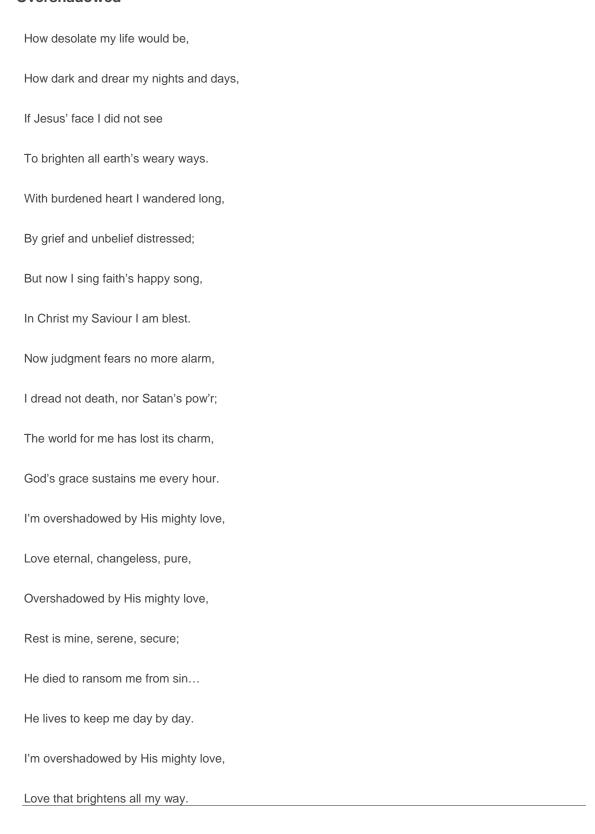
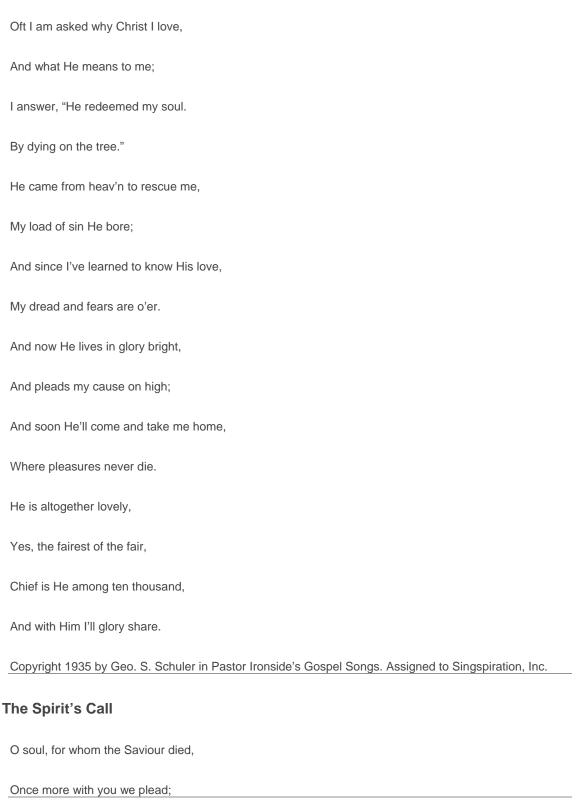
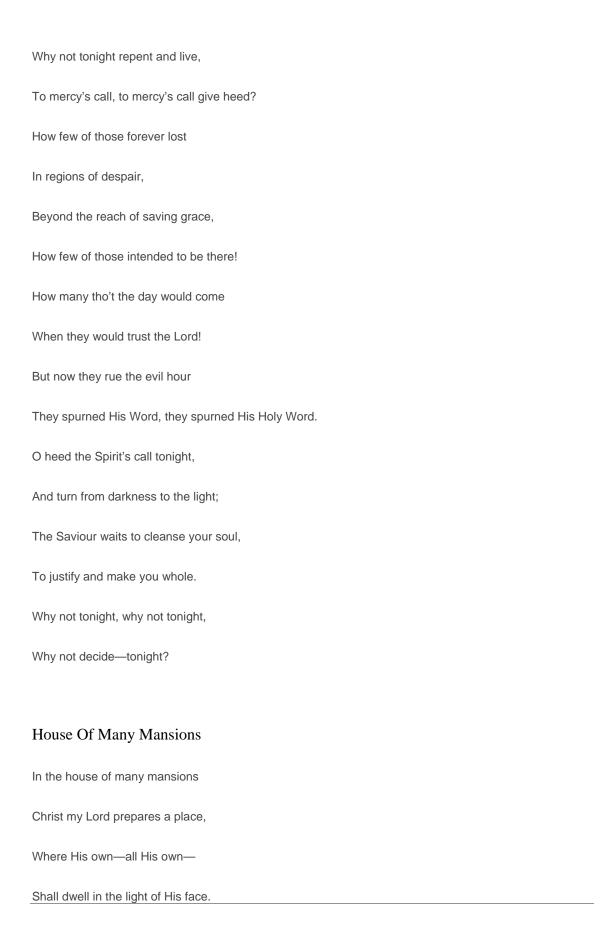
Overshadowed



