

## Work, for the Night Is Coming

spark-ling; Work, 'mid springing flow'rs. Work, when the day grows bright-er,  
la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon. Give ev - 'ry fly - ing min - ute  
glow - ing, Work, for day-light flies. Work till the last beam fad - eth,

*cres.*

Work in the glow-ing sun; Work, for the night is coming, When man's work is done.  
Something to keep in store; Work, for the night is coming, When man works no more.  
Fad-eth to shine no more; Work, while the night is dark'ning, When man's work is o'er.

## Praise Ye the Father

121

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

FRIEDRICH F. FLEMMING

1. Praise ye the Fa - ther! for His lov - ing kind - ness, Ten - der - ly  
2. Praise ye the Sav - iour! great is His com - pas - sion, Gra - cious - ly  
3. Praise ye the Spir - it! Com - fort - er of Is - rael, Sent of the

cares He for His err - ing chil - dren; Praise Him, ye an - gels,  
cares He for His cho - sen peo - ple; Young men and maid - ens,  
Fa - ther and the Son to bless us; Praise ye the Fa - ther,

praise Him in the heav - ens, Praise ye Je - ho - vah!  
ye old men and chil - dren, Praise ye the Sav - iour!  
Son and Ho - ly Spir - it, Praise ye the Tri - une God! A - MEN.

JOHN D. S. CAMPBELL  
FROM PSALM 121

CHARLES H. PURDAY

1. Un - to the hills a - round do I lift up My long - ing eyes;  
 2. He will not suf - fer that thy foot be moved: Safe shalt thou be.  
 3. Je - ho - vah is Him - self thy keep - er true, Thy change - less shade;  
 4. From ev - ery e - vil shall He keep thy soul, From ev - ery sin;

O whence for me shall my sal - va - tion come, From whence a - rise? From God, the  
 No care - less slum - ber shall His eye - lids close, Who keep - eth thee. Be - hold, He  
 Je - ho - vah thy de - fense on thy right hand Him - self hath made. And thee no  
 Je - ho - vah shall pre - serve thy go - ing out, Thy com - ing in. A - bove thee

Lord, doth come my cer - tain aid, From God, the Lord, who heav'n and earth hath made.  
 sleep - eth not, He slumbereth ne'er, Who keep - eth Is - rael in His ho - ly care.  
 sun by day shall ev - er smite; No moon shall harm thee in the si - lent night.  
 watch - ing, He whom we a - dore Shall keep thee hence - forth, yea, for - ev - er - more.

ISAAC WATTS

AARON WILLIAMS

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join  
 2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But  
 3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred sweets Be -  
 4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - ery tear be dry; We're

## Come, We That Love the Lord

in a song with sweet ac-cord, And thus sur-round the throne.  
 chil-dren of the heav-en-ly King May speak their joys a - broad.  
 fore we reach the heav-en-ly fields, Or walk the gold - en streets.  
 march-ing thro' Em-man-uel's ground To fair - er worlds on high. A - MEN.

## Teach Me Thy Will, O Lord

124

KATHERINE A. GRIMES

WILLIAM M. RUNYAN

1. Teach me Thy will, O Lord, Teach me Thy way; Teach me to
2. Teach me Thy won-drous grace, Bound-less and free; Lord, let Thy
3. Teach me by pain Thy power, Teach me by love; Teach me to
4. Teach Thou my lips to sing, My heart to praise; Be Thou my

know Thy word, Teach me to pray. What-e'er seems best to Thee, That be my  
 bless-ed face Shine up-on me. Heal Thou sin's ev-ery smart, Dwell Thou with-  
 know, each hour, Thou art a - bove. Teach me as seem-eth best In Thee to  
 Lord and King Through all my days. Teach Thou my soul to cry, "Be Thou, dear

ear-nest plea; So that Thou draw-est me Clos-er each day.  
 in my heart; Grant that I never part, Sav-iour, from Thee.  
 find sweet rest; Lean-ing up-on Thy breast, All doubt re - move.  
 Sav-iour, nigh, Teach me to live, to die, Saved by Thy grace" A - MEN.

