

## Overshadowed

How desolate my life would be,

How dark and drear my nights and days,

If Jesus' face I did not see

To brighten all earth's weary ways.

With burdened heart I wandered long,

By grief and unbelief distressed;

But now I sing faith's happy song,

In Christ my Saviour I am blest.

Now judgment fears no more alarm,

I dread not death, nor Satan's pow'r;

The world for me has lost its charm,

God's grace sustains me every hour.

I'm overshadowed by His mighty love,

Love eternal, changeless, pure,

Overshadowed by His mighty love,

Rest is mine, serene, secure;

He died to ransom me from sin...

He lives to keep me day by day.

I'm overshadowed by His mighty love,

Love that brightens all my way.

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## **Altogether Lovely**

Oft I am asked why Christ I love,

And what He means to me;

I answer, "He redeemed my soul.

By dying on the tree."

He came from heav'n to rescue me,

My load of sin He bore;

And since I've learned to know His love,

My dread and fears are o'er.

And now He lives in glory bright,

And pleads my cause on high;

And soon He'll come and take me home,

Where pleasures never die.

He is altogether lovely,

Yes, the fairest of the fair,

Chief is He among ten thousand,

And with Him I'll glory share.

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## **The Spirit's Call**

O soul, for whom the Saviour died,

Once more with you we plead;

Why not tonight repent and live,  
To mercy's call, to mercy's call give heed?  
How few of those forever lost  
In regions of despair,  
Beyond the reach of saving grace,  
How few of those intended to be there!  
How many tho't the day would come  
When they would trust the Lord!  
But now they rue the evil hour  
They spurned His Word, they spurned His Holy Word.  
O heed the Spirit's call tonight,  
And turn from darkness to the light;  
The Saviour waits to cleanse your soul,  
To justify and make you whole.  
Why not tonight, why not tonight,  
Why not decide—tonight?

### House Of Many Mansions

In the house of many mansions  
Christ my Lord prepares a place,  
Where His own—all His own—  
Shall dwell in the light of His face.

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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,

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And worship Him—the sinner's Friend.

When I behold Him on the throne,

The once-slain Lamb who did atone,

I join with saints unnumbered there

To praise His name, my Lord so fair.

Oh, praise His name!

His grace proclaim,

Who lived and died

And lives again.

Forevermore He is the same,

Who thro' eternal years shall reign.

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## **My Cross I'll Bear**

Tho' grief and pain my heart oppress

Tho' foes and strife my soul distress,

A rest secure from ev'ry harm

Is mine while leaning on His arm.

Tho' dark the sky and rough the way

My feet must take, it leads to day;

Alone the path I do not tread,

My Lord is nigh; what should I dread?

And when the morn at last shall dawn,

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,

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,

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Or stumble on my pilgrim way.  
When tempted in an evil hour,  
Since I am found in Thee;  
Thou art more near than sin's dark pow'r,  
My inward purity;  
Ah! found in Thee the tempter's dart  
Is hurled in vain against my heart.  
When Thou at last my name shalt call,  
I shall be found in Thee;  
Redeemed before Thy feet to fall,  
And own Thy victory;  
Thro' all eternity to be  
Safe in the Father's house with Thee.

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### **The Suffering Saviour**

In the darkness, blindly groping,  
Cursed by sin, you've wandered long;  
Christ rejecting, vainly hoping  
Peace to find in paths of wrong.  
Hast'ning downward to destruction  
Seeking that which is but dross

Pause, I pray you, weary wand'rer,

Lift your eyes to Calvary's cross.

Oh, draw near in awe and wonder,

Contemplate Him hanging there;

On His great atonement ponder;

Can it be you do not care?

Lifted high, 'twixt earth and heaven

Blessed Lamb for sinners slain;

He is dying, spurned, rejected

Crowned with thorns and racked with pain.

Listen to His cry of anguish,

"Why, O God, dost Thou forsake?"

Why must He in sorrow languish?

Why the cup of judgment take?

In His Word you find the answer,

'Twas for you His life He gave,

He Himself could not deliver,

If your soul from wrath He'd save.

"It is finished!" hear Him crying,

Nothing more remains to do,

He has settled by His dying,

Every claim God had 'gainst you.

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Oh, believe the wondrous story;

Trust alone His saving grace,

Then when He returns in glory,

You shall see Him face to face.

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## **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?

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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?

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### **Only To Love And Serve Thee**

Thy voice I hear, Lord Jesus,

Bidding me walk with Thee

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Carry the cross Thou givest,  
Rough tho' the path may be.  
Often I've dreaded leaving  
All for Thyself alone,  
Hoping I still might please Thee,  
Now I'd be all Thine own.  
The world's vain fleeting follies  
Have kept from liberty  
Now I renounce each idol  
That I loved more than Thee.  
Henceforth to serve Thee only  
All my life I would spend,  
Knowing Thy grace unfailing  
Will keep me to the end.  
With Thee I'd walk, my Saviour—  
Following day by day,  
Tho' it mean trial and hardship,  
Sacrifice all the way,  
For Thou hast grace sufficient  
With Thee I will not fear.  
Heaven would lose its sweetness  
If all were easy here.

