

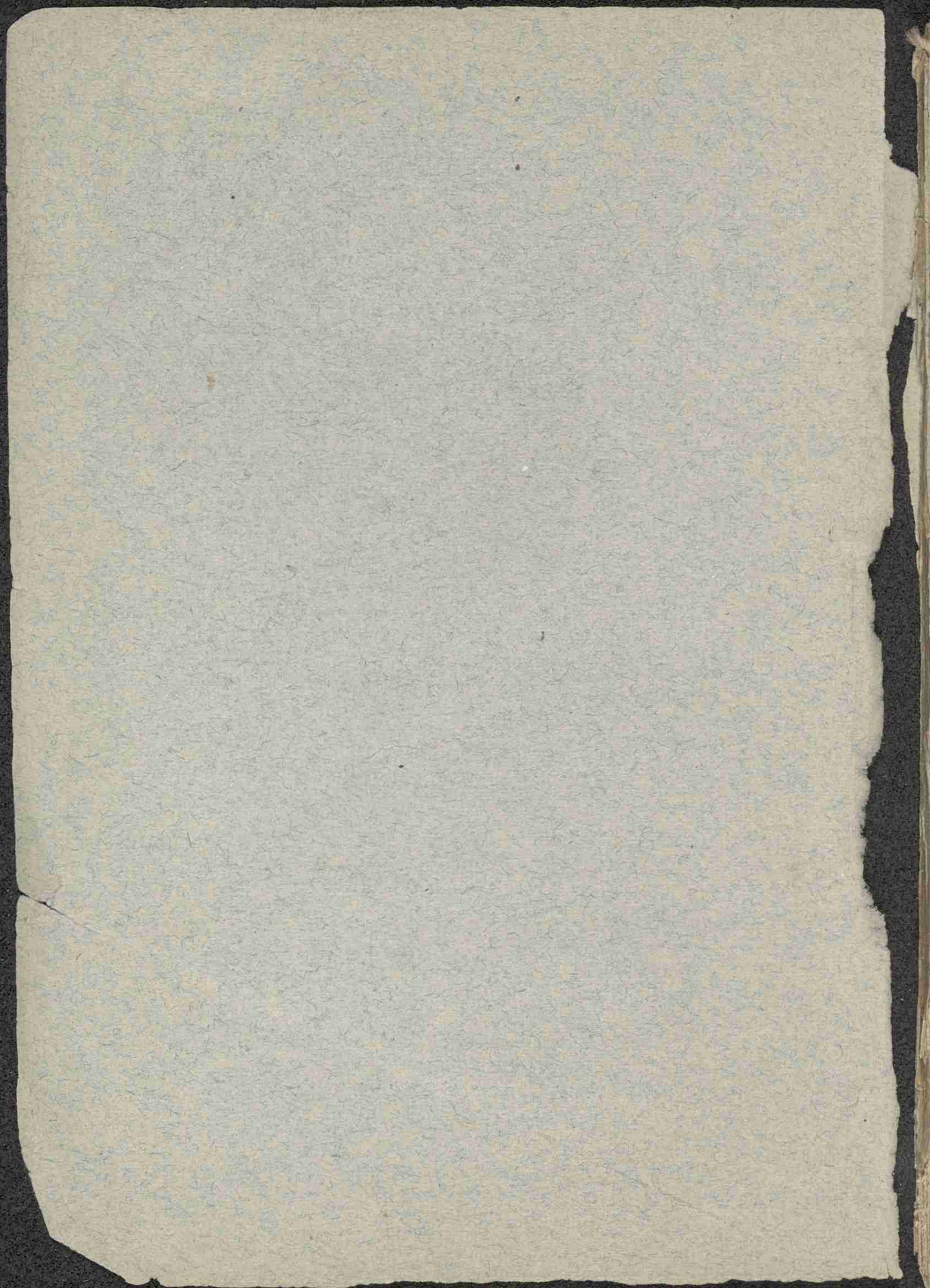
# Selected Hymns

FOR  
Social Worship

A. Miller Thomas,  
604 Market Street, Wilmington, Del.

CHARLES M. ALEXANDER  
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# SELECTED HYMNS

FOR

SOCIAL WORSHIP.

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1891:

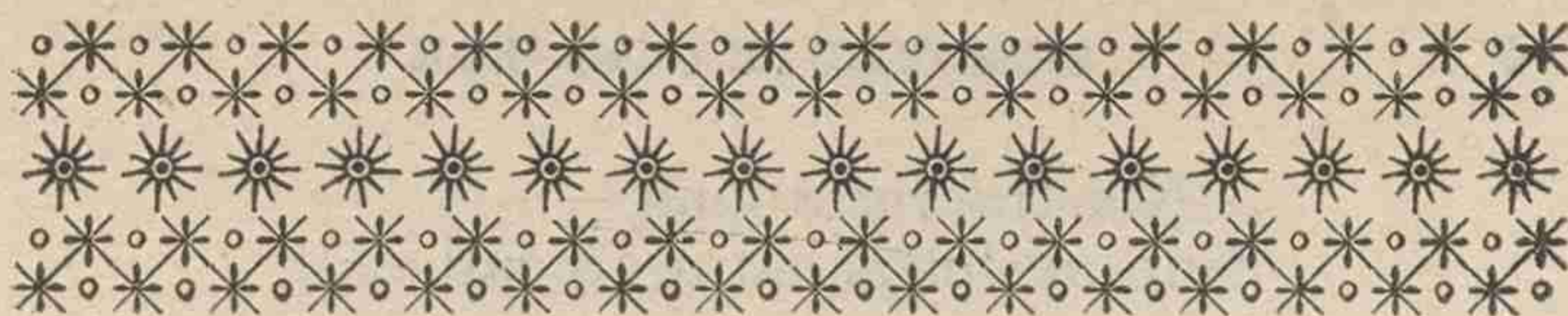
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1891

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Glad Hallelujahs, No. 140.

**1 Come Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy.**

1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity, love and power:  
He is able,  
He is willing: doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;  
God's free bounty glorify:  
True belief and true repentance,—  
Every grace that brings you nigh,—  
Without money,  
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger;  
Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
All the fitness he requireth  
Is to feel your need of him;  
This he gives you,—  
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,  
Bruised and mangled by the fall,  
If you tarry till you're better,  
You will never come at all;



Not the righteous,—  
Sinners Jesus came to call.

*1st Chorus.*—Turn to the Lord and seek Salvation,  
Sound the praise of Jesus' name;  
Glory, Honor and Salvation,  
Christ the Lord has come to reign.

*2d Chorus.*—Why don't you come to Jesus?  
He's waiting to receive you,  
Why don't you come to Jesus  
And be saved?

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Emory Hymnal, No. 280.

## 2 Come Humble Sinner in Whose Breast.

1 Come, humble sinner, in whose breast,  
A thousand thoughts revolve,  
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,  
And make this last resolve:—

*Chorus.*—Come to Jesus! Come to Jesus!  
Come to Jesus now,  
He will save you, he will save you,  
He will save you now.

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sins  
Like mountains round me close;  
I know his courts, I'll enter in,  
Whatever may oppose.

3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,  
And there my guilt confess;



I'll tell him, I'm a wretch undone  
Without his sovereign grace.

4 Perhaps He will admit my plea,  
Perhaps will hear my prayer;  
But, if I perish, I will pray,  
And perish only there.

5 I can but perish if I go;  
I am resolved to try;  
For if, I stay away, I know  
I must forever die,

---

Songs of Triumph, No. 114.

### 3 Wrestling Jacob.

1 Come, O Thou traveller unknown,  
Whom still I hold, but cannot see;  
My company before is gone,  
And I am left alone with Thee;  
With Thee all night I mean to stay,  
And wrestle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell Thee who I am;  
My sin and misery declare;  
Thyself hast called me by my name;  
Look on Thy hands, and read it there;  
But who, I ask Thee, Who art Thou?  
Tell me Thy name, and tell me now.

3 In vain Thou strugglest to get free,  
I never will unloose my hold;  
Art Thou the Man that died for me?  
The secret of Thy love unfold:



Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,  
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

4 Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal  
Thy new, unutterable name?  
Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell;  
To know it now resolved I am:  
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,  
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

5 What tho' my shrinking flesh complain,  
And murmur to contend so long?  
I rise superior to my pain:  
When I am weak, then I am strong;  
And when my all of strength shall fail,  
I shall with the God-man prevail.

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Emory Hymnal, No. 212.

#### 4 I Am Coming to the Cross.

1 I am coming to the cross;  
I am poor, and weak, and blind;  
I am counting all but dross,  
I shall full salvation find.

*Chorus.*—I am trusting, Lord, in thee,  
Blest Lamb of Calvary;  
Humbly at thy cross I bow,  
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

2 Long my heart has sighed for thee,  
Long has evil reigned within;  
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—  
“I will cleanse you from all sin.”



3 Here I give my all to thee,  
Friends, and time, and earthly store:  
Soul and body thine to be,—  
Wholly thine for evermore.

4 In thy promises I trust,  
Now I feel the blood applied:  
I am prostrate in the dust,  
I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes! he fills my soul!  
Perfected in him I am;  
I am every whit made whole:  
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

---

Glad Hallelujahs, No. 166.

**5 Angels Hovering Round.**

- 1 There are angels hov'ring round  
There are angels hov'ring round,  
There are angels, angels hov'ring round,
  - 2 To carry the tidings home.
  - 3 To the New Jerusalem.
  - 4 Poor sinners are coming home.
  - 5 And Jesus bids them come.
  - 6 We are on our journey home,
  - 7 Let him that heareth come.
  - 8 And he that is thirsty come.
  - 9 Whosoever will may come.



Gospel Hymns, No. 132.

6

### Come to Jesus.

1 Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,  
Come to Jesus just now;  
Just now, come to Jesus,  
Come to Jesus, just now.

2 He will save you, etc.

3 He is able, etc.

4 He is willing, etc.

5 He is waiting, etc.

6 He will hear you, etc.

7 He will cleanse you, etc.

8 He'll renew you, etc.

9 He'll forgive you, etc.

10 If you trust him, etc.

11 He will save you, etc.

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Emory Hymnal, No. 283.

7

### O Come and Will You Go?

1 Come sinners to the gospel feast;  
Let every soul be Jesus' guest;  
Ye need not one be left behind,  
For God hath bidden all mankind.

*Chorus.*—O! come and will you go, will you go?  
Will you go?

O! come and will you go, where  
pleasures never die?



