

GEMS

—OF—

GOSPEL SONGS,

—GATHERED BY—

Miss Grace Weiser. Davis

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INDEX.

Are you coming home to-night.....	17
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed.....	38
All hail the power of Jesus' name	39
And can I yet delay.....	46
Arise, my soul arise.....	48
All for Jesus.....	65
All on the altar.....	66
And must I be to judgment brought.....	75
Believing.....	30
Bringing in the sheaves.....	31
Close to thee.....	14
Cleansing stream.....	15
Come to Jesus.....	33
Come ye sinners.....	43
Come thou fount.....	55
Companionship with Jesus.....	59
Calling now for thee, prodigal.....	68
Draw me nearer.....	28
Dear Jesus receive me.....	58
Fill me now	8
For you and for me.....	21
Forever with the Lord	50
Forever here my rest shall be.....	73
Glory to his name.....	6
God be with you.....	56
Home of the soul.....	24
Hark! there comes a whisper.....	26
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds.....	41
It is good to be here.....	1
Is not this the land of Beulah.....	10
I left it all with Jesus.....	23
I'm kneeling at the cross.....	25
I am trusting, Lord, in thee.....	27
Is my name written there.....	29
I'm glad there is cleansing.....	32
I believe Jesus saves.....	37
I hope to meet you all in glory.....	51

for Cornish (new)

I thirst thou bleeding lamb.....	70
Joy cometh in the morning.....	45
Just as I am.....	3
Jesus will give you rest.....	7
Lord I believe a rest remains.....	71
My hope is built.....	47
My experience.....	57
My heavenly home	69
O, I am so happy in Jesus.....	34
O happy day.....	53
O for a heart to praise my God.....	72
Only a look.....	35
O glorious fountain.....	42
Pass me not.....	11
Passing away.....	63
Redeemed.....	36
Sufficient for me.....	5
Saved to the uttermost	9
Shall we meet.....	16
Say are you ready.....	52
The new song.....	4
To Jesus I will go.....	19
The child of a king.....	20
Trusting in the promise.....	22
The half has never yet been told.....	40
The happy pilgrim.....	44
The cross now covers my sins.....	62
The sinner invited.....	64
That awful day.....	74
The open door.....	67
Vain man thy fond pursuits forbear.....	76
Washed white as snow.....	2
What a gathering that will be... ..	13
Whiter than snow.....	18
Won't you love my Jesus.....	49
Will Jesus find us watching.....	54
Whosoever.....	60
Why do you wait.... ..	61
Yes, I will rejoice.....	13

What will you do?
(new)

It is Good to be Here.

(Songs of Triumph)

O how happy are they,
 Who the Saviour obey,
 And have laid up their treasures above;
 Tongue can never 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 my fear,
 And light streaming down
 Makes the pathway all clear,
 It is good for us, Lord, to be here.

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.—Cho.

'Tis a heaven below
 My Redeemer to know,
 And the angels could do nothing more:
 Than to fall at His feet,
 And the story repeat,
 And the Lover of sinners adore.—Cho.

Jesus, all the day long,
 Is my joy and my song;
 O, that all, His salvation might see;
 He hath loved me, I cried,
 He hath suffered and died,
 To redeem even rebels like me —Cho.

Washed White as Snow

(Songs of Redeeming Love)

Tho' my sins were once like crimson red
To the healing stream my feet were led,
In the precious blood my Saviour shed
He washed me white as snow.

Chorus:—O, my joyful song henceforth shall be,
'Tis the blood of Jesus cleanseth me,
Cleanseth, cleanseth,
Oh, yes, it cleanseth me.

At the door of faith I entered in,
And to him confessed my guilt and sin,
With his own dear hand he washed me clean,
He washed me white as snow.—Cho.

'Tho' my heart was all I had to give,
Yet he smiled and bade me look and live,
What a calm sweet peace did I receive,—
He washed me white as snow.—Cho.

I will sing his pow'r from death to save,
I will sing his triumph o'er the grave,
I will sing, while crossing Jordan's wave,
He washed me as white as snow.—Cho.

Just as I Am

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

Chorus—Take me as I am,
Take me as I am,
Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh,
And take as I am.

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!--Cho.

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!--Cho.

Just I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!--Cho.

Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, and Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!--Cho.

4

The New Song.

There are songs of joy that I love to sing,
When my heart was blithe as a bird in spring;
But the song I have learned is so full of cheer,
That the dawn shines out in the darkness drear;

Chorus:—O, the new, new song!

O, the new, new song!

I can sing it now

With the ransomed throng.

Power and dominion to Him that shall reign,
Glory and dominion to Him that was slain.

There are strains of home that are dear as life,
And I list to them oft 'mid the din of strife;
But I know of a home that is wondrous fair,
And I sing the psalm they are singing there.—Cho.

Can my lips be mute or my heart be sad,
When the gracious master has made me glad?
When He points where the many mansions be,
And sweetly says, "There is one for thee."—Cho.

I shall catch the gleam of its jasper wall
When I come to the gloom of the even fall,
For I know that the shadows, dreary and dim,
Have a path of light that will lead to Him—Cho.

5

Sufficient for Me

(Songs of Triumph)

✓ "My grace is sufficient for thee,"
I sing thee sweet words o'er and o'er,
His promise my comfort shall be,
The strength of my heart evermore.

Chorus:—Sufficient for me, sufficient for me,
His grace so abundant and free,
In sorrow or pain, this joy shall remain,
His grace is sufficient for me.

