

1

All Hail The Power of Jesus' Name

Verses 1-3 Edward Perronet, 1779, 1780

Verse 4 John Rippon, 1787

Oliver Holden, 1793

All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem, And hail Him Lord of all;
Bring forth the royal diadem, And hail Him Lord of all.

Ye chosen seed of Israel's race, Ye who did hear the call,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And hail Him Lord of all;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And hail Him Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe, On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe, And hail Him Lord of all;
To Him all majesty ascribe, And hail Him Lord of all.

O that with yonder sacred throng We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song, And hail Him Lord of all;
We'll join the everlasting song, And hail Him Lord of all.

2

All Hail The Power (Second Tune)

Verses 1-3, Edward Perronet, 1779, 1780

Verse 4, John Rippon, 1787

James Ellor, 19th cent.

All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall; Let angels prostrate fall;
Behold the royal diadem
And crown Him,
crown Him,
crown Him,
crown Him;
And crown Him Lord of all!

Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye who did hear the call, ye who did hear the call,
Praise Him who saves you by His grace,

And crown Him,
crown Him,
crown Him,
crown Him;
And crown Him Lord of all!

Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
On this terrestrial ball, on this terrestrial ball
To Him all majesty ascribe And crown Him,
crown Him,
crown Him,
crown Him;
And crown Him Lord of all!

O that, with yonder angel throng,
We at His feet may fall, we at His feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song
And crown Him,
crown Him,
crown Him,
crown Him;
And crown Him Lord of all!

3

Come Thou Almighty King

Author unknown
Felice de Giardini

Come, Thou almighty King, Help us Thy Name to sing,
Help us to praise!
Father all glorious, over all victorious,
Come and reign over us, Ancient of Days!

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, Our prayer attend!

Come, Holy Advocate, A pure heart in us create
In this glad hour.

Thou who almighty art, Open our minds to see,
What Christ would have us be, Spirit of power!

4

A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

Psalm 46

Words: Martin Luther, 1529

Translated: Frederick H. Hedge, 1853

Tune: EIN' FESTE BURG

A mighty fortress is our God, a bulwark never failing;
Our helper He, amid the flood of mortal ills prevailing:
For still our ancient foe doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and power are great, and, armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

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

That word above all earthly powers, no thanks to them, abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours through Him Who with us sideth:
Let good and kindred go, this mortal life also;
The body they may kill: God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is forever.

5

The Solid Rock

Martin Luther, 1529

Trans. Frederick H. Hedge, 1853

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.

When darkness seems to hide His face, I rest on His unchanging grace.
In ev'ry high and stormy gale, my anchor holds within the vale.
On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand; all other ground is sinking sand.
All other ground is sinking sand.

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.
On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand; all other ground is sinking sand.
All other ground is sinking sand.

When He shall come with trumpet sound, oh, may I then in Him be found;
Dressed in His righteousness alone, faultless to stand before the throne.
On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand; all other ground is sinking sand.
All other ground is sinking sand.

6

Blessed Be the Name

Words: adapted from Charles Wesley, 1739, alt..

Music: Arr. B.B. McKinney, 20th century

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

Jesus the name that calms our fears,
Blessèd be the name of the Lord!
Tis music in the sinner's ears
Blessèd be the name of the Lord!
Blessèd be the name, blessèd be the name
Blessèd be the name of the Lord!
Blessèd be the name, blessèd be the name
Blessèd be the name of the Lord!

He breaks the pow'r of cancelled sin;
Blessèd be the name of the Lord!
His blod can make the foulest clean.
Blessèd be the name of the Lord!
Blessèd be the name, blessèd be the name
Blessèd be the name of the Lord!

Blessèd be the name, blessèd be the name
Blessèd be the name of the Lord!

I never shall forget that day
Blessèd be the name of the Lord!
When Jesus washed my sins away.
Blessèd be the name of the Lord!
Blessèd be the name, blessèd be the name
Blessèd be the name of the Lord!
Blessèd be the name, blessèd be the name
Blessèd be the name of the Lord!

7

Christ the Lord is Risen Today

Words: Charles Wesley, 1740, alt. (translated from Lyra Davidica)

Music: from Lyra Davidica, c1708

Christ, the Lord, is risen today, Alleluia!
Sons of men and angels say, Alleluia!
Raise your joys and triumphs high, Alleluia!
Sing, ye heavens, and earth, reply, Alleluia!

Lives again our glorious King, Alleluia!
Where, O death, is now thy sting? Alleluia!
Dying once He all doth save, Alleluia!
Where thy victory, O grave? Alleluia!

Love's redeeming work is done, Alleluia!
Fought the fight, the battle won, Alleluia!
Death in vain forbids His rise, Alleluia!
Christ hath opened Paradise, Alleluia!

Soar we now where Christ hath led, Alleluia!
Following our exalted Head, Alleluia!
Made like Him, like Him we rise, Alleluia!
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies, Alleluia!

8

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

Words: Robert Robinson, 1758

Music: "Nettleton" John Wyeth, 1813

Come, Thou Fount of every blessing, tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing, call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet, sung by flaming tongues above.
Praise the mount! I'm fixed upon it, mount of Thy redeeming love.

Here I raise my Ebenezer; here by Thy great help I've come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure, safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger, wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger, interposed His precious blood.

O to grace how great a debtor daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter, bind my wandering heart to Thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it, prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it, seal it for Thy courts above.

9

Crown Him With Many Crowns

Matthew Bridges, 1851

George J. Elvey, 1868

Crown Him with many crowns, The Lamb upon His throne;
Hark! How the heav'nly anthem drowns all music but its own!
Awake, my soul, and sing of Him who died for thee;
And hail Him as thy matchless King through all eternity.

Crown Him the Lord of love! Behold His hands and side,
Rich wounds, yet visible above, In beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends His wond'ring eye at mysteries so bright.

Crown Him the Lord of life! Who triumphed o'er the grave,
Who rose victorious to the strife for those He came to save:
His glories now we sing, Who died and rose on high,
Who died eternal life to bring and lives that death may die.

Crown Him the Lord of Heaven! One with the Father known,
Receive the Spirit through Him giv'n from yonder glorious throne!
To Thee be endless praise, for Thou for us hast died;

Be Thou, O Lord, through endless days, adored and magnified.

10

Eternal Father, Strong To Save

Navy Hymn

William Whiting, 1860, alt.

John B. Dykes, 1821

Eternal Father, strong to save, Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bid'st the mighty ocean deep its own appointed limits keep:
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee, for those in peril on the sea!

O Savior, Whose almighty word the winds and waves submissive heard,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep and calm amid its rage didst sleep:
O hear us when we cry to Thee for those in peril on the sea.

Your sacred Spirit, Who didst brood upon the chaos dark and rude,
Who bad'st its angry tumult cease and gavest light and life and peace:
O hear us when we cry to Thee or those in peril on the sea.

O mighty God of love and pow'r, Our brethren shield in danger's hour,
from rock and tempest, fire and foe. Protect them where soe'er they go:
And ever let there rise to Thee glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

11

God Of Our Fathers, Whose Almighty Hand

Words, Daniel C. Roberts, 1876

Tune, George W. Warren, 1876

God of our fathers, Whose almighty hand
Leads forth in beauty all the starry band
Of shining worlds in splendor through the skies
Our grateful songs before Thy throne arise.

Thy love divine hath led us in the past,
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast,

Be Thou our Ruler, Guardian, Guide and Stay,
Thy Word our law, Thy paths our chosen way.

From war's alarms, from deadly pestilence,
Be Thy strong arm our ever sure defense;
Thy true religion in our hearts increase,
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.

Refresh Thy people on their toilsome way,
Lead us from night to never ending day;
Fill all our lives with love and grace divine,
And glory, laud, and praise be ever Thine.

012

Battle Hymn Of The Republic

Julia Ward Howe

William Steffe

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;
His truth is marching on.
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! His truth is marching on.

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.
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the valley 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 live to make men free;
While God is marching on.
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! While God is marching on.

013

O for a Thousand Tongues to Sing

Charles Wesley, 1739, alt.

Carl G. Glaser, 1828

Arr. Lowell Mason, 1839

O for a thousand tongues to sing my dear Redeemer's praise:
The glories of my God and King, the triumphs of His grace!

Jesus, the name that calms our fears, That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears, 'Tis life and health and peace.

He breaks the pow'r of reigning sin, He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the sinful clean, His blood availed for me.

My gracious Master and my God, Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad the honors of Thy name.

014

Guide Me, O Thou Great Eternal

William Williams, Welsh, 745

Verse 1, Trans. Peter Williams, 1771

Verses 2, 3, Trans. William Williams, 1772

John Hughes, 1907

Guide me, O Thou great Eternal, Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty; Hold me with Thy pow'rful hand;
Bread of heaven. Bread of heaven. Feed me till I want no more,
Feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain, Whence the healing stream doth flow;
Let the fire and cloudy pillar lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer. Strong Deliverer. Be Thou still my Strength and Shield,
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan, Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death and hell's destruction, Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises. Songs of praises. I will ever give to Thee,
I will ever give to Thee.

015

Holy, Holy, Holy!

Reginald Heber, 1826, alt.

John Bacchus Dykes, 1861

Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song to Thee be raised;
Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty!
God ever glorious evermore be praised.

Holy, Holy, Holy! All the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Holy, Holy, Holy! Though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee
Perfect in pow'r, in love, and purity.

Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth and sky and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty!
God ever glorious, ever praise to Thee.

016

How Firm a Foundation (Adeste Fideles)

"K" in Rippon's Selection, 1787, alt.

J.F. Wade's Cantus Diversi, 1751

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
is laid for your faith in His excellent word!
What more can He say than to you He hath said,
To you who, for refuge, to Jesus have fled?
To you who, for refuge, to Jesus have fled?

"Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help[thee and cause thee to stand
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

"When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be near thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress,

"The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose
I will not I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no never forsake,
I'll never, no, never, no never forsake."

017

Love Divine, All Loves Excelling

Charles Wesley, 1747, alt.

John Zundel, 1870

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 trembling heart.

Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit, Let us find the promised rest;
Take away the love of sinning; Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its Beginning, Set our hearts at liberty.

Come, Almighty to deliver, Let us all Thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never, nevermore Thy temples leave,
Thee we would be always blessing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
Pray and praise Thee without ceasing, Glory in Thy perfect love.

Finish, then, Thy new creation; Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation perfectly restored in Thee;
Changed from glory into glory, Till with Thee we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee, Lost in wonder, love and praise.

018

I Am Thine, O Lord

Fanny J. Crosby

W.H. Doann

I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
But I long to rise in the arms of faith And be closer drawn to Thee.
Draw me nearer, nearer blessed Lord, To the way that thou hast shown.
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer blessed Lord, To Thy ever ruling throne.

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.
Draw me nearer, nearer blessed Lord, To the way that thou hast shown.
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer blessed Lord, To Thy ever ruling throne.

O the pure delight of a single hour That before Thy throne I spend,
When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God I commune as friend with
friend!
Draw me nearer, nearer blessed Lord, To the way that thou hast shown.
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer blessed Lord, To Thy ever ruling throne.

There are depths of love that I cannot know Till I have immortality;
There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.
Draw me nearer, nearer blessed Lord, To the way that thou hast shown.
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer blessed Lord, To Thy ever ruling throne.

019

O Worship The King

Robert Grant, 1833

J. Michael Haydn, 1737-1806

O worship the King, all glorious above,
O gratefully sing His power and His love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space,

His chariots of wrath the deep thunderclouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

020

Praise Him! Praise Him!

Fanny J. Crosby, 1820-1915, alt.

Chester G. Allen, 19th cent.

Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessèd Redeemer!
Sing, O Earth, His wonderful love proclaim!
Hail Him! hail Him! highest archangels in glory;
Strength and honor give to His holy Name!
Like a shepherd, Jesus will guard His children,
In His arms He carries them all day long:
Praise Him! Praise Him! Tell of His excellent greatness.
Praise Him! Praise Him! Ever in joyful song!

Praise Him! Praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Redeemer!
For our sins He suffered, and bled, and died.
He our Rock, our hope of eternal salvation,
Hail Him! hail Him! Jesus the Crucified.
Sound His praises! Jesus who bore our sorrows,
Love unbounded, wonderful, deep and strong.
Praise Him! Praise Him! Tell of His excellent greatness.
Praise Him! Praise Him! Ever in joyful song!

Praise Him! Praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Redeemer!
Heavenly portals loud with hosannas ring!
Jesus, Savior, reigneth forever and ever.
Crown Him! Crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King!
Christ is coming! over the world victorious,

Power and glory unto the Lord belong.
Praise Him! Praise Him! Tell of His excellent greatness.
Praise Him! Praise Him! Ever in joyful song!

021

Revive Us Again

William P. Mackay, 19th cent.

John J. Husband, 1760-1825

We praise Thee, O God, for the Son of Thy love,
For Jesus who died and is now gone above!
Hallelujah! Thine the glory, Hallelujah! Amen.
Hallelujah! Thine the glory; revive us again.

We praise Thee, O God, for Thy Spirit of light
Who has shown us our Savior and scattered our night!
Hallelujah! Thine the glory, Hallelujah! Amen.
Hallelujah! Thine the glory; revive us again.

All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins and hath cleansed ev'ry stain,
Hallelujah! Thine the glory, Hallelujah! Amen.
Hallelujah! Thine the glory; revive us again.

Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.
Hallelujah! Thine the glory, Hallelujah! Amen.
Hallelujah! Thine the glory; revive us again.

22

Praise Ye, the Lord, the Almighty

Joachim Neander, 1680

Trans. Catherine Winkworth, 1863

From Stralsund Gesangbuch, 1665

Arr. in Praxis Pietatis Melica, 1668

Praise ye the Lord, the Almighty, the King of creation!
O my soul, praise Him, for He is thy health and salvation!
All ye who hear, now to His temple draw near;
Join me in glad adoration!

Praise ye the Lord, Who over all things so wondrously reigneth,
Shelters thee under His wings, yea, so gently sustaineth!
Hast thou not seen how thy desires ever have been
Granted in what He ordaineth?

Praise ye the Lord, O let all that is in me adore Him!
All that hath life and breath, come now with praises before Him.
Let the Amen sound from His people again,
Gladly for aye we adore Him.

23

Stand Up For Jesus

George Duffield, Jr., 1858, alt.

George J. Webb, 1837

Stand up, stand up for Jesus, ye soldiers of the word;
Lift high His royal banner, and send it 'round the world.
From victory unto victory His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished, and Christ is Lord indeed.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus, 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.

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

Stand up, stand up for Jesus, 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.

24

Standing On The Promises

R. Kelso Carter, 1849-1928

Standing on the promises of Christ my King,
Through eternal ages let His praises ring;

Glory in the highest I will shout and sing,
Standing on the promises of God.
Standing, standing,
(Standing on the promises, standing on the promises)
Standing on the promises of God my Saviour;
Standing , standing,
(Standing on the promises, standing on the promises)
I'm standing on the promises of God.

Standing on the promises that cannot fail,
When the howling storms of doubt and fears assail,
By the living Word of God I shall prevail,
Standing on the promises of God.
Standing, standing,
(Standing on the promises, standing on the promises)
Standing on the promises of God my Saviour;
Standing , standing,
(Standing on the promises, standing on the promises)
I'm standing on the promises of God.

Standing on the promises I now can see
Perfect, present Cleansing in the blood for me;
Standing in the liberty where Christ makes free,
Standing on the promises of God.
Standing, standing,
(Standing on the promises, standing on the promises)
Standing on the promises of God my Saviour;
Standing , standing,
(Standing on the promises, standing on the promises)
I'm standing on the promises of God.

Standing on the promises of Christ the Lord,
Bound to Him eternally by love's strong cord,
Overcoming daily with the Spirit's sword,
Standing on the promises of God.
Standing, standing,
(Standing on the promises, standing on the promises)
Standing on the promises of God my Saviour;
Standing , standing,
(Standing on the promises, standing on the promises)
I'm standing on the promises of God.

The Church's One Foundation

Samuel J. Stone, 1866, alt.

Samuel S. Wesley, 1864

The Church's one Foundation is Jesus Christ, her Lord;
 She is His new creation by water and the word;
 From heav'n He came and sought her to be His holy bride;
 With His own blood He bought her, and for her life He died.

Elect from ev'ry 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 ev'ry grace endued.

'Mid toil and tribulation and tumult of her war,
 She waits the consummation of peace forevermore
 Till, with the vision glorious, her longing eyes are blest
 And the great Church victorious shall be the Church at rest.

Yet she on earth hath union With God and Christ, His Son,
 And there is sweet communion With those whose rest is won;
 O happy ones and holy! Lord, give us grade that we,
 Like them, the meek and lowly, may one day reign with Thee.

To God Be The Glory

Fanny J. Crosby, 1820-1915

William H. Doane, 1832-1915

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

O perfect redemption, the purchase of blood,
 To every believer the promise of God;

The vilest offender who truly believes,
That moment from Jesus a pardon receives.
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Let the earth hear His voice!
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Let the people rejoice!
O come to the Father, through Jesus the Son,
And give Him the glory, great things He has done.

Great things He has taught us, great things He has done,
And great our rejoicing through Jesus the Son;
But purer, and higher, and greater will be
Our wonder, our victory, when Jesus we see.
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Let the earth hear His voice!
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Let the people rejoice!
O come to the Father, through Jesus the Son,
And give Him the glory, great things He has done.

27

O God, Our Help in Ages Past

Isaac Watts, 1719

William Croft, 1708

O God, our help in ages past, our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast, and our eternal home.

Before the hills in order stood, or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God, to endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night before the rising sun.

O God, our help in ages past, our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while life shall last and our eternal home.

28

Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee

Henry van Dyke, 1907

Ludwig van Beethoven, 1824

Joyful, joyful, we adore Thee, God of glory, Lord of love;
Hearts unfold like flow'rs before Thee, op'ning to the sun above.
Melt the clouds of sin and sadness; drive the dark of doubt away.
Giver of immortal gladness, fill us with the light of day.

All Thy works with joy surround Thee, earth and heav'n reflect Thy rays;
Stars and angels sing around Thee, center of unbroken praise.
Field and forest, vale and mountain, flow'ry meadow, flashing sea.
Chanting bird and flowing fountain, call us to rejoice in Thee.

Thou art giving and forgiving, ever blessing, ever blest,
Wellspring of the joy of living, ocean depth of happy rest!
Thou our Father, Christ our brother, all who live in love are Thine;
Teach us how to love each other; lift us to the joy divine.

Mortals, join the happy chorus which the morning stars began;
Father-love is reigning o'er us; brother-love binds man to man.
Ever singing, march we onward, victors in the midst of strife.
Joyful music leads us onward in the triumph song of life.

29

Never Alone

Anonymous

I've seen the lightning flashing and heard the thunder roll;
I've felt sin's breakers dashing, Trying to conquer my soul;
I've heard the voice of my Savior telling me still to fight on;
He promised never to leave me, Never to leave me alone.
No, never alone! No, never alone!
He promised never to leave me, Never to leave me alone;
No never alone! No, never alone!
He promised never to leave me, Never to leave me alone.

The world's fierce winds are blowing temptations sharp and keen;
I feel a peace in knowing my SAVIOR stands between;
He stands to shield me from danger when earthly friends are gone;
He promised never to leave me, Never to leave me alone.
No, never alone! No, never alone!
He promised never to leave me, Never to leave me alone;
No never alone! No, never alone!
He promised never to leave me, Never to leave me alone.

