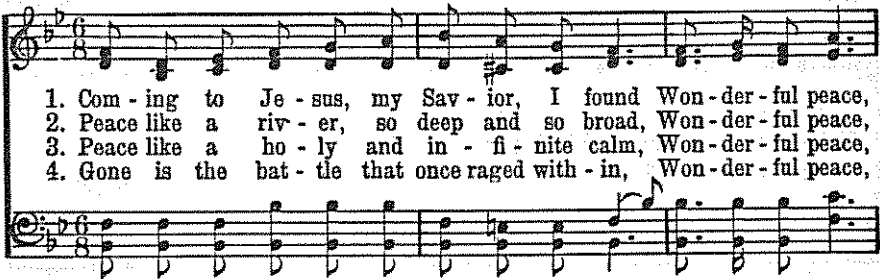


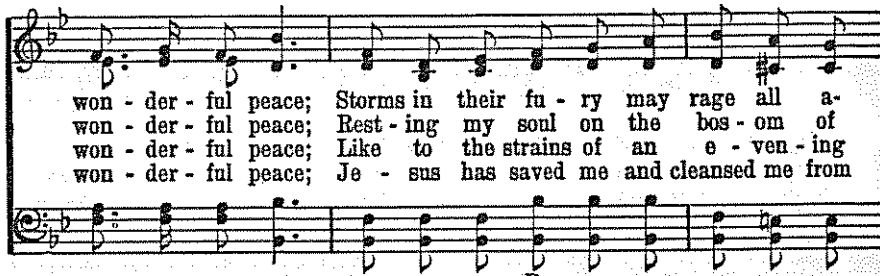
# Wonderful Peace

HALDOR LILLENAS

HALDOR LILLENAS

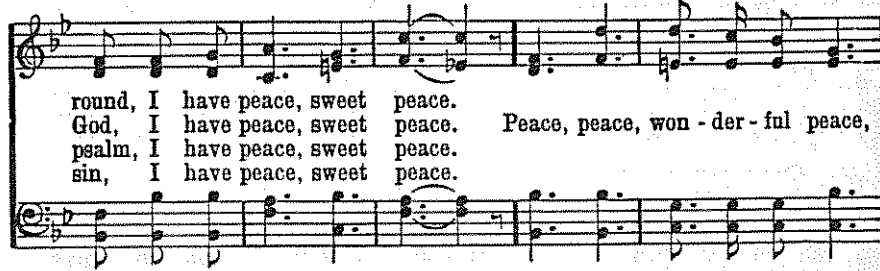


1. Com - ing to Je - sus, my Sav - ior, I found Won - der - ful peace,  
2. Peace like a riv - er, so deep and so broad, Won - der - ful peace,  
3. Peace like a ho - ly and in - fi - nite calm, Won - der - ful peace,  
4. Gone is the bat - tle that once raged with - in, Won - der - ful peace,

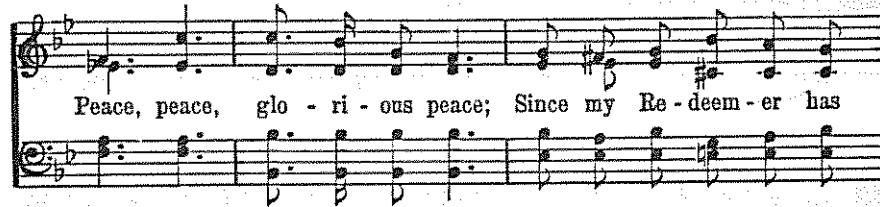


won - der - ful peace; Storms in their fu - ry may rage all a -  
won - der - ful peace; Rest - ing my soul on the bos - om of  
won - der - ful peace; Like to the strains of an e - ven - ing  
won - der - ful peace; Je - sus has saved me and cleansed me from

