

# PDHymns.com

# Catalog

# M

All music is in Shaped Note (Do-Mi-Sol) Notation

Page Count: 272

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# Maggie C. M.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem my hap - py home, name ev - er dear to me!  
2. A - pos - tles, mar - tyrs, proph - ets, there a - round my Sav - ior stand;  
3. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, when shall I come the thee?  
4. O Christ, do Thou my soul pre - pare for that bright home of love;

The first system of music consists of a treble clef staff with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style. Below the treble staff, there are four lines of lyrics, each corresponding to a different verse. Below the lyrics is a bass clef staff with a key signature of two sharps and a 4/4 time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment for the verses.

When shall my la - bors have an end, In joy and peace with thee?  
And all I love in Christ be - low Will join the glo - rious band.  
When shall my la - bors have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?  
That I may see Thee and a - dore, with All Thy saints a - bove.

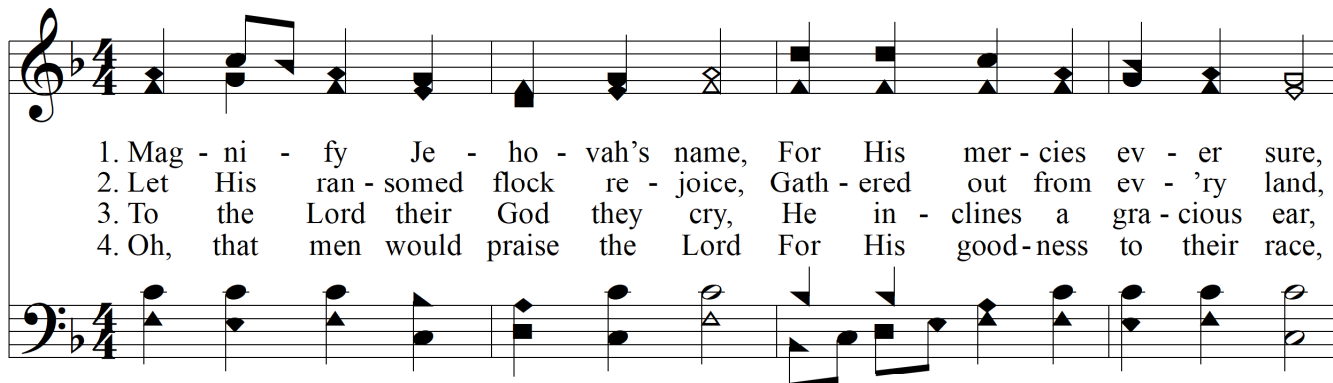
The second system of music continues the melody from the first system. It features the same treble and bass clef staves with a key signature of two sharps and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are arranged in four lines, each corresponding to a line of the musical notation. The music concludes with a double bar line.

Words: F. B. P.

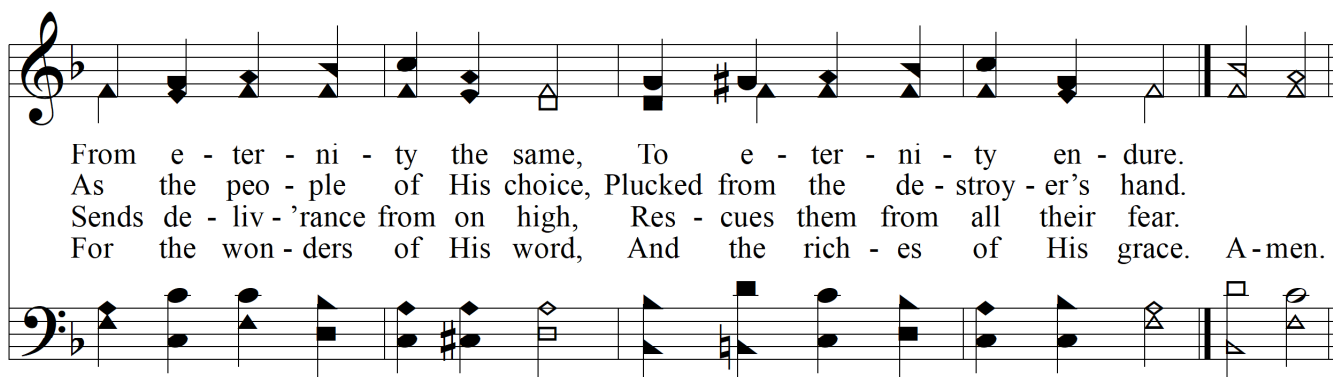
Music: Charles Edward Pollock

# Magnify Jehovah's Name

SUNNYSIDE 7s



1. Mag - ni - fy Je - ho - vah's name, For His mer - cies ev - er sure,  
2. Let His ran - somed flock re - joice, Gath - ered out from ev - 'ry land,  
3. To the Lord their God they cry, He in - clines a gra - cious ear,  
4. Oh, that men would praise the Lord For His good - ness to their race,



From e - ter - ni - ty the same, To e - ter - ni - ty en - dure.  
As the peo - ple of His choice, Plucked from the de - stroy - er's hand.  
Sends de - liv - 'rance from on high, Res - cues them from all their fear.  
For the won - ders of His word, And the rich - es of His grace. A - men.

# Majestic Sweetness (Arr. 1)



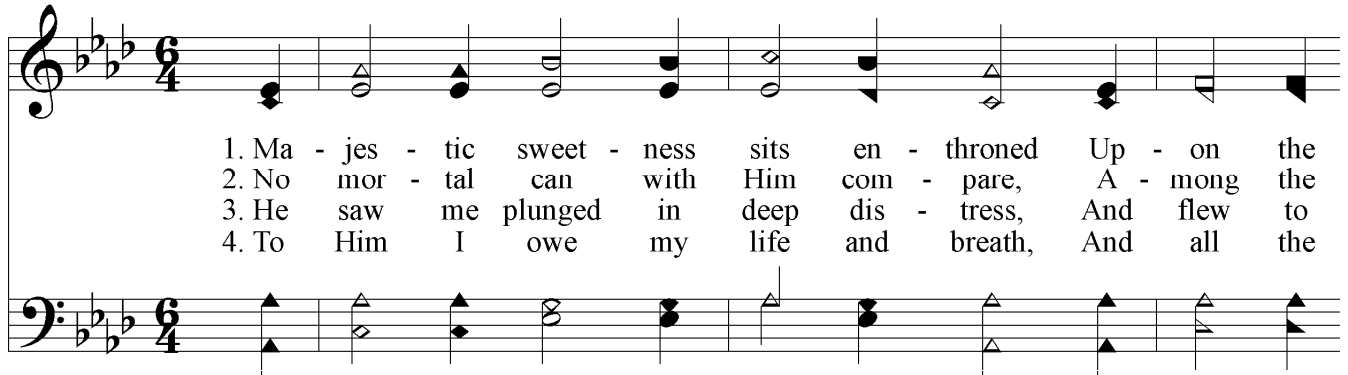
1. Ma - jes - tic sweet - ness sits en - throned Up - on the Sav - ior's brow;  
2. No mor - tal can with Him com - pare A - mong the sons of men;  
3. He saw me plunged in deep dis - tress, And flew to my re - lief;  
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have;  
5. Since from Thy boun - ty I re - ceive Such proofs of love di - vine,



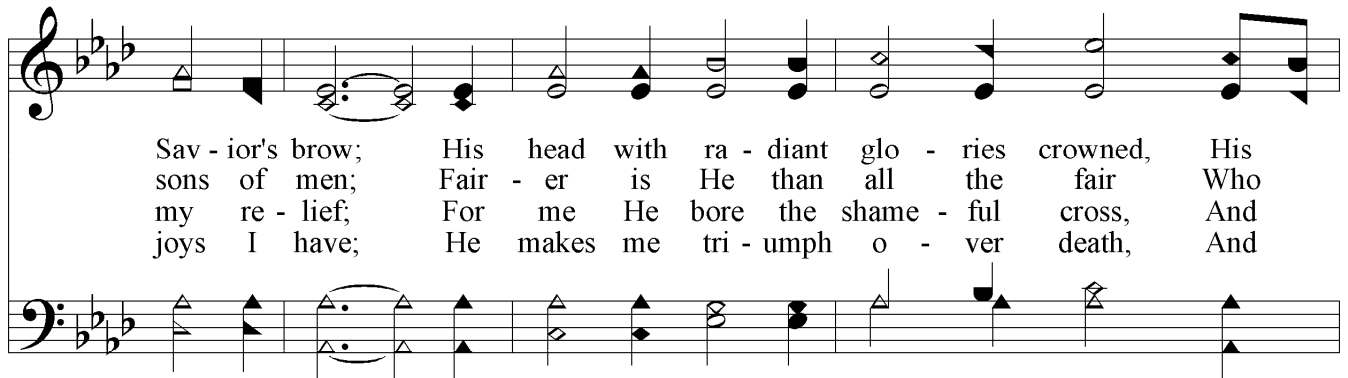
His head with ra - diant glo - ries crowned, His lips with grace o'er - flow.  
Fair - er is He than all the fair Who fill the heav'n - ly train.  
For me He bore the shame - ful cross, And car - ried all my grief.  
He makes me tri - umph o - ver death, And saves me from the grave.  
Had I a thou - sand hearts to give, Lord, they should all be Thine.



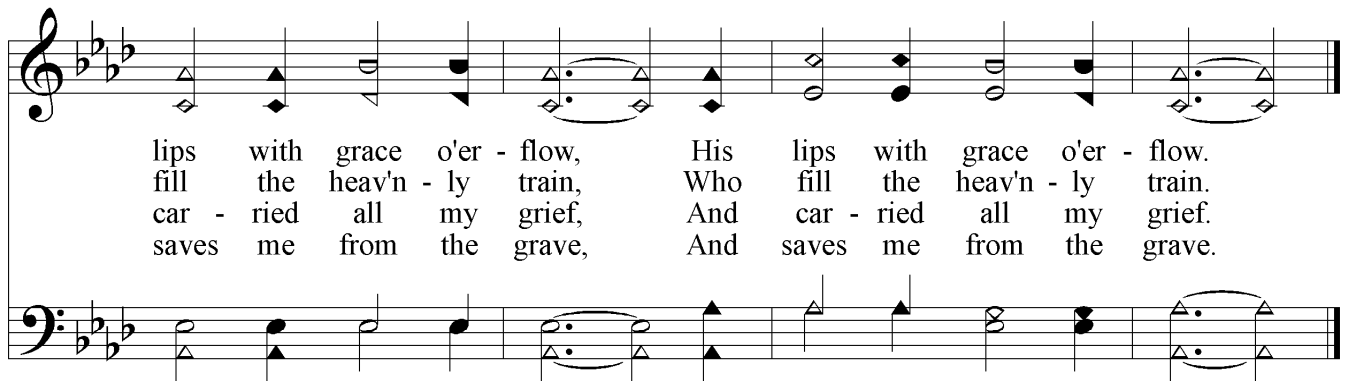
# Majestic Sweetness (Arr. 2)



1. Ma - jes - tic sweet - ness sits en - throned Up - on the  
2. No mor - tal can with Him com - pare, A - mong the  
3. He saw me plunged in deep dis - tress, And flew to  
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the



Sav - ior's brow; His head with ra - diant glo - ries crowned, His  
sons of men; Fair - er is He than all the fair Who  
my re - lief; For me He bore the shame - ful cross, And  
joys I have; He makes me tri - umph o - ver death, And



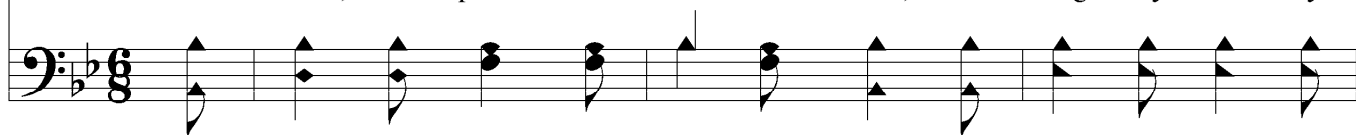
lips with grace o'er - flow, His lips with grace o'er - flow.  
fill the heav'n - ly train, Who fill the heav'n - ly train.  
car - ried all my grief, And car - ried all my grief.  
saves me from the grave, And saves me from the grave.

# Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned (Arr. 3)

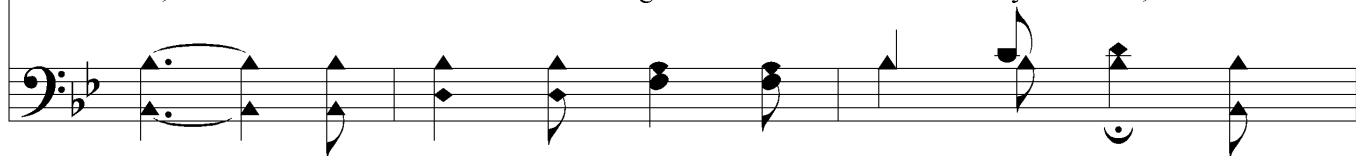
ORTONVILLE C. M.



1. Ma - jes - tic sweet - ness sits en - throned Up - on the Sav - ior's  
2. No mor - tal can with Him com - pare, A - mong the sons of  
3. He saw me plung'd in deep dis - tress, He flew to my re -  
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I  
5. To heav'n, the place of His a - bode, He brings my wea - ry



brow; His head with ra - diant glo - ries crown'd, His  
men; Fair - er is He than all the fair That  
lief; For me He bore the shame - ful cross, And  
have; He makes me tri - umph o - ver death, He  
feet; Shows me the glo - ries of my God, And

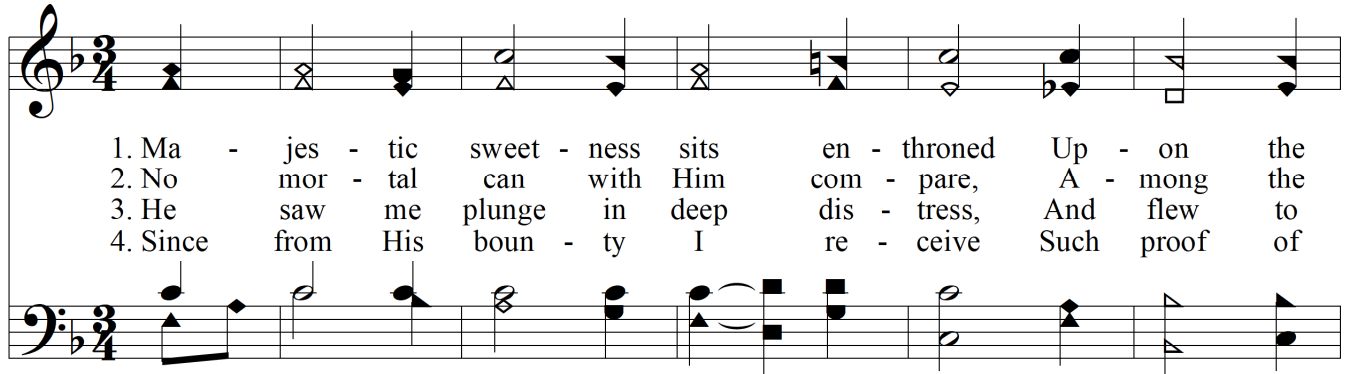


lips with grace o'er - flow, His lips with grace o'er - flow.  
fill the heav'n - ly train, That fill the heav'n - ly train.  
car - ried all my grief, And car - ried all my grief.  
saves me from the grave, He saves me from the grave.  
makes my joy com - plete, And makes my joy com - plete.

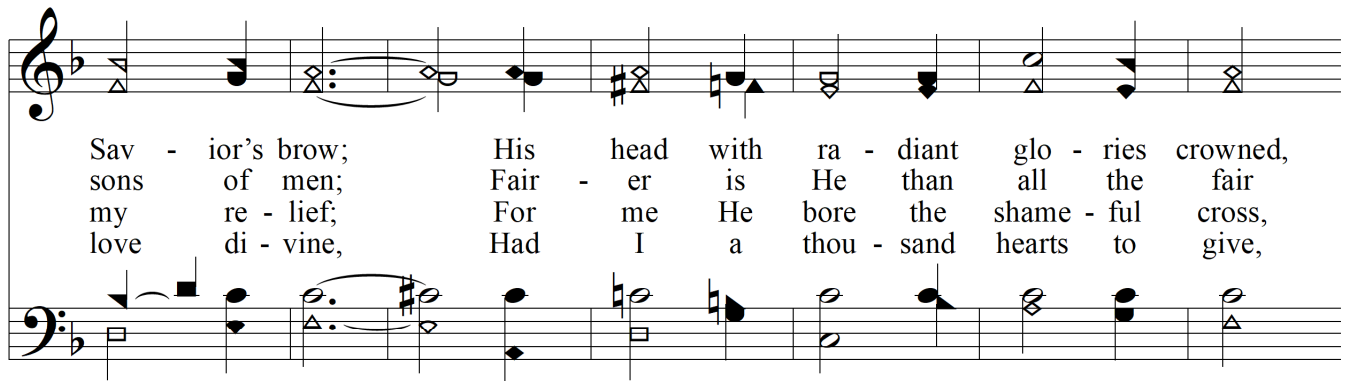


# Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned (Arr. 4)

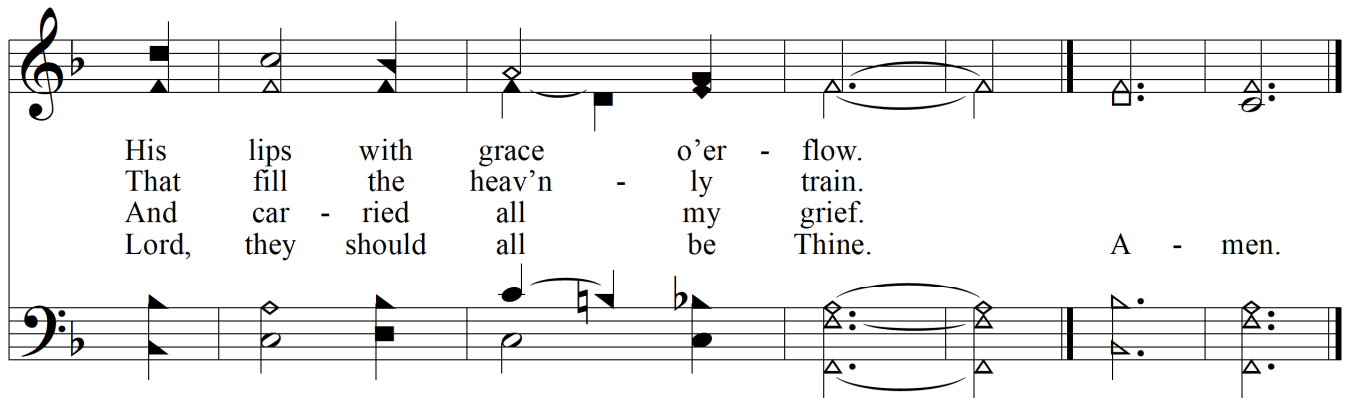
ANSLEY PARK C. M.



1. Ma - jes - tic sweet - ness sits en - throned Up - on the  
2. No mor - tal can with Him com - pare, A - mong the  
3. He saw me plunge in deep dis - tress, And flew to  
4. Since from His boun - ty I re - ceive Such proof of



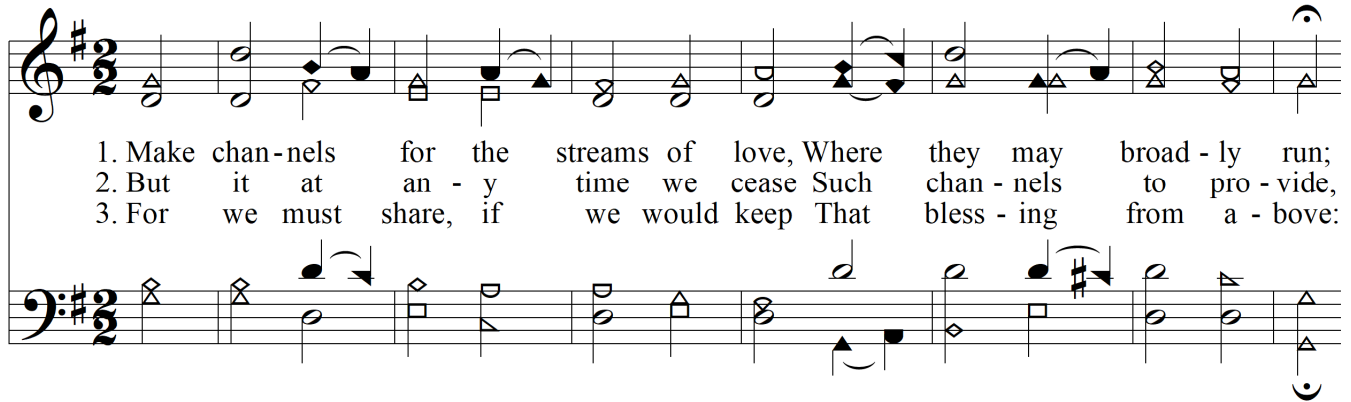
Sav - ior's brow; His head with ra - diant glo - ries crowned,  
sons of men; Fair - er is He than all the fair  
my re - lief; For me He bore the shame - ful cross,  
love di - vine, Had I a thou - sand hearts to give,



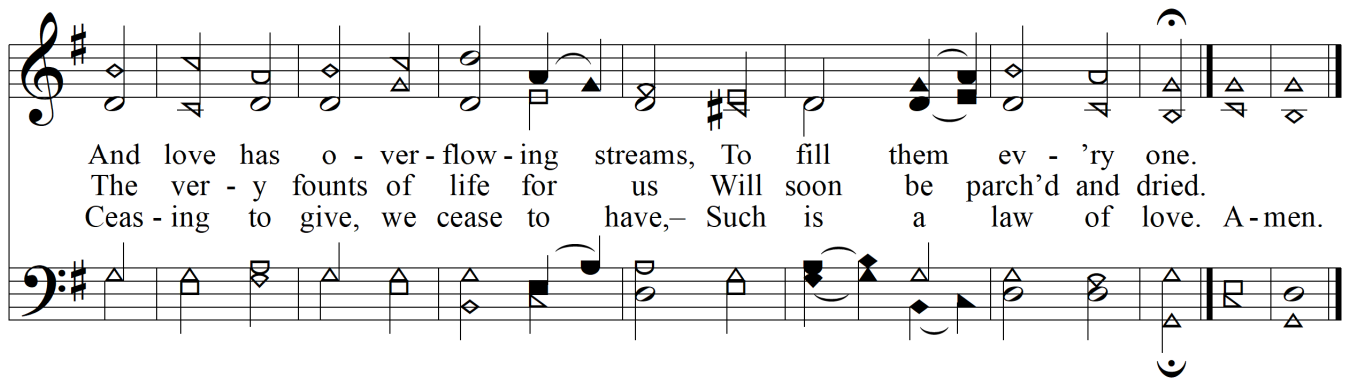
His lips with grace o'er - flow.  
That fill the heav'n - ly train.  
And car - ried all my grief.  
Lord, they should all be Thine. A - men.

# Make Channels For The Streams Of Love

ST. STEPHEN C. M.



1. Make chan-nels for the streams of love, Where they may broad-ly run;  
2. But it at an-y time we cease Such chan-nels to pro-vide,  
3. For we must share, if we would keep That bless-ing from a-bove:



And love has o-ver-flow-ing streams, To fill them ev-'ry one.  
The ver-y founts of life for us Will soon be parch'd and dried.  
Ceas-ing to give, we cease to have,- Such is a law of love. A-men.



# Make Haste!

1. A storm gath - ers dark o'er the foam crest - ed deep, And souls on the  
 2. No bright beam - ing star in the dark - ness they see, No bells from the  
 3. A light soft - ly breaks, and their per - il is o'er; They hear, and they

bil - lows are tossed; Then forth let us go, with a mes - sage of hope,  
 har - bor they hear; Their frail, shat - tered bark, still is drift - ing a - far,  
 an - swer our call; Our boat hur - ries on with the Pi - lot on board-

*Chorus*

Speed on, lest their ves - sel be lost. Make haste, make haste,  
 Speed on, with a mes - sage of cheer. Make haste, make haste,  
 In Him is a ref - uge for all. Make haste, make haste,

Make haste to the res - cue, a - way! Speed on, quick - ly on, with a  
 mes - sage of hope- No time for a mo - ment's de - lay.

# Make Haste, Man, To Live

LABAN S. M.

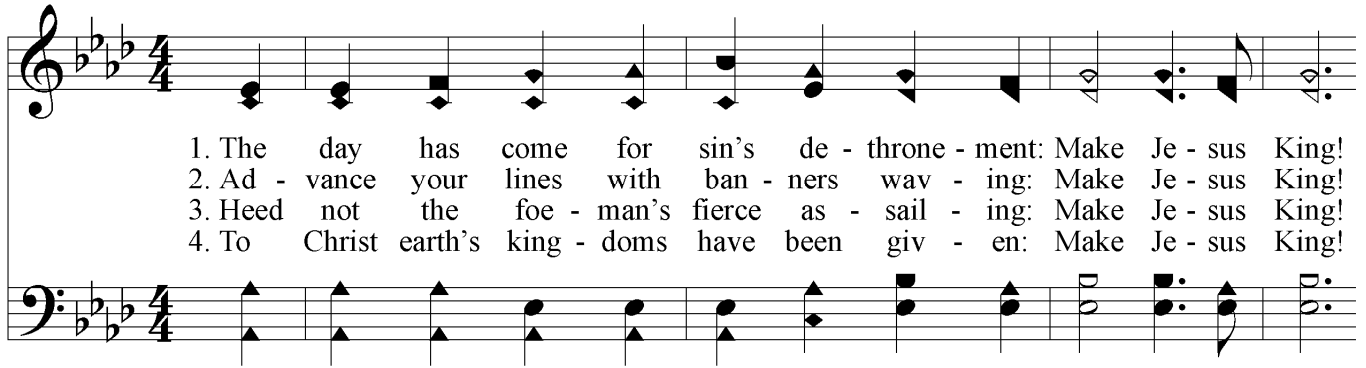
1. Make haste, O man, to live, Fling ease and self a - way;  
2. To breathe and wake and sleep, To smile, to sigh, to grieve,  
3. The use - ful, not the great, The thing that nev - er dies,  
4. The seed whose leaf and flow'r, Tho' poor in hu - man sight,  
5. Up, then, with speed, and work; Fling ease and self a - way;

The first system of music consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff, both in 4/4 time. The treble staff contains the melody with lyrics underneath. The bass staff contains a simple accompaniment with upward-pointing triangles above the notes.

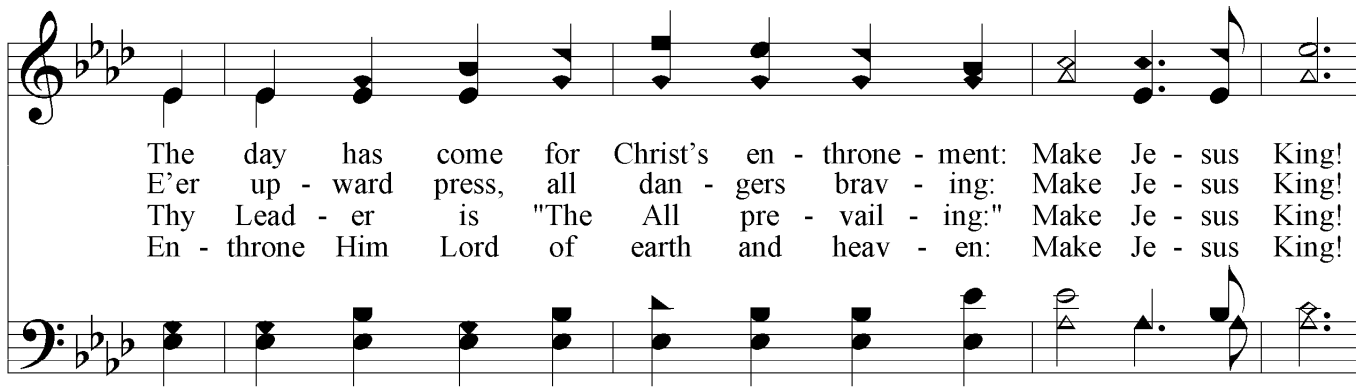
Time hur - ries past thee like the breeze, - Up, watch, and work and pray!  
To move in i - dle - ness thru earth, - This, this is not to live.  
The si - lent toil that is not lost, - Set these be - fore thine eyes.  
Bring forth at last th'e - ter - nal fruit, Sow thou by day and night.  
Thou hast no time to lose in sloth, - Up, watch, and work and pray! A - men.

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

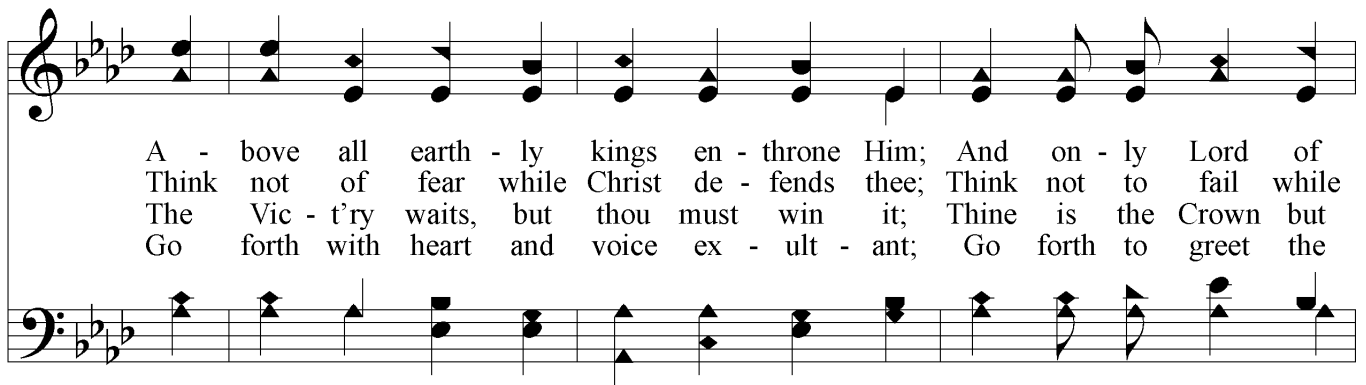
# Make Jesus King!



1. The day has come for sin's de - throne - ment: Make Je - sus King!  
 2. Ad - vance your lines with ban - ners wav - ing: Make Je - sus King!  
 3. Heed not the foe - man's fierce as - sail - ing: Make Je - sus King!  
 4. To Christ earth's king - doms have been giv - en: Make Je - sus King!

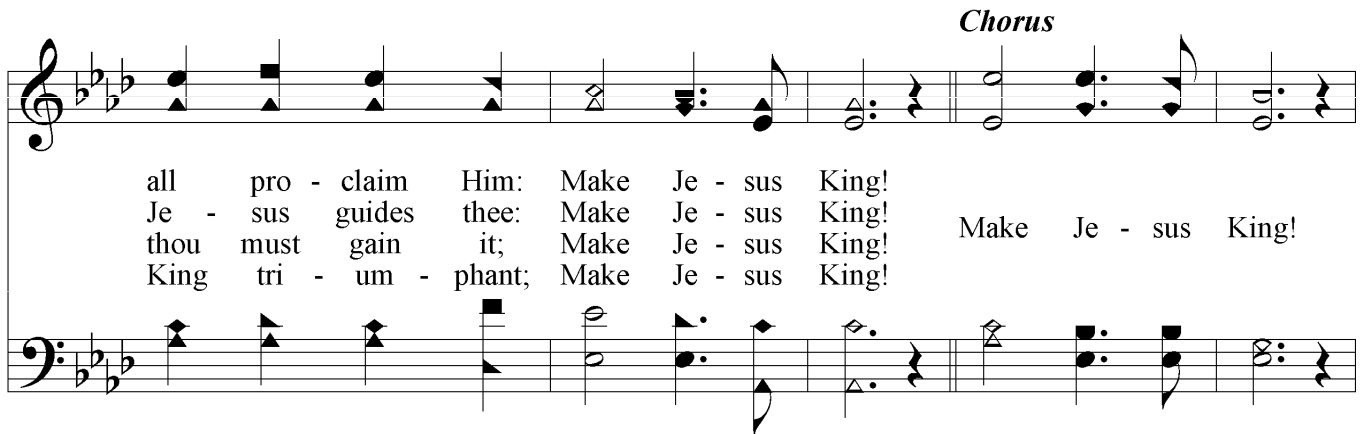


The day has come for Christ's en - throne - ment: Make Je - sus King!  
 E'er up - ward press, all dan - gers brav - ing: Make Je - sus King!  
 Thy Lead - er is "The All pre - vail - ing:" Make Je - sus King!  
 En - throne Him Lord of earth and heav - en: Make Je - sus King!



A - bove all earth - ly kings en - throne Him; And on - ly Lord of  
 Think not of fear while Christ de - fends thee; Think not to fail while  
 The Vic - t'ry waits, but thou must win it; Thine is the Crown but  
 Go forth with heart and voice ex - ult - ant; Go forth to greet the

*Chorus*



all pro - claim Him: Make Je - sus King!  
 Je - sus guides thee: Make Je - sus King!      Make Je - sus King!  
 thou must gain it; Make Je - sus King!  
 King tri - um - phant; Make Je - sus King!

# *Make Jesus King!*

Make Je - sus King! And crown Him King of  
earth and heav'n, Make Je - sus King!

The image shows a musical score for the hymn "Make Jesus King!". It consists of two systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The first system contains the lyrics "Make Je - sus King! And crown Him King of". The second system contains the lyrics "earth and heav'n, Make Je - sus King!". The piano accompaniment features chords and moving lines in both hands, with some notes beamed together. The vocal line is written in a simple, clear style with lyrics placed below the notes.

# Make Me A Blessing (Arr. 1)

1. Out in the high - ways and by - ways of life, Man - y are wea - ry  
 2. Tell the sweet sto - ry of Christ and His love, Tell of His pow'r to  
 3. Give as 'twas giv - en to you in your need, Love as the Mas - ter

and sad; Car - ry the sun - shine where dark - ness is rife,  
 are wea - ry and sad; Oth - ers will trust Him if on - ly you prove  
 for - give; His pow'r to for - give; Be to the help - less a help - er in - deed,  
 loved you; the Mas - ter loved you;

## Chorus

Mak - ing the sor - row - ing glad.  
 True, ev - 'ry mo - ment you live. Make me a bless - ing, Make me a  
 Un - to your mis - sion be true.

bless - ing, Out of my life may Je - sus shine; Make me a bless - ing,  
 Out of my life

# *Make Me A Blessing*

O Sav-ior, I pray, Make me a bless-ing to some-one to-day.  
I pray Thee, my Sav-ior,

The image shows a musical score for the hymn "Make Me A Blessing". It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff at the top and a bass clef staff at the bottom. The treble staff contains the melody, starting with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. The lyrics are written below the treble staff, with the words "O Sav-ior, I pray, Make me a bless-ing to some-one to-day." on the first line and "I pray Thee, my Sav-ior," on the second line. The bass staff contains the accompaniment, starting with a bass clef and a common time signature. The music is written in a simple, clear style suitable for a hymn book.

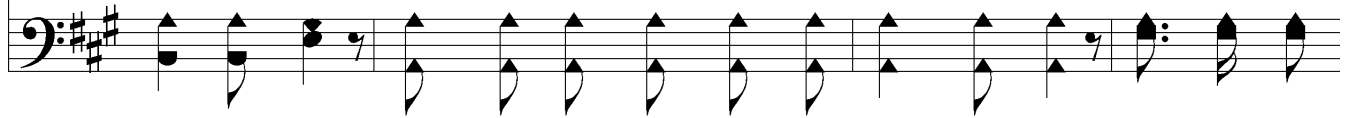
# Make Me A Blessing (Arr. 2)



1. Make me a bless - ing to ev - er - y one, Make my life use - ful from  
2. In - to the homes where 'tis sor - row and grief, Where hearts are ach - ing with  
3. May my life tell for the good and the true, Tell for the Mas - ter in



day to day, Filled with the spir - it of Je - sus' love, Mak - ing paths  
care and woe, Where - e'er my pres - ence will give re - lief, Where He doth  
deeds of love, Bless - ing a - bound all my jour - ney thru, Guid - ing to



## Chorus



bright - er al - way. Make me a bless - ing  
lead I will go. Make me a bless - ing,  
man - sions a - bove. Make me a bless - ing, make me a bless - ing,



to ev - 'ry one; Hearts now pos -  
make me a bless - ing to ev - 'ry one; Hearts now pos - scss - ing,



# Make Me A Blessing

sess - ing, Thy will be done. Guid - ing the  
hearts now pos - sess - ing, Thy will be done, will be done. Guid - ing the souls of men,

The first system of the hymn features a treble and bass staff in the key of A major (two sharps). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "sess - ing, Thy will be done. Guid - ing the hearts now pos - sess - ing, Thy will be done, will be done. Guid - ing the souls of men,"

souls of men un - to the truth,  
Guid - ing the souls of men un - to the truth, the truth, the truth,

The second system continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are: "souls of men un - to the truth, Guid - ing the souls of men un - to the truth, the truth, the truth,"

Make me a bless - ing E'en from my youth.  
Make me a bless - ing, make me a bless - ing E'en from my youth, my youth.

The third system concludes the hymn. The lyrics are: "Make me a bless - ing E'en from my youth. Make me a bless - ing, make me a bless - ing E'en from my youth, my youth."



# Make Me A Blessing To-Day (Arr. 1)

1. O soft - ly the Spir - it is whisp - 'ring to me, With ten - der com -  
 2. Some heart may be long - ing for on - ly a word, Whose love by the  
 3. Some soul may be plunged in the dark - est de - spair, Whose shad - ows would  
 4. Come all ye that la - bor, ye wea - ry and worn, Come ye who in

pas - sion, with pit - y - ing plea; I hear His be - seech - ing, and  
 Spir - it is quick - ened and stirred; Now grant, bless - ed Sav - ior, this  
 melt in the sun - light of pray'r; O give me, dear Sav - ior, I  
 sor - row or sin - ful - ness mourn; With me this pe - ti - tion to

ear - nest - ly pray That Je - sus will make me a bless - ing to - day.  
 ser - vice to me, Of speak - ing a com - fort - ing mes - sage for Thee.  
 hum - bly im - plore, The sweet con - so - la - tion that soul to re - store.  
 Je - sus con - vey: O make me a bless - ing, dear Sav - ior, to - day.

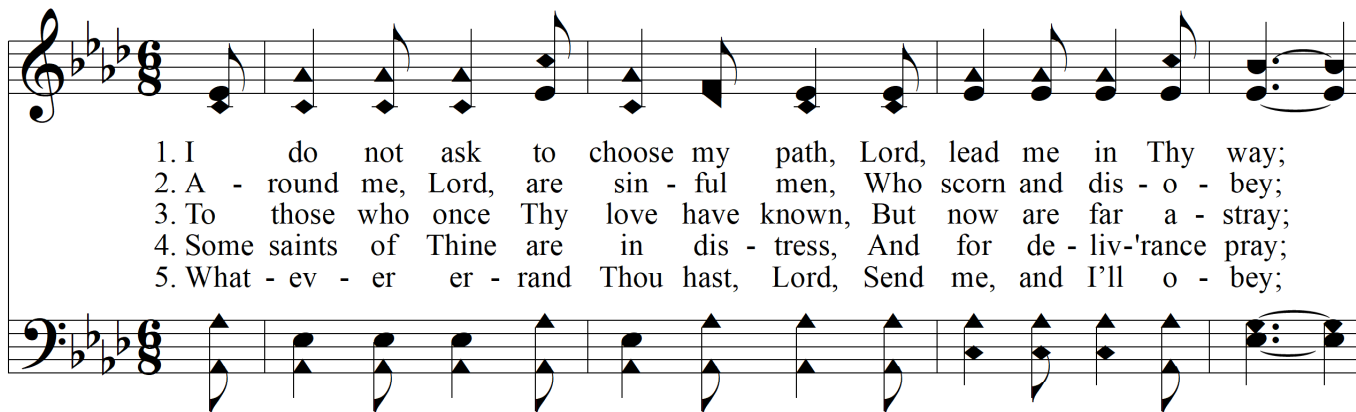
*Chorus*

Lord, make me a bless - ing to - day, A bless - ing to some one, I pray;  
 Lord, make me a bless - ing, I pray;

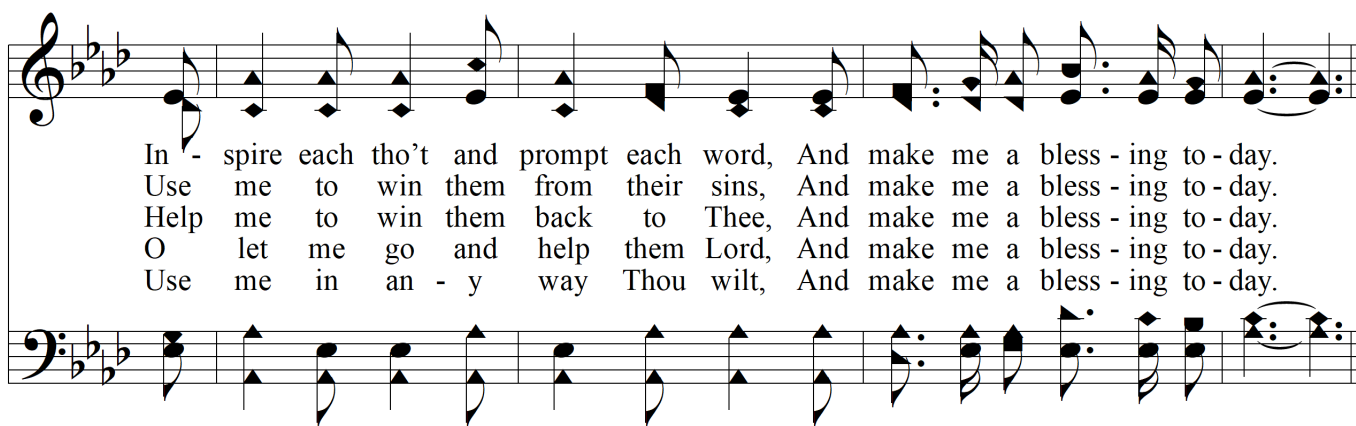
In all that I do, in all that I say, O make me a bless - ing to - day.

Words by Fanny J. Crosby  
 Music by W. H. Doane

# Make Me A Blessing To-Day

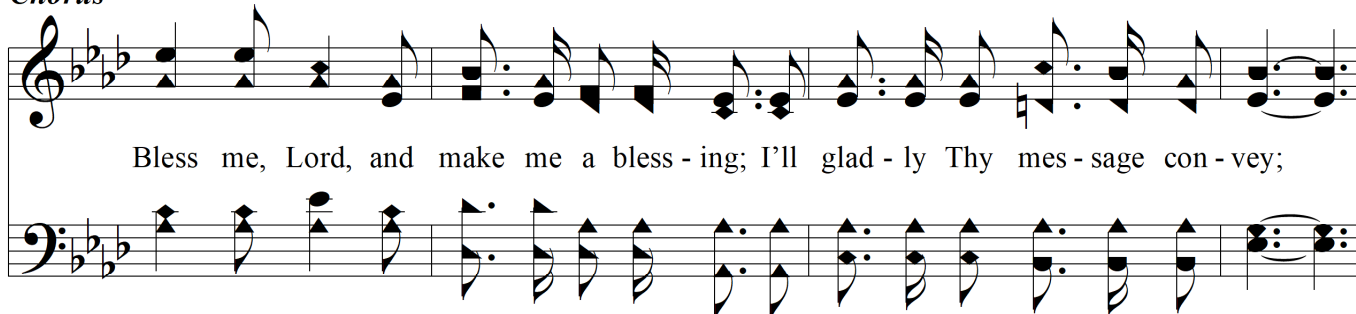


1. I do not ask to choose my path, Lord, lead me in Thy way;  
2. A - round me, Lord, are sin - ful men, Who scorn and dis - o - bey;  
3. To those who once Thy love have known, But now are far a - stray;  
4. Some saints of Thine are in dis - tress, And for de - liv-'rance pray;  
5. What - ev - er er - rand Thou hast, Lord, Send me, and I'll o - bey;

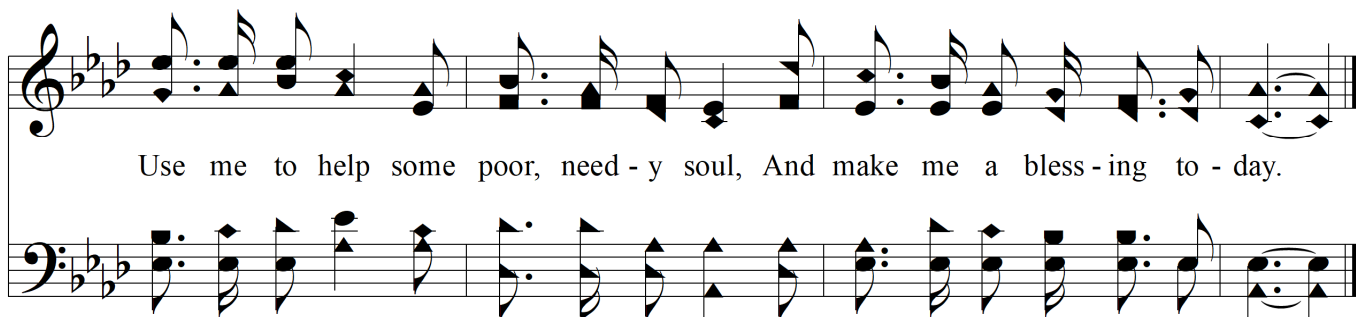


In - spire each tho't and prompt each word, And make me a bless - ing to - day.  
Use me to win them from their sins, And make me a bless - ing to - day.  
Help me to win them back to Thee, And make me a bless - ing to - day.  
O let me go and help them Lord, And make me a bless - ing to - day.  
Use me in an - y way Thou wilt, And make me a bless - ing to - day.

## Chorus



Bless me, Lord, and make me a bless - ing; I'll glad - ly Thy mes - sage con - vey;



Use me to help some poor, need - y soul, And make me a bless - ing to - day.

# Make Me A Captive, Lord

*Slowly*

1. Make me a cap - tive, Lord, And then I shall be free;  
 2. My heart is weak and poor Un - til it mas - ter find:  
 3. My pow'r is faint and low Till I have learn'd to serve,  
 4. My will is not my own Till Thou hast made it Thine;

Force me to ren - der up my sword, And I shall con - q'r'r be.  
 It has no spring of ac - tion sure - It var - ies with the wind:  
 It wants the need - ed fire to glow, It wants the breeze to nerve;  
 If it would reach a mon - arch's throne It must its crown re - sign:

I sink in life's a - larms When by my - self I stand;  
 It can - not free - ly move Till Thou hast wrought its chain;  
 It can - not drive the world Un - til my - self be driv'n;  
 It on - ly stands un - bent A - mid the clash - ing strife,

Im - pris - on me with - in Thy arms, And strong shall be my hand.  
 En - slave it with Thy match - less love, And death - less it shall reign.  
 Its flag can on - ly be un - furled When Thou shall breathe from heav'n.  
 When on Thy bos - om it has leant, And found in Thee its life. A - men.

# Make Me a Channel of Blessing

1. Is your life a chan - nel of bless - ing? Is the love of God flow - ing thru  
 2. Is your life a chan - nel of bless - ing? Are you bur - dened for those that are  
 3. Is your life a chan - nel of bless - ing? Is it da - ily tell - ing for  
 4. We can - not be chan - nels of bless - ing If our lives are not free from all

you? Are you tell - ing the lost of the Sa - vior? Are you  
 lost? Have you urged up - on those who are stray - ing The  
 Him? Have you spok - en the word of sal - va - tion To  
 sin; We will bar - ri - ers be and a hin - drance To

*Chorus*

read - y His ser - vice to do?  
 Sav - ior who died on the cross? Make me a chan - nel of  
 those who are dy - ing in sin?  
 those we are try - ing to win.

bless - ing to - day, Make me a chan - nel of bless - ing, I pray; My life pos - sess - ing,

my serv - ice bless - ing, Make me a chan - nel of bless - ing to - day.

# Make Me A Channel Of Blessing, Lord



1. Make me a chan - nel of bless - ing, Lord; Use me, dear Sav - ior, I pray;  
 2. Make me a chan - nel of kind - ly love, Com - fort - ing oth - ers a - round;  
 3. Make me a chan - nel of sun - ny cheer, Sing - ing of thee as I go;  
 4. Make me a chan - nel of bless - ing, Lord; This is thy prom - ise di - vine:



Be the rich dews of thy grace out-poured, Use me in thy work to - day.  
 Giv - ing fresh streams from the fount a - bove, The streams that with joy a - bound.  
 Riv - ers of mer - cy, in de - serts drear, From Je - sus shall o - ver - flow.  
 "Blest and a bless - ing," O pre - cious word! The glo - ry shall all be thine.



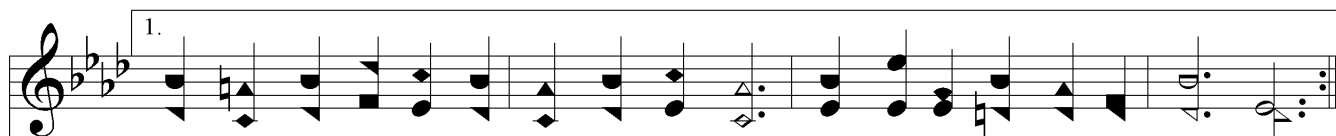
## Chorus



Make me, make me a chan - nel of bless - ing, a chan - nel of bless - ing;  
 { Make me a chan - nel of bless - ing; Ev - 'ry good gift is from thee;  
 { Make me a chan - nel of bless - ing; Use me wher - e'er I may be;



Make me a chan - nel of bless - ing, Lord;



1. Work - ing thru me by thy won - der - ful pow'r, Make me a chan - nel of bless - ing;

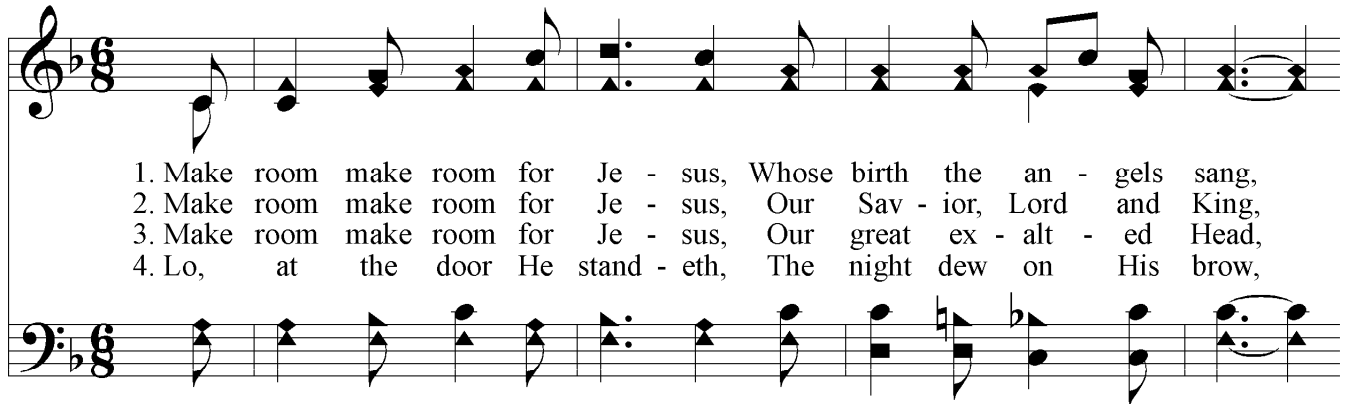


2. Make me a chan - nel of bless - ing, Lord, Till I shall thy beau - ty see.




# Make Room For Jesus

*"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock." – Rev. 3:20*



1. Make room make room for Je - sus, Whose birth the an - gels sang,  
2. Make room make room for Je - sus, Our Sav - ior, Lord and King,  
3. Make room make room for Je - sus, Our great ex - alt - ed Head,  
4. Lo, at the door He stand - eth, The night dew on His brow,



When Heav'n and earth to - geth - er, With hal - le - lu - jahs rang.  
Who left His Fa - ther's glo - ry, The gift of life to bring.  
Who left His Fa - ther's glo - ry, And suf - fered in our stead.  
O, do not keep Him wait - ing, But let Him en - ter now.

## Chorus



Throw o - pen wide the por - tals, Of ev - 'ry doubt - ing heart,



That Je - sus now may en - ter And nev - er more de - part.


# Make This World Better



1. What are you do - ing to make this world bet - ter? Comes this great ques - tion to  
2. Give out the sun - shine some path - way to bright - en, Cheer with a hand - clasp, a  
3. Give of your sub - stance, your time and your la - bor, So much of work yet re -



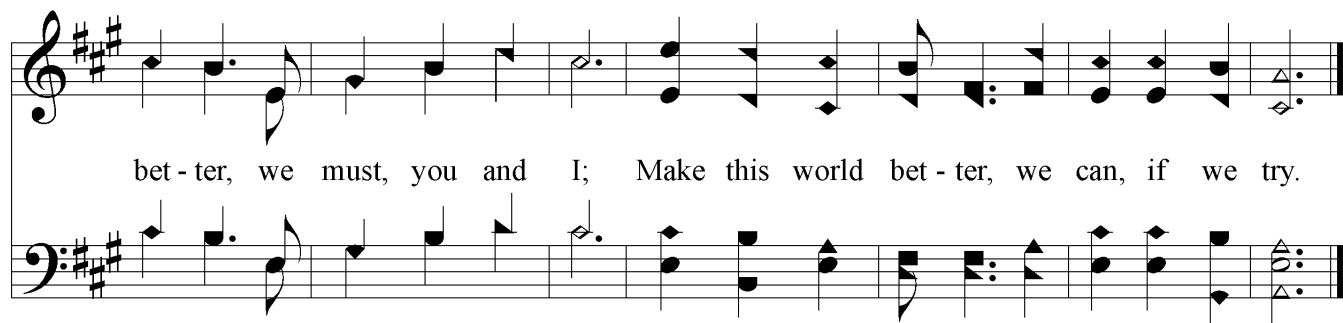
you and to me; Up - on life's high - way the good seed to scat - ter,  
word or a smile; There is a broth - er whose load you may light - en,  
mains to be done; Ere the lost sheep to the fold has been gath - ered,



*Chorus*  
By Christ the Sav - ior com - mis - sioned are we.  
Help - ing him up - ward on life's wea - ry mile. Make this world bet - ter each  
Ere all earth's king - doms for Christ have been won.

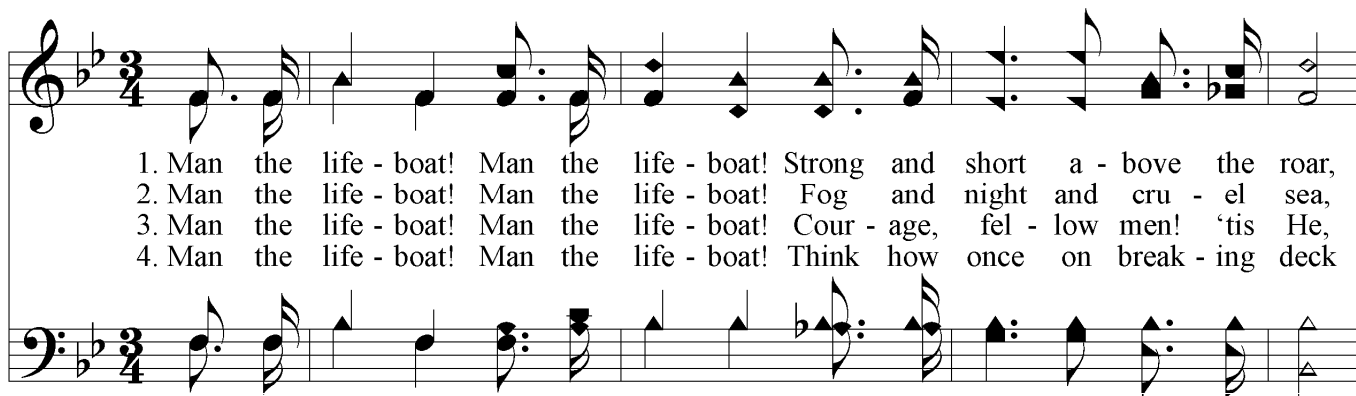


day that you live; Free - ly re - ceiv - ing, ye free - ly must, give; Make this world

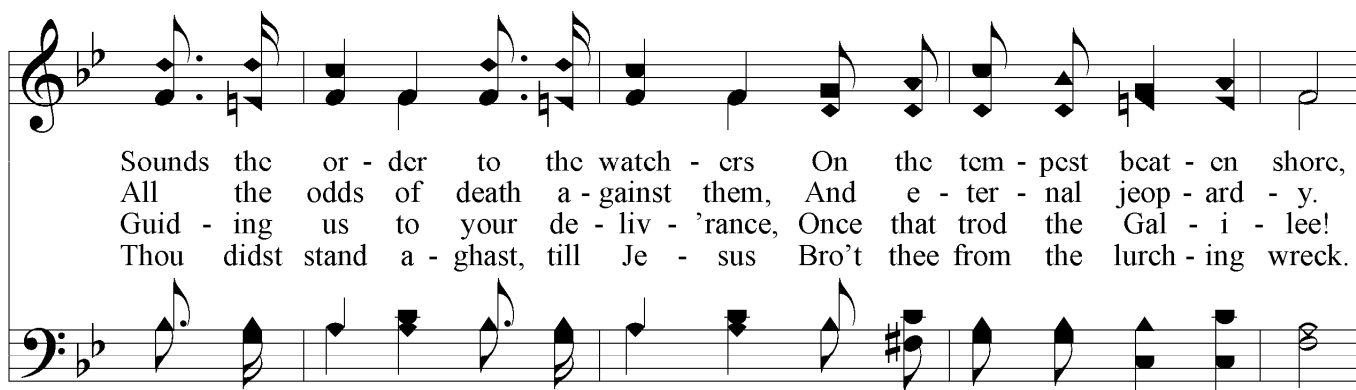


bet - ter, we must, you and I; Make this world bet - ter, we can, if we try.

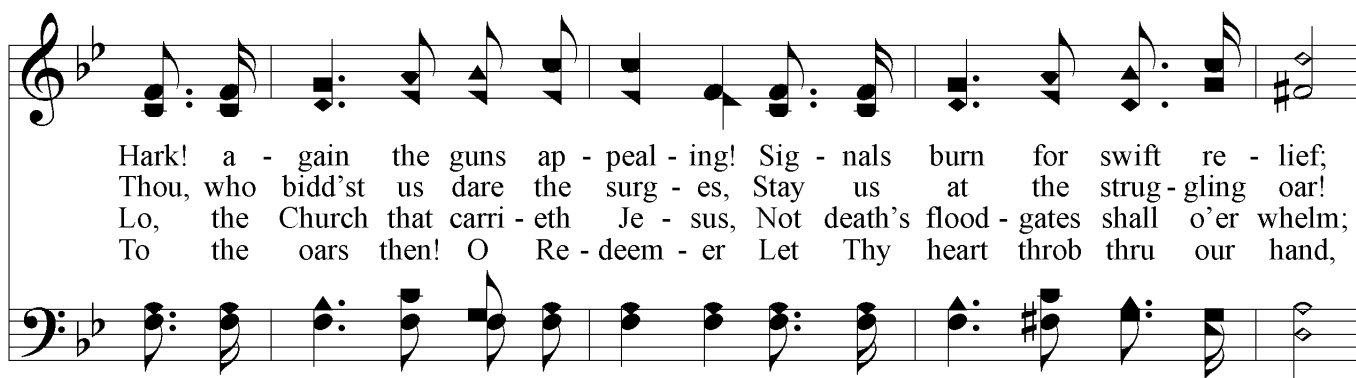
# Man The Life-Boat!



1. Man the life - boat! Man the life - boat! Strong and short a - bove the roar,  
2. Man the life - boat! Man the life - boat! Fog and night and cru - el sea,  
3. Man the life - boat! Man the life - boat! Cour - age, fel - low men! 'tis He,  
4. Man the life - boat! Man the life - boat! Think how once on break - ing deck



Sounds the or - der to the watch - ers On the tem - pest beat - en shore,  
All the odds of death a - gainst them, And e - ter - nal jeop - ard - y.  
Guid - ing us to your de - liv - 'rance, Once that trod the Gal - i - lee!  
Thou didst stand a - gha - st, till Je - sus Bro't thee from the lurch - ing wreck.



Hark! a - gain the guns ap - peal - ing! Sig - nals burn for swift re - lief;  
Thou, who bidd'st us dare the surg - es, Stay us at the strug - gling oar!  
Lo, the Church that carri - eth Je - sus, Not death's flood - gates shall o'er whelm;  
To the oars then! O Re - deem - er Let Thy heart thro' our hand,



There are men and wives and chil - dren, Fac - ing death, on yon - der reef!  
Nay! go with us to the res - cue! Shall they sink in sight of shore?  
Scourg - ing storms but urge us shore - ward, Life and Love are at the helm!  
Till the souls in mor - tal dan - ger, Find thru Thee the sol - id land.



# Man The Life-Boat!

## Chorus

Man the life - boat! Man the life - boat! Help, for Christ's sake, them that drown!

In the per - il of great wa - ters, Let them not go down!

*ff*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The first system contains the first two lines of the chorus, with the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The second system contains the next two lines, including a dynamic marking of *ff* (fortissimo) above the vocal line. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands, providing harmonic support for the vocal melody.

1. Our home - less and lone - ly Sav - ior said, There are man - y  
 2. My heav - en - ly Fa - ther's house o'er - flows, With the man - y  
 3. When tired of my earth - ly home I know There are man - y  
 4. O wan - d'ers of earth op - pressed with care, There are man - y

man - sions up there; No place in the earth to lay His head,  
 man - sions up there; The joys of that place no mor - tal knows,  
 man - sions up there; Where death nev - er comes nor e - vils grow,  
 man - sions up there; You're wel - come to come with us and share

*Chorus*

Yet the man - y man - sions up there.  
 There are man - y man - sions up there. There are man - y man - sions up  
 There are man - y man - sions up there.  
 In those man - y man - sions up there.

there (up there), Which Je - sus has gone to pre - pare, to pre - pare; There's

one for you and one for me, If we trust Him to take us there.

# Make Way For The King



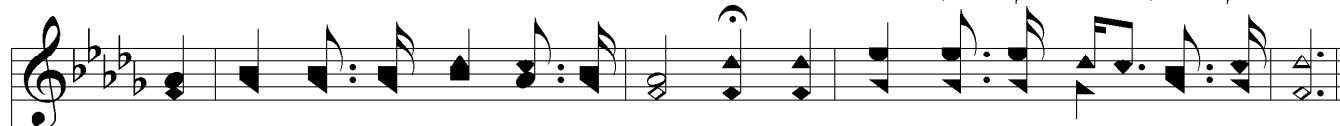
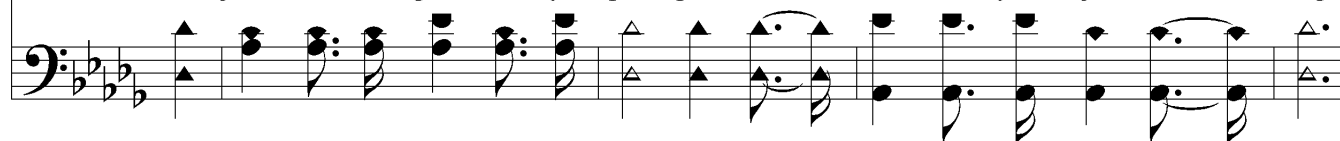
1. Make way for the King! He is com - ing In heav - en - ly splen - dor ar - rayed,  
2. Make way for the King! He is com - ing, Make way for the Lord in your heart;  
3. Make way for the King! Let your ar - mor Be gleam - ing, and bur - nished with pray'r;  
4. Make way for the King! He is com - ing, Go out on the high - way and street,  
5. Make way for the King! He is com - ing, The ho - ly, the pow - er - ful One,



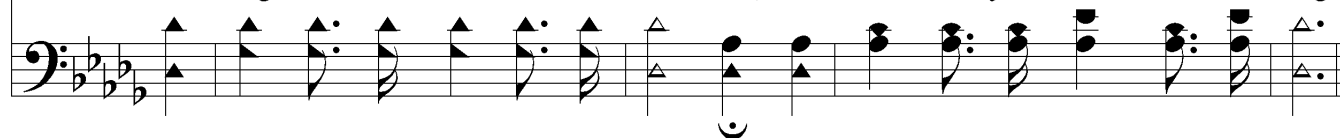
Ye Chris - tians who love His ap - pear - ing, Keep watch - ing and be not dis - mayed.  
All en - vy, and mal - ice, and ha - tred, O bid it for - ev - er de - part.  
Be - neath the bright folds of His ban - ner Your love and de - vo - tion de - clare.  
And res - cue the care - less and sin - ful, The maimed and the poor whom you meet.  
The earth shall be filled with His glo - ry, In bright - ness tran - scend - ing the sun.



One day in the fast - near - ing fu - ture, As the days and the years roll by,  
Let love reign su - preme in your spir - it, Your en - e - mies free - ly for - give;  
With ar - dor and zeal un - a - bat - ed, By word and by ac - tion pro - claim  
Go gath - er the sheep and the lamb - kins Who per - ish from hun - ger and cold,  
Re - joice and be glad, all ye peo - ple, Let earth with your ju - bi - lees ring,



The eyes of all na - tions shall see Him In glo - ry de - scend from the sky.  
In right - eous - ness, peace and sub - mis - sion, Make haste for His com - ing to live.  
This truth to the peo - ple a - round you, That Je - sus is com - ing a - gain.  
The King will re - joice when He com - eth To find them all safe in His fold.  
With songs and ho - san - nas re - ceive Him, And crown Him your Sav - ior and King.



Words: Ada Blenkhorn

Music: Ferd Degen, Arr. by P. P. Bilhorn

# Make Way For The King

## Chorus

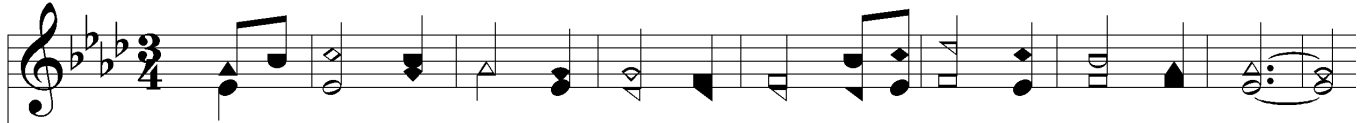
Make way!

Make way!

Make way, the King is com - ing, Make way, the King is com - ing! Let  
Make way, the King is com - ing, Make way, the King is com - ing! And

1. earth with its ju - bi - lees ring. 2. crown Him Sav - ior and King.

# Manoah C. M.



1. When all Thy mer - cies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur - veys,
2. Un - num - bered com - forts, to my soul, Thy ten - der care be - stowed,
3. When, in the slip - p'ry paths of youth, With heed - less steps, I ran,
4. Ten thou - sand, thou - sand pre - cious gifts My dai - ly thanks em - ploy;
5. Thru ev - 'ry pe - riod of my life Thy good - ness I'll pur - sue;
6. Thru all e - ter - ni - ty, to Thee A joy - ful song I'll raise;



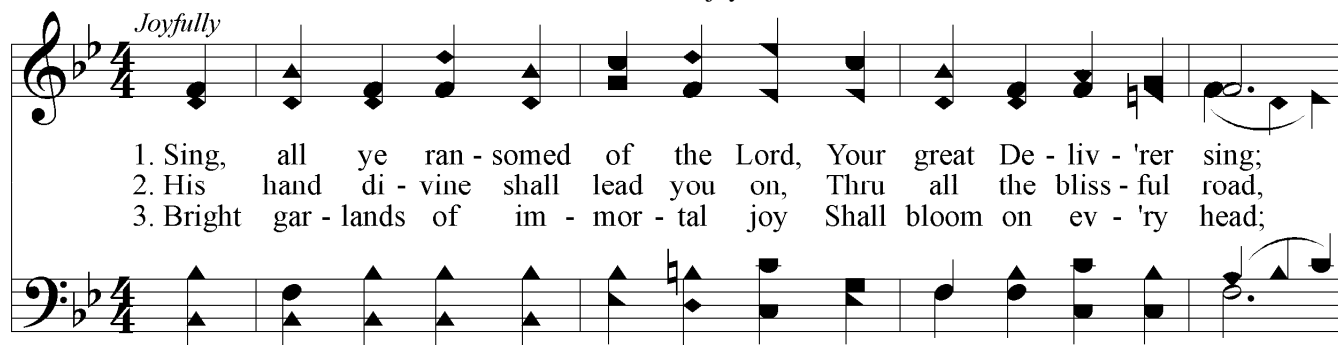
Trans - port - ed with the view, I'm lost In, won - der, love, and praise.  
Be - fore my in - fant heart con - ceived From whom those com - forts flowed.  
Thine arm, un - seen, con - veyed me safe, And led me up to man.  
Nor is the least a cheer - ful heart, That tastes those gifts with joy.  
And af - ter death, in dis - tant worlds, The glo - rious theme re - new.  
For O, e - ter - ni - ty's too short To ut - ter all Thy praise! A - men.



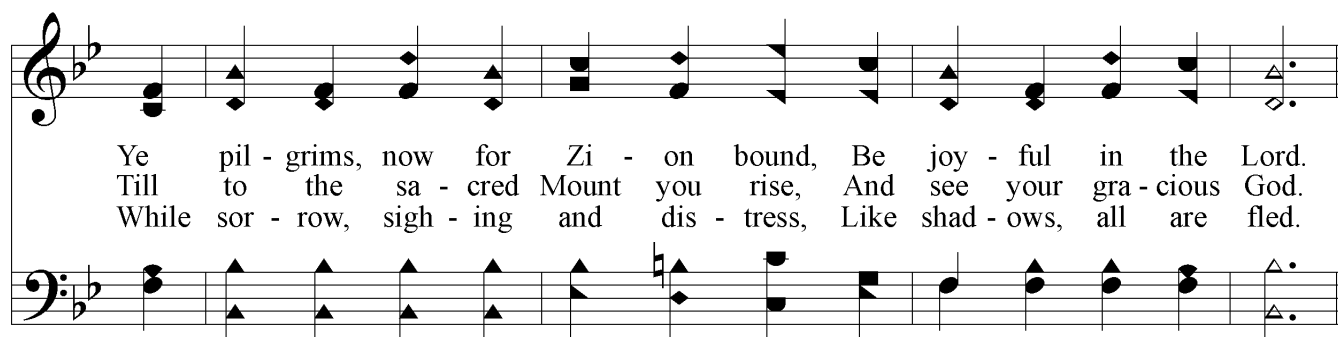
# March On

“Sorrow is turned Into joy.” – Job 41:22

*Joyfully*

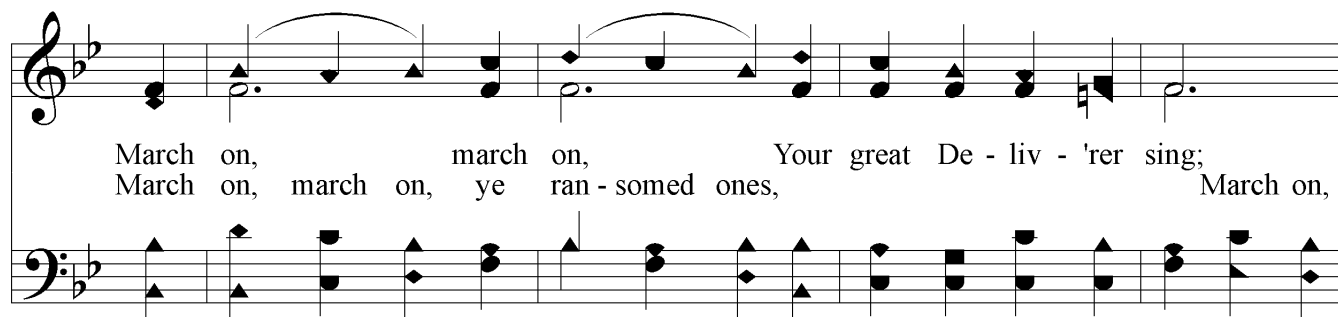


1. Sing, all ye ran - somed of the Lord, Your great De - liv - 'rer sing;  
2. His hand di - vine shall lead you on, Thru all the bliss - ful road,  
3. Bright gar - lands of im - mor - tal joy Shall bloom on ev - 'ry head;



Ye pil - grims, now for Zi - on bound, Be joy - ful in the Lord.  
Till to the sa - cred Mount you rise, And see your gra - cious God.  
While sor - row, sigh - ing and dis - tress, Like shad - ows, all are fled.

## Chorus



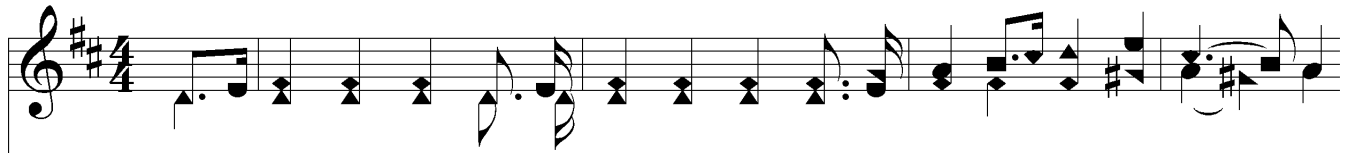
March on, march on, Your great De - liv - 'rer sing;  
March on, march on, ye ran - somed ones, March on,



Ye pil - grims, now for Zi - on bound, Be joy - ful in your King.

# March on, March on, O Ye Soldiers True

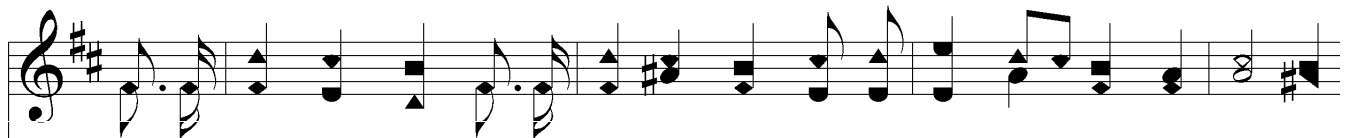
MARCH ON, Irregular



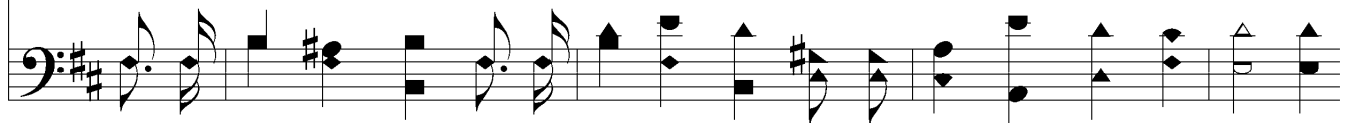
1. March on, march on, O ye sol-diers true, In the cross of Christ con-fid - ing;  
2. We march to fight with the pow'rs of night, That have held the world in sor - row;  
3. Long is the fight, but the God of light, Tho' un-seen, is ev - er near us;



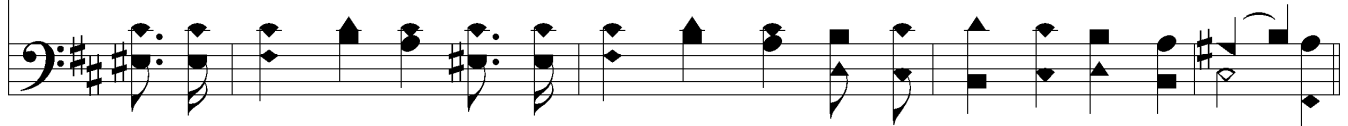
For the field is set, and the hosts are met, And the Lord His own is guid - ing:  
And the bro - ken heart shall for - get its smart, And shall hail a joy - ful mor - row.  
And the pray'rs that rise to the lis-t'ning skies Like a song of hope shall cheer us;



Thru the earth's wide round let the tid-ings sound Of the Lord My came from heav-en,  
Long we fight with wrong, and our weap-on strong Is the love which hate shall ban-ish;  
Till the sun - rise broad of the day of God, Shall de-clare the Vic-tor's glo-ry,

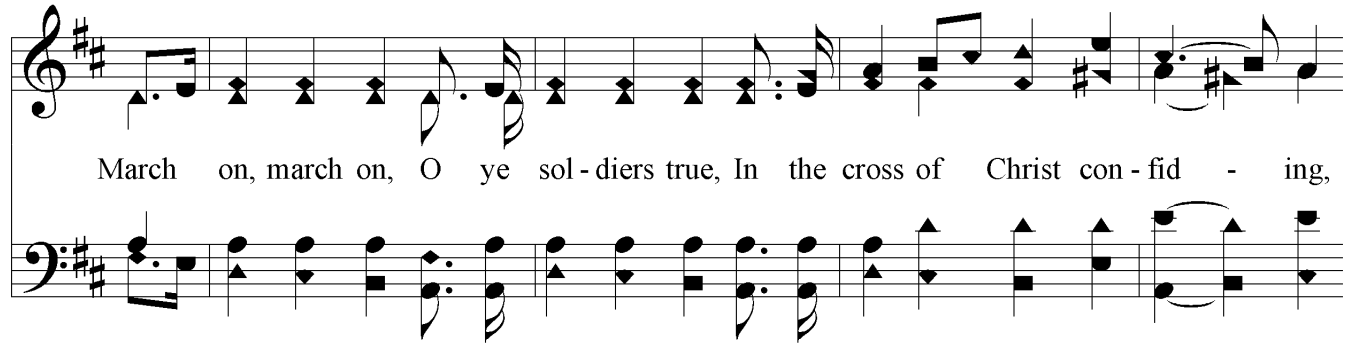


Of the might - y hope that with death can cope, And the love so free - ly giv - en.  
And the chains shall fall from each ran - som'd thrall, As the thrones of ty - rants van - ish.  
And the world shall rest, in her Lord con-fess'd, And shall sing the fin-ished sto - ry.

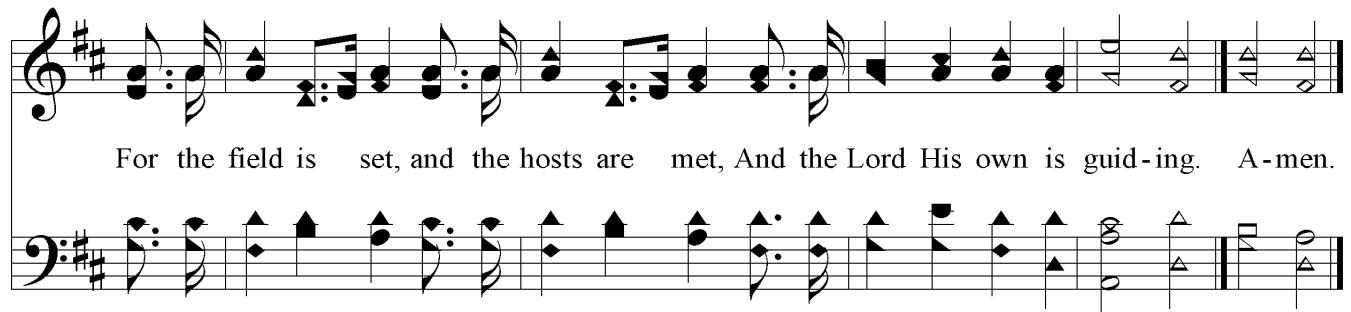


# March on, March on, O Ye Soldiers True

## Refrain



March on, march on, O ye sol-diers true, In the cross of Christ con-fid-ing,



For the field is set, and the hosts are met, And the Lord His own is guid-ing. A-men.

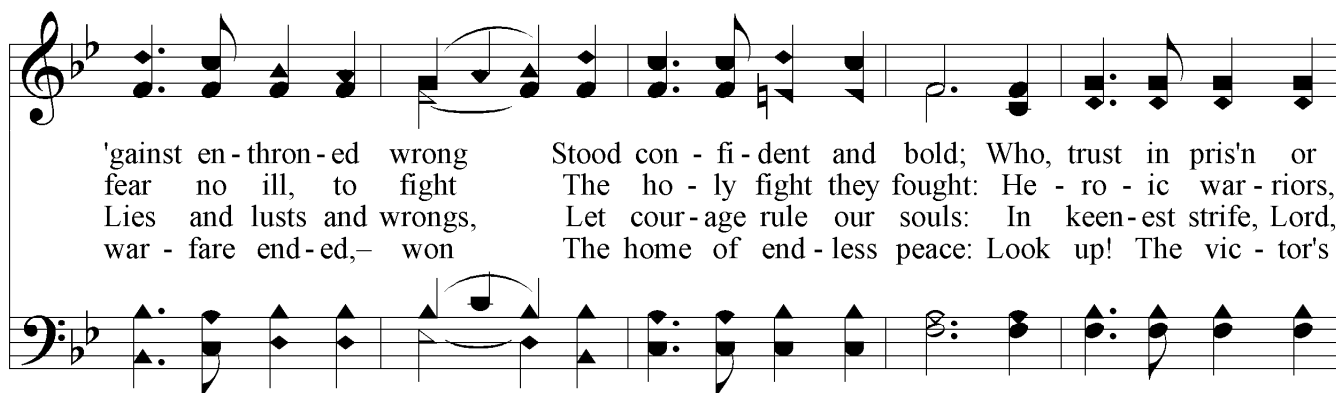


# March On, Soul, With Strength

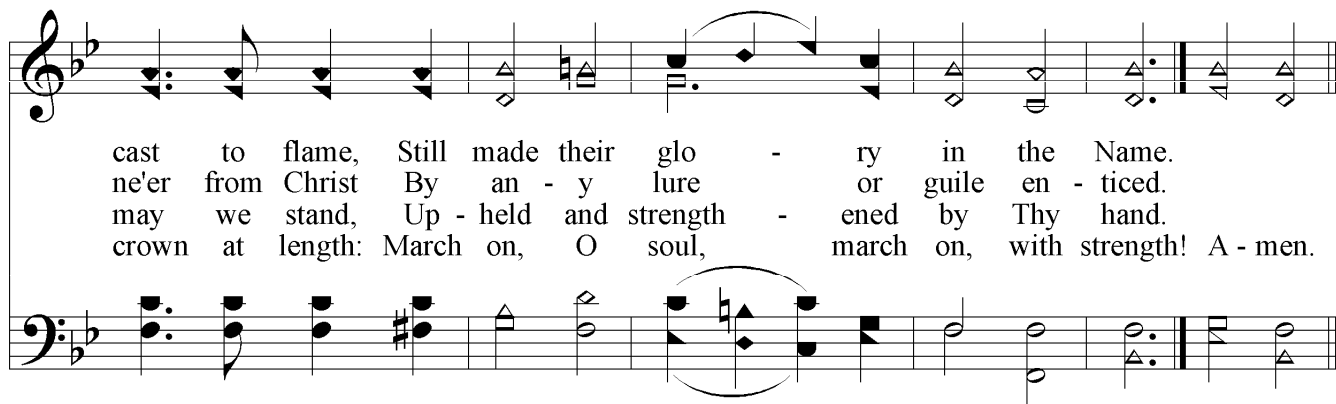
ARTHUR'S SEAT, 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.



