

1. Tell Me the Story of Jesus

Tell me the story of Jesus;
Write on my heart every word.
Tell me the story most precious,
Sweetest that ever was heard.
Tell how the angels, in chorus,
Sang as they welcomed His birth,
“Glory to God in the highest!
Peace and good tidings to earth.”

*Tell me the story of Jesus;
Write on my heart every word.
Tell me the story most precious,
Sweetest that ever was heard.*

Fasting, alone in the desert,
Tell of the days that He passed,
How for our sins He was tempted,
Yet was triumphant at last.
Tell of the years of His labour;
Tell of the sorrow He bore;
He was despised and afflicted,
Homeless, rejected and poor.

Tell of the cross where they nailed Him,
Suffering in anguish and pain;
Tell of the grave where they laid Him,
Tell how He liveth again.
Love in that story so tender,
Clearer than ever I see;
Stay, let me say, “I will follow
Him who has suffered for me.”

author→ Fanny J. Crosby

composer→ J. R. Sweney (1837-1899)

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

2. More About Jesus

More about Jesus would I know,
More of His grace to others show;
More of His saving fullness see,
More of His love who died for me.

*More, more about Jesus;
More, more about Jesus;
More of His saving fullness see,
More of His love who died for me.*

More about Jesus let me learn,
More of His holy will discern;
Spirit of God, my teacher be,
Showing the things of Christ to me.

More about Jesus in His word,
Holding communion with my Lord,
Hearing His voice in every line,
Making each faithful saying mine.

More about Jesus on His throne,
Riches in glory all His own;
More of His kingdom's sure increase;
More of His coming, Prince of Peace.

author→ Eliza E. Hewitt

composer→ J. R. Sweney (1837-1899)

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8, 6, 6, 8, 8

3. Tell Me Again

Tell me again of God's wonderful love:
How Jesus left those fair mansions above,
Suffered and died for my sins on the tree;
He made atonement for you and for me.

*Tell how He lived for me; tell how He died,
Sorely afflicted and nailed to the tree,
Wounded and bruised for the sins of the world:
Love so abounding— O tell it to me!*

Tell me again how He wept for their sin,
Opened life's gate that they all might come in;
But they despised Him and hardened their heart,
Cast out their Saviour and bid Him depart.

Tell me again how in sorrow He prayed;
All our transgressions on Jesus were laid.
None was found worthy for sin to atone:
Death's bitter cup He must drink all alone.

Tell how exceedingly bitter His cry,
Nailed to the cross where they left Him to die;
Grieved and forsaken, God spared not His Son:
Love's mighty work of redemption is done.

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author→ Sam Jones

composer→ May Whittle Moody (1870-)

meter→ 10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10

4. O Lamb of God

O Lamb of God, wherever Thou dost go,
Thy blood-stained footprints leaving here below,
We, too, shall follow by Thy grace so free;
Through suffering Thou didst get the victory.

Born in a stable, not a priestly son,
Sorrow and suffering Thou didst never shun;
But though despised, rejected and outcast,
Thy name exalted is on high at last.

Thou art the Pattern, Thou art still the same;
Despised, rejected, we shall bear Thy name.
Why should we wish to take a different way,
With the great crowds who will not do, but say?

A few short years to labour with Thee here,
Seeking for those who will Thy name revere,
Then to our home where Thou art shall we come;
Lord, help us lose our lives for Thee alone.

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author→ Milne Stouffer

composer→ E. J. Hopkins (1818-1901)

meter→ 10, 10, 10, 10

tune→ Ellers

5. To This Earth

To this earth to live and labour
In His Father's name,
Poor and homeless, unknown stranger,
Jesus came.

Foxes have their lair for shelter,
Birds, their leafy nest,
But the loving Saviour had not
Where to rest.

From this lowly Man of Sorrows
Many hid their face:
Shame and scorn were heaped upon Him,
And disgrace.

Oh, that life so pure and holy,
Sacrificed each day,
Giving freely life and service
All the way!

At the close His blood so precious,
Shed for all mankind;
Still His foes were mocking, scoffing—
They were blind.

God has raised up this same Jesus,
Made Him Lord of all;
Sons of men, O now receive Him:
Hear His call.

Copyright→ ©
author→ Jack Craig
composer→ H. W. Baker (1821-1877)
meter→ 8, 5, 8, 3
tune→ Stephanos

6. When I Survey

When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the cross of Christ, my Lord;
All the vain things that charm me most—
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

author→ Isaac Watts

composer→ Dr. E. Miller (1732-1807)

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8

tune→ Rockingham

7. O Tell Me More

O tell me more of Christ, my Saviour;
On this glad theme dwell o'er and o'er;
His boundless grace, His saving favour,
His precious name— O tell me more!

*O tell me more! So much I need
His power to keep, His hand to lead;
O tell me more of Him I love,
Until I see His face above.*

O tell me more of love's sweet story,
If you would cheer and comfort me—
How Jesus wept, the King of glory,
Those tender tears of sympathy.

O tell me more! How waves of sorrow
Shall hear His voice say "Peace, be still";
How, after night, bright dawns the morrow
To those who trust His blessed will.

O tell me more! And I, repeating
The happy news, shall spread the joy;
Come, blessed Lord, Thy work completing,
Till songs of praise our lips employ.

author→ E. E. Hewitt

composer→ P. P. Bilhorn (1881-1936)

meter→ 9, 8, 9, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8

8. Was It for Me?

Was it for me, for me alone,
The Saviour left His glorious throne,
The dazzling splendours of the sky:
Was it for me He came to die?

*It was for me, yes, all for me;
Oh, love of God, so great, so free!
Oh, wondrous love! Oh, boundless grace!
He died for me, He took my place.*

Was it for me sweet angel strains
Came floating o'er Judea's plains
That starlight night so long ago:
Was it for me God planned it so?

Was it for me He wept and prayed,
My load of sin before Him laid
That night within Gethsemane:
Was it for me, that agony?

Was it for me He bowed His head
Upon the cross and freely shed
His precious blood, that crimson tide:
Was it for me the Saviour died?

author→ J. M. Whyte

composer→ J. M. Whyte

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8

9. Jesus Came From Heaven

Jesus came from heaven revealing
God the Father here below,
All His truth to us declaring,
That we might His purpose know.

*Let us follow, ever follow,
In His steps, whate'er befall,
Looking always unto Jesus:
In His name we conquer all.*

Deepest darkness is prevailing
O'er the world on every side,
But if we will follow Jesus
We shall in His light abide.

He has given His life a ransom
That the prisoner might go free,
And has sent His servants warning
Men from coming wrath to flee.

Satan's power will soon be broken
When the Prince of Life appears;
Then the darkness will be over;
God shall wipe away our tears.

Copyright→ ©

author→ James Jardine

composer→ Charles A. Converse (1832-1918)

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

tune→ Converse

10. Jesus Now and Jesus Ever

Jesus is our only message;
Jesus all our theme shall be;
We will lift up Jesus ever;
Jesus only will we see.

*Jesus now and Jesus ever,
Jesus all in all we sing:
Blessèd Saviour, Sanctifier,
Glorious Lord and coming King.*

Jesus is our only Saviour:
All our guilt He bore away;
All our righteousness He gives us,
All our strength from day to day.

Jesus is our only power,
Dwelling in each yielded heart;
We need never fear nor falter:
Grace and strength He doth impart.

Jesus is our only Master;
Sweet it is His will to do;
We would yield ourselves to serve Him
With a heart and purpose true.

author→ Albert B. Simpson

composer→ Charles A. Converse (1832-1918)

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

11. Jesus Is Still the Same

Jesus is still the same
And ever will remain
Through time to come;
Though born in low estate,
Not ranked among the great,
He is the only gate,
God's own sent One.

“Jesus, control my heart;
Help me to do my part
From day to day;
Help me to yield to Thee,
That I may always be
An offering glad and free,
In Thine own way.”

Some bright, glad day His own
Shall stand around the throne—
A victor throng:
The bitter conflict o'er,
Sickness and death no more,
Singing on that blest shore
Redemption's song.

Copyright→ ©

author→ James Jardine

composer→ Dr. Lowell Mason (1792-1872)

meter→ 6, 10, 6, 6, 10

tune→ Olivet

12. O God of Bethel

O God of Bethel! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led.

Our vows, our prayers we now present
Before Thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life,
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

O spread Thy covering wings around
Till all our wanderings cease
And, at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.

Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God
And portion evermore.

author→ Philip Doddridge

composer→ W. H. Havergal (1793-1870)

meter→ 8, 6, 8, 6

tune→ Evan

13. Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee

Jesus, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast,
But sweeter far Thy face to see
And in Thy presence rest.

No voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind.

O hope of every contrite heart!
O joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

But what to those who find? ah, this
No tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize shalt be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now
And through eternity.

author→ Bernard Of Clairvaux
composer→ J. B. Dykes (1823-1876)
meter→ 8, 6, 8, 6
tune→ St. Agnes

14. Bow Down Thine Ear

Bow down Thine ear to me:
No place of rest is nigh;
O Lamb of God, I come to Thee;
In mercy hear my cry.

Bow down Thine ear to me:
My heart is sore oppressed;
I come to Thee in all my sin;
I come and long for rest.

Long in the desert ways
My feet have loved to roam;
The dreary waste I leave behind
And turn to Thee and home.

Earth's passing pleasures vain,
How soon they fade and die!
I sought for bread, but found a stone,
Which could not satisfy.

The darkness gathers round:
Forsake me not, I pray;
A humble, contrite heart I bring;
O turn me not away.

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author→ Sam Jones
composer→ H. G. Nageli (1768-1836)
meter→ 6, 6, 8, 6
tune→ Dennis

15. Oh, Blessèd Rest of Heart

Oh, blessèd rest of heart,
From doubting, fear and sin—
A rest in Christ, the risen Lord,
Who sweetly reigns within.

I'm glad this rest is free—
This blessèd rest from sin.
This rest is free for you and me—
A living Christ within.

He sought my wayward heart,
Was earnest to come in—
A heart to wandering ever prone,
Whose reigning power was sin.

I gave to Him my heart,
A rebel, sinful thing;
I gave it, all the heart I had—
It sorely needed Him.

My rest is deep and strong,
Abiding, true and clean—
No darkness now, nor fear at all,
For Jesus reigns supreme.

Reign over me, Lord Jesus,
O keep my heart Thy throne:
It shall be Thine forevermore;
It shall be Thine alone.

author→ J. S. Haugh

composer→ H. G. Nageli (1768-1836)

meter→ 6, 6, 8, 6

tune→ Zürich

16. Yesterday, Today, Forever

Oh, how sweet the glorious message
Simple faith may claim:
Yesterday, today, forever,
Jesus is the same.
Still He loves to save the sinful,
Heal the sick and lame,
Cheer the mourner, still the tempest—
Glory to His name!

*Yesterday, today, forever,
Jesus is the same;
All may change, but Jesus never!
Glory to His name!*

He who was the Friend of sinners
Seeks thee, lost one, now;
Sinner, come, and at His footstool
Penitently bow.
He who said, "I'll not condemn thee:
Go, and sin no more,"
Speaks to thee that word of pardon
As in days of yore.

He who mid the raging billows
Walked upon the sea,
Still can hush our wildest tempest,
As on Galilee.
He who wept and prayed in anguish
In Gethsemane,
Drinks with us each cup of trembling,
In our agony.

author→ Albert B. Simpson
composer→ J. H. Burke (19th Century)
meter→ 8, 5, 8, 5, 8, 5, 8, 5, 8, 5, 8, 5

17. Wash Me From Sin

Wash me, O Lamb of God,
Wash me from sin!
By Thine atoning blood,
O make me clean!
Purge me from every stain;
Let me Thine image gain;
In love and mercy reign
O'er all within.

Wash me, O Lamb of God,
Wash me from sin!
I long to be like Thee—
All pure within.
Now let the crimson tide,
Shed from Thy wounded side,
Be to my heart applied
And make me clean.

Wash me, O Lamb of God,
Wash me from sin!
By faith Thy cleansing blood
Now makes me clean.
So near art Thou to me,
So sweet my rest in Thee—
Oh, blessèd purity,
Saved, saved from sin.

Wash me, O Lamb of God,
Wash me from sin!
Thou, while I trust in Thee,
Wilt keep me clean.
Each day to Thee I bring
Heart, life, yea, everything,
Saved, while to Thee I cling,
Saved from all sin.

author→ H. B. Beegle

composer→ Dr. Lowell Mason (1792-1872)

meter→ 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

tune→ Bethany

18. The Way of the Cross

I must needs go home by the way of the cross—
There's no other way but this;
I shall ne'er get sight of the gates of light,
If the way of the cross I miss.

*The way of the cross leads home;
The way of the cross leads home;
It is sweet to know as I onward go,
The way of the cross leads home.*

I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way,
The path that the Saviour trod,
If I ever climb to the heights sublime,
Where the soul is at home with God.

Then I bid farewell to the way of the world,
To walk in it nevermore;
For my Lord says "Come" and I seek my home,
Where He waits at the open door.

author→ Jessie B. Pounds

composer→ Charles H. Gabriel (1856-1932)

meter→ 11, 7, 10, 8, 7, 7, 10, 7

19. Not Redeemed With Gold

Not redeemed with gold or silver,
But with precious blood I am;
Priceless was the ransom given—
God the Father's spotless Lamb.

*It was Jesus, my Saviour,
Gave His life to ransom me;
Love beyond my comprehending,
When He suffered on Calvary.*

Not redeemed to vainly squander
Time and talents He bestows;
Strength He gives to bear the burden—
Well this feeble frame He knows.

Not redeemed to live in pleasure
While the precious moments fly;
Brief our span of life to labour—
Days and years pass swiftly by.

He redeemed me— oh, what mercy!
Greater love could never be!
God's own Son, so pure and holy,
Was the sacrifice for me.

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author→ Sam Jones

composer→ Charles J. Butler

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7, 8, 8

20. From Heaven's Glory

From heaven's glory,
From His radiant throne above,
Came our Redeemer
In His wondrous love.
Oh, what pain and sorrow
Jesus suffered on the tree
As He died for sinners,
Died for you and me.

*Saviour, my Saviour,
Thou hast died to make me free;
Help me to serve Thee
Till Thy blessèd face I see.*

Faint and forsaken,
Out on Calvary's mountainside,
Jesus, my Saviour,
Bowed His head and died.
He, our hope and surety,
All this suffering meekly bore,
But He rose triumphant,
Liveth evermore.

How can we grieve Him—
Jesus, blessèd Son of God—
Him, who so freely
Gave His precious blood?
With no hand to help us,
Drifting to a hopeless grave,
Jesus paid the ransom:
He alone could save.

Come to the Saviour,
With thy weary load of care;
Tell Him thy sorrow;
He will hear thy prayer.
He will loose thy burden,
Make thee victor over sin;
He will fill with gladness
All thy heart within.

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author→ James Jardine
composer→ F. E. Belden
meter→ 5, 7, 5, 5, 6, 7, 6, 5, 5, 7, 5, 7

21. If We but Knew

If we but knew the cost at which He came,
The price whereby the veil was rent in twain,
Would we not praise as angels praise His name?
If we but knew! If we but knew!

If we but knew the sorrow and the loss,
The lonely hours, the garden, yea, the cross,
Before such love all else would be as dross,
If we but knew! If we but knew!

If we but knew the joy His heart has planned,
The strength and mercy of the outstretched hand,
Not long would He rejected, waiting stand,
If we but knew! If we but knew!

If we but knew! O Jesus, Lord of all,
Before whom angels bow and nations fall,
Lest we resist Thy sweet, insistent call,
Help us to know, help us to know.

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author→ Mrs. Elma Milton

composer→ Geo. C. Stebbins (1846-1945)

meter→ 10, 10, 10, 8

22. Is It Nothing to You?

Is it nothing to you that the Saviour
In agony died on the tree?
He was smitten of God and afflicted
To purchase salvation for thee.

*In deep agony,
Afflicted was He;
When He poured out His soul in His anguish,
O friend! He was stricken for thee.*

Is it nothing to you that, in sorrow,
The Saviour is now passing by?
“I’d have gathered them in, but they would not”–
Exceedingly bitter His cry.

Is it nothing to you, is it nothing,
Your many transgressions He bore
When He purchased eternal redemption,
That you might be free evermore?

Is it nothing to you He is coming–
The Judge of the quick and the dead?
Oh, then how will you stand in the judgment,
When earth and its pleasures have fled?

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ F. M. Davis (1839-1896)

meter→ 10, 8, 10, 8, 10, 10, 8

23. Oh, the Love That Sought Me

In tenderness He sought me,
So weary, sick with sin,
And on His shoulders brought me
Back to His fold again,
While angels in His presence sang
Until the courts of heaven rang.

Oh, the love that sought me!

Oh, the blood that bought me!

Oh, the grace that brought me to the fold—

Wondrous grace that brought me to the fold!

He pointed to the nailprints:
For me His blood was shed;
A mocking crown so thorny
Was placed upon His head.
I wondered what He saw in me,
To suffer such deep agony.

So while the hours are passing,
All now is perfect rest;
I'm waiting for the morning,
The brightest and the best,
When He will call us to His side
To be with Him— His spotless bride.

author→ W. Spencer Walton

composer→ A. J. Gordon (1836-1895)

meter→ 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 8, 6, 6, 9, 9

24. From Every Stain

From every stain made clean,
From every sin set free—
O blessèd Lord, this is the gift
That Thou hast promised me;
And pressing through the past
Of failure, fault and fear,
Before Thy cross my all I cast
And dare to leave it there.

From Thee I would not hide
My sin because of fear,
What men may think, I hate my pride
And as I am appear:
Just as I am, O Lord,
Not what I'm thought to be;
Just as I am, a struggling soul,
For life and liberty.

While in Thy light I stand,
My heart, I seem to see,
Has failed to take from Thine own hand
The gift it offers me.
O Lord, Thy plenteous grace,
Thy wisdom and Thy power,
I here proclaim before Thy face,
Can keep me every hour.

Upon the altar here,
I lay my treasure down;
I only want to have Thee near,
King of my heart to crown.
The fire doth surely burn
My every selfish claim;
And while from them to Thee I turn,
I trust in Thy great name.

author→ Herbert H. Booth

composer→ I. B. Woodbury (1819-1868)

meter→ 6, 6, 8, 6, 6, 6, 8, 6

tune→ Nearer Home

25. Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken

Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee,
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.

*I will follow Thee, my Saviour:
Thou hast shed Thy blood for me;
And though all the world forsake Thee,
By Thy grace I will follow Thee.*

Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought and hoped and known;
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still mine own.

Let the world despise and leave me;
They have left my Saviour too.
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like them, untrue.

Man may trouble and distress me;
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast.
Life with trials hard may press me,
But in Thee I find my rest.

author→ Henry F. Lyte

composer→ Henry T. Smart (1813-1879)

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

tune→ Freetown

26. Thy Life Was Given for Me

Thy life was given for me!
Thy blood, O Lord, was shed
That I might ransomed be
And quickened from the dead.
Thy life was given for me:
What have I given for Thee?

Long years were spent for me
In weariness and woe,
That through eternity
Thy glory I might know.
Long years were spent for me:
Have I spent one for Thee?

And Thou hast brought to me,
Down from Thy home above,
Salvation full and free,
Thy pardon and Thy love.
Great gifts Thou broughtest me:
What have I brought to Thee?

Oh, let my life be given,
My years for Thee be spent,
World fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent.
To Thee my all I bring,
My Saviour and my King.

author→ Frances R. Havergal

composer→ F. R. Havergal (1836-1879)

meter→ 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6

tune→ Baca

27. He First Loved Me

There is no friend like Jesus
On earth, in heaven above:
Unfailing, never changing,
His name and nature, love.
He left His home in glory
To die on Calvary;
I cannot help but love Him,
Because He first loved me.

My soul was heavy-burdened,
And sorrow filled my heart:
Sin's fearful condemnation,
My portion and my part.
The message came from heaven,
"I died your soul to free";
I cannot help but love Him,
Because He first loved me.

How great my consolation!
The Lamb of God has died;
In Him I am accepted,
Forgiven, sanctified.
I soon shall join the ransomed—
My Saviour I shall see;
I cannot help but love Him,
Because He first loved me.

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author→ Sam Jones

composer→ S. S. Wesley (1810-1876)

meter→ 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6

tune→ Aurelia

28. Come, Let Us Follow Jesus

Come, let us follow Jesus—
It is the path of life;
See, all the faithful trod it
And conquered in the strife:
As strangers and as pilgrims,
They all with one accord
Through tribulation entered
The kingdom of our Lord.

Apostles, prophets, martyrs,
A great and noble throng,
This road that lies before us,
In ages past have gone.
They marked it with their footprints,
With tears and pain and blood,
Yet bravely struggled onward,
Strong in the strength of God.

Began, continued, finished,
The crown of life they won;
Hark! as their voices call us,
The race of life to run.
Heed not the world's allurements:
We pass this way no more.
Lay hold on life eternal:
This life will soon be o'er.

Who saves his life shall lose it;
Who loses it shall save
To life that is eternal,
Secure beyond the grave.
With loins girt up and ready,
With purpose firm and strong,
We'll tread where God's true servants
In ages past have gone.

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author→ Robert Skerritt

composer→ S. S. Wesley (1810-1876)

meter→ 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6

29. God's Word Is So Pure

God's word is so pure and so precious to me;
Its precepts I love and adore—
A lamp to my feet and a light to my path,
Till pilgrimage days are no more.

*'Tis better than thousands of silver and gold,
More precious than rubies can be,
To sit at the feet of my Master divine
And hear when He speaketh to me.*

How peaceful and pleasant the ways of the Lord,
When under the Saviour's control;
The word that He speaketh is spirit and life,
Refreshing and sweet to my soul.

I hear and obey, and my soul is set free
To follow my Saviour and King;
I cherish His word deeply hid in my heart—
Rejoicing, His praises I sing.

O Lord, let my heart in Thy statutes be sound;
Thy law is my joy and delight;
Incline now the heart of Thy servant, I pray,
To ponder therein day and night.

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author→ Sam Jones

composer→ George D. Moore (19th Century)

meter→ 11, 8, 11, 8, 11, 8, 11, 8

30. We Have Found Him

Ye who trace with weary hearts and sad
Those blest scenes of Galilee,
O rejoice and be forever glad!
“We have found Him— come and see!”

*“We have found Him!— Joy of the Ages!”
And our song with heaven’s gladness rings:
“We have found the Christ of whom the prophets spake;
We have found Him, King of kings.”*

Ye who hunger for the living word,
Ye who thirst for living springs,
Come, each waiting heart with joy is stirred
By the song the herald sings.

This same Christ who taught beside the sea
Walks upon the earth today,
And He comes in lowliness to thee,
Templed still in mortal clay.

“We have found Him!” Bear the tidings far,
Wheresoever men are found,
Until all who seek the Guiding Star
Shall in light and peace abound.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Mrs. Elma Milton

composer→ J. R. Sweney (1837-1899)

meter→ 9, 7, 9, 7, 9, 9, 11, 7

31. Hasten to the Place of Refuge

Hasten to the place of refuge;
Do not linger on the plain.
If you hope to dwell with Jesus,
You must needs be born again.
Do not build your hope on theory:
Righteous acts will not avail.
Christ in you, the hope of glory,
Is the Rock which cannot fail.

*Heed the warning, come to Jesus:
Of all friends He is the best.
Do not grieve His Holy Spirit;
Come, and He will give you rest.*

Come and drink the living waters;
Bread of life is free to all.
Do not slight the invitation;
Hearken to the Saviour's call.
Full salvation Jesus offers,
Victory over self and sin.
At the door of hope He's waiting,
There to bid you "Welcome in."

Time is ever speeding onward;
Here you cannot hope to stay.
Death is ever drawing nearer,
And the call you must obey.
In His tender love and mercy,
Jesus waits to lead you home;
From His light and love and presence,
Why will you in darkness roam?

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ A. B. Simpson (1848-1919)

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

32. We Love the Perfect Way

We love the perfect way of God,
The lowly path the Saviour trod;
Pilgrims and strangers here we roam:
We're travelling on to God and home.

*In Jesus we have found the way
Which leads to God and endless day;
While here on earth He lends us breath,
We will be true, be true till death.*

We hear His voice and bless the hand
That leads us through the desert land;
We know the end is fair and sweet,
Where we shall rest our weary feet.

Our God is merciful and kind:
He found us lost in sin and blind,
And gently led us to the light;
Our song shall praise Him day and night.

His arm is strong: we do not fear,
Though Satan's host is ever near;
He will protect us and defend
And keep us faithful to the end.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ James M. Black (1856-1938)

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8

tune→ Truest Friend (altered)

33. Give of Your Best

Give of your best to the Master,
Give of the strength of your youth;
Throw your soul's fresh, glowing ardour
Into the battle for truth.

Jesus has set the example:
Dauntless was He, true and brave;
Give Him your loyal devotion,
Give Him the best that you have.

*Give of your best to the Master,
Give of the strength of your youth;
Clad in salvation's full armour,
Join in the battle for truth.*

Give of your best to the Master,
Give Him first place in your heart;
Give Him first place in your service;
Consecrate every part.

Give, and to you shall be given—
God His beloved Son gave;
Gratefully seeking to serve Him,
Give Him the best that you have.

Give of your best to the Master—
Naught else is worthy His love;
He gave Himself for your ransom,
Gave up His glory above,
Laid down His life without murmur,
You from sin's ruin to save;
Give Him your heart's adoration,
Give Him the best that you have.

author→ Howard B. Grose

composer→ Wm. J. Kirkpatrick (1838-1921)

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

34. Teach Us, Lord

Teach us, Lord, our days to number,
That our hearts we may apply
Unto wisdom, ever seeking
Christ our Lord to glorify.

*Teach us, Lord, to walk in wisdom
While our days are speeding past;
Grant that we may bear Thine image
Till we reach our home at last.*

Teach us, Lord, our days to number—
Brief, so brief, life's longest span;
Make us wise with heavenly wisdom,
Doing good while yet we can.

Teach us, Lord, our days to number;
Wake our souls to righteousness;
Save us from things seen and temporal;
Thou, our source of life and bliss.

Teach us, Lord, our days to number;
May we spend them one and all
In Thy service, watching, waiting,
Till we hear the final call.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ Geo. C. Stebbins (1846-1945)

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

35. God's Salvation

God has always laboured human lives to win
To His path of life from varied ways of sin.
This is what He offers; nothing else will do
But the life of Jesus Christ lived out in you.

*God's salvation is the Christ within,
Giving daily victory over sin:
Him as Lord by lip and life confessed—
Walking in His footsteps to eternal rest.*

Some compare their lives with lives of other men
And by moral actions hope God's home to gain;
Yet the best men living, unrenewed by God,
Must be shut forever from that blest abode.

Friend, if you are honest, yield your life to God,
Make the Christ your Master, choose the path He trod.
Fear not to confess His name and serve Him now;
Power is yours, as daily to His will you bow.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Willie Hughes

composer→ E. O. Excell (1851-1921)

meter→ 11, 11, 11, 11, 9, 9, 9, 11

36. Is There No Light?

“Is there no light,” some anxious soul is asking,
“To guide my steps into the path of life?
Is there no light? for I am growing weary
Of this vain world with all its sin and strife.”

The Light of Life through Jesus still is shining,
And unto you He says, “I am the Way.”
O doubting soul, there is no need to wander:
Turn unto Him— He will not let you stray.

He came to be a light to those in darkness,
To all who have this vale of shadow trod.
If you receive Him, He will be your Saviour
And give you power to be a child of God.

A little while the Light of Life is with you;
O follow Him, and He will lead you on;
Do not delay, lest darkness overwhelm you
And, turning late, you find that He is gone.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Alex Walker

composer→ H. P. Main (1838-1925)

meter→ 11, 10, 11, 10

37. Nothing Matters but Salvation

God gives you the invitation
To a life that is divine;
For this full and free salvation,
Come in His accepted time.

*Nothing matters but salvation,
In this world or that to come;
Nothing matters but salvation,
When the race of life is run.*

Hear the prophets' exhortation
Given with a warning sound;
Call on God for His salvation,
In a time He may be found.

Pray for pardon and salvation,
And it shall be as thou wilt;
In Christ is no condemnation:
Hide yourself in Him from guilt.

God gives you this invitation:
"Come to me ere death draws nigh;
When I clothe you with salvation,
You shall live and shall not die."

Copyright→ ©

author→ J. Martin

composer→ Ludwig von Beethoven (1720-1827)

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

38. This Question God Would Ask

This question God would ask of thee:

“Is it worthwhile so foolishly

To waste the precious life I gave,

Then weep and wail beyond the grave?”

'Tis not worthwhile, O count the cost:

Why should thy precious soul be lost?

God loves thee though by sin defiled;

O turn to Him, be reconciled.

Is it worthwhile, for earth's renown,

To forfeit thine eternal crown?

Earth's honours fade, death comes to all;

Is it worthwhile to spurn God's call?

Though all thy friends should turn away

And bid thee shun the narrow way,

'Tis not worthwhile that thou shouldst be

An outcast through eternity.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Mrs. Rene Beattie

composer→ W. B. Bradbury (1816-1868)

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8

tune→ He Leadeth Me

39. The Way of God

I love to think the way of God
Is just the path that Jesus trod,
And that He planned the same for me,
To give me life eternally.

*The shadow of the Lord shall be
A refuge sure eternally;
My trust in Him help doth secure;
His love and promises endure.*

The love of God within my heart
Will teach me how to do my part
In serving Him from day to day
And walking Jesus' lowly way.

The costly garments He provides
Are worn if we in Him abide;
The world looks on and does despise
The heavenly treasure, heavenly prize.

In desert plains a feast is spread,
The bread of heaven freely fed;
And those who eat thereof shall live;
The living waters life will give.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Charley Hultgren

composer→ Geo. C. Stebbins (1846-1945)

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8

40. God's Time Is Now

God's time is now: O do not wait
Until another day is born;
His Spirit, grieved, may take His flight
And leave you, never to return.

*Today if you will hear His voice,
Respond and harden not your heart;
Wait not a more convenient day:
His Holy Spirit may depart.*

God's time is now: O linger not;
The shades of night are falling fast,
And still you undecided stand;
What if today should be your last?

God's time is now: do not rebel
Nor wait a more convenient day;
While angels bow their heads and weep,
You cast the Saviour's love away.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ Geo. C. Stebbins (1846-1945)

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8

41. Jesus Calls Us O'er the Tumult

Jesus calls us o'er the tumult
Of this world's wide sea:
"Do not longer vainly wander;
Give thy heart to me."

*Take the yoke of Jesus ever,
If thou wouldst be free:
This the source of true salvation,
Rest and liberty.*

If thy heart be oft disquieted,
Tossing to and fro,
And thy life, as days are passing,
Seems to darker grow,

Many souls are bruised and broken,
Sighing for release;
Yet how few will follow Jesus,
Source of heavenly peace.

Hear the voice of wisdom calling;
Do not further go
In the ways of dark confusion
And of endless woe.

Copyright→ ©

author→ James Jardine

composer→ P. P. Bliss (1837-1876)

meter→ 8, 5, 8, 5, 8, 5, 8, 5

42. There Is a Way

There is a way, a narrow way,
That leads to life above—
A way of peace and holiness,
Of purity and love.

*My yearning soul desires to find
This hidden path of bliss;
Lord, hear my prayer, and lead me in
The way of holiness.*

To find this way, this living way,
We must forego our sin:
God has declared the pure in heart
Alone can enter in.

There is a way, a humble way,
A way of truth and grace—
The highway of God's righteousness,
Where self can have no place.

There is a way, a perfect way;
His chosen walk therein;
And they who share His suffering now
Eternal glory win.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ (Unknown – From O. N. 1929)

meter→ 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6

43. The Way That Leads to Heaven

The way that leads to heaven above
Is narrow, Jesus said.
'Tis only those who truly love
God's way, therein will tread.

*God's own way abides the same
In every age and clime.
There is but one true saving name:
The name of Christ divine.*

The Lord Himself has traced the way—
His feet were bruised and torn—
Exalted high in heaven today,
Where crowns His head adorn.

That voice that called, in accents clear,
The men of Galilee,
“Come, follow me, and do not fear,”
Is calling you and me.

Vain creeds of men are sure to fail;
False theories pass away;
Alone shall truth for men avail
On that great judgment day.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sandy Scott

composer→ Ira D. Sankey (1840-1908)

meter→ 8, 6, 8, 6, 7, 6, 8, 6

44. Take One Forward Step

Take one forward step with Jesus;
Speed your feet to follow Him,
Lest He vanish in the distance
And the eye of faith grow dim.

*Take one forward step with Jesus:
Perfect love will cast out fear.
Love and prayer and faith's clear vision
Always see the Saviour near.*

Take one forward step with Jesus;
Let your heart be filled with praise,
Since the Lord Himself has promised
Strength proportioned to your days.

Take one forward step with Jesus;
Know ye not He lives to care?
His own peace your heart possessing,
Walk in fellowship and prayer.

Take one forward step with Jesus;
Do not let your courage fail.
Think of Him who paid your ransom,
Pleading now within the veil.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ R. E. Hudson (1843-1901)

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

45. Satisfied

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

*Jesus, Saviour, I have found Him,
Whom mine eyes with joy have seen!
Jesus satisfies my longing;
By His blood I am redeemed.*

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

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

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

author→ Clara Teare

composer→ R. E. Hudson (1843-1901)

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

46. Lord Jesus, Lead

Lord Jesus, lead— O lead me lest I stray;

Hold Thou my hand!

I fear the snares and pitfalls in life's way;

Hold Thou my hand!

I am so weak and prone to go astray;

Guide Thou my feet lest I should miss the way.

Dear Lord, Thou'st always loved me— love me still,

And keep me pure;

Break Thou my pride, subdue my stubborn will—

I'll then walk sure.

If but my life might glorify Thee, Lord,

'Twould be well spent and joy to me afford.

If my poor life can be of use to Thee,

I yield it all

To Thee who died upon the cruel tree

And drank the gall.

I'll walk with Thee, though thorns are in life's way

That pierced Thy feet; oh, let me never stray!

Copyright→ ©

author→ John Sullivan

composer→ C. H. Purday (1799-1885)

meter→ 14, 14, 10, 10

tune→ Sandon

47. He's the One

Is there anyone can help us, one who understands our hearts
When the thorns of life have pierced them till they bleed?
One who sympathizes with us, who in wondrous love imparts
Just the very, very blessing that we need?

Yes, there's One, only One:

The blessèd, blessèd Jesus, He's the One!

When afflictions press the soul, when waves of trouble roll

And you need a friend to help you,

He's the One.

Is there anyone can help us, who can give a sinner peace
When his heart is burdened down with pain and woe?
Who can speak the word of pardon that affords a sweet release,
And whose blood can wash and make us white as snow?

Is there anyone can help us when the end is drawing near,
Who will go through death's dark waters by our side?
Who will light the way before us and dispel all doubt and fear,
And will bear our spirits safely o'er the tide?

author→ J. B. Mackay

composer→ J. B. Mackay

meter→ 8, 7, 11, 8, 7, 11, 6, 10, 7, 6, 11

48. Abundant Life

Under the burdens of guilt and care,
Many a spirit is grieving,
Who in the joy of the Lord might share,
Life everlasting receiving.

Life! life! eternal life!
Jesus alone is the giver!
Life! life! abundant life!
Glory to Jesus forever!

Burdened one, why will you longer bear
Sorrows from which He releases?
Open your heart and, rejoicing, share
Life more abundant in Jesus.

Leaving the pleasures of sin behind,
Making your choice for the Saviour,
Turn to the source of eternal life,
Love Him, and serve Him forever.

author→ William Leslie
composer→ J. M. Bonnar
meter→ 9, 8, 9, 8, 6, 8, 6, 8

49. If All Things Were Mine

If all things were mine, but not the Saviour,
Were my life worth living for a day?
Could my yearning heart find rest and comfort
In the things that soon must pass away?
If all things were mine, but not the Saviour,
Would my life be worth the lifelong strife?
Or all earthly joys e'en worth comparing
For a moment with a Christ-filled life?

Had I wealth and love in fullest measure
And a name revered both far and near,
Yet no hope beyond, no harbour waiting,
Where my storm-tossed vessel I could steer—
If all things were mine, but not the Saviour,
Who endured the cross and died for me,
Could then all the world afford a refuge,
Whither in my anguish I could flee?

Oh, what emptiness without the Saviour,
Mid the sins and sorrows here below;
And eternity— how dark without Him—
Only night and tears and endless woe!
What though I might live without a Saviour,
When I come to die, what will it be?
Oh, to face the valley's gloom without Him,
And without Him all eternity!

Oh, the joy of having all in Jesus!
What a balm the broken heart to heal!
Not a sin so great but He'll forgive it,
Not a sorrow but His love can feel!
If I have but Jesus, only Jesus,
Nothing else in all the world beside,
Oh, then, everything is mine in Jesus:
For my needs and more He will provide!

author→ Anna Olander

composer→ J. Lindberg

meter→ 10, 9, 10, 9, 10, 9, 10, 9

50. Long My Eager Heart

Long my eager heart was yearning
Some joy to find.
Ever on in sin I wandered—
Poor, helpless, blind.
Oh, to have the past forgiven,
How I'd wrestled, prayed and striven!
But the clouds remained unriven
Till Jesus came.

Refuge I have found in Jesus—
Sweet, tranquil rest:
Blissful sense of preservation—
Naught can molest.
Sin and Satan's host defying,
On His strength and grace relying,
With His every wish complying,
Peace, peace is mine.

I have proved His power to save me
From every snare.
He is purer than the purest—
Exceeding fair.
He will nerve my faint endeavour;
Naught of earth from Him can sever.
I am His, and His forever!
What joy divine!

Copyright→ ©
author→ Sam Jones
composer→ A. W. Beatty (1799-1883)
meter→ 12, 12, 8, 8, 12
tune→ Caritas

51. There Is a Kingdom

There is a Kingdom, an everlasting Kingdom
Of righteousness, peace and true joy from on high;
Within all is splendour, unfading its treasure:
O friend, do you know that this Kingdom is nigh?

*The King of this Kingdom
Enthroned now can bless you;
O give Him possession
And honour that's due.*

There is a Ruler that rules this great Kingdom;
He wills now to set up His reign in your heart.
He's worthy of honour, how perfect in wisdom!
O friend, do you know He will power impart?

There is a throne that this King now is seeking,
Where He can His life and true blessing impart:
No longer then linger; with you He is pleading;
O friend, do you know that this throne is your heart?

Copyright→ ©

author→ Mable Pryor

composer→ Ira D. Sankey (1840-1908)

meter→ 12, 11, 12, 11, 12, 11

52. The King of Kings

The King of kings is very near thee,
E'en though thy path be dark and lone;
How tenderly He waits to cheer thee,
If thou wilt make Him now thine own.

*The King of kings is gently pleading;
O do not let Him then depart!
His grace and love thy soul is needing;
Enthroned Him King within thy heart.*

Dark night of fears that doth affrighten
Shall vanish in the light of day;
Thy heavy load of sin shall lighten:
He'll wash the stains of guilt away.

In changing life, a friend unfailing
This King of kings will be to thee;
When Jordan's waves are fierce assailing,
How near and dear He then will be!

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sandy Scott

composer→ W. J. Kirkpatrick (1838-1921)

meter→ 9, 8, 9, 8, 9, 8, 9, 8

53. Behold the King of Love

Behold the King of Love
At your heart's door;
His gracious, holy will
Resist no more.

*He lingers, oh, He lingers,
By your side He lingers;
Admit the King of Glory
To dwell with you.*

Oh, love surpassing sweet,
So long to wait!
His grace, how rich and free,
Exceeding great!

Forsaken of His God,
He drank the gall;
His deathless love, how strong!—
It claims your all.

His love can never fail;
O trust Him now;
To all His heart demands,
In silence bow.

Copyright→ ©
author→ Sam Jones
composer→ R. Lowry (1826-1899)
meter→ 6, 4, 6, 4, 7, 6, 7, 4
tune→ Need

54. So Kind a Shepherd

Was there e'er so kind a Shepherd,
One so gentle yet so great,
As the Saviour, who would have us
Come and gather round His feet?