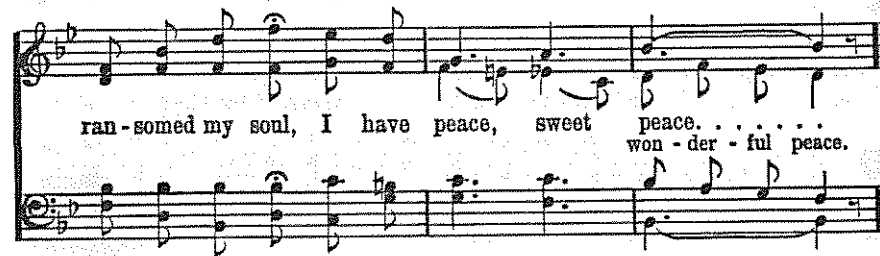
REFRAIN



round, I have peace, sweet peace.  
God, I have peace, sweet peace. Peace, peace, won - der - ful peace,  
psalm, I have peace, sweet peace.  
sin, I have peace, sweet peace.



Peace, peace, glo - ri - ous peace; Since my Re - deem - er has



ran - somed my soul, I have peace, sweet peace. . . . .  
won - der - ful peace.

1. Mas-ter, the tem-pest is rag-ing! The bil-lows are toss-ing high!  
 2. Mas-ter, with an-guish of spir-it I bow in my grief to-day;  
 3. Mas-ter, the ter-ror is o-ver, The el-e-ments sweet-ly rest;

The sky is o'ershadowed with blackness, No shel-ter or help is nigh;  
 The depths of my sad heart are trou-bled; O wak-en and save, I pray!  
 Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir-rored, And heav-en's with-in my breast.

*Solo* *Parts*

(Hum)  
 "Car-est Thou not that we per-ish?" How canst Thou lie a-sleep,  
 Tor-rents of sin and of an-guish Sweep o'er my sink-ing soul!  
 Lin-ger, O bless-ed Re-deem-er, Leave me a-lone no more;

(Hum)

When each moment so mad-ly is threat'ning A grave in the an-gry deep?  
 And I per-ish! I per-ish, dear Mas-ter; O has-ten, and take con-troll!  
 And with joy I shall make the blest har-bor, And rest on the bliss-ful shore.

# Master, the Tempest Is Raging

CHORUS  
Solo

*p* Parts

*pp*

(Hum)  
"The winds and the waves shall o - bey My will. Peace. . . be still  
Peace, be still! peace, be still!

Solo *p* *cres*

cen

do

(Hum)  
Wheth - er the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or de - mons, or men, or what-

*mf* *cres*

Parts

cen

do *f*

ev - er it be, No wa - ter can swal-low the ship where lies The Mas-ter of

*ff*

*f*

*dim.*

*p*

o - cean and earth and skies; They all shall sweetly o - bey My will; Peace, be still!

*pp*

*f*

*dim.*

*pp*

*ppp*

Peace, be still! They all shall sweet-ly o - bey My will; Peace, peace, be still!"

## Like a River Glorious

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL

JAMES MOUNTAIN

1. Like a riv - er glo - rious Is God's per - fect peace, O - ver all vic - to - rious  
 2. Hid - den in the hol - low Of His bless - ed hand, Nev - er foe can fol - low,  
 3. Ev - ery joy or tri - al Fall - eth from a - bove, Traced up - on our di - al

In its bright in - crease; Per - fect, yet it flow - eth Full - er ev - ery day,  
 Nev - er trai - tor stand; Not a surge of wor - ry, Not a shade of care,  
 By the Sun of Love. We may trust Him ful - ly All for us to do;

## CHORUS.

Per - fect, yet it grow - eth Deep - er all the way.  
 Not a blast of hur - ry Touch the spir - it there. Stayed up - on Je - ho - vah,  
 They who trust Him whol - ly Find Him whol - ly true.

Hearts are ful - ly blest; Find - ing, as He prom - ised, Per - fect peace and rest.

## From Every Stormy Wind

HUGH STOWELL

THOMAS HASTINGS

1. From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell - ing tide of woes,  
 2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad - ness on our heads;  
 3. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend;  
 4. There, there on ea - gles' wings we soar, And sin and sense no - lest no more.

## From Every Stormy Wind

There is a calm, a sure re-treat: 'Tis found be-neath the mer-cy seat.  
A place than all be-sides more sweet: It is the blood-bought mer-cy seat.  
Tho' sun-dered far, by faith they meet A-round one com-mon mer-cy seat.  
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, When glo-ry crowns the mer-cy seat.