Altogether Lovely

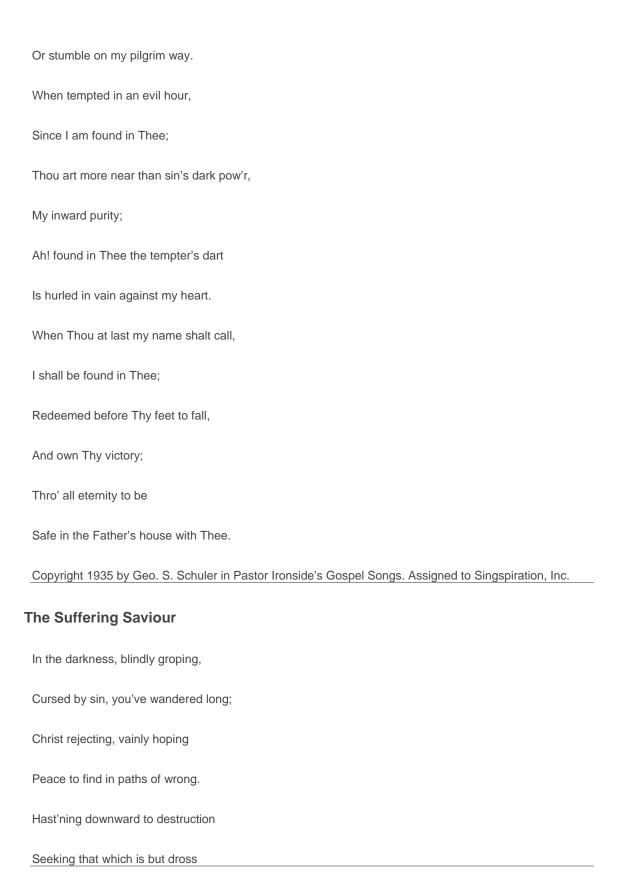


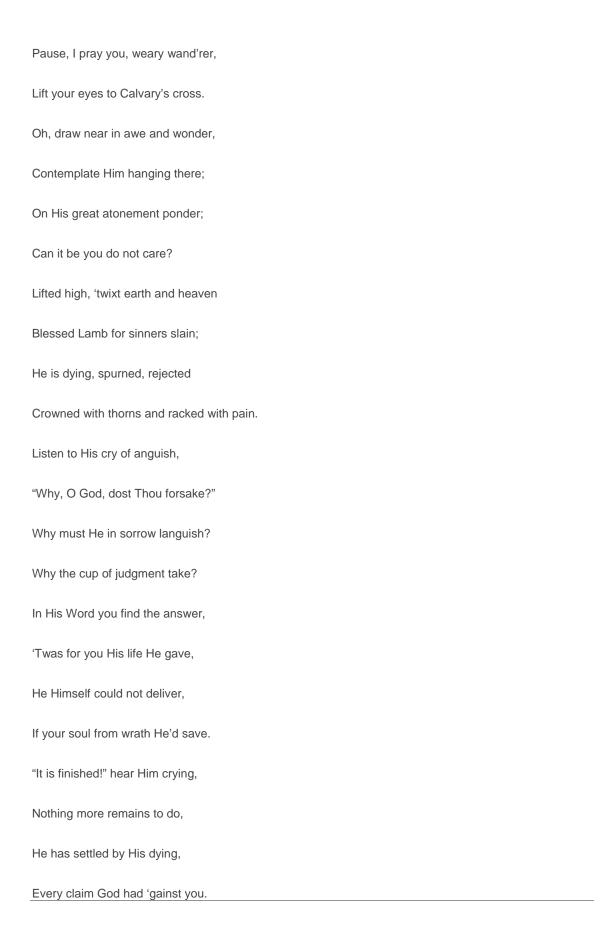


In the house of many mansions
Neither toil nor care shall come;
But His own—all His own—
Forever shall rest in that home.
In that house of many mansions
Death shall nevermore molest;
But His own—all His own—
Shall be by their Lord fully blest.
Mansions—O house of many mansions
Prepared in heav'n for me;
Mansions—O house of many mansions
Where I shall dwell, where I shall dwell with Thee.
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His Grace Proclaim
When I behold the Holy One
Who laid aside His robe and crown,
My frankincense and myrrh I bring
A humble off'ring to my King.
When I behold Him on the cross,
Bearing for me the shame and loss,
In adoration low I bend,

And	d worship Him—the sinner's Friend.
Wh	en I behold Him on the throne,
The	e once-slain Lamb who did atone,
l joi	n with saints unnumbered there
То	praise His name, my Lord so fair.
Oh,	praise His name!
His	grace proclaim,
Wh	o lived and died
And	l lives again.
For	evermore He is the same,
Wh	o thro' eternal years shall reign.
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Му	Cross I'll Bear
Tho	o' grief and pain my heart oppress
Tho	o' foes and strife my soul distress,
A re	est secure from ev'ry harm
ls m	nine while leaning on His arm.
Tho	o' dark the sky and rough the way
Му	feet must take, it leads to day;
Aloi	ne the path I do not tread,
Му	Lord is nigh; what should I dread?

If I but hear His glad "Well done," 'Twill recompense for all the loss, The tears and anguish of the cross. My cross I'll bear, reproach I'll share, Till called on high a crown to wear; Forever then to praise His name,
