

I Am Trusting Thee, Lord Jesus

Trst-ing Thee for full sal - va - tion, Great and free.
 For Thy grace and ten - der mer - cy, Trust - ing now!
 Ev - 'ry day and hour sup - ply - ing All my need.
 I am trust - ing Thee for - ev - er, And for all.

Rock of Ages

243

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY

THOMAS HASTINGS

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Not the la - bors of my hands Can ful - fill Thy law's de - mands;
3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling;
4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When mine eyes shall close in death,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,
 Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
 Na - ked, come to Thee for dress; Help - less, look to Thee for grace;
 When I soar to worlds un - known, See Thee on Thy judg - ment - throne,

Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save me from its guilt and pow'r.
 All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
 Foul, I to the foun - tain fly, Wash me, Sav - ior, or I die!
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So
 2. I yield - ed my - self to His ten - der em - brace, And
 3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has
 4. How pre - cious the thought that we all may re - cline, Like
 5. Oh, come to the Sav - ior, He pa - tient - ly waits To

bur - dened with sin and dis - tress, Till I heard a sweet voice say - ing,
 faith tak - ing hold of the Word, My fet - ters fell off, and I
 been the old sto - ry so blest, Of Je - sus, who'll save who - so -
 John the be - lov - ed and blest, On Je - sus' strong arm, where no
 save by His pow - er di - vine; Come, an - chor your soul in the

D. S.—The tem - pest may sweep o'er the

“Make me your choice;” And I en - tered the “Ha - ven of Rest!”
 an - chored my soul; The “Ha - ven of Rest” is my Lord.
 ev - er will have A home in the “Ha - ven of Rest!”
 tem - pest can harm,—Se - cure in the “Ha - ven of Rest!”
 “Ha - ven of Rest,” And say, “My Be - lov - ed is mine.”

wild, storm-y deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

CHORUS

D. S.

I've anchored my soul in the “Ha - ven of Rest,” I'll sail the wide seas no more;

Trusting Jesus

245

EDGAR P. STITES

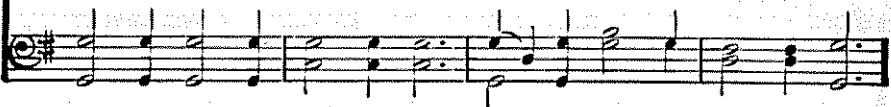
IRA D. SANKEY



1. Sim - ply trust - ing ev - 'ry day, Trust - ing through a storm - y way;
2. Bright - ly doth His Spir - it shine In - to this poor heart of mine;
3. Sing - ing if my way is clear; Pray - ing if the path be drear;
4. Trust - ing Him while life shall last, Trust - ing Him till earth be past;



E - ven when my faith is small, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.
While He leads I can - not fall; Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.
If in dan - ger, for Him call; Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.
Till with - in the jas - per wall: Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.



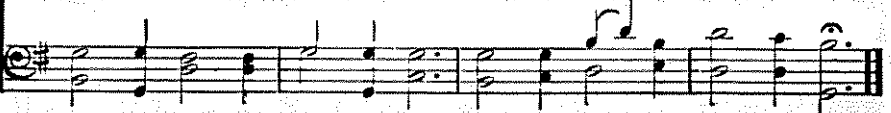
CHORUS




Trust - ing as the mo - ments fly, Trust - ing as the days go by;


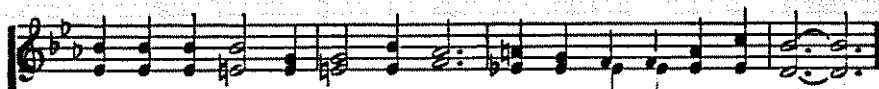


Trust - ing Him what - e'er be - fall, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.

