

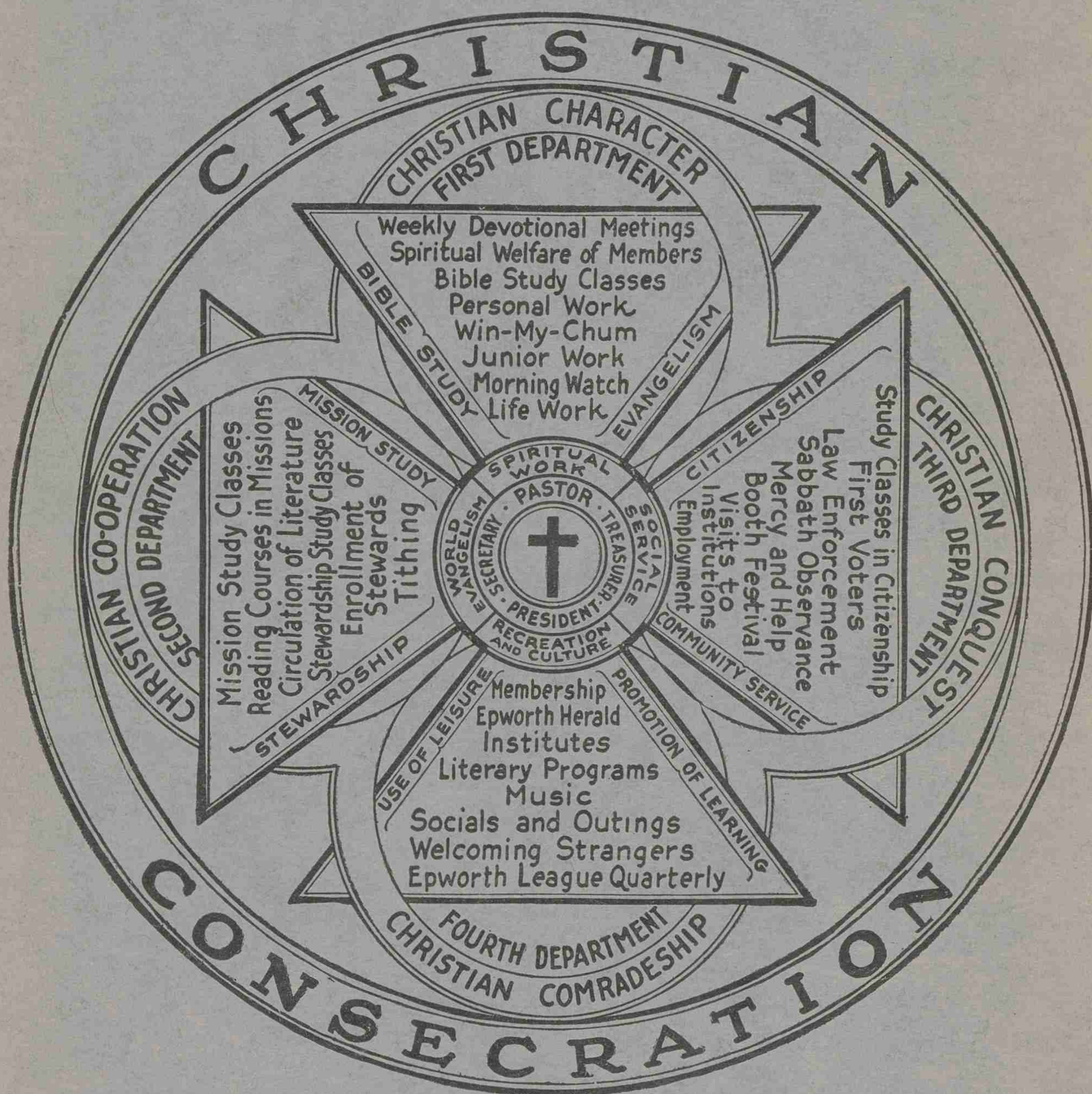
INSTITUTE HYMNS AND SONGS

Cora E. Hart
COMPILED BY
HOWARD HARE

In cooperation with
THE CENTRAL OFFICE OF THE EPWORTH LEAGUE

C. 1923

PROGRAM~SUBJECTS and IDEALS of the EPWORTH LEAGUE



Institute Hymns and Songs

COMPILED BY
HOWARD HARE



THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN
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Foreword

THIS little book has been prepared primarily to meet the needs of the Summer Institutes of the Epworth League. When there are so many song books and hymnals available, a word of explanation for the compilation of another is appropriate.

1. In order that every Leaguer might have a song book as his constant companion during the Institute period, it was imperative that a small and very inexpensive collection be compiled.

2. Two thirds of the selections represent the congregational music of the greatest and most permanent value. Only in so far as Epworth Leaguers make these great hymns their familiar possession will they appreciate the incomparable contribution which they make to the development of the spiritual life, and the urge to service.

3. A few hymns are included representing the new social atmosphere. We feel that no new hymn book has a claim upon attention which does not include some selections of the type represented by the hymns "In Christ There is No East Nor West," and "When Wilt Thou Save the People?"

4. A number of gospel songs are found in the collection. We do not think that the day of the gospel song is over, in spite of the abuses to which this type of religious folk-song has been subjected. The peculiar genius of the Epworth League could not find full expression without them.

Some of the hymns and songs have been added at the suggestion of members of the staff at the Central Office of the Epworth League. Their cooperation is hereby gratefully acknowledged.

HOWARD HARE.

INSTITUTE HYMNS AND SONGS

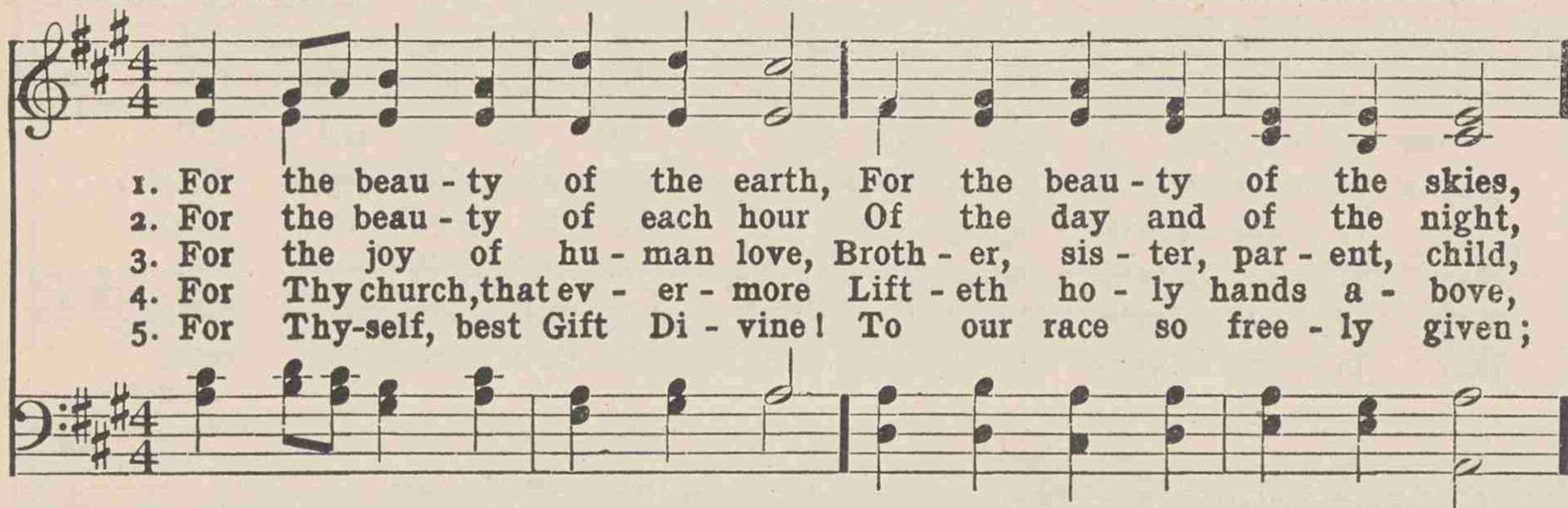
For the Beauty of the Earth

1

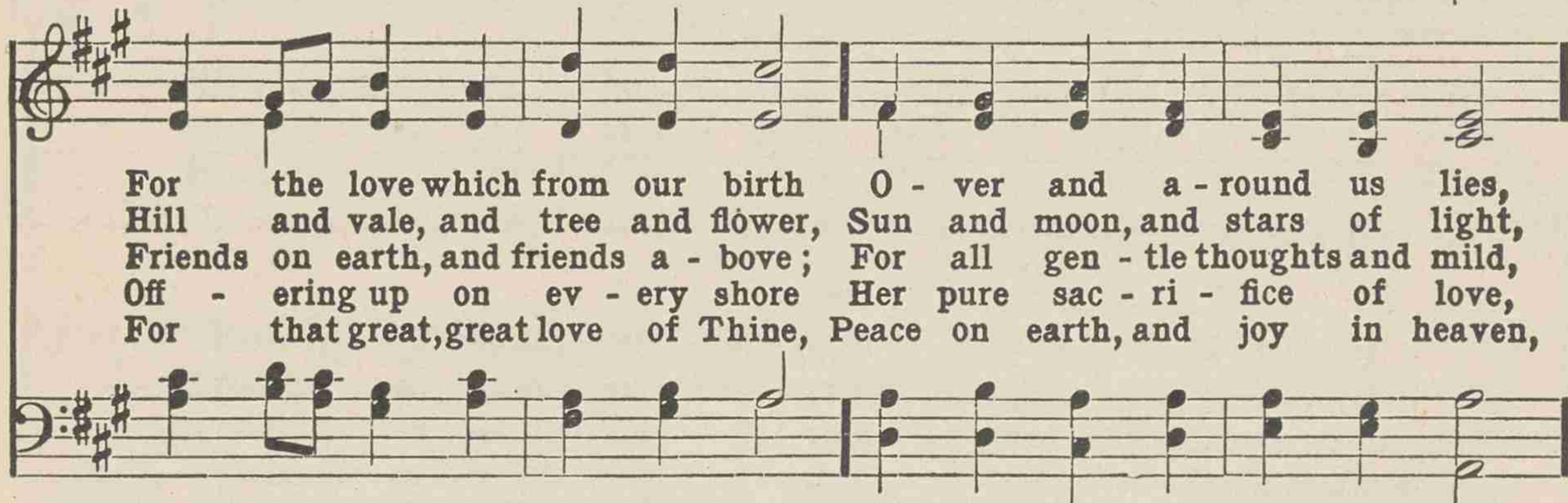
FOLLIOTT S. PIERPOINT

DIX

Arr. from CONRAD KOCHER



1. For the beau - ty of the earth, For the beau - ty of the skies,
2. For the beau - ty of each hour Of the day and of the night,
3. For the joy of hu - man love, Broth - er, sis - ter, par - ent, child,
4. For Thy church, that ev - er - more Lift - eth ho - ly hands a - bove,
5. For Thy-self, best Gift Di - vine! To our race so free - ly given;



For the love which from our birth O - ver and a - round us lies,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower, Sun and moon, and stars of light,
Friends on earth, and friends a - bove; For all gen - tle thoughts and mild,
Off - ering up on ev - ery shore Her pure sac - ri - fice of love,
For that great, great love of Thine, Peace on earth, and joy in heaven,



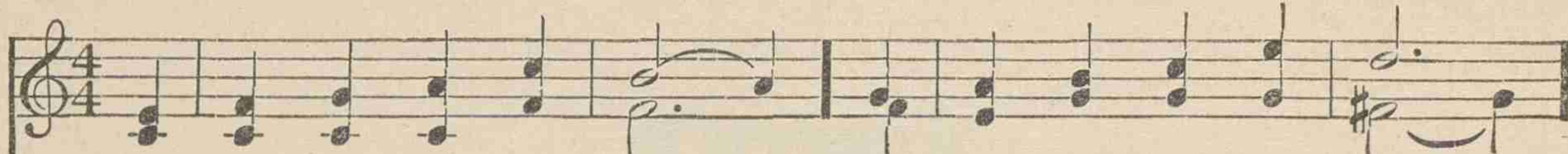
Christ our God, to Thee we raise This our hymn of grate - ful praise. A - men.

When Morning Gilds the Skies

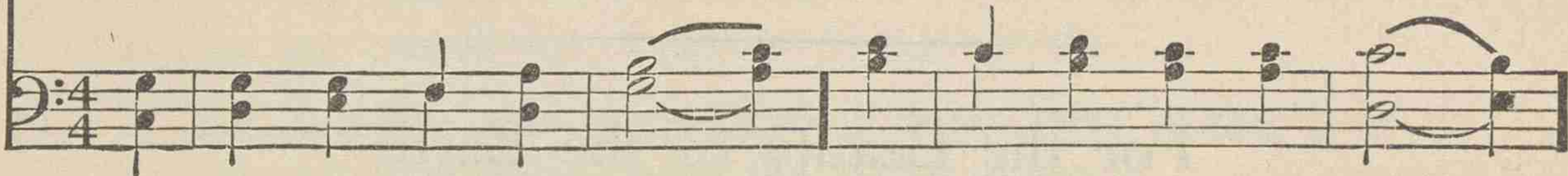
EDWARD CASWALL, Tr.

LAUDES DOMINI

JOSEPH BARNEY



- | | | | |
|-------------------------------|--------|----------------------------|--------|
| 1. When morn-ing gilds the | skies, | My heart a - wak - ing | cries, |
| 2. When-e'er the sweet church | bell | Peals o - ver hill and | dell, |
| 3. The night be - comes as | day, | When from the heart we | say, |
| 4. In heaven's e - ter - nal | bliss | The love - liest strain is | this, |
| 5. Be this, while life is | mine, | My can - ti - cle di - | vine, |



| | | | | | | | | | |
|-----|----------|--------|----|----------|----------|--------|------------------|-------------|---------|
| May | Je - sus | Christ | be | praised! | A - like | at | work | and | prayer, |
| May | Je - sus | Christ | be | praised! | O | hark | to | what | it |
| May | Je - sus | Christ | be | praised! | The | powers | of | dark - ness | fear, |
| May | Je - sus | Christ | be | praised! | Let | earth, | and | sea, | and |
| May | Je - sus | Christ | be | praised! | Be | this | th'e - ter - nal | song | |



| | | | | | | | | |
|----------------------------------|----------------|----------|------------|-----|-------------------|--------|----|----------|
| To | Je - sus | I | re - pair; | May | Je - sus | Christ | be | praised! |
| As | joy - ous - ly | it | rings, | May | Je - sus | Christ | be | praised! |
| When this sweet chant they hear, | May | Je - sus | Christ | be | praised! | | | |
| From depth to height re - ply, | May | Je - sus | Christ | be | praised! | | | |
| Through a - ges all a - long, | May | Je - sus | Christ | be | praised! A - men. | | | |



Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart
Be acceptable in thy sight,
O Jehovah, my rock, and my redeemer.—*Psalms 19. 14.*

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty

3

REGINALD HEBER

NICÆA

JOHN B. DYKES



1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee,
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! though the dark - ness hide Thee,
 4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!



Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee;
 Cast - ing down their gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea;
 Though the eye of sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see,
 All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;



Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y,
 Cher - u - bim and sera - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee,
 On - ly Thou art ho - ly, there is none be - side Thee
 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y,



God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty.
 Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
 Per - fect in power, in love, and pur - i - ty.
 God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty! A - men.

New Every Morning Is the Love

JOHN KEBLE

CANONBURY

ROBERT SCHUMANN



1. New ev - ery morn - ing is the love Our wakening and up - ris - ing prove; Through
2. New mer - cies, each re - turn - ing day, Hov - er a - round us while we pray; New
3. If on our dai - ly course our mind Be set to hal - low all we find, New
4. The triv - ial round, the com - mon task, Will fur - nish all we ought to ask, — Room
5. On - ly, O Lord, in Thy dear love Fit us for per - fect rest a - bove; And



- sleep and dark - ness safe - ly brought, Restored to life, and power, and thought.
 per - ils past, new sins for - given, New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
 treas - ures still, of count - less price, God will pro - vide for sac - ri - fice.
 to de - ny ourselves, a road To bring us dai - ly near - er God.
 help us this and ev - ery day To live more near - ly as we pray. A - men.



O God, Thy World Is Sweet with Prayer

Tune: "Canonbury"

1. O God, thy world is sweet with prayer,
The breath of Christ is in the air;
We rise on thy free Spirit's wings,
And every thought within us sings.
2. Thou art our Morning and our Sun,
Our work is glad, in thee begun,
Our foot-worn path is fresh with dew,
For thou createst all things new.
3. O God, within us and above,
Close to us in the Christ we love,
Through him, our only guide and way,
May heavenly life be ours to-day!

—Lucy Larcom.

The Morning Watch

6

W. E. J. Gratz.

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Gretchen Gratz.



1. Did your soul say Good Morn - ing to God?
 2. Did your soul say Good Morn - ing to God?
 3. Did your soul say Good Morn - ing to God?
 4. Did your soul say Good Morn - ing to God?
 5. Yes, my soul said Good Morn - ing to God,



Did you reach out His fa - vor to win?
 Did you ask Him to cleanse you from wrong?
 Did you search in His Word for His will?
 Did you bow at the Morn - ing Watch Hour?
 As we met at the Morn - ing Watch Tryst,



Did you wait for His smile and His nod
 Did you wait till you thrilled with the thought
 Did you wait till you felt that His love
 Did you wait in the light of His Word
 And saw by the light of His Word



Ere you faced the wild world and its din?
 That He'd walk by your side in the throng?
 Would help you your task to ful - fill?
 Till He glad - dened your soul with His pow'r?
 The glo - ry I would not have missed.

