 5 Then with the gift of holiness within
 us; [more divine;
 We not less human, but made
 Our lives replete with heaven's
 supernal beauty, [is Thine.
 Ever declare—*That* beauty, Lord,

613 (C.C.) 252

L.M.

- My Saviour, oh, what glories shine
 Through all Thy life of love divine!
 What wondrous grace and sympathy—
 All this for me! all this for me!
- O blessèd Sa - viour, may I be . .
 A living sac - - rifice to Thee;
 Both now and in eternity,
 Yes, all for Thee! yes, all for Thee!
- 2 Thy vigils 'neath the lowly shade,
 Despised, rejected, scorned, betrayed;
 Thy sorrow in Gethsemane—
 All this for me! all this for me!
 - 3 The thorns that pierced Thy sacred
 brow,
 The blood that saves so fully now;
 Oh, wondrous cross of Calvary!—
 All this for me! all this for me!
 - 4 The riches of Thy peace and love,
 The treasures of Thy home above,
 Grace everlasting, full and free—
 All this for me! all this for me!

614

S.S.

- WHEN I came to Jesus, then my heart
 was sad; [made me glad.
 But when He received me, then He
 Freely He forgave me, met my spirit's
 need; [would lead.
 Then He bade me follow whither He
 I will follow Jesus, follow all the day;
 Walking in His footsteps closely all the way.
- 2 Oft in hours of trial I have gone
 astray, [narrow way;
 Into worldly bypaths from the
 But my Saviour sought me, brought
 me to His side; [Crucified.
 Then again I followed Christ, the
 - 3 But I would not wander, gracious
 Lord, from Thee; [loyalty:
 I would follow wholly, with true
 Every sin forsaking from my inmost
 soul; [grand control.
 Every thought surrendered to Thy
 - 4 Teach me by Thy Spirit, and Thy
 Holy Word, [Thee, Lord;
 How I best may suffer, and obey
 And however painful to obey may be,
 Love can make it gladsome, aye to
 follow Thee.

615 (C.C.) 1

10s.

- DYING with Jesus, by death reckoned
 mine;
 Living with Jesus a new life divine;

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

- Looking to Jesus till glory doth
shine— [Thine.
Moment by moment, O Lord, I am
Moment by moment I'm kept in His love,
Moment by moment I've life from above;
Looking to Jesus till glory doth shine;
Moment by moment, O Lord, I am Thine.
- 2 Never a battle with wrong for the
right, [fight;
Never a contest that He doth not
Lifting above us His banner so
white— [sight.
Moment by moment I'm kept in His
- 3 Never a trial that He is not there,
Never a burden that He doth not
bear, [share—
Never a sorrow that He doth not
Moment by moment I'm under His
care.
- 4 Never a heartache, and never a groan,
Never a teardrop, and never a moan,
Never a danger—but there on the
throne [His own.
Moment by moment He thinks of
- 5 Never a weakness that He doth not
feel, [heal;
Never a sickness that He cannot
Moment by moment, in woe or in
weal, [still.
Jesus, my Saviour, abides with me

616 (S.S.) 416

7.7.7.7.

- TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
- 2 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.
- 3 Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.
- 4 Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold:
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.
- 5 Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine:
Take my heart—it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne.
- 6 Take my love: my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure store:
Take myself; and I will be
Ever, only, ALL for Thee.

617 (S.S.) 591

10.

- CHRISTIAN, walk *carefully*: danger is
near! [and fear;
On in thy journey with trembling
Snares from without, and tempta-
tions within, [sin.
Seek to entice thee once more into
Christian, walk *carefully*: danger is near!
- 2 Christian, walk *cheerfully* through the
fierce storm, [of alarm;
Dark though the sky with its threats
Soon will the clouds and the tempest
be o'er, [evermore.
Then with thy Saviour thou'lt rest
Christian, walk *cheerfully*: through the fierce
storm.
- 3 Christian, walk *prayerfully*: oft wilt
thou fall,
If thou forget on thy Saviour to call:
Safe thou shalt walk through each
trial and care, [prayer.
If thou art clad in the armour of
Christian, walk *prayerfully*: fear lest thou fall.
- 4 Christian, walk *hopefully*: sorrow and
pain [shalt gain:
Cease when the haven of rest thou
Then from the lips of the Judge, thy
reward— [Lord."
"Enter thou into the joy of thy
Christian, walk *hopefully*: rest thou shalt gain.

618 (C.C.) 44

11.10.

- YIELDED to God, my body, soul, and
spirit, [ful breast!
Oh, what rejoicing fills my peace-
All, all is well: no doubt nor fear
disturbs me, [rest.
While on His promise now alone I
- 2 Yielded to God, reposing 'neath His
shadow, [pathway fall;
Sunshine and gladness round my
Yielded to God, whose love dispels
all sorrow, [All.
He is my Refuge, and my All in
- 3 Yielded to God, my life and its
devotion, [and year;
Yielded the service of each day
Oh, what a peace pervades my every
feeling! [appear!
Oh, what sweet visions on my sight
- 4 Yielded to God, and in His holy
keeping [shall be;
My heart His temple evermore
Yielded to God, in willing consecra-
tion, [Thee.
Blessèd Redeemer, I am lost in

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THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 4 " I suffered much for thee—
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony—
To rescue thee from hell.
I suffered much for thee:
What canst thou bear for Me ?
- 5 " And I have brought to thee,
Down from My home above.
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and My love.
Great gifts I brought to thee:
What hast thou brought to Me ? "
- 6 Oh, let thy life be given,
Thy years for Him be spent;
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent.
Bring thou thy worthless all:
Follow thy Saviour's call.

622 (S.S.
749)

6s.

- Thy life was given for me !
Thy blood, O Lord, was shed
That I might ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead.
Thy life was given for me:
What have I given for Thee ?
- 2 Long years were spent for me
In weariness and woe,
That through eternity
Thy glory I might know.
Long years were spent for me:
Have I spent one for Thee ?
- 3 Thy Father's home of light,
Thy rainbow-circled throne,
Were left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone.
Yea, all was left for me:
Have I left aught for Thee ?
- 4 Thou, Lord, hast borne for me
More than my tongue can tell
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue me from hell.
Thou sufferedst all for me:
What have I borne for Thee ?
- 5 And Thou hast brought to me,
Down from Thy home above,
Salvation full and free,
Thy pardon and Thy love.
Great gifts Thou broughtest me:
What have I brought to Thee ?
- 6 Oh, let my life be given,
My years for Thee be spent;
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent:
To Thee my all I bring,
My Saviour and my King !

- 2 O will, that willest good alone,
Lead thou the way, thou guidest
A little child, I follow on, [best:
And trusting, lean upon thy breast.
- 3 Thy beautiful sweet will, my God,
Holds fast in its sublime embrace
My captive will, a gladsome bird,
Prisoned in such a realm of grace.
- 4 Within this place of certain good
Love evermore expands her wings,
Or nestling in Thy perfect choice,
Abides content with what it brings.
- 5 Oh, lightest burden, sweetest yoke !
It lifts, it bears my happy soul,
It giveth wings to this poor heart ;
My freedom is Thy grand control.
- 6 Upon God's will I lay me down,
As child upon its mother's breast ;
No silken couch, nor softest bed,
Could ever give me such deep rest.
- 7 Thy wonderful grand will, my God,
With triumph now I make it mine ;
And faith shall cry a joyous, Yes !
To every dear command of Thine.

626

8.7.D.

- SOMETHING every heart is loving ;
If not Jesus, none can rest :
Lord, my heart to Thee is given—
Take it, for it loves Thee best.
- 2 Thus I cast the world behind me,
Jesus most beloved shall be ;
Beauteous more than all things
He alone is joy to me. [beauteous,
- 3 Bright with all eternal radiance
Is the glory of Thy face ;
Thou art loving, sweet, and tender,
Full of pity, full of grace.
- 4 When I hated, Thou didst love me,
Shedd'st for me Thy precious blood ;
Still Thou lovest, lovest ever :
Shall I not love Thee, my God ?
- 5 Keep my heart still faithful to Thee,
That my earthly life may be
But a shadow to that glory
Of my hidden life in Thee !

627

11s.

ANYWHERE with Jesus I can safely go !
Anywhere He leads me in this world
below !
Anywhere without Him dearest joys
would fade— [afraid !
Anywhere with Jesus, I am not
Anywhere I anywhere ! Fear I cannot know ;
Anywhere with Jesus I can safely go !

- 2 Anywhere with Jesus I am not alone !
Other friends may fail me, He is still
my own !
Though His hand may lead me over
dreariest ways, [praise !
Anywhere with Jesus is a house of
- 3 Anywhere with Jesus I can go to
sleep, [about me creep !
When the darkling shadows round
Knowing I shall waken, never more
to roam : [sweet home !
Anywhere with Jesus will be home,

628 (C.C.)

E.H.

ABIDING, oh, so wondrous sweet !
I'm resting at the Saviour's feet ;
I trust in Him ; I'm satisfied,
I'm resting in the Crucified !

Abi - - ding, abi - - ding,
Oh, how wondrous sweet !
I'm rest - - ing, rest - - ing
At the Saviour's feet. . . .

- 2 He speaks, and by His word is given
His peace, a rich foretaste of heaven ;
Not as the world, He peace doth
give : [live.
'Tis through this hope my soul shall
- 3 I live, but through His grace alone ;
By whom the mighty work is done ;
Dead to myself, alive to Him,
I count all loss His rest to win.
- 4 Now rest, my heart, the work is done,
I'm saved by faith through Christ the
Son !
Let every power my soul employ,
To tell the world my peace and joy.

629 (O.D.)

8.7.

PRECIOUS Saviour, I will praise Thee,
Thine, and only Thine, I am ;
For the cleansing blood has reached
Glory, glory to the Lamb ! [me ;
Glory, glory, Jesus saves me !
Blessèd be His holy name ;
For the cleansing blood has reached me,
Hallelujah to the Lamb !

- 2 Long my yearning heart was trying
To enjoy this perfect rest ;
But when I gave over " trying,"—
Simply trusting, I was blest.
- 3 I am trusting every moment
In the precious blood applied ;
Calmly resting at the fountain,
Dwelling at my Saviour's side
- 4 Consecrated to Thy service,
I would live and die for Thee,
Gladly tell the wondrous story
Of salvation full and free.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

630 (S.S.)
86

C.M.

ALAS I and did my Saviour bleed ?
And did my Sovereign die ?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I ?

Help me, dear Saviour, Thee to own,
And ever faithful be ;
And when Thou sittest on Thy throne,
O Lord, remember me.

- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree ?
Amazing pity I grace unknown !
And love beyond degree !
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
Whilst His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 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.

631 (C.C.)
17

C.M.

THERE is a Light, a blessed Light,
That comes from God above ;
And in the face of Christ the Lord
Reflects the Father's love.

Let us walk . . . in the Light ! . . .
Ever walk in the Light of God ;
Let us walk . . . in the Light ! . . .
Ever walk in the Light of God.

- 2 There is a Light, a glorious Light,
That falls upon our way ;
And brighter shineth as we go,
Till lost in perfect day.
- 3 There is a Light, a holy Light,
By which we now behold
The jasper walls, the pearly gates,
And streets of shining gold.
- 4 O blessed, blessed holy Light,
To all so freely given ; [Life,
Shine forth, shine forth, O Light of
And guide us safe to heaven.

632 (S.S.)
192

6.4.6.4.6.6.4.

MORE love to Thee, O Christ,
More love to Thee ;
Hear Thou the prayer I make
On bended knee ;
This is my earnest plea—
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee !
More love to Thee !

- 2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest ;
Now Thee alone I seek,
Give what is best :
This all my prayer shall be—
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee !
- 3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain ;
Sweet are Thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me—
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee !
- 4 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise ;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise—
This still its prayer shall be—
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee !

633

8.8.8.8.6

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.

- 2 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.
- 3 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.
- 4 O cross, that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from thee ;
I lay in dust life's glory dead, [red
And from the ground there blossoms
Life that shall endless be.

634 (S.S.)
(119)

6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.

SAVIOUR ! Thy dying love
Thou gavest me,
Nor should I aught withhold,
My Lord, from Thee ;
In love my soul would bow,
My heart fulfil its vow,
Some offering bring Thee now,
Something for Thee.

- 2 At the blest mercy-seat,
Pleading for me,
My feeble faith looks up,
Jesus, to Thee :

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THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- Keep me, my God, from stain of sin—
Just for to-day.
- 2 Let me do faithfully Thy work,
And duly pray;
Let me be kind in word and deed,
Just for to-day.
- 3 Let me no wrong or idle word,
Unthinking, say:
Set Thou a seal upon my lips—
Just for to-day.
- 4 So for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray;
But keep me, guide me, hold me,
Just for to-day. [Lord—

639 (^{S.S.}₅₅₈)

P.M.

- CLOSER, Lord, to Thee I cling,
Closer still to Thee;
Safe beneath Thy sheltering wing
I would ever be;
Rude the blast of doubt and sin,
Fierce assaults without, within:
Help me, Lord, the battle win—
Closer, Lord, to Thee !
- 2 Closer yet, O Lord, my Rock,
Refuge of my soul;
Dread I not the tempest shock,
Though the billows roll:
Wildest storm cannot alarm,
For to me can come no harm,
Leaning on Thy loving arm—
Closer, Lord, to Thee !
- 3 Closer still, my Help, my Stay,
Closer, closer still;
Meekly there I learn to say,
"Father, not my will !"
Learn that in affliction's hour,
When the clouds of sorrow lour,
Love directs Thy hand of power—
Closer, Lord to Thee !
- 4 Closer, Lord, to Thee I come,
Light of life divine;
Through the ever blessèd Son,
Joy and peace are mine;
Let me in Thy love abide,
Keep me ever near Thy side,
In the "Rock of Ages" hide—
Closer, Lord, to Thee !

640 (^{N.H.}₄₄)

P.M.

- I WOULD not ask for earthly store—
Thou wilt my need supply;
But I would covet, more and more,
The clear and single eye,
To see my duty face to face,
And trust Thee, Lord, for daily grace.

Then shall my heart keep sing . . . ing,
While to the cross I cling ; . .
For rest is sweet at Jesus' feet,
While homeward faith keeps winging,
While homeward faith keeps winging.

- 2 I care not for the empty show
That thoughtless worldlings see;
But gladly do the best I know,
And leave the rest with Thee;—
Well satisfied that sweet reward
Is sure to those who trust the Lord.
- 3 Whate'er the crosses mine shall be,
I would not dare to shun;
But only ask to live for Thee,
And that Thy will be done;
Thy will, O Lord, be mine each day,
While pressing on my homeward way.
- 4 And when at last, my labour o'er,
I cross the narrow sea,
Grant, Lord, that on the other shore
My soul may dwell with Thee;
And learn what here I cannot know,
Why Thou hast ever loved me so.

641 (^{N.H.}₆₃)

S.S.S.S.

- I AM trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Trusting only Thee !
Trusting Thee for full salvation,
Great and free.
- I . am . trust - ing, .
Trusting only Thee !
I am trust - ing, . trust - ing, .
Trusting only Thee !
- 2 I am trusting Thee for pardon,
At Thy feet I bow;
For Thy grace and tender mercy,
Trusting now.
- 3 I am trusting Thee for cleansing
In the crimson flood;
Trusting Thee to make me holy
By Thy blood.
- 4 I am trusting Thee for power,
Thine can never fail;
Words which Thou Thyself shalt
Must prevail. [give me,
- 5 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus;
Never let me fall;
I am trusting Thee for ever
And for all !

642

P.M.

- 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.

- 2 Not a shadow can rise
Not a cloud in the skies,
But His smile quickly drives it away;
Not a doubt nor a fear,
Not a sigh nor a tear,
Can abide while we trust and obey.
- 3 Not a burden we bear,
Not a sorrow we share,
But our toil He doth richly repay;
Not a grief nor a loss,
Not a frown nor a cross,
But is blest if we trust and obey.
- 4 But we never can prove
The delights of His love,
Until all on the altar we lay;
For the favour He shows,
And the joy He bestows,
Are for them who will trust and obey.
- 5 Then in fellowship sweet
We will sit at His feet,
Or we'll walk by His side in the way;
What He says we will do,
Where He sends we will go,
Never fear, only trust and obey.

Love, Joy, and Peace

643

P.M.

- JESUS redeemed and made me whole,
I can forget Him never;
Out of the depths He brought my
Now I am His for ever. [soul;
I'm holding on, I'm holding on,
Daily in grace I'm growing;
Fast to the Rock I'm holding on,
Peace to my heart is flowing.
- 2 Great is the love of Christ my King,
Love that no power can sever;
Joyful and glad my tongue shall sing
Praise to His name for ever.
- 3 If on the Lord my care I cast,
He will forsake me never;
Firm on the Rock of Ages fast
I shall abide for ever.
- 4 He has prepared a home for me
Over the silent river;
There with the blest I soon shall be,
There I shall dwell for ever.

644 (S.S.)
525

P.M.

- In the shadow of His wings
There is rest, sweet rest;
There is rest from care and labour,
There is rest for friend and neighbour:
In the shadow of His wings
There is rest, sweet rest;
In the shadow of His wings
There is rest. . .

There is rest! . . . there is peace! . . .
There is joy! . . . in the shadow of His wings.
There is rest! . . . there is peace! . . .
There is joy! . . . in the shadow of His wings.

- 2 In the shadow of His wings
There is peace, sweet peace;
Peace that passeth understanding,
Peace, sweet peace, that knows no end—
In the shadow of His wings [ing;
There is peace, sweet peace;
In the shadow of His wings
There is peace. . .
- 3 In the shadow of His wings
There is joy, glad joy;
There is joy to tell the story,
Joy exceeding, full of glory:
In the shadow of His wings
There is joy, glad joy,
In the shadow of His wings
There is joy. . .

645

P.M.

- I HAVE learnt a heavenly secret,
Yet I know not how or where;
But I know 'tis sweet and precious,
Ever true, and glad, and fair;
And that God in heaven reveals it
To all whose ears can hear.
- 2 And I know that ere I learnt it
Oft my way was lone and hard;
And anon in life's glad music
There was always that which jarred,
And a hidden, dreary discord
That all its sweetness marred.
- 3 But my harp of life was lifted
By the Lord, who knew the range
Of its many strings who made it,
And He struck a keynote strange:
At the touch of Christ my Master
I heard the music change.
- 4 Then no more it failed and faltered,
And no longer sobbed and strove;
But it seemed to soar and mingle
With the song of heaven above;
For the pierced hand of Jesus
Had struck the keynote—LOVE.
- 5 All thy heart's long-prisoned music
Let the Master's hand set free—
Let Him whisper now His secret,
As He whispered once to me:
"Child, My love's the golden key—
Of all My will for thee!" [note

646

L.M.

- JESUS, Belovèd of my heart,
Thy grace I earnestly implore;
Oh, if Thou wilt the gift impart,
I'll use it but to love Thee more.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

Let others dream . . . of jewelled walls, . . .
Of golden cities fair to see ;
No glorious scene . . . my soul enthalls, . . .
Where'er Thou art is heaven for me. . . .

- 2 The brightest forms of earthly love
Are dull beside Thine own to me ;
With wistful eyes I look above,
And wonder when Thy face I'll see.
- 3 Though Paradise has many joys,
And flowers of beauty fair to see,
Not gates of pearl nor angel's voice
Shall thrill my soul like love of Thee.
- 4 Without Thee no celestial light
Shall shine to make my soul content ;
But with Thee this sad earth is bright,
And glows with joy from heaven lent.

647 (C.C.) P.M. 264

OH, what fellowship ; oh, what joy
is mine,
Resting in the everlasting arms !
Oh, what blessedness ; oh, what peace
divine,
Resting in the everlasting arms !

Rest - - ing, rest - - ing,
Safe and secure from all alarms ;
Rest - - ing, rest - - ing,
Resting in the everlasting arms !

- 2 Oh, how safe am I in this pilgrim way,
Resting in the everlasting arms !
Oh, how bright the path grows from
day to day,
Resting in the everlasting arms !
- 3 What have I to dread, what have I to
fear,
Resting in the everlasting arms ?
I have perfect peace with my Saviour
near,
Resting in the everlasting arms !

648 (S.S.) S.S.S.S. 289

THE love that Jesus had for me,
To suffer on the cruel tree,
That I a ransomed soul might be,
Is more than tongue can tell !

His love is more than tongue can tell ! . . .
His love is more than tongue can tell ! . . .
The love that Jesus had for me
Is more than tongue can tell !

- 2 The bitter sorrow that He bore,
And oh, that crown of thorns He
That I might live for evermore, [wore,
Is more than tongue can tell !
- 3 The peace I have in Him, my Lord,
Who pleads before the throne of God,
The merit of His precious blood,
Is more than tongue can tell !

- 4 The joy that comes when He is near,
The rest He gives, so free from fear,
The hope in Him, so bright and clear,
Is more than tongue can tell !

649 (S.S.) C.M. 447

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

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

- 2 I know that Thou art nearer still
Than any earthly throng ;
And sweeter is the thought of Thee
Than any lovely song.
- 3 Thou hast put gladness in my heart ;
Then may I well be glad !
Without the secret of Thy love,
I could not but be sad.
- 4 O Saviour, precious Saviour, mine !
What will Thy presence be,
If such a life of joy can crown
Our walk on earth with Thee !

650 (S.S.) 39

RING the bells of heaven ! there is
joy to-day,
For a soul returning from the wild !
See ! the Father meets him out upon
the way, [child.
Welcoming His weary, wandering

Glory ! glory ! how the angels sing ;
Glory ! glory ! how the loud harps ring !
'Tis the ransomed army, like a mighty sea,
Pealing forth the anthem of the free.

- 2 Ring the bells of heaven ! there is
joy to-day,
For the wanderer now is reconciled ;
Yes, a soul is rescued from his sinful
way,
And is born anew a ransomed child.
- 3 Ring the bells of heaven ! spread the
feast to-day ! [strain !
Angels, swell the glad, triumphant
Tell the joyful tidings, bear it far
away !
For a precious soul is born again.

651 P.M.

To the Cross of Christ I cling ;
Though but faint my faith may be,
Yet this thought doth comfort bring :
Jesus holdeth me.

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656

C.M.

- O GENTLE, sweet, and tender Love !
 Greatest and best Thou art !
 Thou comest on Thine angel-wing
 Straight from our Father's heart.
 Spirit of love, expand Thy wings,
 Brood o'er my heart to-day ;
 Fill me with heavenly tenderness
 As now to Thee I pray.
- 2 God sendeth Thee, His messenger,
 From His bright home above ;
 And surely all that is of Thee
 Are His, for " God is love ! "
- 3 Faith leadeth us through earthly life
 Down to the gates of death :
 There stays ; for where " they see
 His face "
 They have no need of faith.
- 4 Hope cometh to the threshold fair,
 But cannot pass it o'er ;
 For there our hopes are all fulfilled,
 For ever, evermore.
- 5 But love goes through the pearly
 Into the city blest, [gates
 And flies on pinions swift and sure,
 Straight to our Father's breast.

657 (N.H.)
 94

- THERE comes to my heart one sweet
 strain, . . .
 A glad and a joyous refrain, . . .
 I sing it again and again,
 Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
 Peace, peace, sweet peace,
 Wonderful gift from above ; . . .
 Oh, wonderful, wonderful peace,
 Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
- 2 Through Christ on the cross peace
 was made, . . .
 My debt by His death was all paid, . . .
 No other foundation is laid
 For peace, the gift of God's love.
- 3 When Jesus as Lord I had crown'd, . . .
 My heart with His peace did abound, . . .
 In Him a rich blessing I found,
 Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
- 4 In Jesus at peace I abide, . . .
 And while I keep close to His side, . . .
 There's nothing but peace can betide,
 Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

658

12.8.

- FAR away in the depths of my spirit
 to-night
 Rolls a melody sweeter than psalm ;
 In celestial-like strains it unceasingly
 falls
 O'er my soul like an infinite calm.

Peace ! peace ! wonderful peace !

Coming down from the Father above,
 Sweep over my spirit for ever, I pray,
 In fathomless billows of love.

- 2 What a treasure I have in this wonder-
 ful peace [soul,
 Which abides in the depths of my
 So secure that no power can e'er take
 it away
 While the years of eternity roll.
- 3 I am resting to-night in this wonderful
 peace,
 I have yielded to Jesus' control ;
 For I'm kept from all danger by
 night and by day,
 And His glory is filling my soul.
- 4 And methinks when I rise to that
 city of peace, [see,
 Where its Author with joy I shall
 That one of the songs which the
 ransomed will sing [be :
 In that heavenly kingdom shall

659 (S.S.)
 374

11s.

- My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou
 art mine ! [resign ;
 For Thee all the pleasures of sin I
 My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour
 art Thou ! [now !
 If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis
- 2 I love Thee, because Thou hast first
 lovèd me, [Calvary's tree ;
 And purchased my pardon on
 I love Thee for wearing the thorns
 on Thy brow ; [now !
 If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis
- 3 I will love Thee in life, I will love
 Thee in death,
 And praise Thee as long as Thou
 lendest me breath ;
 And say when the death-dew lies
 cold on my brow, [now ! "
 " If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis
- 4 In mansions of glory and endless
 delight, [bright ;
 I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so
 I'll sing with the glittering crown on
 my brow, [now ! "
 " If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis

660 (S.S.)
 701

7s.

- WHEN this passing world is done,
 When has sunk yon radiant sun,
 When the pearly gate I gain,
 Never to go out again ;
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
 Not till then—how much I owe.

- 2 When I stand before the throne,
Dressed in beauty not my own;
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart:
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.
- 3 Chosen, not for good in me,
Wakened up from wrath to flee,
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified:
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
By my love, how much I owe.

661 (S.S.)
678

S.M.

- "My times are in Thy hand:"
My God, I wish them there;
My life, my friends, my soul—I leave
Entirely to Thy care.
- 2 "My times are in Thy hand,"
Whatever they may be;
Pleasing, or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.
- 3 "My times are in Thy hand;"
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.
- 4 "My times are in Thy hand,"
Jesus, the crucified!
The hand my cruel sins had pierced,
Is now my guard and guide.

662

7.7.7.5.

- GRACIOUS Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by Thee, we covet most
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,
Holy, heavenly love.
- 2 Love is kind, and suffers long;
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong;
Love, than death itself more strong;
Give us heavenly love.
- 3 Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay:
Give us heavenly love.
- 4 Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in heaven will shine more bright;
Give us heavenly love.
- 5 Faith and hope and love we see
Joining hand in hand agree;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love.
- 6 From the overshadowing
Of Thy gold and silver wing,
Shed on us, who to Thee sing,
Holy, heavenly love.

663

C.M.

- WE bless Thee for Thy peace, O God,
Deep as the unfathomed sea,
Which falls like sunshine on the road
Of those who trust in Thee.
- 2 We ask not, Father, for repose
Which comes from outward rest,
If we may have thro' all life's woes
Thy peace within our breast.
- 3 That peace which suffers and is
Trusts where it cannot see, [strong,
Deems not the trial way too long,
But leaves the end with Thee.
- 4 That peace which flows serene and
A river in the soul [deep,
Whose banks a living verdure keep—
God's sunshine o'er the whole.
- 5 O Father, give our hearts this peace,
Whate'er the outward be,
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
And we go home to Thee.

664 (C.C.)
217

S.7.

- YES, for me, for me He careth,
With a brother's tender care;
Yes, with me, with me He shareth
Every burden, every fear.
- Thus I wait . . . for His returning,
Singing all . . . the way to heaven;
Such the joy - - ful song of morning,
Such the tran - - quil song of even.
- 2 Yes, for me He standeth pleading
At the mercy-seat above,
Ever for me interceding,
Constant in untiring love.
- 3 Yea, in me abroad He sheddeth
Joys unearthly, love, and light;
And to cover me He spreadeth
His paternal wing of might.
- 4 Yes, in me, in me He dwelleth;
I in Him, and He in me;
And my empty soul He filleth
Here and through eternity.

665 (S.S.)
194

C.M.

- REPEAT the story o'er and o'er,
Of *grace* so full and free;
I love to hear it more and more,
Since *grace* has rescued me.
- The half . . . was never told, . . .
The half . . . was never told, . . .
Of *grace* divine, so wonderful,
The half . . . was never told, . . .
- 2 Of *peace* I only knew the name,
Nor found my soul its rest,
Until the sweet-voiced angel came
To soothe my weary breast.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

Of *peace* divine, so wonderful,
The half . . . was never told. . .

- 3 My highest place is lying low
At my Redeemer's feet;
No real *joy* in life I know,
But in His service sweet.

Of *joy* divine, so wonderful,
The half . . . was never told. . .

- 4 And oh, what rapture will it be
With all the host above,
To sing through all eternity
The wonders of His *love* !

Of *love* divine, so wonderful,
The half . . . was never told. . .

666

G.G.G.G.S.S.

- O PEACE divine and pure,
In wildest storm secure,
That feels the summer's glow
'Mid wintry ice and snow;
When may I rise to this dear prize,
And fill my breast with inward rest ?
- 2 My life is tempest-tossed,
With wayward currents crossed,
Unhallowed cares deface
The soul's most holy place;
How may I bind these cares, and find
All passion spent in calm content ?
- 3 And though through storm and
I sail the vasty seas [stress
Of troubled thought—in vain
I toil the shore to gain:
For yet within I'd feel my sin,
And still afar would shine Thy star.
- 4 Lord, only from Thy face
Beams forth this mystic grace,
And only in Thy love,
Beneath, around, above, [whole,
May my weak soul grow great and
And peace divine be fully mine.

667

7.7.7.7.D.

- SAVIOUR, teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving Him who first loved me.
Teach me, I am not my own,
I am Thine and Thine alone;
Thine to keep, to rule, to save,
From all sin that would enslave.
- 2 With a child's glad heart of love,
At Thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.
Tho' Thy will should cross my own,
May it instantly be done;
Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe.

- 3 Thine, Lord, was a bitter cup,
Thou didst meekly drink it up;
Thou, the Father's only Son,
Ever saidst, Thy will be done.
Teach me thus Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace;
Learning how to love from Thee,
Loving Him who so loved me.

- 4 Love in loving finds employ,
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving Him who first loved me.
Though a foolish child and weak,
More than this I need not seek;
Singing till Thy face I see,
Of His love who first loved me.

668 (C.C.)

P.M.

- RESTING on the faithfulness of Christ
our Lord, [sure word;
Resting on the fulness of His own
Resting on His wisdom, on His love
and power, [to hour.
Resting on His covenant from hour
2 Resting 'neath His guiding hand for
untracked days, [noontide rays;
Resting 'neath His shadow from the
Resting at the eventide, beneath His
wing, [King.
In the fair pavilion of our Saviour—
- 3 Resting in the fortress while the foe
is nigh, [waves roll high;
Resting in the lifeboat while the
Resting in His chariot for the swift
glad race, [boundless grace.
Resting, always resting, in His
- 4 Resting in the pastures, and beneath
the Rock, [His flock;
Resting by the waters where He leads
Resting, while we listen at His
glorious feet, [rest complete !
Resting in His arms of love—oh,
- 5 Resting and believing, let us onward
press, [Righteousness !"
Resting on Himself, "the Lord our
Resting and rejoicing, let His saved
ones sing— [King !"
"Glory, glory, glory be to Christ our

Conflict and Victory

(including Temperance Hymns).

669 (S.S.)

S.S.

- Ho, my comrades ! see the signal
Waving in the sky !
Reinforcements now appearing,
Victory is nigh !

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THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 2 Onward, Christians, onward go !
Join the war, and face the foe :
Will ye flee in danger's hour ?—
Know ye not your Captain's power ?
- 3 Let your drooping hearts be glad,
March, in heavenly armour clad :
Fight, nor think the battle long ;
Soon shall victory tune your song.
- 4 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry ;
Let not tears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.
- 5 Onward then to glory move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove :
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go !

675 (S.S.) P.M. 551

THERE'S a royal banner given for dis-
To the soldiers of the King ; [play
As an ensign fair we lift it up to-day,
While as ransomed ones we sing.

Marching on ! . . . Marching on ! . . .
For Christ count everything but loss ; . . .
And to crown Him King, . . . toil and sing, . . .
'Neath the banner of the cross !

- 2 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 !
- 3 Over land and sea, wherever man may
dwell,
Make the glorious tidings known :
Of the crimson banner now the story
tell, [own !
While the Lord shall claim His
- 4 When the glory dawns—'tis drawing
very near ;
It is hastening day by day—
Then before our King the foe shall
disappear, [sway !
And the Cross the world shall

676 (N.H.) 7.6. 126

GIRD ON the sword and armour !
Go, raise the banner high !
The Captain of Salvation
To thee is ever nigh.

Then wave the glorious banner !
Press forward in His name ; . . .
Fear not, for soon thy Captain
Will victory proclaim !

- 2 Gird on the sword and armour !
Let faith be thy strong shield ;
His promise shall sustain thee
On every battlefield.

- 3 Gird on the sword and armour !
Press on, the foe to fight ;
No enemy can harm thee,
For God sustains the right.

677 (C.C.) 216

7.6.D.

TAKE courage, temperance workers !
You shall not suffer wreck,
While up to God the people's prayers
Are ringing from your deck ;
Wait cheerily, ye workers,
For daylight and for land,
The breath of God is in your sails,
Your rudder in His hand.

Sail on, . . . O ship of hope !
Sail on for truth and right ;
The breath of God is in your sails,
The haven is in sight !
The breath of God is in your sails,
The haven is in sight !

- 2 Sail on ! sail on ! deep-freighted
With blessings and with hopes ;
The good of old, with shadowy hands,
Are pulling at your ropes ;
Behind you, holy martyrs
Uplift the palm and crown ;
Before you, unborn ages send
Their benedictions down.
- 3 Speed on ! your work is holy,
God's errands never fail ! [wild,
Sweep on through storm and darkness
The thunder and the hail ;
Toil on, the morning cometh,
The port you yet shall win !
And all the bells of God shall ring
The " Ship of Temperance " in !

678 (C.C.) 117

8.7.

A SONG, a song for water bright,
In love and beauty flowing !
It sings its way in joy and might
The gift of heaven bestowing.

A song, a song for water fair,
As pure and free as mountain air !
A song, a song for water fair,
As pure and free as mountain air !

- 2 There's balm in every sparkling drop,
In every wave there's pleasure ;
In diamond spray it leaps away,
A lovely boon and treasure.
- 3 It nerves the hand to deeds of might ;
It wakes the heart to gladness ;
It breathes a psalm of pure delight,
And charms us all from sadness.
- 4 From every vale and glade and hill
It speaks of nature's kindness !
Oh, may we heed the lessons still,
Nor shun it in our blindness !

679

95.

JESUS is calling ! Forth to the fray,
In line be falling, serve Him to-day !
Follow Him ever, call no retreat !
His soldiers never suffer defeat.

On to victory, follow your mighty Commander !
On to victory, follow where Jesus may go !
On to victory, close to your Shield and Defender !
On to victory, conquering every foe !

2 He needs you, brother: do thou His
will ;

Your place no other ever can fill :
Gird on the armour, take up the
sword ! [Lord !

Join your Commander, follow your

3 Morning is coming, night will be
past ; [last—

Soon will the dawning break in at
Then with the morning, glorious and
bright, [light !

Rich crowns adorning victors of

680 (S.S.)
15

7.8.D.

STAND up ! stand up for Jesus !

Ye soldiers of the cross ;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss ;
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !

The trumpet call obey ;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this His glorious day !
Ye that are men now serve Him,
Against unnumbered foes ;

Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 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 armour,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !

The strife will not be long ;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song ;
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be ;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

681 (S.S.)
485

P.M.

" FAINT, yet pursuing." we press our
way

Up to the glorious gates of day ;
Following Him who has gone before,
Over the path to the brighter shore.

" Faint, yet pursuing," from day to day,
Over the thorny and blood-marked way ;
Strengthen and keep us, O Saviour Friend,
Ever pursuing, unto life's end !

2 " Faint, yet pursuing," whate'er befall ;
He who has died for us, died for all :
So should they come as a mighty
throng,

Bearing His banner aloft with song.

3 " Faint, yet pursuing," till eventide,
Under the cross of the Crucified ;
Knowing, when darkly are skies
o'ercast,

Sorrow and sighing will end at last.

4 " Faint, yet pursuing," the eye afar
Sees through the darkness the Morn-
ing Star,

Shedding its ray for the weary feet,
Lighting the way to the golden street.

682 (R.H.)
36

C.M.D.

ENCAMPED along the hills of light,

Ye Christian soldiers, rise,
And press the battle ere the night

Shall veil the glowing skies ;
Against the foe in vales below

Let all our strength be hurled ;
Faith is the victory, we know,
That overcomes the world !

Faith . is the victory ! Faith . is the victory
Oh, glorious victory, that overcomes the world.

2 His banner over us is Love,

Our sword, the Word of God ;
We tread the road the saints above
With shouts of triumph trod ;

By faith they, like a whirlwind's breath,
Swept on o'er every field ; [Death
The faith by which they conquered
Is still our shining shield.

3 On every hand the foe we find

Drawn up in dread array ;
Let tents of ease be left behind,
And—onward to the fray !

Salvation's helmet on each head,
With truth all girt about, [tread,
The earth shall tremble 'neath our
And echo with our shout !

4 To him that overcomes the foe

White raiment shall be given ;

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

Before the angels he shall know
His name confessed in heaven ;
Then onward from the hills of light,
Our hearts with love aflame,
We'll vanquish all the hosts of night,
In Jesus' conquering name !

683

L.M.

- AWAKE, our souls ; away, our fears ;
Let every trembling thought be gone ;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
But they forget the mighty God
That feeds the strength of every saint—
- 3 Thee, mighty God, whose matchless
Is ever new and ever young, [power
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From Thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to Thine abode ;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

684 (C.C.) 126

S.M.D.

- WE'RE soldiers of the King,
Redeemed and saved by blood,
And now enlisted for the war
To fight for Christ the Lord.
In peril oft are we,
But joyfully we sing, [leads
Our hearts made strong by Him who
The soldiers of the King.
- We're soldiers of the King, . . His praises we
will sing, . . [glorious King.
And we will serve Him loyally, our great and
- 2 We're soldiers of the King,
His Name we gladly bear, [Cross,
The Name once nailed above the
When Christ our King was there.
We'll count our losses gain,
And welcome every sting,
To honour our Lord Jesus' name,
As soldiers of the King.
- 3 We're soldiers of the King,
With Him we shall appear,
If we with Him shall suffer now,
And His rejection share.
Then lift His banner high,
For time is on the wing,
The crowning day is hastening on
For soldiers of the King.

685 (S.S.) 491

P.M.

- FIRMLY stand for God, in the world's
mad strife, [the waves beat high :
Though the bleak winds roar, and
'Tis the Rock alone giveth strength
and life,
When the hosts of sin are nigh.
- Let us stand on the Rock ! firmly stand on
On the Rock of Christ alone : [the Rock !
If the strife we endure, we shall stand secure,
'Mid the throng who surround the throne.
- 2 Firmly stand for Right, with a motive
pure,
With a true heart bold, and a faith
e'er strong ; [sure,
'Tis the Rock alone giveth triumph
O'er the world's array of wrong.
- 3 Firmly stand for Truth ! it will serve
you best ; [at last ;
Though it waiteth long, it is sure
'Tis the Rock alone giveth peace and
rest
When the storms of life are past.

686 (S.S.) 507

P.M.

- " BE ye strong in the Lord and the
power of His might ! " [Word ;
Firmly standing for the truth of His
He shall lead you safely through the
thickest of the fight, [Lord !
You shall conquer in the name of the
- Firmly stand . . . for the right ! . . .
On to victory at the King's command
For the honour of the Lord,
And the triumph of His Word,
In the strength of the Lord firmly stand !
- 2 " Be ye strong in the Lord and the
power of His might ! " [foe ;
Never turning from the face of the
He will surely by you stand, as you
battle for the right : [go !
In the power of His might onward
- 3 " Be ye strong in the Lord and the
power of His might ! " [fail :
For His promises shall never, never
He will hold thy right hand, while
battling for the right,
Trusting Him thou shalt for ever-
more prevail.

687

7.7.7.3.

" CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose ; "
Cast thy dreams of ease away,
Thou art in the midst of foes :
" Watch and pray. "

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THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 5 Bless, bless the Conqueror slain !
Slain by Divine decree ! [again,
Who lived, who died, who lives
For thee, His saint, for thee.

692 (S.S.)
330

7.6.

TRUST on, trust on, believer !
Though long the conflict be,
Thou yet shalt prove victorious ;
Thy God shall fight for thee.

Trust on ! . . . trust on ! . . .
Though dark the night and drear :
Trust on ! . . . trust on ! . . .
The morning dawn is near.

2 Trust on ! the danger presses,
Temptation strong is near ;
Over life's dangerous rapids
He shall thy passage steer.

3 The Lord is strong to save us,
He is a faithful friend :
Trust on, trust on, believer !
Oh, trust Him to the end !

693 (S.S.)
164

8.7.D.

ONWARD ! upward ! Christian soldier,
Turn not back nor sheath thy sword :
Let its blade be sharp for conquest
In the battle for the Lord.
From the great white throne eternal,
God Himself is looking down ;
He it is who now commands thee,
Take the cross and win the crown.

2 Onward ! upward ! doing, daring
All for Him who died for thee ;
Face the foe and meet with boldness
Danger, whatso'er it be.
From the battlements of glory,
Holy ones are looking down ; [ing :
Thou canst almost hear them shout-
" On ! let no one take thy crown."

3 Onward ! till thy course is finished,
Like the ransomed ones before ;
Keep the faith through persecution,
Never give the battle o'er.
Onward ! upward ! till victorious
Thou shalt lay thine armour down,
And thy loving Saviour bids thee
At His hand receive thy crown.

694 (S.S.)
85

11s.

WE'RE marching to Canaan with
banner and song, [the wrong ;
We're soldiers enlisted to fight 'gainst
But, lest in the conflict our strength
should divide, [Lord's side ?
We ask, Who among us is on the

Oh, who is there among us,
The true and the tried,
Who'll stand by his colours ?
Who's on the Lord's side ?

- 2 The sword may be burnished, the
armour be bright, [light ;
For Satan appears as an angel of
Yet darkly the bosom may treachery
hide, [the Lord's side."
While lips are professing, " I'm on
- 3 Who is there among us yet under the
rod, [of God !
Who knows not the pardoning mercy
Oh, bring to Him humbly the heart
in its pride ; [the Lord's side.
Oh, haste while He's waiting, and seek
- 4 Oh, heed not the sorrow, the pain,
or the wrong, [into song ;
For soon shall our sighing be changed
So, bearing the cross of our covenant
Guide, [the Lord's side."
We'll shout, as we triumph, " I'm on

695 (S.S.)
604

C.M.D.