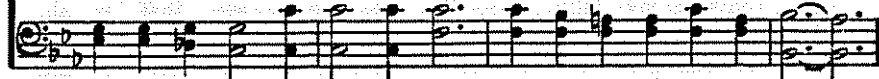





1. "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart," This is God's gra-cious com-mand;
2. "Trust in the Lord" who rul-eth all, See-eth all things as they are.
3. "Trust in the Lord" and peace-ful be, Fret not thy spir-it in vain,
4. "Trust in the Lord"—His eye will guide All thro' the path-way a-head,

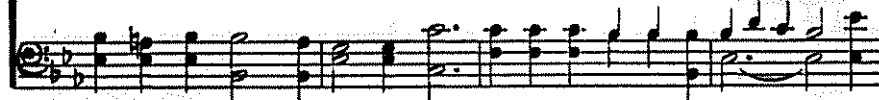

"In all thy ways ac-know-ledge Him, So shalt thou dwell in the land."
 Be it a bird-ling in its nest, Or yon-der ut-ter-most star.
 What tho' the an-swer tar-ries long, Still shalt thou praise Him a-gain.
 He nath re-deemed and He will keep, Trust Him and be not a-fraid.





REFRAIN



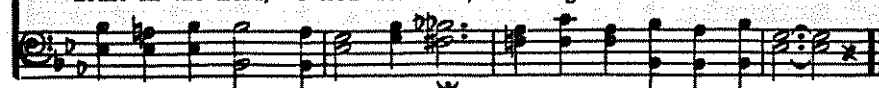
"Trust in the Lord," O trou-bled soul, Rest in the arms of His care; . What-
 care, of His care;

ev-er thy lot, It mat-ter-eth not, For noth-ing can trou-ble thee there;

"Trust in the Lord," O trou-bled soul, Noth-ing can trou-ble thee there.



He Hideth My Soul

247

FANNY J. CROSBY

WILLIAM J. KIRKPATRICK

Allegretto



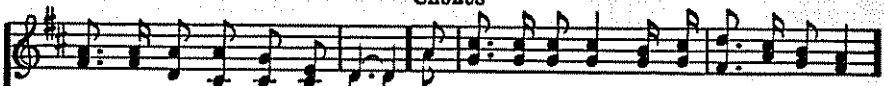
1. A won - der - ful Sav - ior is Je - sus my Lord, A won - der - ful
2. A won - der - ful Sav - ior is Je - sus my Lord, He tak - eth my
3. With num - ber - less bless - ings each mo - ment He crowns, And filled with His
4. When clothed in His brightness, transport - ed I rise To meet Him in



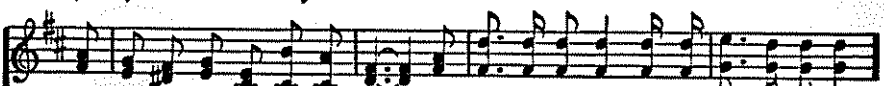
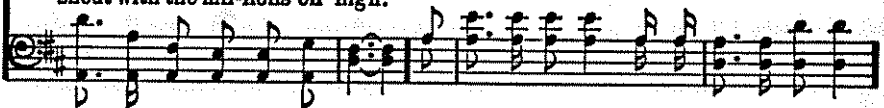
Sav - ior to me, He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, Where
bur - den a - way, He hold - eth me up, and I shall not be moved, He
full - ness di - vine, I sing in my rap - ture, oh, glo - ry to God For
clouds of the sky, His per - fect sal - va - tion, His won - der - ful love, I'll



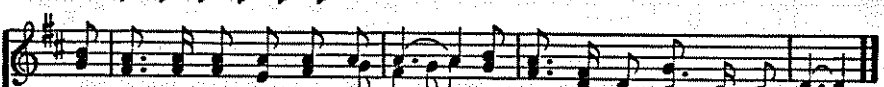
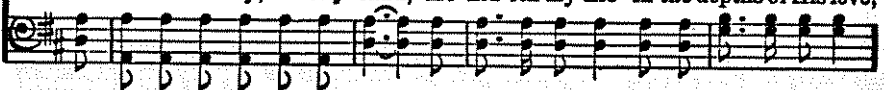
CHORUS



riv - ers of pleas - ure I see.
giv - eth me strength as my day. He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock
such a Re - deem - er as mine!
shout with the mil - lions on high.



That shadows a dry, thirst - y land; He hid - eth my life in the depths of His love,



And cov - ers me there with His hand, And cov - ers me there with His hand.



1. Why should I feel discouraged, Why should the shadows come, Why should my
 2. "Let not your heart be troubled," His ten-der word I hear, And rest-ing
 3. When-ev-er I am temp-ted, When-ev-er clouds a - rise, When songs give

heart be lonely And long for Heav'n and home, When Jesus is my portion? My
 on His goodness, I lose my doubts and fears; Tho' by the path He leadeth But
 place to sighing, When hope within me dies, I draw the clo-ser to Him, From

constant Friend is He: His eye is on the spar-row, And I know He watches
 one step I may see: His eye is on the spar-row, And I know He watches
 care He sets me free; His eye is on the spar-row, And I know He cares for

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

His Eye Is on the Sparrow

CHORUS.

