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Catalog

M

Normal Notation

Hymn Count: 262

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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;

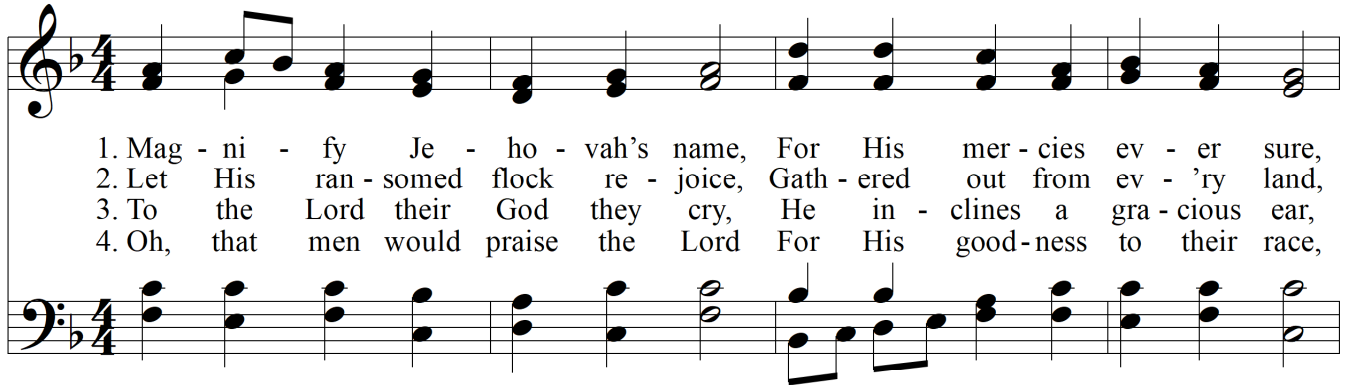
The first system of music consists of a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time with a key signature of two sharps (D major). The treble staff contains the melody, and the bass staff contains the accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

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.

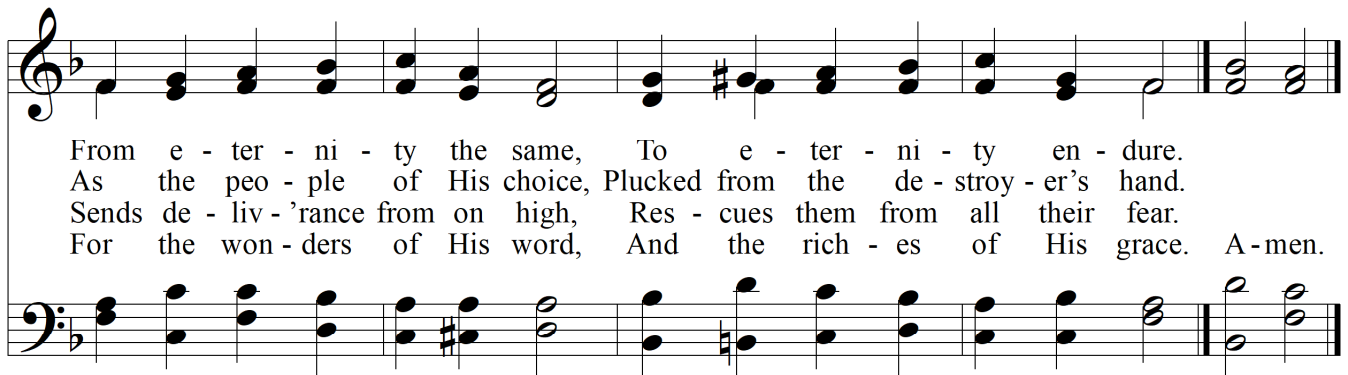
The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

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 - jice, 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

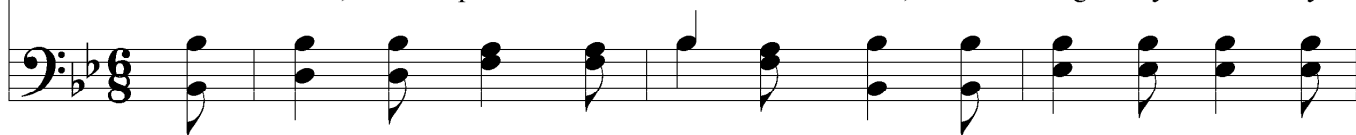
lips with grace o'er - flow, His lips with grace o'er - flow.
 fill the heav'n - ly train, Who fill the heav'n - ly train.
 car - ried all my grief, And car - ried all my grief.
 saves me from the grave, And saves me from the grave.

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

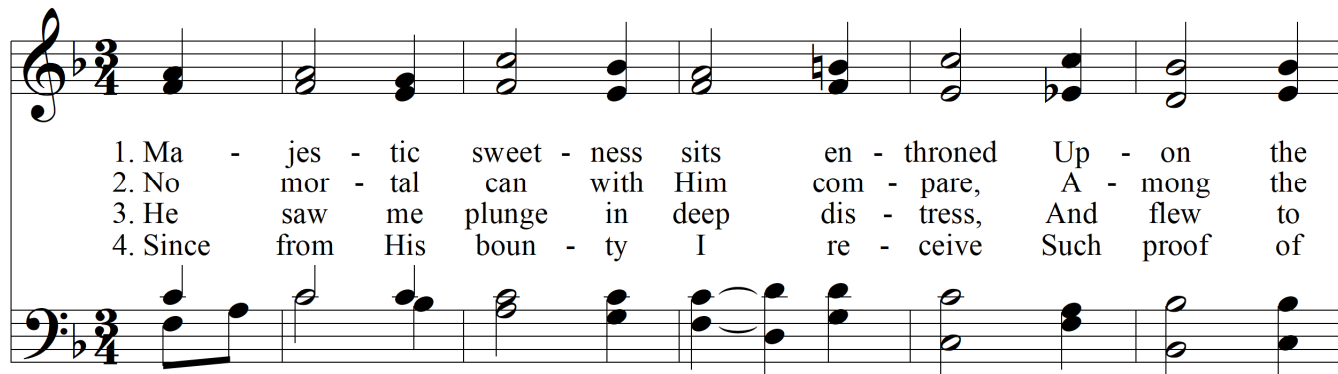


lips with grace o'er - flow, His lips with grace o'er - flow.
fill the heav'n - ly train, That fill the heav'n - ly train.
car - ried all my grief, And car - ried all my grief.
saves me from the grave, He saves me from the grave.
makes my joy com - plete, And makes my joy com - plete.

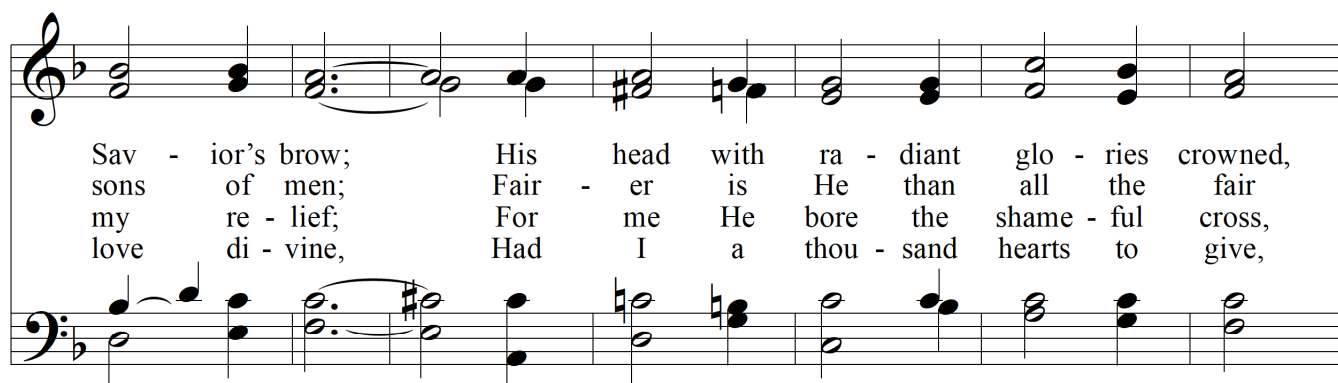


Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned (Arr. 4)

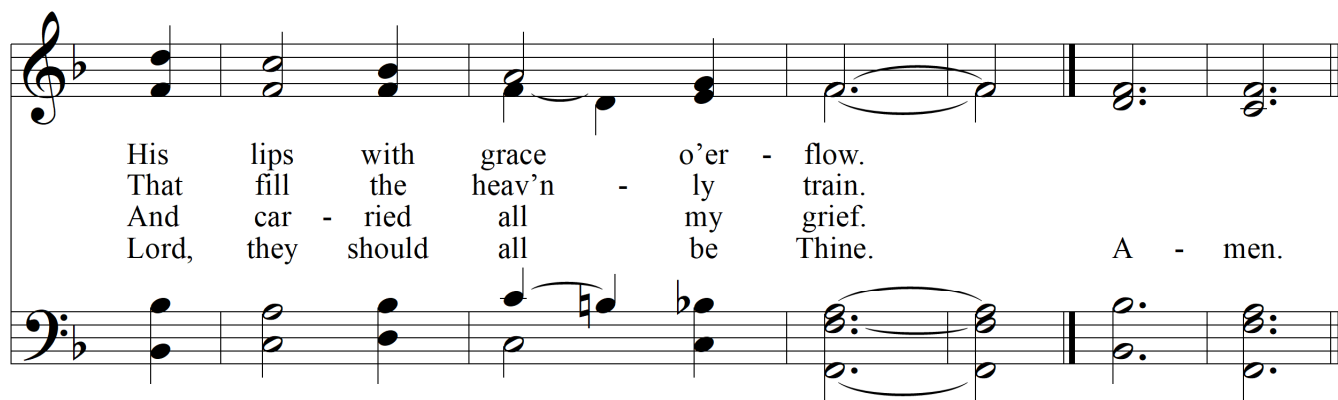
ANSLEY PARK C. M.



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



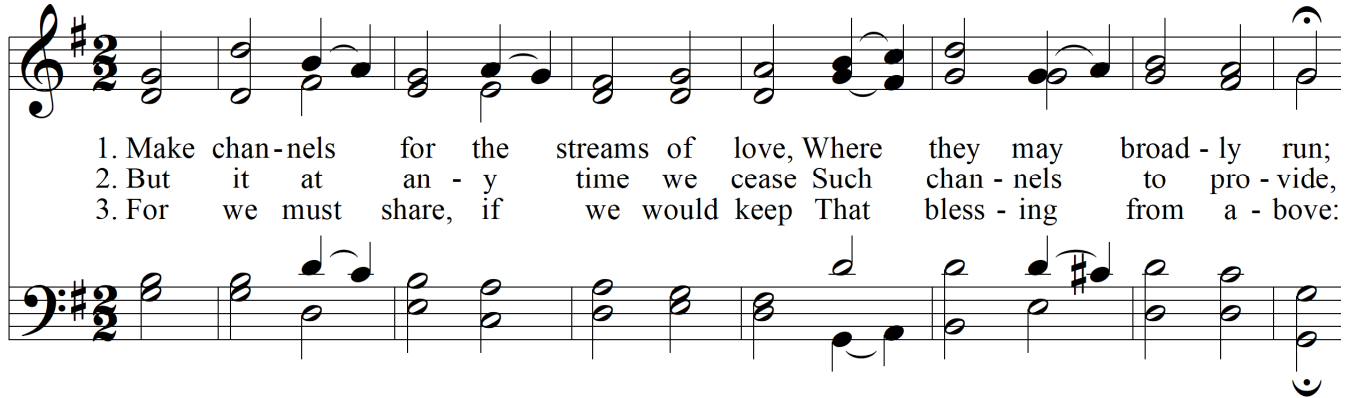
Sav - ior's brow; His head with ra - diant glo - ries crowned,
sons of men; Fair - er is He than all the fair
my re - lief; For me He bore the shame - ful cross,
love di - vine, Had I a thou - sand hearts to give,



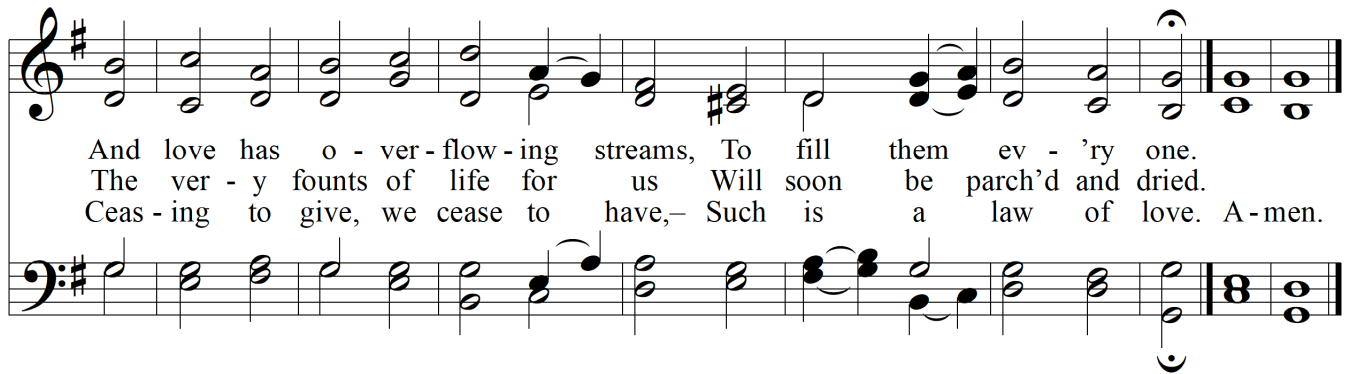
His lips with grace o'er - flow.
That fill the heav'n - ly train.
And car - ried all my grief.
Lord, they should all be Thine. A - men.

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 Christ King

A \flat

1. Make Christ King, is the mes - sage we bring in song,
2. Make Christ King, He is wor - thy the love of all
3. Make Christ King, for a - bove Him there is not one,

Make Christ King, He is lead - ing the right 'gainst wrong,
Make Christ King, or you heed not the Spir - it's call;
Make Christ King, for our Fa - ther hath called Him Son;

Rit...

Make Christ King, of His vic - to - ries I shall sing;
Make Christ King, to Him gift of my life I bring;
Make Christ King, let the bells of all heav - en ring;

Go tell the err - ing, no long - er de - fer - ring to Make Christ King.
O hear the sto - ry in all of its glo - ry and Make Christ King.
Tho' men dis - owned Him, the Fa - ther en - throned Him and Made Christ King.
(1. Make Christ King.)

Make Christ King

O make Christ King of your heart to - day, Make Christ King,
O make Christ King and give

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and a common time signature. The melody begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B-flat4, and C5. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

O make Christ give Him right of way, Make Christ King,
O make Christ King and give

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff features a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B-flat4, and C5. The bass staff continues with harmonic support.

Christ now is vic - tor and graves have no dread, Death hath no sting;
Christ lives

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff features a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B-flat4, and C5. The bass staff continues with harmonic support.

rit. to end
Tho' men dis - owned Him the Fa - ther en - throned Him, O make Christ King.

The fourth system concludes the piece. It begins with the instruction *rit. to end*. The treble staff features a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B-flat4, and C5. The bass staff continues with harmonic support.

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.

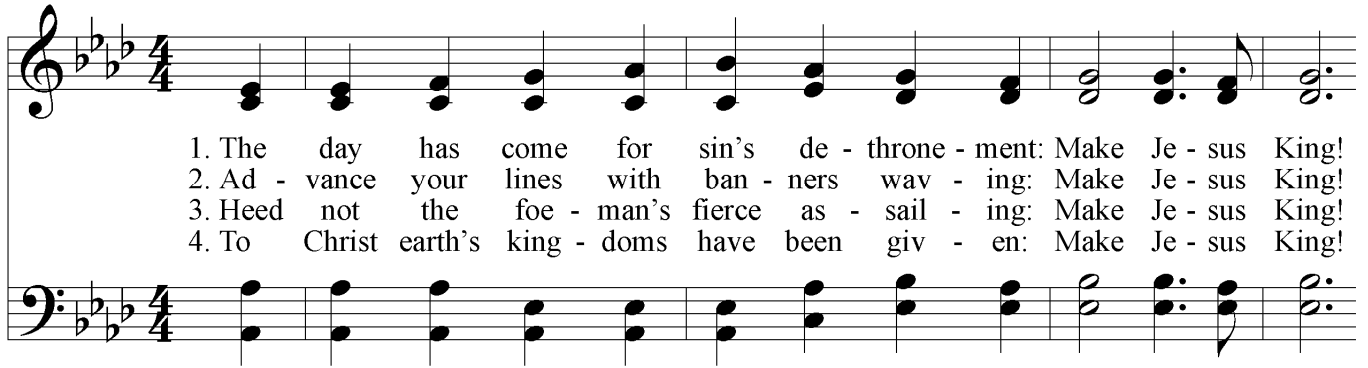
Make Haste. Man, To Live

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;

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.

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!

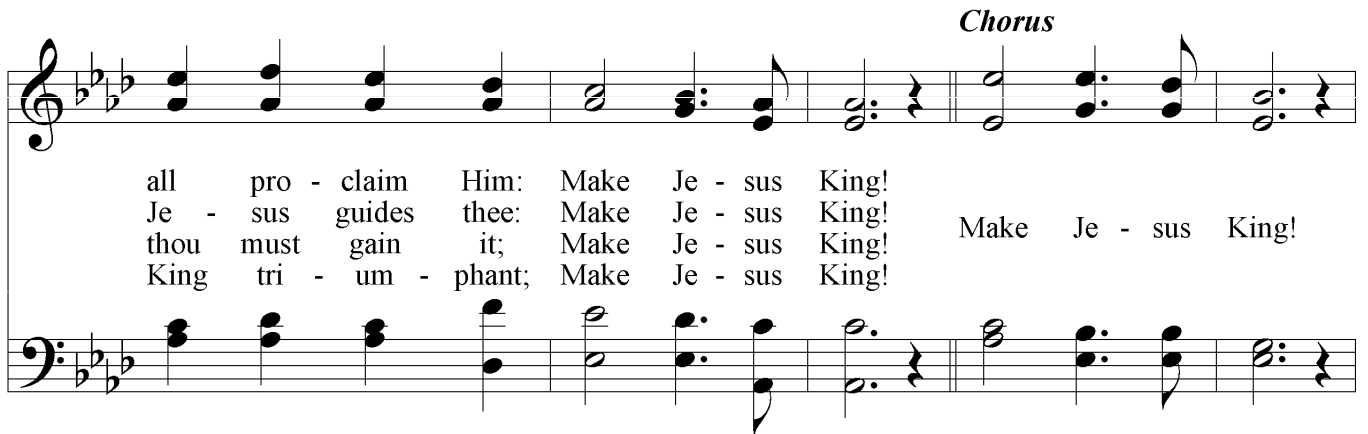


The day has come for Christ's en - throne - ment: Make Je - sus King!
 E'er up - ward press, all dan - gers brav - ing: Make Je - sus King!
 Thy Lead - er is "The All pre - vail - ing:" Make Je - sus King!
 En - throne Him Lord of earth and heav - en: Make Je - sus King!



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 (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: "Make Je - sus King! And crown Him King of earth and heav'n, Make Je - sus King!". The first system covers the first two lines of lyrics, and the second system covers the last two lines. The piano accompaniment features chords and single notes that support the vocal melody.

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.

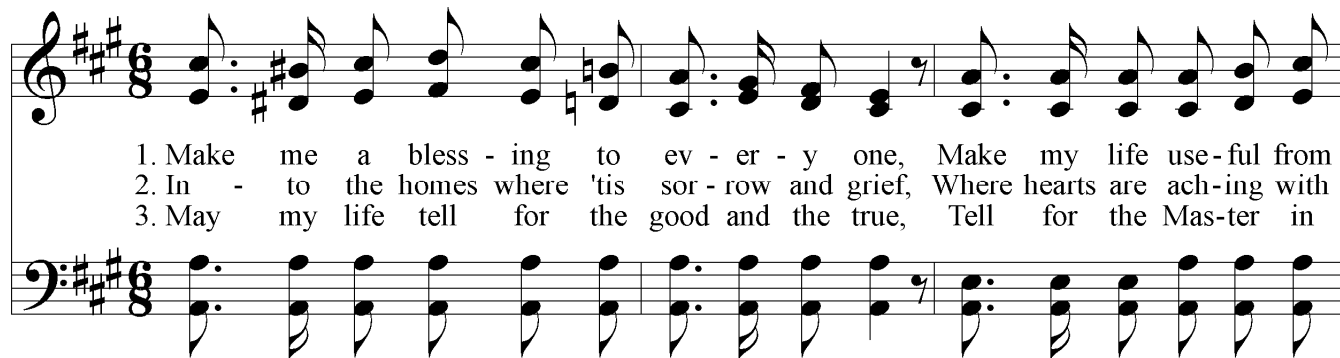
bless - ing, Out of my life may Je - sus shine; Make me a bless - ing,
 Out of my life

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 a series of chords and a melodic line. The lyrics are written below the treble staff, with the first line "O Sav-ior, I pray, Make me a bless-ing to some-one to-day." and the second line "I pray Thee, my Sav-ior,". The bass staff contains a bass line with notes and rests. The music is in a key with one sharp (F#) and a common time signature.

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.
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 musical notation for the hymn. It consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff, both in the key of A major (indicated by three sharps: F#, C#, G#). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

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

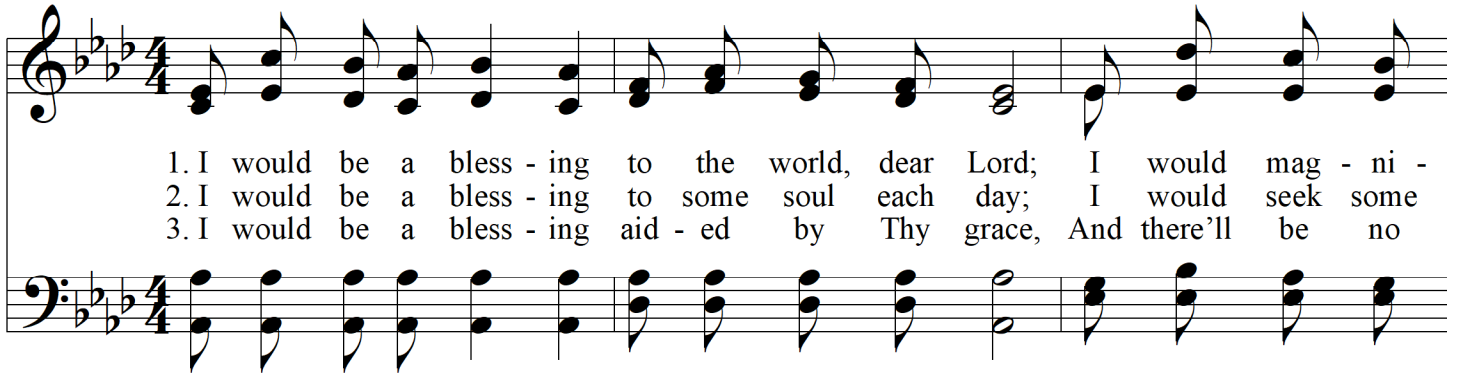
The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and bass line from the first system. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

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.

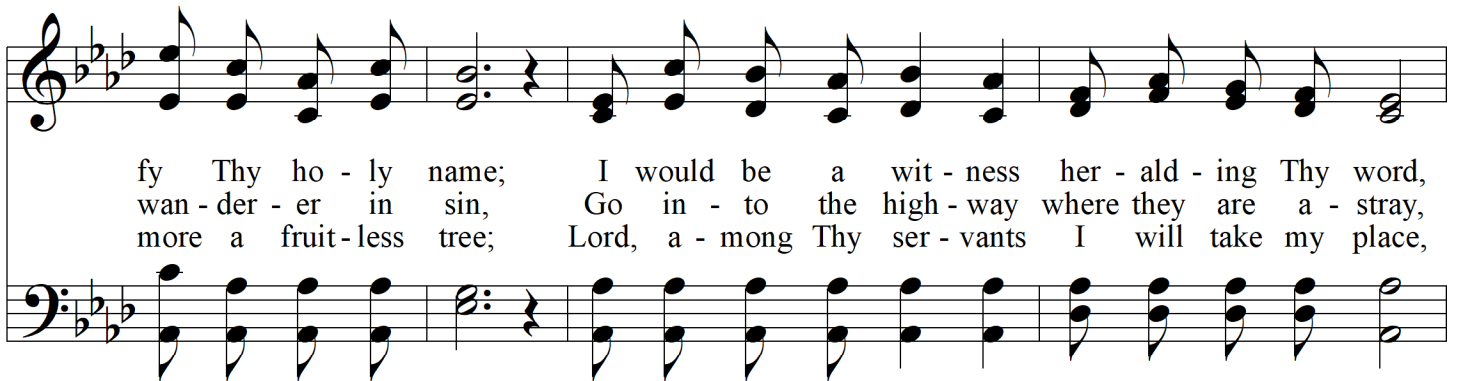
The third and final system of musical notation. It concludes the melody and bass line. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

Make Me A Blessing Today (Arr. 3)

A \flat

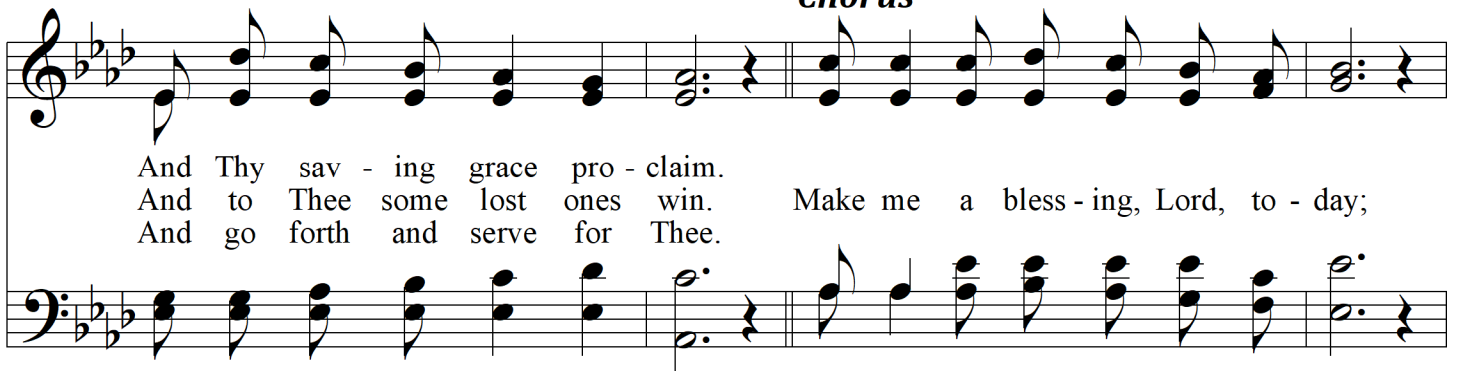


1. I would be a bless - ing to the world, dear Lord; I would mag - ni -
2. I would be a bless - ing to some soul each day; I would seek some
3. I would be a bless - ing aid - ed by Thy grace, And there'll be no



fy Thy ho - ly name; I would be a wit - ness her - ald - ing Thy word,
wan - der - er in sin, Go in - to the high - way where they are a - stray,
more a fruit - less tree; Lord, a - mong Thy ser - vants I will take my place,

Chorus



And Thy sav - ing grace pro - claim.
And to Thee some lost ones win. Make me a bless - ing, Lord, to - day;
And go forth and serve for Thee.



Use me, my bless - ed Lord di - vine, Where - e'er I go in this

Make Me A Blessing Today

wide world be - low, Let me ev - er for Thee shine.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn "Make Me A Blessing Today". 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: "wide world be - low, Let me ev - er for Thee shine." The music ends with a double bar line.

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;

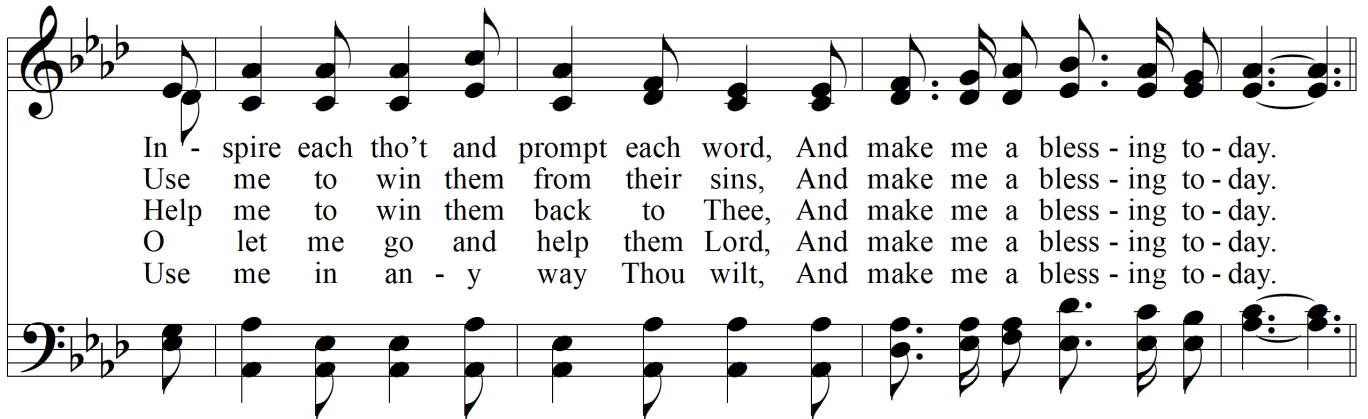
In all that I do, in all that I say, O make me a bless - ing to - day.

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

Make Me A Blessing To-Day (Arr. 2)

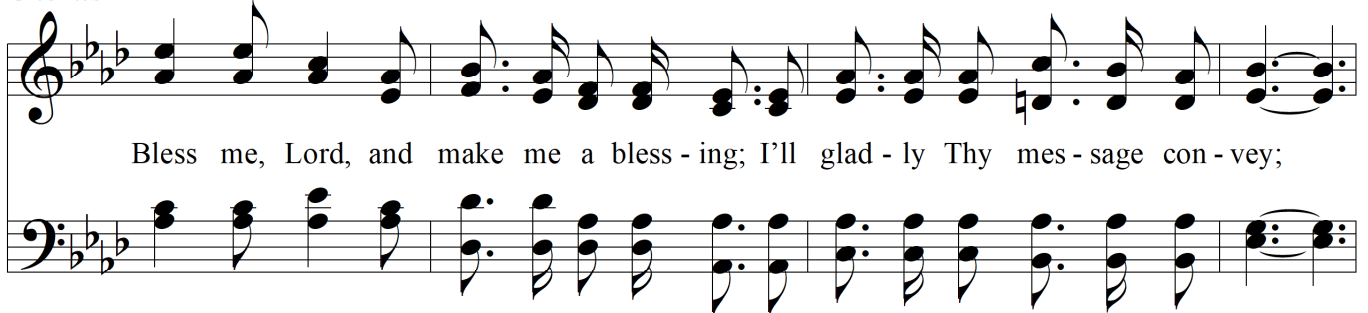


1. I do not ask to choose my path, Lord, lead me in Thy way;
2. A - round me, Lord, are sin - ful men, Who scorn and dis - o - bey;
3. To those who once Thy love have known, But now are far a - stray;
4. Some saints of Thine are in dis - tress, And for de - liv'-rance pray;
5. What - ev - er er - rand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

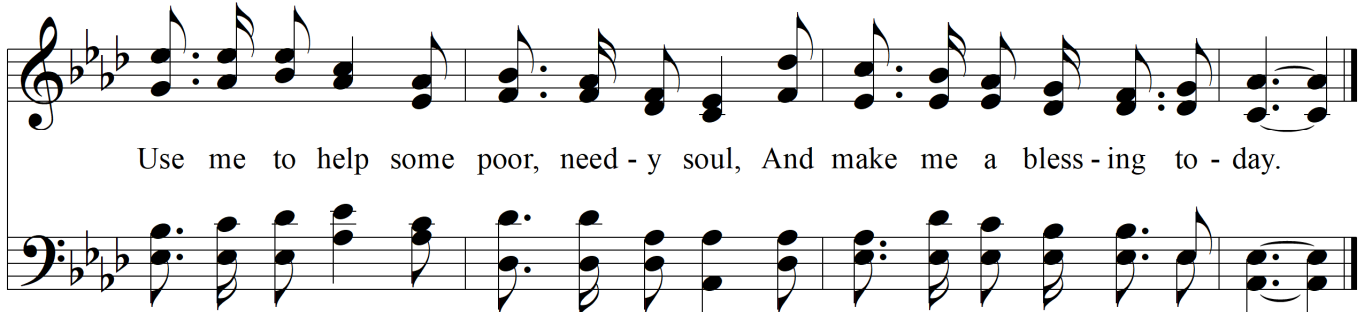


In - spire each tho't and prompt each word, And make me a bless - ing to - day.
Use me to win them from their sins, And make me a bless - ing to - day.
Help me to win them back to Thee, And make me a bless - ing to - day.
O let me go and help them Lord, And make me a bless - ing to - day.
Use me in an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



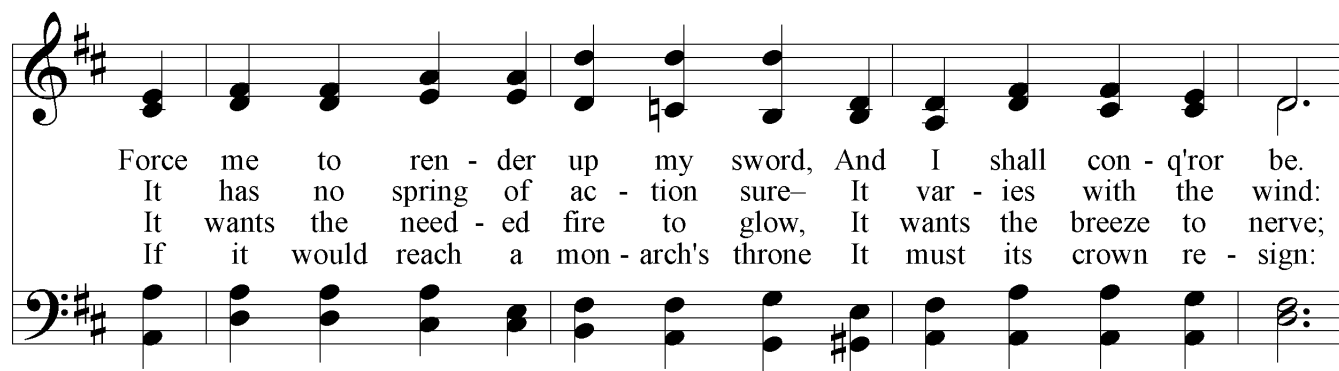
Use me to help some poor, need - y soul, And make me a bless - ing to - day.

Make Me A Captive, Lord

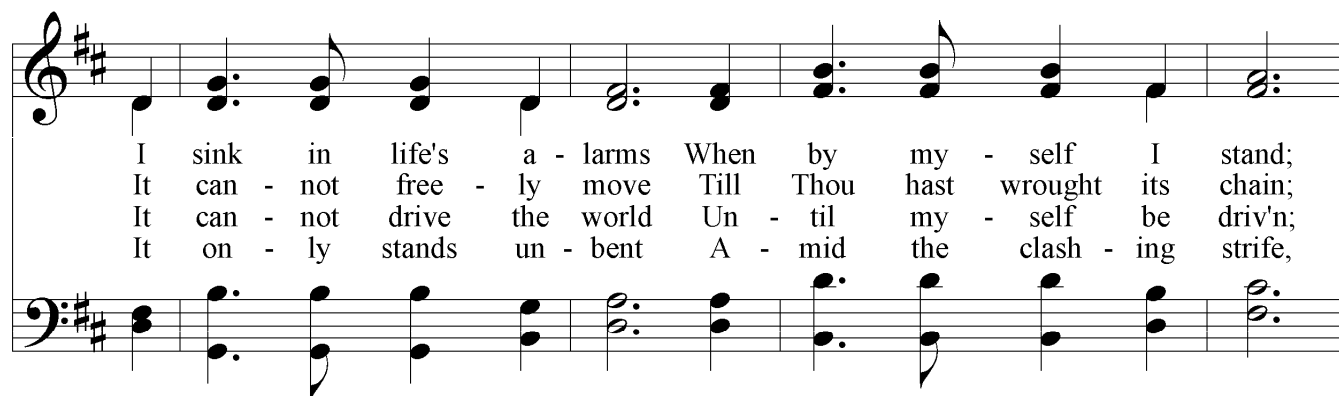
Slowly



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'ror 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.



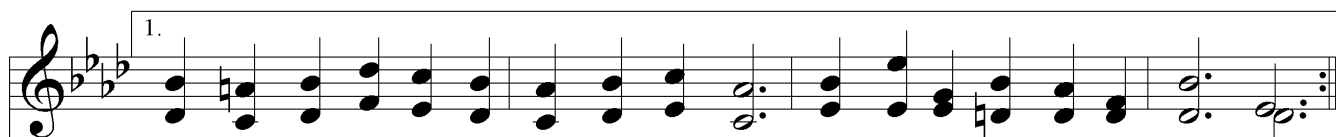
Chorus



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;

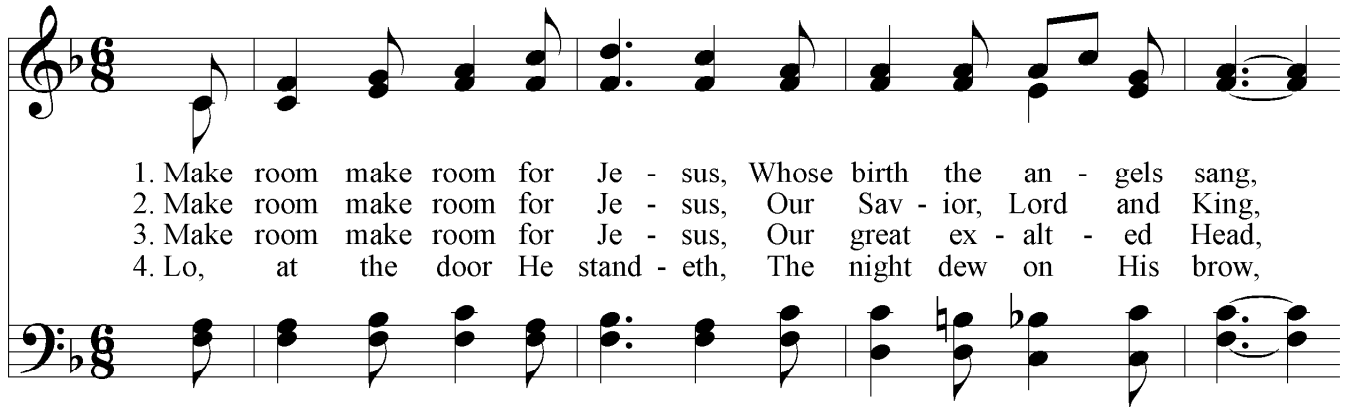


2. Make me a chan - nel of bless - ing, Lord, Till I shall thy beau - ty see.



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

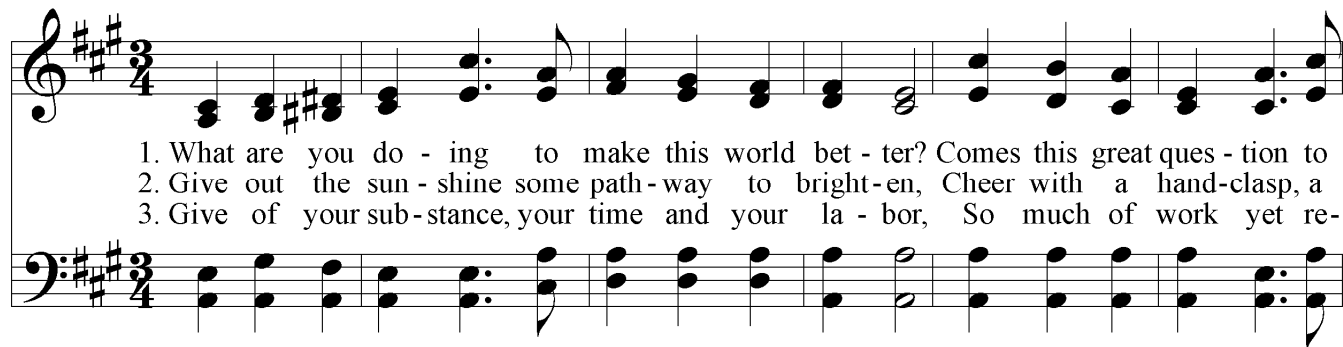


Throw o - pen wide the por - tals, Of ev - 'ry doubt - ing heart,



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

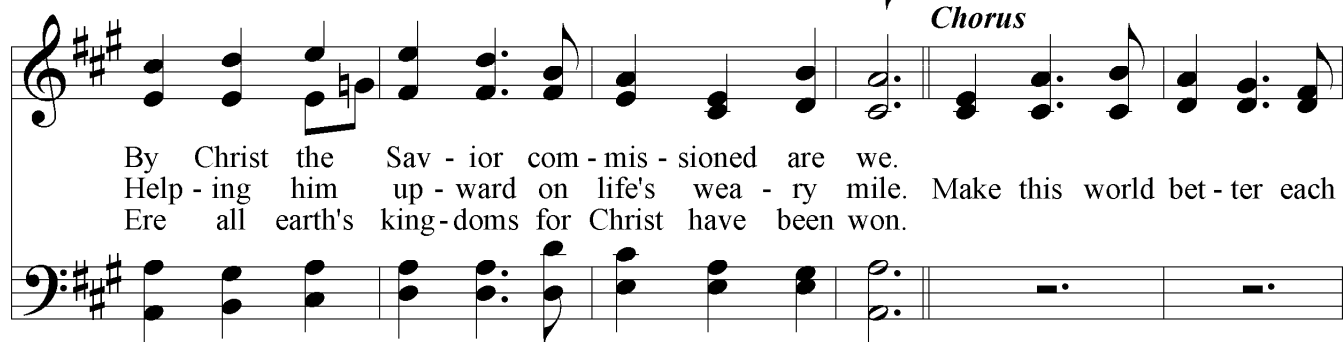
Make This World Better



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.