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain ;
His blood-red banner streams afar,
Who follows in His train ?
Who best can drink His cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain ;
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train.

- 2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave :
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save :
Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain, [wrong :
He prayed for them that did the
Who follows in his train ?
- 3 A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came : [knew,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they
And mocked the cross and flame.
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane ; [feel :
They bowed their necks the death to
Who follows in their train ?
- 4 A noble army—men and boys
The matron and the maid—
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed. [heaven
They climbed the steep ascent of
Through peril, toil, and pain :
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

696 (S.S.)
38

P.M.

ONLY an armour-bearer, firmly I
stand, [command;
Waiting to follow at the King's
Marching, if "Onward" shall the
order be, [faithfully.
Standing by my Captain, serving

Hear ye the battle-cry! "Forward!" the call;
See, see, the faltering ones, backward they fall.
Surely my Captain may depend on me,
Though but an armour-bearer I may be.

2 Only an armour-bearer, now in the
field, [and shield,
Guarding a shining helmet, sword,
Waiting to hear the thrilling battle-
cry, [here am I."
Ready then to answer, "Master,

3 Only an armour-bearer, yet may I
share [wear:
Glory immortal, and a bright crown
If in the battle to my trust I'm true,
Mine shall be the honours in the
Grand Review.

697

P.M.

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the
coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where
the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning
of His terrible, swift sword:
Our God is marching on.

Glory! glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! glory! Hallelujah!
Our God is marching on.

2 I have seen Him in the watch-fires
of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in
the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by
the dim and flaring lamps:
Our God is marching on.

3 He has sounded forth the trumpet
that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men
before His judgment-seat:
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer
Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

4 In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was
born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that
transfigures you and me:
As He died to make men holy, let us
die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

698 (S.S.)
135

11a.

YIELD not to temptation, for yielding
is sin, [to win;
Each victory will help you some other
Fight manfully onward, dark passions
subdue, [through.
Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you

Ask the Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you;
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through.

2 Shun evil companions, bad language
disdain, [take it in vain:
God's name hold in reverence, nor
Be thoughtful and earnest, kind-
hearted and true; [through.
Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you

3 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; [through.
Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you

699 (S.S.)
801

S.S.

O BROTHER, life's journey beginning,
With courage and firmness arise!—
Look well to the course thou art
choosing;

Be earnest, be watchful, and wise!
Remember—two paths are before
thee,

And both thy attention invite;
But one leadeth on to destruction,
The other to joy and delight.

God help you to follow His banner,
And serve Him wherever you go;
And when you are tempted, my brother,
God give you the grace to say "No!"

2 O brother, yield not to the tempter,
No matter what others may do;
Stand firm in the strength of the
Master,

Be loyal, be faithful, and true!
Each trial will make you the stronger,
If you, in the name of the Lord,
Fight manfully under your Leader,
Obeying the voice of His word.

3 O brother, the Saviour is calling!
Beware of the danger of sin;
Resist not the voice of the Spirit,
That whispers so gently within.
God calls you to enter His service—
To live for Him here, day by day;
And share by and by in the glory
That never shall vanish away.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

700 (S.S.) 8.7.
(501)

HARK ! the temperance bells are ring-
Joyous music fills the air; [ing,
Strength and hope their tones are
bringing

To the homes where dwelt despair.

Hear the bells, . . . joyous bells, . . .

Chime the anthem of the free ;

Hear the bells, . . . merry bells, . . .

Sound the temperance jubilee !

2 Long the tyrant foe hath taken
Cherished loved ones for his own ;
Now his cruel power is shaken,
Soon will fall his tottering throne.

3 Brothers, come ! the hosts are form-
Let us join without delay; [ing !
Bright the hills with tints of morning,
Dawning of a better day.

701 (C.C.) P.M.
(273)

DOWN from the mountains a gay
little stream,

Leaping along, leaping along,

Sang a sweet tune to the sun's merry
Leaping along, along. [beam,

Murmuring stream, murmuring stream,

Flow to the rolling sea ;

Murmuring stream, murmuring stream,

Singing of purity. [hours,

2 Cooling the grass in the long summer
Smiling along, smiling along ;
Giving a drink to the birds and the
Smiling along, along. [flowers,

3 Wider and wider as onward you flow,
Rippling along, rippling along ;
Carry a blessing wherever you go,
Rippling along, along.

4 Bright little streamlets we children
may be,
Singing along, singing along,
Loving and helpful, pure-hearted and
Singing along, along. [free,

702 (S.S.) 8.7.
(329)

LONG in darkness we have waited.
For the shining of the Light ;
Long have felt the things we hated
Sink us still in deeper night.

Blessèd Jesus, loving Saviour !

Tender, faithful, strong, and true,

Break the fetters that have bound us,

Make us in Thyself anew !

2 Now, at last, the Light appeareth,
Jesus stands upon the shore ;
And with tender voice He calleth,
“ Come to Me, and sin no more ! ”

3 Nothing have we but our weakness,
Naught but sorrow, sin, and care ;

All within is loathsome vileness,
All without is dark despair.

4 All our talents we have wasted,
All Thy laws have disobeyèd ;
But Thy goodness now we've tasted,
In Thy robes we stand arrayed.

5 Thou hast saved us—do Thou keep
Guide us by Thine eye divine ; [us,
Let the Holy Spirit teach us,
That our light may ever shine.

Blessèd Jesus, be Thou near us,

Give us of Thy grace to-day ;

While we're calling, do Thou hear us,

Send us now Thy peace, we pray.

703 (S.S.) P.M.
(511)

SOUND the battle-cry ! See ! the foe
is nigh ; [Lord !

Raise the standard high for the
Gird your armour on, stand firm
every one,

Rest your cause upon His holy Word !

Rouse then, soldiers ! rally round the banner !

Ready, steady, pass the word along ;

Onward ! forward ! shout aloud Hosanna !

Christ is Captain of the mighty throng !

2 Strong to meet the foe, marching on
we go, [vail ;

While our cause we know must pre-
Shield and banner bright gleaming in
the light, [fail !

Battling for the right, we ne'er can

3 O Thou God of all, hear us when we
call ;

Help us one and all, by Thy grace ;

When the battle's done, and the vic-
tory won, [face !

May we wear the crown before Thy

704 6.5.6.5.D.

CHRISTIAN, dost thou see them on the
holy ground, [thee around ?

How the powers of darkness compass
Christian, up and smite them, count-
ing gain but loss ; [cross.

Smite them by the merit of the holy

2 Christian, dost thou feel them, how
they work within, [into sin ?

Striving, tempting, luring, goading
Christian, never tremble, never be
downcast ; [pray and fast.

Gird thee for the conflict, watch and

3 Christian, dost thou hear them, how
they speak thee fair ? [and prayer ? ”

“ Always fast and vigil, always watch

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THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

Thou shalt overcome through His
power and might,
And more than conqueror be.

- 3 O troubled heart, when thy way is
drear, [fear;
He will rescue thee and dispel thy
In thy greatest need He is always
To Him all glory be ! [near—

710 (S.S.) 492

L.M.

O WEARY heart, there is a Home,
Beyond the reach of toil and care;
A Home where changes never come:
Who would not fain be resting there ?

Oh wait, . . . meekly wait, and murmur not !
Oh wait, . . . meekly wait, and murmur not !
Oh wait, . . . oh wait, . . .
Oh wait, and murmur not ! . . .

- 2 Yet when bowed down beneath the
load
By heaven allowed, thine earthly lot;
Look up ! thou'lt reach that blest
abode:
Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not !
- 3 If in thy path some thorns are found,
Oh, think who bore them on His
brow; [found,
If grief thy sorrowing heart has
It reached a holier than thou.
- 4 Toil on ! nor deem, though sore it be,
One sigh unheard, one prayer forgot;
The day of rest will dawn for thee:
Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not !

711 (S.S.) 421

S.7.

WHAT though clouds are hovering o'er
And I seem to walk alone— [me,
Longing, 'mid my cares and crosses,
For the joys that now are flown !
If I've Jesus, " Jesus only,"
Then my sky will have a gem;
He's the Sun of brightest splendour,
And the Star of Bethlehem.

- 2 What though all my earthly journey
Bringeth naught but weary hours;
And, in grasping for life's roses,
Thorns I find instead of flowers !
If I've Jesus, " Jesus only,"
I possess a cluster rare ;
He's the " Lily of the Valley,"
And the " Rose of Sharon " fair.
- 3 What though all my heart is yearning
For the loved of long ago—
Bitter lessons sadly learning
From the shadowy page of woe !

If I've Jesus, " Jesus only,"
He'll be with me to the end ;
And, unseen by mortal vision,
Angel bands will o'er me bend.

- 4 When I soar to realms of glory,
And an entrance I await,
If I whisper, " Jesus only ! "
Wide will ope the pearly gate ;
When I join the heavenly chorus,
And the angel-hosts I see,
Precious Jesus, " Jesus only,"
Will my theme of rapture be.

712 (S.S.) 459

D.C.M.

O CHILD of God, wait patiently,
When dark thy path may be ;
And let thy faith lean trustingly
On Him who cares for thee ;
And though the clouds hang drearily
Upon the brow of night,
Yet in the morning joy will come,
And fill thy soul with light.

- 2 O child of God, He loveth thee,
And thou art all His own ;
With gentle hand He leadeth thee—
Thou dost not walk alone ;
And though thou watchest wearily
The long and stormy night,
Yet in the morning joy will come,
And fill thy soul with light.

- 3 O child of God, how peacefully
He calms thy fears to rest ;
And draws thee upward, tenderly,
Where dwell the pure and blest !
And He who bendeth silently
Above the gloom of night, [joy
Will take thee home, where endless
Shall fill thy soul with light.

713

P.M.

BE still, O heart ! why fear and
tremble ?

What evil can thy steps betide ?
Though foes, a mighty host, assemble,
Fear not, for God is on thy side.

Be still, . . . O heart ! . . .
What evil can betide thee ?

Fear not, . . . fear not, . . .
With God to walk beside thee.

- 2 Be still, O heart ! the Lord of glory
Was once a man acquaint with
grief; [story—
He stoops to hear—tell all thy
He loves, He cares, He'll send
relief.
- 3 Be still, O heart ! cease fearing, fret-
About the future all unknown ; [ting

Ne'er think the Master is forgetting
About His child—His loved and
own.

4 Be still, O heart ! thy Lord will send
thee

The clouds or sunshine as is best ;
His own right hand shall e'er defend
thee ; [rest.

Then trust His love, and be at

714

8.8.8.8.8.8.

O ACHING heart, with sorrow torn,
Thy Lord is near and knows !
He knows it all—the feet way-worn,
The weary cares and woes,
The load of grief in anguish borne,
Thy Lord is near : . . . He knows.

He knows, . . . He knows ; . . .
Thy Lord is near : He knows.

2 O fainting soul, with doubts op-
pressed,

Thy Lord is near and knows !
He knows it all—how thou art pressed
On every side with foes,
He waits to be thy cherished Guest ;
Thy Lord is near : . . . He knows.

3 O weary head, that fain would rest,
Thy Lord is near and knows !
He knows it all, and on His breast
Thou mayest now repose ;
Drop every care at His behest ;
Thy Lord is near : He knows.

4 O lonely one, live thou thy best,
Thy Lord is near and knows !
He knows it all, sees every test—
Yes, every tear that flows :
Rejoice, faint heart, His way is best ;
Thy Lord is near : He knows.

715 (N.H.)

(70)

8.7.

HOPE on, hope on, O troubled heart !
If doubts and fears o'ertake thee,
Remember this—the Lord hath said,
He “ never will forsake thee.”
Then murmur not, still bear thy lot,
Nor yield to care or sorrow ;
Be sure the clouds that frown to-day
Will break in smiles to-morrow.

2 o e on, hope on ! though dark and
H pdeep

The shadows gather o'er thee ;
Be not dismayed : thy Saviour holds
The Lamp of Life before thee.

And if He will that thou to-day
Shouldst tread the vale of sorrow,
Be not afraid ; but trust and wait—
The sun will shine to-morrow.

3 Hope on, hope on ! go bravely forth,
Through trial and temptation ;
Directed by the Word of truth,
So full of consolation.

There is a calm for every storm ;
A joy for every sorrow ; [wake
A night from which the soul shall
To hail an endless morrow.

716

D.C.X

O TROUBLED heart, there is a balm
To heal thy every wound !
In thy Redeemer's bleeding side
That balm alone is found.
The hidden anguish of the soul,
The burning tears that fall,
The sigh that rends thy aching
breast—

Thy Saviour knows them all.

2 Go where no ear but His can hear,
No eye but His can see ;
Has He not said that as thy day
E'en so thy strength shall be ?
Though heaven and earth should pass
His Word can never fail, [away,
If thou by faith approach His throne,
By faith thou shalt prevail.

3 Then why cast down ? these passing
Thy path that sometimes dim, [ills,
Will work together for thy good
If thou but trust in Him :
The many blessings of the past
With gratitude recall ;
Then tell thy sorrows at the feet
Of Him who knows them all.

717 (S.S.)

(448)

8s.

OH, weary pilgrim, lift your head :
For joy cometh in the morning !
For God in His own Word hath said
That joy cometh in the morning !

Joy cometh in the morning !
Joy cometh in the morning !
Weeping may endure for a night ;
But joy cometh in the morning !

2 Ye trembling saints, dismiss your
fears :

For joy cometh in the morning !
Oh, weary mourner, dry your tears :
For joy cometh in the morning !

3 Rejoice ! the night will soon be gone :
For joy cometh in the morning !
And then shall come the glorious
dawn :

For joy cometh in the morning !

4 Oh, may we all be glad to-day !
For joy cometh in the morning !

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

Our God shall wipe all tears away:
For joy cometh in the morning !

718 (S.S.)
321

8.8.8.4.

My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough
way,

Oh, teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done !"

Thy will be done !

Thy will be done !

Oh, teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done !"

2 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done !"

3 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest:
"Thy will be done !"

4 Renew my will from day to day:
Blend it with Thine; and take away
All now that makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done !"

5 Then when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears be-
I'll sing upon a happier shore, [fore,
"Thy will be done !"

719 (S.S.)
382

11.10.

COME, ye disconsolate ! where'er ye
languish, [kneel:

Come to the mercy-seat, fervently
Here bring your wounded hearts,
here tell your anguish;

Earth has no sorrow that heaven
cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate ! light of the
straying, [pure !
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly
saying, [cannot cure.

Earth has no sorrow that heaven

3 Here see the Bread of Life ! see
waters flowing [from above:
Forth from the throne of God, pure
Come to the feast of love; come,
ever knowing, [can remove.
Earth has no sorrow but heaven

720 (N.H.)
90

8.7.D.

NIGHT has fallen on the city,
And the streets at last are still,
Where the noisy crowd, the day long,
Did the air with shoutings fill;

And the weary, way-worn travellers,
Preaching Jesus through the land,
Are in deepest dungeon darkness,
By the magistrates' command.

2 Many stripes to them are given,
Many curses on them cast;
Many bolts and bars surround them;
In the stocks their feet are fast;
While the cruel Roman jailer,
All securely sleeping on,
Little dreams the mighty wonders
Of the morrow's early dawn.

3 Hark the sighing of the prisoners !
Hear their moanings loud and long !
No: again, and louder, clearer,
'Tis the voice of prayer and song !
See, the prison walls are shaking,
And the door wide open stands !
Lo, behold the earth is quaking,
Loosed are every prisoner's bands !

4 Oh, there's not a cell so lonely
But a song may echo there;
Oh, there's not a night so cheerless,
But there's potency in prayer;
Sing, oh, sing, thou weary pilgrim !
Song will bring thee heavenly
peace; [prisoner !
Pray, oh, pray, thou burdened
God will give thee sweet release.

721 (S.S.)
742

11s.

O EYES that are weary and hearts
that are sore, [more;
Look off unto Jesus, and sorrow no
The light of His countenance shineth
so bright, [be no night.
That on earth as in heaven there need

2 Looking off unto Jesus, my eyes
cannot see [around me;
The troubles and dangers that throng
They cannot be blinded with sorrow-
ful tears; [belief-fears.
They cannot be shadowed with un-

3 Looking off unto Jesus, my spirit is
blest; [I have rest;
In the world I have turmoil, in Him
The sea of my life all about me may
roar; [more.
When I look unto Jesus, I hear it no

4 Looking off unto Jesus, I go not
astray; [me the way;
My eyes are on Him, and He shows
The path may seem dark as He leads
me along,
But following Jesus I cannot go wrong.

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THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 2 Peace ! perfect peace ! by thronging
duties prest ?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.
- 3 Peace ! perfect peace ! with sorrows
surging round ? [found.
On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is
- 4 Peace ! perfect peace ! with loved
ones far away ? [they.
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and
- 5 Peace ! perfect peace ! our future all
unknown ? [throne.
Jesus we know, and He is on the
- 6 Peace ! perfect peace ! death shadow-
ing us and ours ? [its powers.
Jesus has vanquished death and all
- 7 It is enough : earth's struggles soon
shall cease, [peace.
And Jesus call to heaven's perfect

727

P.M.

“LET not your heart be troubled ;”
Rest in the Lord your King ;
Not without hope your weeping ;
Those who in Christ are sleeping
He in the clouds will bring.

“Where - - fore comfort ye, comfort ye one
anoth - er, . [these words ; . .
Comfort ye, comfort ye, comfort ye with
Where - - fore comfort ye, comfort ye one
anoth - er, . [words.” . .
Comfort ye one anothe - er, . with these

- 2 “Let not your heart be troubled ;”
If ye on Christ believe,
Joy for each night of sorrow,
Life, and a bright to-morrow,
Ye shall from Him receive.
- 3 Watch, for the Lord is coming ;
Watch, for the time draws near ;
He by His saints attended,
He that to heaven ascended,
Soon will again appear.

728 (S.S.)

(835)

6.4.D.

- WEARY of wandering long, my sore
heart saith ; [me Thy path !”
“Show me Thy way, O Lord ! teach
I thought these weary feet straight-
way would find [behind.
All rough and rugged paths left far
- 2 But as I onward passed, the way
grew steep ; [skies did weep ;
And black clouds gathered fast, and
And darkness seemed to hide the
toilsome road : [O God ?”
Amazed, again I cried, “Thy way,
- 3 “A lamp unto my feet” God's Word
did prove ; [spoke thus in love :
A “still, small voice,” and sweet,

“Whoso, through night and day, God's
way pursues, [shall choose.”
‘Him shall He teach the way that He

4 Then, since He chose for me this
rugged path, [fast faith ;
My hand in His shall be with stead-
Each step this darksome night is
bringing me
Still nearer to the bright eternity.

729

C.M.

WE may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down ;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown.

- 2 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He ;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.
- 3 The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain ; [press,
We touch Him in life's throng and
And we are whole again.
- 4 O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine !

730 (S.S.)

(658)

C.M.

CALM me, my God, and keep me
Let Thine outstretchèd wing [calm ;
Be like the shade of Elim's palm,
Beside her desert-spring. [rude

- 2 Yes, keep me calm, though loud and
The sounds my ear that greet—
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street :
- 3 Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain ;
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain ;
- 4 Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him who bore my shame ;
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting
Who hate Thy holy name. [throng,
- 5 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on Thy breast ;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

731 (C.C.)

(84)

11.10.

BEYOND our sight a city foursquare
lieth, [mists of earth ;
Above the clouds, the fogs and
And none but souls that Jesus puri-
fieth [mirth.
Can see its walls, or hear its holy

Beyond our sight, . . . beyond our night, . . .
 Beyond this world's sad story ;
 That city bright, . . . it stands in light, . . .
 The home of all the holy.

- 2 Secure and strong, this heavenly city
 builded [blood-washed throng,
 By Christ the Lamb for all the
 Gleams fair and bright, with golden
 glory gilded, [song.
 For ever thrilling with triumphant
- 3 There, on the throne, the Lamb once
 slain is seated, [face ;
 The Shepherd's joy upon His holy
 While countless hosts, their warfare
 all completed, [songs of praise.
 In circling bands, lift ceaseless
- 4 O sorrowing souls, beneath earth's
 burdens bending, [fair ;
 Lift up your eyes to yonder city
 And through your tears let praise be
 still ascending, [waiting there.
 For rest, and home, and loved ones

732

11.10.11.10.

- REST in the Lord, O weary, heavy-
 laden ! [Guide :
 Look unto Him, your ever-present
 Rest in the Lord, whose Word is
 truth eternal ; [betide.
 Leave all to Him, whatever may
- 2 Rest in the Lord, and tell Him all
 your sorrow ; [full, and free ;
 Trust in His love, so boundless,
 He will not leave, nor will He e'er
 forsake you ; [rest shall be.
 Rest in the Lord, and sweet your
- 3 Rest in the Lord, and when your
 toil is over, [have passed—
 When every storm and danger you
 Lo ! He has said, whose Word
 abideth ever, [home at last.
 You shall receive His welcome

733 (S.S.)

(573)

P.M.

- “ ONLY a beam of sunshine ”—
 But oh, it was warm and bright ;
 The heart of a weary traveller
 Was cheered by its welcome sight.
 “ Only a beam of sunshine ”
 That fell from the arch above :
 And tenderly, softly whispered
 A message of peace and love.
 Only a word for Jesus—
 Only a whispered prayer—
 Over some grief-worn spirit
 May rest like a sunbeam fair !
- 2 “ Only a beam of sunshine ”
 That into a dwelling crept ;

Where, over a fading rosebud,
 A mother her vigil kept.
 “ Only a beam of sunshine ” [tears,
 That smiled through her falling
 And showed her the bow of promise,
 Forgotten perhaps for years.

- 3 Only a word for Jesus,
 Oh, speak it in His dear name ;
 To perishing souls around you
 The message of love proclaim.
 Go, like the faithful sunbeam,
 Your mission of joy fulfil ;
 Remember the Saviour's promise—
 That He will be with you still.

734 (S.S.)

(681)

8.7.4.

- ON the mountain's top appearing,
 Lo ! the sacred herald stands,
 Welcome news to Zion bearing—
 Zion, long in hostile lands :
 Mourning captive,
 God Himself will loose thy bands.
- 2 Has thy night been long and mourn-
 ful ? [proved ?
 Have thy friends unfaithful
 Have thy foes been proud and scorn-
 ful,
 By thy sighs and tears unmoved ?
 Cease thy mourning,
 Zion still is well beloved.
- 3 God, thy God, will now restore thee ;
 He Himself appears thy Friend :
 All thy foes shall flee before thee,
 Here their boasts and triumphs
 Great deliverance [end ;
 Zion's King shall surely send.
- 4 Enemies no more shall trouble,
 All thy wrongs shall be redressed ;
 For thy shame thou shalt have
 double,
 In thy Maker's favour blessed :
 All thy conflicts
 End in everlasting rest.

735 (C.C.)

(203)

P.M.

THERE is never a day so dreary,
 But God can make it bright ;
 And unto the soul that trusts Him,
 He giveth songs in the night.
 There is never a path so hidden,
 But God will lead the way,
 If we seek for the Spirit's guidance,
 And patiently wait and pray ;
 If we seek for the Spirit's guidance,
 And patiently wait and pray.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 2 There is never a cross so heavy,
But the nail-scarred hands are there,
Outstretched in tender compassion,
The burden to help us bear.
There is never a heart so broken,
But the loving Lord can heal;
For the heart that was pierced on
Calvary,
Does still for His loved ones feel.
- 3 There is never a life so darkened,
So hopeless and unblest, [God,
But may be filled with the light of
And enter His promised rest.
There is never a sin or sorrow,
There is never a care or loss,
But that we may bring to Jesus,
And leave at the foot of the cross.

736 (S.S.) 687

79.

- WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear—
Jesus, Son of David, hear !
- 2 Thou our feeble flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne;
Thou hast shed the human tear:
Jesus, Son of David, hear !
- 3 When the heart is sad within,
With the thought of all its sin;
When the spirit shrinks with fear;
Jesus, Son of David, hear !
- 4 Thou the shame, the grief, hast
known;
Though the sins were not Thine own,
Thou hast deigned their load to bear:
Jesus, Son of David, hear !
- 5 When our eyes grow dim in death,
When we heave the parting breath,
When our solemn doom is near—
Jesus, Son of David, hear !
- 6 Thou hast bowed the dying head;
Thou the blood of life hast shed;
Thou hast filled a mortal bier:
Jesus, Son of David, hear !

737 (S.S.) 698

79.

- QUIET, Lord, my froward heart;
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art;
Make me as a little child—
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.
- 2 What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave:

'Tis enough that Thou wilt care—
Why should I the burden bear ?

- 3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone—
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide !

738

78.

COME unto Me, ye weary,
Sorrowing ones oppressed;
I am your tender Shepherd,
Waiting to give you rest.

Come, come, come unto Me,
Weary and sore distressed;
Come, come, come unto Me,
Come unto Me and rest.

- 2 Come unto Me, ye weary:
List to the voice so dear,
Sweeter than angel music
Falling upon the ear.
- 3 Come unto Me, ye weary:
List to that voice again,
Over the barren mountain,
Over the lonely plain.
- 4 Come unto Me, ye weary:
Why will ye longer roam?
Come to the arms of mercy,
Come to a Father's home.

739

78.

- THOU art my great "Physician,"
My Saviour and my All;
I look to Thee for blessing,
And on Thy mercy call.
With tenderest care Thou watchest
Beside the couch of pain,
And givest health and healing,
When human help is vain.
- 2 When in the midnight watches,
With anxious care oppressed,
I often hear Thee whisper,
"Come unto Me and rest."
Thou carest for the weary,
Dost mark the sparrow's fall:
Then surely I can trust Thee,
Thou art my "All in All."
- 3 Thou art my "Tower of Refuge,"
My "Strength" upon the way;
My "Hope" of endless glory,
When ends life's fleeting day!
Thou art the only "Healer"
For body, mind, and soul,
And when all others fail me,
Thy touch can make me whole.

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THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

For what I cannot, He can see,
And in His care I saved shall be,
For ever blest.

744 (S.S.)
90)

MOURNER, wheresoe'er thou art,
At the cross there's room !
Tell the burden of thy heart ;
At the cross there's room !
Tell it in thy Saviour's ear,
Cast away thine every fear ;
Only speak, and He will hear ;
At the cross there's room !

2 Haste thee, wanderer, tarry not,
At the cross there's room !
Seek that consecrated spot ;
At the cross there's room !
Heavy-laden, sore oppressed,
Love can soothe thy troubled breast ;
In the Saviour find thy rest ;
At the cross there's room !

3 Thoughtless sinner, come to-day ;
At the cross there's room !
Hark ! the Bride and Spirit say,
At the cross there's room !
Now a living fountain see,
Opened there for you and me,
Rich and poor, for bond and free ;
At the cross there's room !

4 Blessèd thought ! for every one
At the cross there's room !
Love's atoning work is done ;
At the cross there's room !
Streams of boundless mercy flow,
Free to all who thither go ;
Oh, that all the world might know
At the cross there's room !

745

P.M.

WHEN upon life's billows you are
tempest tossed, [all is lost,
When you are discouraged, thinking
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 ; [done !
Count . . your blessings, see what God . hath .
Count . . your blessings, name them one by
one ; [done.

And it will surprise you what the Lord hath

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

3 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 [home on high.
Your reward in heaven, nor your
4 So, amid the conflict, whether great
or small, [over all ;
Do not be disheartened, God is
Count your many blessings, angels
will attend, [journey's end.
Help and comfort give you to your

746 (S.S.)
408)

P.M.

ONLY a little while
Of walking with weary feet,
Patiently over the thorny way
That leads to the golden street.

2 Suffer if 'tis God's will,
And work for Him while we may ;
From Calvary's cross to Zion's crown
Is only a little way.

3 Only a little while !
For toiling a few short days,
And then comes the rest, the quiet
Eternity's endless praise. [rest,

747

P.M.

THE cross that He gave may be heavy,
But it ne'er outweighs His grace :
The storm that I feared may surround
But it ne'er excludes His face. [me,
The cross is not greater than His grace,
The storm cannot hide His blessèd face
I am satisfied to know
That with Jesus here below,
I can conquer every foe.

2 The thorns in my path are not sharper
Than composed His crown for me :
The cup that I drink not more bitter
Than He drank in Gethsemane.

3 The light of His love shineth brighter,
As it falls on paths of woe :
The toil of my work groweth lighter,
As I stoop to raise the low.

4 His will I have joy in fulfilling,
As I'm walking in His sight :
My all to the blood I am bringing,
It alone can keep me right.

Service and Reward

748

7s.

CHRISTIANS, wake, no longer sleep :
Shall we rest while others weep ?
Shall we sit with folded hands
When the Lord Himself commands ?

Go and work ! . . . this hour begin ; . . .
 Go and seek . . . the lost to win ; . . .
 From the dark . . . abodes of sin, . . .
 To the feast, oh, bring them in ! . . .

2 Do we love the Saviour's name ?
 Can our faith His promise claim ?
 Have we pledged to Him our all ?
 Shall we not obey His call ?

3 Do we trust Him as we ought ?
 Do we live as He has taught ?
 Are we His, and His alone ?
 Let our faith by works be shown.

4 There's a cross that we must bear
 If the crown we hope to wear :
 Onward, then, with vigour new :
 Time is short, the days are few.

749 (S.S.) 10s.

OH, where are the reapers that garner
 in [fields of sin ?
 The sheaves of the good from the
 With sickles of truth must the work
 be done, [vest home."
 And no one may rest till the "har-

Where are the reapers ? Oh, who will come
 And share in the glory of the "harvest home" ?
 Oh, who will help us to garner in
 The sheaves of good from the fields of sin ?

2 Go out in the byways and search
 them all : [weeds are tall :
 The wheat may be there, though the
 Then search in the highway, and pass
 none by, [high.
 But gather from all for the home on

3 The fields are all ripening, and far
 and wide [tide :
 The world now is waiting the harvest-
 But reapers are few, and the work is
 great, [harvest wait.
 And much will be lost should the

4 So come with your sickles, ye sons of
 men,
 And gather together the golden grain :
 Toil on till the Lord of the harvest
 come, [home."
 Then share in the joy of the "harvest

750 P.M.

ARISE and away, ye reapers ;
 The fields of the golden corn
 Are ripe and fully ready for you ;
 Go forth in the early morn.

Press on, press on, to gather the sheaves,
 The work is for you alone ;
 Then haste away, no time for delay ;
 Go, gather the harvest home.

2 The gleaners are there before you,
 The garner are open wide ;
 No time to lose, so hasten away,
 All day in the field abide.

3 Toil on till the day is over,
 Too soon will the darkness come ;
 The sun is sinking now in the west ;
 Then gather the harvest home.

751 (S.S.) 12s.

To the work ! to the work ! We are
 servants of God, [has trod ;
 Let us follow the path that our Master
 With the balm of His counsel our
 strength to renew,
 Let us do with our might what our
 hands find to do.

Toiling on ! . . . Toiling on ! . . .
 Toiling on ! . . . Toiling on ! . . .
 Let us hope, . . . Let us watch, . . .
 And labour till the Master comes.

2 To the work ! to the work ! Let the
 hungry be fed, [be led ;
 To the fountain of Life let the weary
 In the cross and its banner our glory
 shall be, [vation is free."
 While we herald the tidings, "Sal-

3 To the work ! to the work ! There is
 labour for all, [error shall fall ;
 For the kingdom of darkness and
 And the name of Jehovah exalted
 shall be [tion is free."
 In the loud swelling chorus, "Salva-

4 To the work ! to the work ! in the
 strength of the Lord,
 And a robe and a crown shall our
 labour reward ; [dwelling shall be,
 When the home of the faithful our
 And we shout with the ransomed,
 "Salvation is free."

752 L.M.

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

Bring them in, bring them in !
 Bring them in from the fields of sin ;
 Bring them in, bring them in !
 Bring the wandering ones to Jesus.

2 Who'll go and help this Shepherd
 kind, [find ?
 Help Him the wandering ones to
 Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold,
 Where they'll be sheltered from the
 cold ?

3 Out in the desert hear their cry,
 Out on the mountain wild and high,

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

Hark ! 'tis the Master speaks to thee :
"Go, find My sheep where'er they be."

753 (S.S.)
(607)

P.M.

Ho, reapers in the whitened harvest !
Oft feeble, faint, and few ;
Come, wait upon the blessed Master,
Our strength He will renew.

For "they that wait upon the Lord . . . shall renew their strength : . . they shall mount up with wings, . . . they shall mount up with wings as eagles : they shall run . . . and not be weary ; they shall walk and not faint ; . . . They shall run . . . and not be weary ; they shall walk and not faint ; . . . they shall run and not be weary ; shall walk and not faint."

- 2 Too oft weary and discouraged,
We pour a sad complaint ;
Believing in a *living* Saviour,
Why should we ever faint ?
- 3 Rejoice ! for He is with us always,
Lo, even to the end ! [ward—
Look up ! take courage and go for—
All needed grace He'll send !

754 (S.S.)
(471)

P.M.

IN the harvest field there is work to
do, [few ;
For the grain is ripe, and the reapers
And the Master's voice bids the
workers true

Heed the call that He gives to-day.

Labour on ! . . . labour on ! . . .
Keep the bright reward in view ;
For the Master has said, He will strength re—
Labour on till the close of day ! [new :

- 2 Crowd the garner well with its sheaves
all bright, [be light ;
Let the song be glad, and the heart
Fill the precious hours, ere the shades
of night
Take the place of the golden day.
- 3 In the gleaner's path may be rich
reward, [labour hard ;
Though the time seems long, and the
For the Master's joy, with His chosen
shared, [day.
Drives the gloom from the darkest
- 4 Lo ! the Harvest Home in the realms
above [and strove,
Shall be gained by each who has toiled
When the Master's voice, in its tones
Calls away to eternal day. [of love,

755 (S.S.)
(461)

P.M.

HAVE ye heard the song from the
golden land ?
Have ye heard the glad new song?

Let us bind our sheaves with a willing
For the time will not be long. [hand,
The Lord of the harvest will soon appear,
His smile, His voice we shall see and hear!
The Lord of the harvest will soon appear,
And gather the reapers home !

- 2 They are looking down from the
golden land,
Our beloved are looking down ;
They have done their work, they have
borne their cross,
And received their promised crown.
- 3 Oh, the song rolls on from the golden
land,
And our hearts are strong to-day,
For it nerves our souls with its music
sweet,
As we toil in the noontide ray.
- 4 Oh, the song rolls on from the golden
land,
From its vales of joy and flowers ;
And we feel and know by a living faith
That its tones will soon be ours.

756 (S.S.)
(478)

P.M.

BEHOLD, the Master now is calling
For reapers brave and true ;
The golden harvest fields are waiting,
But labourers are few.

Go forth, with patience, love, and kindness ;
And, in the Master's name,
The blessed news of free salvation
To all the world proclaim !

- 2 Go forth, and rescue those that perish,
Where sin and darkness reign ;
Go, lend a helping hand to save them,
And break the tempter's chain.
- 3 Go, bid the poor with joy and glad—
The feast of love to share ; [ness
And He, the Bread of Life Eternal,
Will make them welcome there.
- 4 Go forth, the summer days are wan—
Their light will soon be o'er ; [ing,
The solemn hour is quickly coming,
When we can work no more.

757 (S.S.)
(274)

P.M.

SOWING in the morning, sowing seeds
of kindness, [dewy eyes :

Sowing in the noontide and the
Waiting for the harvest, and the time
of reaping, [in the sheaves !

We shall come rejoicing, bringing
Bringing in the sheaves ! bringing in the
sheaves ! [sheaves !

- We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the
- 2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the
shadows, [chilling breeze
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's

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THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

And come with the strong sinew,
Nor faint in heat or cold;
And pause not till the evening
Draws round its wealth of gold.

- 4 Mount up the heights of Wisdom,
And crush each error low;
Keep back no words of knowledge
That human hearts should know.
Be faithful to thy mission,
In service of thy Lord;
And then a golden chaplet
Shall be thy just reward.

762

8.7.8.7.

JESUS calls us o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild, restless sea;
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, "Christian, follow Me!"

- 2 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!"
- 3 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!"
- 4 Jesus calls us! by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call;
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all!

763

P.M.

LIFT up your eyes to the fields that
are whitening; [and Lord:

Hark! 'tis the voice of the Master
See! on each side there is work for
the reaper, [reward.

Sheaves that are golden shall be the

Are you a reaper? Are you a reaper?
Gath - - - ering fruit . . . unto life evermore?
Lift up your eyes, for the harvest is ready;
Hasten, oh hasten to gather your store!

- 2 Look on the fields how the harvest is
wasting,
Waiting for reapers to garner it in!
He that is faithful receiveth his wages;
Joy everlasting the reaper shall win.
- 3 Souls that are ready to enter the
kingdom, [day:
Wait for the glad invitation to—
"Go ye and tell," is the word of the
Master— [obey!
Servant of Jesus, oh hear, and
- 4 Reap for His glory in fields that are
nearest, [white;
Look all abroad, for the harvest is

O'er the wide earth are the sheaves
to be garnered— [night!
Hasten, O reaper, fast cometh the

764 (C.O.)

6.5.

ARE you sitting idle? Still there's
work to do; [place for you:
In the Master's vineyard there's a
Be a faithful servant, ever ready
stand; [helping hand!

Where the Master calls you—lend a
Lend a hand, lend a hand, lend a helping
hand;

Weary ones are falling, lend a helping hand!
Lend a hand, lend a hand, lend a helping
hand!

Jesus still is calling, lend a helping hand!

- 2 Is your voice now silent? There are
songs to sing; [praises ring!
Come and swell the chorus, make His
Till the strains are wafted over sea
and land, [ing hand!
Reaching up to heaven—lend a help-
- 3 Do your prayers no longer reach the
throne of grace, [steps retrace?
Asking that some wanderer might his
Earnest prayer may keep him—from
the sinking sand, [helping hand
Yours to-day may save him—lend a

765

7s.

LET us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

- 2 He, with all commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 3 All things living He doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 4 He His chosen race did bless
In the wasteful wilderness:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 5 He hath with a piteous eye
Looked upon our misery:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 6 Let us, then, with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

766 (C.C.)
4

12.11.

IN the early morning, verdant fields
adorning, [the dewy leaves;
While the golden sunlight wakes
Haste we now with gladness, banish
care and sadness, [the sheaves!
Go and help the reapers gather in
Gather in the sheaves! Gather in the sheaves!
While the voice of nature sweetest music
breathes:

Hear the Master calling, hear the echoes falling,
Go and help the reapers gather in the sheaves!

2 When the days are brightest, when
our hearts are lightest;

When the lovely summer fairest
beauty weaves;

In the noontide beaming, in the twi-
light gleaming, [the sheaves!

Go and help the reapers gather in

3 Should our way be dreary, let us
never weary; [joy receives;

Earnest, faithful labour greatest
Though we toil in sorrow, soon will
dawn the morrow,

When we'll cross the river, bearing
home the sheaves.

767

C.M.

"ARISE and shine! thy light is come!"
The Lord hath made thee free!
The chains of darkness bind no more;
Go forth in liberty!

"Arise and shine! thy light is come!"

Arise, arise and shine!
With love's bright adorning shine forth as
Arise, arise and shine! [the morning—

2 "Arise and shine! thy light is come!"
Let sin and sorrow hide;

Go forth and show to all the world
That Light and Life abide!

3 "Arise and shine! thy light is come!"
Thy God thy glory is;

Show forth the wonders of His love,
And let all praise be His.

4 "Arise and shine! thy light is come!"
And night shall be no more!

Shine till the glory of the Lord
Is known from shore to shore.

768 (N.H.)
105

C.M.

OH, scatter seeds of loving deeds
Along the fertile field; [sow,
For grain will grow from what you
And fruitful harvest yield.

Then day by day, . . . along your way, . . .
The seeds of pro - - - mise cast, . . .
That ripened grain, . . . from hill and plain, . . .
Be gathered home . . . at last. . . .

2 Though sown in tears through weary
The seed will surely live; [years,
Though great the cost, it is not lost,
For God will fruitage give.

3 The harvest-home of God will come;
And after toil and care,
With joy untold your sheaves of gold
Will all be garnered there.

769 (C.C.)
172

S.S.

SOWING to the Spirit, sowing day by
day, [the way;

Dropping seeds of kindness all along
Sowing to the Spirit, trusting in the

Lord, [reward.

Sweet will be our labour, blessed our
Sow - - - ing, till in beau - - - ty fades . . the
setting sun; . . .

Weary not, nor falter, till the work is done.

2 Sowing to the Spirit, praying as we
go, [blade will grow;

From the seed we scatter soon the
Sowing and believing, God will send
the rain, [grain.

We shall see before us fields of golden

3 Sowing to the Spirit, though our
faith be small, [tears may fall;

Sowing in our weakness, though the
Sowing late and early, till our work
is o'er, [evermore.

Then will come the reaping, joy for

770 (C.C.)
197

S.S.D

BEAR the cup of loving service,
Sons and daughters of the King;

Water from the living fountain
To the faint and thirsty bring;

Tendered in His loving spirit,
Blessèd will the mission be;

E'en the smallest cup that's offered,
Christ, our gracious Lord, will see.

2 Bear the cup of loving service
To the weary and the sad;

For the draught held out to others
Makes the giver more than glad:

So 'twill yield a double blessing,
Waking sweetest chords of praise,

While we strive to follow Jesus
In His pleasant, peaceful ways.

3 Bear the cup of loving service,
Listening for the Master's voice;

Ready always for His errands,
In the blessed work rejoice.

Yes, we know, for He hath told us—
And His word is still the same—

He will bless the cup of water
Humbly offered in His name.

771 (N.H.)
88

8.7.D.

“CAST thy bread upon the waters,”
Ye who have but scant supply;
Angel eyes will watch above it,
You shall find it by-and-by.
He who in His righteous balance
Doth each human action weigh,
Will your sacrifice remember,
Will your loving deeds repay.

2 “Cast thy bread upon the waters,”
Sad and weary, worn with care;
Often sitting in the shadow—
Have you not a crumb to spare?
Can you not to those around you
Sing some little song of hope,
As you look with longing vision
Through faith’s mighty telescope?

3 “Cast thy bread upon the waters,”
You who have abundant store;
It may float on many a billow,
It may strand on many a shore.
You may think it lost for ever;
But, as sure as God is true,
In this life, or in the other,
It will yet return to you.

772 (N.H.)
28.

P.M.

THROW out the Life-Line across the
dark wave, [should save;
There is a brother whom someone
Somebody’s brother! oh, who then
will dare [to share?
To throw out the Life-Line, his peril

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 to-day.

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

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

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

773

8.7.D.

OH, the precious love of Jesus,
How it cheers us on our way!
Lightening every heavy burden,
Brightening every weary day!
How it sweetens every sorrow,
Driving all our fears away!
How it shines out in the darkness,
Making sunshine all the way!

