

**The Musical salvationist : song
book containing 384 songs...нет
данных**

**Москва
«Книга по Требованию»**

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Down at Thy Cross I kneel and gaze,
Thy image so receiving
Upon my soul, and I will live
Thy loving spirit breathing.

7

M.S. I., 7.

Have you received the Holy Power ?
'Twill fit you for the fight,
'Twill make of you a mighty host,
To put your foes to flight.

Oh, 'tis coming, oh, 'tis coming,
The Power of the Holy Ghost :
Oh, 'tis coming, my sin consuming,
The fire of the Holy Ghost.

Have you received the Holy Power ?
'Twill fall from Heaven on you ;
From Jesus' Throne, this very hour,
'Twill make you brave and true.

Oh, now receive the Holy Fire,
'Twill burn away all dross,
All earthly, selfish, vain desire,
'Twill make you love the Cross.

8

M.S. I., 8.

B.J. 40.
From Heaven to earth my Saviour came,
To bear for me sin's curse and shame,
That I, through Him, may pardon have,
And feel and know His power to save.

The grace of God, so rich and free,
The grace of God, it found out me ;
The grace of God my song shall be,
The grace, the grace, the grace of God.

His wondrous love has won my heart,
And bidden sin and fear depart ;
My inward foes are all subdued,
I've proved there's cleansing in the Blood.
My doubts and fears to Him I give,
From anxious cares set free, I live ;
The burden of my heart is gone,
And now I live for God alone.

9

M.S. I., 9.

B.J. 43.
Oh, sinner, come to Jesus,
And give your heart to Him,
Blessed be the name of the Lord ;
And He will make you holy,
And save you from all sin ;
Blessed be the name of the Lord.

When the stars of the elements are falling,
And the moon shall be turned into blood,
And the children of the Lord returning home to
Blessed be the name of the Lord. [God

It does not matter whether
We are black or white,
Blessed be the name of the Lord ;
For God says, " Whosoever,"
Can come and be put right ;
Blessed be the name of the Lord.
And when the Lord does call us
To cross cold Jordan's tide,
Blessed be the name of the Lord ;
I'm sure that he will help us,
And 'be close by our side ;
Blessed be the name of the Lord.
Then our warfare will be over,
And all the work be done,
Blessed be the name of the Lord ;
We'll bind our sheaves together,
And shout the " Harvest home ;"
Blessed be the name of the Lord.

10

B.J. 42.

M.S. I., 10.

O'er our country, from ocean to ocean,
The Salvation Army you'll see,
Filled with love and a Saviour's devotion,
Everywhere slaves of sin setting free.
Our meetings make many assemble,
Jesus only we lift up to view,
And we'll shout 'till we make Satan tremble,
" Sinner, there is salvation for you."
Oh, yes, there's salvation for you ;
Oh, yes, there's salvation for you,
For you on the Cross Jesus suffered,
Sinner, there is salvation for you.

We see how that sin's desolation
Now threatens our land to deform ;
On Jesus, our Rock and Foundation,
There's safety alone from the storm.
With the Blood-and-fire flag waving o'er us,
Though only a tried, faithful few.
In the might of our Captain we'll conquer,
Telling all, there's salvation for you.
The outcast, the drunkard bring hither,
And all steeped in sin to the brim ;
May zeal for our Master ne'er wither,
Nor desire for His glory grow dim.
May we from the Army ne'er sever,
But ever to Jesus prove true ;
Let this be our war cry for ever,
Sinner, there is salvation for you.

11

B J 93. M.S. I., 11.

My mind upon Thee Lord is stayed,
My all upon Thy altar laid,
Oh, hear my prayer,
And since in singleness of aim,
I part with all, Thy power to gain,
Oh, God, draw near.

Saviour, dear Saviour, draw nearer,
Humble in spirit I kneel at Thy Cross;
Speak out Thy wishes still clearer,
And I will obey at all cost.

By every promise Thou hast made,
And by the price Thy love has paid
For my release,
I claim the power to make me whole,
And keep through every hour my soul
In perfect peace.

And now by faith the deed is done,
And Thou again to live hast come
Within my heart.
And rising now with Thee my Lord,
To lose the world I can afford,
For mine Thou art.

12

B J 46. M.S. I., 12.

When the shadows are thickly falling,
As I pass through the valley of death,
And the trumpet for me is calling,
I will shout with my latest breath;
By the Blood that did redeem me,
O Lord Thou wilt receive me,
And before the Throne then flying,
I will answer, "Here am I."

