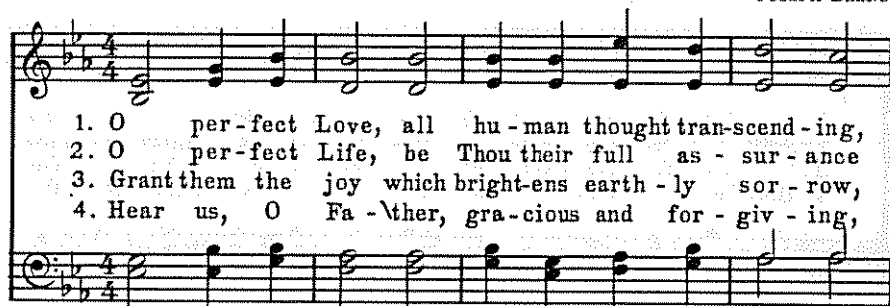


O Perfect Love

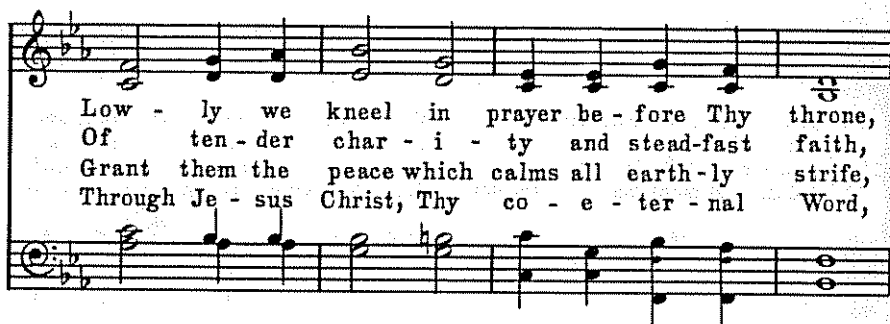
461

DOROTHY F. GURNEY

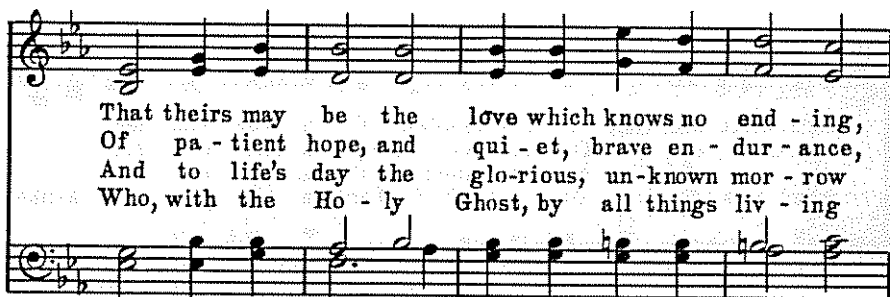
JOSEPH BARNBY



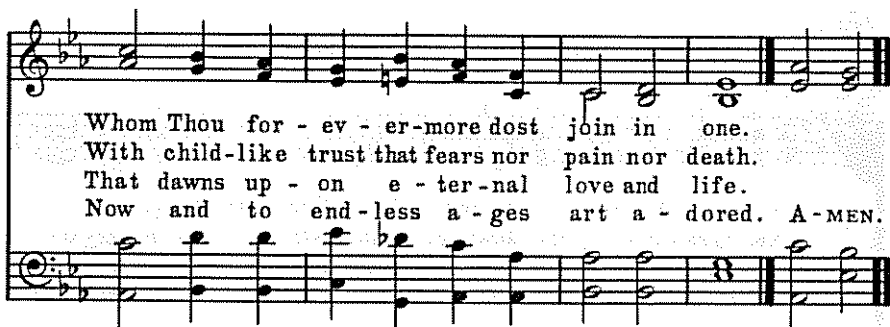
1. O per-fect Love, all hu-man thought tran-scend-ing,
2. O per-fect Life, be Thou their full as-sur-ance
3. Grant them the joy which bright-ens earth-ly sor-row,
4. Hear us, O Fa-ther, gra-cious and for-giv-ing,



Low-ly we kneel in prayer be-fore Thy throne,
Of ten-der char-i-ty and stead-fast faith,
Grant them the peace which calms all earth-ly strife,
Through Je-sus Christ, Thy co-e-ter-nal Word,



That theirs may be the love which knows no end-ing,
Of pa-tient hope, and qui-et, brave en-dur-ance,
And to life's day the glo-rious, un-known mor-row
Who, with the Ho-ly Ghost, by all things liv-ing



Whom Thou for-ev-er-more dost join in one.
With child-like trust that fears nor pain nor death.
That dawns up-on e-ter-nal love and life.
Now and to end-less a-ges art a-dored. A-MEN.