Sufficient to cleanse and to keep
My hunger and thirst all supplied,
The fountain of mercy is deep,
The streams of salvation are wide.—Cho.

Each has its trials and cares,
Each day has its help for my need,
Each pathway its thorns and its snares,
But I sing while His promise I read.—Cho.

His might shall my weakness sustain,
His fulness my portion shall be,
His pow'r is made perfect in pain,
His purpose made perfect in me.—Cho.

6

Glory to His Name.

Down at the cross where the 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!
 Now to my heart is the blood applied,
 Glory to His name!

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!—Cho.

O 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!—Cho.

Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet;
 Humble your soul at the Saviour's feet,
 Plunge in to-day and be made complete,
 Glory to His name!—Cho.

7

Jesus will give you Rest.

(Songs of Triumphs.)

Will you come, will you come, with your poor
 Burdened and sin oppressed? [burdened heart,
 Lay it down at the feet of your Saviour and Lord,
 Jesus will give you rest.—Cho.

Chorus:—O happy rest, sweet, happy rest!
 Jesus will give you rest.
 Oh! why won't you come in simple, trusting faith,
 Jesus will give you rest.

Will you come, will you come, there is mercy for you,
Balm for your aching breast.
Only come as you are, and believe on His name,
Jesus will give you rest.—Cho.

Will you come, will you come, you have nothing to
Jesus who loves you best, [pay,
By His death on the cross purchased life for your soul,
Jesus will give you rest.—Cho.

Will you come, will you come, how He pleads with
Fly to His loving breast; [you now?
And whatever your sin or sorrow may be,
Jesus will give you rest.—Cho.

8

Fill Me Now.

✓ Hover o'er me, Holy Spirit,
Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
Fill me with Thy hallowed presence,
Come, oh, come and fill me now.

REF.—Fill me now, fill me now,
Jesus come and fill me now,
Fill me with Thy hallowed presence,
Come, oh come, and fill me now.

Thou can'st fill me gracious Spirit,
Tho' I cannot tell Thee how;
But I need Thee, greatly need Thee,
Come, oh come, and fill me now.—**REF.**

I am weakness, full of weakness;
At Thy sacred feet I bow,
Blest, divine, eternal Spirit,
Fill with power and fill me now.—**REF.**

Cleanse and comfort; bless and save me,
Bathe, oh bathe my heart and brow;
Thou art comforting and saving,
Thou art sweetly filling now.—**REF.**

9 *Saved to the Uttermost.*

(The Garner)

Saved to the uttermost, I am the Lord's,
Jesus, my Saviour salvation affords,
Gives me His Spirit, a witness within,
Whispering of pardon, and saving from sin.

Chorus:—Saved, saved, saved to the uttermost,
Saved, saved by power divine;
Saved, saved, I'm saved to the uttermost,
Jesus, the Saviour is mine.

Saved to the uttermost, Jesus is near,
Keeping me safely, He casteth out fear,
Trusting His promises how I am blest,
Leaning upon Him, how sweet is my rest.—Cho.

Saved to the uttermost, this I can say,
Once all was darkness but now it is day,
Beautiful visions of glory I see,
Jesus, in brightness revealed unto me—Cho.

Saved to the uttermost, cheerfully sing
Loud hallelujahs to Jesus, my King.
Ransomed and pardoned, redeemed by His blood,
Cleansed from unrighteousness, glory to God.—Cho.

10 *Is not this the Land of Beulah.*

(Songs of Triumph)

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
That 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.

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.—Cho.

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.—Cho.

Oh! the cross has wondrous glory!
Oft I've proved this to be true;
When I'm in the way so narrow
I can see a pathway through,
And how sweetly Jesus whispers:
Take the cross thou need'st not fear,
For I've tried this way before thee,
And the glory lingers near.—Cho.

11

Pass Me Not.

(Gospel Hymns)

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 smiling,
Do not pass me by.

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

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

Thou the spring of all my comfort,
More than life for me;
Whom have I on earth beside Thee!
Who in heaven but Thee.—Cho.

12 *What a Gathering that Will Be.*

At the sounding of the trumpet,
When the saints are gathered home,
We will greet each other by the crystal sea,
With the friends and all the loved ones
There awaiting us to come,
What a gathering of the faithful that will be.

Chorus :—What a gathering, gathering,
At the sounding of the glorious jubilee!
What a gathering, gathering,
What a gathering of the faithful that will be.

When the angel of the Lord proclaims
That time shall be no more,
We shall gather, and the saved and ransomed see,
Then to meet again together,
On the bright celestial shore,
What a gathering of the faithful that will be.—Cho.

At the great and final judgment,
When the hidden comes to light,
When the Lord in all his glory we shall see,
At the bidding of our Saviour
"Come ye blessed to my right,"
What a gathering of the faithful that will be—Cho.

13 *Yes, I will Rejoice.*

(Salvation Echos.)

'Tho' troubles assail, and dangers affright,
'Tho' friends should all fail, and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us whatever betide,
The promise assures us,—the Lord will provide.

CHO.—||: Yes, I will rejoice, rejoice in the Lord :||
With joy in the God of my salvation.

'The birds, without barn or storehouse, are fed ;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread,
His saints, what is fitting, shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written,—the Lord will provide.—Cho.

When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith ;
He cannot take from us, tho' oft he has tried,
The heart-cheering promise,—the Lord will provide.
—Cho.