When the trumpet sounds I'm ready for to go,
For to go, for to go.
When the trumpet sounds I'm ready for to go,
And I'll ride up in the chariot in the morning.

He too, gave me His pardon freely,
From my name He has blotted my sin,
And in death's valley He'll be near me,
Of His mercy I then will sing.
Day by day His hand has blest me,
His love has never failed me,
And I therefore love Him truly,
And with joy shall greet His call.

13

M.S. I., 13.

When God has set His Judgment Throne,
When the first trumpet sounds, I'll be
there;
And when He calls His loved ones Home,
When the first trumpet sounds, I'll be
there.

I'll be there, I'll be there,
When the first trumpet sounds I'll be there.

When God, aloud, each name shall call,
When the first trumpet sounds, I'll be
there;
And on the wicked, fear shall fall:
When the first trumpet sounds, I'll be
there.

I shall not dread to hear His voice
When the first trumpet sounds, I'll be
there;
But with glad heart I shall rejoice,
When the first trumpet sounds, I'll be
there.

O brother, say, on Christ's right hand,
When the first trumpet sounds, will you
be there?
Or with the lost and hopeless band,
When the first trumpet sounds, will you
be there?

14

M.S. I., 14.

Full of pity, love, and grace,
Jesus left His dwelling-place,
And came on earth to dwell,
To save a lost and guilty world
From going down to hell.

Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love,
The love of God to me.
It brought my Saviour from above,
To die on Calvary.

He for me a curse was made,
All my sins on Him were laid,
That I might pardoned be,
And from the guilt and punishment,
And power of sin be free.

He can Satan's works destroy,
Fill my soul with peace and joy,
Baptize me with His love,
And make me pure and holy here,
As angels are above.

Lord, I yield myself to Thee,
 Let Thy will be done in me,
 Oh, make me all Thine own,
 And let my life henceforth proclaim
 That I am Thine alone.

15

B.J. 20. M.S. I., 15.
 We have orders from the Lord our King,
 To storm and take each fort of sin and
 darkness;
 And to captive souls the tidings bring,
 Through Jesus there is freedom and for-
 giveness.

War, victory, glory! War, victory, glory!
 In the fight this battle-song we'll sing.
 War, victory, glory! War, victory, glory!
 Marching orders we obey for Christ is King.

'Tis because our hearts with love are filled
 That we have taken arms to fight for Jesus;
 We forget not that His Blood He spilt,
 That He from sin's dread bondage might
 redeem us.

To our marching orders we'll be true,
 With brave and loyal hearts that fear no
 danger,

We our Saviour's aims will carry through,
 And every soul shall know Him as
 Redeemer.

16

B.J. 37 & 160. M.S. I., 16.

WHAT sounds are those that reach the ear?
 They tell of freedom drawing near,
 When all who in sin's bondage groan
 Their great Deliverer shall own.

We'll forward march till all shall be
 From sin and Satan's power set free;
 For on our glorious war doth shine
 The seal of God—the smile divine.

He who has helped us in the past,
 And borne us through each stormy blast,
 Will still conduct our Army on,
 Till all the world to Christ is won.

The hearts and lives by sin debased,
 The homes by drunkenness disgraced,
 A new and brighter day shall see,
 And find in Jesus liberty.

Then let us each more boldly fight,
 In leading sinners to the light,
 Till we receive the glad "Well done,"
 When every victory is won.

17

M.S. I., 17.

WHEN first I saw the Army,
 As it came into our town,
 Their appearance did not charm me
 Still, I followed them around.
 I went down to their barracks,
 For to hear them speak and sing,
 And it seemed to me that it all
 Was a very funny thing.

But I couldn't, and I wouldn't,
 And I couldn't stay away from them,
 I couldn't, I wouldn't,
 I couldn't stay away.

The next night I was back again
 In my accustomed seat,
 For to hear them thump the tambourines
 Was to me quite a treat;

They said, "Young man, are you saved?"
 I answered them quite short,
 For they could not make me believe
 In anything of the sort.

They said, "Prepare for Judgment:
 For you will have to die;
 And you will never get to Heaven
 Unless you begin to try."

I thought of this for several days,
 And life seemed all a blank;
 I knew that if I went to hell
 I'd have myself to thank.