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

There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

author→ Frederick W. Faber

composer→ C. F. Witt (1660-1716)

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7

tune→ Stuttgart

55. Who Is He, the King of Kings?

Who is He, the King of kings?
Pleading at thy heart He brings
Hope for thee beyond the grave—
He who died thy soul to save;
In His realm eternally
Whosoever will may be.

Who is He that in thy heart
Sows the word, life to impart?
Thus His kingdom and His power
Thou canst share this very hour;
Rule and reign of Christ within
Gives thee victory over sin.

Who is He? when thus enthroned
In a life by world disowned,
Gives it light o'er sin's dark way,
Wondrous hope to those astray,
Bringing His great kingdom nigh,
Peace and joys that never die.

Jesus— hail Him King and Lord!
Entrance to thy heart afford.
Worthy He to claim the throne:
For thy sins He did atone.
In His realm eternally
Evermore thy soul will be.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Gladys Porteous

composer→ (Unknown – From O. N. 1951)

meter→ 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7

56. God's Heavenly Kingdom

God's heavenly kingdom is for all;
No soul doth God exclude:
The rich or poor, the great or small
Can enter if they would.

*Come, now enter, come, now enter!
Enter while you may.
As the Spirit gently pleadeth,
Enter in today.*

God's kingdom cometh not with show,
But as a living seed
Which in the heart the Lord doth sow,
Of all who feel their need.

God's kingdom is more precious far
Than things that soon decay;
Its door of mercy stands ajar:
O come, then, come today.

Copyright→ ©
author→ Sandy Scott
composer→ J. H. Stockton
meter→ 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 5, 8, 5
tune→ Stockton

57. Teach Me Submission

Teach me submission, Father, each day;
May I be ever pliant as clay.
Come sun or shadow, whate'er may be,
Fulfil Thy purpose, Father, in me.

Perfect submission brings from above
Blessèd remission, Father of love.
Make me and help me daily to yield,
Only and ever, Jesus my shield.

Teach me submission, and here below
Foretaste of heaven my heart shall know;
And when in glory, in sweet accord,
With the redeemed I'll praise Thee, O Lord.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sandy Scott

composer→ Geo. C. Stebbins (1846-1945)

meter→ 9, 9, 9, 9

58. Thine Own Way, Lord

Have Thine own way, Lord!
Have Thine own way!
Thou art the Potter;
I am the clay.
Mould me and make me
After Thy will,
While I am waiting,
Yielded and still.

Have Thine own way, Lord!
Have Thine own way!
Search me and try me,
Master, today;
Whiter than snow, Lord,
Wash me just now,
As in Thy presence
Humbly I bow.

Have Thine own way, Lord!
Have Thine own way!
Wounded and weary,
Help me, I pray!
Power, all power,
Surely is Thine!
Touch me and heal me,
Saviour divine!

Have Thine own way, Lord!
Have Thine own way!
Hold o'er my being
Absolute sway!
Fill with Thy Spirit
Till all shall see
Christ only, always,
Living in me!

author→ Adalaide A. Pollard

composer→ Geo. C. Stebbins (1846-1945)

meter→ 9, 9, 9, 9

59. Come Unto Me

“Come unto me,” it is the Saviour’s voice,
The Lord of Life, who bids thy heart rejoice,
“O weary heart, with heavy cares oppressed,
Come unto me and I will give you rest.”

*“Come unto me, Come unto me,
Come unto me and I will give you life,
I will give you rest, I will give you peace.”*

Weary with life’s long struggle, full of pain,
O doubting soul, thy Saviour calls again—
Thy doubts shall vanish and thy sorrows cease:
“Come unto me and I will give you peace.”

O dying man, with guilt and sin dismayed,
With conscience wakened, of thy God afraid,
’Twi’xt hopes and fears, O end the anxious strife:
“Come unto me and I will give you life.”

Life, rest and peace, the flowers of deathless bloom,
The Saviour gives us not beyond the tomb;
But here and now, on earth, some glimpse is given
Of joys which wait us through the gates of heaven.

author→ Nathaniel Norton

composer→ Geo. C. Stebbins (1846-1945)

meter→ 10, 10, 10, 10, 8, 10, 10

60. Teach Me Thy Way

Teach me Thy way, O Lord,
Teach me Thy way!
Thy guiding grace afford—
Teach me Thy way!
Help me to walk aright,
More by faith, less by sight;
Lead me with heavenly light—
Teach me Thy way!

When I am sad at heart,
Teach me Thy way!
When earthly joys depart,
Teach me Thy way!
In hours of loneliness,
In times of dire distress,
In failure or success,
Teach me Thy way!

When doubts and fears arise,
Teach me Thy way!
When storms o'erspread the skies,
Teach me Thy way!
Shine through the cloud and rain,
Through sorrow, toil and pain;
Make Thou my pathway plain—
Teach me Thy way!

Long as my life shall last,
Teach me Thy way!
Where'er my lot be cast,
Teach me Thy way!
Until the race is run,
Until the journey's done,
Until the crown is won,
Teach me Thy way!

author→ M. B. Ramsey

composer→ M. B. Ramsey (1849-1923)

meter→ 10, 10, 6, 6, 10

tune→ Camacha

61. Sitting at the Feet of Jesus

Sitting at the feet of Jesus

With a broken, contrite heart,

Listening to His word so precious:

Joy to us it doth impart,

Comfort gives in times of trial,

Quickens every true desire,

:: Fills our hearts with love like Jesus',

And with zeal it doth inspire. ::

This, the one thing needful daily,

As we walk in Jesus' way:

Taking time to wait and listen,

And to hear what He would say;

Then with courage for the conflict,

And with heart and mind renewed,

:: Standing true and loyal to Jesus,

All our foes will be subdued. ::

Let us choose then to obey Him

And to humbly seek His face:

He will fill us with His Spirit

And renew us by His grace;

He will prove His presence with us,

And His still, small voice we'll hear.

:: This, the source of all true blessing:

When we know that He is near. ::

Copyright→ ©

author→ Harry Fleming

composer→ B. Lowry (1826-1899)

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

62. Sow the Word

Sweet words of Jesus, eternal and true—
Like seeds of springtime, sow them anew;
Speak, speak the message that maketh me whole!
The words of Jesus breathe life to my soul.

*Sow, sow the word, the Kingdom's seed!
The words of Jesus are life, life indeed.*

Sow, then, O sower, in patience and love;
Precious the message sent from above.
I, so unworthy, so weak and defiled;
Speak, speak the gospel that makes me His child.

Speak all the message, for I would be free;
All of His beauty cause me to see
That I may choose Him as life's better part,
That I may crown Him the king of my heart.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Mrs. Elma Milton

composer→ I. H. Meredith

meter→ 10, 9, 10, 10, 8, 10

63. Precious Seed

The living words of Jesus
To me are precious seed.
They offer peace and guidance,
True comfort in my need.
With warmth of true submission,
I'll gladly do my part;
Then comes first bloom of springtime:
New life within my heart.

*Divine is that blest message,
Like living seed to me.
I'd cherish and obey it,
Reap life eternally.*

My heart is soil for sowing;
What will its reaping be?
Do stones there have possession?
Do thorns now rule in me?
The evil one would rob me,
The precious seed would steal;
No fruit will ever sweeten
In hearts with hardness sealed.

The sowers at His bidding
Have left their homes behind,
The precious seed to scatter,
Impelled by love divine.
With promise of the harvest,
The gospel is made known;
Come sunshine or come storm-clouds,
A hope of heaven is sown.

Copyright→ ©

author→ J. Boyd/V. Boyd

composer→ Mrs. J. G. Wilson

meter→ 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6

64. Christ for Me

Oh! how perplexing life would be
If Christ had never lived for me;
His life forever made so clear
How we could please the Father here.

How hopeless my poor soul would be
If Christ had never died for me;
His blood poured out on Calvary's tree
Brought hope eternal nigh to me.

I could not tread this path alone,
But Christ has made my heart His home:
His life within is all I need
To grow like Him in word and deed.

My heart would oft discouraged be,
But Christ now intercedes for me;
So at the throne of grace I seek
The peace He to my heart would speak.

This world my home could never be,
For Christ is coming back for me;
Should death sound out the final call,
My heart will whisper "Christ is all."

Copyright→ ©

author→ Gladys Porteous

composer→ Peter Ritter (1760-1847)

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8

tune→ Hursley

65. The Precious Seed Is Scattered

Now the precious seed is scattered
Through Thy message from above:
Blest, unchanging gospel story—
Seed of life and seed of love.
Shall it fall upon the wayside
After all the sower's toil?
Quickly to be robbed and taken—
Wild, unclaimed, unbroken soil.

Or upon a heart so stony
That it never root can find:
Not a harvest ever garnered,
Nor a single sheaf to bind.
In a life of worldly seeking,
Midst the thorns that tangle there,
Shall the seed be sown to perish,
Choked by every earthly care?

Nay! but let my life be broken
By the tiller's patient skill,
Ready to receive Thy message,
Yielded to Thy blessèd will.
Sow Thy precious seed, dear Saviour,
Deep within this heart of mine,
That it there may grow and flourish,
Springing forth to life divine.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Ken Paginton

composer→ Annie F. Q. Harrison (arranged by A.W.B.)

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

66. O Seeking Soul

O seeking soul! O weary heart!
The Lord knows all thy care;
In tender love He asks of thee,
“Take up thy cross and follow me;
:: Thy burden I will bear.” ::

*A seeking soul will always find
A seeking Saviour near;
He will forgive thy past and set thee free
From every doubt and fear.*

O seeking soul, in darkness still,
Life holds no joy for thee;
Thy Saviour yearns to take thy part;
His love will fill thine aching heart;
:: Thy holy guest He'll be. ::

O seeking soul, yet still outside
The shelter of the fold,
This is thine opportunity;
He calls, He pleads, “O come to me:
:: This world is hard and cold.” ::

Thy doubts will all be cleared away;
Life's purpose thou wilt see.
Christ is the Light, He is the Way
That leads to God's eternal day;
:: Thy Saviour seeks for thee. ::

Copyright→ ©

author→ Mrs. Rene Beattie

composer→ Charles H. Gabriel (1856-1932)

meter→ 8, 6, 8, 8, 6, 6, 8, 6, 10, 6

67. Soul Adrift

Soul adrift without the Saviour,
With no hope beyond the grave,
Look and see the hand of Jesus
Offering mercy now to save.

*Grasp the hand held out in mercy;
Come in spite of fear and doubt.
He who knows your sin and sorrow
Will in no wise cast you out.*

Seek the Lord while you may find Him;
Call on Him while He is near.
Though the hosts of sin may hinder,
Come to Jesus— do not fear.

Hear His pleading voice so tender,
“Soul, I died that you might live”;
And your life, so dearly purchased,
Can you still refuse to give?

Still He calls, and yet you linger;
Why will you His love gainsay?
Know ye not that there will never
Come a more convenient day?

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ R. Lowry (1826-1899)

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

68. Is There No One to Help Us?

Wandering lone in the desert,
Wandering lone in the night;
Longing, longing for comfort,
Longing, longing for light;
By the world disappointed,
Nothing, nothing to cheer:
This, the way of the Christless
In the wilderness drear.

Is there no one to help us?
Is there no one to care?
None to lighten the burden,
None our sorrow to share?
When the heart, torn and bleeding,
Struggles under its woe,
Is there no one to turn to?
Is there nowhere to go?

Ah! yes, friend, One is waiting,
Longing, longing to share
All your burdens and heartaches,
All your sorrow and care,
One who'll ever be faithful,
One who'll always be true
As a friend and a brother
And a refuge for you.

Why not flee from the desert?
Why not flee from the night?
Why not flee from your sorrow?
Why not turn to the light?
Where a welcome awaits you,
Where that One from above
Waits and longs to enfold you
In the arms of His love.

Copyright→ ©

author→ H. Redman

composer→ H. Redman

meter→ 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6

69. To Whom, Lord, Shall We Go?

To whom, Lord, shall we go, save Thee?
With all our hearts' perplexity?
Amidst a world of doubt and strife,
Thou, Lord, alone hast words of life.

To whom, Lord, shall we go, save Thee?
When all our sinful hearts we see?
For Thou, dear Lord, and Thou alone
Didst for the sins of men atone.

To whom, Lord, shall we go, save Thee?
When life hath wounded bitterly?
There's healing in Thy nail-pierced hands—
The Man of Sorrows understands.

Thou art the Christ, we come to Thee;
Thy love hath won us utterly.
Thy touch hath power to make us whole,
Belovèd Bridegroom of the soul.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Mrs. May Schulz

composer→ Mrs. May Schulz

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8

70. Send Thy Light

Send Thy light, Almighty Lord,
To the darkened hearts of men;
By Thine all-commanding word
Give the nations hope again.

Send Thy truth, declared of old,
Where false gods of earth hold sway;
Make it known from pole to pole—
Herald of a better day.

Then the captive shall rejoice,
Freed from blind tradition's chain;
In the kingdom of the heart,
Light and truth and love shall reign.

Come then, sovereign King of kings,
Lord of lords and Prince of Peace;
Reign till all creation rings
With the song that ne'er shall cease.

Copyright→ ©

author→ William Carroll

composer→ J. B. Dykes (1823-1876)

meter→ 7, 7, 7, 7

tune→ St. Bees

71. Perishing

Perishing! Yes, perishing,
Drifting through this world of sin,
With no God of love to save,
With no hope beyond the grave—

*God is calling now to thee!
Grasp the opportunity!*

Calling you from paths of sin,
Calling you to enter in
To His strait and narrow way,
Leading on to endless day—

Perishing! How sad indeed!
Oh, that you might feel your need
Of His power to make you whole,
Of His wondrous, sweet control—

Opportunities are gone
When we leave this fading scene;
Now is your accepted day,
Never more to pass this way—

Copyright→ ©

author→ R. Blair

composer→ B. R. Hanby (1833-1867)

meter→ 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7

tune→ Adoration

72. Why Should I Walk?

Why should I walk in paths of night
Which give no peace nor pure delight?
My way is wrong, God's way is right:
His way is seen in Jesus.

*The truth of God my heart has won;
He'll finish what He has begun;
In earth or heaven there is none
Who can compare with Jesus.*

Man's wisdom leads into a maze,
And error grows in bypath ways;
But hearts are filled with joy and praise,
Who see the truth in Jesus.

My human power cannot avail;
In war with sin it can but fail;
By this alone I can prevail:
Receiving life in Jesus.

Though sin assail me like a flood,
I'll plead His name and precious blood;
The pure and spotless Son of God
And sinners' friend is Jesus.

Copyright→ ©
author→ Willie Hughes
composer→ Alfred Judson
meter→ 8, 8, 8, 7, 8, 8, 8, 7

73. See the Saviour, in Compassion

See the Saviour, in compassion
Come to earth to bleed and die;
Think of His great love in leaving
Heaven's blessèd home on high,
Down to win earth's weary sinners,
Wandering far: How can it be?
:: Oh, what love- 'tis passing knowledge-
Can it be? Can it be? ::

See the Saviour, thoughtful, walking
By the Sea of Galilee;
Hear Him call those lowly fishers:
"Follow me, come follow me;
Come with me to live and labour
Till the close of life's last day;
:: Help me win the souls who wander
Far away, far away." ::

See the Saviour, kneeling, praying
In the garden all alone,
Facing death and cruel mocking-
For our sins He must atone.
Fainting neath a weight of sorrow,
He must bear the cross alone;
:: See Him patiently enduring,
All alone, all alone. ::

Copyright→ ©

author→ James Jardine

composer→ Mrs. W. Bliss

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

74. One There Is Who Loves Thee

One there is who loves thee,
Waiting still for thee.
Canst thou yet reject Him?
None so kind as He!
Do not grieve Him longer;
Come and trust Him now!
He has waited all thy days:
Why waitest thou?

*One there is who loves thee;
O receive Him now!
He has waited all the day:
Why waitest thou?*

Graciously He woos thee;
Do not slight His call.
Though thy sins are many,
He'll forgive them all.
Turn to Him, repenting;
He will cleanse thee now.
He is waiting at thy heart:
Why waitest thou?

Jesus still is waiting;
Sinner, why delay?
To His arms of mercy
Rise and haste away!
Only come believing;
He will save thee now.
He is waiting at the door:
Why waitest thou?

author→ H. C. Ayres

composer→ W. H. Doane (1832-1916)

meter→ 6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5, 7, 4, 6, 5, 6, 5

75. I've a Friend

I've a Friend who meets my every need,
Who hath joy and satisfaction brought,
One who doth my soul and spirit feed,
And who turns my tempter's wiles to naught.

*Create in me more love for Thee;
Thy friendship let me value more and more.
O help me show to all below
That I am Thine forevermore.*

For His sake I chose the pilgrim way,
Fixed my heart on things that are unseen,
From the world's allurements turned away;
Now my heart He maketh pure and clean.

Oh, this Friend is mine while life doth last;
As I near the end He'll dearer be.
Trustingly my all on Him I cast—
Mine today and mine eternally.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Willie Jamieson

composer→ Queen Liliuokalani

meter→ 9, 9, 9, 9, 7, 10, 8, 8

tune→ Aloha Oe

76. God in His Mercy

God in His mercy pleads with your heart,
Eagerly waiting peace to impart;
Yield to His pleading, do not gainsay:
Grave is the danger if you delay.

*No eye to pity, no arm to save;
Moved with compassion, His life He gave,
For your transgressions died on the tree,
Poured out His life's blood, lost one, for thee.*

God in His mercy, moved by His love,
Sent the Redeemer down from above;
He paid the ransom none other could,
For your redemption shed His own blood.

God in His mercy bids you arise;
His invitation do not despise,
Slighting the Saviour; O soul, beware—
Satan will lure you down to despair.

God in His mercy offers you life,
Freedom from bondage, turmoil and strife;
Yield now to Jesus; let Him control;
You will find gladness, rest in your soul.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ J. W. Van De Venter (1855-1939)

meter→ 9, 9, 9, 9, 9, 9, 9, 9

77. I Hear Him Call

My soul desires to walk with God,
Along the path His chosen trod;
I hear Him calling "Come away,"
And joyfully I now obey.

*I hear Him call, I hear Him call
From all that would my soul enthrall;
I haste away to walk with God,
Along the path His chosen trod.*

The world may frown; I do not fear:
He waits with words of hope and cheer,
To help me on my homeward way,
Where I shall rest at close of day.

New springs within my heart arise
While I behold His sacrifice;
My soul desires, it yearns to be,
A sacrifice, O Lord, for Thee.

Though powers of earth and hell oppose,
I rest in this— my Father knows;
His word is sure, it cannot fail:
Rejoice, my soul, thou shalt prevail!

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ Wm. B. Bradbury (1816-1868)

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8

tune→ Consolation

78. Lead Me On

Saviour, I will gladly follow
In the way Thy feet have trod;
Other ways will end in darkness;
Thou wilt lead me home to God.

*Lead me on! O lead me on,
In the way Thy feet have trod;
Saviour, lead me home to God.*

How I love to trace His footsteps
Over every vale and hill,
Gladly yielding full surrender
To the Father's blessed will.

Though I know not what awaits me,
Yet I will not shrink nor fear;
Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel,
To my mind Thy way make clear.

Precious thought— His hand is leading,
Though ahead I cannot see;
Precious thought— His heart is planning
All that's good and best for me.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ S. J. Vail (1815-1884)

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7, 7

79. Hast Thou Ever Proved?

Hast thou ever proved the sweetness
Of the Saviour's lowly way?
Or has Satan kept thee burdened,
Drifting on from day to day?

*Come, He calls thee, don't delay—
Soon thy life may pass away;
After death the judgment day.*

Many years of life are wasted,
Living for thyself alone;
God has power to conform thee
To the image of His Son.

Oh, how sweet to know His pathway
And to plant our feet therein!
Art thou lost and tired of straying?
'Twas thy soul He died to win.

Naught to fear while He is leading,
Though the path may narrow be;
Come and follow, without doubting;
Then His beauty thou shalt see.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Rene Beattie

composer→ S. J. Vail (1815-1884)

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7, 7

80. Do Not Fear to Follow Jesus

Do not fear to follow Jesus:
He will lead you safely through
Every dark and dreary valley
And your failing strength renew.

*Do not fear to share His sorrow;
When your earthly race is run,
You will have His joy forever—
His eternal, glad "Well done."*

Do not cease to bear the burden,
Though the strife be fierce and long;
Still enduring, God assuring,
You will sing the conqueror's song.

Do not shrink, continue with Him;
He was wounded for your sake;
Those who share in His temptations,
Of His glory will partake.

Seek to run the race with patience
For the everlasting prize,
Gain the crown of life immortal,
In the strength that God supplies.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ Geo. C. Hugg (1848-1907)

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

tune→ Anchored

81. Footprints of My Saviour

Blessèd footprints of my Saviour
Mark for me the perfect way,
As a beacon in the darkness,
Beaming with celestial ray.

*Precious footprints of my Saviour
Are to me a priceless treasure,
Pointing me from sinful pleasure,
Heaven's favour here to seek.
Saviour, I will follow Thine own blessèd feet.*

Blessèd footprints of my Saviour
Give assurance of the right,
Aid me in life's troubled waters:
Chart and compass in the night.

Blessèd footprints of my Saviour,
Marking out a path of love,
Are to me a priceless treasure,
Leading to His home above.

May I ever prize, dear Saviour,
Each blest print of Thy bruised feet,
Ever follow where Thou leadest,
Till Thy radiant face I meet.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sandy Scott

composer→ J. R. Thomas (1839-1922)

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 8, 7, 11

82. Come, Follow Me

I hear my dying Saviour say:

“Follow me! come, follow me!

For thee I gave my life away—

Follow me! come, follow me!

I know how heart and flesh may fail—

I’ve borne the fury of the gale;

Do thou, my child, o’er hill and dale,

Follow me! come, follow me!”

“Though thou hast sinned, I’ll pardon thee—

Follow me! come, follow me!

From chains of sin I’ll set thee free—

Follow me! come, follow me!

O look to me, dismiss thy fears,

And trust me through all coming years!

My hand shall wipe away thy tears—

Follow me! come, follow me!”

“Come, cast upon me all thy cares!

Follow me! come, follow me!

Thy heavy load mine arm upbears—

Follow me! come, follow me!

In all thy changeful life I’ll be

Thy God and Guide o’er land and sea,

Thy bliss through all eternity—

Follow me! come, follow me!”

author→ George D. Watson

composer→ Ethel Roehl

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 8, 7

83. In This World of Woe

In this world of woe and sighing,
Broken hearts are seeking rest,
Sick of sin and faint from crying,
Longing to be healed and blest.
God in pity sees your sorrow,
Longs to give your heart relief;
Don't despise Him lest tomorrow
Should for you mean endless grief.

*With your heart you hear Him pleading;
Don't resist His gentle touch:
You can safely trust His leading,
And you need Him, oh! so much.*

All your life you've sought for pleasure;
Still your soul is ill at ease:
Earth with all its gilded treasure
Fails to satisfy or please.
Every day some new illusion
Seems to offer what you crave:
Thus the author of confusion
Leads men to a Christless grave.

Friend, just now your heart is tender:
You have heard the Saviour's call.
Let Him be your soul's defender;
Yield Him now your life, your all.
Eagerly the angels listen
For the yes that sets you free;
There where all His jewels glisten
You may dwell eternally.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Glenn Smith

composer→ Glenn Smith (1880-1968)

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

84. Follow Me

“Follow me, follow me,”
Said the Man of Galilee.
“I will lead thee, I will feed thee,
I will be a father to thee—
Just if thou wilt follow me.”

“Follow me, follow me,
Then my rest of heart is free;
Fadeless treasure, heavenly pleasure,
I will give thee without measure—
Just if thou wilt follow me.”

“Follow me, follow me;
Oh, if men would only see!
Life so fleeting, soon the reaping:
Will it be with joy or weeping?
O my dear one, follow me.”

Follow Thee, follow Thee—
How could I reject the plea?
Thou hast sought me, Thou hast bought me,
Thou hast laid Thy hand upon me;
Saviour, I will follow Thee.

Copyright→ ©
author→ Margaret Phillips
composer→ E. Voigtlander
meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8, 7

85. The Saviour With Me

I must have the Saviour with me,
For I dare not walk alone;
I must feel His presence near me
And His arm around me thrown.

*Then my soul shall fear no ill,
Let Him lead me where He will;
I will go without a murmur
And His footsteps follow still.*

I must have the Saviour with me,
For my faith at best is weak;
He can whisper words of comfort
That no other voice can speak.

I must have the Saviour with me
In the onward march of life,
Through the tempest and the sunshine,
Through the battle and the strife.

I must have the Saviour with me,
And His eye the way must guide,
Till I reach the vale of Jordan,
Till I cross the rolling tide.

author→ Lizzie Edwards

composer→ J. R. Sweney (1837-1899)

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 8, 7

86. Jesus Is Passing This Way

Is there a heart that is waiting,
Longing for pardon today?
Hear the glad message proclaiming—
Jesus is passing this way.

*Jesus is passing this way,
This way, today;
Jesus is passing this way,
Is passing this way today.*

Is there a heart that has wandered?
Come with thy burden today;
Mercy is tenderly pleading—
Jesus is passing this way.

Is there a heart that is broken,
Weary and sighing for rest?
Come to the arms of thy Saviour,
Pillow thy head on His breast.

Come to thine only Redeemer,
Come to His infinite love;
Come to the gate that is leading
Homeward to mansions above.

author→ Annie L. James
composer→ W. H. Doane
meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 6, 8, 7

87. I Will Say Yes to Jesus

I will say yes to Jesus;
It oft was no before;
As He knocked at my heart's proud entrance,
I firmly barred the door;
But I've made a complete surrender
And given Him right of way,
And henceforth it is always yes,
Whatever He may say.

*I will say yes to Jesus:
"Yes, Lord, forever yes;
I'll welcome all Thy blessèd will
And sweetly answer yes."*

I will say yes to Jesus,
To all that He commands;
I will hasten to do His bidding
With willing heart and hands.
I will listen to hear His whispers
And learn His will each day,
And always gladly answer yes,
Whatever He may say.

I will say yes to Jesus,
Whate'er His hands may bring;
And though clouds hang o'er my pathway,
My trusting heart will sing.
I will follow where'er He leads me;
My Shepherd knows the way;
And while I live I'll answer yes,
Whatever He may say.

author→ Albert J. Simpson

composer→ J. H. Burke (19th Century)

meter→ 7, 6, 9, 7, 9, 7, 8, 6, 7, 6, 8, 6

88. Let Him Mould Thee

“Lie still, and let Him mould thee,”
O Lord, I would obey;
Be Thou the skillful potter,
And I the yielding clay.

*Mould me, O mould me to Thy will,
While in Thy hand I'm lying still.*

In Thy dear hand I'm resting,
O hold me quiet there;
Then soften me, and mould me,
And for Thy will prepare.

I need not fear to trust Thee,
Thy love and skill are such;
New lessons Thou wilt teach me
While yielding to Thy touch.

Impress Thine image on me,
Fulfil Thy blest design,
Till others see upon me
That beauteous face of Thine.

author→ Ada R. Habershon
composer→ F. S. Turney (1863-1932)
meter→ 7, 6, 7, 6, 8, 8

89. Give Me Thy Heart

“Give me thy heart,” says the Father above;
No gift so precious to Him as our love.
Softly He whispers, wherever thou art,
“Gratefully trust me, and give me thy heart.”

*“Give me thy heart, give me thy heart,”
Hear the soft whisper, wherever thou art.
From this dark world He would draw thee apart,
Speaking so tenderly: “Give me thy heart.”*

“Give me thy heart,” says the Saviour of men,
Calling in mercy again and again,
“Turn now from sin, and from evil depart:
Have I not died for thee? Give me thy heart.”

“Give me thy heart,” says the Spirit divine,
“All that thou hast, to my keeping resign;
Grace more abounding is mine to impart:
Make full surrender, and give me thy heart.”

author→ E. E. Hewitt

composer→ Wm. J. Kirkpatrick (1838-1921)

meter→ 10, 10, 10, 10, 8, 10, 10, 10

90. A Hand Held Out

There's a hand held out in pity;
There's a hand held out in love:
It will pilot to the city
Where our Father dwells above.

*There's a hand held out to you;
There's a hand held out to me;
There's a hand that will prove true,
Whatever our lot shall be.*

Shall I to this hand extended
Pay no heed as it invites?
Shall my Saviour be offended?
Give I not to Him His rights?

Nay, I would this proffered hand take,
Knowing that it leads aright;
Yes, I would this loving choice make,
Trusting in His love and might.

Walking hand in hand together
With my Saviour, with my Friend,
Naught from Him my soul can sever:
Let Him lead till life shall end.

author→ W. W. Morse

composer→ J. R. Sweney (1837-1899)

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7

91. My Wayward Heart

My wayward heart the Lord has won;
His love and purpose now I see,
In sending Christ, the Light of Life,
To live for me, to live for me.

*He lived to show me how to live;
He died to save and ransom me.
My life, my all, to Him I give,
His own to be, His own to be.*

To sacrifice with Jesus here
And tread the suffering path He trod,
Brings joy the world can never give,
And peace with God, and peace with God.

In this dark world I need a friend
To guide and keep me day by day;
I'll follow Jesus to the end;
He knows the way, He knows the way.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Mrs. Rene Beattie

composer→ J. M. Black (1856-1938)

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8

92. God Is Longing

God is longing now to make you
Like unto His Holy One,
That you may reflect His glory
While this life's short race you run.
Seek to keep resigned and humble
Under His almighty hand,
Patient, willing, always ready
To fulfil His least command.

Serving Him with joy and gladness,
Love pervading all your soul,
One in heart and mind and spirit,
Give Him absolute control.
He will mould and make you perfect,
Question not the Master's skill;
Silence all your thoughts and reasonings
In subjection to His will.

Yield un murmuring obedience,
Waver not nor turn aside:
When you waken with His likeness
You will then be satisfied.
Let Him now create unhindered,
Till His noble work is done,
And the Lord can see the image
Of His well-belovèd Son.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ Don Puffalt

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

93. Only One Life to Live

I have only one life on the earth,
And as vapour it's passing away.
I must labour for treasure of worth,
Ere all toil ends at close of the day.

Only one life to give:

I could never withhold that from God.

Only one life to live:

I must not miss the "Well done" of God.

This one life that I have I may lose,
And in losing a hundredfold gain;
Then to fall in the earth I would choose
And to die, thus God's best to obtain.

Only one life, and white is the field—
With compassion this great need I view;
So the one life I have I will yield,
And the little I can I will do.

One poor life, small the offering at best,
Yet the world and the flesh often call.
This my answer shall be to each test:
"I'll not serve God with less than my all."

Copyright→ ©

author→ Mary Lindley

composer→ Jos. P. Webster (1819-1875)

meter→ 9, 9, 9, 9, 6, 9, 6, 9

94. Come, Ye Weary Ones

Come, ye weary ones, to Jesus;
Come and find abiding rest;
Take His yoke and learn in meekness
That His holy will is best.

*Was there ever friend so tender,
One so patiently to wait?
See those hands that bear the nailprints,
Holding open mercy's gate.*

Jesus waits, the meek and lowly,
Full of mercy, truth and grace;
His own precious blood redeemed you;
Make your heart His dwelling-place.

“Come to me, my yoke is easy,”
He entreats you as a friend;
If you miss His great salvation,
Oh, what then will be your end?

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ (Unknown – From O. N. 1919)

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

95. God Calling Yet

God calling yet! Shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumber lie?

God calling yet! And shall He knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to come in,
And shall I dare go on in sin?

God calling yet! And shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but He does not forsake;
He calls me still; my heart, awake!

God calling yet! I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay.
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part;
The voice of God has reached my heart.

author→ G. Tersteegen

composer→ H. Baker (1835-1910)

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8

tune→ Hesperus

96. Take Up Thy Cross

“Take up thy cross,” the Saviour said,
“If thou wouldst my disciple be;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after me.”

Take up thy cross— let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up
And brace thy heart and nerve thine arm.

Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame,
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel;
Thy Lord for thee the cross endured
To save thy soul from death and hell.

Take up thy cross, then, in His strength,
And calmly every danger brave;
'Twill guide thee to a better home
And lead to victory o'er the grave.

author→ Charles W. Everest

composer→ H. Baker (1835-1910)

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8

97. We Are Fading

We are fading, too, like the flowers
That but yesterday were in their bloom;
Oh, how many pass with the hours:
O'er our path falls the shadow of the tomb.

*We are passing: we shall never,
Never tread this pilgrim way again.
Oh! how sad to think of the many,
Thoughtless, spending their precious lives in vain!*

All our days go by like a shadow;
Soon our feet must tread the vale of death.
Joys of earth endure but a moment;
Earthly hopes fail when fails the parting breath.

In the days of youth, O remember,
Wasted years shall come again no more;
With the tides of time we are drifting;
Soon our footsteps shall reach another shore.

Through those sad, dark days, see the Saviour:
'Twas for us He trod that path of pain;
Lone and weary, silent He suffered:
Shall such love for your soul be all in vain?

Copyright→ ©

author→ James Jardine

composer→ Mary Naline

meter→ 9, 9, 9, 10, 8, 9, 9, 10

98. Let Us Pause

Let us pause amid life's pleasures,
Midst its toils and tears;
Hearken while the Master calleth
Through our doubts and fears.

*Time is fleeting, flowers are falling,
Life will soon be past;
Pause and ponder where thou goest:
Time is flying fast.*

While we look on mirth and beauty,
Pleasures bright today,
Men are slipping far beyond us
To the silent clay.

Borne along life's rushing river,
We are hastening on;
Shall we hear when death shall take us,
"Soul, thou hast well done!"

Blessèd Master, O prepare us!
Help our wavering choice;
May we yield in glad surrender
To Thy pleading voice.

Copyright→ ©

author→ James Jardine

composer→ J. M. Bonnar (arranged)

meter→ 8, 5, 8, 5, 8, 5, 8, 5

99. Oh, What Shall It Profit?

Life, only once we can live it—
Oh, what a great solemn thought!
Soon will our journey be over;
Soon will the battle be fought.

*Oh, what shall it profit,
Riches and pleasures to gain?
If your own soul is the forfeit,
Shall it not all be in vain?*

Life, as the flowers that are blooming,
Withers and passes away:
All its great glory is fleeting—
Only the joy of a day.

If you are heavily laden,
Tired of a life that is vain,
Jesus has promised to save you
If you will yield to His claim.

Will you now choose to obey Him,
Yielding yourself to His call?
This is the choice that will save you:
Making Him Lord of your all.

Copyright→ ©

author→ James Jardine

composer→ J. R. Sweney (1837-1899)

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 6, 7, 8, 7

100. Passing Onward

Passing onward, quickly passing;
But, I ask thee, whither bound?
Is it to the many mansions
Where eternal rest is found?
Passing onward, passing onward,
Tell me, sinner, whither bound?

Passing onward, quickly passing;
Naught the wheels of time can stay;
Sweet the thought that some are going
To the realms of perfect day,
Passing onward, passing onward,
Christ their leader, Christ their way.

Passing onward, quickly passing;
Many on the downward road,
Careless of their souls' salvation,
Heeding not the call of God:
Passing onward, passing onward,
Trampling on the Saviour's blood.

Passing onward, quickly passing;
Time its course will quickly run;
Still we hear the fond entreaty
Of the ever gracious One:
"Come, and welcome, come, and welcome;
'Tis by me that life is won."

author→ Albert Midlane

composer→ W. L. Viner (1790-1867)

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

101. Only One Life

Only one life, and oh, how soon 'tis over!
Earth's changing scenes appear, then fade away;
In careless ease, and seeking selfish pleasures,
So many waste their precious lives today.

Only one life— the journey soon is ended;
But what shall be the end for you and me?
Only one life— it is not ours to squander:
Its priceless treasures all are lent to thee.

Only one life, a few short years of service—
Christian, awake! no longer heedless be.
The need is great, for souls around thee perish:
Redeem the time, for God hath need of thee.

Only one life— ye servants of the Master,
Keep toiling on, though stony be the way;
The sunset side of life's steep hill is leading
To God and home and rest and endless day.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Mary Mc Gregor

composer→ J. MacAdam

meter→ 11, 10, 11, 10

102. Life at Best Is Very Brief

Life at best is very brief,
Like the falling of a leaf,
Like the binding of a sheaf:
Be in time.

Fleeting days are telling fast
That the die will soon be cast,
And the fatal line be passed:
Be in time.

*Be in time, be in time;
While the voice of Jesus calls you,
Be in time.
If in sin you longer wait,
You may find no open gate,
And your cry be just too late—
Be in time!*

Fairest flowers soon decay,
Youth and beauty pass away,
Oh, you have not long to stay:
Be in time.
While God's Spirit bids you come,
Sinner, do not longer roam,
Lest you seal your hopeless doom:
Be in time.

Time is gliding swiftly by,
Death and judgment drawing nigh;
To the arms of Jesus fly:
Be in time.
Oh, I pray you count the cost,
Ere the fatal line be crossed,
And your soul forever lost:
Be in time.

Sinner, heed the warning voice;
Make the Lord your final choice,
Then all heaven will rejoice:
Be in time.
Come from darkness into light;
Come, let Jesus make you right;
Come and start for heaven tonight:
Be in time.

author→ Wm. J. Kirkpatrick

composer→ Wm. J. Kirkpatrick (1838-1921)

meter→ 7, 7, 10, 7, 7, 10, 7, 11, 7, 7, 10

103. Time Is Passing

Time is passing, oh, so quickly!
Days and years glide swiftly by;
Make the most of every moment,
For thou very soon must die.
Life's short span will soon be over,
Never to return again;
Do not spend thy noble powers
On earth's worthless treasure vain.

*Buy the gold undimmed, unchanging;
Buy the spotless raiment white;
Rich and clothed, with eyes anointed,
Daily walk in God's pure light.*

Time is ever speeding onward,
Naught can stay its rapid flight;
Soon the shadows slowly creeping
Shall proclaim the coming night.
O arise, be up and doing,
Labour now while it is day,
Seeking those eternal riches
Moth and rust cannot decay.

God is anxious to conform thee
To the image of His Son;
Fear lest thou shouldst grieve His Spirit,
Mar the work He has begun.
God's own precious truth is Jesus:
Sit in silence at His feet;
Learn of Him, the meek and lowly,
Then thy soul-rest shall be sweet.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ C. D. Tillman (1861-)

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

104. Life Passes Like a Dream

Life passes like a dream,
But earnest is each day.
Though we secure and safe may seem,
Time carries us away.

*Life is fleeting fast;
Time bears us away.
Millions more this way have passed,
But none are here to stay.*

The cord of life may snap
For young as well as old.
By accident or some mishap,
Oft fall the strong and bold.

Oh, should we careless be
And slumber without fear,
Closing our eyes to things we see
And deaf to all we hear?

God doth in kindness try
To rouse us every one;
For time is earnest, passing by,
And soon the end will come.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Jack Craig

composer→ Ira D. Sankey (1840-1908)

meter→ 6, 6, 8, 6, 5, 5, 7, 6

105. Life's Short Day

Sweet to know the gospel story,
Heavenly song unto my soul;
I will sing His praise forever
For His love that made me whole.

*Life's short day will soon be over;
Then we'll see the One we love—
Fellowship divine forever
In the Father's home above.*

When dark clouds your path o'ershadow,
Look again to Calvary;
God's own Son so gladly suffered,
Bled and died for you and me.

Could we chance to do tomorrow
What the Lord has planned today?
For we cannot buy nor borrow
When this life has sped away.

On that day the books will open;
Then we'll know as we are known.
Though on earth we walk together,
We must face the Lord alone.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Kenneth Dissmore

composer→ Elsie Ahlwen (1905-)

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

106. The Pages of Life

While the pages of life are turning
And silently pass from our view,
Let us pause at the feet of the Saviour
For His counsel so loving and true.

*If only we knew as when life is through,
No one would weary His bidding to do;
None would despise the heavenly prize
Waiting for me and for you.*

Every step is just one step nearer
To the end of life's journey for me:
As I ponder this thought, I'm reminded
We are bound for eternity.

In the valley of hesitation,
Countless millions have lingered and died,
When the cost seemed too great for salvation,
And too lowly His way for their pride.