The tears and anguish of the cross. My cross I'll bear, reproach I'll share, Till called on high a crown to wear; Forever then to praise His name,
My cross I'll bear, reproach I'll share, Till called on high a crown to wear; Forever then to praise His name,
Till called on high a crown to wear; Forever then to praise His name,
Forever then to praise His name,
Who bore for me the guilt and shame.
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Since I Am Found In Thee
In peace, O Christ, I face the throne,
Since I am found in Thee;
I claim no merit of my own,
Thy blood my only plea;
A sinner justified by grace,
Redeemed to look upon Thy face.
And now where'er my steps may go
Since I am found in Thee;
O'er mountain or thro' vale below
Thy guiding hand I see;
Yea, found in Thee I cannot stray,





Oh, believe the wondrous story;
Trust alone His saving grace,
Then when He returns in glory,
You shall see Him face to face.
The Wonder Of His Love To Me
A theme there is that fills my heart with rapture
A song that stirs my soul to melody
'Tis the grace of Christ to me, a worthless sinner
Oh the wonder of His love to me.
When I was guilty, lost, by sin polluted
From His throne He came to darkest Calvary
Saved me by His death from misery eternal
Oh, the wonder of His love to me.
Soon Hell come in pow'r and glory all transcendent
Then from pain and woe forever I'll be free
Thru eternity I'll praise Him and adore Him
For the wonder of His love to me.
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Is It Nothing To You?

Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?

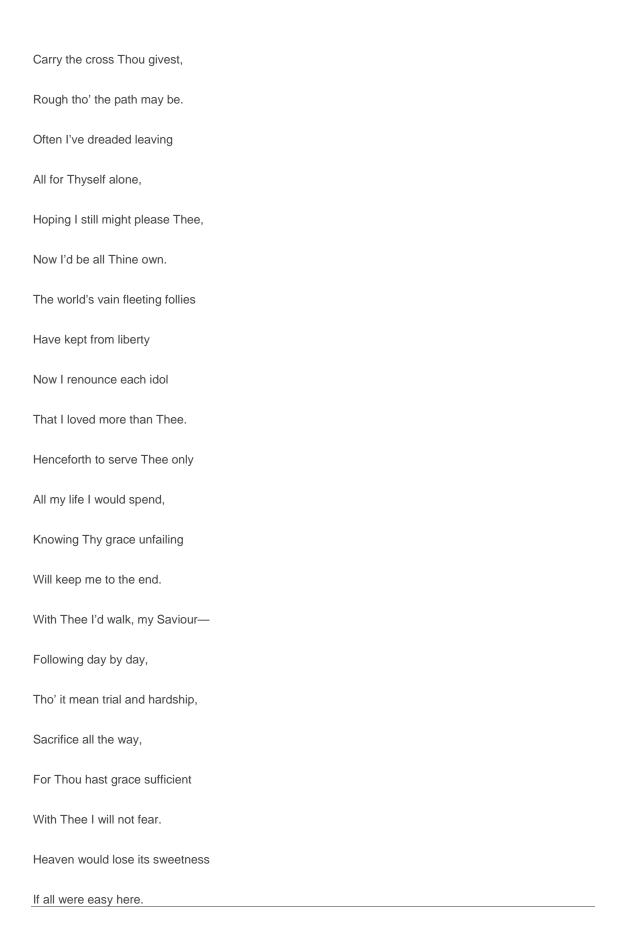
Beholding the Saviour uplifted on high?