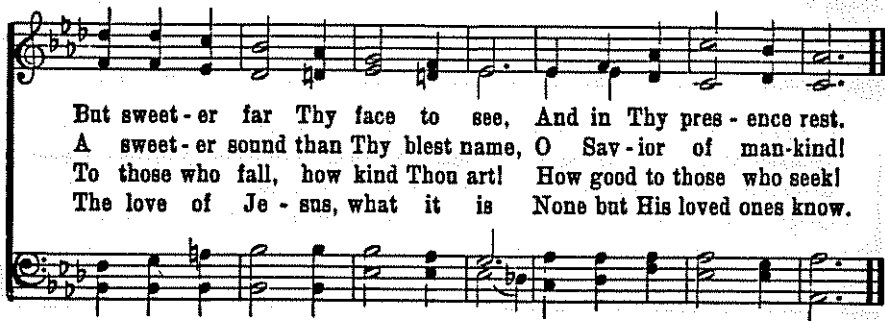
1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour: What but Thy
 4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the

deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide: When oth - er help - ers fail, and
 dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in all a -
 grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who like Thy - self my guide and
 gloom, and point me to the skies: Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain

com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me!
 round I see; O Thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me!
 stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun - shine, O a - bide with me!
 shad - ows flee: In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me! A - MEN.

1. Je - sus, the ver - y thought of Thee With sweetness fills my breast;
 2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem - ory find
 3. O Hope of ev - 'ry con - trite heart, O Joy of all the meek,
 4. But what to those who find? Ah! this Nor tongue nor pen can show,

Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee



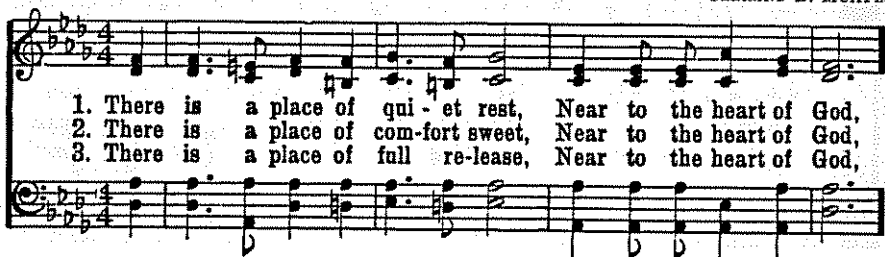
But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres-ence rest.
A sweet-er sound than Thy blest name, O Sav-ior of man-kind!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek!
The love of Je-sus, what it is None but His loved ones know.

Near to the Heart of God

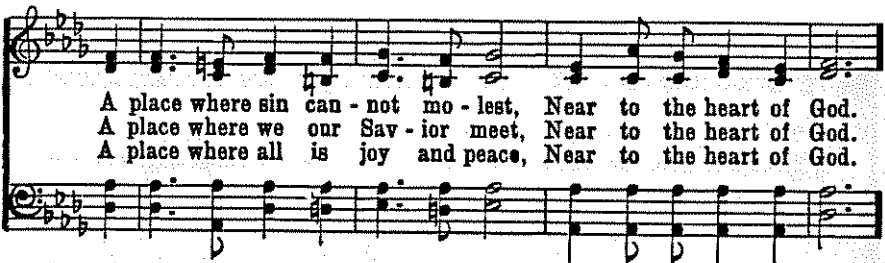
464

CLELAND B. MCAFEE

CLELAND B. MCAFEE

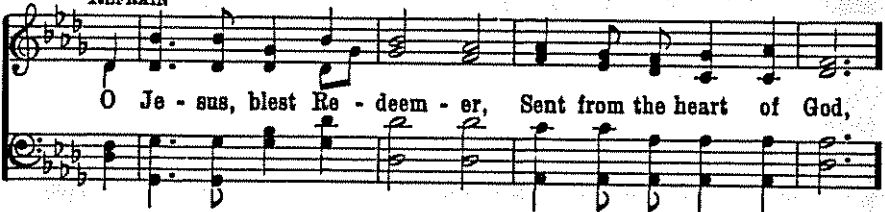


1. There is a place of qui-et rest, Near to the heart of God,
2. There is a place of com-fort sweet, Near to the heart of God,
3. There is a place of full re-lease, Near to the heart of God,

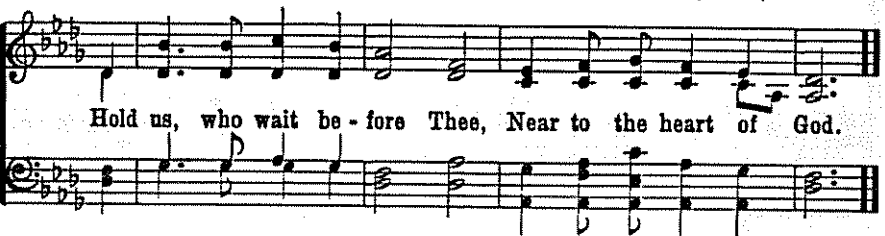


A place where sin can-not mo-lest, Near to the heart of God.
A place where we our Sav-ior meet, Near to the heart of God.
A place where all is joy and peace, Near to the heart of God.