2 Yes, the precious love of Jesus
Gives us smiles in place of tears!
Gives us courage in our troubles,
Helps us conquer all our fears!
It will make our life worth living,
It will help us when we die,
Bear us safely o’er the river,
To our home beyond the sky.

3 I must have the love of Jesus
If I do His service here;
I must feel His arm beneath me,
I must know His presence near:
Then He’ll bless me in my labour,
Then He’ll lead me in the right,
Help me win lost souls for heaven
Out of darkness into light.

4 Oh, I have the love of Jesus!
Praise His name, I know Him well!
And I love to sing His praises—
Yes, I joy His love to tell!
Come and join me in His praises,
Come and know His love to you,
Come and help me in the singing
Of the song that’s ever new!

774

P.M.

ONE little hour for watching with the
Master, [in white;
Eternal years to walk with Him
One little hour to bravely meet
disaster, [light.
Eternal years to reign with Him in

Then, souls, be brave, and watch until the
morrow!
Awake! arise! your lamps of purpose trim;
Your Saviour speaks across the night of sorrow;
Can ye not watch one little hour with Him?

2 One little hour to suffer scorn and
losses, [frowns;
Eternal years beyond earth’s cruel
One little hour to carry heavy crosses,
Eternal years to wear unfading
crowns.

3 One little hour for weary toils and
trials, [rest;
Eternal years for calm and peaceful

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THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 2 Gather them in ! for there yet is room ;
room ; [with pain,
But our hearts—how they throb
To think of the many who slight the
call
That may never be heard again !
- 3 Gather them in ! for there yet is room ;
'Tis a message from God above ;
Oh, gather them into the fold of
grace, [love !
And the arms of the Saviour's

780 (C.C.)
48

C.M.

WOULD we be joyful in the Lord ?
Then count the riches o'er
Revealed to faith within His Word,
And note the boundless store.

There is par - - - don, peace, and power, . . .
And purity, . . . and Paradise ; . . .
With all of these . . . in Christ for me, . . .
Let joyful songs of praise to Him arise !

- 2 For every sin, by grace divine,
A *pardon* free bestowed ;
And with the pardon *peace* is mine,
The peace in Jesus' blood.
- 3 Of grace to break the power of sin,
He gives a full supply ;
The Holy Ghost the heart within
From sin doth *purify*.
- 4 The *power* to win a soul to God
The Spirit too imparts ;
And He, the gift of Christ our Lord,
Dwells *now* in all our hearts.
- 5 These blessings we by faith receive,
By simple childlike trust ;
In Christ, 'tis God's delight to *give* :
He promised, and He must.

781

P.M.

HERE below, on life's rough billows,
'Neath our Saviour's smile,
Let us fight as Christian soldiers—
'Tis but for awhile.

Life's billows cannot harm us,
If our hopes be stayed
On the blessed loving Saviour,
Who our ransom paid !

- 2 Soon our fighting shall be ended,
Soon shall warfare cease ;
Then, in the celestial city,
We shall reign in peace.
- 3 Sweet the Name on which forgiven
Sinners love to dwell !
Go ye to the poor and wretched,
And the good news tell.

- 4 Many, on their bed of anguish,
On this world depend :
Go and point them to the Saviour—
He's the sinner's Friend !
- 5 Oh, if every guilty sinner
Did the Saviour know,
Then we might exclaim with gladness,
" Heaven's begun below ! "
- 6 Let us, while on life's rough billows,
Trust in Him alone ;
Then we shall with joy behold Him
On His glorious throne.

782 (C.C.)
188

G.S.

WHO will man the life-boat ? who the
storm will brave ? [the wave ;
Many souls are drifting helpless on
See their hands uplifted, hear their
bitter cry : [we die ! "

" Save us ere we perish, save us ere
Who will man the life-boat ? who will launch
away ?

Who will help to rescue dying souls to-day ?
Who will man the life-boat ? who will breast
the wave ?

All its dangers braving, precious souls to save ?

- 2 See ! amid the breakers yonder vessel
tossed ! [is lost !
Onward to the rescue : haste, or all
Waves that dash around us cannot
overwhelm, [the helm.
While our faithful Pilot standeth at
- 3 Darker yet, and darker grows the
fearful night : [signal light !
Sound the trump of mercy, flash the
Bear the joyful message o'er the
raging wave, [lost to save !
Christ, the heavenly Pilot, comes the

783

P.M.

THE walls of Jericho were strong ;
But stronger was the mighty Lord :
And He—the Captain of God's host—
Had given them His faithful
word :— [round,
That if they would the walls sur-
And would the trumpets blow ;
He then would give them victory,
And overthrow their foe.

- 2 The gates of Jericho were strong—
They could not any stronger be :
But there was One who them defied—
And with the host of God was He.
No work for Him would be too great,
Too hard to undertake ;
For He could burst the gates of brass
The bars of iron break.

- 3 And we, O Lord, are waging war
Against the mighty hosts of sin:
And neither skill nor strength have we,
So oft have we defeated been.
But if Thou wilt our Captain be,
Our weakened ranks command,
Then led by Thee we'll face the foe,
His fierce assaults withstand.
- 4 Strong Son of God! we need more
faith
In Thine almighty power to save:
Oh! hear the prayer of contrite
hearts [crave;
As we Thy keeping grace would
Help us to trust in Thee alone,
To save us every day;
Oh! make us, in the rest of faith,
Triumphant all the way.

784 (C.C.)
152

10s.

- Who, who will go to bind the broken
heart? [its woe,
Burdened with grief and heavy in
Longing to find in life some better
part: [heart?
Who, who will go to bind the broken
Lord, here am I; send me! send me!
To bind the broken heart,
To find the better part:
Lord, here am I; send me! send me!
- 2 Who, who will go to wipe away the
tear [flow?
From eyes long used to sorrow's briny
To comfort those who stand beside
hope's bier? [tear?
Who, who will go to wipe away the
Lord, here am I; send me! send me!
To wipe away the tear,
To stand beside hope's bier:
Lord, here am I; send me! send me!
- 3 Who, who will go to seek the lambs
astray? ll
To lift the fallen where he lies so low,
Into the sunlight of the heavenly
ay: [astray?
Who, who will go to seek the lambs
Lord, here am I; send me! send me!
To seek the lambs astray,
To point the heavenly way:
Lord, here am I; send me! send me!

785

8.8.8.8.8.8.

DISMISS me not Thy service, Lord,
But train me for Thy will;
For even I, in fields so broad,
Some duties may fulfil;
And I will ask for no reward,
Except to serve Thee still.

- 2 How many serve, how many more
May to the service come:
To tend the vines, the grapes to store,
Thou dost appoint for some:
Thou hast Thy young men at the war,
Thy little ones at home.
- 3 All works are good, and each is best
As most it pleases Thee;
Each worker pleases when the rest
He serves in charity;
And neither man nor work unblest
Wilt Thou permit to be.
- 4 Our Master all the work hath done
He asks of us to-day;
Sharing His service, every one
Share too His Sonship may:
Lord, I would serve and be a son;
Dismiss me not, I pray.

786

L.M.

- LORD, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children lost and lone.
- 2 Oh, lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet I
Oh, feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungry ones with manna
sweet!
- 3 Oh, strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea!

787

P.M.

- I AM thinking to-day of that beautiful
land [down;
I shall reach when the sun goeth
When through wonderful grace by
my Saviour I stand, [crown?
Will there be any stars in my
Will there be any stars, any stars in my crown,
When at evening the sun goeth down? . . .
When I wake with the blest in the mansions of
Will there be any stars in my crown? . . . [rest,
- 2 In the strength of the Lord let me
labour and pray,
Let me watch as a winner of souls,
That bright stars may be mine in the
glorious day [rolls.
When His praise like the sea-billow
- 3 Oh, what joy will it be when His face
I behold, [down;
Living gems at His feet to lay
It would sweeten my bliss in the city
of gold, [crown.
Should there be any stars in my

788 (C.C.)
79

P.M.

- ARE you shining for Jesus, my brother,
Shining so clear and so bright,
That the souls that are perishing
round you [light ?
May be guided to Him by your
Shining for Jesus, are you shining to-day ?
Shining for Jesus, shining all the way ;
Shining for Jesus, in this world of care ;
Shining for Jesus, shining everywhere.
- 2 Are you shining for Jesus, my brother,
Shining in deed and in word ?
Is your life by its purity showing
The likeness of Jesus your Lord ?
- 3 Are you shining for Jesus, my brother,
Shining for truth and for right,
Where bold unbelief and its minions
Are posing as angels of light ?
- 4 Oh, shine out for Jesus, my brother,
Shine where He needs you the most ;
And shine where the darkness hangs
deepest [lost.
O'er the path of the straying and
- 5 Shine only and always for Jesus :
Then, when your toiling is o'er,
In mansions of glory eternal, [more.
You shall shine as the stars ever-

789 (S.S.)
380

8.7.

- “ 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 ?
- 2 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.
- 3 Oh, the years of sinning wasted,
Could I but recall them now,
I would give them to my Saviour,
To His will I'd gladly bow.
- 4 Up, ye saints, arouse, be earnest !
Up and work while yet 'tis day ;
Ere the night of death o'ertake you,
Strive for souls while yet you may.

790 (C.C.)
175

6.5.

BEAR the cross for Jesus, bear it every
day ; [all the way ;
Though the path be rugged, bear it
Bear the cross for Jesus, whatso'er
it be ; [thee.
Bear it, and remember all His love for

Bear the cross, bear the cross, bear it every day ;
Bear the cross for Jesus, bear it all the way.

- 2 Bear the cross for Jesus, bear it
through the strife ; [hill of life ;
On through storm or sunshine, up the
Bear the cross with patience, though
you sigh for rest ; [best.
Just the one He giveth is for you the
- 3 Bear the cross for Jesus ; would you
know the power [every hour ?
Of His grace to keep you, keep you
Bear the cross for Jesus, never mind
its weight ; [palace gate.
We shall leave our burden at His

791 (S.S.)
410

10.7.

- WHEN Jesus comes to reward His
servants,
Whether it be noon or night,
Faithful to Him will He find us
watching, [bright ?
With our lamps all trimmed and
Oh, can we say we are ready, brother ?—
Ready for the soul's bright home ?
Say, will He find you and me still watching,
Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come ?
- 2 If at the dawn of the early morning,
He shall call us one by one,
When to the Lord we restore our
talents, [done ! ”
Will He answer thee ?—“ Well
- 3 Have we been true to the trust He left
Do we seek to do our best ? [us ?
If in our hearts there is naught
condemns us,
We shall have a glorious rest.
- 4 Blessèd are those whom the Lord
finds watching,
In His glory they shall share ;
If He shall come at the dawn or
midnight,
Will He find us watching there ?

792 (N.H.)
123

6.5.

- WHO is on the Lord's side ? who will
serve the King ? [to bring ?
Who will be His helpers, other lives
Who will leave the world's side ? who
will face the foe ? [Him will go ?
Who is on the Lord's side ? who for
Who is on the Lord's side ? who will serve
the King ? [bring ?
Who will be His helpers, other lives to
By Thy grand redemption, by Thy grace
divine, [Thine !
We are on the Lord's side ; Saviour, we are
- 2 Not for weight of glory, not for crown
and palm, [psalm ;
Enter we the army, raise the warrior-

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THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

3 Where'er the Saviour leads me, I'll
follow still, [will;
Patient in joy or sorrow, biding His
He knows the path of safety, He
knows the way, [bright as day.
Home to the many mansions bright,

797 (C.C.) 11.10.
208

ONLY a little word, softly and kindly
Breathed in the ear of the sad and
opprest; [melody
Oh, how it tenderly steals like a
Over life's billows, and lulls them
to rest !

Only a little word ! Only a little word !
Only a little word, whispered in love !

2 Only a little word, softly and kindly
Dropped in a heart that is blighted
and chilled; [chord again,
Oh, how its gentle strain tunes every
Waking the echoes that sorrow has
stilled !

3 Only a little word, carefully spoken,
Borne to the lost on the desert
that roam,
Breaks like the morning light, chasing
the dreary night,
Pointing them upward, and leading
them home.

4 Only a little word, spoken for Jesus,
Telling His pity, compassion, and
love; [gather in,
Out of the path of sin, thousands may
Joyful to enter His kingdom above.

798 (N.H.) P.M.
103

FADING away like the stars of the
morning, [sun—
Losing their light in the glorious
Thus would we pass from the earth
and its toiling, [done.
Only remembered by what we have

Only remembered, only remembered,
Only remembered by what we have done ;
Thus would we pass from the earth and its
toiling,
Only remembered by what we have done.

2 Shall we be missed, though by others
succeeded, [time have sown ?
Reaping the fields we in spring—
Yes, but the sowers must pass from
their labours, [have done.
Ever remembered by what they

3 Only the truth that in life we have
spoken, [have sown ;
Only the seed that on earth we

These shall pass onward when we are
forgotten, [have done.
Fruits of the harvest and what we
4 Oh, when the Saviour shall make up
His jewels, [ing are won,
When the bright crowns of rejoic-
Then shall His weary and faithful
disciples [have done.
All be remembered by what they

799 (N.H.) 6.5.
104

WORK, for time is flying,
Work with hearts sincere ;
Work, for souls are dying,
Work, for night is near ;
In the Master's vineyard,
Go and work to-day ;
Be no useless sluggard
Standing in the way.

2 In this glorious calling,
Work till day is o'er ;
Work till, evening falling,
You can work no more ;
Then your labour bringing
To the King of kings,
Borne, with joy and singing,
Home on angels' wings.

3 There where saints adore Him,
Where the ransomed meet,
Joy they show before Him,
Bowing at His feet ;
Hear the Master saying,
From His heavenly throne,
When thy toil rewarding,
" Labourer, well done ! "

800 L.M.

My Father, this I ask of Thee—
Knowing that Thou wilt grant the
For this, and only this I pray, [plea :
Strength for to-day—just for to-day.

Strength for each trial and each task,
What more, my Father, should I ask ?
Just as I need it, day by day,
Strength for my weakness—this I pray.

2 I do not ask a lifted load,
Nor for a smooth and thornless road ;
Simply for strength enough to bear
Life's daily burdens anywhere. [need—
3 Strength for the present hour and
This given, then I'm blest indeed,
For each day, as it comes, will bring
Sufficient strength for anything.
4 Strength for to-day, that I may make
Some sad souls glad for Jesus' sake ;
Then they with me at eve shall say—
Thank God for strength He gave to-
day.

801 (C.C.)
(178)

P.M.

- HAVE you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on!
'Twas not given for thee alone:
Pass it on!
Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in heaven the deed appears—
Pass it on!
- 2 Did you hear the loving word?
Pass it on!
Like the singing of a bird?
Pass it on!
Let its music live and grow,
Let it cheer another's woe;
You have reaped what others sow—
Pass it on!
- 3 'Twas the sunshine of a smile—
Pass it on!
Staying but a little while!
Pass it on!
April beam, the little thing,
Still it wakes the flowers of spring,
Makes the silent birds to sing—
Pass it on!
- 4 Have you found the heavenly light?
Pass it on!
Souls are groping in the night,
Daylight gone;
Hold thy lighted lamp on high,
Be a star in someone's sky;
He may live who else would die—
Pass it on!
- 5 Be not selfish in thy greed—
Pass it on!
Look upon thy brother's need—
Pass it on!
Live for self, you live in vain;
Live for Christ, you live again;
Live for Him, with Him you reign—
Pass it on!

802 (S.S.)
(323)

P.M.

THERE are lonely hearts to cherish,
While the days are going by;
There are weary souls who perish,
While the days are going by:
If a smile we can renew,
As our journey we pursue,
Oh, the good we all may do,
While the days are going by!

Going by! . . . Going by! . . .
Going by! . . . Going by! . . .
Oh, the good we all may do,
While the days are going by!

2 There's no time for idle scorning,
While the days are going by;
Let your face be like the morning,
While the days are going by:
Oh, the world is full of sighs,
Full of sad and weeping eyes;
Help your fallen brother rise,
While the days are going by!

3 All the loving links that bind us,
While the days are going by;
One by one, we leave behind us,
While the days are going by:
But the seeds of good we sow,
Both in shade and shine will grow,
And will keep our hearts aglow,
While the days are going by!

803 (S.S.)
(419)

Sa.

SOUND the alarm! Let the watchman
cry!—
"Up! for the day of the Lord is nigh;
Who will escape from the wrath to
come? [home?]"
Who have a place in the soul's bright

Sound the alarm, watchman! sound the alarm
For the Lord will come with a conquering arm
And the hosts of sin, as their ranks advance,
Shall wither and fall at His glance.

2 Sound the alarm! Let the cry go
forth, [earth—
Swift as the wind, o'er the realms of
"Flee to the Rock where the soul
may hide!
Flee to the Rock! in its cleft abide!"

3 Sound the alarm on the mountain's
brow! [now:
Plead with the lost by the wayside
Warn them to come and the truth
embrace; [grace.
Urge them to come and be saved by

4 Sound the alarm in the youthful ear;
Sound it aloud that the old may hear;
Blow ye the trump while the day-
beams last! [past!
Blow ye the trump till the light is

804 (C.C.)
(25)

TRUSTING in the Lord thy God,
Onward go! onward go!
Holding fast His promised word,
Onward go!
Ne'er deny His worthy name,
Though it bring reproach and shame;
Spreading still His wondrous fame,
Onward go!

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

2 Has He called thee to the plough ?
Night is coming, serve Him now ;
Faith and love in service blend ;
On His mighty arm depend ;
Standing fast until the end,
Onward go !

3 Has He given thee golden grain ?
Sow, and thou shalt reap again ;
To thy Master's gate repair,
Watching be and waiting there ;
He will hear and answer prayer :
Onward go !

4 Has He said the end is near ?
Serving Him with holy fear,
Christ thy portion, Christ thy stay,
Heavenly bread upon the way ;
Leading on to glorious day :
Onward go !

5 In this little moment then,
In thy ways acknowledge Him ;
Let His mind be found in thee ;
Let His will thy pleasure be ;
Thus in life and liberty,
Onward go !

805 (S.S.)

8.7.

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.

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

3 Trim your feeble lamp, my brother :
Some poor seaman, tempest-tost,
Trying now to make the harbour,
In the darkness *may be lost*.

806

78

SOME have crossed the swelling flood,
Some are now at home with God—
Well beyond the reach of care,
Free from every hurtful snare :
Gone through death to glory bright,
Present with the Lord in light ;
But ere perfect joy begin,
More must yet be gathered in !

Saved from death's eternal loss
By the power of Jesus' cross :
From their sorrow, shame, and sin,
More must yet be gathered in.

2 Some of every land and race,
Souls redeemed by Jesus' grace,

Now are in the Shepherd's fold,
Bought with neither gems nor gold ;
Saved from endless death and shame,
Saved to grace the Saviour's name ;
Other souls are still to win—
More must yet be gathered in.

3 Some have drifted far from God,
Trampling on the Saviour's blood,
By the worldling's glitter caught,
Selling life and soul for naught :
Fashion's form for every hour,
Christian name without the power ;
Dead in trespasses and sin—
Oh, that they were gathered in !

4 Some are sunk in vice and shame,
Heedless of the Saviour's name ;
Some, in superstition's sway,
Hate the light of Gospel-day :
Thou thy testimony give—
They may yet believe and live ;
For, from 'mong the ranks of sin,
More must yet be gathered in !

807 (N.H.)

HARK ! 'tis the watchman's cry,
" Wake, brethren, wake ! "

Jesus Himself is nigh,
Wake, brethren, wake !
Sleep is for sons of night,
Ye are children of the light,
Yours is the glory bright,
Wake, brethren, wake !

2 Call to each wakening band,
" Watch, brethren, watch ! "
Clear is our Lord's command,
" Watch, brethren, watch ! "
Be ye as men that wait,
Ready at their Master's gate,
E'en though He tarry late,
Watch, brethren, watch !

3 Heed we the Master's call,
" Work, brethren, work ! "
There's room enough for all :
Work, brethren, work !
This vineyard of the Lord
Constant labour doth afford ;
Yours is a sure reward,
Work, brethren, work !

4 Hear we the Shepherd's voice,
" Pray, brethren, pray ! "
Would ye His heart rejoice ?—
Pray, brethren, pray !
Sin calls for ceaseless care, [near ;
Weakness needs the Strong One
Long as ye tarry here,
Pray, brethren, pray !

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Continue

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

And seek the Holy Spirit's power
By faith and persevering prayer,
That ye may witness anywhere
That sinful men are found.

- 3 Young men in Christ the King,
Your grateful tribute bring
Of love and praise;
United in His royal name,
With loyal hearts His words proclaim
Throughout the world to all young
"Ye must be born again!" [men,
- 4 Young men in Christ the Friend,
On Him all hopes depend
Of true relief;
To every burdened soul you meet,
His gracious, loving words so sweet,
"Come unto Me," with love repeat,
"And I will give you rest."
- 5 Young men in Christ, behold
The world before you lies
Enslaved in sin!
Make haste to swell the mission band,
Prepared to go at His command
To save lost men in every land
At any sacrifice.
- 6 Young men in Christ the Son,
In Him we all are one;
For this He prayed.
Then let us join the heavenly throng,
To sound His praise in endless song,
For all we have and are belong
To Christ, our Lord Divine.

813 ^(S.S.)₍₁₈₎

8.7.D.

HARK the voice of Jesus crying—
"Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, and harvest waiting:
Who will bear the sheaves away?"
Loud and strong the Master calleth,
Rich reward He offers thee:
Who will answer, gladly saying?—
"Here am I; send me, send me!"

- 2 If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door.
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite;
And the least you do for Jesus
Will be precious in His sight.
- 3 If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.
If you cannot rouse the wicked
With the Judgment's dread alarms,

You can lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

- 4 If you cannot be the watchman,
Standing high on Zion's wall,
Pointing out the path to heaven,
Offering life and peace to all; [ties
With your prayers and with your boun-
You can do what Heaven demands;
You can be like faithful Aaron,
Holding up the prophet's hands.
- 5 If among the older people
You may not be apt to teach:
"Feed My lambs," said Christ our
Shepherd, [reach."
"Place the food within their
And it may be that the children
You have led with trembling hand
Will be found among your jewels,
When you reach the better land.
- 6 Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task He gives you gladly,
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth:
"Here am I; send me, send me!"

814 ^(S.S.)₍₃₇₎

P.M.

RESCUE the perishing, care for the
dying, [the grave:
Snatch them in pity from sin and
Weep o'er the erring one, lift up the
fallen, [save.
Tell them of Jesus, the Mighty to
Rescue the perishing, care for the dying;
Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

- 2 Though they are slighting Him, still
He is waiting, [ceive.
Waiting the penitent child to re-
Plead with them earnestly, plead with
them gently;
He will forgive if they only believe.
- 3 Down in the human heart, crushed
by the tempter, [restore:
Feelings lie buried that grace can
Touched by a loving hand, wakened
by kindness, [rate once more.
Chords that were broken will vib-
- 4 Rescue the perishing, duty demands
it; [will provide:
Strength for thy labour the Lord
Back to the narrow way patiently
win them; [has died.
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour

815 (S.S.)
(619)

L.M.

- Go, labour on ; spend and be spent—
Thy joy to do the Father's will:
It is the way the Master went; [still ?
Should not the servant tread it
- 2 Go, labour on; 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain:
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee
not;
The Master praises—what are men ?
- 3 Go, labour on ; enough while here,
If He shall praise thee—if He deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer:
No toil for Him shall be in vain.
- 4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice !
For toil—comes rest, for exile—
home; [groom's voice,
Soon shalt thou hear the Bride-
The midnight peal: "Behold, I
come !"

816

11s.

- SPEAK gently, speak gently, oh grieve
not again
The hearts that are breaking with
sorrow and pain; [they share,
We know not how bitter the trials
We know not how heavy the burdens
they bear.
Tenderly, tenderly, lovingly speak ;
Tell them of Jesus, the lowly and meek ;
Patiently waiting, He longs to receive
All who are willing on Him to believe.
- 2 Speak gently, speak gently, oh pity
and pray [wandered away;
For those who in darkness have
A word kindly spoken the captives
may free; [it, and see I
A word may reclaim them—oh speak
- 3 Speak gently, speak gently, wherever
you go, [woe;
In tempest, in sunshine, in sorrow or
Speak gently, reposing your trust in
the Lord, [your reward.
And joy without measure will be

817 (O.C.)
(192)

F.M.

SEEKING the lost, yes, kindly entreating
Wanderers on the mountain astray;
"Come unto Me," His message re-
peating, [day.
Words of the Master speaking to-
... Going afar . . . upon the mountain, . . .
Bringing the wanderer back again, back
again . . .
Into the fold . . . of our Redeemer, . . .
Jesus, the Lamb for sinners slain.

- 2 Seeking the lost, and pointing to Jesus,
Souls that are weak and hearts that
are sore, [tion,
Leading them forth in ways of salva-
Showing the path to life evermore.
- 3 Thus would we go on missions of
mercy,
Following Christ from day to day;
Cheering the faint, and raising the
fallen,
Pointing the lost to Jesus the Way.

818 (S.S.)
(107)

11.10.

- NOT now, my child !—a little more
rough tossing,
A little longer on the billows' foam ;
A few more journeyings in the desert
darkness, [Father's Home!
And then the sunshine of thy
- 2 Not now; for I have wanderers in
the distance, [patient love:
And thou must call them in with
Not now; for I have sheep upon the
mountains, [e'er they rove.
And thou must follow them wher-
- 3 Not now; for I have loved ones sad
and weary; [kindly smile ?
Wilt thou not cheer them with a
Sick ones, who need thee in their
lonely sorrow; [while ?
Wilt thou not tend them yet a little
- 4 Not now; for wounded hearts are
sorely bleeding, [hearts to sing;
And thou must teach those widowed
Not now; for orphans' tears are
quickly falling—
They must be gathered 'neath some
sheltering wing.
- 5 Go, with the name of Jesus to the
dying, [living power;
And speak that name in all its
Why should thy fainting heart grow
chill and weary ? [little hour ?
Canst thou not watch with Me one
- 6 One little hour ! and then the glorious
crowning, [victor's palm;
The golden harp-strings, and the
One little hour ! and then the halle-
lujah ! [psalm !
Eternity's long, deep, thanksgiving

819 (O.C.)
(229)

12.9.

THERE'S a city that looks o'er the
valley of death,
And its glories may never be told;

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

There the sun never sets, and the
leaves never fade,
In that beautiful City of Gold.

There the sun . . . never sets, . . . and the
leaves . . . never fade ; [behold,
There the eyes of the faithful their Saviour
In that beautiful City of Gold.

2 There the King, our Redeemer, the
Lord whom we love,
All the faithful with rapture behold ;
There the righteous for ever will
shine like the stars,
In that beautiful City of Gold.

3 Every soul we have led to the foot of
the cross, [fold,
Every lamb we have brought to the
Will be kept as bright jewels our
crown to adorn,
In that beautiful City of Gold.

820

7.8.

RESCUE the souls that perish,
Seek for the lost that stray ;
atiently guide their footsteps
Into the narrow way ;
Over them kindly bending,
Whisper the Saviour's call ;
Tell them the feast is ready—
Tell them there's room for all.

Room . . for all, . .
Room . . for all ; . .
Tell them the feast is ready—
Tell them there's room for all.

2 Out of the vale of sorrow,
Out of the starless night,
Into the golden sunshine,
Peaceful, and pure, and bright :
Gather them now to Jesus—
Whisper again the call ;
Tell them the feast is ready—
Tell them there's room for all.

3 Go with a loving spirit,
Go in the Master's name :
Life, and a full salvation,
Now to the world proclaim :
Haste while the day-beams linger ;
Haste ere the shadows fall ;
Tell them the feast is ready—
Tell them there's room for all.

Songs of Pilgrimage

821 (C.C.) (259)

7.8.

SING on, ye joyful pilgrims,
Nor think the moments long ;
My faith is heavenward rising
With every tuneful song !

Lo ! on the mount of blessing,
The glorious mount, I stand,
And, looking over Jordan,
I see the promised land !

Sing on : oh, blissful music !
With every note you raise
My heart is filled with rapture,
My soul is lost in praise !
Sing on : oh, blissful music !
With every note you raise
My heart is filled with rapture,
My soul is lost in praise !

2 Sing on, ye joyful pilgrims !
While here on earth we stay,
Let songs of home and Jesus
Beguile each fleeting day ;
Sing on the grand old story
Of His redeeming love—
The everlasting chorus
That fills the realms above.

3 Sing on, ye joyful pilgrims !
The time will not be long,
Till in our Father's kingdom
We sing a nobler song !
Where those we love are waiting
To greet us on the shore,
We'll meet beyond the river,
Where surges roll no more.

822

D.C.M.

WITH joy I draw from out God's well
Rich blessings day by day,
While living waters springing up
I find beside the way.

The blessed flow of this deep well
Makes fruitful life abound,
A watered garden in the soul
Where'er this well is found.

2 As on I go with willing hands
And earnest heart to do,
Oft weary, 'neath the burden's weight,
Where labourers are but few—
I pause to gather strength beside
The well that springeth up,
And from its fulness, rich and pure,
I fill my empty cup.

3 Still on, amid a desert path
Where every spring is dry,
There, all alone,—my loved ones
To heaven I lift my cry : [gone,—
When lo, upon my fainting sight,
As onward still I go,
Fair Elim breaks with waving palms
And wells of crystal flow.

4 And then, as on my pathway leads
Through shadows, toil, and strife,
I reach a lowly, quiet vale—
A sheltered spot in life :

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THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

Fall with rapture and adore Him,
For His love to me.
Nothing more shall then distress me,
In the land of sweet repose;
Jesus stands engaged to bless me:
This my Father knows.

827 (S.S.)
384

P.M.

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 streamlets are ever
flowing.

I'm a pil - grim, . . and I'm a stran - ger ; . .
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night : . . .
I'm a pil - grim, . . and I'm a stran - - ger ; . .
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night. . . .

- 2 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.
- 3 There the sunbeams are ever shining;
Oh, my longing heart, my longing
heart is there; [dreary,
Here in this country, so dark and
I long have wandered forlorn and
weary.

828 (N.H.)
45

P.M.

TRAVELLING to the better land,
O'er the desert's scorching sand,
Father, do Thou hold my hand,
And lead me, lead me on.

- 2 When at Marah, parched with heat,
I the sparkling fountain greet,
Make the bitter waters sweet,
And lead me, lead me on.
- 3 When the wilderness is drear,
Show me Elim's palm-groves near,
With its wells, as crystal clear,
And lead me, lead me on.
- 4 Through the water and the fire,
This, O Lord, my one desire:
With Thy love my heart inspire,
And lead me, lead me on.
- 5 When I stand on Jordan's brink,
Do not let me fear or shrink;
Hold me, Father, lest I sink,
And lead me, lead me on.

829 (S.S.)
252

C.M.

OPPRESSED by noonday's scorching
To yonder Cross I flee, [heat,
Beneath its shelter take my seat—
No shade like this to me!

2 Beneath that Cross clear waters burst,
A fountain sparkling free,
And there I quench my desert thirst—
No spring like this to me!

3 For burdened ones a resting-place
Beside that Cross I see;
Here I cast off my weariness—
No rest like this for me!

4 A stranger here I pitch my tent
Beneath this spreading tree;
Here shall my pilgrim life be spent—
No home like this for me!

830 (S.S.)
409

9s.

LIGHT after darkness, gain after loss,
Strength after weakness, crown after
cross;
Sweet after bitter, hope after fears,
Home after wandering, praise after
tears.

- 2 Sheaves after sowing, sun after rain,
Sight after mystery, peace after pain;
Joy after sorrow, calm after blast,
Rest after weariness, sweet rest at last.
- 3 Near after distant, gleam after gloom,
Love after loneliness, life after tomb;
After long agony, rapture of bliss,
Right was the pathway leading to this.*

831 (S.S.)
721

8s.

LEADER of faithful souls, and Guide
Of all that travel to the sky,
Come, and with us, e'en us abide,
Who would on Thee alone rely;
On Thee alone our spirits stay,
While held in life's uneven way.

- 2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth, we know, is not our place;
But hasten through the vale of woe,
And, restless to behold Thy face,
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting home above. [borne,
- 3 Through Thee, who all our sins hast
Freely and graciously forgiven,
With songs to Zion we return,
Contending for our native heaven;
That palace of our glorious King,
We find it nearer while we sing.
- 4 Raised by the breath of love divine,
We urge our way with strength
renewed,

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The church of the first-born to join,
We travel to the mount of God;
With joy upon our heads arise,
And meet our Captain in the skies.

832

P.M.

LET us sing a song that will cheer us
by the way—

In a little while we're going home;
For the night will end in the ever-
lasting day—

In a little while we're going home.

In a little while, . .

In a little while . .

We shall cross the billow's foam:

We shall meet at last

When the stormy winds are past—

In a little while we're going home.

2 We will do the work that our hands
may find to do—

In a little while we're going home;
And the grace of God will our daily
strength renew—

In a little while we're going home.

3 We will smooth the path for some
weary, way-worn feet—

In a little while we're going home;
Oh, may loving hearts spread around
an influence sweet!

In a little while we're going home.

4 There's a rest beyond, there's relief
from every care—

In a little while we're going home;
And no tears shall fall in that city
bright and fair—

In a little while we're going home.

833 (N.H.)

93

P.M.

WE are pilgrims looking home,
Sad and weary oft we roam;
But we know 'twill all be well in the
morning,

When, our anchor firmly cast,
Every stormy wave is past,
And we gather safe at last in the
morning.

When we all meet again in the morning,
On the sweet blooming hills in the morning:

Nevermore to say "good-night"

In that sunny region bright,

When we hail the blessed light of the morning.

2 Oh, these tender broken ties,
How they dim our aching eyes;
But like jewels they will shine in the
morning,

When our victor palms we bear,
And our robes immortal wear,
We shall know each other there, in
the morning.

3 When our fettered souls are free,
Far beyond the narrow sea,
And we hear the Saviour's voice in
the morning;

When our golden sheaves we bring
To the feet of Christ our King,
What a chorus we shall sing in the
morning.

4 On the pilgrim journey here,
Though the night is sometimes
drear, [morning;

Let us watch and persevere, till the
Then our highest tribute raise
For the love that crowns our days,
And to Jesus give the praise in the
morning.

834 (N.H.)

99

7.S.D.

PRESS on, press on, O pilgrim,
Rejoicing in the Lord;
Believing in His promise,
And trusting in His word;
Fear not! for He is with us,
Whate'er the cross we bear;
And soon, beyond the swelling tide,
We'll gather over there!

Gather over there! gather over there!
And soon, beyond the swelling tide, we'll
gather over there!

2 Press on, press on, O pilgrim,
Along the heavenly way;
Remember, God commands us
To watch, and work, and pray;
He bids us all be faithful,
And cast on Him our care;
And soon, beyond the swelling tide,
We'll gather over there!

3 Press on, press on, O pilgrim,
Though clouds and storms may
The Light that never faileth [rise;
Shines brightly in the skies:
Press on where crowns await us,
In yonder mansions fair;
And soon, beyond the swelling tide,
We'll gather over there!

835

7.S.

SPRING up, O well of blessing,
Spring in our midst to-day;
For thirsty souls are longing
To drink abundantly:
Come from the hidden fountains,
Come in a brimming flood;
Refresh us in the desert,
Thou precious gift of God.

We sing the song that Israel sang in the desert
long ago: [living waters flow.

"Spring up, O well, spring up, O well;" let the

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 2 Spring up, O well of blessing,
We cry to Thee to-day;
Break forth in mighty torrent,
As now we sing and pray:
The souls that round us perish—
The old, the young, the strong;
To Thee, by right and ransom,
The Lord of Hosts belong.
- 3 Spring up, O well of blessing,
We sing to Thee to-day;
The "princes" and the "nobles"
Thy great command obey:
In toiling and in labour,
Amid the burning sand,
Spring up, flow forth, and gladden
The whole expectant land.

836 (S.S.)
193

75.

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.

- 2 Brightly doth His Spirit shine
Into this poor heart of mine;
While He leads I cannot fall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.
- 3 Singing, if my way be clear;
Praying, if the path be drear;
If in danger, for Him call;
Trusting Jesus, that is all.
- 4 Trusting Him while life shall last,
Trusting Him till earth be past,
Till within the jasper wall:
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

837 (S.S.)
613

6.5.

FORWARD ! be our watchword,
Steps and voices joined;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind:
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By our Captain led?
Forward through the desert,
Through the toil and fight;
Canaan lies before us,
Zion beams with light.

- 2 Forward ! flock of Jesus,
Salt of all the earth:
Till each yearning purpose
Spring to glorious birth;
Sick, they ask for healing,
Blind, they grope for day;

Pour upon the nations
Wisdom's loving ray !
Forward, out of error,
Leave behind the night;
Forward through the darkness,
Forward into light.

- 3 Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared:
Eye hath not beheld them;
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word;
Forward, ever forward,
Clad in armour bright;
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight.

- 4 Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth;
That fair home is ours !
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold;
Flows the gladdening river,
Shedding joys untold:
Thither, onward, thither,
In the Spirit's might:
Pilgrims, to your country,
Forward into light !

838 (S.S.)
502

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As we journey let us sing;
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

We are trav - - - 'ling home to God,
In the way . . . our fathers trod, . . .
They are hap - - - py now, and we . . .
Soon their happiness shall see.

- 2 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light—
Zion's city is in sight;
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.
- 3 Fear not, brethren ! joyful stand
On the borders of our land !
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.
- 4 Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

839

P.M.

ONLY to know that the path I tread
Is the path marked out for me;

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THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

843 (C.C.)
11)

C.M.

- OH, shall I be among that throng,
All clothed in robes of white,
And help to swell that glorious song
Of rapture and delight ?
I shall ! for I have been redeemed
With blood of worth untold—
The blood of Christ, the Lamb of God,
More precious far than gold !
- 2 Oh, shall I see my Saviour's face,
All radiant as the sun,
And dwell through all eternity
With God's Belovèd One ?
- 3 Shall I in glory Christ behold
Exalted King and Lord ?
What rapture, yea, what bliss untold,
That moment will afford !
- 4 Oh, shall I gaze upon the wounds,
From whence hath flowed the blood
That cleansed my guilty, sinful heart,
And brought me nigh to God ?
- 5 Oh, shall I ever, "with the Lord,"
As I retrace the past,
Praise Him for all His wondrous grace
To me from first to last ?

844 (S.S.)
743)

7.6.

- I COULD not do without Thee,
O Saviour of the lost,
Whose precious blood redeemed me
At such tremendous cost :
Thy righteousness, Thy pardon,
Thy Sacrifice, must be
My only hope and comfort,
My glory and my plea.
- 2 I could not do without Thee,
I cannot stand alone,
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own :
But Thou, belovèd Saviour,
Art all in all to me ;
And weakness will be power,
If leaning hard on Thee.
- 3 I could not do without Thee,
For years are fleeting fast,
And soon in solemn silence
The river must be passed :
But Thou wilt never leave me ;
And, though the waves run high,
I know Thou wilt be near me,
And whisper, "It is I."

845 (S.S.)
275)

P.M.

- WHOM have I, Lord, in heaven but
Thee ?
None but Thee ! None but Thee !

And this my song thro' life shall be :
Christ for me ! Christ for me !
He hath for me the winepress trod,
He hath redeemed me "by His blood,"
And reconciled my soul to God :

- Christ for me ! Christ for me !
- 2 I envy not the rich their joys :
Christ for me ! Christ for me !
I covet not earth's glittering toys :
Christ for me ! Christ for me !
Earth can no lasting bliss bestow,
"Fading" is stamped on all below ;
Mine is a joy no end can know :
Christ for me ! Christ for me !
- 3 Though with the poor be cast my lot :
Christ for me ! Christ for me !
"He knoweth best,"—I murmur not :
Christ for me ! Christ for me !
Though "vine" and "fig tree"
blight assail,
The "labour of the olive fail,"
And death o'er flock and herd prevail,
Christ for me ! Christ for me !
- 4 Though I am now on hostile ground,
Christ for me ! Christ for me !
And sin beset me all around,
Christ for me ! Christ for me !
Let earth her fiercest battles wage
And foes against my soul engage,
Strong in His strength I scorn their
rage :
Christ for me ! Christ for me !
- 5 And when my life draws to its close,
Christ for me ! Christ for me !
Safe in His arms I shall repose,
Christ for me ! Christ for me !
When sharpest pains my frame per-
vade,
And all the powers of nature fade,
Still will I sing through death's cold
shade,
Christ for me ! Christ for me !

846 (S.S.)
40)

11.

- A LONG time I wandered in darkness
and sin, [shine in ;
And wondered if ever the light would
I heard Christian friends speak of
raptures divine,
And I wished—how I wished—that
their Saviour were mine.
I wished He were mine, yes, I wished He
were mine ; [were mine.
I wished—how I wished—that their Saviour
- 2 I heard the glad gospel of "good-will
to men" ; [again ;
I read "WHOSOEVER" again and

I said to my soul, "Can that promise
be thine?" [was mine.

And then began *hoping* that Jesus
I *hoped* He was mine, yes, I *hoped* He was
mine;

And then began *hoping* that Jesus was mine.

3 Oh, mercy surprising! He saves even
me! ["will I be;"]

"Thy portion for ever," He says,
On His word I am resting—assurance
divine: [He is mine.

I am "hoping" no longer; I *know*

I *know* He is mine, yes, I *know* He is mine;
I'm hoping no longer, I *KNOW* He is mine.

847 (O.O.)
157

11s.

'Twas Jesus, my Saviour, who died
on the tree, [me;

To open a fountain for sinners like
His blood is that fountain which
pardon bestows, [it flows.

And cleanses the foulest wherever
For the Lion of Judah shall break every chain,
And give us the victory again and again.

2 And when I was willing with all
things to part, [in my heart;

He gave me His blessing, His love
So now I am joined with the conquer-
ing band [command.

Who are marching to glory at Jesus'

3 Though round me the storms of
adversity roll, [pass my soul,

And the waves of destruction encom-
In vain this frail vessel the tempest
shall toss— [of the cross.

My hope is secure through the blood

4 And when with the ransomed, by
Jesus, my Head, [be led;

From fountain to fountain I then shall
I'll fall at His feet and His mercy
adore,

And sing Hallelujah to God evermore.

848 (O.O.)
871

P.M.

'Tis the grandest theme through the
ages rung, [tongue,

'Tis the grandest theme for a mortal

'Tis the grandest theme that the world
e'er sung,

"Our God is able to deliver thee!"

He is a - - - ble to deliver thee,

He is a - - - ble to deliver thee;

Though by sin opprest, go to Him for rest:

"Our God is able to deliver thee!"

