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238  Praise Him! Praise Him!

Fanny J. Crosby

Verse 1
1. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Redeemer! Sing, O Earth, His wonderful love proclaim! Hail Him! Hail Him! highest archangels in glory; suffered, and bled, and died; He our Rock, our hope of eternal salvation, loud with hosannas ring! Jesus, Savior, reigneth forever and ever;

Refrain
Strength and honor give to His holy name! Like a shepherd, Jesus will guard His children, In His arms He carries them all day long; bore our sorrows, love unbounded, wonderful, deep and strong. Praise Him! praise Him! world victorious, power and glory un to the Lord belong;

tell of His exalted greatness; Praise Him! praise Him! ever in joyful song!
Verses 1 & 2

233

Love Lifted Me

James Rowe

1. I was sinking deep in sin, Far from the peaceful shore, Very deep-ly
2. All my heart to Him I give, Ever to Him I'll cling, In His bless-ed
3. Souls in dan-ger, look a-bove, Je-sus com-plete-ly saves, He will lift you

stained within, Sinking to rise no more; But the Mas-ter of the sea
presence live, Ever His prais-es sing Love so might-y and so true
by His love Out of the an-gry waves, He's the Mas-ter of the sea,

Heard my despair-ing cry, From the wa-ters lift-ed me, Now safe am I.
Mer-its my soul's best songs; Faith-ful, loving ser-vic-e, too. To Him be-longs,
Bls-lows His will o-bey; He your Sav-iour wants to be—Be saved to-day.

Chorus

Love lift-ed me!... Love lift-ed me!... When noth-ing
e-ven me!
e-ven me!

else could help, Love lift-ed me. Love lift-ed me.
38  Take The Name Of Jesus With You

Mrs. Lydia Baxter  W. H. Doane

1. Take the name of Je-sus with you, Child of sor-row and of wee;
2. Take the name of Je-sus ev-er, As a shield from ev'-ry snare;
3. O the precious name of Je-sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je-sus bow-ing, Fall-ing pros-trate at His feet,

It will joy and com-fort give you, Take it, then, where'er you go,
If temp-ta-tions 'round you gath-er, Breathe that ho-ly name in pray'r,
When His lov-ing arms re-ceive us, And His songs our tongues employ!
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour-ney is com-plete.
Take The Name Of Jesus With You

**CHORUS**

Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n;

Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.

Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.

Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.

is grace, my name, and peace, me.
Tell Me The Story Of Jesus

1. Tell me the story of Jesus, Write on my heart every word;
2. Fast-ing a-lone in the des-ert, Tell of the days that are past,
3. Tell of the cross where they nailed Him, Wring-ing in an-guish and pain;

Cho.—Tell me the story of Jesus, Write on my heart every word;

Tell me the story most prec-i-ous, Sweet-est that ev-er was heard.
Tell how the an-gels, in cho-rous, Sang as they welcomed His birth,

Tell me the story most prec-i-ous, Sweet-est that ev-er was heard.
Tell of the years of His la-ber, Tell of the sor-row He bore,

Tell me the story most prec-i-ous, Sweet-est that ev-er was heard.
Love in that story so ten-der, Clear-er than ev-er I see:

D. C. for Chorus

"Glo-ry to God in the high-est! Peace and good ti-dings to earth."
He was de-spised and af-flict-ed, Home-less, de-ject-ed and poor.
Stay, let me weep while you whis-per, Love paid the ran-som for me.
1. Above the hills of time the cross is gleaming, Fair as the sun when night has turned to day; And from it love's pure light is richly streaming, To cleanse the heart and banish sin away.

2. The cross, O Christ, Thy wondrous love revealing, Awakes our hearts as with the light of morn. And pardon o'er our sinful spirits stealing. Tells us, that we, in Thee, have been reborn.

To this dear cross the eyes of men are turning. To-day as like echoes to sweet temple bells replying... Our hearts, O
Above The Hills Of Time

in the a-ges lost to sight; And so for Thee, O Christ, men's hearts are
Lord, make an-swer to Thy love; And we will love Thee with a love un-
yearn-ing As ship-wrecked seamen yearn for morn-ing light.
dy-ing, Till we are gath-ered to Thy home a-bove. A-MEN.
Blessed Assurance

1. Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glory divine! Heir of salvation, pur-chase of God, burst on my sight.

2. Perfect submission, perfect delight, Visions of rapture now happy and blest; Watching and waiting, looking above;

3. Perfect submission, all is at rest, I in my Savior am filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

CHORUS

Born of His Spir-it, washed in His blood, Echoes of mer-cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto-ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-ior all the day long; This is my sto-ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-ior all the day long.
I Love To Tell The Story

KATHERINE HANKEY

1. I love to tell the story Of unseen things above, Of Jesus and His love, I love to tell the story, Because I know 'tis true, It satisfies my longings, As nothing else can do.

