

EVENING LIGHT SONGS

by Faith Publishing House

A hymnal from the Church of God (Anderson, Indiana) tradition, containing songs reflecting the 'evening light' theology that sees the restoration of New Testament Christianity in the latter days.

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421. There Is a City (#497) | Ulysses Phillips
422. There Is a Fountain (#183) | William Cowper, 1772
423. There Is Healing in His Name (#303) | Barney E. Warren, 1911
424. There Is Joy in the Lord (#70) | Barney E. Warren, 1900
425. There Is Power in the Blood (#505) | Lewis E. Jones, 1899
426. There's a Fountain of Blood (#206) | Daniel S. Warner
427. There's a Light (#226) | Ulysses Phillips
428. There's Music in My Soul (#89) | Daniel S. Warner, 1893
429. The River of Life (#205) | Joseph C. Fisher, 1911
430. The River of Pleasure (#92) | Barney E. Warren, 1891
431. The Rose of Sharon (#160) | Anonymous/Unknown, 1911
432. The Sea of Glass (#5) | Daniel S. Warner
433. The Shield of Faith (#316) | Daniel S. Warner, 1893
434. The Solid Rock (#51) | Edward Mote, 1834
435. The Spirit Pleading (#418) | Charles W. Naylor, 1911
436. The Sun Behind the Cloud (#164) | Barney E. Warren
437. The Temple of God (#99) | Daniel S. Warner
438. The Unchanging Word (#334) | Charles W. Naylor, 1911
439. The Valley of Decision (#35) | Daniel S. Warner
440. The Valley of Judgment (#36) | Daniel S. Warner
441. The Victory Is Mine (#98) | Barney E. Warren, 1911
442. The Virtue of Faith (#284) | Clara M. Brooks, 1911
443. The White Horse Cavalry (#185) | Daniel S. Warner
444. The Word of God (#332) | Clara M. Brooks, 1907
445. Thinking, Lord, of Thee (#109) | Charles E. Orr, 1911
446. This Is Why I Love My Savior (#208) | Daniel S. Warner, 1893
447. Thy Children Are Gathering Home (#3) | Charles W. Naylor, 1907
448. Thy Will Be Done (#152) | Clara M. Brooks, 1911
449. 'Tis So Sweet (#159) | Clara M. Brooks
450. 'Tis Well with Me (#79) | William J. Henry, 1911
451. To Be Lost in the Night (#432) | A. F. Ferris, 1911
452. To God Be the Glory (Naylor) (#41) | Charles W. Naylor, 1911
453. To Know That He Knows (#180) | Charles W. Naylor, 1911
454. Too Late to Pray (#478) | Anonymous/Unknown
455. Under His Wings (#188) | Barney E. Warren, 1911
456. Under the Precious Blood (#157) | Daniel O. Teasley, 1911
457. Victory (#80) | Barney E. Warren, 1897
458. Wandering Afar (#413) | William J. Henry, 1911

459. Washed Whiter than the Snow (#203) | William J. Henry, 1911
460. Watch and Pray (#236) | Frances J. Crosby, 1885
461. Watch, for the Savior Is Coming (#353) | Barney E. Warren, 1911
462. Watch unto Prayer (#255) | Clara M. Brooks, 1911
463. Waves of Devotion (#211) | Barney E. Warren, 1911
464. Weighed in the Balance (#395) | Barney E. Warren, 1911
465. We'll Arise (#453) | Charles W. Naylor, 1911
466. We'll Crown Him Lord of All (#48) | Daniel O. Teasley, 1902
467. We Must Be Holy (#273) | Daniel S. Warner, 1893
468. We Need Each Other, Brethren! (#509) | Angela G. Gellenbeck
469. We Reap as We Sow (#393) | Charles W. Naylor, 1907
470. We Shall Run and Not Be Weary (#197) | Barney E. Warren, 1911
471. We Will Follow (#139) | Daniel S. Warner, 1893
472. We Will Work for Jesus (#321) | Daniel S. Warner, 1893
473. What a Friend We Have in Jesus (#179) | Joseph M. Scriven, 1855
474. What a Kingdom! (#32) | Barney E. Warren, 1897
475. What a Mighty God We Serve! (#43) | Clara M. Brooks, 1907
476. What Are You Sowing, Sinner? (#387) | Charles W. Naylor, 1911
477. What Hath the Lord Done for Thee? (#132) | Charles W. Naylor, 1911
478. What If the Master Should Come? (#382) | Barney E. Warren, 1911
479. What I've Found in Jesus (#170) | Otto Bolds, 1904
480. What Jesus Is to Me (#83) | Charles E. Orr, 1911
481. What the Savior Hath Said (#350) | Barney E. Warren, 1901
482. What Will It Be to Be There? (#373) | William G. Schell, 1911
483. What Will You Do with Jesus? (Knapp) (#423) | Martin W. Knapp
484. What Would Jesus Do? (#251) | Daniel O. Teasley
485. When I Get to the End of the Way (#477) | Charles D. Tillman
486. When Jesus Comes Again (#480) | J. W. Gaines
487. When My Lifework Is Ended (#365) | Barney E. Warren, 1911
488. When My Savior Talks with Me (#487) | Lizzie DeArmond, 1922
489. When the Bridegroom Comes (#402) | Barney E. Warren, 1911
490. When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder (#507) | James M. Black, 1893
491. When We Get Home (#380) | Luella B. Henry, 1890
492. Where Art Thou? (#392) | Daniel O. Teasley, 1911
493. Where Dreams Never Come True (#471) | Ulysses Phillips
494. Where He Leads Me (#243) | Ernest W. Blandly, 1890
495. Where Shall I Go? (#405) | Barney E. Warren, 1923
496. Whiter than Snow (#425) | Daniel S. Warner
497. Whiter than the Snow (#117) | Barney E. Warren, 1911
498. Who Will Meet Me There? (#366) | Daniel S. Warner
499. Who Will Suffer with the Savior? (#241) | Daniel S. Warner, 1890
500. Why Carelessly Wait? (#433) | Barney E. Warren, 1907

501. Will You Come? (#415) | Barney E. Warren, 1897
502. Will You Go with Us to Heaven? (#435) | Daniel S. Warner, 1893
503. Will You Have a Crown? (#269) | Daniel S. Warner
504. Will You Meet Him There Tonight? (#427) | Ulysses Phillips
505. Wisdom Crieth in the Streets (#401) | Daniel S. Warner
506. Within the Rock (#165) | Barney E. Warren, 1911
507. Without Spot and Blameless (#193) | William G. Schell, 1911
508. Won by Dying Love (#233) | Daniel S. Warner
509. Ye Must Be Born Again (#419) | Charles W. Naylor, 1907
510. Yes, Whosoever Will (#440) | Daniel S. Warner
511. You Ought to Sing (#467) | Ulysses Phillips
512. Zion's Onward March (#16) | H. R. Jeffrey, 1911

Evening Light Songs

Abide with Me (#342) | Henry F. Lyte, 1847

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.
Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see—
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.
I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.
I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.
Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Abiding and Confiding (#202) | Albert B. Simpson

I have learned the wondrous secret
Of abiding in the Lord;
I have found the strength and sweetness
Of confiding in His word;
I have tasted life's pure fountain,
I am drinking of His blood,
I have lost myself in Jesus,
I am sinking into God.

Refrain:

I'm abiding in the Lord,
And confiding in His word,
And I'm hiding, safely hiding,
In the bosom of His love.
I am crucified with Jesus,
And He lives and dwells in me,
I have ceased from all my struggling,
'Tis no longer I but He;
All my will is yielded to Him,
And His Spirit reigns within,
And His precious blood each moment
Keeps me cleansed and free from sin.
All my cares I cast upon Him,
And He bears them all away;
All my fears and griefs I tell Him,
All my needs from day to day.
All my strength I draw from Jesus,

By His breath I live and move;
E'en His very mind He gives me
And His faith and life and love.
For my words I take His wisdom,
For my works His Spirit's pow'r,
For my ways His gracious presence
Guards and guides me every hour;
Of my heart He is the Portion,
Of my joy the ceaseless Spring,
Savior, Sanctifier, Keeper,
Glorious Lord and loving King.

Abiding in Jesus (#118) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

I'm abiding in Jesus, what a blessed place!

I am sure He kindly cares for me;

He will never forsake me if I trust His grace,

In His cleansing blood, I now am free.

Refrain:

I'm abiding in the Savior's love,

He kindly cares for me;

I'm abiding in the Savior's love;

In Him my soul is free.

I'm abiding in Jesus, what a cheering thought!

Earthly joys grow dim and pass away;

I am happy in knowing that His grace has brought

Pleasures rich that never will decay.

I'm abiding in Jesus everywhere I go,

In His sweet embrace, I'm safe from harm;

Of His spirit in fullness we may surely know,

I am leaning on the Savior's arm.

I'm abiding in Jesus, oh, His rest is sweet!

And His grace will foil the tempter's pow'r;

Life eternal with gladness in my soul complete,

Is a source of bliss to me each hour.

A Call to Harvest (#474) | Ella V. Phillips

Up, away to the harvest field,

Gather in the golden yield;

Gird your armor and faithful be,

For the Master calleth thee.

Refrain:

Thrust your sickle in, the harvest time is here,

Labor with your might, the judgment day is near;

Thrust your sickle in, the grain is falling fast,

Haste, ere harvest time is past.

Always take with you faith's bright shield,

And your sickle bravely wield;

Stand against cunning foes you see,

For the Master calleth thee.

Keep uplifted the word of truth,

Spreading light to hopeful youth;

Bowed to Him must be every knee,

For the Master calleth thee.

Take with you holy peace and love,

Lift despairing souls above;

Toil to make sinful mortals free,

For the Master calleth thee.

Accepted (#454) | Charles W. Naylor, 1911

As I come, O Savior, pleading

That my soul thou shouldst restore,

All I have I now am bringing,

Thine to be forevermore.

Refrain:

Thou hast said Thou wouldst receive me,

Nor my earnest plea deny;

Now I know I am accepted,

On Thy promise I rely.

I have done what Thou hast taught me,

From the world have turned aside;

Let me be a holy temple,

Where Thy presence may abide.

I am hoping in Thy mercy,

Not in that which I can do;

And I know Thou failest never,

To my soul Thou wilt be true.

Not a thing am I withholding,

All is on the altar laid;

Now I claim Thy promise boldly,

And no longer am afraid.

A Child of God (#123) | Barney E. Warren, 1907

Praise the Lord! my heart with His love is beaming,

I am a child of God;

Heaven's golden light over me is streaming,

I am a child of God.

Refrain:

I am a child of God,

I am a child of God;

I have washed my robes in the cleansing fountain,

I am a child of God.

Let the saints rejoice with my raptured spirit,

I am a child of God;

I will testify that the world may hear it,

I am a child of God.

Let a holy life tell the gospel story,

I am a child of God;

How He fills the soul with His grace and glory,

I am a child of God.

Saved from sin today, every band is riven,

I am a child of God;

Through the tests of life I have peace from heaven,

I am a child of God.

A Crown Over There (#363) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

Shall I wear that bright crown God has offered to me,

When my life shall have come to a close?

Oh, how happy I'll be when my spirit is free,

Over there in such blissful repose.

Refrain:

Yes, I will wear a crown over there, over there,

Yes, I will wear a crown over there;

When my toiling is o'er I shall rest evermore,

In that home He has gone to prepare.

Shall I trust Him alway? Yes, the promise is mine,

"Be thou faithful, my child, unto death,

And I'll give thee a crown which forever shall shine,

Endless life at thy last, fleeting breath."

Let my anchor be grounded so deep in the Rock,

Till the storms of this life all are past,

That I'll firmly endure on the promise secure,

Till He brings me to glory at last.

Adoration (#44) | Clara M. Brooks, 1911

I have found the joy of God,
In His sacred, blest abode,
Oh, the comfort of the peace that fills my soul!
And a day His courts within,
Far exceedeth all in sin,
In His secret presence I'm abiding.

Refrain:

I shall see Him, I shall see Him,
I shall see Him in His beauty over there;
In His likeness I'll behold Him,
He is waiting for me at the portals.

Of my life the fountain spring,
Now my all to Thee I bring,
Thou, O Lord, art all my heart's supreme delight!

Whom have I in heav'n but Thee?
None on earth so dear to me,
Thou alone art altogether lovely.

How the heav'nly chorus rings,
While my heart in rapture sings
Sweetest anthems of my Savior's joyful praise;
He's the fairest of the fair,
Nothing can with Him compare,
He's to me the chief among ten thousand.

Take the world, for Christ is mine,
In His kingdom I would shine,
Let me labor all my days and years for Him:

Perfect love and bliss abound

In His presence, I have found,

Life is joy supreme and full of glory.

After Death the Judgment (#450) | Charles W. Naylor, 1911

Stop, sinner, on your sinful way,
And heed the warning voice today;
Oh, come to Jesus while you may,
For after death the judgment.

Refrain:

After death the judgment,
After death the judgment;
After death the judgment,
Oh, will you be prepared?
Oh, reason, sinner, will it pay
To cast your only hope away,
And on in sinful darkness stray,
When after death the judgment?
Oh, think, what will the profit be,
If you should all earth's pleasures see,
And lose your soul eternally,
When Jesus comes in judgment.
The end of time draws on apace,
And your poor soul, devoid of grace,
The awful wrath of God must face,
When Jesus comes in judgment.

A Hymn of Morning Praise (#112) | Daniel S. Warner

O God, inspire our morning hymn

Of love and gratitude;

Oh, bless the sacrifice we bring,

Thou Source of every good.

Refrain:

Touched by Thy hand of love, we wake,

And rise from sweet repose;

Thy praise shall first the silence break,

Thy peace within us flows.

Thy miracle of love so sweet

Preserved us all secure;

While helpless in unconscious sleep,

Thy presence kept us pure.

'Tis blest to rise, O Lord, and join

With nature's minstrelsy;

To hymn Thy praise at early morn,

And offer thanks to Thee.

Sweet morning is the time to pray;

How lovely and how meet,

To send our early thoughts away

Up to the mercy seat.

The glorious sun has driven far

The mystic shades of night;

So in our souls the morning star

Hath shed His wondrous light.

A Little Farther (#483) | Anonymous/Unknown

Just before His trial, Jesus entered dark Gethsemane;

Leaving eight outside, took Peter and two sons of Zebedee.

Oh, the anguish in the garden, as again He left the three;

And He went a little farther, all the way to Calvary!

Refrain:

Let us go a little farther, farther than we've gone before;

Are we workers now for Jesus? Let us do a little more.

See Him praying, hear him groaning; death sweeps o'er Him like a flood;

"Let this cup pass from me, Father"—sweat runs down as drops of blood!

"Not my will, Lord, I will drink it: let Thy will be done in me."

And He went a little farther, all the way to Calvary!

Then at Pilate's hall, behold Him, as the mob who mocked him cried,

"Away, away, give us Barabbas; let this Christ be crucified!"

Oh, Barabbas, oh, Barabbas, Jesus surely died for thee,

When He went a little farther, all the way to Calvary!

Now He marches to Golgotha, scourged and thorn-crowned on the road;

Bears the cross upon His shoulder, sinks beneath the heavy load!

Mocked, reviled, by friends forsaken—all for you, and all for me—

And He went a little farther, all the way to Calvary!

All Because We Do Not Love Them (#347) | Daniel O. Teasley, 1910

Many souls today are dying,
Sin and sorrow is their lot;
Darkness shrouds them with its mantle,
All because we love them not.

Refrain:

All because we do not love them,
Millions fill the heathen grave;
Brother, can you see them perish,
When a little love would save?
Brother, can we guiltless linger,
When to us the truth is giv'n?
Tearless, see the heathen dying,
Without God or hope of heav'n?
Love brought Jesus down from glory,
On the cruel cross to die;
Can we say we love the heathen,
If we turn away their cry?
Love undying, love eternal—
Love will send us o'er the wave,
Will impel us to our duty,
Helpless heathen souls to save.
Jesus said, "Go, teach all nations";
They are lost if we delay;
Can we face Him at the judgment,
If His word we disobey?

All in Jesus (#58) | Barney E. Warren, 1900

There is peace and joy in the Lord today,
More than all in this world of sin;
There's a happy life in the holy way;
Praise the Lord, I have entered in.

Refrain:

Praise the Lord, I am free!
In His love and grace;
Oh, His blood reaches me;
I abide 'neath His smiling face.

I am blessed today, I am free indeed;
What a pleasure to serve the Lord!
How it fills my soul with delight to read
In His sacred and holy Word.

Since my cross is gone and my heart is right,
Oh, how blessed to do His will!
Now His yoke is easy, His burden light,
And His spirit my soul doth fill.

If you're overcome when you would do right,
If a deep, aching void within;
There's a sting of guilt, and a sinful blight,
That will keep you from ent'ring in.

All His grace is free as the air we breathe;
We may each have a full supply;
If we will obey, and His word believe,
He'll prepare us to dwell on high.

All the Way (#158) | Clara M. Brooks, 1911

Within my heart was fond ambition,
Vain pride, and hopes of worldly fame;
But still remained a place so vacant,
Unfilled by highest earthly aim.
Then Jesus reached His hand to help me—
“Come, seek My love,” I heard Him say;
I quickly left the world behind me,
To follow Jesus all the way.
He led me through the verdant valleys,
Where flowers bloomed by waters fair;
The sunbeams glory showered o’er me,
And fragrant odors filled the air.
Then through the shadowed vale I followed,
Where entered not a brilliant ray;
I felt His touch, though could not see Him,
Then whispered softly, “All the way.”
And then the furnace door was opened:
Within its fiery walls enclosed,
The Son of God was still beside me,
Upon His bosom I reposed.
When in my heart He saw reflected
His image pure—as bright as day—
He led me forth with joy abounding;
Again I whispered, “All the way.”
I stood all ready for His service,
With gold refined and dross removed;

The flames had left my soul uninjured,
But they my faithfulness had proved.
In dismal night or brightest noonday,
If Thou wilt near me ever stay,
Where'er Thou leadest me, O Savior,
I'll meekly follow all the way.

Alone with God (#490) | Johnson Oatman, Jr.

When storms of life are round me beating,
When rough the path that I have trod,
Within my closet door retreating,
I love to be alone with God.

Refrain:

Alone with God, the world forbidden,
Alone with God, O blest retreat!
Alone with God, and in Him hidden,
To hold with Him communion sweet.
What though the clouds have gathered o'er me?
What though I've passed beneath the rod?
God's perfect will there lies before me,
When I am thus alone with God.
'Tis there I find new strength for duty,
As o'er the sands of time I plod;
I see the king in all His beauty,
While resting there alone with God.
And when I see the moment nearing
When I shall sleep beneath the sod,
When time with me is disappearing,
I want to be alone with God.

Alone with Jesus (Barner) (#47) | Emily Barner, 1911

Alone with Jesus, 'tis so sweet
To worship at His lovely feet,
To raise our hearts in grateful praise,
For all His wondrous works and ways.
Alone with Jesus in the storm,
He'll keep us from all fear and harm
If we but trust Him day by day,
Although it be a stormy way.
Alone with Jesus, all is well,
Beneath His smile my soul would dwell;
O Lord, how sweet to know and feel
Thy love and Thy eternal seal!
Alone with Jesus; to express
The perfect peace we here possess
An angel's tongue might well employ;
Alone with Jesus, oh, what joy!
Alone with Jesus, hour by hour,
Preserved by His almighty pow'r;
And when the storms of life are o'er,
With Him we'll dwell forevermore.

A Mansion in Glory (#371) | Daniel S. Warner

A mansion is waiting in glory,
My Savior has gone to prepare;
The ransomed who shine in its beauty,
Will dwell in that city so fair.

Refrain:

Oh, home above,
I'm going to dwell in that home;
Oh, home of love,
Get ready, poor sinner, and come.

A mansion of rest for the weary,
Who toil in the vineyard of love;
O sinner, believe, and be ready
To enter that mansion above.

A mansion where heavenly music
Enraptures the glorified throng;
They're singing salvation, O sinner,
Come, join in that beautiful song.

A mansion where angels are waiting
To welcome the holy and true,
And when to the Savior low kneeling,
They'll sing a sweet anthem for you.

A mansion unclouded by sorrow,
Undimmed by the pains of farewell,
Where all of earth's pilgrims will gather,
With Christ in His glory to dwell.

Amazing Grace (#510) | John Newton, 1779

Amazing grace! How sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see.
'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed.
Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.
When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we'd first begun.

Anticipation (#457) | Charles W. Naylor, 1911

When the last earth-tie is sundered,
And my soul set free;
When life's cares and toils are numbered,
I shall haste to be
With my Lord, in realms of light,
Where no sin can ever blight,
Where ne'er comes the shades of night;
To His arms I'll flee.
Often here I'm sad and weary,
As the days go by;
Oft the scenes are dark and dreary,
Teardrops dim my eye;
But when this short life is o'er,
We shall weep and sigh no more,
But rejoice forevermore
In our home on high.
Now I look with eager longing,
Where I soon shall stand,
Where the happy spirits thronging,
In the heav'nly band,
Taste the joys of love divine,
In refulgent glory shine—
This great heritage is mine,
In that happy land.
Shall I shrink at death's cold river,
When on yonder shore

Stands of every good the Giver,
Whom I now adore?
Untold pleasures beckon me,
Untold joys by faith I see,
Untold happiness to be
Mine forevermore.

A Prayer in Song (#281) | W. M. Wolcott, 1911

Savior, Thou art life to me,
Guard me by Thy watchful eye;
Ever by Thy Spirit be
Thou a guide to worlds on high.
Hide me from the storms of life;
Keep me from the tempter's snare;
And while here 'mid toil and strife,
Let me cast on Thee my care.
Help me, Lord, to faithful be,
Give me grace to do Thy will;
That through all eternity,
Holy love my soul may thrill.
For though blest by worldly store,
Sanctioned by the creeds of men;
Jesus says, "I am the door,"—
He alone can save from sin.
Teach me from Thy blessed Word
Lessons precious to my soul;
Help me understand it, Lord,
By it make and keep me whole.
By Thy Word we stand or fall,
By Thy Word we live or die;
If in part and not by all,
Then we make His word a lie.
Oh, Thou art my refuge here,
All my hopes are built on Thee;

From all sin and slavish fear
Jesus makes me fully free.
So when all my toils are o'er,
Let me gain that blest abode;
And with loved ones gone before,
Ever dwell with me, my God.

Are You Adorning the Doctrine? (#249) | Charles W. Naylor, 1907

Are you adorning the doctrine—
The glorious doctrine of God?
Walking so holy before Him,
Following where He hath trod?
So when the world looks upon you,
Nothing but Christ is in view?
So when the world looks upon you,
Nothing but Christ is in view?
Are you adorning the doctrine,
And making attractive the way?
Honoring Christ by your actions,
And by the words that you say?
Are you, my brother and sister,
Proving the Bible is true?
Are you, my brother and sister,
Proving the Bible is true?
Are you adorning the doctrine,
By meekness, and love, and goodwill?
Gentleness, patience, and trueness,
Liberty's law to fulfill?
Jesus will shine if within you,
Showing these graces divine;
Jesus will shine if within you,
Showing these graces divine.
If you're adorning the doctrine,
Its beauties your soul will array;

Showers of grace will be given—
Strength from the Lord as your day.
Light from on high will be streaming
Over the pathway you tread;
Light from on high will be streaming
Over the pathway you tread.

Are You Building on the Rock? (#266) | Barney E. Warren, 1897

Are you building on the Rock eternal?

Are you building on the sinking sand?

Are you going to that home supernal,

In that brighter, far-off, happy land?

Refrain:

Are you building on the Rock?

Are you building on the Rock?

Are you building on the Rock,

Or on the sinking sand?

Are you building on a strong foundation?

Can you stand the stormy sea of life?

'Mid the surging billows' wild commotion,

Do you conquer in the raging strife?

Are you building on a strong foundation,

With an anchor that will keep the soul?

Living in His love and truth unshaken,

Grounded firm and deep though billows roll?

Are you building on a strong foundation?

Can you stand the awful judgment shock?

Are you grounded in His great salvation,

Fastened like an anchor to the Rock?

Arise, He Calleth Thee (#301) | Clara M. Brooks, 1911

Weary, lonely, sad, forsaken,
Humbled to a station low,
Sat a hopeless blind man begging,
By the road to Jericho.
Soon he heard the noise of footsteps,
As of waters rolling nigh;
For the Galilean Prophet
With the throng was passing by.
Refrain:
Then arise, He calleth thee,
Sick or suff'ring, blind or lame!
Jesus healed in Galilee,
He is evermore the same.
When he heard that it was Jesus,
Who had healed the sin-sick soul,
Then he called aloud for mercy,
That he, too, might be made whole.
But the multitude rebuked him,
Saying he should silent be;
Yet he only called more loudly,
"Have compassion, Lord, on me!"
Paused the Master for a moment—
"Bring him hither unto Me."
Someone ran to bear the message:
"Come, arise, He calleth thee!"
Oh, what words of cheer and comfort!

What today could sweeter be
To the weary, sick, and suff'ring—
“Come, arise, He calleth thee”?
Then as he approached the Master,
Healing virtue to receive,
Jesus said, “Thy faith hath saved thee,
Be it as thou dost believe.”
And the blind man's eyes were opened,
He had proved the promise true;
Ye, who still in sickness languish,
Lo, the Master calls for you.

Ask and You Shall Receive (#318) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

See the great promises, brother,
Are they so hard to believe?
How can you doubt the dear Savior?
Why don't you ask and receive?
Refrain:
Ask, my brother and sister,
For all you need believe;
Ask the bountiful Giver;
Ask and you shall receive.
Jesus has suffered so meekly,
Sorrowing hearts to relieve;
Trust Him with all of your burdens,
Comfort and strength receive.
If there's a want in your bosom,
Father will fill it, believe;
Do you need knowledge and wisdom?
Ask and you shall receive.
Open the kingdom of heaven,
Jesus all bounty will give;
Here is the pledge of His promise,
Ask and you shall receive.

A Song of Joy (#61) | Daniel O. Teasley, 1898

Salvation's free, glad joy to all
Of Adam's fallen race;
We'll tell to all both far and near
Of saving, keeping grace.
Refrain:
There's joy, glad joy,
Now flowing from above;
There's joy, glad joy
In the fullness of His love.
From wells of everlasting joy
Our strength by faith we bring;
The joy that thrills my ransomed soul
Can make the dumb heart sing.
How sweet the soul that's purged as pure
As gold without alloy;
How peaceful is the flowing stream
Of deep, eternal joy.
I'll live for Christ through this dark world,
And faithful I will be;
The joy I know that keeps my soul
Shall last eternally.

A Song of Praise (#53) | Della Fry, 1911

Let the gates of praise be open,
Sounding forth the joy within;
Shout and sing, the Lord hath spoken—
For He saves and keeps from sin.

Refrain:

Praise Him in the sanctuary,
Praise Him in our song and prayer;
Praise Him, day and night adore Him,
Praise Him, praise Him everywhere.

When our hearts are full of gladness,
Which we joyfully proclaim,
How it cheers the sad and lonely!
How it magnifies His name!

Praise Him when the heart is heavy
For His children near or far;
Joyfully we'll bear their burden
To our God who answers prayer.

When the clouds above us hover,
And the hosts of hell are near,
Shout His praises, hallelujah!
Christ will make them disappear.

Praise Him for the love He's given,
Praise Him while He lendeth breath;
Praise Him round the throne in heaven,
Praise Him through the vale of death.

A Sweeter Anthem (#367) | Daniel S. Warner

When we pass the golden summer,

And, like autumn leaves, retire

On the bosom of our mother,

Will our song of praise expire?

Refrain:

Oh, we'll sing a sweeter anthem,

With unnumbered millions there;

Glory, honor, and salvation,

In our home so bright and fair.

If our soul is blest in singing

In this feeble house of clay,

Who can tell the bliss of reigning

In our home of endless day?

Is it sweet to hymn the story,

Of salvation here below?

Oh, what anthems filled with glory

From the throne of God shall flow!

Do we love our dear Redeemer,

And rejoice that we are His?

We will love and praise Him better

When we see Him as He is.

Glory, glory be to Jesus!

Let us shout with joyful praise

To the Rock of our salvation

All this life and endless days.

At the Cross (Henry) (#429) | William J. Henry, 1911

There's salvation full and free,

At the cross;

Sinner, come and pardoned be

At the cross;

Lo, the Savior waiting stands,

See His bleeding side and hands,

He will break sin's awful bands

At the cross.

Refrain:

At the cross, at the cross,

There's salvation full and free at the cross;

At the cross, at the cross,

Sinner, Jesus waits for thee at the cross.

There thy soul shall find sweet rest,

At the cross;

Heaven's peace shall fill thy breast,

At the cross;

All thy guilt shall pass away,

All thy night be turned to day,

When thy burden thou shalt lay

At the cross.

There is grace for every need,

At the cross;

Thou shalt find a friend indeed,

At the cross;

Jesus will abide with thee,

He thy helper e'er will be,
Keep thy soul eternally,
At the cross.

At the Cross of Jesus Bowing (#214) | Daniel O. Teasley, 1905

At the cross of Jesus bowing,

Here I find a safe retreat

From a world of care and trouble,

In His presence calm and sweet.

Refrain:

Sweet stillness of heaven around me I feel,

While low at the cross of my Jesus I kneel.

At the cross of Jesus bowing,

Here I count my blessings o'er;

Here I drink from life's pure fountain,

Drink until I thirst no more.

At the cross of Jesus bowing,

Here I spend life's sweetest hour;

Here I taste the joys of heaven,

Fill my heart with conq'ring pow'r.

At the cross of Jesus bowing,

Let me never from it part;

For His dying love has conquered

My rebellious, roving heart.

At the cross of Jesus bowing,

Here I own His way is best;

In the shelter of Mount Calv'ry,

Let me die in peace at last.

Back to the Blessed Old Bible (#12) | Daniel O. Teasley, 1901

Back to the blessed old Bible,

Back to the city of God;

Back to the oneness of heaven,

Back where the faithful have trod.

Back from the land of confusion,

Passing the wrecks and the creeds;

Back to the light of the morning,

Jesus our Captain leads.

Refrain:

Back to the blessed old Bible,

Back to the light of its word;

Be on our banners forever:

“Holiness unto the Lord.”

Back to the blessed old Bible,

Saints of Jehovah, rejoice;

Jesus is calling His people

Back to the land of their choice.

Often our fathers have sought it

While we in Babel abode,

Now we have found the fair city—

Church of the living God.

Back to the blessed old Bible,

Leaving confusion and strife;

Fleeing from Babel to Zion,

Back to the joy of our life.

Over the mountains we wandered,

Looking in vain for the right;
Now in the evening we've found it:
Truth of the gospel light.
Back to the blessed old Bible,
Back at the Master's call,
Back to the words of our Savior,
Loving, obeying them all.
Never in sects to be scattered,
Never again to do wrong;
Unity, holiness, heaven,
Ever shall be our song.

Be an Overcomer (#172) | Charles W. Naylor, 1907

Be an overcomer, only cowards yield
When the foe they meet on the battlefield;
We are blood-bought princes of the royal host,
And must falter not, nor desert our post.
Refrain:
Never yield a step in the hottest fight,
God will send you help from the realms of light;
In Jehovah's might put the foe to flight,
And the victor's crown you shall wear at last.
Be an overcomer, He who stands with you
Is a mighty One, who is always true;
In the sorest conflict you shall win the day,
Face the legions dark till they flee away.
Be an overcomer, you are heaven's heir,
And a crown of life you may ever wear;
So with courage press the battle to the gates,
Till you gain the prize which in heaven waits.
Be an overcomer, forward boldly go,
You are strong enough if you count it so—
Strong enough to conquer through sustaining grace,
And to overcome every foe you face.

Bear the Cross (#259) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

O brother, will you bear the cross
For Jesus everywhere,
Count all things gained for Him but loss
And all His favor share?
Refrain:
Bear the cross, bear the cross,
Ever stand by the cross alone;
Bear the cross, bear the cross,
For the blood-stained cross we own.
The glorious cross I love to bear
For Christ my blessed Lord;
Nor in the conflict will I fear—
He doth all grace afford.
How sweet will be the cross to you
When all is left behind,
When all things lost but Christ in view
Within thy heart enshrined!
Yes, Lord, for Thee I do forsake
All friends and earthly store;
I'll suffer with Thee at the stake,
Rejoicing evermore.

Beautiful (#182) | Barney E. Warren, 1897

Beautiful robes so white,
Beautiful land of light,
Beautiful home so bright,
Where there shall come no night;
Beautiful crown I'll wear,
Shining with stars o'er there,
Yonder in mansions fair,
Gather us there.

Refrain:

Beautiful robes,
Beautiful land,
Beautiful home,
Beautiful band;
Beautiful crown,
Shining so fair;
Beautiful mansion bright,
Gather us there.

Beautiful thought to me,
We shall forever be
Thine in eternity,
When from this world we're free;
Free from its toil and care,
Heavenly joys to share,
Let me cross over there,
This is my prayer.

Beautiful things on high,

Over in yonder sky,
Thus I shall leave this shore,
Counting my treasures o'er;
Where we shall never die,
Carry me, by and by,
Never to sorrow more,
Heavenly store.

Beautiful Home (#368) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

There's a land of delight, where the angels dwell,
Beautiful home, beautiful home;
The joy that is waiting no tongue can tell,
Beautiful home above.

Refrain:

Beautiful home, beautiful home,
Sweet is my haven of rest;
Beautiful home, beautiful home,
Home of the pure and blest.

There's a joy which eternally fills my heart,
Thinking of home, thinking of home;
It wakens the music in every part,
Thinking of Christ above.

There's a peace like the flowing of ocean-tide,
Beautiful home, beautiful home;
Where purified saints with the Lord abide,
Beautiful home above.

There's a crown with its jewels of sparkling light,
Beautiful home, beautiful home;
It is shining far brighter than stars of night,
Beautiful home above.

Beautiful Zion (#19) | Daniel S. Warner, 1893

Beautiful, peaceful Zion,
We've heard of thy wonders of old;
And out of the ages rising,
The city of light we behold.
Refrain:
Coming, coming,
Zion we come to thee;
Coming, coming,
Coming with joy to thee.
Out of the shadows hanging
Dark over the valley of fear,
We mount up to Zion's glory,
As crystal, eternally clear.
Beautiful, holy Zion,
Oh, mountain of glory divine,
We come to thy peaceful summit,
Where heavenly songs ever chime.
Wonderful, happy Zion,
We stand on thy summit so free,
While joyfully singing, upward,
The ransomed are coming to thee.
Welcome the joyful tidings
Of Zion, the mountain of love;
'Tis freedom from Babel bondage,
And coming, that freedom we prove.

Behold the Bridegroom (#359) | William G. Schell, 1911

We're nearing the closing of time's mortal year,
God's kingdom doth now as ten virgins appear,
With lamps trimmed and burning, a light to their feet,
They're all going forward the Bridegroom to meet.

Refrain:

Behold, the Bridegroom cometh,
Behold, the Bridegroom cometh;
Behold, the Bridegroom cometh,
Go ye out to meet Him.

With oil in their vessels the wise forward go,
Their lamps shining bright and their hearts white as snow,
They're ready each moment to welcome the Lord,
Who shortly will take them to gain their reward.

The foolish go forward without any oil,
They're just as contented as those who have oil;
They trust in the future the oil to supply,
They'll wake soon to find that their lamps are all dry.

Lo, now, just at midnight, the watchman they hear;
"Awake from your slumber, the Bridegroom is near";

Their lamps to prepare now the foolish arise,
"Our lamps are gone out!" they all cry in surprise.

The foolish to wise say, "Give us of your oil";

"Not so, lest there be not enough for us all;

Go, buy for yourselves from the merchants who sell";

They start, but, "Too late!" in their anguish they tell.

Lo, now comes the Bridegroom with angelic host,

All those who are ready go into the feast;
The door being closed come the foolish to knock,
“Depart,” saith the Lord, “I indeed know you not.”

Behold What Love (#420) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

Behold what love, yes, love divine,
The Father showed to thee,
In that He gave His only Son,
Thy soul from sin to free.

Refrain:

Such love cannot be fathomed,
'Tis like the boundless sea;
His broken heart so wounded,
Is bleeding now for thee.

He gave His life to make thee whole,
He shed His blood for all,
To heal the body, save the soul—
Then come, for mercy call.

Oh, depths of love to mortals lost,
He suffered on the tree;
Our only hope of heaven cost
His blood—'twas all for thee.

The love of Christ is warm and free,
We live because He died;
His drops of mercy fall on thee,
And all the world beside.

Be Not Afraid (#162) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

“Be not afraid, ’tis I, ’tis I,
Though the storm rages wild;
In thy sore need I’m passing by,
Off’ring to help thee, hear thy cry—
Be of good cheer, My child.”

Refrain:

“Be not afraid, ’tis I,
Be not afraid, ’tis I”;
Though wild winds blowing,
My bark o’erflowing,
God rules in earth and sky:

“Be not afraid, ’tis I,
Be not afraid, ’tis I”;
The storm can’t harm my trusting soul,
For Jesus walks the waves that roll;
His voice I hear, which calms my fear,
“ ’Tis I, be not afraid.”

Be not afraid, ’mid pressing foes,
Jesus is watching near;
He all thy deepest sorrow knows,
Walked every step thy pathway goes;
Trust Him, then; do not fear.

Be not afraid, He knows thy heart,
And He doth care for thee;
Of all thy grief He shares a part,
Stands by thy side, He’ll not depart,

If thou wilt faithful be.

Be not afraid, O helpless one,

Trust in His boundless grace;

Say from the heart, "Thy will be done,

Finish the work Thou hast begun,

Bring me to see Thy face."

Be Ready, All (#397) | H. R. Jeffrey, 1911

In the awful day that's coming,
When heaven's trump shall sound,
And call the world to judgment,
Oh, where shall we be found?
Shall we cry for rocks and mountains
To hide us in that day
From Him who comes in glory,
With all His bright array?
The Lord is coming shortly,
According to His word,
Taking vengeance on the wicked,
And them that know not God;
Oh, who shall then be able
In that awful day to stand?
"Thou shalt be no longer steward,"
Will be the stern command.
Shall we begin to tremble,
While looking on that sight,
And take our march in anguish,
Down to eternal night?
Oh, what an awful picture!
To some it will come true;
And, oh, my brother, sister,
Shall it be I or you?
Oh, souls, be up and doing,
We have no time to lose,

There's life and death before us—

Oh, which one will you choose?

Then let us all take warning,

And heed the Savior's call,

Be robed in white adorning,

Then we'll be ready, all.

Be Ready When He Comes (#360) | Daniel O. Teasley, 1896

Would you flee from sin and serve the Lord?

Be ready when He comes;

He will soon appear with His reward,

Be ready when He comes.

Refrain:

Be ready, be ready,

Be ready when He comes;

Be ready, be ready,

Be ready when He comes.

It is not His will that you be lost,

Be ready when He comes;

Would you save your soul at any cost?

Be ready when He comes.

Do you know the end of time is near?

Be ready when He comes;

Can you live and die in sin's career?

Be ready when He comes.

There is awful danger in delay,

Be ready when He comes;

Will you cast your only hope away?

Be ready when He comes.

Be Still (#144) | William Ebel, 1911

Oh, be still, thou soul of mine,
Thou art not forsaken;
Though the pow'rs of sin may rage,
Thou shalt be unshaken.
He who gave His life for thee,
Thus permits that thou should be—
For thy good, as thou shalt see—
Tempted for a season.
Be courageous, firm, and true,
When life's battle's waging;
Oh, be still, my soul, and rest,
When the tempest's raging.
He who doth our sorrows share,
In His love and tender care
Trials more than thou can bear
Will not let thee suffer.
Why should thou so fearful be,
At the tempter's roaring?
Simply trust in God alone,
Satan's wrath ignoring.
See God's tenderness, and prove
With the sainted hosts above,
His unfailing, wondrous love,
Ever for thee caring.
Yes, dear Lord, I will be still,
I will trust Thee ever;

I'll submit to all Thy will,
Cling to Thee forever.
Lord, Thou knowest what is best,
Confident in this I'll rest,
Till I dwell with all the blest,
And with Thee in heaven.

Be Strong and True (#268) | Jennie McNicholas, 1911

Be strong and valiant for the truth,
Resist the tempter's luring pow'r;
Shun all the avenues of sin,
And trust in God each day and hour.
Refrain:
Be strong, and firmly trust,
In God through every test;
Be true, and fearless stand,
And with His grace and strength be blest.
Cast not away the Arm of Strength
To yield unto the tempting throng;
For God is always strong and true
To help and keep us from the wrong.
He is our Rock, our Tower high,
And to the meek He giveth grace;
A shield He is to them that trust,
The joy of those who seek His face.
He will forsake you not He says,
But ever in your hearts abide,
And make you lie in pastures green;
In paths of pleasantness He'll guide.

Be strong and valiant for the truth,

Just beyond where the shadows are falling

Is a bright, summer land, ever fair;

With the brilliance of day it is glowing,

And the night never falls over there.

Refrain:

The beautiful light is shining so clear,

Where darkness can never come;

Soon we shall have passed the shadowy vale,

And anchored in peace at home.

I'll not fear when I pass through the valley,

Though encompassed by shadows of night,

For I know that beyond it is shining

An eternal and glorious light.

With His rod and His staff He will comfort,

When obscured is the light of the day;

If I trust in the word of His promise,

With His hand He will guide all the way.

Shall we weep when we know the departed

With their toils and their cares now are done,

And the bliss of eternity's ages

In the presence of God is begun?

Biblical Trace of the Church (#20) | William G. Schell, 1911

The church of the morning bright,
Like crystal so clear her light,
Triumphant, she knew no fears;
In finest white linen dressed;
Pure holiness she possessed,
Two hundred and sev'nty years.

Refrain:

Hell never can destroy the church,
Built by the Savior's hands;
Upon the Rock, the solid Rock,
Christ Jesus, still she stands;
Despite of persecution's flood,
And gates of hell forsooth;
She's still the kingdom of the Lord,
The pillar of the truth.

The sun went down ere his time,
The moon also ceased to shine,
Left Zion in bitter tears;
No star then appeared in sight,
Oh, long dreary papal night!
Twelve hundred and sixty years.

A rising the sun of day,
Disperses the night away
While popery quakes with fears;
Shone dimly the gospel ray,
There followed a cloudy day—

Three hundred and fifty years.
We welcome the evening light;
The gospel so clear and bright
Breaks forth as in days of yore;
The mists are all cleared away,
All hail the supernal day!
The sun shall go down no more.

Blessed Assurance (#194) | Frances J. Crosby, 1873

Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!

Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine!

Heir of salvation, purchase of God,

Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood.

Refrain:

This is my story, this is my song,

Praising my Savior all the day long;

This is my story, this is my song,

Praising my Savior all the day long.

Perfect submission, perfect delight,

Visions of rapture now burst on my sight;

Angels, descending, bring from above

Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

Perfect submission, all is at rest,

I in my Savior am happy and blest,

Watching and waiting, looking above,

Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

Blessed Be the Name of the Lord (#496) | Charles Wesley, 1739

Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing,

Blessed be the Name of the Lord!

The glories of my God and king!

Blessed be the Name of the Lord!

Refrain:

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!

Jesus! the Name that charms our fears,

Blessed be the Name of the Lord!

'Tis music in the sinner's ears,

Blessed be the Name of the Lord!

He breaks the pow'r of canceled sin,

Blessed be the Name of the Lord!

His blood can make the foulest clean,

Blessed be the Name of the Lord!

I never shall forget that day,

Blessed be the Name of the Lord!

When Jesus washed my sins away,

Blessed be the Name of the Lord!

Blessed Fountain of Blood (#129) | Daniel O. Teasley, 1911

There is a blessed fount of blood,
It flows from Jesus' side;
And I have plunged my guilty soul
Beneath its cleansing tide.

Refrain:

Blessed fountain of blood,
I have plunged 'neath its flood;
And now its cleansing billows roll,
Through all my happy soul.

There is a blessed fount of blood,
'Tis streaming o'er my heart;
Through all my soul its tranquil joy
Enlivens every part.

There is a blessed fount of blood,
Whose virtue stands between
A barren land of sin and shame,
And fields of living green.

There is a blessed fount of blood,
Which gladdens all my life;
It saves me now, oh, joy to know,
From sorrow, sin, and strife.

Blessed Quietness (#161) | Manie P. Ferguson, 1897

Joys are flowing like a river,
Since the Comforter has come;
He abides with us forever,
Makes the trusting heart His home.
Refrain:
Blessed quietness, holy quietness,
Blest assurance in my soul!
On the stormy sea Jesus speaks to me,
And the billows cease to roll.
Everything is turned to gladness,
All around this glorious Guest;
Banished unbelief and sadness,
All is perfect peace and rest.
Like the rain that falls from heaven,
Like the sunlight from the sky,
So the Holy Spirit given,
Falls upon us from on high.
What a wonderful salvation,
Where we always see His face!
What a peaceful habitation!
What a quiet resting-place!

Blest Be the Tie That Binds (#240) | John Fawcett, 1782

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts, and our cares.
We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

Bright Anticipation (#370) | Barney E. Warren, 1900

There's a voice full of sweetness and love,

It is speaking so kindly to me:

"I will lead you to bright realms above,

Where the spirit forever is free."

Refrain:

I am waiting, I am longing for the summons to come,

When from sorrow and trouble I'm free;

When with Jesus I am reigning in that heavenly home,

Where forever its beauties I'll see.

When I look o'er, the past I behold

How His wide arms of mercy held me;

Oh, His sweet love and peace are untold,

In His favor I'm happy and free.

There's a sweet voice that calls o'er and o'er,

It is cheering my spirit today;

Since my treasure is on yonder shore,

I must gain it and live there for aye.

I forget all the things that are past,

I am looking to glories divine;

I shall reap my reward at the last,

For my Jesus, dear Savior, is mine.

Bright Jewels (#349) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

When all the dear children are gathering home,
We shall be there, we shall be there;
Bright jewels we'll shine in that heavenly home,
We shall be there, we shall be there.

Refrain:

We shall be there in that morning,
We shall be there in that morning;
When all the dear children are gathering home,
We shall be there in that morning.

Bright jewels He'll gather to shine in the sky,
We shall be there, we shall be there;
For this the dear Savior did suffer and die,
We shall be there, we shall be there.

We'll sing with the angels that heavenly song,
We shall be there, we shall be there;
Our voices with music His praise shall prolong,
We shall be there, we shall be there.

We never shall part in that beautiful clime,
We shall be there, we shall be there;
So happy with Jesus in beauty sublime,
We shall be there, we shall be there.

Buried with Jesus (#291) | Daniel S. Warner, 1887

Down into the flowing river,
Lo, the Lamb of God we see;
There He speaks in clear example:
“Take the cross and follow Me.”
Refrain:
Gently buried with my Savior,
Let me sink beneath the wave;
Crucified to earth forever,
Hence alone to God I live.
Now the sacred waters cover
O’er the holy Son of God;
Thus He washed me in that fountain
Of His sin-atoning blood.
Crucified with my Redeemer,
Now I sink into the grave;
I am dead to sin forever,
By the life of God I live.
Here I witness a confession,
As I merge from human sight
In the tomb of yielding water,
That the blood has made me white.
Oh, how sweet to follow Jesus
In this ordinance, to show
That we’re cleansed in life’s pure river,
Even whiter than the snow.

By Faith and Not By Sight (#289) | Clara M. Brooks, 1907

Following Jesus from day to day,
Gently He leads me along the way;
E'er will I trust Him all foes despite,
By faith and not by sight.

Refrain:

Walking with Jesus I'm in the light,
Walking with Jesus in robes of white;
Walking with Jesus my way is bright,
By faith and not by sight.
Jesus has purchased me for His own,
Sweetly He reigns in my heart, His throne,
Pardon He granted, and washed me white,
By faith and not by sight.

Seeking to enter the holiest place,
Boldly I came to the throne of grace;
Sanctified wholly, He's my delight,
By faith and not by sight.

When I was held in affliction's chain,
Suffering much from disease and pain;
Jesus then touched me and healed me quite,
By faith and not by sight.

Walking with Jesus till we shall meet,
When in His likeness I stand complete,
Where with the ransomed in heaven's light,
My faith is lost in sight.

By the Grace of God (#184) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

By the grace of God I am saved today,
I will walk by faith in the narrow way;
I will trust His grace to preserve my soul,
I will rest secure while the billows roll.

Refrain:

By the grace of God I will live for Him,
I will trust His power to keep from sin;
I will never doubt, but resist the foe,
I will grow in grace as I onward go.
By the grace of God I will never yield
To the tempter's pow'r, but with sword and shield
I'll defeat the foe with an ardor strong,
In the name of Christ sing the victor's song.

By the grace of God I will testify;
I will watch and pray as the moments fly,
I will live for Him in despite of all,
I will hear and heed the Redeemer's call.

By the grace of God I will never fear:
What can harm my soul when the Lord is near?

If I keep low down in humility,
If I walk by faith, He'll abide with me.

By the grace of God I will keep my eyes
On the Lord alone and the promised prize,
I will bear all things in His precious name,
I will trust His grace and His promise claim.

By the Living Grace of God (#135) | Daniel O. Teasley, 1911

By the living grace of God

I will labor, watch, and pray,

Till this mortal life shall end

In supernal day.

Refrain:

Work on, toil on,

Till my work on earth is done;

By the living grace of God

I will labor on.

By the living grace of God

I'll defy the tempting throng;

High above the battle's din,

Shout the victor's song.

By the living grace of God

I will never doubt my Lord;

Till my eyes are closed in death,

I'll believe His word.

By the living grace of God

I will conquer, though I die;

The reward will come at last,

In my home on high.

Cast Thy Bread upon the Water (#343) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

Cast thy bread upon the water,
'Twill return in many days;
Crumbs of truth for Jesus scatter,
All along thy pilgrim ways.

Refrain:

Cast thy bread upon the water,
It will soon return again;
Cast thy bread upon the water,
Jesus says 'tis not in vain.

Cast thy bread upon the water,
Christ will watch the rolling wave,
As it ripples slowly onward,
To the soul He seeks to save.

Cast thy bread upon the water,
Let it spread from pole to pole;
And the prayers of patient toilers
Soon will yield some precious soul.

Cast thy bread upon the water,
Trusting it is not in vain,
For the lost and wand'ring sinner
May be gathered back again.

Cast Thy Burden on the Lord (#456) | Anonymous/Unknown, 1911

Christian, when thy way seems darkest,
And thine eyes with tears are dim,
Straight to God, thy Father, hast'ning,
Tell thy sorrows unto Him.
Not to human ear confiding
Thy sad tale of grief and care,
But, before thy Father, kneeling,
Pour out all thy sorrows there.
Sympathy of friends may cheer thee,
When the raging storm is past,
But God only can console thee,
In the wild, terrific blast.
Go with words, or tears, or silence,
Only lay them at His feet:
Thou shalt prove how great His pity,
And His tenderness how sweet.
Think how thy divine Redeemer
Knows, as thou canst never know,
All the deepest depths of suff'ring,
All the weight of human woe.
And, though now in glory seated,
He can hear thy feeblest cry,
Even hear the stifled sighings
Of the dumb heart's agony.
All thy griefs by Him permitted,
Needful is each one to thee;

All thy tears by Him are counted,
One too much there cannot be.
And if, while they fall so quickly,
Thou canst own His way is right,
Then each bitter tear of anguish,
Precious is in Jesus' sight.
For too well thy Savior loves thee
To allow thy life to be
One long, calm, unbroken summer,
One unruffled, stormless sea.
He would have thee fondly nestle,
Closer to His loving breast;
He would have that world seem brighter,
Where alone is perfect rest.