This is My Father's World

TERRA BEATA

MALTBIE D. BABCOCK, 1901

Traditional English Melody
Arranged by S. F. L., 1915

1. This is my Fa-ther's world, And to my list-'ning ears, All
 2. This is my Fa-ther's world, The birds their car - ols raise, The
 3. This is my Fa-ther's world, O let me ne'er for - get That

na - ture sings, and round me rings The mu - sic of the spheres.
 morn - ing light, the lil - y white, De - clare their Ma - ker's praise.
 though the wrong seems oft so strong, God is the Ru - ler yet.

This is my Fa-ther's world, I rest me in the thought Of .
 This is my Fa-ther's world, He shines in all that's fair; In the
 This is my Fa-ther's world, The bat - tle is not done, Je -

rocks and trees, of . skies and seas—His hand the won - ders wrought.
 rust - ling grass I . hear Him pass, He speak to me ev - 'ry-where.
 sus who died shall be sat - is - fied, And earth and heaven be one. A-men.

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Sun of My Soul, Thou Saviour Dear

8



JOHN KEBLE

HURSLEY


Arr. from PETER RITTER



1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
 2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea-ried eye - lids gen - tly steep,
 3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can - not live;
 4. If some poor wandering child of Thine Have spurned to-day the voice di - vine,

O may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For ev - er on my Saviour's breast.
 A - bide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
 Now, Lord, the gra - cious work be - gin; Let him no more lie down in sin. A-men.



5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
 With blessings from Thy boundless store;
 Be every mourner's sleep to-night
 Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
 Ere through the world our way we take,
 Till in the ocean of Thy love
 We lose ourselves in heaven above.

O Jehovah, our Lord,
 How excellent is thy name in all the earth,
 Who hast set thy glory upon the heavens!

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers,
 The moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;
 What is man, that thou art mindful of him?
 And the son of man, that thou visitest him?
 For thou hast made him but little lower than God,
 And crownest him with glory and honor.
 Thou makest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands;
 Thou hast put all things under his feet:
 All sheep and oxen,
 Yea and the beasts of the field,
 The birds of the heavens, and the fish of the sea,
 Whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.
 O Jehovah, our Lord,
 How excellent is thy name in all the earth!—*Psalm 8.*

An Evening Prayer

C. M. BATTERSBY
Arr. by C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL

1. If I have wounded an - y soul to-day, If I have caused one foot to
 2. If I have ut-tered i - dle words or vain, If I have turned a-side from
 3. If I have been perverse or hard, or cold, If I have longed for shel-ter
 4. For-give the sins I have confessed to Thee; For-give the se - cret sins I

go a-stray, If I have walked in my own wil - ful way, Dear Lord, for-give!
 want or pain, Lest I my-self shall suffer thro' the strain, Dear Lord, for-give!
 in Thy fold, When Thou hast giv-en me some fort to hold, Dear Lord, for-give!
 do not see; O guide me, love me, and my Keep - er be, X X X X A - men.

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I will lift up mine eyes unto the
 mountains:
 From whence shall my help come?
 My help *cometh* from Jehovah,
 Who made heaven and earth.
 He will not suffer thy foot to be
 moved:
 He that keepeth thee will not slumber.
 Behold, he that keepeth Israel
 Will neither slumber nor sleep.

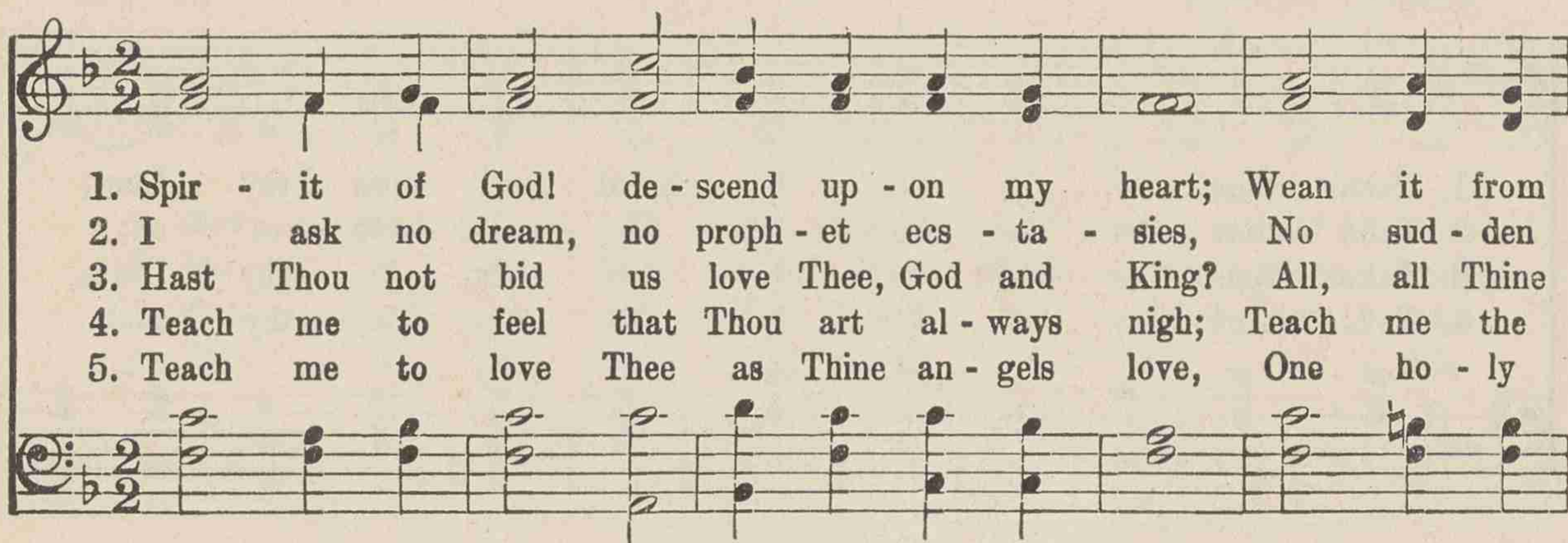
Jehovah is thy keeper;
 Jehovah is thy shade upon thy right
 hand.
 The sun shall not smite thee by day,
 Nor the moon by night.
 Jehovah will keep thee from all evil:
 He will keep thy soul.
 Jehovah will keep thy going out and
 thy coming in
 From this time forth and for evermore.

—Psalm 121.

Spirit of God! Descend Upon My Heart 10

GEORGE CROLY

JAMES LANGRAN



1. Spir - it of God! de - scend up - on my heart; Wean it from
 2. I ask no dream, no proph - et ecs - ta - sies, No sud - den
 3. Hast Thou not bid us love Thee, God and King? All, all Thine
 4. Teach me to feel that Thou art al - ways nigh; Teach me the
 5. Teach me to love Thee as Thine an - gels love, One ho - ly



earth, through all its puls - es move; Stoop to my weak - ness, might - y
 rend - ing of the veil of clay, No an - gel vis - i - tant, no
 own, soul, heart and strength and mind; I see Thy cross; there teach my
 strug - gles of the soul to bear, To check the ris - ing doubt, the
 pas - sion fill - ing all my frame: The kind - ling of the heaven - de -



as Thou art, And make me love Thee as I ought to love.
 ope - ning skies; But take the dim - ness of my soul a - way.
 heart to cling: O let me seek Thee, and O let me find!
 reb - el sigh; Teach me the pa - tience of un - an - swered prayer.
 scend - ed Dove, My heart an al - tar, and Thy love the flame.

Create in me a clean heart, O God;
 And renew a right spirit within me.—*Psalms 51. 10.*

Take Time To Be Holy

W. D. LONGSTAFF

GEO. C. STEBBINS



1. Take time to be ho - ly, Speak oft with thy Lord;
 2. Take time to be ho - ly, The world rush - es on;
 3. Take time to be ho - ly, Let Him be thy Guide,
 4. Take time to be ho - ly, Be calm in thy soul,




A - bide in Him al - ways, And feed on His Word;
 Spend much time in se - cret With Je - sus a - lone;
 And run not be - fore Him, What - ev - er be - tide;
 Each thought and each mo - ment Be - neath thy con - trol;




Make friends of God's chil - dren, Help those who are weak,
 By look - ing to Je - sus, Like Him thou shalt be;
 In joy or in sor - row, Still fol - low the Lord,
 Thus led by His Spir - it To foun - tains of love,




For - get - ting in noth - ing His bless - ing to seek.
 Thy friends in thy con - duct His like - ness shall see.
 And, look - ing to Je - sus, Still trust in His Word.
 Thou soon shalt be fit - ted For serv - ice a - bove.

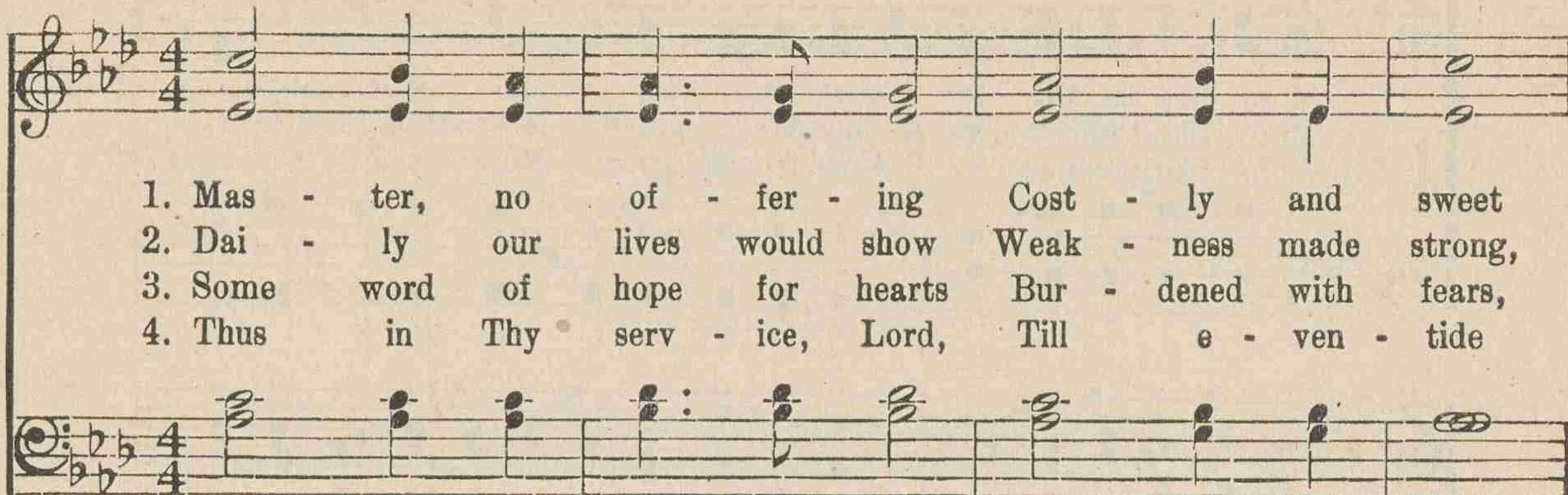


Master, No Offering

12

E. P. P.

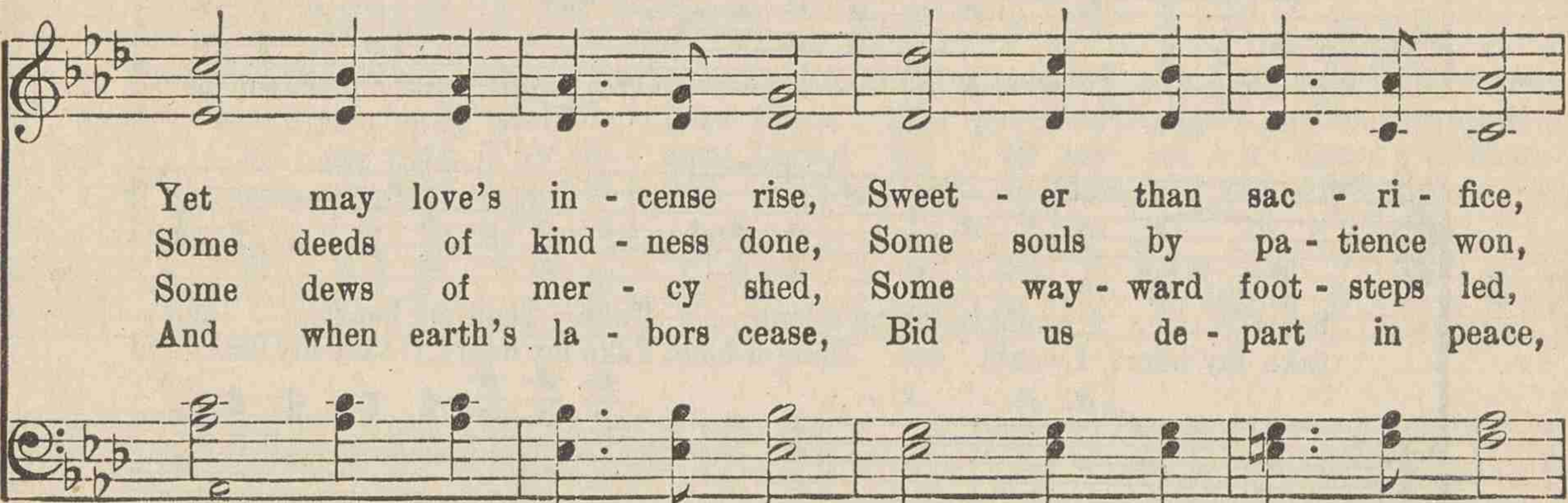
EDWIN P. PARKER



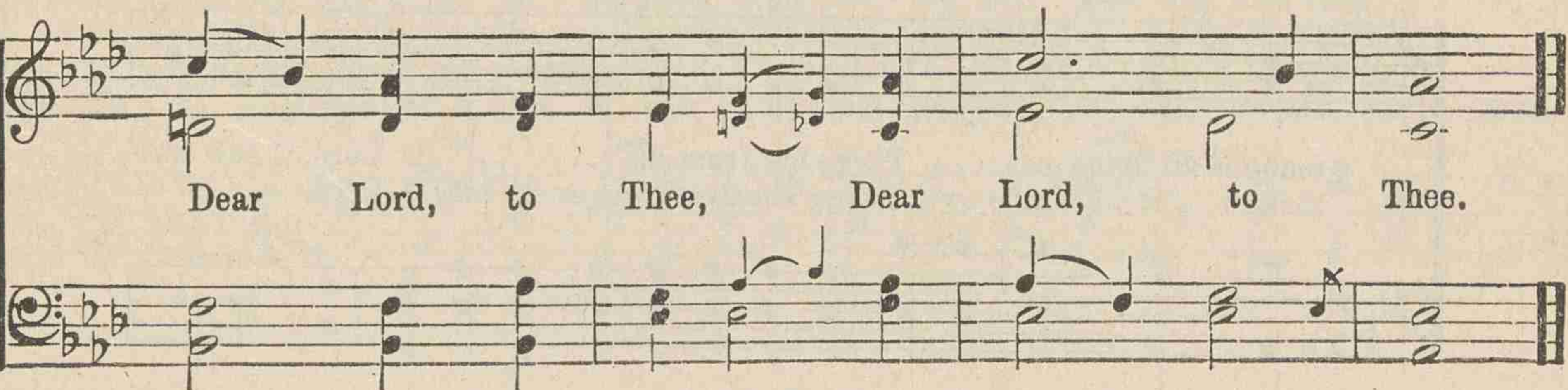
1. Mas - ter, no of - fer - ing Cost - ly and sweet
 2. Dai - ly our lives would show Weak - ness made strong,
 3. Some word of hope for hearts Bur - dened with fears,
 4. Thus in Thy serv - ice, Lord, Till e - ven - tide



May we, like Mag - da - lene, Lay at Thy feet;
 Toil - some and gloom - y ways Bright - ened with song;
 Some balm of peace, for eyes Blind - ed with tears,
 Clos - es the day of life, May we a - bide.



Yet may love's in - cense rise, Sweet - er than sac - ri - fice,
 Some deeds of kind - ness done, Some souls by pa - tience won,
 Some dew of mer - cy shed, Some way - ward foot - steps led,
 And when earth's la - bors cease, Bid us de - part in peace,



Dear Lord, to Thee, Dear Lord, to Thee.

More Like the Master

C. H. G.

Chas. H. Gabriel

1. More like the Mas - ter I would ev - er be, More of His meek - ness,
 2. More like the Mas - ter is my dai - ly prayer; More strength to car - ry
 3. More like the Mas - ter I would live and grow; More of His love to

more hu - mil - i - ty; More zeal to la - bor, more courage to be true,
 cross - es I must bear; More ear - nest ef - fort to bring His kingdom in;
 oth - ers I would show; More self - de - ni - al, like His in Gal - i - lee,

rit. CHORUS.

More con - se - cra - tion for work He bids me do..... Take Thou my
 More of His Spir - it, the wan - der - er to win.....
 More like the Mas - ter I long to ev - er be..... Take my heart, O

heart,..... I would be Thine a - lone;.. Take Thou my heart.... and
 take my heart, I would be Thine a - lone; Take my heart, O take my heart and

make it all Thine own;.... Purge me from sin,..... O Lord, I now im -
 make it all Thine own; Purge Thou me from ev - 'ry sin, O Lord, I

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plores, Wash me and keep me Thine for ev-er-more.
 now implore, Wash and keep, O wash and keep me Thine for ev-er-more.

“TAPS”

Day is done, gone the sun,
 From the hill, from the lake, from the sky,
 All is well, safely rest,
 God is nigh.

