

'Tis Midnight; and on Olive's Brow

'Tis mid-night in the gar-den now, The suf-f'ring Sav-ior prays a-lone.
 E'en that dis-ci-ple whom He loved Heeds not His Master's grief and tears.
 Yet He that hath in an-guish knelt is not for-sak-en by His God.
 Un-heard by mortals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Savior's woe. A-MEN.

322

The Bible Stands

HALDOR LILLENAS

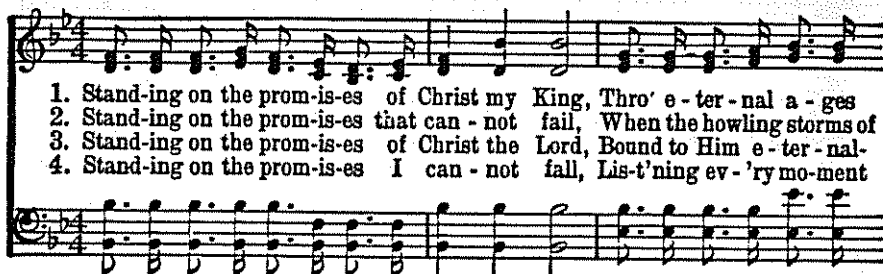
HALDOR LILLENAS

1. The Bi-ble stands like a rock un-daunt-ed 'Mid the rag-ing storms of time;
2. The Bi-ble stands like a mountain tow-'ring Far a-bove the works of men;
3. The Bi-ble stands and it will for - ev - er, When the world has passed away;
4. The Bi-ble stands ev-'ry test we give it, For its Au - thor is di - vine;

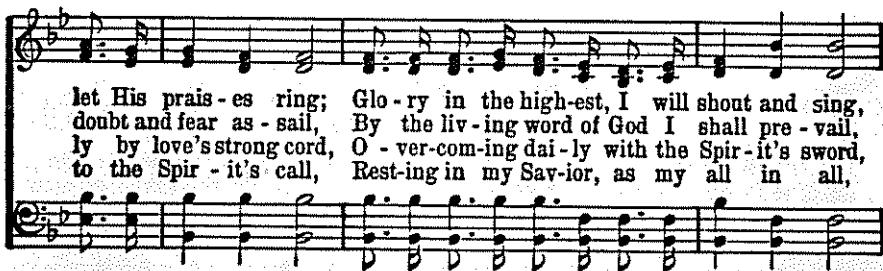
Its pag-es burn with the truth e-ter-nal, And they glow with a light sub-lime.
 Its truth by none ev-er was re - fut-ed, And de-stroy it they nev - er can.
 By in-spi-ra - tion it has been giv-en, All its pre-cepts I will o - bey.
 By grace a-lone I ex-pect to live it, And to prove it and make it mine.

CHORUS

The Bi-ble stands tho' the hills may tumble, It will firmly stand when the earth shall
 crumble; I will plant my feet on its firm foun-da-tion, For the Bi - ble stands.



1. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ my King, Thro' e-ter-nal a-ges
 2. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es that can-not fail, When the howling storms of
 3. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e-ter-nal-
 4. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es I can-not fall, Lis-t'ning ev-'ry mo-ment

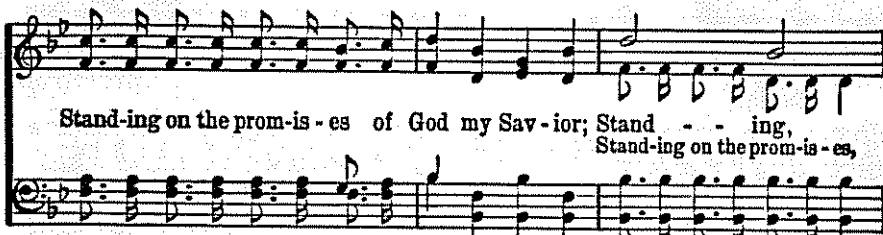


let His prais-es ring; Glo-ry in the high-est, I will shout and sing,
 doubt and fear as-sail, By the liv-ing word of God I shall pre-vail,
 ly by love's strong cord, O-ver-com-ing dai-ly with the Spir-it's sword,
 to the Spir-it's call, Rest-ing in my Sav-ior, as my all in all,

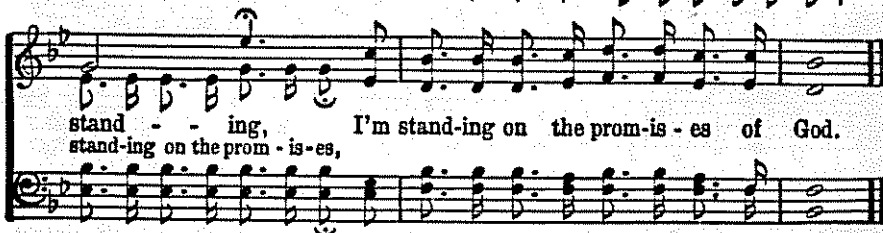
CHORUS



Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God. Stand - - ing, stand - - ing,
 Standing on the promises, standing on the promises,



Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God my Sav-ior; Stand - - ing,
 Stand-ing on the prom-is-es,



stand - - ing, I'm stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God.
 stand-ing on the prom-is-es,

Thy Word Have I Hid in My Heart

324

FROM PSALM 119
ADAPTED BY ERNEST O. SELLERS

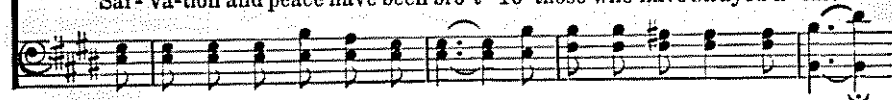
ERNEST O. SELLERS



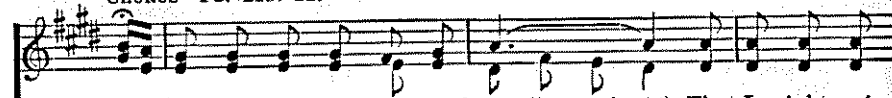
1. Thy Word is a lamp to my feet, A light to my path al - way,
2. For - ev - er, O Lord, is Thy Word Es - tab - lished and fixed on high;
3. At morn - ing, at noon, and at night I ev - er will give Thee praise;
4. Thro' Him whom Thy Word hath foretold, The Sav - ior and Morn - ing Star,



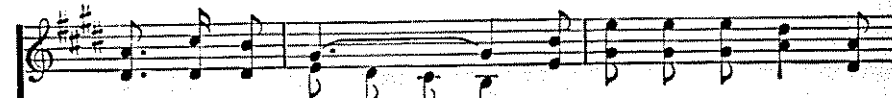
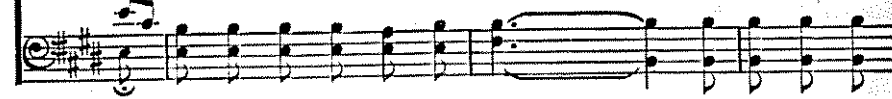
To guide and to save me from sin, And show me the heav'n - ly way.
Thy faith - ful - ness un - to all men A - bid - eth for - ev - er night.
For Thou art my por - tion, O Lord, And shall be thro' all my days!
Sal - va - tion and peace have been bro't To those who have strayed a - far.



CHORUS—Ps. 119: 11.



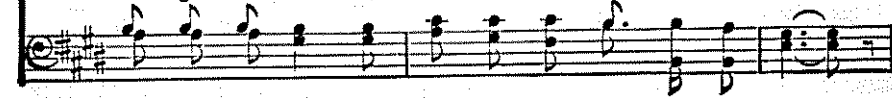
Thy Word have I hid in my heart (in my heart), That I might not



sin a - gainst Thee (a - gainst Thee); That I might not sin, That



I might not sin, Thy Word have I hid in my heart.



1. Beau-ti-ful words of Je-sus, Spo-ken so long a - go, Yet, as we sing them
 2. Beau-ti-ful words of Je-sus, Cheering us, day by day; Throwing a gleam of
 3. Beau-ti-ful words of Je-sus, To-kens of end-less rest, When, by and by, we

DUET. LADIES' VOICES

o - ver, Dearer to us they grow, Calling the heav-y-la - den, Call-ing to hearts op-
 sunshine Over a cloud-y way; Casting on Him the burden We are too weak to
 en - ter In-to His presence blest; There shall we see His beauty, Meet with Him face to

ALL VOICES

CHORUS

pressed, "Come un-to me, ye wea - ry, Come, I will give you rest."
 bear, He will give grace sufficient, He will re-gard our prayer. Hear the
 face, There shall we sing His glory, Praising His matchless grace.

call of His voice, so sweet; . Bring your load to the

Sav - ior's feet; Lean your heart . . . on His lov - ing

Beautiful Words of Jesus

breast... Come, O come and He will give you rest....

Wonderful Words of Life

326

PHILIP P. BLISS

PHILIP P. BLISS

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won - der - ful words of Life;
2. Christ, the bless - ed One, gives to all, Won - der - ful words of Life;
3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won - der - ful words of Life;

Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won - der - ful words of Life.
 Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won - der - ful words of Life.
 Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won - der - ful words of Life.

Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty:
 All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to Heav - en:
 Je - sus, on - ly Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er:

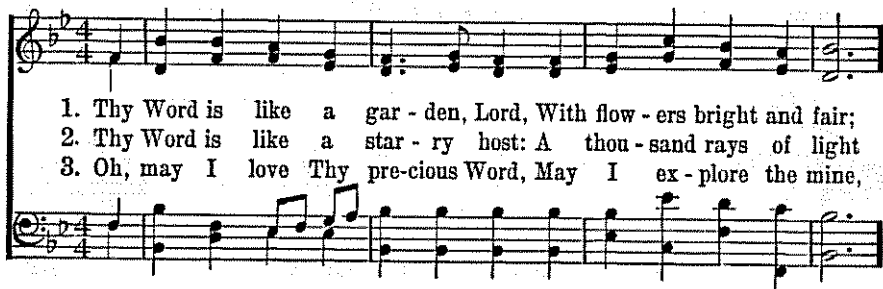
REFRAIN

1 2
 Beau - ti - ful words, won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of Life. Life.

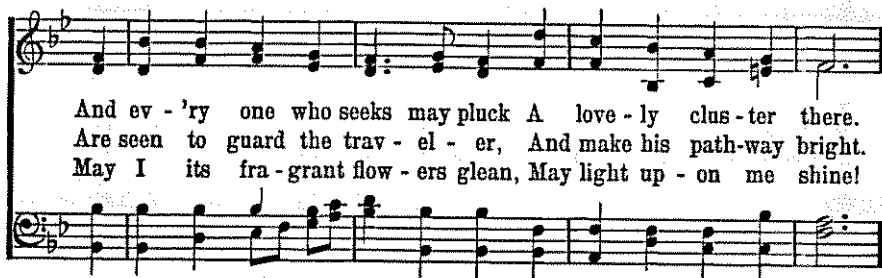
Thy Word Is Like a Garden, Lord

EDWIN HODDER

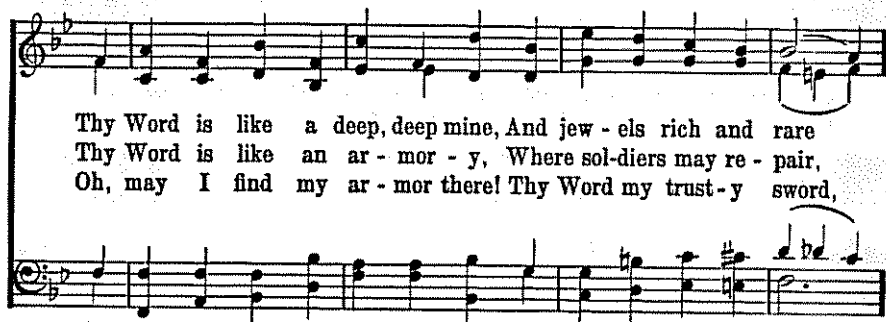
GOTTFRIED W. FINK



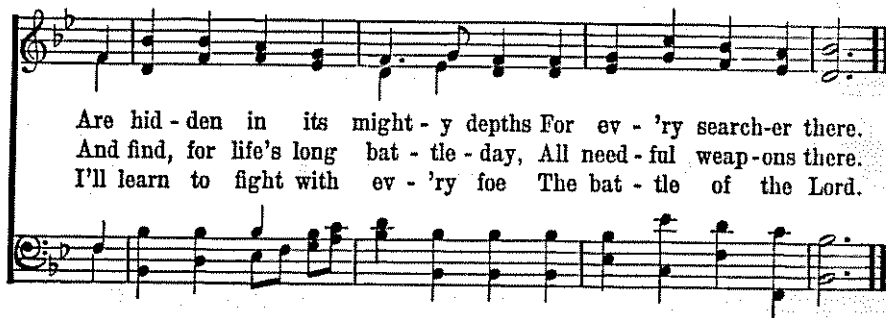
1. Thy Word is like a gar - den, Lord, With flow - ers bright and fair;
 2. Thy Word is like a star - ry host: A thou - sand rays of light
 3. Oh, may I love Thy pre - cious Word, May I ex - plore the mine,



And ev - 'ry one who seeks may pluck A love - ly clus - ter there.
 Are seen to guard the trav - el - er, And make his path - way bright.
 May I its fra - grant flow - ers glean, May light up - on me shine!



Thy Word is like a deep, deep mine, And jew - els rich and rare
 Thy Word is like an ar - mor - y, Where sol - diers may re - pair,
 Oh, may I find my ar - mor there! Thy Word my trust - y sword,



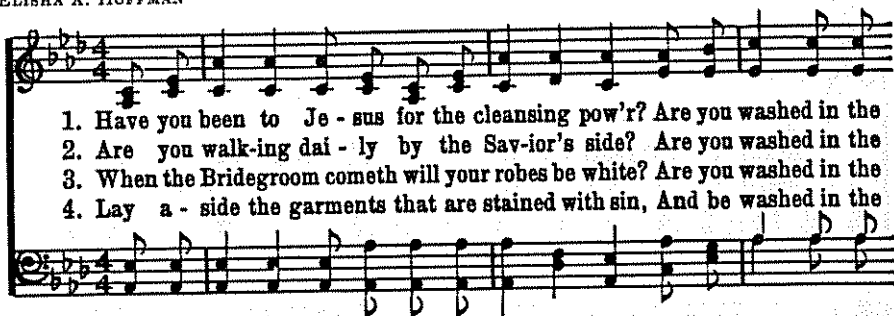
Are hid - den in its might - y depths For ev - 'ry search - er there.
 And find, for life's long bat - tle - day, All need - ful weap - ons there.
 I'll learn to fight with ev - 'ry foe The bat - tle of the Lord.

Are You Washed in the Blood?

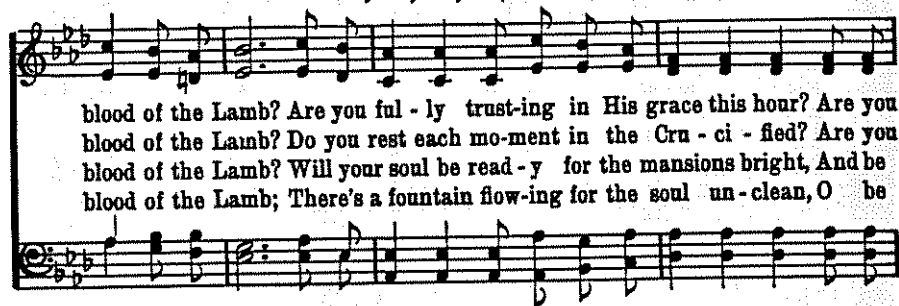
328

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN

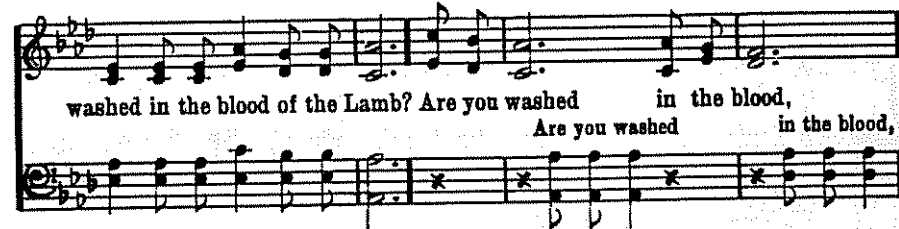


1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you washed in the
2. Are you walk - ing dai - ly by the Sav - ior's side? Are you washed in the
3. When the Bridegroom cometh will your robes be white? Are you washed in the
4. Lay a - side the garments that are stained with sin, And be washed in the

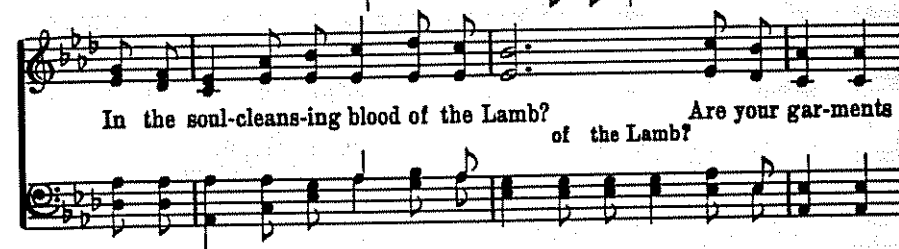


blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trust - ing in His grace this hour? Are you
blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each mo - ment in the Cru - ci - fied? Are you
blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read - y for the mansions bright, And be
blood of the Lamb; There's a fountain flow - ing for the soul un - clean, O be

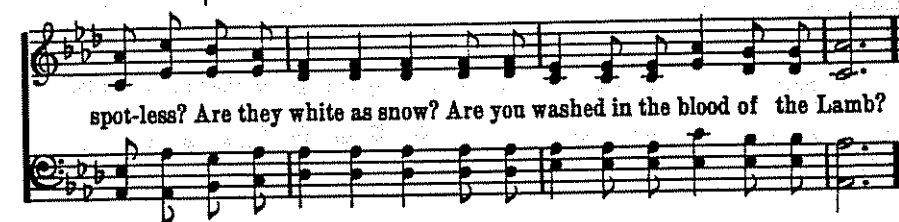
CHORUS



washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed in the blood,
Are you washed in the blood,



In the soul - cleans - ing blood of the Lamb? Are your gar - ments
of the Lamb?



spot - less? Are they white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

1. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One! Now ran - sored from
 2. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One! The an - gels re -
 3. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One! The Fa - ther He
 4. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One! All hail to the

sin and a new work be - gun, Sing praise to the Fa - ther and
 joic - ing be - cause it is done; A child of the Fa - ther, joint -
 spake, and His will it was done; Great price of my par - don, His
 Fa - ther, all hail to the Son, All hail to the Spir - it, the

praise to the Son, Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!
 heir with the Son, Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!
 own pre - cious Son; Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!
 great Three in One! Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!

CHORUS

Saved! . . . saved! . . . My sins are all pardoned, my guilt is all gone!
 Glo - ry, I'm saved! glo - ry, I'm saved!

Saved! . . . saved! . . . I am saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!
 Glo - ry, I'm saved! glo - ry, I'm saved!

There Is Power in the Blood

330

LEWIS E. JONES

LEWIS E. JONES

1. Would you be free from the bur - den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
 2. Would you be free from your pas-sion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
 3. Would you be whit - er, much whiter than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
 4. Would you do serv - ice for Je - sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood,

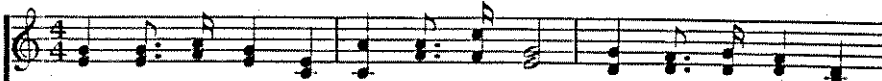
pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win? There's
 pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans-ing to Cal - va - ry's tide; There's
 pow'r in the blood; Sin-stains are lost in its life-giv - ing flow; There's
 pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly His prais-es to sing? There's

CHORUS.

won - der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r, Wonder-working pow'r
 there is

In the blood of the Lamb; There is pow'r, pow'r,
 In the blood of the Lamb; there is

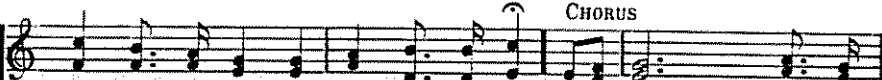
Won - der - work - ing pow'r In the pre - cious blood of the Lamb.



1. Christ our Re-deem - er died on the cross, Died for the sin - ner,
 2. Chief - est of sin - ners, Je - sus will save; All He has prom - ised,
 3. Judg - ment is com - ing, all will be there, Each one re - ceiv - ing
 4. O great com - pas - sion! O bound - less love! O lov - ing kind - ness,

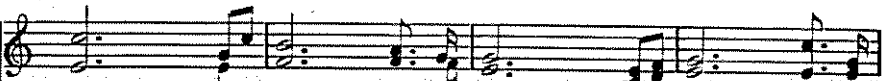


paid all his due; Sprin - kle your soul with the blood of the Lamb,
 that He will do; Wash in the foun - tain o - pened for sin,
 just - ly his due; Hide in the sav - ing sin - cleans - ing blood,
 faith - ful and true! Find peace and shel - ter un - der the blood,




CHORUS

And I will pass, will pass o - ver you. When I see the
 When I see the



blood, When I see the blood, When I see the
 see the blood, When I see the blood, When I see the



rit.

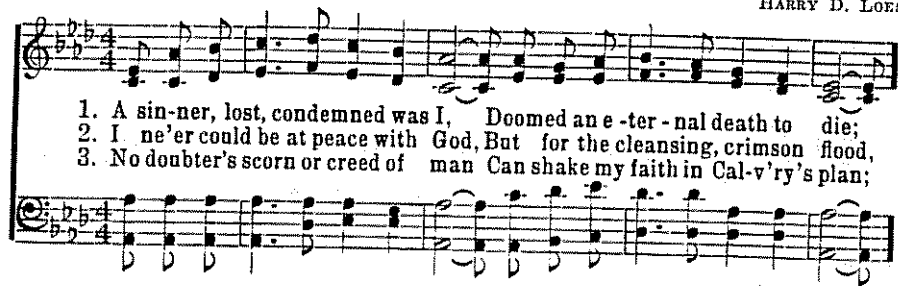
blood, I will pass, I will pass o - ver you.
 see the blood, o - ver you.

'Twas Jesus' Blood

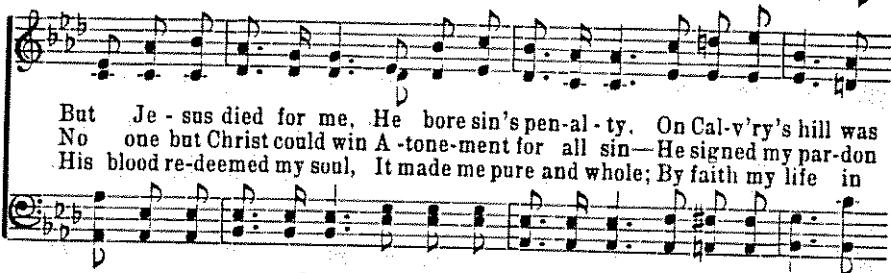
HARRY D. LOES

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HARRY D. LOES

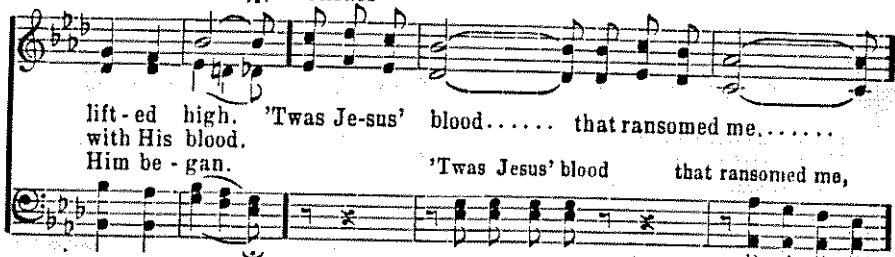


1. A sin-ner, lost, condemned was I, Doomed an e-ter-nal death to die;
2. I ne'er could be at peace with God, But for the cleansing, crimson flood,
3. No doubter's scorn or creed of man Can shake my faith in Cal-v'ry's plan;

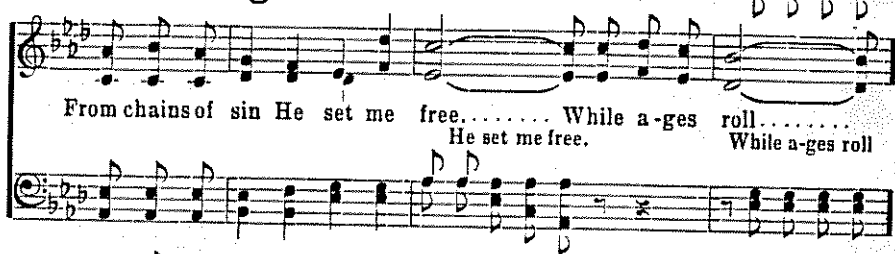


But Je-sus died for me, He bore sin's pen-al-ty. On Cal-v'ry's hill was
No one but Christ could win A-tone-ment for all sin—He signed my par-don
His blood re-deemed my soul, It made me pure and whole; By faith my life in

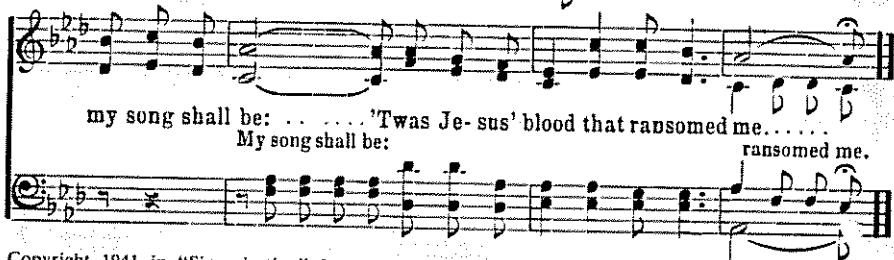
CHORUS



lift-ed high. 'Twas Je-sus' blood..... that ransomed me.....
with His blood.
Him be-gan. 'Twas Jesus' blood that ransomed me,



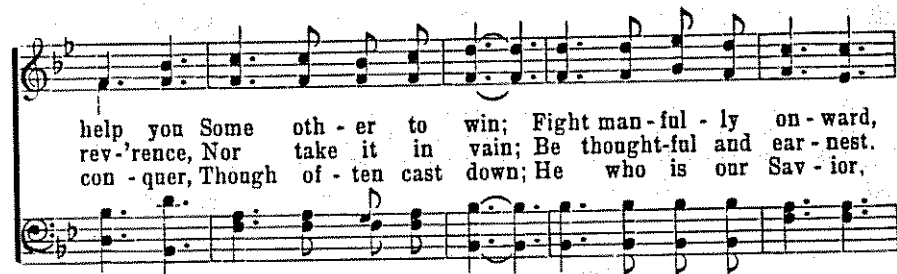
From chains of sin He set me free..... While a-ges roll.....
He set me free. While a-ges roll



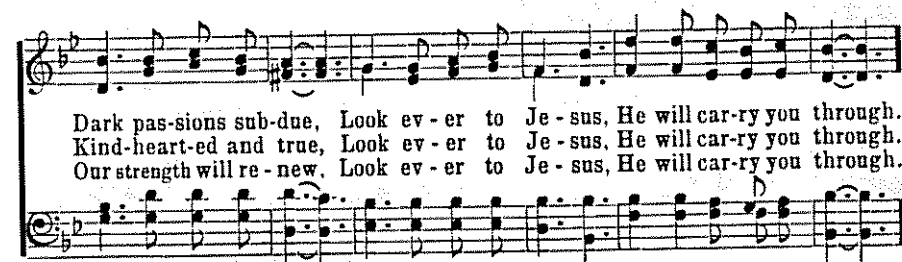
my song shall be: 'Twas Je-sus' blood that ransomed me.....
My song shall be: ransomed me.



1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yield-ing is sin, Each vic-t'ry will
 2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions, Bad lan-guage dis-dain, God's name hold in
 3. To him that o'er-com-eth God giv-eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall

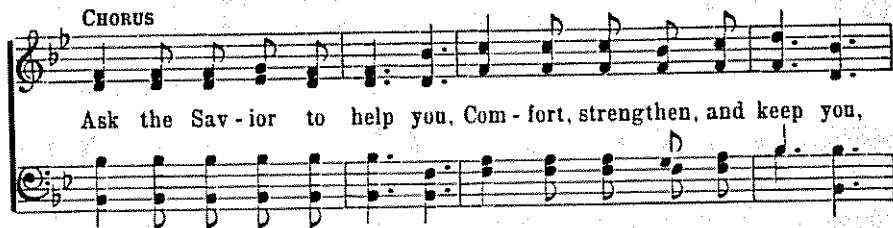


help you Some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly on-ward,
 rev-'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thought-ful and ear-nest,
 con-quer, Though of-ten cast down; He who is our Sav-ior,

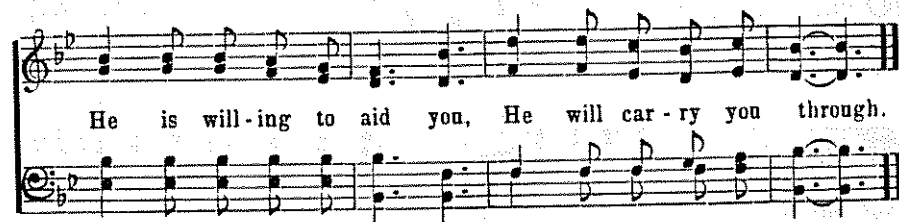


Dark pas-sions sub-due, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He will car-ry you through.
 Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He will car-ry you through.
 Our strength will re-new, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He will car-ry you through.

CHORUS



Ask the Sav-ior to help you, Com-fort, strengthen, and keep you,



He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through.

He Died for Me

334

JOHN NEWTON

EDWIN O. EXCELL

1. I saw One hang-ing on a tree, In ag - o - ny and blood;
2. Sure, nev - er, till my lat - est breath, Can I for - get that look;
3. My con-science felt and owned the guilt, And plunged me in de - spair;
4. A - las! I knew not what I did, — But now my tears are vain:
5. A sec - ond look He gave, which said, "I free - ly all for - give:

He fixed His lan - guid eyes on me, As near His cross I stood.
It seemed to charge me with His death, Tho' not a word He spoke.
I saw my sins His blood had spilt And helped to nail Him there.
Where shall my trem - bling soul be hid? For I the Lord have slain.
This blood is for thy ran - som paid, I die that thou may'st live."

CHORUS.

Oh, can it be, up - on a tree The Sav - ior died for me?

My soul is thrilled, My heart is filled, To think He died for me!

1. Glo-rious things of thee are spo-ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;
 2. See, the streams of liv - ing wa-ters, Springing from e - ter - nal love,
 3. Round each hab - i - ta - tion hov-'ring, See the cloud and fire ap - pear

He, whose word can - not be bro - ken, Formed thee for His own a - bode;
 Well sup - ply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want re - move:
 For a glo - ry and a cov - ring, Show - ing that the Lord is near!

On the Rock of A - ges found - ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?
 Who can faint, while such a riv - er Ev - er flows their thirst t' as - suage?
 Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;

With sal - va - tion's walls sur - round - ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
 Grace which, like the Lord, the Giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age.
 He, whose word can - not be bro - ken, Formed thee for His own a - bode. A - MEN.

The Church's One Foundation

336

SAMUEL J. STONE

SAMUEL S. WESLEY



1. The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;
 2. E - lect from ev - 'ry na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,
 3. 'Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion, And tu - mult of her war,
 4. Yet she on earth hath un - ion With God the Three in One,



She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word:
 Her char - ter of sal - va - tion, One Lord, one faith, one birth;
 She waits the con - sum - ma - tion Of peace for - ev - er - more;
 And mys - tic sweet com - mun - ion With those whose rest is won:



From Heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride; With
 One ho - ly name she bless - es, Par-takes one ho - ly food, And
 Till, with the vi - sion glo - rious, Her long - ing eyes are blest, And
 O hap - py ones and ho - ly! Lord, give us grace that we, Like

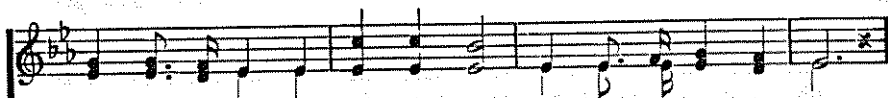
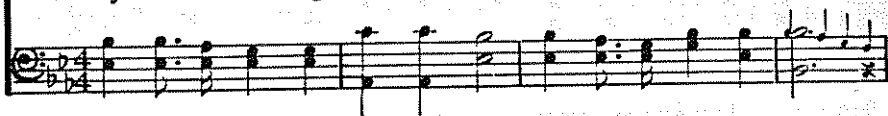


His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.
 to one hope she press - es, With ev - 'ry grace en - dued.
 the great church vic - to - rious Shall be the church at rest.
 them, the meek and low - ly, On high may dwell with Thee. A-MEN.

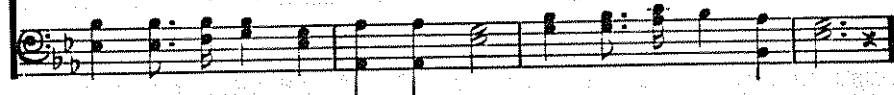




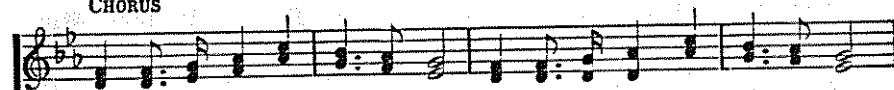
1. King of my life, I crown Thee now, Thine shall the glo - ry be;
2. Show me the tomb where Thou wast laid, Ten - der - ly mourned and wept;
3. Let me like Ma - ry, thro' the gloom, Come with a gift to Thee;
4. May I be will - ing, Lord, to bear Dai - ly my cross for Thee;



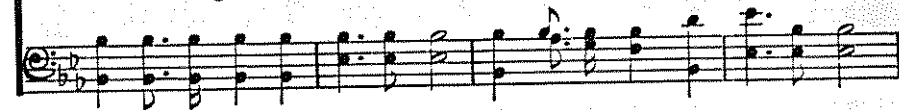
Lest I for - get Thy thorn - crowned brow, Lead me to Cal - va - ry.
 An - gels in robes of light ar - rayed Guarded Thee whilst Thou slept.
 Show to me now the emp - ty tomb, Lead me to Cal - va - ry.
 E - ven Thy cup of grief to share, Thou hast borne all for me.



