THE CAMPERS HYMNAL

SONGS FOR THE OUT-OF-DOORS


Compiled in such form as to be immediately useful for camping, pageants, and Bible Conferences.

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THIS IS MY FATHER'S WORLD

Malvina D. Barbour

Traditional English Melody
Arranged by S. F. L.

1. This is my Father's world, And to my listening ears, All
   nature sings, and round me rings The music of the spheres.

2. This is my Father's world, The birds their carols raise, Tho
   morning light, the lily white, Declare their Maker's praise.

3. This is my Father's world, O let me never forget That
   though the wrong seems oft so strong, God is the Fuller yet.

This is my Father's world, I rest me in the thought Of
This is my Father's world, He shines in all that's fair; In the
This is my Father's world, The battle is not done, Jo-

rocks and trees, of skies and seas—His hand the wonders wrought.
rustling grass I hear Him pass, He speaks to me ev'rywhere,
sus who died shall be satisfied, And earth and heav'n be one. Amen.

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THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

Service version. Prepared for the Army and Navy song and band books, and for School and Community singing by Committee of 18.

Francis Scott Key

With spirit f

1. O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gloaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the host
hoist in dread silence rose, What is that which the breeze, o'er the homes and the war's desolation! Bless with victory and peace, may the

2. On the shores, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haggard

3. O thus be it ever when free men shall stand between their loved

hallowed at the twilight's last gloaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the host in dread silence rose, What is that which the breeze, o'er the homes and the war's desolation! Bless with victory and peace, may the

perilous flight, O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming? tower ing steep, As it fitfully blows, half concealed, half disclosed?

tower ing steep, As it fitfully blows, half concealed, half disclosed?

And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air, gave proof thru' the

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full glory returning, when our cause it is just, And this be our

Chorus f

night that our flag was still there. O say, does that Star-spangled
fleet- ed now shines on the stream? 'Tis the Star-spangled Banner, O

mooted: "In God is our trust!!" And the Star-spangled Banner in
THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

Ban - ner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?
long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
tri-umph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

BEAUTIFUL VALLEY OF EDEN

Walter O. Cushing        William F. Sherwin

1. Beau - ti - ful val - ley of Ed - en! Sweet is thy noon-tide calm;
2. O - ver the heart of the mour - ner Shin - eth thy gold - en day,
3. There is the home of my Sav - ior; There, with the blood-washed throng.

O - ver the heart of the wea - ry, Breath-ing thy waves of balm,
Wait-ing the songs of the an - gels Down from the far - a - way.
O - ver the high-lands of glo - ry Roll - eth the great new song.

REFRAIN

Beautiful valley of Ed - en, Home of the pure and blest. How
oft - en a - mid the wild bil - lows I dream of thy rest, sweet rest!
THE CHURCH IN THE WILLOWOOD

W.S.P.

1. There's a church in the valley by the wild-wood, No love-lier
2. Oh, come to the church in the wild-wood, To the trees where the
3. How sweet on a clear Sab-bath morn-ing, To list to the
4. From the church in the valley by the wild-wood, When day fades a-

spot in the dale; No place is so dear to my child-hood As the
wild flow-ers bloom; Where the part-ing hymn will be chant-ed, We will
clear ring-ing bell; Its tones so sweet-ly are call-ing, Oh,
way in-to night, I would fall from this spot of my child-hood Wing my

D.S.—No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the

小事 brown church in the vale,
weep by the side of the tomb.
come to the church in the vale.
way to the mansions of light.
Come to the

Come to the church in the wild-wood, Oh, come to the church in the vale;

D.S.
AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

1. O beau-ti-ful for spa-ci-ous skies, For am-ber waves of grain;
2. O beau-ti-ful for pil-grim feet, Whose stern, in-pass-ioned stress;
3. O beau-ti-ful for he-ros proved In lib-er-at-ing strive,
4. O beau-ti-ful for pa-triot dream That sees be-yond the years.

For pur-ple moun-tain maj-es-ties Above the fruit- ed plain;
A thor-ough-fare for free-dom beat Across the wil-der-ness;
Who more than self their coun-try loved, And mer-cy more than life;
Thine al-a-bas-ter cit-ies gleam Un-dimmed by hu-man fears.

A - mer-i-cal A - mer-i-cal God shed His grace on thee,
A - mer-i-cal A - mer-i-cal God mend thine ev-ry flaw,
A - mer-i-cal A - mer-i-cal May God thy gold re-fine
A - mer-i-cal A - mer-i-cal God shed His grace on thee.

And crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing seal
Con-firm thy soul in self-con-trol, Thy lib-er-ty in law;
Till all suc-cess be no-bil-ness, And ev-ry gain di-vine!
And crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing seal
MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE

Samuel F. Smith

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty,
2. My native country, thee, Land of the noble free,
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fathers' God to Thee, Author of liberty,

Of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died, Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet freedom's song; Let martial tongues awaken, Let all that
To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With freedom's

pilgrims' pride, From every mountain side Let freedom ring!
templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that above,
breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong,
ho ly light; Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

GOD BLESS OUR NATIVE LAND

1. God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night:
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save
By Thy great might!

2. For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On Him we wait:
Those who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!

Charles T. Brooks and John S. Dwight
LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'en-circling gloom, Lead Thou me on!
2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou Should'st lead me on;
3. So long Thy pow'r hath been blest me, sure it still Will lead me on

The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on!
I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on!
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone;

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears, And with the morn those angel faces smile,

The distant scene; one step enough for me. Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years! Which I have loved long since and lost a while. Amen.
TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND

1. We are tenting to-night on the old Camp ground, Give us a song to cheer
2. We've been tenting to-night on the old Camp ground, Thinking of days gone by
3. We are tired of the war on the old Camp ground, Many are dead and gone
4. We've been fighting to-day on the old Camp ground, Many are lying near;
5. We are praying to-night on the old Camp ground, Praying that war may cease;

Our weary hearts, a song of home And friends we love so dear,
And loved ones at home that clasped the hand, With tears that said "Good-bye!"
Of the brave and the true who left their homes, And others wound-ed and poor,
But dying are some and others dead, And many are in tears.
O God, send the dawn of that blest day That brings an end-less peace.

CHORUS

Many are the hearts that are weary to-night, Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts that are looking for the right To see the dawn of peace.

1-5. Tenting to-night, Tenting to-night, Tenting on the old Camp ground.
4. Dying to-night, Dying to-night, Dying on the old Camp ground.
5. Praying to-night, Praying to-night, Praying on the old Camp ground.
THE END OF THE ROAD

(Dedicated to Evangelist Harry W. Vom Bruck)

1. When I come to the end of the long, long road, The shadow will flee away,
   And I'll stand in the glorious light of God, will flee away,
   Christ I'll see; While my heart will go forth with a song of praise,
   the Christ I'll see; and I shall look in the face of my dearest Friend,
   all be past, I shall look in the face of my dearest Friend.

Chorus

Where dwell-eth e-ter-nal day... When I come to the end, the
   end of the road. To the land of e-ter-ni-ty, When I

end of the road. To the land of e-ter-ni-ty, When I

come to the end of life's long road, The face of my Lord I'll see.

(Sung by the Boys' Choir, First Presbyterian Church, Forth Worth, Texas.)
1. I walked one day along a country road, And there a stranger journeyed, too,
   Bent low beneath the burden of Hisload: It was a cross, a cross I knew.
2. I cried, "Lord Jesus," and He spoke my name; I saw His hands all bruised and torn;
   I stooped to kiss away the marks of shame, The shame for me that He had borne.
3. "O let me bear Thy cross, dear Lord," I cried, And lo, a cross for me appeared,
   The one for-get-ten I had cast aside, The one so long that I had feared.
4. My cross I'll carry till the crown appears, The way I journey soon will end
   Where God Himself shall wipe away all tears, And friend hold fellowship with friend.