LEILA N. MORRIS

LEILA N. MORRIS

## DUET

1. My stub-born will - at last hath yield-ed; I would be Thine, and  
 2. I'm tired of sin, foot-sore and wea-ry, The dark-some path hath  
 3. Thy pre-cious will, O con-qu'ring Sav-ior, Doth now em-brace and  
 4. Shut in with Thee, O Lord, for - ev - er, My way-ward feet no

Thine a - lone; And this the prayer my lips are bring-ing,  
 drear-y grown, But now a light has ris'n to cheer me;  
 com - pass me; All dis-cords hushed, my peace a riv - er,  
 more to roam; What pow'r from Thee my soul can sev - er?

*rit.* CHORUS

"Lord, let in me Thy will be done."  
 I find in Thee my Star, my Sun. Sweet will of God, still  
 My soul a pris-oned bird set free.  
 The cen-ter of God's will my home.

fold me clos-er, Till I am whol-ly lost in Thee; Sweet will of

God, still fold me clos-er, Till I am whol - ly lost in Thee.

# We're Marching to Zion

126

ISAAC WATTS

ROBERT LOWRY

*Spirited*

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join  
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But  
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred sweets Be -  
4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're

in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, And  
chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King, But chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King, May  
fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields, Or  
marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To

thus sur - - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.  
speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.  
walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.  
fair - - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.

thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.

CHORUS

We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're  
We're march - ing on to Zi - on,

march - ing up - ward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.  
Zi - on, Zi - on,

## To God Be the Glory

FANNY J. CROSBY

WILLIAM H. DOANE

1. To God be the glo-ry — great things He hath done, So loved He the world that He  
 2. O per - fect re-demp-tion, the purchase of blood! To ev - 'ry be-liev - er the  
 3. Great things He hath taught us, great things He hath done, And great our rejoicing thro'

gave us His Son, Who yield-ed His life an a-tone-ment for sin And o-pened the  
 prom-ise of God; The vil - est of-fend-er who tru-ly be-lieves, That moment from  
 Je - sus the Son; But pu - rer and higher and greater will be Our won-der, our

## CHORUS

Life-gate that all may go in.  
 Je - sus a par-don re-ceive. Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Let the earth hear His  
 transport, when Jesus we see.

voice! Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Let the peo-ple re-joice! O come to the

Fa-ther thro' Je-sus the Son, And give Him the glo-ry — great things He hath done.

# Blessed Redeemer

128

AVIS B. CHRISTIANSEN

HARRY D. LOES

1. Up Cal-vary's mountain one dreadful morn, Walked Christ my Saviour, weary and worn;  
 2. "Fa-ther, forgive them!" thus did He pray, E'en while His life-blood flowed fast a-way;  
 3. O how I love Him, Sav-iour and Friend, How can my prais-es ev - er find end!

Fac-ing for sin-ners death on the cross, That He might save them from endless loss.  
 Pray-ing for sin-ners while in such woe— No one but Je - sus ev - er loved so,  
 Thro' years un-num-bered on heaven's shore, My tongue shall praise Him for-av-er-more.

CHORUS

Bless-ed Re-deem - er! pre-cious Re-deem - er! Seems now I  
 Bless-ed Re-deem-er! bless-ed Re-deem-er!

see Him on Cal - va - ry's tree; Wound-ed and bleed - ing, for sin-ners  
 Wound-ed and bleed-ing,

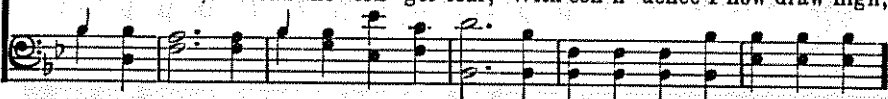
plead - ing— Blind and un - heed - - ing— dy-ing for me!  
 for sin-ners plead - ing— Blind and un - heed - ing—



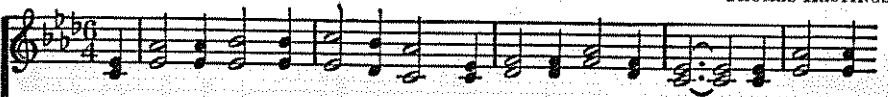
1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise, Shake off thy guilt-y fears; The bleed - ing
2. He - ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter - cede, His all - re -
3. Five bleed - ing wounds He bears, Re - ceiv - ed on Cal - va - ry; They pour ef -
4. My God is rec - on - cil - ed; His par - d'ning voice I hear; He owns me



- Sac - ri - fice In my be - half ap - pears; Be - fore the throne my Surety stands,  
deem - ing love, His pre - cious blood to plead; His blood a - toned for all our race,  
fectual prayers, They strongly plead for me: "For - give him, O for - give," they cry,  
for His child; I can no lon - ger fear; With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh,



- Be - fore the throne my Surety stands: My name is writ - ten on His hands.  
His blood a - toned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.  
"For - give him, O forgive," they cry, "Nor let that ransomed sin - ner die!"  
With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, And, "Father, Ab - ba, Fa - ther," cry. A - MEN.