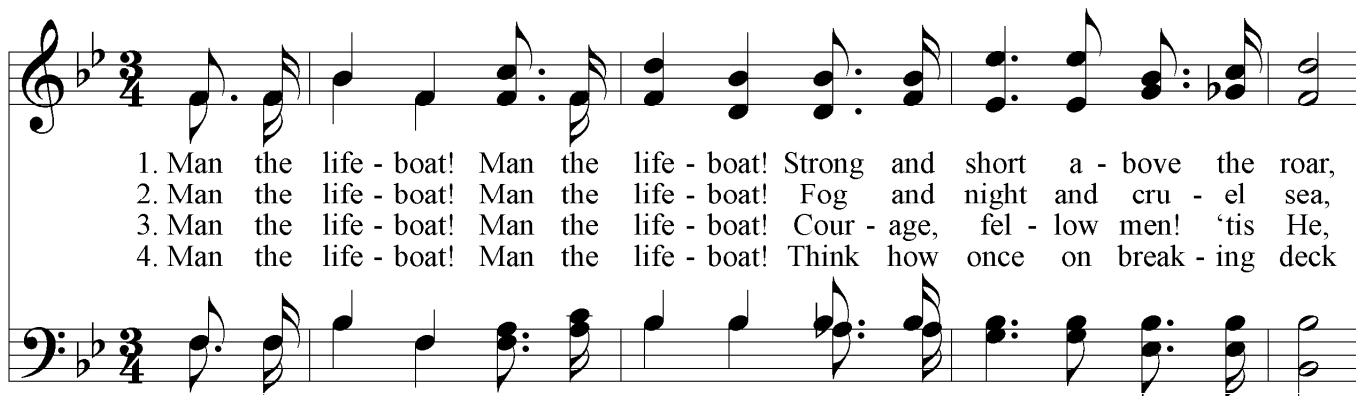


day that you live; Free - ly re - ceiv - ing, ye free - ly must, give; Make this world

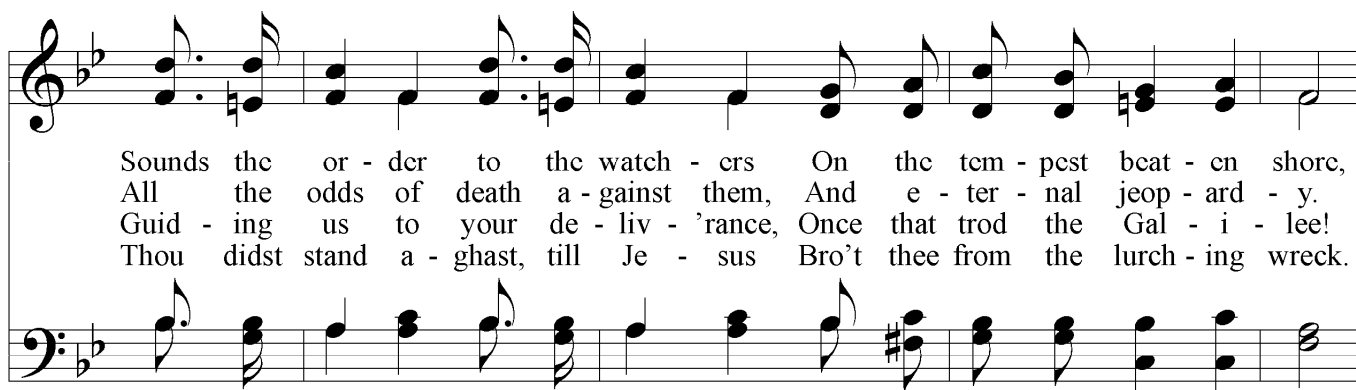


bet - ter, we must, you and I; Make this world bet - ter, we can, if we try.

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 image shows a musical score for the chorus of the hymn 'Man The Life-Boat!'. 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 flat (B-flat major or D minor), and the time signature is 4/4. The first system contains the lyrics 'Man the life - boat! Man the life - boat! Help, for Christ's sake, them that drown!'. The second system contains the lyrics 'In the per - il of great wa - ters, Let them not go down!'. A dynamic marking of *ff* (fortissimo) is placed above the vocal line in the second system. The piano accompaniment features chords and moving lines that support the vocal melody.

Many Mansions Up There

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



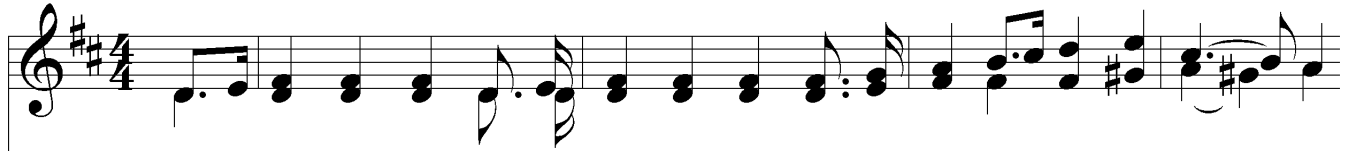
March on, march on, Your great De - liv - 'rer sing;
March on, march on, ye ran - somed ones, March on,



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

March On, March On, O Ye Soldiers True

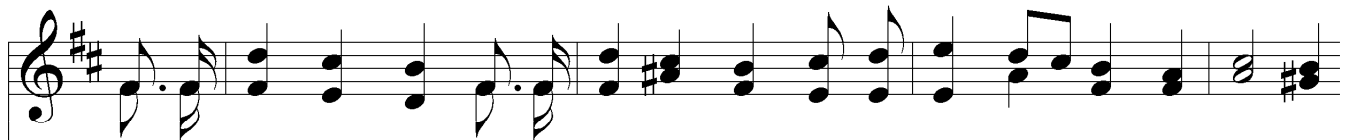
MARCH ON, Irregular



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,

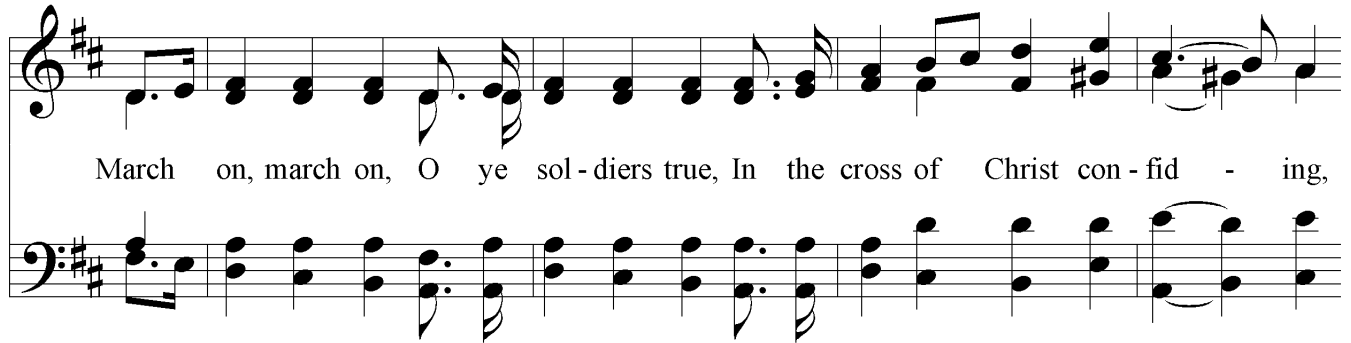


Of the might - y hope that with death can cope, And the love so free - ly giv - en.
And the chains shall fall from each ran - som'd thrall, As the thrones of ty - rants van - ish.
And the world shall rest, in her Lord con-fess'd, And shall sing the fin-ished sto - ry.

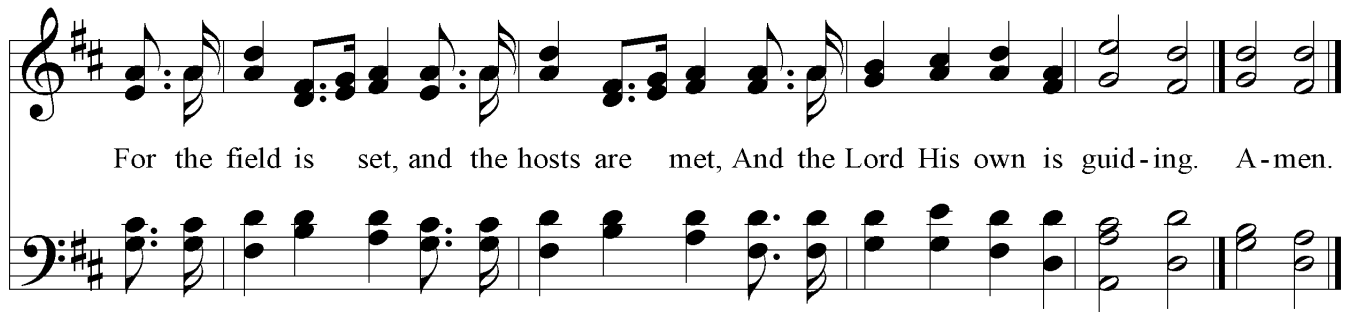


March On, March On, O Ye Soldiers True

Refrain



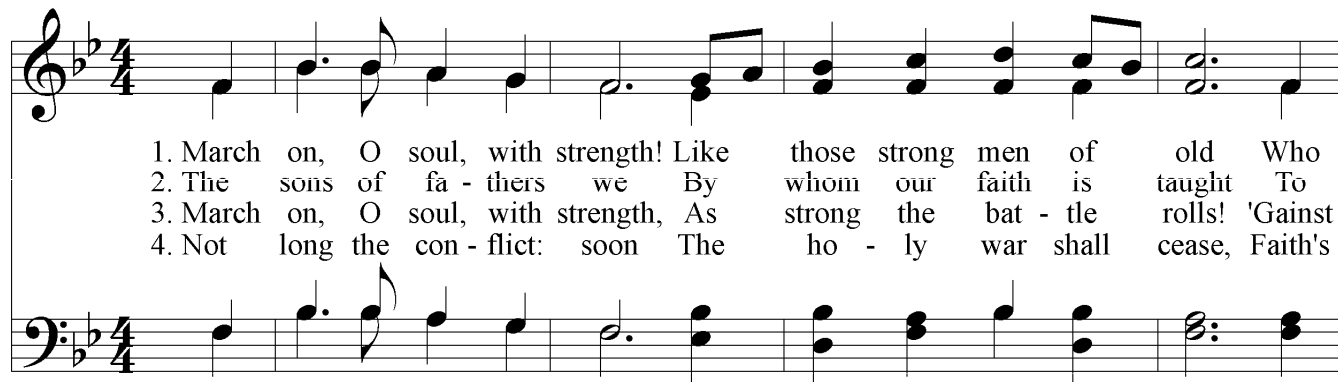
March on, march on, O ye sol-diers true, In the cross of Christ con-fid-ing,



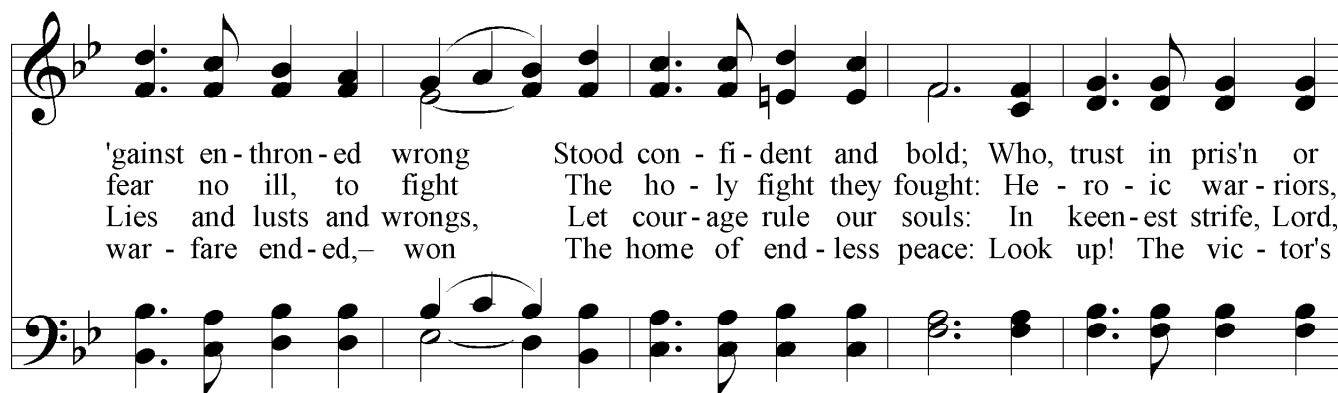
For the field is set, and the hosts are met, And the Lord His own is guid-ing. A-men.

March On, Soul, With Strength

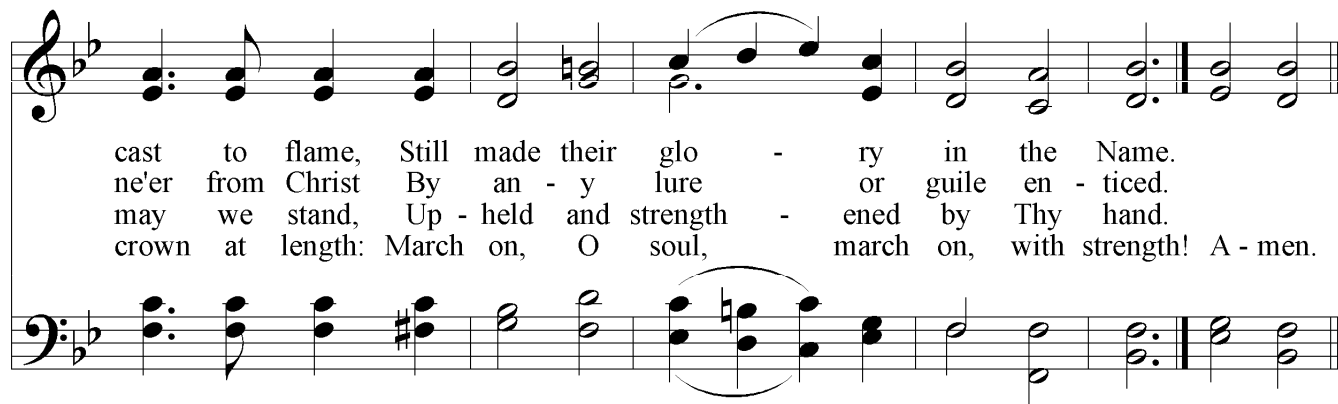
ARTHUR'S SEAT, 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.



1. March on, O soul, with strength! Like those strong men of old Who
2. The sons of fa - thers 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

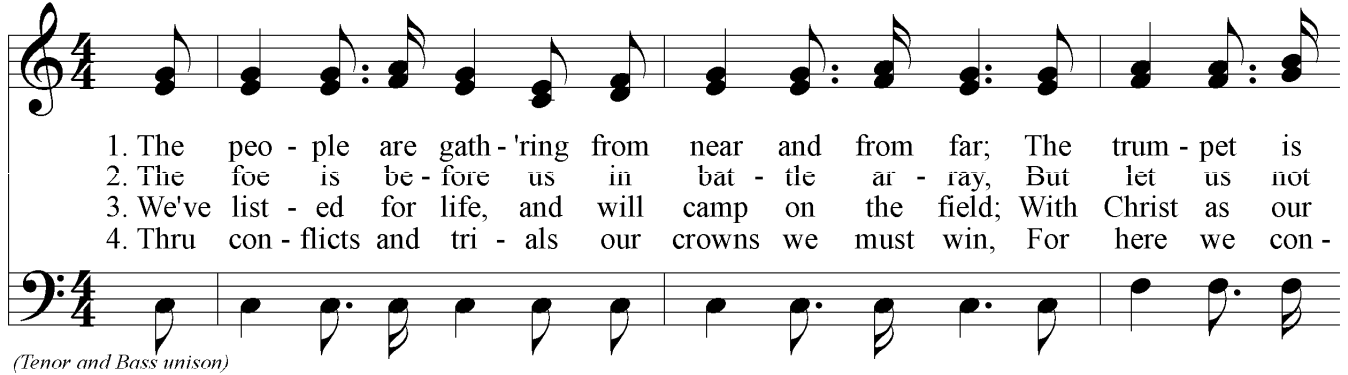


'gainst en - thron - ed wrong Stood con - fi - dent and bold; Who, trust in pris'n or
fear no ill, to fight The ho - ly fight they fought: He - ro - ic war - riors,
Lies and lusts and wrongs, Let cour - age rule our souls: In keen - est strife, Lord,
war - fare end - ed, - won The home of end - less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



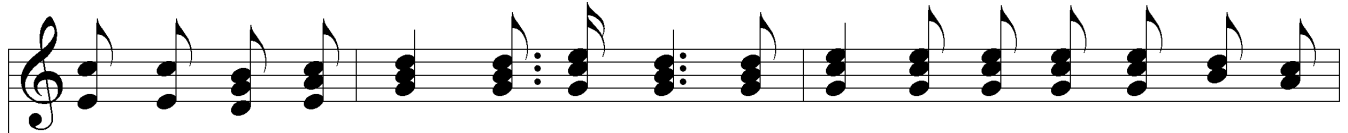
fear - ful and long; We'll gird on our ar - mor and be march - ing a - long.
ev - er our song; With cour - age and faith we are march - ing a - long.
trust - y and strong, We'll hold in our hands as we're march - ing a - long.
can - not go wrong, If trust - ing our Sav - ior while march - ing a - long.

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.

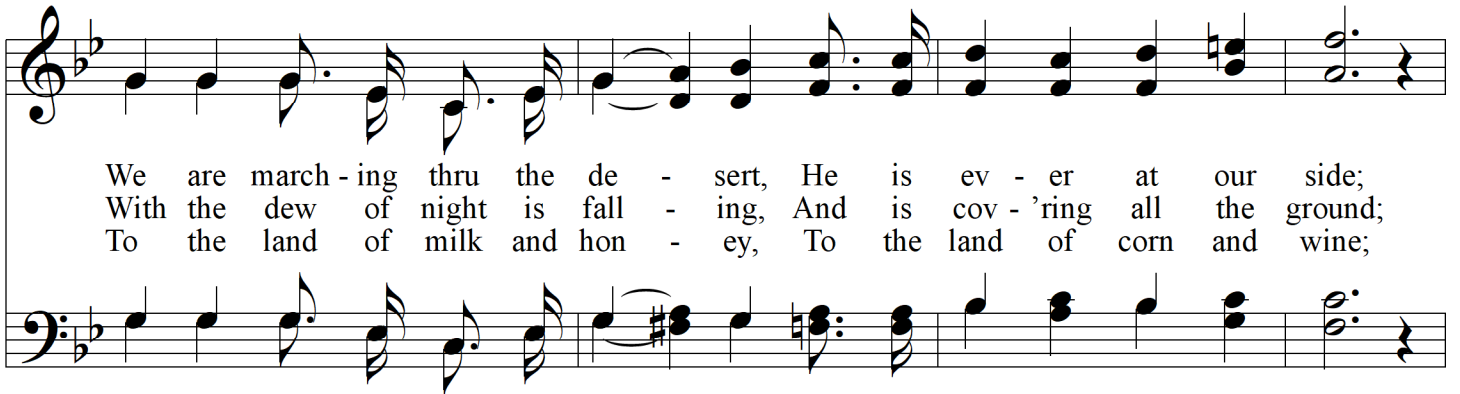


Marching On To Canaan

B \flat



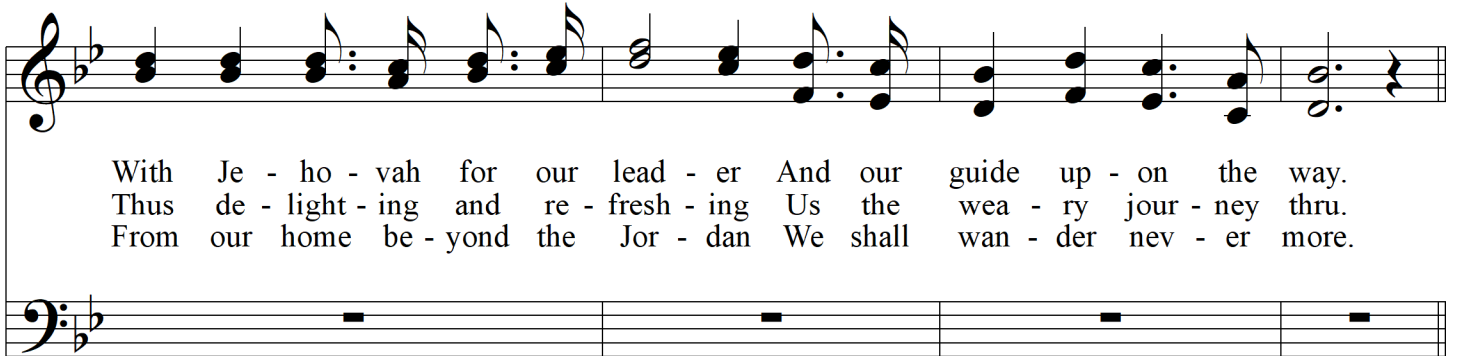
1. We are march - ing on to Ca - naan, And Je - ho - vah is our Guide;
2. We are march - ing thru the de - sert, And the man - na all a - round
3. We are march - ing thru the de - sert To the prom - ised land di - vine,



We are march - ing thru the de - sert, He is ev - er at our side;
With the dew of night is fall - ing, And is cov - 'ring all the ground;
To the land of milk and hon - ey, To the land of corn and wine;



In the dark - ness or the dan - ger We can nev - er go a - stray,
From the smit - ten rock the wa - ters In their spar - kling full - ness flow,
We are march - ing thru the de - sert; We ap - proach the shin - ing shore;



With Je - ho - vah for our lead - er And our guide up - on the way.
Thus de - light - ing and re - fresh - ing Us the wea - ry jour - ney thru.
From our home be - yond the Jor - dan We shall wan - der nev - er more.

Marching On To Canaan

Chorus

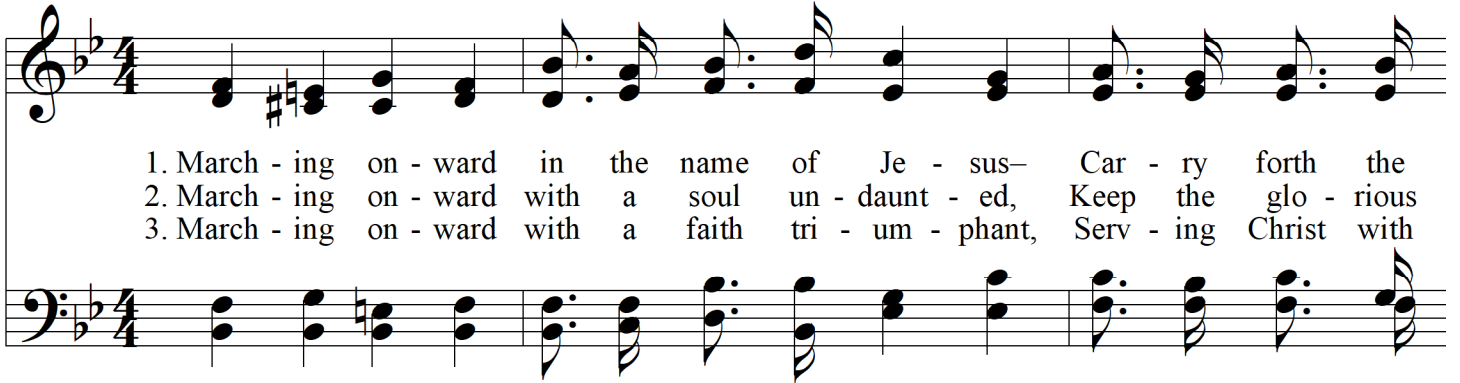
On, stead-i-ly on! Stead-i-ly march-ing to the hap-py land of
On, stead-i-ly on! Stead-i-ly march-ing to the hap-py land of
March-ing on, march-ing on, we're

Ca - naan; On, stead-i-ly on! Ver - i - ly guid - ed by Je -
Ca - naan; On, stead-i-ly on! Stead-i-ly march-ing to the
march-ing on, March - ing on, march-ing on,

1. ho - vah's hand are we,
2. hap - py land we go.
guid-ed are we, march-ing on.

Marching Onward

B \flat



1. March - ing on - ward in the name of Je - sus— Car - ry forth the
2. March - ing on - ward with a soul un - daunt - ed, Keep the glo - rious
3. March - ing on - ward with a faith tri - um - phant, Serv - ing Christ with



ban - ner of the cross; Ev - er faith - ful to the trust com - mit - ted,
ban - ner wide un - furled; Tell - ing ev - er of our blest Re - deem - er,
all our ran - somed pow'rs; Ev - er read - y, His com - mand o - bey - ing,

Chorus



Let it nev - er suf - fer loss. Sing, sing the name of Je - sus!
Let it float o'er all the world. Sing, O sing the
Sure - ly vic - t'ry shall be ours.



Hark! the cho - rus sweet - ly rings! We shall con - quer
Hark! the cho - rus rings, so sweet - ly rings!

Marching Onward



The image shows a musical score for the hymn "Marching Onward". It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is written in a simple, rhythmic style. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

in the might - y bat - tle, Un - der Je - sus, King of kings.

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 pow'r 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 contains a melody with a key signature of one flat and a 2/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment.

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

The second system of musical notation features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff includes a melodic line and a section labeled "Harmony" with chords. The lyrics are positioned below the treble staff. The bass staff continues the accompaniment.

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 contains a melodic line with some chords. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment.

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!

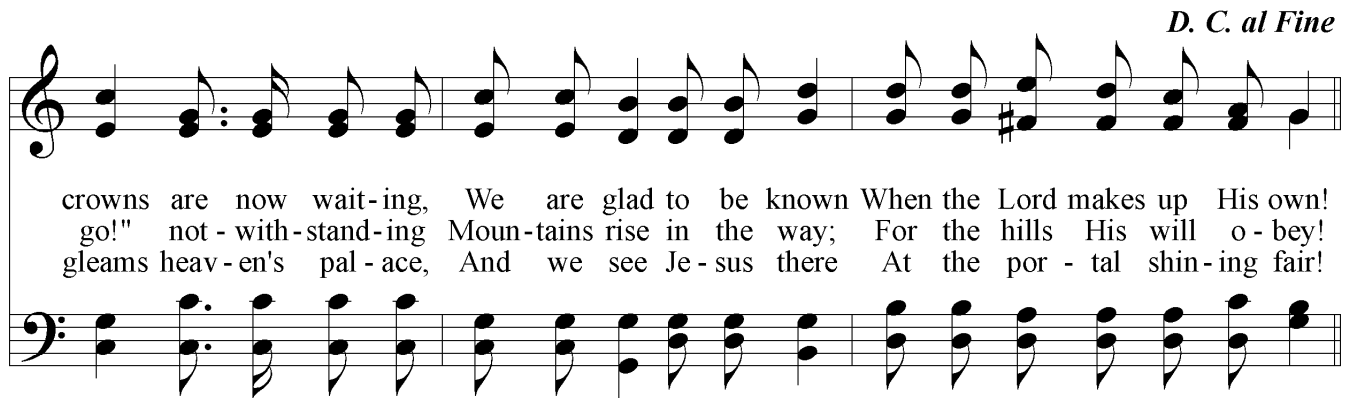
Fine



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



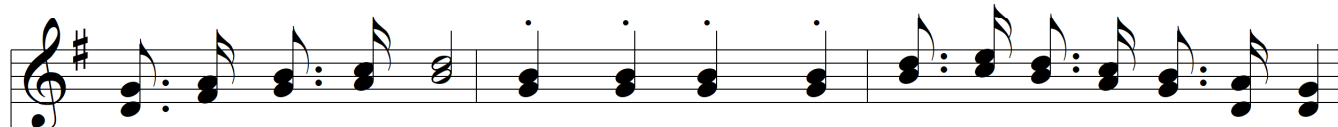
crowns are now wait - ing, We are glad to be known When the Lord makes up His own!
go!" not - with - stand - ing Moun - tains rise in the way; For the hills His will o - bey!
gleams heav - en's pal - ace, And we see Je - sus there At the por - tal shin - ing fair!

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,



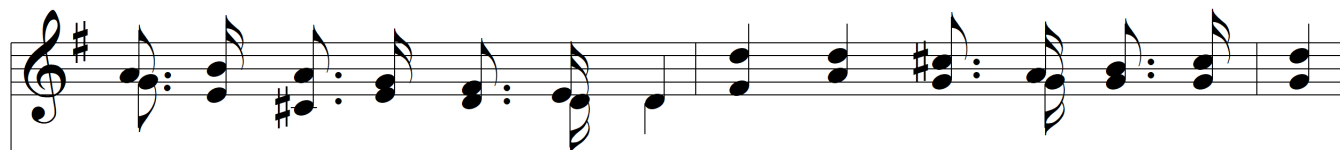
Lift the tem - p'rance ban - ner high, "Touch not, taste not, han - dle not" the
Fal - ter not, but on - ward go, Sweep - ing, surg - ing, like a might - y



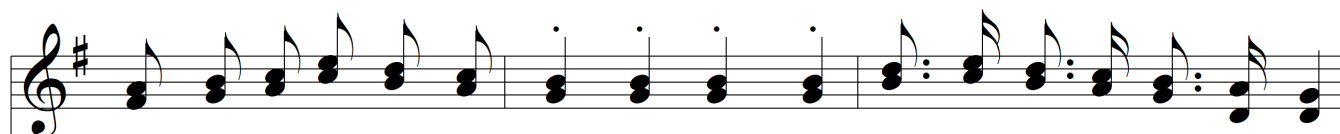
dread - ful thing, Ser - pent fangs lie hid - den in the bowl; "Touch not, taste not,
tid - al wave, Far and wide the whelm - ing wa - ters roll, Vic - tims soon will



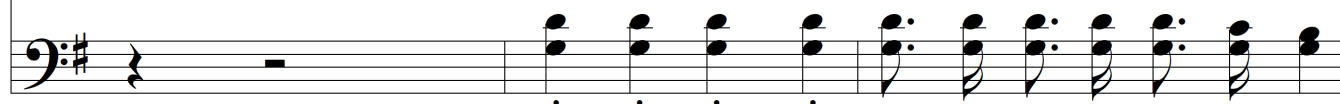
Marching On To Victory



han - dle not' the dread - ful thing, Poi - son not the pre - cious soul.
be 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

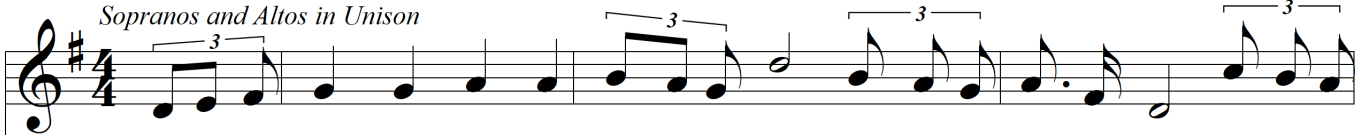
The musical score is written for a four-part setting (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in a key of D major and 2/4 time. It consists of two systems of music. The first system covers the lyrics 'step - ping ev - er firm and stead - y! Yes, we'll march, march, march Where'. The second system covers 'He may lead the way - When the or - der comes to march, we are read - y!'. The melody is primarily in the soprano part, with accompaniment provided by the other parts. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like accents (>).

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

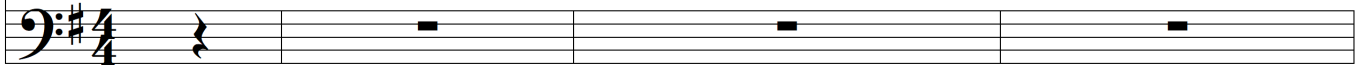
He may lead the way - When the or - der comes to march, we are read - y!

Marching To The Land Above

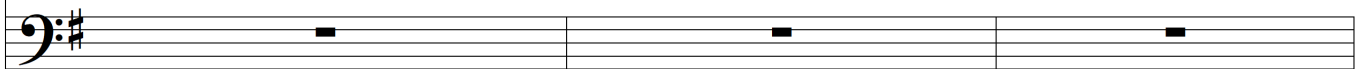
Sopranos and Altos in Unison



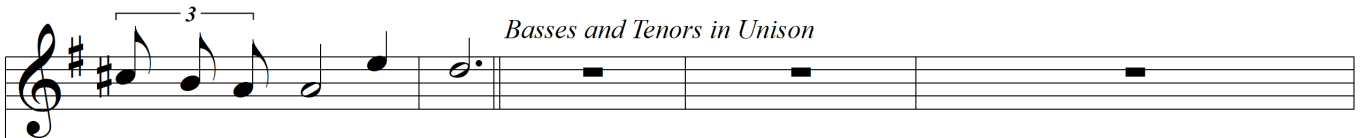
1. We are march - ing to a land a - bove, Beau - ti - ful land a - bove, beau - ti - ful
 2. We are march - ing t'ward the cit - y fair, Beau - ti - ful cit - y fair, beau - ti - ful
 3. We are march - ing to the home of God, Beau - ti - ful home of God, beau - ti - ful



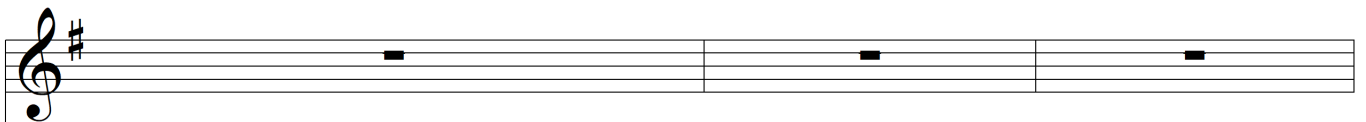
land a - bove; To a land where dwells e - ter - nal love, The
 cit - y fair; Where the an - gel an - thems fill the air, The
 home of God; And our guide - book is His ho - ly word, The



Basses and Tenors in Unison



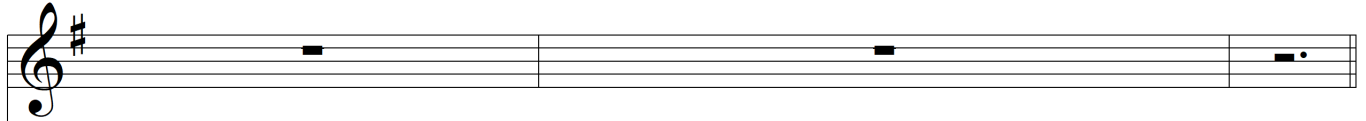
beau - ti - ful land a - bove.
 beau - ti - ful cit - y fair.
 beau - ti - ful word of God. And we sing a glad tri - um - phant song, March - ing a -



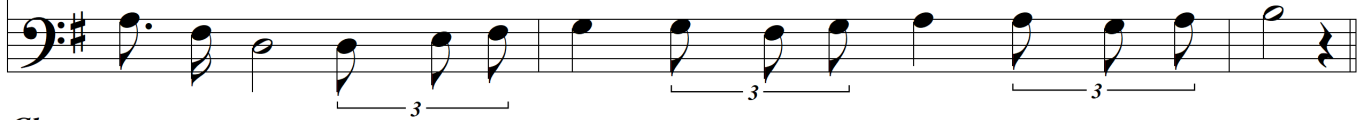
long, march - ing a - long, march - ing a - long; While our glo - rious Cap - tain



Marching To The Land Above

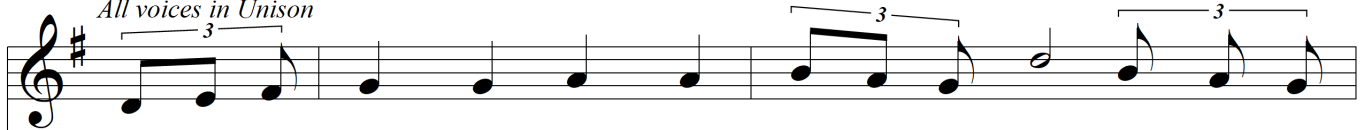


leads us on, March - ing a - long, march - ing a - long, march - ing a - long.

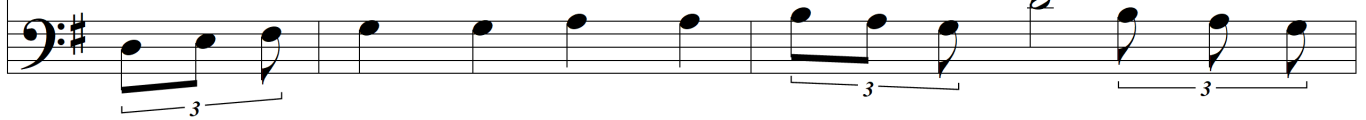


Chorus

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;
Foes with - in and foes 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 music is in a 2/4 time signature and features a steady, marching rhythm. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes that support the vocal melody. The lyrics are: '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.'

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

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,

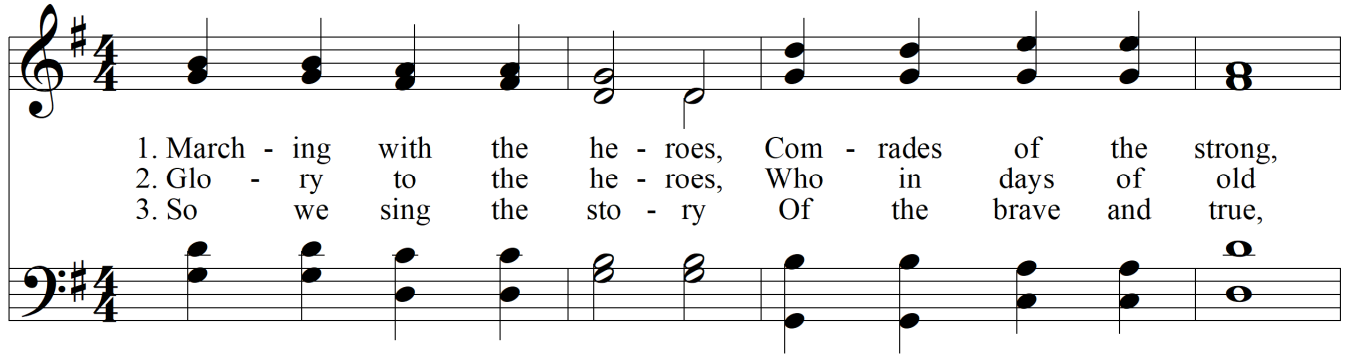
Lift we hearts and voic - es As we march a - long. A - men.

Words: William George Tarrant (1853)

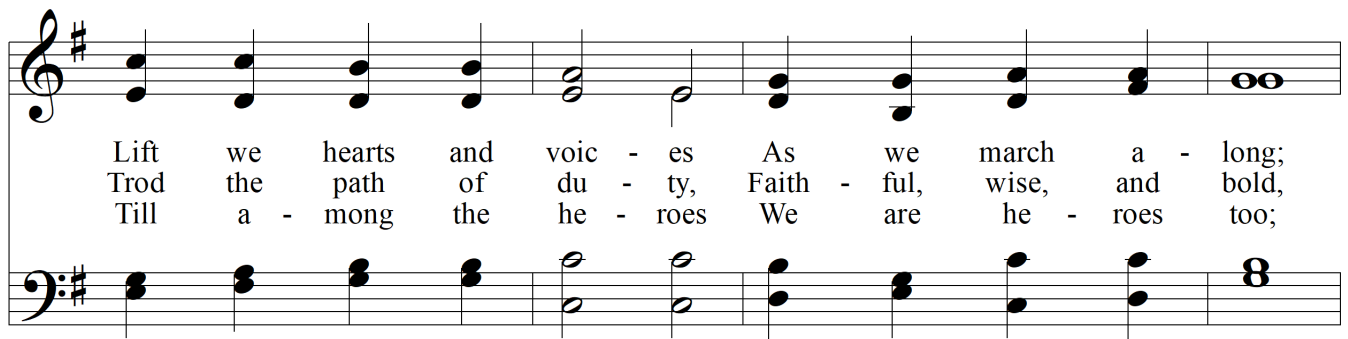
Music: Henry Smart (1871)

Marching With The Heroes (Arr. 3)

ST. ALBANS 6, 5, 12 lines



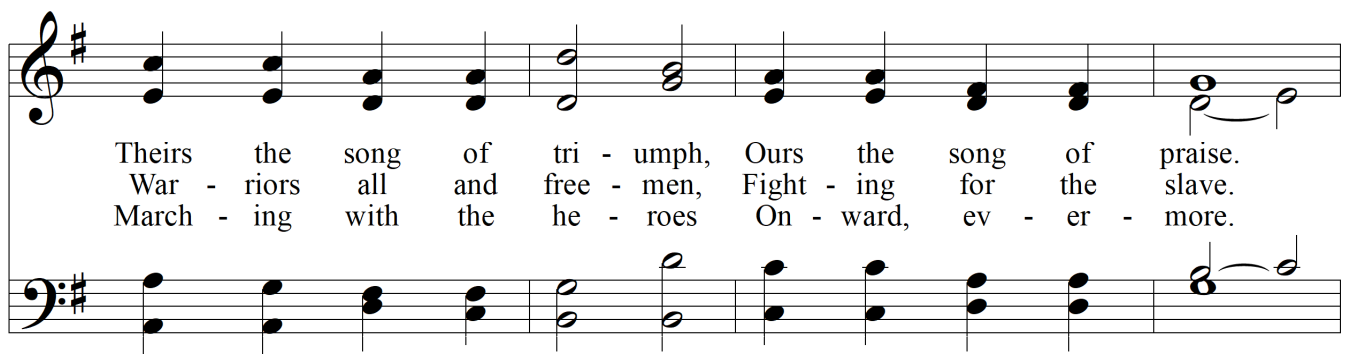
1. March - ing with the he - roes, Com - rades of the strong,
2. Glo - ry to the he - roes, Who in days of old
3. So we sing the sto - ry Of the brave and true,



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

Musical notation for the first system, featuring a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a bass clef. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. 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.