2 'Tis the grandest theme heard on
earth or main, [strain,

'Tis the grandest theme for a mortal

'Tis the grandest theme, tell it out
again,

"Our God is able to deliver thee!"

3 'Tis the grandest theme, let the
tidings roll [soul;

To the guilty heart, to the weary
Look to God in faith, He will make
thee whole:

"Our God is able to deliver thee!"

849 (N.H.)
43

P.M.

I AM not skilled to understand
What God hath willed, what God
hath planned;

I only know at His right hand
Is One who is my Saviour!

2 I take Him at His word indeed:
"Christ died for sinners"—this I
For in my heart I find a need [read;
Of Him to be my Saviour!

3 That He should leave His place on
And come for sinful man to die, [high,
You count it strange?—so once did I,
Before I knew my Saviour!

4 And oh, that He fulfilled may see
The travail of His soul in me,
And with His work contented be,
As I with my dear Saviour!

5 Yea, living, dying, let me bring
My strength, my solace from this
spring—
That He who lives to be my King
Once died to be my Saviour!

850 (S.S.)
490

C.M.

I CAME a wanderer, and alone,
My way was dark as night;
I looked to Thee, O blessed One,
And then I found the light.

O Jesus, Saviour, Lamb of God,
How much I owe to Thee,
For all the wonders of Thy grace,
And all Thy love to me!

2 I came with all my doubts and fears,
No hope but in Thy Word;
And while I gazed upon the blood,
Thy pardoning voice I heard.

3 Oh, may the Spirit's power be felt
In this poor heart of mine, [light,
And make Thy Word my lamp and
My shield and strength divine.

4 Oh, teach me, Lord, Thy voice to
Amid the surging throng; [know,
Be Thou my hope, my life, my joy,
My everlasting song.

851 (C.C.)
124

7.6.

WE have a firm foundation,
Whose hope is in the Lord;
We have a blessed haven,
Who anchor in His word:
Though surges break around us,
And clouds our sky may dim,
He will not leave to perish
One soul that clings to Him.

Give praise to our Redeemer, oh, magnify
His grace: [place.
Our everlasting portion, our sure abiding-

- 2 We have a strong deliverer,
Who trust His mighty arm;
Not all the hosts of darkness
His chosen ones can harm;
His arm that brought salvation
Defends them from above;
They rest within His mercy,
O'ershadowed by His love.
- 3 O love, that stooped from heaven
To lift us up to God,
O love, that to redeem us
The path of sorrow trod;
Through yonder land of Beulah
Glad harps with rapture ring,
And numbers without number
Its boundless triumph sing.

852 (C.C.)
68

7s.

LOVED with everlasting love,
Led by grace that love to know;
Spirit, breathing from above,
Thou hast taught me it is so!
Oh this full and perfect peace!
Oh 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.

- 2 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.
- 3 Things that once were wild alarms
Cannot now disturb my rest;
Closed in everlasting arms,
Pillowed on the loving breast.
Oh to lie for ever here,
Doubt and care and self resign,
While He whispers in my ear—
I am His, and He is mine!

- 4 His for ever, 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,
First-born light in gloom decline;
But, while God and I shall be,
I am His and He is mine.

853 (S.S.)
328

C.M.

O CHRIST, in Thee my soul hath
And found in Thee alone, [found,
The peace, the joy I sought so long,
The bliss till now unknown.

Now none but Christ can satisfy,
None other name for me;
There's love, and life, and lasting joy
Lord Jesus, found in Thee.

- 2 I sighed for rest and happiness,
I yearned for them, not Thee;
But while I passed my Saviour by,
His love laid hold on me.
- 3 I tried the broken cisterns, Lord,
But ah! the waters failed!
E'en as I stooped to drink they'd fled,
And mocked me as I wailed.
- 4 The pleasures lost I sadly mourned,
But never wept for Thee,
Till grace the sightless eyes received
Thy loveliness to see.

854

P.M.

THE blessed Redeemer has found me,
And shattered the fetters that bound
me;

Though all was confusion around me,
He came and spoke peace to my
soul.

In tenderest love He hath bought me,
With patience He constantly sought
me,

The way of salvation He taught me,
And made my heart perfectly whole.

He saves me, He saves me,
His love fills my soul, hallelujah!
I'll praise Him, I'll praise Him,
His Spirit abideth within.

He saves me, He saves me,
His love fills my soul, hallelujah!
I'll praise Him, I'll praise Him,
His blood cleanseth me from all sin.

- 2 He sought me so long ere I knew Him,
But finally winning me to Him,
I yielded my all to pursue Him,
And asked to be filled with His
grace.
Although a vile sinner before Him,
Through faith I was led to implore
Him,

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THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 4 I know not what of good or ill
May be reserved for me—
Of weary ways or golden days
Before His face I see.
- 5 I know not when my Lord may come;
I know not how, nor where:
If I shall pass the vale of death,
Or "meet Him in the air."

858 (S.S.)
529

7.6.

IN Christ is love abounding,
In Him redeeming grace;
In Him my daily manna,
In Him my hiding-place.
In Him there is atonement,
In Him eternal life;
In Him a full salvation,
In Him an end of strife.

In Him! . . . In Him! . . .
There's fulness of blessing in His service
In Him! . . . In Him! . . . [sweet;
I am in Him complete! . . .

- 2 In Him I now am resting;
The half I cannot tell
Of all the priceless blessings
Which make my heart to swell
With thankful adoration,
As day by day I find
His peace and grace sufficient,
To keep both heart and mind.
- 3 But when I see Thee, Jesus,
When face to face we meet—
Then in Thine own dear image
It will be far more sweet:
Oh, then I'll sing my praises
For all I've found in Thee;
And give to Him the glory
Who has redeemed me.

859 (S.S.)
309

P.M.

- "NEARER the cross!" my heart can
I am coming nearer, [say,
Nearer the cross from day to day,
I am coming nearer;
Nearer the cross where Jesus died,
Nearer the fountain's crimson tide,
Nearer my Saviour's wounded side,
I am coming nearer.
- 2 Nearer the Christian's mercy-seat,
I am coming nearer,
Feasting my soul on manna sweet,
I am coming nearer;
Stronger in faith, more clear I see
Jesus, who gave Himself for me;
Nearer to Him I still would be:
Still I'm coming nearer.

- 3 Nearer in prayer my hope aspires,
I am coming nearer,
Deeper the love my soul desires,
I am coming nearer;
Nearer the end of toil and care,
Nearer the joy I long to share,
Nearer the crown I soon shall wear:
I am coming nearer.

860

C.M.

- I KNOW Thy hand upholdeth me,
My Saviour and my God;
And step by step I'll follow Thee
Where'er Thy feet have trod.
I know in whom I have believèd,
And, knowing, I am blest;
Thou art the Anchor of my soul—
In Thee my hope shall rest.
- 2 I know Thy hand upholdeth me,
When doubt and danger near
Would tempt me from the narrow way,
Or fill my heart with fear.
- 3 I know Thy hand upholdeth me,
And will in safety keep
My trusting heart, though I may pass
Through waters dark and deep.
- 4 I know Thy hand upholdeth me,
And will my soul defend;
Sufficient is Thy grace, O Lord,
To keep me to the end.

861

L.M.

- THOUGH I my Saviour may not see,
Yet every hour He speaks to me;
And since I made of Him my choice,
Oh, praise the Lord, I know His voice!
I know His voice, . . . my Saviour's voice . . .
And oh, it makes . . . my heart rejoice, . . .
Whenever He . . . shall speak to me; . . .
Oh, praise the Lord! I know His voice. . . .
- 2 How often, though I see no form,
I hear His voice above the storm;
He bids the waves their tumult cease:
The sun breaks forth, and all is peace.
- 3 He speaks to me of truth and right,
Of joy and rest beyond our sight;
He speaks to me of peace and love,
And tells me of the home above.

862

C.M.

- I WANDERED in the shades of night,
Till Jesus came to me,
And with the sunlight of His love
Bid all my darkness flee.
Sunlight, sunlight in my soul to-day; . . .
Sunlight, sunlight all along the way; . . .
Since the Saviour found me, took away my
sin, . . .
I have had the sunlight of His love within.

- 2 Though clouds may gather in the sky,
And billows round me roll,
However dark the world may be,
I've sunlight in my soul.
- 3 While walking in the light of God,
I sweet communion find;
I press with holy vigour on,
And leave the world behind.
- 4 I cross the wide extended fields,
I journey o'er the plain,
And in the sunlight of His love
I reap the golden grain.
- 5 Soon I shall see Him as He is,
Who gave Himself for me;
Behold the brightness of His face
Through all eternity.

863 (S.S.)
457

8.7.

- I LOOKED to Jesus in my sin,
My woe and want confessing;
Undone and lost I came to Him—
I sought and found a blessing.
- "I looked . . . to Him;" . . .
'Tis true—His "Whosoever";
"He looked . . . on me: . . ."
And we were one for ever."
- 2 I looked to Jesus on the cross;
For me I saw Him dying;
God's word believed—that all my sins
Were there upon Him lying.
 - 3 I looked to Jesus there on high,
From death upraised to glory;
I trusted in His power to save,
Believed the old, old story.
 - 4 He looked on me—oh, look of love!
My heart by it was broken;
And with that look of love He gave
The Holy Spirit's token.
 - 5 Now one with Christ, I find my peace
In Him to be abiding;
And in His love for all my need,
In childlike faith confiding.

864 (C.C.)
173

C.M.

- I AM redeemed, oh, praise the Lord!
My soul, from bondage free,
Has found at last a resting-place
In Him who died for me!
- I am redeemed! . . . I am redeemed! . . .
I'll sing it o'er and o'er;
I am redeemed! . . . Oh, praise the Lord!
Redeemed for evermore!
- 2 I looked, and lo, from Calvary's cross
A healing fountain streamed;
It cleansed my heart, and now I sing,
Praise God, I am redeemed!
 - 3 The debt is paid, my soul is free;
And by His mighty power,

- The blood that washed my sins away
Still cleanseth every hour.
- 4 All glory be to Jesus' name,
I know that He is mine!
For on my heart the Spirit seals
His pledge of love divine.
 - 5 And when I reach that world more
Than mortal ever dreamed, [bright
I'll cast my crown at Jesus' feet,
And cry, "Redeemed, redeemed!"

865 (S.S.)
8

7.6.

- HAVE you on the Lord believed?
Still there's more to follow;
Of His grace have you received?
Still there's more to follow:
Oh, the grace the Father shows!
Still there's more to follow;
Freely He His grace bestows,
Still there's more to follow.
- More and more, more and more,
Always more to follow;
Oh, His matchless, boundless love!
Still there's more to follow.
- 2 Have you felt the Saviour near?
Does His blessed presence cheer?
Oh, the love that Jesus shows!
Freely He His love bestows.
 - 3 Have you felt the Spirit's power?
Falling like the gentle shower?
Oh, the power the Spirit shows!
Freely He His power bestows.

866 (S.S.)
65

L.M.

- O 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!
- 2 'Tis done, the great transaction's
done—
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.
 - 3 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.
 - 4 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.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

867 (S.S.)
474

I BELIEVED in God's wonderful mercy
and grace; [face;
Believed in the smile of His reconciled
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 keep right on believing !

2 I believed in the work of my crucified
Lord ; [His blood ;
Believed in redemption alone through
Believed in my Saviour by trusting
His word :

I believed, and I keep on believing !
3 I believed in the heart that was
opened for me ; [and free ;
Believed in the love flowing blessed
Believed that my sins were all nailed
to the tree :

I believed, and I keep on believing !
4 I believed in Himself, as the true
Living One ; [the throne ;
Believed in His presence on high on
Believed in His coming in glory full
soon ;
I believed, and I keep on believing !

868 (S.S.)
207

8.7.

ALL my doubts I give to Jesus !
I've His gracious promise heard—
I "shall never be confounded"—
I am trusting in that word.

I am trusting, fully trusting,
Sweetly trusting in His word ;
I am trusting, fully trusting,
Sweetly trusting in His word.

2 All my sin I lay on Jesus !
He doth wash me in His blood ;
He will keep me pure and holy,
He will bring me home to God.

3 All my fears I give to Jesus !
Rests my weary soul on Him ;
Though my way be hid in darkness,
Never can His light grow dim.

4 All my joys I give to Jesus !
He is all I want of bliss ;
He of all the worlds is Master—
He has all I need in this.

5 All I am I give to Jesus !
All my body, all my soul,
All I have, and all I hope for,
While eternal ages roll.

869 (C.C.)
282

7.6.

OH, precious heavenly knowledge,
Surpassing earthly lore ;
The love of God in Jesus,
In all its boundless store.

Known . . . and believed, . . .
Glad - - - ly received, . . .
Won - - - derful, won - - - derful word : . . .
Dwell - - - ing in love, . . .
Dwell - - - ing in God, . . .
Par - - - doned and cleansed by the Blood . . .

2 By God's own Word this knowledge
To us has been revealed ;
The written Word declares it,
Through Him whom God hath

3 By faith we have received it, [sealed.
This love of God to men ;
At Calvary we believed it,
When He forgave our sin.

4 The Spirit in us dwelling,
Bears witness from above ;
The gracious message telling,
That God in Christ is love.

870 (S.S.)
280

7.8.

I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God ;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus.
To wash my crimson stains,
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus,
All fulness dwells in Him ;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares :
He from them all releases ;
He all my sorrow shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine ;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord :
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild ;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child.
I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

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THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 3 I was bruised: but Jesus healed me—
Faint was I from many a fall;
Sight was gone, and fears possessed me:
But He freed me from them all.
- 4 Days of darkness still come o'er me;
Sorrow's paths I often tread;
But the Saviour still is with me,
By His hand I'm safely led.
- 5 He will keep me till the river
Rolls its waters at my feet;
Then He'll bear me safely over,
Where the loved ones I shall meet.

876

L.M.

It came to me one precious day,
That I had grieved my Lord away;
It smote me with a sense of loss,
And drove me to His blessed cross.

By faith I saw Him on the tree;
'Twas there His blood was shed for me;
And by that look, O love divine,
I now am His, and He is mine.

- 2 It came to me that joyful day,
That He would take my sins away,
If I to Him would trust my all,
And on His name but humbly call.
- 3 It came to me that golden day,
That in my heart He'd come and stay,
And there abide for evermore,
If I would open wide the door.

877

P.M.

STANDING on the promises of Christ
my King, [ring;
Through eternal ages let His praises
Glory in the highest, I will shout and
sing,

Standing on the promises of God.

Stand - - - ing, . . stand - - - ing, . .
Standing on the promises of God my Saviour;
Stand - - - ing, . . stand - - - ing, . .
I'm standing on the promises of God.

- 2 Standing on the promises that cannot
fail, [and fear assail,
When the howling storms of doubt
By the living word of God I shall
prevail,
Standing on the promises of God.
- 3 Standing on the promises I now can
see [blood for me;
Perfect, present cleansing in the
Standing in the liberty where Christ
makes free,
Standing on the promises of God.
- 4 Standing on the promises of Christ
the Lord, [strong cord,
Bound to Him eternally by love's

- Overcoming daily with the Spirit's
sword,
Standing on the promises of God.
- 5 Standing on the promises I cannot
fall, [Spirit's call,
Listening every moment to the
Resting in my Saviour as my All in
all,
Standing on the promises of God.

878

C.M.

How sweet, my Saviour, to repose
On Thine almighty power!
To feel Thy strength upholding me,
Through every trying hour!

"Casting all . . your care upon Him, . . .
Casting all . . your care upon Him, . . .
Casting all . . your care upon Him, . . .
For He careth, He careth for you."

- 2 It is Thy will that I should cast
My every care on Thee;
To Thee refer each rising grief,
Each new perplexity;
- 3 That I should trust Thy loving care,
And look to Thee alone, [rest,
To calm each troubled thought to
In prayer before Thy throne.
- 4 Why should my heart then be distress,
By dread of future ill?
Or why should unbelieving fear
My trembling spirit fill?

879 (N.H.)

P.M.

WILL your anchor hold in the storms
of life? [of strife;

When the clouds unfold their wings
When the strong tides lift and the
cables strain, [remain?

Will your anchor drift, or firm

We have an anchor that keeps the soul
Steadfast and sure while the billows roll;
Fastened to the Rock which cannot move,
Grounded firm and deep in the Saviour's love!

- 2 Will your anchor hold in the straits
of fear? [is near;
When the breakers roar and the reef
While the surges rave, and the wild
winds blow, [o'erflow?
Shall the angry waves then your bark
- 3 Will your anchor hold in the floods
of death, [latest breath?
When the waters cold chill your
On the rising tide you can never fail,
While your anchor holds within the
veil.
- 4 Will your eyes behold' through the
morning light [bright?
The city of gold, and the harbour

Will you anchor safe by the heavenly
shore, [more ?
When life's storms are past for ever-

880

C.M.

IN ancient days, when Israel's host
In darkest bondage lay,
The Mighty power of God was
He rolled the sea away. [shown—
He rolls the sea away,
He rolls the sea away ;
With Jesus ever near, no foe have I to fear—
He rolls the sea away.

2 The waves of sin swept o'er my soul,
Temptations held their sway,
The Lord spoke peace, and pardon
He rolled the sea away. [gave—

3 Though doubts and fears obscure my
With Jesus I will stay; [path,
He'll keep me near His loving heart,
And roll the sea away.

4 Lord Jesus, when in my last hour
I face toward realms of day,
Thy presence then shall pilot me,
And roll the sea away.

881

L.M.

Now, in a song of grateful praise,
To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise ;
With all His saints I'll join to tell,
My Jesus has done all things well !

And above the rest this note shall swell,
This note shall swell, this note shall swell ;
And above the rest this note shall swell :
My Jesus has done all things well !

2 How sovereign, wonderful, and free,
Has been His love to sinful me !
He plucked me from the jaws of hell :
My Jesus has done all things well !

3 Though many a fiery flaming dart
The tempter levels at my heart—
With this I all his rage repel :
My Jesus has done all things well !

4 And when to that bright world I rise,
And claim my mansion in the skies,
Above the rest this note shall swell :
My Jesus has done all things well !

882 (S.S.)

S.M.

I HEAR the words of love,
I gaze upon the blood,
I see the mighty Sacrifice,
And I have peace with God.

2 'Tis everlasting peace !
Sure as Jehovah's name ;
'Tis stable as His steadfast throne,
For evermore the same.

3 The clouds may go and come,
And storms may sweep my sky—
This blood-sealed friendship changes
The cross is ever nigh. [not :

4 My love is ofttimes low,
My joy still ebbs and flows ;
But peace with Him remains the
No change Jehovah knows. [same—

5 I change, He changes not,
The Christ can never die ;
His love, not mine, the resting-place,
His truth, not mine, the tie.

883 (S.S.)

C.M.

I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend His cause ;
Maintain the honour of His Word,
The glory of His cross.

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

2 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.

3 Firm as His throne His promise
And He can well secure [stands ;
What I've committed to His hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then He will own my worthless name
Before His Father's face ;
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

884 (N.H.)

P.M.

TILL I learned to love Thy name,
Lord, Thy grace denying,
I was lost in sin and shame,
Dying, dying, dying !

Hallelujah ! grace is free,
This is now my story ;
Jesus' blood avails for me—
Glory ! glory ! glory !

2 Peace the world could not impart,
Dark and drear the morrow ;
In my sad and weary heart,
Sorrow, sorrow, sorrow !

3 When I learned to love Thy name
O Thou meek and lowly !
Rapture kindled to a flame—
" Holy, holy, holy ! "

4 Oh, that all the earth might ring
With salvation's story,
Till before the throne I sing,
Glory ! glory ! glory !

885 (C.C.)
184

P.M.

LIFE wears a different face to me,
Since I found my Saviour;
Rich mercy at His cross I see,
My kind and loving Saviour.

Doubts and fears have passed away,
Jesus turns my night to day;
Heaven seems not so far away,
Since I found my Saviour.

- 2 He sought me in His wondrous love,
Thus I found my Saviour;
He brought salvation from above,
My own, my precious Saviour.
- 3 Though passing clouds have inter-
Since I found my Saviour, [vened
Yet He is with me, though unseen,
My ever-present Saviour.
- 4 His hand still firmly holds my own,
Since I found my Saviour;
He leads me onward to the throne,
Oh, there I'll see my Saviour!

886 (S.S.)
36

7.8.

I've found a joy in sorrow,
A secret balm for pain,
A beautiful to-morrow
Of sunshine after rain;
I've found a branch of healing
Near every bitter spring,
A whispered promise stealing
O'er every broken string.

- 2 I've found a glad hosanna
For every woe and wail;
A handful of sweet manna
When grapes of Eshcol fail;
I've found a Rock of Ages
When desert wells are dry;
And, after weary stages,
I've found an Elim nigh.
- 3 An Elim with its coolness,
Its fountains, and its shade;
A blessing in its fulness,
When buds of promise fade.
O'er tears of soft contrition
I've seen a rainbow light,
A glory and fruition,
So near!—yet out of sight.
- 4 My Saviour, Thee possessing,
I have the joy, the balm,
The healing and the blessing,
The sunshine and the psalm;
The promise for the fearful,
The Elim for the faint;
The rainbow for the tearful,
The glory for the saint!

887

I AM walking on the waves!
For my blest Redeemer saves,
As I look with trustful eye unto Him:
He upholds me all the way,
And my heart is bright as day,
For 'tis lit by heaven's ray—never dim.

I am walking on the waves!

For my great Redeemer saves:

I am walking with my Lord, on the waves.

- 2 I am walking on the waves!
In my *weakness* Jesus saves,
As I fully trust in Him every hour:
He supports me with His arms,
And He quiets my alarms, [power.
And He Satan's hosts disarms, by His
- 3 I am walking on the waves!
In my *sorrows* Jesus saves,
As I everything resign to His will:
All my burdens He doth bear,
Every trouble He doth share—
So my heart is free from care, and is
- 4 I am walking on the waves! [still.
In *temptations* Jesus saves, [day;
As I trust His keeping grace all the
For He always fights for me,
And He gives me victory—
So I sing rejoicingly, all the way.

888 (C.C.)
174

8.7.

I WILL tell the precious story,
And proclaim the wondrous love
Of my Saviour now in glory,
Seated on His throne above;
Once He came, despised, rejected,
Everlasting life to bring;
Now exalted Prince and Saviour—
He is Salem's mighty King!

He is Je - - sus crucified;

For a ru - - ined world He died;

Now He reigns in heaven for ever
With the saved and glorified.

- 2 Though His name is high and holy,
And His kingdom so secure,
Yet He dwells with all the lowly,
If their hearts are only pure;
Never yet was love so tender,
Never promise half so sweet,
Peace He gives when we surrender,
Sitting meekly at His feet.
- 3 When by sin and anguish driven
With our needs before the throne,
If we ask for bread from heaven,
Will He give to us a stone?
No: He'll hear our sad repining,
For He feels our every woe;
And will pour us out a blessing,
That will surely overflow.

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THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.
- 4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.
- 5 To heaven, the place of His abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joy complete.
- 6 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine !

894 (S.S.)
(231)

C.M.

- AMAZING** grace ! how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me;
I once was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see.
- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to
And grace my fears relieved; [fear,
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed !
 - 3 Through many dangers, toils, and
I have already come: [snares,
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus
And grace will lead me home. [far,
 - 4 Yes, when this heart and flesh shall
And mortal life shall cease, [fail,
I shall possess within the veil
A life of joy and peace.

895

8.7.

- FAR** away my steps had wandered,
Long in paths of sin I strayed,
Till my wayward heart deceived me,
And the world my trust betrayed:
Then I cried, "There's none can
help me, [woe,"
None whose love can soothe my
When I heard a voice that whispered,
, "Child, I loved thee long ago."
"Long ago, . . long ago ; . .
Child, I loved thee long ago ;"
Oh, how sweet the voice that whispered,
"Child, I loved . . thee long ago !"
- 2 Through His mercy He received me,
All my sins He washed away;
At His feet I knelt and praised Him
For the joy I found that day.
Now amid the verdant pastures,
Where the tranquil waters flow,
Still I hear His voice repeating,
"Child, I loved thee long ago."

- 3 Come to Him, O heavy laden,
Only trust, and He'll forgive;
To the cross, where once He suffered,
Lo, He bids thee look and live.
If by faith and true repentance
Thou wilt ask His love to know—
Surely thou wilt hear Him answer,
"Child, I loved thee long ago."

896 (S.S.)
(393)

8.7.

- 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 par - don, . . .
Paid the debt, . . . and made me free. . . .
- 2 I will tell the wondrous story,
How my lost estate to save,
In His boundless love and mercy,
He the ransom freely gave.
 - 3 I will praise my dear Redeemer,
His triumphant power I'll tell;
How the victory He giveth
Over sin, and death, and hell.
 - 4 I will sing of my Redeemer,
And His heavenly love to me;
He from death to life hath brought
Son of God, with Him to be. [me,

897 (S.S.)
(735)

6.5.

- I ONCE was a stranger to grace and to
God; [my load;
I knew not my danger, and felt not
Though friends spoke in rapture of
Christ on the tree, [me.
"Jehovah Tsidkenu" was nothing to
- 2 Like tears from the daughters of Zion
that roll; [His soul,
I wept when the waters went over
Yet thought not that my sins had
nailed to the tree [to me.
"Jehovah Tsidkenu"—'twas nothing
 - 3 When free grace awoke me, by light
from on high, [to die;
Then legal fears shook me, I trembled
No refuge, no safety, in self could I
see; [must be.
"Jehovah Tsidkenu" my Saviour
 - 4 My terrors all vanished before the
sweet name; [ness I came
My guilty fears banished, with bold-
To drink at the fountain, life-giving
and free: [to me.
"Jehovah Tsidkenu" was all things

5 E'en treading the valley, the shadow
of death, [ing breath;
This watchword shall rally my falter-
For, when from life's fever my God
sets me free, [shall be.
"Jehovah Tsidkenu." my death-song

898

P.M.

O BROTHER, have you told how the
Lord forgave? [again;

Let us hear you tell it over once
Thy coming to the cross where He
died to save, [again.

Let us hear you tell it over once
Are you walking now in His blessed
light? [stain?

Are you cleansed from every guilty
Is He your joy by day and your song
by night? [again.

Let us hear you tell it over once

Let us hear . . . you tell it o - ver, . . . tell it
o - - - ver once again; . . .

Tell the sweet and blessed story,
It will help you on to glory—

Let us hear you tell it over once again.

2 When toiling up the way, was the
Saviour there? [again;

Let us hear you tell it over once
Did Jesus bear you up in His tender
care? [again.

Let us hear you tell it over once
Never have you found such a friend
as He, [and pain;

Who can help you 'midst the toil
Oh, all the world should hear what
He's done for thee; [again.

Let us hear you tell it over once

3 Was ever on your tongue such a
blessed theme? [again;

Let us hear you tell it over once
'Tis ever sweeter far than the sweetest
dream— [again.

Let us hear you tell it over once
There are aching hearts in the world's
great throng, [in vain;

Who have sought for rest, and all
Hold Jesus up to them by your word
and song; [again.

Let us hear you tell it over once

4 The battles you have fought and the
victories won, [again;

Let us hear you tell it over once
'Twill help them on the way who
have just begun— [again.

Let us hear you tell it over once
We are striving now with the hosts
of sin, [shall reign;

Soon with Christ our Saviour we

Ye ransomed of the Lord, try a soul
to win; [again.

—Let us hear you tell it over once

899 (C.C.)
232

P.M.

I WILL praise the Lord with heart and
And in Him I will rejoice; [voice,
I will sing His wondrous love to me,
And this my song shall be:

He hath taken . all . my sins away; . . .
Praise His holy name! Praise His holy name
He hath taken . all . my sins away, . . .
Hallelujah to His name!

2 When I came, with all my sin opprest,
Unto Him for peace and rest,

Then He heard my prayer and set me
And this my song shall be: [free,

3 I will praise Him with my latest
breath,

For the victory over death;
I will praise Him through eternity,
And this my song shall be:

900

L.M.

JESUS, my All, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fixed my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till Him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all His paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief and burden long have been,
Because I could not cease from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the Way."

5 Lo! glad I come; and Thou, blest
Shalt take me to Thee as I am; [Lamb,
Nothing but sin have I to give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Now will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

901 (S.S.)
210

P.M.

WHEN peace, like a river, attendeth
my way, [roll;

When sorrows, like sea-billows,
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught
me to know,

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

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

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

2 Though Satan should buffet, though
trials should come,

Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ hath regarded my helpless
estate, [my soul.

And hath shed His own blood for

3 My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious
thought !

My sin—not in part, but the whole,
Is nailed to His cross; and I bear it
no more: [O my soul !

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,

4 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 [my soul.

Thou wilt whisper Thy peace to

5 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 ! [soul !

Blessèd hope ! blessèd rest of my

902 (S.S.) 201

L.M.

My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness hides His lovely face,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil.

3 His oath, His covenant, His blood,
Support me in the 'whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When He shall come with trumpet
sound,

On, may I then in Him be found,
Clothed in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne !

903

S.7.

DRAWING near with full assurance;
Ah, my soul, how can it be ?
How canst thou, condemned and sin-
Think of God as near to thee ? [ful,

Full assurance ! I am trusting
In a Saviour crucified ;
Full assurance ! Jesus saved me,
When upon the cross He died.

2 He is faithful that has promised ;
Here my soul has found its rest,
And by fully trusting Jesus;
With assurance I am blest.

3 Sins to be no more remembered,
Full remission in His blood,
Made by Him an heir of heaven,
Made by Him a child of God.

4 So I come, my sins confessing,
Boldly come, without a fear ;
All my right in Christ possessing,
To the Father drawing near.

904

P.M.

THERE'S not a friend like the lowly
No, not one ! no, not one ! [Jesus,
None else could heal all our soul's dis-
No, not one ! no, not one ! [eases,

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 !

2 No friend like Him is so high and holy,
No, not one ! no, not one !

And yet no friend is so meek and
No, not one ! no, not one ! [lowly,

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

4 Did ever saint find this Friend forsake
No, not one ! no, not one ! [him ?
Or sinner find that He would not take
No, not one ! no, not one ! [him ?

5 Was e'er 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 !

905 (S.S.) 617

L.M.

JESUS ! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee ?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless
days !

2 Ashamed of Jesus ! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend ?
No ; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

3 Ashamed of Jesus ! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away ;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain !
And oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me !

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THE LIFE TO COME :

- “ A little while ” to sow the seed with weeping, [harvest song.
Then bind the sheaves and sing the
- 3 “ A little while ” the earthen pitcher taking [mountains fed ;
To wayside brooks, from far-off
Then the parched lip its thirst for ever slaking [head.
Beside the fulness of the Fountain-
- 4 “ A little while ” to keep the oil from failing, [lamp to trim,
“ A little while ” faith’s flickering
And then the Bridegroom’s coming footsteps hailing,
We’ll haste to meet Him with the bridal hymn.

911 (S.S.) 8.7. (515)

- GLIDING o’er life’s fitful waters,
Heavy surges sometimes roll ;
And we sigh for yonder haven,
For the Home-land of the soul.
Blessèd Home-land, ever fair !
Sin can never enter there ;
But the soul, to life awaking,
Everlasting joy shall share.
- 2 Oft we catch a faint reflection
Of its bright and vernal hills ;
And though distant, how we hail it !—
How each heart with rapture thrills !
- 3 To our Father, and our Saviour,
To the Spirit, Three in One,
We shall sing glad songs of triumph
When our harvest work is done.
- 4 ’Tis the weary pilgrim’s Home-land,
Where each throbbing care shall cease,
And our longings and our yearnings,
Like the waves, be hushed to peace.

912 (S.S.) 10.9. (301)

- SHALL we all meet at home in the morning, [sea,
On the shores of the bright crystal
With the loved ones who long have been waiting ?
What a meeting indeed it will be !
Gathered home ! . . . gathered home ! . . .
On the shores of the bright crystal sea !
Gathered home ! . . . gathered home ! . . .
With our loved ones for ever to be !
- 2 Shall we all meet at home in the morning,
And from sorrow for ever be free ?
Shall we join in the songs of the ransomed ?
What a meeting indeed it will be !

- 3 Shall we all meet at home in the morning,
Our blessèd Redeemer to see ?
Shall we know and be known by our loved ones ?
What a meeting indeed it will be !

913 (S.S.) 8.7. (240)

- SHALL we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll ?
Where, in all the bright “ for ever,”
Sorrow ne’er shall press the soul ?
Shall we meet ? shall we meet ?
Shall we meet ? shall we meet ?
Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll ?
- 2 Shall we meet in that blest harbour,
When our stormy voyage is o’er ?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor
By the fair celestial shore ?
- 3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the towers of crystal shine ?
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine ?—
- 4 Where the music of the ransomed
Rolls its harmony around,
And creation swells the chorus
With its sweet melodious sound ?
- 5 Shall we meet with many a loved one
That was torn from our embrace ?
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face ?
- 6 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,
When He comes to claim His own ?
Shall we know His blessèd favour,
And sit down upon His throne ?

914 (S.S.) P.M. (8)

- OH to be over yonder,*
In that bright land of wonder,
Where the angel-voices mingle, and
the angel-harps do ring !
To be free from care and sorrow,
And the anxious, dread to-morrow,
To rest in light and sunshine in the
presence of the King !
Oh . . . to be over yonder !
In . . . that land of wonder, . . .
There . . . to be for ever
In the presence of the King !
- 2 Oh to be over yonder !
My longing heart grows fonder
Of looking to the far-off east, to see
the day-star bring
Some tidings of the awaking—
Of the cloudless, pure daybreaking :

* By Miss Florence Armstrong. From “ THE KING IN HIS BEAUTY,” by special permission.

My heart is yearning—yearning for
the coming of the King.

- 3 Oh to be over yonder !
Alas ! I sigh and ponder—
Why clings this poor weak heart of
mine to any earthly thing ?
For each earthly tie must sever,
And pass away for ever :
There's no more separation in the
presence of the King !

- 4 Oh, when shall I be dwelling
Where angel voices, swelling
In triumphant hallelujahs, make the
vaulted heavens ring ?— [ing,
Where the pearly gates are gleam-
And the Morning Star is beaming ?
Oh, when shall I be yonder in the
presence of the King ?

- 5 Oh, when shall I be yonder ?
The longing groweth stronger
To join in all the praises the redeemed
ones do sing,
Within those heavenly places,
Where the angels veil their faces,
In awe and adoration, in the presence
[of the King !

915 (S.S.) P.M.
(577)

IN robes made white through Jesus' blood,

We soon shall meet beyond the flood,
And hold sweet converse, free from
Nor ever fear to part again, [pain,
Beyond the swelling flood !

Beyond . . the swelling flood !
Beyond . . the swelling flood !
Beyond . . the swelling flood,
We'll meet to part no more !
Beyond the swelling flood !

- 2 I fear not now what ills may come :
By faith I see my heavenly home,
And hear the angel voices say,
“ Thy God shall wipe all tears away,”
Beyond the swelling flood !

- 3 O meeting blest, with friends so dear !
What sounds shall greet the listening
ear !

What thrills of rapture wake the soul
As back those golden gates shall roll,
Beyond the swelling flood !

- 4 Dear Saviour, guide my willing feet,
That I may have that joy complete ;
And live to praise through endless day
The love that dries all tears away,
Beyond the swelling flood !

916 (S.S.) S.M.
(540)

ONLY a few more years,
Only a few more cares ;

Only a few more smiles and tears,
Only a few more prayers.

- 2 Only a few more wrongs,
Only a few more sighs ;
Only a few more earthly songs,
Only a few good-byes.

- 3 Then an eternal stay ;
Then an eternal throng ;
Then an eternal, glorious day ;
Then an eternal song !

917 (S.S.)
(588)

D.S.M.

“ FOR ever with the Lord ! ”
Amen, so let it be ;
Life from the dead 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.

Nearer home, nearer home,
A day's march nearer home.

- 2 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.

- 3 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.

- 4 I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour—
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower—
That resurrection word,
That shout of victory,

Once more: “ For ever with the
Amen, so let it be ! [Lord ! ”

918 (S.S.)
(710)

7.6.7.6.D.

FOR thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep ;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

THE LIFE TO COME :

- 2 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints build up its fabric,
The cornerstone is Christ.
- 3 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean;
Thou hast no time, bright day;
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away:
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.
- 4 Oh, sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
Oh, sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

919 (C.C.)
120

S.S.6.S.S.6.

- OH, glorious hope of perfect love!
It lifts me up to things above;
It bears on eagle's wings;
It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments
With Jesus' priests and kings. [feast
- 2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain-top
See all the land below:
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of paradise
In endless plenty grow.
- 3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favoured with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest; [ness,
There dwells the Lord our Righteous-
And keeps His own in perfect peace
And everlasting rest.
- 4 Oh, that at once I might go up!
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess:
This moment end my legal years,
Sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and
A howling wilderness. [fears,
- 5 Now, O my Joshua, bring me in!
Cast out Thy foes; the inward sin,
The stony heart remove;
The purchase of Thy death divide;
And oh, with all the sanctified,
Give me Thy perfect love.

920 (S.S.)
418

C.M.

- O LAND of rest, for thee I sigh!
When will the moment come,
When I shall lay my armour by,
And dwell in peace at home?
We'll work . . . till Jesus comes;
We'll work . . . till Jesus comes;
We'll work . . . till Jesus comes;
And we'll be gathered home.
- 2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful sheltering dome;
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.
- 3 To Jesus Christ I fled for rest:
He bade me cease to roam,
And lean for succour on His breast,
Till He conduct me home.
- 4 I sought at once my Saviour's side:
No more my steps shall roam;
With Him I'll brave death's chilling
And reach my heavenly home. [tide,

921 (C.C.)
210

P.M.

- I SAIL . . . in the light . . . that shines . .
from the cross, . . .
Right o'er life's troubled sea; . . .
I steer my soul to glory's goal
By the rays from Calvary. . . .
Then sail in the light, . . .
Oh, sail in the light, . . .
Ye children of the Gospel day; . .
From Cal - - vary's cross
To glo - - ry's crown
Ye have the light alway. . . .
- 2 I sail . . . in the light . . . that shines . .
from the cross, . . .
And by that light I see . . .
The visage fair of Him who there
Laid down His life for me. . . .
- 3 I sail . . . in the light . . . that shines . .
from the cross, . . .
So bright it shines for me; . . .
Its beams will guide safe o'er the tide
To the land where I would be. . . .

922 (C.C.)
141

7.6.

- THE home beyond the shadows,
Where all is calm and still;
Where holy joy and gladness
The troubled heart shall fill:
I'm longing for the Homeland,
With golden gates so fair,
That ever stand wide open
To welcome pilgrims there.
- 2 The home beyond the shadows,
Beyond the crystal sea;
The home of many mansions,
Where rest remains for me:

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THE LIFE TO COME:

- 4 Who, who would live alway, away
from his God, [abode,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er
the bright plains, [reigns ?
And the noontide of glory eternally
- 5 Where the saints of all ages in har-
mony meet, [ported to greet ;
Their Saviour and brethren trans-
While the anthems of rapture un-
ceasingly roll, [of the soul !
And the smile of the Lord is the feast

927

P.M.

AFTER the darkest hour
The morning draweth nigh ;
After the tempest's power,
The clear blue sky.

- 2 After the drifting snow,
The sunny days of calm ;
After the crushing blow,
God's healing balm.
- 3 After the sad good-bye
New friends around us throng ;
After the burdened sigh,
The sweetest song.
- 4 After the cross of tears,
The crown of joy is given ;
After earth's weary years,
The rest of heaven.

Heaven Anticipated

928

8.7.

- WE are march - - - ing to a city
On the hill . . . of Zion fair ;
With its beauty and its splendour,
There's no other can compare : . . .
Soon with all . . . the ransomed army,
In their pure . . . and bright array,
We shall gather in the morning,
Where the shadows flee away. . . .
- 2 By the martyrs and apostles,
And the holy men of old,
Will the story of redemption
Through eternal years be told :
We shall hear and join the chorus
In that realm of endless day,
When we gather in the morning,
Where the shadows flee away.
- 3 There are voices we remember,
There are friends we dearly love ;
We shall meet them at the portals
Of that city built above :
And our Saviour's " Come, ye
All our trials will repay, [blessèd !"
When we gather in the morning,
Where the shadows flee away.

929 (N.H.) 22

F.M.

'Tis only a little way on to my home,
And there in its sunshine for ever I'll
roam ; [with song,
While all the day long I journey
O beautiful Edenland, thou art my
home !

'Tis only a little way, only a little way ;
'Tis only a little way on to my home.

- 2 'Tis only a little way farther to go,
O'er mountain and valley where dark
waters flow ; [cheer ;
My Saviour is near, with blessings to
His word is my guiding-star—why
should I fear ?
- 3 'Tis only a little way: there I shall
see [for me ;
The friends that in glory are waiting
Their voices from home now float on
the air— [me there.
They're calling me tenderly, calling

930 (C.C.) 177

8.7

FAR away beyond the shadows,
Through the rifting clouds above,
Floods of golden light are breaking
From a world where all is love.

Far away beyond the shadows,
Through the gates that never close,
There the King Himself will lead us
Where the living water flows.

- 2 Far away beyond the shadows,
There a bright and joyful throng
Wave their palms of holy triumph,
While they sing the glad " new
song."
- 3 Far away beyond the shadows
Let us lift our longing eyes,
Where the shining hills of glory
In their strength and beauty rise.
- 4 Far away beyond the shadows,
In our Father's house at home,
There our precious ones, departed,
Watch and wait for us to come.

931 (S.S.) 233

P.M.

BEYOND the smiling and the weeping,
I shall be soon ! I shall be soon !
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon ! I shall be soon !

Love, rest, and home !
Sweet, sweet home !
Lord, tarry not ! Lord, tarry not, but come !

- 2 Beyond the blooming and the fading,
I shall be soon ! I shall be soon !
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon ! I shall be soon !
- 3 Beyond the parting and the meeting,
I shall be soon ! I shall be soon !
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond the pulse's fever-beating,
I shall be soon ! I shall be soon !
- 4 Beyond the frost-chain and the fever,
I shall be soon ! I shall be soon !
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
Beyond the " ever " and the " never,"
I shall be soon ! I shall be soon !

932 (S.S.)
417

P.M.

- BLESSÈD hope that in Jesus is given,
In our sorrow to cheer and sustain,
That soon with our Saviour in heaven,
We shall meet with our loved ones
again.
- Blessèd hope ! . . . Blessèd hope ! . . .
We shall meet with our loved ones again !
Blessèd hope ! . . . Blessèd hope ! . . .
We shall meet with our loved ones again !
- 2 Blessèd hope in the word God has
spoken, [obtain ;
All our peace by that word we
And as sure as God's word was ne'er
broken, [again.
We shall meet with our loved ones
- 3 Blessèd hope ! how it shines in our
sorrow, [plain,
Like the star over Bethlehem's
That it may be, with Him, ere the
morning, [again.
We shall meet with our loved ones
- 4 Blessèd hope ! the bright star of the
morning, [reign ;
That shall herald His coming to
Oh, the glory that waits its fair
dawning, [again.
When we meet with our loved ones

933

8.7.