1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Up - on the Sav - ior's brow; His head with
2. No mor - tal can with Him compare, A - mong the sons of men; Fair - er is
3. He saw me plunged in deep distress, And flew to my re - lief; For me He
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me





# Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned

radiant glories crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow.  
 He than all the fair Who fill the heav'nly train, Who fill the heav'nly train.  
 bore the shameful cross, And carried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.  
 tri-umph o-ver death, And saves me from the grave, And saves me from the grave.

# Jesus Paid It All

131

ELVINA M. HALL

JOHN T. GRAPE

1. I hear the Sav-ior say, "Thy strength in-deed is small, Child of
2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a-lone, Can
3. For noth-ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim—I'll
4. And when, be-fore the throne, I stand in Him com-plete, "Je-sus

## CHORUS

weakness, watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all."  
 change the lep-er's spots, And melt the heart of stone. Je-sus paid it all,  
 wash my garments white In the blood of Cal-v'ry's Lamb.  
 died my soul to save," My lips shall still re-peat.

All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

# Hallelujah for the Cross!

HORATIUS BONAR, ARR.

JAMES McGRANAHAN

1. The cross it stand-eth fast, Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah! De-ty-ing  
 2. It is the old cross still, Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah! Its tri-umph  
 3. 'Twas here the debt was paid, Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah! Our sins on

ev-ery blast, Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah! The winds of hell have blown, The  
 let us tell, Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah! The grace of God here shone Thro'  
 Je-sus laid, Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah! So round the cross we sing Of

*cres.*

world its hate hath shown, Yet it is not over-thrown, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross!  
 Christ the bless-ed Son, Who did for sin a-tone, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross!  
 Christ our of-fer-ing, Of Christ our liv-ing King, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross!

OBBLIGATO DUET SOP. (or TEN.) and ALTO

Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-

SOPRANO & ALTO\*

CHORUS *mp* Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-

TENOR & BASS

\*If desired, the Soprano and Alto may sing the upper staff, omitting the middle staff.

# Hallelujah for the Cross!

lu - jah for the cross! Hal - le - lu - jah,

lu - jah for the cross, hal-le - lu-jah for the cross! Hal - le - lu - jah,

hal - le - lu - jah, It shall nev - er suf - fer loss!

hal - le - lu - jah, It shall nev - er suf - fer, nev - er suf - fer loss!

**FULL CHORUS**

\*Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah for the cross!

*cres.*

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, It shall nev - er suf - fer loss!

\*For a final ending, all the voices may sing the melody in unison through the last eight measures—the instrument playing the harmony.

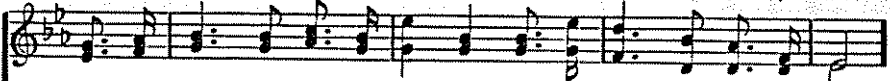
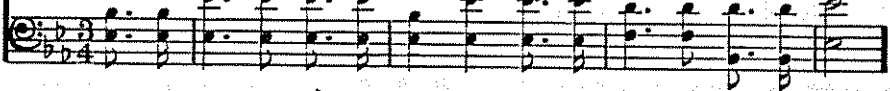
# I Will Sing the Wondrous Story

FRANCIS H. ROWLEY

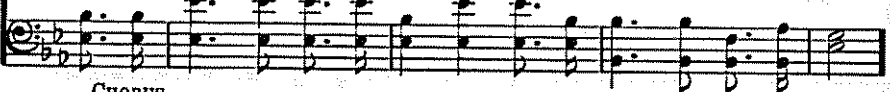
PETER P. BILHORN



1. I will sing the won-drous sto - ry Of the Christ who died for me,
2. I was lost, but Je - sus found me, Found the sheep that went a - stray,
3. I was bruised, but Je - sus healed me; Faint was I from many a fall;
4. Days of dark-ness still come o'er me, Sor - row's paths I oft - en tread,
5. He will keep me till the riv - er Rolls its wa - ters at my feet;