Every day is just one day nearer
When the King in His beauty we'll see;
In His hand He is holding the sceptre,
With a welcome for all who believe.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Kenneth Dissmore

composer→ C. E. Pollock

meter→ 9, 8, 10, 9, 10, 10, 9, 7

107. My Heart Was Sad

My heart was sad and weary—
I had no rest within
And wandered on in darkness,
Still deeper into sin:
Iniquity had bound me,
And all was dark as night;
In bitterness of spirit,
I longed for peace and light.

*I'm glad I met with Jesus—
He bid my sins depart;
He came with joy and gladness
To dwell within my heart.*

I sought earth's fading treasures,
Some lasting joy to gain;
Its pleasures disappointed—
I found them void and vain;
Life seemed to be a failure:
The joys it could impart
Left but remorse and sadness
And sorrow in my heart.

The darkness seemed to deepen;
No light, no hope was nigh,
When, lo! I heard the Saviour,
Who then was passing by.
In kindly tones He whispered,
"O soul, I died for thee,
And bore in my own body
Thy sins upon the tree."

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ Mrs. J. G. Wilson

meter→ 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6

108. It Pays to Serve Jesus

It pays to serve Jesus— I speak from my heart;
He'll always be with us if we do our part.
There's naught in this wide world can pleasure afford;
There's peace and contentment in serving the Lord.

It pays to lay treasure where rust cannot harm,
Secure in the heavens, no need for alarm,
Where thieves cannot enter to plunder the store;
In Jesus there's safety now and evermore.

It pays to serve Jesus, to sacrifice all,
To spend and be spent here, whatever befall,
To live for the things that bring joy to the heart
Of Jesus, our Saviour, as we do our part.

It pays to die daily, to let God control
The life He has given, redeeming the soul;
For soon we shall meet Him: then what shall it be?
Oh, will we be ready our Saviour to see?

Copyright→ ©

author→ James Craig

composer→ A. J. Gordon (1836-1895)

meter→ 11, 11, 11, 11

tune→ Clarendon Street

109. None but Christ Can Satisfy

O Christ, in Thee my soul hath found,
And found in Thee alone,
The peace, the joy I sought so long,
The bliss till now unknown.

*Now none but Christ can satisfy;
None other name for me;
There's love and life and lasting joy,
Lord Jesus, found in Thee.*

I sighed for rest and happiness;
I yearned for them, not Thee;
But while I passed my Saviour by,
His love laid hold on me.

I tried the broken cisterns, Lord,
But, ah! the waters failed!
E'en as I stooped to drink they fled,
And still my thirst prevailed!

The pleasures lost I sadly mourned,
But never wept for Thee,
Till grace the sightless eyes received,
Thy loveliness to see.

author→ B. E.

composer→ J. McGranahan (1840-1907)

meter→ 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6

110. Afar From God

Afar from God, sin's cruel blight
Consumed my life away;
Far, far I wandered in the night
From home and light of day.

*Jesus Himself in love drew nigh,
Whispered, "I left my home on high,
And 'twas for thee I came to die:
O sinner, come to me."*

Crushed neath my load of sin, I wept
And wondered, "Can it be,
Poor and a captive, there is yet
Pardon and hope for me?"

His kindly touch my soul then healed,
And through a mist of tears
His tender look deep love revealed,
Dispelling all my fears.

In Him I find abiding rest;
He's more than life to me.
Friend, wilt thou come? Thou shalt be blest;
Jesus is calling thee.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sandy Scott

composer→ W. J. Kirkpatrick (1838-1921)

meter→ 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8, 8, 6

111. Lay Down Your Burden

Lay down your heavy burden,
O weary, sinsick soul;
Come to the Great Physician,
And He will make you whole.
The Master's voice is calling;
He shed His precious blood
That you might be forgiven,
Bringing you nigh to God.

*Lay down your heavy burden,
O weary, sinsick soul;
Come to the Great Physician,
And He will make you whole.*

Come to your soul's Redeemer;
His holy life He gave
That you might share His glory
Beyond the cold, dark grave.
Heed not the wily tempter,
Who bids you fear and doubt;
Come now and trust in Jesus—
He will not cast you out.

Peace past all understanding
Will fill your heart and life;
His joy and consolation
Will banish sin and strife.
His voice so sweet and tender,
So full of love and grace,
Entreats you, "Come, and welcome
And find a hiding place."

The night of death is coming;
Soon you must stand alone,
Your sins still unforgiven,
Before the great white throne.
Do not reject the Saviour
Until the die is cast,
Your life's short day is ended,
And you are lost at last.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ W. H. Doane (1832-1916)

meter→ 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6

tune→ The Heart's Refuge

112. I Heard the Voice of Jesus

I heard the voice of Jesus say,

“Come unto me and rest;

Lay down, thou weary one, lay down

Thy head upon my breast.”

I came to Jesus as I was— So weary, worn and sad;

I found in Him a resting place,

And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,

“Behold I freely give

The living water— thirsty one,

Stoop down and drink and live.”

I came to Jesus, and I drank

Of that life-giving stream;

My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,

And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,

“I am this dark world’s light;

Look unto me, thy morn shall rise

And all thy day be bright.”

I looked to Jesus, and I found

In Him my Star, my Sun;

And in that Light of Life I’ll walk

Till travelling days are done.

author→ Horatius Bonar

composer→ J. M. Bonnar (arranged)

meter→ 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6

113. For You and for Me

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

*“Come home, come home,
Ye who are weary, come home”;
Earnestly, tenderly, Jesus is calling,
Calling, “O sinner, come home!”*

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

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

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

author→ Will L. Thompson

composer→ Will L. Thompson (1847-1909)

meter→ 11, 7, 11, 7, 11, 11, 7

tune→ Thompson

114. I Am Coming

The voice of Jesus calls me now;
I fain would rise and go
To dwell with Him in perfect peace
And His forgiveness know.

*I am coming, heavy laden,
Wearied and oppressed:
O receive me, though unworthy,
To Thy promised rest.*

My troubled spirit knows no calm;
Why should I wander on
And add to sorrow's heavy load,
Until this life is gone?

Abounding grace He has in store
To comfort, save and guide,
And pastures ever fresh and green
Where silent waters glide.

“O come,” I hear Him calling still,
In tender tones and sweet,
“The rest that is eternal rest
Awaits thy wandering feet.”

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ J. H. Stockton (1813-1877)

meter→ 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 5, 8, 5

tune→ Stockton

115. Other Sheep

“Other sheep I have that wander
In the world so dark and cold;
To my love they still are strangers,
For they are not of this fold.
On the mountain bleak and dreary,
By the crags where shadows lie,
From the valley, in the evening,
I have heard their plaintive cry.”

*“O my sheep, why wander
In the path of danger?”
Hear the gentle Shepherd calling,
“I will bring thee home.”*

“Far they scatter o’er the desert,
In the wilderness they roam;
I must hasten out to find them
And to bring them safely home.
On my shoulders I will bear them
And the lambs fold to my breast,
And the feet that are so weary
I will gently lead to rest.”

“They shall hear my voice and follow
Out where verdant pastures grow,
And at noonday I will guide them
Where the quiet waters flow.
Though I lead through vale and shadow,
They shall follow without fear;
For my words will reassure them,
And they’ll know that I am near.”

Copyright→ ©

author→ Jack Annand

composer→ H. Booth (1842-1926)

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 6, 6, 8, 6

116. There Is Rest

The voice of the Shepherd is calling for thee;
He offers thee riches untold.
Why wander alone o'er the mountains of sin?
There is rest, there is peace in the fold.

*There is rest, there is peace;
There is rest, there is peace in the fold.*

The pleasures of sin very soon pass away;
They last for a season, we're told.
The gold of the Kingdom will never decay;
Will you come, will you come to the fold?

The voice of the Shepherd is calling again;
Why perish with hunger and cold?
There's bread and to spare, and no famine is there;
Enter in, enter into the fold.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ P. P. Bliss (1838-1876)

meter→ 11, 8, 11, 9, 6, 9

117. Distant Land of Famine

In the distant land of famine,
Craving with the swine to feed,
Oh! how bitter that awakening
To my sin and shame and need!
Dark and dreary all around me—
Now no more by sin beguiled,
I will go and seek my Father,
Be a bondsman, not a child.

*But within His home He led me,
Brought me where the feast was spread,
Made me eat with Him, my Father—
Me, who begged for bondsman's bread.*

Yet a great way off He saw me,
Ran to kiss me as I came;
As I was, my Father loved me,
Loved me in my sin and shame.
Then in bitter grief I told Him
Of the evil I had done:
Sinned in scorn of Him, my Father,
Was not meet to be His son.

But I knew not if He listened,
For He spake not of my sin;
He within His house would have me,
Made me meet to enter in:
From the riches of His glory
Brought His costliest raiment forth,
Brought the ring that sealed His purpose,
Shoes to walk within His courts.

author→ (Unknown - From O. N. 1935)

composer→ J. W. Dadmun

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

118. Ye Must Be Born Again

A ruler once came to Jesus by night,
To ask Him the way of salvation and light;
The Master made answer in words true and plain,
“Ye must be born again.”

*“Ye must be born again!
Ye must be born again!
I verily, verily say unto you—
Ye must be born again!”*

Ye children of men, attend to the word
So solemnly uttered by Jesus, the Lord;
And let not this message to you be in vain:
“Ye must be born again.”

O ye who would enter the glorious rest
And sing with the ransomed the song of the blest,
The life everlasting if ye would obtain,
“Ye must be born again.”

author→ William T. Sleeper

composer→ Geo. C. Stebbins (1846-1945)

meter→ 10, 11, 11, 6, 6, 6, 11, 6

119. O Wanderers, Come to Jesus

O wanderers, come to Jesus;
All other trust is vain.
Your every hope must fail you,
Unless you're born again.
You need the cleansing fountain
To purge your heart within
And purify your conscience
From all the stains of sin.

You need to come to Jesus
And find in Him your rest,
Confiding in His goodness,
Reclining on His breast.
You need the voice of Jesus
To whisper "Go in peace,"
To calm the inward tempest
And bid the conflict cease.

You need the power of Jesus
To keep you day by day,
To guard amid temptations
And be your strength and stay.
You need the love of Jesus;
You need this faithful Friend
To cheer you and to bless you
And guide you to the end.

Then will you come to Jesus
In spite of fear and doubt?
He's waiting now to save you
And will not cast you out.
If but, in true repentance,
Before the Lord you bow,
He'll give you free forgiveness
And His salvation now.

author→ Horace E. Govan

composer→ G. J. Webb (1803-1887)

meter→ 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6

tune→ Webb

120. While Your Mind Is Calm

While your mind is calm and quiet,
Hear the Saviour's still, small voice;
He is anxious now to save you,
And in patience waits your choice
To surrender all unto Him,
Keeping naught from His control;
Such a heart-choice will bring gladness
And His rest unto your soul.

As God's Spirit seeks to draw you
To His meek and lowly Son,
Gladly take His yoke upon you,
Learn of Him till life is done.
Do not strive with your Creator!
To resist Him means this cost:
You will miss His great salvation
And be numbered with the lost.

To reject or else accept Him—
God gives everyone this choice;
Well He knows the wise will serve Him,
And His sheep will heed His voice.
He will give them life eternal,
Keep them, so they need not fall;
Oh, what bliss to have salvation!
Yield, friend, yield, lest you miss all.

author→ Ed Poole

composer→ J. E. Hawes

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

121. The Saviour Is Calling

He is calling you home; will you hearken to Him?
You are straying afar from the fold,
To the river of death, with no hope in your heart—
Its waters lie sullen and cold.

*The Saviour is calling you home;
A welcome is waiting you there.
He laid down His life your soul to redeem
And save you from hopeless despair.*

There are dangers untold in the path you now tread,
With no hope of escape for your soul;
Then, O turn while you may, and give ear to His voice!
Come under the Shepherd's control.

He will lift all the gloom which is shrouding your life,
Growing darker each step as you go;
All the guilt of the past He will freely forgive;
His infinite love you will know.

To His comfort and rest, then, O hasten away!
Lose no time, lest your soul should be lost.
With no Christ in your heart, drifting on to your doom,
O say, have you counted the cost?

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ J. E. French

meter→ 6, 6, 9, 6, 6, 8, 8, 8, 10, 8

122. O Hasten to Jesus

O hasten to Jesus
While He is so near;
Away with your doubtings!
Away with your fear!
His kind invitation,
I pray you, don't slight;
Wait not till the morrow;
O come, come tonight.

See, Jesus is waiting;
He reasons with you:
Your soul is in danger;
Oh! what will you do?
Death! death is approaching;
How sad is your plight!
While Jesus is calling,
O come, come tonight.

Heed not the delusion
That some other day
You'll come to the Saviour
And walk in His way.
While mercy is offered
And God gives you light,
O yield to His Spirit,
And come, come tonight.

Copyright→ ©
author→ Sam Jones
composer→ P. P. Bliss (1839-1876)
meter→ 11, 11, 11, 11

123. Thirsty Soul

Dost thou seek in life's fair morning,
Pleasures from the springs of earth?
Is thy heart not weary, drinking
Waters from the wells of mirth?
Earthly joys have but their season
And are mingled with much pain;
Drink, O youth, of living water—
Thou shalt never thirst again.

*Thirsty soul, thy Saviour calls thee
From earth's pleasures that are vain;
He will give thee living water—
Thou shalt never thirst again.*

Dost thou, as Samaria's daughter,
Wearily at heat of noon,
Seek those waters that will fail thee,
Leaving thee to thirst so soon?
While the Lord, so kindly waiting,
Tells of joys that are not vain,
He will give thee living water—
Thou shalt never thirst again.

In life's evening midst the shadows,
As the shades of night hang low,
Dost thou seek, while time is fleeting,
Wells from which thou soon must go?
Hark! the Saviour gently calls thee;
Life eternal thou shalt gain;
Hear Him whisper, "I will save thee"—
Thou shalt never thirst again.

Copyright→ ©

author→ J. Annand

composer→ C. D. Tillman (1861-)

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

124. I Need Thee Every Hour

I need Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord:
No tender voice like Thine
Can peace afford.

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

I need Thee every hour;
Stay Thou nearby:
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.

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

I need Thee every hour;
Teach me Thy will,
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil.

I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
O make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessèd Son!

author→ Annie R. Hawks

composer→ R. Lowry (1826-1899)

meter→ 6, 4, 6, 4, 7, 6, 7, 4

tune→ Need

125. Nearer, Still Nearer

Nearer, still nearer, close to Thy heart,
Draw me, my Saviour— so precious Thou art;
Fold me, O fold me close to Thy breast;
:: Shelter me safe in that “Haven of Rest.” ::

Nearer, still nearer, nothing I bring,
Naught as an offering to Jesus my King:
Only my sinful, now contrite heart;
:: Grant me the cleansing Thy blood doth impart. ::

Nearer, still nearer, Lord, to be Thine;
Sin, with its follies, I gladly resign—
All of its pleasures, pomp and its pride;
:: Give me but Jesus, my Lord crucified. ::

Nearer, still nearer, while life shall last,
Till all its struggles and trials are past;
Then through eternity, ever I'll be
:: Nearer, my Saviour, still nearer to Thee. ::

author→ Mrs. C. H. Morris

composer→ Mrs. C. H. Morris (1842-1925)

meter→ 9, 10, 9, 10, 10

tune→ Nearer

126. Kindly Entreating

Kindly entreating, "Come unto me,"
Jesus the Saviour is speaking to thee,
Earnestly saying, "Do not delay;
:: Flee from destruction, escape while you may." ::

Kindly entreating, "Come unto me:
Glory immortal your portion shall be."
Shame and dishonour wait those who stray
:: Far from the Saviour on ruin's dark way. ::

Kindly entreating, hear Him once more;
Soon you'll be stranded on sin's treacherous shore.
Angels are waiting; do you not care
:: That you are drifting to endless despair? ::

Kindly entreating "Come unto me."
Aimlessly drifting on life's restless sea,
No hope, no refuge, where will you end?
:: Hasten to Jesus, your Saviour and Friend. ::

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ Mrs. C. H. Morris (1842-1925)

meter→ 9, 10, 9, 10, 10

127. Hear the Voice of Jesus

Hear the voice of Jesus calling,
Soul so weary worn;
He for you has lived and suffered,
He the cross has borne.

*Hear Him, hear Him;
Do not turn away;
Yield your heart and life to Jesus—
Trust Him and obey.*

To the spring of worldly pleasure
You have often turned,
Hoping there to quench the thirsting
In your heart that burned.

Why should you refuse to hear Him,
Jesus, truest friend?
In the world He will be with you,
Keep you to the end.

If you yield your heart to Jesus,
Turning from all sin,
He will seal you by His Spirit—
He will dwell within.

Copyright→ ©
author→ James Jardine
composer→ W. H. Doane (1832-1916)
meter→ 8, 5, 8, 5, 5, 5, 8, 5

128. We Are Building

We are building in sorrow and building in joy,
A temple the world may not see;
But we know it will stand if we found it on a rock,
Through the ages of eternity.

*We are building day by day,
As the moments glide away,
Our temple which the world may not see;
Every victory won by grace
Will be sure to find its place
In our building for eternity.*

Every deed forms a part in this building of ours
That is done in the name of the Lord;
For the love that we show and the kindness we bestow,
He has promised us a bright reward.

Then be watchful and wise, let the temple we rear
Be one that no tempest can shock;
For the Master has said, and He taught us in His word,
We must build upon the solid rock.

author→ Henrietta E. Blair

composer→ H. D. Lothrop

meter→ 7, 5, 8, 7, 7, 9, 7, 7, 9, 7, 7, 9

129. When the Saviour Calls

When the Saviour calls, will we ready be?
Will we answer, "Lord, I have lived for Thee"?
Will we hear from Him the words, "Well done!
Enter into rest, thou faithful one"?

Are we building now on the solid rock
A house that the tempest can never shock?
That will stand secure forevermore,
When we all have crossed to the other shore?

Are we building now on the drifting sand
A house that can never the storm withstand?
Sad will be our end if thus we build;
At last with grief we will be filled.

Let us therefore build as the Master said:
Let us take the Lord as our only Head,
And follow Him, though the world may sneer;
If we build on the rock, we need not fear.

Copyright→ ©

author→ James Craig

composer→ Wm. J. Kirkpatrick (1838-1921)

meter→ 10, 10, 9, 9

130. Teach Me How to Choose

Lord Jesus, teach me how to choose—
A thousand choices bar my way;
I see in each a destiny,
So help me wisely choose, I pray.
Thy choices all in youth were made,
And everything that tempteth me,
A hundredfold on Thee was laid;
Why should I then not come to Thee?

*Lord Jesus, teach me how to choose;
Talk Thou with me these choices o'er.
Then let me choose as I would choose
When time and seasons are no more.*

Lord Jesus, teach me how to choose,
For I am but a little child
Within a world of mystery,
With death and darkness surging wild.
The many standards earth has set,
The joy it offers warily,
Thou didst not touch; I'd be like Thee,
O Noble Youth of Galilee.

Lord Jesus, teach me how to choose;
I'm glad that Thou dost understand
The struggle of the youthful heart,
The snares that lie on every hand.
And though I do not grasp it now,
I'll better know when life is done,
Why Thou didst point the hardest path,
Asked me the straitest course to run.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Mrs. Elma Milton

composer→ T. F. Westendorf

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8

131. Jesus Calls Me

Jesus calls me– I am going;
Do not seek my feet to stay;
Yearns my soul to rise and follow–
Cease, vain world, to lure away.

*For His sake reproach esteeming
More than earth's vain show and pomp;
He is calling– I am going
Forth to Him outside the camp.*

Jesus calls me– I am going;
His assuring voice I hear,
Thrilling all my soul with rapture,
Chasing all my doubt and fear.

Jesus calls me– I am going
Out to bear reproach with Him;
Light of life now beams around me,
Light which naught on earth can dim.

He is calling– rise, be going;
Slumber not, but trim your lamp;
With the oil within your vessel,
Follow Him outside the camp.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ Grant Colfax Tullar (1869-1950)

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

tune→ Vision

132. I Have Made My Choice

I have made my choice forever—
I will walk with Christ my Lord;
Naught from Him my soul can sever
While I'm trusting in His word.
I the lowly way have taken,
Rough and toilsome though it be;
And although despised, forsaken,
Jesus, I'll go through with Thee.

*Oh! 'tis Jesus guides my footsteps;
He has made my heart His home,
And I would not dare to journey
Through this wide, wide world alone.*

Though the garden lie before me,
And the scornful judgment hall,
Though the gloom of deepest midnight
Settle round me like a pall,
Darkness can affright me never:
From Thy presence shadows flee;
And if Thou wilt guide me ever,
Jesus, I'll go through with Thee.

Though the earth may rock and tremble,
Though the sun may hide its face,
Though my foes be strong and ruthless,
Still I dare to trust Thy grace.
Though the cross my path o'ershadow,
Thou didst bear it once for me;
And whate'er the pain and peril,
Jesus, I'll go through with Thee.

author→ Mrs. E. E. Williams

composer→ H. L. Gilmour (1837-1920)

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

133. Why Not?

Sometimes you sit and ponder
Over your life so vain,
Knowing the God who gave, will
Someday require it again.

*Why not? Why not
Yield all to Him who can bless you?
Come while you may,
Seek His face today;
His love and life will possess you.*

Sometime you plan to serve Him,
But Satan holds you fast;
Pleasure and gain enthrall you;
Soon will your life be past.

God loves and longs to save you;
His power can set you free,
Making you strong to serve Him,
Whate'er your lot may be.

Speak now no more of sometime—
Enter His service now;
With pardon, peace and power,
God will your life endow.

Copyright→ ©
author→ Willie Hughes
composer→ J. S. Fearis
meter→ 7, 6, 7, 6, 12, 9, 8

134. God in Tender Love

God in tender love sent His only Son
To redeem and set you free;
O receive Him now, and you shall rejoice
In His light and liberty.

*He is waiting, waiting patiently;
Do not bid your Lord depart.
He is longing, longing, oh, so earnestly,
To possess your willing heart.*

He will give you life and a living hope
That forever will endure:
Those who come to Him will not be deceived,
For His promises are sure.

Do not close your heart to the Son of God,
Since He died your soul to win,
Shed His precious blood that you might be saved
From the guilt and power of sin.

O be reconciled to your dearest friend:
He was smitten for your sake.
Let Him enter in: you will know His peace
And the joys of heaven partake.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ W. H. Doane (1832-1916)

meter→ 10, 7, 10, 7, 9, 7, 11, 7

135. God Will Bring

God will bring you into judgment;
Do not let the world deceive!
Hear the voice of wisdom calling;
Come to Christ, on Him believe.
All your past will be forgiven;
Jesus now is waiting here;
Stifle not the voice of conscience;
Do not turn away your ear.

God will bring you into judgment
When your days on earth are o'er;
Life for you is swiftly passing
And returneth nevermore.
Do not waste the precious moments;
Hearken to the Saviour's voice;
Come and find in Him a refuge;
He is waiting for your choice.

God will bring you into judgment;
You cannot escape the day
When you shall appear before Him—
Him, whose love you cast away.
You may seal your doom forever
If you still go on in sin;
Open is the door of mercy;
Hasten now and enter in.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ P. P. Bliss (1839-1876)

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

tune→ Converse

136. Come to Jesus

Come to Jesus; He is calling—
Do not linger, do not wait;
You may never see tomorrow:
Hasten ere it be too late.

*Hearken to the Saviour's warning,
Ere the lamp of life grows dim;
While His heart for you is yearning,
Come to Him, O come to Him!*

Life is only as a vapour—
It will swiftly pass away;
Here you have no certain dwelling;
Death's cold hand you cannot stay.

Listen to His kind entreaty;
Come and make Him now your friend;
In the path of life He'll lead you
Safely to your journey's end.

O be reconciled to Jesus
Ere your day of grace is past
And, outside the door of mercy,
You are left to mourn at last.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ W. J. Kirkpatrick (1836-1921)

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

tune→ Fall River

137. Out of Christ

Out of Christ, without a Saviour,
Oh! can it, can it be?
Like a ship without a rudder,
On a wild and stormy sea!

*Oh! to be without a Saviour,
With no hope nor refuge nigh;
Can it be, O blessèd Saviour,
One without Thee dares to die!*

Out of Christ, without a Saviour,
Lonely and dark the way,
With no light, no hope in Jesus,
Making bright the cheerless day.

Out of Christ, without a Saviour,
Dark will the voyage be;
Clouds will gather, storms surround you;
Oh! to Christ for refuge flee!

Out of Christ, without a Saviour:
Give to Him now your heart,
Ere the door of mercy closes
And you hear His word "Depart."

author→ Robert Beveridge

composer→ F. M. Davis (1839-1896)

meter→ 8, 6, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

138. When the King Comes In

Called to the feast by the King are we,
Sitting, perhaps, where His people be;
How will it fare, friend, with thee and me—
When the King comes in?

*When the King comes in, tell me,
When the King comes in,
How will it fare with thee and me,
When the King comes in?*

Crown on the head where the thorns have been;
Glorified, He who once died for men;
Splendid the vision before us then—
When the King comes in.

Joyful His eye shall on each one rest,
Who is in white wedding garment dressed;
Ah, well for us if we stand the test—
When the King comes in.

Hopeless, the plight of the careless then;
Bitter, the cry of deluded men;
Awful that moment, beyond all ken—
When the King comes in.

author→ J. Landor
composer→ E. Lorenz
meter→ 9, 9, 9, 5, 7, 5, 8, 5

139. Have You Any Room for Jesus?

Have you any room for Jesus?—
He who bore your load of sin.
As He knocks and asks admission,
Sinner, will you let Him in?

*Room for Jesus, King of glory;
Hasten now, His word obey.
Swing your heart's door widely open;
Bid Him enter while you may.*

Room for pleasure, room for business,
But for Christ the crucified,
Not a place that He can enter
In your heart for which He died.

Have you any time for Jesus,
As in grace He calls again?
Oh, today is time accepted—
Tomorrow you may call in vain.

Room and time now give to Jesus!
Soon will pass God's day of grace,
Soon your heart be cold and silent,
And your Saviour's pleading cease.

author→ Daniel W. Whittle
composer→ C. C. Williams
meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7
tune→ Room for Jesus

140. The Saviour Now Is Seeking

The Saviour now is seeking
To win you in your youth,
From paths of sin, to worship Him
In spirit and in truth.

*O turn from sin to Jesus,
And learn His will to do;
Leave the world behind, and you will find
Christ all in all to you.*

The Saviour now is knocking;
Give Him an entrance wide
Into your heart; think on His love:
For you He bled and died.

The Saviour now is speaking;
O heed His warning voice;
It means eternal gain for you
To make Him now your choice.

The Saviour now is passing;
What shall your answer be?
Your choice for right or wrong will stand
Through all eternity.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Mrs. Rene Beattie

composer→ (Unknown – From O. N. 1929)

meter→ 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 9, 6

141. Close Thy Heart No More

Weary child, thy sin forsaking,
Close thy heart no more;
From thy dream of pleasure waking,
Open wide the door.

*While the lamp of life is burning
And the heart of God is yearning,
To His loving arms now turning,
Give thy wandering o'er.*

To the Saviour's tender pleading,
Close thy heart no more;
Now the call of mercy heeding,
Open wide the door.

To the gospel invitation,
Close thy heart no more;
To receive a full salvation,
Open wide the door.

To the joy that fadeth never,
Close thy heart no more;
To the peace abiding ever,
Open wide the door.

author→ Fanny J. Crosby
composer→ J. R. Sweney (1837-1899)
meter→ 8, 5, 8, 5, 8, 8, 8, 5

142. Do Not Resist

Do not resist the Spirit's gentle voice;
Jesus is waiting, make Him now your choice.
Come and evermore rejoice,
Safe in the kingdom of God.

*How shall you escape if you wilfully remain
Outside the kingdom of God?
Hasten to obey, while the Spirit bids you come:
Enter the kingdom of God.*

Haste, haste away! the time is flying fast;
Wait not until your day of grace is past
And you weep and wail at last,
Outside the kingdom of God.

Why should you let your priceless soul be lost
And then awake, too late to count the cost?—
Where the gulf cannot be crossed,
Outside the kingdom of God.

Heed now His voice while it is called today;
Come in His own accepted time and way;
From your heart you then can say,
“Safe in the kingdom of God.”

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ Tullus C. O’Kane (1839-1912)

meter→ 10, 10, 7, 7, 12, 7, 12, 7

143. One Day Too Late

There are many who say, "Are there few that be saved?"
Unconcerned for their own precious life;
As the multitudes roam in the darkness and gloom,
They are lost mid the din and the strife.

*One day too late, many will wait,
Stand knocking outside at the gate;
Jesus will say, "Depart ye away;
The door is now shut— it's too late."*

Do not linger or stay on the world's broad highway,
Do not wait for the many or few;
Leave the pathway of sin, by the door enter in,
While the Spirit is striving with you.

While He calls you, arise, and no longer despise;
Do not trifle with Him, I implore;
See, His heart yearns for you; say, oh, what will you do
If He leaves you there outside the door?

There is coming a day when the Master will say,
"Go! depart, ye are not of my flock";
You will then weep and wail, but no tears will avail—
'Twill be useless then standing to knock.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ W. J. Kirkpatrick (1838-1921)

meter→ 6, 6, 9, 6, 6, 9, 8, 8, 9, 8

144. Jesus Is Calling

Jesus is calling, calling earnestly;
For your sake He suffered on the cruel tree,
Gave Himself a ransom to redeem your soul
From condemnation while the ages roll.

*Jesus is calling; hear His heartfelt cry.
Why will you perish? Oh! why will you die
Outside the Kingdom, missing the goal?
What shall it profit if you lose your soul?*

Jesus is calling from earth's pleasures vain;
Wasting your talents, there is naught to gain,
Nothing but sorrow and remorse of heart.
From sin's delusions why not now depart?

Jesus is calling; He may call no more.
Strive then to enter ere He close the door.
What a sad awakening should you find, too late,
Mercy has vanished, shut is heaven's gate.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ M. E. Upham

meter→ 11, 11, 11, 11, 11, 11, 11, 11

145. The Tender Shepherd's Voice

The tender Shepherd's voice
Has reached my troubled heart;
From all iniquity and sin
I long now to depart.

*O receive me now;
Lord, I come to Thee;
Let Thy life and love and grace
Be magnified in me.*

My life, my will I yield:
There's naught I would withhold;
My weary heart desires the rest
And comfort of the fold.

O Shepherd, kind and true,
I need Thy love and life
To quicken and preserve my soul
Amid earth's toil and strife.

My Saviour bids me come
From wandering far abroad;
His life is mine, and I am safe,
Hid in the heart of God.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ Ira D. Sankey (1840-1908)

meter→ 6, 6, 8, 6, 5, 5, 7, 6

146. Give Me Jesus

Take the world, but give me Jesus!
All its joys are but a name;
But His love abideth ever,
Through eternal years the same.

*Oh, the height and depth of mercy!
Oh, the length and breadth of love!
Oh, the fullness of redemption!
Pledge of endless life above.*

Take the world, but give me Jesus!
Sweetest comfort of my soul;
With my Saviour watching o'er me,
I can sing though billows roll.

Take the world, but give me Jesus!
Let me view His constant smile;
Then throughout my pilgrim journey
Light will cheer me all the while.

Take the world, but give me Jesus!
In His cross my boast shall be,
Till, with clearer, brighter vision,
Face to face my Lord I see.

author→ Fanny J. Crosby
composer→ J. R. Sweney (1837-1899)
meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

147. How Clear the Call of Jesus

How clear the call of Jesus,
In accents low and sweet:
“Come now, ye heavy laden,
And rest your weary feet;
My peace and sweet forgiveness
Your troubled heart will know,
And I will gently lead you
Where living waters flow.”

Your only hope is Jesus,
O do not turn away!
For you must stand before Him
On that great judgment day,
When those of every nation
Before Him will appear—
All who despised His mercy,
In awful guilt and fear.

How kind the heart of Jesus:
His voice is calling still.
Grieve not the Holy Spirit;
Do not resist His will.
Your days and years are passing,
Spent as a tale that’s told;
Will you remain a stranger
And lost outside the fold?

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ A. Ewing (1830-1895)

meter→ 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6

tune→ Ewing

148. God Is Calling

God is calling! Wanderer, do not longer roam—
Jesus wants to lead you on to heaven and home;
Come while He is pleading; do not faint nor fear.
He will walk beside you and your spirit cheer.

*“Oh! what might have been,” This will be your cry
When, too late, you see Jesus has passed by.
Long with you He pleaded, but you would not hear;
Now He cannot help you, though you faint with fear.*

God is calling! Wanderer, will you then refuse
All His tender mercy and His love abuse?
Grasp the hand He offers: think what it would mean,
Left to mourn forever, “Oh, what might have been!”

God had almost won you when your friends drew near,
“You shall lose our friendship,” whispered in your ear.
With the flesh conferring, soon your heart grew cold;
Then you turned against Him and your birthright sold.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ W. J. Kirkpatrick (1838-1921)

meter→ 11, 11, 11, 11, 10, 10, 11, 11

149. Abundant in Mercy

O come, while the Saviour is calling—
There's no one so faithful and true;
Eternal salvation and glory,
He willingly offers to you.

*For He is abundant in mercy,
Forgiving transgression and sin;
He waits at the door of salvation,
To pardon and welcome you in.*

O come, while the Saviour is waiting,
And risk not a moment's delay;
The riches of earth are deceitful,
Illusive and passing away.

O come, see the Saviour is passing—
His mercy and love do not spurn.
Resist not the voice of His Spirit;
To you He may never return.

O come, there is refuge in Jesus,
And rest for the weary of heart;
Oh, why will you forfeit salvation
And let your Redeemer depart?

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ W. J. Kirkpatrick (1838-1921)

meter→ 9, 8, 9, 8, 9, 8, 9, 8

150. Wanderer, Stop and Harken

Wanderer, stop and hearken!
Hear what God would say;
Listen to His message;
Gladly now obey.
Rest and peace He offers
In this world of strife;
Come while He is waiting—
He will give you life.

*Will you now receive Him,
Give Him full control?
Let Him have the lordship
Of your heart and soul.*

Drifting: no sure anchor,
No strong arm to save.
Rocks and shoals lie hidden
Neath the restless wave.
Let the heavenly Pilot
Guide you o'er life's main;
Then His home eternal
You will surely gain.

Flee to Him for refuge—
Do not be afraid.
Christ is the foundation
God Himself has laid.
Listen to His counsel;
God's own word is plain:
Those who reach His kingdom
Must be born again.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ (Unknown – From Redemption Songs 760)

meter→ 11, 11, 11, 11, 11, 11

151. The Saviour Gently Calls

The Saviour gently calls you now
In accents soft and clear;
His hand outstretched in tender love
Will guide you to His home above—
O come while He is near.

This weary world so full of sin
Can offer naught but loss:
Its empty joys, its foolish pride,
False hopes that, like an ebbing tide,
Recede to leave but dross.

Your life is but a flickering flame
That fades to shine no more;
Then with that great and countless band,
Before His throne you, too, will stand
On an eternal shore.

So heed His gentle, pleading voice
That calls you still today.
He offers you a home in heaven,
The inward peace of sins forgiven—
O come while yet you may.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Ken Paginton

composer→ F. C. Maker (1844-1927)

meter→ 8, 6, 8, 8, 6

tune→ Rest

152. God Is Now Speaking

God is now speaking— His message you hear;
Pause and consider while He is so near.
If you refuse Him, His love cast away,
Oh, how will you stand on the great judgment day?

*O be in earnest! Pause and consider,
Carefully counting the cost:
God is in earnest, anxiously waiting,
Grieving lest you should be lost.*

Great is His mercy, His patience and love;
Faithful the Saviour now pleading above.
Grieve not His Spirit, still striving with you,
Awaiting your answer: oh, what will you do?

What will you answer? He waits for your choice;
Say yes to Jesus while angels rejoice.
Open your heart to the Saviour tonight;
O turn from the darkness, and walk in the light.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ E. S. Ufford (1851-1930)

meter→ 10, 10, 10, 11, 10, 8, 10, 7

153. Jesus Alone Can Save Me

Where shall I flee for refuge,
Hiding when storms are near?
Where find a place of safety,
Dwelling without a fear?

*Jesus alone can save me,
All of my joys increase;
From every storm He'll shield me,
Giving my soul sweet peace.*

Softly I hear Him calling,
"Come unto me and rest;
Here in my arms find shelter,
Close to my loving breast."

Burdens oftentimes oppress me,
Burdens so hard to bear;
Oh, then how sweet His whisper,
"Cast upon me thy care."

Thus would I ever journey
On toward my home above,
Resting alone on Jesus,
Whom, though unseen, I love.

author→ Kate Ulmer

composer→ Wm. J. Kirkpatrick (1838-1921)

meter→ 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6

154. Will You Come?

Will you come and walk with God
In the path the Saviour trod?
It will lead you on to home and endless day.
God has spoken to your heart;
Shall His Spirit, grieved, depart?
Will you cast the Saviour's tender love away?

*Will you come? Will you come?
Hearken now, O soul! while it is called today.
See, the patient Saviour stands,
Holding out His wounded hands;
From the door of mercy do not turn away.*

See, the door is open wide;
Come and enter and abide:
You will prove a Father's love and tender care.
He will seal you as His own—
For your sins Christ did atone—
And the riches of His glory you shall share.

You have heard His call before,
Yet you linger at the door;
O beware, lest you despise the Saviour's voice.
Hasten now and enter in:
Life eternal will begin,
And your soul with joy and gladness shall rejoice.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ C. D. Tillman (1861-)

meter→ 7, 7, 11, 7, 7, 11, 6, 11, 7, 7, 11

155. Incline Your Ear

Incline your ear and come;
The Master's voice obey;
The door of hope is open wide;
O enter while you may.

*Hear! He calls for thee;
He may call no more:
Soon the Master will arise
And shut the open door.*

Where living waters flow,
The Master waits for thee;
He'll be a never failing friend,
Now and eternally.

His love will satisfy;
His rest and peace will stay;
His life divine will fill your soul
And never pass away.

Your sins He will forgive—
He bore them on the tree;
To save you from the wrath of God,
He died on Calvary.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ Lewis Hartsough (1820-1872)

meter→ 6, 6, 8, 6, 5, 5, 7, 6

tune→ Welcome Voice

156. For You He Is Calling

There is a Saviour whose love is unchanging;
He's waiting in mercy for you and for me.
He longs to enfold you and crown you with blessings;
O come to the Saviour, now waiting for thee!

*For you He is calling,
For you He is calling,
For you He is calling,
He's calling for you.*

Come while He's pleading, and taste of His goodness:
The joys of the Kingdom are glories untold.
The Shepherd will guide you, will help and protect you;
O enter with Jesus, and be of the fold!

Life is now passing, the shadows are deepening;
The light of the Saviour will in your heart shine.
Despise not God's mercy extended in pity;
O come and take refuge while yet there is time!

Copyright→ ©

author→ Violet Webster

composer→ Ira D. Sankey (1840-1908)

meter→ 11, 11, 12, 11, 6, 6, 6, 5

157. Jesus With You

If you would have Jesus with you,
You must yield your heart to Him;
Then He'll come and dwell within you
And will cleanse you from your sin.

*Hear Him now calling you;
Do not turn from Him away.
Give Him room in your heart;
Let Him guide you every day.*

Open now your heart to Jesus,
And receive His words so true;
Then you'll find the way to heaven
Will be opened unto you.

If you close the door to Jesus
And refuse His words so true,
Then you'll find, to your own sorrow,
Heaven's door is closed to you.

Why not come while He is calling?
He'll forgive you for the past.
Yield to Him your life in service,
And hear His "Well done" at last.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Tom Holmes

composer→ W. H. Doane (1832-1916)

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7

158. Just as I Am

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— 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
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

author→ Charlotte Elliott

composer→ W. B. Bradbury (1816-1868)

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8

159. O Weary Soul

O weary soul, God calleth thee
In tender tones of sympathy;
Arise, let this thine answer be,
“From now ’tis Christ for me, for me!”

E’en though thy feet have gone astray,
Afar from God in sin’s dark way,
The Saviour longs to hear thee say,
“From now ’tis Christ for me, for me!”