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,

Musical notation for the second system, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are: 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.

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.

Marching With The Heroes (Arr. 3)

G

Unison

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 - riors all and free - men, Fight - ing for the slave.
 Like the men of yore, March - ing with the he - roes On - ward, ev - er - more.

Refrain *Harmony*

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

Marching With The Heroes

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

The image shows a musical score for the song "Marching With The Heroes". It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The melody is written in a simple, march-like style. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line: "Lift we hearts and voic - es As we march a - long." The music ends 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



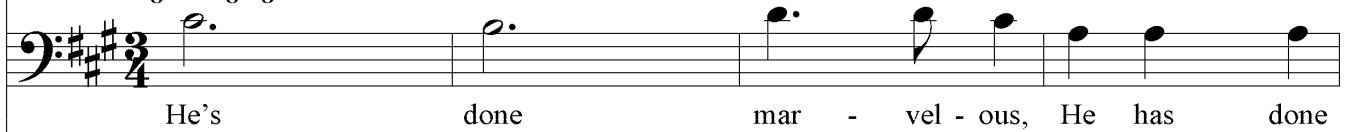
He has done mar - vel - ous, He has done mar - vel - ous

ALTO: Begin singing second time thru



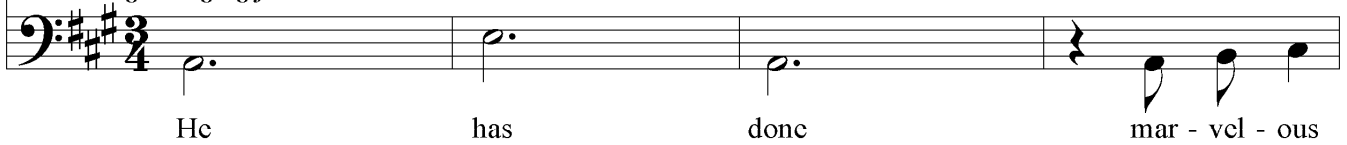
Mar - vel - ous, mar - vel - ous, mar - vel - ous, Mar - vel - ous

TENOR: Begin singing third time thru

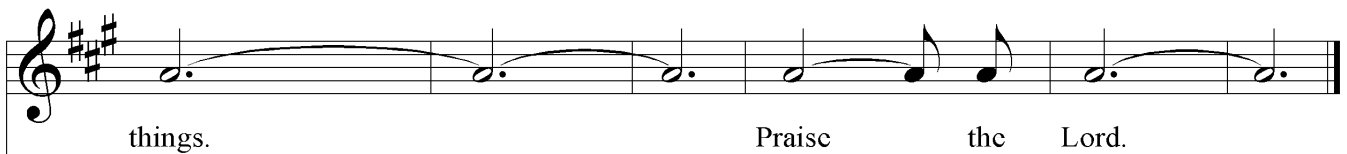


He's done mar - vel - ous, He has done

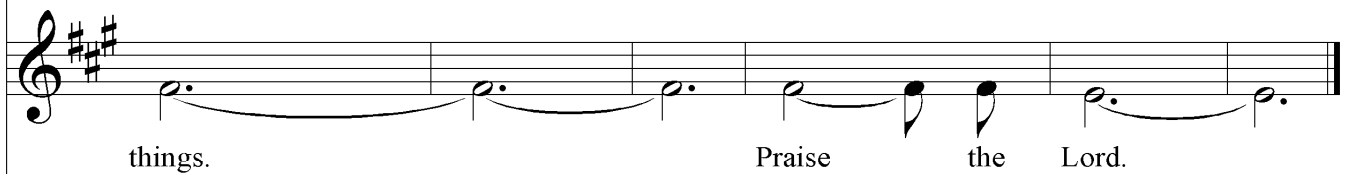
BASS: Begin singing fourth time thru



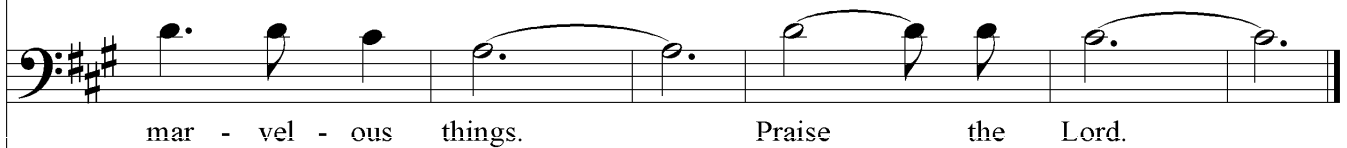
He has done mar - vel - ous



things. Praise the Lord.



things. Praise the Lord.



mar - vel - ous things. Praise the Lord.



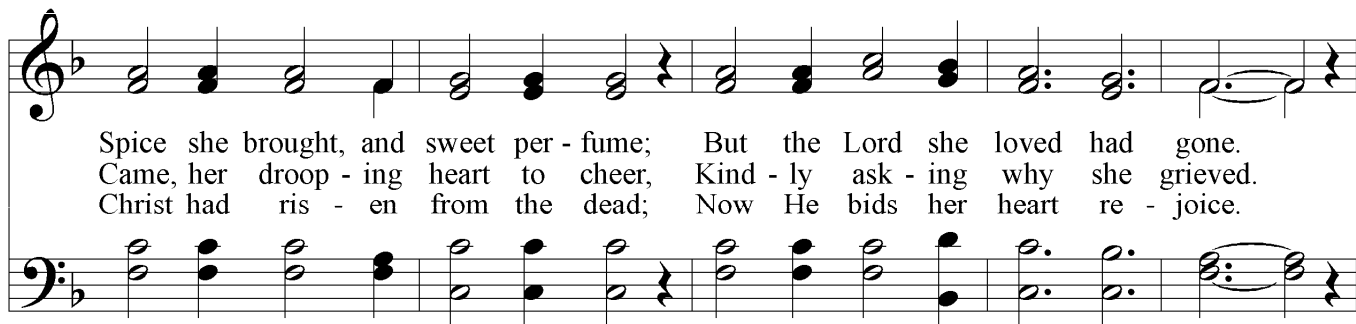
things. Praise the Lord.

Mary To The Savior's Tomb

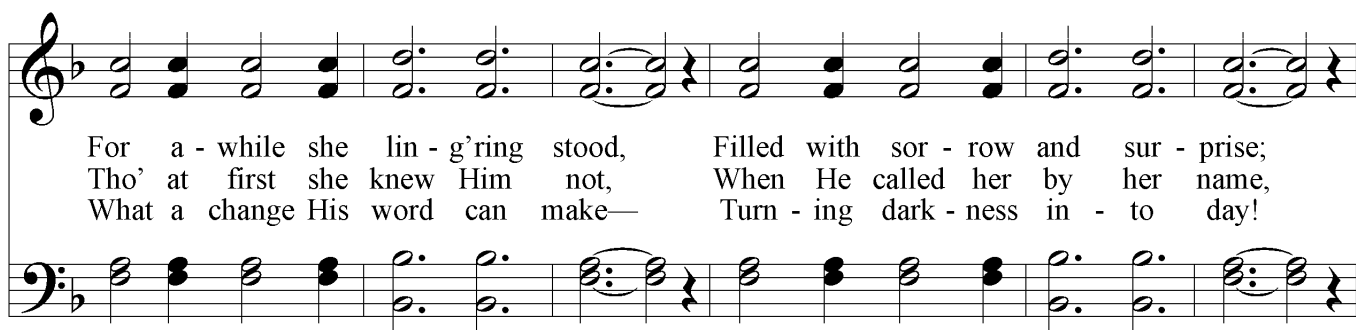
MARTYN



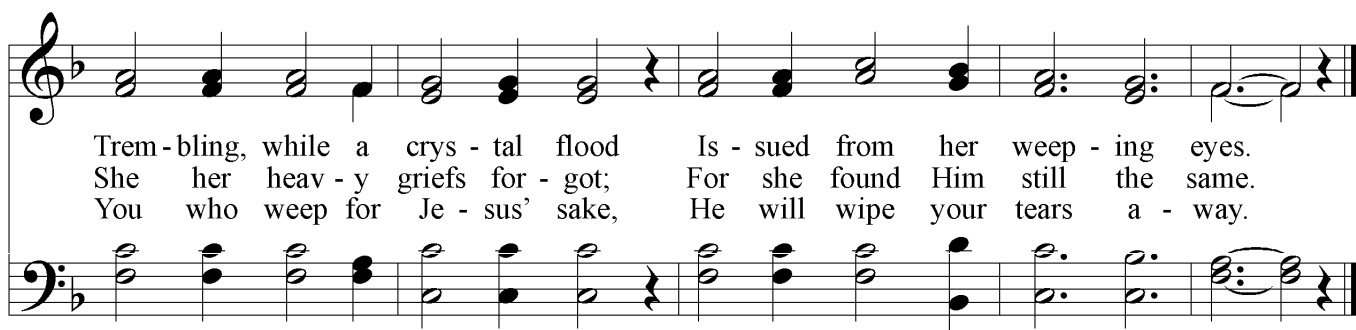
1. Mar - y to the Sav - ior's tomb Hast - ed at the ear - ly dawn;
2. Je - sus who is al - ways near, Tho' too of - ten un - per - ceived,
3. And her sor - rows quick - ly fled, When she heard His wel - come voice—



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!

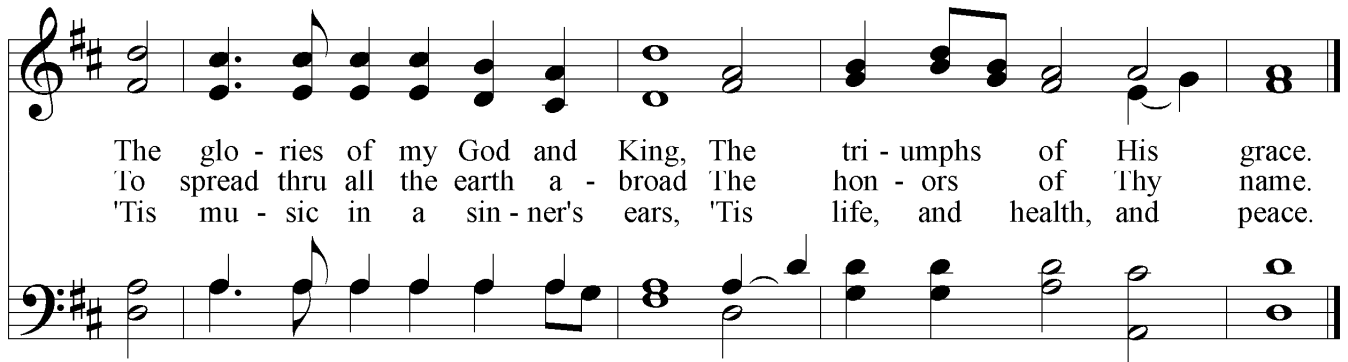


Trem - bling, while a crys - tal flood Is - sued from her weep - ing eyes.
She her heav - y griefs for - got; For she found Him still the same.
You who weep for Je - sus' sake, He will wipe your tears a - way.

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, Hast Thou Work For Me

D

1. Mas - ter, hast Thou work for me? I would glad - ly toil for Thee;
 2. Let me learn in ear - ly youth, Les - sons from Thy Book of truth;
 3. Let me dai - ly sow some seed, Dai - ly do some kind - ly deed;

Fine
 I have nei - ther strength nor skill, Yet some place I long to fill;
 Let me seek to walk Thy ways, Know Thy will and sing Thy praise;
 Grant Thy lov - ing help to me, Give me per - fect trust in Thee;

D. S.— Mas - ter, hast Thou work for me? I would glad - ly toil for Thee.

Refrain

D. S. al Fine
 Tho' my hands are small and weak, Yet some lit - tle task I seek.
 Heart and hands to Thee I bring, Let me serve Thee, ho - ly King!
 Trust - ing Thee to teach me how, Let me serve Thee, here and now.

A good effect with this song may be obtained by having a member of the Infant class sing it as a solo, all joining in the refrain. Or, three soloists may be selected, one for each stanza.

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, I Pray Thee

A \flat

Prayerfully

1. Mas - ter, I pray Thee, Teach me how to pray! As of old they
 2. Mas - ter, I pray Thee, Bend me to Thy will, On - ly as Thou
 3. Mas - ter, I pray Thee, Fix my wan - d'ring tho'ts; Help me feel Thy

came to Thee, I come to - day. Give me Thy coun - sel,
 choos - est would I dai - ly live! Seek - ing Thy glo - ry,
 pres - ence in my in - most soul; Fit me for ser - vice

Give me grace and pow'r; Teach me how to fol - low in Thy
 Trust - ing in Thy love; What is good and need - ful Thou wilt
 Send me where Thou wilt; I would nev - er wan - der from Thy

D. S.— Teach me how to fol - low in Thy

Fine Chorus

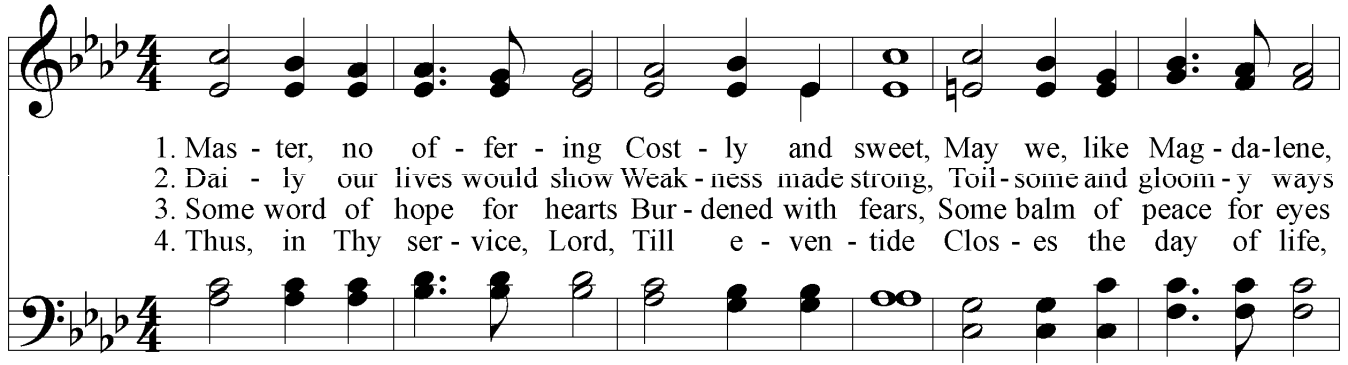
D. S. al Fine

steps al - way.
 ev - er give. Mas - ter, I pray Thee! Mas - ter, I pray Thee!
 safe con - trol.

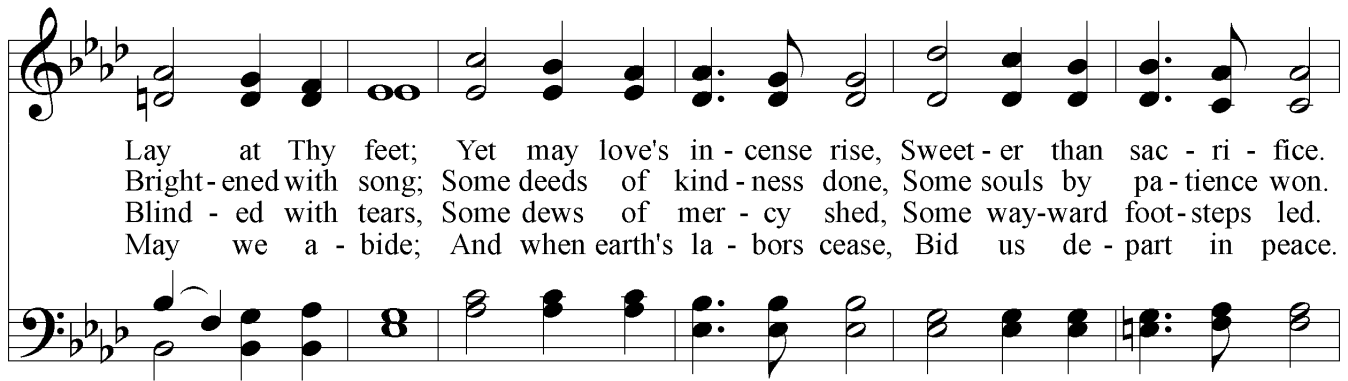
steps to - day.

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,



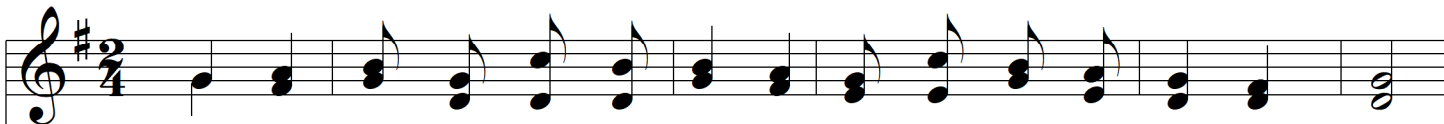
Lay at Thy feet; Yet may love's in - cense rise, Sweet - er than sac - ri - fice.
Bright - ened with song; Some deeds of kind - ness done, Some souls by pa - tience won.
Blind - ed with tears, Some dews of mer - cy shed, Some way - ward foot - steps led.
May we a - bide; And when earth's la - bors cease,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



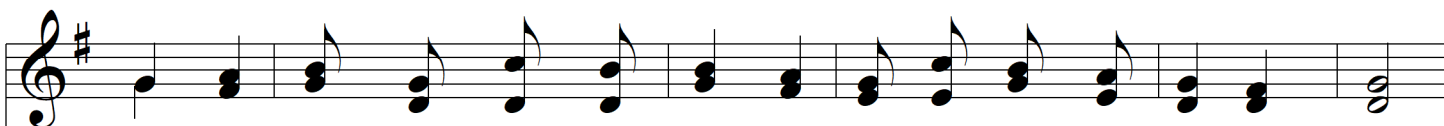
Dear Lord, to Thee, Dear Lord, to Thee. A - men.

Master, Speak! (Arr. 2)

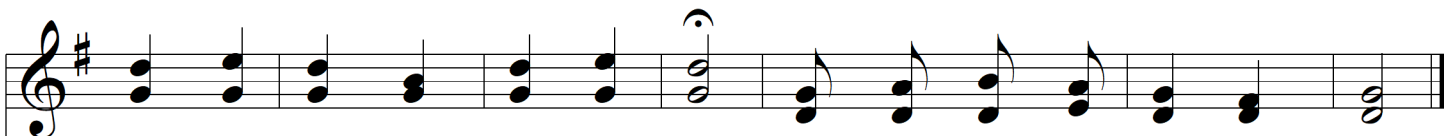
G



1. Mas - ter speak! Thy ser - vant hear - eth, Wait - ing for Thy gra - cious word;
2. Speak to me by name, O Mas - ter! Let me know it is to me;
3. Mas - ter, speak! tho' least and low - est, Let me not un - heard de - part;
4. Mas - ter, speak! and make me read - y, When Thy voice is tru - ly heard,



Long - ing for Thy voice that cheer - eth; Mas - ter let it now be heard,
Speak, that I may fol - low fast - er, With a step more firm and free;
Mas - ter, speak! for O, Thou know - est, All the year - nings of my heart;
With o - be - dience glad and stead - y, Still to fol - low ev - 'ry word.



I am lis - t'ning, Lord for Thee; What hast Thou to say to me?
Where the Shep - herd leads the flock, In the shad - ow of the Rock.
Know - est all its tru - est need; Speak! and make me blest in - deed.
I am lis - t'ning, Lord, for Thee; Mas - ter, speak! O speak to me.



Master, Speak! Thy Servant Heareth (Arr. 1)

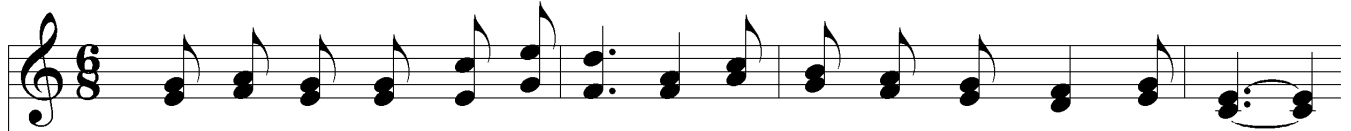
GRANGE

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!

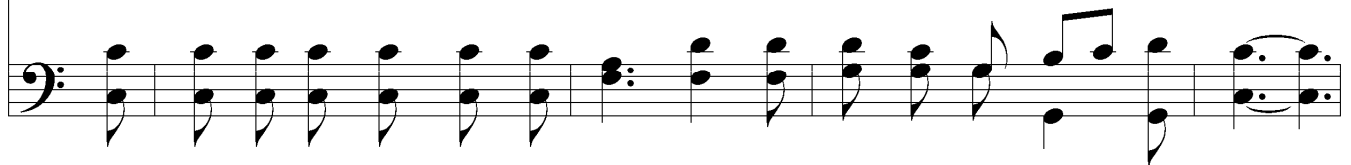
Master, The Tempest Is Raging



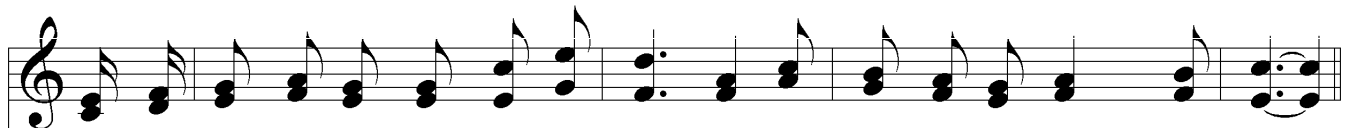
1. Mas - ter, the tem - pest is rag - ing! The bil - lows are toss - ing high!
2. Mas - ter, with an - guish of spir - it I bow in my grief to - day;
3. Mas - ter, the ter - ror is o - ver, The el - e - ments sweet - ly rest;



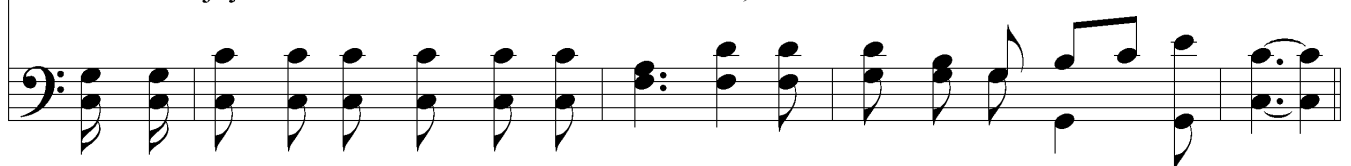
The sky is o'er - shad - owed with black - ness, No shel - ter or help is nigh;
The depths of my sad heart are trou - bled; O wak - en and save, I pray!
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir - rored, And heav - en's with - in my breast.



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!
 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;

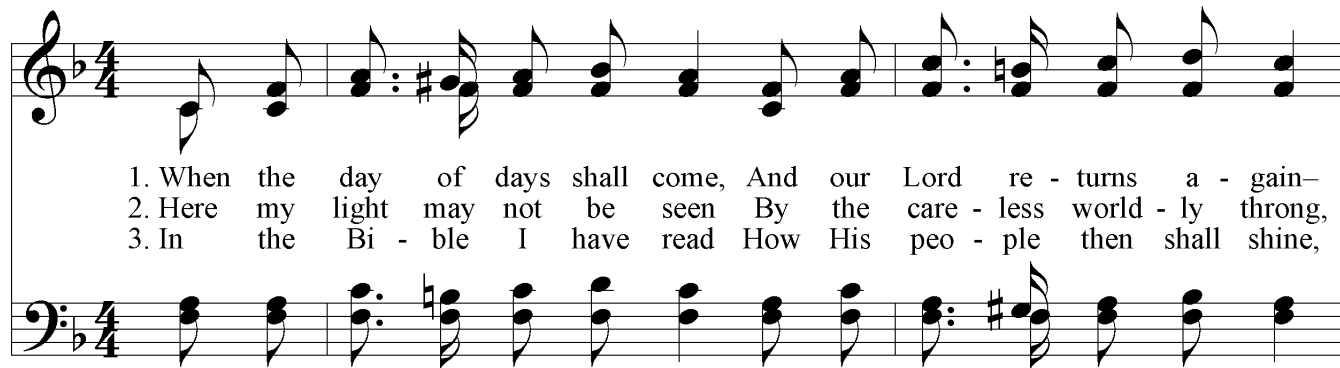
Chorus

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,

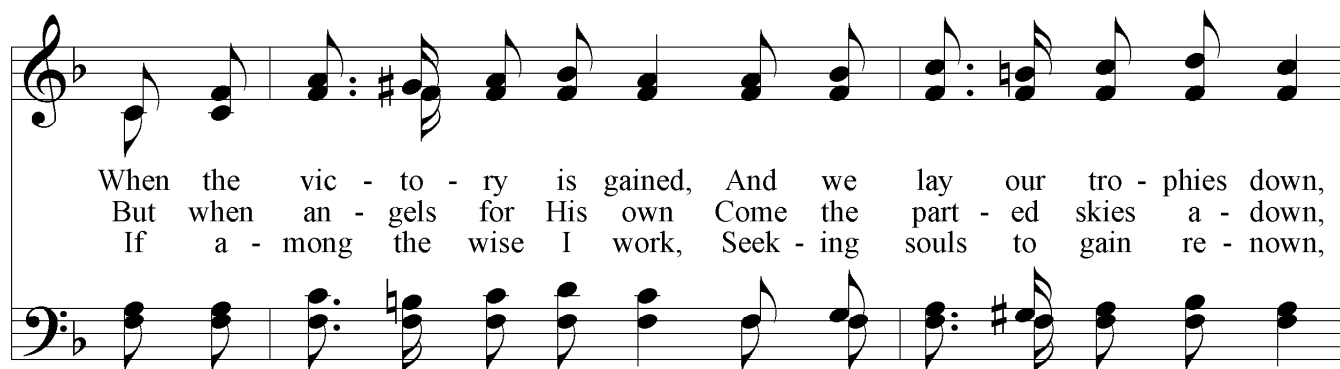
May I Be A Jewel



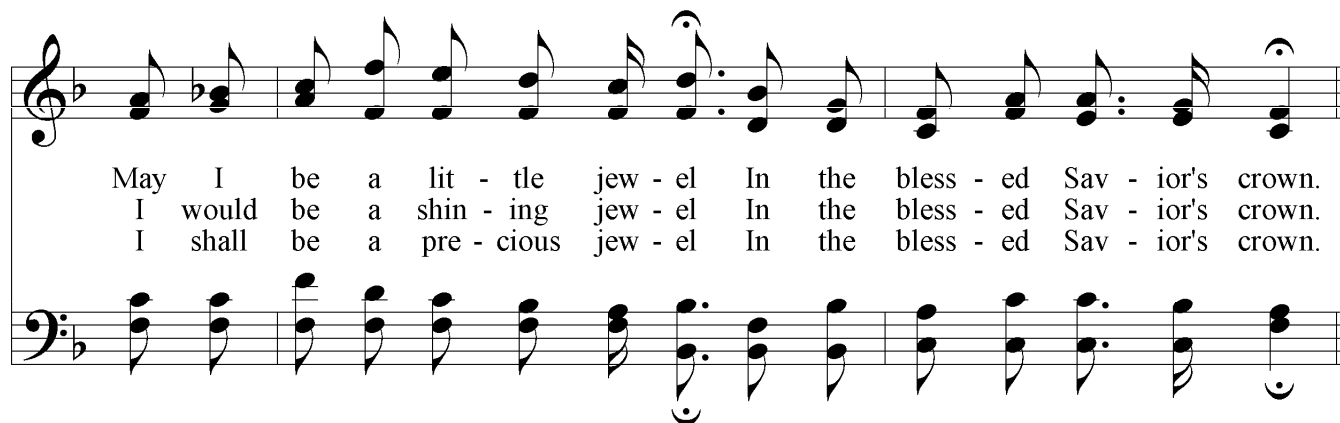
1. When the day of days shall come, And our Lord re - turns a - gain—
2. Here my light may not be seen By the care - less world - ly throng,
3. In the Bi - ble I have read How His peo - ple then shall shine,



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

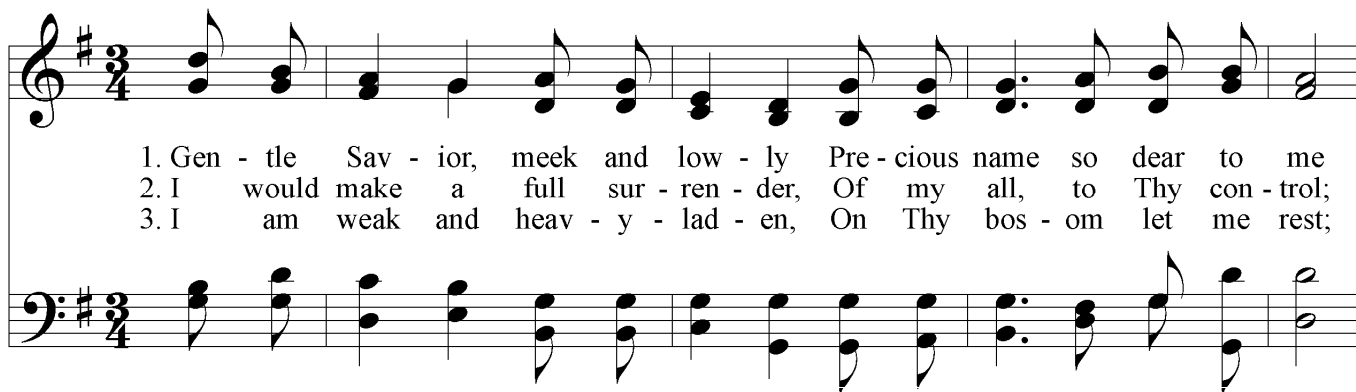
The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The second system also has a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (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.

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?

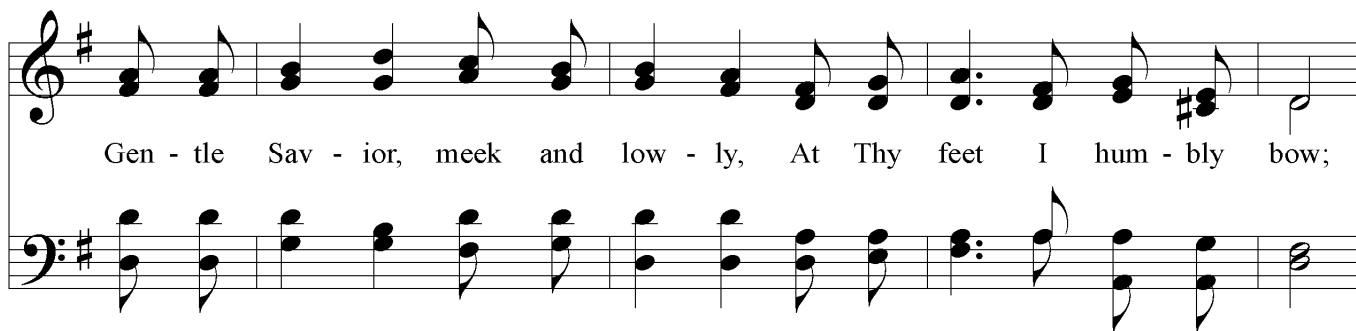


1. Gen - tle Sav - ior, meek and low - ly Pre - cious name so dear to me
2. I would make a full sur - ren - der, Of my all, to Thy con - trol;
3. I am weak and heav - y - lad - en, On Thy bos - om let me rest;

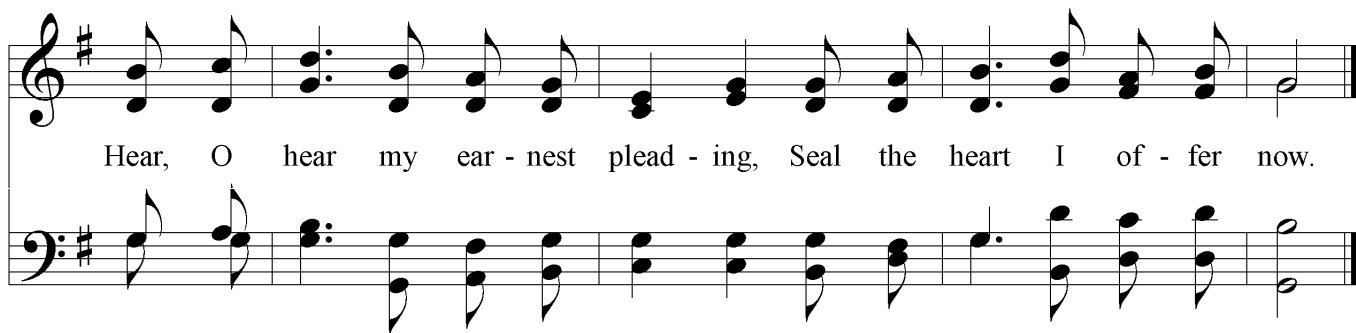


I would take Thy yoke and bear it; May I come and learn of Thee?
In the path of life e - ter - nal, On - ly Thou canst lead my soul.
From the pow'r of sin de - fend me; Be Thou still my wel - come guest.

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 Jesus Christ He Praised

C

1. When morn - ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries,
 2. Does sad - ness fill my mind, A sol - ace here I find,
 3. Do e - vil tho'ts mo - lest? With this I shield my breast,
 4. Be this, while life is mine, My can - ti - cle di - vine,

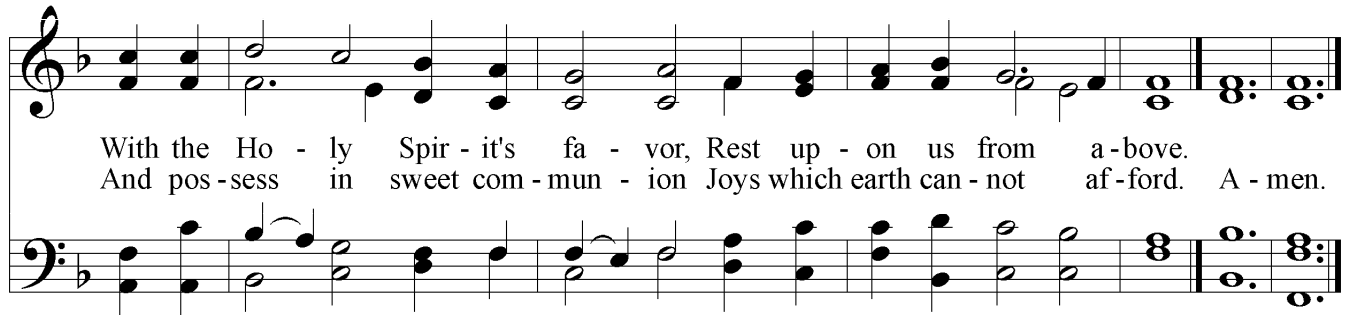
May Je - sus Christ be praised! A - like at work and pray'r,
 May Je - sus Christ be praised! Or fades my earth - ly bliss,
 May Je - sus Christ be praised! The pow'rs of dark - ness fear,
 May Je - sus Christ be praised! Be this th'e - ter - nal song,

To Je - sus I re - pair, May Je - sus Christ be praised!
 My com - fort still is this, May Je - sus Christ be praised!
 When this sweet chant they hear, May Je - sus Christ be praised!
 Thru all the ag - es long, May Je - sus Christ be praised!

May The Grace Of Christ Our Savior (Arr. 1)



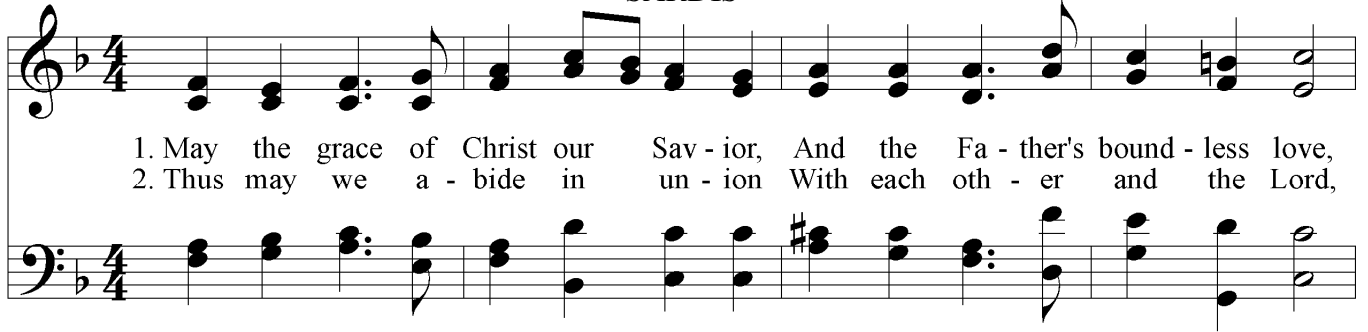
1. May the grace of Christ our Sav - ior And the Fa - ther's bound - less love,
2. Thus may we a - bide in un - ion With each oth - er and the Lord,



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 Master Count On You?

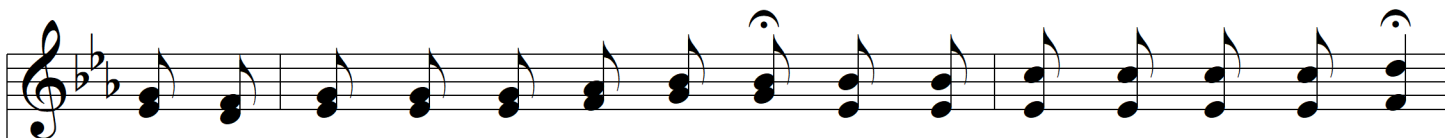
E♭



1. When the trum - pet sounds to bat - tle with the strong and wil - y foe,
2. There are those who fol - low Je - sus when there is no cross to bear,
3. Are you ful - ly con - se - crat - ed to the ser - vice of the Lord?



And the hosts of our Im - man - uel to the ear - nest con - flict go,
But re - fuse the bur - den bear - ing and the toils with Him to share;
Are you read - y on the bat - tle - field to wield for Him the sword?



Will you prove that you are loy - al? Will you prove that you are true?
Oh! it grieves the bless - ed Mas - ter That their hearts are so un - true;
Are you one a - mong the faith - ful? Are you one a - mong the true?



For de - vot - ed, faith - ful ser - vice may the Mas - ter count on you?
Sure - ly for a bet - ter ser - vice the dear Lord may count on you?
And for stead - y, life - long ser - vice may the Mas - ter count on you?



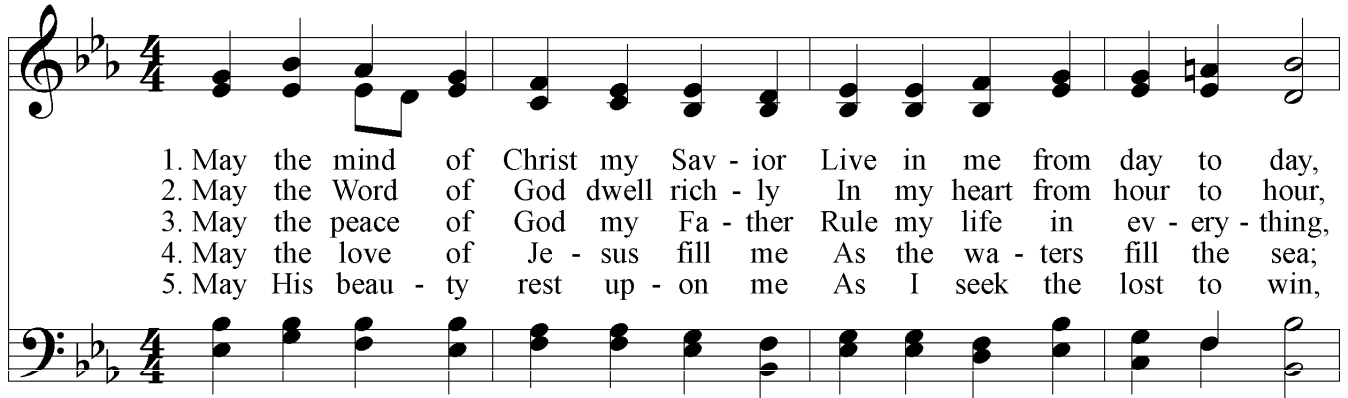
May The Master Count On You?

Chorus

May He count on you, my broth - er? May the Mas - ter count on you,
In the thick - est of the bat - tle, To be faith - ful, to be true?

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The vocal line starts with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The piano accompaniment starts with a bass clef and the same key signature. The second system also has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are placed below the vocal lines.

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;

The first system of music consists of a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The melody is primarily composed of quarter and eighth notes, with some dotted rhythms. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

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.

The second system of music continues the melody from the first system. It features similar rhythmic patterns and a key signature of three sharps. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

McCoy S. M.