1. March on, O soul, with strength! Like those strong men of old Who  
2. The sons of fathers we By whom our faith is taught To  
3. March on, O soul, with strength, As strong the bat - tle rolls! 'Gainst  
4. Not long the con - flict: soon The ho - ly war shall cease, Faith's

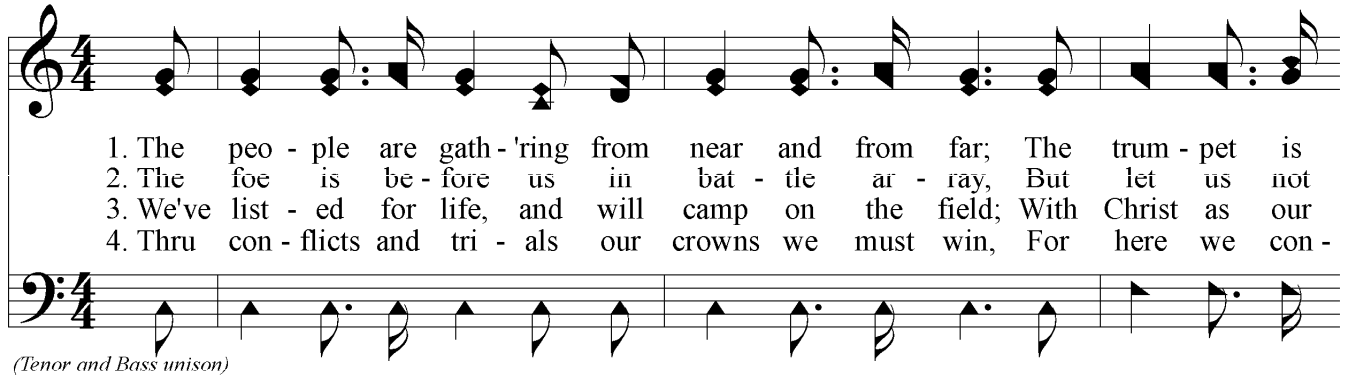


'gainst en - thron - ed wrong Stood con - fi - dent and bold; Who, trust in pris'n or  
fear no ill, to fight The ho - ly fight they fought: He - ro - ic war - riors,  
Lies and lusts and wrongs, Let cour - age rule our souls: In keen - est strife, Lord,  
war - fare end - ed, - won The home of end - less peace: Look up! The vic - tor's




cast to flame, Still made their glo - ry in the Name.  
ne'er from Christ By an - y lure or guile en - ticed.  
may we stand, Up - held and strength - ened by Thy hand.  
crown at length: March on, O soul, march on, with strength! A - men.

# Marching Along



1. The peo - ple are gath - 'ring from near and from far; The trum - pet is  
2. The foe is be - fore us in bat - tle ar - ray, But let us not  
3. We've list - ed for life, and will camp on the field; With Christ as our  
4. Thru con - flicts and tri - als our crowns we must win, For here we con -

(Tenor and Bass unison)



sound - ing the call for the war: The con - flict is rag - ing, 'twill be  
wa - ver nor turn from the way: "The Lord is our strength," be this  
Cap - tain we nev - er will yield; The sword of the Spir - it, both  
tend 'gainst temp - ta - tion and sin; But one thing as - sures us, - we



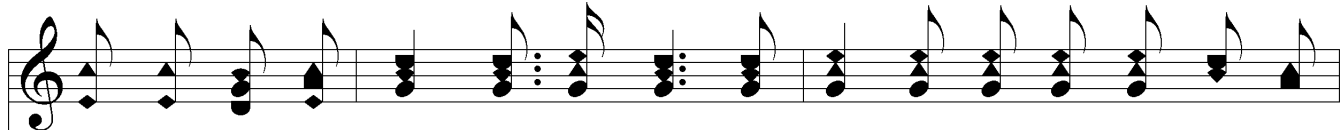
fear - ful and long; We'll gird on our ar - mor and be march - ing a - long.  
ev - er our song; With cour - age and faith we are march - ing a - long.  
trust - y and strong, We'll hold in our hands as we're march - ing a - long.  
can - not go wrong, If trust - ing our Sav - ior while march - ing a - long.

## Chorus



March - ing a - long, we are march - ing a - long! Gird on the

# Marching Along



ar - mor and be march - ing a - long; The con - flict is rag - ing, 'twill be



fear - ful and long; Then gird on the ar - mor and be march - ing a - long.



# Marching Beneath The Banner

1. Hark to the sound of voices! Hark to the tramp of feet!  
 2. On, then, ye gallant soldiers, On to your home above!

Is it a mighty army Treading the busy street?  
 Yours is the truth and glory, Yours is the power and love.

Nearer it comes and nearer, Singing a glad refrain;  
 Here are ye trained for heroes, Yonder ye serve the King;

List what they say as they haste away To the sound of a martial strain:-  
 March to the light 'neath the banner white, With the song that ye love to sing:-

*Chorus Unison*

"Marching beneath the banner, Fighting beneath the cross,

# Marching Beneath The Banner

Trust - ing in Him who saves us, Ne'er shall we suf - fer loss;

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature. The melody starts with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note B-flat4, and a quarter note C5. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a common time signature. The bass line starts with a quarter note G2, followed by a quarter note F2, a quarter note E2, and a quarter note D2.

*Harmony*  
Sing - ing the songs of home - land, Loud - ly the cho - rus rings;

The second system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. The melody continues with a quarter note D5, a quarter note E5, a quarter note F5, and a quarter note G5. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a common time signature. The bass line continues with a quarter note C3, a quarter note B2, a quarter note A2, and a quarter note G2.

We march to the fight in our ar - mor bright, At the call of the King of kings."

The third system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. The melody continues with a quarter note A5, a quarter note B5, a quarter note C6, and a quarter note D6. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a common time signature. The bass line continues with a quarter note F2, a quarter note E2, a quarter note D2, and a quarter note C2.

# Marching In The Light

*In march time*

1. We're march - ing home to Ca - naan's land,  
 2. We're march - ing near - er day by day, March - ing in the beau - ti - ful light of God.  
 3. Come march with us to Ca - naan's shore,

And soon we'll join the an - gel band,  
 To that sweet home where loved ones stay, March - ing in the beau - ti - ful light of God.  
 And dwell with Christ for - ev - er - more,

*Fine*

**Chorus**

We are march - ing in the light, We are march - ing in the light,  
 march - ing in the light, beau - ti - ful light of God, march - ing in the light,

*D. S. al Fine*

light, We are march - ing in the light, We are  
 beau - ti - ful light of God, march - ing in the light, beau - ti - ful light of God, We are

# Marching On! Marching On!



1. March - ing on! march - ing on! In the ranks of Christ, our King; Thru the  
2. For - ward go! for - ward go! As did Is - ra - el of old; Where they  
3. Trust in God! trust in God! When the calls to du - ty come; He will



*D. C.* - March - ing on! march - ing on! In the ranks of Christ, our King; Thru the



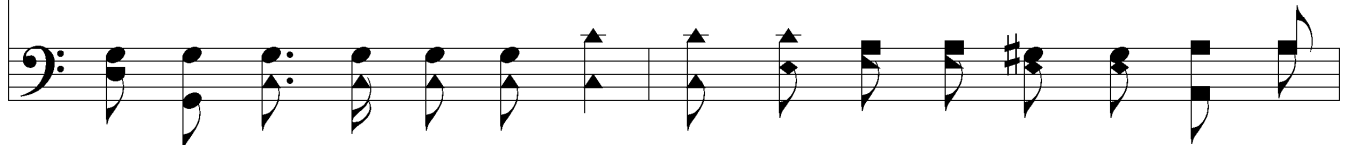
fears and time of tears - Thru the end - less chime of years - Thru the night in - to light  
trod, be - liev - ing God, Waves were part - ed with a rod; Man - na bright, full and white,  
see for you and me Paths shall o - pen safe and free. Nev - er fear, God is near,



fears and time of tears - Thru the end - less chime of years - Thru the night in - to light




Where the skies are ev - er bright - Wave your ban - ners, lift ho - san - nas,  
Fell a - round them in the night: Prayers as - cend - ed, rocks were rend - ed -  
Faith - ful souls to Him are dear. Christ will meet you; He will greet you, -



Where the skies are ev - er bright - Wave your ban - ners, lift ho - san - nas,

# Marching On! Marching On!

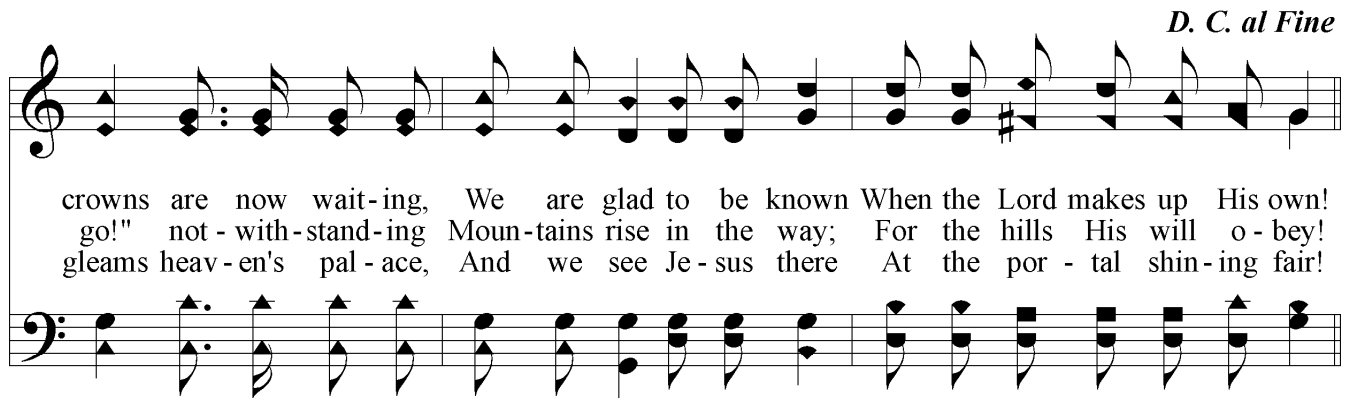
*Fine*



Shout and sing! shout and sing! For the toil is a - bat - ing, And the  
Love was bold, grace un - told! Still our Lord is com - mand - ing, "For - ward  
"Child, come home! child, come home!" Far a - bove earth - ly val - leys Gold - en

Shout and sing! shout and sing!

*D. C. al Fine*



crowns are now wait - ing, We are glad to be known When the Lord makes up His own!  
go!" not - with - stand - ing Moun - tains rise in the way; For the hills His will o - bey!  
gleams heav - en's pal - ace, And we see Je - sus there At the por - tal shin - ing fair!

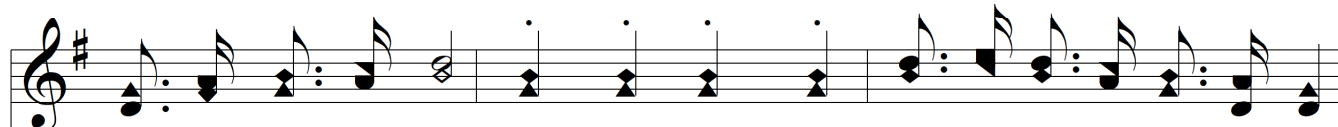


# Marching On To Victory

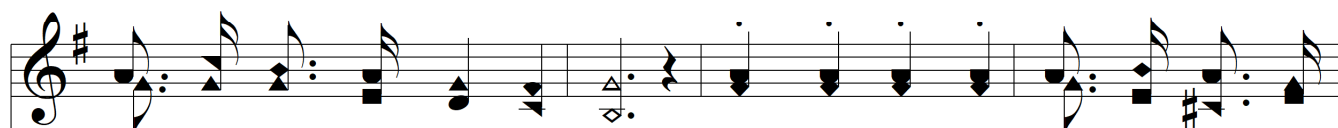
TEMPERANCE



1. March - ing, march - ing, march - ing on to vic - to - ry, Raise our ban - ner high,  
2. March - ing, march - ing, march - ing on to vic - to - ry, See the dread - ful foe!



Let it reach the sky; March - ing, march - ing, march - ing on to vic - to - ry,  
Hear the cry of woe; Weep - ing thou - sands urge us on to vic - to - ry,



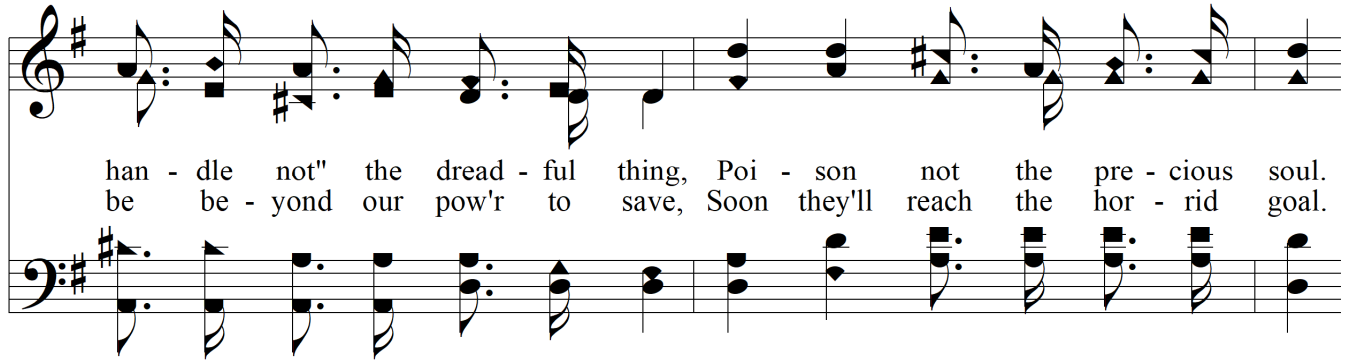
Lift the tem - p'rance ban - ner high, "Touch not, taste not, han - dle not" the  
Fal - ter not, but on - ward go, Sweep - ing, surg - ing, like a might - y



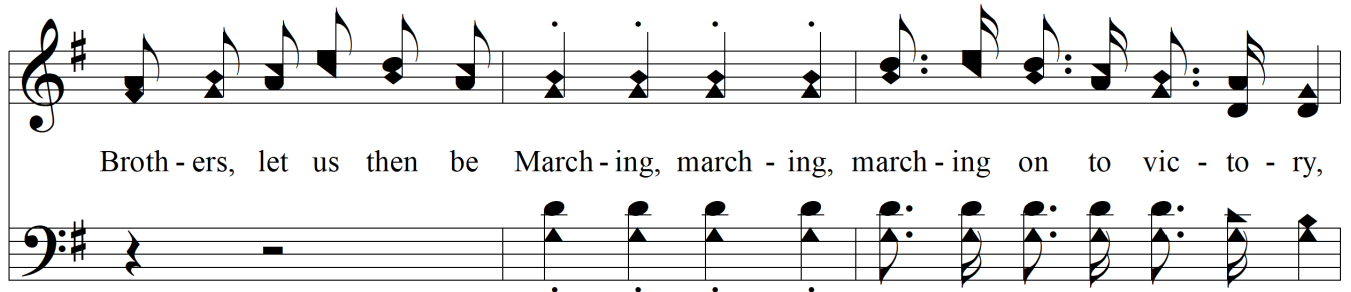
dread - ful thing, Ser - pent fangs lie hid - den in the bowl; "Touch not, taste not,  
tid - al wave, Far and wide the whelm - ing wa - ters roll, Vic - tims soon will



# Marching On To Victory



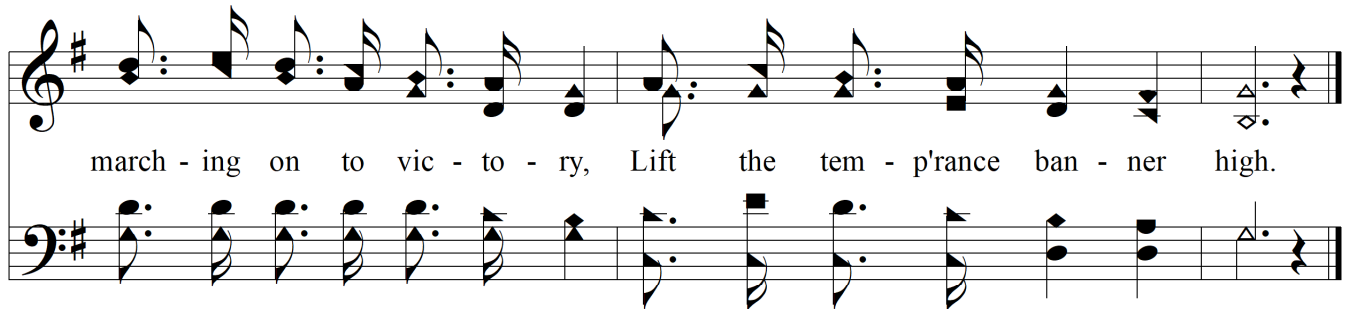
han - dle not' the dread - ful thing, Poi - son not the pre - cious soul.  
be - yond our pow'r to save, Soon they'll reach the hor - rid goal.



Broth - ers, let us then be March - ing, march - ing, march - ing on to vic - to - ry,



Raise our ban - ner high Let it reach the sky; March - ing, march - ing,



march - ing on to vic - to - ry, Lift the tem - p'rance ban - ner high.

# Marching Orders



1. There's a war to wage with sin, Foes with - out and foes with - in, Gird your  
 2. Tho' to - day the war - fare cease, And the world seem hushed in peace, Keep your  
 3. When our Cap - tain gives com - mand, At "At - ten - tion!" we will stand, With our



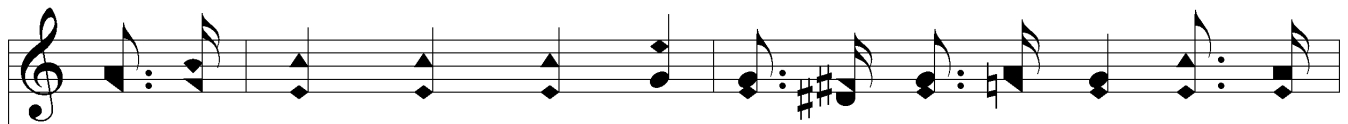
ar - mor on! Gird your ar - mor on! We've a Cap - tain tried and true, And He  
 ar - mor on! Keep your ar - mor on! Not far off the camp - fires shine; Soon there'll  
 ar - mor on! With our ar - mor on! We are sol - diers of His grace; We shall  
 (1.) ar - mor on! Gird your ar - mor on!



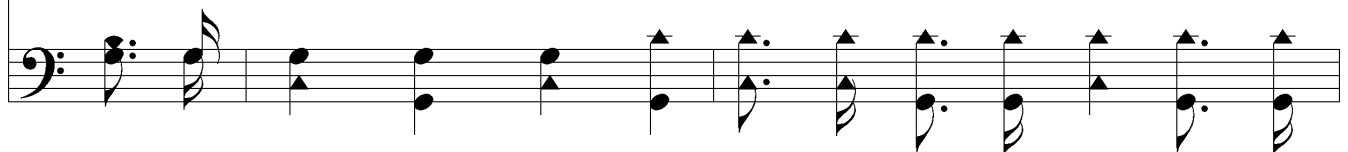
says to me, to you, It is time to dare and do— Gird your ar - mor on!  
 be for thee and thine Fight - ing all a - long the line— Keep your ar - mor on!  
 see Him face to face, And He'll find us m our place With our ar - mor on!



## Chorus



We will march, march, march, By night as well as day, We are



# Marching Orders

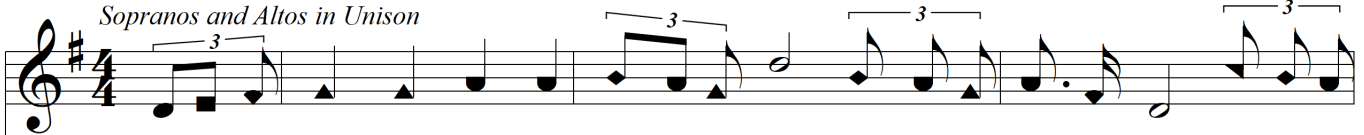
The musical score for 'Marching Orders' is presented in two systems. Each system consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The vocal line is written in treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are: 'step - ping ev - er firm and stead - y! Yes, we'll march, march, march Where He may lead the way - When the or - der comes to march, we are read - y!' The piano accompaniment features a steady, rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, providing a marching-like accompaniment for the vocal line.

step - ping ev - er firm and stead - y! Yes, we'll march, march, march Where

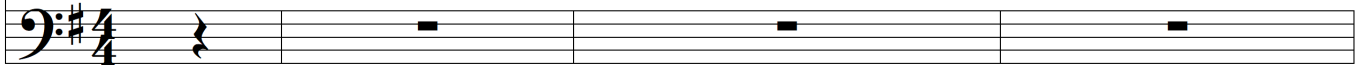
He may lead the way - When the or - der comes to march, we are read - y!

# Marching To The Land Above

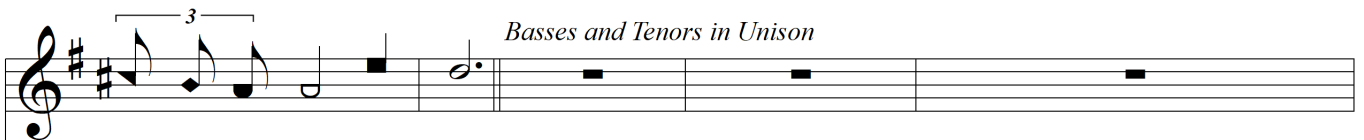
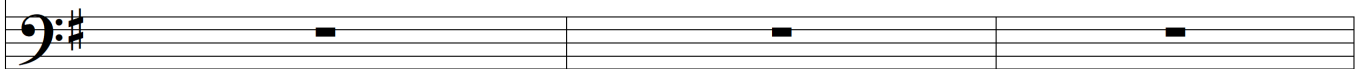
*Sopranos and Altos in Unison*



1. We are march - ing to a land a - bove, Beau - ti - ful land a - bove, beau - ti - ful  
 2. We are march - ing t'ward the cit - y fair, Beau - ti - ful cit - y fair, beau - ti - ful  
 3. We are march - ing to the home of God, Beau - ti - ful home of God, beau - ti - ful



land a - bove; To a land where dwells e - ter - nal love, The  
 cit - y fair; Where the an - gel an - thems fill the air, The  
 home of God; And our guide - book is His ho - ly word, The



*Basses and Tenors in Unison*

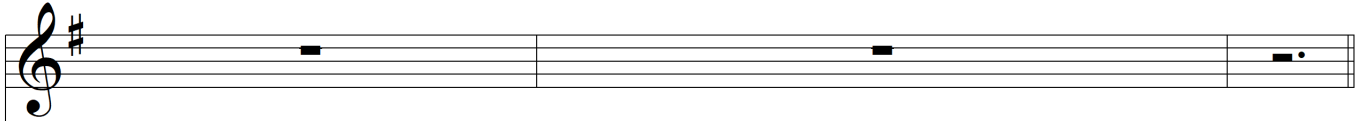
beau - ti - ful land a - bove.  
 beau - ti - ful cit - y fair.  
 beau - ti - ful word of God. And we sing a glad tri - um - phant song, March - ing a -



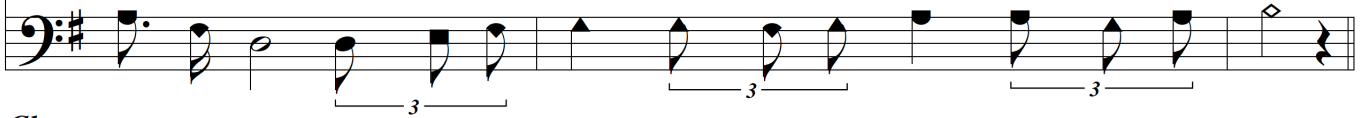
long, march - ing a - long, march - ing a - long; While our glo - rious Cap - tain



# Marching To The Land Above

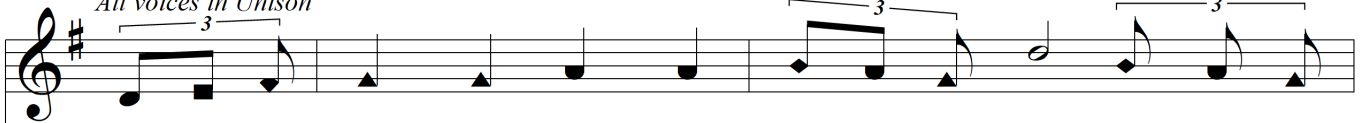


leads us on, March - ing a - long, march - ing a - long, march - ing a - long.



## Chorus

*All voices in Unison*



We are march - ing to a land a - bove, Beau - ti - ful  
 We are march - ing t'ward the cit - y fair, Beau - ti - ful  
 We are march - ing to the home of God, Beau - ti - ful



land a - bove, beau - ti - ful land a - bove; To a land where dwells e -  
 cit - y fair, beau - ti - ful cit - y fair; Where the an - gel an - thems  
 home of God, beau - ti - ful home of God; And our guide - book is His



ter - nal love, Beau - ti - ful land a - bove, land a - bove.  
 fill the air, Beau - ti - ful cit - y fair, cit - y fair.  
 ho - ly word, Beau - ti - ful word of God, word of God.



# Marching To Victory

1. March - ing a long in glo - rious tri - umph in the ar - my of the Lord,  
2. On - ward we're march - ing fight - ing sin on ev - 'ry bat - tle - field of life,  
3. Then in the res - ur - rec - tion morn - ing when the earth gives up its dead,

On our ban - ner is in - scribed in gold, His ev - er - last - ing word;  
Focs with - in and focs with - out, con - tend - ing with us in the strife;  
We shall march in glo - rious tri - umph, with our ev - er liv - ing bread;

Bless - ed as - sur - ance that He gives us as He sends us on our way;  
Cour - age my broth - er, do not fal - ter, it is Sa - tan we're to fight;  
Then will our Cap - tain be our Judge who knew our mor - al worth be - fore;

*Chorus*

"Ye shall con - quer, I'll be with you in the fray." We are march - ing on in  
Je - sus is our Cap - tain, con - quer in His might.  
We will wave the Palm of Vic - t'ry ev - er - more.

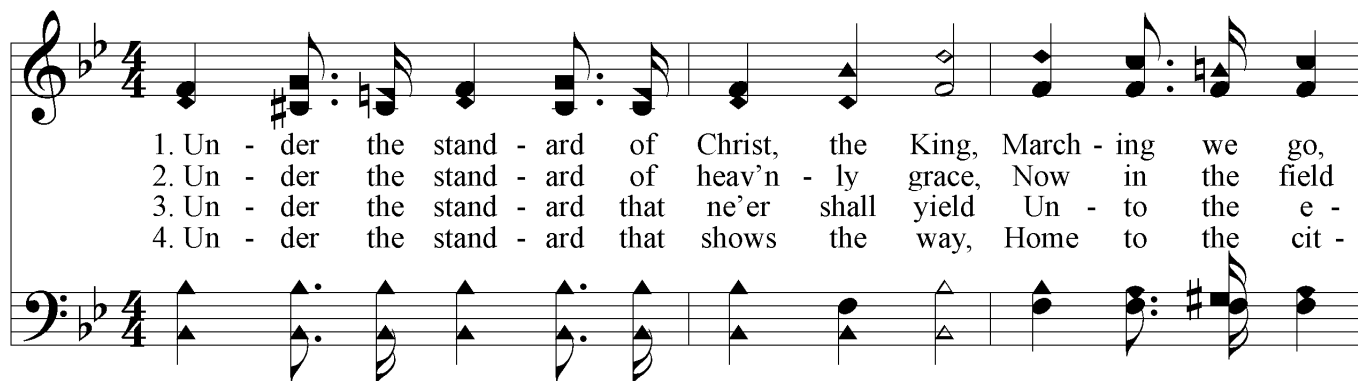
# Marching To Victory

tri - umph in the ar - my of the Lord, Cour - age broth - er, do not fal - ter by the  
way, For our Cap - tain gone be - fore bids us nev - er be dis - may'd,  
He as - sures us vic - t'ry shall not be de - layed. not be de - layed.

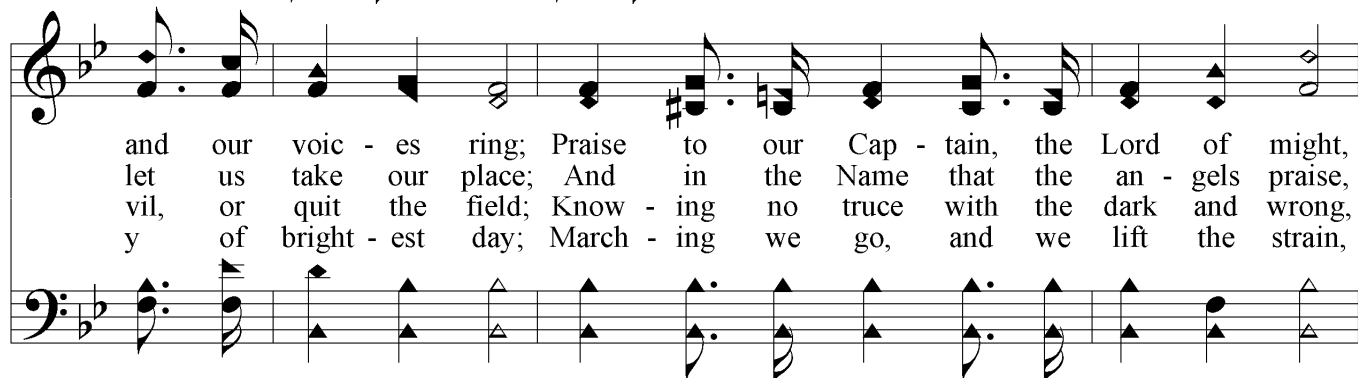
The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Marching To Victory'. It consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The vocal line is written in a treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in a bass clef. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line. The first system covers the first two lines of lyrics. The second system covers the next two lines. The third system covers the final two lines, with the second line of lyrics appearing below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment features a steady, rhythmic pattern of chords and single notes, typical of a marching band accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4.



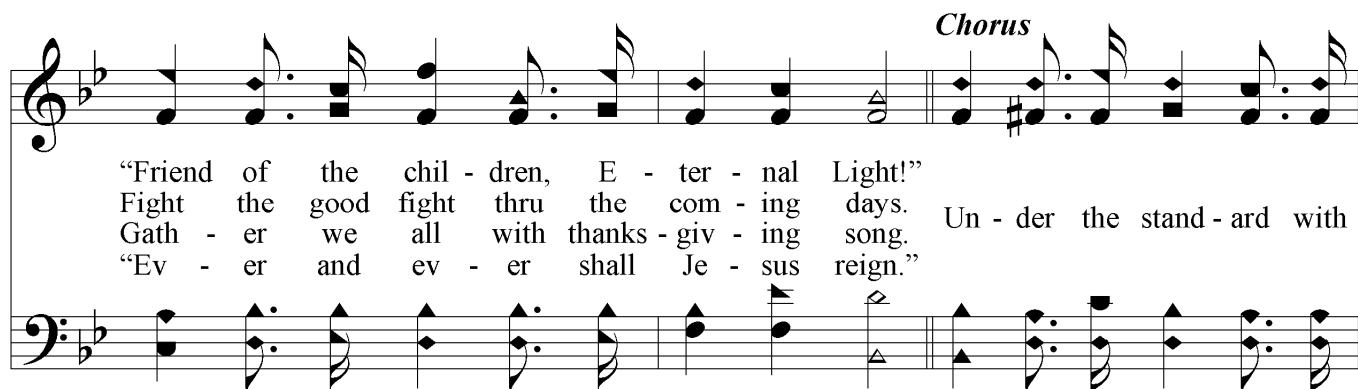
# Marching We Go



1. Un - der the stand - ard of Christ, the King, March - ing we go,  
2. Un - der the stand - ard of heav'n - ly grace, Now in the field  
3. Un - der the stand - ard that ne'er shall yield Un - to the e -  
4. Un - der the stand - ard that shows the way, Home to the cit -



and our voic - es ring; Praise to our Cap - tain, the Lord of might,  
let us take our place; And in the Name that the an - gels praise,  
vil, or quit the field; Know - ing no truce with the dark and wrong,  
y of bright - est day; March - ing we go, and we lift the strain,

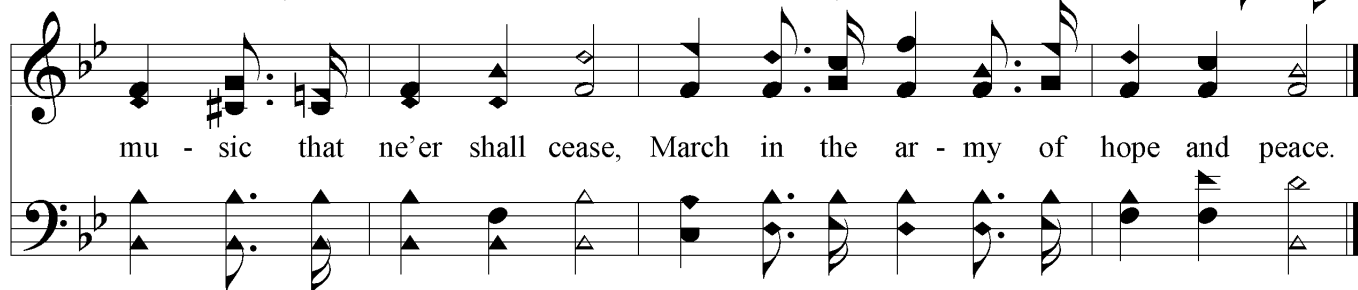


*Chorus*

"Friend of the chil - dren, E - ter - nal Light!"  
Fight the good fight thru the com - ing days. Un - der the stand - ard with  
Gath - er we all with thanks - giv - ing song.  
"Ev - er and ev - er shall Je - sus reign."



hearts true and brave, March where the flag of the Lord doth wave! Join in the



mu - sic that ne'er shall cease, March in the ar - my of hope and peace.

Words: M. S. Haycraft  
Music: D. B. Towner

# Marching With The Heroes (Arr. 1)

WATCHWORD, 6, 5, 6, 5, D.

1. March - ing with the he - roes, Com - rades of the strong, Lift we hearts and  
2. Glo - ry to the he - roes, Who in days of old Trod the path of  
3. So we sing the sto - ry Of the brave and true, Till a - mong the

voic - es As we march a - long; O the joy - ful mu - sic  
du - ty, Faith - ful, wise, and bold, For the right un - flinch - ing,  
he - roes We are he - roes, too; Loy - al to our Cap - tain

All in cho - rus raise! Theirs the song of tri - umph, Ours the song of praise.  
Strong the weak to save, War - ri - ors all and freemen, Fight - ing for the slave.  
Like the men of yore, March - ing with the he - roes On - ward, ev - er - more.

## Chorus

March - ing with the he - roes, Com - rades of the strong,

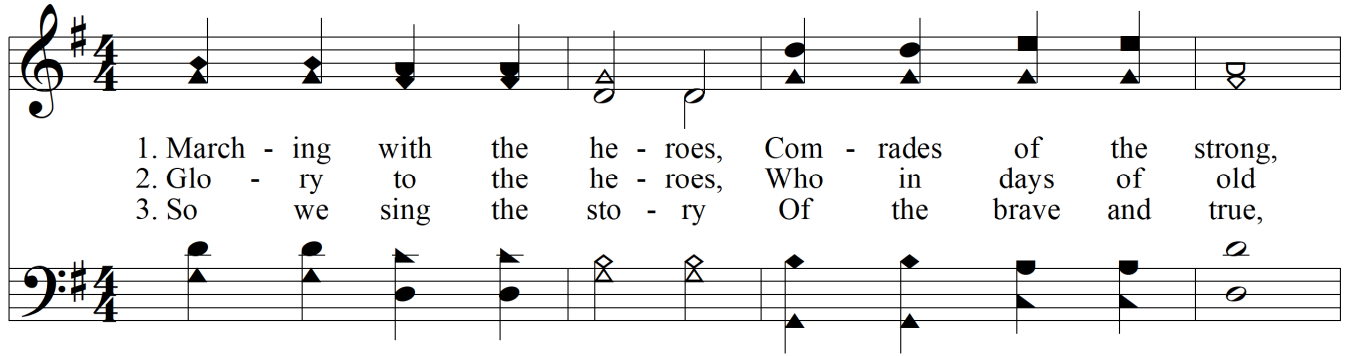
Lift we hearts and voic - es As we march a - long. A - men.

Words: William George Tarrant (1853)

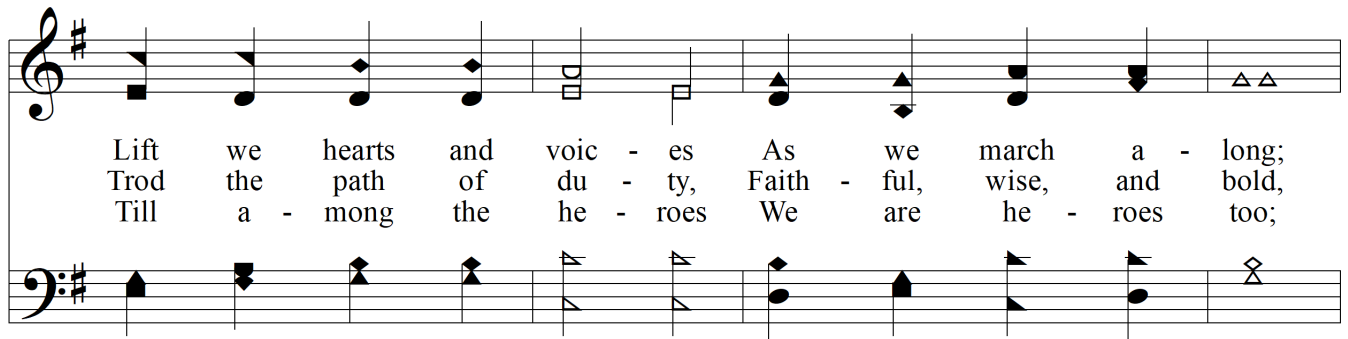
Music: Henry Smart (1871)

# Marching With The Heroes (Arr. 2)

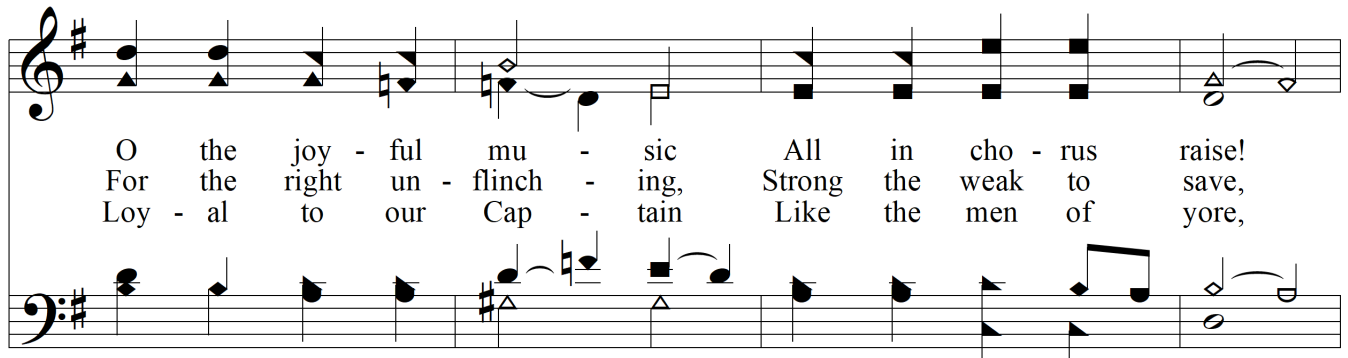
ST. ALBANS 6, 5, 12 lines



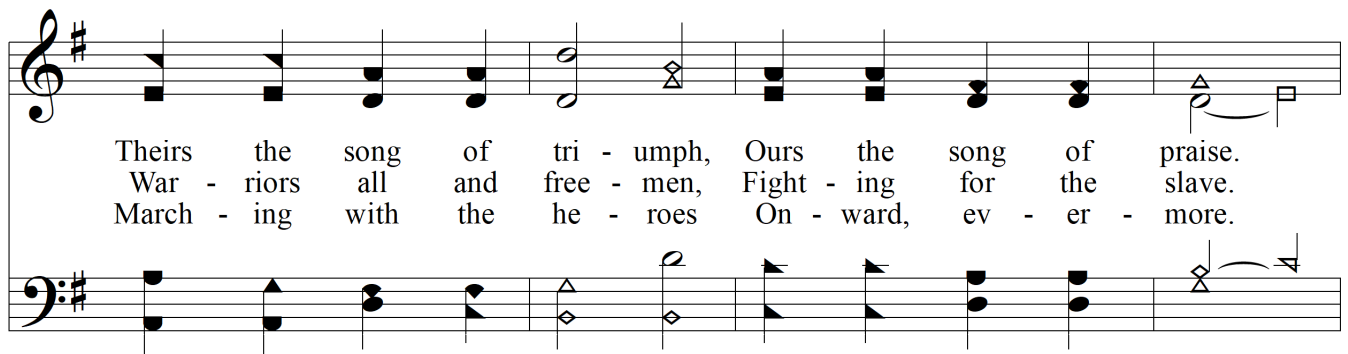
1. March - ing with the he - roes, Com - rades of the strong,  
2. Glo - ry to the he - roes, Who in days of old  
3. So we sing the sto - ry Of the brave and true,



Lift we hearts and voic - es As we march a - long;  
Trod the path of du - ty, Faith - ful, wise, and bold,  
Till a - mong the he - roes We are he - roes too;



O the joy - ful mu - sic All in cho - rus raise!  
For the right un - flinch - ing, Strong the weak to save,  
Loy - al to our Cap - tain Like the men of yore,



Theirs the song of tri - umph, Ours the song of praise.  
War - riors all and free - men, Fight - ing for the slave.  
March - ing with the he - roes On - ward, ev - er - more.

Words: William G. Tarrant, Abridged

Music: Franz Joseph Hydad (1774), Arr. by John B. Dykes (1868)

# Marching With The Heroes

March - ing with the he - roes, Com - rades of the strong,  
Glo - ry to the he - roes, Who in days of old  
March - ing with the he - roes, Com - rades of the strong,

The first system of music features a treble and bass staff in G major. The treble staff contains the vocal melody with lyrics underneath. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are: "March - ing with the he - roes, Com - rades of the strong, Glo - ry to the he - roes, Who in days of old March - ing with the he - roes, Com - rades of the strong,"

Lift we hearts and voic - es As we march a - long.  
Trod the path of du - ty, Faith - ful, wise and bold.  
Lift we hearts and voic - es As we march a - long. A - men.

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff has the vocal line with lyrics: "Lift we hearts and voic - es As we march a - long. Trod the path of du - ty, Faith - ful, wise and bold. Lift we hearts and voic - es As we march a - long. A - men." The bass staff continues the accompaniment. The system concludes with a double bar line.

# Marlow

1. Lord, I be - lieve a rest re - mains To all Thy peo - ple known;  
2. A rest where all our soul's de - sire Is fix'd on things a - bove;  
3. Oh, that I now the rest might know, Be - lieve, and en - ter in!  
4. Re - move this hard - ness from my heart, This un - be - lief re - move;

A rest where pure en - joy - ment reigns, And Thou art loved a - lone.  
Where fear, and sin, and grief ex - pire, Cast out by per - fect love.  
Now, Sav - ior, now the pow'r be - stow, And let me cease from sin.  
To me the rest of faith im - part, The Sab - bath of Thy love.

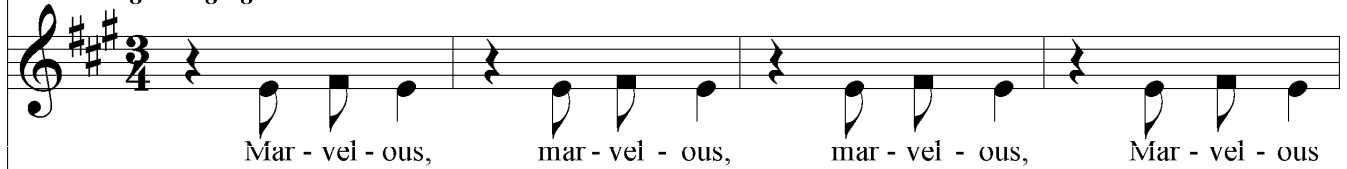
# Marvelous Things

*SOPRANO: Begin singing first time thru*



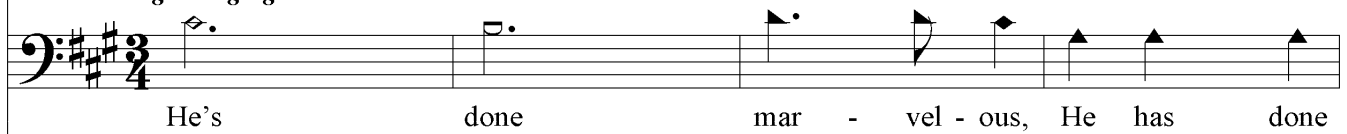
He has done mar - vel - ous, He has done mar - vel - ous

*ALTO: Begin singing second time thru*



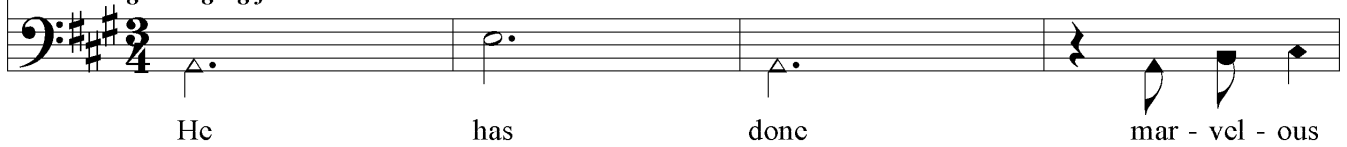
Mar - vel - ous, mar - vel - ous, mar - vel - ous, Mar - vel - ous

*TENOR: Begin singing third time thru*

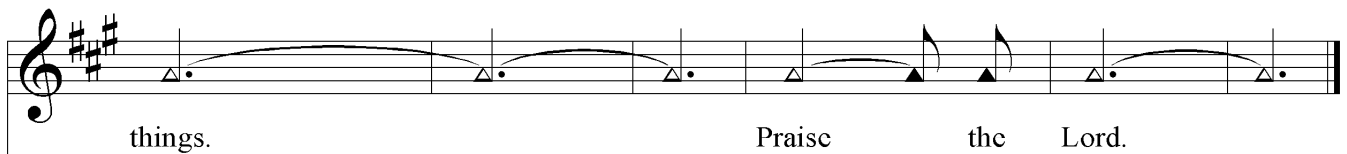


He's done mar - vel - ous, He has done

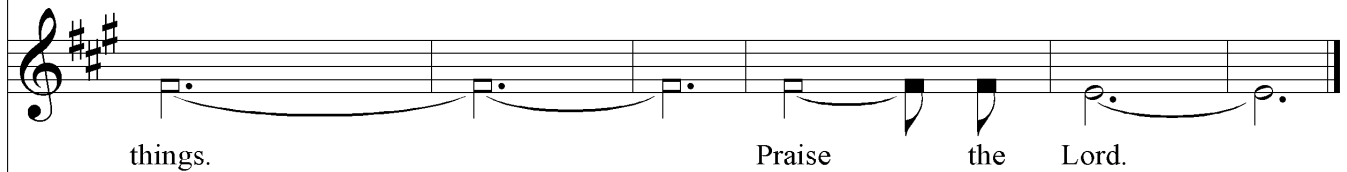
*BASS: Begin singing fourth time thru*



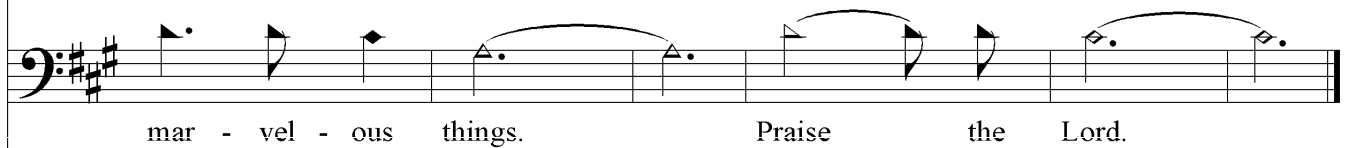
He has done mar - vel - ous



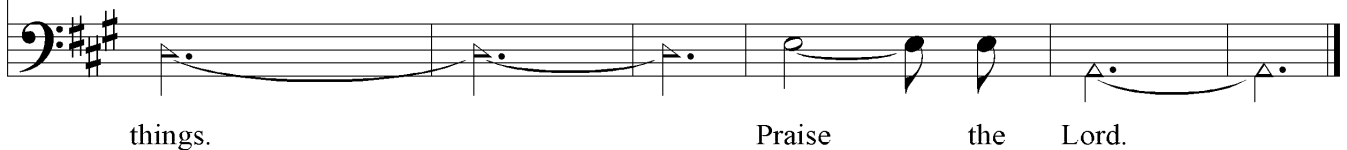
things. Praise the Lord.



things. Praise the Lord.




mar - vel - ous things. Praise the Lord.



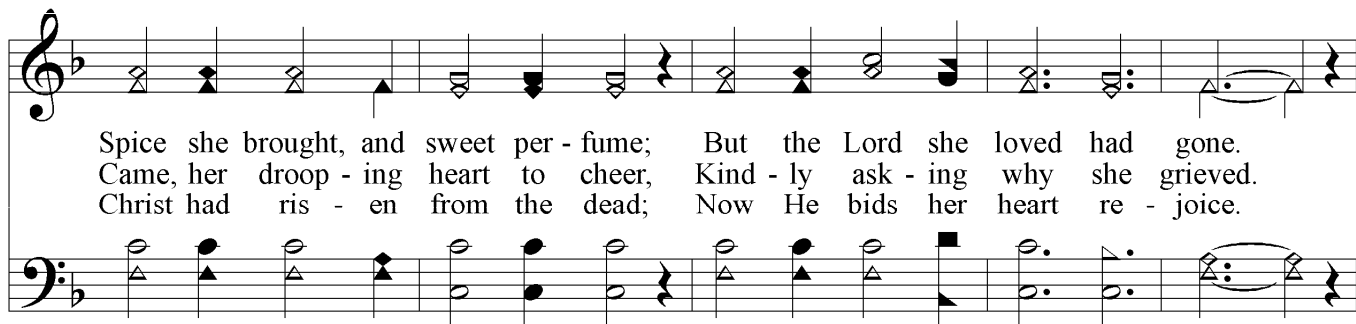
things. Praise the Lord.

# Mary To The Savior's Tomb

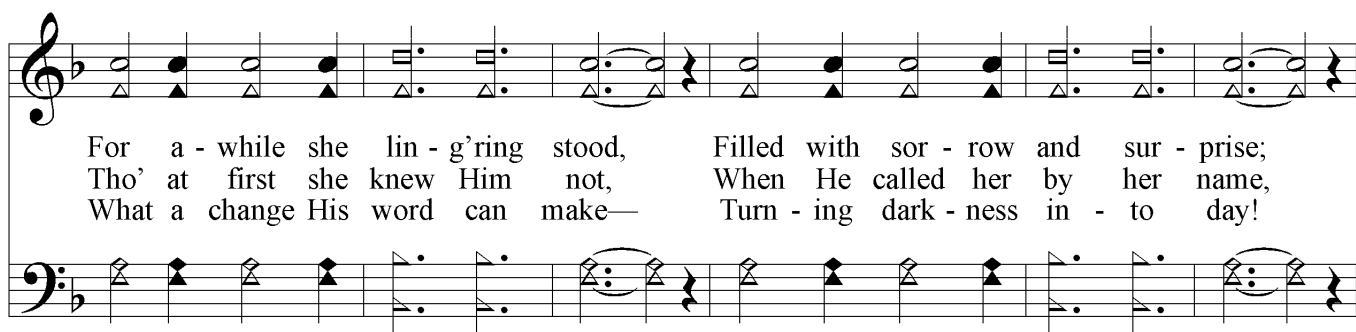
MARTYN



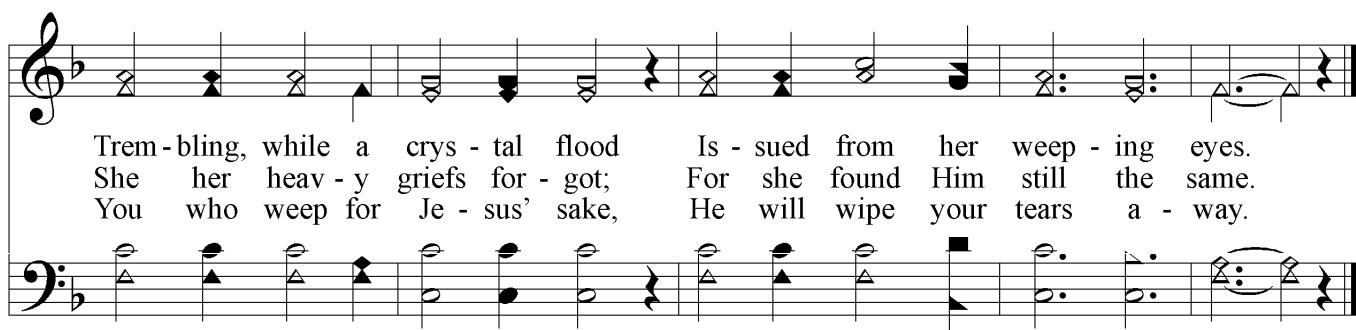
1. Mar - y to the Sav - ior's tomb Hast - ed at the ear - ly dawn;  
2. Je - sus who is al - ways near, Tho' too of - ten un - per - ceived,  
3. And her sor - rows quick - ly fled, When she heard His wel - come voice—



Spice she brought, and sweet per - fume; But the Lord she loved had gone.  
Came, her droop - ing heart to cheer, Kind - ly ask - ing why she grieved.  
Christ had ris - en from the dead; Now He bids her heart re - joice.



For a - while she lin - g'ring stood, Filled with sor - row and sur - prise;  
Tho' at first she knew Him not, When He called her by her name,  
What a change His word can make— Turn - ing dark - ness in - to day!

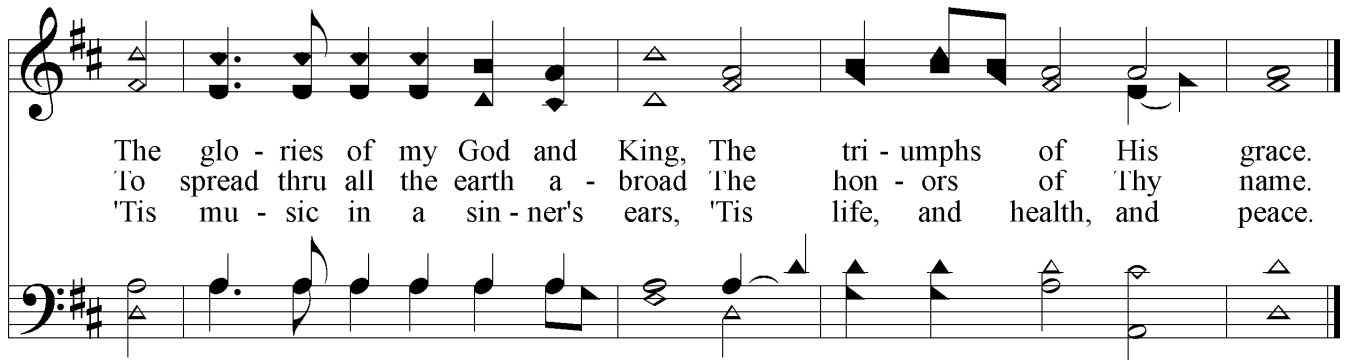


Trem - bling, while a crys - tal flood Is - sued from her weep - ing eyes.  
She her heav - y griefs for - got; For she found Him still the same.  
You who weep for Je - sus' sake, He will wipe your tears a - way.

# Mason's Chant



1. O, for a thou-sand tongues to sing My great Re-deem-er's praise—  
2. My gra-cious Mas-ter and my God, As-sist me to pro-claim,  
3. Je-sus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sor-rows cease;



The glo-ries of my God and King, The tri-umphs of His grace.  
To spread thru all the earth a-broad The hon-ors of Thy name.  
'Tis mu-sic in a sin-ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.



# Master, I Have Heard Thee Pleading

1. Mas - ter I have heard Thee plead - ing With my in - most soul to night!  
 2. Spir - it, soul, and bod - y yield - ing Will - ing - ly to Thee, my Lord!  
 3. Now, hence - forth, Lord, and for - ev - er, I am Thine, yes all for Thee;

*Chorus*—Je - sus, Mas - ter, search me, prove me! With Thy fire try my heart;

Now Thy sol - emn mes - sage heed - ing, I would end the fight:  
 What I give Thou now art tak - ing I be - lieve Thy word!  
 Thine in ser - vice, or in suff - 'ring— Chose my path for me.

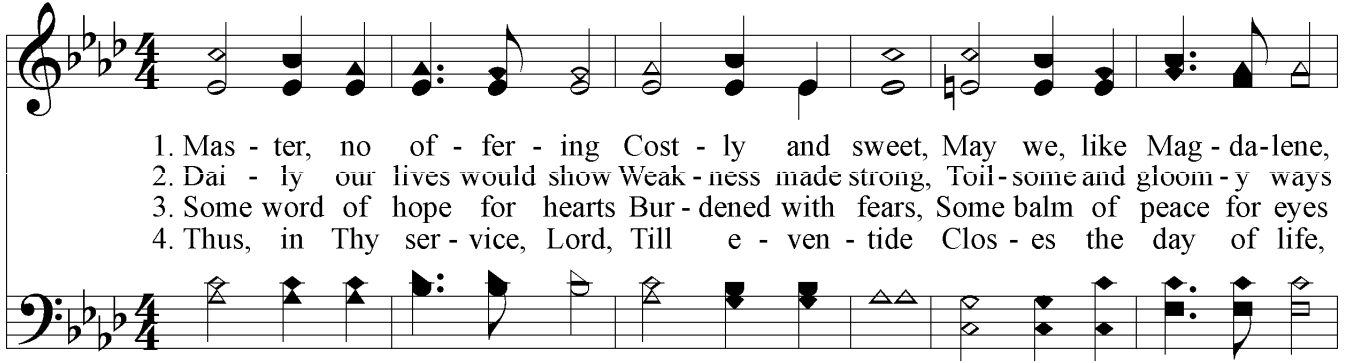
All I am and have I yield, Lord; All I need— Thou art.

*p*  
 Vain - ly hath my soul been strug - gl'ing With the ty - rant on its throne;  
 Yes! I trust Thee as my Keep - er, 'Mid temp - ta - tions day by day,  
 Peace and joy my heart are fill - ing; Rest be - yond all pow'r to tell,

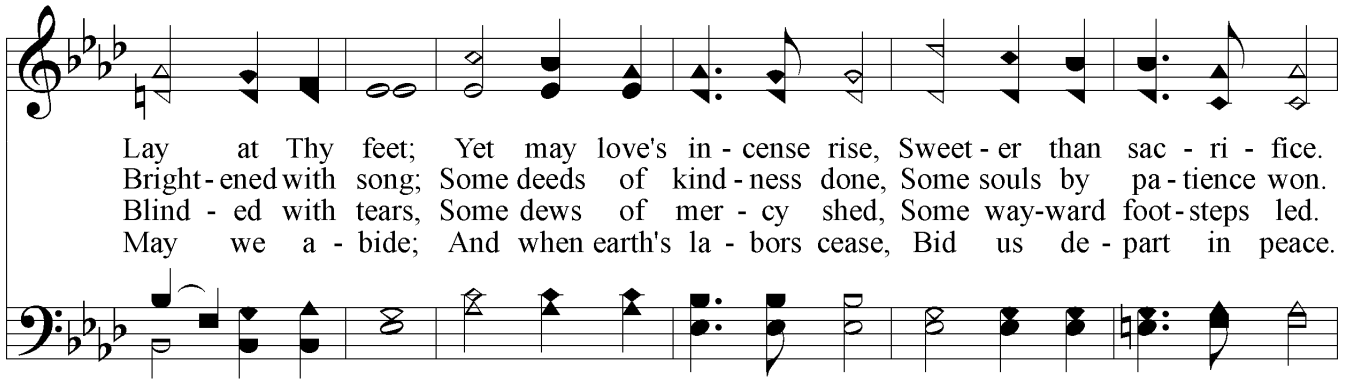
*Rit...* *p* *D. C. for Chorus*  
 Now, dear Lord, the king - dom tak - ing, Claim me Thine a - lone.  
 Trust Thee as my Guide and Lead - er In the nar - row way.  
 This my ev - er - deep' - ning por - tion While in Thee I dwell.

# Master, No Offering Costly And Sweet

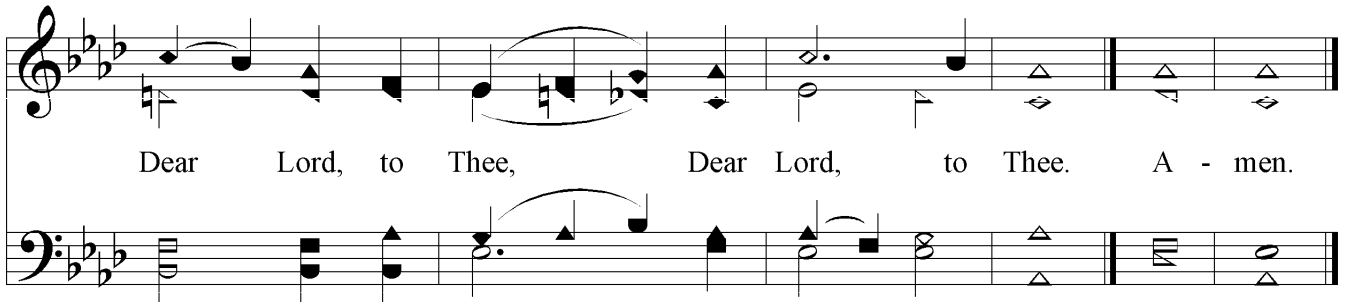
LOVE'S OFFERING, 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4.



1. Mas - ter, no of - fer - ing Cost - ly and sweet, May we, like Mag - da-lene,  
2. Dai - ly our lives would show Weak - ness made strong, Toil - some and gloom - y ways  
3. Some word of hope for hearts Bur - dened with fears, Some balm of peace for eyes  
4. Thus, in Thy ser - vice, Lord, Till e - ven - tide Clos - es the day of life,



Lay at Thy feet; Yet may love's in - cense rise, Sweet - er than sac - ri - fice.  
Bright - ened with song; Some deeds of kind - ness done, Some souls by pa - ti - ence won.  
Blind - ed with tears, Some dews of mer - cy shed, Some way - ward foot - steps led.  
May we a - bide; And when earth's la - bors cease, Bid us de - part in peace.



Dear Lord, to Thee, Dear Lord, to Thee. A - men.

# Master, Speak! Thy Servant Heareth

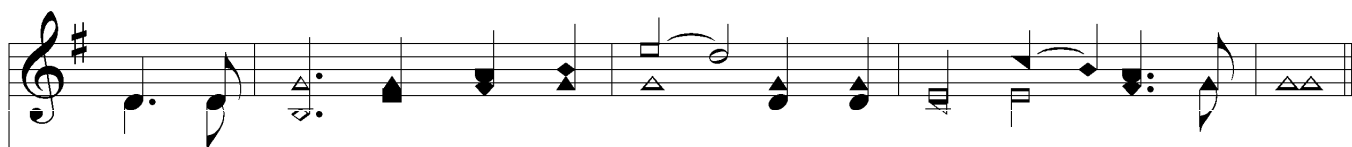
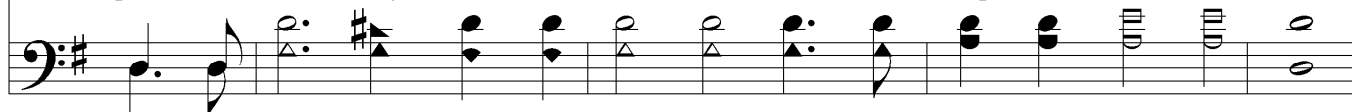
GRANGE



1. Mas - ter, speak! Thy ser - vant hear - eth, Long - ing for Thy gra - cious word,  
2. Of - ten thru my heart is peal - ing Many an - oth - er voice than Thine;  
3. Mas - ter, speak! I do not doubt Thee, Tho' so tear - ful - ly I plead;  
4. Speak to me by name, O Mas - ter, Let me know it is to me;



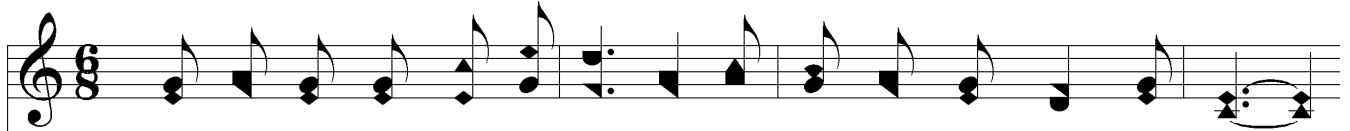
Long - ing for Thy voice that cheer - eth; Mas - ter, let it now be heard.  
Many an un - willed ech - o steal - ing From the walls of this Thy shrine.  
Sav - ior, Shep - herd! oh, with - out Thee Life would be a blank in - deed.  
Speak, that I may fol - low fast - er, With a step more firm and free,



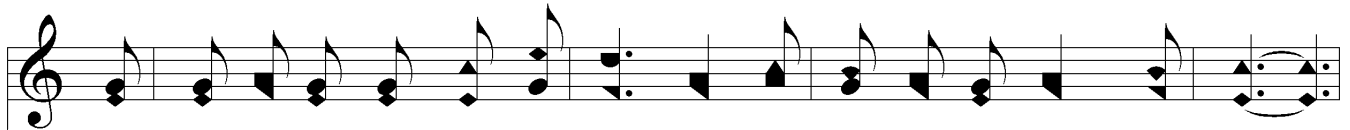
I am lis - t'ning, Lord, for Thee; What hast Thou to say to me?  
Let Thy longed - for ac - cents fall; Mas - ter, speak! and si - lence all.  
But I long for full - er light, Deep - er love and clear - er sight.  
Where the Shep - herd leads the flock, In the shad - ow of the rock!



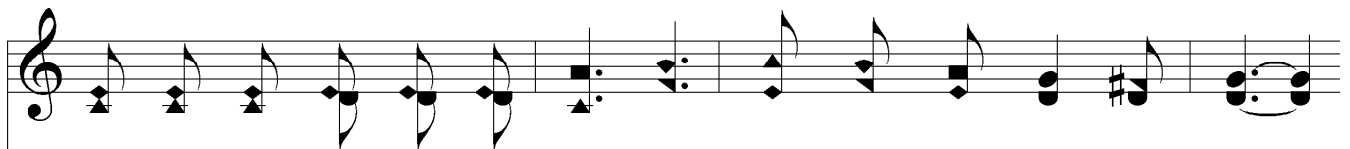
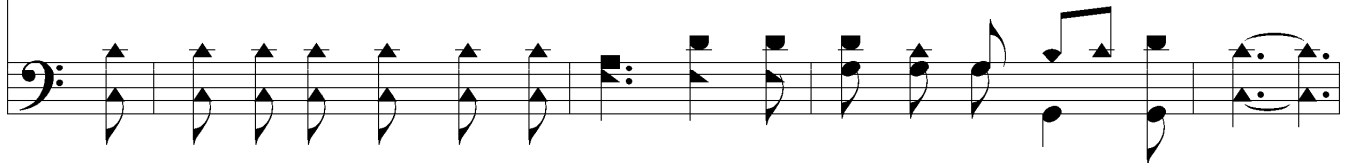
# Master, The Tempest Is Raging



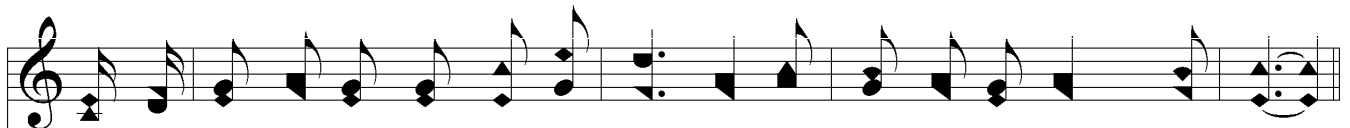
1. Mas - ter, the tem - pest is rag - ing! The bil - lows are toss - ing high!  
2. Mas - ter, with an - guish of spir - it I bow in my grief to - day;  
3. Mas - ter, the ter - ror is o - ver, The el - e - ments sweet - ly rest;



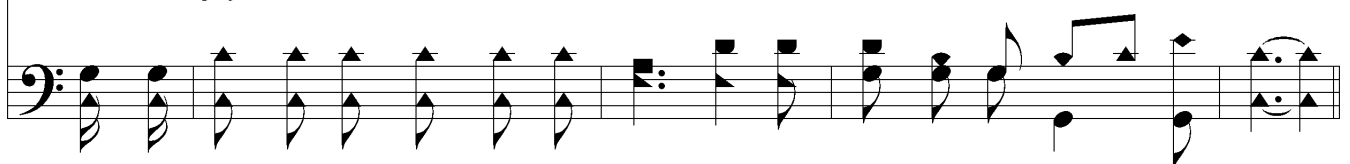
The sky is o'er-shad-owed with black-ness, No shel-ter or help is nigh;  
The depths of my sad heart are trou-bled; O wak-en and save, I pray!  
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir-rored, And heav-en's with-in my breast.



Car - est Thou not that we per - ish? How canst Thou lie a - sleep,  
Tor - rents of sin and of an - guish Sweep o'er my sink - ing soul!  
Lin - ger, O bless - ed Re - deem - er, Leave me a - lone no more;



When each mo - ment so mad - ly is threat - 'ning A grave in the an - gry deep?  
And I per - ish! I per - ish, dear Mas - ter; O has - ten, and take con - trol!  
And with joy I shall make the blest har - bor, And rest on the bliss - ful shore.



# Master, The Tempest Is Raging

## Chorus

*p* *pp*

The winds and the waves shall o - bey Thy will, Peace, be still!  
Peace, be still! peace, be still!

*Cresc...*

Wheth - er the wrath of the storm - tossed sea, Or de - mons, or men, or what-

ev - er it be, No wa - ter can swal - low the ship where lies The Mas - ter of

*ff* *mf*

o - cean and earth, and skies; They all shall sweet - ly o - bey Thy will, Peace, be still!

*p* *mp* *p* *pp*

Peace, be still! They all shall sweet - ly o - bey Thy will, Peace, peace, be still!

# Matchless Love

1. It was match-less love that found me, When the bands of sin had  
 2. What a ten - der lov - ing - kind - ness, That sought me in my  
 3. What a won - der - ful re - la - tion That I, in low - ly

bound me, It was love that planned es - cape for me When I was  
 blind - ness, And a mar - vel - ous re - demp - tion wro't That mor - tals  
 sta - tion, Am called a "son un - to God," what more Could hu - man

lost, un - done; It was love in sad plight, saw me, It was  
 might be free! What an act in its com - plete - ness! What a  
 heart de - sire? By His ten - der love o'er - shad - ed, I'll be

love that reached out for me, 'Twas the pre - cious love of Je - sus  
 love in ten - der sweet - ness! What a won - der - ful sal - va - tion  
 kept till earth has fad - ed From my sight, and I shall en - ter

*Chorus*

Christ The might - y, ho - ly One. Love, 'twas love,  
 now A - bounds for you and me! choir.  
 in To join the heav'n - ly choir.

'Twas love, 'Twas match - less

# Matchless Love

match - less love, Love, 'twas love, match - less love, Up  
love, That caused my Sav - ior there

on the cru - el cross to choose A death of  
death of shame for e - ven

shame for me; Love, 'twas love, match - less love,  
me; How can I e'er re - pay The

Love, 'twas love, love I owe, For His sal - va - tion  
debt of love I owe,

full and free, Giv'n thru love, love, match - less love?  
won - der - ful love, match - less love?

# May God Depend On You?

1. In the war - fare that is rag - ing For the truth and for the right,  
 2. See, they come on sa - ble pin - ions, Come in strong Sa - tan - ic might,-  
 3. From His throne the Fa - ther sees us; An - gels help us to pre - vail;

When the con - flict, fierce, is rag - ing With the pow - ers of the night;  
 Pow - ers come, and dark do - min - ions, From the re - gions of the night;  
 And our lead - er true is Je - sus, And we shall not, can - not fail:

God needs peo - ple brave and true: May He then de - pend on you?  
 God re - quires the brave and true: May He then de - pend on you?  
 Tri - umph crowns the brave and true,- May the Lord de - pend on you?

peo - ple brave and true;

## Chorus

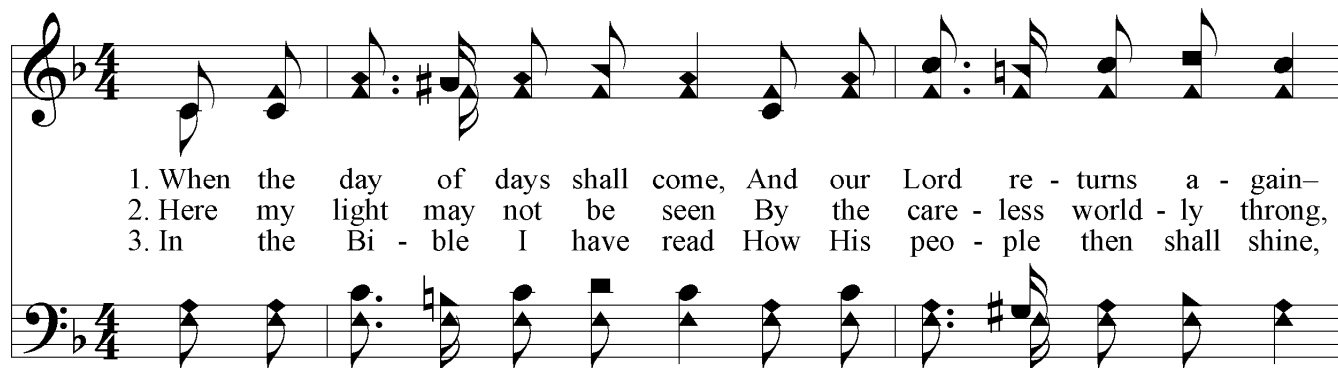
May the Lord, de - pend on you? Loy - al - ty, is but His  
 May the Lord de - pend on you? Loy - al - ty is

due; Say, O spir - it, brave and true, That He may de - pend on you.  
 but His due;

spir - it, brave and true,



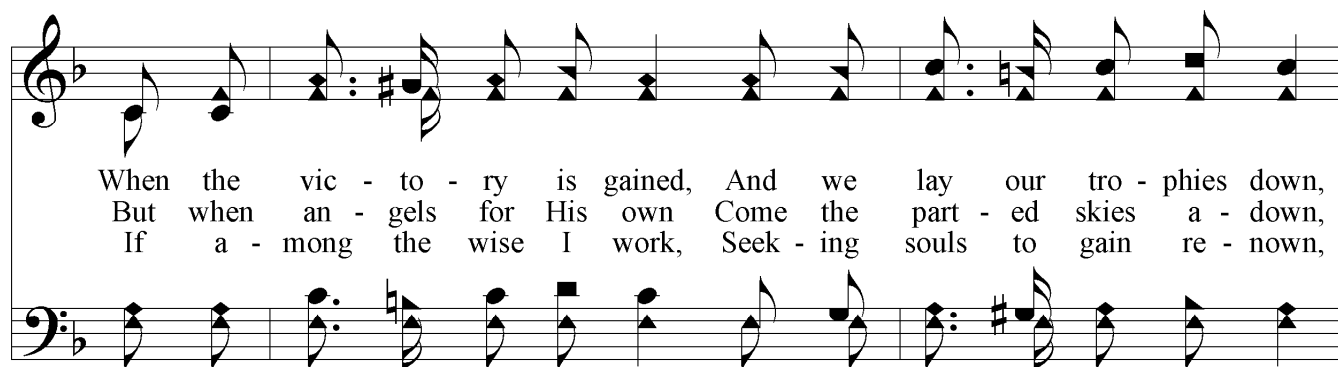
# May I Be A Jewel



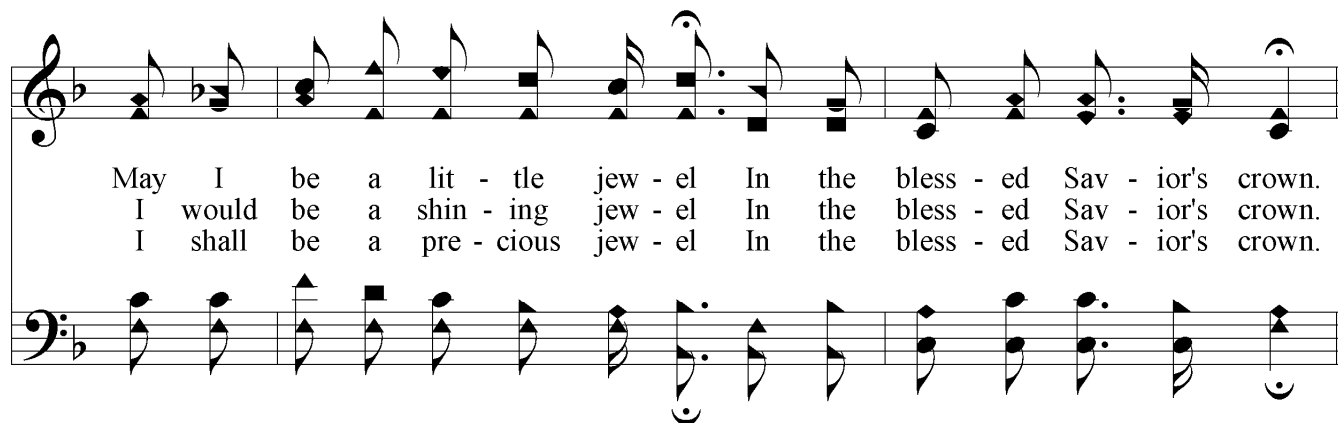
1. When the day of days shall come, And our Lord re - turns a - gain—  
2. Here my light may not be seen By the care - less world - ly throng,  
3. In the Bi - ble I have read How His peo - ple then shall shine,



Comes in clouds of shin - ing glo - ry All His faith - ful ones to claim—  
And they may be few who lis - ten As I sing my hap - py song;  
As the flash - ing stars of heav - en Midst the glo - ry light di - vine.



When the vic - to - ry is gained, And we lay our tro - phies down,  
But when an - gels for His own Come the part - ed skies a - down,  
If a - mong the wise I work, Seek - ing souls to gain re - nown,



May I be a lit - tle jew - el In the bless - ed Sav - ior's crown.  
I would be a shin - ing jew - el In the bless - ed Sav - ior's crown.  
I shall be a pre - cious jew - el In the bless - ed Sav - ior's crown.

# May I Be A Jewel

## Chorus

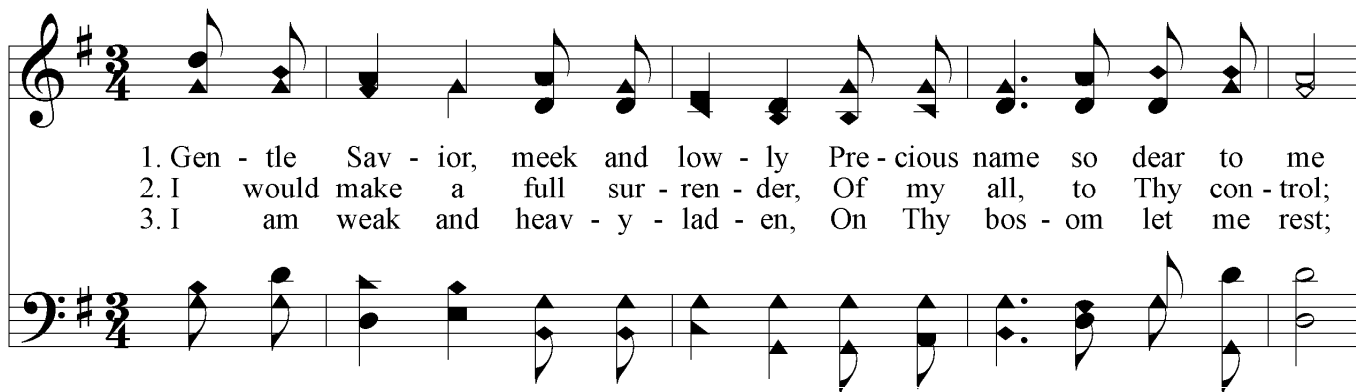
The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems of music. The first system contains the first two lines of the chorus, and the second system contains the last two lines. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "I will be a loy - al sol - dier, Tho' the world may scoff and frown; On - ly let me be a jew - el In the bless - ed Sav - ior's crown." The word "Rit..." is written above the vocal line in the second system, indicating a ritardando.

