

1. Is There Not a Cause?

Quicken, Lord, my soul,
With Thy will control,
Show to me the plan,
How Christ saw in man, a cause;
Grant my vision to see,
Make the shadows to flee.

Is there not a cause?

Is there not a cause?

Awaken me— Help me see— Ask of me;

Is there not... Is there not... a cause?

Is there not a cause?

Love has claimed my all,
At Thy feet I fall,
In Thy faith I see,
And commit to Thee my cause;
Take from me my own will,
Lord, Thy purpose fulfill.

Gone the stain of sin,
Sweet Thy peace within,
Loss has turned to gain,
As Thou dost maintain, Thy cause;
Every step of life's way,
'Til the breaking of day.

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author→ Barbara Coles Russell

composer→ John Sterling

meter→ 5, 5, 5, 7, 6, 6, 5, 5, 4, 6, 8, (5)

2. Tenderly

Saviour, hear my cry! Hearken unto me.
Fallen, failed, afraid: Lord, I come to Thee.
Sins I would not hide; Open to Thine eye.
Hating all my pride, Love me tenderly.

Saviour, may Thy ear Hear my distant call.
Fears without, within– At Thy feet I fall.
Heart so far astray, Wandered, sore and blind.
Bring me to the way. Lead me tenderly.

Saviour of my soul, Night is drawing nigh.
Friendless, poor, unsure, Lend the light on high.
Only Thee I seek– Hope comes with the sight.
Favor to the meek– treat me tenderly.

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author→ John Sterling

composer→ John Sterling

meter→ 5, 5, 5, 5, 5, 5, 5

3. O Love, That Will Not Let Me Stay

O Love, that will not let me stay,
I yield my broken will to Thee;
Thou'st heard the vows that I did say,
Love calls, I cannot say Thee nay,
Again I cross the sea.

O Love, that burns within my breast,
I yield my contrite heart to Thee;
Help me once more to give my best,
Make this my pure and simple quest—
To live unselfishly.

O Love, that moveth me to care,
I yield my dying life to Thee;
To labor long in earnest prayer,
In seeking lost ones everywhere—
To bring them life from Thee.

O Love, that waits for Christ's return,
I yield my blighted hopes to Thee;
Help me this greatest lesson learn,
Love's fire must never cease to burn
Until He comes for me.

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author→ Barbara Coles Russell

composer→ Albert L. Peace

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8, 6

4. After I Die

Faces of sorrow I will not see,
Voices that whisper will not reach me.
But, where oh where will my spirit be
One moment after, after I die?

If I am flinging a fortune away,
If I am wasting salvation's day,
Just is my sentence, my soul must say,
One moment after, after I die.

Now can I silence convictions stirred?
Or should I heed the voice which is heard?
There is fulfillment of God's sure word,
One moment after, after I die.

Lord, lead me wisely: My soul's at stake,
The choice is pending, I dare not wait:
I must choose now, it will be too late
One moment after, after I die.

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author→ John Sterling

composer→ John Sterling

meter→ 9, 9, 9, 9

5. Help My Spirit

I am on an unknown journey
And it may be short or long—
In my heart that keeps on stepping
Lies a murmur or a song.

*Now the strength with which I journey
And the might with which I fight,
And my courage all are nothing
If my spirit is not right.
HELP MY SPIRIT TO BE RIGHT!*

I am in a secret battle
And it may be small or great—
In my heart that keeps on fighting
Lies the depth of love or hate.

I am in a little vessel
Out upon the stormy sea—
In my heart that keeps on rowing
Lies a grumble or a plea.

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author→ Barbara Coles Russell

composer→ John Sterling

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, (7)

6. The Hand of Love

Across eternity, by way of Calvary,
He comes for you and me, The King now walks our way.
Rose crushed in careless hand, life spilled upon the sand,
Chaff driven by a fan, The Saviour still draws near.
Come rest your weary feet, He came our soul to seek,
No need in fear retreat, He gives to us salvation.
No one need ever spend ages that know no end,
Lost and without a friend, far from His hand of love.

The Bridegroom's voice was stayed, no wedding song was played,
All lovely dreams did fade, proud armies stood in chains.
Strait is the gate, not wide, a step puts us inside,
Alone we must decide there is no better day.
Voices come loud and clear from quarters over here,
Come quickly, do not fear, for you no condemnation.
Worried about the end? Wonder no more, my friend,
Warm words to you extend a hand held out in love.