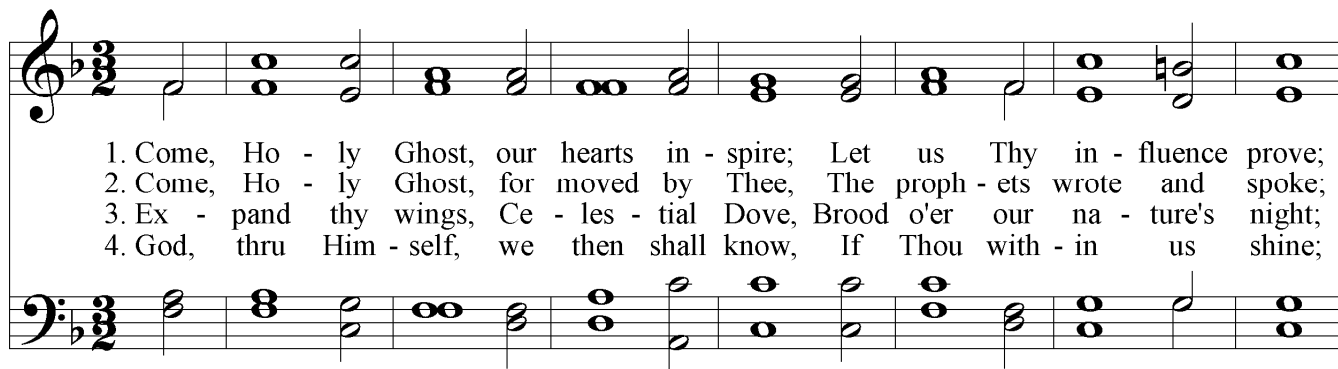
1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come, With en - er - gy Di - vine,
2. O melt this fro - zen heart; This stub - born will sub - due;
3. The prof - it will be mine, But Thine shall be the praise:

The first system of music consists of a treble and bass staff in 3/4 time, with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The treble staff contains the melody, and the bass staff provides harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

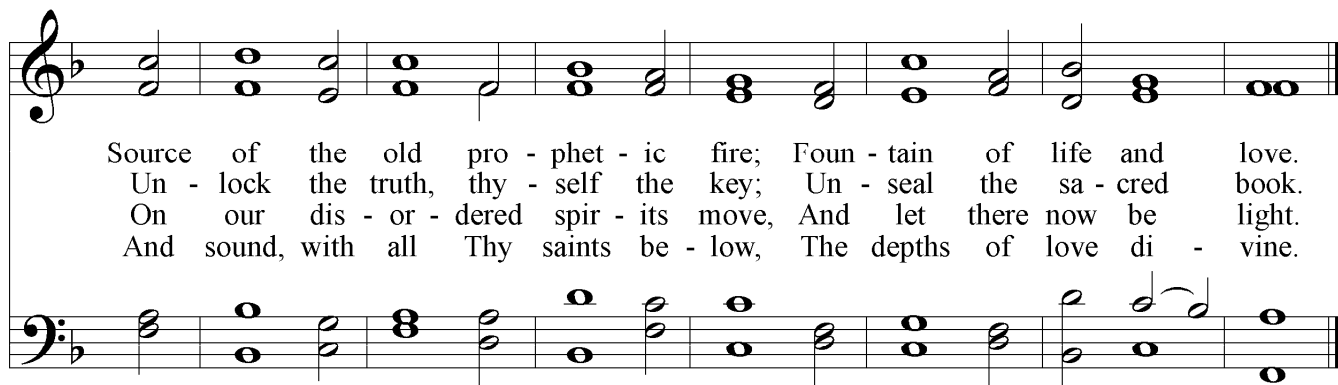
And on this poor be - night - ed soul, With beams of mer - cy shine.
Each e - vil pas - sion o - ver - come, And form me all a - new!
And un - to Thee will I de - vote The rem -nant of my days.

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

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;

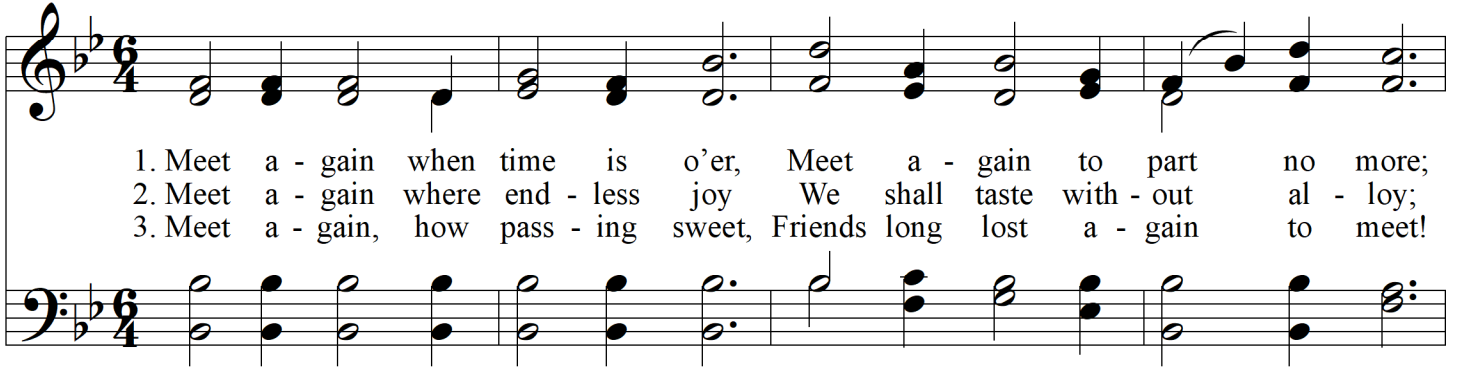


Source of the old pro - phet - ic fire; Foun - tain of life and love.
Un - lock the truth, thy - self the key; Un - seal the sa - cred book.
On our dis - or - dered spir - its move, And let there now be light.
And sound, with all Thy saints be - low, The depths of love di - vine.

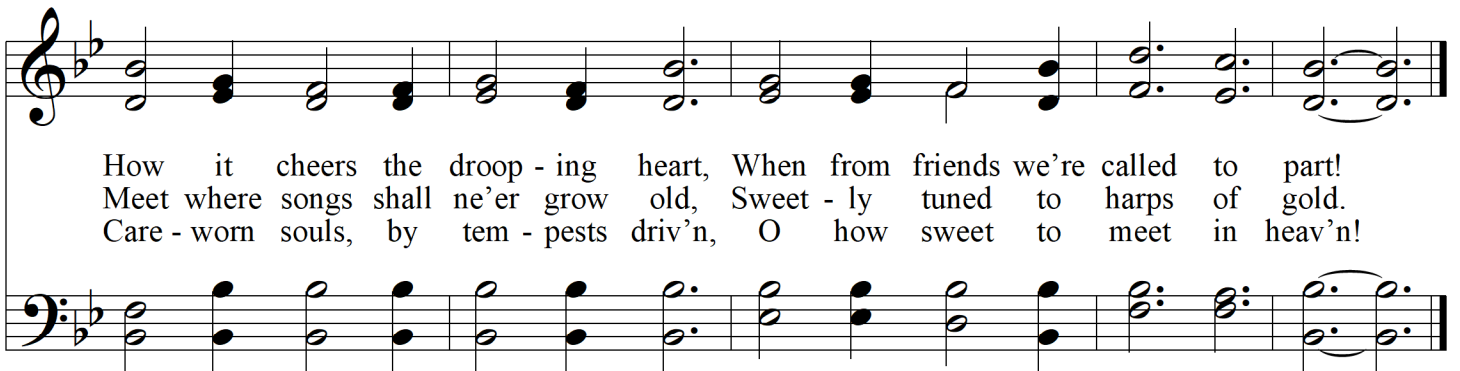
Meet Again

(7s)

B \flat



1. Meet a - gain when time is o'er, Meet a - gain to part no more;
2. Meet a - gain where end - less joy We shall taste with - out al - loy;
3. Meet a - gain, how pass - ing sweet, Friends long lost a - gain to meet!



How it cheers the droop - ing heart, When from friends we're called to part!
Meet where songs shall ne'er grow old, Sweet - ly tuned to harps of gold.
Care - worn souls, by tem - pests driv'n, O how sweet to meet in heav'n!

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 musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both are in a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody in the treble clef starts with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F5, G5, and A5. The bass line starts with a half note G3, followed by half notes F3, E3, D3, C3, B2, A2, and G2. The lyrics are placed between the staves, with the first line under the treble staff and the second line under the bass staff.

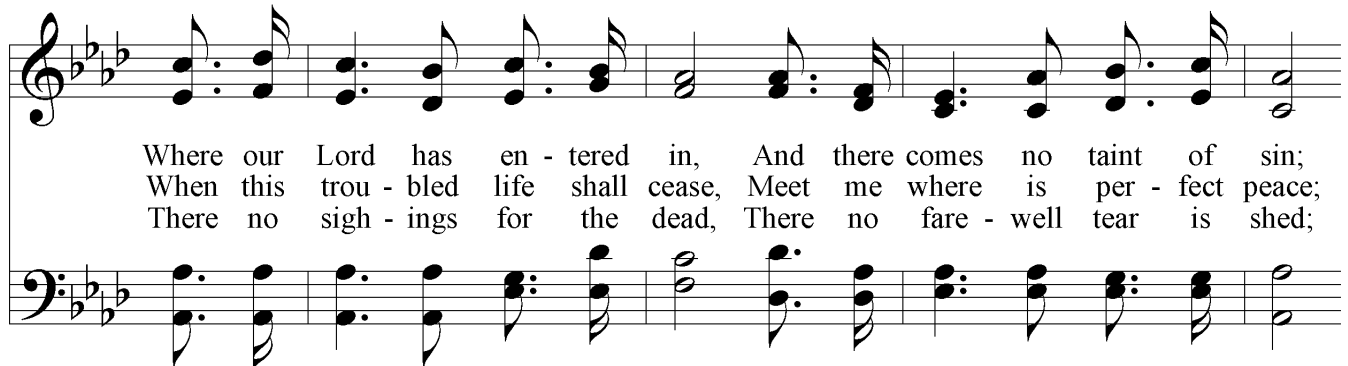
Meet Me There (Arr. 2)

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

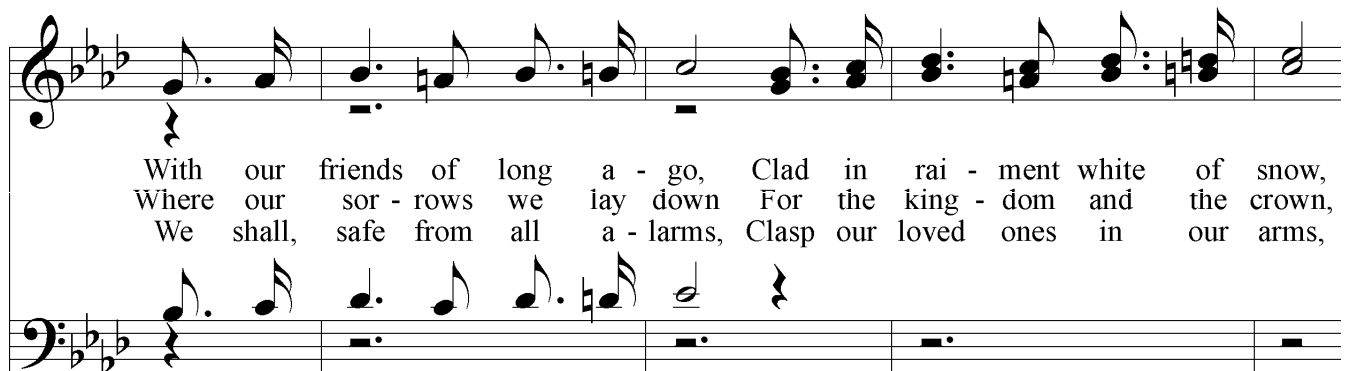
Moderato



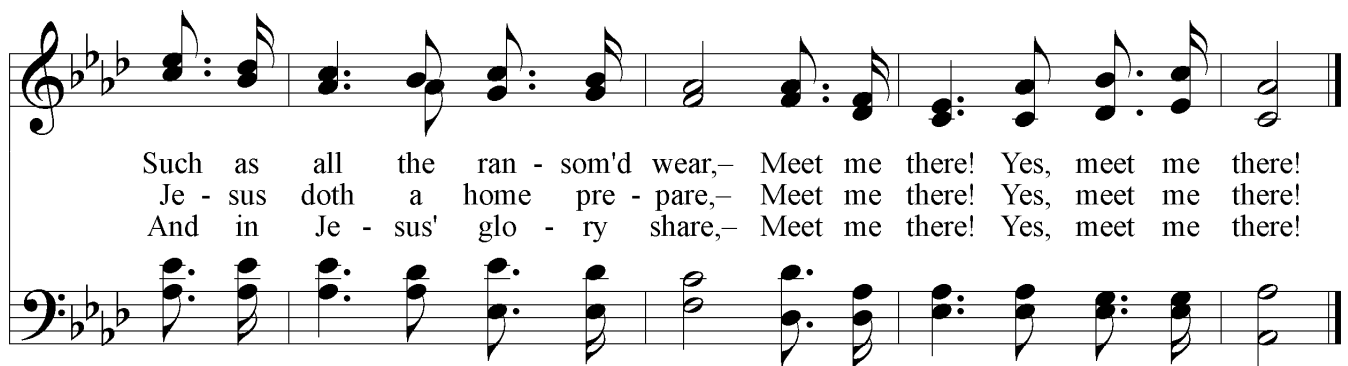
1. Meet me there! Oh, meet me there! In the heav'n - ly world so fair,
2. Meet me there! Oh, meet me there! Far be - yond this world of care;
3. Meet me there! Oh, meet me there! No be - reave - ments we shall bear;



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;

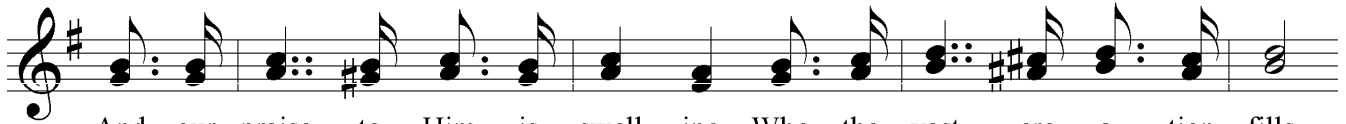
If you love your moth - er, meet her in the skies. A - men.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn "Meet Mother In The Skies". 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: "Let your man - hood wak - en, heav'n - ward lift your eyes;" and "If you love your moth - er, meet her in the skies. A - men." The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line with chords that support the vocal melody.

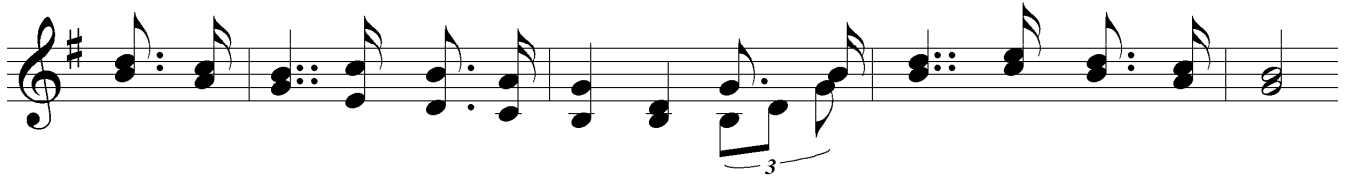
Memories Of Earth



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.

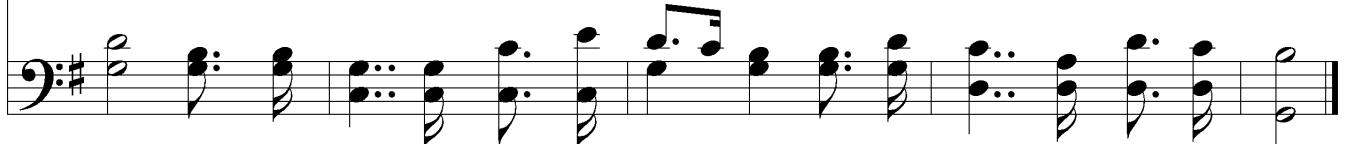
Chorus



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 written below the treble staff. The score ends with a double bar line.

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.

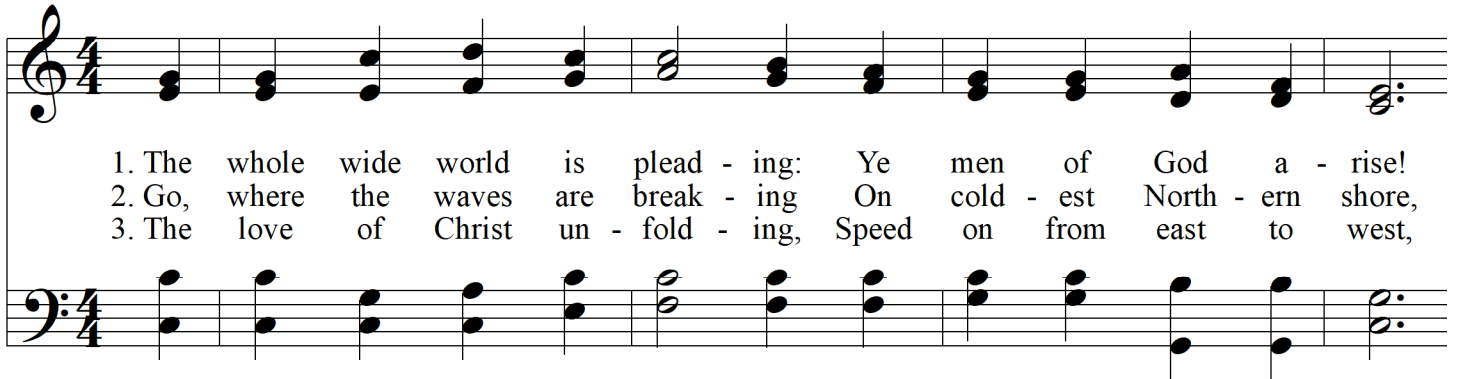
Chorus

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

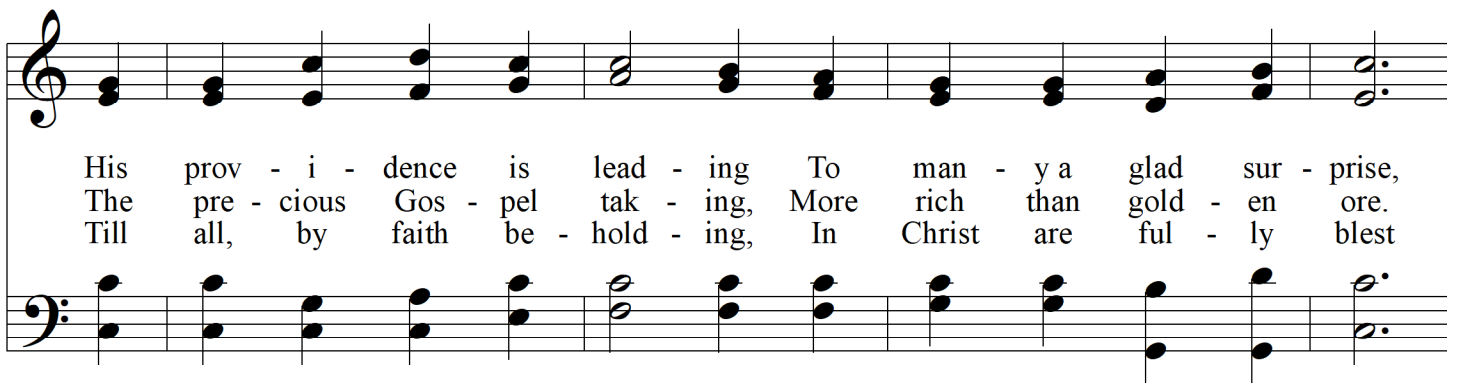
soul it ev - er lin - gers, Pre - cious gift, my moth - er's love!
 her pre - cious love!
 dwell with saint - ed moth - er, Where we'll part, no, nev - er - more. A - men.
 no, nev - er - more,

Men Of God, Arise!

C



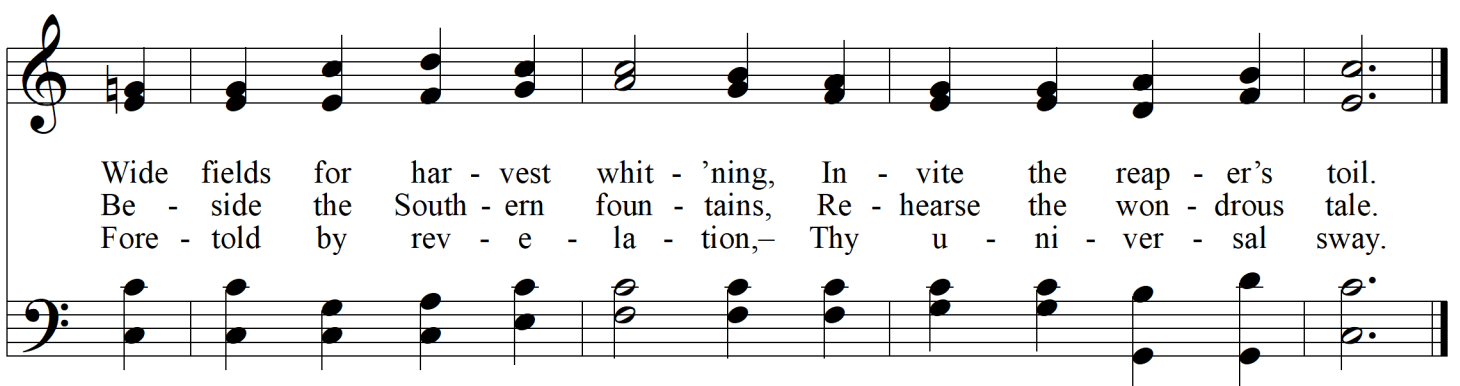
1. The whole wide world is plead - ing: Ye men of God a - rise!
2. Go, where the waves are break - ing On cold - est North - ern shore,
3. The love of Christ un - fold - ing, Speed on from east to west,



His prov - i - dence is lead - ing To man - y a glad sur - prise,
The pre - cious Gos - pel tak - ing, More rich than gold - en ore.
Till all, by faith be - hold - ing, In Christ are ful - ly blest



Lo! ev - 'ry sky is bright - 'ning, Rich prom - ise clothes the soil;
On high - est East - ern moun - tain, In low - est West - ern vale,
Great Au - thor of sal - va - tion, Haste, haste the glo - rious day



Wide fields for har - vest whit - 'ning, In - vite the reap - er's toil.
Be - side the South - ern foun - tains, Re - hearse the won - drous tale.
Fore - told by rev - e - la - tion, Thy u - ni - ver - sal sway.

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.

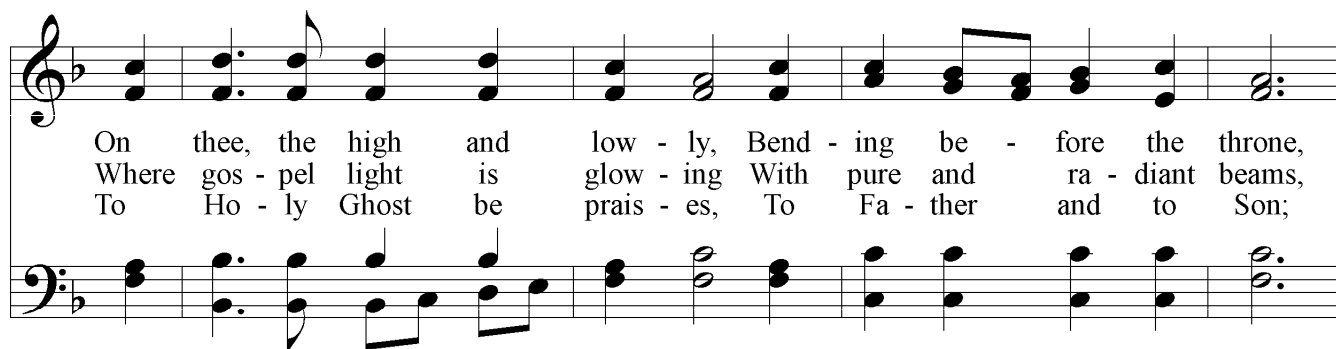
Mendebras 7s, 6s. D



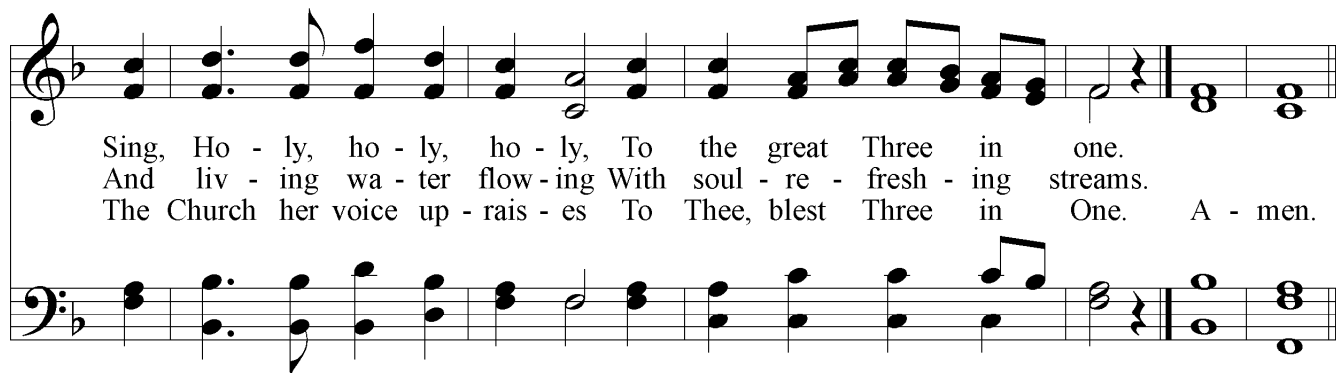
1. O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light,
2. To - day on wea - ry na - tions The heav'n - ly man - na falls;
3. New grac - es ev - er gain - ing From this our day of rest,



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,

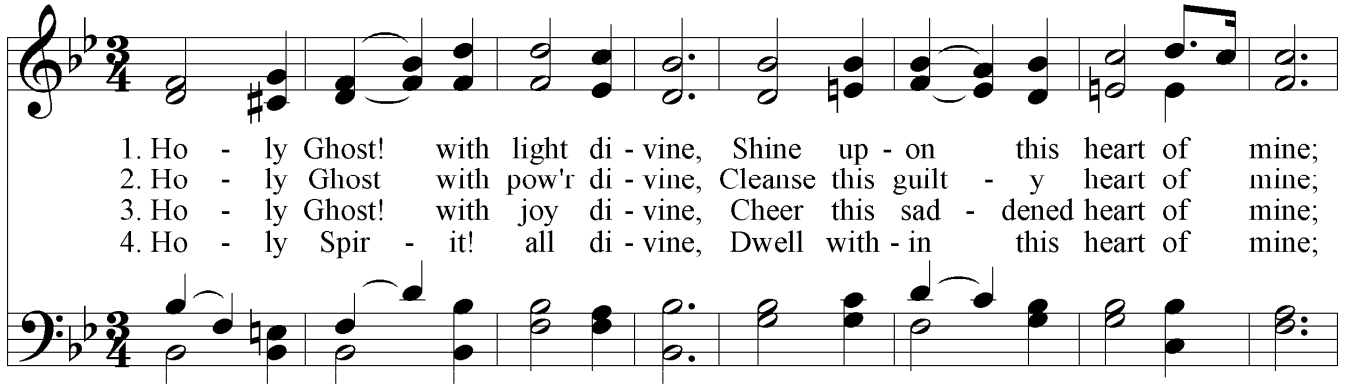


On thee, the high and low - ly, Bend - ing be - fore the throne,
Where gos - pel light is glow - ing With pure and ra - diant beams,
To Ho - ly Ghost be prais - es, To Fa - ther and to Son;



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 foun - tain so free, That is
3. O the rich - es 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 with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. It contains a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment of chords and single notes.

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. 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.

Mercy Is Boundless And Free

E



1. Thanks be to Je - sus, His mer - cy is free, Mer - cy is free,
2. Why on the moun - tains of sin wilt thou roam? Mer - cy is free,
3. Think of His good - ness, His pa - tience and love; Mer - cy is free,
4. Yes, there is par - don for all who be - lieve; Mer - cy is free,



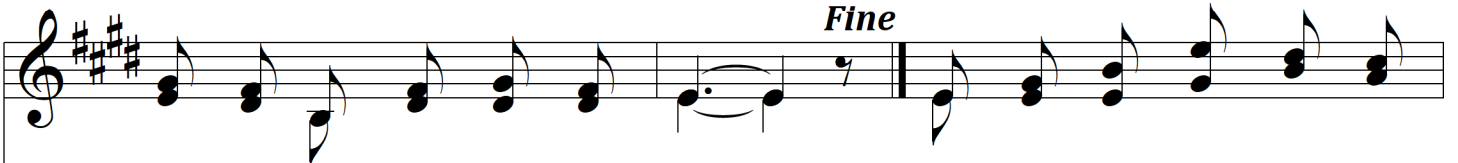
Refrain— Je - sus the Sav - ior, is look - ing for thee, Look - ing for thee,



mer - cy is free: Sin - ner, that mer - cy is flow - ing for thee,
mer - cy is free: Gen - tly the Spir - it is call - ing, "Come home,"
mer - cy is free: Plead - ing thy cause with His Fa - ther a - bove,
mer - cy is free: Come, and this mo - ment a bless - ing re - ceive,



look - ing for thee; Lov - ing - ly, ten - der - ly call - ing for thee,



Mer - cy is bound - less and free. If thou art will - ing on
Mer - cy is bound - less and free. Thou art in dark - ness, O,
Mer - cy is bound - less and free. Come and re - pent - ing, O,
Mer - cy is bound - less and free. Je - sus is wait - ing, O,



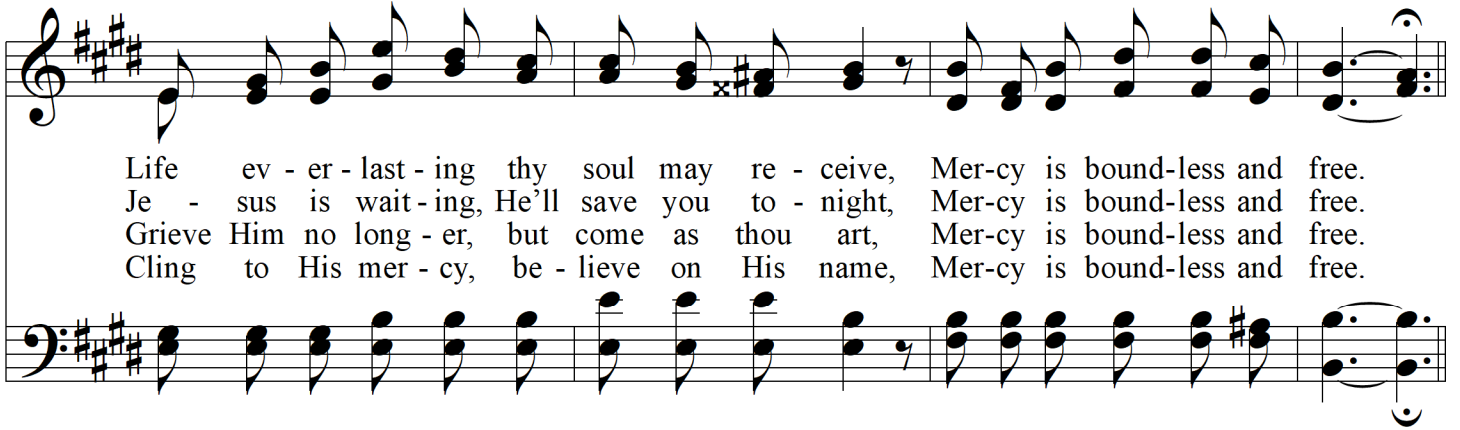
Call - ing and look - ing for thee.

Mercy Is Boundless And Free



Him to be - lieve, Mer - cy is free, mer - cy is free;
come to the light, Mer - cy is free, mer - cy is free;
give Him thy heart, Mer - cy is free, mer - cy is free;
hear Him pro - claim Mer - cy is free, mer - cy is free;

D. C. for Refrain



Life ev - er - last - ing thy soul may re - ceive, Mer-cy is bound-less and free.
Je - sus is wait - ing, He'll save you to - night, Mer-cy is bound-less and free.
Grieve Him no long - er, but come as thou art, Mer-cy is bound-less and free.
Cling to His mer - cy, be - lieve on His name, Mer-cy is bound-less and free.

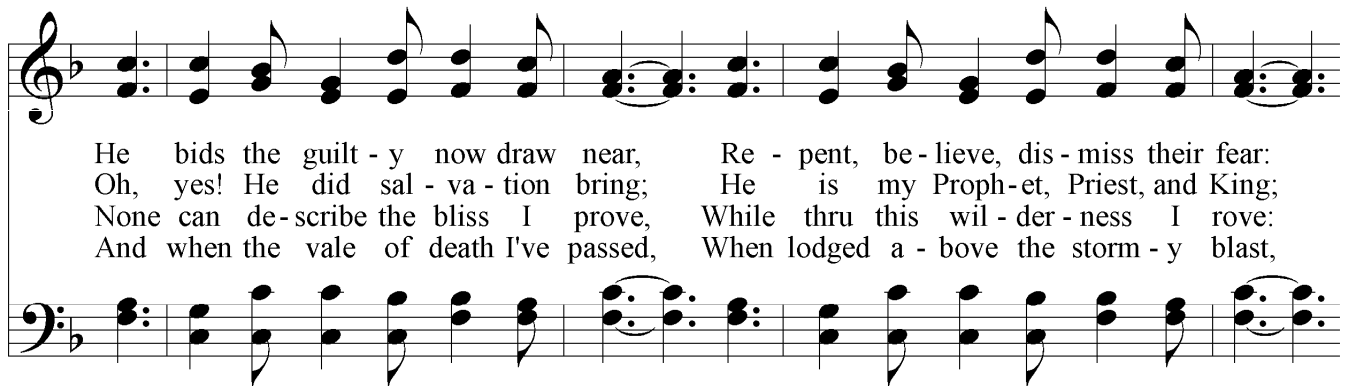
Mercy's Free



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

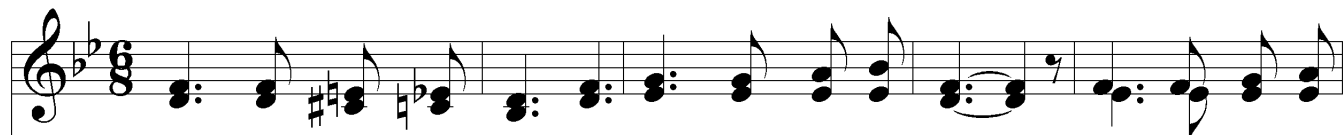
1. We are mer - ry mis - sion - ar - ies, Don't you see? And we give our
2. We're so sor - ry hea - then peo - ple Nev - er knew All a - bout the
3. Pen - nies help to tell the sto - ry Once a - gain, How the lov - ing,
4. Now we're com - ing down a - mong you With our cup, And we hope that
5. You big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

Chorus

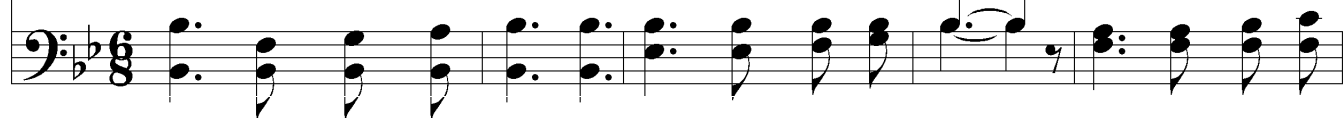
shin - ing pen - nies, Give them free.
gen - tle Je - sus, kind and true.
ten - der Sav - ior, Died for them. Don't you hear the pen - nies drop - ping?
you will kind - ly Fill it up.
some - thing small - er, An - y way.

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

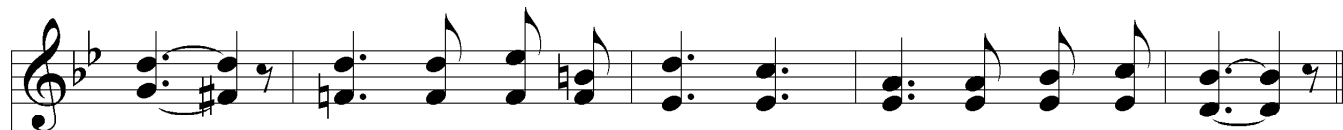
Message Of Love



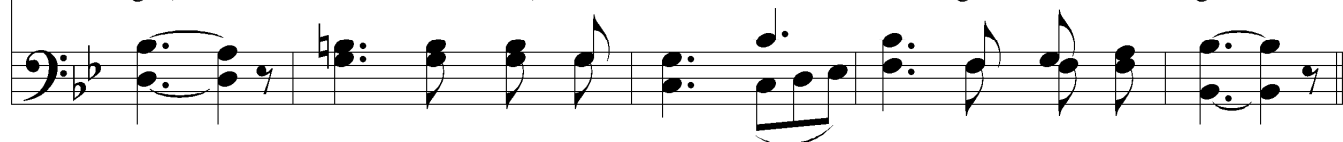
1. Thy Sav - ior is plead - ing, O wand - 'rer, to - day; From sin's vain al -
 2. O trust thy Re - deem - er Once nailed to the tree, And heed now the
 3. From sin's fa - tal slum - ber, O rouse and a - wake! Soon death may o'er
 4. Bright sun - beams of mer - cy Thy path shall il - lume, Dis - pel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

A^b

1. Might - y ar - my of the young, Lift the voice in cheer - ful song,
2. Tongues of chil - dren light and free, Tongues of youth all full of glee,
3. Je - sus lives, O bless - ed words! King of kings, and Lord of lords!

Send the wel - come word a - long, Je - sus lives! Once He died for you and me,
Sing to all on land and sea, Je - sus lives! Light for you and all man - kind,
Lift the cross and sheathe the swords, Je - sus lives! See, He breaks the pris - on wall,

Bore our sins up - on the tree, Now He lives to make us free, Je - sus lives!
Sight for all by sin made blind, Life in Je - sus all may find, Je - sus lives!
Throws a - side the dread - ful pall, Con - quers death at once for all, Je - sus lives!

Chorus

Wait not till the shad - ows length - en, till you old - er grow, Ral - ly now and
Wait not Sing,
Wait not, wait not, Sing for

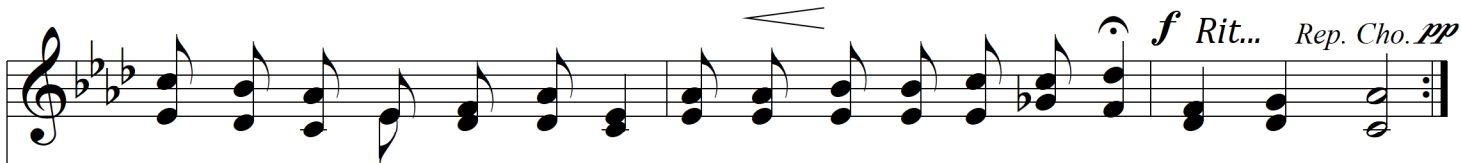
Mighty Army Of The Young



sing for Je - sus, ev - 'ry - where you go; Lift your joy - ful voic - es high,
sing



Je - sus,



Ring - ing clear thru earth and sky, Let the bless - ed tid - ings fly, Je - sus lives!



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,

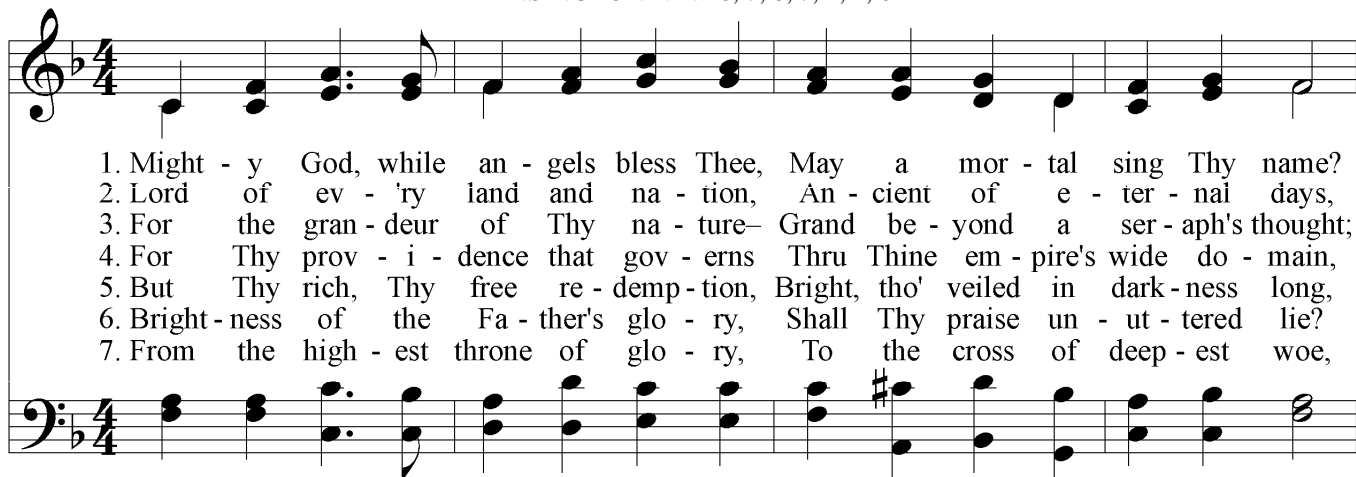


After last verse

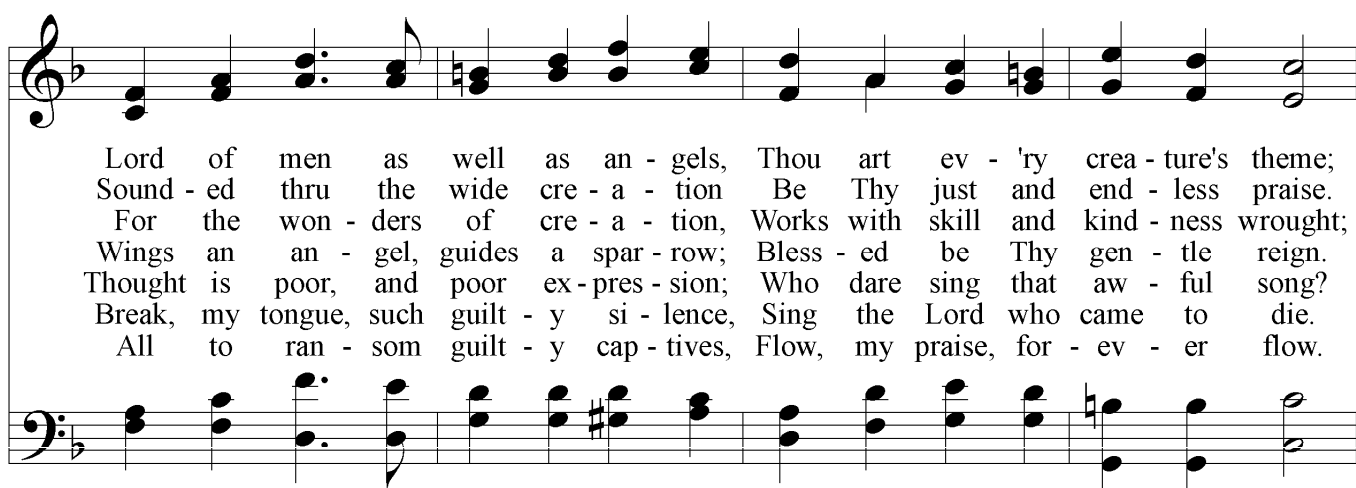
Ere this ho - ly day pass by, Oh, hear our prayer.
Rest up - on us from a - bove, Oh, hear our prayer.
We may shine so pass - ing bright, As an - gels fair.
Thru His death on Cal - va - ry, Our guilt to bear. A - men.