CROSSES

"Take up thy cross and follow Me," I hear the blessed Savior call;

How can I make a lesser sacrifice, When Jesus gave His all?
ALL THE WAY MY SAVIOR LEADS

1. All the way my Savior leads me; What have I to ask beside?
2. All the way my Savior leads me; Cheers each winding path I tread;
3. All the way my Savior leads me; Oh the fullness of His love!

Can I doubt His tender mercy? Who thru life has been my guide? 
Gives me grace for every trial, Feeds me with the living bread;
Perf ect rest to me is promised in my Father's house above;

Heav'nly peace, divinest comfort, Here by faith in Him to dwell! 
Tho' my weary steps may falter, And my soul a-thirst may be,
When my spirit, clothed immortal, Wings its flight to realms of day;

For I know, what'er befall me, Jesus doth all things well; 
Gushing from the Rock before me, Lo! a spring of joy I see; 
This my song thru endless ages—Jesus led me all the way;

For I know, what'er befall me, Jesus doth all things well; 
Gushing from the Rock before me, Lo! a spring of joy I see; 
This my song thru endless ages—Jesus led me all the way;
1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the desert
   dark and drear, Calling the sheep who've gone astray, Far from the ones to find? Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be wild and high; Hark! 'tis the Master speaks to thee, "Go, find My

2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help Him the wand'ring
   Chorus

3. Out in the desert hear their cry, Out on the mountains

Shepherd's fold a-way, sheltered from the cold? Where sheep wher'e'er they be."

Bring them in, bring them in,

Bring them in from the fields of sin; Bring them in,

Bring the wand'ring ones to Jesus.
BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES

1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the
   noon-tide and the dewy eve; Waiting for the harvest,
   and the time of reaping, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves,

2. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Fearing neither
   clouds nor winter's chilling breeze; By and by the harvest,
   and the labor ended, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
   He will bid us welcome, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

3. Going forth with weeping, sowing for the Master, The loss susto
There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign;
Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood Stand dressed in living green;

Infinite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.
So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan rolled between.

There everlasting spring abides, And never-withering flow'res;
Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er,

Death, like a narrow sea, divides this heav'nly land from ours.
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should bright us from the shore. Amen.
THE NINETY AND NINE

E. C. CLAPPANG	IRA D. SANBURY

1. There were ninety and nine that safely lay In the shelter of the fold.
2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine; Are they not enough for Thee?"
3. But none of the ransomed ever knew How deep were the waters crossed;
4. "Lord, where are those blood-drops all the way That mark out the mountain's track?"
5. But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riv'ls, And up from the rocky steep,

But one was out on the hills a-way, Far off from the gate of Thee;
But the Shepherd made an answer: "This of mine Has wandered a-way from me,
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord pass'd thru Ere He found His sheep that was
"They were shed for one who had gone a-stray Ere the Shepherd could bring him back;
There arose a great cry to the gate of heaven, "Rejoice! I have found my

gold—A-way on the mountains wild and bare, A-way from the first!
And, al-though the road be rough and steep, I go to the last:
Out in the desert He heard the cry—Sick and back!" "Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?
And the angels stood a-round the throne, "Rejoice! for the tender Shepherd's care, A-way from the tender Shepherd's care;
desert to find my sheep, I go to the desert to find my sheep.
helpless, and ready to die, Sick and helpless, and ready to die.
night by many a thorn, They are pierced to-night by many a thorn.
Lord brings back His own! Rejoice! for the Lord brings back His own!"
TELL US

C. Austin Miller. Arr. from "Humoresque," by Anton Dvorak.

1. Flowers in the meadow growing, Summer breezes gently blowing,
   On the shore the waves are beating, Time is in the past retreating,

Have ye not a message from on high? Is there but a note of greeting,
Have ye not for us a message, too? Know ye not but joy and gladness,

Yes, the past is gone beyond recall; God is ours, and forever,
Or of hope that earthward fleeting, Brings a song of rapture slight?
Comes then now a time of sadness, Are your hours of joy too few?

He is one who faileth never, He will guide and guard us all.

2. Songsters in the tree-tops awaying, Faith in God above display ing,
   God is ours, and forever,

Tell us, O tell us where the shadows, When in the morn the sun appears,
Tell us, O tell us who shall be thy safe ly, Where summer's breeze gently blow,

Tell us, O tell us what bring the moments From the onward march of years?
Tell us, O tell us who guide us year by year From the winter's cold and snow?

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18 THERE'S NOT A TINT THAT PAINTS THE ROSE
J. C. WALLACE (P-J) C. RUSBY MILLER

1. There's not a tint that paints the rose, Or decks the lily fair, Or

2. There's not a star whose twinkling light Shines on the distant hill, And

3. Around, beneath, above, a love As far as space extends, There

streaks the humblest flower that blows, But God has planted it there,
cheers the silent gloom of night, But God has given it birth,
He displays His boundless love, And pow'r with mercy blends. Amen.

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19 BY COOL SILOAM'S SHADY RILL
Reginald Hoyer SILOAM C. M. Isaac B. Woodbury

1. By cool Siloam's shady rill How fair the lily grows!

2. Let such the child whose ear lieth fair The paths of peace have trod;

3. O Thou whose infant feet were found Within Thy Father's shrine,

4. Depend on Thy bounteous breath, We seek Thy grace alone,

How sweet the breath, beneath the hill, Of Sharon's dewy rose!
Whose e'er thirsting heart, with influence sweet, Is upward drawn to God.
Whose years, with changless virtue crowned, Were all a-like divine;
In childhood, manhood, age, and death, To keep us still Thine own. Amen.
SHARON'S ROSE

A. A. PAYNE

Duet, or all Sopas. and Altas.

1. Fair were the roses that grow where He trod,
2. Pure in their fragrance, yet purer is He,
3. O may we love Him, than all else beside.

Our rose of Sharon, the dear Son of God,
Who came from heaven, our Saviour to be.
O may we trust Him, what' er may be.

Chorus. Unison.

Fair Rose of Sharon, Thy name may confessing,
Come in Thy glory and bring each a blessing.

how hero before Thee and own Thee as King,
Rose of Sharon, Saviour divine, Whose praise we forever shall sing.
1. Jesus, Rose of Sharon, bloom within my heart; Beauties of Thy
   truth and holiness impart, That wherever I go my life may
   fragrances of the knowledge of the love of God,
   with in my heart.

2. Jesus, Rose of Sharon, sweetest fair to me Than the fairest
   till my life completely, adding
   more each day of Thy grace divine and purity, I pray.
   hardened men, giving needy mortals health and hope again.

3. Jesus, Rose of Sharon, balm for every ill, May Thy tender
   healed power distil For afflicted souls of weary,
   by complete, Lay their honors down and worship at Thy feet.

4. Jesus, Rose of Sharon, bloom forevermore; Be Thy glory
   shed abroad For mortals, love and hope in Thy feet.
   Bloom in radiance and in love within my heart.

Refrain.
   Jesus, Rose of Sharon, Rose of Sharon.
THE LILY OF THE VALLEY

English Melody

1. I have found a friend in Jesus, He's every-things to me, He's the
2. He all my griefs has taken, and all my sorrows borne; In tempest
3. He will never, never leave me, nor yet forsake me here, While I

fair-est of ten thou-sand to my soul; The Lily of the Valley,
to-tion He's my strong and mighty tower; I have all for Him for-sale-on,
live by faith and do His bless-ed will; A wall of fire about me,

D.S.—Lily of the Valley,

in Him alone I see All I need to cleanse and make me holy whole,
and all my idols torn From my heart, and now He keeps me by His pow'r,
I've nothing now to fear, With His man-nas He my hun-gry soul shall fill,

the Bright and Morning Star, He's the fair-est of ten thou-sand to my soul.

In sorrow He's my com-fort, in trou-ble He's my stay,
Though all the world for-sale me, and Satan tempt me sore,
Then sweeping up to glory to see His bless-ed face,

D.S.