Cast Thy Cares upon the Savior (#267) | Edwin Whitmore

Cast thy cares upon the Savior,
He will bear them all for thee;
And thy soul which now is burdened,
Shall be kept forever free.

Refrain:

Cast thy cares upon the Savior,
He will gladly bear them all;
Even though they seem like mountains,
Even though they may be small.

Cast thy burdens all on Jesus,
Leaning on His gentle breast;
And if storms do gather round thee,
Sweet will be thy peaceful rest.

Put your trust alone in Jesus,
Trusting not in human arm;
And if cast within the furnace,
He will keep thee from all harm.

Live the life the word demands you,
Then the foe you need not fear;
For while standing on the promise,
Jesus Christ is always near.

Christ in Gethsemane (#263) | Anonymous/Unknown, 1911

Beyond where Kedron's waters flow,

So brightly and so free,

Behold the loving Savior go

To sad Gethsemane.

Refrain:

Go to Gethsemane,

Hear that mournful sound;

See the Savior weeping,

Weeping on the cold, damp ground.

His countenance is all divine,

His heav'nly bearing see!

Yet grief appears in every line

While in Gethsemane.

He bows beneath the sins of men,

Whilst they are filled with glee;

He cries to God and cries again

In sad Gethsemane.

He lifts His mournful eyes above,

And cries, "O Father may

This cup, this bitter cup remove!"

Oh, sad Gethsemane!

With gentle resignation still,

For thee, my soul, for thee,

He yielded to His Father's will

In sad Gethsemane.

Christ Is Mine (#166) | Charles W. Naylor, 1906

Christ is mine, my heart's dear treasure,
Greater than all earthly store,
Filled with His untold abundance,
Yearns not now my heart for more.

Refrain:

Christ is mine, and every longing
Satisfies abundantly;
He's my joy, my hope, my glory,
He is all, yes, all to me.

Christ is mine, my hope of glory,
Anchor of my trusting soul,
Holding fast while in the tempest,
Stormy waves around me roll.

Christ, the source of all my pleasure,
Now in Him my soul doth find
Joy unspeakable, exceeding
Earthly pleasures all combined.

Christ is mine, my loving Savior,
For He gave His life for me;
Ransomed thus from sinful bondage
I am His eternally.

Christ Our Sacrifice (#421) | Charles W. Naylor, 1911

Down from the portals of glory
A King in His majesty came,
Humbled Himself as a servant,
To bear our transgressions and shame;
He was despised and rejected,
Hated by those He would save,
Yet He so loved guilty sinners,
That freely His life-blood He gave.

Refrain:

Look at Him dying,
Bleeding for thee;
Though thou hast slighted Him often,
Still, sinner, He's pleading for thee.

Down in Gethsemane's garden,
Behold Him in agony there,
Guilt of the world laid upon Him,
To Calvary's summit to bear;
Yet there is none that can help Him—
Must He thus suffer alone,
Innocent stand for the guilty,
And die for their sins to atone?
See Him led forth as a captive,
His presence the multitude scorns;
See them array Him in purple,
And cruelly crown Him with thorns,
Lead Him outside of the city,

Nail Him on Calvary's tree;
Look on Him there, guilty sinner,
He's bleeding and dying for thee

Christ the Friend We Need (#417) | Daniel S. Warner, 1893

Oft my heart has bled with sorrow,
Not a friend my grief to share;
But I yielded, Christ to follow,
And He took my load of care.

Refrain:

Is there here a soul in trouble?
Whosoever needs a friend,
Jesus' love your heart will gladden,
Bless and keep you to the end.
Once I sighed for peace and pleasure,
Felt a painful void within;
Life was gloomy, death a terror,
Till my soul was saved from sin.
All this world is dark and dreary,
And the soul, designed for light,
Must be sad and lost forever,
While it gropes in sinful night.
Sin made all my life so bitter,
Jesus makes it sweet and pure;
Now I'm free from every fetter,
Blest with peace forevermore.

Christ, the Great Physician (#305) | Barney E. Warren, 1907

The blessed Christ of God I see,
In that fair land of Galilee,
He speaks in loving words to me,
“I am the Great Physician.”

Refrain:

Healed by the Great Physician,
Healed by the Great Physician,
Glory to God! He saves the soul,
Maketh the suff’ring body whole;
Thus at His feet my burdens roll,
Healed by the Great Physician.

With all my heart I do believe,
I dare not doubt, His Spirit grieve;
Each suff’ring one He will relieve—
Christ is the Great Physician.

With great compassion Christ was stirred
While He the plea of suff’ring heard,
He spoke the great life-giving word,
“I am the Great Physician.”

He saved the soul from sin and shame,
He healed the sick, the blind, the lame;
I know His pow’r is just the same—
Christ is the Great Physician.

Church of God (#25) | Frances R. Havergal

Church of God, thou spotless virgin,
Church of Christ, for whom He died,
Thou hast known no human founder,
Jesus bought thee for His bride.
Sanctified by God the Father,
Built by Jesus Christ the Son,
Tempered by the Holy Spirit,
Like the Holy Three in One.
God Himself has set the members
In His body all complete,
Organized by Jesus only,
Oh, the union, pure and sweet!
Church of God, the angels marvel
At the music of thy song;
Earth and hell in terror tremble,
As thy army moves along.
Church of God, "beloved city,"
Thou art of celestial mold;
Lo, from God, and out of heaven,
Came the city of pure gold.
Stones of jasper, clear as crystal,
Is the building of thy wall;
And the Lamb, thy light forever,
Jesus, Jesus, all in all.
God's own holiness within thee,
His own beauty on thy brow;

Glorified in His own image,
This thy wondrous portion now.
In thee dwells the triune fullness,
Blessing all thy pilgrim days;
All around thee His salvation,
And before thee gates of praise.
Church of God, in heaven written,
Thine the risen life of Christ,
And the treasures to thee given,
Never, never can be priced.
Far above this world's confusion,
Walking close by Jesus' side,
Leaning on His loving bosom,
Is the church, His chosen bride.

Come and Be Saved (#411) | Daniel S. Warner

Listen, sinner, to the voice
Of thy reason's noble choice,
For thy better judgment calls thee to repent;
Reason tells thee there's a God,
Bids thee tremble at His word,
And invites thee to the Savior He has sent.
Refrain:
Come and be saved, come and be saved,
Take the cross and you shall wear a starry crown.
There's conviction in thy heart
That from sin you should depart,
Oh, that monitor in mercy do obey;
'Tis a canker in thy breast
That will never let thee rest,
If you do not turn from sin's destructive way.
Jesus came, the Son of God,
Shed for you His precious blood,
Oh, behold Him dying on the cursed tree!
Can you slight His love so true,
Holding out a crown for you?
Hasten, sinner, Christ is calling loud for thee.
Jesus comes in melting love,
Drawing you to joys above,
Gently knocking for admittance in thy soul;
Harken to His voice within,
Warning thee to flee from sin,

To the kingdom of the Savior's sweet control.
Heaven wills to thee a crown,
Hell is moved to cast thee down,
And this moment may decide thy endless state;
Father, Son, and Spirit call,
Reason, conscience, thunder all,
Sinner, wake and turn to God before too late.

Come, Bow at Jesus' Feet (#439) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

Oh, come receive the gospel light,
Salvation's plan is all complete;
Oh, wash thy crimson garments white,
Come, bow at Jesus' feet.

Refrain:

Come, bow at His feet,
Come, bow at His feet;
He will save thee from sin,
Come bow at Jesus' feet.
Forsake thy wretched path of woe,
Spurn not the Savior's love so sweet;
The blood of Christ doth freely flow,
Come, bow at Jesus' feet.

The angel waiteth at thy heart,
He bringeth stores of grace replete;
Oh, hear that voice, say not, "Depart";
Come, bow at Jesus' feet.

Why thus remain content in sin?
Canst thou, condemned, thy Savior meet?

Oh, gladly let Him enter in,
Come, bow at Jesus' feet.
Oh, sinner, see, He lingers still,
Thy restless soul He waits to greet;
Resist no more His holy will,
Come, bow at Jesus' feet.

Come Closer to Me (#256) | Barney E. Warren, 1902

When I get weary with toils of the day,
Off in the secret I kneel and pray;
There I can hear my Lord sweetly say,
“Come closer, my child, to me.”

Refrain:

Closer, my child, to me,
Closer, my child, to me;
Closer, my child, to me,
Come closer, come closer,
Closer, my child, to me.

When all around in this cold, dark land
Nothing encourages me to stand,
Jesus says, holding me by the hand,
“Come closer, my child, to me.”

When in afflictions I suffer long,
Jesus comes bringing this lovely song:
“Trust in my grace, and you shall be strong,
“Come closer, my child, to me.”

When I am meeting with trials severe,
When I am parting with loved ones here,
Looking to Jesus, His voice I can hear:
“Come closer, my child, to me.”

Come Home, Poor Sinner (#416) | H. R. Jeffrey, 1885

Come home, poor sinner;
Why longer roam,
Thy Savior's calling,
"Come home, come home!"
Refrain:
Jesus is pleading;
He's interceding;
Yes, pleading, pleading
For thee to come;
Come home, poor sinner,
Come home, come home.
He died to save you
On Calvary;
Behold what suff'ring!
'Twas all for thee.
Oh, come to Jesus,
Do not delay;
Come, and He'll save you;
Come while you may.
Oh, come to Jesus;
He's waiting still
With His salvation,
Thy soul to fill.
Oh, come to Jesus;
How can you stay,
He's pleading, pleading;

Come, come today.

Come, Jesus, Reign in Me (#217) | H. R. Jeffrey, 1911

For perfect love I long have groaned,
I would be wholly Thine;
Yes, I would have the Lord enthroned
In this poor heart of mine.

Refrain:

Come, Jesus, reign in me,
My heart Thy throne shall be;
Oh, tarry in Thy throne,
'Tis Thine, and Thine alone.

All foes cast out, let this poor heart
Be filled with love divine;
Securely fixed, no more to part
From this poor heart of mine.

Let perfect love my portion be,
To Thee my all resign;
O Holy One, come dwell in me,
And rule this heart of mine.

No earthly language can express
The love in Christ I find
'Tis boundless and it's measureless,
In this poor heart of mine.

Come, Little Children (#475) | Ulysses Phillips

Come, ye little children, come, oh, come today,

Come and learn of Jesus, and the Bible way;

He will lead us upward to the land of light,

Where there is no darkness, for the day is bright.

Refrain:

Come, oh, come, ye little children,

Jesus bids the children come, come, oh, come today.

Jesus loves the children, loves them every one,

And He will embrace them in His loving arms,

Keep them from all evil, if they will obey,

And will surely bless them all along the way.

'Tis so sweet to know that Jesus is so kind,

And that He is seeking here and there to find

Precious little children, who will love the Lord,

And obey the biddings written in His word.

He gave us the Bible so that we may know

How to love and serve Him in this world below;

Precious Book from heaven, words of life and truth,

Light to shine forever on the path of youth.

Come, the Lord will lead us in the path of peace,

By the flowing waters that shall never cease,

And His word will guide us, showing us the way

To a home in heaven and eternal day.

Come Over into Canaan (#297) | Jacob W. Byers, 1906

I came to Jordan's sullen stream;
With trusting heart I there had been
Directed by my Savior's hand,
Toward Canaan's bright and blessed land.

Refrain:

Come over into the Canaan land,
Come over into the Canaan land,
Where figs and grapes so plenteous grow,
Where milk and honey freely flow,
Come over into the Canaan land.

My many sins were all forgiv'n,
My heart was clear with light from heav'n,
And yet I longed for deeper grace,
In Canaan's blessed resting place.

I saw the death I had to die,
A death in which my soul did cry;
The fright'ning waves my heart did chill,
But I must yield, 'twas Heaven's will.

Oh, second grace! I find it sweet!
God's holy will is now complete:
The Father, Son, and Spirit reign;
All inward foes are surely slain.

Come, Thou Almighty King (#434) | Charles Wesley, 1757

Come, Thou almighty King,
Help us Thy Name to sing, help us to praise!
Father all glorious, o'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us, Ancient of Days!
Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies, and make them fall;
Let Thine almighty aid our sure defense be made,
Souls on Thee be stayed; Lord, hear our call.
Come, Thou incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword, our prayer attend!
Come, and Thy people bless, and give Thy Word success,
Spirit of holiness, on us descend!
Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear in this glad hour;
Thou Who almighty art, now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart, Spirit of pow'r!
To Thee, great One in Three,
Eternal praises be, hence, evermore;
Thy sov'reign majesty may we in glory see,
And to eternity love and adore!

Consecration (#245) | Mildred E. Howard, 1907

Since Jesus gave His life for me,

Should I not give Him mine?

I'm consecrated, Lord, to Thee,

I shall be wholly Thine.

Refrain:

My life, O Lord, I give to Thee,

My talents, time, and all;

I'll serve Thee, Lord, Thine own to be,

I'll hear Thy faintest call.

I care not where my Lord directs,

His purpose I'll fulfill;

I know He everyone protects

Who does His holy will.

Though He may call across the sea,

With Jesus I will go;

And tell the lost of love so free,

Till all His pow'r may know.

My home and friends are dear to me,

Yet He is dearer still;

In my affections first He'll be,

And first His righteous will.

My all, O Lord, to Thee I'll give,

Accept it as Thine own;

For Thee alone I'll ever live,

My heart shall be Thy throne.

Cross Over Jordan Today (#293) | Charles W. Naylor, 1911

Dost Thy soul ransomed from Egypt,

Yet in the wilderness stay?

Canaan's fair land is before thee,

Cross over Jordan today.

Refrain:

Look, oh, my brother,

Canaan, the land of the blest,

Lies now before thee;

Haste to the place of thy rest.

Spend not thy life thus forever

Treading the wilderness way;

Enter the fullness of favor,

Cross over Jordan today.

Life will be pleasanter, sweeter,

Stony no longer the way;

Many the foes left behind thee—

Cross over Jordan today.

Why dost thou shrink from the crossing?

Thinkest thou still of delay?

Waiting will not make thee stronger,

Cross over Jordan today.

Thou art abundantly able,

Falter not now by the way;

Grace all-abounding is waiting,

Cross over Jordan today.

Crown After Cross (#322) | Frances R. Havergal, 1879

Light after darkness, gain after loss,

Strength after weakness, crown after cross;

Sweet after bitter, hope after fears,

Home after wandering, praise after tears.

Refrain:

Now comes the weeping, then the glad reaping;

Now comes the labor hard, then the reward.

Sheaves after sowing, sun after rain,

Sight after mystery, peace after pain;

Joy after sorrow, calm after blast,

Rest after weariness, sweet rest at last.

Near after distant, gleam after gloom,

Love after loneliness, life after tomb;

After long agony rapture of bliss—

Right was the pathway leading to this.

Crucified for Me (#212) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

Prince of glory condescended, He has favored me;

On the cross He meekly suffered my poor soul to free;

He has cleansed my inner being, changed my life of wrong;

How His touch of healing virtue fills my heart with song!

Refrain:

He was crucified for me,

He was crucified for me,

He was crucified for me,

On the cross of Calvary.

Oh, what consolation offered in His righteousness,

From the highest realm of glory coming down to this!

Here in gloomy maze He found me, languishing to die,

But the light from heaven streaming cleared my mortal sky.

When the pall of night was lifted hope began to start;

When the clouds so thick were rifted, light shone in my heart,

When the shock from Calv'ry's mountain shook my sinful soul,

Then the stream from that blest fountain over me did roll.

See the Sov'reign of creation, King of earth and skies,

All for sinful man's salvation thus He dies, He dies;

Yet He lives, a mighty Monarch, reigns o'er every foe,

Causing mortal man to triumph over sin below.

Do We Well? (#451) | Clara M. Brooks, 1911

To the Syrian camp at twilight,
Hungry, thirsty, bleeding, sore,
Came four leprous men of Israel;
Found they there abundant store—
Gold and silver, food and raiment,
“We must go the message tell,
'Tis a day of joyful tidings,
Waiting here, we do not well.”

Refrain:

'Tis the day of full salvation,
Go, the joyful message tell;
While we wait the millions perish,
And we do not well.

Do we well, my precious brethren?
While they starve and die for bread,
We, with heaven's richest blessings,
Are so bountifully fed;
If we tarry till the morning,
Mischief shall our souls befall—
Go and tell earth's dying millions,
There is bread enough for all.
India's lost ones still are crying,
From that sin-benighted land;
Hear those wails from darkest China,
And from Egypt's sunlit strand;
While a soul remains in darkness,

And in idleness we dwell,
Selfishly the truth enjoying,
Brethren, dear, we do not well.
While a few have crossed the ocean,
Leaving all for Jesus' name,
There is room for many others—
Go, the gospel news proclaim!
Those who roam in sin's dominion
Can be rescued yet from hell,
While a moment's left to save them;
If we wait, we do not well.
If we labor on for Jesus,
And to every dying one
Tell the glad and joyful tidings,
Till life's fleeting day is done,
When we stand before the judgment,
While our hearts with rapture swell,
We shall hear the Savior saying,
"Ye have done exceeding well."

Do You Love the World? (#422) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

Do you love the world, in its pomp and show?

In its course of sin will you onward go?

Is the pride of life more than heav'n above?

Will you lose your soul for the sins you love?

Refrain:

Do you love the world? Will you selfish be,

When the Lord provides everything for thee?

Can you still refuse? Will you come and bow?

Give your heart and life to His service now?

Do you love the world, its applause and fame?

Soon 'twill end in sorrow, remorse, and shame;

Jesus bids you come and redeem your soul

From its awful doom, ere the judgments roll.

Do you love the world? Is it dear to thee?

Can it help thy soul in eternity?

Will you choose its way more than godly fear,

Sealing thus your doom, when the Lord is near?

Do you love the world more than Christ who died?

How the blood flowed free from His pierced side!

When it cost His life to prepare that place,

Will you die in sin, and refuse His grace?

Draw Me Close to Thee (#442) | Clara M. Brooks, 1911

I would be nearer, my Savior,

Where I can hear Thy voice

Falling in tenderest whispers,

Making my heart rejoice.

Refrain:

Draw me close to Thee,

Draw me close to Thee;

Keep me, dear Savior, so near Thy side,

Draw me close to Thee.

I would be kept in Thy presence,

Free from the strife of tongues;

There shall the humble adore Thee,

Raising their grateful songs.

Keep me, O Lord, in Thy shadow,

When the dark tempests low'r;

Safely to rest on Thy bosom,

Keep me forevermore.

Swiftly the shadows are deep'ning,

Light of my life, be near;

Strengthen the trust I am keeping,

Fill me with hope and cheer.

Draw Me Nearer (Neff) (#247) | Thaddeus Neff, 1911

Blessed Savior, draw me nearer,

As I walk the narrow way;

When my soul is sorely tempted,

Thou wilt all my fears allay.

Refrain:

Blessed Jesus, wilt Thou keep me

Near Thy side, Thy bleeding side;

Draw me nearer, loving Savior,

Let me in Thy love abide.

By Thy help I'll trust Thee ever,

Though the shadows gather round;

Thou my light, and my salvation,

Let Thy grace in me abound.

I will walk by faith in Jesus,

On this high and holy way;

Onward will I press and upward,

Drawing nearer every day.

When I'm passing through the furnace,

I draw near, my Lord, to Thee;

As I hear Thee gently whisper,

"Closer come, My child, to Me.

Drifting Away from Jesus (#383) | Daniel O. Teasley, 1911

Drifting away from Jesus,
Far from His gentle fold,
Wrecked on the waves of sorrow,
Out in the night so cold.

Refrain 1-3:

Oh, am I lost forever?
Lost amid fiendish din?
Oh, can there be no lifeboat
On the dark ocean of sin?
Drifting away from Jesus,
Day after day I glide,
Swiftly the billows bear me
Over the surging tide.

Drifting away from Jesus,
Helpless, and tossed with care;
Soon I shall land forever
Somewhere, I know not where.

Drifting away from Jesus,
Far from His courts of love,
Oh, do you see! A lifeboat
Sails from the ports above!

Refrain 4:

Over the bounding billows,
Jesus, my Savior, sends
Help to my storm-tossed spirit;
Praise to the Friend of friends!

Endearing Lord (#93) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

O Christ divine, O God of love,
Thou source of every good;
I'll live in time and heav'n above,
And serve Thee as I should.

Refrain:

Endearing Lord! Majestic One!
With radiant glories crowned;
Oh, Thou hast conquered, I have come,
Thy pard'ning grace I've found.
Sweet peace and love now reign within,
Like rolling rivers flow;
Thus keeping all my life from sin
In this vain world below.

My life and breath are in Thy hand,
My joys and all I know;
I live and breathe at Thy command—
Then shall I leave Thee? No.
Lord, if I had ten thousand lives,
I'd give them all to Thee;
Thy matchless goodness surely proves
Thy wondrous love to me.

Majestic Christ! O dearest Friend!
Thou princely One so pure;
Let men and angel voices blend,
Thy royal name adore.

Eternity (#409) | Daniel O. Teasley, 1911

I stood at the time-beaten portals,
Where many a pilgrim had passed
Out into the infinite future,
To be with the pure and the blest;
And, musing in silent devotion,
Eternity seemed to draw near;
And strains from the choir of the faithful
I seemed in my fancy to hear.
Refrain:
Oh, eternity! Long eternity!
Hear the solemn footsteps of eternity.
I lingered, and silently listened
To the dull, heavy tread of the years,
And thought of the fate of the guilty,
When Christ in His glory appears;
A shudder came over my spirit,
As I thought what a moment might cost,
For eternity's stillness was broken
By the groans and the sighs of the lost.
I saw then the Judge in His splendor,
As He stepped to His great judgment seat,
And thought of the crashing of ages,
When time and eternity meet;
For Time, who has laid many millions,
To slumber in death's silent shade,
Shall reel at eternity's presence,

And sleep in the tomb he has made.
Let us work while 'tis day, brother, sister,
For soon shall the Master return,
To garner the wheat that we harvest,
The chaff in His fury to burn;
Then in haste let us rush to the rescue,
But few can we save at the most:
Soon millions shall be at the judgment,
Forever, eternally lost.

Evening and Morning (#369) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

When the evening is coming,
And the dark clouds appear,
I am happy in knowing
My Redeemer is near;
He hath blest me with keeping,
'Mid the toils of the day;
He will watch me while sleeping,
He will not go away.

Refrain:

When the morning has come,
When the morning has come;
We will meet Him in glory,
When the morning has come.

When the evening is coming,
And the sunlight grows dim,
How my heart in devotion
Loves to cling unto Him!
He hath blest me with pardon,
He hath cleansed me, I know,
He will keep me while trusting
From the dark, cruel foe.

When the evening is coming,
And I look o'er the past,
What assurance increasing—
I have triumphed at last!
Not an evil foreboding,

Not a doubt in my soul,
Not a sin that's corroding—
I am whole, I am whole.
When our life's evening endeth
In one bright, lasting day,
When our Savior descendeth
In His royal array,
We'll be caught up to meet Him
In the air, we are told,
To abide with Him ever
In that city of gold.

Ever Keep Heaven in View (#213) | H. R. Jeffrey, 1911

Pilgrim of Jesus, o'er life's troubled sea,

Courage, and onward pursue;

A crown of rejoicing is waiting for thee,

Ever keep heaven in view.

Refrain:

Ever keep heaven in view,

Ever keep heaven in view;

Courage, my brother, right onward pursue,

Ever keep heaven in view.

Pilgrim of Jesus, what saddens thy brow?

Are not His promises true?

How needless thy sorrow, He's bidding thee now,

Ever keep heaven in view.

Pilgrim of Jesus, oh, lift up thy head,

Ask and thy strength He'll renew;

And, while in the footprints of Jesus you tread,

Ever keep heaven in view.

Pilgrim of Jesus, that Eden above

Long has been waiting for you;

And soon thou shalt reach thy fair mansion of love,

Ever keep heaven in view.

Everlasting Joy (#66) | Daniel S. Warner

Can the spirit of a mortal
Live beyond the reach of trouble?
Knowing not a painful struggle,
Ever joyful in the Lord?
Refrain:
Glory to my Savior's name!
Walking on His holy plane
Nothing can my peace disturb,
Free and happy as a bird,
Singing joyful praise evermore.
He who is our great salvation,
And our high and strong munition
Is to us a full fruition
Of His peace and endless joy.
I no trouble and no sorrow
See today, nor will I borrow
Gloomy visions for the morrow;
In my Jesus all is bright.
To my soul all grace is given,
And all gloom afar is driven,
Walking in the light of heaven,
All is everlasting peace.
Jesus bids be joyful ever;
He Himself, the wondrous Giver,
Flows within a constant river,
And my spirit must rejoice.

Ever Lead Me (#288) | Barney E. Warren, 1897

Out on this dark world, Savior, am I,
Be Thou my helper, oh, hear my cry;
Thou art my portion, all is in Thee,
Oh, let Thy mighty hand ever lead me.

Refrain:

Wilt Thou lead me by the hand?
Hope of my heart, Lord, strength of my soul,
Guide Thou my footsteps and keep me whole;
My grace and fortress, Lord, Thou wilt be,
Oh, let Thy mighty hand ever lead me.
Calm Thou the wild storm, clear up the way,
Keep me from falling, by night and day;
Trav'ling to glory, walking with Thee,
Oh, let Thy mighty hand ever lead me.

Every Hour for Jesus (#313) | Barney E. Warren, 1900

Every hour for Jesus! shall my motto be,
There is plenty of work we may do;
We may all keep busy till the Lord we see,
Till He comes for His faithful few.

Refrain:

Every hour for the Lord,
Every hour for the Lord let us spend;
Every hour for Jesus till He comes again,
When the labor of life shall end.
Every hour for Jesus! We must work and pray,
We should never be slothful or tire;
For the time is coming, so His Word doth say,
When our work shall be tried by fire.

Every hour for Jesus! and whate'er I do,
I must have His approval on me;
If I do heart service with the Lord in view,
He will bless me and keep me free.
Every hour for Jesus! There is work for all,
Spend your time in His service alone;
Be ye ready, waiting for His every call,
Soon He'll say, "'Tis enough, come home."

Every Hour of the Passing Day (#146) | Daniel O. Teasley, 1907

Every hour of the passing day

Let me labor, Lord, for Thee;

While one soul in the darkness roams,

Let me never idle be.

Refrain:

Every hour, every day,

Let me do some deed of love;

Every hour, every day,

Point some soul to the world above.

Every hour of the passing day

Let me sow some precious seed;

Lift some load from a fainting soul,

Help some suff'ring one in need.

Every hour of the passing day

Let me breathe Thy name in prayer;

Trusting in Thy grace divine,

Let me in Thy glory share.

Every hour of the passing day

Let me drink at the fountain deep;

Drink from that exhaustless stream

Grace and pow'r my soul to keep.

Fair Zion (#18) | Charles W. Naylor, 1911

O beautiful Zion, fair bride of the Lamb,
Thy marvelous light we behold,
Which shone on the nations enshrouded by darkness,
And millions were brought to thy fold.

Refrain:

O Zion, fair Zion, thou church of the firstborn,
My heart in its rapture rejoices in thee;
The angels in heaven behold thee with wonder,
Thou glorious city, thou home of the free.
Eclipsed was thy luster by long papal night,
And dimly the dark cloudy day
Revealed thee to eyes that were earnestly searching
For truth and the heavenly way.

Thy light as the morning breaks forth in the earth,
Thy brightness all nations shall see;
The ransomed from Babel are eagerly turning
With songs of rejoicing to thee.

O Zion, blest Zion, thy sun shall no more
Go down in obscurity's night;
From out thy perfection of beauty is shining
The rays of God's wonderful light.

Eternity's ages of bliss shall be thine,
In regions unclouded above;
And there shalt thou dwell evermore with thy Maker,
Delighting thyself in His love.

Faith (#283) | Daniel S. Warner, 1893

If thou wilt know the fountain deep,

Of sweet unbroken rest;

The rest of faith thy soul shall keep,

He that believes is ever blest.

Refrain:

Put on thy strength, O Zion, rise,

And fix thy trust above the skies;

Move out on faith's almighty plane,

Through Him that loved us dare to reign.

The gift of faith no limit knows,

Save God's unbounded Word;

It triumphs o'er its giant foes,

And glorifies the blessed Lord.

Stay not in feeble unbelief,

When God commands be strong;

Be strong in Him, the Word believe,

And shout the overcomer's song.

I can do all in Jesus' name,

Thus sings the faith of God;

It sings and hills of trouble flee,

It rides triumphant on the flood.

Faith Is Believing (#285) | Daniel O. Teasley, 1911

Faith is believing, the promise is true,
Trusting in Jesus your strength to renew;
Resting so sweetly, secure on His word,
Shielded from danger with Jesus the Lord.

Refrain:

Faith is believing, simply receiving
What in His promise God has revealed;
Trust Him forever, doubt Him, no, never,
Till thy petition His Spirit hath sealed.
Faith is believing, why longer remain
Under the bondage of Satan's domain?
See, though all blood-stained, the banner unfurled—
Faith is the victory that conquers the world.
Faith is believing, the soul's happy rest,
Faith is believing, though sorely oppressed;
Singing in triumph whatever assail,
High on the mountains or low in the vale.
Faith is believing, then doubt Him no more,
Sell all your sorrows, your troubles give o'er;
Soar in the sunlight above every cloud,
Triumph forever, believing in God.

Farewell to Sin (#390) | Daniel S. Warner

I will part with thee, old master;

This is my firm resolve;

And I'll boldly state my reason,

Why we must now dissolve.

Refrain:

The wages of sin is death,

The wages of sin is death,

The wages of sin is death, and woe,

And bitter remorse; I've found it so;

Bitter, bitter,

Bitter remorse and woe.

I have served thee long and faithful,

Confessed you were my lord;

All your way was dark and painful,

And what is my reward?

I have given time and talents,

My health and honor, too,

And exposed my soul to torments,

And what did you bestow?

You have flattered me, and promised

Much pleasure in your reign;

I have sowed and reaped your harvest,

Now what my wretched gain?

While beneath your doleful bondage,

How oft your father came,

Saying, "There is here no passage

Out from your dark domain.”
But the blood of my Redeemer
Has saved me through and through,
So, in Jesus’ name, forever
I bid all sin adieu.

Fiery Darts (#174) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

In the hour of sore temptation I may be,
Yet, amid the trials, Jesus' face I see;
In His word my anchor holdeth to the last,
While the fiery darts are flying thick and fast.

Refrain:

We shall not be wounded in the hottest fight
If we raise the shield of faith in Jesus' might;
Through the grace of God we'll conquer to the last,
While the fiery darts are flying thick and fast.

In the greatest suff'ring man may undergo,
He shall have the vict'ry if he'll count it so;
Conqu'ring in the conflict, soon 'twill all be past,
Though the fiery darts are flying thick and fast.

Should I walk in trouble, pressed on every side,
He who knows my weakness will with me abide;
I will ever trust Him in the hottest blast,
While the fiery darts are flying thick and fast.

In the heated furnace, Father, let me stay,
Precious gold refining, purge the dross away,
Till Thy glorious image is reflected there,
Till the costly jewels of Thy grace I wear.

Fire in the Soul (#222) | Daniel S. Warner, 1887

Is the Spirit glowing in thy heart?

Oh, my brother, can you say

That you feel the burning love of God

In thy bosom day by day?

Refrain:

Yes, 'tis love, 'tis burning love divine,

Filling all my soul's desire;

Oh, how sweet its glories ever shine!

Now I feel the glowing fire.

Has the merit of the blood divine

Swept away thy sinful stain?

And does heaven's glory in Thee shine,

Ever bright and holy flame?

Is thy hope unclouded by a fear?

*Hallelujah! do you know [*And this moment]

That the love of God is burning clear

In thy heart as white as snow?

Do you feel the mighty, living pow'r,

Filling all thy mortal frame?

And does all thy heart forever pour

Streams of glory to His name?

If thy all is on the altar laid,

Guard it from each vain desire;

When thy soul the perfect price hath paid,

God will send the holy fire.

Following Jesus (#221) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

Following Jesus, following Jesus,
Gently He leads me in the heavenly way;
Watching and praying, trusting, obeying,
He will restrain me from going astray.

Refrain:

Following Jesus, following Jesus,
Following Jesus by day and by night;
Watching and praying, trusting, obeying,
He is my helper in doing the right.
Following Jesus, following Jesus,
He who has suffered to redeem me from sin;
Oh, what a blessing, while I'm confessing,
He in His fullness is reigning within.

Following Jesus, following Jesus,
I am delighted with His wonderful love;
While I'm confiding, in Him I'm hiding,
Soon I shall meet Him in heaven above.

Following Jesus, following Jesus,
This is my duty for His goodness to me;
Joyful in glory, telling the story,
How in His favor I'm happy and free.

For Me All Is Well (#107) | Mrs. T. Wheeler, 1911

No sigh nor a tear since my Jesus is here,
In His presence securely I dwell;
I hear His sweet voice, and it makes me rejoice,
I know that for me all is well.

Refrain:

'Tis well with my soul since the Lord made me whole,
And His smiles all my sorrows dispel;
On His bosom I rest, in His love I am blest;
I know that for me all is well.

I sit at His feet, and my joy is complete,

He gives me this message to tell:

Oh, lean on His arm, He will save from all harm,
And fit you in heaven to dwell.

Oh, yield to Him now, and in lowliness bow,

And drink from this life-giving well;

The taste is so sweet, and the joy so complete,

Its pleasure we never can tell.

And when by and by He descends from on high,

He will take us to heaven to dwell;

We'll sing this glad song as we journey along,

I know that for me all is well.

Fount of Purity (#181) | S. G. Odell, 1911

Oh, faint not, weary soul,
Thy Savior's near to thee;
He now will make thee whole,
Look up to Calvary.

Refrain:

Hail, fount of purity!
Hail, wondrous, cleansing blood!
Hail, great security!
Thou spotless Lamb of God.

Behold thy Savior dies,
He dies, He dies for thee;
'Tis finished now, He cries,
Oh, captive soul, be free!
Thy sins of crimson dye
Shall white as wool appear;
Now to the fountain fly,
'Twill cleanse thee, do not fear.

Thy sins of scarlet hue
Shall all be white as snow;
There's nothing thou canst do,
But to the fountain go.
Behold the fountain near,
By faith, oh, plunge today;
Oh, sin-sick soul, draw near—
'Twill purge thy stain away.

From Babel to Zion (#33) | Thomas Nelson, 1911

Now to the holy city
The faithful gather home;
To Zion's mount of glory
With songs of joy they come.
Jerusalem the golden,
Jerusalem the free,
With joyful hearts and voices
The ransomed come to thee.
Now eye to eye beholding
The way-marks on the road,
All bound in love together,
They're coming home to God:
One mind and mouth possessing,
They speak with one accord,
And in the heights of Zion
They shout and praise the Lord.
Sing glory to the Savior,
High over all the world;
On Zion's heights forever
His banner is unfurled.
God's church can be no longer
Obscured from human sight;
For see, on yonder mountain,
A city filled with light!
No longer Babel's bondage
The bride of Christ can hold;

God's children now are holy,
And free from Babel's fold:
For it is fallen, fallen,
And it shall rise no more;
We cling alone to Jesus,
As did the saints of yore.

From Death to Life (#470) | Ulysses Phillips

From death to life, oh, what a thought!
Within my soul what change is wrought
By pow'r divine, no tongue can tell,
One thing I know—for me 'tis well;
From darkness unto light sublime,
Through my Redeemer's matchless Name;
For this He left His home on high,
That I should not forever die.

Refrain:

Oh, praise the Lord for victory,
From death to life He lifted me;
By His great love and pow'r divine
Eternal life is truly mine.
There Jesus paid it all, I see,
To bring this wondrous life to me;
Life from above, oh, joy sublime!
That such a treasure should be mine;
Now in God's Son I have a part,
Eternal life within my heart,
Translated from the shades of night,
Into the realm of glorious light.
A resurrection, I confess,
Has taken place within my breast;
I've been awakened from the dead,
And now I live with Christ instead;
And when I lay this body down,

To mold and crumble in the ground,
My ransomed soul shall fly away,
To one long, bright, eternal day.
There light and life without an end
Into eternity shall blend;
And I the Lord of life shall greet,
And worship at His blessed feet;
Then may I clasp His nail-scarred hands,
Which broke for me death's awful bands,
By His great love; how could it be?
From death to life He lifted me.

From Time to Eternity (#328) | Daniel S. Warner

Time onward flows like a river vast,
While age on age it has borne to the sea;
And down this stream we have come at last,
To see time end in eternity.

Refrain:

Eternity! Eternity!

Will you dwell with Christ in eternity?

What is this life but a fleeting day?

Soon death will come with a stern decree;

Then one by one we must pass away,

And change from time to eternity.

A dial true is the Book divine,

Its hands approach with a certainty

The tolling point in the death of time,

The solemn change to eternity.

Oh, joyful day to the faithful soul

Who walks with Christ in His purity!

Life's battle fought and the vict'ry won,

He shouts from time to eternity.

Fully Saved Today (#120) | William J. Henry, 1911

I am fully saved today,
All my guilt is washed away,
And the love of God is flooding all my soul;
For His grace abides within,
Since I've been redeemed from sin,
And the precious blood of Jesus makes me whole.

Refrain:

I am fully saved today,
I am in the narrow way;
And no evil can betide,
For I'm walking by my Savior's side.
I am fully saved today,
And I'm in the narrow way,
Walking with my blessed Savior hour by hour;
Though the way seems sometimes drear,
And the hosts of hell appear,
I shall ever conquer by His mighty pow'r.
I am fully saved today,
While His word I do obey,
On the promise now by faith I calmly rest;
Not a doubt or fear I know,
While I walk with Him below,
For I'm leaning on my Savior's loving breast.

Give Me Jesus Alone (#229) | Daniel O. Teasley, 1911

I am here a pilgrim stranger,

Give me Jesus alone;

He will guard my soul from danger,

Give me Jesus alone.

Refrain 1:

Give me Jesus alone,

Give me Jesus alone;

Till I reach my home in glory

Give me Jesus alone.

When the pow'rs of sin beset me,

Give me Jesus alone;

When my friends on earth forget me,

Give me Jesus alone.

Refrain 2:

Give me Jesus alone,

Give me Jesus alone;

Every hour and every moment,

Give me Jesus alone.

Though the world its praise should offer,

Give me Jesus alone;

With my Lord I'll meekly suffer,

Give me Jesus alone.

Refrain 3:

Give me Jesus alone,

Give me Jesus alone;

Let the world deride or flatter,

Give me Jesus alone.

When my heart for joy is singing,

Give me Jesus alone;

Or when pain my heart is wringing,

Give me Jesus alone.

Refrain 4:

Give me Jesus alone,

Give me Jesus alone;

In the sunshine or the shadow,

Give me Jesus alone.

Passing through life's verdant meadow,

Give me Jesus alone;

Or through death's dark gloomy shadow,

Give me Jesus alone.

Refrain 5:

Give me Jesus alone,

Give me Jesus alone;

Whether life or death await me,

Give me Jesus alone.

Glorious Peace (#149) | Daniel O. Teasley, 1911

I came defiled and guilty

To Jesus the mighty to save;

He took my sins and sorrows,

And beauty for ashes gave.

Refrain:

Peace, peace, glorious peace,

Like tranquil waters flow;

Streaming down over my heart,

Made white as the driven snow.

I came to Jesus repenting,

Confessing my every sin,

My heart's door swung wide open,

And glorious peace flowed in.

And since that joyful moment

Of glorious peace to me,

My soul has ceased its pining,

My heart has been light and free.

Roll on, ye changing seasons,

Or turbulent seas of sin;

I've found a blessed shelter,

And glorious peace within.

Glorious Zion (#26) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

Glorious things are spoken of thee,
Thou city of God, thou home of the free;
Fair as the morning, clear as the sun,
Great army with banners, conquering one.
Refrain:
Zion of God, thou home of the free,
Washed in the blood, I'm dwelling in thee;
Glorious home, oh, gather us there,
Church of the Firstborn, thou art so fair.
Glorious things I cannot declare
Are found in thy courts so wondrously fair;
Those who remain within thee shall rest,
O Zion of God, thou home of the blest.
Glorious things shine forth in thy light,
Thou city so fair, no sorrow can blight;
Blessings so rich, unnumbered, untold,
More precious are they than diamonds and gold.
Glorious things divinely complete
Within thee are found—thy love is replete;
Down through the ages, spotless and pure,
Thy God hath preserved thee, thou art secure.

Glory to His Name (#465) | Elisha A. Hoffman, 1878

Down at the cross where my Savior died,
Down where for cleansing from sin I cried,
There to my heart was the blood applied;
Glory to His Name!

Refrain:

Glory to His Name,

Glory to His Name:

There to my heart was 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!

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!

Come to this fountain so rich and sweet,

Cast thy poor soul at the Savior's feet;

Plunge in today, and be made complete;

Glory to His Name!

God Answered Prayer for Me (#473) | Ulysses Phillips

I cried to God for mercy,
When I was lost in sin;
He heard my earnest pleadings,
And freely took me in.

Refrain:

God answered prayer for me,
He answered prayer for me;
If thou wilt pray, believing,
I know He'll answer thee.

Praise God, I now am happy,
My soul is light and free,
The God that heard old Daniel
Has answered prayer for me.

Whene'er I meet with trouble,
To Him in prayer I go,
For He is always willing
To answer me, I know.

Oh, sinner, come to Jesus,
Call on His name today;
If thou wilt come, believing,
He'll wash thy sins away.

**God Be with You till We Meet Again (#351) | Jeremiah E. Rankin,
1880**

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.

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.

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.

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.

God Is Calling Thee (#431) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

Is God calling thee, O guilty sinner?—

Satan has long on thee imposed—

Or has the Spirit gone forever?

Is thy heart's door against Him closed.

Refrain:

Come, sinner, God is calling thee;

Come, sinner, God is calling thee;

He is pleading, interceding;

Come, God is calling thee.

Is God calling thee? Wilt thou not hear Him?

Sinner, He's pleading now for thee;

In pity His Spirit draws thee near Him,

Mercy and love are shown so free.

Is God calling thee in great compassion?

Then let thy heart this Christ receive;

He died on the cross to seal thy pardon;

How canst thou thus His Spirit grieve?

Is God calling thee? Then wait no longer;

Canst thou His pleading voice despise?

If thou wilt obey, 'twill make thee stronger—

From sin and guilt thou canst arise.

Yes, God's calling me, and shall I slight Him?

With this vain world for aye be lost?

For His greater love I'll not betray Him,

No, I'll be His at any cost.

God Is Everywhere (#476) | Ulysses Phillips

See, the Lord hath made us by His mighty pow'r,
And He watches o'er us every day and hour;
This we do remember when we kneel in prayer,
God is up in heaven, God is everywhere.

Refrain:

God is everywhere, yes, God is everywhere,
God is in the valley, God is in the air;
God is in the mountain, God is in the sea,
Anywhere we may go, there God will be.
Nothing can we hide from His all-seeing eye,
Whether on the land, or in the sea or sky;
Darkness cannot hide us from His blessed face,
For His holy presence dwells in every place.

All our words and thoughts are to Him fully known,
We shall surely reap the deeds that we have sown;
From Thy holy presence we can never flee,
For the day and night are both the same with Thee.

Look down in our hearts, Lord, let us see today
If there should be in us any wicked way;
Help us ever serve Thee with a Godly fear,
Help us know that Thou art present everywhere.

God Is Love (#140) | Daniel O. Teasley, 1905

Hark! my soul, seraphic music,
From angelic choirs above,
Breaks to earth the joyful tidings
That the Lord our God is love.

Refrain:

God is love, God is love,
Song of angel choirs above;
Hallelujah! God is love.
Paradise now helps to swell it,
Saints on earth afar go tell it,
Satan's host can never quell it,
For the Lord our God is love.
See the depths of His compassion,
Giving heaven's best to prove
By a life of pain and sorrow,
That the Lord our God is love.
Lo, I feel the Holy Spirit,
Like a peaceful, heav'nly dove,
Witnessing within my bosom
That the Lord our God is love.
Sing my soul, and all within me,
Sing till all the clouds remove,
Sing, and praise, and shout forever,
For the Lord our God is love.

God Omniscient (#39) | Daniel O. Teasley

God omniscient, God all-wise,
With Thy ever-searching eyes,
Look within me, view my heart;
Keep me pure in every part.

Refrain:

God of love, God of light,
Guide my trusting soul aright;
God of wisdom, God of pow'r,
Be Thou with me every hour.
God almighty, God of pow'r,
Be Thou near me every hour;
Grace and glory to me give,
In Thy might within me live.
God unchanging, God so dear,
God afar, and yet so near,
In Thy majesty so fair,
Thou art present everywhere.
God of holiness divine,
Let Thy glory in me shine;
Like Thine image let me be,
Pure as heaven's crystal sea.
God eternal, God most high,
God of truth, Who cannot lie,
Round about me cast Thy charms,
Underneath me be Thine arms.

God Shall Wipe All Tears Away (#498) | Ulysses Phillips

Many souls today are burdened
With a load of toil and care,
Burdened down with grief and sorrow,
Which seem more than they could bear.

Refrain:

Look to God, He will not leave you,
He'll go with you all the way;
Though you pass through tribulation,
God shall wipe all tears away.
Down their cheeks the tears are streaming,
And their hearts are pressed with fears;
There is hope, if they could find it,
God can wipe away all tears.

But there must needs be repentance,
And a turning back to God,
From the paths and deeds of evil,
Where the wand'ring feet have trod.
Come to Him with true confession,
Come with trembling and with fears;
He will never disappoint you,
God will wipe away all tears.

God's Way Is Best (#111) | Charles W. Naylor, 1904

God's way is best; if human wisdom
A fairer way may seem to show,
'Tis only that our earth-dimmed vision
The truth can never clearly know.

Refrain:

God's way is best, I will not murmur,
Although the end I may not see;
Where'er He leads I'll meekly follow,
God's way is best, is best for me.

Had I the choosing of my pathway,
In blindness I should go astray,
And wander far away in darkness,
Nor reach that land of endless day.

He leadeth true; I will not question,
Though through the valley I shall go;
Though I should pass through clouds of trial,
And drink the cup of human woe.

God's way is best; heart, cease thy struggling
To see and know and understand;
Forsake thy fears and doubts, but trusting,
Submit thyself into His hand.

Thy way is best, so lead me onward,
My all I give to Thy control;
Thy loving hand will truly guide me,
And safe to glory bring my soul.

Go Forth (#315) | Samuel L. Speck, 1911

Go forth, ye messenger of light,
Led by the Holy Ghost;
Arrayed in garments clean and white,
And faithful at your post;
Oh, tell of Jesus' love to thee,
That all who hear may know,
His precious blood can set them free,
And wash them white as snow.

Refrain:

Go forth and break the living bread
To every hungry soul;
And wake poor sinners from the dead,
Ere judgments on them roll.
Go forth, beloved, with "present truth,"
Glad tidings to proclaim—
From East to West, from North to South—
That Jesus truly came
To heal the sick and make them whole,
Lost sinners to redeem,
And give them peace within the soul—
Oh, blessed, blessed theme!
Go forth, go forth, ye mighty host,
With hearts made pure and true;
Stand fast for God at any cost,
And He will be to you
A present help in time of need,

A glorious conqu'ring pow'r,
He'll keep your spirit free indeed,
Each day and every hour.
Go forth, go forth, unsheath the sword,
And wield it for the right;
Hew to the line, cut every cord
That binds in sectish night;
If you should opposition meet,
Turn not to right nor left,
Stand on the word in Him complete,
"The Rock of Ages," cleft.

Good News to All (#424) | Daniel S. Warner

Dear friends, we have precious tidings of old,

Would you receive greater riches than gold?

Hear it, all people, ye wealthy and poor,

Jesus will give you His peace evermore.

Refrain:

Good news, good news,

We will sing and proclaim tidings of redeeming love;

Good news, good news,

Full salvation for all, flowing from above.

Wonderful grace we declare unto you,

Truly we've tested and proved it is true,

How great is salvation! tongue cannot tell,

Saving the soul from the power of hell.

Ye infidels that so boldly appear,

Deep in your bosom you're cankered with fear,

Come now to reason and honest intent,

And God will pardon if ye will repent.

Is there a poor sinner present tonight

Whose life is bitter and under a blight?

Should it be liquor or gloomy despair,

Surely our Savior can turn it all fair.

Guide Me (#141) | Clara M. Brooks, 1911

With Thine eye, O Savior, guide me
Through my pilgrimage below;
In Thy secret presence hide me,
On my heart Thy grace bestow.

Refrain:

Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
May I feel that Thou art nigh;
Let me rest upon Thy promise,
"I will guide Thee with mine eye."

Guide me when the shadows o'er me
To my vision dark appear;
Let me see my way before me,
As at noonday bright and clear.

Guide my thoughts lest they should wander
To the empty dreams of earth;
Let me on Thy goodness ponder,
Yea, on things of heav'nly worth.

Guide my words that they be spoken
In such kind and loving way;
They may heal a heart that's broken,
Someone's darkness turn to day.

Guide my actions, O my Father,
Guide my soul to heaven's shore;
Thee I'll follow and no other,
Be my guide forevermore.

Hallelujah, Praise Jehovah (#40) | Psalm 148, 1831

Hallelujah, praise Jehovah,
From the heavens praise His name;
Praise Jehovah in the highest,
All His angels praise proclaim.
All His hosts together praise Him,
Sun, and moon, and stars on high;
Praise Him, O ye heav'n of heavens,
And ye floods above the sky.

Refrain:

Let them praises give Jehovah,
For His name alone is high,
And His glory is exalted,
And His glory is exalted,
And His glory is exalted,
Far above the earth and sky.

Let them praises give Jehovah,
They were made at His command,
Them forever He established;
His decree shall ever stand.
From the earth, oh, praise Jehovah,
All ye floods, ye dragons all;
Fire, and hail, and snow, and vapors,
Stormy winds that hear His call.
All ye fruitful trees and cedars,
All ye hills and mountains high,
Creeping things, and beasts, and cattle,

Birds that in the heavens fly.
Kings of earth, and all ye people,
Princes great, earth's judges all,
Praise His name, young men and maidens,
Aged men and children small.

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Stormy winds that hear His call.
All ye fruitful trees and cedars,
All ye hills and mountains high,
Creeping things, and beasts, and cattle,

Birds that in the heavens fly.
Kings of earth, and all ye people,
Princes great, earth's judges all,
Praise His name, young men and maidens,
Aged men and children small.

Happy in the Savior (#74) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

I am happy in the Lord for the love He showed to me,
And I'm resting on His precious promise;
Confiding in His Word, He will keep me pure and free,
And forever in His grace victorious.

Refrain:

Happy in the Savior,

Happy in the Savior,

Happy in the Savior,

I am happy in the Lord.

I am happy in the Lord since my sins are washed away,
I've His peace within my heart abiding;
He sanctified my soul, and the Blessor came to stay,
In the bosom of His love I'm hiding.

I am happy in the Lord, for He gives me life and breath,
And He sweetens all my days with pleasure;
He's all I need on earth; He's my vict'ry over death,
He's the secret of that hidden treasure.

I am happy in the Lord for the place prepared for me,
Oh, how sweet the blessed consolation;
And though I fall asleep, I shall wake eternally,
In His likeness with His great salvation.

Have We Done What We Could? (#254) | Jennie Wilson, 1911

“She hath done what she could,” said the kind, loving Savior,
When the ointment so precious was poured on His head;
By the hand of a sinner redeemed through His mercy,
Her contrition displayed by the tears that she shed.