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 - nai 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,

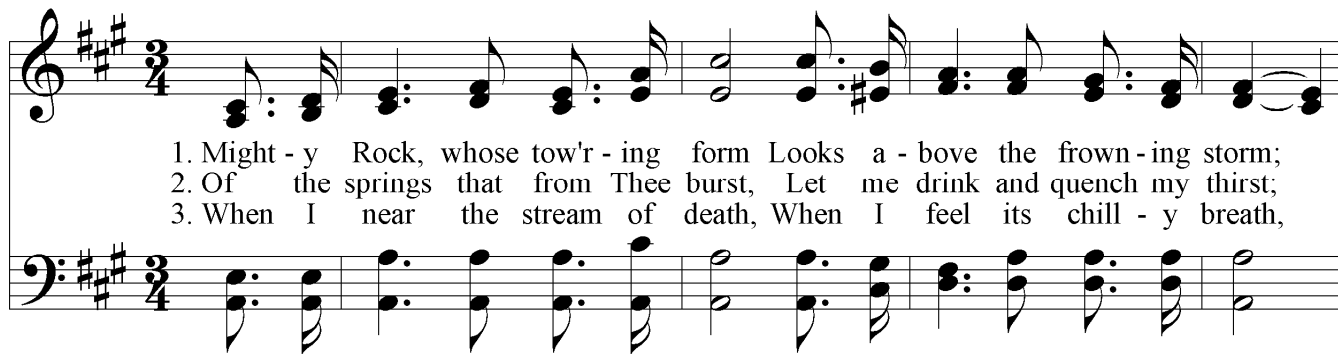


Lord of men as well as an - gels, Thou art ev - 'ry crea - ture's theme;
Sound - ed thru the wide cre - a - tion Be Thy just and end - less praise.
For the won - ders of cre - a - tion, Works with skill and kind - ness wrought;
Wings an an - gel, guides a spar - row; Bless - ed be Thy gen - tle reign.
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.

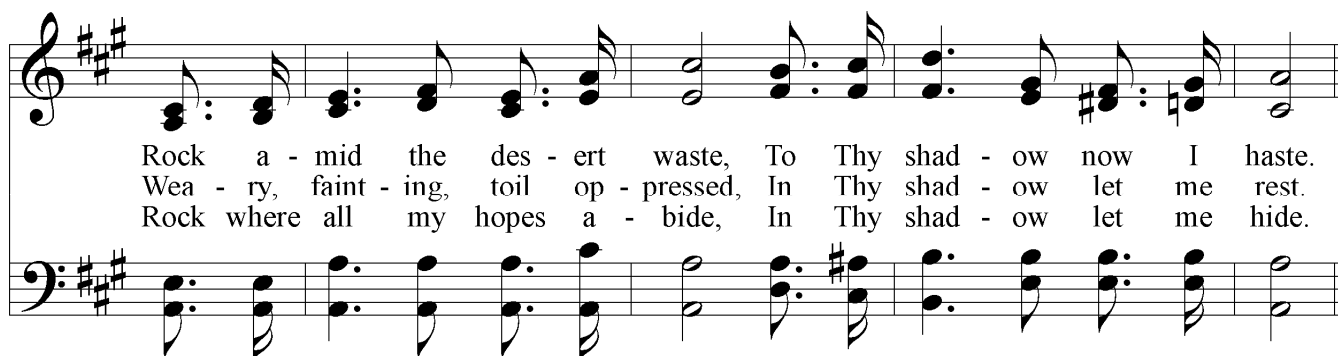


Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men. A - men.

Mighty Rock, Whose Towering Form

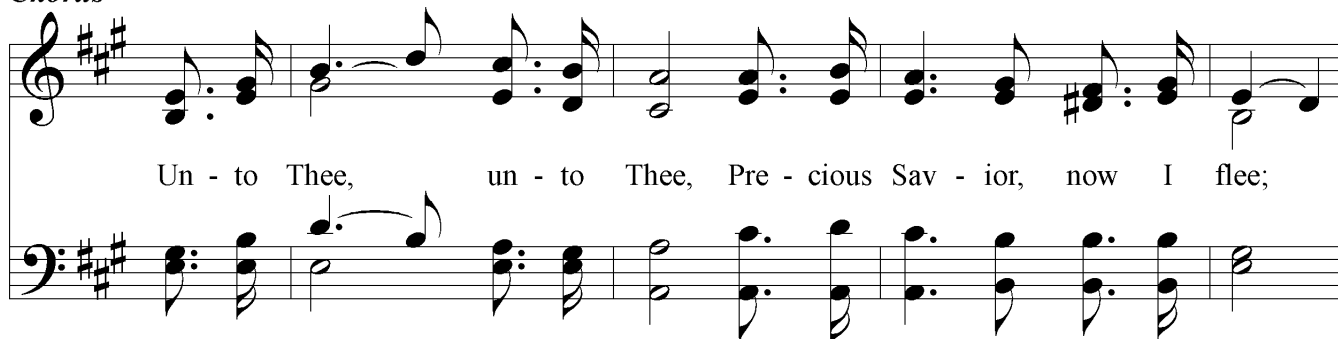


1. Might - y Rock, whose tow'r - ing form Looks a - bove the frown - ing storm;
2. Of the springs that from Thee burst, Let me drink and quench my thirst;
3. When I near the stream of death, When I feel its chill - y breath,



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



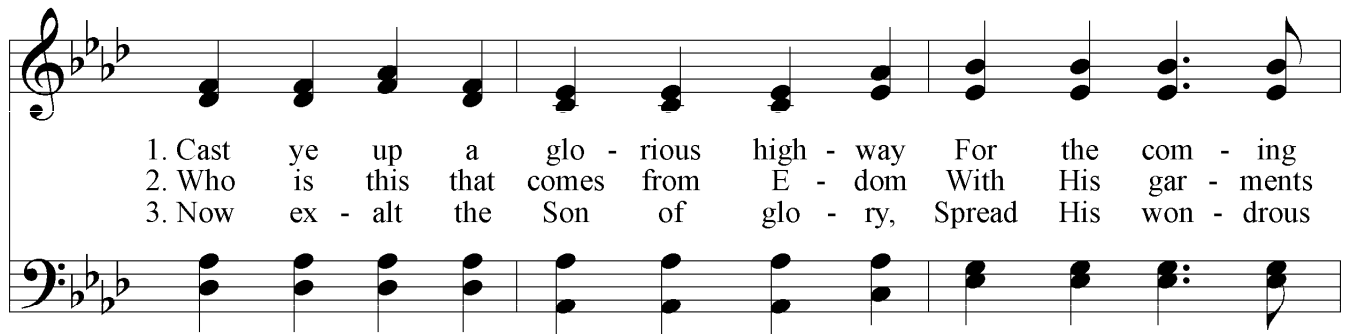
(all vss.) Go thru the gates, pre - pare ye the way, Lift up a



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)

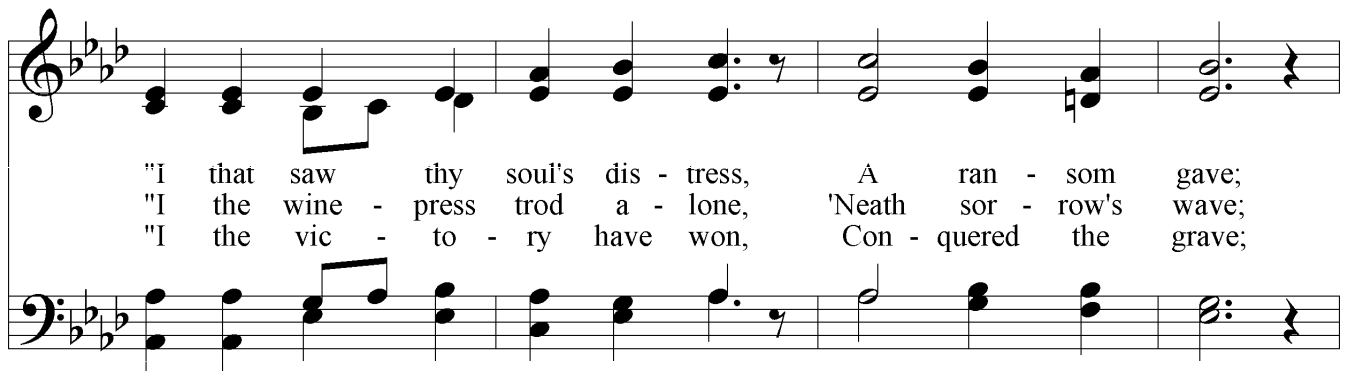
"I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save." – Isa. 63:1



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 (Arr. 3)

Isaiah 63:1

A \flat

1. O who is this that com - eth From E - dom's crim - son plain,
2. O why is Thine ap - par - el With reek - ing gore all dyed,
3. O bleed - ing Lamb, my Sav - ior! How could'st Thou bear this shame?

With wound - ed side, with gar - ments dyed? O tell me now Thy name,
Like them that tread the wine - press red? O why this blood - y tide?
"With mer - cy fraught, Mine own arm brought Sal - va - tion in My name;

p
"I that saw Thy soul's dis - tress, A ran - som gave;
"I the wine - press trod a - lone, 'Neath dark - 'ning skies;
I the blood - y fight have won, Con - quer'd the grave,

Cres... *f*
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

Refrain

Might - y to save, *Cres...* *f* Might - y to save, Might - y to save,

ff *p* Might - y to save; Lord, I trust Thy won - drous 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 measure with a 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

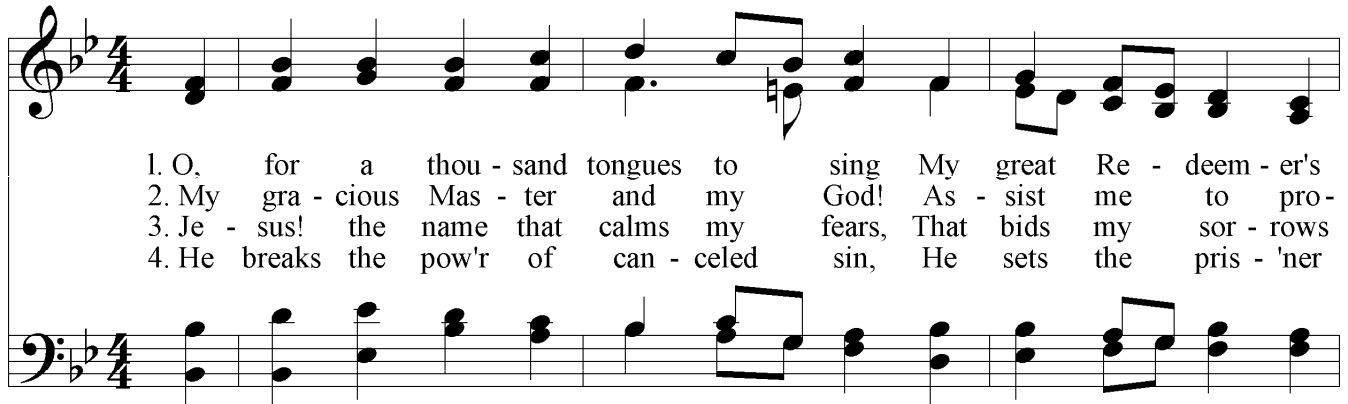
Musical notation for the first line of the chorus. The treble staff contains a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords. The lyrics are: "March - ing, march - ing, march - ing, 'Neath His ban - ner bright;"

Musical notation for the second line of the chorus. The treble staff continues the melody. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics are: "March - ing, march - ing, march - ing, For the Prince of Light,"


Musical notation for the third line of the chorus. The treble staff continues the melody. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics are: "March - ing, on - ward march - ing, 'Gainst the hosts of night,"

Musical notation for the fourth line of the chorus. The treble staff continues the melody. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Might - y youth - ful ar - my, March - ing for the right."

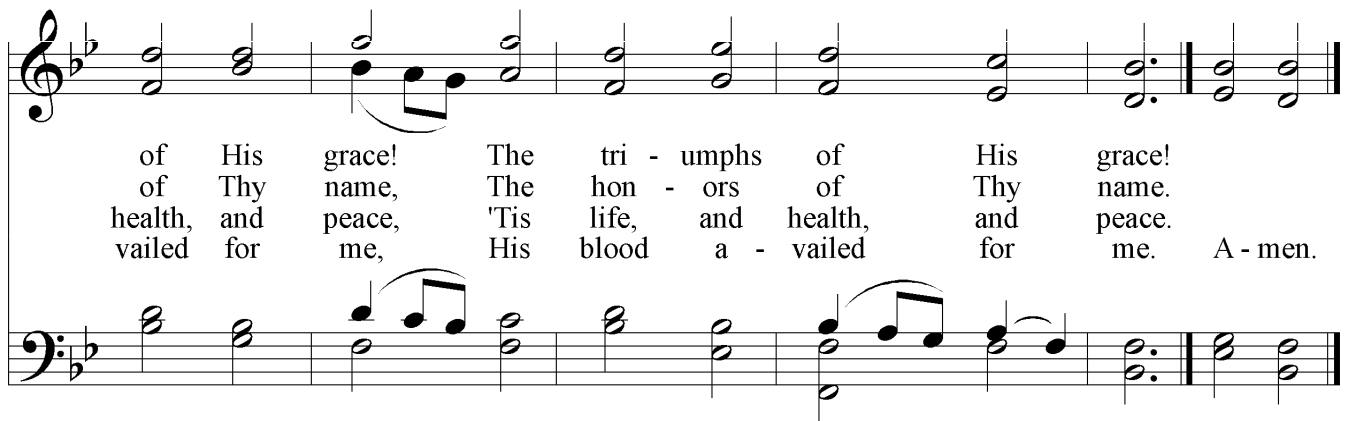
Miles Lane C. M.



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 -

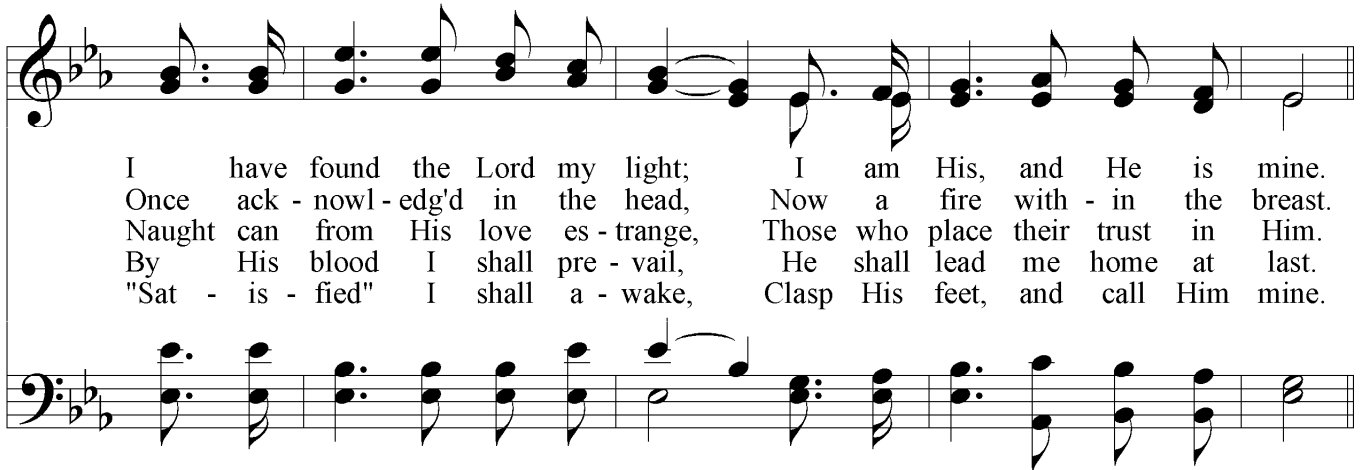


of His grace! The tri - umphs of His grace!
of Thy name, The hon - ors of Thy name.
health, and peace, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
veiled for me, His blood a - veiled for me. A - men.

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

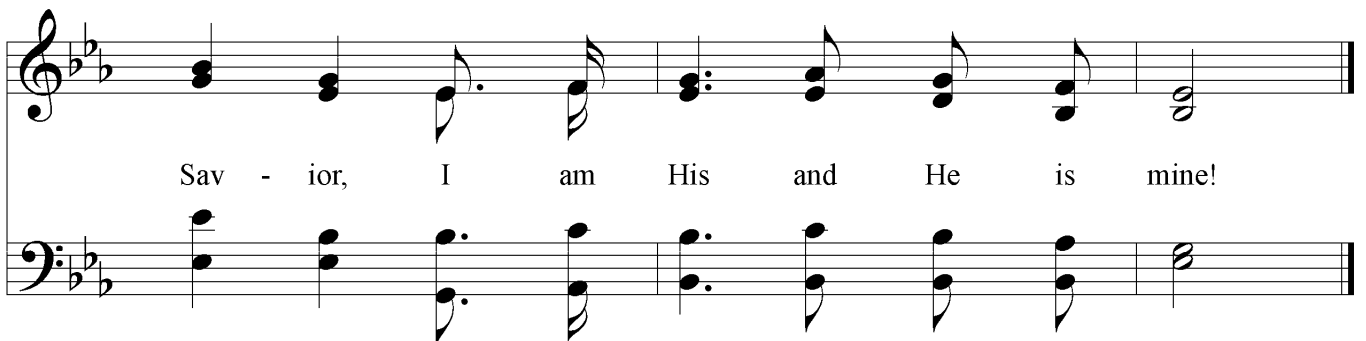


I have found the Lord my light; I am His, and He is mine.
Once ack - nowl - edg'd in the head, Now a fire with - in the breast.
Naught can from His love es - trange, Those who place their trust in Him.
By His blood I shall pre - vail, He shall lead me home at last.
"Sat - is - fied" I shall a - wake,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

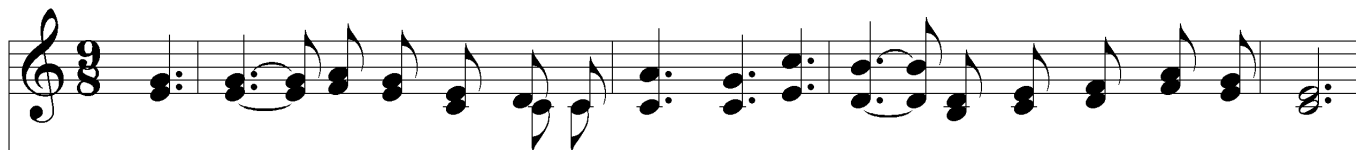
Mine Eyes And My Desire

LEIGHTON S. M.

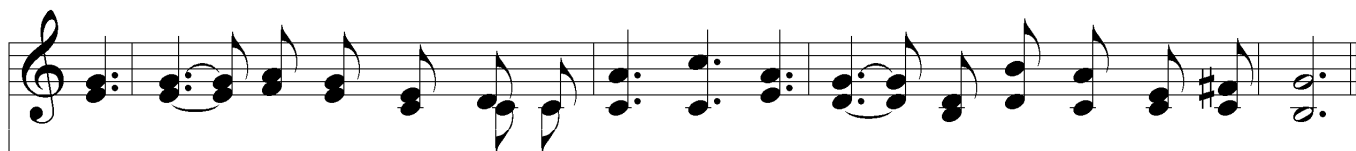
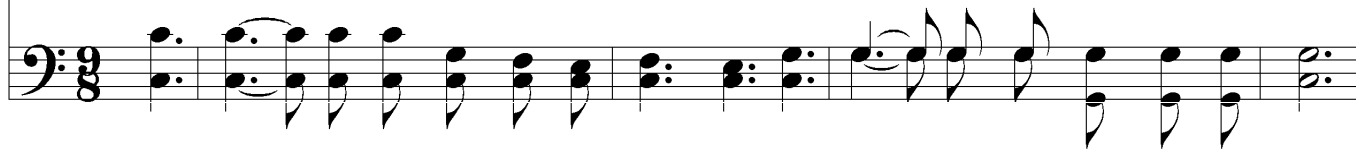
1. Mine eyes and my de - sire Are ev - er to the Lord;
2. Lord, turn to Thee my soul; Bring Thy sal - va - tion near:
3. When shall the sov - 'reign grace Of my for - giv - ing God
4. Oh, keep my soul from death, Nor put my hope to shame!
5. With hum - ble faith I wait To see Thy face a - gain;

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



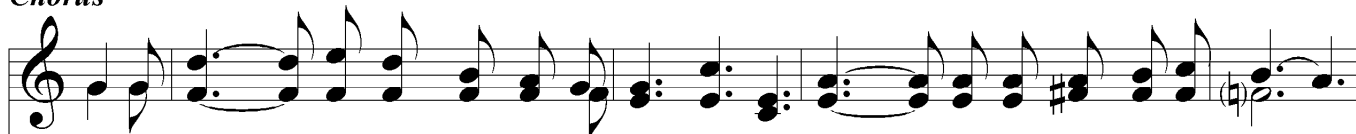
1. I know not the hour of His com - ing, Nor how He will speak to my heart;
2. I know not the bliss that a - waits me, At rest with my Sav - ior a - bove;
3. Per - haps in the midst of my la - bor, A voice from the Lord I shall hear;
4. I know not, but oh, I am watch - ing, My lamp ev - er burn - ing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

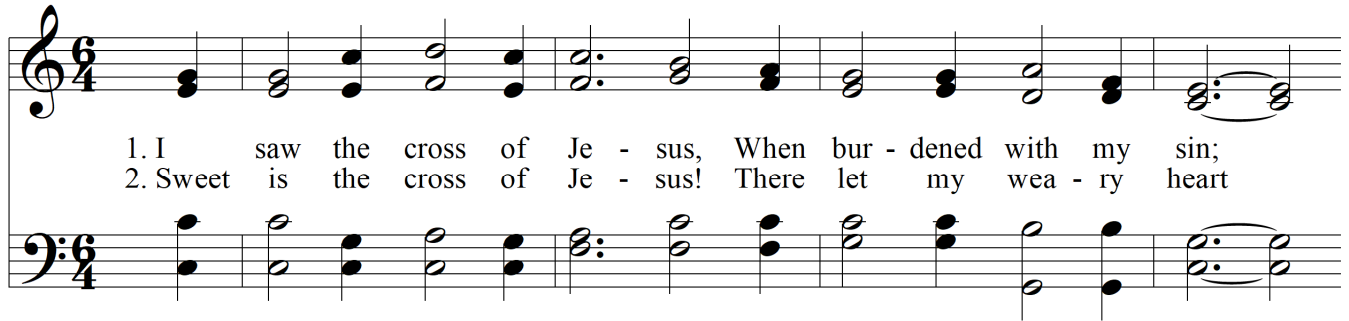
1. I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot - less Lamb of God;
 2. I lay my wants on Je - sus; All full - ness dwells in Him;
 3. I rest my soul on Je - sus, This wea - ry soul of mine;
 4. I long to be like Je - sus, Meek, lov - ing, low - ly, mild;

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:

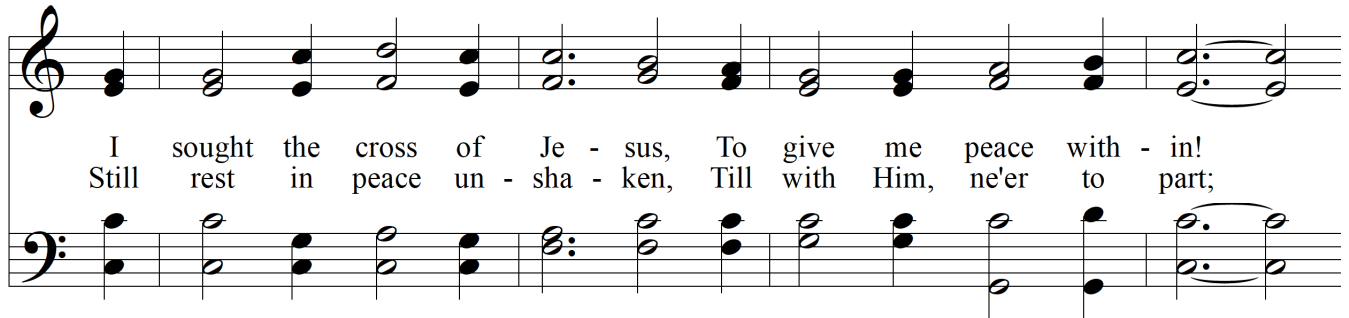
I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my crim - son stains
 I lay my griefs on Je - sus, My bur - dens and my cares;
 I love the name of Je - sus, Em - ma - nuel, Christ, the Lord;
 I long to be with Je - sus A - mid the heav'n - ly throng,

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.

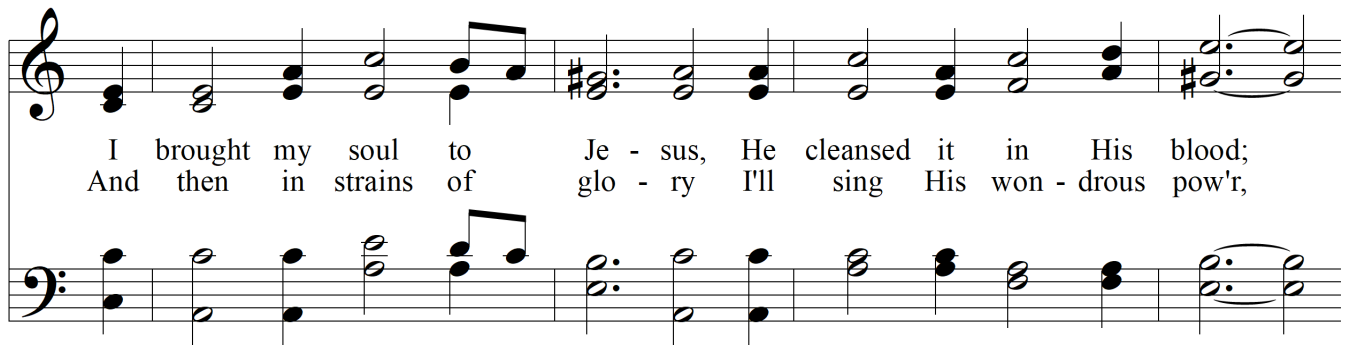
Miriam 7s, 6s, D (Arr. 2)



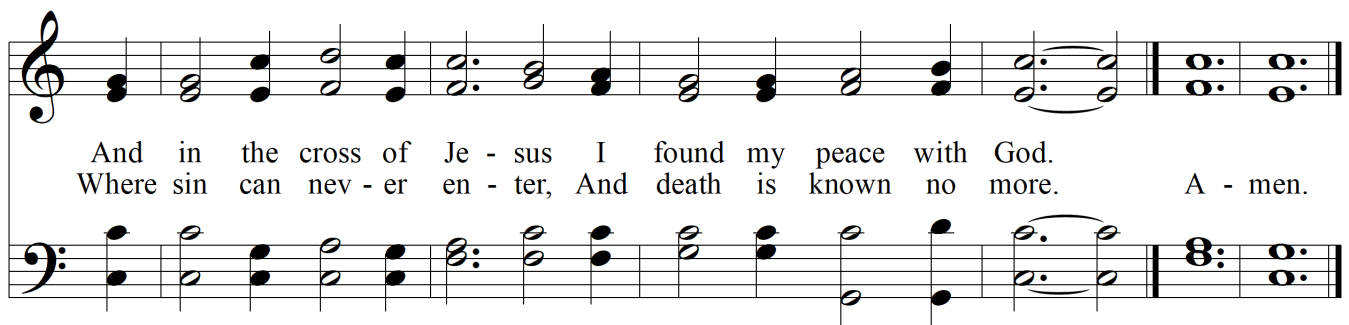
1. I saw the cross of Je - sus, When bur - dened with my sin;
2. Sweet is the cross of Je - sus! There let my wea - ry heart



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.

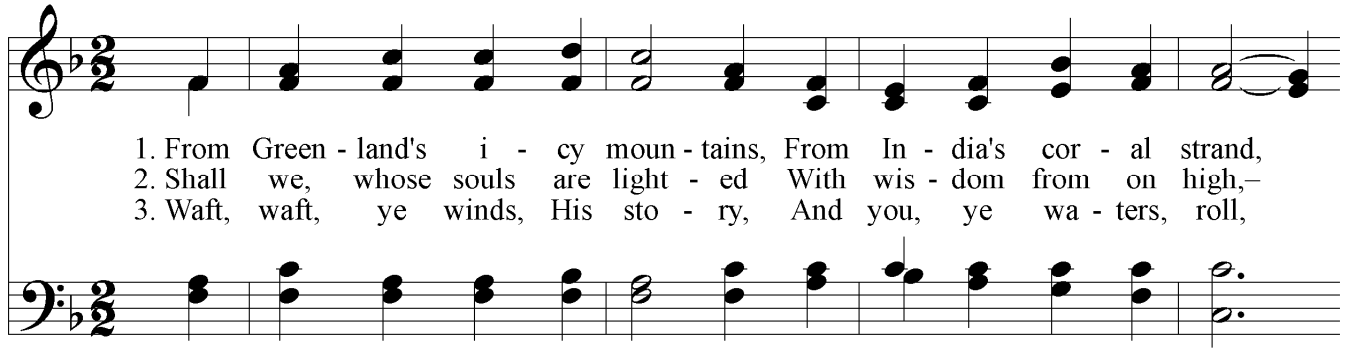
Missionary Chant L. M.

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

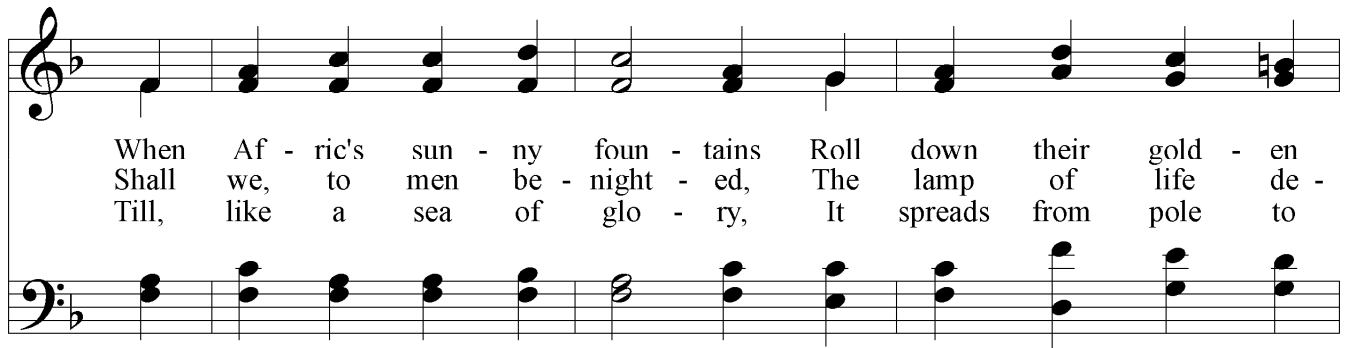
Fa - ther's will; It is the way the Mas - ter went;
 heav'n - ly gain; Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
 if He deign Thy will - ing heart to mark and cheer:
 ex - ile home; Soon shalt thou hear the Bride - groom's voice,

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



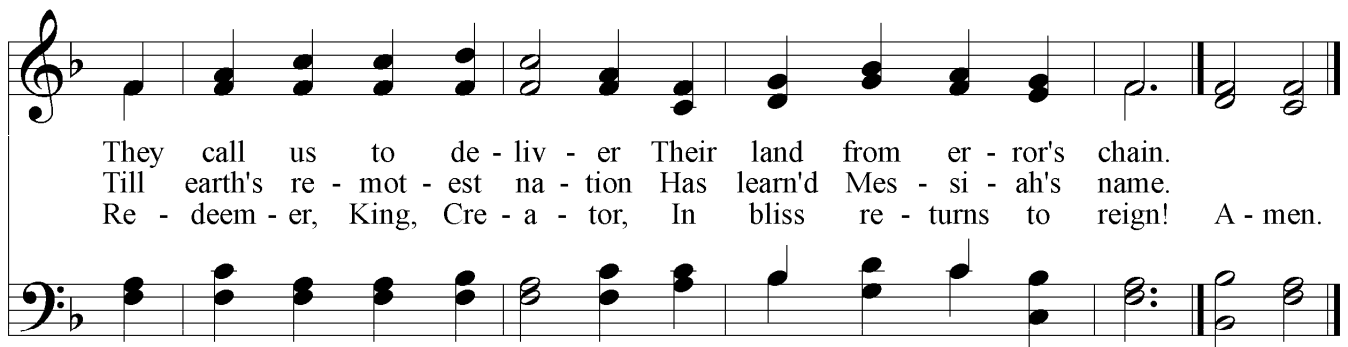
1. From Green - land's i - cy moun - tains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,
2. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis - dom from on high -
3. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll,



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,

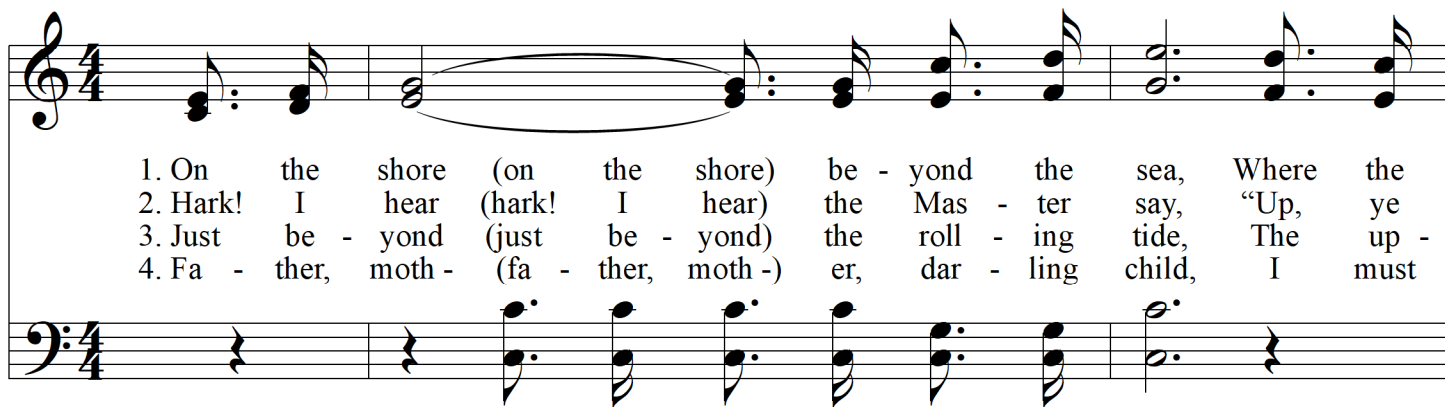


They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion Has learn'd Mes - si - ah's name.
Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign! A - men.

Missionary's Farewell

Acts 16:9

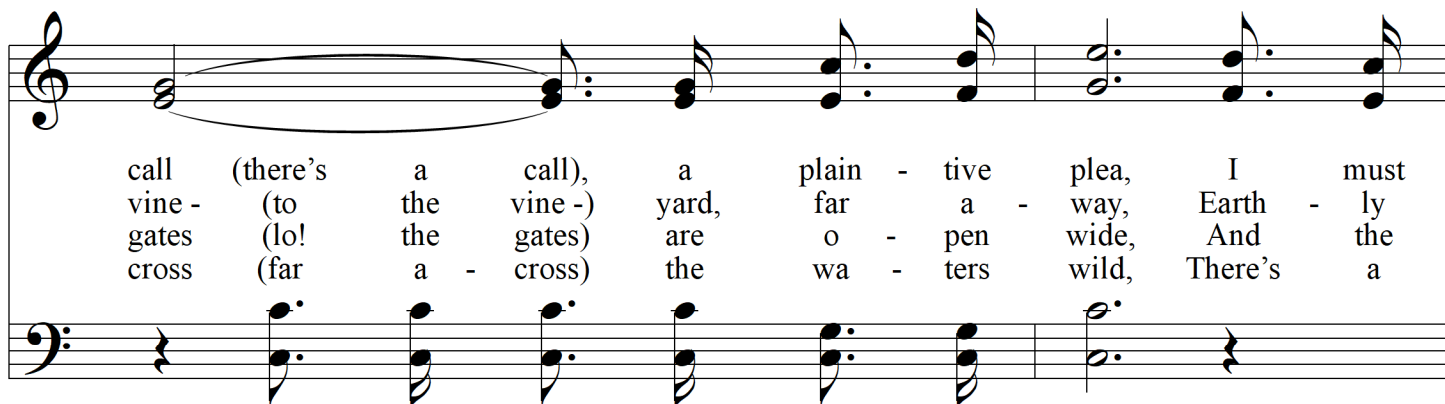
C



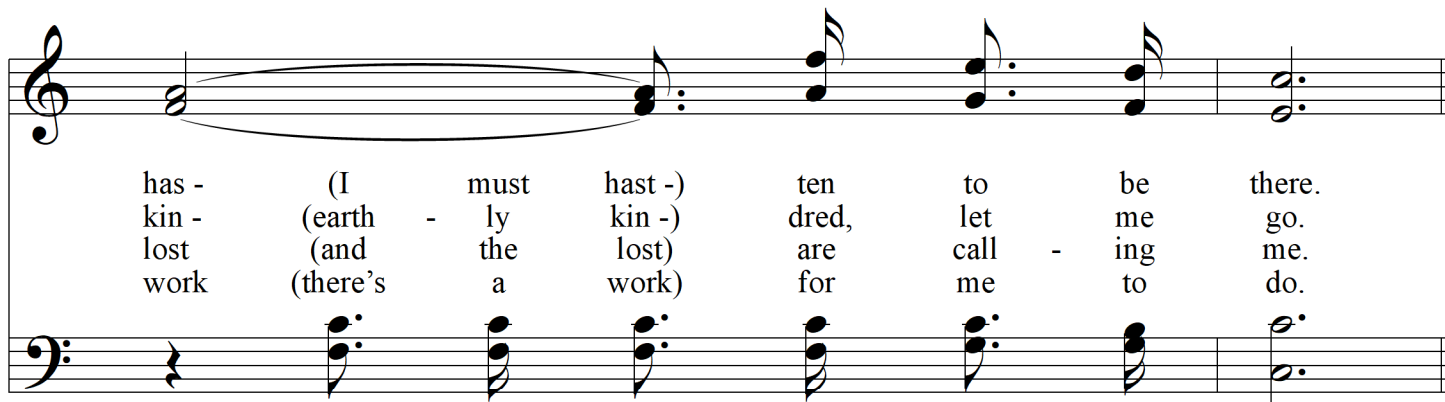
1. On the shore (on the shore) be - yond the sea, Where the
2. Hark! I hear (hark! I hear) the Mas - ter say, "Up, ye
3. Just be - yond (just be - yond) the roll - ing tide, The up -
4. Fa - ther, moth - (fa - ther, moth -) er, dar - ling child, I must



fields (where the fields) are bright and fair, There's a
reap - (up, ye reap -) ers! why so slow?" To the
lift - (the up - lift -) ed hand I see; Lo! the
bid (I must bid) you all a - dieu; Far a -



call (there's a call), a plain - tive plea, I must
vine - (to the vine -) yard, far a - way, Earth - ly
gates (lo! the gates) are o - pen wide, And the
cross (far a - cross) the wa - ters wild, There's a



has - (I must hast -) ten to be there.
kin - (earth - ly kin -) dred, let me go.
lost (and the lost) are call - ing me.
work (there's a work) for me to do.

Missionary's Farewell

Chorus

Let me go, I can - not stay, 'Tis the

Mas - ter call - ing me; Let me go, I must o -
Mas - ter, 'Tis the Mas - ter I must o - bey,

bey; Na - tive land, fare - well to thee. fare - well to thee.