Thy soul cannot forever stay
Within its feeble walls of clay;
Death’s angel soon will come and say,
“O soul, I come for thee, for thee!”

While Jesus now is very nigh,
O do not let Him pass thee by;
Without delay, wilt thou reply,
“From now ’tis Christ for me, for me!”

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sandy Scott

composer→ W. B. Bradbury (1816-1868)

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8

160. So Near to the Kingdom

So near to the Kingdom! yet what dost thou lack?
So near to the Kingdom! what keepeth thee back?
Renounce every idol, though dear it may be,
And come to the Saviour now pleading with thee.

Pleading with thee!

The Saviour is pleading, is pleading with thee!

So near, that thou hearest the songs that resound
From those who, believing, a pardon have found.
So near, yet unwilling to give up thy sin,
When Jesus is waiting to welcome thee in.

To die with no hope! hast thou counted the cost?
To die out of Christ, and thy soul to be lost?
So near to the Kingdom! O come, we implore!
While Jesus is pleading, come enter the door!

author→ Fanny J. Crosby

composer→ R. Lowry (1826-1899)

meter→ 6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 6, 5

161. Lord, I Desire to Come

Lord, I desire to come now to Thee;
Long hast Thou patiently waited for me.
Thy love has conquered, and now I arise:
A broken heart Thou wilt not despise.

*Lord, now take me and make me Thine own;
Thy precious blood for my sins doth atone.
Trusting Thy strength when my foes shall assail,
Trusting Thy love, I shall surely prevail.*

He who aspires Thy kingdom to win,
Must as a child come and enter therein.
All that would hinder, I freely resign;
Humble my heart, for I would be Thine.

Gladly I spurn the world and its pride,
Pleasure and treasure, its glory beside—
These are not riches, but only as dross;
What things were gain may I count as loss.

Missing Thy way, I groped in the night;
Satan deceived as an angel of light.
Now I desire no path but Thine own;
Now help me walk where Thy feet have gone.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Willie Hughes

composer→ W. Macomber (1865-1896)

meter→ 10, 10, 10, 10, 9, 10, 10, 10

162. Passing By

Low and sweet a voice is calling,
“Souls of mine, why will ye die?”
'Tis the Saviour, meek and lowly—
He is passing, passing by.

*Passing by, passing by,
Passing by, perhaps forever;
Passing by, perhaps forever;
Jesus now is passing by.*

Tenderly He reasons with you:
Dreary are the wastes of sin;
Pleasures sought have failed and vanished;
Cheerless is your heart within.

Peace without alloy He giveth
To the yielded heart and life,
His eternal love sustaining
Mid the world's unrest and strife.

Others may have proved unfaithful—
Jesus never will betray.
O be earnest, rise and follow—
Do not wait another day.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ E. S. Rice

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 6, 8, 8, 7

163. Jesus, My Saviour King

Jesus, my Saviour King,
I will be Thine!
Only to Thee I cling—
I will be Thine!
Mine not the worldling's gain,
Mine not his pleasures vain!
Man's honours I disdain—
I will be Thine!

Let others seek their own—
I will be Thine!
I'll live for Thee alone—
I will be Thine!
Riches and earthly fame,
Each mean or selfish aim,
Forever I disclaim—
I will be Thine!

Whate'er Thou wilt I'll do—
I will be Thine!
Gladly I'll suffer too—
I will be Thine!
Only possess my heart,
Bid sin and fear depart;
O let us never part!
I will be Thine!

author→ George Railton

composer→ P. P. Bliss (1839-1876)

meter→ 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

164. Only One Step

Only one step— God sees thy secret conflict;
Only one step— O hesitate no more;
Only one step to enter God's great kingdom;
Why linger still outside the open door?

Only one step to fadeless joys of heaven;
Only one step, a pardon to receive;
Only one step— to thee the call is given;
Let not sin's wiles thy precious soul deceive.

Only one step— let Jesus safely guide thee;
Only one step— shrink not with faithless fear;
Only one step— O soul! whate'er betide thee,
Take now this step, while God and heaven are near.

Only one step— thy hand give to the Saviour;
Only one step— thy soul feels God is nigh;
Only one step— O soul! if thou dost waver,
How sad thy lot, if thou shouldst hopeless die.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sandy Scott

composer→ Mrs. E. M. Anderson

meter→ 11, 10, 11, 10

165. I Am Trusting Thee

I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Trusting only Thee!
Trusting Thee for full salvation,
Great and free.

I am trusting Thee for pardon—
At Thy feet I bow—
For Thy grace and tender mercy,
Trusting now.

I am trusting Thee to guide me—
Thou alone shalt lead,
Every day and hour supplying
All my need.

I am trusting Thee for power—
Thine can never fail;
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me
Must prevail.

I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus;
Never let me fall!
I am trusting Thee forever,
And for all.

author→ Frances R. Havergal

composer→ E. W. Bullinger (1837-1913)

meter→ 8, 5, 8, 3

tune→ Bullinger

166. Oh, What Will You Do?

Oh, what will you do with Jesus?
The call comes low and sweet;
And tenderly He bids you
Your burdens lay at His feet.
O soul, so sad and weary,
That sweet voice speaks to thee:
Then what will you do with Jesus?
Oh, what shall the answer be?

What shall the answer be?

What shall the answer be?

What will you do with Jesus?

Oh, what shall the answer be?

Oh, what will you do with Jesus?
The call comes low and clear;
The solemn words are sounding
In every listening ear;
Immortal life's in the question,
And joy through eternity:
Then what will you do with Jesus?
Oh, what shall the answer be?

Oh, think of the King of glory,
From heaven to earth come down,
His life so pure and holy,
His death, His cross, His crown;
Of His divine compassion,
His sacrifice for thee:
Then what will you do with Jesus?
Oh, what shall the answer be?

author→ Nathaniel Norton

composer→ George C. Stebbins (1846-1945)

meter→ 8, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 6, 6, 7, 7

167. Still Undecided

Still undecided, look to thine heart;
Grieve not the Spirit, lest He depart;
Why wilt thou longer wait?
Come ere it be too late;
Jesus, at mercy's gate,
Grace will impart.

Still undecided, slight not the voice
Breathing so kindly, "Make me thy choice;
Look at my hands and see
I bore the nails for thee;
I died to make thee free;
Come and rejoice!"

Still undecided, time flies apace;
Jesus entreats thee— spurn not His grace;
What if the word were passed,
"This night shall be thy last,"
Where would thy soul be cast,
Where hide thy face?

author→ C. G. Lyne

composer→ P. P. Bliss (1839-1876)

meter→ 9, 9, 6, 6, 6, 4

168. Close to the Kingdom

Close to the Kingdom,
Outside the gate,
Just on the threshold,
Why longer wait?
Come, take the step tonight;
Let God your heart make right;
Heaven's gate is now in sight—
Why stay away?

Close to the Kingdom,
Still dead in sin,
Just on the threshold—
Why not within?
You have the choice to make;
You have the step to take;
Enter the open gate
To walk with God.

Close to the Kingdom,
What need of fear?
Just on the threshold—
Jesus is near,
Waiting to welcome you;
He'll guide you safely through;
He has a place for you,
And love untold.

Copyright→ ©
author→ Jack Leech
composer→ P. P. Bliss (1839-1876)
meter→ 5, 4, 5, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

169. At Thy Feet I Fall

Thy bleeding feet, Lord Jesus, I will follow,
All rough and thorny though the path may be,
And desert stretches now may lie before me;
Entreat me not to leave Thee:
I will follow Thee.

*At Thy feet I fall,
Yield Thee up my all,
To suffer, live or die
For my Lord crucified!*

For where Thou goest, I will follow after,
And where Thou lodgest, I will lodge with Thee;
Affliction with Thy people I have chosen;
Entreat me not to leave Thee:
I will follow Thee.

The God of heaven now will fight my battle—
What need I fear? There's grace enough for me;
Though joy and sorrow now may be my portion,
Entreat me not to leave Thee:
I will follow Thee.

Entreat me not, Thou lowly Man of Sorrows—
I cannot now return from following Thee;
My heart is won, mine eyes have seen Thy beauty;
Death cannot separate us:
I will follow Thee.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ Mrs. Booth-Clibborn (1858-1955)

meter→ 11, 10, 11, 7, 5, 5, 5, 6, 6

170. Abide With Me

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, O 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 power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O 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!

author→ Henry F. Lyte

composer→ W. H. Monk (1823-1889)

meter→ 10, 10, 10, 10

tune→ Eventide

171. Break Thou the Bread

Break Thou the bread of life, dear Lord, to me,
As Thou didst break the loaves beside the sea.
Beyond the sacred page I seek Thee, Lord;
My spirit pants for Thee, O Living Word!

Break Thou the bread of life, O Lord, to me,
That hid within my heart Thy word may be;
Mould Thou each inward thought, from self set free,
And let my steps be all controlled by Thee.

Open Thy word of truth, that I may see
Thy message written clear and plain for me;
Then in sweet fellowship, walking with Thee,
Thine image on my life engraved will be.

Bless Thou the Truth, dear Lord, to me, to me,
As Thou didst bless the bread by Galilee;
Then shall all bondage cease, all fetters fall,
And I shall find my peace, my All in all!

author→ Mary A. Lathbury

composer→ W. F. Sherwin (1826-1888)

meter→ 10, 10, 10, 10

tune→ Bread of Life

172. Apart With Thee

Apart with Thee, O Lord, today
We meet in Jesus' name;
Help us, O Lord, to speak and pray,
Thy blessing to obtain.

*O Lord, today
Thy blessing now bestow
Upon our waiting hearts, we pray;
Now may Thy richest blessing freely flow.*

Apart with Thee this hour so sweet
When care is left behind,
We humbly meet at Jesus' feet
With prayerful heart and mind.

Apart with Thee, we feel our need
Of Jesus' cleansing blood;
Cleanse us from sinful thought and deed,
Within that crimson flood.

O Lord, today may there arise
An offering pure and sweet:
New songs of praise, a sacrifice
Acceptable, complete.

Copyright→ ©
author→ Sandy Scott
composer→ Ben H. Price
meter→ 8, 6, 8, 6, 10, 8, 10

173. God Is Here

God is here amongst His people;
He delights there to abide.
So Immanuel lived and suffered
And for this was crucified.

*Keep us still, O Lord, we pray Thee,
In the path that Jesus trod;
May Thy light and truth still lead us;
Guide us by Thy staff and rod.*

God is here and seeking labourers
For the harvest field so wide;
Let us yield ourselves in service;
Fruit will come if we abide.

God is here and will not fail us,
Though all others may betray;
He will come to cheer and strengthen
As we love His truth and way.

God is here when all is darkness
And we know not where to go;
His own hand will lead unerring,
Though in tears we now may sow.

Copyright→ ©

author→ James Jardine

composer→ J. R. Sweney (1837-1899)

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

tune→ Arch Street

174. In the Name of Jesus Gathering

In the name of Jesus gathering,
From the world we come apart,
Praying that His presence with us
May refresh each longing heart.

*Lord, refresh our hearts today;
Teach us how to truly pray;
Keep us faithful, true, responsive,
Listening to Thy voice always.*

Oh, how barren, fruitless, useless
All our efforts without Thee!
God, our Father, grant Thy presence,
Bringing life and liberty.

One in heart, in mind and spirit,
Weaned from this vain world away;
Father, wilt Thou now revive us
As we seek Thy face today?

As the living branch abideth
In the vine, to fruitful be,
Cleanse us, Lord, and teach us ever
How to so abide in Thee.

Copyright→ ©

author→ James Jardine

composer→ J. R. Sweney (1837-1899)

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7, 8, 7

175. Come Ye Yourselves Apart

“Come ye yourselves apart and rest awhile,
Weary, I know it, of the press and throng;
Wipe from your brow the sweat and dust of toil,
And in My quiet strength again be strong.”

“Come ye aside from all the world holds dear,
For converse which the world has never known,
Alone with Me and with My Father here—
With Me and with My Father, not alone.”

“Come, tell Me all that ye have said and done,
Your victories and failures, hopes and fears;
I know how hardly souls are wooed and won;
My choicest wreaths are always wet with tears.”

Then fresh from converse with your Lord, return
And work till daylight softens into even;
The brief hours are not lost in which ye learn
More of your Master and His rest in heaven.

author→ E. H. Bickersteth

composer→ W. H. Monk (1823-1889)

meter→ 10, 10, 10, 10

tune→ Eventide

176. We Come Apart

We come apart from all the worldly throng—
Speak, Lord, we pray;
Deliver us from that which makes us strong
In our own way.

We know that pride before destruction goes;
Oh, may Thy Light our secret faults expose!

Make known to us Thy leadings at this time—
We fain would hear,
As they of old, Thy voice so plain and clear;
Our spirits cheer.
Oft have we failed to wait and seek Thy face;
Oft have our hearts strayed from the lowly place.

Here we repent from all iniquity—
Cleanse us today;
We long to walk in fellowship with Thee,
So thus we pray.
Thou dost delight to put our wrongs aside,
As from our hearts we purpose to abide.

The fields are white and honest hearts are waiting—
How can we stay?
Many a heart is sore with contemplating
The worldly way;
Open our eyes to see the awful need;
Then in Thy fear we'll sow the precious seed.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Milne Stouffer

composer→ J. B. Dykes (1823-1876)

meter→ 10, 4, 10, 4, 10, 10

tune→ Lux Benigna

177. Low at Thy Throne

Low at Thy throne of grace
We humbly bow;
Come in Thy mercy, Lord,
And bless us now.

O meet our soul's deep need:
Thy precious blood we plead;
Thy chosen people lead
Closer to Thee.

We fear the tempter's power—
Teach us to pray,
And lead us by the hand
In Thine own way.
Thou art the sinner's friend;
On Thee our souls depend;
Preserve us to the end—
We trust in Thee.

Our broken, contrite hearts
Now cleanse and heal;
Accept our lives, and give
Thy Spirit's seal.
O cause Thy face to shine;
We would be wholly Thine,
Filled with Thy life divine,
Loyal to Thee.

We come before Thy face,
Humble and meek;
Forsaking self, we would
Thy favour seek.
Teach us Thy holy will;
Thy purpose now fulfil;
Childlike, resigned and still,
We yield to Thee.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ R. Lowry (1826-1899)

meter→ 6, 6, 6, 5, 6, 6, 6, 5

tune→ Consecration

178. Fellowship

Father, as we meet
Humbly and with fear,
May Thy presence sweet
To each heart draw near.

Father, as we pray
May we rightly ask
Grace to tread Thy way,
Strength to do our task.

Father, as we speak
May the words be Thine,
We, a mouthpiece weak,
Uttering things divine.

Each word living bread,
Broken, Lord, by Thee,
On Thy table spread,
Sacrifice so free.

Father, as we part
May there deeper be
Purpose in each heart
Just to live for Thee.

As we live for Thee,
Lord, our lives control;
In Thy service free
Other lives enrol.

Copyright→ ©
author→ Geoffrey Bowdler
composer→ Geoffrey Bowdler
meter→ 5, 5, 5, 5

179. As We Gather

As we gather now together,
Show us Thou art here;
Breathe on us Thy Holy Spirit,
Scatter every fear.

*Jesus, in Thy footsteps treading,
We shall onward go:
This the path that leads to triumph
Over every foe.*

As we pray, Lord, pray Thou through us
By the Holy Ghost;
Perfect Thou Thy strength in weakness,
Vanquish Satan's host.

May the fear of man flee from us
As we do Thy will:
Men can only persecute us
And the body kill.

Though our outward man may perish,
We renewed shall be;
Changed from glory into glory,
Soon Thy face we'll see.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Edward Cooney

composer→ P. P. Bliss (1838-1876)

meter→ 8, 5, 8, 5, 8, 5, 8, 5

180. O Blessèd Lord

O blessèd Lord, we plead again
Before Thy mercy seat;
Forgive and cleanse, like other times,
Thy kindnesses repeat.
Descend on us like morning dew,
And, as the early rain
That robes the earth in pastures new,
So clothe us, Lord, again:
Our garments change.

Made conscious of shortcomings and
Our need of help from Thee—
Impart Thy Holy Spirit to
Give utterance to our plea.
The tempter, now accusing, from
Our vision, Lord, conceal
And, interceding on our part,
Our great High Priest reveal:
Our vision change.

Though many, as one body, in
Agreement, help us pray;
Subdue the tumult, still the strife,
And envy drive away.
Revive Thy gifts in all till we
Each other's keeper be;
And fitly join the first with last,
Till blest in unity:
Unite us, Lord.

In concord may our prayers arise
As prayers of one with zeal:
Unhindered be the glad Amen
To every wise appeal.
Forgive as we forgive, O Lord,
And set each other free;
Not as we would, but as Thou wilt—
May this our blessing be—
Thy will be done.

Copyright→ ©

author→ John Martin

composer→ Lady Nairne (1766-1843)

composer_2nd_tune→ Dave E. Roberts

meter→ 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6, 4

tune→ Rowan Tree

181. Lord, We Love Thy Habitation

Lord, we love Thy habitation,
Where there's hope and warmth and cheer,
Where the bread to feed our hungry hearts is free,
Where Thy light dispels our darkness,
And we're filled with wholesome fear,
As we trace the words of wisdom back to Thee.

Many times we've feared and faltered
Since we said we'd do our best,
And have wept and prayed to overcome our fear;
And at times it seemed so hopeless
As ahead we saw the test;
But we know Thou dost behold our every tear.

May our hearts be soft and tender
As we listen to Thy voice,
That impressions made may guide us all the way,
And our lives show forth Thy praises
As we daily make the choice
To deny ourselves and all Thy will obey.

May we now behold the beauties
Of the way Thy heart has planned;
Help us think the thoughts that keep our hearts aflame;
Then our lives one round of praises,
Sealed and guided by Thy hand,
Will show forth Thy life and glorify Thy name.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Glenn Smith

composer→ Glenn Smith (1880-1968)

meter→ 8, 7, 11, 8, 7, 11

182. Lord, We Are Met Together

Lord, we are met together,
A weak and helpless flock,
The powers of earth against us,
But Thou art still our Rock;
Now may we simply trust Thee,
Depend upon Thy power;
Extend to us Thy favour,
Make this a hallowed hour.

We know that Thou wert here, Lord,
A meek and lowly man,
Dependent on Thy Father,
Fulfilling all His plan.

We know that Thou didst suffer
In yielding to His will
And saidst to Thy disciples,
“Do not fear them that kill.”

What Thou didst say to them, Lord,
Thou sayest now to us;
Oh, may we follow after,
Counting the world but dross.
Thus shall we suffer with Thee
And lose our lives down here;
But suffering leads to reigning,
So wherefore should we fear?

For Thou art coming back, Lord,
The time is drawing nigh;
The whole creation groaneth
And wearily doth sigh;
And we ourselves do long, Lord,
To see Thee king of earth,
Our weeping turned to singing,
Our sorrow into mirth.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Edward Cooney

composer→ S. S. Wesley (1810-1876)

meter→ 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6

tune→ Aurelia

183. Our God, Our Father

Our God, our Father, grant us grace
To seek Thy face today;
O banish each distracting thought,
That we may pray.

Give us Thy Holy Spirit's aid
That for us He may plead;
For He alone can search our hearts
And tell our need.

Father, do Thou reveal the wrong,
And bring to light our sin;
Cleansed in Christ's blood we then may be
All pure within.

May Thy great love be shed abroad
In every waiting heart,
That Thou through us mayest love the world
In every part.

Father, do Thou receive us now—
Christ's blood-bought ones are we;
His slaves we lovingly become
Eternally.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Edward Cooney

composer→ J. B. Dykes (1823-1876)

meter→ 8, 6, 8, 4

tune→ St. Cuthbert

184. Here We Come

Here we come and seek to pray;
Lord, refresh our hearts today;
Lighten all our darkness now,
As before Thy face we bow.

Save us from all fleshly speech;
Give us words Thine ear to reach;
Through us may Thy Spirit cry,
Speaking forth our hearts' deep sigh.

Father, we our wants make known;
Give us what we need alone;
Thou art wiser far than we:
Past and future Thou dost see.

Give us Thy deep sympathy;
Save us from all apathy;
May the world, with all its need,
Touch our hearts and make us plead.

Now may every heart be still;
Lord, reveal to us Thy will;
Step by step as Thou dost show,
May we always gladly go.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Edward Cooney

composer→ Mozart (1756-1791)

meter→ 7, 7, 7, 7

tune→ Kyrie

185. Let Us Draw Near

Let us draw near to God—
We know that He is here;
Oh, may His presence fill our souls
With reverent, godly fear.

*Let us draw near to God
Through Christ, the living way;
The holiest is open now:
Let us draw near and pray.*

Let us draw near to God—
He will forgive our sin:
Christ's precious blood has opened heaven,
And we may enter in.

Let us draw near to God—
He knows our need is great;
He will respect the contrite heart,
Regard our low estate.

Let us draw near to God,
Our Father and our Friend;
From grateful hearts continually
Let prayer and praise ascend.

Copyright→ ©
author→ Sam Jones
composer→ Sam Jones
meter→ 6, 6, 8, 6, 6, 6, 8, 6

186. Prayer Is a Mighty Source

Prayer is a mighty source of power;
Without it we must surely fail;
While Moses prayed, the enemies
Of Israel could not prevail.

Then brother, sister, plead and pray;
God reigns in majesty on high;
His eyes behold His chosen ones;
His ear is listening to their cry.

God will avenge His own elect,
Whose prayers ascend both day and night;
And out of weakness make them strong,
And put their enemies to flight.

The hosts of sin are marching on,
And forth to death their captives lead;
And these may perish if we cease
To watch and pray and intercede.

Souls wander on outside the fold,
And God looks down with pitying eye
On harvest great and labourers few,
While souls drift on in sin to die.

My brother, sister, walk with God,
With perfect hearts, sincere and true,
That souls now lost in sin may see
The life of Christ revealed in you.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ Dr. L. Mason (1792-1872)

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8

tune→ Eden

187. Begin the Day With God

Begin the day with God—
Kneel down to Him in prayer;
Lift up thy heart to His abode,
And seek His love to share.

Open the Book of God,
And read a portion there,
That it may hallow all thy thoughts
And sweeten all thy care.

Go through the day with God,
Whate'er thy lot may be;
Where'er thou art— at home, abroad—
He still is near to thee.

Converse in mind with God—
Thy spirit heavenward raise;
Acknowledge every good bestowed,
And offer grateful praise.

Conclude the day with God—
Thy sins to Him confess;
Trust in the Lord's atoning blood,
And plead His righteousness.

author→ (Unknown)
composer→ C. Bryan
meter→ 6, 6, 8, 6
tune→ Serenity

188. Father, in Thy Mercy

Father, in Thy mercy
Hearken to my prayer;
Make Thy servant worthy
Jesus' name to bear.
He is meek and lowly:
These great gifts impart,
That they may forever
Dwell within my heart.

Mourning, poor in spirit—
Cause Thy face to shine;
Open wide Thy kingdom
To this heart of mine;
Thine the power and glory,
Thine the grace I need,
Loving, serving, sowing
All my life as seed.

Father, at Thy footstool,
This great truth I own:
Those who fail in dying
Must remain alone.
Let the love of Jesus
In my heart now reign,
Bringing forth abundant
Fruit that will remain.

Gracious Holy Father,
Hear me from on high;
Teach me, like my Master,
How to fall and die;
Naught from Him withholding—
Naught I now retain—
I shall bear His image
When He comes to reign.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ H. J. E. Holmes (1852-1938)

meter→ 6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5

tune→ Malling

189. Pray for the Peace of the City

Pray for the peace of the city,
Set as a light on a hill;
Pray that each dwelling may prosper,
Peace all her palaces fill.
Mark well her towers and bulwarks,
Settled eternally sure;
Builded in truth upon Jesus,
She shall forever endure.

*Our God shall help her right early;
Lo, she shall never be moved;
For He as King there abideth,
Reigning o'er all His beloved.*

Pray for the peace of the city,
Pray that no evil shall harm.
All they who love her shall prosper,
Knowing no cause for alarm.
E'en though the mountains be carried
Into the depths of the sea,
God in the midst of her dwelleth;
Our rock and fortress is He.

Pray for the peace of the city,
Soon as the Bride to appear,
Coming in clouds of the morning,
Fair as the jasper stone clear.
Christ is her light and her temple,
Christ is the King on her throne;
Pray for the peace of the city
Jesus hath claimed for His own.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Mrs. Elma Milton

composer→ Wm. J. Kirkpatrick (1838-1921)

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

190. Teach Us How to Pray

Lord, we need Thy tender mercy,
Need it every day;
We are in the midst of danger—
Teach us how to pray.

*Teach us how to pray,
How to watch and pray;
Fierce and strong the powers of darkness—
Teach us how to pray.*

In the quiet of Thy presence,
Fit us for the fray;
Lest we waver in the conflict,
Be our strength and stay.

Lord, preserve and shield Thy people—
Foes are lurking round;
In the way our feet must journey
Snares of death are found.

Lord, impart Thy quickening Spirit
While our prayers arise;
Prayers from needy hearts and contrite
Thou wilt not despise.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ J. B. Morgan

meter→ 8, 5, 8, 5, 5, 5, 8, 5

191. Watch and Pray

Oh! how sweet the words of Jesus,
As we journey on life's way,
And we walk the narrow pathway:
We should always watch and pray.
And though farther on we go
And our God we learn to know,
Still we fall before the foe
If we do not watch and pray.

*Watch and pray every day,
Watch and pray every day,
For the foe is always near—
We have need to watch and pray.*

When at times the sun is shining
And our path is bright as day,
We should take it as a warning
That we need to watch and pray.
For the foe is always near,
Though we cannot see he's here;
But we have no need to fear
If we only watch and pray.

In the times of deep depression
We may find there's much to cheer;
If we're conscious of temptation,
Still we need not faint nor fear.
When we seek our Father's face,
He will grant the needed grace;
We may finish in the race
If we only watch and pray.

Copyright→ ©

author→ James Patrick

composer→ Ira D. Sankey (1840-1908)

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 6, 6, 7, 7

192. Praying Always

Praying always in the Spirit,
Fainting not whate'er befall;
Jesus lives, the mighty conqueror—
He is reigning over all.

*Praying always, praying ever—
God will hear His own elect;
In His sight their souls are precious—
He will comfort and protect.*

Praying when the darkness gathers
And the sun withdraws its light,
Through the lonely hours of sorrow,
In the still and solemn night.

Praying when the foe is vanquished,
Seeking His sustaining grace,
Keeping under His protection,
Sure and steady in the race.

Praying that we may continue
In the race we have begun;
Found at last among the faithful
When our days on earth are done.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ Wm. J. Kirkpatrick (1838-1921)

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

tune→ Riverside

193. In the Garden

What can give us hope of triumph
As we face the daily strife?
Is it not in praying always,
Keeping true in secret life?
Jesus in that night of sorrow
Wept and prayed for grace and power;
Came an angel, strength imparting
For that final, trying hour.

*In the garden, in the garden,
Lies defeat or victory.
Grant us, Lord, Thy keeping ever,
To be found awake by Thee.*

Think of others in the garden,
Weary, waiting, watching there,
Found of Him for sorrow sleeping
In the secret place of prayer.
He the lonely watch was keeping;
He alone the price could pay.
All of heaven was beholding
As He bore our sins away.

We ourselves a watch are keeping
In our own extremity,
And our Father, too, will send us
Help for our infirmity.
As we think of days before us,
Ever as we journey on,
Well we know whate'er the battle,
With His help it shall be won.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Garrett Hughes

composer→ C. Austin Miles

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

194. Low Before Thy Throne

Low before Thy throne of grace,
Lord of life, we seek Thy face;
O respect our soul's deep need,
In the Saviour's name we plead.
God of love, Thy grace impart;
Quicken every longing heart;
Fill us with Thy love and zeal;
Grant us now Thy Spirit's seal.

Lord, our body, spirit, soul,
We would yield to Thy control;
Grace sufficient Thou shalt give,
As in Thee we move and live.
Lord, we plead the Saviour's blood;
We would serve Thee as we should;
Let Thy pitying eye now see
All our insufficiency.

We would bear Thy worthy name,
Stand before Thee without blame,
Cleansed from all iniquity,
Clothed in Thy humility.
Father, in this quiet hour
May we feel Thy quickening power;
Fill our hearts, O heavenly Dove,
With Thy pure and changeless love.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ J. B. Dykes (1823-1876)

meter→ 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7

tune→ Hollingside

195. Lord, We Rest in Peace Abiding

Lord, we rest in peace abiding,
Under Thy wings;
All our care to Thee confiding,
Under Thy wings.

Satan has no power to charm us,
Hosts of sin cannot alarm us,
Naught in life nor death can harm us,
Under Thy wings.

There is healing for our sorrow,
Under Thy wings;
There is hope for each tomorrow,
Under Thy wings.
Joy all other joys transcending,
Peace like heaven's dew descending,
Tender love that knows no ending,
Under Thy wings.

Lord, a weary world is dying,
Far from Thy wings;
Broken hearts in sorrow sighing,
Far from Thy wings.
In Thy mercy hear their crying—
All their need, Thy love supplying;
Take them, sinful, helpless, dying,
Under Thy wings.

Copyright→ ©
author→ Mrs. May Schulz
composer→ David Owen
meter→ 8, 4, 8, 4, 8, 8, 8, 4
tune→ Ar Hyd Y Nos

196. Help Me to Find Thee

Help me to find Thee when I pray—
O God, this is my earnest plea;
The way is hid, my hope is dead
If, Lord, I cannot meet with Thee.

*As pants the hart for water brooks,
So pants my soul, O Lord, for Thee:
Thou art my life, my hope, my all!
Draw near, I pray, draw near to me.*

Thou art the answer to my prayer:
O let me feel Thy presence near,
Thy living touch upon my heart,
Thy quickening word upon my ear.

The borders of Thy mercy, Lord,
Are spread to cover o'er my wrong,
That I may seek Thy face with joy
And lift to Thee again my song.

For, Lord, Thou art the pilgrim's friend:
O go Thou with me on the way;
Let Thy blest presence be my shield:
Draw near to me, draw near, I pray.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Jack Annand

composer→ Bert Pattison

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8

197. Teach Me to Pray, Lord

Teach me to pray, Lord, teach me to pray;
This is my heart cry day unto day;
I long to know Thy will and Thy way;
Teach me to pray, Lord, teach me to pray.

Power in prayer, Lord, power in prayer,
Here mid earth's sin and sorrow and care,
Men lost and dying, souls in despair,
O give me pow'r, Lord, power in prayer.

Teach me to pray, Lord, teach me to pray;
Thou art my pattern day unto day;
Thou art my surety, now and for aye;
Teach me to pray, Lord, teach me to pray.

Living in Thee, Lord, and Thou in me,
Constant abiding: this is my plea;
Grant me the power, boundless and free,
Power with men and power with Thee.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Albert Simpson Reitz

composer→ Albert Simpson Reitz

meter→ 9, 9, 9, 9

198. Alone With Jesus

Alone with Jesus, 'tis so sweet
To sit and learn at His dear feet
And see more clearly how to prize
The loving Saviour's sacrifice.

Alone with Jesus, 'tis His will
That we should hear His "Peace, be still."
He calms the fears and stills the cries
That from a troubled heart would rise.

Alone with Jesus, we can know
The greatest comfort here below,
When sorrows press on every hand
That only He can understand.

Alone with Jesus, oh, what rest
To lean upon the Saviour's breast,
To feel His touch and hear His voice
That makes my inmost heart rejoice.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Winnie Mewes

composer→ F. Hermann Geue

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8

199. I Need Thy Grace

I need Thy grace, O Lamb of God,
To aid me in the pilgrim way;
I tremble at the tempter's power
And feel my need to watch and pray.

O let me now abide in Thee:
Thou art my shield and hiding place,
Thy precious blood my only plea,
While waiting at the throne of grace.

Thy tender love and mercy, Lord,
Subdue this stubborn heart of mine;
They flood and fill my inmost soul
And claim and make me wholly Thine.

I come to Thee to find soul-rest
And nestle closer to Thy side;
How base the heart that would betray
The soul's redeemer, friend and guide.

Though heaven and earth may pass away,
Thy word will stand forever sure;
The promise is, they shall be saved
Who faithful to the end endure.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ Ralph Harrison

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8

tune→ Warrington

200. Lord, My Heart's Deep Need

Lord, my heart's deep need Thou knowest—
Contrite at Thy feet I pray,
Watching, waiting, in Thy presence,
Listening, willing to obey.
All my soul for Thee is yearning,
Fainting for Thy courts, O Lord;
Truest source of satisfaction,
Feed me on the living word.

*All my soul for Thee is yearning,
To be filled with Thee alone,
Sanctified, approved, accepted,
One whom Thou canst seal and own.*

Lord, my heart's deep need Thou knowest—
Draw me, I will follow Thee,
Free from sin's enthralling bondage,
In Thy light and liberty.
All my weakness, Lord, Thou seest;
In temptation be my tower;
Make me more and more like Jesus
Daily by Thy Spirit's power.

Lord, my heart's deep need Thou knowest—
Do not turn away my prayer;
Thou hast walked the path before me;
Thou canst sympathize and care.
O remember me in mercy,
And impart the needed grace
To enable me to follow
Till I see Thee face to face.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ Aaa

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

201. Lowly at Thy Feet

Lowly at Thy feet, my Saviour,
Pleading for Thy pardoning grace,
I would seek Thy smile and favour;
Do not hide from me Thy face.
Often heart and flesh would fail me;
Help me, Saviour, from above;
Sweet the thought my heart retaineth:
I am not beyond Thy love.

*Not beyond the love of Jesus,
His unmeasured wealth of love;
Sweet the thought my heart retaineth:
I am not beyond Thy love.*

Hush, my heart, thy Saviour speaketh—
Strained, my ear to catch His word;
Peace that passeth understanding,
Strength and life it doth afford.
Boundless is His love and mercy,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Vast, unending, never failing,
Sure for all eternity.

'Tis not sacrifice nor offerings,
But my body He requires
For His home and habitation;
Shall I yield to His desires?
Can I, listening to His pleadings,
Still refuse and say Him nay?
Love begets the love He asketh:
Lord, I yield without delay.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ Aaa

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

202. O Help Us, Lord

O help us, Lord, to seek Thy face,
And touch our hearts that we may pray;
The foe is strong: we need Thy grace
And power to keep us in the Way.

*Weak in ourselves we fear the foe
But love the path where Jesus trod;
Strong in His strength we forward go;
Our hope is in the living God.*

O give us understanding hearts,
And help us now to intercede
For those who in the darkness dwell,
That they may see and feel their need.

Possess our hearts and fill our minds
With light and wisdom from on high,
That we may manifest Thy life
And vile affections crucify.

Whom have we, Lord, in heaven but Thee?—
And there is none on earth beside—
So tender, patient, kind and true,
A loyal, faithful friend and guide.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ Wm. B. Bradbury (1816-1868)

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8

tune→ He Leadeth Me

203. With Childlike Trust

With childlike trust, O Lord, we come;
Our helplessness appeals to Thee;
Thou who in us Thy work hath wrought,
Forsake us not then utterly.

*Our weakness, Lord, appeals to Thee;
Our spirits long for liberty.
O hear our cry, Thou Holy One;
Complete the work Thou hast begun.*

Rejoicing in the lowly way,
We fain would walk, we fain would be,
The cross and suffering never shun,
But prove our love and loyalty.

As we present our sacrifice,
Our all we yield with motive pure;
Thy love, Thy life, Thy power we crave,
That we may to the end endure.

O help us then to follow on
With stable hearts, contrite and free,
Complete in Him, the righteous One,
Thy will fulfilling perfectly.

Copyright→ ©
author→ Sam Jones
composer→ A. M. Mackay
meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8
tune→ Selafo

204. My Need

I need Thy sheltering wings, my God—
No other refuge can I find;
I nestle there in calm content,
True rest and peace of heart and mind.

I need Thy wisdom and Thy grace
To face the conflict day by day
And bear the burden of the Lord,
With steps assured along the way.

I need Thy meek and gentle Christ
To still this stormy human breast,
To check the word or deed or thought,
Unworthy of its Holy Guest.

I need forgiveness, Saviour mine—
For oft I am like one astray—
And cleansing by Thy precious blood,
To keep me in Thy glorious way.

I rest content though poor I am;
Jehovah meets my every need;
I shall not want: He knows and gives
The riches of His grace indeed.

Copyright→ ©

author→ William Carroll

composer→ Peter Ritter (1760-1847)

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8

tune→ Hursley

205. Thou Hast Been My Help

Thou hast been my help, Lord Jesus;
Leave, O leave me not, I pray.
Fiercer grows the conflict daily,
And I need Thee all the way.

*Leave me not, leave me not;
Precious Saviour, leave me not;
Enemies and foes surround me—
In Thy mercy leave me not.*

O forsake me not, my Saviour,
Weak and wavering though I be;
Everlasting strength is promised
Unto those who trust in Thee.

Saviour, in the time of trouble
Hide me in the secret place;
Keep me evermore rejoicing
In Thy righteousness and grace.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ W. J. Kirkpatrick (1838-1921)

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 6, 7, 8, 7

206. Gracious Redeemer

Gracious Redeemer, Thou art my salvation:
Naught but Thy blood could for my sins atone.
Give me the grace of holy resignation
That I may henceforth do Thy will alone.

Oh, how this cruel self would seek to hinder
And keep me bound in sin and misery.
O Lord, bestow the grace of self-surrender
That I may evermore Thy servant be.

How hard and cold is my poor heart without Thee;
I need Thy love and mercy every hour.
Grant me, O God, Thy blessèd Holy Spirit
That I may know His gracious, quick'ning power.

I would excel in every grace and virtue;
Cleanse and possess this yielded heart of mine.
Thou didst in mercy shed Thy blood to save me;
Thy love has conquered, I am wholly Thine.

Help me to walk in Thy most holy presence,
Perfect in heart, before Thee without blame.
Subdue each thought and quell each stormy passion
That I may magnify Thy glorious name.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ F. Bruce (1878-1945)

meter→ 11, 10, 11, 10

207. Holy Spirit

Holy Spirit, breathe upon us:
Sealed by Thee are we,
To the day of our redemption,
Till our Lord we see.

*Cleanse us, Lord, from all that grieveth
Thy blest Spirit, Holy Guest.
Comforter, from heaven descending,
Find in us Thy rest.*

Holy Spirit, breathe upon us:
To the Father dear,
By Thine aid, in all our weakness,
Help us to draw near.

Holy Spirit, breathe upon us:
Teach to us God's will;
With the Christ who lived and suffered,
All our vision fill.

Holy Spirit, breathe upon us:
Filled by Thee alone,
Precious fruit in us appearing
Makes Thy presence known.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Gladys Porteous

composer→ J. R. Sweney (1837-1899)

meter→ 8, 5, 8, 5, 8, 7, 8, 5

208. Our Blest Redeemer

Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed
With us to dwell.

He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
Where He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms each fear
And speaks of heaven.

And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness
Are His alone.

Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness pitying see:
O make our hearts Thy dwelling place,
And worthier Thee.

author→ Harriet Auber

composer→ J. B. Dykes (1823-1876)

meter→ 8, 6, 8, 4

tune→ St. Cuthbert

209. Dark, Dark the Night

Dark, dark the night on every side;
Without Thee, Lord, I have no guide.
O blessèd Saviour, crucified,
Take not Thy Holy Spirit from me.

Light of the world to me Thou art,
Hope of this wayward, sinful heart;
I could not bear from Thee to part:
Take not Thy Holy Spirit from me.

Apart from Thee my soul must die;
No other hope of heaven have I.
O hear Thy needy servant's cry:
Take not Thy Holy Spirit from me.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Mrs. May Schulz

composer→ W. Bradbury (1816-1868)

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 9

tune→ Olive's Brow

210. Gently the Holy Spirit

Gently the Holy Spirit
Whispers at break of day,
Guiding my thoughts to Jesus,
And prompting my heart to pray.
Arise, my soul, and answer
The tender, secret call,
Lest earthly cares prevent me,
And I in temptation fall.

Gently the Holy Spirit
Reproves me of my sin,
Guides me again to Jesus,
Who died my poor soul to win.
May there be true submission
Within this heart of mine:
Then, reconciled and broken,
I learn of His love divine.

