

SUNDAY SCHOOL HYMN BOOK

CONTAINING 300 CHOICE
HYMNS AND CHORUSES
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE



JOHN RITCHIE LIMITED
PUBLISHERS of CHRISTIAN LITERATURE
KILMARNOCK - SCOTLAND

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THE
SUNDAY SCHOOL
HYMN BOOK

New and Enlarged Edition.

Containing 300 Choice Hymns and Choruses
for Young People.



Kilmarnock, Scotland:
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And through all Booksellers.

PREFACE.

THE following collection of Hymns, gathered from many sources, is intended for use in Sunday Schools and at Children's Meetings.

In the Lord's work amongst the young, singing holds a prominent place. It is of the first importance that the words given them to sing should be according to Scripture, and that they contain the truths of the gospel, simply, forcibly, and clearly expressed. Next, that the tunes to which such Hymns are sung, should be simple—either well-known or easily learned—and adapted to the words. It has been the endeavour of the compiler to embody these things in this little book, and to issue a small collection of Scriptural and singable Hymns, suitable for the young. Most of the Hymns are simply a declaration of the Gospel, and may be sung by the unconverted. A few are for Believers, and can only be sung truthfully by those who have believed the Gospel. Discrimination should be used in giving them out. Some of the Hymns are new, and appear here for the first time; others well-known and long-loved, appear by the kind permission of their Authors, or of the Publishers in whose Hymn Books they have already appeared. Many popular Hymns we have been obliged to reject on account of their unscriptural doctrines.

Music for the Hymns may be found in "Sacred Songs and Solos," (1,200 pieces), "Redemption Songs," and "Golden Bells" Hymn Books as shewn at the top of each hymn, and which we can supply in *Soffa* or *Staff* Notation, at the Publishers' Prices.

May the Lord use the little book in making known His Gospel to thousands of boys and girls who are yet unsaved; in bringing halting ones to decision; and for the comforting, edifying, and reviving of the many happy children and young people, who are the lambs of Christ's blood-bought flock.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL HYMN BOOK

1 Tune—S and S No. 1155

Jesus loves me! This I know,
For the Bible tells me so;
Little ones to Him belong;
They are weak, but He is strong.
Yes, Jesus loves me; yes, Jesus loves me;
Yes, Jesus loves me; the Bible tells me
so.

Jesus loves me! He who died,
Heaven's gate to open wide,
He will wash away my sin;
Let His ransomed one come in.

Jesus loves me! He will stay
Close beside me all the way;
When He comes, or when I die,
He will take me home on high.

Saviour, take this heart of mine;
Make it pure and wholly Thine;
Thou hast bled and died for me,
May I henceforth live for Thee.

2 Tune—Golden Bells, No. 560

Jesus, when He left the sky,
And for sinners came to die,
In His mercy passed not by
Little ones like me—like me!

Sweet the lesson Jesus taught,
When to Him fond parents brought.
Babes for whom they blessing sought,
Little ones like me—like me!

Jesus did not answer nay!
No! He kindly bade them stay:
Suffered none to turn away
Little ones like me—like me!

And the Saviour's hand was laid
Softly on each youthful head:
Jesus, when He blessed them, said,
"Let them come to Me—to Me!"

'Twas for them His life He gave,
To redeem them from the grave:
Jesus died, from hell to save
Little ones like me—like me!

3 Tune—Redemption Songs, No. 657

He tenderly stretched out
His arms in glad welcome,
While the little ones hastened
To press round His knee;
Then He laid His kind hand
On each little, fair forehead,
Saying—"Suffer the children
To come unto Me."

He loved them, even then,
Though His heart had much sadness;
He loveth them still,

'Mid their pleasure and glee.
And now from His throne
Comes the word of sweet welcome,
Saying—"Suffer the children
To come unto Me."

"We hail, then, dear Saviour,
Thy kind invitation;
And by faith to Thine arms
Even now, would we flee.
In our hearts we believe,
And receive Thy salvation;
Lord Jesus, our Saviour,
We come unto Thee."

4 Tune—S and S No. 874

What can wash away my stain?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
What can make me whole again?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

O precious is the flow,
That cleanses white as snow,
No other fount I know—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus

For my cleansing this I see:
For my pardon, this my plea:

Nothing can for sin atone:
Nought of good that I have done:

This is all my hope and peace:
This is all my righteousness:

5 Tune—S and S No. 366

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

"Ye must be born again!"
"Ye must be born again!"
"I verily, verily say unto thee—
"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 that glorious
rest, [the blest;
And sing with the ransomed the song of
The life everlasting if ye would obtain,
"Ye must be born again!"

A dear one in heaven thy heart yearns
to see, [for thee;
At the beautiful gate may be watching
Then list to the note of this solemn
refrain:
"Ye must be born again!"

6 Tune—S and S No. 392

Come, ev'ry soul by sin oppress,
There's mercy with the Lord;
And He will surely give you rest,
By trusting in His word.

Only trust Him! only trust Him!
Only trust Him now!
He will save you! He will save you!
He will save you now!

For Jesus shed His precious blood
Rich blessings to bestow:
It brings the sinner nigh to God,
And washes white as snow.

Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way
That leads you into rest;
Believe in Him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

7 Tune—S and S No. 388

Come, sing the gospel's joyful sound,
Salvation full and free;
Proclaim to all the world around,
The year of jubilee!

Salvation! Salvation!
The grace of God doth bring;
Salvation! Salvation!
Through Christ our Lord and King.

Ye mourning souls, aloud rejoice;
Ye blind, your Saviour see!
Ye pris'ners, sing with thankful voice
The Lord hath made you free!

With rapture swell the song again,
Of Jesus' dying love;
'Tis peace on earth, good-will to men,
And praise to God above!

8 Tune—S and S No. 445

One there is Who loves thee
Waiting still for thee;
Can'st 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.
Oh, receive Him now!
He has waited all the day:
Why waitest thou?

Tenderly He woos thee,
Do not slight His call;
Though thy sins are many,
He'll forgive them all.
By His blood so precious,
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?

9 Tune—S and S No. 964

There's a beautiful city above,
 With its walls decked with jewels so rare,
 Its street is of pure, shining gold,
 With which nothing on earth may compare.

Blessed home, happy home,
 Where the saints shall eternally dwell.

There are beautiful mansions above,
 All shining so bright and so fair,
 As they bask in the sunshine of love,
 No sadness or sorrow is there.

There are beautiful children above,
 In their garments as white as the snow,
 They were cleansed in the blood of the Lamb,
 While they lived in the world here below.

To that beautiful city above,
 To those mansions so bright and so fair,
 Lord Jesus, O bring me at last,
 I am trusting Thy blood to be there."

10 Tune—S and S No. 468

If I come to Jesus,
 He will make me glad;
 He will give me pleasure
 When my heart is sad.

If I come to Jesus, happy I shall be,
 He is gently calling little ones like me.

If I come to Jesus,
 He will save my soul,
 Seal me by His Spirit,
 Cleanse, and make me whole.

If I come to Jesus,
 He will take my hand,
 He will kindly lead me
 To the better land.

There with happy children,
 Robed in snowy white,
 I shall see my Saviour,
 In that world so bright.

11 Tune S and S No. 1136

There's a Friend for little children,
 Above the bright blue sky;
 A Friend who never changeth,
 Whose love can never die.
 Unlike our friends by nature,
 Who change with changing years,
 This Friend is always worthy
 The precious Name He bears.

There's a home for little children,
 Above the bright blue sky;
 Where Jesus dwells in glory,
 A home of peace and joy.
 No home on earth is like it,
 Or can with it compare;
 For every one is happy,
 Nor could be happier there.

There's a crown for little children,
 Above the bright blue sky—
 And all who look for Jesus,
 Shall wear it by and by.
 A crown of brightest glory,
 Which He will then bestow
 On all who trust the Saviour,
 And love His Name below.

12 Tune—Golden Bells No. 167

How many children say—
 "I'd like to go to heaven";
 Yet never think that they
 Must have their sins forgiven,
 Before they can in glory be,
 Or Jesus Christ in glory see.

None can to glory go
 Or dwell with God above,
 Save they who Jesus know,
 And taste a Saviour's love;
 The holy words of truth declare
 No other ground of entrance there.

But now this "living way"
 To all is open free;
 And ruined sinners may
 Go in, and happy be— [given.
 May have their sins through Christ for-
 The only way to enter heaven.

13 Tune—S and S No. 490

The gospel of Thy grace
 My stubborn heart has won;
 For "God so loved the world
 He gave His only Son,"
 That whosoever will believe
 Shall everlasting life receive!
 "Shall everlasting life receive!"

The serpent "lifted up"
 Could life and healing give;
 So Jesus on the Cross
 Bids me to look and live:
 For "Whosoever will," etc.

"The soul that sinneth dies";
 My awful doom I heard;
 I was for ever lost,
 But for Thy gracious word,
 That "Whosoever will," etc.

"Not to condemn the world,"
 "The Man of Sorrows" came,
 But that the world might have
 Salvation thro' His name;
 For "Whosoever will," etc.

14 Tune—S and S No. 648

The love that Jesus had for me,
 To suffer on the cruel tree,
 That I a ransomed soul might be,
 Is more than tongue can tell!

His love is more than tongue can tell!
 His love is more than tongue can tell!
 The love that Jesus had for me
 Is more than tongue can tell!

The many sorrows that He bore,
 And oh, that crown of thorns He wore,
 That I might live for evermore,
 Is more than tongue can tell!

The peace I have in Him, my Lord,
 Who pleads before the throne of God
 The merit of His precious blood,
 Is more than tongue can tell!

The joy that comes when He is near,
 The rest He gives, so free from fear,
 The hope in Him, so bright and clear,
 Is more than tongue can tell!

15 Tune—S and S No. 17

God loved the world of sinners lost
 And ruined by the fall;
 Salvation full, at highest cost,
 He offers free to all.

Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love!
 The love of God to me.
 It brought my Saviour from above,
 To die on Calvary.

E'en now by faith I claim Him mine,
 The risen Son of God;
 Redemption by His death I find,
 And cleansing through the blood.

Believing souls, rejoicing go,
 There shall to you be given
 A glorious foretaste, here below
 Of endless life in heaven.

Of victory now o'er Satan's power,
 Let all the ransomed sing,
 And triumph to their latest hour,
 Through Christ, our Lord, the King.

16 Tune—S and S No. 38

I am so glad that our Father in heaven
 Tells of His love in the Book He has
 given:
 Wonderful things in the Bible I see;
 This is the dearest that Jesus loves me.

I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
 Jesus loves even me.

Though I forget Him and wander away,
 Still He doth love me wherever I stray;
 Back to His dear loving arms would I
 flee,

When I remember that Jesus loves me.

Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,
 When in His beauty I see the great King
 This shall my song in eternity be.
 "Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves
 me!"

Jesus loves me, and I know I love Him;
 Love brought Him down my lost soul
 to redeem. [tree]
 Yes, it was love made Him die on the
 Oh, I am certain that Jesus loves me!

17 Tune—S and S No. 140

When He cometh, when He cometh
To make up His jewels:
All His jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own.

Like the stars of the morning,
His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty,
Bright gems for His crown,

He will gather, He will gather
The gems for His kingdom,
All the saved ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and His own.

Little children, little children,
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own.

18 Tune—Golden Bells No. 548

And is it true, as I am told,
That there are lambs within the fold
Of God's beloved Son;
That Jesus Christ with tender care,
Does in His arms most gently bear
The helpless little one?

And I, a little straying lamb,
May come to Jesus as I am,
'Though goodness I have none;
May now be folded in His breast,
As birds within the parent's nest,
And be His little one.

Oh! yes, I've heard my teacher say,
He never sent a child away,
That scarce could walk or run.
But when the Saviour was besought
To touch the babe the parent brought
He bless'd the little one.

And He can do all this for me,
Because in sorrow on the tree
He once for sinners hung;
And having put our sin away,
'He now rejoices, day by day,
To bless the little one.

19 Tune—S and S No. 991

I love to think of the heavenly land,
Where white-robed angels are,
Where many a friend is gather'd safe
From fear, and toil, and care.

There'll be no parting,
There'll be no parting there.

I love to think of the heavenly land,
Where my Redeemer reigns,
Where rapturous songs of triumph rise
In endless joyous strains.

I love to think of the heavenly land,
The saints' eternal home,
Where palms, and robes, and crowns
ne'er fade,
And all our joys are one.

I love to think of the heavenly land,
The greetings there we'll meet,
The harps—the song for ever ours—
The walks—the golden streets.

20 Tune—S and S No. 630

Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

Oh, the blood of Jesus;
The precious blood of Jesus.
Oh, the blood of Jesus;
It cleanses from all sin.

Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

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

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

But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
To Thee who loved me so.

21 Tune—Redemption Songs No. 292.

When David kept his sheep of old,
There came, by hunger render'd bold,
A mighty lion to the fold,
And bore a lamb away.

The faithful shepherd ran to save
The lost one from so sad a grave,
And strong, the lion's rage to brave
The savage monster slew.

The prey his cruel jaws enfold
Is rescued from that deadly hold,
And borne in safety to the fold,
No more to go astray.

Weak as that lamb ourselves we view,
A roaring lion seeks us too,
More dread than he whom David slew,
While bearing off the prey.

But Christ, the Lord of Glory, came
And died upon the cross of shame,
His Father's mercy to proclaim,
And triumph o'er the foe.

And having crushed that lion bold,
He takes poor sinners from his hold,
And brings them to His happy fold,
In peace and safety too.

22 Tune—S and S No. 475

Behold the Lamb of God,
Who bore a vile world's sin;
Look unto Him and be thou saved,
The promise takes thee in.

Believe, and you'll be saved—
The promise takes thee in;
The Saviour see, He died for thee,
The promise takes thee in.

For God so loved the world,
He gave His only Son,
That whosoever Him believes,
Eternal death should shun.

Gaze on His thorn-wreathed brow,
Behold the crimson tide
Flow from His head, His hands, His feet,
And from His open side.

He shed His precious blood,
To cleanse thy every stain;
If thou believe, it will thee cleanse,
Nor shall one spot remain.

23 Tune—S and S No. 227

Lo! at noon 'tis sudden night!
Darkness covers all the sky!
Rocks are rending at the sight:
Children can you tell me why?
What can all these wonders be?
Jesus dies on Calvary!

Nailed upon the tree, behold
How His tender limbs are torn!
For a royal crown of gold,
They have made Him one of thorn,
Cruel hands that dare to bind
Thorax upon a brow so kind!

He, who was so rich above,
Left His riches for a grave.
Out of pity and of love,
That the guilty He might save!
Down to this sad world He came,
Bore the cross, despised the shame.

We in sin and death did lie,
We deserved His holy frown;
But He saw with pitying eye,
And to save, He hasten'd down.
Listen, children, this is why
Jesus condescends to die.

24 Tune—S and S No. 443

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 the heart's door widely open
Let Him enter while you may.

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

Have you any time for Jesus?
As in grace He calls again;
Oh, "to-day" is "time accepted,"
To-morrow you may call in vain.

Have you any room for Jesus?
Sooz will pass God's day of grace;
Soon thy heart be cold and silent,
And the Saviour's pleading cease.

25 Tune—Redemption Songs No. 575

Salvation! oh, salvation!
 Endearing, precious sound!
 Shout, shout the word, "Salvation!"
 To earth's remotest bound.
 Salvation for the guilty,
 Salvation for the lost,
 Salvation for the wretched,
 The sad and sorrow-toss'd.

Salvation for the aged,
 Salvation for the young,
 Salvation e'en for children,
 Proclaim with joyful tongue;
 Salvation for the wealthy,
 Salvation for the poor,
 Salvation for the lowly,
 E'en life for evermore.

Salvation without money,
 Salvation without price,
 Salvation without labour—
 Believing doth suffice;
 Salvation now—this moment!
 Then why, oh why delay?
 You may not see to-morrow;
 Now is salvation's day.

26 Tune—S and S No. 485

Hark! The Saviour's voice from heaven
 Speaks a pardon full and free;
 Come and thou shalt be forgiven;
 Boundless mercy flows for thee.

See the healing fountain springing,
 From the Saviour on the tree;
 Pardon, peace, and cleansing bringing:
 Lost one, loved one, 'tis for thee.

Come, then, now—to Jesus flying,
 From thy sin and woe be free;
 Burdened, guilty, wounded, dying,
 Gladly will He welcome thee.

Every sin shall be forgiven,
 Thou, through grace, a child shalt be;
 Child of God, and heir of heaven
 Yes, a mansion waits for thee.

Then in love for ever dwelling,
 Jesus all thy joy shall be;
 And thy song shall still be telling
 All His mercy did for thee.

27 Tune—S and S No. 376

Hark! the voice of Jesus calling—
 "Come ye laden, come to Me;
 I have rest and peace to offer,
 Rest, thou labouring one, for thee:
 Take salvation—
 Take it now and happy be."

Yes; though high in heavenly glory,
 Still the Saviour calls to thee;
 Faith can hear His gracious accents—
 "Come, ye laden, come to Me.
 Take salvation—
 Take it now and happy be."

Soon that voice will cease its calling,
 Now, it speaks, and speaks to thee;
 Sinner, heed the gracious message—
 To the blood for refuge flee:
 Take salvation—
 Take it now and happy be."

Life is found alone in Jesus,
 Only there 'tis offered thee—
 Offered without price or money,
 'Tis the gift of God sent free:
 Take salvation—
 Take it now and happy be."

28 Tune—S and S No. 565

Repeat the story o'er and o'er,
 Of grace so full and free;
 I love to hear it more and more,
 Since grace has rescued me.
 The half was never told,
 The half was never told,
 Of grace divine, so wonderful,
 The half was never told.

Of peace I only knew the name,
 Nor found my soul its rest,
 Until the blessed Saviour came
 To soothe my weary breast.

My highest place is—lying low
 At my Redeemer's feet;
 No real joy in life I know
 But in His presence sweet.

And oh, what rapture will it be
 With all the hosts above,
 To sing through all eternity
 The wonders of His love!

29 Tune—S and S No. 345

Sinner, how thy heart is troubled!
 God is coming very near;
 Do not hide thy deep emotion,
 Do not check that falling tear.

Oh, be saved, His grace is free!
 Oh, be saved, He died for thee!
 Oh, be saved, He died for thee!

Jesus now is bending o'er thee,
 Jesus lowly, meek, and mild;
 To the Friend who died to save thee
 Wilt thou not be reconciled?

Art thou waiting till the morrow?
 Thou may'st never see its light;
 Come at once! accept His mercy:
 He is waiting—come to-night!

Let the angels bear the tidings
 Upward to the courts of heaven!
 Let them sing with holy rapture,
 O'er another soul forgiven!

30 Tune—S and S No. 353

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 the 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 mocked me as I wailed.

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

31 Tune—S and S No. 461

How solemn are the words,
 And yet to faith how plain,
 Which Jesus uttered while on earth—
 "Ye must be born again."

"Ye must be born again!"
 For so hath God decreed:
 No reformation will suffice—
 'Tis life poor sinners need.

"Ye must be born again!"
 And life in Christ must have:
 In vain the soul elsewhere may go—
 'Tis He alone can save.

"Ye must be born again!"
 Or never enter heaven;
 'Tis only blood-washed ones are there—
 The ransomed and forgiven.

"Ye must be born again!"
 Then look to Christ and live;
 He is "the Life," and waits in heaven
 Eternal life to give.