Moment By Moment (Arr. 1)

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

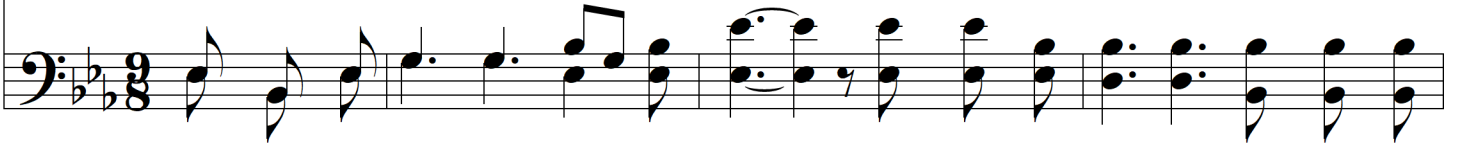
Moment By Moment (Arr. 2)

Isa. 27:3

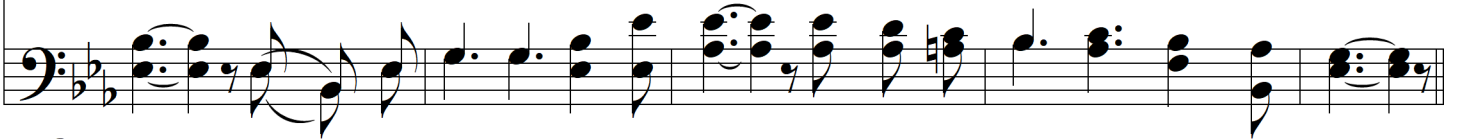
E \flat



1. Mo - ment by mo - ment, hour by hour, Con - stant - ly trust - ing His keep - ing
2. Why for the bod - y anx - ious that? Know - ing He car - eth, sweet is my
3. Why should the spir - it doubt - ing weep? What I've com - mit - ted, sure - ly He'll
4. Why for the res - ting sing or sigh, Self - ish - ly seek - ing man - sions on



pow'r; Day by day and week by week, On - ly His praise my tongue shall speak.
lot; Mine it the ask - ing, His the store, Mo - ment by mo - ment, o'er and o'er.
keep; Mine is the trust - ing, His the pow'r, Mo - ment by mo - ment, hour by hour.
high? Earth need - eth more of ho - ly love, Than all the u - ni - verse a - bove.



Refrain

Softly



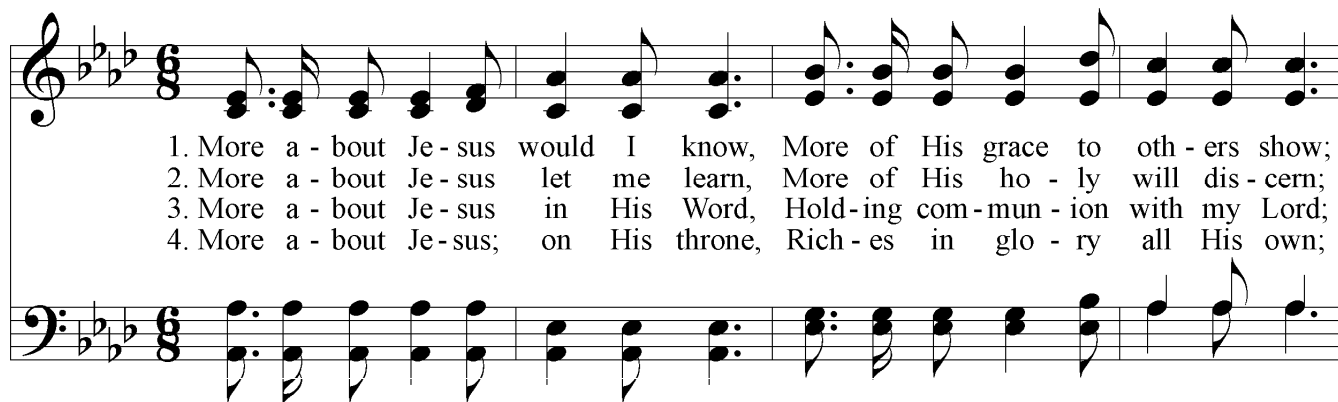
Mo - ment by mo - ment, Help - er is He, Mo - ment by mo - ment dwell - ing in me;



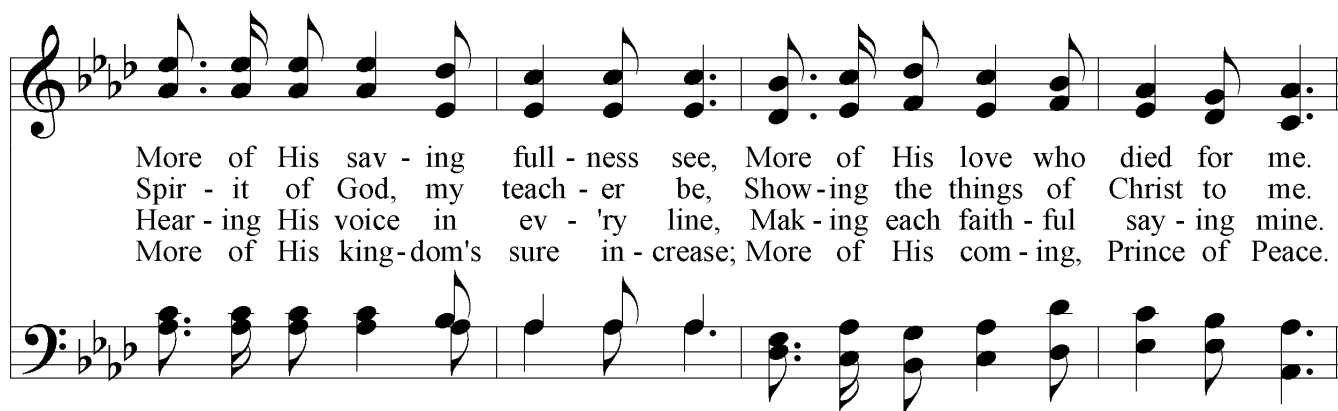
Gen - tly sub - du - ing pow - ers of sin, Won - der - ful Sav - ior is Christ with - in.



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

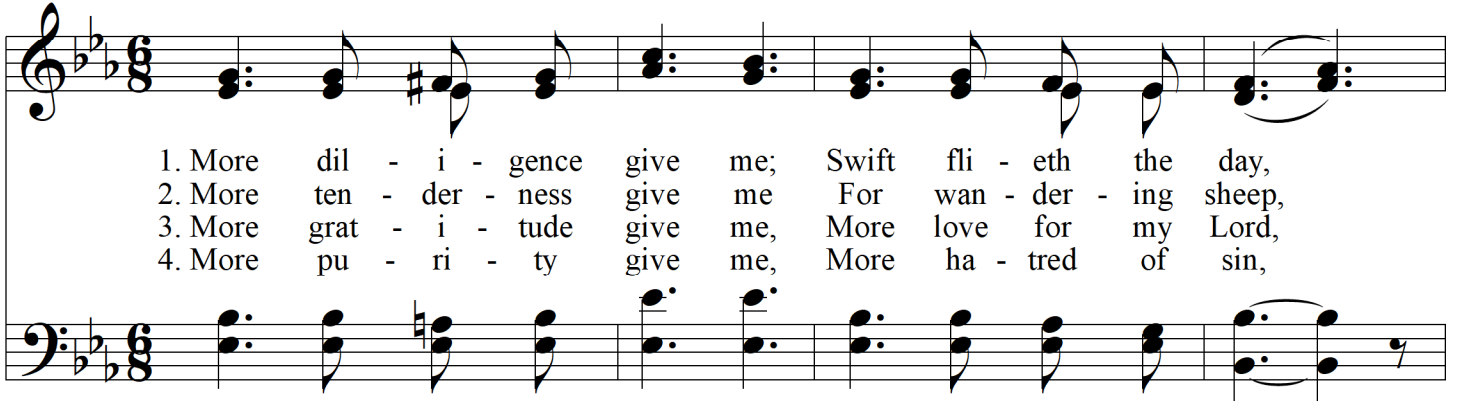
ev - er, Still my ref - uge be. Sav - ior, lov - ing Sav - ior, A -
 help - less, Thou, my strength must be; Sav - ior, lov - ing Sav - ior, A -
 lift - ed, Cling by faith to Thee, Sav - ior, lov - ing Sav - ior, A -
 pres - ence, Let my dwell - ing be; Sav - ior, lov - ing Sav - ior, A -

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.

More Diligence

E♭



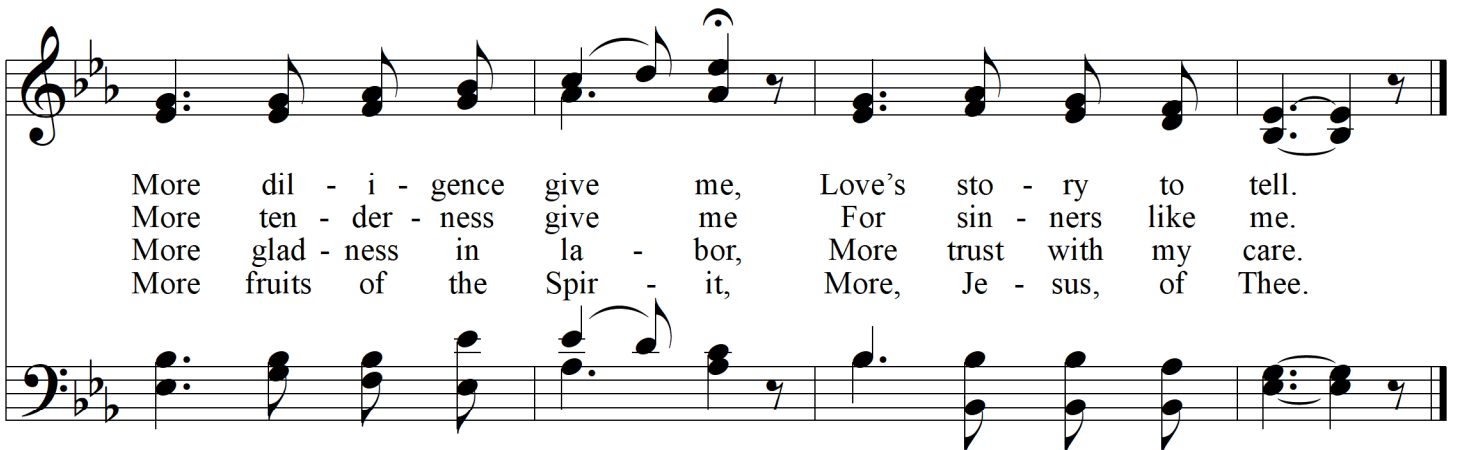
1. More dil - i - gence give me; Swift fli - eth the day,
2. More ten - der - ness give me For wan - der - ing sheep,
3. More grat - i - tude give me, More love for my Lord,
4. More pu - ri - ty give me, More ha - tred of sin,



Each mo - ment some lost one Is pass - ing a - way;
Like Je - sus the Shep - herd, To search and to weep
More gifts for the Giv - er Who spread - eth my board;
More hun - g'ring and thirst - ing For good - ness with - in;



How can I be i - dle, Christ know - ing so well?
In by - ways and hedg - es, O'er de - sert and sea;
More mem - 'ry of mer - cies, More prais - es in pray'r,
More watch - ing and pray - ing, From self to be free!



More dil - i - gence give me, Love's sto - ry to tell.
More ten - der - ness give me For sin - ners like me.
More glad - ness in la - bor, More trust with my care.
More fruits of the Spir - it, More, Je - sus, of Thee.

More Holiness Give Me

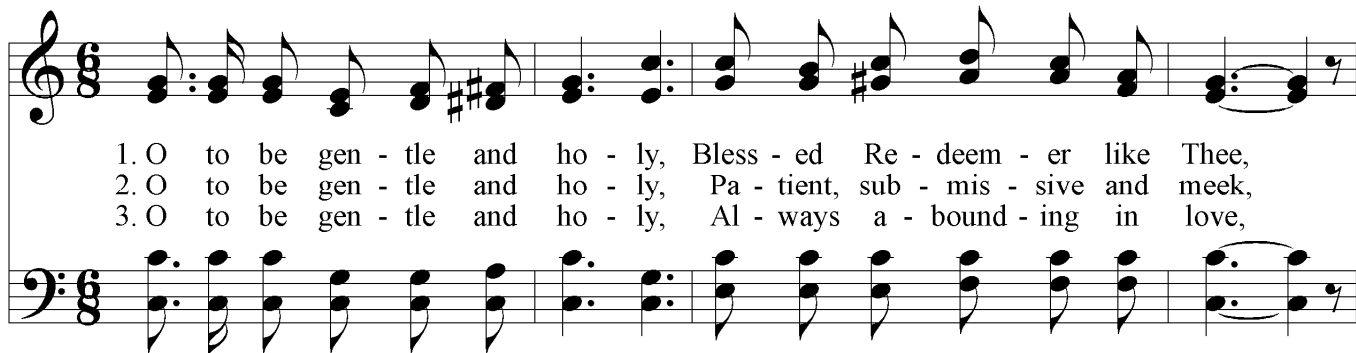
1. More ho - li - ness give me, More striv - ings with - in,
2. More grat - i - tude give me, More trust in the Lord,
3. More pu - ri - ty give me, More strength to o'er - come,

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;

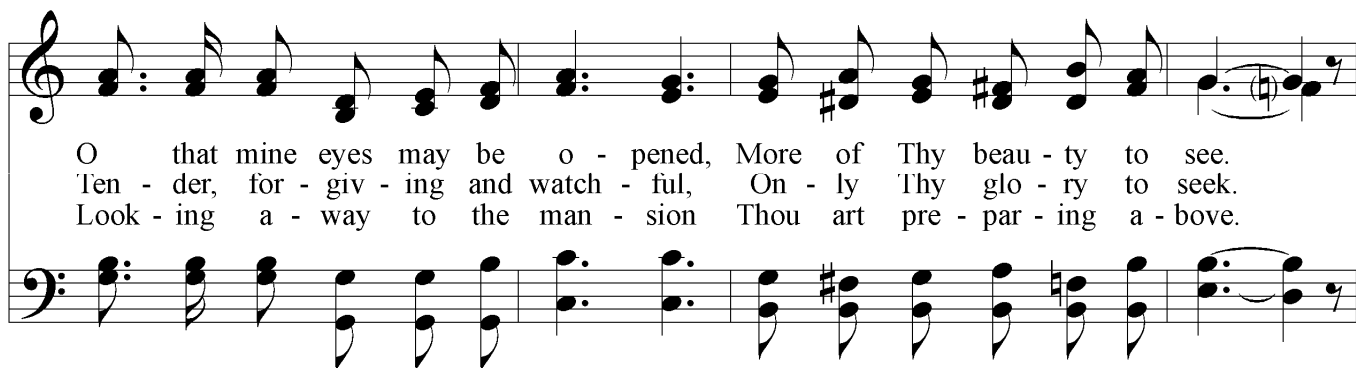
More faith in my Sav - ior, More sense of His care.
More tears for His sor - rows, More pain at His grief,
More fit for the king - dom, More use - ful I'd be,

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.

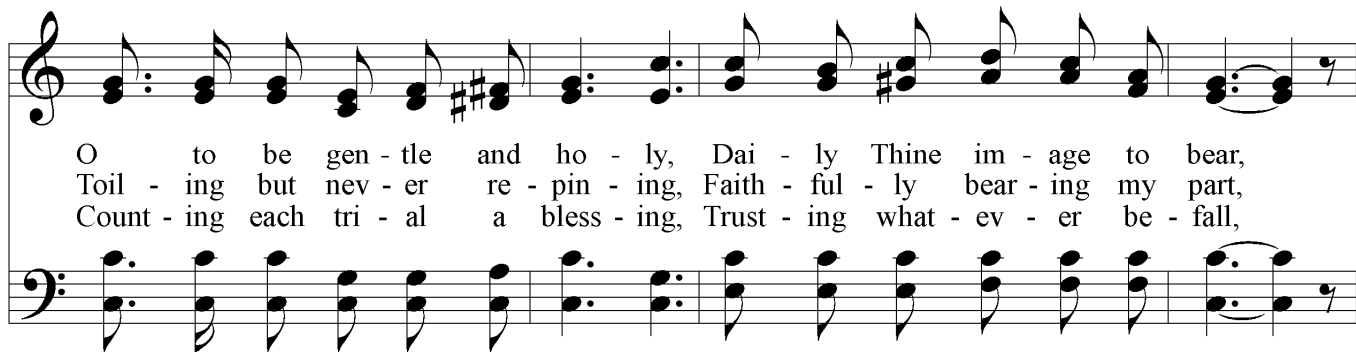
More Holy Would I Be



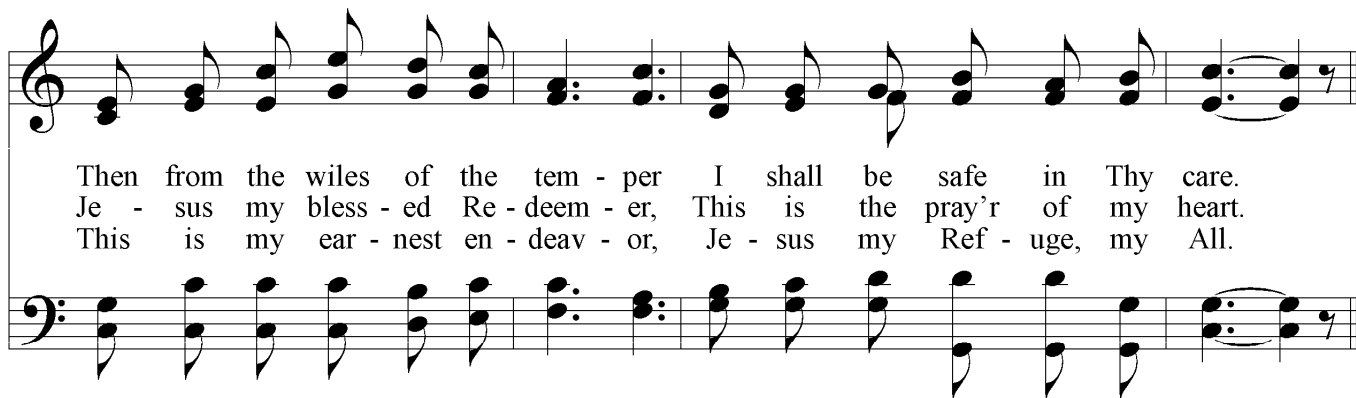
1. O to be gen - tle and ho - ly, Bless - ed Re - deem - er like Thee,
2. O to be gen - tle and ho - ly, Pa - tient, sub - mis - sive and meek,
3. O to be gen - tle and ho - ly, Al - ways a - bound - ing in love,



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,



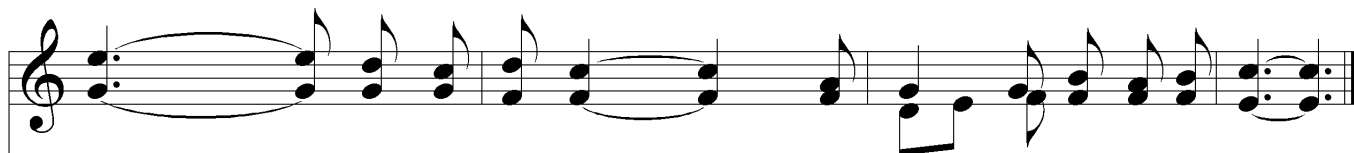
Then from the wiles of the tem - per I shall be safe in Thy care.
Je - sus my bless - ed Re - deem - er, This is the pray'r of my heart.
This is my ear - nest en - deav - or, Je - sus my Ref - uge, my All.

More Holy Would I Be

Chorus



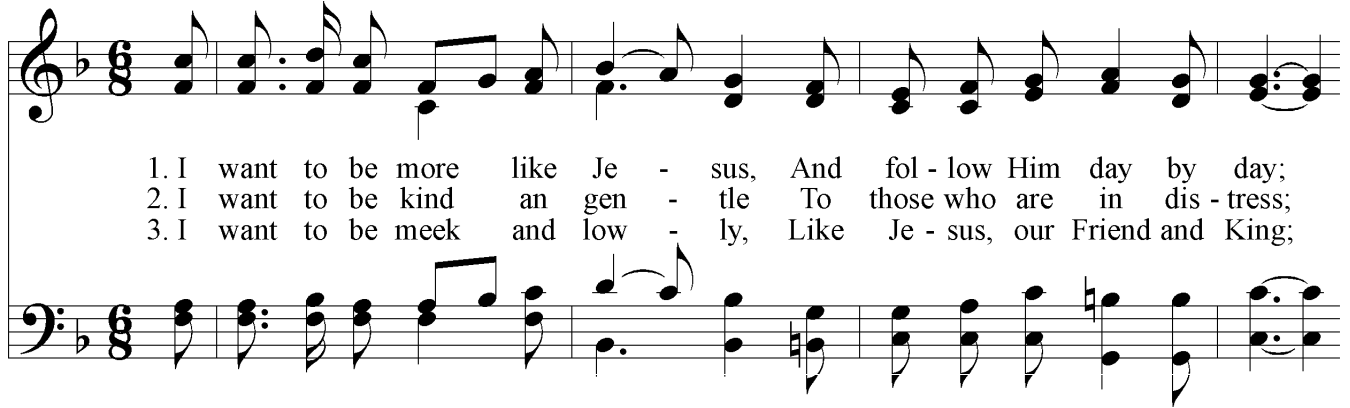
Ho - ly, more ho - ly, O still would I be,
Ho-ly, more ho - ly, Ho-ly, more ho - ly, Bless-ed Re-deem-er, O still would I be,



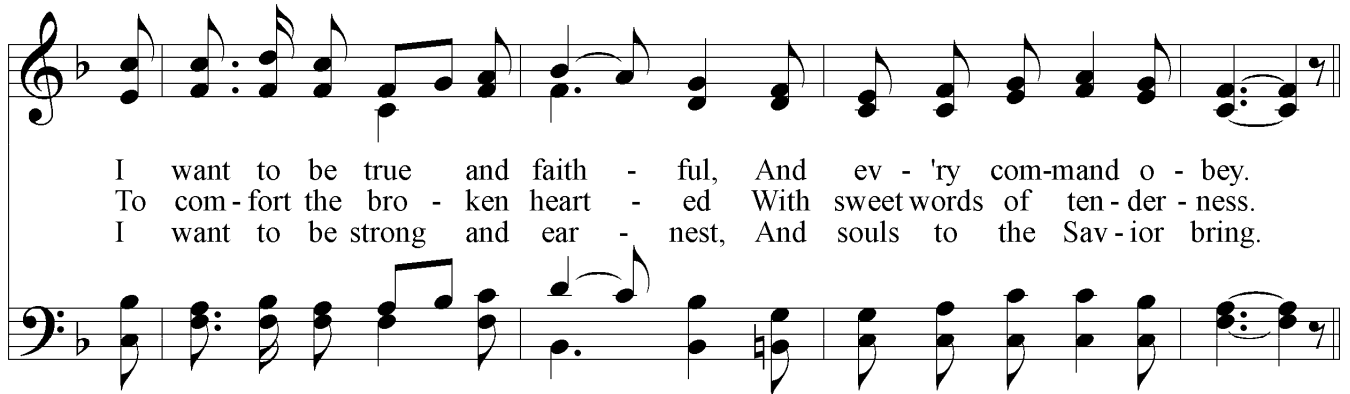
Fill with Thy Spir - it, And draw me clos-er to thee.
Fill with Thy Spir - it, O fill with Thy Spir - it,



More Like Jesus (Arr. 1)

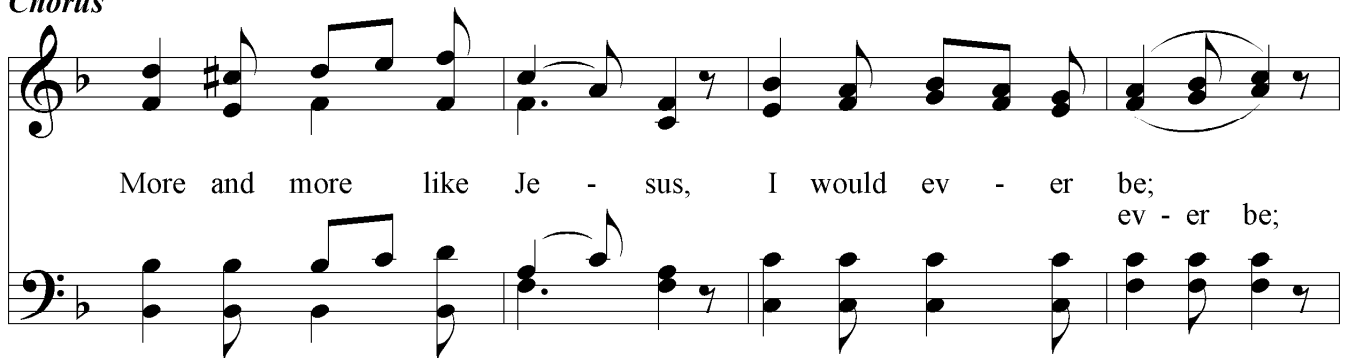


1. I want to be more like Je - sus, And fol - low Him day by day;
2. I want to be kind an gen - tle To those who are in dis - tress;
3. I want to be meek and low - ly, Like Je - sus, our Friend and King;

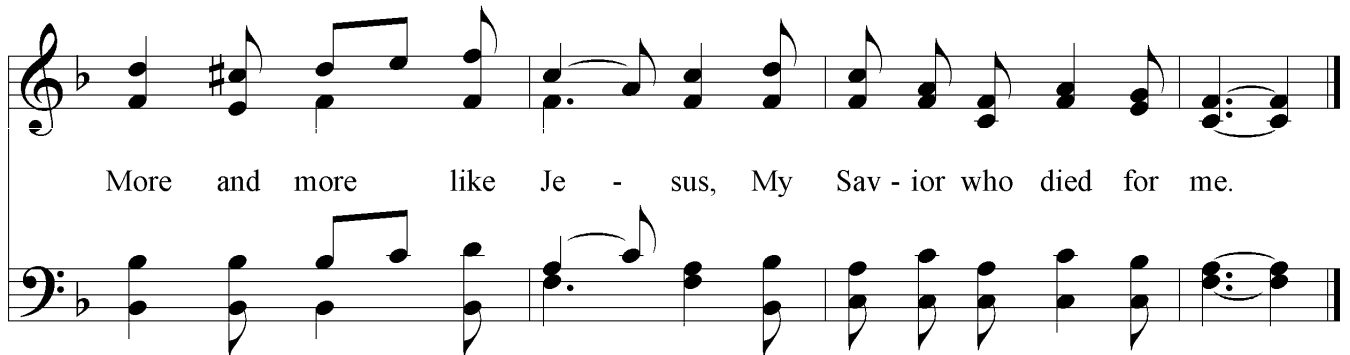


I want to be true and faith - ful, And ev - 'ry com-mand o - bey.
To com - fort the bro - ken heart - ed With sweet words of ten - der - ness.
I want to be strong and ear - nest, And souls to the Sav - ior bring.

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.
 crease; More of His Spir - it, the wan - der - er to win.
 lee, More like the Mas - ter I long to ev - er be.

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 treble staff contains a melody with a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and a 7/4 time signature. 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 from the first system. The lyrics are split across two lines, with the second line starting with a lower indentation.

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 final melodic phrase with a fermata over the final note. The bass staff provides a final harmonic accompaniment.

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

The first system of music consists of a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major. The treble staff contains the vocal melody with lyrics, and the bass staff contains the piano accompaniment.

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,

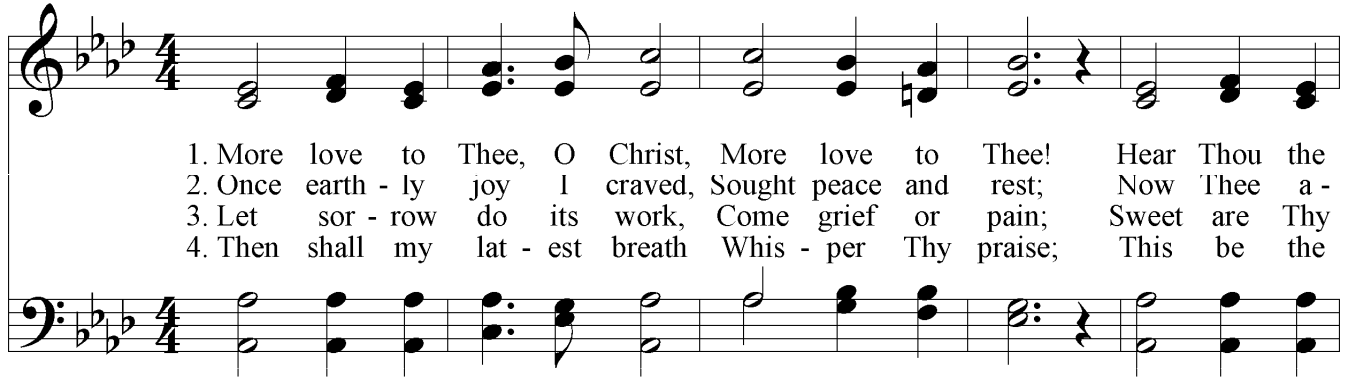
The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system, with lyrics aligned under the notes.

Chorus

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

The chorus section features a new melodic line in the treble staff and corresponding accompaniment in the bass staff, all in 4/4 time.

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,

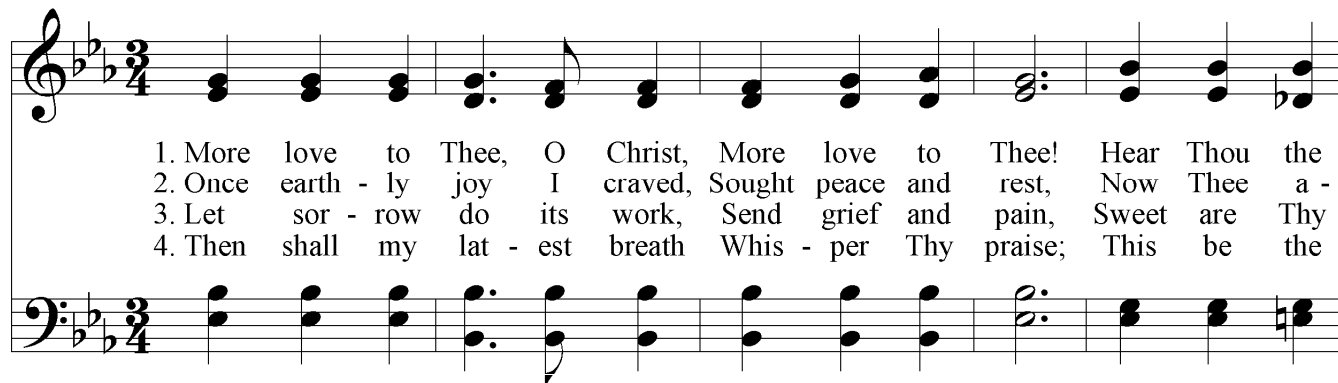
Chorus



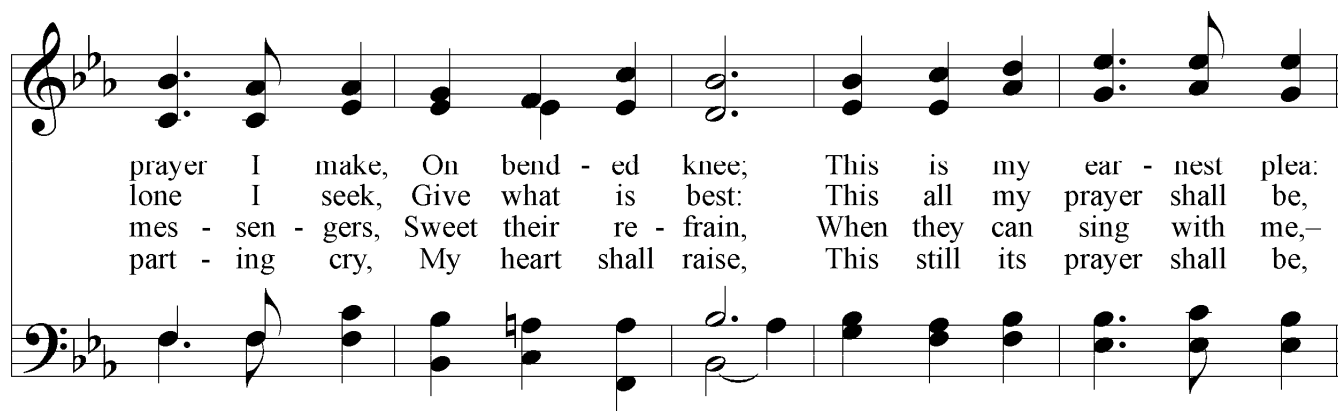
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee.

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

PAYSON 6s & 4s.

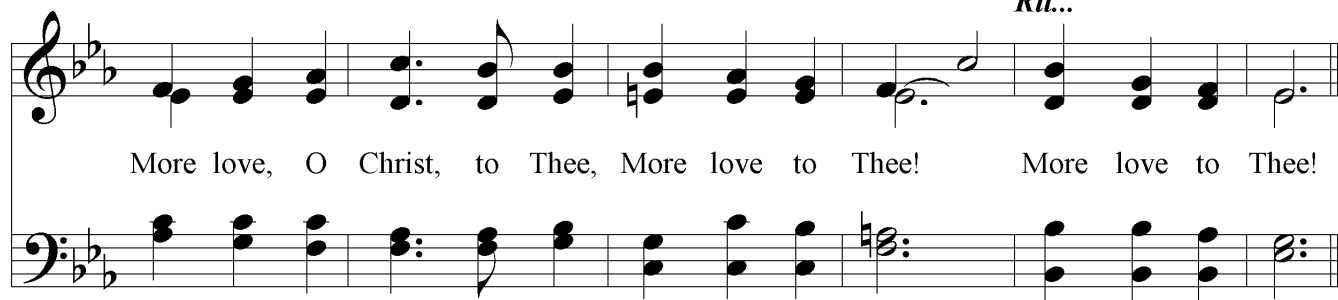


1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the
2. Once earth - ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest, Now Thee a -
3. Let sor - row do its work, Send grief and pain, Sweet are Thy
4. Then shall my lat - est breath Whis - per Thy praise; This be the



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 car - 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

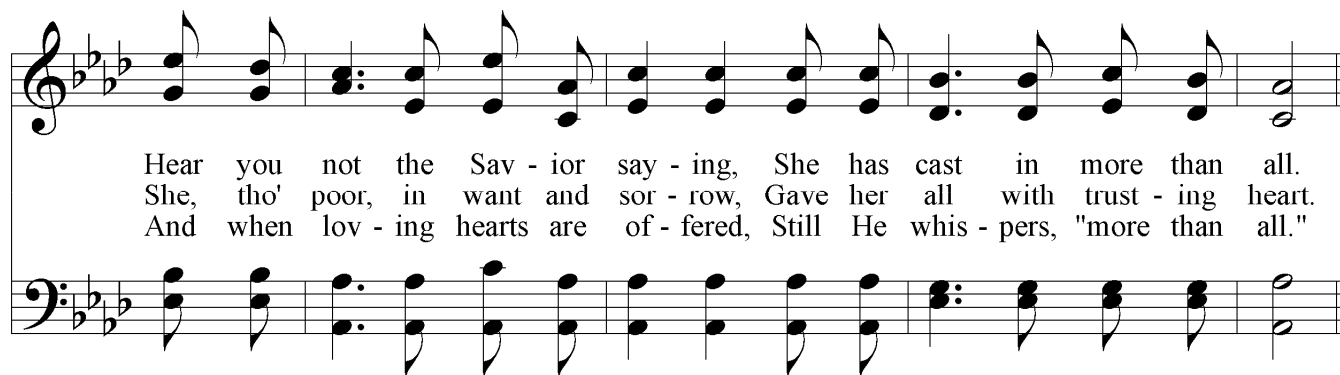
long the way a - long the way, Je - sus grows more pre - cious to my soul.

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, then a half note B4. A slur covers the next four notes: G4, A4, B4, and C5. The melody continues with a quarter note D5, a quarter note E5, a quarter note F5, and a quarter note G5. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment, starting with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note G2, a quarter note A2, a quarter note B2, and a quarter note C3. The accompaniment continues with a quarter note D3, a quarter note E3, a quarter note F3, and a quarter note G3. The piece concludes with a final chord in the treble staff (G4, A4, B4, C5) and a final chord in the bass staff (G2, A2, B2, C3).

More Than All

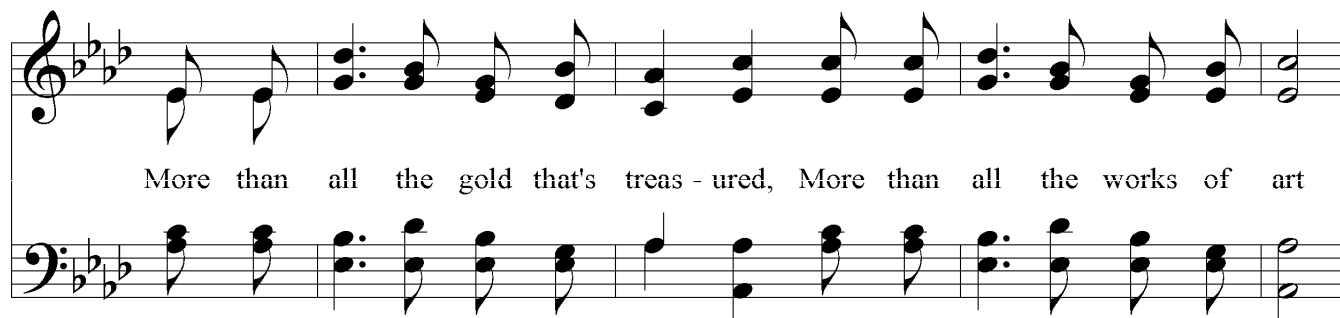


1. See you not the hum - ble wid - ow Stand - ing in the tem - ple hall,
2. Oth - ers gave of their a - bun - dance On - ly just a lit - tle part;
3. Christ to - day is stand - ing, watch - ing Ev - 'ry gift that we let fail,

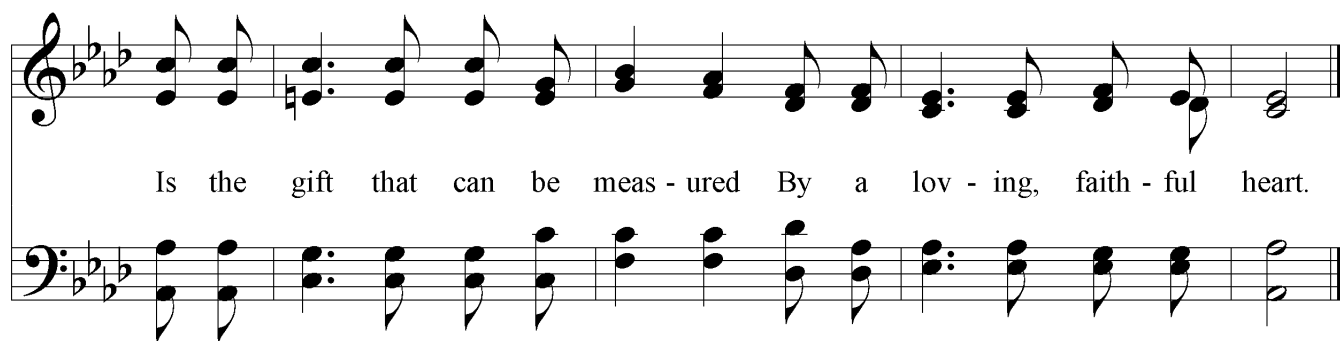


Hear you not the Sav - ior say - ing, She has cast in more than all.
She, tho' poor, in want and sor - row, Gave her all with trust - ing heart.
And when lov - ing hearts are of - fered, Still He whis - pers, "more than all."

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 Conquerors

F



1. Thru the cleans - ing blood of the dy - ing Lamb, Thru the pow'r of grace
2. Who shall sev - er us from the Sav - ior's love, Or shall blot our names
3. More than con - quer - ors! There our Cap - tain stands, While our names are grav -



and the pre - cious name, Thru the light that beams from the Morn - ing Star,
from Life's book a - bove? Nei - ther pre - sent things, nor the things to come,
en up - on His hands; Tho' the pow'rs of dark - ness a - gainst us frown,



Rit...