When in affliction's valley I'm treading the road of care,
My Savior helps me to carry my cross when heavy to bear;
My feet, entangled with friars ready to cast me down,
My savior whispers His promise, "I never will leave thee alone."
No, never alone! No, never alone!
He promised never to leave me, Never to leave me alone;
No never alone! No, never alone!
He promised never to leave me, Never to leave me alone.

30

We Praise Thee, O God, Our Redeemer

*Julis Bulkley Cady, 1882-
Netherlands Folk Song From The Collection
by Andrianus Valerius, 1625*

We praise Thee, O God, our Redeemer, Creator,
In grateful devotion our tribute we bring.
We lay it before Thee, we kneel and adore Thee,
We bless Thy Holy Name, glad praises we sing.

We worship Thee, God of our fathers, we bless Thee;
Through life's storm and tempest our Guide hast Thou been.
When perils o'er-take us, escape Thou wilt make us,
And with Thy help, O lord, our battles we win.

With voices united our praises we offer,
To Thee, great Eternal, glad anthems we raise.
Thy strong arm will guide us, our God is beside us,
To Thee, our Great Redeemer, forever be praise.

31

Christ is Made the Sure Foundation

*Words: Unknown, 7th Century; translated from Latin by John Mason Neale, 1851.
Music: "Regent Square" Henry Smart 1867*

Christ is made the sure Foundation,
Christ the Head and Cornerstone;
Chosen of the Lord and precious,
Binding all the church in one;

Holy Zion's Help forever,
And her Confidence alone.

To this temple, where we call Thee,
Come, O Lord of Hosts, today!
With Thy faithful lovingkindness
Hear Thy people as they pray.
And Thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls always.

Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
What they ask of Thee to gain;
What they gain from Thee forever
With the blessed to retain,
And hereafter in Thy glory
Evermore with Thee to reign.

32

From All That Dwell Below the Skies

Isaac Watts, 1719

Geistliche Kirchengesang, Cologne, 1623

From all that dwell below the skies Let the Creator's praise arise:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Let the Redeemer's name be sung Through ev'ry land, in ev'ry tongue.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

In ev'ry land begin the son, To ev'ry land the strains belong.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
In cheerful sound all voices raise and fill the world with joyful praise.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord; Eternal truth attends Thy word.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore Till suns shall rise and set no more.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

33

I Sing The Mighty Power Of God

Isaac Watts, 1709

*From Gesangbuch der Herzogl,
Wirtembergischen Katholischen Hofkapelle, 1784*

I sing the mighty pow'r of God that made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad and built the lofty skies.
I sing the Wisdom that ordained the sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at His command, and all the stars obey.

I sing the goodness of the Lord that filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with His word and then pronounced them good.
Lord, how Thy wonders are displayed where'er I turn my eye,
If I survey the ground I tread or gaze upon the sky!

There's not a plant or flow'r below but makes Thy glories known,
And clouds arise and tempests blow by order from Thy throne.
While all that borrows life from Thee is ever in Thy care,
And ev'rywhere that man can be, Thou, God, art present there.

34

Lord, Thou Hast Been Our Dwelling Place

The Psalter, 1912

Henri F. Hemy, 1865

Alt. James G. Walton 1871

Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place through all the ages of our race,
Before the mountains had their birth Or ever Thou hadst formed the earth.
From everlasting Thou art God, to everlasting our abode.

O teach Thou us to count our days and set our hearts on wisdom's ways;
Turn, Lord, to us in our distress, In pity now Thy servants bless.
Let mercy's dawn dispel our night and all our day with joy be bright.

O send the day of joy and light, for long has been our sorrow's night;
Afflicted through the weary years, We wait until Thy help appears.
With us and with our sons abide; in us let God be glorified.

So let there be on us bestowed the beauty of the Lord our God;
The work accomplished by our hand establish Thou, and make it stand.
Yes, let our hopeful labor be established evermore by Thee.

35

Bringing In the Sheaves

Words: Knowles Shaw, 1874

Music: George A. Minor, 1880

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

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

Going forth with weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,
We shall come rejoicing, in bringing in the sheaves.
Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves,
Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves,

36

The Spacious Firmament On High

Joseph Addison, 1712

Franz Joseph Haydn, 1798

The spacious firmament on high, With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame, Their great Original proclaim.
Th'unwearied sun, from day to day, Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail, The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth Repeats the story of her birth:

Whilst all the stars that round her burn, And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice or sound Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice, And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine, "The hand that made us is divine."

37

When Morning Gilds the Skies

Anon., German, c. 1800

Trans. Edward Caswell, 1853, 1858

Joseph Barnby, 1868

When morning gilds the skies, my heart, awaking, cries,
May Jesus Christ be praised.
Alike at work and prayer to Jesus I repair;
May Jesus Christ be praised!

The night becomes as day when, from the heart, we say,
May Jesus Christ be praised.
The pow'rs of darkness fear When this sweet chant they hear,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

Ye nations of mankind, in this your concord find:
May Jesus Christ be praised.
Let all the earth around Ring joyous with the sound,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

Be this, while life is mine, my canticle divine,
May Jesus Christ be praised.
Be this th'eternal song Through all the ages long;
May Jesus Christ be praised!

38

He Keeps Me Singing

Luther B. Bridgers, 1910

There's within my heart a melody Jesus whispers sweet and low,
Fear not, I am with thee, peace, be still, in all of life's ebb and flow.

Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, Sweetest name I know,
Fills my ev'ry longing, Keeps me singing as I go.

All my life was wrecked by sin and strife, Discord filled by heart with pain;
Jesus swept across the broken trings, stirrd the slum'bring chords again.
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, Sweetest name I know,
Fills my ev'ry longing, Keeps me singing as I go.

Feasting on the riches of His grace, Resting 'neath His shelt'ring wing,
Always looking to His gracious face, That is why I shout and sing.
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, Sweetest name I know,
Fills my ev'ry longing, Keeps me singing as I go.

Tho' sometimes He leads thro' waters deep, Trials fall across the way,
Tho' sometimed the path seems rough and steep, See His footprints all the
way.
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, Sweetest name I know,
Fills my ev'ry longing, Keeps me singing as I go.

39

Take the Name of Jesus with You

Lydia Baxter, 1870, alt.

William H. Doane, 1871

Take the name of Jesus with you, child of sorrow and of woe;
It will joy and comfort give you, Take it, then, where'er you go.
Precious name, (Precious name,) O how sweet! (O how sweet!)
Hope of earth and joy of heav'n;
Precious name, (Precious name,) O how sweet! (how sweet!)
Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.

Take the name of Jesus ever as a shield from ev'ry snare;
If temptations 'round you gather, Breathe that holy name in prayer.
Precious name, (Precious name,) O how sweet! (O how sweet!)
Hope of earth and joy of heav'n;
Precious name, (Precious name,) O how sweet! (how sweet!)
Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.

O the precious name of Jesus! How it thrills our souls with joy
When His loving arms receive us And His songs our tongues employ!
Precious name, (Precious name,) O how sweet! (O how sweet!)
Hope of earth and joy of heav'n;

Precious name, (Precious name,) O how sweet! (how sweet!)
Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.

At the name of Jesus bowing, falling prostrate at His feet,
King of kings on earth we'll crown Him When our journey is complete.
Precious name, (Precious name,) O how sweet! (O how sweet!)
Hope of earth and joy of heav'n;
Precious name, (Precious name,) O how sweet! (how sweet!)
Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.

40

Joy to the World!

Isaac Watts, 1719

Georg Friedrich Handel, 1742

Arr.: Lowell Mason (1792-1872)

Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth receive her King;
Let ev'ry heart prepare Him room And heav'n and nature sing,
And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and heav'n and nature sing.

Joy to the world! the Savior reigns! Let men their songs employ
while fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains Repeat the sounding joy,
Repeat the sounding joy, Repeat, repeat the sounding joy.

No more let sins and sorrows grow nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow Far as the curse is found,
Far as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.

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

41

The Name of Jesus

W.C. Martin

E.S. Lorenz

The name of Jesus is so sweet, I love its music to repeat;
It makes my joys full and complete, The precious name of Jesus.
"Jesus," O how sweet the name! "Jesus," ev'ry day the same;
"Jesus," let all saints proclaim Its worthy praise forever.

I love the name of Him whose heart knows all my griefs, and bears a part,
Who bids all anxious fears depart - I love the name of Jesus.
"Jesus," O how sweet the name! "Jesus," ev'ry day the same;
"Jesus," let all saints proclaim Its worthy praise forever.

That name I fondly love to hear; it never fails my heart to cheer;
Its music dries the fallen tear: Exalt the name of Jesus.
"Jesus," O how sweet the name! "Jesus," ev'ry day the same;
"Jesus," let all saints proclaim Its worthy praise forever.

No word of man can ever tell how sweet the name I love so well;
Oh, let its praises ever swell, Oh, praise the name of Jesus.
"Jesus," O how sweet the name! "Jesus," ev'ry day the same;
"Jesus," let all saints proclaim Its worthy praise forever.

42

Jesus Saves

Priscilla Owens, 1882

William J. Kirkpatrick, 1882

We have heard the joyful sound: Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Spread the tidings all around; Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Bear the news to ev'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves
Onward! 'tis our Lord's command; Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

Waft it on the rolling tide; Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Tell to sinners far and wide; Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Sing, ye islands of the sea; Echo back ye ocean caves;
Earth shall keep her jubilee; Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

Give the winds a mighty voice; Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Let the nations now rejoice, Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Shout salvation full and free; Highest hills and deepest caves,
This our song of victory; Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

43

Wonderful Words of Life

P.P. Bliss, 19th cent.

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, wonderful words, Wonderful words of Life.
Beautiful words, wonderful words, Wonderful words of Life.

Christ, the blessed One, gives to all Wonderful words of Life;
Sinner, list to the loving call; Wonderful words of Life.
All so freely given, Given without leaven;
Beautiful words, wonderful words, Wonderful words of Life.
Beautiful words, wonderful words, Wonderful words of Life.

Sweetly echo the gospel call. Wonderful words of Life;
Offer pardon and peace to all. Wonderful words of Life.
Jesus only Savior, Sanctify for ever.
Beautiful words, wonderful words, Wonderful words of Life.
Beautiful words, wonderful words, Wonderful words of Life.

44

Count Your Blessings

Words, Johnson Oatman, Jr., 1897

Tune BLESSINGS, Edwin O. Excell, 1897

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

Are you ever burdened with a load of care?
Does the cross seem heavy you are called to bear?
Count your many blessings: ev'ry doubt will fly,
And you will be singing as the days go by.
Count your blessings; name them one by one;
Count your blessings; see what God hath done;
Count your blessings, name them one by one;
Count your many blessings; see what God hath done.

So, amid the conflict, whether great or small,
Do not be discouraged, God is over all;
Count your many blessings; angels will attend,
Help and comfort give you to your journey's end.
Count your blessings; name them one by one;
Count your blessings; see what God hath done;
Count your blessings, name them one by one;
Count your many blessings; see what God hath done.

45

Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me

Edward Hopper, 1871

J.E. Gould

Jesus, Savior, pilot me over life's tempestuous sea.
Unknown waves before me roll hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Chart and compass come from Thee; Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

As a mother stills her child, Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boist'rous waves obey Thy will when Thou sayst to them, "Be still!"
Wondrous Sov'reign of the sea, Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

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."

46

Blessed Assurance

Words: Fanny J. Crosby, 1873

Music: "Assurance," Phoebe Palmer Knapp, 1873

Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!
O what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood.
This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Savior, all the day long;
This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Savior, all the day long.

Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture now burst on my sight;
Angels descending bring from above
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.
This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Savior, all the day long;
This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Savior, all the day long.

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

47

He Leadeth Me

Joseph H. Gilmore, 1862

William B. Bradbury, 1864

He leadeth me! O blessed thought! O words with heav'nly 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 foll'wer I would be, for by His hand He leadeth me.

Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, sometimes where Eden's bowers
bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea, Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.
He leadeth me. He leadeth me. By His own hand He leadeth me;
His faithful foll'wer I would be, for by His hand He leadeth me.

Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, nor ever murmur nor repine,
Content, whatever lot I see. Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.
He leadeth me. He leadeth me. By His own hand He leadeth me;
His faithful foll'wer I would be, for by His hand He leadeth me.

And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vict'ry's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee. Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

He leadeth me. He leadeth me. By His own hand He leadeth me;
His faithful foll'wer I would be, for by His hand He leadeth me.

48

Make Me a Blessing

Ira B. Wilson, 20th cent.

George S. Schuler, 1924

Out in the highways and byways of life,
many are weary and sad; (are weary and sad;)
Carry the sunshine where darkness is rife,
making the sorrowing glad.
Make me a blessing, make me a blessing,
Out of my life (out of my life) May Jesus shine;
Make me a blessing, O Savior, I pray, (I pray Thee, my Savior,)
Make me a blessing to someone today.

Tell the sweet story of Christ and His love;
Tell of His pow'r to forgive: (His pow'r to forgive.)
Others will trust Him if only you prove
true ev'ry moment you live.
Make me a blessing, make me a blessing,
Out of my life (out of my life) May Jesus shine;
Make me a blessing, O Savior, I pray, (I pray Thee, my Savior,)
Make me a blessing to someone today.

Give as 'twas given to you in your need;
Love as the Master loved you; (the Master loved you.)
Be to the helpless a helper indeed;
Unto your mission be true.
Make me a blessing, make me a blessing,
Out of my life (out of my life) May Jesus shine;
Make me a blessing, O Savior, I pray, (I pray Thee, my Savior,)
Make me a blessing to someone today.

49

Fairest Lord Jesus

German, 17th cent.

4th verse: Trans. Joseph A. Seiss, 1873

From Schlesische Volkslieder, Leipzig, 1842

Fairest Lord Jesus, Ruler of all nature,
O Thou of God and man the Son,
Thee will I cherish, Thee will I honor,
Thou, my soul's Glory, Joy, and Crown.

Fair are the meadows, Fairer still the woodlands
robed in the blooming garb of spring;
Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer,
Who makes the woeful heart to sing.

Fair is the sunshine, Fairer still the moonlight
and all the twinkling, starry host;
Jesus shines brighter, Jesus shines purer
than all the angels heav'n can boast.

Beautiful Savior, Lord of the nations,
Son of God and Son of Man!
Glory and honor, praise, adoration
now and forever more by Thine!

50

Loyalty to Christ

Dr. E. Taylor Cassell, 1849-1930

Flora H. Cassell, 1852-1911

From over hill and plain there comes the signal strain,
'Tis loyalty, loyalty, loyalty to Christ.
Its music rolls along; the hills take up the song
of loyalty, loyalty, Yes, loyalty to Christ.
"On to victory! On to victory!"
Cries our great Commander, On! (great Commander, On!)
We'll move at His command; We'll soon possess the land
thro' loyalty, loyalty, Yes, loyalty to Christ.

O 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.
"On to victory! On to victory!"
Cries our great Commander, On! (great Commander, On!)
We'll move at His command; We'll soon possess the land
thro' loyalty, loyalty, Yes, loyalty to Christ.

Come, join our loyal throng, We'll right the giant wrong;
'Tis loyalty, loyalty, loyalty to Christ.
Where Satan's banners float we'll send the bugle note
of loyalty, loyalty, Yes, loyalty to Christ.
"On to victory! On to victory!"
Cries our great Commander, On! (great Commander, On!)
We'll move at His command; We'll soon possess the land
thro' loyalty, loyalty, Yes, loyalty to Christ.

The strength of youth we lay at Jesus' feet today,
'Tis loyalty, loyalty, loyalty to Christ.
His gospel we'll proclaim, thro' out the world's domain,
of loyalty, loyalty, Yes, loyalty to Christ.
"On to victory! On to victory!"
Cries our great Commander, On! (great Commander, On!)
We'll move at His command; We'll soon possess the land
thro' loyalty, loyalty, Yes, loyalty to Christ.

51

My Jesus, I Love Thee

William R. Featherston, 19th cent., alt.

Adoniram J. Gordon, 19th cent.

My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine;
For Thee all the follies of sin I resign.
My gracious Redeemer, my Savior art Thou;
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

I love Thee because Thou hast first loved me
and purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree.

I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow;
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death
and praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath
and say, when the death dew lies cold on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

In mansions of glory and endless delight
I'll ever adore Thee in glory so bright;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

52

Savior, Like A Shepherd Lead Us

Ascribed to Dorothy A. Thrupp, 1836

William B. Bradbury, 1859

Savior, like a shepherd lead us; Much we need Thy tender care.
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us; For our use Thy folds prepare.
Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus, Thou hast bought us; Thine we are.
Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus, Thou hast bought us; Thine we are.

We are Thine, do Thou befriend us; Be the Guardian of our way.
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us; Seek us when we go astray.
Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus, Hear the children when they pray.
Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus, Hear the children when they pray.

Thou hast promised to receive us, Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us, Grace to cleanse and pow'r to free.
Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus, Early let us turn to Thee.
Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus, Early let us turn to Thee.

Early let us seek Thy favor; Early let us do Thy will.
Blessed Lord and only Savior, With Thy love our bosoms fill.
Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus, Thou hast loved us, love us still.
Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus, Thou hast loved us, love us still.

There Is a Name I Love to Hear*Frederick Whitfield, 1829-1904**Anonymous*

There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth;
 It sounds like music in mine ear, the sweetest name on earth.
 Oh, how I love Jesus, Oh, how I love Jesus,
 Oh, how I love Jesus because He first loved me.

It tells me of a Savior's love, Who died to set me free;
 It tells me of His precious blood, the sinner's perfect plea.
 Oh, how I love Jesus, Oh, how I love Jesus,
 Oh, how I love Jesus because He first loved me.

It tells me what my Father hath in store for ev'ry day
 And, tho' I tread a darksome path, yields sunshine all the way.
 Oh, how I love Jesus, Oh, how I love Jesus,
 Oh, how I love Jesus because He first loved me.

It tells of One Whose loving heart can feel my deepest woe,
 Who, in each sorrow, bears a prat that none can bear below.
 Oh, how I love Jesus, Oh, how I love Jesus,
 Oh, how I love Jesus because He first loved me.

One Day!*J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D., 1859-1918**Charles H. Marsh, 20th cent.*

One day when heaven was filled with His praises, One day when sin was as
 black as could be,
 Jesus came forth to be born of a virgin Dwelt amongst men, my example is He!
 Living, He loved me; dying, He saved me; Buried He carried my sins far away;
 Rising, He justified freely forever. One day He's coming - oh, glorious day!

One day they led Him up Calvary's mountain, One day they nailed Him to die
 on the tree;
 Suffering anguish, despised and rejected, Bearing our sins, my Redeemer is he!
 Living, He loved me; dying, He saved me; Buried He carried my sins far away;
 Rising, He justified freely forever. One day He's coming - oh, glorious day!

One day they left Him alone in the garden, One day He rested, from suffering
free;
Angels came down o'er His tomb to keep vigil; Hope of the hopeless, my
Savior is He!
Living, He loved me; dying, He saved me; Buried He carried my sins far away;
Rising, He justified freely forever. One day He's coming - oh, glorious day!

One day the grave could conceal Him no longer, One day the stone rolled away
from the door;
Then He arose, over death He had conquered, Now is ascended, my Lord
evermore!
Living, He loved me; dying, He saved me; Buried He carried my sins far away;
Rising, He justified freely forever. One day He's coming - oh, glorious day!