He tells me ev-ry care on Him to roll, He's the
Through Jesus I shall safely reach the goal, He's the
Where rivers of de-light shall ev-er roll, He's the
IN THE GARDEN

C. A. M.

1. I come in the garden alone, While the dew is still on the roses; And the voice I hear, Falling on my ear; The son of God discloses, in my heart is ringing. And He walks with me, and His voice to me is calling.

C. Austin Miles

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2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet the birds hush their singing, And the melody That He gave to me, With- the falling, But He bids me go; Thro' the voice of woe, His talks with me, And He tells me I am His own. And the joy we share as we tarry there, None other has ever known.

3. I'd stay in the garden with Him Tho' the night around me be

Chorus
WHAT A FRIEND

JONATHAN HENRY

1. What a Friend we have in Jesus, All our sins and griefs to bear!

2. Have we trials and temptations? Is there trouble anywhere?

3. Are we weak and heavy-laden, Cumbered with a load of care?

What a privilege to carry Every thing to God in prayer!

We should never be discouraged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Precious Savior, still our refuge, Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Oh, what peace we oftentimes forfeit, Oh, what needless pain we bear,

Can we find a friend so faithfull Who will all our sorrows share?

Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer.

All because we do not carry Every thing to God in prayer!

Jesus knows our every weakness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.

In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a solace there.

HE IS A FRIEND OF MINE

C. A. M.

Chorus.

He is a Friend of mine, He is a Friend of mine, The Ruler of the land and sea,
HE IS A FRIEND OF MINE

And yet He loveth me; I would that you might know Him too. This friend of mine.

I WOULD BE TRUE

1. I would be true, for there are those who trust me; I would be pure, for there are those who care; I would be strong for there is much to suffer; I would be brave, for there is much to dare.

2. I would be friend of all—the foe, the friend-lose; I would be giving, and forget the gift; I would be humble, for I know my weakness; I would look up, and laugh, and love, and lift.

3. I would be prayer-ful thru each bus-y mo-ment; I would be constant in touch with God; I would have faith to keep the path Christ trod; I would have faith to keep the path Christ trod.
1. I'm pressing on the upward way, New heights I'm gaining ev'ry day;
2. My heart has no desire to stay Where doubts arise and fears dismay;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Satan's darts at me are hurled;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glory bright;

Still praying as I onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."
The somn may dwell where those abound, My prayer, my aim, is higher ground.
For faith has caught the joyful sound, The song of saints on higher ground.
But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to higher ground."

Chorus

Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on heav'n's table-land,

A higher plane than I have found; Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.
1. There is a green hill far away, Without a city wall,
   Where the dear Lord was crucified, Who died to save us all.

2. We may not know, we cannot tell What pains He had to bear,
   But we believe it was for us He hung and suffered there.

3. He died that we might be forgiv'n, He died to make us good,
   That we might go at last to heav'n, Saved by His precious blood.

4. Oh! dearly, dearly has He loved, And we must love Him too,
   And trust in His redeeming blood, And try His works to do.

To save us all, To save us all,
It was for us, It was for us,
His precious blood, His precious blood,
And trust His love, And trust His love,

Where the dear Lord was crucified, Who died to save us all.
But we believe it was for us He hung and suffered there.
That we might go at last to heav'n, Saved by His precious blood.
And trust in His redeeming blood, And try His works to do.

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1. It may not be on the mountain height, Or o-ver the stum-my sea,
2. Per-haps to-day there are lov-ing words Which Je-sus would have me speak;
3. There's surely somewhere a low-ly place In earth's harvest fields so wide,

It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand-der-er whom I should seek:

But if, by a still, small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
O Sav-i-or, if Thou will be my guide, Tho' dark and rug-g-ed the way,

I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall ech- o the mes-sage sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, Over mountain, or plain, or sea;
I'LL GO WHERE YOU WANT ME TO GO

I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

LEAD ME TO CALVARY

Jennie Evelyn Hussey

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Wm. J. Kirkpatrick

1. King of my life, I crown Thee now, Thine shall the glory be;
2. Show me the tomb where Thou wast laid, Tenderly mourned and wept;
3. Let me like Mary, thru the gloom, Come with a gift to Thee;
4. May I be willing, Lord, to bear daily my cross for Thee;

Lest I forget Thy thorn-crowned brow, Lead me to Calvary,
Angels in robes of light arayed Guarded Thee whilst Thou slept.
Show to me now the empty tomb, Lead me to Calvary.
Even Thy cup of grief to share, Thou hast borne all for me.

Chorus:

Lest I forget Gethsemane; Lest I forget Thine agony;
Lest I forget Thy love for me, Lead me to Calvary.
THE OLD RUGGED CROSS

Rev. George Bennard

1. On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross, The emblem of suffering and shame; And I love that old cross where the dearest and best

2. Oh, the old rugged cross, so despised by the world, Has a wondrous

3. In the old rugged cross, stained with blood so divine, A wondrous

4. To the old rugged cross I will ever be true, Its shame and re-

suffering and shame; And I love that old cross where the dearest and best
traction for me; For the dear Lamb of God left His glory above
beauty I see; For 'twas on that old cross Jesus suffered and died
proach gladly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my home far away,

Chorus

For a world of lost sinners was slain, So I'll cherish the old rugged
cross, the
cross, ... Till my trophies at last I lay down; I will cling to the
cross, the

old rugged cross, ... And exchange it some day for a crown.
cross, the old rugged cross,
1. One sat alone beside the highway begging. His eyes were blind, the light he could not see; He clutched his rags and shivered in the shadows. Then Jesus came and bade his darkness flee.

2. From home and friends the evil spirits drove him. Among the tombs he dwelt in misery; He cut himself as demon powers possessed him. Then Jesus came and set the captive free.

3. Un-clean! un-clean! The leper cried in torment. The deaf, the dumb, in broken: When Jesus comes the tears are wiped away. He takes the gloom and fills the life with glory, For all is changed when Jesus comes to stay.

4. So men today have found the Saviour able. They could not conquer Jesus came and cast out every fear. Jesus came and dwell Himself within.

When Jesus comes the tempter's pow'r is broken; When Jesus comes the tears are wiped away. He takes the
BRIGHTEN THE CORNER WHERE YOU ARE

1. Do not wait until some deed of greatness you may do, Do not wait to shed your light afar, To the many duties over near you now be true, Brighten the corner where you are.

2. Just above are clouded skies that you may help to clear, Let not your heart a-lone may fall your song of cheer, Brighten the corner where you are. Brighten the corner where you are!

3. Here for all your talent you may surely find a need, Here re-shine for Jesus where you are!

where you are! Brighten the corner where you are! Some one far from

harbor you may guide across the bar, Brighten the corner where you are.
MARCHING WITH THE HEROES

William George Tarrant

Unison

1. Marching with the heroes, Comrades of the strong, Lift we hearts and voices As we march along;

2. Glory to the heroes, Who in days of old Trod the path of duty, Faithful, wise, and bold; For the right unflinching, heroes We are heroes, too; Loyal to our Captain.

3. So we sing the story Of the brave and true, Till among the All in chores raise! Theirs the song of triumph, Ours the song of praise. Strong the weak to save, War-riors all and free-men, Fighting for the slave. Like the men of yore, Marching with the heroes, Onward evermore.

REFRAIN. Harmony

Marching with the heroes, Comrades of the strong, Marching, marching

Lift we hearts and voices As we march along.
1. To the Knights in the days of old, Keeping watch on the
   moutain height, Came a vision of Holy Grail
   voice thro' the wait-ing night, Follow, fol-low, fol-low the gleam,

2. And we who would serve the King And loy-al-ly
   Him o-bey, In the con-se-crate si-lence know That the
   chal-lenge still holds to-day. Follow, fol-low, fol-low the gleam,
   Banners unfurled o'er all the world. Follow, fol-low,

Follow, fol-low, fol-low the gleam Of the Chalice that is the Grail.
Follow, fol-low the gleam Of the light that shall bring the dawn.
IN THE SERVICE OF THE KING

A. E. Ackley

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B. B. Ackley

1. I am happy in the service of the King, I am happy
2. I am happy in the service of the King, I am happy
3. I am happy in the service of the King, I am happy
4. I am happy in the service of the King, I am happy

Oh, so happy; I have peace and joy that nothing else can bring,
Oh, so happy; Thro' the sunshine and the shadow I can sing,
Oh, so happy; To His guiding hand forever I will cling,
Oh, so happy; All that I possess to Him I gladly bring,

In the service of the King.
In the service

of the King.