While things went on in this same way,

And I could find no peace,
 It seemed that I was all astray,
 And could not rest at ease;
 But when my comrades made a start,
 It took away my fear,
 And put new courage in my heart,
 And so, you see, I'm here.

18

M.S. I., 18.

The tale of Calvary is old,
 Yet still, with charms unfading,
 It wins the heart wherever told,
 And brings it near to God.

That story in my memory dwells
 And do you ask me why?
 It was for me that Jesus came,
 On Calvary to die.

Indeed I love my Saviour,
 His life He gave my soul to save,
 Indeed I love my Saviour,
 Who died on the Cross for me.

That story on the Gospel page
Has been a source of comfort
To troubled souls in every age,
And still is like a balm
To heal the heart by sorrow pierced,
Or stung by conscious guilt—
For there we see Christ saves the lost,
For such His Blood was spilt.

The story of redeeming love
Brings hope to the despairing ;
It tells how peace with God above
Through Jesus all may gain.
That tale throughout the wide, wide
world
The glorious news shall bear—
In Jesus God is reconciled,
His Blood has brought us near.

19

M.S. I., 19.

I LONG to see the happy day,
Every day will be Sunday by-and-by ;
When sin and woe are swept away,
Every day will be Sunday by-and-by.
Shout Amen! Fight on!
Every day will be Sunday by-and-by.

When saloons and drink are swept away,
And people holy every day.

When prison cells are opened wide,
With all the prisoners on our side,
We'll then convert the prison cell,
And get the magistrates as well.

Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done,
The reign of righteousness will come.

20

M.S. I., 20.

THERE'S never a day passes o'er the earth,
Without the thought of His priceless worth
The seasons come, and the seasons go.
But my love for Jesus will ever flow.

Speak, Lord, speak, Lord,
For Thy servant heareth;
Speak, Lord, speak, Lord,
For Thy servant heareth.

The world rolls on its wondrous way.
Having less charms for me every day ;
My heart is centred on things above,
My soul is filled with His dying love.

In the watch of night, in the rush of day,
In the whirl of battle, through life's fierce
way,

I live for Him who has made me free,
Who has bled and died on the Cross for me.

Now, Lord : now, Lord! all my sin confessing.
Thou, Lord! Thou, Lord, all my heart possessing.

21

M.S. I., 21.

FOR the weary, thirsty spirit.
At the Cross there springs a fountain,
And its water all may drink it,
Freely does it flow for all.

At the fountain I am drinking.
Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah!
At the fountain I am drinking,
Where the living water flows.

Precious fountain, there is healing
For each heart in thy blest water ;
I remember, when first kneeling,
How I drank, and life received.

With a heart athirst, and burdened,
I in faith went to that fountain,
There my thirst was quenched, and light-
ened,

Was my soul with heavenly joy.

Oh, what deep and lasting pleasure,
Fills the heart where dwells the Saviour!
They have found the greatest treasure,
Who can call the Lord their own.

Sinner, come unto this fountain,
Stoop, and drink the living water,
As it flows from Calvary's mountain,
Stoop, and drink a full supply.

22

M.S. I., 22.

E.J. 44. I HAVE a home that is fairer than day
And my dear Saviour has shown me the
way ;

Oft when I'm sad and temptations arise,
I look to my home far away.

My home is in Heaven, there is no parting there,
All will be happy, glorious, bright and fair ;
There will be no sorrow, there will be no tears,
In that bright home far away.

Friends I shall see, who have journeyed
before,

And landed safe on that beautiful shore ;
I shall see Jesus, that will be my joy,
In that bright home far away.

Oh, who will journey to Heaven with me?
 Jesus has died that we all may go free;
 Come, then, to Him Who has purchased for
 you
 A crown in that home far away.

23

M.S. I., 23.

Our Captain He has gone before,
 When the general roll is called, we'll be
 there;

For now we draw from grace's store,
 When the general roll is called, we'll be
 there.

I'll be there, ready and waiting,
 I'll be there, ready and waiting,
 I'll be there, ready and waiting,
 When the general roll is called, I'll be there.

I take my breast-plate, sword and shield,
 And boldly march into the field.

I do not care where they bury me,
 My sins are pardoned and I am free.

I've 'listed and I mean to fight,
 Till all my foes are put to flight.

Though they take and lay me in the ground,
 I know I shall rise when the trump shall
 sound.

24

M.S. I., 24.