I sing be-cause I'm hap-py (I'm hap-py), I sing because I'm free (I'm free),

rall.

For His eye is on the spar-row, And I know He watch-es me.

Precious Lord, Take My Hand

249

THOMAS A. DORSEY

ARR. BY THOMAS A. DORSEY

Prayerfully

1. Pre-cious Lord, take my hand, Lead me on, help me stand; I am
2. When my way grows drear, Pre-cious Lord, lin-ger near; When my

tired, I am weak, I am worn; Thru the storm, thru the night, Lead me
life is al-most gone, Hear my cry, hear my call, Hold my

on to the light, Take my hand, pre-cious Lord, lead me home.
hand lest I fall; Take my hand, pre-cious Lord, lead me home.

1. I don't know a - bout to - mor - row, I just live from day to - day.
 2. Ev - 'ry step is get - ting bright - er. As the gold - en stairs I climb;
 3. I don't know a - bout to - mor - row. It may bring me pov - er - ty;

I don't bor - row from its sun - shine, For its skies may turn to gray.
 Ev - 'ry bur - den's get - ting light - er; Ev - 'ry cloud is sil - ver lined.
 But the one who feeds the spar - row. Is the one who stands by me.

I don't wor - ry o'er the fu - ture, For I know what Je - sus said,
 There the sun is al - ways shin - ing. There no tear will dim the eye,
 And the path that be my por - tion. May be through the flame or flood.

And to - day I'll walk be - side Him, For He knows what is a - head.
 At the end - ing of the rain - bow. Where the mountains touch the sky.
 But His pres - ence goes be - fore me. And I'm cov - ered with His blood.

CHORUS

Man - y things a - bout to - mor - row. I don't seem to un - der - stand;

I Know Who Holds Tomorrow

But I know who holds to-mor - row, And I know who holds my hand.

In the Hollow of His Hand

251

WILLIAM M. RUNYAN

GEORGE S. SCHULER

ALTO SOLO or TRIO

1. Our God hath giv - en prom - ise— And His grace for this hath planned:
2. O soul, be thou not troub - led, Tho' thou dost not un - der - stand;
3. E'en tho' stern du - ty call thee, And each day make full de - mand,
4. The joy that pass-eth knowl - edge, Peace that none can un - der - stand,

His child shall rest se - cure - ly In the hol - low of His hand.
No tur - moil shall mo - lest thee In the hol - low of His hand.
The soul may find its shel - ter In the hol - low of His hand.
For thee, for thee are wait - ing In the hol - low of His hand.

CHORUS

Let come what may— or waves, or tem - pest— "Peace, be still!" 'tis His command;

My soul is held in peace e - ter - nal In the hol - low of His hand.

1. Search me, O God, and know my heart to - day; Try me, O
 2. I praise Thee, Lord, for cleansing me from sin: Ful - fill Thy
 3. Lord, take my life, and make it whol - ly Thine: Fill my poor
 4. O Ho - ly Ghost, re - viv - al comes from Thee: Send a re -

Sav - ior, know my thoughts, I pray: See if there be some wick - ed
 Word, and make me pure with - in; Fill me with fire, where once I
 heart with Thy great love di - vine; Take all my will, my pas - sion,
 viv - al - start the work in me: Thy Word de - clares Thou wilt sup -

way in me: Cleanse me from ev - 'ry sin, and set me free.
 burned with shame: Grant my de - sire to mag - ni - fy Thy name,
 self and pride; I now sur - ren - der: Lord, in me a - bide.
 ply our need: For blessing now, O Lord, I hum - bly plead.

1. Ho - ly Bi - ble, Book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine:
 2. Mine to chide me when I rove, Mine to show a Sav - ior's love,
 3. Mine to com - fort in dis - tress - Suf - fer - ing in this wil - der - ness,
 4. Mine to tell of joys to come, And the reb - el sin - ner's doom:

Holy Bible, Book Divine

Mine to tell me whence I came, Mine to teach me what I am,
Mine thou art to guide and guard, Mine to pun-ish or re-ward,
Mine to show-by liv - ing faith- Man can tri-umph o - ver death,
O thou ho - ly Book di - vine, Pre-cious treas-ure, thou art mine.