Ev'ry talent I will bring; I have

peace and joy and blessing In the service of the King.
ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

1. On-ward, Christian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of
   Jesus Going on be-fore; Christ, the roy-al Mas-ter,
   leads a-gainst the foe; For-ward in-to bat-tle, Sec. His bann-ers go!

2. Like a might-y ar-my Moves the Church of God; Broth-ers, we are
   tread-ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di-vid-ed,
   All one bod- y we; One in hope and doc-trine, One in char-i-ty.

3. Crowns and thrones may perish, King-domes rise and wane; But the Church of
   Con-stant will re-main; Gates of hell can nev-er
   'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, Which can never fail.

4. On-ward, then, ye peo-ple! Join our happy throng; Blend with ours your
   voic-es In the tri-umph song; Glo-ry, land, and hon-or,
   Un-to Christ the King; This thru' count-less a-gesMen and an-gels sing.

Chorus

On-ward, Chris-ten-sold-i-ers! March-ing as to war.

With the cross of Je-sus Going on be-fore.
WE'RE MARCHING TO ZION

Isaac Watts

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1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let our joys be known. Join
2. Let those rejoice to sing Who never knew our God; But
3. The hill of Zion yields A thousand sacred sweets Be -
4. Then let our songs abound, And every tear be dry; We're

in a song with sweet accord, Join in a song with sweet accord, And
children of the heav'nly King, But children of the heav'nly King, May
fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Before we reach the heav'nly fields, Or
marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To

thus surround the throne, And thus surround the throne,
speak their joys abroad, May speak their joys abroad,
walk the golden streets, Or walk the golden streets,
clearer worlds on high, To clearer worlds on high,

thus surround the throne, And thus surround the throne,

Chorus

We're marching to Zion, Beautiful, beautiful Zion; We're
We're marching on to Zion,

marching upward to Zion, The beautiful city of God.
1. Stand up, stand up for Je-sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross; Lift high His roy-al
2. Stand up, stand up for Je-sus, The trump-et call o-bey, Forth to the mighty
3. Stand up, stand up for Je-sus, Stand in His strength alone; The arm of flesh will
4. Stand up, stand up for Je-sus, The strife will not be long; This day the noise of

ban-ner, It must not suf-fer less; From vic-t'ry on to vic-t'ry His ar-my
con-flict, In this His glo-rious day, "Ye that are me now serve Him" Against en-
fall you, Ye dare not trust your own; Put on the gos-pel ar-mur, Each piece put
bat-tle, The next, the victor's song: To him that o-ver-coneth, A crown of

shall He lead, Till ev'ry foe is vanquished And Christ is Lord in-deed,
numbered foes; let cour-age rise with dan-ger, And strength to strength oppo-se,
on with prayer; Where du-ty calls or dan-ger, Be nev-er want-ing there.
His shall be; Be with the King of glo-ry Shall reign e-ter-nal-ly.

Chorus: Harmony

Stand up, stand up for Je-sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross; Lift

high His roy-al ban-ner, It must not, it must not suf-fer less.
BEULAH LAND

Edgar Page.  

1. I've reached the land of corn and wine, And all its riches freely mine;  
2. My Saviour comes and walks with me, Andsweet communion here have we;  
3. A sweet perfume up on the breeze is born from ever-vernal trees,  
4. The zephyrs seem to float to me, Sweetsounds of heav-en's melody,  

Here shines undimmed one blissful day, For all my night has passed away,  
He gently leads me by His hand, For this is heav-en's border-land,  
And flowers, that never-fading grow Where streams of life for ever flow,  
As angels with the white-robes throng Join in the sweet redemption song,  

Chorus.

O Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land, As on thy highest mount I stand,  

I look away across the sea, Where mansions are prepared for me,  

And view the shining glory-shore—My heav'n, my home for evermore!
41  BREAK THOU THE BREAD OF LIFE  

MARY ANN LATIGURY  

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst  
2. Bless Thou the Truth, dear Lord, To me—to me—As Thou didst  
3. O send Thy Spirit, Lord, Now unto me, That He may  
4. Thou art the bread of life, O Lord, to me, Thy holy  

break the loaves Beside the sea; Beyond the sacred page  
bless the bread By Galilee; Then shall all bondage cease,  
touch my eyes, And make me see: Show me the truth concealed  
Word the truth That saveth me; Give me to eat and live  

I seek Thee, Lord; My spirit pants for Thee, O Living Word.  
All fetters fall; And I shall find my peace, My All in all.  
With in Thy Word, And in Thy book revealed I see the Lord.  
With Thee: above; Teach me to love Thy truth, For Thou art love.  

42  BREAD OF HEAVEN, ON THEE WE FEED  

Josiah Conder  

In moderate time  

1. Bread of heav'n, on Thee we feed, For Thy flesh is meat indeed;  
2. Vine of heav'n, Thy blood supplies This blest cup of sacrifice;  
3. Day by day, with strength supplied, Thro' the lid of Him who died,  

BREAD OF HEAVEN

Ev - er let our souls be fed With this true and liv - ing bread,
Lord, Thy wounds our heal - ing give, To Thy cross we look and live.
Lord of life, oh, let us be Root - ed, graft - ed, built on Thee.

COME AND DINE

“Come and dine,” the Mas - ter call - eth, “Come and dine,” You may

feast at Je - sus’ ta - ble all the time; He who fed the mul - ti - tude.

Turned the wa - ter in - to wine, To the hun - gry call - eth now, “Come and dine.”

GRACE

To be sung before and after meal

We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,
For life, and health, and every good:
Let manna to our souls be given,—
The Bread of Life sent down from heaven.
BETHANY BLESSING

Carrie Stewart-Bessene

B. D. Ackley

Accept our grat-i-tude, Lord, For all the blessings Thou dost give; Di-rec-t and

46

Tune: "Jesus, Lover of my Soul"
See No. 73

Thou of life the Foun-tain Head,
By Thy hand must we be fed;
As we bow in grat-i-tude,
Lord, we thank Thee for this food. A-men.

Thou art great and Thou art good,
And we thank Thee for this food;
By Thy hand must we be fed;

47

Tune: "Jesus, Keeper, Pilot Me"
See No. 104

Heavenly Father, kind and good,
Thy love and tender care,
For the blessings that we share;
Now to Thee our voices raise
In a hymn of grateful praise. A-men.

48

Tune: "Old Hundred"
See No. 108

He present at our table, Lord,
Our hearts and e-v-'rywhere adored,
Our mer-cy's bless, and grant that we
May feast in paradise with Thee. A-men.

Thou art great, our holy guest,
Our mor-ing Joy, our even-ing rest;
And with our dai-ly bread impart
Thy love and peace in every heart. A-men.

50

We thank Thee for the mor-ing light,
For rest and shel-ler of the night.
For health and food, for love and friends
And for ev'-rything Thy goodness sends. A-men.

51

Tune: "Stars of My Soul"
See No. 125

For food and health and happy days,
Accept our gratitude and praise;
In serv-ing others, Lord, may we
Repay our debt of love to Thee. A-men.
RING THE BELLS OF HEAVEN

R. E. Scott

1. Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day, For a soul return-ing from the wild! See! the Father meets him out upon the way, now is rescued; Yes, a soul is rescued from his sinful way, glad triumphant strain! Tell the joyful tidings, hear it far away!

2. Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day, For the wand’rer wel-coming His weary, wand’ring child. And is born a new a ransomed child. Glo-ry! glo-ry! how the angels sing; Glo-ry! glo-ry! how the loud harp ring! 'Tis the ransomed

3. Ring the bells of heaven! spread the feast to-day! An-gels, swell the army, like a mighty sea, Pealing forth the anthem of the free.

Chorus

For a precious soul is born again.
1. The morning light is breaking, The darkness disappears;
2. See heathen nations bending Before the God of love;
3. Blest river of salvation, Pursue Thine onward way;
4. Rich dews of grace come o'er us In many a gentle shower,

The sons of earth are waking To penitential tears;
And thousand hearts asceding In gratitude above;
Now Thou to every nation, Nor in Thy richness stay;
And brighter scenes before us Are opening every hour;

Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings tidings from afar, Of
While sinners, now confessing, The Gospel's call o-hoy, And
Stay not till all the lowly Triumphant reach their home; Stay
Each cry to heaven going, Abundant answer brings, And

Nations in commotion, Prepared for Zion's war,
Seek a Savior's blessing, A nation in a day,
Not till all the heavenly gates are blowing, With peace upon their wings. Amen.
1. All the darkness of the night has passed away,  
It is morning in my heart;
I am living in the sunlight of the day,  
It is morning in my heart.

2. I can hear the songbirds singing their refrain,  
It is morning in my heart;  
And I know that life for me begins again,  
It is morning in my heart.

3. Christ has made the world a paradise to me,  
It is morning in my heart;  
Every duty in the light of love I see,  
It is morning in my heart.

4. Joy has come to dwell with me forevermore.  
It is morning in my heart;  
I shall sing it when I reach the other shore,  
It is morning in my heart.

RETRAIN

Je-sus made the gloomy shadows all depart;  
Songs of gladness now I made all depart;  

Sing, for since Je-sus is my King  
It is morning, it is morning in my heart.
AWAKENING CHORUS

1. A-wake! A-wake! A-wake! and sing the blessed story;
2. Ring out! Ring out! Ring out! O bells of joy and gladness!

A-wake! A-wake! A-wake! and let your song of praise arise;
Repeat, repeat, repeat a new the story o'er again, Till

Wake! Wake! Wake! the earth is full of glory, And light is
All the earth shall lose its weight of sadness, And shout a-

Beam-ing from the radiant skies; The rocks and rills, the vales and
New a-new the glorious refrain; With angels in the heights sing

Hills resound with gladness, All nature joins to sing the triumph
of the great salvation He wrested from the hand of sin and
AWAKENING CHORUS

Full harmony

song. The Lord Je-ho-vah reigns and sin is back-ward hurled!

death. The Lord Je-ho-vah reigns and sin is back-ward hurled!

Unison

Re-joice, re-joice! Lift heart and voice; Je-ho-vah reigns!

Full harmony

Pro-claim His sov-reign pow’r to all the world, And let His pow’r to all the world, And let the

glo-rious ban-ner be un-furled! Je-ho-vah reigns!
grand and glo-rious ban-ner be un-furled! Je-ho-vah reigns! Je-ho-vah reigns!

Re-joice! re-joice! re-joice! Je-ho-vah reigns!
56 WHEN MORNING GILDS THE SKIES

Transcribed from the German by Edward Caswall

1. When morning gilds the skies, My heart awakening cries,
2. When ever the sweet church bell Peals o'er hill and dell
3. The night becomes as day, When from the heart we say,
4. In heav'n's e-ter-nal bliss The love-liest strain is this,
5. Be this, while life is mine, My can-ti-cle di-vine,

May Je-sus Christ be praised! A-like at work and pray'r,
May Je-sus Christ be praised! Oh! last to what it sings,
May Je-sus Christ be praised! The pow'rs of dark-ness fear,
May Je-sus Christ be praised! Let earth, and sea, and sky,
May Je-sus Christ be praised! Be this th'ec-ter-nal song.

To Je-sus I re-pair; May Je-sus Christ be praised!
As joy-ous-ly it ruts, May Je-sus Christ be praised!
When this sweet chant they hear, May Je-sus Christ be praised!
From depth to height re- ply, May Je-sus Christ be praised!
Through all the a-ges long, May Je-sus Christ be praised! A-men.

57 INTO MY HEART

Copyright, 1884, by Harry D. Clarke

Sing Prayerfully

In-to my heart, In-to my heart, Come in-to my heart, Lord Je-sus;
INTO MY HEART

Come in to-day, Come in to stay, Come into my heart, Lord Jesus.

58

O THOU IN WHOSE PRESENCE

Joseph Swain     Freeman Lewis

1. O Thou in whose presence my soul takes delight, On
2. Where dost Thou, dear Shepherd, resort with Thy sheep, To
3. Why should I wonder and alien from Thee, Or
4. Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen The

whom in affliction I call. My comfort by day, and my
feed them in pastures of love? Say, why in the valley of
cry in the desert for bread? Thy foes will rejoice when my
star that on Israel shone? Say, if in your tents my Be-

song in the night, My hope, my salvation, my all!
drain should I weep. Or alone in this wilderness rove?
sorrows they see, And smile at the tears I have shed,
lov ed has been, And where with His flocks He is gone.
O THAT WILL BE GLORY

Copyright, 1928, renewal, Homer A. Hutcherson, owner
Words and music CHAS. H. GAUDEL

1. When all my labors and trials are o'er, And I am safe on that
   beautiful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I adore,
   Will thro' the ages be glory for me... O that will be
   glory for me, glory for me, glory for me;

2. When, by the gift of His infinite grace, I am accorded in
   heaven a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,
   When by His grace be glory for me, glory for me;

3. Friends will be there I have loved long ago; Joy like a river a-
   round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Savior, I know,
   I shall look on His face, That will be glory, be glory for me.
GOOD NIGHT AND GOOD MORNING
Lizzie DeArmond
Homer A. Redheaver

1. When comes to the wea-ry a bless-ed re-lease, When upward we
2. When fad-oth the day and dark shadows draw nigh, With Christ close at
3. When home-light we see shin-ing bright-ly a-bove, Where we shall be

pass to His kingdom of peace. When free from the woes that on earth we must bear,
hand, it is not death to die: He'll wipe ev'-ry tear, roll a-way ev'-ry care;
soon, thru' His wonderful love, We'll praise Him who called us His heaven to share,

We'll say 'good-night,' here, but 'good-morning' up there.
We'll say 'good-night,' here, but 'good-morning' up there. Good morning up there where
We'll say 'good-night,' here, but 'good-morning' up there.

Christ is the Light. Good-morning up there where cometh no night; When we step from this

earth to God's heaven so fair, We'll say 'good-night' here, but 'good-morning' up there.

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HIS EYE IS ON THE SPARROW

Mrs. C. D. Martin

1. Why should I feel discouraged,
   Why should the shadows come,
2. "Let not your heart be troubled;"
   His tender word I hear,
3. Whenever I am tempted,
   Whenever clouds arise,

Why should my heart be lonely,
And long for heav'n and home,
When song gives place to sighing,
When hope within me dies,

Jesus is my portion?
My constant friend is He;
By the path He leadeth
But one step I may see:

His eye is on the sparrow,
And I know He watches me;
His eye is on the sparrow,
And I know He watches me;

His eye is on the sparrow,
And I know He watches me;
His eye is on the sparrow,
And I know He watches me;

Chas. H. Gabriel
HIS EYE IS ON THE SPARROW

Chorus

I sing because I'm happy, I sing because I'm free.
I'm happy, I'm free.

For His eye is on the sparrow, And I know He watches me.

62 DEAR LORD AND FATHER OF MANKIND

John G. Whittier

ELTON 8. 8. 8. 6.