REFRAIN



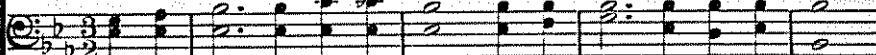
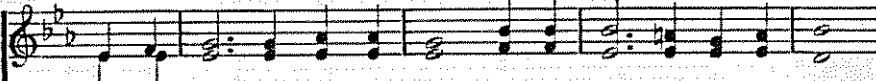
O Je-sus, blest Re-deem-er, Sent from the heart of God,



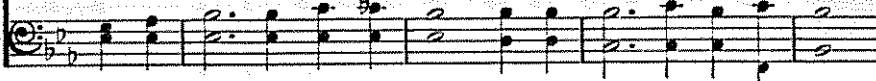
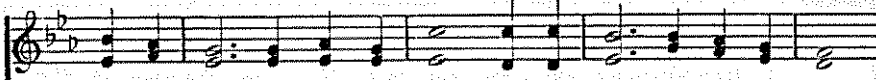
Hold us, who wait be-fore Thee, Near to the heart of God.




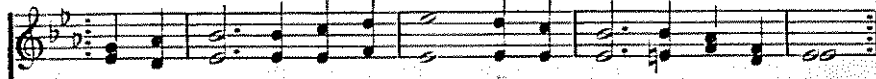
1. Loved with ev - er - last - ing love, Led by grace that love to know;
 2. Heav'n a - bove is soft - er blue, Earth a - round is sweet - er green!
 3. Things that once were wild a - larms Can - not now dis - turb my rest;
 4. His for - ev - er, on - ly His; Who the Lord and me shall part?


Spir - it, breath - ing from a - bove, Thou hast taught me it is so!
 Some - thing lives in ev - 'ry hue Christ - less eyes have nev - er seen:
 Closed in ev - er - last - ing arms, Pil - lowed on the lov - ing breast.
 Ah, with what a rest of bliss Christ can fill the lov - ing heart!

Oh, this full and per - fect peace! Oh, this trans - port all di - vine!
 Birds with glad - der songs o'er - flow, Flow'rs with deep - er beau - ties shine,
 Oh, to lie for - ev - er here, Doubt and care and self re - sign,
 Heav'n and earth may fade and flee, First - born light in gloom de - cline,

In a love which can - not cease, I am His and He is mine.
 Since I know, as now I know, I am His and He is mine.
 While He whis - pers in my ear— I am His and He is mine.
 But while God and I shall be, I am His and He is mine.




A Mighty Fortress Is Our God


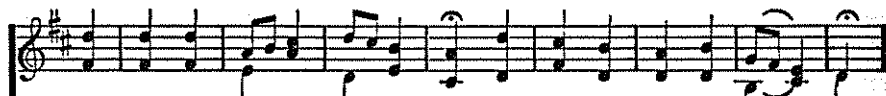
466

MARTIN LUTHER
TR. BY FREDERICK H. HEDGECOCK



MARTIN LUTHER



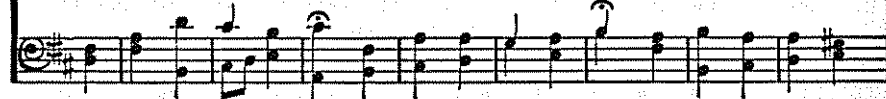

1. A might-y for-tress is our God, A bul-wark nev-er fail - ing;
2. Did we in our own strength confide, Our striv-ing would be los - ing;
3. And tho' this world, with dev-ils filled, Should threaten to un-do us;
4. That word a - bove all earthly pow'rs—No thanks to them—a-bid - eth:


Our help-er He, a - mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre-vail - ing.
Were not the right Man on our side, The Man of God's own choos - ing.
We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to tri-umph through us.
The Spir - it and the gifts are ours Thro' Him who with us sid - eth.