## O Thou in Whose Presence

105

JOSEPH SWAIN

FREEMAN LEWIS

1. O Thou in whose pres-ence my soul takes de-light, On  
2. Where dost Thou, dear Shep-herd, re-sort with Thy sheep, To  
3. O why should I wan-der an a-lien from Thee, Or  
4. Ye daughters of Zi-on, de-clare, have you seen The

whom in af-flic-tion I call, My com-fort by day, and my  
feed them in pas-tures of love? Say, why in the val-ley of  
cry in the des-ert for bread? Thy foes will re-joice when my  
star that on Is-ra-el shone? Say, if in your tents my Be-

song in the night, My hope, my sal-va-tion, my all!  
death should I weep, Or a-lone in this wil-der-ness rove?  
sor-rows they see, And smile at the tears I have shed.  
lov-ed has been, And where with His flocks He is gone.

## I'd Rather Have Jesus

RHEA F. MILLER

GEORGE BEVERLY SHEA

1. I'd rath-er have Je-sus than sil - ver or gold, I'd rath-er be  
 2. I'd rath-er have Je-sus than men's ap-plause, I'd rath-er be  
 3. He's fair-er than lil-ies of rar-est bloom, He's sweet-er than

His than have rich-es un - told; I'd rath-er have Je-sus than  
 faith-ful to His dear cause; I'd rath-er have Je-sus than  
 hon-ey from out the comb; He's all that my hun-ger - ing

hou-ses or lands, I'd rath-er be led by His nail-pierced hand  
 world-wide fame, I'd rath-er be true to His ho - ly name  
 spir - it needs, I'd rath-er have Je-sus and let Him lead

Than to be the king of a vast do-main Or be held in sin's dread sway;

I'd rath-er have Je-sus than an-y-thing This world af-fords to-day.

# And Can It Be That I Should Gain?

107

CHARLES WESLEY

THOMAS CAMPBELL

1. And can it be that I should gain An in - terest in the  
 2. He left His Fa - ther's throne a - bove, So free, so in - fi -  
 3. Long my im - pris - oned spir - it lay Fast bound in sin and

Sav - iour's blood? Died He for me, who caused His pain? For me, who  
 nite His grace; Emp - tied Him - self of all but love, And bled for  
 na - ture's night; Thine eye dif - fused a quick - ning ray, I woke, the

Him to death pur - sued? A - maz - ing love! how can it be That  
 A - dam's help - less race; 'Tis mer - cy all, im - mense and free; For,  
 dun - geon flamed with light; My chains fell off, my heart was free; I

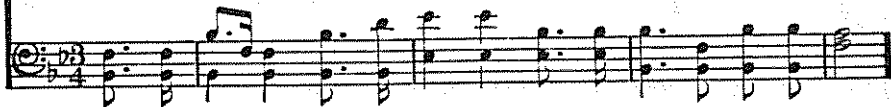
## REFRAIN

Thou, my God, shouldst die for me? A - maz - ing love! how  
 O my God, it found out me. A - maz - ing love!  
 rose, went forth, and fol - lowed Thee.

can it be That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me.  
 How can it be That Thou, my God,



1. Joys are flow-ing like a riv - er, Since the Com - fort - er has come;
2. Bring-ing life and health and glad-ness, All a - round this heav'nly Guest.
3. Like the rain that falls from heav-en, Like the sun-light from the sky,
4. See, a fruit-ful field is grow-ing, Bless-ed fruit of right-eous-ness;
5. What a won-der-ful sal - va - tion, Where we al - ways see His face!



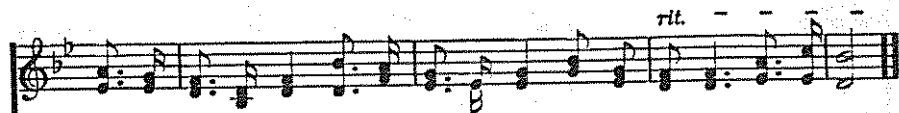
He a - bides with us for - ev - er, Makes the trust - ing heart His home.  
Ban - ished un - be - lief and sad-ness, Changed our wea - ri - ness to rest.  
So the Ho - ly Ghost is giv - en, Com - ing on us from on high.  
And the streams of life are flow - ing In the lone - ly wil - der - ness.  
What a per - fect hab - i - ta - tion, What a qui - et rest - ing place!