Frederick C. Maker

1. Dear Lord and Father of mankind, Forgive our treacherous ways! Reclaim us in our
2. In simple trust, like theirs who heard, Beside the Syrian sea, The gracious calling
3. O Sabbath rest by Galilee! O calm of hills above, Where Jesus knelt to
4. Drop Thy still dews of quietness, Till all our strivings cease; Take from our souls the
5. Breathe thro' the hearts of our desire Thy coolness and Thy balm; Let sense be dumb, let

rightful mind; In perilous lives Thy serv'ice find. In deeper reverence, praise
of the Lord, Let us, like them, without a word, Rise up and follow Thee,
share with Thee The silence of eternity, Interpreted by lovely
strain and stress. And let our ordered lives confess The beauty of Thy peace,
flash retire; Speak thro' the earthquake, wind and fire, O still small voice of calm! A-men.
HE LIFTED ME

1. In loving kindness Jesus came, My soul in mercy to reclaim,
   And from the depths of sin and shame Thro' grace He lifted me.
   From sinking sand He lifted me, With tender hand He lifted me,
   Lost, but Jesus found me; Blind, but now I see;

2. He called me long before I heard, Before my sinful heart was stirred,
   But when I took Him at His word, For-giv'n He lifted me.
   From shades of night to planes of light, O praise His name, He lifted me!

3. His brow was pierced with many a thorn, His hands by cruel nails were torn,
   When from my guilt and grief, for-lorn, In love He lifted me.

4. Now on a high or plane I dwell, And with my soul I know 'tis well;
   Yet how or why, I can-not tell, He should have lifted me.

Chorus

From sinking sand He, lifted me, With tender hand He lifted me,
From shades of night to planes of light, O praise His name, He lifted me!

LOST, BUT JESUS FOUND ME

A. P. Phipps
LOST, BUT JESUS FOUND ME

Bowed, but hallelujah! Christ has set me free.

65 LET THE LOWER LIGHTS BE BURNING

P. P. B.

P. P. B.

1. Brightly beams our Father's mercy From His lighthouse ever more;  
2. Dark the night of sin has settled, Loud the angry billows rear;  
3. Trim your feeble lamp, my brother! Some poor seaman, tempest-tossed,

But to us He gives the keeping Of the lights along the shore.  
Eager eyes are watching, longing, For the lights along the shore.  
Trying now to make the harbor, In the darkness may be lost.

Chorus

Let the lower lights be burning! Send a gleam across the wave.

Some poor fainting, struggling seaman You may rescue, you may save.
GIVE ME OIL IN MY LAMP

Anonymous

Give me oil in my lamp, Oil in my lamp, Give me oil in my lamp, I pray;

Give me oil in my lamp, Keep me shining in my camp Until the break of day.

AN EVENING PRAYER

C. M. Bautersby
Arr. by C. H. G.

1. If I have wounded any soul to-day, If I have caused one
2. If I have uttered idle words or vain, If I have turned a-
3. If I have been perverse, or hard or cold, If I have longed for
4. Forgive the sins I have confessed to Thee; Forgive the secret

foot to go astray, If I have walked in my own will-ful way,
side from want or pain, Lest I offend some oth-er thru the strain,
shepherd in the fold, When Thou hast given me some fort to hold,
sins I do not see; O guide me, love me, and my keep-er be,

Verses 1, 2 & 3. 4th Verse only.

1-3. Dear Lord, forgive (for-give)!
(omit.
1. Silent night! holy night! All is calm, all is bright "Round yon

2. Silent night! holy night! Shepherds quake at the sight! Glories

3. Silent night! holy night! Son of God, love's pure light Radiant

virgin mother and Child! Holy Infant, so tender and mild,
stream from heaven afar, heav'nly hosts sing Alleluia;
beams from Thy holy face, With the dawn of redeeming grace,

Sleep in heavenly peace, Sleep in heavenly peace.
Christ, the Saviour, is born, Christ, the Saviour, is born.

TAPS

1. Fading light, dim the sight, And a star gems the sky,

2. Day is done, gone the sun, From the lake, from the hills,

gleaming bright. From afar drawing nigh Falls the night,
from the sky; All is well, safely rest; God is nigh.
YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION

1. Yield not to temptation, For yielding is sin; Each victory will help you
Some other to win; Fight manfully onward,
rev'renco, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earnest,
conquer, The' oft' en cast down; He who is our Saviour,
Dark passions subdue; Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.
Kind-hearted and true; Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.
Our strength will renew; Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.

2. Shun evil companions, Bad language disdain; God's name hold in reverence,
Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earnest,
conquer, The' oft' en cast down; He who is our Saviour,
Dark passions subdue; Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.
Kind-hearted and true; Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.
Our strength will renew; Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.

3. To him that o'ercometh, God giveth a crown; Through faith we will
help you Some other to win; Fight manfully onward,
rev'renco, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earnest,
conquer, The' oft' en cast down; He who is our Saviour,
Dark passions subdue; Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.
Kind-hearted and true; Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.
Our strength will renew; Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.

REFRAIN

Ask the Saviour to help you, Comfort, strengthen, and keep you;

He is willing to aid you, He will carry you through.
1. He lead-eth me! O bless-ed thought! O wondrous comfort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deep-est gloom, Sometimes where E-dan's bowers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev-er mur-mur nor re-pine,
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic-t'ry's won,

What-e'er I do, where-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
By wa-ters still, o'er trou-bled sea, 'Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me!
Con-tent, what-ev-er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me!
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor-dan lead-eth me.

REFRAIN

Ho lead-eth me, He lead-eth me. By His own hand He lead-eth me:

His faith-ful fol-lower I would be. For by His hand He lead-eth me.
72

I AM TRUSTING THEE, LORD JESUS

Frances R. Havergal

1. I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus; At Thy feet I bow;
2. I am trusting Thee to guide me; Thou alone shalt lead,
3. I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus; Never let me fall;

For Thy grace and tender mercy, Trusting now,
Every day and hour supplying All my need.
I am trusting Thee forever, And for all. Amen.

73

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL

Charles Wesley

1. Jesus, Lover of my soul, Let me to Thy bosom fly,
2. Other refuge have I none;Hang my helpless soul on Thee;
3. Leave, ah, leave me not alone, Still support and comfort me!
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cover all my sin;

And let the healing springs abound, Make and keep me pure within.
D. C.-Safe into the haven guide, O receive my soul at last!
D. C.-Cedar my defiances loud With the shadow of Thy wing.
D. C.-For as the withered branch, Rises to all eternity.

Hidest, O my Savior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and holy is Thy name, I am all un-righteousness;
Thou of life the fountain art, Freely let me take of Thee;
WHERE HE LEADS ME

1. I can hear my Savior calling, I can hear my Savior calling,
2. I'll go with Him thru the garden, I'll go with Him thru the garden,
3. I'll go with Him thru the judgment, I'll go with Him thru the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glory, He will give me grace and glory,

REF. — Where He leads me I will follow, Where He leads me I will follow,

I can hear my Savior calling, "Take thy cross and follow, follow Me."
I'll go with Him thru the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thru the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glory, And go with me, with me all the way.

Where He leads me I will follow, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

75

TAKE MY LIFE, AND LET IT BE

Frances R. Havergal

1. Take my life, and let it be Consecrated, Lord, to Thee; Take my hands, and
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beautiful for Thee; Take my voice, and
3. Take my sight — and let it be pure, Not a spot would I withhold; Take my moments
4. Take my will and make it Thine, It shall be no longer mine; Take my heart, it

let them move At the impulse of Thy love. At the impulse of Thy love,
let me sing Always, on-ly for my King, Always, on-ly for my King,
and my days. Let them flow in ceaseless praise. Let them flow in ceaseless praise,
is Thine own, It shall be Thy royal throne, It shall be Thy royal throne.
FAITH OF OUR FATHERS

1. Faith of our fathers! living still In spite of dungeon, fire and sword,
2. Our fathers, chained in prisons dark Were still in heart and conscience free:
3. Faith of our fathers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife:

Oh, how our hearts beat high with joy! Whene'er we hear that glorious word!
How sweet would be their children's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee!
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and vir-tuous life:

Faith of our fathers! ho-ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
Faith of our fathers! ho-ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
Faith of our fathers! ho-ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!