One day the trumpet will sound for His coming, One day the skies with His
glories will shine;
Wonderful day, my beloved ones bringing, Glorious Savior, this Jesus is mine!
Living, He loved me; dying, He saved me; Buried He carried my sins far away;
Rising, He justified freely forever. One day He's coming - oh, glorious day!

55

Rock Of Ages

Agustus Toplady, 1776

Thomas Hastings, 1830

Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood, From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure; Save from wrath and make me pure.

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

While I draw this fleeting breath, When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown, And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee.

56

'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus

Louisa M.R. Stead, c. 1850-1917

William J. Kirkpatrick, 1838-1921

'Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus, Just to take Him at His word;
Just to rest upon His promise, Just to know "Thus saith the Lord."
Jesus, Jesus, how I trust Him; How I've proved Him o'er and o'er!
Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus! O for grace to trust Him more!

O how sweet to trust in Jesus, Just to trust Him cleansing blood;
Just in simple faith to plunge me 'neath the healing, cleansing flood!
Jesus, Jesus, how I trust Him; How I've proved Him o'er and o'er!
Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus! O for grace to trust Him more!

Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Jesus, Just from sin and self to cease;
Just from Jesus simply taking life and rest and joy and peace.
Jesus, Jesus, how I trust Him; How I've proved Him o'er and o'er!
Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus! O for grace to trust Him more!

I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee, Precious Jesus, Savior, Friend;
And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.
Jesus, Jesus, how I trust Him; How I've proved Him o'er and o'er!
Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus! O for grace to trust Him more!

57

Abide With Me

Henry F. Lyte, 1820

William H. Monk, 1861

Abide with me: fast falls the eventide.
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail and comforts flee.
Help of the helpless, O, abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away.
Change and decay in all around I see.
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me.

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight and tears no bitterness.

Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still if Thou abide with me.

I need Thy presence ev'ry passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

58

The Lord's My Shepherd

Psalm 23

William H. Havergal

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want.
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

My soul He doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Even for His own Name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod
And staff my comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house forevermore
My dwelling place shall be.

59

The Lord's My Shepherd

Psalm 23

Crimond
David Grant

The Lord's my shepherd I'll not want.
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

My soul He doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for His own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill;
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house forevermore
My dwelling place shall be.

60

It Is Well With My Soul

H.G. Spafford
P.P. Bliss

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

Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,
Let this blessed assurance control,
That Christ has regarded my helpless estate,
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
It is well (it is well), with my soul (with my soul),
It is well, it is well, with my soul.

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

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

61

His Way with Thee

Cyrus S. Nusbaum, 1861-1937

Would you live for Jesus and be always pure and good?
Would you walk with Him within the narrow road?
Would you have Him bear your burden, carry all your load?
Let Him have His way with thee.
His pow'r can make you what you ought to be;
His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free;
His love can fill your soul, and you will see
'twas best for Him to have His way with thee.

Would you have Him make you free and follow at His call?
Would you know the peace that comes by giving all?
Would you have Him save you so that you can never fall?
Let Him have His way with thee.
His pow'r can make you what you ought to be;
His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free;

His love can fill your soul, and you will see
'twas best for Him to have His way with thee.

Would you in His kingdom find a place of constant rest?
Would you prove Him true in providential test?
Would you in His service labor always at your best?
Let Him have His way with thee.
His pow'r can make you what you ought to be;
His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free;
His love can fill your soul, and you will see
'twas best for Him to have His way with thee.

62

My Faith Looks Up To Thee

Ray Palmer, 1830, alt.

Lowell Mason, 1832

My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Savior divine.
Now hear me while I pray; take all my guilt away.
O let me from this day be wholly thine!

May Thy rich grace impart strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal in spire.
As Thou has died for me, O may my love to Thee
pure, warm and changeless be, a living fire!

While life's dark maze I tread and griefs a around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide.
Bid darkness turn to day; wipe sorrow's tears away,
nor let me ever stray from Thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Savior, then, in love, fear and distrust remove.
O bear me save in love, a ransomed soul!

63

Living For Jesus

Thomas O. Chisholm b. 1866

C. Harold Lowden, 19th cent.

Living for Jesus a life that is true, Striving to please Him in all that I do;
Yielding allegiance, glad-hearted and free, This is the pathway of blessing for
me.

O Jesus, Lord and Savior, I give myself to Thee,
For Thou, in Thy atonement, didst give Thyself for me;
I own no other Master, my heart shall be Thy throne;
My life I give henceforth to live, O Christ, for Thee alone.

Living for Jesus who died in my place, Bearing on calv'ry my sin and disgrace;
Such love constrains me to answer His call, Follow His leading and give Him
my all.

O Jesus, Lord and Savior, I give myself to Thee,
For Thou, in Thy atonement, didst give Thyself for me;
I own no other Master, my heart shall be Thy throne;
My life I give henceforth to live, O Christ, for Thee alone.

Living for Jesus wherever I am, Doing each duty in His holy name;
Willing to suffer affliction and loss, Deeming each trial a part of my cross.

O Jesus, Lord and Savior, I give myself to Thee,
For Thou, in Thy atonement, didst give Thyself for me;
I own no other Master, my heart shall be Thy throne;
My life I give henceforth to live, O Christ, for Thee alone.

Living for Jesus through earth's little while, My dearest treasure, the light of
His smile;

Seeking the lost ones He died to redeem, Bringing the weary to find rest in
Him.

O Jesus, Lord and Savior, I give myself to Thee,
For Thou, in Thy atonement, didst give Thyself for me;
I own no other Master, my heart shall be Thy throne;
My life I give henceforth to live, O Christ, for Thee alone.

64

Leaning On The Everlasting Arms

Elisha A. Hoffman, 1887

Anthony J. Showalter, 1887

What a fellowship, what a joy divine,
Leaning on the everlasting arms;
What a blessedness, what a peace is mine,
Leaning on the everlasting arms.
Leaning, leaning, safe and secure from all alarms;
Leaning, leaning, leaning on the everlasting arms.

O how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way,
Leaning on the everlasting arms;
O how bright the path grows from day to day,
Leaning on the everlasting arms.
Leaning, leaning, safe and secure from all alarms;
Leaning, leaning, leaning on the everlasting arms.

What have I to dread, what have I to fear,
Leaning on the everlasting arms;
I have blessed peace with my Lord so near,
Leaning on the everlasting arms.
Leaning, leaning, safe and secure from all alarms;
Leaning, leaning, leaning on the everlasting arms.

65

Tell It To Jesus

J.E. Rankin, D.D., alt.

E.S. Lorenz

Are you weary, are you heavy-hearted? Tell it to Jesus, Tell it to Jesus;
Are you grieving over joys departed? Tell it to Jesus alone.
Tell it to Jesus, Tell it to Jesus, He is a friend Who's well-known;
you've no other such a friend or brother; Tell it to Jesus alone.

Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbidden? Tell it to Jesus, Tell it to Jesus;
Have you sins that to men's eyes are hidden? Tell it to Jesus alone.
Tell it to Jesus, Tell it to Jesus, He is a friend Who's well-known;
you've no other such a friend or brother; Tell it to Jesus alone.

Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sorrow? Tell it to Jesus, Tell it to Jesus;
Are you anxious what shall be tomorrow? Tell it to Jesus alone.
Tell it to Jesus, Tell it to Jesus, He is a friend Who's well-known;
you've no other such a friend or brother; Tell it to Jesus alone.

Are you troubled at the thought of dying? Tell it to Jesus, Tell it to Jesus;
For Christ's coming Kingdom are you sighing? Tell it to Jesus alone.
Tell it to Jesus, Tell it to Jesus, He is a friend Who's well-known;
you've no other such a friend or brother; Tell it to Jesus alone.

66

What A Friend We Have In Jesus

Joseph Scriven
C.C. Converse

What a friend we have in Jesus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry Ev'rything to God in prayer!
Oh, what peace we often forfeit, Oh, what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry Ev'rything to God in pray'r!

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 ev'ry weakness, Take it to the Lord in prayer!

Are we weak and heavy laden, Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Savior, still our refuge, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a solace there.

67

I Was Glad, O, So Glad

Martha Dalton, 1990
Arr. Audrey Rhodes, 20th cent.

I was glad, O, so glad, when they said unto me, "let us go unto the house of the
Lord,"
For a day in His courts is far better to be than thousand away from God:
Singing praise, in the great congregation, to Eternal God, our Creator.
I was glad, O, so glad, when they said unto me, "Let us go unto the House of
the Lord."

As a fountain of tears, I had poured out my soul when derided by doubts and
oppressed.
I had gone, with the people who kept Holy day, to the House of God with joy
and praise.

Why, O then, be cast down, O my soul, And why the disquiet within?
Hope and healing and health are from Thee, O, my God, lovingkindness and
mercy and truth.

I commune with my soul, making diligent search; I remember my song in the
night;
My soul thirsts fro Thy trust as in dry desert lands, for Thy pow'r and Thy glory
to come.
From a horrible pit He delivered, out of miry clay upon a rock;
Gave a song that is new, even praise to our God, seeing many shall trust in the
Lord.

68

There's No Friend Like Jesus

M.I. Babbitt

There's no friend to me like Jesus, He my ev'ry need supplies;
He not only saves but keeps me, Nothing good from me denies.
Yes, in Him I'm fully trusting, Yes, thro' Him I'll conquer all,
For I know He saves and keeps me, and He'll never let me fall.

All, yes, all to me is Jesus, Blest Redeemer, Savior, Guide;
And from ev'ry foe defends me, And in Him I'll ever hide.
Yes, in Him I'm fully trusting, Yes, thro' Him I'll conquer all,
For I know He saves and keeps me, and He'll never let me fall.

I will never cease to love Him, He who died to set me free;
Now in Him I am abinding, And some day His face I'll see.
Yes, in Him I'm fully trusting, Yes, thro' Him I'll conquer all,
For I know He saves and keeps me, and He'll never let me fall.

69

God Will Take Care Of You

Civilla D. Martin, 1869-1948

W. Stillman Martin, 1862-1935

Be not dismayed, whate'er betide, God will take care of you;
Beneath His wings of love abide, God will take care of you.
God will take care of you through ev'ry day, o'er all the way;
He will take care of you, God will take care of you.

Through days of toil, when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
When dangers fierce your path assail, God will take care of you.
God will take care of you through ev'ry day, o'er all the way;
He will take care of you, God will take care of you.

All you may need He will provide, God will take care of you;
Nothing you ask will be denied, God will take care of you.
God will take care of you through ev'ry day, o'er all the way;
He will take care of you, God will take care of you.

No matter what may be the test, God will take care of you;
Lean, weary one, upon His breast, God will take care of you.
God will take care of you through ev'ry day, o'er all the way;
He will take care of you, God will take care of you.

070

Be Still, My Soul

Katharina von Schlegel, 1697-?

Trans. by Jane L. Borthwick, 1813-1897

Jean Sibelius, 1865-1957

Be still, my soul: the Lord is on thy side.
Bear patiently the cross of grief or pain.
Leave to your God to order and provide;
In every change, He faithful will remain.
Be still, my soul: your best, your heavenly Friend
Through thorny ways leads to a joyful end.

Be still, my soul: your God will undertake
To guide the future, as He has the past.
Your hope, your confidence let nothing shake;
All now mysterious shall be bright at last.
Be still, my soul: the waves and winds shall know
His voice Who ruled them while He dwelt below.

Be still, my soul: the hour is hastening on
When we shall be forever with the Lord.

When disappointment, grief and fear are gone,
Sorrow forgot, love's purest joys restored.
Be still, my soul: when change and tears are past
All safe and blessed we shall meet at last

71

Faith Of Our Fathers

Words, Frederick W. Faber, 1849

Tune, Henri F. Hemy, 1864

Arranged, James G. Walton, 1874

Faith of our fathers, living still, In spite of dungeon, fire and sword;
O how our hearts beat high with joy, Whenever we hear that glorious word!
Faith of our fathers, holy faith! We will be true to thee till death.

Faith of our fathers, we will strive To win all nations unto Thee;
And through the truth that comes from God, We all shall then be truly free.
Faith of our fathers, holy faith! We will be true to thee till death.

Faith of our fathers, we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife;
And preach Thee, too, as love knows how By kindly words and virtuous life.
Faith of our fathers, holy faith! We will be true to thee till death.

72

He Is Able To Deliver Thee

William A. Ogden, 19th cent.

'Tis the grandest theme through the ages rung;
'Tis the grandest theme for a mortal tongue;
'Tis the grandest theme that the world e'er sung,
"Our God is able to deliver thee."
He is able to deliver thee, He is able to deliver thee;
Though, by sin oppressed Go to Him for rest;
"Our God is able to deliver thee."

'Tis the grandest theme in the earth or main;
'Tis the grandest theme for a mortal strain;
'Tis the grandest theme, tell the world again,
"Our God is able to deliver thee."
He is able to deliver thee, He is able to deliver thee;

Though, by sin oppressed Go to Him for rest;
"Our God is able to deliver thee."

'Tis the grandest theme, let the tidings roll
To the guilty heart, to the sinful soul;
Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole.
"Our God is able to deliver thee."
He is able to deliver thee, He is able to deliver thee;
Though, by sin oppressed Go to Him for rest;
"Our God is able to deliver thee."

73

Great Is Thy Faithfulness

Thomas O. Chisholm

William M. Runyan

Great is Thy faithfulness, O God my Father;
There is no shadow of turning with Thee.
Thou changest not, Thy compassions, they fail not;
As Thou hast been Thou forever will be.
Great is Thy faithfulness! Great is Thy faithfulness!
Morning by morning new mercies I see;
All I have needed Thy hand hath provided
Great is Thy faithfulness, Lord, unto me.

Summer and winter and springtime and harvest,
Sun, moon and stars in their courses above
Join with all nature in manifold witness
To Thy great faithfulness, mercy and love.
Great is Thy faithfulness! Great is Thy faithfulness!
Morning by morning new mercies I see;
All I have needed Thy hand hath provided
Great is Thy faithfulness, Lord, unto me.

Pardon for sin and a peace that endureth.
Thy own dear presence to cheer and to guide.
Strength for today and bright hope for tomorrow.
Blessings, all mine, with ten thousand beside.
Great is Thy faithfulness! Great is Thy faithfulness!
Morning by morning new mercies I see;

All I have needed Thy hand hath provided
Great is Thy faithfulness, Lord, unto me.

74

I Love Thy Church, O Lord

Timothy Dwight, 1800, alt.

Williams' Psalmody, 1770

I love Thy Church, O Lord, The house of Thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved with His own precious blood.

I love Thy Church, O God; Her walls before Thee stand
Dear as the apple of Thine eye, and graven on Thy hand

For her my tears shall fall, For her my prayers ascend;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows, her hymns of love and praise.

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

Sure as Thy truth shall last, to Zion shall be giv'n
The brightest glories earth can yield, and brighter bliss from heav'n.

75

I Know Whom I Have Believed

Daniel W. Whittle, 1840-1901

James McGranahan, 1840-1907

I know not why God's wondrous grace to me He hath made known,
Nor why unworthy, Christ in love redeemed me for His own.
But "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able
To keep that which I've committed unto Him against that day."

I know not how this saving faith to me He did impart,
Nor how believing in His Word, wrought peace within my heart.
But "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able
To keep that which I've committed unto Him against that day."

I know not how the Spirit moves, convincing men of sin,
Revealing Jesus through the Word, creating faith in Him.

But "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able
To keep that which I've committed unto Him against that day."

I know not what of good or ill may be reserved for me,
Of weary ways or golden days, before His face I see.
But "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able
To keep that which I've committed unto Him against that day."

I know not when my Lord may come, at night or noonday fair;
If faithful, when He comes again, I'll "meet Him in the air."
But "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able
To keep that which I've committed unto Him against that day."

76

O Thou The Shepherd Of Israel Art

Psalm 80

Dwight Armstrong

O Thou the Shepherd of Israel art;
Hear Thou our prayer and Thy favor impart;
Thou leader of Joseph, Thou guide of his way,
'Mid cherubim dwelling Thy glory display.
In Ephriam's, Manasseh's, and Benjamin's sight,
Come Thou and save us; awake in Thy might.

How long in anger will Thou turn away,
O Lord of Hosts, when Thy people do pray?
With tears and sorrow their table is laid;
Of bitter mixture their drink hast Thou made.
Give us Thy favor, restore us Thy grace;
Then we shall live in the light of Thy face.

Thou made us a scorn to our neighbors around;
Our foes in laughter and scoffing abound.
O Thou, God of Isr'el, return unto Thine;
Look down from heaven and visit this vine;
No more shall we wander, delighting in shame;
Save us, O Lord, for we call on Thy name.

77

The Mercy That Never Fails

Bonnie French, 20th cent.

Audrey Rhodes, 20th cent.

When my soul cries out with a heavy heart, "Oh God, again I've failed,"
Then He'll lift me up to the throne of grace with the mercy that never fails.
I'll sing Thy praises, Oh, Lord, my God, of the love that doth prevail;
And I'll look to Thee, on bended knee, for the mercy that never fails.

If a friend is bowed under sin's dark cloud, Then take your brother's hand
And petition Him Who forgives your sin with the mercy that never fails.
I'll sing Thy praises, Oh, Lord, my God, of the love that doth prevail;
And I'll look to Thee, on bended knee, for the mercy that never fails.

Though our sins be red as a crimson thread, and with foolish steps we've
strayed,
Out of sin's dark night He brings a light," with the mercy that never fails.
I'll sing Thy praises, Oh, Lord, my God, of the love that doth prevail;
And I'll look to Thee, on bended knee, for the mercy that never fails.

78

Come, Ye Disconsolate

Words: Stanzas 1&2, Thomas Moore, 1816, Stanza 3, Thomas Hastings, 1832

Music: "Consolator," Samuel Webbe, Sr, 1792

Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come to the mercy seat, fervently kneel.
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

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

Here see the bread of life, see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above.
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

79

Bless The Lord Eternal, O My Soul

Psalm 103

Dwight Armstrong

Bless the Lord Eternal, O my soul, bless His holy sacred name!
And forget not all His benefits to those who fear His name.
He forgives all our iniquities; our diseases He will heal;
From destruction He redeems our life, and He crowns us with His love.

Bless the Lord Eternal, O my soul, let the heavens praise His name!
For His mercy is as high above as the heav'n above the earth.
Not according to our many sins has the Lord so dealt with us;
For as far as east is from the west He removes from us our sins!

Bless the Lord Eternal, O my soul, let the angels praise His name!
For in heaven He has fixed His throne and there He rules the earth.
The Eternal vindicates the cause of all those who have been wronged;
For His mercy is as high above as the heav'ns above the earth!

Bless the Lord Eternal, O my soul, for His love always endures!
And His loyalty is to our sons who keep all His commands.
As for man he blossoms like a flow'r, and his days are like the grass;
But from death the Lord redeems our life and He crowns us with His love.

80

I Love To Tell The Story

Katherine Hankey

William G. Fischer

I love to tell the story of unseen things above
of Jesus and His glory, of Jesus and His love.
I love to tell the story, because I know 'tis true;
It satisfies my longings as nothing else could do.
I love to tell the story; 'twill be my theme in glory
to tell the old, old story of Jesus and His love.