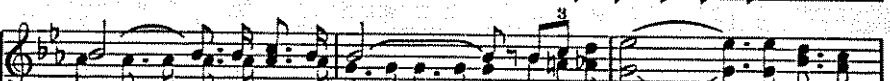
How He left His home in glo - ry For the cross of Cal - va - ry.  
 Threw His lov - ing arms a - round me, Drew me back in - to His way.  
 Sight was gone, and fears possessed me, But He freed me from them all.  
 But the Sav - ior still is with me; By His hand I'm safe - ly led.  
 Then He'll bear me safe - ly o - ver, Where the loved ones I shall meet.



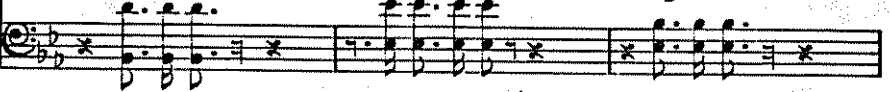
### CHORUS



Yes, I'll sing . . . . . the won-drous sto - - - ry Of the  
 Yes, I'll sing the won-drous sto - ry



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



glo - - - ry, Gath-ered by . . . . . the crys-tal sea. . . . .  
 the saints in glo - ry, Gath-ered by the crys-tal sea.



# Love Led Him to Calvary

134

GEORGE O. WEBSTER

CHARLES H. GABRIEL

1. Love led the Sav-ior, in days long a - go, Down to earth's dark-ness, its  
 2. Love, for a man-ger, a - ban-doned a throne, Seek - ing the sin - ful, the  
 3. See - ing the soul in its in - fi-nite worth, Stoop - ing; in love, to the  
 4. Long - ing, in pit - y, the lost ones to save, Brav - ing the Gar - den, the

sin and its woe; Seek - ing the lost ones, His mer - cy to show,  
 sad and the lone; Yearn - ing to win them and make them His own,  
 low - li - est birth, Seek - ing the lost in the by - ways of earth,  
 Cross and the Grave, Seek - ing this on - ly, the sin - ful to save,

*CHORUS faster*

Love led Him to Cal - va - ry. Love led Him to Cal - va - ry,

Love led Him to Cal - va - ry; Seek - ing the lost, at the

ut - ter - most cost, Love led Him to Cal - va - ry.

1. My Fa-ther is om - nip - o - tent, And that you can't de - ny;  
 2. Tho here His glo - ry has been shown, We still can't ful - ly see  
 3. The Bi - ble tells us of His pow'r And wis - dom all way thru,

A God of might and mir - a - cles—'Tis writ - ten in the sky.  
 The won - ders of His might, His throne—'Twill take e - ter - ni - ty.  
 And ev - 'ry lit - tle bird and flow'r Are tes - ti - mo - nies too.

## CHORUS

It took a mir - a - cle to put the stars in place, It took a

mir - a - cle to hang the world in space; But when He saved my soul,

Cleansed and made me whole, It took a mir - a - cle of love and grace!

# My Sins Are Blotted Out, I Know! 136

MERRILL DUNLOP

MERRILL DUNLOP

1. What a won-drous mes-sage in God's Word! My sins are blot-ted  
 2. Once my heart was black but now what joy, My sins are blot-ted  
 3. I shall stand some day be-fore my King, My sins all blot-ted

out, I know! If I trust in His re-deem-ing blood, My  
 out, I know! I have peace that noth-ing can de-stroy, My  
 out, I know! With the ran-somed host I then shall sing: "My

### CHORUS

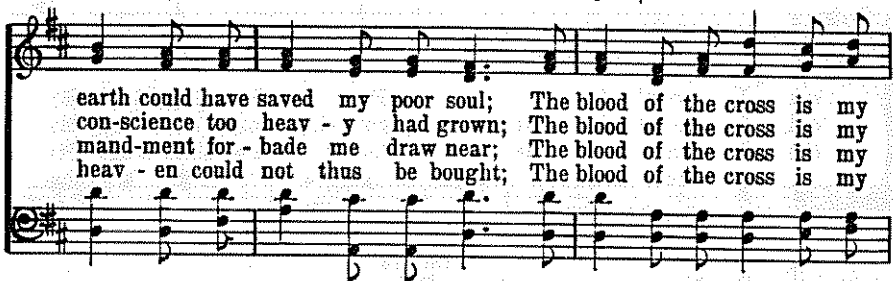
sins are blot-ted out, I know!  
 sins are blot-ted out, I know! My sins are blot-ted out, I know!  
 sins are blot-ted out, I know!" I know!