- JUST beyond the silent river,
Over on the farther shore,
Many loved ones there shall greet us,
Where the many mansions are.
- Just beyond earth's snow-capped mountains,
In that land so bright and fair,
We shall see and be like Jesus,
Safe for ever " over there " ;
We shall see and be like Jesus,
Safe for ever " over there."

- 2 Just beyond these fleeting shadows,
Over on the golden strand,
Robed in white, we'll walk with Jesus
Through that fair and happy land.
- 3 Just beyond these earthly partings
We shall soon united be,
In the home beyond the river,
Close beside the crystal sea.

934

L.M.

I HEAR a song, a song so sweet,
I try all vainly to repeat
Its melody, and trusting say,
I'll sing it, if God will, some day.
Some day, some hap - py day to be, . .
My voice will learn . . its melody, . .
And I shall sing the songs so sweet
Of rest and heaven at Jesus' feet.

- 2 Some day my journey will be done,
Earth will be lost and heaven won ;
And when the long rough way is trod,
I shall behold my Saviour God.
- 3 " Some day," I say, content to wait
The opening of the jasper gate—
Come soon or late, that day will be
The dawn of endless rest to me.
- 4 When comes the time for me to go,
The homeward path I may not know ;
But in God's hand my own I'll lay,
And He will lead me home " some
day."

935

P.M.

- OH, for a song, a fair new song,
Of praise, and joy, and love !
To reach the hearts of earth's sad
And lift to heaven above—[throng,
Of praise like the praise that the
angels bring ;
Of joy like the joy of the birds :
Of the love in our hearts for the
Christ our King—
Love ever too deep for words.
- 2 Oh, for a song, a fair new song,
That ne'er was sung before !
To sing to Him to whom belong
Our praises evermore—
A song like the echo from harps
above, [gold ;
Dropped down from the city of
Yea, a song of the joy, and the praise,
and love,
That ne'er hath been sung or told.
- 3 Oh, who shall sing this fair new song,
Or make its chords complete—
All notes of love, in souls that throng,
And place before His feet.

THE LIFE TO COME :

All fadeless the flowers in His path-
way strewn,

The pathway of Jesus our King ?
Help us, Lord ! for alas, sadly out of
tune [would sing.

Are the hearts which the song

4 Oh, help us, Lord ! who knowest all !

We cannot sing or speak ;
The clearest notes our lips let fall
Seem e'er too cold and weak :

Though sweet are the strains which
our songs have rung

From earth to the city of gold,
Yet His fulness of glory we never have
sung—

The half ne'er hath yet been told.

5 Such songs as angels ne'er can bring,

The joy more pure than birds ;
The love we bear for Christ our
'Tis far too deep for words. [King—
Be still, heart of mine ! we must wait
a while,

Thy God will attune thee ere long ;
Then in heaven thou shalt sing in the

Master's smile
For ever the fair new song !

936 (S.S.)
109

P.M.

WE shall meet beyond the river,
By and by, by and by ;

And the darkness shall be over,
By and by, by and by ;

With the toilsome journey done,
And the glorious battle won,

We shall shine forth as the sun,
By and by, by and by.

2 We shall strike the harps of glory,

We shall sing redemption's story,
And the strains for evermore

Shall resound in sweetness o'er
Yonder everlasting shore,

By and by, by and by.

3 We shall see and be like Jesus,

Who a crown of life will give us,
And the angels who fulfil

All the mandates of His will
Shall attend and love us still,

By and by, by and by.

4 There our tears shall all cease flowing,

And with sweetest rapture knowing,
And all the blest ones, who have gone

To the land of life and song,
We with shoutings shall rejoin,

By and by, by and by.

937

C.M.

THEY tell me of a land so fair,

Unseen by mortal eyes,

Where spring in fadeless beauty
Beneath unclouded skies. [blooms

"Eye . . . hath not seen, . . . ear . . . hath
not heard, . . . neither hath it entered into the
heart of man, . . . the things . . . which God . . .
hath prepared . . . for . them, . . . prepared .
for . them . . . that love . . Him." . .

2 They tell me of a land so fair,

Where all is light and song ; [join
Where angel-choirs their anthems
With yonder blood-washed throng.

3 No radiant beams from sun or moon
Adorn that land so fair ;

For He who sits upon the throne
Shines forth resplendent there !

4 O land of light and love and joy,

Where comes no night of care,
What will our song of triumph be
When we shall enter there !

938 (S.S.)
418

8.7

"LAND ahead !" its fruits are waving
O'er the hills of fadeless green ;
And the living waters laving [seen.
Shores where heavenly forms are

Rocks and storms I'll fear no more,
When on that eternal shore ;

Drop the anchor ! furl the sail !
I am safe within the veil ! [ing ;

2 Onward, bark ! the cape I'm round-

See the blessed wave their hands ;
Hear the harps of God resounding

From the bright immortal bands.

3 There "let go the anchor," riding

On this calm and silvery bay :
Seaward fast the tide is gliding,

Shores in sunlight stretch away.

4 When we're free from all temptation,

And the storms of life are past ;
We'll praise the Rock of our salva-

tion, [last !
Who hath brought us home at

939 (N.H.)
20

P.M

SOON will come the setting sun,
When our work will all be done,

And the weary heart at last be still ;
But the Lord of earth and sky

Shall awake us by and by,
And we'll meet again on Zion's hill.

We'll meet each other there ;
Yes, we'll meet each other there ;
And the Saviour's likeness bear,
In that land so bright and fair.

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THE LIFE TO COME :

- 3 What will it matter by and by,
Whether the waters were bitter or
sweet,
Murmuring gently or sat at my feet,
When the departed with rapture I
Safe in that beautiful land ? [meet,
- 4 What will it matter by and by,
Whether I pass with the morning
away, [day,
Whether at noontide or closing of
When in the valley of Eden I stray,
Safe in that beautiful land ?

944 (S.S.)
(277)

L.M.

I've reached the land of corn and wine,
And all its riches freely mine ; [day,
Here shines undimmed one blissful
For all my night has passed away.

O Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land,
As on thy highest mount I stand,
I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me,
And view the shining glory shore :
My heaven, my home for evermore !

- 2 My Saviour comes and walks with me,
And sweet communion here have we ;
He gently leads me by His hand,
For this is heaven's borderland.
- 3 A sweet perfume upon the breeze
Is borne from ever-vernal trees ;
And flowers that, never fading, grow
Where streams of life for ever flow.
- 4 The zephyrs seem to float to me
Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,
As angels with the white-robed throng
Join in the sweet redemption song.

945 (S.S.)
(608)

8.7.

WHEN the mists have rolled in
splendour

From the beauty of the hills,
And the sunlight falls in gladness
On the river and the rills,
We recall our Father's promise
In the rainbow of the spray :
We shall know each other better
When the mists have rolled away.

We shall know . . . as we are known, . . .
Nevermore . . . to walk alone, . . .
In the dawning of the morning
Of that bright and happy day :
We shall know each other better,
When the mists have rolled away !

- 2 Oft we tread the path before us
With a weary, burdened heart ;
Oft we toil amid the shadows,
And our fields are far apart :

But the Saviour's "Come, ye blessed!"
All our labour will repay,
When we gather in the morning
Where the mists have rolled away.

- 3 We shall come with joy and gladness,
We shall gather round the throne :
Face to face with those that love us,
We shall know as we are known :
And the song of our redemption
Shall resound through endless day,
When the shadows have departed,
And the mists have rolled away.

946 (S.S.)
(482)

F.M.

My Father is rich in houses and lands,
He holdeth the wealth of the world in
His hands ! [gold,
Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and
His coffers are full—He has riches
untold.

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

- 2 My Father's own Son, the Saviour of
men, [poorest of them ;
Once wandered o'er earth as the
But now He is reigning for ever on
high, [by and by.
And will give me a home in heaven
- 3 I once was an outcast stranger on
earth,
A sinner by choice, an alien by birth !
But I've been adopted, my name's
written down— [crown !
An heir to a mansion, a robe, and a
4 A tent or a cottage, why should I
care ? [there !
They're building a palace for me over
Though exiled from home, yet still I
may sing : [King !
All glory to God, I'm the child of a

947

F.M.

ONLY "a little while" sowing and
reaping, [ing ;
Only "a little while" our vigil keep—
Then shall we gather home, no more
to sever, [for ever !
Clasped in eternal love, blest, blest
Blest, blest for ever ! no more to sever :
Clasped in eternal love, blest, blest for ever !

- 2 Only "a little while" heart-break and
sorrow, [less the morrow ;
Dark though the night may be, cloud-
Only "a little while," earth-ties to
sever, [for ever !
Then in our Fatherland, blest, blest

3 Only "a little while" shadow and
sadness, [ness;
Then in eternity, sunshine and glad-
Only "a little while," then o'er the
river, [for ever!
Home, rest, and victor-palm, life, joy,

948 (C.C.
82)

SPEEDING away o'er the river of time,
Where the sweet bells of eternity
chime;
Speeding away to the Eden above,
Filled with the fulness of rapture and
Beautiful land, . . beautiful land, [love.
In thy green pastures the weary shall rest:
Beautiful land, . . beautiful land,
Home of the glorified, home of the blest.

2 Speeding away to the valley of song,
Speeding away to a glorified throng;
Sweeping the chords of their harps
while they sing,
Glory to Jesus our Saviour and King.

3 Speeding away to be severed no more,
Speeding away to the evergreen shore;
There in the garments of beauty
arrayed, [fade.
Flowers are blooming that never shall

4 Speeding away, we are speeding away,
On to the region of infinite day;
Only a veil to be lifted, and then,
Oh, what a meeting with dear ones
again!

949

P.M.

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

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

3 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.

950 (S.S.
583)

P.M.

THERE is a calm, beyond life's fitful
fever,
A deep repose, an everlasting rest;

Where white-robed angels welcome
the believer

Among the blest, among the blest.
There is a Home, where all the soul's
deep yearnings [fulfilled;

And silent prayers shall be at last
Where strife and sorrow, murmurings
and heart-burnings, [stilled.

At last are stilled, at last are
2 There is a Hope, to which the Chris-
tian, clinging, [wave;

Is lifted high above life's surging
Finds life in death, and fadeless
flowers springing [dark grave.

From the dark grave, from the
There is a Crown, prepared for those
who love Him; [shine,

The Christian sees it in the distance
Like a bright beacon glittering above
him [whispers, "Mine!"

And whispers, "Mine!" and
3 There is a spotless Robe of Christ's
own weaving: [sin-stained soul!

Wilt thou not wrap it round thy
Poor wandering child, upon thy past
life grieving, [makes thee whole!

Christ makes thee whole! Christ
There is a Home, a Harp, a Crown in
heaven— [refuse!

O God! that any should Thy gift
The awful choice of life and death is
given— [wilt thou choose?

Which wilt thou choose? which

951 (S.S.
728)

11.10.11.10.

STILL, still with Thee, when purple
morning breaketh,

When the bird waketh, and the
shadows flee; [daylight,
Fairer than morning, lovelier than
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I
am with Thee.

2 Alone with Thee, amid the mystic
shadows, [born;

The solemn hush of nature newly
Alone with Thee in breathless adora-
tion, [the morn.

In the calm dew and freshness of
3 As in the dawning, o'er the waveless
ocean, [rest;

The image of the morning-star doth
So, in this stillness Thou beholdest
only [breast.

Thine image in the waters of my
4 Still, still with Thee! as to each new-
born morning [is given;

A fresh and solemn splendour still

THE LIFE TO COME :

So does this blessed consciousness
awaking [Thee and heaven.
Breathe each day nearness unto
5 When sinks the soul, subdued by toil,
to slumber, [prayer;
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in
Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings
o'er-shading, [Thee there.
But sweeter still, to wake and find
6 So shall it be at last, in that bright
morning [shadows flee;
When the soul waketh, and life's
Oh, in that hour, fairer than daylight
dawning, [am with Thee !
Shall rise the glorious thought—I

952

C.M.

A LITTLE while, and we shall be
Where sin shall never dwell;
A little while, and we shall live
Where songs of triumph swell.
A little while, . . . and we shall see . . .
Our Sa - - viour face to face, . . .
And we shall sing . . . through endless years . . .
The won - - ders of His grace. . .
2 A little while, and we shall stand
Amid the blood-washed throng;
A little while, and we shall sing
The everlasting song.
3 A little while, and we shall meet
The loved ones gone before;
And we shall clasp their hands again
On yonder radiant shore.
4 A little while, and we shall hear
The Saviour's whisper, " Come ! "
And we shall ever dwell with Him
In our eternal home.

953 (C.C.)

8.8.8.8.

SOME day, but when I cannot tell,
To toil and tears I'll bid farewell;
For I shall with the angels dwell,
Some day, some blessed day.
Some day, . . . some day, . . .
I'll be at home with Christ to stay,
Some day, some blessed day.
2 Some day within the gates so fair,
A golden harp my hands shall bear;
And glistening robes of white I'll
Some day, some blessed day. [wear,
3 Some day I'll see my Saviour's face,
And, welcomed to His blest embrace,
Shall with His people find a place,
Some day, some blessed day.
4 Some day, some blessed day, I know
I'll find the loved of long ago,
And learn how much to Christ I owe,
Some day, some blessed day.

954 (C.C.)

8s.

BEYOND the stars that brightly gleam,
Beyond life's short and shadowed
stream,
There is a land of fadeless bloom,
And flowers of rich and rare perfume:
Perfect peace we there shall know,
Like the river's endless flow.
Beyond the stars . . . sweet peace we'll know, . . .
Calm as the cry - - tal river's flow ; . . .
Where rolls the sea . . . of perfect love, . . .
Beyond the stars . . . that gleam above. -
2 Beyond the stars no storm will beat,
No thorns will pierce our weary feet,
No sad good-byes we e'er shall say,
And see fond faces glide away:
Forms that here we seek in vain,
There we'll clasp their hands again.
3 Beyond the stars no toils or tears,
No sombre skies or gloomy fears;
For He who trod life's weary way
Shall wipe all sorrow's tears away:
Endless joys shall then be mine,
When I see His face divine.

955

P.M.

O'ER the cold and chilly blast,
By and by, by and by !
We shall gather home at last,
By and by, by and by !
Far beyond the stormy gale,
Anchored safe within the veil,
We shall furl our shattered sail,
By and by, by and by !
2 We shall see our Saviour's face
By and by, by and by !
We shall sing redeeming grace,
By and by, by and by !
Where the rose and lily grow,
Where our tears shall cease to flow,
Oh, the joy that we shall know
By and by, by and by !
3 In the golden fields above,
By and by, by and by !
We shall meet the friends we love,
By and by, by and by !
On that pure and fragrant shore
All our trials will be o'er,
We shall say farewell no more
By and by, by and by !

956 (C.C.)

7.6.

AFTER the mist and shadow, after the
dreary night, [the morning light;
After the sleepless watching, cometh
Beautiful, soft, and tender, leading
the soul along, [song.
Over the silent river, into the land of

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THE LIFE TO COME:

Time and talent all in His employ;
Small may seem the service—sure the
great reward: [of joy!
Here the cross—but there the crown

961

F.M.

WITH friends on earth we meet in
gladness,

While swift the moments fly,
Yet ever comes the thought of sadness,
That we must say "Good-bye."

We'll never say "Good-bye" in heaven,
We'll never say "Good-bye"; . . .
In that fair land of joy and song,
We'll never say "Good-bye."

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

3 No parting words shall e'er be spoken
In yonder home so fair; [ness,
But songs of joy, and peace, and glad-
We'll sing for ever there.

962 (S.S.)

(259)

S.7.

WILL you meet me at the fountain,
When I reach the glory-land?
Will you meet me at the fountain?
Shall I clasp your friendly hand?
Other friends will give me welcome,
Other loving voices cheer:
There'll be music at the fountain—
Will you, will you meet me there?

Yes, I'll meet you at the fountain,
At the fountain bright and fair, . . .
Oh, I'll meet you at the fountain,
Yes, I'll meet you, meet you there.

2 Will you meet me at the fountain?
For I'm sure that I shall know
Kindred souls and sweet communion,
More than I have known below;
And the chorus will be sweeter,
When it bursts upon my ear,
And my heaven seem completer,
If your happy voice I hear.

3 Will you meet me at the fountain?
I shall long to have you near,
When I meet my loving Saviour,
When His welcome words I hear.
He will meet me at the fountain,
His embraces I shall share:
There'll be glory at the fountain—
Will you, will you meet me there?

963

S.M.

THERE may be stormy days,
There may be hours of care:
I'll welcome all—they beckon me
Where God and the angels are.

Where God and the angels are, . . .
In yon bright world afar;
Oh, blessed hour when I shall dwell
Where God and the angels are!

2 The Lord is all my strength
And ever-guiding Star,
To lead me safely to that land
Where God and the angels are.

3 My mansion is secure
In yonder realms afar:
My crown is there, laid up for me,
Where God and the angels are.

4 My bark is homeward bound;
I soon shall cross the bar,
And safely anchor, home at last,
Where God and the angels are.

964 (S.S.)

S.S.

THERE'S a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar,
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling-place there.

In the sweet . . . by-and-by, . . .
We shall meet on that beautiful shore; . . .
In the sweet . . . by-and-by, . . .
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest;
And our spirits shall sorrow no more—
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

3 To our bountiful Father above
We will offer the tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.

965

P.M.

WHEN our ships have crossed the ocean,
and been all around the world,
When they safely gain the haven, and
their sails again are furled;
We rejoice to see them enter, and to
know the anchor's cast,
Raising joyful shouts of welcome, for
our ships are home at last.

Oh what singing, oh what shouting, when our
ships come sailing home!
They have stood the mighty tempests, they
have crossed the ocean's foam;
They have passed o'er stormy billows, but
they now have gained the shore:
The anchor's cast, they're home at last, the
voyage is safely o'er.

2 But if there is such rejoicing to see
vessels here get home,
When we know that in a little while
these ships again will roam—
Oh, what must it be in heaven when
a soul comes sailing in,
To go out no more for ever sailing on
the sea of sin?

- 3 Oh, methinks I hear the angels shout,
 "Here comes an earthly bark,
 She has found her way to heaven, tho'
 the way was rough and dark:
 But she had a star to guide her called
 the Bright and Morning Star,
 It has guided millions over from that
 distant land afar."
- 4 So with Jesus as our Captain we expect
 to gain that shore;
 We expect to cast our anchor there,
 and stay for evermore;
 And we know the angels will be there
 to greet us when we come,
 They will join in songs of rapture,
 "Welcome home, oh, welcome
 home!"

966 (S.S.)
 608

P.M.

- WE shall stand before the King,
 With the angels we shall sing,
 By and by, . . . by and by! . . .
 Walk the bright, the golden shore,
 Praising Him for evermore,
 By and by, . . . by and by! . . .
 We shall stand . . . before the King, . . .
 With the angels we shall sing:
 Glory, glory to our King!
 Hallelu - - - jah! hallelu - - - jah!
 We shall stand . . . before the King.
- 2 Ring, ye bells of heaven, ring!
 We shall stand before the King,
 By and by, . . . by and by! . . .
 There our sorrows will be o'er;
 There His name we will adore,
 By and by, . . . by and by! . . .
- 3 Wake, my soul! thy tribute bring;
 Thou shalt stand before the King,
 By and by, . . . by and by! . . .
 Lay thy trophies at His feet;
 In His likeness stand complete,
 By and by, . . . by and by! . . .

967 (O.O.)
 236

P.M.

- WHEN my life-work is ended, and I
 cross the swelling tide,
 When the bright and glorious
 morning I shall see;
 I shall know my Redeemer when I
 reach the other side,
 And His smile will be the first to
 welcome me.
- I shall know . . . Him, I shall know Him,
 When redeemed by His side I shall stand;
 I shall know . . . Him, I shall know Him
 By the print of the nails in His hand.
- 2 Oh, the soul-thrilling rapture when I
 view His blessed face, [ing eye;
 And the lustre of His kindly beam-

How my full heart will praise Him
 for the mercy, love, and grace,
 That prepare for me a mansion in
 the sky.

- 3 Oh, the dear ones in glory, how they
 beckon me to come, [recall;
 And our parting at the river I
 To the sweet vales of Eden they will
 sing my welcome home: [of all.
 But I long to meet my Saviour first
- 4 Through the gates of the city, in a
 robe of spotless white, [ever fall;
 He will lead me where no tears will
 In the glad song of ages I shall
 mingle with delight: [of all.
 But I long to meet my Saviour first

968 (S.S.)
 248

S.7.

- By and by we shall know Jesus,
 By and by, oh, by and by;
 Even now He looks and sees us,
 Journeying toward His Home on
 And He smiles upon us, saying, [high,
 "By and by, oh, by and by,
 Cares and trials you'll be laying
 With your earthly garments by."
- Oh, "By and by," we sing it softly,
 Thinking not of earthly care,
 But the "by and by" of heaven
 Waiting for us over there.
- 2 By and by we shall be standing,
 By and by, oh, by and by,
 At fair heaven's shining landing,
 While the river murmurs by;
 And our friends will round us gather,
 By and by, oh, by and by,
 Saying, "Welcome, for the Father
 Loves to have His children nigh."
- 3 "By and by I" we say it gently,
 Looking on our peaceful dead,
 And we do not think of earth-life,
 But of heaven's sweet life instead.
 By and by we all shall gather,
 By and by, oh, by and by,
 In the love of God our Father,
 That shall know no "by and by."

969 (S.S.)
 234

P.M.

- 'Tis a goodly pleasant land that we
 pilgrims journey through,
 And our Father's constant blessings
 fall around us like the dew;
 But its sunshine and its beauty to our
 hearts no joy can bring,
 Like the splendours that await us in
 the palace of the King

THE LIFE TO COME:

Oh, the palace of the King! royal palace of
the King! [somed ones will bring;
Where our Father in His mercy all the ran-
Where our sorrows and our trials like a dream
will pass away, [realms of endless day.
And our souls shall dwell for ever in the

- 2 Our Redeemer is the King; what a
sacrifice He made,
When He purchased our redemption,
and His blood the ransom paid!
In His cross shall be our glory; to
that blessed cross we'll cling,
Till we reach the gates that open to
the palace of the King.
- 3 In this goodly pleasant land only
strangers now are we,
For we seek a better country, and 'tis
there we long to be;
Yes, we long to swell the anthem that
for evermore shall ring,
From the pure in heart made perfect,
in the palace of the King.
- 4 We shall see Him by and by; Halle-
lujah to His name!
Through the blood of His atonement
life eternal we may claim;
We shall cast our crowns before Him,
and our songs of victory sing,
When we enter in triumphant to the
palace of the King.

970

P.M.

No longer we'll wander in darkness
and night,
When the beautiful gates unfold;
We'll walk in that city where God is
the light,
When the beautiful gates unfold.

When the beautiful gates unfold, . . .
When the beautiful gates unfold; . . . [see,
There happy we'll be, for the Lord we shall
When the beautiful gates unfold.

- 2 My loved ones will wait at the
harbour for me, [I'll be free,
To welcome me home, where from sin
- 3 No sickness, no sorrow, no pain as
before, [friends as of yore,
With joy we'll commune with our
- 4 A rapture unspeakable then shall be
mine, [divine,
As there I behold Him so pure and
- 5 A halo of glory will shadow us o'er,
With joy we will sing on that far-
away shore,
- 6 The burden of life will no longer annoy,
With Christ we will live in perpetual
joy.

971 (C.C.) 161)

P.M.

- FAR, far beyond the storms that
Dark o'er our way, [gather
There shines the light of joy eternal
Bright in the realms of day.
There shall sorrow, pain, and parting,
Grieve our hearts no more;
Soon, soon we'll meet beyond the river,
Safe on the Home-land shore.
- 2 Far, far beyond the rolling billows
Faith spreads her wings;
Love tells us of the golden City,
Hope of its glory sings.
 - 3 Far, far beyond the vale and shadow
Loved ones have passed;
We'll meet them in the "many
mansions,"
All gathered home at last.
 - 4 O blessed morn of joy unbounded!
O glorious day!
There every tear of grief and anguish
Jesus shall wipe away.

972 (N.H.) 4)

C.M.

- THERE is a land that lies afar
Where grief is all unknown;
A land wherein the angels sing
Around the heavenly throne.
Oh, 'twill be sweet when we shall meet
Upon that distant shore,
Whereon the glorious sun ne'er sets,
But shines for evermore,
But shines for evermore.
- 2 We are but pilgrims on the earth,
And brief our sojourn here;
But well we know beyond this vale
There is a brighter sphere.
 - 3 There is a realm of boundless love,
A goal for hearts distressed,
Where all may find for endless years
A home among the blest.

973 (S.S.) 414)

C.M.

- ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wistful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
We will rest in the fair and happy land, . . .
Just across on the evergreen shore, . . .
Sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, by and
And dwell with Jesus evermore. [by,
- 2 O'er all those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.
 - 3 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?

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Continue

THE LIFE TO COME :

Then comes a hush, a sigh, a fleeting
breath, [life.
And we shall meet again in endless

978 (C.C.)
184

L.M.

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.

- 2 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.
- 3 Some day, when fades the golden sun
Beneath the rosy-tinted west,
My blessed Lord shall say, " Well
And I shall enter into rest. [done ! "
- 4 Some day ; till then I'll watch and
wait— [bright—
My lamp all trimmed and burning
That when my Saviour opes the gate,
My soul to Him may take its flight.

979

S.7.

OH, the music rolling onward,
Thro' the boundless regions bright,
Where the King in all His beauty
Is the glory and the light !
Where the sunshine of His presence
Every wave of sorrow stills,
And the bells of joy are ringing
On the everlasting hills.

- 2 Oh, the music rolling onward
Like a mighty ocean tide—
Oft I seem to hear its echoes,
While to earth they softly glide I
And there comes to me a vision,
That my soul with rapture thrills,
For I stand by faith uplifted
On the everlasting hills.
- 3 When I wake amid the splendour
That I see but dimly now,
And behold the crown of jewels
That adorns my Saviour's brow,
Where eternal spring abideth,
And the sky no darkness fills—
How my grateful heart shall praise
On the everlasting hills. [Him

980 (S.S.)
23

P.M.

I KNOW not the hour when my Lord
will come [home ;
To take me away to His own dear

But I know that His presence will
lighten the gloom,
And that will be glory for me.

And that will be glory for me ; . . .
Oh, that will be glory for me ; [gloom,
But I know that His presence will lighten the
And that will be glory for me.

- 2 I know not the song that the angels
sing, [glad ring ;
I know not the sound of the harps'
But I know there'll be mention of
Jesus our King,
And that will be music for me.
And that will be music for me, etc.
- 3 I know not the form of my mansion
fair, [bear ;
I know not the name that I then shall
But I know that my Saviour will
welcome me there,
And that will be heaven for me.
And that will be heaven for me, etc.

981

L.M.

THERE is a land mine eye hath seen,
In visions of enraptured thought,
So bright that all which spreads
between

Is with its radiant glories fraught.

- O 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.
- 2 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.
 - 3 Its skies are not like earthly skies,
With varying hues of shade and light ;
It hath no need of suns, to rise
To dissipate the gloom of night.
 - 4 There sweeps no desolating wind
Across the calm, serene abode :
The wanderer there a home may find
Within the paradise of God.

982 (S.S.)
344

P.M.

I AM far frae my hame,
An' I'm weary aftenwhiles,
For the langed-for hame-bringin',
An' my Father's welcome smiles ;
An' I'll ne'er be fu' content
Until my een do see
The gowden gates o' heaven,
An' my ain countrie.
The earth is flecked wi' floers,
Mony-tinted, fresh, and gay :
The birdies warble blithely,
For my Father made them sae :

But these sights an' these soun's
Will as naething be to me,
When I hear the angels singin'
In my ain countrie.

2 I've His gude word o' promise,
That, some gladsome day, the King
To His ain royal palace
His banished hame will bring:
Wi' een an' wi' hert
Rinnin' owre, we shall see
"The King in His beauty,"
In oor ain countrie.
My sins hae been mony,
An' my sorrows hae been sair,
But there they'll never vex me,
Nor be remembered mair;
For His bluid hath made me white,
An' His han' shall dry my e'e,
When He brings me hame at last
To my ain countrie.

3 Sae little noo I ken
O' yon blessèd, bonnie place—
I only ken it's hame,
Whaur we shall see His face;
It wad surely be eneuch
For evermair to be
I' the glory o' His presence
In oor ain countrie.
Like a bairn to its mither,
A wee birdie to its nest,
I wad fain be gangin' noo
Unto my Saviour's breast;
For He gathers in His bosom
Witless, worthless lambs like me,
An' carries them Himsel'
To His ain countrie.

4 He is faithfu' that hath promised,
An' He'll surely come again,
He'll keep His tryst wi' me—
At what hour I dinna ken;
But He bids me still to wait,
An' ready aye to be
To gang at ony moment
To my ain countrie.
Sae I'm watchin' aye, an' singin'
O' my hame as I wait
For the soun'in' o' His futfa'
This side the gowden gate:
God gie His grace to ilka ane
Wha listens noo to me,
That we a' may gang in gladness
To oor ain countrie.

983 (C.C.)
151

P.M.

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

2 On that bright and cloudless morning,
when the dead in Christ shall rise,
And the glory of His resurrection
share;

When His chosen ones shall gather to
their home beyond the skies,
And the roll is called up yonder,
I'll be there.

3 Let me labour for the Master from
the dawn till setting sun,
Let me talk of all His wondrous
love and care;
Then, when all of life is over, and my
work on earth is done,
And the roll is called up yonder,
I'll be there.

984 (S.S.)
91

C.M.

THERE is a land, a sunny land,
Whose skies are ever bright,
Where evening shadows never fall;
The Saviour is its light.

If the cross . . . we meekly bear, . . .
Then the crown . . . we shall wear, . . .
When we dwell . . . among the fair, . . .
In the bright for-evermore.

2 There is a clime, a peaceful clime,
Beyond life's narrow sea,
Where every storm is hushed to rest:
There let our treasure be.

3 There is a home, a glorious home,
A heavenly mansion fair;
And those we loved so fondly here
Will bid us welcome there.

4 We long to leave these fading scenes
That glide so quickly by,
And join the shining host above,
Where joy can never die.

985

L.M.

BEYOND the sea, . . . life's boundless
sea, . . . [me; . . .
The stormy winds . . . are bearing
Though fierce and wild . . . the surges
roar, . . . [o'er. . . .
They'll bear me all . . . the sooner

Beyond the sea, the boundless sea,
My Saviour's hand is leading me;
Whate'er of ill or pain I bear,
His tender love is with me there.

THE LIFE TO COME :

2 Above the clouds . . . and storms of
life, . . . [strife, . . .
Above its care, . . . its toil and
My Saviour's cross . . . I see afar, . . .
My beacon light, . . . my guiding
Star. . . .

3 Beyond the sea, . . . the raging
sea, . . . [me; . . .
There is a home . . . reserved for
The light that gems . . . my Saviour's
brow . . . [now. . . .
With glory gilds . . . my pathway

4 Across the sea, . . . the restless
sea, . . . [be, . . .
My onward course . . . shall brighter
Though ocean waves . . . may loudly
roar, . . . [o'er. . . .
They'll bear me all . . . the sooner

986 (C.C.) P.M.
94

OUT on the ocean all boundless we
We're homeward bound; [ride,
Tossed on the waves of a rough,
restless tide,

We're homeward bound; [God !
Far from the safe, quiet harbour of
Far from our Father's celestial abode,
Promise of which on us each He's
bestowed,
We're homeward bound.

2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it
We're homeward bound; [roars,
Look ! yonder lie the bright, heavenly
We're homeward bound. [shores,
Steady, O pilot, stand firm at the
wheel ! [the gale !

Steady ! we soon shall outweather
Oh, how we fly 'neath the loud-
creaking sail !
We're homeward bound.

3 Into the harbour of heaven now we
We're home at last ! [glide,
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
We're home at last !
Glory to God ! all our dangers are o'er,
Safely we stand on the radiant shore;
Glory to God ! we will shout ever—
We're home at last ! [more,

987 (S.S.) S.M.
257

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er—
I'm nearer home to-day, to-day,
Than e'er I've been before.

Nearer my home, nearer my home,
Nearer my home to-day, to-day,
Than e'er I've been before.

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne to-day,
Nearer the crystal sea.

3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down;
Nearer leaving the cross to-day,
Nearer gaining the crown.

4 Be near me when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink;
For I am nearer home to-day,
Nearer now than I think.

988 (C.C.) P.M.
88

OVER the river they call me,
Friends that are dear to my heart;
Soon shall I meet them in glory,
Never, no, never to part.

Over the river to Eden,
Home to the mansions so fair
Angels will carry me safely,
Jesus will welcome me there.

2 Over the river they call me;
Hark ! 'tis their voices I hear
Borne on the wings of the twilight,
Murmuring softly and clear.

3 Over the river they call me,
There, is no sorrow nor night;
There they are walking with Jesus,
Clothed in their garments of white.

4 Over the river they call me, [eyes;
Watching with bright, beaming
"Over the river I'm coming,"
Gladly my spirit replies.

989 (N.H.) P.M.
88

THERE is a Paradise of rest,
On yonder tranquil shore;
Beyond the shadow and the gloom of
Where toil and tears are o'er. [night,
Meet me there ! . . . oh, meet me there ! . . .
At the dawning of that morning bright and
fair ;

Meet me there ! . . . oh, meet me there ! . . .
In the land beyond the river, meet me there !

2 There is a City crowned with light,
Its joy no tongue can tell;
For they who enter shall behold the
And in His presence dwell. [King,

3 There is a crown laid up on high,
That Christ the Lord will give
To those who patiently His coming
And for His glory live. [wait,

4 Oh, then, be faithful unto death,
Press on the heavenly way;
That we may enter through the
Gates of Life
To realms of endless day.

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THE LIFE TO COME :

- Do they think of the eyes that are weeping— [so well ?
Do they know that we love them
- 3 Do they stoop from the bright realms of glory, [swell ;
Where the anthems triumphantly
Do they long for a blessed reunion—
Do they know that we love them so well ?
- 4 Yes, they know; for our spirits are blending, [dwell ;
In the mansion of peace where they
And they watch and they wait for our coming, [so well.
For they know that we love them
Yes, they know, . . . yes, they know, etc.

994 (H.H.)
74

P.M.

- YES, we'll meet again in the morning,
In the dawn of a fairer day; [ing,
When the night of watching and wait-
With its darkness has passed away;
Where no shadows veil the sunshine,
Over there in the heavenly land,
And the crystal waves of the river
Ever flow o'er the golden sand.
- 2 Where our precious ones now are dwelling
Free from toil and from every care;
With their garments spotless and shining, [wear.
Like the robes that the angels
When our pilgrimage completed,
And our footsteps no longer roam,
By the pearly gates gladly waiting,
They will give us a welcome home.
- 3 Oh, what joy when all shall be over,
And the journey on earth we close,
And the angels homeward shall bear us, [flows !
Where the life-stream for ever
We shall see the King of glory,
We shall praise Him with harp and voice; [deemed us,
We shall sing the grace that re-
While our hearts in His love rejoice.

995

P.M.

- THERE'S a beautiful land that no mortal hath seen,
For it lieth afar from our sight;
But we know that its hills are eternally green,
And its rivers are rivers of light.
O beautiful, beautiful land !
O land where all sorrow shall cease !
Where the soul, satisfied, evermore shall abide
By the fairshining river of peace !

- 2 'Tis a wonderful land, for it knoweth no night, [no pain ;
And its brightness is dimmed by
For the blessed who dwell 'mid the regions of light
Shall never know sorrow again.
- 3 There the songs of redeemed ones for ever arise,
And the King in His beauty they see :
O beautiful land, with thy shadowless skies,
My weary heart yearneth for thee.

996

CLIMBING up the steeps of glory,
Loved ones gone before— [us,
See ! they wave their hands and call
Calling evermore.

Come up higher, sister, brother,
To the angel shore ;
Live for Jesus, live for glory,
Live to die no more.

- 2 See ! with radiant look they linger
By the gate so fair ;
Wave their golden palms, and bid us
Strive to meet them there.
- 3 All their toils on earth are over,
Now with joy they stand ;
Hear them calling, ever calling,
From the silent land.

997

D.S.M.

OH, world of joy untold,
Beyond the bounds of time,
Where He, the Prince of glory, dwells
In majesty sublime ;
There faith, in wonder lost,
Beholds a mighty throng,
Whose grand triumphant chorus fills
That world of love and song.

- 2 Through sorrows deep they came,
A path of tears they trod ;
But oh, the life for which they toiled
Was hid with Christ in God ;
They sing the battle won,
And all their trials past ;
And at the feet of Christ the Lord
Their crowns and palms they cast.
- 3 No aching hearts are there,
No dreary night of pain ;
And they who reach that blest abode
Shall never thirst again ;
Beneath the tree so fair,
Whose fruits immortal grow, [them
They walk with Him who leadeth
Where living fountains flow.

998 (S.S.)
444

P.M.

WHEN we gather at last over Jordan,
And the ransomed in glory we see,
As the numberless sands of the sea-
shore— [be !

What a wonderful sight that will
Numberless as the sands of the seashore !
Numberless as the sands of the shore ! . . .

Oh, what a sight 'twill be,
When the ransomed host we see,
As numberless as the sands of the seashore !

2 When we see all the saved of the ages,
Who from sorrow and trials are free,
Meeting there with a heavenly greet-
ing— [be !

What a wonderful sight that will

3 When we stand by the beautiful river,
'Neath the shade of the life-giving
tree,

Gazing over the fair land of promise—
What a wonderful sight that will be !

4 When at last we behold our Redeemer,
And His glory transcendent we see,
While as King of all kingdoms He
reigneth—

What a wonderful sight that will be !

999 (S.S.)
598

C.M.

HARK ! hark ! the song the ransomed
A new-made song of praise ; [sing,
The Lord the Lamb they glorify,
And these the strains they raise :

“ Glory to Him who loved us,
And washed us in His blood ;
Who cleansed our souls from guilt and sin,
By that pure, living flood ! ”

2 “ Made white by His redeeming blood,
Our heavenly garments shine ;
Our minds, by Him enlightened,
The power of truth divine. [prove

3 “ By Jesus' blood we overcame
When Satan's host assailed ;
'Twas by the power of truth divine
Our feeble arms prevailed.

4 “ Then be the Lamb of God adored—
The Lord of life and light !
To Him be glory, honour, power,
And majesty and might ! ”

1000 (S.S.)
88

S.7.

SHALL we gather at the river
Where bright angel-feet have trod ;
With its crystal tide for ever
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.

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

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

4 At the shining of the river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
Saints whom death will never sever
Raise their songs of saving grace.

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

1001 (S.S.)
489

F.M.

WE shall reach the summer land,
Some sweet day, by and by ;
We shall press the golden strand,
Some sweet day, by and by.
Oh, the loved ones watching there.
By the Tree of Life so fair,
Till we come their joy to share,
Some sweet day, by and by !

By . . and . . by, . .

Some sweet day,

We shall meet our loved ones gone,
Some sweet day, by and by.

2 At the crystal river's brink,
We shall find each broken link,
Then the star that, fading here,
Left our hearts and homes so drear,
We shall see more bright and clear,
Some sweet day, by and by.

3 Oh, these parting scenes will end,
We shall gather friend with friend,
There before our Father's throne,
When the mists and clouds have flown,
We shall know as we are known,
Some sweet day, by and by.

1002 (S.S.)
483

S.7.

SONGS of gladness—never sadness—
Sing the ransomed ones of heaven ;
Anthems swelling, ever telling
Of the joy of souls forgiven.

Sweetest music ever swelling

Through the courts of heaven above:
Ever singing, ever saying,

“ God is Life, and God is Love ! ”

2 Ever sunshine—never shadow—
Calm, mild, clear, celestial day ;
Ever summer in its brightness,
Never winter or decay.

THE LIFE TO COME :

- 3 Ever gazing, loving, praising,
With the ange hosts above;
One eternal "Hallelujah!"
One eternal song of love.
- 4 Never sighing, never sinning;
No distrust, nor doubt, nor fears;
Through the long unending ages,
Through the long eternal years.

1003 (C.C.)

8.7.

"Who are these, whose songs are
sounding
O'er the golden harps above?"
Hark! they tell of grace abounding,
And Jehovah's sovereign love.

"These are they . . . who washed their
robes . . . and made them white . . . in the
blood of the Lamb." . . .

- 2 "Who are these that keep their
station
Round the great eternal throne?"
They from earthly tribulation
To their heavenly rest are gone.
- 3 See their robes of dazzling whiteness,
Without blemish, spot, or stain;
See their crowns that grow in bright-
ness,
Purchased by the Lamb once slain.
- 4 'Tis the Lamb of God who leads them,
And they serve Him night and day;
By the heavenly fount He feeds them,
He hath wiped their tears away.
- 5 Sweet their theme: 'tis still "salvation
Unto Christ the Holy One";
And their sighs of tribulation
Change to songs around the throne.

1004

C.M.

COME, let us join our friends above
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joy celestial rise.

- 2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.
- 3 One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death;
- 4 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of His host hath crossed the flood,
And part is crossing now.

- 5 Our spirits too shall quickly join
Like theirs with glory crowned,
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear His trumpet sound. [Guide!
- 6 Oh that we now might grasp our
Oh that the word were given!
Come, Lord of Hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven.

1005 (S.S.)

8.5.

IN the fadeless springtime, on the
heavenly shore, [before;
Kindred spirits wait us, who have gone
There no flowers wither, and no
pleasures cloy, [of joy.
In that land of beauty, in that home
By the gate they'll meet us, 'neath that
golden sky.

Meet us at the portal—meet us by and by.

- 2 In the misty gloaming death awaits
us all; [call;
Silent is his coming, sure the Master's
And the angel footsteps mark the
upward way, [day.
Till the twilight merges into heavenly
- 3 Trusting in the Saviour, may we
humbly wait [gate,
Till the holy angels ope the pearly
And the loving Father, from His
gracious throne, [venly home.
Smiling, bids us welcome to our hea-

1006 (S.S.)

78.

MEET me there! oh, meet me there!
In the heavenly world so fair,
Where our Lord has entered in,
And there comes no taint of sin;
With our friends of long ago,
Clad in raiment white as snow,
Such as all the ransomed wear—
Meet me there! yes, meet me there!