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.
I love to tell the story; 'twill be my theme in glory
to tell the old, old story of Jesus and His love.

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.
I love to tell the story; 'twill be my theme in glory
to tell the old, old story of Jesus and His love.

81

God Shall Wipe Every Tear

Ross Jutsum

God shall wipe ev'ry tear from their eyes, wipe ev'ry tear away.
They shall learn then to fear their god; former things shall all pass away.
There will be no more sorrow or crying, there will be no more pain or dying.
God shall wipe ev'ry tear from their eyes, wipe ev'ry tear away.

God shall open the eyes of the blind, all of the deaf shall hear;
And the tongue of the dumb shall sing, lame men will leap just like the deer.
Streams in the desert, waters flowing, wilderness places blooming and growing.
God shall open the eyes of the blind, all of the dear shall hear.

Then the ransomed of God shall return, coming to Zion singing.
Joy and gladness shall they all obtain, voices of youth will be ringing.
God will redeem mankind from death and give them back their life and breath.
Then the ransomed of God shall return, coming to Zion with song.

82

O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go

George Matheson, 1882, alt.

Albert L. Peace, 1884

O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my weary soul in thee;
I give thee back the life I owe, That in thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

O light that followest all my way, I yield my flickering torch to thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray, That in thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

O Joy that seekest me through pain, I cannot close my heart to thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain, And feel the promise is not vain,
That morn shall tearless be.

O Cross that liftest up my head, I dare not ask to fly from thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead, And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

83

In Thy Loving Kindness, Lord

Psalm 51

Dwight Armstrong

In thy loving kindness Lord, be merciful to me;
In compassion great blot out all iniquity.
Wash me thoroughly from sin, from all guilt cleanse Thou me;
For transgressions I confess; sins I ever see.

'Gainst Thee only have I sinned, done evil in Thy sight,
That Thou speaking may be just, and in judging right.
My iniquities blot out, my sin hide from Thy view,
And in me a clean heart make, spirit right renew.

From Thy gracious presence, Lord, O cast me not away,
And Thy Holy Spirit take not from me I pray.
Joy which Thy salvation brings again to me restore;
With Thy Spirit free do Thou keep me evermore.

Sacrifice dost thou not want, else would I give it Thee,
And with offering shalt Thou not delighted be.
For a broken spirit is to God a sacrifice,
And a broken, contrite heart, Thou wilt not despise.

84

Love Lifted Me

James Rowe, 1865-1933

Howard E. Smith, 1863-1918

I was sinking deep in sin, Far from the peaceful shore,
Very deeply stained within, Sinking to rise no more;
But the Master of the sea Heard my despairing cry,

From the waters lifted me, Now safe am I
Love lifted me! Love lifted me!
When nothing else could help, Love lifted me.
Love lifted me! Love lifted me!
When nothing else could help, Love lifted me.

All my heart to Him I give, Ever to Him I'll cling,
In His blessed presence live, Ever His praises sing;
Love so mighty and so true Merits my soul's best songs;
Faithful, loving service, too, To Him belongs.
Love lifted me! Love lifted me!
When nothing else could help, Love lifted me.
Love lifted me! Love lifted me!
When nothing else could help, Love lifted me.

Souls in danger, look above, Jesus completely saves;
He will lift you by His love Out of the angry waves;
He's the Master of the sea, Billows His will obey;
He your Savior wants to be Be saved today.
Love lifted me! Love lifted me!
When nothing else could help, Love lifted me.
Love lifted me! Love lifted me!
When nothing else could help, Love lifted me.

85

Christ, Our Passover

Words and music: Ross Jutsum

Jesus knew that the time to depart had now arrived
He must go to the Father up above.
Having loved His disciples unto the very end,
Now He showed them the fullness of His love.
"This bread is my body broken for you; do this in remembrance of me.
This cup, the new covenant is my blood, by which you shall all be redeemed."
Now Christ is our Passover sacrificed; eternal life showed us the way,
We'll take up our cross and deny ourselves as we faithfully follow each day.

And while we were still sinners, Christ died for all our sins,
Gave His life as a sacrifice for all;
Showing love and compassion for all His family,

Jesus Christ, He has reconciled us all.

"This bread is my body broken for you; do this in remembrance of me.
This cup, the new covenant is my blood, by which you shall all be redeemed."
Now Christ is our Passover sacrificed; eternal life showed us the way,
We'll take up our cross and deny ourselves as we faithfully follow each day.

Let us focus our eyes on our Savior and our King,
As perfecter and author of our faith.
For the joy set before Him, our Lord endured the cross
So that we all would run and win the race.

"This bread is my body broken for you; do this in remembrance of me.
This cup, the new covenant is my blood, by which you shall all be redeemed."
Now Christ is our Passover sacrificed; eternal life showed us the way,
We'll take up our cross and deny ourselves as we faithfully follow each day.

He will never forsake us, He'll never leave His sons
And His daughters will never be alone.
Interceding for sisters and brothers that He loves;
Serving all of God's children from His throne.

"This bread is my body broken for you; do this in remembrance of me.
This cup, the new covenant is my blood, by which you shall all be redeemed."
Now Christ is our Passover sacrificed; eternal life showed us the way,
We'll take up our cross and deny ourselves as we faithfully follow each day.

86

More Love To Thee

Elizabeth P. Prentiss, 1856

William H. Doane, 1868

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!

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, more love to Thee!

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, more love to Thee!

87

My Savior's Love

Charles H. Gabriel, 1856-1932

I stand amazed in the presence of Jesus, the Nazarene,
and wonder how He could love me, a sinner, condemned, unclean.
How marvelous! how wonderful! And my song shall ever be:
(Oh how marvelous! Oh, how wonderful!)
How marvelous! how wonderful! Is my Savior's love for me!
(Oh how marvelous! Oh, how wonderful!)

For me it was in the garden He prayed: "Not My will, but Thine."
He had no tears for His own griefs but sweatdrops of blood for mine.
How marvelous! how wonderful! And my song shall ever be:
(Oh how marvelous! Oh, how wonderful!)
How marvelous! how wonderful! Is my Savior's love for me!
(Oh how marvelous! Oh, how wonderful!)

In pity, angels beheld Him and came from the world of light
to comfort Him in the sorrows He bore for my soul that night.
How marvelous! how wonderful! And my song shall ever be:
(Oh how marvelous! Oh, how wonderful!)
How marvelous! how wonderful! Is my Savior's love for me!
(Oh how marvelous! Oh, how wonderful!)

He took my sins and my sorrows, He made them His very own;
He bore the burden to Calv'ry, and suffered and died alone.
How marvelous! how wonderful! And my song shall ever be:
(Oh how marvelous! Oh, how wonderful!)
How marvelous! how wonderful! Is my Savior's love for me!
(Oh how marvelous! Oh, how wonderful!)

When, with the ransomed in glory, His face I at last shall see,
'Twill be my joy thro' the ages to sing of His love for me.
How marvelous! how wonderful! And my song shall ever be:
(Oh how marvelous! Oh, how wonderful!)

How marvelous! how wonderful! Is my Savior's love for me!
(Oh how marvelous! Oh, how wonderful!)

88

Because I Knew Not When

Words: Sarah Williams, 1868, alt

Music: George W. Chadwick, 1893

Because I knew not when my life was good
And when there was a light upon my path
But turned my soul perversely to the dark,
O Lord, I do repent.

Because I held upon my selfish road
And left my brother wounded by the way
And called ambition duty and pressed on,
O Lord, I do repent.

Because I spent the strength Thou gavest me
In struggle which Thou never didst ordain
And have imperfect life to offer Thee,
O Lord, I do repent.

Because I was impatient, would not wait,
And thrust my willful hand across Thy threads
And marred the pattern drawn out for my life,
O Lord, I do repent.

89

The King of Love My Shepherd Is

Henry W. Baker, 1868

Ancient Irish Melody

The King of love my Shepherd is, whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His and He is mine forever.

Where streams of living water flow, my ransomed soul He leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow, with food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish, oft I strayed, but yet in love He sought me
and on His shoulder gently laid, and home, rejoicing, brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill with Thee, dear Lord, beside me,
Thy rod and staff my comfort still, Thy cross before to guide me.

Thou spreadst a table in my sight; Thy unction grace bestoweth;
And O what transport of delight from Thy pure chalice floweth.

And so through all the length of days Thy goodness faileth never.
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise within Thy house forever.

90

I Am Resolved

Palmer Hartsough, 1844-1932

James H. Fillmore, 1849-1936

I am resolved no longer to linger, charmed by the world's delight;
Things that are higher, things that are nobler, These have allured my sight.
I will hasten to Him, hasten so glad and free;
Jesus, Greatest, Highest, I will come to Thee.

I am resolved to go to the Savior, leaving my sin and strife;
He is the true one, He is the just one, He hath the words of life.
I will hasten to Him, hasten so glad and free;
Jesus, Greatest, Highest, I will come to Thee.

I am resolved to follow the Savior, faithful and true each day,
Heed what He sayeth, do what He willeth, He is the living way.
I will hasten to Him, hasten so glad and free;
Jesus, Greatest, Highest, I will come to Thee.

I am resolved to enter the kingdom, leaving the paths of sin;
Friends may oppose me, foes may beset me; Still will I enter in.
I will hasten to Him, hasten so glad and free;
Jesus, Greatest, Highest, I will come to Thee.

I am resolved, and who will go with me? Come, friends, without delay,
Taught by the Bible, led by the Spirit, We'll walk the heav'nly way.

I will hasten to Him, hasten so glad and free;
Jesus, Greatest, Highest, I will come to Thee.

91

If You Know These Things

Ross Jutsum

Just before we take the bread and wine, there are lessons to be learned;
And our feet, the body's lowest parts, help us humbly to discern.
When we look to all our brethren and esteem them, free from pride,
When we let His mind be in us, He will be our strength and guide.
"If you call me Lord and Master, understand just what I do;
You should also wash each other's feet, as I have done for you.
I have given this example and will put you to the test;
If you know these things and do them, you surely will be blessed.

When we see the dirt upon our feet and our sin, right from the start,
Then we realize we need His blood for a washing of our hearts.
Though our sins are just like scarlet, they shall be as white as snow;
When we follow His example, more like Him we're sure to grow.
"If you call me Lord and Master, understand just what I do;
You should also wash each other's feet, as I have done for you.
I have given this example and will put you to the test;
If you know these things and do them, you surely will be blessed.

As our feet support us ev'ry day to wherever we may go,
Humbly serve the many members of His body here below,
Help them carry all their burdens and their purpose to fulfill,
For our Savior came to serve us and to do our Father's will.
"If you call me Lord and Master, understand just what I do;
You should also wash each other's feet, as I have done for you.
I have given this example and will put you to the test;
If you know these things and do them, you surely will be blessed.

92

Most Perfect Is The Law Of God

The Psalter, 1912

Moore's Psalm Singer's Pocket Companion, 1756

Most perfect is the law of God,
Restoring those that stray.
His testimony is most sure,
proclaiming wisdom's way.

The precepts of the Lord are right;
with joy they fill the heart.
The Lord's commandments all are pure,
and clearest light impart.

The fear of God is undefiled,
and ever shall endure.
The statutes of the Lord are truth
and righteousness most pure.

The words which from my mouth proceed,
the thoughts within my heart,
Accept, O Lord, for Thou my Rock
and my Redeemer art.

93

Jesus Paid It All

Elvina M. Hall, 19th cent.
John T. Grape, 1835-1915

I hear the Savior say, "Thy strength indeed is small,
Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all."
Jesus paid it all, All to him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

Lord, now indeed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots, and melt the heart of stone.
Jesus paid it all, All to him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

For nothing good have I whereby Thy grace to claim
I'll wash my garments white in the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.
Jesus paid it all, All to him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

And when, before the throne, I stand in Him complete,
"Jesus died my soul to save," My lips shall still repeat.

Jesus paid it all, All to him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

94

At Calvary

William R. Newell 1868-1956, alt.

Daniel B. Towner, 1850-1919

Years I spent in vanity and pride,
Caring not my Lord was crucified,
Knowing not it was for me He died on Calvary.
Mercy there was great, and grace was free;
Pardon there was multiplied to me;
There my burdened soul found liberty at Calvary.

By God's Word at last my sin I learned;
Then I trembled at the law I'd spurned,
Till my guilty soul imploring turned to Calvary.
Mercy there was great, and grace was free;
Pardon there was multiplied to me;
There my burdened soul found liberty at Calvary.

Now I've given to Jesus everything,
Now I gladly own Him as my King,
Now my raptured soul can only sing of Calvary!
Mercy there was great, and grace was free;
Pardon there was multiplied to me;
There my burdened soul found liberty at Calvary.

Oh, the love that drew salvation's plan!
Oh, the grace that brought it down to man!
Oh, the mighty gulf that God did span at Calvary!
Mercy there was great, and grace was free;
Pardon there was multiplied to me;
There my burdened soul found liberty at Calvary.

95

I Surrender All

James W. Van DeVenter, 1855-1939

Winfield S. Weeden, 1847-1908

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), I surrender all (I surrender all);
All to Thee, my blessed Savior, I surrender all.

All to Jesus I surrender, Humbly at His feet I bow,
Worldly pleasures all forsaken. Take me, Jesus, take me now.
I surrender all (I surrender all), I surrender all (I surrender all);
All to Thee, my blessed Savior, I surrender all.

All to Jesus I surrender, Make me, Savior, wholly Thine;
Let me feel the Holy Spirit, Truly know that Thou are mine.
I surrender all (I surrender all), I surrender all (I surrender all);
All to Thee, my blessed Savior, I surrender all.

All to Jesus I surrender, Lord, I give myself to Thee.
Fill me with Thy love and power; Let Thy blessing fall on me.
I surrender all (I surrender all), I surrender all (I surrender all);
All to Thee, my blessed Savior, I surrender all.

96

Safely Thro' Another Week

*John Newton
Lowell Mason*

Safely through another week God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek, waiting in His courts today;
Day of all the week the best, emblem of eternal rest,
Day of all the week the best, emblem of eternal rest.

While we pray for pardoning grace, through the dear Redeemer's Name,
Show Thy reconciling face, take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free, may we rest this day in Thee,
From our worldly cares set free, may we rest this day in Thee.

Here we come Thy name to praise, Let us feel Thy presence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes while we in Thy house appear.
Here afford us, Lord, a taste of our everlasting feast.
Here afford us, Lord, a taste of our everlasting feast.

May Thy gospel's joyful sound conquer sinners, comfort saints;
May the fruits of grace abound, bring relief for all complaints;

Thus may all our Sabbaths prove till on earth Thy Kingdom come,
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove till on earth Thy Kingdom come.

97

Have Thine Own Way, Lord

Adelaide A. Pollard, 1907

George C. Stebbins, 1907

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

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

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

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

98

Just As I Am, Without One Plea

Charlotte Elliott, 1836

William B. Bradbury, 1849

Just as I am, without one plea but that Thy blood was shed for me
and that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

Just as I am, and waiting not to rid my soul of one dark blot;
To Thee, Whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

Just as I am, though tossed about with many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

Just as I am, Thou wilt receive, wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

Just as I am, Thy love unknown has broken ev'ry barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

99

This Is the Day the Lord Hath Made

Isaac Watts, 1719

Thomas A. Arne, 1762

This is the day the Lord hath made; He calls the hours His own.
Let heav'n rejoice; let earth be glad and praise surround the throne.

Today He rose and left the dead, and Satan's empire fell;
Today the saints His triumphs spread and all His wonders tell.

Hosanna to th'anointed King, To David's holy Son!
Help us, O Lord; descend, and bring salvation from the throne.

Hosanna in the highest strains the Church on earth can raise!
The highest heav'ns in which He reigns shall give Him nobler praise.

100

The Statutes of the Lord (O How I Love Thy Law!)

James McGranahan

The statutes of the Lord are right and do rejoice the heart;
The Lord's command is pure, and doth light to the eyes impart.
O how love I Thy law, O how love I Thy law! It is my meditation all the day;
O how love I Thy law, O how love I Thy law; It is my meditation all the day.
(all the day.)

Unspotted is the fear of God and ever doth endure;
The judgments of the Lord are truth and righteousness most pure.
O how love I Thy law, O how love I Thy law! It is my meditation all the day;
O how love I Thy law, O how love I Thy law; It is my meditation all the day.
(all the day.)

They, more than gold, yea, much fine gold, to be desired are,
than honey from the honeycomb that droppeth sweeter far.
O how love I Thy law, O how love I Thy law! It is my meditation all the day;
O how love I Thy law, O how love I Thy law; It is my meditation all the day.
(all the day.)

Moreover, they Thy servant warn how he his life should frame;
A great reward provided is for them that keep the same.
O how love I Thy law, O how love I Thy law! It is my meditation all the day;
O how love I Thy law, O how love I Thy law; It is my meditation all the day.
(all the day.)

O do not suffer sin to have dominion over me;
I shall be righteous, then, and from the great transgression free.
O how love I Thy law, O how love I Thy law! It is my meditation all the day;
O how love I Thy law, O how love I Thy law; It is my meditation all the day.
(all the day.)

101

How I Love Thy Law, O Lord!

Psalm 119

The Psalter, 1912, alt. 1950

Har. David Evans, 1927

How I love Thy law, O Lord! Daily joy its truths afford;
In its constant light I go, wise to conquer ev'ry foe.
Sweeter are Thy words to me than all other good can be;
Safe I walk, Thy truth my light, Hating falsehood, loving light.

Thy commandments in my heart truest wisdom can impart;
To my eyes thy precepts show wisdom more than sages know.
Sweeter are Thy words to me than all other good can be;
Safe I walk, Thy truth my light, Hating falsehood, loving light.

While my heart Thy word obeys, I am kept from evil ways;
From Thy law, with Thee to guide, May I never turn aside.
Sweeter are Thy words to me than all other good can be;
Safe I walk, Thy truth my light, Hating falsehood, loving light.

102

O Come, My People, to My Law

Psalm 78

The Psalter, 1912

George Kingsley, 1838

O come, my people, to my law, attentively give ear;
With willing heart and teachable the words of wisdom hear.

My mouth shall speak in parables of hidden truths of old
which, handed down from age to age, to us our fathers told.

We will not from their children hide Jehovah's worthy praise
but tell the greatness of His strength, His wondrous works and ways.

A testimony and a law the Lord our God decreed,
and bade our fathers teach their sons, that they His ways might heed.

He willed that each succeeding race His deeds might learn and know,
that children's children to their sons might all these wonders show.

Let children learn God's righteous ways and on Him stay their heart,
that they may not forget His works nor from His ways depart.

103

The Servant's Prayer

PsaLm 143:8-12

Dwight Armstrong

Lord, teach me that I may know of the way where I should go,
For to Thee I lift my soul; set me free from all my foes.
Unto Thee I flee to hide me. Teach me now Thy will to do.
For Thou, Eternal, art my God; lead me by Thy Spirit good!

Bring my soul from trouble and for Thy name's sake quicken me;
Lead me to the land of refuge, and for Thy mercy's sake,
Cut off all my foes, destroy them, they which do afflict my soul,
O Thou Eternal, righteous God, for I am Thy servant, Lord.

104

Alas and Did My Savior Bleed?

Words: Isaac Watts

Subtitled: "Godly sorrow arising from the sufferings of Christ

Music: "Martyrdom," Hugh Wilson, 1800; arranged by Ralph E. Hudson, c 1885

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

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

Well might the sun in darkness hide
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Savior died,
For man the creature's sin.

