13 Standing on the promises of Christ our King,
Thro' eternal ages let His praises ring;
Glory in the highest, I will shout and sing,
Standing on the promises of God.
Standing, standing,
Standing on the promises of God my Saviour,
Standing, standing,
I'm standing on the promises of God.
Standing on the promises that cannot fail,
When the howling storms of doubt and fear assail,
By the living word of God I shall prevail,
Standing on the promises of God.
Standing on the promises I know can see
Perfect, present, cleansing in the blood for me;
Standing in the liberty where Christ makes me free,
Standing on the promises of God.

17 I will sing of my Redeemer,
And His wondrous love to me;
On the cruel cross He suffered.
From the curse to set me free.

Sing, Oh sing—of my Redeemer,
With His blood—He purchased me.
On the cross—He sealed my pardon,
Paid the debt—and made me free.
I will tell the wondrous story,
How my lost estate to save,
In His boundless love and mercy
He the ransom freely gave.
I will praise my dear Redeemer,
His triumphant power I'll tell,
How the victory He giveth
Over sin, and death, and hell.

41 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word,
What more can He say than to you
He hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled.

Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed!
For I am Thy God, and will still give thee aid,
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.
The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to its foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never, forsake!

47 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!
Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is the Sacrifice alone,
And our defence is sure.
Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

99 What can wash away my stain?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
What can make me whole again?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
Oh, precious is the flow
That makes me white as snow;
No other fountain have I known,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
For my cleansing this I see—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
For my pardon this my plea—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
Nothing can for sin atone,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
Nought of good that I have done,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
This is all my hope and peace—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
He is all my righteousness—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

104 Blessed be the fountain of blood,
To a world of sinners revealed;
Blessed be the dear Son of God;
Only by His stripes we are healed.
Though I've wandered far from His fold,
Bringing to my heart pain and woe,
Wash me in the blood of the Lamb
And I shall be whiter than snow.
Whit'er than the snow—
Wit'er than the snow—
Wash me in the blood of the Lamb,
And I shall be whiter than snow.
Father, I have wandered from Thee,
Often has my heart gone astray;
Crimson do my sins seem to me:
Water cannot wash them away.
Jesus, to that Fountain of Thine,
Leaning on Thy promise I go,
Cleanse me by Thy washing divine
And I shall be whiter than snow.

118 A ruler once came to Jesus by night,
To ask Him the way of salvation and light;
The Master made answer in words true and plain,
"Ye must be born again."
"Ye must be born again!
Ye must be born again!
I verily, verily say unto you—
Ye must be born again!"

Ye children of men, attend to the word
So solemnly uttered by Jesus the Lord,
And let not this message to you be in vain,
"Ye must be born again."
O ye who would enter the glorious rest,
And sing with the ransomed the song of the blest;
The life everlasting if ye would obtain
"Ye must be born again."

132 Tell me the old, old story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child;
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.
Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Of Jesus and His love.

Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon!
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon.
Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story,
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

140 She only touched the hem
Of His garment
As to His side she stole,
Amid the crowd that gathered around Him,
And straightway she was whole.
Oh, touch the hem of His garment
And thou too shall be free!
His saving power this very hour
Shall give new life to thee.
She came in fear and trembling before Him,
She saw that He had power;
She felt that from Him virtue had flowed,
The mighty deed was done.
He turned with "Daughter, be of good comfort,
Thy faith hath made thee whole."
And peace that passeth all understanding,
With gladness filled her soul.

Please Do Not Take This Song Sheet Away. Leave It With The Usher.
Why do you wait, dear brother,
Oh, why do you tarry so long?
Your Saviour is waiting to give you
A place in His sanctified throng.

Why not, why not,
Why not come to Him now?

What do you hope, dear brother,
To gain by a farther delay?
There's no one to save you but Jesus,
There's no other way but His way.

Why do you wait, dear brother?
The harvest is passing away,
Your Saviour is waiting to bless you,
There's danger and death in delay!