Lord, Dismiss Us with Thy Blessing 254

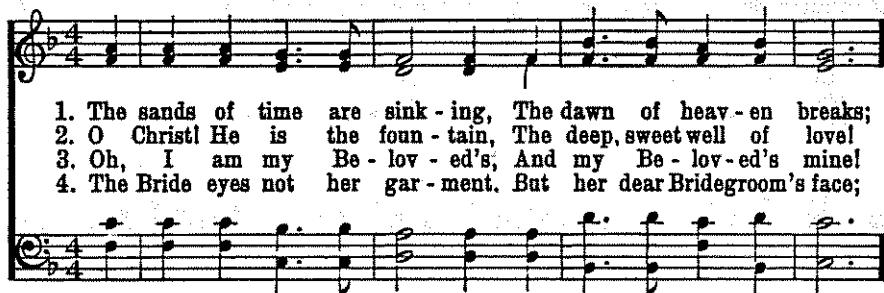
JOHN FAWCETT, ASC.
ALT. BY GODFREY THRING

ARR. FROM A SICILIAN MELODY

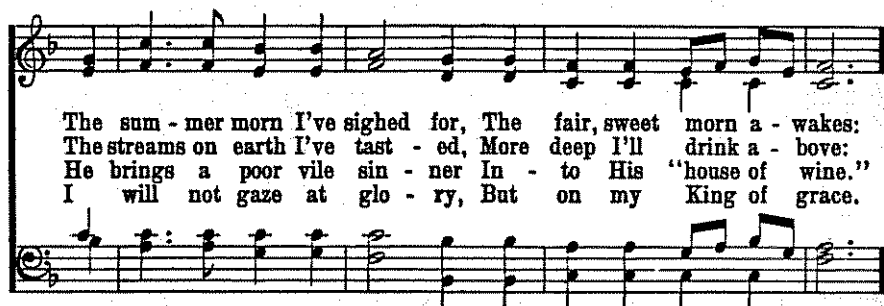
1. Lord, dis-miss us with Thy blessing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
2. Thanks we give and ad - o - ra - tion For Thy gos-pel's joy-ful sound;
3. So that when Thy love shall call us, Sav-ior, from the world a - way,

Let us each, Thy love pos-sess-ing, Tri-umph in re - deem-ing grace:
May the fruits of Thy sal-va-tion In our hearts and lives a - bound:
Let no fear of death ap-pall us, Glad Thy sum-mons to o - bey:

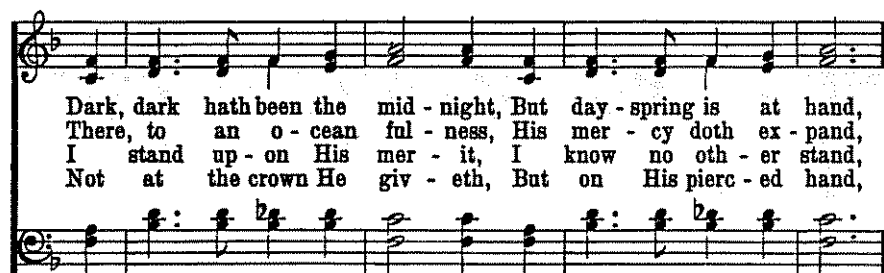
O re - fresh us, O re - fresh us, Traveling through this wil-der-ness.
Ev - er faith-ful, Ev - er faith-ful To the truth may we be found.
May we ev - er, May we ev - er Reign with Thee in endless day. AMEN.



1. The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heav - en breaks;
 2. O Christ! He is the foun - tain, The deep, sweet well of love!
 3. Oh, I am my Be - lov - ed's, And my Be - lov - ed's mine!
 4. The Bride eyes not her gar - ment. But her dear Bridegroom's face;



The sum - mer morn I've sighed for, The fair, sweet morn a - wakes:
 The streams on earth I've tast - ed, More deep I'll drink a - bove:
 He brings a poor vile sin - ner In - to His "house of wine."
 I will not gaze at glo - ry, But on my King of grace.