But drops of grief can never repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give my self away
'Tis all that I can do.

105

Proclaim Holy Convocations

Leviticus 23:4; Deuteronomy 30

Ross Jutsum

Our god spoke to Moses, saying, Declare unto Israel
The feasts of the Lord, portraying my plan for mankind I foretell.
Proclaim holy convocations, the time and seasons I give;
And teach them my revelation so you and your seed might live.

Six days shall your work be finished; the seventh, the Sabbath rest.
No work shall be undertaken till sunset has come in the west.
Proclaim holy convocations, the time and seasons I give;
And teach them my revelation so you and your seed might live.

God gave us the holy feast days to picture His master plan,
To show us His love forever, His love for the fam'ly of man.
Proclaim holy convocations, the time and seasons I give;

And teach them my revelation so you and your seed might live.

106

Amazing Grace

John Newton, 1779

Edwin O. Excell (1851-1921)

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.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed.

Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we'd first begun.

107

Remember the Sabbath Day

Exodus 20:8-10; Isaiah 58:13-14; Mark 2:27-28

Ross Jutsum

In six days God made earth and seas and heavens.
He sanctified and blessed the seventh day;
God hallowed it and rested from His labor,
So we can worship Him and follow His way.
Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy:
A rest for the people of God, a true delight.
The Son of Man, He reigns as Lord of the Sabbath
And shows His brethren how to do what's right.

Six days to work, six days to do our labor;
Christ said He made the Sabbath just for man.
The seventh day of rest, the Lord, He gave us
The Sabbath to remind us all of His plan.
Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy:
A rest for the people of God, a true delight.
The Son of Man, He reigns as Lord of the Sabbath
And shows His brethren how to do what's right.

We keep this weekly Holy Day with honor;
He raised us up to ride earth's highest peak
And gave us blessings promised to our fathers.
We worship God the seventh day of the week.
Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy:
A rest for the people of God, a true delight.
The Son of Man, He reigns as Lord of the Sabbath
And shows His brethren how to do what's right.

108

'Tis Midnight

William B. Tappan, 1822

William B. Bradbury, 1853

'Tis midnight, and on Olive's brow the star is dimmed that lately shone.
'Tis midnight; in the garden now, the suffering Savior prays alone.

'Tis midnight, and from all removed, the Savior wrestles lone with fears;
E'en that disciple whom He loved heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

'Tis midnight, and for others' guilt the Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet He that hath in anguish knelt is not forsaken by His God.

'Tis midnight, and from heav'nly plains is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains that sweetly soothe the Savior's woe.

109

Go to Dark Gethsemane

James Montgomery, 1820, 1825

Richard Redhead, 1853

Go to dark Gethsemane, ye that feel the tempter's pow'r;
Your Redeemer's conflict see, watch with Him one bitter hour.
Turn not from His griefs away; Learn of Jesus Christ, to pray.

Follow to the judgment hall; View the Lord of life arraigned.
O the wormwood and the gall! O the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suff'ring, shame or loss; Learn of Him, to bear the cross.

Calv'ry's mournful mountain climb; There adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time, God's own sacrifice complete.
"It is finished!" hear Him cry; Learn of Jesus Christ, to die.

Early hasten to the tomb where they laid His breathless clay.
All is solitude and gloom; Who hath taken Him away?
Christ is ris'n! He meets our eyes. Savior, teach us so to rise.

110

The Day of Resurrection

John of Damascus, 8th cent.

Henry Smart, c. 1835

The day of resurrection! Earth, tell it out abroad;
The Passover of gladness, the Passover of God.
From death to life eternal, from this world to the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over with hymns of victory.

Our hearts be pure from evil, that we may see aright
the Lord in rays eternal of resurrection light;
And, list'ning to His accents, may hear, so calm and plain,
His own "All hail!" and, hearing, may raise the victor strain.

Now let the heav'ns be joyful, Let earth her song begin;
Let the round world keep triumph, and all that is therein.
Invisible and visible, their notes let all things blend,
for Christ the Lord hath risen, our Joy that hath no end.

The Nail-Scarred Hand*B.B. McKinney, 1886-1952*

Have you failed in your plan of your storm-tossed life?
Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand.
Are you weary and worn from its toil and strife?
Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand.
Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand,
Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand.
He will keep to the end, He's your dearest Friend;
Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand.

Are you walking alone thro' the shadows dim?
Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand.
Christ will comfort your heart; put your trust in Him.
Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand.
Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand.
Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand.
He will keep to the end, He's your dearest Friend;
Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand.

Would you follow the will of the risen Lord?
Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand.
Would you live in the light of His blessed word?
Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand.
Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand.
Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand.
He will keep to the end, He's your dearest Friend;
Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand.

Is your soul burdened down with its load of sin?
Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand.
Throw your heart open wide; let the Savior in.
Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand.
Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand.
Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand.
He will keep to the end, He's your dearest Friend;
Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand.

112

He Lives

Alfred H. Ackley, 20th cent.

I serve a risen Savior, He's in the world today;
I know that He is living, whatever men may say.
I see his hand of mercy, I hear His voice of cheer
And, just the time I need Him, He's always near.
He lives (*He lives*), He lives (*He lives*), Christ Jesus lives today!
He walks with me and talks with me along life's narrow way.
He lives (*He lives*), He lives (*He lives*), salvation to impart!
You ask me how I know He lives? He lives within my heart.

In all the world around me I see His loving care,
And tho' my heart grows weary, I never will despair.
I know that He is leading thro' all the stormy blast;
The day of His appearing will come at last.
He lives (*He lives*), He lives (*He lives*), Christ Jesus lives today!
He walks with me and talks with me along life's narrow way.
He lives (*He lives*), He lives (*He lives*), salvation to impart!
You ask me how I know He lives? He lives within my heart.

Rejoice, rejoice, O Christians, lift up your voice and sing
Eternal halelujahs to Jesus Christ the King!
The Hope of all who seek Him, the Help of all who find,
None other is so loving, so good and kind.
He lives (*He lives*), He lives (*He lives*), Christ Jesus lives today!
He walks with me and talks with me along life's narrow way.
He lives (*He lives*), He lives (*He lives*), salvation to impart!
You ask me how I know He lives? He lives within my heart.

113

He Lives on High

Hawaiian Folk Song

B.B. McKinney (1886-1952)

Christ the Savior came from heaven's glory to redeem the lost from sin and
shame;
On His brow he wore the thorn-crown gory, and upon Calvary He took my
blame.

He lives on high, He lives on high, Triumphant over sin and all its stain.
He lives on high, He lives on high; Some day He's coming again.

He arose from heath and all its sorrow to dwell in that land of joy and love;
He is coming back some glad tomorrow, and He'll take all His children home in
love.

He lives on high, He lives on high, Triumphant over sin and all its stain.
He lives on high, He lives on high; Some day He's coming again.

Weary soul, to Jesus come confessing; Redemption from sin He offers thee.
Look to Jesus and receive a blessing; There is life, there is joy and victory!
He lives on high, He lives on high, Triumphant over sin and all its stain.
He lives on high, He lives on high; Some day He's coming again.

114

Nothing But the Blood

Robert Lowry, 19th cent.

What can wash away my sin? Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
What can make me whole again? Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
Oh! precious is the flow that makes me white as snow;
No other fount I know, Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

For my pardon this I see- Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
For my cleansing, this my plea- Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
Oh! precious is the flow that makes me white as snow;
No other fount I know, Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Nothing can for sin atone- Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
Naught of good that I have done- Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
Oh! precious is the flow that makes me white as snow;
No other fount I know, Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

This is all my hope and peace- Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
This is all my righteousness- Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
Oh! precious is the flow that makes me white as snow;
No other fount I know, Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

115

There Is a Fountain filled with Blood

William Cowper, 1771

Lowell Mason, 1830

There is a fountain filled with blood drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, lose all their guilty stains.
Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see that fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he, wash all my sins away.
Wash all my sins away, Wash all my sins away;
And there may I, though vile as he, wash all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood shall never lose its pow'r
Till all the ransomed Church of God be saved, to sin no more.
Be saved, to sin no more, Be saved, to sin no more;
Till all the ransomed Church of God be saved, to sin no more.

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.
And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die;
Redeeming love has been my theme, and shall be till I die.

Then, in a nobler, sweeter song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue lies silent in the grave.
Lies silent in the grave, Lies silent in the grave;
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue lies silent in the grave.

116

When I See The Blood

John

I.G.F.

Christ our Redeemer died on the tree, Died for the sinner, paid all his due.
All who receive Him need never fear; Yes, He will pass, will pass over you.
When I (When I) see the blood (see the blood),
When I (When I) see the blood (see the blood),
When I (When I) see the blood (see the blood),
I will pass, I will pass over you (over you).

Chiefest of sinners, Jesus can save; All He has promised, so He will do.
Oh sinner hear Him; trust in His word, Then He will pass, will pass over you.
When I (When I) see the blood (see the blood),
When I (When I) see the blood (see the blood),
When I (When I) see the blood (see the blood),
I will pass, I will pass over you (over you).

Judgment is coming, all will be there, Who have rejected, who have refused.
Oh, sinner, hasten, let Jesus in, Then God will pass, will pass over you.
When I (When I) see the blood (see the blood),
When I (When I) see the blood (see the blood),
When I (When I) see the blood (see the blood),
I will pass, I will pass over you (over you).

O great compassion! O boundless love! Jesus hath power, Jesus is true;
All who believe are safe from the storm, Oh, He will pass, will pass over you.
When I (When I) see the blood (see the blood),
When I (When I) see the blood (see the blood),
When I (When I) see the blood (see the blood),
I will pass, I will pass over you (over you).

117

Redeemed

Fanny J. Crosby, 1820-1915

William J. Kirkpatrick, 1838-1921

Redeemed how I love to proclaim it! Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;
Redeemed thro' His infinite mercy, His child, and forever, I am.
Redeemed (redeemed), redeemed (redeemed), Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;
Redeemed (redeemed), redeemed (redeemed), His child, and forever I am.

Redeemed and so happy in Jesus, No language my rapture can tell;
I know that the light of His presence with me doth continually dwell.
Redeemed (redeemed), redeemed (redeemed), Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;
Redeemed (redeemed), redeemed (redeemed), His child, and forever I am.

I think of my blessed Redeemer, I think of Him all the day long;
I sing, for I cannot be silent; His love is the theme of my song.
Redeemed (redeemed), redeemed (redeemed), Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;
Redeemed (redeemed), redeemed (redeemed), His child, and forever I am.

I know I shall see in His beauty the King in Whose law I delight;
Who lovingly guardeth my footsteps and giveth me songs in the night.
Redeemed (redeemed), redeemed (redeemed), Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;
Redeemed (redeemed), redeemed (redeemed), His child, and forever I am.

118

Break Thou The Bread Of Life

Mary Ann Lathbury, 1877, alt.

William F. Serwin, 1877, alt.

Break Thou the bread of life, dear Lord, to me,
As Thou didst break the loaves beside the sea;
Beyond the sacred page I seek Thee, Lord;
My spirit pants for Thee, O living Word!

Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, to me, to me,
As Thou didst bless the bread by Galilee;
Then shall bondage cease, all fetters fall;
And I shall find my peace, my all in all.

Thou art the bread of life, O Lord, to me,
Thy holy Word the truth that saveth me;
Give me to eat and live with Thee above;
Teach me to love Thy truth, for Thou art love.

O send Thy Spirit, Lord, now unto me,
That it may touch my eyes, and make me see:
Show me the truth concealed within Thy Word,
And in Thy Book revealed I see the Lord.

119

Let Us Keep the Feast

I Corinthians 5:8, John 6:33-35

Leviticus 23:6-8, Isaiah 11:9

Ross Jutsum

On the fifteenth day of the first month is the Feast of Unleavened Bread;
All our bread is completely unleavened seven days, as our Father has said:
The first and last shall be Holy Days, to help us walk in His way;
We'll bring an off'ring unto the Lord, rejoicing with Him each day.

Therefore let us keep the Feast, not with the old bread of unrighteousness;
Let us keep the Feast, neither with leaven of malice and wickedness.
Let's enjoy the Feast, ev'ry adult and child and youth:
The Feast of Unleavened Bread, bread of sincerity and truth.

Bread of Life God freely has given: Living Bread for us to receive;
When we come to our Lord we'll not hunger, nor will thirst if we truly believe.
When Christ returns to bring peace on earth and all the world will be free,
He'll fill the earth with God's knowledge as the waters cover the sea.
Therefore let us keep the Feast, not with the old bread of unrighteousness;
Let us keep the Feast, neither with leaven of malice and wickedness.
Let's enjoy the Feast, ev'ry adult and child and youth:
The Feast of Unleavened Bread, bread of sincerity and truth.

120

Love Is

Condie Erwin

Audrey Rhodes

Adapted from I Corinthians 13

Though I speak with the tongues of angels, though I have the gift of prophesy,
Though I understand all mysteries and have not love, I have nothing.
Love is patient, love is kind, envies not nor is full of pride.
Where knowledge is, it will pass away; where there are tongues they will be
stilled.
Though I speak with angels' tongues, without love in my heart, I have nothing.

Though my faith can make mountains wander, though all my goods I give to
the poor,
Though I give my body to the flames and have not love, I have nothing.
Love seeks not self nor is rude, thinks no evil, rejoices in all truth.
But now abide faith and hope and love, and love is greatest of these three.
Thought my faith makes mountains move, without love in my heart, I have
nothing.

121

Spirit of God, Descend upon My Heart

Attributed to George Croly, 1866

Frederick C. Atkinson, 1870

Spirit of God, descend upon my heart;
Wean it from earth, through all its pulses move.
Stoop to my weakness, mighty as Thou art,
and make me love Thee as I ought to love.

I ask no dream, no prophet ecstasies,
No sudden rending of the veil of clay,
No angel visitant, no op'ning skies,
but take the dimness of my soul away.

Teach me to feel that Thou art always night;
Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear,
to check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh.
Teach me the patience of unanswered prayer.

Teach me to love Thee as Thine angels love:
one holy passion filling all my frame,
the baptism of the heav'n descended Dove,
My heart an altar and Thy love the flame.

122

Through The Love Of God, Our Savior

Mary Peters

Welsh Melody, AR HYD Y NOS

Har. L.O. Emerson, 1906, alt.

Through the love of God, our Savior, All will be well;
Free and changeless is His favor, All will be well;
Precious is the blood that healed us, Perfect is the Grace that sealed us,
Strong the hand stretched out to shield us, All will be well.

Though we pass through tribulation, All will be well;
Ours is such a full salvation, All will be well.
Happy when in god confiding, Fruitful if in Christ abiding,
Holy through the Spirit's guiding, All will be well.

We expect a bright tomorrow; All will be well;
Faith can sing through days of sorrow, All will be well;
On our Father's love relying, Jesus ev'ry need supplying
In our living, in our dying, All will be well.

123

Tell me The Old, Old Story

A. Catherine Hankey, 1834-1911

William H. Doane, 1832-1915

Tell me the old, old story of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory, of Jesus and His love.
Tell me the story simply, as to a little child,
For I am weak and weary, and helpless and defiled.
Tell me the old, old story, tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story, of Jesus and His love.

Tell me the story slowly, that I may take it in,
That wonderful redemption, God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often, for I forget so soon;
The early dew of morning has passed away at noon.
Tell me the old, old story, tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story, of Jesus and His love.

Tell me the story softly, with earnest tones and grave;
Remember I'm the sinner whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me the story always, if you would really be,
In any time of trouble, a comforter to me.
Tell me the old, old story, tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story, of Jesus and His love.

124

Come, Thou Long-Expected Jesus

Charles Wesley, 1744, 1747

Rowland Hugh Prichard, 1855

Come, Thou long expected Jesus Born to set Thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us, Let us find our rest in Thee.
Israel's strength and consolation, Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear desire of every nation, Joy of every longing heart.

Born Thy people to deliver, Born a child and yet a King,
Born to reign in us forever, Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.
By Thine own eternal Spirit Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all sufficient merit, Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

Come, Almighty, to deliver, Let us all Thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never, never more thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing, glory in Thy perfect love.

125

I Would Be True

Howard Arnold Walter, 1883-1918

Joseph Y. Peek, 1843-1911

I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.

I would be friend of all--the foe, the friendless;
I would be giving, and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up, and laugh, and love and lift.
I would look up, and laugh, and love and lift.

126

Face to Face

Mrs. Frank A. Breck, 1855-1934, alt.

Grant Colfax Tullar, 1869-1950

Face to face with Christ my Savior, Face to face, how can it be
When, with joy, I behold Him, Jesus Christ, Who died for me?
Face to face shall I behold Him, He alone may glorify,
Face to face in all His glory, I shall see Him by and by!

Only faintly now I see Him with the darkling veil between,
But a blessed day is coming when His glory shall be seen.
Face to face shall I behold Him, He alone may glorify,
Face to face in all His glory, I shall see Him by and by!

What rejoicing in His presence when are banished grief and pain,
When the crooked ways are straightened and the dark things shall be plain!

Face to face shall I behold Him, He alone may glorify,
Face to face in all His glory, I shall see Him by and by!

Face to face O blissful moment! Face to face, to see and know,
Face to face with my Redeemer, Jesus Christ, Who loves me so.
Face to face shall I behold Him, He alone may glorify,
Face to face in all His glory, I shall see Him by and by!

127

Mine Eyes Upon The Lord Continually Are Set

Psalm 25

Dwight Armstrong

Mine eyes upon the Lord continually are set;
For He it is that shall bring forth my feet out of the net;
Turn unto me Thy face, and to me mercy show;
Because that I am desolate and am brought very low.

My heart's griefs are increased, relieve me from distress;
See mine affliction and my pain, and all my sins forgive;
Consider Thou my foes because they many are;
And it a cruel hatred is which they against me bear.

O do Thou keep my soul, do Thou deliver me;
And let me never be ashamed because I trust in Thee;
Let uprightness and truth keep me, who Thee attend.
Redemption, Lord, to Israel from all his troubles send.

128

He Hideth My Soul

Fanny J. Crosby, 1820-1915

William J. Kirkpatrick, 1838-1921

A wonderful Savior is Jesus my Lord, A Wonderful Savior to me;
He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock, where rivers of pleasure I see.
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,
And covers me there with His hand.

A wonderful Savior is Jesus my Lord, He taketh my burden away;
He holdeth me up and I shall not be moved, He giveth me strength as my day.
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,
And covers me there with His hand.

With numberless blessings each moment He crowns; and filled with His
fullness divine,
I sing in my rapture, oh, glory to God for such a Redeemer as mine!
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,
And covers me there with His hand.

When clothed in His brightness, transported I rise to meet Hi in clods of the
sky;
Then we shall return to be rulers with Him, When Jesus shall come from on
high.
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,
And covers me there with His hand.

129

Take My Life And Let It Be

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1874

Henri A. Cesar Malan, 1827

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

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

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

Take my love, my God, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee,
Ever, only, all for Thee.

130

How Excellent Is Thy Name!

Psalm 8

Dwight Armstrong

How excellent in all the earth, Lord our Lord is Thy name!
Who hast Thy glory far advanced Above the starry frame.
From mouths of babes and infants, Lord, Strength by Thee is ordained,
So that Thy enemies by crushed; Thy vengeful foes restrained.