He tells us we're weak,—our hope is in vain :
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain :
But when such suggestions our graces have tried,
This answers all questions,—the Lord will provide.
—Cho

No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim ;
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus' great name :
In this our strong tower for safety we hide ;
The Lord is our power,—the Lord will provide.
—Cho

When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through :
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting,—the Lord will provide.
—Cho.

14

Close to Thee.

(Gospel Hymns.)

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

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

Not for ease, or worldly pleasure,
Not for fame my prayer shall be,
Gladly will I toil and suffer,
Only let me walk with Thee.

REF.—Close to Thee, close to Thee,
Close to Thee, close to Thee;
Gladly will I toil and suffer,
Only let me walk with Thee.

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.

REF.—Close to Thee, close to Thee,
Close to Thee, close to Thee,
Then the gate of life eternal,
May I enter, Lord, with Thee.

15

Cleansing Stream.

Oh, now I see the crimson wave,
The fountain deep and wide,
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,
Points to His wounded side.

Chorus:—The cleansing stream, I see, I see
I plunge and oh, it cleanseth me!
Oh, praise the Lord, it cleanseth me!
It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me!

I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world and sin,
With hearts made pure and garments white,
And Christ enthroned within.—Cho.

Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below,
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus, know,
My Jesus crucified.—Cho.

16

Shall We Meet.

(Gospel Hymns)

Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll?
Where in all the bright forever,
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?

Chorus:—Shall we meet, shall we meet,
Shall we meet beyond the river?
Shall we meet beyond the river
Where the surges cease to roll?

Shall we meet in that blest harbor,
When our stormy voyage is o'er?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor
By the bright celestial shore?—Cho.

Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the towers of crystal shine?
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine.—Cho.

17 *Are you Coming Home
To-Night.*

(Gospel Hymns)

Are you coming Home, ye wand'ers
Whom Jesus died to win,
All foot-sore, lame and weary,
Your garments stained with sin;
Will you seek the blood of Jesus
To wash your garment white;
Will you trust His precious promise,
Are you coming Home to-night?

Chorus:—Are you coming Home to-night,
Are you coming Home to-night,
Are you coming Home to Jesus,
Out of darkness into light?
Are you coming Home to-night,
Are you coming Home to-night,
To your loving, heavenly Father,
Are you coming Home to-night?

Are you coming Home, ye lost ones?
Behold your Lord doth wait:
Come, then no longer linger,
Come ere it be too late;
Will you come and let Him save you,
O, trust His love and might;
Will you come while He is calling,
Are you coming Home to-night?

Are you coming Home, ye guilty,
Who bear the load of sin;

Outside you've long been standing,
Come now and venture in;
Will you heed the Saviour's promise,
And dare to trust Him quite;
"Come unto me saith Jesus"
Are you coming Home to-night?—Cho.

18 *Whiter than Snow.*

✓ Dear 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.

Dear Jesus, let nothing unholy remain,
Apply thine own blood and remove ev'ry stain,
To get this blest washing I all things forego;
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.—Cho.

Dear 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—Cho.

The blessing by faith, I receive from above;
O glory! my soul is made perfect in love;
My prayer has prevailed, and this moment I know
The blood is applied, I am whiter than snow.—Cho.

19 *To Jesus I will Go.*

(Bright Jewel)

There's a gentle voice within calls away,
'Tis a warning I have heard o'er and o'er,
But my heart is melted now I obey,
From my Saviour I will wander no more.

Chorus:—||: Yes I will go,
Yes, I will go,
To Jesus I will go and be saved:||

He has promised all my sins to forgive,
If I ask in simple faith for His love;
In His holy word I learn how to live.
And to labor for His kingdom above.—Cho.

I will try to bear the cross in my youth,
And be faithful to its cause 'till I die;
If with cheerful step I walk in the truth,
I shall wear a starry crown by and by.—Cho.

Still the gentle voice within calls away,
And its warning I have heard o'er and o'er;
But my heart is melted now, I obey,
From my Saviour I will wander no more.—Cho.

20 *The Child of a King*

My Father is rich in houses and lands,
He holdeth the wealth of the world in his hands!
Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and gold:
His coffers are full, his riches untold.

Chorus:—I'm the child of a King,
The child of a King;
With Jesus, my Saviour,
I'm the child of a King.

My Father's own Son, the Saviour of men,
Once wandered o'er earth as the poorest of men,
But now he is reigning forever on high,
And will give me a home in heaven by and by.
—Cho.

I once was an outcast, stranger on earth,
A sinner by choice, and an "alien" by birth!
But I've been "adopted," my name's written down
An heir to a mansion, a robe and a crown.—Cho

A tent or a cottage, why should I care?
They're building a palace for me over there!
Tho' exiled from home, yet still I may sing:
All glory to God, I'm the child of a King.—Cho.

21 *For You and For Me.*

(Songs of Triumph)

Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling,
Calling for you and for me.
See on the portals He's waiting and watching,
Watching for you and for me.

Chorus:—Come home, come home,
Ye who are weary, come home;
Earnestly, tenderly Jesus is calling,
Calling, O sinner, come home!

Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading,
Pleading for you and for me?
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies,
Mercies for you and for me.—Cho.

Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing,
Passing from you and from me.
Shadows are gathering, death beds are coming,
Coming for you and for me.—Cho.

O for the wonderful love He has promised,
Promised for you and for me.
Though we have sinned He has mercy and pardon,
Pardon for you and for me.—Cho.