Gently the Holy Spirit
Whispers at close of day,
“Cast all thy cares on Jesus,
Who careth for thee alway.”
Be still, my soul, and, trusting
In His undying love,
Commit your all unto Him;
Forever He reigns above!

Copyright→ ©
author→ Dorothy Hanson
composer→ Julius Dahlof (1871-1913)
meter→ 7, 6, 7, 7, 7, 6, 7, 6

211. My Saviour, How I Love Thy Name

My Saviour, how I love Thy name!
And oh! how precious to my heart,
The bond of love which makes us one
And binds us nevermore to part!

*My name is graven on His hands;
His precious blood now speaks for me
Within the Holiest of all,
Before God's face continually.*

My Shepherd, since Thy life is mine,
I rest in this: Thou shalt prevail
O'er every foe, without, within;
Thy love, all-conquering, cannot fail.

My Master, all my soul desires
The grace to serve Thee faithfully,
With reverence and with godly fear,
In meek, unfeigned humility.

My Father, hearken to my prayer,
In Jesus' name I ask of Thee;
In life, in death, deny me not;
Let Christ be magnified in me.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ Mrs. C. Coombs

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8

212. God Sent His Well-Belovèd Son

God sent His well-belovèd Son
Down from His home above;
He came that we might understand
The depth of His great love.
He left His Father's home on high,
And for our sins He came to die.

That quenchless zeal consumed His life,
To do His Father's will,
And satisfy His just demands,
And righteousness fulfil.
He finished all God's heart had planned,
And then sat down at God's right hand.

His saints, though few, adore His name—
Those by His Spirit sealed—
And love the mysteries of grace,
To His own babes revealed.
And oh! what joy and endless bliss,
To see His face in righteousness!

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ F. Hermann Geue

meter→ 10, 7, 10, 7, 10, 9

213. The Heart of God

The heart of God is always grieved
Unless His chosen people pray
And seek His all-sufficient grace
To keep them in the evil day.

Prayer is the strong, connecting link,
The vital, quickening, heavenly flame
Which burns within the hearts of all
Who live to honour His great name.

Effectual, fervent prayers shall bring
God's richest blessings from above;
All prayer prevails with Him who reigns
Forevermore in sovereign love.

Prayer moves the loving heart of God
To grant these favours from on high:
A wise and understanding heart,
A clear, discerning, single eye.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ (Unknown – Tune Name: Old 100th)

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8

tune→ Old Hundredth

214. If It Had Not Been the Lord

If it had not been the Lord
Who had died my soul to save,
Then a sad and Christless heart
Would have found a hopeless grave.

If it had not been the Lord
Who had brought me to His fold,
Then a lost and dying sheep
Would have perished in the cold.

If it had not been the Lord
When the ruthless foe assailed,
No defence would I have known—
If my Lord had not prevailed.

It is only He can save;
It is only He can keep.
His strong arm, and His alone,
Will defend His trusting sheep.

author→ King David

composer→ King Thibaut Of Navarre

meter→ 7, 7, 7, 7

tune→ Innocents

215. A Tender Heart

Give me a heart that's tender, true,
A heart that's kind, a heart that's new;
And let it be like Thine, O Lord,
In every deed and every word.

Take out the stony heart,
take out the bitterness;

Give me a gracious heart
that's full of tenderness,

A heart that understands,
that will not fret or pine;

Give me a tender heart—
a heart like Thine.

Give me a heart from sin set free,
Unworthy though my life may be,

And may Thy Spirit its temple fill
And teach me to obey Thy will.

May I forget the wrong
someone has done to me

And show the tenderness
of Christ on Calvary.

Let tears of sorrow come
and all my ways refine;

Give me a tender heart—
a heart like Thine.

Give me a heart that knows no guile,
A heart forgiving all the while,

A heart that reaches to do a deed,
And stoops to help a friend in need.

I want to feel the pain
my neighbours often know

And lend a helping hand
if he be friend or foe.

I want to share the loss
in every weal or woe

And have a tender heart,
where'er I go.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Ira Stanphill

composer→ Ira Stanphill

meter→ 9, 8, 9, 8, 12, 12, 12, 10

216. Thy Perfect Love

May Thy perfect love, O Lord,
Burn strong within my heart,
That I may in Thy truth abide
And from all sin depart.

*O cause Thy perfect love
Within my heart to burn,
That I may ne'er unfaithful be
Nor from Thy pathway turn.*

May Thy perfect love, O Lord,
Inspire my soul each day
To do Thy will and Thine alone;
O give me grace alway.

As Thy perfect love, O Lord,
Burns with a constant flame,
I'll seek to glory in the cross
And share my Master's shame.

May Thy perfect love unite
Thy saints in every land,
That they may all be one with Thee,
Fulfilling Thy command.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Robert Blair

composer→ W. H. Doane (1832-1915)

meter→ 8, 6, 12, 6, 7, 7, 9, 6

tune→ Revival

217. My Saviour's Love

My Saviour's love shall never fail,
Till I am safe within the veil;
When life has ended here for me,
Lord Jesus, I shall dwell with Thee.

*Love led Him to Gethsemane;
Love led Him on to Calvary.
Love in His flowing wounds I see:
The Lamb of God, who died for me.*

Though I'm unworthy of His love,
He has prepared a home above,
Where souls redeemed shall live in peace;
Their joy in God shall never cease.

Arrayed in righteousness and grace,
His servants there shall see His face,
Their crown of life to bear His name
And stand before Him without blame.

God's love shall comfort them for aye,
His hand shall wipe their tears away;
Before the throne their theme shall be:
"Herein is love: He died for me."

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ Don Puffalt

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8

218. Love Is the Kingdom's Banner

Love is the Kingdom's banner:
Lift it against the sky,
Over the field of battle,
Where the needy cry.
Even though death assail us,
Let us His banner raise:
Hope of the dying nations,
And our Master's praise.

Love is the Kingdom's banner—
By it shall all men know
Jesus hath come and dwelleth
With His saints below.
Loving as He hath loved us,
Dwelling in unity:
This shall declare His kingdom,
Feeble though we be.

Know that the hosts of evil,
Love's banner shall assail;
But as we love and trust Him,
Jesus will prevail.
Fresh as the dew of heaven,
His graces shall descend:
He who hath loved and given,
Loveth to the end!

Copyright→ ©
author→ Mrs. Elma Milton
composer→ L. Mason (1792-1872)
meter→ 7, 6, 7, 5, 7, 6, 7, 5
tune→ Diligence

219. Love Thee More

Saviour, hear my heartfelt prayer,
Humbly I implore:
In Thy loving, tender care,
Let me love Thee more.
Source of life and love divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
I would love with love like Thine,
Love Thee more and more.

*Love Thee more, more and more.
O enlarge this heart of mine—
I would love Thee more.*

Saviour, Thou didst leave Thy throne
In Thy love for me;
For my sins Thou didst atone:
Now my soul is free.
All Thy soul's deep agony,
Thy great love on Calvary
Touch my heart appealingly—
I would love Thee more.

Thou hast loved me unto death;
All my powers and will,
Gifts Thou lendest with my breath,
Shall Thy praise fulfil.
All Thy sorrow, grief and shame
For my portion now I claim,
Honoured thus to bear Thy name—
I would love Thee more.

Thou hast bought me with Thy blood:
Oh, how great the price—
Comprehend it, no heart could—
Told in sacrifice!
All my soul now sighs for Thee;
Thirsting, longing, I would be
Filled with love's immensity,
Loving more and more.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ J. H. Mc Naughton

meter→ 7, 5, 7, 5, 7, 7, 7, 5, 6, 7, 5

220. More Love to Thee

More love to Thee, O Christ!
More love to Thee!
Hear Thou the prayer I make
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea:

More love, O Christ, to Thee!
More love to Thee,
More love to Thee!

Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now Thee alone I seek—
Give what is best.
This all my prayer shall be:

Let sorrow do its work,
Come grief or pain;
Sweet are Thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me:

Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,
This still its prayer shall be:

author→ Elizabeth Prentiss
composer→ W. H. Doane (1832-1915)
meter→ 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4, 4

221. Unerring One

Unerring One, the way Thou'st planned
Is still to most obscure;
From them 'tis hid, to babes revealed,
A little flock of poor.

The brightest intellect of men
Is dark and fails to see
The precious truth to those so clear,
Who through the Son are free.

Home, friends are left; it seems so strange,
A wandering life to lead:
To most it seems a frenzied craze
To sow one's life as seed.

That lonely One, rejected now,
Whose name is held to scorn,
Shall reign on earth the only King
On that victorious morn.

We may be glad and leap for joy—
The recompense is near;
To see His face and have His smile
Will banish all our fear.

Copyright→ ©

author→ James Jardine

composer→ I. Smith (1725-1800)

meter→ 8, 6, 8, 6

tune→ Abridge

222. Lord, Teach Me

Lord, teach me how to grow in grace;
Thy patient spirit now impart,
Producing hope and confidence
Within the garden of my heart.

Love, joy and peace shall then be seen,
And spread their fragrance all around;
Those pleasant fruits of righteousness
Shall grow and in my soul abound.

Long-suffering, gentleness shall come,
And goodness, too, shall blossom then;
The fruits of faith and godliness
Shall flourish in my soul again.

Meekness and temperance shall appear,
The sign and seal that grace divine,
The love of truth and holiness
Are dwelling in this heart of mine.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ Dr. Mainzer (1801-1851)

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8

tune→ Mainzer

223. Lord, I Would Take Thy Yoke

Lord, I would take Thy yoke and learn of Thee,
And here before Thy lowly manger bow:
The vain, proud things that once were dear to me,
While kneeling here all seem so empty now.

Lord, I would take Thy yoke and learn of Thee,
With chastened heart behold that lesson sweet,
When towel-girt Thy kingly form I see:
There bending low to wash Thy servants' feet.

Lord, I would take Thy yoke and learn of Thee,
When shadows lengthen and life's sorrows come:
Teach me the lesson of Gethsemane:
"Father, not mine, but Thy blest will be done."

Lord, I would take Thy yoke and learn of Thee,
When man is cruel and the world untrue:
I hear a whisper come from Calvary:
"Father, forgive, they know not what they do."

Copyright→ ©

author→ Mrs. May Schulz

composer→ Mrs. May Schulz

meter→ 10, 10, 10, 10

224. O Jesus, I Have Promised

O Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou forever near me,
My Master and my Friend.
I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If Thou wilt be my Guide.

O let me feel Thee near me:
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear.
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

O let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will.
O speak to reassure me,
To hasten or control;
O speak, and make me listen,
Thou guardian of my soul.

O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory,
There shall Thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
O give me grace to follow,
My Master and my Friend.

author→ John E. Bode

composer→ Arthur H. Mann (1850-1929)

meter→ 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6

tune→ Angel's Story

225. Lord, Speak to Me

Lord, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thine erring children lost and lone.

O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak, with soothing power,
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt and how and where,
Until Thy blessèd face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

author→ Frances R. Havergal

composer→ Dr. Mainzer (1801-1851)

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8

tune→ Mainzer

226. O Teach Me How to Love

O teach me how to love
As Thou hast first loved me,
That pure, unselfish, thoughtful love
That savours, Lord, of Thee.

O help me to submit
To all Thy will for me;
From hardness and unyieldingness,
O Father, keep me free.

O teach me to be wise
And from all wrong to flee,
That would to others be a snare
And turn their hearts from Thee.

O help me to forgive
As Thou, Lord, hast forgiven;
From pride and malice keep me clean,
And every form of leaven.

O help me to be kind,
Patient, long-suffering, true,
At all times worthy of Thy seal
In all I say and do.

O help me to endure
As others have endured,
A wise and faithful steward prove,
And gain Thy rich reward.

Copyright→ ©
author→ James Wright
composer→ R. Jackson (1842-1914)
meter→ 6, 6, 8, 6
tune→ Trentham

227. Lord, Be Not Silent

Lord, be not silent unto me,
But in Thy mercy speak again;
My thirsty soul awaits Thy word,
As parchèd land awaits the rain.

*I look to Thee, my Lord and God;
I find in Thee my hope and rest;
For Thou hast oft refreshed my soul
In times when I was sore distressed.*

Lord, shouldst Thou speak with warning voice,
Then I may count my soul as blest;
For He who bears the chastening rod
Is still the one who loves me best.

Lord, wash me by Thy cleansing word,
And fix my purpose firm and true;
O heal my soul from all disease,
My failing strength again renew.

Lord, lead me captive to Thy will,
A joyous prisoner by choice,
A willing slave to Thy command,
Controlled and guided by Thy voice.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Jack Annand

composer→ J. M. Whyte

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8

228. Moments of Blessing

Rich are the moments of blessing,
Jesus, my Saviour, bestows;
Pure is the well of salvation,
Fresh from His mercy that flows.

*Ever He walketh beside me;
Brightly His sunshine appears,
Spreading a beautiful rainbow
Over the valley of tears.*

Rich are the moments of blessing,
Lovely and hallowed and sweet,
When from my labour at noontide,
Calmly I rest at His feet.

Why should I ever grow weary?
Why should I faint by the way?
Has He not promised to give me
Strength for the toils of the day?

Though by the mist and the shadow
Sometimes my sky may be dim,
Rich are the moments of blessing
Spent in communion with Him.

author→ Fanny J. Crosby

composer→ J. R. Sweney (1837-1899)

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

229. The Still, Small Voice

The still, small voice of Jesus
Speaks to my heart each day:
“If you would be more fruitful,
Abide in me always.”

This voice so sweet and touching,
These words so real to me,
Stir all my heart to answer,
“Lord, I’ll abide in Thee.”

*Above earth’s noise and tumult,
That still, small voice I hear;
To it I’ll be responsive,
E’en though it leads through tears.*

The still, small voice of Jesus
Speaks to my heart each day:
“Serve me with zeal and gladness;
I gave my life away.”

Forbid that I should answer,
“It’s vain to serve Thee, Lord,”
Since Thou in loving-kindness
Hast promised great reward.

The still, small voice of Jesus
Speaks to my heart each day:
“Still follow in my footsteps—
There is no other way.”

It brings me joy surpassing
All tongue could ever tell,
To wholly follow Jesus,
Who doeth all things well.

The still, small voice of Jesus
Speaks to my heart each day:
“These days of tribulation,
Cease not to watch and pray.”
My heart breaks forth in answer:
“Yes, Lord, I’ll seek Thy face,
That I may be made stronger
In Thine abounding grace.”

Copyright→ ©

author→ James Fawcett

composer→ D. B. Towner (1850-1919)

meter→ 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6

tune→ Wondrous Sight

230. Lord, in Our Need

Lord, in our need we come to Thee—
Speak to our hearts, we pray;
We long to hear Thy still, small voice
Whispering to us each day.

*Speak, Lord, for we would hear,
Each passing day along the way;
Speak, Lord, for we would hear—
Speak to our hearts, we pray.*

Strong in ourselves we only fail:
Humble us, Lord, we pray;
Only through Thee we can prevail;
Cleanse us, O Lord, today.

Guided by Thee we need not fear:
Guide us, O Lord, we pray;
Teach us Thy will, Thy way make clear—
We would Thy will obey.

Use us, O Lord, Thy work to do—
Use us, O Lord, we pray;
Yielding ourselves in service true,
We would be used alway.

Copyright→ ©

author→ James Jardine

composer→ W. Stillman Martin (1862-1935)

meter→ 8, 6, 8, 6, 6, 8, 6, 6

231. Speak to My Soul

Speak to my soul, Lord Jesus;
Speak now in tenderest tone.
Whisper in loving-kindness,
"Thou art not left alone."
Open my heart to hear Thee,
Quickly to hear Thy voice;
Fill Thou my soul with praises;
Let me in Thee rejoice.

*Speak Thou in softest whispers,
Whispers of love to me:
"Thou shalt be always conqueror,
Thou shalt be always free."
Speak Thou to me each day, Lord,
Always in tenderest tone;
Let me now hear Thy whisper:
"Thou art not left alone."*

Speak to Thy children ever;
Lead in the holy way.
Fill them with joy and gladness;
Teach them to watch and pray.
May they in consecration
Yield their whole lives to Thee.
Hasten Thy coming kingdom,
Till our dear Lord we see.

Speak now, as in the old time
Thou didst reveal Thy will;
Let me know all my duty;
Let me Thy law fulfil.
Lead me to glorify Thee;
Help me to show Thy praise,
Gladly to do Thy bidding,
Honour Thee all my days.

author→ L. L. Pickett

composer→ L. L. Pickett

meter→ 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6

232. God Is Faithful

God is faithful to His chosen
In His dealings every day,
Both in judgment and in mercy,
All along the pilgrim way.

*New each morning are His mercies
And His faithfulness so great;
His compassions fail us never
If before His throne we wait.*

God is faithful to deliver
From the tempter's subtle snare,
And provides the strength to suffer
In temptations hard to bear.

God is faithful in confirming
Every promise to His own,
And He keeps them from the evil
As they cling to Him alone.

God is faithful, souls to welcome
To His fellowship of love,
Where there's peace and love abounding
Till they reach their home above.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Roy Taylor

composer→ Geo. C. Stebbins (1846-1945)

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

tune→ Fully Trusting

233. My Saviour Bids Me Sing

My Saviour bids me sing His praise,
Adore His wondrous works and ways;
His life within, His love and peace,
Inspire a song which cannot cease.

*My Lord and I shall never part;
He reigns supreme within my heart.
With all the joyful saints above,
I'll praise the God whose name is Love.*

He came from God the Father's heart
To take the guilty sinner's part;
Love paid the price none other could,
For our redemption shed His blood.

Although a stranger in the land,
I will obey my Lord's command;
In Him my restless heart is still,
Resigned to His most holy will.

A pilgrim in the heavenly way,
I trust Him in the evil day;
Clothed in His armour, I shall stand,
Protected by His mighty hand.

When life is over I shall dwell
With Him my soul has loved so well,
Clothed in His righteousness complete,
To fall and worship at His feet.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ Geo. C. Stebbins (1846-1945)

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8

234. I Worship Thee

I worship Thee, sweet Will of God,
And all Thy ways adore;
And every day I live I seem
To love Thee more and more.

I love to trace each print where Thou
Hast set Thine unseen feet;
I cannot fear Thee, blessèd Will,
Thine empire is so sweet.

I have no cares, O blessèd Will,
For all my cares are Thine;
I live in triumph, Lord, for Thou
Hast made Thy triumphs mine!

When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison walls to be,
I do the little I can do
And leave the rest to Thee.

He always wins who sides with God—
To Him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

author→ Frederick W. Faber
composer→ T. A. Arne (1710-1778)
meter→ 8, 6, 8, 6
tune→ Arlington

235. From Lips of Babes

From lips of babes, Thy perfect praise
Shall rise as incense to Thy throne;
For he who humbly Christ obeys
Doth speak with wisdom not his own.

From lips of babes, by Thy decree,
Strength is ordained to still the foe;
For so it seemeth good to Thee:
I thank Thee Thou hast planned it so.

From lips of babes, O blessèd Lord,
From humble hearts– Thy Spirit's home–
The truths eternal shall be heard
That wise and prudent have not known.

Then, make of me a little child,
Though chastened oft my spirit be
Till I awaken satisfied,
And Christ be magnified in me.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Mrs. Elma Milton

composer→ (Unknown – Tune Name: Old 100th)

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8

tune→ Old Hundredth

236. My Heart O'erflows

My heart o'erflows with praise to God alway,
For needed grace He gives me day by day,
Which is sufficient to enable me
To fight the battle, gain the victory.
How restful is my heart when this I know:
According to my need, He'll grace bestow.

Midst fiery trials and when tempted sore,
In tender care He points me to that door—
The entrance of the quiet, secret place,
Where I can wait before the throne of grace.
While waiting there I'm cleansed from sin and fear,
My strength renewed, the way made plain and clear.

As in this present, evil world I see
So much that would defile and hinder me,
It surely causes me to cleave the more
Unto the Lord, and have His grace in store,
That in all things I may keep pure and clean,
Still live for things this world has never seen.

I long to live so that my life will show
How much it means such boundless grace to know,
That every weary, fearful soul I meet,
Who day by day is suffering from defeat,
Might through his tears and sorrows see in me
What he could share through grace so rich and free.

The One who knows the trials of each hour,
Knows flesh would fail, how much I need His power;
What rest it brings my heart to hear Him say,
"I'll give you grace, no power my hand can stay."
What rest it brings my heart to hear Him say,
"I'll give you grace, no power my hand can stay."

Copyright→ ©

author→ James Fawcett

composer→ (Unknown – From O. N. 1935)

meter→ 10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10

237. O God, I Thank Thee

O God, I thank Thee for the way
That's opened up to me;
From darkness Thou hast shown me light,
The dawn has broken after night;
:: My heart responds to Thee. ::

My soul lifts up to Thee its praise,
And thankful is my heart
For all the blessings Thou hast given,
For all the moments Thou hast striven
:: To teach the better part. ::

I know that I am sinful, Lord;
My heart cries out to Thee
To help me conquer self and sin
And all that's not like Thee within,
:: So that my soul be free. ::

I long to walk the narrow way
With heart and purpose free,
That others may see in my life
A freedom from all woe and strife,
:: Enjoying life with Thee. ::

Copyright→ ©

author→ Edna Carman

composer→ Mrs. Lewis S. Chafer

meter→ 8, 6, 8, 8, 6, 6

tune→ Spencer

238. O Bless the Lord, My Soul

O bless the Lord, my soul!
Let all within me join
And aid my tongue to bless His name,
Whose favours are divine.
O bless the Lord, my soul,
Nor let His mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

'Tis He forgives thy sin;
'Tis He relieves thy pain;
'Tis He that heals thy sicknesses
And makes thee young again.
He fills the poor with good;
He gives the sufferers rest;
The Lord has judgments for the proud
And justice for the oppressed.

God will not always chide,
But when His strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes
And lighter than our guilt.
High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of His grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

The pity of the Lord
To those that fear His name,
Is such as tender parents feel:
He knows our feeble frame.
Our days are as the grass
Or like the morning flower:
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

author→ King David
composer→ Andrew Robb
meter→ 6, 6, 8, 6, 6, 6, 8, 6

239. Our Hearts O'erflow

Lord, our hearts o'erflow with praises
For the riches of Thy love,
For this wondrous gospel story
Sent to earth from heaven above;
For that life of love so lowly,
For the cross of Calvary,
For the resurrection morning
And our living hope in Thee.

For this fellowship so precious
That unites us by Thy grace,
Growing fuller, deeper, stronger,
Sundered not by time nor space.
Bind us closer, Lord, and closer:
As one body may we be,
And our love to one another
Manifest our love for Thee.

In this world of doubt and darkness,
Through us may the Light now shine,
And our lives reflect a measure
Of Thy boundless love divine.
Teach us, Lord, to lift the burden
Of the weary traveller's load,
And to journey on together,
Ever on the homeward road.

So, through all our pilgrim journey
Keep us faithful, Lord, we pray,
Till, with trumpet loudly sounding,
Breaks the dawn of endless day.
Then from distant lands, united,
Gathered to Thy wounded side—
Come! Lord Jesus, Come! Lord Jesus,
Haste to claim Thy chosen bride.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Ken Paginton

composer→ Annie F. Q. Harrison (arranged by A.W.B.)

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

240. We Thank Thee, Lord, for Weary Days

We thank Thee, Lord, for weary days,
When desert springs were dry,
And first we knew what depth of need
Thy love could satisfy;
Days when, beneath the desert sun,
Along the toilsome road,
O'er roughest ways we walked with One,
That One, the Son of God.

We thank Thee for that rest in Him
The weary only know—
The perfect, wondrous sympathy
We needs must learn below;
The sweet companionship of One
Who once the desert trod;
The glorious fellowship with One
Upon the throne of God.

The joy no desolations here
Can reach or cloud or dim—
The present Lord, the living God,
And we alone with Him.
When in the glory and the rest
We joyfully adore,
Remembering the desert way,
We yet shall praise Him more.

Rememb'ring how, amid our toil,
Our conflict and our sin,
He brought the water for our thirst—
It cost His blood to win;
And now in perfect peace we go
Along the way He trod,
Still learning from all need below
Depths of the heart of God.

author→ P. B.

composer→ Wm. A. Huntley (arranged)

meter→ 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6

241. The Truth of God

The truth of God so precious
I value more each day,
As with a contrite heart I walk
With Jesus in the way;
The lowly way which most despise,
I glory now to tread;
Anointed eyes see always
Jesus ahead.

The path of life, I've found it
In Jesus most complete;
Though now cast out and suffering,
His fellowship is sweet.
He's God's own plan and pattern,
The new and living way;
My joy it is to follow
With Him each day.

I'm glad He ever found me
And came to dwell within,
The stronger than the strong man,
Who saves me now from sin;
'Twas life I got, not theory:
His voice I did obey
And entered in by Jesus,
God's only way.

Now I've a tender Shepherd
Who leads to pastures new;
His voice, it is my comfort,
His hand, 'tis strong and true;
I long to follow closer,
Still nearer to His side:
I never can forsake Him—
He is my guide.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ K. F. Garrard

meter→ 7, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6, 7, 5

242. The Name of Our Saviour

The name of our Saviour is dear to our heart;
We've learned that no other can true joy impart.
We thrill with true rapture at sound of His voice;
He calms every tempest and bids us rejoice.

*His smile as I journey brings peace to my soul;
His touch makes me glad of His loving control;
His love fills my heart with a hope strong and sure,
And gives me a longing to keep my heart pure.*

When we were yet helpless He saw our sad plight;
As naked and wounded we groped for the light.
His love pierced the gloom of our bitter distress,
And into our souls came His gentle caress.

One night as He poured out His soul for the world,
And legions of darkness against Him were hurled,
He knew that His blood was the price and not gold,
And offered His life for the lambs of His fold.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Glenn Smith

composer→ Glenn Smith (1880-1968)

meter→ 11, 11, 11, 11

243. Upon a Lonely Mount

Upon a lonely mount,
Obeying God's behest,
A father offered up his son:
It was his very best.

*Gladly yielding all,
Moved by love divine,
Proving we are not our own,
For all we have is Thine.*

Once in a lowly home
A soul did what she could:
She broke the alabaster box—
She truly worshipped God.

In spirit and in truth
We all must worship Thee,
Who gave Thyself a sacrifice
And died to set us free.

The faithful round the throne
Say all with one accord,
“All praise and glory be to Him:
All worthy is our Lord.”

author→ Adam Hutchison

composer→ Ira D. Sankey (1840-1908)

meter→ 6, 6, 8, 6, 5, 5, 7, 6

244. My Heart Is Resting

My heart is resting, O my God!
I will give thanks and sing;
My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing.
Now the frail vessel Thou hast made
No hand but Thine shall fill,
For the waters of this world have failed,
And I am thirsty still.

I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise;
I seek the treasure of Thy love,
And close at hand it lies.
And a new song is in my mouth,
To long-loved music set—
Glory to Thee for all Thy grace
I have not tasted yet.

Glory to Thee for strength withheld,
For want and weakness known,
And the fear that sends me to Thyself
For what is most mine own.
I have a heritage of joy
That yet I must not see,
But the hand that bled to make it mine
Is keeping it for me.

My heart is resting, O my God!
My heart is in Thy care;
I hear the voice of joy and health
Resounding everywhere.
“Thou art my portion,” saith my soul,
Ten thousand voices say;
And the music of their glad Amen
Will never die away.

author→ Anna L. Waring

composer→ J. M. Bonnar (arranged)

meter→ 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6

245. Songs of Zion

Sing to me the songs of Zion,
Sweetest songs of all on earth.
Let the rich man sing of treasures
And the worldling sing of mirth;
But the songs of God's own children,
Sounding forth in joyful days,
Stir the weary heart to gladness,
Wake the soul to tuneful praise.

Sing to me when dawn's first wakening
Brightens blooms all wet with dew;
Tell in song of God's great mercies,
Which are every morning new;
And when day has aged to noontide
And the heart is pressed with care,
Sing thy song of intercession
That will call my soul to prayer.

Sing to me sweet songs of Zion
When I see life's evening star,
And my barque is slowly drifting
Out across time's lonely bar;
If perchance I may be fearing,
Sweet will sound some blest refrain;
Sing to me the songs of Zion,
Let me hear them once again.

Sing the song of resurrection
When the Lord Himself shall come,
And the heart shall know not sorrow,
For the pilgrim will be home.
Then ten thousand thousand voices
Blend the chorus all as one;
'Tis a new song they are singing:
'Tis the song of God's dear Son.

Copyright→ ©

author→ J. Annand

composer→ J. E. Hawes

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

246. All My Springs Arise in Jesus

All my springs arise in Jesus—
He my inmost need supplies,
Satisfies my heart's deep longings,
Quells the fears which oft arise.
I sit down beneath His shadow,
Resting there with great delight;
Sweet refreshing in His presence,
Songs He giveth in the night.

All my springs arise in Jesus—
Love empowers the highest choice;
Though I sleep, my heart awaketh
At the sound of His dear voice.
Come to me, my Well-belovèd:
Gloom departs when Thou art near—
Source and fount of living waters,
Joy and health and hope and cheer.

All my springs arise in Jesus—
I have found Him whom I love;
He has kindly looked upon me,
Fixed my heart on things above.
He is chief among ten thousand,
My Redeemer, Saviour, Friend;
In His eyes I have found favour,
Loved with love which knows no end.

All my springs arise in Jesus—
In His favour there is life;
In His wondrous love abiding,
There is rest from sin and strife.
He will keep me free from evil
Till the dawn of endless day;
I shall see Him in His beauty
When the shadows flee away.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ F. Hermann Geue

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

247. How Sweet It Is

How sweet it is when, weaned from all,
We follow Jesus' secret call
And hidden in Him live!
How sweet to be released from sin
And freed from all self-love within,
To God alone to cleave!

How sweet, when with a childlike grace
We walk before the Father's face
And seek but Him to please!
How sweet, when we to all below
A meek and quiet spirit show,
And live in perfect peace!

How sweet, when all our powers and will,
Subdued, resigned, serene and still,
At God's disposal lie!
How sweet, when every lofty thought
Is into due submission brought
Before the omniscient eye!

How sweet, when, after wasting strength,
The spirit finds its home at length
And roams no more abroad!
How sweet, in pure and perfect love,
To soar through sense to things above
And dwell for aye with God!

author→ Gerhard Tersteegen

composer→ Dr. Lowell Mason (1792-1872)

meter→ 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6

tune→ Meribah

248. How Blest Are They

How blest are they that fear the Lord,
Their Father and their King;
With reverent, grateful hearts, to Him
All honour, praise they bring.

*Lord, we beseech Thee,
Hear our entreaty;
Come in Thy mercy,
Teaching us Thy fear.*

About the ones who fear Him shall
His angels camp around.
There is no want to those who have
This sanctuary found.

This fear of God a fount shall be,
Of life that endless is;
And satisfied shall he abide
Who makes that fountain his.

Who shall not fear Thee, King of saints,
Of whom all heaven sings?
Rise, Sun of Righteousness, we pray,
With healing in Thy wings.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Garrett Hughes

composer→ Maurice A. Clifton

meter→ 8, 6, 8, 6, 5, 5, 5, 5

249. How Precious Is the Word

How precious is the word of God
To contrite hearts and pure;
How gracious are His promises,
So steadfast, safe and sure.

*When I'm decreasing,
Self-love is ceasing,
Christ is increasing,
Filling all my heart.*

How full of joy and sweet content
The souls who seek His face;
And weaned from self His fullness prove,
Receiving grace for grace.

Thus joyful in the place of prayer
Their hearts like incense rise,
An offering pure, acceptable,
A willing sacrifice.

How rich is the abundant store
To those who freely give,
Without reserve, the life He bought;
Receiving life they live.

Copyright→ ©
author→ Sam Jones
composer→ Maurice A. Clifton
meter→ 8, 6, 8, 6, 5, 5, 5, 5

250. My Saviour Speaks

My Saviour speaks! I hear His kindly voice;
It thrills my soul and makes my heart rejoice.
Amid earth's gloom the Lamb of God I see,
The One who loved and gave Himself for me.

How sweet to know, God's pure and spotless Son
My inmost heart's affection now has won!
For me He left His Father's home on high;
Oh! wondrous love, that He, my Lord, should die.

Oh! precious fellowship, divinely sweet!
With joy I worship at my Saviour's feet.
In wonder and amazement I adore
And plead for grace to love Him more and more.

No more a stranger to His love and grace,
But reconciled, I now behold His face.
Unspeakable the bliss, the precious rest,
In peace reclining on my Saviour's breast.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ E. J. Hopkins (1818-1901)

meter→ 10, 10, 10, 10

tune→ Ellers

251. O Don't Be Led Captive

O don't be led captive from Zion to roam,
Away from that city which God calls His own;
Abide and sing praises, lest one day you see
Your harps hung in silence on some willow tree.

*O don't be led captive by friend or by foe,
To weep where the rivers of Babylon flow,
And sadly remember the sanctified throng,
When asked by your captors for Zion's new song.*

The songs of Mount Zion, though sweetly they ring,
In lands of a stranger you never could sing;
The children of Edom all with one accord
Would mock you for singing the praise of the Lord.

Oh, soon may all cunning forsake my right hand,
If I forget Zion, that city so grand;
My tongue to sing praises I ne'er shall employ,
Except I keep Zion above my chief joy.

Copyright→ ©

author→ J. Martin

composer→ Eli Christy

meter→ 11, 11, 11, 11, 11, 11, 11, 11

252. My Soul's Desire

With my soul have I desired Thee,
When earth's shadows round me fall;
Unto Thee my spirit seeketh:
Father, hear me when I call.
Lord, without Thee all is dreary,
All is barren, desolate;
Speak to me, O loving Father,
While I in Thy presence wait.

With my soul have I desired Thee,
O Thou fairest of the fair;
Let me now behold Thy beauty;
Let me rest beneath Thy care.
Purify my heart and cleanse me,
From defilement keep me free;
Thou canst make me pure and holy;
Thou art my sufficiency.

With my soul have I desired Thee:
Thou alone canst satisfy;
Comfort, joy and consolation
Come forth when Thou drawest nigh.
Thou art life and light and gladness;
Yearns my heart Thy face to see;
In Thy presence is salvation,
Rest from all anxiety.

With my soul have I desired Thee,
Altogether lovely One;
Thy great work of re-creation
In my life Thou hast begun.
Grant that I may bear Thine image,
Help me choose the better part;
Seal me as Thine own forever,
Write Thy law within my heart.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ W. J. Kirkpatrick (1838-1921)

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

253. I'm Satisfied in Jesus Now

I'm satisfied in Jesus now,
My restless soul is calm and still;
My weary heart has found its home,
My joy it is to do His will.
Then sing, my soul, in sweetest song,
My captive spirit now is free;
At His behest I follow on—
His, only His, henceforth to be.

*Oh! fellowship supremely sweet,
Oh! matchless love so pure, divine;
My soul has found a sure retreat—
The lowly Jesus now is mine.*

His love has overpowered my heart,
No longer I in sin repine;
Secure from Satan's fiery dart,
On Jesus' breast I now recline.
I hear His kindly whispered word;
With beauty rare His face doth shine;
I feel the pressure of His hand,
Assuring me that He is mine.

I'll follow Him, the sinless One,
And all His marvellous way adore,
Until I stand complete in Him,
His image bear forevermore.
When life's short journey here will end,
And I at last shall reach the goal,
What rapture to behold His face,
While the eternal ages roll!

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ Ira D. Sankey (1840-1908)

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8

254. I Love the Perfect Way

I love the perfect way
That leads to God and rest;
I love to follow Jesus here,
Obeying His behest.

*I love my Shepherd true;
His choice my choice shall be;
His holy will shall be my will,
That He may live in me.*

He found me deep in sin,
With sorrow in my heart;
He filled my soul with joy and peace
And bid my sins depart.

I love His holy name,
Delight with Him to dwell;
The love of God, so sweet to me,
My tongue can never tell.

It is His life that gives
Me power to walk with God;
And this is why I love the path
Where Jesus' feet have trod.

He ever will control
The yielded life and will,
In humble, contrite hearts, delight
His purpose to fulfil.

Copyright→ ©
author→ Sam Jones
composer→ A. R. Haselwood
meter→ 6, 6, 8, 6, 6, 6, 8, 6

255. Master, Speak

Master, speak! Thy servant heareth,
Waiting for Thy gracious word,
Longing for Thy voice that cheereth;
Master, let it now be heard.
I am listening, Lord, for Thee;
What hast Thou to say to me?

Speak to me by name, O Master;
Let me know it is to me.
Speak, that I may follow faster,
With a step more firm and free,
Where the Shepherd leads the flock,
In the shadow of the Rock.

Master, speak! Though least and lowest,
Let me not unheard depart;
Master, speak! for oh, Thou knowest
All the yearning of my heart,
Knowest all its truest need;
Speak! and make me blest indeed.

Master, speak! and make me ready,
When Thy voice is truly heard,
With obedience glad and steady,
Still to follow every word.
I am listening, Lord, for Thee;
Master, speak, O speak to me!

author→ Frances R. Havergal

composer→ Dr. L. Mason (1792-1872)

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7

tune→ Ottawa

256. Speak, Lord

Speak, Lord, in the stillness,
While I wait on Thee;
Hush my heart to listen
In expectancy.

Speak, O blessèd Master,
In this quiet hour;
Let me see Thy face, Lord,
Feel Thy touch of power.

For the words Thou speakest,
They are life indeed;
Living bread from heaven
Now my spirit feed.

All to Thee is yielded—
I am not mine own;
Blissful, glad surrender—
I am Thine alone.

Speak, Thy servant heareth;
Be not silent, Lord!
Waits my soul upon Thee
For the quick'ning word.

Fill me with the knowledge
Of Thy glorious will;
All Thine own good pleasure,
In Thy child fulfil.

author→ Emily May Grimes

composer→ H. Green (1871-1931)

meter→ 6, 5, 6, 5

257. Thy Child

My Father, hear this earnest plea
I lift to heaven above:
O help me so to yield to Thee
That in me there may ever be
:: The spirit of a child. ::

Within this life of mine fulfil
Thy purpose all divine;
Beneath Thy hand, O keep me still,
Submitting gladly to Thy will,
:: Obedient as a child. ::

Yet, yielding up my all, I see
'Tis but Thine own I yield,
For every gift has come from Thee;
So may I ever thankful be
:: And humble as a child. ::

Then guide me, gracious Father, guide
Until this life is o'er;
Enfold me closer to Thy side,
And let me ever there abide,
:: Eternally Thy child. ::

Copyright→ ©

author→ Ken Paginton

composer→ Ken Paginton

meter→ 8, 6, 8, 8, 6, 6

tune→ Porchester

258. Hidden

Lord, within my heart doth dwell
A sweet thought that naught can quell;
For I know that Thou hast given
Unto me the peace of heaven,
And my life secure shall be—
It is hid with Christ in Thee.

Hidden safe from earth's alarms,
Neath Thine everlasting arms,
Saved and kept by love divine,
Oh, what rest of heart is mine,
Knowing that my life shall be
Ever hid with Christ in Thee.

Hid with Him, who is to me
Life and peace eternally,
Him who walked death's lonely way,
That my ransom He might pay,
Dying that my life might be
Ever hid with Christ in Thee.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Mrs. May Schulz

composer→ B. R. Hanby (1833-1867)

meter→ 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7

tune→ Adoration

259. Lord, in My Need

Lord, in my need I seek Thy face
And humbly ask for power
To aid me as I live this day,
True to Thee hour by hour.

And though my lot be cast today
Somewhere I would not choose,
Help me to know that in Thy will
I shall but gain, not lose.

If just Thy presence, Lord, be mine,
Then undisturbed I'll be;
And should an adverse wind arise,
Quiet, I'll rest in Thee.

And if today my path be dark—
Shadows on every side—
Grasp Thou my hand more tightly, Lord,
Guard me till eventide.

Copyright→ ©

author→ M. Macpherson

composer→ M. Macpherson

meter→ 8, 6, 8, 6

260. Dear Lord, When Dark

Dear Lord, when dark and stormy seems our way,
O teach us how to truly watch and pray;
And may we from our hearts sincerely say,
“Thy will be done.”