To be sung to the tune of Taps.

Lord, Speak to Me, that I May Speak 14

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL

CANONBURY

ROBERT SCHUMANN



1. Lord, speak to me, that I may speak In liv-ing ech-oes of Thy tone;
 2. O teach me, Lord, that I may teach The precious things Thou dost im-part;
 3. O fill me with Thy ful-ness, Lord, Un-til my ver-y heart o'er-flow
 4. O use me, Lord, use e-ven me, Just as Thou wilt, and when and where;



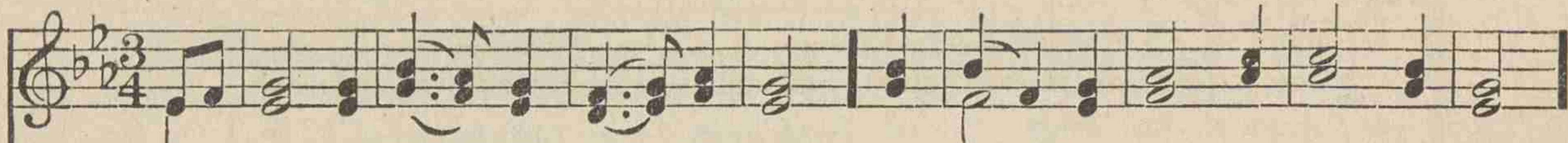
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek Thy err-ing chil-dren lost and lone.
 And wing my words, that they may reach The hid-den depths of many a heart.
 In kindling thought and glowing word, Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.
 Un-til Thy bless-ed face I see, Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glo-ry share. A-men.

Just As I Am

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT

WOODWORTH

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY



1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, though tossed a-bout With many a con - flict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind; Sight, rich - es, heal - ing of the mind,
5. Just as I am, Thou wilt re - ceive, Wilt wel - come, par - don, cleanse, re-lieve;
6. Just as I am! Thy love un-known Hath bro - ken ev - ery bar - rier down;



- And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Fight-ings within, and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Yea, all I need, in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Be - cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine a-lone, O Lamb of God, I come! I come! A-men.



Just As I Am, Thine Own to Be

1. Just as I am, thine own to be,
 Friend of the young, who lovest me,
 To consecrate myself to thee,
 O Jesus Christ, I come.
2. In the glad morning of my day,
 My life to give, my vows to pay,
 With no reserve and no delay,
 With all my heart I come.
3. I would live ever in the light,
 I would work ever for the right,
 I would serve thee with all my might;
 Therefore, to thee I come.
4. Just as I am, young, strong, and free,
 To be the best that I can be
 For truth, and righteousness, and thee,
 Lord of my life, I come.

—Marianne Hearn.

I've Found a Friend

16

Rev. J. G. SMALL.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;
2. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me;
3. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! All pow'r to Him is giv - en;
4. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! So kind, and true, and ten - der,



He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him.
And not a-lone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me.
To guard me on my on-ward course, And bring me safe to heav-en.
So wise a Coun - sel - lor and Guide, So might - y a De - fend-er!



And 'round my heart still close-ly twine Those ties which naught can sev-er,
Nought that I have my own I call, I hold it for the Giv - er;
Th'e - ter - nal glo - ries gleam a - far, To nerve my faint en - deav-or:
From Him, who loves me now so well, What pow'r my soul can sev - er?



For I am His, and He is mine, For - ev - er and for - ev - er.
My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for - ev - er.
So now to watch, to work, to war, And then to rest for - ev - er.
Shall life or death, or earth or hell? No; I am His for - ev - er.

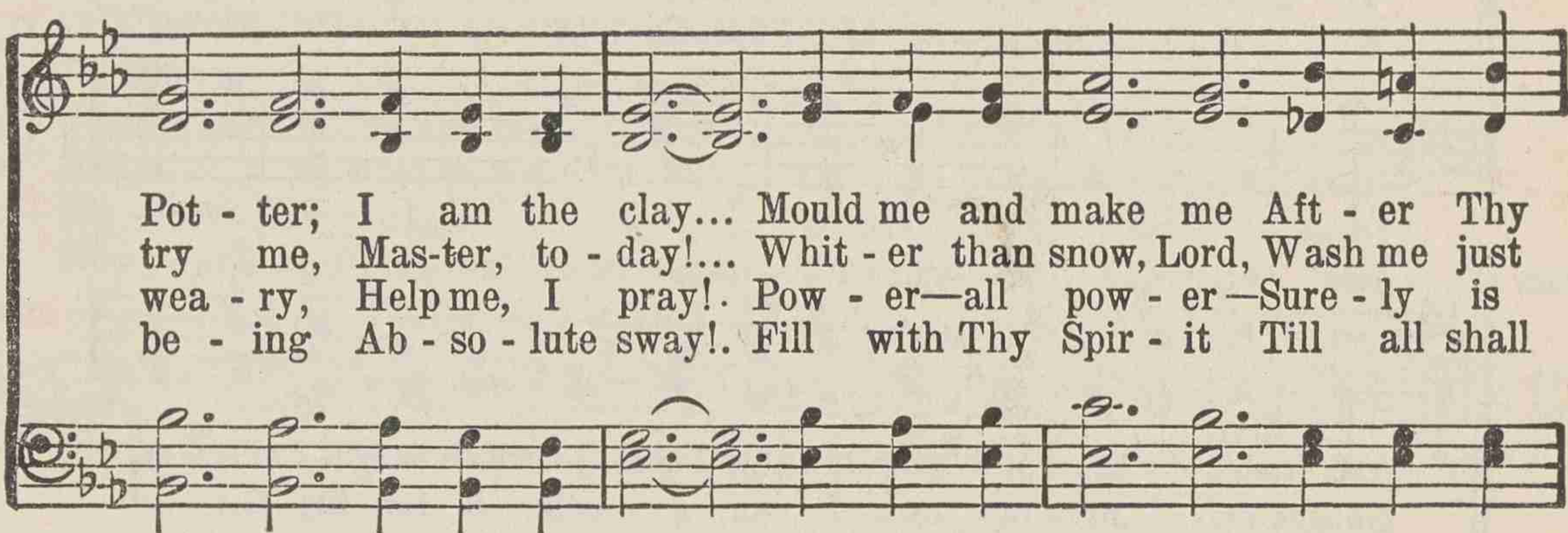


Have Thine Own Way

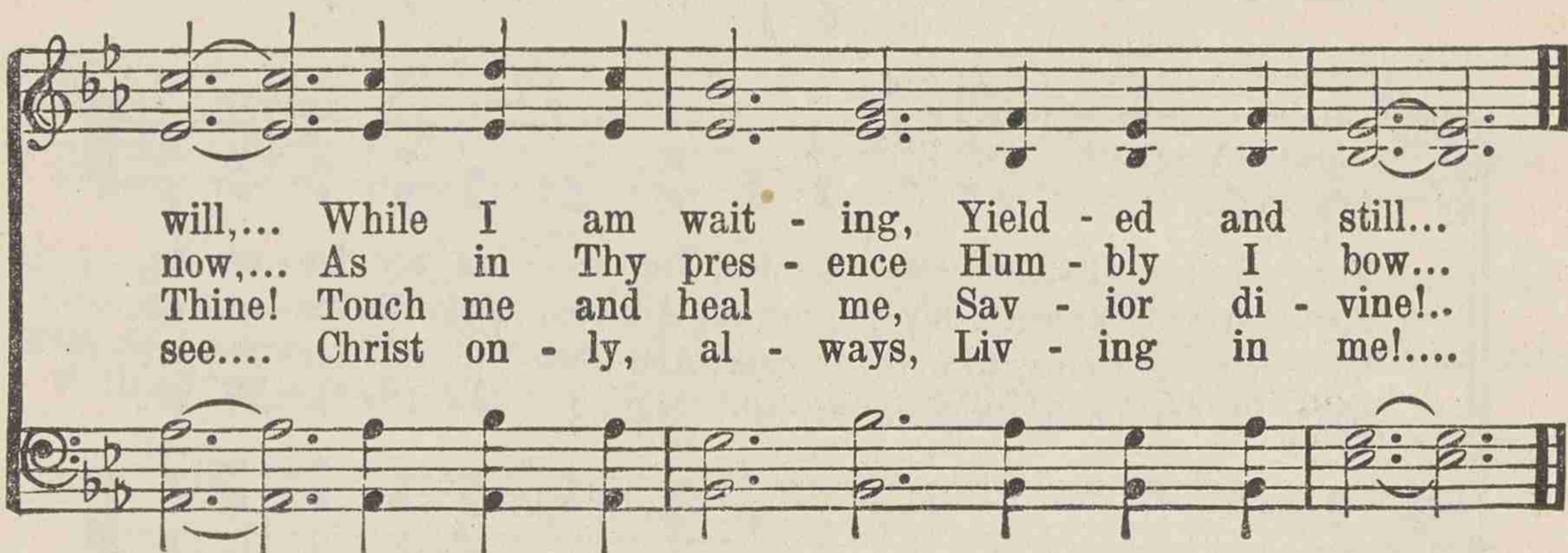
GEO. C. STEBBINS

Slowly


1. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!.. Thou art the
 2. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!.. Search me and
 3. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!.. Wound-ed and
 4. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!.. Hold o'er my



Pot - ter; I am the clay... Mould me and make me Aft - er Thy
 try me, Mas-ter, to - day!... Whit - er than snow, Lord, Wash me just
 wea - ry, Help me, I pray!.. Pow - er—all pow - er—Sure - ly is
 be - ing Ab - so - lute sway!.. Fill with Thy Spir - it Till all shall



will,... While I am wait - ing, Yield - ed and still...
 now,... As in Thy pres - ence Hum - bly I bow...
 Thine! Touch me and heal me, Sav - ior di - vine!..
 see.... Christ on - ly, al - ways, Liv - ing in me!....

Break Thou the Bread of Life

18

MARY A. LATHBURY

BREAD OF LIFE

WILLIAM F. SHERWIN

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst
 2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst

break the loaves Be - side the sea; Be - yond the sa - cred page
 bless the bread By Gal - i - lee; Then shall all bond-age cease,

I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word!
 All fet-ters fall; And I shall find my peace, My All - in - All. A - men.

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Blessed are they that are perfect in
 the way,
 Who walk in the law of Jehovah.
 Blessed are they that keep his testi-
 monies,
 That seek him with the whole heart.
 Yea, they do no unrighteousness;
 They walk in his ways.

Wherewith shall a young man cleanse
 his way?
 By taking heed *thereto* according to thy
 word.
 With my whole heart have I sought
 thee:
 Oh let me not wander from thy com-
 mandments.

Thy word have I laid up in my
 heart,
 That I might not sin against thee.

Oh how love I thy law!
 It is my meditation all the day.

How sweet are thy words unto my
 taste:
 Yea, *sweeter* than honey to my mouth:
 Through thy precepts I get understand-
 ing:
 Therefore I hate every false way.
 Thy word is a lamp unto my feet,
 And light unto my path.

—*Psalms 119.*

O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go

GEORGE MATHESON

MARGARET

ALBERT L. PEACE

1. O Love that wilt not let me go, . . . I rest my
 2. O Light that fol-lowest all my way, . . . I yield my
 3. O Joy that seek-est me through pain, . . . I can-not
 4. O Cross that lift-est up my head, . . . I dare not

wea-ry soul in Thee; I give Thee back the life I owe,
 flick-ering torch to Thee; My heart re-stores its bor-rowed ray,
 close my heart to Thee; I trace the rain-bow through the rain,
 ask to fly from Thee; I lay in dust life's glo-ry dead,

That in Thine o - cean depths its flow May rich - er, full - er be.
 That in Thy sun-shine's blaze its day May bright-er, fair - er, be.
 And feel the prom-ise is not vain That morn shall tear-less be.
 And from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall end - less be. A - men.

Beloved, let us love one another: for love is of God; and every one that loveth is begotten of God, and knoweth God. He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love.

Herein was the love of God manifested in us, that God hath sent his only begotten Son into the world that we might live through him. Beloved, if God so loved us, we also ought to love one another.

And we know and have believed the love which God hath in us. God is love; and he that abideth in love abideth in God, and God abideth in him.

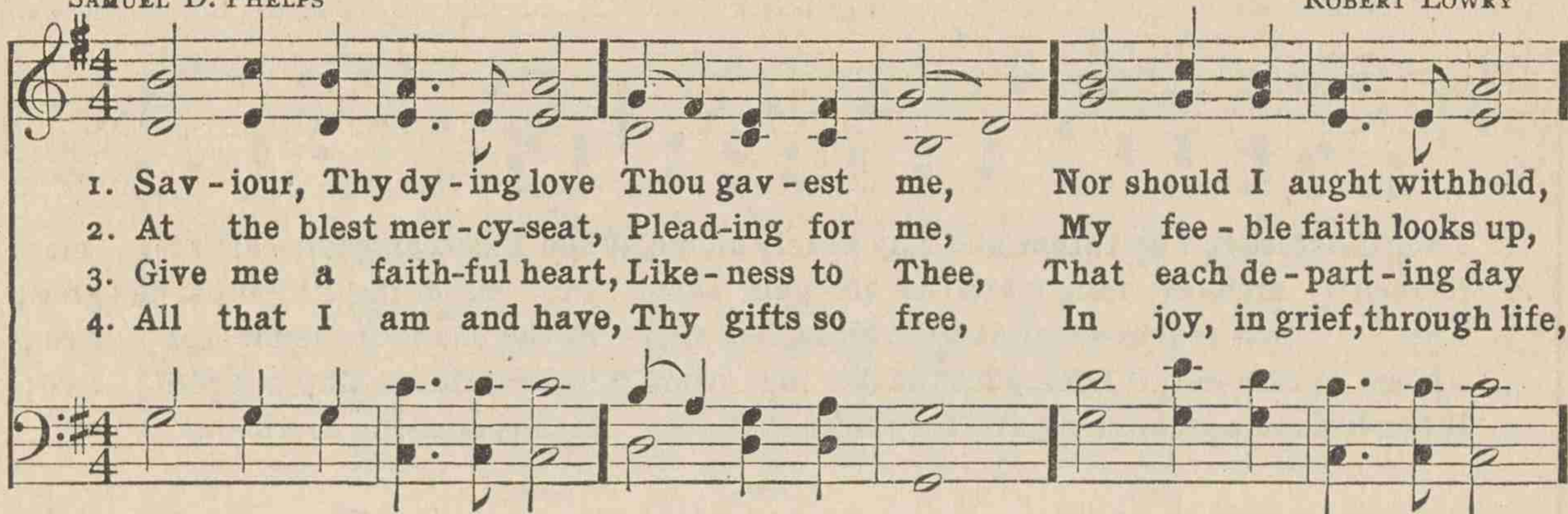
1 John 4. 7-9; 11, 16b.

Saviour, Thy Dying Love

20

SAMUEL D. PHELPS

ROBERT LOWRY



1. Sav - iour, Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I aught withhold,
 2. At the blest mer - cy-seat, Plead - ing for me, My fee - ble faith looks up,
 3. Give me a faith - ful heart, Like - ness to Thee, That each de - part - ing day
 4. All that I am and have, Thy gifts so free, In joy, in grief, through life,



Dear Lord, from Thee; In love my soul would bow, My heart ful -
 Je - sus, to Thee: Help me the cross to bear, Thy won - drous
 Hence - forth may see Some work of love be - gun, Some deed of
 Dear Lord, for Thee! And when Thy face I see, My ran - somed



fill its vow, Some of - fering bring Thee now, Something for Thee.
 love de - clare, Some song to raise, or prayer, Something for Thee.
 kind - ness done, Some wanderer sought and won, Something for Thee.
 soul shall be, Through all e - ter - ni - ty, Something for Thee. A - men.

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Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows; yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and Jehovah hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.—*Isa. 53. 4-6; John 15. 13.*

Thou Did'st Leave Thy Throne

EMILY E. S. ELLIOTT

ELLIOTT

TIMOTHY R. MATTHEWS



1. Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly crown, When Thou camest to earth for me;
2. Heaven's arch-es rang when the an-gels sang, Pro-claim-ing Thy royal de-gree;
3. The fox-es found rest, and the birds their nest In the shade of the for-est tree;
4. Thou cam-est, O Lord, with the liv-ing word, That should set Thy peo-ple free;
5. When heaven's arches ring, and her choirs shall sing At Thy com-ing to vic-to-ry,



But in Beth-le-hem's home there was found no room For Thy ho-ly na-tiv-i-ty.
 But in low-ly birth didst Thou come to earth, And in great hu-mil-i-ty.
 But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God, In the des-erts of Gal-i-lee.
 But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn, They bore Thee to Cal-va-ry.
 Let Thy voice call me home, saying, "Yet there is room, There is room at My side for thee."



O come to my heart, Lord Je-sus! There is room in my heart for Thee.
 O come to my heart, Lord Je-sus! There is room in my heart for Thee.
 O come to my heart, Lord Je-sus! There is room in my heart for Thee.
 O come to my heart, Lord Je-sus! Thy cross is my on-ly plea.
 And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Je-sus, When Thou com-est and callest for me. A-men.



I'll Live for Him

22

R. E. Hudson

C. R. Dunbar

1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
 2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live,
 3. O Thou who died on Cal - va - ry To save my soul and make me free;

CHO.—I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap - py then my life shall be!

Chorus D. C.

Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - ior and my God!
 And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!
 I'll con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav - ior and my God?

I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - ior and my God!

Copyright, 1882, by R. E. Hudson.