YOU MUST OPEN THE DOOR

You must o-pen the door, You must o-pen the door, When
YOU MUST OPEN THE DOOR

Jesus comes in, He will save you from sin, But you must open the door.

78

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER

W. W. Walford

1. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me from a world of care;
2. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! Thy wings shall my petition bear;
3. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! May I thy consolation share;

And bids me at my Father's throne Make all my wants and wishes known;
To Him whose truth and faithfulness Engage the waiting soul to bless;
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height, I view my home, and take my flight:

In seasons of distress and grief, My soul has often found relief;
And since He bids me seek His face, Believe His word and trust His grace;
This robe of flesh I'll drop and rise To seize the ever-lasting prize;

And oft escaped the tempter's snare By thy return, sweet hour of pray'r.
I'll cast on Him my every care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.
And shout, while passing thro' the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of pray'r.
JESUS WHISPERS PEACE

1. There is a name so dear, Like sweetest music to my ear; 
2. When grief seems more than I can bear, My soul weighed down with heavy care; 
3. O, that the world might hear Him speak, The word of comfort that men seek;

For when my heart is troubled, filled with fear,
And I am sore-ly tempted to despair,
To all the lowly, and unto the meek,
Jesus whispers peace.

MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry, Savior divine; Now hear me. 
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire; As Thou hast.
3. While life’s dark morn I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thy my Guide; Did darkness.

when I pray, Take all my sin away, O let me from this day Be wholly Thine!
die for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and steadfast be—A living fire!
tend to day, Wipe sorrow’s tears away, Not let me ever stray From Thee a side.
1. Like the fragrance of flowers, like the soft summer showers, is the peace that my Savior has given; Like the dew of the morning, all the peace that my Savior has given; Like a sunset of splendor, like a hillside a-dawning, is the peace that my Savior has given.

2. Like the twilight comes stealing, like an evening bell pealing, is the song sweet and tender, is the peace that my Savior has given; Like a rest after sorrow, like a jubilant morn, is the peace that my Savior has given.

3. Like a cloud that is rifted, like a burden that's lifted, is the glory that Heaven has given; Like a rainbow after showers, like a sunshine after morn, is the peace that my Savior has given.

Chorus Parts

Peace that my Savior has given, Peace that He sendeth from heaven; As high as the mountain and deep as the sea, Is the peace Jesus gives to me (given to me).
DOES JESUS CARE

1. Does Jesus care when my heart is pained Too deeply for mirth or song,
2. Does Jesus care when my way is dark With a nameless dread and fear?
3. Does Jesus care when I've tried and failed To resist some temptation strong;
4. Does Jesus care when I've said "goodbye" To the dearest on earth to me,

As the burdens press, And the cares distress, And the way grows weary and long; 
As the daylight fades Into deep night shades, Does He care enough to be near? 
When for my deep grief There is no relief, Tho' my tears flow all the night long? 
And my soul aches Till it nearly breaks, Is it naught to Him? does He see?

Refrain

Oh yes, He cares, I know He cares, His heart is touched with my grief;

When the days are weary, The long night dreary, I know my Saviour cares;...
RAINING

A. H. A.

A. H. ACKLEY.

1. What's the use of our complai - ning? When it's rain - ing, rain - ing.
2. What's the use of our complai - ning? When it's rain - ing, rain -ing.
3. What's the use of our complai - ning? When it's rain - ing, rain - ing.

He knows rain - ing? God has will'd the rain, so let it be,
He knows rain - ing? Flowers must drink the wa - ter if they grow, Streams must
rain - ing? Think of all the bless - ings it will bring, Look your

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1. When the cares of life assail me, Then I search the skies above;
2. When the darkness falls around me, When the clouds above my door
3. God will come to heal my sorrow, God will come to bring me peace,

For the God who will not fail me Sends an emblem of His love.
Come to say that trouble's found me, Then I watch the skies once more.
With a rainbow on the morrow, When the storms of life shall cease.

REFRAIN

There's a rainbow shining somewhere, There's a light across the skies;

There's a rainbow shining somewhere, Like a gleam from Paradise;

Though today the clouds are drifting Far across the stormy seas,
THERE'S A RAINBOW SHINING SOMEWHERE

There's a rainbow shining somewhere That will some day shine for me.

85

EVEN ME, EVEN ME

Mrs. Elizabeth Coudhor Wm. B. Bradbury

1. Lord, I hear of showers of blessing Thou art scattering full and free;
2. Pass me not, O God, my Father, Sinful tho' my heart may be;
3. Pass me not, O gracious Saviour, Let me live and cling to Thee;
4. Love of God, so pure and changeless, Blood of Christ, so rich and free;

Show'rs, the thirsty land re-fresh-ing; Let some drops now fall on me;
Thou mightiest leave me, but the rather Let Thy mercy light on me;
I am long-ing for Thy fa- vor; Whilst Thou're calling, O call me;
Grace of God, so strong and bound-less, Mag-ni-fy them all in me;

Even me, even me, Let some drops now fall on me.
Even me, even me, Let Thy mercy light on me.
Even me, even me, Whilst Thou're calling, O call me.
Even me, even me, Mag-ni-fy them all in me.
SUNSHINE AND RAIN

C. H. G.

Chas. H. Gabriel

1. Had we only sunshine all the year around, Without the blessing of refreshing rain, (refreshing rain.)
   How would the garden grow without your sowing, Lord, without your sowing?

2. Had we not a sorrow or a cross to bear, For Him who bore the burden of our sin, (who bore our sin.)
   How would the soul bloom without the covering of love, How would the soul bloom without the covering of love?

3. Can we prize the sunshine and deplore the rain, Bearing in mind when the days are dark and drear? (are dark and drear?)
   Would we scatter seed upon the fallow ground, And hope to gather?

Would we know the sweetness of His love and care, Or even strive?

Can we hope for pleasures yet deny the pain, Or share the joys of scatter seed upon the fallow ground,

Chorus

flow-ers, fruit and grain?

ter-nal joys to win? Sun-shine and rain, re-fresh-ing, re-viv-ing rain,

Life without the tear?
SUNSHINE AND RAIN

Light of faith and love, Showers from above! Sun-shine and rain, to

nurture the growing grain, Send us, Lord, the sun-shine and the rain.

87

SING AND SMILE AND PRAY

Dedicated to our good friend, Homer A. Rudheaver

Virgil P. Brock

Blanche Kerr Brock

1. Sing the clouds away, night will turn to day; If you sing and
2. Smile the clouds away, night will turn to day; If you smile and
3. Sing and smile and pray, that's the only way; If you sing and

sing and sing, You'll sing the clouds away.
smile and smile, You'll smile the clouds away.

sing and smile. You'll sing the clouds away.

Pray and pray and pray; Night will turn to day. No matter what they say.

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SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER

Robert Lowry

1. Shall we gather at the river, Where bright angel feet have trod;
2. On the bosom of the river, Where the Saviour-King we own;
3. Ere we reach the shining river, Lay we ev'ry burden down;
4. Soon we'll reach the shining river, Soon our pilgrim age will cease;

With its crystal tide, forever Flowing by the throne of God.
We shall meet, and sorrow never 'Neath the glory of the throne.
Grace our spirits will deliver, And provide a robe and crown.
Soon our happy hearts will quiver With the melody of peace.

REFRAIN

Yes, we'll gather at the river, The beautiful, the beautiful river.

Gather with the saints at the river That flows by the throne of God.
RIVER OF EDEN

1. From the throne flows a wondrous stream, On its waters the love lights gleam;
2. Clear as crystal the water flows, Bearing blessings for man and race,
3. Blessed river flow on, flow on, Bear your message from God the Son,

God the Father his mercy shows, By the river which ever flows,
Salve for heartache and peace for strife, Health for all from the tree of life,
Unto all of your waters give, Till all nations shall drink and live.