Rock of Ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the water and the blood
From Thy riven side which flow'd
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill Thy law's demands:
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not alone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy crosst I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing pow'r?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Are you fully trusting in His grace this hour?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Are you wash'd—in the blood—
In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb?
Are your garments spotless?
Are they white as snow?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Are you walking daily by the Saviour's side?
Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?
Did you rest each moment in the Crucified?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

When the Bridegroom cometh will your robes be white—
Pure and white in the blood of the Lamb?
Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright,
And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Sing them over again to me,
Wonderful words of life!
Let me more of their beauty see,
Wonderful words of life!
Words of life and beauty,
Teach me faith and duty!

Beautiful words! wonderful words!
Wonderful words of life!
Christ, the blessed One, gives to all
Wonderful words of life!
Sinner, list to the loving call,
Wonderful words of life!
All so freely given,
Wooing us to heaven!

Will your anchor hold in the storms of life
When the clouds unfold their wings of strife?
When the strong tides lift and the cables strain,
Will your anchor shift, or firm remain?

It is safely moored, 'twill the storm withstand;
For 'tis well secured by the Saviour's hand;
And the cables, pass'd from His heart to mine,
Can defy the blast, through strength divine.

Come ev'ry soul by sin oppress'd,
There's mercy with the Lord,
And He will surely give you rest,
By trusting in His word.

Only trust Him, only trust Him,
Only trust Him now.
He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you now.

For Jesus shed His precious blood,
Rich blessings to bestow;
Plunge now into the crimson flood
That washes white as snow.

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Just as I am, and waiting not,
To rid my soul of one dark blot;
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken ev'ry barrier down;
Not to be Thine, yes, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

There's a land that is fairer
Than day,
And by faith we can see it afar;
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling place there.

In the sweet by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.
In the sweet by-and-by
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the best,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

To our bountiful Father above,
We shall offer our tribute of praise
For the glorious gift of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.

Let us sing a song that will cheer us by the way,
In a little while we're going home;
For the night will end in the everlasting day,
In a little while we're going home.

In a little while—in a little while—we shall cross the billow's foam; We shall meet at last.
When the stormy winds are past,
In a little while we're going home.

We will do the work that our hands may find to do,
In a little while we're going home;
And the grace of God will our daily strength renew,
In a little while we're going home.

There's a rest beyond, there's relief from ev'ry care,
In a little while we're going home;
And no tears shall fall in that city bright and fair,
In a little while we're going home.

When all my labors and trials are o'er,
And I am safe on that beautiful shore,
Just to be near the dear Lord I adore,
Will thro' the ages be glory for me,
Oh that will be glory for me,
Glory for me, glory for me,
When by His grace I shall look on His face,
That will be glory, be glory for me.

When by the gift of His infinite grace,
I am accorded in heaven a place,
Just to be there and to look on His face,
Will thro' the ages be glory for me.

I've reached the land of corn and wine,
And all its riches freely mine;
Here shines undim'd one blissful day,
For all my night has passed away.
Oh, Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land,  
As on thy highest mount I stand,  
I look away across the sea,  
Where mansions are prepared for me;  
And view the shining glory shore,  
My heaven, my home, for evermore.  

My Saviour comes and walks with me,  
And sweet communion here we have,  
He gently leads me by His hand,  
For this is heaven's border-land.

400 Sing the wondrous love of Jesus,  
Sing His mercy and His grace;  
In the mansions bright and blessed,  
He'll prepare for us a place.

When we all get to heaven,  
What a day of rejoicing that will be  
When we all see Jesus,  
We'll sing and shout the victory.

While we walk the pilgrim pathway  
Clouds will overspread the sky;  
But when traveling days are over  
Not a shadow, not a sigh.

413 When peace, like a river,  
Attendeth my way,  
When sorrows, like sea-billows roll,  
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to know,  
"It is well, it is well with my soul."

It is well with my soul,  
It is well, it is well with my soul.