32 Tune—S and S No. 102

"Man of Sorrows!" what a name
 For the Son of God, who came
 Ruined sinners to reclaim!
 Hallelujah! what a Saviour.

Bearing shame and scoffing rude,
 In my place condemned He stood;
 Sealed my pardon with His blood:
 Hallelujah! what a Saviour.

Guilty, vile, and helpless, we;
 Spotless Lamb of God was He:
 "Full atonement,"—can it be?
 Hallelujah! what a Saviour.

"Lifted up" was He to die,
 "It is finished," was His cry:
 Now in heaven exalted high:
 Hallelujah! what a Saviour.

When He comes the glorious King,
 All His ransomed home to bring,
 Then anew this song we'll sing:
 Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

33 Tune—Redemption Songs No. 456

Tell me the story of Jesus,
 Speak it again in my ear,
 I do delight for to listen,
 I am so happy to hear.
 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 He was tried and was tempted,
 Yet was triumphant at last.
 Tell of the years of His labours,
 Tell of the sorrows He bore,
 He was despised and afflicted,
 Homeless, rejected, and poor.

Tell of the cross where they nailed Him,
 Bleeding in sorrow 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;
 Love for the guilty and sinful,
 Love for a sinner like me.

34 Tune—S and S No. 401

Little children sang the praises
 Of the Lord of old,
 When the hearts of scribes and rulers
 Were so cold.

Yes, they chanted their hosannas
 All along the road;
 And on them His sweetest smiles
 Christ bestowed.

Had they ceased, the Saviour told them,
 E'en the stones would cry;
 O, how lovely were those children
 In His eyes!

Still He loves the praise of children,
 Who in Him believe;
 And to those a place in glory
 Soon will give.

There they shall be ever praising
 Christ the Lamb once slain;
 Sweeter song than once was chanted—
 Heaven's own strain.

35 Tune—S and S No. 8

How happy is the child,
 Whose lips can truly say—
 "Lord I believe Thy precious blood
 Has washed my sins away."

How happy is the child,
 Who in his early days,
 Believes the Gospel's joyful news,
 And walks in wisdom's ways.

How happy is the child,
 Who loves God's holy Word,
 And by obedience to His will,
 Owns Jesus as His Lord.

This happiness be mine,
 Be mine this better part,
 "Lord Jesus I would trust Thee now,
 And yield Thee now my heart."

36 Tune—S and S No. 319.

Jesus loves the little children,
 Once He took them on His knee,
 Gently put His arms around them,
 And said—"Let them come to Me."

Yes, He loves to see them happy,
 Praising Him from day to day,
 Loves to hear them call Him "Saviour,"
 If they mean the words they say.

Once He gave His life to bring them
 Back again from Satan's ways,
 And at last to glory take them,
 There to sing His endless praise.

All who trust Him as their Saviour,
 Soon shall see Him face to face;
 And with saints and angels praise Him,
 For His matchless love and grace.

37 Tune—Redemption Songs No. 289.

God in mercy sent His Son
To a world by sin undone;
Jesus Christ was crucified—
'Twas for sinners Jesus died.

O the glory of the grace,
Shining in the Saviour's face,
Telling sinners from above,
"God is Light," and "God is Love."

Sin and death no more shall reign,
Jesus died and lives again!
In the glory's highest height—
See Him God's supreme delight.

All who in His Name believe.
Everlasting life receive;
Lord of all is Jesus now,
Every knee to Him must bow.

Christ the Lord will come again;
He Who suffered once will reign;
Every tongue at last shall own,
'Worthy is the Lamb' alone.

38 Tune—S and S No. 371

Look to Jesus, weary one,
Look and live, look and live;
Look at what the Lord has done
Look and live.
See Him lifted on the tree,
Look and live, look and live;
Hear Him say, "Look unto Me!"
Look and live.

Look the Lord is lifted high,
Look to Him, He's ever nigh,
Look and live—why will ye die?
Look and live!

Though unworthy, vile, unclean,
Look away from self and sin,
Long by Satan's power enslaved,
Look to Me, ye shall be saved.

Though you've wandered far away,
Harden not your heart to-day,
'Tis the Father calls thee home,
Whoever will may come.

39 Tune—S and S No. 359.

O what a Saviour that He died for me!
From condemnation He hath made me free:
"He that believeth on the Son," saith He
"Hath everlasting life."

"Verily, verily, I say unto you,
Verily, verily," message ever new;
"He that believeth on the Son," 'tis true
"Hath everlasting life."

All my iniquities on Him were laid,
All my indebtedness by Him was paid,
All who believe on Him, the Lord hath
"Have everlasting life." [said,

Though poor and needy, I can trust
my Lord;
Though weak and sinful, I believe His
word;
O glad message! every child of God
"Hath everlasting life."

Though all unworthy, yet I will not
doubt,
For Him that cometh, He will not cast
out,
"He that believeth," O the glad news
"Hath everlasting life." [shout.

40 Tune—S and S No. 112

Oh, sing of Jesus, "Lamb of God,"
Who died on Calvary,
And for a ransom shed His blood
For you, and even me!

I'm redeemed! I'm redeemed!
Through the blood of the Lamb that
was slain!
I'm redeemed! I'm redeemed!
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb!

O wondrous power of love divine!
So pure, so full, so free!
It reaches out to all mankind!
Embraces even me!

All glory now to Christ the Lord,
And evermore shall be!
He hath redeemed my soul from sin.
And ransomed even me!

41 Tune—S and S No. 507

Christ, the Lord, is coming,
 Coming to the "air,"
 To receive His loved ones,
 Home to glory fair,
 Shining in His likeness,
 Cleansed from every stain,
 Christ, the Lord, is coming,
 Coming soon again.

Christ, the Lord, is coming,
 Coming to the "earth,"
 Not as once in weakness,
 At His lowly birth,
 But in "might" and "glory,"
 Evermore to reign,
 Christ, the Lord, is coming,
 Coming soon again.

Christ, the Lord, is coming,
 On His "judgment throne,"
 Past the day of pardon,
 Grace and mercy gone,
 Christ-rejectors perish,
 Suffer endless pain,
 Christ, the Lord, is coming,
 Coming soon again.

42 Tune—S and S No. 401

Bitten by the fiery serpents
 Many dying lay;
 But the Lord, who loved the people,
 Then did say:

"Make a brazen fiery serpent,
 Put it on a pole;
 Whosoever looketh on it,
 Shall be whole."

We, by sin and Satan wounded,
 Helplessly did lie;
 But the Son of God from heaven,
 Came to die.

Lifted up in pain and anguish,
 He was crucified—
 Jesus bore the sinner's judgment
 When He died

Now exalted high in heaven
 Ready to forgive,
 Whosoever trusteth in Him
 Then shall live.

43 Tune—S and S No. 227

Nailed upon Golgotha's tree—
 Faint and bleeding. Who is He?
 Hands and feet so rudely torn,
 Wreathed with crown of twisted thorn.
 Once He lived in heaven above,
 Happy in His Father's love,
 Son of God, 'tis He, 'tis He,
 On the cross of Calvary.

Nailed upon Golgotha's tree—
 Mocked and taunted. Who is He?
 Scorners tell Him to come down,
 Claim His kingdom and His crown,
 He it was Who came to bless,
 Full of love and tenderness,
 Son of Man, 'tis He, 'tis He,
 On the cross of Calvary

Nailed upon Golgotha's tree—
 As a victim. Who is He?
 Bearing sin, but not His own,
 Suffering agony unknown,
 He, the promised sacrifice,
 For the sinner bleeds and dies,
 Lamb of God, 'tis He, 'tis He,
 On the cross of Calvary.

44 Tune—Redemption Songs No. 105

1 Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,
 Come to Jesus, just now,
 Just now, come to Jesus,
 Come to Jesus, just now.

2 He will save you,—just now.
 3 He is able,—just now.
 4 He is willing,—just now.
 5 Oh, believe Him,—just now.
 6 Only trust Him,—just now.

45 Tune—S and S No. 10

Two little eyes, to look to God,
 Two little ears, to hear His word,
 Two little feet, to walk in His ways,
 Two hands to work for Him all my days

One little tongue, to speak His truth,
 One little heart, for Him now in my
 youth,
 Take them Lord Jesus, and let them be,
 Always obedient and true to Thee.

46 Tune—S and S No. 356

The Gospel bells are ringing,
 Over land from sea to sea;
 Blessed news of free salvation
 Do they offer you and me.
 "For God so loved the world,
 That His only Son He gave;
 Whoso'er believeth in Him
 Everlasting life shall have."

... Gospel bells! ... how they ring,
 Over land from sea to sea!
 ... Gospel bells! ... freely bring.
 Blessed news to you and me

The Gospel bells invite us
 To a feast prepared for all;
 Do not slight the invitation,
 Nor reject the gracious call.
 "I am the Bread of Life;
 Eat of Me, thou hungry soul;
 Though your sins be red as crimson,
 They shall be as white as wool."

The Gospel bells give warning,
 As they echo from day to day,
 Of the fate which doth await them
 Who for ever will delay.
 "Escape thou for thy life!
 Tarry not in all the plain;
 Nor behind thee look, oh never,
 Lest thou be consumed in pain

The Gospel bells are joyful,
 As they echo far and wide,
 Bearing notes of perfect pardon,
 Through a Saviour crucified.
 "Good tidings of great joy
 To all people do I bring;
 Unto you is born a Saviour,
 Which is Christ the Lord and King."

47 Tune—S and S No. 473

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

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

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

Just as I am—Thy love I own
 Has broken every barrier down;
 Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone—
 O Lamb of God, I come.

48 Tune—S and S No. 452

"Almost persuaded," now to believe,
 "Almost persuaded," Christ to receive;
 Seems now some soul to say,
 "Go, Spirit, go Thy way,
 Some more convenient day,
 On Thee I'll call!"

"Almost persuaded," come, come to
 day;
 "Almost persuaded," turn not away;
 Jesus invites you here,
 Angels are lingering near,
 Prayers rise from hearts so dear:
 O sinner come.

"Almost persuaded," harvest is past!
 "Almost persuaded," doom comes at
 "Almost" cannot avail; [last!
 "Almost" is but to fail;
 Sad, sad that bitter wail—
 "Almost, but lost!"

49 Tune—S and S No. 117

Not all the blood of beasts,
 On Jewish altars slain,
 Could give the guilty conscience peace,
 Or wash away its stain.

But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
 Took all our guilt away;
 A sacrifice of nobler name,
 And richer blood than they.

My soul looks back to see
 The burden Thou did'st bear,
 When hanging on th' accursed tree,
 For all my guilt was there.

Believing, I rejoice
 To see the curse remove;
 I bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
 And sing redeeming love.

50 Tune—Redemption Songs No. 674

Around the throne of God in heaven,
Thousands of children stand, [given.
Who sins through Christ are all for-
A holy, happy band.

Singing glory, glory, glory be to God
on high.

In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one arrayed;
They dwell in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade.

What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair?
Where all is peace, and joy and love,
How came those children there?

Because the Saviour shed His blood,
To purge away their sin;
Now washed in that most precious blood
Behold them white and clean.

51 Tune—S and S No. 56

Who is He in yonder stall,
At Whose feet the shepherds fall?

'Tis the Lord, oh, wondrous story!
'Tis the Lord, the King of Glory!
At His feet we humbly fall,
Crown Him, crown Him Lord of all.

Who is He in deep distress,
Fasting in the wilderness?

Who is He that stands and weeps
At the grave where Lazarus sleeps?

Who is He to Whom they press,
With their little ones to bless?

Who is He on yonder tree,
Dying in His agony?

Who is He Who from the grave,
Comes to succour, bless, and save?

52 Tune—S and S No. 440

Upon an altar built of stone
The sacrifice was laid,
The offerer stood and saw it burn
To ashes in his stead.

A sinner, guilty and condemned
Before his God was he;
Yet, in his spotless offering,
Accepted and set free.

So Christ, the holy Lamb of God,
Was lifted up to die;
Himself the costly sacrifice
That brings the sinner nigh.

I bring no other offering,
I seek no other plea,
It is enough that Jesus died
And rose again for me.

53 Tune—S and S No. 53

'Tis the promise of God
Full salvation to give,
Unto all who on Jesus,
His Son, will believe.

Hallelujah! 'tis done
I believe on the Son,
I am saved by the blood
Of the crucified One.

Many loved ones have I
In yon heavenly throng,
They are safe now in glory,
And this is their song.

Little children I see
Standing close by their King,
And He smiles, as their song
Of salvation they sing.

There's a part in that chorus
For you and for me,
And the theme of our praises
For ever will be—

Hallelujah! &c.

54 Tune—S and S No. 363

Jesus left His home above,
Full of mercy, grace and love,
Came a Saviour-God to be,
For the little ones like me.

He was once a little child,
Pure and holy, meek and mild.
Now I know that He will be
Kind to little ones like me.

Weary heads were laid to rest,
On His loving, tender breast;
Just to show that there will be
Room for little ones like me.

Jesus, I on Thee believe,
To my heart Thy love receive,
Cleaving ever close to Thee,
Keep a little one like me.

55 Tune—S and S No. 327

In days of old, when Noah lived,
Men went so far astray;
A mighty deluge came from God,
And swept them all away.

But Noah and his house were saved,
They lived when all were dead,
The ark in which they calmly sailed,
Endured the storm instead.

Another day of wrath will come
Upon the sons of men,
When all who have God's love despised
Must feel His anger then.
But Jesus is the Ark of God
Where men who will may fly,
To find in Him salvation now,
And glory by-and-by.

56 Tune—S and S No. 1165

Come to the Saviour, make no delay,
Here in His Word He's shown us the
way,

Here in our midst He's standing to-day,
Tenderly saying "Come."

Joyful, joyful, will the meeting be,
When our eyes Thy blessed face shall
see!

And we shall gather, Saviour, with
Thee,

In our eternal home.

"Suffer the children!" Oh, hear His
voice!

Let every heart leap forth and rejoice,
Now children haste, and make Him
your choice.

Do not delay, but come.

Think once again; He's with us to-day,
Heed now His blest command and obey,
Hear now His accents tenderly say,

"Will you, my children, come?"

57 Tune—S and S No. 390

I am Jesus' little lamb,
Happy all day long I am,
He will keep me safe from harm,
Save me by His mighty arm.

Happy now, and happy be,
Happy in eternity,
I am Jesus' little lamb,
Happy all day long I am.

By His blood He cleansed my soul,
By His skill He made me whole,
Now He leads me safe along,
Bids me sing the glad new song.

58 Tune—Redemption Songs No. 83

Come, children, and learn of the infin-
nite grace,

Of Jesus on coming to die,
How He left His bright home, that all
glorious place,
His beautiful home in the sky.

Oh! think of the Lamb who on Calvary
died,

And died for such sinners as we;
Of the thorns on His brow, and the
spear in His side, [tree,

When He suffered and bled on the
Ah! never was sorrow so bitter as this,
The anguish He suffered below;

For the dear Son of God had done
nothing amiss,

'Twas for others He tasted such woe.

Oh! think of His love, when He gave
up His life

For sinners so guilty as we;
'Twas for them that He finished the
conflict and strife, [tree,

'Twas for them that He bled on the
Dear little ones, think, is it nothing to
you,

The tale of His wonderful grace?
When He comes in the clouds, will you
joyfully view,

Or tremble to look at His face?

59 Tune—S and S. No. 809

The Paschal lamb was slain,
The blood was sprinkled o'er,
With bunch of hyssop on the posts
And lintel on the door.

The first-born son was safe,
Jehovah's word was true,
"Whene'er I see the blood-stain there,
I will pass over you."

And thus the Lamb of God,
So holy, spotless, pure, [blood
Came down from heaven and shed His
To make my life secure.

On Him alone I rest,
His blood my only plea;
His word the blest assurance gives—
No wrath shall fall on me.

60 Tune—S and S No. 609

There is a Book, a holy Book,
By God to sinners given,
To shew the way of life and peace,
And mark the path to heaven.

It tells me of my lost estate,
All guilty and defiled:
It says I must be born of God,
Ere I can be His child.

It tells me of the Lamb of God,
Who died upon the tree,
To bare the wrath and curse of God,
And set the sinner free.

This Book shall be my early guide,
My lamp to give me light,
My spring of joy in life's glad day,
My comfort in its night.

61 Tune—S and S No. 351

Why do you wait, dear children?
Oh, why do you tarry so long?
When Jesus is waiting to give you
A place in His sanctified throng.

Why not?—Why not?—
Why not come to Him now?

What do you hope, dear children,
To gain by a further delay?
There's no one to save you but Jesus;
There's no other way but His way.

Why do wait, dear children?
The harvest is passing away;
Your Saviour is longing to bless you;
There's danger and death in delay.

62 Tune—S and S No. 765

All the people's sins were laid
On the living scapegoat's head;
Then he bore them far away,
On the great atonement day.

Jesus thus for me became
Bearer of my curse and shame,
When He was led forth to die
On the cross of Calvary.

All my sins on Him were laid;
I believe what God has said,
Now my soul is counted free,
By the Saviour's death for me.

63 Tune—S and S No. 57

Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'er-shaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark! 'tis the voice of angels
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the jasper sea,

Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'er-shaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.

Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears!

Jesus, my heart's dear Refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.

64 Tune—S and S No. 420

Come weary, anxious, laden soul,
To Jesus come, and be made whole;
On Him your heavy burden roll—
Come, anxious sinner, come!

Behold the cross on which He died:
Behold His wounded, bleeding side;
Come, in His precious love confide—
Come, guilty sinner, come!

True joy the world can ne'er afford,
'Tis found alone in Christ the Lord,
In Him for wretched sinners stored—
Come, weary sinner, come!

Oh! if to Jesus you repair,
You'll find eternal comfort there!
And soon shall heavenly glory share—
Come, burdened sinner, come!

65 Tune—Redemption Songs, No. 102.

There's a Stranger at the door:
Let Him in!
He has been there oft before:
Let Him in!
Let Him in, ere He is gone:
Let Him in, the Holy One,
Jesus Christ, the Father's Son
Let Him in!

Open now to Him your heart:
Let Him in!
If you wait He will depart:
Let Him in!
Let Him in, He is your Friend,
He your soul will sure defend;
He will keep you to the end:
Let Him in!

Now admit the heav'nly Guest:
Let Him in!
He will make for you a feast:
Let Him in!
He will speak your sins forgiven;
And when earth-ties all are riven;
He will take you home to heaven:
Let Him in!

66 Tune—Evangelistic Hymn Book No. 66

I am looking to the Cross,
I have God's salvation found;
Earthly things I count but dross,
May Thy grace in me abound

I am trusting, Lord in Thee,
Blessed Lamb of Calvary!
Lowly at Thy feet I bow,
Jesus saves me, saves me now.

Long my heart has sighed for Thee,
Long has evil reigned within;
Now Thy blood has cleansed me,
Washed me from all stain of sin.

Lord, I give myself to Thee;
Hold me with Thy mighty hand;
Help me ever, Lord, to be
Pilgrim to the better land.

67 Tune—Evangelistic Hymn Book No. 67

O come to Me, said Jesus,
Thou weary soul oppress'd;
And take My yoke upon you,
And I will give you rest.
Come, and I will give you rest,
Come, and I will give you rest,
Come, and I will give you rest,
Thou weary wanderer, come.

O come to Me, said Jesus,
Thy sins like mountains grow;
But though they be as scarlet,
They shall be white as snow.

O come to Me, said Jesus,
And thou shall be forgiv'n,
And have a crown of glory
Prepared by Me in heaven.

I come to Thee, Lord Jesus,
I trust Thy precious blood,
I do believe Thy promise,
I take the gift of God.

I am resting, Lord, in Thee
I am resting, Lord, in Thee,
I am resting, Lord, in Thee,
I'm saved through Jesus' blood.

68 Tune—S and S No. 152

Low in the grave He lay—
Jesus, my Saviour,
Waiting the coming day—
Jesus, my Lord!
Up from the grave He arose, . . .
With a mighty triumph o'er His foes, . . .
He arose a Victor from the dark domain,
And He lives forever with His saints
to reign!
He arose! . . . He arose!
Hallelujah; Christ arose.

Vainly they watch His bed—
Jesus, my Saviour!
Vainly they seal the dead—
Jesus, my Lord!

Death cannot keep his prey—
Jesus, my Saviour!
He tore the bars away—
Jesus, my Lord!

69 Tune—S and S No. 606

I am not told to labour,
To put away my sin;
So foolish, weak, and helpless,
I never could begin;
But, blessed truth, I know it,
Though ruined by the fall,
Christ has my soul redeemed—
Yes, Christ has done it all!

I have not now to seek Him,
In love He sought for me,
When far from Him I wander'd
In sin and misery;
He open'd my ears, and gave me,
To listen to His call;
He sought me and He found me—
Yes, Christ has done it all!

And when in heavenly glory
My ransom'd soul shall be,
From sin and all pollution,
For ever, ever free,
I'll cast my crown before Him,
And loud His grace extol—
"Thou hast Thyself redeemed me;
Yes, Thou hast done it all!"

70 Tune—S and S. No. 237

Children, can you tell me why
Jesus came to bleed and die?
He was happy, high above,
Dwelling in His Father's love;
Yet He left His joy and bliss
For a wicked world like this.

We were all by sin undone,
Yet He loved us, every one;
Down to earth He kindly came,
On the cross to bear our shame,
And to wash away our guilt
In the precious blood He spilt.

He was once for sinners slain,
Now He lives above again,
Where He's waiting to receive
All who will His love believe,
This, dear children—this is why
Jesus came to bleed and die.

71 Tune—Golden Bells No. 416

There is a happy land,
Far, far away;
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright, as day.
Oh, how they sweetly sing,
"Worthy is our Saviour King,
Loud let His praises ring—
Praise, praise for aye."

Come to this happy land,
Come, come, away;
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free!
Lord, we shall live with Thee!
Blest, blest for aye.

Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye—
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
On then to Jesus run;
Trust in God's beloved Son;
Then bright above the sun
We'll reign for aye.

72 Tune—Golden Bells No. 598

Behold the Lamb of God,
Within the manger laid,
A stranger and an outcast, in
The world His hands had made

Behold the Lamb of God,
The gentle, holy boy,
Within the home at Nazareth,
His earthly parents' joy.

Behold the Lamb of God,
Nailed to the shameful tree,
A Victim in the sinner's stead,
In peace and agony.

Behold the Lamb of God,
Upon the throne above,
The same to-day as when He died,
Unchanging in His Love.

73 Tune S and S No. 896.

I will sing of my Redeemer,
 And His wondrous love to me;
 On the cruel cross He suffered,
 From the curse to set me free.

Sing, oh sing...of my Redeemer!
 With His blood...He purchased me!
 On the cross...He sealed my pardon...
 Paid my debt...and made me free...

I will tell the wondrous story,
 How my lost estate to save,
 In His boundless love and mercy,
 He the ransom freely gave.

I will praise my dear Redeemer,
 His triumphant power I'll tell;
 How the victory He giveth
 Over sin, and death, and hell.

I will sing of my Redeemer,
 And His heavenly love to me;
 He from death to life hath brought me.
 Son of God with Him to be.

74 Tune—Redemption Songs No. 29

Above the waves of earthly strife,
 Above the ills and cares of life,
 Where all is peaceful, bright and fair,
 My home is there! my home is there!

My beautiful home! my beautiful home!
 In the land where the glorified ever
 shall roam,
 Where angels bright wear robes of light,
 My home is there! my home is there!

Where living fountains sweetly flow,
 Where buds and flowers immortal grow
 Where trees their fruit celestial bear,
 My home is there! my home is there!

Away from sorrow, doubt and pain,
 Away from worldly loss and gain,
 From all temptation, tears and care,
 My home is there! my home is there!

Beyond the bright and pearly gates,
 Where Jesus loving Saviour waits,
 Where all is peaceful, bright and fair,
 My home is there! my home is there!

75 Tune—S and S No. 389

"Whosoever beareth," shout, shout, the
 sound, [around];
 Send the blessed tidings all the world
 Spread the joyful news, wherever man
 is found,

"Whosoever will may come."
 "Whosoever will, whosoever will,"
 Send the proclamation over vale and hill
 'Tis a loving Father calls the wanderer
 home;

"Whosoever will may come."
 Whosoever cometh need not delay,
 Now the door is open, enter while ye
 may;

Jesus is the true, the only living way.
 "Whosoever will may come."

"Whosoever will," the promise is secure
 "Whosoever will," for ever shall endure;
 "Whosoever will" 'tis life for evermore;
 "Whosoever will may come."

76 Tune—S and S No. 378

Behold Me standing at the door,
 And hear Me pleading evermore,
 With gentle voice: Oh, heart of sin,
 May I come in? may I come in?

Behold Me standing at the door,
 And hear Me pleading evermore:
 Say, weary heart, oppressed with sin,
 May I come in? may I come in?

I bore the cruel thorns for thee,
 I've waited long and patiently:
 Say, weary heart, oppressed with sin,
 May I come in? may I come in?

I would not plead with thee in vain:
 Remember all My grief and pain!
 I died to ransom thee from sin:
 May I come in? may I come in?

I bring thee joy from heaven above,
 I bring thee pardon, peace, and love:
 Say, weary heart, oppressed with sin,
 May I come in? may I come in?

77 Tune—Evangelistic Hymn Book
No. 77

- 1 "The wages of sin is death."
- 2 "Prepare to meet thy God."
- 3 "Ye must be born again."
- 4 "Behold the Lamb of God."

78 Tune—Redemption Songs No. 248

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

Passing onward, quickly passing;
 Nought the wheels of time can stay,
 Sweet the thought that some are going
 To the realms of perfect day;
 Passing onward—
 Christ their Leader, Christ their Way

Passing onward, quickly passing,
 Many on the downward road;
 Careless of their souls immortal,
 Heeding not the call of God,
 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,
 'Tis by Me that life is won."

79 Tune—Golden Bells No. 220

Look to Jesus!—look and live!
 Mercy at His hands receive;
 He has died upon the tree,
 And His words are, "Look to Me!"

Come to Jesus!—come and live!
 He has endless life to give;
 He from sin will set thee free,
 For His words are, "Come to Me."

Trust in Jesus!—trust and live!
 Now upon His name believe;
 He has blessings e'en for thee,
 For His words are, "Trust in Me!"

Rest in Jesus!—there repose,
 Shelter find from all thy foes;
 Let His name be all thy plea,
 For His words are, "Rest in Me!"

80 Tune—S and S No. 433

Time is earnest, passing by;
 Death is earnest, drawing nigh;
 Sinner, wilt thou trifling be?
 Time and death appeal to thee.

Life is earnest: when 'tis o'er
 Thou returnest never more;
 Earnest is eternity,
 Wilt thou never serious be?

Heaven is earnest; solemnly
 Float its voices down to thee;
 Hell is earnest; art thou gay,
 Sporting through thine earthly day.

God is earnest; come to day,
 Ere thy season pass away,
 Ere be set His judgment throne,
 Vengeance ready, mercy gone.

Christ is earnest; bids thee come,
 God declares that all is done;
 Wilt thou spurn the Saviour's love,
 Pleading with thee from above?

81 Tune—Redemption Songs No. 137

My Jesus hangs upon the cross,
 By faith His blood I see;
 I can, I will, I do believe
 That Jesus died for me.

I will believe, I do believe,
 That Jesus died for me;
 That on the cross He shed His blood
 From sin to set me free.

A sinner guilty, and undone,
 O Lord I come to Thee;
 I can, I will, I do believe
 That Jesus died for me.

Before the Lamb's all-cleansing blood,
 My sins and sorrows flee;
 I can, I will, I do believe
 That Jesus died for me.

My heart is glad, my lips rejoice,
 My happy soul is free;
 I can, I will, I do believe
 That Jesus died for me.

82 Tune—Redemption Songs No. 650

Come! hear the gospel sound—

“Yet there is room!”

It tells to all around—

“Yet there is room!”

Though guilty, now draw near,

Though vile, you need not fear,

With joy you now may hear—

“Yet there is room!”

God's love in Christ we see—

“Yet there is room!”

Greater it could not be—

“Yet there is room!”

His only Son He gave,

He's righteous now to save

All who on Him believe—

“Yet there is room!”

“All things are ready: come!”

“Yet there is room!”

Christ everything hath done—

“Yet there is room!”

The work is now complete,

“Before the mercy-seat,”

A Saviour you shall meet—

“Yet there is room!”

God's house is filling fast—

“Yet there is room!”

Some soul will be the last—

“Yet there is room!”

Yes, soon salvation's day

From you will pass away,

Then grace no more will say—

“Yet there is room!”

83 Tune—Redemption Songs No. 397

It is the blood, it is the blood,

Which has atonement made:

It is the blood which once for all,

Our ransom price has paid.

It was the blood, the mark of blood,

The people's houses bore;

And when that mark by God was seen,

His angel passed the door.

Not water then, nor water now,

Has ever saved a soul;

Not Jewish rites, but Jesus' stripes,

Can make the wounded whole.

“I see the blood,” “I see the blood,”

A voice from heaven cries;

The soul that owns this token true,

And trusts it never dies.

For He who suffered once for all,

That we might life obtain,

Will never leave His Father's throne,

To shed that blood again.

84 Tune—S and S No. 514

How many children say their prayers,

And yet who never pray:

Because they know not Christ, Who is

The Life, the Truth, the Way.

'Tis only those that know the Lord,

And trust His precious blood,

That can draw near the throne of grace

And offer prayer to God.

85 Tune—S and S No. 318

No works of law have we to boast—

By nature ruin'd, guilty, lost,

Condemned already; but Thy hand

Provided what Thou didst demand.

We take the guilty sinner's name,

The guilty sinner's Saviour claim.

No faith we trust. 'Tis Christ alone—

'Tis what He is, what He has done;

He is for us as given by God.

It was for us He shed His blood.

We do not feel our sins are gone,

But know it from Thy word alone;

We know that Thou our sins didst lay

On Him who has put sin away.

86 Tune—S and S No. 562

O sinner, come ere yet “too late,”

Now is the day of grace,

Now, Jesus calls, oh! do obey

His pleading, loving voice

To-day, 'tis free to all who “come,”

And take Him at His word;

To-morrow's sun may rise “too late,”

For you who now have heard.

87 Tune—Golden Bells No. 427

My heart is fixed, eternal God,
 Fixed on Thee;
 And my immortal choice is made,
 Christ for me:
 He is the Prophet, Priest and King,
 Who did for me salvation bring;
 And while I live, I mean to sing,
 Christ for me.

In Him I see the Godhead shine,
 Christ for me;
 He is the Majesty divine,
 Christ for me.
 The Father's well-beloved Son,
 Co-partner of His royal throne,
 Who did for human guilt atone.
 Christ for me.

Let others boast of heaps of gold,
 Christ for me;
 His riches never can be told,
 Christ for me.
 Your gold will waste and wear away,
 Your honours perish in a day;
 My portion never can decay,
 Christ for me.

88 Tune—S and S No. 475

I hear Thy welcome voice,
 That calls me, Lord, to Thee,
 For cleansing in Thy precious blood,
 That flowed on Calvary.

I am trusting, Lord!
 Trusting now in Thee!
 Trusting in Thy precious blood,
 That flowed on Calvary.

Though coming weak and vile,
 Thou dost my soul assure,
 Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
 Till spotless all and pure.

'Tis Jesus bids me come,
 'Tis He who loves my soul,
 'Tis He who saves me day by day,
 'Tis He who makes me whole.

89 Tune—Redemption Songs No. 8

Who is on the Lord's side?
 Who will serve the King?
 Who will be His helpers,
 Other lives to bring?
 Who will leave the world's side?
 Who will face the foe?
 Who is on the Lord's side?
 Who for Him will go?

Not for weight of glory,
 Not for crown and palm,
 Enter we the army,
 Raise the warrior's psalm,
 But for love that claimeth,
 Lives for whom He died,
 He whom Jesus nameth
 Must be on His side!

Saviour, Thou hast bought us
 Not with gold or gem,
 But with Thine own life-blood
 For Thy diadem.
 By Thy grand redemption,
 By Thy grace divine,
 We are on the Lord's side;
 Saviour, we are Thine.

90 Tune—S and S No. 884

I hear the words of love;
 I gaze upon the blood;
 I see the mighty Sacrifice,
 And I have peace with God.

'Tis everlasting peace,
 Sure as Jehovah's name;
 'Tis stable as His steadfast throne—
 For evermore the same.

My love is oft-times low,
 My joy still ebbs and flows;
 But peace with Him remains the same.
 No change Jehovah knows.

I change—He changes not;
 My Christ can never die.
 His love—not mine—the resting-place;
 His truth—not mine—the tie.

91 Tune—S and S No. 66

Jesus little children blesses,
 Oh, how He loves!
 Fondly He each lamb caresses,
 Oh, how He loves!
 Would you wish to go to heaven?
 Come and have your sins forgiven;
 None from Him were ever driven;
 Oh, how He loves!

Trust Him—He will ne'er deceive you,
 Oh, how He loves!
 He will to His arms receive you,
 Oh, how He loves!
 But for ever happy make you,
 And to endless glory take you,
 Oh, how He loves!

92 Tune—S and S No. 1155

Jesus from His home on high
 Came into this world to die,
 That I might from sin be free—
 Bled and died upon the tree.

Yes Jesus loves me!...
 Yes Jesus loves me!...
 Yes Jesus loves me!...
 The Bible tells me so.

I can see Him even now,
 With His pierced thorn-clad brow,
 Agonizing on the tree;
 O, what love, and all for me!

Saviour I on Thee believe,
 To my heart Thy love receive,
 Thou hast loved and died for me,
 Now I'd love and live for Thee.

93 Tune—S and S No. 433

Saviour bless our School to-day,
 Lead us to the narrow way;
 In the golden days of youth,
 May we know and love Thy truth.

May the lessons of to-day,
 And the texts and hymns we say
 Lead some heart to trust in Thee,
 And Thy great salvation see.

94 Tune—S and S No. 984

There is a land, a happy land,
 Whose skies are ever bright,
 Where evening shadows never fall:
 The Saviour is its light.

In that happy land so fair,
 We shall dwell in glory there,
 If we trust the Saviour here,
 In the bright for evermore.

There is a clime, a peaceful clime,
 Beyond life's narrow sea,
 Where every storm is hushed to rest:
 There let our treasure be.

There is a home, a glorious home,
 A heavenly mansion fair;
 And all who know the Saviour here
 Will bid us welcome there.

We long to leave these fading scenes,
 That glide so quickly by;
 And join the shining host above,
 Where joy can never die.

95 Tune—S and S No. 401

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 for cleansing
 In Thy precious blood;
 Trusting Thee to bring me safely
 Home to God.

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

I am trusting Thee Lord Jesus;
 On Thy name I call;
 I am trusting Thee for ever,
 And for all.

96 Tune—S and S No. 176

Our Lord is now rejected,
And by the world disowned,
By the many still neglected,
And by the few enthroned:
But soon He'll come in glory!
The hour is drawing nigh,
For the crowning day is coming
By-and-by.

Oh, the crowning day is coming!
Is coming by-and-by!
When our Lord shall come in 'power'
And "glory" from on high!
Oh, the glorious sight will gladden
Each waiting, watchful eye,
In the crowning day that's coming
By-and-by.

The heavens shall glow with splendour:
But brighter far than they
The saints shall shine in glory,
As Christ shall them array:
The beauty of the Saviour
Shall dazzle every eye,
In the crowning day that's coming
By-and-by.

Our pain shall then be over;
We'll sin and sigh no more,
Behind us all of sorrow,
And nought but joy before.
A joy in our Redeemer,
As we to Him are nigh,
In the crowning day that's coming
By-and-by.

Let all that look for, "hasten,"
The coming joyful day,
By earnest consecration,
To walk the narrow way:
By gathering in the lost ones,
For whom our Lord did die,
For the crowning day that's coming
By-and-by.

97 Tune—S and S No. 129

I will not work my soul to save,
For that the Lord has done;
But I will work like any slave,
For love to God's dear Son.

98 Tune—S and S No. 376

Come ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity joined with power.
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more.

Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to know your need of Him.
Thirsting sinners,
Drink of life's free, flowing stream.

Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

99 Tune—S and S No. 913

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

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

Shall we meet in that blest harbour,
When our stormy voyage is o'er?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor
By the fair celestial shore?

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

Shall we meet with Christ the Saviour,
When He comes to claim His own?
Shall we know His blessed favour,
And sit down upon His throne?

100 Tune—S and S No. 318

Eternity! Time soon will end,
 Its fleeting moments pass away;
 O sinner, say where wilt thou spend
 Eternity's unchanging day?
 Shalt thou the hopeless horror see
 Of hell for all eternity.

Eternity, Eternity!
 Where wilt thou spend Eternity?

Eternity! O dreadful thought
 For thee, a child of Adam's race,
 If thou should'st in thy sins be brought
 To stand before the awful Face,
 From which the heaven and earth shall
 flee,
 The Throned One of Eternity.

Eternity! O dreadful thought
 Yes, Jesus died on Calvary,
 If thou should'st in thy sins be brought
 The spotless One made sin for thee.
 O sinner, haste! for refuge flee—
 He saves, and for Eternity.

To-night may be thy latest breath,
 Thy little moment here be done;
 Eternal woe—the second death—
 Awaits the grace-rejecting one,
 Thine awful destiny foresee—
 Time ends, and then Eternity!

101 Tune—S and S No. 319

Through my hand no nail is driven,
 On my brow no thorns are worn,
 In my side there is no spear-wound—
 Jesus all my sins hath borne.
 His the nails relentless driven,
 Mine the peace by Him procured;
 For this soul by sin so burdened,
 Freed in mercy—love allured.

His the crown of thorns sharp-piercing
 Mine the peace for aye to last;
 Mine the crown of fadeless glory
 At His blessed feet to cast.
 His the spear His dear side wounding,
 Mine the peace with God thus made,
 Sinless He—and yet sin-bearing—
 All our sins on Him were laid.

'Neath Thy cross I stand and worship,
 Suffering man, yet conquering God,
 Resting on Thy death-atonement,
 Weary, I lay down my load.
 Cease, my soul, thy restless striving,
 Christ's atoning work is done;
 Seek to run the race with patience,
 At the cross in faith begun.

102 Tune—Redemption Songs No. 665

Not all the gold of all the world,
 And all its wealth combined,
 Could give relief, or comfort yield
 To one distracted mind;
 'Tis only to the precious blood
 Of Christ the soul can fly,
 There only can the sinner find
 A flowing full supply.

O joyful news! O happy news!
 The precious, precious blood
 Of Christ can bring the sinner nigh,
 And give him "peace with God."

Was it for gold the dying thief,
 The malefactor craved?
 Ah, no! 'twas Christ, and faith in Him
 That dying sinner saved.
 'Twas faith in Him Who bleeding hung
 A Victim by his side;
 "O Lord, remember me," he said,
 "I will," he heard and died.

O what can equal joy divine?
 And what can sweeter be,
 Than knowing that the soul is safe
 For all eternity?
 Safe in the Lord without a doubt,
 By virtue of the blood;
 For nothing can destroy the life
 That's hid with Christ in God.

103 Tune—Redemption Songs No. 31

Worthy, worthy is the Lamb,
 Worthy, worthy is the Lamb, [slain.
 Worthy, worthy is the Lamb—that was
 Praise Him, Hallelujah; bless Him,
 Hallelujah, [Lamb.
 Praise Him, Hallelujah: praise the

104 Tune—S and S No. 630

The Lamb of God for sinners died,
A Victim on the tree;
He gave Himself a sacrifice,
To set the guilty free.

I seek no other argument,
I want no other plea,
It is enough that Jesus died,
And rose again for me.

The great Redeemer left the throne,
The radiant throne on high,
Surprising mercy! love unknown!
To suffer, bleed, and die!

He took the guilty sinner's place,
And suffered in his stead;
For man (Oh miracle of grace!)
For man, the Saviour bled.

105 Tune—S and S No. 7

Peace! what a precious sound!
Tell it the world around,
Christ hath made peace!
Thus souls are brought to God
By His atoning blood,
And crowned with every good;
Christ hath made peace!

Love was the spring of all,
Love triumphed o'er our fall—
The love of God!
My soul, His love adore,
And praise Him evermore;
Make known from shore to shore,
The love of God!

106 Tune—S and S No. 1048

Jesus, lived, He lived for sinners,
Outcast, in the world He made;
Lived, that in His blessed Person
God's full grace might be displayed.

Jesus died, He died for sinners;
On the cross He cried, "Forgive!"
Died, that lost and ruined rebels
Through His precious blood might live

Jesus rose, and went to heaven,
Proving that the work was done—
Sweet assurance that the Father
Was well pleased with His Son.

Jesus lives, and lives for ever,
Now upon the Father's throne;
Liveth evermore to succour
Those who are by faith His own.

107 Tune—Evangelistic Hymn Book
No. 107

Jesus came from glory,
Jesus came from glory,
Jesus came from glory,
To seek and save the lost,

Jesus came, Jesus came,
Jesus came to earth, to seek and save
the lost.

Jesus died on Calvary,
To ransom sinners lost.

Jesus Christ is risen,
And seated on the throne.

Jesus' blood is cleansing,
Is cleansing from all sin.

I believe in Jesus,
Who died and lives for me.

I believe, I believe,
I believe in Him, who died and lives
for me.

108 Tune—S and S No. 397

"Look unto Me, and be ye saved,"
Look from your doubts and fears;
Look not to works of righteousness,
Look not to prayers and tears.

109 Tune—Evangelistic Hymn Book
No. 109

Shall we ever all meet again?
Saved ones shall all meet again!
They shall meet with Christ in heaven.
And they'll never part again.

110 Tune—Redemption Songs No. 951

Praise God from whom all blessings flow
Praise Him all Christians here below;
Praise Him above ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost

111 Tune—S and S No. 468

Jesus, I will trust Thee, trust Thee
with my soul!
Guilty, lost, and helpless, Thou canst
make me whole.
There is none in heaven or on earth
like Thee;
Thou hast died for sinners—therefore,
Lord, for me.

In Thy love confiding, I will seek
Thy face,
Worship and adore Thee for Thy
wondrous grace.

Jesus, I will trust Thee, trust Thee
with my soul!
Guilty, lost, and helpless, Thou canst
make me whole.

Jesus, I can trust Thee, trust Thy
written word;
Since Thy voice of mercy I have often
heard. [Thy ways;
Jesus I must trust Thee pondering
Full of love and mercy, all Thine earth-
ly days.

Jesus, I do trust Thee, trust Thee with-
out doubt; [out;
"Whoever cometh Thou wilt not cast
Faithful is Thy promise, precious is
Thy blood; [Saviour God.
These my soul's salvation, Thou my

112 Tune—S and S No. 177

The Lord shall come, the earth shall
quake,
The mountains to their centre shake;
And, with'ring from the vault of night,
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

The Lord shall come; but not the same
As once in lowly form He came,
A silent Lamb to slaughter led
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead

The Lord shall come! a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame and robe of storm
On cherub-wings, in flaming fire,
To execute God's righteous ire.

While sinners in despair shall call,
"Rocks, hide us! mountains, on us fall!"
The saints already with the Lord,
Are safe according to His Word!

113 Tune—S and S No. 901

When peace, like a river, attendeth my
way,
When sorrows, like sea-billows, roll;
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me
to say,
"It is well, it is well with my soul."
It is well with my soul,
It is well, it is well with my soul.

Though Satan should buffet, though
trials should come,
Let this blest assurance control,

That Christ hath regarded my helpless
estate, [soul.
And hath shed His own blood for my

My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious
thought—

My sin—not in part, but in whole—
Was nailed to His cross; and I bear it
no more; [O my soul.

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,
For me be it Christ, be it Christ hence
to live;

Though sorrows around me may roll,
No pang shall be mine, for in death as
in life [my soul!

Thou wilt whisper Thy peace to
But Lord, 'tis for Thee, for Thy coming
we wait,

The sky, not the grave, is our goal;
Oh, trump of the angel! oh, voice of
the Lord! [soul!

Blessed hope! blessed rest of my

114 Tune—Evangelistic Hymn Book
No. 114

Can you count me the leaves on the
forest tree?

Or the sands on the sea-washed shore?
Or the flowers bedecking the fragrant
lea?

Or the grains of the harvest store?
If you can, I can tell you His love
to me, [tree.
Who died for my sins on Calvary's

Can you number the locks of glossy hair
On the blooming, youthful head?
Can you count me each particular star
Which shines when the day is sped?

Can you number the blades of grass
which grow

In the meadows all around?
Or the sparkling, glittering drops of dew
At the sun's uprising found?

You cannot! and oh, I cannot tell,
The depth of the love divine [hell
Which rescued my soul from death and
And tells me that heaven is mine!
Deep, vast, unknown, is His love
to me [tree!
Who died for my sins on Calvary's

115 Tune--Redemption Songs No. 112

We're trav'ling home to heaven above,
Will you go? will you go?
To sing the Saviour's dying love,
Will you go? will you go?
Millions have reached that blissful shore,
Their trials and their labours o'er,
And yet there's room for millions more;
Will you go? will you go?

We're going to walk the plains of light,
Far, far from death, and sin, and night,
The crown of life we then shall wear,
The Conqueror's palm we then shall bear
And all the joys of heaven shall share,

The way to heaven is straight and plain,
But mind "Ye must be born again,"
The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
O sinner come, "Believe on Me,
And thou shalt My salvation see,"

Come all ye halting ones and say,
"I will go! I will go!
I'll start the journey here to-day,
Let me go! let me go!
My old companions fare you well,
I will not go with you to hell,
I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell;
I will go! I will go!"

116 Tune--Redemption Songs No. 610

Settled for ever! sin's tremendous claim
Glory to Jesus, blessed be His name,
No part-way measures doth His grace
provide, [died.
Finished the work was when the Saviour
Settled for ever! sin's tremendous
claim,
Glory to Jesus, blessed be His name.

Settled for ever! fear not then to trust
Thy soul upon Him even as thou must;
On Calvary's cross, the claims of God
were met;
Settled for ever all the grievous debt.

Settled for ever! let no doubt nor fear
Mix with thy love nor in thy robe appear
One single thread of thine own righte-
ousness, [bless.
We are complete in Him Who came to

Settled for ever! yes; no work of thine
Nor tears, nor sorrow add to grace
divine
God says, "I blot out every sin and stain
And will remember them no more again.

117 Tune—S and S No. 123

There is life for a look at the crucified
One!
There is life at this moment for thee;
Then look, sinner, look unto Him and
be saved,
Unto Him Who was nailed to the tree.

It is not thy tears of repentance or
prayers, [soul;
But the blood that atones for the
On Him then believe, and a pardon
receive, [quite whole.
For His blood now can make thee

We are healed by His stripes—would'st
thou add to the word?
And He is our righteousness made;
The best robe of heaven He bids thee
put on,
Oh couldst thou be better arrayed?

Then doubt not thy welcome, since God
has declared
There remaineth no more to be done;
That once in the end of the world He
appeared,
And completed the work He begun.

But take with rejoicing, from Jesus at
once
The life everlasting He gives;
And know, with assurance, thou never
canst die,
Since Jesus thy righteousness lives.

118 Tune—S and S No. 1070

From Greenland's icy mountains,

From India's coral strand,

Where Afric's sunny fountains

Roll down their golden sand,

From many an ancient river,

From many a palmy plain,

They call us to deliver

Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes

Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,

Though every prospect pleases,

And only man is vile;

In vain with lavish kindness

The gifts of God are strown,

The heathen in his blindness

Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we, whose souls are lighted

With wisdom from on high,

Can we to men benighted

The lamp of life deny?

Salvation! O salvation!

The joyful sound proclaim,

Till men of every nation

Have heard the Saviour's name.

119 Tune—S and S No. 429

"Yet there is room!" The Lamb's

bright hall of song, [along;

With all its fair glory, beckons thee

Room, room, still room, Oh, enter,

enter now.

Day is declining, and the sun is low:

The shadows lengthen, light makes

haste to go, [enter now.

Room, room, still room, Oh, enter,

The bridal hall is filling for the feast;

Pass in, pass in, and be the Bride-

groom's guest, [enter now.

Room, room, still room, Oh, enter,

Louder and sweeter sounds the loving

call,

Come lingerer, come; enter that festal

hall, [enter now.

Room, room, still room, Oh, enter,

Ere night that gate may close and seal

thy doom, [no room."

Then the last low, long cry, "No room,

No room, no room, Oh, woeful cry,

"No room."

120 Tune—S and S No. 669

God so loved the world that scorn'd Him

That He sent His Son;

Jesus came to seek and save us—

And that work is done!

Jesus came to seek and save us,

All His work is done—

Done as God Himself desired it,

By His Blessed Son.

All is done, yes, all is finished,

All the debt is paid;

On the Lamb Who died for sinners,

All our guilt was laid.

God the Father called Him "Jesus,"

When He sent Him down,

And for us He bore the judgment—

Won for us the crown.

All the ransom'd call Him "Jesus"—

Him as Lord we own;

Once upon the cross to save us,

Now upon the throne.

Weary sinner—call Him "Jesus,"

Thus doth God implore,

Thou shalt then, His name confessing,

Know His saving pow'r!

121 Tune—Redemption Songs No. 274

My God, I have found the thrice-blessed

ground, [fort abound.

Where life, and where joy, and true com-

Happy day, happy day,

When Jesus my Saviour my sins washed

away.

'Tis found in the blood of Him who

once stood, [God.

My refuge and safety, my Surety with

He bore on the tree the sentence for

me, [are free.

And now both the Surety and sinner

Accepted, I am in the once-offered Lamb

It was God who Himself had devised

the plan.

And soon He will come to take me sit

home, [the throne.

And make me to sit with Himself on

122 Tune—Evangelistic Hymn Book No. 121

Thou art "not very far" from the kingdom of God, [the King,

Thou hast heard the sweet call of
Thou hast met the glad messenger
speeding abroad

His free-hearted welcome to bring.
And the kingdom looks bright, but the
world is so dear

With its labour, and pleasure, and sin
And yet it were sad to have seen it so
near

And never to enter therein.

Yes, "not very far" from salvation
by grace,

But beware, Oh, sinner, beware!

For "not very far" is a perilous
place,

Thou art lost if thou linger there.

Thou art "not very far" from the foot
of the Cross:

Its shadow is falling on thee;

And the blood that redeemeth the sin-
ner from loss

Is flowing so rich and so free.

That cross of atonement, that ransom-
ing blood,

Is a saving or sentencing sight;

It were death at the foot of the cross
to have stood,

And thy robes never washed, nor
made white.

Oh! many were once as near heaven as
thou.

But they lingered, and lost their day;
They are weeping, and wailing, and
wandering now

On the coasts of the castaway.

They are far from the kingdom, and
far from the crown,

From Christ and His ransoming cross

Oh, infinite sadness! No tears but His
own

Can weep such a fathomless loss.

123 Tune—S and S No. 442

Hark, sinner, while God from on high
doth entreat thee,

And warnings with accents of mercy
doth blend;

Give ear to His voice, lest in Judgment
He meet thee; [will end.]

"The harvest is passin- the summer

How oft of thy danger and guilt He
hath told thee!

How oft still the message of mercy
doth send!

Haste, haste, while He waits in His
arms to enfold thee; [will end.]

"The harvest is passing, the summer

Despised and rejected, at length He
may leave thee;

What anguish and horror thy bosom
will read!

Then haste thee, O sinner, while He
will receive thee; [will end.]

"The harvest is passing, the summer

Ere long, and Jehovah will come in
His power;

Our God will arise with His foes to
contend;

Haste, haste thee, O sinner, prepare for
that hour; [will end.]

"The harvest is passing, the summer

124 Tune—Golden Bells No. 599

Praise, praise ye the name of Jehovah
our God, [abroad;

Declare, Oh, declare ye, His glories
Proclaim ye His mercy from nation to
nation, [His salvation

Till the uttermost islands have heard
For His love floweth on, free and
full as a river,

And His mercy endureth for ever
and ever.

Praise, praise ye the Lamb who for
sinners was slain,

Who went down to the grave and as-
cended again;

And Who soon shall return when these
dark days are o'er, [power,

To set up His kingdom in glory and
Then the heavens, and the earth, and
the sea shall rejoice, [glad voice,

The field and the forest shall lift the
The sand of the desert shall flourish in
green, [scene,

And Lebanon's glory be shed o'er the
Her bridal attire and her festal array,
All nature shall wear on that glorious
day;

For her King cometh down with His
people to reign, [Eden again.

And His presence shall bless her with

125 Tune—Golden Bells No. 235

Who'll be the next to trust in Jesus?
 Who'll be the next His gift to claim?
 Some one is ready, some one is waiting
 Who'll be the next to praise His name?
 Who'll be the next? who'll be the next?
 [Jesus?
 Who'll be the next to trust in
 Who'll be the next to trust the
 Saviour now?
 Trust the Saviour now.

Who'll be the next to trust in Jesus—
 Trust His precious cleansing blood?
 Who'll be the next to praise Him for
 pardon, [God?
 Cleansing from sin, and peace with
 Who'll be the next to trust in Jesus?
 Who'll be the next to own His name?
 Who'll swell the chorus of full redemp-
 tion?
 Sing hallelujah! Praise the Lamb!

126 Tune—S and S No. 1153

Jesus is our Shepherd, wiping every
 tear; [to fear?
 Folded in His bosom, what have we
 Only let us follow whither He doth
 lead: [mead.
 To the thirsty desert, or the dewy
 Jesus is our Shepherd; well we know
 His voice, [heart rejoice!
 How its gentlest whisper makes our
 Even when it chideth, tender is its
 tone: His alone.
 None but He shall guide us; we are

Jesus is our Shepherd; for the sheep
 He bled; [He shed;
 Every lamb is sprinkled with the blood
 Then on each He setteth His own
 secret sign, [saith He, "are mine."
 "They that have My spirit, these,"

Jesus is our Shepherd; guarded by His
 arm, [can do us harm;
 Though the wolves may raven, none
 Should we tread death's valley, dark
 with fearful gloom, [tomb!
 We will fear no evil, victors o'er the

127 Tune—S and S No. 97

There were ninety and nine that safely
 lay,
 In the shelter of the fold,
 But one was out on the hills away,
 Far off from the gates of gold,
 Away on the mountains wild and bare,
 Away from the tender Shepherd's care
 "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and
 nine;
 Are they not enough for Thee!"
 But the Shepherd made answer: "This
 of Mine
 Has wandered away from Me;
 And although the road be rough and
 steep
 I go to the desert to find My sheep."
 But none of the ransomed ever knew
 How deep were the waters crossed;
 Nor how dark was the night the Lord
 passed thro' [lost
 Ere He found His sheep that was
 Out in the desert He heard its cry—
 Sick and helpless and ready to die.

"Lord, whence are those blood-drops
 all the way
 That mark out the mountain track?"
 "They were shed for one who had gone
 astray [back."
 Ere the Shepherd could bring him
 "Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent
 and torn? [a thorn."
 They are pierced to-night by many
 And all through the mountains, thunder-
 riven,
 And up from the rocky steep,
 There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
 "Rejoice, I have found My sheep!"
 And the angels echoed around the
 throne, [His own!"
 "Rejoice, for the Lord brings back

128 Tune—Redemption Songs No. 111

Where'er we meet, you always say,
 What's the news?
 Pray, what's the tidings of the day?
 What's the news?
 Oh! I have got good news to tell,
 My Saviour hath done all things well,
 And triumphed over death and hell,
 That's the news!

The Lamb was slain on Calvary;
That's the news!
To set poor guilty sinners free;
That's the news!
'Twas there His precious blood was
shed;
'Twas there He bowed His sacred head,
But now He's risen from the dead:
That's the news!

To heaven above the Conqueror's gone;
That's the news!
He's passed triumphant to the throne;
That's the news!
And on the throne He will remain,
Until from heaven He comes again,
Attended by a dazzling train:
That's the news!
The Lord has pardon'd all my sin;
That's the news!
I have the witness now within;
That's the news!
And since He took my sins away,
And taught me how to watch and pray,
I'm happy now from day to day:
That's the news!

129 Tune—S and S No. 379

Have you trusted Jesus and His saving
power? [Lamb?
Are you washed in the blood of the
Are you fully trusting in His grace this
hour? [Lamb?
Are you washed in the blood of the
Are you washed . . . in the blood . . .
In the soul-cleansing blood of the
Lamb?
Are your garments spotless? are
they white as snow? [Lamb?
Are you washed in the blood of the
Are you walking daily by the Saviour's
side? [Lamb?
Are you washed in the blood of the
Do you rest each moment in the Cruci-
fied?— [Lamb?
Are you washed in the blood of the
When the Bridegroom cometh, will
your robes be white? [Lamb?
Pure and white in the blood of the
Will your soul be ready for the man-
sion bright, [Lamb?
And be washed in the blood of the

130 Tune—S and S No. 224

Rejoice, and be glad! the Redeemer has
come! [His tomb!
Go look on His cradle, His cross, and
Sound His praises, tell the story
Of Him who was slain; [ness,
Sound His praises, tell with glad-
He liveth again.

Rejoice, and be glad! for the blood
hath been shed; [been paid.
Redemption is finished, the price hath

Rejoice, and be glad! now the pardon
is free; [the tree.
The just for the unjust has died on

Rejoice, and be glad! for the Lamb that
was slain [again.
O'er death is triumphant, and liveth

Rejoice, and be glad! for our Lord is
on high! [the sky.
He liveth for us on the throne in

Rejoice, and be glad! for He cometh
again! [was slain.
He cometh in glory, the Lamb that

Sound His praises, tell the story
Of Him who was slain, [ness,
Sound His praises, tell with glad-
He cometh again.

131 Tune—Redemption Songs No. 948

Oh what a Saviour is Jesus the Lord!
Well may His name by His saints be
adored! [His blood,
He has redeemed them from sin by
Saved them for ever, and brought them
to God.

Thousands have fled to His spear-pierced
side. [denied?
Welcome they have been for none are
Weary and laden, they all have been
blest,
Joyfully now in the Saviour they rest.

132 Tune—Golden Bells No. 335

O do not let the word depart, [light;
And close thine eyes against the
Poor sinner, harden not thine heart;
Thou would'st be saved—

Why not to-night?

Why not to-night?

Why not to-night?

Thou would'st be saved,

Why not to-night?

To-morrow's sun may never rise,
To bless thy long-deluded sight;
This is the time; O then be wise;
Thou would'st be saved—

Why not to-night?

The world has nothing left for thee—

It has no new, no pure delight;

O try the joys that Christ can give;

Thou would'st be saved—

Why not to-night?

Our God in pity lingers still,

And wilt thou thus His love requite?

Renounce at length thy stubborn will—

Thou would'st be saved—

Why not to-night?

Our blessed Lord refuses none

Who would to Him their souls unite.

Then be the great transaction done?

Thou would'st be saved—

Why not to-night?

133 Tune—Evangelistic Hymn Book No. 133

Again the blessed Gospel I have heard,

That Word divine and true,

And God again has spoken to my soul;

O now what shall I do?

I come . . . I come . . .

I come to Thee, my God,

I do Thy love believe,

I do accept Thy gift of life and peace,

I do Thy Son receive.

My wayward heart has wandered far
from Thee,

And known no rest or home, [yond

No present peace, no hope of joy be

But now to Thee I come.

No works of mine, no merit can I bring,

No holiness within, [Christ,

I only trust the precious blood of

It cleanses from all sin

134 Tune—S and S No. 105

Dear children, heed the Saviour's call,
His saving mercy know,
Your sins will drag you to the depths
Of everlasting woe.

O do not say, "I'll come to Christ

When youthful days are past;

I'll trust the Saviour ere I die,

And enter heaven at last."

For God has said, now is the time

Wherein He shows His grace,

'Tis now the Saviour stands and longs

Lost sinners to embrace.

135 Tune—S and S No. 20

The coming of the Lord draws nigh,

He in the air will soon appear,

And take those saved by grace away

To dwell with Him in endless day.

Your father, mother too, will go,

If saved; and leave you here below,

To share the sad and awful fate

Of those who do the Saviour hate.

Your brothers, sisters, friends, and all

Who have obeyed the Gospel call,

And when the door stood open wide,

They sought in Christ their souls to hide

No more you'll hear the Gospel sound,

For guilt and crime shall then abound,

O children, warning take, and flee

To Him who died on Calvary.

136 Tune—Golden Bells, No. 390

A little pilgrim on life's way,

Bearing his cross from day to day,

When faint and weary, used to say,

"Jesus, my Saviour!"

If Satan tempted him aside,

He never on himself relied,

But grasped the shield of faith and cried

"Jesus, my Saviour!"

And looking up from what he feared,

Though far away his rest appeared,

Oh! how the thought his spirit cheered

"Jesus, my Saviour!"

Thus, Lord, direct my youthful way,

Thyself to trust, Thy Word obey;

Then shall I praise through endless day,

"Jesus, my Saviour!"

137 Tune—Redemption Songs No. 533

When, His salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to His name.
Nor did their zeal offend Him,
But, as He rode along,
He bade them still attend Him,
And loved to hear their song.

Though not as yet He reigneth
On Zion's holy hill,
The Lord His love retaineth
For little children still.
We'll flock around His banner,
Who sits upon God's throne,
And sing aloud "Hosanna!"
Unto the Father's Son.

For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No, but with hearts made tender,
Our all shall be the Lord's.

138 Tune—S and S No. 533

I know there's a bright and a glorious
home,
Away in the heavens high, [dwell,
Where all the redeemed shall with Jesus
Will you be there, and I?

Will you be there, and I?
Will you be there, and I? [dwell,
Where all the redeemed shall with Jesus
Will you be there, and I?

In robes of white, o'er streets of gold,
Beneath a cloudless sky, [smile,
They walk in the light of their Father's
But will you be there, and I?

From every kingdom of earth they come
To join the triumphal cry, [slain;]
Of "Worthy the Lamb that once was
But will you be there, and I?

If you trust the loving Saviour now,
Who for sinners came to die;
When He gathers His children in that
bright home,
Then you'll be there, and I.

139 Tune—Believer's Hymn Book No. 30

Behold, behold the Lamb of God,
On the cross, on the cross!
For you He shed His precious blood,
On the cross, on the cross!
O, hear His agonizing cry,
"Eli, lama sabachthau";
Draw near and see your Saviour die,
On the cross, on the cross!

Behold His arms extended wide,
Behold His bleeding hands and side;
The sun withholds its rays of light,
The heavens are clothed in shades of
night,

While God His only Son doth smite.
On the cross, on the cross!
Come, sinner, see Him lifted up—
He drinks for you the bitter cup;
The rocks do rend, the mountains quake,
While Jesus doth atonement make,
While there He suffers for your sake,
On the cross, on the cross!

And now the mighty deed is done,
The battle's fought, the victory's won,
To heaven He turns His languid eyes—
"Tis finished" now, the Conqueror cries—
Then bows His sacred head and dies,
On the cross, on the cross!

140 Tune—Redemption Songs No. 226

Come to the Saviour, come to the
Saviour,

Thou sin-stricken offspring of man;
He left His throne above,
To reveal His wondrous love,
And to open a fountain for sin.

Why dost thou linger? why dost thou
linger?

Oh, when wilt thou haste to be saved?
Thy time is flying fast,
And thy day will soon be past,

Oh, arouse thee, and come and be saved

Pardon is offered, pardon is offered;
A pardon full, present, and free;

The mighty debt was paid,
When on Calvary Jesus died,
To atone for a rebel like thee.

I do believe it! I do believe it! [Lamb
I am saved through the blood of the

My happy soul is free,
For the Lord has pardoned me,

Hallelujah to Jesus' name.

141 Tune—Evangelistic Hymn Book
No. 141

O hear ye now the call,
Ye thirsty ones and weary,
Who seek in vain for pleasures true,
Upon this barren shore;
A fountain now is flowing,
Of joy that passeth knowing;
And whosoever drinketh there,
Shall thirst again no more.

O how sweet will it be
To meet by the river
That flows from the throne
Of God and the Lamb!
O how sweet will it be
To dwell for ever
In the blissful presence
Of the great "I AM"!

In Christ a living stream
Of peace and joy is flowing
For thee, O lost and wand'ring one,
Though now afar you roam;
On thee He now is calling;
His words of grace are falling; [dwell
Believe, and live, and thou shalt
In yonder happy home.

But there shall come a day—
A day of deepest sorrow,
If you refuse the Christ of God;
Who pleadeth now with thee;
For changed shall be your scorning
Into a bitter mourning,
Then why delay?—O come to-day,
And His salvation see.

142 Tune—S and S No. 923

We speak of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confessed;
But what must it be to be there!
To be there!... to be there!...
Oh, what must it be to be there!

We speak of its pathways of gold,
Its walls decked with jewels so rare,
Its wonders and pleasures untold;
But what must it be to be there!

We speak of its peace and its love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The songs of the blessed above;
But what must it be to be there!

143 Tune—Redemption Songs No. 307

O I have got good news for you,
A story wonderful and true;
'Twill make you happy, that I know,
It made me glad, and now I go

To sing my great Redeemer's song,
To sing my great Redeemer's song,
To sing my great Redeemer's song,
With the happy saints above.

I once was far away from God,
On ruin's dark and fatal road,
And little dream'd I'd see the day
When I should tread the narrow way,
O'er this wild waste I loved to roam,
My back to God and heaven and home,
When Jesus met me, far astray,
And beckoned me to come away, &c.

He said on Calv'ry's cross He died—
A sacrifice for sin was made—
And all because He loved me so;
Then how could I do else than go, &c.

Now, every one that's standing by,
O, 'twas for you the Christ did die;
This moment, too, He waits for thee;
Then just believe, and you'll be free,

Whene'er the record you believe,
You life eternal shall receive;
And soon, from pain and sorrow free,
You'll join that glorious company, &c.

144 Tune—S and S No. 866

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

Happy day! happy day!
When Jesus wash'd my sins away.
He taught me how to watch and
pray,
And live rejoicing every day.
Happy day, &c.

'Tis done—the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.

Now rest my long divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When call'd on angel's bread to feast?

145 Tune—S and S No. 543

Precious Saviour, Thou hast saved me,
Thine, and only Thine, I am;
O, the cleansing blood has reached me:
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

Glory, glory, Jesus saved me;
Glory, glory to the Lamb;
O the precious blood has reached me;
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

Long my yearning heart was trying
To enjoy this perfect rest;
But I gave all trying over—
Simply trusting, I was blest.

Consecrated to Thy service,
I would live and wait for Thee,
Ready for the Master's coming,
Ready, yes, my Lord to see.

Precious is the blood that bought me.
O how great its cleansing power!
Now the Son of God doth keep me;
I am His for evermore.

146 Tune—Redemption Songs No. 111

O! what a glorious truth is this—
Jesus died.
He opened up the path to bliss—
Jesus died.
God loved the world, His Son He gave,
That all who do in Him believe
Should full and gracious pardon have—
Jesus died.

To save our souls from death and hell,
Such love amazing who can tell!
Yes, He for ruined men was slain,
That they through Him might life
And everlasting glory gain— [obtain,
Jesus died.

O! tell it unto all around,
'Tis such a precious, blessed sound,
Eutreat poor sinners to rely
On that which brings the guilty nigh;
E'en to the blood of Christ to fly—
Jesus died.

Soon heaven shall raise the happy song,
Which endless ages shall prolong;
By virtue of that precious blood,
Believers are brought nigh to God;
O! spread the glorious news abroad—
Jesus died.

147 Tune—Evangelistic Hymn Book
No. 147

Hark! hark! hark!
'Tis a message of mercy free;
O sinner, thy crimson sins are dark,
But Jesus hath died for thee.
Died for thee; died for thee;
O sinner, thy crimson sins are dark,
But Jesus hath died for thee.

Look! look! look!
O look to the blood-stained tree;
Thy sins are entered in God's own book
But Jesus hath died for thee.

Come! come! come!
'Twas Jesus who rescued me;
He health the leper, the lame, the dumb
O sinner, He died for thee.

Haste! haste! haste!
Delay not from death to flee; [waste,
O wherefore the moments in madness
When Jesus is calling thee?

Now! now! now!
To-morrow too late may be;
Behold Him on yonder cross and bow,
Confessing, He died for thee.

148 Tune—Redemption Songs No. 239

Once I heard a sound at my heart's
dark door, [of sin;
And was aroused from the slumber
It was Jesus knocked, He had knocked
before, [in.
Now I said, Blessed Saviour, come
Then open, open, open,
Let the Master in;

For the heart will be bright with a
heavenly light,
When you let the Saviour in.

Then He spread a feast of redeeming
love, [guest;
And He made me His own happy
in my joy I thought that the saints
above [blest.

Could be hardly more favoured or
in the holy war with the foes of truth,
He's my shield, He my table prepares
He restores my soul, He renews my
youth,

And gives triumph in answer to prayers.
He will feast me still with His presence
dear,

And the love He so freely hath given
While His promise tells, as I serve Him
here,
Of the banquet of glory in heaven.

149 Tune—Evangelistic Hymn Book
No. 149

Glory be to God,
I've heard the joyful sound,
He so loved you, He so loved me,
That a ransom He hath found.
The ransom price was paid;
'Twas paid on Calv'ry's tree,
When Jesus died, and opened wide,
The gate of life for thee.
Save, save from going down;
Save, save from going down;
Save, from going down to the pit
A ransom has been found.

For many sinners great,
Who long in sin did lie,
Are happy now in Jesus' love—
The blood has brought them nigh;
Afar they once did roam,
But they heard the joyful sound
That the Christ of God has shed His
A ransom had been found. [blood—
O hear the gracious cry,
From coming wrath to flee;
To the pit of woe why longer go
Since God is calling thee?
No longer then delay,
For soon the joyful sound
No more shall be, and then for thee
No ransom can be found.

150 Tune—Evangelistic Hymn Book
No. 150

Come away, O ye thirsty, to the waters;
Hear the voice of the Spirit and the
Bride; [heareth
They are calling, Let every one that
Gladly drink the gentle-flowing tide.
Whosoever, whosoever,
"Whosoever will" may drink the living
water,
Freely flowing there for all;
"Whosoever will" may drink for ever-
more.
Come away, O ye dying ones that lan-
guish, [renew
For a draught that your vigour will
Will you linger and perish by the way-
side. [view?
With the cool bright water just in
Come away, and be reconciled to Jesus;
He has died that in glory you might
live; [fountain,
He will greet you with welcome at the
And His blessing freely, freely give.

151 Tune—S and S No. 1136

I think when I read that sweet story
of old.
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children, as lambs
to His fold, [then
I should liked to have been with Him
I wish that His hands had been placed
on my head, [me,
That His arms had been thrown around
And that I might have seen His kind
look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."
Yet still to the Saviour, by faith, I may
And believe in His infinite love; [go,
And if I am saved by His grace here
I shall see Him in glory above, [below,
In that beautiful place He has gone to
prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering
there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

152 Tune—Redemption Songs No. 683

Where Mothers of Salem
Their children brought to Jesus,
The stern disciples drove them back,
And bade them depart;
But Jesus saw them ere they fled,
And sweetly looked, and kindly said,
"Suffer the children to come unto Me."
For I will receive them
And fold them to My bosom,
I'll be a shepherd to these lambs—
Oh! drive them not away;
For if their hearts to Me they give,
They shall with Me in Glory live,
"Suffer the children to come unto Me."
How kind was the Saviour
To bid these children welcome!
But there are many thousands
Who have never heard His name;
The Bible they have never read,
They know not that the Saviour said,
"Suffer the children to come unto Me."
How happy the children
Who rest on Jesus' bosom,
And there, like little folded lambs,
Lie safely and at rest;
Thence, none can pluck them e'er away
For He who keeps them loves to say,
"Suffer the children to come unto Me."

153 Tune—Golden Bells No. 423

Here we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again,
In heaven we part no more.

Oh, that will be joyful,
Joyful, joyful, joyful;
Oh, that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more.

Boys and girls will be in heaven,
Whose souls were saved and sins for-
given,

Through faith in Jesus' blood.

Teachers, too, shall meet above,
And all who rest in Jesus' love,
Will meet to part no more.

Oh! how happy that will be,
Jesus Christ our Lord to see,
Exalted on His throne.

Every one shall ring with joy,
And eternity employ
In praising Christ the Lord.

154 Tune—Sacred Songs and Solos No. 55

Christ was born in Bethlehem,
And in a manger laid.

Men did crucify Him,
And nailed Him to the tree.

Joseph begged His body,
And laid it in a tomb.

Up rose the Saviour,
And conquered death and hell.

Come now to Jesus,
And thou shalt happy be.

155 Tune—For He is the Root

For He is the Root and the Offspring
of David, [Star:

And the Bright and the Morning
For He is the Root and the Offspring
of David, [Star:

And the Bright and the Morning
For His name shall be called the Won-
derful, [Counsellor,

For His name shall be called the
The Mighty God, the everlasting Father
And the Prince of Peace.

156 Tune—S and S No. 390

Sinners Jesus will receive,
Speak this word of grace to all,
Who the heavenly pathway leave,
All who linger, all who fall.

Sing it o'er . . . and o'er again,
Christ receiveth sinful men,
Make the message . . . clear and
plain,
Christ receiveth sinful men.

Shepherds seek their wandering sheep
O'er the mountains bleak and cold.
Jesus left His home above
For the lost ones of His fold.

Come and He will give you rest,
Trust Him for His word is plain,
He will save the sinfulest,
Christ receiveth sinful men.

Now my soul hath found its rest,
Now I stand in white array;
All my sins, though crimson-red,
Now His blood hath washed away.

Christ receiveth sinful men,
Even me with all my sin,
Purged from every spot and stain,
Heaven with Him I enter in.

157 Tune—Evangelistic Hymn Book No. 157

Would you lose your load of sin?
Fix your eyes upon Jesus.
Would you know God's peace within?
Fix your eyes upon Jesus.

Jesus, who on the cross did die,
Jesus, who loves and lives on high
He alone can justify—
Fix your eyes upon Jesus.

Would you know your sins forgiven?
Fix your eyes upon Jesus.
Would you have a home in heaven?
Fix your eyes upon Jesus.

Weary, heavy-laden soul,
Fix your eyes upon Jesus.
He can save and make thee whole—
Fix your eyes upon Jesus.

Need not what you feel within,
Fix your eyes upon Jesus.
He can break the power of sin,
Fix your eyes upon Jesus.

158 Tune—Evangelistic Hymn Book No. 158

Come, sinner, come! the time is flying;
 Come, while you may, for men are dying,
 Death reaps his sheaves on every hand—
 The old, the young, on sea, on land.

Eternity is drawing nigh,
 Eternity is drawing nigh.

Haste, lingerer, haste! the door is
 closing;

Your soul its day of grace is losing;
 The time of love will quickly end,
 The wrath of God will soon descend.

Now, sinner, now! while God is calling,
 Now, while the shades of night are fall-
 Behold the Judge is at the door, [sing];
 His lips will speak of grace no more.

Eternity is drawing nigh,
 Eternity is drawing nigh,
 Is drawing nigh.

159 Tune—S and S No. 227

None but Christ can save the soul,
 None but Christ can make us whole;
 None but Christ can wash us clean,
 None but Christ can pardon sin;
 None but Christ the soul can dress
 In a robe of righteousness;
 None but Christ can us prepare
 In the joys of heaven to share.

Let us never think that we
 Can without Him glory see;
 Only those shall go to heaven
 Who on earth had sins forgiven,
 And whose souls, by Jesus' blood
 Purged from guilt, were brought to God
 None but Christ can set thee free—
 Give thy soul sweet liberty.

160 Tune—Evangelistic Hymn Book No. 160

There's salvation full and free,
 There's a pardon now for thee,
 If your need you really see—
 Will you come?

There's a Saviour true and tried,
 Who can cleanse the deepest-dyed,
 And present them justified—
 Will you come?

161 Tune—S and S No. 757

Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds
 of kindness, [eves;
 Sowing in the noontide and the dewy
 Waiting for the harvest and the time of
 reaping, [the sheaves!

We shall come rejoicing, bringing in
 Bringing in the sheaves!
 Bringing in the sheaves!
 We shall come rejoicing,
 Bringing in the sheaves!

Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the
 shadows, [chilling breeze;

Fearing neither clouds nor winter's
 By-and-by the harvest and the labour
 ended, [the sheaves.

We shall come rejoicing, bringing in
 Go then, Master, weeping, sowing for the
 Master, [often grieves:

Though the loss sustained our spirit
 When our weeping's over, He will bid
 us welcome, [the sheaves.

We shall come rejoicing, bringing in

162 Tune—Redemption Songs No. 418

In the harvest field there is work to do,
 For the grain is ripe and the reapers few.
 And the Master's voice bids the workers
 true,

Heed the call that He gives to-day.

Labour on, labour on,
 Keep the bright reward in view;
 'Tis the Master's command,

He will strength renew;
 Labour on till close of day.

Fill the garner well, with the sheaves
 all bright, [be light,

Fill the precious hours, ere the shades
 Let the song be glad, and the heart

of night
 Take the place of the golden day.

In the gleaner's path may be rich re-
 ward, [labour hard,

Though the time seems long and the
 But the Master's joy with His chosen
 shared, [day.

Drives the gloom from the darkest
 Lo! the Harvest Home, in the realms

above, [and grove,
 Shall be reached by each who has toil'd

When the Master's voice in sweet
 words of love

Calls away to eternal due.

163 Tune—S and S No. 57

When wilt Thou come, Lord Jesus?
 When shall we see Thy face?
 When shall we enter with Thee
 Into the holy place?
 O what a burst of music
 Then shall be heard on high!
 Loud hallelujahs swelling
 Far o'er the vaulted sky!

Come, then, Oh come, Lord Jesus.
 Thy people wait for Thee—
 Long to be with Thee ever,
 Ever Thy face to see.

Safe evermore with Jesus,
 Inside the pearly door,
 Sin will not there defile us,
 Tears dim our eyes no more.
 Resting by life's clear river,
 Walking the golden street,
 Casting our crowns of glory,
 Down at the Saviour's feet.

Here we are only strangers,
 There we shall be at home,
 Never again as pilgrims,
 Over the waste to roam.
 When wilt Thou come, Lord Jesus?
 When shall we hear Thee say,
 "Rise up, My love, My fair one,
 Rise up and come away"?

164 Tune—Redemption Songs No. 175

Open the door for the children,
 Tenderly gather them in—
 In from the highways and hedges,
 In from the places of sin.
 Some are so young and so helpless,
 Some are so hungry and cold;
 Open the door for the children,
 Gather them into the fold.

Gather them in, gather them in,
 Open the door for the children,
 Gather them into the fold.

Open the door for the children,
 Take the dear lambs by the hand;
 Point them to truth and to Jesus,
 Point them to heaven's bright land,
 Some are so young and so helpless,
 Some are so hungry and cold;
 Open the door for the children,
 Gather them into the fold.

165 Tune—S and S No. 71

Oh precious words that Jesus said!—
 "The soul that comes to Me,
 I will in no wise cast him out,
 Whoever he may be."
 "Whoever he may be, whoever he may
 I will in no wise cast him out, (be
 Whoever he may be."
 Oh precious words that Jesus said!—
 "Come weary souls oppressed,
 Come, take My yoke and learn of Me;
 And I will give you rest."

166 Tune—S and S No. 40

Jesus, my Saviour to Bethlehem came,
 Born in a manger to sorrow and shame
 Oh, it was wonderful—blest be His
 Seeking for me, for me! [Name!]
 Seeking for me! for me! . . .
 Seeking for me! for me! . . . [Name!]
 Oh, it was wonderful—blest be His
 Seeking for me! for me!

Jesus, my Saviour, on Calvary's tree,
 Paid the great debt, and my soul He
 set free; [be?]
 Oh, it was wonderful—how could it
 Dying for me, for me!

Jesus, my Saviour, the same as of old,
 While I was wandering afar from the
 fold, [soul,
 Gently and long did He plead with my
 Calling for me, for me.

167 Tune—S and S No. 401

Lo, a loving Friend is waiting,
 He is calling thee;
 Listen to His voice so tender,
 "Come to Me."

"On the cross for thee I suffered
 Death I bore for thee;
 Can'st thou still refuse My mercy!
 Trust in Me."

"Long hast thou been Satan's captive,
 I will set thee free;
 Then, rejoicing in thy freedom,
 Follow Me."

Many times has Jesus spoken,
 Now He speaks again
 Shall thy Saviour's invitation
 Be in vain?

168 Tune—S and S No. 1070

There is a loving Saviour,
 Who came from heaven above,
 This Saviour's name is Jesus,
 And He is full of love.
 It is the old, old story,
 And yet 'tis ever new,
 It tells of grace and glory,
 'Tis strange and yet 'tis true.

He came a lowly Saviour,
 And as a babe was born,
 An outcast in a manger
 Upon that birthday morn;
 Obedient, humble, patient,
 Worked for His daily food,
 Despised of men, rejected,
 Though always doing good..

He was a dying Saviour;
 The soldier pierced His side,
 And on the cross this Saviour,
 The Lord of glory, died.
 He is a risen Saviour,
 And now in heaven He lives,
 And unto all who trust Him
 Eternal life He gives.

169 Tune—S and S No. 870

We love the good old Bible,
 The glorious Word of God;
 The lamp for those who travel
 O'er all life's dreary road;
 The watchword in life's battle,
 The chart on life's dark sea;
 The beautiful, dear Bible,
 It shall our teacher be.

Who would not love the Bible,
 So beautiful and wise?
 Its teachings, charm the simple,
 And all point to the skies.
 Its stories all so mighty
 Of men so brave to see,
 The beautiful, dear Bible,
 It shall our teacher be.

Then we will hold the Bible—
 The glorious Book of God;
 We'll ne'er forsake the Bible,
 Through all life's future road.
 At home, at school, at business,
 Where ever we may be,
 The beautiful, dear Bible,
 It shall our teacher be.

170 Tune—S and S No. 1070

Hosanna! loud Hosanna!
 The little children sang:
 Through pillared court and temple
 The glorious anthem rang:
 To Jesus who had blessed them,
 Close folded to His breast,
 The children sang their praises,
 The simplest and the best.

From Olivet they followed,
 'Midst an exultant crowd,
 Waving the victor palm branch
 And shouting clear and loud;
 The Lord of men and angels
 Rode on in lowly state,
 Nor scorned that little children
 Should on His bidding wait.

"Hosanna in the highest!"
 That ancient song we sing:
 For Christ is our Redeemer,
 The Lord of heaven our King,
 Oh, let us ever praise Him
 With heart and life and voice,
 And in His blissful presence
 Eternally rejoice!

171 Tune—Golden Bells, No. 72

Children of Jerusalem
 Sang the praise of Jesus' name;
 Children too of later days
 Join to sing the Saviour's praise.
 Hark! hark, hark! while youthful
 voices sing
 Loud hosannas to our King.

We are taught to love the Lord;
 We are taught to read His Word;
 We are taught the way to heaven;
 Praise for all to God be given.
 Parents, teachers, old and young,
 All unite to swell the song:
 Higher and yet higher rise,
 Till hosannas reach the skies.

172 Tune—S and S No. 829

Again we gather in Thy Name,
 According to Thy will;
 Remembering, that in Heav'n above,
 Thou lovest children still.
 O bless to all Thy holy Word,
 And may our lesson be;
 A message to our youthful hearts,
 To draw them unto Thee.

173 Tune—S and S No. 426

O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye
die, [nigh!
When God in great mercy is coming so
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says,
Come, [home,
And angels are waiting to welcome you

How vain the delusion, that while you
delay, [away;
Your hearts may grow better by staying
Come wretched, come starving, come
happy to be, [so free.
While streams of salvation are flowing

And now Christ is ready your souls to
receive, [lieve;
And pardon you freely, if you will be-
If sin is your burden, why will you not
come? [come home.
'Tis you He bids welcome, He bids you

174 Tune—S and S No. 383

The Gospel of the grace of God,
Unchangeably the same, [blood,
"Forgiveness" speaks through Jesus'
"Salvation," in His name.

"Eternal life" for ever sure,
To all who do believe;
"Eternal glory" kept secure,
For those who Christ receive.

Nor height, nor depth, nor earth, nor
Shall ever them remove, [hell
Who in the heart of Jesus dwell,
Who know and trust His love.

175 Tune—Redemption Songs No. 65

Into a tent where a gipsy boy lay,
Dying alone at the close of the day,
News of salvation were carried—said he
"Nobody ever has told it to me."

Tell it again—tell it again,
Salvation's story repeat it o'er and
o'er, [of men:
Till none can say of the children
"Nobody ever has told it before."

"Did He so love me, a poor little boy,
Send unto me the glad tidings of joy;
Need I not perish, my hand will He
hold,
Nobody ever the story has told."

Bending, we caught the last sighs of
his breath,
Just as he entered the valley of death:
"God loved the world—whosoever saith
He, [me."
Then I am sure that He sent Him for

Smiling, He said as his last sigh was
spent, [sent,"
"I am so glad that for me He was
Whispered, as low sank the sun in the
west, [rest."
"Lord, I believe—tell it now to the

176 Tune—S and S No. 669

Far away from God and heaven,
I, a wayward child,
Like a straying lamb had wandered
Into deserts wild:
But the gentle Shepherd sought me,
Won me by His charms:
Safe away from danger brought me
In His loving arms.

Led me by the stillest waters
Pardoned all my sin;
To His bosom close He pressed me,
Into pastures green.
Now all day I'm glad and joyful,
Happy in His love;
All the night my rest is peaceful—
Guarded from above.

177 Tune—Redemption Songs No. 137

"Look unto Me, and be ye saved!"
Look, men of nations all; [young;
Look, rich and poor; look, old and
Look, sinners, great and small!

Look unto Him, and be ye saved!
O weary, troubled soul!
Oh, look to Jesus while you may;
One look will make thee whole.

"Look unto Me, and be ye saved!"
Look from your doubts and fears;
Look from your sins of crimson dye,
Look from your prayers and tears.

178 Tune—S and S No. 475

There's a book I love to read,
It is the Book of God;
There I find that Jesus suffered,
Shed for me His blood.

Jesus died and paid it all,
All the debt I owe;
Something either great or small
For love to Him I'll do.

'Twas for me that Jesus died
On the cruel tree;
There He bowed His thorn-clad head.
Oh, what agony!

'Twas my sins that nailed Him there,
Mine that shed His blood;
Mine that pierced the bleeding side
Of the Son of God.

Now my life shall all be given
To my risen Lord,
Walking in His way to heaven,
Following His Word.

179 Tune—S and S No. 452

Still undecided? still closed thy heart;
Slight not the Saviour 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
Look at My hands, and see, [choice;
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
What if the word were passed, [grace;
This night would be thy last?
Where would thy soul be cast?
Where hide thy face?

180 Tune—S and S No. 32

Once, in royal David's city,
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her Baby,
In a manger for His bed.
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little Child.

He came down to earth from heaven,
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall;
With the poor His lot was cast,
For our sins He died at last.

And through all His wondrous childhood
He would honour and obey,
Love and watch the lowly mother,
In whose gentle arms He lay.
Christian children all should be
Kind, obedient, as was He.

181 Tune—Golden Bells No. 193

Hark! the Gospel news is sounding,
Christ has suffered on the tree;
Streams of mercy are abounding,
Grace for all is rich and free;
Guilty sinner,
Look to Him who died for thee.
Grace is flowing like a river,
Millions there have been supplied;
Still it flows as fresh as ever
From the Saviour's wounded side;
None need perish,
All may live for Christ has died.

182 Tune—S and S No. 427

Down from the glory the Saviour came,
Down to the cross and the death of
shame;
Gazing in wonder I there exclaim—
Jesus died for me.
Jesus died for me: Jesus died for me;
This is my boast, and this my song—
Jesus died for me.

There as my Surety, He firmly stood,
Paid for my ransom His precious
blood;
Died for my sin, to bring me to God—
Jesus died for me.

Now in the Gospel He sends to thee,
News of salvation and pardon free,
Whoso believeth, his song shall be—
Jesus died for me.

183 Tune—Evangelistic Hymn Book
No. 183

Jesus is the children's Friend,
Loving, faithful, to the end;
Richest gifts from Him descend,
Joy and peace.

Once from heaven to earth He came,
Suffered death, contempt and blame,
Died upon a cross of shame,
Crowned with thorns.

'Twas our sinful souls to save
Thus His precious blood He gave!
Ransomed now from sin's dark grave,
We may sing.

Oh, what boundless grace and love,
Passing all our thoughts above!
Fear and unbelief remove
At the cross.

184 Tune—Angelic Hymn Book
No. 184

The way to heaven is narrow,
Its blessed entrance straight;
How safe the little pilgrims
Who get within the gate!

The sunbeams of the morning
Make the narrow pathway fair;
These early little pilgrims
Find dewy blessings there.

They pass o'er rugged mountains,
They climb them with a song;
These early little pilgrims
Have sandals new and strong.
They know it leads to heaven,
With bright and open gates,
Where for each little pilgrim
A Saviour's welcome waits.

185 Tune—S and S No. 427

Look to the Saviour on Calvary's tree—
See how He suffered for you and me;
Hark, while He lovingly calls to thee,
"Look, and thou shalt live!"

Look, and thou shalt live!
Look, and thou shalt live!
Look to the cross where He died for
thee;

Look, and thou shalt live!
Hast thou a sin-burdened soul to save?
Life everlasting would'st thou have?
Jesus Himself a ransom gave:
Look, and thou shalt live!

Look to the Saviour who rose from the
tomb, [room!
Haste now to Him, while there is yet
His love and grace will dispel thy gloom
Look, and thou shalt live!

186 Tune—S and S No. 1199

God bless our Sunday School,
Increase our Sunday School,
God bless our School.
On it in mercy shine:
May every child be Thine,
And love all hearts entwine!
God bless our School.

187 Tune—Songs and Solos, 528.

Sleep on, beloved, sleep, and take thy
rest, [breast
Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour's
We love thee well; but Jesus loves thee
best—

Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!
Calm is thy slumber as an infant's sleep
But thou shalt wake no more to toil
and weep;

Thine is a perfect rest, secure, and deep
Good-night!
Until the shadows from this earth are
cast; [last;

Until He gathers in His sheaves at
Until the twilight gloom is overpast—
Good-night!

Until we meet again before His throne,
Clothed in the spotless robe He gives
His own,
Until we know even as we are known—
Good-night!

188 Tune—Redemption Songs No. 379

I have a song I love to sing,
Since I have been redeemed,
Of my Redeemer, Saviour, King,
Since I have been redeemed.
Since I . . . have been redeemed . . .
I will glory in His name,
Since I . . . have been redeemed . . .
I will glory in the Saviour's name

I have a Christ that satisfies,
Since I have been redeemed,
To do His will my highest prize,
Since I have been redeemed.
I have a witness bright and clear,
Since I have been redeemed,
Dispelling every doubt and fear,
Since I have been redeemed.
I have a joy I can't express,
Since I have been redeemed,
All thro' His blood and righteousness
Since I have been redeemed.

189 Tune—Redemption Songs No. 96

Come sinners to the living One,
 He's just the same Jesus,
 As when He raised the widow's son,
 The very same Jesus.

The very same Jesus, the wonder-
 working Jesus. [the same,
 Oh praise His Name, He's just
 The very same Jesus.

Come feast upon the living bread,
 As when the multitudes He fed.

Come tell Him all your griefs and fears
 As when He shed those loving tears.

Then calm 'midst waves of trouble be,
 As when He hush'd the raging sea.

Some day our raptur'd eyes shall see,
 Oh blessed day for you and me!

190 Tune—Redemption Songs No. 274

O how can I praise the God of all grace
 Who saved me and shewed me the light
 of His face;

Happy day! Happy day! [away.
 When Jesus my Saviour my sins washed

He welcomed me in, forgave all my sin,
 Then gave me a place His bright King-
 dom within;

And daily I prove how great is His love
 As He guides me in safety to glory above

191 Tune—New Hymns and Solos, 31.

Preach the gospel, sound it forth,
 Tell of free and full salvation;
 Spread the tidings o'er the earth,
 Go to every tribe and nation,

Spread the joyful tidings, in anthem
 and story; [Him the glory
 Jesus hath redeemed us, oh give

Preach the Gospel, make it clear,
 By the blood of Christ remission;
 Give the message, make them hear—
 This alone is our commission.

Preach the gospel as if God
 Sinners lost through you were seeking;
 Preach redemption through the Blood;
 Speak, as if the Lord were speaking.

192 Tune—Redemption Songs No. 129

When God in days of old to man,
 The way of life made known,
 He taught His great redemption plan
 Was by shed blood alone.

Redemption! Redemption!
 The blood of Christ doth bring,
 Redemption! Redemption!
 My lips shall ever sing.

When on the Cross the Saviour died,
 The ransom price was paid;
 And God to shew His heart's delight,
 Hath raised Him from the dead.

Exalted now at God's right hand,
 He liveth evermore; [stand,
 And there His ransomed saints shall
 To praise Him and adore.

193 Tune—S and S No. 779

Gather them in! for there is yet room
 At the feast that the King has spread
 Oh gather them in!—let His house be
 filled
 And the hungry and poor be fed.

Out in the highway, out in the
 byeway,
 Out in the dark paths of sin,
 Go forth, go forth with a loving
 heart,
 And gather the wand'ers in!

Gather them in! for there yet is room.
 But our hearts—how they throb with
 pain, [call,
 To think of the many who slight the
 That may never be heard again.

Gather them in! for there yet is room,
 'Tis a message from God above;
 Oh gather them in to be saved by grace,
 And to taste of the Saviour's love.

194 Tune--New Hymns and Solos, 89.

"It is finished!" what a Gospel!
 Nothing has been left to do
 But to take with grateful gladness
 What the Saviour did for you.
 It is finished, Hallelujah!
 It is finished, Hallelujah! [jah]
 Christ the work has fully done, Hallelu-
 All who will may have their pardon
 Through the blood of God's dear
 Son.

"It is finished!" what a Gospel!
 Here each weary laden breast,
 That accepts God's great salvation,
 Enters into perfect rest.

"It is finished!" what a Gospel!
 Jesus died to save your soul;
 Have you taken His salvation?
 Have you let Him make you whole?

195 Tune--S and S No. 439

Where will you spend Eternity?
 This question comes to you and me!
 Tell me, what shall your answer be--
 Where will you spend Eternity?
 Eternity! Eternity!
 Where will you spend Eternity?

Many are choosing Christ to-day,
 Turning from all their sins away;
 Heaven shall their blessed portion be!
 Where will you spend Eternity?

Leaving the straight and narrow way,
 Going the downward road to-day;
 What shall the final ending be--
 Where will you spend Eternity?

Turn, and believe this very hour,
 Trust in the Saviour's grace and power
 Then shall your joyous answer be,
 "Saved through a long Eternity!"
 Eternity! Eternity!
 Saved through a long Eternity.

196 Tune--Redemption Songs No. 428

Saved--for ever, saved to-day!
 Let hell's ocean roar and shock;
 I can smile at waves and spray
 From the everlasting Rock;
 Oh this heavenly ecstasy!
 Glorious, infinite, Divine,
 What shall move or trouble me?
 I am Christ's, and He is mine.

Heaven wears a brighter blue,
 Earth a robe of sweeter green,
 All around a happy hue,
 By my former eyes unseen,
 Brighter suns around me wheel,
 Brighter stars above me shine,
 Everywhere I only feel
 I am Christ's and He is mine.
 Sin, or death, or hell's alarm,
 Cannot shake my hallowed rest,
 I am in my Saviour's arms,
 I am on my Saviour's breast!
 Time, and earth, and heaven may see,
 Fading suns for aye decline,
 But, to all Eternity,
 I am Christ's, and Christ is mine.

197 Tune--S and S No. 879

Will your anchor hold in the storms of
 life, [strife?
 When the clouds unfold their wings of
 When the strong tides lift, and the
 cables strain,
 Will your anchor drift, or firm remain?
 We have an anchor that keeps the
 soul [roll,
 Steadfast and sure while the billows
 Fastened to the Rock which cannot
 move, [our's love.
 Grounded firm and deep in the Savi-
 Will your anchor hold in the straits
 of fear, [is near,
 When the breakers roar and the reel
 When the surges rave and the wild
 winds blow, [o'erflow?
 Will the angry waves then your bark
 Will your anchor hold in the floods of
 death, [breath?
 When the waters cold chill your latest
 On the rising tide you can never fail,
 While your anchor holds within the veil.
 Will your eyes behold thro' the morn-
 ing light

The city of gold and the harbour bright?
 Will you anchor safe by the heavenly
 shore, [more?
 When life's storms are past for ever-

198 Tune--Evangelistic Hymn Book
No. 235

God could not pass the sinner by,
 His sin demanded he should die;
 But in the cross of Christ we see,
 How God can save, yet righteous be

The sinner who on Christ believes,
Forgiveness, life and joy receives,
And pointing to His precious blood,
Can sing "It made my peace with God."

199 Tune—S and S No. 367

'Tis a true and faithful saying,
Jesus died for sinful men;
Though we've told the story often,
We must tell it o'er again.

Oh glad and glorious Gospel,
With joy we now proclaim,
A full and free salvation,
Through faith in Jesus' name

He has made a full atonement,
His atoning work is done;
He has glorified the Father,
Who accepts us in His Son.

Still upon His hands the nail-prints,
And the scars upon His brow:
Our Redeemer, Lord, and Saviour,
In the glory standeth now.

But remember, this same Jesus
In the clouds will come again;
And with Him His blood-bought people,
Evermore shall live and reign.

200 Tune—S and S No. 450

Oh what will you do with Jesus?
The call comes low and sweet;
And tenderly He bids you
Your burdens lay at His feet.
Oh 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?

201 Tune—Golden Belis No. 627

We have heard the wondrous tidings
Of Thy grace in other climes;
And we pray that we may witness,
Similar refreshing times.
Lord, revive us,
In our own beloved land.

We have heard how young and aged,
Deem their richest gain but loss;
How the wealthiest and poorest
Meet together at the Cross.
Lord, revive us,
In our own beloved land.

We have heard how Jew and Gentile
Flock to hear the Gospel's sound;
How they yield to Christ the Saviour,
Who by Satan's chains were bound.
Lord, revive us,
In our own beloved land.

202 Tune—New Songs and Solos, 62.

How do I know my sins forgiven?
My Saviour tells me so!
That now I am an heir of heaven?
My Saviour tells me so!

By trusting Christ the witness came:
My Saviour tells me so!
The pardon's free in Jesus' name;
My Saviour tells me so!

Believe, and thou shalt surely live;
My Saviour tells me so!
The Spirit's witness God will give:
My Saviour tells me so!

Though rough the way I shall endure
My Saviour tells me so!
His sheep are ever kept secure;
My Saviour tells me so!

How do I know I'll live again?
My Saviour tells me so!
With Christ in glory I shall reign?
My Saviour tells me so!

203 Tune—S and S No. 486

When thy mortal life is fled,
When the death-shade's o'er thee spread
When is finished thy career,
Sinner, where wilt thou appear?

When the world has passed away,
When draws near the judgment day,
When the awful trump shall sound,
Say, oh where wilt thou be found?

When the Judge descends in light,
Clothed in majesty and might,
When the wicked quail with fear,
Where, oh where wilt thou appear?

Soon the Gospel's day will end,
Grace no more its message send;
While it lingers, sinner flee,
Jesus still awaits for thee.

204 Tune—S and S No. 906

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

I wandered on in the darkness,
Not a ray of light could I see;
And the thought filled my heart with
sadness,

There's no hope for a sinner like me.

And then, in that dark lonely hour,
A voice sweetly whispered to me,
Saying, "Look unto Me!—I have power
To save a poor sinner like thee."

I then fully trusted in Jesus;
And oh, how a joy came to me!
My heart was filled with His praises,
For saving a sinner like me.

No longer in darkness I'm walking,
The light is now shining on me;
And now unto others I'm telling,
How He saved a poor sinner like me.

And when life's journey is over,
And I the dear Saviour shall see,
I'll praise Him for ever and ever,
For saving a sinner like me.

205 Tune—S and S No. 129

There is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

I do believe, I will believe,
That Jesus died for me,
That on the cross He shed His blood
From sin to set me free.

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

Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God,
Be saved, to sin no more.

E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy wounds supplied for me,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall for ever be.

Soon, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save: [through
And with the heavenly blood-bought
My palm of victory wave.

206 Tune—S and S No. 361

Behold, behold the wondrous love,
That flows to man from God above,
Through Christ, His only Son, who gave
His precious blood our souls to save.

All praise and glory be unto Jesus,
For He hath purchased a full salva-
tion;

Behold, how wondrous the proclama-
"Whosoever will may come!"

Behold the Lamb of God who died,
His wounded hands, His bleeding side;
Now all may come, by sin oppress,
And find in Him sweet peace and rest.

Behold Him now exalted high
Above the bright and starry sky;
Yet through His Word He calleth still
"Come unto Me" whoever will.

207 Tune—S and S No. 475

I've cast my deadly doing down,
Down at Jesus' feet;
I stand in Him, and Him alone,
Glorious and complete.
Jesus died and paid it all,
All to Him I owe;
And something either great or small
For love to Him I'll do.

Legal work I've given over,
Jesus is my all;
Sins that tasted sweet before,
Upon my senses pall.

'Twas my sins that nailed Him there,
Mine that shed His blood;

Mine that pierced the bleeding side
Of the Son of God.
Now my life shall all be given.
To my risen Lord!
Doing all the way to heaven.
Something in His word.

208 Tune—S and S No. 449

Turn thee, O lost one, careworn and
weary. [to-day;
Lo, the good Shepherd is waiting
Seeking to save thee, waiting to bless
thee: [delay!
Haste to receive Him—no longer
Tenderly calling, patiently pleading
Hear the good Shepherd calling
to thee;
Tenderly pleading, patiently calling
Lovingly saying, "Come unto
Me!"
List to His message, hear the good
tidings! [true;
Sinless, yet bearing thy sins on the
Perfect remission, life everlasting,
Through His atonement He offers to
thee.

209 Tune—S and S No. 904

There's not a friend like the lowly Jesus,
No, not one! no, not one!
None else could heal all our soul's
diseases,
No, not one! no, not one!
Jesus knows all about our struggles,
He will guide till the day is done.
There's not a friend like the lowly
Jesus,
No, not one! no, not one!
No friend like Him is so high and holy,
No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and lowly,
No, not one! no, not one!
There's not an hour that He is not near
us,
No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark but His love can cheer
us,
No, not one! no, not one!
Did ever saint find this Friend forsake
him?
No, not one! no, not one!
Or sinner come, and He would not
take him?
No, not one! no, not one!

210 Tune—S and S No. 978

Some day the silver cord will break
And I no more as now shall sing;
But oh, the joy when I shall wake
Within the palace of the King!

And I shall see—Him face to face,
And tell the story—Saved by grace;
And I shall see—Him face to face,
And tell the story—Saved by grace.

Some day my earthly house will fall,
I cannot tell how soon 'twill be;
But this I know—my All in all,
Has now a place in heaven for me.

Some day, when fades the golden sun
Beneath the rosy-tinted west,
My blessed Lord shall say, "Well done!"
And I shall enter into rest.

Some day; till then I'll watch and wait
My lamp all trimmed and burning
bright—
And when my Saviour opens the gate,
I'll rise with joy and take my flight.

211 Tune—S and S No. 650

There is joy in heaven, there is joy to-
day.
For a soul returning from the wild;
See! the Father meets him out upon the
way, [child.
Welcoming His weary, wandering
Glory, glory, now the angles sing,
Glory, glory, now the loud harps ring,
'Tis the ransomed army, like a mighty
sea, [Thee.
Pealing forth their praises. Lord, to
There is joy in heaven, there is joy to
day,
For the wanderer now is reconciled:
Yes, a soul is rescued from his sinful
way,
And is born anew a ransomed child.

There is joy in heaven, there is joy to-
day, [strain,
Angels swell the glad triumphant
Tell the joyful tidings, bear it far away,
For a precious soul is "born again."

212 Tune—Songs and Solos, R.E.,
No. 901.

I have been at the altar and witnessed
the Lamb,

Burnt wholly to ashes for me;
And watched its sweet savour ascending
Accepted, O Father, by Thee [on high

And lo, while I gazed at the glorious
sight,

A voice from above reached mine ears
"By this thine iniquity's taken away,
And no trace of it on thee appears.

"An end of thy sin has been made for
thee here,

By Him who its penalty bore,
With blood it is blotted eternally out,
And I will not remember it more."

O Lord, I believe it, with wonder and
joy—

Confirm Thou this precious belief;
While daily I learn that I am, in myself,
Of sinners the vilest and chief.

213 Tune—S and S No. 473

Just as thou art—without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
Or meetness for the heavenly place—
O guilty sinner, come.

Burden'd with guilt, wouldst thou be
blest?

Trust not the world—it gives no rest;
Christ brings relief to hearts oppress—
O weary sinner, come.

Come, leave thy burden at the cross;
Count all thy gains but empty dross:
My grace repays all earthly loss—
O needy sinner, come.

Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears
Thy mercy's voice salutes thine ears—
O trembling sinner, come.

214 Tune—Redemption Songs No. 128

There's a song my heart is singing,
In my soul its tones are ringing,
Peace and rest and joy 'tis bringing;
Jesus Christ has power to save.

Sing it over and over again to me,
In its wonderful, sweet simplicity;
Tell it o'er—the ocean wave,
Jesus Christ—has power to save!

Oh, that song my soul is thrilling,
Jesus saves the soul that's willing,
Precious truth my heart 'tis filling:
Jesus Christ has power to save!

Sinner, come! and now receive Him,
Look to Jesus, and believe Him;
All your life and service give Him:
Jesus Christ has power to save!

215 Tune—Gospel Choir, No. 117.

Do you dream of the joys of life to come,
As you scatter the seeds of sin?

Are you spurning the Cross that the
Saviour bore,

And yet hoping the crown to win?
"Be not deceived; God is not mock'd;
for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall
he also reap."

Are you casting your seed to the sweep-
ing wind,

As you follow the evil path? [find,
Are you trusting the blossoms of hope to
When the whirlwind shall come in
wrath?

Are you sowing tares when the golden
grain

Should be springing to life and light;
When the harvest of souls shall be
gather'd in

Will you shine as the stars of night?

216 Tune—S and S No. 902

My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' Name.

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

When darkness seems to veil His face
I rest on His unchanging grace:
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil.

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

217 Tune—Songs of Victory. 60

On the cross of Calvary
 Jesus died for you and me,
 There He shed His precious blood,
 That from sin we might be free.
 There was full atonement made,
 There my heavy debt was paid,
 It was for me that Jesus died,
 On the cross of Calvary.

O Calvary!—O Calvary!—
 It was for me that Jesus died,
 On the cross of Calvary.

Clouds and darkness veil'd the sky,
 When the Lord was crucified,
 "It is finish'd," was His cry,
 When He bowed His head, and died.
 Hallelujah, let us raise
 Songs of triumph and of praise,
 It was for me that Jesus died,
 On the cross of Calvary.

'Twas that wondrous, wondrous love,
 Brought me down at Jesus' feet,
 All its fulness we may prove
 In a sacrifice complete.
 Here I give myself to Thee,
 Soul and body Thine to be,
 It was for me Thy blood was shed,
 On the cross of Calvary.

218 Tune—Redemption Songs No. 87

Come away to Jesus; He is willing to
 forgive [moment that you live;
 His love will shine around you, every
 You'll find Him good and true, the pil-
 grim journey thro', [can do.
 He'll do better for you than this world
 He'll do better for you than this world
 can do, [true;
 He's a mighty Saviour, He is good and
 He'll save you by His grace, until you
 see His face [can do.
 He'll do better for you than this world

Come away to Jesus; let illusive trifles
 go, [bestow;
 For everlasting blessing He is able to
 He'll answer when you pray, He'll keep
 you all the way, [day.
 Lead you up and onward to His perfect

Come away to Jesus, from your earthly
 idols part, [ties the heart;
 And take His great salvation, for it satis-
 He'll open to your view, His treasures
 ever new, [can do.
 He'll do better for you than this world

219 Tune—Redemption Songs No. 127

O sweet is the story of Jesus,
 The wonderful Saviour of men,
 Who suffered and died for the sinner—
 I'll tell it again and again!

O won-derful, wonderful sto-ry,
 The dearest...that ever was told,—
 I'll repeat it in glo-ry,
 The wonderful sto-ry,
 Where I—shall His beauty behold..

He came from the brightest of glory;
 His blood as a ransom He gave,
 To purchase eternal redemption,
 And O, He is mighty to save!

His mercy flows on like a river,
 His love is unmeasured and free;
 His grace is for ever sufficient,
 It reaches and purifies me.

220 Tune—S and S No. 119

Christ has for sin atonement made—
 What a wonderful Saviour!
 We are redeemed, the price is paid!
 What a wonderful Saviour!

What a wonderful Saviour is Jesus, my
 Jesus! [Lord!
 What a wonderful Saviour is Jesus my

I praise Him for the cleansing blood,
 That reconciled my soul to God.

He dwells within me day by day,
 And keeps me trusting all the way.

He gives me overcoming power,
 And triumph in each conflict hour,

To Him I'd live with all my heart;
 The world should never share a part.

221 Tune—S and S No. 440

A blessing for you—will you take it?

Choose ye to-day; [it?

A word from the heart—will you speak

Choose ye to-day; [neglect?

Will you believe, or your Saviour

Will you receive, or His mercy reject?

Pause ere you answer, oh, pause and

Choose ye to-day. [reflect—

A death to be feared—will you fear it?

Choose ye to-day;

A voice that invites—will you hear it?

Choose ye to-day; [way;

Straight is the portal and narrow the

Enter, dear soul, and be saved while you

may; [delay—

Think what may hang on a moment's

Choose ye to-day.

222 Tune—S and S No. 476

Lord Jesus, Thou for me did'st die,

For me wast lifted up on high,

And Thou hast brought salvation nigh;

Now take me as I am!

Oh, take me as I am!

Oh, take me as I am!

My only plea—Christ died for me!

Oh, take me as I am!

Helpless I am, and full of guilt,

But yet for me Thy blood was spilt,

And thou canst save me, and Thou wilt;

Oh, take me as I am!

No preparations can I make,

My best resolves I only break;

Oh, save me for Thine own Name's sake,

And take me as I am!

223 Tune—S and S No. 882

And will the Judge descend?

And must the dead arise?

And not a single soul escape

His all-discerning eyes?

How will the sinner stand

The terrors of that day,

When earth and heaven before His face

Astonished shrink away?

But, ere the trumpet shakes

The mansions of the dead,

Hark! from the Gospel's gentle voice,

What joyful tidings spread!

O sinner, claim His grace,
Whose wrath thou canst not bear;
Fly to the shelter of His Cross,
And find salvation there!

224 Tune—S and S No. 129

Can any say, "I do believe

On God's beloved Son,

And trust my soul's salvation on

What He in love has done?"

Yes, I can say, I do believe, etc.

Can any say, "My soul is saved

From judgment, death, and hell;

That Christ is mine, that I ere long

With Him above shall dwell?"

Yes, I can say, my soul is saved etc.

Can any say, "My heart is fixed

Nor longer wants to roam

'Mid scenes of vice and vanity,

Where peace can never come?"

Yes, I can say, my heart is fixed, etc.

225 Tune—Songs of Victory. —

I heard of a Saviour, whose love was
so great, [tree;

That He laid down His life on the

The thorns they were placed on His

beautiful brow,

When He died for a rebel like me.

He died for a rebel like me, like me,

He died for a rebel like me, like me,

The thorns they were placed on His

beautiful brow,

When He died for a rebel like me.

They tell me He wept over sinners ont

day, [knew;]

Saying, "Oh, that your Saviour you

How oft would I gather you under my

wing,

And pardon poor rebels like you."

Oh, that love so amazing, it broke my

hard heart,

And brought me, Lord Jesus, to Thee

And I know when I came, Thou did'st

not cast me out,

But pardoned a rebel like me.

Oh, 'tis true, for lost sinners of all

kinds He saves,

And you He will not cast away;

He waits in His mercy, sweet peace to

bestow,

So come to the Saviour to-day.

226 Tune—Redemption Songs No. 83

Come, sinners, behold what Jesus hath done,
Behold how He suffered for thee;

They crucified Him, God's innocent Son
Forsaken, He died on the tree!

They crucified Him, they crucified Him,
They nailed Him to the tree,
And so there He died, a King crucified,
To save a poor sinner like me—like me.

From heaven He came, He loved you
—He died:

Such love as His never was known;
Behold, on the cross your Lord crucified,
To make you an heir to His throne.

There is nothing to do, for all has been done,
Just simply on Christ to believe;

And God has declared all who trust in
the Son,
The life everlasting receive.

227 Tune—Songs of Victory.

God loved the world so tenderly,
His only Son He gave,
That all who on His name believe,
Its wondrous pow'r will save.

For God so loved the world that He
gave His only Son,
That whosoever believeth in Him
Should not perish, but have ever-
lasting life.

Oh, love that only God can feel,
And only He can show!
Its height and depth, its length and
breadth,
Nor heaven nor earth can know!

Why perish, then, since Jesus died?
Why slight the gracious call? [claim
Why turn from Him whose words pro-
fernal life to, all?

O Saviour, melt these hardened hearts,
And teach them to believe
That whosoever comes to Thee
Shall endless life receive.

228 Tune—S and S No. 381

Once again the Gospel message,
From the Saviour you have heard;
Will you heed the invitation?

Will you turn unto the Lord?
Come believing!—come believing!
Come to Jesus! look and live!
Come believing!—come believing!
Come to Jesus! look and live!

Many summers you have wasted,
Ripened harvests you have seen,
Winter snows by Spring have melted:
Yet you linger in your sin!

Cease of fitness to be thinking;
Do no longer try to "feel";
It is trusting, and not feeling.
That will give the Spirit's seal.

Let your will to God be given,
Trust in Christ's atoning blood;
Look to Jesus now in heaven,
Rest on God's unchanging Word.

229 Tune—S and S No. 32

See the Saviour! Sinners slew Him,
Yet for sinners He was slain;
Sinners now are welcome to Him;
Such compose the Saviour's train:
Sinners, ransom'd by His blood!
Sinners, reconciled to God!

See the holy victim suffer'ing,
Suffering on the cross for you!
Here's an all-sufficient offering;
O believe the record true:
See the Lamb for sinners slain;
Ev'ry other hope is vain.

'Tis a true and faithful saying,—
Jesus came to save the lost;
Grace and truth at once displaying,
God the Saviour, true and just,
Sinners, hear His gracious voice,
In His saving work rejoice.

230 Tune—Redemption Songs No. 78

Would you be free from your burden of
There's power in the blood; [sin?
Would you o'er evil a victory win,
There's wonderful power in the blood
There is pow'r, pow'r, wonder-working
In the blood of the Lamb, [pow'r
There is pow'r, pow'r, wonder-working
pow'r,
In the precious blood of the Lamb.

Would you be free from your passion
and pride?

There's power in the blood; [tide,
Come for your cleansing to Calvary's
There's wonderful power in the blood.

Would you be whiter, much whiter than
There's power in the blood; [snow?
Sin stains are lost in its life-giving flow.
There's wonderful power in the blood.

231 Tune—S and S No. 883

I do not work my soul to save,
For that my Lord has done;
But I would work like any slave.
From love to God's dear Son.

He gave Himself upon the Cross
A sacrifice for me;
And God accepts what He has done,
To save and pardon me.

His precious blood has cleansed my
My sins are all forgiven; [soul.
And now I long to see His face,
And serve Him more in heaven.

232 Tune—S and S No. 401

I am coming, simply coming,
Saviour unto Thee;
Sinful, lost, and sin deserving,
Save Thou me!

Nothing of my own I bring Thee
This my only plea—
Thou hast died for guilty sinners.
Died for me.

Thou alone shalt be my Saviour,
Thou my only Lord,
May Thy grace still keep me cleaving
To Thy Word.

233 Tune—S and S No. 649

I know I love Thee better, Lord,
Than any earthly joy,
For Thou hast given me the peace
Which nothing can destroy.

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

I know that Thou art nearer still
Than any earthly throng,
And sweeter is the thought of Thee
Than any lovely song.

Thou hast put gladness in my heart;
Then well may I be glad!
Without the secret of Thy love
I could not but be sad.

234 Tune—Redemption Songs No. 751

I read that whosoever
May from wrath flee;
God will reject me never,
For that means me.

For that means me,
Yes, that means me;
When I read "whosoever,"
Then that means me.

His blood is efficacious,
His love is free;
To sinners He is gracious
And that means me.

Christ died for every nation,
On Calv'ry's tree;
He died for our salvation,
And that means me.

235 Tune—S and S No. 316

Courage, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble;
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Let the road be rough and dreary,
And its end far out of sight,
Foot it bravely! strong or weary;
Trust in God, and do the right.

Perish policy and cunning!
Perish all that fears the light!
Whether losing, whether winning,
Trust in God, and do the right.

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee—
Trust in God, and do the right.

236 Tune—S and S No. 17

The love of God to sinful men
 Surpasses human thought;
 The giving of His only Son,
 His greatest wonder wrought.

O, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love,
 The love of God to me;
 It brought my Saviour from above.
 To die on Calvary.

Though of the world by sin undone,
 I claim His gift as mine,
 Believing on the Son of God,
 I have the life Divine.

And now my daily work I find
 In telling of that love,
 And pointing others to the way
 That leads to heaven above.

237 Tune—S and S No. 442

The door is still open, wide, wide open
 still, ["who will;"
 The door of salvation, come enter:
 No price is demanded, 'tis open and
 free, [will be.

And none, who would enter rejected
 Stay not till to-morrow, it never may
 come; [there is room!

Now, now is the moment, now, now
 The door of salvation is open and free;
 Poor, lost, ruined sinner, 'tis open
 for thee!

238 Tune—S and S No. 292

There's a firm sheltering Rock and a
 strong fortress tower, [failing power;
 Where the weary and weak can renew
 Where the tempted and care-laden spirit
 may fly, [than I.

I'm sheltered in the Rock that is higher
 Sheltered in the Rock, sheltered in
 the Rock [than I.
 Sheltered in the Rock that is higher

'Tis the refuge of rest through the con-
 flicts of life; [in the strife:

'Tis the calm of the soul when dismayed!
 'Tis the source of salvation that streams
 never dry, [than I.
 I'm sheltered in the Rock that is higher

'Tis my comfort and stay, my deliverer
 and joy, [ills that annoy,
 When the heart is o'erwhelmed with the
 When the fierce-sweeping tempest of
 judgment is nigh, [than I.
 I'm sheltered in the Rock that is higher

239 Tune—S and S No. 398

Not saved are we by trying,
 From self can come no aid;
 'Tis on the blood relying,
 Once for our ransom paid.
 'Tis looking unto Jesus,
 The holy One and just:
 'Tis His great work that saves us—
 It is not Try, but Trust!

It is not Try, but Trust!
 It is not Try, but Trust!
 'Tis His great work that saves us—
 It is not Try, but Trust!

'Twas vain for Israel bitten
 By serpents, on their way,
 To look to their own doing,
 That awful plague to stay:
 The only means of healing,
 When humbled in the dust,
 Was of the Lord's revealing—
 It was not Try but trust!

No deeds of ours are needed
 To make Christ's merit more;
 No frames of mind, or feelings
 Can add to His great store:
 'Tis simply to receive Him,
 The holy One and just;
 'Tis only to believe Him—
 It is not Try, but Trust!

240 Tune—S and S No. 848

'Tis the grandest theme through the
 ages rung;
 'Tis the grandest theme for a mortal
 tongue,
 'Tis the grandest theme that the world
 e'er sung,
 "Our God is able to deliver thee."

He is a_able to deliver thee,
 He is a_able to deliver thee,
 Tho' by sin oppress, go to Him for rest;
 Our God is able to deliver thee.

'Tis the grandest theme in the earth or
main; [strain;

'Tis the grandest theme for a mortal

'Tis the grandest theme, tell the world
again,

"Our God is able to deliver thee."

Tis the grandest theme, let the tidings
roll,

To the guilty heart, to the sinful soul,
Look to God in faith, He will make

thee whole,

"Our God is able to deliver thee."

241 Tune—Golden Bells No. 537

Jesus loves the children,
Loves them so, loves them so,
That He died to save them,
From a world of woe.

I am but a little child,
This I know, this I know;
But I love the Saviour,
Because He loves me so.

Jesus bids the children
Come to Him, come to Him,
Even they may find Him
Precious to redeem.

Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Now I pray, humbly pray,
Ever love and keep me,
Take my sins away.

242 Tune—Golden Bells No. 556

Come to Jesus, little one,
Come to Jesus now;
Humbly at His gracious throne
In submission bow.

At His feet confess your sin.
Seek forgiveness there;
For His blood can make you clean—
He will hear your prayer.

Seek His face without delay;
Give Him now your heart;

Tarry not, but, while you may,
Choose the better part.

Come to Jesus, little one,
Come to Jesus now;
Humbly at His gracious throne
In submission bow.

243 Tune—Redemption Songs No. 143

In tenderness He sought me,
Weary and 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 washed the bleeding sin-wounds,
And poured in oil and wine;
He whispered to assure me,
"I've found thee, thou art Mine";
I never heard a sweeter voice,
It made my aching heart rejoice.

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

I'm sitting in His presence,
The sunshine of His face,
While with adoring wonder
His blessings I retrace.
It seems as if eternal days
Are far too short to sound His praise.

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.

244 Tune--Redemption Songs No. 198

I hear the Saviour say,
 "Thy strength indeed is small;
 Come to Me—I'll be thy stay,
 Find in Me thine all in all."
 Jesus paid it all,
 All to Him I owe—
 Sin had left a crimson stain,
 He washed it white as snow.

For nothing good have I,
 Whereby Thy grace to claim;
 Jesus died my soul to save,
 And blessed be His name.

When from my dying bed
 My ransomed soul shall rise,
 "Jesus died my soul to save,"
 Shall rend the vaulted skies.

And when before the throne
 I stand, in limn complete,
 "Jesus died my soul to save,"
 My lips shall still repeat.

245 Tune--Redemption Songs No. 142

I stand all amazed at the love Jesus
 offers me,
 Confused at the grace that so fully He
 proffers me;

I tremble to know that for me He was
 crucified,
 That for me a sinner, He suffered, He
 bled, and died.

Oh! it is wonderful that He should
 care for me,
 Enough to die for me.

Oh, it is wonderful, wonderful to me!

I marvel that He would descend from
 His throne divine,
 To rescue a soul so rebellious and
 proud as mine;

That He should extend His great love
 unto such as I,
 Sufficient to own, to redeem and to
 justify.

I think of His hands pierced and bleed-
 ing to pay the debt!
 Such mercy, such love and devotion
 can I forget?

No, no, I will praise and adore at the
 mercy seat,
 Until at the glorified throne I kneel at
 His feet.

246 Tune--Redemption Songs No. 658

The world looks very beautiful,
 And full of joy to me;
 The sun shines out in glory
 On ev'rything I see;
 I know I shall be happy
 While in the world I stay,
 For I will follow Jesus
 All the way.

For I will follow Jesus
 All the way.

I'm but a youthful pilgrim,
 My journey's just begun:
 They say I'll meet with sorrow
 Before my journey's done;
 The world is full of trouble,
 And trials, too, they say;
 But I will follow Jesus
 All the way.

Then, like a little pilgrim,
 Whatever I may meet,
 I'll take it—joy or sorrow—
 And lay at Jesus' feet:
 He'll comfort me in trouble
 He'll wipe my tears away
 With joy I'll follow Jesus
 All the way.

Then trials cannot vex me,
 And pain I need not fear,
 For when I'm close by Jesus,
 Grief cannot come too near;
 Not even death can harm me,
 When death I meet one day;
 To heav'n I'll follow Jesus
 All the way.

247 Tune--Redemption Songs No. 668

Golden harps are sounding,
 Angel voices ring,
 Pearly gates are opened,
 Opened for the King;
 Christ, the King of Glory,
 Jesus, King of Love,
 Is gone up in triumph
 To His home above.

All His work is ended,
 Joyfully we sing,
 Jesus has ascended!
 Glory to our King!

He who came to save us,
He who bled and died,
Now is crown'd with glory
At His Father's side;
Never more to suffer,
Never more to die—
Jesus, King of glory,
Is gone up on high.

Praying for His children
In that blessed place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them His grace;
His bright home preparing,
Little ones, for you,
Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.

248 Tune--Redemption Songs No. 681

Whither, pilgrims, are you going,
Going each with staff in hand?
We are going on a journey,
Going at our King's command.
Over hills, and plains, and valleys,
We are going to His palace,
We are going to His palace,
Going to the better land.

Tell us, pilgrims, what you hope for,
In that far-off, better land?
Spotless robes and crowns of glory,
From a Saviour's loving hand.
We shall drink of life's clear river,
We shall dwell with God for ever,
We shall dwell with God for ever,
In that bright, that better land.

Pilgrims, may we travel with you
To that bright and better land?
Come and welcome, come and welcome,
Welcome to our pilgrim band.
Come, oh! come, and do not leave us;
Christ is waiting to receive us,
Christ is waiting to receive us,
In that bright, that better land.

249 Tune--Redemption Songs No. 661

God make my life a little light,
Within the world to glow;
A little flame that burneth bright
Wherever I may go.

God make my life a little flower,
That giveth joy to all;
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although the place be small.

God make my life a little song,
That comforteth the sad;
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.

God make my life a little staff,
Whereon the weak may rest;
That so what health and strength I have
May serve my neighbours best.

God make my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and praise,
Of faith that never waxeth dim,
In all His wondrous ways.

250 Tune--Redemption Songs No. 175

O word, of words the sweetest,
O word, in which there lie,
All promise, all fulfilment,
And end of mystery!
Lamenting, or rejoicing,
With doubt or terror nigh,
I hear the "Come!" of Jesus,
And to His cross I fly.

"Come! oh, come to Me!-----
Come! oh, come to Me!"-----
"Weary, heavy-laden,
Come! oh, come to Me!"

O soul! why shouldst thou wander
From such a loving Friend?
Cling closer, closer to Him,
Stay with Him to the end;
Alas! I am so helpless,
So very full of sin,
For I am ever wand'ring,
And coming back again.

Oh, each time draw me nearer,
That soon the "Come" may be
Nought but a gentle whisper,
To one close, close to Thee;
Then, over sea and mountain,
Far from or near my home,
I'll take Thy hand and follow,
At that sweet whisper, "Come!"

CHORUSES.

1

I'm so happy, none so happy,
I've believed with all my heart the
blessed story;

Won't you join me, won't you join me,
And together we will travel on to glory

2

O, He's the Saviour for me,
He died on Calvary's tree;
He cleansed my soul and He made me
whole,

And He's the Saviour for me.

O, I am happy in Him,
He fills my cup to the brim:
I lie and rest on His loving breast,
For I am happy in Him.

3

God has blotted them out,
I'm happy and glad and free;
God has blotted them out,
I'll turn to Isaiah and see,
Chapter forty-four, twenty-two and
three,

He's blotted them out,
And now I can shout,
For that means me.

4

Scarlet, scarlet, tho' your sins be scar-
let,
They shall be as white as snow in the
precious blood;
Crimson, crimson, tho' they're red like
crimson,
By the grace of God they shall be white
as snow.

5

Bought, bought, bought with a price,
No, not with silver or gold;
But with the Blood that my Saviour
shed
On Calvary of old.

6

Nothing to pay, there's nothing to pay,
Straight is the gate and narrow the way
Book on the up-line, start off to-day,
*Glasgow to glory and nothing to pay.
*Put in name of own town.

7

Ev'rybody should know,
Ev'rybody should know,
I have such a wonderful Saviour,
That ev'rybody should know.

8

A sunbeam, a sunbeam,
Jesus wants me for a sunbeam;
A sunbeam, a sunbeam,
I'll be a sunbeam for Him.

9

There is a fountain flowing to-day,
Flowing to wash the stain of sin away;
Come now poor sinner plunge in its
flow,
Jesus will cleanse and make you white
as snow.

10

Never need you shed a tear,
Never need you have a fear,
But simply trusting wholly in
God's finished work,
Thus you may obtain good cheer.

11

Joy-bells ringing in your heart,
Joy-bells ringing in your heart,
Take the Saviour here below,
With you ev'rywhere you go;
He will keep the joy-bells ringing in
your heart.

12

Only a sinner saved by grace!
Only a sinner saved by grace!
This is my story,
To God be the glory,
I'm only a sinner saved by grace!

13

My sins were as high as a mountain,
They all disappeared in the fountain,
He wrote my name down,
For a palace and crown,
And bless His dear Name, I am free.

14

Grace there is my every debt to pay,
Blood to wash my ev'ry stain away,
Power to keep me holy day by day,
In Christ for me.

15

You may look for me, for I'll be there,
I'll be there, I'll be there;
You may look for me, for I'll be there,
In the summer land above.

16 "Whosoever will may come,"
"Whosoever will may come,"

Then bring all your sins to the
Saviour,
For "Whosoever will may come."

17 He's the One I love at morning,

He's the One I love at noon;
He's the One at evening twilight,
He's the One at midnight gloom;
He's the Oak, and I'm the ivy,
He's the Potter, I'm the clay,
And for Him and me
There'll never come a parting day.

18 Since Jesus came into my heart,

Since Jesus came into my heart,
Waves of joy o'er my soul,
Like the sea billows roll,
Since Jesus came into my heart.

19 'Tis good to live in Canaan,

Where grapes of Eschol grow,
'Tis good to live in Canaan,
Where milk and honey flow,
'Tis good to live in Canaan,
And full salvation know,
I find it's good to live in Canaan.

20

Sow, sow, sow,
Scatter seeds of precious truth ev'ry-
where you go;

Sow, sow, 'sow,
And God will fruit bestow,
And it will keep your heart aglow,
So sow, sow, sow.

21

Oh, there's nothing to do, and there's
nothing to pay,
And there's no need to weep, to work,
or to pray;

Jesus has died, and salvation's com-
plete,
And He pardons the sinner who bows
at His feet;

Only trust Him, only trust Him,
Only trust Him, poor soul, and go
free.

22

You need not look for me, down in
Egypt's sand,
For I have pitch'd my tent far up in
Beulah Land;
No, do not look for me, down in
Egypt's sand,
But pack your traps, and join me up
in Canaan grand.

23

There is just one door and only one,
And yet its sides are two,
An inside and a cold outside;
On which side now are you?
Oh, cross the threshold now,
Make haste, and part with sin,
To Jesus humbly bow,
And God will shut you in.

24

The battle may be stiff, and the foe be
very strong,
But I'm striving for the right, and I'm
up against the wrong;
Jesus is my Captain, and I know He'll
guide me true,
And with such a Commander to lead
me, I'm going thro'.

25 Marching onward day by day,

Trust your Captain all the way;
When the foe's in nigh, we shall prove
More than conquerors thro' His love.

26 1 2 3 4 5 6 7

We are on our way to heaven,
Thro' the blood of God's dear Son,
7 6 5 4 3 2 1

27 Whiter than the snow!

Whiter than the snow!
The heart that's wash'd in Jesus' blood
is whiter than the snow.
For when we let the Saviour enter,
Out the sin must go
From the heart that's whiter,
Whiter than the snow.

28

Countless blessings, coming o'er and
o'er,

Far out-number sands upon the shore;
Coming in our sadness,
Bringing joy and gladness,
Let us praise the Lord for evermore.

Look, look, look, look,
L-O-O-K, children, look,

If you look to the Lord, you will get
your reward,

Children, look, look, look.

30

Romans ten and nine is a fav'rite verse
of mine,

Confessing Christ as Lord. I am saved
by grace divine;

For there the words of promise in
golden letters shine,

Romans ten and nine.

31 Just a little word from you,
Just a little word from you;
Wondrous things the Lord may do,
By just a little word from you.

32

I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life,
no man cometh unto the Father
but by Me.

I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life,
no man cometh unto the Father
but by Me.

33

All pow'r is given unto Mel (unto
Mel), all pow'r is given unto Mel
Go ye into all the world and
preach the Gospel, and, lo, I am
with you alway.

34 Thanks be unto God,
Thanks be unto God,
Who giveth us the victory,
Who giveth us the victory,
Who giveth us the victory,
Thro' our Lord Jesus Christ.

35

With Jesus I'm walking in realms of
love,

With Jesus my Lord,
With Jesus my Lord;
Together we walk,
Together we talk,

With Jesus I'm walking in realms of
love.

36 Oh, to be kept for Jesus,
Oh to be all His own;
Kept to be His for ever,
Kept to be His alone

37 Our God is able and He will,
Our God is able and He will,
Able to save, able to keep,
Our God is able and He will.

38 Jesus is coming again,
Jesus is coming again,
Is it not glorious tidings,
Coming His own to receive?
Jesus is coming again,
Coming, yes coming again,
Coming with power and glory,
Jesus is coming again.

39 Let us sing a happy song,
As we march along,
That our hearts may cheerful be;
Sing of Jesus and His love,
Who from heav'n above,
Came to ransom sinners just like me.

40 O, come and be a soldier, too,
And do a soldier's share,
The Captain is the Lord Himself,
The field is ev'rywhere.

41 I always go to the Sunday School
(Altho' I sometimes am late);
For there they tell me how Jesus died,
To ransom the small and great;
And tho' my chums try to laugh at me,
And say I'm just a fool,
Yet whether or no, I'm going to go
To the Sunday School.

42 He knows, He loves, He cares,
My burdens, Jesus shares,
Whate'er betide,
He's by my side,
He knows, He loves, He cares.

43

1. Be careful little eyes what you see,
Be careful little eyes what you see,
There's a Saviour up above,
Watching over you in love,
So be careful, be careful what you
see.
2. Be careful little ears what you hear,
etc.
3. Be careful little hands what you
do, etc.
4. Be careful little feet where you
go, etc.
5. Be careful little tongue what you
say, etc.

44 Jesus, Jesus only,
He alone can save,
Life to me He gave;
Jesus, Jesus only,
Tell the world that He alone can
save.

45
There's a fight to be fought, and
race to be run,
And dangers to meet on the way,
But the Lord is my Light, and the
Lord is my Life,
And the Lord is my Strength and
Stay.

46 Ask, ask, ask,
Ask, and it shall be given you;
Seek, seek, seek,
Seek, and ye shall find;
Knock, knock, knock,
Knock, and it shall be opened—
Knock, and it shall be opened unto
you.

47 I am the Door, I am the Door;
By Me if any man enter in,
He shall be saved, he shall be saved;
If any man enter
He shall be saved.

48 Can you be trusted to shine?
Can you be trusted to shine?
Jesus counts upon you to be loyal and
true,
And there is no end to the good you
may do,
If you can be trusted to shine.

49
All, all, all of my heart for Jesus,
My wonderful Saviour, just as it is,
For ever it's His,
Yes, all of my life for Jesus.

50 Down, down, I was sinking down,
Down beneath the waves of sin;
Up, up, Jesus brought me up,
And cleansed me wholly out and in.

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