- 2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;  
The invitation is to all:  
Come, all the world! come, sinner, thou!  
All things in Christ are ready now.
- 3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,  
Ye restless wanderers after rest,  
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,  
In Christ a hearty welcome find.
- 4 My message as from God receive;  
Ye all may come to Christ and live;  
O let His love your hearts constrain,  
Nor suffer Him to die in vain.

The Epworth Hymnal, No. 127.

# 8 Why Do You Wait?

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

*Chorus.*—Why not? why not?  
Why not come to Him now?

- 2 What do you hope, dear brother,  
To gain by a further delay?  
There's no one to save you but Jesus,  
There's no other way but his way.
- 3 Do you not feel, dear brother,  
His spirit now striving within?  
Oh, why not accept his salvation,  
And throw off thy burden of sin?

Ch Co



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

Temple Trio, No. 339.

**9 Jesus Will Help You.**

- 1 The Saviour is calling you, sinner—  
Urging you now to draw nigh ;  
He asks you by faith to receive him ;  
Jesus will help if you try.

*Refrain.*—Jesus will help you, Jesus will help you,  
Help you with grace from on high ;  
The weakest and poorest the Saviour is  
Jesus will help if you try. [calling ;

- 2 Thro' him there is life in believing ;  
Sinner, O why will you die ?  
Accept Him by faith as your Saviour ;  
Jesus will help if you try.

- 3 There is danger in longer delaying,  
Swiftly the moments pass by ;  
If now you will come, there is mercy ;  
Jesus will help if you try.
- 

Songs for the Ransomed, No. 165.

**10 Arise, My Soul Arise.**

- 1 Arise, my soul, arise ;  
Shake off thy guilty fears :



The bleeding Sacrifice  
In my behalf appears:  
Before the throne my surety stands,  
My name is written on his hands.

2 Five bleeding wounds he bears,  
Received on Calvary;  
They pour effectual prayers,  
They strongly plead for me:—  
Forgive him, oh, forgive they cry,  
Nor let that ransomed sinner die.

3 The Father hears him pray,  
His dear annointed one;  
He cannot turn away  
The presence of his Son:  
His spirit answers to the blood,  
And tells me I am born of God.

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

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Emory Hymnal, No. 292.

11

**Save Mighty Lord.**

1 Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive;  
Let a repenting rebel live;  
Are not thy mercies large and free?  
May not a sinner trust in thee?



*Chorus.*—Save! O save, save mighty Lord  
And send converting power down,  
Save mighty Lord.

2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass  
The power and glory of thy grace;  
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,  
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,  
And make my guilty conscience clean:  
Here on my heart the burden lies,  
And past offences pain my eyes.

4 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,  
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,  
Would light on some sweet promise there,  
Some sure support against despair.

---

The Quartet, No. 124.

12

**A Sinner Like Me.**

1 I was once far away from the Saviour,  
And as vile as a sinner could be,  
I wondered if Christ the Redeemer,  
Could save a poor sinner like me.

2 I wandered on in the darkness,  
Not a ray of light could I see,  
And the thought filled my heart with sadness,  
There's no hope for a sinner like me.



- 3 I then fully trusted in Jesus,  
And oh, what a joy came to me:  
My heart was filled with his praises,  
For saving a sinner like me.
- 4 No longer in darkness I'm walking,  
For the light is now shining on me,  
And now unto others I'm telling,  
How he saved a poor sinner like me.
- 5 And when life's journey is over,  
And I the dear Saviour shall see,  
I'll praise him forever and ever,  
For saving a sinner like me.
- 

The Quartet, No. 294.

**13 Balm in Gilead.**

- 1 How lost was my condition  
Till Jesus made me whole,  
There is but one Physician  
Can cure a sin-sick soul.

*Chorus.*—There's a balm in Gilead  
To make the wounded whole,  
There's power enough in Jesus  
To cure a sin-sick soul.

- 2 Next door to death he found me  
And snatched me from the grave,  
To tell to all around me  
His wondrous power to save.



- 3 The worst of all diseases  
Is light compared with sin;  
On every part it seizes,  
But rages most within.
- 4 'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,  
And madness, all combined;  
And none but a believer  
The least relief can find.
- 5 A dying, risen Jesus,  
Seen by the eye of faith,  
At once from danger frees us,  
And saves the soul from death.
- 6 Come then to this Physician,  
His help he'll freely give;  
He makes no hard condition.  
'Tis only, Look and live.
- 

The Quartet, No. 196.

14

**Pass Me Not.**

- 1 Pass me not, O gentle Saviour,  
Hear my humble cry;  
While on others thou art calling,  
Do not pass me by.

*Chorus.*—Saviour, Saviour,  
Hear my humble cry,  
While on others thou art calling,  
Do not pass me by.



2 Let me at a throne of mercy,  
Find a sweet relief;  
Kneeling there in deep contrition,  
Help my unbelief.

3 Trusting only in thy merit,  
Would I seek thy face;  
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,  
Save me by thy grace.

4 Thou the spring of all my comfort  
More than life to me;  
Whom have I on earth beside thee?  
Whom in heaven but thee?

---

Gospel Hymns, No. 56.

## 15           The Great Physician.

1 The great Physician now is near,  
The sympathizing Jesus:  
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,  
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.

*Chorus.*—Sweetest note in seraph song,  
Sweetest Name on mortal tongue,  
Sweetest carol ever sung,  
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

2 Your many sins are all forgiven,  
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;  
Go on your way in peace to heaven,  
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!  
I now believe in Jesus;



I love the blessed Saviour's name.  
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,  
No other name but Jesus;  
Oh, how my soul delights to hear  
The precious name of Jesus.

5 And when to that bright world above,  
We rise to see our Jesus,  
We'll sing around the throne of love  
His name, the name of Jesus.

---

Melodious Sonnets, No. 140.

**16            The Precious Blood.**

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

*Chorus.*—O the blood! the precious blood  
That Jesus shed for me,  
Upon the cross in crimson flood  
Just now by faith I see.

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

3 Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the Ransomed Church of God  
Are saved, to sin no more.



- 4 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.
- 

The Epworth Hymnal, No. 128.

**17                    Take Me as I Am.**

- 1 Jesus my Lord to thee I cry,  
Unless thou help me I must die;  
Oh, bring thy free salvation nigh,  
And take me as I am.
- Chorus.*—Take me as I am,  
Take me as I am;  
Lord, I give myself to thee,  
Oh, take me as I am.
- 2 Helpless I am and full of guilt,  
But yet for me thy blood was spilt;  
And thou canst make me what thou wilt,  
And take me as I am.
- 3 I bow before thy mercy-seat,  
Behold me, Saviour, at thy feet;  
Thy work begin, thy work complete,  
And take me as I am.
- 4 If thou hast work for me to do,  
Inspire my will, my heart renew;  
And work both in, and by me too,  
And take me as I am.



- 5 And when at last the work is done,  
The battle fought, the victory won,  
Still, still my cry shall be alone.  
Oh, take me as I am.
- 

The Epworth Hymnal, No. 178.

18

### The Solid Rock.

- 1 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.

*Chorus.*—On Christ the Solid Rock I stand;  
All other ground is sinking sand,  
All other ground is sinking sand.

- 2 When darkness veils his lovely face  
I rest on his unchanging grace;  
In every high and stormy gale,  
My anchor holds within the veil.

- 3 His oath, his covenant, his blood,  
Support me in the whelming flood;  
When all around my soul gives way,  
He then is all my hope and stay.

- 4 When he shall come with trumpet sound,  
O, may I then in him be found;  
Drest in his righteousness alone,  
Faultless to stand before the throne!



The Quartet, No. 195.

## 19 Nothing But the Blood of Jesus.

- 1 What can wash away my stain?  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;  
What can make me whole again?  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

*Refrain.*—Oh precious is the flow  
That makes me white as snow;  
No other fount I know,  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

- 2 For my cleansing, this I see—  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;  
For my pardon this my plea—  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

- 3 Nothing can for sin atone—  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;  
Naught of good that I have done—  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

- 4 This is all my hope and peace—  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;  
This all my righteousness—  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

- 5 Now by this I'll overcome—  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;  
Now by this I'll reach my home—  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

- 6 Glory! glory! thus I sing—  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;  
All my praise for this I bring—  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

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Epworth Hymnal, No. 206.

## 20 Whiter Than Snow.

- 1 Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole;  
I want thee forever, to live in my soul;  
Break down every idol, cast out every foe;  
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

*Chorus.*—Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than  
snow  
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter  
than snow.

- 2 Lord Jesus, look down from thy throne in the  
skies,  
And help me to make a complete sacrifice;  
I give up myself, and whatever I know—  
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
- 3 Lord Jesus for this I most humbly entreat;  
I wait, blessed Lord, at thy crucified feet,  
By faith, for my cleansing, I see thy blood flow,  
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.
- 4 Lord Jesus, thou seest I patiently wait;  
Come now, and within me a new heart create;  
To those who have sought thee, thou never  
said'st No—  
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
- 

Temple Themes, No. 28.

## 21 Tell It to Jesus.

- 1 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.

*Chorus.*—Tell it to Jesus, Tell it to Jesus,  
He is a friend that's well-known;  
You have no other such a friend or  
brother,  
Tell it to Jesus alone.

2 Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbidden?  
Tell it to Jesus, Tell it to Jesus.  
Have you sins that to man's eyes are hidden?  
Tell it to Jesus alone.

3 Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sorrow?  
Tell it to Jesus, Tell it to Jesus;  
Are you anxious what shall be to-morrow?  
Tell it to Jesus alone.

4 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.

---

Temple Themes, No. 161.

## 22 He Is Calling.

1 There's a wideness in God's mercy,  
Like the wideness of the sea;  
There's a kindness in his justice  
Which is more than liberty.

*Chorus.*—He is calling, "Come to me!"  
Lord, I'll gladly haste to thee.



- 2 There is welcome for the sinner,  
And more graces for the good;  
There is mercy with the Saviour;  
There is healing in his blood.
- 3 For the love of God is broader  
Than the measure of man's mind;  
And the heart of the Eternal  
Is most wonderfully kind.
- 4 If our love were but more simple,  
We should take him at his word;  
And our lives would be all sunshine  
In the sweetness of our Lord.
- 

Gospel Hymns, No. 116.

### 23 I Will Sprinkle You with Water.

- 1 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.

*Chorus.*—I will sprinkle you with water,  
I will cleanse you from all sin,  
Sanctify and make you holy,  
I will come and dwell within.

- 2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,  
Hither by Thy help I'm come;  
And I hope by Thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home.



Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God;  
He to rescue me from danger,  
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, 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, oh, take and seal it,  
Seal it for Thy courts above.

---

Temple Themes, No. 112.