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author→ John Sterling

composer→ Horatio Nicholls (Lawrence Wright)

meter→ 12, 12, 12, 12, 12, 13, 12, 12

7. God Gave the Increase

God's word so pure and true Is planted by a few
Who leave their lands and homes, Their loved ones, their all.
The gospel seed they sow, New life begins to grow
In hearts who respond to His call.

*But God gives the increase, To Him is all honour,
We'll love Him and praise Him forever!
For he brings abundance of blessing upon us,
Confirming His heritage over again.*

The water for the grain Comes through a vessel vain
Within the hands of God To strengthen the grain.
As life and growth begin The pitcher filled by Him
Is emptied again and again.

The reapers time is near, Full corn is in the ear,
Some thirty fold has gained, Some sixty or more.
When all the priceless yield is gathered from the field
We'll sing by that bountiful store.

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author→ Barbara Coles Russell

composer→ John Sterling

meter→ 6, 6, 6, 5, 6, 6, 8, 12, 9, 12, 11

8. Lest We Forget

“I am before all light and life,
Before dividing land and sea,
Before begetting man and wife.
Whom will ye then liken to me?”
Lord Jesus Christ, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

All earth awaits a saviour’s birth,
A babe is born outside the inn,
Meek carpenter of Nazareth.
“Hearken to me, ye sons of men!”
Lord Jesus Christ, plead with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

Birds of the air, they have their rest,
Ox in the stall need never search.
Flow’r of the field, a king doth dress.
“Becoming poor, I make thee rich.”
Lord Jesus Christ, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

I AM the Light for darkened eyes,
I AM the Vine to fruitful be.
I AM the Bread which satisfies.
“My God, why forsaketh Thou me?”
Lord Jesus Christ, forgive us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

The heavens melt with fervent heat,
The great white throne, the Prince of Peace.
All nations fall before His feet.
“Enter, well done, thy labors cease.”
Lord Jesus Christ, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

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author→ John Sterling

composer→ John Sterling, Paul Bellam

meter→ 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8

9. I Will Wait

Although the road be long
And answers do not come,
I will not lose my song
If I wait a little while.

*Until the dawn of day,
Until I see the way,
I will walk another mile beside my God,
And then will rest for aye.*

There is a battle field
Before the victory,
We shall not faint or yield,
But will wait a little while.

Temptations hard to bear,
The foe is ever near,
We'll trust in Jesus' care
And will wait a little while.

Beyond the mountains high,
Above the cloudless sky,
Christ is the reason why
Still I wait a little while.

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author→ John Sterling

composer→ John Sterling

meter→ 6, 6, 6, 7, 6, 6, 11, 6

10. Unknown Land

I stand on the shore of an unknown land,
On the brink of eternity.

At last, at last, I can understand

The worth of reality.

The worth of reality,

The worth of reality.

At last, at last, I can understand,

The worth of reality

Life offered much, but my end is this,

I die unheeded, unknown.

I drank with many the cup of bliss,

But the dregs I drink alone.

The dregs I drink alone,

The dregs I drink alone.

I drank with many the cup of bliss,

But the dregs I drink alone.

And now, as I stand on eternity's brow,

Life reads with meaning new.

The real separates from the unreal now,

And the false joys from the true.

The false joys from the true,

The false joys from the true.

The real separates from the unreal now,

And the false joys from the true.

Too late, too late, no strong loving hand

Can I see outstretched to me.

Alone on an unknown shore I stand,

On the brink of eternity.

The brink of eternity,

The brink of eternity.

Alone on an unknown shore I stand,

On the brink of eternity.

composer→ John Sterling

meter→ 11, 9, 11, 8, 7, 7, 11, 8

11. Time is Bought

In the valley, on the mountain,
By the seashore, there is a fountain—
Water springing, never ceasing,
Life is free for you and me.

*Come today, do not delay;
The moments quickly fly away.
Time is bought, but not by thought.
Today is our salvation.*

Stormy weather; rain is falling;
Skies the darker, yet peace is calling.
In the calm breast, loving soul rest,
Harbors safe for you and me.

Crumbling cities, walls are broken;
Mansions empty, but hope is spoken.
Heaven bringing mercy singing,
Sins forgot for you and me.

War is raging, blood the spender.
Hate is reigning; still, love is tender.
Wounds are mended; hearts defended.
Christ is King for you and me.

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author→ John Sterling

composer→ John Sterling

meter→ 8, 9, 8, 7, 7, 8, 7, 7

12. Jesus, Saviour

Who is seeking for the lost?
Who doth every valley cross?
Jesus Saviour, hear my bleating;
Take Thy lamb and bring me to the fold.
Green the meadows fair, Waters still and clear;
Safe to follow near, Rest from doubt and fear.
Jesus, Saviour, hear my bleating;
Take Thy lamb and bring me to the fold.

Who has suffered for my sin?
Who hath purchased peace within?
Jesus Saviour, hear my pleading;
Take my soul and make me whole again.
On a lonely tree, Thou didst die for me;
Oh, what grace I see, Love at Calvary.
Jesus, Saviour, hear my pleading;
Take my soul and make me whole again.

Who will keep me in the way?
Who is coming back someday?
Jesus Saviour, make me worthy;
Clothe Thy bride in robes of purest white.
As I wait for Thee, Loving I would be;
Yielding all of me, 'til Thy face I see.
Jesus, Saviour, make me worthy;
Clothe Thy bride in robes of purest white.

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author→ Barbara Coles Russell

composer→ John Sterling

meter→ 7, 7, 8, 9, 5, 5, 5, 5, 8, 9

13. I Am Come Unto Jesus

I went to the waters of Jacob,
He sat with the well at his feet;
My vessel lay empty and wasted,
His Spirit has made me complete.

*For I am come unto Jesus
And never shall hunger again,
I will believe Thee, my Saviour
And thirst not, for Thou art my friend.
Oh, giver of Life that's eternal
Shalt raise me again and I say,
No one believing is cast out
And not one shall Thou turn away.*

I spent all I had on physicians,
So pressed by the throng was the Lord;
I reached for the hem of His garment,
By virtue my soul He restored.

We fainted for food in the desert,
“Set them down and feed them,” said He;
Five loaves and two fishes, so little,
The hungry were filled who believed.

We rowed long against the dark waters,
The Captain's asleep in the storm;
Our storm was too great for our courage;
The calm caused our faith to return.

From high in the tree I beheld Him,
“Come down and make haste,” Jesus said;
Four-fold will I give Thee a token,
Salvation He gave me instead.

I slept on the mountain of olives,
They came and they took Him away;
I know not, I knew not this Jesus,
But mercy dawned new with the day.

I carried my cross to Golgotha,
This Saviour could not do the same;
With anger and fear how I cursed Him,
In kindness He bore all the blame.

When lost on the road to Emmaus,
A stranger drew nigh and drew near;
Our hearts burned so deep down within us,
He changed all our gloom into cheer.

My zeal drove me on to Damascus,
A voice spoke and light shown above;
I fell to the earth much astonished,
But found that the greatest is love.

We stood in the line with the people,
In Judgement, the King robed in white:
A few there await for the verdict,
“Come, blessed of my Father, turn right.”

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author→ John Sterling

composer→ John Sterling

meter→ 9, 8, 9, 8, 8, 8, 8, 9, 8, 8, 8

notes→ This song was inspired by reading how Jesus fed the multitude in John 6. This is the only miracle recorded in all four gospels. The chorus is the main theme for this poem. After going beyond all human possibilities with the multiplying of the bread, Jesus then spoke about the possibility of all people never: 1. hungering 2. thirsting 3. being turned away 4. being cast out, but rather given eternal life and being raised up at the last day. The verses recall people in Jesus' day who came to Him at inopportune times of His experience. Nevertheless, they were received by Christ no matter how difficult His own situation was at the moment. This hymn is written in first person to give the reader or singers a better feel for the reality of what actually happened. The hope here is also that we would have the confidence to approach Christ in faith, knowing He will not only notice us, but also help us even if everything seems hopeless or impossible. (The ten verses are not expected to be sung altogether. I like to just pick one or two out that fits me at the time.)

14. This Future

What a puzzle is this future, though it beckons subtly;
How it harbors what befalls us with no trace of certainty.
Seeming every thing and nothing, quite a paradox, you see,
While for some it's just beginning, it could well now end for me.

It would seem a grand advantage if the past revealed today,
If today I saw tomorrow and the future on display.
But I've seen a greater wisdom that has left the future sealed,
Glad I know not what an hour brings that I have not lived may yield.

Life is more than just a vapor or a shadow on the ground,
From His hand our breath we breathe it 'til the curtain cometh down.
Far beyond all earth's illusions shineth forth the Master's plan,
Holding hope for all who seek it, safe the future in His hand.

Earth and sky shall be dissolving, land and sea shall disappear,
Men by chance or choice are fleeing, time no more, no more we'll hear.
Come, ye blessed of my Father, enter in through Heaven's door,
Here this future is behind us, now forever's evermore.

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author→ John Sterling

composer→ John Sterling

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7

15. Joy in the Morning

All through the night of weeping,
Heaven's help I fail to see
But joy comes in the morning
When my Saviour speaks to me.

*Shadows will flee away when
I hear my Saviour's voice.
Day dawns again and
I feel my heart rejoice.*

Dark are the hours of dying,
Misunderstanding and woe,
But joy comes in the morning
When my Lord reminds me "I know."

In the deep gloom of doubting,
Burdens seem too heavy to bear,
But joy comes in the morning
When I know my Saviour's care.

Through the long night of waiting
Love's fire would cease to burn,
But joy comes in the morning
When I think of His return.

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author→ Barbara Coles Russell

composer→ Frank Mills

meter→ 7, 8, 7, 8, 13, 11

16. Daybreak

Sin's goad is strong, this road is long before me,
Yet find I rest within my breast today;
Overcome me, closer to me always,
I am a pilgrim far from home, trusting in Thee.

*Hark, the light of morn now dawning,
Past the night so sad with sorrow.
Behold the bride with her Beloved
When breaks the day and shadows flee away.*

Where grows the blade and rose does fade beside me,
As death once grew, my life is new today;
Rain upon me, reign within me always,
I am a garden all enclosed, waiting for Thee.

The tears they flow and years they roll behind me,
From love divine my heart's sublime today;
Not forsaken, not forgotten ever,
I am a stranger in this land, leaning on Thee.

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author→ John Sterling, Paul Bellam

composer→ John Sterling

meter→ 11, 10, 10, 12, 8, 8, 9, 10

17. Give Them to Me

Give me your heart, all broken,
Give me the hand that's bruised.
Give me your soul forsaken,
Give me your life misused.
Give them to me. Give them to me.
Jesus is pleading, Oh, give them to me.

Eyes in which tears are driven,
Ears in which words have stung.
Tongue where no praise is given,
Lips where no song is sung.
Give them to me. Give them to me.
Jesus is pleading, Oh, give them to me.

Walk which is worn and weary,
Steps that have gone astray.
Paths which are long and lonely,
Feet that have lost their way.
Give them to me. Give them to me.
Jesus is pleading, Oh, give them to me.

Give me the faith that's failing,
Give me belief now blind.
Give me all dreams decaying,
Give me what's left of time.
Give them to me. Give them to me.
Jesus is pleading, Oh, give them to me.

Beauty instead of ashes,
The oil of joy for tears,
Garments of praise for burdens,
Courage without the fears.
Come unto me. Come unto me.
Jesus is calling, Oh, come unto me.

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author→ John Sterling

composer→ John Sterling

meter→ 7, 6, 7, 6, 8, 5, 5

18. Lord, I Want to be a Miracle

Jesus fed the multitude that gathered,
Asking not for more than what they had;
Then he prayed unto the God of heaven,
Blessing what was given by a lad.

*Lord, I want to be a miracle,
Here is my life: use it all!
I acknowledge Thee the rightful owner;
I surrender all unto Thy call.*

When the wine was lacking at the wedding,
Water pots were sitting nearby;
All He asked was, fill them to their fullest;
Wine was made by power from on High.

Toiling all the night and getting nothing;
Then came Jesus in the morning light.
All He asked was, cast the same net over;
Multitudes were gathered by His might.

Thus, the secret of His greatest working
Lies in doing just our little part.
Wondrous change within He can accomplish,
All beginning with an honest heart.

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author→ Barbara Coles Russell

composer→ Don Puffalt

meter→ 10, 9, 10, 9, 9, 7, 10, 9

19. Oh, Arise, My Love, My Fair One

Oh, arise, My love, My fair one;
Oh, arise and come away.
For eternal day has broken
And the shadows flee away.

Oh, arise to time of flow'ring,
To the singing of the dove,
To the verdant fig and vineyard;
Oh, arise and come, My love.

Oh, arise and leave behind you
All your sorrow, tears and pain.
For, behold, the rose in season
And long past the winter's rain.

Leave your mortal shell, now useless,
Which fulfilled its earthly days.
Rise up now on wings eternal,
Sing to Me for joy and praise.

For I am your soul's Beloved,
And you are My own for aye.
So arise, My love, My fair one;
So arise and come away.

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author→ June Lee

composer→ June Lee

meter→ 8, 7, 8, 7

20. Battle Hymn of the Republic

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps,
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel:
“As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on.”

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat:
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

He is coming like the glory of the morning on the wave,
He is Wisdom to the mighty, He is Succour to the brave,
So the world shall be His footstool, and the soul of Time His slave,
Our God is marching on.

author→ Mrs. Julia Ward Howe

composer→ William Steffe

meter→ 15, 15, 15, 6, 8, 8, 8, 6