Refrain:

Are we bringing the gift of true love to the Savior?

Are we honoring Jesus so gentle and good?

Oh, how sweet it will be when our service is ended

If we hear His voice say, “Ye have done what ye could!”

Have we done what we could in the white fields around us,

Where the ripe grain for reapers invitingly waits?

Have we done what we could leading souls out of darkness

Into light that is shining through heavenly gates?

Have we done what we could in extending the Kingdom,

That in power and glory shall ever increase?

Have we done what we could filling earth with the homage

Of the Savior whose praises shall nevermore cease?

Have You Any Room? (#388) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

Sinner, have you any room for Jesus

In your lonely desert heart?

Would you feel His love so precious?

All you need He will impart.

Refrain:

Have you any room?

Have you any room?

Have you any room for the Savior?

Have you any room?

Have you any room?

Have you any room for the Savior?

Sinner, have you any room for Jesus

In your weary, wand'ring mind?

All this world can never fill it;

What you need is Christ, you'll find.

Sinner, have you any room for Jesus

In your home and in your life?

In your walk and in your dealings,

He will be an end of strife.

Sinner, have you any room for Jesus?

Can you slight the only Friend

Who has lost His life to save you,

And who loves us to the end?

Have You Any Time for Jesus? (#410) | Daniel O. Teasley, 1903

Have you any time for Jesus,
While the fleeting moments roll?
Is this mortal life so busy
That you cannot save you soul?
Refrain:
Soon the summons from the portals
Of the mansions in the sky
May be sounding your departure;
You must then take time to die.
Have you any time for Jesus?
Can it be, life's journey through,
That you have no time to serve Him
Who has spent His life for you?
Time for business, time for pleasure,
Time to revel on in sin—
Will you not take time for Jesus?
Oh, invite Him to come in.
If you have no time for Jesus
Ere you pass beyond the blue,
In the resurrection morning
He will have no time for you.

He Arose (#231) | Barney E. Warren, 1897

“He is risen,” said the angel to the women,
When they came to see Him sleeping in the cave;
Jesus burst the mighty bars of death asunder,
And arose to reign triumphant from the grave.

Refrain:

He arose, my Savior,
He arose, my Savior,
He arose, my Savior,
Triumphant from the grave.

He is risen, surely death is now abolished:
Grave, where is thy vict'ry? Death, where is thy sting?

Jesus flashes light into the darkened valley;
Swell the mighty chorus, men and angels sing.

He is risen, let the nations hear the music,
Let the gospel truth reach every distant plain;
Let the tidings roll that every guilty captive
May be fully free and help to praise His name.

He is risen, hence the fear of that grim monster
Is forever banished to the shades of night;
And the grave and death have lost their wretched terror
While we live on earth or take our upward flight.

Hear the Cry (#339) | Clara M. Brooks, 1911

O'er the ocean's rolling waters,
From an eastern land today,
Comes a cry from heathen daughters,
"Save us ere we're lost for aye";
Loud we hear their voices crying,
Borne upon each floating breeze,
For their souls in sin are dying,
While we idly wait at ease.

Refrain:

Who will go, oh, who will go,
Bear the message o'er the sea?
Oh, who will go?
Home and friends to us seem nearer,
As we hear their pleading cry;
Native land seems even dearer—
Still in tears they moan and sigh;
"Will not someone leave his nation?
You are saved, but we are lost!"
Jesus died for all creation—
Who will come at any cost?
"Though your home and friends you cherish,
Will you not regard the cries
From the lips of those who perish,
As they rend the vaulted skies;
Many come with sect confusion,
Who themselves are in the night,

Bringing only more delusion;
Who will bring the gospel light?"
Go, my brother, o'er the ocean,
Leave behind all earthly dross;
Prove to God thy life's devotion,
Lift the banner of His cross;
Jesus left His home in glory,
Died to set the captives free;
Go and tell the wondrous story,
Bear the message o'er the sea.

Heavenly Chorus (#444) | H. R. Jeffrey, 1911

Listen to the heav'nly music

Made by those who never tire,

Wondrous song that has no ending,

Sung by all the angel choir.

Refrain:

They are singing, ever singing,

Over on the other shore;

Soon we'll join them in the chorus,

When this fleeting life is o'er.

Soon we'll join the choir of glory,

Soon we'll greet those gone before;

Yes, we'll meet departed loved ones,

Meet where parting is no more.

There we'll sing, our sorrow over,

On that fair and happy shore,

Where the wicked cease from troubling,

And the weary sigh no more.

Heavenly Sunlight (#84) | Henry J. Zelle, 1899

Walking in sunlight all of my journey,
Over the mountains, through the deep vale;
Jesus has said, I'll never forsake thee—
Promise divine that never can fail.

Refrain:

Heavenly sunlight! Heavenly sunlight!
Flooding my soul with glory divine;
Hallelujah! I am rejoicing,
Singing His praises, Jesus is mine!
Shadows around me, shadows above me
Never conceal my Savior and Guide;
He is the light, in Him is no darkness,
Ever I'm walking close to His side.
In the bright sunlight, ever rejoicing,
Pressing my way to mansions above;
Singing His praises, gladly I'm walking,
Walking in sunlight, sunlight of love.

Heavenly Welcome (#376) | Jennie Mast

Feet that have carried the gospel glad,
Tidings of peace as the Savior said;
Hands that have strengthened the weak and sad,
Will be waiting there.

Refrain:

Those beautiful portals will open wide,
Open wide, open wide;
Those beautiful portals will open wide
To welcome thee.

Feet that have traveled the narrow way,
Faltering not in the battle fray,
Treading the thorns in the heat of day,
Will be waiting there.

Hands that were folded before thy view,
Pressed by thine own in a promise true,
Sprinkled with tears as the morning dew,
Will be waiting there.

Waiting and beckoning on and on,
Resting from toil in that palace home,
Eager to know will the children come
To these mansions fair.

He Comes (#355) | O. A. Pratt, 1911

He comes! He comes with trumpet sound,
To wake the slumb'ring nations 'round;
His pard'ning love no more is found—
He comes! He comes!

The dead in Christ shall then arise,
To meet their Savior in the skies,
No more a bleeding sacrifice—
He comes! He comes!

He comes no more in priestly dress;
Each eye shall see, each tongue confess;
To judge the world in righteousness
He comes! He comes!

The earth shall melt, the mountains quake,
The sea shall roar, the heavens shake,
The trumpet sounds, the dead awake—
He comes! He comes!

Dear sinners, what will be your fate?
The cry will be, "Too late, too late!
To enter in at heaven's gate!"
He comes! He comes!

"Let rocks and mountains on us fall,"
In vain at mercy's door they call;
Now doomed to swift destruction all—
He comes! He comes!

His loved, His own all hear His voice,
Obey His call, in Him rejoice;

The way of life has been their choice;
He comes! He comes!
Now to those mansions fair and bright
They take their everlasting flight;
There they shall walk with Him in white—
He comes! He comes!
Behold, what wonder greets mine eye—
Ten thousand angels in the sky!
The end has come, destruction's nigh,
He comes! He comes!
Oh, fearful scene! creation groans,
While loud above the trumpet tones
What peals of joy! What piercing moans!
He comes! He comes!

He Hideth My Soul (#190) | Frances J. Crosby, 1890

A wonderful Savior is Jesus my Lord,

A wonderful Savior to me;

He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock,

Where rivers of pleasure I see.

Refrain:

He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock,

That shadows a dry, thirsty land;

He hideth my life in the depths of His love,

And covers me there with His hand,

And covers me there with His hand.

A wonderful Savior is Jesus my Lord,

He taketh my burden away,

He holdeth me up and I shall not be moved,

He giveth me strength as my day.

With numberless blessings each moment He crowns,

And filled with His fullness divine,

I sing in my rapture, oh, glory to God!

For such a Redeemer as mine.

When clothed with His brightness transported I rise

To meet Him in clouds of the sky,

His perfect salvation, His wonderful love,

I'll shout with the millions on high.

He Is Able to Deliver (#412) | Barney E. Warren, 1900

He is able to deliver thee, O sinner;
He will drive the night away;
He's the star of perfect day;
He will shine from heaven in thy heart forever.

Refrain:

He is able, He is able
To deliver thee.

He is able to deliver thee, O sinner;
See the myriad worlds above,
And the one on which we move—
They were made by our eternal God of power.

He is able to deliver thee, O sinner;
See your life is in His hand,
Thus you live at His command;
He's the source of good, the ever blessed Giver.

He is able to deliver thee, O sinner;
He has quenched the fire of yore,
Stopped the lion's rage and roar,
He has raised the dead and healed the spotted leper.

He is able to deliver thee, O sinner;
For He told the king His dream,
Stopped the Jordan's flowing stream;
Healed the lame, the blind, the palsy—what a Savior!

He Is Just the Same Today (#307) | Jacob W. Byers, 1897

Have you ever heard of Jesus,
How He came from heav'n to earth,
With a name of mighty virtue,
Though by very humble birth?
When the world was held in bondage,
Under Satan's dismal sway,
Jesus healed their dread diseases—
He is just the same today.

Refrain:

He is just the same today,
He is just the same today;
Yes, He healed in Galilee,
Set the suff'ring captives free,
And He's just the same today.
Do you see the people gather
Round that great and holy Man,
Bringing all the sick and suff'ring,
Coming to Him all who can?
See Him look with great compassion,
As they fainted by the way!
How He called them gently to Him,
He is just the same today.
Is it true that every sickness
May be laid at Jesus' feet?
All my trouble, care, and sorrow,
And I rest in joy complete?

Yes, my brother, every sadness,
If by faith to Him you pray,
He'll remove with tender mercy,
For He's just the same today.
Oh, that precious, loving Jesus!
His compassion still the same,
Toward poor sinful, suff'ring mortals
Who seek refuge in His name.
Heed the present invitation,
Oh, you need not stay away!
Just receive His healing favor,
For He's just the same today.

He Is with Me Still (#108) | Charles W. Naylor, 1902

Though I walk in ways unknown,
I am never left alone;
For the Lord will not forsake me while I do His will;
But whatever may betide,
He is walking by my side,
And by this I know He loves me still.

Refrain:

He is with me still,
He is with me still;
In the sunshine or the shadow,
He is with me still.

When the raging storm winds blow,
And the clouds are hanging low,
When the waves are beating on me, and the night is chill;
Then His presence in the storm
Quiets all my soul's alarm,
And I know that He is with me still.

'Mid the busy cares of life,
In the battle's raging strife,
When around my soul are gathered all the hosts of ill;
Then a voice so sweet and clear
Whispers words of love and cheer,
And I know that He is with me still.

He Keepeth Me in Peace (#102) | Clara M. Brooks, 1911

As I walk in pastures green,
By the crystal waters' sheen,
Jesus gives me from all sorrow and from care release;
As a shepherd doth his sheep,
He my soul doth ever keep,
While I'm trusting I have perfect peace.

Refrain:

Oh, He keepeth me in perfect peace,
Yes, He keepeth me in perfect peace;
While on Him my mind is stayed,
I can never be afraid,
For He keepeth me in perfect peace.

Dwelling in the secret place,
Where I see my Father's face,
I have found a heav'nly refuge, and my troubles cease;
In the shadow of His wings,
How my happy spirit sings,
For He keepeth me in perfect peace.

From temptation's trying hour
He will keep me by His pow'r,
If I meekly all the mandates of His law obey;
Since the blessed Savior came,
In my heart with love aflame,
Peace is reigning all along the way.

As the apple of His eye
He will keep me till I die,

For the One who watches o'er me never falls asleep;
He surrounds me like a wall,
Yes, He is my all in all,
And my soul in perfect peace He'll keep.

Heralds of Truth (#345) | Clara M. Brooks, 1911

White is the harvest, calls the Master for you,
Reapers are needed that are faithful and true;
Thrust in the sickle, all the sheaves gather in;
Go with gospel tidings, go the lost world to win.

Refrain:

Heralds of truth from the dawn till close of day,
Tell of His love to the millions, don't delay;
See, they are perishing, in sin they repine,
Go, ye gospel heralds, with the message divine.

Search in the highways, bid the wand'rer to come,
Rescue the dying, all the lost gather home;
Stay not in idleness, the shadows will fall,
Fast the day is waning, tell the story to all.

Over the billows comes a heart-rending cry—
Wails from the millions who in sin hopeless die,
Pleading for mercy who will cross o'er the waves,
With the blessed tidings, "Jesus saves, Jesus saves"?

Swift toward eternity they haste, nor they wait,
Fast they are perishing, how sad is their state!
Work ere the day decline and soon come the night,
Till the world is flaming with the pure, gospel light.

Haste then, ye messengers, nor tarry for dross,
Bid every guilty one to bow at His cross,
Washing away their crimson stains in His blood,
Till the world of sinners is redeemed unto God.

He Shed His Blood for All (#464) | William G. Schell, 1911

Nineteen hundred million souls,
Standing near the final goal,
Soon we'll see the awful judgment on them fall;
Must they truly be consigned
To the pit, and there confined,
Since the blessed Savior shed His blood for all?
Every second, sad to tell,
Counts another soul in hell,
Dreadful sight to see them bound in sin's dark pall;
What in life we all may do,
Can but save a very few,
Yet the blessed Savior shed His blood for all.
Though a million be brought in,
There's a billion yet in sin,
Quickly bear the gospel message unto all;
Preach the word at any cost,
For the world in sin is lost,
Yet the blessed Savior shed His blood for all.
Can we tarry home for dross,
While beholding such a loss?
If we can, from heaven's grace we'll surely fall;
Quickly leave thy cottage door,
Spread the truth from shore to shore,
For the blessed Savior shed His blood for all.

He Was Wounded for Me (#495) | Ulysses Phillips

I have read in His word how the blessed Savior came
To this world, and He died on the tree;
There my Savior and Lord, yes, my Prophet, Priest, and King—
He was bruised and was wounded for me.

Refrain:

He was wounded for me, He was wounded for me,
Christ the Savior was wounded for me;
For my sins and transgressions, O my Lord, this my plea,
That Jesus, my Savior, was wounded for me.
Oh, my soul, stand in awe, see what anguish He has borne,
In the garden alone, all for thee;
There was nothing of earth for thy sins that could atone,
Then He died, yes, He died there for me.
Now I bow at His feet, and the story I repeat,
Of His love that has reached even me;
I will praise His great name, and shall never cease to sing,
That my Savior was wounded for me.

He Will Care for Me (#104) | Charles W. Naylor, 1919

I walk today in the Christian way,
Though dangers I may see;
I will not fear for the Lord is near,
And He will care for me.

Refrain:

No matter what happens, He will care for me;

He will care for me, He will care for me.

And His mighty hand will enable me to stand,

No matter what happens to me.

No test I face but sufficient grace

Is ready for my need;

When sorrows rise to obscure my skies,

He proves a friend indeed.

He will not fail in the strongest gale

That stormy winds can blow;

And in His grace is a hiding place

Unknown to any foe.

I trust in Him though disasters grim

Before me seem to be;

He calms my fears, and He dries my tears,

And faithful is to me.

He Will Hide Me (#485) | Mary E. Servoss, 1881

When the storms of life are raging,
Tempests wild on sea and land,
I will seek a place of refuge
In the shadow of God's hand.

Refrain:

He will hide me, He will hide me,
Where no harm can e'er betide me;
He will hide me, safely hide me,
In the shadow of His hand.

Though He may send some affliction,
'Twill but make me long for home;
For in love and not in anger,
All His chastenings will come.

Enemies may strive to injure,
Satan all his arts employ;
He will turn what seems to harm me
Into everlasting joy.

So while here the cross I'm bearing,
Meeting storms and billows wild,
Jesus for my soul is caring,
Naught can harm His Father's child.

Hid Away with Jesus (#234) | John F. Starcher, 1911

I'm hid away with Christ in God,
Yes, hid away with Jesus;
I'm now beneath the dripping blood,
I'm hid away with Jesus;
I'm walking with my blessed Lord,
I'm trusting in His precious word,
I find His service is not hard,
I'm hid away with Jesus.

Refrain:
I'm hid away, yes, hid away,
I'm hid with Christ in God;
I'm dead to sin, alive in Christ,
I'm washed in His blood.

The narrow way is now so plain,
I'm hid away with Jesus;
That fools shall never err therein,
I'm hid away with Jesus;
The gate that's strait is just before,
Which when we reach we'll sigh no more,
Our sorrows then will all be o'er,
I'm hid away with Jesus.

Oh, brother dear, to keep good cheer,
Be hid away with Jesus;
For then you'll find your Savior near,
Keep hid away with Jesus;
We're basking now in heaven's light,

By faith and prayer our way shines bright,
We get so near that heav'n's in sight,
When hid away with Jesus.
Oh, sinner turn to God and live,
Be hid away with Jesus;
A crown of life to you He'll give,
When hid away with Jesus;
Repent, believe, and love Him too,
For He has done so much for you,
He'll wash and cleanse you through and through,
Be hid away with Jesus.

Hide Me (#276) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

Keep me as the apple of Thine eye,
Joyful in the glory pardon brings;
Help me, Lord, to trust Thee, though I die,
Hide me in the shadow of Thy wings.

Refrain:

Hide me in the shadow of Thy wings,
Hide me till this stormy life is o'er;
Hide me in the shadow of Thy wings,
Hide me, Savior, hide me evermore.

Keep me as the apple of Thine eye,
Unto Thee by faith my spirit clings;
Help me at Thy feet to passive lie,
Hide me in the shadow of Thy wings.

Keep me as the apple of Thine eye,
From the awful blight of sinful things;
Firmly on Thy promise I rely,
Hide me in the shadow of Thy wings.

Keep me as the apple of Thine eye,
While my faith in full assurance sings;
Victory as upward I shall fly,
Covered with the shadow of Thy wings.

His Blood My Plea (#438) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

His blood is all my plea,
Through grace divine alone,
To set the captives free,
It speaks before the throne.

Refrain:

His blood, His blood,
O wondrous, cleansing fountain!
His blood, His blood,
It flows from Calv'ry's mountain.

His blood is all my plea,
Oh, wondrous, cleansing wave!
It reaches even me,
Its virtue now doth save.

His blood is all my plea,
Naught else will satisfy—
That I might ransomed be,
And not forever die.

His blood is all my plea;
His favor doth bestow
A greater love on me
Than earthly friends can show.

His Hand Is Guiding Me (#227) | Ulysses Phillips

As I travel on my way,
To that land more fair than day,
There are beauties all along the road to see;
Heaven's rays are shining bright,
I've no need for worldly light,
For I know my Savior's hand is guiding me.
Refrain:
Oh, I know my Savior's hand is guiding me,
Oh, I know my Savior's hand is guiding me,
From this world of sin and woe,
To a land where pleasures flow;
Yes, I know my Savior's hand is guiding me.
If as on the way I go,
Things arise I do not know,
I will wait upon the Lord that leadeth me—
He will hold me by the hand
Till I reach that happy land,
Yes, I know my Savior's hand is guiding me.
When in sickness, trial, or test,
I am called to do my best,
I will trust the Lord the more for victory;
I will lean upon His arm,
He will keep me from all harm,
For I know my Savior's hand is guiding me.
When I near the chilling tide,
Looking on the other side,

And my mortal bark shall sink in death's cold sea,
Jesus then will light the way
To that land more fair than day,
For I know my Savior's hand is guiding me.

His Voice I Hear (#178) | Jennie Mast, 1911

I cannot tell when the thunders peal,
How fiercely the storm may rage,
Nor how dense are the shades of the night that steal
O'er the path of my pilgrimage;
But I know, with my Savior always near,
As that night on the Galilee,
The tempest will cease when His voice I hear,
And the darkest shadows flee.
I cannot see through the darkest clouds
His image so wondrous fair,
And forget sometimes, when the gloom enshrouds,
The mansion awaiting there;
But if on the wings of faith I soar,
In the strength of His word alone,
My soul can drink till I want no more,
From fountains of love unknown.
I cannot drink one draught of pain
From the cup once drained for me,
Or bear the heat on the desert plain,
Nor the grief of Gethsemane;
But I know, if His cross I meekly bear,
If I labor, and watch, and pray,
His suff'rings I a part may share
From thorns in the narrow way.
I cannot see for the veil between
The beautiful gates ajar,

The streets of gold, and the living green,
On the banks of the river there;
But I know, somewhere, on that heavenly strand,
Is a mansion, and robe, and crown,
Preserved by the Savior's loving hand
Till my work on earth is done.

His Yoke Is Easy (#207) | Daniel S. Warner

I've found my Lord and He is mine,
He won me by His love;
I'll serve Him all my years of time,
And dwell with Him above.

Refrain:

His yoke is easy, His burden is light,
I've found it so, I've found it so;
His service is my sweetest delight,
His blessings ever flow.

No other Lord but Christ I know,
I walk with Him alone;
His streams of love forever flow,
Within my heart His throne.

He's dearer to my heart than life,
He found me lost in sin;
He calmed the sea of inward strife,
And bade me come to Him.

My flesh recoiled before the cross,
And Satan whispered there,
"Thy gain will not repay the loss,
His yoke is hard to bear."

I've tried the road of sin and found,
Its prospects all deceive;
I've proved the Lord, and joys abound,
More than I could believe.

Hold Fast (#252) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

Hold fast to the Savior, He loves you still,
Hold fast to the promise He will fulfill;
Hold fast, ever trusting you shall receive,
Hold fast, do not waver, His Word believe.

Refrain:

Hold fast, hold fast,
Hold to the Savior, He's all in all;
Hold fast, hold fast,
Hold fast to the promise, you'll never fall.
Hold fast to your covenant made with God,
And trust for the cleansing in Jesus' blood;
Hold fast for the strength you shall need in life,
He surely will help you amid the strife.
Hold fast, never doubting, withstand the foe,
Put on the whole armor and onward go;
Determined to conquer in Jesus' might,
Ne'er run from a battle, but face the fight.
Hold fast for that beautiful land in view,
Hold fast for the crown that's awaiting you;
Hold fast for the meeting of loved ones there,
Hold fast for the bliss they have gone to share.

Holy Spirit, Be My Guide (#338) | Clara M. Brooks, 1911

By the promise of the Father,
Comes the Spirit from on high,
Into hearts redeemed from evil,
By His pow'r to sanctify.

Refrain:

Holy Spirit, faithful Teacher,
In my trusting heart abide;
By Thy sacred, holy presence
Be my Comforter and Guide.
Reigning there without a rival,
Paradise is now restored;
Perfect peace, abiding pleasure,
Bliss the world cannot afford.
Pow'r to overcome He gives us,
Pow'r to reign through Jesus' grace;
Holy boldness in each conflict,
Entrance to that heav'nly place.
Since the Comforter abideth,
Naught my spirit can molest;
I am sanctified and happy,
Sweet and peaceful is my rest.

Home (#13) | Charles E. Orr, 1911

Oh, home of my soul
In that far away goal,
Each day brings me nearer to thee;
The great throne so white,
And my crown shining bright,
Mine eyes ever longing to see.
A musical strain
From that far distant plain
Now sweeps gently over my soul;
And waves of sweet peace
In my heart shall increase,
While years of eternity roll.
The day will soon come
When we'll all gather home,
As pilgrims no more we shall roam;
Ah, whom shall we see?
And what joy will it be
To meet with the dear ones at home!

Hope (#198) | William G. Schell, 1893

Have we any hope within us of a life beyond the grave,

In the sweet and vernal lands?

Do we know if this, our tabernacle, were to be dissolved,

We've a house not made with hands?

Refrain:

We have a hope within our souls,

Brighter than the perfect day:

God has given us His Spirit,

And we want the world to hear it,

All the doubts are passed away.

Blessed hope we have within us is an anchor to the soul,

It is both steadfast and sure;

It is founded on the promises of Father's written word,

And 'twill evermore endure.

Hope has brought us through the dangers and temptations of the past,

And we fear not those to come;

By her blessings we'll go forward, while our mortal life shall last,

Then we'll joyously go home.

Since we've walked the strait and narrow way our path has ever shone

Brighter, brighter, day by day;

Hope within our hearts assures us it is better farther on,

It is brighter all the way.

Life will end in joyful singing, "I have fought a faithful fight,"

Then we'll lay our armor down;

And our soul will break the cable here, and take its happy flight,

To possess a starry crown.

Hope of the Righteous (#191) | Luella B. Henry, 1888

Beyond this world of toil and care,

Beyond this veil of gloom;

There is a land, a happy land,

A place we call our home.

Refrain:

Oh, yes, we'll trust Him while we live!

We'll trust Him when we die;

And then when all our work is done,

We'll reign with Him on high.

Oh, what a blessed hope is this,

An anchor to the soul;

And if we do our Savior's will,

We'll safely reach the goal.

God says, "Ye must be born again";

To us this truth is giv'n;

And if we do not His commands,

We shall not enter heav'n.

To enter heav'n we must be pure

And holy in His sight;

And every day we surely must

Be walking in the light.

We'll pray for God to keep our feet

Upon the Corner Stone;

We'll give our hearts and lives to Him,

For we are not our own.

How Firm a Foundation (#37) | John Keith, 1787

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!
What more can He say than to you He hath said—
To you who for refuge to Jesus have fled?
“Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I’ll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My gracious, omnipotent hand.
“When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trouble to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
“When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not harm thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine.
“The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I’ll never, no never, no never forsake.”

How Sweet Is My Rest (#235) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

How sweet is the comfort and rest of my soul,
Where peace doth so tranquilly flow;
Though storm-cloud and tempest and dark billows roll,
All my heart with His sunlight doth glow.

Refrain:

How sweet is my rest! And how richly I'm blest!
Oh, how sweet is the rest of my soul!
No fears shall alarm me though Satan be nigh,
He's subject to Jesus' control;
Though tempted and tried, Christ regardeth my cry,
Truly He is the joy of my soul.
My sins all are gone, oh, what rapture to know
They're nailed to the cross where He died;
The blood doth atone and my heart doth o'erflow,
Praise the Lord for the soul-cleansing tide!
I'm saved even now, and though death soon may come,
No harm shall it bring to my soul;
For all it can do is to carry me home,
To be safe while the ages shall roll.

How Sweet Is My Walk with Jesus (#192) | Daniel S. Warner

How sweet is my walk with Jesus!

What blessings He breathes on me!

We walk in the golden morning—

And, oh, how my soul is free!—

And onward together journey,

As swiftly the moments fly;

I sing of His love at evening,

As twilight illumines the sky.

Refrain:

Oh, sweet is my walk with Jesus!

How gently He smiles on me!

Yet, nearer, my Lord so precious,

Oh, help me to walk with Thee.

How sweet is my walk with Jesus!

His whispers of peace I hear;

His banner of love is o'er us,

And angels are hov'ring near;

I walk in the light with Jesus,

He shines in the narrow way;

The shadows of sin are vanished,

I walk in the light of day.

How sweet is my walk with Jesus!

I love all the way He trod;

Embraced in His sweet communion,

I'll walk with the Son of God;

I turn from the paths of pleasure,

And closer to Jesus press;
I'll walk with my dear Redeemer,
In His perfect holiness.

Humble Thyself to Walk (#298) | Johnson Oatman, Jr.

If thou wouldst have the dear Savior from heaven

Walk by thy side from the morn till the even,

There is a rule that each day you must follow:

Humble thyself to walk with God.

Refrain:

Humble thyself and the Lord will draw near thee,

Humble thyself and His presence shall cheer thee;

He will not walk with the proud or the scornful,

Humble thyself to walk with God.

Just as the Lord, in the world's early ages,

Walked and communed with the prophets and sages,

He will come now if you meet the conditions:

Humble thyself to walk with God.

Just as the stream finds a bed that is lowly,

So Jesus walks with the pure and the holy;

Cast out thy pride, and in heartfelt contrition

Humble thyself to walk with God.

Humility (#201) | William G. Schell, 1911

Humility, thou secret vale,
Unknown to proud in heart;
Where show'rs of blessing never fail,
And glories ne'er depart.

Refrain:

Oh, make thy blest abode with me,
Thou angel of the sky;
If I may ever dwell with thee,
My soul shall never die.

Humility, how pure thy place!

Thou seat of holiness!

Thou door of entrance into grace

And everlasting bliss!

Humility, how calm the breast

That knows thy peace sublime!

Within thy courts our perfect rest

Grows sweeter all the time.

Humility, thou shoreless sea

Of perfect love so deep!

Thy crystal waters cover me,

My helpless soul to keep.

Hurry and Tell Him (#445) | Barney E. Warren, 1897

“Ask, and it shall be given you,” brother,
He is the Lord, who careth for all;
Come with your heart all broken and bleeding,
Come, He will hear and answer your call.

Refrain:

Hurry and tell Him, brother and sister;
Jesus, so tender, loving and kind,
Waiting to comfort, bless and deliver;
Hurry and tell Him, peace you will find.
Hurry and tell Him, why do you tarry?
Open your heart while Jesus is near;
Bring Him the burdens you cannot carry,
Tell Him with courage, nothing to fear.
Hurry and tell what tongue cannot utter,
Groaning and sighing, loaded with care;
Bruised and weak with doubting, you falter;
Tell Him, He waits your burdens to bear.
Hurry and tell Him every affliction,
Tell Him each pain and sorrow of heart;
Here is the word, “All power is given”;
“Lo, I am with you,” never to part.

I Am a Child of the King (#463) | Daniel S. Warner

Oh, how sublime is the life of the Christian,
Filled with the glory of Jesus divine;
Deep in his bosom he's joyfully conscious
That he is born of a heavenly line.

Refrain:

I am a child, a child of the King,
I am a child, a child of the King;
I am a prince in the kingdom of love,
I am a child of the King.
Once I was lost and a child of confusion,
Over the mountains of folly I roamed;
But at the cross I have entered the kingdom,
Glory to Jesus! His love is enthroned.
God is my Father, and Jesus my Brother,
Since I'm adopted by heavenly love;
I am an heir in the kingdom of glory,
And have a crown that is waiting above.

I Am Coming, Lord, to Thee (#437) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

I am coming, Lord, to Thee with my broken heart;

I am coming, Lord, to Thee for rest;

Wilt Thou hear my humble plea, bid my sins depart?

Oh, release me, Savior, I'm oppressed.

Refrain:

I am coming, Lord, to Thee, wilt Thou hear my humble plea?

I am coming with my heart oppressed;

I am coming, I am coming,

I am coming, Lord, to Thee for rest.

I am coming, Lord, to Thee with relenting will,

I will gladly lay my burden down;

I will consecrate to Thee and Thy law fulfill,

I will bear the cross, and wear a crown.

I am coming, Lord, to Thee, and with anguish riv'n,

I am weary, worn, and tired of sin;

Lord, I press my urgent plea, may I be forgiv'n?

While I knock, O Savior, let me in.

I am coming, Lord, to Thee with an aching breast,

And I know that Thou wilt hear my cry;

I will leave the paths of sin, for my heart's distressed,

Save me, or I perish, Lord, and die.

I am coming, Lord, to Thee, for I'm sick and sore,

Do not turn from me Thy smiling face;

Lord, for mercy now I call, I will sin no more,

Wilt Thou hear and save me by Thy grace?

I Am Coming to the Cross (#452) | William McDonald, 1870

I am coming to the cross;

I am poor and weak and blind;

I am counting all but dross;

I shall full salvation find.

Refrain 1-4:

I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,

Blessed Lamb of Calvary;

Humbly at Thy cross I bow,

Save me, Jesus, save me now.

Long my heart has sighed to be

Wholly purified within;

Jesus sweetly speaks to me:

“I will cleanse you from all sin.”

Here I give my all to Thee:

Friends and time and earthly store;

Soul and body Thine to be,

Wholly Thine forevermore.

In the promises I trust;

Now I feel the blood applied;

I am prostrate in the dust;

I with Christ am crucified.

Jesus comes! He fills my soul!

Perfect in Him I am;

I am every whit made whole:

Glory, glory to the Lamb!

Refrain 5:

I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,
Blessed Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at Thy cross I bow,
Jesus saves me, saves me now.

I Am from Sin Set Free (#81) | Anonymous/Unknown, 1911

Let worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me;
Once I admired its trifles, too,
But grace hath set me free.
Refrain:
Free! free! free!
I am from sin set free!
This world has now no charms for me,
For Christ hath set me free.
Its pleasures can no longer please,
Nor happiness afford;
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now, I have seen the Lord.
As by the light of op'ning day,
The stars are all concealed;
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is revealed.
Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart;
His name, His love, His gracious voice,
Have fixed my roving heart.

I Am Healed (#309) | Enoch E. Byrum, 1911

With afflictions great and sore,
As if bound by Satan's hand,
For Thy healing mercy to implore,
Lord, I came at Thy command.

Refrain:

I am healed, I know I am,
I am healed this very hour;
For my Jesus says I am,
And I feel His mighty pow'r.
Though my faith was very weak,
Jesus said so sweet and kind,
"I will surely heal you every whit,
And will break the chains that bind."
Then His proffered hand I took,
And the vict'ry soon was won,
I received the perfect healing touch,
And the work was quickly done.
Praise His name forevermore!
I will tell to all around,
How the precious gift of healing pow'r,
Through the Spirit we have found.

I Am His Child (#101) | Clara M. Brooks

My heavenly Father is caring for me,
My bark He is guiding o'er life's raging sea;
Though storms overshadow, and billows are wild,
They cannot o'erwhelm me, for I am His child.

Refrain:

Oh, I am His child, His own loving child,
He cares for me so tenderly, for I am His child.
And when in the furnace of trial I stand,
My Savior beside me doth hold to my hand;
"Be faithful," He whispers in accents so mild;
The flames cannot harm me, for I am His child.
When clouds thickly gather and hide from my view
The face of my Savior, His eye pierces through;
He keeps me from being by Satan beguiled;
Securely I'm resting, for I am His child.
His child evermore, and He's with me, I know,
E'en though through the valley of death I should go;
He keepeth my spirit by sin undefiled;
He'll take me to heaven, for I am His child.

I Am Saved Today (#472) | Ulysses Phillips

I am free from condemnation since the Lord has made me whole,
I have ceased from my repining since He filled with joy my soul;
I am ever pressing onward in the straight and narrow way,
Singing, glory, hallelujah, I am saved today.

Refrain:

I am saved today, I am saved today,
All my sins I have forsaken for the narrow way;
I am saved today, I am saved today,
Glory, glory, hallelujah, I am saved today.
I am living now for Jesus with a purpose to be true,
He will never, never leave me, I am sure He'll take me through;
Though the trials may be many, and the host of hell array,
By His grace I just keep singing, I am saved today.

Jesus, keep me in Thy service, help me ever watch and wait,
Praying always in the Spirit, till I reach the pearly gate;
Use me, Lord, to Thine own glory, that some other soul can say,
By the power of the Savior, I am saved today.

There is naught can ever sever me from Christ, my Lord and King,
I am dwelling in His presence, I abide beneath His wing;
What a blessed consolation just to know that I can say
In the resurrection morning, I am saved today.

I Am the Lord's (#143) | Charles W. Naylor, 1902

Whether I live or die,
Whether I wake or sleep,
Whether upon the land,
Or on the stormy deep;
When 'tis serene and calm,
Or when the wild winds blow,
I shall not be afraid—
I am the Lord's, I know.
When with abundant store,
Or in deep poverty,
When all the world may smile,
Or it may frown on me;
When it shall help me on,
Or shall obstruct my way,
Still shall my heart rejoice—
I am the Lord's today.
When I am safe at home,
Or in a foreign land,
When on an icebound shore,
Or on a sunlit strand;
When on the mountain height,
Or in the valley low,
Still doth He care for me—
I am the Lord's, I know.
Nothing shall separate
From His unbounded love,

Neither in depths below,
Nor in the heights above;
And in the years to come,
He will abide with me;
I am the Lord's indeed,
For all eternity.

I Am Thine (#220) | H. R. Jeffrey, 1911

I am Thine dear, blessed Jesus, all Thine,
All of self now to the death I consign;
Gladly, gladly all I have I resign,
That salvation in its fullness be mine.

Refrain:

Glory, glory be to Jesus, I'm saved!
Glory, glory be to Jesus, I'm saved!
'Tis a blessing that my heart long has craved,
Glory, glory be to Jesus, I'm saved!
All the riches of this world I forsake,
Every tie that may now bind me I break;
No reserve now to myself will I make,
Though I pass through flaming fire at the stake.
I give up all sinful pleasures and mirth,
Everything, yes, that would bind me to earth;
What will all these fleeting pleasures be worth
When the flames of God's wrath shall break forth?
To these vows I ever firm will remain,
Giving all, still, I have all things to gain;
Though by friends I be rejected and slain,
With the King in all His beauty I'll reign.

I Believe Jesus Saves (#461) | William McDonald

I am coming to Jesus for rest,
Rest such as the purified know;
My soul is athirst to be blest,
To be washed and made whiter than snow.

Refrain:

I believe Jesus saves,
And His blood washes whiter than snow;
I believe Jesus saves,
And His blood washes whiter than snow.
In coming, my sin I deplore,
My weakness and poverty show;
I long to be saved evermore,
To be washed and made whiter than snow.
To Jesus I give up my all,
Every treasure and idol I know;
For His fullness of blessing I call,
Till His blood washes whiter than snow.
I am trusting in Jesus alone,
Trusting now His salvation to know;
And His blood doth so fully atone,
I am washed and made whiter than snow.

I Cannot Be Idle (#311) | William J. Henry, 1897

I cannot be idle, for Jesus says, "Go

And work in My harvest today;

And then at the evening, when labor is done,

Whatever is right I will pay."

Refrain:

Then away to the work I will go,

And join in the reaping of grain,

And back from the harvest with beautiful sheaves,

I'll come with rejoicing again.

I cannot be idle, the fields are so white,

And numberless sheaves will be lost;

They perish for want of more reapers to save,

How awful to think of the cost!

I cannot be idle, soon time will be o'er,

And reaping be ended for aye;

I'll gather the lost from the byways of sin

To walk in the beautiful way.

I cannot be idle, no time for repose,

My resting shall be over there,

Where all of the faithful in heaven above

A crown of bright glory shall wear.

I Come to Thee (#408) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

Now I come, my Lord and Savior,
Humbly kneeling at Thy feet,
Sharing in Thy richest favor,
Full salvation pure and sweet.
Lord, I will be Thine forever,
Unto Thee my all I give;
Keep my soul, that I may never
Shame Thy cause and sinful live.
Leave me not alone, my Father,
Do preserve my soul each day;
Let not Satan ever harm me,
Keep me to the end, I pray.
God of love, so great, eternal,
Earth has long Thy wonders told;
We shall on that morning vernal,
Thy great majesty behold.

If You Will (#443) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

You may know this day that your sins are gone,
If you'll come to Christ and forsake the wrong,
If you will repent, from the heart forgive;
Do obey, believe Him, sinner, look and live.
Refrain:
You may have salvation if you will,
You may have salvation if you will;
If you'll turn from sin, give your heart to Him,
You may have salvation if you will.
You may know just now that you're justified,
That you're clean from sin, and you're sanctified,
And that you can live, and His law fulfill,
For He says, "Come, sinner, prove Me, if you will."
You may come right here in despite of all,
If you will give heed to the Master's call;
For the promise comes, "Whosoever will";
Come, and drink salvation waters, flowing still.
You may come at once, you have no excuse
Thus to live in sin, and such great abuse
Of thy soul and all God has given thee;
Will you come this moment? He will set you free.

If You Would Be a Pillar (#122) | William J. Henry, 1911

If you would be a pillar in the church of God,

You must overcome the world,

You must overcome the world;

Die to fame and reputation, take the path that Jesus trod,

If you would be a pillar in the church of God.

Refrain:

He that overcometh shall be clothed in white,

And shall eat the hidden manna in the realms of light;

Reign on earth as king with Jesus, in the Word we're told,

And in heaven shall forever walk the streets of gold.

If you would be a pillar in the church of God,

You must triumph over sin,

You must triumph over sin;

And be cleansed from every evil through the Savior's precious blood,

If you would be a pillar in the church of God.

If you would be a pillar in the church of God,

You must conquer in His name,

You must conquer in His name;

Take the holy Bible way, and live beneath the cleansing flood,

If you would be a pillar in the church of God.

I Give My All to Thee (#436) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

My blessed Lord, I will be Thine,
Thy blood has made me free;
Thy precious word and love divine
Has won my heart to Thee.

Refrain:

O Lord, I bow low at Thy feet,
I give my all to Thee;
Oh, fill me now with joy complete,
Forever keep me free.

Oh, let the rays of heav'nly light
Forever in me shine;
Oh, let Thy praise be my delight,
And keep me wholly Thine.

Thy gracious will shall ever be
The object of my heart;
Thy presence, oh, how sweet to me,
Shall never from me part.

My hope is bright, and shines my crown
Above the myriad stars;
His glory and His love pour down
On me in copious show'rs.

I Have a Home (#377) | Barney E. Warren, 1897

I have a home prepared for me,
A mansion bright across the sea;
And when I pass to yon bright shore,
I'll dwell with Christ forevermore.

Refrain:

I'll live for Him till life shall end,
Then on my pinions I'll ascend
To that bright home, where all is fair,
And take my starry crown to wear.

I have a home in heav'n above,
Where all is pure and perfect love;
A home where sin can never be,
Where all is perfect purity.

I have a home, forever free
From toil, and care, and misery,
Where stormy seas can never roll,
Where bliss eternal crowns the soul.

I have a home—how sweet to know
'Tis well secured from every foe—
Where peace and joy do reign supreme,
Where love shall be my only theme.

I Have a Hope (#23) | Charles W. Naylor, 1911

I have a hope, serene and sure,
That anchors past the veil;
In all the storms it holds secure,
Nor will it ever fail.

Refrain:

My hope is born of God's own word,
And nourished by His grace;
His promise true my soul hath heard,
And hope beholds His face.

I have a hope that looks away
From present woes and tears
To heaven's bright eternal day,
Till sorrow disappears.

I have a hope that doth not fear
The silent grave to view,
Nay, doth not shrink though death appear,
For I shall live anew.

I Have Left All the World to Follow Jesus (#244) | Daniel O. Teasley, 1911

In this world I found no rest,
Sorrow filled my aching breast,
Till I turned to One who loved me best of all;
Oh, what sacred peace I find,
Since my all I have resigned!

I have left all the world to follow Jesus.

Refrain:

I have left all the world to follow Jesus,
Never backward to its follies will I turn;
Oh, I'm on my upward way,
And it's brighter every day;
For I've left all the world to follow Jesus.

Oh, what wondrous joy He gives,
While His Spirit in me lives,
For it is my meat and drink to do His will;
He the treasure I adore,
Brightens all my way before;
For I've left all the world to follow Jesus.

I am wholly sanctified,
Walking closely by His side,
I will ever cling to Him, my all in all;
Sweetly doth His presence fill,
While I sink into His will,
For I've left all the world to follow Jesus.

Earthly treasures fade away,

As I travel day by day
Up the shining way that leads to glory bright;
Soon I'll gain eternal rest
With the ransomed and the blest;
For I've left all the world to follow Jesus.

I Know (#106) | Charles W. Naylor, 1919

I know on Whom my faith is fixed,

I know in Whom I trust;

I know that Christ abides in me,

And all His ways are just.

Refrain:

I know on whom my faith is fixed,

His mercy has set me free;

I know that He will safely keep,

And His love is sweet to me.

Let scoffers scoff, let scorners sneer,

My heart is full of peace;

They cannot take the joy I feel,

Nor make my hope to cease.

They cannot quench the fire of love,

That burns within my breast;

Nor break that tender fellowship

That makes my life so blest.

They cannot bring again the sins,

The blood has washed away;

Nor make my heart like stone once more,

Nor turn to night my day.

I know God is, I know His Word

Unfailing meets each test;

I calmly face a hostile world

With soul and mind at rest.

I Know in My Heart What It Means (#224) | Daniel O. Teasley, 1922

When I read how my Savior was nailed to the cross,
For the sins of the world to atone,
Oh, I feel so unworthy such suff'ring and loss,
For I know in my heart what it means.

Refrain:

I know in my heart what it means,
Salvation, that word so divine;
His Spirit has witnessed to mine,
And I know in my heart what it means.
When the gospel is preached in the name of the Lord
By the Spirit sent down from above,
My soul thrills with joy at the sound of His word,
For I know in my heart what it means.
When the sweet songs of Zion are floating above,
And the saints all rejoice in the Lord,
I am happy in Jesus, and lost in His love,
For I know in my heart what it means.
And when others proclaim that salvation is free,
When they tell of the soul-cleansing blood,
I, too, can rejoice, for He's sanctified me,
And I know in my heart what it means.

I Know My Name Is There (#87) | Daniel S. Warner, 1893

My name is in the book of Life,

Oh, bless the name of Jesus;

I rise above all doubt and strife,

And read my title clear.

Refrain:

I know, I know,

My name is there;

I know, I know,

My name is written there.

My name once stood with sinners lost,

And bore a painful record;

But by His blood the Savior crossed,

And placed it on His roll.

Yet inward trouble often cast,

A shadow o'er my title;

But now with full salvation blest,

Praise God! it's ever clear.

While others climb through worldly strife

To carve a name of honor,

High up in heaven's book of Life,

My name is written there.

I'll Follow Jesus (#138) | William J. Henry, 1911

I'll follow Jesus here, I'll never, never fear,
Though Satan's tempting pow'rs assail;
And though I'm tempted sore, I'll trust Him evermore,
For through His grace I shall prevail.

Refrain:

I'll follow, I'll follow,
I'll follow Jesus all the way;
I'll follow, I'll follow,
To the home of everlasting day.
I'll follow by His side, whatever may betide,
Though perils thickly throng the way;
Though billows deep may roll, there's naught can harm my soul,
For He is with me night and day.
I'll follow all the way, I'll never, never stray,
This world no more can win my love;
I've left it all behind, more lasting joys to find,
My treasures all are stored above.
I'll follow, follow on until the crown is won,
And heaven's gates unfold to me;
Then with my harp in hand, I'll join that happy band,
And praise Him through eternity.

I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go (#246) | Mary Brown, 1899

It may not be on the mountain's height,
Or over the stormy sea;
It may not be at the battle's front,
My Lord will have need of me;
But if by a still, small voice He calls,
To paths that I do not know,
I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine,
I'll go where You want me to go.

Refrain:

I'll go where You want me to go, dear Lord,
O'er mountain, or plain, or sea;
I'll say what You want me to say, dear Lord,
I'll be what You want me to be.

Perhaps today there are loving words
Which Jesus would have me speak;
There may be now in the paths of sin,
Some wand'rer whom I should seek;
O Savior, if Thou wilt be my guide,
Though dark and rugged the way,
My voice shall echo Thy message sweet,
I'll say what You want me to say.
There's surely somewhere a lowly place,
In earth's harvest fields so white,
Where I may labor through life's short day,
For Jesus the Crucified;
So trusting my all to Thy tender care,

And knowing Thou lovest me,
I'll do Thy will with a heart sincere,
I'll be what You want me to be.

I'll Live for Him (#242) | Ralph E. Hudson, 1882

My life, my love, I give to Thee,

Thou Lamb of God who died for me;

Oh, may I ever faithful be,

My Savior and my God!

Refrain:

I'll live for Him who died for me,

How happy then my life shall be!

I'll live for Him who died for me,

My Savior and my God!

I now believe Thou dost receive,

For Thou hast died that I might live;

And now henceforth I'll trust to Thee,

My Savior and my God!

Oh, Thou who died on Calvary,

To save my soul and make me free;

I'll consecrate my life to Thee,

My Savior and my God!

I'll Never Go Back (#168) | Charles W. Naylor, 1911

I once was in bondage in Egypt's dark night,
But Jesus has brought me out into the light;
He banished my sins and has made my heart right;
I'll never go back, I'll never go back.

I'll never go back to the bondage of sin,
I'll never go back to the place I was in,
A crown of rejoicing I'm striving to win;
I'll never go back again.

From sin and its follies I knew I must part
If Jesus were ever to reign in my heart;
So, turning from evil, I hastened to start;
I'll never go back, I'll never go back.

I'll never go back to the world and its ways,
Its pride and its fashions, nor seek for its praise;
I'll give to my Savior my strength and my days,
I'll never go back again.

From Babel confusion most gladly I fled,
And came to the heights of fair Zion instead;
I'm feasting this moment on heavenly bread;
I'll never go back, I'll never go back.

The beast and his image, his mark, and his name,
My love or allegiance no longer can claim,
Though men may exalt them to honor and fame;
I'll never go back again.

The church that was built when the Pentecost came,
The church that is kept in one faith and one name,

Shall shine on resplendent, forever the same;

I'll never go back, I'll never go back.

I'll never go back to division and strife,

Where hatred and envy and malice are rife;

I'll walk in the truth all the days of my life;

I'll never go back again.

I'll Not Be Afraid (#155) | William J. Henry, 1911

I'll not be afraid for the terror by night,
Nor the arrow that flieth by day;
For the Lord whom I serve is my shield and my light,
He will guide and protect all the way.

Refrain:

I'll not be afraid, I'll not be afraid,
Where He leadeth I safely can go;
I will trust Him always, both by night and by day,
He'll be with me forever, I know.

I'll not be afraid, though the stormy winds blow,
And the billows sweep over my soul;
He who calmeth the sea will protect me, I know,
And will lead me to heaven's bright goal.

I'll not be afraid of the scorns of the world,
Nor to tell of God's wonderful love;
When from Satan's vile host fiery darts shall be hurled,
I'll be strengthened with grace from above.

I'll not be afraid when the grave I shall see—
Just beyond its dark shadow is rest;
And the welcome of angels is waiting for me,
When I enter those realms of the blest.

I'll Say the Great Word (#299) | Daniel S. Warner

How often I've pondered my struggles within,
Between the good Spirit and indwelling sin,
A foe in the temple not subject to God;
But now I am free through the wonderful blood.

Refrain:

I'll say the great word, yes, I'll say the great word;
I'm all on the altar that sanctifies me:
I'll tell it forever and honor my Lord;
Yes, glory to Jesus! I'll say the great word.
All resting on Jesus, the altar divine,
There can be no failure, salvation is mine;
Though Satan should whisper, "It may not be so,"
I'll testify stronger, I'm whiter than snow.
My feelings are given to Father's control,
His wisdom shall govern my body and soul;
His word is sufficient, I seek not a sign,
I grasp but the promise, and Jesus is mine.
The tide of emotion may run as it will,
The Son and the Father abide in me still;
I dare not confide in a rapturous frame,
But stand on the promise forever the same.
All nature may perish, the heavens may fall,
But Jesus is ever my all and in all;
Creation may crumble to chaos and dust,
In God my salvation securely I trust.

I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord (#7) | Timothy Dwight, 1800

I love Thy kingdom, Lord,
The place of Thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.
I love Thy church, O God;
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.
For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be giv'n,
Till toils and cares shall end.
Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heav'nly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.
Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be giv'n
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of Heav'n.

I Love to Serve My Jesus (#52) | Barney E. Warren, 1897

I love to serve my Jesus, a priv'lege so sublime,
My life afresh with beauty bright is sparkling all the time;
'Mid scenes that are unfading, of rapture and of bliss,
Transported, I am soaring in my Savior's righteousness.

Refrain:

I love to serve my Jesus, He's all in all to me;
He helps me bear each burden, He is my victory.
I love to serve my Jesus, the world I do give up,
I'll drink with my dear Savior from that bitter, bitter cup;
I know that if I suffer with Him I, too, shall reign
In life and up in glory bright—sweet promise sure I claim.
I love to serve my Jesus, and lean upon His arm
In health or in affliction, in the calm or in the storm;
In darkness, clouds, or sunshine, in heat or in the cold,
In poverty or riches, I have peace and joy untold.
I love to serve my Jesus, for all His tender care;
Oh, joy! and what a pleasure in this life we all may share;
Oh, depth of great compassion! 'tis like a mighty flood,
He gave His pledge of love to us, and sealed it with His blood.