## 24 He Came to Save Me.

1 When Jesus laid his crown aside,  
He came to save me;  
When on the cross he bled and died,  
He came to save me.

*Chorus*—I'm so glad, I'm so glad, I'm so glad that  
Jesus came,  
And grace is free,  
I'm so glad, I'm so glad, I'm so glad that  
Jesus came,  
He came to save me.

2 In my poor heart he deigns to dwell,  
He came to save me;  
O, praise his name, I know it well,  
He came to save me.



- 3 With gentle hand he leads me still,  
He came to save me;  
And trusting him I fear no ill,  
He came to save me.
- 4 To him my faith with rapture clings,  
He came to save me;  
To him my heart looks up and sings.  
He came to save me.
- 

Temple Trio, No. 292.

**25                    Glory to His Name.**

- 1 Down at the cross where my Saviour died,  
Down where for cleansing from sin I cried;  
There to my heart was the blood applied;  
Glory to his name.
- Chorus.*—Glory to his name,  
Glory to his name;  
There to my heart was the blood applied;  
Glory to his name.
- 2 I am so wondrously saved from sin,  
Jesus so sweetly abides within;  
There at the cross where he took me in;  
Glory to his name.
- 3 Oh, precious fountain, that saves from sin,  
I am so glad I have entered in:  
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean,  
Glory to his name.



- 4 Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet;  
Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's feet;  
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;  
Glory to his name.
- 

The Epworth Hymnal, No. 166.

**26      Come Thou Fount of Every  
          Blessing.**

- 1 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.

*Chorus.*—Why the Lord is here,  
And the Lord's all around us,  
Jesus Christ is a very happy home,  
O glory, O glory, O glory,  
The Lord is here.

- 2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;  
Hither by thy help I'm 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.



- 3 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.
- 

Songs for the Ransomed, No. 161.

**27 Almost Persuaded.**

- Ch
- 1 "Almost persuaded" now to believe;  
"Almost persuaded" Christ to receive,  
Seems now some soul to say,  
Go, spirit, go thy way,  
Some more convenient day  
On thee I'll call."
- 2 "Almost persuaded," come, come to-day;  
"Almost persuaded," turn not away,  
Jesus invites you here,  
Angels are ling'ring near,  
Prayers rise from hearts so dear;  
Oh, wand'rer come!
- 3 "Almost persuaded," harvest is past!  
"Almost persuaded," doom comes at last!  
"Almost" cannot avail;  
"Almost" is but to fail;  
Sad, sad, that bitter wail—  
"Almost, *but lost!*"



Glad Hallelujahs, No. 158.

28      **We Are Passing Away.**

- 1 And must I be to judgment brought,  
And answer in that day,  
For ev'ry vain and idle thought,  
And every word I say?

*Chorus.*—We are passing away,  
We are passing away,  
We are passing away,  
To the great judgment day.

- 2 Yes, every secret of my heart  
Shall shortly be made known,  
And I receive my just desert  
For all that I have done.

- 3 How careful then ought I to live;  
With what religious fear;  
Who such a strict account must give  
For my behavior here.

- 4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,  
The watchful power bestow;  
So shall I to my ways take heed,—  
To all I speak or do.

- 5 If now thou standest at the door,  
O let me feel thee near;  
And make my peace with God, before  
I at thy bar appear.



Songs for the Ransomed, No. 154.

## 29 Are You Washed in the Blood.

- 1 Have you been to Jesus  
For the cleansing power?  
Are you washed  
In the blood of the Lamb?  
Are you fully trusting  
In his grace this hour?  
Are you washed  
In the blood of the Lamb?

*Chorus.*—Are you washed in the blood,  
In the soul cleansing blood of the  
Lamb?

Are your garments spotless?  
Are they white as snow?  
Are you washed  
In the blood of the Lamb?

- 2 Are you walking daily  
By the Saviour's side?  
Are you washed  
In the blood of the Lamb?  
Do you rest each moment  
In the Crucified?  
Are you washed  
In the blood of the Lamb?

- 3 When the Bridegroom cometh,  
Will your robes be white?  
Pure and white,  
In the blood of the Lamb?  
Will your soul be ready,  
For the mansions bright,  
And be washed  
In the blood of the Lamb?



Gospel Hymns, No. 18.

**30          Rescue the Perishing.**

1 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.

*Chorus.*—Rescue the perishing,  
Care for the dying,  
Jesus is merciful,  
Jesus will save.

2 Though they are slighting Him,  
Still He is waiting,  
Waiting the penitent child to receive,  
Plead with them earnestly,  
Plead with them gently;  
He will forgive if they only believe.

3 Down in the human heart,  
Crushed by the tempter,  
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;  
Touched by a loving heart,  
Wakened by kindness,  
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more,

4 Rescue the perishing,  
Duty demands it;  
Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide:  
Back to the narrow way  
Patiently win them,  
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.



Glad Hallelujahs, No. 155.

31

**Communion.**

- 1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?  
And did my Sovereign die?  
Would he devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I?

*Refrain.*—O, the Lamb, the loving Lamb,  
The Lamb of Calvary,  
The Lamb was slain, but lives again,  
To intercede for me.

- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done,  
He groaned upon the tree?  
Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,  
For man, the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face  
While his dear cross appears;  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe.  
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—  
'Tis all that I can do.

Second Chorus. Key G.

I will believe, I do believe  
That Jesus died for me,



And through his blood, his precious blood,  
I am from sin set free.

Third Chorus. Key F.

Help me, dear Saviour, thee to own,  
And ever faithful be;  
And when thou sittest on thy throne,  
O Lord, remember me.

---

Epworth Hymnal, No. 65.

**32 Blessed Be the Name.**

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

*Chorus.*—Blessed be the Name, Blessed be the  
Name,  
Blessed be the Name of the Lord;  
Blessed be the Name, Blessed be the  
Name,  
Blessed be the Name of the Lord.

- 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.



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

---

Glad Hallelujahs, No. 153.

33

### Happy Day.

1 O happy day, that fix'd my choice  
On thee, my Saviour and my God!  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell its raptures all abroad.

*Refrain.*—Happy day, happy day,  
When Jesus wash'd my sins away!  
He taught me how to watch and pray,  
And live rejoicing every day,  
Happy day, happy day,  
When Jesus wash'd my sins away!

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows  
To him who merits all my love!  
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,  
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done! the great transaction's done!  
I am my Lord's, and he is mine:  
He drew me, and I follow'd on,  
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;  
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;  
Nor ever from thy Lord depart;  
With him, of every good possess'd.



4 High Heaven that heard the solemn vow,  
 That vow renew'd shall daily hear,  
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
 And bless in death a bond so dear.

---

Glad Hallelujahs, No. 26.

### 34 Meet Me There.

1 On the happy golden shore,  
 Where the faithful part no more,  
 When the storms of life are o'er,  
 Meet me there.  
 When the night dissolves away  
 Into pure and perfect day,  
 I am going home to stay,  
 Meet me there.

*Refrain.*—Meet me there,  
 Meet me there,  
 Where the tree of life is blooming,  
 Meet me there.  
 When the storms of life are o'er,  
 On the happy golden shore,  
 Where the faithful part no more,  
 Meet me there.

2 Here our fondest hopes are vain,  
 Dearest links are rent in twain;  
 But in heav'n no throb of pain,  
 Meet me there.  
 By the river sparkling bright,  
 In the city of delight,  
 Where our faith is lost in sight,  
 Meet me there.



- 3 Where the harps of angels ring,  
And the blest forever sing,  
In the palace of the King,  
Meet me there.  
Where in sweet communion blend,  
Heart with heart, and friend with friend,  
In a world that ne'er shall end,  
Meet me there.
- 

Emory Hymnal, No. 383.

**35 I Am on My Way to Zion.**

- 1 O when shall I see Jesus, and dwell with him  
above,  
To drink the flowing fountain of everlasting  
love.

*Chorus.*—I am on my way to Zion  
To the new Jerusalem.

- 2 Through grace I am determined to conquer  
though I die,  
And then away to Jesus, on wings of love I'll  
fly.
- 3 And if you meet with trials and troubles on  
your way,  
Cast all your care on Jesus, and don't for-  
get to pray.
- 4 Gird on the heavenly armor, of faith, and  
hope, and love,  
And when your race is ended you'll reign  
with him above.



Emory Hymnal, No. 384.

**36            The Old Ship of Zion.**

- 1 What ship is this that is passing by?  
O glory hallelujah!  
It's the old ship of Zion,  
Hallelujah!
  - 2 O, who is her captain and what is his name?  
'Tis the meek and lowly Jesus.
  - 3 Is your ship well built, are her timbers all  
sound?  
Why, she's built of gospel timber.
  - 4 Do you think she will safely land her crew?  
Why, she's landed thousands over,  
And she'll land as many more.
  - 5 Then weigh your anchor and get under way,  
The Christian's hope's our anchor.
  - 6 Unfurl your sails unto the breeze,  
Free grace will waft us homeward.
- 

Songs for the Ransomed, No. 61.

**37            Marching On.**

- 1 Marching on in the light of God,  
Marching on, I am marching on;  
Up the path that the Master trod,  
Marching, marching on.



*Chorus*—A robe of white, a crown of gold,  
A harp, a home, a mansion fair,  
A victor's palm, a joy untold,  
Are mine when I get there.

2 Marching on thro' the hosts of sin,  
Marching on, I am marching on;  
Victory's mine, while I've Christ within,  
Marching, marching on.

3 Marching on while the skeptics sneer,  
Marching on, I am marching on;  
Perfect love casteth out all fear,  
Marching, marching on.

4 Marching on with the flag unflurled,  
Marching on, I am marching on;  
Preaching Christ to the dying world,  
Marching, marching on.

---

Songs for the Ransomed, No. 181.

### 38 It is Good to be Here.

1 O how happy are they  
Who their Saviour obey,  
And have laid up their treasures above!  
Tongue cannot express  
The sweet comfort and peace  
Of a soul in its earliest love!

*Chorus*.—It is good to be here,  
It is good to be here,  
Thy perfect love now drives away all our fear,  
And light streaming down,  
Makes the pathway all clear,  
It is good for us Lord to be here.



2 That sweet comfort was mine,  
When the favor divine  
I received through the blood of the Lamb,  
When my heart first believed  
What a joy I received,  
What a heaven in Jesus' name!

3 Jesus all the day long  
Was my joy and my song;  
Oh that all his salvation might see!  
He hath loved me, I cried,  
He hath suffered and died,  
To redeem even rebels like me.

---

Songs for the Ransomed, No. 3.

**39 His Yoke is Easy.**

1 The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want,  
He maketh me down to lie,  
In pastures green, He leadeth me  
The quiet waters by.