Maltreated by men and forsaken by God, Oh why is He nailed to that cross of wood? The Righteous One He, His words without blame, And yet He is suff'ring in sorrow and shame; Has justice forgotten the rights of the pure? Oh why is He left God's wrath to endure? He only the my'stry great can explain: "I lay down my life, I will take it again, To ransom my sheep I am willing to die, The Shepherd of Love uplifted on high." Now the work is complete, He triumphed o'er death, But hark to His cry, ere He yields up His breath, "It is finished," O Soul, then believe it and live, There's naught else to do, God can freely forgive. Is it nothing to you? Is it nothing to you? That Jesus died so that you might be free? Is it nothing to you? Is it nothing to you? That He, by His blood, has bought liberty?

Only To Love And Serve Thee

Thy voice I hear, Lord Jesus,

Bidding me walk with Thee

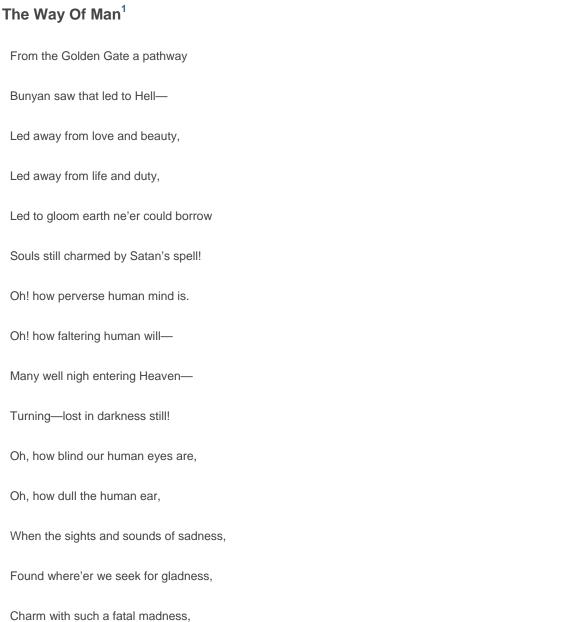


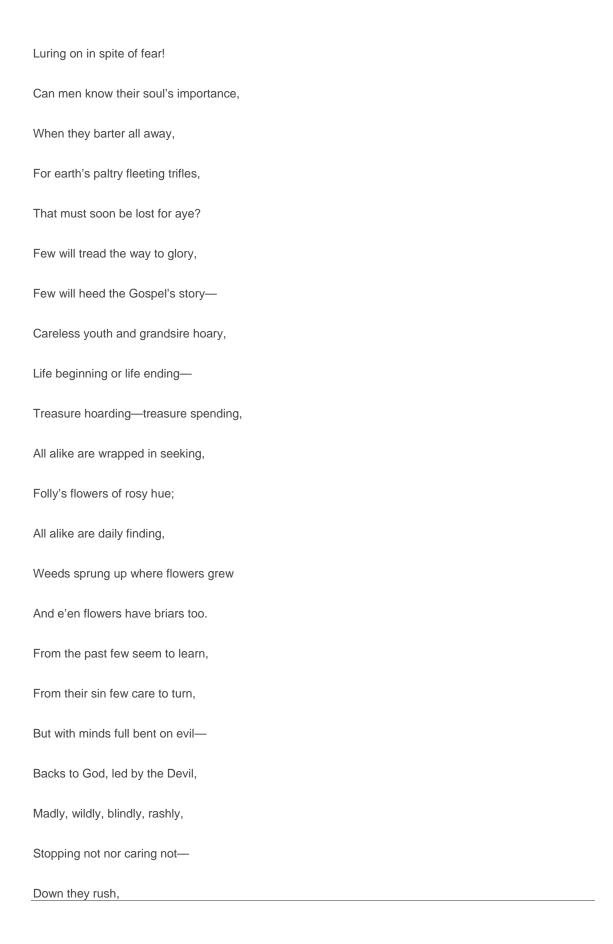