I Love to Tell the Story (#286) | Arabella K. Hankey, 1866

I love to tell the story of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory, of Jesus and His love;
I love to tell the story, because I know 'tis true,
It satisfies my longings as nothing else would do.

Refrain:

I love to tell the story,
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the old, old story
Of Jesus and His love.

I love to tell the story, more wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies of all our golden dreams;
I love to tell the story, it did so much for me,
And that is just the reason I tell it now to thee.

I love to tell the story, 'tis pleasant to repeat,
What seems each time I tell it more wonderfully sweet;

I love to tell the story, for some have never heard
The message of salvation from God's own holy Word.

I love to tell the story, for those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting to hear it like the rest;
And when in scenes of glory I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be the old, old story that I have loved so long.

I'm Glad I Counted the Cost (#76) | William J. Henry

When first I started to seek the Lord,

I'm glad I counted the cost;

I fully measured to Jesus' Word;

I'm glad I counted the cost.

Refrain:

I've paid the price and obtained the prize,

He saved my soul that was lost;

And now my treasures are in the skies,

I'm glad I counted the cost.

I laid my sorrows at Jesus' feet,

I'm glad I counted the cost;

And now I've pleasures so pure and sweet,

I'm glad I counted the cost.

I've bid farewell to this world of sin,

I'm glad I counted the cost;

And now my Jesus abides within,

I'm glad I counted the cost.

I cast on Jesus my every care,

I'm glad I counted the cost;

And all my burdens He helps to bear,

I'm glad I counted the cost.

'Twill not be long till the Lord shall come,

I'm glad I counted the cost;

And bear my soul to that heav'nly home,

I'm glad I counted the cost.

I'm Going On (#223) | Charles W. Naylor, 1918

I mean to go right on until the crown is won;

I mean to fight the fight of faith till life on earth is done.

I'll nevermore turn back, defeat I shall not know,

For God will give me victory if onward I shall go.

Refrain:

I'm going on, I'm going on,

Unto the final triumph, I'm going on;

I'm going on, I'm going on,

Unto the final triumph, I'm going on.

Should opposition come, should foes obstruct my way,

Should persecution's fires be lit, as in the ancient day—

With Jesus by my side, His peace within my soul,

No matter if the battle's hot, I mean to win the goal.

I see a shining crown awaiting over there,

I see a mansion all prepared and decked with beauties rare:

Shall that which intervenes deprive me of my right?

Nay, on I'll go until I reach that city of delight.

Then forward let us go, our hearts with love aflame,

Our snowy banner borne aloft, inscribed with Jesus' name.

The hosts of evil flee, and heaven's open gates

Invite me now to hasten where eternal glory waits.

I'm Happy, Redeemed, and Free (#69) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

How can you part with Jesus,
So loving, so kind, and gracious?

His service to me is precious;
I'm happy, redeemed, and free.

Refrain:

I love my Lord,

He loveth me;

The life of a Christian suits me,
I'm happy, redeemed, and free.

Blessed assurance feeling,
While in communion kneeling,
Father's own will revealing,
I'm happy, redeemed, and free.

Oh, what a glad emotion,
Living in pure devotion,
Peace like the mighty ocean!
I'm happy, redeemed, and free.

Oh, what a joy and sweetness
He to my soul doth witness,
Feeling its blest completeness!
I'm happy, redeemed, and free.

I'm Redeemed (#186) | Joseph C. Fisher, 1884

I'm redeemed, I'm redeemed,
From the darkness of the night,
That so thickly enveloped my soul;
In my heart there have gleamed
Rays of wonderful light,
Where the waves of Thy glory do roll.

Refrain:

I'm redeemed, praise the Lord!
I'm redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;
I am saved from all sin,
And I'm walking in the light,
I'm redeemed by the blood of the Lamb.
I'm redeemed by Thy blood,
From the power of the grave,
And the vict'ry I have over death;
Oh, that wonderful flood!
Oh, I felt its pow'r to save,
When I plunged in its fathomless depth!
I'm redeemed from all sin
And I'm walking in the light,
And Thy Spirit illumines my way;
I've no fear now within
"For the terror of the night,
Nor the arrow that flieth by day."
The redeemed, they shall walk
In the pathway of the just,

Which shines brighter and brighter each day;

They shall sing and shall talk

With the bright, angelic host,

Where all sorrow and sighs flee away.

I'm Sitting with Jesus (#27) | Daniel S. Warner

When lost in the darkness of guilt and despair,
Sore cankered in heart by the sin that was there,
Lo, Jesus then found me, and gave me release,
He lifted me up to the plane of His peace.

Refrain:

I'm sitting with Jesus, oh, wonderful grace!
With Him I am reigning in heavenly place;
I'm filled with His glory, transported above,
Yes, sitting with Jesus in heavenly love.
Led captive by Satan, still deeper in sin,
Enslaved to its scepter so long I had been;
But calling on Jesus, He severed the chain,
Exalted my soul to the throne of His reign.
My conscience polluted in guilty defile,
I feared that upon me no mercy could smile;
But, glory to Jesus, His blood is applied,
Now, sanctified wholly, I sit by His side.
My heart was all sadness in Satan's control,
A stranger to heaven's pure love in my soul,
In glory the Savior then shone from above,
Transported my soul to the realm of His love.

I Must Tell Jesus (#280) | Elisha A. Hoffman, 1893

I must tell Jesus all of my trials,
I cannot bear these burdens alone;
In my distress He kindly will help me,
He ever loves and cares for His own.

Refrain:

I must tell Jesus! I must tell Jesus!
I cannot bear my burdens alone;
I must tell Jesus! I must tell Jesus!
Jesus can help me, Jesus alone.

I must tell Jesus all of my troubles,
He is a kind, compassionate Friend;
If I but ask Him He will deliver,
Make of my troubles quickly an end.

Tempted and tried I need a great Savior,
One who can help my burdens to bear;
I must tell Jesus, I must tell Jesus:
He all my cares and sorrows will share.

Oh, how the world to evil allures me!
Oh, how my heart is tempted to sin!
I must tell Jesus, and He will help me
Over the world the vict'ry to win.

Inside the Door (#493) | Ulysses Phillips

Inside the door, O safe retreat,
From stormy winds that fiercely beat,
From tempest waves that rise and swell,
Inside the door, here all is well.

Refrain:

Inside the door, oh, praise the Lord,
Exalt His name with one accord,
He is the door, He saves from sin,
And shelters all that enter in;
And so I now the theme repeat,
Inside the door, O safe retreat.

Inside the door, O blessed calm,
I feel a touch of heaven's balm;
And here my soul doth sweetly rest,
As I repose on Jesus' breast.

Inside the door, oh, let me stay,
Nor let me wander far away;
For in God's house I would abide,
Therein my soul is satisfied.

Inside the door, O Lord, I pray,
Let me abide from day to day;
Close by Thy side within the fold,
That I Thy beauty may behold.

In the Hollow of His Hand (#455) | Barney E. Warren, 1897

I have left all sin's dominion,
I'll obey Thy sweet command;
Keep me, Lord, with glad submission
In the hollow of Thy hand.

Refrain:

In the hollow of His hand,
In the hollow of His hand;
He will keep me from all danger
In the hollow of His hand.

When the cares of life beset me,
I will firm for Jesus stand;
He has promised to protect me
In the hollow of His hand.

Keep me on the road to heaven,
Let me join that happy band;
Shield me from all sinful leaven
In the hollow of His hand.

When I end my pilgrim journey,
When I reach the shining strand,
I will praise the Lord who kept me
In the hollow of His hand.

In the Light of God (#114) | Daniel S. Warner, 1887

Along a dark and gloomy path

I groped beneath the shades of death;

No hope beyond my dying breath,

Till light from the Savior came.

Refrain:

In the light of God,

Now my soul is singing, all, all is bright;

In the light of God,

I'm now in the light of God.

My darkness now is passed away,

In Jesus all is perfect day;

And peace and comfort ever stay,

Since Christ is my perfect light.

O Jesus, to my heart so sweet,

Thy Word's a light unto my feet;

How holy, happy, and complete,

I walk in the precious light.

All glory to my Savior's name,

To do Thy will my highest aim;

Thy favor's more than earthly fame,

Thy smile is my constant light.

In the Shadow of the Cross (#218) | William J. Henry, 1911

In the shadow of the cross let me hide,
There the Savior for my sins bled and died;
There the precious, cleansing fount
Flows so free from Calv'ry's mount,
In the shadow of the cross let me hide.

Refrain:

In the shadow of the cross I will rest,
For with everlasting peace I am blest;
Here I dwell in love unknown,
Streaming down from heaven's throne,
In the shadow of the cross I will rest.
In the shadow of the cross, blessed place!
Living only for the Lord, by His grace;
What He says I'll gladly do,
Ever standing firm and true,
In the shadow of the cross, blessed place!
In the shadow of the cross, safe retreat,
Ever sitting lowly at Jesus' feet;
While His presence is so near
I shall never, never fear,
In the shadow of the cross, safe retreat.
In the shadow of the cross, here I meet,
In communion with my Lord, oh, how sweet!
And my soul is borne above,
While I revel in His love,
In the shadow of the cross, here I meet!

I Ought to Love My Savior (#264) | Daniel S. Warner, 1883

I ought to love my Savior,
He loved me long ago;
Looked on my soul with favor,
When deep in guilt and woe.
And though my sin had grieved Him,
His Father's law had crossed,
Love drew Him down from heaven,
To seek and save the lost.
I ought to love my Savior,
He bore my sin and shame;
From glory to the manger,
On wings of love He came.
He trod this earth in sorrow,
Endured the pains of hell;
That I should not be banished,
But in His glory dwell.
I ought to love my Savior,
Upon the cross He died;
Behold the world's Creator,
"My God, my God," He cried.
Oh, listen to those accents
Of love divine so free;
" 'Tis finished!"—my salvation;
Thine shall the glory be.
I ought to love my Savior,
He pardoned all my sin;

Then sanctified my nature,
And keeps me pure within.
He fills me with His glory,
And bears my soul above;
This world, oh, wondrous story,
'Tis love, redeeming love.
O Christ, I can but love Thee,
What heart could e'er withhold;
A love that cost so dearly,
The off'ring of Thy soul?
O King of love immortal,
Reign in my heart alone;
And flood this earthen temple,
With glory from Thy throne.

I Shall Be Whiter than Snow (#296) | James L. Nicholson, 1872

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.

Refrain:

Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow,

Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Lord Jesus, let nothing unholy remain,

Apply Thine own blood and extract every stain;

To get this blest cleansing, I all things forego—

Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

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.

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.

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.

The blessing by faith, I receive from above;

Oh, 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.

I Shall Not Die (#501) | Ulysses Phillips

A precious truth to us is giv'n,
From God's own Son that came from Heav'n;
And on His word we can rely;
He that believes shall never die.

Refrain:

I shall not die—on Jesus' breast
I'll fall asleep, and there I'll rest;
Though I should sink beneath the sod,
My life is hid with Christ in God.
He that believes, though he were dead,
Shall rise again, as Jesus said;
His word is true, He cannot lie;
He that believes shall never die.

When cares and toils are all laid down,
My dust is molding in the ground,
There in the presence of His Son;
I shall not die, but I'll live on.

Oh, blessed thought, some day I'll see
The One who gave His life for me;
Though I should sink beneath the sod,
My life is hid with Christ in God.

Is Not This the Land of Beulah? (#300) | William Hunter, 1884

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 flow'rs,
They are blooming by the fountain,
'Neath the amaranthine bow'rs.

Refrain:

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 today.

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.
Tell me not of heavy crosses,
Nor of 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.
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 the way before thee,"
And the glory lingers near.

I Surrender All (#504) | Judson W. Van DeVenter, 1896

All to Jesus I surrender;

All to Him I freely give;

I will ever love and trust Him,

In His presence daily live.

Refrain:

I surrender all,

I surrender all;

All to Thee, my blessed Savior,

I surrender all.

All to Jesus I surrender;

Humbly at His feet I bow,

Worldly pleasures all forsaken;

Take me, Jesus, take me now.

All to Jesus I surrender;

Make me, Savior, wholly Thine;

Let me feel the Holy Spirit,

Truly know that Thou art mine.

All to Jesus I surrender;

Lord, I give myself to Thee;

Fill me with Thy love and power;

Let Thy blessing fall on me.

All to Jesus I surrender;

Now I feel the sacred flame.

Oh, the joy of full salvation!

Glory, glory, to His Name!

Is Your All on the Altar? (#481) | Elisha A. Hoffman, 1900

You have longed for sweet peace,
And for faith to increase,
And have earnestly, fervently prayed;
But you cannot have rest,
Or be perfectly blest,
Until all on the altar is laid.

Refrain:

Is your all on the altar of sacrifice laid?
Your heart does the Spirit control?
You can only be blest,
And have peace and sweet rest,
As you yield Him your body and soul.
Would you walk with the Lord,
In the light of His word,
And have peace and contentment alway?
You must do His sweet will,
To be free from all ill,
On the altar your all you must lay.
Oh, we never can know
What the Lord will bestow
Of the blessings for which we have prayed,
Till our body and soul
He doth fully control,
And our all on the altar is laid.
Who can tell all the love
He will send from above,

And how happy our hearts will be made;

Of the fellowship sweet

We shall share at His feet,

When our all on the altar is laid.

Is Your Name Enrolled in Heaven? (#403) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

In that land of rest with its joys untold

Is the Book of Life so fair;

On its pages bright is my name enrolled?

It is in the Father's care.

Refrain:

Is your name enrolled in heaven?

Is your name enrolled in heaven?

Is your name enrolled in heaven,

On the Book of Life so fair?

Is your name above, where it is secure,

Written by God's hand alone?

Are you born again? Is your heart made pure?

Does He claim you for His own?

If your soul is bruised by the hand of sin,

Come and bathe in the fount of love;

Let the Savior cleanse every guilty stain,

And enroll your name above.

Oh, what bliss reserved for our toiling here,

Where angelic beings wait,

Which the Lord will give to His children dear,

When they reach the pearly gate.

It Is True Within My Heart (#136) | Charles W. Naylor, 1911

I have read within the Bible
How a sinner vile and low,
Need but come in faith to Jesus
To be washed as white as snow;
How the heart, so stained and wicked,
Hardened by the guilt of sin,
May be purified and softened,
Till the Lord will dwell within.

Refrain:

I have read within the Bible
What His favor will impart;
And, oh, glory! I have proved it,
Now 'tis true within my heart.

I have read how sin was conquered
When He bled upon the tree,
How its binding chains were broken
That the captives might be free;
How I need not still do evil,
And repent from day to day,
But should find His grace sufficient,
Keeping sinless all the day.

I have read how a believer,
One who knows his wrongs forgiv'n,
May be cleansed from sin completely,
Made as pure and clean as heav'n;
Have the very root of evil

From his being swept away,
Leaving in his joyous bosom
An unending sabbath day.
I have read and have believed it,
How the Holy Ghost would come,
In His power and His glory,
Make the heart of man His home;
Keep it as a sacred temple,
Seal its door to every foe,
And preserve it pure and holy
All life's journey here below.

It Satisfies My Soul (#77) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

For me the blessed Savior came,
His great salvation to proclaim;
Oh, glory to His precious name!
It satisfies my soul.

Refrain:

It satisfies my soul,
It satisfies my soul;
This wonderful salvation,
How it satisfies my soul!
Salvation is unmeasured grace,
It fits us for the Christian race,
Unveils the Father's smiling face,
It satisfies my soul.

Salvation brings supreme delight,
It changes darkness into light,
And makes the Christian pathway bright,
It satisfies my soul.

Salvation brings abiding peace,
Its shining glories e'er increase;
Its flowing rivers never cease,
It satisfies my soul.

Salvation makes us happy here,
Surpassing all the earth holds dear,
And fills the drooping heart with cheer,
It satisfies my soul.

Salvation richer far than gold,

Than glitt'ring gems that turn to mold;
Its wealth no language e'er has told,
It satisfies my soul.

I've Enlisted in the Service (#148) | William J. Henry, 1903

I am fighting in the army of the Lord,
And though dangers thickly round my pathway lie,
I shall never faint or fear, for my Jesus is so near,
I've enlisted in the service till I die.

Refrain:

I will press the battle on till the victory is won,
And I reach my crown and mansion by and by;
By the grace of God, I know, I shall conquer every foe;
I've enlisted in the service till I die.

Often do I meet with Satan by the way,
And His fiery darts so thickly round me fly;
When the shield of faith he sees, then he always quickly flees,
I've enlisted in the service till I die.

Now the world has ceased to be a friend to me,
And the ones I most have loved now pass me by;
But to Him I'll faithful be who has shed His blood for me,
I've enlisted in the service till I die.

I shall never tire or give the battle o'er,
For the crowning day is coming by and by;
Then through all eternity I shall shout the victory,
I've enlisted in the service till I die.

I've Found a Refuge (#31) | Daniel O. Teasley, 1911

I've found a refuge now from every sorrow,

Joy everlasting and sweet;

I see this world, with all its sinful follies,

Conquered at my feet.

Refrain:

Oh, blessed thought, my sins are gone!

I lean on Jesus' breast,

And while the storm without is madly raging,

I have perfect rest.

Oh, could you offer every earthly treasure,

Diamonds and pearls of the sea;

Then, turning from them I would gladly whisper,

"Christ has set me free."

Far brighter than the shining stars above me,

Beaming with beauty and grace,

Adorned in heaven's majesty and splendor,

Is my resting place.

I've Found It, Lord, in Thee (#215) | Daniel S. Warner

My soul in trouble roamed

Upon a weary plain,

And ever restless, longed

A perfect bliss to gain.

Refrain:

I have found it, Lord, in Thee

An everlasting store

Of comfort, joy, and bliss to me:

How can I wish for more?

Oppressed with guilt and woe,

With fears of hell o'ercast,

My soul no comfort knew

Until I came to Christ.

I bore within my breast

A deep and painful void,

I wanted inward rest,

And peace that would abide.

My foolish soul had thought

To fill itself with mold

From earthly mines, yet bought

No true and lasting gold.

All in this world is dross;

Its pleasures soon decay;

Its honors prove a snare;

Its treasures fly away.

I've Touched the Hem of His Garment (#320) | George F. Root, 1911

In faith she touched the hem of His garment

As to His side she stole,

Amid the crowd that gathered around Him,

And straightway she was whole.

Refrain:

I've touched the hem of His garment,

And now I, too, am free;

His healing pow'r this very hour

Gives life and health to me.

She came with fear and trembling before Him—

She knew her Lord had come;

She felt that from Him virtue had healed her,

The mighty deed was done.

He turned with, "Daughter, be of good comfort,

Thy faith hath made thee whole,"

And peace which passeth all understanding

With gladness filled her soul.

I Will Follow Thee (#238) | James L. Elginburg, 1886

I will follow Thee, my Savior,
Wheresoe'er my lot may be;
Where Thou goest I will follow,
Yes, my Lord, I'll follow Thee.

Refrain:

I will follow Thee, my Savior,
Thou didst shed Thy blood for me;
And though all men should forsake Thee,
By Thy grace I'll follow Thee.

Though the road be rough and stormy,
Trackless as the foaming sea,
Thou hast trod this way before me,
And I gladly follow Thee.

Though 'tis lone and dark and dreary,
Cheerless though my path may be,
If Thy voice I hear before me,
Fearlessly I'll follow Thee.

Though I meet with tribulation,
Sorely tempted though I be,
I remember Thou wast tempted,
And rejoice to follow Thee.

Though Thou leadest through afflictions,
Poor, forsaken though I be,
Thou wast destitute, afflicted,
And I only follow Thee.

I Will No Longer Doubt Thee (#287) | Barney E. Warren

Can I defeat my Savior's plan,

Trample His mercy in the dust?

How can I longer doubting remain

If I but do what's right and just?

Refrain:

I will no longer doubt Thee, O Lord,

I will forever stand on Thy word;

I will believe and simply trust,

Can I have faith? Yes, Lord, I must.

I will reject all doubts and fears,

I will believe and simply trust;

Thou hast said, "Cast on Me thy cares,"

Can I obey? Yes, Lord, I must.

Since I'm dependent, Lord, on Thee,

Why should I doubt Thy saving grace?

If, by resisting, Satan must flee,

Then I behold Thy smiling face.

Shall I bring grief and sorrow again

Into the heart of my dear Lord?

No, I'll confess and honor His name,

I will believe His precious word.

I Will Praise Him, Hallelujah! (#46) | Daniel O. Teasley, 1906

Oh, I praise the Lord who bought me, hallelujah!

I'm a happy pilgrim bound for glory land;

I am singing, and I hope to sing forever,

When before His throne eternal I shall stand.

Refrain:

I will praise Him, hallelujah!

I will praise Him more and more:

If I had ten thousand lives in which to praise Him

I could not enough my blessed Lord adore.

I will praise Him for salvation, hallelujah!

Richest treasure human spirits ever found;

Once I wandered far away, was sad and lonely,

But I'm dwelling now where pleasures e'er abound.

Oh, I'll never cease to praise Him, hallelujah!

For He gives me peace abounding every day;

He redeemed me from my sins and fully cleansed me,

And I find His service sweeter all the way.

I will praise the name of Jesus, hallelujah!

I will praise Him for His mercies unto me;

Then I'll praise Him with the angels in the morning,

When the face of my dear Savior I shall see.

Oh, I praise Him for the strength He daily gives me,

I am running now to gain that heav'nly prize;

Soon with joy I'll reach the goal of life immortal,

And go sweeping through the gates of paradise.

I Will Tell the Wondrous Story (#71) | Joseph C. Fisher, 1911

I am free, the Lord hath saved me,
I was burdened with my sin;
Then He whispered meek and lowly,
“Come to me; I’ll take you in.”
Refrain:
Hallelujah! glory, glory!
Let us sound the jubilee;
I will tell the wondrous story
Of the blood that cleanseth me.
In His pity He redeemed me,
When He saw me in my woe;
Yes, He sanctified and cleansed me,
And I’m whiter than the snow.
Oh, the gushing springs of glory
That are flooding all my heart;
And the music, sweet and heav’nly,
Wakes the chords in every part.
Oh, the joy, no tongue can tell it!
’Tis like many flowing streams;
Now I stand upon the summit,
Where the golden sunlight gleams.

Jesus Heals (#306) | J. E. Roberts, 1911

Have you heard the joyful sound?

Jesus heals, Jesus heals;

Through the Spirit we have found

Jesus heals, Jesus heals.

Yes, He heals the blind and lame,

And His pow'r is just the same

As when first to earth He came,

Jesus heals, Jesus heals.

He is just the same today,

Jesus heals, Jesus heals;

As before He went away,

Jesus heals, Jesus heals.

If in Him you safely hide,

And His words in you abide,

Ask in faith, you'll be supplied,

Jesus heals, Jesus heals.

Loud proclaim the jubilee,

Jesus heals, Jesus heals;

Bear the news across the sea,

Jesus heals, Jesus heals.

"Lo, I'm with you to the end"—

Blessed Jesus, what a Friend!

One on whom we can depend,

Jesus heals, Jesus heals.

Jesus heals and makes us whole,

Jesus heals, Jesus heals;

Heals the body and the soul,
Jesus heals, Jesus heals.
Yes, He heals the sick and sore,
And our suff'ring days are o'er,
Praise His name forevermore,
Jesus heals, Jesus heals.
Blow the trumpet loud and long,
Jesus heals, Jesus heals;
Chant the sweet, melodious song,
Jesus heals, Jesus heals.
"I'm the Lord that healeth thee,"
Just believe and you'll be free,
Praise His name, He healeth me,
Jesus heals, Jesus heals.

Jesus, I Come (#490a) | William T. Sleeper, 1887

Out of my bondage, sorrow and night,
Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come;
Into Thy freedom, gladness, and light,
Jesus, I come to Thee;
Out of my sickness, into Thy health,
Out of my want and into Thy wealth,
Out of my sin and into Thyself,
Jesus, I come to Thee.
Out of my shameful failure and loss,
Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come;
Into the glorious gain of Thy cross,
Jesus, I come to Thee;
Out of earth's sorrows, into Thy balm,
Out of life's storms and into Thy calm,
Out of distress to jubilant psalm,
Jesus, I come to Thee.
Out of unrest and arrogant pride,
Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come;
Into Thy blessed will to abide,
Jesus, I come to Thee;
Out of myself to dwell in Thy love,
Out of despair, into raptures above,
Upward for aye on wings like a dove,
Jesus, I come to Thee.
Out of the fear and dread of the tomb,
Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come;

Into the joy and light of Thy home,
Jesus, I come to Thee;
Out of the depths of ruin untold,
Into the peace of Thy sheltering fold,
Ever Thy glorious face to behold,
Jesus, I come to Thee.

Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken (#248) | Henry F. Lyte, 1833

Jesus, I my cross have taken, all to leave and follow Thee;
Destitute, despised, forsaken, Thou from hence my all shall be.
Perish every fond ambition, all I've sought or hoped or known;
Yet how rich is my condition! God and heav'n are still mine own.
Let the world despise and leave me, they have left my Savior, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me; Thou art not, like them, untrue.
And while Thou shalt smile upon me, God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate and friends disown me, show Thy face and all is bright.
Go, then, earthly fame and treasure! Come, disaster, scorn and pain!
In Thy service pain is pleasure; with Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee, "Abba, Father"; I have set my heart on Thee:
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather, all must work for good to me.
Man may trouble and distress me, 'twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me; heav'n will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me, while Thy love is left to me;
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me, were that joy unmixed with Thee.
Take, my soul, thy full salvation; rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station something still to do or bear:
Think what Spirit dwells within thee; what a Father's smile is thine;
What a Savior died to win thee, child of heav'n, shouldst thou repine?
Haste then on from grace to glory, armed by faith, and winged by prayer,
Heav'n's eternal day's before thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission, swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope soon change to glad fruition, faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Jesus Is Calling for Thee Tonight (#428) | Ulysses Phillips

Drifting away from the peaceful fold,
Drifting far out in the storm and cold;
Sinner, oh, turn from your dreadful plight,
Jesus is calling for thee tonight.

Refrain:

Jesus is calling, will you give heed?
He will supply your soul's every need;
He's your best friend, so loving, and true;
Come to Him now, He's calling for you.
Long have you wandered far from the fold,
Drowning in sin and stifling your soul;
Turn, oh, turn now, while hope is in sight,
Jesus is calling for thee tonight.

Jesus is calling, will you say yes?
Long He has waited your soul to bless;
Give up your sins and turn to the right,
Jesus is calling for thee tonight.

Oh, look away to Calvary's cross,
There Jesus died to ransom the lost;
Wonderful love, oh, look on that sight,
Jesus is calling for thee tonight.

Jesus Is Calling His People (#34) | Daniel O. Teasley, 1911

Jesus is calling His people again,
Back to the glorified heavenly plain,
Home to the city of purity bright,
Out from sin Babel's confusion and night.

Refrain:

Glory to God! We'll sing it again!
Glory to God! We'll shout the refrain!
Praise to Jehovah our tongues shall employ,
Home to Mount Zion we're coming with joy.
Jesus is calling the holy to war,
See them now coming from near and from far;
Hear on the mountain their song of delight,
See their white raiment and armor of light.
Jesus is calling the chosen and few,
Now in Mount Zion they're building anew,
Building the walls of the city of God,
While His high praises they're sounding aloud.
Jesus is calling the faithful and true,
Calling, my brother and sister, for you;
For in Jerusalem city today
Thousands are gathering, do not delay.

Jesus Is Calling the Children (#469) | Ulysses Phillips

Jesus is calling the children,

Calling, yes, calling today;

Oh, will you walk in His footsteps—

Walk in the beautiful way?

Refrain:

Beautiful way, beautiful way,

Walk in the beautiful way.

Jesus is calling the children,

Those who are going astray;

He wants to lead you to heaven,

Along the beautiful way.

Jesus is calling the children,

Come to Him now while you may;

He'll fill your heart with His gladness,

Walk in the beautiful way.

Jesus is calling the children,

Will you His sweet voice obey?

Come, let Him lead you to heaven,

Along the beautiful way.

Jesus Is Good to Me (#154) | Daniel O. Teasley, 1911

Jesus has been so good to me,
No other friend so kind could be;
Safely keeps me every day
Free from sin and in the way;
Ne'er can I such love repay,
He's so good to me.

Refrain:

Jesus is good to me,
Jesus is good to me;
Safely keeps me from the wrong,
In the conflict makes me strong,
Blesses all my journey long,
He's so good to me.

Jesus has been so good to me,
From this world He set me free;
Grace and glory did impart,
Satisfied my longing heart:
From His love I'll never part,
He's so good to me.

Jesus has been so good to me,
And His face I soon shall see;
Though I once afar did rove,
Lost, unworthy of His love,
He prepared a home above,
He's so good to me.

Jesus has been so good to me,

None so fair, so dear as He:
Hallelujah! He is mine,
Keeping me by grace divine,
And His glories in me shine,
He's so good to me.

Jesus Is My Shepherd (#167) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

Jesus is my Shepherd, so kind and true,
Down where the living waters flow;
He calls for His own, He keepeth the "few,"
Where pastures of green ever grow.

Refrain:

Jesus is my Shepherd, He leadeth me,
Down where the living waters flow;
His smiles I enjoy, His face I do see,
His blood makes me whiter than snow.
Jesus is my Shepherd, I'm in His fold,
Down where the living waters flow;
He keeps me each day from danger and cold,
I'll follow where'er He may go.

Jesus is my Shepherd, He is the door,
He watcheth over everyone;
He cares for the weak, He healeth the sore,
He bringeth the wanderer home.

Jesus is my Shepherd, His voice I hear,
And when He calleth I obey;
He leads me with joy, though danger be near,
For He is the life and the way.

Jesus Is Pleading for Thee (#426) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

Hear the gentle Spirit's call,
Jesus is pleading for thee;
There is pardon free for all,
Jesus is pleading for thee.

Refrain:

Wash in the blood,
Wash in the blood of Jesus;
Wash in the blood,
Wash in the blood of the Lamb.
Sinner, will you come today?
Jesus is pleading for thee;
Leave that dark and dreary way?
Jesus is pleading for thee.

Oh, He drank that bitter cup,
Jesus is pleading for thee;
And this world you must give up,
Jesus is pleading for thee.

He will wash your garments white,
Jesus is pleading for thee;
Turn your darkness into light,
Jesus is pleading for thee.

He will sweep your guilt away,
Jesus is pleading for thee;
Make your soul as clear as day,
Jesus is pleading for thee.

He will give you joy and peace,

Jesus is pleading for thee;
Glory that will never cease,
Jesus is pleading for thee.

Jesus Knows (#176) | Daniel O. Teasley, 1911

In your pathway have you found some cruel thorns?

Jesus bore them on His brow, and He knows;

Does the world look down upon you with its frown?

All the world forsook your Lord, and He knows.

Refrain:

Jesus knows, yes, He knows;

He was weary, worn, and tried,

Bore our many sins beside,

Hungry, thirsty, crucified, and He knows.

Are you weary with the toils and cares of life?

Jesus labored night and day, and He knows;

Does the sinful world annoy you with its strife?

Jesus saw and heard it all, and He knows.

Are you tempted with the world so rich and gay?

Jesus once was tempted, too, and He knows;

Does the tempter seek to turn you from the way?

Jesus will your helper be, for He knows.

Has the hand of death your eyes bedimmed with tears?

Jesus wept for one He loved, and He knows;

For some wand'rer have you prayed for many years?

Jesus prayed for sinners lost, and He knows.

Have your friends forsaken, spurned you from their door?

So they did your blessed Lord, and He knows;

Is there none to cheer and comfort anymore?

Jesus bore the cross alone, and He knows.

Jesus Loves You (#348) | Barney E. Warren, 1901

Little children, do not fear, Jesus loves you,
How He loves you, how He loves you;
He will fill your hearts with cheer, He will guide you,
Where we'll never die.

Refrain:

Jesus loves you, oh, believe it,
Jesus loves you, precious children;
How He loves you, oh, receive it,
For He loves you still.

Little children, come to Him, He will bless you,
He will bless you, He will bless you;
With His hand of love He waits to caress you,
Lead you home on high.

Little children, come today, He will hide you,
Safely hide you, safely hide you;
Trust His kind, unerring hand, He will guide you,
To that by and by.

Little children, do not fall, He will hold you,
Surely hold you, surely hold you;
He will hear you when you call, He'll enfold you,
In His arms of love.

Little children, there's a crown, you may wear it,
You may wear it, you may wear it;
When life's burdens are laid down, you may wear it
In our home at last.

Jesus Makes Me Whole (#204) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

I hear celestial music strains

Resounding everywhere;

Their tidings fill Judea's plains,

That Christ our sins did bear.

Yes, yes, yes, my heart from sin is freed,

Yes, free indeed.

Refrain:

'Tis Jesus makes, yes, makes me whole,

'Tis Jesus makes, yes, makes me whole,

My care and all on Him I roll,

He fully saves my soul.

Shall I defeat His gracious plan,

And cast away His love,

Since He thus gave His life for man,

That we may live above?

No, no, no, Thy love I do receive,

Thy love receive.

I'm in the precious, healing stream;

'Tis flowing o'er my soul;

From every stain I now am clean,

'Tis Jesus makes me whole.

Yes, yes, yes, the blood it cleanseth me,

Yes, cleanseth me.

In this pure stream I will abide,

It flows for you and me,

From Jesus' deeply wounded side,

The stream from Calvary.

Yes, yes, yes, I see the dying Lamb,

His child I am.

Jesus Paid It All (#466) | Elvina M. Hall, 1865

I hear the Savior say,

“Thy strength indeed is small;

Child of weakness, watch and pray,

Find in Me thine all in all.”

Refrain:

Jesus paid it all,

All to Him I owe;

Sin had left a crimson stain,

He washed it white as snow.

For nothing good have I

Whereby Thy grace to claim;

I'll wash my garments white

In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.

And now complete in Him,

My robe, His righteousness,

Close sheltered 'neath His side,

I am divinely blest.

Lord, now indeed I find

Thy pow'r, and Thine alone,

Can change the leper's spots

And melt the heart of stone.

When from my dying bed

My ransomed soul shall rise,

“Jesus died my soul to save,”

Shall rend the vaulted skies.

And when before the throne

I stand in Him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet.

Jesus Saves from Sin Today (#317) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

Hear the tidings, loud and clear,
Jesus saves from sin today;
Wake the slumb'ring world to hear:
Jesus saves from sin today.
Bear the message quickly on,
Tell each sinful slave, obey,
Heaven calls you, every one—
Jesus saves from sin today.
Refrain:
Jesus saves, yes, saves today,
Jesus saves my soul today;
Let it spread o'er land and sea,
On the winds and ocean waves;
Shout with rapture, all ye free,
Hallelujah! Jesus saves!
Let the sound like thunders roll,
Jesus saves from sin today;
Waft it on from pole to pole,
Jesus saves from sin today.
Let it spread o'er land and sea,
On the winds and ocean waves;
Shout with rapture, all ye free,
Hallelujah! Jesus saves!
Start the sound, O silent voice,
Jesus saves from sin today;
Hear, ye nations, and rejoice,

Jesus saves from sin today.
Let it float on every breeze,
Let the earth her homage pay;
Echoes falling on the leas,
Jesus saves from sin today.
Sing above the noisy crowd,
Jesus saves from sin today;
Make its music ring aloud,
Jesus saves from sin today.
Swell the chorus full and free,
Lofty kings and lords obey;
Sing this song of victory,
Jesus saves from sin today.

Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me (#308) | Edward Hopper, 1871

Jesus, Savior, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea;
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock and treach'rous shoal;
Chart and compass came from Thee:
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.
As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boist'rous waves obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
Wondrous Sov'reign of the sea,
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.
When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

Jesus Will Save Thee (#381) | Daniel S. Warner

Hear ye the moan of a soul that is lost,
O wretched sinner, that spirit is thine;
Jesus will enter thy bosom today,
Turning thy darkness to glory divine.

Refrain:

Jesus will save thee from darkness and woe,
He will redeem thee till whiter than snow.
Sinner, awake to the doom of thy soul,
Fettered by sin, and how soon you must die;
Fly to the Savior this moment, behold,
Jesus invites you to mansions on high.
Hark! From the garden and Calvary's cross,
Voices that utter God's wonderful love;
Value, poor sinner, thy soul at its cost,
Seek first its title to heaven above.
Think of eternity, oh, what a word!
Ages unending of darkness or day;
Where will you fix your eternal abode?
Take thy redemption ere life speeds away.
Past mercies slighted can never return,
Future recordeth no promise for thee;
Now is the day of salvation we learn,
Now is the moment, oh, come and be free.

Joy Among the Angels (#326) | Daniel O. Teasley, 1911

There is joy, glad joy among the angels,
Joy in heav'n above,
When a soul returns from sin and folly
To the Savior's love.

Refrain:

Joy among the angels,
Joy in heav'n above;
Joy on earth among the righteous,
When the wanderer returns to the fold.
There is joy on earth among the righteous,
Joy beyond compare,
When a soul returns to Christ for shelter—
Finds forgiveness there.

There is joy, more joy among the angels,
When the lost is found,
Than for nine and ninety of the righteous,
Who in grace abound.

There is joy on earth and up in heaven,
Joy exceeding great:
Sinner, come and seek the joy of pardon,
Come before too late.

Joyful Meeting in Glory (#375) | Daniel S. Warner, 1911

Tell me, watchman, oh, what of the morning

Do you see as the mist clears away?

We behold in its splendor the dawning

Of a bright and glorious day.

Refrain:

We shall all gather home in the morning,

When the mist from the hills clears away;

And it seems I can see by the dawning,

That we're nearing the end of the way.

From the mountain of pure inspiration,

See the gleam of eternity rise;

With the holy in sweet convocation

We shall soon unite in praise.

'Mid the rapturous glories of heaven,

On immortal and beautiful plane,

All the ransomed will joyfully gather,

Nevermore to part again.

Hallelujah! How blessed the meeting,

When we gather with Jesus at home;

In the kingdom of love what a greeting

Of the saints around the throne!

Joy in the Service of the Master (#91) | Daniel S. Warner, 1893

There is joy in the service of the Master,

Let me sing of the glory I have found;

Since I gave all to Jesus, and His favor gained,

Oh, wondrous streams of joy forever abound.

Refrain:

Jesus, my life, and my joy evermore,

Jesus forever my heart's deep store;

Glory to God for redeeming love,

Oh, wondrous peace of God that flows from above.

Could you bring me the treasures of the ocean,

Could you offer the golden stores of earth,

I would sing, "Hallelujah, I've a greater wealth:

I have my Savior's love, a heavenly birth."

Could I soar to the highest throne of honor,

Could I shine with the wisdom of a sage;

All this poor, fading glory could no thought engage,

Since Jesus is my all, my own heritage.

Could I sing out the pleasure in my bosom,

How my heart thrills with glory in the way,

All the world would no longer in the desert stay,

But to my Jesus come, and even today.

Joy Unspeakable (#88) | Barney E. Warren, 1900

I have found His grace is all complete,

He supplieth every need;

While I sit and learn at Jesus' feet,

I am free, yes, free indeed.

Refrain:

It is joy unspeakable and full of glory,

Full of glory, full of glory;

It is joy unspeakable and full of glory,

Oh, the half has never yet been told.

I have found the pleasure I once craved,

It is joy and peace within;

What a wondrous blessing, I am saved

From the awful gulf of sin.

I have found that hope so bright and clear,

Living in the realm of grace;

Oh, the Savior's presence is so near,

I can see His smiling face.

I have found the joy no tongue can tell,

How its waves of glory roll;

It is like a great o'erflowing well,

Springing up within my soul.

Just as I Am (#358) | Charlotte Elliott, 1835

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

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

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

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

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

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

Keep Me (#275) | Charles W. Naylor, 1911

In this wicked world am I,
Watch Thou o'er me from on high;
Keep my soul, lest I should be
Led astray, O Lord, from Thee.

Refrain:

All I am or hope to be,
I commit, dear Lord, to Thee;
Oh, preserve me in Thy love,
Till I reach Thy courts above.
Keep me spotless, keep me pure,
Keep me lest the world allure;
Keep me in Thy secret place,
Where I e'er may see Thy face.
Keep me guiltless night and day,
Help me Thy commands obey;
Keep me humble, let not pride
Ever in my soul abide.
Keep me gentle, let no word
From my lips be ever heard
That shall wound a tender heart,
Cause a tear of grief to start.
Keep me for Thyself alone,
Nevermore to be mine own;
Keep me in Thy favor sweet,
In Thy grace and truth complete.

Keep Me, My Lord (#282) | Barney E. Warren, 1905

Keep me in touch with Thee,
My blessed Lord;
Thine shall the glory be,
Mine the reward;
Cover my soul with grace,
In that most holy place,
Till I shall see Thy face,
Keep me, my Lord.
Lord, with Thy gentleness,
I would be great;
Blest with Thy holiness,
Be this my state;
To Thee my all resign,
Oh, let Thy will be mine,
In Thy great love divine,
Keep me, my Lord.
Conquer my every foe,
While here I stay;
Unto the end I'll go,
Let me not stray;
Down into nothingness,
Hid in Thy righteousness,
Firm in Thy faithfulness,
Keep me, my Lord.
Oh, let Thy watchful eye,
Be over me;

Hear Thou my humble cry,
Coming to Thee;
Guide Thou my steps aright,
Be Thou my song at night,
My theme and heart's delight,
Keep me, my Lord.

Keep Me Near Thee (#336) | William J. Henry, 1911

Keep me near Thee, blessed Jesus,
Keep me near Thee lest I stray;
With Thy mighty hand uphold me,
Lead me gently all the way.

Refrain:

Life without Thee would be dreary,
Cheerless all my path would be;
But while walking in Thy presence,
Heaven's glory shines on me.
Keep me near Thee, precious Savior,
Many snares are by the way;
'Neath Thy balmy wings protect me,
Draw me nearer Thee each day.
Help me live so near Thee, Jesus,
That Thy whispers I may hear,
Let me feel Thy arms around me
When the hand of danger's near.
Draw me nearer, blessed Jesus,
Closely fold me to Thy breast;
Pillowed on Thy loving bosom,
Let me ever sweetly rest.

Kept by the Power of God (#116) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

We are kept by the power and favor of God

From all the dominion of sin;

He cleanseth by faith in His own precious blood,

His spirit is reigning within.

Refrain:

We are kept by the power of God,

We are kept by the power of God;

By trusting, obeying,

By watching and praying,

We are kept by the power of God.

We are kept by the power of God through faith

So long as we walk in the light;

Our helper is Jesus who faithfully saith,

“I’m with you by day and by night.”

We are kept by the power of God if we trust,

We never need faint by the way;

Then do as He bids you, His counsel is just,

Be humble, be watchful, and pray.

We are kept by the power of God each day,

The story of grace we’ll repeat;

Through Him we are conquerors if we obey,

The foe we will ever defeat.

Leaning on the Arms of Jesus (#199) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

Leaning on the arms of Jesus,
Oh, it is so sweet and precious!
He will surely bless and keep us,
Calmly resting free from care.

Refrain:

Leaning, leaning,
Safely on the arms of Jesus,
I'm leaning, yes, leaning,
Leaning on the arms of Jesus.
Leaning on His arms of power,
Jesus is my strong, high tower;
He's my peace—a constant shower—
He will every need supply.
Leaning on His arms, I'm trusting,
What have I to fear? I'm resting;
Jesus is my constant blessing,
He will all my burdens bear.

Learning of My Savior (#219) | Georgia C. Elliott, 1911

I am learning of my Savior
Precious lessons every hour,
How the soul, which He has ransomed,
May be kept by mighty pow'r.

Refrain:

I am learning, I am learning,
Precious truths in Jesus' word;
I am learning, I am learning,
Of the lowly Lamb of God.
Learning more and more to love Him,
Yielding all into His will;
While a joy beyond all utt'rance
Through and through my soul doth thrill.

I am learning how to serve Him,
With my hands, my heart, my feet;
And each day my Master's service
To my soul becomes more sweet.

I am learning how to trust Him
With my life, and for all things;
And my spirit, filled with glory,
In exceeding gladness sings.

Leaves or Sheaves (#331) | Barney E. Warren, 1923

He that goeth forth with yearning heart,
Bearing seeds to hill and plain,
In the coming harvest hath a part,
Bringing in the golden grain.

Refrain:

Soon we'll go to our reward,
Meet our Savior, Judge, and Lord;
Shall we come with only leaves,
When the fields are full of sheaves?
He that goeth forth in shade or shine,
Heeding not the winds that blow;
Christ to Him will say, "You, reaper Mine,
To the Harvest Home may go."

He that goeth forth with weary feet,
Toiling in the heat of day,
Shall have rest eternal, pure and sweet,
At the ending of life's way.

He that goeth forth with weeping sad,
Shall not bring but withered leaves:
For reward of service he'll be glad,
When he comes with golden sheaves.

Let Not Your Heart Be Troubled (#258) | Barney E. Warren, 1900

Let not your weary heart be troubled,
Believe in God, believe in Me;
For in My Father's house are mansions,
I will prepare a place for thee.

Refrain:

Let not your heart be troubled,
Let not your heart be troubled;
Let not your heart be troubled,
Nor let it be afraid.

Let not your peace in calm assurance
Be ruffled by the storms of life;
But soldier-like, with firm endurance,
Just glory in the holy strife.

Let not your hope be dimmed with doubting,
Let not life's burdens foil your grace;
But in each conflict vict'ry shouting,
Like he who runs to win a race.

Let Your Light Shine (#262) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

Let your light so shine that the world may see

How to come to Christ who will set them free;

Let its rays gleam bright when the darkness falls,

Till each sinful soul for the Savior calls.

Refrain:

Let your light shine, let your light shine,

Let your light so shine before men;

That they your works beholding, that they your works beholding,

May glorify the Father's name in heav'n.

Let your light so shine everywhere you go,

Till the tribes of earth Jesus Christ may know;

Let its rays transpose into perfect day,

When the clouds of gloom shall be swept away.

Let your light so shine that its beams may reach

Every darkened soul, thus the gospel preach;

Let it brighter shine till that endless day,

Bursts upon our sight ne'er to pass away.

Let your light so shine every day and hour,

That the truth be clothed with divinest pow'r;

Let it brightly shine and promote God's cause,

To exalt His name and His holy law.

Lift Up Your Hands (#391) | Daniel S. Warner

Oh, come and praise the Lord today,

And together laud His name;

Break forth in joyful melody,

Hallelujah to the Lamb!

Refrain:

Lift up your hands and bless the Lord,

Oh, shout for joy, His praises sing;

Lift holy hands and bless the Lord,

Glory, glory, to our King!

All ye that feel His mighty love,

And the Spirit's burning fire,

Oh, sound the praises of the Lord,

That His wondrous works inspire.

Ye happy pilgrims, let us sing,

And be joyful in the Lord,

Who saved us from the night of sin,

In the light of heaven's word.

Oh, sing like thunder's mighty sound,

Sing the story of the blood;

Salvation tidings echo round,

Glory, glory be to God!

Light Breaks at Last (#8) | Daniel O. Teasley, 1911

In the morning of grace, when the Sun first arose,
And the gospel divine put to flight all its foes,
The nations rejoiced, but forsook it so soon,
For the Sun in His strength was darkened at noon.

Refrain:

Light breaks at last! Hallelujah to God!
Darkness is past, let us shout it aloud:
From the mountains and hills let us gather the few
Who will stand for the right, and dare to be true.
Long years have we dwelt in confusion and strife,
And groped where contention and error were rife;
But now we have found what we sought for so long,
That the people of God unite in one throng.
Behold, now we see, by the evening's fair light,
As it gleams from Mount Zion in radiance bright,
That the mist of confusion is passing away,
As the darkness recedes at breaking of day.
We have found it at last, the one holy flock,
'Tis the church of the Lord, and it stands on the Rock;
Spread the news far and wide, till it reaches each shore,
That the Sun in His strength shall shine evermore.

Like a Rock in the Billows (#133) | Barney E. Warren, 1900

Like a rock in the billows I would stable be,
Till the storm is overpast;
Then I long to harbor, Lord, with Thee,
In my heav'nly home at last.

Refrain:

If I trust in Jesus, and obey His word,
If I lean upon His breast;
If I keep low down at His feet, I know
He will give me peace and rest.
Like a rock in the billows I would never yield
To the angry tossing wave;
I would cling to Christ, my sun and shield,
For His pow'r alone can save.

Like a rock in the billows of a boiling sea,
When its waters leap and foam,
I would rest secure, my Lord, in Thee,
Till the trumpet calls me home.

Like a rock in the billows I would fearless stand,
And defy the threat'ning blast;
For the Savior holds me by the hand,
Till the raging storm is past.

Living by Faith (#488) | James Wells, 1918

I care not today what the morrow may bring,

If shadow or sunshine or rain,

The Lord I know ruleth o'er everything,

And all of my worries are vain.

Refrain:

Living by faith in Jesus above,

Trusting, confiding in His great love;

From all harm safe in His sheltering arm,

I'm living by faith and feel no alarm.

Though tempests may blow and the storm clouds arise,

Obscuring the brightness of life,

I'm never alarmed at the overcast skies—

The Master looks on at the strife.

I know that He safely will carry me through,

No matter what evils betide;

Why should I then care though the tempest may blow,

If Jesus walks close to my side.

Our Lord will return for His loved ones some day,

Our troubles will then all be o'er;

The Master so gently will lead us away,

Beyond that blest heavenly shore.

Look and Live (#492) | William A. Ogden, 1887

I've a message from the Lord, hallelujah!

This message unto you I'll give,

'Tis recorded in His word, hallelujah!

It is only that you "look and live."

Refrain:

"Look and live," my brother, live,

Look to Jesus now, and live;

'Tis recorded in His word, hallelujah!

It is only that you "look and live."

I've a message full of love, hallelujah!

A message, O my friend, for you,

'Tis a message from above, hallelujah!

Jesus said it, and I know 'tis true.

Life is offered unto you, hallelujah!

Eternal life thy soul shall have,

If you'll only look to Him, hallelujah!

Look to Jesus who alone can save.

I will tell you how I came, hallelujah!

To Jesus when He made me whole—

'Twas believing on His name, hallelujah!

I trusted and He saved my soul.

Looking for Me (#94) | Anna C. Storey

I was a captive, but mercy released me,

I was in darkness, but now I can see;

Over the mountain, where lonely I wandered,

Jesus, my Savior, came looking for me.

Refrain:

Wonderful Savior, wonderful Savior!

Now and forever my boasting shall be;

Over the mountain, where lonely I wandered,

Jesus, my Savior, came looking for me.

Weeping, I longed for the rapture of pardon,

Longed from my burden of sin to be free;

Then as I lifted my earnest petition,

Jesus, my Savior, came looking for me.

Filled with the fullness of perfect salvation,

Washed in the blood that was shed on the tree;

This my rejoicing through ages eternal:

Jesus, my Savior, came looking for me.

Oh, for the harp of a seraph to praise Him!

Oh, for the tongue of an angel to sing;

Glory to Jesus, my blessed Redeemer,

I am adopted, the child of a King.

Lord, I'm Coming Home (#486) | William J. Kirkpatrick, 1892

I've wandered far away from God,

Now I'm coming home;

The paths of sin too long I've trod,

Lord, I'm coming home.