If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am become sounding brass, or a clanging cymbal. And if I have *the gift of* prophecy, and know all mysteries and all knowledge; and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing. And if I bestow all my goods to feed *the poor*, and if I give my body to be burned, but have not love, it profiteth me nothing.

Love suffereth long, *and* is kind; love envieth not, love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own, is not provoked, taketh not account of evil; rejoiceth not in unrighteousness, but rejoiceth with the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Love never faileth: but whether *there be* prophecies, they shall be done away; whether *there be* tongues, they shall cease; whether *there be* knowledge, it shall be done away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part, but when that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away. When I was a child, I spake as a child, I felt as a child, I thought as a child: now that I am become a man, I have put away childish things. For now we see in a mirror, darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part; but then shall I know fully even as also I was fully known.

But now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; and the greatest of these is love.—1 Cor. 13.

I Would be True

HOWARD A. WALTER

PEEK

JOSEPH YATES PEEK

With fervor

1. I would be true, for there are those who trust me; I would be pure, for
 2. I would be friend of all—the foe, the friend-less; I would be giv-ing,

there are those who care; I would be strong, for there is much to suf-fer; I would be
 and for-get the gift; I would be hum-ble, for I know my weakness; I would look

brave, for there is much to dare, I would be brave, for there is much to dare.
 up, and laugh, and love, and lift, I would look up, and laugh, and love, and lift.

Used by permission of J. YATES PEEK.

In your faith supply virtue; and in *your* virtue knowledge; and in *your* knowledge self-control; and in *your* self-control patience; and in *your* patience godliness; and in *your* godliness brotherly kindness; and in *your* brotherly kindness love. For if these things are yours and abound, they make you to be not idle nor unfruitful unto the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.
 2 Peter 1. 5-8.

Take My Life

24

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL

ABRAHAM H. C. MALAN



1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee;
3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sa - ges from Thee;
4. Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in cease - less praise;
5. Take my will and make it Thine; It shall be no lon - ger mine;
6. Take my love; my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its treas - ure - store;



Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse
 Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly,
 Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would
 Take my in - tel - lect, and use Ev - 'ry pow'r as
 Take my heart, it is Thine own! It shall be Thy
 Take my - self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly,



of Thy love, At the im - pulse of Thy love.
 for my King, Al - ways, on - ly, for my King.
 I with - hold, Not a mite would I with - hold.
 Thou shalt choose, Ev - 'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.
 roy - al throne, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.
 all for Thee, Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee.



25 We May Not Climb the Heavenly Steeps

JOHN G. WHITTIER

SERENITY

WILLIAM V. WALLACE

1. We may not climb the heav'n-ly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down;
 2. But warm, sweet, ten-der, e-ven yet A pres-ent help is He;
 3. The heal-ing of the seam-less dress Is by our beds of pain;
 4. Through Him the first fond pray'rs are said Our lips of child-hood frame;
 5. O Lord and Mas-ter of us all, What-e'er our name or sign,

In vain we search the low-est deeps For Him no depths can drown.
 And faith has still its Ol-i-vet, And love its Gal-i-lee.
 We touch Him in life's throng and press And we are whole a-gain.
 The last low whis-pers of our dead Are bur-dened with His name.
 We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call, We test our lives by Thine.

What things were gain to me, these have I counted loss for Christ. Yea verily, and I count all things to be loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord: for whom I suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but refuse, that I may gain Christ, and be found in him, not having a righteousness of mine own, *even* that which is of the law, but that which is through faith in Christ, the righteousness which is from God by faith: that I may know him. . . . Not that I have already obtained, or am already made perfect: but I press on, if so be that I may lay hold on that for which also I was laid hold on by Christ Jesus. Brethren, I count not myself yet to have laid hold: but one thing *I do*, forgetting the things which are behind, and stretching forward to the things which are before, I press on toward the goal unto the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.—*Phil. 3. 7-14.*

Blessed Assurance, Jesus is Mine

26

FANNY J. CROSBY

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP



1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glo-ry di-
 2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rap-ture burst on my
 3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest; I in my Sav-iour am hap-py and



vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, pur-chase of God, Born of His
 sight; An-gels, de-scend-ing, bring from a-bove Ech-oes of
 blest, Watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove, Filled with His

REFRAIN



Spir-it, washed in His blood. This is my sto-ry, this is my
 mer-cy, whis-pers of love.
 good-ness, lost in His love.



song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long; This is my



sto-ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Saviour all the day long. A-men

God of Our Fathers, Known of Old

SIR JOHN STAINER



1. God of our fa-thers, known of old, Lord of our far-flung bat-tle line,



Be - neath whose aw - ful hand we hold Do - min - ion o - ver palm and pine:

VOICES IN UNISON IN HARMONY



Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for - get, lest we for - get! A - MEN.

2 The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart:
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

3 Far-called our navies melt away,
On dune and headland sinks the fire;
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

4 If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not thee in awe,
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the law:
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

5 For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard;
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not thee to guard:
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on thy people, Lord!

RUDYARD KIPLING

He Leadeth Me, O Blessed Thought

28

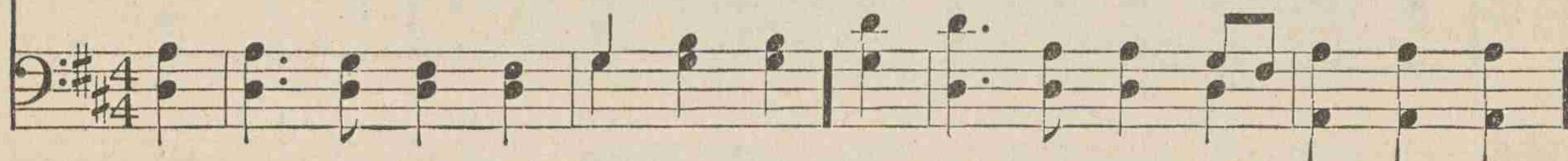
JOSEPH H. GILMORE

HE LEADETH ME

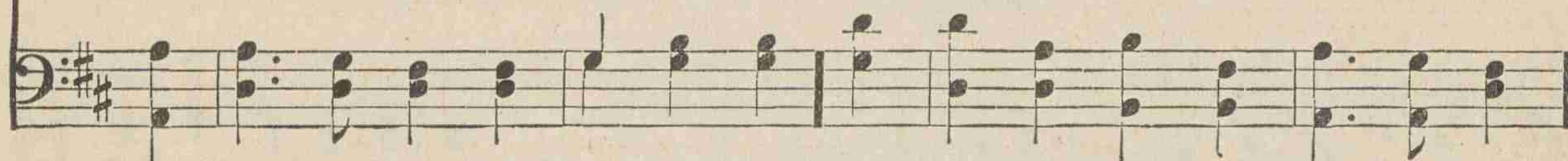
WILLIAM B. BRADBURY



1. He lead - eth me! O bless - ed thought! O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deep - est gloom, Sometimes where E - den's bowers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine,
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic - tory's won,



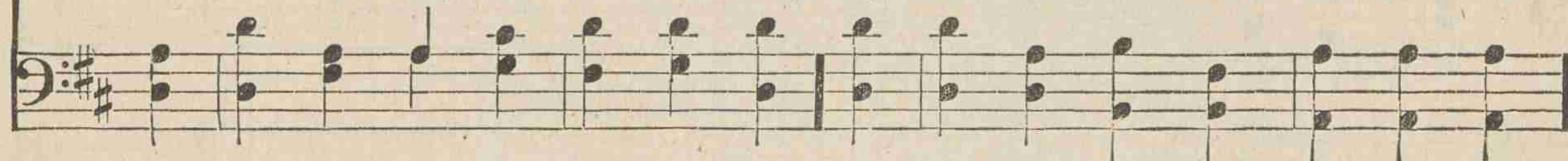
What - e'er I do, wher - e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.
By wa - ters still, o'er trou - bled sea, — Still 'tis His hand that lead - eth me!
Con - tent, what - ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead - eth me!
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God through Jordan lead - eth me.



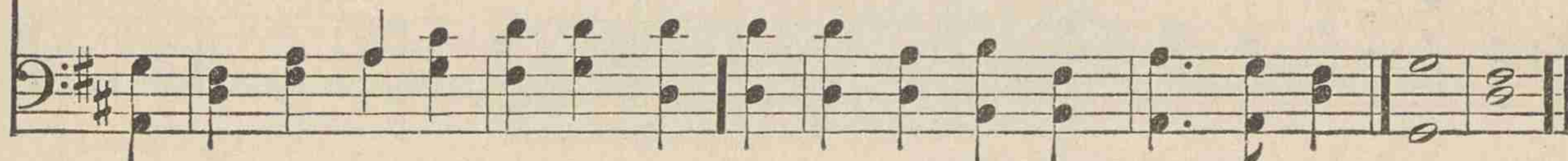
REFRAIN



He lead - eth me, He lead - eth me, By His own hand He lead - eth me:



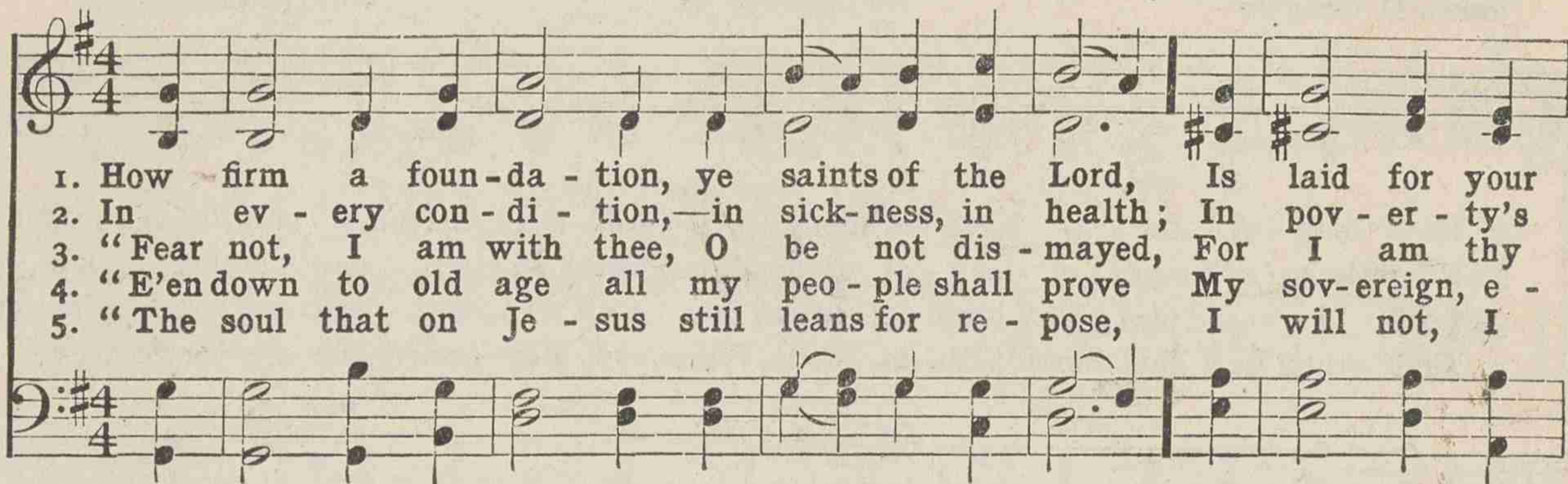
His faith - ful fol - lower I would be, For by His hand He lead - eth me. A - men.



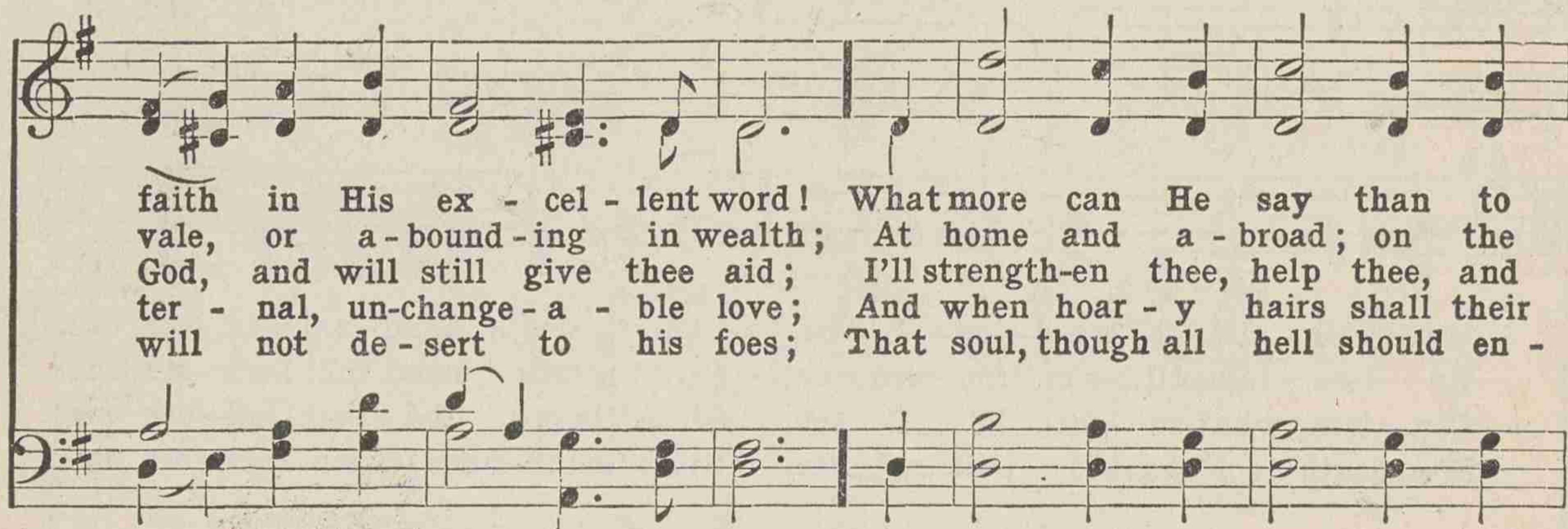
How Firm a Foundation

GEORGE KEITH (?)

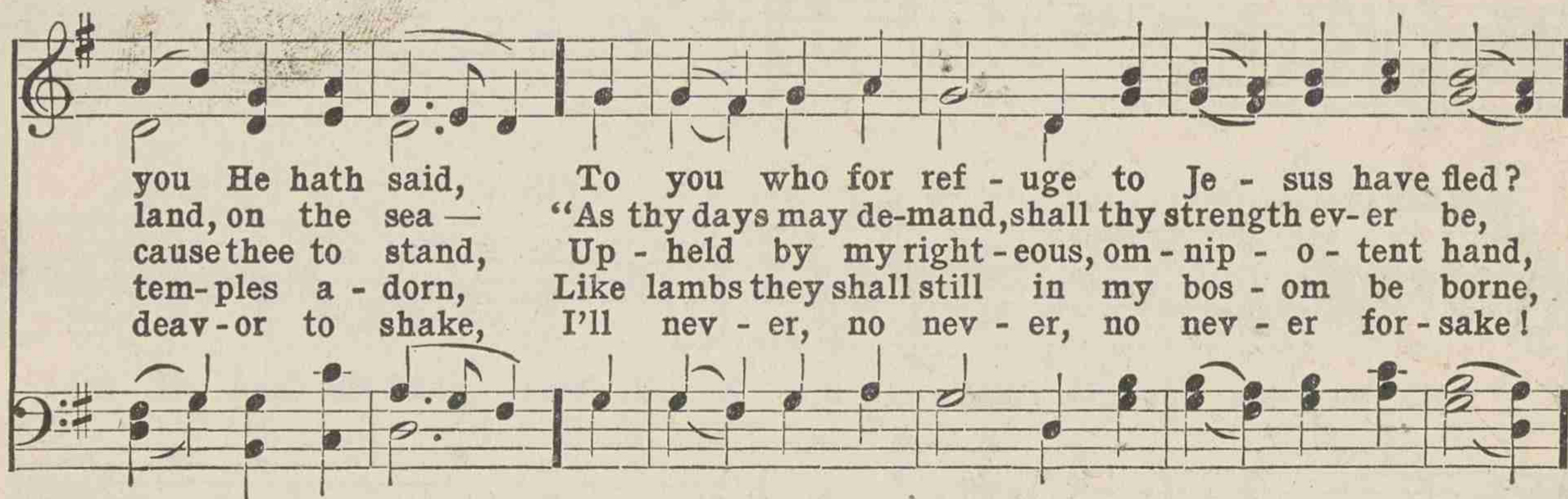
ADESTE FIDELES (PORTUGUESE HYMN)

J. F. WADE'S *Cantus Diversi*


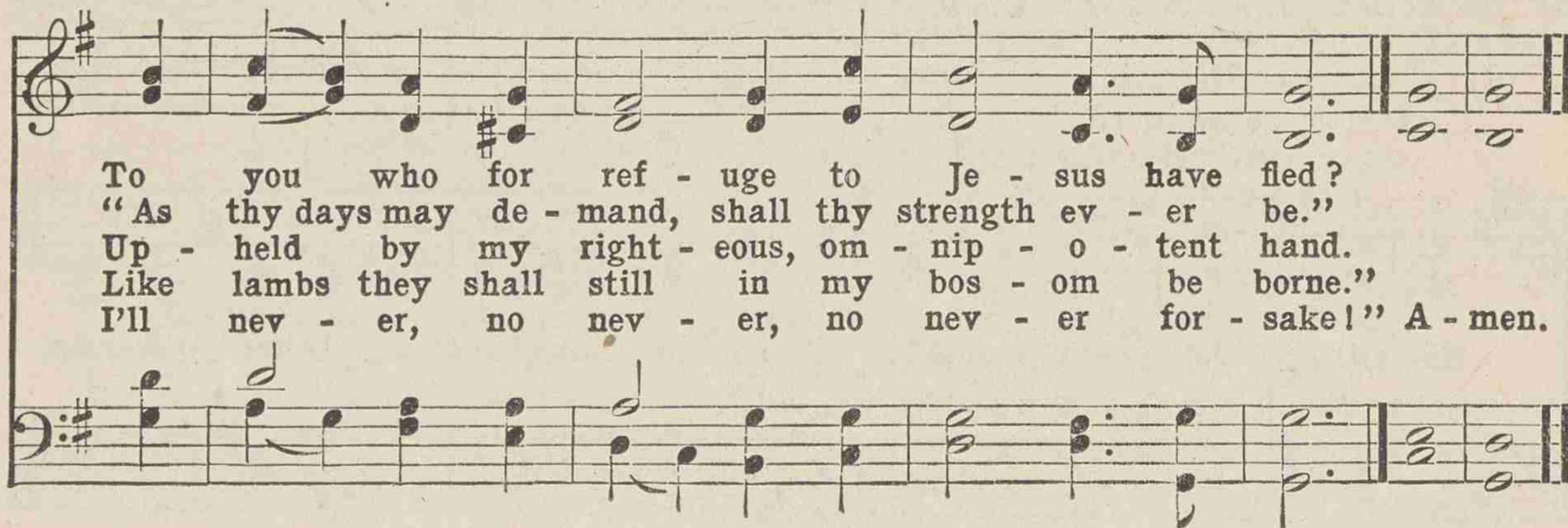
1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
 2. In ev-ery con-di-tion,—in sick-ness, in health; In pov-er-ty's
 3. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed, For I am thy
 4. "E'endown to old age all my peo-ple shall prove My sov-ereign, e-
 5. "The soul that on Je-sus still leans for re- pose, I will not, I



faith in His ex-cel-lent word! Whatmore can He say than to
 vale, or a-bound-ing in wealth; At home and a-broad; on the
 God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strength-en thee, help thee, and
 ter-nal, un-change-a-ble love; And when hoar-y hairs shall their
 will not de-sert to his foes; That soul, though all hell should en-



you He hath said, To you who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
 land, on the sea—"As thy days may de-mand, shall thy strength ev-er be,
 causeth thee to stand, Up-held by my right-eous, om-nip-o-tent hand,
 tem-ples a-dorn, Like lambs they shall still in my bos-om be borne,
 deav-or to shake, I'll nev-er, no nev-er, no nev-er for-sake!