Only to love and serve Thee Daily to bear the cross, Counting for Thee, my Saviour, Treasures of earth as dross. Washed, Whiter Than Snow Lord Jesus, what grace do I see in Thy face, The thorn-marks, methinks, on Thy brow I can trace The wounds out of which Thy life's blood did once flow; By which I've been washed and made whiter than snow. Lord Jesus, in Thee by the Father I'm seen, Accepted in Thee, I'm made ev'ry whit clean, Tho' once a vile sinner, how blessed to know, That now I've been washed and made whiter than snow. Lord Jesus, since now for Thy home I'm made meet, My blessed position's to lie at Thy feet, Not there as a penitent, nor as a foe, But one by Thee washed and made whiter than snow. Lord Jesus, aye there I desire to remain, 'Till that blessed day of Thy coming again, When Thou for Thy bride shalt in glory forth go, And take her all washed and made whiter than snow.

Lord Jesus, Thy praises in glory we'll sing,

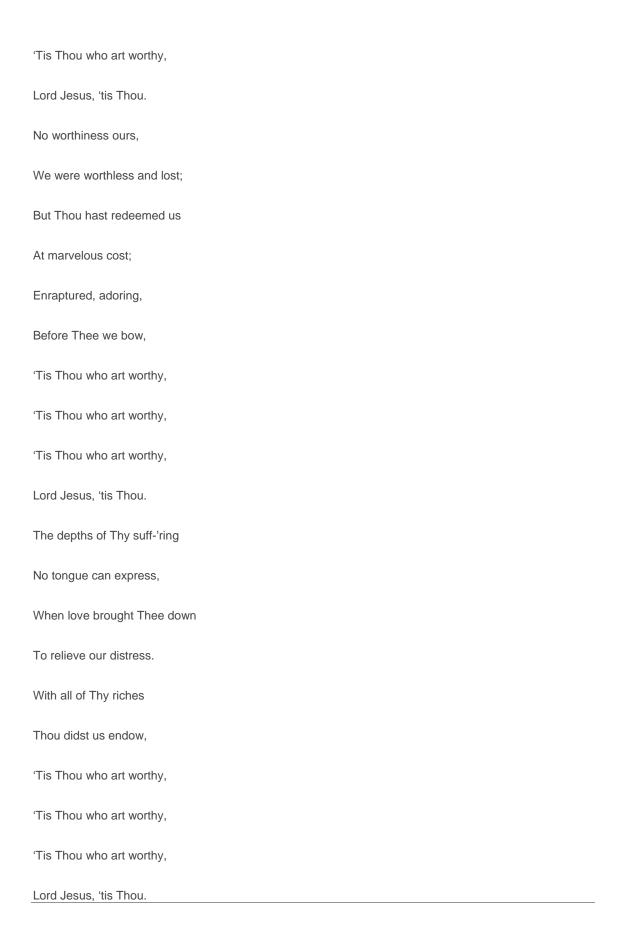
When throned with Thyself as the bride of the King, And through all eternity this song shall flow, "Thou hast washed and made us e'en whiter than snow." Whiter than snow, yes whiter than snow,

