

# . . . HYMNS FROM . . .

## “WINDOWS OF HEAVEN” SONG BOOK.

### THE PRIZE IS SET BEFORE US.

The prize is set before us—  
To win, our Lord implores us!  
The eye of God is o'er us,  
From on high, from on high!  
His loving tones are falling,  
While sin is dark, appalling;  
'Tis Jesus gently calling—  
He is nigh, He is nigh.

CHO.—By and by we shall meet Him,  
By and by we shall greet Him,  
And with Jesus reign in glory,  
By and by, by and by;  
By and by we shall meet Him,  
By and by we shall greet Him,  
And with Jesus reign in glory,  
By and by.

We follow where He leadeth—  
We pasture where He feedeth—  
We yield to Him who pleadeth  
From on high, from on high!  
For naught from Him can sever;  
Our hope shall brighten ever;  
And faith shall fail us never—  
He is nigh, He is nigh.

Our home is bright above us;  
No trials there to move us,  
But Christ our Lord to love us,  
Dwells on high: dwells on high!  
We give our best endeavor;  
We praise His name forever;  
His precious words can never—  
Never die, never die.

### BETHANY.

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

Though like a wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness comes over me,  
My rest a stone;  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

There let my way appear  
Steps unto heaven;  
All that Thou sendest me  
In mercy given;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

Or, if on joyful wing,  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly,  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

### WE'RE MARCHING TO ZION.

Come we that love the Lord,  
And let our joys be known,  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
And thus surround the throne.  
And thus surround the throne.

CHO.—We're marching to Zion,  
Beautiful, beautiful, Zion;  
We're marching upward to Zion,  
The beautiful city of God.

Let those refuse to sing  
Who never knew our God;  
But children of the heav'nly King,  
But children of the heav'nly King,  
May speak their joys abroad,  
May speak their joys abroad.

The hill of Zion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets,  
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,  
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,  
Or walk the golden streets,  
Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our song abound,  
And every tear be dry;  
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,  
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,  
To fairer worlds on high.  
To fairer worlds on high.

### LET THE SAVIOUR IN.

There's a Stranger at the door;  
Let Him in!  
He has been there oft before;  
Let Him in!  
Let Him in ere He is gone;  
Let Him in, The Holy One,  
Jesus Christ, the Father's Son;  
Let Him in!

Open now to Him your heart;  
Let Him in!  
If you wait He will depart;  
Let Him in!  
Let Him in; He is your Friend;  
And your soul He will defend,  
He will keep you to the end;  
Let Him in!

Hear you now His loving voice;  
Let Him in!  
Now, oh now, make Him your choice;  
Let Him in!  
He is standing at the door,  
Joy to you He will restore,  
And His name you will adore;  
Let Him in!

Now admit the heav'nly Guest;  
Let Him in!  
He will make for you a feast;  
Let Him in!  
He will speak your sins forgin'n,  
And when earth-ties all are riv'n,  
He will take you home to heav'n.  
Let Him in!

### CORONATION.

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

Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
Ye ransomed from the fall,  
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall,  
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

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

—MEETINGS EVERY NIGHT NEXT WEEK AT—

BRANTLY CHURCH, Corner Schroeder Street and Edmondson Ave.

—NOONDAY MEETINGS AT 12 O'CLOCK EVERY DAY AT—

St. John's Independent Methodist Church, Liberty Street near Lexington.

COME!

COME!