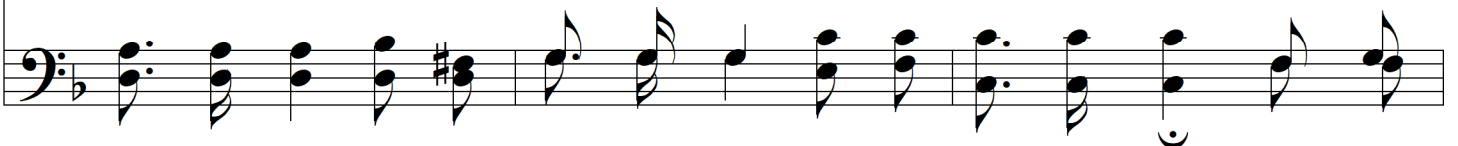
Refrain



More than con - quer - ors, con - quer - ors we are.
Shall de - feat our souls of the heav'n - ly home. More than con - quer - ors, more than
We shall win the fight, and shall wear the crown.



con - quer - ors, Thru the cleans - ing blood of the dy - ing Lamb, More than



More Than Conquerors

Rit...

con - quer-ors! More than con - quer-ors, Thru the pow'r of grace and the pre - cious name.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'More Than Conquerors'. It consists of two staves: a vocal line in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piece concludes with a 'Rit...' (ritardando) instruction above the final measure of the vocal line. The bass line provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

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 with 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



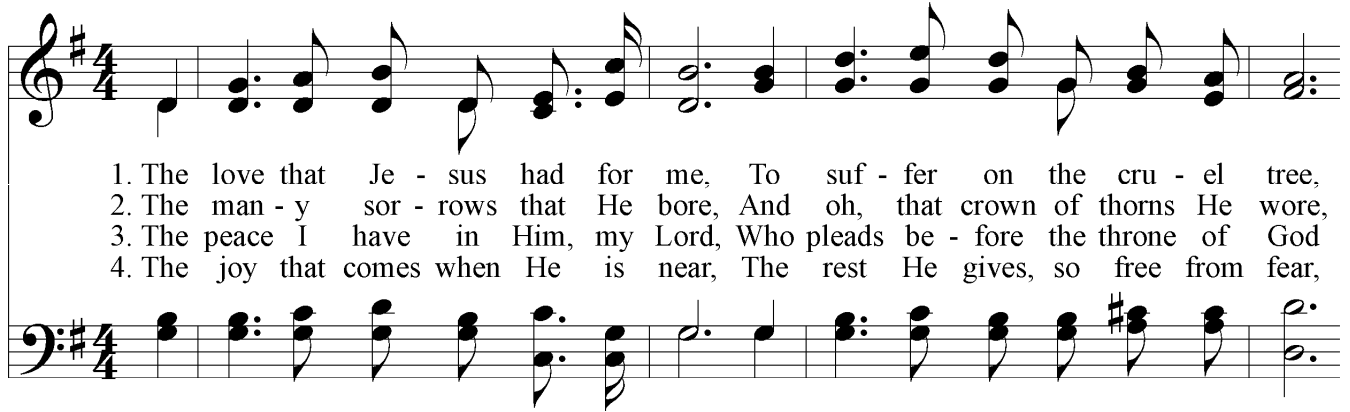
I know that He pro - vides the lil - ies, His eye each fall - ing spar - row sees;



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,

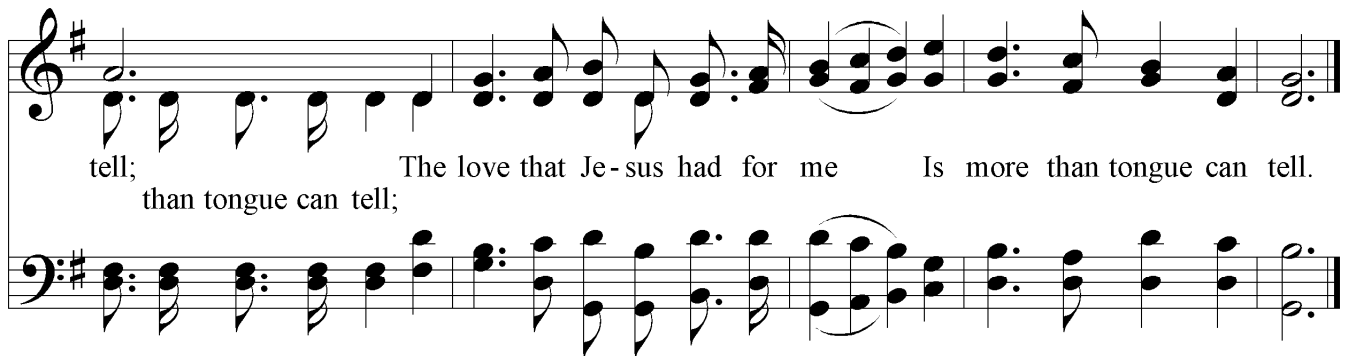


That I a ran - somed soul might be, Is more than tongue can tell.
That I might live for ev - er - more, Is more than tongue can tell.
The mer - it of His pre - cious blood, Is more than tongue can tell.
The hope in Him so bright and clear, Is more than tongue can tell.

Chorus

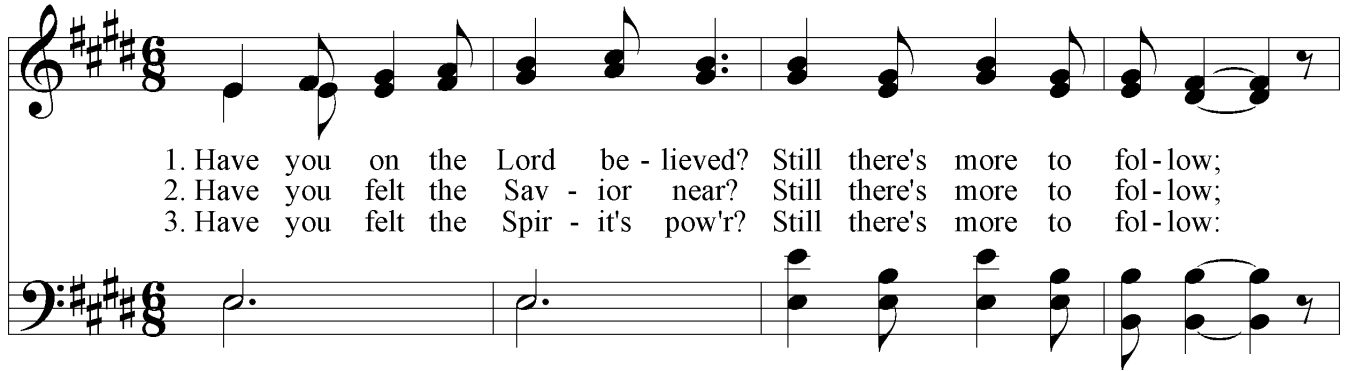


His love is more than tongue can tell; His love is more than tongue can
than tongue can tell;

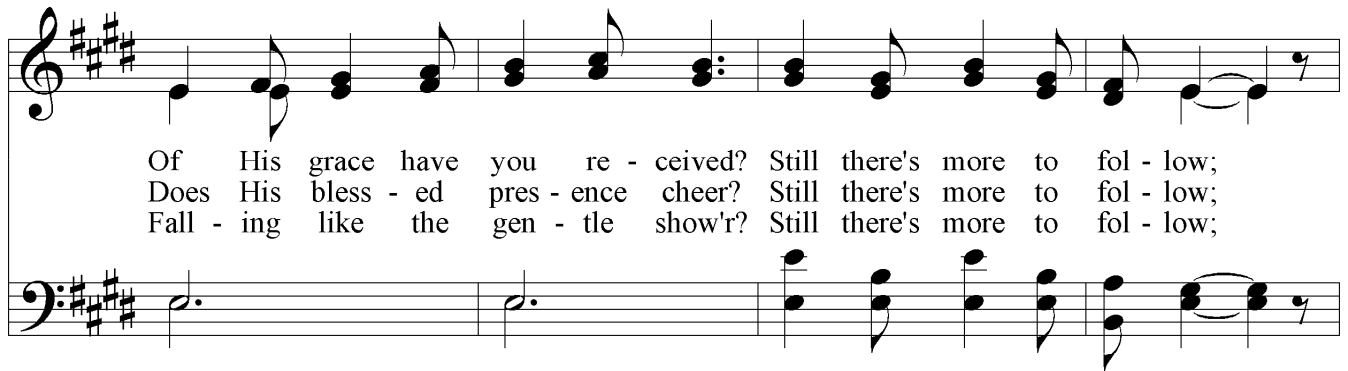


tell; The love that Je - sus had for me Is more than tongue can tell.
than tongue can tell;

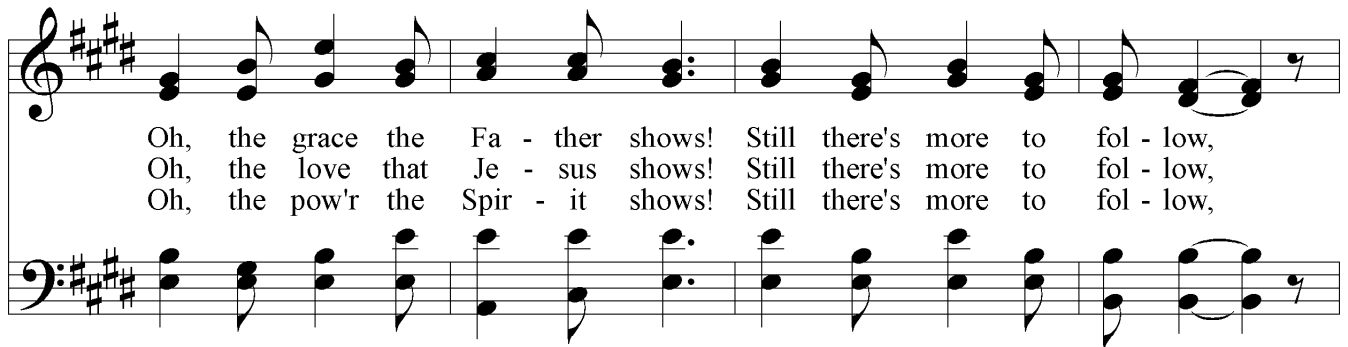
More To Follow




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.

More Would I Love Thee

A^b



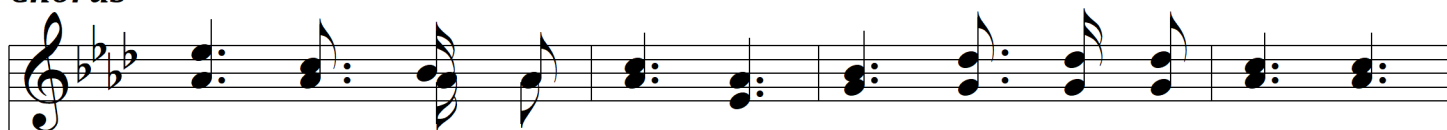
1. Sweet is Thy love, O Christ to me, Full - ness of peace I find in Thee;
2. More of Thy love my heart would feel, More of Thy - self in me re - veal;
3. More of Thy grace and sav - ing pow'r Breathe in my soul this ho - ly hour;



Ne'er have I loved Thee so be - fore; Help me to love Thee more and more.
O may the Spir - it wake in me Deep - er af - fec - tion, Lord, for Thee!
All of my na - ture, Lord, re - fine; Make me and keep me whol - ly Thine.



Chorus



More, more would I love Thee, More faith - ful - ly serve Thee,

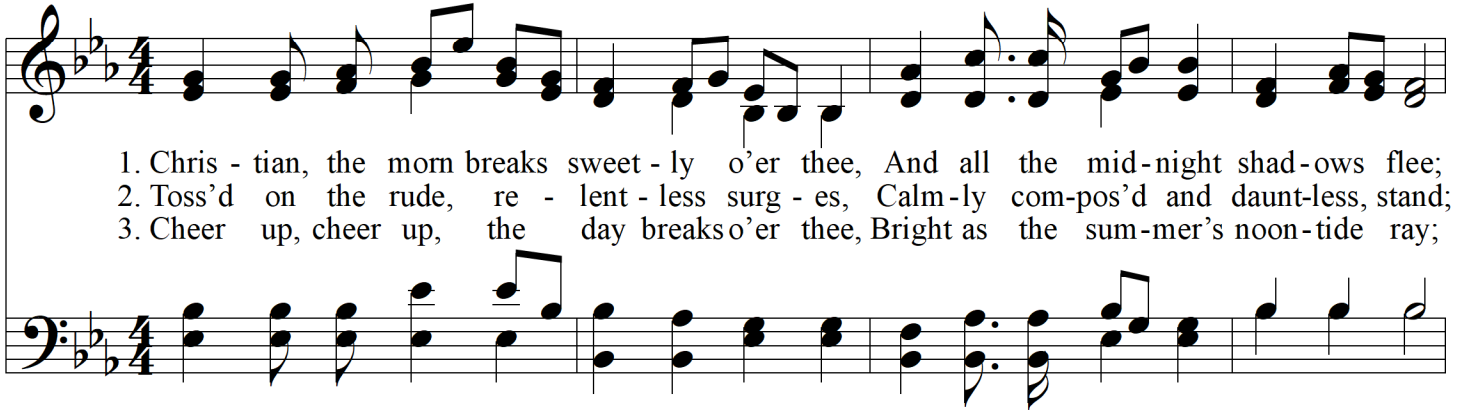


More per - fect - ly know Thee, Help me to love Thee more and more.

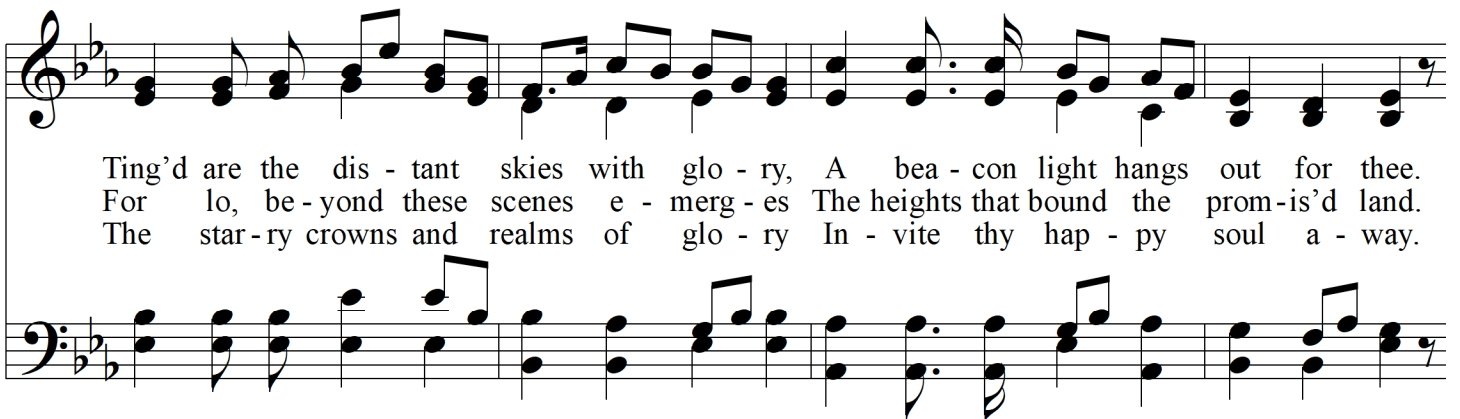


Morn Breaks O'er Thee


E♭



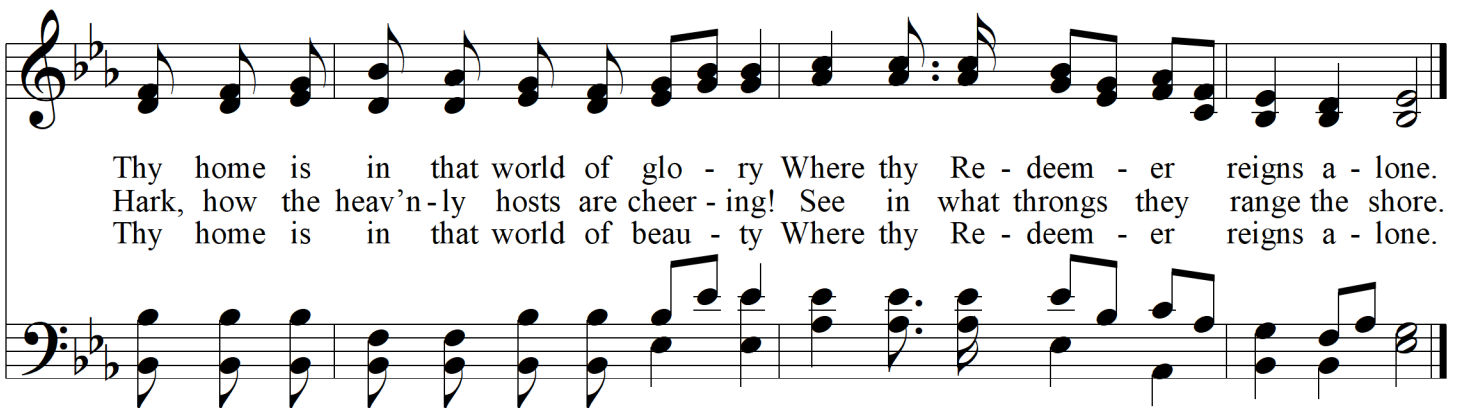
1. Chris - tian, the morn breaks sweet - ly o'er thee, And all the mid - night shad - ows flee;
2. Toss'd on the rude, re - lent - less surg - es, Calm - ly com - pos'd and daunt - less, stand;
3. Cheer up, cheer up, the day breaks o'er thee, Bright as the sum - mer's noon - tide ray;



Ting'd are the dis - tant skies with glo - ry, A bea - con light hangs out for thee.
For lo, be - yond these scenes e - merg - es The heights that bound the prom - is'd land.
The star - ry crowns and realms of glo - ry In - vite thy hap - py soul a - way.



A - rise! a - rise! the light breaks o'er thee, Thy name is grav - en on the throne;
Be - hold! be - hold! the land is near - ing, Where storms of e - vil rage no more;
A - way! a - way! leave all for glo - ry, Thy name is grav - en on the throne,



Thy home is in that world of glo - ry Where thy Re - deem - er reigns a - lone.
Hark, how the heav'n - ly hosts are cheer - ing! See in what throngs they range the shore.
Thy home is in that world of beau - ty Where thy Re - deem - er reigns a - lone.

Morn Eternal Breaks

D

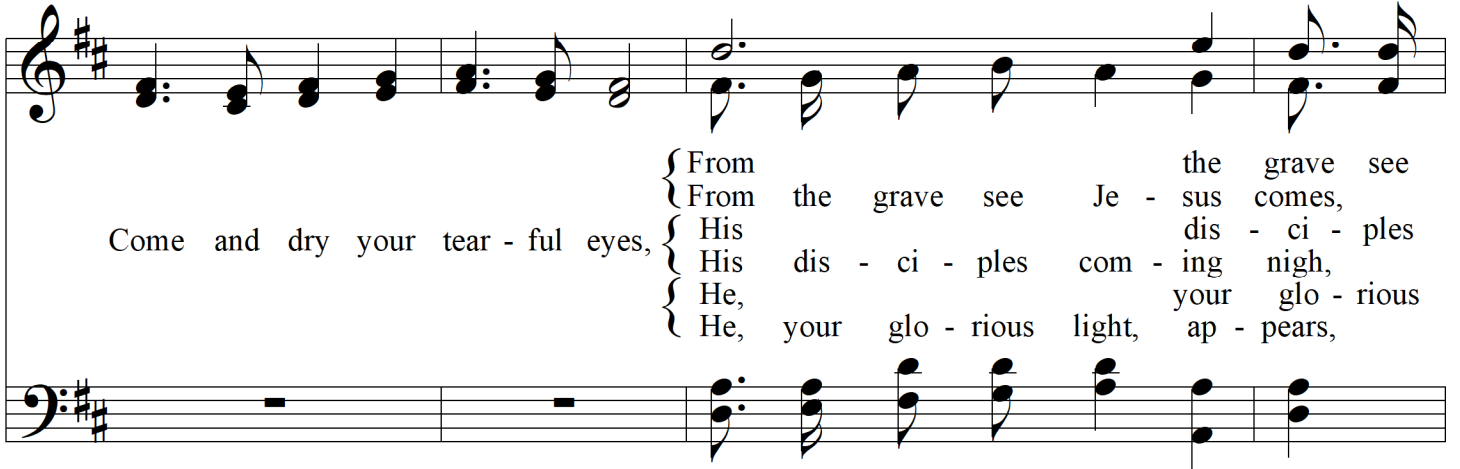
1. { Lo! the morn e - ter - nal breaks, Come and see the emp - ty
 2. { See the seal is bro - ken now, Hu - man pow'r could not Him
 3. { Ye who fear the foe - man, Death, Think up - on your bless - ed

tomb, From the dead the Sav - ior wakes,
 tomb, the emp - ty tomb; From the dead the Sav - ior wakes,
 stay, Lo! the an - gels to Him bow,
 stay, could not Him stay; Lo! the an - gels to Him bow,
 Lord, Think of what He did be - queath,
 Lord, your bless - ed Lord; Think of what He did be - queath,

Chorus
Slow

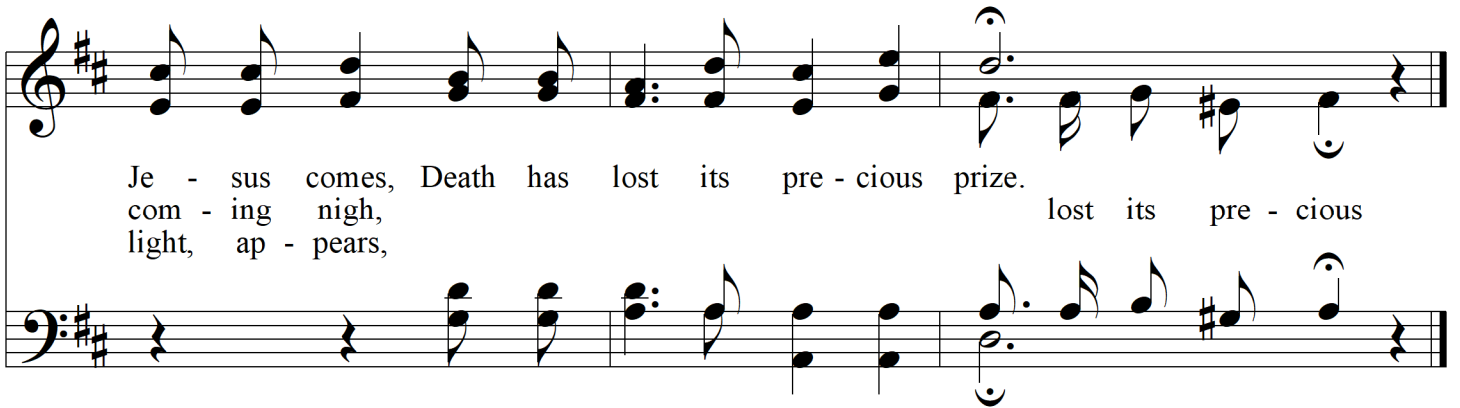
And He scat-ters all death's gloom.
 He scat-ters all death's gloom. Cease your mourn - ing, lan - guid ones,

Morn Eternal Breaks



Come and dry your tear - ful eyes,

{ From the grave see Je - sus comes,
His dis - ci - ples com - ing nigh,
He, your glo - rious light, ap - pears,
He, your glo - rious light, ap - pears,



Je - sus comes, Death has lost its pre - cious prize.
com - ing nigh, lost its pre - cious
light, ap - pears,

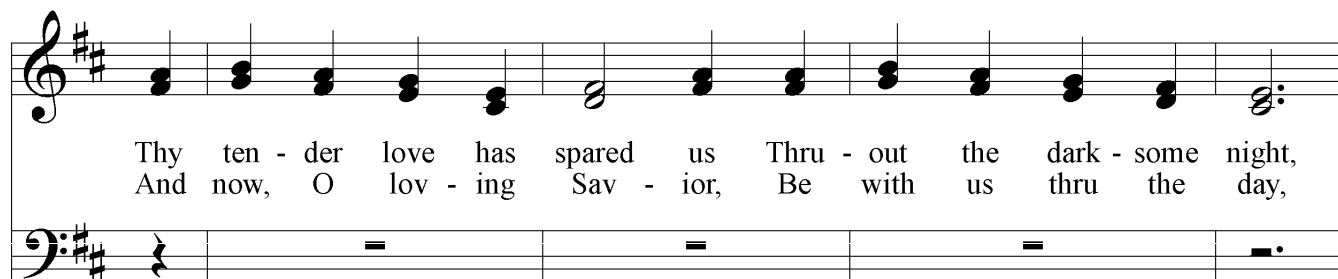
Morning Hymn



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 clef in 4/4 time. The melody is primarily composed of quarter notes and half notes, with some rests. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

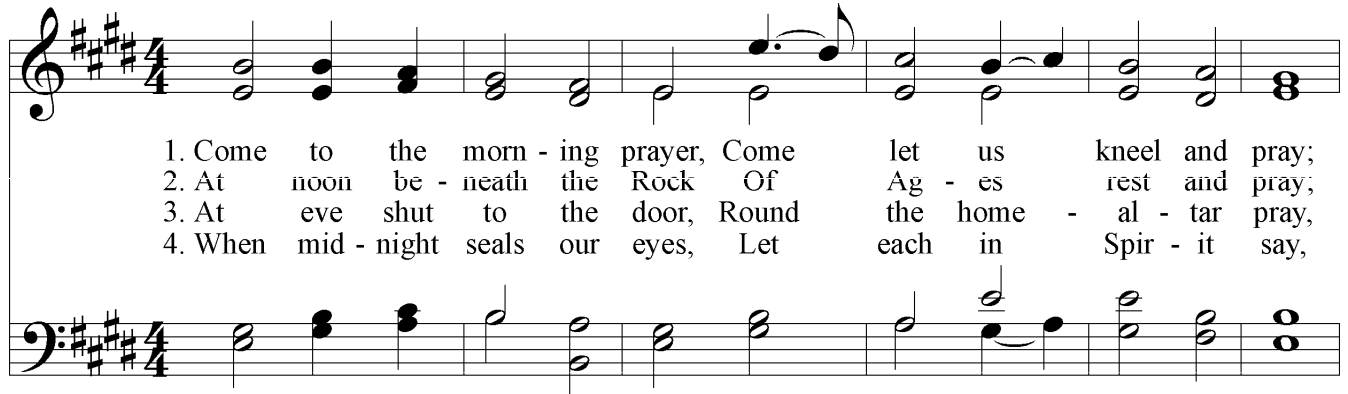
May Je - sus Christ be praised! A - like at work and prayer,
May Je - sus Christ be praised! O hark to what it sings,

The second system continues the melody with similar note values. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

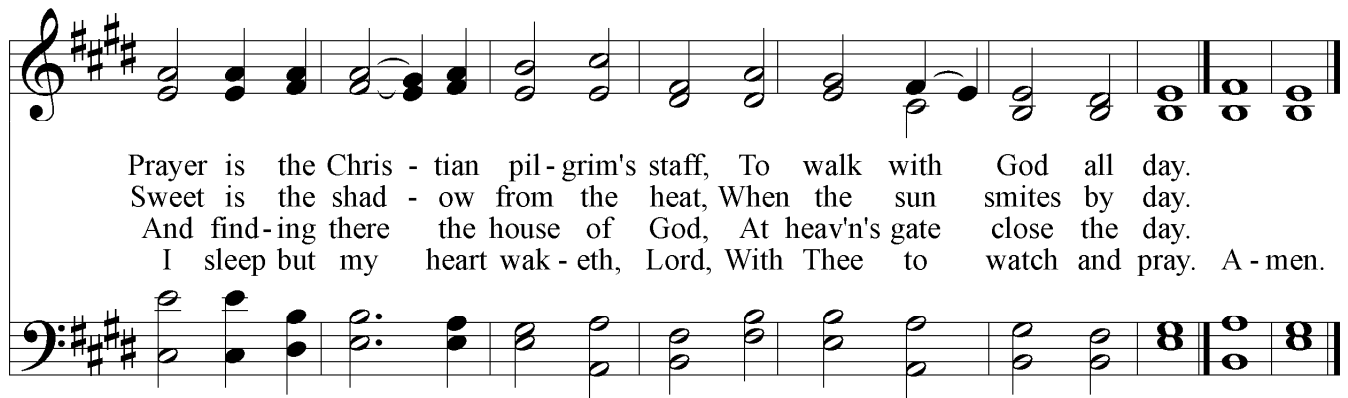
To Je - sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be praised!
As joy - ous - ly it rings, May Je - sus Christ be praised!

The third system concludes the piece with a final cadence. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

Mornington S. M.

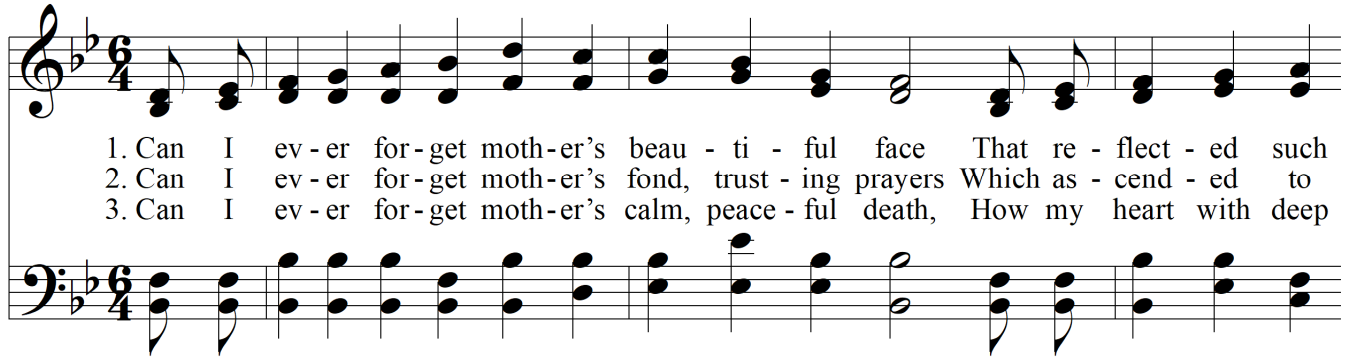


1. Come to the morn - ing prayer, Come let us kneel and pray;
2. At noon be - neath the Rock Of Ag - es rest and pray;
3. At eve shut to the door, Round the home - al - tar pray,
4. When mid - night seals our eyes, Let each in Spir - it say,



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.

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

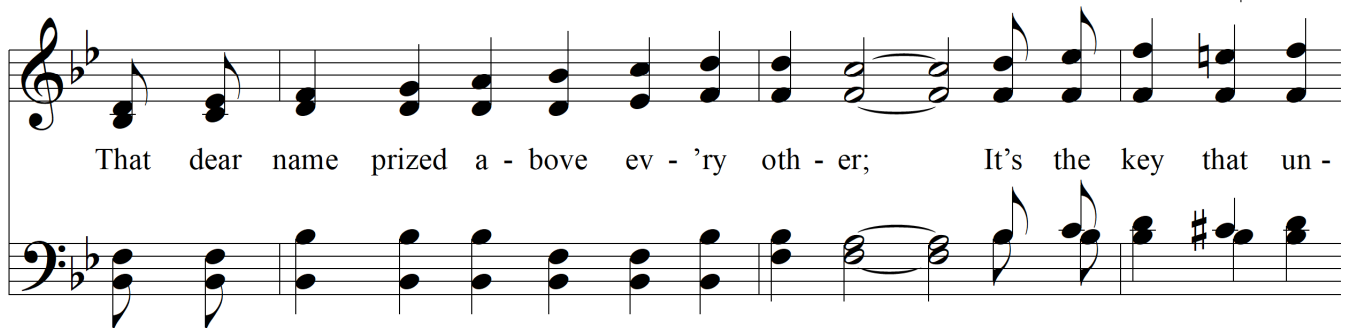


heav - en - ly love, As I lean'd on her breast with a ten - der em - brace,
God thru her tears; That her child might be kept from the tempt - er's dread snares,
an - guish was riv'n; As she kissed me and said, with a quiv - er - ing breath,

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:

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 a melody with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a final cadence. The bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment.

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.

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It concludes with a final cadence in the treble staff.

Mourn For The Slain

C

1. Mourn for the thou - sands slain, The youth - ful and the strong;
2. Mourn for the lost, - but call, Call to the strong, the free;
3. Mourn for the lost, - but pray, Pray to our God a - bove,

Mourn for the wine - cup's fear - ful reign, And the de - lud - ed throng.
Rouse them to shun that dread - ful fall, And to the Ref - uge flee.
To break the fell de - stroy - er's sway, And show His sav - ing love.

Move Forward! (Arr. 1)

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 contains a melody with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The lyrics are written below the treble staff, with the first line of lyrics aligned with the first measure of the melody. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The lyrics are: "for - ward, move for - ward, The light be - gins to shine." on the first line, and "Move for - ward, move for - ward," on the second line. The music ends with a double bar line.

Move Forward (Arr. 2)

F

Martial



1. Let the whole wide world be tak - en, In the name of Christ, our King;
2. On - ward with the Gos - pel sto - ry! Let the Word of Life pre - vail
3. Take the ar - mor of sal - va - tion, Bat - tling on the fields a - far



Let the pow'rs of sin be shak - en, And our shouts of vic - t'ry ring;
O - ver e - vils grim and hoar - y; Nev - er shall our Lead - er fail;
Gi - ant ills, in ev - 'ry na - tion, Fall be - fore the Morn - ing Star,



Je - sus calls; why should we tar - ry? Let our loy - al hearts re - spond,
He it is who goes be - fore us, 'Tis His ban - ner floats on high;
"Go ye," hear the Mas - ter say - ing, With His ev - er - con - q'ring sword

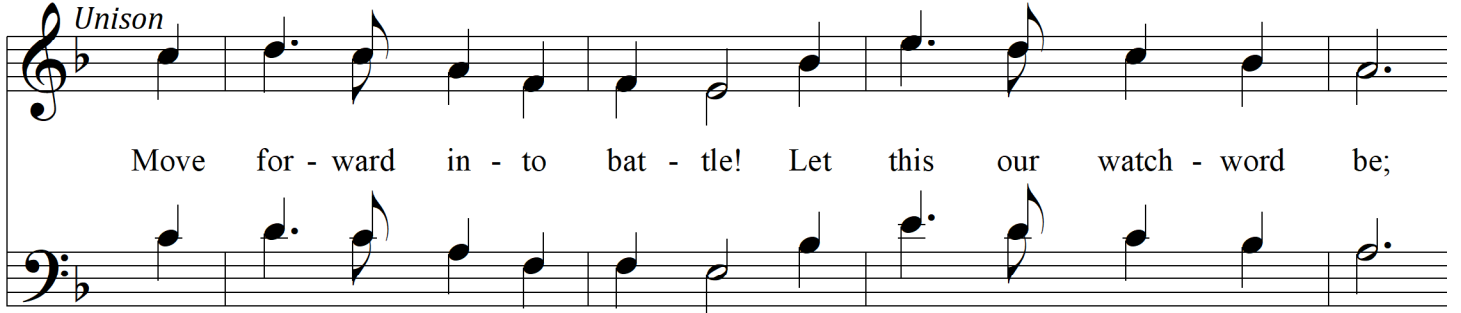


And the fight of faith we'll car - ry To the re - gions still be - yond.
Lift a - gain the joy - ful cho - rus, Hail the tri - umph draw - ing nigh.
Help us, Lord, Thy word o - bey - ing, Faith shall gain a rich re - ward.

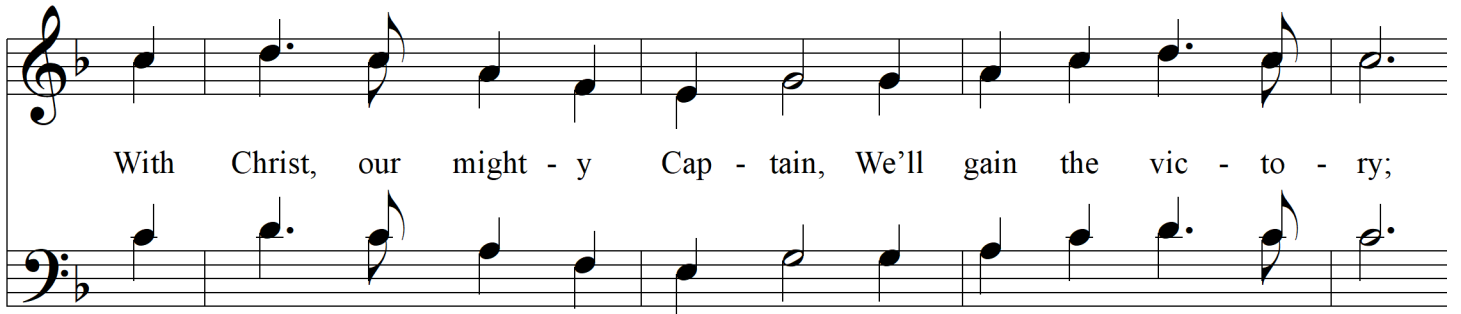
Move Forward

Chorus

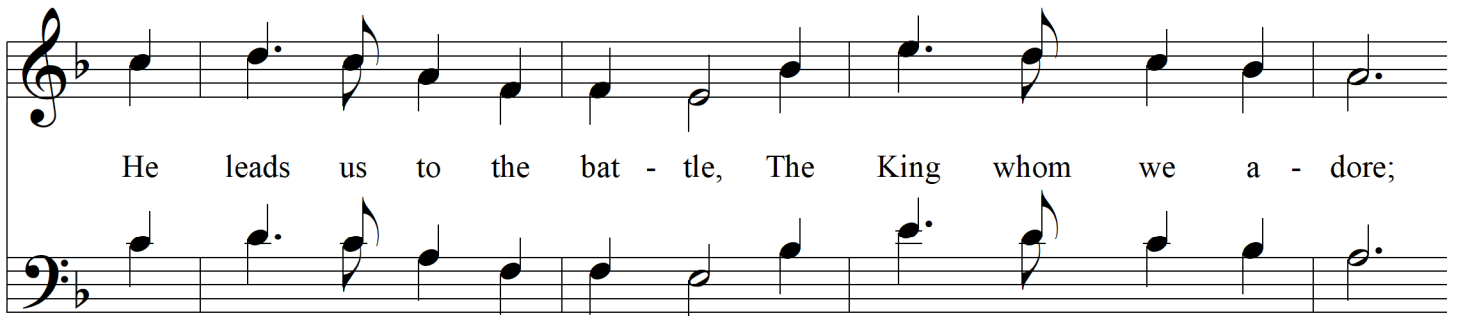
Unison



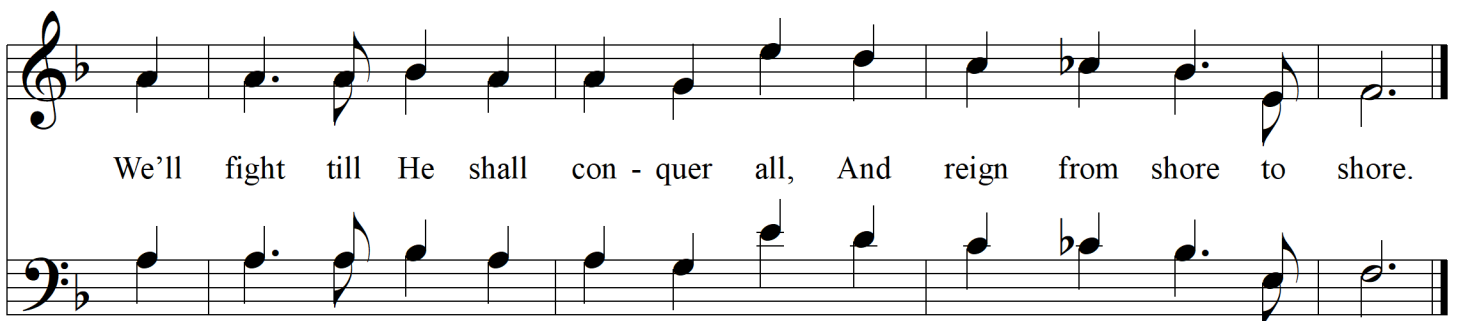
Move for - ward in - to bat - tle! Let this our watch - word be;



With Christ, our might - y Cap - tain, We'll gain the vic - to - ry;



He leads us to the bat - tle, The King whom we a - dore;



We'll fight till He shall con - quer all, And reign from shore to shore.

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 for our guide, We are mov - ing, With the

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 -



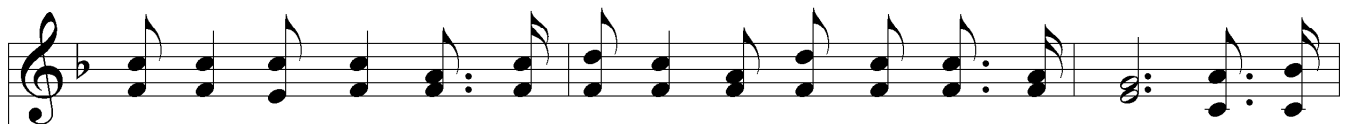
sto - ry sweet is known; When the wand'r - er, re - pent - ing, makes the Sav - ior his choice,
gath'ring, hear it moan! But a kind eye is watch - ing, and a voice calls in love,
gres - sions, did a - tone; Spot - less an - gels are wait - ing, O how glad - ly they'll sing,



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.