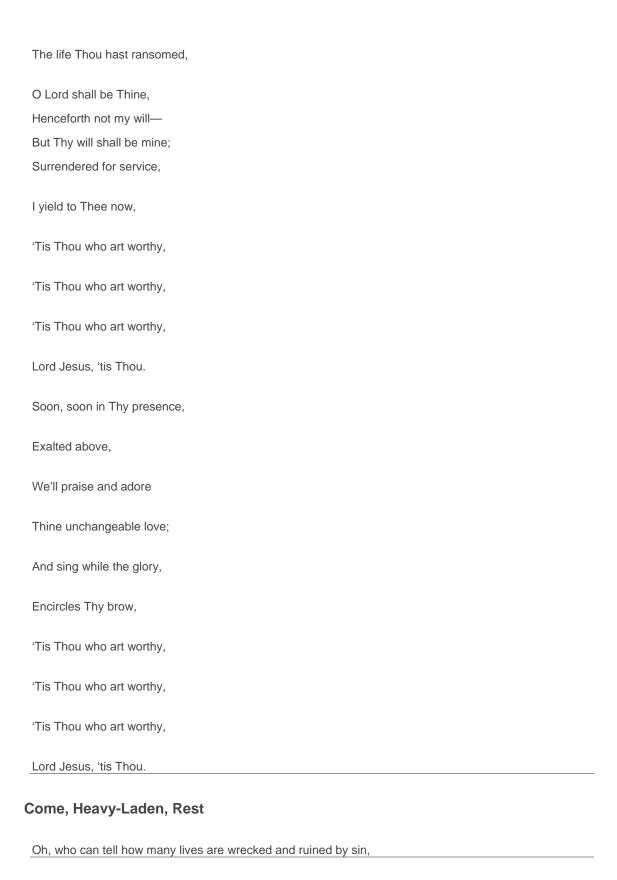
I know I've been washed and made whiter than snow.





Nor ever thinking
Of the depths,
To which they're sinking
Till entombed in living grave,
Lost without a Christ to save,
They remember
Chances gone!
They remember
Mercy flown!
They remember
Evil sown
To be repeated eternally.
The Worthy One
Lord Jesus, we praise Thee,
Blest Saviour and Friend,
Who lovest Thine own
And wilt love to the end;
Once spurning Thy mercy,
Our song shall be now,
'Tis Thou who art worthy,
'Tis Thou who art worthy,





How many hearts are breaking and have no peace within! Not all are tramps and drunkards, not all are outcast men Who wander downward to the pit where hope has never been.

The Scriptures say that "all have sinned," and all a Saviour need,

If they from judgment due to sin would be forever freed.

To save them, Christ the Lamb of God, has shed His precious blood-

Have you been saved from wrath, dear friend, through that rich cleansing flood?

If not, to you He kindly says, "Come, heavy-laden, rest, Pillow your weary, aching head upon My breast."

No needy one will be denied who shall in Him believe— Then trust His love and mercy now: Eternal Life receive.

Far, Far From God

Far, far from God thy weary feet have wandered

Dark, dark, the night wraps thy guilty soul

Deep, deep the pit of woe that lies before thee,

Where waves of sorrow through eternity roll.

Thorny the path thy feet have long been treading

Vain, vain the search for lasting joy below;

Christ, Christ alone can meet thy spirit's craving

His precious blood can cleanse thee whiter than snow.

Do not delay, but trust the sinner's Savior,

In grace He waits thy deepest need to meet;

He came to die, to manifest God's favor,

Nought now remains to do; His work is complete.

Tell out thy need, fear not, for Hell befriend thee, Confess thy darkest sins into His ear Rest on His word, the message He hath sent thee, All who believe from every change now are clear! If This Should Be My Last Year If this should be the last year That I shall know on earth, I would not want to spend it In carelessness and mirth. I would each passing moment Might glorify my Lord, That I might know Him better And feed upon His Word. I would be more in earnest Seeking for the lost, As one redeemed by Jesus, Bought at such a cost! I would grow ever like Him, Whose name I have confessed; I would be more compassionate

To those who are distressed.

And this may be my last year,
I cannot tell for sure;
But I would live as if it were,
His "Well done" to secure.
He Paid My Debt
He came from the light and the gladness
To the darkness and woe where I lay,
He touched me and healed the foul leper,
My debt in His love stooped to pay.
For a stranger becoming the Surety
He smarted on Calvary's tree;
Though rich became poor as the poorest,
To lavish His wealth upon me.
From The Continual Burnt Offering.
Awake
The hour is late,
The darkness is deep;
But it is the darkness that precedes the dawn.
Cast off all that hinders,
Walk honestly as in the day.
Character is what a man is in the darkness.

Eternal Life Eternal life the portion is Of all who have believed, On Him, the spotless Son of God, And thus His gift received. Now I Will Glory In The Cross Now I will glory in the cross

His death is mine; with Him I died;

There I with Christ was crucified;

For this I count the world but dross.