- 2 Meet me there! oh, meet me there!
Far beyond this world of care;
When this troubled life shall cease,
Meet me where is perfect peace;
Where our sorrows we lay down
For the kingdom and the crown,
Jesus does a home prepare—
Meet me there! yes, meet me there!
- 3 Meet me there! oh, meet me there!
No bereavements we shall bear;
There no sighings for the dead,
There no farewell tear is shed;
We shall, safe from all alarms,
Clasp our loved ones in our arms,
And in Jesus' glory share—
Meet me there! yes, meet me there!

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THE LIFE TO COME :

- 3 From every kingdom of earth they
To join the triumphal cry [come,
Of "Worthy the Lamb that once was
Will you be there and I? [slain!"
- 4 If we take the loving Saviour now,
And follow Him faithfully—
When He gathers His children in that
bright home,
Then you'll be there, and I!

1012

P.M.

- IN the land of fadeless day
Lies "the city four-square";
It shall never pass away,
And there is "no night there."
God shall "wipe . . . away all tears"; . . .
There's no death, . . . no pain, nor fears; . . .
And they count . . . not time by years, . . .
For there is . . . "no night there."
- 2 All the gates of pearl are made
In "the city four-square";
All the streets with gold are laid,
And there is "no night there."
- 3 And the gates shall never close
To "the city four-square,"
There life's crystal river flows,
And there is "no night there."
- 4 There they need no sunshine bright
In "the city four-square,"
For the Lamb is all the light,
And there is "no night there."

1013 (C.C.)

10s.

- BECKONING hands at the gateway to-
night,
Faces a-shining with radiant light;
Eyes looking down from yon heavenly
home, ["Come."
Beautiful hands, they are beckoning
Beautiful hands, beckoning hands,
Calling the dear ones to heavenly lands;
Beautiful hands, beckoning hands,
Beautiful, beautiful beckoning hands. [love
- 2 Beckoning hands of a mother, whose
Sacrificed life its devotion to prove;
Hands of a father, to memory dear,
Beckon up higher the waiting ones here.
- 3 Beckoning hands of a little one, see!
Baby-voice calling, O mother, for
thee; [home,
Rosy-checked darling, the light of the
Taken so early, is beckoning "Come."
- 4 Beckoning hands of a husband, a wife,
Watching and waiting the loved one
of life;
Hands of a brother, a sister, a friend,
Out from the gateway to-night they
extend.

- 5 Brightest and best of that glorious
throng, [song—
Centre of all, and the theme of their
Jesus, our Saviour, the pierced One,
stands,
Lovingly calling with beckoning hands.

1014 (S.S.)

7.6.

- I SAW a way-worn traveller,
In tattered garments clad,
And struggling up the mountain,
It seemed that he was sad;
His back was laden heavy,
His strength was almost gone,
Yet he shouted as he journeyed,
"Deliverance will come!"
"Then palms of victory, crowns of glory
Palms of victory I shall bear."
- 2 The summer sun was shining,
The sweat was on his brow,
His garments worn and dusty,
His step seemed very slow;
But he kept pressing onward,
For he was wending home,
Still shouting as he journeyed,
"Deliverance will come!"
- 3 The songsters in the arbour
That stood beside the way
Attracted his attention,
Inviting his delay:
His watchword being "Onward!"
He stopped his ears and ran,
Still shouting as he journeyed,
"Deliverance will come!"
- 4 I saw him in the evening;
The sun was bending low;
He'd overtopped the mountain,
And reached the vale below:
He saw the Golden City—
His everlasting home,—
And shouted loud, "Hosanna!
Deliverance will come!"
- 5 While gazing on that City,
Just o'er the narrow flood,
A band of holy angels
Came from the throne of God;
They bore him on their pinions
Safe o'er the dashing foam,
And joined him in his triumph:
Deliverance had come!
- 6 I heard the song of triumph
They sang upon that shore,
Saying, "Jesus has redeemed us
To suffer nevermore!"
Then, casting his eyes backward
On the race which he had run,
He shouted loud, "Hosanna!
Deliverance has come!"

THE LIFE TO COME :

- 2 Who shall sing the song of gladness
Through the everlasting years,
When there cometh no more sadness,
No more sighing, no more tears ?
- 3 Who shall sing of God's salvation ?
Who eternal life shall win ?
They who came through tribulation,
And have triumphed over sin.
- 4 These are they who follow Jesus,
Counting earthly gain but loss ;
These are they who found salvation
Through His death upon the cross.

1020 (C.C.) 181

HIGH in yonder heavenly courts the
ransomed sing, [fore their King,
Casting down their golden crowns be-
Banished every grief and fear and
earthly wrong,
While the saints redeemed now join
the glad new song.

Sing - - - ing to the Lamb . . . who once was
slain on Calvary ; . . .

Sing - - - ing to the Lamb . . . who lives
through all eternity !

- 2 Oh, the wondrous song of Love, at
last complete ! [sweet ;
Oh, the golden vials, full of odours
Through the risen Saviour, once for
sinners slain, [ever reign.
We as kings and priests to God shall
- 3 Only those whose robes are washed
can join that throng,
None but lips attuned by grace can
sing that song ;
Cleanse us, blessed Saviour, from the
stain of sin ; [begin !
Let the glorious song of rapture now

1021 (S.S.) 58

P.M.

WHO, who are these beside the chilly
wave, [grave,
Just on the borders of the silent
Shouting Jesus' power to save,
"Washed in the blood of the Lamb" ?

"Sweeping through the gates" of the New
Jerusalem,
"Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

- 2 These, these are they who, in their
youthful days, [ways
Found Jesus early, and in wisdom's
Proved the fulness of His grace,
"Washed in the blood of the Lamb."
- 3 These, these are they who, in afflic-
tion's woes,
Ever have found in Jesus calm repose,

Such as from a pure heart flows,
"Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

- 4 These, these are they who, in the
conflict dire, [fire ;
Boldly have stood amid the hottest
Jesus now says : "Come up higher,"
"Washed in the blood of the Lamb."
- 5 Safe, safe upon the ever-shining shore,
Sin, pain, and death, and sorrow, all
Happy now and evermore, [are o'er ;
"Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

1022

7.6.

OH, the peaceful resting land,
Where the saints in glory,
Bending at the Saviour's feet,
Tell the grand old story.

Sweetly they are singing, . . .
Hear the echo ringing, . . .
In the land of beauty--
Blessèd land of song !

- 2 Where the cloudless beams of day
Banish care and sadness ;
Lo, the reapers enter now,
Bearing sheaves of gladness.
- 3 Oh, the tender, loving words,
Purest joy revealing !
Soft and low from kindred souls,
On the twilight stealing.
- 4 Soon together we shall stand
By the crystal river,
There to join the holy throng,
Praising God for ever.

1023 (S.S.) 126

11.12.

WITH harps and with vials there
stand a great throng,
In the presence of Jesus, and sing
this new song :

Unto Him who hath loved us and washed us
from sin,
Unto Him be the glory for ever. Amen.

- 2 All these once were sinners, defiled
in His sight,
Now arrayed in pure garments in
praise they unite :
- 3 He maketh the rebel a priest and a
king ;
He hath bought us, and taught us
this new song to sing :
- 4 How helpless and hopeless we sinners
had been, [from our sin !
If He never had loved us till cleansed
- 5 Aloud in His praises our voices shall
ring, [shall sing :
So that others, believing, this new song

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THE LIFE TO COME :

1028 (S.S.)
(800)

P.M.

- ON the Resurrection morning,
Soul and body meet again;
No more sorrow, no more weeping,
No more pain.
- 2 Here awhile they must be parted,
And the flesh its Sabbath keep;
Waiting in a holy stillness,
Wrapped in sleep.
- 3 For a space the tired body
Waits in peace the morning's dawn,
When there breaks the last and
Easter morn. [brightest
- 4 On that happy Easter morning
All the graves their dead restore—
Father, sister, child, and mother,
Meet once more.
- 5 Soul and body, reunited,
Thenceforth nothing shall divide;
Waking up in Christ's own likeness,
Satisfied.

1029 (S.S.)
(298)

S.7.D.

- ONLY waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown:
Till the night of earth has faded
From the heart once full of day;
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Through the twilight soft and grey.
- 2 Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home;
For the summer time has faded,
And the autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers! gather quickly
All the ripe hours of my heart;
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.
- 3 Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the pearly gate,
At whose portals long I've lingered,
Weary, poor, and desolate:
Even now I hear their footsteps,
And their voices far away;
If they call me, I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey.
- 4 Waiting for a brighter dwelling
Than I ever yet have seen,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
And the fields are ever green:
Waiting for my full redemption,
When my Saviour shall restore
All that sin has caused to wither:
Pain and sorrow come no more.

1030 (S.S.)
(331)

P.M.

- SOON shall we see the glorious morn-
Saints, arise! saints, arise! [ing!
Sinners, attend the notes of warning!
Saints, arise! saints, arise!
The Resurrection Day draws near,
The King of saints shall soon appear,
And high His royal standard rear:
Saints, arise! saints, arise!
- 2 Hear ye the trump of God resounding,
Saints, arise! saints, arise!
Through death's dark vaults its notes
rebounding:
Saints, arise! saints, arise! [pare!
To meet the Bridegroom haste! pre-
Put on your bridal garments fair;
And hail your Saviour in the air!
Saints, arise! saints, arise!
- 3 The saints who sleep, with joy awaken,
All arise! all arise! [saken,
Their clay-cold beds are quick for-
All arise! all arise!
Not one of all the faithful few
Who here on earth the Saviour knew,
But starts with bliss his Lord to view:
All arise! all arise!
- 4 Fast by the throne of God behold them
Crowned at last! crowned at last!
See in His arms the Saviour fold them,
Crowned at last! crowned at last!
With wreaths of glory round their
No tears of sorrow now are shed, [head;
To joy's full fountain all are led:
Crowned at last! crowned at last!

1031 (S.S.)
(357)

S.7.

- ONE by one we cross the river,
One by one we're passing o'er;
One by one the crowns are given,
On the bright and happy shore;
Youth and childhood oft are passing
O'er the dark and rolling tide;
And the blessed Holy Spirit
Is the dying Christian's Guide;
And the loving, gentle Spirit
Bears them o'er the rolling tide.
- 2 One by one we come to Jesus,
As we heed His gentle voice;
One by one His vineyard enter,
There to labour and rejoice:
One by one sweet flowers we gather
In the glorious work of love,
Garlands for the blessed Saviour
Gather for the realms above;
And the loving, gentle Spirit
Bears them to our home of love.

3 One by one the heavy-laden
Sink beneath the noontide sun;
And the aged pilgrim welcomes
Evening shadows as they come.
One by one, with sins forgiven,
May we stand upon the shore,
Waiting till the blessèd Spirit
Takes our hand and guides us o'er,
Till the loving, gentle Spirit
Leads us to the shining shore !

1032 (S.S.)
306

P.M.

PRAY, brethren, pray !
The sands are falling;
Pray, brethren, pray !
God's voice is calling.
Yon turret strikes the dying chime;
We kneel upon the verge of time:
Eternity is drawing nigh !
Eternity is drawing nigh !

2 Praise, brethren, praise !
The skies are rending;
Praise, brethren, praise !
The fight is ending;
Behold, the glory draweth near,
The King Himself will soon appear:

3 Watch, brethren, watch !
The year is dying;
Watch, brethren, watch !
Old time is flying ! [breath,
Watch as men watch the parting
Watch as men watch for life or death:

4 Look, brethren, look !
The day is breaking;
Hark, brethren, hark !
The dead are waking:
With girded loins all ready stand;
Behold, the Bridegroom is at hand !
Eternity is drawing nigh !
Eternity is drawing nigh ! is drawing nigh !

1033

P.M.

WHEN for me the sunlight gleams,
And life's fairest flowers bloom,
Joy into my bosom streams,
Driving out the mists and gloom;
When the skies are bright and fair,
And sweet music fills the air,
Then I'll praise His name so dear:
Jesus ! Jesus ! Light of life to me !
Jesus ! Jesus ! Love so full and free !

2 When the fondest hopes shall die,
And like roses scattered lie, [grief,
When my heart, bowed down with
Sadly sighs for some relief;
To His tender, loving heart
Would I then my grief impart;
Then I rest, sweet rest shall find:

Jesus ! Jesus ! Light of life to me !
Jesus ! Jesus ! Love so full and free !

3 When for me the end shall come,
And from earthly scenes I glide;
When my bark drifts slowly out,
O'er the river's sullen tide;
When my raptured vision falls
On the fair, celestial walls,
Joy and peace shall then be mine:
Jesus ! Jesus ! I shall ever see;
Jesus ! Jesus ! through eternity !

1034

P.M.

GRAND is the song of the Easter morn,
Victory is won ! victory is won !
Far o'er the hills with the light 'tis
borne,
Victory is won through Christ !
Chasing the shades of night away,
Bringing the light of glorious day,
Taking from Death his strength and
sway,
Victory is won through Christ !

2 Grand was the scene when the stone
was rolled,
Off from the sepulchre dark and cold :
Angels alone could view that sight;
Man could not bear that vision bright;
Forth came the Conqueror armed with
might,
Victory is won through Christ !

3 Grand was the word that the women
brought, [fraught:
Mingled with wonders, with glories
"Seek not the living," the angels said,
"Seek not the living among the dead";
Sorrow is past and night is fled,
Victory is won through Christ !

4 Grand is this truth, O saints, for you,
Yours is the joy and the blessing too,
Since Jesus took from Death his key,
He from the tomb will set us free;
And through all time and eternity,
Victory is won through Christ !

1035 (S.S.)
824

L.M.

WHY should we start, and fear to die !
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy;
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife
Fright our approaching souls away;
We still shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 Oh, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in
haste,

THE LIFE TO COME :

Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed !

- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are ;
While on His breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

1036 (S.S. 620) L.M.

ASLEEP in Jesus ! blessèd sleep !
From which none ever wake to weep ;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

- 2 Asleep in Jesus ! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet !
With holy confidence to sing [sting !
That death hath lost its venomèd
- 3 Asleep in Jesus ! peaceful rest !
Whose waking is supremely blest ;
No fear—no woe—shall dim the hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus ! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be !
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.
- 5 Asleep in Jesus ! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be :
But thine is still a blessèd sleep
From which none ever wake to weep.

1037 (S.S. 182) 8.7.

WE shall sleep, but not for ever,
There will be a glorious dawn !
We shall meet to part—no, never,
On the resurrection morn !
From the deepest caves of ocean,
From the desert and the plain,
From the valley and the mountain,
Countless throngs shall rise again.

We shall sleep, but not for ever,
There will be a glorious dawn ;
We shall meet to part—no, never,
On the resurrection morn !

- 2 When we see a precious blossom
That we tended with such care,
Rudely taken from our bosom,
How our aching hearts despair !
Round its little grave we linger,
Till the setting sun is low,
Feeling all our hopes have perished
With the flower we cherished so.
- 3 We shall sleep, but not for ever,
In the lone and silent grave ;
Blessèd be the Lord that taketh,
Blessèd be the Lord that gave.
In the bright, eternal city
Death can never, never come !
In His own good time He'll call us
From our rest to Home, sweet Home.

1038 (S.S. 516)

P.M.

I MUST walk through the valley of the
shadow, [Saviour's care ;
But I'll journey in a loving
He hath said He will never, never
leave me, [me there.
With His "staff" He will comfort

Through the valley, through the valley,
Through the valley of the shadow I must go ;
But the dark waves of Jordan will not harm me,
There is peace in the valley, I know.

- 2 When I walk through the valley of
the shadow, [be o'er ;
All the weary days of toiling will
For the strong arms of Jesus will
enfold me, [more.
And with Him I shall sorrow no
- 3 Though I walk through the valley of
the shadow, [shall see ;
Yet the glory of the dawning I
I shall join in the anthems over
Jordan, [for me.
Where the loved ones are waiting
- 4 I shall walk through the valley of the
shadow, [gone before ;
I shall follow where my Lord has
Through the mists of the valley He
will lead me,
Till I rest on the Ever-green Shore.

1039

P.M.

WILL there be light at eventide,
When my bark unmoors for sea ?
Will faith's bright ray illumè the way ?
Oh, will there be light for me ?

Will there be light ? . . . Oh, will there be
light ? . . .

Oh, will there be light for me, for me ?

Will there be light at eventide,
When my bark unmoors for sea ?

- 2 When I draw near the other shore,
Will there be a shining band
Of those I knew and loved on earth
Awaiting me on the strand ?
Will there be light ? . . . Oh, will there be
light ? . . .
Oh, will there be light for me, for me ?
Will there be light of faces bright
On the banks of the crystal sea ?
- 3 On yonder shore are the golden gates
That lead to the city fair,
Where Jesus stands, with' outstretched
To bid me welcome there. [hands
There will be light, . . . Oh, there will be
light ! . . .
Oh, there will be light for me, for me :
He is the Light of glory bright
That shone on Calvary !

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SPECIAL OCCASIONS :

- 2 Oh, the clanging bells of Time !
How their changes rise and fall ;
But in undertone sublime,
Sounding clearly through them all,
Is a voice that must be heard,
As our moments onward flee ;
And it speaketh aye one word :
Eternity ! Eternity !
- 3 Oh, the clanging bells of Time !
To their voices, loud and low,
In a long, unresting line
We are marching to and fro ;
And we yearn for sight or sound
Of the life that is to be,
For thy breath doth wrap us round :
Eternity ! Eternity !
- 4 Oh, the clanging bells of Time !
Soon their notes will all be dumb,
And in joy and peace sublime
We shall feel the silence come !
And our souls their thirst will slake,
And our eyes the King will see,
When thy glorious morn shall break :
Eternity ! Eternity !

1044 (C.C.) 24

As shadows cast by cloud and sun,
Flit o'er the summer grass,
So, in Thy sight, Almighty One,
Earth's generations pass.

Flit - ting away, . flit - ting away, . .
Flitting like the shadows away ; . .
Flit - ting away, . flit - ting away, . .
Flitting like the shadows away . . .

- 2 And while the years, in endless host,
Come passing swiftly on, [boast
The brightest name that earth can
But glistens, and is gone.
- 3 Yet doth the Star of Bethlehem shed
A lustre pure and sweet,
And still it leads, as once it led,
To the Messiah's feet.
- 4 O Father, may that Holy Star
Grow every year more bright,
And shed its glorious beams afar
To fill the world with light.

1045 (S.S.) 189

6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.

FADE, fade, each earthly joy ; Jesus
is mine ! [mine !
Break every tender tie ; Jesus is
Dark is the wilderness, earth has no
resting-place,
Jesus alone can bless, Jesus is mine !
Tempt not my soul away ; Jesus is
mine ! [mine !
Here would I ever stay ; Jesus is

- Perishing things of clay, born but for
one brief day, [mine !
Pass from my heart away ! Jesus is
- 3 Farewell, ye dreams of night ; Jesus
is mine ! [mine !
Lost in this dawning light ; Jesus is
All that my soul has tried left but a
dismal void,
Jesus has satisfied ; Jesus is mine !
- 4 Farewell, mortality ; Jesus is mine !
Welcome, eternity ; Jesus is mine !
Welcome, O loved and blest ; welcome,
sweet scenes of rest ; [is mine !
Welcome, my Saviour's breast ; Jesus

1046 (S.S.) 745

8.7.

DAYS and moments quickly flying,
Blend the living with the dead ;
Soon will you and I be lying
Each within our narrow bed.

- 2 Soon our souls to God who gave them
Will have sped their rapid flight ;
Able now by grace to save them—
Oh, that while we can we might !
- 3 Jesus, Infinite Redeemer,
Maker of this mortal frame,
Teach, oh, teach us to remember
What we are, and whence we came.
Life passeth soon ; Death draweth near :
Keep us, good Lord, till Thou appear ;
For Thee to live, in Thee to die, [Amen.
With Thee to reign through Eternity.

The New Year

1047 (S.S.) 702

78.

- WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Nevermore to meet us here :
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below :
We a little longer wait ;
But how little, none can know.
- 2 As the wingèd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find ;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind—
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream ;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise !
All below is but a dream.
- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive ;
Pardon of our sins renew ;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view :

Bless Thy Word to old and young;
 Fill us with a Saviour's love;
 When our life's short race is run,
 May we dwell with Thee above.

1048 (S.S.) 8.7.
 (154)

COME, Thou Fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise.

- 2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by Thy help I'm come;
 And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
- 3 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed His precious blood.
- 4 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let Thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
- 5 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
 Prone to leave the God I love;
 Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
 Seal it for Thy courts above.

1049 (S.S.) 7s.
 (693)

BLESS, O Lord, the opening year
 To each soul assembled here;
 Clothe Thy word with power divine,
 Make us willing to be Thine.

- 2 Shepherd of Thy blood-bought sheep,
 Teach the stony hearts to weep;
 Let the blind have eyes to see,
 See themselves, and look to Thee.
- 3 Where Thou hast Thy work begun,
 Give new strength the race to run;
 Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears;
 Wipe away the mourner's tears.
- 4 Bless us all, both old and young;
 Call forth praise from every tongue;
 Let this whole assembly prove
 All Thy power and all Thy love.

1050 7s.

FOR Thy mercy and Thy grace,
 Faithful through another year,
 Hear our song of thankfulness;
 Father and Redeemer, hear!

- 2 In our weakness and distress, [stay:
 Rock of Strength, be Thou our
 In the pathless wilderness
 Be our true and living way.
- 3 Who of us death's awful road
 In the coming year shall tread.

With Thy rod and staff, O God,
 Comfort Thou his dying bed.

- 4 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
 Keep us evermore Thine own;
 Help, O help us to endure,
 Fit us for the promised crown.
- 5 So within Thy palace gate
 We shall praise, on golden strings,
 Thee, the only Potentate,
 Lord of lords, and King of kings.

1051 (C.C.) 11.10.
 (242)

ALL, all for Thee! Dear Saviour, may
 this watchword [this year:
 Be Thine own keynote for my life
 So sweetly harmonising thought and
 action, [cord hear.

- 2 All, all for Thee! Oh, take me now
 entirely! [gentle hand;
 Retune each note with Thine own
 I give myself afresh into Thy keeping,
 To do or suffer, as Thou shalt com-
 mand.
- 3 I give my heart—I long to love Thee
 better [before;
 Than ever I have done in years
 That all I do may be a "joy, not
 duty"; [Thee more!
 Lord Jesus, grant it: may I love
- 4 I give my will—O Master, do receive
 it; [Thine;
 It must rebel in any care but
 I cannot keep it, it is so self-pleasing:
 What rest to think it is no longer
 mine!
- 5 O Master, by Thine own most Holy
 Spirit, [through me,
 Send heavenly music o'er the earth
 So true, so beautiful, so soul-refresh-
 ing, [more of Thee!
 That those who hear it may learn

1052 (S.S.) S.M.
 (665)

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;
 Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
 And take my sins away.
- 2 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.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS

- 3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild, rocky shore;
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.
- 4 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.
- 5 'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again, [lives
Who died that we might live; who
That we with Him may reign.

Seed-Time and Harvest

1053 (S.S.)
(712)

7.6

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, oh, thank the Lord,
For all His love!

- 2 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.
- 3 We thank Thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good:
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food.
Accept the gifts we offer
For all Thy love imparts;
And—what Thou most desirest—
Our humble, thankful hearts.

1054 (N.H.)
(118)

P.M.

SOME are sowing their seed in the
dawn-light fair; [glare;
They are sowing seed in the noonday
They are sowing seed in the soft
twilight; [solemn night.
They are sowing their seed in the

What shall the harvest be?
What shall the harvest be?
What shall the harvest be?
What shall the harvest be?

- 2 Some are sowing their seed of word
and deed, [careless heed;
Which the cold know not, nor the
Oh, the gentle word, and the kindest
deed, [its sorest need.
That have blessed the sad heart in
Sweet shall the harvest be!
- 3 Some are sowing the seed of noble
deed, [heed;
With a sleepless watch and an earnest
With a ceaseless hand in the earth
they sow, [where'er they go.
And the fields are all whitening
Rich will the harvest be!
- 4 Whether sown in the darkness, or
sown in the light;
Whether sown in weakness, or sown
in might; [in wrath,
Whether sown in meekness, or sown
In the broadest highway, or the
shadowy path:
Sure will the harvest be!

1055

7.7.7 D.

- COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home:
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied:
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home.
- 2 All this world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First, the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.
- 3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest-home;
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
Give His angels charge at last,
In the fire the tares to cast;
But the fruitful ears to store,
In His garner evermore.
- 4 Even so, Lord, quickly come,
To Thy final harvest-home;
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There, for ever purified,
In Thy presence to abide:
Come with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious harvest-home.

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4 To God the gracious Father,
 Who made us "very good";
 To Christ, who, when we wandered,
 Restored us with His blood;
 And to the Holy Spirit,
 Who doth upon us pour
 His blessèd dew and sunshine,
 Be praise for evermore.

1060

P.M.

HE sendeth the sunshine and rain,
 He scattereth dew on the flowers;
 He maketh the desert to bloom—
 His blessings descend as the
 showers.

Boun - - - tiful, mer - - - ciful, won - - - derful
 love! . . .

- 2 He causeth the rivers to flow, [clad;
 The fields now with verdure are
 He tempers the wind to His lambs,
 The earth with His fulness is glad.
- 3 For bounty so royal and free,
 For mercies unending and new,
 Oh, help us to praise Thee, dear Lord,
 And serve Thee in all that we do.

Travellers by Land and Sea

1061 (S.S.)

Sa.

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!

- 2 O Christ, whose voice the waters
 heard, [word,
 And hushed their raging at Thy
 Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
 And calm amid the storm didst sleep:
 Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
 For those in peril on the sea!
- 3 O Holy Spirit! who didst brood
 Upon the waters dark and rude,
 And bid their angry tumult cease,
 And give, for wild confusion, peace:
 Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
 For those in peril on the sea!
- 4 O Trinity of love and power!
 Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
 From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
 Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
 Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
 Glad hymns of praise from land and
 sea.

1062 (S.S.)

Sa.

GREAT Ruler of the land and sea,
 Almighty God, we come to Thee;
 Able to succour and to save
 From perils of the wind and wave.

Keep by Thy mighty hand, oh keep
 The dwellers on the homeless deep!

- 2 Speak to the shadows of the night,
 And turn their darkness into light;
 Smooth down the breakers' rising
 crest,
 Say to the billow, "Be at rest!"
 Keep by Thy mighty hand, oh keep
 The dwellers on the homeless deep!
- 3 Soothe the rough ocean's troubled face,
 And bid the hurricane give place
 To the soft breeze that wafts the bark
 Safely alike through light and dark.
 Keep by Thy mighty hand, oh keep
 The dwellers on the homeless deep!
- 4 In storm or battle, with Thine arm
 Shield Thou the mariner from harm—
 From foes without, from ills within,
 From deeds, and words, and thoughts,
 of sin.
 Keep by Thy mighty hand, oh keep
 The dwellers on the homeless deep!
- 5 O Son of God, in days of ill, [still!"
 Say to each sorrow, "Peace! be
 In hours of weakness be Thou nigh,
 Heal Thou the sickness, hear the cry.
 Keep by Thy mighty hand, oh keep
 The dwellers on the homeless deep!
- 6 When hidden is each guiding-star,
 Flash out the beacon's light afar;
 From mist and rock, and shoal and
 Protect the sailor on his way. [spray,
 Keep by Thy mighty hand, oh keep
 The dwellers on the homeless deep!
- 7 Defend from the quick lightning's
 stroke, [shock;
 And from the iceberg's crushing
 Take Thou the helm, and surely
 guide
 The wanderer o'er the wayward tide.
 Keep by Thy mighty hand, oh keep
 The dwellers on the homeless deep!
- 8 Good Pilot of the awful main,
 Let us not plead Thy love in vain;
 Jesus, draw near with kindly aid,
 Say, "It is I; be not afraid!"
 Keep by Thy mighty hand, oh keep
 The dwellers on the homeless deep!

1063 (S.S.)
99

P.M.

LIGHT in the darkness, sailor, day is
at hand ! [Haven's land ;
See o'er the foaming billows fair
Drear was the voyage, sailor, now
almost o'er ; [for the shore.
Safe within the lifeboat, sailor, pull
Pull for the shore, sailor, pull for the shore !
Heed not the rolling waves, but bend to the
oar ; [more !
Safe in the lifeboat, sailor, cling to self no
Leave the poor old stranded wreck, and pull
for the shore.

- 2 Trust in the lifeboat, sailor ; all else
will fail : [the gale ;
Stronger the surges dash and fiercer
Heed not the stormy winds, though
loudly they roar ;
Watch the "Bright and Morning
Star," and pull for the shore.
- 3 Bright gleams the morning, sailor,
uplift the eye ; [glory is nigh !
Clouds and darkness disappearing,
Safe in the lifeboat, sailor, sing ever-
more : [the shore.
"Glory, glory, hallelujah !" Pull for

1064 (S.S.)
718

8.7.8.4.

STAR of peace ! to wanderers weary,
Bright the beams that smile on me ;
Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,
Far, far at sea.

- 2 Star of hope ! gleam on the billow,
Bless the soul that sighs for Thee ;
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea.
- 3 Star of faith ! when winds are mock-
All his toil, he flies to Thee ; [ing
Save him on the billows rocking,
Far, far at sea.
- 4 Star divine ! oh, safely guide him,
Bring the wanderer home to Thee !
Sore temptations long have tried him,
Far, far at sea.

1065 (S.S.)
385

8.5.

FIERCE and wild the storm is raging
Round a helpless bark ;
On to doom 'tis swiftly driving,
O'er the waters dark !

Joy ! . . behold the Sa - viour ! .
Joy ! . . the message hear ! . .
"I'll stand by until the morning ;
I've come to save you ; do not fear !"
Yes, "I'll stand by until the morning ;
I've come to save you ; do not fear !" . .

- 2 Weary, helpless, hopeless seamen,
Fainting on the deck,

With what joy they hail their saviour,
As he hails the wreck !

- 3 On a wild and stormy ocean,
Sinking 'neath the wave,
Souls that perish, heed the message !—
Christ has come to save !
- 4 Daring death thy soul to rescue,
He in love has come ; [ing,
Leave the wreck ! and in Him trust-
Thou shalt reach thy home !

Christian Missions

1066

P.M.

COMING, coming, yes, they are,
Coming, coming, from afar ;
From the wild and scorching desert,
Afric's sons of colour deep ;
Jesus' love has drawn and won them,
At the cross they bow and weep.

- 2 Coming, coming, yes, they are,
Coming, coming, from afar ;
From the fields and crowded cities,
China gathers to His feet ;
In His love Shem's gentle children
Now have found a safe retreat.
- 3 Coming, coming, yes, they are,
Coming, coming, from afar ;
From the Indies and the Ganges,
Steady flows the living stream,
To love's ocean, to His bosom,
Calvary their wondering theme.
- 4 Coming, coming, yes, they are,
Coming, coming, from afar ;
From the steppes of Russia dreary,
From Slavonia's scattered lands,
They are yielding soul and spirit
Into Jesus' loving hands.
- 5 Coming, coming, yes, they are,
Coming, coming, from afar ;
From the frozen realms of midnight,
Over many a weary mile,
To exchange their soul's long winter
For the summer of His smile.
- 6 Coming, coming, yes, they are,
Coming, coming, from afar ;
All to meet in plains of glory,
All to sing His praises sweet ;
What a chorus, what a meeting,
With the family complete !

1067 (S.S.)
696

7a.

GOD of mercy ! God of grace !
Show the brightness of Thy face !
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine ;
Fill Thy church with light divine ;

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS :

And Thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord !
Be by all that live adored :
Let the nations shout and sing,
Glory to their Saviour King !
At Thy feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy will obey.

3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord !
Earth shall then her fruits afford ;
God to man His blessing give ;
Man to God devoted live ;
All below, and all above,
One in joy, and light, and love.

1068

8.7.4.

O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still, and gaze ;
All the promises do travail

With a glorious day of grace :
Blessèd jubilee,

Let Thy glorious morning dawn !

2 Let the Indian, let the negro,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtained on Calvary ;
Let the gospel

Loud resound from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the saving light,
And from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night,
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

4 May the glorious day approaching,
On their grossest darkness dawn,
And the everlasting gospel
Spread abroad Thy holy name,
O'er the borders

Of the great Immanuel's land.

5 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease ;
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply, and still increase :

Sway Thy sceptre,

Saviour, all the world around.

6 Every creature, living, breathing,
In divinely grateful lays,
Father, Son, and Spirit, praising,
Magnify the God of grace :
Hallelujah !

Fill the universe with praise.

1069 (s.s.)

(682)

7.8.4.

SPEED Thy servants, Saviour, speed
them :

Thou art Lord of winds and waves ;

They were bound, but Thou hast freed
Now they go to free the slaves ; [them ;
Be Thou with them,

'Tis Thine arm alone that saves.

2 Friends and home and all forsaking,
Lord, they go at Thy command ;
As their stay Thy promise taking,
While they traverse sea and land :

Oh, be with them,

Lead them safely by the hand !

3 Where no fruit appears to cheer them,
And they seem to toil in vain—
Then in mercy, Lord, draw near them,
Then their sinking hopes sustain ;

Thus supported,

Let their zeal revive again.

4 In the midst of opposition
Let them trust, O Lord, in Thee ;
When success attends their mission,
Let Thy servants humble be :

Never leave them,

Till Thy face in heaven they see ;

5 There to reap in joy for ever, [sown ;
Fruit that grows from seed here
There to be with Him, who never
Ceases to preserve His own,

And with triumph

Sing a Saviour's grace alone.

1070 (s.s.)

(705)

7.6.

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.

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

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

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,

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CHRISTIAN MISSIONS

- 3 Thy hosts are mustered to the field;
"The Cross! the Cross!" the
battle-call: [yield,
The old grim towers of darkness
And soon shall totter to their fall.
- 4 On mountain-tops the watch-fires
glow, [men stand;
Where scattered wide the watch-
Voice echoes voice, and onward flow
The joyous shouts from land to
land.
- 5 Oh, fill the Church with faith and
power! [cease;
Bid her long night of weeping
To groaning nations haste the hour
Of life and freedom, light and peace.

1075

L.M.

- YE Christian heralds, go proclaim
Salvation through Immanuel's name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the Rose of Sharon there.
- 2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your heart inspire;
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And hush the tempest into peace.
- 3 And when our labours all are o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more,
With all the ransomed hosts to fall,
And crown our Saviour Lord of all.

1076 (C.C.) 228

C.M.

- O CHURCH of Christ, behold at last
The promised sign appear!
The Gospel preached in all the world,
And lo! the King draws near.
He shall reign from sea to sea,
When He girds on His conquering sword;
All the ends of the earth shall see
The salvation of our God.
- 2 With girded loins, make haste, make
Thy witness to complete, [haste,
That Christ may take His throne and
All nations to His feet. [bring
- 3 And Thou, O Israel, long in dust,
Arise, and come away!
See how the Sun of Righteousness
Sheds forth the beams of day.
- 4 The scattered sons are gathering
The fig tree buds again; [home,
A little while, and David's Son
On David's throne shall reign.
- 5 Then sing aloud, O Pilgrim Church,
Brief conflict yet remains,
And then Immanuel descends
To bind thy foe in chains!

1077 (C.C.) 12

71.

- GOING forth at Christ's command,
Going forth to every land;
Full salvation making known,
Through the blood of God's dear Son.
"Saved to serve!" the watchword ring,
Saved to serve our glorious King;
Tell the story o'er and o'er.
Saved to serve for evermore.
- 2 Serving God through all our days,
Toiling not for purse or praise;
But to magnify His name,
While the gospel we proclaim.
- 3 Seeking only souls to win
From the deadly power of sin;
We would guide their steps aright,
Out of darkness into light.

1078

8.7.

- TELL the whole wide world of Jesus,
Bear the news from shore to shore;
Telling sinners of the Saviour,
Let the light spread more and more.
Tell the world, . . . the whole wide world;
Bear the news . . . from shore to shore;
Tell the whole wide world of Jesus,
Praise His name for evermore!
- 2 Send abroad the gospel heralds,
Let them take the blessed light
Into every land of darkness,
Piercing through the shades of night.
- 3 Yes, we'll send the joyful message
Over mountain, over wave,
Telling everywhere of Jesus,
And His mighty power to save.
- 4 While we pray for other nations,
Send them help with willing hand;
Let us not forget the home-fields—
Jesus for our native land!

1079 (S.S.) 478

P.M.

- WE have heard the joyful sound:
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Tell the message all around:
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Bear the news to every land; [waves;
Climb the steeps and cross the
Onward!—'tis our Lord's command:
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
- 2 Waft it on the rolling tide:
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Say to sinners far and wide:
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Sing, ye islands of the sea,
Echo back, ye ocean caves;
Earth shall keep her jubilee:
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

Sing above the toil and strife—
 Jesus saves ! Jesus saves !
 By His death and endless life—
 Jesus saves ! Jesus saves !
 Sing it softly through the gloom,
 When the heart for mercy craves ;
 Sing in triumph o'er the tomb—
 Jesus saves ! Jesus saves !
 4 Give the winds a mighty voice :
 Jesus saves ! Jesus saves !
 Let the nations now rejoice—
 Jesus saves ! Jesus saves !
 Shout salvation full and free
 To every strand that ocean laves ;
 This our song of victory,
 Jesus saves ! Jesus saves !

1080 (C.O.) P.M.
81

SOWING the precious seed in the early
 dawn of morning, [noonday fair ;
 Sowing the precious seed in the
 Sowing the precious seed, for the
 youthful heart's adorning,
 Sowing the precious seed with a
 patient care.
 Sowing the precious seed, sowing the precious
 seed, [hand ;
 Scattering far and wide, with patient loving
 Breaking the bread of life,
 Telling o'er the Gospel story,
 Sowing the precious seed in the dear homeland.
 2 Sowing the precious seed at the early
 day's declining, [light dim ;
 Sowing the precious seed in the twi-
 Sowing the precious seed, neither
 doubting nor repining, [to Him.
 Leaving it all to God, trusting all
 3 Sowing the precious seed with an
 earnest, true endeavour,
 Sowing the precious seed of the
 golden grain ;
 Sowing the precious seed, and the
 hand withholding never,
 Praying that God will send it the
 sun and rain.

1081 (N.H.) P.M.
17

HEAR the everlasting song,
 Breaking through the sky :
 " Glory, glory be to God,
 To God on high ! "
 Through the blessed courts of light,
 Saints and angels, joyful singing,
 Strike their harps and shout aloud,
 " The Lord is King ! "
 2 Hear the loud triumphant song
 O'er the world resound ;
 Like a mighty ocean rolls
 The glad, glad sound ;

" Hallelujah ! praise the Lord ! "
 Distant-climes His triumph singing.
 Lift their voice and shout aloud,
 " The Lord is King ! "

3 Praise the blessed Three in One,
 All ye heavenly host ;
 Praise the Father, praise the Son,
 And Holy Ghost !
 As it was in all the past,
 Through eternal ages ringing,
 Ransomed ones shall still proclaim,
 " The Lord is King ! "

1082 (N.H.) P.M.
120

THERE'S a call comes ringing o'er the
 restless wave, [light ! " . . .
 " Send the light, . . . send the
 There are souls to rescue, there are
 souls to save, [light ! " . . .
 " Send the light, . . . send the
 Send the light, . . . the blessed gospel light !
 Let it shine from shore to shore !
 Send the light, . . . the blessed gospel light !
 Let it shine for evermore !
 2 We have heard the Macedonian call
 to-day, [light ! " . . .
 " Send the light, . . . send the
 And our grateful offerings at the cross
 we lay, [light ! " . . .
 " Send the light, . . . send the
 3 May the grace of Jesus unto all
 abound, [light ! " . . .
 " Send the light, . . . send the
 And a Christlike spirit everywhere be
 found, [light ! " . . .
 " Send the light, . . . send the
 4 Let us not grow weary in the work of
 love, [light ! " . . .
 " Send the light, . . . send the
 While we gather jewels for our crown
 above, [light ! " . . .
 " Send the light, . . . send the

1083 (N.H.) 78.
15

GREAT Jehovah, mighty Lord,
 Vast and boundless is Thy word ;
 King of kings, from shore to shore
 Thou shalt reign for evermore.
 2 Jew and Gentile, bond and free,
 All shall yet be one in Thee ;
 All confess Messiah's name,
 All His wondrous love proclaim.
 3 From her night shall China wake ;
 Afric's sons their chains shall break ;
 Egypt, where Thy people trod,
 Shall adore and praise our God.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS

- 4 India's groves of palm so fair
Shall resound with praise and prayer;
Ceylon's isle with joy shall sing,
"Glory be to Christ our King!"
- 5 North and South shall own Thy sway;
East and West Thy voice obey;
Crowns and thrones before Thee fall,
King of kings, and Lord of all.

1084 (S.S.
228)

L.M.

- JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to
shore, [more.
Till moons shall wax and wane no
- 2 Peoples and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.
- 3 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall
With every morning sacrifice. [rise
- 4 Then all the earth shall rise and bring
Peculiar honours to its King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

1085

8.7.

- SEND the Light, oh, send it quickly
Far across the heaving main;
Speed the news of full salvation
Through a dear Redeemer's name.
Send the Light, oh, send it quickly
To the isles beyond the sea;
Let them hear the wondrous story—
Love is boundless, grace is free!
- 2 Send the Light, where souls are dying
In their darkness, gloom, and night;
Haste, oh, haste! the days are fleet-
ing.
And the hours—how swift their
flight!
- 3 Send the Light—the Lord commands
To His Holy Word attend: [it;
"Go ye forth and preach My gospel;
Lo! I'm with you to the end."

1086 (C.C.
204)

8.7.

- FAR and near the fields are teeming
With the waves of ripened grain;
Far and near their gold is gleaming
O'er the sunny slope and plain.
Lord, we pray Thee, send forth reapers!
Hear us, while to Thee we cry;
Send them now the sheaves to gather,
Ere the harvest-time pass by.

- 2 Send them forth with morn's first
beaming,
Send them in the noontide's glare;
When the sun's last rays are gleaming,
Bid them gather everywhere.
- 3 Hasten now, the grain is bending,
Gather now the sheaves of gold;
Homeward then at evening wending,
Thou shalt come with joy untold.

1087 (S.S.
700)

7.6.

- HASTEN, Lord, the glorious time
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the Gospel's call obey.
- 2 Mightiest kings His power shall own,
Heathen tribes His name adore;
Satan and his host o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.
- 3 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturbed shall ever reign.
- 4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord!
Ever praise His glorious name!
All His mighty acts record;
All His wondrous love proclaim.

1088 (S.S.
625)

L.M.

- ASSEMBLED at Thy great command,
Before Thy face, great King, we stand;
The voice that marshalled every star,
Has called Thy people from afar.
- 2 We meet, through distant lands to
spread
The truth for which the martyrs bled;
Along the line, to either pole,
The thunder of Thy praise to roll.
- 3 Our prayers assist, accept our praise;
Our hopes revive, our courage raise;
Our counsels aid; to each impart
The single eye, the faithful heart.
- 4 Forth with Thy chosen heralds come;
Recall the wandering spirits home;
From Zion's mount send forth the
sound,
To spread the spacious earth around.