For still our an-cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are
Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je-sus, it is He; Lord Sabaoth is His
The prince of darkness grim—We tremble not for him; His rage we can en-
Let goods and kin-dred go, This mor-tal life al - so; The bod - y they may

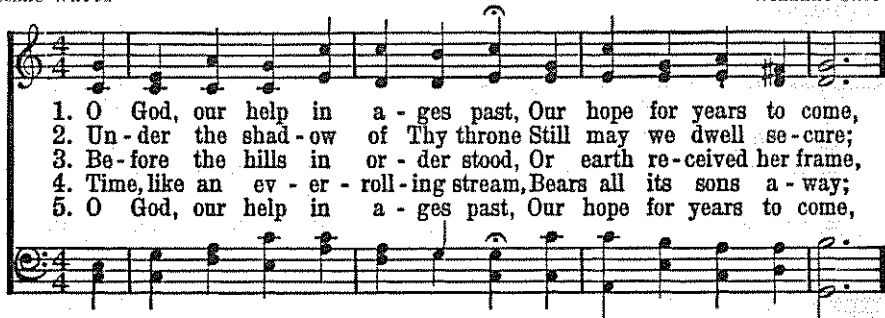
great, And, armed with cru-el hate, On earth is not his e - qual.
name, From age to age the same, And He must win the bat - tle.
dure, For lo! his doom is sure, One lit - tle word shall fell him.
kill: God's truth a - bid - eth still, His king-dom is for - ev - er.



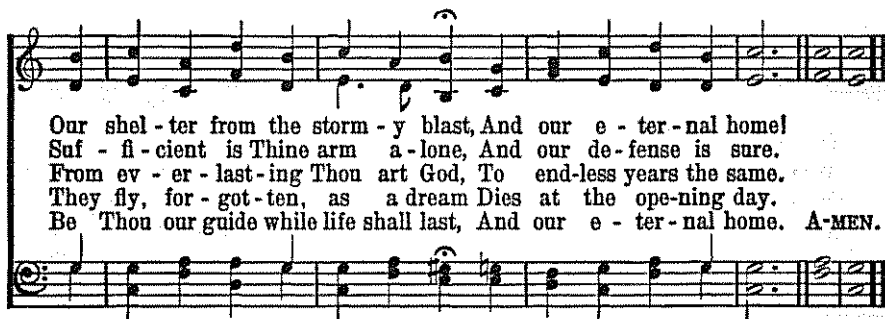
O God, Our Help in Ages Past

ISAAC WATTS

WILLIAM CROFT



1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
 2. Un - der the shad - ow of Thy throne Still may we dwell se - cure;
 3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re - ceived her frame,
 4. Time, like an ev - er - roll - ing stream, Bears all its sons a - way;
 5. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,

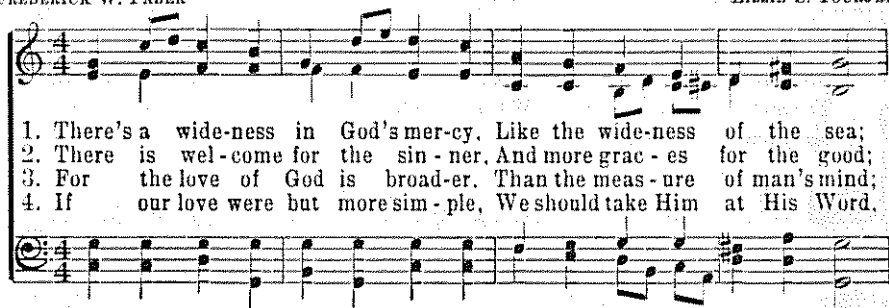


Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home!
 Suf - fi - cient is Thine arm a - lone, And our de - fense is sure.
 From ev - er - last - ing Thou art God, To end - less years the same.
 They fly, for - got - ten, as a dream Dies at the ope - ning day.
 Be Thou our guide while life shall last, And our e - ter - nal home. A - MEN.

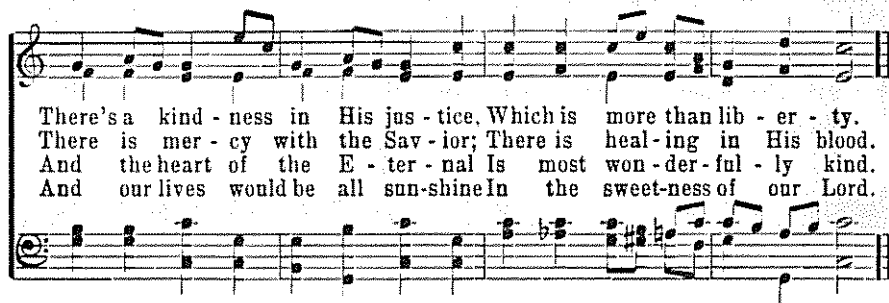
There's a Wideness in God's Mercy

FREDERICK W. FABER

LIZZIE S. TOURJÉE



1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea;
 2. There is wel-come for the sin-ner, And more grac-es for the good;
 3. For the love of God is broad-er, Than the meas-ure of man's mind;
 4. If our love were but more sim-ple, We should take Him at His Word.