*Chorus*—His yoke is easy, His burden is light,  
I've found it so, I've found it so,  
He leadeth me by day and by night,  
Where living waters flow.

2 My soul crieth out: "restore me again,  
And give me the strength to take  
The narrow path of righteousness,  
E'en for His own name's sake.

3 Yea, tho' I should walk the valley of death,  
Yet why should I fear from ill?  
For Thou art with me, and thy rod  
And staff me comfort still.



The Epworth Hymnal. No. 140.

40

**Hide Thou Me.**

- BOM*
- 1 In thy cleft, O Rock of Ages,  
Hide thou me;  
When the fitful tempest rages,  
Hide thou me;  
Where no mortal arm can sever  
From my heart thy love forever,  
Hide me, O thou rock of Ages,  
Safe in thee.
  - 2 From the snare of sinful pleasure  
Hide thou me;  
Thou, my soul's eternal treasure,  
Hide thou me;  
When the world its power is wielding,  
And my heart is almost yielding,  
Hide me, O thou Rock of Ages,  
Safe in thee.
  - 3 In the lonely night of sorrow,  
Hide thou me;  
Till in glory dawns the morrow,  
Hide thou me;  
In the sight of Jordan's billow,  
Let thy bosom be my pillow;  
Hide me, O thou Rock of Ages,  
Safe in thee.

---

Glad Hallelujahs, No. 50.

41

**Overcomers.**

- 1 Who, who is he? Who, who is he?  
Who, who is he that overcometh  
By the blood of the Lamb?



He that believeth and is born of God,  
He that believeth and is born of God,  
He that believeth and is born of God,  
Shall overcome by the blood.

*Refrain.*—O, the precious, precious blood!  
O, the cleansing, healing flood!  
O, the pow'r and the love of God,  
Thro' the blood of the Lamb!

2 What shall he wear? What shall he wear?  
What shall he wear, that overcometh  
By the blood of the Lamb?  
He shall be clothed in raiment white,  
He shall be clothed in raiment white,  
He shall be clothed in raiment white,  
That overcomes by the blood.

3 What shall he eat? What shall he eat?  
What shall he eat, that overcometh  
By the blood of the Lamb?  
He shall eat of the tree of life,  
He shall eat of the tree of life,  
He shall eat of the tree of life,  
That overcomes by the blood.

4 What shall he be? What shall he be?  
What shall he be, that overcometh  
By the blood of the Lamb?  
He shall be a pillar in the temple of God,  
He shall be a pillar in the temple of God,  
He shall be a pillar in the temple of God,  
That overcomes by the blood.



Epworth Hymnal, No. 128.

**42 Hallelujah, 'Tis Done!**

1 'Tis the promise of God, full salvation to give  
Unto him who on Jesus, his Son, will believe.

*Chorus.*—Hallelujah, 'tis done! I believe on the  
Son;  
I am saved by the blood of the crucified  
one.

2 Though the pathway be lonely, and dangerous  
too,  
Surely Jesus is able to carry me through.

3 Many loved ones have I in yon heavenly throng,  
They are safe now in glory, and this is their song.

4 Little children I see standing close by their king,  
And he smiles as their song of salvation they  
sing.

5 There are prophets and kings in that throng I  
behold,  
And they sing as they march thro' the streets  
of pure gold.

9 There's a part in that chorus for you and for me.  
And the theme of our praises forever will be.

---

Gospel Hymns, No. 60.

**43 All the Way.**

1 All the way my Saviour leads me:  
What have I to ask beside?

Can I doubt His tender mercy,  
Who thro' life has been my guide?



Heavenly peace, divinest comfort,  
Here by faith in Him to dwell!  
|| : For I know whate'er befall me  
Jesus doeth all things well. : ||

2 All the way my Saviour leads me;  
Cheers each winding path I tread;  
Gives me grace for every trial,  
Feeds me with the living bread;  
Tho' my weary steps may falter,  
And my soul athirst may be,  
|| : Gushing from the Rock before me,  
Lo! a spring of joy I see : ||

3 All the way my Saviour leads me;  
Oh, the fullness of His love!  
Perfect rest to me is promised  
In my Father's house above;  
When my spirit, cloth'd immortal,  
Wings its flight to realms of day,  
|| : This my song through endless ages—  
Jesus led me all the way. : ||

---

Epworth Hymnal, No. 202.

#### 44 Jesus Lover of My Soul.

2 Jesus lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high,  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past;  
Safe into the haven guide,  
O receive my soul at last!



- 2 Other refuge have I none :  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee :  
Leave, O leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me :  
All my trust on thee is stayed,  
All my help from thee I bring ;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of thy wing !
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;  
More than all in thee I find ;  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
Just and holy is thy name,  
I am all unrighteousness ;  
False and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
Grace to cover all my sins :  
Let the healing streams abound :  
Make and keep me pure within.  
Thou of life the fountain art,  
Freely let me take of thee :  
Spring thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.
- 

Glad Hallelujahs, No. 117.

45

**I'll be There.**

- 1 There is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign ;  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.



*Ref.*—I'll be there, I'll be there,  
When the first trumpet sounds I'll be  
there;  
I'll be there, I'll be there,  
When the first trumpet sounds I'll be  
there.

2 There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-with'ring flowers;  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
Stand dressed in living green;  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan rolled between.

4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood  
Should fright us from the shore.

---

Emory Hymnal, No. 373.

## 46 Sweet Home.

1 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
And cast a wishful eye  
To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
Where my possessions lie.

*Chorus.*—O heaven, sweet heaven,  
O home of the blest,  
How I long to be there  
In its glories to share,  
And to lean on Jesus' breast.



- 2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,  
That rises to my sight!  
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,  
And rivers of delight.
- 3 O'er all those wide-extended plains  
Shines one eternal day;  
There God the Son forever reigns,  
And scatters night away.
- 4 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,  
Can reach that healthful shore;  
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
Are felt and feared no more.
- 5 When shall I reach that happy place,  
And be forever blest?  
When shall I see my Father's face,  
And in his bosom rest?
- 6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul  
Would here no longer stay:  
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,  
Fearless I'd launch away.
- 

Quartet, No. 31.

**47 Is Not this the Land of Beulah.**

- 1 I am dwelling on the mountain,  
Where the golden sunlight gleams,  
O'er a land whose wondrous beauty  
Far exceeds my fondest dreams;  
Where the air is pure, ethereal,  
Laden with the breath of flowers,  
They are blooming by the fountain,  
'Neath the amaranthine bowers.



*Chorus.*—Is not this the land of Beulah,  
Blessed, blessed land of light,  
Where the flowers bloom forever,  
And the sun is always bright?

2 I can see far down the mountain,  
Where I wandered weary years,  
Often hindered in my journey  
By the ghosts of doubts and fears,  
Broken vows and disappointments  
Thickly sprinkled all the way,  
But the Spirit led, unerring,  
To the land I hold to-day.

3 I am drinking at the fountain,  
Where I ever would abide;  
For I've tasted life's pure river,  
And my soul is satisfied;  
There's no thirsting for life's pleasures,  
Nor adorning, rich and gay,  
For I've found a richer treasure,  
One that fadeth not away.

4 Tell me not of heavy crosses,  
Nor the burdens hard to bear,  
For I've found this great salvation  
Makes each burden light appear;  
And I love to follow Jesus,  
Gladly counting all but dross,  
Worldly honors all forsaking  
For the glory of the Cross.

---

Songs of Triumph, No. 102.

**48 Hallowed Spot.**

1 There is a spot to me more dear  
Than native vale or mountain;



A spot for which affection's tear  
Springs grateful from its fountain;  
'Tis not where kindred souls abound,  
Tho' that on earth is heaven.  
But where I first my Saviour found,  
And felt my sins forgiven.

2 Hard was my toil to reach the shore,  
Long toss'd upon the ocean;  
Above me was the thunder's roar;  
Beneath, the waves' commotion:  
Darkly the pall of night was thrown  
Around me, faint with terror;  
In that dark hour—how did my groan  
Ascend for years of error!

3 Sinking and panting as for breath,  
I knew not help was near me;  
And cried, "O! save me, Lord, from death,  
Immortal Jesus, hear me."  
Then quick as thought I felt Him mine,  
My Saviour stood before me;  
I saw his brightness round me shine,  
And shouted "Glory! Glory!"

4 O, sacred hour! O hallowed spot!  
Where love divine first found me,  
Wherever falls my distant lot,  
My heart shall linger round thee;  
And when from earth I rise, to soar  
Up to my home in Heaven,  
Down will I cast my eyes once more,  
Where I was first forgiven.



Glad Hallelujahs, No. 89.

### 49 Hallelujah! I Have Found It.

- 1 All my life long I had panted  
For a draught from some cool spring,  
That I hoped would quench the burning,  
Of the thirst I felt within.

*Refrain.*—Hallelujah! I have found it—  
What my soul so long has craved!  
Jesus satisfies my longings;  
Thro' his blood I now am saved.

- 2 Feeding on the husks around me,  
Till my strength was almost gone,  
Longed my soul for something better,  
Only still to hunger on.

- 3 Poor I was, and sought for riches,  
Something that would satisfy,  
But the dust I gathered round me  
Only mocked my soul's sad cry.

- 4 Well of water, ever springing,  
Bread of life so rich and free,  
Untold wealth that never faileth,  
My Redeemer is to me.

---

Emory Hymnal, No. 295.

### 50 And Can It Be?

- 1 And can it be that I should gain  
An interest in the Saviour's blood?  
Died he for me, who caused his pain?  
For me, who him to death pursued?  
Amazing love! how can it be  
That thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me?



- 2 'Tis mystery all! the immortal dies!  
Who can explore his strange design?  
In vain the first-born seraph tries  
To sound the depths of love divine;  
'Tis mercy all! let earth adore;  
Let angel minds inquire no more.
- 3 He left his Father's throne above,—  
So free, so infinite his grace!  
Emptied himself of all but love,  
And bled for Adam's helpless race;  
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,  
For, O my God, it found out me!
- 4 Long my imprisoned spirit lay,  
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;  
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray,  
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light;  
My chains fell off, my heart was free,  
I rose, went forth, and followed thee.
- 5 No condemnation now I dread,  
Jesus, with all in him, is mine;  
Alive in him, my living Head,  
And clothed in righteousness divine,  
Bold I approach the eternal throne,  
And claim the crown, through Christ my own.
- 

Glad Hallelujahs, No. 132.

## 51 God Be With You.

- 1 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.



*Refrain.*—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.

2 God be with you till we meet again,  
'Neath his wings securely hide you,  
Daily manna still provide you,  
God be with you till we meet again.