1089 (C.C.
5)

7.6.

- LIFT up thine eyes, O watchman,
The armies of the Lord
Are riding forth to conquest
With buckler, shield, and sword;
Glad tidings unto Zion
That valiant host shall bring,

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CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOUR :

- 3 Then let us press on with a cheerful
From morn till eventide, [song,
And our paths shall be bright in the
Saviour's light,
While we keep on the sunny side.

1094 (N.H.)
133

L.M.

- A CHRISTIAN band from far and near,
We meet to learn of Jesus here;
To read His Word, whose every line
Is filled with hope and joy divine.
May our Endeavour Band, now gathered in
His name, [His fame!
United heart and hand, go forth to spread
Then firmly let us stand, for God and native
land, [Christian band.
And pray that He may bless and keep our
- 2 We gather here, where all may sing
Glad songs of praise to Christ our
King; [way
Where youthful hearts may find the
That leads to life and endless day.
- 3 The Master's work we'll still pursue,
And here again our pledge renew,
To follow Him, to trust His love,
Till gathered home with Him above.

1095 (N.H.)
134

7.6.

- FOR Christ is our Endeavour,
Our hearts to Him belong;
His presence cheers us ever,
His love inspires our song:
We come in youth's bright morning,
Obedient to His word,
And seek for our adorning,
The beauty of the Lord.
- 2 In fulness of His blessing,
Good work for Him we'll do;
His name with joy confessing,
His standard-bearers true;
And He will never fail us,
Whatever may betide;
Though danger should assail us,
In Him we safe abide.
- 3 With youthful ardour glowing,
We form a Christian band;
The joy of Jesus knowing,
We for His honour stand;
For He is our Redeemer,
And to Him we belong,
Whose grace shall fail us never,
Whose love inspires our song.

1096 (C.C.)
77

P.M.

"FOR Christ and the Church" let
our voices ring, [blessèd King;
Let us honour the name of our own

Let us work with a will in the strength
of youth, [of truth.
And loyally stand for the kingdom
For Christ, . . our dear Redeemer,
For Christ . . who died to save;
For the Church . . . His blood hath purchased;
Lord, make us pure and brave.

- 2 "For Christ and the Church" be our
earnest prayer, [daily bear;
Let us follow His banner, the cross
Let us yield, wholly yield, to the
Spirit's power, [brightest hour.
And faithfully serve Him in life's
- 3 "For Christ and the Church" willing
offerings make,
Time and talents and gold for the
dear Master's sake; [to Him,
We will render the best we can bring
The heart's wealth of love, that will
never grow dim.
- 4 "For Christ and the Church" let us
cast aside,
By His conquering grace, chains of
self, fear, and pride; [so grand;
May our lives be enriched by an aim
Then happy the call to the Saviour's
right hand.

1097 (N.H.)
132

P.M.

- ARMY of Endeavour, hear the trumpet
call; [one and all!
'Gainst the foe advancing, forward,
Christ is our Commander; faithful
let us be:
He will give to us the victory!
Though the battle rages, what have we to
fear?
In the wildest conflict He is ever near;
Trusting in our Leader, faithful let us be;
He will give the victory!
- 2 In His royal service there's a work
for all, [those that fall;
Cheering on the faint ones, lifting
Unto Him who calls us, ever faithful
He will give to us the victory! [be:
- 3 Ever pressing onward in the cause of
right, [the light;
Holding up the banner, walking in
Keeping His commandments, great
rewards have we:
He will give to us the victory!

1098

P.M.

ON, march on, O Army of En-
deav'ers! [unfurled;
On, march on, with banners wide
Strike for right, the Lord Himself is
with you, [world.
Shout the cry of battle o'er the

Storm the fort by Satan's host defended,
Storm the fort, and set the prisoners free;
Onward still, though legions rise against you,
Follow Him who giveth victory.

2 On, march on, O Army of Endeav'ers!
[prevail;

On, march on, the truth shall yet
Lo, in dust the foe shall fall before
you, [not fail.

Trusting Him whose promise can-

3 Hail, all hail, O Army of Endeav'ers!
Crowd your ranks, the sword of
triumph wield; [conquer,

He who leads will give you grace to
You shall come victorious from
the field.

4 Hail, all hail, O Army of Endeav'ers!
Robe and palm are waiting you on
high;

Bear the cross of Christ a little longer,
Tell the world the crowning day is
nigh.

1099 (C.C.) 37

P.M.

WALKING in the sunshine, beautiful
and bright, [night;

In the rosy morning, or the dewy
Steadily advancing, onward day by
Follow Jesus all the way. [day,

Fol - low, . we will follow Jesus;

Fol - low, . follow day by day;

On - ward, . wheresoe'er He leads us,

We will follow Jesus all the way.

2 In the brightest sunshine, or the
darkest gloom, [mer's bloom:

In the lovely springtime, or the sum-
Hear the Saviour calling, hasten to
Follow Jesus all the way. [obey,

3 In the golden sunshine, or the
shadows deep, [sinks to sleep:

When the storm is raging, when it
Trusting in His mercy till the closing
Follow Jesus all the way. [day,

1100 (C.C.) 207

P.M.

CHRISTIAN soldiers all, hear our
Leader's call; [mand?

Who will rally at the King's com-
Firmly, steadily, on to victory,

See, advancing, "Our Endeavour
Band."

Forward! soldiers all; hear our Leader's call!
Onward! onward, with the Sword and
Shield!

Signals flashing bright, in the shining light,
Cheer us onward to the battlefield!

2 Hear the trump of war sounding near
and far, [name;

Haste to conquer in Jehovah's

To the promised land, with His
—mighty hand,

He will lead us with a loud acclaim.

3 On, our foes to brave! on, the world
to save! [moments fly;

Armed with courage as the
Shouts of triumph rise, rank to rank
replies, [high!

As with joy we wave our banners

4 When our labour's done, and the
victory won, [above;

Then with Jesus we shall meet
Oh, how sweet 'twill be, there His
face to see,

In the mansions of eternal love!

1101 (C.C.) 235

10.8.

WHATEVER you do, wherever you go,
Be loyal to Jesus, your King!

Oh, serve Him aright, and walk in
the light:

Be loyal to Jesus, your King!

Be loyal to Jesus, and true! . . . [renew;
His arm will sustain thee, His strength will
Walk close to Him ever, His cross keep in view:
Be loyal to Jesus, your King!

2 Though tempted and tried, stand close
by His side; Be loyal, etc.

Through faith in His name the victory
claim: Be loyal, etc.

3 Though foes may annoy, still serve
Him with joy: Be loyal, etc.

Though danger and doubt encompass
about: Be loyal, etc.

4 Go, spread the glad word, and sing of
the Lord: Be loyal, etc.

Your anthems of praise triumphantly
raise: Be loyal, etc.

1102

FROM yonder western plain
There comes the signal strain,

'Tis loyalty, loyalty, loyalty to Christ!
Its music rolls along,

The hills take up the song [Christ!
Of loyalty, loyalty, yes, loyalty to

"On to victory! On to victory!"

Cries our great Commander!

"On!" . . . We'll move at His command;

We'll soon possess the land, [Christ!

Through loyalty, loyalty, yes, loyalty to

2 Oh hear, ye brave, the sound

That moves the earth around,

'Tis loyalty, loyalty, loyalty to Christ!
Arise to dare and do,

Ring out the watchword true

Of loyalty, loyalty, yes, loyalty to
Christ!

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOUR:

- 3 Come join our loyal throng,
We'll rout the giant wrong,
Through loyalty, loyalty, loyalty to
Where Satan's banners float [Christ!
We'll send this bugle note [Christ!
Of loyalty, loyalty, yes, loyalty to
- 4 The strength of youth we lay
At Jesus' feet to-day, [Christ!
Through loyalty, loyalty, loyalty to
The Gospel we'll proclaim
Throughout the world's domain,
Of loyalty, loyalty, yes, loyalty to
Christ!

1103 (C.C.) 129

P.M.

- ONWARD, O Junior Endeav'ers!
Rescue the children to-day;
Lead them to Jesus the Saviour,
Hasten to show them the way.
Onward, O Junior Endeav'ers!
Forward for truth and the right;
Gather the lost from the darkness
Into the beautiful light.
- 2 Onward, O Junior Endeav'ers!
Why should we longer delay?
Many, unheeding God's mercy,
Sadly are drifting away.
- 3 Onward, O Junior Endeav'ers!
Haste with the life-giving bread;
Bring them to Jesus the Shepherd—
Surely they all should be fed.
- 4 Onward, O Junior Endeav'ers!
Scatter bright smiles while we may;
Onward and upward and homeward,
Singing glad songs on the way.

1104 (C.C.) 91

7.6.

- THE vows of God are on you, ye Chris-
tian youth, arise;
The blood of Christ has won you your
heritage, the skies.
Rise up, cast off your fetters; born of
celestial birth, [for earth.
Ye are no longer debtors to live alone
The vows of God are on you, O Christian
youth, arise; [beyond the skies.
The blood of Christ has won you a home
- 2 It is no idle story, it is no dream of
night, [children of the light.
Redeemed in Christ to glory, ye
The vows of God are on you, rise up,
and make them good;
He will at last enthrone you, in death
for you He stood.
Then every fetter sunder, aside lay
every chain, [calling high attain.
And dream no more, nor wander, your

- He sets a prize before you, who won
the prize before; [for evermore.
His blessed banner o'er you shall float
- 4 With sin, then, do not dally, with
flowers do not delay,
But round Christ's standard rally, as
children of the day;
Rise up, no wish reserving, lay every
weight aside, [He bled and died.
With joy your Master serving, for you

1105

7s.

LET the light of love shine clear,
Bringing comfort, hope, and cheer;
Life hath oft a rainy day,
Scatter sunbeams by the way.

Sun . . . beams I scatter all along,
Making life a happy song!
Jesus is the light to-day,
Scatter sunbeams by the way.

- 2 Many hearts are sorrow-bowed,
See no light beyond the cloud;
Point them to a heavenly ray,
Scatter sunbeams by the way.
- 3 Oh, to bring some golden gleams
From the land where glory beams;
Blessing others day by day,
Scattering sunbeams by the way.

1106 (C.C.) 102

7.6.

- OH, help me tell the story of Christ my
Lord and King; [delights to sing.
For of His boundless mercy my soul
Oh, help me tell the story of Jesus' boundless
love, [His praise above!
Till, with the Church triumphant, I sing
- 2 He brought me out of bondage, He
paid my debt of sin; [might enter in.
The door of Life He opened, that I
- 3 He left His home in glory, He laid His
sceptre down, [might wear a crown.
And on the cross He suffered, that I
- 4 Be this my one Endeavour, to glorify
His name; [world proclaim.
The story of Redemption to all the

1107 (C.C.) 85

6.5.

IN a world where sorrow ever will be
known, [sad and lone;
Where are found the needy, and the
How much joy and comfort you can
all bestow, [you go!
If you scatter sunshine everywhere
Scat - - - ter sunshine all along your way,
Cheer and bless and brighten every passing
day.

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CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOUR :

1112

P.M.

- LET us work and pray together,
With a firm and strong endeavour;
Hearts and hands united ever
In the service of the Lord:
In His constant love abiding,
And to Him our all confiding,
With His gentle hand still guiding,
We shall conquer through His word.
- 2 In the dawn of life's fair morning,
With its smile our path adorning,
Let us heed the Master's warning:
"Time is flying; work to-day!"
See the royal host advancing:
Armed with zeal, and upward glancing,
Full of hope and joy entrancing,
Let us quickly haste away.
- 3 Come and join the ranks before us;
Hark! their songs are floating o'er us;
Hear the glad and tuneful chorus,
How it vibrates on the air!
Home is near, and toil is ending,
Soon the mount of joy ascending,
Where the blest their harps are blending,
We shall meet our loved ones there.

1113

- PRAISE ye the Lord! lift up the voice
with singing; [His name;
Tell to the world the glory of
Join in the song while joyful notes are
ringing [abroad His fame!
Far o'er the earth: oh spread
Yes, we'll tell the wondrous story,
We will laud His holy name;
And will give our best endeavour
Still to spread abroad His fame.
- 2 Praise ye the Lord, with holy adoration!
[praise;
Worthy is He of all our love and
Look unto Him, the Rock of our
Salvation; [our days.
His gracious hand hath led us all
- 3 Praise ye the Lord, and worship Him
with gladness! [wondrous love;
Thanks to His name for all His
Praise ye the Lord! let praises banish
sadness
Now and for ever till we meet above.

1114 (C.C.)

D.C.M.

- OUR willing service, Lord, to Thee
We pledge ourselves to give,
For Thou hast bought us with Thy
blood,
And died that we might live;

We pledge ourselves by grace to yield
Obedience to Thy laws,
Devotion to Thy sacred truth,
Thy kingdom and Thy cause.

- 2 We pledge ourselves with filial love
To follow Thy commands, [deed,
To help the Church by word and
And aid our pastor's hands;
Be this our one supreme desire,
Our purpose, thought, and aim,
In whatsoever we shall do,
To glorify Thy name.
- 3 And so we pledge ourselves to walk,
That those around may see
The calm reflection of a light
That only shines from Thee;
O help us, Lord, our pledge to keep;
We need Thy constant care
To guard our hearts from every sin,
Our feet from every snare.—

1115 (N.H.)

L.M.

THE call of God is sounding clear,
O Christian, let it reach thine ear;
Endeavour now of souls to bring
A band to love and serve the King.

Let us go forth! . . . the call is clear; . . .
Let us go forth, . . . no tarrying here! . . .
For Him to live, . . . the Christ, the Lord, . . .
A crown from Him . . . our high reward.

- 2 Let us go forth, as called of God,
Redeemed by Jesus' precious blood;
His love to show, His life to live,
His message speak, His mercy give.
- 3 Let "Christ alone!" our watchword
be—
The Son of God who made us free;
He bore our sins, He makes us pure,
For His name's sake we all endure.
- 4 The Christ of God to glorify,
His grace in us to magnify;
His word of life to all make known—
Be this our work, and this alone.

1116

7.8.

- Go on your way rejoicing, ye children
of the King; [triumph sing.
In songs of holy rapture, His glorious
Go on your way rejoicing, and to the world
proclaim: [His name,
Behold, Messiah bringeth redemption thro'
- 2 Go on your way rejoicing, to brave
the host of sin; [tal souls to win.
From bondage and oppression immor-
- 3 Go on your way rejoicing; the victory
draweth near;
For He, your great Commander, in
clouds will soon appear.

1117

P.M.

ARE we walking, daily walking, as
the children of the light,
Casting off the works of darkness,
and the shadows of the night?
Have we left them for the sunshine
freely streaming from above,
For the clear and blessed sunshine of
the Saviour's wondrous love?
Are we walk - - - ing in His sight . . . as the
chil - - - dren of the light? . . .
In the precious blood of Jesus have we made
our garments white? [of the light?
Are we marching on to glory as the children
2 Are we walking, humbly walking, as
the children of the light,
In a world of pain and sorrow, where
the powers of sin unite?
Are we seeking souls that wander in
the dark and downward way?
Do we win them to the radiance of
the everlasting day?
3 Let our songs ring out in gladness,
as the children of the light,
Let the joy of His salvation make our
hearts and faces bright;
Then, oh then, will sinners listen to
the message that we bring,
And with us will follow Jesus to the
city of the King.

1118 (C.C. 179)

6.5.

LONELY hearts to comfort, weary lives
to cheer— [sion here;
This is our Endeavour, this our mis-
Seeking out the lost ones on the moun-
tains cold, [Shepherd's fold.
We would gladly bring them to the
2 Pressing on together, doing good to
all, [who fall;
In the name of Jesus lifting those
To the poor and friendless give with
open hand— [command.
This is our Endeavour, this the Lord's
3 Onward, ever onward, trusting in
the Lord, [reward;
Look we for the promise of a blest
Robes and palms of glory, mansions
bright and fair, [ever there.
Welcome from the Saviour, rest for

1119

P.M.

"FOR Christ and the Church" we
United heart and hand; [stand, . . .
Our lips His praise to speak,
Our hands to help the weak;
Our feet the lost to seek,
"For Christ . . . and the Church."

"For Christ . . . and the Church" we stand,
Uni - - - ted heart and hand;
Our lives henceforth we give to live
"For Christ . . . and the Church."

2 "For Christ and the Church" we
And labour day by day; [pray, . . .
With zeal and courage new
We'll strive some work to do;
And keep our covenant true,
"For Christ . . . and the Church."
3 "For Christ and the Church" we
And glad hosannas bring; [sing, . . .
Since He hath made us free,
And promised victory,
Our motto still shall be,
"For Christ . . . and the Church."

1120 (S.S. 401)

7.7.7.3

THE prize is set before us;
To win, His words implore us:
The eye of God is o'er us,
From on high! . . .
His loving tones are calling,
While sin is dark, appalling;
'Tis Jesus gently calling:
He is nigh! . . .
By and by we shall meet Him,
By and by we shall greet Him,
And with Jesus reign in glory,
By and by! . . .

2 We'll follow where He leadeth,
We'll pasture where He feedeth,
We'll yield to Him who pleadeth
From on high! . . .
Then naught from Him shall sever,
Our hope shall brighten ever,
And faith shall fail us never:
He is nigh! . . .
3 Our home is bright above us,
No trials dark to move us,
But Jesus dear to love us
There on high! . . .
We'll give our best endeavour,
And praise His name for ever:
His precious words can never,
Never die! . . .

1121 (S.S. 411)

8.8.8.5.

A LITTLE pilgrim on life's way,
Bearing his cross from day to day,
When faint and weary, used to say,
"Jesus, my Saviour!"
2 If Satan tempted him aside,
He never on himself relied,
But grasped the shield of faith and cried,
"Jesus, my Saviour!"
3 And looking up from what he feared,
Though far away his rest appeared,
Oh, how the thought his spirit cheered,
"Jesus, my Saviour!"
4 Thus, Lord, direct my youthful way,
Thyself to love, Thy law obey;
Then shall I praise through endless day
"Jesus, my Saviour!"

HYMNS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE :

1122

P.M.

- WE'RE banded together in Christian Endeavour, [for ever;
To live for the Master and serve Him
To follow His standard, His counsel obeying; [the straying.
To care for the poor, and to seek for
"For Christ . . . and the Church" . . . we are band - - - ed together; . . .
"For Christ . . . and the Church" . . . is our watchword, our watchword for ever.
- 2 In Jesus our Saviour, believing, abiding,
Our all to His goodness and mercy confiding;
We'll scatter bright sunshine o'er paths that are dreary, [are weary.
And tell of His love to the hearts that
- 3 Thus banded together in Christian Endeavour, [cannot sever;
The bonds that unite us the world Upheld by the Master, and kindly defended, [mission is ended.
We'll work for His cause till life's

1123 (C.C.) 96

8.7.

- OUR Junior Band is marching on,
With banners waving o'er us,
To work for Christ, whose loving hand Directs the way before us.
Wave, wave our banners,
While forward marching here below
Wave, wave our banners,
While onward still we go.
- 2 While gladly pressing on our way,
The path of faith pursuing,
We know that He, in whom we trust,
Our strength is still renewing.
- 3 We'll never fear, though trials come,
For this is our Endeavour:
With cheerful hearts and willing hands
To work and weary never.
- 4 Oh, come and join our Junior Band,
The lost to Jesus bringing;
Still doing all the good we can,
While time its flight is winging.

1124

P.M.

- SHINING for Jesus everywhere I go;
Shining for Jesus in this world of woe;
Shining for Jesus, more like Him I grow:
Shining all the time for Jesus.
Shining all the time, shining all the time;
Shining for Jesus, beams of love divine;
Glorifying Him every day and hour,
Shining all the time for Jesus.
- 2 Shining for Jesus when the way is bright;
Shining for Jesus in the darkest night:
Shining for Jesus, making burdens light:
Shining all the time for Jesus.
- 3 Shining for Jesus in a world of sin;
Shining for Jesus, bringing lost ones in;
Shining for Jesus, glorifying Him:
Shining all the time for Jesus.

- 4 Shining for Jesus when He gives me grace;
Shining for Jesus while I run the race;
Shining for Jesus, till I see His face:
Shining all the time for Jesus.

1125

7.6.7.6.D

- O CHRIST, I will endeavour
To serve Thee day by day;
Help me to make Thee ever
My Life, my Truth, my Way.
When in my breast Thou burnest,
My thoughts grow pure and bright,
My words are calm and earnest,
And all seems good and right.
- 2 Go with me, God my Saviour,
Go with me every hour;
Control my whole behaviour
By Thy full Spirit's power;
Uplift, and heal, and gladden,
Myself and others, Lord;
May naught that's in me sadden
Those here that love Thy word.
- 3 Why should I not be willing
To serve Thee with my days,
When Thou art ever filling
My soul with joy and praise?
Why should I not show others
The Light Divine in Thee?
Why should not all my brothers
See what Thou art to me?

1126

8.8.8

- WE meet again with hearts aflame,
To praise the dear Redeemer's name,
With voices full of love and song:
Behold a happy throng!
Then shout aloud, while hills around
Re-echo with a joyful sound:
"Let Christ be King! let Christ be King!
To Him our praise we bring."
- 2 We thank our Saviour and our Lord
For all the sweetness of His word—
The Cross at which we laid our sin,
The crown we hope to win.
- 3 O teach us, Lord, in this glad hour,
The greatness of Thy Spirit's power;
Reign Thou supreme in every heart—
The King of Love Thou art.
- 4 Be with us in our every home,
Be with us in the days to come;
May "Saved to Serve" our motto be,
While working still for Thee.

Hymns for Young People

1127 (S.S.) 87

P.M.

- JOY-BELLS ringing, children singing,
Fill the air with music sweet;
Joyful measure, guileless pleasure,
Make the chain of song complete.
Joy-bells! Joy-bells!
Never, never cease your ringing!
Children! Children!
Never, never cease your singing!

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HYMNS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE:

- 2 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.
- 3 Tell me the Story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me that Story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.
- 4 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."

1132 (C.O.) 258

P.M.

LITTLE children may be heralds of the
great salvation,
They may tell of our Redeemer and
the cross He bore;
By their grateful Sabbath offerings
they can send the Bible,
That will cheer the hearts of many on
a far-off shore.

Lit - - the chil - dren . may . . be heralds,
Joyful heralds of the blessed Saviour's love;
Lit - - the chil - dren . may . . be heralds,
Gladly pointing many to the home above.

- 2 Little children have their mission in
the Master's service,
They can smile away the sorrows
and the clouds of care;
O'er the worn and weary spirit, that
with grief is pining,
They can drop a word of kindness
like a sunbeam fair.
- 3 Little children are remembered in the
Saviour's promise,
They may early share the blessings
of redeeming grace;
He is watching kindly o'er them, and
His word assures us
That in heaven their angels ever see
the Father's face.

1133

P.M.

NEVER lose the golden rule, keep it
still in view;
Do to others as you would they should
do to you.
Kindly, gently, in their burden bear
a part,
Meekly chiding with a loving heart.

- Never lose the golden rule, keep it still in
view; [to you.]
Do to others as you would they should do
- 2 Help the feeble ones along, cheer the
faint and weak; [comfort speak.]
To the sorrow-laden heart words of
Freely, freely, from the bounty of your
store,
Cheerful givers, help the humbler poor.
 - 3 Love the Lord, the first command, with
thy soul and mind; [one combined.]
Love thy neighbour as thyself, both in
Justly, justly, with each other strive to
Ever ready, willing to forgive. [live,

1134 (S.S.) 614

C.M.

- THERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.
- 2 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.
 - 3 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.
 - 4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.
 - 5 Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved!
And we must love Him too;
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

1135 (C.C.) 258

12.11.

- How can we forget Him, our blessed
Redeemer? [away,
How can we forget Him, and wander
When He like a Shepherd so carefully
guards us, [and by day?
And keeps us from danger by night
We'll come in the sunshine of youth's happy
morning,
Our lives to His service we'll cheerfully give;
And pray for His Spirit to guide and direct us,
That we to His glory and honour may live.
- 2 How can we forget Him, our blessed
Redeemer;
Who hath brought redemption
through sorrow and pain?
Yet upon the throne of His Father
exalted,
Our great Mediator now liveth again.
 - 3 How can we forget Him, our blessed
Redeemer, [so near—
Who with watchful kindness is ever
Friend, above all others the best and
the truest, [hear?
Who never refuseth His children to

1136 (S.S.)
439

P.M.

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: [them then.

I should like to have been with
I wish that His hands had been placed
on my head, [around me,

That His arms had been thrown
And that I might have seen His kind
look when He said,

“Let the little ones come unto Me.”

2 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may
And ask for a share in His love; [go,
And if I now earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,
In that beautiful place He is gone to
prepare,

For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering
there, [heaven.”

“For of such is the kingdom of

3 But thousands and thousands who
wander and fall,

Never heard of that heavenly home:
I should like them to know there is
room for them all,

And that Jesus has bid them to come.
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.

1137

S.S.

FAR above in highest heaven
Jesus reigns, our Lord and King;

He His life for us has given,

He did life eternal bring:
Sing, then, children, sing with gladness,
Loud let grateful anthems ring;

Jesus is the children's Saviour,
Jesus is the children's King.

2 Once on earth the children praised Him,
And “Hosanna” was their cry;

Now that God to heaven has raised Him,
Loud they praise Him in the sky:

Shout, then, children, shout your praises,
Loud let grateful anthems ring;

Jesus is the children's Saviour,
Jesus is the children's King.

3 Come, then, early, come to Jesus,
As the children did of old:

He from sin and sorrow frees us,
Never will His love grow cold:

Daily let us learn to love Him,
Daily let us join to sing

Praises to our Lord and Saviour,
Praises to the children's King.

4 Then, when life's short days are ended,
If we've served our Saviour well,
By His angels gently tended,
In His kingdom we shall dwell:
There we'll shout our joyous praises,
There the song of victory sing;
Jesus is our Lord and Saviour,
Jesus is the children's King.

1138 (S.S.)
590

P.M.

JESUS bids us shine with a clear, pure
light,

Like a little candle burning in the night;
In this world of darkness we must shine—
You in your small corner, and I in mine.

2 Jesus bids us shine, first of all for Him;
Well He sees and knows it, if our light
is dim; [shine—

He looks down from heaven, to see us
You in your small corner, and I in mine.

3 Jesus bids us shine, then; for, all around,
Many kinds of darkness in this world
abound: [shine—

Sin and want and sorrow; so we must
You in your small corner, and I in mine.

1139 (S.S.)
588

L.M.

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?

2 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.

3 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:

4 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.

5 With smiles of peace and looks of love
Light in our dwellings we may make;
Bid kind good humour brighten there—
And still do all for Jesus' sake.

6 There's not a child so small and weak
But has his little cross to take,
His little work of love and praise
That he may do for Jesus' sake.

1140 (S.S.)
17

WHEN He cometh, when He cometh,
To make up His jewels,
All His jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own.

HYMNS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE:

Like the stars of the morning,
His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty,
Bright gems for His crown.

- 2 He will gather, He will gather,
The gems for His kingdom;
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and His own.
- 3 Little children, little children,
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own.

1141 (C.C. 90)

6.5.

COME with happy faces
To the place of prayer;
Jesus now is waiting,
We shall find Him there.

With a grateful spirit,
Now our voices raise;
Thank Him for His goodness
In a song of praise.

- 2 Come with happy faces—
Jesus rose to-day;
Leave the world behind us,
Seek the narrow way.
- 3 Come with happy faces,
Come with hearts sincere;
God our thoughts is reading,
He is ever near.
- 4 Come with happy faces,
Learn the words of truth;
Jesus loves the children:
Trust Him in our youth.

1142 (C.C. 205)

P.M.

OF Him who left His home above,
Children sing! Children sing!
Our blessed Saviour crowned with love,
Children sing to-day!
Of Him whose ever-watchful care
Will guard our feet from every snare,
Who loves to hear our earnest prayer,
Children sing to-day!

- 2 Of joy and gladness through His name,
Children sing! Children sing!
And peace to all the world proclaim,
Children sing to-day!
Redemption now from death and sin,
From foes without and foes within,
Of life eternal all may win,
Children sing to-day!
- 3 Of Him who did salvation bring,
Children sing! Children sing!
He is our Shepherd, Priest, and King,
Children sing to-day!
Of loved ones in the heavenly land,
Who ever in His presence stand,
With yonder shining angel band,
Children sing to-day!

1143

C.M.

- GOD make my life a little light
Within the world to glow;
A little flame that burneth bright,
Wherever I may go.
- 2 God make my life a little flower
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although the place be small.
 - 3 God make my life a little song
That comforteth the sad,
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.
 - 4 God make my life a little staff,
Whereon the weak may rest;
That so what health and strength I have
May serve my neighbours best.
 - 5 God make my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and praise;
Of faith—that never waxeth dim,
In all His wondrous ways.

1144

C.M.

- I LOVE to think, though I am young,
My Saviour was a child;
That Jesus walked this earth along,
With feet all undefiled.
- 2 He kept His Father's word of truth,
As I am taught to do;
And while He walked the paths of youth,
He walked in wisdom too.
 - 3 I love to think that He who spake,
And made the blind to see,
And called the sleeping dead to wake,
Was once a child like me.
 - 4 That He who wore the thorny crown,
And tasted death's despair,
Had a kind mother like my own,
And knew her love and care.
 - 5 I know 'twas all for love of me
That He became a child,
And left the heavens so fair to see,
And trod earth's pathway wild.
 - 6 Then, Saviour, who wast once a child,
A child may come to Thee;
And oh, in all Thy mercy mild,
Dear Saviour, come to me!

1145 (S.S. 653)

C.M.

- THE morning bright with rosy light
Has waked me from my sleep;
Father, I own Thy love alone
Thy little one doth keep.
- 2 All through the day, I humbly pray,
Be thou my guard and guide;
My sins forgive, and let me live,
Lord Jesus, near Thy side.
 - 3 Oh, make Thy rest within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace;
Make me like Thee; then shall I be
Prepared to see Thy face.

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HYMNS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE:

- 4 Art Thou my Father? I'll depend
Upon the care of such a Friend;
And only wish to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to Thee.
- 5 Art Thou my Father? Then at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down and take me in Thy love
To be Thy better child above.

1151 (S.S.) 579

9.8.

- YOU'RE starting, my boy, on life's
journey,
Along the grand highway of life;
You'll meet with a thousand tempta-
Each city with evil is rife. [tions—
This world is a stage of excitement,
There's danger wherever you go;
But if you are tempted in weakness,
Have courage, my boy, to say No!
Have courage, my boy, to say No! . . .
Have courage, my boy, to say No! . . .
Have courage, my boy, have courage, my
Have courage, my boy, to say No! [boy,
- 2 In courage, my boy, lies your safety,
When you the long journey begin;
Your trust in a heavenly Father
Will keep you unspotted from sin.
Temptations will go on increasing,
As streams from a rivulet flow;
But if you'd be true to your manhood,
Have courage, my boy, to say No!
- 3 Be careful in choosing companions:
Seek only the brave and the true;
And stand by your friends when in
trial—
Ne'er changing the old for the new.
And when by false friends you are
tempted
The taste of the wine-cup to know,
With firmness, with patience, and
kindness,
Have courage, my boy, to say No!

1152

L.M.

- It is a thing most wonderful,
Almost too wonderful to be; [heaven,
That God's own Son should come from
And die to save a child like me.
- 2 And yet I know that it is true:
He chose a poor and humble lot, [died,
And wept, and toiled, and mourned, and
For love of those who loved Him not.
- 3 I cannot tell how He could love
A child so weak and full of sin;
His love must be most wonderful,
If He could die my love to win.
- 4 It is most wonderful to know
His love for me so free and sure;
But 'tis more wonderful to see
My love for Him so faint and poor.
- 5 And yet I want to love Thee, Lord;
Oh, light the flame within my heart,

And I will love Thee more and more,
Until I see Thee as Thou art.

1153

6.5.

- JESUS is our Shepherd, wiping every
tear; [fear!
Folded in His bosom, what have we to
Only let us follow whither He doth lead,
To the thirsty desert, or the dewy mead.
- 2 Jesus is our Shepherd: well we know
His voice, [heart rejoice;
How its gentlest whisper makes our
Even when He chideth, tender is His
tone: [His alone,
None but He shall guide us; we are
- 3 Jesus is our Shepherd, for the sheep
He bled; [He shed;
Every lamb is sprinkled with the blood
Then on each He setteth His own secret
sign: [He, are Mine.
They that have My Spirit, these, saith
- 4 Jesus is our Shepherd; guarded by His
arm, [do us harm:
Though the wolves may ravin, none can
When we tread death's valley, dark with
fearful gloom, [tomb.
We will fear no evil, victors o'er the

1154 (S.S.) 430

6.5.

- JESUS, tender Saviour,
Thou hast died for me!
Make me very thankful
In my heart to Thee.
When the sad, sad story
Of Thy grief I read,
Make me very sorry
For my sins indeed.
- 2 Now I know Thou lovest,
And dost plead for me!
Make me very thankful
In my prayers to Thee.
Soon I hope in glory
At Thy side to stand;
Make me fit to meet Thee
In that happy land.

1155 (S.S.) 69

7.5.

- JESUS loves me! this I know,
For the Bible tells me so;
Little ones to Him belong;
They are weak, but He is strong.
- Yes, Jesus loves me! Yes, Jesus loves me!
Yes, Jesus loves me! The Bible tells me so!
- 2 Jesus loves me! He who died
Heaven's gate to open wide:
He will wash away my sin,
Let His little child come in.
- 3 Jesus loves me! He will stay
Close beside me all the way:
If I love Him, when I die
He will take me home on high.

1156 (S.S.)
517

7.6.

- I LOVE to hear the story
Which angel voices tell,
How once the King of Glory
Came down on earth to dwell:
I am both weak and sinful,
But this I surely know:
The Lord came down to save me,
Because He loved me so !
- 2 I'm glad my blessed Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be;
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me,
Because He loves me so !
- 3 To sing His love and mercy,
My sweetest songs I'll raise;
And though I cannot see Him,
I know He hears my praise;
For He has kindly promised
That I shall surely go
To sing among His angels,
Because He loves me so !

1157 (C.C.)
202

11.10.

- HARK ! hark ! the song from youthful
voices breaking, [numbers flow;
Fresh from the heart its tuneful
How sweet the song of happy children
marching, [go !
Praising the Saviour as they onward
- Hark ! hark ! the song of holy adoration,
Glory to Jesus, our Eternal King ;
Praise ye His name, exalt Him in the highest ;
Now, and for ever, shall the anthem ring.
- 2 Hark ! hark ! the song, the grand old
story telling; [away !
Oh, how it swells and echoes far
Life, love, and joy, through Him who
hath redeemed us,
Freely are offered in His name to-day.
- 3 Sing, children, sing ! the song you now
are waking, [began ;
Long, long ago on Judah's plain
When from the sky was heard the
midnight chorus, [will to men.
Peace from our Father, and good-
- 4 Sing, children, sing, till—forward still
advancing— [wave !
Rank after rank the royal standard
Sing, gladly sing, the wonders of His
greatness ! [to save !
Jesus, the mighty One, the Strong

1158 (C.C.)
254

11.10.

- TRYING to walk in the steps of the
Saviour, [King ;
Trying to follow our Saviour and

- Shaping our lives by His blessed
—example, [we bring !
Happy, how happy the songs that
How beautiful to follow the steps of the Saviour,
Walking in the light, walking in the light !
How beautiful to follow the steps of the Saviour,
Led in paths of right !
- 2 Clinging more closely to Him who is
leading, [the way ;
When we are tempted to turn from
Trusting the Arm that is strong to
defend us, [day !
Happy, how happy our praise every
- 3 Walking by faith in the steps of the
Saviour, [our Guide ;
Upward, still upward, we'll follow
When we shall see Him, " the King in
His beauty," [side !
Happy, how happy our place at His

1159

P.M.

- SAVIOUR, where Thou ledest,
We will follow Thee ;
Where Thy lambs Thou feedest,
We will follow Thee ;
By Thy loving smile attended,
By Thy gentle hand defended,
Till this mortal life is ended,
We will follow Thee.
- 2 In life's early morning
We will follow Thee ;
We have heard Thy warning—
We will follow Thee ;
If our feet seem sometimes weary,
And the way seems long and dreary,
Thou wilt speak, and we shall hear Thee,
And will follow Thee.
- 3 In our days of gladness
We will follow Thee ;
In our times of sadness
We will follow Thee ;
Thou wilt give us, without measure,
Richest blessings, truest pleasure,
And in heaven, a priceless treasure,
We will follow Thee.

1160

87

- SAVIOUR, help us in our weakness,
Guide and keep us hour by hour ;
Help us meet the world's temptations
With Thine overcoming power.
Nothing can we do without Thee,
But all grace we know is Thine ;
Strengthen us for every duty,
Fill us with Thy love divine.
- 2 Help us take Thy yoke upon us,
And Thy blessed word obey,
Learn of Thee, the " Meek and Lowly,"
Humbly serving, day by day.
May we grow like Thee, our Saviour,
Whom, though still unseen, we love ;
Help us show the light to others,
Show the light that leads above.

HYMNS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE :

1161 (^{N.H.}₁₃₈)

8.7.

SAVIOUR, who Thy flock art feeding
With the Shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs Thy bosom share:

- 2 Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
There, we know, Thy word believing,
They are all secure from harm.
- 3 Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness, so loving, [way.
Keep them through life's dangerous
- 4 Then within Thy fold eternal
Let them find a resting-place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

1162 (^{S.S.}₆₄₁)

C.M.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

- 2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod—
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.
- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.
- 4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

1163

8.7.8.7.7.7.

EARLY seeking, early finding,
Ever happy, happy we;
Looking up in life's sweet morning
Coming, coming now to Thee,
We begin our children's days,
Lord of Glory, with Thy praise.

- 2 Early asking, early getting,
Ever happy, happy we;
We would ever, blessed Jesus,
Love and follow, follow Thee:
In Thy presence there is joy,
In Thy service blest employ.
- 3 Early knocking, early opening,
Ever happy, happy we;
By the holy gate we enter,
Lord, to dwell, to dwell with Thee;
In the city of the blest,
In the home of heavenly rest.
- 4 Early loving, early trusting,
Ever happy, happy we;
Mounting upward, pressing onward,
Closer, closer drawn to Thee;
Earthly joys we leave behind,
All in Thee, O Christ, to find

1164 (^{S.S.}₉₈)

8.7.4.

SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need Thy tenderest care;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use Thy folds prepare.

- Blessèd Jesus, blessèd Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
- 2 We are Thine: do Thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray.
Blessèd Jesus, blessèd Jesus,
Hear, oh hear us when we pray.
- 3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
Blessèd Jesus, blessèd Jesus,
Let us early turn to Thee.
- 4 Early let us seek Thy favour,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessèd Lord and only Saviour,
With Thy love our bosoms fill.
Blessèd Jesus, blessèd Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

1165 (^{S.S.}₁₆)

P.M.

COME to the Saviour, make no delay;
Here in His word He has shown us the
way;

Here in our midst He's standing to-day,
Tenderly saying, "Come!"

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

- 2 "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.
- 3 Think once again, He's with us to-day
Heed now His blest command, and obey
Hear now His accents tenderly say,
"Will you, my children, come?"

1166

WE want the young for Jesus;
Now in their youthful days,
Oh, may they seek the Saviour,
And early sing His praise.

O Lord, in life's bright morning,
To Thee our hearts we bring;
Our praises Thou wilt welcome,
When from the heart we sing.

- 2 We want the young for Jesus;
On earth, when He was near,
With gentle, sweet affection
He drew the children near.
- 3 And still He waits to bless them
With fond and yearning love:

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SOLOS AND CHOIR PIECES :

Nearer, draw nearer,
Till my soul is lost in Thee;
Nearer, draw nearer,
Blessèd Lord, to me.

- 2 When in their beauty
Stars unveil their silver light,
Then, O my Saviour,
Give me songs at night—
Songs of yonder mansions,
Where the dear ones, gone before,
Sing Thy praise for ever,
On that peaceful shore.
- 3 Jesus, my Saviour,
When the last deep shadows fall;
When in the silence
I shall hear Thy call—
In Thine arms reposing,
Let me breathe my life away,
And awake triumphant,
In eternal day.

1171 (S.S.) 144

L.M.

- 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.
- 2 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-stained mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with
friend; [meet:
Though sundered far, by faith they
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sense and sin molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to
greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat !
- 5 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 !

1172 (S.S.) 62

78.

JESUS, Lover of my soul.
(See No. 227.)

1173 (S.S.) 532

P.M.

“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.”

- 2 Hear the voice that entreats you:
Oh, 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:
Oh, return ye unto God !
- 3 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.

1174 (C.O.) 277

8.7.

- 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, . . .
Like the thun - - ders of the sea ; . . .
Through the blood of Christ our ransom, . . .
More than conquerors are we ! . . .
More than con - - - querors are we, . . .
More than con - - - querors are we ; . . .
Through the blood of Christ our ransom,
More than conquerors are we.
- 2 Saints and heroes long before us
Firmly on this ground have stood;
See their banners waving o'er us,
Conquerors through Jesus' blood.
- 3 Deathless, we are all unfearing,
Life laid up with Christ in God;
In the morn of His appearing
Floweth forth a glory flood.
- 4 Soon we all shall stand before Him,
See and know our glorious Lord;
Soon in joy and light adore Him,
Each receiving his reward.

1175 (C.O.) 144

L.M

- OUR Fatherland, thy name so dear,
Our souls repeat while strangers here;
And oh, how oft we sigh for thee,
Dear Fatherland beyond the sea !
- Our Fatherland, . . . dear Fatherland, . . .
We long to press . . . thy golden strand, . . .
And hail the bright . . . and shining band, . . .
In thy sweet vales, . . . dear Fatherland ! . . .
- 2 Above the stars, above the skies,
Thy towering hills in beauty rise;
Where sunny fields with verdure glow,
And fadeless flowers in beauty grow.
- 3 There Jesus reigns, our Saviour King,
And one by one His own will bring,
Thy songs to join, thy bliss to share,
O Fatherland, O Zion fair !
- 4 No tears shall dim, no pain destroy
The light of peace, the smile of joy;
No more we'll clasp the parting hand
Within the gates, our Fatherland.

1176 (C.O.)
(51)

P.M.