And while I live my song shall be,

No longer I, but Christ in me.

From The Continual Burnt Offering.

He Is Coming

He is coming; oh, how solemn,

When the Judge's voice is heard,

And in His own light He shows us

Every thought and act and word.

Deeds of merit, as we thought them,

He will show us were but sin.

Little acts we had forgotten

He will tell us were for Him.
From Care for God's Fruit Trees.
Saddened
Saddened, ah yes, saddened
By earth's deep sin and woe.
How could I pass unheeding
What grieved my Saviour so!
From Care for God's Fruit Trees.
None But Christ Can Satisfy
I tried the broken cisterns, Lord,
But all their waters failed.
E'en as I stooped to drink they fled
And mocked me as I wailed.
The pleasures lost I sadly mourned,
But never wept for Thee,
Till grace my sightless eyes received
Thy loveliness to see.
Now none but Christ can satisfy,
None other name for me;
There's life and love and lasting joy

Lord Jesus, found in Thee.

Calvary

In the darkness, blindly groping,

And that His voice I soon shall hear.

From Care for God's Fruit Trees.

Cursed by sin, I wandered long,

Christ-rejecting, vainly hoping

Peace to find in paths of wrong;

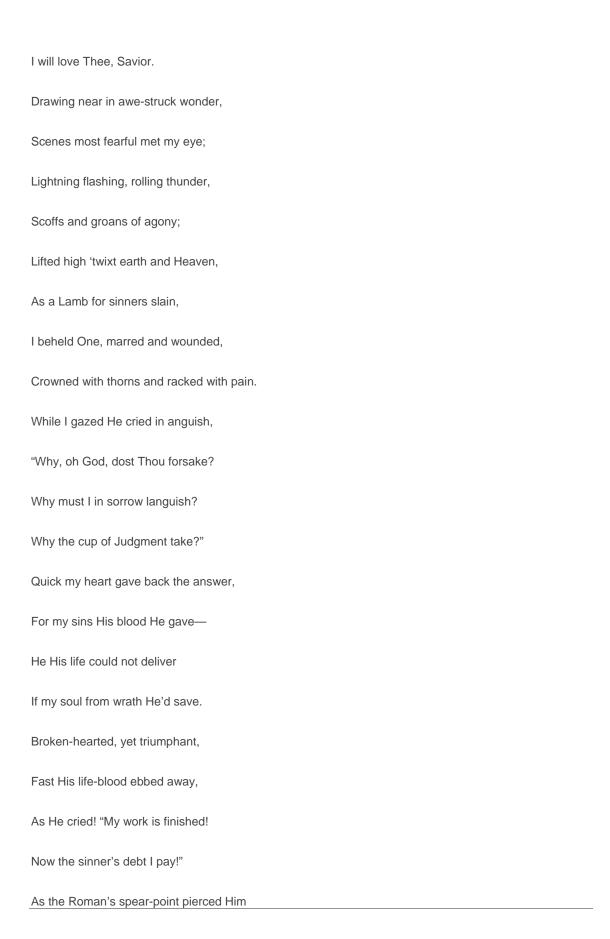
Till, while hastening to destruction,

Seeking that which is but dross,

Passing by I saw on Calvary

Jesus dying on the cross.

Chorus



From His side a crimson stream
Issued forth to heal the nations—
Plunging in, I was made clean.
Chorus to Last Tune
My sins were laid on Jesus,
(Repeat twice)
When He died on Calvary.
The Angel's Message
Down the ages rolls the echo
Of the angel's song so sweet,
Sung that first glad Christmas morning,
Wafted from the golden street.
Where the weary pilgrims falter,
Where the broken hearted pray,
Rings the song so full of gladness,
Driving care and gloom away.
To the highways and the hedges,
Carry forth the gladsome word;
Tell how Jesus lives, entreating
All to own Him as their Lord.
Sing it in the slums so lowly.

In the haunts of sin and vice,
Tell each poor, despairing captive,
Christ has paid his ransom price.
'Tis the Gospel for all classes,
Sinners Jesus came to save;
Sing it out till every lost one
Plunges 'neath the cleansing wave.
Spread the tidings far and near,
So that all the world may hear,
Unto you is born a Savior,
Freeing from all sin and fear.