B.J. 48.
 We are on our happy journey home,
 Where sin shall be no more,
 Where soldiers shout the "Harvest Home,"
 On Heaven's blissful shore,

On the banks of the beautiful river,
 Meet me there, meet me there!
 On the banks of the beautiful river,
 Meet me there, when my journey is o'er.

Friends and comrades here must sever,
 Loved ones away be gone,
 But once more we'll meet together.
 In that eternal home.

Stripes on earth bring stars in Heaven,
 Though hard the cross to bear;
 The crown of life to those is given,
 Who crowns of thorns will wear.

25

M.S. I., 25.

I'm a soldier in the Salvation band,
 Against the devil I take my stand,
 And fight him now throughout the land,
 Since I've been in the Army.

On Saturday nights I went to the dance,
 I went to the dance, I went to the dance,
 On Saturday nights I went to the dance,
 But now I go the Army.

I'm a soldier in the Salvation band,
 Against the devil I take my stand,
 And fight him now throughout the land,
 Since I've been in the Army.

I served the devil when twenty-one,
 Played bowl for drink and thought it fun,
 Into the station-house was run,

Before I joined the Army.
 My mother for me did often pray,
 Did often pray, did often pray,
 And sometimes to herself would say,
 "I wish he'd join the Army."

At length I got to be a bummer,
 Was glad to get a five cent. hummer,
 On Blackwell Island I spent one summer,
 Before I joined the Army.

My mother for me she still did pray,
 She still did pray, she still did pray,
 For something to her heart did say,
 "You'll see your boy in the Army."

At length there came a brighter day,
 I into an Army meeting did stray,
 There Jesus took my sins away,

And then I joined the Army.
 My mother's prayers have come to pass,
 Have come to pass, have come to pass,
 All through a Hallelujah lass,
 That I heard speak in the Army.

26

M.S. I., 26.

Offr have I heard of the streets of gold,
 And heavenly mansions fair,
 And oft 'tis said that no tongue hath told
 One half of the glories there.

But can it be that Jesus died
 That I to that land might rise?
 Oh, yes! His death hath opened wide
 The gates of Paradise.

When the great White Throne from the sky comes
 down,

And the angels shall bring me a golden crown,
 I with joy then shall join the white-robed bands,
 And reign evermore at the King's right hand.

Of't I've been told of the glorious crowns
 The blood-washed ones shall wear;
 And harps and never-fading palms,
 Victorious saints shall bear.

But tell, oh! tell me, is it true
That I with my Lord shall be?
Oh, yes! I shall be like Him too
When I His face shall see.

Sinner, for you there are mansions fair,
And harps, and crowns, and palms:
You too may share in the glories there,
And sing the angels' songs;
Then seek the Saviour as you are,
For life and pardon so;
Come, cast on Him your sin and care,
He'll wash you white as snow.

27

E. J. 39. M. S. I., 27.

Oh, sinner, thou art burdened sore
With sins of many years;
Why not at once God's grace implore,
And cast away thy fears?
Full many a year the Lord has called,
And wooed thee everywhere;
He's offered thee His tender love,
And all His joys to share.

Oh, hear the Saviour's pleading voice,
His loving call obey;
He'll make your weary heart rejoice,
And wash your sins away.

The world with all its glittering show
Has long deluded thee;
But well we know that all it gives
Is dreadful misery;
The path of sin with eagerness
Our feet have vainly trod,
But all our seeking only left
An empty, aching void.

Turn, turn at once, to Jesus turn,
His offered grace receive,
His love and mercy do not spurn,
But for His glory live.
There's pardon, peace, and life in Him,
For all who urge their claim:
All may be saved, whoever will,
Through Jesu's precious name.

28

B. J. 71 M. S., I., 28.

LONE and weary, dark and dreary
Is the path that sinners wander in:
Ever sinking, never thinking,
Going heedless on in sin.

Yet the cleansing Blood is flowing,
Yet there's pardon full and free;
Jesus waits, His grace bestowing,
Waits in love to welcome thee.

Grace neglecting, love rejecting,
You are speeding on the downward way
Filled with sadness, yet in madness,
Drawing near the Judgment Day.

See before you, coming o'er you,
Clouds and darkness, wind and storm;
Seek a shelter in the Saviour—
He will keep you free from harm.

28a

M. S. I., 28a.

NEAR to Jesus I am drawing,
I am coming to the cleansing wave,
Laying all I have before Him,
Proving now His power to save.