If Satan should buffet, if trials should come,  
Let this be my best assurance control,  
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate,  
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.

My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious thought—  
My sin—not in part, but the whole,  
Is nailed to His cross, and I bear it no more;  
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul.

417 Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!  
Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine,  
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,  
Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood.

This is my story, this is my song,  
Praising my Saviour all the day long.  
This is my story, this is my song,  
Praising my Saviour all the day long.

Perfect submission, perfect delight,  
Visions of rapture now burst on my sight;  
Angels descending, bring from above  
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

Perfect submission, all is at rest,  
In my Saviour am happy and blest.  
Watching and waiting, looking above,  
Fills'd with His goodness, lost in His love.

428 Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the distant mountains rise;  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past;  
Safe into the haven guide;  
Oh, receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none;  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me.  
All my trust on Thee is stayed,  
All my help from Thee I bring;  
Cover my defenseless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
Grace to cover all my sin;  
Let the healing streams abound,  
Make and keep me pure within;  
Thou of life the fountain art,  
Freely let me take of Thee;  
Spring Thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.

429 Work for the night is coming!  
Work thro' the morning hours;  
Work while the day is sparkling;  
Work amid springing flowers;  
Work while the day grows brighter  
Under the glowing sun;  
Work for the night is coming,  
When man's work is done.

Work for the night is coming!  
Work thro' the sunny noon;  
Fill the bright hours with labour;  
Rest comes sure and soon.  
Give to each flying minute  
Something to keep in store;  
Work for the night is coming,  
When man works no more.

Work for the night is coming!  
Under the sunset skies,  
While their bright tints are glowing,  
Work for daylight flies,  
Work till the last beam fadeth,  
Fadeth to shine no more;  
Work while the night is dark'n ing  
When man's work is o'er.

432 More about Jesus would I know,  
More of His grace to others show;  
More of His saving fullness see,  
More of His love, who died for me.

More, more about Jesus,  
More, more about Jesus,  
More of His saving fullness see,  
More of His love who died for me.

More about Jesus let me learn,  
More of His holy will discern;  
Spirit of God, my teacher be,  
Showing the things of Christ to me.

More about Jesus, in His Word,  
Holding communion with my Lord;  
Hearing His voice in every line,  
Making each faithful saying mine.

459 When we walk with the Lord,  
In the light of His Word,  
What a glory He sheds on our way!  
While we do His good will,  
He abides with us still,  
And with all who will trust and obey.

Trust and obey; for there's no other way  
To be happy in Jesus, but to trust and obey.

Not a burden we bear,  
Not a sorrow we share,  
But our toil He doth richly repay;  
Not a grief nor a loss,  
Not a cross nor a cross,  
But is blest if we trust and obey.

But we never can prove  
The delights of His love  
Until all on the altar we lay;  
For the favour He shows,  
And the joy He bestows,  
Are for them who trust and obey.

465 Take the name of Jesus with you,  
Child of sorrow and of woe;  
It will joy and comfort give you—  
Take it then where'er you go.

Precious name, oh how sweet!  
Hope of earth and joy of heaven.

Precious name, oh how sweet!  
Hope of earth and joy of heaven.

Oh, the precious name of Jesus!  
How it thrills our souls with joy,  
When His loving arms receive us,  
And His songs our tongues employ.

511 Jesus, the very thought of Thee!  
With sweetness fills my breast;  
But sweeter far Thy face to see,  
And in Thy presence rest.

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,  
Nor can the memory find  
A sweeter sound than Thy best name,  
O Saviour of mankind.

O hope of every contrite heart,  
O joy of all the meek,  
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!  
How good to those who seek!

528 When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and  
Time shall be no more,  
And the morning breaks, eternal,  
Bright and fair;  
When the saved of earth shall  
Gather over on the other shore,  
And the roll is called up yonder,  
I'll be there.