My sins are blot-ted out, I know! They are bur-ied in the  
I know!

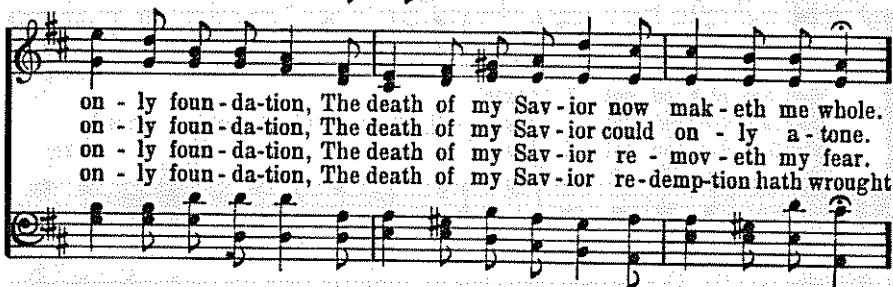
depths of the deep-est sea: My sins are blot-ted out, I know!  
I know!



1. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath ob - tained my re - demp - tion, Nor rich - es of  
 2. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath ob - tained my re - demp - tion, The guilt on my  
 3. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath ob - tained my re - demp - tion, The ho - ly com -  
 4. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath ob - tained my re - demp - tion, The way in - to

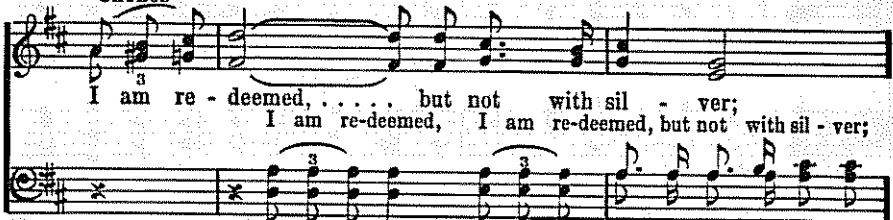


earth could have saved my poor soul; The blood of the cross is my  
 con - science too heav - y had grown; The blood of the cross is my  
 mand - ment for - bade me draw near; The blood of the cross is my  
 heav - en could not thus be bought; The blood of the cross is my

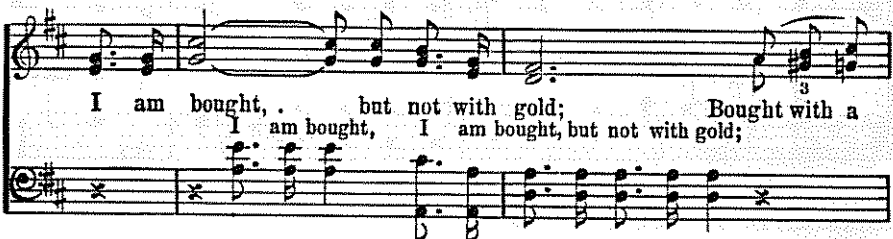


on - ly foun - da - tion, The death of my Sav - ior now mak - eth me whole.  
 on - ly foun - da - tion, The death of my Sav - ior could on - ly a - tone.  
 on - ly foun - da - tion, The death of my Sav - ior re - mov - eth my fear.  
 on - ly foun - da - tion, The death of my Sav - ior re - demp - tion hath wrought

## CHORUS



I am re - deemed, . . . . but not with sil - ver;  
 I am re - deemed, I am re - deemed, but not with sil - ver;



I am bought, . . . but not with gold; Bought with a  
 I am bought, I am bought, but not with gold;



# Nor Silver Nor Gold

price . . . . . the blood of Je - sus.      Pre-cious price of love un-told.  
 Bought with a price— the precious blood of Je-sus,