I will be a loy - al sol - dier, Tho' the world may scoff and frown;

On - ly let me be a jew - el In the bless - ed Sav - ior's crown.

*Rit...*

# May I Come to Thee?

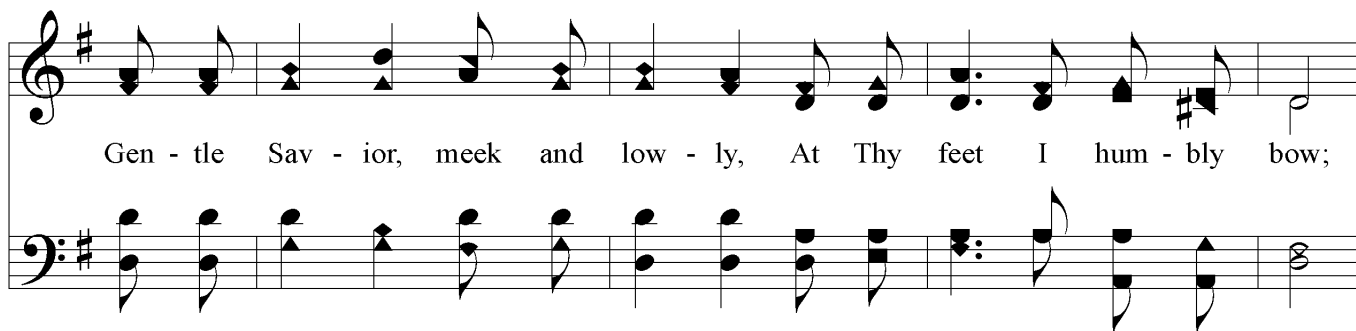


1. Gen - tle Sav - ior, meek and low - ly Pre - cious name so dear to me  
2. I would make a full sur - ren - der, Of my all, to Thy con - trol;  
3. I am weak and heav - y - lad - en, On Thy bos - om let me rest;

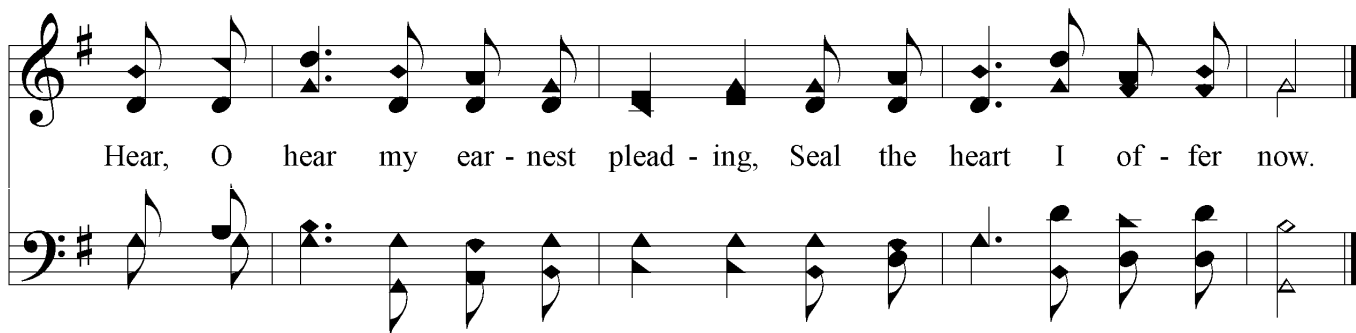


I would take Thy yoke and bear it; May I come and learn of Thee?  
In the path of life e - ter - nal, On - ly Thou canst lead my soul.  
From the pow'r of sin de - fend me; Be Thou still my wel - come guest.

## Chorus



Gen - tle Sav - ior, meek and low - ly, At Thy feet I hum - bly bow;

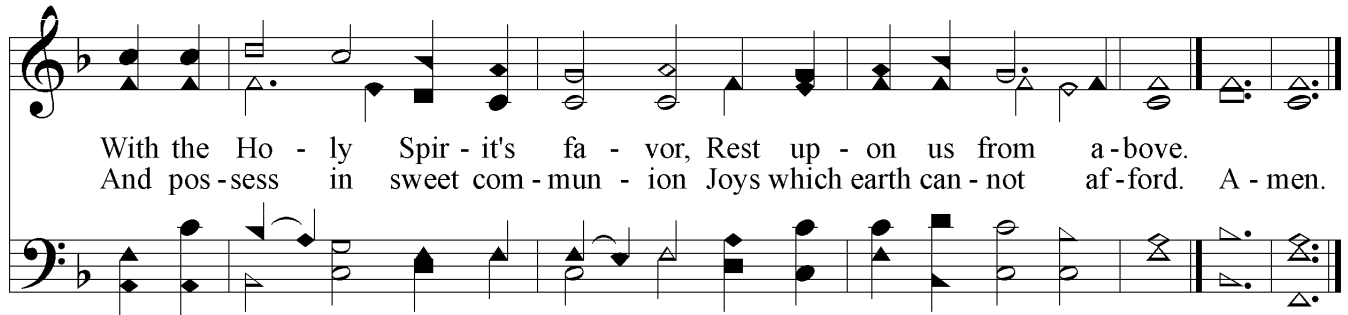


Hear, O hear my ear - nest plead - ing, Seal the heart I of - fer now.

# May the Grace of Christ Our Savior (Arr. 1)




1. May the grace of Christ our Sav - ior And the Fa - ther's bound - less love,  
2. Thus may we a - bide in un - ion With each oth - er and the Lord,



With the Ho - ly Spir - it's fa - vor, Rest up - on us from a - bove.  
And pos - sess in sweet com - mun - ion Joys which earth can - not af - ford. A - men.

# May The Grace Of Christ Our Savior (Arr. 2)

SARDIS

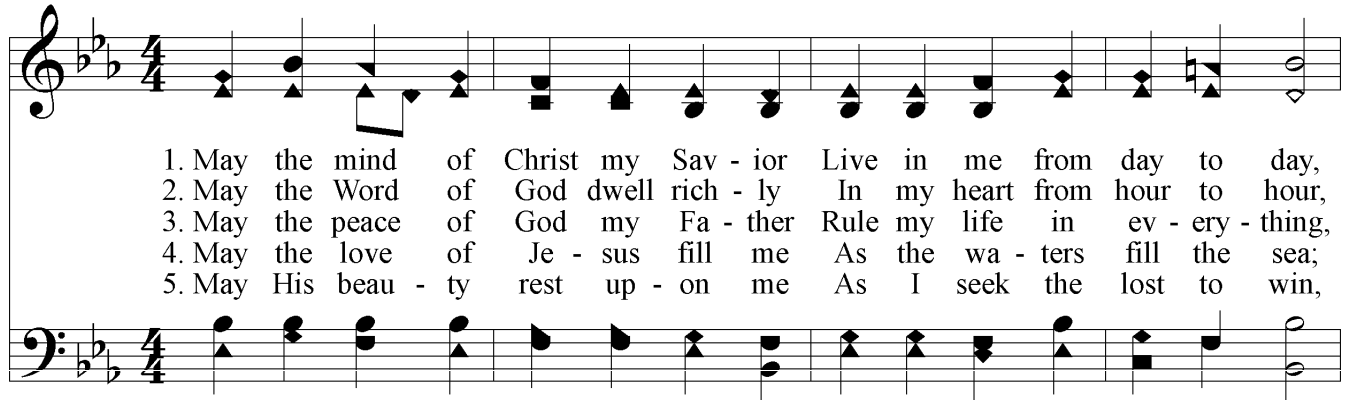


1. May the grace of Christ our Sav - ior, And the Fa - ther's bound - less love,  
2. Thus may we a - bide in un - ion With each oth - er and the Lord,

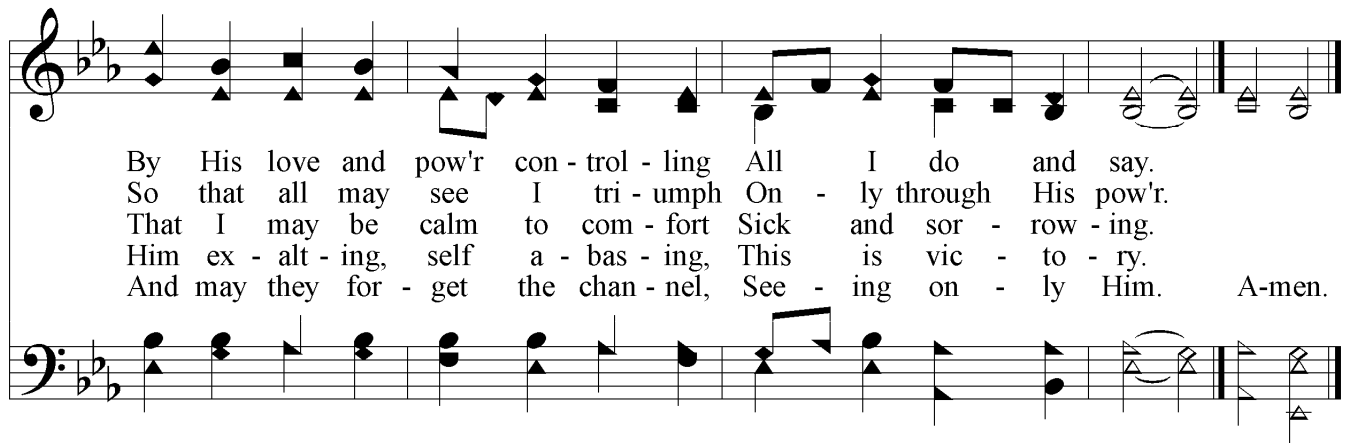


With the Ho - ly Spir - it's fa - vor, Rest up - on us from a - bove.  
And pos - sess, in sweet com - mun - ion, Joys which earth can - not af - ford.

# May the Mind of Christ My Savior



1. May the mind of Christ my Sav - ior Live in me from day to day,  
2. May the Word of God dwell rich - ly In my heart from hour to hour,  
3. May the peace of God my Fa - ther Rule my life in ev - ery - thing,  
4. May the love of Je - sus fill me As the wa - ters fill the sea;  
5. May His beau - ty rest up - on me As I seek the lost to win,



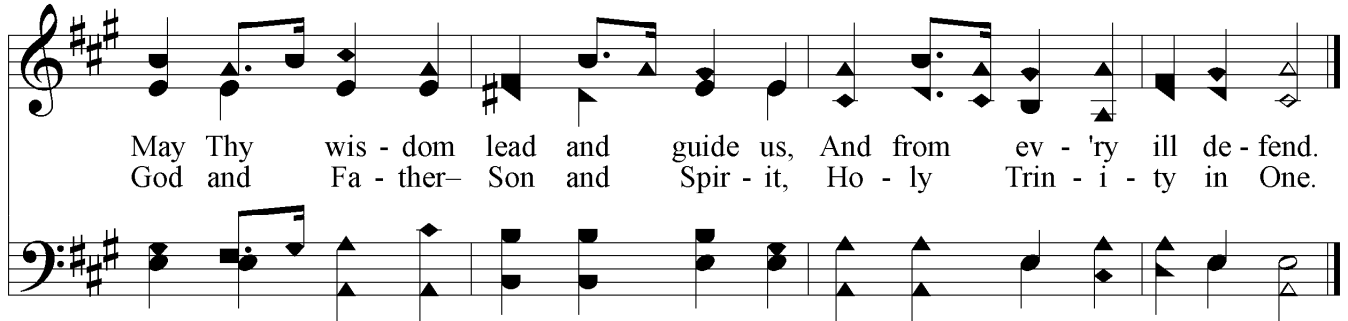
By His love and pow'r con - trol - ling All I do and say.  
So that all may see I tri - umph On - ly through His pow'r.  
That I may be calm to com - fort Sick and sor - row - ing.  
Him ex - alt - ing, self a - bas - ing, This is vic - to - ry.  
And may they for - get the chan - nel, See - ing on - ly Him. A-men.

# May Thy Love

CLOSING

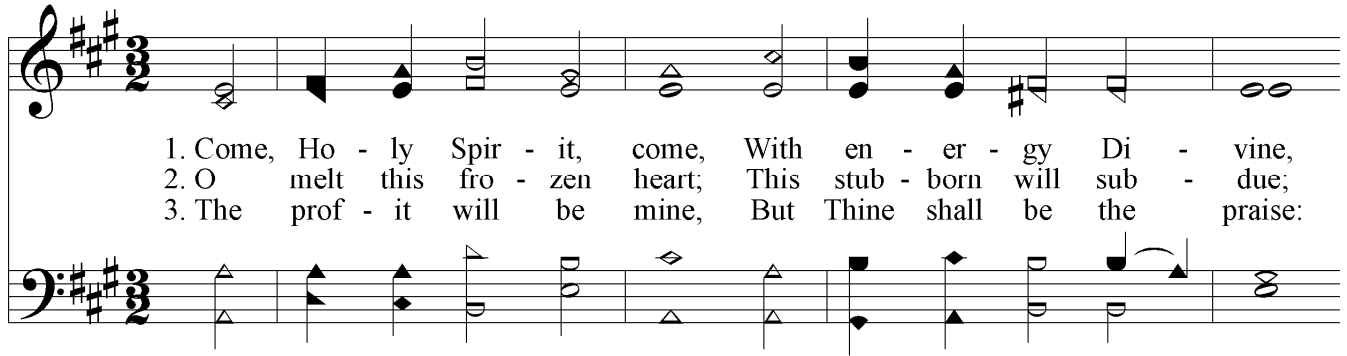


1. May Thy love, O God, our Sav - ior, In - to all our hearts de - scend,  
2. Thou our Fa - ther - we a - dore Thee, Thou the Fa - ther in the Son;



May Thy wis - dom lead and guide us, And from ev - 'ry ill de - fend.  
God and Fa - ther - Son and Spir - it, Ho - ly Trin - i - ty in One.

# McCoy S. M.




1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come, With en - er - gy Di - vine,  
2. O melt this fro - zen heart; This stub - born will sub - due;  
3. The prof - it will be mine, But Thine shall be the praise:



And on this poor be - night - ed soul, With beams of mer - cy shine.  
Each e - vil pas - sion o - ver - come, And form me all a - new!  
And un - to Thee will I de - vote The rem - nant of my days.



# Mear C. M.



1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, our hearts in - spire; Let us Thy in - fluence prove;  
2. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, for moved by Thee, The proph - ets wrote and spoke;  
3. Ex - pand thy wings, Ce - les - tial Dove, Brood o'er our na - ture's night;  
4. God, thru Him - self, we then shall know, If Thou with - in us shine;



Source of the old pro - phet - ic fire; Foun - tain of life and love.  
Un - lock the truth, thy - self the key; Un - seal the sa - cred book.  
On our dis - or - dered spir - its move, And let there now be light.  
And sound, with all Thy saints be - low, The depths of love di - vine.

# Meet Me There (Arr. 1)

1. On the hap - py, gold - en shore, where the faith - ful part no more, When the  
 2. Here our fond - est hopes are vain, dear - est links are rent in twain, But in  
 3. Where the songs of an - gels ring, and the blest for - ev - er sing, In the

storms of life are o'er meet me there, Where the night dis - solves a - way  
 heav'n no thro' of pain meet me there, By the riv - er spark - ling bright  
 pal - ace of the King, meet me there, Where in sweet com - mun - ion blend

*D.S.*— When the storms of life are o'er,

in - to pure and per - fect day, I am go - ing home to stay,  
 in the cit - y of de - light, Where our faith is lost in sight,  
 heart with heart, and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end,

on the hap - py, gold - en shore, Where the faith - ful part no more,

## *Fine Chorus*

meet me there. Meet me there, meet me there,  
 meet me there. Meet me there, meet me there,  
 meet me there.

meet me there.

# Meet Me There

*D.S. al Fine*

Where the tree of life is bloom - ing, meet me there,  
meet me there,

The image shows a musical score for the hymn "Meet Me There". It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff at the top and a bass clef staff at the bottom. The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are placed between the two staves. The first line of the melody ends with a fermata over the final note, and the instruction "D.S. al Fine" is written above it. The second line of the melody begins with a fermata over the first note, and the instruction "D.S. al Fine" is written above it.

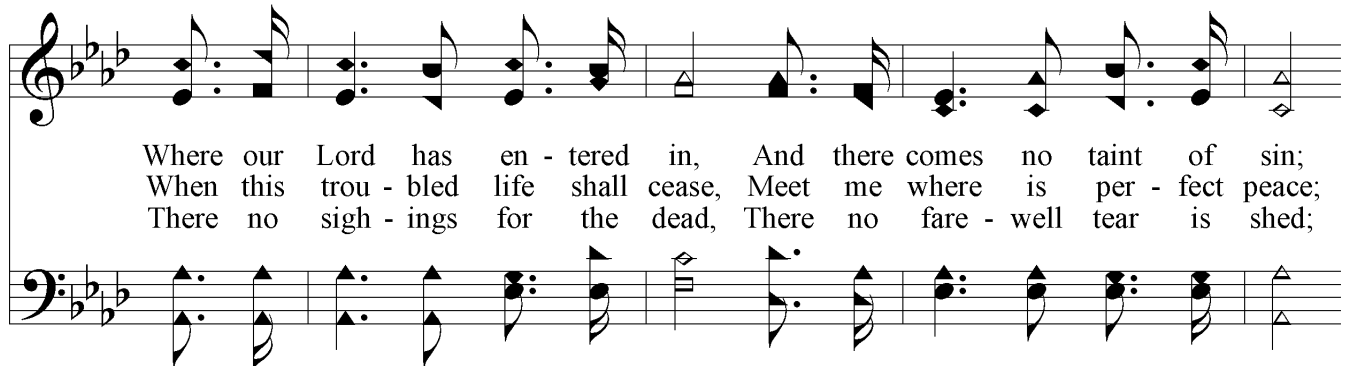
# Meet Me There (Arr. 2)

“Where I am there ye may be also.” – John 14:3

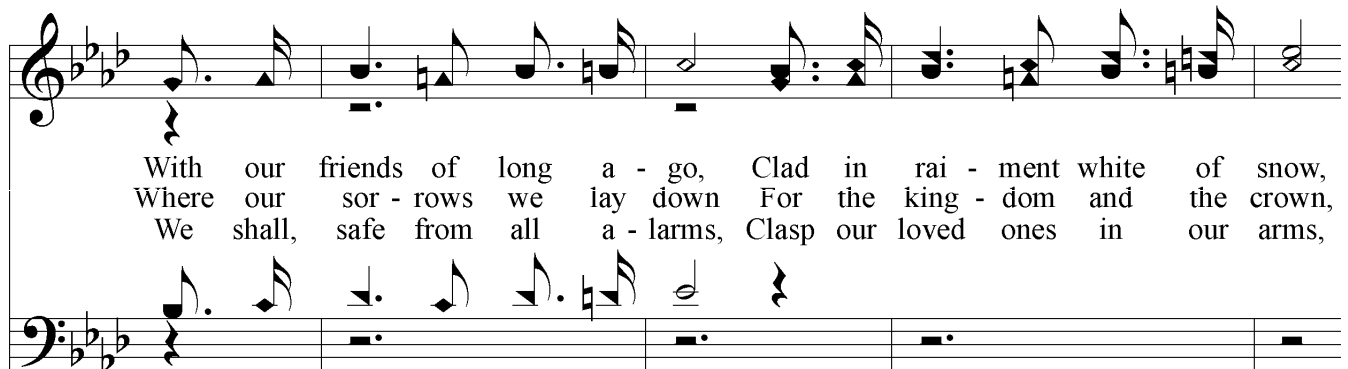
*Moderato*



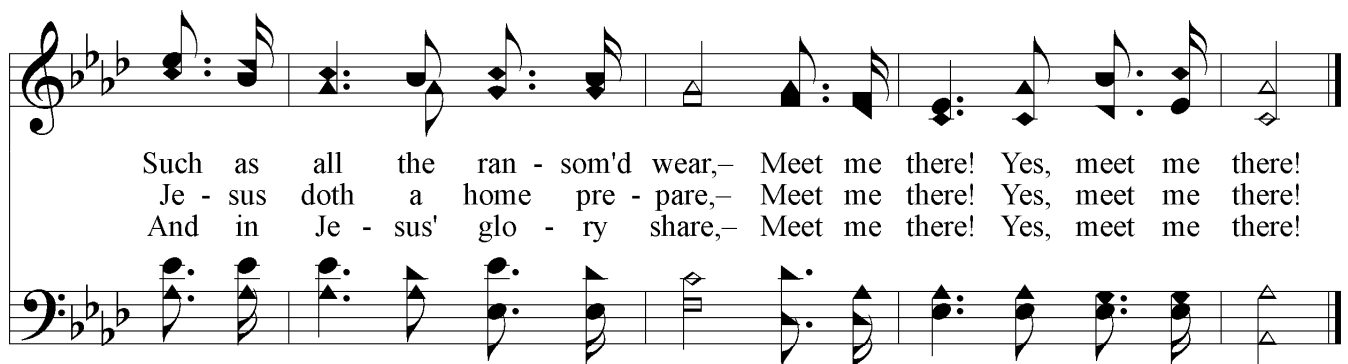
1. Meet me there! Oh, meet me there! In the heav'n - ly world so fair,  
2. Meet me there! Oh, meet me there! Far be - yond this world of care;  
3. Meet me there! Oh, meet me there! No be - reave - ments we shall bear;



Where our Lord has en - tered in, And there comes no taint of sin;  
When this trou - bled life shall cease, Meet me where is per - fect peace;  
There no sigh - ings for the dead, There no fare - well tear is shed;



With our friends of long a - go, Clad in rai - ment white of snow,  
Where our sor - rows we lay down For the king - dom and the crown,  
We shall, safe from all a - larms, Clasp our loved ones in our arms,



Such as all the ran - som'd wear, - Meet me there! Yes, meet me there!  
Je - sus doth a home pre - pare, - Meet me there! Yes, meet me there!  
And in Je - sus' glo - ry share, - Meet me there! Yes, meet me there!

# Meet Mother In The Skies



1. In a lone - ly grave - yard, man - y miles a - way, Lies your dear old moth - er,  
2. Now the old home, va - cant, has no charms for you; One dear form is ab - sent,  
3. Now in true re - pent - ance to the Sav - ior flee; He who par - doned moth - er,



'neath the cold, cold clay; Mem - 'ries oft re - turn - ing of her tears and sighs;  
moth - er, kind and true, Ev - er - more she dwells where pleas - ure nev - er dies;  
mer - cy has for thee; Now He waits to com - fort, He will not de - spise;



## *Refrain*



If you love your moth - er, meet her in the skies. Lis - ten to her plead - ing,



“Wan - d'ring boy, come home,” Lov - ing - ly en - treat - ing, do not long - er roam;



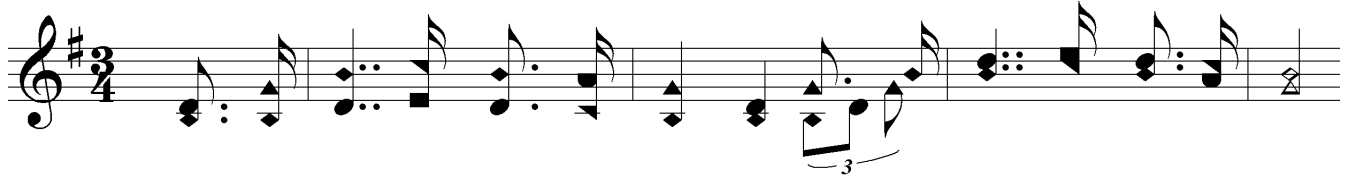
# *Meet Mother In The Skies*

Let your man - hood wak - en, heav'n - ward lift your eyes;

If you love your moth - er, meet her in the skies. A - men.

The musical score is written in a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and a common time signature. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a bass line (bass clef). The lyrics are placed between the vocal and bass lines. The first system covers the first two lines of lyrics, and the second system covers the last two lines. The music features a mix of quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, with some rests and ties. The bass line provides a steady accompaniment with chords and single notes.

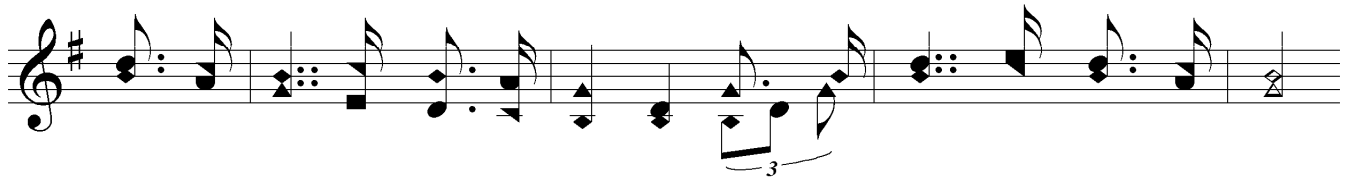
# Memories Of Earth



1. When we reach our Fa - ther's dwell - ing, On the Strong e - ter - nal hills,  
2. When the paths of pray'r and du - ty, And af - flic - tion all are trod,  
3. And the way by which He brought us, All the griev - ings that He bore,



And our praise to Him is swell - ing Who the vast cre - a - tion fills,  
And we wake and see the beau - ty Of our Sav - ior and our God,  
All the pa - tient love that taught us, We'll re - mem - ber ev - er - more,

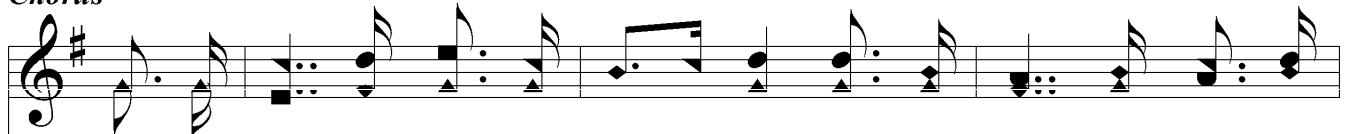


Shall we then re - call the sad - ness, And the clouds that hung so dim,  
Shall we then re - call the sto - ry Of our mor - tal griefs and tears,  
And His rest will be the dear - er, As we think of wea - ry ways,

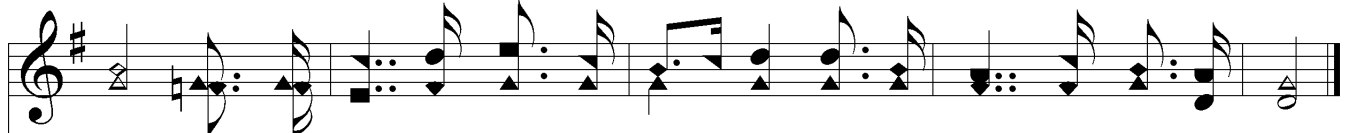
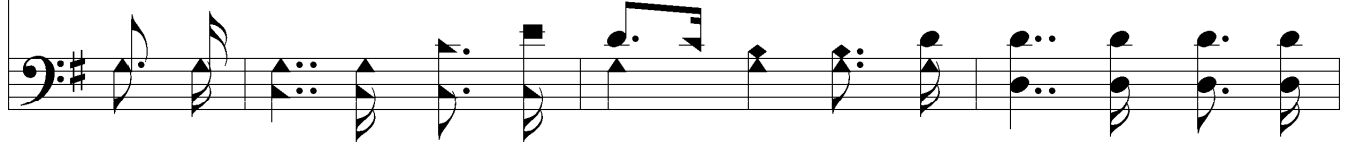


When our hearts were turn'd from hard - ness, And our feet from paths of sin?  
When on earth we sought the glo - ry Wres - tling oft with doubts and fears?  
And His light will be the clear - er As we muse on cloud - y days.

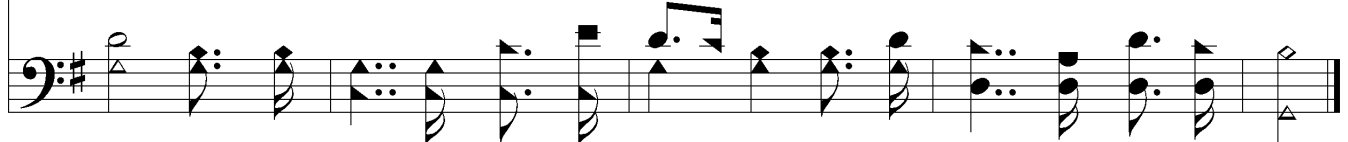
## Chorus



Yes, we sure - ly shall re - mem - ber, And His grace we'll free - ly



own; For the love so strong and ten - der, That re - deem'd and bro't us home.



# Memories of Galilee

1. Each coo - ing dove and sigh - ing bough That makes the  
 2. Each flow - 'ry glen and moss - y dell, Where hap - py  
 3. And when I read the thrill - ing lore Of Him who

(1. Each coo - ing dove and sigh - ing bough

That makes the eve birds walked  
 so blest to me in song a - gree, up - on the sea,  
 Has some - thing far Thru sun - ny morn I long, O how  
 di - vin - er the prais - es I long, once

That makes the eve so blest to me Has some - thing far

now: tell more di - vin - er now:  
 It bears me back Of sights and sounds To fol - low Him  
 to Gal - i - lee. in Gal - i - lee. in Gal - i - lee.  
 It bears me back to Gal - i - lee.)

## Chorus

O Gal - i - lee! sweet Gal - i - lee! Where Je - sus loved so much to be;



# Memories of Galilee

Gal- i - lee! blue Gal - i - lee! Come, sing thy song a - gain to me!  
Come, sing thy song a - gain to me!

The image shows a musical score for the hymn "Memories of Galilee". It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff at the top and a bass clef staff at the bottom. The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are placed between the two staves. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

# Memories Of Mother

*Andante effettuoso*

1. Oh, how oft I go in mem - 'ry, Back to days, when but a boy,  
 2. Oh, how well I now re - mem - ber Kneel - ing at my moth - er's side;  
 3. Sweet and ten - der is the mem - 'ry Of my tak - ing her dear hand,  
 4. She is dwell - ing with the an - gels, Wait - ing there to wel - come me;

I would play a - round the home - stead, Know - ing naught but sweet - est joy.  
 Ear - nest - ly she prayed to Je - sus, "Bless my boy, his foot - steps guide."  
 As I prom - ised I would meet her In that fair and hap - py land.  
 And when I shall cross the riv - er, My dear moth - er I shall see.

## Chorus

1-3. Moth - er's love, moth - er's love, Is call - ing me to heav'n a - bove; In my  
 my dear  
 4. She is wait - ing there for me, And oft my spir - it longs to go; I shall  
 wait - ing

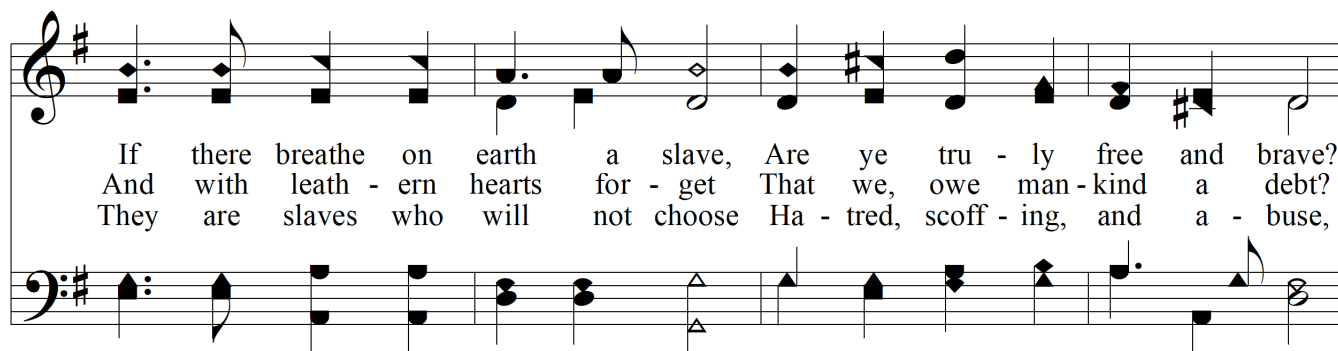
soul it ev - er lin - gers, Pre - cious gift, my moth - er's love!  
 her pre - cious love!  
 dwell with saint - ed moth - er, Where we'll part, no, nev - er - more. A - men.  
 no, nev - er - more,

# Men, Whose Boast It Is That Ye

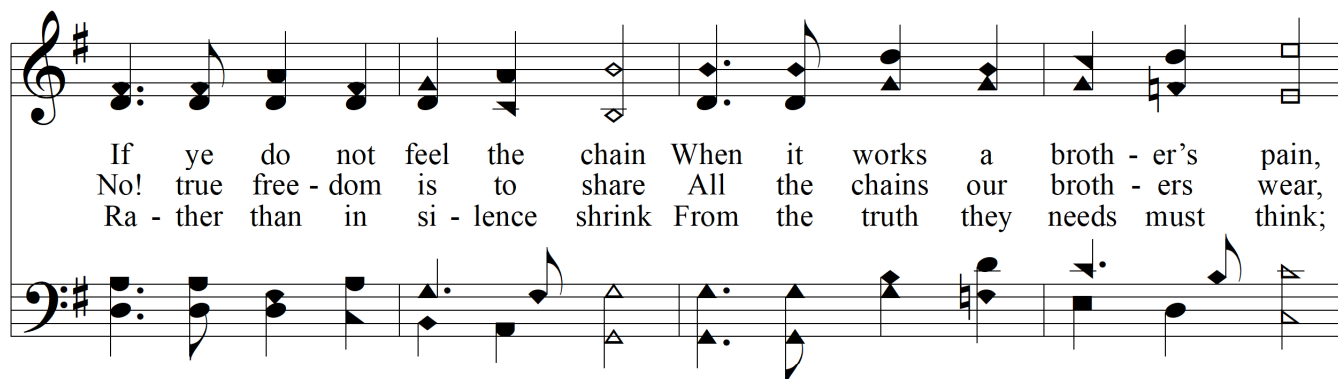
ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR 7, 7, 7, 7, D



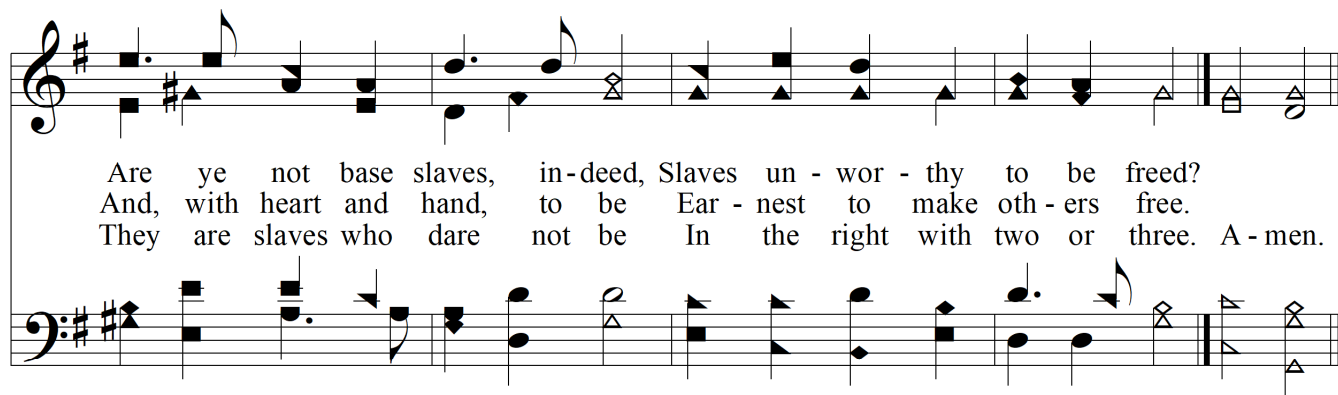
1. Men, whose boast it is that ye Come of fa - thers brave and free,  
2. Is true free - dom but to break Fet - ters for our own dear sake,  
3. They are slaves who fear to speak For the fall - en and the weak;



If there breathe on earth a slave, Are ye tru - ly free and brave?  
And with leath - ern hearts for - get That we, owe man - kind a debt?  
They are slaves who will not choose Ha - tred, scoff - ing, and a - buse,

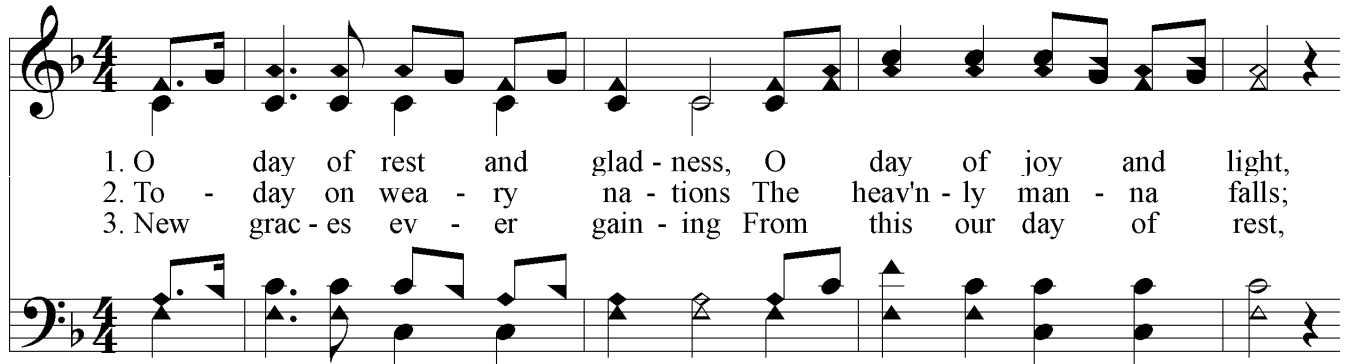


If ye do not feel the chain When it works a broth - er's pain,  
No! true free - dom is to share All the chains our broth - ers wear,  
Ra - ther than in si - lence shrink From the truth they needs must think;

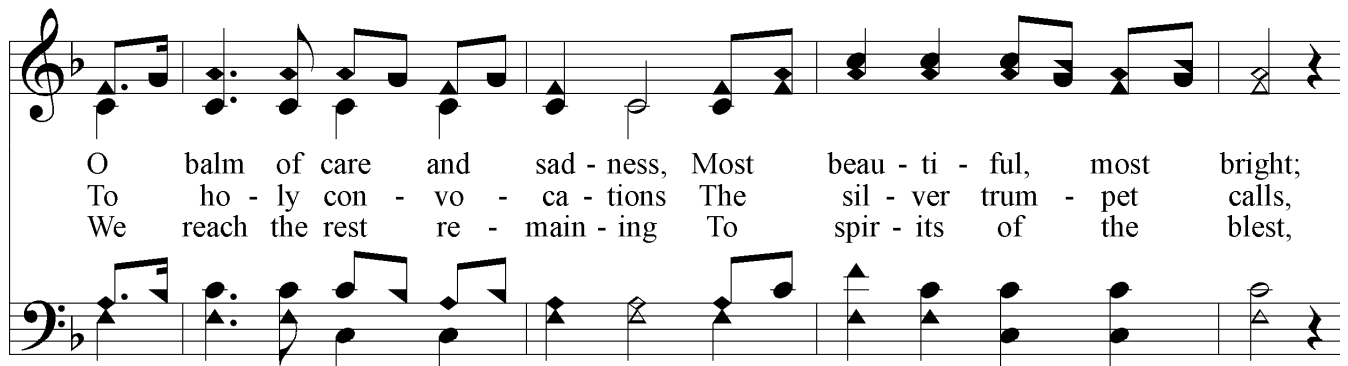


Are ye not base slaves, in - deed, Slaves un - wor - thy to be freed?  
And, with heart and hand, to be Ear - nest to make oth - ers free.  
They are slaves who dare not be In the right with two or three. A - men.

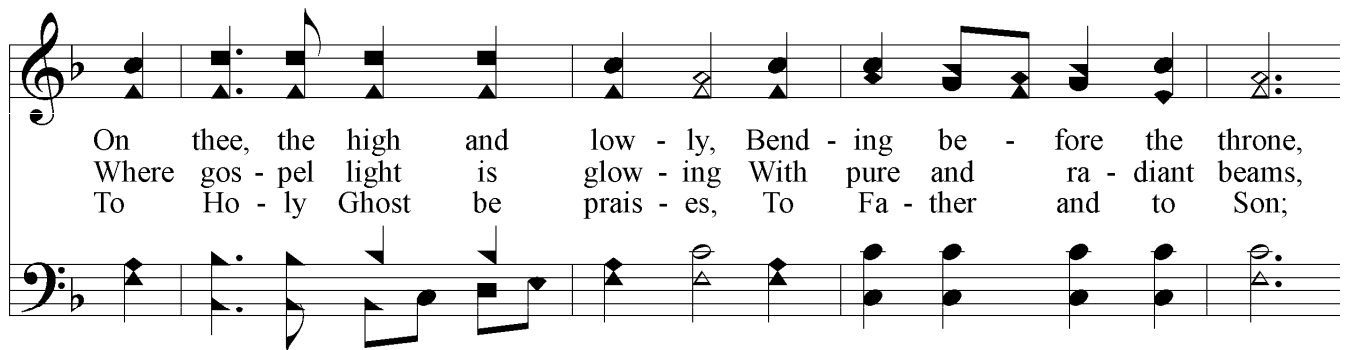
# Mendebras 7s, 6s. D



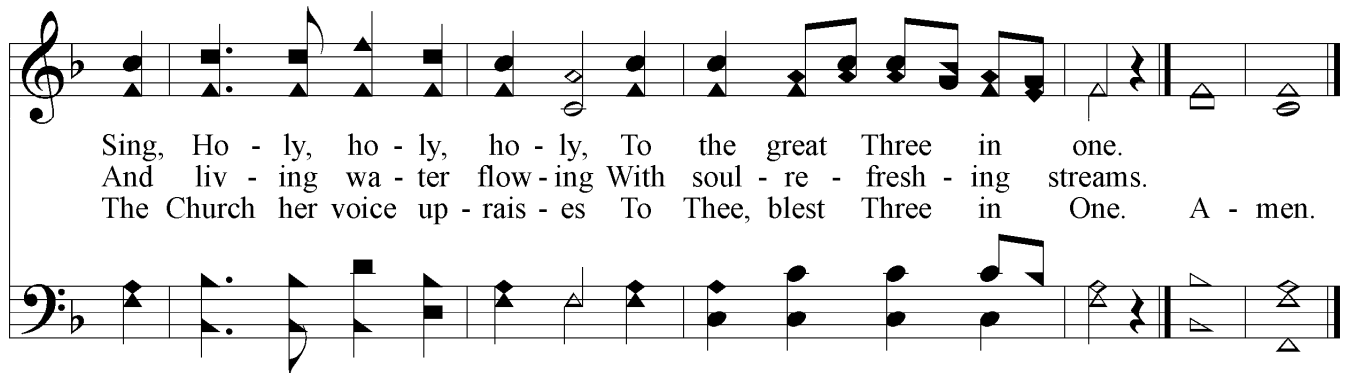
1. O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light,  
2. To - day on wea - ry na - tions The heav'n - ly man - na falls;  
3. New grac - es ev - er gain - ing From this our day of rest,



O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright;  
To ho - ly con - vo - ca - tions The sil - ver trum - pet calls,  
We reach the rest re - main - ing To spir - its of the blest,



On thee, the high and low - ly, Bend - ing be - fore the throne,  
Where gos - pel light is glow - ing With pure and ra - diant beams,  
To Ho - ly Ghost be prais - es, To Fa - ther and to Son;



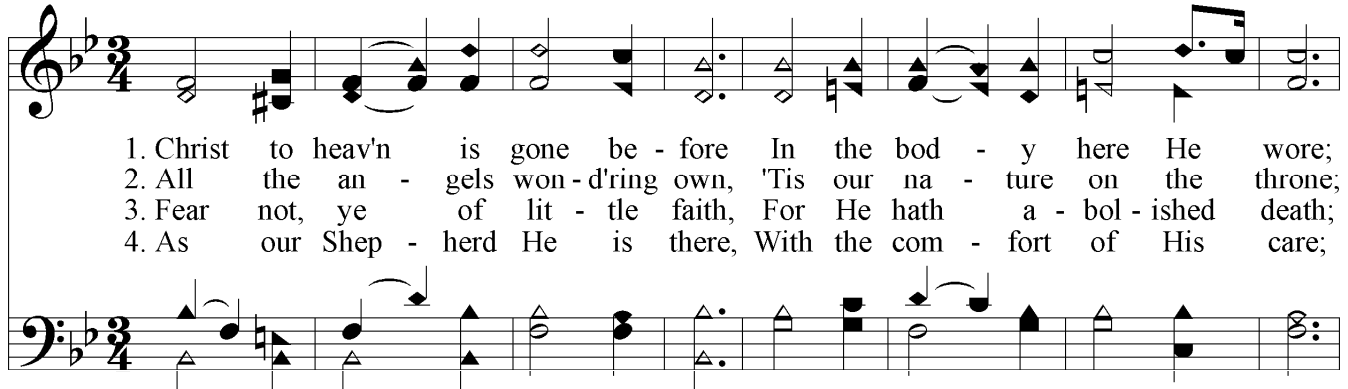
Sing, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, To the great Three in one.  
And liv - ing wa - ter flow - ing With soul - re - fresh - ing streams.  
The Church her voice up - rais - es To Thee, blest Three in One. A - men.

# Mercy 7s (Arr. 1)

1. Ho - ly Ghost! with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;  
2. Ho - ly Ghost with pow'r di - vine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine;  
3. Ho - ly Ghost! with joy di - vine, Cheer this sad - dened heart of mine;  
4. Ho - ly Spir - it! all di - vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine;

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark - ness in - to day.  
Long hath sin with - out con - trol Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.  
Bid my man - y woes de - part, Heal my wound - ed, bleed - ing heart.  
Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol - throne, Reign su - preme - and reign a - lone. A - men.

# Mercy 7s (Arr. 2)



1. Christ to heav'n is gone be - fore In the bod - y here He wore;  
2. All the an - gels won - d'ring own, 'Tis our na - ture on the throne;  
3. Fear not, ye of lit - tle faith, For He hath a - bol - ished death;  
4. As our Shep - herd He is there, With the com - fort of His care;



He that as our Broth - er died, Is our Broth - er glo - ri - fied.  
"How, He lov - ed them, be - hold!" Trem - bles on the harps of gold.  
And no long - er now we die, We but fol - low Christ on high.  
Fear no e - vil, doubt no more, Christ to heav'n is gone be - fore. A - men.

# Mercy 7s (Arr. 3)

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, Truth di - vine! Dawn up - on this soul of mine;  
2. Ho - ly Spir - it, Love di - vine! Glow with - in this heart of mine;  
3. Ho - ly Spir - it, Pow'r di - vine! Fill and nerve this will of mine;

Word of God, and in - ward Light! Wake my spir - it, clear my sight.  
Kin - dle ev - 'ry high de - sire; Per - ish self in Thy pure fire.  
By Thee may I strong - ly live, Brave - ly bear, and no - bly strive. A - men.

# Mercy For All

1. We are bought with a price by the Lamb that was slain; He has  
2. We may drink if we will of the fountain so free, That is  
3. O the riches of grace that in Je - sus a - bound! With the  
4. If we walk in the path that our Mas - ter has trod, - If we

con - quer'd the grave - He liv - eth a - gain! At the foot of the  
flow - ing to - day for you and for me; With our bur - den of  
full - ness of joy His peo - ple are crown'd. At the door of His  
die un - to sin, but live un - to God, When we pass the dark

cross He will an - swer our call: Bless - ed be the Lord! there is  
sin at its brink we may fall: Bless - ed be the Lord! there is  
love He will an - swer our call: Bless - ed be the Lord! there is  
vale He will an - swer our call: Bless - ed be the Lord! there is

## Chorus

mer - cy for all! Mer - cy for all! Mer - cy for all!



# Mercy For All

Bless - ed be the Lord! there is mer - cy for all! Mer - cy for all!

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both are in the key of B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. The melody in the upper staff begins with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, Bb4, and C5. The bass line in the lower staff starts with a quarter note G2, followed by quarter notes A2, Bb2, and C3. The lyrics are placed between the two staves.

Mer - cy for all! Bless - ed be the Lord! there is mer - cy for all!

The second system of music also consists of two staves in treble and bass clefs. The melody in the upper staff continues from the first system, starting with a quarter note C5, followed by quarter notes Bb4, A4, and G4. The bass line continues with a quarter note C3, followed by quarter notes Bb2, A2, and G2. The lyrics are placed between the two staves.

# Mercy's Free

1. By faith I view my Sav - ior dy - ing, On the tree, On the tree;  
 2. Did Christ, when I was sin pur - su - ing, Pit - y me? Pit - y me?  
 3. Je - sus my wea - ry soul re - fresh - es; Mer - cy's free! Mer - cy's free!  
 4. Long as I live, I'll still be cry - ing, "Mer - cy's free!" "Mer - cy's free!"

To ev - 'ry na - tion He is cry - ing, Look to Me! Look to Me!  
 And did He snatch my soul From ru - in Can it be? Can it be?  
 And ev - 'ry mo - ment Christ is pre - cious Un - to me! Un - to me!  
 And this shall be my theme when dy - ing, "Mer - cy's free!" "Mer - cy's free!"

He bids the guilt - y now draw near, Re - pent, be - lieve, dis - miss their fear:  
 Oh, yes! He did sal - va - tion bring; He is my Proph - et, Priest, and King;  
 None can de - scribe the bliss I prove, While thru this wil - der - ness I rove:  
 And when the vale of death I've passed, When lodged a - bove the storm - y blast,

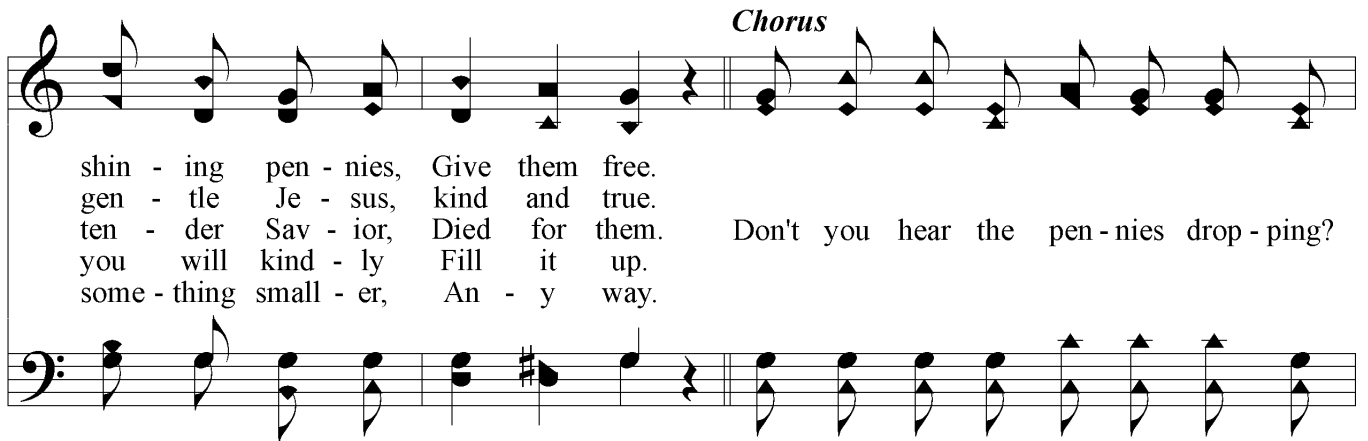
Hark! hark! what pre - cious words I hear! "Mer - cy's free!" "Mer - cy's free!"  
 And now my hap - py soul can sing, "Mer - cy's free!" "Mer - cy's free!"  
 All may en - joy the Sav - ior's love, "Mer - cy's free!" "Mer - cy's free!"  
 I'll sing, while end - less ag - es last, "Mer - cy's free!" "Mer - cy's free!"

# Merry Missionaries

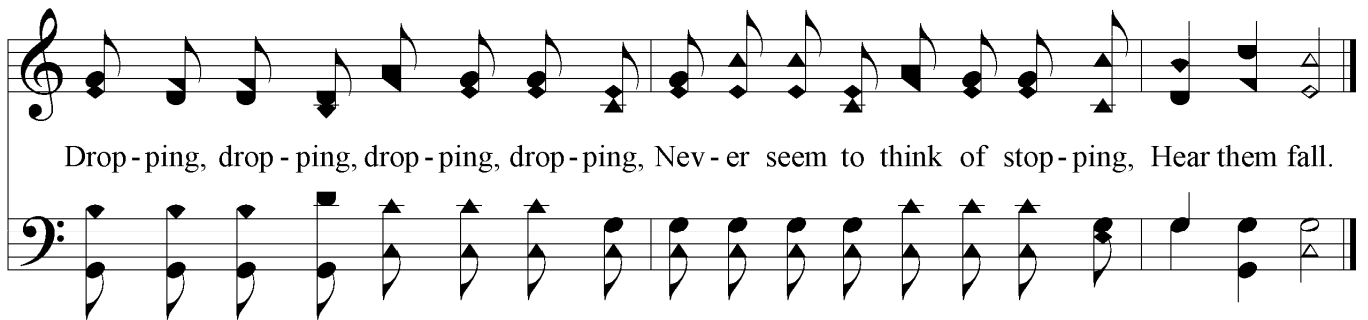


1. We are mer - ry mis - sion - ar - ies, Don't you see? And we give our  
2. We're so sor - ry hea - then peo - ple Nev - er knew All a - bout the  
3. Pen - nies help to tell the sto - ry Once a - gain, How the lov - ing,  
4. Now we're com - ing down a - mong you With our cup, And we hope that  
5. You big peo - ple might give dol - lars, We should say, If you can't, give

*Chorus*

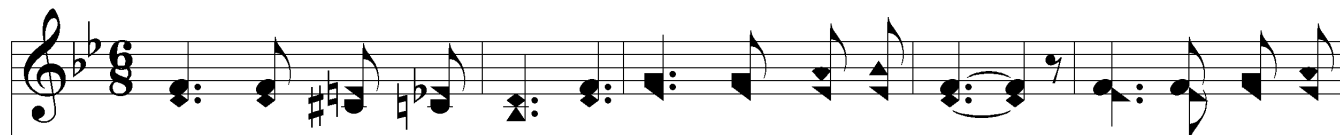


shin - ing pen - nies, Give them free.  
gen - tle Je - sus, kind and true.  
ten - der Sav - ior, Died for them. Don't you hear the pen - nies drop - ping?  
you will kind - ly Fill it up.  
some - thing small - er, An - y way.

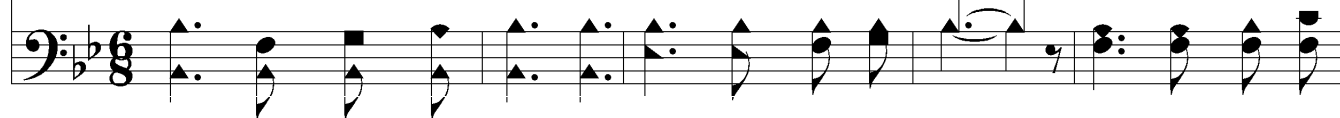


Drop - ping, drop - ping, drop - ping, drop - ping, Nev - er seem to think of stop - ping, Hear them fall.

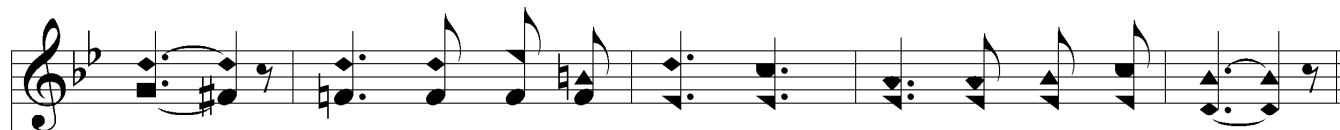
# Message Of Love



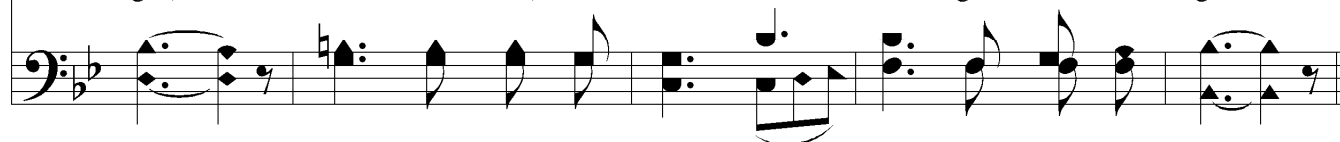
1. Thy Sav - ior is plead - ing, O wand - 'rer, to - day; From sin's vain al -  
 2. O trust thy Re - deem - er Once nailed to the tree, And heed now the  
 3. From sin's fa - tal slum - ber, O rouse and a - wake! Soon death may o'er  
 4. Bright sun - beams of mer - cy Thy path shall il - lume, Dis - pel - ling thy



lure - ments Turn, turn thee a - way, Thru per - fect sur - ren - der Thy war - fare shall  
 mes - sage Love bear - eth to thee; Then come, wea - ry pil - grim, By sor - row op -  
 take thee, Thy life is at stake! Christ is thy sal - va - tion From fear and from  
 dark - ness, Far scat - t'ring thy gloom; They shine with a ra - diance So peace - ful and



cease; How sweet is the mes - sage, Christ giv - eth thee peace.  
 pressed, Bring Je - sus thy bur - den, He giv - eth thee rest.  
 strife; The Lord hath re - deemed thee, He giv - eth thee life.  
 bright; O sin - ner, be - lieve it! Christ giv - eth thee light.



Sweet mes - sage of love For ev' - ry lost soul;  
 Sweet mes - sage of love For ev' - ry lost soul;



# Message Of Love

Look, sin - ner, to Je - sus For Christ mak - eth thee whole.  
Look, sin-ner, to Je-sus ev' - ry whit whole.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn "Message Of Love". It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The first line of lyrics is "Look, sin - ner, to Je - sus For Christ mak - eth thee whole." and the second line is "Look, sin-ner, to Je-sus ev' - ry whit whole." The music is in a simple, hymn-like style with a steady rhythm.

# Mighty God, Enthroned On High



1. Might - y God, en - throned on high, Un - to Thee once more we cry;  
2. Foun - tain of E - ter - nal Love, Let Thy Spir - it, like a dove,  
3. Source of un - cre - at - ed Light, Grant that ev - er in Thy sight  
4. God, our Fa - ther, may we be Heirs with Christ e - ter - nal - ly,




Ere this ho - ly day pass by, Oh, hear our prayer.  
Rest up - on us from a - bove, Oh, hear our prayer.  
We may shine so pass - ing bright, As an - gels fair.  
Thru His death on Cal - va - ry, Our guilt to bear. A - men.

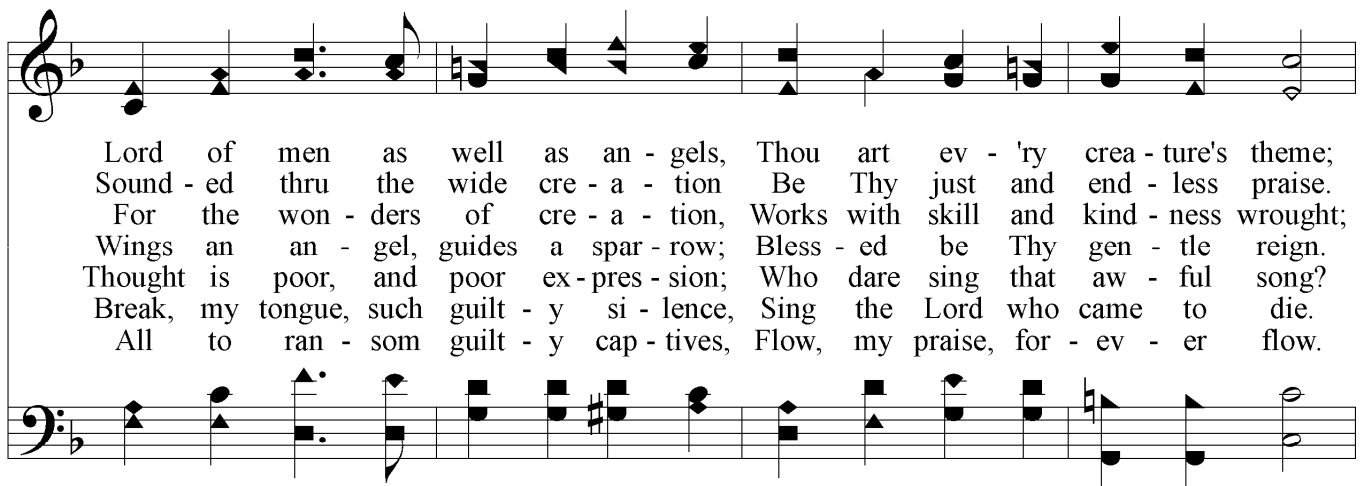
*After last verse*

# Mighty God, While Angels Bless Thee

KENSINGTON NEW 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 4, 6



1. Might - y God, while an - gels bless Thee, May a mor - tal sing Thy name?  
2. Lord of ev - 'ry land and na - tion, An - cient of e - ter - nal days,  
3. For the gran - deur of Thy na - ture— Grand be - yond a ser - aph's thought;  
4. For Thy prov - i - dence that gov - erns Thru Thine em - pire's wide do - main,  
5. But Thy rich, Thy free re - demp - tion, Bright, tho' veiled in dark - ness long,  
6. Bright - ness of the Fa - ther's glo - ry, Shall Thy praise un - ut - tered lie?  
7. From the high - est throne of glo - ry, To the cross of deep - est woe,

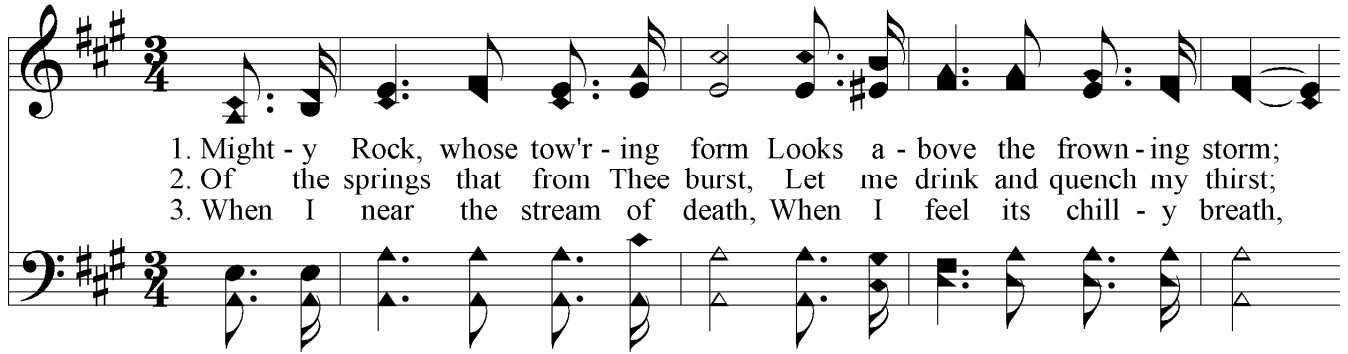


Lord of men as well as an - gels, Thou art ev - 'ry crea - ture's theme;  
Sound - ed thru the wide cre - a - tion Be Thy just and end - less praise.  
For the won - ders of cre - a - tion, Works with skill and kind - ness wrought;  
Wings an an - gel, guides a spar - row; Bless - ed be Thy gen - tle reign.  
Thought is poor, and poor ex - pres - sion; Who dare sing that aw - ful song?  
Break, my tongue, such guilt - y si - lence, Sing the Lord who came to die.  
All to ran - som guilt - y cap - tives, Flow, my praise, for - ev - er flow.




Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men. A - men.

# Mighty Rock, Whose Towering Form

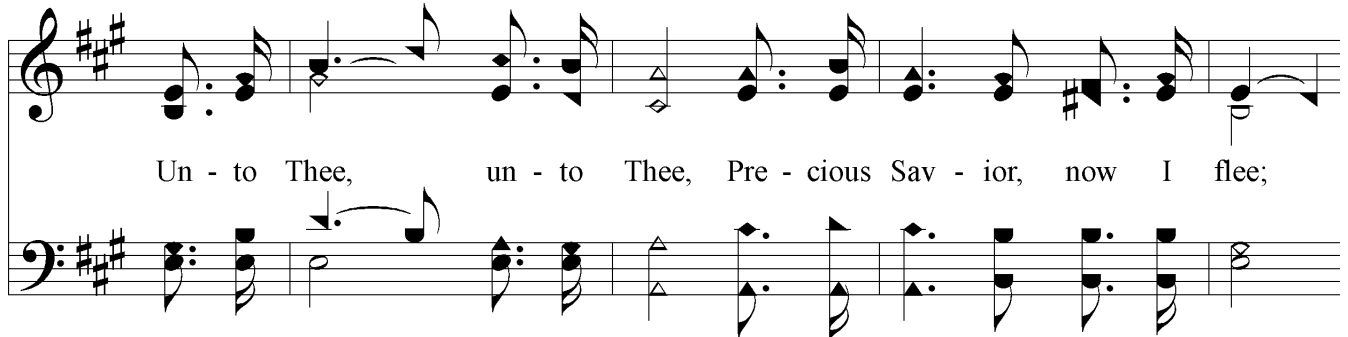


1. Might - y Rock, whose tow'r - ing form Looks a - bove the frown - ing storm;  
2. Of the springs that from Thee burst, Let me drink and quench my thirst;  
3. When I near the stream of death, When I feel its chill - y breath,



Rock a - mid the des - ert waste, To Thy shad - ow now I haste.  
Wea - ry, faint - ing, toil op - pressed, In Thy shad - ow let me rest.  
Rock where all my hopes a - bide, In Thy shad - ow let me hide.

## Chorus



Un - to Thee, un - to Thee, Pre - cious Sav - ior, now I flee;



Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

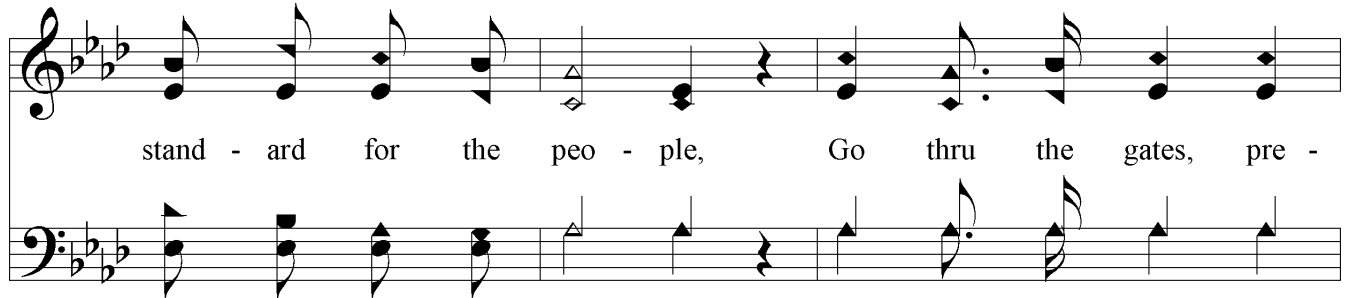


# Mighty To Save (Arr. 1)

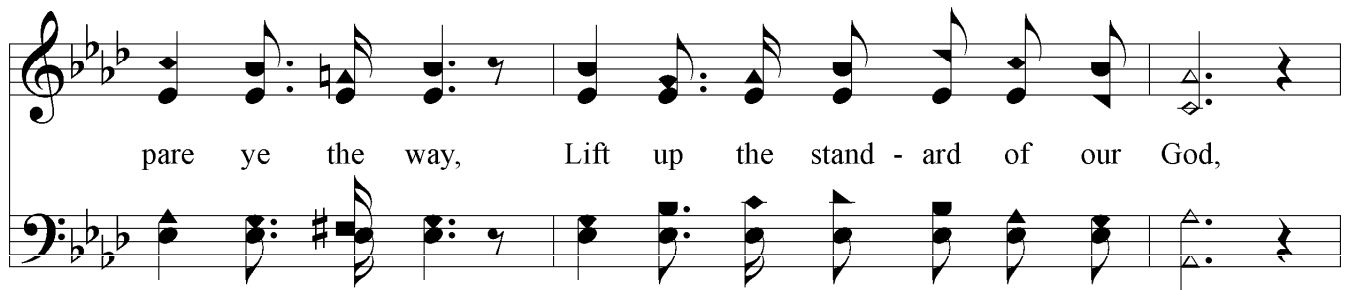
*Spirited*



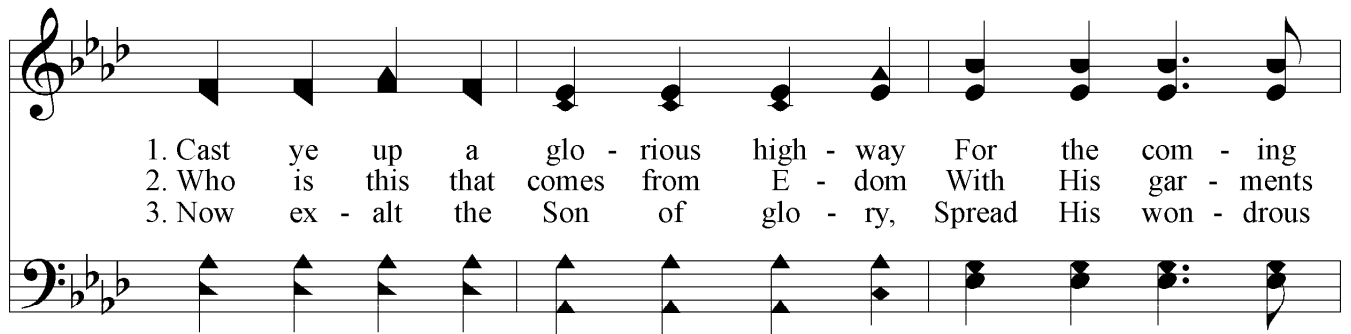
(all vss.) Go thru the gates, pre - pare ye the way, Lift up a



stand - ard for the peo - ple, Go thru the gates, pre -



pare ye the way, Lift up the stand - ard of our God,



1. Cast ye up a glo - rious high - way For the com - ing  
2. Who is this that comes from E - dom With His gar - ments  
3. Now ex - alt the Son of glo - ry, Spread His won - drous

# Mighty To Save

of our King, Sing His prais - es, tell His glo - ry, Make the gates of  
dyed in blood? 'Tis the Lord of life and glo - ry, 'Tis the bless - ed  
name a - broad, Un - to men He brings sal - va - tion, Je - sus Christ the

*ff*  
Zi - on ring, Migh - ty to save, might - y to save,  
Son of God, Migh - ty to save, might - y to save,  
Son of God, Migh - ty to save, might - y to save,

*p* *ff*  
(all vss.) Say ye to the daugh - ter of Zi - on, Might - y to save,

might - y to save, Je - sus Christ is might - y to save.

# Mighty To Save (Arr. 2)

"I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save." – Isa. 63:1

1. Oh, who is this that com - eth From E - dom's crim - son plain,  
2. Oh, why is Thine ap - par - el So ver - y deep - ly dyed? -  
3. O bleed - ing Lamb, my Sav - ior, How couldst Thou bear this shame?

With wound - ed side; with gar - ments dyed? Oh, tell me now Thy name.  
Like them that tread the vine - press red? Oh, why this crim - son tide?  
With mer - cy fraught, Thine arm has brought Sal - va - tion in Thy name!

"I that saw thy soul's dis - tress, A ran - som gave;  
"I the wine - press trod a - lone, 'Neath sor - row's wave;  
"I the vic - to - ry have won, Con - quered the grave;

I that speak in right - eous - ness, Might - y to save!"  
Of the peo - ple there was none Might - y to save!"  
Now the year of joy has come, Might - y to save!"

# Mighty To Save

## Chorus

Might - y to save! to save! Might - y to save! to save!

Lord, I'll trust Thy won - d'rous love, "Might - y to save!"

# Mighty To Save Us

1. Might - y to save us, and strong to de - liv - er, Je - sus, the  
 2. Might - y to save us, the poor and the low - ly, Bid - ding us  
 3. Might - y to save us, the weak and the stray - ing, Strong to de -  
 4. Might - y to save us, O beau - ti - ful sto - ry! O - ver the

mer - ci - ful Sav - ior of men; His is the pow'r and the  
 trust in His won - der - ful love; Seek - ing the lost, He, the  
 liv - er from e - vil and sin; O - ver the van - quished, His  
 cross shines the crown of His grace; Saved for sweet ser - vice, we'll

glo - ry for - ev - er; Ring out the ju - bi - lant watch - word a - gain.  
 High and the Ho - ly, Left His bright home in the king - dom a - bove.  
 ban - ner dis - play - ing, Till, by his Spir - it, the vic - t'ry we win.  
 sing of His glo - ry, Kept by His pow'r till we see face to face.

## Chorus

Might - y to save and strong to de - liv - er, Might - y to  
 Might - y to save,

# Mighty To Save Us

save, might - y to save; Might - y to save, and  
Might - y to save, might - y to save; Might - y to save,

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. It features a melody with a long note on the first measure, followed by eighth notes, and a final long note. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

strong to de - liv - er, All who will come thru His name; O praise the Lord.

The second system of music also consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melody from the first system, ending with a double bar line. The lower staff continues the accompaniment, also ending with a double bar line.

# Mighty, Youthful Army

*Bodily and with martial swing*

1. See the might - y youth - ful ar - my March - ing on - ward to the fray;  
2. 'Gainst this might - y youth - ful ar - my Sin and wrong can ne'er pre - vail;  
3. Sa - tan and the host of dark - ness Must be, shall be o - ver - thrown,

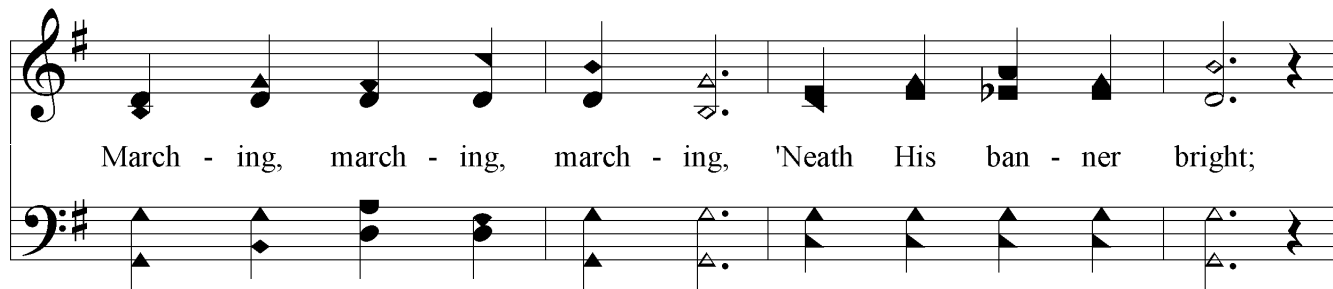
Hear their ring - ing notes of glad - ness On this hap - py Sab - bath day;  
For they fol - low as their Cap - tain One whose word can nev - er fail;  
And our ris - en Lord and Sav - ior Crown'd as Mon - arch of His own

Now a note of praise as - cend - ing, Then the notes of vic - t'ry ring,  
He the vic - to - ry has prom - ised, We His tri - umph now may sing  
We are march - ing to the bat - tle, Soon the tri - umph we will sing

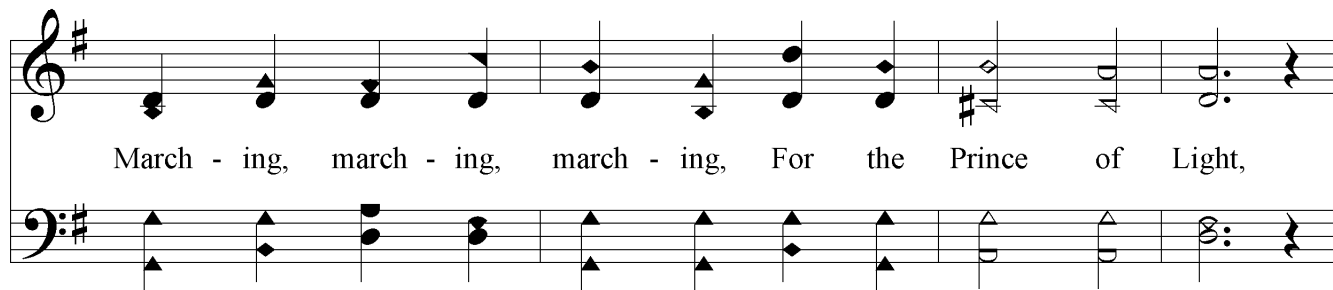
As they march be - neath the ban - ner Of the Sav - ior King.  
As we march be - neath the ban - ner Of our Sav - ior King.  
'Neath the proud - ly wav - ing ban - ner Of our Sav - ior King.

# Mighty, Youthful Army

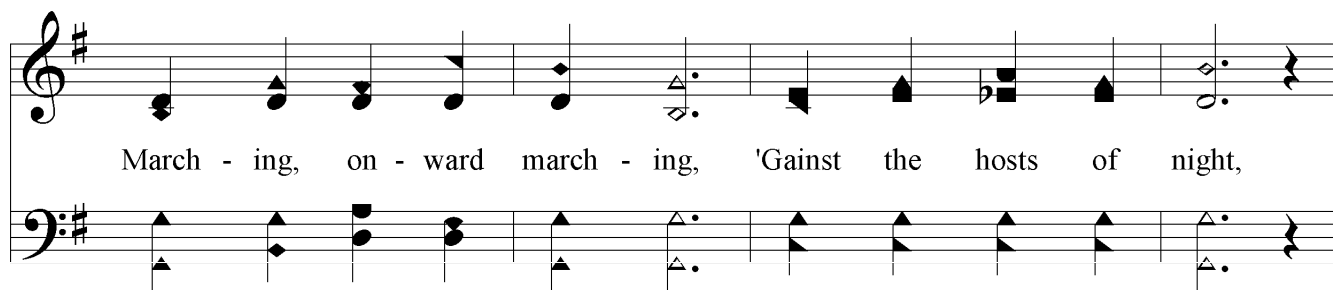
## Chorus




Musical notation for the first line of the chorus, featuring a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a bass clef staff. The melody is written in a simple, march-like style. The lyrics are: "March - ing, march - ing, march - ing, 'Neath His ban - ner bright;"



Musical notation for the second line of the chorus, featuring a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a bass clef staff. The melody continues from the previous line. The lyrics are: "March - ing, march - ing, march - ing, For the Prince of Light,"



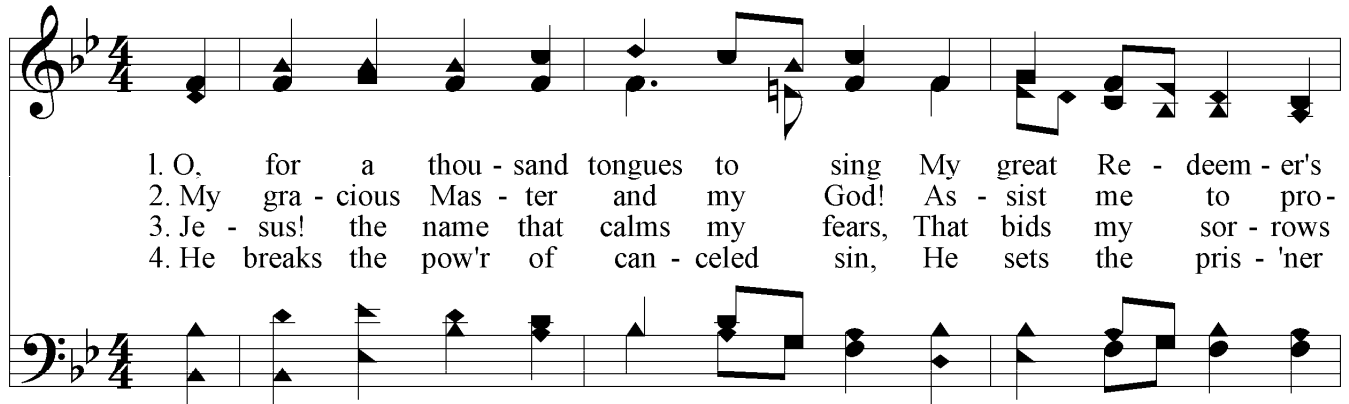
Musical notation for the third line of the chorus, featuring a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a bass clef staff. The melody continues. The lyrics are: "March - ing, on - ward march - ing, 'Gainst the hosts of night,"



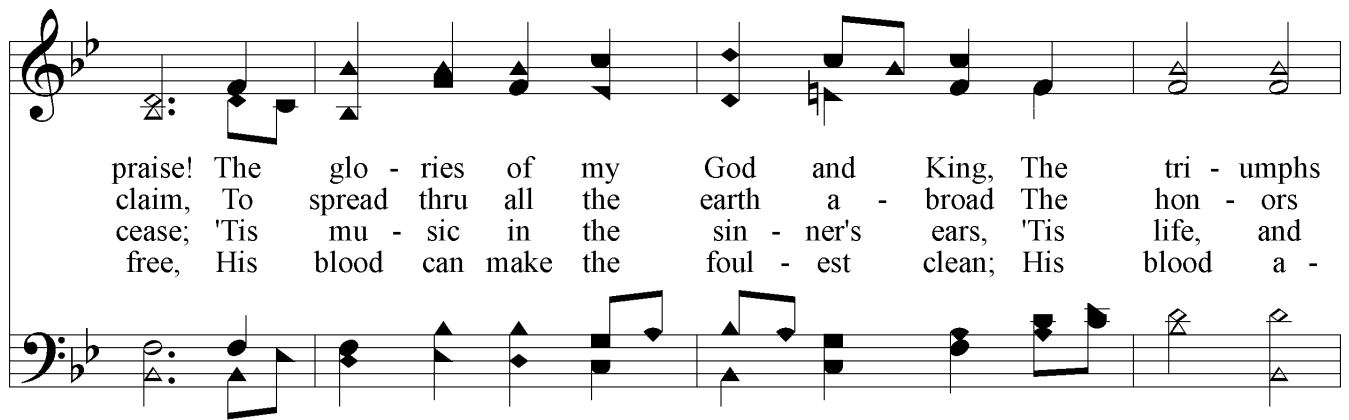
Musical notation for the fourth line of the chorus, featuring a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a bass clef staff. The melody concludes with a final cadence. The lyrics are: "Might - y youth - ful ar - my, March - ing for the right."