When the roll is called up yonder,  
When the roll is called up yonder,  
When the roll is called up yonder,  
I'll be there.
On that bright and cloudless morning, when the dead in Christ rose with Him, the angels sang new songs; and the glory of His resurrection shone upon the world. When His chosen ones shall gather to their home beyond the skies, and the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

Let us labour for the Master from the dawn till setting sun. Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care. Then, when all of life is over, and our work on earth is done, and the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

559 What a friend we have in Jesus, All our sins and griefs to bear; What a privilege to carry Everything to God in prayer.
Oh, what peace we often forfeit, Oh, what needless pain we bear—All because we do not carry Ev'rything to God in prayer.

Have we trials and temptations? Is there trouble anywhere? We should never be discouraged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful, Who will all our sorrows share? Jesus knows our ev'ry weakness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Are we weak and heavy laden, Cumbered with a load of care? Precious Saviour, still our refuge—Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer: In his arms He'll take and shield thee.
Thou wilt find a solace there.

568 I need Thee ev'ry hour, Most gracious Lord; No tender voice like Thine Can peace afford.

I need Thee, Oh, I need Thee, Every hour I need Thee; Oh, bless me now, my Saviour, I come to Thee!
I need Thee ev'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temptations lose their power When Thou art nigh.
I need Thee ev'ry hour, Teach me Thy will; And Thy rich promises In me fulfill.

569 Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee; Even though it be a cross That raiseth me; Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee.

Though like a wanderer, The sun gone down, Darkness be over me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee.
There let the way appear, Steps unto heav'n; All that Thou sendest me, In mercy giv'n; Angels to beckon me Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee.

578 Saviour! Thy dying love Thou gavest me, Nor should I sought withhold, My Lord, from Thee; In love my soul would bow, My heart fulfill its vow, Some offering bring Thee now, Something for Thee.
At the blest Mercy-seat, Pleading for me, My feeble faith looks up, Jesus, to Thee; Help me the cross to bear, Thy wondrous love declare, Some song to raise, or prayer, Something for Thee.

All that I am and have— Thy gifts so free— In joy, in grief, through life, O Lord, for Thee! And when Thy face I see My ransomed soul shall be, Through all eternity, Something for Thee.

580 My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Saviour divine; Now hear me while I pray, Take all my sins away; Oh, let me from this day Be wholly Thine!
May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire! As Thou hast died for me, Oh, may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be, A living fire!
While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid darkness turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ever stray From Thee.

611 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord, Or to defend His cause; Maintain the honour of His Word, The glory of His Cross.
At the Cross, at the Cross, where I first saw the light, And the burden of my heart roll'd away, It was there by faith I received my sight, And now I am happy all the day.
Jesus, my Lord! I know His name, His name is all my trust, Nor will He put my soul to shame, Nor let my hope be lost.
Firm as His throne His promise stands And He can well secure What I've committed to His hands, Till the decisive hour.

664 Shall we gather at the river, Where bright angel feet have trod, With its crystal tide for ever Flowing from the throne of God?
Yes, we'll gather at the river, The beautiful, the beautiful river, Gather with the saints at the river That flows from the throne of God.

On the margin of the river, Washing up its silver spray, We will walk and worship ever, All the happy golden day.

Ere we reach the shining river, Lay we every burden down; Grace our spirits will deliver, And provide a robe and crown.

Soon we'll reach the shining river, Soon our pilgrimage will cease; Soon our happy hearts will quiver With the melody of peace.

930 Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, Looking unto Jesus, Who is gone before; Christ, the Royal Master, Leads against the foe; Forward into battle, See His banners go.

Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, Looking unto Jesus, Who is gone before.

Like a mighty army Moves the church of God; Brothers, we are treading, Where the saints have trod; We are not divided, All one body we;

One in hope and doctrine, One in charity.

Onward then, ye people, Join our happy throng; Blend with ours your voices In the triumph song: "Glory, praise and honour, Unto Christ the King." This, through countless ages, Men and angels sing.

Please Do Not Take This Song Sheet Away. Leave It With The Usher.