Chorus:
Flow! Flow! River of Eden fair and bright; Onl On!

Bearing a message from the throne of light; God is love.......

God is love.... This is the message the river bears From the throne above.

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ROLL, JORDAN, ROLL

Slave Hymn

Roll, Jordan, roll; Roll, Jordan, roll, I want to go to heaven when I die,

1. O brothers, you ought 'ave been there;
To hear Jordan roll.

2. O preach-ers, you ought 'ave been there;

3. O sin-ners, you ought 'ave been there;

Yes, my Lord! A-sit-ting in the King-dom. To hear Jordan roll.
Yes, my Lord! A-sit-ting in the King-dom.
Yes, my Lord! A-sit-ting in the King-dom, To hear Jordan roll.

4. O mourners, etc. 5. O sisters, etc. 6. O mothers, etc. 7. O children, etc.

ON JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS

Samuel Stearns

1. On Jordan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye

2. Over all those wide-ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e-ter-nal day;

3. No chill-ing winds, nor pois'ons breath, Can reach that health-ful shore;

4. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for-ev-or blest?
ON JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS

To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my pos- ses-sions lie,
There God, the Son, for-ev-er reigns, And scat-ers night a-way.
Sick-ness and sur-row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.
When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bos-om rest?

D.S.—O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the prom-ised land.

I am bound for the prom-ised land,

92 FISHERS OF MEN

H. D. C. Copyright, 1927, by Harry D. Clarke

FISHERS OF MEN

1. I will make you fish-ers of men, Fish-ers of men, fish-ers of men,
2. Hear Christ call-ing, Come un-to Me, Come un-to Me, Come un-to Me;

If you fol-low Me, I will make you fish-ers of men If you fol-low Me,

If you fol-low Me, I will make you fish-ers of men If you fol-low Me,

If you fol-low Me, I will make you fish-ers of men If you fol-low Me,

If you fol-low Me, I will make you fish-ers of men If you fol-low Me,
PM ON THE ROCK AT LAST

Rev. Herbert Boffum

1. My little bark was tossed, tossed, and drifting with the tide; I had no
2. I built my house up on the sand which could not stand the test. For when the
3. When Satan comes to buffet now, when fiercely beating the tide, I do not
4. And here up on the rock I'll stay, till Jesus comes again, and catches

chart or compass true, no pilot for my guide; A life-boat came to
storms of life swept over, my heart was sore distressed; I called on Christ to
hear the angry gale, but in the rock I hide, and there I sing with
up His waiting Bride a thousand years to reign; And then I'll sing His

reason: me when hope was almost past; I entered and now I can sing,
save me from the fury of the blast; I've found the sure foundation now,
trusting heart, the clouds may ever-rast; I'm safely hidden in the City,
song anew with all earth's sorrows past; All glory be to Calvary's Lamb,

Chorus:

I'm on the rock at last. I'm on the rock at last, . . . I'm on the
I'm on the rock at last. I'm on

rock at last, . . . No more I sail a stormy sea. My wanderings are
the rock at last,
I'm On the Rock At Last

past... I stepped into the life-boat and now my anchor's
hal-le-lu-jah!

past. ... Oh, hal-le-lu-jah! Praise the Lord, I'm on the rock at last.
anchor's cast.

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The Solid Rock.

Edward Mote.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. My hope is built on nothingless Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

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

RHYTHM.

On Christ, the solid Rock I stand; All other ground is sinking sand, All

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

4. When He shall come with trumpet sound,
Oh, may I then in Him be found;
Dressed in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.
A NEW NAME IN GLORY

C. A. M.

1. I was once a sinner, but I came Pardon to receive from my
2. I was humbly kneeling at the cross, Fearing naught but God's angry
3. In the Book 'tis written "Saved by Grace," O the joy that came to my

Lord: This was freely given, and I found That He always kept His
frown; When the heavens opened and I saw That my name was written
soul! Now I am forgiven and I know By the blood I am made

word (kept His word).
down (written down). There's a new name written down in glory,
whole (am made whole).

And it's mine, O yes, it's mine! And the white-robed angels sing the
And it's mine, yes, it's mine!

story, "A sinner has come home." For there's a
A NEW NAME IN GLORY

new name written down in glory, And it's mine, O yes, it's mine! And it's mine, yes, it's mine!

With my sins forgiven I am bound for heaven, Never more to roam.

O HAPPY DAY

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

2. O happy bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love! Let cheerful anthems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move.

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

4. Now rest, my long - di-vul - ed heart; Fixed on this bliss - ful cen - tre, rest; Nor ev - er from my Lord do - part, With Him of ev - ry good possessed.

Happy day, happy day, When Jesus washed my sins away!

D. S.

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live rejoicing ev - 'ry day;
1. Lord, I care not for riches, Neither silver nor gold; I would make sure of heaven, I would enter the fold; In the book of Thy blood, O my Saviour, Is sufficient for me; For Thy promise is glorified beings, In pure garments of white; Where no evil thing

kingdom, With its pages so fair, Tell me, Jesus, my Saviour, written In bright letters that glow, "Thou, your sins be as scarlet, cometh To despoil what is fair; Where the angels are watching,

REFRAIN

Is my name written there? I will make them like snow. Is my name written there? Is my name written there, On the page white and fair? In the book of Thy kingdom, Is my name written there?

2. Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea, But Thy

3. Oh, that beautiful city, With its mansions of light, With its

M. A. E.

FRANK M. DAVIS
THE HAVEN OF REST

H. L. Gilmore

George D. Moore

1. My soul in sad exile was out on life's sea, So burdened with
2. I yielded myself to His tender embrace, And faith taking
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has been the old
4. How precious the thought that we all may recline. Like John the be-
5. O come to the Saviour, He patiently waits To save by His

sin and distressed, Till I heard a sweet voice saying, "Make Me your choice;
hold of the Word, My fetters fell off, and I anchored my soul;
story so blest, Of Jesus who will save who so ever will have
loved and blest, On Jesus' strong arm, where no tempest can harm,
power divine; Come, anchor your soul in the "Haven of Rest,"

CHORUS

And I entered the "Haven of Rest."
The "Haven of Rest" is my Lord.
A home in the "Haven of Rest," I've anchored my soul in the
Secure in the "Haven of Rest," And say, "My Beloved is mine."

"Haven of Rest," I'll sail the wide seas no more; The tempest may
sweep o'er the wild stormy deep; In Jesus I'm safe evermore.
WIDE AS THE OCEAN

C. A. M. M.

1. I claim for my own a King on a throne, The Maker of
2. I wander a-way, from Him I might stray, But ev-er tho'
3. The by-ways are fair, but un-ten a snare is hid-den where

land and of sea, Whose throne is on high; He ev-er is nigh,
sound of His voice Is call-ing to me, wher-e'er I may be,
pleas-ures a-bound; So close to His side I'll ev-er a-bide,

Chorus

To love and care for me. Wide, wide as the o-cean,
To make my heart re-joice. Wide as the o-cean, deep as the sea,
For safe-ty there is found. Wide as the o-cean, deep as the sea,

High as the heav'ns a-bove; Deep, deep as the deep-est sea,
above; Deep as the deep-est

Is my Sav-tour's love; I'm His love; I, tho' un-worth-y,

WIDE AS THE OCEAN

worth-y, Still am a child of His care.

For His Word teach-es me that His love reach-es me Ev-ery-where.

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ROCK OF AGES

Augustus M. Toplady

1. Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;
2. Could my tears for-ev-er flow, Could my zeal no length-KER know,
3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,

Lot the wa-ter and the blood, From Thy wound-ed side which flowed,
These for sin could not a-tune; Thou must save, and Thou a- lone;
When I rise to worlds unknown, And be-hold Thee on Thy throne,

Be of sin the dou-ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring, Sim-ply to Thy cross I cling.
Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee.