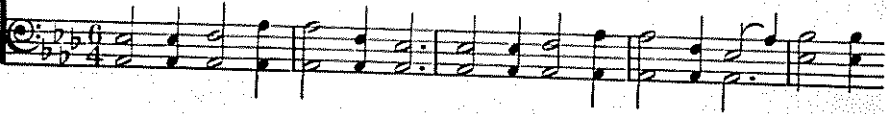


Day Is Dying in the West



1. Day is dy - ing in the west, Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and
2. Lord of life, be - neath the dome Of the u - ni - verse, Thy home, Gath - er
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of Love, en - fold - ing all, Thro' the
4. When for - ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of



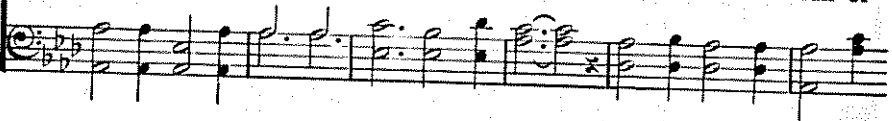
wor-ship while the night Sets her evening lamps alight Thro' all the sky.
 us, who seek Thy face, To the fold of Thy embrace, For Thou art nigh.
 glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as - cend.
 an - gels, on our eyes Let e - ter - nal morning rise, And shad - ows end!



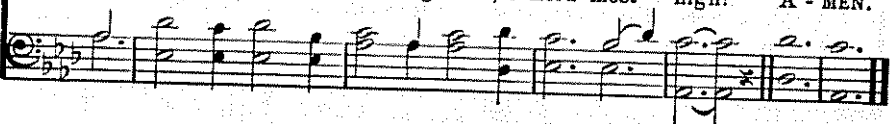
REFRAIN.



Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of



Thee! Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord most high! A - MEN.



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

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

I. eve-ning Steal a-cross the sky.

1. Sun of my soul! Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
 2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea - ry eye - lids gen - tly steep,
 3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with - out Thee I can - not live;
 4. Be near to bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take;

O may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
 Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For - ev - er on my Sav - ior's breast.
 A-bide with me when night is nigh, For with - out Thee I dare not die.
 Till, in the o - cean of Thy love, We lose our - selves in heav'n a - bove. A-MEN.

Faith of Our Fathers

423

FREDERICK W. FABER

HENRI F. HEMY
ALT. BY JAMES G. WALTON

1. Faith of our fa-thers! liv - ing still In spite of dung-eon, fire and sword:
 2. Our fa-thers, chained in pri-sons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free:
 3. Faith of our fa-thers, we still strive To win all na-tions un - to thee!
 4. Faith of our fa-thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife,

O how our hearts beat high with joy When-e'er we hear that glorious word!
 How sweet would be their children's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee!
 And thro' the truth that comes from God Mankind shall then in - deed be free:
 And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and virtuous life:

Faith of our fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
 Faith of our fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
 Faith of our fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
 Faith of our fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!

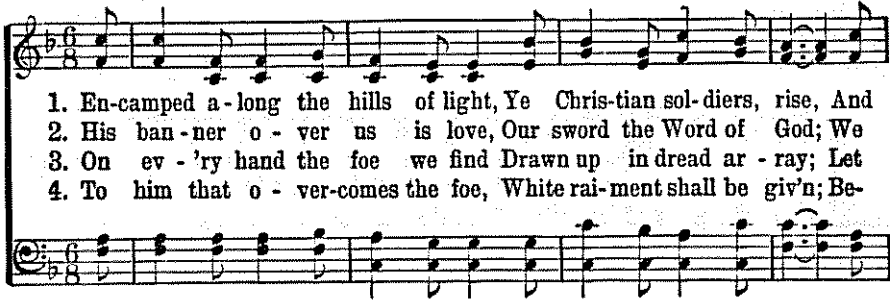
Faith of Our Mothers

424

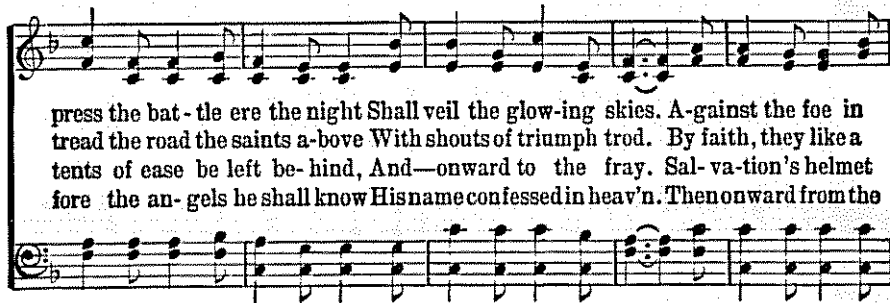
TUNE-ABOVE

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Faith of our mothers, living still
 In cradle song and bedtime prayer;
 In nursery lore and fireside love,
 Thy presence still pervades the air:
 Faith of our mothers, living faith!
 We will be true to thee till death.</p> | <p>3 Faith of our mothers, guiding faith,
 For youthful longing, youthful doubt,
 How blurred our vision, blind our way,
 Thy providential care without:
 Faith of our mothers, guiding faith,
 We will be true to thee till death.</p> |
| <p>2 Faith of our mothers, loving faith,
 Fount of our childhood's trust and grace,
 Oh, may thy consecration prove
 Source of a finer, nobler race:
 Faith of our mothers, living faith,
 We will be true to thee till death.</p> | <p>4 Faith of our mothers, Christian faith,
 In truth beyond our stumbling creeds,
 Still serve the home and save the Church,
 And breathe thy spirit thro' our deeds:
 Faith of our mothers, Christian faith!
 We will be true to thee till death.</p> |

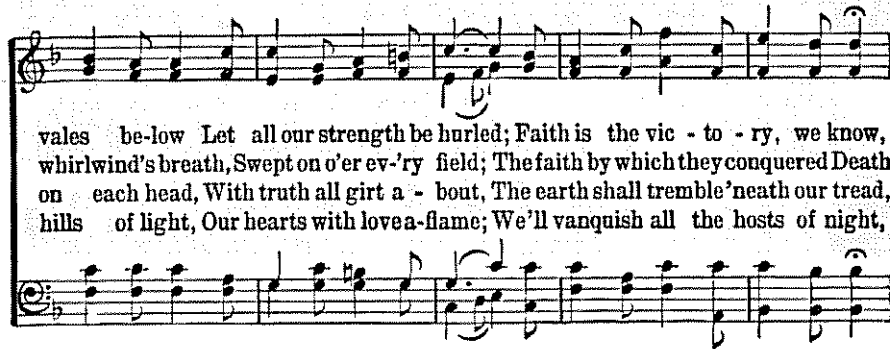
Words by A. B. Patten



1. En-camped a-long the hills of light, Ye Chris-tian sol-diers, rise, And
 2. His ban-ner o-ver us is love, Our sword the Word of God; We
 3. On ev-'ry hand the foe we find Drawn up in dread ar-ray; Let
 4. To him that o-ver-comes the foe, White rai-ment shall be giv'n; Be-

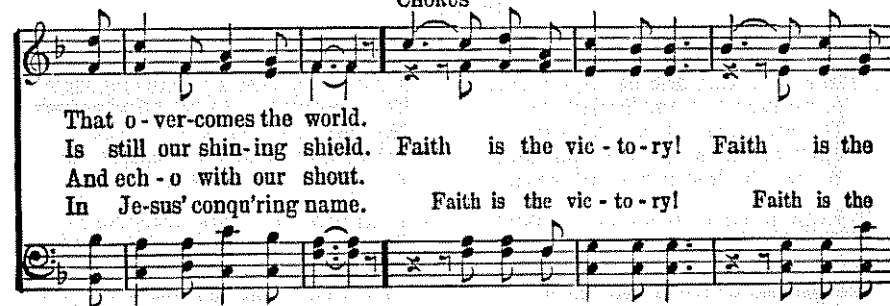


press the bat-tle ere the night Shall veil the glow-ing skies. A-gainst the foe in
 tread the road the saints a-bove With shouts of triumph trod. By faith, they like a
 tents of ease be left be-hind, And—onward to the fray. Sal-va-tion's helmet
 fore the an-gels be shall know His name confessed in heav'n. Then onward from the



vales be-low Let all our strength be hurled; Faith is the vic-to-ry, we know,
 whirlwind's breath, Swept on o'er ev-'ry field; The faith by which they conquered Death
 on each head, With truth all girt a-bout, The earth shall tremble 'neath our tread,
 hills of light, Our hearts with love a-flame; We'll vanquish all the hosts of night,

CHORUS



That o-ver-comes the world.
 Is still our shin-ing shield. Faith is the vic-to-ry! Faith is the
 And ech-o with our shout.
 In Je-sus' conqu'ring name. Faith is the vic-to-ry! Faith is the

Faith Is the Victory!

vic - to - ry! Oh, glo - ri - ous vic - to - ry, That o - ver - comes the world.
vic - to - ry!

Beneath the Cross of Jesus

426

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE


FREDERICK C. MAKER

1. Be - neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand,
2. Up - on that cross of Je - sus Mine eye at times can see
3. I take, O cross, thy shad - ow For my a - bid - ing - place;



The shad - ow of a might - y Rock With - in a wea - ry land;
The ver - y dy - ing form of One Who suf - ered there for me;
I ask no oth - er sun - shine than The sun - shine of His face;

A home with - in the wil - der - ness, A rest up - on the way,
And from my smit - ten heart with tears Two won - ders I con - fess,
Con - tent to let the world go by, To know no gain nor loss,


From the burn - ing of the noon - day heat, And the bur - den of the day,
The won - ders of His glo - rious love, And my own worth - less - ness.
My sin - ful self my on - ly shame, My glo - ry all the cross.



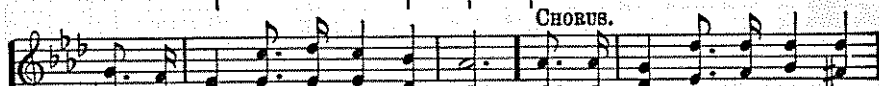
1. There are days so dark that I seek in vain For the face of my
 2. There are times, when tired of the toil-some road, That for ways of the
 3. When the way is dim, and I can-not see Thro' the mist of His
 4. In the last sad hour, as I stand a-lone Where the pow-ers of

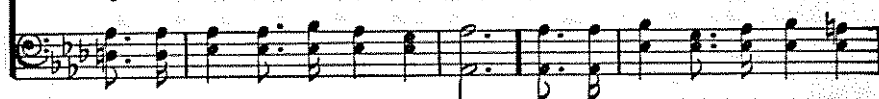
Friend Di-vine; But tho' dark-ness hide, He is there to guide
 world I pine; But He draws me back to the up-ward track
 wise de-sign, How my glad heart yearns and my faith re- turns
 death com-bine, While the dark waves roll He will guide my soul



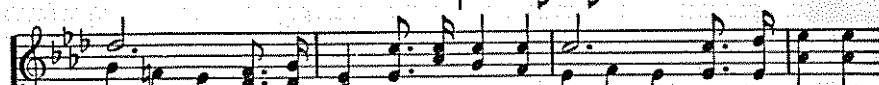
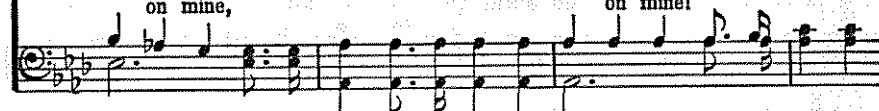
CHORUS.



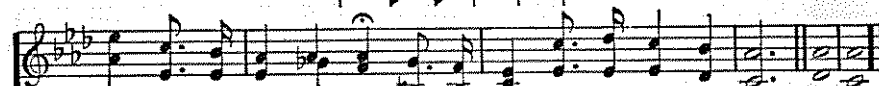

By the touch of His hand on mine. Oh, the touch of His hand on



mine, Oh, the touch of His hand on mine! There is grace and
 on mine, on mine!

pow'r, in the try-ing hour, In the touch of His hand on mine. A-MEN.

In the Garden

428

C. AUSTIN MILES

C. AUSTIN MILES

1. I come to the gar-den a - lone, While the dew is still on the
 2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet the birds hush their
 3. I'd stay in the gar-den with Him Tho' the night a - round me be

ros - es, And the voice I hear, Fall - ing on my ear, The
 sing - ing, And the mel - o - dy That He gave to me, With -
 fall - ing, But He bids me go; Thro' the voice of woe His

CHORUS
 Son of God dis - clos - es.
 in my heart is ring - ing. And He walks with me, and He
 voice to me is call - ing.

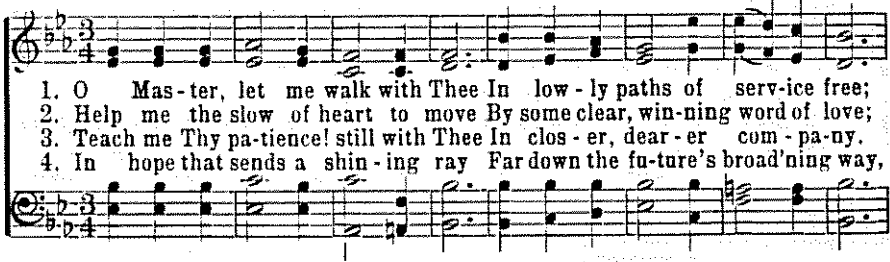
talks with me, And He tells me I am His own; And the

joy we share as we tar - ry there, None oth - er has ev - er known.

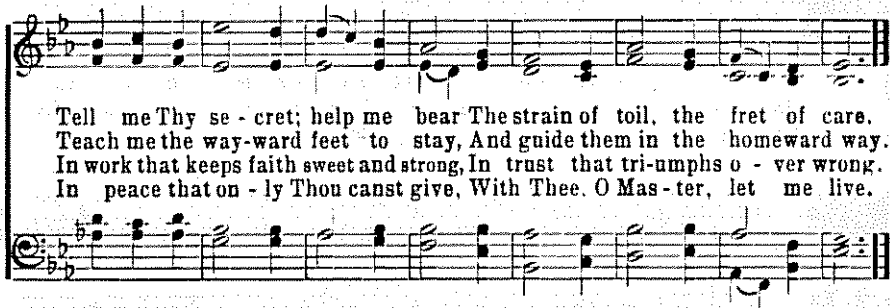
O Master, Let Me Walk with Thee

WASHINGTON GLADDEN

H. PERCY SMITH



1. O Mas-ter, let me walk with Thee In low-ly paths of serv-ice free;
2. Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear, win-ning word of love;
3. Teach me Thy pa-tience! still with Thee In clos-er, dear-er com-pa-ny.
4. In hope that sends a shin-ing ray Far down the fu-ture's broad'ning way,



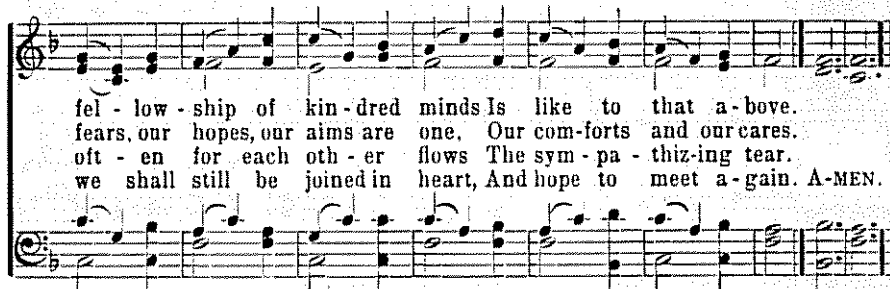
Tell me Thy se-cret; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.
Teach me the way-ward feet to stay, And guide them in the homeward way.
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In trust that tri-umphs o-ver wrong.
In peace that on-ly Thou canst give, With Thee, O Mas-ter, let me live.

Blest Be the Tie That Binds

JOHN FAWCETT

HANS G. NÄGELI
ARR. BY LOWELL MASON


1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love; The
2. Be-fore our Fa-ther's throne, We pour our ar-dent prayers; Our
3. We share our mu-tual woes, Our mu-tual bur-dens bear; And
4. When we a-sun-der part, It gives us in-ward pain; But



fel-low-ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a-bove.
fears, our hopes, our aims are one. Our com-forts and our cares.
oft-en for each oth-er flows The sym-pa-thiz-ing tear.
we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a-gain. A-MEN.

Follow On

431

W. O. CUSHING

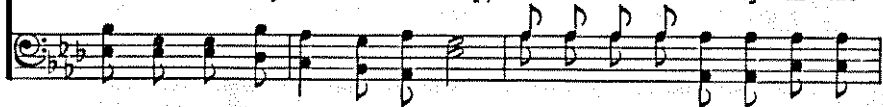
ROBERT LOWRY



1. Down in the val-ley with my Sav-iour I would go, Where the flowers are
2. Down in the val-ley with my Sav-iour I would go, Where the storms are
3. Down in the val-ley, or up - on the moun-tain steep, Close be - side my



bloom-ing and the sweet wa-ters flow; Ev-ery-where He leads me I would
sweep-ing and the dark wa-ters flow; With His hand to lead me I will
Sav - iour would my soul ev - er keep; He will lead me safe - ly in the



fol - low, fol - low on, Walk-ing in His foot-steps till the crown be won.
nev - er, nev - er fear, Dan-ger can-not fright me if my Lord is near.
path that He has trod, Up to where they gath-er on the hills of God.



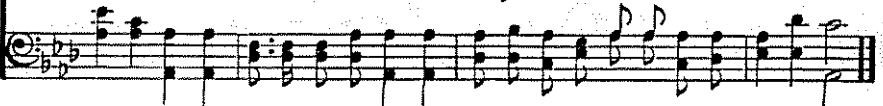
REFRAIN



Fol-low! fol-low! I would follow Je-sus! Anywhere, everywhere, I would follow on!



Fol-low! fol-low! I would follow Jesus! Everywhere He leads me I would follow on!



1. Ac - cord - ing to Thy gra - cious word, In meek hu - mil - i - ty,
2. Thy bod - y, bro - ken for my sake, My bread from heaven shall be;
3. When to the cross I turn my eyes, And rest on Cal - va - ry,
4. Re - mem - ber Thee, and all Thy pains, And all Thy love to me:
5. And when these fail - ing lips grow dumb, And mind and mem - ory flee,

This will I do, my dy - ing Lord, I will re - mem - ber Thee.
 Thy tes - ta - men - tal cup I take, And thus re - mem - ber Thee.
 O Lamb of God, my sac - ri - fice, I must re - mem - ber Thee.
 Yea, while I breathe, a pulse re - mains Will I re - mem - ber Thee.
 When Thou shalt in Thy King - dom come, Je - sus, re - mem - ber me.

1. Bread of heav'n, on Thee we feed, For Thy flesh is meat in - deed;
2. Vine of heav'n, Thy blood sup - plies This blest cup of sac - ri - fice;
3. Day by day, with strength supplied Thro' the life of Him who died,

Ev - er let our souls be fed With this true and liv - ing bread.
 Lord, Thy wounds our heal - ing give, To Thy cross we look and live.
 Lord of life, O let us be Root - ed, graft - ed, built on Thee!

Communion Hymn

434

CHARLES McMILLAN

J. C. BLAKER

1. On this Ho - ly Lord's day morn-ing, Mas-ter of the earth and sea;
 2. As we come a - round this ta - ble, Em-blem-at - ic of Thy death;
 3. May this loaf and cup re - mind us Of the sac - ri - fice Thou made,
 4. As we look to Thee, the Au - thor Of all hope and joy and peace,
 5. Grant us in this sa - cred serv-ice, To be-hold God's love a - new;

Stand we in Thy sa - cred presence, Hearts and souls a - thirst for Thee.
 Fill, O fill us with Thy Spir - it, Till in Thee our souls shall rest.
 Bleed-ing, dy - ing for trans-gres-sion That our sins on Thee be laid.
 May our loy - al con - se - cra - tion To Thee, nev - er, nev - er cease.
 May the vi - sion fill and thrill us, Till Thy ho - ly will we do.

How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds

435

JOHN NEWTON

ALEXANDER R. REINAGLE

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!
 2. It makes the wound-ed spir - it whole And calms the troub-led breast;
 3. Dear name! the rock on which I build, My shield and hid - ing place;
 4. Je - sus, my Shep-herd, Broth-er, Friend, My Proph-et, Priest and King,

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.
 'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul And to the wea - ry, rest.
 My nev - er - fail - ing treas - ure, filled With boundless stores of grace!
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End, Ac - cept the praise I bring. A - MEN.