Dark, dark hath been the mid - night, But day - spring is at hand,
 There, to an o - cean ful - ness, His mer - cy doth ex - pand,
 I stand up - on His mer - it, I know no oth - er stand,
 Not at the crown He giv - eth, But on His pierc - ed hand,



And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land.
 And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land.
 Not e'en where glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land.
 The Lamb is all the glo - ry Of Im - man - uel's land. A - MEN.

My Savior First of All

FANNY J. CROSBY

JOHN R. SWENEY

1. When my life-work is end-ed, and I cross the swell-ing tide, When the
 2. Oh, the soul-thrill-ing rap-ture when I view His bless-ed face, And the
 3. Oh, the dear ones in glo-ry, how they beck-on me to come, And our
 4. Thro' the gates to the cit-y in a robe of spot-less white, He will

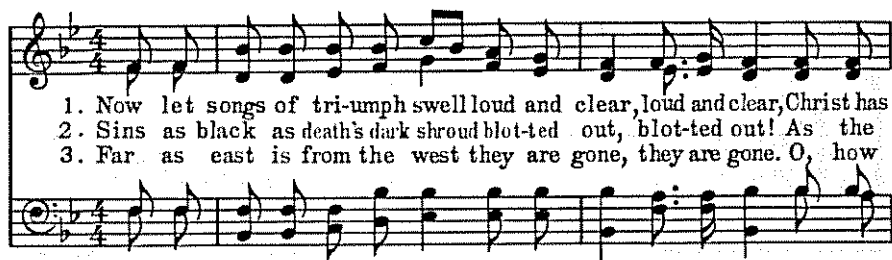
bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Re-deem-er when I
 lus-ter of His kind-ly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the
 part-ing at the riv-er I re-call; To the sweet vales of E-den they will
 lead me where no tears will ev-er fall; In the glad song of a-ges I shall

reach the oth-er side, And His smile will be the first to wel-come me.
 mer-cy, love, and grace, That pre-pare for me a man-sion in the sky.
 sing my wel-come home; But I long to meet my Sav-ior first of all.
 min-gle with de-light; But I long to meet my Sav-ior first of all.

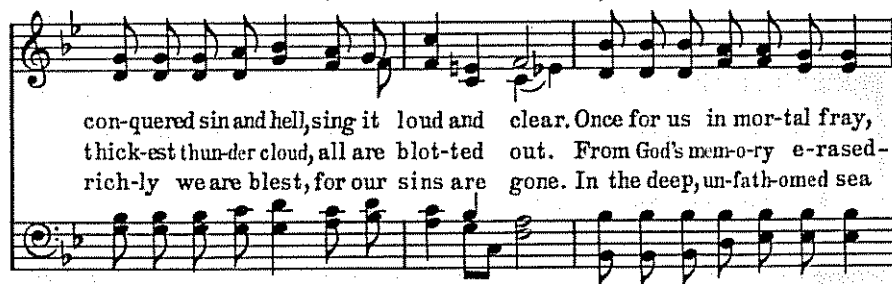
CHORUS

I shall know . . . Him, I shall know Him, And redeemed by His side I shall stand,
 I shall know Him,

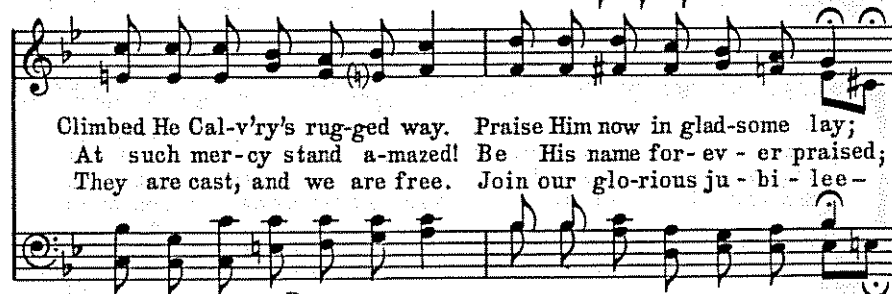
I shall know . . . Him, I shall know Him By the print of the nails in His hand.
 I shall know Him,



1. Now let songs of tri-umph swell loud and clear, loud and clear, Christ has
 2. Sins as black as death's dark shroud blot-ted out, blot-ted out! As the
 3. Far as east is from the west they are gone, they are gone. O, how