22 *Trusting in the Promise.*

[Trio]

I have found repose for my weary soul,
Trusting in the promise of the Saviour,
And a harbor safe when the billows roll,

Trusting in the promise of the Saviour.
I will fear no foe in the deadly strife,
Trusting in the promise of the Saviour;
I will bear my lot in the toil of life,
Trusting in the promise of the Saviour.

REF.—Resting on his mighty arm forever,
Never from his loving heart to sever,
I will rest by grace in his strong embrace,
Trusting in the promise of the Saviour.

I will sing my song as the days go by,
Trusting in the promise of the Saviour;
And rejoice in hope while I live or die,
Trusting in the promise of the Saviour.
I can smile at grief, and abide in pain,
Trusting in the promise of the Saviour;
And loss of all shall be highest gain,
Trusting in the promise of the Saviour.—Cho.

Oh, the peace and joy of the life I live,
Trusting in the promise of the Saviour;
Oh, the strength and love only God can give,
Trusting in the promise of the Saviour.
Whosoever will may be saved to-day,
Trusting in the promise of the Saviour;
And begin to walk in the holy way,
Trusting in the promise of the Saviour.—Cho.

23 *I Left it All with Jesus.*

[Songs of Triumph]

O, I left it all with Jesus long ago, long ago,
My sinfulness I brought Him and my woe;
And when by faith I saw Him, on the tree,
And heard His still small whisper, "Tis for thee,"
From my weary heart the burden rolled away,
And now I'm singing glory, happy day.

O, I leave it all with Jesus for He knows, for He
Just how to take the bitter from life's woes, [knows
And how to gild the tear-drop with His smile,
To make the desert garden bloom awhile,
Then, with all my weakness leaning on His might,
My soul sings hallelujah, all is light.

O, I leave it all with Jesus day by day, day by day,
My faith can firmly trust Him, come what may,
For hope has drop her anchor, found her rest
Within the calm sure haven of His breast,
And oh! 'tis joy of heaven to abide, to abide,
Close to my dear Redeemer, at His side.

24 *Home of the Soul.*

I will sing you a song of a beautiful land,
The far away home of the soul,
||: Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,
While the years of eternity roll.:||

2 Oh, that home of the soul in my visions and dreams,
Its bright, jasper walls I can see;
||: Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes
Between the fair city and me.:||

3 That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
||: The King of all kingdoms forever, is He,
And He holdeth our crowns in His hands.:||

4 Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain;
||: With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands
To meet one another again.:||

25 *I'm kneeling at the Cross.*

[Winnowed Hymns.]

The blood, the blood is all my plea,
Nor should a sinner wonder,

For guilty stain and stinging pain
Hath torn my heart asunder!

Chorus:—But now I'm kneeling at the cross,
Washing in the crimson tide,
And cleansed, I tarry at the fountain,
Opened at my Saviour's side.

I rest, I rest supremely blest,
Without a care to canker;
No gloomy night, my path is light,
My hope holds like an anchor.—Cho.

My cup, my cup it runneth o'er,
With joy celestial brimming;
On wings of love I soar above,
His hallelujahs hymning.—Cho.

The blood, the blood is all my song,
I have no bliss without it;
From every stain it makes me clean,
My life and lip shall shout it.—Cho.

26 *Hark! There Comes a Whisper*

[Our Glad Hosannas]

Hark! there comes a whisper
Stealing on mine ear;
'Tis the Saviour calling,
Soft, soft and clear.

REF.—Give thy heart to me,
Once I died for thee;
Hark! hark! thy Saviour calls,
Come, sinner, come.

With that voice so gentle,
Dost thou hear Him say,
Tell me all thy sorrows,
Come, come away.—REF.

Wouldst thou find a refuge
For thy soul oppressed?
Jesus kindly answers
I am thy rest.—REF.

At the cross of Jesus
Let thy burden fall,
While He gently whispers,
I'll bear it all.—REF.

27 *I am Trusting Lord in Thee*

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,
Dear Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at Thy cross I bow,
Jesus saves, He saves me now.

Here, I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store,
Soul and body Thine to be—
Wholly Thine forever more.—~~Cho.~~

In the promises I trust,
Now I know the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified.—~~Cho.~~

28 *Draw Me Nearer.*

[Gospel Hymns.]

I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice,
And it told Thy love to me;
But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
And be closer drawn to Thee.—Cho.

REF.—Draw me nearer, nearer blessed Lord,
To the cross where Thou hast died;
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer blessed Lord,
To Thy precious, bleeding side.

Consecrate me now to Thy service, Lord,
By the power of grace divine;
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope,
And my will be lost in Thine.—REF.

O the pure delight of a single hour
That before Thy throne I spend,
When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee my God.
I commune as friend with friend.—REF.

29 *Is my Name Written There*

Lord, I care not for riches,
Neither silver nor gold;
I would make sure of heaven,
I would enter the fold.
In the book of Thy kingdom,
With its pages so fair,
Tell me, Jesus, my Saviour,
Is my name written there?

Chorus:—Is my name written there,
On the page white and fair,
In the book of Thy kingdom,
Is my name written there?

Lord, my sins they are many,
Like the sands of the sea,
But Thy blood, oh, my Saviour!
Is sufficient for me;
For Thy promise is written,
In bright letters that glow,
"Though your sins be as scarlet,
I will make them like snow."—Cho.