Dear Lord, when powers of earth and sin oppose,
When test of heart and spirit keener grows,
We rest in this— our heavenly Father knows;
“Thy will be done.”

Dear Lord, though sufferings press upon our soul,
Though sorrow’s waves upon our spirit roll,
Or disappointments come, be this our goal:
“Thy will be done.”

Dear Lord, we need Thy cleansing every day;
We long to walk as one within Thy way,
Control of all upon Thy shoulders lay—
“Thy will be done.”

Dear Lord, Thy faithful life inspires us now
To overcome, as Thou didst teach us how;
So, Father, help us in Thy sight to vow,
“Thy will be done.”

Copyright→ ©

author→ Tom Roberts

composer→ Charles H. Gabriel (1856-1932)

meter→ 10, 10, 10, 4

261. Not My Will, but Thine

There are times in life when the way seems dark,
And it's hard just to understand;
But I know Thine eye watches from on high,
And there's grace for each step Thou'st planned.

Help me say, "Not my will, but Thine,"
Help me yield to Thy plan divine;
Lord, Thy power I need and for grace I plead,
Just to say, "Not my will, but Thine."

Lord, it's not in me as I walk each day
To direct my own steps aright:
Keep me by Thy side, may Thy hand e'er guide,
Lest I stray from the path of light.

Help me always be as a tender plant
That would bend to Thine every touch.
Lord, within me dwell; I would not rebel,
For I need Thee, oh! so much.

Help me see things now as I'll one day see,
When my life ends and I go hence;
Then I'll answer yes and will forward press
With respect to the recompense.

Copyright→ ©
author→ Mary Lindley
composer→ Henry P. Morton
meter→ 10, 8, 10, 8, 8, 8, 10, 8

262. Patiently Continue

Patiently continue in the way with Jesus,
Joyfully obeying the Father's blessed will;
Mid sin's angry billows, hearken to Him calling
Over the waters, saying "Peace, be still."

"I will never leave thee," sweetest words of comfort
From the lips of Jesus, who walked life's troubled sea,
"Thou art not forsaken, I am with thee always;
Darkness or sunshine, ever follow me."

None so true and tender as the Man of Sorrows;
From this world's illusions, O let Him keep thee free.
He will lead thee onward to inherit glory;
Riches unfading He will give to thee.

Patiently continue with Him in the conflict,
Patiently enduring with Him unto the end,
Numbered with His chosen, found among the faithful,
One on whom Jesus always can depend.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ J. B. Dykes (1823-1876)

meter→ 12, 12, 12, 10

tune→ Nicaea

263. Thou Sweet, Belovèd Will

Thou sweet, belovèd Will of God,
My anchor ground, my fortress hill,
My spirit's silent, fair abode,
In Thee I hide me and am still.

O Will that willest good alone,
Lead Thou the way, Thou guidest best;
A little child, I follow on
And, trusting, lean upon Thy breast.

Thy beautiful, sweet Will, my God,
Holds fast in its sublime embrace
My captive will, a gladsome bird,
Prisoned in such a realm of grace.

Oh, lightest burden, sweetest yoke!
It lifts, it bears my happy soul,
Thy Will gives wings to this poor heart:
My freedom is Thy grand control.

Thy wonderful, grand Will, my God,
With triumph now I make it mine;
And faith shall cry a joyous "Yes!"
To every dear command of Thine.

author→ Gerhard Tersteegen

composer→ G. Hewes (1806-1873)

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8

tune→ Holley

264. With Heart Resigned

With heart resigned and will subdued,
I sit at Jesus' feet;
He is my law, my life, my all—
In Him I am complete.

In all humility I learn
His gracious, holy will;
I hearken and obey His voice,
Submissive, pliant, still.

The law of sin and death would rise
To draw me from this rest;
But held in His almighty arms,
I lean upon His breast.

The law of Christ within my heart
Is strong to keep me free;
Obedience to the mind of Christ
Brings inward purity.

The pure in heart shall see His face;
He is their hope and joy;
How sweet the tranquil rest He gives,
And peace without alloy.

The voice of God, so still and sweet,
Speaks to my inmost soul:
I will obey, and Christ shall have
Dominion and control.

Copyright→ ©
author→ Sam Jones
composer→ J. H. Gower (1855-1922)
meter→ 8, 6, 8, 6
tune→ Meditation

265. Help Me to Look to Thee

Help me to look to Thee when I am tried,
Resting my eyes upon the Crucified:
So can the race be run,
So can the task be done,
And then the victory won—
Jesus my Lord.

Help me to cling to Thee in every test,
Finding the grace to say, “Thy will is best.”
This still the choice for me,
This still the way must be,
Only to follow Thee—
Jesus my Lord.

Help me to rest in Thee from every care,
Bowed at Thy throne of grace— true solace there.
Night will be turned to day,
Tears will be wiped away:
Come quickly, then, I pray—
Jesus my Lord.

Copyright→ ©
author→ Ken Paginton
composer→ B. M. Ramsey (1849-1923)
meter→ 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4
tune→ Camacha

266. Oh, for a Closer Walk

Oh, for a closer walk with God!
To hear His voice alway
And yield obedience to His word,
To do His will each day.

The will of God is always best:
It brings us sweet release;
Ceasing from self, we enter in
To His eternal peace.

To love our life is losing all,
And we alone remain;
Yielding to God, denying self,
A hundredfold we gain.

Doing His will now brings us power
To reign o'er self and sin;
'Tis only thus that we can have
True victory within.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ Cuthbert Howard (1856-1927)

meter→ 8, 6, 8, 6

tune→ Lloyd

267. Baptized in Jesus' Name

Baptized in Jesus' name—
The path He trod for me
I follow now and humbly bow
In deep humility.

Baptized in Jesus' name—
Buried with Him to be,
To count as dross all earthly loss:
To die is gain to me.

Baptized in Jesus' name—
Risen with Him to be;
His life divine henceforth is mine,
And He shall reign in me.

Baptized in Jesus' name—
I'll seek the things above
And spend my days to serve and praise
The God whose name is Love.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Ken Paginton

composer→ R. Jackson (1840-1914)

meter→ 6, 6, 8, 6

tune→ Trentham

268. Rejoicing in the Lord

Rejoicing in the Lord,
We walk His lowly way;
We love His precepts and His word,
And joyfully obey.

Baptized in Jesus' name,
Renouncing self and sin:
To all the world we thus proclaim
The Saviour dwells within.

We heard the Saviour's voice
When wandering far from God;
We yielded then and made our choice
To walk the path He trod.

Baptized in Jesus' name—
Our source of life and bliss—
To all the world we thus proclaim
He is our righteousness.

With Jesus, here apart,
God's holy will to do,
His Spirit sealing every heart
Will keep us firm and true.
Baptized in Jesus' name—
Who died our souls to save—
To all the world we thus proclaim
Our hope beyond the grave.

He leads us by the hand,
Our Master true and kind;
Obedient now, at His command,
We leave the world behind.
Baptized in Jesus' name—
Hushed is the voice of strife—
To all the world we thus proclaim
His Way and Truth and Life.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ J. B. Woodbury (1819-1858)

meter→ 6, 6, 8, 6, 6, 6, 8, 6

tune→ Nearer Home

269. He Hath Blessed Us

When our soul is much discouraged
By the roughness of the way,
And the cross that we are bearing
Seemeth heavier every day,
When some cloud that overshadows,
Hides our Father's face from view,
Oh, 'tis well then to remember,
He hath blessed us hitherto.

Looking back the long years over,
'Twas a varied path, and yet
All the way His hand hath led us,
Past each hindrance we have met,
Given us the pleasant places,
Cheered us all the journey through;
Passing through the deepest waters,
He hath blessed us hitherto.

Surely then our souls should trust Him,
Though the clouds be dark o'erhead;
We've a friend that draweth closer,
When all other friends have fled;
When our pilgrimage is over,
When the gates we're going through,
We shall see with clearer vision
How He helped us hitherto.

Copyright→ ©

author→ J. Annand

composer→ J. W. Dadmun

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

tune→ Land of Beulah

270. Tomorrow's Path

Tomorrow's path to us is all unknown,
But we will walk today
And trust the future to the Father's hand:
He knows and plans our way.

*In love the Father ever veils the future,
Hides from us tomorrow's care;
For well He knows today's own burdens are
Enough for you and me to bear.*

'Tis not by sight we walk this way of God;
But leaning on His love,
We follow, with a faith that questions not,
On toward the things above.

The dangers that so often hidden lie
Along the path we tread,
Are clear to God, and He will keep our feet
From snares that wait ahead.

When o'er our head the sky may clouded be,
Just hear the Father say,
"This, too, shall pass— it bears the promise of
A brighter, clearer day."

Copyright→ ©

author→ M. Macpherson

composer→ M. Macpherson

meter→ 10, 6, 10, 6, 11, 7, 9, 9

271. I Know Not Why

I know not why God's wondrous grace
To me He has made known,
Nor why, unworthy of such love,
He bought me for His own:

*But "I know whom I have believed
And am persuaded that He is able
To keep that which I've committed
Unto Him against that day."*

I know not how this saving faith
To me He did impart,
Nor how believing in His word
Wrought peace within my heart:

I know not how the Spirit moves,
Convincing men of sin,
Revealing Jesus through the word,
Creating faith in Him:

I know not when my Lord may come—
At night or noontide fair—
Nor when I'll walk the vale with Him
Or meet Him in the air:

author→ D. W. Whittle

composer→ J. McGranaham (1840-1907)

meter→ 8, 6, 8, 6, 9, 10, 8, 7

272. There Hath Not Failed

There hath not failed one word of all God promised
To give to us with His belovèd Son;
His word is more enduring than the heavens;
He'll give us strength until our race is run.

Not one word failed; when we in time of sorrow
Cried unto Him, to us He comfort gave
And walked with us when lonely was the pathway;
'Twas then we proved His power to keep and save.

Not one word failed of all that God hath spoken
Since time began, and still His word is true.
As we obey and follow Jesus' footsteps,
We need not fear— He'll lead us safely through.

He will not fail, as unto Him we render,
With heart of love, the evening sacrifice.
May it, the crowning, final gift we offer,
Be found well-pleasing in our Father's eyes.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Mabel Smith

composer→ J. MacAdam

meter→ 11, 10, 11, 10

273. I Know in Whom I Have Believed

I know in whom I have believed,
And on that last great day I'll stand
Clothed in Christ's robe of righteousness,
Approved of God, at His right hand.

*I know in whom I have believed:
I am persuaded God will keep,
Deep hidden in His heart of love,
His tender lambs, His chosen sheep.*

I know in whom I have believed;
And though He slay me, I will trust,
Acknowledge all His holy will,
Though broken, humbled in the dust.

I know in whom I have believed;
No mind can comprehend or trace
The length and breadth and depth of love,
His free, unmeasured, boundless grace.

I know in whom I have believed
And shall not fear on that great day,
Safe hidden in the heart of God,
When heaven and earth shall pass away.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ I. H. Meredith

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8

tune→ Starless Crown

274. I Know That My Redeemer Lives

I know that my Redeemer lives,
And I shall dwell with Him;
The light of God within my soul
No power on earth can dim.

*My life is in the Master's hands
To purify and mould;
When tested, tried, I'm satisfied
I shall come forth as gold.*

I know in whom I have believed,
My living hope and stay;
The trust I have in Him reposed
He never will betray.

I am persuaded He will keep
The life I freely give;
In glad obedience to His claims,
I die that I may live.

I know that my Redeemer lives
To intercede for me
And give me grace to bear the cross—
To bear it patiently.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ (Unknown – From Redemption Songs 533)

meter→ 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6

tune→ Ellacombe

275. Trusting the Living God

We're trusting in the living God—
His way and truth and life are sure;
Though tribulation here we meet,
His grace will help us to endure.

*We bear our Lord and Saviour's name,
And glory in the cross and shame;
Content to share our Master's lot,
We buy the truth and sell it not.*

We're trusting in the living God—
His fellowship we love and prize;
Our hearts are fixed to run the race,
Though friends and foes alike despise.

We're trusting in the living God—
Ofttimes our hearts within us burn,
As in sweet fellowship with Him
We walk midst earth's reproach and scorn.

Copyright→ ©

author→ I Sam Jones

composer→ B. Frank Butts

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8

276. Precious Thought

Precious thought, my Father knoweth;
In His love I rest,
For whate'er my Father doeth
Must be always best.
Well I know the Heart that planneth
Naught but good for me;
Joy and sorrow interwoven—
Love in all I see.

Precious thought, my Father knoweth,
Careth for His child,
Biddeth me to nestle closer,
When the storm beats wild.
Though my earthly hopes be shattered,
And the teardrops fall,
Yet He is Himself my solace—
Yea, my All in all!

Sweet to tell Him all He knoweth,
Roll on Him the care,
Cast upon Him all the burden
That I cannot bear;
Then, without a care oppressing,
Simply to lie still,
Giving thanks to Him for all things,
Since it is His will.

Oh, to trust Him, then, more fully!
Just to simply move
In the conscious, calm enjoyment
Of the Father's love,
Knowing that life's chequered pathway
Leadeth to His rest,
Satisfied the way He taketh
Must be always best.

author→ Mrs. L. Ware

composer→ J. S.

meter→ 8, 5, 8, 5, 8, 5, 8, 5

277. The Next Step

I cannot see beyond the moment;
Tomorrow's strength comes not today;
But, blessèd Lord, I trust Thy keeping
For just the next step on my way.

*O Jesus, keep my next step faithful
To paths marked out by God for me;
Hold Thou me up, O mighty Saviour:
My strength and hope are all in Thee.*

With each temptation Thou hast promised
The grace to conquer and to bear—
A way of sure escape provided
From every subtle, secret snare.

Forgetting all the weary failures
The sinful, selfish past has known,
With eyes that look right onward alway,
I will to follow Thee alone.

The storms that gather round my pathway
May hide the next step from my sight,
But faith can walk with God in darkness,
And He will guide that step aright.

author→ Adelaide A. Pollard
composer→ Jonathan Wright
meter→ 9, 8, 9, 8, 9, 8, 9, 8
tune→ Bellflower

278. Oh! for the Peace

Oh! for the peace of a perfect trust,
My loving God, in Thee:
Unwavering faith that never doubts
Thy choice is best for me.

Best, though my plans be set at naught;
Best, though the way be rough;
Best, though my earthly store be scant—
In Thee I have enough.

Best, though my health and strength be gone,
Though weary days be mine;
Shut out from much that others have:
Not my will, Lord, but Thine.

And e'en though disappointments come,
They, too, are best for me,
To wean me from this changing world
And lead me nearer Thee.

Oh! for the peace of a perfect trust
That looks away from all,
Yet sees Thy hand in everything,
In great events and small.

That hears Thy voice— a father's voice—
Directing for the best;
Oh! for the peace of a perfect trust—
A heart with Thee at rest.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Henry Swanepoel

composer→ F. Bruce (1878-1945)

meter→ 8, 6, 8, 6

279. Increase Our Faith

Increase our faith, beloved Lord,
Release the cords of doubt that bind:
Grant us the vision that can see
The blessed purpose of Thy mind.

Increase our faith when Satan's hosts
Against our soul are strong arrayed;
Place in our hands the shield of faith,
That we may face them unafraid.

Increase our faith when fruitless seem
The toiling hours o'er vale and hill;
Teach our discouraged hearts to feel
Thy kindly hand is leading still.

Increase our faith when o'er our hearts
Sorrow and loss their vigil keep;
Draw near and heal the aching wounds,
Thou tender Shepherd of the sheep.

Increase our faith when, night at hand,
Death would return our souls to Thee;
Grant us the faith that understands
Our only hope is Calvary.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Mrs. May Schulz

composer→ H. Percy Smith (1825-1898)

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8

tune→ Maryton

280. How Sweet the Thought

How sweet the thought— my Father knows,
And plans my path, its joys and woes;
That for each test I needs must face,
He freely gives sufficient grace.

*Kept by His power, how sweet to know
His hand will guard from every foe,
And that by faith I now can see
The One who gave Himself for me.*

With fears within and foes without,
That saving grace I cannot doubt;
For I have learned in days gone by
That on His strength I can rely.

Whate'er the future days may bring,
Yet to His promises I'll cling,
That as my all I daily yield,
His Son in me will be revealed.

I long to learn while here below
More of that dying life to show,
That when He calls me over there,
More of His likeness I may bear.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Charles Morgan

composer→ Don Puffalt

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8

281. I Need No Strength but Thine

I need no strength but Thine alone,
Thou great Redeemer, from whose throne
All grace in fullness flows.
In weakness, I can be made strong;
In battle, sing the victor's song,
My trust in Thee repose.

The arm of flesh dishonours Thee;
And in its self-sufficiency,
The foolish heart deceives;
But he whose hope abides in Thee
Is as the ever-watered tree,
Clothed in both fruit and leaves.

I need no book but Thine own word,
Nor can the thoughts of men afford
A light to be my guide;
For, Lord, Thy holy word of truth,
A lamp to age, a light to youth,
Forever will abide.

For who would turn to cisterns, Lord,
And leave the fountain of Thy word,
Where Christ is all in all?
He is my life and righteousness,
True wisdom and true holiness:
With Him I shall not fall.

Copyright→ ©

author→ J. Annand

composer→ L. Mason (1792-1872)

meter→ 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6

tune→ Meribah

282. His Way Is Best

I listen to the Master's word,
And all my waking heart is stirred;
Midst sin and strife I hear Him say,
"I will return: keep watch and pray."

*His way is best; I follow on,
Just where His bleeding feet have gone;
My one desire, to worthy be
And fill the place prepared for me.*

I ponder o'er those words again,
That Christ is coming back to reign
And claim His chosen, faithful bride,
Who in His way and truth abide.

Though most despise God's lowly way,
Reject His love and go astray,
Within my heart one purpose burns:
To stand approved when He returns.

His love can fully satisfy,
And needed grace He will supply
To keep me in the heavenly race,
Until I see Him face to face.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Mrs. Rene Beattie

composer→ A. Lee

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8

tune→ Lacrima

283. Strong in the Strength

Strong in the strength of gentleness, of meekness, faith and love,
I take Thy hand in weakness and press on toward things above;
The Morning Star will be my guide: its lustrous rays I see
Shining along the highway, marking the path for me.

Strong, radiant light assuring, my hope is set in Thee;
The gleam from off the mercy seat must always help me see
The precious things Thou hast in store for yielded lives and true,
Striving to serve the Master, doing what He would do.

Strong in the strength which He supplies, my storehouse is complete;
I feast upon the living bread and drink the water sweet.
My every need He doth supply, secure within the fold;
His promises are ever sure: rare treasures manifold.

How do I prize my calling, since Christ hath made me free?
The hand of time must test me as I journey out to sea.
Mid surges of temptations wild and murmurs of self-will,
Is the Master at the helm? Hear Him whisper "Peace, be still."

Copyright→ ©

author→ Hugh Roberts

composer→ Hugh Roberts

meter→ 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6

284. I Never Can Forget

I never can forget the day
The lowly Saviour came my way
And filled my soul with life divine;
The wealth of heaven now is mine.

*I never can forget the day
I heard the Saviour kindly say,
"If thou wouldst my disciple be,
Take up thy cross and follow me."*

I never can forget the love
That brought the Saviour from above,
Amid earth's multitudes to see
And set His loving eyes on me.

He brought the heavens nigh to me,
The will of God so plain to see;
His simple truth, so sure and clear,
Was sweetest music to my ear.

I never can forget the day
I learned to walk in Jesus' way;
Those feeble steps, with courage true,
Brought fellowship and life anew.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Clarence Anderson and Kenneth Dissmore

composer→ W. S. Weeden (1847-1908)

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8

tune→ Hannah

285. Wait on the Lord

Wait on the Lord with confidence and patience;
Wait in your weakness and in darkest hour.
He will renew your strength and you will daily
Prove for yourself how great His love and power.

Wait on the Lord when fierce the battle rages
'Gainst foes that seek to hinder from within,
Or foes without that would destroy and lure us
From God's control, to darkness and to sin.

Wait on the Lord in fruitfulness and victory
Lest you should be exalted and defiled.
Wait on the Lord that He may keep you humble,
Always sincere and simple as a child.

Wait on the Lord, and trust in all His leadings;
Ask now of Him, and let Him ask of you;
Answer His prayers, and yours He'll gladly answer;
Be true to Him, to you He will be true.

Wait on the Lord, be of good cheer and courage;
Follow His steps, obey His still, small voice.
Trust in His grace, which is sufficient for you;
Then at the end with Him you will rejoice.

Copyright→ ©

author→ James Wright

composer→ H. P. Main (1838-1925)

meter→ 11, 10, 11, 10

286. An Offering I Would Bring

Dear Lord, an offering I would bring
To Thee, my Prophet, Priest and King;
Though small and mean the gift may be,
:: 'Tis all I have to give to Thee. ::

*Accept, I pray,
The life I give to Thee today;
'Tis Thine, 'Tis Thine:
Forever I my claim resign.*

Thou, Lord, hast given Thy best for me:
Thou didst not shrink from Calvary,
But drank the bitter cup of woe,
:: That God, Thy Father, I might know. ::

All that I am henceforth shall be
Used in the way that pleaseth Thee;
I mean to lay all at Thy feet:
:: Grant it may be a savour sweet. ::

So use my life, O Lord, I pray,
In seeking those who've gone astray,
That joy in heaven may abound,
:: As one by one Thy lambs are found. ::

Copyright→ ©

author→ Mary Mcgregor

composer→ E. O. Excell (1851-1921)

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 4, 8, 4, 8

287. In Jesus' Hands

When my heart is heavy-burdened,
And I cannot understand,
What I have no power over
I will leave in Jesus' hands.

*I will leave it all to Jesus,
For I know He understands;
Things in life I cannot alter,
I will leave in Jesus' hands.*

Human minds so often question
What pertains to good or ill,
But the answer is in Jesus:
All is measured by His will.

Every day I look to Jesus—
None so loving, true and kind;
Earthly things so many cherish
Must one day be left behind.

Some day every eye will see Him,
Living, reigning over all;
Every great and mighty nation,
To the Lord will bow and fall.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Kenneth Dissmore

composer→ M. J. Babbit

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

288. Lead Me to the Rock

O hearken, Lord; incline Thine ear unto me.
In deep distress, O hear my needy cry,
And lead me, Lord, in all my desperation,
Unto the Rock that higher is than I.

In dark despair, there comes this reassurance:
“You have not failed until you’ve failed to try.”
And though I’ve fallen often in the struggle,
I trust the Rock that higher is than I.

To human pride and every selfish passion,
To stubborn will, O help me, Lord, to die;
Deliver me from this cruel, cunning nature,
To find the Rock that higher is than I.

When sorrow comes, and grief is cast upon me,
When I am moved to ask the reason why,
Help me to say, “Lord, who am I to question
The solid Rock that higher is than I?”

When I am tempted in some weaker moment,
Swayed by the crowd, my Master to deny,
O lift me to that place of true conviction,
Upon the Rock that higher is than I.

Copyright→ ©

author→ J. Price

composer→ Mrs. Mary Lou Todd

meter→ 11, 10, 11, 10

289. Thou Thinkest, Lord, of Me

Amid the trials which I meet,
Amid the thorns that pierce my feet,
One thought remains supremely sweet:
Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!

*Thou thinkest, Lord, of me,
Thou thinkest, Lord, of me;
What need I fear since Thou art near
And thinkest, Lord, of me?*

The cares of life come thronging fast,
Upon my soul their shadows cast;
Thy voice assures my heart at last:
Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!

Let shadows come, let shadows go,
Let life be bright or dark with woe;
I am content, for this I know:
Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!

author→ Edward Mund

composer→ E. S. Lorenz (1889-1942)

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 6, 6, 6, 8, 6

290. All the Way

I will travel on with Jesus;
Other voices bid me stay,
But I cannot bear the parting;
I am going all the way.

*All the way! All the way!
I am going all the way.*

What is in the world to charm me?
Why should I my Lord betray?
Precious is His love and friendship;
I am going all the way.

We will travel on together,
Naught shall tempt my feet to stray;
His compassion fails me never;
I am going all the way.

Stronger grows the bond of union
As I follow and obey;
There's no parting from my Saviour;
I am going all the way.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ Wm. B. Bradbury (1816-1868)

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 6, 7

tune→ Geshem

291. The Heart of My Saviour

The heart of my Saviour is tender,
He knows every step that I take;
He is an unfailing defender
When dangers my soul overtake.
His love and His grace will uphold me
When storm-clouds my soul may appal;
His strong, loving arms will enfold me;
Attentive His ear when I call.

The eyes of my Saviour ne'er slumber:
He sees every child of His fold;
Though scattered afar, few in number,
He guides them with love yet untold.
In wilderness vast and so dreary
Sweet manna fell down from on high,
And for the souls thirsty and weary,
Their strong Rock of Ages was nigh.

The heart of my Saviour is tender:
He gave His own life for His sheep;
To Him all I have I surrender—
My life He is able to keep.
I'll follow my Saviour unfearing,
My pilgrimage soon will be o'er;
The bright lights of home are appearing
Where I may have rest evermore.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sandy Scott

composer→ (Unknown – Tune Name: Allein auf dem Berge)

meter→ 9, 8, 9, 8, 9, 8, 9, 8

tune→ Allein Auf Dem Berge

292. In Times of Deepest Darkness

In times of deepest darkness,
Of sorrow and distress,
The Lord draws near to chasten,
To comfort and to bless.
His hand outstretched in mercy
Corrects our wandering feet
And draws through mists and shadows
To fellowship more sweet.

How can we fear the future,
When love has planned the way
Which leads o'er hills and valleys
To one eternal day?
E'en death at last is conquered,
The grave has lost its fear,
And all faith sees is heaven
Throw wide its portals here.

So, struggling soul, press onward,
And keep the goal in view;
What God has done in others,
He, too, can do in you.
Fear neither past nor future;
Let love the victory give,
And through eternal ages
Your soul with Christ shall live.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Eustace Radford

composer→ C. D. Urhan (1790-1845)

meter→ 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6

tune→ Rutherford

293. As I Dwell on Things Eternal

As I dwell on things eternal
For which Jesus lived and died,
How it sets my heart a-burning
To be faithful, true and tried!

*God forbid that I should glory,
Save in Jesus and His cross,
By His grace accounting all things
In the world but vain and loss.*

Earthly sufferings are not worthy
Of a moment's thought or care,
When compared with all the glory
Which I can with Jesus share.

Some consider earthly honour
And in blindness turn away,
Choosing rather Satan's bypaths
Than to walk Christ's lowly way.

Give me grace to never falter,
But, like Jesus, to despise
All the shame and world rejection
And obtain the heavenly prize.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Robert Blair

composer→ Dora Boole

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

tune→ Precious Saviour

294. A Life of Overcoming

A life of overcoming,
A life of ceaseless praise:
Be this thy blessed portion
Throughout the coming days;
The victory was purchased
On Calvary's cross for thee:
Sin shall not have dominion,
The Son has made thee free.

And wouldst thou know the secret
Of constant victory?
Let in the Overcomer,
And He will conquer thee!
Thy broken spirit, taken
In sweet captivity,
Shall glory in His triumph
And share His victory.

Though all the path before thee
The hosts of darkness fill,
Look to thy Father's promise
And claim the victory still;
Faith sees the heavenly legions,
Where doubt sees naught but foes,
And through the very conflict
Her life the stronger grows.

More stern will grow the conflict
As nears our King's return,
And they alone can face it
Who this great lesson learn:
That from them God asks nothing,
But to unlatch the door,
Admitting Him who through them
Will conquer evermore.

author→ Freda Hanbury

composer→ L. Mason (1792-1872)

meter→ 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6

tune→ Heber

295. My Refuge and Hope

My refuge and hope are in Jesus,
My comfort in days of distress;
Though weary the wilderness journey,
I know He will nourish and bless.

*Though hosts of sin may surround me,
My heart shall not fear, for I know
My refuge and hope are in Jesus,
And onward rejoicing I go.*

His own strong right arm will protect me,
Though fiercely the foes may assail;
I trust in the name of my Saviour
And know I shall surely prevail.

His mercy and faithfulness never
Depart from the upright in heart;
And, knowing our frame, He remembers
His Spirit and strength to impart.

He dwells with the meek and the lowly;
His counsel is sweet to their soul;
The heart that is humble and contrite,
The Saviour delights to control.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ P. P. Bilhorn (1861-1936)

meter→ 9, 8, 9, 8, 9, 8, 9, 8

296. All Through the Storm

My heart is made glad as I walk in the way,
And love lights the path for me day by day;
Thy mercy and truth are my joy and delight,
Though fierce be the storm and though dark the night.

*All through the storm, Lord, I see Thy face
Beaming with love and with saving grace;
I'll go where Thou leadest, for Thou art my Friend,
And I, Lord, am Thine to the journey's end.*

I think of Thy labour, Thy pain and Thy love,
That opened the way to the throne above;
And love true and tender wells up in my soul
And points through the storm to the saved one's goal.

I know Thy heart yearns o'er the wandering feet
That once walked so firm and then scorned defeat,
But stepped from the path of Thy glory and grace,
And strayed through the storm from the lowly place.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Glenn Smith

composer→ Glenn Smith (1880-1968)

meter→ 11, 10, 11, 10, 9, 9, 11, 10

297. The Waves Rolled High

The waves rolled high, fierce raged the angry deep;
Danger seemed nigh– the Saviour fast asleep.
His Father’s hand controlled the winds and sea,
And daily led the Man of Galilee.

*The tempest raged upon the angry deep.
Amidst the storm the Lord lay fast asleep.
Why should we fear or even doubtful be?
Our Father’s hand controls the wind and sea.*

Be of good cheer when storms around you rise,
Should threatening clouds appear in darkening skies.
Our Father’s hand shall guide through storm and sea;
His guarding grace shall lead to victory.

Why should our hearts be filled with anxious fears?
Why should our eyes be dimmed with needless tears?
Or fainting, yield to thoughts of dark despair?
How can we doubt our Father’s tender care?

Then let us tread God’s way with courage true:
All coming days His hand will lead us through.
Mountains will fade and foes before us flee,
If for our God we firm and faithful be.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sandy Scott

composer→ R. Crosbie

meter→ 10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10

298. Through Good Report

Through good report and evil, Lord,
Still guided by Thy faithful word—
Our staff, our buckler and our sword—
We follow Thee.

With enemies on every side,
We lean on Thee, the Crucified;
Forsaking all on earth beside,
We follow Thee.

O Master, point Thou out the way,
Nor suffer Thou our steps to stray;
Then in that path which leads to Day,
We follow Thee.

Thou hast passed on before our face,
Thy footsteps on the way we trace;
O keep us, aid us, by Thy grace:
We follow Thee.

Whom have we in the heaven above?
Whom on this earth, save Thee, to love?
Still in Thy light we onward move:
We follow Thee.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Horatius Bonar

composer→ J. B. Dykes (1823-1876)

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 4

tune→ Almsgiving

299. Approved of God

Approved of God, what more could we desire?
Oh, may this precious thought our hearts inspire,
That we may gladly yield ourselves to be
A living offering, Lord, approved by Thee.

Approved of God was Jesus, His own Son;
He never failed but, always pressing on,
Finished His course; and when the end had come,
Raised from the dead, He sat upon the throne.

Approved of God, His image I would bear,
Though here on earth His sufferings I must share,
Like men of old who gladly yielded all;
To be approved, they followed at His call.

Approved of God: this blessing I would know;
Honour from men is but a passing show.
Lord, take my heart, and may I always seek
To be like Jesus, faithful, true and meek.

Copyright→ ©

author→ James Jardine

composer→ (Unknown – Tune Name: Old 124th, abridged)

meter→ 10, 10, 10, 10

tune→ Old 124th (abridged)

300. My Heart's Deep Need

My heart's deep need can ne'er be met,
Nor dried the falling tear,
My heart can never comfort get,
Until my Lord draws near.

No cheering word can faith impart,
With hope inspire my soul,
Till by His voice it reach my heart
To heal and make it whole.

No joyful song of praise have I,
My lips no word of cheer
Can give to those who needy cry,
Until my Lord draws near.

My life a desert place would be,
A wilderness so drear,
Except my Lord, He whom I love,
Doth every hour draw near.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Gladys Porteous

composer→ J. B. Dykes (1823-1878)

meter→ 8, 6, 8, 6

tune→ St. Agnes

301. Mid Worldly Temptations

Mid worldly temptations
And trials severe,
O lead us, Lord Jesus,
And teach us Thy fear;
Thou knowest our nature,
So weak and so frail;
O grant us Thy blessing,
And strength to prevail.

*Lord Jesus, guide we pray;
Keep us in Thy pathway,
And lead us alway.*

O Saviour, we thank Thee
For Thy precious life;
O help us prove worthy
To win in the strife.
We know what it cost Thee
To show us the way
And suffer for sinners
On dark Calvary.

We're glad Thou didst tell us:
If we faithful live,
Our prize is more precious
Than this world can give.
Above with the Father,
At heaven's throne of grace,
Is Christ interceding
As we run the race.

author→ Mrs. John Graham
composer→ H. R. Bishop (-1855)
meter→ 11, 11, 11, 11, 6, 6, 5

302. Dear Saviour, Lead Me

Dear Saviour, lead me by Thy hand divine,
Till my life's close, O keep me ever Thine;
I am a stranger in a hostile land
And need the guidance of Thy loving hand.

*Dear Saviour, keep me by Thy side,
For my poor soul would always there abide;
When Thou art very near, Thy presence gives me cheer;
My soul shall know no fear when Thy hand doth guide.*

Should sorrow's dark night o'er my pathway spread
Rough, stony places, where my feet shall tread,
In tender mercy all for me is planned,
That I might know the guidance of Thy hand.

Dear Saviour, lead me, lest my faith should fail,
And over me the power of wrong prevail;
Each rising tempest help me to withstand;
Grant unto me the guidance of Thy hand.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sandy Scott

composer→ C. Austin Miles

meter→ 10, 10, 10, 10, 8, 10, 6, 6, 11

303. Close to Thee

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

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

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

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

Lead me through this vale of shadows;

Bear me o'er life's fitful sea;

Then the gate of life eternal

May I enter, Lord, with Thee.

Close to Thee, close to Thee,

Close to Thee, close to Thee;

Then the gate of life eternal

May I enter, Lord, with Thee.

author→ Fanny J. Crosby

composer→ S. J. Vail (1818-1884)

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 6, 6, 8, 7

304. Come, Brothers, On

Come, brothers, on and forward!
With us the Father goes:
He leads us and He guards us,
Through thousands of our foes.
The sweetness and the glory,
The sunlight of His eyes,
Make all the desert places
To bloom as paradise.

Lo, through the pathless midnight
The fiery pillar leads,
And onward goes the Shepherd
Before the flock He feeds;
Unquestioning, unfearing,
The lambs may follow on
In confidence and quiet,
Their eyes on Him alone.

O dare and suffer all things!
Yet but a stretch of road,
Then wondrous words of welcome,
And then the face of God.
The world, how small and empty—
Our eyes have looked on Him;
The mighty Sun has risen,
The taper burneth dim.

We follow in His footsteps;
What if our feet be torn?
Where He has marked the pathway,
All hail the brier and thorn!
Scarce seen, scarce heard, unreckoned,
Despised, defamed, unknown,
Or heard, but by our singing—
On, brothers! ever on!

author→ Gerhard Tersteegen
composer→ Hadyn (1732-1809)
meter→ 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6
tune→ Petition

305. Lo, We Can Tread

Lo, we can tread rejoicing
The pilgrim's narrow road;
We know the voice that calls us,
We know our faithful God.
Come, brothers, on to glory!
With every face set fast,
On towards the golden towers,
Where we shall rest at last.

It was with voice of singing
We left the land of night,
To pass, to glorious music,
Far onward out of sight.
O brothers, was it sorrow,
Though thousand worlds were lost?
Our eyes have looked on Jesus,
And thus we count the cost.

Oh, bliss, to leave behind us
The fetters of the slave!
To leave ourselves behind us,
The grave clothes and the grave!
To speed, unburdened pilgrims,
Glad, empty-handed, free,
To cross the trackless deserts
And walk upon the sea!

Across the will of nature
Leads on the path of God!
Not where the flesh delighteth,
The feet of Jesus trod.
If now the path be narrow
And steep and rough and lone,
If crags and tangles cross it,
Praise God! we will go on.

author→ Gerhard Tersteegen

composer→ C. D. Urhan (1790-1845)

meter→ 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6

tune→ Rutherford

306. He Waits for Thee

He waits for thee, He waits for thee—
O do not linger on the way;
God longs a Father true to be;
He'll guide and help you day by day.

*Fair are the prospects all ahead,
And good the land He offers free;
The One who all our fathers led
Will lead thee through: He waits for thee.*

Would you not seek what Abram had—
The conscious guidance of God's hand?
As launching forth he knew not where,
He went to seek the promised land.

Fear not the mountain's rocky slope,
Or e'en the valleys dark below—
This is the path that leads to God;
'Tis sweet each day with Him to go.

Sweet is the story you shall tell
At eventide, when day is done:
"The Lord is faithful, does all well—
Him will I serve, and Him alone."

Copyright→ ©

author→ Thomas Turner

composer→ Charles H. Gabriel (1856-1932)

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8

307. I Will Follow My Saviour

I will follow my Saviour o'er life's darkest way,
And my heart shall not fear as I go;
For His love cannot fail; it is stronger than death:
His own precious word tells me so.

*Unchanging my Saviour remains;
My heart shall not fear as I go.
His love cannot fail; it is stronger than death:
His own precious word tells me so.*

Jesus came from the home of His Father on high
To enlighten the world here below,
Showing God's perfect way, His pure truth and His life:
His own precious word tells me so.

I am conscious of weakness but strong in His grace;
There is victory when facing the foe.
Jesus is my strong tower and my rock of defence:
His own precious word tells me so.

I will follow the Lamb wheresoever He leads;
All the prayer of my heart is to know
How to walk in His way, undefiled to the end:
His own precious word tells me how.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ M. D. Mcphail

meter→ 12, 9, 11, 8, 8, 8, 11, 8

308. The Lord's My Shepherd

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 me comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnishèd
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.

author→ King David

composer→ John Campbell (1845-1914)

composer_2nd_tune→ David Grant (1833-1893)

meter→ 8, 6, 8, 8, 6

tune→ Orlington

309. How Fresh and Green

How fresh and green the pastures fair
Where the good Shepherd leads His sheep;
The river of God's pleasure there
Flows on forever, still and deep;
Afar from all the strife and gloom,
He rests with all His flock at noon.

*The Shepherd and the sheep rejoice:
How still and sweet those pastures fair;
The desert blooms as paradise,
For God is with His people there.*

How sweet the fragrant vale of prayer
Where Jesus loved to watch and pray;
We love to trace His footprints there:
No clouds obscure, no fears dismay;
Our prayers and praise and songs of grace
Like incense fill the holy place.

From all the world, its toil and care,
To watch with Him we turn aside;
Our Shepherd true is waiting there,
And every need will be supplied;
He speaks, how pleasant is His voice!
Our satiated hearts rejoice.

Made meet His sufferings here to share,
Our heavenly gain is earthly loss;
Content if Jesus leads us there,
To labour now and bear the cross
And manifest His life and name,
To all the world His love proclaim.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ J. Lincoln Hall (1866-1930)

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8

310. Shepherd of Israel

Shepherd of Israel, keeping Thy sheep—
Never forgetting in slumber or sleep;
Folding them gently when night cometh on,
Going before them at break of the dawn!

*Shepherd of Israel, Shepherd of love,
Watching Thy flock from the glory above!
Knowing how weary their wilderness way,
Praying for them— ever living to pray!*

Shepherd of Israel, strong is Thine arm,
Shielding Thy flock from each threatening harm,
Gathering the lambs as they falter and fall,
Safe in Thy bosom enfolding them all!

Shepherd of Israel, soon to appear,
Soon to deliver Thy “little flock” here!
Just to behold Thee, their richest reward—
Shepherd of Israel, Jesus their Lord!

author→ Adelaide A. Pollard

composer→ Geo. C. Stebbins (1846-1945)

meter→ 10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10

311. Love Supreme

He found me in a desert land,
A waste and howling wilderness;
His loving heart was pained to see
My lost estate, my helplessness;
“Fear not,” said He, “thy Lord is nigh;
No ransomed soul need ever die.”