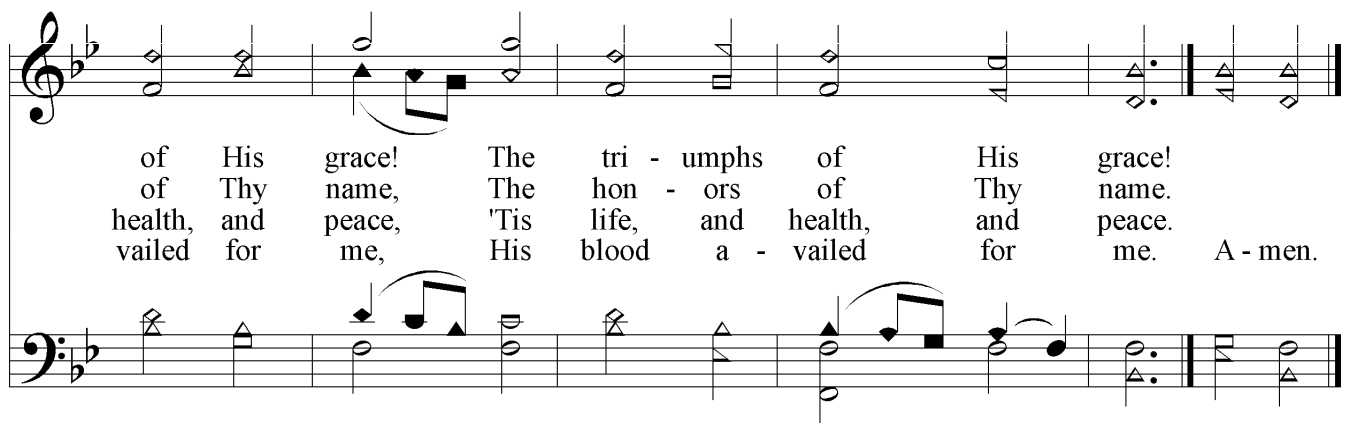
# Miles Lane C. M.



1. O, for a thou - sand tongues to sing My great Re - deem - er's  
2. My gra - cious Mas - ter and my God! As - sist me to pro -  
3. Je - sus! the name that calms my fears, That bids my sor - rows  
4. He breaks the pow'r of can - celed sin, He sets the pris - 'ner



praise! The glo - ries of my God and King, The tri - umphs  
claim, To spread thru all the earth a - broad The hon - ors  
cease; 'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears, 'Tis life, and  
free, His blood can make the foul - est clean; His blood a -

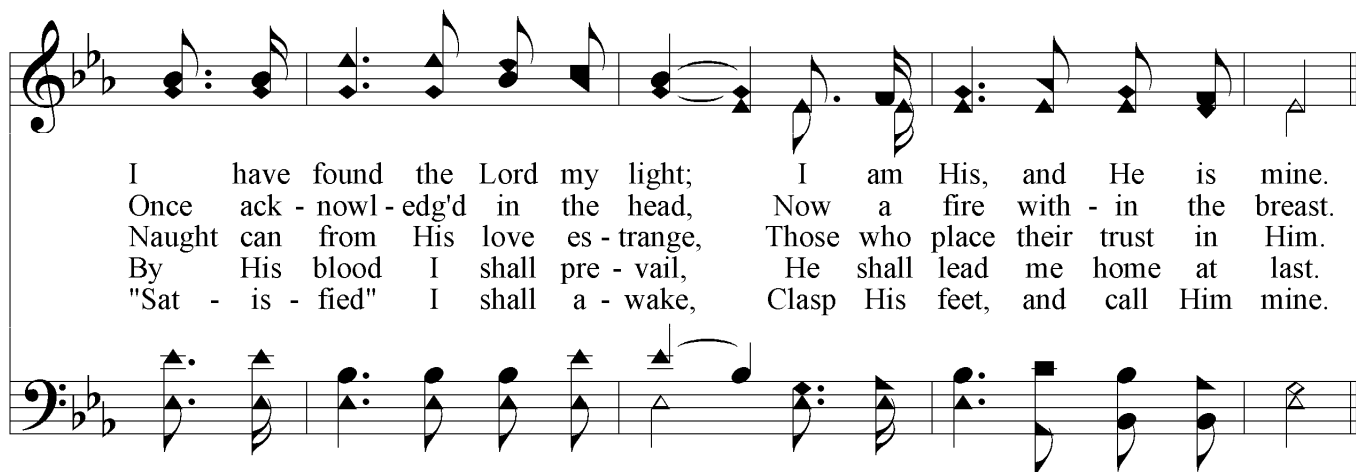


of His grace! The tri - umphs of His grace!  
of Thy name, The hon - ors of Thy name.  
health, and peace, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.  
veiled for me, His blood a - veiled for me. A - men.

# Mine!



1. Mine! what rays of glo - ry bright Now up - on the prom - ise shine!  
2. Mine! the prom - ise of - ten read, Now in liv - ing truth im - press'd,  
3. Mine! the prom - ise can - not change, Mine! tho' oft my eyes are dim;  
4. Mine! tho' oft my hand may fail, He is strong and holds me fast;  
5. Mine! when death the bars shall break, 'Mid those glo - ries all di - vine

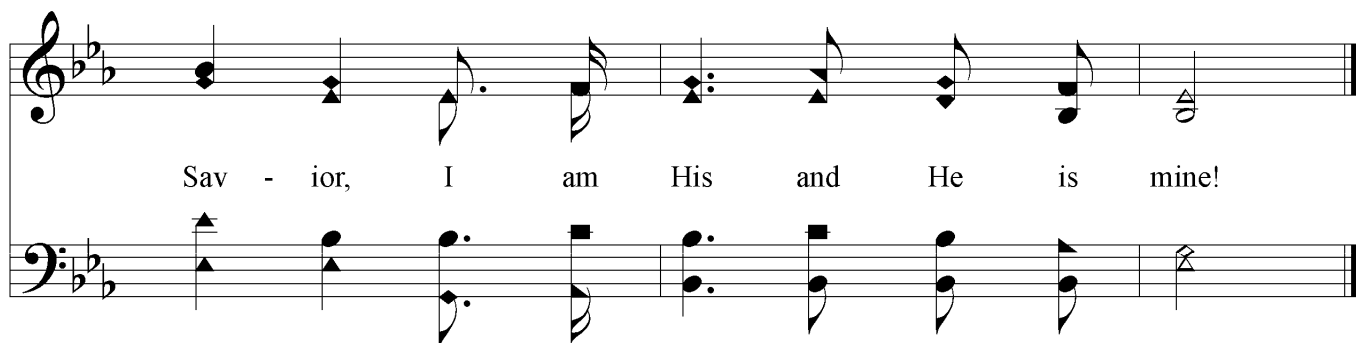


I have found the Lord my light; I am His, and He is mine.  
Once ack - nowl - edg'd in the head, Now a fire with - in the breast.  
Naught can from His love es - trange, Those who place their trust in Him.  
By His blood I shall pre - vail, He shall lead me home at last.  
"Sat - is - fied" I shall a - wake, Clasp His feet, and call Him mine.

## Chorus



Mine, oh, mine, Mine, oh, mine, Je - sus Christ, my Lord and



Sav - ior, I am His and He is mine!

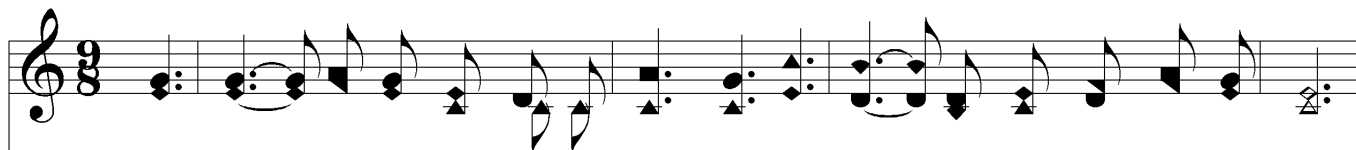
# Mine Eyes And My Desire

LEIGHTON S. M.

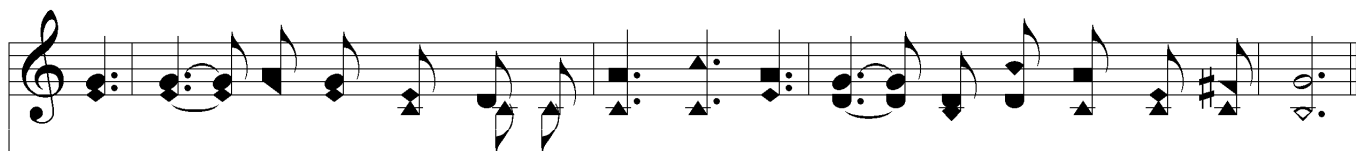
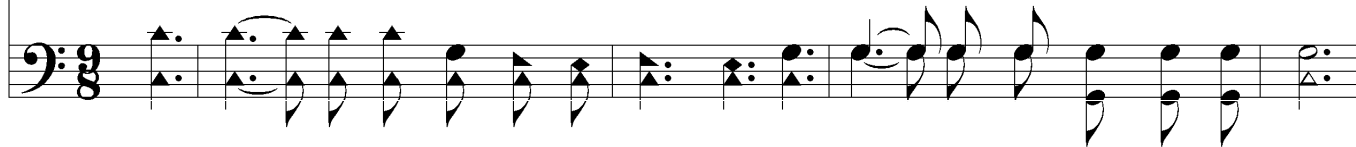
1. Mine eyes and my de - sire Are ev - er to the Lord;  
2. Lord, turn to Thee my soul; Bring Thy sal - va - tion near:  
3. When shall the sov - 'reign grace Of my for - giv - ing God  
4. Oh, keep my soul from death, Nor put my hope to shame!  
5. With hum - ble faith I wait To see Thy face a - gain;

I love to plead His prom - is - es, And rest up - on His word.  
When will Thy hand re - lease my feet From sin's de - struc - tive snare?  
Re - store me from those dan - g'rous ways My wan - d'ring feet have trod?  
For I have placed my on - ly trust In my Re - deem - er's name.  
Of Is - rael it shall ne'er be said, He sought the Lord in vain.

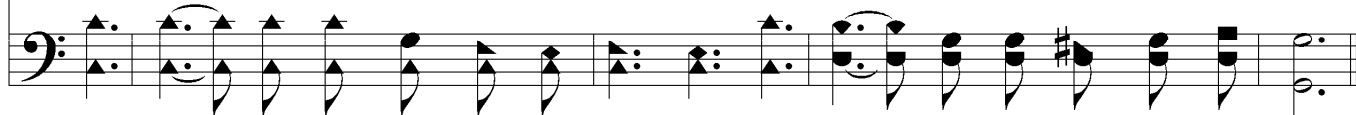
# Mine Eyes Shall Behold Him



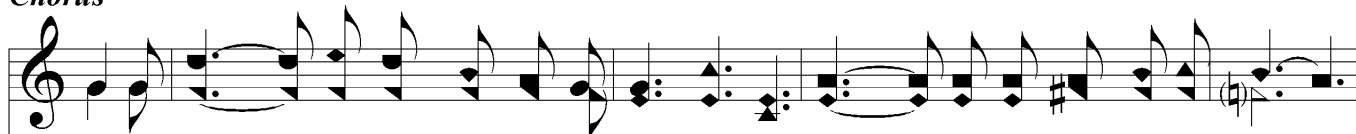
1. I know not the hour of His com - ing, Nor how He will speak to my heart;  
 2. I know not the bliss that a - waits me, At rest with my Sav - ior a - bove;  
 3. Per - haps in the midst of my la - bor, A voice from the Lord I shall hear;  
 4. I know not, but oh, I am watch - ing, My lamp ev - er burn - ing and bright;



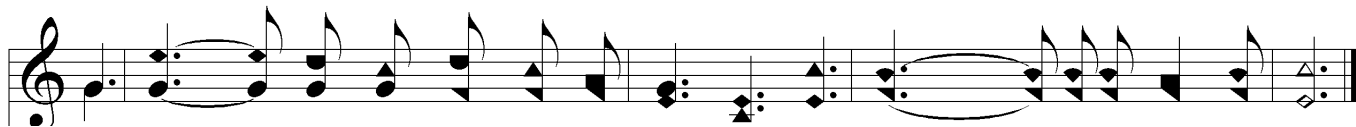
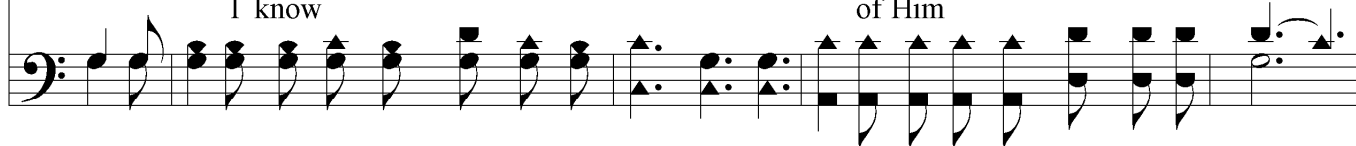
Or wheth - er at morn - ing or mid - day, My spir - it to Him will de - part.  
 I know not how soon I shall en - ter, And bathe in the o - cean of love.  
 Per - haps in the slum - ber of mid - night, Its mes - sage will fall on my ear.  
 I know not if Je - sus will call me At morn - ing, at noon, or at night.



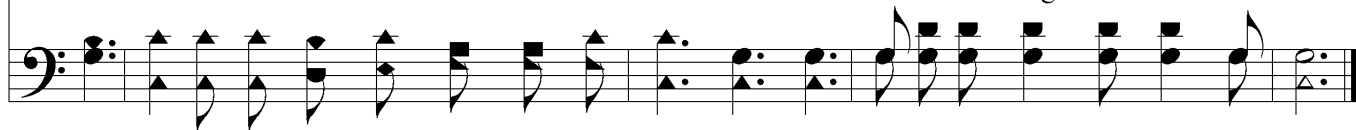
## Chorus



But I know I shall wake in the like - ness Of Him I am long - ing to see;  
 I know of Him



I know that mine eyes shall be - hold Him, And that is e - nough for me.  
 I know is e - nough



# Miriam 7s, 6s, D (Arr. 1)

1. I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot - less Lamb of God;  
 2. I lay my wants on Je - sus; All full - ness dwells in Him;  
 3. I rest my soul on Je - sus, This wea - ry soul of mine;  
 4. I long to be like Je - sus, Meek, lov - ing, low - ly, mild;

He bears them all, and frees us From the ac - curs - ed load:  
 He heals all my dis - eas - es, He doth my soul re - deem:  
 His right hand me em - brac - es, I on His breast re - cline,  
 I long to be like Je - sus The Fa - ther's ho - ly Child:

I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my crim - son stains  
 I lay my griefs on Je - sus, My bur - dens and my cares;  
 I love the name of Je - sus, Em - ma - nuel, Christ, the Lord;  
 I long to be with Je - sus A - mid the heav'n - ly throng,

White in His blood most pre - cious, Till not a spot re - mains.  
 He from them all re - leas - es, He all my sor - rows shares.  
 Like fra - grance on the breez - es His name a - broad is poured.  
 To sing with saints His prais - es, To learn the an - gels' song. A - men.

# Miriam 7s, 6s, D (Arr. 2)

1. I saw the cross of Je - sus, When bur - dened with my sin;  
2. Sweet is the cross of Je - sus! There let my wea - ry heart

I sought the cross of Je - sus, To give me peace with - in!  
Still rest in peace un - sha - ken, Till with Him, ne'er to part;

I brought my soul to Je - sus, He cleansed it in His blood;  
And then in strains of glo - ry I'll sing His won - drous pow'r,

And in the cross of Je - sus I found my peace with God.  
Where sin can nev - er en - ter, And death is known no more. A - men.

# Missionary Chant L. M.

1. Go, la - bor on; spend and be spent, Thy joy to do the  
 2. Go, la - bor on; 'tis not for naught; Thine earth - ly loss is  
 3. Go, la - bor on; e - nough, while here, If He shall praise thee  
 4. Toil on, and in thy toil re - joice; For toil comes rest, for

Fa - ther's will; It is the way the Mas - ter went;  
 heav'n - ly gain; Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;  
 if He deign Thy will - ing heart to mark and cheer:  
 ex - ile home; Soon shalt thou hear the Bride - groom's voice,

Should not the ser - vant tread it still?  
 The Mas - ter prais - es, - what are men?  
 no toil for Him shall be in vain.  
 The mid - night peal: "Be - hold, I come!" A - men.

# Missionary Hymn 7s, 6s. D

1. From Green - land's i - cy moun - tains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,  
 2. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis - dom from on high -  
 3. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll,

When Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en  
 Shall we, to men be - night - ed, The lamp of life de -  
 Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to

sand; From man - y an an - cient riv - er, From man - y a palm - y plain,  
 ny? Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,  
 pole; Till o'er our ran - somed na - ture The Lamb for sin - ners slain,

They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.  
 Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion Has learn'd Mes - si - ah's name.  
 Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign! A - men.



# Moment By Moment

1. Dy - ing with Je - sus, by death reck - oned mine; Liv - ing with Je - sus, a  
 2. Nev - er a tri - al that He is not there, Nev - er a bur - den that  
 3. Nev - er a heart - ache, and nev - er a groan, Nev - er a tear - drop and  
 4. Nev - er a weak - ness that He doth not feel, Nev - er a sick - ness that

new life di - vine; Look - ing to Je - sus till glo - ry doth shine, Mo - ment by  
 He doth not bear, Nev - er a sor - row that He doth not share, Mo - ment by  
 nev - er a moan; Nev - er a dan - ger but there on the throne, Mo - ment by  
 He can - not heal; Mo - ment by mo - ment, in woe or in weal, Je - sus my

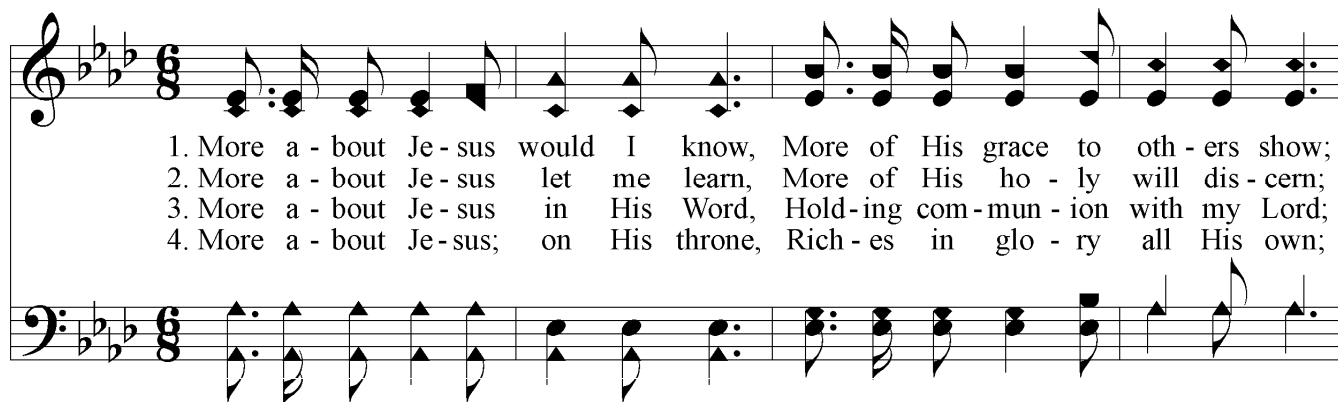
*Fine Chorus*  
 mo - ment, O Lord, I am Thine.  
 mo - ment, I'm un - der His care. Mo - ment by mo - ment I'm kept in His love; Mo - ment by  
 mo - ment He thinks of His own. Mo - ment by mo - ment I'm kept in His love; Mo - ment by  
 Sav - ior, a - bides with me still.

*D.S.* - mo - ment, O Lord, I am Thine.

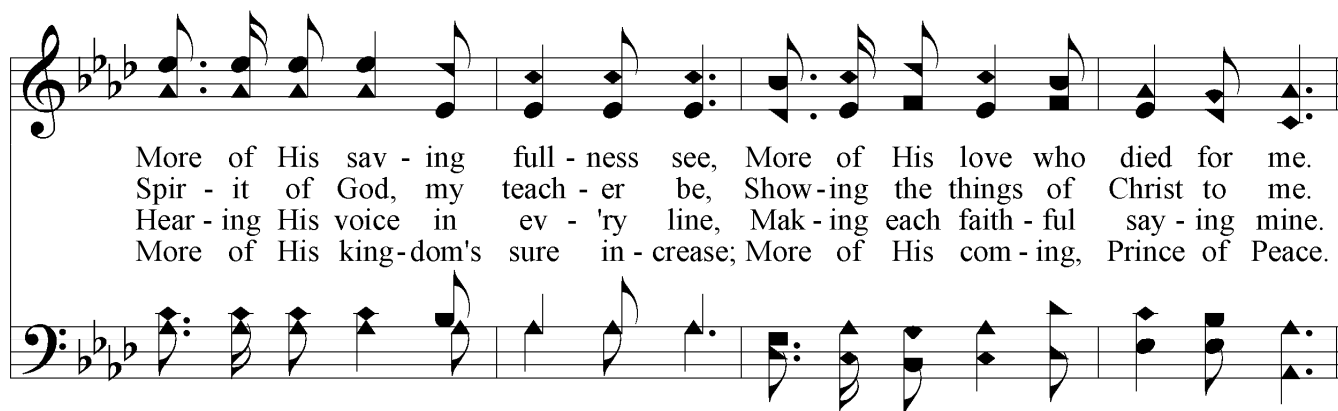
*D.S. al Fine*

mo - ment I've life from a - bove; Look - ing to Je - sus till glo - ry doth shine; Mo - ment by

# More About Jesus

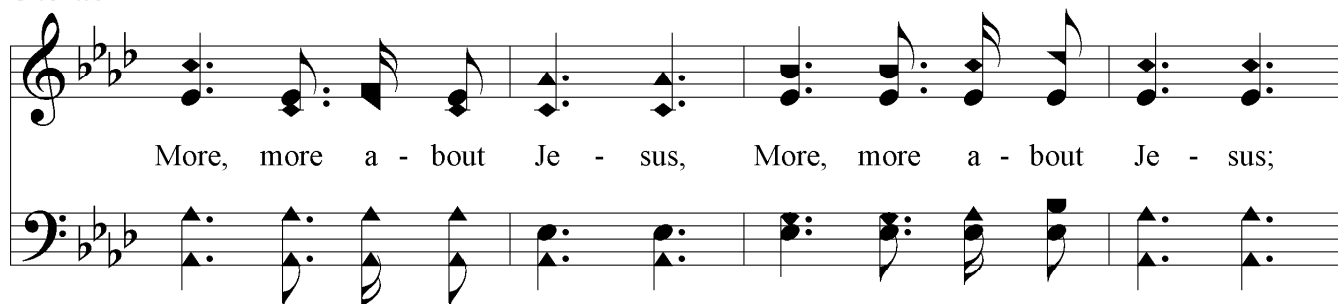


1. More a - bout Je - sus would I know, More of His grace to oth - ers show;  
2. More a - bout Je - sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis - cern;  
3. More a - bout Je - sus in His Word, Hold - ing com - mun - ion with my Lord;  
4. More a - bout Je - sus; on His throne, Rich - es in glo - ry all His own;



More of His sav - ing full - ness see, More of His love who died for me.  
Spir - it of God, my teach - er be, Show - ing the things of Christ to me.  
Hear - ing His voice in ev - 'ry line, Mak - ing each faith - ful say - ing mine.  
More of His king - dom's sure in - crease; More of His com - ing, Prince of Peace.

## Chorus



More, more a - bout Je - sus, More, more a - bout Je - sus;



More of His sav - ing full - ness see, More of His love who died for me.

# More and More I Need Thee

1. More and more I need Thee, Pre - cious Friend di - vine, More and  
 2. More and more I need Thee, Thou, my all in all; More and  
 3. More and more I need Thee, In temp - ta - tion's hour; More and  
 4. More and more I need Thee, While the days go by; More and

more I need Thee, In this heart of mine, Thou hast led me  
 more I need Thee, Lest I faint and fall, I am weak and  
 more I need Thee, Need thy keep - ing pow'r; Let my soul up -  
 more I need Thee, While the mo - ments fly; In Thy se - cret

ev - er, Still my ref - uge be. Sav - ior, lov - ing Sav - ior, A -  
 help - less, Thou, my strength must be; Sav - ior, lov - ing Sav - ior, A -  
 lift - ed, Cling by faith to Thee, Sav - ior, lov - ing Sav - ior, A -  
 pres - ence, Let my dwell - ing be; Sav - ior, lov - ing Sav - ior, A -

*Chorus*  
 bide with me. More and more and more I need Thee oh, I  
 More and more, yes, more and more,

need Thee! Sav - ior, lov - ing Sav - ior, A - bide with me.

Words: Fanny J. Crosby  
 Music: W. H. Doane

# More Holiness Give Me

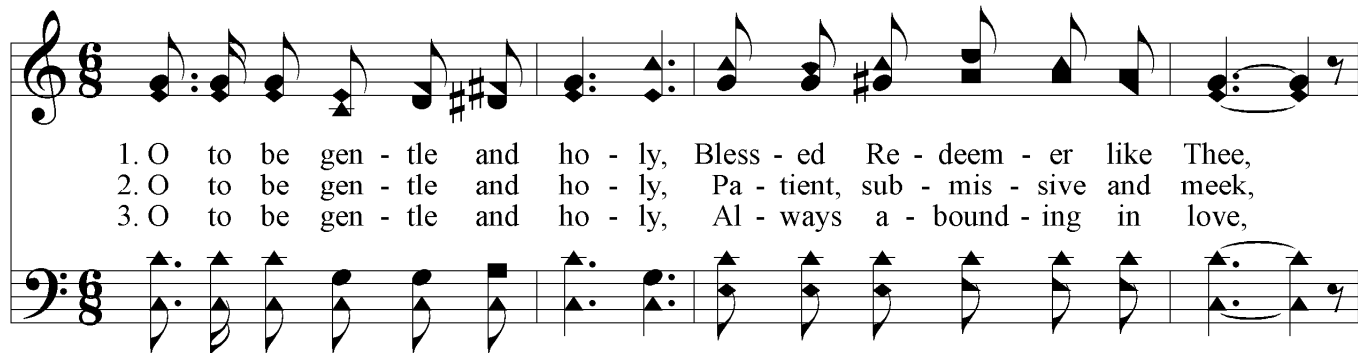
1. More ho - li - ness give me, More striv - ings with - in,  
 2. More grat - i - tude give me, More trust in the Lord,  
 3. More pu - ri - ty give me, More strength to o'er - come,

More pa - tience in suf - fring, More sor - row for sin,  
 More praise for His glo - ry, More hope in His Word,  
 More free - dom from earth - stains, More long - ings for home;

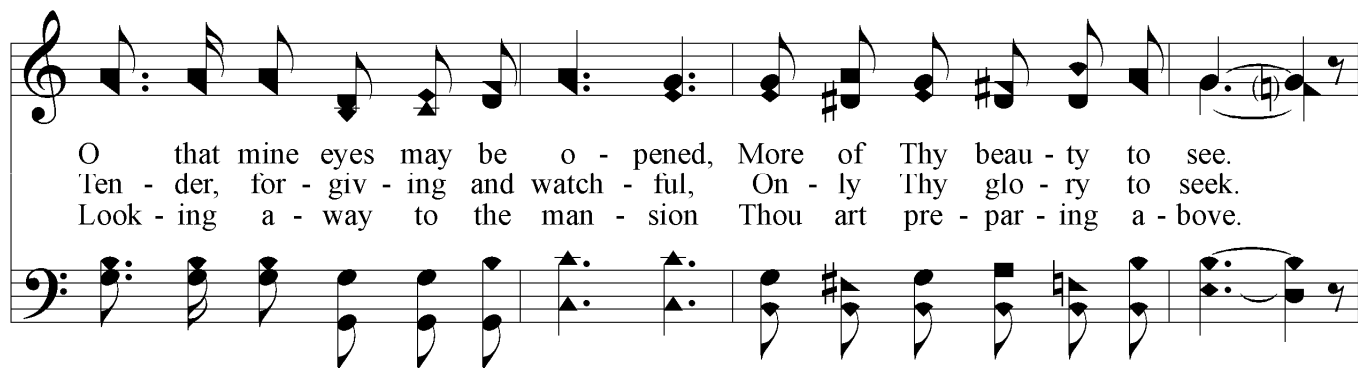
More faith in my Sav - ior, More sense of His care.  
 More tears for His sor - rows, More pain at His grief,  
 More fit for the king - dom, More use - ful I'd be,

More joy in His serv - ice, More pur - pose in pray'r.  
 More meek - ness in tri - al, More praise for re - lief.  
 More bless - ed and ho - ly, More, Sav - ior, like Thee.

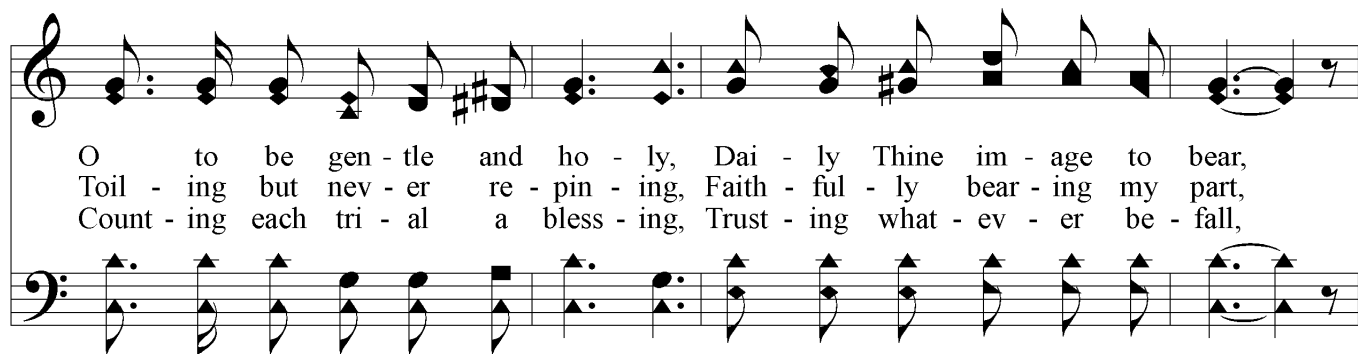
# More Holy Would I Be



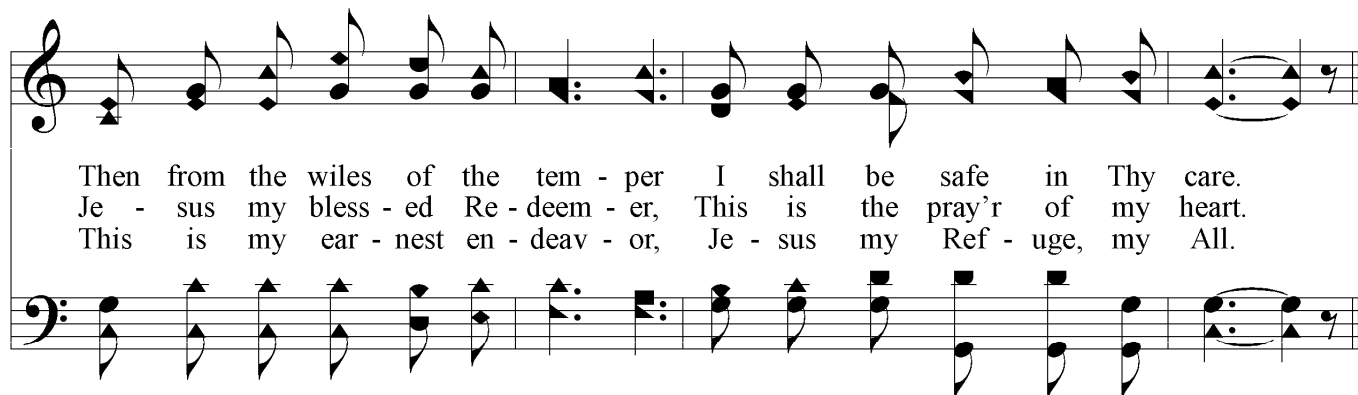
1. O to be gen - tle and ho - ly, Bless - ed Re - deem - er like Thee,  
2. O to be gen - tle and ho - ly, Pa - tient, sub - mis - sive and meek,  
3. O to be gen - tle and ho - ly, Al - ways a - bound - ing in love,



O that mine eyes may be o - pened, More of Thy beau - ty to see.  
Ten - der, for - giv - ing and watch - ful, On - ly Thy glo - ry to seek.  
Look - ing a - way to the man - sion Thou art pre - par - ing a - bove.



O to be gen - tle and ho - ly, Dai - ly Thine im - age to bear,  
Toil - ing but nev - er re - pin - ing, Faith - ful - ly bear - ing my part,  
Count - ing each tri - al a bless - ing, Trust - ing what - ev - er be - fall,



Then from the wiles of the tem - per I shall be safe in Thy care.  
Je - sus my bless - ed Re - deem - er, This is the pray'r of my heart.  
This is my ear - nest en - deav - or, Je - sus my Ref - uge, my All.

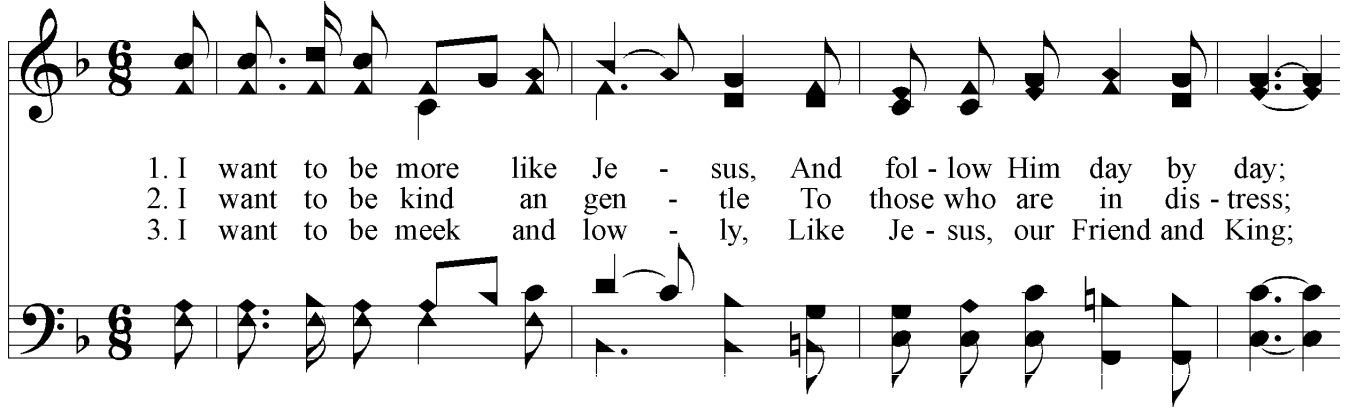
# More Holy Would I Be

## Chorus

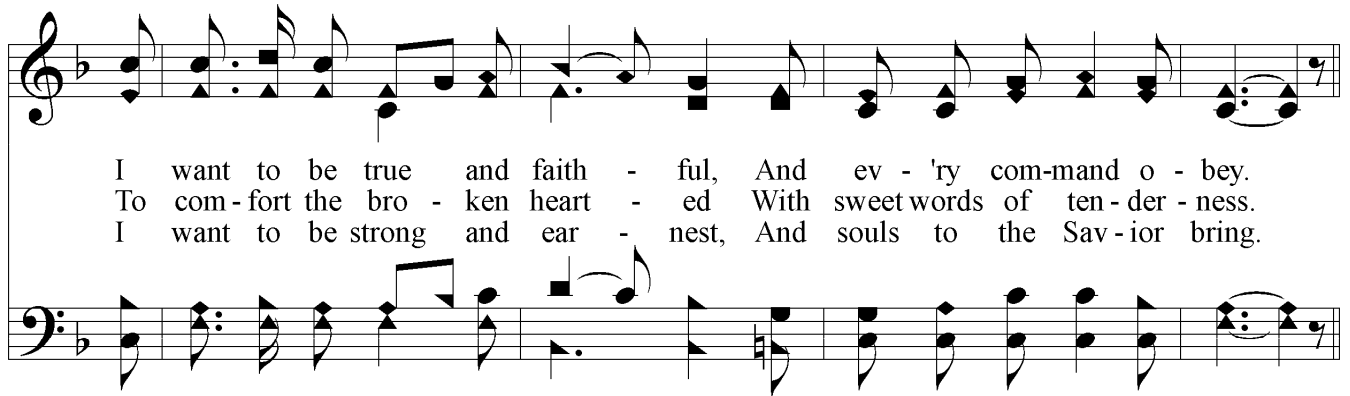
Ho - ly, more ho - ly, O still would I be,  
Ho-ly, more ho - ly, Ho-ly, more ho - ly, Bless-ed Re-deem-er, O still would I be,

Fill with Thy Spir - it, And draw me clos-er to thee.  
Fill with Thy Spir - it, O fill with Thy Spir - it,

# More Like Jesus (Arr. 1)

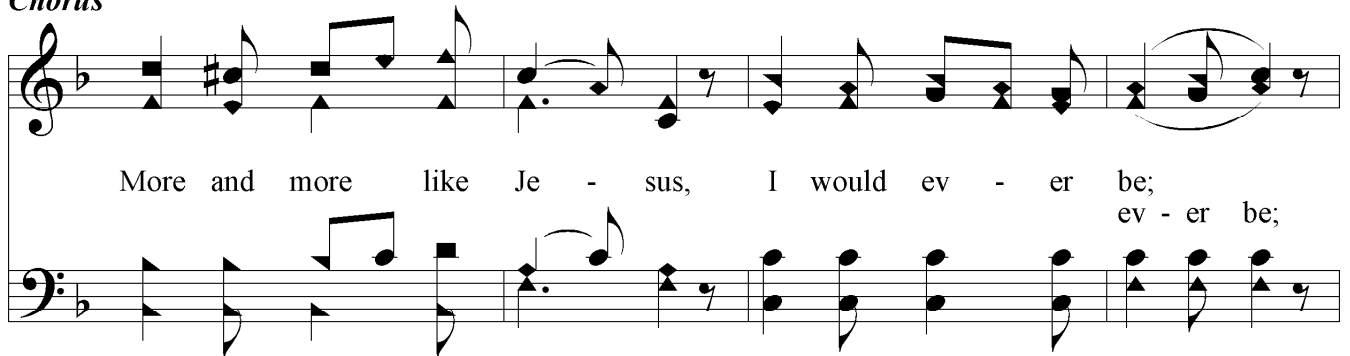


1. I want to be more like Je - sus, And fol - low Him day by day;  
2. I want to be kind an gen - tle To those who are in dis - tress;  
3. I want to be meek and low - ly, Like Je - sus, our Friend and King;

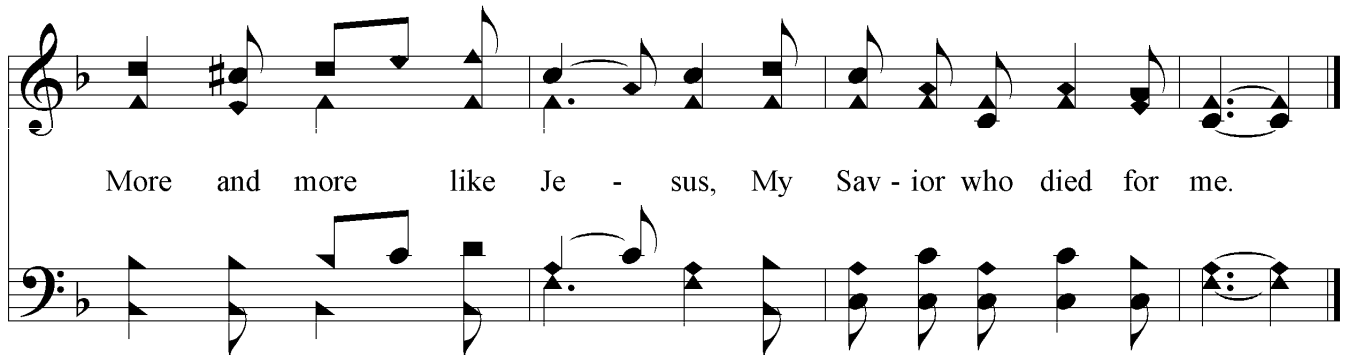


I want to be true and faith - ful, And ev - 'ry com-mand o - bey.  
To com-fort the bro - ken heart - ed With sweet words of ten - der - ness.  
I want to be strong and ear - nest, And souls to the Sav - ior bring.

## Chorus



More and more like Je - sus, I would ev - er be;  
ev - er be;



More and more like Je - sus, My Sav - ior who died for me.

# More Like Jesus (Arr. 2)

1. I would be more like Je - sus Ev' - ry day; I would  
 2. I would be kind and gen - tle, Meek and mild; I would  
 3. I would work in His vine - yard Ev' - ry day; Pa - tient,

be true and faith - ful All the way; I would know what to  
 be pure and lov - ing- His dear child; I would do good to  
 trust - ing, o - be - dient, Come what may; I would go where He

sing and What to say, I would know how to lis - ten- How to pray.  
 oth - ers, As He did; I would shed joy and sun - shine, In Him hid.  
 leads me, By His grace, Till in glo - ry I see Him Face to face.

## Chorus

So I'll watch and I'll la - bor And I'll pray; By His grace I will fol - low All the way;

Then with joy I shall meet Him- Tri - als o'er- And with Him reign for - ev - er, Ev - er - more.



# More Like Jesus Would I Be

MORE LIKE JESUS

1. More like Je - sus would I be; Let my Sav - ior dwell with me,  
2. If He hears the ra - ven's cry; If His ev - er watch - ful eye  
3. More like Je - sus when I pray, More like Je - sus day by day,

Fill my soul with peace and love, Make me gen - tle as a dove;  
Marks the spar - rows when they fall, Sure - ly He will hear my call,  
May I rest me by His side, Where the tran - quil wa - ters glide;

More like Je - sus, while I go, Pil - grim in this world be - low;  
He will teach me how to live, All my sin - ful tho'ts for - give;  
Born of Him, thru grace re - newed, By His love my will sub - dued,

Poor in spir - it would I be— Let my Sav - ior dwell in me.  
Pure in heart I still would be— Let my Sav - ior dwell in me.  
Rich in faith I still would be— Let my Sav - ior dwell in me.

# More Like My Savior

*Prayerfully*

1. More like my Sav - ior I would ev - er be, This is the  
2. More like my Sav - ior, pa - tient, kind and true, Seek - ing each  
3. O bless - ed Spir - it, teach me thru Thy word, Give me a  
4. More like my Sav - ior, how my heart is stirr'd, When - e'er I

pray'r my heart would raise to Thee, Thou who did'st give Thine  
day the Fa - ther's will to do, Find - ing in Him, my  
vi - sion of my ris - en Lord, O may its glo - ry  
read in His own bless - ed word, "I shall be like Him" -

on - ly Son to die, Hear me, O Fa - ther, while to Thee I cry.  
sphere of great - est joy, Pleas - ures un - dimm'd, and peace with - out al - loy.  
fill my life each hour, That I may wit - ness with the Spir - it's pow'r.  
O what won - drous bliss, For I at last shall see Him as He is.

# More Like the Master

1. More like the Mas-ter I would ev - er be, More of His meek-ness,  
 2. More like the Mas-ter is my dai - ly prayer; More strength to car - ry  
 3. More like the Mas-ter I would live and grow; More of His love to

more hu - mil - i - ty; More zeal to la - bor, more cour - age to be  
 cross - es I must bear; More ear - nest ef - fort His king - dom to in -  
 oth - ers I would show; More self de - ni - al, like His in Gal - i -

true, More con - se - cra - tion for work He bids me do.  
 cease; More of His Spir - it, the wan - der - er to win.  
 lee, More like the Mas - ter I long to ev - er be.

*Rit...*

## Chorus

Take Thou my heart, I would be Thine a - lone;  
 Take my heart, O take my heart, I would be Thine a - lone;

# More Like the Master

Take Thou my heart and make it all Thine own;  
Take my heart, O take my heart and make it all Thine own;

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and the time signature is 7/4. The melody in the treble staff features a series of eighth and quarter notes, with some notes beamed together. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

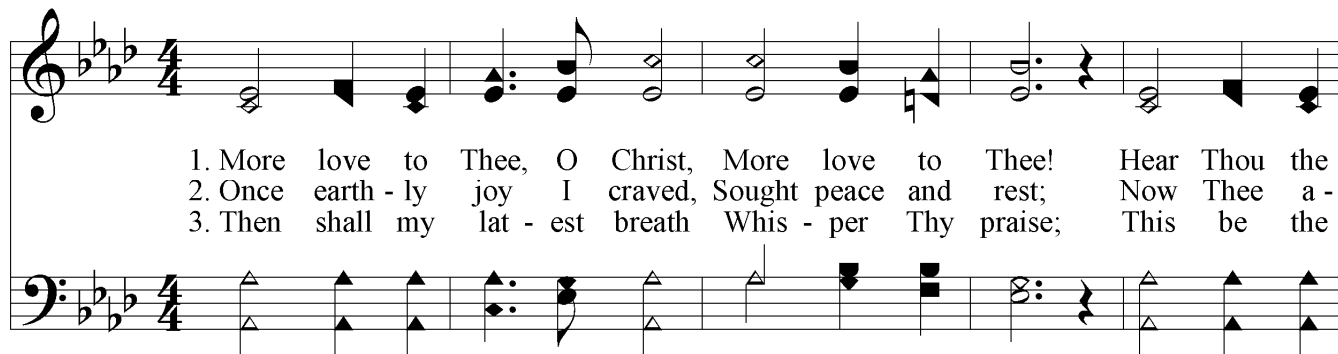
Purge me from sin, O Lord, I now im - plore,  
Purge Thou me from ev - 'ry sin, O Lord, I now im - plore,

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff shows a melodic line with some rests and a final note with a fermata. The bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment.

Wash me and keep me Thine for - ev - er - more.  
Wash and keep, O wash and keep me Thine for - ev - er - more.

The third system of musical notation concludes the piece. The treble staff features a melodic line that ends with a fermata. The bass staff provides a final accompaniment with a sustained chord.

# More Love To Thee (Arr. 1 / 3 vs.)

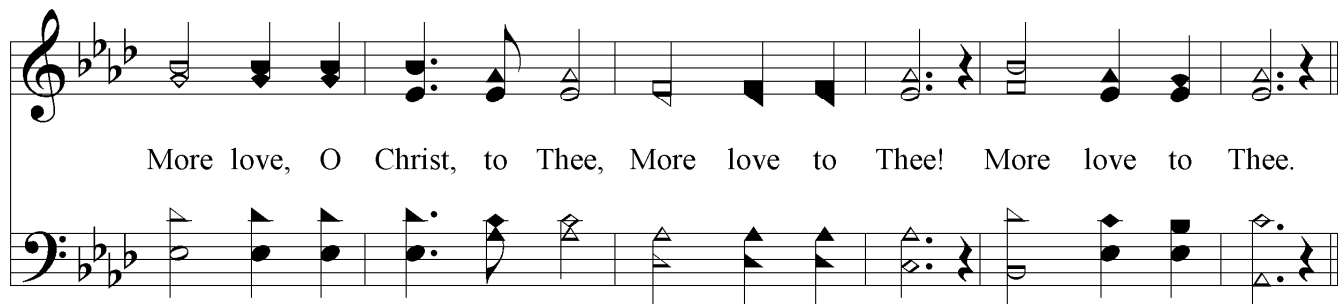


1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the  
2. Once earth - ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a -  
3. Then shall my lat - est breath Whis - per Thy praise; This be the



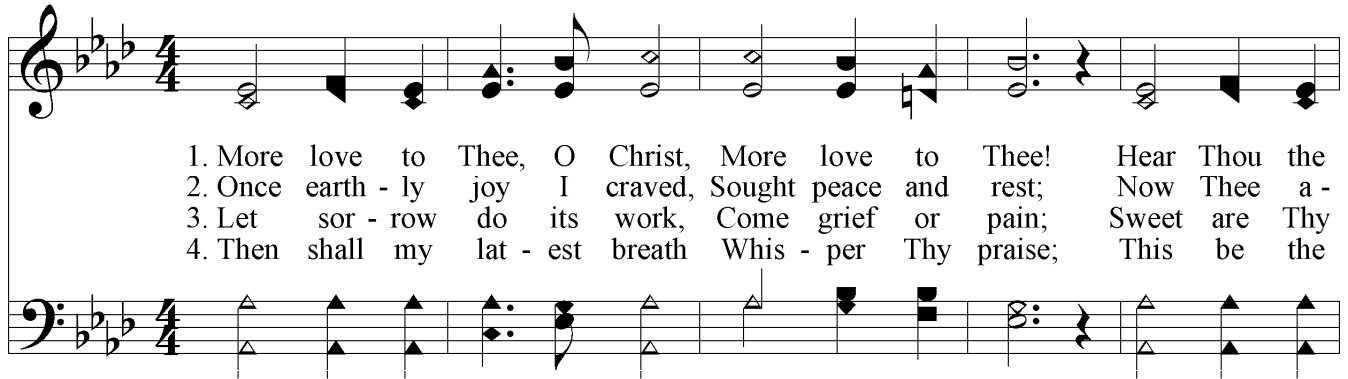
prayer I make, On bend - ed knee; This is my ear - nest plea,  
I seek, Give what is best; This all my prayer shall be,  
part - ing cry My heart shall raise, This still its prayer shall be,

## Chorus



More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee.

# More Love To Thee (Arr. 1 / 4vs.)

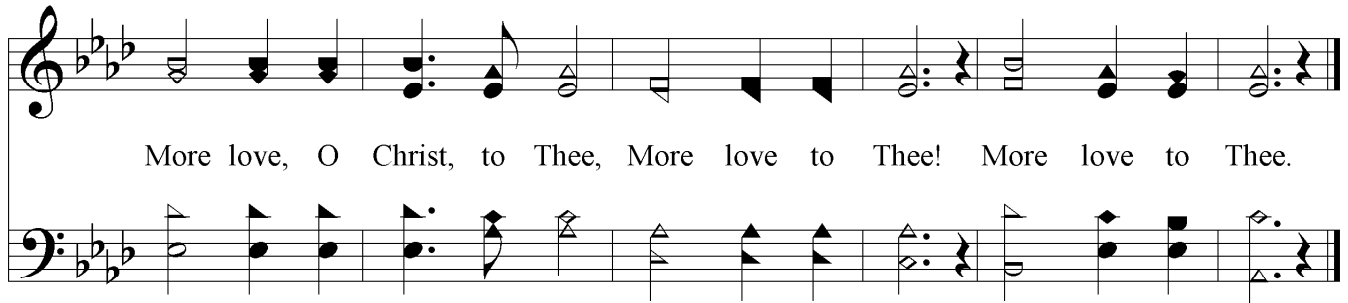


1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the  
2. Once earth - ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a -  
3. Let sor - row do its work, Come grief or pain; Sweet are Thy  
4. Then shall my lat - est breath Whis - per Thy praise; This be the



prayer I make, On bend - ed knee; This is my ear - nest plea,  
lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my prayer shall be,  
mes - sen - gers, Sweet their re - frain, When they can sing with me -  
part - ing cry My heart shall raise, This still its prayer shall be,

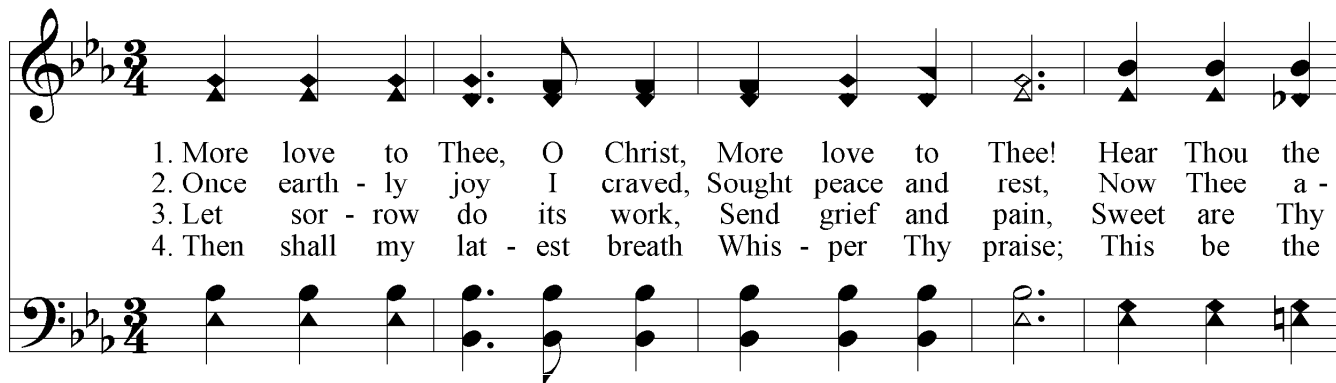
## Chorus



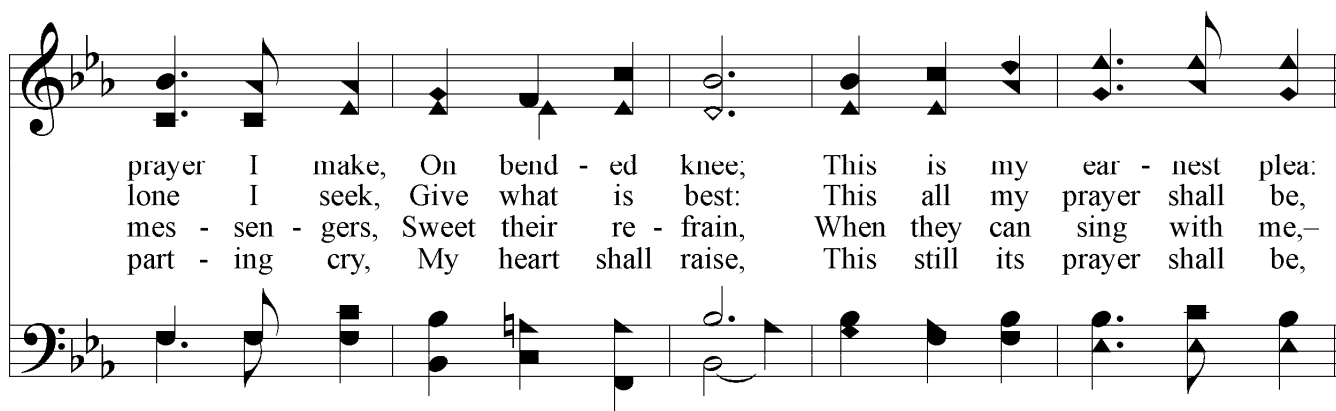
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee.

# More Love To Thee, O Christ (Arr. 2)

PAYSON 6s & 4s.



1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the  
2. Once earth - ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest, Now Thee a -  
3. Let sor - row do its work, Send grief and pain, Sweet are Thy  
4. Then shall my lat - est breath Whis - per Thy praise; This be the



prayer I make, On bend - ed knee; This is my ear - nest plea:  
I seek, Give what is best: This all my prayer shall be,  
mes - sen - gers, Sweet their re - frain, When they can sing with me,  
part - ing cry, My heart shall raise, This still its prayer shall be,

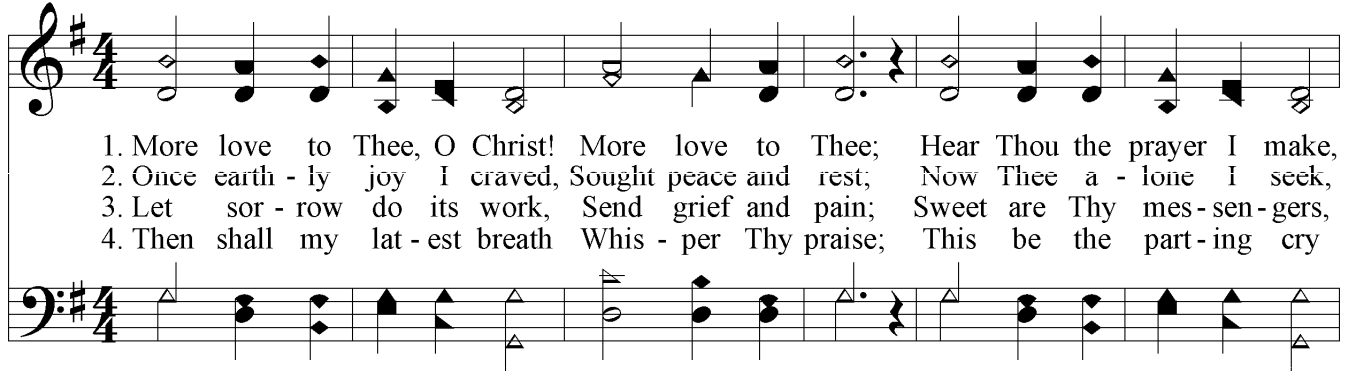
## Refrain



*Rit...*  
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!

# More Love To Thee, O Christ! (Arr. 3)

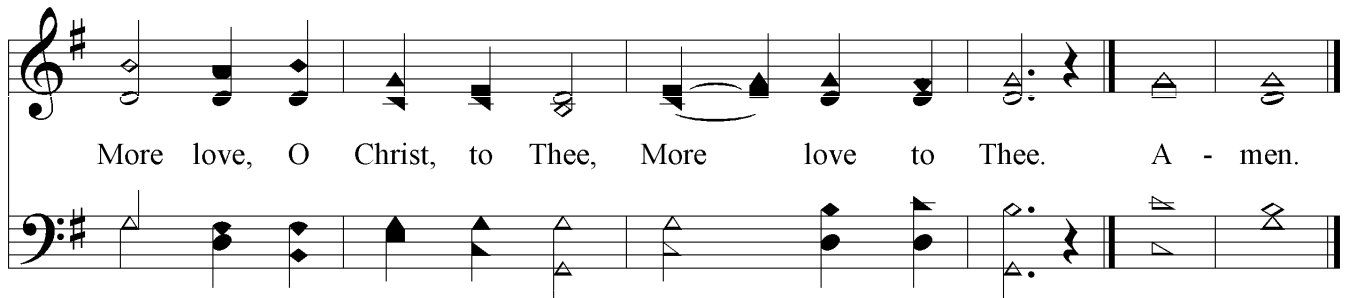
MORE LOVE 6s & 4s



1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee; Hear Thou the prayer I make,  
2. Once earth - ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a - lone I seek,  
3. Let sor - row do its work, Send grief and pain; Sweet are Thy mes - sen - gers,  
4. Then shall my lat - est breath Whis - per Thy praise; This be the part - ing cry



On bend - ed knee; This is my ear - nest plea - More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
Give what is best: This all my prayer shall be, More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
Sweet their re - frain, When they can sing with me, More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
My heart shall raise, This still its prayer shall be, More love, O Christ, to Thee,



More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee. A - men.



# More Precious Every Day

1. How deep is that great love which all The wounds of Je - sus Christ dis-play;  
 2. The sun has dawned up - on my soul With beam - ing, pure, life - giv - ing ray;  
 3. He com-forts me in sadd - est mood, He seeks me when I go a - stray;  
 4. In dark-ness Je - sus is my light, My sure de-fense, my help, my stay;

'Twas sweet when first I heard His call, And grows more pre-cious ev - 'ry day.  
 I love His gen - tle, sweet con - trol- He grows more pre-cious ev - 'ry day.  
 My wild - est pas-sions are sub-dued- He grows more pre-cious ev - 'ry day.  
 My cour - age in the dark - est night- He grows more pre-cious ev - 'ry day.

## Chorus

Ev - 'ry day, Ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry day, At His word the  
 Ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry day, At His word of


shad - ows back - ward roll; Ev - 'ry day a -  
 love the shad - ows back - ward roll; Ev - 'ry day

# *More Precious Every Day*

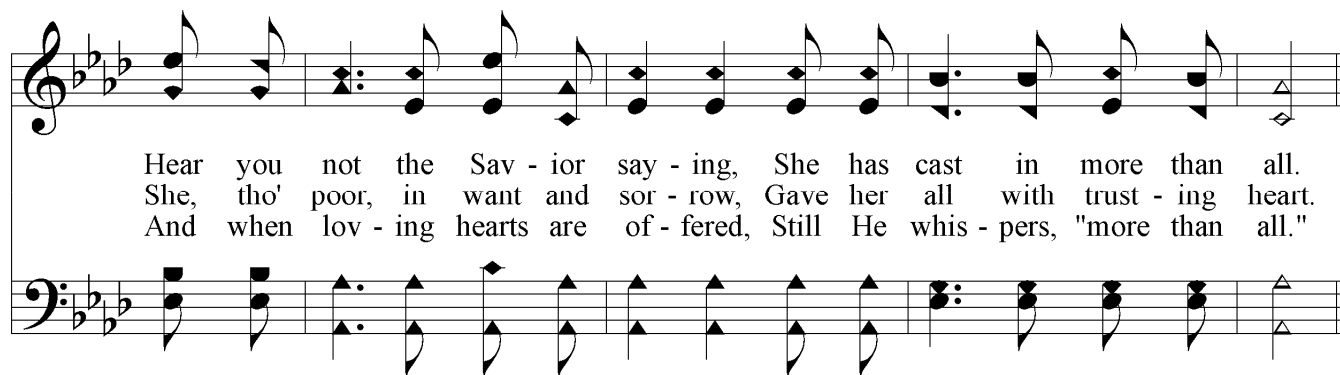
long the way a - long the way, Je - sus grows more pre - cious to my soul.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn "More Precious Every Day". It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The treble staff contains the melody, which begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a half note B4. A slur covers the next four notes: G4, A4, B4, and C5. The melody continues with a quarter note B4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note G4, and a quarter note F4. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment, starting with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note G2, and then a series of chords and single notes in the lower register. The lyrics are written below the treble staff, with "long the way" under the first two notes, "a - long the way," under the slurred notes, and "Je - sus grows more pre - cious to my soul." under the final notes. The score ends with a double bar line.

# More Than All

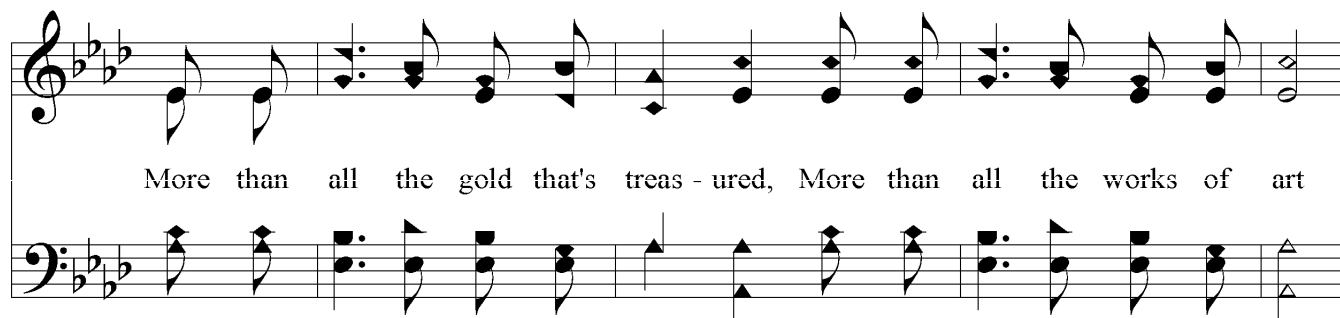


1. See you not the hum - ble wid - ow Stand - ing in the tem - ple hall,  
2. Oth - ers gave of their a - bun - dance On - ly just a lit - tle part;  
3. Christ to - day is stand - ing, watch - ing Ev - 'ry gift that we let fail,

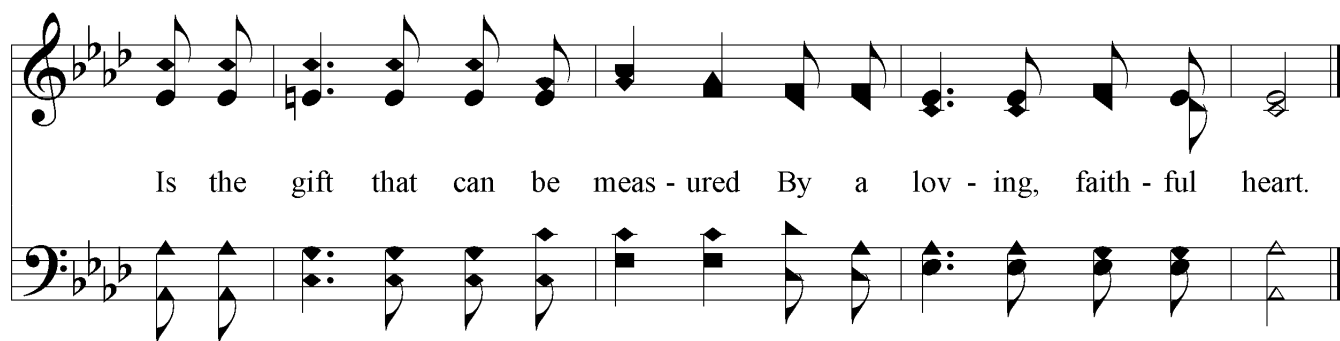


Hear you not the Sav - ior say - ing, She has cast in more than all.  
She, tho' poor, in want and sor - row, Gave her all with trust - ing heart.  
And when lov - ing hearts are of - fered, Still He whis - pers, "more than all."

## Chorus



More than all the gold that's treas - ured, More than all the works of art



Is the gift that can be meas - ured By a lov - ing, faith - ful heart.

# More Than I Can Pay



1. There's a pre - cious Friend called Je - sus of whose praise I sing, For He  
2. In the hour of pain and trou - ble He is al - ways nigh, And a -  
3. He His all has free - ly giv - en just to win my love, And has




sends me man - y bless - ings ev - 'ry day; Tho' with joy to His dear al - tar  
mid the storm His words my fears al - lay; When the en - e - my ap - proach - es  
prom - ised to be with me all the way; I'm pre - par - ing now to praise Him



now my all I bring, Still I owe Him more than I can ev - er pay.  
I on Him re - ly, O, I owe Him more than I can ev - er pay.  
in the world a - bove, O, I owe Him more than I can ev - er pay.

## Chorus



Yes, I owe Him more than I can ev - er pay, Yet He sends me man - y

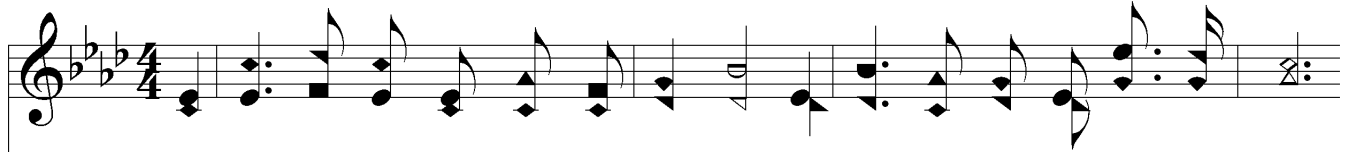
## More Than I Can Pay

bless - ings ev - 'ry day; He's the dear - est friend of all, for He  
ev - 'ry day;

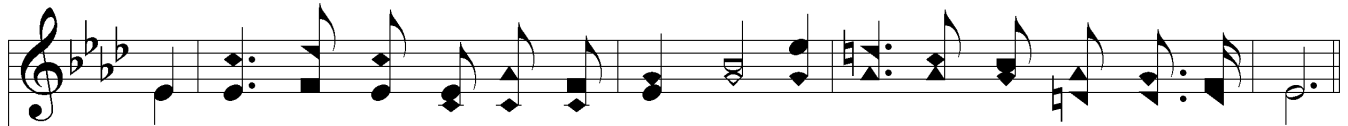
an - swers when I call, Yes, I owe Him more than I can ev - er pay.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn "More Than I Can Pay". It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "bless - ings ev - 'ry day; He's the dear - est friend of all, for He ev - 'ry day; an - swers when I call, Yes, I owe Him more than I can ev - er pay." The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords that support the vocal melody.

# More Than These



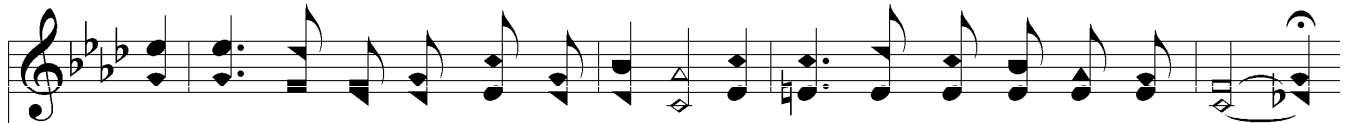
1. I need not trou - ble for the mor - row, For I am in my Fa - ther's care;  
2. I need not ei - ther thirst or hun - ger; His grace will nev - er be de - nied;  
3. I need not an a - bid - ing cit - y, For "I can tar - ry but a night;"  
4. O may my faith in - crease be - fore Him, My ser - vice here His bless - ing gain;



He will go with me as I jour - ney, For all my need He will pre - pare.  
He leads me to the liv - ing wa - ters; His dai - ly man - na is sup - plied.  
My heart, my treas - ures, are in Heav - en, My rai - ment is a robe of white.  
Let me seek first my Fa - ther's king - dom, For all be - side must be in vain!



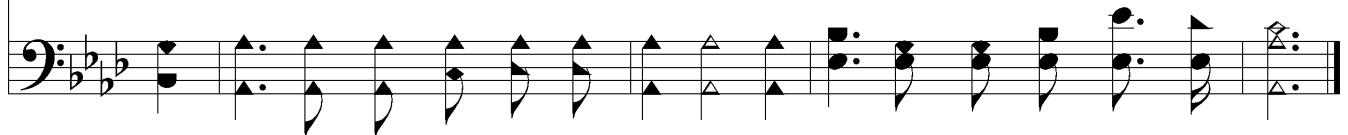
## Chorus



I know that He pro - vides the lil - ies, His eye each fall - ing spar - row sees;




And so my soul will fear no e - vil, For I am more to Him than these.



# More Than Tongue Can Tell

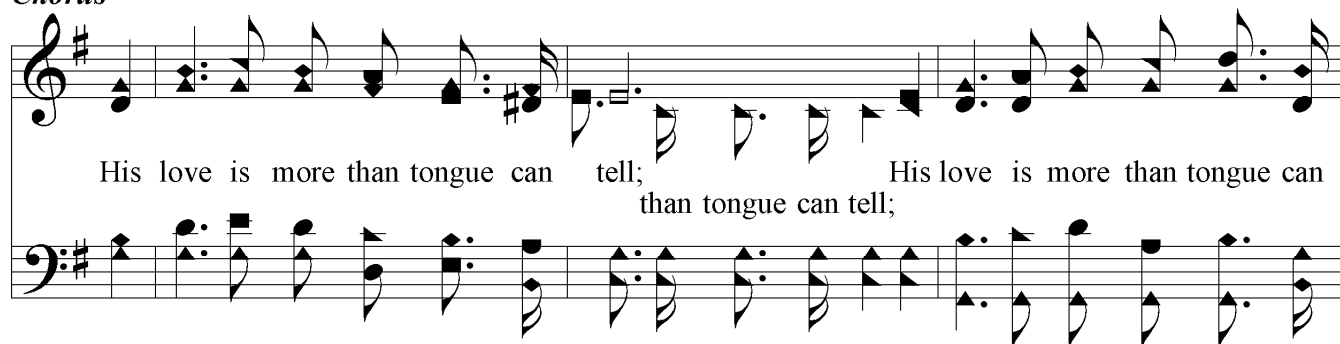


1. The love that Je - sus had for me, To suf - fer on the cru - el tree,  
2. The man - y sor - rows that He bore, And oh, that crown of thorns He wore,  
3. The peace I have in Him, my Lord, Who pleads be - fore the throne of God  
4. The joy that comes when He is near, The rest He gives, so free from fear,

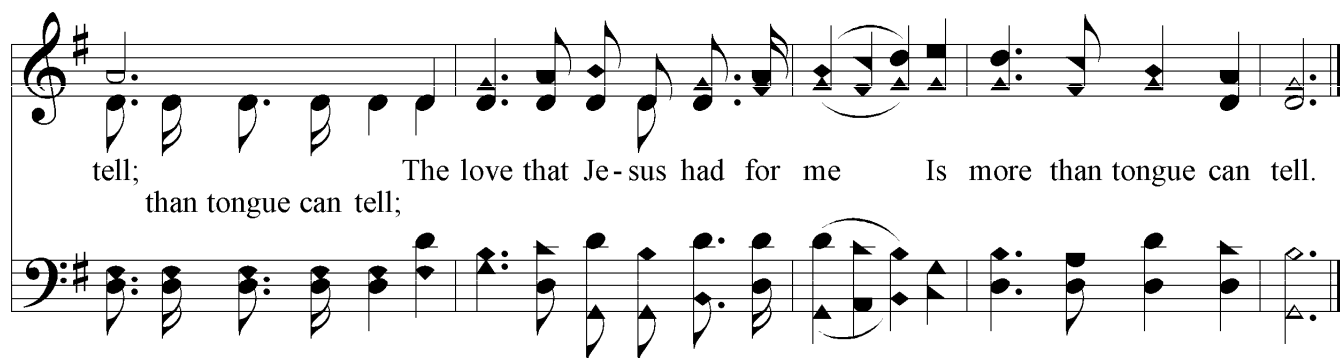


That I a ran - sored soul might be, Is more than tongue can tell.  
That I might live for ev - er - more, Is more than tongue can tell.  
The mer - it of His pre - cious blood, Is more than tongue can tell.  
The hope in Him so bright and clear, Is more than tongue can tell.

## Chorus

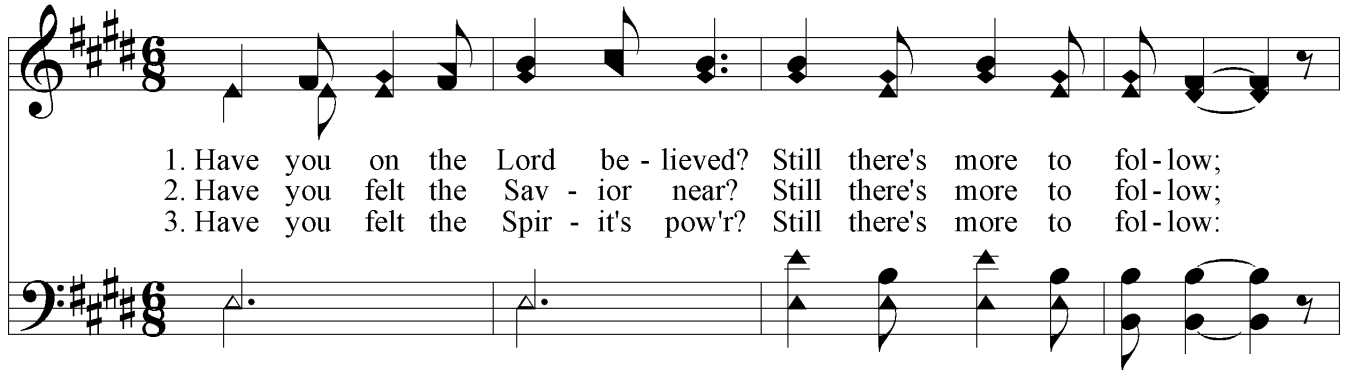


His love is more than tongue can tell; His love is more than tongue can  
than tongue can tell;

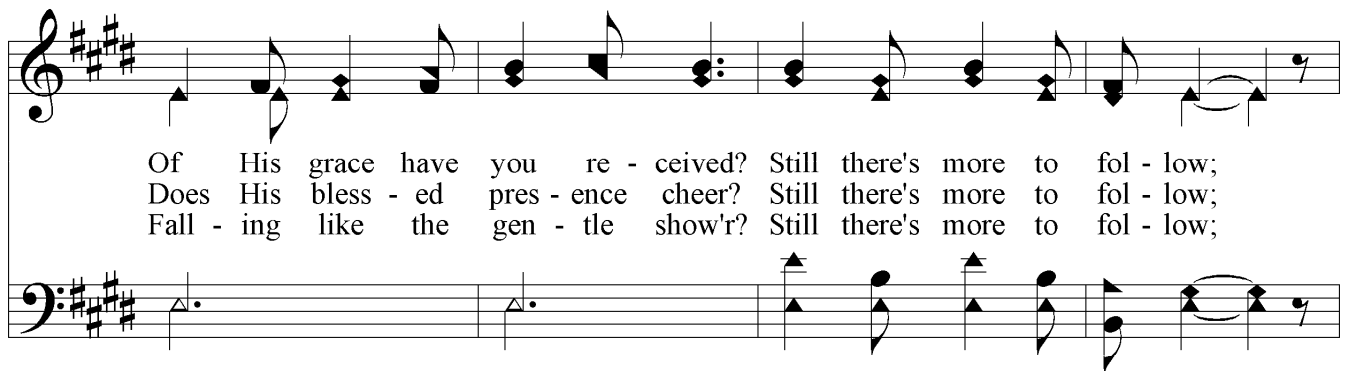


tell; The love that Je - sus had for me Is more than tongue can tell.  
than tongue can tell;

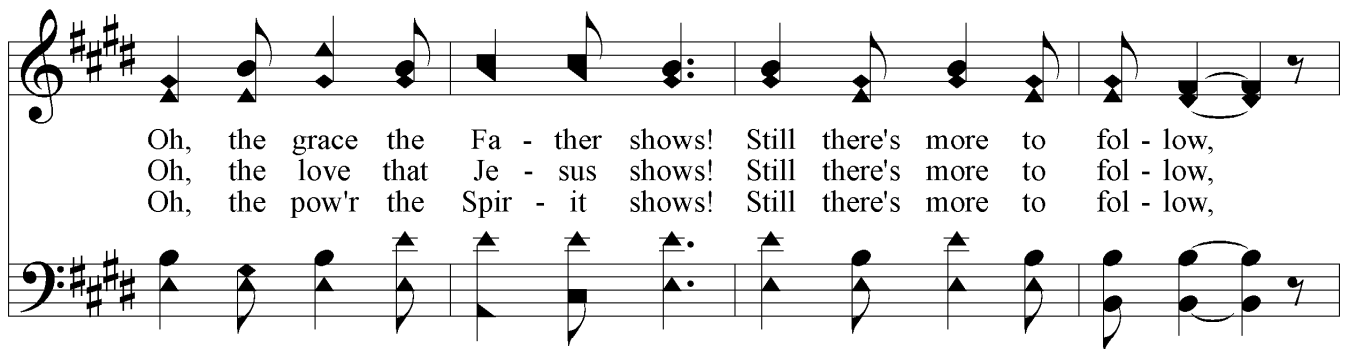
# More to Follow



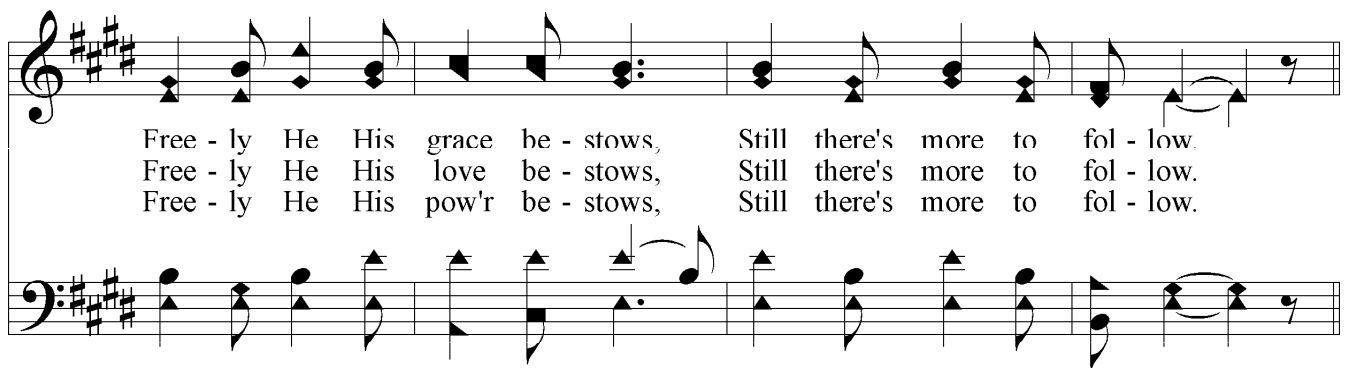
1. Have you on the Lord be - lieved? Still there's more to fol - low;  
2. Have you felt the Sav - ior near? Still there's more to fol - low;  
3. Have you felt the Spir - it's pow'r? Still there's more to fol - low;



Of His grace have you re - ceived? Still there's more to fol - low;  
Does His bless - ed pres - ence cheer? Still there's more to fol - low;  
Fall - ing like the gen - tle show'r? Still there's more to fol - low;



Oh, the grace the Fa - ther shows! Still there's more to fol - low,  
Oh, the love that Je - sus shows! Still there's more to fol - low,  
Oh, the pow'r the Spir - it shows! Still there's more to fol - low,



Free - ly He His grace be - stows, Still there's more to fol - low.  
Free - ly He His love be - stows, Still there's more to fol - low.  
Free - ly He His pow'r be - stows, Still there's more to fol - low.