- ALONG the River of Time we glide,
 Along the River, along the River;
 The swiftly flowing, resistless tide,
 The swiftly flowing, the swiftly flowing,
 And soon, ah, soon, the end we'll see;
 Yes, soon 'twill come, and we will be
 Floating, floating,
 Out on the sea of Eternity !
- 2 Along the River of Time we glide,
 Along the River, along the River;
 A thousand dangers its currents hide,
 A thousand dangers, a thousand dangers;
 And near our course the rocks we see:
 Oh, dreadful thought ! a wreck to be,
 Floating, floating,
 Out on the sea of Eternity !
- 3 Along the River of Time we glide,
 Along the River, along the River;
 Our Saviour only our bark can guide,
 Our Saviour only, our Saviour only;
 But with Him we secure may be:
 No fear, no doubt—but joy to be
 Floating, floating,
 Out on the sea of Eternity !

1177 (S.S.)
(387)

P.M.

- THEY are gathering homeward from
 every land,
 One by one, one by one; [strand,
 As their weary feet touch the shining
 Yes, one by one.
 Their brows are enclosed in a golden
 crown, [laid down;
 Their travel-stained garments are all
 And clothed in white raiment they rest
 in the mead, [to lead.
 Where the Lamb doth love His saints
 Gathering home, gathering home,
 Forging the river, one by one;
 Gathering home, gathering home,
 Yes, one by one.
- 2 We, too, shall come to the river side,
 One by one, one by one:
 We are nearer its waters each eventide,
 Yes, one by one.
 To some are the floods of the river stil,
 As they ford on their way to the heavenly
 hill !
 To others the waves run fiercely and
 wild, [defiled.
 Yet they reach the home of the un-
- 3 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, [shall hold;
 But we know the place where our feet
 O Thou, who didst pass through in
 deepest midnight, [and light.
 Now guide us, and send us the staff

1178 (S.S.)
(339)

- SAY, where is thy refuge, my brother,
 And what is thy prospect to-day ?
 Why toil for the wealth that will perish,
 The treasures that rust and decay ?
 Oh, think of thy soul, that for ever
 Must live on eternity's shore;
 When thou in the dust art forgotten,
 When pleasure can charm thee no
 more.
 'Twill profit thee nothing, but fearful the cost
 To gain the whole world if thy soul should be
 lost.
- 2 The Master is calling thee, brother,
 In tones of compassion and love,
 To feel that sweet rapture of pardon,
 And lay up thy treasure above:
 Oh, kneel at the cross where He suffered
 To ransom thy soul from the grave;
 The arm of His mercy will hold thee,
 The arm that is mighty to save.
- 3 As summer is waning, my brother,
 Repent, ere the season is past;
 God's goodness to thee is extended
 As long as the daybeam shall last;
 Then slight not the warning repeated
 With all the bright moments that roll;
 Nor say, when the harvest is ended,
 That no one hath cared for thy soul.

1179 (C.O.)
(149)

S.7.

- ALL for Jesus ! all for Jesus !
 All my being's ransomed powers;
 All my thoughts and words and doings,
 All my days and all my hours.
 All for Jesus ! all for Jesus !
 All my being's ransomed powers;
 All for Jesus ! all for Jesus !
 All my days and all my hours.
- 2 Let my hands perform His bidding;
 Let my feet run in His ways;
 Let my eyes see Jesus only;
 Let my lips speak forth His praise.
 All for Jesus ! all for Jesus !
 Let my feet run in His ways ;
 All for Jesus ! all for Jesus !
 Let my lips speak forth His praise.
- 3 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
 I've lost sight of all beside—
 So enchained my spirit's vision,
 Looking at the Crucified.
 All for Jesus ! all for Jesus !
 I've lost sight of all beside ;
 All for Jesus ! all for Jesus !
 All for Jesus Crucified !

1180 (C.C.)
(220)

- COME close to the Saviour, thy loving
 Redeemer,
 O sorrowing heart oppressed; . . .
 Life's journey is dreary, thy spirit is
 Oh, come unto Him and rest. [weary,

SOLOS AND CHOIR PIECES :

Come close to the Saviour, oh, why
dost thou linger ?

He knoweth thy heart oppressed; . . .
His promise believing, His message re-
Oh, come unto Him and rest! [ceiving,

Peacefully, tranquilly, tenderly rest,
Looking to Jesus above; . . .
Peacefully, tranquilly, tenderly rest
Safe in the arms of His love. . . .

2 Come close to the Saviour, He calleth
thee gently;

Draw near to thy Father's throne: . . .
His eyes will behold thee, His mercy en-
Why carry thy grief alone! [fold thee,
Come close to the Saviour, oh, trust
and remember,

Through trials our souls are blest; . . .
Whatever betide thee, thy Refuge will
hide thee,

Oh, come unto Him and rest !

3 Come close to thy Saviour, earth's
pleasures are fleeting,

But Jesus will care for thee; . . .
Whatever may grieve thee, He never will
leave thee,

Thy strength as thy day shall be.
Come close to the Saviour, while now
He is calling,

Come home to the pure and blest; . . .
Where peace, like a river, flows onward
for ever,

Oh, come unto Him and rest !

1181 (C.C.) 86

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 ! . . . hallelu - - jah
for the cross ! . . .

Hallelujah ! . . . hallelujah ! . . .
It shall never . . . suffer . . . loss !

Hallelujah ! hallelujah ! hallelujah for the
Hallelujah ! hallelujah ! [cross !
It shall never suffer loss.

2 It is the old cross still,
Its triumph let us tell,
The grace of God here shone,
Through Christ the blessed Son,
Who did for sin atone,
Hallelujah for the cross !

3 'Twas here the debt was paid,
Our sins on Jesus laid,
So round the cross we sing,
Of Christ our Offering,
Of Christ our living King,
Hallelujah for the cross !

1182 (S.S.) 258

I HAVE heard of a Saviour's love,
And a wonderful love it must be;
But did He come down from above,
Out of love and compassion for me ?

" This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all
acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the
world to save sinners."

2 I have heard how He suffered and bled,
How He languished and died on the
tree;

But then is it anywhere said [me ?
That He languished and suffered for

" He was wounded for our transgressions.
He was bruised for our iniquities ; the chastise-
ment of our peace was upon Him ; and with
His stripes we are healed."

3 I've been told of a heaven on high,
Which the children of Jesus shall see ;
But is there a place in the sky
Made ready and furnished for me ?

" In My Father's house are many mansions :
if it were not so, I would have told you. I go
to prepare a place for you ; that where I am,
there ye may be also."

4 Lord, answer these questions of mine ;
To whom shall I go but to Thee ?
And say, by Thy Spirit divine,
There's a Saviour and heaven for me.
Yes, yes, yes, for me ! for me ! Yes, yes, yes,
for me !

Our Lord from above, in His infinite love,
On the cross died to save you and me.

1183 (C.C.) 153

P.M.

A SINNER was wandering at eventide,
His tempter was watching close by at
his side; [against wrong—
In his heart raged a battle for right
But hark ! from the church he hears
the sweet song :

Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly.

2 He stopped and listened to every sweet
chord, [the Lord :
He remembered the time he once loved
Come on ! says the tempter, come on
with the throng— [swells the song :
But hark ! from the church again

While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.

3 Oh, tempter, depart, I have served thee
too long; [song :
I fly to the Saviour, He dwells in that
O Lord, can it be that a sinner like me
May find a sweet refuge by coming to
Thee ?

Other refuge have I none ;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee.

I come, Lord, I come; Thou'lt forgive
the dark past, and

Oh, receive my soul at last

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SOLOS AND CHOIR PIECES:

- 2 If I were a voice, a consoling voice,
I would fly on the wings of the air;
The homes of sorrow and guilt I'd seek,
And calm and truthful words I'd speak,
To save them from despair. [town,
I would fly, I would fly o'er the crowded
And drop like the happy sunlight down
Into the hearts of suffering men,
And teach them to look up again:
I would fly, I would fly,
I would fly o'er the crowded town.
- 3 If I were a voice, a convincing voice,
I would travel with the wind,
And wherever I saw the nations torn
By warfare, jealousy, spite or scorn,
Or hatred of their kind, [crash,
I would fly, I would fly on the thunder-
And into their blinded bosoms flash:
Then with their evil thoughts subdued,
I'd teach them Christian brotherhood:
I would fly, I would fly,
I would fly on the thunder-crash.
- 4 If I were a voice, an immortal voice,
I would fly the earth around;
And wherever man to his idols bowed,
I'd publish in notes both long and loud
The Gospel's joyful sound.
I would fly, I would fly on the wings
of day, [way,
Proclaiming peace on my world-wide
Bidding the saddened earth rejoice—
If I were a voice, an immortal voice,
I would fly, I would fly,
I would fly on the wings of day.

1189 (N.H.) 130)

Rock of Ages, cleft for me.
(See No. 237.)

1190 (C.O.) 188)

8.7

- GOD is love! His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens;
God is light, and God is love!
God is light, and God is love!
God is light, and God is love!
- 2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never;
God is light, and God is love!
- 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom His brightness stream-
God is light, and God is love! [eth;

1191 (C.C.) 201)

P.M.

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

The best Friend to have is Je - - - sus!
The best Friend to have is Je - - - sus!
He will help you when you fall,
He will hear you when you call:
Oh, the best Friend to have is Jesus!

- 2 What a Friend I have found in Jesus!
Peace and comfort to my soul He brings;
Leaning on His mighty arm,
I will fear no ill nor harm:
Oh, the best Friend to have is Jesus!
- 3 Though I pass through the night of
sorrow,
And the chilly waves of Jordan roll,
Never need I shrink nor fear,
For my Saviour is so near:
Oh, the best Friend to have is Jesus!
- 4 When at last to our home we gather,
With the loved ones who have gone
We will sing upon the shore, [before,
Praising Him for evermore:
Oh, the best Friend to have is Jesus!

1192 (N.H.) 68)

CHANT.

- BEYOND the smiling and the weeping,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home! . . .
Lord, tarry not, but come.
- 2 Beyond the blooming and the fading,
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon.
- 3 Beyond the rising and the setting,
Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting,
I shall be soon.
- 4 Beyond the frost-chain and the fever,
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
Beyond the "ever" and the "never,"
I shall be soon.
- 5 Beyond the parting and the meeting,
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond the pulse's fever-beating,
I shall be soon.

1193 (C.C.) 115)

P.M.

- THE Saviour stands at thy door to-night,
And is seeking thy heart to win;
The world for awhile has withdrawn its
Wilt thou open and let Him in? [light:
He has travelled afar on a lonely road,
In sorrow and agony;
He has borne sin's heavy crushing load,
All, all for the sake of thee!
Let . . . Him in, . . . let . . . Him in; . . .
O - - pen the door . . and let . . Him come in.
- 2 He stands to plead with thee to-night,
While the dews of the evening fall;
O'er the moaning and surging waves of
Dost thou hear His yearning call [life,

He will free thy soul from the chains of earth,

From its sorrow, its care, and sin;
He will give thee joy for its hollow mirth:
Wilt thou open and let Him in?

3 From the glorious heights of heaven
To seek thee and to save; [He came,
But the world it gave Him a cross of
And a lonely borrowed grave; [shame,
He left His radiant home above
To bear thy load of sin;

He died to prove His deep, deep love:
Wilt thou open and let Him in? [sin,

4 Thou hast wandered far in the paths of
Thou art weary, and sad, and lone;
But His blood can cleanse, and His love
can win:

Wilt thou make Him now thine own?
The world has given thee care and pain,
And mocked thee with its sin; [gain:
He will give the treasures of priceless
Wilt thou open and let Him in?

1194 (C.C.)

P.M.

I HAVE heard of a home far away above
the skies, [be;

Where the good and true may happy
I have looked through the stars, and I've
watched through lonely hours,

And I've wondered if there's room
there for me?

Yes, there's room for you and for me,
And there's room for the whole world
beside; [all;

The wonderful love of the Lord reaches
It gently calls us now to His side.

Room for you and me,
And there's room for all;

Listen! listen! Hear His earnest call:

"Whosoever will may come, . . .

Come, ye that are weary,

And are heavy laden": [for all.

Listen, He's calling thee, there's room

2 But they say that the righteous shall
scarcely enter there;

How, then, shall a sinner like me?

I am far, far away from the gentle
Shepherd's care; [me?

Oh, I wonder if He'll make room for
Yes, there's room, the call is for thee,

'Tis a grand invitation, full and free;
There's room for us all, if we list to His
call; [for thee.

Yes, He's willing to make room there

1195 (S.S.)

P.M.

I HAVE read of a beautiful City,
Far away in the kingdom of God;
I have read how its walls are of jasper,
How its streets are all golden and
broad.

In the midst of the street is life's river,
Clear as crystal, and pure to behold;
But not half of that City's bright glory
To mortals has ever been told.

Not half has ever been told, . . .

Not half has ever been told; . . .

Not half of that City's bright glory
To mortals has ever been told.

2 I have read of bright mansions in
Heaven, [pare;
Which the Saviour has gone to pre-
And the saints who on earth have been
faithful,

Rest for ever with Christ over there:
There no sin ever enters, nor sorrow,
The inhabitants never grow old;
But not half of the joys that await them
To mortals has ever been told.

3 I have read of white robes for the
righteous, [wear,
Of bright crowns which the glorified
When our Father shall bid them "Come,
enter,

And My glory eternally share:"
How the righteous are evermore blessed,
As they walk through the streets of
pure gold;

But not half of the wonderful story
To mortals has ever been told.

4 I have read of a Christ so forgiving,
That vile sinners may ask and receive
Peace, and pardon for every transgres-
sion,

If when asking they only believe.

I have read how He'll guide and protect
If for safety we enter His fold; [us,
But not half of His goodness and mercy
To mortals has ever been told.

1196 (C.C.)

P.M.

WEARY child, thy sin forsaking, close
thy heart no more; [wide its door.
From thy dream of pleasure waking, open

While the lamp of life is burning,
And the heart of God is yearning,
To His loving arms returning,
Give thy wanderings o'er.

2 To the Saviour's tender pleading, close
thy heart no more; [wide its door.
Now the call of mercy heeding, open

3 To the Gospel invitation close thy heart
no more; [door.
To receive a full salvation open wide its

4 To the joy that fadeth never, close thy
heart no more; [door.
To the peace abiding ever, open wide its

1197 (S.S.)

(343)

As I wandered round the homestead,
Many a dear familiar spot
Brought within my recollection
Scenes I'd seemingly forgot;
There, the orchard—meadow, yonder—
Here, the deep, old-fashioned well,
With its old moss-covered bucket,
Sent a thrill no tongue can tell.

NATIONAL HYMNS :

- 2 Though the house was held by strangers,
All remained the same within;
Just as when a child I rambled
Up and down, and out and in;
To the garret dark ascending—
Once a source of childish dread—
Peering through the misty cobwebs,
Lo ! I saw my cradle bed.
- 3 Quick I drew it from the rubbish
Covered o'er with dust so long:
When, behold, I heard in fancy
Strains of one familiar song,
Often sung by my dear mother
To me in that cradle bed:
" Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber !
Holy angels guard thy bed ! "
- 4 While I listen to the music
Stealing on in gentle strain,
I am carried back to childhood—
I am now a child again:
'Tis the hour of my retiring,
At the dusky eventide;
Near my cradle bed I'm kneeling,
As of yore, by mother's side.
- 5 Hands are on my head so loving,
As they were in childhood's days;
I, with weary tones, am trying
To repeat the words she says;
'Tis a prayer in language simple
As a mother's lips can frame:
" Father, Thou who art in heaven,
Hallowed, ever, be Thy name."
- 6 Prayer is over: to my pillow
With a " good-night " kiss I creep,
Scarcely waking while I whisper,
" Now I lay me down to sleep."
Then my mother, o'er me bending,
Prays in earnest words, but mild:
" Hear my prayer, O heavenly Father,
Bless, oh bless, my precious child ! "
- 7 Yet I am but only dreaming:
Ne'er I'll be a child again;
Many years has that dear mother
In the quiet graveyard lain;
But her blessed angel spirit
Daily hovers o'er my head,
Calling me from earth to heaven,
Even from my cradle bed.

1198 (N.H.) 125)

P.M.

LEAD me gently home, Father,
Lead me gently home !
'Mid life's darkest hours, Father,
When sad trials come.
Keep my heart from wandering,
Lest my feet should roam;
Lest I fall upon the wayside,
Lead me gently home !

... Lead me gently home, . Father
Lead me gently,
Lest I fall upon the wayside,
Lead me gently home!

- 2 Lead me gently home, Father,
Lead me gently home !
None but Thou can'st guide me,
I cannot walk alone !
I will gladly follow,
Ever follow on:
By Thy loving hand, O Father,
Lead me gently home !
- 3 Lead me gently home, Father,
Lead me gently home !
When life's toils are ended,
And parting days have come,
There to rest for ever
From all earthly gloom,
Lead me, O my heavenly Father,
Lead me gently home !

National Hymns

1199

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

- GOD save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King !
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us:
God save the King !
- 2 Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour;
Long may he reign.
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King !

1200

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

- My country ! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died !
Land of the Pilgrims' pride !
From every mountain-side
Let Freedom ring !
- 2 My native country, thee—
Land of the noble free—
Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.
- 3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet Freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break—
The sound prolong.
- 4 Our fathers' God ! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King !

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Index to First Lines

NO.
 Dear refuge of my..... 106
 Depth of mercy !..... 486
 Descend, O flame of..... 200
 Did Christ o'er..... 68
 Dismiss me not Thy..... 785
 Do you fear the foe will.. 795
 Do you see the Hebrew.. 167
 Down from the mountains 701
 Down in the valley..... 529
 Drawing near with full... 903
 Dying with Jesus, by.... 615

EARLY seeking, early ..1163
 Encamped along 682
 Enthroned is Jesus..... 136
 Eternal Father.....1061
 Eternal Father, Thou....1074

FADE, fade each.....1045
 Fading away like.... 798
 "Faint, yet pursuing".... 681
 Faith is a living..... 310
 Far above in highest.....1137
 Far and near the fields...1086
 Far away beyond the..... 930
 Far away in the depths... 658
 Far away my steps had... 895
 Far, far away, in heathen.1090
 Far, far beyond the storms 971
 Father, before Thy..... 317
 Father, I stretch my..... 493
 Father, in high heaven... 288
 Father of mercies !..... 258
 Fear not ! God is thy.... 811
 Fierce and wild the.....1065
 Firm as a rock, that in the 551
 Firmly stand for God !... 685
 "For Christ and the
 Church" let our voices1096
 "For Christ and the
 Church" we stand....1119
 For Christ is our.....1095
 "For ever with the Lord" 917
 For the tempted, Lord, we 315
 For thee, O dear, dear... 918
 For Thy goodness, O my 653
 For Thy mercy and Thy.1050
 Forward ! be our..... 837
 Fountain of purity..... 572
 Free from the law..... 143
 Friend of sinners ! Lord.. 85
 From every stormy wind..1171
 From Greenland's icy....1070
 From the Bethlehem..... 44
 From the Cross uplifted.. 416
 From yonder western....1102

GATHER them in ! for 779
 Gentle Jesus.....1149
 Gird on the sword and... 676
 Give me the wings..... 907
 Give thanks unto God... 690
 Give to the winds thy.... 561
 Gliding o'er life's..... 911
 Glorious things of Thee.. 221
 Glory be to the Father... 256
 Glory ever be to Jesus... 210
 Glory to God on high.... 7
 Glory to Thee, my..... 301
 Go, and tell Jesus..... 74
 Go, bury thy sorrow..... 777
 Go, labour on !..... 815
 Go on your way rejoicing1116
 Go thou in life's fair....1128
 God be with you..... 298

NO.
 God calling yet I..... 839
 God holds the key..... 743
 God is here, and that to.. 307
 God is love ! His mercy..1190
 "God is Love !" His Word 233
 God loved the world..... 17
 God, make my life a.....1143
 God moves in a..... 516
 God of love, and God of.. 238
 God of mercy ! God....1067
 God save our gracious...1199
 God will take care of you. 517
 God's almighty arms..... 655
 Going forth at Christ's...1077
 Golden harps are..... 87
 Grace ! 'tis a charming... 8
 Gracious Spirit, Holy.... 662
 Grand is the song of the..1034
 Great God, and wilt.....1150
 Great God, with wonder. 259
 Great is the Lord, who... 229
 Great Jehovah, mighty...1083
 Great Ruler of the.....1062
 Guide me, O Thou..... 524

HAIL to the Lord's 67
 Hallelujah !..... 153
 Hallelujah ! He is risen... 157
 Hallelujah ! Jesus saves.. 891
 Hark, a voice is calling... 689
 Hark, hark, my soul..... 231
 Hark ! hark ! the song....1157
 Hark ! hark ! the song the 999
 Hark, my soul, it is..... 365
 Hark, sinner, while..... 442
 Hark, ten thousand..... 149
 Hark, the glad sound..... 25
 Hark the herald angels... 30
 Hark ! the temperance... 700
 Hark the voice of..... 813
 Hark ! there comes a.... 344
 Hark ! 'tis the Shepherd's 752
 Hark ! 'tis the watchman's
 cry..... 807
 Hark ! what mean those.. 24
 Hast thou no room within 465
 Hasten, Lord, the.....1087
 Hasten, sinner, to be.... 457
 Have ye heard the song.. 755
 Have you any room..... 443
 Have you been to Jesus.. 379
 Have you had a kindness. 801
 Have you on the Lord... 865
 He dies ! He dies ! th... 171
 He feedeth His flock..... 554
 He hath spoken, Be still.. 95
 He is coming..... 172
 He is seeking for the lost. 62
 He leadeth His own with. 518
 He leadeth me !..... 542
 He lives and loves, our... 70
 He sendeth the sunshine.1060
 Hear the everlasting.....1081
 Hear us, O Saviour..... 328
 Hear us, Thou that..... 197
 Heavenly Father !..... 491
 Help me, O Lord, the.... 636
 Here below on life's.... 781
 Here from the world..... 325
 Hide me, O my Saviour.. 520
 High in yonder heav'nly..1020
 Ho ! every one that is... 415
 Ho ! my comrades..... 689
 Ho ! reapers in the..... 753
 Ho ! reapers of life's.... 761

NO.
 Hold Thou my hand !.... 550
 Holy Father, hear my cry. 588
 Holy Ghost, with light... 199
 Holy ! Holy ! Holy !.... 22
 Holy, holy, holy is..... 223
 Holy Spirit, faithful..... 194
 Holy Spirit, lead us..... 192
 Hope on, hope on, O.... 715
 How can we forget Him..1135
 How dear to my heart.... 724
 How firm a foundation... 526
 How honoured, how dear. 213
 How oft our souls are.... 722
 How pleased and blest... 271
 How solemn are the..... 461
 How sweet, my Saviour.. 878
 How sweet the hour of... 321
 How sweet the name..... 112
 Hushed was the evening.1148

I AM coming to the..... 477
 I am far frae my..... 982
 I am glad I have heard... 594
 I am not skilled to..... 849
 I am redeem'd, oh..... 864
 I am sailing afar on the... 565
 I am so glad that our.... 38
 I am Thine, O Lord..... 607
 I am Thine own, O..... 603
 I am thinking to-day.... 787
 I am trusting Thee, Lord 641
 I am waiting for the.....1008
 I am walking on the..... 887
 I believed in God's..... 867
 I came a wanderer..... 850
 I come, O blessed Lord.. 467
 I could not do without... 844
 I feel like singing all.... 218
 I gave My life for thee... 621
 I have a Saviour..... 350
 I have given up all for... 590
 I have heard of a home...1194
 I have heard of a Saviour's
 love.....1182
 I have heard of Jesus in.. 41
 I have learnt a heavenly.. 645
 I have read of a.....1195
 I hear a song..... 934
 I hear the Saviour say... 855
 I hear the words of..... 882
 I hear thy welcome..... 475
 I heard the voice..... 216
 I know I love Thee..... 649
 I know not the hour.... 980
 I know not what awaits.. 564
 I know not why God's... 857
 I know that Jesus ever... 890
 I know that my..... 892
 I know Thy hand..... 860
 I lay my sins on Jesus... 870
 I looked to Jesus in my... 863
 I love Thee, Lord ; yet.. 604
 I love Thy Kingdom..... 253
 I love to hear the story...1156
 I love to tell the story... 46
 I love to think of the.... 991
 I love to think, though...1144
 I met a stranger fair to... 50
 I must walk through the.1038
 I need Thee every hour.. 577
 I once was a stranger.... 897
 I sail in the light that... 921
 I saw a wayworn.....1014
 I see God's sun behind... 742
 I stood outside the gate.. 482

Index to First Lines

	NO.		NO.		NO.
I think when I read that..	1136	Jesus bids us shine.....	1138	Like a river glorious.....	652
I to the hills will lift.....	244	Jesus calls us o'er the....	762	Like a shepherd, tender.	528
I wandered in the shades.	862	Jesus Christ is passing... 492		Like some sweet bird....	56
I want the adorning.....	576	Jesus, Gracious One.....	386	Like wandering sheep....	472
I was a wandering.....	484	Jesus! I am resting.....	635	Little children may be... 1132	
I was once far away.....	906	Jesus, I my cross.....	597	Lo! a fountain, full.....	137
I was wand'ring, sad.....	499	Jesus, I will trust Thee ..	468	Lo! He comes with.....	161
I will praise the Lord....	899	Jesus is calling! forth to.	679	Lo! the day of God.....	688
I will sing of my.....	896	Jesus is coming!.....	178	Lone and weary, sad and.	481
I will sing the love of....	36	Jesus is our Shepherd... 1153		Lonely hearts to comfort. 1118	
I will sing the wondrous.	875	Jesus is tenderly calling..	396	Long in darkness we.....	702
I will tell the precious....	888	Jesus, keep me near.....	134	Look away to Jesus.....	409
I will tell you the.....	69	Jesus knocks, He calls... 358		Look away to the Cross..	114
I will commune with.....	502	Jesus knows thy sorrow..	48	Look not behind thee....	438
I would have the Saviour.	578	Jesus lives and Jesus....	150	Look to Jesus, weary....	371
I would not ask for.....	640	Jesus, Lover of my soul.	227	Look to the Saviour!....	427
I would not live alway....	926	Jesus, Lover of my (Solo) 1172		"Look unto Me!" (Look)	397
I'm a pilgrim and a.....	826	Jesus loves me.....	1155	Look unto Me! (Oh)....	385
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a..	827	Jesus my all, to heaven... 900		Look up! look up! ye... 124	
I'm not ashamed to own..	883	Jesus, my Lord!.....	476	Look, ye saints.....	127
I've a message from the..	411	Jesus, my Saviour, is all..	90	Lord, at Thy mercy.....	478
I've found a friend in....	104	Jesus, my Saviour, to....	40	Lord, dismiss us with....	287
I've found a Friend, oh..	871	Jesus, my Shepherd and..	567	Lord, for to-morrow and.	638
I've found a joy in.....	886	Jesus, of Thee we ne'er..	278	Lord God the Holy Ghost	323
I've found the pearl of... 88		Jesus redeemed and made	643	Lord, I have made Thy..	260
I've learned to sing a....	240	Jesus, Saviour, on Thy... 299		Lord, I hear of.....	485
I've reached the land....	944	Jesus, Saviour, pilot me..	556	Lord Jesus, I long.....	569
I've wandered far away..	471	Jesus shall reign.....	1084	Lord Jesus, Thou dost... 552	
If I were a voice.....	1188	Jesus, tender Saviour....	1154	Lord, keep us safe this... 300	
If in the valley where the.	796	Jesus, the very thought... 60		Lord of the Sabbath!....	274
If Jesus should call you..	454	Jesus, the water of.....	354	Lord, speak to me, that I.	786
Impatient heart, be still..	183	Jesus, Thine all-victorious		Lord, teach us how to....	333
In a world where sorrow.. 1107		love.....	187	Lord, we come before....	331
In ancient days when....	880	Jesus, Thou joy of loving.	285	Lord, we gather in Thy..	324
In Christ is love.....	858	Jesus, Thou Refuge.....	105	Love Divine, all loves....	242
In grace the holy God... 18		Jesus, Thy blood.....	177	Loved with everlasting... 852	
In many a little village... 1147		Jesus, Thy boundless....	63	Low in the grave He.... 152	
In robes made white.....	915	Jesus, Thy name I love..	204		
In some way or other....	19	Jesus wants me for a....	1129		
In tenderness He sought.	59	Jesus, we Thy promise..	329		
In the crimson blush of..	179	Join all the glorious.....	86		
In the cross of Christ....	239	Joy-bells ringing.....	1127		
In the early morning.....	766	Joy to the world!.....	103		
In the fadeless.....	1005	Joy to the world (Chant).	111		
In the harvest field there.	754	Just as I am.....	473		
In the heavenly pastures.	501	Just as thou art.....	420		
In the hour when guilt... 92		Just beyond the silent....	933		
In the land of fadeless... 1012					
In the land of strangers..	447	K EEP step with the.... 1092			
In the land where the....	993	Knocking!.....	422		
In the Rifted Rock.....	100				
In the secret of His pre-		L ABOURERS for..... 809			
sence He will.....	535	"Land ahead!"... 938			
In the secret of His pre-		Lead me gently home... 1198			
sence how my soul....	1186	Lead me now, and lead..	523		
In the shadow of His....	644	Lead to the shadow.....	546		
In the shadow of the		Lead us, Heavenly Father	538		
Highest.....	521	Leader of faithful souls..	831		
In the shadow of the Rock	531	Leave me not, for I am... 534			
In the silent midnight....	441	Leave not for to-morrow.	758		
In Thy cleft, O Rock....	557	"Let not your heart be"	727		
In Thy name, O Lord... 255		Let the light of love....	1105		
Is there a sinner?.....	364	Let us sing a song.....	832		
Is thy cruse of comfort?..	760	Let us sing again the....	234		
It came to me one.....	876	Let us sing of the love... 15			
It is a thing most.....	1152	Let us sing of the.....	304		
It is not time that flies... 1042		Let us with a gladsome... 765			
It may be at morn.....	163	Let us work and pray....	1112		
It may not be on the....	598	Life at best is very brief..	437		
It passeth knowledge....	620	Life wears a diff'rent face	885		
		Lift up thine eyes, O....	1089		
J ERUSALEM, my.....	1010	Lift up your eyes to the..	763		
Jerusalem, the.....	217	Light after darkness.....	830		
Jesus, and shall it ever be.	905	Light in the darkness....	1063		
Jesus, Beloved of my....	646	Like a bird on the deep..	466		
				M AJESTIC sweet....	893
				Make room for.....	455
				Man of sorrows!.....	102
				March on, march on!....	130
				Master, the tempest....	61
				Meet me there! oh, meet.	1006
				Mine eyes have seen the.	697
				More about Jesus would.	571
				More holiness give me... 582	
				More love to Thee.....	632
				Mourner, wheresoe'er....	744
				Must I go?.....	789
				Must Jesus bear the.....	610
				My country! 'tis of thee.. 1200	
				My faith looks up.....	235
				My Father is rich.....	946
				My Father, this I ask of..	800
				My Glorious Victor.....	591
				My God, I have found... 131	
				My God, I thank Thee... 246	
				My God, is any hour....	314
				My God, my Father.....	718
				My heart is resting.....	609
				My heart's in the.....	976
				My hope is built on.....	902
				My Jesus, I love Thee... 659	
				My life flows on in.....	250
				My Saviour, oh, what... 613	
				My Saviour, Thou hast..	589
				My Saviour's praises I... 241	
				My soul at last a rest... 558	
				My spirit, soul, and body.	637
				My times are in Thy....	661
				N EARER, blessed.....	580
				Nearer, my God....	581
				Nearer the Cross!.....	859

Index to First Lines

	NO.		NO.		NO.
"Neither do I condemn"	47	Oh, could I speak the....	205	One there is who.....	445
Never lose the golden....	1133	Oh, do not let the.....	335	Only a beam of sunshine..	733
Never shone a light so...	27	Oh for a closer walk....	583	Only a few more years...	916
Night has fallen on the...	720	Oh for a faith that.....	327	Only a little while.....	746
No longer wait, my.....	453	Oh for a song, a fair....	935	Only "a little while"	
No longer we'll wander..	970	Oh for a thousand.....	243	sowing.....	947
Not all the blood of.....	117	Oh for the peace.....	910	Only a little word.....	797
Not far, not far, from....	346	Oh, give thy heart to....	436	Only a look from my.....	959
"Not I, but Christ"....	623	Oh, glorious hope of....	919	Only a step to Jesus....	448
"Not my own!" but....	592	Oh, hear my cry.....	462	Only an armour-bearer..	696
Not now, but in the.....	740	Oh, hear the joyful.....	419	Only Jesus feels and....	51
Not now, my child.....	818	Oh, help me tell the story	1106	Only to know that the...	839
Not saved are we by....	398	Oh, how dark the night..	82	Only waiting till the....	1029
Nothing but leaves.....	431	Oh, how happy are they..	889	Onward, Christian.....	706
Nothing, either great....	142	Oh let us all endeavour..	1109	Onward, O junior.....	1103
Now in a song of grateful.	881	Oh, list to the voice!...	775	Onward, soldiers!.....	670
Not just a word for.....	1111	Oh, list to the watchman.	434	Onward, upward.....	693
Now let my soul.....	265	Oh, praise ye the Lord...	12	Onward! upward, home-	507
Now the day is over....	296	Oh, precious heav'nly...	869	Oppress'd by noonday's..	829
O ACHING heart.....	714	Oh, precious words.....	71	Our blest Redeemer.....	191
O banner of Jesus..	1015	Oh, safe to the rock.....	519	Our Fatherland, thy.....	1175
O blessed life! the heart.	599	Oh, scatter seeds of.....	768	Our Junior Band is.....	1123
O brother, have you told.	898	"Oh, serve the Lord"...	247	Our lamps are.....	165
O brother, life's.....	699	Oh, shall I be among that	843	"Our land for Christ!"	1110
O child of God, wait....	712	Oh, sing of my Redeemer	225	Our life is like a stormy...	395
O Christ, I will.....	1125	Oh, spread the tidings...	198	Our Lord is now.....	176
O Christ, in Thee.....	853	Oh, suffer me to come to.	586	Our willing service.....	1114
O Christ, what.....	128	Oh, sweet is the story....	73	Out in the desert.....	479
O church of Christ.....	1076	Oh, tell me the story that.	257	Out of Christ, and yet so..	342
O day of rest and.....	270	Oh, tender and sweet....	466	Out of my bondage.....	498
O eyes that are weary....	721	Oh, the best Friend to...	1191	Out of the shadow-land..	1025
O gentle, sweet, and....	656	Oh, the bitter.....	624	Out on the mountain sad.	418
O God of Bethel!.....	514	Oh, the clanging bells...	1043	Out on the ocean all....	986
O God, our help in.....	513	Oh, the music rolling....	979	Over hill and lofty.....	705
O golden day, when....	1169	Oh, the peaceful.....	1022	Over the river faces I see.	1017
O happy day.....	866	Oh, the precious Gospel.	353	Over the river they call...	988
O homeland!.....	1018	Oh, the precious love of.	773	Over the thorn and thistle	403
O Jesus Christ, grow....	585	Oh, the weary night....	174	P ASS me not.....	488
O Jesus, I have promised.	606	Oh, think of the home...	942	Peace! perfect peace..	726
O Jesus, Saviour, hear...	495	Oh to be over yonder!...	914	Praise be to Jesus, His...	393
O Jesus, Thou art.....	494	Oh, turn ye! oh turn....	426	Praise Him! praise.....	208
O land of rest!.....	920	Oh, welcome, hour of....	308	Praise my soul, the.....	1
O little town of.....	26	Oh, what a Saviour!....	359	Praise our Creator and...	219
O Lord, Thy work.....	322	Oh, what am I, that I....	120	Praise the King of Glory.	209
O Love divine.....	553	Oh, what fellowship....	647	Praise the Lord, and....	220
O Love that passeth....	76	Oh, what shall I do?...	496	Praise the Saviour, ye...	505
O Love that will not let..	633	Oh, what will you do?...	450	Praise ye the Lord!....	215
O my Redeemer, what a..	1170	Oh, where are the.....	749	Praise ye the Lord, lift...	1113
O my Saviour, hear.....	497	Oh where is He?.....	53	Pray, always pray.....	332
O peace divine.....	666	Oh, who is this?.....	122	Pray, brethren, pray....	1032
O sacred head, once.....	126	Oh, wonderful!.....	264	Pray on, pray on.....	305
O Saviour, precious.....	226	Oh, wondrous Name!....	96	Precious promise God....	543
O soul, tossed on the...	545	Oh, world of joy untold..	997	Precious Saviour, I will...	629
O souls in darkness.....	459	Oh, worship the King!...	11	Precious thought—my...	568
O Thou precious Saviour	72	On Calvary's brow.....	116	Precious words, like....	741
O Thou that hearest....	313	On Jordan's stormy.....	973	Press on, press on.....	834
O troubled heart, be thou	709	On, march on, O army...	1098	Press onward, press.....	402
O troubled heart, there is.	716	On that bright and.....	159	Q UIET, Lord, my.....	737
O wand'rer, come to the..	444	On the mountain's.....	734	R EDEEMED from....	211
O wand'rer from thy....	360	On the resurrection.....	1028	Redemption, oh....	16
O wand'ring souls, why..	383	On Thee my heart is....	619	Rejoice and be.....	224
O watchman on the.....	186	On yonder hill of Calvary.	121	Rejoice in the Lord!....	508
O weary heart, there....	710	Once again the Gospel...	381	Rejoice! rejoice! our...	164
O weary heart, why seek.	384	Once I was dead in sin...	78	Rejoice! rejoice! ye....	654
O weary pilgrim.....	717	Once in royal David's....	32	Rejoice! the Lord is....	155
O word, of words the...	425	Once it was the blessing..	593	Repeat the story o'er...	665
O'er the cold and chilly..	955	Once more at rest.....	293	Rescue the perishing....	814
O'er the gloomy hills of.	1068	Once more, my soul....	474	Rescue the souls that....	820
Of Him who left His....	1142	Once more, O Lord, we..	312	Rest in the Lord, O....	732
Oft in sorrow, oft in woe.	674	One by one we cross.....	1031	Rest of the weary, Joy...	109
Oh, blessed home where..	974	One is our Master.....	500	Resting on the.....	668
Oh, come, all ye faithful..	31	One little hour for.....	774		
Oh come, sinner.....	347	One offer of salvation....	84		
Oh, come to the.....	410	One sweetly solemn.....	987		
		One there is above all....	65		

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Index to First Lines

<p>'Tis known on earth..... 45 'Tis midnight ; and..... 132 'Tis only a little way..... 929 'Tis the blessed hour.... 303 'Tis the grandest theme.. 848 'Tis the hallowed hour of. 320 'Tis the promise of God.. 841 'Tis the Saviour who.... 446 To-day the Saviour..... 340 To God be the glory..... 23 To the cross of Christ I.. 651 To the work !..... 751 To us a Child of hope.... 34 Trav'ling to the better... 828 True-hearted, whole-.... 602 Trust God as a child of.. 563 Trust on, trust on !..... 692 Trusting in the Lord thy. 804 Trying to walk in the.... 1158 Turn thee, O lost one.... 449 'Twas Jesus my Saviour.. 847 'Twill not be long..... 840</p> <p>UNDER His wings..... 541</p> <p>WAKE thou, my harp.. 232 Walk in the light.. 503 Walking in the sunshine. 1099 Watch, earnestly watch.. 181 We adore Thee, O Lord. 283 We are but little..... 1139 We are coming home to.. 487 We are marching to a city 928 We are out on the..... 509 We are pilgrims looking.. 833 We are waiting, blessed. 170 We bless Thee for Thy.. 663 We come to-day from.... 1091 We have a firm..... 851 We have heard the..... 1079 We know there's a..... 1011 We may not climb the.... 729 We meet again with..... 1126 We never grow weary of.. 368 We plough the fields..... 1053 We praise Thee, O Lord. 1058 We praise Thee, we..... 206 We shall meet beyond.... 936 We shall reach the..... 1001 We shall sleep, but not... 1037</p>	<p>We shall stand before.... 966 We speak of the land.... 923 We walk by faith..... 842 We want the young for.. 1166 We will not despair..... 708 We would see Jesus..... 925 We're banded together... 1122 We're marching to..... 694 We're soldiers of the.... 684 Weary child, thy sin..... 1196 Weary of earth and laden. 489 Weary of wandering..... 728 Weary wanderer..... 404 Weeping will not..... 337 What a blessed hope is... 49 What a Friend we..... 319 What can wash away..... 874 What means this..... 77 What shall I do with.... 483 What though clouds..... 711 What though th' accuser. 691 What various hindrances. 311 What will it matter..... 943 Whatever you do..... 1101 When all my labours and. 949 When all Thy mercies... 515 When for me the sun-... 1033 When God of old the way 144 When He cometh..... 1140 When I came to Jesus.... 614 When I shall wake in.... 909 When I survey the..... 115 When Jesus comes..... 791 When Jesus shall gather.. 166 When my life-work is.... 967 When our heads are..... 736 When our ships have.... 965 When peace like..... 901 When storms around.... 555 When the heart made.... 611 When the mists have.... 945 When the storms of..... 547 When the trumpet of the. 983 When this passing world. 660 When upon life's billows. 745 When we gather at last... 998 When we walk with the.. 642 Where hast thou built ?.. 451 Where is my wandering.. 776 Where my Saviour's..... 544 Where the faded flower... 1009</p>	<p style="text-align: right;">NO.</p> <p>Where will you spend E-ternity ? (This question) 430 Where will you spend E-ternity ? (Those years). 439 Where'er my Father's.... 725 While Jesus whispers.... 336 While shepherds watched 33 While we pray, and..... 341 While with ceaseless..... 1047 "Who are these whose". 1003 Who came down from.... 75 Who is He in yonder.... 66 Who is on the Lord's.... 792 Who, who are these ?.... 1021 Who, who will go to.... 784 Who will man the..... 782 Whoever receiveth the... 400 Whom have I, Lord..... 845 Whosoever heareth..... 389 Why do you linger ?.... 428 Why do you wait ?..... 351 Why perish with cold.... 423 Why should we start.... 1035 Why waitest thou, O.... 348 Will our lamps be filled.. 185 Will there be light ?.... 1039 Will you meet me at the.. 962 Will you meet me in the. 1007 Will your anchor hold ?.. 879 Wilt thou not come, O... 394 With cheerful songs and. 1108 With friends on earth.... 961 With harps and with..... 1023 With joy I draw from.... 822 With my Saviour ever... 530 With songs and honours. 1056 Work, for the night is.... 778 Work, for time is flying.. 799 Would we be joyful in... 780 Would you be free from.. 145 Wouldst thou, O weary... 421</p> <p>YE Christian heralds... 1075 Ye servants of God. 212 Yes, for me, for me, He.. 664 Yes, we'll meet again in.. 994 Yet there is room..... 429 Yield not to temptation.. 698 Yielded to God, my body. 618 You're starting, my boy.. 1151 Young men in Christ.... 812</p>
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