2. I love to tell the story; More wonderful it seems Than all the gold-en fanc-ies Of all my golden dreams. I love to tell the story, time I tell it. More won-der-ful-ly sweet. I love to tell the story; ing and thras-ting To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo-ry.

3. I love to tell the story; Tis pleasant to repeat What seems each and His glo-ry, Of Jesus and His love, I love to tell the story, because I know 'tis true, It satisfies my longings, As nothing else can do.

4. I love to tell the story; For those who know it best Seem hun-gry

CHORUS

I love to tell the story! 'Twill be my theme in glo-ry

To tell the old, old story Of Jesus and His love.
1. I will sing the wondrous story Of the Christ who died for me,
2. I was lost, but Jesus found me, Found the sheep that went astray,
3. I was bruised, but Jesus healed me; Faint was I from many a fall;
4. Days of darkness still come o'er me, Sorrow's paths I often tread,
5. He will keep me till the river rolls its waters at my feet;

How He left His home in glory For the cross of Calvary,
Threw His loving arms around me, Drew me back to His way.
Sight was gone, and fears possessed me, But He freed me from them all,
But the Savior still is with me; By His hand I'm safely led,
Then He'll bear me safely over Where the loved ones I shall meet.

Chorus

Yes, I'll sing the wondrous story Of the
Yes, I'll sing the wondrous story

Christ who died for me; Sing it with the saints in
Of the Christ who died for me, Sing it with

glory, Gathered by the crystal sea
the mountain glory, Gathered by
1. 'Twas Love that gave at greatest cost A Life, that mine should not be lost.
2. The love that freely all for-gives In full-ness now with-in me lives;
3. God's love, His mer-cy and His grace, Com-bine to raise a fall-en race;

The Love that died in deep de-spair My debt ful-ly sat-is-fied there. Thro' ev-ery tri-al this I see; His grace is suf-fi-cient for me. His hand is read-y, ere we call, Held out with for-give-ness for all.

CHORUS

It was Love .... that took my place On the cross of Cal-va-ry; It was grace, .... re-deem-ing grace, That paid my ran-som full and free. O-ver sin, .... with-out, with-

It was Love ... that took my place
It was Love that took my place

the cross of Cal-va-ry:

It was grace, ... re-deem-ing grace,

Cal-va-ry:

paid my ran-som full and free. O-ver sin, ... with-out, with-

It was grace, re-deem-ing grace,

paid my ran-som full and free. O-ver sin, with-out, with-
Love, Mercy And Grace

in, with-out, with-in, I have . . . . the vic-to-ry, I have the vic-to-ry,

Thro' grace, mar-vel-ous grace, Thro' grace, mar-vel-ous grace,

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

fair-est of ten thousand to my soul; The Lily of the Valley, in

tation. He's my strong and mighty tower! I have all for Him for-sake- en, and
live by faith and do His bless-ed will; A wall of fire about me, I've

D. S.-Lily of the Valley, the

Him alone I see All I need to cleanse and make me ful-ly whole,
all my idols torn From my heart, and now He keeps me by His pow'r.
noth-ing new to fear, With His man-na He my hun-gry soul shall fill.
bright and Morning Star, He's the fair-est of ten thousand to my soul.

In sor-row He's my com-fort, in trou-ble He's my stay,
Though all the world for-sake me, and Sa-tan tempts me sore,
Then sweep-ing up to glo-ry, to see His bless-ed face,

D. S.

He tells me ev-'ry care on Him to roll, He's the
Through Jesus I shall safe-ly reach the goal; He's the
Where rivers of de-light shall ev-er roll! He's the
Hal-le-lu-jah!
Savior, Like A Shepherd Lead Us

1. Savior, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy tender care;
2. We are Thine; do Thou befriend us, Be the Guardian of our way;
3. Thou hast promised to receive us, Poor and sinful though we be;
4. Early let us seek Thy favor; Early let us do Thy will;

In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy folds prepare;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us, Seek us when we go a-stray;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us, Grace to cleanse, and power to free;
Blessed Lord and only Savior, With Thy love our bosoms fill;

Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus, Hear Thy children when they pray;
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus, Early let us turn to Thee;
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus, Thou hast loved us, love us still;

Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are,
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus, Hear Thy children when they pray,
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus, Early let us turn to Thee,
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus, Thou hast loved us, love us still.
Tell It to Jesus

His disciples... went and told Jesus. Mt. 14:12 Praying always with all prayer and supplication. Eph. 6:18
In every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. Php. 4:6; 1 Pet. 5:7

1. Are you weary, are you heavy-hearted? Tell it to Jesus, Tell it to Jesus;
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbidden? Tell it to Jesus, Tell it to Jesus;
3. Do you fear the gathering clouds of sorrow? Tell it to Jesus, Tell it to Jesus;
4. Are you troubled at the thought of dying? Tell it to Jesus, Tell it to Jesus;

Are you grieving over joys departed? Tell it to Jesus alone.
Have you sins that to men’s eyes are hidden? Tell it to Jesus alone.
Are you anxious what shall be tomorrow? Tell it to Jesus alone.
For Christ’s coming kingdom are you sighing? Tell it to Jesus alone.

Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus, He is a friend that’s well-known;
You’ve no other such a friend or brother, Tell it to Jesus alone.

111 Jesus Is All The World To Me

1. Jesus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Jesus is all the world to me, My Friend in trials sore;
3. Jesus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
4. Jesus is all the world to me, I want no better friend;

He is my strength from day to day, With-out Him I would fall.
I go to Him for blessings, and He gives them o'er and o'er.
Oh, how could I this Friend de-ny, When He's so true to me?
I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleeting days shall end.

When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth-er one can
He sends the sun-shine and the rain, He sends the har-vest's
t-Following Him I know I'm right, He watch-es o'er me
Beautiful life with such a Friend; Beautiful life that

cheer me so; When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my Friend.
gold-en grain; Sun-shine and rain, har-vest of grain, He's my Friend.
day and night; Follow-ing Him, by day and night, He's my Friend.
has no end; Eternal life, eternal joy, He's my Friend.

A-MEN.
The Church In The Wildwood

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

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

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

Fine Chorus

lit-tle brown church in the vale.
weep by the side of the tomb.

Come to the

church in the wild-

wood, Oh, come to the church in the vale;

D.S.

come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;
231  His Eye Is On The Sparrow

1. Why should I feel discouraged, Why should the shadows come, Why should my heart be lonely And long for Heav’n and home, When Jesus is my portion? My constant Friend is He: His eye is on the sparrow, And I know He watches me; His eye is on the sparrow, And I know He watches me.

2. "Let not your heart be troubled," His tender word I hear, And rest-ing place to sighing, When hope within me dies, I draw the closer to Him, From one step I may see: His eye is on the sparrow, And I know He watches me; His eye is on the sparrow, And I know He cares for me.

3. When-ev-er I am temp-ted, When-ev-er clouds a-rise, When songs give hope within me I draw the closer to Him, From one step I may see: His eye is on the sparrow, And I know He watches me; His eye is on the sparrow, And I know He cares for me.

4. Come, Now, Let Come, Now, Let With This Not
His Eye Is On The Sparrow

CHORUS

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

For His eye is on the sparrow, And I know He watches me. A-MEN.
We're Marching To Zion

ISAAC WATTS  ROBERT LOWRY

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known. Join in a song with sweet accord, Join in a song with sweet accord, And children of the heav'n-ly King. But children of the heav'n-ly King, May fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Before we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Or marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To thus surround the throne, And thus surround the throne.

2. Let those refuse to sing Who never knew our God; But speak their joys a-broad, May speak their joys a-broad.

3. The hill of Zion yields A thousand sacred sweets Before we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Or marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To thus surround the throne, And thus surround the throne.

4. Then let our songs a-bound, And every tear be dry; We're fairer worlds on high, To fairer worlds on high.

Chorus

We're marching to Zion, Beautiful, beautiful Zion; We're marching on to Zion, Marching upward to Zion. The beautiful city of God.

Amen.
123

Revive Us Again

WM. P. MACKAY

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je-sus who
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir-it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo-ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. Re-vive us a-gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-
died, and is now gone a-bove.
Sav-kor, and scattered our night. Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the glo-ry, Hal-le-
sins, and has cleansed ev-ry stain.
kim-died with fire from a-bove.
Revive Us Again

Lu-jah! a-men; Hal-lo-lu-jah! Thine the glo-ry, re-vive us a-gain.
Verses 1 & 2

139

**I Am Thine, O Lord**

FANNY J. CROSBY


1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy
love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be
closer drawn to Thee.

2. Con-se-crare me now to Thy serv-ice, Lord, By the pow’r of
grace di-vine; Let my soul look up with a steady-fast hope, And my
will be lost in Thine. Draw me near-er, near-er, bless-ed

3. O the pure de-light of a sin-gle hour That be-fore Thy
thron e I spend, When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God, I com-
mune as friend with friend!

4. There are depths of love that I can-not know Till I cross the
nar-row sea; There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I
rest in peace with Thee, near-er, near-er,

Refrain:

Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me near-er, near-er,
near-er, bless-ed Lord, To Thy pre-cious, bleed-ing side.
Verses 1, 2 & 4

186 Are Ye Able, Said The Master

1. "Are ye able," said the Master, "To be crucified with me?"
2. "Are ye able," to remember, When a thief lifts up his eyes,
3. "Are ye able," when the shadows Close around you with the sod,
4. "Are ye able," still the Master Whispers down eternity,

"Yea," the sturdy dreamers answered, "To the death we follow Thee."
That His pardoned soul is worthy Of a place in Paradise?
To believe that spirit triumphs, To commend your soul to God?
And heroic spirit answers, Now, as then in Galilee.

Refrain

"Lord, we are able," Our spirits are Thine, Remold them,

make us like Thee, divine, Thy guiding radiance above.
us shall be A beacon to God, To love and loyalty.
1. My Lord has garments so won-drous fine, And myrrh their tex-ture fills;
2. His life had al-so its sor-rows sore, For a-l-oes had a part;
3. His gar-ments, too, were in cas-sia dipped, With heal-ing in a touch;
4. In gar-ments glo-ri-ous He will come, To o-pen wide the door;

Its fra-grance reached to this heart of mine, With joy my be-ing thrills.
And when I think of the cross He bore, My eyes with tear-drops start.
Each time my feet in some sin have slipped, He took me from its clutch.
And I shall en-ter my heav’n-ly home, To dwell for-ev-er-more.

Chorus—Duet
Out of the i-vo-ry pal-a-ces In-to a world of woe,

Full Chorus
Du et
On-ly His great e-ter-nal love... Made my Savi-our go...
1. There's a land that is fairer than day, And by faith we can see it afar; For the Father waits o'er the way, To prepare us a dwelling-place there. In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

2. We shall sing on that beautiful shore The melodies of the bliss. And our spirits shall sorrow no more, Not a tribute of praise, For the glorious gift of His love, And the blessings that holy our days. In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

3. To our bountiful Father above, We will offer our Chorus:

sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore. In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

S. F. BENNETT J. P. WELSTON
1. When peace, like a river, Attendeth my way, When sorrows like sea-bills roll; What-ev'er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say, sur'ance cont'l, That Christ has regard-ed my help-less est-tate, part, but the whole, Is nailed to the cross and I bear it no more, back as a scroll, The trumpet shall re-sound and the Lord shall de-scend,

2. Though Satan should buffet, tho' trials should come, Let this blest assur'ance cont'l, That Christ has regard-ed my help-less est-tate, part, but the whole, Is nailed to the cross and I bear it no more, back as a scroll, The trumpet shall re-sound and the Lord shall de-scend,

3. My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious tho't—My sin—not in part, but the whole, Is nailed to the cross and I bear it no more, back as a scroll, The trumpet shall re-sound and the Lord shall de-scend,

4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled

Chorus

It is well, it is well with my soul. And hath shed His own blood for my soul. It is well . . . with my soul, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul! "Even so"—it is well with my soul. It is well

soul, . . . . It is well, it is well with my soul.

with my soul,
I'll Fly Away

1. Some glad morning when this life is o'er, I'll fly away;
2. When the shadows of this life have grown, I'll fly away;
3. Just a few more weary days and then, I'll fly away;
4. To a home on God's celestial shore, I'll fly away;
5. Like a bird from prison bars has flown, I'll fly away;
6. To a land where joys shall never end, I'll fly away;

Refrain

I'll fly away, fly away, fly away, I'll fly away, fly away.

way, o glory, I'll fly away; when I die, in the morning,

Hallelujah, by and by, I'll fly away, fly away.
1. Now the day is o-ver, Night is draw-ing nigh.
2. Je-sus, give the wea-ry Calm and sweet re-pose;
3. Grant to lit-tle chil-dren Vi-sions bright of Thee;
4. Thro' the long night-watch-es May Thine an-gels spread;
5. When the morn-ing wak-ens, Then may I a-rise.

Shad-ows of the eve-ning Steal a-cross the sky.
With Thy ten-d'rest bless-ing May our eye-lids close.
Guard the sail-or's toss-ing On the deep blue sea.
Their white wings a-bove me, Watching 'round my bed.
Pure and fresh and sin-less In Thy ho-ly eyes. A-MEN.