When I look up unto the heavens Which Thine own fingers framed,
Unto the moon and to the stars, Which were by Thee ordained;
Then say I, what is man that Thou Should be mindful of him?
Or what, the son of man, that Thou So kind to him should be?

For Thou has made Him little less Than the angels above;
With glory and with dignity; With honor crowned his head.
Appointed Lord of all Thy works, All things under His feet;
All sheep and oxen, yes, and beasts That in the field do stray.

131

O Come, O Come, Emmanuel

Stanzas 1,2, trans. John Mason Neale, 1851, 1853

Stanza 3, trans. Henry Sloane Coffin, 1916

Arr. for The Hymnal Noted, 1854

O come, O come, Emmanuel, And ransom captive Israel
that mourns in lonely exile here until the Son of God appear.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel shall come to thee, O Israel!

O come, Thou Dayspring, come and cheer our spirits by Thine advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night, and death's dark shadows put to flight.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel shall come to thee, O Israel!

O come, Desire of nations, bind all peoples in one heart and mind;
Bid envy, strife and discord cease, fill the whole world with heaven's peace.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel shall come to thee, O Israel!

132

O Zion, Haste

Mary Ann Thomson, 1868

James Walch, 1875

O Zion, haste, thy mission high fulfilling,
To tell to all the world that God is light,
That He who made all nations is not willing
One soul should perish, lost in shades of night.
Publish glad tidings, tidings of peace;
Tidings of Jesus, redemption and release.

Behold how many thousands still are lying
Bound in the darksome prison house of sin,
With none to tell them of the Savior's dying,
Or of the life He died for them to win.
Publish glad tidings, tidings of peace;
Tidings of Jesus, redemption and release.

Proclaim to every people, tongue, and nation
That God, in Whom they live and move, is love;
Tell how He stooped to save His lost creation,
And died on earth that we might live above.
Publish glad tidings, tidings of peace;
Tidings of Jesus, redemption and release.

Give of thy sons to bear the message glorious;
Give of thy wealth to speed them on their way;

Pour out thy soul for them in prayer victorious;
O Zion, haste to bring the brighter day.
Publish glad tidings, tidings of peace;
Tidings of Jesus, redemption and release.

133

Thou Didst Leave Thy Throne

Emily E.S. Elliott, 1864

Timothy R. Matthews, 1876

Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly crown when Thou camest to earth
for me,
But in Bethlehem's home there was found no room for Thy holy nativity.
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus, There is room in my heart for Thee!

Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang, proclaiming Thy royal degree;
But in lowly birth didst Thou come to earth, and in great humility.
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus, There is room in my heart for Thee!

The foxes found rest and the birds their nest in the shade of the forest tree;
But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God, in the desert of Galilee.
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus, There is room in my heart for Thee!

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 The to Calvary.
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus, There is room in my heart for Thee!

When the heavens shall ring, and her choirs shall sing at Thy coming to victory,
Let Thy voice call me on, 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.

134

The Trumpet Shall Sound

I Corinthians 15:50-58

Ross Jutsum

Behold, I show, I show you all a mystery;
We shall not sleep, but we shall all be changed.

In just a while, the twinkling of an eye, you'll see,
The trumpet shall sound, and we shall all be raised.
But thanks to God, Who giveth us the victory
Through Christ the Lord, Eternal, Living One.
Always abound and do the work He's given me,
Beloved of God and christ, His chosen sons.

O death, O grave, where is your sting, your victory?
The sting of death is sin, defined by law.
And when this mortal puts on immortality,
The trumpet shall sound; rejoice forevermore.
But thanks to God, Who giveth us the victory
Through Christ the Lord, Eternal, Living One.
Always abound and do the work He's given me,
Beloved of God and christ, His chosen sons.

135

If I Take The Wings Of The Morning

Copyright 1990, Martha Dalton

Sharon See, 20th cent.

Arr. Audrey Rhodes, 20th cent.

If I take the wings of the morning, Fly away to an isle of the sea.
Even there would Your eye behold me; Whither from your presence I flee?
Where will I hide from Thee, O God;
Whither, Lord, Whither will I flee?
Search me and know all the thoughts of my heart,
And ever will I sing praise to Thee.

If I say, "I'll hide in the darkness; Let it be a concealment to me."
Yet the night shall be light around me; Day and night are alike unto Thee.
Where will I hide from Thee, O God;
Whither, Lord, Whither will I flee?
Search me and know all the thoughts of my heart,
And ever will I sing praise to Thee.

All your precious thoughts, could I count them, they would be as the grains of
sand;
And I know before I was fashioned, in Your book was my substance planned.
Where will I hide from Thee, O God;

Whither, Lord, Whither will I flee?
Search me and know all the thoughts of my heart,
And ever will I sing praise to Thee.

136

There's a Great Day Coming

Will L. Thompson, 1847-1909

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

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

There's a sad day coming, A sad day coming,
There's a sad day coming by and by
when the sinner shall hear his doom, "Depart, I know ye not."
Are you ready for that day to come?
Are you ready? Are you ready?
Are you ready for the judgment day?
Are you ready? Are you ready?
Are you ready for the judgment day?

137

A Child Of The King

Words: Harriet Eugenia Peck Buell, 1877

Music: John B. Sumner, 1877

My Father is rich in houses and lands,
He holdeth the wealth of the world in His hands!
Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and gold,
His coffers are full, He has riches untold.
I'm a child of the King, A child of the King:
With Jesus my Savior, I'm a child of the King.

My Father's own Son, the Savior of men,
Once wandered on earth as the poorest of them;
But now He is pleading our pardon on high,
That we may be His when He comes by and by.
I'm a child of the King, A child of the King:
With Jesus my Savior, I'm a child of the King.

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,
An heir to a mansion, a robe and a crown.
I'm a child of the King, A child of the King:
With Jesus my Savior, I'm a child of the King.

A tent or a cottage, why should I care?
They're building a palace for me over there;
Though exiled from home, yet still may I sing:
All glory to God, I'm a child of the King.
I'm a child of the King, A child of the King:
With Jesus my Savior, I'm a child of the King.

138

Mt. Zion Stands Most Beautiful

Psalm 48

Dwight Armstrong

The Lord Eternal is most great and greatly to be praised!
Within the city of our God, upon His holy hill.

Mount Zion stands most beautiful, the Joy of all the Land!
The city of the mighty King doth on her north side stand.

Within her palaces our God is for a refuge known;
For lo, the kings assembled, together they did come.
When they beheld it all amazed, they fled in great dismay;
And being troubled at hy sight, they thence did haste away.

As we have heard, we saw within the city of our God,
The city which the Lord of Hosts established evermore.
We of Thy loving kindness thought, in Thy most holy place;
O God, according to Thy name, Thy praise fills all the earth!

139

Come, Ye Thankful People, Come

Henry Alford, 1844

Hugh Hartshorne, 1915

George J. Elvey, 1858

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.

All the world is God's own field, fruit as praise to God we yield;
Wheat and tares together sown are to 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.

These to Thee, our God, we owe, Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for those our souls shall raise Grateful vows and solemn praise.
Come, then, thankful people, come, Raise the song of harvest home;
Come to God's own temple, come, Raise the song of harvest home.

140

O Come All Ye Faithful

Adeste Fideles

Trans. Frederick Oakeley, 1841, alt

J.F. Wade's Cantus Diversi, 1751

O come, all ye faithful, Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem!

Come and behold Him, Born the King of angels!
O come, let us adore Him, O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ, the Lord!

O sing, choirs of angels, Sing in exultation!
O sing, all ye bright hosts of heav'n above!
Glory to God, all glory in the highest!
O come, let us adore Him, O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ, the Lord!

Yea, Lord we greet Thee, born this happy morning.
O Jesus, to Thee be all glory giv'n,
Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing!
O come, let us adore Him, O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ, the Lord!

141

Come, Come, Ye Saints

*William Clayton, 19th cent.
English Folk Song*

Come, come, ye saints, no toil nor labor fear; But with joy, wend your way.
Though hard to you this journey may appear, Grace shall be as your day.
'Tis better far for us to strive Our useless cares from us to drive;
Do this, and joy your hearts will swell All is well! All is well!

Why should we mourn or think our lot is hard? 'Tis not so, all is right.
Why should we think to earn a great reward, If we now shun the fight?
Gird up your loins; fresh courage take; Our God will never us forsake,
And soon we'll have this tale to tell, All is well! All is well!

We'll find the place which God for us prepared, In the day of His rest,
Where none shall come to hurt or make afraid; There the saints will be blessed.
We'll make the air with music ring, Shout praises to our God and King;
Above the rest these words we'll tell, All is well! All is well!

142

Lower Lights

Philip P. Bliss, 1838-1876

Brightly beams our Father's mercy from His lighthouse evermore,
But to us He gives the keeping of the lights along the shore.
Let the lower lights be burning! Send a gleam across the wave!
Some poor fainting, struggling seaman, you may rescue, you may save.

Dark the night of sin has settled, loud the angry billows roar;
Eager eyes are watching, longing, for the lights, along the shore.
Let the lower lights be burning! Send a gleam across the wave!
Some poor fainting, struggling seaman, you may rescue, you may save.

Trim your feeble lamp, my brother, some poor sailor tempest tossed,
Trying now to make the harbor, in the darkness may be lost.
Let the lower lights be burning! Send a gleam across the wave!
Some poor fainting, struggling seaman, you may rescue, you may save.

143

Come To The Feast

Charlotte G. Homer

W.A. Ogden

"All things are ready," come to the feast! Come, for the table now is spread;
Ye famishing, ye weary, come and thou shalt be richly fed.
Hear the invitation, "whosoever will," Hear the invitation, whosoever will
Praise God for full salvation
Praise God for full salvation for "whosoever will"
For "whosoever will."

"All things are ready," come to the feast! Come, for the door is open wide;
A place of honor is reserved for you at the Master's side.
Hear the invitation, "whosoever will," Hear the invitation, whosoever will
Praise God for full salvation
Praise God for full salvation for "whosoever will"
For "whosoever will."

"All things are ready," come to the feast! Come, while He waits to welcome
thee;
Delay not while this day is thine, Tomorrow may never be;

Hear the invitation. Come, "whosoever will"
Hear the invitation, "whosoever will," Hear the invitation, whosoever will
Praise God for full salvation
Praise God for full salvation for "whosoever will"
For "whosoever will."

"All things are ready," come to the feast! Leave ev'ry care and worldly strife;
Come, feast upon the love of God and drink everlasting life.

Hear the invitation. Come, "whosoever will"
Hear the invitation, "whosoever will," Hear the invitation, whosoever will
Praise God for full salvation
Praise God for full salvation for "whosoever will"
For "whosoever will."

144

On Jordan's Stormy Banks

Samuel Stennett

Arr. R.M. McIntosh

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand and cast a wistful eye
to Canaan's fair and happy land, where my possessions lie.
I am bound for the promised land, I am bound for the promised land;
O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the promised land.

All o'er those wide extended plains shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns and scatters night away.
I am bound for the promised land, I am bound for the promised land;
O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the promised land.

No chilling winds nor pois'nous breath can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death are felt and feared no more.
I am bound for the promised land, I am bound for the promised land;
O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the promised land.

When shall I reach that happy place and be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face and in His bosom rest?
I am bound for the promised land, I am bound for the promised land;
O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the promised land.

145

We've A Story To Tell To The Nations

Colin Sterne, 1896

H. Ernest Nichol, 1896

We've a story to tell to the nations that shall turn their hearts to the right,
A story of truth and mercy, A story of peace and light, A story of peace and
light.
For the darkness shall turn to dawning, And the dawning to noonday bright,
And Christ's great Kingdom shall come on earth, The Kingdom of love and
light.

We've a song to be sung to the nations that shall lift their hearts to the Lord,
A song that shall conquer evil And shatter the spear and sword, And shatter the
spear and sword.
For the darkness shall turn to dawning, And the dawning to noonday bright,
And Christ's great Kingdom shall come on earth, The Kingdom of love and
light.

We've a message to give to the nations, that the Lord who reigneth
above hath sent us His Son to save us And show us that God is love, And show
us that God is love.
For the darkness shall turn to dawning, And the dawning to noonday bright,
And Christ's great Kingdom shall come on earth, The Kingdom of love and
light.

We've a Savior to show to the nations, Who the path of sorrow hath trod,
that all of the world's great peoples Might come to the truth of God, Might
come to the truth of God.

For the darkness shall turn to dawning, And the dawning to noonday bright,
And Christ's great Kingdom shall come on earth, The Kingdom of love and
light.

146

Whosoever Will

Philip P. Bliss, 19th cent.

"Whosoever heareth," shout, shout the sound!
Spread the blessed tidings all the world around;
Spread the joyful news wherever man is found:
"Whosoever will may come."
"Whosoever will, whosoever will,"
Send the proclamation over vale and hill;
'Tis a loving Father calls the wand'rer home:
"Whosoever will may come."

Whosoever cometh need no delay;
Now the door is open, enter while you amy.
Jesus is the true, the only Living Way:
"Whosoever will may come."
"Whosoever will, whosoever will,"
Send the proclamation over vale and hill;
'Tis a loving Father calls the wand'rer home:
"Whosoever will may come."

"Whosoever will," the promise secure,
"Whosoever will" forever must endure.
"Whosoever will," 'its life forevermore:
"Whosoever will may come."
"Whosoever will, whosoever will,"
Send the proclamation over vale and hill;
'Tis a loving Father calls the wand'rer home:
"Whosoever will may come."

147

Give Of Your Best To The Master

Howard B. Grose, 1851-1939

Charlotte A. Barnard, 19th cent.

Give of your best to the Master; Give of the strength of your youth.
Throw your soul's fresh, glowing ardor Into the battle for truth.
Jesus has set the example, Dauntless was He, young and brave.
Give Him your loyal devotion; Give Him the best that you have.
Give of your best to the Master; Give of the strength of your youth.
Clad in salvation's full armor, Join in the battle for truth.

Give of your best to the Master; Give Him first place in your heart.
Give Him first place in your service; Consecrate every part.
Give, and to you will be given; God His beloved Son gave.
Gratefully seeking to serve Him, Give Him the best that you have.
Give of your best to the Master; Give of the strength of your youth.
Clad in salvation's full armor, Join in the battle for truth.

Give of your best to the Master; Naught else is worthy His love.
He gave Himself for your ransom, Gave up His glory above.
Laid down His life without murmur, You from sin's ruin to save.
Give Him your heart's adoration; Give Him the best that you have.
Give of your best to the Master; Give of the strength of your youth.
Clad in salvation's full armor, Join in the battle for truth.

148

For Even From My Youth, O God

Psalm 71

Dwight Armstrong

For even from my youth, O God, by thee I have been taught;
And hitherto I have declared the wonders thou hast wrought.
And now, O God, forsake me not When I am old and gray;
Till I proclaim Thy wondrous deeds To this and every age.

Thy perfect righteousness, O God, The heaven's height exceeds;
O God, who is like Thee, who has performed such mighty deeds
Thou who hast sent me many griefs Wilt yet my soul restore,
And out of sorrow's lowest depths Wilt bring me forth once more.

My greatness and my pow'r Thou will increase and far extend;
Against all grief on ev'ry side to me will comfort send.
And I will also praise Thy truth, O God, with psaltery;
Thou Holy One of Israel, With harp I'll sing to thee.

149

Yield Not To Temptation

Horatio R. Palmer, 1834-1907

Yield not to temptation, for yielding is sin;
Each victory will help you some other to win;
Fight manfully onward, dark passions subdue,
Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.
Ask the Savior to help you, Comfort, strengthen and keep you;
He is willing to aid you, He will carry you through.

Shun evil companions, bad language disdain,
God's Name hold in reverence, nor take it in vain;
Be thoughtful and earnest, kindhearted and true,
Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.
Ask the Savior to help you, Comfort, strengthen and keep you;
He is willing to aid you, He will carry you through.

To him that o'ercometh, God giveth a crown;
Through faith we shall conquer, though often cast down;
He Who is our Savior our strength will renew;
Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.
Ask the Savior to help you, Comfort, strengthen and keep you;
He is willing to aid you, He will carry you through.

150

This Is My Father's World

Maltbie D. Babcock, 1901

Traditional English Melody

Arr. Franklin L. Sheppard, 1915

This is my Father's world, and to my listening ears
All nature sings, and round me rings the music of the spheres.
This is my Father's world: I rest me in the thought
Of rocks and trees, of skies and seas; His hand the wonders wrought.

This is my Father's world, the birds their carols raise,
The morning light, the lily white, declare their Maker's praise.
This is my Father's world: He shines in all that's fair;
In the rustling grass I hear Him pass; He speaks to me everywhere.

This is my Father's world. O let me ne'er forget
That though the wrong seems oft so strong, God is the ruler yet.
This is my Father's world: why should my heart be sad?
The Lord is King; let the heavens ring! God reigns; let the earth be glad!

151

The Heavens God's Glory Do Declare

Psalm 19

Dwight Armstrong

The heav'ns God's glory do declare, The skies His handiworks teach;
Day after day their speech pours forth, and knowledge, night after night.
There is no speech nor spoken word; their voice is never heard;
And yet their voice spreads to all the earth, their works to the ends of the world.

The heav'ns a tent for the sun, He made, Which comes forth like a bride groom,
Leaving his chamber, glowing bright, to run his course with joy.
From heaven's end its rising is, its circuit to its ends;
And there is nothing from its heat, no, nothing is hidden thereof.

The law of God is a perfect law, For it converts the soul;
Sure are the sayings of our God, they make the simple wise.
Statutes of God are right and just, and do rejoice the heart;
The Lord's commandments are pure and clear, and light to the mind they impart.

152

My Country, 'Tis Of Thee

Samuel F. Smith 1832

Thesaurus Musicus, 1740

My country tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing.
Land where my fathers died! Land of the Pilgrim's pride!
From every mountain side, Let freedom ring!

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 fills Like that above.

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.

Our father's 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!

153

America, The Beautiful

*Katherine Lee Bates
Samuel Ward*

O beautiful for spacious skies, for amber waves of grain
For purple mountain majesties above the fruited plain!
America, America, God shed his grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood from sea to shining sea.

O beautiful for pilgrim feet, whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat across the wilderness!
America, America! God mend thine ev'ry flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self control, thy liberty in law.

O beautiful for heroes proved in liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved and mercy more than life.
America, America! May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness, and every grace divine.

O beautiful for patriot dream that sees beyond the years.
Thine alabaster cities gleam, undimmed by human tears.
America, America! God shed his grace on thee.
And crown thy good with brotherhood from sea to shining sea.

154

Honor Your Father and Mother

*Exodus 20:12; Matthew 25:23; Luke 2:51-52 and James 1:17
Ross Jutsum*

Honor your father and mother, That your days may be long on the land.
Bountiful blessings forever, The Eternal your God did command.
The first commandment with promise, And by this we should all understand.
So honor your father and mother That your days may be long on the land.

Christ, son of Joseph and Mary, Whose father and mother we know,
Left us a perfect example To follow wherever we go.
He taught us to keep the commandments, His great law, which forever will
stand.
So honor your father and mother That your days may be long on the land.

Heav'nly Jerus'lem forever, It is free and the mother of all.
How much our heavenly Father Gives gifts to the children He calls.
He promises life everlasting, And to serve at our Master's right hand,
So honor your father and mother That your days may be long on the land.

155

Onward Christian Soldiers!

Sabine Baring-Gould

Arthur Sullivan

Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus going on before.
Christ, the royal Master, leads against the foe;
Forward into battle see His banners go!
Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus going on before.