Refrain:

Coming home, coming home,

Nevermore to roam;

Open wide Thine arms of love,

Lord, I'm coming home.

I've wasted many precious years,

Now I'm coming home;

I now repent with bitter tears,

Lord, I'm coming home.

I'm tired of sin and straying, Lord,

Now I'm coming home;

I'll trust Thy love, believe Thy word,

Lord, I'm coming home.

My soul is sick, my heart is sore,

Now I'm coming home;

My strength renew, my home restore,

Lord, I'm coming home.

My only hope, my only plea,

Now I'm coming home;

That Jesus died, and died for me,

Lord, I'm coming home.

I need His cleansing blood I know,

Now I'm coming home;

Oh, wash me whiter than the snow,

Lord, I'm coming home.

Lost Forever (#399) | Barney E. Warren, 1893

Where is thy hope, poor sinner?

What are you going to do?

Hope is a God-given anchor,

Lavished so freely on you;

If it is fixed in the Savior,

On that bright shore you will land,

But if in sin you still linger,

Sad your end.

Refrain:

Lost, forever! Lost, forever!

Oh, how sad!

Where is thy refuge, sinner?

Look where your pathway will end;

Repent, or you'll perish forever,

Awful destruction's at hand;

Heaven or hell you are choosing,

Fixing and sealing your fate,

God and His mercy refusing,

Lost! Too late!

What can you plead, poor sinner,

In the great judgment day?

Heaven now offers you favor,

Oh, do not cast it away;

Slighted the warnings repeated,

Leave you in Satan's control;

And with all heaven rejected,

Lost, your soul.

Where will you go, poor sinner?

How will your soul escape?

Think of thy lot, when, forever,

Cast in the dark, burning lake;

If then you're lost and forgotten,

Writhing in flames of despair,

You will remember you've chosen

To be there.

Louder, Louder (#60) | Daniel S. Warner

Onward moves the great Eternal
In the order of His plan;
Louder, nearer rolls the thunder
Of His awful word to man.
Refrain:
Louder, louder, hallelujah!
See the glorious fountain flow;
From the midst of heav'n proclaim it;
Oh, it makes me white as snow.
Since by sin this earth was blighted,
God has whispered of His love;
Dreams and visions by His prophets
Breathed of mercy from above.
Louder speaks His love in Jesus;
Heaven sweetly chants His fame;
Earth receives its glorious Savior;
Hallelujah to His name!
Yet the world is wrapped in slumber,
Louder raise the trumpet's blast;
Oh, in mercy let it thunder
Ere the day of mercy's past.
In the cages of deception
Souls are pining to be free;
Quickly sound the proclamation
Of the glorious jubilee.

Love Each Other (#253) | William J. Henry, 1911

Let us ever love each other

With a heart that's warm and true,

Ever doing to our brother

As to us we'd have him do.

Refrain:

Kind and loving to each other,

Gentle words to all we meet;

Thus we follow Christ our Savior,

Proving all His service sweet.

When the heart is sad and lonely,

And the eyes with tears o'erflow,

Gentle words and deeds of kindness

Fall like sunbeams on the snow.

Let us help our fallen brother,

Lift him gently by the hand;

Speaking words of cheer and comfort,

Point him to a better land.

In this world of toil and sorrow

Many hearts are full of care,

Let us live to serve our Master,

And each other's burdens bear.

Love Is Freedom's Law (#272) | Daniel S. Warner

O love divine, unfathomed!
O shoreless sea of bliss!
Thy throne the highest heaven,
Yet flowing down to this
Dark world of guilt and sorrow,
Redeems the fettered soul;
Thy paths of peace I follow,
O love, our hearts extol!
Refrain:
O love! supreme affection!
We bow low at thy shrine,
Love is our great salvation;
O love divine!
Enshrined within the bosom
Of Father's tender love,
We seem in deep mid-ocean
Of heaven's bliss above;
Oh, wonders of redemption!
We gaze in silent awe
Upon the new creation,
Where love is freedom's law.
Worlds of ecstatic glory
Love opens to our view,
Where saints and angels truly
Find joys forever new;
Sweet element of heaven!

He is supremely blest
Who, in thy sea o'erwhelmed
Has found eternal rest.
Love holds a royal scepter,
And Mercy looketh down,
Both calling to the sinner,
"Come wear a starry crown";
Oh, sweet divine compassion!
Poor sinner, taste and see,
If grace thy heart may fashion,
Then love shall reign in thee.

Love Lifted Me (#506) | James Rowe, 1912

I was sinking deep in sin, far from the peaceful shore,
Very deeply stained within, sinking to rise no more,
But the Master of the sea heard my despairing cry,
From the waters lifted me, now safe am I.

Refrain:

Love lifted me!

Love lifted me!

When nothing else could help,

Love lifted me!

All my heart to Him I give, ever to Him I'll cling,
In His blessed presence live, ever His praises sing,
Love so mighty and so true, merits my soul's best songs,
Faithful, loving service, too, to Him belongs.

Souls in danger, look above, Jesus completely saves,
He will lift you by His love, out of the angry waves.

He's the Master of the sea, billows His will obey,

He your Savior wants to be, be saved today.

Loving-Kindness (#177) | Samuel Medley, 1782

Awake, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song for me,
His loving-kindness, oh, how free!
Loving-kindness, loving-kindness,
His loving-kindness, oh, how free!
He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, oh, how great!
Loving-kindness, loving-kindness,
His loving-kindness, oh, how great!
Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!
Loving-kindness, loving-kindness,
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!
When trouble like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!
Loving-kindness, loving-kindness,
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!
Soon I shall pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal pow'rs must fail;

Oh, may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.
Loving-kindness, loving-kindness,
His loving-kindness sing in death.
Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing with raptures and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.
Loving-kindness, loving-kindness,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

Make Me Clean (#449) | Charles W. Naylor, 1911

I have wandered in sin, and my soul is defiled,

But I know Jesus died on the tree;

And the Father in mercy will make me His child,

For the blood, it will cleanse even me.

Refrain:

Make me clean, make me clean,

Though defiled and so sinful I am;

Make me clean, make me clean,

Make me clean in the blood of the Lamb.

Lord, I give up my sin, and I turn unto Thee,

From Thy love do not cast me away;

Though my guilt is so great, hear my heart's earnest plea—

Have compassion, and save me today.

There's no hope but in Thee; to Thy promise I flee,

There to anchor my storm-driven soul;

Let Thy favor and love be extended to me,

Through the all-cleansing blood make me whole.

How I loathe all the sins that have burdened my heart,

And have filled it with sadness and woe,

Now in Calvary's stream bid uncleanness depart,

Make me whiter, yes, whiter than snow.

Mighty to Save and Keep (#115) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

Mighty to save, and mighty to keep,
Grace like the ocean, boundless and deep;
Will you believe it? will you receive it?
Life everlasting reap?
Refrain:
Glory to God! I know I'm saved,
This is a blessing I have craved;
Now I am happy, joyful in glory,
Reigning o'er the world by sin depraved.
Mighty to save by power divine,
Mighty to keep in this evil time;
Watching and praying, trusting, obeying,
Thus life is all sublime.
Mighty to save from sin here below,
Mighty to conquer Satan we know;
In every trial, or self-denial,
Christ reigns o'er every foe.
Mighty to keep in life's darkest hour,
Mighty to shield us from Satan's pow'r;
Then do not falter, stay on the altar,
Christ is our strong, high tow'r.

More Like Christ (#151) | Charles W. Naylor, 1903

More like Christ, my heart is praying,

More like Christ from day to day;

All His graces rich displaying,

While I tread my pilgrim way.

Refrain:

More like Christ, every day,

More like Christ, my heart doth say;

Yes, more like Christ,

More like Christ every day.

More like Christ in deeds of kindness,

And in all the words I say;

Yearning for the souls in blindness,

Who are going far astray.

More like Christ in burden-bearing,

Helping all the sad and weak;

Tears and sorrows gladly sharing,

Others' pleasure would I seek.

More like Christ in self-denial,

Seeking not a life of ease;

Patient in the depths of trial,

That my Savior I may please.

More than a Conqueror (#72) | Daniel O. Teasley, 1906

More than a conqueror through the mighty God,
More than a conqueror by the cleansing blood;
Kept by a pow'r divine, walking in the light,
More than a conqueror, reigning day and night.

Refrain:

More, more, more;

More than conqueror through my Lord;

More, more, more;

More than a conqueror, standing on His Word.

More than a conqueror by the living Lord,

More than a conqueror, standing on His Word;

Mine is the victory, happy on the way,

More than a conqueror till my dying day.

More than a conqueror in the battle's din,

More than a conqueror over every sin;

Ready to meet the Lord at the trumpet call,

More than a conqueror, victor over all.

More than a conqueror while I live below,

More than a conqueror over every foe;

And by the grace of God ever shall I be

More than a conqueror through eternity.

Mount Zion (#499) | Ulysses Phillips

Have you walked about Mount Zion?

'Round her towers great and tall?

Have you seen her mighty bulwarks,

Have you seen her shining walls?

Refrain:

Walk about Mount Zion, brother,

See the Bride in spotless white;

With her name enrolled in heaven,

She is walking in the light.

See her palaces so lovely,

Shining forth in splendor bright;

In the City of the ransomed,

Where there never comes the night.

Yes, the City hath foundations,

She is built upon the Rock;

She has stood the howling tempest,

And will stand the judgment shock.

No storm clouds shall gather o'er it,

Neither cast a shadow there,

Jesus is the Light forever

In that City bright and fair.

This fair City is Mount Zion,

'Tis the New Jerusalem;

'Tis the Church of God, He bought her,

She's the fair Bride of the Lamb.

My Dearest Friend (#500) | Will Smith

My dearest friend is Jesus,

On Him I do depend;

He says He will be with me,

Until my journey's end.

Refrain:

Get in touch with God, my brother,

Get in touch with God, I pray;

Keep in touch with God, my brother,

And walk this narrow way.

I know I've many trials,

They come from every hand;

I find God's grace sufficient,

I know He'll make me stand.

I've found a precious promise,

Which comforts me today:

'Tis the promise of the Spirit,

To guide me all the way.

Lord, give me holy wisdom,

To walk this narrow way,

And lead me by Thy Spirit,

That I go not astray.

I know I love my Savior,

I know that He loves me,

And now we walk together,

Because we can agree.

My Heart Says Amen (#128) | Charles W. Naylor, 1904

I have yielded myself to Thy service,
And Thy presence my bosom doth fill;
O my Savior, I haste to obey Thee,
And my heart says amen to Thy will.

Refrain:

Yes, my heart says amen to Thy will, Lord,
And I know that Thou lovest me still;
While I bow low in humble submission,
And my heart says amen to Thy will.

All the heart-ties of earth my be sundered,
So that I may Thy purpose fulfill;
Help me gladly submit and not murmur,
Ever saying amen to Thy will.

Though my plans and my hopes may seem blighted,
I will love Thee and trust in Thee still;
For I know all is well that Thou doest,
And my heart says amen to Thy will.

When I pass to that heavenly country,
And my soul with its glory doth thrill;
This forever shall be my rejoicing,
That my heart said amen to Thy will.

My Heart's Desire (#150) | Lucena C. Byrum, 1905

Let me walk in the path which my Savior hath trod,
Let me follow so close by His side;
For by trusting in Him I am happy and free,
In the fold of His love let me hide.

Refrain:

In His love let me hide,
In His love let me hide;
For by trusting in Him, I am happy and free,
In the fold of His love let me hide.
Let my heart e'er be fixed on my treasures above,
Let the pleasures of earth fade away;
For there's nothing so lovely as Jesus to me,
Let me ne'er from His love go astray.

Do you ask why I love Him the dearest of all,
Why so freely I yield unto Him?
'Tis because He has loved me, and died on the cross,
My poor soul lost in sin to redeem.
It is blessed to serve Him and do His good will,
For so precious to me is His love;
Let my talents and time all be given to Him,
Till He calls me to meet Him above.

My Home Is on the Rock (#503) | Johnson Oatman, Jr.

Praise God, I live in Beulah land,
My house will all the storms withstand;
It is not built on sinking sand,
My home is on the Rock.

Refrain:

My home is on the Rock,
The Everlasting Rock;
I do not fear when storms are near,
My home is on the Rock.

When come life's trials thick and fast,
When clouds are o'er my pathway cast,
Secure, I can withstand the blast,
My home is on the Rock.

When troubles come that would appall,
When other buildings round me fall,
I rest in Christ, my all in all,
My home is on the Rock.

And when my time has come to die,
I'll have a mansion in the sky;
But still I'll sing as ages fly,
My home is on the Rock.

My Jesus, I Love Thee (#163) | William R. Featherston, 1864

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

I love Thee because Thou hast first loved me,
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree;
I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow;
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

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

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

My Shepherd (#232) | Carlos Plummer, 1911

Jesus is my Shepherd, nothing shall I need;
In the green, sweet pastures He doth ever lead,
And beside the waters, crystal, pure, and still,
Yea, to overflowing He my cup doth fill.

Refrain:

Jesus is my Shepherd, He supplies my needs,
In the shining pathway, tenderly He leads;
He protects and shelters in His peaceful fold,
From the many dangers, from the storm and cold.
He doth always lead me in the narrow way,
And my soul restoreth if I go astray;
Though through death's dark valley I must shortly go,
In His blessed presence I will fear no foe.
He will ever bless me, all my needs supply;
Yea, with richest favors He will satisfy;
In a shining mansion, fitted up for me,
I will live with Jesus through eternity.

My Soul, Be on Thy Guard (#302) | George Heath, 1781

My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise,
And hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.
Oh, watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er,
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.
Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thine arduous work will not be done
Till thou hast got the crown.
Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee at thy parting breath
Up to His blest abode.

My Soul Is Satisfied (#97) | Daniel S. Warner, 1893

All this world, its wealth and honor,
Cannot sate the human breast;
But when filled with God, our Father,
Every want is fully blest.

Refrain:

My soul is satisfied,
My soul is satisfied;
I am complete in Jesus love,
And my soul is satisfied.
All my soul can wish forever
I do find in Christ replete;
Every blessing and the Giver
In my peaceful bosom meet.
Is thy life bereft of comfort?
And thy heart a cheerless spot?
Say not Christ is in thy desert—
For we can believe it not.
Can a bird drink up the ocean,
Thirsting still from shore to shore;
Or the God of all creation
Leave thy heart yet craving more?
Would my soul could more encompass
Heaven's glory, willed to me;
Oh, the love of God so precious,
'Tis a deep and shoreless sea.

My Surrender (#131) | Gertrude E. Worthington

I have given up all to my Savior so dear,
And His praises I ever will sing;
And though all of this world should forsake me while here,
To my Savior I ever will cling.

Refrain:

He leads me each day in the heavenly way,
So onward and upward I'll climb;
In the straight, narrow way, I'm determined to stay,
Till I leave this old dark world behind.
I've received such great light, and its beams are so bright,
That the past of my life's way seems dim;
I will walk in this light by day and by night,
Still closer I'll cling unto Him.

Some think I've done wrong by leaving the throng,
Who abide in sectarian strife;
But I've only come back where God's people belong,
From Babel I fled for my life.

I have a good home in the fold of my Lord,
Where His sanctified children all dwell;
I am glad that I heard the truth from His word,
And now with my soul all is well.

Someday when my life and its labors are o'er,
And my sheaves at His feet I lay down,
I will meet all the saints on that beautiful shore,
And receive a bright, glittering crown.

Nearer the Lord (#142) | Clara M. Brooks, 1911

The Lord is my light, and the strength of my life,

Then of whom shall I be afraid?

He hideth my soul from the troubles that roll,

In the cleft in the rock He has made.

Refrain:

Then nearer, my Savior, to Thee would I come,

Thou knowest the way that I take;

Oh, lead me to glory—there is my home—

With angels Thy praise to awake.

There's One who will help in the moment of need,

When my heart filled with grief o'erflows;

My Jesus is near, and He sees every tear,

Yea, He shares all my sorrows and woes.

He giveth His angels the charge of my soul

So that none of my steps shall slide;

His promise is sure, He will keep me secure,

Though a thousand should fall by my side.

I ever would dwell in the temple of God,

Where His graces so rich unfold;

Contented to fill just the lowliest place,

That His beauty my eyes may behold.

Near the End (#398) | William G. Schell, 1911

Time moves on with solemn footsteps

As it nears the final shore;

Fast the sun of earth is sinking,

Soon our world shall be no more.

The sixth trumpet now is sounding

To prepare the holy bride—

Many on the golden altar,

“Purified, made white, and tried.”

Lo! the angel now is standing

On the sea and on the land;

How His voice the air is rending,

As to God He lifts His hand!

What an awful, awful message!

Help us, Lord, this truth to see;

When the seventh trumpet thunders,

Then shall time no longer be.

One more trumpet yet to summon

Us before the judgment seat,

Then the time of our frail planet

Will be said to be complete.

How the wicked will be wailing,

And the righteous overjoyed,

When with fire the heav'ns are burning,

And the earth shall be destroyed.

While false prophets are confiding

In a foolish, erring dream

Of millennial enjoyments,
They neglect the cleansing stream.
Oh, poor sinner, don't believe them,
There will be no age to come;
If in life you find not Jesus,
Death will seal your awful doom.

Never Alone (#489) | Ludie D. Pickett, 1897

I've seen the lightning flashing,
And heard the thunder roll,
I've felt sin's breakers dashing,
Trying to conquer my soul;
I've heard the voice of my Savior,
Telling me still to fight on,
He promised never to leave me,
Never to leave me alone.

Refrain:

No, never alone,
No, never alone,
He promised never to leave me,
Never to leave me alone.

The world's fierce winds are blowing,
Temptation's sharp and keen,
I have a peace in knowing
My Savior stands between—
He stands to shield me from danger,
When earthly friends are gone,
He promised never to leave me,
Never to leave me alone.
When in affliction's valley
I'm treading the road of care,
My Savior helps me to carry
My cross when heavy to bear,
Though all around me is darkness,

Earthly joys all flown;
My Savior whispers His promise,
"I never will leave thee alone."
He died for me on the mountain,
For me they pierced His side,
For me He opened the fountain,
The crimson, cleansing tide;
For me He's waiting in glory,
Seated upon His throne,
He promised never to leave me,
Never to leave me alone.

No Friend Like Jesus (#103) | Mrs. H. A. Hendricks

There is not a friend like Jesus
In the trying scenes of life;
He can hear the heart's faint whisper,
Calm the tempest's raging strife.

Refrain:

There is not a friend like Jesus,
Patient, tender, kind, and true;
If you'll be a friend of Jesus,
He will be a friend to you.

There is not a friend like Jesus,
Bid the scoffing world adieu;
For if you're ashamed of Jesus,
He will be ashamed of you.

There is not a friend like Jesus,
Trust Him everywhere you go;
He has trod the way before you,
Suffered every pain and woe.

There is not a friend like Jesus
When you draw your life's last breath;
If you'll be His friend while living,
He will be your friend in death.

There is not a friend like Jesus;
What a blessed thought to be
Folded in His arms of power,
Ever in eternity.

Not Dead, but Sleeping (#374) | Clara M. Brooks, 1911

“Lo, *she is not dead, but sleeping”—

Thus the blessed Master spake—

Why are all these tears of weeping?

We shall in His likeness wake.

Refrain:

Only sleeping, sweetly sleeping,

While the angels vigil keep;

Jesus gives to His beloved

Rest at last in peaceful sleep.

Just asleep, *her soul immortal,

Dwelling now beyond life’s woes,

Finds from care and pain and sorrow

Sweet and undisturbed repose.

As a dream when one awaketh,

As a tale when it is told;

Thus its flight the spirit taketh,

Dust returns to earthly mold.

Like the pearly drops of morning

Soaring upward toward the sun,

Thus our spirits are returning

To their Maker, one by one.

Death no dreaded sting containeth,

For the soul, in Jesus blest,

O’er the grave a vict’ry gaineth—

He who finds this heav’nly rest.

Nothing but Leaves (#385) | William J. Henry, 1911

Nothing but leaves I've gathered,
Yes, nothing but worthless leaves,
When from the field of labor
Others bring golden sheaves;
Then in the day of judgment
Shall I be found with tares,
When God rewards the faithful
With crowns of shining stars.
Refrain:
Gathering nothing but leaves,
Gathering nothing but leaves;
Spending life's precious moments
Gathering nothing but leaves.
Nothing but leaves I've gathered,
So sad, but, alas, 'tis true,
What I have done I never,
Nevermore can undo;
Past is the harvest season,
The summer has come and gone,
Reaping for future burning
The thorns and briars I've sown.
Nothing but leaves I've gathered,
Dear sinner, oh, hear the cry;
Swiftly your days are passing,
Soon you'll be called to die;
What are the seeds you're sowing?

What will you reap at last?

Sometime you'll surely gather

Sheaves from the seeds you've cast.

Not Made with Hands (#228) | Ulysses Phillips

I know this earthly house shall fall,

But on that golden strand

I have a bright and blissful home,

A house not made with hands.

Refrain:

I've a house not made with hands,

I've a house not made with hands,

I've a house not made with hands;

I've a house not made with hands,

Over on that golden strand,

I've a house not made with hands.

There peace and joy fore'er shall stay,

And there, so fair, there stands,

Where shines one bright eternal day,

My house not made with hands.

No pain or sorrow e'er shall come,

We'll clasp no parting hands,

And death shall never blight that home,

My house not made with hands.

And when this earthly house shall fall

I'll answer God's commands,

And find my home forevermore,

A house not made with hands.

Obedience (#121) | Daniel S. Warner

By Thy blessed word obeying,
Lord, we prove our love sincere;
For we hear Thee gently saying,
“Love will do as well as hear.”

Refrain:

Dear Redeemer, we would hallow
All Thy word so firm and true;
In Thy footsteps meekly follow,
Thy commands we love to do.
Feigned hearts Thy name professing,
Thy commandments cast aside;
But we feel Thy great salvation,
And in all Thy truth abide.
Every word Thy mouth hath spoken
Is essential to our life;
All Thy mandates love betoken,
To oppose them is but strife.
In Thy wisdom, Lord, confiding,
We will follow in Thy way;
With Thy love in us abiding,
'Tis delightful to obey.
Each commandment Thou hast given
Is a waymark on the road;
Leading up from earth to heaven,
To the blessed throne of God.

O Calvary (#125) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

O blessed Lamb of God so dear!

For Thou hast come my heart to cheer;

Thy blood alone hath made me free,

That cleansing stream from Calvary.

Refrain:

O Calvary, dark Calvary,

There Jesus bore the cross for me;

O Calvary, dark Calvary,

Hark! hear Him groan for you and me.

Thou suffering One! Thy blood was shed,

A crown of thorns was on Thy head;

Oh, Thou didst bear such pain for me,

Upon the cross of Calvary.

My gracious Lord, I will adore,

Through love He did my soul restore;

I heard Him gently calling me,

In melting tones from Calvary.

That crimson stream flows from Thy side,

O fountain great, so deep and wide;

My sins are gone, it reaches me,

That precious blood of Calvary.

Oh, Praise the Lord! (#68) | Psalm 117, 1900

Oh, praise the Lord, all ye nations!

Praise Him, all ye people!

For His merciful kindness is great toward us,

And the truth of the Lord endureth forever;

Praise ye the Lord!

Refrain:

Praise Him, praise Him!

Praise ye the Lord!

Praise Him, praise Him!

Praise ye the Lord!

Oh, praise the Lord, all ye nations!

Praise Him for His goodness;

For He saveth His people from all their sins,

And preserveth the souls of all who will trust Him;

Praise ye the Lord!

Oh, praise the Lord, all ye nations!

He is strong and mighty;

For He keepeth our steps that we shall not fall,

And delivers His saints from all their temptations;

Praise ye the Lord!

Oh, praise the Lord, all ye nations!

For His love unfailing;

He doth tenderly lead in the path of peace,

And His name is a refuge from the oppressor;

Praise ye the Lord!

Oh, Put on Thy Beautiful Garments (#354) | William G. Schell, 1911

Oh, put on thy beautiful garments,
Fair Zion, thou home of the blest;
Ere long we shall see thee transported
To yonder fair haven of rest.
The day of this world is declining,
The forces of sin are combining,
The faithful our Lord is refining,
And soon shall the Bridegroom appear.
Oh, put on thy beautiful garments,
Fair city of peace from above;
'Tis granted that saints shall array thee
In righteousness, purity, love.
The earth and her pillars are quaking,
The powers of heaven are shaking,
The light of the evening is breaking,
And soon shall the Bridegroom appear.
Oh, put on thy beautiful garments,
For now is the evening of time;
The darkness of earth far is driven
By light of the gospel sublime.
A voice comes from heaven, oh, hear it,
Let children of Zion all cheer it,
Unite in one body and spirit,
For soon shall the Bridegroom appear.
Oh, put on thy beautiful garments,
Thy glory let shine from on high,

That kings may behold its fair gleaming,
And all who in darkness still lie.
For God hath thy foes all subjected,
And round thee His bulwarks erected,
Oh, let Him in thee be perfected,
And soon shall the Bridegroom appear.

Oh, This Blessed Holy Rest (#187) | S. G. Odell, 1902

My Beloved is so fair;
How His breath perfumes the air!
Oh, the heaven of His smiles my soul doth see!
Oh, the wonders of His grace,
To unveil the holy place,
To invite me to the banquet of the free!
Refrain:
Oh, this blessed, holy rest,
On my Jesus' loving breast!
Oh, the sweetness and completeness
Of perfected holiness!
How my soul was stained with sin!
Yet my Jesus took me in,
And a robe of purest whiteness gave to me:
First He pardoned all my guilt,
And His wondrous love I felt,
And I shouted, for the Son had made me free.
Then He brought me to the fount
Flowing free from Calv'ry's mount,
And in love He taught the will of God to me;
And I there began to die;
For my soul to sanctify,
Did my Jesus shed His blood upon the tree.
And He taught me that I must
Then be prostrate in the dust,
That with Him if I would reign eternally,

Self within must all be slain,
And I live with Him again,
Just the holy life my Lord now giveth me.
So if now my soul doth boast,
It is of the Holy Ghost,
And my Jesus who so fully saveth me;
Oh, that all on Him would wait!
For His life without the gate
As a ransom did He give for you and me.

Oh, Why Not Tonight? (#458) | Elizabeth H. Reed, 1842

Oh, do not let the Word depart,
And close thine eyes against the light;
Poor sinner, harden not your heart,
Be saved, oh, tonight.

Refrain:

Oh, why not tonight?

Oh, why not tonight?

Wilt thou be saved?

Then why not tonight?

Tomorrow's sun may never rise

To bless thy long-deluded sight;

This is the time, oh, then be wise,

Be saved, oh, tonight.

Our Lord in pity lingers still,

And wilt thou thus His love requite?

Renounce at once thy stubborn will,

Be saved, oh, tonight.

Our blessed Lord refuses none

Who would to Him their souls unite;

Believe on Him, the work is done,

Be saved, oh, tonight.

Oh, Write Thy Law (#278) | Charles W. Naylor, 1907

Oh, write Thy wondrous love divine

Upon the tables of my heart,

That I may keep Thy statutes, Lord,

And never from Thy way depart.

Refrain:

Oh, may Thy perfect law of truth,

Through seasons' change, by day and night,

Be light and life and strength to me,

My meditation, my delight.

Oh, write Thy law of holiness

In living characters of flame,

That by a life of purity

I may be worthy of Thy name.

Oh, write Thy law of tenderness

And of compassion in my breast,

Till heart and voice and hand reach out

To help the weary and distressed.

Oh, write Thy law, Thy law of love

Within me till my soul shall be,

By bonds no storm can ever break,

United to Thy flock and Thee.

O Lord, Thou Healest Me! (#304) | Daniel S. Warner, 1887

Where shall we look for help in affliction?

Or whither shall we send?

“The prayer of faith will save,” it is written,

'Tis truth till time shall end.

Refrain:

I touch the word of His promise,

As firm as heaven's throne;

And trusting Him this very moment,

I know the work is done.

Thy love, O God, abideth forever,

Thy mighty pow'r the same;

And all Thy word declares Thou art willing

To heal the sick and lame.

Thy heart, dear Lord, is full of compassion,

And touched with sympathy;

Why then should I continue to suffer?

I know Thou healest me.

O Christ, Thou art my perfect Physician,

Thy faith now makes me whole;

Thy healing touch pervadeth my body,

And thrills with joy my soul.

One in Christ (#230) | Clara M. Brooks, 1911

As sweet strains of heav'nly music
Blend in one harmonious sound,
So the members of Christ's body
In blest unity are found—
One in mind, and one in spirit,
One in doctrine, faith, and love;
One in name—oh, precious union,
Like the angel hosts above.
Not like waves upon the ocean,
Tossing wildly, rolling high;
Or the tempest's great commotion,
As it sweeps across the sky;
But like twilight, gently stealing
O'er the verdant, shady lea,
So the holy saints in Zion
Rest—from all their sins set free.
Blood-washed pilgrims on the highway
Chant the sweet, melodious strain
Of their freedom from confusion,
Angels join the glad refrain;
One with all the hosts of heaven,
There their names are written down;
Jesus only, Jesus ever,
In their hearts as King they crown.
Love, the theme of all their praises,
Doth in holy bond unite

All their hearts, in Him made perfect,
Turned from darkness unto light;
Thus the saved in Christ together
Dwell in sacred unity,
In the secret of His presence—
Hid away, dear Lord, in Thee.

One Lost Lamb (#396) | Daniel O. Teasley, 1911

Ninety-nine were safely sheltered,
Lying in the Shepherd's fold;
Only one small lamb had wandered
O'er the mountains bare and cold.
Refrain:
O'er the mountain goes the Shepherd,
O'er the steep and rugged way;
On the night winds hear Him calling,
Seeking for His lamb astray.
Dearer to the loving Shepherd
Seems the one lost lamb astray
Than the sheltered nine and ninety,
So He seeks it far away.
Over crags, the lost one seeking,
Goes the Shepherd through the storm:
Then with joyful heart He bears it
Homeward on His gentle arm.
Sinner, Jesus died in mercy,
That thy soul might ransomed be;
Through the wounds that save the wand'rer
Flows His precious blood for thee.

One Thing I Can Do (#126) | Ora Teasley, 1911

I thank Thee, Lord, that I can cast
My burdens all on Thee;
Though I be tempted, Thou has died
To bear them all for me.

Refrain:

O Jesus, I will cling to Thee,
I'll love Thee more and more;
I'll place my trembling hand in Thine
Until the battle's o'er.
Though tried and pressed, yet I will trust,
This one thing I can do;
I'll lean upon Thy loving breast,
Thou'lt guide me safely through.
Though raging storms about me sweep,
And fiery billows roll,
To Thee, dear Lord, I humbly trust
The keeping of my soul.

Only an Earthen Vessel (#147) | Charles W. Naylor

I am only an earthen vessel
That Jesus may use as He will,
Whether much I may do in His vineyard,
Or small be the place that I fill.

Refrain:

I am only an earthen vessel,
But Jesus has pleasure in me;
While I gladly submit to His purpose,
A vessel to honor I'll be.
I am only an earthen vessel,
But cleansed by the Master's dear hand;
He hath placed me just where He would have me,
And ready for service I stand.

I am only an earthen vessel,
All excellence is of the Lord;
For alone I am worthless and empty,
And nothing of profit afford.

I am only an earthen vessel,
The graces within are not mine,
For the love and the power and glory
Belong to the Savior divine.

Only Jesus (#78) | Daniel O. Teasley, 1911

Only Jesus, precious Jesus,

Can our every sorrow know;

He alone can truly help us

Through life's journey here below.

Refrain:

Other friends may bless and comfort,

Speak a kind and cheering word;

But the balm to heal the heartache

Only Jesus can afford.

Only Jesus, precious Jesus,

When life's thorns have pierced the heart,

Can relieve the wounded spirit,

Needful help and grace impart.

Only Jesus, precious Jesus,

When temptation's billows roll,

Can command the angry tempest,

Strengthen, soothe the trembling soul.

Only Jesus, precious Jesus,

He alone in life and death,

Can support me and I'll trust Him,

Till my life's last fleeting breath.

Only One Narrow Way (#11) | Birdie E. Fink, 1911

Only one narrow way, "I am the way";

Only one open door, "I am the door";

Only one Shepherd kind, to heal the sick and blind;

Only one reeking cross for souls that are lost.

Refrain:

Only one narrow way, "I am the way";

Only one open door, "I am the door."

Only one mind and mouth, all speak the same;

Only one church of God, kept in His name;

Only one gentle Hand to lead the little band,

Only one holy plane, one heaven to gain.

Oh, see His crimson blood flowing for all;

Behold thy patient Friend drinking life's gall;

Only one rest complete, low at His lovely feet,

Only one fountain free, 'tis flowing for thee.

On to Victory (#82) | Elisha A. Hoffman, 1894

Christian, gird the armor on,
There's a vict'ry to be won
For the Lord, for the Lord;
Take the helmet, sword, and shield,
Forth unto the battlefield
At His Word, at His Word.
Refrain:
On we'll march to victory;
Jesus will our leader be,
Jesus will our leader be;
On we'll march to victory,
To a final and a glorious victory.
Let His banner be unfurled,
Till it waves o'er all the world,
Sea to sea, shore to shore;
Till the nations all shall own
He is King, and He alone,
Evermore, evermore.
When the battle shall be done,
And the victory be won
Conflict past, conflict past;
In our happy home above,
We'll receive a crown of love,
At the last, at the last.
That will be an hour of joy,
Praise shall then our tongues employ

More and more, more and more;
We shall stand before the King,
And the song of triumph sing
Evermore, evermore.

Onward, Upward (#257) | Thomas Nelson, 1911

Onward, upward, Christian soldier,

Bravely push the battle on;

There's a great reward before us,

Soon the conflict will be won.

Refrain:

Hallelujah! shout the chorus,

Onward, upward is our song;

Crowns of vict'ry lie before us,

Boldly march against the wrong.

Grasp the sword, then go with courage,

Ever humbly watch and pray;

Never, never be discouraged,

Never falter by the way.

Go the captives to deliver,

Leaving all the world behind;

Hoping, trusting—doubting never—

Crowns in heaven we shall find.

Onward, upward is the watchword,

Till the King of saints we see;

Then before His throne in glory,

We shall reign eternally.

Opening Song (#38) | Charles W. Naylor, 1904

Once again we come to the house of God,
To unite in songs of praise;
To extol with joy our Redeemer's name,
And to tell His wondrous ways.

Refrain:

To Thy house, O Lord, with rejoicing we come,
For we know that we are Thine;
We will worship Thee in the Bible way,
As the evening light doth shine.
In the days gone by, Thou hast been our stay,
Thou hast led us safely on
To the blessed light of the present day,
Where the darkness now is gone.
May our hearts, O Lord, e'er united be
In true fellowship and love;
May Thy will be done by us here on earth,
As by angel hosts above.
May our prayers ascend as an incense sweet,
And our praise accepted be,
As in gratitude all our hearts o'erflow
In a tribute unto Thee.

Open Wide the Door (#344) | Barney E. Warren

Sinner, hark! the Savior's calling,
Pleading o'er and o'er;
Hear those tender accents falling:
"Open wide the door."
Refrain:
Humbly bow with broken spirit,
Heaven's mercy to implore;
Jesus calls, O sinner, hear it!
Open wide the door.
Weary sinner, lost and sighing,
Hear the call once more;
See the Savior bleeding, dying;
Open wide the door.
Wake, the joy fore'er increasing,
On that blissful shore;
Give thyself in Jesus' keeping;
Open wide the door.
Hear the gospel message given,
Bar it out no more;
Christ will speak thy sins forgiven;
Open wide the door.

O Thou Gentle Spirit (#340) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

Oh, what a joyful assurance

The gentle Spirit brings!

Oh, let us honor and rev'ence

His name above all kings.

Refrain:

O Thou gentle Spirit,

Pure, sweet angel dove;

Live in my heart, ever cheer it

With tender words of love.

Sweet is the peaceful emotion

That fills my inmost soul;

Blissful and heavenly token,

That Jesus makes me whole.

Tranquilly resting in Jesus,

For I am now His own;

Sweet is the promise that greets us,

"I'll leave thee not alone."

I will adore thee forever;

Oh, live and reign in me!

Jesus, my Savior and keeper,

Oh, help me trust in Thee.

O Thou in Whose Presence (#290) | Joseph Swain, 1791

O Thou in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call;
My comfort by day and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all.
Where dost Thou, dear Shepherd, resort with Thy sheep
To feed them in pastures of love?
Say, why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in this wilderness rove?
He looks, and ten thousand of angels rejoice,
And myriads now wait for His word;
He speaks, and eternity, filled with His voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.
Dear Shepherd, I hear, and will follow Thy call,
I know the sweet sound of Thy voice;
Protect and defend me, for Thou art my all,
And in Thee I will ever rejoice.

Our Example (#145) | Clara M. Brooks, 1911

Jesus left a home of dazzling splendor,
For this sinful world with sorrow dim;
Humbly filling the place of a servant,
And He calls us all to follow Him.

Refrain:

Jesus, we will follow in Thy footprints,
Share Thy suffering and shame and loss:
For the glory that is set before us,
We will triumph in the Savior's cross.

Jesus lived a life of self-denial,
With His visage marred by grief and woe;
But now sits in the throne with the Father,
And example leaves us here below.

If like Paul, we're cast into the prison,
Or through burning, fiery flames should go,
Can we glory in such persecution—
Bear the image of our Lord below?
Would we be disciples of the Master,
And the splendor of His mansion share?
We must gladly endure tribulation,
Then a crown in heaven we shall wear.

Our God Is Love (#195) | Daniel S. Warner, 1887

Our God is love, the angels know

That Father dearly loves us so;

But, oh, the ransomed feel within,

The burning love we try to sing.

Refrain:

Yes, God is love, and, oh! how sweet!

His love in me is made complete;

I dwell in love, in God alone,

And share the bliss of heaven's throne.

Our God is love, oh, praise His name!

I feel His love a burning flame;

How sweet to know He sets me free,

And perfects that concerning me!

Our God is love, oh, could I tell

The love that saved my soul from hell!

O Jesus, break the heart of stone,

And let Thy mighty love be known.

Our God is love that thought so dear,

Now sweeps away each doubt and fear;

I sweetly rest this soul of mine

Deep in the heart of love divine.

Our God is love, a boundless sea,

And, oh, the wondrous mystery!

His mighty billows o'er me roll,

And flood with rapture all my soul.

Pass Me Not, O Gentle Savior (#478a) | Frances J. Crosby, 1868

Pass me not, O gentle Savior,

Hear my humble cry;

While on others Thou art calling,

Do not pass me by.

Refrain:

Savior, Savior,

Hear my humble cry,

While on others Thou are calling,

Do not pass me by.

Let me at a throne of mercy

Find a sweet relief;

Kneeling there in deep contrition,

Help my unbelief.

Trusting only in Thy merit,

Would I seek Thy face;

Heal my wounded, broken spirit,

Save me by Thy grace.

Thou the spring of all my comfort,

More than life to me,

Whom have I on earth beside Thee,

Whom in Heav'n but Thee.

Peace (#209) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

Sweet peace is flowing, peace that will abide;

Peace e'er increasing, Jesus will provide;

Peace like a river in the time of drouth,

Flowing on forever, from the sunny south.

Refrain:

Peace, peace, wonderful peace!

Flowing so deep in my soul;

Peace, peace, sweet peace,

How it maketh the sad heart whole.

Sweet peace in Jesus, never can be told;

Oh, it is glorious, better far than gold;

Showers are falling all around me here,

Peace that is amazing, desert hearts to cheer.

Come, weary sinner, thirsty you may be,

Drink of the water Jesus offers thee;

Oh, it will gladden like the summer rain,

As the blooming Eden, you may then remain.

Peace, Be Still (#216) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

Blessed Redeemer, I love Thee so well,

Thy great salvation I never can tell;

Glory to God! it is precious, I know,

Washing me whiter than snow.

Refrain:

Jesus is stilling the tempest and storm;

Jesus is stilling the tempest and the storm.

Oh, it is wonderful how I am blest,

In His pavilion forever at rest;

Trusting, believing, He saith, "Peace, be still";

Now I repose in His will.

Christ is our Captain, He'll pilot us o'er

Life's raging sea, to that bright, happy shore;

'Mid the rough billows, though fast they may come,

Safely He'll gather us home.

Like a fond mother who stilleth her child,

Jesus doth say to that dark ocean wild,

"Cease from thy trouble, I say, peace, be still,"

And it obeyeth His will.

Hear the great Pilot the ocean command,

Wondrous the pow'r of Emmanuel's hand;

Be thou not fearful, though breakers should roar,

Jesus is guiding us o'er.

Perishing Souls at Stake (#327) | Daniel S. Warner, 1885

Perishing souls at stake today!

Says the banner of Christ unfurled;

Pleading in love for help to save

Blood-bought sinners all o'er the world.

Refrain:

Perishing souls at stake, my brother,

What is all this world beside?

Perishing souls at stake, my brother,

For whom the blessed Savior died;

Perishing souls, perishing souls,

Oh, who will help to save the lost?

Perishing souls at stake we see,

Yet the Savior has died for all;

Go and invite them earnestly,

Some will surely obey the call.

Perishing souls at stake today,

There's a famine in all the land;

Many are dying for the bread

Freely given by Jesus' hand.

Perishing souls at stake, go tell

What the Savior has done for you;

How He redeemed thy soul from hell,

And is able to save them, too.

Perishing souls at stake we know,

Oh, do pity the sinner's fate!

Brother and sister, will you go,

Give them warning before too late.

Perishing souls at stake today,

Can you tarry for earthly dross?

Fly to the rescue, don't delay,

Bring the needy to Jesus' cross.

Power in the Blood of Jesus (#105) | Barney E. Warren, 1926

There's power in the blood to save from sin,
To bring the peace of God where guilt hath been;
A new and happy life will then begin,
There's power in the blood of Jesus.

Refrain:

There's power in the blood of Jesus,
There's power in the blood of Jesus;
To save the soul today,
Wash every sin away,
There's power in the blood of Jesus.
There's power in the blood today, I see,
As when He set the palsied sinner free;
And now His saving grace extends to me,
There's power in the blood of Jesus.

No righteousness of ours can e'er avail,
But through the Lamb of God we shall prevail;
There's power in His blood, all else will fail,
There's power in the blood of Jesus.
There's power in the blood for our release,
There's power in the blood to bring soul-peace;
The merits of His blood will not decrease,
There's power in the blood of Jesus.

Praise the Lord! (#54) | Daniel S. Warner

Oh, worship God the Father, just and true,
And praise Him for the wonders of His grace;
To Him give thanks for mercies ever new;
Be joyful at the smiling of His face.

Refrain:

Praise the Lord who hath washed us in His blood!
Praise the Lord who hath brought us home to God!
Give Him all, and worship Him alone,
In sweet accord, with angels 'round the throne.
The Son hath died to ransom us from death;
Oh, let us sing our dear Redeemer's praise!
His love proclaim with every fleeting breath;
With songs of glory crown Him all our days.
The Spirit shines in us, the holy light,
Oh, blessed, blessed be the heav'nly dove;
He sanctifies and keeps us snowy white,
And fills our hearts with constant peace and love.
In one accord, oh, praise the Father's name!
With songs of triumph magnify the Son,
And give the Spirit just and equal fame;
Oh, glorify the holy Three in One!

Praise the Name of Jesus (#49) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

Praise the name of Jesus, for His love to me,

Crucified on Calv'ry sinful man to free.

Is He dead or living?—from the grave He rose,

Crowned a mighty victor over all His foes.

Refrain:

Praise the Lord for grace and glory,

Praise Him for His mercy, praise Him evermore.

Praise Him for His mercy, for the life He gives;

Praise Him for the vict'ry—in my heart He lives.

He is with me ever in the trying hour,

Causing me to conquer by His mighty pow'r.

When my heart is heavy, Jesus makes it light;

When my steps are weary, He is my delight.

With His grace upholding, should I fear at all?

With His arms enfolding I shall never fall.

Precious Bible (#333) | Daniel S. Warner, 1893

O precious Bible! burning words from heaven,

We'll ever cherish thee in our heart;

Sweet is the counsel by thy pages given:

On life's dark ocean, our only chart.

Refrain:

Blessed Bible! Blessed Bible!

Joyful tidings from our home;

Thou art the rock of everlasting ages;

Hope of eternal bliss at heaven's throne.

O precious volume! only in thy pages

We read the duty of all our race;

Only thy sunbeams, shining through the ages,

Reveal the wonders of saving grace.

This book of heaven shall endure forever;

And from its wisdom we'll never turn;

Weighed in its balance, all the creeds that sever

Are only stubble, ere long to burn.

Dear book of mercy, on thy sure foundation

We build a dwelling-place for our soul;

Hearing and doing all thy revelation,

It stands unshaken, though billows roll.

Precious Home of Rest (#330) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

Sweet rest in Jesus,
Home of the soul,
Growing more precious,
While ages shall roll.
Refrain:
Home, home,
Home for all the blest;
Home, home,
Precious home of rest.
Sweet rest in Jesus,
While here we stay;
And He's prepared us
A home far away.
Sweet rest in Jesus,
Home in the skies—
It must be glorious,
Where man never dies.
Sweet rest in Jesus,
There to abide,
Ever victorious,
Where naught can betide.

Prepare to Meet Thy God (#459) | J. H. Stanley

Careless soul, why will you linger,

Wand'ring from the fold of God?

Hear you not the invitation?

Oh, prepare to meet thy God.

Refrain:

Careless soul, oh, heed the warning,

For your life will soon be gone;

Oh, how sad to face the judgment,

Unprepared to meet thy God.

Why so thoughtless are you standing,

While the fleeting years go by,

And your life is spent in folly?

Oh, prepare to meet thy God.

Hear you not the earnest pleadings

Of your friends that wish you well?

And perhaps before tomorrow

You'll be called to meet your God.

If you spurn the invitation

Till the Spirit shall depart,

Then you'll see your sad condition,

Unprepared to meet thy God.

Press On (#261) | Barney E. Warren, 1897

Press on, my brother, sister,
And face the deadly foe;
Through Jesus Christ we'll conquer,
While trav'ling here below.

Refrain:

Press on, press on,
Says Christ, our loving Friend;
Press on, press on,
"I'm with thee to the end."

Press on, and let thy failings
A blessing to thee prove;
No wave of care or sorrow
Thy trusting soul shall move.

Press on, though raging tempests
And fiery billows roll;
While crossing life's rough rapids,
He'll safely guide thy soul.

Press on, 'mid strong temptation,
Tell Satan he must flee;
In Jesus' name resist him,
And vict'ry thine shall be.

Press on, forever trusting,
In faith believing, too;
In spite of doubt or feeling,
God's word will take you through.

Press on to what's before us,

Forgetting all the past;
The light of heav'n so glorious
Eternally shall last.

Press the Battle On (#130) | Charles W. Naylor, 1900

Forward, forward, is the battle cry,
Onward, onward, to our home on high;
We will conquer for the Lord or die,
The foe's retreating, press the battle on.

Refrain:

Strengthened by the mighty pow'r of heaven,
We shall conquer, we shall conquer;
Till the raging foe afar is driven,
Press the battle on.

Forward, forward, never faint or fear,
Christ, our Captain, is forever near;
Be courageous, full of hope and cheer,
With full assurance press the battle on.

Forward, forward, put the foe to flight,
We are battling for the truth and right;
We shall triumph in Jehovah's might,
Then do not falter, press the battle on.

Forward, forward, there's a crown before,
See it shining on that heav'nly shore?
We shall wear it when the conflict's o'er,
The prize is waiting, press the battle on.

Profit and Loss (#466a) | George W. McMillan

Here is a question up to all on the earth,
Time will unfold to young and old,
What will your profit or your fortune be worth,
To gain all this world, then lose your soul?
Refrain:
What will be your profit,
To gain all this world, then lose your soul?
What will be your profit,
To gain all this world, then lose you soul?
What will become of all your fortune and land,
Silver and gold, riches untold;
When you have made it all your purpose and aim
To gain all this world, then lose your soul?
To buy a soul what would you give in exchange?
Sum up the whole, within your control;
If it were possible, would you not arrange
To give all this world and save your soul?
Stop just a moment now and count up the cost,
Look, and behold your fearful goal;
Surrender now to Him that hung on the cross,
Suffered and died to save your soul.
When you are lying helpless, speechless, and dumb,
Sad to behold, life's story told;
When you like other dying mortals must come
To leave all this word a helpless soul.

Prophetic Truth (#2) | Daniel S. Warner

'Twas sung by the poets, foreseen in the spirit,

A time of refreshing is near;

When creeds and divisions would fall to demerit,

And saints in sweet union appear.

Refrain:

Oh, glory to Jesus! we hail the bright day,

And high on our banner salvation display,

The mists of confusion are passing away.

We stand in the glory that Jesus has given,

The moon, as the dayspring doth shine;

The light of the sun is now equal to seven,

So bright is the glory divine.

Now filled with the Spirit and clad in the armor

Of light and omnipotent truth;

We'll testify ever, and Jesus we'll honor

And stand from sin Babel aloof.

The prophet's keen vision, transpiercing the ages,

Beheld us to Zion return;

We'll sing of our freedom, though Babylon rages,

We'll shout as her city doth burn.

The fig tree is budding, the "evening" is shining,

We welcome the wonderful light!

We look for the Savior, for time is declining,

Eternity's looming in sight!

Reigning in This Life (#200) | Daniel S. Warner

Do you triumph, O my brother,
Over all this world of sin?

In each storm of tribulation,
Does your Jesus reign within?

Refrain:

I am reigning, sweetly reigning,
Far above this world of strife;
In my blessed, loving Savior,
I am reigning in this life.

One we hail as King immortal,
He did earth and hell subdue;
And bequeathing us His glory,
We are kings anointed, too.

Shall we then by sin be humbled?

Must we yield to any foe?

No, by heaven's gift we're reigning
Over all this world below.

Oh, what grace and high promotion,
That in Jesus I should be

Raised from sin to royal honor,
Even reigning, Lord, with Thee.

All this life is blissful sunshine,

Earth is subject at our feet;

Heaven pours its richest blessings

Round our throne of love complete.

Then we'll sing and shout the story,

Of the wondrous blood divine;

Full salvation, glory, glory!

I am reigning all the time.

Rejoice Forevermore (#210) | Daniel S. Warner

From my soul and all within,
Let eternal music spring;
Melodies of love and gratitude,
To our Father's name above,
And the Son of heaven's love,
Who hath made in us His sweet abode.

Refrain:

Oh, rejoice forevermore,
For He's washed our garments white;
Oh, rejoice forevermore,
In this blessed evening light.
In our happy souls a voice
Bids us evermore rejoice,
And again rejoice, ye royal seed!
Oh, we cannot cease to sing
Praises to our heav'nly King,
For the love of God we feel indeed.
Hallelujah! we are free,
Children of the jubilee,
And we'll sound the golden harps of God;
All is bright, supernal day,
And our tears are wiped away,
Through the precious all-atoning blood.

Rescue the Perishing (#325) | Frances J. Crosby, 1869

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.

Refrain:

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

River of Peace (#57) | Daniel S. Warner, 1893

I'll sing of a river divine,
Its waters from trouble release;
More precious than "honey and wine,"
That river, sweet river is peace.

Refrain:

Oh, this river of peace
Makes me perfect and whole;
And its blessings increase,
Flowing deep in my soul.
It reaches from heaven to earth,
It issues from under the throne;
Great peace! oh, thy infinite worth!
Sweet peace in my Jesus alone.
Oh, wonderful life-giving flood,
Thy waters so crystal and pure
Make glad all the "City of God";
Forever thy blessings endure.
Oh, Jesus, the tempest of sin
Is hushed into heavenly rest,
Since tasting the pure, living stream
That flows from Thy crucified breast.
My moments as angels appear,
All gliding so gently along;
Each dropping a blessing so rare,
Enraptures my soul with a song.

Room at the Cross (#430) | W. B. Blake, 1911

Room at the cross for a trembling soul,

Room at the cross for you;

Where the sin-laden may be made whole,

Room at the cross for you.

Refrain:

Room, room, room at the cross,

Room at the cross for you;

Room, room, room at the cross,

Room at the cross for you.

Room at the cross for a breaking heart,

Room at the cross for you;

Choose then, like Mary, the better part,

Room at the cross for you.

Room at the cross for earth's weary and worn,

Room at the cross for you;

Come then, oh, come then, ye souls who mourn,

Room at the cross for you.

Rush to the Rescue (#324) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

See the storm raging in fury today,
Out on life's ocean still drifting away;
Loved ones are tossed on the billows, we know,
Then, rush to the rescue and never say no.

Refrain:

Rush to the rescue! Rush to the rescue!
Rush to the rescue though danger betide;
Rush to the rescue! Rush to the rescue!
Rush to the rescue with arms open wide.

See the dark waters with waves rolling high?
Wrecked on its billows, the helpless now lie;
Who dare with courage to stem the strong tide,
And rush to the rescue with arms open wide?

Come now with courage and brave the rough sea,
Our trusty Captain will pilot for thee,
Save the poor souls that are lost in the dark,
Then, rush to the rescue with God's mighty ark.

Do not despair for these poor, helpless souls,
Driven by tempests 'mid breakers and shoals;
Hope may be lost on the billows of woe,
Then, rush to the rescue, though stormy winds blow.

Stand by the Captain, oh, soul-saving crew,
Heed His commands, He will carry you through;
He will protect you from danger and harm,
Then, rush to the rescue amid the wild storm.

Safe in the Arms of Jesus (#65) | Frances J. Crosby, 1868

Safe in the arms of Jesus,

Safe on His gentle breast;

There by His love o'ershaded,

Sweetly my soul shall rest.

Hark! 'tis the voice of angels

Borne in a song to me,

Over the fields of glory,

Over the jasper sea.

Refrain:

Safe in the arms of Jesus,

Safe on His gentle breast;

There by His love o'ershaded,

Sweetly my soul shall rest.

Safe in the arms of Jesus,

Safe from corroding care,

Safe from the world's temptations;

Sin cannot harm me there.

Free from the blight of sorrow,

Free from my doubts and fears;

Only a few more trials,

Only a few more tears!

Jesus, my heart's dear Refuge,

Jesus has died for me;

Firm on the Rock of Ages

Ever my trust shall be.

Here let me wait with patience,

Wait till the night is o'er;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.

Saints' Reward (#361) | William G. Schell, 1911

Life on earth is but a vapor,
Soon we'll lay these bodies down;
But if we continue faithful,
We shall wear the victor's crown—
Brighter than the stars of heaven,
Brighter than the dazzling sun,
We shall shine among the ransomed,
When our work on earth is done.
We shall not abide forever
In this gloomy vale of tears,
For our life shall, at the longest,
Only last a few short years;
Then we'll fly away to glory,
At our Father's own right hand,
Help to sing redemption's story
With the blood-washed angel band.
I would not give up my title
To that future world of bliss
For the shining gold and silver
Of a thousand worlds like this;
I would rather bear affliction,
Be a hated pilgrim here,
Miss the diadems terrestrial,
And obtain a crown up there.
Let us then be up and doing,
We have but a few more days,

Priceless souls of men to rescue
From their dark and sinful ways;
Courage, brother, work and suffer,
Till this fleeting life is past;
God will recompense our labors
With a great reward at last.

Salvation Echoes (#73) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

Salvation echoes gladden,
We hear them on this shore;
All fresh with inspiration,
We love to sing them o'er.

Refrain:

Sweet echoes roll,
Sweet echoes roll,
Sweet salvation echoes,
Ringing in my soul.

Salvation echoes sounding,
From angel choirs above,
Through all the world resounding,
Their notes are full of love.

Salvation echoes fill me
With joy I can't express;
Oh, hear their heav'nly music,
Proclaiming righteousness.

Salvation echoes ringing,
Sweet music in my soul;
Good news to every nation,
Oh, let their tidings roll.

Salvation Is the Sweetest Thing (#64) | Daniel S. Warner

Salvation is the sweetest thing

That mortal ever found;

My soul can never cease to sing,

Such love and peace abound.

Refrain:

Jesus, our friend and Redeemer!

Jesus, our wonderful Light!

Saved by Thy grace we're forever

Singing the blood that makes us white.

Salvation is omnipotence

Combined with love supreme,

Come down in pity so intense,

To rescue and redeem.

Salvation flows from Father's heart,

A stream of holy love;

It covers me with glory bright,

And wings my soul above.

Salvation is a perfect plan;

It heals the saddest one

Who seeks the Father's boundless grace

Through His beloved Son.

Salvation, oh, that word so great;

It thrills my heart with joy;

To me it is a rich estate

No foe can e'er destroy.

Satisfied in Jesus (#113) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

I am satisfied in Jesus,
What a sweet soul rest I feel;
When life's greatest burdens press me,
He doth all my sorrows heal.

Refrain:

I am satisfied,
I am satisfied;
If by simple faith in Jesus I abide,
Then my soul is fully satisfied.
I can sing redemption's story,
Peace within my bosom reigns;
I am satisfied, oh, glory!
In my heart, His grace remains.
I am satisfied completely,
In His love supremely blest;
Since His arms are underneath me,
Soul and body are at rest.
Satisfied in Jesus' keeping,
He's my choice forevermore;
Fade, life's joys, so short and fleeting,
Mine are over on that shore.

Satisfied with Jesus (#153) | E. G. Masters, 1911

I'm satisfied with Jesus, He's everything to me;
He saved my soul from torment, and awful misery;
He gave me peace and gladness, yea, more than I deserved,
And since my Savior found me, Him I have gladly served.
I'm satisfied with Jesus, and I will tell you why,
He sanctified my nature and fitted me to die;
He filled me with His glory, and leads me every day,
And keeps me now from falling, and in the holy way.
I'm satisfied with Jesus, I find He's all I need,
He healed me soul and body, and makes me whole indeed;
He gives me food and raiment, yes, all I eat and wear;
He beareth all my burdens, my sorrows, and my care.
I'm satisfied with Jesus, whatever He may do,
And this same satisfaction is waiting now for you;
I'm satisfied with Jesus, wherever I may be,
And, while I now obey Him, He's satisfied with me.

Savior, Lead Me (#137) | Charles E. Orr, 1900

I do not pray that life be spent
On flow'ry beds of ease;
I only pray that Christ may guide
Across the stormy seas.
I do not pray that flow'rs may bloom
Along my pilgrim way;
I only ask that Christ may guide
My footsteps lest I stray.
If Thou wilt lead me by the hand,
And guide my trembling feet,
For Thee, O Christ, I'll gladly drink
The bitter with the sweet.
What though my life be peace or pain,
'Twill only soon be o'er;
I want to walk the way that leads
To heav'n's eternal shore.

Savior, More than Life to Me (#460) | Frances J. Crosby, 1875

Savior, 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 pow'r;
May Thy tender love to me
Bind me closer, closer, Lord to Thee.
Through this changing world below,
Lead me gently, gently as I go;
Trusting Thee, I cannot stray,
I can never, never lose my way.
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.

Seedtime and Harvest (#265) | Charles E. Orr, 1911

As pilgrims and strangers we journey through life:
Through sunshine and shadow, through calm and through strife;
Each day we are scattering seed as we go,
Some day 'twill be harvest—"we reap what we sow."
Though weary and worn, and alone in your way,
And stormclouds are gath'ring, and dark is your day,
Weep not, toiling one, neither faint as you go;
The harvest is nearing—"we reap what we sow."
Though life may appear as a cold, barren waste,
And comes no return of the bread you have cast,
Continue to do loving deeds as you go;
The harvest is nearing—"we reap what we sow."
We'll reap what we sow when the harvest is come,
Some day we shall garner the deeds we have done;
Then heed not the storm, nor the cold winds that blow,
Toil on till the harvest—"we reap what we sow."

Send the Power Down (#468) | Ulysses Phillips

As we gather here in Thy presence, Lord,
On consecrated, holy ground,
That we all may bear witness now for Thee,
O Father, send the power down.

Refrain:

Oh, send the power down,
From heaven send it down,
In our hearts today send it down;
Give never failing grace,
Each task to bravely face,
O Father, send the power down.

Purify each heart with refining fire,
Let perfect love in us abound,
With all dross removed and each vain desire;
O Father, send the power down.

By Thy pow'r divine touch the hearts of men,
Oh, may they hear the joyful sound,
And be cleansed from sin by Thy blood divine;
O Father, send the power down.

Shall I Die Without a Savior? (#400) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

Shall I die without a Savior?

Shall I lose my precious soul?

Shall I cross death's chilly river?

Shall I miss yon brighter goal?

Refrain:

Shall I gain a home in heaven?

Shall I live in sin below?

Lose my crown, my soul, and mansion,

And go down to endless woe?

Shall I die without a Savior?

Shall I hear His voice no more?

Shall I let my heart grow harder?

Shut myself from mercy's door?

Shall I die without a Savior?

Perish when I see the light?

Still neglecting, doomed forever,

Banished to the darkest night?

Shall I die without a Savior?

Perish just in sight of home?

And be lost, yea, lost forever,

Reach my awful, final doom?

Shall I die without a Savior?

And yet, hope to make a start?

Still refusing Him to enter,

And thus tighter lock my heart?

Should We Meet Here No More (#352) | Daniel O. Teasley, 1911

Should we meet no more till at the judgment,
When the mighty millions now that sleep
Shall awake from slumber in a moment,
We will pray God our ransomed souls to keep.

Refrain:

Should we meet here no more
Ere we sleep 'neath the sod,
May the hand of mercy ever lead you,
Till we meet at the judgment bar of God.
Should we meet no more till at the judgment,
We shall meet on yonder blissful shore,
Where we'll know no more the thought of parting,
For we'll dwell with the faithful evermore.
Should we meet no more till at the judgment,
There we'll meet to grasp no parting hand;
Let us work and pray for souls immortal,
Till we meet in the bright and happy land.
Should we meet no more till at the judgment,
Let us walk the path our Savior trod;
Let us live the life His word demands us,
Till we meet round the golden throne of God.

Sin Can Never Enter There (#406) | Charles W. Naylor, 1899

Heaven is a holy place,

Filled with glory and with grace—

Sin can never enter there;

All within its gates are pure,

From defilement kept secure—

Sin can never enter there.

Refrain:

Sin can never enter there,

Sin can never enter there;

So if at the judgment bar

Sinful spots your soul shall mar,

You can never enter there.

If you hope to dwell at last,

When your life on earth is past,

In that home so bright and fair,

You must here be cleansed from sin,

Have the life of Christ within—

Sin can never enter there.

You may live in sin below,

Heaven's grace refuse to know,

But you cannot enter there;

It will stop you at the door,

Bar you out forevermore—

Sin can never enter there.

If you cling to sin till death,

When you draw your latest breath,

You will sink in dark despair
To the regions of the lost,
Thus to prove at awful cost,
Sin can never enter there.

Since the Comforter Has Come (#294) | James M. Kirk, 1896

I'm never lonely anymore,

Since the Comforter has come;

My heart with joy is flowing o'er,

Since the Comforter has come.

Refrain:

Since the Comforter has come,

Since the Comforter has come,

Heaven has begun with me;

I am satisfied and free,

Since the Comforter has come,

Since the Comforter has come.

Oh, what have I to dread or fear,

Since the Comforter has come?

The pow'r of Pentecost is here,

Since the Comforter has come.

I'm living in abounding grace,

Since the Comforter has come;

I'm dwelling in "the secret place,"

Since the Comforter has come.

Yes, I have grace and glory here,

Since the Comforter has come;

And long for Christ to soon appear,

Since the Comforter has come.

I can do all things through His strength,

Since the Comforter has come;

The victor's crown I'll win at length,

Since the Comforter has come.

Sing About Jesus (#59) | Barney E. Warren

Sing about Jesus who died to save;
Who for my soul His life He gave.
Sing for He's reigning above the grave;
Sing about Him, yes, sing about Him.
Refrain:
Sing about Jesus, my loving Lord;
Sing about Him, sing about Him;
Sing of His goodness in sweet accord;
Sing about Him, yes, sing about Him.
Sing about Jesus: He took me in;
Sing of His pow'r: He saves from sin;
Sing of His grace: He keeps me clean;
Sing about Him, yes, sing about Him.
Sing about Jesus, our righteousness;
Sing for He came my soul to bless;
While I with gladness His name confess,
Sing about Him, yes, sing about Him.
Sing about Jesus both day and night;
This is my theme, my heart's delight;
Sing in the spirit, for it is right;
Sing about Him, yes, sing about Him.

Sing His Praise (#62) | Clara M. Brooks, 1911

Let us praise the Lord, for His smiles that beam

O'er our happy hearts;

For the joy and bliss, like a flowing stream,

He to us imparts.

Refrain:

Praise Him, every nation,

Praise Him, saints above,

Praise Him, every creature

For His mighty love.

I will praise the Lord, for His peace is mine;

For His saints in light;

For the fellowship, and the love divine

Which our souls unite.

For eternal life and salvation great

Thankful let us be;

For the strength He gives when on Him we wait,

And for victory.

For redeeming grace and His holiness

Praises let us bring;

Praise the Lord for all He bestows on us,

Yea, for everything.

Sing It Again (#50) | Daniel S. Warner, 1889

Let us sing the name of Jesus, oh, that name we love so dear!
Sweetest anthem earth or heaven ever breathed on mortal ear;
In that name we have salvation, oh, how precious is the flow!
Sing, oh, sing the name of Jesus, for it makes us white as snow.

Refrain:

Sing it again, sing it again,
Sweetest of all the names that angels sing above,
Sing it again, sing it again,
Jesus, Thy name's a fountain of redeeming love.

Sing the lovely name of Jesus, oh, the precious Lamb of God!
Lo, He died our souls to ransom, He redeemed us by His blood;
Let the joyful overflowing of our hearts, so full of love,
Sound aloud the name of Jesus with the mighty host above.

Sing, oh, sing the name of Jesus, He is worthy He alone,
Glory, honor, and salvation, chant with angels 'round the throne;
Sing it softly in the Spirit, sing it loud as thunders roll,
Sing with rapture, "Hallelujah!" to the Lamb that saved my soul.

Yes, we'll sing the name of Jesus, 'tis the only name that's giv'n
That can save a guilty sinner, and no other under heav'n;
Oh, we love the name of Jesus, His salvation we adore,
Blessed be the name of Jesus; we will sing it more and more.

We will sing the name of Jesus all along the path of life,
We will sing it, hallelujah, 'mid the battle and the strife;
We will sing it all together when we meet upon that shore,
Oh, we'll sing the name of Jesus, blessed name forevermore.

Sinner, See the Love of God (#447) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

There is life forevermore;

At the cross, where Jesus died,

You may feel His blood applied,

If you own Him conqueror,

Who for you the cleansing fountain opened wide.

Refrain:

Sinner, see the love of God,

Sinner, see the love of God;

Will you come? Will you come?

Sinner, oh, behold the wonderful love of God.

There's a land of pure delight,

Where the ransomed now abide

In the Savior crucified,

Dwelling in effulgent light;

Sinner, will you come, whatever may betide?

There's a crown that you may wear,

Oh, secure it while you may,

Will you come without delay?

Flee from darkness and despair,

Sinner, will you come to Jesus, come today?

There's a home in heav'n for all,

Will you leave this world of sin?

Will you come and enter in?

Hear the Spirit's gentle call,

Sinner, don't delay a moment, come to Him.

Sinner, You Must Die (#364) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

Have you heard the gospel, sinner?

Do you know that Jesus died?

Can't you feel His wooing Spirit?

He is standing by your side.

Refrain:

Will you come while He is calling?

Sinner, you must die—

Down to awful darkness falling,

If you pass His mercy by.

He is blessing you with mercy,

See, your life is in His hands;

Will you come and do your duty?

Yield yourself to His commands.

Health and strength are daily given,

Food and raiment all the time,

Every blessing under heaven

Comes to you in love sublime.

Will you lose your soul forever

In the dark domain of sin?

Heaven's door will never, never

Open there to let you in.

Sitting at the Feet of Jesus (#175) | J. H.

Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
Oh, what words I hear Him say!
Happy place! so near, so precious!
May it find me there each day;
Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
I would look upon the past;
For His love has been so gracious,
It has won my heart at last.
Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
Where can mortal be more blest?
There I lay my sins and sorrows,
And, when weary, find sweet rest;
Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
There I love to weep and pray;
While I from His fullness gather
Grace and comfort every day.
Bless me, O my Savior, bless me,
As I sit low at Thy feet;
Oh, look down in love upon me,
Let me see Thy face so sweet;
Give me, Lord, the mind of Jesus,
Keep me holy as He is;
May I prove I've been with Jesus,
Who is all my righteousness.

Some Blessed Day (#379) | W. W. Tittley, 1911

Someday we'll cease our toiling here,
Our hopes are now on things above;
Someday, without a doubt or fear,
We'll gather home to those we love.

Refrain:

Some blessed day, oh, joyful day,
When we shall speed from earth away!
Our feet shall press that golden shore,
To be with Christ forevermore.

Someday the cord of life will break,
That holds us to our house of clay,
In which we groan till we shall wake
In that fair home of endless day.

Oh, glorious hope, the sweet someday!
That hope the anchor of our soul,
To keep us saved in Christ the way,
And trusting Him though billows roll.

Someday—the time seems strangely near,
When life's frail thread shall severed be,
And we shall see that home so dear,
From earthly cares forever free.

Someday (Elliott) (#462) | Georgia C. Elliott, 1911

Someday, when God's sweet Spirit,
So loving and so true,
Has taken flight forever,
And calls no more for you,
You'll see your sin and folly,
And moan in your despair,
But heaven ne'er will open,
Nor answer give your prayer.
Someday, when death shall call you
And claim you for its own—
Behind you all is darkness,
Ahead 'tis drear and lone—
If you've refused His mercy,
No hopes of heav'n await;
Your soul through endless ages
Shall mourn your doom, "Too late."
Someday, when God's fierce anger
Falls on this world of sin,
You'll knock as did the virgins,
But cannot enter in;
Ah, then, with bitter weeping,
From those fair gates of light
You'll go with other doomed ones,
Down to an awful night.
Someday—yes, when forever
The mercy door is closed,

And your lost soul must suffer
Amid eternal woes—
In bitter grief and anguish
You'll think upon the day,
When trifling with God's mercy,
You careless said, "Someday."

Songs of Victory (#86) | H. R. Jeffrey, 1885

Songs of victory bringing
Unto the Lord most high;
Victory, victory singing,
Let all the saints draw nigh;
For there can be no failure
While Jesus leads the van;
And victory! victory! victory!
Is heard on every hand.

Refrain:

Vict'ry shall be the chorus,
Vict'ry our watchword and song;
Jesus is marching before us,
Leading His army along.

Songs of victory ever
Shall be our hearts delight;
Sing of defeat no never,
Sing vict'ry with all our might;
We'll raise our voices higher
Upon the battlefield;
Our victory draweth nigher,
When Christ shall be revealed.
Songs of victory sounding,
Go forth to all the world;
From shore to shore resounding,
With gospel truths unfurled;
Go singing of the Savior,

Send forth an earnest call;

O sinner, seek His favor,

'Tis offered unto all.

Songs of victory blending

With all the heav'nly throng;

A chorus that has no ending,

It is the victor's song;

We'll sing and shout forever,

Glad songs of victory;

We'll sing of Christ our Savior,

Through all eternity.

Soon the Summer Will Be Ended (#386) | Lorenzo Cook, 1900

Grace is offered you, dear sinner,

In this gospel day of time,

Grace to save and keep from evil,

And to make your life sublime.

Refrain:

Soon the summer will be ended,

And the harvest will be o'er;

Soon the day of offered mercy

Will be past forevermore.

If you live and die a sinner,

And reject God's offered grace,

You will cry for rocks and mountains,

Thus to hide you from His face.

While in life is time accepted

To prepare to meet the Lord,

Be assured that He is faithful

To fulfill His holy word.

Will this be your lamentation:

"Through neglect I'm lost at last,

For the summer now is ended,

And the harvest time is past"?

Spirit Holy (#292) | Charles W. Naylor, 1918

Spirit holy in me dwelling,
Ever work as Thou shalt choose;
All my ransomed pow'rs and talents
For Thy purpose Thou shalt use.
Refrain:
Spirit holy, Spirit holy,
All my being now possess;
Lead me, rule me, work within me,
Through my life Thy will express.
Oh, how sweet is Thy abiding!
Oh, how tender is the love
Thou dost shed abroad within me
From the Father-heart above!
Thou hast cleansed me for Thy temple,
Garnished with Thy graces rare;
All my soul Thou art enriching
By Thy fullness dwelling there.
In me now reveal Thy glory,
Let Thy might be ever shown;
Keep me from the world's defilement,
Sacred for Thyself alone.

Stand by the Cross (#250) | Daniel O. Teasley, 1907

Stand by the cross when the morning sun

Beams on your way so bright;

Stand by the cross when the shadows fall,

Soon we will triumph for God and right.

Refrain:

Stand by the cross, soldier, stand,

Vict'ry will come by and by;

Stand by the cross, soldier, stand,

And we'll conquer though we die.

Stand by the cross till the day is done,

Firm to the end and true;

Trust when the battle is raging wild,

For there is waiting a crown for you.

Stand by the cross like a soldier strong,

Fearlessly face the foe;

Soon shall the army of night recede,

Back from the morning's triumphant glow.

Stand by the cross till the Lord returns,

Faithful through life's last test;

Soon we shall hear from His blessed lips,

"Lay down thy armor and be at rest."

Standing Firm (#270) | Daniel S. Warner

Hear the voice of our Commander standing firm,

Holy pilgrims, take the armor, standing firm;

Shod in gospel preparation,

Sword and helmet of salvation,

Meekly hold the true position, standing firm.

Refrain:

Fear not, brethren, firm and true,

Whate'er thy foe may be;

Jesus fought the battle through,

And gives to us the victory.

If it be thy lot to suffer, standing firm,

Vilest slander tongue can utter, standing firm;

Shout and sing, for then is given,

Greater thy reward in heaven,

When the wicked far are driven, standing firm.

In the time of sore temptation, standing firm,

Grace will be thy sure salvation, standing firm;

Virtue crown thy soul with honor,

Sin resisted tempts no longer,

Faith in conflict waxes stronger, standing firm.

'Mid the battle's raging fury, standing firm,

Face the legions dark before thee, standing firm;

In the strength of our Redeemer,

Make the pow'rs of hell surrender,

Be a valiant overcomer, standing firm.

Standing on the Promises (#512) | Russell K. Carter, 1886

Standing on the promises of Christ my King,
Through eternal ages let His praises ring,
Glory in the highest, I will shout and sing,
Standing on the promises of God.

Refrain:

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

Standing on the promises I now can see
Perfect, present cleansing in the blood for me;
Standing in the liberty where Christ makes free,
Standing on the promises of God.

Standing on the promises of Christ the Lord,
Bound to Him eternally by love's strong cord,
Overcoming daily with the Spirit's sword,
Standing on the promises of God.

Standing on the promises I cannot fall,
List'ning every moment to the Spirit's call,
Resting in my Savior as my all in all,
Standing on the promises of God.

Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus (#271) | George Duffield, Jr., 1858

Stand up, stand up for Jesus! ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner, it must not suffer loss:
From vict'ry unto vict'ry, His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished, and Christ is Lord indeed.
Stand up, stand up for Jesus! The trumpet call obey:
Forth to the mighty conflict, in this His glorious day;
Ye that are men now serve Him against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger, and strength to strength oppose.
Stand up, stand up for Jesus! Stand in His strength alone,
The arm of flesh will fail you, ye dare not trust your own;
Put on the gospel armor, and watching unto prayer,
Where calls the voice of duty, be never wanting there.
Stand up, stand up for Jesus! the strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle, the next the victor's song;
To him that overcometh a crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory shall reign eternally.

Step Out on the Promise (#21) | Maggie Potter, 1911

O mourner in Zion, how blessed art thou,
For Jesus is waiting to comfort you now;
Fear not to rely on the word of thy God.
Step out on the promise, get under the blood.
Oh, ye that are hungry and thirsty, rejoice;
For ye shall be filled; do you hear that sweet voice
Inviting you now to the banquet of God?
Step out on the promise, get under the blood.
Who sighs for a heart from iniquity free?
Oh, poor, troubled soul! there's a promise for thee;
There's rest, weary one, in the bosom of God.
Step out on the promise, get under the blood.
The promise won't save, though the promise is true;
'Tis the blood we get under that cleanses us through;
It cleanses me now, hallelujah to God!
I rest on the promise, I'm under the blood.

Sun of My Soul (#378) | John Keble, 1820

Sun of my soul, Thou Savior dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh, may no earthborn cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Savior's breast.
Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.
If some poor wand'ring child of Thine
Has spurned today the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.
Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep tonight,
Like infants' slumbers, pure and right.
Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in Heav'n above.

Sweet Hour of Prayer (#312) | William W. Walford, 1845

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known.
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer!
Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
The joys I feel, the bliss I share,
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for thy return!
With such I hasten to the place
Where God my Savior shows His face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!
Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His Word and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!
Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share,

Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home and take my flight.
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize,
And shout, while passing through the air,
"Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!"

Sweetly Resting (#75) | Mary D. James

In the rifted rock I'm resting,
Safely sheltered I abide;
There no foes nor storms molest me,
While within the cleft I hide.

Refrain:

Now I'm resting, sweetly resting,
In the cleft once made for me;
Jesus, blessed Rock of Ages,
I will hide myself in Thee.
Long pursued by sin and Satan,
Weary, sad, I longed for rest;
Then I found this heav'nly shelter
Opened in my Savior's breast.
Peace which passeth understanding,
Joy the world can never give,
Now in Jesus I am finding,
In His smiles of love I live.
In the rifted rock I'll hide me,
Till the storms of life are past;
All secure in this blest refuge,
Heeding not the fiercest blast.

Sweet Rest in Jesus (#67) | L. S. Riggs, 1911

In Jesus I've found a sweet rest
From sorrow, from toil, and from care;
In Him I am happy and blest,
For He all my burdens doth bear.

Refrain:

Oh, how happy am I,
With my Savior so nigh!
I have found sweet rest
On Jesus' dear breast.
I came to the Lord for release,
When burdened with guilt and with sin;
He cleansed me, and gave me His peace,
The Spirit to witness within.
Though many the troubles I meet,
He'll keep me, and help me along;
I'll sit at His glorified feet,
For He is my joy and my song.
All glory and praise to Thy name
For what Thou didst suffer for me;
For saving my soul when I came
And gave myself up unto Thee.

Take My Life and Let It Be (#239) | Frances R. Havergal, 1874

Take my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.
Take my feet and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee;
Take my voice and let me sing,
Always, only for my King.
Take my lips and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee;
Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold.
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in endless praise;
Take my intellect and use
Every pow'r as Thou shalt choose.
Take my will and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne.
Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure store;
Take myself and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

Take Up Your Bed and Walk (#491) | George W. McMillan

O ye sick and helpless souls, Jesus speaks to you,
If you wish to be made whole, He tells you what to do—

Obey His word just as you hear it,

Accept His truth and Holy Spirit,

Arise, take up your bed, take up your bed and walk.

Refrain:

Arise, take up your bed, take up your bed and walk,

Arise, take up your bed, take up your bed and walk;

If you believe, 'tis Jesus talking,

Take up your bed and just keep walking,

Arise, take up your bed, take up your bed and walk.

Jesus speaks, He's talking still, hear, ye deaf and blind;

He can cure your many ills of body, soul, and mind;

If you would know the truth about Him,

Look up by faith and do not doubt Him,

Arise, take up your bed, take up your bed and walk.

Doctor Jesus, just the same today as long ago;

Healing waters, in His name as living waters flow;

Now is your time, don't wait one minute,

Here is the pool, just step right in it,

Arise, take up your bed, take up your bed and walk.

Tarry with Me (#277) | Anonymous/Unknown, 1911

Now the shadows slowly lengthen,
Soon the evening time will come;
With Thy grace, O Savior, strengthen,
By Thy help I would go home.

Refrain:

Tarry with me, O my Savior,
Tarry with me through the night;
I am lonely, Lord, without Thee,
Tarry with me through the night.
Thou art with me, O my Savior,
On Thy bosom calm I rest;
Thine anointed, Lord, Thou savest,
Now I know Thou givest rest.
Upward as through trackless ether,
With angelic wings to rise;
Where the ransomed spirits gather
In our home of paradise.
Tarry with me, O my Savior,
Lift the veil of mortal night;
Let the fields of verdant glory
Burst upon my eager sight.

Tell It Again (#319) | William J. Henry, 1911

Go tell the world that Jesus has suffered,
Died to redeem the vilest of men;
How He can save and keep us forever,
Free from the pow'r of Satan and sin.

Refrain:

Tell it again, the wonderful story,
Sound it aloud o'er valley and plain,
Till all the world is filled with His glory,
Heaven and earth join in the refrain.

Go tell the world that Jesus is risen,
That He has conquered death and the grave;
Safe He will guide us over the billows,
Calming the tempest, stilling the wave.

Go tell the world that Jesus is coming,
Soon to receive the saints of His love;
We shall behold His power and glory,
As He descends from heaven above.

Tell What He's Done for You (#225) | Lizzie DeArmond, 1922

Have you found rest and peace within,

Rolled far away your load of sin,

Stepped from the old life to the new?

Tell what the Lord has done for you.

Refrain:

Oh, tell what He's done for you,

Of His love so strong and true;

Oh, tell what He's done, what He's done for you,

Others may need Him, too.

Have you a Friend whose wondrous grace

Lights up with joy the darkest place,

Who to the end will still prove true?

Tell what the Lord has done for you.

Have you been saved, His love to show,

Who by your side each day doth go?

Looking to Him to help you through,

Tell what the Lord has done for you.

Have you a joy that ne'er shall fail

E'en when you walk through death's dark vale,

Someone whose pow'r great things can do?

Tell what the Lord has done for you.

That Happy World Above (#446) | J. M. Huston, 1911

There's a happy world above,
Where there's joy, and peace, and love;
We are going to that world,
To that happy world above.
There is full, supreme delight,
In those mansions fair and bright,
With their pure, celestial light,
In that happy world above.
We shall all behold the King,
And His holy praises sing,
Till the heav'nly arches ring,
In that happy world above.
Nor shall sin e'er enter there,
Neither doubtings or despair,
Shall corrupt those mansions fair,
In that happy world above.
Saints and angels in one throng,
Praise their King in rapturous song,
And the lofty strains prolong,
In that happy world above.
There we'll sing and happy be,
And in all eternity
Our Redeemer we shall see,
In that happy world above.

That Verdant Summer Land (#134) | Jennie Mast, 1911

Is thy troubled heart oppressed,
Heavy-laden, sick and sore,
By the cares of life distressed?
Plead His promise o'er and o'er.
Does thy star of hope grow dim,
Canst thou face the stormy gale?
Teach thy heart this sacred hymn:
"Through His grace I shall prevail."
Refrain:
Look away across the sea
To that shining golden strand;
Then with shouts of victory,
Firmly clasp His proffered hand;
Soon thy happy soul shall be
In that verdant summer land.
Is the threat'ning tempest near?
Beams His promise bright as day;
Keep it ringing sweet and clear:
"I'll be with Thee all the way."
When the rolling thunders peal,
When the billows leap and foam,
With thy faith His promise seal,
Singing, "One day nearer home."
When you reach that Eden blest,
All thy tears He'll wipe away;
Sweeter far will be thy rest

For the vict'ries won today.

Does the toilsome night seem long?

Teach thy trusting heart to wait,

Ere the breaking of the dawn,

You may reach the pearly gate.

That Wicked One Toucheth Him Not (#196) | Charles W. Naylor, 1911

How safe is the soul that abides in the Lord,
Securely from sin hid away;
His anchor the promise of God's written word,
To keep him by night and by day.

Refrain:

That wicked one toucheth him not,
That wicked one toucheth him not;
He keepeth himself in the love of the Lord,
And that wicked one toucheth him not.
How firm the foundation upon which he builds
A structure to glorify God!
How wondrous the pow'r of the Savior that shields
From all the vile tempter's dark flood.
A wall of salvation upon every side,
Strong bulwarks presents to the foe;
And in every conflict though sorely he's tried,
Faith's shield will ward off every blow.
He trusts in the Lord and obeys His commands,
God giveth him grace from on high
To count all things joyful while boldly he stands,
And Jesus, his helper, is nigh.

The All-Cleansing Fountain (#156) | Joseph C. Fisher, 1883

There's a fountain opened in the house of God,
Where the vilest of sinners may go,
And all test the power of the crimson flood,
Of the blood that makes whiter than snow.

Refrain:

Praise the Lord, I am washed
In the all-cleansing blood of the Lamb,
And my robes are whiter than the driven snow,
I am washed in the blood of the Lamb.
When that fount was opened in the Savior's side,
How the thief did rejoice in that day!
And when dying, "Lord, remember me," he cried,
Oh, the blood washed his sins all away.

"Will you come and reason," saith the Lord, "with Me;
Though your sins red like crimson do glow,
And if dyed with scarlet stains your heart may be,
I will make it as white as the snow."

Yes, a broken spirit and a contrite heart
Thou wilt never despise, O my God!
But wilt fully cleanse it now in every part,
Till I'm whiter than snow by the blood.
I have overcome now by the blood of the Lamb,
And I'm clothed in my raiment so white;
And I'm on my journey to that glorious land,
Where forever I'll dwell in the light.

What are these in spotless robes and whence came they,

As they're singing with palms in their hands?
These through tribulation gained the victory,
Having washed in the blood of the Lamb.

The Angel Choir (#119) | Daniel S. Warner

I seem to hear an angel choir
Down from their shining home;
And in my heart their notes inspire
Sweet anthems from the throne.

Refrain:

Hark! o'er the vale sweet melodies
That echo in my soul;
Our great Redeemer's holy praise
As mighty thunders roll.

Upon the mount of holiness,
We live in heaven's view;
And o'er the shaded valley come
Their songs forever new.

Above, below, one family,
A thousand chords of love;
Now thrill my soul with melodies,
They chant in praise above.

I catch the pure celestial strain
That heaven wafts to me;
And then my happy spirit sings,
"Oh, glory, I am free!"

We echo back the sounds that float
Through Eden's balmy air;
And heaven shouts to hear on earth
The songs they're singing there.

The Atonement (#448) | Daniel O. Teasley, 1911

Down from the glory of Father's shining kingdom,
Down to a sinful world, our dying souls to win,
Came there a Savior, so full of love and mercy,
Came He, oh, Blessed One, to rescue me from sin.
Hungry and thirsty, by Satan sorely tempted,
Weary and fainting, nor a pillow for His head;
Walking the thorn path, accused, despised, rejected,
Thus came my Savior, this unfriendly earth to tread.
Hark! from the garden a cry of bitter anguish,
Pleads One for succor, and for comfort from above;
Jesus is bearing our many sins and sorrows,
Hear from Gethsemane the whispers of His love.
See, on Mount Calv'ry the Son of God is dying,
Dying in agony, forsaken on the tree;
Dark hang the shadows, all nature in commotion,
Dies there a Holy One, my captive soul to free.
Oh, think of Calv'ry, the darksome scene of Calv'ry,
Even the glowing sun refuses now to shine;
Jesus is dying—the guiltless for the guilty—
O soul, receive Him now, embracing love divine.

The Backslider (#407) | Charles E. Orr, 1911

Sad and lonely, weak and weary,
Down life's rugged path I roam;
Heart is bleeding, soul is weeping,
Seeking rest and finding none;
Father, once I dearly loved Thee,
In the happy days of yore,
But of love this world has robbed me,
Shall I never love Thee more?

Refrain:

O backslider, there is pardon,
Christ will save you from your sin,
Fill you yearning heart with gladness,
And receive you back again;
Come, oh, come, then, to the Savior,
Cast your doubts and fears away,
Plunge into the healing fountain,
There to save your soul today.
Here's a withered flow'r and faded,
Emblem of my lonely heart,
Once so full of love and duty,
Now lies crushed by human art;
Father, once my prayers were answered,
In the happy days of yore,
When in faith and love I sought Thee,
Wilt Thou never hear me more?
Life's a burden, Lord, without Thee,

Peace I nevermore can know,
All this world a sea of trouble,
All a wilderness of woe;
Father, leaving all, I seek Thee,
Plead once more to be forgiv'n;
Wash away my sins and sorrows,
Father, give me hope of heav'n.

The Bible Way (#173) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

The Lord invites you in,
Oh, come to Him, I pray;
He'll save your soul from sin
The Bible way.

Refrain:

There is but one true way,
There is but one true way;
He'll save your soul from sin's control
The Bible way.

A name to live while dead,
Will only God betray;
Then come as He hath said,
The Bible way.

No human creed or church
Will answer in that day,
When God each heart will search;
Then choose His way.

The many ways of strife
Are leading souls astray;
The word of God is life,
The truth, the way.

The Blameless Church (#28) | Barney E. Warren, 1907

Without spot and blameless, O Savior,
What a glorious church Thou hast built!
For this Thou didst patiently suffer,
For this was Thy blood freely spilt.

Refrain:

Without spot and blameless, my brother,
She lives 'neath the all-cleansing blood;
In heaven and earth is no other,
Her builder and maker is God.

Without spot and blameless, so holy,
See the church in her beauty sublime;
She lives on the bright hills of glory,
She reigns over sin all the time.

Without spot and blameless He bought her,
In the likeness of heaven above;
From depths that were sinful He sought her,
And filled her with infinite love.

She's blameless, without spot or wrinkle,
From the last stain of sin she is free;
With blood from the cross He doth sprinkle
Her altars of cleansing for me.

The Blessing of Prayer (#274) | Clara M. Brooks, 1911

There's stealing o'er my peaceful, trusting soul

A power that is most divinely sweet,

As all my burdens on the Lord I roll,

And meekly linger at His blessed feet.

Refrain:

Then let us ever humbly watch and pray,

Seek oft in tears the Savior's lovely face;

Come boldly with thy needs for every day,

Blest mercy's waiting at the throne of grace.

I kneel in sweet submission while my prayer

Ascends on wings of faith to Father's throne;

He listens while my hopeful spirit there

Its faltering petitions maketh known.

What bliss to dwell where heaven's blessings fall,

Until my soul, with mercy's drops bedewed

Responds in answer to my Father's call,

With words of thankfulness and gratitude.

As angels came to dark Gethsemane

To bless the Savior as He there did bow

Beneath the shadows dense, on bended knee;

O Father, bless my waiting spirit now!

The Blood of Jesus (#127) | Barney E. Warren, 1902

Must I in sinful bondage be,
Deprived of peace and liberty,
When in the promise I can see
The blood of Jesus cleanseth?

Refrain:

The blood, the blood,
The precious blood of Jesus;
The blood will work a perfect cure,
Will cleanse the heart and keep it pure;
The blood, the blood,
The precious blood of Jesus.

Must I be doubting, full of fear,
And gloom obscure my pathway here,
Be up and down in life's career?
The blood of Jesus cleanseth.

Must I be under guilt and sin,
And have its blighting force within,
Beset by wrong, no vict'ry win?
The blood of Jesus cleanseth.

Must I suppose I'm right today,
Tomorrow think I've gone astray,
Let demons hold me in dismay?
The blood of Jesus cleanseth.

Must I by Satan be accused,
And with his galling yoke abused,
Until at length from heav'n refused?

The blood of Jesus cleanseth.

The Bondage of Love (#55) | George D. Watson

O sweet will of God! thou hast girded me 'round,
Like the deep, moving currents that girdle the sea;
With omnipotent love is my poor nature bound,
And this bondage to love sets me perfectly free.

Refrain:

Hallelujah! hallelujah! my soul is now free!
For the precious blood of Jesus cleanseth even me.
For years my soul wrestled with vague discontent
That like a sad angel o'ershadowed my way;
God's light in my soul with the darkness was blent,
And my heart ever longed for an unclouded day.
And now I have flung myself recklessly out,
Like a chip on the stream of the Infinite Will;
I pass the rough rocks with a smile and a shout,
And I just let my God His dear purpose fulfill.
Forever I choose the good will of my God,
Its holy, deep riches to love and to know;
The serfdom of love to so sweeten the rod,
That its touch maketh rivers of honey to flow.
Roll on, checkered seasons, bring smiles or bring tears,
My soul sweetly sails on an infinite tide;
I shall soon touch the shores of eternity's years,
And near the white throne of my Savior abide.

The Bond of Perfectness (#9) | Daniel S. Warner, 1893

How sweet this bond of perfectness,

The wondrous love of Jesus;

A pure foretaste of heaven's bliss,

Oh, fellowship so precious!

Refrain:

Oh, brethren, how this perfect love

Unites us all in Jesus!

One heart, and soul, and mind we prove

The union heaven gave us.

The bond that circles heaven's pure—

Oh, wondrous, wondrous story!—

Has dropped around the holy here,

And fills us all with glory.

Oh, praise the Lord for love divine

That binds us all together;

A thousand chords our hearts entwine,

Forever and forever.

“God over all and in us all,”

And through each holy brother;

No pow'r of earth or hell, withal,

Can rend us from each other.

Oh, mystery of heaven's peace!

Oh, bond of heaven's union!

Our souls in fellowship embrace,

And live in sweet communion.

The Bride of Christ (#29) | Clara M. Brooks, 1911

O church of God, thou spotless bride,
On Jesus breast secure;
No stains of sin in thee abide,
Thy garments all are pure.
Of unity and holiness
Thy gentle voice doth sing;
Of purity and lowliness
Thy songs in triumph ring.
Thou lovely virgin, thou art fair,
Thy mothers only child;
Thy heav'nly music let me hear,
Thy voice is sweet and mild.
Thy cheeks adorned with jewels bright,
Thy neck with chains of gold;
Unfurl thy banners in thy might,
Thy graces rich unfold.
She stood attired in spotless dress
The early morning through,
And then into the wilderness
On eagle's wings she flew.
And nourished there from heav'nly clime,
She lived for many years;
Now, in this blessed evening time
Her glory reappears.
She leans upon an Arm of love
No sin her garments taints;

They're made of linen wov'n above—

The righteousness of saints.

The marriage of the Lamb is come,

His bride all ready stands;

The Bridegroom soon will take her home

To dwell in heav'nly lands.

The Children's Meeting (#346) | Daniel S. Warner

Oh, we love the children's meeting,
Where we learn the golden rule;
Here we come with happy greeting
In our precious little school.

Refrain:

Oh, how sweet!
The Lord is here today;
And the angels o'er us hover,
As we children sing and pray.
Oh, it makes us feel so happy
That we have a meeting, too,
Where we sing our songs to Jesus,
Who has loved us children so.
Jesus, bless our little meeting,
Teach us how to love Thee more,
Help us sing and pray and worship,
And Thy holy name adore.
And our dear, beloved brethren,
Read the precious, holy word,
And instruct us little children
To be good and please the Lord.

The Christian's Guide (#335) | Maggie Stratton, 1911

Holy Bible, how I love it!

How it doth my bosom cheer,

When through trials and temptations

It has always been so near!

It will surely guide my footsteps

In the strait and narrow way,

If in trust I read its contents,

If I always watch and pray.

Refrain:

Holy Bible, how I love thee!

Safest guide through this dark world;

Holy Bible, how I love thee!

See its banner now unfurled.

As I walk this narrow pathway

That will lead to endless rest,

In the arms of my Redeemer,

With my head upon His breast,

I cannot enough be thankful

For the love He showed to me,

When He bore my sins of crimson

In His body on the tree.

From the state of condemnation,

Pride, and all formality,

And from selfish exaltation,

Through Christ's word and blood I'm free;

Blessed Bible! what a comfort!

Its dear pages shine so bright;
'Tis the way from earth to heaven—
I am walking in its light.
When old earth shall cease to travel,
And when time shall be no more,
With our loved ones we will gather
Over on the other shore,
Where all sorrow will be over,
Where all tears are wiped away,
Where with angel voices blending
We shall sing in endless day.

The Church Has One Foundation (#4) | Samuel J. Stone, 1866

The church has one foundation,
'Tis Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is His new creation,
Through water by the word.
From heav'n He came and sought her
To be His holy bride;
With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.
Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation—
One Lord, one faith, one birth.
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food;
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.
Long with a scornful wonder
Men saw her sore oppressed,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distressed.
Yet saints their watch were keeping
To hail a brighter day,
When God should stop their weeping,
Take their reproach away.
The evening sun is shining,
The cloudy day is past;

The time of their repining
Is at an end at last.
The voice of God is calling
To unity again;
Division walls are falling,
With all the creeds of men.
Back to the one foundation,
From sects and creeds made free,
Come saints of every nation
To blessed unity.
Once more the ancient glory
Shines as in days of old,
And tells the wondrous story—
One God, one faith, one fold.

The Church Is Moving On (#508) | Donald Sharp

Free from every carnal pleasure, free from all formality,
She is guided without measure, for the Son has made her free.
On the Rock she stands forever, against the gale of sin and wrong,
Because she's on the Rock of Ages; still the Church is moving on.
Refrain:
Glory, glory, hallelujah! for the Church is moving on;
Wave the banner of Salvation till the dawn of the rising Sun.
Holiness is stamped upon her, purity remains within;
The Church of God is moving onward, free from every stain of sin.
She is one, and there's no other that can fill her valiant place;
Battle-scarred, yet still she conquers through the pow'r of wondrous grace.
On she marches toward the sunrise, to claim that bright, eternal day;
She's guided by the Holy Spirit, so the Church is on her way.
Few there be in size and number, she's unlike the church of men,
But the quality within her is the same when first began.
Unity prevails within her, it's bonded by that love divine;
Oh, Church of God, keep moving onward—crowns of vict'ry shall be thine.
Jesus Christ is Lord and Master, He's the door to this great fold;
Every member of this union has a heart that's pure as gold.
Every rule and proclamation exceeds the creeds of sin and wrong;
The government is on His shoulder, so the Church is moving on.

The Church of God (#17) | A. J. Kilpatrick, 1911

I love the church of God,
The house that Jesus built,
And purchased by the precious blood,
For us He freely spilt.

Refrain:

Upon the sure foundation,
Not laid by human hand,
The glorious Rock, Christ Jesus,
The church shall ever stand.

Thou blessed bride of Christ!

Oh, lovely one, so pure!

Eternity adds bliss to bliss;

Thy happiness is sure.

Redeemed by Christ alone,

Cleansed in His precious blood;

Secure while endless ages roll,

Kept by the pow'r of God.

The Bridegroom soon will come,

His bride arrayed in white,

Unto Himself He will receive,

To dwell in endless light.

The Church's Jubilee (#6) | Charles W. Naylor, 1923

The light of eventide now shines the darkness to dispel,
The glories of fair Zion's state ten thousand voices tell;
For out of Babel God doth call His scattered saints in one,
Together all one church compose, the body of His Son.

Refrain:

O church of God, the day of jubilee
Has dawned so bright and glorious for thee;
Rejoice, be glad! Thy Shepherd has begun
His long-divided flock again to gather into one.
The Bible is our rule of faith, and Christ alone is Lord,
All we are equal in His sight when we obey His word;
No earthly master do we know, to man-rule will not bow,
But to each other and to God eternal trueness vow.
The day of sects and creeds for us forevermore is past,
Our brotherhood are all the saints upon the world so vast;
We reach our hands in fellowship to every blood-washed one,
While love entwines about each heart in which God's will is done.
Oh, blessed truth that broke our bands! In it we now rejoice,
While in the holy church of God we hear our Savior's voice;
And gladly to His blessed will submissive we shall be,
And from the yokes of Babel's lords from henceforth we are free.

The Church Triumphant (#15) | Daniel S. Warner, 1893

Men speak of "a church triumphant"

As something on earth unknown,

They think us beneath the tyrant

Until we shall reach our home.

Refrain:

Thank God for a church triumphant,

All pure in this world below!

For the kingdom that Jesus founded

Does triumph o'er every foe.

Oh, cannot the great Redeemer

Prevail over Satan here?

Or must we remain yet under

Confusion, pressed down in fear?

He built on a sure foundation,

And said that the gates of hell

Against her divine munition

Can never indeed prevail.

'Tis not in the church of Jesus

That people yet live in sin;

But in the dark creeds they're joining,

And vainly are trusting in.

God's church is alone triumphant,

In holiness all complete;

And all the dark pow'rs of Satan

She tramples beneath her feet.

The Clefted Rock (#279) | Nancy Byers, 1911

In the clefted Rock I hide,
Savior, let me here abide;
Sheltered from each stormy gale,
All secure within the vale.
Refrain:
Blessed Rock, on Thee I build,
Ever be my sun and shield;
Help me labor, watch, and pray,
Ready for the crowning day.
Tempest-tossed I came to Thee,
Precious shelter made for me;
Cleansed and purified from sin,
Thou didst freely take me in.
When the surging billows roll,
There's a calm within my soul;
While my trust in Thee is stayed,
I shall never be afraid.
Rock of safety—blest abode,
Hid away with Christ in God;
Nothing can I want beside,
For my soul is satisfied.
When this earthly house shall fall,
And my days are numbered all,
Then my house not made with hands,
Evermore in glory stands.
Then, dear Jesus, keep me hid,

That I e'er be found amid
Choicest jewels of Thy care,
When in glory I appear.

The Cross (#171) | Lucy M. Lewis, 1911

Oh, the cross! the precious cross!
'Twas there I counted all but loss;
'Twas there I gave my heart to God,
'Twas there He washed me in His blood,
And spake the words, "Thy sins forgiv'n,"
And filled my soul with peace from heav'n.
Oh, the cross! the precious cross!
The only way for sinners lost,
The only way that we can gain
An entrance to this heav'nly plane;
'Twas there my night was turned to day,
'Twas there I found the heav'nly way.
Oh, the cross! the precious cross!
'Twas there I counted well the cost,
'Twas there my soul was sanctified,
'Tis there I ever will abide;
'Tis there we find the purest gold,
And joys that never can be told.
Oh, the cross! the precious cross!
To me this world is naught but dross,
Far richer treasures now I own,
While up the shining way I run;
When in that heav'nly land I'll see
The One who bore the cross for me.

The Day of His Grace Is Past (#389) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

O soul, be afraid, thou shalt reckon with God,
And pass 'neath the scourge of His wrathful rod;
Thy heart torn with anguish shall hear at the last,
“The day of His grace is past.”

Refrain:

The day of His grace is past,
The day of His grace is past;
How sad when He'll say, “Depart ye for aye,”
When the day of His grace is past.

O soul, be afraid, in thy sins thou shalt die
If Christ thou reject while He's passing by;
Thy doom shall be sealed at the trumpet's loud blast,
When the day of His grace is past.

O soul, be afraid, for the judgment shall come,
And thou shalt be turned from that blissful home;
Wilt thou be contented with that which thou hast
When the day of His grace is past?

O soul, be afraid, in His presence thou art,
Dismayed thou shalt stand when Christ says depart,
With demons in torment fore'er to be cast,
When the day of His grace is past.

The Debt We Owe (#337) | Clara M. Brooks, 1911

The Lord of the harvest is calling
For laborers true in His field,
To gather the sheaves ere they perish,
When mercy no more is revealed;
We bask in the sunlight of glory,
On heavenly manna we're fed,
While souls o'er the ocean, in darkness,
Are starving for life-giving bread.

Refrain:

They perish, they perish,
Yet Jesus to save them has died;
Go pay them the debt that we owe them,
Those souls who in darkness abide.

The Savior hath given us freely
Salvation and grace through His name,
He bids us to publish His gospel,
Its words to all creatures proclaim;
We're debtors to those who are dying,
And never its power have known;
Can we who so richly are favored
Still leave them to perish alone?
When taking His word to the lost ones,
It is not a gift we bestow:
By working and praying and giving,
We pay but the debt that we owe;
If millions are lost at the judgment,

Their cries shall our conscience upbraid,
Because when their souls we could rescue,
Our debt unto them was not paid.
Much grain now is falling ungathered,
While many stand idle and wait;
The harvest time soon will be ended,
For garnering then 'tis too late;
O soul, prove thy love to the Savior,
For what He has done unto thee,
By sending the tidings of mercy
To lost ones o'er land and o'er sea.

The Dispensation Day (#14) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

In the awful age of night,
When the earth was struck with blight,
And the clouds of papal darkness filled the sky;
Persecution's fire and blood,
Raging in an angry flood,
Failed to crush the church sustained by God on high.

Refrain:

We are in the evening of the dispensation day,
And the gospel light has scattered all the night away;
On the sunny mountain where the melody of song
Floats upon the breezes as we swiftly pass along.

But she raised her banner high,
And did all her foes defy,
Over her the gates of hell have not prevailed;
For her forces multiplied,
Notwithstanding those who died,
In the martyr's flames her glory was revealed.

Now the evening time has come,
When the brightness of the sun,
Through the gospel shining in remotest land;
It will reach the distant isles,
Where the golden harvest smiles,
To be gathered while the Savior's near at hand.

We are in the evening light,
Shining as the morning bright,
And the clouds of thick obscurity are passed;

In the conquest we are strong,
Singing as we march along,
And we're ready for the final trumpet's blast.

The Evening Light (#1) | Daniel S. Warner, 1885

Brighter days are sweetly dawning,

Oh, the glory looms in sight!

For the cloudy day is waning,

And the evening shall be light.

Refrain:

Oh, what golden glory streaming!

Purer light is coming fast;

Now in Christ we've found a freedom

Which eternally shall last.

Misty fogs, so long concealing

All the hills of mingled night,

Vanish, all their sin revealing,

For the evening shall be light.

Lo, the ransomed are returning,

Robed in shining crystal white,

Leaping, shouting home to Zion,

Happy in the evening light.

Free from Babel in the Spirit,

Free to worship God aright,

Joy and gladness we're receiving,

Oh, how sweet this evening light.

Hallelujah! saints are singing,

Vict'ry in Jehovah's might;

Glory! glory! keep it ringing,

We are saved in evening light.

The Faithfulness of God (#56) | Barney E. Warren, 1893

Oh, look at the faithfulness of Christ, our Lord,
How He saves and keeps the soul;
Who trusts in His majesty and standeth on His word,
Shall be safe while the billows roll.

Refrain:

Oh, trust in God,

Oh, trust in God,

Oh, trust in God,

Oh, trust in the faithful God.

Oh, look at the universe that He has made;

See the twinkling worlds on high;

Alone on His fiat are these mighty planets stayed;

Then we know He can never lie.

The word He hath spoken shall forever stand;

It will never pass away;

By it were the heavens made, the sea, and all the land;

It is surely the same today.

The Lord, He is faithful to bestow on us

Life and breath, yea, and all things;

But, chiefly, His saving grace and pure righteousness;

Oh, what peace, love, and joy it brings!

The Fountain of Cleansing (#414) | O. A. Pratt

Oh, come to the fountain of cleansing,

Dear sinner, why longer delay?

The Savior is earnestly pleading,

The fountain is open today.

Refrain:

Then come, sinner, come

To the fountain so full and so free;

Be cleansed from your sin,

Be made pure within,

The fountain is open for thee.

Thy sins though like scarlet or crimson,

His love as a river doth flow;

Oh, plunge in this fountain of cleansing,

And thou shalt be whiter than snow.

A voice from the cross, "It is finished!"

The fountain for sin opened wide;

The purchase of life and salvation

Through Jesus, the Lamb crucified.

Then come, sinner, come to the fountain

And plunge in its soul-cleansing wave;

Launch out on the infinite mercy,

Of Jesus, the Mighty to save.

The Golden Harvest (#314) | H. R. Jeffrey, 1911

Oh, why should I be idle,
While there's so much to do?
The wheat is ripe to harvest,
And the laborers are few.
Refrain:
The laborers are few,
And still there's much to do;
The wheat is ripe to harvest,
And the laborers are few.
Oh, why should I be idle?
The morning sun is high,
And soon it will be sinking
Low in the western sky.
No I shall not be idle,
For in God's word I see:
"No idlers in My vineyard;
Go thou and work for Me."
I'll be no longer idle,
But faithful I will be;
I'll go and work for Jesus,
I hear Him calling me.
Why stand ye all day idle?
There's harvesting for all;
Oh, grasp the flaming sickle,
And heed the Master's call.

The Golden Key (#169) | Anonymous/Unknown

Prayer is the key on the bending knee
To open the morn's first hours;
See the incense rise to the starry skies,
Like perfume from the flow'rs.
Not a soul so sad, nor a heart so glad,
When cometh the shades of night,
But the daybreak song will the joy prolong,
And darkness turn to light.
Take the golden key in your hand and see,
As the night tide drifts away,
How its blessed hold is a crown of gold,
Through the weary hours of day.
When the shadows fall, and the vesper call
Is sobbing its low refrain,
'Tis a garland sweet to the toil-worn feet,
And a healing touch for pain.
Soon the year's dark door shall be shut no more;
Life's tears shall be wiped away
As the pearl gates swing and the gold harps ring,
Ush'ring in eternal day.

The Golden Morning (#357) | Daniel S. Warner

We have reached an awful era in the onward flight of years,
While the nations are in slumber, crying "peace" 'mid drowning fears;
Lo, the shadows of creation lengthen to the eventide,
The Lord is surely coming to receive His holy bride.

Refrain:

We shall see the Savior coming,
Coming in the glory of His Father's throne;
In that sweet and golden morning,
He will come to crown His own
Every human structure 'round us crumbles from the mighty shock,
While we stand upon the summit of the everlasting Rock;
Mighty heralds, swiftly flying, sound the news from shore to shore,
The Bridegroom is returning, and already at the door.
Oh, our glorious King is coming from His country far away,
For He has received a kingdom that shall stand eternally;
And the saints, in all the greatness and the glory of His reign,
Shall rise with songs of triumph and extol His holy name.

The Grace of God (#45) | Clara M. Brooks, 1911

The grace of God that brings salvation

And teaches righteousness,

Appeareth unto every nation,

Their darkened souls to bless.

Refrain:

Wondrous grace, pure gift from heaven!

Grace to set the captives free!

Grace of God, so kindly given

By the Savior unto me.

His wondrous grace is all-sufficient,

And hours of deepest need

Are sanctified by God omniscient,

If we His promise plead.

Within the heart His grace abounding

Will give us pow'r to reign;

Through Jesus, when the foe's surrounding,

The vict'ry we shall gain.

Our Father grace and glory giveth

In blessings manifold;

From him who pure before Him liveth,

No good will He withhold.

The Great Sacrifice (#404) | Daniel S. Warner

God is sweeping through the nations

With an awful, searching eye;

Every spot of imperfection

Much be purged, or hope must die.

Refrain:

God is coming, O my brother,

Can you face the solemn day?

All the pure His angels gather,

The defiled become a prey.

Jesus gave His life to purchase

For Himself a spotless bride—

All who fear Him and obey Him

Cleansed beneath the crimson tide.

To preserve her pure and spotless

He must make a sacrifice;

Give to evil spirits supper,

All who give to sin a place.

See His sword is bathed in heaven,

And the mountains strewn with dead;

All ye birds and beasts assemble,

Lo, a feast for you is spread.

Hear the angel loudly crying,

Standing in the blazing sun;

Wake, O man, while time is flying,

For the judgment has begun.

The Half Has Never Yet Been Told (#95) | Frances R. Havergal, 1878

I know I love Thee better, Lord

Than any earthly joy:

For Thou hast given me the peace

Which nothing can destroy.

Refrain:

The half has never yet been told,

Of love so full and free;

The half has never yet been told,

The blood, it cleanseth me.

I know that Thou art nearer still

Than any earthly throng;

And sweeter is the thought of Thee

Than any lovely song.

Thou hast put gladness in my heart,

Then may I well be glad;

Without the secret of Thy love,

I could not but be sad.

O Savior, precious Savior mine!

What will Thy presence be,

If such a life of joy can crown

Our walk on earth with Thee?

The Happy People (#96) | Daniel S. Warner

Who but the Christian is happy and free,
Filled with the glory of God?
None in creation so happy as He,
Washed and redeemed in the wonderful blood.

Refrain:

Jesus, the one who my sorrows hath healed,
Thou are the one who my spirit hath sealed;
Only Thy glory from heaven revealed,
Only Thy favor can happiness yield.

Who but the ransomed can ever rejoice

Over the billows of time?

Grace all abounding and hope's gentle voice,
Gladden their spirits that never repine.

How can a mortal in fetters of sin

Taste of a freedom divine?

Only where Jesus is dwelling within,
Comfort and liberty truly may shine.

Tell me not then of the pleasures that sting,

Coiled under roses of pride;

None but the holy and innocent sing,

Out of a bosom where pleasures abide.

The Harvest Call (#310) | William J. Henry, 1911

Why stand ye all day idle? The harvest time is here,
Behold, with flaming sickle the reapers gather near;
Oh, hear the earnest pleadings which come from every land,
“Lord, send us gospel workers, to lend a helping hand.”

Refrain:

Oh, who will go for Jesus across the stormy wave,
And o'er the rugged mountains, some precious soul to save?

Oh, who will go in highways, and in the haunts of sin,
With messages from heaven, and gently lead them in?

Why stand ye all day idle? The lab'ers are so few,
The harvest is increasing, and there's so much to do;
The Master calls for workers, then, brother hear the cry,
Go quickly join the reapers, and in His service die.

Why stand ye all day idle? The sun is sinking fast,
The day will soon be over, the harvest time be past;
Go work today for Jesus, bring in the golden sheaves,
And in the day of crowning, a penny you'll receive.

No, I shall not be idle, Lord, here am I, send me,
I care not how You use me, I care not where it be;
Content with this assurance, that I'm in Thy employ,
Then gath'ring souls for Jesus shall be my greatest joy.

The Harvest Is Past (#384) | William J. Henry

The harvest is past and the summer is ended,

Alas, precious soul, this may be thy sad cry:

“The Spirit is gone I’ve so often offended,

And now with the lost I must perish and die.”

Refrain:

The harvest is past,

And I am not saved;

How fearful the cost

For a soul to be lost!

The harvest is past and the summer is ended,

The last call of mercy forever is gone,

And down to the regions of darkness eternal,

In anguish I take my sad journey alone.

The harvest is past and the summer is ended,

Refusing entreaties still harder I’ve grown;

Salvation I’ve slighted, and now, unforgiven,

I reap for my soul of the seed I have sown.

The harvest is past and the summer is ended,

Awaken, dear soul, ere it be thy sad moan;

The Savior is willing and waiting to save you,

Oh, come, ere His Spirit forever has flown.

The Highway of the King (#110) | William J. Henry, 1911

We're a band of happy pilgrims bound for our home above,

Walking in the highway of the King;

Our lips are filled with praises, our hearts are full of love,

Walking in the highway of the King.

Refrain:

Walking in the highway of the King,

Walking in the highway of the King;

With hearts all full of praise, we're happy all our days,

Walking in the highway of the King.

This is the grand old highway our fathers all have trod,

Walking in the highway of the King;

The only way that leads us to heaven and to God,

Walking in the highway of the King.

No unclean thing can ever pass o'er this holy way,

Walking in the highway of the King;

No danger can befall us, we're safe by night and day,

Walking in the highway of the King.

With songs of joy and gladness the ransomed now we see,

Walking in the highway of the King;

With garments pure and spotless, and hearts from sin made free,

Walking in the highway of the King.

The Holy of Holies (#295) | Daniel S. Warner

There is a blest pavilion,
A sacred inner court,
The place of God's own dwelling
With all the world shut out.
Oh, holy resting place!
Oh, calm and pure retreat!
Where God unveils His face,
And life is only sweet.
Refrain:
Oh, sweet and tranquil home,
Where only God is known!
Within this greater temple,
Built by the Son of God,
We've found a full salvation,
And entered through the blood.
Here on the mercy seat,
Beneath the cherubim,
We dwell in love complete,
And heaven's glory hymn.
We reach the cleansing laver,
The blood has been applied,
Then on the golden altar,
We're wholly sanctified.
Within the second veil,
Oh, holy! holy place!
With joyful lips we tell

The fullness of His grace.
Oh, glory be to Jesus!
I've boldly entered in
The secret of His presence,
And triumph over sin.
My soul is hid away
In God, with Jesus Christ;
And here I'll ever stay,
In sweet, eternal rest.

The Holy Remnant (#24) | Daniel S. Warner

Are you of the holy remnant,
Gathered to the King of Peace?
Have you found a full atonement,
And abundance of His grace?
Yes, my soul has come to Zion,
On the high and holy way,
And I've seen the darkness flying,
Driven by the light of day.
Have you heard a voice from heaven,
Calling in a solemn tone,
"Come, my people, from confusion,
This is not your native home"?
Yes, I heard, and to my vision,
Zion's glory brightly shone;
Then I rose and fled the ruin,
Taking not a Babel stone.
Have you learned that all this remnant
Must be dressed in uniform?
Are you clothed in that white raiment,
That will shine before the throne?
Yes, I found the precious fountain,
Opened when the Savior died,
Here I washed my stains of crimson,
And my soul is sanctified.
Do you know the saints inherit—
Since we're gathered into one—

All the greatness of the kingdom,
Under all the Shining Sun?
Yes, all glory be to Jesus!
By His might I overcame,
In the fullness of His blessing
On His throne of love I reign.
Do you know, oh, ransomed brother,
That we stand upon the verge,
Where old Time fills up his ages,
And the lost will mourn his dirge?
Oh, what myriad souls are sleeping,
Soon to wake in judgment fires!
Help, O God! Thy remnant gleaning,
Until time, indeed, expires.

The Home of the Soul (#30) | Daniel S. Warner

Let us sing a sweet song of the home of the soul,
The glorious place of our rest;
It is not far away in the heavens untold,
But deep in the Infinite breast.

Refrain:

I'm at home, blessed home,
I am safe in the bosom Divine;
Oh, the home of the soul,
Thy heaven of glory is mine.
He that dwelleth in love ever dwelleth in God,
Sweet home never clouded by fears;
And this heaven of love is our native abode
Through time and eternity's years.
We are only at home in the bosom of God,
On earth or in heaven above;
Everyone who would enter must pass through the blood,
And reign in the kingdom of love.
Do not venture the hope that is waiting for death
To waft you to comfort and peace;
There's no rest for a soul, in this world or above,
Not saved in the Father's embrace.
We will enter no door that is opened by men
Who promise a home for the soul;
For in Christ we abide in the church that will stand
While ages eternally roll.

The Last Call (#394) | Eugene A. Reardon, 1907

O sinner, heed the Spirit's voice,
Ere mercy's day is past;
Oh, while He's pleading make thy choice,
This call may be His last.

Refrain:

Harken to the Spirit's voice,
Calling still, calling still;
While He's pleading make thy choice,
Ere He's gone, ere He's gone.

Thy conscience, once so keen to feel
That voice sent to reprove,
No more is stirred at God's appeal
To seek His pard'ning love.

Remember, soul, the hour draws nigh
When you will call in vain;
Ah, hopeless then will be thy cry,
Thy doom, eternal pain.

Then seek Him while He may be found,
And call Him while He's near,
Lest, slighted, grieved, He leave thee bound,
And sealed in darkness drear.

The Last Great Day (#356) | Daniel S. Warner

The earth shall melt with fervent heat,
The heavens pass away,
And all mankind their doom shall meet,
In that last great day.

Refrain:

Oh, that last great day is coming very soon,
'Tis the judgment day and the lost shall weep;
'Tis the crowning day, and the saints shall greet,
In that last great day.

The trump will sound, the Lord return,
And time no longer be,
The world in judgment flames consume,
In that last great day.

So all who make this world their God,
Can here no longer stay;
Their fondest hopes will all have fled,
In that last great day.

The quick and dead o'er land and sea
Will leave their mortal clay,
And put on immortality,
In that last great day.

The church of God no more shall need
This poor terrestrial home,
For she shall dwell with Christ, her head,
At the great white throne.

The Last Hymn (#260) | Daniel S. Warner, 1895

“Shall my soul ascend with rapture
When the day of life is past;
While my house of clay shall slumber,
Shall I then with Jesus rest?”

Refrain:

“O my soul, press on to glory!
Worlds of bliss invite thee on,”
Evermore to be with Jesus,
When this walk on earth is done.
“Oh, shall my immortal spirit,”
Holden now by earthly ties,
Have at last unbounded freedom
In those realms beyond the skies?
Shall mine eyes indeed see Jesus,
He the humble Man of God,
Who laid down His life a ransom,
He who saves me by His blood?
Shall mine ears hear strains of music
From the glad and ransomed throng;
Shall I join with them in praises?
With them sing the glad, new song?
Shall my soul arise in triumph
When the angel calls for me;
Gladly go with Him to glory,
There to dwell eternally?”

The Lion of Judah (#85) | Jennie Mast, 1911

The Lion of Judah, the Lamb that was slain,
In power and glory has risen to reign;
He only is worthy, none else could prevail
To conquer the dragon and open the seal.

Refrain:

The Lion of Judah has broken every chain,
And gives us the vict'ry again and again.
An army of aliens all valiant in war
May press hard behind thee, the Jordan before;
Be not disbelieving, nor faint with dismay,
The Lion of Judah the scepter will sway.
Though armies may compass, though legions assail,
With Him for commander we can but prevail;
Our watchword is vict'ry, we fear not the throng,
With the Lion of Judah we're ten thousand strong.
When ended the conflict, the faithful will come,
With laurels of vict'ry and gems in their crown;
And prostrate before Him with rapture proclaim,
The Lion of Judah forever shall reign.

The Lord Is Coming (#502) | Daniel S. Warner

Are you ready, waiting for the Lord?

See, the signs proclaim Him near,

In the awful thunders of His word,

Now His coming steps we hear.

Refrain:

Thou art coming, O my Savior,

Who can stand Thy flaming light?

Now the burning of Thy Spirit

Sweeps away the words of night;

Quickly coming in Thy glory,

With Thy bright, angelic train,

We shall see Thee in Thy beauty,

And forever with Thee reign.

Now are many running to and fro,

Spreading holiness around,

And the evening light begins to glow—

Soon we'll hear the trumpet's sound.

Hark! the solemn warning unto all,

Judgment's coming, oh, how soon;

Flee, O man, at Mercy's final call,

Heaven trembles at your doom.

As the lightning flashes east to west,

Comes the Lord in flaming fire;

Oh, what glory thrills each holy breast!

Sinners melt beneath His ire.

Christ is coming, oh, the heav'nly sight!

Our Beloved can't delay,
For His bride is robed in snowy white,
Ready for that glorious day.

The Lord Is My Shepherd (#63) | Psalm 23, 1650

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want;

He makes me down to lie

In pastures green; He leadeth me

The quiet waters by.

My soul He doth restore again,

And me to walk doth make

Within the paths of righteousness,

E'en for His own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,

Yet will I fear no ill;

For Thou art with me, and Thy rod

And staff my comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnished me

In presence of my foes;

My head Thou dost with oil anoint,

And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life

Shall surely follow me;

And in God's house forevermore,

My dwelling place shall be.

The Love of God (#484) | Frederick M. Lehman, 1917

The love of God is greater far
Than tongue or pen can ever tell;
It goes beyond the highest star,
And reaches to the lowest hell;
The guilty pair, bowed down with care,
God gave His Son to win;
His erring child He reconciled,
And pardoned from his sin.

Refrain:

Oh, love of God, how rich and pure!
How measureless and strong!
It shall forevermore endure—
The saints' and angels' song.

When hoary time shall pass away,
And earthly thrones and kingdoms fall,
When men who here refuse to pray,
On rocks and hills and mountains call,
God's love so sure, shall still endure,
All measureless and strong;
Redeeming grace to Adam's race—
The saints' and angels' song.

Could we with ink the ocean fill,
And were the skies of parchment made,
Were every stalk on earth a quill,
And every man a scribe by trade;
To write the love of God above

Would drain the ocean dry;
Nor could the scroll contain the whole,
Though stretched from sky to sky.

The Music of His Name (#42) | Daniel S. Warner

Who can sing the wondrous love of the Son divine?

O my Lord, there's none so dear to me

As the One who bore the burden of all my sin,

And so freely died to set me free.

Refrain:

Oh, the precious music of Jesus' name!

Glory to the Lamb!

Oh, sweetest name in song! the heavens shall prolong

The music of Thy name.

Tune your harps, ye ransomed throng, and extol the Christ,

Sing the Name that opened mercy's door;

Oh, 'tis music, sweetest music to sinners lost,

Sweetest to the saints forevermore.

Oh, let saints and angels join in triumphant song,

Let the music of all worlds accord;

And in holy anthems high over all, proclaim,

"Glory be to Jesus Christ the Lord!"

The New Jerusalem (#22) | Daniel O. Teasley

To Jerusalem the new
Come the tried and faithful few
Back to Zion's golden glory once again;
Highest praise our tongues employ,
With the everlasting joy,
Now a thousand voices swell the glad refrain.

Refrain:

Jerusalem, O Jerusalem,
Blessed city where no darkness ever falls;
Jerusalem, O Jerusalem,
Joy and peace forever be within thy walls.
Often have we heard of thee,
Blessed city of the free;
But our fathers sang thy glory far away,
Teaching us that only there,
In that world so bright and fair,
Could we hope to see thy blessed golden day.
With thy walls of jasper bright,
Sparkling in the radiant light,
Blessed city of our God, we come to thee;
Through thy pearly gates ajar
Come the ransomed from afar,
Hear again the joyful songs of jubilee.
On the trees our harps we hung,
Zion's songs were left unsung
By the rivers sat we weeping all the day;

Now our harps we tune again,
Sing the everlasting strain,
Now our mourning, sorrow, sighing flee away.
Now we reach the evening light,
Robed in shining garments white,
We return to where the saints of yore have trod;
Flee we now from Babel's fall,
For we've heard the Savior's call
To Jerusalem the living Church of God.

The Ninety-Nine (#323) | William G. Schell, 1911

The ninety-nine within the fold
Are safe from fears and storms of night,
But one is on the mountains cold,
'Twill perish there—how sad the sight!

Refrain:

Go search it out and bring it home,
No more in darkness let it roam;
You'll find it there in dreadful plight,
Oh! go and bring it back tonight.

The ninety-nine are safe today,
They're all at home, so fully blest,
But one is wand'ring far away,
Upon the mountain's snowy crest.

The ninety-nine with care are fed,
And rest within the Shepherd's fold;
But one is starving, nearly dead,
Upon the mountains bare and cold.

The Shepherd dear, aloud doth weep
Because one lamb afar doth roam;
The ninety-nine He'll safely keep—
We'll seek that lamb and bring it home.

The Old Campground (#100) | Daniel S. Warner

We have met today on the old campground,
And our hearts, O God, o'erflow
With our songs of joy, and a stream of thanks
For the love Thou dost bestow.

Refrain:

We will sing, praise the Lord!

Let the joyful music roll!

We will strike the happy key,

Hallelujah! I am free!

We will sing in sweet accord.

We have met today on the old campground,
And our shouts of glory ring;
There's a mighty stir as the Lord comes down,
And the saints His praises sing.

We have met today on the old campground,
Oh, the fellowship so sweet,
As the pure in heart all together flow
In the bonds of love complete.

We have met today on the old campground,
And we come in Jesus' name;
Here, O mighty God, let Thy thunder sound,
And Thy awesome Spirit flame.

We have met today on the old campground,
And we come to work and pray;
Here redeem, dear Lord, even multitudes
At Thy altar, day by day.

The Old Rugged Cross (#511) | George Bennard, 1913

On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross,
The emblem of suff'ring and shame;
And I love that old cross where the dearest and best
For a world of lost sinners was slain.

Refrain:

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross,
Till my trophies at last I lay down;
I will cling to the old rugged cross,
And exchange it some day for a crown.

Oh, that old rugged cross, so despised by the world,
Has a wondrous attraction for me;
For the dear Lamb of God left His glory above
To bear it to dark Calvary.

In that old rugged cross, stained with blood so divine,
A wondrous beauty I see,
For 'twas on that old cross Jesus suffered and died,
To pardon and sanctify me.

To the old rugged cross I will ever be true;
Its shame and reproach gladly bear;
Then He'll call me some day to my home far away,
Where His glory forever I'll share.

The Pathway of the Just (#124) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

There are beams of brilliant sunlight along the holy way,
Where the weary pilgrims travel in the dust;
They are happy as they're nearing that land of blissful day,
They are walking in the pathway of the just.

Refrain:

They are walking, they are walking,
They are walking in the pathway of the just;
They are walking, they are walking,
They are walking in the pathway of the just.

They are walking in the footsteps of Jesus all the time,
For the needed strength and grace in Him they trust;
They are on the way to glory where joys are more sublime,
They are walking in the pathway of the just.

They are joyful in temptation because the Lord is near,
Let offences come, for Jesus said they must;
So with sword and shield they conquer without a doubt or fear,
They are walking in the pathway of the just.

By the pastures ever green, by refreshing waters free,
Christ will lead them if in Him they fully trust;
To the Father He will say, "These are mine Thou gavest me,
"I have kept them in the pathway of the just."

The Perishing World (#341) | William G. Schell, 1893

On the borders of eternity the world is standing now,
In a moment all the wicked will be lost in endless woe;
Oh, they need some gospel teacher that they might salvation know,
Who will quickly go and warn them? Brother, sister, will you go?

Refrain:

Hear them calling for the gospel,
Come and help us to be saved;
Hear them calling for the gospel,
Come and help us to be saved.

Oh, how gratefully we welcome now the gleam of freedom's light,
Yet the millions have not seen it, still they roam in deepest night;
Hear, oh, hear from every nation cries of sorrow and distress,
Time is surely, swiftly ending, haste their dying souls to bless.

We will pray the Lord to send His saving truth through every land,
"Go ye therefore," saith the Master, do you hear the great command?

Oh, review your consecration, hasten to the harvest field,
And a thousand souls in heaven gathered, be thy golden yield.

The Pilgrim's Confidence (#189) | Barney E. Warren

Walking through life's dark, shady valley,
Walking with Jesus day by day;
Crossing the vale through death's cold alley,
He will be with me all the way.
Keep me, O Lord, from harm and danger,
Trusting Thy grace while here I stay;
I am a pilgrim and a stranger,
Help me to humbly watch and pray;
I am a pilgrim and a stranger,
Help me to humbly watch and pray.
If the sun shine my heart is cheerful,
If the clouds come I can rejoice;
Help me, O Lord, to ever be thankful;
I have, like Mary, made the wise choice.
Precious Redeemer, keep me faithful,
By Thy own strength and grace I stand;
Help me do right and live more grateful,
Soon I shall reach the shining strand;
Help me do right and live more grateful,
Soon I shall reach the shining strand.
Welcome the storms, my hope is abounding;
Let the waves come, my anchor is sure;
Fixed in the Rock on which I am standing,
How can I fall when all is secure?
Wonderful peace in Thee I'm possessing,
Vict'ry through Christ I ever shall sing;

Let the rain fall in showers of blessing,
Homage and praise to Thee I would bring;
Let the rain fall in showers of blessing,
Homage and praise to Thee I would bring.

The Precious Seed (#329) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

We are sowing every moment,
Seeds that yield much good, or bad;
And each one is surely growing,
Cheering souls or making sad;
Let us sow good seeds for Jesus,
In the hearts of fallen men,
Many happy souls will bless us,
And a crown of glory gain.

Refrain:

Let the heart with anguish riven
Now receive the precious seed,
Do obey the voice of heaven
And for offered mercy plead;
'Twill prepare your soul for heaven,
For the mansion that you need,
If you will be wise and listen,
And its precious counsel heed.

Let us sow each seed in kindness,
Praying God the fallow ground
May be broken up in softness,
And the fruits of peace abound;
When the heart with sin is heavy,
He will start the flowing tear,
And the gems of truth from heaven,
Fruit of life eternal bear.

Give us, Lord, much grace and wisdom,

With the countless seeds we sow;
Though we scatter some at random,
They may germinate and grow;
Some may fall in crowded places,
On the dry, unyielding plain,
But, if watered by Thy graces,
Not a seed is sown in vain.
Help us, then, O loving Savior,
Bless the precious seeds that fall;
We will sow in hope of gath'ring
In this final harvest call;
And the toilers who have mingled
With the seed their anxious tears,
Will return with shouts, and bringing
Many sheaves in coming years.

The Prodigal's Return (#441) | Joseph C. Fisher, 1911

Oh, how weary and sad is my aching heart today,

As I languish alone to die!

Let me go, let me go to my home far away,

For which my poor soul doth sigh.

Refrain:

I am coming, Father, coming,

And I know Thou wilt soothe the pain;

And my poor, throbbing heart with joy shall sing,

When the wand'rer's home again.

Oh, my garments are stained, and I'm longing to be fed,

For I starve in a foreign land,

While my own Father's house is abounding with bread,

And bounteous is His hand.

I'll arise and go home, and low bending at His feet,

He will pity the long-lost one;

Yes, I'll go, I will go, to His arms I will flee,

He'll welcome the wand'ring son.

When the Father did see His dear son was coming back,

Had compassion and ran and smiled,

And with tears of great joy as He fell on his neck,

He kissed His poor, weary child.

Now the lost one is found, and he's dressed in robes of white,

And is safely at home again;

And the roy'l palace hall, with its glittering light,

Resounds with a glad refrain.

So the sinner who comes to the Father's loving arms

Shall be welcomed to his dear home;
He shall dwell there in peace, and be safe from alarms,
And rest, nevermore to roam.

The Redemption Story (#90) | Daniel S. Warner

Tell me, pilgrim, trav'ling homeward,

Are you holy, free from sin?

Are you flashing light around you?

Are you witnessing for Him?

Refrain:

Yes! Yes! Yes!

It fills my heart with glory

To tell the hungry, thirsting soul

Of the redemption story.

Have you made a consecration

Of yourself and earthly store?

Have you died to all but Jesus

And His will forevermore?

Do you love to read the Bible—

Feel the Spirit's holy fire?

Do you measure to its standard?

Does each duty you inspire?

Do you gladly tell the story

Of the Savior's wondrous love?

How He fills the soul with glory

Pure as heaven's light above?

Are you seeking out the needy?

Leading sinners to the blood?

Thus, O pilgrim, should we ever

Live and work alone for God.

The Reformation Glory (#10) | Charles W. Naylor, 1922

There's a mighty reformation sweeping o'er the land,
God is gathering His people by His mighty hand;
For the cloudy day is ending and the evening sun is bright,
With a shout of joy we hail the light.

Refrain:

Oh, the reformation glory!

Let it shine to every land:

We will tell the blessed story;

In its truth we e'er shall stand.

When the voice from heaven sounded, warning all to flee

From the darksome courts of Babel back to Zion free;

Glad my heart to hear the message, and I hastened to obey,

And I'm standing in the truth today.

Zion's walls again are building as in days of yore,

And the scattered host returning to their land once more

Are rejoicing in their freedom, pledging evermore to stand

In the reformation truths so grand.

Christians all should dwell together in the bonds of peace,

All the clashing of opinions, all the strife should cease;

Let divisions be forsaken, all the holy join in one,

And the will of God in all be done.

There Is a City (#497) | Ulysses Phillips

There is a city, so I've been told,
With gates of pearl and streets of gold;
It's a walled in city, on eternal heights,
Where it's always day, with never a night.

Refrain:

Let's go to the city, and a land of song,
Where all is right and there's no wrong;
I'm just awaiting for the trumpet sound,
Goodbye, old world, I'm heaven bound.

There is a city, so bright and fair,
There is no death, no sorrows there;
It's a beautiful place, come and go with me
To that happy home by the crystal sea.

I've been invited, so I must go,
And meet my Lord, who loved me so;
There I'll see His face, and His glory share,
And ever rejoice with the angels there.

There is a city with mansions fair,
All the redeemed shall gather there;
Hurry and get washed in the crimson flow,
For your robe must be whiter than the snow.

There Is a Fountain (#183) | William Cowper, 1772

There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.
The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in His day;
And there have I, though vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.
Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its pow'r,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Are safe, to sin no more.
E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,
When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

There Is Healing in His Name (#303) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

Simply trusting in the Savior,

Healing virtue now receive;

You must never doubt or waver,

His unfailing word believe.

Refrain:

Casting all your care on Jesus,

Sickness, sorrow, grief, and pain;

Oh, believe His blessed promise,

There is healing in His name.

Come, ye helpless, sick and suff'ring,

At His feet in meekness kneel;

Soul and body to Him off'ring,

He will all your sickness heal.

He is just the same forever,

Cast away your doubts and fears;

From affliction He'll deliver,

Though you've suffered many years.

Listen to the declaration:

Christ forever is the same;

All the pow'r in earth and heaven

Is in His majestic name.

There Is Joy in the Lord (#70) | Barney E. Warren, 1900

I will sing, hallelujah, for there's joy in the Lord,
And He fills my heart with rapture as I rest on His Word;
I will trust in His promise; I will shout, I am free;
In my blessed, loving Savior, I have sweet victory.

Refrain:

There is joy in the Lord, there is joy in the Lord;
Hallelujah! glory, glory! there is joy in the Lord!
There is joy in the Lord, there is joy in the Lord;
Hallelujah! glory, glory! there is joy in the Lord!

I will live for the Savior, I am His evermore;
I am resting in His favor, I am safe and secure;
For the light shining brighter on my path every day
Cheers my happy soul with rapture as I walk in the way.

When I reach heaven's portals, in that land of the blest,
I shall sing with holy angels of this rest, happy rest;
I shall dwell there forever with my Lord and my King,
And with everlasting praises make those high arches ring.

There Is Power in the Blood (#505) | Lewis E. Jones, 1899

Would you be free from the burden of sin?

There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood;

Would you o'er evil a victory win?

There's wonderful pow'r in the blood.

Refrain:

There is pow'r, pow'r, wonder-working pow'r

In the blood of the Lamb;

There is pow'r, pow'r, wonder-working pow'r

In the precious blood of the Lamb.

Would you be free from your passion and pride?

There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood;

Come for a cleansing to Calvary's tide;

There's wonderful pow'r in the blood.

Would you be whiter, much whiter than snow?

There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood;

Sin-stains are lost in its life-giving flow;

There's wonderful pow'r in the blood.

Would you do service for Jesus your King?

There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood;

Would you live daily His praises to sing?

There's wonderful pow'r in the blood.

There's a Fountain of Blood (#206) | Daniel S. Warner

There's a fountain of blood that atones for the soul,
And it flows from the side of the Lord;
Oh, the dear Lamb of God makes me perfectly whole,
For I stand on the rock of His word.

Refrain:

In the blood, in the blood,
Praise the Lord, I'm redeemed unto God;
Oh, this moment I know I am whiter than snow,
I am washed in the blood of the Lamb.
Oh, the virtue divine! oh, the soul-cleansing tide!
Here the vilest may wash and be clean;
And today is the time, lo, the Spirit and bride
Bid you come to the all-cleansing stream.
Oh, my heart overflows as I sing of the blood,
That has washed me so heavenly pure;
And the light ever glows in the temple of God,
All redeemed in the blood evermore.

There's a Light (#226) | Ulysses Phillips

There's a light shining down on my pathway today,
Causing darkness and shadows to flee;
And my soul doth rejoice as I walk in the way,
There's a light shining down upon me.

Refrain:

There's a light shining down, down from heaven on me,
There's a light shines from heaven on me;
I will walk all my days in its wonderful rays,
There's a light shines from heaven on me.
Once I wandered in darkness and groped in the night,
Unto Jesus for mercy I called;
He did hear my sad cry, and He opened my eyes,
And a light on my pathway did fall.
He will bless everyone who will unto Him come,
He will turn all their darkness to day;
Will you come to Him now and in lowliness bow,
That this light may shine down on your way?

There's Music in My Soul (#89) | Daniel S. Warner, 1893

Since I have found my Savior,

Bowed to His control;

There's everlasting music

Ringling in my soul.

Refrain:

There is music in my soul,

Oh, there is music in my soul;

'Tis my glory ever singing,

Heaven's balm has made me whole;

There is music in my soul,

Oh, let the happy tidings roll;

Let it roll, let it roll,

Oh, there's music in my soul.

I sing of my Redeemer,

Happy in the way;

He sweetly tunes the spirit,

Singing all the day.

I love to sing the story,

Jesus makes me whole;

For I can feel His glory

Singing in my soul.

Since I have been translated,

Heaven's anthems roll;

In sweet accord with joyful

Music in my soul.

The angels sing in heaven,

Let the praises roll;
There's music in creation,
Music in my soul.

The River of Life (#205) | Joseph C. Fisher, 1911

There's a river of life with its pure crystal light,
Flowing out from the great white throne;
In that beautiful land where there is no night,
And where sorrow never can be known.

Refrain:

By the crystal waters flashing,
I stand all redeemed by the blood;
I'll forever praise my God and King,
For my cleansing in the crimson flood.
By this river so clear blooms the fair tree of life,
And its sweet fragrance fills the soul
In our heavenly home where there is no strife,
And there's naught but love can there control.
On the clear sea of glass that is mingled with fire
Stand the holy that overcame;
And with harps in their hands, in the heav'nly choir,
Sing the song of Moses and the Lamb.
There's a fountain, a stream, where the thirsty may drink
Of the water of life so free;
They shall suffer no heat nor of hunger think,
And no sorrow shall they ever see.

The River of Pleasure (#92) | Barney E. Warren, 1891

Oh, drink of the river of pleasure,
A deep, living stream of delight;
The source of all blessings forever,
It flashes in heaven's pure light.

Refrain:

Oh, drink of the river of pleasure and love,
I feel it so deep in my soul;
It gladdens the one who is born from above,
And maketh the wounded heart whole.

Oh, drink of the river of pleasure,
'Tis sparkling with joy for thy soul;
It flows in the bosom forever,
That's given to Father's control.

Oh, drink of the river of pleasure,
For thee it is flowing along;
Down from the bounteous Giver,
Its music a sweet, charming song.

Oh, drink of the river of pleasure,
And surely thy spirit shall know
Thy longing and thirsting are over,
Thy blessings forever shall flow.

The Rose of Sharon (#160) | Anonymous/Unknown, 1911

Lord Jesus, my sweet Rose of Sharon,
My Prophet, my Priest, and my King—
To Thee I will sing all my praises,
For blessings Thy mercy doth bring.
All glory and honor to Jesus,
Who offered His life on the cross,
To open a fountain for sinners,
And purchase a world that was lost.

Refrain:

Sweet Rose of Sharon,
Blooming above for me.
Oh, come help me sing of my Savior,
For He is the joy of my heart;
Come join in His service forever,
He will His rich graces impart.
I gaze at the wounds of my Savior,
From which that great fountain doth flow;
His word is my shield and my buckler,
By faith I'm made whiter than snow.
In love's verdant vale I am resting,
In Christ all my hope I confide;
My heart and my life He is blessing,
As humbly I walk by His side.
I'm living low down in the valley,
Where sweet Rose of Sharon doth bloom;
Oh, glory! its heavenly odor

With fragrance my soul doth perfume.
Come, sinner, thy heart like the desert,
With sweet Rose of Sharon shall bloom;
'Twill blossom as flowers of summer,
His Spirit thy heart shall illumine.
He paid all thy debt on Mount Calv'ry,
He suffered that you might be free;
Oh, look, guilty one, there is mercy,
There's life and salvation for thee.

The Sea of Glass (#5) | Daniel S. Warner

We stand upon the sea of glass,
That's mingled with Jehovah's fire;
Our robes are white, our feet as brass,
We stand upon the foe's empire.

Refrain:

We stand redeemed upon the sea,
And sound aloud the harps of God;
All glory, praise, dear Lamb, to Thee,
For Thou hast saved us by Thy blood.

We bow no more to gods of men,
We shout the vict'ry o'er the beast;
Yea, o'er his mark and o'er his name
We overcome through Jesus Christ.

Upon this bright and glowing place
Of heaven's truth and burning love,
Our souls in glory ever reign,
With all the ransomed host above.

In sweet and pure unbroken peace,
Upon the sea we glide along;
Our hearts so full of holy bliss
Flow out in everlasting song.

The Shield of Faith (#316) | Daniel S. Warner, 1893

Take the shield of faith, my brother,
Hold it boldly in the light;
And its awful, burnished glory
Will put every foe to flight.
Refrain:
In the mighty name of Jesus,
Ever lift up the shield of faith;
Wield the sword of truth, my brother,
Heav'n will crown thy fight of faith.
Faith is mighty and will conquer,
Bind it firmly on thy heart;
On the hottest field of battle
Thou shalt quench the vilest dart.
And when trouble specters round thee
Come, thy spirit to depress,
Lift the shield of faith abounding,
And thy soul shall calmly rest.
Then put on the holy armor,
And defy the tempting throng;
Over all the foes that gather,
Shout and sing the victor's song.

The Solid Rock (#51) | Edward Mote, 1834

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.
Refrain:
On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand,
All other ground is sinking sand.
When darkness veils His lovely face,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil.
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.
When He shall come with trumpet sound,
Oh, may I then in Him be found;
Dressed in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.

The Spirit Pleading (#418) | Charles W. Naylor, 1911

Oft in the noonday, the evening,
And in the stillness of night,
Sounds in the bosom this warning:
“Turn from the evil, do right.”
Yet is the voice still unheeded,
Though it is Jesus who pleads,
Calling the wandering sinner,
Offering grace for your needs.
Soon will your death-knell be tolling,
Earth shall not see you again,
Soon will your place be left vacant—
Where will your spirit be then?
Up to the courts of the blessed
Only the holy may go,
Torment is waiting the sinner,
This is a truth that you know.
While you are slighting God’s mercy,
Harder and harder you grow,
Down in the darkness you’re choosing
Thus in your folly to go—
Down where no light ever enters,
Down where no hope shall appear,
Barred out of heaven forever,
Sundered from all that is dear.
While He is pleading, surrender,
Turn to the Savior today,

Leave all the past far behind you,

Walk in His glorious way.

See all the future before you

Lighted with hope and with peace,

Drink of the rivers of pleasure,

Streams that shall ever increase.

The Sun Behind the Cloud (#164) | Barney E. Warren

In the Bible Jesus tells us we must suffer for His sake;
Though the world in trouble wears a gloomy shroud,
Heaven's grace is all we need if we the consecration make,
We are sure the sun is shining just behind the cloud.

Refrain:

Just behind the cloud,
Just behind the cloud,
We are sure the sun is shining just behind the cloud;
Just behind the cloud,
Just behind the cloud,
We are sure the sun is shining just behind the cloud.

We are in a world of trouble, but the Lord is always near,
Though the people are so sinful, vain, and proud;
When the shadows dark are falling all around our pathway here,
We are sure the sun is shining just behind the cloud.
When the storms so black are raging over life's tempestuous sea,
When reverses all around you closely crowd;
When the darkness seems to gather just as far as you can see,
We are sure the sun is shining just behind the cloud.
If we suffer as a Christian He'll reward us over there;
Once beneath our load of sins He meekly bowed;
He will never let us suffer more than we can ably bear,
We are sure the sun is shining just behind the cloud.

The Temple of God (#99) | Daniel S. Warner

Not in the temples made with hands,
Though beautiful by art,
But God in mercy condescends
To dwell within my heart.

Refrain:

Oh, glory to Jesus so sweet in me,
My body, Thy temple shall forever be.
How wonderful that He would take
This poor abode of sin,
And wash me in His precious blood,
And now abide within.

No more I think of God afar,
But see Thee, Lord, within;
Oh, shine in me, Thou morning star,
And keep Thy temple clean.

O Lord, enshrined within my breast,
My constant joy and peace;
My soul can now forever rest,
Secure in Thy embrace.

The Unchanging Word (#334) | Charles W. Naylor, 1911

When the earth shall cease to be,
And the heavens pass away,
The unchanging word of God we'll see
Just as it is today.

Refrain:

On the word of God I calmly rest,
With a sweet assurance in my breast;
For I know it is His holy will,
Each promise to fulfill.
Since the morn when time began,
Hath His word ceased to prevail?
Is the God of heaven weak as man?
Or can His promise fail?
Hath a mortal yet been found
Who hath trusted Him in vain?
Search the whole broad space of earth around,
And search it once again.
Trusting Him I'm not afraid,
For He careth still for me;
And for me the promise sure was made
And sealed on Calvary.
Oh, what peace and calm content!
Oh, what love and joy divine,
While I trust Thy changeless word, are blent
Within this heart of mine.

The Valley of Decision (#35) | Daniel S. Warner

There's a peaceful valley of decision found,
Where unbroken fellowship and love abound;
Softly falls the glory of the evening light,
On its saints arrayed in white.

Refrain:

Oh, how sweet is my rest,
In the vale of the blest;
For the Lord is so near,
And His saints are so dear.
In this pure "decision," all the holy dwell,
All who follow Jesus in His perfect will;
And they only glory in the Crucified,
And in all His truth abide.
In this lowly vale is everlasting rest,
For the wholly sanctified in heaven blest;
Oh, what sacred bonds of love and harmony,
In the valley of the free!
"Multitudes," now gather in the vale of love,
And their praises echo on the hills above;
Lo! the Lord is coming, and the day is near;
For the evening sun is clear.

The Valley of Judgment (#36) | Daniel S. Warner

God is sitting in the awful valley,
Near His final judgment seat;
And His present mighty truth is calling
Every nation at His feet.

Refrain:

Wake, ye nations, gather near,
Heaven's truth you now must hear;
By it stand, approved in white,
Or condemned in heaven's light.
Go, ye heralds, shout aloud the summons,
Let the standard be unfurled;
Judgment to the gospel line and plummet,
To the ends of all the world.
Bring the mighty down to utter nothing,
Let the weakest say, "I'm strong,"
Beat your plowshares into holy weapons,
Press the battle 'gainst the wrong.

The Victory Is Mine (#98) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

The vict'ry is mine, the vict'ry is mine;

Through Jesus my Lord, obeying His word;

He conquers the foe, wherever I go;

I'm living with Him, in holy accord.

Refrain:

Trusting in the Lord,

Trusting in the Lord;

Trusting in the Savior,

Who is Christ, the mighty Lord.

The vict'ry is mine, the vict'ry is mine;

I will not forget, His promise is yet

The same as of yore, a bountiful store

To those who will trust, and they shall be kept.

The vict'ry is mine, the vict'ry is mine;

I never shall fear, while Jesus is near;

He's with me alway, by night and by day;

His comforting Word, my bosom doth cheer.

The Virtue of Faith (#284) | Clara M. Brooks, 1911

As far above the howling storm,
Secure from danger's reach and harm,
Triumphantly the eagle flies—
My soul on wings of faith would rise;
When raging is the tempest's blast,
Ere yet its wrath is overpast—
My soul would rise from earthly woe,
To leave the stormy winds below.
Upon the troubled, restless wave,
His fearful, trembling ones to save,
The Master walked and calmed the sea,
The wildly tossing Galilee;
By faith again I hear His voice,
In tones which make my heart rejoice,
When fears my soul with terror thrill,
He gently whispers, "Peace, be still."
The lilies clothed in garments fair,
The ravens flying through the air,
Our blessed Father cares for all—
He seeth e'en the sparrow's fall;
His children more He surely loves,
Their cry His heart with pity moves:
Though thorns bestrew the path we've trod,
He whispers still, "Have faith in God."
The waves around may fiercely roll,
They cannot harm my trusting soul,

Regarding not what I may see,
My faith, O Lord, ascends to Thee;
The darkest night and brazen sky
Are pierced by faith's unfailing eye—
My cry shall be till time shall cease,
“O blessed Lord, my faith increase.”

The White Horse Cavalry (#185) | Daniel S. Warner

Lo, heaven now opens to rapturous view;

The armies that follow the Faithful and True,

Arrayed in fine linen and armor of light,

With swords of destruction the nations to smite.

Refrain:

All glory to God! We'll follow the Lamb;

All glory to God! We'll fight in the van;

In uniform white on our holiness steeds,

We'll rush to the battle wherever He leads.

This campaign of fire shall sweep over the land,

Enlisting the pure that are able to stand;

In columns of glory they follow their King,

Like thunder their songs of sweet melody ring.

Speed onward, great army, to judge and make war,

Salvation in Jesus go trumpet afar;

There're battles, to fight and fair trophies to win,

And perishing souls to be rescued from sin.

All honor to Jesus, whose eyes are aflame,

Who wondrously helps us each battle to gain;

He's clothed in a vesture that's dipped in the blood

He graciously shed to redeem us to God.

The Word of God (#332) | Clara M. Brooks, 1907

By the word of God the worlds were made,
And are held in place by His commands;
All the grasses wither and the flowers fade,
But His truth forever stands.

Refrain:

Oh, the precious Bible,
Counsel for the soul,
Path the faithful saints and martyrs trod;
Settled in the heavens,
True while ages roll,
Changeless as the throne of God.
More to be desired than honey sweet,
Richer are its treasures, far, than gold;
Like a brilliant light, it shines to guide my feet,
Never grows its story old.
Thy eternal law is my delight,
Strength and daily manna to my soul;
'Tis my meditation all the day and night,
Balm to make the wounded whole.
Stream of life from heaven, crystal pure,
Shed thy cooling freshness over me;
Let my thirsting spirit, till I thirst no more,
Drink thy sparkling waters free.

Thinking, Lord, of Thee (#109) | Charles E. Orr, 1911

Alone in some secure retreat,

The sky o'er shadows me;

All nature smiles so soft and sweet,

I'm thinking, Lord, of Thee.

Refrain:

Thinking of Thee, O Lord, of Thee,

Musing on things above;

Till every chord within my soul

Is tuned with heav'nly love.

I see Thee in the lonely mount

In silent prayer for me;

Thy tears all night a flowing fount,

I'm thinking, Lord, of Thee.

I hear Thy deep and mournful sigh

In sad Gethsemane;

I see Thee on the reeking cross,

I'm thinking, Lord, of Thee.

Awaking from the silent tomb,

Thy risen form I see;

Thy saints awaiting Thee to come,

Are thinking, Lord, of Thee.

This Is Why I Love My Savior (#208) | Daniel S. Warner, 1893

Shall I tell you why I ceased from folly?

Why I turned away from sin?

'Twas because the love of my Redeemer

Fully won my heart to Him.

Refrain:

This is why I love my Savior,

Why I love to follow Him;

For He died my soul to ransom,

And He washed me from my sin.

Do you ask me why I seek no pleasure

In the things I once did love?

'Tis because I've tasted life's pure river,

Flowing from the throne above.

Would you bid me give to all a reason

Of the hope I now possess?

It is Christ in me the hope of glory,

And His perfect holiness.

Though all men may look on me with wonder,

At the change that's taken place;

I will walk the downward road no longer,

Bless the Lord for saving grace.