Now the heavenly breeze is blowing,
Now the glory it is coming down to me;
Now my Jesus is bestowing
Full Salvation through the Blood so free.

All I have I give to Jesus;
He has bought me with His Blood divine.
Now with body, soul and spirit,
I will serve Him all the time.

Now the Saviour lives within me,
Guiding every thought and deed and word.
I'm enlisted in His service:
I'm a soldier of the Lord.

29

B. J. 91 M. S., I., 29.

I HAVE weary been
In the way of sin,
Many tears I've shed,
And my heart has bled;
Sad indeed was I
Till the Lord drew nigh,
Who for me did suffer and die.

Christ was the Shepherd Who found me astray,
Entangled and wounded on sin's dark way;
He on His shoulders of love me did lay,
And bore me safe home to the fold.

Far away I went
And on evil bent,
I the fold did spurn,
That did shield from harm;
But the night came on—
I was there alone,
Far from shelter, lost in the storm.

Not in wrath severe
Did my Lord draw near,
But the tenderest love
His great heart did move;

And the words that fell
From His lips did tell
That He came my fear to dispel.

As I heard Him speak,
And beheld His cheek
That His Blood did stain,
Though no words of blame
From Him fell, with shame
I was filled, for slain
He had been my pardon to gain.

For the boundless grace
That my course did trace,
When I wandered on
Far from love and home,
I will bless His name
Who for me was slain,
I His wondrous love will proclaim.

30

B.J. 79. M.S. I., 30.
FORWARD! sons of God, with banners
gleaming!

Forward, tarry not, for hear the pleading
Of the souls enslaved by hell,
Over whom sin's deadly spell,
Has been thrown! Oh, hear them calling
for your aid.

On, battalions of the Lord, to victory! victory!
On, battalions of the Lord with hearts that fear
no danger!

On to break each captive's chain!
Bring the world to God again!
From the iron grip of hell each soul set free.

Forward! on you rests the world's salvation;
Forward, bear the balm to every nation,
That can heal the broken heart,
And the peace of God impart
To the conscience that is grieving over sin.

Forward! Christ for all has purchased free-
dom;

All His Blood can free from hell's dominion,
Forward go to every land,
This is our good Lord's command,
Tell each weary soul that Jesus rest can give.

Forward! in the cause of Christ be daring!
For His sake with joy all hardness bearing!
Though the foe in fierce array
Seek to fill you with dismay,
In the might of Judah's Lion forward go!

31

M.S. I., 31.

SOLEMNLY, mournfully, over thy soul,
The dark'ning clouds are beginning to roll;
Shadows are falling, and casting their gloom,
Where light was once guiding away from thy
doom.

Seared is thy conscience, and quenched is
love's fire,
Thoughts have no meaning that used to in-
spire;

No joy in thy slumber, no heed to God's call—
Death and destruction reign over all.

Death and destruction reign over all.

Death and destruction reign over all.

The chance is rejected, and closed is thy day,
And the God Who has sought turns for ever
away;

Hope has forsaken, good desire all gone,
Sin's flame still pursuing and urging thee on.
Soon mirth becomes sadness, and death has
come near,

Eternity opens with terror and fear;
Mercy gives place to the dread Judgment
call,

Death and destruction reign over all.

33

M.S. I., 33.

B.J. 48.
SINNER, see yon light
Shining clear and bright
From the Cross on Calvary,
Where the Saviour died,
And from His side
Came the Blood that sets us free.

Come a way, come a way,
To the Cross for refuge flee;
See the Saviour stands
With His bleeding hands,
Thy ransom He paid on the tree.

In the gloomy shade
When He knelt and prayed,
Oh, what painful agony!
When His brow was wet
With the bloody sweat
In the garden of Gethsemane.

See, the Saviour stands
With His wounded hands,
And He calls aloud to thee,
"I for thee life gave,
Thy soul to save,
Then thy heart now give to Me."

Come away to Him
And confess your sin,
Come to Him Who died for thee;
To His feet draw near,
With a heart sincere,
And from sin He'll set thee free.

34

B.J. 50. M.S. I., 34.
I No longer fear death's river,
Boldly I shall breast its tide;
From His hand there's nought can sever,
Who will then be near to guide.
When I come to death's dark river,
Jesus will be there to guide me o'er;
There where sorrow ne'er can enter,
I shall meet the loved ones gone before.