*Oh, love supreme! Oh, sovereign grace!
Which brought my Saviour from on high
To seek His sheep, and bring them home:
Dear as the apple of God's eye.*

He soothed and bound my bleeding wounds
And bore me gently to the fold;
His tender care dispelled my fear
And filled my soul with joy untold;
Beloved of God forevermore,
My days of banishment are o'er.

I pass my days in sweet content
Within the chambers of the King;
I hear His voice and see His face;
His love inspires the song I sing,
In harmony with heaven above—
One spirit with the God I love.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ Sam Jones

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8

312. The Lord My Shepherd Is

The Lord my Shepherd is—
My heart no want can know;
He gently leads me by the hand
Where verdant pastures grow.
He knows my every need,
And safe with Him I go,
In calm and quietness to rest
Where living waters flow.

When wearied with the strife,
My soul He doth restore;
His loving-kindness woos my heart
To love Him more and more.
The path of righteousness
With Him I gladly take.
Why should I stray? He leads the way
E'en for His own name's sake.

To walk the vale of death
Is sweet, with Jesus near;
His rod and staff they comfort me—
No evil will I fear.
My table He prepares
In presence of the foe;
When His anointing I receive,
My cup doth overflow.

Goodness and mercy shall
Be with me all my days;
Preserved and kept by Him I am
From all the bypath ways.
His presence with me now
Brings joy forevermore,
And through a long eternity
His ways I shall adore.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ John Zundel (1815-1882)

meter→ 6, 6, 8, 6, 6, 6, 8, 6

313. Where All Is Peaceful

Where all is peaceful, calm and still,
I rest beneath His care;
'Tis rest to know and do His will,
His joy and sorrow share.

*How sweet is the rest of God,
Safe in the Shepherd's fold—
To hear His voice and feast upon
The wealth of His love untold.*

My life is hid with Christ in God,
Deep hidden in His heart;
I follow in the path He trod—
We nevermore can part.

Amid the surging tides of life,
With Him I onward go;
Amid the turmoil and the strife,
His perfect peace I know.

No more I walk in doubt and fear;
His light and love divine
Assure my heart that He is near,
And tuneful praise is mine.

I know that He will hold my hand
And lead me all the way,
Until at last with Him I stand
In God's eternal day.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ Wm. J. Kirkpatrick (1838-1921)

meter→ 8, 6, 8, 6, 7, 6, 8, 7

314. O Give Me Rest

My Saviour, Thou hast offered rest;
O give it, then, to me:
The rest of ceasing from myself,
To find my all in Thee.

This cruel self, oh, how it strives
And works within my breast,
To come between Thee and my soul,
And keep me back from rest!

How many subtle forms it takes
Of seeming verity,
As if it were not safe to rest
And venture all on Thee.

O Lord, I seek a holy rest,
A victory over sin;
I seek that Thou alone shouldst reign
O'er all, without, within.

In Thy strong hand I lay me down:
So shall the work be done;
For who can work so wondrously
As Thou, Almighty One?

author→ Eliza H. Hamilton

composer→ H. C. G. Moule (1841-1920)

meter→ 8, 6, 8, 6

315. Dear Saviour, Let Thy Peace

Dear Saviour, let Thy peace descend
Upon this weary heart;
Dark fears and doubts my way attend;
Stretch forth Thine arm, my soul defend;
:: Draw near and take my part. ::

For, Lord, Thou art my hiding place
When earth's dark shadows fall;
I lift mine eyes to seek Thy face
And there behold such love and grace,
:: Naught can my soul appal. ::

And when I call in my distress
And for Thy mercy plead,
Thou dost not leave me comfortless,
But in Thy loving tenderness
:: Dost meet my heart's deep need. ::

When, at the close of life's short day,
My soul doth rise to Thee,
Sorrow and sighing fled away,
I will rejoice to hear Thee say,
:: "Rest now, my child, in me." ::

Copyright→ ©

author→ Mrs. May Schulz

composer→ Mrs. Lewis S. Chafer

meter→ 8, 6, 8, 8, 6, 6

tune→ Spencer

316. Today Is Mine

Today is mine, tomorrow may not be.
How brief this life, how long eternity!
Swiftly and surely sands of time will run—
Finished earth's day, eternity begun.

The joys of earth— how soon they fade and die!
In vain we seek our souls to satisfy;
We search for peace, and finding naught but pain,
Mirth takes its flight— 'tis but remorse we gain.

Our daily source of peace is Christ alone,
Dwelling within our hearts, upon the throne
To reign as king, His righteous sceptre sway;
“Thy will be done,” then from our hearts we say.

Today is mine to do His righteous will
And self deny, His purpose to fulfil;
Today is mine to find this source of rest:
Doing His will we prove His will is best.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ J. Langrom (1835-1909)

meter→ 10, 10, 10, 10

tune→ Evensong

317. Sweet Is the Rest

Sweet is the rest that comes with dawn at last,
After the night of dark defeat is past,
And breaks the day: the triumph of Thy will—
Thy purpose in my life, Lord, to fulfil.

*This blessèd rest, O Master, give to me,
That I may find my peace, my all in Thee.*

Sweet is the rest in bearing of the cross:
Death to a life that brings me only loss;
But from this death a resurrection sure:
A Christ-filled life, acceptable and pure.

Sweet is the rest when after weary toil,
I do not glory in the battle's spoil.
The victor's crown, all honours, let them be
To Thee alone who gives the victory.

Sweet is the rest that comes at close of day,
When life departs, the spirit flies away
To be with Thee, the One whom I adore,
And live with Thee and Thine forevermore.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Elinor Kleeb

composer→ Elinor Kleeb

meter→ 10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10

318. As You Journey Home

As you journey home with Jesus,
On the heavenly manna fed,
Let your heart go out to others:
With the hungry share your bread.

*Break your bread with hand unsparing,
Rich the harvest you shall reap;
Prove your heartfelt love for Jesus:
Feed His lambs and feed His sheep.*

Are you bearing fruit for Jesus,
Or a cumberer of the ground?
Those who seek to succour many,
Rich in fruitfulness abound.

“Give, it shall to you be given”–
Prove this golden rule is true.
Well pressed down and running over,
Thus the Lord will give to you.

Let your life be one of service
In the Master’s harvest field,
Sacrificed for Him unsparing;
Rich and sure will be the yield.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ Know Shaw (1834-1878)

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

319. 'Tis Not in Vain to Yield

'Tis not in vain to yield ourselves each day,
To serve the Lord and all His will obey;
Let us be yielded, always found
Among the ones who in His work abound.

*'Tis not in vain: oh, may our hearts retain
This precious thought, And glorify His name
In all we think and say and do,
And to the very end keep pure and true.*

'Tis not in vain to die indeed to sin
And be a living offering unto Him;
This is the offering we will bring
To Him who died to save us from death's sting.

'Tis not in vain to labour on with love,
With heart and mind fixed on the things above;
God ne'er forgets, His eyes behold
The labour of each one within His fold.

'Tis not in vain, though hardness we endure;
For through it all, of blessing we are sure;
And if we finish in the race,
With joy we'll one day meet Him face to face.

Copyright→ ©

author→ James Fawcett

composer→ Charles H. Gabriel (1836-1932)

meter→ 10, 10, 8, 10, 10, 10, 8, 10

320. I Love My Master

I am a servant, I'm bought with a price;
I would be faithful and true to my trust.
When I consider my Master so kind,
I would be loyal and just.

*"I love my Master, I love my Master,"
Plainly I say this today,
"Let my marked ear show the choice I have made:
I'll be His servant for aye."*

I have a Master whose favour I seek,
One whom I willingly serve day by day;
I am content just to live for His smile—
This does so richly repay.

I do not choose to go free from my Lord;
I will still serve Him through unfeigned love.
I have found peace in the household of faith,
Heeding His voice from above.

Yes, I'll say plainly that I love the Lord,
And His commandments— not grievous to me,
For my own good— I will keep to the end,
Never from Him to go free.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Mary Lindley

composer→ W. S. Martin (1862-1935)

meter→ 10, 10, 10, 7, 10, 7, 10, 7

321. Hearts It Is the World Requires

Hearts it is the world requires,
Hearts from doubting free and pure;
Hearts not closed by wrong desires,
But Christ's footsteps follow sure.
Hearts both brave and filled with courage,
As God's men of old we see,
And who seek but God to honour,
Love Him, and like Him would be.

*Hearts that lift on high the banner,
Where the conflict fierce doth fall,
Not afraid of death or danger;
Hearts that understand God's call.*

Hearts both true and faithful beating,
Who for others' needs do move;
From all treachery retreating,
Hearts aflame with heavenly love.
Hearts for needy ever searching;
Hearts controlled by Him alone;
Who, though death and anguish facing,
Pray, "Dear Lord, Thy will be done."

Hearts with love for those who perish,
Tender, warm, for rich and poor;
Lukewarm hearts God cannot cherish
In salvation's holy war.
Hearts, like Jesus', yielded wholly,
Counting all of earth but loss;
Hearts that, with His, share, but gladly,
Sorrow, suffering and the cross.

author→ John Lawley

composer→ Ludwig von Beethoven (1770-1827)

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

322. Help Me, Lord

Help me, Lord, to be wholehearted
Through this life's short pilgrimage;
May a true and faithful service
All my ransomed powers engage.

*Help me, Lord, to be wholehearted,
Serving Thee with love and zeal,
Pouring out my life like Jesus,
Who did all Thy will reveal.*

Help me, Lord, to be wholehearted,
Daily yielding Thee my all
As a sacrifice well-pleasing,
Till I reach my heavenly goal.

Help me, Lord, to be wholehearted,
Heark'ning to Thy voice always,
That I might in turn re-echo
Words of life to those astray.

Every other source is failing:
Naught can satisfaction bring
But a true, wholehearted service
Unto Thee, my Lord and King.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Robert Blair

composer→ Grant Colfax Tullar (1869-1950)

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

tune→ Vision

323. Youth

Dear Lord, we thank Thee for our youth today
Who know such love for Thy great truth and way,
They close their eyes to earth's corrupting charms,
Choosing instead Thine everlasting arms.

*Dear Saviour, keep them hour by hour
Within the circle of Thy wondrous power,
Doing each thoughtful deed,
Meeting each Kingdom need,
Sowing their lives as seed, to live evermore.*

When flesh would rise like giants in their strength,
Defying truth and boasting at great length,
Destroying faith, discouraging the heart,
Defend Thine own, draw near and take their part.

When Satan, whispering with his subtle voice,
Tempts them to be untrue to heaven's choice,
Grant them the wisdom to avoid his snares;
Help them to know their heavenly Father cares.

Copyright→ ©

author→ R. Middleton

composer→ C. Austin Miles

meter→ 10, 10, 10, 10, 8, 10, 6, 6, 11

324. Live for Others

Live for others day by day—
'Tis the true, the better way;
'Tis the way the Son of God,
When on earth, as Saviour trod.

*Live for others every day:
Be a blessing while you may,
Ever loving, kind and true,
Jesus-like in all you do.*

Live for others, for that One,
Who though God's beloved Son,
Yet for others lived and died,
And is crowned, the Crucified.

Live for others, spend, be spent:
'Tis the life the Master meant—
Giving with a lavish hand,
Meeting ever love's demand.

Live for others, and when death
Shall cut short life's latest breath,
You with joy shall meet the Lord
And receive a full reward.

author→ R. Mc Naughton

composer→ B. B. Towner (1850-1919)

meter→ 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7

325. Not Unto Men I Labour

Not unto men I labour,
Not unto men I pray,
But in Thy sight, Lord Jesus,
I walk the lowly way;
And unto mine own Master,
I either stand or fall:
What men have said about me—
That will not count at all.

*My service is unto Thee, to Thee,
My service is unto Thee;
Through sorrow or pain, through loss or gain,
My service is unto Thee.*

Lord, may my steps be ordered
By Thine indwelling love,
True to Thy life's example,
True to Thy will above;
Though I may walk in shadow
Or in the noonday light,
Let me know rest of spirit
Through living in Thy sight.

I know the heart is sinful—
None dareth trust his own;
'Tis not in man that walketh
To guide his steps alone.
He only doth walk wisely,
Can be assured of right,
Who, with his eyes on Jesus,
Is walking in the light.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Mrs. Elma Milton

composer→ J. Bruce Evans

meter→ 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 9, 7, 9, 7

326. When Sore Afflictions

When sore afflictions press my soul,
And darkness gathers o'er my way,
I look above and trust in Him
Who ever leads me night and day.

When gloomy fears possess my heart,
I seek the shelter of His breast;
Where all is peace and joy and light,
In confidence I calmly rest.

What full provision God has made
For those who daily seek His care;
The pure in heart shall see His face,
His ear is open to their prayer.

The race is not unto the swift,
The strong no glories ever win;
The secret of all victory is
Obedience to the Christ within.

Then, fainting not, I press along
The path where He has gone before,
The blood-stained path which leads to God,
To heaven and home forevermore.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ W. B. Bradbury (1816-1868)

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8

327. He Who Hath Led

He who hath led will lead
All through the wilderness;
He who hath fed will surely feed,
He who hath blessed will bless.
He who hath heard thy cry
Will never close His ear;
He who hath marked thy faintest sigh
Will not forget thy tear.

He who hath made thee whole
Will heal thee day by day;
He who hath spoken to thy soul
Hath many things to say.
He who hath gently taught
Yet more will make thee know;
He who so wondrously hath wrought
Yet greater things will show.

He who hath made thee nigh
Will draw thee nearer still;
He who hath given the first supply
Will satisfy and fill.
He who hath given thee grace
Yet more and more will send;
He who hath set thee in the race
Will speed thee to the end.

He who hath won thy heart
Will keep it true and free;
He who hath shown thee what thou art
Will show Himself to thee.
He who hath bid thee live
And made thy life His own,
Life more abundantly will give
And keep it His alone.

author→ Frances R. Havergal

composer→ (Unknown – From Redemption Songs 746)

meter→ 6, 6, 8, 6, 6, 6, 8, 6

328. Ere We Part

Ere we part, to Thee, our Saviour,
We would lift our hearts in praise
For Thy kindness that has kept us
And Thy mercy all our days.

*Lord, more firmly to Thine altar
May our sacrifice be bound,
And the savour of our offering,
Pleasing to Thy heart be found.*

In the bosom of the future
Wait the tests we cannot see;
Let Thy presence, Lord, be with us,
Giving grace and victory.

In the world, with darkness reigning,
Sound the sighs of dying men;
Lord, we would be lights to help them,
Showing forth Thy love again.

When a brother weary, fainting,
Needs our comfort for the soul,
May Thy law of loving-kindness
In our hearts have full control.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Jack Annand

composer→ (Unknown – From O. N. 1951)

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

329. Bind Me in Thy Yoke

Bind me in Thy yoke, Lord Jesus;
Draw me with the bands of love,
For I long to labour with Thee,
Christ and Saviour much beloved.

Bind me in Thy yoke, Lord Jesus;
Only thus can I go on:
As I hear Thy voice, obeying,
For my heart to Thee is won.

Bind me in Thy yoke, Lord Jesus,
Step by step to walk with Thee;
Living only for Thy will, Lord,
From all bondage sets me free.

Bind me in Thy yoke, Lord Jesus;
Other yoke would heavy be.
Selfish freedoms are but bondage;
In Thy truth is liberty.

Bind me in Thy yoke, Lord Jesus,
From the dawning of the day,
With Thy touch of kindness guiding
Till the last step of the way.

Copyright→ ©

author→ H. Savage

composer→ C. F. Witt (1660-1716)

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7

tune→ Stuttgart

330. Go, Labour On

Go, labour on, spend and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went:
Should not the servant tread it still?

Go, labour on, 'tis not for naught;
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises— what are men?

Men die in darkness at thy side,
Without a hope to cheer the tomb;
Take up the torch and wave it wide,
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.

Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray,
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.

author→ Horatius Bonar

composer→ John Hatton (1710-1793)

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8

tune→ Duke Street

331. Evermore Consider Jesus

Evermore consider Jesus,
Think upon His faithful life;
This will heal your soul's deep sorrow,
Nerve your heart to face the strife.

*He will never, never fail you—
God's anointed, chosen One.
Sacrifice and suffer with Him,
Till the crown of life is won.*

Sin in every form opposing,
Selfishness on every side,
True in heart, in mind and purpose,
Follow Him, the faithful Guide.

Without spot to God He offered
His pure life in sacrifice,
Gladly gave the whole burnt offering,
Precious in His Father's eyes.

Live above the gloom and darkness:
Walk in God's unclouded light.
Hate the world, its sin and folly:
Keep your garments clean and white.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ Dora Boole

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

tune→ Precious Saviour

332. Lord, How Good

Lord, how good, and oh, how pleasant
When Thy people dwell as one,
Bound in bonds of love, uniting
To the Father and the Son.
Bowing lowly in Thy presence,
Grant us now Thy liberty,
And anoint our hearts together
With the oil of unity.

*As before Thy throne we worship
And with humble hearts adore,
Wilt Thou, Lord, command the blessing,
Even life forevermore.*

Lord, how good, and oh, how pleasant
When Thy people dwell as one,
Scattered far, yet bound so closely
Through the work that Thou hast done.
May Thy Spirit, Lord, unite us—
Bringing peace no tongue can tell—
As the dew so soft descending
On the hills of Israel.

Lord, how good, and oh, how pleasant
When Thy people dwell as one,
Hand in hand to face the conflict
Till the crown at last is won:
Love uniting, ever closer,
Hearts as one to seek Thy face,
Overflowing with Thy praises
For the riches of Thy grace.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Ken Paginton

composer→ Glenn Smith

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

333. May They All Be One

“May they all be one, my Father”–
'Twas the Saviour's tender cry
As He prayed with His disciples
Just before He was to die.

*One with His who 've gone before,
One with His today are we–
One in Him who loves and keeps us,
One for all eternity.*

“May they all be one, as we are–
Those whom Thou hast given me.”
Left behind, so few in number,
Witnesses for Him to be.

“May they all be one, my Father,
All who shall believe on me,
Showing men through passing ages
That I have been sent by Thee.”

“May they all be one,” the Saviour
Pleads today for us above,
Longs to see His own united,
Knit together in His love.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Garrett Hughes

composer→ J. R. Sweney (1837-1899)

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

334. Through the Night

Through the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the Promised Land.

Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding Light;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.

One the light of God's own presence
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread.

One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires.

One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun.

One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the one Almighty Father
Reigns in love forevermore.

author→ Bernard S. Ingemann

composer→ J. B. Dykes (1823-1876)

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7

tune→ St. Oswald or St. Ambrose

335. No East or West

In Christ there is no east or west,
In Him no south or north;
'Tis one, the Shepherd's sacred flock,
Though scattered o'er the earth.

In Christ His people everywhere
Their sweet communion find;
In unison, their hearts as one,
God's tender mercies bind.

As brothers, sisters, of one faith,
Whate'er their tongue or race,
United stand, from bondage free,
True monuments of grace.

Forth from the corners of the earth,
When sounds the clarion call,
The Bride of Christ shall gathered be
To Him, their All in all.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sandy Scott

composer→ J. B. Dykes (1823-1876)

meter→ 8, 6, 8, 6

tune→ Beatitudo

336. Saviour, Keep Me True

Saviour, keep me true and faithful,
Ever yielding to Thy will,
Daily walking in Thy counsel,
Restful, quiet, calm and still.

*Saviour, keep me pure in heart,
Ever faithful, true to Thee;
Teach me all Thy mind and will—
May they be fulfilled in me.*

Every foe I mean to conquer,
Since Thy power and grace are mine,
Overcome the wiles of Satan,
Strengthened with Thy life divine.

When I'm tested, tried and tempted,
Keep me under Thy control;
Give Thine own sweet rest and comfort
To my weary, troubled soul.

With a true, unwavering purpose,
In the strength my Lord supplies,
I will face the daily conflict,
Pressing on to gain the prize.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ F. A. Blackmer

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7

337. Counted In

Not to be of the wise or the rich or the great,
The applaudings of men thus to win;
But my heart does aspire with a longing desire,
With the faithful to be counted in.

*Counted in with the loyal, the brave and the true,
Counted in with the faithful, with Christ and the few;
Counted in, counted in—
With the faithful to be counted in.*

It may not be my part, in the conflict with sin,
In the front ranks of battle to fight;
But unhonoured, unknown, where He wants me alone,
I can faithfully stand for the right.

Satisfied if I know that my Lord is content
With the service I render each day,
I will stand at my post, where He needs me the most,
And will follow where He leads the way.

author→ Mrs. C. H. Morris

composer→ Mrs. C. H. Morris (1862-1925)

meter→ 12, 9, 12, 9, 12, 12, 6, 9

338. Loose Not Thine Hold

Loose not thine hold, O soul, so weary, worn,
Loose not thine hold.

Cling fast, the night must come before the morn;
Loose not thine hold.

The path is steep, and it is filled with fear:
Lift up thine eyes, for Christ Himself is near.

He knows the way; His steps were marked with tears:
Loose not thine hold.

Consider Him; His heart knows all thy fears:
Loose not thine hold.

Though all is dark, and hope and friends are gone,
No ray of light, yet thou must still cling on.

O soul, be brave— no price too great to pay:
Loose not thine hold.

For there will come the breaking of the day:
Loose not thine hold.

Our life, at best, a few short years will tell;
Hold fast— to fail, for thee means death and hell.

When life seems bright, and all is well with thee,
Loose not thine hold.

Oft danger lurks that we may fail to see:
Loose not thine hold.

Though dark our path, or be it bright as day,
We need His grace for each step of the way.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Mrs. Reid Smith

composer→ C. H. Purday (1799-1885)

meter→ 10, 4, 10, 4, 10, 10

tune→ Sandon

339. Steady and True

The past with its victories and failures has flown;
With joy and with weeping much seed has been sown;
While most reap with anguish, there'll not be a moan
From the souls who keep steady and true.

*To finish with honour the work we've begun,
Means do for His sake all we do;
We'll reap golden sheaves, when our sowing is done,
If we always keep steady and true.*

It helps us to know as we fight the good fight,
And comrades succumb to the foe's awful might,
That Christ intercedes now by day and by night
For the souls who keep steady and true.

There's constant renewing for all who will pray;
There's balm for each wound and relief for dismay;
For wisdom and grace are bestowed every day
On the souls who keep steady and true.

If, true to our calling, we face the world's frown,
We'll have no regrets when the sun goeth down;
For then we'll receive the long-coveted crown,
The reward of the steady and true.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Glenn Smith

composer→ Glenn Smith (1880-1968)

meter→ 11, 11, 11, 9, 11, 9, 11, 9

340. Let Not My Soul

Let not my soul be filled with needless sorrow
When darkness gathers o'er my pilgrim way;
The One who cares today will care tomorrow;
His mighty hand will be my strength and stay.

*In Thee, O Lord, my soul will trust today;
Help me to trust Thee alway.*

Bind Thou my life, O Lord, unto Thine altar;
There I have laid my all at Thy request;
Grant, Lord, that I may never shrink nor falter,
But yield each day to Thee my very best.

Let not my hope in Christ be ever shaken,
But as an anchor firm and sure remain;
The trump shall sound, the dead in Christ shall waken,
To be with Him when He shall come again.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Robert Marshall

composer→ Mlle. S. Zuberbuhler (1839-1893)

meter→ 11, 10, 11, 10, 10, 7

tune→ Veglia al Mattino

341. In the Shadow of the Highest

In the shadow of the Highest is a refuge from all fear,
Where the comfort of His presence drives away each troubled tear;
For when trials press the hardest, God's own Son draws very near
To His patient, loyal bearers of the cross.

*Does the Master's plea for constancy find echo in thy heart?
Art thou pained to see His kingdom suffer loss?
Throw thy soul into the conflict; do thy faithful, honest part,
As a patient, loyal bearer of the cross.*

Ages have not dimmed the record of the souls who did their best—
Toiling, praying, sacrificing, bravely meeting every test.
And we have their simple message, though they've entered into rest—
God's own patient, loyal bearers of the cross.

We can find these souls of greatness where the walls are weak and low,
Where the burden is the greatest and the tears most often flow.
And though worn and tried and tested, heaven's beacons always glow
In the patient, loyal bearers of the cross.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Glenn Smith

composer→ Glenn Smith (1880-1968)

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 11, 9, 6, 11, 8, 7, 11

342. I Would Be True

I would be true because my Father trusts me
With many precious things and treasures rare.
Oh, may I not betray the trust that's given,
But faithful be and steady in His care.

I would be true for there are those who trust me,
Who are His blood-bought ones, His faithful band.
O help me, Lord, that I may never fail them,
But, for the truth, fear not to take my stand.

I would be true because of those who trust me,
Who are outside the fold and hopeless roam;
For if some day they long to know the Saviour,
Oh, may they find the way to heaven and home.

I would be true to all He has committed
Unto my trust, whatever that may be.
And may I never, never disappoint Him
Until the day His glorious face I see.

Copyright→ ©

author→ J. Price

composer→ J. Price

meter→ 11, 10, 11, 10

343. Never Let Your Courage Falter

Never let your courage falter
As you do the right,
For the Lord will safely lead you
Through the darkest night.
Many foes may rise to hinder;
They shall rise to fall.
Those who cleave to God will prosper
And will conquer all.

*Never let your courage falter;
Always faithful be.
Bind me, Lord, unto Thine altar:
Ever Thine I'll be.*

Never let your heart grow weary,
Should the way seem long;
Sow in hope and you will surely
Sing the reaper's song.
There's no promise God has given
But He will fulfil;
So, with unfeigned faith and patience
Let us do His will.

Never let your eyes look backward
In the heavenly strife;
Ever keep your face set forward
In the path of life.
Though at times the goal seems distant,
Very far away,
Soon will pass the light affliction,
Soon come endless day.

Never let your hands be idle:
There is much to do.
Hear God's urgent call to service;
Labourers are few.
Paths of usefulness surround you—
Need for every hand;
All our talents and our efforts
Ripened fields demand.

Copyright→ ©
author→ John Martin
composer→ J. H. Burke (19th Century)
meter→ 8, 5, 8, 5, 8, 5, 8, 5, 8, 5, 8, 5

344. Leave Me Not Alone

Dear Saviour, leave me not alone,
Hold Thou my hand within Thine own;
The shadow of Thy wings sublime
Protects, assures me I am Thine—
That I am not mine own.

I love to feel Thy presence near,
Dispelling all my doubt and fear,
To hear Thy voice within my soul,
Inspiring me to reach the goal,
Imparting words of cheer.

O Guardian of my soul so nigh,
Each passing hour stay Thou nearby;
Night shades may settle o'er my way—
With Thee I do not fear the fray
Nor dread the battle cry.

How sweet Thy gentle touch divine,
Upon Thy bosom to recline,
To taste the joys of heaven above,
Abide each day within Thy love;
Dear Saviour, I am Thine.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sandy Scott

composer→ A. L. Peace (1844-1912)

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8, 6

tune→ St. Margaret

345. I Will Journey All the Way

I will journey all the way with my Redeemer;
In love He sought and found me when astray;
He blotted out my guilty past forever
And placed my feet within the narrow way.

*There's no other friend to me like my Redeemer;
I will journey on with Him unto the end.
There is naught in heaven or earth can separate me
From Him who is my everlasting friend.*

I will journey all the way with my Redeemer;
There is no friend with Him that can compare;
For me He laid aside His Father's glory,
That I with Him eternal joys might share.

I will journey all the way with my Redeemer;
He loves me with a pure, unchanging love;
His righteousness and grace will make me worthy
To share with Him the Father's home above.

I will journey all the way with my Redeemer,
Though others turn aside, their Lord betray.
His beauty far outshines their earthly treasure;
His love will bear me on till close of day.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ (Unknown – From O. N. 1919)

meter→ 12, 10, 11, 10, 12, 11, 12, 10

346. I Cannot Now Go Back

Thy vows are binding, Lord, on me;
My heart is purposed I will be
A living sacrifice for Thee;
I cannot now go back.

*I cannot now go back,
I cannot now go back.
Thou, Lord, hast heard the vows I made;
I cannot now go back.*

I follow at my Saviour's call;
My first and best, I yield it all
And give my talents great or small;
I cannot now go back.

I long to live for Him alone:
My life is His, my heart His throne.
Why should I rob Him of His own?
I cannot now go back.

I forward press to gain the prize,
Strong in the grace my Lord supplies;
Though daily I must sacrifice,
I cannot now go back.

Copyright→ ©
author→ Sam Jones
composer→ C. Booth-Clibborn
meter→ 8, 8, 8, 6, 6, 6, 8, 6

347. Once We Were Wandering

Once we were wandering far from God
And destitute of hope in Him;
We came to Him, He shed abroad
A living, lasting hope within.

*Our hope and confidence today
Are deeply rooted in the Lord;
He'll guide us safely all the way
And bless, according to His word.*

Since first we learned to hope in Him,
We've proved His wisdom, love and grace,
Enabling us to conquer sin,
Which once controlled, and hid His face.

Today increasing tests we face,
And some may fail to firmly stand,
But all can find sufficient grace
From Him: He saves with mighty hand.

Our thoughts of days that lie ahead
Are clothed with living hope in Him,
Who loved us so, His blood He shed
That we might be set free from sin.

Copyright→ ©

author→ James Fawcett

composer→ Charles Reeves

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8

348. Seeking for a Better Country

Seeking for a better country,
Pilgrims, we are marching on;
God is calling, we will follow
Where the Master's feet have gone.
Called of God to follow Jesus
And His footsteps daily trace—
Love divine, so pure and changeless,
Speeds us on to run the race.

Oft the desert way is dreary,
But our hearts rejoice to know
Jesus leads, He knows the pathway;
Joyfully with Him we go.
We must share in His rejection,
Daily face the battle's strife;
Fellowship with Him in suffering
Brings the resurrection life.

We shall bear our Master's image:
Let this thought possess our soul,
All our life, at His disposal,
Onward pressing to the goal.
Suffering must precede the glory,
But we know His will is best;
After toil and tribulation,
Comes the joy of home and rest.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ Sam Jones

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

349. My Pilgrim Way

Dear Lord, when o'er my pilgrim way
The darkened clouds hang low,
There stands reflected in the rain
Thy promise in the bow.
And so, within this heart of mine,
Although I may not see,
I know that there behind the clouds
Is One who cares for me.

And though my heart be weary, worn,
And though the way be long,
Still I may journey on with Thee
And sing the victor's song.
For Thou, my Lord and Saviour true,
Dost hear my faintest sigh,
And all the riches of Thy grace
My every need supply.

Though Satan often may assail,
Though failure I may meet,
And sometimes in my heart I hear
The whispers of defeat,
Still I will journey on with Thee,
My hand held safe in Thine;
For nothing, Lord, can separate
From Thy great love divine.

And so along this homeward road
I know that Thou wilt guide,
And future days shall hold no fear
If Thou art by my side,
Until one day with boundless joy,
Thy wondrous face I see:
My blessed, risen, living Lord,
Who died on Calvary.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Ken Paginton

composer→ W. M. Huntley

meter→ 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6

350. Just Cling

When glad is thine heart and the sky is clear,
And hope lends her strength to thy soul,
When victory is thine, and the Lord is near,
And clearer thou seest the goal,

*Just cling to the hand of God's dear Son
No matter where He leads,
And mark the path till the journey's done
With pure and Christ-like deeds.*

When pained is thine heart, and the clouds hang low,
When weary thy faltering feet,
When tear-dimmed thine eyes as the seed you sow,
And all thou canst see is defeat,

Thy struggle will end at the dawn of day,
And thou shalt be glad for each test
That helped thee to value the lowly way
And gained for thy soul God's best.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Glenn Smith

composer→ Glenn Smith (1880-1968)

meter→ 10, 8, 10, 8, 9, 6, 9, 6

351. God in Heaven

God in heaven has a treasure,
Riches none may count or tell,
Has a deep, eternal pleasure:
Christ, the Son He loves so well.
God has here on earth a treasure—
None but He its price may know—
Deep, unfathomable pleasure:
Christ revealed in saints below.

Thus, through earthen vessels only,
Shining forth in ceaseless grace,
Reaching weary hearts and lonely,
Beams the light of Jesus' face—
Vessels worthless, broken, bearing
Through the hungry ages on,
Riches given with hand unsparing:
God's great gift, His precious Son.

Thus, though worn and tried and tempted,
Glorious calling, saint, is thine;
Let the Lord but find thee emptied,
To be filled with love divine.
Vessels of the world's despising,
Vessels weak and poor and base,
Bearing wealth, God's heart is prizing:
Glory from Christ's blessed face.

Oh, to be but emptier, lowlier,
Meek, unnoticed and unknown,
And to God a vessel holier,
Filled with Christ and Christ alone;
Naught of earth to cloud the glory,
Naught of self the light to dim,
Telling forth His wondrous story:
Emptied— to be filled with Him.

author→ Paulus Gerhardt

composer→ Annie F. Q. Harrison (arranged by A.W.B.)

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

352. I've Vowed to Be True

I've vowed to be true to the Saviour,
I've promised to serve Him for aye:
My heart would be true to that purpose,
Whatever may cross o'er my way.

*I have spoken the word of surrender;
My Lord has the covenant sealed.
No longer I live for earth's pleasures;
My life to His service I yield.*

I've vowed to be true to the Saviour,
I'll follow with Him all the way.
His love and approval I cherish;
What matters the price I must pay?

I've vowed to be true to the Saviour;
My Lord I would choose as my friend.
To Him I will cling through the shadows,
With Him pass death's vale at the end.

I've vowed to be true and to change not,
What though it mean conflict and pain;
Far dearer would death be with Jesus
Than earth with its pleasure so vain.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Mary Mc Gregor

composer→ S. D. Goodale

meter→ 9, 8, 9, 8, 9, 8, 9, 8

353. Mine the Privilege

God a body has prepared me—
He in it desires to dwell;
I will yield, I cannot longer
His unequalled love repel.

*Mine the privilege to labour
With the lowly Nazarene;
Mine to climb the heights where others
Through their faithfulness have been.*

I've surrendered all to Jesus;
I delight to do His will,
Anxious all His own good pleasure
In my life He may fulfil.

I am purposed naught shall hinder—
God shall have my very best;
How to gain His loving favour:
This my eager, earnest quest.

Mine to share in His rejection,
Mine to suffer for His sake,
Mine to bear the cross with patience,
Mine His glory to partake.

Copyright→ ©
author→ Sam Jones
composer→ Maud Anita Hart
meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

354. 'Tis Not in Vain

'Tis not in vain the foe to face,
The narrow way of life to take,
To victors be o'er self and sin,
Spend and be spent for Christ's dear sake;
To face the lonely days and years,
Strong in the strength which He can give;
From corn of wheat learn how to die,
That Christ again in us may live.

'Tis not in vain to learn to pray,
To honour Him though others sneer,
To do His will from day to day,
For then we feel His presence near.
E'en though the path lies dark ahead—
We cannot see His blessed face—
Constrained by love, we follow on
And trust Him where we cannot trace.

'Tis not in vain: those gone before
Who died in faith, this truth have proved;
They fought the battle to the last,
Sufficient found His grace and love.

'Tis not in vain, we, too, shall know,
That day when we surround the throne,
When Christ, before His Father's face,
Shall call and claim us as His own.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Mrs. Reid Smith

composer→ A. H. Mann (1850-1930)

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8

tune→ Stanley

355. Jesus Lives in Me

As I think of my Saviour,
God's holy, spotless Son,
Of His great love and mercy,
And all that He has done,
It fills my heart with longing,
While in this world below,
To yield my life in service
To Him who loved me so.

*I will henceforth seek to live for Jesus;
Help me, Lord, a witness true to be.
May my daily walk and words and actions
Prove to all that Jesus lives in me.*

I know the path is thorny
That Jesus trod down here,
The lowly Man of Sorrows,
Who faced earth's scorn and sneer;
It calls for self-denial
And bearing of the cross;
To be a true disciple
Means earthly pain and loss.

My heart shall be His temple,
And as He dwells within,
He'll keep me pure and spotless,
Though compassed round with sin.
My members all, if yielded,
He'll use in His employ:
The thought of such an honour
Fills all my heart with joy.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Mary Mc Gregor

composer→ E. E. Satterly

meter→ 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 10, 9, 10, 9

356. How Blessèd Are the Undefined

How blessèd are the undefiled
Amid sin's waste and barren land,
Who walk God's lowly way of life,
Led by a loving Father's hand.

*By precious blood made nigh to God,
They follow where the Master trod.*

How blessèd are the undefiled,
Who love His holy will and way;
Wholeheartedly they walk therein,
Their Father, God, their strength and stay.

How blessèd are the undefiled,
Who will not be enticed aside;
With eyes anointed they behold
And walk with Jesus crucified.

How blessèd are the undefiled
And pure in heart, who see His face;
With love unfeigned they worship Him,
Rejoicing in His truth and grace.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ F. Mendelssohn (1809-1847)

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8

tune→ St. Catherine

357. Fret Not Thy Soul

Fret not thy soul— be true to Jesus,
Though thorns thy daily path bestrew;
Someday thy heart, forgetting sorrow,
Shall see His face, thy Bridegroom true.

*Be true today, let not tomorrow
With anxious fears becloud thy soul.
Be true today, fret not nor sorrow;
Thy cares upon the Saviour roll.*

Fret not thy soul— through times of darkness,
No cheering light illumines the way;
Thine eyes shall see heaven's sun unclouded,
The dawn of God's eternal day.

Fret not thy soul— but walk with Jesus,
And feast on His unchanging love;
On earth rejected, but in glory,
Our home shall be with Him above.

Fret not thy soul— Jesus is coming!
Our years of waiting will be past;
Our eyes shall see Him in His beauty,
And righteousness shall reign at last.

Copyright→ ©

author→ James Jardine

composer→ A. H. Ackley

meter→ 9, 8, 9, 8, 9, 8, 9, 8

358. My Heart Has One Desire

My heart has one desire today:
To do my heavenly Father's will
And never from the Shepherd stray,
But in His hands be restful, still.

*His will I purpose now to do
And yield my life to His control;
His hand will guide and keep me true
Till I have safely reached the goal.*

The path that Jesus trod for me,
That life eternal might be mine,
I'll seek to follow joyfully
And all my will to Him resign.

Why should I spend my strength for naught,
For things which only fade and die?
The Son of God my life has bought,
And He alone can satisfy.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Robert Blair

composer→ (Unknown – From O. N. 1935)

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8

359. So Strange It Seems

So strange it seems and wondrous
What Thou hast done for me:
My course in life is altered
Since I have met with Thee.
For on my way to heaven
Thou, Lord, my feet hast set,
And whispered, "Leave earth's pleasures—
They'll only bring regret."

*Help me to keep on going
With heart and purpose true,
Earth's fading joys receding,
And heaven's reward in view.*

The world and flesh and devil
All try to hinder me
And show me what I'm missing
As I go on with Thee;
But Thou to me hast opened
A better, grander view:
A crown in heaven awaiting
Thy chosen, faithful few.

O keep mine eyes anointed
God's best each day to see;
May earth's vain, empty pleasures
Have no power over me.
When Satan tries to hinder,
And doubt fills me with fear,
Oh, may my heart keep listening
Thy still, small voice to hear.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Mary Mc Gregor

composer→ Mrs. J. G. Wilson

meter→ 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6

360. I Have Overcome

“I have overcome the world,”
Hear the words of Jesus.
Daily walking in the truth
From all bondage frees us.

*I will walk in the truth;
Naught from Christ can sever.
Loved with love as strong as death,
I am His forever.*

Trusting in the Saviour's blood,
Darkest clouds are riven,
All my sins are washed away,
All the past forgiven.

Love divine will bear me through
Days of tribulation,
Singing songs of joy and praise
For His great salvation.

Growing in His truth and grace,
Sweet the gospel story;
Those who love Him to the end,
They shall share His glory.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ W. H. Doane (1832-1915)

meter→ 7, 6, 7, 6, 6, 6, 7, 6

tune→ Near the Cross

361. When First We Heard

When first we heard the message
And yielded up our all,
Set forth to meet the Bridegroom,
Naught could our soul appal;
But after years of waiting,
As tests and trials abound,
Among the wise or foolish,
Oh, where shall we be found?