3 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.

4 God be with you till we meet again,  
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,  
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you;  
God be with you till we meet again.

---

M. E. Hymnal, No. 667.

## 52                      **Victorious Faith.**

1 O for a faith that will not shrink,  
Though pressed by every foe,  
That will not tremble on the brink  
Of any earthly woe!

2 That will not murmur nor complain  
Beneath the chastening rod,  
But in the hour of grief or pain,  
Will lean upon its God.

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear  
When tempests rage without;  
That when in danger knows no fear,  
In darkness feels no doubt;




- 4 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown,  
Nor heeds its scornful smile;  
That seas of trouble cannot drown,  
Nor Satan's arts beguile;
- 5 A faith that keeps the narrow way  
Till life's last hour is fled,  
And with a pure and heavenly ray  
Illumes a dying bed.
- 6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,  
And then, whate'er may come,  
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss  
Of an eternal home.

Gospel Hymns, 1, 2, 3 and 4, No. 176.

53

**Close to Thee.**

- 
- 1 Thou my everlasting portion,  
More than friend or life to me,  
All along my pilgrim journey,  
Saviour, let me walk with Thee.

*Refrain.*—Close to Thee, close to Thee,  
Close to Thee, close to Thee,  
All along my pilgrim journey,  
Saviour, let me walk with Thee.

- 2 Not for ease or worldly pleasure,  
Nor for fame my prayer shall be;  
Gladly will I toil and suffer.  
Only let me walk with Thee.

- 2 Lead me thro' the vale of shadows,  
Bear me o'er life's fitful sea,  
Then the gate of life eternal,  
May I enter, Lord, with Thee.



Silver Trumpet, No. 154.

## 54            The Blood's Applied.

- 1 The blood's applied! my soul is free!  
    I'm saved without, within;  
    The blood of Jesus cleanseth me  
    From every trace of sin.

*Refrain.*—The blood's applied, I'm justified,  
            It pardons every sin;  
            The blood's applied, I'm sanctified,  
            It makes me pure within.

- 2 I've bid farewell to every fear,  
    By faith I claim the prize;  
    Now I can read my title clear  
    To mansions in the skies.
- 3 Temptations come, and trials too,  
    While hellish darts are hurled;  
    But Jesus saves me through and through,  
    In spite of all the world.
- 4 Though cares and storms and sorrows fall  
    About me thick and fast,  
    My Jesus,—He is Lord of all—  
    Will bring me home at last.
- 5 Then will my happy, happy soul  
    Tell of his love and rest,  
    While shouts of victory shall roll  
    From every conquering breast.



Gospel Hymns, 1, 2, 3 and 4, No. 3.

55

**I Need Thee Every Hour.**

1 I need Thee every hour,  
Most gracious Lord;—  
No tender voice like thine  
Can peace afford.

*Refrain.*—I need Thee, oh, I need Thee!  
Every hour I need Thee;  
O bless me now, my Saviour!  
I come to Thee.

2 I need Thee every hour,  
Stay Thou near by;  
Temptations lose their power  
When thou art nigh.

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

4 I need Thee every hour;  
Teach me Thy will;  
And Thy rich promises  
In me fulfill.

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



M. E. Hymnal, No. 521.

**56            A Perfect Heart.**

- 1 O for a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from sin set free!  
A heart that always feels thy blood,  
So freely spilt for me!
  - 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,  
My great Redeemer's throne;  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
Where Jesus reigns alone.
  - 3 O for a lowly, contrite, heart,  
Believing, true and clean,  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From him that dwells within!
  - 4 A heart in every thought renewed,  
And full of love divine;  
Perfect and right, and pure and good,  
A copy, Lord, of thine.
  - 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;  
Come quickly from above;  
Write thy new name upon my heart.  
Thy new, best name of Love.
- 

M. E. Hymnal, No. 728.

**57    What a Friend We Have in Jesus.**

- 1 What a friend we have in Jesus,  
All our sins and griefs to bear!  
What a privilege to carry,  
Everything to God in prayer!



O what peace we often forfeit,  
O what needless pain we bear,  
All because we do not carry  
Everything to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?  
Is there trouble anywhere?  
We should never be discouraged,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Can we find a friend so faithful  
Who will all our sorrows share?  
Jesus knows our every weakness,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

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

---

Gospel Hymns, 1, 2, 3 and 4, No. 48.

58

**Every Day and Hour.**

*Bm* 1 Saviour, more than life to me,  
I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;  
Let Thy precious blood applied,  
Keep me ever, ever near Thy side.

*Refrain.*—Every day, every hour,  
Let me feel Thy cleansing power;  
May Thy tender love to me  
Bind me closer, closer, Lord, to Thee.



2 Thro' this changing world below,  
Lead me gently, gently as I go;  
Trusting Thee, I cannot stray,  
I can never, never, lose my way.

3 Let me love Thee more and more,  
Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;  
Till my soul is lost in love,  
In a brighter, brighter world above.

---

Great Awakening, No. 53.

**59        The Lily of the Valley.**

1 I've found a friend in Jesus, He's everything  
    to me,  
    He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul;  
The Lily of the Valley in Him alone I see,  
    All I need to cleanse and keep me fully whole.  
In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble He's  
    my stay,  
    He tells me every care on Him to roll;  
He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright and  
    morning star,  
    He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

*Chorus.*—In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble  
    He's my stay,  
    He tells me every care on Him to  
        roll;  
    He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright  
        and morning star,  
    He's the fairest of ten thousand to  
        my soul.



2 He all my grief has taken, and all my sorrows  
borne,  
In temptation He's my strong and mighty  
tower;  
I've all for Him forsaken, I've all my idols torn  
From my heart, and now He keeps me by  
His power.  
Tho' all the world forsake me, and Satan tempts  
me sore,  
Thro' Jesus I shall safely reach the goal.  
He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright and  
morning star,  
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

3 He'll never, never leave me, nor yet forsake me  
here,  
While I live by faith and do His blessed will;  
A wall of fire about me, I've nothing now to  
fear;  
With the manna He my hungry soul shall  
fill;  
Then sweeping up to glory, we see His blessed  
face,  
Where rivers of delight shall ever roll,  
He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright and  
morning star,  
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

---

Great Awakening, No. 57.

60

**Sweet Rest at Home.**

1 O'er Jordan's dark and stormy river lies heaven's  
fair shore;



There joy shall fill the soul forever, sorrow shall  
come no more.

There, streets of gold and walls of jasper,  
within the gates;

There, homes prepared by our dear Master,  
Each ransomed soul awaits.

*Chorus.*—Safe at home, at home with Jesus, never  
more to roam,  
Oh, how the cares of earth grow  
lighter,  
Thinking of sweet rest at home.

2 Dear loved ones who have gone before us, wait  
for us there;  
To loving arms will God restore us, and in  
their bliss we'll share.  
Then full of faith we'll lay our sorrow at  
Jesus' feet,  
And in the bright and heavenly morrow,  
Loved ones the saved ones meet.

---

Silver Trumpet, No. 185.

## 61                    The Gospel Feast.

1 Come, sinners, to the gospel feast;  
It is for you, it is for me;  
Let every soul be Jesus' guest:  
It is for you, it is for me.

*Chorus.*—Salvation full, salvation free,  
The price was paid on Calvary;  
O weary wand'rer come and see,  
It is for you, it is for me.



- 2 Ye need not one be left behind,  
For God hath bidden all mankind.
  - 3 Come, all the world! come, sinner, thou!  
All things in Christ are ready now.
  - 4 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,  
Ye restless wand'ers after rest.
  - 5 Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,  
In Christ a hearty welcome find.
  - 6 My message as from God receive.  
Ye all may come to Christ and live.
  - 7 O let this love your hearts constrain,  
Nor suffer him to die in vain!
  - 8 See him set forth before your eyes,  
That precious bleeding sacrifice;
  - 9 His offered benefits embrace,  
And freely now be saved by grace.
- 

Silver Trumpet, No. 194.

62

### Rise My Soul.

- 1 Rise my soul and stretch thy wings,  
Thy better portion trace;  
Rise from transitory things  
Toward heaven, thy native place:  
Sun, and moon, and stars decay;  
Time shall soon this earth remove;  
Rise, my soul, and haste away  
To seats prepared above.



2 Rivers to the ocean run,  
Nor stay in all their course;  
Fire ascending seeks the sun;  
Both speed them to their source;  
So a soul that's born of God,  
Pants to view his glorious face;  
Upward tends to his abode,  
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,  
Press onward to the prize;  
Soon our Saviour will return  
Triumphant in the skies:  
There we'll join the heavenly train,  
Welcomed to partake the bliss;  
Fly from sorrow, care, and pain,  
To realms of endless peace.

---

Silver Trumpet, No. 208.

**63            O Tell Me No More.**

1 O tell me no more of this world's vain store,  
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er;  
A country I've found where true joys abound,  
To dwell I'm determined on that happy ground.

*Refrain.*—I'll drink when I'm dry, I'll drink a  
supply,  
I'll drink from the fountain that never  
runs dry.

2 The souls that believe, in paradise live,  
And me in that number will Jesus receive;



My soul, don't delay; he calls thee away;  
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.

3 No mortal doth know what He can bestow,—  
What light, strength and comfort,—go after  
Him, go;

Lo, onward I move to a city above,  
None guess how wondrous my journey will  
prove.

4 Great spoils I shall win from death, hell and sin,  
Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ within;  
And when I'm to die, "receive me," I'll cry,  
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell, why.

5 But this I do find, we two are so joined,  
He'll not live in glory, and leave me behind:  
So this is the race I'm running through grace,  
Henceforth, till admitted to see my Lord's face.

6 And now I'm in care, my neighbors may share  
These blessings. To seek them will none of  
you dare?  
In bondage, O why, and death will you lie,  
When one here assures you free grace is so  
nigh?

---

Gospel Hymns, 1, 2, 3 and 4, No. 163.

**64 Just a Word for Jesus.**

1 Now, just a word for Jesus,  
Your dearest friend, so true,  
Come, cheer our hearts and tell us  
What He has done for you.

*B. W.*



*Refrain.*—Now, just a word for Jesus,  
 'Twill help us on our way;  
 One little word for Jesus,  
 O speak, or sing, or pray.

2 Now, just a word for Jesus;  
 You feel your sins forgiven  
 And by his grace are striving  
 To reach a home in heaven.

3 Now, just a word for Jesus,  
 A cross it cannot be  
 To say I love my Saviour,  
 Who gave his life for me.

4 Now, just a word for Jesus;  
 Let not the time be lost;  
 The heart's neglected duty  
 Brings sorrow to its cost.

5 Now, just a word for Jesus,  
 And if your faith be dim,  
 Arise in all your weakness,  
 And leave the rest to Him.

---

Great Awakening, No. 119.