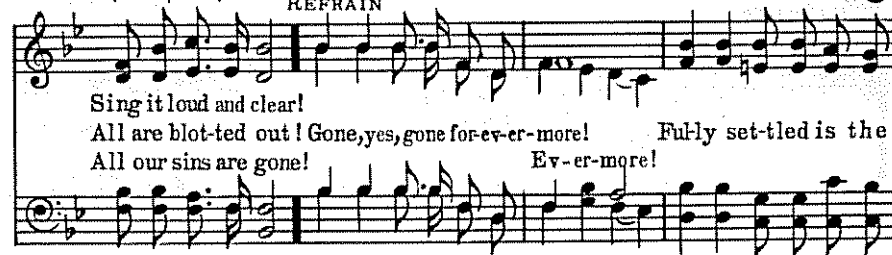


con-quer-ed sin and hell, sing it loud and clear. Once for us in mor-tal fray,
 thick-est thun-der cloud, all are blot-ted out. From God's mem-o-ry e-rased-
 rich-ly we are blest, for our sins are gone. In the deep, un-fath-omed sea

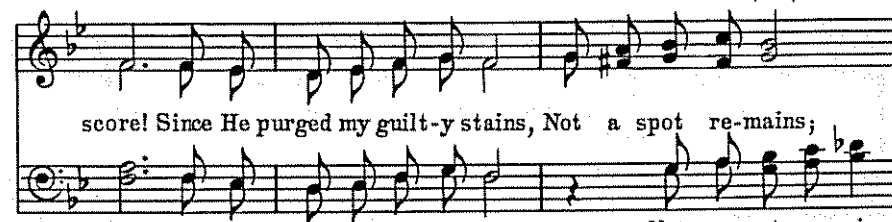


Climbed He Cal-v'ry's rug-ged way. Praise Him now in glad-some lay;
 At such mer-cy stand a-mazed! Be His name for-ev-er praised;
 They are cast, and we are free. Join our glo-ri-ous ju-bi-lee-

REFRAIN



Sing it loud and clear!
 All are blot-ted out! Gone, yes, gone for-ev-er-more! Fully set-tled is the
 All our sins are gone! Ev-er-more!



score! Since He purged my guilt-y stains, Not a spot re-mains;

Not a spot re-mains;

Gone, Yes, Gone Forevermore!

Gone, yes, gone! Gone, yes, gone! Gone, yes, gone for-ev-er-more!

(b)

Who at My Door Is Standing?

258

MARY B. C. SLADE

ASA B. EVERETT

1. Who at my door is stand-ing, Pa-tient-ly draw-ing near,
 2. Lone-ly with-out He's stay-ing: Lone-ly with-in am I;
 3. All through the dark hours drea-ry, Knock-ing a-gain is He;
 4. Door of my heart, I has-ten! Thee will I o-pen wide.

En-trance with-in de-mand-ing? Whose is the voice I hear?
 While I am still de-lay-ing, Will He not pass me by?
 Je-sus, art Thou not wea-ry, Wait-ing so long for me?
 Tho' He re-buke and chas-ten, He shall with me a-bide.

REFRAIN

Sweet-ly the tones are fall-ing: "O-pen the door for me!

If thou wilt heed My call-ing, I will a-bide with thee."

Not fast

1. Liv-ing for Je-sus a life that is true, Striv-ing to please Him in
 2. Liv-ing for Je-sus who died in my place, Bear-ing on Cal-v'ry my
 3. Liv-ing for Je-sus wher-ev-er I am, Do-ing each du-ty in
 4. Liv-ing for Je-sus through earth's lit-tle while, My dear-est treas-ure, the

all that I do; Yield-ing al-le-giance, glad-heart-ed and free,
 sin and dis-grace; Such love con-strains me to an-swer His call,
 His ho-ly name; Will-ing to suf-fer af-lic-tion and loss,
 light of His smile; Seek-ing the lost ones He died to re-deem,

**CHORUS Unison. Slower*

This is the path-way of bless-ing for me.
 Fol-low His lead-ing and give Him my all. O Je-sus, Lord and
 Deem-ing each tri-al a part of my cross.
 Bring-ing the wea-ry to find rest in Him.

Sav-ior, I give my-self to Thee, For Thou, in Thy a-tone-ment, Didst

give Thy-self for me; I own no oth-er Mas-ter, My heart shall be Thy