To you who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
 "As thy days may de-mand, shall thy strength ev-er be."
 Up-held by my right-eous, om-nip-o-tent hand.
 Like lambs they shall still in my bos-om be borne."
 I'll nev-er, no nev-er, no nev-er for-sake!" A-men.


Faith of Our Fathers

30

FREDERICK W. FABER

ST. CATHERINE

Adapted by J. G. WALTON



1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of den - geon, fire, and sword:
 2. Our fa - thers, chained in pris - ons dark, Were still in heart and con - science free:
 3. Faith of our fa - thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife:



O how our hearts beat high with joy When-e'er we hear that glo - rious word!
 How sweet would be their chil - dren's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee!
 And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind - ly words and vir - tuous life:



Faith of our fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death! A - men.

Faith of Our Young Folk

1. Faith of our young folk! Living still,
 In spite of pitfall, taunt, and lure;
 O, how our hearts beat high with joy,
 Whene'er we see their faith endure.
 Faith of our young folk! Holy faith!
 May they be true to thee till death.

2. Our young folk lured from every side,
 Are still in heart and conscience free;
 How sweet to fathers is the sight,
 Of children, Lord, who live for Thee.
 Faith of our young folk! Holy faith!
 May they be true to thee till death.

3. Faith of our young folk! Bloom in love,
 With friend and foe unto your Lord,
 Preach Jesus as you best know how,
 And rest your faith upon His word.
 Faith of our young folk! Holy faith!
 May they be true to thee till death.

—By Emory H. McCreary.

Give of Your Best to the Master

H. B. G.

Mrs. CHARLES BARNARD



1. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;
2. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give Him first place in your heart;
3. Give of your best to the Mas - ter: Naught else is wor- thy His love;

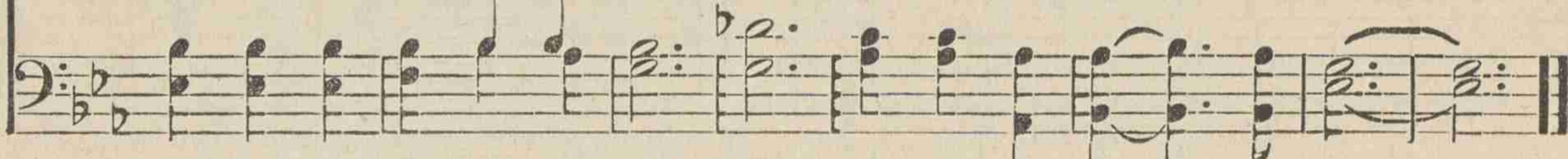


Ref.—Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;



FINE

Throw your soul's fresh, glowing ar - dor In - to the bat - tle for truth....
 Give Him first place in your serv - ice, Con - se - crate ev - 'ry part....
 He gave Him-self for your ran - som, Gave up His glo - ry a - bove:....



Clad in sal - va - tion's full ar - mor, Join in the bat - tle for truth.



Je - sus has set the ex - am - ple; Dauntless was He, young and brave;
 Give, and to you shall be giv - en; God His be - lov - ed Son gave;
 Laid down His life with - out mur - mur, You from sin's ru - in to save;



rall.

D.C.



Give Him your loy - al de - vo - tion, Give Him the best that you have.....
 Grate - ful - ly seek - ing to serve Him, Give Him the best that you have.....
 Give Him your heart's ad - o - ra - tion, Give Him the best that you have.....



Brightly Beams Our Father's Mercy

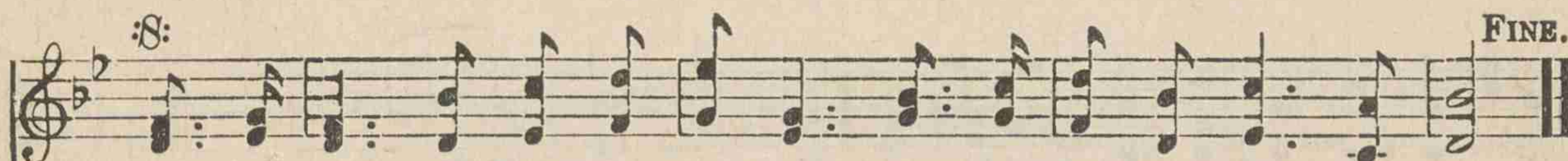
32

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS



1. Bright - ly beams our Fa - ther's mer - cy From His light-house ev - er - more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set - tled, Loud the an - gry bil - lows roar;
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my broth - er; Some poor sail - or tem - pest toss'd,



But to us He gives the keep - ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
Ea - ger eyes are watch - ing, long - ing, For the lights a - long the shore.
Try - ing now to make the har - bor, In the dark - ness may be lost.



D.S. - Some poor, faint - ing, struggling sea - man, You may res - cue, you may save.



Let the low - er lights be burn - ing! Send a gleam a - cross the wave!



And walking by the sea of Galilee, he saw two brethren, Simon who is called Peter, and Andrew his brother, casting a net into the sea; for they were fishers.

And he saith unto them, Come ye after me, and I will make you fishers of men.

And they straightway left the nets, and followed him.

And going on from thence he saw two other brethren, James the son of Zebedee, and John his brother, in the boat with Zebedee their father, mending their nets; and he called them.

And they straightway left the boat and their father, and followed him.

Matt. 4. 18-22.

All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name

EDWARD PERRONET

CORONATION

OLIVER HOLDEN

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all. A - men.

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.

2. 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.

3. 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.

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

5. O that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

The Church's One Foundation

34

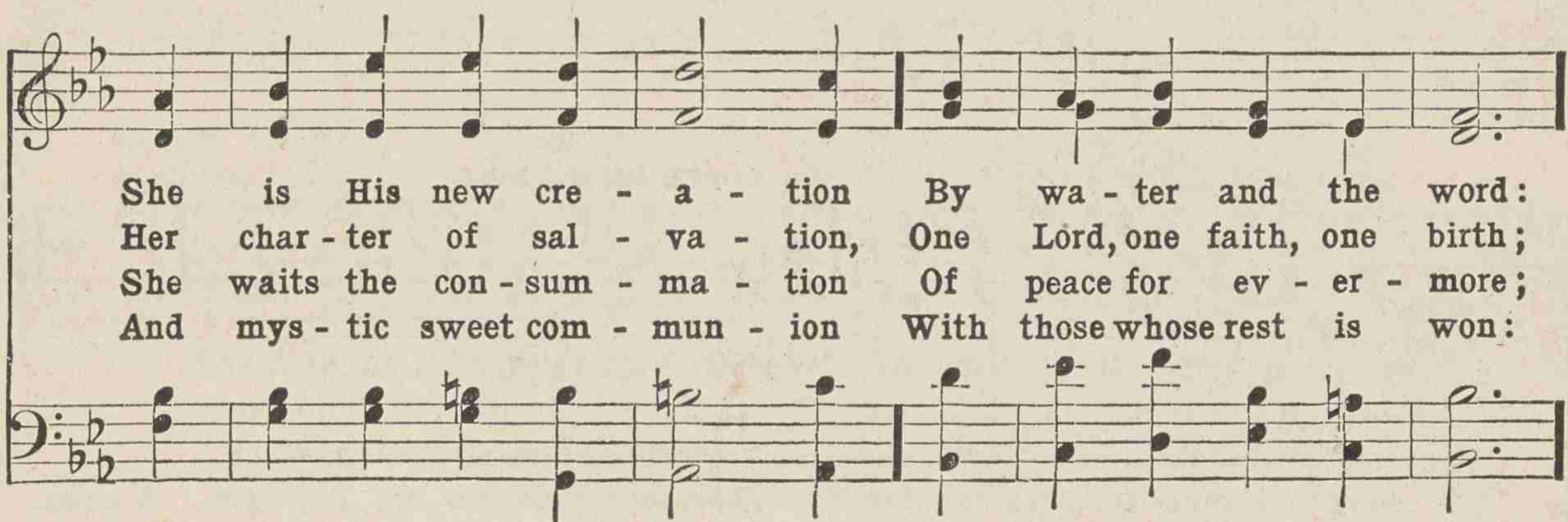
SAMUEL J. STONE

AURELIA

SAMUEL S. WESLEY



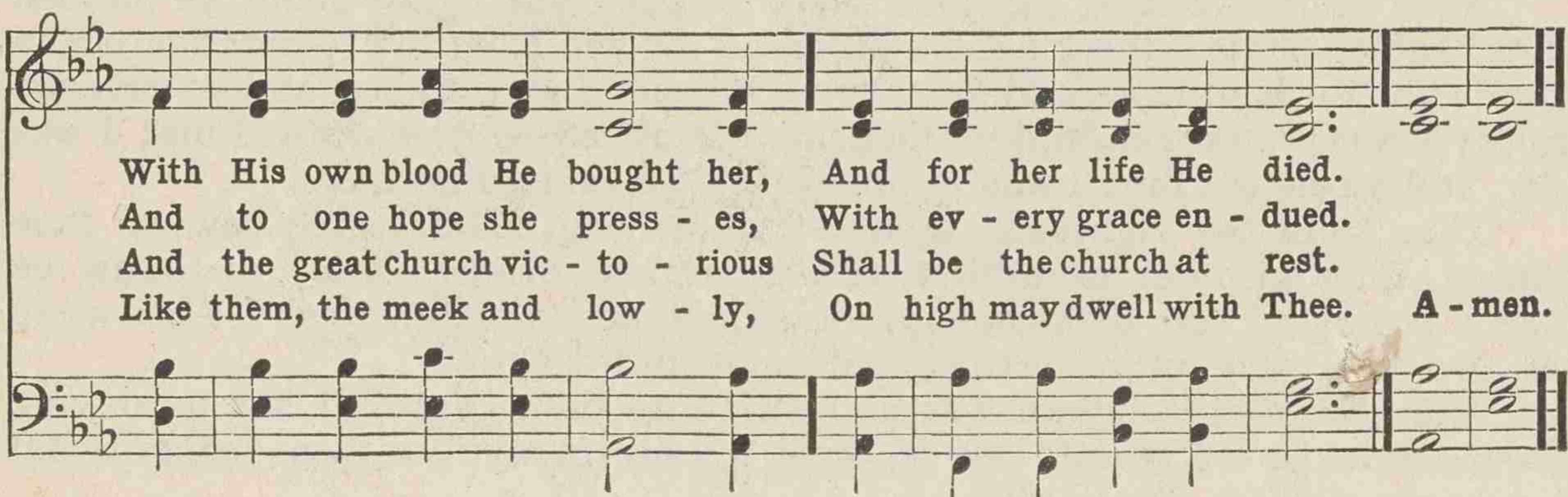
1. The church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;
 2. E - lect from ev - ery na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,
 3. 'Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion, And tu - mult of her war,
 4. Yet she on earth hath un - ion With God the Three in One,



She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word:
 Her char - ter of sal - va - tion, One Lord, one faith, one birth;
 She waits the con - sum - ma - tion Of peace for ev - er - more;
 And mys - tic sweet com - mun - ion With those whose rest is won:



From heaven He came and sought [her, To be His ho - ly bride;
 One ho - ly name she bless - es, Par - takes one ho - ly food,
 Till with the vis - ion glo - rious Her long - ing eyes are blest,
 O hap - py ones and ho - ly! Lord, give us grace that we,



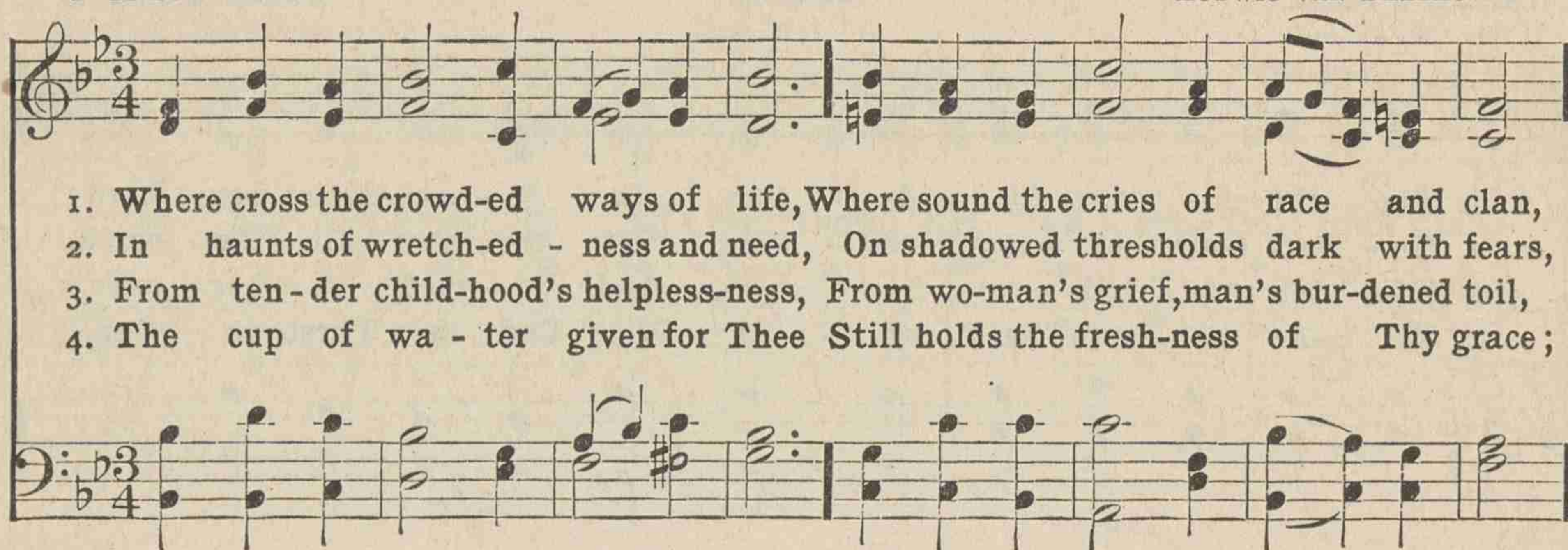
With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.
 And to one hope she press - es, With ev - ery grace en - dued.
 And the great church vic - to - rious Shall be the church at rest.
 Like them, the meek and low - ly, On high may dwell with Thee. A - men.

Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life

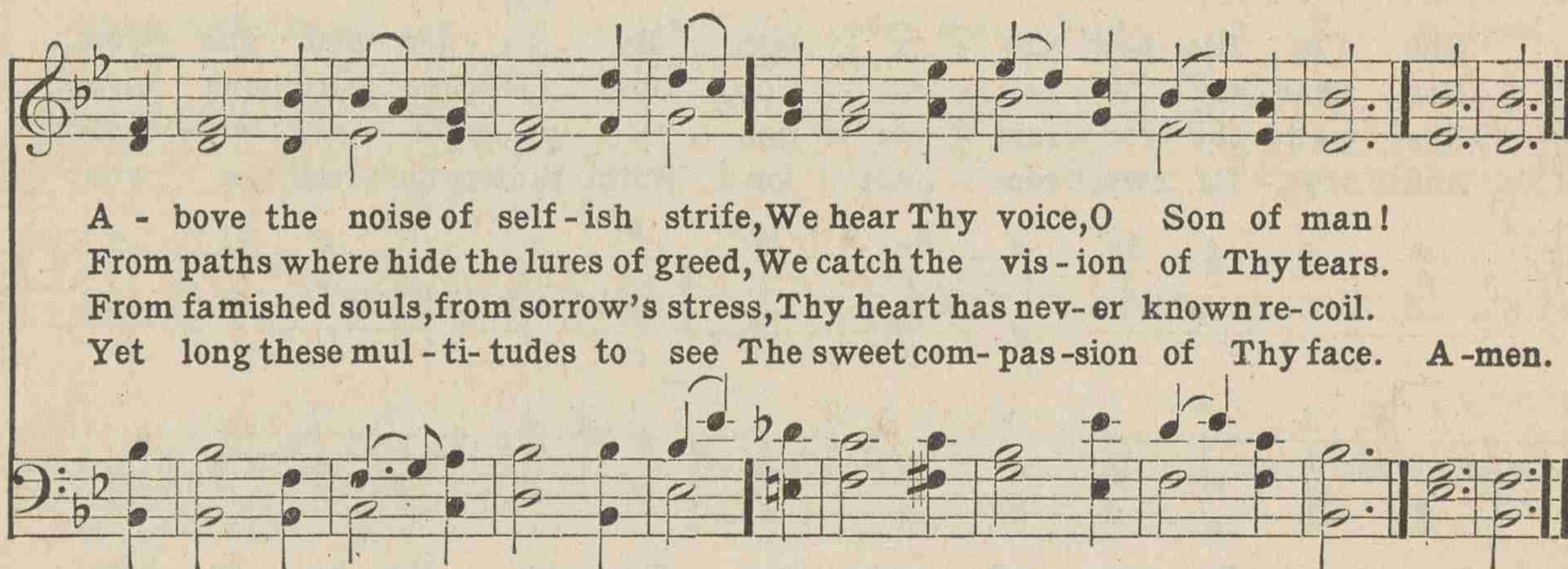
F. MASON NORTH

GERMANY

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN



1. Where cross the crowd-ed ways of life, Where sound the cries of race and clan,
 2. In haunts of wretch-ed - ness and need, On shadowed thresholds dark with fears,
 3. From ten - der child-hood's helpless-ness, From wo-man's grief, man's bur-dened toil,
 4. The cup of wa - ter given for Thee Still holds the fresh-ness of Thy grace;



A - bove the noise of self-ish strife, We hear Thy voice, O Son of man!
 From paths where hide the lures of greed, We catch the vis-ion of Thy tears.
 From famished souls, from sorrow's stress, Thy heart has nev-er known re-coil.
 Yet long these mul-ti-tudes to see The sweet com-pas-sion of Thy face. A-men.

5 O Master, from the mountain side,
 Make haste to heal these hearts of pain,
 Among these restless throngs abide,
 O tread the city's streets again,

6 Till sons of men shall learn Thy love
 And follow where Thy feet have trod:
 Till glorious from Thy heaven above
 Shall come the city of our God.

Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for I was hungry, and ye gave me to eat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me.

Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee hungry, and fed thee? or athirst, and gave thee drink? And when saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? And when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee?

And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, *even* these least, ye did it unto me.—*Matt. 25. 34-40.*

Be Strong! We Are Not Here to Play 36

MALTBIE D. BABCOCK

FORTITUDE

DAVID S. SMITH

1. Be strong! We are not here to play, to dream, to drift, We have hard work to do, and
 2. Be strong! Say not the days are e - vil—who's to blame? And fold the hands and acquiesce—
 3. Be strong! It mat-ters not how deep intrenched the wrong, How hard the bat - tle goes, the

loads to lift. Shun not the struggle, face it, 'tis God's gift. Be strong, be strong!
 O shame! Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name. Be strong, be strong!
 day, how long; Faint not, fight on! To-morrow comes the song. Be strong, be strong! A - men.

Be strong, be strong!

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The earth is Jehovah's, and the fullness thereof;
 The world, and they that dwell therein.
 For he hath founded it upon the seas,
 And established it upon the floods.
 Who shall ascend into the hill of Jehovah?
 And who shall stand in his holy place?
 He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart;
 Who hath not lifted up his soul unto falsehood,
 And hath not sworn deceitfully.
 He shall receive a blessing from Jehovah,
 And righteousness from the God of his salvation.

—Psalm 24. 1-5.

37 God's Trumpet Wakes the Slumbering World

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

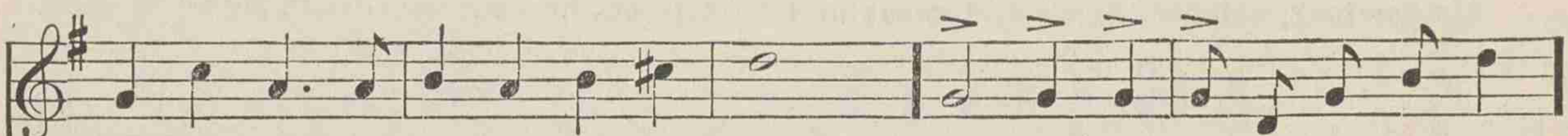
TRUMPET CALL

PETER C. LUTKIN

With spirit and well-marked rhythm



1. God's trum-pet wakes the slumbering world ; Now, each man to his post ! The red-cross ban - ner
2. He who, no an - ger on his tongue, Nor a - ny i - dle boast, Bears steadfast witness
3. He who is rea - dy for the cross, The cause despised loves most, And shuns not pain or



is unfurled ; Who joins the glo-rious host ? He, who, in feal-ty to the truth,
'gainst the wrong, He joins the sa - cred host. He, who, with calm, undaunted will,
shame or loss, He joins the mar-tyr host. God's trumpet wakes the slumbering world ;



And counting all the cost, Doth con - secrate his generous youth, He joins the noble host.
Ne'er counts the battle lost, But, though defeat-ed, battles still, He joins the faithful host.
Now, each man to his post ! The red-cross banner is unfurled ; We join the glorious host. A - men.



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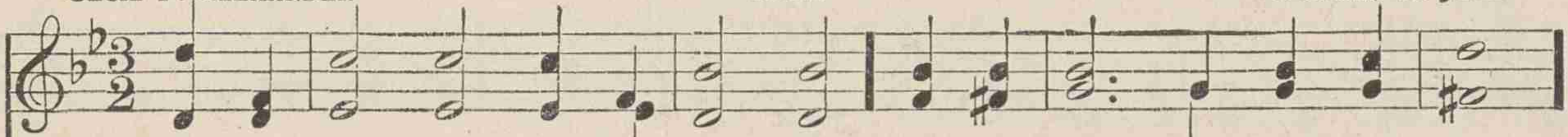
Jesus Calls Us

38

CECIL F. ALEXANDER

JUDE

WILLIAM H. JUDE



1. Je-sus calls us, o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea;
2. Je-sus calls us, from the wor - ship Of the vain world's gold-en store,
3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
4. Je-sus calls us! by Thy mer - cies, Sav-iour, may we hear Thy call,



Day by day His sweet voice sound-eth, Say-ing, "Chris-tian, fol-low Me."
 From each i - dol that would keep us, Say-ing, "Chris-tian, love Me more."
 Still He calls, in cares and pleas-ures, "Christian, love Me more than these."
 Give our hearts to Thy o - be - dience, Serve and love Thee best of all. A-men.



THE BEATITUDES

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called sons of God.

Blessed are they that have been persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye when *men* shall reproach you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets that were before you.—Matt. 5. 3-12.

True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted

GEORGE C. STEBBINS

1. True-heart-ed, whole-hearted, faith-ful and loy-al, King of our lives, by thy
 grace we will be; Un-der the stand-ard ex-alt-ed and roy-al, Strong in thy

REFRAIN

strength we will bat-tle for thee. Peal out the watch-word! si-lence it nev-er!
 si-lence
 Song of our spir-its, re-joic-ing and free; Peal out the watch-word!
 re-joic-ing and free; Peal
 loy-al for-ev-er! King of our lives, By thy grace we will be. A-MEN.

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2 True-hearted, whole-hearted, fullest alle-
 giance

Yielding henceforth to our glorious King;
 Valiant endeavor and loving obedience,
 Freely and joyously now would we bring.

3 True-hearted, whole-hearted, Saviour
 all-glorious!

Take thy great power and reign there alone,
 Over our wills and affections victorious,
 Freely surrendered and wholly thine own.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL

Who Is On the Lord's Side?

40

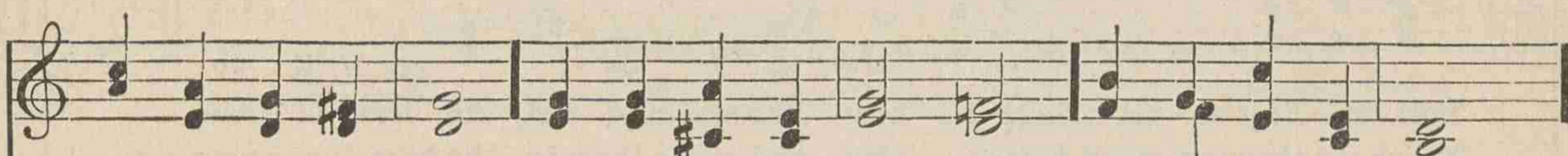
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL

ARMAGEDDON

German Melody adapted by JOHN GOSS



1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His help - ers
2. Not for weight of glo - ry, Not for crown and palm, En - ter we the ar - my,
3. Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with Thine own life-blood,
4. Fierce may be the con - flict, Strong may be the foe, But the King's own ar - my



Oth - er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?
 Raise the war - rior psalm; But for Love that claim - eth Lives for whom He died;
 For Thy di - a - dem: With Thy blessing fill - ing Each who comes to Thee,
 None can o - ver - throw: Round His standard rang - ing, Vic - tory is se - cure;



REFRAIN



Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go? By Thy call of mer - cy,
 He whom Je - sus nam - eth Must be on His side. By Thy love con - strain - ing,
 Thou hast made us will - ing, Thou hast made us free. By Thy grand re - demp - tion,
 For His truth un - changing Makes the tri - umph sure. Joy - ful - ly en - list - ing



By Thy grace Di - vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav - iour, we are Thine. A - men.

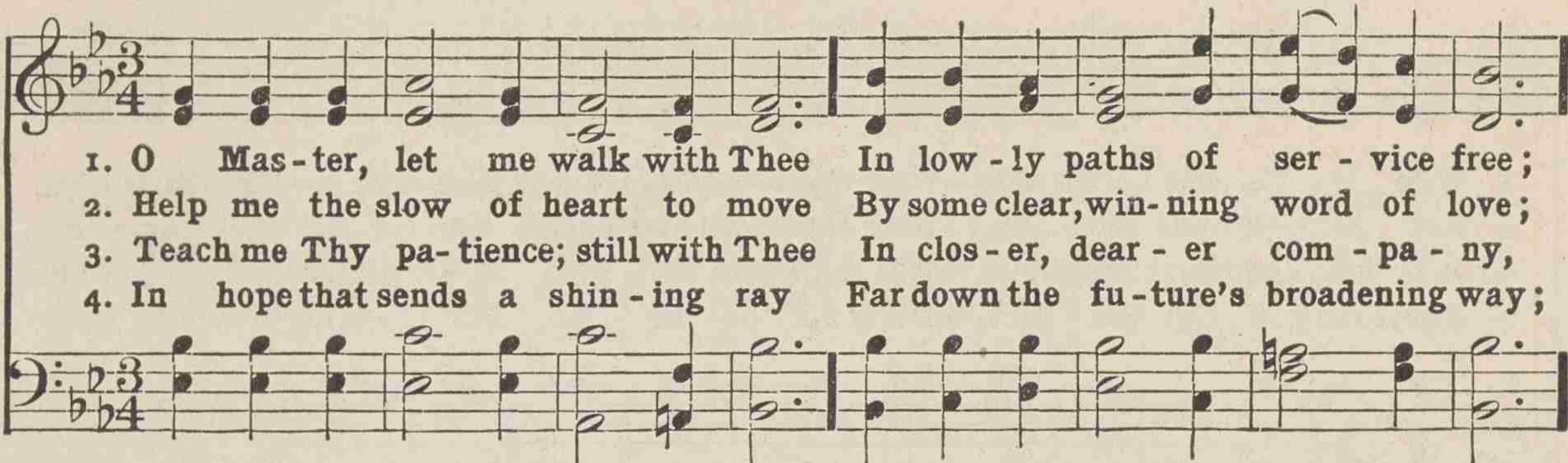


O Master, Let Me Walk with Thee

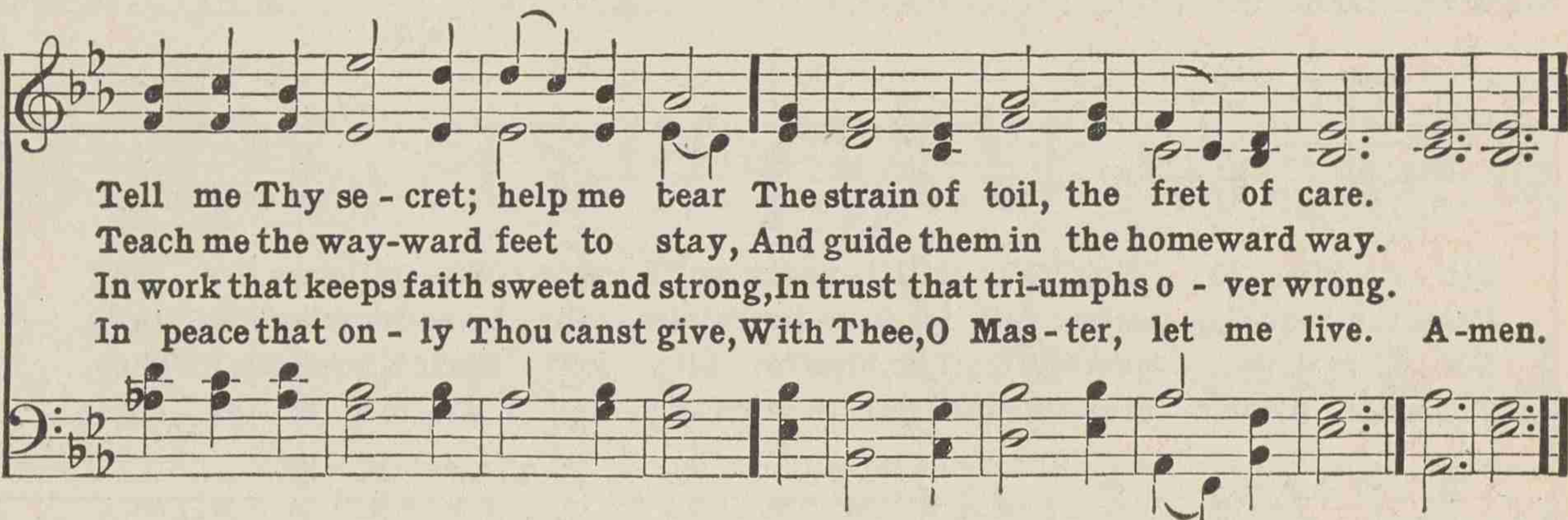
WASHINGTON GLADDEN

MARYTON

H. PERCY SMITH



1. O Mas-ter, let me walk with Thee In low-ly paths of ser-vice free;
 2. Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear, win-ning word of love;
 3. Teach me Thy pa-tience; still with Thee In clos-er, dear-er com-pa-ny,
 4. In hope that sends a shin-ing ray Far down the fu-ture's broadening way;



Tell me Thy se-cret; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.
 Teach me the way-ward feet to stay, And guide them in the homeward way.
 In work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In trust that tri-umphs o-ver wrong.
 In peace that on-ly Thou canst give, With Thee, O Mas-ter, let me live. A-men.

I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman.

Every branch in me that beareth not fruit, he taketh it away: and every *branch* that beareth fruit, he cleanseth it, that it may bear more fruit.

Already ye are clean because of the word which I have spoken unto you.

Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; so neither can ye, except ye abide in me.

I am the vine, ye are the branches: He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same beareth much fruit: for apart from me ye can do nothing.

If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and they gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned.

If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ask whatsoever ye will, and it shall be done unto you.

Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; and so shall ye be my disciples.—*John 15. 1-8.*

God of Our Fathers, Whose Almighty Hand 42

DANIEL C. ROBERTS

NATIONAL HYMN

GEORGE W. WARREN

ff 3 VOICES ALONE

Trumpets, before each verse.

1. God of our fa - thers, whose al - might - y hand
2. Thy love di - vine hath led us in the past,
3. From war's a - larms, from dead - ly pes - ti - lence,
4. Re - fresh Thy peo - ple on their toil - some way,

ff

WITH ORGAN

Leads forth in beau - ty all the star - ry band
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;
Be Thy strong arm our ev - er sure de - fense,
Lead us from night to nev - er - end - ing day;

cres.

Of shin - ing worlds in splen - dor through the skies,
Be Thou our rul - er, guar - dian, guide, and stay,
Thy true re - lig - ion in our hearts in - crease,
Fill all our lives with love and grace di - vine,

Our grate - ful songs be - fore Thy throne a - rise.
Thy word our law, Thy paths our chos - en way.
Thy boun - teous good - ness nour - ish us in peace.
And glo - ry, laud, and praise be ev - er Thine. A - men.

ff

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Lead On, O King Eternal

ERNEST W. SHURTLEFF

LANCASHIRE

HENRY SMART

1. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, The day of march has come;
 2. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, Till sin's fierce war shall cease,
 3. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, We fol - low, not with fears;

Hence - forth in fields of con - quest Thy tents shall be our home.
 And ho - li - ness shall whis - per The sweet A - men of peace;
 For glad - ness breaks like morn - ing Wher - e'er Thy face ap - pears;

Through days of prep - a - ra - tion Thy grace has made us strong,
 For not with sword's loud clash - ing, Nor roll of stir - ring drums:
 Thy cross is lift - ed o'er us; We jour - ney in its light;

And now, O King E - ter - nal, We lift our bat - tle song.
 With deeds of love and mer - cy, The heav - en - ly king - dom comes.
 The crown a - waits the con - quest: Lead on, O God of might. A - men.