## 65 Will You be Washed in the Blood?

1 List, the Spirit calls to thee,  
 Will you be washed in the blood?  
 Jesus died to set you free,  
 Will you be washed in the blood?  
 Pardon freely given,  
 Cleansing you for heaven.



*Chorus.*—Will you be washed,  
Washed in the blood of the Lamb?  
Will you be washed,  
Washed in the blood of the Lamb?

2 Sinner, now this blessing claim,  
Will you be washed in the blood?  
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,  
Will you be washed in the blood?  
Claim Him as your Saviour,  
He can save forever.

3 He can wash you white as snow,  
Will you be washed in the blood?  
And the witness you may know,  
Will you be washed in the blood?  
You can know this hour  
Of his dying power.

4 Christ did drink that cup for all,  
Will you be washed in the blood?  
Don't reject the spirit's call,  
Will you be washed in the blood?  
Grace is all abounding,  
Joy through heaven resounding.

---

Joyful Sound, No. 39.

**66 Hallelujah! Amen.**

1 How oft in holy converse with Christ, my Lord,  
alone,  
I seem to hear the millions that sing around  
His throne.



*Chorus.*—Hallelujah, amen! Hallelujah, amen!  
Hallelujah, amen, amen, amen.

2 They pass'd thro' toils and trials, and tho' the  
strife was long,  
They share the victor's conquest, and sing the  
victor's song.

3 My soul takes up the chorus, and pressing on  
my way,  
Communing still with Jesus, I sing from day to  
day.

4 Thro' grace I soon shall conquer, and reach  
my home on high;  
And thro' eternal ages, I'll shout beyond the sky.

---

Songs of Redeeming Love, No. 1, No. 86.

### **67 The Rock That is Higher Than I.**

1 Oh, sometimes the shadows are deep,  
And rough seems the path to the goal,  
And sorrows, sometimes, how they sweep  
Like tempests down over the soul.

*Chorus.*—Oh, then to the Rock let me fly,  
To the Rock that is higher than I:  
Oh, then to the Rock let me fly,  
To the Rock that is higher than I.

2 Oh, sometimes how long seems the day,  
And sometimes how weary my feet;  
But toiling in life's dusty way,  
The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!



- 3 Oh, near to the Rock let me keep,  
Or blessings, or sorrows prevail;  
Or climbing the mountain-way steep,  
Or walking the shadowy vale.
- 

M. E. Hymnal, No. 242.

**68 Life in Christ.**

- 1 I know that my Redeemer lives;  
What joy the blest assurance gives!  
He lives, He lives who once was dead;  
He lives my everlasting head.
- 2 He lives to bless me with His love;  
He lives to plead for me above;  
He lives, my hungry soul to feed;  
He lives, to help in time of need.
- 3 He lives, and grants me daily breath;  
He lives, and I shall conquer death;  
He lives, my mansion to prepare;  
He lives, to bring me safely there.
- 4 He lives, all glory to his name;  
He lives, my Saviour, still the same;  
What joy the blest assurance gives,  
I know that my Redeemer lives!
- 

Sunlit Songs, No. 53.

**69 Stepping in the Light.**

- 1 Trying to walk in the steps of the Saviour,  
Trying to follow our Saviour and King;



Shaping our lives by his blessed example,  
Happy, how happy the songs that we bring.

*Chorus.*—How beautiful to walk in the steps of  
the Saviour,  
Stepping in the light, stepping in the  
light;  
How beautiful to walk in the steps of  
the Saviour,  
Led in paths of light.

2 Pressing more closely to him who is leading,  
When we are tempted to turn from the way;  
Trusting the arm that is strong to defend us,  
Happy, how happy our praises each day.

3 Walking in footsteps of gentle forbearance,  
Footsteps of faithfulness, mercy and love,  
Looking to him for the grace freely promised,  
Happy, how happy, our journey above.

4 Trying to walk in the steps of the Saviour,  
Upward, still upward we'll follow our guide,  
When we shall see him, "the king in his beauty,"  
Happy, how happy, our place at his side.

---

Sunlit Songs, No. 65.

70

**On the Way.**

1 O, bless the Lord, what joy is mine!  
What perfect peace through grace divine!  
And now to realms of endless day,  
O, bless the Lord, I'm on the way!

5



*Chorus.*—I'm on the way, I'm on the way,  
In vain the world would bid me stay :  
A crown to wear in endless day,  
O, bless the Lord, I'm on the way!

2 O, bless the Lord, he dwells with me,  
The voice I hear, the hand I see  
Renew my strength from day to day  
While home to Him I'm on the way.

3 O, bless the Lord for what I know  
Of heavenly bliss while here below!  
My trusting heart thro' faith can say,  
To mansions bright I'm on my way.

3 O, bless the Lord, 'twill not be long  
Till I shall join the holy throng,  
And shout and sing thro' endless day,  
Where every tear is wiped away.

---

Sunlit Songs, No. 146.

## 71            **The Beautiful Light.**

1 Jesus is the light, the way,  
We are walking in the light, we are walking in  
the light;  
Shining brighter day by day,  
We are walking in the beautiful light of God.

*Refrain.*—We are walking in the light, we are  
walking in the light,  
We are walking in the light,  
We are walking in the beautiful light  
of God.



2 We who know our sins forgiven,  
We are walking in the light, we are walking in  
the light;

Find on earth the joy of heaven,  
We are walking in the beautiful light of God.

3 As we journey here below,  
We are walking in the light, we are walking in  
the light;

Oh, what joy and peace we know,  
We are walking in the beautiful light of God.

4 We will sing his power to save,  
We are walking in the light, we are walking in  
the light;

We will triumph o'er the grave,  
We are walking in the beautiful light of God.

---

Sunlit Songs, No. 31.

## 72 It Just Suits Me.

1 What a wonderful salvation,  
For its length and breadth and height  
Far excel the grandest knowledge  
Of the seraphim in light;  
I can never, never fathom half its holy mystery,  
But I know it is for sinners, and it just suits me.

*Chorus.*—It just suits me, it just suits me,  
This wonderful salvation,  
It just suits me.

2 Oh, this blessed "whosoever,"  
Calling every one who will,



To the sparkling, living waters,  
Flowing fully, freely still;  
No, I know not why he loves me, but his blood  
is all my plea;  
I can trust his "whosoever," for it just suits me.

3 Precious promises of Jesus,  
Sweeping every human need!  
For the grace of our Redeemer  
Must our highest thought exceed;  
To the mighty royal storehouse let me use the  
golden key,  
Find the special, tender promise that will just  
suit me.

4 What a perfect, present Saviour!  
What a true and loving friend!  
Can we ever praise him rightly?  
Tell how grace and glory blend?  
Now the Prince of Peace is reigning, over-rul-  
ing all I see;  
So, whatever lot he orders, may it just suit me.

---

Silver Trumpet, No. 175.

73

### Grace is Free.

1 There's nothing like the old, old story,  
Grace is free, grace is free!  
Which saints and martyrs tell in glory,  
Grace is free, grace is free!  
It brought them through the flood and flame,  
By it they fought and overcame,  
And now they cry through his dear name,  
Grace is free, grace is free.



2 There's only hope in trusting Jesus,  
 Grace is free, grace is free!  
 From sin that doomed he died to free us,  
 Grace is free, grace is free!  
 Who would not tell the story sweet  
 Of love so wondrous, so complete,  
 And fall in rapture at his feet?  
 Grace is free, grace is free!

3 From age to age the theme is telling,  
 Grace is free, grace is free!  
 From shore to shore the strains are swelling,  
 Grace is free, grace is free!  
 And when that time shall cease to be,  
 And faith is crowned with victory,  
 'Twill sound through all eternity,  
 Grace is free, grace is free!

---

Silver Trumpet, No. 75.

**74            The Haven of Rest.**

1 My soul, in sad exile, was out on life's sea,  
 So burdened with sin, and distress,  
 Till I heard a sweet voice saying make me your  
 choice:  
 And I entered the "Haven of Rest!"

*Chorus.*—I've anchored my soul in the "Haven  
 of Rest,"  
 I'll sail the wide seas no more;  
 The tempest may sweep o'er the wild,  
 stormy deep,  
 In Jesus I'm safe evermore.



- 2 The song of my soul since the Lord made me  
whole,  
Has been the old story so blest  
Of Jesus, who'll save whosoever will have  
A home in the "Haven of Rest!"
- 3 How precious the thought that we all may  
recline,  
Like John, the beloved and blest,  
On Jesus' strong arm, where no tempest can  
harm,  
Secure in the "Haven of Rest!"
- 4 I yielded myself to his tender embrace,  
And faith, taking hold of the word,  
My fetters fell off, and I anchored my soul;  
The haven of rest is my Lord.
- 5 Oh, come to the Saviour, he patiently waits  
To save by his power divine;  
Come, anchor your souls in the haven of rest,  
And say, "My beloved is mine."
- 

The Gospel Choir, No. 4.

75

**Showers of Blessing.**

- 1 Here in thy name are we gathered,  
Come and revive us, O Lord;  
"There shall be showers of blessing,  
Thou hast declared in thy word.

*Chorus.*—Oh, graciously hear us,  
Graciously hear us, we pray;  
Pour from thy windows upon us  
Showers of blessing to-day.



- 3 O that the showers of blessing,  
Now on our souls may descend,  
While at the footstool of mercy  
Pleading Thy promise we bend!
- 2 There shall be showers of blessing,  
Promise that never can fail;  
Thou wilt regard our petition;  
Surely our faith will prevail.
- 4 Showers of blessing,—we need them,  
Showers of blessing from thee;  
Showers of blessing,—oh, grant them;  
Thine all the glory shall be.
- 

Silver Trumpet, No. 156.

**76 The Stranger at the Door.**

- 1 Behold a stranger at the door,  
He gently knocks, has knocked before,  
Has waited long, is waiting still;  
You treat no other friend so ill.

*Chorus.*—Oh, let the dear Saviour come in,  
He'll cleanse the heart from sin;  
Oh, keep Him no more out at the door,  
But let the dear Saviour come in.

- 2 O, lovely attitude, he stands  
With melting heart and open hands;  
O, matchless kindness, and he shows  
This matchless kindness to his foes.



- 3 But will he prove a friend, indeed?  
He will, the very friend you need;  
The friend of sinners? Yes, 'tis he,  
With garments dyed on Calvary.
- 

Silver Trumpet, No. 89.