There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
 There is mer - cy with the Sav - ior; There is heal - ing in His blood.
 And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won - der - ful - ly kind.
 And our lives would be all sun - shine In the sweet - ness of our Lord.

Grace Greater Than Our Sin

469

JULIA H. JOHNSTON

DANIEL B. TOWNER

1. Mar - vel - ous grace of our lov - ing Lord, Grace that ex - ceeds our
 2. Sin and de - spair like the sea waves cold, Threat - en the soul with
 3. Dark is the stain that we can - not hide, What can a - veil to
 4. Mar - vel - ous, in - fi - nite, match - less grace, Free - ly be - stowed on

sin and our guilt, Yon - der on Cal - va - ry's mount out - poured,
 in - fi - nite loss; Grace that is great - er, yes, grace un - told,
 wash it a - way? Look! there is flow - ing a crim - son tide;
 all who be - lieve; You that are long - ing to see His face,

CHORUS

There where the blood of the Lamb was spilt.
 Points to the Ref - uge, the Might - y Cross. Grace, grace,
 Whit - er than snow you may be to - day.
 Will you this mo - ment His grace re - ceive? Mar - vel - ous grace,

God's grace, Grace that will par - don and cleanse with - in; Grace,
 In - fi - nite grace, Mar - vel - ous

grace, God's grace, Grace that is great - er than all our sin.
 grace, In - fi - nite grace,

1. Won - der - ful grace of Je - sus, Great - er than all my sin; . .
 2. Won - der - ful grace of Je - sus, Reach - ing to all the lost; . .
 3. Won - der - ful grace of Je - sus, Reach - ing the most de - filed; . .

How shall my tongue de - scribe it, Where shall its praise be - gin? . . .
 By it I have been pardoned, Saved to the ut - ter - most, . . .
 By its trans - form - ing pow - er, Mak - ing him God's dear child, . .

Tak - ing a - way my bur - den, Set - ting my spir - it free; . .
 Chains have been torn a - sun - der, Giv - ing me lib - er - ty; . . .
 Pur - chas - ing peace and heav - en, For all e - ter - ni - ty; . . .

For the won - der - ful grace of Je - sus reach - es me.
 For the won - der - ful grace of Je - sus reach - es me.
 And the won - der - ful grace of Je - sus reach - es me.

CHORUS

the matchless grace of Je - sus,
 Won - der - ful the matchless grace of Je - sus, Deep - er than the

Wonderful Grace of Jesus

might-y roll-ing sea; the roll-ing sea; Won - - - der - ful
Higher than the mountain,

grace, all - suf - fi - - - cient for
spar-king like a foun - tain, All - suf - fi - cient grace for e - ven

me, for e - ven me, Broad - er than the scope of my trans -
me,

gres - sions, Great - er far than all my sin and shame.....
gres-sions, sing it! my sin and shame,

O mag - ni - fy the pre - cious name of Je - sus, Praise His name!

FANNY J. CROSBY

GEORGE C. STEBBINS
ARR. BY SEYMOUR SWETS

1. Some day the sil - ver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;
2. Some day my earth - ly house will fall, I can-not tell how soon 'twill be;
3. Some day, when fades the gold-en sun Be-neath the ro - sy - tint - ed west,
4. Some day: till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all trimmed and burning bright,

But oh, the joy when I shall wake With-in the pal-ace of the King!
But this I know—my All in All Has now a place in heav'n for me.
My blessed Lord will say, "Well done!" And I shall en-ter in - to rest.
That when my Sav - ior opes the gate, My soul to Him may take its flight.

REFRAIN

And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the sto-ry—Saved by grace;
shall see to face,

And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the sto-ry—Saved by grace.
shall see to face,

All the Way My Savior Leads Me

472

FANNY J. CROSBY

ROBERT LOWRY



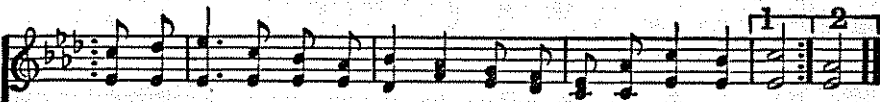
1. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; What have I to ask be-side?
 2. All the way my Sav-ior leads me, Cheers each wind-ing path I tread,
 3. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; Oh, the full-ness of His love!