## REFRAIN



Bless-ed qui - et - ness, ho - ly qui - et - ness, What as - sur - ance in my soul!



On the storm - y sea, He speaks peace to me, How the bil - lows cease to roll!






# I Am Praying for You


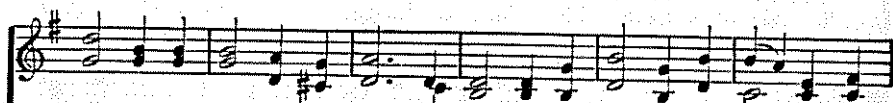
109

S. O'MALLEY CLUFF


IRA D. SANKEY




1. I have a Sav - ior, He's plead - ing in glo - ry, A dear, lov - ing  
 2. I have a Fa - ther; to me He has giv - en A hope for e -  
 3. I have a robe; 'tis re - splen - dent in white - ness, A - wait - ing in  
 4. When Je - sus has found you, tell oth - ers the sto - ry, That my lov - ing

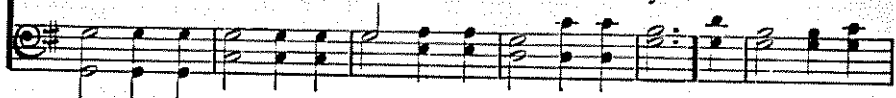
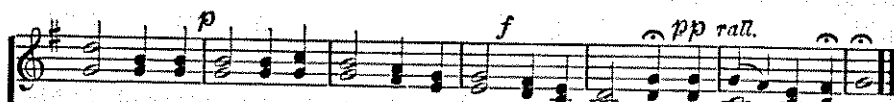
Sav - ior, tho' earth - friends be few; And now He is watch - ing in ten - der - ness  
 ter - ni - ty, bless - ed and true; And soon He will call me to meet Him in  
 glo - ry my won - der - ing view; Oh, when I re - ceive it all shin - ing in  
 Sav - ior is your Sav - ior, too; Then pray that your Sav - ior will bring them to



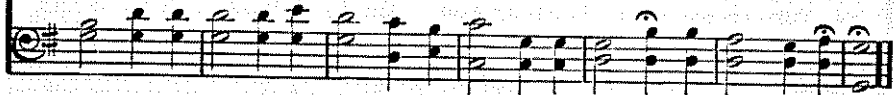
*f* CHORUS



o'er me, But oh, that my Sav - ior were your Sav - ior, too.  
 heav - en, But oh, that He'd let me bring you with me, too! For you I am  
 brightness, Dear friend, could I see you re - ceiv - ing one, too!  
 glo - ry, And prayer will be answered - 'twas answered for you!

pray - ing, For you I am pray - ing, For you I am pray - ing, I'm praying for you.



1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care,  
 2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear  
 3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! May I thy con - so - la - tion share,

And bids me at my Fa - ther's throne Make all my wants and wish - es known;  
 To Him whose truth and faith - ful - ness En - gage the wait - ing soul to bless;  
 Till, from Mount Pisgah's loft - y height, I view my home, and take my flight:

In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,  
 And since He bids me seek His face, Be - lieve His word and trust His grace,  
 This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize;

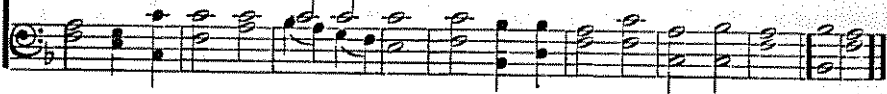
And oft es - caped the tempter's snare By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer.  
 I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.  
 And shout, while passing thro' the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be. A mor - tal man a - shamed of Thee?  
 2. A - shamed of Je - sus! that dear Friend On Whom my hopes of heav'n depend!  
 3. A - shamed of Je - sus! yes, I may, When I've no guilt to wash a - way;  
 4. Till then - nor is my boast - ing vain— Till then I boast a Sav - ior slain;

# Jesus, and Shall It Ever Be?



A-shamed of Thee, Whom angels praise Whose glories shine thro' endless days?  
 No; when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re-vere His name.  
 No tears to wipe, no good to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save.  
 And O, may this my glo-ry be, That Christ is not a-shamed of me. A-MEN.