Full of joy will be the meeting
With the friends on yonder shore;
There they wait to give me greeting
When my fight of faith is o'er.

There the heart ne'er feels the sorrow
That on earth from parting springs;
No dark fear about to-morrow
O'er the soul a shadow brings.

For the weary heart there's blessing
In the hope of that bright home;
Where the cross we find so pressing,
For the crown shall be laid down.

Brother, are your sins forgiven?
Fearless can you cross death's tide?
Those whose hearts with guilt are laden
Ne'er can reach the other side.

35

B.J. 48. M.S. I., 35.
Oh, my Saviour, He has saved me by His
all-atoning Blood,
Though persistently I trod the way to hell,
Though for sin I had decided,
And God's righteousness derided,
When I whispered to my soul, "All will be
well."
Oh, I'm glad I came to Jesus, for He took my
sins away,
And He washed me in His all-atoning Blood,
He has given new desires,
And with courage me inspires.
As I tread the narrow way that leads to God.

Like the prodigal, my hungry soul soon
found its real need
Of something that the world could not
supply,
For of peace I knew but little,
And a burden seemed to settle
On a soul that was all unprepared to die.
So I came to my Redeemer with my heart so
full of sin
That it seemed that I could never be for-
given;
But the Saviour I had slighted,
With true joy my dark heart lighted,
As he set me on my happy way to Heaven.

36

B.J. 82 M.S. I., 36.
Oh, sinner, come to Jesus now,
And go with us to Heaven;
You all may know this joy below,
You all may be forgiven.
For He died to save you every one,
And bring you back to God,
And He's waiting now to wash you
In His cleansing Blood.
Then forsake your old companions,
And give up your life of sin,
And to watch and pray from day to day,
In earnest now begin.
Lay your arms of base rebellion down,
And give your heart to God,
He will save and make you happy
In His cleansing Blood.

You cannot weep the sins away
For which the Blood was spilt.
No human ways can e'er erase
The consciousness of guilt;
But there's One from Whose pierced side
there flows
A life-creating flood,
And you'll find both peace and pardon
In the cleansing Blood.

You don't deserve His mercy,
Oh, you don't deserve His grace,
For you've pierced his heart with many a
dart,
And spurned Him to His face.
Yet in tenderness He cares for you,
Though on destruction's road,
And He longs to bless and save you
Through the cleansing Blood.

There are golden harps in glory,
 There are robes of spotless white,
 And pleasures, too, earth never knew,
 And streams of rich delight.
 But while endless ages roll away,
 Around the Throne of God,
 We will praise the Lamb Who washed us
 In His cleansing Blood.

B.J. 53. 37 M.S. I., 37.

ALL the joys that e'er I've known,
 All the pleasures earth has shown,
 Are but dim compared with those I own,
 Trusting alone in Jesus.

Fully trusting in the battle's fray,
 Fully trusting Jesus all the way,
 Fully trusting—this the surest stay,
 Trusting alone in Jesus.

Worldly charms to me are vain,
 Worldly pleasures have their pain;
 Lasting peace and joy I now obtain,
 Trusting alone in Jesus.

Grace have I that conquers fears,
 All my doubt now disappears;
 Brightest joy my path to heaven cheers,
 Trusting alone in Jesus.

When before the Throne I fly,
 When I hear the wicked cry,
 Fearless I to God will then draw nigh,
 Trusting alone in Jesus.

B.J. 197. 38 M.S. I., 38.

I HAVE heard, Lord, of Thy mercy,
 And how gracious Thou hast been
 To the sinner when returning
 From his wanderings in sin;
 I have heard how kind Thy welcome,
 And how measureless Thy love
 To the seeker for Thy pardon
 Who has sought Thy grace to prove.

I for pardon, Lord, draw near Thee;
 Let the cleansing wave roll o'er me.
 Now my fetters break,
 And from me take
 The burden of my sin.

Will my guilt be viewed in mercy?
 Is there pardon for my sin?
 From my fetters wilt Thou free me?
 Wilt Thou hear the plea I bring?

Is there rest for one so weary?
 Is there peace to calm my breast?
 Is there freedom from my burden?
 Can my soul with joy be blest?
 I will venture on Thy promise—
 To be found by all who seek:
 I henceforth Thy word will credit—
 That Thy grace my needs can meet.
 Let me prove how great Thy mercy,
 Free my heart from every fear;
 Lay Thy healing hand upon me,
 Let it dry each falling tear.