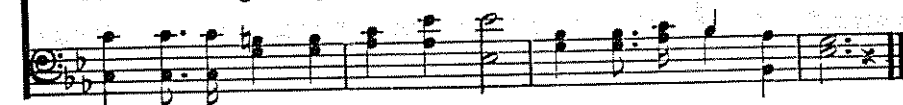
CHORUS



Lest I for - get Geth - sem - a - ne; Lest I for - get Thine ag - o - ny;



Lest I for - get Thy love for me, Lead me to Cal - va - ry.



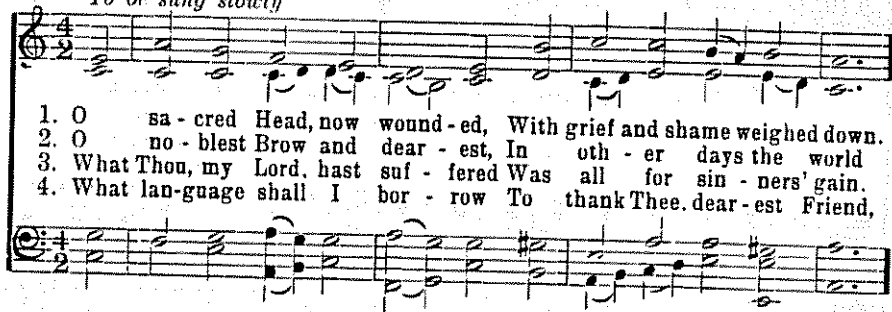
O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

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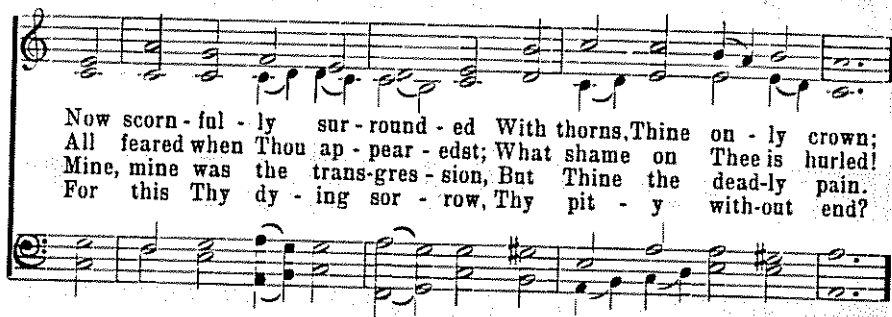
ASCIBED TO BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX
TR. (GERMAN) BY PAUL GERHARDT
TR. (ENGLISH) BY JAMES W. ALEXANDER

HANS L. HASSLER
HAR. BY J. S. BACH

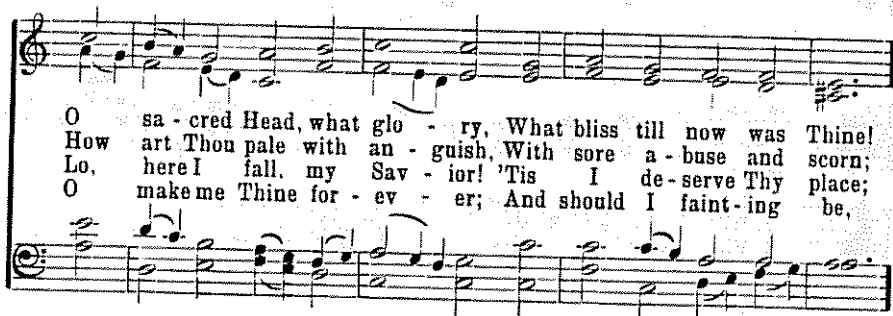
To be sung slowly



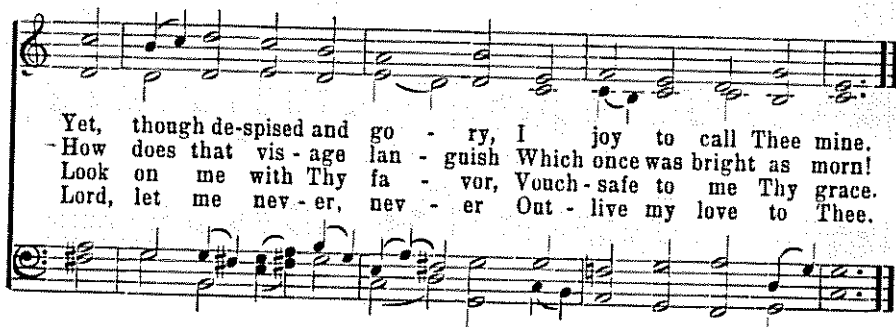
1. O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weighed down.
2. O no - blest Brow and dear - est, In oth - er days the world
3. What Thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered Was all for sin - ners' gain.
4. What lan - guage shall I bor - row To thank Thee, dear - est Friend,



Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, Thine on - ly crown;
All feared when Thou ap - pear - edst; What shame on Thee is hurled!
Mine, mine was the trans - ges - sion, But Thine the dead - ly pain.
For this Thy dy - ing sor - row, Thy pit - y with - out end?



O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss till now was Thine!
How art Thou pale with an - guish, With sore a - buse and scorn;
Lo, here I fall, my Sav - ior! 'Tis I de - serve Thy place;
O make me Thine for - ev - er; And should I faint - ing be,



Yet, though de - spised and go - ry, I joy to call Thee mine.
How does that vis - age lan - guish Which once was bright as morn!
Look on me with Thy fa - vor, Vouch - safe to me Thy grace.
Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er Out - live my love to Thee.

Surely Goodness and Mercy

JOHN W. PETERSON
ALFRED B. SMITH

JOHN W. PETERSON

1. A pil-grim was I and a - wan-d'ring, In the cold night of
 2. He re-stor-eth my soul when I'm wea-ry, He giv-eth me
 3. When I walk thro' the dark lone-some val-ley, My Sav-ior will

sin I did roam, When Je-sus the kind Shep-herd found me,
 strength day by day; He leads me be-side the still wa - ters,
 walk with me there; And safe-ly His great hand will lead me

CHORUS

And now I am on my way home.
 He guards me each step of the way. Sure - ly good-ness and
 To the man-sions He's gone to pre - pare.

mer-cy shall fol - low me All the days, all the days of my

life; Sure-ly good-ness and mer-cy shall fol - low

Surely Goodness and Mercy

D.C. ★ 3

me All the days, all the days of my life. And I shall

dwell in the house of the Lord for - ev - er, And I shall

feast at the ta-ble spread for me; Sure - ly good-ness

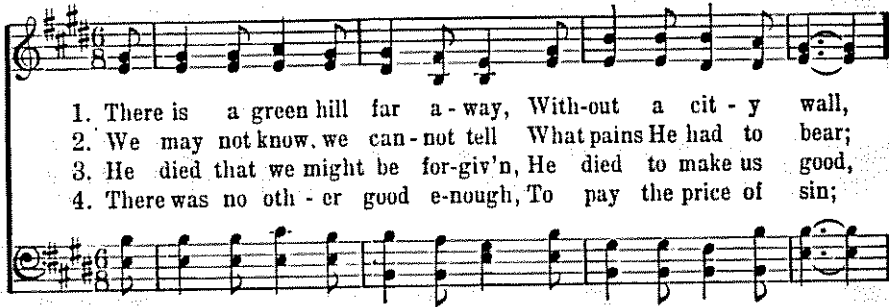
and mer-cy shall fol - low me All the days, all the

CODA (after last chorus only)

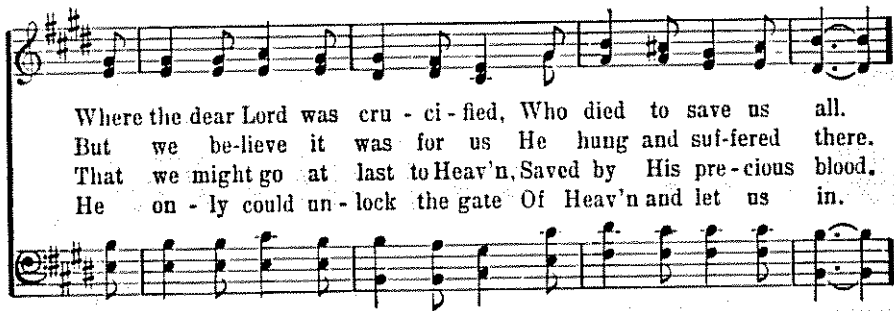
p Slowly

days of my life. All the days, all the days of my life.

★ Opt.D.C. The following section may be reserved for use with final chorus only.

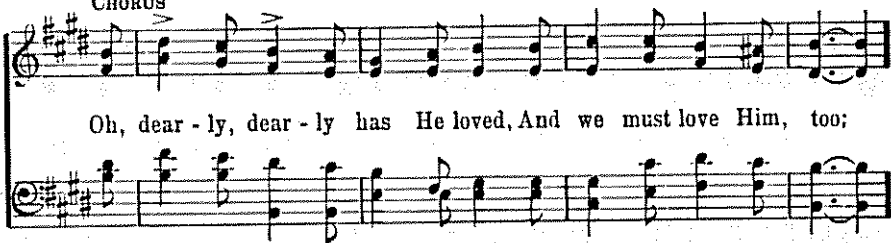


1. There is a green hill far a-way, With-out a cit-y wall,
 2. We may not know, we can-not tell What pains He had to bear;
 3. He died that we might be for-giv'n, He died to make us good,
 4. There was no oth-er good e-nough, To pay the price of sin;

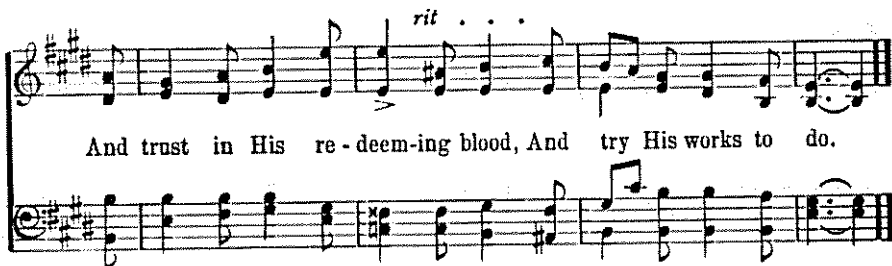


Where the dear Lord was cru-ci-fied, Who died to save us all.
 But we be-lieve it was for us He hung and suf-ered there.
 That we might go at last to Heav'n, Saved by His pre-cious blood.
 He on-ly could un-lock the gate Of Heav'n and let us in.

CHORUS



Oh, dear-ly, dear-ly has He loved, And we must love Him, too;



And trust in His re-deem-ing blood, And try His works to do.