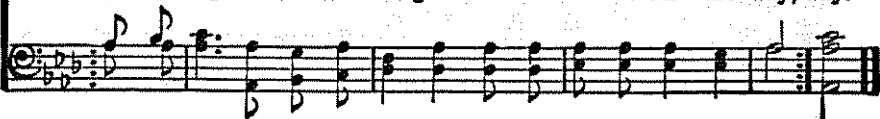
Can I doubt His ten-der mer-cy, Who thro' life has been my Guide?
 Gives me grace for ev-'ry tri-al, Feeds me with the liv-ing bread.
 Per-fect rest to me is prom-ised In my Fa-ther's house a-bove.



Heav'n-ly peace, di-vin-est com-fort, Here by faith in Him to dwell
 Though my wea-ry steps may fal-ter, And my soul a-thirst may be,
 When my spir-it, clothed im-mor-tal, Wings its flight to realms of day,



For I know, whate'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well; well.
 Gushing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see; see.
 This my song thro' end-less a-ges: Je-sus led me all the way; way.



1. In shad - y, green pas-tures, so rich and so sweet. God leads His dear
 2. Sometimes on the mount where the sun shines so bright, God leads His dear
 3. Tho' sor - rows be - fall us, and Sa - tan op - pose, God leads His dear
 4. A - way from the mire, and a - way from the clay, God leads His dear

chil-dren a - long; Where the wa-ter's cold flow bathes the wea-ry one's feet,
 chil-dren a - long; Some - times in the val - ley, in dark-est of night,
 chil-dren a - long; Through grace we can con-quer, de - feat all our foes,
 chil-dren a - long; A - way up in glo-ry, e - ter - ni - ty's day,

CHORUS

God leads His dear chil-dren a - long. Some thro' the waters, some thro' the flood,

Some thro' the fire, but all thro' the blood; Some thro' great sor-row, but

God gives a song, In the night sea-son and all the day long. *rit.*

What God Hath Promised

474

ANNIE JOHNSON FLINT

WILLIAM M. RUNYAN



1. God hath not prom-ised skies al-ways blue, Flow-er-strewn path-ways
 2. God hath not prom-ised we shall not know Toil and temp-ta-tion,
 3. God hath not prom-ised smooth roads and wide, Swift, eas-y trav-el,



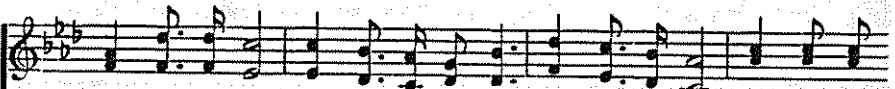
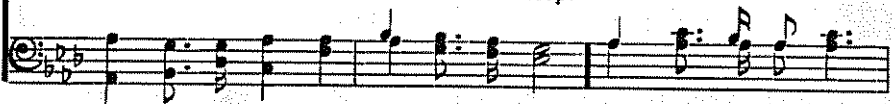
all our lives through; God hath not prom-ised sun with-out rain,
 trou-ble and woe; He hath not told us we shall not bear
 need-ing no guide; Nev-er a moun-tain rock-y and steep,



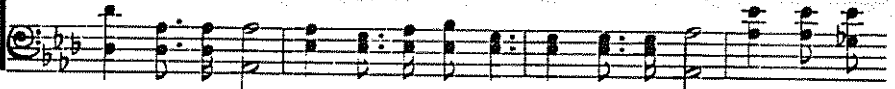
CHORUS



Joy with-out sor-row, peace with-out pain.
 Man-y a bur-den, man-y a care. But God hath prom-ised
 Nev-er a riv-er tur-bid and deep.

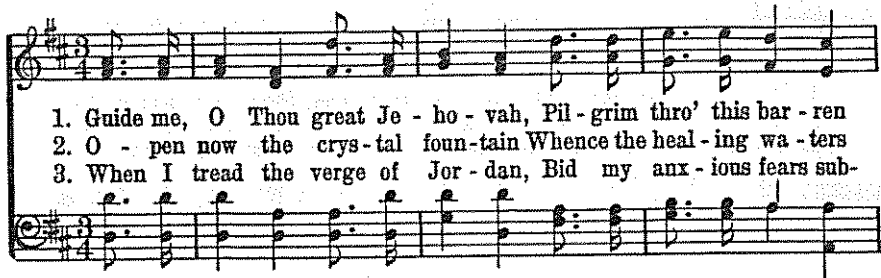


strength for the day, Rest for the la-bor, light for the way, Grace for the

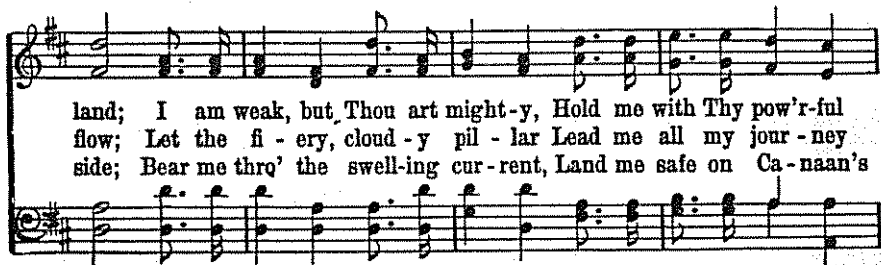


tri-als, help from a-bove, Un-fail-ing sym-pa-thy, un-dy-ing love.