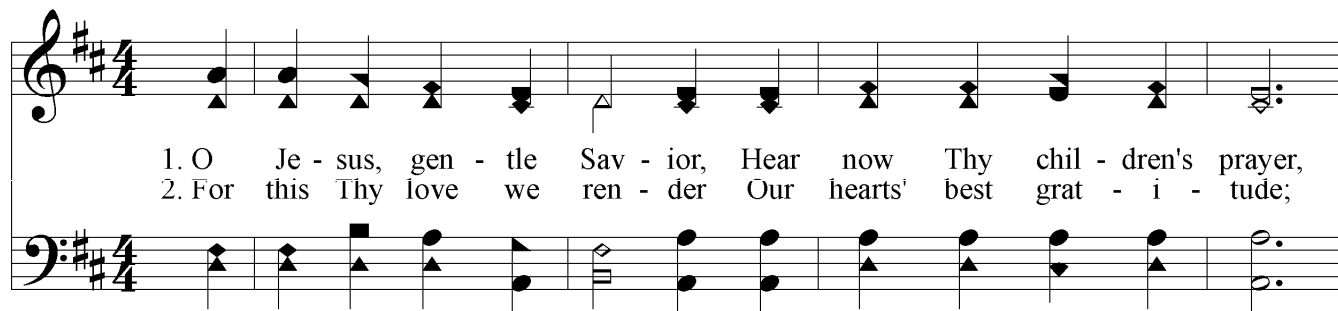
# More to Follow

## Chorus

More and more, more and more, Al - ways more to fol - low,  
Oh, His match - less, bound - less love! Still there's more to fol - low.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "More and more, more and more, Al - ways more to fol - low, Oh, His match - less, bound - less love! Still there's more to fol - low." The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

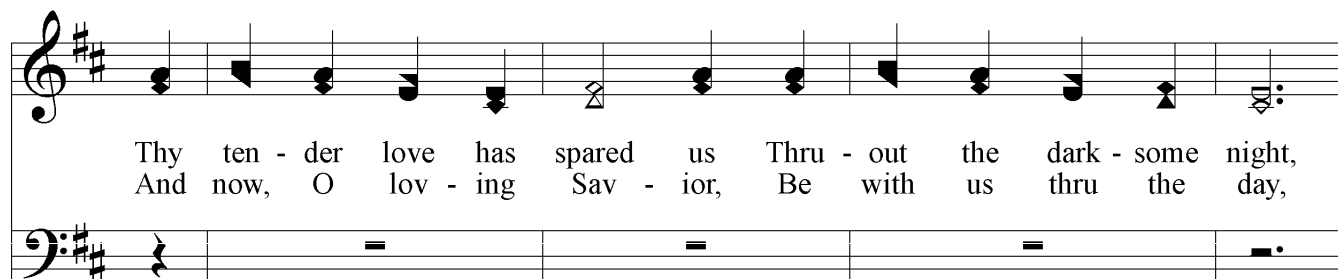
# Morning Hymn



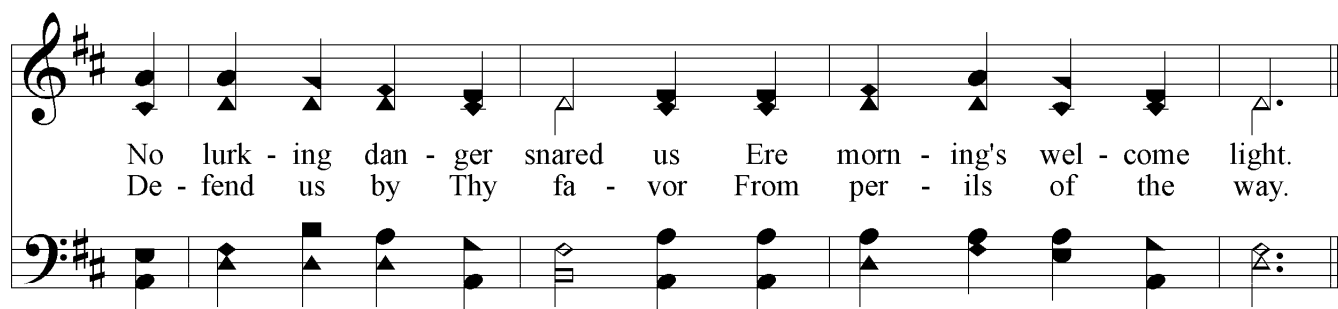
1. O Je - sus, gen - tle Sav - ior, Hear now Thy chil - dren's prayer,  
2. For this Thy love we ren - der Our hearts' best grat - i - tude;



Look on us with Thy fa - vor, Vouch - safe to us Thy care,  
For Thy kind care and ten - der Which Thou dost give un - sued,



Thy ten - der love has spared us Thru - out the dark - some night,  
And now, O lov - ing Sav - ior, Be with us thru the day,



No lurk - ing dan - ger snared us Ere morn - ing's wel - come light.  
De - fend us by Thy fa - vor From per - ils of the way.

# Morning Praise

1. When morn - ing gilds the skies, My hearts a - wak - ing cries  
2. When - e'er the sweet church bell Peals o - ver hill and dale,

The first system of music features a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time. The treble staff contains the vocal melody with lyrics. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#).

May Je - sus Christ be praised! A - like at work and prayer,  
May Je - sus Christ be praised! O hark to what it sings,

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. It includes a fermata over the final note of the vocal line.

To Je - sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be praised!  
As joy - ous - ly it rings, May Je - sus Christ be praised!

The third system concludes the piece with a double bar line. The lyrics are repeated for emphasis.

# Mornington S. M.

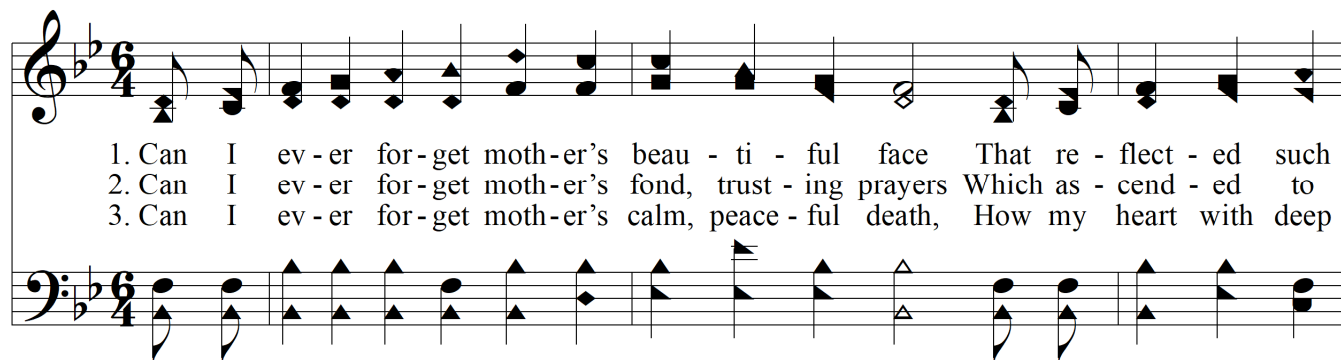
1. Come to the morn - ing prayer, Come let us kneel and pray;  
2. At noon be - neath the Rock Of Ag - es rest and pray;  
3. At eve shut to the door, Round the home - al - tar pray,  
4. When mid - night seals our eyes, Let each in Spir - it say,

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff, both in the key of D major (indicated by two sharps) and 4/4 time. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

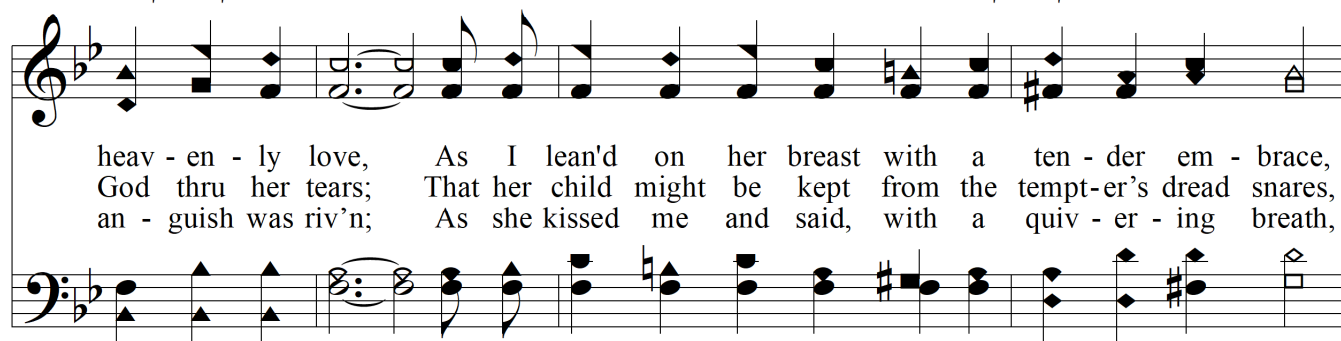
Prayer is the Chris - tian pil - grim's staff, To walk with God all day.  
Sweet is the shad - ow from the heat, When the sun smites by day.  
And find - ing there the house of God, At heav'n's gate close the day.  
I sleep but my heart wak - eth, Lord, With Thee to watch and pray. A - men.

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and bass line from the first system. It concludes with a double bar line. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

# Mother

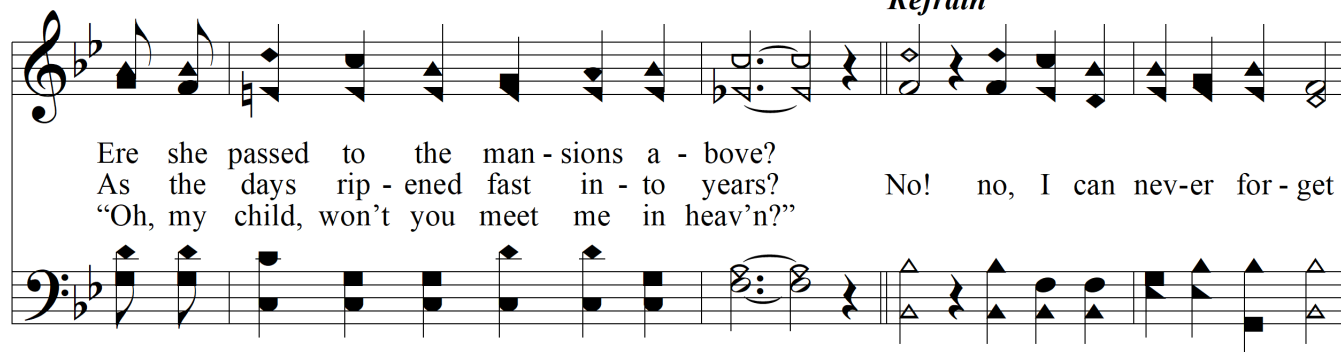


1. Can I ev - er for - get moth - er's beau - ti - ful face That re - flect - ed such  
2. Can I ev - er for - get moth - er's fond, trust - ing prayers Which as - cend - ed to  
3. Can I ev - er for - get moth - er's calm, peace - ful death, How my heart with deep

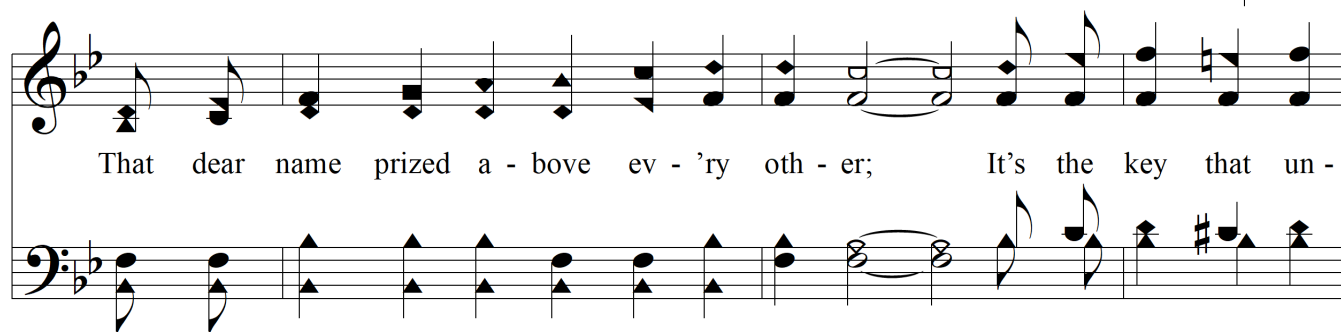


heav - en - ly love, As I lean'd on her breast with a ten - der em - brace,  
God thru her tears; That her child might be kept from the tempt - er's dread snares,  
an - guish was riv'n; As she kissed me and said, with a quiv - er - ing breath,

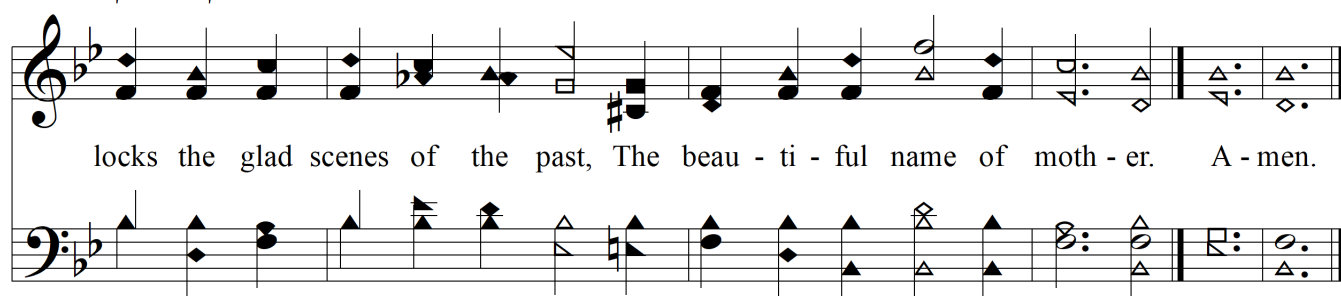
## Refrain



Ere she passed to the man - sions a - bove?  
As the days rip - ened fast in - to years? No! no, I can nev - er for - get  
"Oh, my child, won't you meet me in heav'n?"

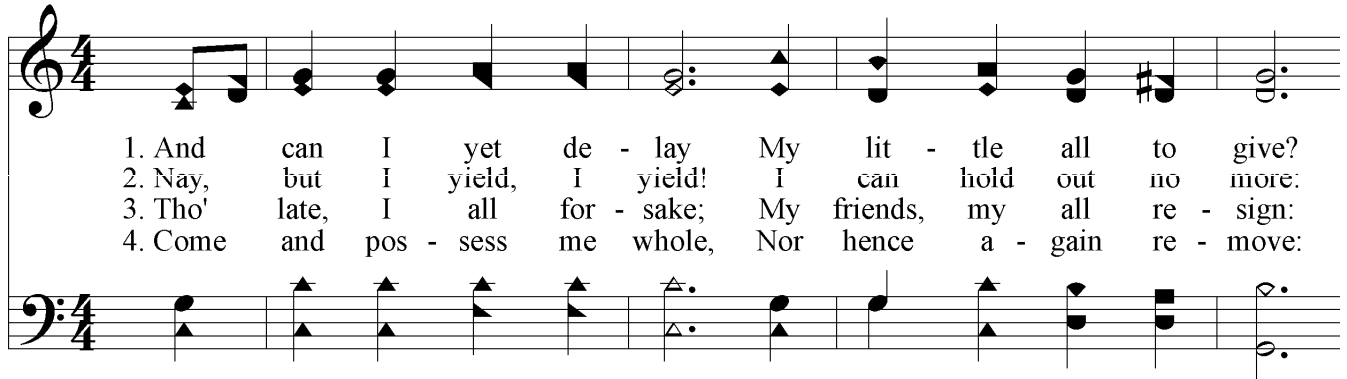


That dear name prized a - bove ev - 'ry oth - er; It's the key that un -

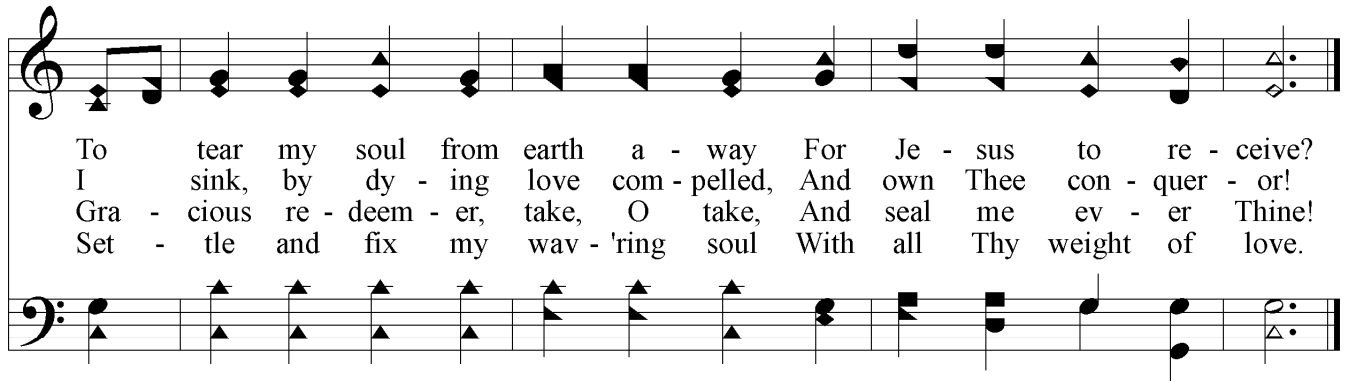


locks the glad scenes of the past, The beau - ti - ful name of moth - er. A - men.

# Moulton S. M.



1. And can I yet de - lay My lit - tle all to give?  
2. Nay, but I yield, I yield! I can hold out no more:  
3. Tho' late, I all for - sake; My friends, my all re - sign:  
4. Come and pos - sess me whole, Nor hence a - gain re - move:



To tear my soul from earth a - way For Je - sus to re - ceive?  
I sink, by dy - ing love com - pelled, And own Thee con - quer - or!  
Gra - cious re - deem - er, take, O take, And seal me ev - er Thine!  
Set - tle and fix my wav - 'ring soul With all Thy weight of love.

# Move Forward!

1. Move for - ward! val - iant men and strong, Ye who have prayed and  
 2. Move for - ward! each and ev - 'ry one, The gold - en har - vest  
 3. Move for - ward! reap - ing as you move! An - gels are watch - ing  
 4. Move for - ward! day will die full soon; How quick - ly eve - ning

la - bored long; The time has come for you to rise, For  
 is be - gun, Ye reap - ers, come from glen and glade, And  
 from a - bove! A - round are wit - ness - es a host; A -  
 fol - lows noon! Now is the time to work and pray; Let

## Chorus

lo! the sun rolls up the skies. Move for - ward, move  
 wield the sick - le's glit - t'ring blade. Move for - ward,  
 rouse ye now and save the lost.  
 glo - ry crown the dy - ing day.

for - ward, All a - long the line, Move  
 move for - ward, move for - ward,

# *Move Forward!*

for - ward, move for - ward, The light be - gins to shine.  
Move for - ward, move for - ward,

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Move Forward!'. It consists of two staves: a treble staff on top and a bass staff on the bottom. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The melody starts with a dotted quarter note on G4, followed by a quarter note on A4, a dotted quarter note on B4, and a quarter note on C5. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a common time signature. The bass line starts with a dotted quarter note on G2, followed by a quarter note on A2, a dotted quarter note on B2, and a quarter note on C3. The lyrics are written between the two staves, with the first line of lyrics aligned with the treble staff and the second line aligned with the bass staff. The lyrics are: 'for - ward, move for - ward, The light be - gins to shine.' and 'Move for - ward, move for - ward,'. The music concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.



# Move Forward, Soldiers Of The Cross

MOVE FORWARD

1. Move for-ward, sol - diers of the cross, Move for-ward, tho' you suf - fer loss;  
2. Move for-ward, there is much to do, By will - ing sol - diers, good and true;  
3. Move for-ward, you shall win the fight, For God is with the cause of right;

Lo! Sa - tan's hosts a - round you stand, In Je - sus' name go take the land.  
With shield of faith and sword in hand, Go brave - ly forth to take the land.  
While trust - ing in His prom - ise grand, You sure - ly shall pos - sess the land.

## Chorus

Move for - ward, for - ward, Bold - ly march a - gainst the foe;  
Move for - ward, for - ward, brave - ly for - ward,

For - ward, for - ward, For - ward go.  
For - ward, for - ward, brave - ly for - ward, Brave - ly for - ward go.

# Moving Toward The City

“For here have we no continuing city, but seek for one to come.” – Heb. 13:14

1. We are mov - ing t'ward the Cit - y; Far - ther on we pitch our tents;  
2. We are mov - ing t'ward the Cit - y, - Rest - ing not in fer - tile plains;  
3. We are mov - ing t'ward the Cit - y, In the path the ran - somed trod;

As we climb the green - clad high - lands, Glo - ry shines on us from thence.  
Ev - 'ry day's march brings us near - er Where the King in glo - ry reigns.  
Tent - ing near - er, near - er, near - er To the pal - ace of our God.

## Chorus

We are mov - ing, With the Sav - ior are our mov - ing, With the  
Sav - ior for our guide; We are mov - ing,

Sav - ior for our guide; We are tent - ing, Near - er to fair Ca - naan's

tent side we are ing, Near - er to fair Ca - naan's side.  
side we are tent - ing, Near - er, near - er to

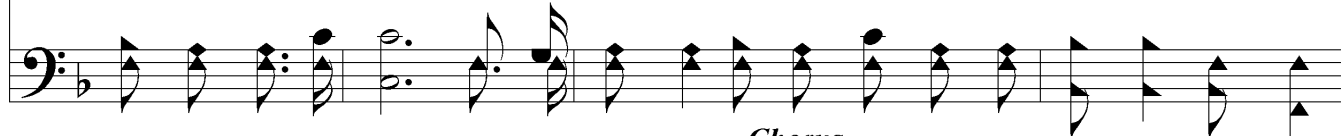
# Music in Heaven



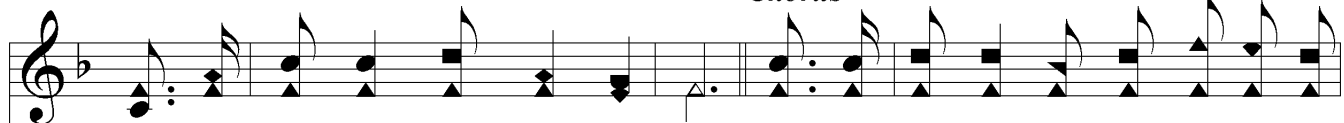
1. There is mu - sic in heav - en o'er the saved ones of earth, From the Bi - ble the  
2. In the de - sert, 'mid dan - ger, strays the poor way - ward sheep; Lo! the tem - pest is  
3. Sin - ner, can you, re - bel - lious, wan - der long - er a - way? Je - sus for your trans -



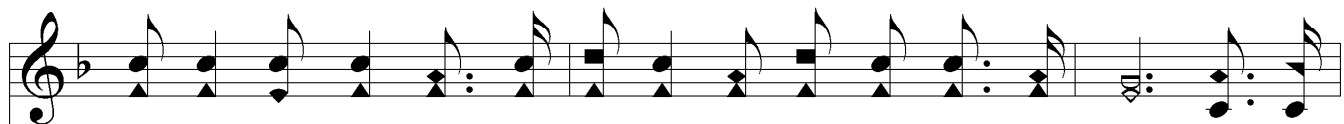
sto - ry sweet is known; When the wand'r - er, re - pent - ing, makes the Sav - ior his choice,  
gath'ring, hear it moan! But a kind eye is watch - ing, and a voice calls in love,  
gres - sions, did a - tone; Spot - less an - gels are wait - ing, O how glad - ly they'll sing,



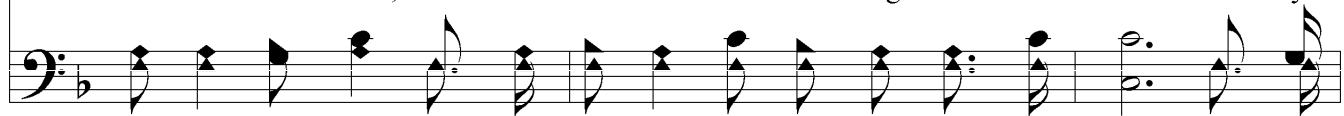
## Chorus



When the Shep - herd brings home His own! There is mu - sic, sweet mu - sic, up to  
See the Shep - herd brings home His own!  
When the Shep - herd brings home His own!



heav - en we know, O what in - trest for err - ing mor - tals shown! Ho - ly



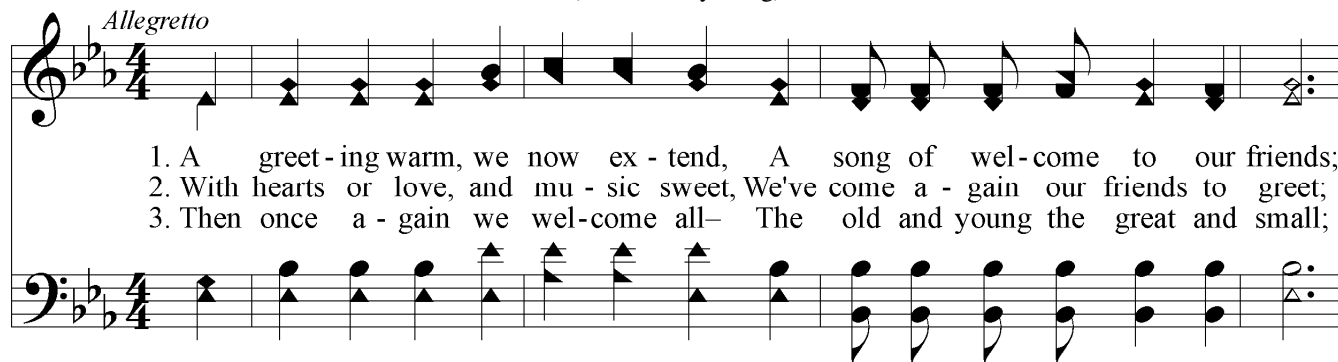
an - gels re - joic - ing in the pres - ence of God; When the Shep - herd brings home His own.



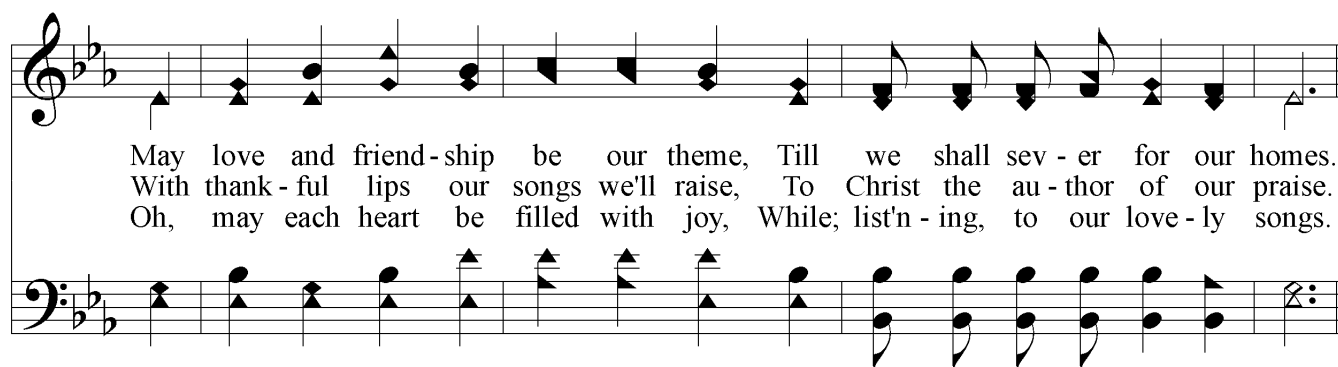
# Musical Greeting

(Introductory Song)

*Allegretto*

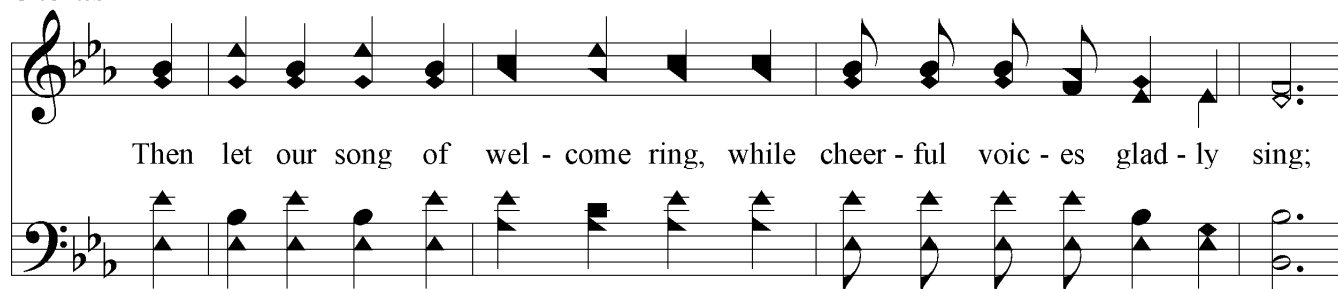


1. A greet - ing warm, we now ex - tend, A song of wel - come to our friends;  
2. With hearts or love, and mu - sic sweet, We've come a - gain our friends to greet;  
3. Then once a - gain we wel - come all - The old and young the great and small;



May love and friend - ship be our theme, Till we shall sev - er for our homes.  
With thank - ful lips our songs we'll raise, To Christ the au - thor of our praise.  
Oh, may each heart be filled with joy, While; list'n - ing, to our love - ly songs.

## Chorus

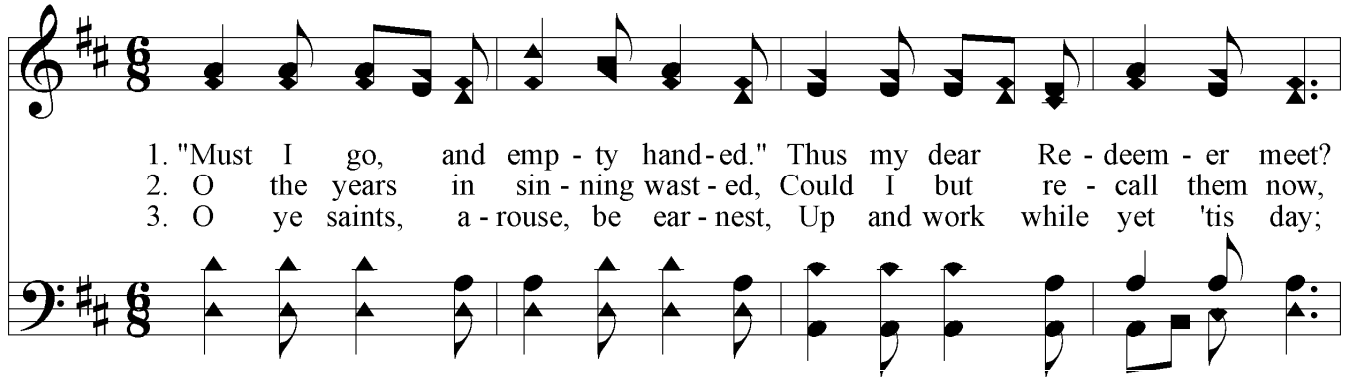


Then let our song of wel - come ring, while cheer - ful voic - es glad - ly sing;



Till all shall join our hap - py throng, And learn to sing our love - ly songs.

# Must I Go, and Empty-Handed?

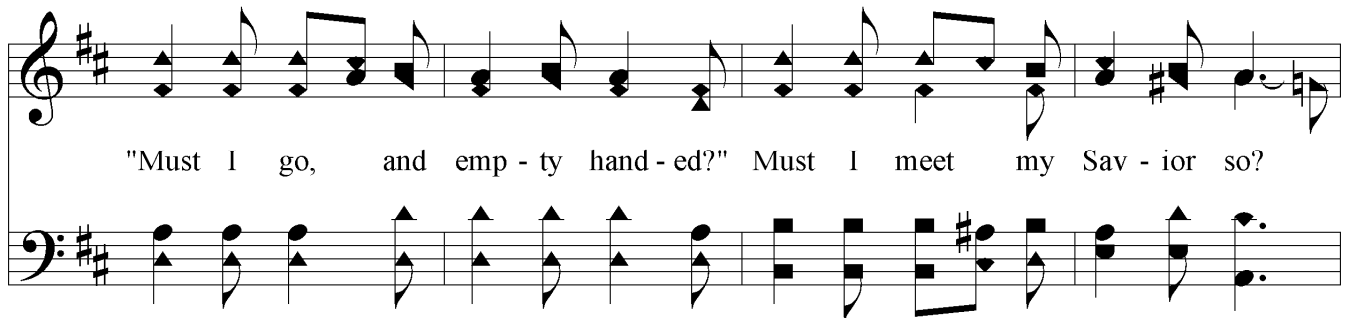


1. "Must I go, and emp - ty hand-ed." Thus my dear Re - deem - er meet?  
2. O the years in sin - ning wast - ed, Could I but re - call them now,  
3. O ye saints, a - rouse, be ear - nest, Up and work while yet 'tis day;

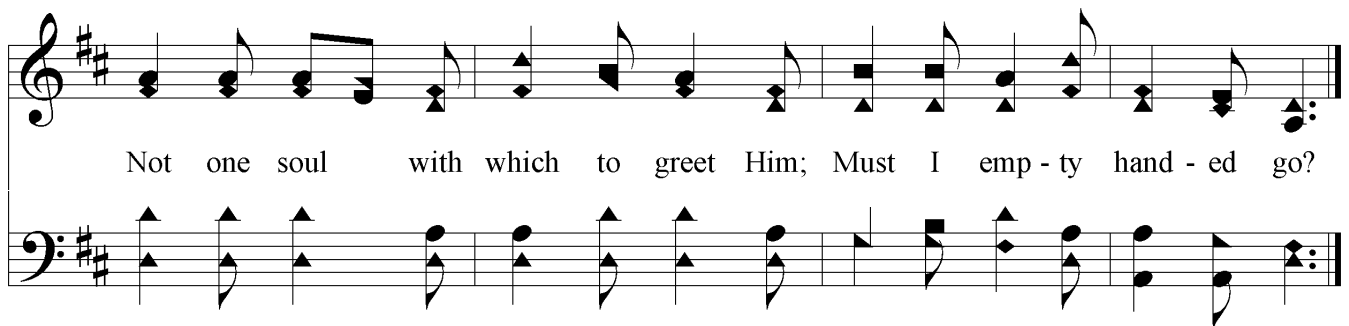


Not one day of ser - vice give Him, Lay no tro - phy at His feet?  
I would give them to my Sav - ior, To His will I'd glad - ly bow.  
Ere the night of death o'er - take thee, Strive for souls while still you may.

## Chorus



"Must I go, and emp - ty hand - ed?" Must I meet my Sav - ior so?



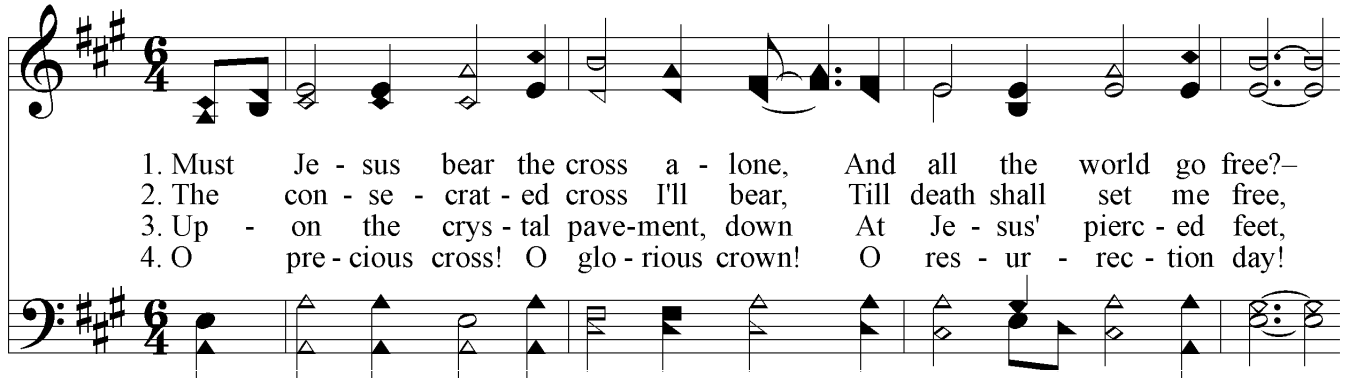
Not one soul with which to greet Him; Must I emp - ty hand - ed go?

# Must Jesus Bear The Cross Alone? (Arr. 3)

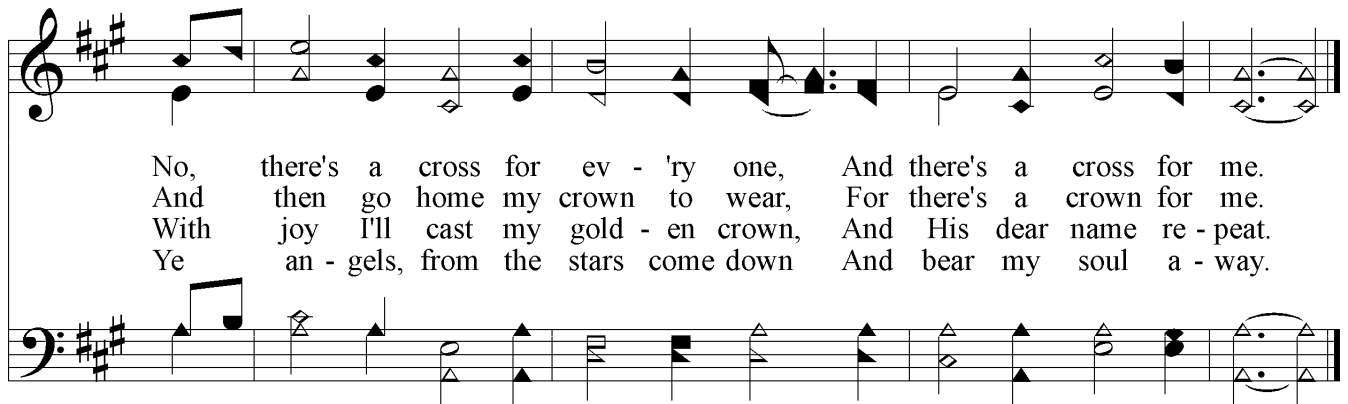
1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?—  
2. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free,  
3. O pre - cious cross! O glo - rious crown! O res - ur - rec - tion day!

No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.  
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.  
Ye an - gels, from the stars come down And bear my soul a - way.

# Must Jesus Bear The Cross Alone? (Arr. 4)

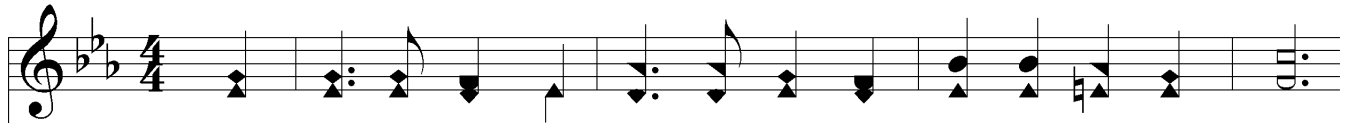


1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?—  
2. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free,  
3. Up - on the crys - tal pave - ment, down At Je - sus' pierc - ed feet,  
4. O pre - cious cross! O glo - rious crown! O res - ur - rec - tion day!

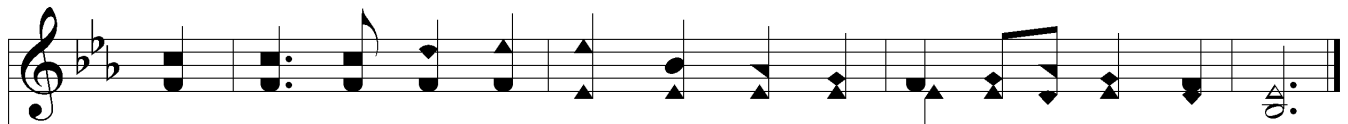


No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.  
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.  
With joy I'll cast my gold - en crown, And His dear name re - peat.  
Ye an - gels, from the stars come down And bear my soul a - way.

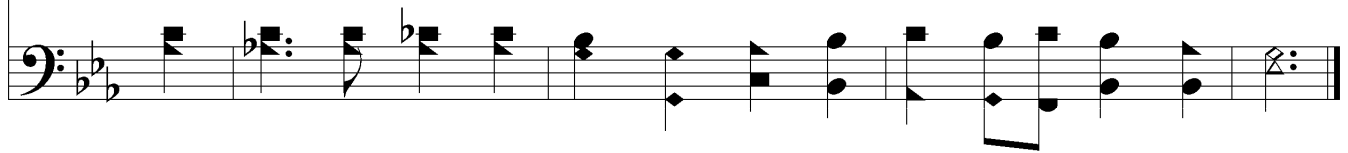
# Must We Be to the Judgment Brought



1. Must we be to the judg - ment bro't To an - swer in that day  
2. Yes, ev - 'ry se - cret of my heart Shall sure - ly be made known;  
3. How care - ful, than, ought we to live, With what im - pres - sive fear,



For ev - 'ry vain and i - dle tho't, And ev - 'ry word we say?  
God's word shall be the meas - uring chart For all that we have done.  
Who such a strict ac - count must give For our be - hav - ior here!





# My Ain Countrie

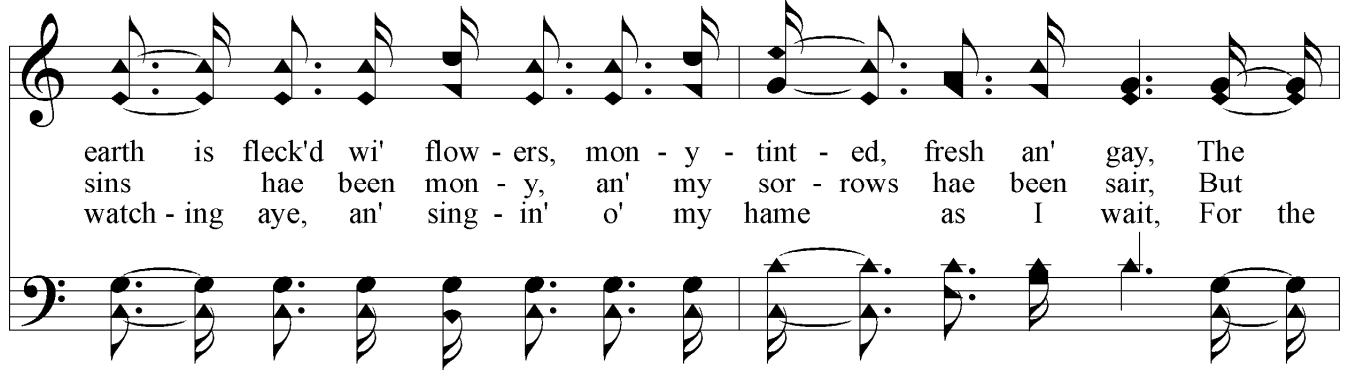
1. I am far frae my hame, an' I'm wea - ry aft - en whiles, For the  
 2. I've His gude word o' prom - ise that some glad-some day, the King To  
 3. He's is faith - fu' that hath prom - ised, an' He'll sure - ly come a - gain; He'll

langed for hame bring - ing an' my Faith - er's wel - come smiles; An' I'll  
 His ain roy - al pal - ace His ban - ished hame will bring; Wi'  
 keep His tryst wi' me, at what hour I din - na ken; But He


ne'er be fu' con - tent, un - til mine een do see The  
 een an' wi' hert rin - nin' ower we shall see The  
 bids me still to wait, an' read - y aye to be, To

gow - den gates o' heav - en an' my ain coun - trie. The  
 King in His beau - ty, in oor ain coun - trie, My  
 gang at on - y mo - ment to my ain coun - trie. Sae I'm

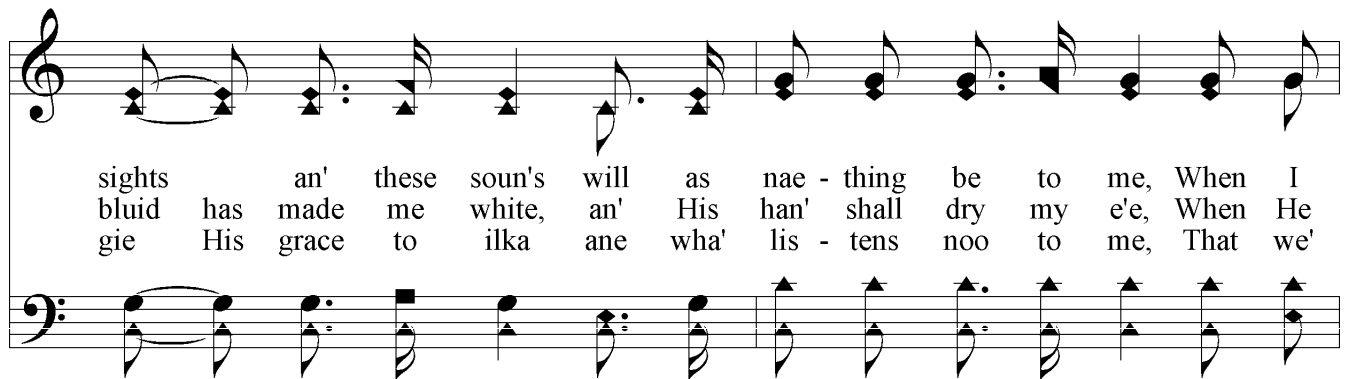
# My Ain Countrie



earth is fleck'd wi' flow - ers, mon - y - tint - ed, fresh an' gay, The  
sins hae been mon - y, an' my sor - rows hae been sair, But  
watch - ing aye, an' sing - in' o' my hame as I wait, For the



bird - ies war - ble blithe - ly, for my Faith - er made them sae; But these  
there they'll nev - er vex me, nor be re - mem - bered mair; For His  
soun - 'in' o' His fit - fa' this side the gow - den gate, God



sights an' these soun's will as nae - thing be to me, When I  
bluid has made me white, an' His han' shall dry my e'e, When He  
gie His grace to ilka ane wha' lis - tens noo to me, That we'



hear the an - gels sing - in' in my ain coun - trie.  
brings me hame at last, to mine ain coun - trie.  
a' may gang in glad - ness to oor ain coun - trie.

# My Anchor Holds

1. Tho' the an - gry surg - es roll On my tem - pest - driv - en soul,  
2. Might - y tides a - bout me sweep, Per - ils lurk with - in the deep,  
3. Trou - bles al - most overwhelm the soul, Grievs like bil - lows o'er me roll,

I am peace - ful, for I know, Wild - ly tho' the winds may blow,  
An - gry clouds o'er shade the sky, And the tem - pest ris - es high,  
Tempt - ers seek to lure a - stray, Storms ob - scure the light of day,

I've an an - chor safe and sure, And in Christ I shall en - dure!  
Still I stand the tem - pest's shock, For my an - chor grips the Rock!  
But in Christ I can be bold— I've an an - chor that shall hold!

## Chorus

And it holds, my an - chor holds; Blow your wild - est, then, O  
And it holds, my an - chor holds, Blow your wild - est

# *My Anchor Holds*

The image shows a musical score for the hymn "My Anchor Holds". It consists of two systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The first system contains the first two lines of the hymn. The second system contains the last two lines. The lyrics are printed below the vocal lines.

gale. On my bark so small and frail, I shall nev - er, nev - er  
then, O gale.

fail; For my an - chor holds, my an - chor holds!  
For my an - chor holds, it firm - ly; holds,

# My Anchor Holds Me

1. In the Rock of Ag - es I am there se - cure;  
 2. He will nev - er leave me, Al - ways is the same;  
 3. When the dark clouds gath - er, The I feel Him near;  
 4. Je - sus is my ref - uge, Liv - ing Rock di - vine;

*Rit...*

And tho' fierce the storm may rage, He, my ref - uge, will en - dure.  
 He will nev - er fail my soul, Ev - er - last - ing is His name.  
 For in Him my an - chor holds, I will nev - er, nev - er fear.  
 And my faith in Him a - bove Is my an - chor's liv - ing line.

**Chorus** *A tempo*

My an - chor holds me, My an - chor holds me,  
 It firm - ly holds, It firm - ly holds,

Tho' the storms of sin com - bine; My an - chor holds me,  
 com - bine; It firm - ly holds,

# *My Anchor Holds Me*

*Rit...*

It firm - ly holds me, For I'm an - chored in the Rock di - vine. di - vine.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'My Anchor Holds Me'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo marking 'Rit...' is placed above the first measure of the treble staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff, with hyphens indicating syllables across notes. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with some accompaniment in the bass staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

# My Blessed Jesus, Thou Hast Taught

*Soprano & Alto*



1. My bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast taught A grate - ful heart to sing,  
2. I praise Thee for that arm of pow'r Which round my fee - ble frame



While shel - ter - ing my wea - ry soul Be - neath Thy lov - ing wing.  
In lov - ing pit - y has been thrown, And still a - bides the same.

*Soprano*

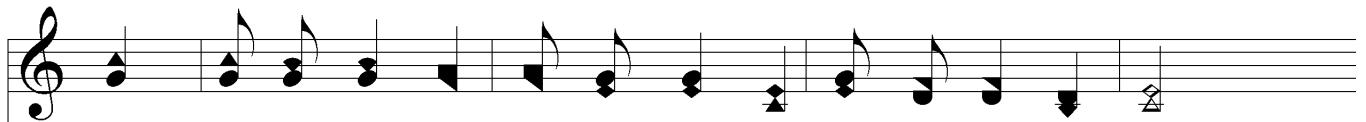


I praise Thee for that look di - vine Which broke my ston - y heart,  
In ad - o - ra - tion I would bow, O Lord, be - fore Thy throne,

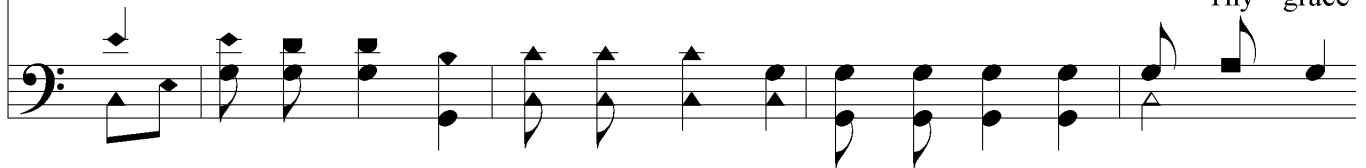


And bade its sor - rows and its fears For - ev - er to de - part.  
And yield my - self a sac - ri - fice To Thee, and Thee a - lone!

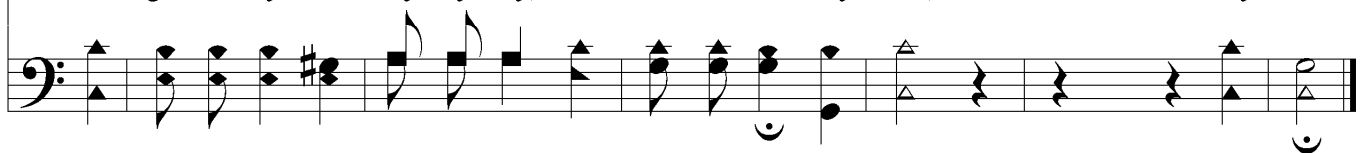
**Chorus**



Lord, I am Thine, and Thou art mine; Oh, help me by Thy grace Thy grace



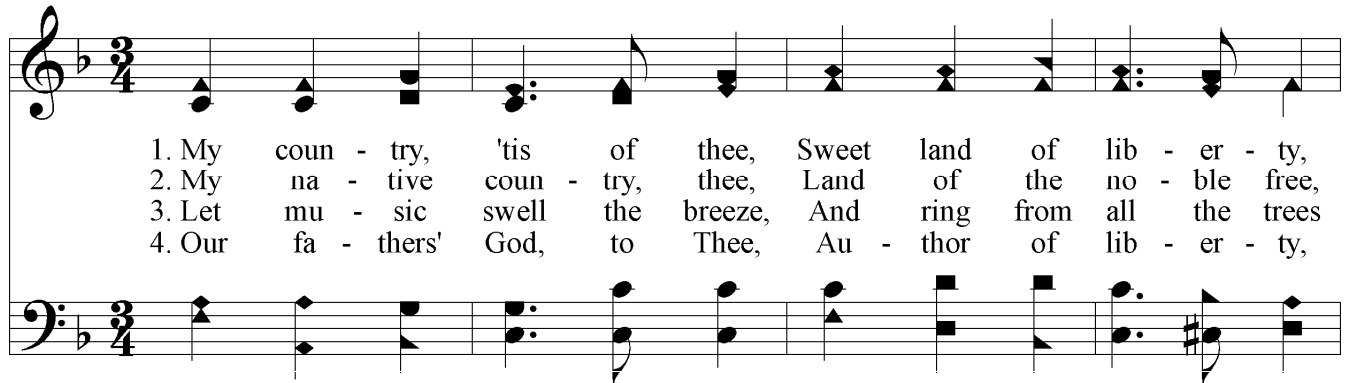
To glo - ri - fy Thee day by day, And then to see Thy face, And then to see Thy face.



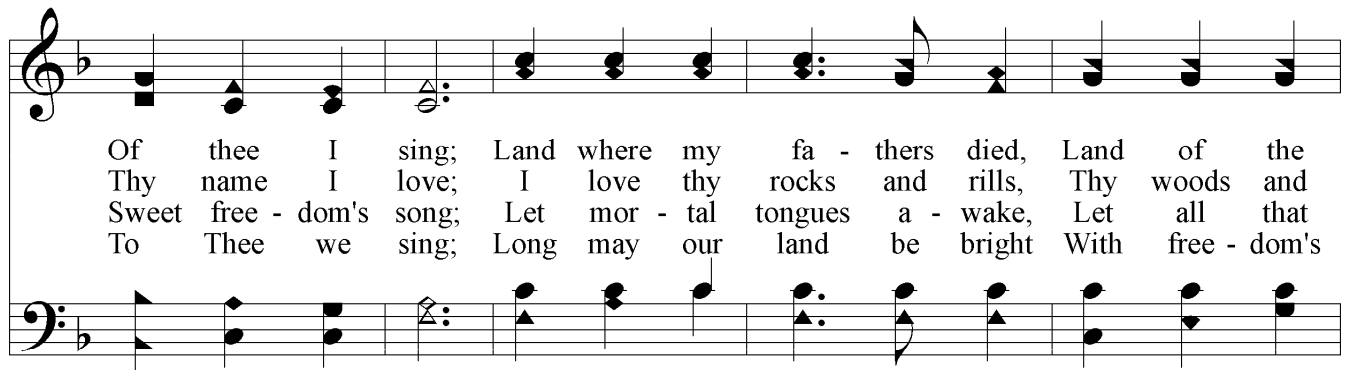
Words: Unknown

Music from Barker, Arr. by J. B. Herbert

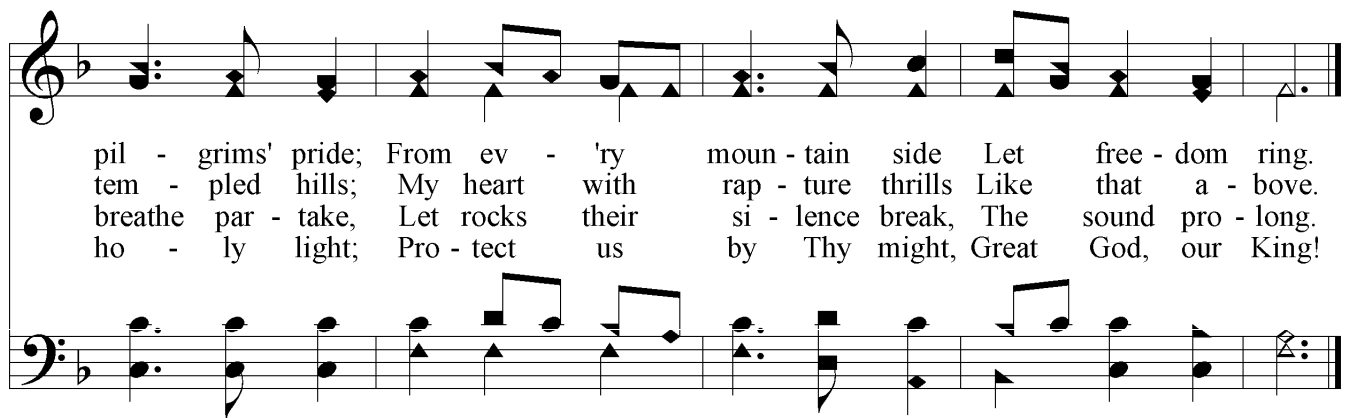
# My Country, 'Tis of Thee



1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,  
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,  
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees  
4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,



Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the  
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and  
Sweet free - dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that  
To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With free - dom's



pil - grims' pride; From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring.  
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.  
breathe par - take, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.  
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!



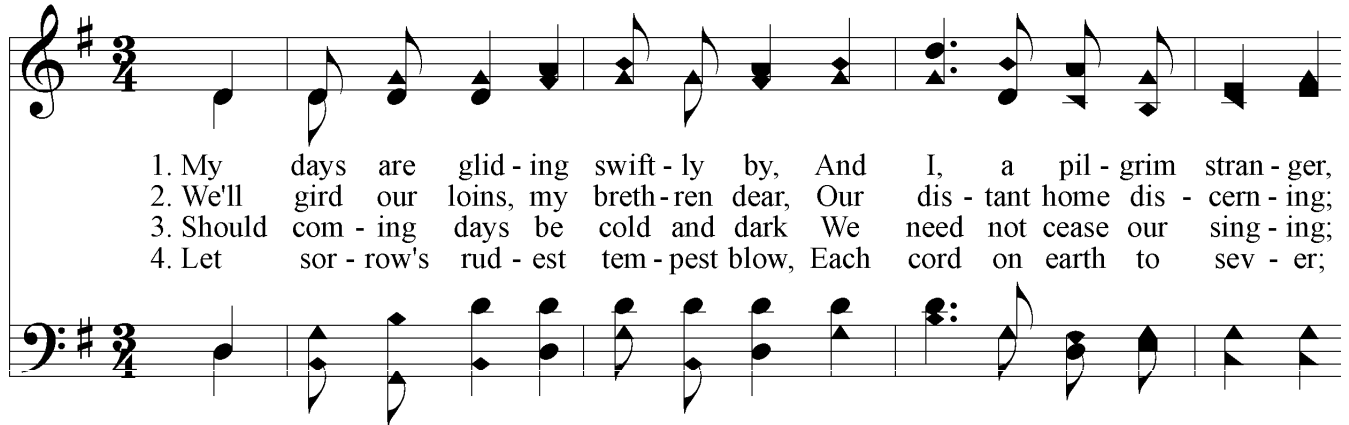
# My Crucified Lord

The musical score is written in 2/4 time. The first system consists of a treble clef staff with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a bass clef staff. The melody in the treble staff begins with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes F4, E4, D4, C4, B3, A3, G3, F3, E3, D3, and C3. The bass staff provides a simple accompaniment with quarter notes G2, F2, E2, D2, C2, B1, A1, G1, F1, E1, D1, and C1. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

1. Now will I praise Thy name, And sing Thy won - drous fame;  
2. For me Thy blood was spilt; Thou didst re - move my guilt:  
3. Tho' men may mock and sneer, For Thee I'll suf - fer here,  
4. Till then for this I pine, To see Thy face di - vine,

Thou who for sin - ners came, My cru - ci - fied Lord.  
And save I know Thou wilt, My cru - ci - fied Lord.  
For Thou wilt soon ap - pear, My cru - ci - fied Lord.  
And in Thine im - age shine, My cru - ci - fied Lord.

# My Days Are Gliding Swiftly By

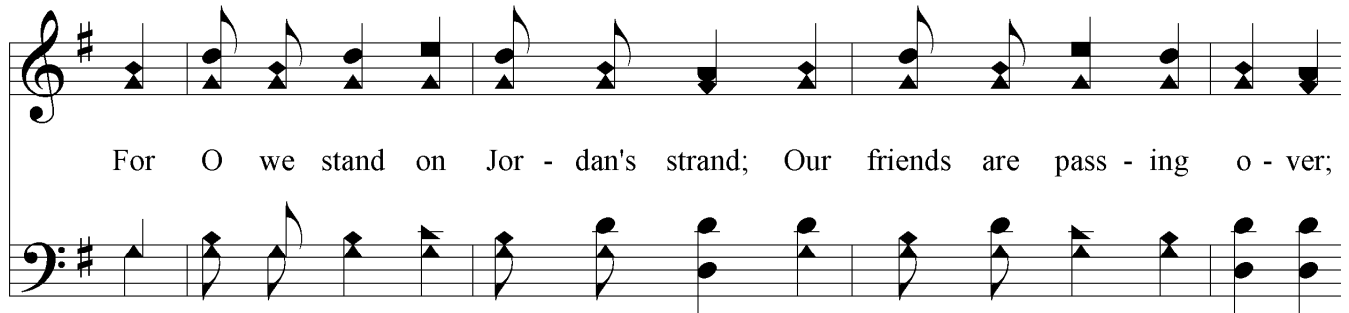


1. My days are glid - ing swift - ly by, And I, a pil - grim stran - ger,  
2. We'll gird our loins, my breth - ren dear, Our dis - tant home dis - cern - ing;  
3. Should com - ing days be cold and dark We need not cease our sing - ing;  
4. Let sor - row's rud - est tem - pest blow, Each cord on earth to sev - er;



Would not de - tain them as they fly, Those hours of toil and dan - ger.  
Our ab - sent Lord has left us word: Let ev - 'ry lamp be burn - ing.  
That per - fect rest naught can mo - lest, Where gold - en harps are ring - ing.  
Our King says Come; and there's our home For ev - er, O for ev - er!

## Chorus



For O we stand on Jor - dan's strand; Our friends are pass - ing o - ver;



And, just be - fore, the shin - ing shore We may al - most dis - cov - er.

# My Dear Redeemer And My Lord (Arr. 1)

HEBRON



1. My dear Re-deem-er, and my Lord, I read my du-ty in Thy word,  
2. Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal, Such def-'rence to Thy Fa-ther's will,  
3. Cold moun-tains and the mid-night air Wit-ness'd the fer-vor of Thy pray'r;  
4. Be Thou my pat-tern; make me bear More of Thy gra-cious im-age here;



But in Thy life the law ap-pears Drawn out in liv-ing char-ac-ters.  
Such love, and meek-ness so di-vine, I would tran-scribe and make them mine.  
The de-sert Thy temp-ta-tions knew, Thy con-flict and Thy vic-t'ry too.  
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name A-mong the fol-low-ers of the

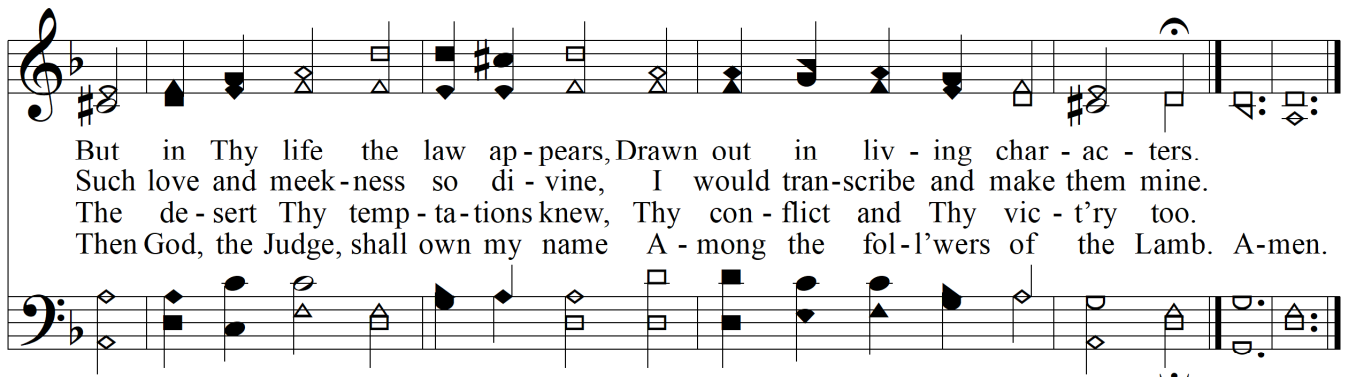


# My Dear Redeemer And My Lord (Arr. 2)

WINDHAM L. M.



1. My dear Re - deem - er and my Lord, I read my du - ty in Thy word;  
2. Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal, Such def - 'rence to Thy Fa - ther's will,  
3. Cold moun - tains and the mid - night air Wit - nessed the fer - vor of Thy prayer;  
4. Be Thou my pat - tern; make me bear More of Thy gra - cious im - age here;

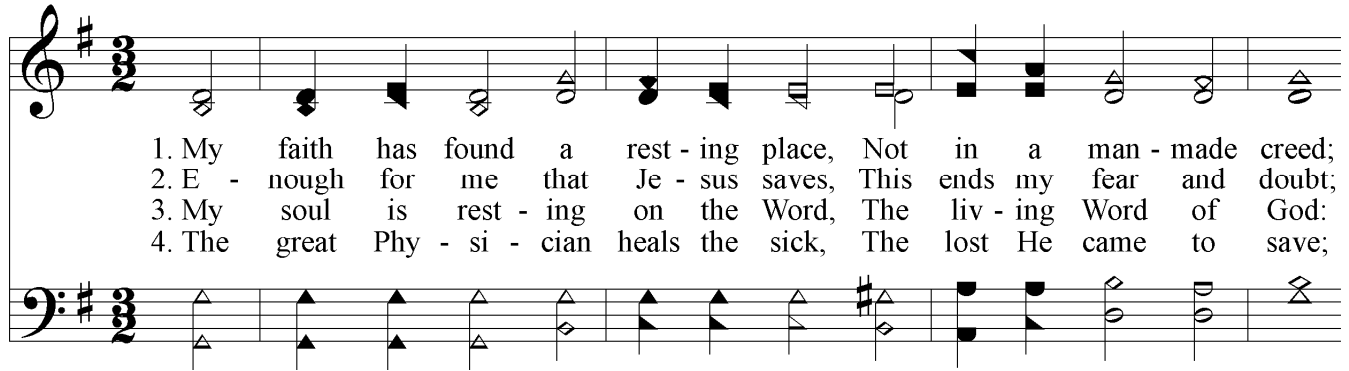


But in Thy life the law ap - pears, Drawn out in liv - ing char - ac - ters.  
Such love and meek - ness so di - vine, I would tran - scribe and make them mine.  
The de - sert Thy temp - ta - tions knew, Thy con - flict and Thy vic - t'ry too.  
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name A - mong the fol - l'wers of the Lamb. A - men.

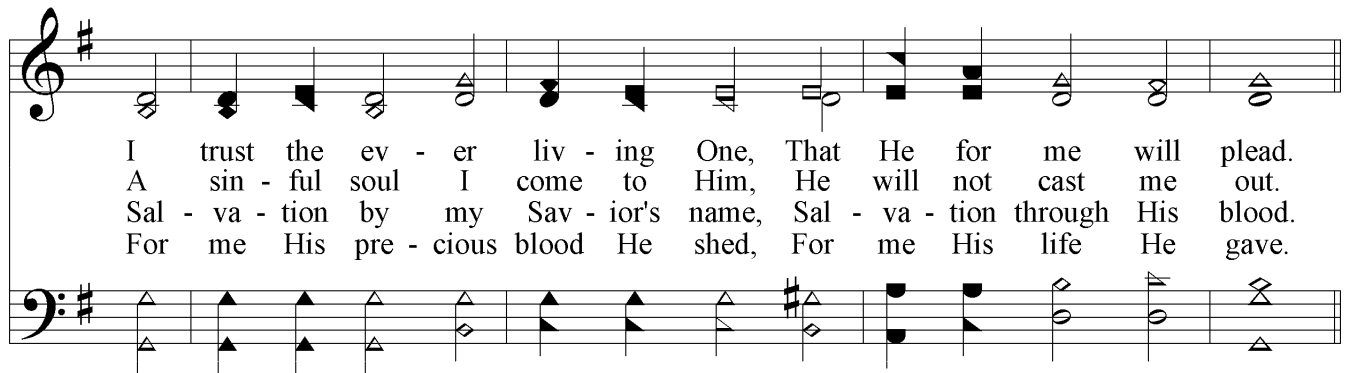
Words: Isaac Watts (1707)

Music: Daniel Read (1757-1836)

# My Faith Has Found a Resting Place



1. My faith has found a rest - ing place, Not in a man - made creed;  
2. E - nough for me that Je - sus saves, This ends my fear and doubt;  
3. My soul is rest - ing on the Word, The liv - ing Word of God:  
4. The great Phy - si - cian heals the sick, The lost He came to save;

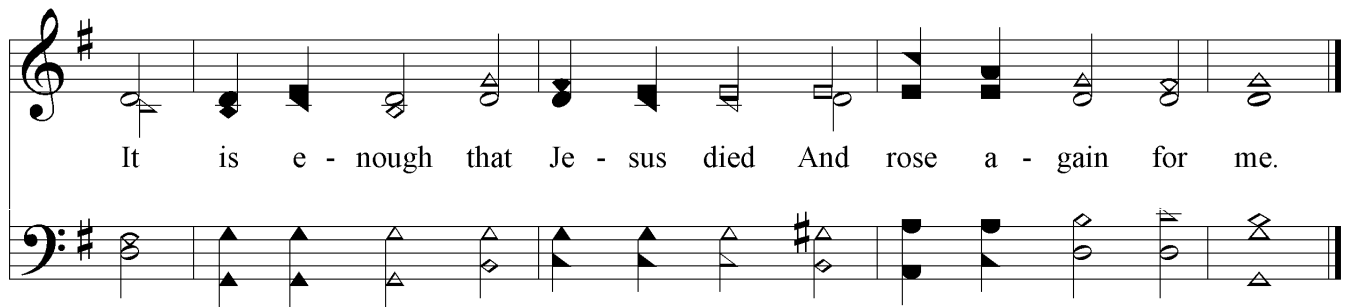


I trust the ev - er liv - ing One, That He for me will plead.  
A sin - ful soul I come to Him, He will not cast me out.  
Sal - va - tion by my Sav - ior's name, Sal - va - tion through His blood.  
For me His pre - cious blood He shed, For me His life He gave.

## Chorus



I need no oth - er ar - gu - ment, I need no oth - er plea;



It is e - nough that Je - sus died And rose a - gain for me.

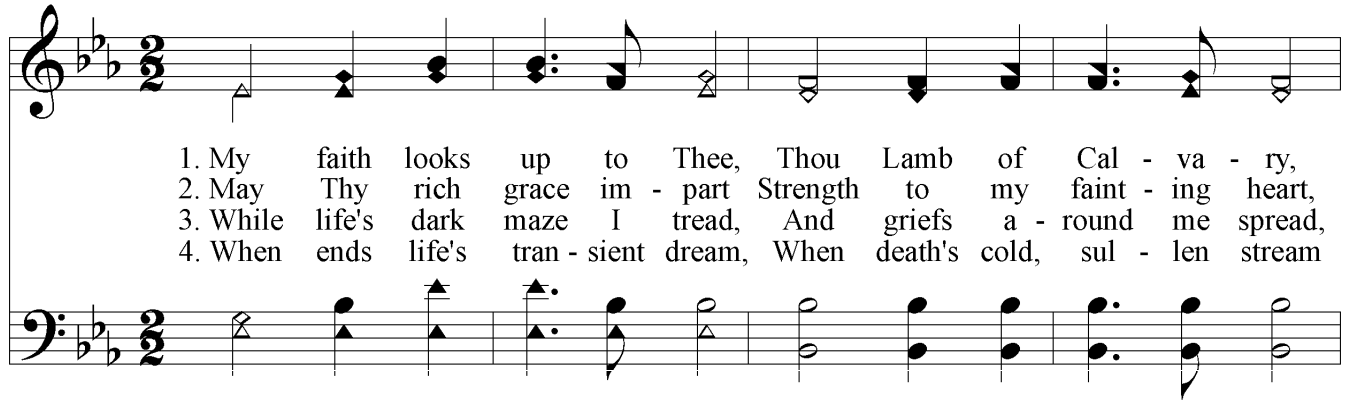
# My Faith Looks Up To Thee (Arr. 1 / 3 vs.)

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,  
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,  
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,

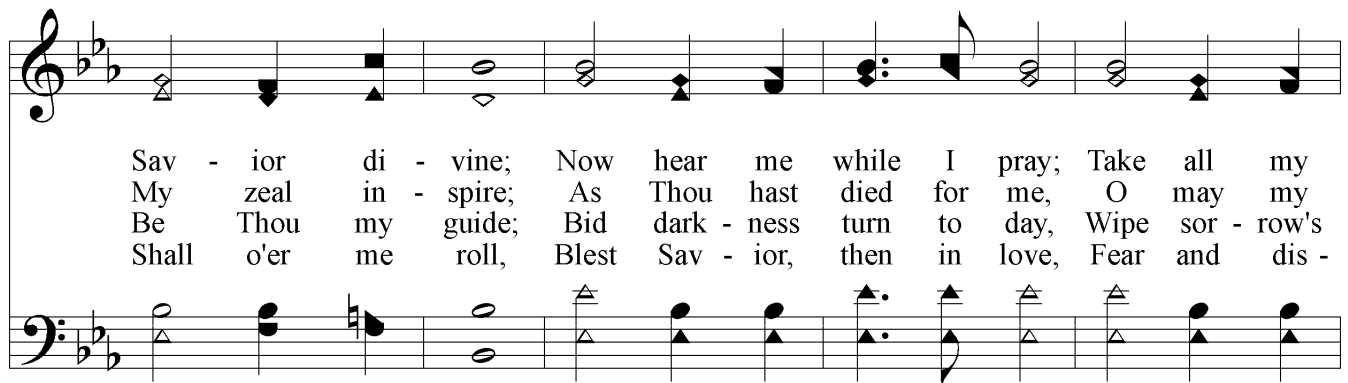
Sav - ior di - vine; Now hear me while I pray; Take all my  
My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my  
Be Thou my guide; Bid dark - ness turn to day, Wipe sor - row's

sins a - way; O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.  
love to Thee, Pure warm, and change - less be, A liv - ing fire.  
tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.

# My Faith Looks Up To Thee (Arr. 1 / 4 vs.)



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,  
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,  
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,  
4. When ends life's tran - sient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream



Sav - ior di - vine; Now hear me while I pray; Take all my  
My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my  
Be Thou my guide; Bid dark - ness turn to day, Wipe sor - row's  
Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - ior, then in love, Fear and dis -



sins a - way; O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.  
love to Thee, Pure warm, and change - less be, A liv - ing fire.  
tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.  
trust re - move; O, bear me safe a - bove, A ran - somed soul.

# My Faith Looks Up to Thee (Arr. 2)

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry;  
 2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart;  
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,  
 4. When ends life's tran - si'nt dream; When death's cold sul - len stream

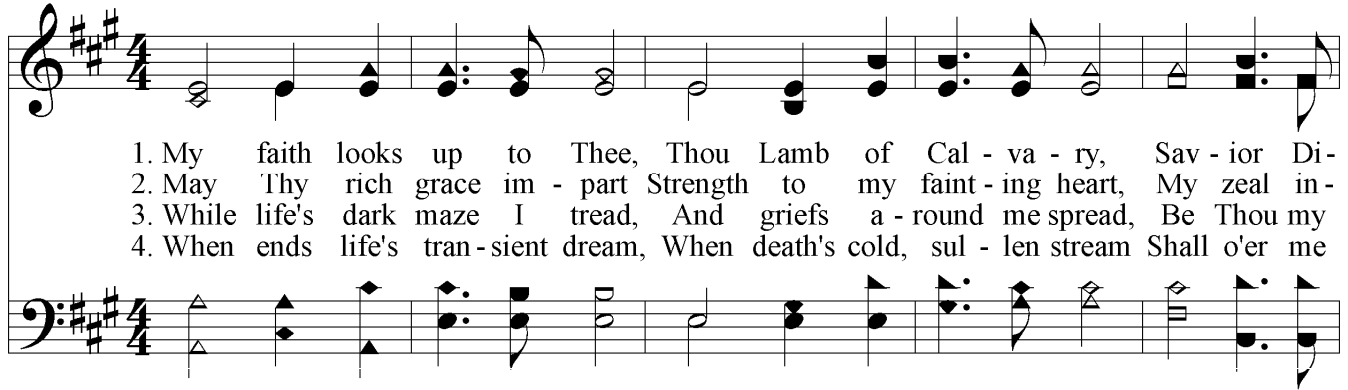
Sav - ior di - vine; Now hear me while I pray; Take all my  
 My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my  
 Be Thou my guide; Bid dark - ness turn to day; Wipe sor - row's  
 Shall o'er me roll; Blest Sav - ior, then in love, Fear and dis -

guilt a - way; O, let me, from this day, Be whol - ly Thine.  
 love to Thee Pure, warm, and change - less be - A liv - ing fire.  
 tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.  
 tress re - move; O bear me safe a - bove, - A ran - som'd soul.




# My Faith Looks Up To Thee (Arr. 3)

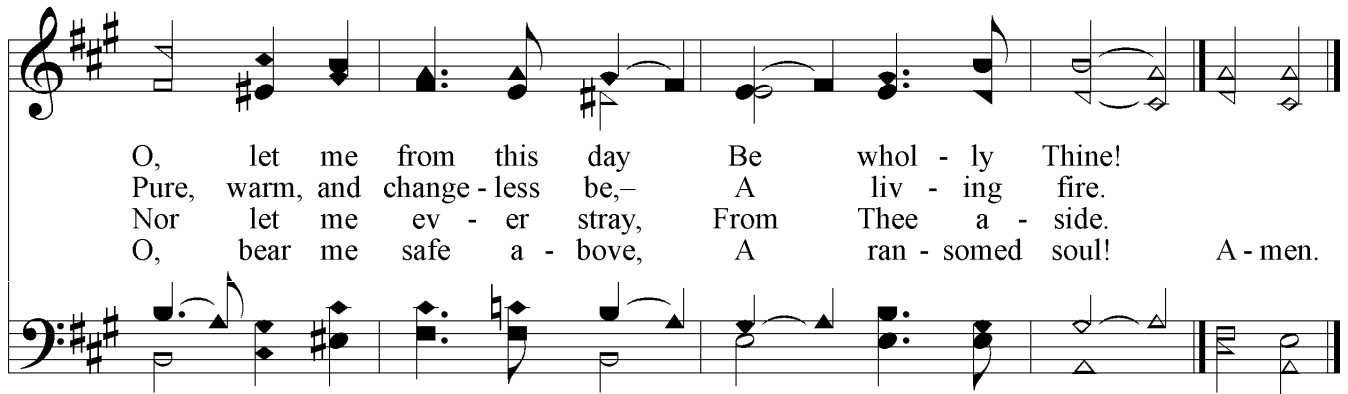
BETHEL 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - ior Di -  
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart, My zeal in -  
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread, Be Thou my  
4. When ends life's tran - sient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream Shall o'er me



vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my guilt a - way,  
spire; As Thou hast died for me, O, may my love to Thee  
Guide: Bid dark - ness turn to day, Wipe sor - row's tears a - way,  
roll; Blest Sav - ior, then, in love, Fear and dis - trust re - move;




O, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!  
Pure, warm, and change - less be, - A liv - ing fire.  
Nor let me ev - er stray, From Thee a - side.  
O, bear me safe a - bove, A ran - somed soul! A - men.

# My Faith Still Clings

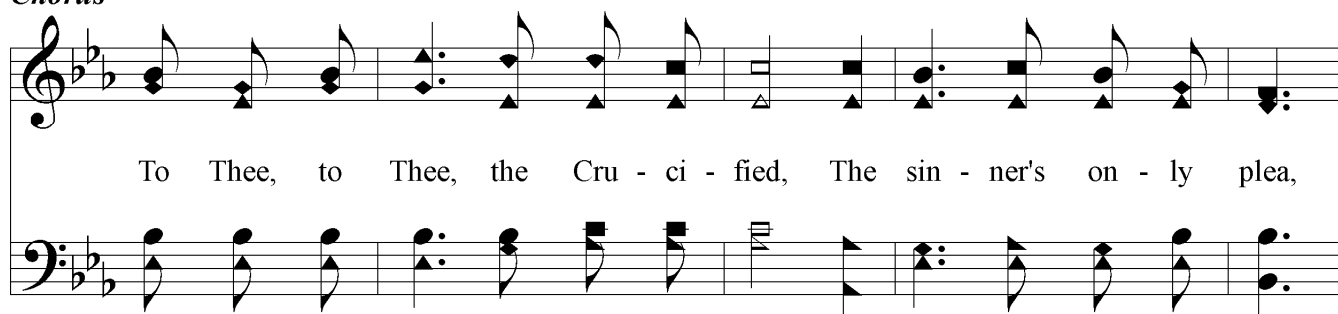


1. My sin is great, my strength is weak, My path be - set with snares,  
2. The world is dark with - out Thee, Lord, I turn me from its strife  
3. Temp - ta - tions lure and fears as - sail My frail, in - con - stant heart,  
4. Un - fold Thy pre - cepts to my mind, And cleanse my blind - ed eyes;

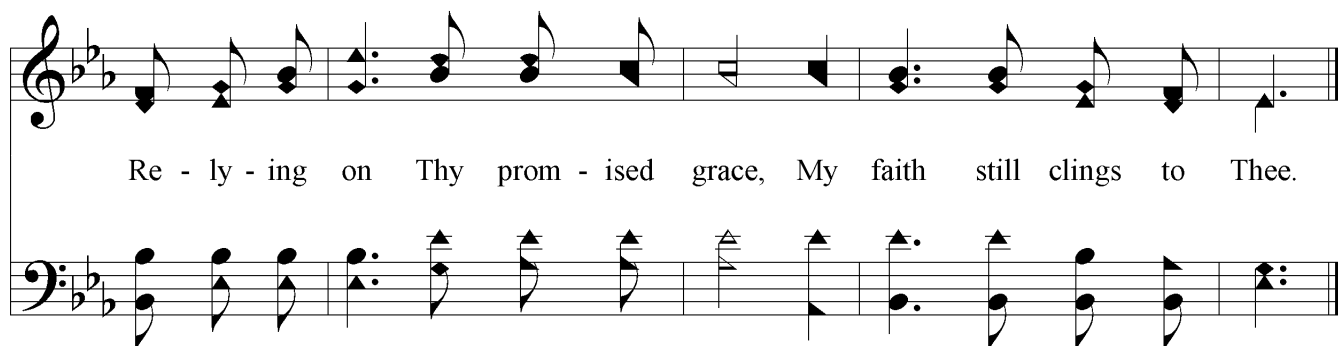


But Thou, O Christ, hast died for me, And Thou wilt hear my prayers.  
To find Thy love a sweet re - lief; Thou art the light of life.  
But pre - cious are Thy prom - is - es, And they new strength im - part.  
Grant me to work for Thee on earth, Then praise Thee in the skies.