**77 What Will the First Greeting Be?**

- 1 I have heard of a land, of a beautiful land,  
That is over the dark rolling sea,  
And I know there are joys that are waiting me  
there,  
But what will the first greeting be?

*Chorus.*—There'll be music, there'll be singing,  
And through all heaven ringing  
There'll be shouts of hallelujah o'er  
and o'er;  
But I know the first to meet me,  
And with welcome smile to greet me  
Will be Jesus when I reach the golden  
shore.

- 2 Oh, I know that my Saviour has gone to prepare  
In his kingdom, a mansion for me,  
And I know there's a crown, and a robe, and a  
song,  
But what will the first greeting be?

- 3 Many loved ones have gone to that bright,  
happy land,  
But their faces again I shall see,  
And we'll clasp their glad hands on that beauti-  
ful strand,  
But what will the first greeting be?



- 4 When I pass through the vale of the shadow of  
death  
To the land where the weary are free,  
I shall join in the song of the purified throng,  
But what will the first greeting be?
- 

Joyful Sound, No. 98.

**78 I Will Shout His Praise in Glory.**

- 1 You ask what makes me happy, my heart so  
free from care,  
It is because my Saviour in mercy heard my  
prayer;  
He brought me out of darkness, and now the  
light I see;  
O blessed, loving Saviour! to Him the praise  
shall be.

*Chorus.*—I will shout his praise in glory,  
And we'll all sing hallelujah, in heaven  
by and by;  
I will shout his praise in glory,  
And we'll all sing hallelujah, in heaven  
by and by.

- 2 I was a friendless wand'rer till Jesus took me in,  
My life was full of sorrow, my heart was full of  
sin;  
But when the blood so precious spoke pardon  
to my soul;  
Oh, blissful, blissful moment! 'twas joy beyond  
control.



- 3 I wish that every sinner before his throne would  
    bow;  
He waits to bid them welcome, he longs to bless  
    them now;  
If they but knew the rapture that in his love I  
    see,  
They'd come and shout salvation, and sing his  
    praise with me.
- 4 I mean to live for Jesus while here on earth I  
    stay,  
And when his voice shall call me to realms of  
    endless day,  
As one by one we gather, rejoicing on the shore,  
We'll shout his praise in glory, and sing for  
    evermore.
- 

Joyful Sound, No. 74.

79

**Christ is All.**

- 1 I entered once a home of care,  
For age and penury were there,  
    Yet peace and joy withal;  
I asked the lonely mother whence  
Her helpless widowhood's defence.  
    She told me Christ was all.

*Chorus.*—Christ is all, all in all. Yes, Christ is all  
    in all.

- 2 I stood beside a dying bed,  
Where lay a child with aching head,  
    Waiting for Jesus' call,



I marked his smile, 'twas sweet as May,  
And as his spirit passed away,  
He whispered, "Christ is all."

3 I saw the martyr at the stake,  
The flames could not his courage shake,  
Nor death his soul appall,  
I asked him whence his strength was given,  
He looked triumphantly to heaven  
And answered "Christ is all."

4 I saw the gospel herald go,  
To Afric's sand and Greenland's snow,  
To save from Satan's thrall;  
Nor home nor life he counted dear,  
'Midst wants and perils owned no fear,  
He felt that "Christ is all."

5 I dreamed that hoary time had fled,  
And earth and sea gave up their dead,  
A fire dissolved this ball,  
I saw the church's ransomed throng,  
I heard the burden of their song,  
'Twas "Christ is all in all."

6 Then come to Christ, oh, come to-day,  
The Father, Son, and Spirit say;  
The Bride repeats the call,  
For he will cleanse your guilty stains,  
His love will soothe your weary pains,  
For "Christ is all in all."



Joyful Wing, No. 116.

## 80 Shall I be Saved To-Night?

- 1 Jesus is pleading with my poor soul,  
Shall I be saved to-night?  
If I believe He will make me whole,  
Shall I be saved to-night?  
Tenderly, sadly I hear Him say,  
How can you grieve me from day to day?  
Shall I go on in the old, old way,  
Or shall I be saved to-night?
- 1 Jesus was nailed to the cross for me,  
Shall I be saved to-night?  
How can my heart so ungrateful be?  
Shall I be saved to-night?  
Now he will save me by grace divine,  
Now, if I will, I may call him mine;  
Can I the pleasures of earth resign?  
Oh, shall I be saved to-night?
- 3 Jesus is knocking at my poor heart,  
Shall I be saved to-night?  
What if his spirit should now depart?  
Shall I be saved to-night?  
Over and over his voice I hear,  
Sweetly it falls on my list'ning ear;  
Shall I reject Him—a friend so dear?  
Oh, shall I be saved to-night?
- 4 What if that voice I should hear no more,  
Shall I be saved to-night?  
Quickly I'll open this bolted door,  
Save me, O Lord, to-night!



Blessed Redeemer, come in, come in,  
Pity my sorrow, forgive my sin,  
Now let thy work in my soul begin,  
For I will be saved to-night!

---

Great Awakening, No. 8.

**81 Hiding, Dear Lord, in Thee.**

- 1 Hiding, dear Lord, in thee,  
Ever in thee, in thee,  
Whitherso'er my path shall lead,  
This shall be all my plea;  
Daily direct me in thy way,  
Never permit my steps to stray,  
Hiding in thee, dear Lord, in thee,  
Ever in thee, in thee.
- 2 Satan may point his darts,  
Aiming them at my life,  
Striving to poison all my joys,  
Tempting to sin and strife;  
Still in the shadow of thy wings,  
Calmly secure, my spirit sings,  
Hiding in thee, dear Lord, in thee,  
Ever in thee, in thee.
- 3 Running to my retreat,  
Flying at each alarm,  
Tempests of trouble rage in vain;  
Nothing disturbs my calm,  
Death has a sting no more for me,  
Over the grave is victory,  
Hiding in thee, dear Lord, in thee,  
Ever in thee, in thee.



- 4 Summon'd at length above,  
Mounting thro' parted skies,  
Hearing the welcome, "Come, well done,"  
Having obtained the prize;  
Still with the myriad harping throng,  
Vying in love, I'll shout the song,  
Glory to thee, dear Lord, to thee,  
Ever to thee shall be.
- 

Great Awakening, No. 25.

**82            Trusting in the Lord.**

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

*Chorus.*—Oh, trusting, trusting in the Lord,  
I believe the promises he gave;  
Trusting, trusting in the Lord,  
He alone can save.

- 2 Pain may rack this earthly house of mine,  
I may bow at sorrow's gloomy shrine;  
Still my heart will never, never pine  
Trusting in the Lord.

- 3 Other hopes may swiftly pass away,  
Other joys may vanish and decay;  
Still with faith I'll tread the narrow way,  
Trusting in the Lord.



Great Awakening, No. 45.

### 83 I Want to be a Worker for the Lord.

- 1 I want to be a worker for the Lord,  
I want to love and trust His holy word;  
I want to sing and pray, and be busy every day,  
In the vineyard of the Lord.

*Chorus.*—I will work, I will pray,  
In the vineyard, in the vineyard of  
the Lord,  
I will work, I will pray, I will labor  
every day  
In the vineyard of the Lord.

- 2 I want to be a worker every day,  
I want to lead the erring in the way  
That leads to heaven above, where all is peace  
and love,  
In the kingdom of the Lord.

- 3 I want to be a worker, strong and brave,  
I want to trust in Jesus' power to save;  
All who will truly come, shall find a happy  
home  
In the kingdom of the Lord.

- 4 I want to be a worker, help me, Lord,  
To lead the lost and erring to Thy word  
That points to joys on high, where pleasures  
never die,  
In the kingdom of the Lord.



Great Awakening, No. 18.

**84      The Sure Foundation.**

- 1 There stands a Rock on shores of time,  
That rears to heaven its head sublime,  
That Rock is cleft, and they are blest,  
Who find within the cleft a rest.

*Chorus.*—Some build their hopes on the ever  
drifting sand,  
Some on their fame or their treasure,  
or their land,  
Mine's on a Rock that forever will stand,  
Jesus the "Rock of Ages."

- 2 That Rock's a cross, its arms outspread,  
Celestial glory bathes its head;  
To its firm base my all I bring,  
And to the cross of ages cling.
- 3 That Rock's a tower, whose lofty height,  
Illum'd with heaven's unclouded light,  
Opes wide its gates beneath the dome,  
Where saints find rest with Christ at home.
- 

Great Awakening, No. 105.

**85      What a Meeting that Will Be.**

- 1 When we all meet at home in the morning,  
On the shore of that bright crystal sea;  
Where the loved ones who long have been  
waiting,  
What a meeting indeed that will be!



*Chorus.*—Gathered home, gathered home,  
On the shore of that bright crystal sea;  
Gathered home, gathered home,  
With our loved ones forever to be.

2 When we all meet at home in the morning,  
And from sorrow forever be free;  
When we join in the song of the ransomed,  
What a gath'ring indeed that will be!

3 When we all meet at home in the morning,  
With our blessed Redeemer to be;  
When we know and are known by our loved  
ones,  
What a meeting indeed that will be!

---

M. E. Hymnal, 583.

86

### Forever Here.

1 Forever here my rest shall be,  
Close to thy bleeding side;  
This all my hope and all my plea,  
"For me the Saviour died."

2 My dying Saviour, and my God,  
Fountain for guilt and sin,  
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,  
And cleanse, and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own,  
Wash me, and mine thou art;  
Wash me, but not my feet alone,  
My hands, my head, my heart.



- 4 The atonement of thy blood apply,  
Till faith to sight improve;  
Till hope in full fruition die,  
And all my soul be love.
- 

Joyful Sound, No. 66.

87 **I Come to Thee.**

- 1 From yonder cross what beams divine  
Of peace and hope and mercy shine,  
Oh, be each blessed promise mine;  
I come, dear Lord, to thee.

*Chorus.*—I come to thee, I come to thee;  
Thine outstretched arms I see;  
I come to thee, I come to thee,  
Dear Lord, who died for me.

- 2 Thy kind, inviting voice I know;  
Thy wounded hands new life bestow;  
Those hands will never let me go;  
I come, dear Lord, to thee.

- 4 As seeks the weary bird its nest  
When sunset lingers in the west;  
So now for pardon, healing, rest,  
I come, dear Lord, to thee.

- 5 In weakness be my mighty Tower,  
My refuge in temptation's hour;  
My brightest joy when blessings shower;  
I come, dear Lord, to thee.



Silver Trumpet, No. 133.

88           **O Rest, Sweet Rest.**

- 1 Thank God for a perfect salvation,  
That makes me to-day what I am,  
A sanctified child of his mercy,  
Redeemed by the blood of the lamb.