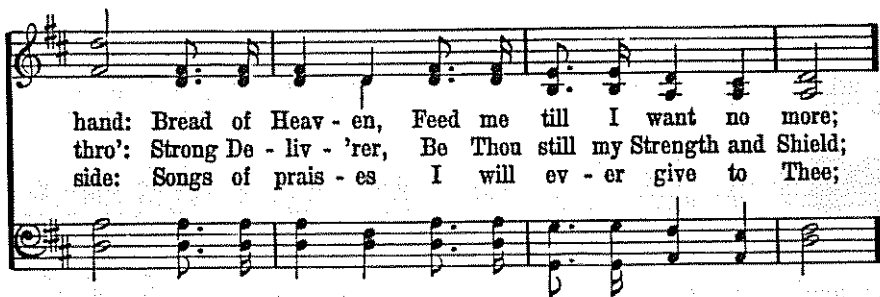




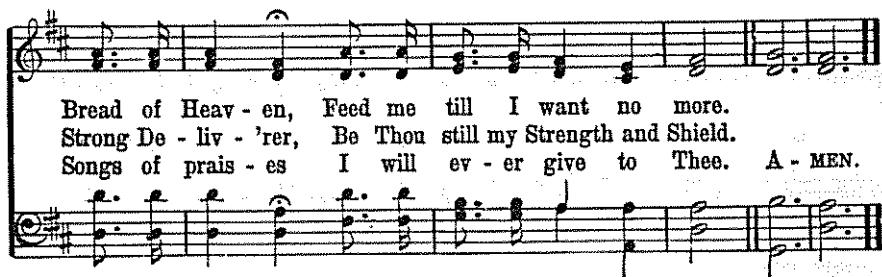
1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren
 2. O - pen now the crys - tal foun - tain Whence the heal - ing wa - ters
 3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub -



land; I am weak, but, Thou art might - y, Hold me with Thy pow'r - ful
 flow; Let the fi - ery, cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my jour - ney
 side; Bear me thro' the swell - ing cur - rent, Land me safe on Ca - naan's



hand: Bread of Heav - en, Feed me till I want no more;
 thro': Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my Strength and Shield;
 side: Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to Thee;




Bread of Heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.
 Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.
 Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to Thee. A - MEN.

Songs of Praises



476

WILLIAM WILLIAMS
GIPSY SMITH, 4

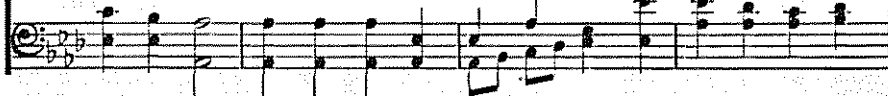

JOHN HUGHES
ARR. BY E. EDWIN YOUNG




1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this
2. O - pen now the crys - tal foun - tain, Whence the heal - ing
3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious
4. Care and doubt - ing, gloom and sor - row, Fear and shame are

bar - ren land; I am weak, but Thou art might - y, Hold me with Thy
wa - ters flow; Let the fier - y, cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my
fears sub - side; Bear me thro' the swell - ing cur - rent, Land me safe on
mine no more; Faith knows naught of dark to - mor - row, For my Sav - ior

pow'r - ful hand; Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I
jour - ney thro'; Strong De - liv - rer, Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my
Ca - naan's side; Songs of prais - es, Songs of prais - es, I will ev - er
goes be - fore; Songs of prais - es, Songs of prais - es, I will ev - er




want no more; Feed me till I want no more.
Un - til I want no more;
strength and shield; Be Thou still my strength and shield.
Be still my strength and shield;
give to Thee; I will ev - er give to Thee.
Will ev - er give to Thee;
give to Thee; I will ev - er give to Thee. A - MEN.
Will ev - er give to Thee;



Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me

EDWARD HOPPER

JOHN E. GOULD



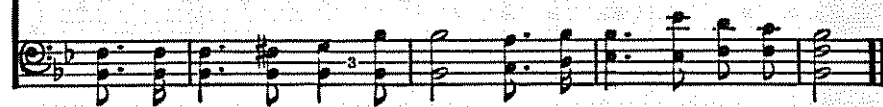
1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pes - tuous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar



Un - known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treacherous shoal;
Boisterous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
*Twixt me and the peace - ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,



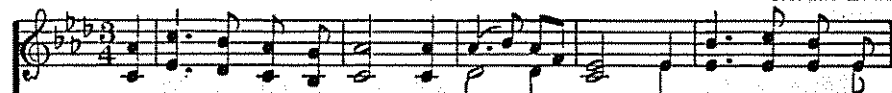
Chart and com - pass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
Won - drous Sov - 'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."