Oh ! that beautiful city,
With its mansions of light,
With its glorified beings,
In pure garments of white ;
Where no evil thing cometh,
To despoil what is fair ;
Where the angels are watching,
Is my name written there ?—Cho.

30

Believing

[Garner]

Jesus, thine all victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad ;
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

Chorus :—I'm believing, I'm believing,
Believing now in the Lord ;
I'm believing, and receiving
Salvation through His blood.

O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow ;
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow.—Cho.

O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume ;
Come Holy Ghost, for thee I call ;
Spirit of burning come.—Cho.

Refining fire, go through my heart ;
Illuminate my soul ;
Scatter thy life in every part,
And sanctify the whole.—Cho.

31 *Bringing in the Sheaves*

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

CHO.—Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the
sheaves,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the
sheaves.

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

Go, then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
When our weeping's over, he will bid us welcome,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
—CHO.

32 *I'm Glad there is Cleansing*

[Beulah Songs]

How bright the hope that Calv'ry brings,
Where love divine and mercy blends;
How full the joy that all may find,
Where flows the blood can save and cleanse.

Chorus:—I am glad there is cleansing in the blood,
I am glad there is cleansing in the blood,
Tell the world, all the world,
There is cleansing in the Saviour's blood.

'Tis there! 'tis there the soul may go,
And wash its sins and stains away;

Who gives up all,—who comes by faith,
This cleansing finds without delay.—Cho.

Speak, speak to Zion's burden'd ones,
Lead, lead them up to Calvary's Mount;
The want of aching hearts is met,
'Tis cleansing in redemption's fount.—Cho.

Why need we struggle on in self,
We cannot make one black spot white;
'Tis Christ's own blood, and that alone,
Can change and cleanse the heart aright.—Cho.

I come! I come! and glad I am
That Jesus calls the lost and vile;
There thousands have a cleansing found,
I'll heed the Saviour's welcome smile.—Cho.

33

Come to Jesus

Come to Jesus, just now,
He will save you, just now,
Oh, believe Him, just now,
He is able, just now,
He'll receive you, just now,
Call upon Him, just now,
He will hear you, just now,
He'll have mercy, just now,
He'll forgive you, just now.

34 *O, I am so Happy in Jesus*

[Gospel Songs]

Oh, I am so happy in Jesus,
His blood has redeemed me from sin,
I weep and I sing in my gladness,
To know he is dwelling within.

Chorus:—Oh, I am so happy in Jesus,
From sin and from sorrow so free;

So happy that is my Saviour,
So happy that Jesus loves me.

Oh, I am so happy in Jesus,
He taught me the secret of faith,
To rest in believing His promise,
And trust whatsoever He saith.—Cho.

Oh, I am so happy in Jesus,
I lay my whole soul at His feet;
The love He has kindled within me,
Makes service and suffering sweet.—Cho.

Oh, I am so happy in Jesus,
If earth in His love is so blest,
What joy in His glorified presence,
To sit at His feet as His guest.—Cho.

35

Only a Look

[Ark of Praise]

Only a look, my Saviour,
While trembling here I bow;
Only a look, my Saviour,
My heart is breaking now.

CHO.—Only a look, only a look,
Only a look from thee,
One look from the cross, the blood-stained
Will bring sweet peace to me. [cross.]

4th vs.—Has brought sweet peace to me.

Only a look, my Saviour,
Will all my sins forgive,
Tenderly now behold me,
And bid my spirit live.—Cho.

Only a look, my Saviour,
With joy my heart would fill,

Graciously hear my pleading,
And bend my wayward will.—Cho.

Only a look, my Savior,
'Tis done, the work is thine,
Thou by a look, hast made me
An heir of grace divine.—Cho.

36

Redeemed.

[Ark of Praise]

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

REF.—Redeemed, redeemed,
Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb,
Redeemed, redeemed
His child and forever I am.

Redeemed, and so happy in Jesus,
No language my rapture can tell,
I know that the light of his presence,
With me doth continually dwell.—**REF.**

I think of my blessed Redeemer,
I think of him all day long,
I sing, for I cannot be silent,
His love is the theme of my song.—**REF.**

I know I shall see in his beauty
The King in whose law I delight,
Who lovingly guardeth my footsteps,
And giveth me songs in the night.—**REF.**

I know there's a crown that is waiting
In yonder bright mansion for me,
And soon, with the spirits made perfect,
At home with the Lord I shall be.—**REF.**

37

I Believe Jesus Saves

M.E.

[Hymnal.]

747

How tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
Have all lost their sweetness to me;
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

Cho.—~~I~~ I believe Jesus saves,
And his blood washes whiter than snow: ||

His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.—Cho.

Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While blest with the sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.—Cho.

38 *Alas! and did my Saviour
Bleed.*

Alas! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?

Would he devote that Sacred head
For such a worm as I?

Cho.—Help me, dear Saviour, Thee to own,
And ever faithful be;
And when Thou sittest on Thy throne,
O Lord, remember me.

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

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

Thus might I hide my blushing face,
Whilst His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.—Cho.

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.—Cho.

39 *All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.*

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

Crown him ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this earthly ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown him Lord of all.

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

Sinners who love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

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

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

40 *The Half has never yet been Told.*

Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

Chorus:—The half has never yet been told,
Of love so full, so free;
The half has never been told,
The blood it cleanseth me.

With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief:
He saw, and, O amazing love!
He ran to our relief.C—ho.

Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he sped,

Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.—Cho.

O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues,
The Saviour's praises speak.—Cho.

Angels assist our mighty joys;
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.—Cho.

41 *How Sweet the Name of Jesus sounds.*

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
Is sooths his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace!

I would thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

42 *O Glorious Fountain*

There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's vein,

And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

Chorus:—O glorious fountain
Here will I stay,
And in thee ever
Wash my sins away.

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

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

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.—Cho.

When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save —Cho.

43 *Come, ye Sinners, Poor
and Needy.*

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.

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.

Let not concious 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 glimmering beam.

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.

Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry, before he dies,
"It is finishen!"
Sinners will not this suffice?

44

The Happy Pilgrim.

[Songs of Redeeming Love]

I saw a happy pilgrim,
In shining garments clad,
And trav'ling up the mountain,
His countenance was glad;
He had no cares or burdens,
He'd laid them at the cross,
The blood of Christ, his Saviour,
Had washed him from all dross.

Chorus:—Then palms of victory,
Crowns of glory,

Palms of victory
We shall wear.

The summer sun was sinking,
The sweat was on his brow;
His garments worn and dusty,
His step seemed very slow;
But he kept pressing onward,
For he was wending home,
Still shouting as he journeyed,
Deliverance will come.—Cho.

I saw him in midsummer,
Still happy on his way,
He'd reached the land of Beulah,
Where birds sing all the day.
He found a store of honey
And wine upon the lee,
And fruit in rich abundance
Upon life's living trees.—Cho.

I saw him in the evening,
The sun was bending low,
He'd overtopped the mountain
And reached the vale below;
He saw the golden city,
His everlasting home,
And shouted loud, Hosanna!
Deliverance has come.—Cho.

I heard the song of triumph
They sang upon that shore,
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us,
To suffer nevermore:
Then casting his eyes backward
On the race which he had run,
He shouted loud, Hosanna!
Deliverance has come.—Cho.

45 *Joy Cometh in the Morning*

Sabbath Home.

Oh, weary pilgrim, lift your head,
For joy cometh in the morning!
For God in his own word has said
That joy cometh in the morning!

Cho.—Joy cometh in the morning!
Joy cometh in the morning!
Weeping may endure, may endure for a
But joy cometh in the morning. [night,
Ye feeble saints, dismiss your fears,
Joy cometh in the morning!
And weeping mourners, dry your tears,
For joy cometh in the morning.—Cho.
Let ev'ry tearful eye be dry,
For joy cometh in the morning!
And ev'ry trembling sinner hope,
For joy cometh in the morning.—Cho.
Our God will wipe our tears away,
For joy cometh in the morning!
Sorrow and sighing flee away,
For joy cometh in the morning.—Cho.

46 *And can I yet Delay*

Hymnal.

And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear myself from earth away
For Jesus to receive. 2

Chorus:—Jesus paid it all,
All to Him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain;
He washed white as snow.
Nay but I yield, I yield;
I can hold out no more:

I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror.—*Cho.*

3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all, resign:
Gracious Redeemer, take, *O take*,
And seal me ever thine.—*Cho.*

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all thy weight of love.—*Cho.*

47 *My Hope is Built on nothing Less.*

[Hymnal.]

My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name;
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

When darkness seems to veil his face,
I rest on his unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

His oath, his covenant, and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood:
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

[Hymnal.]

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.

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

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

The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One:
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the Blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

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

49 *Won't you Love my Jesus*

Sabbath Home.

I have found a friend divine,
Won't you love him too?
I am his and he is mine,
Won't you love him too!

CHO.—Won't you love my Jesus,
My precious, precious Jesus?
Won't you love my Jesus,
He is waiting now for you.

Oh, how dear his name to me,
Won't you love him too?
None can save your soul but he,
Won't you love him too?—CHO.

Heavy-laden, care oppressed,
Won't you love him too?
How he longs to give you rest,
Won't you love him too?—CHO.

Cast your burden at his feet,
Won't you love him too?
There is pardon pure and sweet,
Won't you love him too?—CHO.

50 *Forever with the Lord*

[Old Melody.]

"Forever with the Lord!"
Amen, so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

Chorus.—You'll be there, I'll be there,
3 lines Psalms of victory, crowns of glory
We shall wear
In that beautiful world on high.

Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent,
A day's march nearer home.—Cho.

"Forever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word,
E'en here to me fulfill.—Cho.

So when my latest breath
Shall rend the vail in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.—Cho.

Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"Forever with the Lord!"—Cho.

51 *I Hope to Meet you all in Glory*

Sabbath Home.

✓ I hope to meet you all in glory,
When the storms of life are o'er;
I hope to tell the dear old story,
On the blessed shining shore.

Chorus—On the shining shore,
On the golden strand,
In our Father's home,
In the happy, happy land;
I hope to meet there,

I hope to meet you there,—
A crown of victory wear,
In glory.

I hope to meet you all in glory,
By the tree of life so fair;
I hope to praise our dear Redeemer
For the grace that brought me there.—Cho.

I hope to meet you all in glory,
Round the Saviour's throne above;
I hope to join the ransomed army
Singing now redeeming love.—Cho.

I hope to meet you all in glory,
When my work on earth is o'er,
I hope to clasp your hands rejoicing
On the bright, eternal shore.—Cho.

52 *Say are You Ready?*

Songs of Redeeming Love.

Should the death angel knock at thy chamber,
In the still watch of to-night,
Say, will your spirit pass into torment,
Or to the land of delight?

CHO.—Say, are you ready?
Oh, are you ready
If the death angel should call?
Say, are you ready?
Oh, are you ready?
Mercy stands waiting for all.

Many sad spirits now are departing
Into the world of despair;
Ev'ry brief moment brings your doom nearer;
Sinner, O sinner, beware!—Cho.

Many redeemed ones now are ascending
Into the mansions of light ;
Jesus is pleading, patiently pleading,
O let him save you to-night.—Cho.

53 *O Happy Day.*

Hymnal.

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

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.

'Tis done, the great transaction's done ;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine ;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

Now rest, my long-divided heart ;
Fixed on this blissful center, rest ;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With him of every good possessed.

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

54 *Will Jesus find us Watching*

Gospel Hymns.

When Jesus comes to reward his servants,
Whether it be noon or night,

Faithful to him will he find us watching,
With our lamps all trimmed and bright?

Ref.—Oh, can we say we are ready, brother?
Ready for the soul's bright home?
Say will he find you and me still watching,
Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?

If at the dawn of the early morning,
He shall call us one by one,
When to the Lord we restore our talents,
Will he answer thee—Well done?—Ref.

Have we been true to the trust he left us?
Do we seek to do our best?
If in our hearts there is naught condemns us,
We shall have a glorious rest.—Ref.

Blessed are those whom the Lord finds watching,
In his glory they shall share;
If he shall come at the dawn or midnight,
Will he find us watching there.—Ref.

55 *Come thou Fount of every Blessing.*

Hymnal.

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:—O it is glory, O it is glory,
O it is glory in my soul,
For I've touched the hem of his garment,
And his power hath made me whole.

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.—Cho.

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.—Cho.

56

God be with You.

Gospel Cells.

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.

Chorus:—Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet at Jesus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet,
God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath his wings securely hide you;

Daily manna still divide you,
God be with you till we meet again.—Cho.

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.—Cho.

God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you;
Smite death's threatening wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.—Cho.

57 *My Experience.*

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

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.

And then, in that dark lonely hour,
A voice kindly whispered to me,
Saying, "Christ, the Redeemer, has power
To save a poor sinner like thee."

I listened, and lo! 'twas the Saviour
That was speaking so kindly to me,
I cried, "I'm the chief of sinners,
Thou canst save a poor sinner like me."

I then fully trusted in Jesus,
And oh, what a joy came to me;

My heart was filled with his praises,
For he saved a poor sinner like me.

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.

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.

58 *Dear Jesus Receive me.*

Hymnal.

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 !

Chorus :—Dear Jesus receive me,
No more will I grieve thee,
Now, blessed Redeemer,
O save me at the cross.

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 defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing !—Cho.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
More than all in thee I find ;
Raisethe 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.—Cho

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin :
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.—Cho.

59 *Companionship with Jesus*

Beulah Songs.

Oh, blessed fellowship divine !
Oh joy supremely sweet !
Companionship with Jesus here,
Makes life with bliss replete.
In union with the purest one
I find my heaven on earth begun.

Chorus :—|| Oh wondrous bliss, oh joy sublime,
I've Jesus with me all the time, :||

I'm walking close to Jesus' side,—
So close that I can hear
The softest whispers of his love,
In fellowship so dear,
And feel his great Almighty hand
Protects me in this hostile land.—Cho.

I know his sheltering wings of love
Are always o'er me spread,
And tho' the storms may firecely rage,
All calm and free from dread,
My peaceful spirit ever sings
"I'll trust the covert of thy wings."—Cho.

60

Whosoever.

I praise the Lord that one like me
For mercy may to Jesus flee,
He says that whosoever will
May seek and find salvation still.

Refrain :—My Saviour's promise faileth never,
He counts me in the whosoever.

2
I was to sin a wretched slave,
But Jesus died my soul to save ;
He says that whosoever will
May seek and find salvation still.—Ref.

I praise the Lord that one like me
For mercy may to Jesus flee.
He says that whosoever will
May seek and find salvation still.—Ref.

3
I now believe he saves my soul,
His precious blood has made me whole,
He says that whosoever will
May seek and find salvation still.—Ref.

61

Why do You Wait.

Gospel Hymns

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?
Why not? why not?
Why not come to him now?

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.—Cho.

Do you not feel, dear brother,
His Spirit now striving within?
Oh, why not accept his salvation,
And throw off thy burden of sin.—Cho.

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.—Cho.

62 *The Cross now Covers my Sins*

Winnowed Hymns

I stand all bewildered with wonder,
And gaze on the ocean of love,
And over my spirit so sweetly
Comes peace, like a heavenly dove.

REF.—The cross now covers my sin;
The past is under the blood;
I'm trusting in Jesus for all;
My will is the will of my God.

I struggled and wrestled to win it,
The blessing that setteth me free;
But when I had ceased from my struggles,
His peace Jesus gave unto me.—Ref.

He laid his hand on me and healed me,
And bade me be every whit whole;
I touched but the hem of his garment,
And glory came thrilling my soul.—Ref.

The Prince of my peace is now passing,
The light of his face is on me;
But listen beloved he speaketh:
“My peace I will give unto thee.”—Ref.

63 *Passing Away.*

Hymnal.

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.~~—We are passing away,
We are passing away,
We are passing away,
To the great Judgment day.

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.—Cho.

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.—Cho.

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.—Cho.

The Sinner Invited.

Sinner, come, will you go,
 To the highlands of heaven?
 Where the storms never blow,
 And the long summer's given;
 Where the bright blooming flowers
 Are their odors emitting;
 And the leaves of the bowers,
 In the breezes are flitting.

Where the saints robed in white—
 Cleansed in life's flowing fountains;
 Shining beauteous and bright
 They inhabit the mountain,
 Where no sin, nor dismay,
 Neither trouble nor sorrow,
 Will be felt for a day,
 Nor be fear for the morrow.

He's prepare thee a home—
 Sinner, canst thou believe it?
 And invites thee to come—
 Sinner, wilt thou receive it?
 O come, sinner, come!
 For the tide is receding,
 And the Saviour will soon
 And forever cease pleading.

All for Jesus.

Winnowed Hymns.

All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
 All my beings ransomed powers;
 All my thoughts and words and doings,
 All my days and all my hours.

Refrain :—All for Jesus, all for Jesus,
All my days and all my hours.

Let my hands perform His bidding ;
Let my feet run in His ways ;
Let my eyes see Jesus only,
Let my lips speak forth His praise.—Ref.

Worldlings prize their gems of beauty,
Cling to gilded toys of dust,
Boast of wealth, and fame, and pleasure ;
Only Jesus will I trust.—Ref.

Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all beside,
So enchained my spirit's vision
Looking at the Crucified.—Ref.

Oh, what wonder ! how amazing !
Jesus, glorious King of kings,
Deigns to call me His beloved,
Lest me rest beneath His wings.

Ref.—All for Jesus ! all for Jesus !
Resting now beneath His wings.

66

All on the Altar

Winnowed Hymns.

My body, soul and spirit,
Jesus, I give to Thee,
A consecrated offering
Thine evermore to be.

Chorus :—My all is on the altar,
I'm waiting for the fire
Waiting, waiting,
I'm waiting for the fire.

O let the fire, descending
Just now upon my soul,

Consume my humble offering,
And cleanse and make me whole.--Cho.

I'm Thine, O blessed Jesus,
Washed by Thy cleansing blood,
Now seal me by Thy Spirit
A sacrifice to God.—Cho.

67

The Open Door

I have longed for the bliss of pardon,
And sighed to be cleansed from sin,
And I know if I come believing,
My Saviour will let me in;
For the door of his love is open,
He waiteth for those who seek:
But I tremble with fear and doubting
Oh, why is my faith so weak.

Chorus.—I'll enter, yes enter,
I'll enter the open door.
'Tis Jesus invites, I'll enter,
Yes, enter the open door.

I will trust, though I walk in darkness,
And pray till the light I see;
For the blood that can cleanse the vilest
Will surely avail for me.
I have only this plea to offer,
That Jesus for me has died;
And with only my heart to give him,
I'll haste to his blessed side.—Cho.

I have longed for the bliss of pardon,
And sighed to be free from sin,
And I knock at the door believing
That Jesus will let me in;
Oh, the faith in my heart grows stronger,

I tremble with fear no more ;
'Tis my Saviour that bids me welcome
I'll enter the open door.—Cho.

68 *Calling now for the Prodigal*

Gospel Hymns.

This loving Saviour
Stands patiently ;
'Tho' oft rejected,
Calls again for thee.

Cho.—Calling now for thee, prodigal,
Calling now for thee ;
Thou hast wandered away,
But he's calling now for thee.

O, boundless mercy,
Free, free to all ;
Stay, child of error,
Heed the tender call.
Calling, etc.

'Tho' all unworthy
Come, now, come home—
Say while he's waiting,
"Jesus, dear, I come."
Calling, etc.

69 *My Heavenly Home.*

Hymnal.

My heavenly home is bright and fair :
Nor pain nor death can enter there ;
Its glittering towers the sun outshine ;
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

I'm going home, I'm going home,
I'm going home to die no more ;

To die no more, to die no more,
I'm going home to die no more.

My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky.
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
Although, like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.

Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow,
Be mine the happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

70 *I Thirst Thou Bleeding
Lamb of God.*

(Hymnal.)

I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but thee:
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in thy bleeding side!
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

71 *Lord I Believe a Rest Remains*

[Hymnal.]

Lord, I believe a rest remains
To all thy people known ;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art loved alone :

A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above ;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

O that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in !
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.

72 *O for a Heart to Praise my God.*

(Hymnal.)

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 !

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne ;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within !

A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

73 *Forever Here my Rest shall be*

Hymnal.

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

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

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.

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

74 *That Awful Day*

Hymnal.

That awful day will surely come,
The appointed hour makes haste,

When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

Jesus, thou source of all my joys,
Thou Ruler of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the word, "Depart!"

The thunder of that awful word
Would so torment my ear,
'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.

What! to be banished from my Lord,
And yet forbid to die!
To linger in eternal pain,
And death forever fly!

O wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love!

75 *And must I be to Judgment
Brought.*

Hymnal.

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

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

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

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.

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.

76 *Vain Man thy Fond Pursuits Forbear.*

Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear;
Repent, thine end is nigh;
Death, at the farthest, can't be far;
O think before thou die.

Reflect, thou hast a soul to save;
Thy sins, how high they mount!
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
How stands that dark account?

Death enters, and there's no defense;
His time there's none can tell;
He'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven, or down to hell.

Thy flesh, perhaps thy greatest care,
Shall into dust consume;
But, ah! destruction stops not there;
Sin kills beyond the tomb.