*Chorus.*—O rest, sweet rest, I rest in the arms of  
his love.

- 2 He lifts me above the temptations  
That once could allure me to sin,  
He saves me from all my transgressions,  
And cleanseth my spirit within.
  - 3 I live in the constant enjoyment  
Of peace that no language can tell,  
Should trials in future await me,  
I know with my soul 'twill be well.
  - 4 Praise God for a perfect salvation,  
My faith is unclouded and bright;  
My hope, like an anchor, is steadfast,  
My mansion of glory in sight.
- 

Silver Trumpet, No. 101.

89           **Salvation's River.**

- 1 Down at the cross on Calvary's mountain,  
Where mercies flow,  
I plunged in the redeeming fountain,  
Washed whiter than snow.



When nothing in the whole creation  
Could purchase peace,  
My Saviour brought his free salvation,  
Gave me complete release.

*Chorus.*—Brothers, wont you hear the story?  
See the fountain flow!  
Oh, glory in the highest, glory!  
Jesus saves me, this I know.

2 When lost in sin, my all I squandered,  
Far from the fold!  
My Saviour sought me where I wandered,  
Gave me His wealth untold.  
All bonds of sin and Satan rending,  
Christ made me whole;  
I'll ne'er forget that joy transcending,  
When Jesus saved my soul.

3 All round my way the sun is shining,  
Darkness has fled;  
On Jesus' breast I am reclining,  
Daily by Him I'm fed.  
My Lord has cast his robe around me,  
No more I'll roam;  
The Shepherd of the sheep has found me,  
Jesus has brought me home.

---

Silver Trumpet, No. 30.

## 90 Now I Feel the Sacred Fire.

1 Now I feel the sacred fire,  
Kindling, flaming, glowing,  
Higher still, and rising higher,  
All my soul o'erflowing;



Life immortal I receive,  
O the wondrous story!  
I was dead but now I live,  
Glory, glory, glory!

2 Now I am from bondage freed,  
Every bond is riven;  
Jesus makes me free indeed,  
Just as free as heaven:  
'Tis a glorious liberty,  
O the wondrous story!  
I was bound, but now I'm free,  
Glory, glory, glory!

3 Let the testimony roll,  
Roll through every nation;  
Witnessing from soul to soul,  
This immense salvation,  
Now I know its full and free;  
Oh, the wondrous story!  
For I feel it saving me,  
Glory, glory, glory!

4 Glory be to God on high,  
Glory be to Jesus!  
He has brought salvation nigh,  
From all sin He frees us.  
Let the golden harps of God  
Ring the wondrous story,  
Let the pilgrim shout aloud,  
Glory, glory, glory!

5 Let the trump of jubilee,  
The glad tidings thunder;  
Jesus sets the captive free,  
Bursts their bonds asunder;



Fetters break and dungeons fall,  
Oh, the wondrous story!  
This salvation's free to all!  
Glory, glory, glory!

---

Gospel Hymns (1, 2, 3 and 4), No. 120.

**91                      Your Mission.**

- 1 Hark the voice of Jesus crying,  
    "Who will go and work to-day?  
    Fields are white and harvest waiting,  
    Who will bear the sheaves away?"  
Loud and strong the Master calleth,  
    Rich reward he offers thee!  
Who will answer, gladly saying,  
    "Here am I, send me, send me."
- 2 If you cannot cross the ocean,  
    And the heathen land explore,  
You can find the heathen nearer,  
    You can help them at your door.  
If you cannot give your thousands,  
    You can give the widow's mite;  
And the least you do for Jesus,  
    Will be precious in his sight.
- 3 If you cannot speak like angels,  
    If you cannot preach like Paul;  
You can tell the love of Jesus,  
    You can say He died for all.  
If you cannot rouse the wicked  
    With the judgment's dread alarms,  
You can lead the little children  
    To the Saviour's waiting arms.



- 4 If you cannot be the watchman,  
    Standing high on Zion's wall,  
    Pointing out the path to heaven,  
    Offering life and peace to all;  
With your prayers and with your bounties,  
    You can do what heaven demands;  
You can be like faithful Aaron,  
    Holding up the prophet's hands.
- 5 If among the older people,  
    You may not be apt to teach:  
    "Feed my lambs," said Christ, our Shepherd,  
    "Place the food within their reach."  
And it may be that the children  
    You have led with trembling hand,  
Will be found among your jewels,  
    When you reach the better land.
- 6 Let none hear you idly saying,  
    "There is nothing I can do,"  
While the souls of men are dying,  
    And the Master calls for you.  
Take the task He gives you, gladly,  
    Let His work your pleasure be,  
Answer quickly, when He calleth,  
    "Here am I, send me, send me."
- 

Silver Trumpet, No. 55.

## 92 O That My Load of Sin were Gone!

- 1 O that my load of sin were gone!  
    O that I could at last submit  
At Jesus' feet to lay it down,  
    To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.



- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find,  
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,  
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,  
And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,  
And fully set my spirit free;  
I cannot rest till pure within,  
Till I am wholly lost in thee.
- 4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,  
Thy light and easy burden prove,  
The cross all stained with hallowed blood,  
The labor of thy dying love.
- 5 I would, but thou must give the power;  
My heart from every sin release;  
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,  
And fill me with thy perfect peace.
- 

Silver Trumpet, No. 81.

**93 The Blood-Washed Pilgrim.**

- 1 I saw a blood-washed pilgrim,  
A sinner saved by grace,  
Upon the King's great highway,  
With peaceful, shining face.  
Temptations sore beset him,  
But nothing could affright,  
He said "the yoke is easy,"  
The burden it is light.

*Chorus.*—Oh, palms of victory, crowns of glory,  
Palms of victory I shall wear.



2 His helmet was salvation,  
A simple Faith his shield,  
And Righteousness his breast-plate;  
The Spirit's sword he'd wield.  
All fiery darts arrested,  
And quenched their blazing flight;  
He said, "The yoke is easy.  
The burden it is light."

3 I saw him in the furnace,  
He doubted not nor feared,  
And in the flames beside him,  
The Son of God appeared.  
Tho' seven times 'twas heated  
With all the tempter's might,  
He said, "The yoke is easy.  
The burden it is light."

4 'Mid storms, and clouds, and trials,  
In prison, at the stake,  
He leaped for joy rejoicing.  
'Twas all for Jesus' sake.  
That God should count him worthy,  
Was such supreme delight,  
He cried, "The yoke is easy.  
The burden it is light."

5 I saw him overcoming,  
Through all the swelling strife,  
Until he crossed the threshold  
Of God's eternal life.  
The Crown, the Throne, the Sceptre,  
The Name, the Stone so White,  
Were his who found in Jesus,  
The yoke and burden light.



M. E. Hymnal, No. 565.

94 Work Song.

1 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.

2 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.

3 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.



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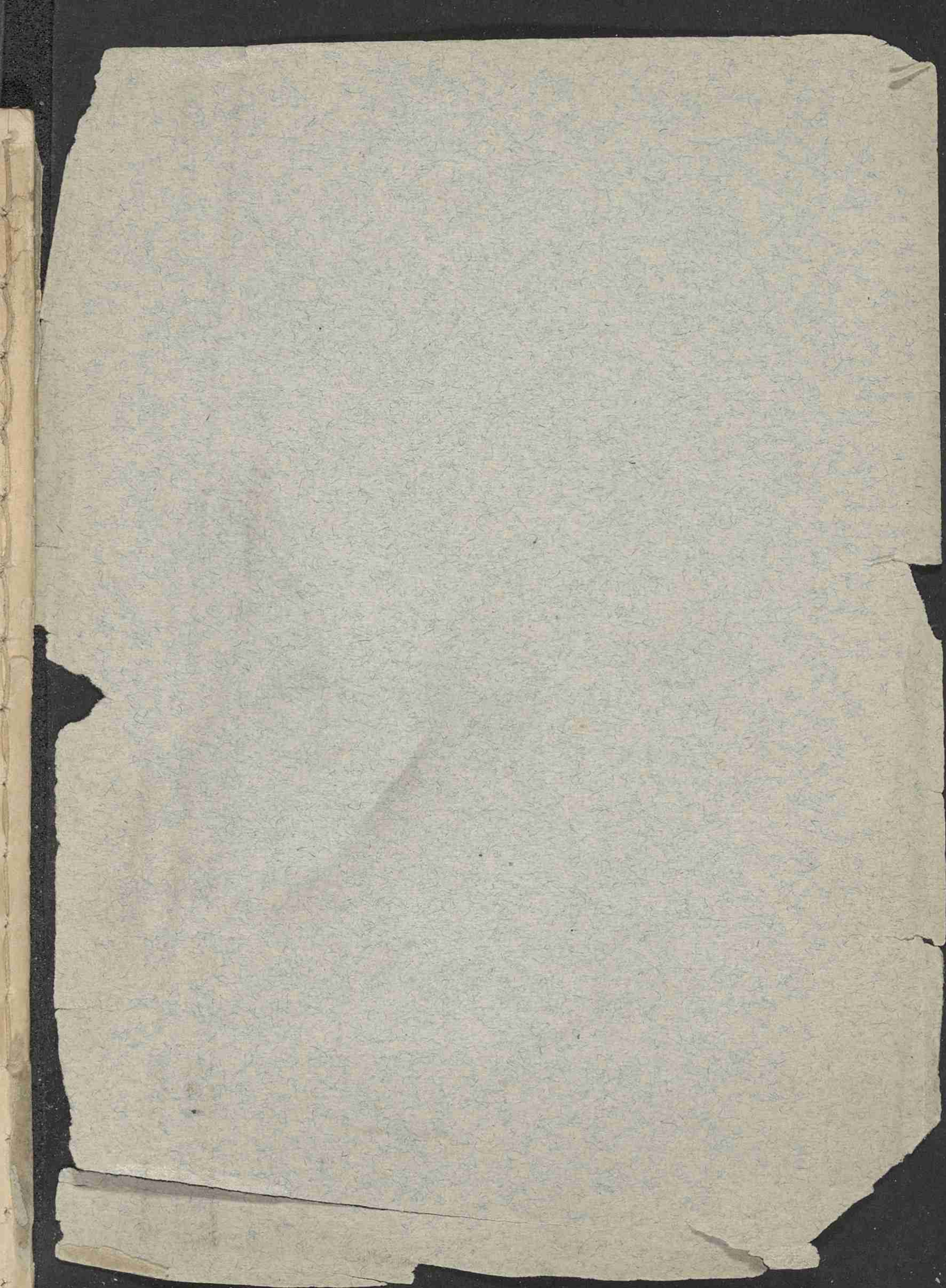
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