# Nothing but the Blood

138

ROBERT LOWRY

ROBERT LOWRY

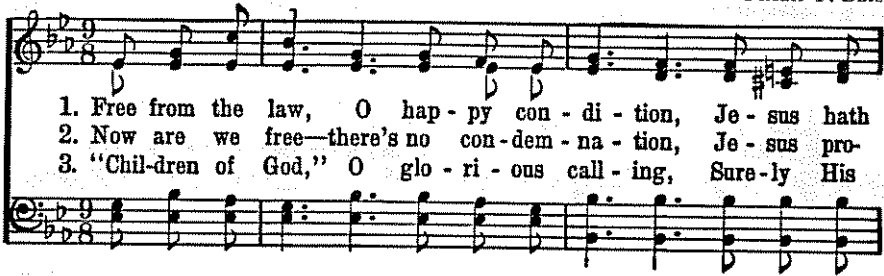
1. What can wash a - way my sin? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
2. For my par-don this I see— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
3. Noth-ing can for sin a - tone— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
4. This is all my hope and peace— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;

What can make me whole a - gain? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.  
 For my cleans-ing, this my plea— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.  
 Naught of good that I have done— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.  
 This is all my right-eous-ness— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.

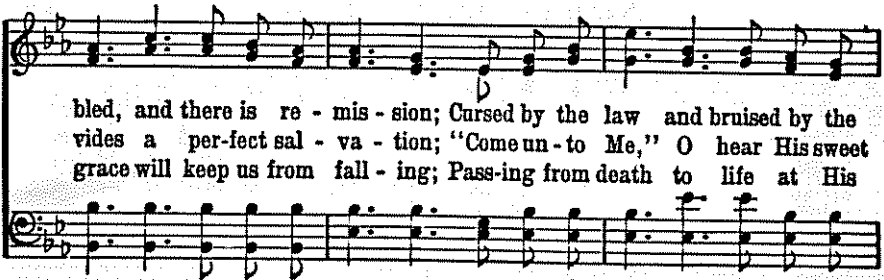
## REFRAIN

Oh! pre-cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;

No oth - er fount I know, Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.

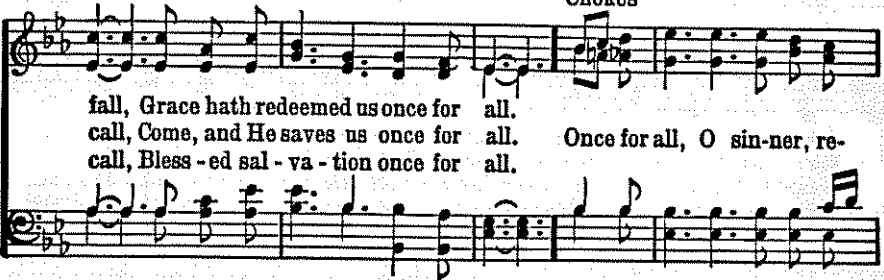


1. Free from the law, O hap - py con - di - tion, Je - sus hath  
 2. Now are we free—there's no con-dem - na - tion, Je - sus pro -  
 3. "Chil-dren of God," O glo - ri - ous call - ing, Sure-ly His

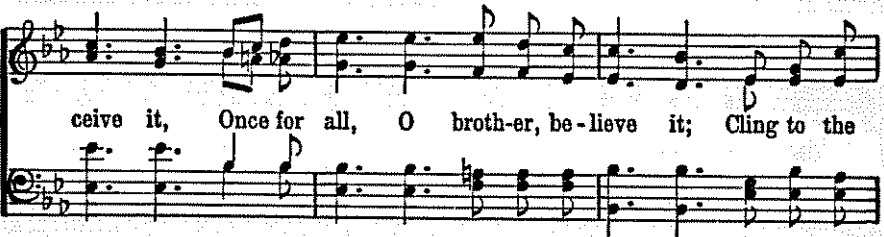


bled, and there is re - mis - sion; Cursed by the law and bruised by the  
 vides a per-fect sal - va - tion; "Come un-to Me," O hear His sweet  
 grace will keep us from fall - ing; Pass-ing from death to life at His

## CHORUS



fall, Grace hath redeemed us once for all.  
 call, Come, and He saves us once for all. Once for all, O sin-ner, re-  
 call, Bless - ed sal - va - tion once for all.



ceive it, Once for all, O broth-er, be-lieve it; Cling to the



Cross, the bur - den will fall, Christ hath re-deemed us once for all.