When Wilt Thou Save the People?

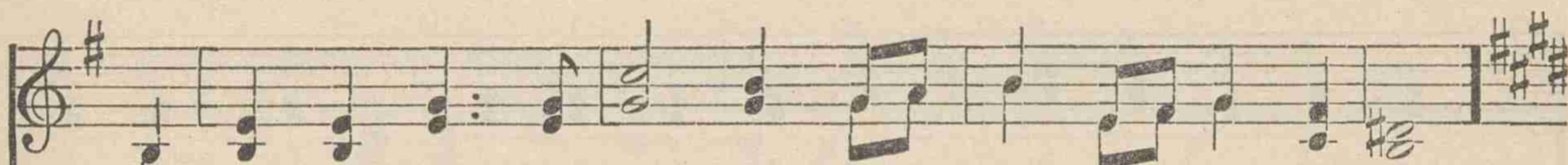
44

EBENEZER ELLIOTT

JOSIAH BOOTH



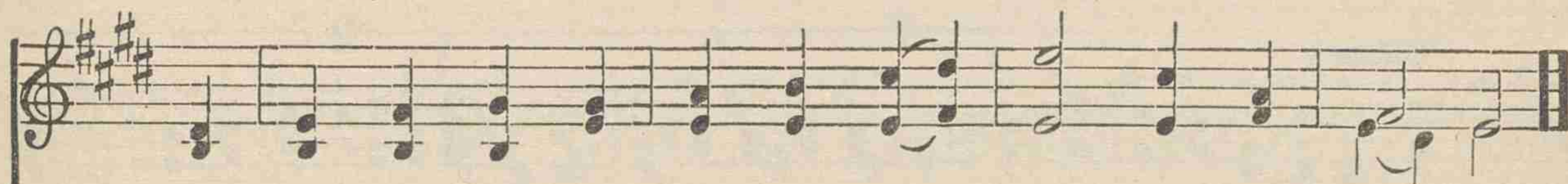
1. When wilt Thou save the peo - ple? O God of mer - cy, when?
2. Shall crime bring crime for - ev - er, Strength aid - ing still the strong?
3. When wilt Thou save the peo - ple? O God of mer - cy, when?



Not kings and lords, but na - tions, Not thrones and crowns, but men.
Is it Thy will, O Fa - ther, That man should toil for wrong?
The peo - ple, Lord, the peo - ple, Not thrones and crowns, but men.



Flowers of Thy heart, O God, are they, Let them not pass like weeds a - way,
"No!" say the mountains; "No!" the skies; "Man's clouded sun shall glad - ly rise,
God save the peo - ple, Thine they are; Thy chil-dren, as Thy an - gels fair,



Let them not fade in sun - less day, God save the peo - ple.
And songs be heard in - stead of sighs," God save the peo - ple.
From vice, op - pres - sion and de - spair God save the peo - ple.



Battle Hymn of the Republic

JULIA WARD HOWE

"Glory, Hallelujah"



1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord, He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun - dred cir - cling camps; They have
3. He has sound - ed forth the trum - pet that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is
4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a - cross the sea With a



tramp - ling out the vint - age where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
 build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can
 sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg - ment seat. O be
 glo - ry in His bos - om that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He



loosed the fate - ful light - ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword; His truth is march - ing on.
 read His righteous sen - tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps; His day is march - ing on.
 swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is march - ing on.
 died to make men ho - ly let us die to make men free While God is march - ing on.



Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is marching on.
 Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! His day is marching on.
 Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Our God is marching on.
 Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! While God is marching on.



O Beautiful for Spacious Skies

46

America the Beautiful

KATHARINE LEE BATES

SAMUEL A. WARD



1. O beau - ti - ful for spa - cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain,
 2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet Whose stern, im - pas - sioned stress
 3. O beau - ti - ful for he - roes proved In lib - er - a - ting strife,
 4. O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dream That sees be - yond the years



For pur - ple moun - tain ma - jes - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain!
 A thor - ough - fare for free - dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness!
 Who more than self their coun - try loved, And mer - cy more than life!
 Thine al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam Undimmed by hu - man tears!



A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,
 A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw,
 A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May God thy gold re - fine,
 A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,



And crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea!
 Con - firm thy soul in self - con - trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law!
 Till all suc - cess be no - ble - ness And ev - 'ry gain di - vine!
 And crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea!

My Country, 'Tis of Thee

SAMUEL F. SMITH

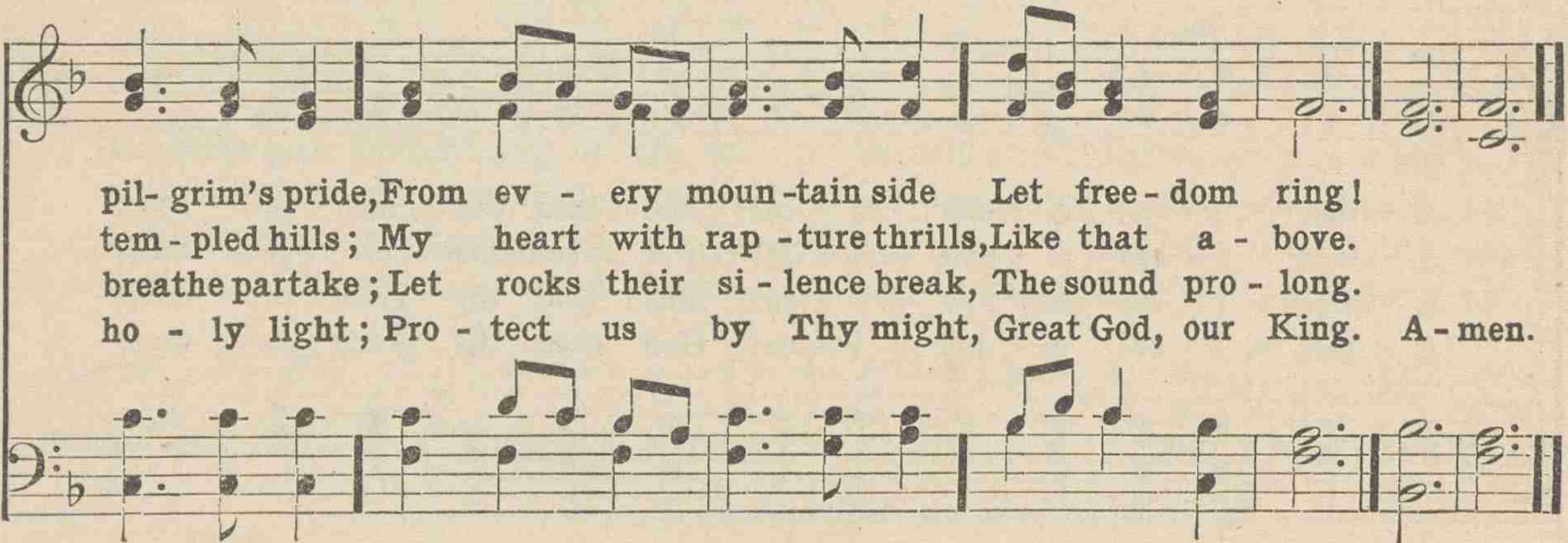
HENRY CAREY



1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble, free,
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
 4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,



Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
 Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
 Sweet free - dom's song: Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that
 To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With free - dom's



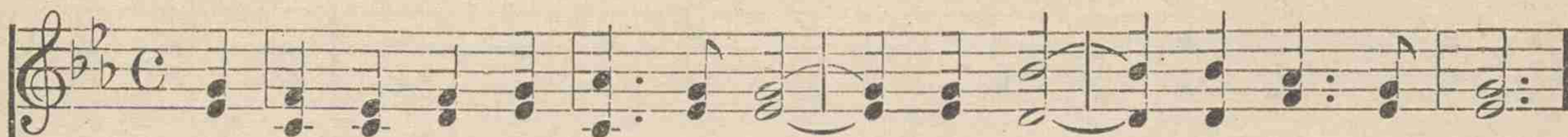
pil - grim's pride, From ev - ery moun - tain side Let free - dom ring!
 tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.
 breathe partake; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
 ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King. A - men.

In Christ There Is No East Nor West

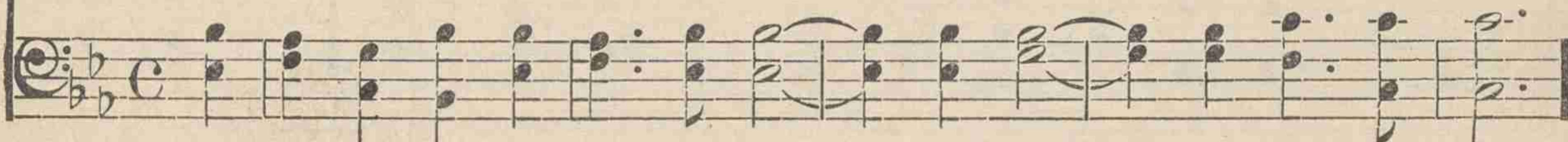
48

JOHN OXENHAM

HAMISH MACCUNN



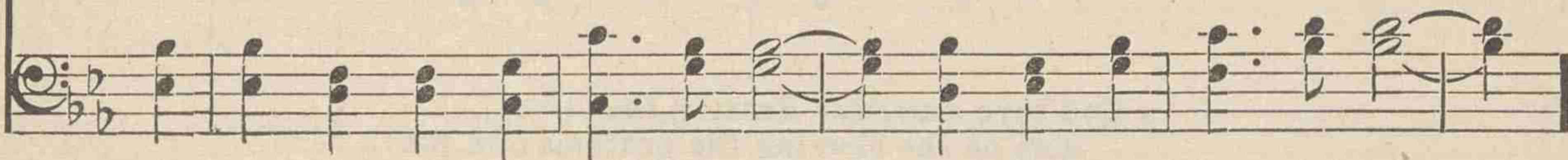
1. In Christ there is no East nor West, In Him no South nor North,
2. Join hands then, brothers of the faith, What-e'er your race may be!



But one great fel-low-ship of love Through-out the whole wide earth.
Who serves my Fa-ther as a son Is sure-ly kin to me.



In Him shall true hearts ev-'ry-where Their high com-mun-ion find:
In Christ now meet both East and West, In Him meet South and North,



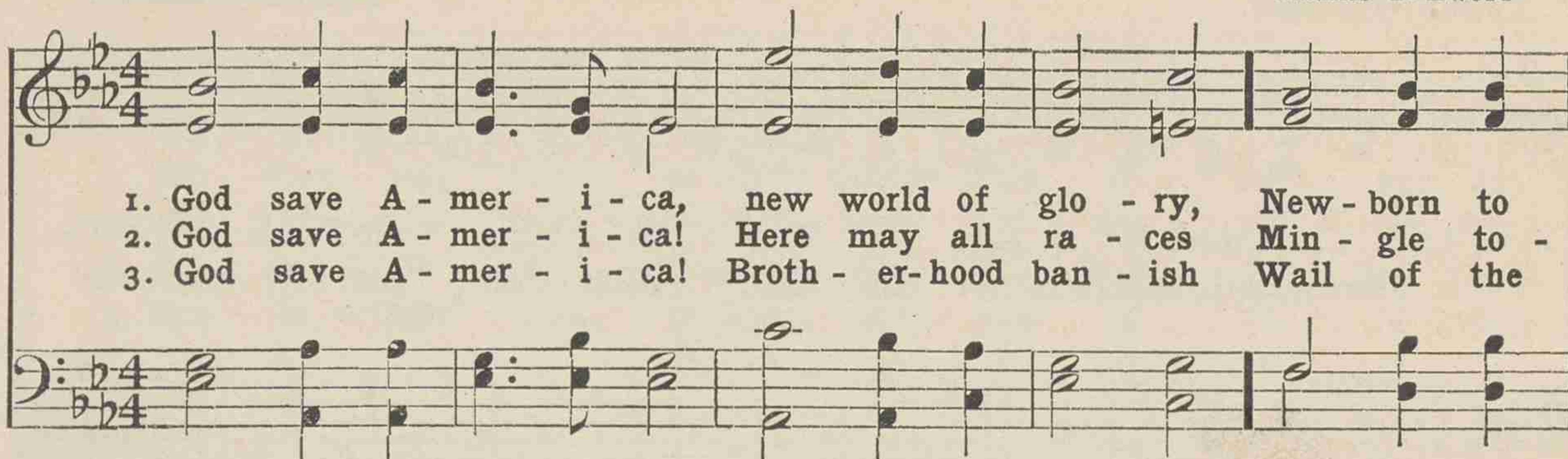
His serv-ice is the gold-en cord Close-bind-ing all man-kind.
All Christ-ly souls are one in Him Through-out the whole wide earth.



God Save America

W. G. BALLANTINE

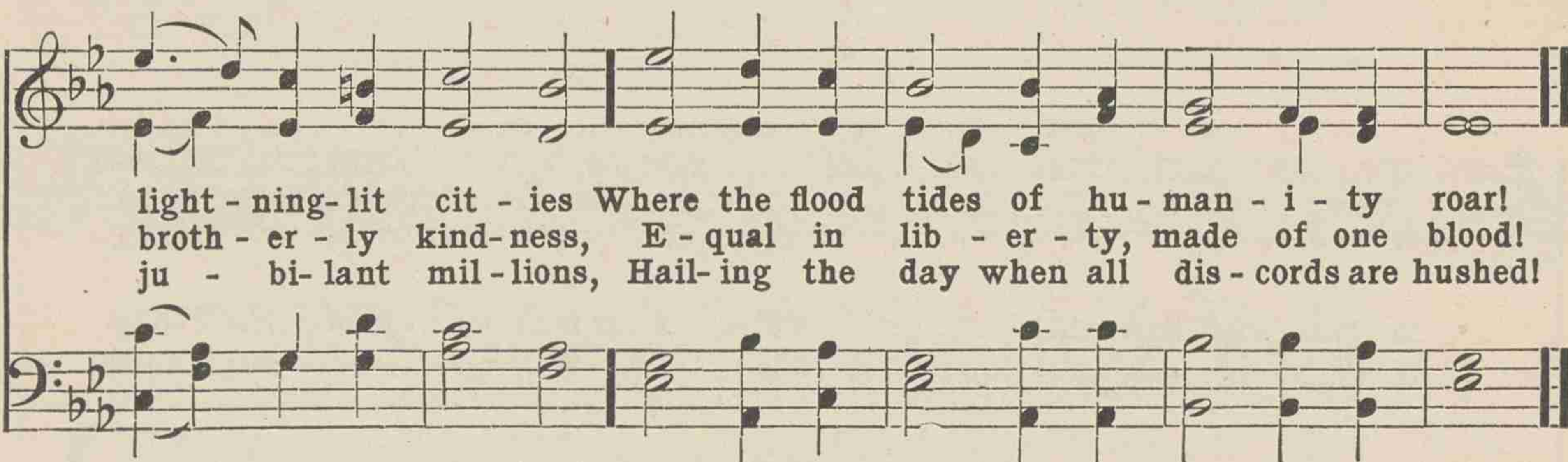
ALEXIS T. LWOFF



1. God save A - mer - i - ca, new world of glo - ry, New - born to
 2. God save A - mer - i - ca! Here may all ra - ces Min - gle to -
 3. God save A - mer - i - ca! Broth - er-hood ban - ish Wail of the



free - dom and know-ledge and power, Lift - ing the towers of her
 geth - er as chil - dren of God, Found - ing an em - pire on
 work - er and curse of the crushed; Joy break in songs from her



light - ning-lit cit - ies Where the flood tides of hu - man - i - ty roar!
 broth - er - ly kind-ness, E - qual in lib - er - ty, made of one blood!
 ju - bi - lant mil - lions, Hail - ing the day when all dis - cords are hushed!

4 God save America! Bearing the olive,
 Hers be the blessing the peacemakers prove,
 Calling the nations to glad federation,
 Leading the world in the triumph of love!

5 God save America! 'Mid all her splendors,
 Save her from pride and from luxury;
 Throne in her heart the unseen and eternal;
 Right be her might and the truth make her free!