## Chorus



To Thee, to Thee, the Cru - ci - fied, The sin - ner's on - ly plea,



Re - ly - ing on Thy prom - ised grace, My faith still clings to Thee.

# My Father, As Thou Wilt

THY WILL 6s.

*Poco Allegro*  
*mf*

1. My Fa - ther, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine;  
2. My Fa - ther, as Thou wilt! Tho' seen thru man - y a tear,  
3. My Fa - ther, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me;

*mf* *cresc.* . . . *al* . . . *f*

In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re - sign;  
Let not my star of hope grow dim or dis - ap - pear.  
Each chang - ing fu - ture scene I glad - ly trust with Thee.

*mp* *cresc.* . . . *poco.* . . . *a* . . . *poco* . . . . *al* . . .

Thru sor - row, or thru joy, Con - duct me as Thine own,  
Since Thou on earth hast wept, And sor - row'd oft a - lone,  
Straight to my home a - bove I trav - el calm - ly on,

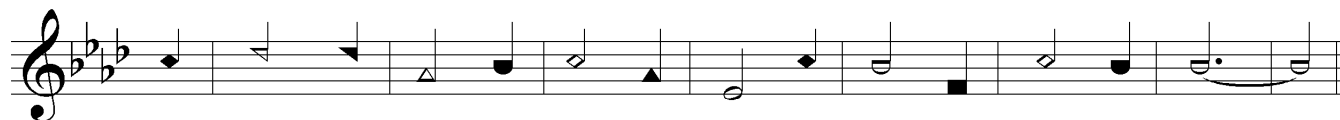
. . . *f* *dim.* . . . . . *al* . . . . . *p*

And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done!  
If I must be with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done!  
And sing in life or death, My Lord, Thy will be done!

# My Father Holds My Hand



1. My Fa - ther holds my hand, My Lord who loves me so;  
2. Se - cure in Him I trust My all from day to day;  
3. His love can nev - er fail; His mer - cy knows no end;  
4. He knows the way I take; My life by Him was planned;



His grace en - a - bles me to stand; He will not let me go.  
'Mid good or seem - ing ill I rest, Be - cause He knows the way.  
Tho' tempt - ed oft, I shall pre - vail; He will my soul de - fend.  
Tho' friends may fail and earth - ties break, He still will hold my hand.

## Chorus



My Fa - ther holds my hand; No fear my heart shall know;  
My Heav'n - ly Fa - ther holds my hand; shall know;



He'll bring me safe to Glo - ry - land, He will not let me go.



# My Father Knoweth

1. Pre - cious tho't, my Fa - ther know - eth, In His love I rest;  
 2. Pre - cious tho't, my Fa - ther know - eth, Car - eth for His child;  
 3. Sweet to tell Him all He know - eth, Roll on Him the care,  
 4. Oh, to trust Him then more ful - ly! Just to sim - ply move

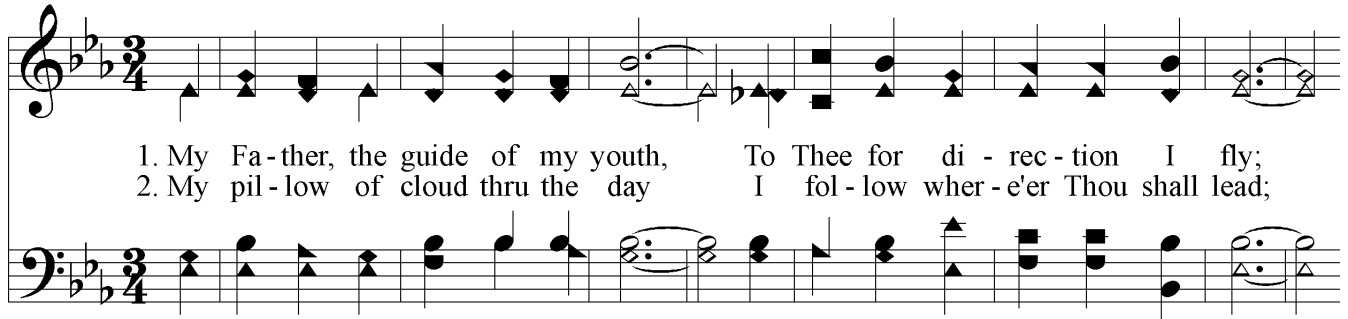
For what - e'er my Fa - ther do - eth Must be al - ways best.  
 Bids me nes - tle clos - er to Him, When the storms beat wild;  
 Cast up - on Him - self the bur - den That I can - not bear,  
 In the con - scious calm en - joy - ment Of the Fa - ther's love,

Well I know the heart that plann - eth Naught but good for me;  
 Tho' my earth - ly hopes are shat - tered, And the tear - drop fall,  
 The, with - out a care op - press - ing, Sim - ply to lie still,  
 Know - ing that life's check - ered path - way Lead - eth to His rest,

*Cres...*  
 Joy and sor - row in - ter - wo - ven, Love in all I see.  
 Yet He is Him - self my sol - ace, Yea, my "all in all."  
 Giv - ing thanks to Him for all things, Since it is His will.  
 Sat - is - fied the way He tak - eth Must be al - ways best.

# My Father, The Guide Of My Youth

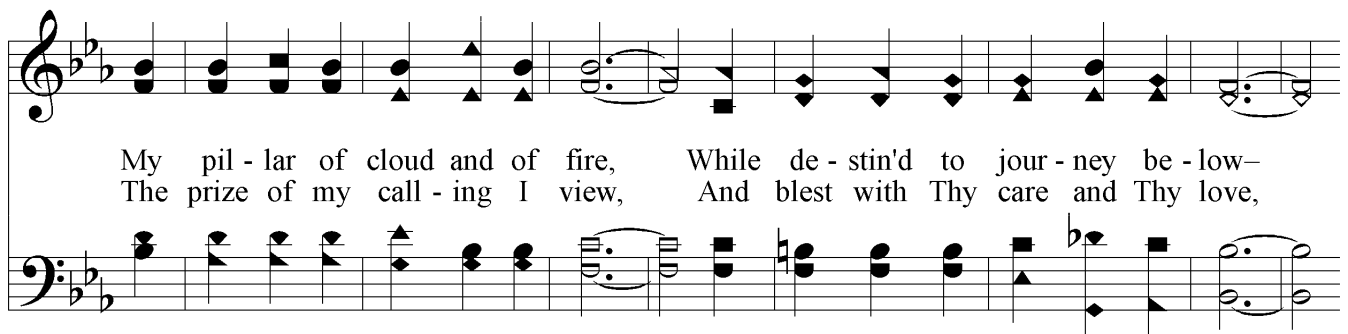
DELPHOD L. M. D.



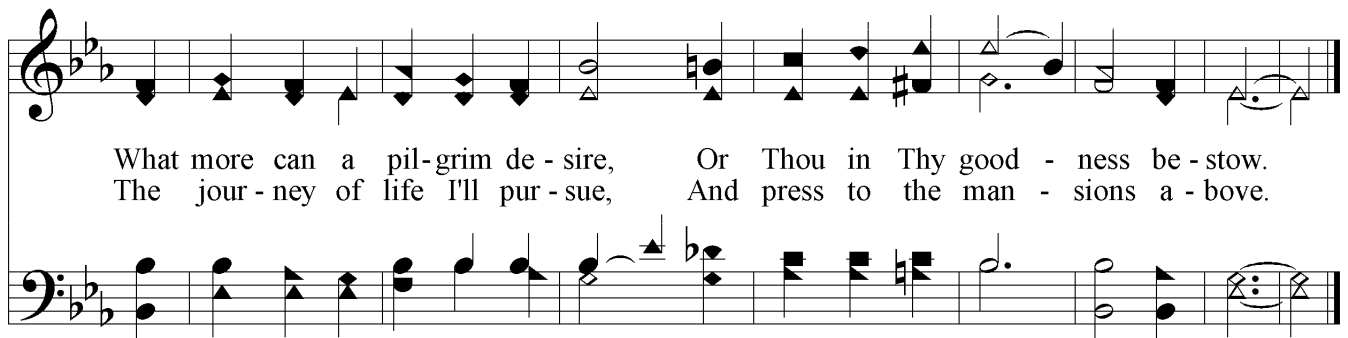
1. My Fa-ther, the guide of my youth, To Thee for di - rec - tion I fly;  
2. My pil - low of cloud thru the day I fol - low wher - e'er Thou shall lead;



Oh, grant me Thy light and Thy truth, Nor ev - er Thy pres - ence de - ny;  
My heart shall not yield to dis - may, Tho' rug - ged the path that I tread:



My pil - lar of cloud and of fire, While de - stin'd to jour - ney be - low -  
The prize of my call - ing I view, And blest with Thy care and Thy love,



What more can a pil - grim de - sire, Or Thou in Thy good - ness be - stow.  
The jour - ney of life I'll pur - sue, And press to the man - sions a - bove.

# My Father Watches Over Me



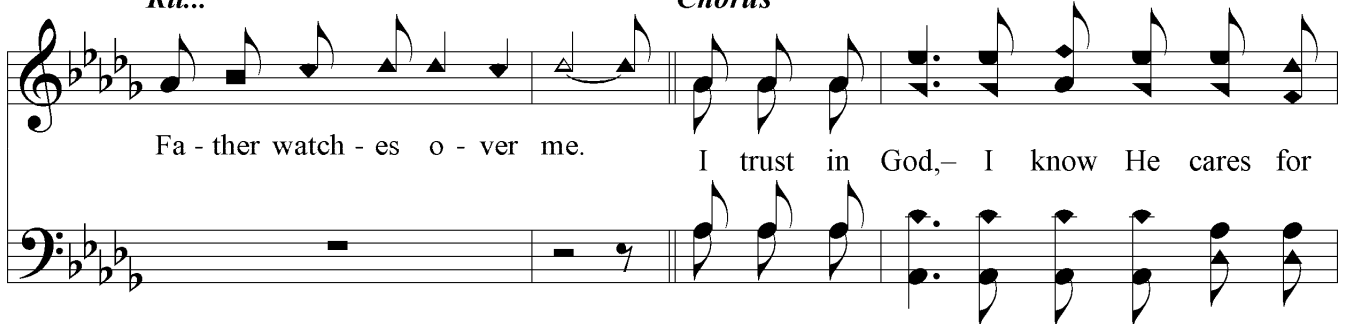
1. I trust in God wher - ev - er I may be, Up - on the land or  
 2. He makes the rose an ob - ject of His care, He guides the ea - gle  
 3. I trust in God, for, in the li - on's den, On bat - tle - field, or  
 4. The val - ley may be dark, the shad - ows deep, But O, the Shep - herd



on the roll - ing sea, For, come what may, From day to - day, My heav'n - ly  
 thru the path - less air, And sure - ly He, Re - mem - bers me, - My heav'n - ly  
 in the pris - on pen, Thru praise or blame, Thru flood or flame, My heav'n - ly  
 guards His lone - ly sheep; And thru the gloom He'll lead me home, My heav'n - ly

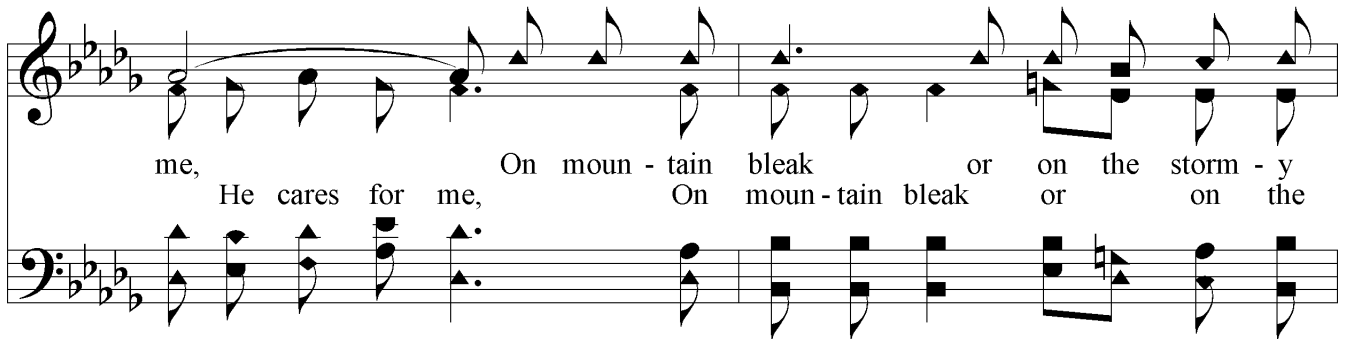
*Rit...*

**Chorus**



Fa - ther watch - es o - ver me.

I trust in God, - I know He cares for



me, He cares for me, On moun - tain bleak or on the storm - y  
 On moun - tain bleak or on the



sea; Tho' bil - lows roll, He keeps my  
 sea, the storm - y sea; tho' bil - lows roll, He

# *My Father Watches Over Me*

The image shows a musical score for the hymn "My Father Watches Over Me". It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff for the melody and a bass clef staff for the accompaniment. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody begins with a long note on G4, followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are: "soul, keeps my soul, My heav'n - ly Fa - ther watch - es o - ver me." The word "Rit..." is written above the melody in the fourth measure. The score ends with a double bar line.

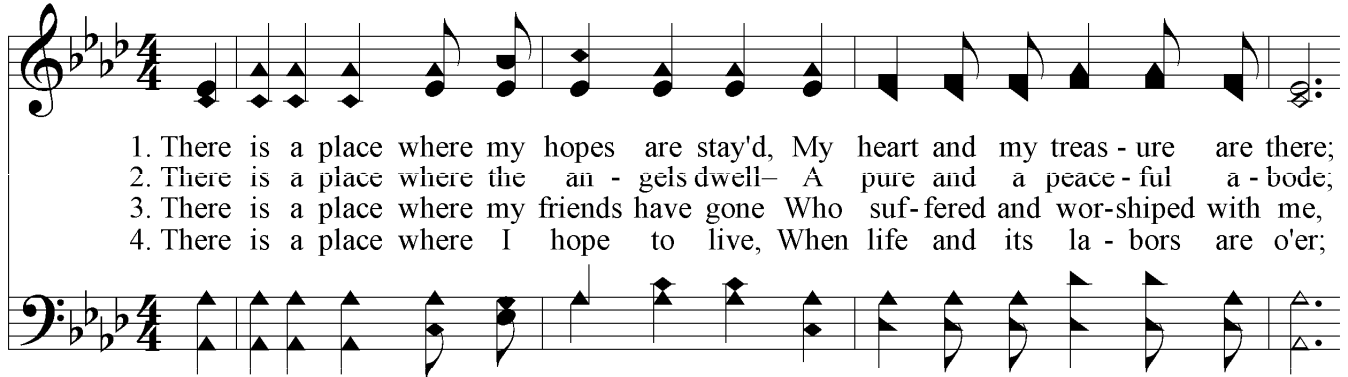
*Rit...*

soul,  
keeps my soul, My heav'n - ly Fa - ther watch - es o - ver me.

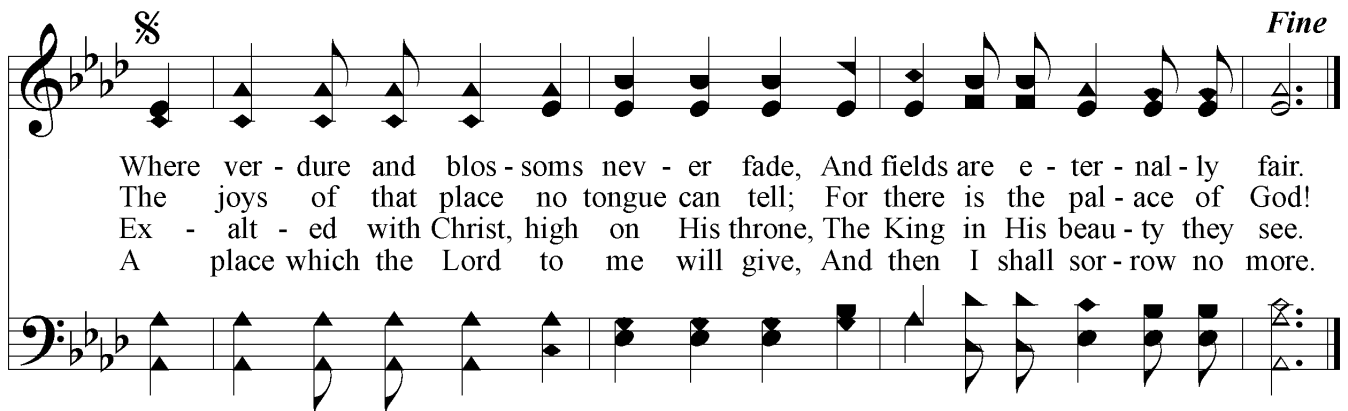


# My Fatherland

Ezek. 47:12



1. There is a place where my hopes are stay'd, My heart and my treas - ure are there;  
2. There is a place where the an - gels dwell— A pure and a peace - ful a - bode;  
3. There is a place where my friends have gone Who suf - fered and wor - shiped with me,  
4. There is a place where I hope to live, When life and its la - bors are o'er;



*Fine*  
Where ver - dure and blos - soms nev - er fade, And fields are e - ter - nal - ly fair.  
The joys of that place no tongue can tell; For there is the pal - ace of God!  
Ex - alt - ed with Christ, high on His throne, The King in His beau - ty they see.  
A place which the Lord to me will give, And then I shall sor - row no more.

*D. S.*— Come, fa - vor my flight, an - gel - ic band, And waft me in peace to the shore.

## Chorus



*D. S. al Fine*  
That bliss - ful place is my fa - ther - land; By faith its de - lights I ex - plore:

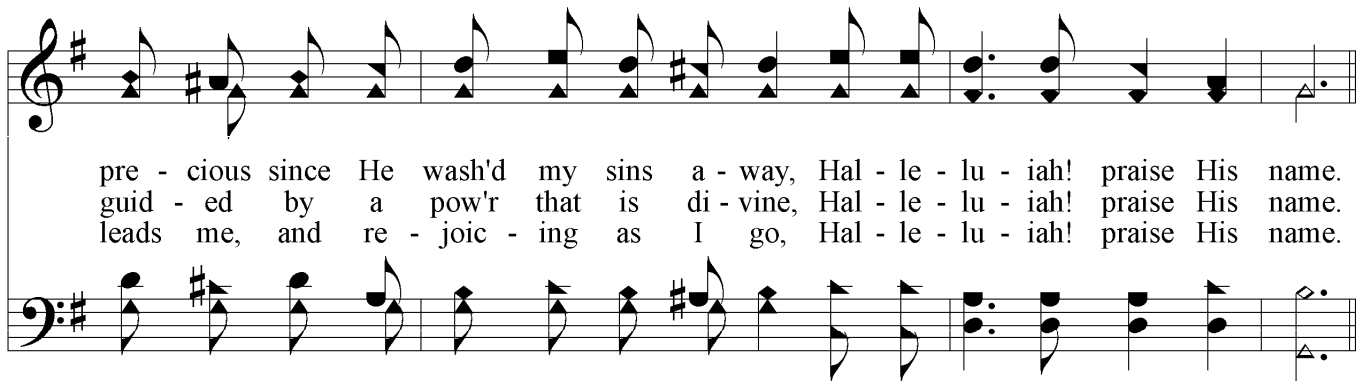
# My Feet Are On The Highway



1. My feet are on the high - way I am march - ing on to - day,  
2. My feet are on the high - way where the rays of glo - ry shine,  
3. My feet are on the high - way and the Sav - ior's love I know,



Hal - le - lu - iah! Hal - le - lu - iah! I have found the Sav - ior  
Hal - le - lu - iah! Praise His name, Hal - le - lu - iah! Praise His name, All the way my steps are  
I am walk - ing where He



pre - cious since He wash'd my sins a - way, Hal - le - lu - iah! praise His name.  
guid - ed by a pow'r that is di - vine, Hal - le - lu - iah! praise His name.  
leads me, and re - joic - ing as I go, Hal - le - lu - iah! praise His name.

## Chorus



Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! My feet are on the  
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

# *My Feet Are On The Highway*

high - way of the King, I am hap - py in His ser - vice and I  
of the King,

can - not help but sing, Hal - le - lu - iah! praise His name!  
His ho - ly name!

The image shows a musical score for the hymn "My Feet Are On The Highway". It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The first system covers the first two lines of lyrics, and the second system covers the next two lines. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords that support the melody.

# My Feet Were In The Miry Clay

THE BLESSED ROCK OF AGES



1. My feet were in the mir - y clay Un - til my Sav - ior came this way;
2. No more up - on the sink - ing sand, The storms may rage on ev - 'ry hand,
3. Oh, sure foun - da - tion for my feet, While dread - ful storms a - round me beat;
4. Oh, shel - ter for the tem - pest - tried, Oh, bless - ed cleft where - in to hide,



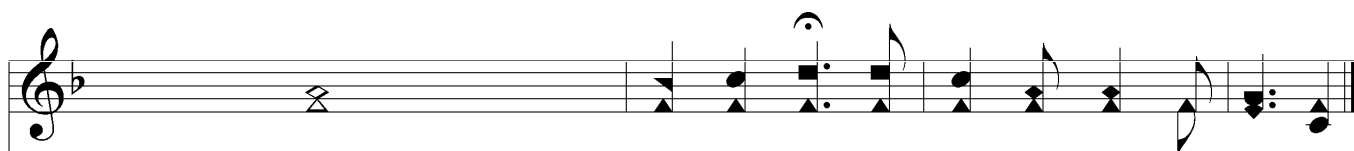
They're safe up - on the Rock to - day, The bless - ed Rock of Ag - es.  
I'm not a - fraid, where now I stand Up - on the Rock of Ag - es.  
I'll cling to Thee, Thou ref - uge sweet - Thou bless - ed Rock of Ag - es.  
In Thee, in Thee will I a - bide - Thou bless - ed Rock of Ag - es.



## Chorus



O rest - ful Rock of Ag - es, O peace - ful Rock of Ag - es,

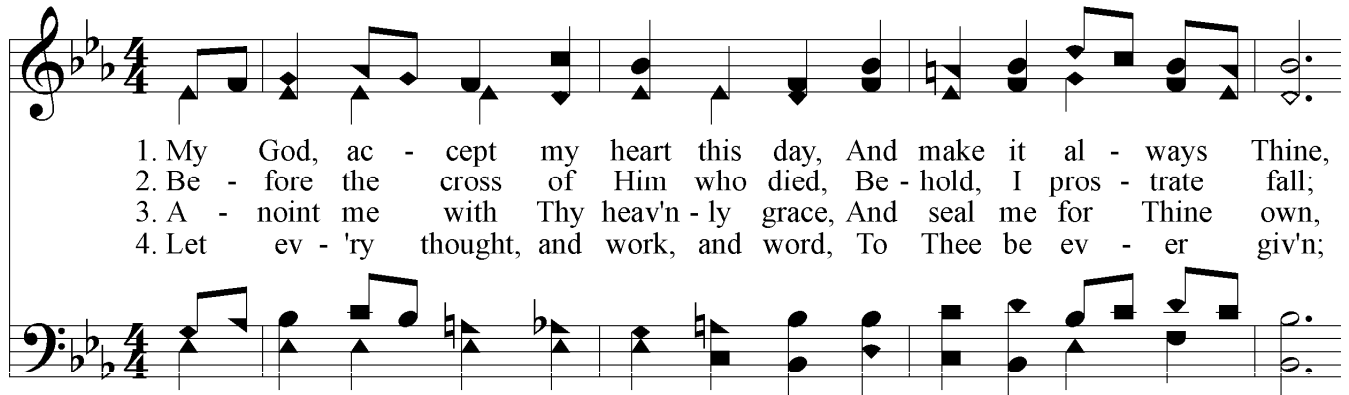


Out of the mir - y clay, Up - on the Rock to - day; The bless - ed Rock of Ag - es.



# My God, Accept My Heart This Day (Arr. 1)

BURLINGTON



1. My God, ac - cept my heart this day, And make it al - ways Thine,  
2. Be - fore the cross of Him who died, Be - hold, I pros - trate fall;  
3. A - noint me with Thy heav'n - ly grace, And seal me for Thine own,  
4. Let ev - 'ry thought, and work, and word, To Thee be ev - er giv'n;



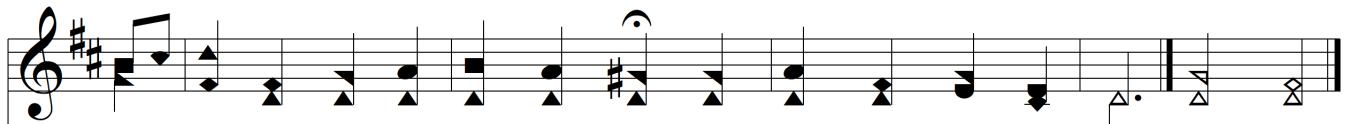
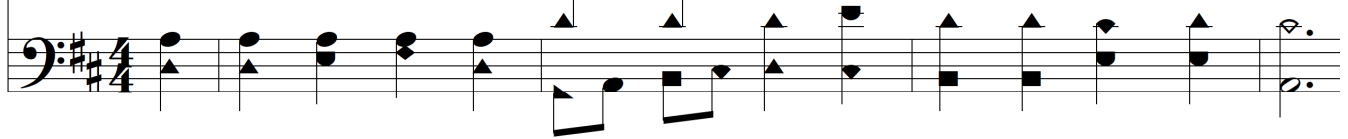
That I from Thee no more may stray, No more from Thee de - cline.  
Let ev - 'ry sin be cru - ci - fied, And Christ be all in all.  
That I may see Thy glo - rious face, And wor - ship near Thy throne.  
Then life shall be Thy ser - vice, Lord, And death the gate of heav'n.

# My God, Accept My Heart This Day (Arr. 2)

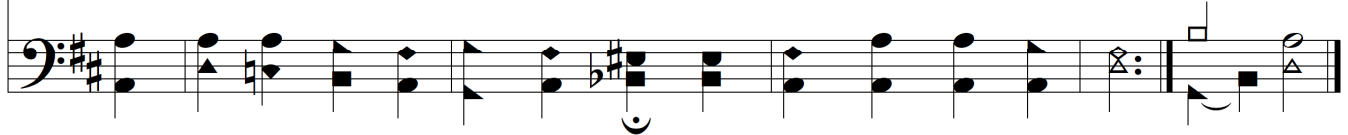
WILSON C. M.



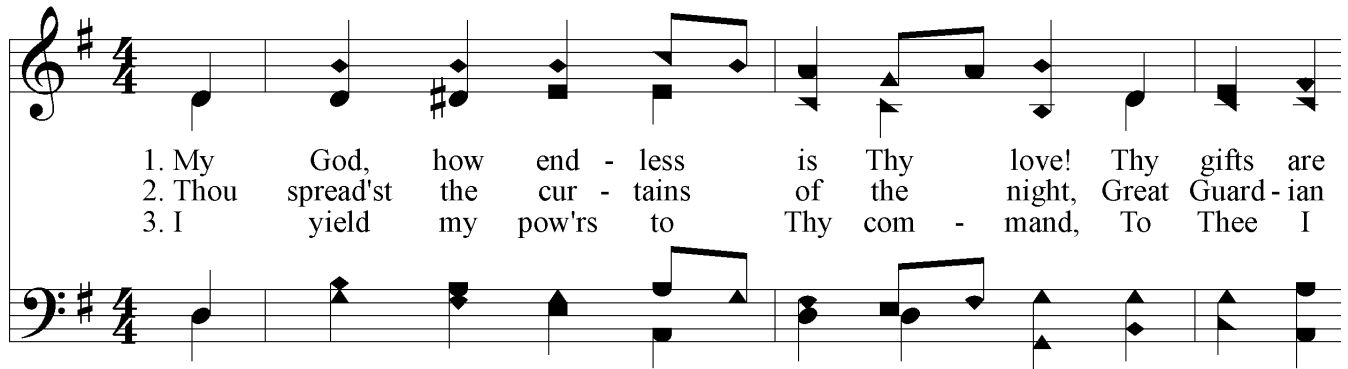
1. My God, ac - cept my heart this day, And make it al - ways Thine,  
2. Be - fore the cross of Him who died, Be - hold, I pros - trate fall;  
3. A - noint me with Thy heav'n - ly grace, And seal me for Thine own,  
4. Let ev - 'ry tho't and ev - 'ry word, To Thee be ev - er giv'n;




That I from Thee no more may stray, No more from Thee de - cline.  
Let ev - 'ry sin be cru - ci - fied, And Christ be all in all.  
That I may see Thy glo - rious face, And wor - ship near Thy throne.  
Then life shall be Thy ser - vice, Lord, And death the gate of heav'n. A - men.



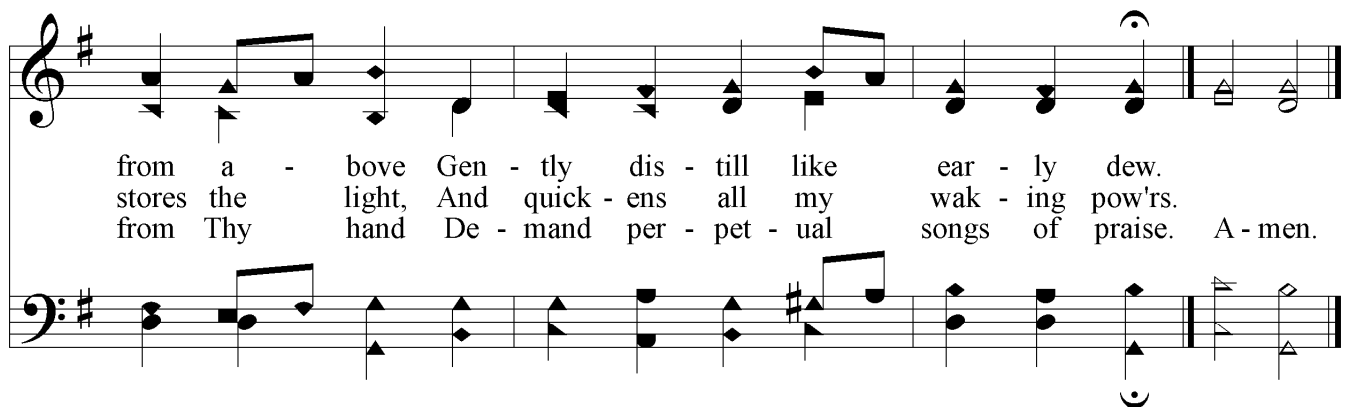
# My God, How Endless Is Thy Love (Arr. 1)



1. My God, how end - less is Thy love! Thy gifts are  
2. Thou spread'st the cur - tains of the night, Great Guard - ian  
3. I yield my pow'rs to Thy com - mand, To Thee I



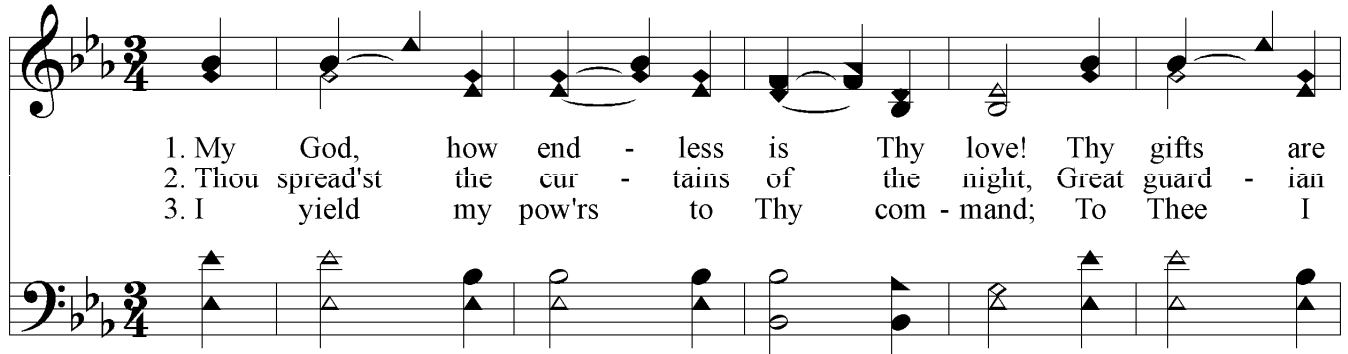
eve - ry eve - ning new; And morn - ing mer - cies  
of my sleep - ing hours; Thy sov - er'ign word re -  
con - se - crate my days, Per - pet - ual bless - ing,



from a - bove Gen - tly dis - till like ear - ly dew.  
stores the light, And quick - ens all my wak - ing pow'rs.  
from Thy hand De - mand per - pet - ual songs of praise. A - men.

# My God, How Endless Is Thy Love (Arr. 2)

GRATITUDE L. M.



1. My God, how end - less is Thy love! Thy gifts are  
2. Thou spread'st the cur - tains of the night, Great guard - ian  
3. I yield my pow'rs to Thy com - mand; To Thee I



ev - 'ry eve - ning new; And morn - ing mer - cies  
of my sleep - ing hours; Thy sov - 'reign word re -  
con - se - crate my days; Per - pet - ual bless - ings



from a - bove, Gen - tly dis - till like ear - ly dew.  
stores the light, And quick - ens all my drow - sy pow'rs.  
from Thine hand De - mand per - pet - ual songs of praise.



# My God, How Endless Is Thy Love (Arr. 3)

ROCKINGHAM L. M.

1. My God, how end - less is Thy love! Thy gifts are ev - 'ry eve - ning new;  
2. Thou spread'st the cur - tains of the night, Great Guard - ian of my sleep - ing hours:  
3. I yield my pow'rs to Thy com - mand; To Thee I con - se - crate my days;

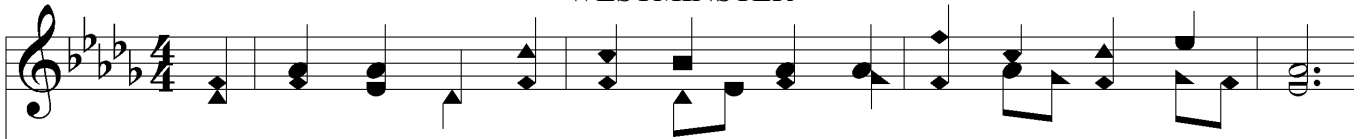
And morn - ing mer - cies from a - bove Gen - tly dis - till like ear - ly dew.  
Thy sov - 'reign word re - stores the light, And quick - ens all my drow - sy pow'rs.  
Per - pet - ual bless - ings from Thy hand De - mand per - pet - ual songs of praise. A - men.

Words: Isaac Watts (1709)

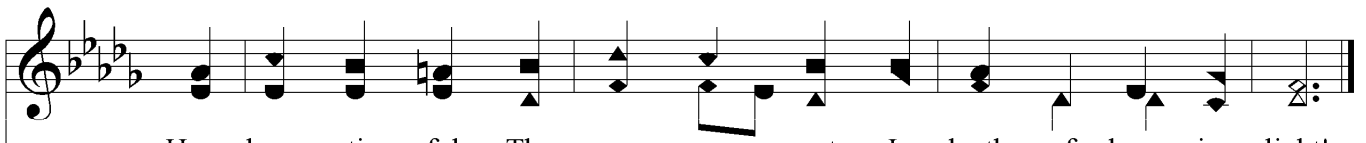
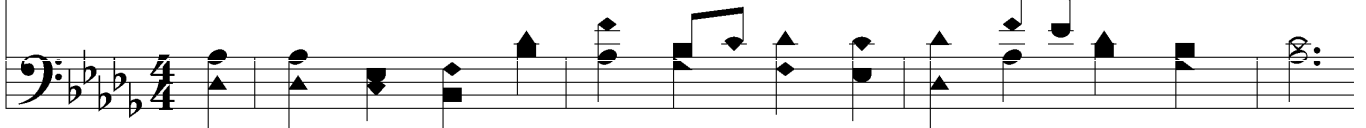
Music: Dr. Lowell Mason (1792-1872)

# My God, How Wonderful Thou Art!

WESTMINSTER



1. My God, how won - der - ful Thou art! Thy maj - es - ty how bright!  
2. How dread are Thine e - ter - nal years, Oh, ev - er - last - ing Lord!  
3. How beau - ti - ful, how beau - ti - ful, The sight of Thee must be! -  
4. Oh! how I fear Thee, liv - ing God! With deep - est, ten - der'st fears,  
5. No earth - ly fa - ther loves like Thee, No moth - er, half so mild,

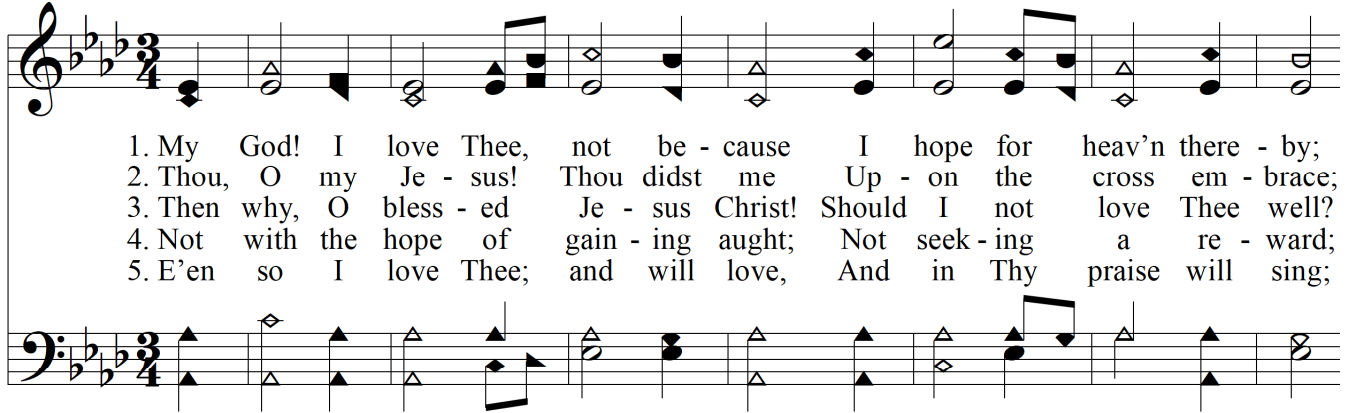


How beau - ti - ful Thy mer - cy - seat, In depths of burn - ing light!  
By pros - trate spir - its, day and night, In - ces - sant - ly a - dored.  
Thine end - less wis - dom, bound - less pow'r, And aw - ful pu - ri - ty!  
And wor - ship Thee with trem - bling hope, And pen - i - ten - tial tears.  
Bears and for - bears, as Thou hast done With me, Thy sin - ful child.



# My God, I Love Thee

AVON C. M.



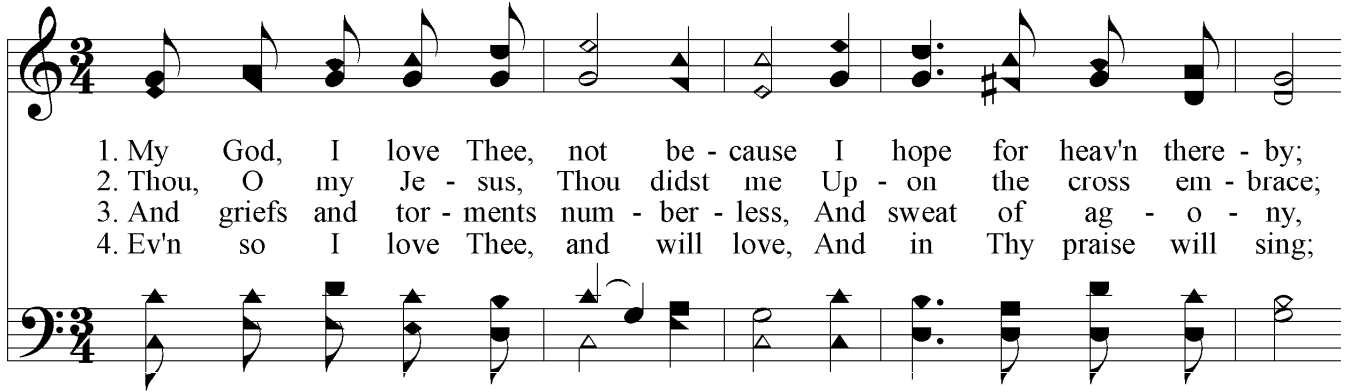
1. My God! I love Thee, not be - cause I hope for heav'n there - by;  
2. Thou, O my Je - sus! Thou didst me Up - on the cross em - brace;  
3. Then why, O bless - ed Je - sus Christ! Should I not love Thee well?  
4. Not with the hope of gain - ing aught; Not seek - ing a re - ward;  
5. E'en so I love Thee; and will love, And in Thy praise will sing;



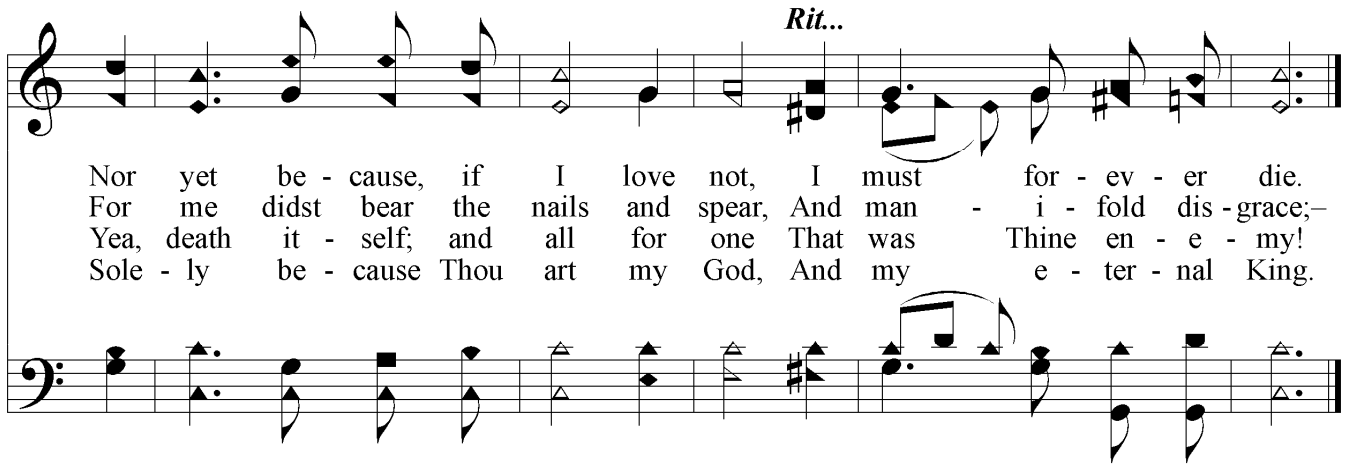
Nor yet be - cause, if I love not, I must for - ev - er die.  
For me didst bear the nails and spear, And man - i - fold dis - grace.  
Not for the sake of win - ning heav'n, Nor of es - cap - ing hell.  
But as Thy - self has loved me, O ev - er lov - ing Lord!  
Sole - ly be - cause Thou art my God, And my e - ter - nal King. A - men.

# My God, I Love Thee, Not Because

MERTON C. M.



1. My God, I love Thee, not be - cause I hope for heav'n there - by;  
2. Thou, O my Je - sus, Thou didst me Up - on the cross em - brace;  
3. And griefs and tor - ments num - ber - less, And sweat of ag - o - ny,  
4. Ev'n so I love Thee, and will love, And in Thy praise will sing;



*Rit...*  
Nor yet be - cause, if I love not, I must for - ev - er die.  
For me didst bear the nails and spear, And man - i - fold dis - grace;-  
Yea, death it - self; and all for one That was Thine en - e - my!  
Sole - ly be - cause Thou art my God, And my e - ter - nal King.

# My God, I Thank Thee (Arr.1)

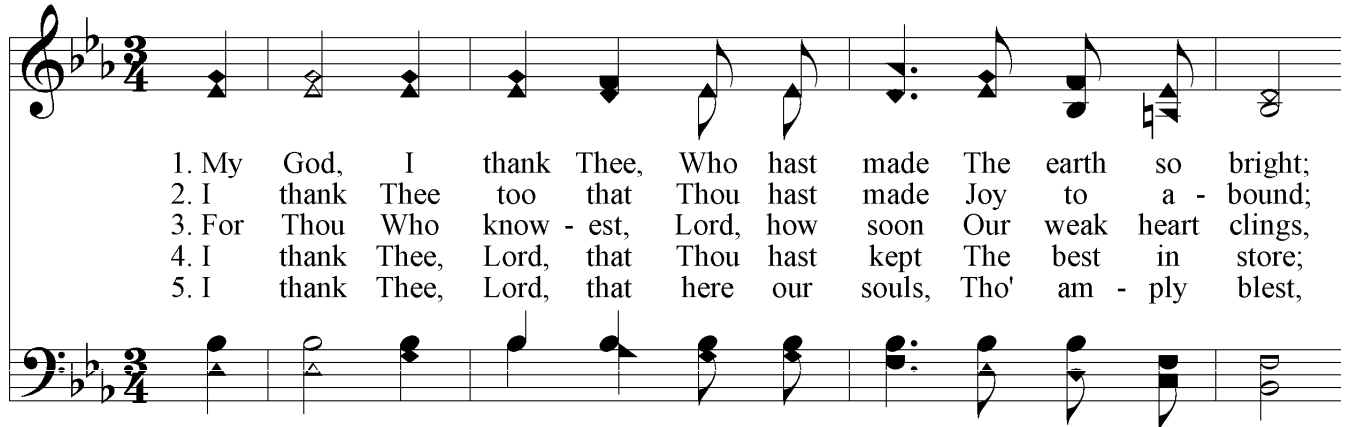
1. My God, I thank Thee, Who hast made The earth so bright,  
2. I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made Joy to a - bound;  
3. I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept The best in store;  
4. I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls, Though am - ply blest,

So full of splen - dor and of joy, Beau - ty and light;  
So man - y gen - tle thoughts and deeds Cir - cling us round,  
We have e - nough, yet not too much To long for more:  
Can nev - er find, al - though they seek, A per - fect rest;

So man - y glo - rious things are here, No - ble and right.  
That in the dark - est spot of earth Some love is found.  
A year - ing for a deep - er peace Not known be - fore.  
Nor ev - er shall, un - til they lean On Je - sus' breast. A - men.

# My God, I Thank Thee, Who Hast Made (Arr. 2)

CARROW 8, 4, 8, 4, 8, 4



1. My God, I thank Thee, Who hast made The earth so bright;  
2. I thank Thee too that Thou hast made Joy to a - bound;  
3. For Thou Who know - est, Lord, how soon Our weak heart clings,  
4. I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept The best in store;  
5. I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls, Tho' am - ply blest,



So full of splen - dor and of joy, Beau - ty and light;  
So man - y gen - tle thoughts and deeds Cir - cling us round;  
Hast giv'n us joys, ten - der and true, Yet all with wings;  
We have e - nough, yet not too much To long for more:  
Can nev - er find, al - tho' they seek, A per - fect rest;



So man - y glo - rious things are here, No - ble and right.  
That in the dark - est spot of earth Some love is found.  
So that we see, gleam - ing on high, Di - vin - er things.  
A yearn - ing for a deep - er peace, Not known be - fore.  
Nor ev - er shall, un - til they lean On Je - sus' breast. A - men.

# My God, Is Any Hour So Sweet

PRAYER 8.8.8.4

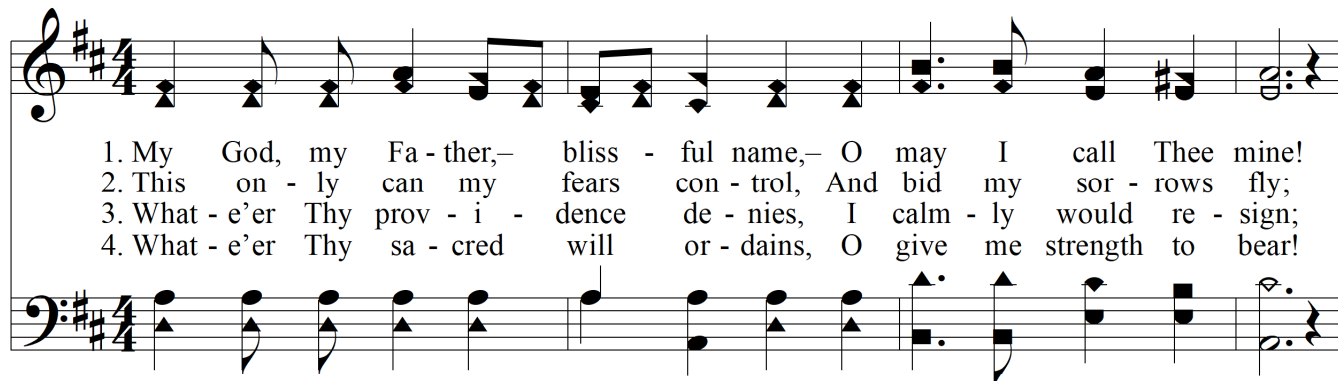
1. My God, is an - y hour so sweet, From blush of  
2. Blest is that tran - quil hour of morn, And blest that  
3. Then is my strength by Thee re - newed; Then are my  
4. No words can tell what sweet re - lief Here for my  
5. Hushed is each doubt, gone eve - ry fear: My spir - it  
6. Lord, till I reach that bliss - ful shore, No priv - i -

morn to eve - ning star, As that which calls me  
sol - emn hour of eve, When, on the wings of  
sins - by Thee for - giv'n; Then dost Thou cheer of my  
ev - 'ry want I find; What strength for war - fare,  
seems in Heav'n to stay; And e'en the pen - i -  
lege so dear shall be As thus my in - most

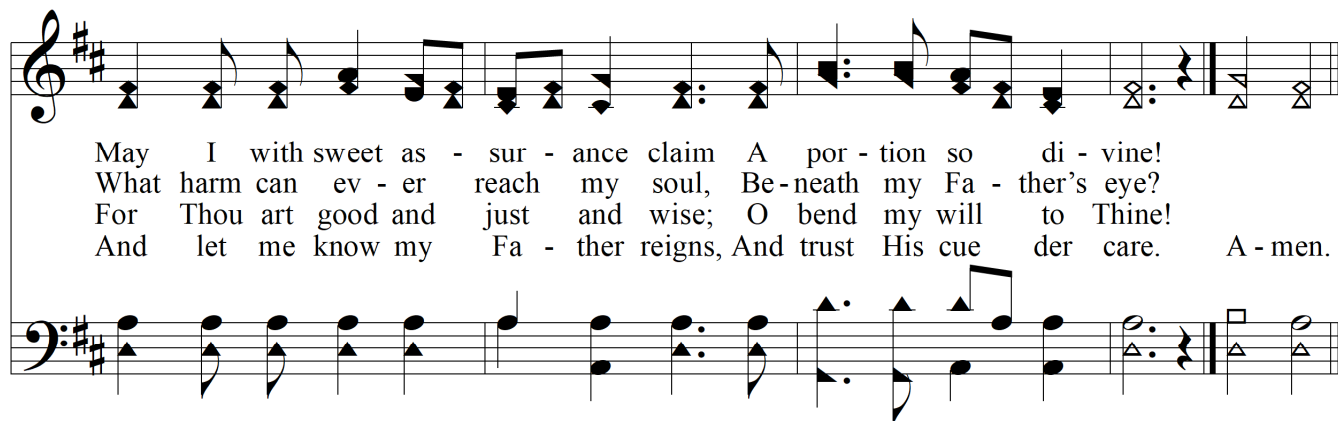
to Thy feet, - The hour of prayer?  
prayer up - borne, The world I leave.  
sol - i - tude With hopes of Heav'n.  
balm for grief, With peace of mind.  
ten - tial tear Is wiped a - way.  
soul to pour In prayer to Thee. A - men.

# My God, My Father,— Blissful Name

NAOMI C. M.



1. My God, my Fa - ther,— bliss - ful name,— O may I call Thee mine!  
2. This on - ly can my fears con - trol, And bid my sor - rows fly;  
3. What - e'er Thy prov - i - dence de - nies, I calm - ly would re - sign;  
4. What - e'er Thy sa - cred will or - dains, O give me strength to bear!



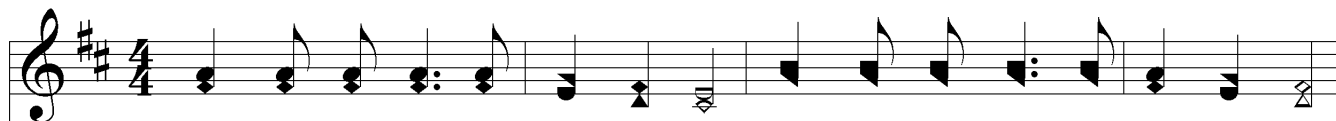
May I with sweet as - sur - ance claim A por - tion so di - vine!  
What harm can ev - er reach my soul, Be - neath my Fa - ther's eye?  
For Thou art good and just and wise; O bend my will to Thine!  
And let me know my Fa - ther reigns, And trust His cue der care. A - men.

Words: Anne Steel (1760)

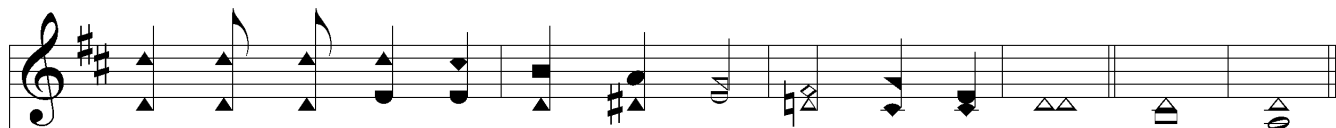
Music: Dr. Lowell Mason (1792-1872)



# My God, My Father, Though I Stray



1. My God, my Fa - ther, tho I stray Far from my home, on life's rough way,  
2. Tho dark my path, and sad my lot, Let me be still and mur - mur not,  
3. Re - new my will from day to day; Blend it with Thine, and take a - way  
4. Then, when on earth I breathe no more The prayer oft mixed with tears be - fore,

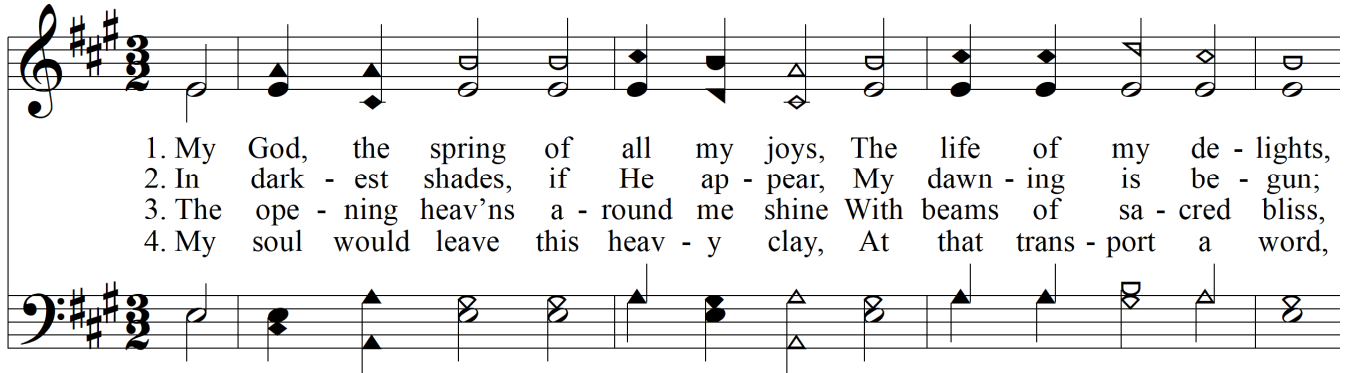


O teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done!"  
Or breathe the prayer di - vine - ly taught, "Thy will be done!"  
All that now makes it hard to say, "Thy will be done!"  
I'll sing up - on a hap - pier shore, "Thy will be done!" A - men.

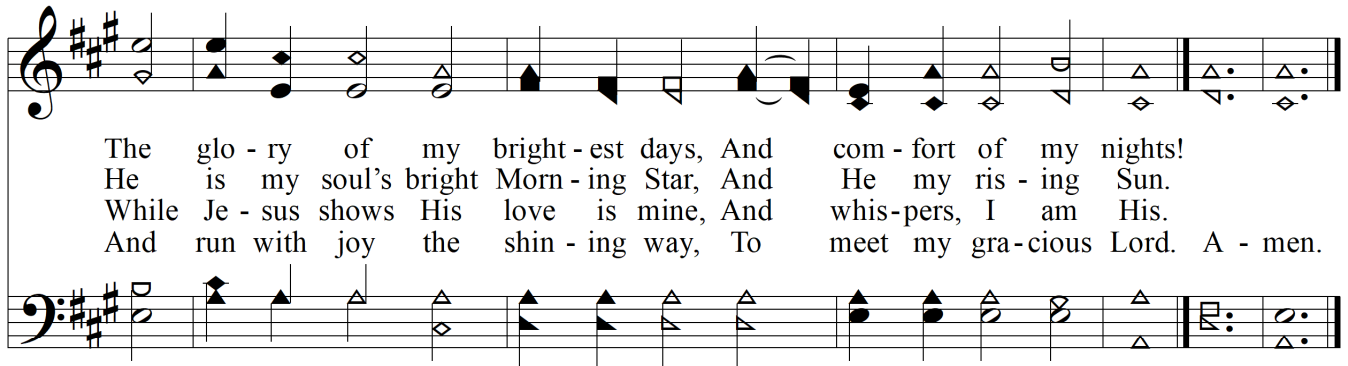


# My God, The Spring Of All My Joys

DENFIELD C. M.



1. My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my de - lights,  
2. In dark - est shades, if He ap - pear, My dawn - ing is be - gun;  
3. The ope - ning heav'ns a - round me shine With beams of sa - cred bliss,  
4. My soul would leave this heav - y clay, At that trans - port a word,

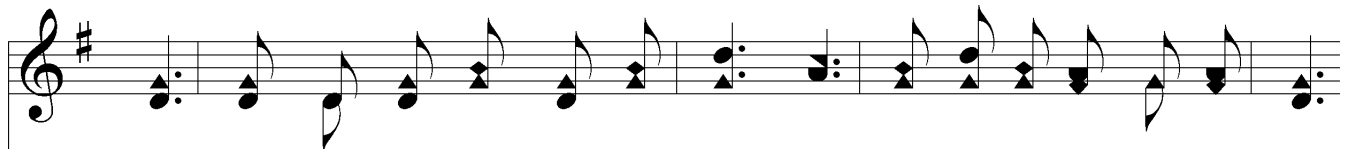


The glo - ry of my bright - est days, And com - fort of my nights!  
He is my soul's bright Morn - ing Star, And He my ris - ing Sun.  
While Je - sus shows His love is mine, And whis - pers, I am His.  
And run with joy the shin - ing way, To meet my gra - cious Lord. A - men.

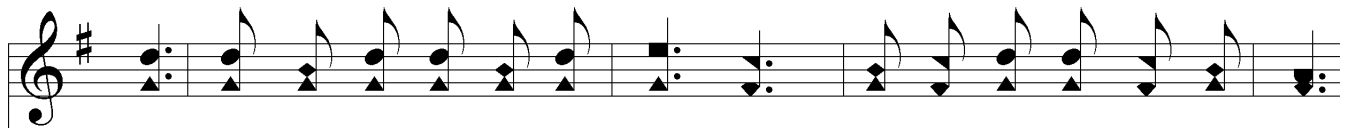
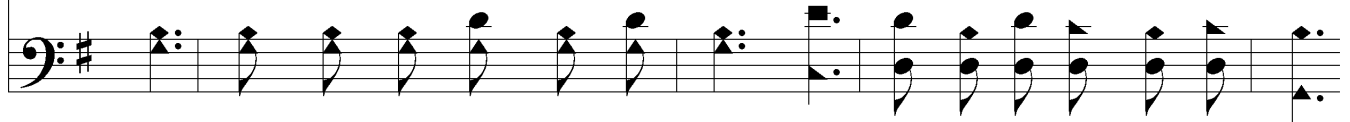
# My Gracious Redeemer I Love!



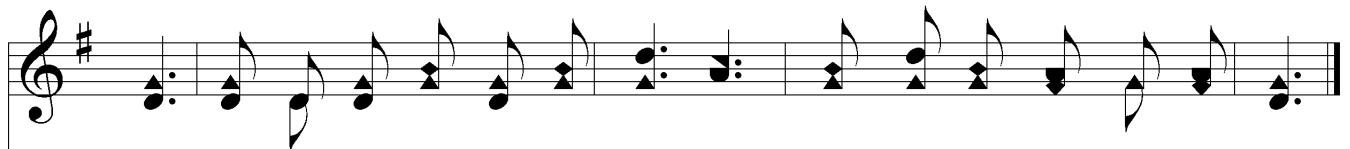
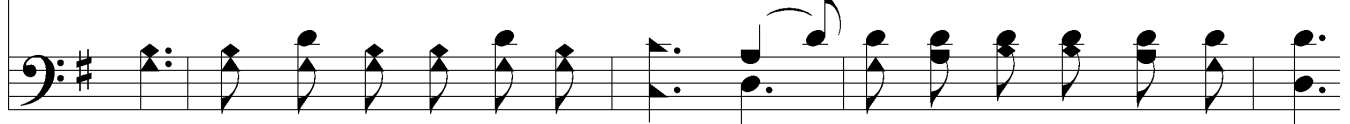
1. My gra-cious Re-deem-er I love! His prais-es a-loud I'll pro-claim,  
2. Earth's pal-ac-es, scep-ters, and crowns, Their pride with dis-dain I sur-vey;



And join with the ar-mies a-bove, To shout His a-dor-a-ble name.  
Their pomps are but shad-ows and sounds, And pass in a mo-ment a-way.



To gaze on His glo-ries di-vine Shall be my e-ter-nal em-ploy,  
The crown that my Sav-ior be-stows Yon per-ma-nent sun shall out-shine;



And feel them in-ces-sant-ly shine, My bound-less, in-ef-fa-ble joy.  
My joy ev-er-last-ing-ly flows— My God, my Re-deem-er, is mine.



# My Great Physician

"Who healeth all thy diseases." – Psalm 103:3

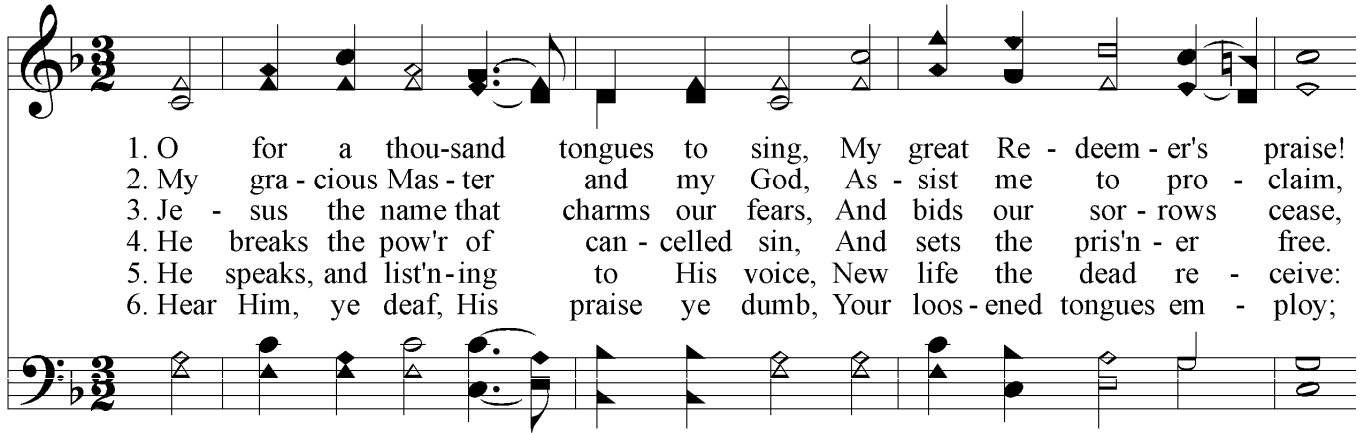
1. Thou art my great "Phy - si - cian," My Sav - ior and my All; I look to  
2. When in the mid - night watch - es, With anx - ious care op - pressed, I of - ten  
3. Thou art my "Tow'r of Ref - uge," My "Strength" up - on the way; My "Hope" of  
4. Thou art my "Res - ur - rec - tion" To life that nev - er dies, Where Thou art

Thee for bless - ing, And on Thy mer - cy call, With ten - d'rest care Thou watch - est  
hear Thee whis - per, "Come un - to me and rest." Thou car - est for the wea - ry,  
end - less glo - ry, When ends life's fleet - ing day; Thou art the on - ly "Heal - er,"  
now pre - par - ing A man - sion in the skies; Then has - ten Thine ap - pear - ing,

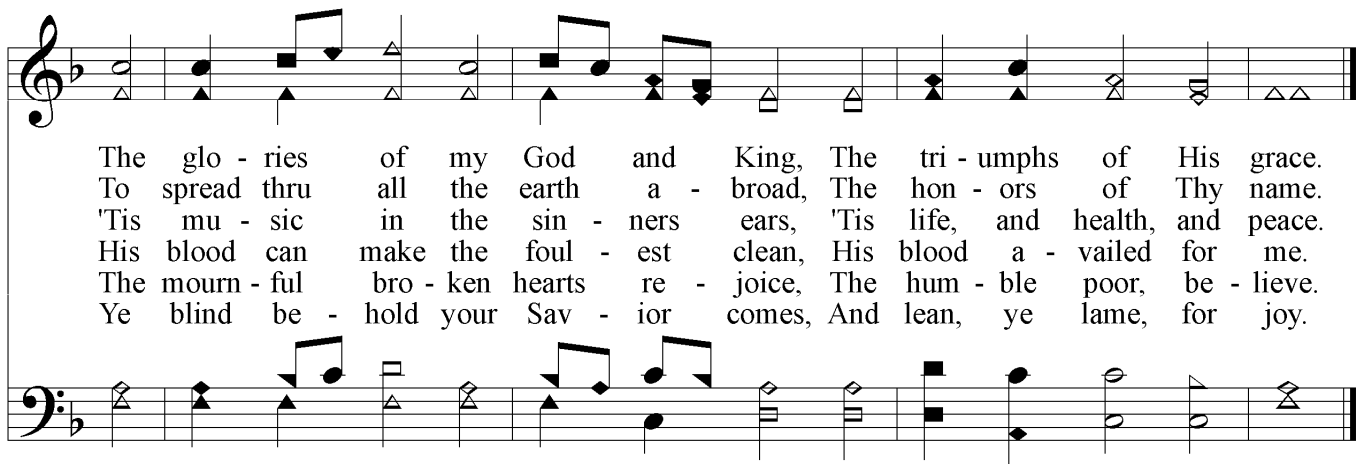
Be - side the couch of pain; And giv - est health and heal - ing, When hu - man  
Dost mark the spar - row's fall; Then sure - ly I can trust Thee, Thou art my  
For bod - y, mind and soul, And when all oth - ers fail me, Thy touch can  
To take Thy peo - ple home, Where sick - ness, pain and sor - row Shall nev - er,

*Rit...*  
help is vain, And giv - eth health and heal - ing, When hu - man help is vain.  
"All in All," Then sure - ly I can trust Thee, Thou art my "All in All."  
make me whole, And when all oth - ers fail me, Thy touch can make me whole.  
nev - er come, Where sick - ness, pain and sor - row Can nev - er, nev - er come.

# My Great Redeemer's Praise



1. O for a thou-sand tongues to sing, My great Re - deem - er's praise!  
2. My gra - cious Mas - ter and my God, As - sist me to pro - claim,  
3. Je - sus the name that charms our fears, And bids our sor - rows cease,  
4. He breaks the pow'r of can - celled sin, And sets the pris'n - er free.  
5. He speaks, and list'n-ing to His voice, New life the dead re - ceive:  
6. Hear Him, ye deaf, His praise ye dumb, Your loos - ened tongues em - ploy;

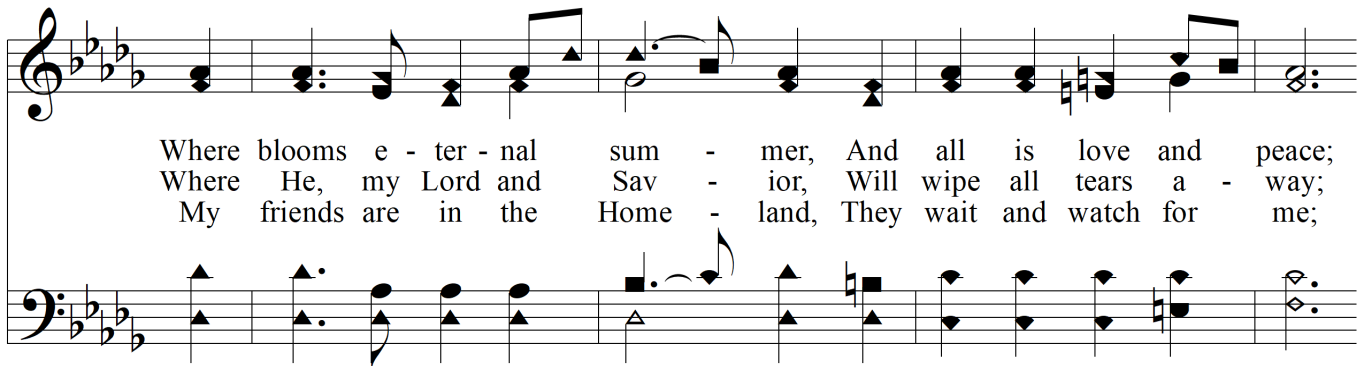


The glo - ries of my God and King, The tri - umphs of His grace.  
To spread thru all the earth a - broad, The hon - ors of Thy name.  
'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ners ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.  
His blood can make the foul - est clean, His blood a - vailed for me.  
The mourn - ful bro - ken hearts re - jice, The hum - ble poor, be - lieve.  
Ye blind be - hold your Sav - ior comes, And lean, ye lame, for joy.

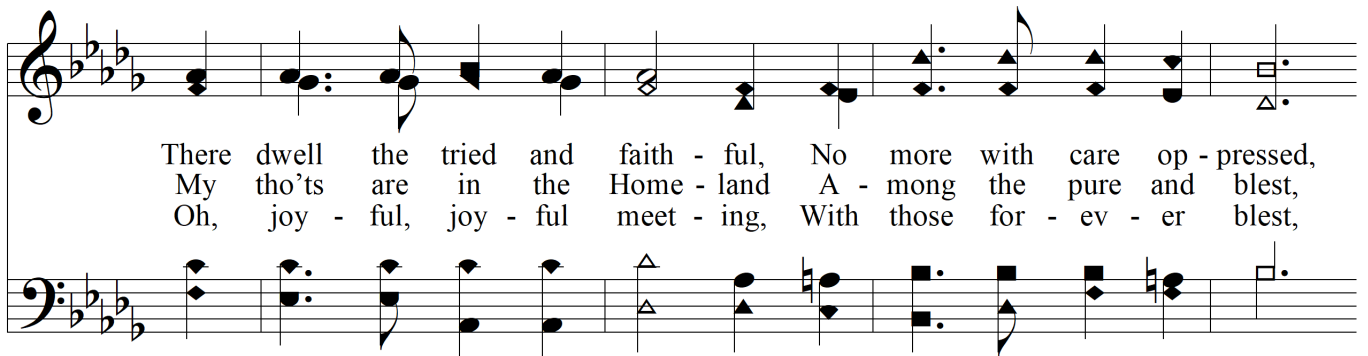
# My Heart Is In The Homeland



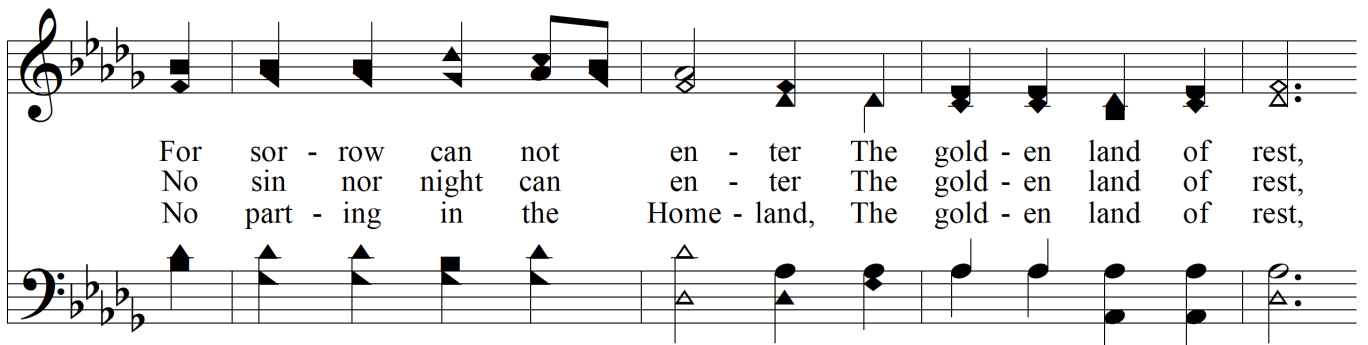
1. My heart is in the Home - land, Where ev - 'ry storm shall cease,  
2. My heart is in the Home - land, That realm of end - less day,  
3. My heart is in the Home - land, And there I soon shall be;



Where blooms e - ter - nal sum - mer, And all is love and peace;  
Where He, my Lord and Sav - ior, Will wipe all tears a - way;  
My friends are in the Home - land, They wait and watch for me;



There dwell the tried and faith - ful, No more with care op - pressed,  
My tho'ts are in the Home - land A - mong the pure and blest,  
Oh, joy - ful, joy - ful meet - ing, With those for - ev - er blest,



For sor - row can not en - ter The gold - en land of rest,  
No sin nor night can en - ter The gold - en land of rest,  
No part - ing in the Home - land, The gold - en land of rest,

# *My Heart Is In The Homeland*

The image shows a musical score for the hymn "My Heart Is In The Homeland". It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff at the top and a bass clef staff at the bottom. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are centered between the two staves.

For sor - row can not en - ter The gold - en land of rest.  
No sin nor night can en - ter The gold - en land of rest.  
No part - ing in the Home - land, The gold - en land of rest.

# My Heart Is Over Yonder

YONDER 7s & 6s, with Refrain

1. My heart is o - ver yon - der, My treas - ure, too, is there,  
2. No night is o - ver yon - der, No sor - row chills the heart,  
3. My thoughts are o - ver yon - der: How oft in dreams I view  
4. My friends are o - ver yon - der, They watch and wait for me;

Where Je - sus our Re - deem - er Will ban - ish ev - 'ry care.  
And they who pass its por - tals Shall meet but nev - er part.  
The love - ly hills of Ca - naan, Its skies of cloud - less blue.  
The ties that here were bro - ken Shall there u - nit - ed be.

## Refrain

Where fade - less flow'rs are bloom - ing, And per - fect joys a - bide,

My heart is o - ver yon - der, Be - yond the swell - ing tide.



# My Heart Keeps Singing Hallelujah



1. Oh, my life is filled with glo - ry since the Lord came in And re-deemed my  
2. Once I was a slave to sin and bound with Sa - tan's chain, And I tried to  
3. Thru the night of sin He sought me and He bro't me home; To the Fa - ther's



guilt - y soul and can - celed all my sin; All the past is par - doned now and  
free my - self but al - ways tried in vain; Then the might - y Sav - ior came and  
house of love He bade the wan - d'rer come; Now my soul is stayed up - on the



placed be - neath the blood, And my heart keeps sing - ing hal - le - lu - jah.  
set the cap - tive free; So my heart keeps sing - ing hal - le - lu - jah.  
rich - es of His love, And my heart keeps sing - ing hal - le - lu - jah.



## Chorus



"Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah," let the an - gel an - them roll, For the



# *My Heart Keeps Singing Hallelujah*

Lord came down and ran-somed my poor soul; Oh, the love that cast my sins in -

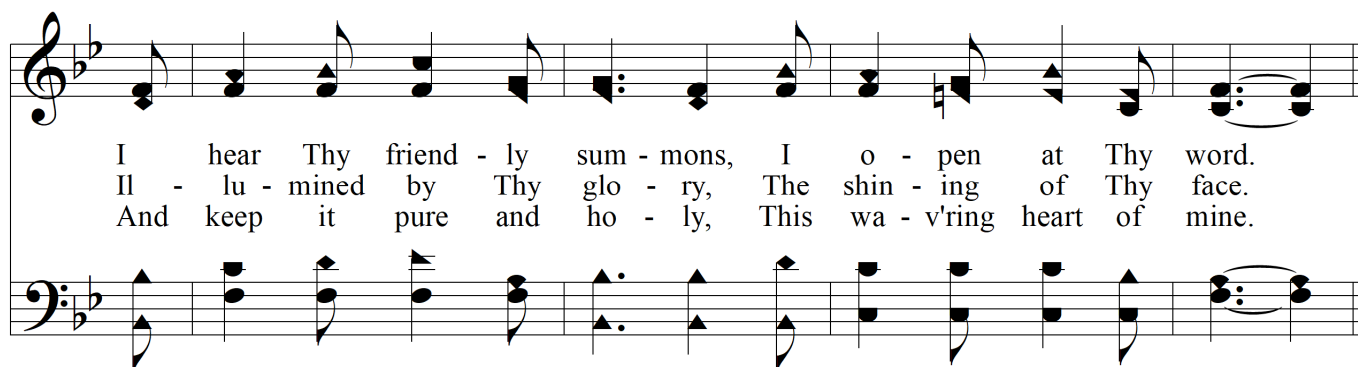
to the deep - est sea, Keeps me sing - ing glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn "My Heart Keeps Singing Hallelujah". It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "Lord came down and ran-somed my poor soul; Oh, the love that cast my sins in - to the deep - est sea, Keeps me sing - ing glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah." The first system ends with a fermata over the final note of the vocal line.

# My Heart Shall Be A Temple

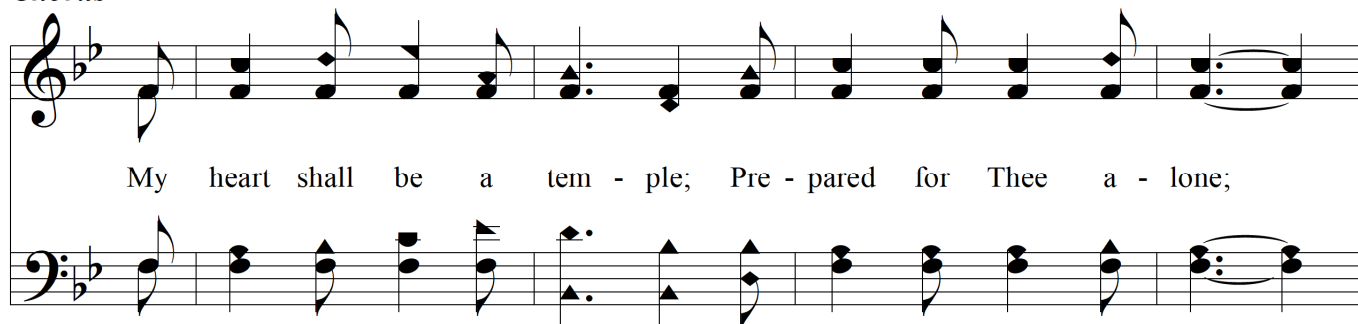


1. My heart shall be a tem - ple, For Thee, my gra - cious Lord;  
2. My heart shall be a tem - ple, A con - se - crat - ed place,  
3. My heart shall be a tem - ple, Come in, O Friend di - vine;



I hear Thy friend - ly sum - mons, I o - pen at Thy word.  
Il - lu - mined by Thy glo - ry, The shin - ing of Thy face.  
And keep it pure and ho - ly, This wa - v'ring heart of mine.

## Chorus



My heart shall be a tem - ple; Pre - pared for Thee a - lone;



I pray Thee come and en - ter, Oh, make it all Thine own.

# My Heart's In The Homeland

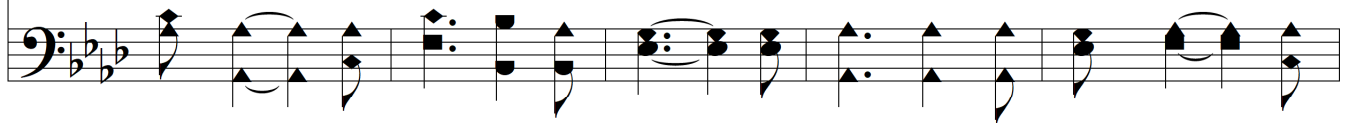
"My heart is fixed, O God." – Psalm 57:7



1. My heart's in the Home-land, far, far o'er the tide, Where those who are  
2. My heart's in the Home-land, and why should I fear When la - bor is  
3. My heart's in the Home-land, it's val - leys and hills, It's sun - shine, with



faith - ful shall ev - er a - bide; My heart's in the Home - land, that  
end - ed, a voice I shall hear, That calls to a man - sion where  
glad - ness, my whole be - ing thrills; I know some glad morn - ing my



re - gion so fair, Where loved ones are wait - ing to wel - come me there.  
love nev - er dies, To yon - der fair re - gion be - yond the blue skies.  
spir - it will soar A - way to the Home - land, and rest ev - er more.