436 Here, O My Lord, I See Thee Face to Face

HORATIUS BONAR

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLODY

1. Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face; Here would I
 2. Here would I feed up - on the bread of God; Here drink with
 3. Too soon we rise; the sym - bols dis - ap - pear; The feast, tho'
 4. Feast aft - er feast thus comes and pass - es by; Yet, pass - ing,

touch and han - dle things un - seen; Here grasp with firm - er hand th' e -
 Thee the roy - al wine of heav'n; Here would I lay a - side each
 not the love, is passed and gone; The bread and wine re - move, but
 points to the glad feast a - bove—Giv - ing sweet fore - taste of the

ter - nal grace, And all my wea - ri - ness up - on Thee lean.
 earth - ly load, Here taste a - fresh the calm of sin for - giv'n.
 Thou art here— Near - er than ev - er—still my Shield and Sun.
 fes - tal joy, The Lamb's great bri - dal feast of bliss and love.

437 Fling Out the Banner! Let It Float

GEORGE W. DOANE

JOHN B. CALKIN

1. Fling out the ban - ner, let it float Sky - ward and sea - ward, high and wide;
 2. Fling out the ban - ner, heathen lands Shall see from far the glo - rious sight,
 3. Fling out the ban - ner, sin - sick souls That sink and per - ish in the strife,
 4. Fling out the ban - ner, let it float Sky - ward and sea - ward, high and wide,

Fling Out the Banner! Let It Float

The sun that lights its shin-ing folds, The cross on which the Sav - ior died.
 And na-tions, crowding to be born, Bap-tize their spir - its in its light.
 Shall touch in faith its ra-diant hem, And spring im-mor-tal in - to life.
 Our glo-ry on - ly in the cross; Our on - ly hope, the Cru - ci - fied.

Hail to the Brightness

438

THOMAS HASTINGS

LOWELL MASON

1. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi - on's glad morn-ing! Joy to the
2. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi - on's glad morn-ing, Long by the
3. Lo, in the des - ert rich flow - ers are spring-ing, Streams ev - er
4. See, from all lands, from the isles of the o - cean, Praise to Je-

lands that in dark-ness have lain! Hushed be the ac - cents of
 proph - ets of Is - rael fore - told! Hail to the mil - lions fror
 co - pious are glid - ing a - long; Loud from the moun-tain-tops
 ho - vah as - cend - ing on high; Fallen are the en - gines of

sor-row and mourn-ing, Zi - on in tri-umph be - gins her mild reign.
 bond-age re - turn-ing! Gen - tiles and Jews the blest vi - sion be - hold.
 ech - oes are ring - ing, Wastes rise in ver - dure and min - gle in song.
 war and com - mo - tion, Shouts of sal - va - tion are rend-ing the sky.

1. The trial of the cross was ap- proach- ing With its bit- ter- ness, sor- row and
 2. The take of the bread to re- mem- ber That His bod- y was bro- ken for
 3. The Sav- iour now liv- eth in glo- ry, Tri - um- phant o'er death and o'er
 4. The Son of God gave to His chil- dren This to- ken in mem- ry of

pain, When there in the up- per room, Je- sus Spoke
 you; And drink of the cup to re- mem- ber His
 sin; Un- til He shall come for His dear ones, Do
 Him; Come, take of the bread of life free- ly, And

CHORUS

with His dis- ci- ples a- gain.
 blood that was shed for you too. This do in re- mem- brance of
 this in re- mem- brance of Him. Do this in re- mem- brance of
 let His blood cleanse you from sin.

Me, This do in re- mem- brance of Me; The wine and the bread speak of
 Him, Do this in re- mem- brance of Him; The wine and the bread speak of

blood that was shed; This do in re- mem- brance of Me.
 blood that was shed; Do this in re- mem- brance of Him.

Macedonia

440

ANNE ORTLUND

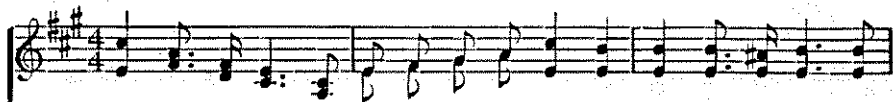
HENRY S. CUTLER

1. The vis-ion of a dy-ing world Is vast be-fore our eyes;
 2. The sav-age hugs his god of stone And fears de-scent of night;
 3. To-day, as un-der-stand-ing's bounds Are stretch'd on ev-ery hand;
 4. The warn-ing bell of judg-ment tolls, A - beve us looms the cross;

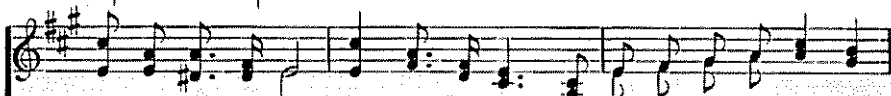
We feel the heart-beat of its need, We hear its fee-ble cries:
 The cit-y dwell-er cring-es lone A - mid the gar-ish light:
 O, clothe Thy Word in bright, new sounds, And speed it o'er the land;
 A - round are ev - er - dy - ing souls-How great, how great the loss!

Lord Je-sus Christ, re-vive Thy church In this, her cru-cial hour!
 Lord Je-sus Christ, a-rouse Thy church To see their mute dis - tress!
 Lord Je-sus Christ, em-pow-er us To preach by ev-ery means!
 O Lord, con-strain and move Thy church The glad news to im - part!

Lord Je-sus Christ, a-wake Thy church With Spir-it-giv - en pow'r.
 Lord Je-sus Christ, e-quip Thy church With love and ten-der - ness.
 Lord Je-sus Christ, em-bold-en us In near and dis-tant scenes.
 And Lord, as Thou dost stir Thy church, Be-gin with-in my heart.



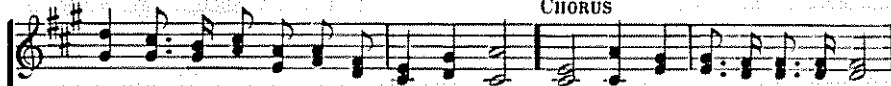
1. Far, far a-way, in hea-then darkness dwell-ing, Mil-lions of souls for-
2. See o'er the world wide-o - pen doors in - vit - ing, Sol-diers of Christ, a-
3. "Why will ye die?" the voice of God is call-ing, "Why will ye die?" re-
4. God speed the day, when those of ev-'ry na-tion "Glo-ry to God!" tri-



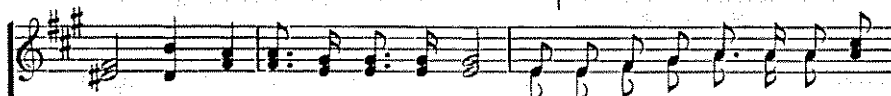
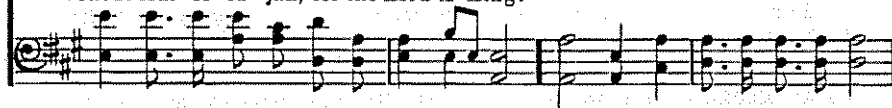
ev - er may be lost; Who, who will go, sal - va-tion's sto-ry tell-ing,
 rise and en - ter in! Chris-tians, a-wake! your forc-es all u - nit - ing,
 ech - o in His name; Je - sus hath died to save from death ap-pall-ing,
 um-phantly shall sing; Ran-somed, redeemed, re-joic-ing in sal - va-tion,



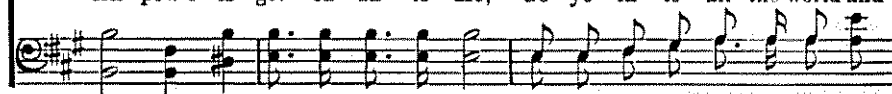
CHORUS



Look-ing to Je-sus, mind-ing not the cost?
 Send forth the gospel, break the chains of sin. "All pow'r is giv-en un-to Me,
 Life and sal-va-tion therefore go pro-claim.
 Shout Hal-le-lu-jah, for the Lord is King.



All pow'r is giv - en un - to Me, Go ye in - to all the world and



preach the gos - pel, And lo, I am with you al - way."