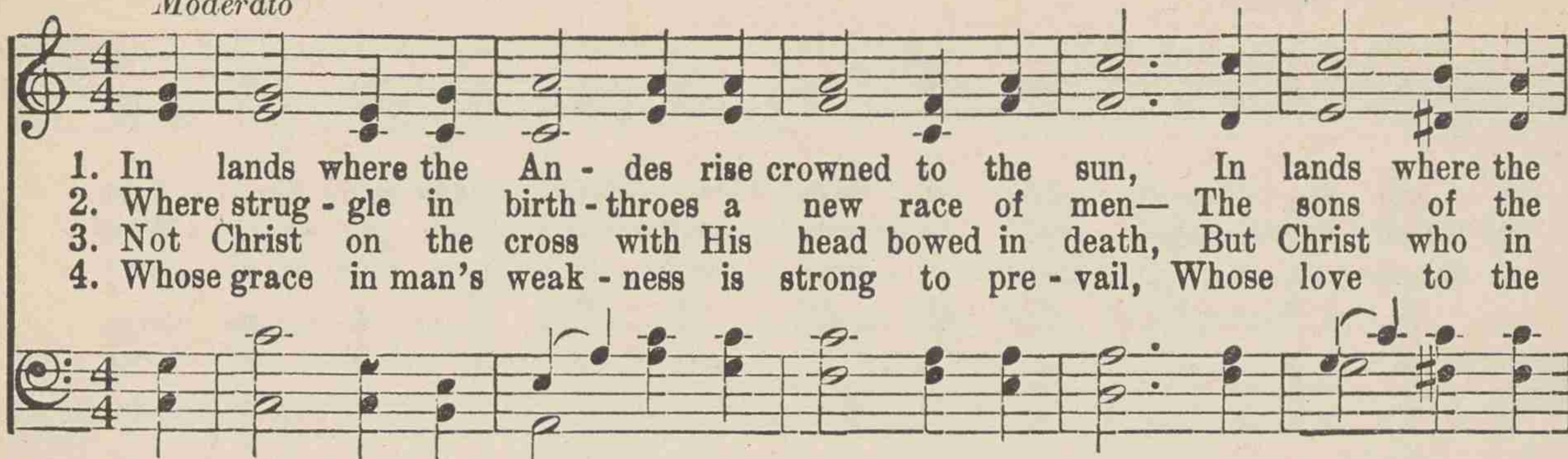
Words used by courtesy of the author.

Let the Christ That Is Living Reign Over All 50

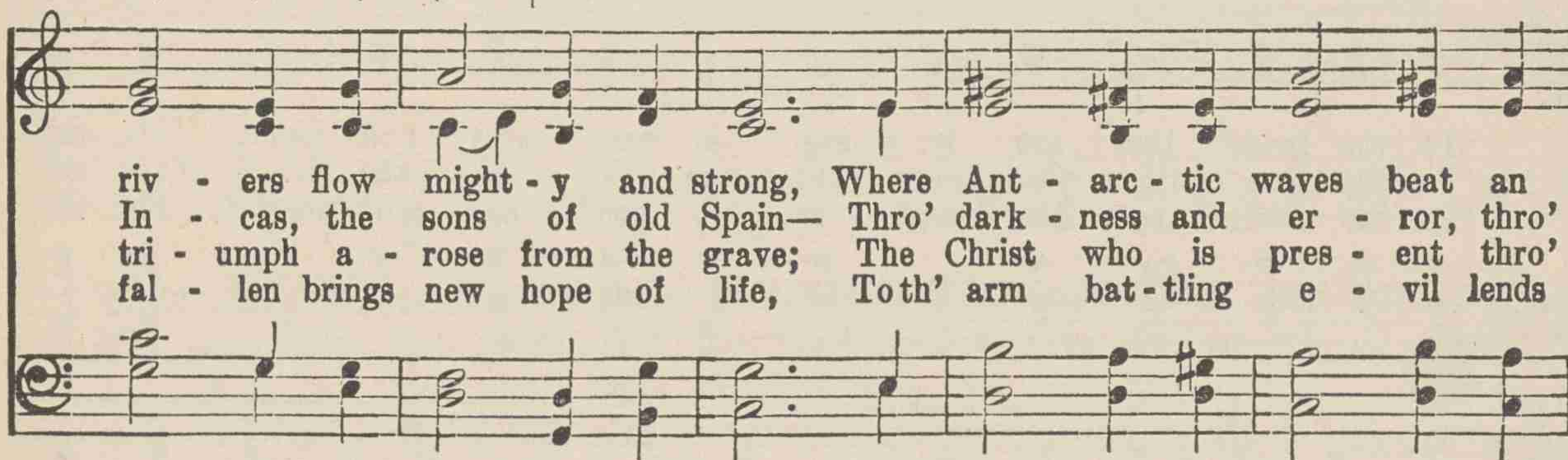
ANITA B. FERRIS

CARL F. PRICE

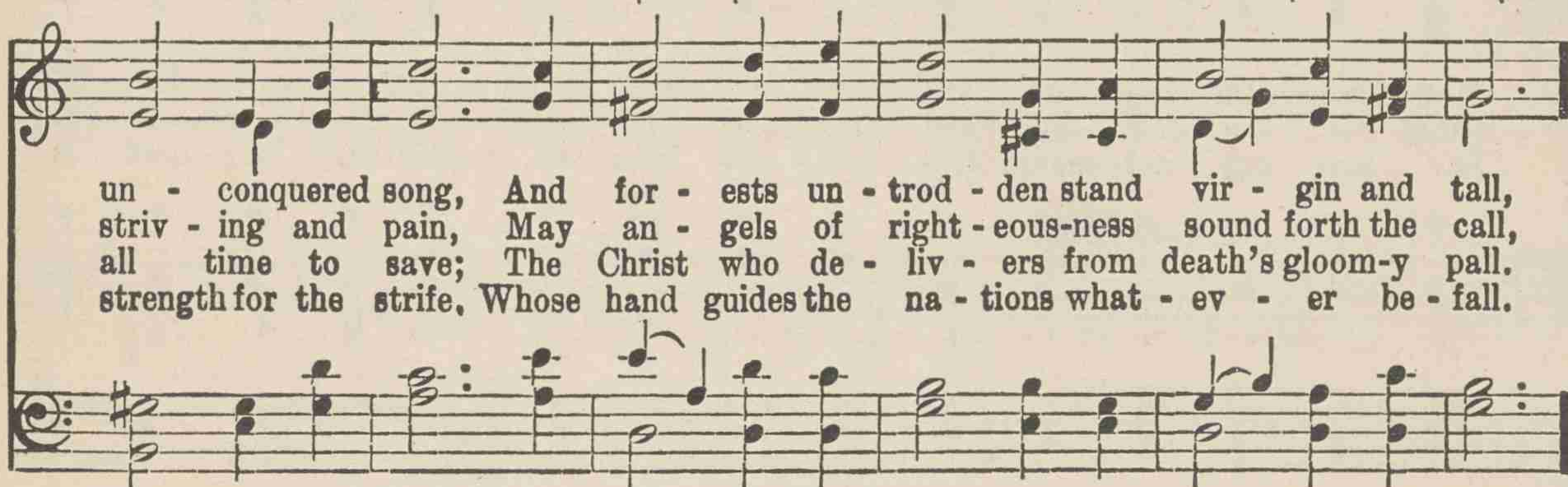
Moderato



1. In lands where the An - des rise crowned to the sun, In lands where the
 2. Where strug - gle in birth - throes a new race of men— The sons of the
 3. Not Christ on the cross with His head bowed in death, But Christ who in
 4. Whose grace in man's weak - ness is strong to pre - vail, Whose love to the



riv - ers flow might - y and strong, Where Ant - arc - tic waves beat an
 In - cas, the sons of old Spain— Thro' dark - ness and er - ror, thro'
 tri - umph a - rose from the grave; The Christ who is pres - ent thro'
 fal - len brings new hope of life, Toth' arm bat - tling e - vil lends



un - conquered song, And for - ests un - trod - den stand vir - gin and tall,
 striv - ing and pain, May an - gels of right - eous - ness sound forth the call,
 all time to save; The Christ who de - liv - ers from death's gloom - y pall.
 strength for the strife, Whose hand guides the na - tions what - ev - er be - fall.

REFRAIN

Slowly



Let the Christ that is liv - ing reign o - ver all!



Let the Christ that is liv - ing reign o - ver all!

Speed Away

FANNY J. CROSBY

I. B. WOODBURY, arr.




1. Speed a - way, speed a - way on your mis - sion of light,
 2. Speed a - way, speed a - way with the life - giv - ing Word
 3. Speed a - way, speed a - way with the mes - sage of reat





To the lands that are ly - ing in dark - ness and night; 'Tis the
 To the na - tions that know not the voice of the Lord; Take the
 To the souls by the tempt - er in bond - age op - pressed; For the




Mas - ter's com - mand, go ye forth in His name; The won - der - ful
 wings of the morn - ing and fly o'er the wave In the strength of your
 Sav - iour has pur - chased their ran - som from sin, And the ban - quet is

Gos - pel of Je - sus pro - claim; Take your lives in your hand, to the
 Mas - ter the lost ones to save; He is call - ing once more, not a
 read - y, O gath - er them in; To the res - cue make haste, there's no




work while 'tis day, Speed a - way, speed a - way, speed a - way.
 mo - ment's de - lay, Speed a - way, speed a - way, speed a - way.
 time for de - lay, Speed a - way, speed a - way, speed a - way.

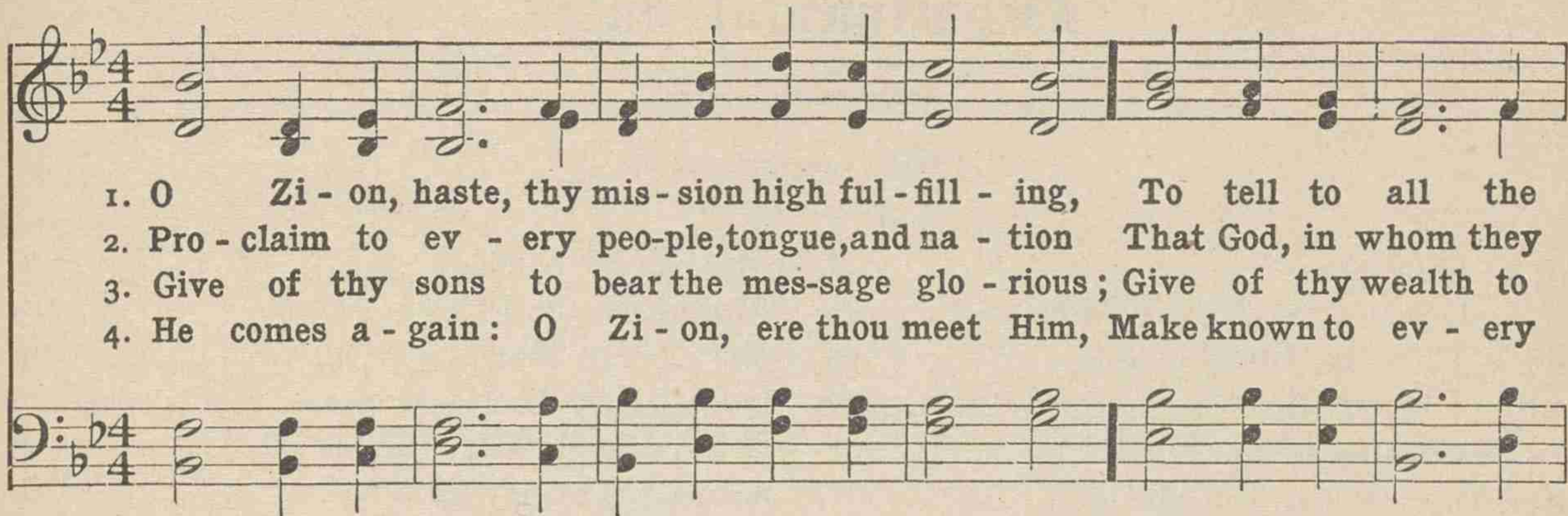


O Zion, Haste, Thy Mission High Fulfilling 52

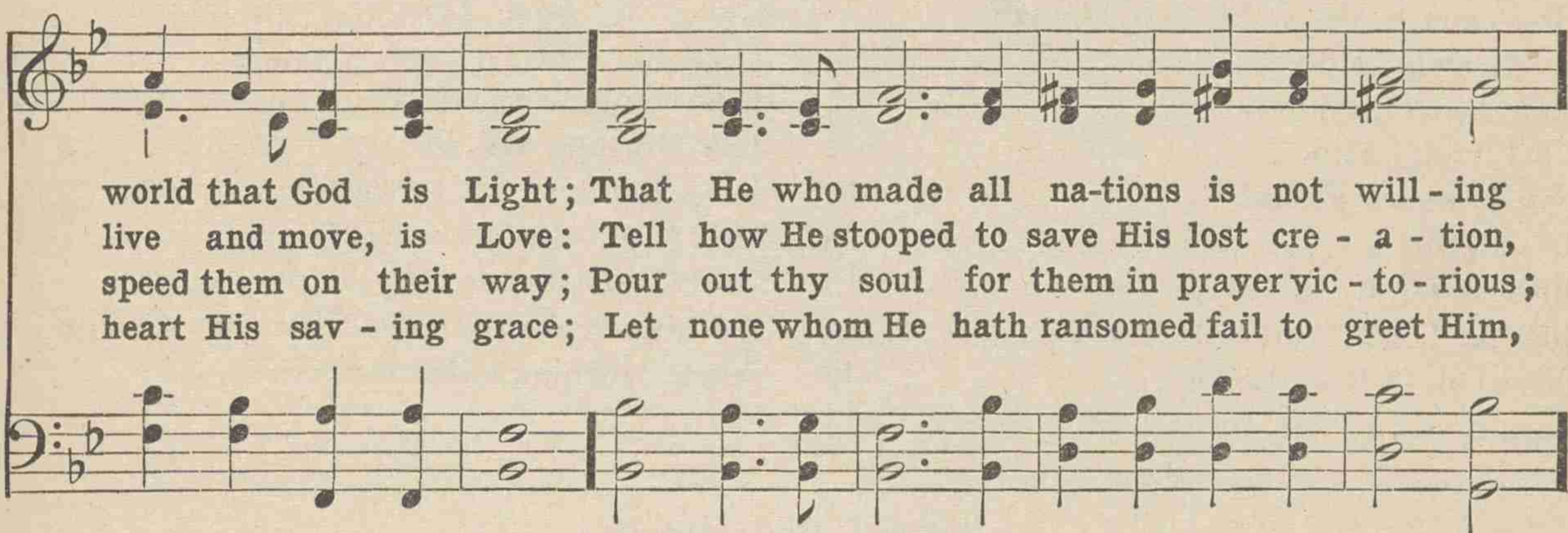
MARY A. THOMSON

TIDINGS

JAMES WALCH

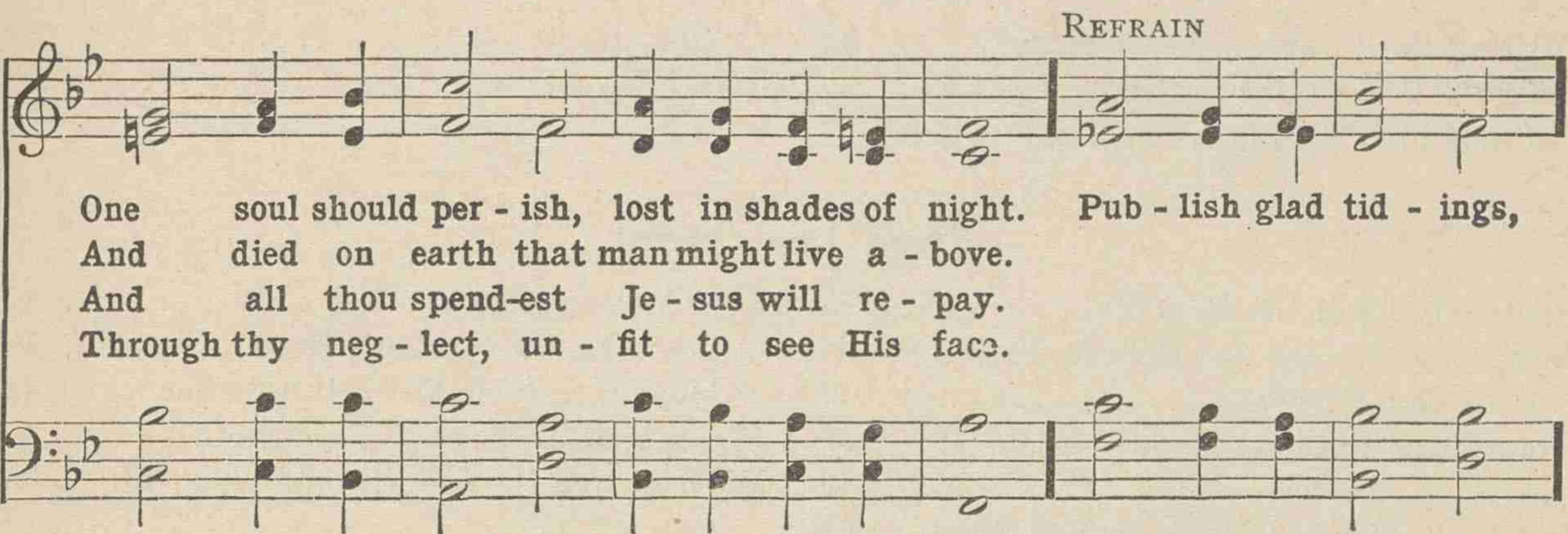


1. O Zi - on, haste, thy mis - sion high ful - fill - ing, To tell to all the
 2. Pro - claim to ev - ery peo - ple, tongue, and na - tion That God, in whom they
 3. Give of thy sons to bear the mes - sage glo - rious; Give of thy wealth to
 4. He comes a - gain: O Zi - on, ere thou meet Him, Make known to ev - ery



world that God is Light; That He who made all na - tions is not will - ing
 live and move, is Love: Tell how He stooped to save His lost cre - a - tion,
 speed them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in prayer vic - to - rious;
 heart His sav - ing grace; Let none whom He hath ransomed fail to greet Him,

REFRAIN



One soul should per - ish, lost in shades of night. Pub - lish glad tid - ings,
 And died on earth that man might live a - bove.
 And all thou spend - est Je - sus will re - pay.
 Through thy neg - lect, un - fit to see His face.



Tid - ings of peace, Tid - ings of Je - sus, Re - demp - tion and re - lease. A - men.

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