## Chorus



My heart's in the Home - land, That re - gion, that  
My heart's in the Home - land, the



# *My Heart's In The Homeland*

re - gion so fair, My heart's in the  
fair, so fair, My heart's in the Home - land, the

The first system of music consists of a vocal line and a bass line. The vocal line is in a treble clef with a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. It features a melody with a mix of quarter and eighth notes, including a long note with a fermata. The bass line is in a bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Home - land, My Sav - ior, my Sav - ior is there.  
Home - land, the Home - land, is there.

The second system of music continues the vocal and bass lines. The vocal line concludes with a final note and a fermata. The bass line continues with a steady accompaniment.

# My Heart's Love



1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, how I love Thee! Thou the source of all my joy,  
2. Je - sus, Sav - ior, how I love Thee! Thou my Rul - er and my All,  
3. Je - sus, Sav - ior, gen - tly lead me Safe in - to e - ter - nal day,  
4. Je - sus, Sav - ior, let me see Thee, Let me know Thee as Thou art;



Thou the One whose blood has bo't me, Thou whose love my pow'rs em - ploy.  
Thou the One who may com - mand me, From whose hand I can - not fall.  
Where with joy I may be - hold Thee, Feast - ing in Thy love al - way.  
Bless - ed Sav - ior, gra - cious Mas - ter, Be su - preme with - in my heart.

## Chorus



Je - sus, Sav - ior, how I love Thee! Of Thy love no tongue can tell!



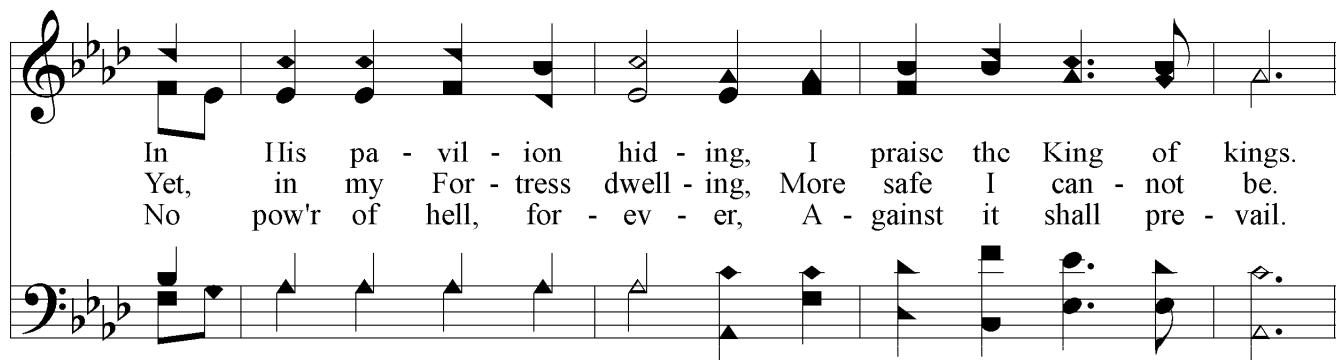
By Thy cross Thou didst re - deem me, Ev - er in Thy love I dwell.

# My High Tower

*Firmly*

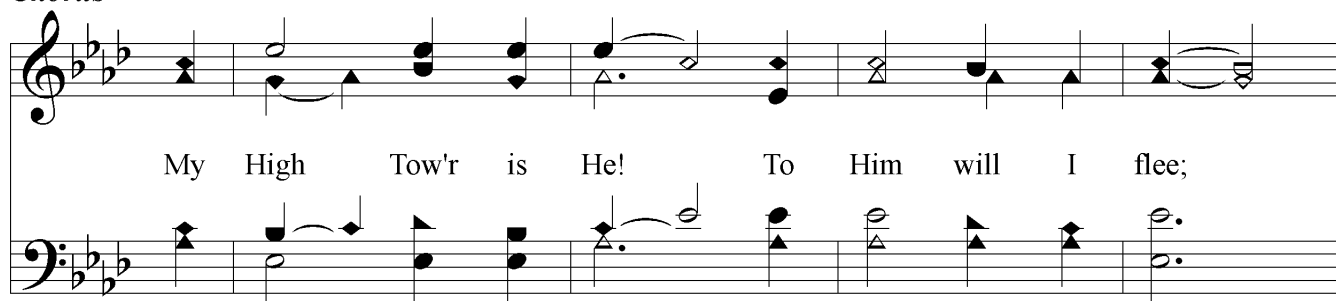


1. In Zi - on's Rock a - bid - ing, My soul her tri - umph sings;  
2. Wild waves are round me swell - ing, Dark clouds a - bove I see;  
3. My Tow'r of strength can nev - er In time of trou - ble fail;

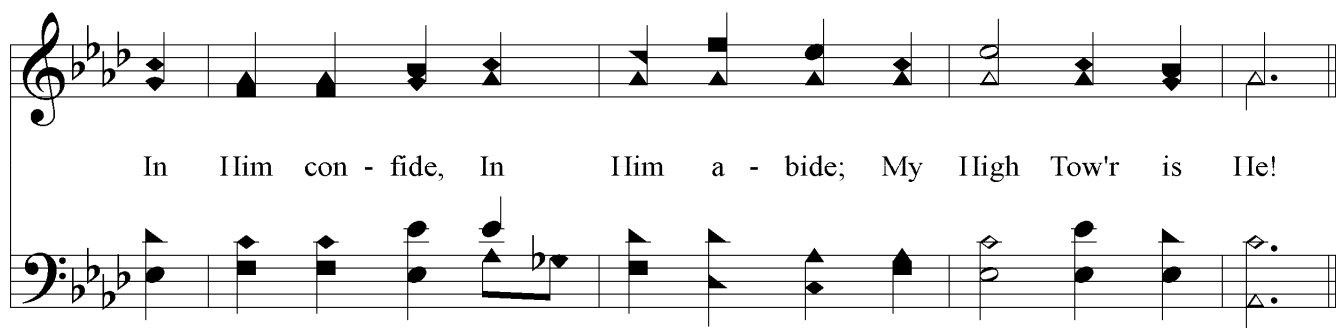


In His pa - vil - ion hid - ing, I praise the King of kings.  
Yet, in my For - tress dwell - ing, More safe I can - not be.  
No pow'r of hell, for - ev - er, A - gainst it shall pre - vail.

## Chorus

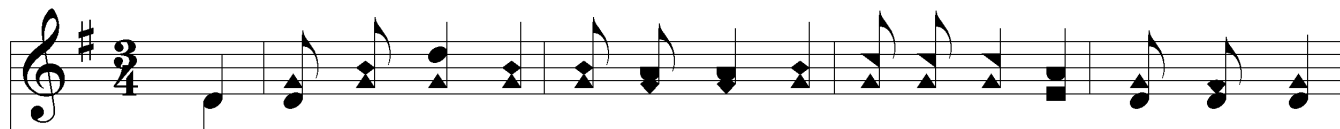


My High Tow'r is He! To Him will I flee;

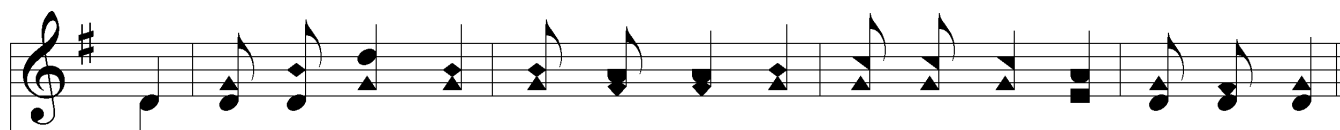


In Him con - fide, In Him a - bide; My High Tow'r is He!

# My Hope Is Built On Nothing Less



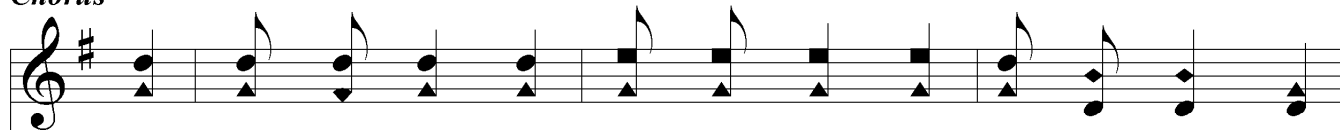
1. My hope is built on noth - ing less Than Je - sus' blood and right - eous - ness;  
2. When dark - ness veils His love - ly face, I rest on His un - chang - ing grace;  
3. His oath, His cov - e - nant, His blood, Sup - port me in the whelm - ing flood;  
4. When He shall come with trum - pet sound, O may I then in Him be found,



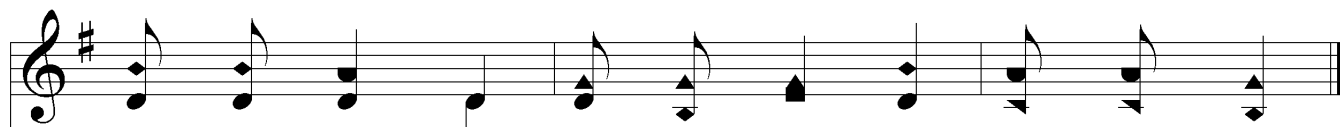
I dare not trust the sweet - est frame, But whol - ly lean on Je - sus' name.  
In ev - 'ry high and storm - y gale, My an - chor holds with - in the veil.  
When all a - round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.  
Dressed in His right - eous - ness a - lone, Fault - less to stand be - fore the throne.



## Chorus



On Christ, the Sol - id Rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is



sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.





# My Jesus, As Thou Wilt (3 vs.)

1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! O may Thy will be mine;  
 2. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! If need - y here and poor,  
 3. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well with me;

In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re - sign;  
 Give me Thy peo - ple's bread, Their por - tion rich and sure;  
 Each chang - ing fu - ture scene I glad - ly trust with Thee;

Thru sor - row and thru joy, Con - duct me as Thine own,  
 The man - na of Thy Word, Let my soul feed up - on,  
 Straight to my home a - bove I trav - el calm - ly on,

And help me still to say, "My Lord, Thy will be done."  
 And, if all else should fail, "My Lord, Thy will be done."  
 And sing, in life or death, "My Lord, Thy will be done."

# My Jesus, As Thou Wilt (4 vs.)

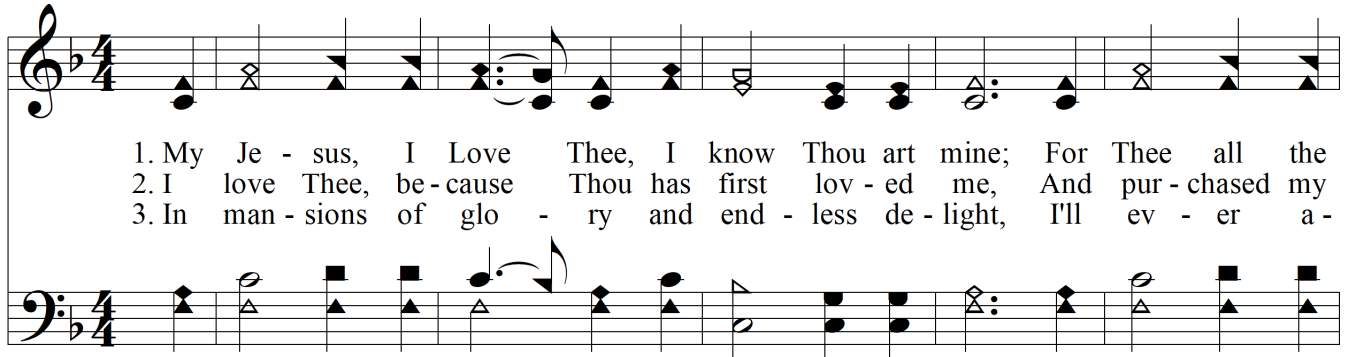
1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! O may Thy will be mine;  
 2. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! If need - y here and poor,  
 3. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! Tho' seen thru many a tear,  
 4. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well with me;

In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re - sign;  
 Give me Thy peo - ple's bread, Their por - tion rich and sure;  
 Let not my star of hope Grow dim or dis - ap - pear;  
 Each chang - ing fu - ture scene I glad - ly trust with Thee;

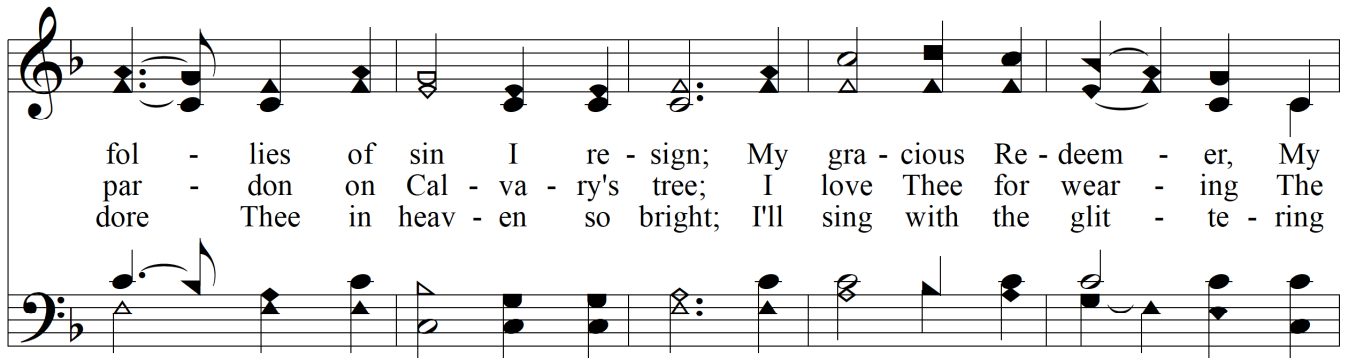
Thru sor - row and thru joy, Con - duct me as Thine own,  
 The man - na of Thy Word, Let my soul feed up - on,  
 Since Thou on earth hast wept And sor - rowed oft a - lone,  
 Straight to my home a - bove I trav - el calm - ly on,

And help me still to say, "My Lord, Thy will be done."  
 And, if all else should fail, "My Lord, Thy will be done."  
 If I must weep with Thee, "My Lord, Thy will be done."  
 And sing, in life or death, "My Lord, Thy will be done."

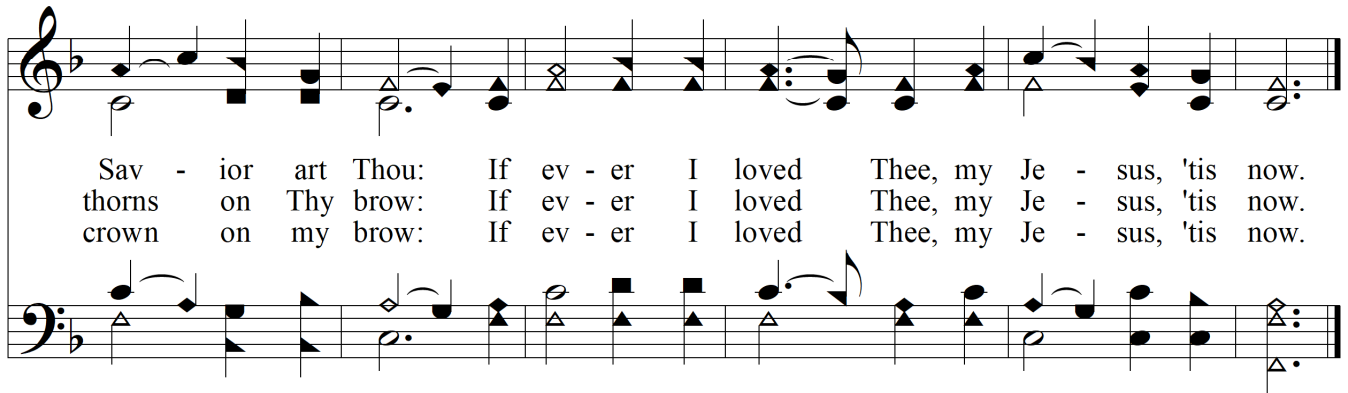
# My Jesus, I Love Thee (Arr. 1 / 3 vs.)



1. My Je - sus, I Love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the  
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou has first lov - ed me, And pur - chased my  
3. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a -



fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, My  
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing The  
dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - te - ring



Sav - ior art Thou: If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
thorns on Thy brow: If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
crown on my brow: If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

# My Jesus, I Love Thee (Arr. 1 / 4 vs.)

1. My Je - sus, I Love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the  
 2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou has first lov - ed me, And pur - chased my  
 3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as  
 4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a -

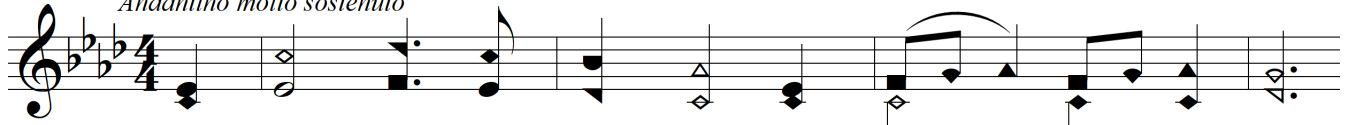
fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, My  
 par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing The  
 long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death - dew lies  
 dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - te - ring

Sav - ior art Thou: If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
 thorns on Thy brow: If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
 cold on my brow. If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
 crown on my brow: If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

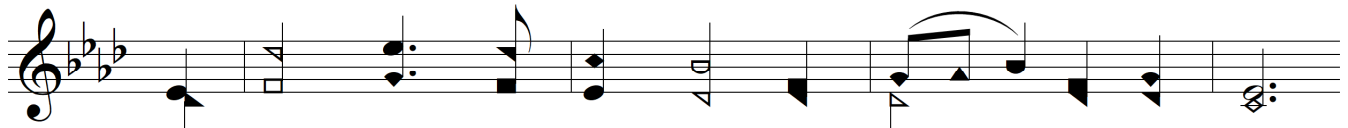
# My Jesus, I Love Thee

ANDANTINO 11, 11, 11, 11

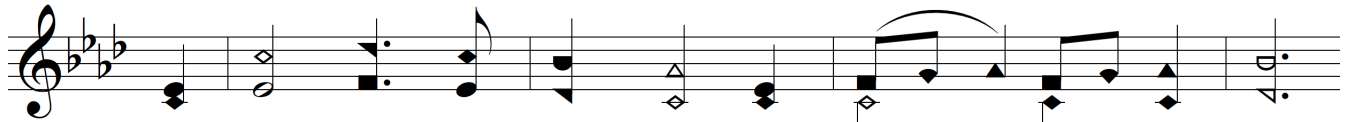
*Andantino molto sostenuto*



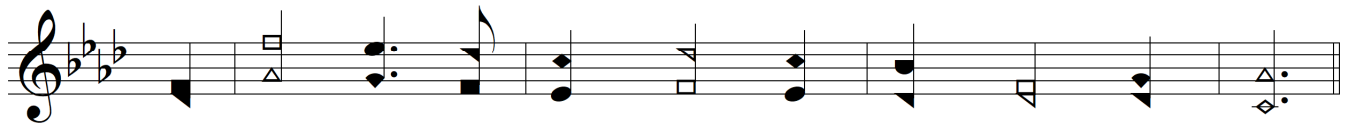
1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,  
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me,  
3. I love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,  
4. In man - sions of glo - ry, and end - less de - light,



For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;  
And pur - chased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;  
And praise Thee as long as Thou lend - est me breath;  
I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav - en so bright;



My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - ior art Thou;  
I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow;  
And say when the death - dew lies cold on my brow,  
I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow,

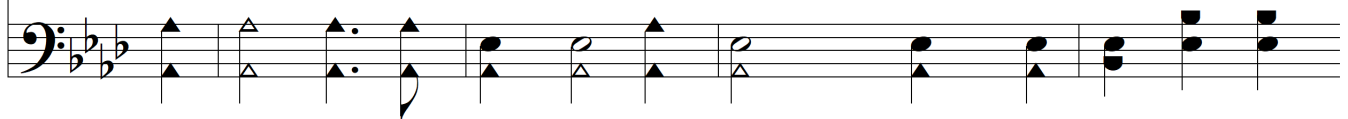


If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus 'tis now.

## Refrain



My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,  
art mine;



# *My Jesus, I Love Thee*

For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign; re - sign;

The first system of the hymn features a treble and bass staff in a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The melody in the treble staff begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a dotted quarter note A4, and then a series of eighth and quarter notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - ior art Thou; art Thou;

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff has a melodic line with some slurs, and the bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment. The lyrics are split across the two staves.

If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now. A - men.

The final system concludes the hymn. The treble staff ends with a double bar line and repeat signs. The bass staff also concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs. The lyrics are split across the two staves.

# My Leading Star

1. Star of the morn - ing, beau - ti - ful, bright,      Shin - ing with lus - tre by  
 2. Light in the dark - ness, - beau - ti - ful star,      Flash - ing thy rays where the  
 3. Star of sal - va - tion, bril - liant - ly shine,      Ev - er a - round me my

day and by night; Light - ing my path - way, oh, what de - light!  
 deep shad - ows are, Com - fort in sor - row and hope in de - spair,  
 life to en - shrine; Lead, and I'll fol - low and ev - er be Thine,

*Chorus*

Guid - ing my foot - steps al - ways a - right.  
 Balm to my soul, oh gem, thou art rare. Shine on! shine on! Je - sus my star,  
 Je - sus my safe - ty, now Thou art mine.

Guid - ing me safe - ly thru this world of strife;      Shine on, shine on!

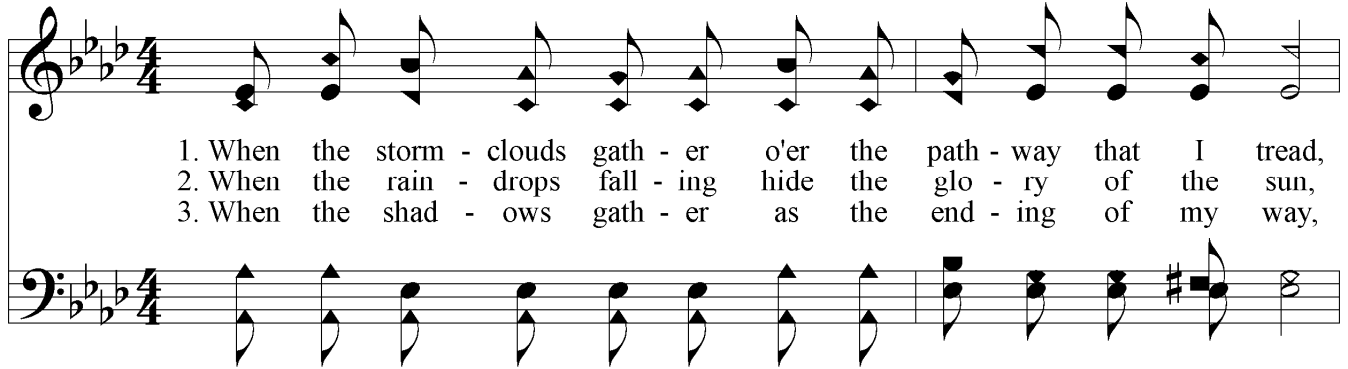
# *My Leading Star*

Filled with de - light I hail Thy bright-ness, Star of my life.

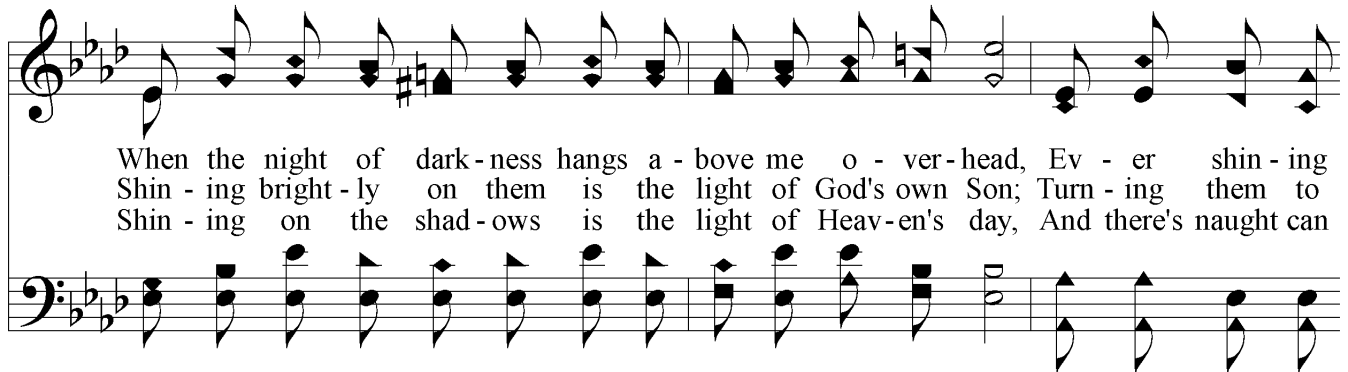
The image shows a musical score for the hymn "My Leading Star". It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The treble staff contains the melody, which is written in a key with one flat (B-flat major or D minor) and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the treble staff, aligned with the notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment, primarily using chords and moving bass lines. The music concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.



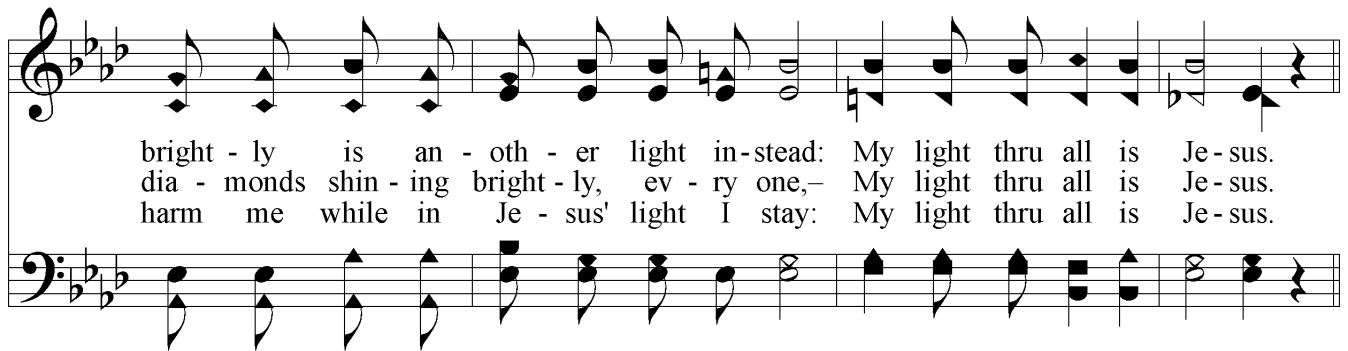
# My Light Is Jesus



1. When the storm - clouds gath - er o'er the path - way that I tread,  
2. When the rain - drops fall - ing hide the glo - ry of the sun,  
3. When the shad - ows gath - er as the end - ing of my way,

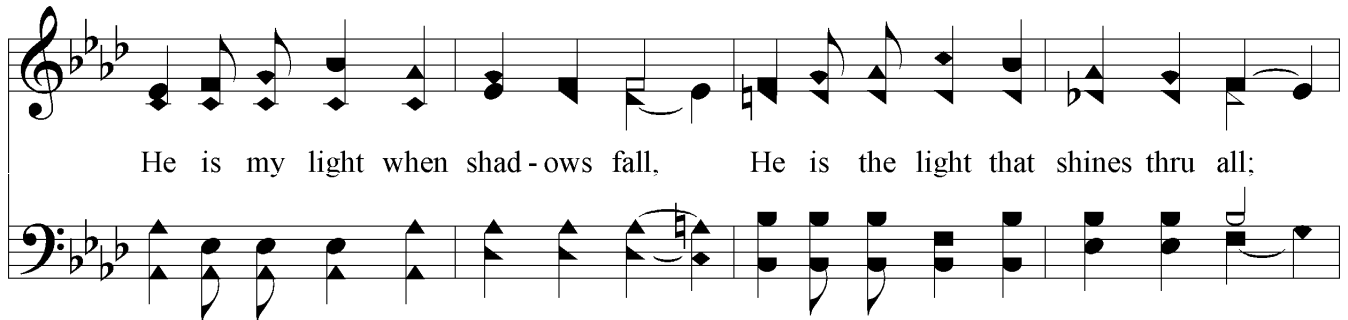


When the night of dark - ness hangs a - bove me o - ver - head, Ev - er shin - ing  
Shin - ing bright - ly on them is the light of God's own Son; Turn - ing them to  
Shin - ing on the shad - ows is the light of Heav - en's day, And there's naught can



bright - ly is an - oth - er light in - stead: My light thru all is Je - sus.  
dia - monds shin - ing bright - ly, ev - ry one, - My light thru all is Je - sus.  
harm me while in Je - sus' light I stay: My light thru all is Je - sus.

## Chorus



He is my light when shad - ows fall, He is the light that shines thru all;

# *My Light Is Jesus*

He is the light by night and day, He guides me all the way.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn "My Light Is Jesus". It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are placed between the two staves. The music ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

# My Lord And I (Arr. 1)

## (I Have A Friend So Precious)

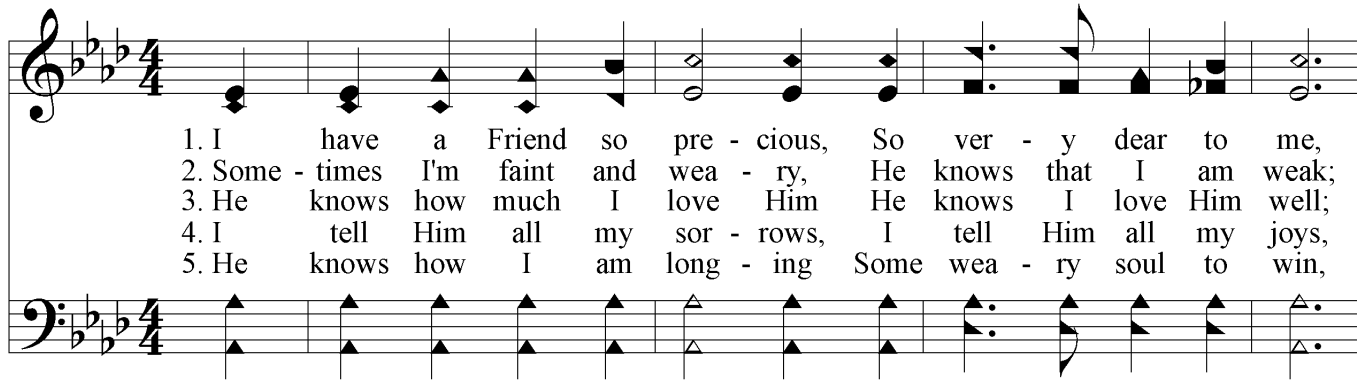
1. I have a Friend so pre - cious, So ver - y dear to me,  
 2. Some - times I'm faint and wea - ry, He knows that I am weak,  
 3. I tell Him all my sor - rows, I tell Him all my joys,  
 4. He knows how I am long - ing Some wea - ry soul to win,

He loves me with such ten - der love, He loves so faith - ful - ly;  
 And as He bids me lean on Him, His help I glad - ly seek;  
 I tell Him all that pleas - es me, I tell Him what an - noys;  
 And so He bids me go and speak The lov - ing word for Him;

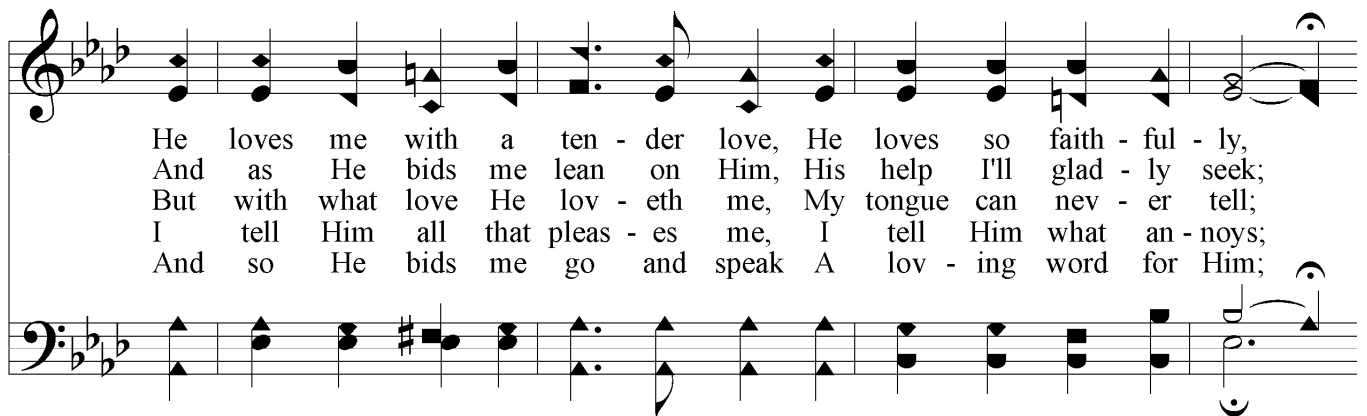
I could not live a - part from Him, I love to feel Him nigh,  
 He leads me in the paths of light, Be - neath a sun - ny sky,  
 He tells me what I ought to do, He tells me how to try,  
 He bids me tell His won - drous love, And why He came to die,

And so we dwell to - geth - er, My Lord and I.  
 And so we walk to - geth - er, My Lord and I.  
 And so we walk to - geth - er, My Lord and I.  
 And so we work to - geth - er, My Lord and I.

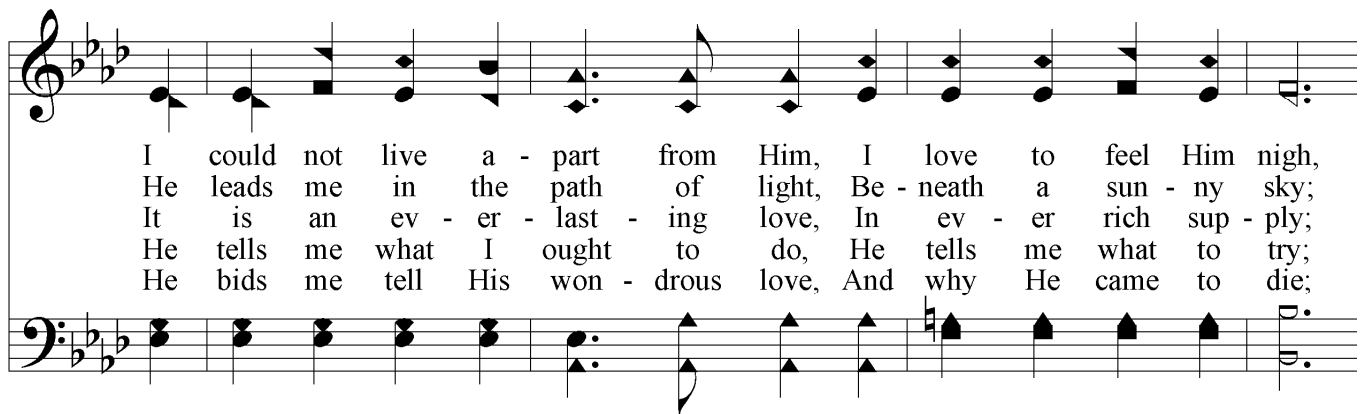
# My Lord and I (Arr. 2)



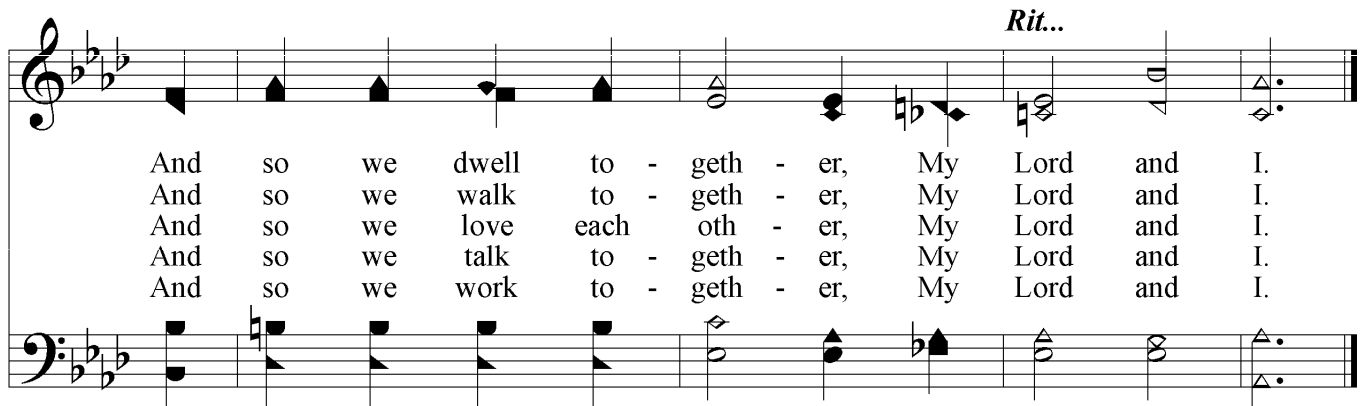
1. I have a Friend so pre - cious, So ver - y dear to me,  
2. Some - times I'm faint and wea - ry, He knows that I am weak;  
3. He knows how much I love Him He knows I love Him well;  
4. I tell Him all my sor - rows, I tell Him all my joys,  
5. He knows how I am long - ing Some wea - ry soul to win,



He loves me with a ten - der love, He loves so faith - ful - ly,  
And as He bids me lean on Him, His help I'll glad - ly seek;  
But with what love He lov - eth me, My tongue can nev - er tell;  
I tell Him all that pleas - es me, I tell Him what an - noys;  
And so He bids me go and speak A lov - ing word for Him;



I could not live a - part from Him, I love to feel Him nigh,  
He leads me in the path of light, Be - neath a sun - ny sky;  
It is an ev - er - last - ing love, In ev - er rich sup - ply;  
He tells me what I ought to do, He tells me what to try;  
He bids me tell His won - drous love, And why He came to die;



*Rit...*  
And so we dwell to - geth - er, My Lord and I.  
And so we walk to - geth - er, My Lord and I.  
And so we love each oth - er, My Lord and I.  
And so we talk to - geth - er, My Lord and I.  
And so we work to - geth - er, My Lord and I.

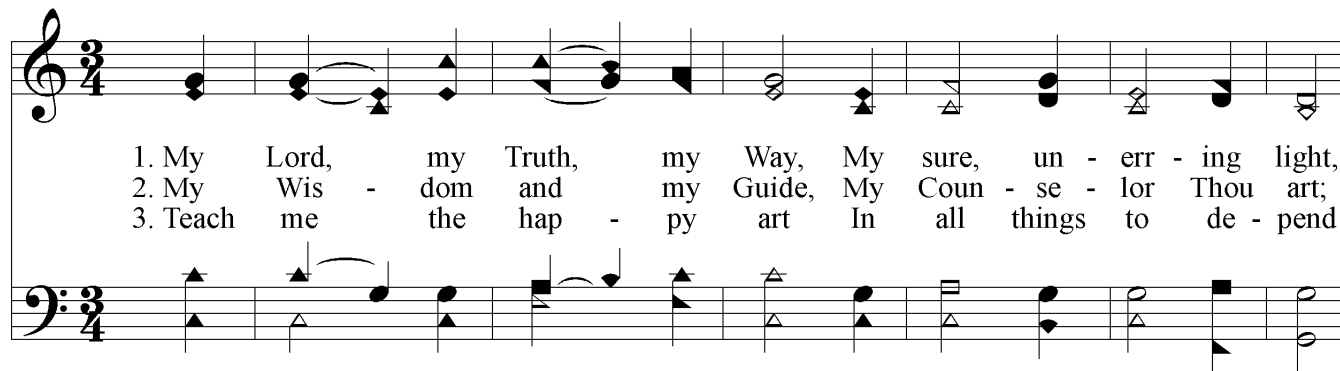
# My Lord And I

1. I have a Friend so pre-cious, So ver - y dear to me; He loves me with such  
 2. He knows how much I love Him, He knows I love Him well, But with what love He  
 3. Some-times I'm faint and wea - ry, He knows that I am weak, And so He bids me  
 4. I tell Him all my sor-rows, I tell Him all my joys; I tell Him all that  
 5. He knows how I am long - ing Some wea - ry soul to win, And so He bids me

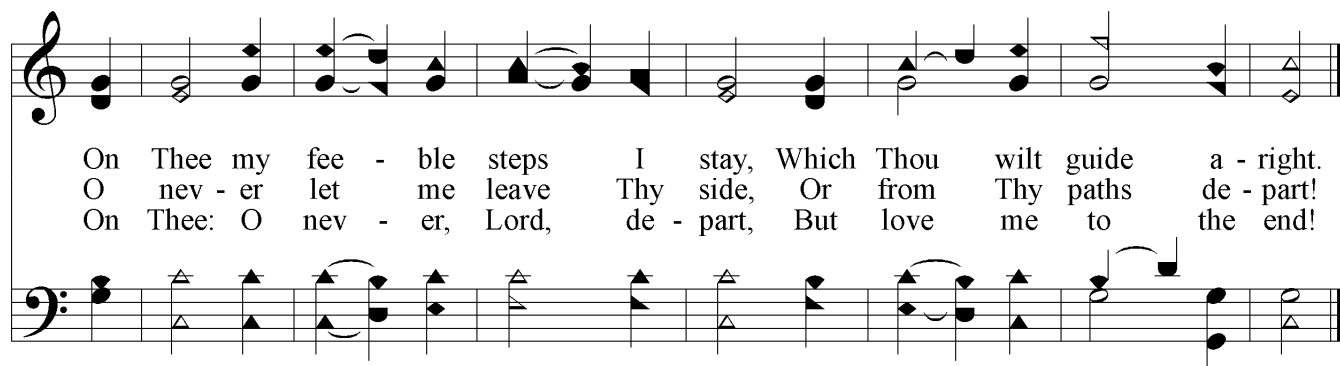
ten - der love, He loves so faith - ful - ly. I could not live a - part from Him, I  
 lov - eth me My tongue can nev - er tell. It is an ev - er - last - ing love, In  
 lean on Him, His help I glad - ly seek. He leads me in the paths of light, Be-  
 pleas-es me, I tell Him what an-noys. He tells me what I ought to do, He  
 go and speak A lov - ing word for Him; He bids me tell His won-drous love, And

love to feel Him nigh, And so we dwell to - geth-er- My Lord and I.  
 ev - er rich sup - ply; And so we love each oth - er- My Lord and I.  
 neath a sun - ny sky, And so we walk to - geth-er- My Lord and I.  
 tells me what to try, And so we talk to - geth-er- My Lord and I.  
 why He came to die; And so we work to - geth-er- My Lord and I.

# My Lord, My Truth, My Way

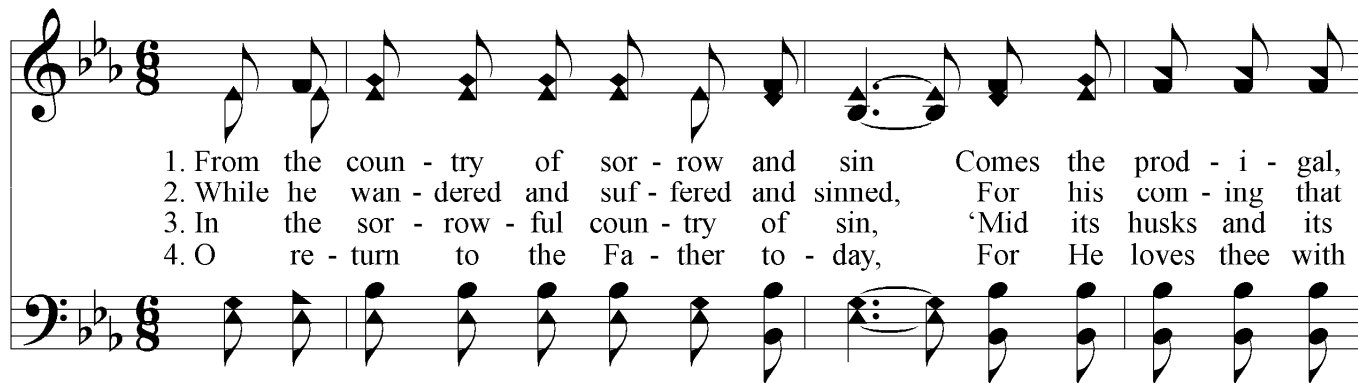


1. My Lord, my Truth, my Way, My sure, un - err - ing light,  
2. My Wis - dom and my Guide, My Coun - se - lor Thou art;  
3. Teach me the hap - py art In all things to de - pend

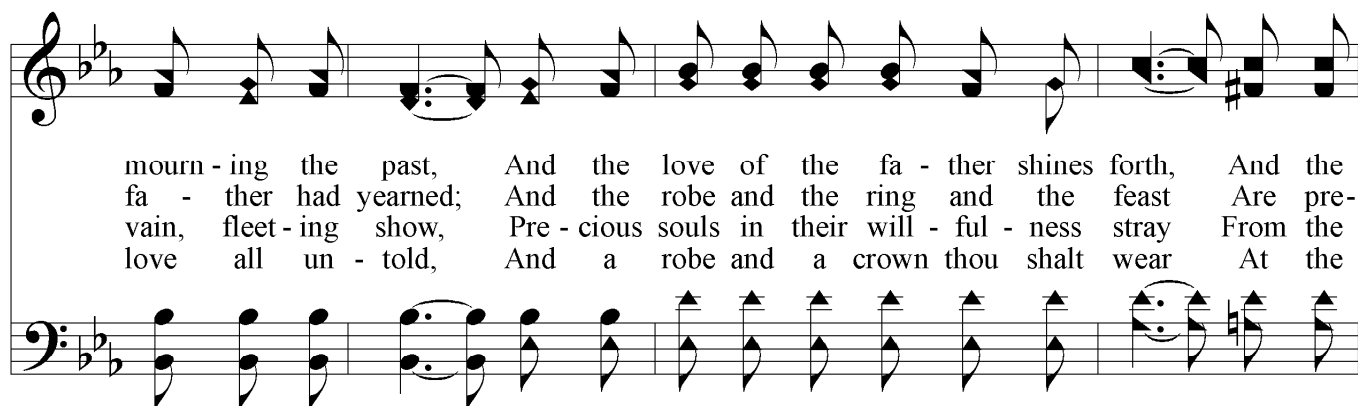


On Thee my fee - ble steps I stay, Which Thou wilt guide a - right.  
O nev - er let me leave Thy side, Or from Thy paths de - part!  
On Thee: O nev - er, Lord, de - part, But love me to the end!

# My Lord, To Thee

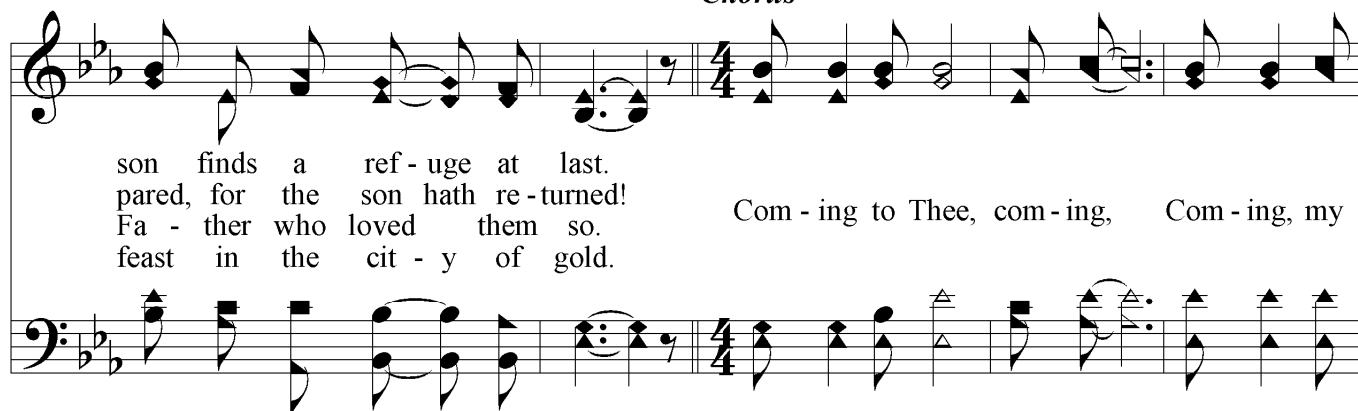


1. From the coun - try of sor - row and sin Comes the prod - i - gal,  
2. While he wan - dered and suf - fered and sinned, For his com - ing that  
3. In the sor - row - ful coun - try of sin, 'Mid its husks and its  
4. O re - turn to the Fa - ther to - day, For He loves thee with

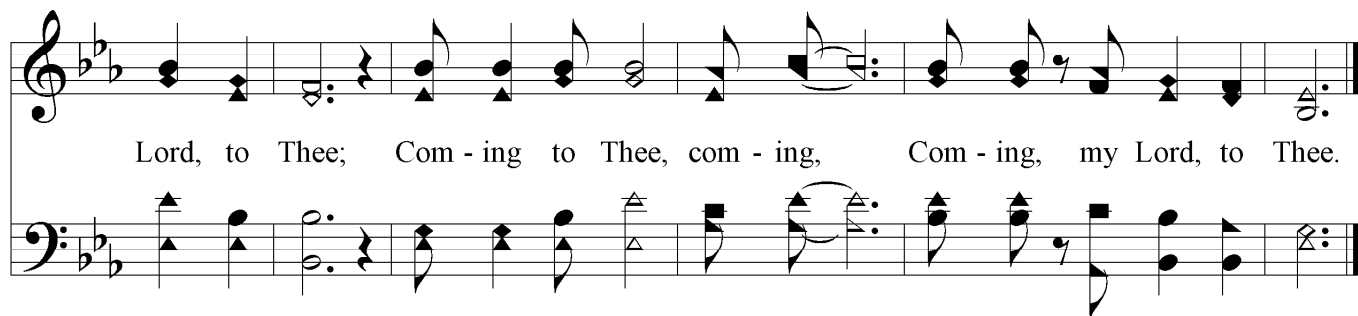


mourn - ing the past, And the love of the fa - ther shines forth, And the  
fa - ther had yearned; And the robe and the ring and the feast Are pre -  
vain, fleet - ing show, Pre - cious souls in their will - ful - ness stray From the  
love all un - told, And a robe and a crown thou shalt wear At the

## Chorus



son finds a ref - uge at last.  
pared, for the son hath re - turned! Com - ing to Thee, com - ing, Com - ing, my  
Fa - ther who loved them so.  
feast in the cit - y of gold.



Lord, to Thee; Com - ing to Thee, com - ing, Com - ing, my Lord, to Thee.

# My Mother Is Praying For Me



1. I knelt by my moth - er, her hand on my head, And ut - tered my  
2. In dark - ness and sin I have wan - dered a - way, Nor tried from temp -  
3. I'm wea - ry of sin - ning; I turn to the cross, And its light shin -



pray'r at her knee; Now far, far a - way from her side I have strayed,  
ta - tion to flee; But down in my heart I could nev - er for - get  
ing o'er me I see; I'll go to my Sav - ior and thank Him a - gain



*Chorus*

But my moth - er is pray - ing for me.  
That my moth - er was pray - ing for me. My moth - er is pray - ing for  
That a moth - er was pray - ing for me.



me, (for me), My moth - er is pray - ing for me, (for me), For sure - ly I

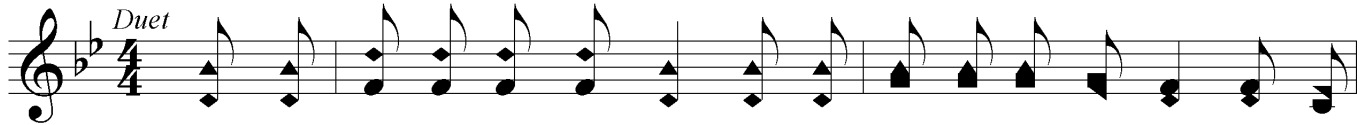


## *My Mother Is Praying For Me*

know that wher - ev - er I go My moth - er is pray - ing for me, (for me).

The image shows a musical score for the hymn "My Mother Is Praying For Me". It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The score ends with a double bar line.

# My Mother's Bible



1. There's a dear and pre - cious book, Tho' it's worn and fad - ed now, Which re -  
2. There she read of Je - sus' love, As He blest the chil - dren dear, How He  
3. Well, those days are past and gone, But their mem - 'ry lin - gers still, And the

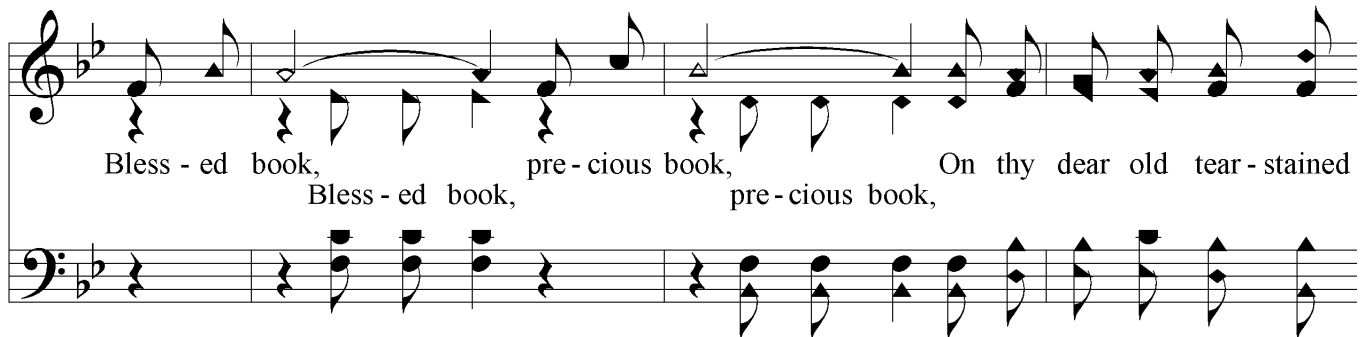


calls the hap - py days of long a - go; When I stood at moth - er's knee,  
suf - fered, bled and died up - on the tree; Of His heav - y load of care,  
dear old Book each day has been my guide; And I seek to do His will,

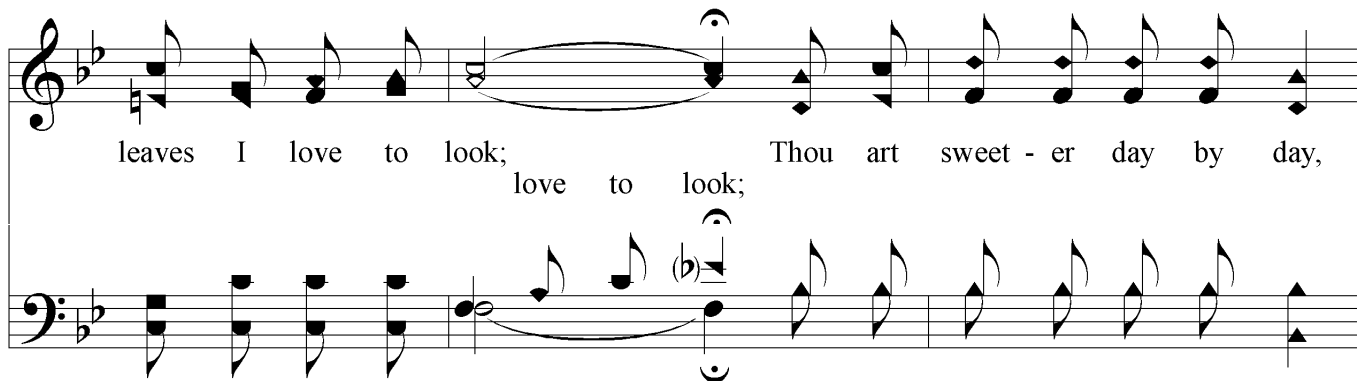


With her hand up - on my brow, And I heard her voice in gen - tle tones and low.  
Then she dried my flow - ing tear With her kiss - es as she said it was for me.  
As my moth - er taught me then, And ev - er in my heart His words a - bide.

## Chorus



Bless - ed book, pre - cious book, On thy dear old tear - stained  
Bless - ed book, pre - cious book,



leaves I love to look; Thou art sweet - er day by day,  
love to look;

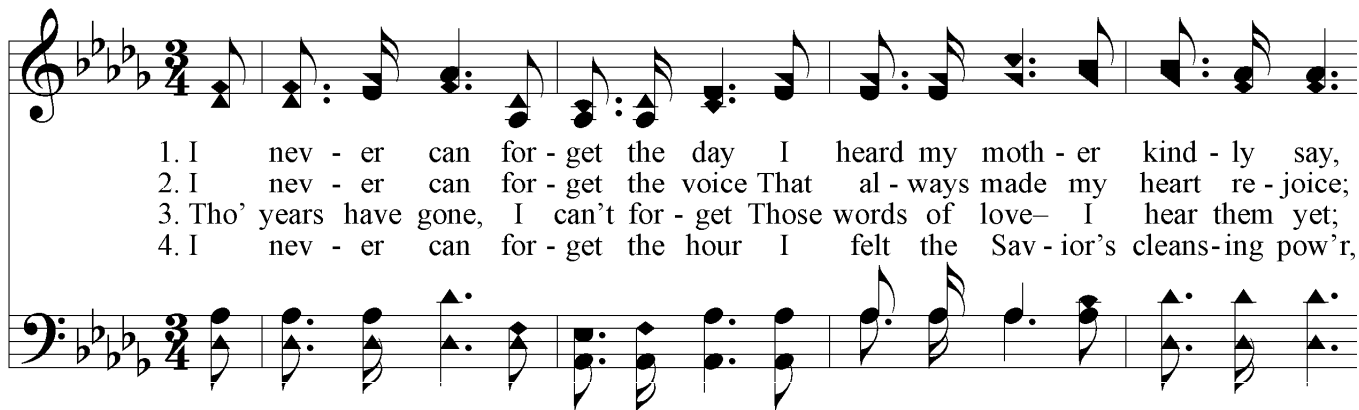
# *My Mother's Bible*



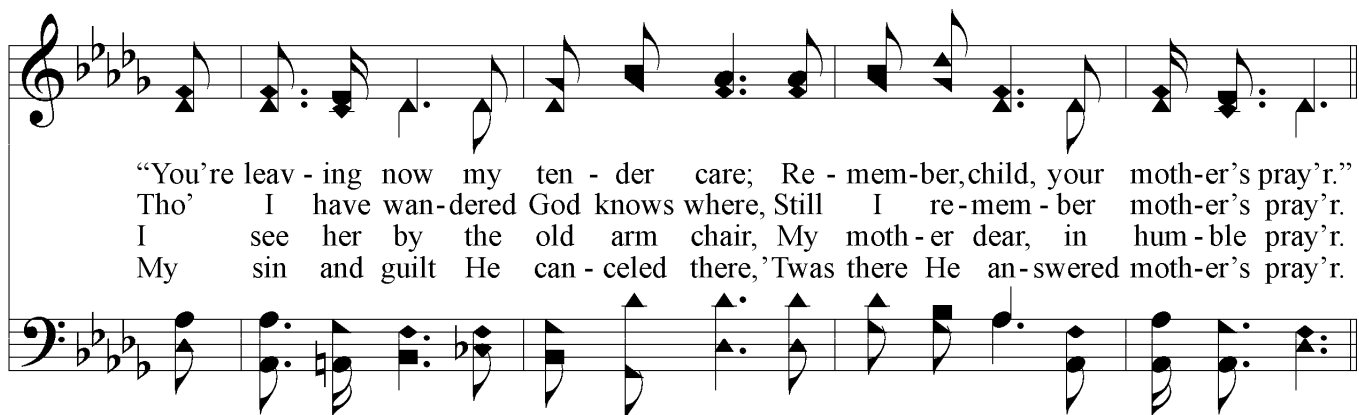
As I walk the nar - row way That leads at last to that bright home a - bove.



# My Mother's Prayer

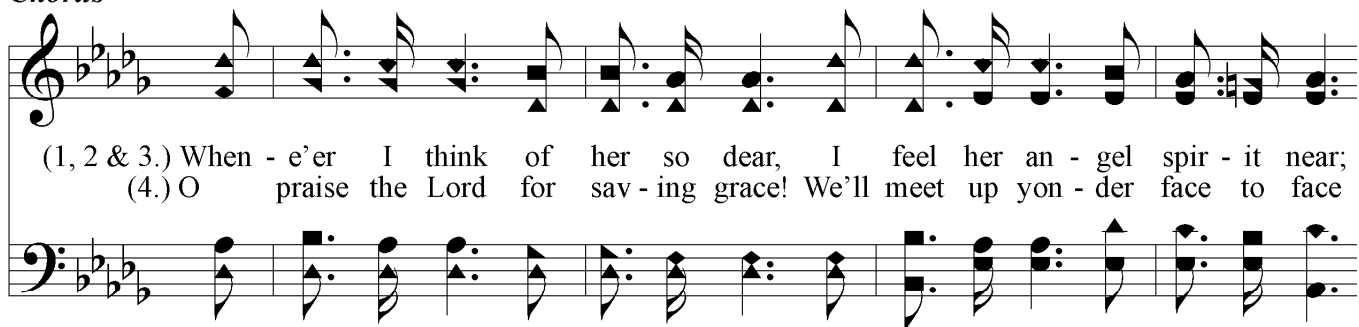


1. I nev - er can for - get the day I heard my moth - er kind - ly say,  
2. I nev - er can for - get the voice That al - ways made my heart re - joice;  
3. Tho' years have gone, I can't for - get Those words of love- I hear them yet;  
4. I nev - er can for - get the hour I felt the Sav - ior's cleans - ing pow'r,

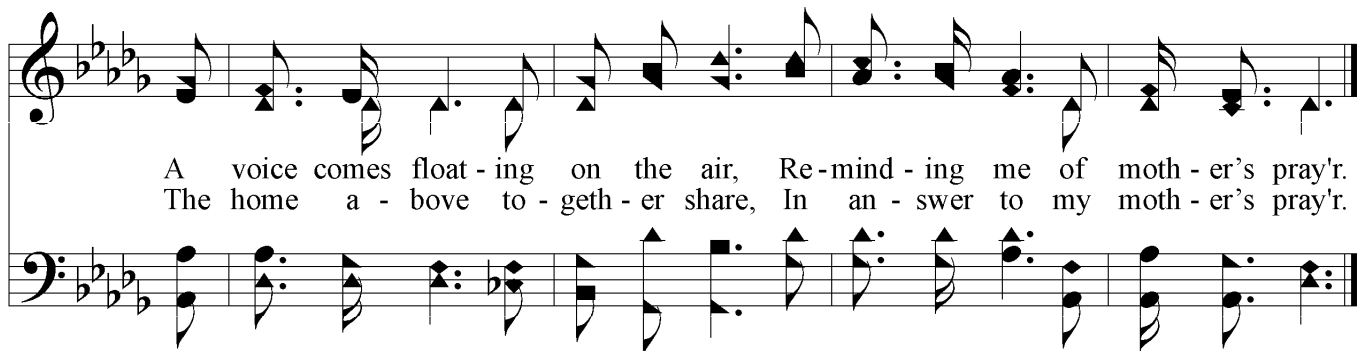


"You're leav - ing now my ten - der care; Re - mem - ber, child, your moth - er's pray'r."  
Tho' I have wan - dered God knows where, Still I re - mem - ber moth - er's pray'r.  
I see her by the old arm chair, My moth - er dear, in hum - ble pray'r.  
My sin and guilt He can - celed there, 'Twas there He an - swered moth - er's pray'r.

## Chorus



(1, 2 & 3.) When - e'er I think of her so dear, I feel her an - gel spir - it near;  
(4.) O praise the Lord for sav - ing grace! We'll meet up yon - der face to face

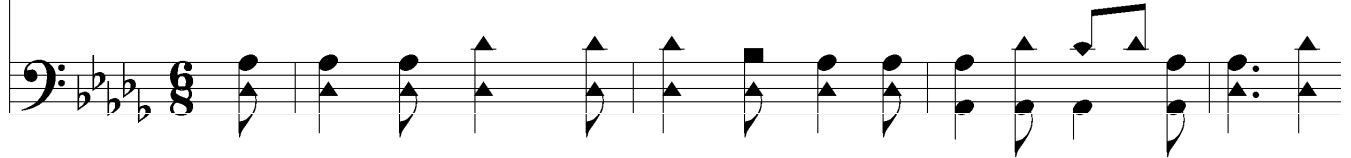


A voice comes float - ing on the air, Re - mind - ing me of moth - er's pray'r.  
The home a - bove to - geth - er share, In an - swer to my moth - er's pray'r.

# My Name Is in the Book of Life



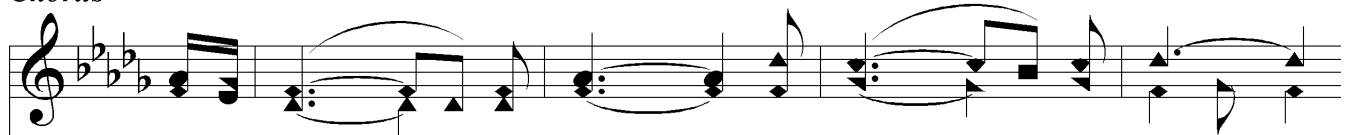
1. My name is in the Book of Life, O bless the name of Je - sus!  
2. My name once stood with sin - ners, lost, And bore a pain - ful re - cord;  
3. Yet in - ward trou - ble of - ten cast A shad - ow o'er my ti - tle;  
4. While oth - ers climb thru world - ly strife, To carve a name of hon - or,



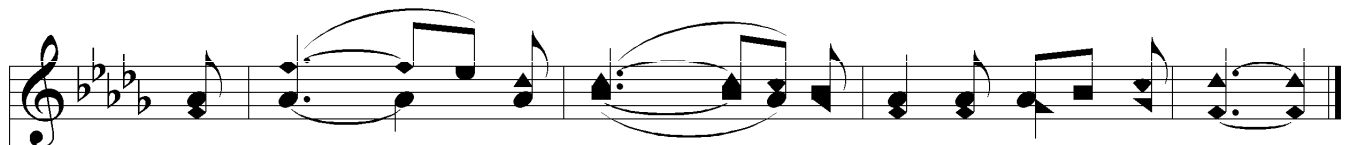
I rise a - bove all doubt and strife, And read my ti - tle clear.  
But by His blood the Sav - ior cross'd, And placed it on His roll.  
But now with full sal - va - tion blest, Praise God! It's ev - er clear.  
High up in heav - en's Book of Life, My name is writ - ten there.



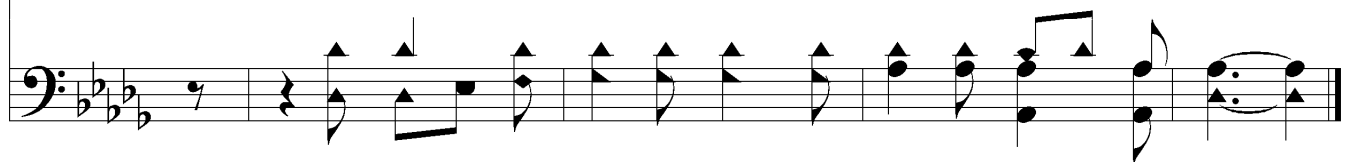
## Chorus



I know, I know my name is there;  
I know, I tru - ly know, I know my name is there;

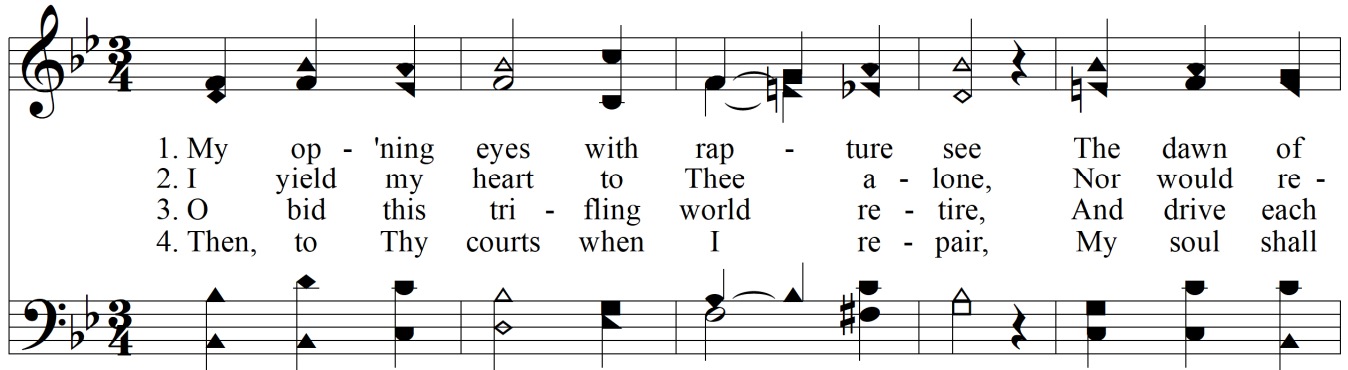


I know, I know my name is writ - ten there.  
I know my name is there,

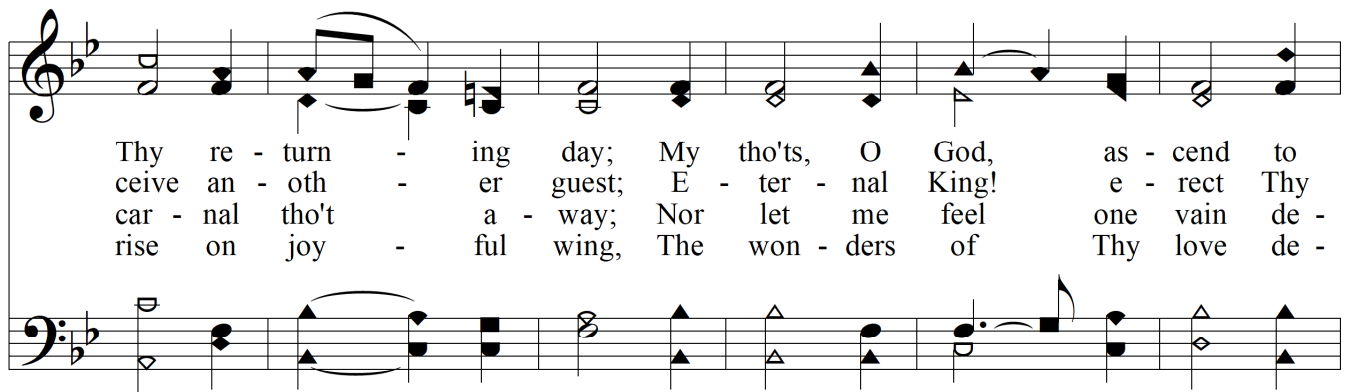


# My Opening Eyes With Rapture See

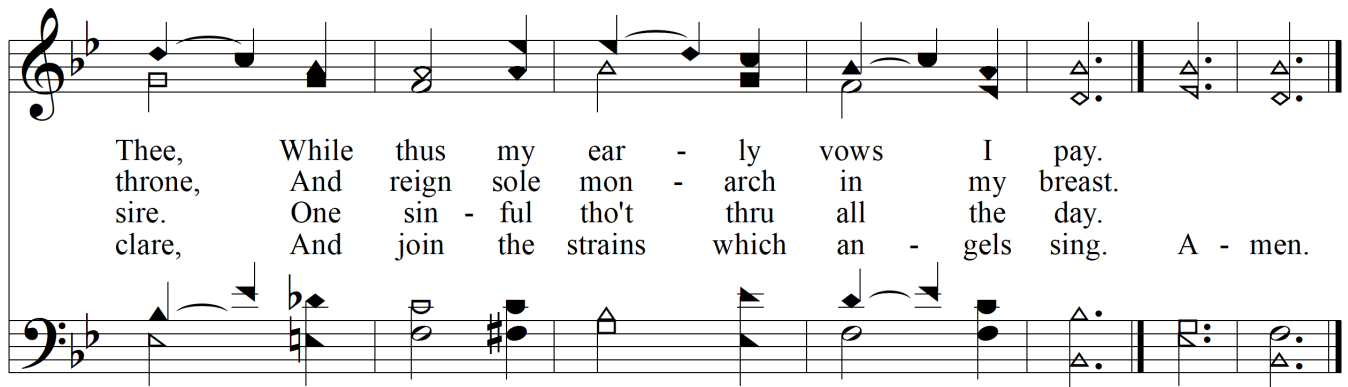
SABBATH



1. My op - 'ning eyes with rap - ture see The dawn of  
2. I yield my heart to Thee a - lone, Nor would re -  
3. O bid this tri - fling world re - tire, And drive each  
4. Then, to Thy courts when I re - pair, My soul shall



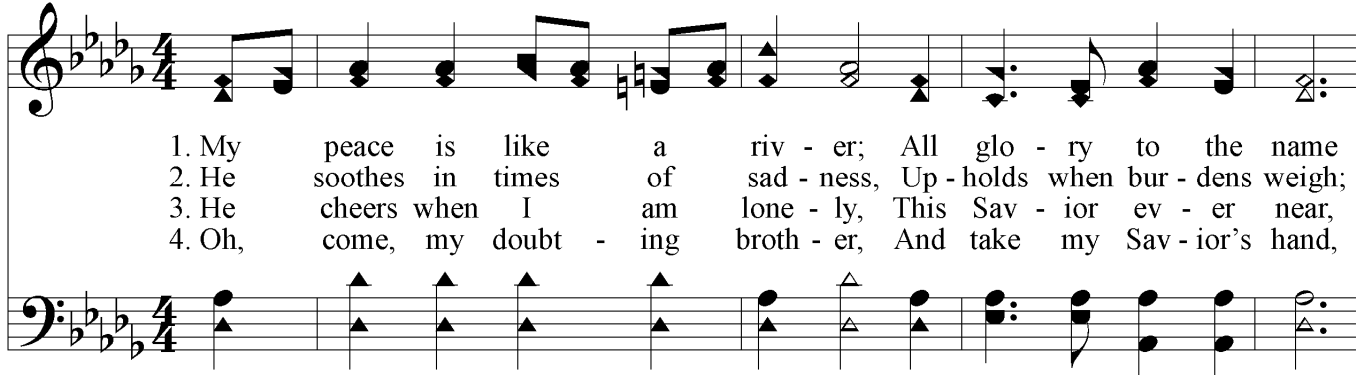
Thy re - turn - ing day; My tho'ts, O God, as - cend to  
ceive an - oth - er guest; E - ter - nal King! e - rect Thy  
car - nal tho't a - way; Nor let me feel one vain de -  
rise on joy - ful wing, The won - ders of Thy love de -



Thee, While thus my ear - ly vows I pay.  
throne, And reign sole mon - arch in my breast.  
sire. One sin - ful tho't thru all the day.  
clare, And join the strains which an - gels sing. A - men.

# My Peace Is Like A River

PEACE LIKE A RIVER



1. My peace is like a riv - er; All glo - ry to the name  
2. He soothes in times of sad - ness, Up - holds when bur - dens weigh;  
3. He cheers when I am lone - ly, This Sav - ior ev - er near,  
4. Oh, come, my doubt - ing broth - er, And take my Sav - ior's hand,

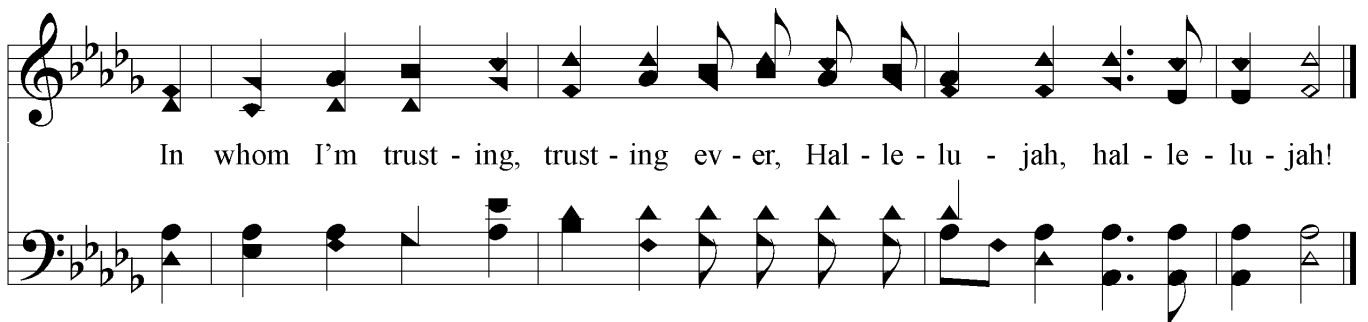


Of Him I'm trust - ing ev - er, Each day and hour the same.  
He turns my grief to glad - ness, And takes the load a - way.  
'Tis Je - sus, Je - sus on - ly, Can light the path - way drear.  
He'll lead you like no oth - er, Thru hap - py Beu - lah land.

## Chorus



My peace is like a riv - er, All glo - ry to the Giv - er,



In whom I'm trust - ing, trust - ing ev - er, Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah!

# My Pilot

1. O'er a track - less sea I'm sail - ing, Oft - en tem - pest toss'd, With no  
 2. There are rocks of doubt be - fore me As I on - ward go, And the  
 3. Oft the tem - pest, wild - ly beat - ing, Fills my heart with fear, As I  
 4. Storms may gath - er dark - ly round me, And the tem - pest rage, And the

star of hope to guide me lest I stray; But I find I have a Friend,  
 bil - lows oft my frag - ile bark as - sail; But no dan - ger will I fear,  
 seek to gain the har - bor bright and fair; But there comes to me sweet peace,  
 bea - con lights a - long the shore be dim; Yet my heart will not dis - may,

Who will guide me to the end, For my Sav - ior safe - ly pi - lots all the way.  
 Tho' they may be hid - den near, For my Pi - lot at the helm can nev - er fail.  
 All my doubt and fear shall cease, For I know my Pi - lot guides me safe - ly there.  
 I will wait the dawn - ing day, While my Pi - lot's at the helm I'll trust in Him.

## Chorus

I shall rest in safe - ty o'er the har - bor bar, And my Pi - lot's bless - ed face I'll see;  
 I'll see;



# *My Pilot*

The image shows a musical score for the hymn "My Pilot". It consists of two staves: a vocal line in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and contains the lyrics "All the storms of life shall then be safe - ly past, Oh, wait glo - ry that will see!". The piano accompaniment starts with a bass clef and provides harmonic support. A "Rit..." marking is placed above the vocal line towards the end of the phrase. The score concludes with a double bar line.

*Rit...*

All the storms of life shall then be safe - ly past, Oh, wait glo - ry that will see!

# My Precious Bible

1. Like a star in the morn - ing in its beau - ty, Like a  
 2. 'Tis a light in the wil - der - ness of sor - row, And a  
 3. It shall stand in its beau - ty and its glo - ry, When the

Sun is the Bi - ble to my soul, Shin - ing clear on the way of  
 Lamp on the wea - ry pil - grim way; And it guides to the bright, e -  
 earth and the heav - ens pass a - way; Ev - er tell - ing the bless - ed,  
*D. S.* - I will cling to the dear, old

*Fine*

love and du - ty, As I has - ten on my jour - ney to the goal.  
 ter - nal mor - row, Shin - ing more and more un - to the per - fect day.  
 won - drous sto - ry Of the lov - ing Lamb, the on - ly Liv - ing Way.  
 Ho - ly Bi - ble, As I has - ten to the Cit - y of the King.

*Chorus*

Ho - ly Bi - ble! my pre - cious Bi - ble!  
 Ho - ly Bi - ble! Ho - ly Bi - ble! pre - cious Bi - ble, book di - vine!

# *My Precious Bible*

*D.S. al Fine*

Gift of God and lamp of life, My beau - ti - ful Bi - ble!  
Bi - ble, thou art mine!

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. It features a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The lyrics are written below the top staff, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes.

# My Ransom

1. My Sav - ior paid my ran - som That He might set me free,  
 2. My Sav - ior paid my ran - som He found me steeped in sin,  
 3. My Sav - ior paid my ran - som My life is not my own,  
 4. My Sav - ior paid my ran - som My all I glad - ly bring,

He climbed up to Gol - go - tha Laid down His life for me.  
 He knew the heart so stub - born, His love a - lone could win.  
 He bought my full re - demp - tion, I'm His and His a - lone.  
 To bow in full sur - ren - der, Be - fore my Lord and King.

## Chorus

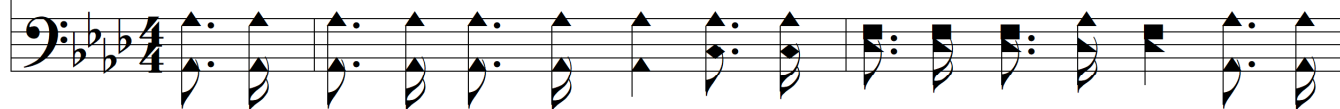
For me, He died for me, for me, How deep and strong His love must

be, To pay the price of Cal - va - ry, For me, for me, for me.  
 For me, for me, for me, for me.