Like a mighty army moves the church of God;
Brothers, we are treading where the saints have trod.
We are not divided, all one body we,
One in hope and doctrine, one in charity.
Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus going on before.

Crowns and thrones may perish, kingdoms rise and wane,
But the church of Jesus constant will remain.
Gates of hell can never 'gainst that church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise, and that cannot fail.
Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus going on before.

Onward then, ye people, join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices in the triumph song.
Glory, laud and honor unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages men and angels sing.
Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus going on before.

156

Rescue the Perishing

Fanny J. Crosby, 1820-1915

William H. Doane, 1832-1915

Rescue the perishing, Care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
Weep o'er the erring one, Lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus the Mighty to save.
Rescue the perishing, Care for the dying;
Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

Tho' they are slighting Him, still He is waiting,
waiting the penitent child to receive.
Plead with them earnestly, plead with them gently;
He will forgive if they only believe
Rescue the perishing, Care for the dying;
Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter,
feelings lie buried that grace can restore.
Touched by a loving heart, wakened by kindness,
chords that are broken will vibrate once more.
Rescue the perishing, Care for the dying;
Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

Rescue the perishing, Duty demands it;
Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide.
Back to the narrow way patiently win them;
Tell the poor wand'rer a Savior has died.
Rescue the perishing, Care for the dying;
Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

157

Send The Light

Charles H. Gabriel, 1856-1932

There' s a call comes ringing over the restless wave, “ Send the light! Send the light!”

There are souls to rescue there are souls to save, Send the light! Send the light!
Send the light, the blessed Gospel light; Let it shine, from shore to shore!
Send the light, the blessed Gospel light; Let it shine forevermore!

We have heard the Macedonian call today, “ Send the light! Send the light!”
And a golden offering at His feet we lay, Send the light! Send the light!
Send the light, the blessed Gospel light; Let it shine, from shore to shore!
Send the light, the blessed Gospel light; Let it shine forevermore!

Let us pray that grace may everywhere abound, “ Send the light! Send the light!”

And a Christlike spirit everywhere be found, Send the light! Send the light!
Send the light, the blessed Gospel light; Let it shine, from shore to shore!
Send the light, the blessed Gospel light; Let it shine forevermore!

Let us not grow weary in the work of love, “ Send the light! Send the light!”
Let us gather jewels for a crown above, Send the light! Send the light!
Send the light, the blessed Gospel light; Let it shine, from shore to shore!
Send the light, the blessed Gospel light; Let it shine forevermore!

158

Work, For The Night Is Coming

Anna L. Coghill, 1854

Lowell Mason, 1864

Work, for the night is coming, work through the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling, work 'mid springing flowers;
Work when the day grows brighter, work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming, when man's work is done.

Work, for the night is coming, work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor, rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute, something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming, when man works no more.

Work, for the night is coming, under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing, work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth, fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is darkening, when man's work is o'er.

159

To The Work

Fanny J. Crosby, 1820-1915, alt.

William H. Doane, 1832-1915

To the work! To the work! We are servants of God; Let us follow the path that
our Master has trod;
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), Toiling on (toiling on), Toiling
on (toiling on),
Let us hope (and trust), Let us watch (and pray), And labor till the Master
comes.

To the work! To the work! Let the hungry be fed; To the fountain of life let the
weary be led;
In the cross and its banner our glory shall be, While we herald the tidings,
"Salvation is free!"
Toiling on (toiling on), Toiling on (toiling on), Toiling on (toiling on), Toiling
on (toiling on),
Let us hope (and trust), Let us watch (and pray), And labor till the Master
comes.

To the work! To the work! There is labor for all; For the kingdom of darkness
and error shall fall;
And the love of our Father exalted shall be, In the loud swelling chorus,
"Salvation is free!"
Toiling on (toiling on), Toiling on (toiling on), Toiling on (toiling on), Toiling
on (toiling on),
Let us hope (and trust), Let us watch (and pray), And labor till the Master
comes.

To the work! To the work! In the strength of the Lord, And a robe and a crown
shall our labor reward,
When the home of the faithful our dwelling shall be, And we shout with the
ransomed, "Salvation is free!"

Toiling on (toiling on), Toiling on (toiling on), Toiling on (toiling on), Toiling on (toiling on),
Let us hope (and trust), Let us watch (and pray), And labor till the Master comes.

160

I Gave My Life for Thee

Frances R. Havergal, 19th cent.

Philip P. Bliss, 19th cent.

I gave My life for thee, My precious blood I shed
That thou might'st ransomed be, and quickened from the dead.
I gave, I gave My life for thee; What hast thou giv'n for me?
I gave, I gave My life for thee; What hast thou giv'n for me?

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

And I have brought to thee, down from My home above,
Salvation full and free, My pardon and My love.
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee; What hast thou brought to Me?
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee; What hast thou brought to Me?

161

In The Garden

C. Austin Miles

I come to the garden alone,
While the dew is still on the roses;
And the voice I hear, Falling on my ear,
The Son of God discloses.
And He walks with me, and He talks with me,
And He tells me I am His own;
And the joy we share as we tarry there,
None other has ever known.

He speaks, and the sound of His voice
Is so sweet, the birds hush their singing;
And the melody That he gave to me,
Within my heart is ringing.
And He walks with me, and He talks with me,
And He tells me I am His own;
And the joy we share as we tarry there,
None other has ever known.

I'd stay in the garden with Him
Though the night around me be falling,
But He bids me go; Through the voice of woe
His voice to me is calling.
And He walks with me, and He talks with me,
And He tells me I am His own;
And the joy we share as we tarry there,
None other has ever known.

162

To Thee I Lift My Soul

Psalm 25

Dwight Armstrong

To Thee I lift my soul; I trust Thee, O my God;
Let me not be ashamed, nor let my foes triumph o'er me.
Let none that wait on Thee, be put to shame at all;
But those that without cause transgress, let shame upon them fall.

Show me Thy ways, O Lord; O teach Thou me Thy paths;
And in Thy truth lead me Thyself, therein my teacher be.
For Thou art God that dost to me salvation send;
And I upon Thee all the day, expecting, do attend.

Thy tender mercies, Lord, remember pray I Thee;
And loving kindnesses, for they have ever been of old.
My sins and faults of youth, do Thou, O Lord, forget;
After Thy mercy think on me, and for Thy goodness great.

163

Since Jesus Came into My Heart

Rufus H. McDaniel, 1850-1940

Charles H. Gabriel, 1856-1932

What a wonderful change in my life has been wrought
since Jesus came into my heart!
I have light in my soul for which long I had sought,
Since Jesus came into my heart!
Since Jesus came into my heart,
Since Jesus came into my heart,
Floods of joy o'er my soul like the sea billows roll,
Since Jesus came into my heart.

I have ceased from my wand'ring and going astray
since Jesus came into my heart!
And my sins which were many are all washed away
Since Jesus came into my heart!
Since Jesus came into my heart,
Since Jesus came into my heart,
Floods of joy o'er my soul like the sea billows roll,
Since Jesus came into my heart.

I'm possessed of a hope that is steadfast and sure
since Jesus came into my heart!
And no dark clouds of doubt now my pathway obscure
Since Jesus came into my heart!
Since Jesus came into my heart,
Since Jesus came into my heart,
Floods of joy o'er my soul like the sea billows roll,
Since Jesus came into my heart.

There's a light in the valley of death now for sure
since Jesus came into my heart!
And the gates of the City beyond I can see
Since Jesus came into my heart!
Since Jesus came into my heart,
Since Jesus came into my heart,
Floods of joy o'er my soul like the sea billows roll,
Since Jesus came into my heart.

I shall go there to dwell in that City, I know,
since Jesus came into my heart!

And I'm happy, so happy, as onward I go,
Since Jesus came into my heart!
Since Jesus came into my heart,
Since Jesus came into my heart,
Floods of joy o'er my soul like the sea billows roll,
Since Jesus came into my heart.

164

Now The Day Is Over

Sabine Baring-Gould

Now the day is over, night is drawing nigh;
shadows of the evening steal across the sky.

Jesus, give the weary calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tend'rest blessing may our eyelids close.

When the morning wakens, then may I arise
pure and fresh and sinless in Thy holy eyes.

165

Open My Eyes That I May See

Clara H. Scott

Open my eyes, that I may see
Glimpses of truth Thou hast for me,
Place in my hands the wonderful key
That shall unclasp, and set me free.
Silently now I wait for Thee,
Ready, my God, Thy will to see;
Open my eyes, illumine me, Spirit divine!

Open my ears, that I may hear
Voices of truth Thou sendest clear
And while the wave notes fall on my ear,
Ev'rything false will disappear.
Silently now I wait for Thee,
Ready, my God, Thy will to see;
Open my eyes, illumine me, Spirit divine!

Open my mouth and let me bear
Gladly the warm truth ev'rywhere;
Open my heart, and let me prepare
Love with Thy children thus to share.
Silently now I wait for Thee,
Ready, my God, Thy will to see;
Open my eyes, illumine me, Spirit divine!

166

Pure Religion

Ross Jutsum

Pure religion undefiled before our God and Father,
Pure religion from the heart draws us all together.
Visit orphans in their grief, widows in distress.
Keep unspotted from the world, grow in righteousness.

Ev'ry good and pleasant gift, it comes from God above,
Coming from the Lord of Lights, from the God of love:
Of His own will brought us forth, by His Word commands,
Leads us by His perfect truth, first fruits of His plan.

167

Dear Lord And Father Of Mankind

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1872

Frederick C. Maker, 1887

Dear Lord and Father of mankind, Forgive our foolish ways.
Re-clothe us in our rightful mind; In purer lives Thy service find
In deeper rev'rence praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard, beside the Syrian Sea,
the gracious calling of the Lord, Let us, like them, without a word,
rise up and follow Thee.

Drop Thy still dews of quietness till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress, And let our ordered lives confess
the beauty of Thy peace

Breathe through the heats of our desire Thy coolness and Thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire. Speak through the earthquake, wind and

fire,
O still, small voice of calm!

168

Take Time To Be Holy

W.D. Longstaff

Geo. C Stebbins

Take time to be holy, Speak oft with thy Lord;
Abide in Him always, And feed on His Word.
Make friends of God's children, Help those who are weak;
Forgetting in nothing His blessing to seek.

Take time to be holy, The world rushes on;
Spend much time in secret With Jesus alone.
By looking to Jesus, Like him thou shalt be;
Thy friends in thy conduct His likeness shall see.

Take time to be holy, Let Him be thy Guide,
And run not before Him, Whatever betide;
In joy or in sorrow, Still follow thy Lord,
And, looking to Jesus, Still trust in His Word.

Take time to be holy, Be calm in thy soul;
Each thought and each motive Beneath His control;
Thus led by His Spirit To fountains of love,
Thou soon shalt be fitted For service in love.

169

How Lovely Are Thy Dwellings

Psalm 84

Dwight Armstrong

How lovely are Thy dwellings, O Eternal Lord of Hosts!
My soul is longing, fainting, for Thee O living God.
Yea, the bird has found its home, built a nest to lay her young;
O that I may find Thine altars, my Lord, my King, my God!

How lovely are Thy dwellings, O Eternal Lord of Hosts!
For those who dwell in Thy house shall ever sing Thy praise!

Blest and happy is the man, who has found his strength in Thee;
He is stronger day by day, and shall in Zion dwell!

How lovely are Thy dwellings, O Eternal Lord of Hosts!
Give ear unto my prayer, O God of Israel;
For a day with thee is better than a thousand other days;
O that I may find Thine altars, My Lord, my King, my God!

170

Did You Think To Pray?

Mrs. M.A. Kidder

W.O. Perkins

Ere you left your room this morning, Did you think to pray?
In the name of Christ our Savior, Did you sue for loving favor,
As a shield today? O how praying rests the weary!
Prayer will change the night to day;
So when life seems dark and dreary,
Don't forget to pray.

When you met with great temptation, Did you think to pray?
By His dying love and merit, Did you claim the Holy Spirit
As your guide and stay? O how praying rests the weary!
Prayer will change the night to day;
So when life seems dark and dreary,
Don't forget to pray.

When your heart was filled with anger, Did you think to pray?
Did you plead for grace, my brother, That you might forgive another
Who had crossed your way? O how praying rests the weary!
Prayer will change the night to day;
So when life seems dark and dreary,
Don't forget to pray.

When sore trials came upon you, Did you think to pray?
When your soul was bowed in sorrow, Balm of Gilead did you borrow
At the gates of day? O how praying rests the weary!
Prayer will change the night to day;
So when life seems dark and dreary,
Don't forget to pray.

171

Moment By Moment

D.W. Whittle

May Whittle Moody

Dying with Jesus, by death reckoned mine; Living with Jesus, a new life
divine;

Looking to Jesus till glory doth shine, Moment by moment, O Lord, I am
Thine.

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.

Never a trial that He is not there, Never a burden that He doth not bear,
Never a sorrow that He doth not share, Moment by moment, I'm under His
care.

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.

Never a heartache, and never a groan, Never a teardrop and never a moan;
Never a danger but there on the throne, Moment by moment He thinks of His
own.

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.

Never a weakness that He doth not feel, Never a sickness that He cannot heal;
Moment by moment, in woe or in weal, Jesus my Savior, abides with me still.

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.

172

Sweet Hour Of Prayer

Wm. W. Walford

William B. Bradbury

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!

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His Word and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

173

Give Ear Unto My Words, O Lord

Psalm 5

Dwight Armstrong

Give ear unto my words, O lord, My meditation weigh;
Hear my loud cry, my King, my God, For I to Thee will pray.
Lord Thou shalt early hear my voice; I early will direct
My prayer to Thee, and looking up, An answer will expect.

For Thou art not a God who does In wickedness delight;
No evil shall abide with Thee, Nor fools stand in Thy sight.
All evil doers Thou dost hate, Cut off shall liars be;
The bloody and deceitful man, Abhorred is by Thee.

But I into Thy house will come In Thy abundant grace;
And I will worship in Thy fear Toward Thy holy place.
Because of watchful enemies, O lead me by Thy grace,
And in Thy righteousness, Thy way Make straight before my face.

Let all who trust in Thee be glad, In shouts their praise proclaim;
Thou savest them; let all rejoice Who love Thy Holy Name.

For Lord, unto the righteous man Thou wilt Thy blessing yield;
With favor Thou wilt compass him About as with a shield.

174

Lead, Kindly Light

John Henry Newman, 1833

John B. Dykes, 1865

Lead, kindly Light, a mid th'encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
the distant scene, one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path, but now lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.

So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till the night is gone,
And with the morn, those angel faces smile,
which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

175

Teach Me To Pray

Albert S. Reitz, 1925

Teach me to pray, Lord, teach me to pray; This is my heart-cry, day unto day.
I long to know Thy will and Thy way; Teach me to pray, Lord, teach me to
pray.
Living in Thee, Lord, and Thou in me, constant abiding, this is my plea;
Grant me Thy power, boundless and free, Power with men and power with
Thee.

Power in prayer, Lord, power in prayer! Here 'mid earth's sin and sorrow and
care,
Men lost and dying, souls in despair, O give me power, power in prayer!
Living in Thee, Lord, and Thou in me, constant abiding, this is my plea;

Grant me Thy power, boundless and free, Power with men and power with
Thee.

My weakened will, Lord, thou canst renew; My sinful nature Thou canst
subdue.

Fill me just now with power anew, Power to pray and power to do!
Living in Thee, Lord, and Thou in me, constant abiding, this is my plea;
Grant me Thy power, boundless and free, Power with men and power with
Thee.

Teach me to pray, Lord, teach me to pray; Thou art my pattern day unto day.
Thou art my surety, now and for aye; Teach me to pray, Lord, teach me to pray.
Living in Thee, Lord, and Thou in me, constant abiding, this is my plea;
Grant me Thy power, boundless and free, Power with men and power with
Thee.

176

Footsteps of Jesus

Mary B.C. Slade, 19th Cent.

Asa B. Everett, 19th Cent.

Sweetly, Lord, have we heard Thee calling, Come, follow me!
And we see where Thy footprints falling lead us to Thee.
Footprints of Jesus that make the pathway glow;
We will follow the steps of Jesus where e'er they go.

Tho' they lead o'er the cold, dark mountains, seeking His sheep,
Or along by Siloam's fountains, helping the weak,
Footprints of Jesus that make the pathway glow;
We will follow the steps of Jesus where e'er they go.

If they lead thro' the temple holy, preaching the word,
Or in homes of the poor and lowly, serving the Lord,
Footprints of Jesus that make the pathway glow;
We will follow the steps of Jesus where e'er they go.

Then at last, when on high He sees us, our journey done,
We will rest where the steps of Jesus end at His throne.
Footprints of Jesus that make the pathway glow;
We will follow the steps of Jesus where e'er they go.

Help Somebody Today*Mrs. Frank A. Breck**Charles H. Gabriel, 1856-1932*

Look all around you, find someone in need, Help somebody today!
 Though it be little—a neighborly deed—Help somebody today!
 Help somebody today (today), somebody along life's way (*homeward way*);
 Let sorrow be ended, The friendless befriended,
 O help somebody today!

Many are waiting a kind, loving word, Help somebody today!
 Thou hast a message, O let it be heard, Help somebody today!
 Help somebody today (today), somebody along life's way (*homeward way*);
 Let sorrow be ended, The friendless befriended,
 O help somebody today!

Many have burdens too heavy to bear, Help somebody today!
 Grief is the portion of some everywhere, Help somebody today!
 Help somebody today (today), somebody along life's way (*homeward way*);
 Let sorrow be ended, The friendless befriended,
 O help somebody today!

Some are discouraged and weary in heart, Help somebody today!
 Someone the journey to heaven should start, Help somebody today!
 Help somebody today (today), somebody along life's way (*homeward way*);
 Let sorrow be ended, The friendless befriended,
 O help somebody today!

Let Others See Jesus In You*B.B. McKinney, 1886-1952*

While passing thro' this world of sin, and others your life shall view,
 Be clean and pure without, within; Let others see Jesus in you.
 Let others see Jesus in you, Let others see Jesus in you.
 Keep telling the story, be faithful and true; Let others see Jesus in you.

Your life's a book before their eyes, They're reading it thro' and thro'
 Say, does it point them to the skis, Do others see Jesus in you?

Let others see Jesus in you, Let others see Jesus in you.
Keep telling the story, be faithful and true; Let others see Jesus in you.

Then live for Christ both day and night, Be faithful, be brave and true,
and lead the lost to life and Christ. Let others see Jesus in you.
Let others see Jesus in you, Let others see Jesus in you.
Keep telling the story, be faithful and true; Let others see Jesus in you.

179

I Will Sing the Wondrous Story

Francis H. Rowley, 1854-1952

Peter P. Bilhorn, 1865-1936

I will sing the wondrous story of the Christ Who died for me,
How He left His home in glory for to die on Calvary.
Yes, I'll sing (Yes, I'll sing) the wondrous story (the wondrous story)
Of the Christ (Of the Christ) Who died for me (Who died for me),
Sing it with (Sing it with) the saints in glory (the saints in glory),
Gathered by (Gathered by) the crystal sea (the crystal sea).