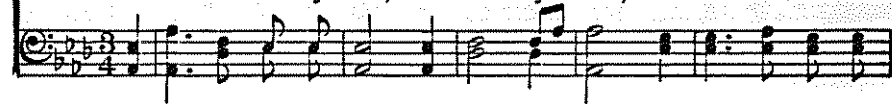
I Need Thee Every Hour

ANNIE S. HAWKS

ROBERT LOWEY



1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like
2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp - ta - tions lose their
3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick - ly and a -
4. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me Thine in -



I Need Thee Every Hour

CHORUS

Thine Can peace af - ford.
pow'r When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, O I need Thee; Ev'-ry hour I
bide, Or life is vain.
deed, Thon bless-ed Son!

need Thee! O bless me now, my Sav - ior, I come to Thee!

I Am Not Skilled to Understand

479

DORA GREENWELL

WILLIAM J. KIRKPATRICK

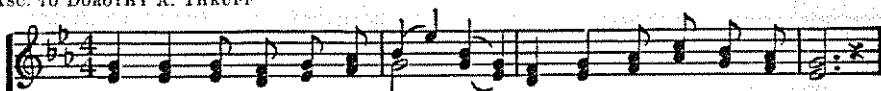
1. I am not skilled to un-der-stand What God hath willed, what God hath planned;
2. I take Him at His word indeed: "Christ died for sin - ners," this I read;
3. That He should leave His place on high And come for sin - ful man to die,
4. Yea, liv - ing, dy - ing, let me bring My strength, my sol-ace from this spring:

I on - ly know at His right hand Is One who is my Sav-iour!
For in my heart I find a need Of Him to be my Sav-iour!
You count it strange? so once did I, Be - fore I knew my Sav-iour!
That He who lives to be my King Once died to be my Sav-iour!

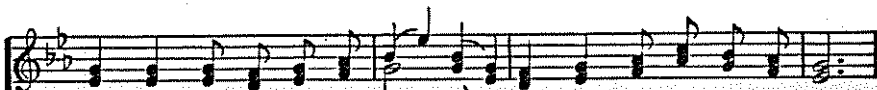
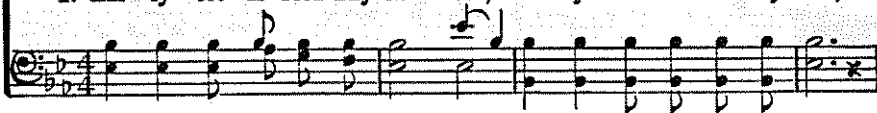
Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us

"HYMNS FOR THE YOUNG"
ASC. TO DOROTHY A. THRUPP

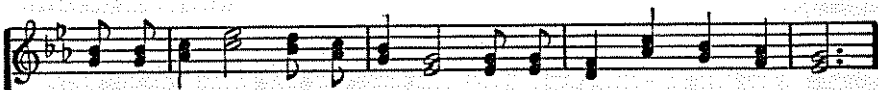
WILLIAM B. BRADBURY



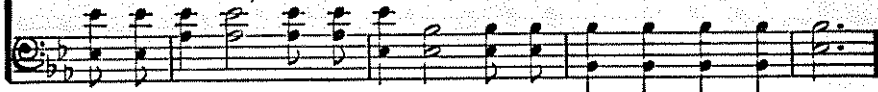
1. Sav - ior, like a shep - herd lead us, Much we need Thy ten - der care;
2. We are Thine; do Thou be - friend us, Be the Guardian of our way;
3. Thou hast promised to re - ceive us, Poor and sin - ful though we be;
4. Ear - ly let us seek Thy fa - vor; Ear - ly let us do Thy will;



In Thy pleas - ant pas - tures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre - pare:
Keep Thy flock, from sin de - fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray:
Thou hast mer - cy to re - lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free:
Bless - ed Lord and on - ly Sav - ior, With Thy love our bos - oms fill:



Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;
Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Hear, O hear us when we pray;
Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Ear - ly let us turn to Thee;
Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still;



Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Hear, O hear us when we pray.
Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Ear - ly let us turn to Thee.
Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still.