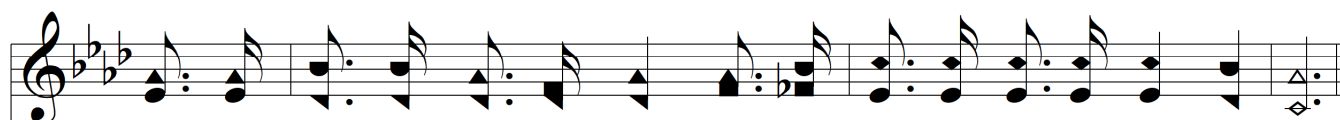
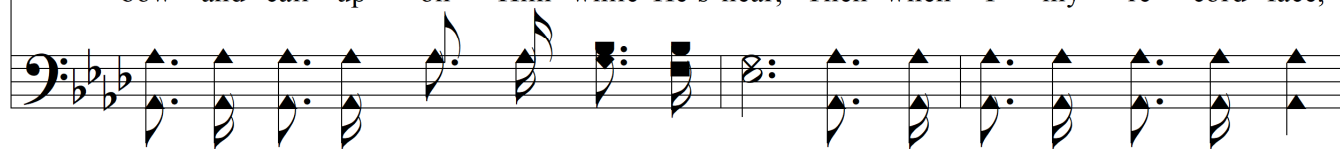
# My Record Will Be There



1. In a day that is not far, At the blaz - ing judg - ment bar, E - ven  
2. I must meet each bro - ken vow, That I hold so light - ly now, Ev - 'ry,  
3. Ev - 'ry sin - ful deed and tho't, There shall be to judg - ment bro't, When the  
4. I must meet my can - kered gold, For whose greed my life was sold, It shall  
5. Let me turn and seek the Lord, Let me trust His ho - ly word, Let us



now the aw - ful sum - mons I can hear; I must meet the might - y God,  
heart - ache I have caused, each sigh, each tear; Things that time can - not e - raise,  
Lord in all His glo - ry shall ap - pear; All the deeds of dark - est night  
mock me in the judg - ment's lu - rid glare, Say - ing, Ye have sold for naught  
bow and call up - on Him while He's near; Then when I my re - cord face,



I must face His ho - ly word, I must stand be - fore the judg - ment bar.  
I must meet them face to face, When I stand be - fore the judg - ment bar.  
Shall come out to meet the light When I stand be - fore the judg - ment bar.  
All the Sav - ior's blood had bought, And you stand be - fore the judg - ment bar.  
He will an - swer in my place When I stand be - fore the judg - ment bar.



## Refrain



Oh, my re - cord will be there, Be its pag - es dark or fair, When I



# *My Record Will Be There*

stand be - fore the judg - ment bar; When the books shall o - pen lie, In that

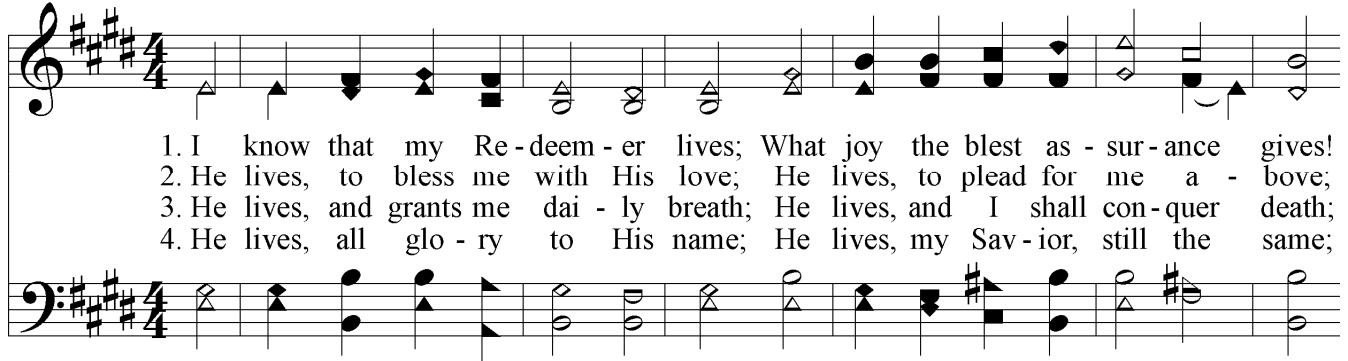
The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and a common time signature. It contains a vocal melody with lyrics. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment.

morn - ing by and by, Oh, my re - cord, oh, my re - cord will be there. A - men.

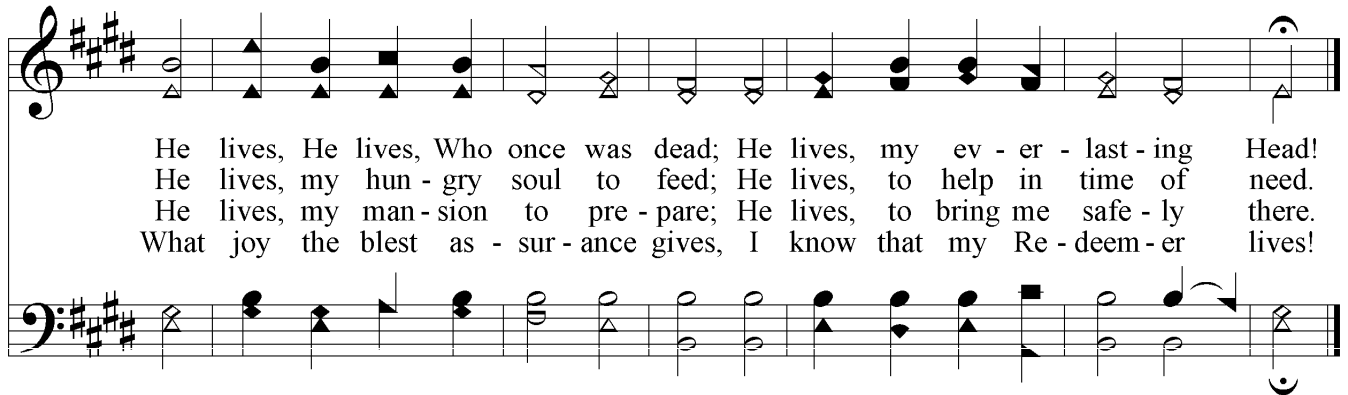
The second system of music also consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the vocal melody with lyrics. The lower staff continues the harmonic accompaniment. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

# My Redeemer Lives

UXBRIDGE L. M.



1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives; What joy the blest as-sur-ance gives!  
2. He lives, to bless me with His love; He lives, to plead for me a-bove;  
3. He lives, and grants me dai-ly breath; He lives, and I shall con-quer death;  
4. He lives, all glo-ry to His name; He lives, my Sav-ior, still the same;



He lives, He lives, Who once was dead; He lives, my ev-er-last-ing Head!  
He lives, my hun-gry soul to feed; He lives, to help in time of need.  
He lives, my man-sion to pre-pare; He lives, to bring me safe-ly there.  
What joy the blest as-sur-ance gives, I know that my Re-deem-er lives!

# My Refuge

1. I will hide in Christ my Sav - ior When the storms a - bout me roll;  
2. When my heart is crush'd with sor - row, Bur - dened down with care and grief,  
3. There I find a ho - ly ref - uge, There the trou - bled waves are still'd,  
4. I will hide in Him for - ev - er, Pre - cious Je - sus, what a friend!

I will seek the bless - ed har - bor Where no harm can reach my soul.  
In His lov - ing arms I'll hide me, There He gives a sweet re - lief.  
There He speaks sweet words of com - fort Till my heart is warm'd and filled.  
He a - lone can keep me safe - ly Till I reach my jour - ney's end.

## Chorus

I will hide me, I will hide me, I will hide me ev - er - more;  
ev - er - more;

Safe with - in the Rock of Ag - es, I will hide me ev - er - more.  
ev - er - more.



# My Savior

1. He will hear me when I call, He will help me when I fall, My Sav - ior, my  
2. I will la - bor, I will pray, I will trust Him ev - 'ry day, My Sav - ior, my  
3. When I'm wea - ry and dis - tressed, I will go to Him for rest, My Sav - ior, my  
4. May I nev - er, nev - er stray From Thy pre - cious side a - way, My Sav - ior, my

Sav - ior; He will give me strength to bear Ev - 'ry grief that may ap - pear; My  
Sav - ior; I will look to Him in faith, I will trust Him un - til death; My  
Sav - ior; To His lov - ing arms I'll fly, Ev - 'ry need He will sup - ply; My  
Sav - ior; Naught of e - vil will I fear, While I have my Sav - ior near; My

## Chorus

all in all is He. Yes, a sat - is - fy - ing por - tion is my Sav - ior, My

Sav - ior, my Sav - ior; My rock, my stay, by night and day, My all in all is He.

# My Savior, As Thou Wilt

1. My Sav - ior, as Thou wilt! O may Thy will be mine;  
 2. My Sav - ior, as Thou wilt! If need - y here and poor,  
 3. My Sav - ior, as Thou wilt! Tho' seen thru many a tear,  
 4. My Sav - ior, as Thou wilt! All shall be well with me;

In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re - sign;  
 Give me Thy peo - ple's bread, Their por - tion rich and sure;  
 Let not my star of hope Grow dim or dis - ap - pear;  
 Each chang - ing fu - ture scene I glad - ly trust with Thee;

Thru sor - row and thru joy, Con - duct me as Thine own,  
 The man - na of Thy Word, Let my soul feed up - on,  
 Since Thou on earth hast wept And sor - rowed oft a - lone,  
 Straight to my home a - bove I trav - el calm - ly on,

And help me still to say, "My Lord, Thy will be done."  
 And, if all else should fail, "My Lord, Thy will be done."  
 If I must weep with Thee, "My Lord, Thy will be done."  
 And sing, in life or death, "My Lord, Thy will be done."

# My Savior First Of All



1. When my life - work is end - ed, and I cross the swell - ing tide,  
2. Oh, the soul - thrill - ing rap - ture when I view His bless - ed face,  
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo - ry, how they beck - on me to come,  
4. Thru the gates to the cit - y in a robe of spot - less white,



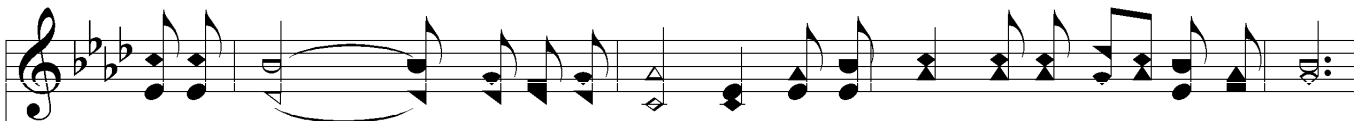
When the bright and glo - rious morn - ing I shall see; I shall know my Re - deem - er  
And the lus - ter of His kind - ly beam - ing eye; How my full heart will praise Him  
And our part - ing at the riv - er I re - call; To the sweet vales of E - den  
He will lead me where no tears will ev - er fall; In the glad song of ag - es



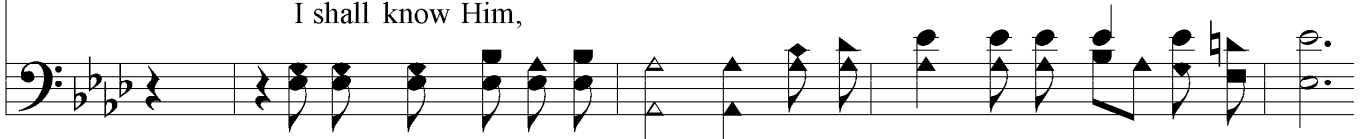
when I reach the oth - er side, And His smile will be the first to wel - come me.  
for the mer - cy, love, and grace, That pre - pares for me a man - sion in the sky.  
they will sing my wel - come home; But I long to meet my Sav - ior first of all.  
I shall min - gle with de - light; But I long to meet my Sav - ior first of all.



## Chorus



I shall know Him, I shall know Him, And re - deemed by His side I shall stand;  
I shall know Him,

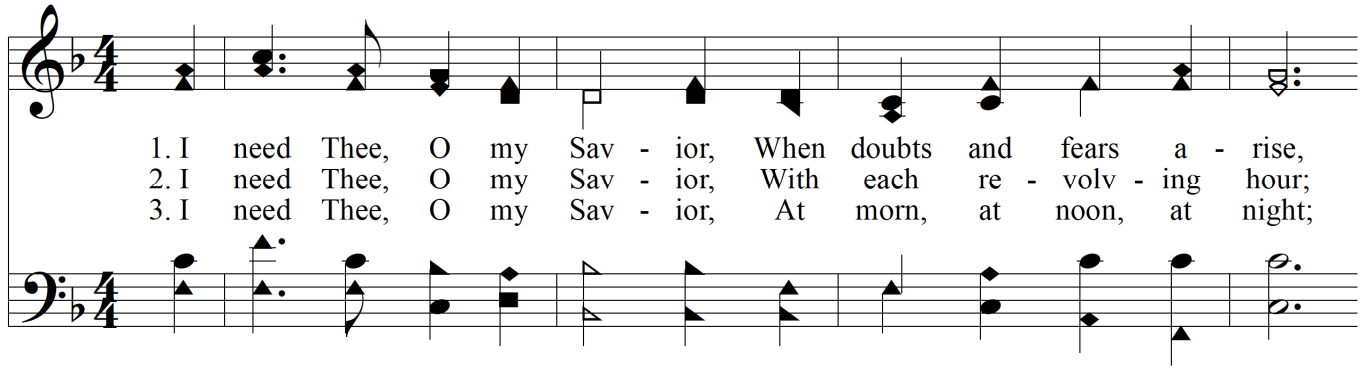


# *My Savior First Of All*

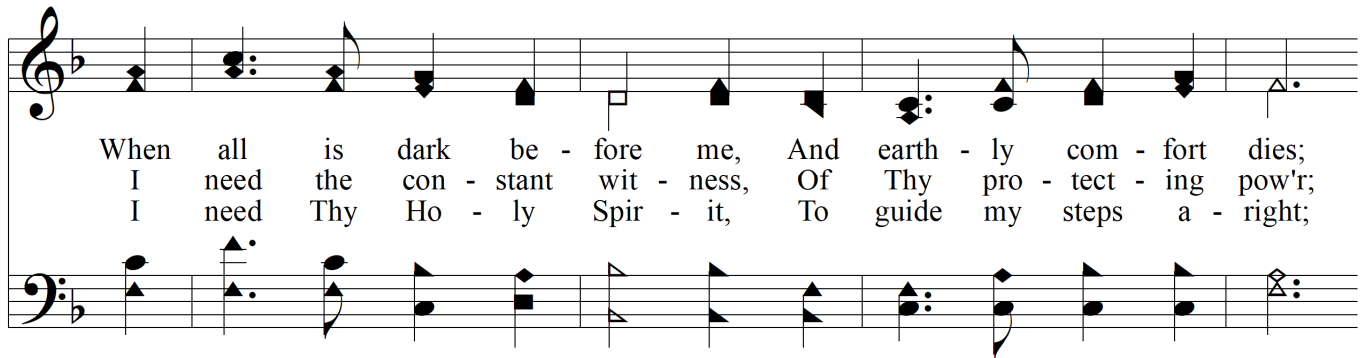
The image shows a musical score for the hymn "My Savior First Of All". It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff at the top and a bass clef staff at the bottom. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are placed between the two staves.

I shall know Him, I shall know Him By the print of the nails in His hand.  
I shall know Him,

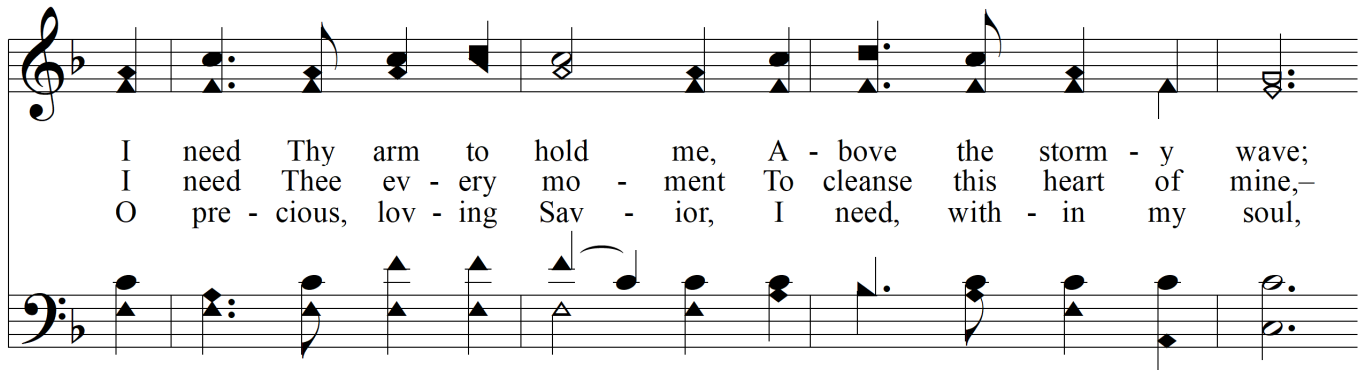
# My Savior, I Need Thee (Arr. 1)



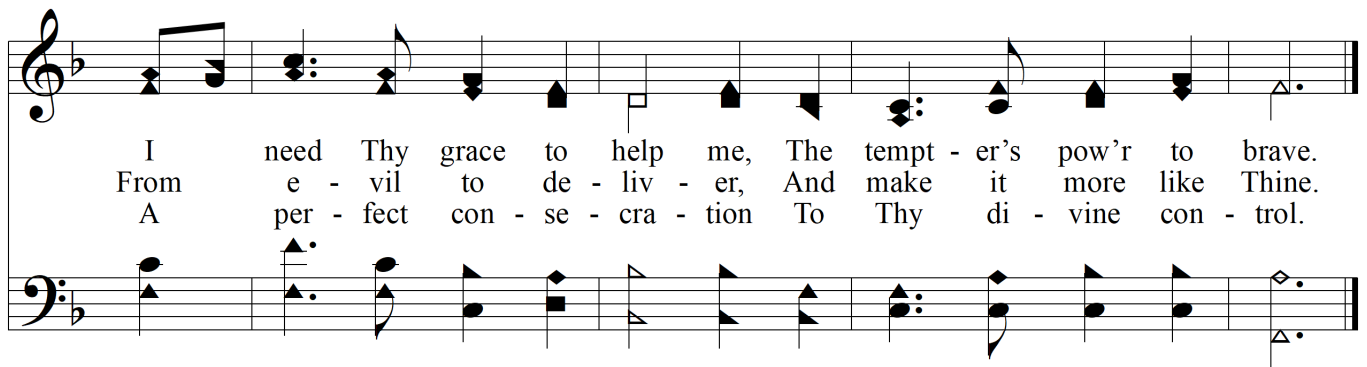
1. I need Thee, O my Sav - ior, When doubts and fears a - rise,  
2. I need Thee, O my Sav - ior, With each re - volv - ing hour;  
3. I need Thee, O my Sav - ior, At morn, at noon, at night;



When all is dark be - fore me, And earth - ly com - fort dies;  
I need the con - stant wit - ness, Of Thy pro - tect - ing pow'r;  
I need Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, To guide my steps a - right;



I need Thy arm to hold me, A - bove the storm - y wave;  
I need Thee ev - ery mo - ment To cleanse this heart of mine, -  
O pre - cious, lov - ing Sav - ior, I need, with - in my soul,



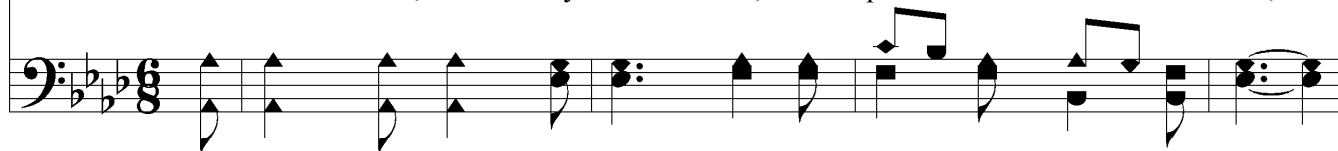
I need Thy grace to help me, The tempt - er's pow'r to brave.  
From e - vil to de - liv - er, And make it more like Thine.  
A per - fect con - se - cra - tion To Thy di - vine con - trol.

# My Savior, I Need Thee (Arr. 2)

"Hear me, for I am poor and needy." – Psalm 86:1



1. I need Thee, O my Sav - ior, Life's rug - ged path to cheer;  
2. I need Thee, O my Sav - ior, To chide me when I stray,  
3. I need Thee, O my Sav - ior, Thou pre - cious Friend di - vine;



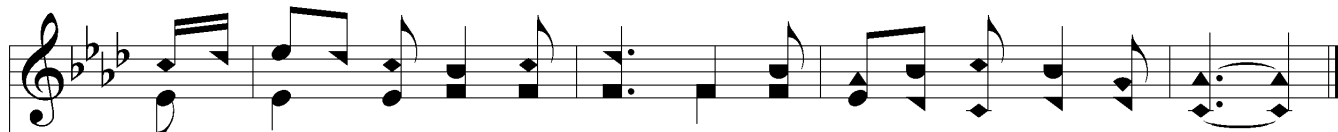
No e - vil can be - fall me, When Thou, O Lord art near.  
To keep me ev - er walk - ing With - in the nar - row way.  
No smile so full of sun - shine, No love so great as Thine.



## Chorus



Tho' oft by sore temp - ta - tion My heart op - pressed may be,  
my be,



Yet, lean - ing on Thy prom - ise, I'll trust a - lone in Thee.



# My Savior, In Thy Love Abiding

ABIDING

*mf* With moderate motion and with expression

1. My Sav - ior, in Thy love a - bid - ing, Oh, may I feel Thee  
2. My Sav - ior, let me feel Thee near me, And in Thy pres - ence  
3. My Sav - ior, let me nev - er leave Thee, Oh, keep me safe - ly

ev - er near; And in Thy strength each day con - fid - ing,  
find my rest; In ev - 'ry ill Thy voice will cheer me,  
at Thy side; Oh, may I nev - er, nev - er grieve Thee,

## Chorus

May I be kept from doubt and fear.  
And gen - tly call me to Thy breast. I can - not live from  
But ev - er in Thy love a - bide.

*slightly slower*

Thee a - part, Thou, Thou on - ly hast my heart.

# My Savior Takes Care Of Me



1. I know, when the storms are sweep - ing, I'm safe in my Mas - ter's keep - ing;
2. No care for the com - ing mor - row, No fear of an un - dimm'd sor - row,
3. Un - til I have crossed the riv - er, My soul shall be trou - bled nev - er,



He watch - es with love, un - sleep - ing, My Sav - ior takes care of me.  
For just what I need I bor - row, My Sav - ior takes care of me.  
For this is my com - fort ev - er, My Sav - ior takes care of me.

## Chorus

My Sav - ior takes care of me, And safe I shall al - ways be;  
of me, shall be;

When trou - bles as - sail, my hope does not fail, For my Sav - ior takes care of me.



# My Savior's Guiding Hand

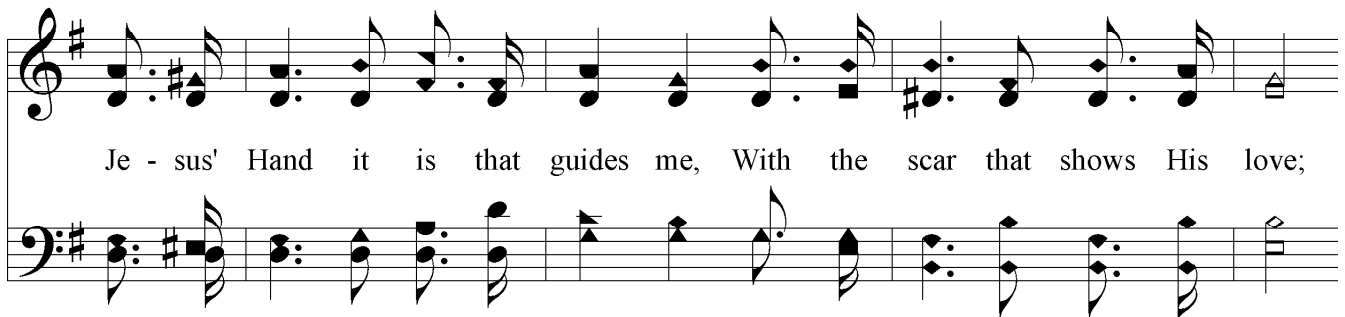


1. Pass - ing thru this world, a stran - ger, Still I know my gra - cious Guide,  
2. From the depths my cry as - cend - ed, From the Heights He bent to hear,  
3. Thru the path of Pain and Sor - row, Heav - y - lad - en, sore op - pressed,  
4. Day by day up - on me rest - ing, Lead - ing t'ward yon Bet - ter Land,



And the Hand that shields from dan - ger, What - e'er e - vil may be - tide.  
Lift - ed up, re - deemed, be - friend - ed, Je - sus' Hand still keeps me near.  
Point - ing to a bright - er mor - row, Je - sus' Hand up - held and bless'd.  
While the storm and tem - pest breast - ing, Let me feel that guid - ing Hand.

## Chorus



Je - sus' Hand it is that guides me, With the scar that shows His love;



Since His guid - ing Hand He gave me, All my path - way leads a - bove.

# My Shepherd Is The Lord Most High

1. My Shep - herd is the Lord Most High, And all my  
 2. He in His mer - cy doth re - store My soul when  
 3. Yea tho' I walk thru death's dark vale, E'en there no  
 4. For me a ta - ble Thou hast spread, Pre - pared be -

wants shall be sup - plied: In pas - tures green He  
 sink - ing in dis - tress; For His name's sake He  
 e - vil will I fear, Be - cause Thy pres - ence  
 fore the face of foes; With oil Thou dost a -

makes me lie, And leads by streams which gen - tly glide.  
 ev - er - more Leads me in paths of right - eous - ness.  
 shall not fail, Thy rod and staff my soul shall cheer.  
 noint my head; My cup is filled and o - ver - flows.

# My Sins Are All Taken Away

1. He will men - tion them no more for - ev - er, My sins are all  
 2. Since I came by faith to Cal - v'ry's foun - tain, My sins are all  
 3. On the bot - tom of the sea they're ly - ing, My sins are all  
 4. Once the "car - nal mind" was all my pleas - ure, My sins are all  
 5. Doubt can nev - er stay where faith is sing - ing, My sins are all

way, - en a - way; For His roy - al prom - ise chang - es nev - er,  
 tak - en a - way; Thru the cleans - ing pow'r of that blest foun - tain,  
 tak - en a - way; Now the pow'rs of sin and self de - ny - ing,  
 tak - en a - way; God's e - ter - nal word is now my treas - ure,  
 tak - en a - way; "Praise the Lord" with - in my heart is ring - ing,

*Chorus*

My sins are all tak - en a - way. They are all tak - en a - way,  
 a - way,

They are all tak - en a - way; He will men - tion them no more for - ev - er,  
 a - way,

# *My Sins Are All Taken Away*

1. Praise the Lord! sing it to - day,  
Hal - le - lu - jah!

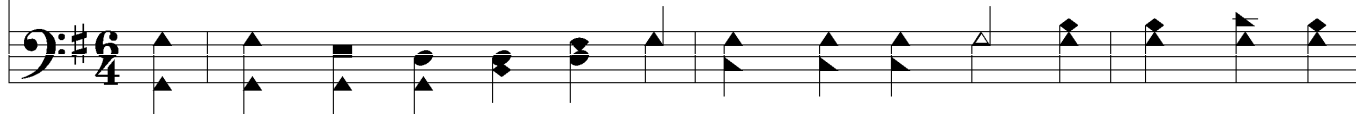
2. My sins are all tak - en a - way.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn "My Sins Are All Taken Away". It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor), and the time signature is 7/8. The first staff has a first ending bracket over the first four measures, followed by a double bar line and a second ending bracket over the next four measures. The lyrics are placed below the treble staff, with "Praise the Lord! sing it to - day," and "Hal - le - lu - jah!" under the first ending, and "My sins are all tak - en a - way." under the second ending. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

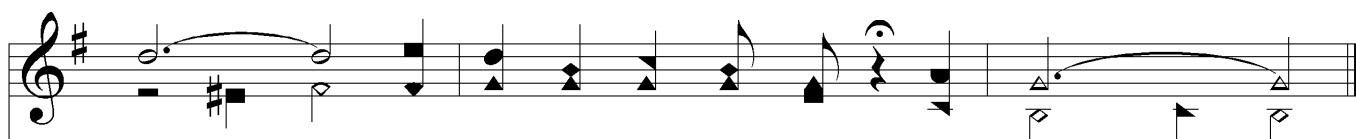
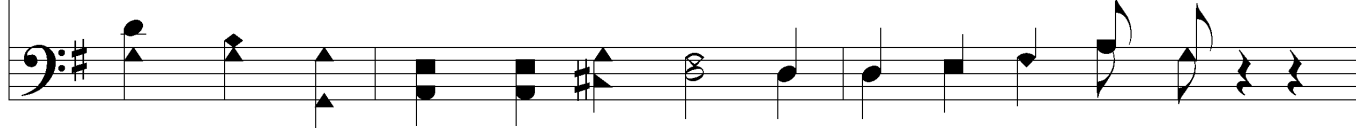
# My Sins Are Forgiven



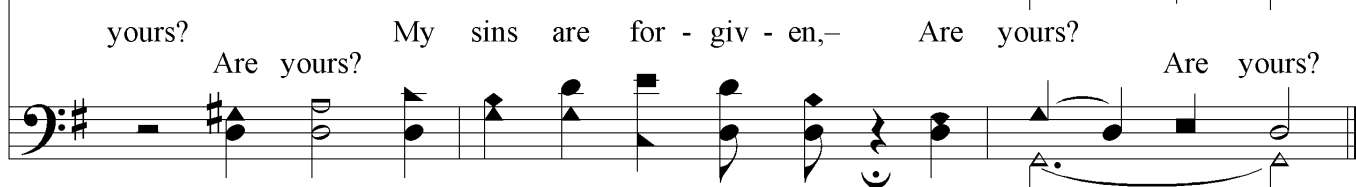
1. As far as the west is re - moved from the east, He ban - ished my  
 2. Like clouds they had gath - ered, ob - scur - ing the sun; He blot - ted them  
 3. I could not have set - tled the least of my debts; He paid the great  
 4. My sins were as scar - let, and crim - son the stains; He made them like  
 5. My guilt and my need His great love have re - vealed; Once wound - ed for  
 6. And this is the rea - son I'm par - doned to - day, Be - cause with His



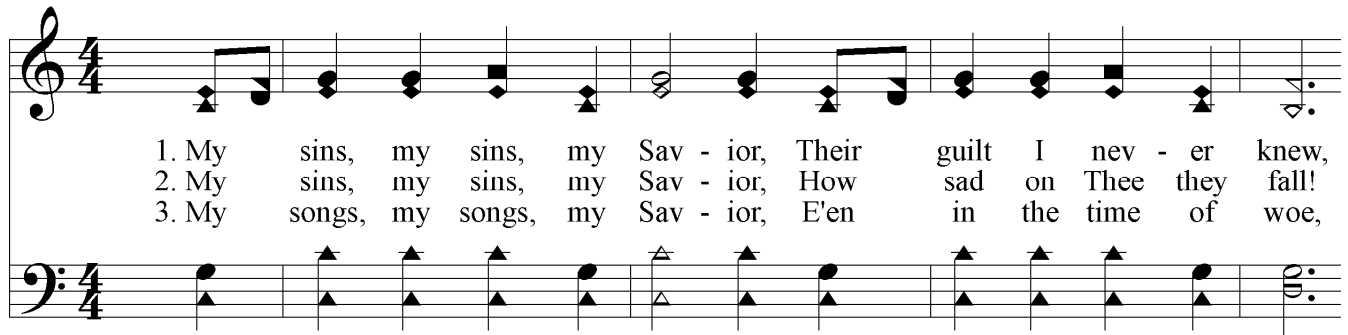
sins, both the great - est and least; My sins are for - giv - en, - Are  
 out, there re - main - eth not one; My sins are for - giv - en, - Are  
 price, and He e - ven for - gets: My sins are for - giv - en, - Are  
 snow, and no ves - tige re - mains; My sins are for - giv - en, - Are  
 me, by His stripes I am healed; My sins are for - giv - en, - Are  
 blood He has wash'd them a - way; My sins are for - giv - en, - Are



yours? Are yours? My sins are for - giv - en, - Are yours? Are yours?




# My Sins, My Sins, My Savior (Arr. 1)



1. My sins, my sins, my Sav - ior, Their guilt I nev - er knew,  
2. My sins, my sins, my Sav - ior, How sad on Thee they fall!  
3. My songs, my songs, my Sav - ior, E'en in the time of woe,



Till with Thee in the de - sert, I near Thy pas - sion drew;  
Seen thru' Thy gen - tle pa - tience, I ten - fold feel them all,  
Shall tell of all Thy good - ness To suf - fring man be - low,



Till with Thee in the gar - den, I heard Thy plead - ing prayer,  
I know they are for - giv - en, But still their pain to me  
Thy good - ness and Thy fa - vor, Whose pres - ence from a - bove



And saw Thy blood - sweat fall - ing That told Thy sor - row there.  
Is all the grief and an - guish They laid, my Lord, on Thee.  
Re - joice those hearts, my Sav - ior, That live in Thee and love.

# My Sins, My Sins, My Savior (Arr. 2)

DAKEN

*Poco con moto, ma quieto*

1. My sins, my sins, my Sav - ior! They take such hold on me,  
2. My sins, my sins, my Sav - ior! How sad on Thee they fall!  
3. My sins, my sins, my Sav - ior! Their guilt I nev - er knew  
4. There - fore my songs, my Sav - ior! E'en in this time of woe.

I am not a - ble to look up, Save on - ly, Christ, to Thee;  
Seen thru Thy gen - tle pa - tience, I ten - fold feel them all;  
Till, with Thee, in the de - sert I near Thy Pas - sion drew;  
Shall tell of all Thy good - ness To suf - fring man be - low;

In Thee is all for - give - ness, In Thee a - bun - dant grace,  
I know they are for - giv - en, But still, their pain to me  
Till, with Thee in the gar - den I heard Thy plead - ing pray'r  
Thy good - ness and Thy fa - vor, Whose pres - ence from a - bove,

My shad - ow and my sun - shine The bright - ness of Thy face.  
Is all the grief and an - guish They laid, my Lord, on Thee.  
And saw the sweat - drops blood - y That told Thy sor - row there.  
Re - jice those hearts, my Sav - ior, That live in Thee and love.

# My Song Is Love Unknown (Arr. 1)

COLSTON 6s & 4s.



1. My song is love un - known, My Sav - ior's love to me, Love to the  
2. In life, no house, no home My Lord on earth might have; In death, no  
3. Here might I stay and sing, No sto - ry so di - vine; Nev - er was



love - less shown That they might love - ly be. Oh, who am I,  
friend - ly tomb, But what a stran - ger gave. What may I say?  
love, dear King, Nev - er was grief like Thine. This is my Friend,

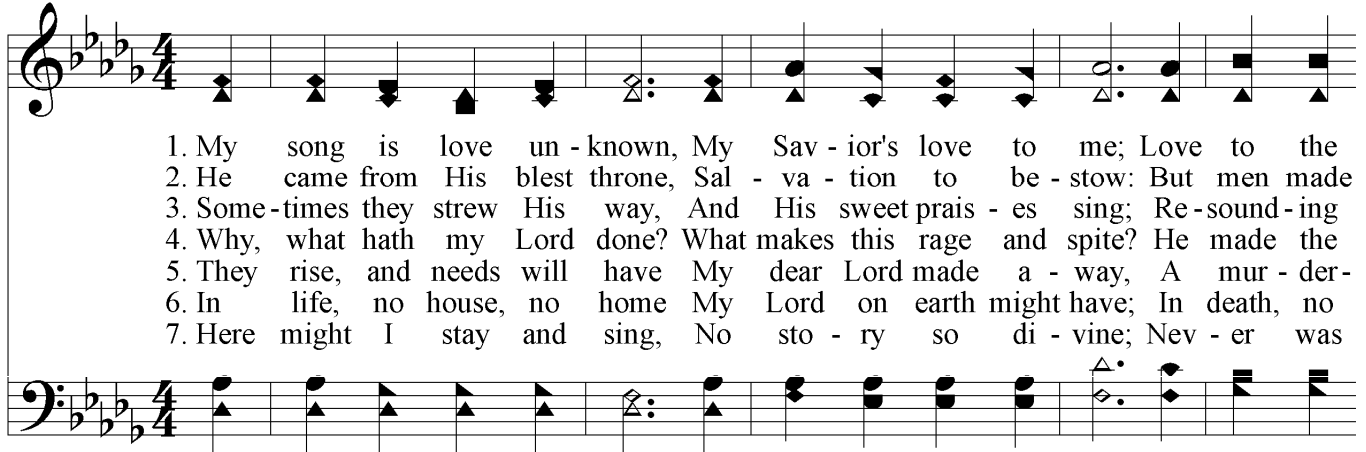


That for my sake My Lord should take Frail flesh and die?  
Heav'n was His Home; But mine the tomb Where - in He lay.  
In whose sweet praise I all my days Could glad - ly spend.

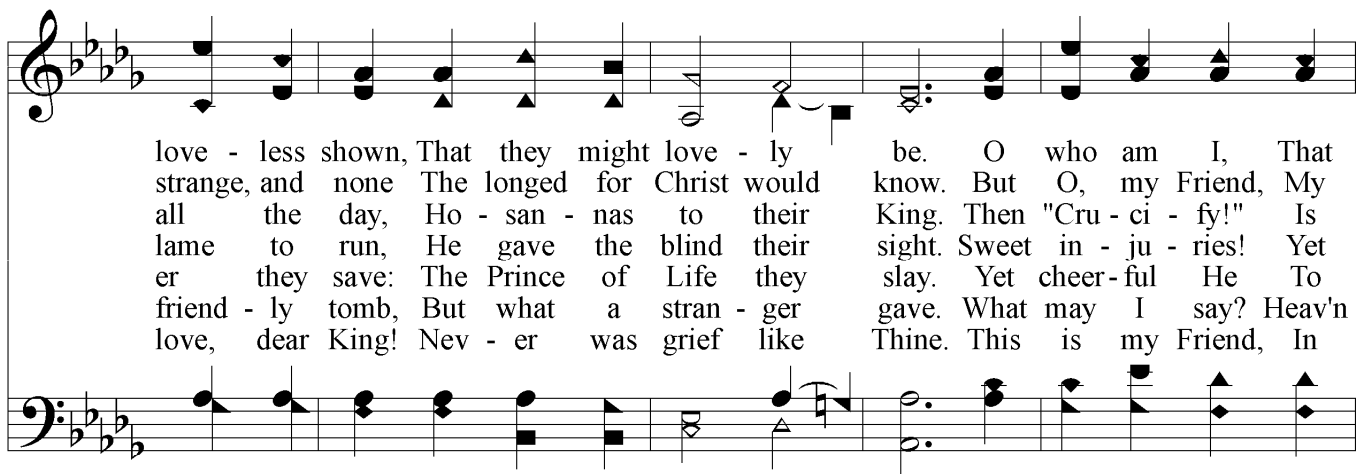


# My Song Is Love Unknown (Arr. 2)

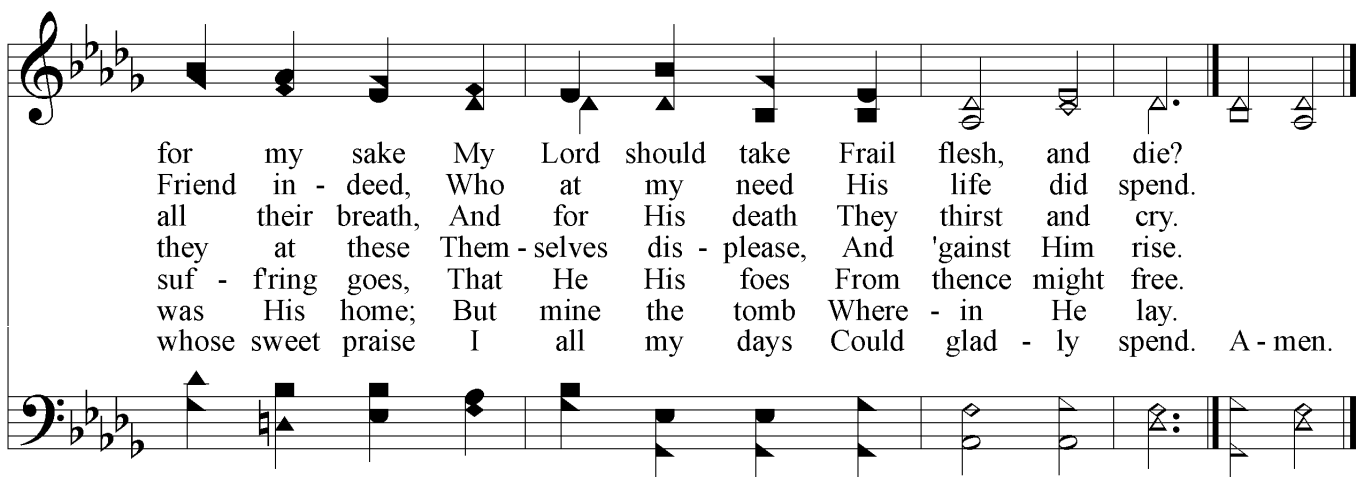
ST. JOHN 6, 6, 6, 6, 4, 4, 4, 4



1. My song is love un - known, My Sav - ior's love to me; Love to the  
2. He came from His blest throne, Sal - va - tion to be - stow: But men made  
3. Some - times they strew His way, And His sweet prais - es sing; Re - sound - ing  
4. Why, what hath my Lord done? What makes this rage and spite? He made the  
5. They rise, and needs will have My dear Lord made a - way, A mur - der -  
6. In life, no house, no home My Lord on earth might have; In death, no  
7. Here might I stay and sing, No sto - ry so di - vine; Nev - er was

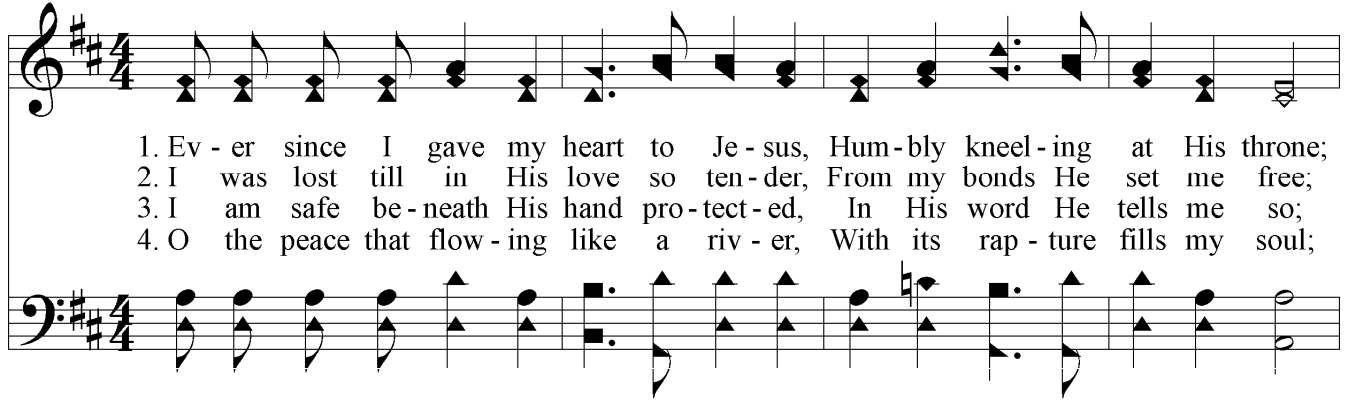


love - less shown, That they might love - ly be. O who am I, That  
strange, and none The longed for Christ would know. But O, my Friend, My  
all the day, Ho - san - nas to their King. Then "Cru - ci - fy!" Is  
lame to run, He gave the blind their sight. Sweet in - ju - ries! Yet  
er they save: The Prince of Life they slay. Yet cheer - ful He To  
friend - ly tomb, But what a stran - ger gave. What may I say? Heav'n  
love, dear King! Nev - er was grief like Thine. This is my Friend, In

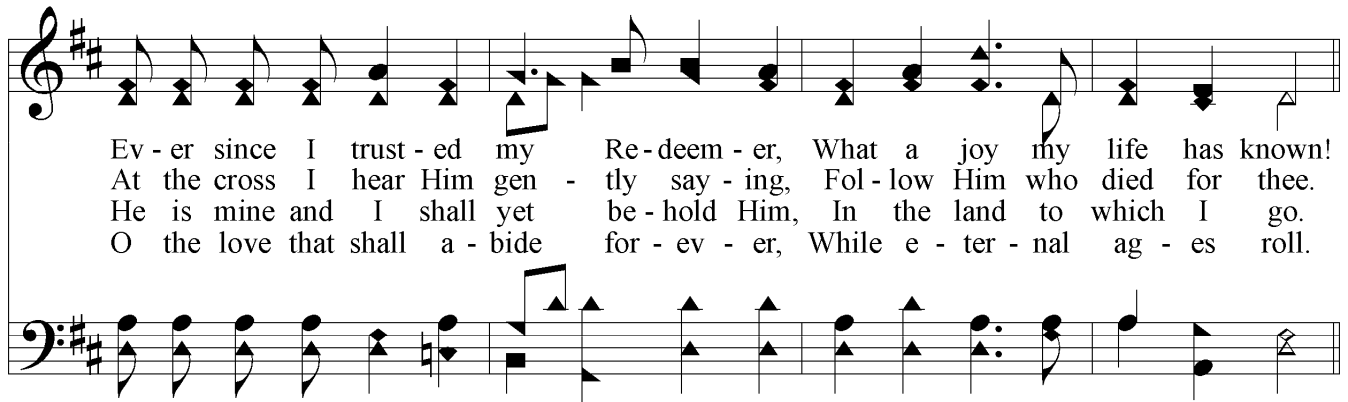


for my sake My Lord should take Frail flesh, and die?  
Friend in - deed, Who at my need His life did spend.  
all their breath, And for His death They thirst and cry.  
they at these Them - selves dis - please, And 'gainst Him rise.  
suf - fring goes, That He His foes From thence might free.  
was His home; But mine the tomb Where - in He lay.  
whose sweet praise I all my days Could glad - ly spend. A - men.

# My Song Of Praise

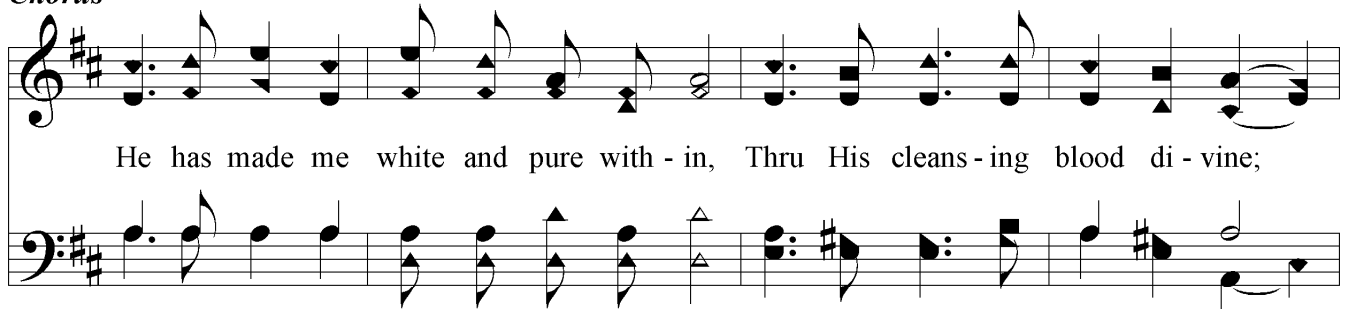


1. Ev - er since I gave my heart to Je - sus, Hum - bly kneel - ing at His throne;  
2. I was lost till in His love so ten - der, From my bonds He set me free;  
3. I am safe be - neath His hand pro - tect - ed, In His word He tells me so;  
4. O the peace that flow - ing like a riv - er, With its rap - ture fills my soul;



Ev - er since I trust - ed my Re - deem - er, What a joy my life has known!  
At the cross I hear Him gen - tly say - ing, Fol - low Him who died for thee.  
He is mine and I shall yet be - hold Him, In the land to which I go.  
O the love that shall a - bide for - ev - er, While e - ter - nal ag - es roll.

## Chorus

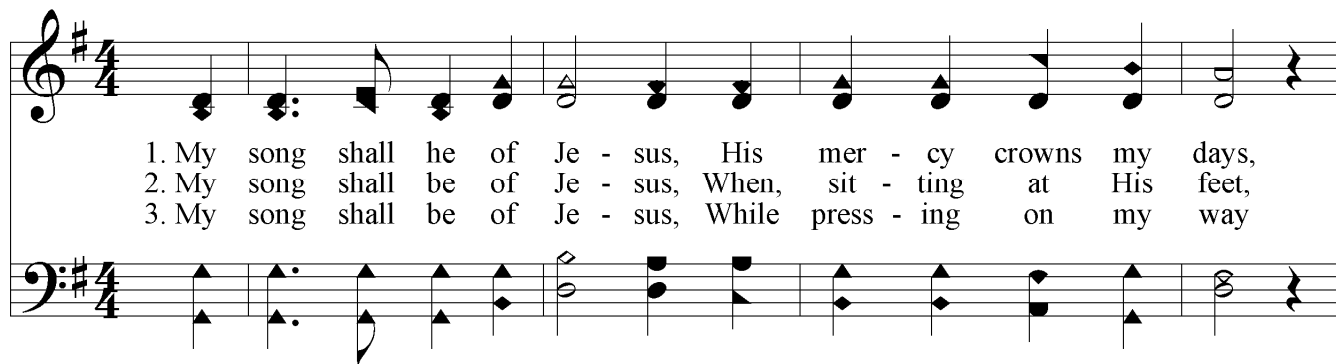


He has made me white and pure with - in, Thru His cleans - ing blood di - vine;

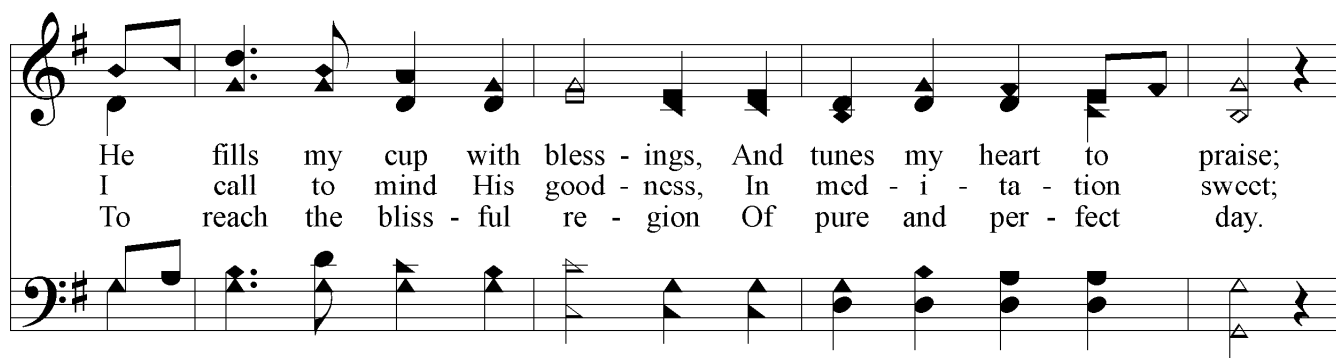


All the way I'm sing - ing, Hal - le - lu - jah! For I know that He is mine.

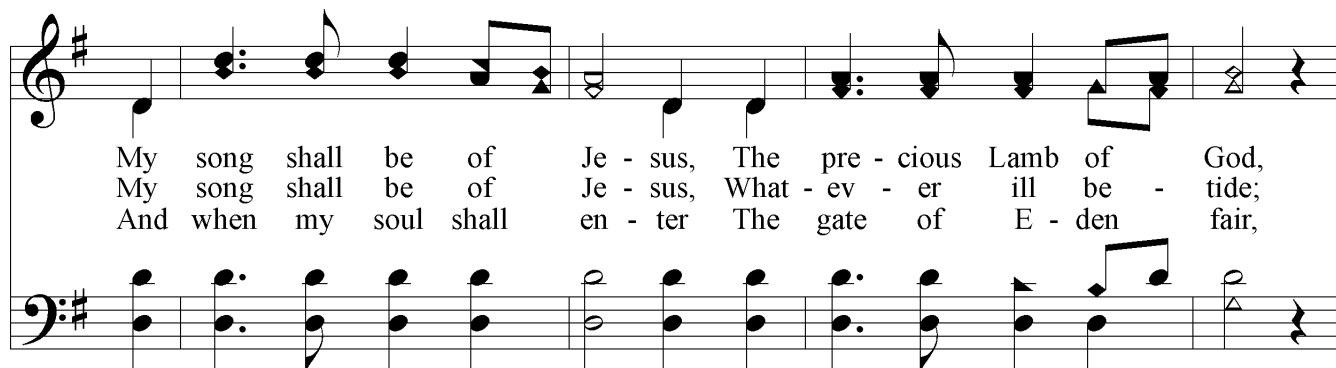
# My Song Shall Be Of Jesus



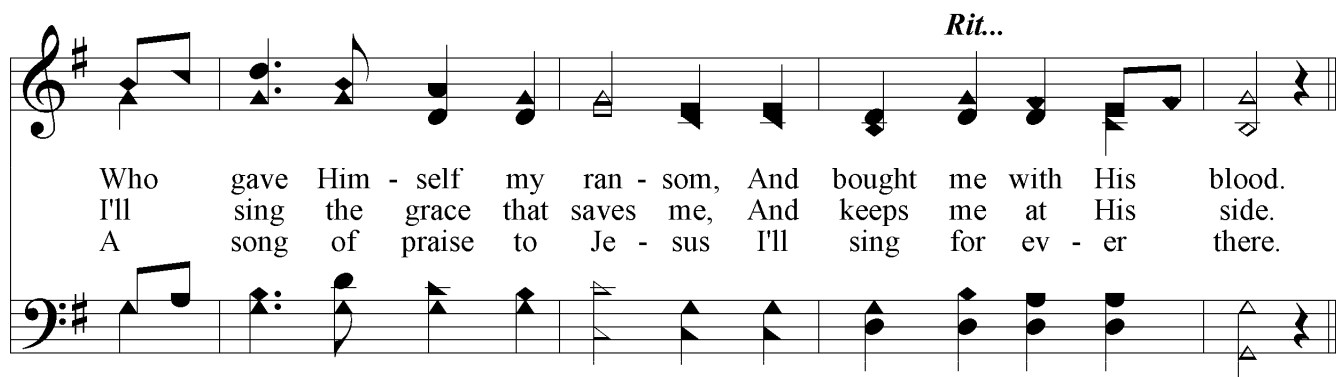
1. My song shall be of Je - sus, His mer - cy crowns my days,  
2. My song shall be of Je - sus, When, sit - ting at His feet,  
3. My song shall be of Je - sus, While press - ing on my way



He fills my cup with bless - ings, And tunes my heart to praise;  
I call to mind His good - ness, In med - i - ta - tion sweet;  
To reach the bliss - ful re - gion Of pure and per - fect day.



My song shall be of Je - sus, The pre - cious Lamb of God,  
My song shall be of Je - sus, What - ev - er ill be - tide;  
And when my soul shall en - ter The gate of E - den fair,



*Rit...*  
Who gave Him - self my ran - som, And bought me with His blood.  
I'll sing the grace that saves me, And keeps me at His side.  
A song of praise to Je - sus I'll sing for ev - er there.

# My Soul, Awake

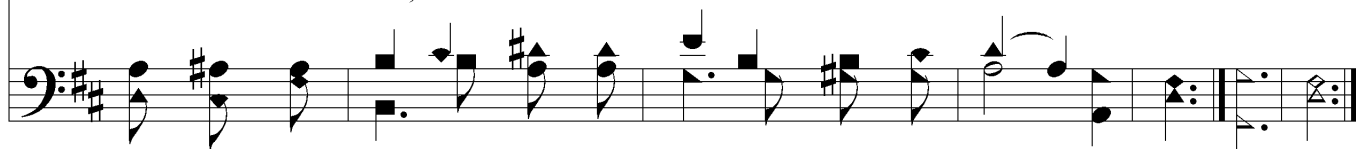
BRACONDALE 4, 4, 6, 4, 4, 6



1. My soul a - wake, Thy rest for - sake, And greet the morn - ing light!
2. With cour - age dressed, Strong - heart - ed, blest, Ful - fill thy work a - broad;
3. A - mid the strife Of dai - ly life, A - mid its noon - tide heat,
4. In lib - er - ty Of ho - ly glee, Ac - cept thy child - hood's part;
5. O bless - ed rest, With such a Guest Life's du - ty grows di - vine,
6. E - ter - nal praise To Thee we raise, Who deign'st with men to dwell;



With song a - rise, - Glad sac - ri - fice For mer - cies of the night.  
Fear - less and true, Thy way pur - sue, A hap - py child of God.  
Fear not to miss Thy se - cret bliss - The rest of son - ship sweet.  
And thou shalt find, By faith en - shrined, The Fa - ther in thy heart.  
Dross be - comes gold, And, as of old, The wa - ter turns to wine.  
Great Word of God, Je - ho - vah! Lord! A - dored Im - man - u - el! A - men.



# My Soul, Be on Thy Guard (Arr. 1)

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes arise;  
2. O watch, and fight, and pray; The battle ne'er give o'er;  
3. Ne'er think the victory won, Nor lay thine armor down;  
4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God;

The hosts of sin are pressing hard To draw thee from the skies.  
Re - new it boldly ev - 'ry day, And help divine implore.  
The work of faith will not be done, Till thou obtain the crown.  
He'll take thee, at thy part - ing breath, To His divine abode.

# My Soul, Be On Thy Guard (Arr. 2)

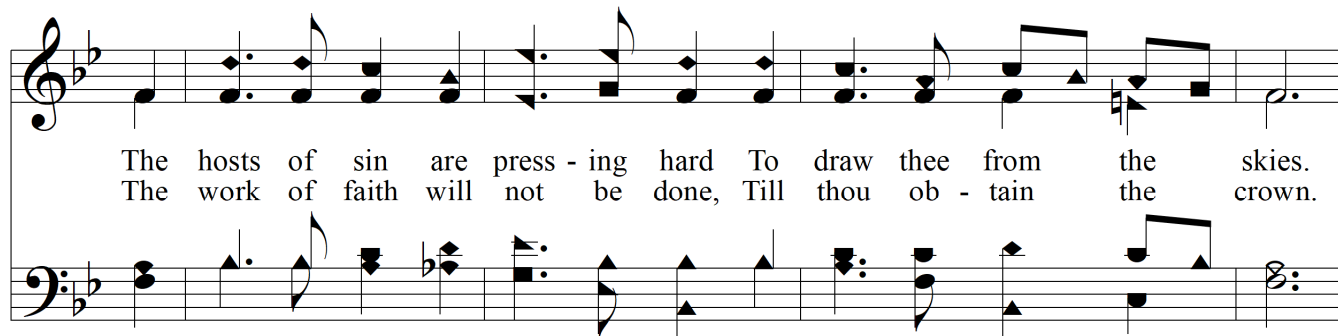
GAUTIER S. M. D.



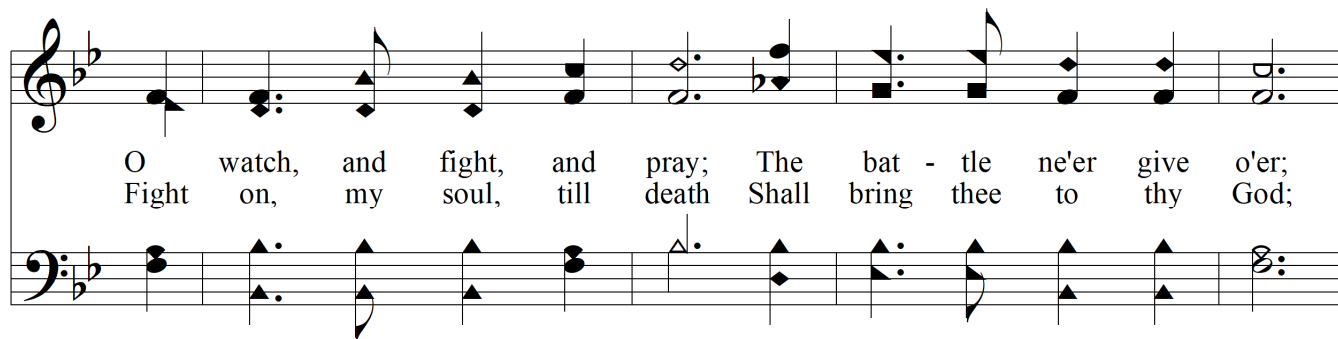
1. My soul, be on thy guard! Ten thou - sand foes a - rise;  
2. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar - mor down:



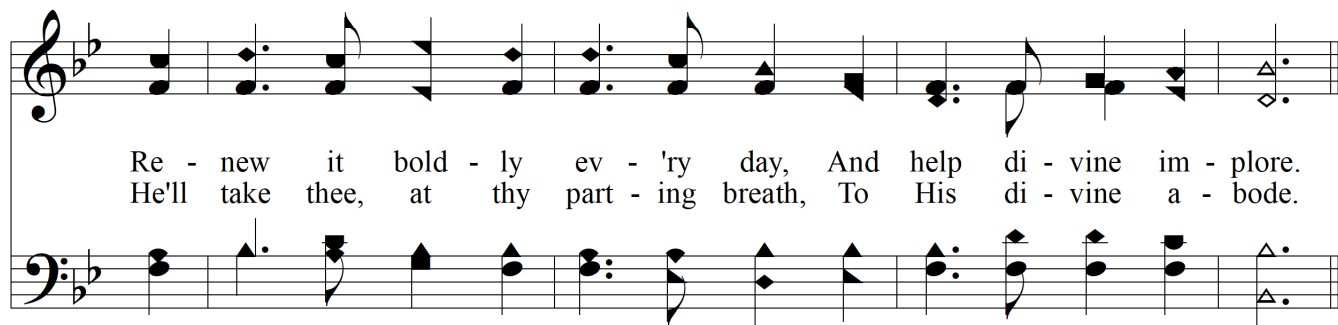
The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.  
The work of faith will not be done, Till thou ob - tain the crown.



O watch, and fight, and pray; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;  
Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God;

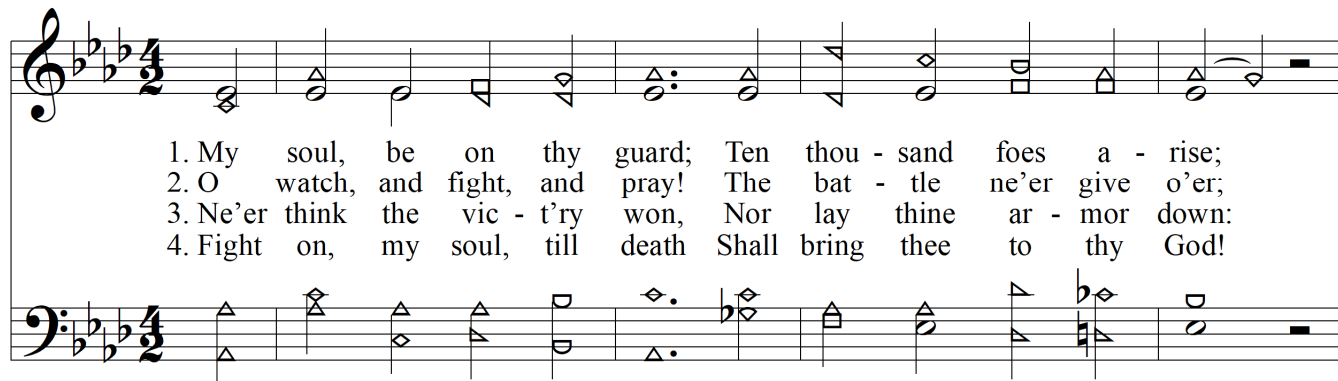


Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.  
He'll take thee, at thy part - ing breath, To His di - vine a - bode.

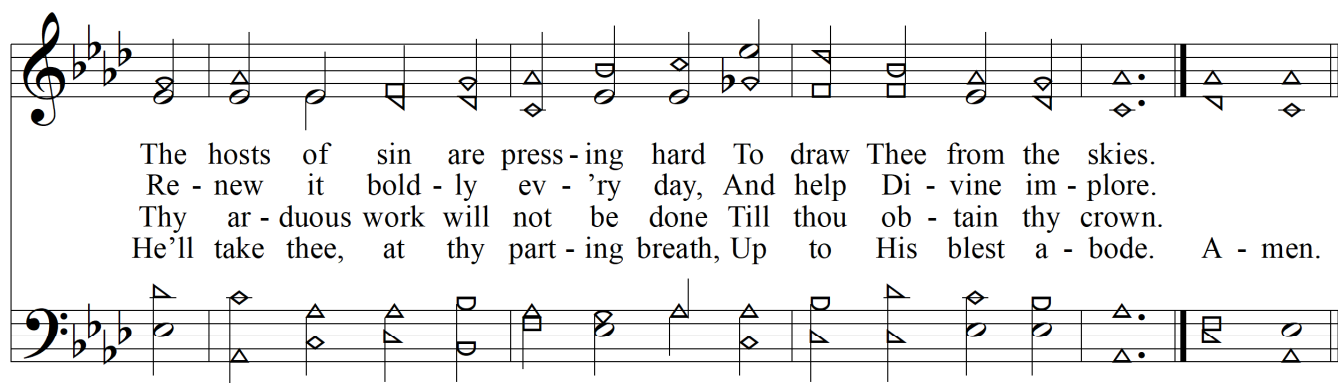


# My Soul, Be On Thy Guard (Arr. 3)

HEATH S. M.



1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thou - sand foes a - rise;  
2. O watch, and fight, and pray! The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;  
3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar - mor down:  
4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God!



The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw Thee from the skies.  
Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help Di - vine im - plore.  
Thy ar - duous work will not be done Till thou ob - tain thy crown.  
He'll take thee, at thy part - ing breath, Up to His blest a - bode. A - men.

Words: George Heath (1781)

Music: Mason & Webb's Cantica Laudis (1850)

# My Soul Complete

1. My soul com - plete in Je - sus stands! It fears no  
 2. My soul at rest in Je - sus lives; Ac - cepts the  
 3. My soul its ev - 'ry foe de - fies, And cries - 'Tis  
 4. A song of praise my soul shall sing, To our e -

more than law's de - mands; The smile of God is  
 peace His par - don gives; Re - ceives the grace His  
 God that jus - ti - fies! Who charg - es God's e -  
 ter - nal, glo - rious King! Shall wor - ship hum - bly

sweet with - in, Where all be - fore was guilt and sin.  
 death se - cured, And pleads the an - guish He en - dured.  
 lect with sin? Shall Christ, who died their peace to win?  
 at His feet, In whom a - lone it stands com - plete.





## *My Soul, Hope Always In Thy God*

The image shows a musical score for the hymn "My Soul, Hope Always In Thy God". It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

In the Lord thou art se - cure; Hope ev - er in the Lord, my soul.

# My Soul Is Happy All Day Long

JESUS IS MY SAVIOR

1. My soul is hap - py all day long— Je - sus is my Sav - ior;  
2. My heav - y load of sin is gone— Je - sus is my Sav - ior;  
3. I heard the voice of mer - cy call— Je - sus is my Sav - ior;  
4. Now will I tell it all a - round— Je - sus is my Sav - ior;

And all my life is full of song— Je - sus died for me.  
At His dear cross I laid it down— Je - sus died for me.  
I sim - ply trust - ed, that was all— Je - sus died for me.  
How sweet a bless - ing I have found— Je - sus died for me.

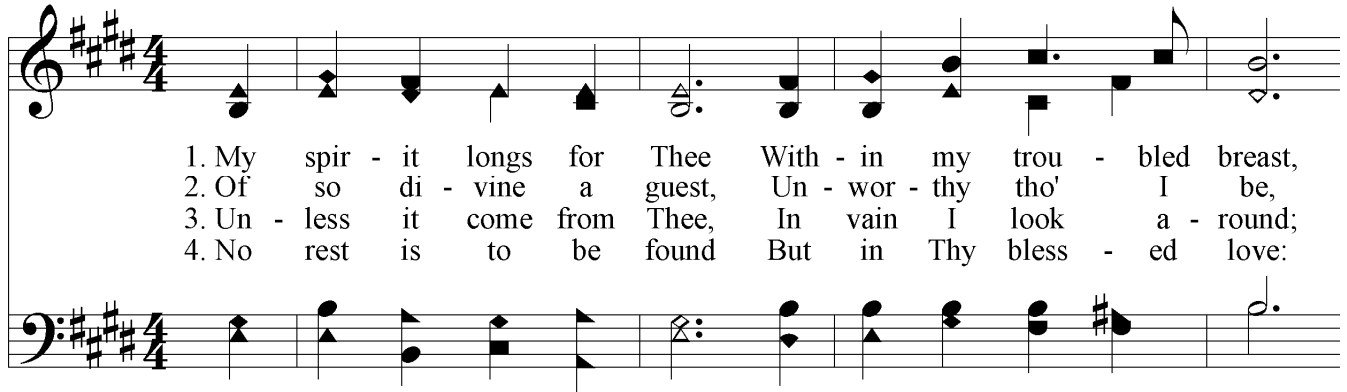
## Chorus

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah To the lov - ing Lamb for sin - ners slain!

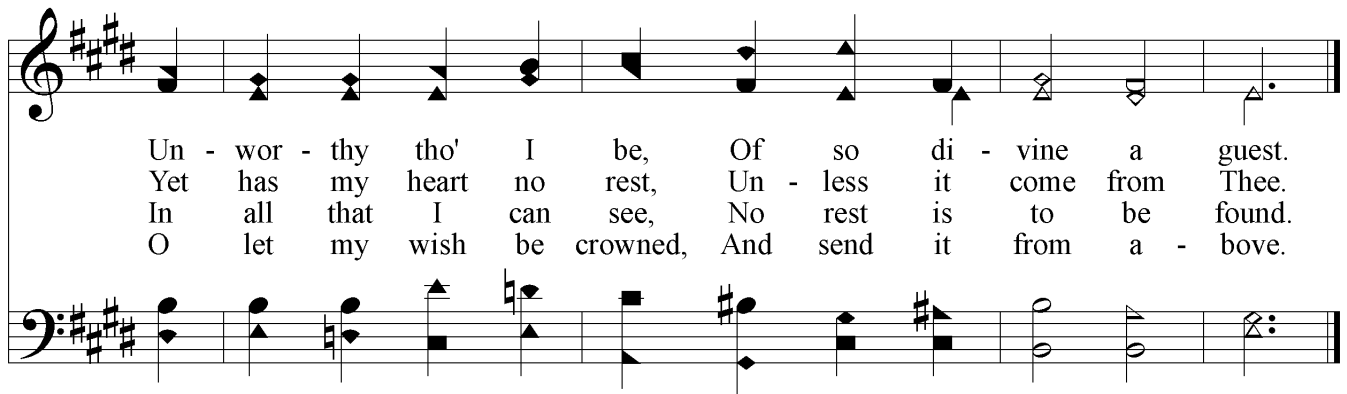
Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah To the Lamb who lives a - gain!

# My Spirit Longs For Thee

BYROM S. M.



1. My spir - it longs for Thee With - in my trou - bled breast,  
2. Of so di - vine a guest, Un - wor - thy tho' I be,  
3. Un - less it come from Thee, In vain I look a - round;  
4. No rest is to be found But in Thy bless - ed love:



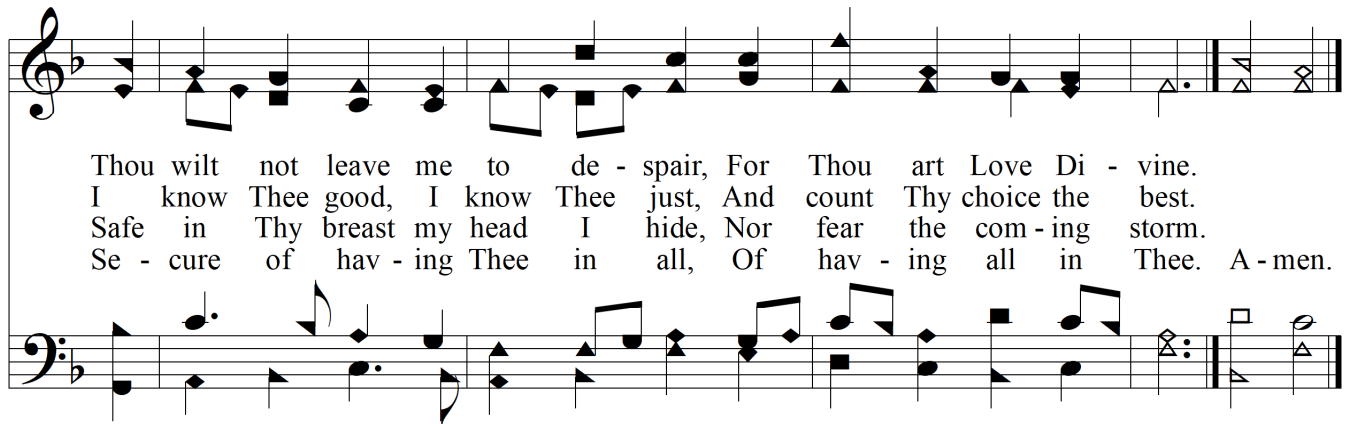
Un - wor - thy tho' I be, Of so di - vine a guest.  
Yet has my heart no rest, Un - less it come from Thee.  
In all that I can see, No rest is to be found.  
O let my wish be crowned, And send it from a - bove.

# My Spirit On Thy Care

METCALFE S. M.



1. My spir - it on Thy care, Blest Sav - ior, I re - cline;  
2. In Thee I place my trust, On Thee I calm - ly rest;  
3. What - e'er e - vents be - tide, Thy will they all per - form;  
4. Let good or ill be - fall, It must be good for me;

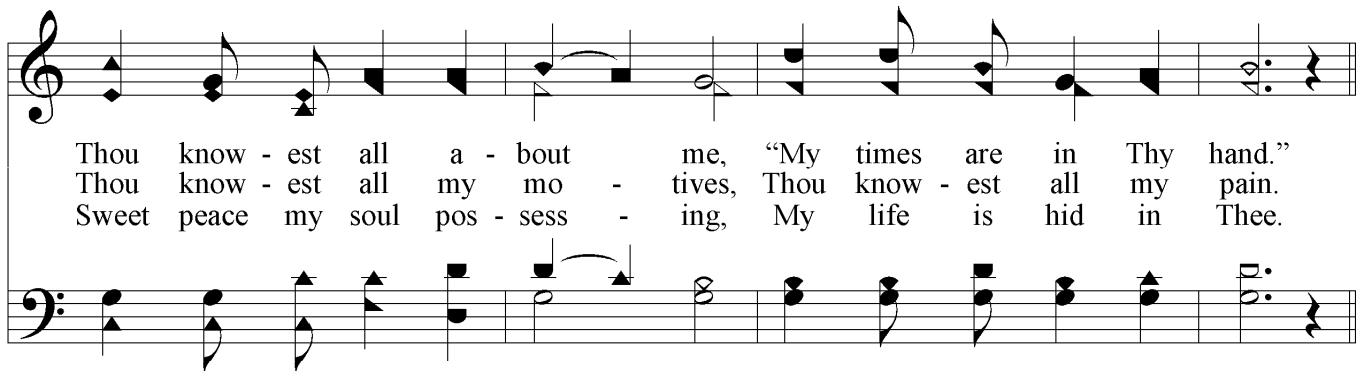


Thou wilt not leave me to de - spair, For Thou art Love Di - vine.  
I know Thee good, I know Thee just, And count Thy choice the best.  
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide, Nor fear the com - ing storm.  
Se - cure of hav - ing Thee in all, Of hav - ing all in Thee. A - men.

# “My Times Are In My Hands”

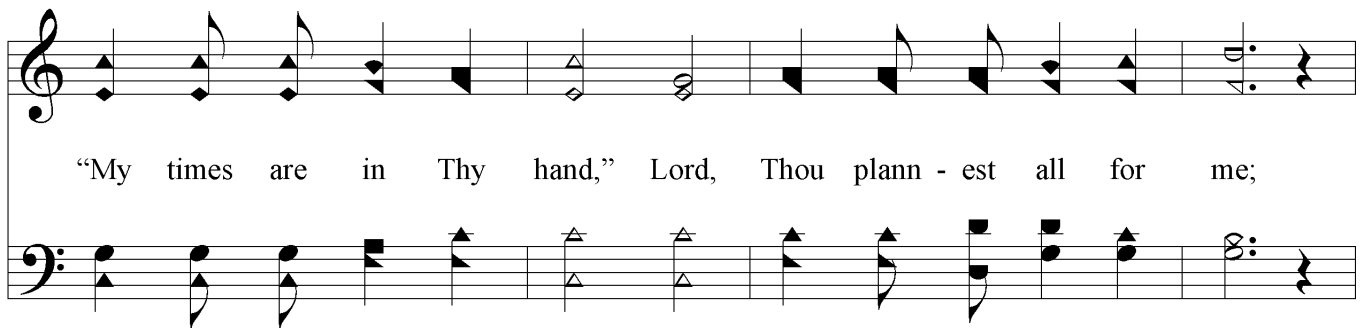


1. Thou know - est all a - bout me, I need not un - der - stand;  
2. I do not need to tell Thee, I nev - er need ex - plain;  
3. O place of per - fect bless - ing! O hand once pierced for me!

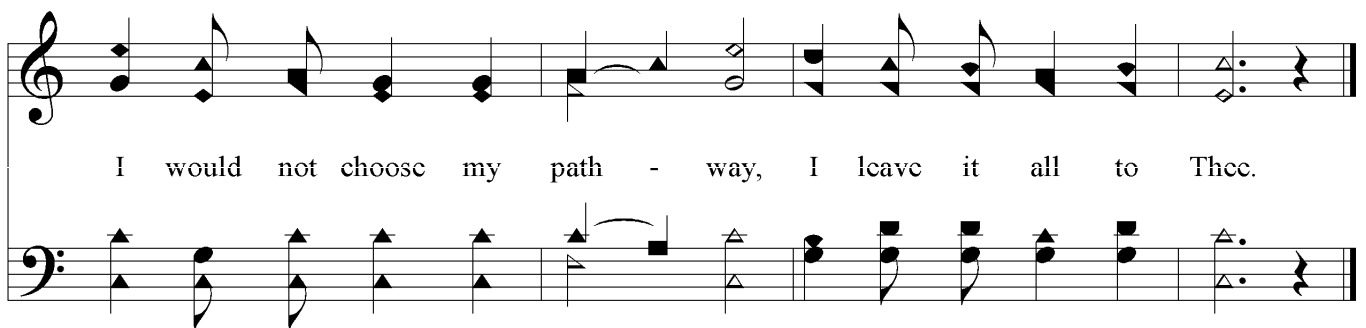


Thou know - est all a - bout me, “My times are in Thy hand.”  
Thou know - est all my mo - tives, Thou know - est all my pain.  
Sweet peace my soul pos - sess - ing, My life is hid in Thee.

## *Chorus*



“My times are in Thy hand,” Lord, Thou plann - est all for me;



I would not choose my path - way, I leave it all to Thee.

# My Title's Clear

1. Since I can read my ti - tle clear, To man - sions in the skies,  
2. Should earth a - gainst my soul en - gage, And fier - y darts be hurled,  
3. Let cares like a wild del - uge come, And storms of sor - row fall -  
4. There shall I bathe my wea - ry soul, In seas of heav'n - ly rest,

I'll bid fare - well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.  
Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frown - ing world.  
So I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.  
And not a wave of trou - ble roll A - cross my peace - ful breast.

## Chorus

I'll stand, the storm, I've an - chored in the vail;  
I'll stand, the storm,

Tho' Sa - tan fire - y darts may hurl, Thru Christ I shall pre - vail.

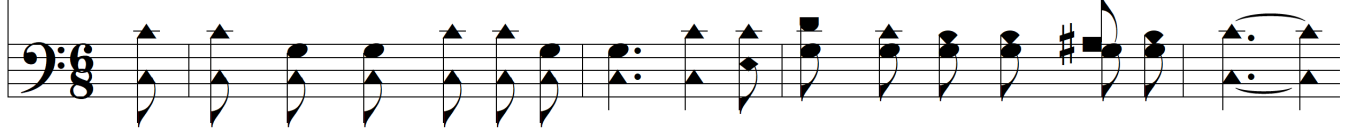
*ff*

# My Voice Shalt Thou Hear In The Morning

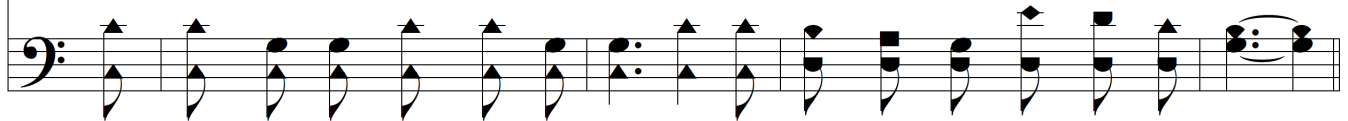
ALRANTE



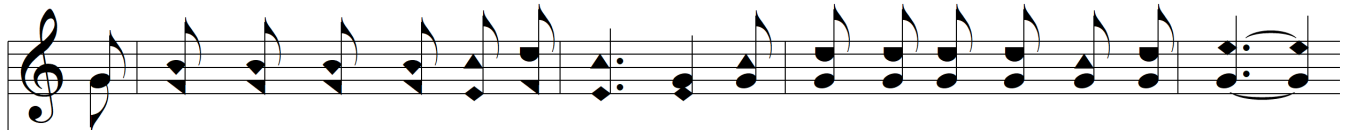
1. My voice shalt Thou hear in the morn-ing, O Je - sus, my Sav - ior, my all;  
2. My voice shalt Thou hear in the morn-ing, O Je - sus, my Shep - herd and King;  
3. My voice shalt Thou hear in the morn-ing, At noon-day, at eve, and at night;



While na - ture its mu - sic is wak-ing, On Thee from my heart will I call.  
Re - fresh'd with the dews of Thy mer - cy, Thy won - der - ful love will I sing.  
I'll tell of Thy good - ness for - ev - er, My hope, my sal - va - tion, my light.



## Chorus



My voice shall Thou hear in the morn - ing, My praise to the hills shall as - cend;



I'll join with the glo - ri - fied mil - lions, A cho - rus that nev - er shall end.