B.J. 152. 39 M.S. I., 39.

To the Fountain I, vile, did turn,
 With all my sins and fears;
 It's crimson waves my spirit stern
 Did break, and melt to tears.

The Fountain, the Fountain,
 The Fountain of Jesu's Blood,
 'Tis cleansing, 'tis cleansing,
 My heart as white as snow
 I'm trusting, I'm trusting, I'm trusting—
 Alone in my Saviour;
 My Jesus, my Jesus,
 I'll serve Him wherever I go.

In the Fountain my heart did seek
 A rest from restless self;
 For nought it gained in the world so bleak
 Compared with Jesus' wealth.

From the Fountain of Love I turned,
 With my spirit pure and free.
 Out to the world with a love that burned
 A saviour of sinners to be.

Of the Fountain I'll ever sing,
 Till death my lips have sealed—
 Tell of its power, to its waters bring
 All whom their hearts will yield.

B. J. 70 40 M.S. I., 40.

JESUS, the One my soul desires,
 My all-sufficient joy:
 Than all beside more sweet Thou art,
 Pure love without alloy.
 Oh, let me be more close to Thee,
 Thou life-imparting Vine!
 Life more abundant give to me;
 Oh, make Thy nature mine!

My faith takes hold of Thee, dear Lord,
 I will not quit my claim
 THOU I have heard Thee speak the word
 That frees from every sin.

Didst Thou not say, Thou Blessed One,
That to the lips who pant.
Who thirst and hunger for Thyself
Thou wouldst the blessing grant?
Then give it me, 'tis all my plea,
All else I count but dross;
To know Thy resurrection power
Is worth all earthly loss.

The riches of Thy wondrous grace,
The depth of love divine,
Purchased for me on Calvary,
O Lord, I claim as mine.
"Great is thy faith," Thy lips declared
To one who urged her plea;
And, Master, I believe Thee, too,
Oh, speak the word to me!

"My all is Thine!" I hear Thee say—
O Jesus, this is bliss!
Prostrate I fall before Thee, Lord,
Thy bleeding feet I kiss.
The height, the depth, the length and
breadth
Of boundless love divine
I now shall prove, for Jesus says
That all He hath is mine.

41

M.S. I., 41.

God shed His light from Heaven,
My sin's dark cloud was riven,
His love is ever mine;
My past of guilt He pardon'd,
My heart that was so harden'd,
He melted,

'Tis a wonder, oh, wonder divine.

The Blood of Jesus cleanses me,
Now I've salvation full and free;
My chains are broken,
For God hath spoken;
How blest the token of His love,
His love to me.

My Saviour came to suffer,
My heart from sin to sever,
And now I claim Him mine;
All earthly charms are faded,
And the cloud that once life shaded
Is broken,

'Tis a wonder, oh, wonder divine.

I saw His form was bruised,
His side, the Roman wounded,
His brow was pierced for mine;

And as He hung, suspended,
His bleeding arms extended,
He loved me,
'Tis a wonder, oh, wonder divine.
The Blood-stained Cross I've taken,
All earthly fame forsaken,
The battle-field is mine;
A partner in His anguish,
I seek the lost who languish,
To save them,
'Tis a victory, a victory divine.

42

M.S. I., 42.

'Tis a thing I have found
In trav'ling around,
That strangers will sometimes wonder
How it ever can be
We're happy and free
In sunshine, or rain, or thunder;
But the reason to gain
Is simple and plain,
Our proper and good behaviour
Is because we're made clean
In the all-cleansing stream,
The Blood of a crucified Saviour.

We scorn the world and all its joys,
Its selfish aims and foolish toys;
We've got a peace no power destroys,
But what's the reason why?
The reason why! the reason why!
But what's the reason why?
We've all been washed in Jesus' Blood
And that's the reason why.

"Is it true you don't smoke?"
A man to me spoke
As I sat on the railway, riding;
"Oh, no! ne'er indeed
Do I touch that weed,
For the harm it does, there's no hiding."
"Such a young man like you,
Not to smoke or to chew,
You rob yourself of a great pleasure."
"But my joy," I replied,
"As my all, is supplied
In Jesus, my conquering Saviour."
In the Army we say,
Be sure keep away
From wherever your God won't follow,
For 'tis certain you'll find
If this you don't mind,
You'll be landed in pain and sorrow.