*Rise, trim your lamps, be ready;
Dark night will soon be past.
The Bridegroom must be nearing;
Hold fast, till then hold fast.*

As shades of night encircle,
Has faith given way to fear?
Or through the darkness gleaming,
Does hope our spirits cheer?
Some by our side are sleeping,
Have loosed their precious hold;
Iniquity's abounding;
Shall our love, too, grow cold?

Though others may prove faithless,
Keep true, 'tis not in vain;
Faith, hope and love abiding,
Will firm till death remain.
With steadfast mind and purpose,
Abiding in His will,
Through lonely midnight watches
Keep watching, waiting still.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Mary Mc Gregor

composer→ D. B. Towner (1850-1919)

meter→ 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6

tune→ Wondrous Sight

362. Longings

I long to know Thee better day by day;
I want to draw much closer when I pray,
To listen more intently for Thy voice,
To let the things Thou choosest be my choice.

I long to serve Thee better hour by hour,
Depending more entirely on Thy power;
I want to know more fully all Thy will,
To count upon each promise and be still.

I long to keep more closely at Thy side,
To worship in Thy presence and abide;
I want to rest more calmly in Thy care,
Assured that Thou wilt keep me safely there.

I long to find new beauties in Thy word,
To follow in the footsteps of my Lord;
And, oh, the greatest longing, through Thy grace,
Is that mine eyes may see Thee face to face.

author→ Ada R. Habershon

composer→ Old 124Th (Abridged)

meter→ 10, 10, 10, 10

tune→ Old 124th (abridged)

363. Jesus Trod the Pathway

Jesus trod the pathway leading unto God's right hand;
You can trace His footsteps daily to the better land;
It is building on the Rock and not upon the sand—
Hearing and obeying Christ the Saviour.

*I will follow Thee, my Lord, and Thy sweet will obey,
Gladly yielding Thee my best and all from day to day;
For Thou wilt give the needed grace to go on all the way—
I will do my best for Thee, my Saviour.*

Jesus poured His life out as a living sacrifice,
Bore the cross in meekness and the shame He did despise,
Having fellowship with God, with world no compromise—
Doing that which always pleased the Father.

We must set our face like flint to go on all the way,
Though the world may sneer and scoff and hinder every day;
Jesus keeps His faithful ones, and they will hear Him say,
“You have done your best for Christ your Saviour.”

author→ Adam Hutchison

composer→ F. S. Fearis

meter→ 13, 13, 13, 10, 13, 13, 14, 10

364. Let Us Consider Jesus

Let us consider Jesus,
Who was tempted sore and tried—
The pure and precious Lamb of God
For us was crucified.

*Let us be true like Jesus,
And never turn aside;
With a faithful heart and purpose true,
Let us in Him abide.*

Though lone the desert pathway,
'Tis God who leads us there
To prove our hearts and show to us
His daily love and care.

The path is full of danger,
So let us watch and pray
As Jesus did that lonely night
In dark Gethsemane.

The promised land is nearing;
Oh, shall we enter in,
Or perish in the wilderness,
Destroyed by self and sin?

Copyright→ ©

author→ James Jardine

composer→ A. M. Kelly

meter→ 7, 7, 8, 6, 7, 6, 9, 6

365. Approved and Faithful

Loved of God, approved and chosen—
Sweet this thought to contrite heart—
Words that nerve my faint endeavour,
Spur me on to do my part.

Oh! to be approved and faithful!

Oh! to win His smile each day!

This, O Lord, be my ambition

Now and all along the way.

Sweet remembrance of the time when
First I knew His peace and smile
Gives my heart true rest and comfort,
Drives away what would defile.

In the home life His approval
Makes poor cot a palace fair,
Brings each day the heavenly sunlight;
This, because my Lord is there.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Thomas M. Turner

composer→ J.B.O. Clemm

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

tune→ Reapers

366. Pressing On

Evermore pressing on with the Saviour,
Never ceasing to labour and pray,
You will soon reach the end of the journey;
Do not weary or faint by the way.

*Pressing on, pressing on,
Evermore seek to labour and pray;
Keep your heart and your life
On the altar of service always.*

Evermore pressing on, do not linger;
See, the shadows are falling around;
With the Saviour no evil can harm you,
Though the pitfalls and snares may abound.

Evermore pressing on in the footsteps
Of the Master who journeyed before
And the faithful who now share His glory,
Where they hunger and thirst nevermore.

Evermore seek the friendship of Jesus,
All your life's little day here below;
In the glory and rest He is waiting—
Let your praises unceasingly flow.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ Ira D. Sankey (1840-1908)

meter→ 10, 9, 10, 9, 6, 9, 6, 9

367. Hold Fast

Hold fast thy confidence;
Lay not thine armour down.
Let neither moth nor rust destroy,
And no man take thy crown.
Hold fast eternal life;
His promises are true.
If we will firm and steadfast stand,
With strength He will renew.

*Hold fast, hold fast to what thou hast attained;
Lay not thine armour down.
Hold fast, and be thou faithful unto death;
Let no man take thy crown.*

Stand fast when tested sore,
Though keener grows the fight;
Thy Leader true has gone before:
Stand by His Spirit's might.
Our comrades have been tried
And constant hardships met;
Our God can ne'er unrighteous be
Our labour to forget.

Steadfast in heart and mind,
Come, let us follow on;
Fear not the foe; take courage new,
Till victory is won.
Thy Saviour's name hold fast;
Ne'er shun the cross or pain.
Have confidence and hope in God:
Enduring, we shall reign.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Blanche Chappell

composer→ Ira B. Wilson (1880-1950)

meter→ 6, 6, 8, 6, 6, 6, 8, 6, 10, 6, 10, 6

368. I Am Satisfied Indeed

Once I wandered on in darkness,
Knowing naught of Jesus' care,
Till I heard the glorious message;
Now heaven's peace and joy I share.

*Satisfied, satisfied,
I am satisfied indeed.
Now His Spirit gently leads me,
And He meets my heart's deep need.*

I have given Him the lordship
Of my heart and life for aye;
Naught from Him my soul can sever—
He's my Life, my Truth, my Way.

I have proved His saving power,
And I know He'll always be
True and faithful, never changing,
Giving life and liberty.

I am satisfied in Jesus,
From the chains of sin set free;
And each day I long to follow
Him who gave His life for me.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Winnie Adams

composer→ A. J. Showalter (1858-1924)

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 6, 7, 8, 7

369. Where Others Conquered

Where others conquered we can win;
As others fought we, too, can fight.
All enemies, the host of sin,
We, by God's power, can put to flight.

God's armour waits for us to wear:
The shield and breastplate are at hand.
No dart can harm: we're in His care
And able in His strength to stand.

New hope springs up; we stronger grow,
For brothers, sisters in the past
Have bravely faced the fiercest foe
And pressed the battle to the last.

God's mighty power is on our side;
For us His grace and wisdom are.
We will in Christ our Lord abide
And spread His glorious name afar.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Thomas M. Turner

composer→ W. S. Nickel

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8

tune→ Canaan's Land

370. Till Breaking of the Day

Lord, grant Thy people grace
The hosts of sin to face
And calmly fill their place
Till breaking of the day.

Lord, help Thy servants keep
Watch through the darkness deep,
That they may seek Thy sheep
Till breaking of the day.

May we united stand,
Hand clasped in loving hand,
Thy faithful, loyal band
Till breaking of the day.

Regard our low estate;
Our need of Thee is great
As we in patience wait
The breaking of the day.

Copyright→ ©
author→ Mrs. May Schulz
composer→ J. M. Duncan
meter→ 6, 6, 6, 6
tune→ Darak

371. My Life Is Hid

My life is hid with Christ in God,
Preserved within that sure retreat;
Though Satan rage against my soul,
I worship at my Saviour's feet.

*No foes can reach that secret place
Where hides my soul safe in His care;
His presence, like a wall of fire,
Is round about me everywhere.*

The fiery darts which Satan hurls,
Temptations painful and severe,
No more my trembling soul appal:
I know the Lord of Hosts is near.

Though fierce the conflict here below,
With hosts of sin by Satan led,
The God of Truth will favour me
And bruise the fiery serpent's head.

I rest in God's unchanging love;
His peace now reigns within my heart;
Obedient to the Spirit's voice,
I daily choose the better part.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ W. S. Weeden (1847-1908)

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8

372. May the Lord Depend on You?

In the warfare we are waging
For the truth and for the right,
When the conflict fierce is raging
With the powers of the night,
God needs workers brave and true;
May He, then, depend on you?

*May the Lord depend on you?
Loyalty is but His due:
Say, O spirit brave and true,
That He may depend on you.*

Shall we, then, go forth as soldiers,
Fighting in the Saviour's might,
'Gainst the powers of sin and darkness,
'Gainst the legions of the night?
God requires the brave and true;
May He, then, depend on you?

From His throne the Father sees us;
This should help us to prevail;
For our leader true is Jesus,
And we shall not, cannot fail.
Triumph crowns the brave and true;
May the Lord depend on you?

author→ W. C. Martin

composer→ Ira B. Wilson (1880-1950)

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7

373. Clad in Your Armour

Clad in your armour, firmly you stand,
Loins girt with truth at your Leader's command;
Forth to the conflict, led by His hand,
Onward to victory go!

*Watching, praying, never quit the field!
Prayer prevailing, do not faint, nor yield;
Christ is your leader, faith is your shield—
Faith in the living God.*

Sound in His statutes— truth must prevail—
Heart right and willing, you will not fail;
Feet shod and ready when foes assail,
Onward to victory go!

Safe with your helmet, humble in mind,
Christ-like, obedient, self far behind;
God's sword and spirit nothing can bind,
Onward to victory go!

Clad in your armour, whole and complete,
All prayer prevailing, who can defeat?
Faithful to Jesus, never retreat,
Onward to victory go!

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ G. F. Root (1820-1895)

meter→ 9, 9, 9, 6, 9, 9, 9, 6

tune→ Invitation

374. Stronger Than the Strong

The path, though steep and narrow,
My weary feet must tread;
I will not grieve nor murmur—
My Lord is just ahead.
Though sin is raging round me,
And I must face the foe,
My hope and shield is Jesus,
And so I onward go.

*Stronger than the strong is He,
Strong to give the victory.
He is interceding,
With the Father pleading;
Stronger than the strong is He.*

Amid the storm and tempest,
I hear His voice so sweet;
He speaks my soul to comfort
And stay my wavering feet.
His hand is good upon me,
And I rejoice to know
That Jesus is my leader,
And so I onward go.

Though great the tribulation,
Exceeding great the prize;
The glory is eternal
With joy that never dies.
I have His presence with me
Amid earth's pain and woe;
He is my consolation,
And so I onward go.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ Mrs. C. H. Morris (1862-1925)

meter→ 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 6, 6, 7

375. In Every Part

In every part the battle rages on,
All through the night until the break of dawn.
Be of good courage: Christ the Lord shall come;
Till then, be strong, be strong!

In every life, a conflict fierce and keen;
At every gate, an ambushed foe unseen.
Each Canaan has its Jordan yet between—
Until the Master comes.

Be not afraid— the Overcomer stands
With help and courage in His outstretched hands.
He who has led, forever understands;
For His dear sake, be strong!

Fight on— but once the battle rests with thee,
Then thou shalt rest for all eternity.
To hang thy shield of faith in victory,
O soldier brave, fight on!

Copyright→ ©

author→ Mrs. Elma Milton

composer→ Charles H. Gabriel (1856-1932)

meter→ 10, 10, 10, 6

376. Be Ye Immovable

Be ye immovable, steadfast in heart—
Strength for the conflict the Lord will impart.
Great is His faithfulness; He cannot fail.
:: Keep on pursuing; His arm will prevail. ::

Faint, yet pursuing, own no defeat;
Faint, yet pursuing, never retreat.
Jesus is anxiously watching the fray:
Keep on pursuing till close of the day.

Be ye immovable facing the foe—
Courage and wisdom the Lord will bestow.
War a good warfare, and cease not to fight,
:: Strong in the Lord and the power of His might. ::

Be ye immovable, quit not the field—
Trust in the Lord, and our foes then must yield.
Press on to conquer, and never gainsay,
:: Steadfastly minded to go all the way. ::

Be ye immovable, firm to the end—
Patient endurance the Lord will extend.
Tender, compassionate, heart full of love,
:: Faithful the One interceding above. ::

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ W. J. Kirkpatrick (1838-1921)

meter→ 10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 9, 9, 10, 10

377. How Real to Know

How real to know the mighty power of Jesus,
To let Him reign supreme o'er all within,
To live our days on earth as days in heaven,
To hear the Saviour say at last "Well done."

*Be true and faithful: His mercy's sure,
His grace sufficient forever will endure.*

How real to bear the cross and follow Jesus,
To share a little of His shame down here:
Misunderstood, rejected like the Master,
Like Him a stranger with the worldling's sneer.

He knows the tests that lie across life's pathway,
In love and meekness all His trials bore;
He overcame, now pleads for us in glory;
O help us, Lord, to love Thee more and more.

Our best is wholly give ourselves to Jesus,
To spend our days, our health, our life for Him,
To live the truth throughout the daily home life:
A light, a help, some precious soul to win.

author→ Adam Hutchison

composer→ H. Smart (1813-1879)

meter→ 11, 10, 11, 10, 9, 11

378. In All My Vast Concerns

In all my vast concerns with Thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun Thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of Thine eye.

Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
The secrets of my breast.

My thoughts lie open to Thee, Lord,
Before they're formed within;
And, ere my lips pronounce the word,
Thou knowest the sense I mean.

Oh, wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within Thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

So let Thy grace surround me still
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

author→ King David
composer→ A. Patton (1853)
meter→ 8, 6, 8, 6
tune→ Meditation

379. Search Me, O God

Search me, O God! my actions try,
And let my life appear
As seen by Thine all-searching eye;
To mine, my ways make clear.

Search all my thoughts, the secret springs,
The motives that control,
The chambers where polluted things
Hold empire o'er the soul.

Search till Thy fiery glance has cast
Its holy light through all,
And I, by grace, am brought at last
Before Thy face to fall.

Thus prostrate, I shall learn of Thee
What now I feebly prove:
That God alone, in Christ, can be
Unutterable love!

author→ Francis Bottome

composer→ Asa Hull

meter→ 8, 6, 8, 6

tune→ Abney

380. Search Me, O Lord

Search me, O Lord, and know my inmost heart;
Let Thy pure light now penetrate each part.
I would be pure, my spirit would be free
To love and serve in harmony with Thee.

Search me, O Lord, and try this heart of mine;
Search me and prove if I indeed am Thine.
Test by Thy word, that never changed can be,
My strength of hope and living faith in Thee.

Search me, O Lord, my thoughts in mercy try;
Let naught escape Thine all-discerning eye.
Know every thought, then help me graciously
To fix my mind and will to honour Thee.

Search me, O Lord, and from the dross of sin
Refine as gold, and keep me pure within.
Search Thou my ways, whose springs Thine eye can see;
From secret faults, O Saviour, cleanse Thou me.

Search me, O Lord, and in Thy mercy lead
My feet to walk, and let me take good heed
That I may hear Thy voice, obey and see
The everlasting way that leads to Thee.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Robert Blair

composer→ Lucie Manning

meter→ 10, 10, 10, 10

381. Heart and Purpose

O'er and o'er a voice is borne to me
From the homeland of eternity:
"Steady, brother, God has need of thee;
Keep thy heart and purpose true."

*Jesus, Saviour, walk beside me
Till the homeland greets my view;
Help me toil and sing and journey
With a heart and purpose true.*

Fears within me sound a loud retreat,
Foes without sow briars for my feet,
And my soul this question oft repeats:
"Are my heart and purpose true?"

Oh, for faith to help me walk aright,
Hope to point my vision to the light,
Love to keep my garments pure and white,
And my heart and purpose true.

Lord, Thy love and grace suffice for me
As I journey hand in hand with Thee,
And I'll bear my burden gratefully,
With a heart and purpose true.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Glenn Smith

composer→ Glenn Smith (1880-1968)

meter→ 9, 9, 9, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

382. A Broken, Contrite Heart

A broken and a contrite heart
Our God will not despise;
He longs to be our strength and shield,
To counsel and advise.

A contrite spirit is the price
To keep His storehouse open;
When we're worthy He delights
To help and sympathize.

The race was never to the swift,
Nor battle to the strong;
The patient, frail, uncomely Man
Prevailed when all went wrong;
He fought each battle on His knees
And took each victory calmly,
Lived and died a sacrifice,
Rejected by the throng.

There's victory for the ones alone
Who keep the faith like Paul,
Who walk with God and hear His voice
And heed His every call,
Who keep their garments clean and white,
Though comrades fall and waver;
Such will cheer the heart of God
And be a help to all.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Glenn Smith

composer→ Glenn Smith (1880-1968)

meter→ 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 7, 7, 6

383. He Knows Our Hearts

He knows our hearts; what joy it brings Him
To there behold a purpose true
To do His will and seek refreshing
From Him whose voice inspires anew.
He knows the trials and temptations,
And bids us seek His face alone
For grace to overcome and live a life
more worthy of His "Well done."

His care can soften all our hardness,
Relieve when all seems dark and vain,
And fill our hearts with deeper purpose
To glorify His precious name.
How much He's grieved if we're not proving
His voice and presence always near;
So let us ever seek to prove His wondrous care,
always count it dear.

He leads us, and by faith we follow,
With hearts united to His will;
His heart will plan, His hand deliver
And show to us He's leading still.
How much we see in Him to cheer us,
To keep us in the evil day;
Abiding so that we may fruitful be,
unceasingly watch and pray.

Copyright→ ©

author→ James Fawcett

composer→ Glenn Smith (1880-1968)

meter→ 9, 8, 9, 8, 10, 7

384. Cleansing for Me

Lord, through the blood of the Lamb that was slain,
Cleansing for me, Cleansing for me;
From all the guilt of my sins now I claim
Cleansing from Thee, Cleansing from Thee;
Sinful and dark though the past may have been,
Many the crushing defeats I have seen,
Yet on Thy promise, O Lord, now I lean—
Cleansing for me, Cleansing for me.

From all the doubts that have filled me with gloom,
Cleansing for me, Cleansing for me.
From all the fears that would point me to doom,
Cleansing for me, Cleansing for me.
Jesus, although I may not understand,
In childlike faith now I put forth my hand;
And through Thy word and Thy grace I shall stand,
Cleansèd by Thee, Cleansèd by Thee.

From all the care of what men think or say,
Cleansing for me, Cleansing for me.
From ever fearing to speak, sing or pray,
Cleansing for me, Cleansing for me.
Lord, in Thy love and Thy power make me strong,
That all may know that to Thee I belong;
When I am pardoned, let this be my song—
Cleansèd by Thee, Cleansèd by Thee.

author→ Herbert H. Booth

composer→ T. Haynes Bayley (1747-1834)

meter→ 10, 8, 10, 8, 10, 10, 10, 8

385. Thou Art Worthy

Thou art worthy, Thou art worthy,
Blessèd Jesus, Lord of all!
Of our best, Lord, Thou art worthy,
At whose throne the angels fall!
Help us sing along the pathway
When the deeper cost we meet,
Echoes of the songs of heaven,
While we worship at Thy feet.

*For Thou hast redeemed us
To Thyself, Lord Jesus,
By the blood of Calvary's cross
And dark Gethsemane.*

Thou art worthy, Thou art worthy,
Lamb of God, for sinners slain!
Of our lives, Lord, Thou art worthy—
There to live Thy life again.
To receive all strength and honour,
Adoration, praise and love,
Oh, forever, Thou art worthy,
Lord and Light of heaven above!

Copyright→ ©

author→ Mrs. Elma Milton

composer→ H. H. Booth (1862-1926)

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 6, 6, 7, 6

386. Christ for Us

Christ for us on Calvary's mountain,
All our sins upon Him laid,
Offered up for our offences
His own blood, our ransom paid.

*For us lived and died,
For us Christ revived,
That in us, as Lord abiding,
He might hope provide.*

Christ for us within the garden
Rose triumphant o'er the grave,
Rose to justify and free us
And from fear of death to save.

Christ for us now interceding:
On the throne above He pleads;
Grace and mercy He supplies us,
All-sufficient for our needs.

Christ in us, our hope of glory;
All our victory over sin,
In the world midst its temptations,
Is the living Christ within.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Gladys Porteous

composer→ W. S. Weeden (1847-1908)

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 5, 5, 8, 5

387. Bravely Tread the Path

Bravely tread the path with Jesus;
He the winepress trod alone,
Strengthened by His heavenly Father;
Now He reigns upon the throne.
See the cruel shame He suffered
All alone on Calvary's tree,
Yet His ardour ne'er diminished,
Even in Gethsemane.

*Alone He trod the winepress;
He will ne'er forsake His own;
He will succour those who labour,
Weeping, praying, oft alone.*

All alone before the rulers,
He, their Saviour, stood disowned;
Like a lamb before its shearers,
He was silent, unrenowned;
Fear not, then, to tread the winepress,
With the Lord to lead and guide;
He who stood alone will succour
Those who in His love abide.

O'er all others He's anointed
With the oil of gladness true,
Drinking in the Father's kingdom
Of the wine that's ever new;
And we soon shall share His glory
If we share His suffering here;
As we stand among the victors,
God will dry our every tear.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Blanche Chappell

composer→ Old American Melody

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7, 8, 7

388. In Lowliness the Saviour Came

In lowliness the Saviour came,
On earth to live for me
And manifest God's perfect life
In all humility.
Rejected by the world He died;
He gave His life for me,
Endured the cross, despised the shame,
That I might ransomed be.

By faith He dwells within my heart,
Imparting life to me;
His power and grace now keep my soul
From all defilement free.
My great High Priest, He intercedes
At God's right hand for me;
His heart is touched— I know He feels
For my infirmity.

He lived for me; He died for me;
God raised Him up again,
To intercede at His right hand
Until He comes to reign.
For God, who cannot lie, has said
That He will come for me
And take me home to share His joy
Throughout eternity.

Copyright→ ©
author→ Sam Jones
composer→ J. M. Bonnar (arranged)
meter→ 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6

389. The Way to Calvary

The way to Calvary's cross,
Unflinchingly Christ trod;
His life in sacrifice He gave—
Jesus, the Lamb of God.

*We thank Thee for the bread—
In it His life we see;
We thank Thee for the wine
Which means His blood was shed for me.*

The sins of all the world
Were on His shoulders laid;
He bowed His blood-stained head and died:
The ransom price was paid.

Our sins are washed away
In His own precious blood;
We plead for grace and strength to serve
And love Him as we should.

Copyright→ ©

author→ H. C. Berrett

composer→ G. W. Martin (1828-1881)

meter→ 6, 6, 8, 6, 6, 6, 8, 6

tune→ Leominster

390. I Need the Mind of Christ

I need the mind of Christ,
His pure and holy mind,
That all my inmost soul may be
Unto His law inclined.

*Most Holy Spirit, lead;
O speed my feet to run,
That I may gain the highest prize:
The image of God's Son.*

I need the mind of Christ
To do God's holy will,
With all my heart, my soul and strength,
The law of love fulfil.

I need the mind of Christ,
His fervent love and zeal,
That I may daily grow in grace
And gain the Spirit's seal.

I need the mind of Christ
To follow where He trod,
To perfect me in holiness,
In love and fear of God.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ G. W. Martin (1828-1881)

meter→ 6, 6, 8, 6, 6, 6, 8, 6

391. Calvary

Lord, we gather round Thy footstool,
Bowed in deep humility;
As we look upon the emblems,
We remember Calvary.

*Calvary, Calvary,
We remember Calvary—
In the bread Thy broken body,
In the wine Thy blood we see.*

In that night so dark with sorrow,
Left alone in prayer to bow,
See Him drink our cup of anguish,
Drops of blood upon His brow.

See Him led outside the city,
Bruised and bearing all our sin;
Cruel was the death He suffered,
Heaven's joy for us to win.

Unto Him who loved and washed us
From our sins in His own blood,
We would render thanks and plead for
Grace to love Him as we should.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ Wm. J. Kirkpatrick (1838-1921)

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 6, 7, 8, 7

392. We Would See Jesus

We would see Jesus, for the shadows lengthen
Across this little landscape of our life;
We would see Jesus, our weak faith to strengthen,
For the last weariness, the final strife.

We would see Jesus, the great Rock Foundation,
Whereon our feet were set with sovereign grace;
Not life nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us, if we see His face.

We would see Jesus— other lights are paling,
Which for long years we have rejoiced to see;
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing;
We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.

We would see Jesus— this is all we're needing:
Strength, joy and willingness come with the sight.
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading;
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night.

author→ Anna B. Warner

composer→ F. Mendelssohn (1809-1847)

meter→ 11, 10, 11, 10

tune→ Reynolds or Consolation

393. I Am Now a Child of God

I am now a child of God;
Christ redeemed me by His blood;
For my sins He did atone,
Called me, sealed me as His own;
Henceforth all my life shall be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.

Gracious Holy Spirit, live
In my soul, and daily give
Rich supplies of grace divine—
Sanctify me wholly Thine;
All my spirit, body, soul
I resign to Thy control.

Help me, Lord, to daily die,
Self in all its forms deny;
Bid my carnal mind depart;
Reign supreme within my heart;
God of love and purity,
Fix Thy dwelling-place in me.

Open Thou mine inward ear;
Quicken all my soul to hear;
Help me never to rebel,
All self-will subdue, dispel;
Thy most gracious Holy Will,
Evermore in me fulfil.

Clothed in true humility,
Let me find my all in Thee;
May Thy life in me increase,
Love of self forever cease;
Finish, Lord, Thy work begun—
Mould and make me like Thy Son.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ Redhead No. 76

meter→ 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7

tune→ Ajalon

394. Abide in Him

Abide in Him, with patience run the race;
To overcome, the Lord will give you grace.

Abide in Him when tempted by the wrong;
Keep firm and true: the weak in Him are strong.

Abide in Him when trials press you sore:
His grace will prove sufficient o'er and o'er.

Abide in Him, the cross for Him endure;
And make your calling and election sure.

Abide in Him, though others turn aside;
The living branch will in the vine abide.

Abide in Him, obedient to His will;
His purpose in your life He will fulfil.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ G. T. Caldbeck (1852-C.1919)

meter→ 10, 10

tune→ Pax Tecum

395. Can Ye Not Watch?

One little hour for watching with the Master,
Eternal years to reign with Him in white.
One little hour to bravely meet disaster,
Eternal years to reign with Him in light.

*Then, souls, be brave, and watch until the morrow!
Awake! arise! your lamps of purpose trim.
Your Saviour speaks across the night of sorrow;
Can ye not watch one little hour with Him?*

One little hour to suffer scorn and losses,
Eternal years beyond earth's cruel frowns.
One little hour the storm and tempest tosses,
Eternal years to wear unfading crowns.

One little hour for weary toils and trials,
Eternal years for calm and peaceful rest.
One little hour for patient self-denials,
Eternal years of life where life is blest.

author→ Jessie H. Brown

composer→ Geo. C. Stebbins (1846-1945)

meter→ 11, 10, 11, 10, 11, 10, 11, 10

396. A Little While

A little while to bear the cross
And share with Christ reproach and loss,
To face the world, its scorn and frown,
Before we lay our armour down.

*Our little while will soon be gone;
For us eternity will dawn;
Redeem the time, O watch and pray!
Labour for Jesus while you may.*

A little while to fight the fight,
Strong in His strength and Spirit's might;
The Lord is on our side, and we,
Through Him, shall gain the victory.

A little while the course to run,
And then eternity begun;
We'll see His face and share His bliss,
Receive the crown of righteousness.

A little while the faith to keep
And on the mountains seek His sheep,
His precious gospel to proclaim
And glorify the Master's name.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sam Jones

composer→ Charles H. Gabriel

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8

tune→ Higher Ground

397. Only Remembered

Fading away like the stars of the morning,
Losing their light in the glorious sun—
Thus would we pass from the earth and its toiling,
Only remembered by what we have done.

*Only remembered, only remembered,
Only remembered by what we have done;
Thus would we pass from the earth and its toiling,
Only remembered by what we have done.*

Shall we be missed, though by others succeeded,
Reaping the fields we in springtime have sown?
Yes, but the sowers must pass from their labours,
Ever remembered by what they have done.

Only the truth that in life we have spoken,
Only the seed that on earth we have sown—
These shall pass onward when we are forgotten:
Fruits of the harvest and what we have done.

Oh, when the Saviour shall make up His jewels,
When the bright crowns of rejoicing are won,
Then shall His weary and faithful disciples
All be remembered by what they have done.

author→ Horatius Bonar

composer→ I.D. Sankey (1840-1908)

meter→ 11, 10, 11, 10, 10, 10, 11, 10

398. Christ Is Coming

Christ is coming, Christ is coming!
Let us lift our eyes on high,
For the final, great fulfilment
Of all things is drawing nigh.
He shall soon appear in glory;
And with loud, triumphant cry,
They who loved the gospel story
Shall arise, no more to die.

Christ is coming, Christ is coming!
And these bodies sorely tried,
Which we yielded to His keeping,
Shall be changed and glorified.
Deeper fellowship forever,
Deeper joys we then shall know;
Unto God, Almighty Giver,
Songs of praise shall ever flow.

Christ is coming, Christ is coming!
Let us wisely now prepare;
If we taste of His rejection,
In His glory we shall share.
Now forsaking earthly pleasure,
We await that final day
When He comes, in fullest measure
All His glory to display.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sandy Scott

composer→ Wm. J. Kirkpatrick (1838-1921)

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

tune→ Riverside

399. In Vain Do the Wise

In vain do the wise seek to pierce through the veil
That's hiding the future from view;
The Lord by His word sheds a light on our path,
The sages of earth cannot do.

*We pass through the shadows; we carry our cross,
Esteeming things earthly but refuse and dross;
For this cause we faint not, midst scorning of men:
We look for the star of His coming again.*

We value the truth lived and taught by the Lord,
And onward we press for the prize.
Since Jesus, the Master, our pathway has trod,
The future can hold no surprise.

We fear not the future; we live not in doubt:
The veil has been riven in twain.
We cherish the words heard on Olivet's brow:
"This Jesus is coming again."

It is not in vain that we run in the race,
Nor vain, that the battle we fight;
We lift up our eyes— our redemption draws nigh—
The Lord will appear in our sight.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Willie Hughes

composer→ L. E. Jones (1865-1936)

meter→ 11, 8, 11, 8, 11, 11, 11, 11

400. When Jesus Comes

When Jesus comes to reward His servants,
Whether it be noon or night,
Faithful to Him will He find us watching,
With our lamps all trimmed and bright?

*Oh, can we say we are truly ready,
Ready for the soul's long home?
Say, will He find you and me still watching,
Watching, waiting, when the Lord shall come?*

If at the dawn of the early morning
He shall call us one by one—
When to the Lord we restore our talents,
Will He answer us “Well done!”

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

Blessèd are those whom the Lord finds watching—
In His glory they shall share;
If He should come at the dawn or midnight,
Will He find us watching there?

author→ Fanny J. Crosby

composer→ W. H. Doane (1832-1915)

meter→ 10, 7, 10, 7, 10, 7, 10, 9

401. Art Thou Waiting?

Art thou waiting for the day
Of the Lord's appearing?
He has promised He shall come,
And the time is nearing.

*Lift thy head, the day draws near
When the Master shall appear;
Let thy heart be true, sincere,
Ready, watching, praying.*

All the kingdoms of the earth,
All their pride and power,
Shall be humbled to the dust
In that promised hour.

O beware, lest life's vain cares,
Thoughts of earthly treasure,
Rob thee of thy love to do
All the Master's pleasure.

Blest is he who shall endure
With love unabating,
Constant through the night's long watch,
Faithful, loyal, waiting.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Jack Annand

composer→ H. P. Danks (1834-1903)

meter→ 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 7, 6

402. Lord, Grant My Life

Lord, grant my life may be
A corn of wheat,
Used here on earth for Thee
In service sweet,
Falling into the ground
That fruit may thus abound,
And with Thy blessings crowned
Bring joy to Thee.

I long to prove to Thee
My heart's deep love,
By seeking faithfully
The things above;
My heart condemneth me
When keeping aught from Thee
Or seeking selfishly
My life to save.

The things of time have lost
Their charm for me;
Thy sacrifice that cost
So much to Thee
Doth show me what Thou art,
Helping this sinful heart
To choose the better part—
Of serving Thee.

Forsaking all for Thee,
I forward go,
From love of earth set free
While here below;
The things above now claim
First place, and in Thy name
I'll seek, through joy or pain,
Thy kingdom first.

Copyright→ ©
author→ Mrs. May Schulz
composer→ Powell G. Fithian
meter→ 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

403. Impelled by Love

The God of heaven spoke my name,
And to my soul His message came;
And though I knew not what would be,
I gladly answered "Lord, send me."

*Impelled by love I'll go again
To seek the lost and dying men,
For in my heart there is a flame
Of burning love for Jesus' name.*

I hear the bleating of the sheep
And see the little lambs to keep;
I listen to the sinner's plea
And say again, "Dear Lord, send me."

I could not question "Is it I?"
When millions live in sin to die,
But ask that all that in me lie
Would always answer "Here am I."

His precious name I want to bear
In answer to His loving care;
And more like Jesus I would be,
The pattern for eternity.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Kenneth Dissmore

composer→ Elizabeth Pate

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8

404. There Is No Gain

There is no gain but by a loss:
Thus Jesus taught, who bore the cross;
A corn of wheat, to multiply,
Must fall into the ground and die;
Oh, should a soul alone remain,
When it a hundredfold may gain?

Who saves his life or cross would shun
Loses ten thousand, holding one;
And he who fain his life would spare,
Keeps from the multitude their share.
Oh, who can hear the needy cry
And yet refuse in love to die?

Wherever you ripe fields behold,
Waving to God their sheaves of gold,
Be sure some corn of wheat has died,
Some faithful life been crucified;
Someone has suffered, wept and prayed,
And fought hell's legions undismayed.

author→ C. Booth-Clibborn

composer→ E. Hemt (1818-1883)

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8

tune→ Stella

405. The Call to Labour

Lord, let me hear once more the call to labour,
The call that rang beside blue Galilee,
To turn from home and lands and friends and kindred:
Speak, Lord, again and say "Come, follow me."

Lift Thou mine eyes to see the fields now waiting
Close to my hand or far beyond the sea;
Then let me go and give my life, Lord Jesus,
Sowing or reaping, all as unto Thee.

Help me to see as sheep who have no shepherd,
The multitudes that throng on every side;
And let me say, wherever they may wander,
"These are the souls for whom my Saviour died."

Touch Thou my heart with Thine own deep compassion,
Help me to love as Thou hast first loved me;
And put within, a burning, deep ambition
To guide some lost and wandering soul to Thee.

O keep me, Lord, from growing cold or careless,
But let my zeal and love still stronger be;
And till the day when Thou shalt come, Lord Jesus,
Let me be found still labouring for Thee.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Ken Paginton

composer→ Mrs. E. M. Anderson

meter→ 11, 10, 11, 10

406. Forget Them Not

Forget them not: the faithful band
Who kindred leave behind
To bear the truth to every land,
As debtors to mankind.

Forget them not in solitude,
When breathing earnest prayer,
That God may think on them for good
And bless them everywhere.

Forget them not: the toilers brave
Who scatter forth the seed;
To Jesus they are willing slaves,
Touched by a world in need.

Forget them not, for Jesus' sake:
No selfish quest have they;
The daily cross they humbly take;
Forget them not, I pray.

Not these alone: remember, too,
All those who through their word
Hear and believe the gospel true;
For them our hearts are stirred.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sandy Scott

composer→ C. Howard (1856-1927)

meter→ 8, 6, 8, 6

tune→ Lloyd

407. O Say Not Ye

O say not ye, "'Tis four more months till harvest."
Think not in heart, "There's time to tarry here."
Go forth among the labourers who are weary;
Give of your strength, their loving burden share.

O say not ye, "I am not fit to labour."
God knows your heart, the struggles that lie there.
'Tis not your might or strength that will sustain you,
But by God's power, His holy name you'll bear.

Lift up your eyes and see the weary, fainting,
Wounded by life, with no help far or near.
Yield all you have, wait not until tomorrow;
Go forth to them and manifest God's care.

Lift up your eyes, the fields are white and waiting;
It matters not what you must leave behind.
Before the precious grains are trampled under,
Go, glean the fields while yet the Lord gives time.

Remember, when the harvest is all gathered,
And sheaves are bound, and chaff is cast aside,
Who sows and reaps will both rejoice together
And in eternal love will then abide.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Mrs. Mary Lou Todd

composer→ Mrs. Mary Lou Todd

meter→ 11, 10, 11, 10

408. No Reputation

No reputation, with Jesus I go,
Willingly, cheerfully, my life to sow.
Sow to the Spirit, in faith lay it down;
Strive for the mastery, hope for the crown.

No reputation, if Jesus had none;
Why should I murmur, the suffering shun?
Why from the cross should I seek for release?
I must diminish for Him to increase.

No reputation, but with Him I crave
Glory immortal, beyond the dark grave,
Honour and glory which never can fade;
Scorners are silent, there's none to upbraid.

No reputation and unrecognized,
Misunderstood and by worldlings despised,
God understands me— this thought will suffice;
Bearing the cross, I should ever rejoice.

No reputation, with Him I'm content,
Laying my life down, to spend and be spent;
Living or dying, I will not refrain:
God cannot lie, I shall take it again.

Copyright→ ©
author→ Sam Jones
composer→ F. Hermann Geue
meter→ 10, 10, 10, 10

409. Alone With God

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

*Alone with God, the world forbidden;
Alone with God, oh, 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.

author→ Johnson Oatman, Jr.

composer→ Wm. J. Kirkpatrick (1838-1921)

meter→ 9, 8, 9, 8, 9, 8, 9, 8

410. Called Home to Rest

Called home to rest, beyond the vale of weeping—
The loving Father, He has willed it so—
In heaven above, safe in the Saviour's keeping,
Oh! blest abode where sorrow's tears ne'er flow.

Sweet recompense beyond all expectation,
Celestial joys before the throne of God
Await the heirs of Christ and true salvation,
Who here on earth through fiery trials trod.

Called home to rest, dark night has sped forever;
Called home to meet the Saviour face to face.
Oh, wondrous glories where no death can sever,
And angels sing sweet melodies of grace.

Cheered by Thy voice e'en though our path be clouded,
Thou art, O God, our comfort and delight;
And when our hearts in mourning's robes are shrouded,
We feel Thee near— dear Guiding Star and Light.

Copyright→ ©

author→ Sandy Scott

composer→ Hubert P. Main (1839-1925)

meter→ 11, 10, 11, 10

411. Sweet, Sweet Release

Sweet, sweet release, when pain and death have flown,
And Jesus lives forever with His own.

Mourn not, dear soul, thy loved one is at rest
On Jesus' bosom, with the heavenly blest.

Home, heavenly home— all toil and trouble past;
The Saviour called our loved one home at last.

Morn, brightest morn, shall break, with death no more,
And we shall rise to reign on that blest shore.

It is His will, all earthly struggles cease;
And Jesus calls us to heaven's perfect peace.

Copyright→ ©

author→ James Jardine

composer→ G. T. Caldbeck (1852-C.1919)

meter→ 10, 10

tune→ Pax Tecum

412. When Life Is Ended

When life is ended and I must travel
Through death's dark chambers, I need not fear:
If I have Jesus to guard and guide me,
I walk securely with One so dear.

Though dark the valley that lies before me,
A light far brighter than noonday sun
Shines o'er my pathway, and hope eternal
I see in Jesus; earth's day is done.

I look to Jesus, bright Star to guide me;
'Twas Jesus vanquished death and the grave;
'Twas Jesus only bore my transgression,
For Jesus only my soul could save.

Oh, glorious dawning, blest resurrection!
When I with Jesus come forth again,
I shall adore Him, my wondrous Saviour:
He freed my soul from sin's curse and stain.

Copyright→ ©

author→ James Jardine

composer→ Virgil P. Brock Blanche Kerr Brock

meter→ 10, 9, 10, 9