I was lost, but Jesus found me, Found the sheep that went astray,
Threw his loving arms around me, drew me back into His way.
Yes, I'll sing (Yes, I'll sing) the wondrous story (the wondrous story)
Of the Christ (Of the Christ) Who died for me (Who died for me),
Sing it with (Sing it with) the saints in glory (the saints in glory),
Gathered by (Gathered by) the crystal sea (the crystal sea).

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.
Yes, I'll sing (Yes, I'll sing) the wondrous story (the wondrous story)
Of the Christ (Of the Christ) Who died for me (Who died for me),
Sing it with (Sing it with) the saints in glory (the saints in glory),
Gathered by (Gathered by) the crystal sea (the crystal sea).

Days of darkness still come o'er me, sorrow's paths I often tread;
But the Savior still is with me. By His hand I'm safely led.
Yes, I'll sing (Yes, I'll sing) the wondrous story (the wondrous story)
Of the Christ (Of the Christ) Who died for me (Who died for me),
Sing it with (Sing it with) the saints in glory (the saints in glory),
Gathered by (Gathered by) the crystal sea (the crystal sea).

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.
Yes, I'll sing (Yes, I'll sing) the wondrous story (the wondrous story)
Of the Christ (Of the Christ) Who died for me (Who died for me),
Sing it with (Sing it with) the saints in glory (the saints in glory),
Gathered by (Gathered by) the crystal sea (the crystal sea).

180

Jesus Calls Us

Cecil Frances Alexander, 1852

William H. Jude, 1887

Jesus calls us over the tumult Of our life's wild, restless, sea;
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Saying, "Christian, follow Me!"

Jesus calls us from the worship Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us, Saying, "Christian, love Me more!"

In our joys and in our sorrows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures, "Christian, love Me more than these!"

Jesus calls us! By Thy mercies, Savior may we hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience, Serve and love Thee best of all.

181

Save Me, O God, By Thy Great Name

Psalm 54

Dwight Armstrong

Save me, O God, by thy great name, and judge me by thy strength:
My prayer hear, and to my words O God give ear to me.
For they that strangers are to me do up against me rise;
Oppressors do not care for God but seek to take my life.

The mighty God my helper is, lo, therefore I am bold:
He taketh part with ev'ry one that does my soul uphold.
To all my watchful foes he will their evil deeds repay:
O for thy truth's sake cut them off, and take them all away.

A free-will offering I to Thee will bring in sacrifice;
Lord, of thy name, for it is good, thy praises will I sing
Because he hath delivered me from all adversities;
And his desire mine eye hath seen upon mine enemies.

182

We Give Thee but Thine Own

William Walsham How, 1858

Mason and Webb's Cantica Laudis, 1850

We give Thee but Thine own, whate'er the gift may be;
All that we have is Thine alone, a trust, O Lord, from Thee.

May we Thy bounties thus, as stewards true, receive
and gladly, as Thou blessest us, to Thee our first fruits give.

To comfort and to bless, to find a balm for woe,
to tend the lone and fatherless is angels' work below.

The captive to release, to God the lost to bring,
to teach the way of life and peace It is a Christ-like thing.

And we believe Thy Word, though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord, We do it unto Thee.

183

Blest Be The Tie

John Fawcett, 1782

Johann Georg Nägeli (1772-1836)

Lowell Mason, 1845

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

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

We share our mutual woes, Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows The sympathizing tear.

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

184

You Are There

Dedicated to the memory of our friend and Church Elder, Larry Miller

Psalm 139

Condie Erwin

Audrey Rhodes

If I fly up to the clouds in heaven, You are there. You are there.
If I sink into the depths of earth, You are there. You are there.
You have sheltered me behind and front, You have put Your hand on me.
To what else can Your love for me compare? You are there.

You have searched me, Lord, you know my ways, You are there. you are there.
When I fall asleep and when I wake, You are there. You are there.
There is not a word that I can speak that You don't know perfectly.
To what else can Your love for me compare? You are there.

In the blackness of the darkest night - You are there. You are there.
And the darkness is to Thee as light -- You are there. You are there.
Hidden caverns cannot hide from Thee, secret islands in the sea.
To what else can Your love for me compare? You are there.

Look within me, God, and know my heart; You are there. You are there.
Test me now, O Lord, to learn my thoughts; You are there. You are there.
Take the baneful motives from my heart. Lead me in your loving way.
To what else can Your love for me compare? You are there.

185

More About Jesus Would I Know

Eliza E. Hewitt, 1851-1920

John R. Sweney, 1887

More about Jesus would I know, more of His grace to others show,
More of His saving fullness see, more of His love, Who died for me.
More, more about Jesus, More, more about Jesus,
More of His saving fullness see, More of His love, Who died for me.

More about Jesus let me learn, more of His holy will discern.
Spirit of God, my teacher be, showing the things of Christ to me.
More, more about Jesus, More, more about Jesus,
More of His saving fullness see, More of His love, Who died for me.

More about Jesus, in His Word holding communion with my Lord,
Hearing His voice in ev'ry line, making each faithful saying mine.
More, more about Jesus, More, more about Jesus,
More of His saving fullness see, More of His love, Who died for me.

More about Jesus on His throne, riches in glory all His own;
More of His Kingdom's sure increase, more of His coming, Prince of Peace.
More, more about Jesus, More, more about Jesus,
More of His saving fullness see, More of His love, Who died for me.

186

All the Way My Savior Leads Me

Words: Fanny Crosby, 1875

Music: Robert Lowry, 1875

All the way my Savior leads me;
What have I to ask beside?
Can I doubt His tender mercy,
Who through life has been my Guide?
Heav'nly peace, divinest comfort,
Here by faith in Him to dwell!
For I know, whate'er befall me,
Jesus doeth all things well;
For I know, whate'er befall me,
Jesus doeth all things well.

All the way my Savior leads me;
Cheers each winding path I tread,
Gives me grace for ev'ry trial,
Feeds me with the living bread.
Through my weary steps may falter
And my soul a thirst may be,
Gushing from the Rock before me,
Lo! a spring of joy I see;

Gushing from the Rock before me,
Lo! a spring of joy I see;

All the way my Savior leads me;
Oh, the fullness of His love!
Perfect rest to me is promised
In my Father's house in love.
When my spirit, clothed immortal,
Wings its flight to realms of day,
This my song through endless ages;
Jesus led me all the way;
This my song through endless ages;
Jesus led me all the way.

187

I Need Thee Every Hour

Annie S. Hawks, 1872

Refrain, Robert Lowry, 1872

Robert Lowry, 1872

I need Thee ev'ry hour, Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like Thine Can peace afford.
I need Thee, O I need Thee; Ev'ry hour I need Thee!
O bless me now, my Savior, I come to Thee.

I need Thee ev'ry hour, Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their pow'r When Thou art nigh.
I need Thee, O I need Thee; Ev'ry hour I need Thee!
O bless me now, my Savior, I come to Thee.

I need Thee ev'ry hour, Teach me Thy will;
Thy promises so rich In me fulfill.
I need Thee, O I need Thee; Ev'ry hour I need Thee!
O bless me now, my Savior, I come to Thee.

I need Thee ev'ry hour, Most Holy One;
O make me Thine indeed, Thou blessed Son.
I need Thee, O I need Thee; Ev'ry hour I need Thee!
O bless me now, my Savior, I come to Thee.

188

Church of God, Awake!

Words: Charles H. Gabriel, 1856-1932

Music: Wallace I. Coburn

O Church of God, awake, awake;
Seize fast thy sword and gird with might!
The hosts of darkness mighty are,
And bold and strong they press the fight;
But see thy Captain leads thee on,
He Who hath conquered ev'ry foe.
Thou needst not fear, but follow fast
And go with Him where He shall go.
Awake, awake, O Church of God; Arouse in might, to battle go!
See, see, the hosts of darkness stand, and gathers fast the haughty foe!
Awake! awake for Christ thy Lord, Awake! gird on the shield and sword.
Press hard the fight, no respite make; O Church of God, awake, awake!

The bars of death He tore apart;
The stone, the guard, Ah what were they
When He shall rise, the mighty Lord
And usher in the triumph day?
He, Who arose in might and pow'r
And lives a victor over all,
Will lead thee on to victory
If thou but hear his battle call.
Awake, awake, O Church of God; Arouse in might, to battle go!
See, see, the hosts of darkness stand, and gathers fast the haughty foe!
Awake! awake for Christ thy Lord, Awake! gird on the shield and sword.
Press hard the fight, no respite make; O Church of God, awake, awake!

Up then, resolve to valiant be,
And force the fight till it is won;
Stay not thy hand, and thou shalt win
Since Christ, thy Captain, leads thee on.
What tho' the conflict long may be,
And when thy weapons are laid down,
Thou shalt be wounded, weak and worn?
Thy Lord in honor thee shalt crown.
Awake, awake, O Church of God; Arouse in might, to battle go!
See, see, the hosts of darkness stand, and gathers fast the haughty foe!
Awake! awake for Christ thy Lord, Awake! gird on the shield and sword.

Press hard the fight, no respite make; O Church of God, awake, awake!

189

At Even, When the Sun Was Set

Words: Henry Twells, 1868

Music: "Angelus", Georg Joseph, Heilige Seenenlust, 1657

At even, when the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
O, with how many pains they met!
O, with what joy they went away!

Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near;
What if Thyself we cannot see?
We know that Thou art ever near.

O Savior 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.

O Savior Christ, Thou too art man;
Thou has been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide.

Thy touch has still its ancient power.
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

185

More About Jesus Would I Know

Eliza E. Hewitt, 1851-1920

John R. Sweney, 1887

More about Jesus would I know, more of His grace to others show,
More of His saving fullness see, more of His love, Who died for me.

More, more about Jesus, More, more about Jesus,
More of His saving fullness see, More of His love, Who died for me.

More about Jesus let me learn, more of His holy will discern.
Spirit of God, my teacher be, showing the things of Christ to me.
More, more about Jesus, More, more about Jesus,
More of His saving fullness see, More of His love, Who died for me.

More about Jesus, in His Word holding communion with my Lord,
Hearing His voice in ev'ry line, making each faithful saying mine.
More, more about Jesus, More, more about Jesus,
More of His saving fullness see, More of His love, Who died for me.

More about Jesus on His throne, riches in glory all His own;
More of His Kingdom's sure increase, more of His coming, Prince of Peace.
More, more about Jesus, More, more about Jesus,
More of His saving fullness see, More of His love, Who died for me.

191

Softly and Tenderly

Will L. Thompson, 1847-1909

Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling, Calling for you and for me;
See, on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Come home (Come home), come home (come home), Ye who are weary, come home;
Earnestly, tenderly, Jesus is calling, Calling, O sinner, come home!

Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, mercies for you and for me?
Come home (Come home), come home (come home), Ye who are weary, come home;
Earnestly, tenderly, Jesus is calling, Calling, O sinner, come home!

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

Oh! for the wonderful love He has promised, promised for you and for me;
Tho' we have sinned, He has mercy and pardon, pardon for you and for me.
Come home (Come home), come home (come home), Ye who are weary, come home;

Earnestly, tenderly, Jesus is calling, Calling, O sinner, come home!

192

Speak to My Heart

Gene Routh

B.B. McKinney, 1886-1952

Speak to my heart, Lord Jesus, Speak that my soul may hear;
Speak to my heart, Lord Jesus, Calm ev'ry doubt and fear.
Speak to my heart, oh, speak to my heart,
Speak to my heart, I pray;
Yielded and still, seeking Thy will,
Oh, speak to my heart today.

Speak to my heart, Lord Jesus, Purge me from ev'ry sin;
Speak to my heart, Lord Jesus, Help me the lost to win.
Speak to my heart, oh, speak to my heart,
Speak to my heart, I pray;
Yielded and still, seeking Thy will,
Oh, speak to my heart today.

Speak to my heart, Lord Jesus, It is no longer mine;
Speak to my heart, Lord Jesus, I would be wholly Thine.
Speak to my heart, oh, speak to my heart,
Speak to my heart, I pray;
Yielded and still, seeking Thy will,
Oh, speak to my heart today.

193

Trust And Obey

John H. Sammis, 1846-1919

Daniel B. Towner, 1850-1919

When we walk with the Lord in the light of His Word,
What a glory He sheds on our way!
While we do His good will, He abides with us still,
And with all who will trust and obey.
Trust and obey, for there's no other way
To be happy in Jesus, but to trust and obey.

Not a burden we bear, not a sorrow we share,
But our toil He doth richly repay;
Not a grief or a loss, not a frown or a cross,
But is blessed if we trust and obey.
Trust and obey, for there's no other way
To be happy in Jesus, but to trust and obey.

But we never can prove the delights of His love
Until all on the altar we lay;
For the favor He shows, for the joy He bestows,
Are for them who will trust and obey.
Trust and obey, for there's no other way
To be happy in Jesus, but to trust and obey.

Then in fellowship sweet we will sit at His feet.
Or we'll walk by His side in the way.
What He says we will do, where He sends we will go;
Never fear, only trust and obey.
Trust and obey, for there's no other way
To be happy in Jesus, but to trust and obey.

194

There Is a Place of Quiet Rest

Cleland B. McAfee, 1866-1944

There is a place of quiet rest near to the heart of God,
A place where sin cannot molest, near to the heart of God.
O Jesus, blest Redeemer, sent from the heart of God,
Hold us who wait before Thee, near to the heart of God.

There is a place of comfort sweet near to the heart of God,
A place where we our Savior meet, near to the heart of God.
O Jesus, blest Redeemer, sent from the heart of God,
Hold us who wait before Thee, near to the heart of God.

There is a place of full release near to the heart of God,
A place where all is joy and peace, near to the heart of God.
O Jesus, blest Redeemer, sent from the heart of God,
Hold us who wait before Thee, near to the heart of God.

195

Jesus Is Tenderly Calling

Fanny J. Crosby, 1820-1915

George C. Stebbins, 1846-1945

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

Jesus is calling the weary to rest Calling today, calling today.
Bring Him thy burden and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee away.
Calling to day, Calling today, Jesus is calling, Is tenderly calling today.

Jesus is waiting O come to Him now Waiting today, calling today.
Come with thy sins, at His feet lowly bow; Come, and no longer delay.
Calling to day, Calling today, Jesus is calling, Is tenderly calling today.

Jesus is pleading, O list to His voice; Hear Him today, calling today.
They who believe on His name shall rejoice; Quickly arise and away.
Calling to day, Calling today, Jesus is calling, Is tenderly calling today.

196

Nearer, My God, to Thee

Sarah F. Adams, 1841

Lowell Mason, 1856

Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!

Though like the wanderer, the sun gone down,
darkness be over me, my rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!

Then, with my waking thoughts bright with Thy praise,
out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise,
so by my woes to be nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!

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, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!

197

Wherever He Leads I'll Go

B.B. McKinney, 1936

Take up thy cross and follow Me," I heard my Master say;
"I gave My life to ransom thee, Surrender your all today."
Wherever He leads I'll go, Wherever He leads I'll go,
I'll follow my Christ who loves me so, Wherever He leads I'll go.

He drew me closer to His side, I sought His weill to konw,
And in that will I now abide, Whever He leads I'll go.
Wherever He leads I'll go, Wherever He leads I'll go,
I'll follow my Christ who loves me so, Wherever He leads I'll go.

It may be thro' the shadows dim, Or o'er the sotormy sea,
I take my cross and follow Him, Wherever He leadeth me.
Wherever He leads I'll go, Wherever He leads I'll go,
I'll follow my Christ who loves me so, Wherever He leads I'll go.

My heart, my life, my all I bring To Christ who loves me so;
he is my Master, Lord, and King, Wherever He leads I'll go.
Wherever He leads I'll go, Wherever He leads I'll go,
I'll follow my Christ who loves me so, Wherever He leads I'll go.

198

All Things Are Thine, No Gift Have We

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1873

William Gardiner's Sacred Melodies, 1815

All things are Thine; no gift have we,
Lord of all gifts, to offer Thee:
And hence with grateful hearts today
Thine own before Thy feet we lay.

Thy will was in the builders' thought;
Thy hand unseen amidst us wrought;
Through mortal motive, scheme and plan
Thy wise eternal purpose ran.

In weakness and in want we call
On Thee for Whom the heavens are small;
Thy glory is Thy children's good,
Thy joy Thy tender Fatherhood.

O Father, deign these walls to bless;
Fill with Thy love their emptiness;
And let their door a gateway be
To lead us from ourselves to Thee.

199

Thy Perfect Will Be Done

T.O. Chisholm

George C. Stebbins, 1846-1945

Thy will, O God, not mine, be done! I know Thy will is best;
If, sometimes otherwise it seems, I still believe and rest.
Thy will is best, tis there I rest in shadow or in sun,
My prayer to Thee shall ever be: Thy perfect will be done.

Thy will, O god, not mine, be done! Choose Thou for me my way;
If I should try to walk alone, my feet would surely stray.
Thy will is best, tis there I rest in shadow or in sun,
My prayer to Thee shall ever be: Thy perfect will be done.

Thy will, O God, not mine, be done! I cannot see afar;
The things that lie beyond my sight Thou seest as they are.
Thy will is best, tis there I rest in shadow or in sun,
My prayer to Thee shall ever be: Thy perfect will be done.

Thy will, O God, not mine, be done! Whatever this may bring;
In trials, whether great or small, Thy will in ev'rything.
Thy will is best, tis there I rest in shadow or in sun,
My prayer to Thee shall ever be: Thy perfect will be done.

200

God Be With You

Jeremiah E. Rankin, 1828-1904

William G. Tomer, 1832-1896

God be with you till we meet again; By His counsels guide, uphold you,
With His sheep securely fold you; God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Jesus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again; Neath His wings protecting hide you;
Daily bread still provide you; God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Jesus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again; When life's perils thick confound you;
Put His arms unfailing round you; God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Jesus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again; Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Strike death's threatening wave before you; God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Jesus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet again.

201

The Lord Bless You and Keep You

Peter C. Lutkin

The Lord bless you and keep you;
The Lord lift his countenance upon you
(and give you peace) and give you peace,
(and give you peace) and give you peace.
(The Lord) The Lord make His face to shine upon you
and be gracious (and be gracious), unto you,
(and) be gracious,
The Lord be gracious, gracious unto you.

How Great Thou Art!

Stuart K. Hine

O Lord my god, when I in awesome wonder
Consider all the worlds Thy hands have made,
I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder,
Thy pow'r thru-out the universe displayed!
Then sings my soul, my Savior God, to Thee:
How great Thou Art, how great Thou art!
Then sings my soul, my Savior God, to Thee:
How great Thou Art, how great Thou art!

When thru the woods and forest glades I wander
And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees,
when I look down from lofty mountain grandeur
And hear the brook and feel the gentle breeze,
Then sings my soul, my Savior God, to Thee:
How great Thou Art, how great Thou art!
Then sings my soul, my Savior God, to Thee:
How great Thou Art, how great Thou art!

And when I think that God, His Son not sparing,
Sent Him to die, I scarce can take it in
That on the cross, my burden gladly bearing,
He bled and died to take away my sin!
Then sings my soul, my Savior God, to Thee:
How great Thou Art, how great Thou art!
Then sings my soul, my Savior God, to Thee:
How great Thou Art, how great Thou art!

When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation
And take me home, what joy shall fill my heart!
Then I shall bow in humble adoration
And there proclaim, my God, how great Thou art!
Then sings my soul, my Savior God, to Thee:
How great Thou Art, how great Thou art!
Then sings my soul, my Savior God, to Thee:
How great Thou Art, how great Thou art!