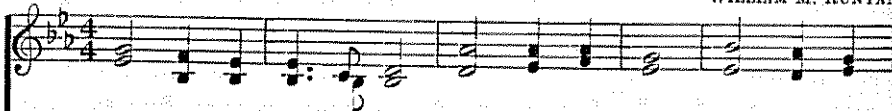


# Lord, I Have Shut the Door

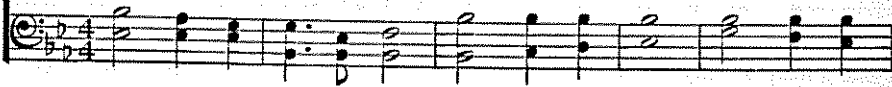
112

WILLIAM M. RUNYAN

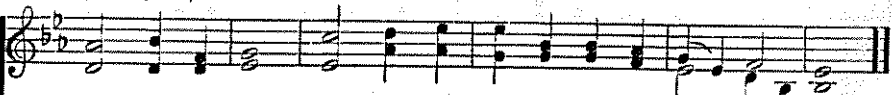
WILLIAM M. RUNYAN



1. Lord, I have shut the door, Speak now the word Which in the
2. Lord, I have shut the door, Here do I bow; Speak, for my
3. In this blest qui-et-ness Clam-or-ings cease; Here in Thy
4. Lord, I have shut the door, Strength-en my heart; Yon-der a-



din and throng Could not be heard; Hushed now my in-ner heart,  
 soul at-tent Turns to Thee now; Re-buke Thou what is vain,  
 pres-ence dwells In-fi-nite peace; Yon-der, the strife and cry,  
 waits the task- I share a part. On-ly through grace be-stowed



Whis-per Thy will, While I have come a-part, While all is still.  
 Coun-sel my soul, Thy ho-ly will re-veal, My will con-trol.  
 Yon-der, the sin: Lord, I have shut the door, Thou art with-in.  
 May I be true; Here, while a-lone with Thee, My strength re-new.



1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can - not bear these  
 2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub - les; He is a kind, com -  
 3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav - ior, One who can help my  
 4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is

bur - dens a - lone; In my dis - tress He kind - ly will help me;  
 pas - sion - ate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er;  
 bur - dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;  
 tempt - ed to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me

CHORUS

He ev - er loves and cares for His own.  
 Make of my troub - les quick - ly an end. I must tell Je - sus!  
 He all my cares and sor - rows will share.  
 O - ver the world the vic - try to win.

I must tell Je - sus! I can - not bear my bur - dens a - lone; I must tell

Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.

# Revive Thy Work

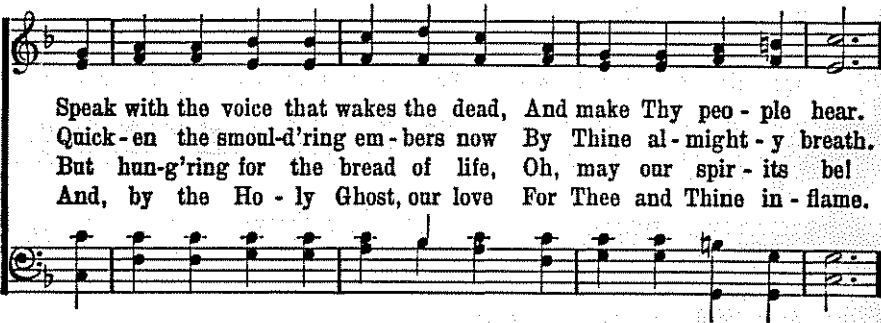
114

ALFRED MIDLANE

JAMES McGRANAHAN

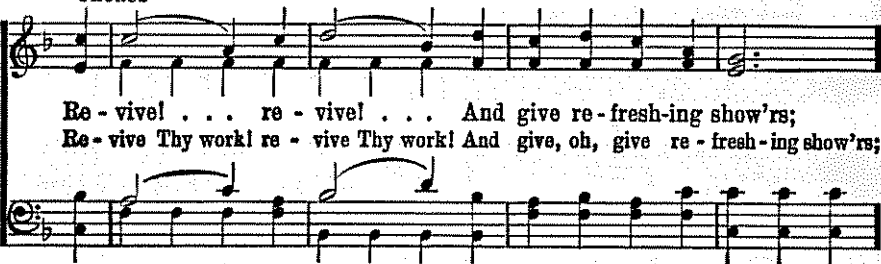


1. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord! Thy might - y arm make bare;  
2. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord! Dis - turb this sleep of death;  
3. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord! Cre - ate soul-thirst for Thee;  
4. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord! Ex - alt Thy pre - cious name;

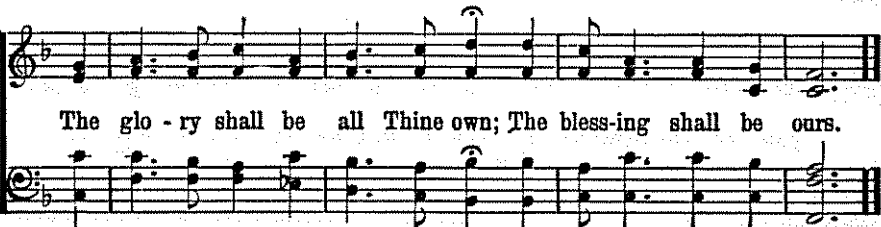


Speak with the voice that wakes the dead, And make Thy peo - ple hear.  
Quick-en the smoul-d'ring em - bers now By Thine al - might - y breath.  
But hun-g'ring for the bread of life, Oh, may our spir - its be!  
And, by the Ho - ly Ghost, our love For Thee and Thine in - flame.

## CHORUS



Re - vive! . . . re - vive! . . . And give re - fresh - ing show'rs;  
Re - vive Thy work! re - vive Thy work! And give, oh, give re - fresh - ing show'rs;



The glo - ry shall be all Thine own; The bless - ing shall be ours.

## Teach Me to Pray

ALBERT S. REITZ

ALBERT S. REITZ

1. Teach me to pray, Lord, teach me to pray; This is my heart-cry,  
 2. Pow - er in prayer, Lord, pow - er in prayer, Here 'mid earth's sin and  
 3. My weakened will, Lord, Thou canst re - new; My sin - ful na - ture  
 4. Teach me to pray, Lord, teach me to pray; Thou art my Pat - tern,

day un - to day; I long to know Thy will and Thy way; Teach me to  
 sor - row and care; Men lost and dy - ing, souls in des - pair: O give me  
 Thou canst sub - due; Fill me just now with pow - er a - new. Pow - er to  
 day un - to day; Thou art my Sure - ty, now and for aye; Teach me to

CHORUS

pray, Lord, teach me to pray.  
 pow - er, pow - er in prayer! Liv - ing in Thee, Lord, and Thou in  
 pray and pow - er to do!  
 pray, Lord, teach me to pray.

me; Con - stant a - bid - ing, this is my plea; Grant me Thy

pow - er, boundless and free: Pow - er with men and pow - er with Thee.

# Tell It to Jesus

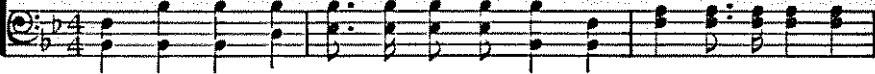
116

JEREMIAH E. RANKIN

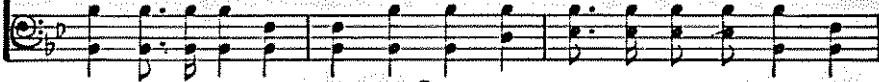
EDMUND S. LORENZ



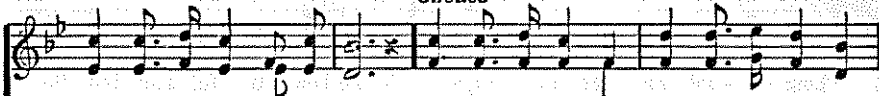
1. Are you wea - ry, are you heav - y-heart - ed? Tell it to Je - sus,
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks un - bid - den? Tell it to Je - sus,
3. Do you fear the gath - 'ring clouds of sor - row? Tell it to Je - sus,
4. Are you troub - led at the thought of dy - ing? Tell it to Je - sus,



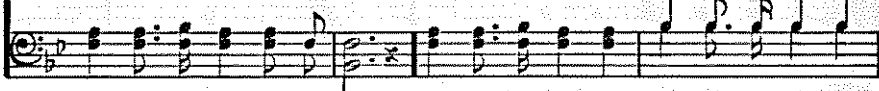
Tell it to Je - sus; Are you griev - ing o - ver joys de - part - ed?  
 Tell it to Je - sus; Have you sins that to men's eyes are hid - den?  
 Tell it to Je - sus; Are you anx - ious what shall be to - mor - row?  
 Tell it to Je - sus; For Christ's com - ing King - dom are you sigh - ing?



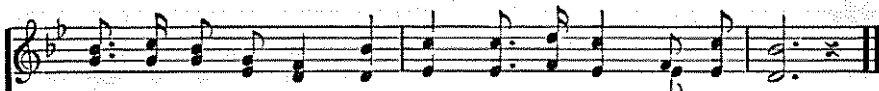
## CHORUS



Tell it to Je - sus a - lone. Tell it to Je - sus, tell it to Je - sus,



He is a friend that's well known; You've no oth - er



such a friend or broth - er, Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.



1. There's a gar-den where Je - sus is wait - ing,    There's a place that is  
 2. There's a gar-den where Je - sus is wait - ing,    And I go with my  
 3. There's a gar-den where Je - sus is wait - ing,    And He bids you to

won-drous-ly fair;    For it glows with the light of His pres-ence,    'Tis the  
 bur - den and care,    Just to learn from His lips words of com - fort    In the  
 come meet Him there;    Just to bow, and re-ceive a new bless-ing,    In the

REFRAIN

beau - ti - ful gar - den of prayer.    O the beau - ti - ful gar - den, the

gar - den of prayer, O the beau - ti - ful gar - den of prayer;    There my Sav - ior a -

waits, and He o - pens the gates To the beau - ti - ful gar - den of prayer.

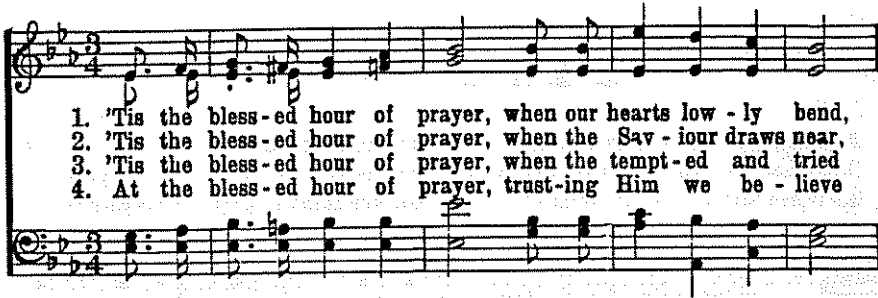


# 'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer

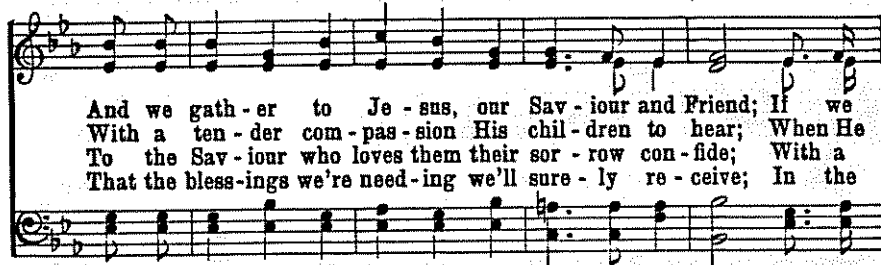
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FANNY J. CROSBY

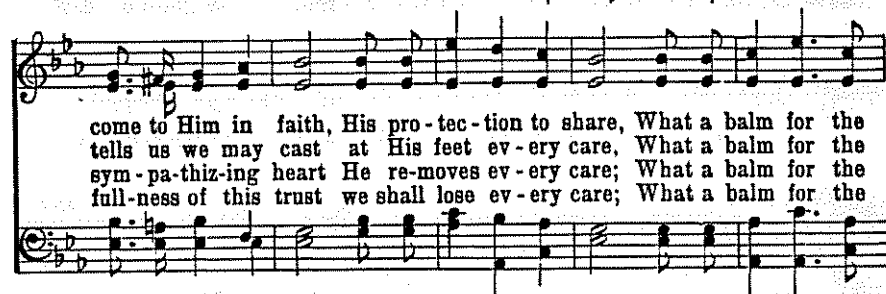
WILLIAM H. DOANE



1. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when our hearts low - ly bend,  
2. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when the Sav - iour draws near,  
3. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when the tempt-ed and tried  
4. At the bless-ed hour of prayer, trust-ing Him we be - lieve

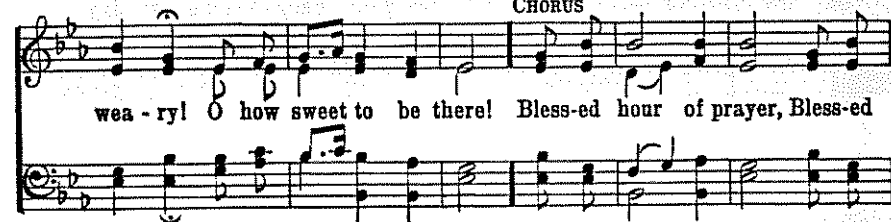


And we gath - er to Je - sus, our Sav - iour and Friend; If we  
With a ten - der com - pas - sion His chil - dren to hear; When He  
To the Sav - iour who loves them their sor - row con - fide; With a  
That the bless - ings we're need - ing we'll sure - ly re - ceive; In the

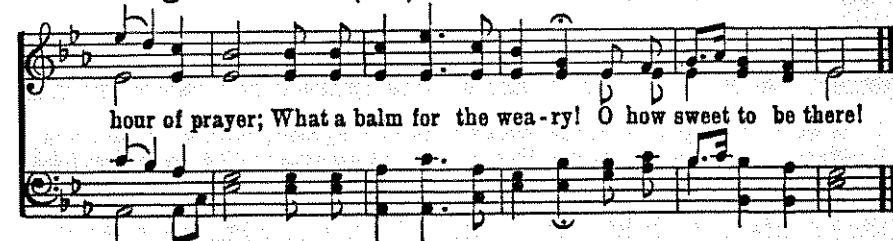


come to Him in faith, His pro - tec - tion to share, What a balm for the  
tells us we may cast at His feet ev - ery care, What a balm for the  
sym - pa - thiz - ing heart He re - moves ev - ery care; What a balm for the  
full - ness of this trust we shall lose ev - ery care; What a balm for the

## CHORUS



wea - ry! O how sweet to be there! Bless-ed hour of prayer, Bless-ed



hour of prayer; What a balm for the wea - ry! O how sweet to be there!

1. Ere you left your room this morning, Did you think to pray? In the name of  
 2. When you met with great temp-tation, Did you think to pray? By His dy-ing  
 3. When your heart was filled with an-ger, Did you think to pray? Did you plead for  
 4. When sore tri-als came up - on you, Did you think to pray? When your soul was

Christ our Sav-ior, Did you sue for lov-ing fa-vor, As a shield to-day?  
 love and mer-it, Did you claim the Ho-ly Spir-it As your guide and stay?  
 grace, my broth-er, That you might forgive an-oth-er Who had crossed your way?  
 bowed in sor-row, Balm of Gil-ead did you bor-row, At the gates of day?

*D. S.—So in sor-row and in glad-ness, Don't for-get to pray.*

**CHORUS** *D. S.*

Oh, how pray-ing rests the wea-ry! Prayer will change the night to day;

1. Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the morning hours; Work while the dew is  
 2. Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the sun-ny noon; Fill brightest hours with  
 3. Work, for the night is com-ing, Un-der the sun-set skies; While their bright tints are