Thy Children Are Gathering Home (#3) | Charles W. Naylor, 1907

Long scattered thy children, O Zion, have been,

But now they are gathering home:

The Spirit is calling, they gladly obey,

With songs of rejoicing they come.

Refrain:

Thy children are gathering home,

With joy they are gathering home;

From all the divisions in which they were scattered,

Thy children are gathering home.

False shepherds divided and scattered the flock,

And hirelings ruled o'er them for gain,

But back to their fold on Mount Zion's fair height

They come to forever remain.

To unity glorious, rich and complete,

One faith and one body, one Lord,

One way and one Spirit, one hope and one God,

They come at the call of His word.

Sectarian walls shall no longer divide,

False teachers shall lead them no more;

True pastors shall feed them on heavenly food,

Their sorrows and sighings are o'er.

Thy Will Be Done (#152) | Clara M. Brooks, 1911

The eventide falls gently now,
By Kedron's side, o'er Olive's brow,
And through the gloom methinks I see
A lonely form in prayer for me.
The gentle tone through stately trees,
Is borne upon the murm'ring breeze,
He bowed His head—God's only Son—
And meekly said, "Thy will be done."

Refrain:

Thy will, Thy will,
Thy will be done.
In fervent prayer for you and me
He wrestled there in agony;
With drops of sweat, of crimson hue,
His brow was wet, as with the dew.
In tears He knelt, with troubled soul,
While there He felt death's sorrows roll;
Our sins He bore—the Holy One—
And said once more, "Thy will be done."
And then before His vision came
The crown of thorns, the cruel shame,
The scorn of those He sought to save,
The reeking cross, the silent grave.
"This bitter cup, O Lord, I pray,
Before I sup take Thou away"—
Yet answered still, as there He knelt,

“Not as I will, but as thou wilt.”

Gethsemane! O sacred place!

Once more I see my Savior’s face;

It shines anew with glory now,

And angels smooth His pallid brow.

Oh, let me e’er this scene behold!

Oh, let me hear the story told

Of Him who there the vict’ry won,

Who said in prayer, “Thy will be done!”

'Tis So Sweet (#159) | Clara M. Brooks

'Tis so sweet just to know, as I with my Savior go,
If I heed every sacred command
That when sorrows betide I may in the refuge hide;
He upholds me secure with His hand.

Refrain:

'Tis so sweet just to know that my Father loves me so,
He will list to my heart's faintest cry:
I will trust in His grace, for I see His smiling face,
'Tis so sweet just to know He is nigh.
'Tis so sweet just to feel, as before Him low I kneel,
That He knows all my burdens and needs,
Counts each one of my tears, bids me cease from all my fears;
And His Spirit for me intercedes.
I'll rejoice in the shame when I suffer for His name,
He will only permit what is best;
Holy angels are near those who walk in godly fear,
'Tis so sweet just to trust Him and rest.
Oh, how sweet it will be when my Savior I shall see,
In His presence to dwell evermore!
I will share in the loss and reproaches of His cross,
For the joy that is waiting before.

'Tis Well with Me (#79) | William J. Henry, 1911

Where'er my Savior's hand may lead,

Whate'er my lot may be;

I will not murmur nor repine,

I'll know 'tis well with me.

Refrain:

Though storms sweep o'er my trembling bark,

And waves around me swell;

Still this my ransomed soul shall sing,

'Tis well with me, 'tis well.

Since Jesus shed His precious blood

That I might ransomed be;

I know He'll safely keep my soul,

Whate'er befalleth me.

Though friends forsake and I alone

The narrow way pursue;

Thy grace, dear Lord, I only ask,

My courage to renew.

Should earthly treasures fade away,

His promise still I'll plead;

And trust Him, for I know He will

Supply my every need.

Since I am fully saved from sin,

My joy no tongue can tell;

And all along the way I'll sing,

'Tis well with me, 'tis well.

To Be Lost in the Night (#432) | A. F. Ferris, 1911

Oh, come to the Savior, thou poor, weary soul,
'Tis Jesus invites thee to come;
By the pow'r of His blood would He now make thee whole,
And fit thee to dwell in His home.

Refrain:

To be lost in the night, in eternity's night,
To sink in despair and in woe;
But such is thy doom, if thou turn from the light,
Refusing His mercy to know.
His great, loving heart beats in pity for thee,
He anxiously waits for thee now;
Oh, turn not away, but His bleeding hands see,
They'll smooth the dark clouds from thy brow.
Your time now is passing, eternity's near,
The sun now hangs low o'er thy way;
Oh, turn to Him now, the glad gospel word hear,
Oh, hasten while yet there is day.

To God Be the Glory (Naylor) (#41) | Charles W. Naylor, 1911

To God be the glory

For all He hath done;

For life and salvation,

The gift of His Son.

Refrain:

To God be the glory,

Rejoice in His name;

To God be the glory,

Forever proclaim.

To God be the glory,

To Him it is due;

His help is unfailing,

To us He is true.

Though I was a captive,

From sin He did free;

In time of affliction

My healer is He.

To God be the glory,

His mercy extol,

For all He doth give us,

For body and soul.

To Know That He Knows (#180) | Charles W. Naylor, 1911

When my soul is oppressed with the sorrows of life,
And the thought of the morrow alarms;
With my care-laden heart, then, I flee from the strife,
And I weep out my woes in His arms.

Refrain:

Just to know that He knows, that my Lord understands,
And His look of compassion to see;
Soothes the pain in my heart, is a balm for my wounds,
Bringing comfort and peace unto me.

If my best efforts fail, though my friends may reprove,
When I sigh for their solace and prayers,
It will work for my good, if my Savior I love—
He assures me He knows and He cares.

Though in trial I suffer, He keeps me content,
Sees before me the dangers prepared;
And in mercy His wisdom the flames may have sent,
That my soul greater woe might be spared.

Yes, my failures He knows, and my sighs, and my tears,
And the depth of my bitterest woes;
By the deep consolation He brings for my fears,
I am sure that my dear Savior knows.

Too Late to Pray (#478) | Anonymous/Unknown

Dear friends, the time is drawing near

When life shall pass away—

'Tis then too late for heav'n to start,

'Twill be too late to pray.

Refrain:

Too late, too late,

'Twill be too late to pray;

Too late, too late,

When life has passed away.

'Twill be too late when Jesus comes

On that great judgment day,

To call His saints to their reward;

'Twill be too late to pray.

You have no promise of your life,

But death is on his way;

How sad 'twill be when Jesus says,

Too late, too late to pray.

We pray you now to heaven start,

Let Jesus lead your way;

Don't wait 'til death is on your brow—

'Tis then too late to pray.

Under His Wings (#188) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

I'm in the Lord's sacred pavilion;

I rest in the holiest place;

His kingdom and all its dominion

I've found with abundance of grace.

Refrain:

Under His wings, yes, under His wings;

I'm resting in Jesus, oh, it is precious!

Under His wings, yes, under His wings;

I'm resting in Jesus, under His wings.

I'm in the Lord's sacred pavilion,

Where peace like a river doth flow;

Where manna from heaven is given;

Where joys are eternal, I know.

I'm in the Lord's sacred pavilion,

Thus sheltered securely from harm;

With Him I have constant communion,

I'm resting on His mighty arm.

I'm in the Lord's sacred pavilion;

Where I would forever abide;

Though once far away—a lost alien—

In Jesus I now can confide.

Under the Precious Blood (#157) | Daniel O. Teasley, 1911

I'm under the blood of Emanuel's cross,
Happy in Jesus my Lord;
I count the vain treasures of earth as but loss,
Under the precious blood.

Refrain:

Under the blood, under the blood,
Heaven so freely gave;
Under the blood, under the blood,
Blood of the Mighty to save.

I'm under the blood of the crucified One,
Saved from the power of sin;
Rejoicing in glory the victory won,
Under the precious blood.

I'm under the blood that was shed on the tree,
Cleansed in the river divine;
I'm sanctified wholly, forever to be
Under the precious blood.

I'm under the blood that preserves from all sin,
Walking in wonderful light;
Soon heaven will open to welcome me in,
Under the precious blood.

I'm under the blood, and to Jesus I bring
Honor and glory divine;
Soon with the redeemed of all ages I'll sing,
Saved by the precious blood.

Victory (#80) | Barney E. Warren, 1897

Hallelujah, what a thought!

Jesus full salvation brought,

Victory, victory;

Let the pow'rs of sin assail,

Heaven's grace can never fail,

Victory, victory.

Refrain:

Victory, yes, victory.

Hallelujah! I am free,

Jesus gives me victory;

Glory, glory! hallelujah!

He is all in all to me.

I am trusting in the Lord,

I am standing on His Word,

Victory, victory;

I have peace and joy within,

Since my life is free from sin,

Victory, victory.

Shout your freedom everywhere,

His eternal peace declare,

Victory, victory,

Let us sing it here below,

In the face of every foe,

Victory, victory.

We will sing it on that shore,

When this fleeting life is o'er,

Victory, victory;

Sing it here, ye ransomed throng,

Start the everlasting song:

Victory, victory.

Wandering Afar (#413) | William J. Henry, 1911

Wand'ring afar from my home above,
Far from the Savior's arms of love;
Barren the fields I am feeding in,
Walking the downward paths of sin.

Refrain:

Calling today,

Calling today;

I will return to His arms of love

While He is calling today.

Wand'ring afar on a dreary road,

Bearing a sinful, heavy load;

Weary and seeking for rest, I pray,

I will return, O Lord, today.

Wand'ring afar, where the storm winds blow,

Feeling the pangs of guilt and woe;

Life is a burden, the future drear;

Can I thus die while help is near?

Wand'ring afar on the mountain wild,

Still He is calling, "Come, my child;

Hasten to Me, I will all forgive;

Perishing soul, oh, come and live!"

Washed Whiter than the Snow (#203) | William J. Henry, 1911

Out on sin's dark mountain,
Lost in bitter woe,
Jesus found and washed me
Whiter than the snow.

Refrain:

Whiter than snow,
Whiter than snow;
Jesus found and washed me
Whiter than the snow.
Once my robes were scarlet,
Red with crimson glow,
Now they're pure and spotless,
Whiter than the snow.
Now His presence guides me
Everywhere I go,
And His grace still keeps me
Whiter than the snow.
Sinner, why reject Him?
Harder still you grow;
Come and let Him wash you
Whiter than the snow.

Watch and Pray (#236) | Frances J. Crosby, 1885

Watch and pray that when the Master cometh,
If at morning, noon, or night,
He may find a lamp in every window,
Trimmed, and burning clear and bright.

Refrain:

Watch and pray, the Lord commandeth;
Watch and pray, 'twill not be long.
Soon He'll gather home His loved ones,
To the happy vale of song.
Watch and pray; the tempter may be near us;
Keep the heart with jealous care,
Lest the door, a moment left unguarded,
Evil thoughts may enter there.

Watch and pray, nor let us ever weary;
Jesus watched and prayed alone;
Prayed for us when only stars beheld Him,
While on Olive's brow they shone.
Watch and pray, nor leave our post of duty,
Till we hear the Bridegroom's voice;
Then with Him the marriage feast partaking,
We shall evermore rejoice.

Watch, for the Savior Is Coming (#353) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

Watch, for the Savior is coming,
Thus He has said before;
Soon we shall hear Him, not knowing,
Till He is at the door.

Refrain:

Jesus comes, lo, He comes,
Oh, the awful moment!
Oh, prepare, for He comes—
Comes in final judgment.
Will you be ready and waiting
For the great trumpet's sound?
When the lost world will be shaking,
Where will you then be found?
Coming in pow'r and great glory,
Gath'ring us home to dwell,
Sinners are banished forever
Down to a woeful hell.
Down to eternal destruction,
Oh, what an awful sight!
Making your final decision
Where it's forever night.
Sinners, obey and take warning,
Will you now make the choice?
Happy you'll be in that morning,
If you will hear His voice.

Watch unto Prayer (#255) | Clara M. Brooks, 1911

There's a way that is free from sin,
Few there be that shall enter in;
Lest we stray from the narrow way,
Help us ever to watch and pray.
Refrain:
Watch and pray, watch and pray,
Or the tempter will lead astray;
Watch and pray, watch and pray,
You shall overcome if you watch and pray.
Watch and pray every day and hour,
Satan seeks whom he may devour;
You shall conquer, resist the wrong,
Standing fast in the Lord be strong.
Watch and pray lest the care and toil
Of this life should your purpose foil;
Lest you miss the eternal prize,
For the faithful in paradise.
Watch and pray—soon the Lord shall come
For His chosen, to take them home;
Those who walk in His righteousness
Shall abide in supernal bliss.

Waves of Devotion (#211) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

A glorious blessing bestowed upon me,

Salvation, the joy of my heart;

The theme of my song and forever shall be,

To me Thy rich graces impart.

Refrain:

The waves of devotion rebound in my soul,

And sparkle so bright in the sun;

I drink of that fountain, oh, glory, I'm whole!

My Eden on earth has begun.

Salvation, oh, glory! its rapture I feel—

A current of heavenly bliss;

My soul is delighted, I cannot conceal

The deep-seated joy I possess.

My pathway is bright as the cloudless noonday,

My peace like a river that flows;

Upon me such blessings are showered away,

Which grace in profusion bestows.

More precious, more priceless, than rubies of earth

His fullness of infinite love;

Transported, communing with Jesus, what worth!

I'm feasting with Him from above.

Weighed in the Balance (#395) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

Weighed in the balance of justice true,
Sinful the path thou hast trod;
Weighed and found wanting—will it be you?
Weighed by the word of God.
Refrain:
Weighed and found wanting,
Weighed and found wanting,
Rejected at heaven's door.
There it will hurt like a wounding dart
When this dread answer shall fall:
“Weighed and found wanting”; 'twill pierce thy heart
At the last judgment call.
Weighed by the word which is given now,
Search it and know thou art pure;
Unto its mandates in meekness bow,
Then thou shalt be secure.
At the tribunal where Christ is judge,
Where every deed is made known,
“Weighed and found wanting” each guilty soul
Stands there before His throne.

We'll Arise (#453) | Charles W. Naylor, 1911

Death will come to everyone in this world of woe,
For the sentence fell on the high and low;
All shall lie beneath the sod till the trump of God,
Bids them rise and to the judgment go.

Refrain:

We'll arise, we'll arise, in the resurrection morn;
We'll arise, we'll arise, when the Lord in glory comes;
All the righteous will ascend to their final home,
And the lost will perish forevermore;
We'll arise, we'll arise, in the resurrection morn.
Not the body that shall be is the sleeping clay,
It is as a seed that will soon decay,
But another plant shall rise toward the sunny skies,
Which shall bloom in beauty all the day.
When the Savior shall appear, He shall bring once more
All the souls that pass to the other shore;
All the sleeping bodies then shall be raised again,
And fore'er mortality be o'er.

We'll Crown Him Lord of All (#48) | Daniel O. Teasley, 1902

We'll shout and sing our Redeemer's praise,

Contending for the truth and right;

We'll crown Him King in every heart,

And conquer in Jehovah's might.

Refrain:

Crown Him, we'll crown Him,

Crown the blessed Savior Lord of all;

We'll crown Him, yes, crown Him,

Crown the blessed Savior Lord of all.

Though hosts of sin should about us camp,

We'll shout and sing the victor's song;

For Christ, our Savior, within us dwells,

To save and keep us from the wrong.

To Christ all power on earth is giv'n,

See now His mighty scepter sway;

While others dream of an age to come,

He's reigning in our hearts today.

Soon Christ shall come with the trumpet sound,

To raise the dead from land and sea;

Then we shall meet Him in the air

And reign with Him eternally.

Then in that heaven and earth anew,

Where love's eternal blessings fall,

We'll sing His praise while the ages roll,

And crown Jehovah Lord of all.

We Must Be Holy (#273) | Daniel S. Warner, 1893

Jesus has taken my load of sin,

Such love no tongue can tell;

Then should I not resign to Him

My life and all my will?

Refrain:

Holy, dear brethren, we must be holy,

Living before the throne;

Self and possessions, all must be truly

Given to God alone.

Can I behold the dear Savior's death,

And yet withhold a part;

Oh, can I draw one selfish breath,

And not give all my heart?

Reason and justice, my debt of love,

Demand that I should be:

Body and spirit and all I have

Devoted, Lord, to Thee.

We must be holy as He is pure,

For this the Savior died;

Talents and time and all earthly store

To God be sanctified.

We Need Each Other, Brethren! (#509) | Angela G. Gellenbeck

In a world filled with vi'lence and hatred,
Everywhere wars and turmoil we see;
God's people face daily this struggle;
Only love will keep us free.

Refrain:

We need each other, brethren!
For only love will carry us through;
Let us stand by each other, brethren;
Take courage, be faithful and true.
Oh, how sad to see some of our brethren,
As they strive for earth's pleasure and gold,
Become selfish and strive with each other;
Love and kindness has quickly grown cold.
Lord, give us true warmth and affection;
When one fails, help us rescue his soul;
"He's not heavy, for he is my brother,"
Let us cry as we carry his load.
Dear saints, let us vow to each other,
"I will help, I will comfort and pray;
I will stand by your side and defend you
In this battle you're facing today."

We Reap as We Sow (#393) | Charles W. Naylor, 1907

If we shall scatter tares in the fallow,

How shall we hope that they shall not grow?

We cannot gather wheat for the garner,

If only useless weeds we shall sow.

Refrain:

Soon you shall gather what you now scatter,

Unto your life give diligent heed;

What we are sowing surely is growing,

That which we reap shall be as the seed.

Should we be sowing briars and thistles,

Where would the grain and flowers find room?

If we are sowing hatred and malice,

We cannot pluck affection's sweet bloom.

As is the sowing, so is the reaping—

Sinner, the seed you carelessly cast

Bringeth a harvest, bitter with anguish,

Sure will thy reaping be at the last.

Gentleness, kindness, purity, trueness,

Yield a rich fruitage, never to cease;

Sowing in meekness unto the Spirit

Bringeth eternal blessings and peace.

We Shall Run and Not Be Weary (#197) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

I now am running in the Christian race,
To gain the promised prize;
Through Jesus' matchless, saving, keeping grace,
We'll crown Him in the skies.

Refrain:

We shall run and not be weary,
We shall walk and never faint,
We're trav'ling to our happy home,
We'll walk and never faint.
We'll run and never falter by the way,
For Jesus' word is true;
He's promised, if we ever will obey,
To bring us safely through.

I'll stand upon His word and prove His pow'r,
The Rock of Ages past;
I know He'll keep me trusting every hour,
While life on earth shall last.

The heavy weights of sin are laid aside,
My heart is free and light;
There's nothing we may fear which can betide,
Our hope is clear and bright.

When life is o'er and labor here is done,
Can we thus say with Paul?—

"I've fought the fight, and there's a starry crown,
That's waiting for us all."

We Will Follow (#139) | Daniel S. Warner, 1893

We'll follow the Lord all the way,
And close to our Shepherd we'll stay;
How blessed to know as we journey below,
He's with us by night and by day.

Refrain:

We will follow, ever follow,
In the footsteps of the Savior;
We will follow, ever follow,
In His pathway bright and clear.
The sheep of His pasture are one,
Yea, one as the Father and Son;
They're all of one mind, as their Shepherd designed,
They follow and serve Him alone.
There's joy in the fold of the Lord,
We walk in the light of His word;
We love to obey all the Savior doth say,
Thus living in holy accord.
By rivers of peace we are led,
In pastures of love we are fed;
We ever rejoice at the sound of His voice,
Redeemed by the blood He has shed.

We Will Work for Jesus (#321) | Daniel S. Warner, 1893

We will work for Jesus, and adore the plan
That exalteth so a fallen race,
Joining with the Savior, doing what we can
To extend the wonders of His grace.

Refrain:

We will work for Jesus, we will work for Jesus,
We will live for Him who died for all;
We will work for Jesus, we will work for Jesus,
Till we hear the final trumpet call.

We will work for Jesus, all to Him we owe;
Only for His mercy we would be
Lost in sin forever; but we truly know
That His mighty love has set us free.

We will work for Jesus, we are not our own,
Jesus, we can never idle be;
Souls around us dying, purchased for Thy throne,
We will gather all we can for Thee.

We will work for Jesus, bless His holy name!
Everywhere the ripened grain we see;
Early in the morning till the day is gone,
Jesus, we will labor on for Thee.

What a Friend We Have in Jesus (#179) | Joseph M. Scriven, 1855

What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!
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.
Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Savior, still our refuge—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer!
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.
Blessed Savior, Thou hast promised
Thou wilt all our burdens bear;

May we ever, Lord, be bringing
All to Thee in earnest prayer.
Soon in glory bright, unclouded,
There will be no need for prayer—
Rapture, praise, and endless worship
Will be our sweet portion there.

What a Kingdom! (#32) | Barney E. Warren, 1897

There's a theme that is sweet to my mem'ry,

There's a joy that I cannot declare,

There's a treasure that gladdens my being,

'Tis the kingdom of righteousness here.

Refrain:

'Tis a kingdom of peace, it is reigning within,

It shall ever increase in my soul;

We possess it right here when He saves from all sin,

And 'twill last while the ages shall roll.

There's a scene of its grandness before me,

Of its greatness there can be no end;

It is joy, it is peace, it is glory,

In my heart, how these riches do blend!

I am lost in its splendor and beauty,

To its ne'er-fading heights I would rise,

Till I see the King come to receive me,

And explore it with Him in the skies.

What a pleasure in life it is bringing!

What assurance and hope ever bright!

Oh, what rapture and bliss are awaiting,

When our faith shall be lost in the sight!

What a Mighty God We Serve! (#43) | Clara M. Brooks, 1907

Our Father's wondrous works we see

In the earth and sea and sky;

He rules o'er all in majesty,

From His royal throne on high.

Refrain:

What a mighty God we serve!

What a mighty God we serve!

Reigning now above, on His throne of love,

What a mighty God we serve!

The raging winds and waves are calm,

When He says to them, "Be still";

The heavens praise Him in a psalm,

And the angels do His will.

He maketh worlds by His command,

Weighs the mountains great and high;

He metes the waters in His hand,

Spans the lofty, starlit sky.

Our God, to save from sin's control,

Gave His Son: a sacrifice;

His grace, abounding in the soul,

Makes the earth a paradise.

What Are You Sowing, Sinner? (#387) | Charles W. Naylor, 1911

What are you sowing, sinner,

Carelessly, heedlessly?

Scattering seeds of folly?

Sure will the reaping be.

Refrain:

Sowing and reaping, sowing and reaping,

Sowing and reaping, sad 'twill be;

Sowing and reaping, sowing and reaping,

Gath'ring the tares for eternity.

Sowing the seeds of malice,

Hatred, and bitterness,

Reaping with tears your harvest—

Sorrow and wretchedness.

Sowing of pride and passion,

Pleasure and revelry,

Reaping of wrath and torment

Through all eternity.

Sowing of sin, remember,

This shall your harvest be—

Banished from God and heaven,

Lost through eternity.

What Hath the Lord Done for Thee? (#132) | Charles W. Naylor, 1911

What hath the Lord done for thee?

I was laden with sin when I came unto Him,
But He harkened to my earnest plea;
He had promised to save, and He freely forgave—
All this hath the Lord done for me.

Refrain:

All this hath the Lord done for me:
He hath banished my night, He hath made my heart white—
All this hath the Lord done for me.

What hath the Lord done for thee?

When I found that within was inherited sin,
Unto Him for relief did I flee;
By the blood from His side, He my soul sanctified—
All this hath the Lord done for me.

What hath the Lord done for thee?

He hath banished my night with His glorious light,
For my bondage He gives liberty;
All my sorrow of heart He hath caused to depart—
All this hath the Lord done for me.

What hath the Lord done for thee?

He doth give me each day grace to walk in His way,
Makes me happy each moment I see;
And with joy He fills up and o'erfloweth my cup—
All this hath the Lord done for me.

What If the Master Should Come? (#382) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

What if the Master should come tonight?

Would you be ready to go?

Can you now say you have done the right,

Or must you with shame say no?

Refrain:

What if the Master should come?

What if the Master should come?

Will you be ready, waiting to go?

Oh, what if the Master should come?

What if the Master should come tonight?

Would you not tremble with fears?

Or could you welcome that blissful sight,

Without bitter sighs or tears?

What if the Master should come tonight?

What if He'd say unto thee,

"Are you in darkness or in the light?"

Then what would your answer be?

What if the Master should come tonight?

Summon you up to His throne,

Open the books in His judgment light,

And sentence to woeful doom?

What I've Found in Jesus (#170) | Otto Bolds, 1904

In the arms of my dear Savior I am resting every day,

And His smiles like sunbeams fall upon my face;

I am standing on His promise, where I shall forever stay,

And my heart is overflowing with His grace.

Refrain:

I am filled with grace and glory,

And in Jesus I abide;

I will tell the wondrous story,

Since my soul is satisfied.

Once I roamed in sinful darkness, over mountain, hill, and plain,

Seeking everywhere for rest and finding none;

Yes, my search for satisfaction while in sin was all in vain,

But I've found it in God's well beloved Son.

Long in sin I sought for pleasure, something that would satisfy,

Something that would quench the thirsting of my soul;

But I found that sin's dominion, naught I needed could supply,

Then I turned to Jesus and He made me whole.

I am dwelling in that kingdom, where the day is always bright,

And the sparkling waters of life's river gleam,

Where the gloomy shades of darkness are dispelled by heaven's light;

And I'm ever drinking of that living stream.

What Jesus Is to Me (#83) | Charles E. Orr, 1911

I love to tell the story,
What Jesus is to me;
My heart is filled with glory,
Since through His grace I'm free.

Refrain:

I'm drinking at the fountain,
My cup of joy o'erflows;
I live upon the mountain,
My heart no trouble knows.
My life is full of sweetness,
My heart is full of rest;
I feel a blest completeness,
While leaning on His breast.

My life is blissful sunshine,
No clouds o'erhang my way;
All is a joyous springtime,
A bright and sunny day.

I live in blissful Eden,
Where flowers ever bloom;
In pastures green I'm feeding,
My life is free from gloom.
Some say there must be shadows,
Each one dark days must see;
But since I found the Savior,
I've constant victory.

What the Savior Hath Said (#350) | Barney E. Warren, 1901

I am so glad that the Savior hath said,
"Come unto Me, come unto Me,"
When He bestowed on each little one's head,
Blessings so rich and free.

Refrain:

Come to the Savior, dear children, today,
Come, let us walk in the heavenly way;
Sweet is the promise to those who obey;
Come, there is room for all.

I am so glad He is ever the same,
Loving and kind, loving and kind;
Speak unto all of His wonderful name,
Grace in His mercy find.

I am so glad for His mercy and love
Given to me, given to me;
If I will serve Him He'll lead me above—
Home of the pure and free.

I am so glad He permits me to live,
Wonderful thought, wonderful thought;
All of my life to His service I give,
For with His blood I'm bought.

What Will It Be to Be There? (#373) | William G. Schell, 1911

There's a city of gold in that land far away,
With its streets and its buildings so rare;
With its glories untold, in its bright, golden ray,
Oh, what will it be to be there?

Refrain:

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

While eternity prolong;

All the saints in heaven's kingdom

Singing one celestial song.

In the city of love, in that land far above,
Where the saints, all immortal and fair,
Are uniting their voices in anthems of love,
Oh, what will it be to be there?

In that city above there's a mansion for me,
Which my Savior has gone to prepare;
With the angels in heaven my soul soon shall be,
Oh, what will it be to be there?

Oh, the Lamb is the light of that heavenly home,
And they need not the sunbeams so fair;
There the darkness and shadows of night never come,
Oh, what will it be to be there?

What Will You Do with Jesus? (Knapp) (#423) | Martin W. Knapp

Oh, what will you do with Jesus,

Who knocks for you today?

Will you open and bid Him enter,

Or turn from Him away?

Refrain:

I will open my heart's door gladly,

And crown Him there today;

I will trust in His blood most precious,

To wash my sins away.

Oh, what will you do with Jesus,

When storms your soul appall?

Will you then seek another refuge,

Or for His presence call?

Oh, what will you do with Jesus,

When you at last must die?

Can you call on Him then to aid you,

Or will He have passed by?

Oh, what will you do with Jesus,

When at His throne you stand?

Will you then be with these rejoicing,

Or sink at His left hand?

When you come to the final judgment,

The question then will be,

Not how you will dispose of Jesus,

But how He will of thee.

What Would Jesus Do? (#251) | Daniel O. Teasley

If the sinful ways of life

You are tempted to pursue,

Just stop and think before you yield—

What would Jesus do?

Refrain:

What, oh, what would Jesus do?

What, oh, what would Jesus do?

When you're tempted, always stop and think,

What, oh, what would Jesus do?

Let your heart from sin be clean,

And your strength in Him renew;

Let meekness in your works be seen—

Thus would Jesus do.

If your brother is in need,

And to him you would be true;

Then show your love by word and deed—

Thus would Jesus do.

Let your light forever shine,

Keep the will of God in view;

To sinners prove His love divine—

Thus would Jesus do.

When you're to the judgment brought,

Will you always have been true?

Then don't forget the solemn thought—

What would Jesus do?

When I Get to the End of the Way (#477) | Charles D. Tillman

The sands have been washed in the footprints
Of the stranger on Galilee's shore,
And the voice that subdued the rough billows,
Will be heard in Judea no more.
But the path of that lone Galilean,
With joy I will follow today;
And the toils of the road will seem nothing,
When I get to the end of the way.
There are so many hills to climb upward,
I often am longing for rest,
But He who appoints me my pathway
Knows just what is needful and best.
I know in His word He hath promised
That my strength, "it shall be as my day";
And the toils of the road will seem nothing,
When I get to the end of the way.
He loves me too well to forsake me,
Or give me a trial too much;
All His people have been dearly purchased,
And Satan can never claim such.
By and by I shall see Him and praise Him,
In the city of unending day;
And the toils of the road will seem nothing,
When I get to the end of the way.
When the last, feeble step has been taken,
And the gates of that city appear,

And the beautiful songs of the angels
Float out on my listening ear;
When all that now seems so mysterious
Will be bright and as clear as the day,
Then the toils of the road will seem nothing,
When I get to the end of the way.

When Jesus Comes Again (#480) | J. W. Gaines

When Jesus comes again to gather His own,
And to the true a crown is giv'n,
I want to hear Him say, "My servant, well done,
Thy soul shall know the joys of heav'n."

Refrain:

I want to know that He will welcome me there,
I do not want to be denied;
I want to meet Him in that city so fair,
And ever there with Him abide.
I want to tell to all the story of love,
That they may know His pardon free,
And there before His throne in glory above,
Receive a crown of victory.
He's coming back again, His jewels to claim,
They shall receive eternal rest;
'Tis sweet to know that all who come in His name
Shall there be numbered with the blest.
I do not know the day my Savior will come,
But I must be prepared to go;
If I am ready, He will call me His own,
And that's enough for me to know.

When My Lifework Is Ended (#365) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

When my lifework is ended,
And the summons has come,
When my voice there is blended
With the blood-washed at home,
In that happy reunion,
Where they're waiting for me,
With my Lord in communion—
Oh, what bliss that will be!

Refrain:

Home, beautiful home,
Free from sorrow and care;
Loved ones beckon me come;
Soon its glories I'll share.

When my lifework is ended,
When my toiling is past,
When the Lord has descended,
I shall see Him at last;
I'll regret not my suff'ring,
Nor my sorrow and care,
When I rise to the glory
That awaits over there.

When my lifework is ended,
When its duties are done,
To that clime, oh, how splendid!
Where all hearts flow in one;
When the past is forgotten,

When the earth is no more,
When our trials are over,
We shall fly to that shore.
When my lifework is ended,
I shall leave all behind;
With the righteous ascended,
Oh, what wealth I shall find
In those bright realms of glory,
Where forever I'll dwell,
With my Jesus and loved ones,
Where we'll sing, "All is well."

When My Savior Talks with Me (#487) | Lizzie DeArmond, 1922

All the burdens once so heavy,
Light and easy seem to be;
In my soul is heaven's sunshine
When my Savior talks with me.

Refrain:

In my heart a song is ringing,
Earth like heaven seems to be;
Life new joy to me is bringing
When my Savior talks with me.

Should my courage sometimes falter,
Still by faith His pow'r I see;
In my heart His words I'm hiding
When my Savior talks with me.

In my soul is peace and gladness,
Through His boundless grace so free;
Not a friend seems half so precious
When my Savior talks with me.

Not one promise has He broken,
Faithful to is trust is He;
Joy is mine beyond all measure
When my Savior talks with me.

When the Bridegroom Comes (#402) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

Precious soul, prepare for the midnight call,

“Be ready when the Bridegroom comes”;

For the solemn change is awaiting all,

Be ready when the Bridegroom comes.

Refrain:

Oh, be ready when the Bridegroom comes!

Oh, be ready when the Bridegroom comes!

Will your lamp be burning at the Lord’s returning?

Be ready when the Bridegroom comes.

Like the virgins wise fill your lamps with oil,

Be ready when the Bridegroom comes;

Let not sin your faithful efforts foil,

Be ready when the Bridegroom comes.

Then avail yourself of a full supply,

Be ready when the Bridegroom comes;

Never idle sit till your lamp burns dry,

Be ready when the Bridegroom comes.

Then awake, dear soul, you’re in sin’s dark night,

Be ready when the Bridegroom comes;

Let your lamp burn bright with a clear, good light,

Be ready when the Bridegroom comes.

Do not sleep, poor soul, till your lamp goes out—

Be ready when the Bridegroom comes—

Till the Lord returns with a mighty shout,

Be ready when the Bridegroom comes.

When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder (#507) | James M. Black, 1893

When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
And the morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair;
When the saved of earth shall gather over on the other shore,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

Refrain:

When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise,
And the glory of His resurrection share;
When His chosen ones shall gather to their home beyond the skies,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

Let us labor for the Master from the dawn till setting sun,
Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care;
Then when all of life is over, and our work on earth is done,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

When We Get Home (#380) | Luella B. Henry, 1890

We are bound for the mansions of glory,
In that beautiful city of gold,
Where, beholding the face of our Savior,
It will fill us with rapture untold.

Refrain:

When we get home we'll shout and sing
The praises of our Redeemer and King,
And make the heavenly arches ring
With the songs of home, sweet home.
'Tis the kingdom we have now within us,
It is peace, it is comfort and joy,
And a hope in our blessed Redeemer,
Which the tempter can never destroy.
The Redeemer has wonderful power,
He is leading us on every day,
And if gladly we follow each moment,
He will keep us from wand'ring away.
We are dead to the world and its pleasure,
Our affections are centered above,
Where we own such a wonderful treasure,
'Tis a home in the city of love.

Where Art Thou? (#392) | Daniel O. Teasley, 1911

O sinner, where art thou?

Thy soul, designed for light,

Is like the raging ocean,

Or storms of sullen night.

Refrain:

Where art thou? Where art thou,

Brother, on life's way?

Where art thou? Where art thou?

Where goest thou today?

Neglecter, where art thou?

Oh, do not be too late!

This call may leave you hopeless,

Tomorrow seal your fate.

Backslider, where art thou?

Since thou hast gone astray,

No peace attends thy spirit,

Thou'rt weary all the day.

O Christian, where art thou?

Thy happy soul is blest,

While waiting by the river

For thy eternal rest.

Where Dreams Never Come True (#471) | Ulysses Phillips

Sinner friends, today will you sin pursue?
Will you turn down all that is offered you?
Will you make your bed in the flames of hell,
Where the dreams of life will never come true?
Oh, just stop and think, what remorse and woe!
At the end of life where the lost will go,
To the land of gloom of the darkest hue,
Where the dreams of life will never come true.
Jesus gave His life on the cruel cross,
Yes, He bled and died to redeem the lost;
Will you still refuse His great love for you,
And go down where dreams will never come true?
It will be too late when in hell to pray,
There will be no light there to guide your way;
Jesus offers you now a golden crown,
Come and seek the Lord while He may be found.

Where He Leads Me (#243) | Ernest W. Blandly, 1890

I can hear my Savior calling,

I can hear my Savior calling,

I can hear my Savior calling,

“Take thy cross and follow, follow Me.”

Refrain:

Where He leads me I will follow,

Where He leads me I will follow,

Where He leads me I will follow,

I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

I'll go with Him through the waters,

I'll go with Him through the waters,

I'll go with Him through the waters,

I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

I'll go with Him through the garden,

I'll go with Him through the garden,

I'll go with Him through the garden,

I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

I'll go with Him to dark Calv'ry,

I'll go with Him to dark Calv'ry,

I'll go with Him to dark Calv'ry,

I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

I'll go with Him to the judgment,

I'll go with Him to the judgment,

I'll go with Him to the judgment,

I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

He will give me grace and glory,

He will give me grace and glory,
He will give me grace and glory,
And go with me, with me all the way.

Where Shall I Go? (#405) | Barney E. Warren, 1923

Eternity draws near
As time moves on;
When earth shall disappear
I shall have gone
Out in the great unknown
To reap what I have sown;
Summoned before the throne,
Then, where shall I go?
Refrain:
Where shall I go?
Where shall I go?
From the great judgment seat,
Where shall I go?
Soon will the Lord appear
With trumpet sound,
Filling the lost with fear,
Shaking the ground;
Up from their silent bed
Raising the sleeping dead;
Sinners the sight will dread—
Where shall I be found?
When the sun shine no more,
No hope in sight;
Gone from this earthly shore
Where all is night,
Down where dark billows roll—

Lost, lost, my precious soul!

Never to reach that goal

In heaven so bright.

Whiter than Snow (#425) | Daniel S. Warner

Rejoice, little ones, in the promise divine,
The Savior has willed that His glory be thine;
Then walk in white raiment with Him here below,
The sheep of His fold must be whiter than snow.

Refrain:

Whiter than snow,
Whiter than snow;
Whiter than snow,
Whiter than snow.

Look upward to Jesus, He's mighty to save;
His love like the ocean, oh, sink in its wave;
Here wash in the blood of the Crucified One,
And shout His salvation in heaven begun.

Adieu to this world, if you'd follow the Lord,
For none but the pure are received by His word;
Unspotted from sin and made perfect in love,
As pure in this world as in heaven above.

We go not to heaven, salvation to know,
But Jesus came down to make whiter than snow;
He'll wait no death's coming assistance to lend,
But save you just now, and to worlds without end.

Oh, do not dishonor the name of our King
To think that you cannot be free from all sin;
He died to redeem you, His promise is sure,
He'll wash you and keep you eternally pure.

Whiter than the Snow (#117) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

A fount of cleansing flows so free
From that blest mount of Calvary;
What virtue in this stream I see,
Its healing waters cover me.

Refrain:

Whiter than the snow, the beautiful snow,
Whiter than the snow He has made me;
Whiter than the snow, the beautiful snow,
Whiter than the snow He has made me.

My heart a crimson hue was stained,
No righteousness in me remained;
I could not stem sin's rushing flow,
Till I was whiter than the snow.

'Tis not by works lest one should boast,
But by the blessed Holy Ghost;
The cleansing blood, by faith I know,
Has made me whiter than the snow.

All glory to the Lord most high,
Who dwells in all the earth and sky;
Who brought redemption to the soul,
Prepared our home beyond life's goal.

Who Will Meet Me There? (#366) | Daniel S. Warner

Here we meet and part in Jesus,

But our spirits never part;

Love, undying love so precious,

Holds you sacred in our heart.

Refrain:

God be with you, O my brethren,

Till our work on earth is o'er;

Soon in sacred bliss we'll gather,

Where the ransomed part no more.

Grace hath robed your souls in beauty,

Molded you in love divine;

May your lives reflect her virtue

To the glorious end of time.

As we meet in sweet devotion,

Blest in song and owned in prayer,

Comes the thought, in deep emotion,

"Who will meet me over there?"

O our God, in sov'reign mercy

Guide us o'er life's tossing sea;

At Thy throne we'll meet to praise Thee,

Endless as eternity.

Who Will Suffer with the Savior? (#241) | Daniel S. Warner, 1890

Who will suffer with the Savior?

Take the little that remains

Of the cup of tribulation

Jesus drank in dying pains?

Refrain:

Lord, we fellowship Thy passion,

Gladly suffer shame and loss;

With Thy blessing pain is pleasure,

We will glory in Thy cross.

Who will offer soul and body

On the altar of our God?

Leaving self and worldly mammon,

Take the path that Jesus trod?

Who will suffer for the gospel,

Follow Christ without the gate?

Take the martyrs for example,

With them glory at the stake?

Oh, for consecrated service

'Mid the din of Babel strife;

Who will dare the truth to herald,

At the peril of his life?

Soon the conflict will be over,

Crowns await the firm and pure;

Forward, brethren, work and suffer,

Faithful to the end endure.

Why Carelessly Wait? (#433) | Barney E. Warren, 1907

Oh, come to the Lord today,

Come, sinner, without delay;

Oh, give Him your heart, I pray,

Why carelessly wait?

Soon you will be called to die,

Poor soul, to the Savior fly;

You know that the end is nigh,

Why carelessly wait?

Refrain:

Why carelessly wait?

Why carelessly wait?

You know that the end is nigh,

Why carelessly wait?

Since there is no hope at last,

The day of God's grace then past,

With mercy's door closed and fast,

Why carelessly wait?

When, there at the judgment throne,

Your sins will all be made known,

There Satan will claim His own,

Why carelessly wait?

O soul, do not idly stand,

Unheeding the Lord's command,

You'll perish in sinking sand,

Why carelessly wait?

Your pulse will ere long be still,

In death will your blood soon chill;

Oh, hasten, obey God's will,

Why carelessly wait?

Soon, soon in eternity,

Poor sinner, your soul shall be,

What then can atone for thee?

Why carelessly wait?

You'll stand at the judgment seat,

Your record of sins you'll meet;

Come bowing at Jesus' feet,

Why carelessly wait?

Will You Come? (#415) | Barney E. Warren, 1897

Will you come to Jesus? He is calling;

Will you come to Him without delay?

He is full of love, so kind and gracious,

He will surely bless your soul today.

Refrain:

Will you come to Him, the Lord of all?

Will you come to Him, for mercy call?

Will you come to Him and prostrate fall?

Will you come?

Will you come to Jesus, full of mercy?

Will you give Him time and talents, too?

Will you not prepare to reign in glory?

Sinner, to your precious soul be true.

Will you come to Jesus? Do not tarry—

He has paid the price your ransom cost—

Faithful in His active service standing,

Though the world around in sin is lost.

Will you come to Jesus? Time is flying;

Do not wait a moment, come just now;

Many souls in sin each day are dying,

Come, and at His feet repenting bow.

Will You Go with Us to Heaven? (#435) | Daniel S. Warner, 1893

We are going home to heaven's golden city,
We have tasted of its precious fruit of love;
And, dear sinner, if you'd be forever happy,
Journey with us to that blissful world above.

Refrain:

Will you go to that city?

Jesus will receive you there; will you go?

Will you go with us, oh, will you go to heaven?

Will you journey to that happy home above?

Come, dear people, get salvation and be ready,

Not a moment longer should your soul delay;

God is calling, oh, His wondrous love and mercy

Will receive you in that home of endless day.

We are going through to glory by the Bible,

See the way-marks, "Be ye holy through the blood";

In the name of Jesus will you meekly travel

With the pilgrims to that beautiful abode?

Choose this day if you will go to that fair city—

Will you share a blest eternity of love?

Jesus calls you, all the ransomed wait to greet you,

And the angels sing to welcome you above.

Will You Have a Crown? (#269) | Daniel S. Warner

It is written in the Bible

How the Savior died in love,
That each lost and guilty sinner
May be saved and crowned above.

Refrain:

Oh, that blessed day is coming!

We'll receive a crown of life
In the joyful day awaiting.

Will you have a crown of life?

Do you hear the invitation,
Oh, how wonderful the grace;
Heaven offers full redemption,
And a crown of perfect peace.

Tell me not of worldly honor,
Earthly garlands soon decay;
I would gain celestial splendor,
And a crown of endless day.

Were ten thousand worlds around me
All so easy to obtain;

They were naught beside the glory
Of that crown which I shall gain.

Oh, we'll see our dear Redeemer,
When the heavens shall unfold;

On each happy overcomer
Place a crown of purest gold.

Will You Meet Him There Tonight? (#427) | Ulysses Phillips

If your soul is seeking rest,
And you're longing to be blessed,
If you wrestle with the Lord with all your might;
Like one in the days of old,
He will surely bless your soul,
If you'll meet Him at the altar tonight.

Refrain:

Will you meet Him there tonight?
Will you meet Him there tonight?
Will you meet Him at the altar tonight?
There we'll wrestle, weep, and pray,
Till the breaking of the day;
Will you meet Him at the altar tonight?

Jesus at the altar waits,
Like a porter at the gates,
There to bless the waiting soul with heav'nly light;
You may have your sins forgiv'n,
And your name enrolled in heav'n,
If you'll meet Him at the altar tonight.

Oh, how sweet the joy and peace
Of the soul that finds release
At the altar, where the darkness turns to light;
You may have your soul's desire,
And a touch of heaven's fire,
If you'll meet Him at the altar tonight.

Wisdom Crieth in the Streets (#401) | Daniel S. Warner

Lo, wisdom crieth in the streets,
In solemn tones of warning;
Amid the concourse loud repeats,
The end of time is coming.

Refrain:

The voice of wisdom cries to all,
The end of time is coming soon;
The voice of wisdom cries to all,
Escape the sinner's awful doom.

Hear, O ye craving, restless throng,
The gospel invitation,
It tells you what you've needed long—
The touch of God's salvation.

Young men, in all your revelry,
Young ladies, proud and thoughtless,
Will you be saved eternally,
Or die forever hopeless?

You drown your souls in follies deep,
You plunge in sin's perdition,
Yet wisdom cries upon the street,
In God there is redemption.

Ye aged sinners surely know
Your end of time is coming,
And youthful summers swiftly flow
Down to the vale of mourning.

Come, old and young, come, rich and poor,

We have but one probation;
Be wise, repent and sin no more,
Accept a free salvation.

Within the Rock (#165) | Barney E. Warren, 1911

I have a sure and safe retreat

To which I always flee,

From every storm of life I meet—

'Tis Christ the Rock for me.

Refrain:

Within the Rock I safely hide,

A glorious place for me;

There's naught more sure that can abide

Through time or eternity.

Though tempests rage and wild winds blow,

Whom can I trust but Thee?

I feel secure from every foe

In Christ, the Rock for me.

Come stormy wind and rolling sea,

Come fire and tempest shock,

I'm in that cleft once made for me

In Christ the solid Rock.

Without Spot and Blameless (#193) | William G. Schell, 1911

I'll rise at early morning hour,
With first effulgent rays,
While nature's songsters in the bow'r,
Send up their Maker's praise;
I'll bow before my God so dear,
And tarry till my heart shall hear
The Spirit's witness sweet and clear:
"Without spot and blameless."
While proud in heart, at bright midday,
Can find no time for prayer,
My thoughts shall soar from earth away,
To heaven, bright and fair:
Around the fam'ly altar knelt,
My heart with gratitude will melt,
Till blest assurance shall be felt,
"Without spot and blameless."
And when the pleasant evening air
Is dusky with the night,
My soul shall turn to God in prayer,
In heaven's golden light;
I'll linger at the great white throne,
Until the thoughts of God are known,
And He shall claim me for His own,
"Without spot and blameless."
With God's approval on my soul
My body sinks to rest,

No doubts nor waves of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast;
And through the night that hand so mild
Protects from storms and billows wild
His helpless, trusting, loving child,
“Without spot and blameless.”

Won by Dying Love (#233) | Daniel S. Warner

While sleeping careless on the brink

Of an eternal woe,

I felt the touch of Jesus' love,

And, oh, it charmed me so.

Refrain:

I hear Thy voice in tender love

So sweetly calling me;

Thy dying love has won my heart,

I yield, O Lord, to Thee.

I wake with horror from the spell

Of Satan's dread control;

My sins were sinking me to hell,

Oh, Jesus, save my soul!

I know my sins have pierced Thy heart

Oh, Jesus crucified;

And now Thy love is breaking mine,

I bow to Him who died.

How dark my prison house of sin,

Entombed in misery;

But Jesus' love is shining in,

Sweet rays of hope to me.

Shall I with heaven's offer blest

Lie bound in sin's domain?

No, I will enter Jesus' rest,

And, crowned, a conqu'ror reign.

Ye Must Be Born Again (#419) | Charles W. Naylor, 1907

That heavenly Teacher, in words that are plain,
This truth declared to men,
If ever they would to His kingdom attain,
They must be born again.

Refrain:

Ye must be born again,
Ye must be born again;
His words are true, He speaks to you,
Ye must be born again.
No mere reformation your sins can erase,
You cannot remove their stain;
If ever in heaven your soul has a place,
Ye must be born again.

Good works will not answer, no penance will do,
Morality, too, is vain,
For naught will avail but a creature made new,
Ye must be born again.

In Adam we lost all our righteous estate,
And would we it regain,
To Jesus must come and repent ere too late—
Ye must be born again.

Yes, Whosoever Will (#440) | Daniel S. Warner

Oh, why should I be lost,
So careless meet my doom?

I hear a loving voice
Inviting me to come.

Refrain:

Yes, whosoever will
May freely come to God;
'Tis mercy calling still,
Come, sinner, to the blood.

The Spirit and the bride,
And angels 'round the throne,
Assure me Jesus died
That I may freely come.

I know that God is love,
He freely gave His Son,
Who intercedes above,
That I may truly come.

I hear the strong appeal
From my Redeemer's throne,
And in my heart I feel
That even I may come.

Yes, whosoever will,
Thy word, O Lord, I own;
Though near the brink of hell,
All heaven bids me come.

You Ought to Sing (#467) | Ulysses Phillips

Jesus Christ has come to set the captive free,
He died to take away death's sting;
His blood as a ransom He gave for thee,
Then praise to Him you ought to sing.

Refrain:

You ought to sing to the Lamb
Who has washed us in His blood;
He's our Lord and our King;
To His name you ought to sing.
Jesus came our sorrows and our griefs to bear,
What love divine, oh, praise His name;
He says, "Cast on Me all thy load of care,"
Then praise to Him you ought to sing.

Sinner, come to Jesus and be saved today,
His blood can cleanse the crimson stain;
He's ready to wash all your sins away;
Then praise to Him you ought to sing.
If you will be faithful through this pilgrim land,
And live to glorify His name,
You'll find a sweet welcome at His right hand;
Then praise to Him you ought to sing.

Zion's Onward March (#16) | H. R. Jeffrey, 1911

In the land of Galilee,

Look! what is it that we see?

Surely, something more than common is at hand;

Multitudes of people pass,

'Tis a mighty, moving mass,

Moved by pow'r that's more than mortal to command.

Refrain:

Forward, forward are they marching,

As the years still come and go;

As they're marching hear them sing,

"We are following our King,

He's our Leader and no other will we know."

Eighteen hundred years and more,

Land to land, from shore to shore,

With the King of glory always in the lead;

Through the fire and through the blood,

Persecution's awful flood,

Thins their ranks, but still they onward do proceed.

Through the darkness, through the light,

Through twelve hundred years of night,

But the morning of the day doth now appear;

See the mighty blood-washed throng,

Marching on with shout and song,

The full day of final vict'ry draweth near.

Through the dark and cloudy day

They're still marching on their way,

See their numbers are increasing more and more;
The three days and half are past,
Light sublime has come at last—
'Tis revealing that the cloudy day is o'er.
Now they've reached the evening light,
Clothed in robes of snowy white,
Still they're marching on to certain victory;
Satan's hosts they now defy,
"God has conquered!" hear them cry,
As they reach the borders of eternity.

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