---

Only to love and serve Thee

Daily to bear the cross,

Counting for Thee, my Saviour,

Treasures of earth as dross.

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## **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,

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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.

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## **The Way Of Man<sup>1</sup>**

From the Golden Gate a pathway

Bunyan saw that led to Hell—

Led away from love and beauty,

Led away from life and duty,

Led to gloom earth ne’er could borrow

Souls still charmed by Satan’s spell!

Oh! how perverse human mind is.

Oh! how faltering human will—

Many well nigh entering Heaven—

Turning—lost in darkness still!

Oh, how blind our human eyes are,

Oh, how dull the human ear,

When the sights and sounds of sadness,

Found where’er we seek for gladness,

Charm with such a fatal madness,

---

Luring on in spite of fear!

Can men know their soul's importance,

When they barter all away,

For earth's paltry fleeting trifles,

That must soon be lost for aye?

Few will tread the way to glory,

Few will heed the Gospel's story—

Careless youth and grandsire hoary,

Life beginning or life ending—

Treasure hoarding—treasure spending,

All alike are wrapped in seeking,

Folly's flowers of rosy hue;

All alike are daily finding,

Weeds sprung up where flowers grew

And e'en flowers have briars too.

From the past few seem to learn,

From their sin few care to turn,

But with minds full bent on evil—

Backs to God, led by the Devil,

Madly, wildly, blindly, rashly,

Stopping not nor caring not—

Down they rush,

---

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,

---

'Tis Thou who art worthy,

Lord Jesus, 'tis Thou.

No worthiness ours,

We were worthless and lost;

But Thou hast redeemed us

At marvelous cost;

Enraptured, adoring,

Before Thee we bow,

'Tis Thou who art worthy,

'Tis Thou who art worthy,

'Tis Thou who art worthy,

Lord Jesus, 'tis Thou.

The depths of Thy suff-'ring

No tongue can express,

When love brought Thee down

To relieve our distress.

With all of Thy riches

Thou didst us endow,

'Tis Thou who art worthy,

'Tis Thou who art worthy,

'Tis Thou who art worthy,

Lord Jesus, 'tis Thou.

---



The life Thou hast ransomed,

O Lord shall be Thine,

Henceforth not my will—

But Thy will shall be mine;

Surrendered for service,

I yield to Thee now,

'Tis Thou who art worthy,

'Tis Thou who art worthy,

'Tis Thou who art worthy,

Lord Jesus, 'tis Thou.

Soon, soon in Thy presence,

Exalted above,

We'll praise and adore

Thine unchangeable love;

And sing while the glory,

Encircles Thy brow,

'Tis Thou who art worthy,

'Tis Thou who art worthy,

'Tis Thou who art worthy,

Lord Jesus, 'tis Thou.

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### **Come, Heavy-Laden, Rest**

Oh, who can tell how many lives are wrecked and ruined by sin,

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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.

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## **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.

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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.

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## **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.*

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## **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.*

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## **Eternal Life**

Eternal life the portion is

Of all who have believed,

On Him, the spotless Son of God,

And thus His gift received.

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## **Now I Will Glory In The Cross**

Now I will glory in the cross

For this I count the world but dross.

There I with Christ was crucified;

His death is mine; with Him I died;

And while I live my song shall be,

No longer I, but Christ in me.

From *The Continual Burnt Offering*.

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## **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.*

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## **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.*

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## **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.*

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*From Care for God's Fruit Trees.*

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## **He Is Near**

I know not when the Lord will come

Or at what hour He may appear,

Whether at midnight or at morn,

Or at what season of the year.

I only know that He is near,

And that His voice I soon shall hear.

I only know that He is near,

And that His voice I soon shall hear.

*From Care for God's Fruit Trees.*

---

## **Calvary**

In the darkness, blindly groping,

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.

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## **Chorus**

I will love Thee, Savior.

Drawing near in awe-struck wonder,

Scenes most fearful met my eye;

Lightning flashing, rolling thunder,

Scoffs and groans of agony;

Lifted high 'twixt earth and Heaven,

As a Lamb for sinners slain,

I beheld One, marred and wounded,

Crowned with thorns and racked with pain.

While I gazed He cried in anguish,

"Why, oh God, dost Thou forsake?

Why must I in sorrow languish?

Why the cup of Judgment take?"

Quick my heart gave back the answer,

For my sins His blood He gave—

He His life could not deliver

If my soul from wrath He'd save.

Broken-hearted, yet triumphant,

Fast His life-blood ebbed away,

As He cried! "My work is finished!

Now the sinner's debt I pay!"

As the Roman's spear-point pierced Him

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From His side a crimson stream  
Issued forth to heal the nations—  
Plunging in, I was made clean.

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### ***Chorus to Last Tune***

My sins were laid on Jesus,  
  
*(Repeat twice)*  
  
When He died on Calvary.

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### **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,

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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.

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