Music In My Soul

1 Peter 1:8

G



1. My heart's a tune-ful harp when Christ a-bides with-in, There's mu-sic in the
2. How cheer-ing is the voice of heav'n-ly mel-o-dy! How dif-f'rent is the
3. When we are dead to Self, then are we dead to sin; "An un-di-vid-ed
4. Don't bind the gi-gant down, nor lay him on the shelf, Nor leave him dead on
5. Then Love be-gins her life of work, and song, and prayer, With not a mo-ment



name of Je-sus; But Sa-tan al-ways strikes the chords of doubt and sin; I
world's com-plain-ing! And we may make the choice of what this life shall be, With
heart," says Je-sus; Till then the Prince of Peace can-not a-bide with-in, With
Si-ni's moun-tain; There's on-ly one sure way to ride the heart of Self,- A
lost in sigh-ing; To save a dy-ing world, is all her tho't and care, For

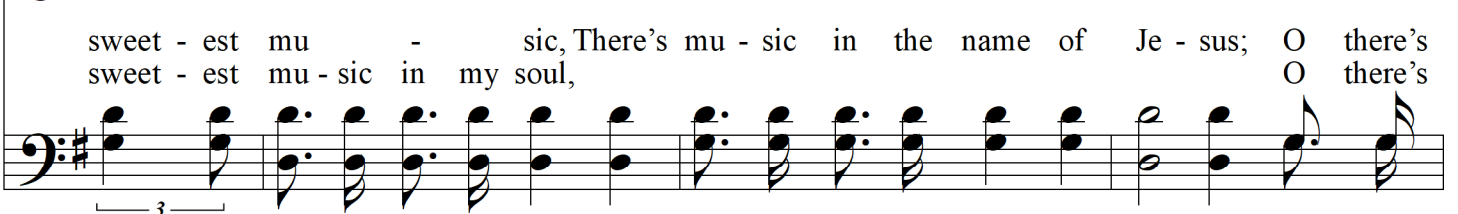


Chorus

love the gen-tle touch of Je-sus.
prom-ise of the life re-main-ing. O there's mu-sic,
Self there is no room for Je-sus.
bur-ial deep in Cal-v'ry's foun-tain. O there's mu-sic in my soul,
love is more than self de-ny-ing.



sweet-est mu-sic, There's mu-sic in the name of Je-sus; O there's
sweet-est mu-sic in my soul, O there's



Music In My Soul

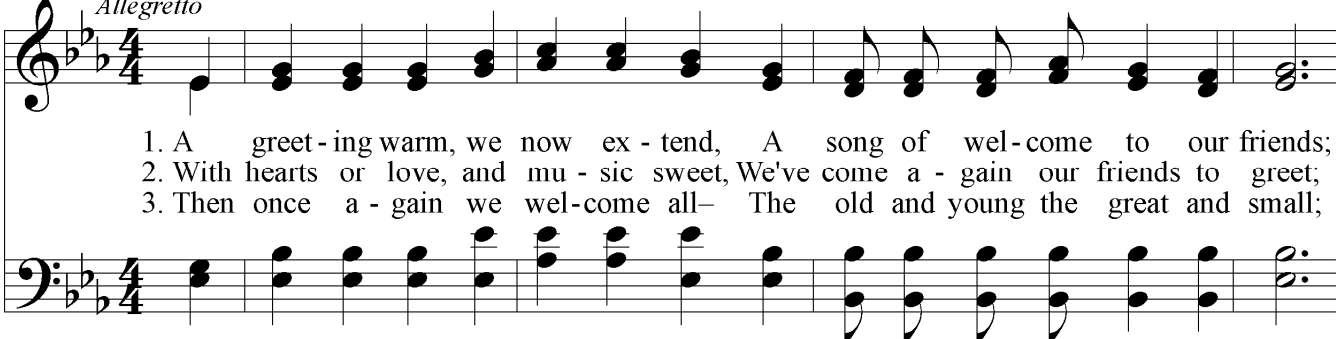
The image shows a musical score for the hymn "Music In My Soul". It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff at the top and a bass clef staff at the bottom. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The treble staff begins with a whole note chord (F#4, A4, C5), followed by a quarter note (F#4), and then a triplet of eighth notes (G4, A4, B4). The bass staff begins with a quarter note (F#2), followed by a quarter note (A2), and then a triplet of eighth notes (G2, F#2, E2). The lyrics are written between the two staves. The first line of lyrics is "mu - sic, heav'n - ly mu - sic, With Je - sus in my soul." and the second line is "mu - sic ev - ry day, heav'n - ly mu - sic all the way,". The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

mu - sic, heav'n - ly mu - sic, With Je - sus in my soul.
mu - sic ev - ry day, heav'n - ly mu - sic all the way,

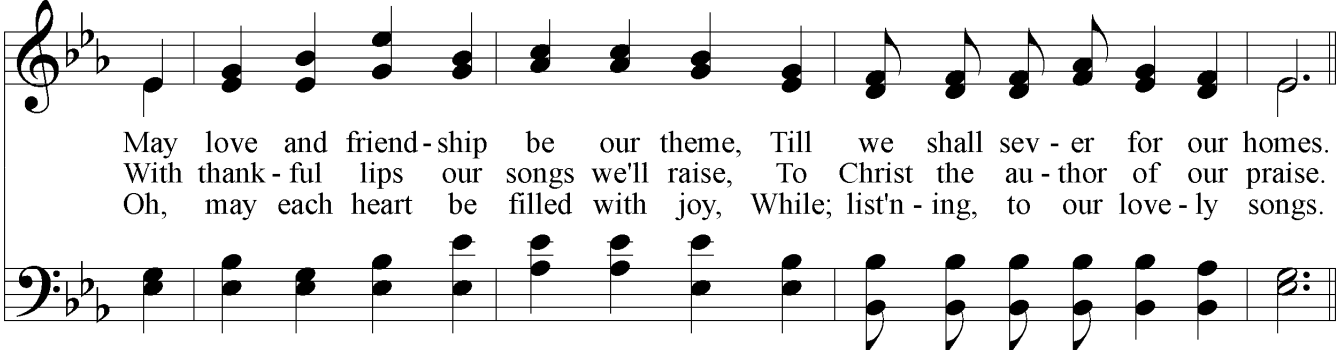
Musical Greeting

(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

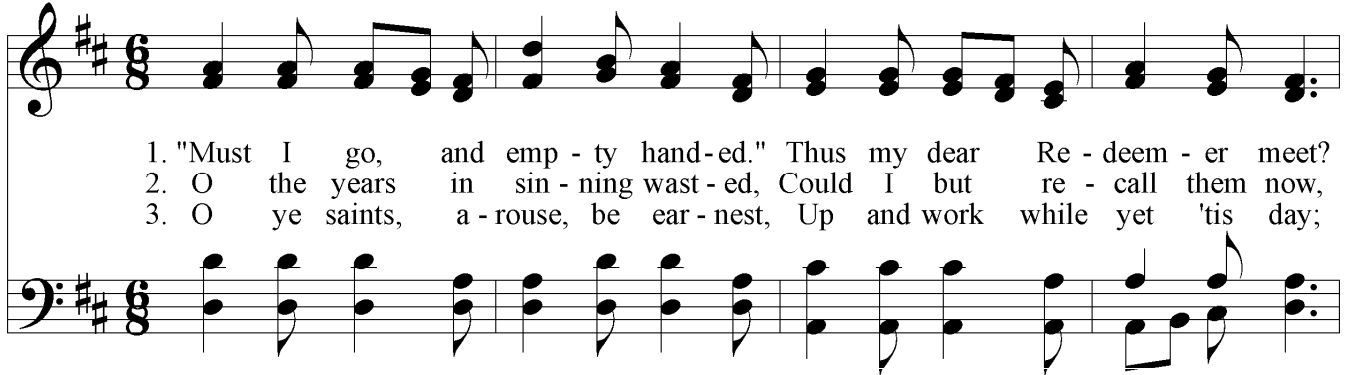


Then let our song of wel - come ring, while cheer - ful voic - es glad - ly sing;



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

Must I Go, And Empty-Handed?

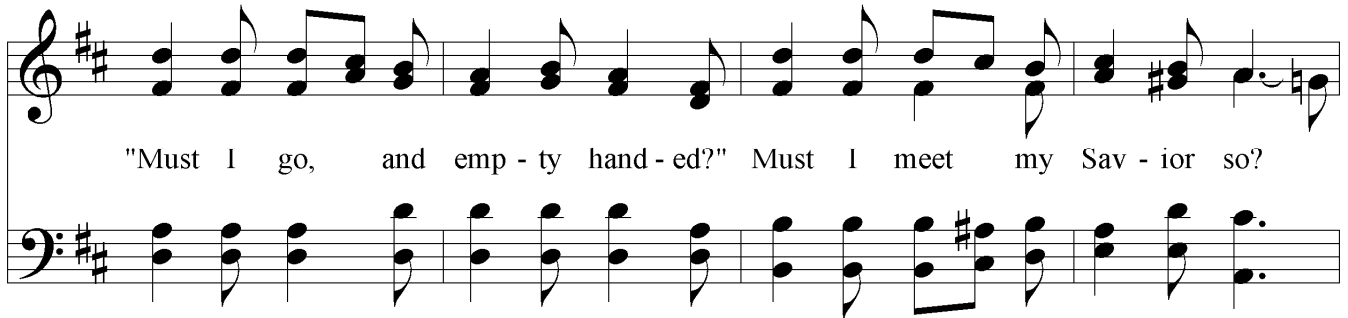


1. "Must I go, and emp - ty hand-ed." Thus my dear Re - deem - er meet?
2. O the years in sin - ning wast - ed, Could I but re - call them now,
3. O ye saints, a - rouse, be ear - nest, Up and work while yet 'tis day;

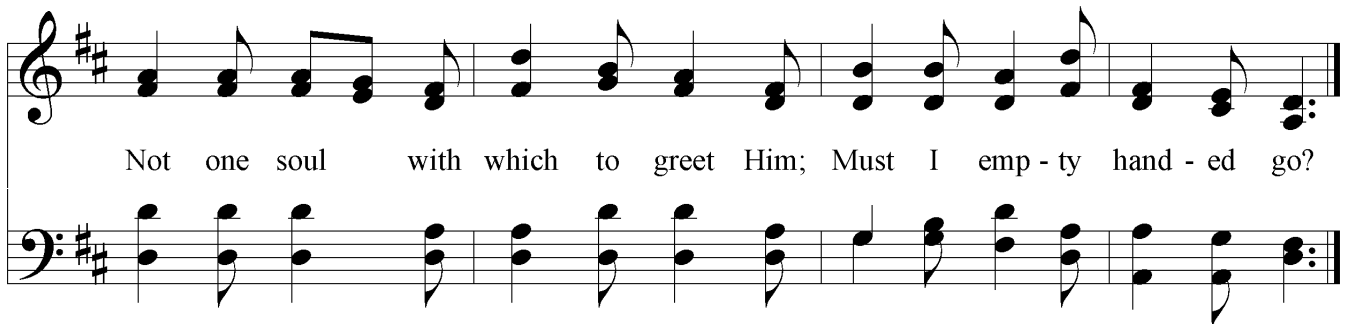


Not one day of ser - vice give Him, Lay no tro - phy at His feet?
I would give them to my Sav - ior, To His will I'd glad - ly bow.
Ere the night of death o'er - take thee, Strive for souls while still you may.

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? (3 vs.)

The musical score is written for three voices (Soprano, Alto, and Tenor/Bass) and piano accompaniment. It is in the key of A major (two sharps) and 6/4 time. The score consists of two systems. The first system contains the first three verses of the hymn. The second system contains the concluding lines of the hymn. The piano accompaniment is written in the bass clef and provides harmonic support for the vocal lines.

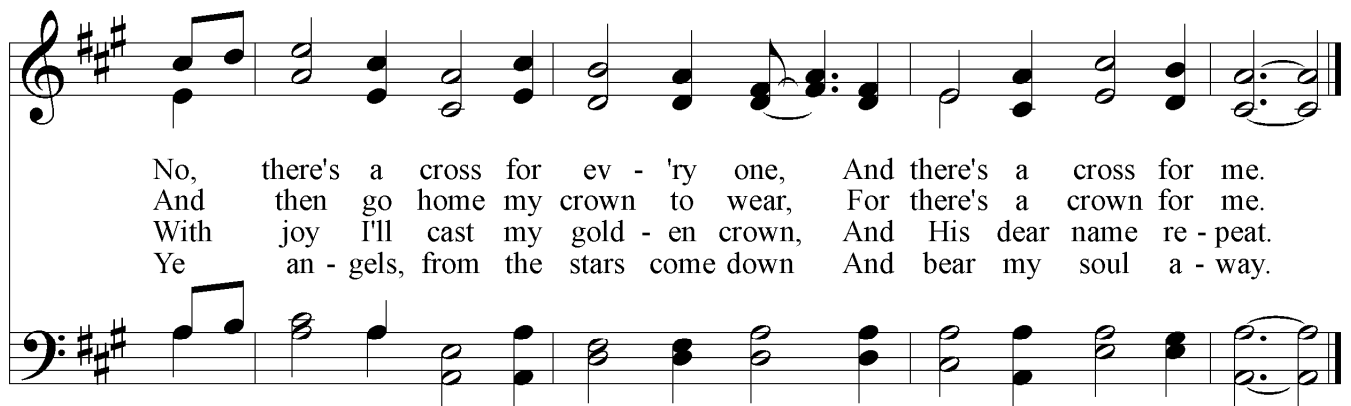
1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?—
2. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free,
3. O pre - cious cross! O glo - rious crown! O res - ur - rec - tion day!

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? (4 vs.)



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!

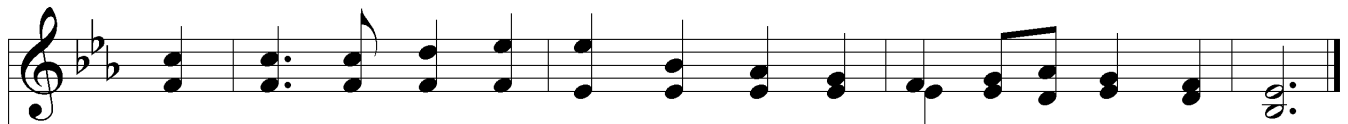


No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
With joy I'll cast my gold - en crown, And His dear name re - peat.
Ye an - gels, from the stars come down And bear my soul a - way.

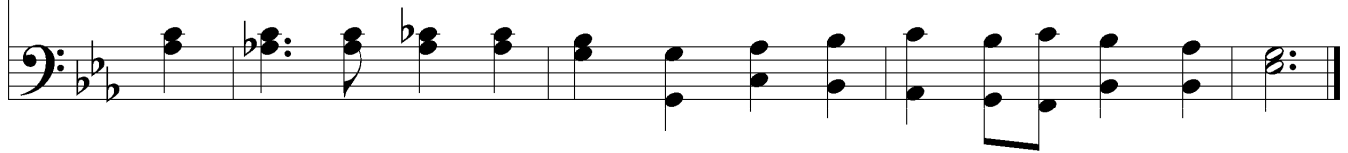
Must We Be To The Judgment Brought



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 Actions Will Show

E♭

1. I love Thee, I love Thee, I love Thee, my Lord;
 2. I'm hap - py, I'm hap - py, O, won - drous ac - count!
 3. O Je - sus, my Sav - ior, with Thee I am blest,
 4. O, who's like my Sav - ior? He's Sa - lem's bright King;

I love Thee, my Sav - ior, I love Thee, my God.
 My joys are im - mor - tal, I stand on the mount!
 My life and sal - va - tion, my joy and my rest.
 He smiles, and He loves me, and helps me to sing.

I love Thee, I love Thee, and that Thou dost know;
 I gaze on my treas - ure and long to be there,
 Thy love be my sto - ry, Thy name be my song;
 I'll praise Him, I'll praise Him, with notes loud and clear,

But how much I love Thee my ac - tions will show.
 With Je - sus and an - gels, and kin - dred so dear.
 Thy grace shall in - spire both my heart and my tongue.
 While riv - ers of pleas - ure my spir - it do cheer.

My Ain Countrie

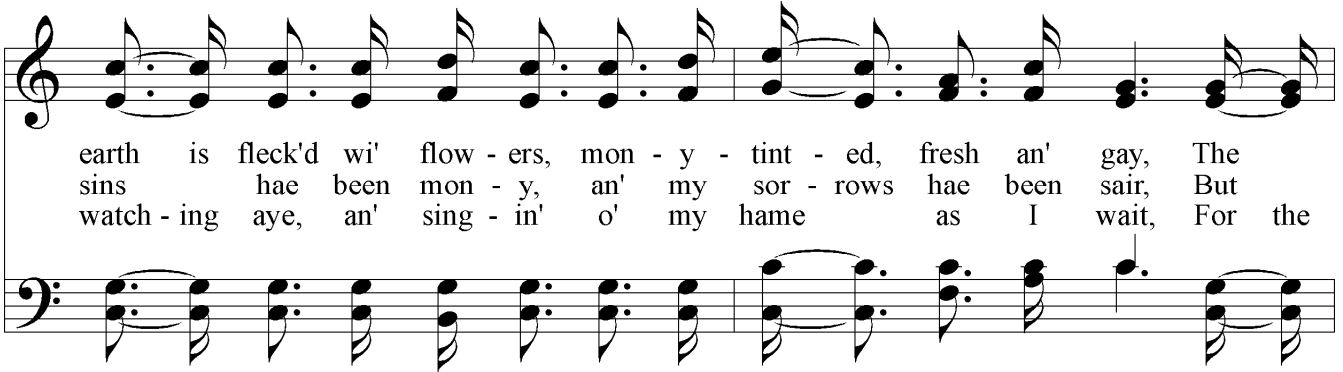
1. I am far frae my hame, an' I'm wea - ry aft - en whiles, For the
 2. I've His gude word o' prom - ise that some glad-some day, the King To
 3. He's is faith - fu' that hath prom - ised, an' He'll sure - ly come a - gain; He'll

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

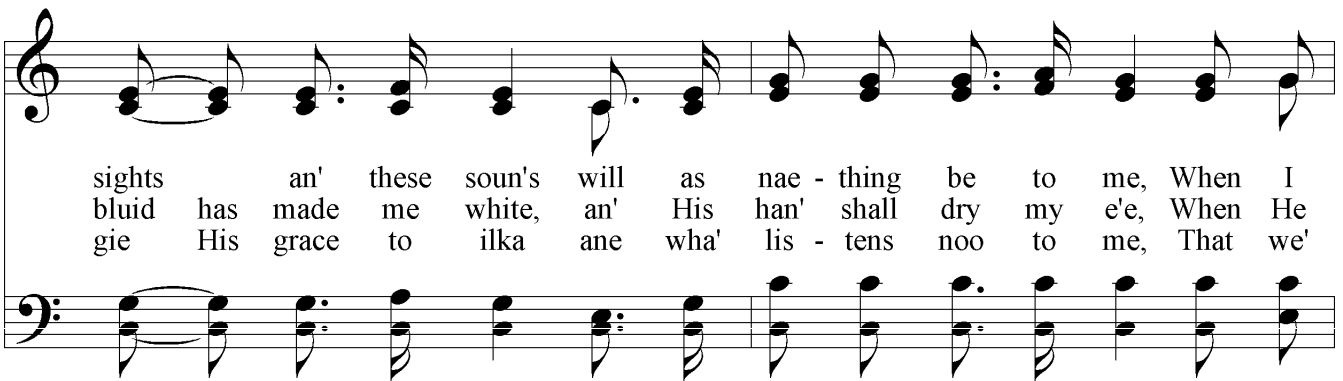
My Ain Countrie



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 the bass staff providing harmonic support. 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!

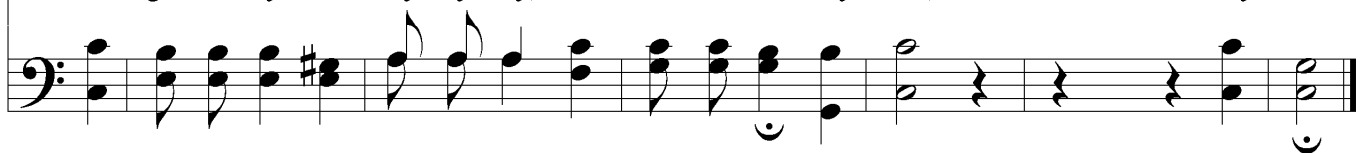
Chorus



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.

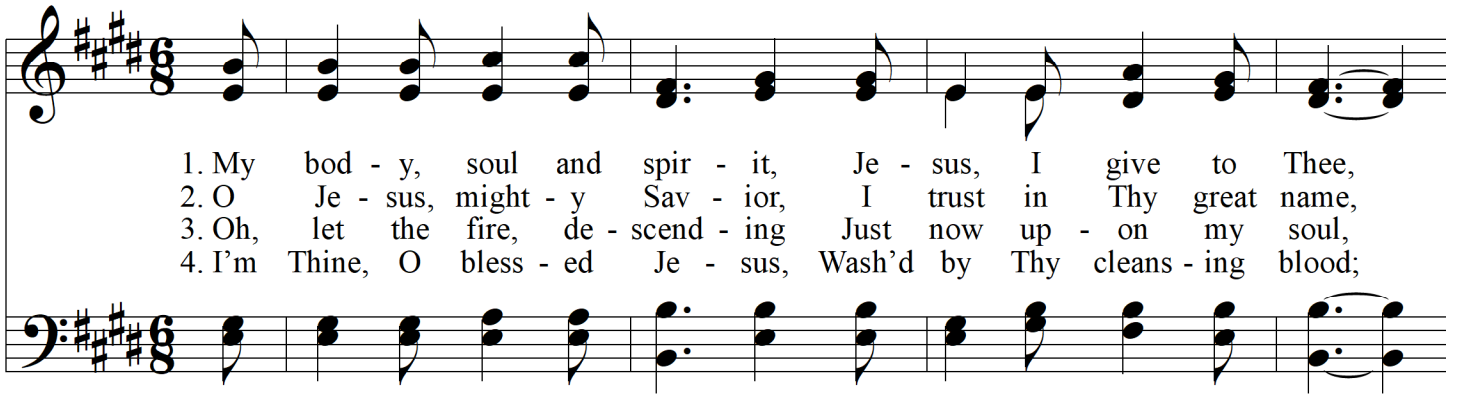


Words: Unknown

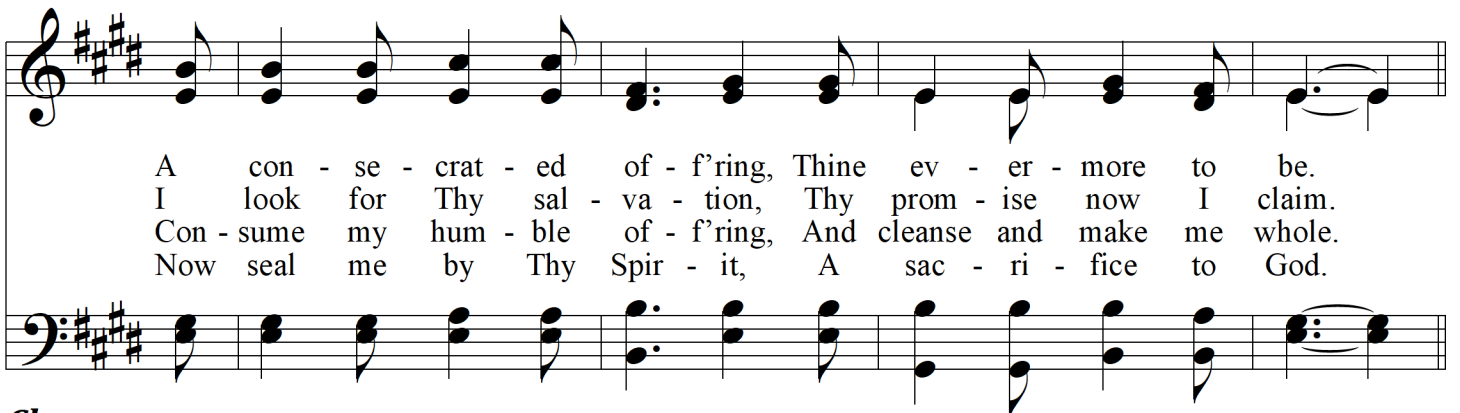
Music: From Barker, Arr. by J. B. Herbert

My Body, Soul And Spirit

E



1. My bod - y, soul and spir - it, Je - sus, I give to Thee,
2. O Je - sus, might - y Sav - ior, I trust in Thy great name,
3. Oh, let the fire, de - scend - ing Just now up - on my soul,
4. I'm Thine, O bless - ed Je - sus, Wash'd by Thy cleans - ing blood;

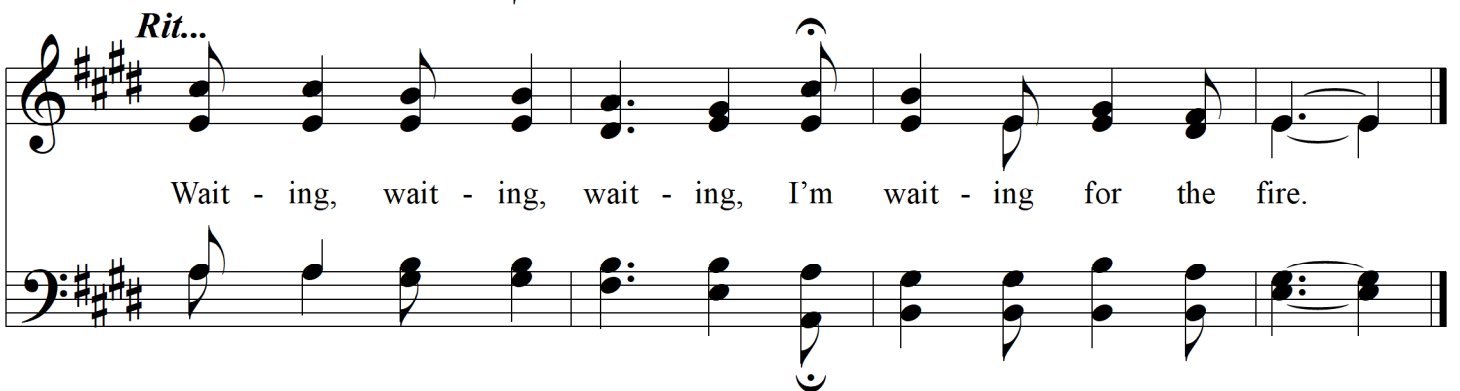


A con - se - crat - ed of - f'ring, Thine ev - er - more to be.
I look for Thy sal - va - tion, Thy prom - ise now I claim.
Con - sume my hum - ble of - f'ring, And cleanse and make me whole.
Now seal me by Thy Spir - it, A sac - ri - fice to God.

Chorus



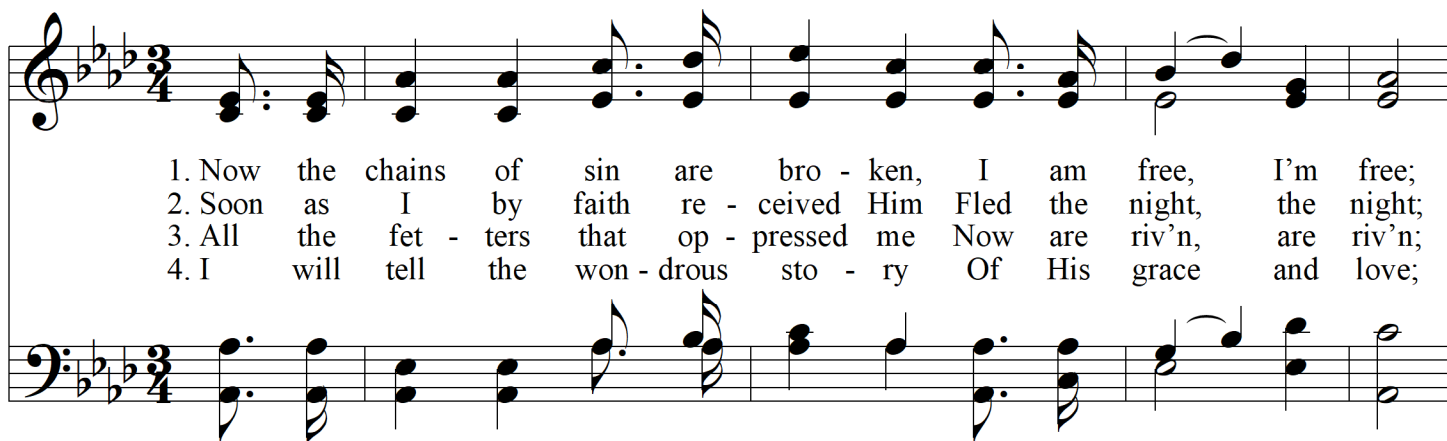
My all is on the al - tar, I'm wait - ing for the fire;



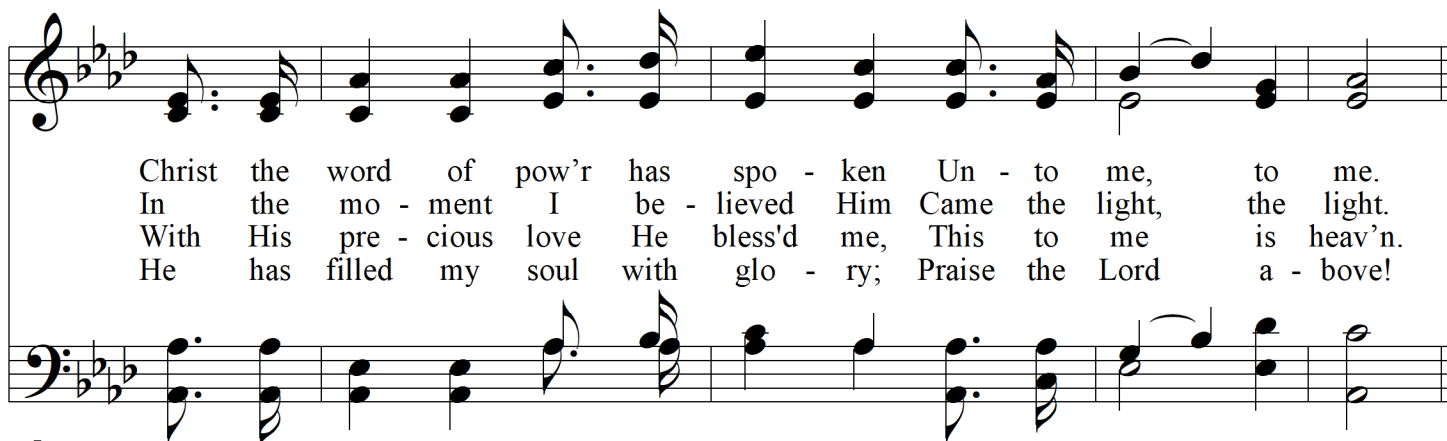
Rit...
Wait - ing, wait - ing, wait - ing, I'm wait - ing for the fire.

My Chains Are Broken

A^b

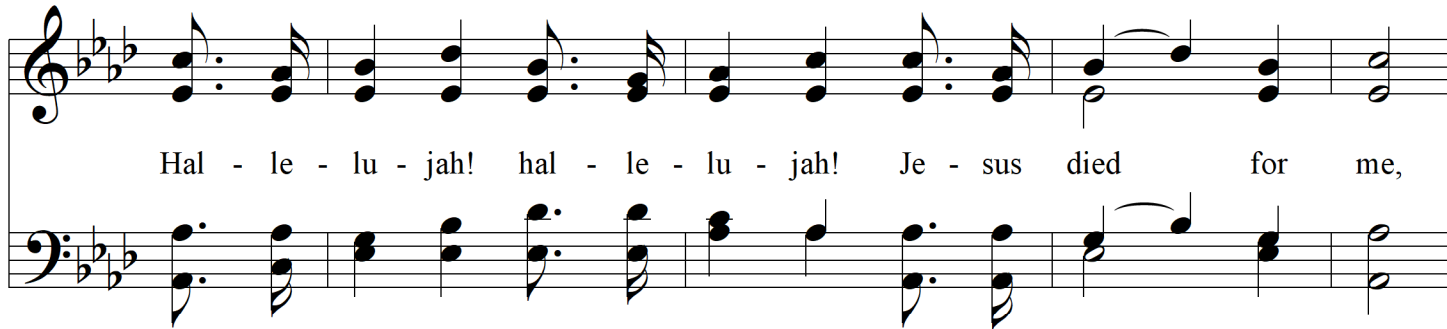


1. Now the chains of sin are bro - ken, I am free, I'm free;
2. Soon as I by faith re - ceived Him Fled the night, the night;
3. All the fet - ters that op - pressed me Now are riv'n, are riv'n;
4. I will tell the won - drous sto - ry Of His grace and love;



Christ the word of pow'r has spo - ken Un - to me, to me.
In the mo - ment I be - lieved Him Came the light, the light.
With His pre - cious love He bless'd me, This to me is heav'n.
He has filled my soul with glo - ry; Praise the Lord a - bove!

Chorus

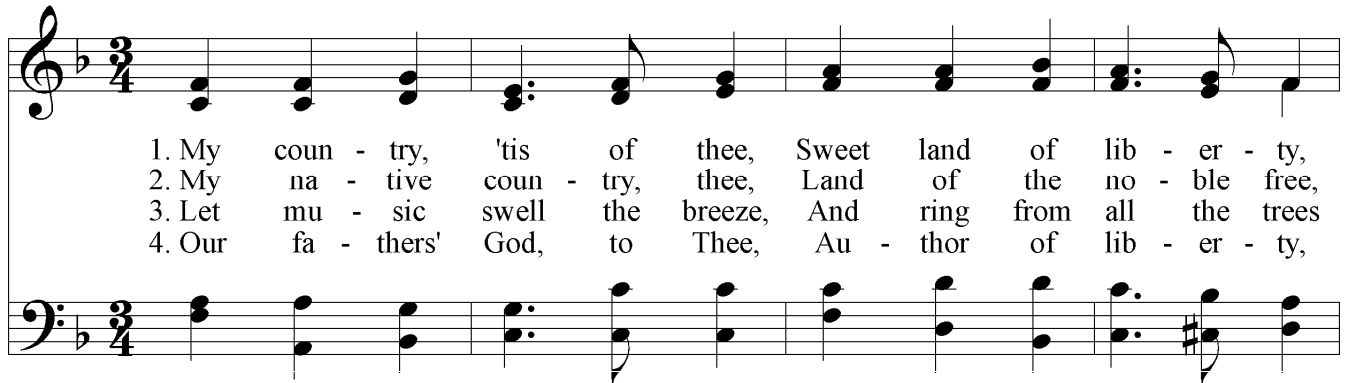


Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus died for me,



Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! I am free, I'm free.

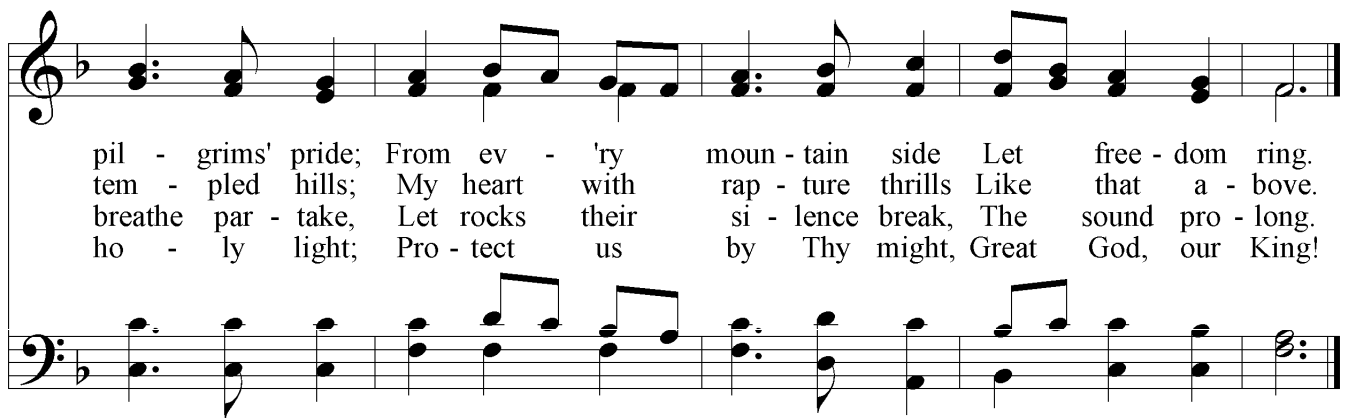
My Country, 'Tis Of Thee



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



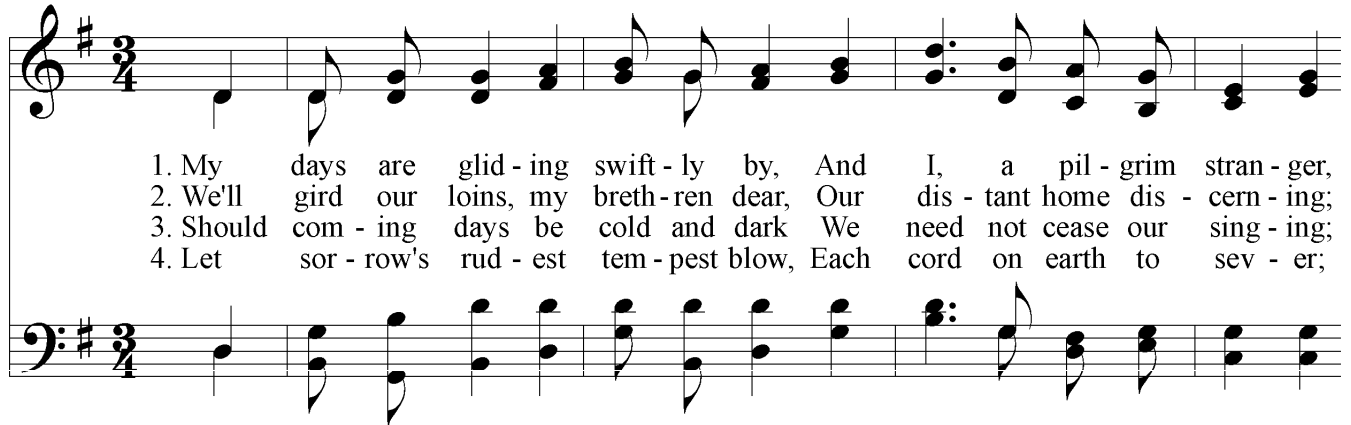
pil - grims' pride; From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring.
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe par - take, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

My Crucified Lord

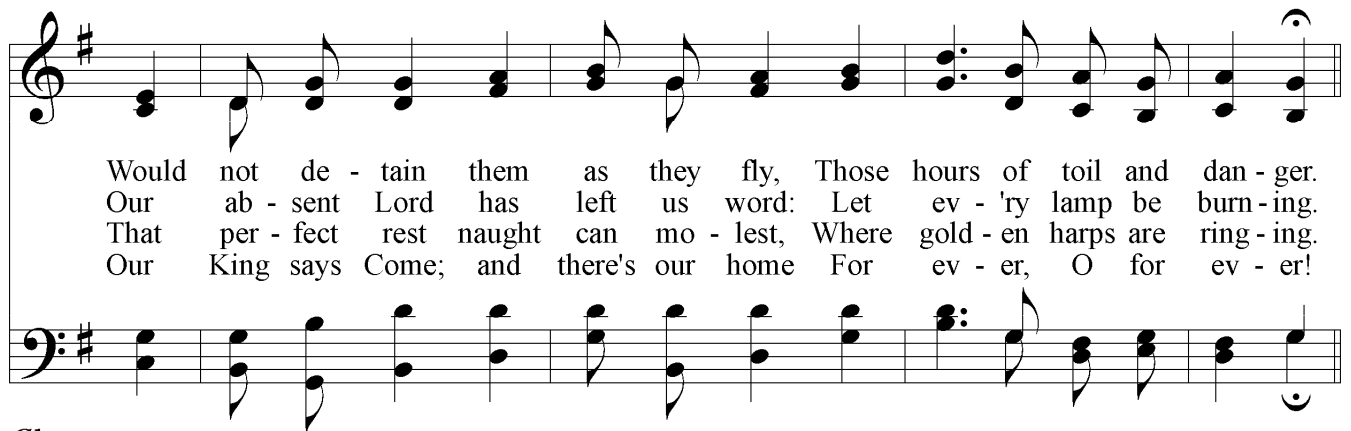
1. Now will I praise Thy name, And sing Thy won - drous fame;
2. For me Thy blood was spilt; Thou didst re - move my guilt:
3. Tho' men may mock and sneer, For Thee I'll suf - fer here,
4. Till then for this I pine, To see Thy face di - vine,

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;



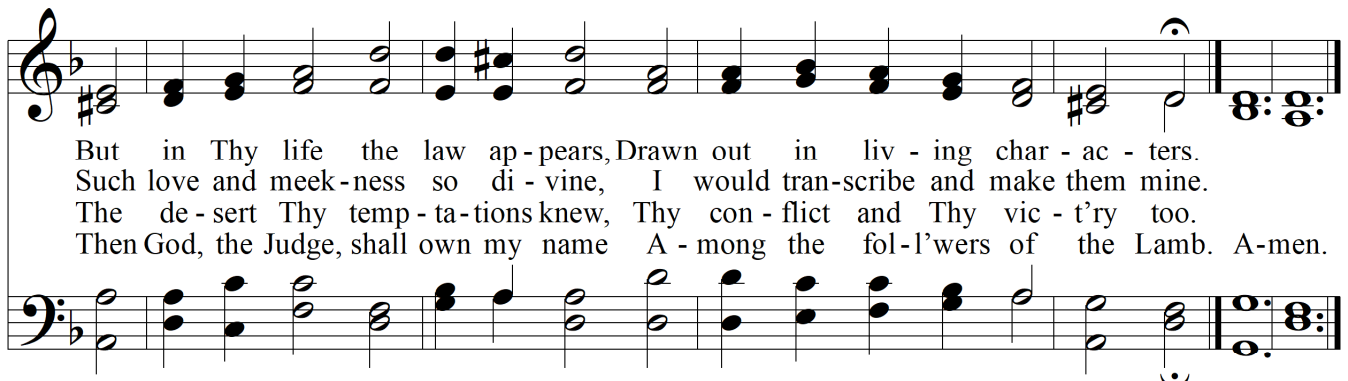
And, just be - fore, the shin - ing shore We may al - most dis - cov - er.

My Dear Redeemer And My Lord (Arr. 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.

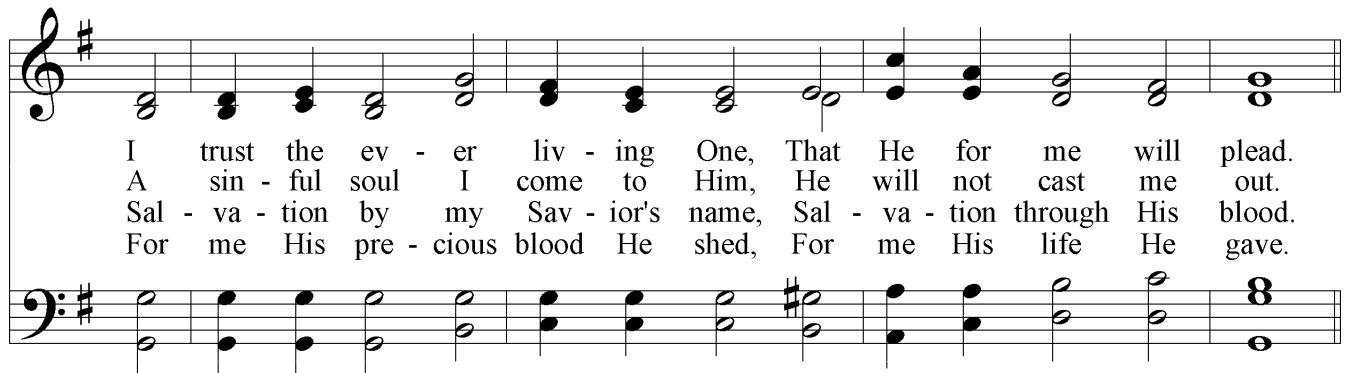
Words: Isaac Watts (1707)

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;

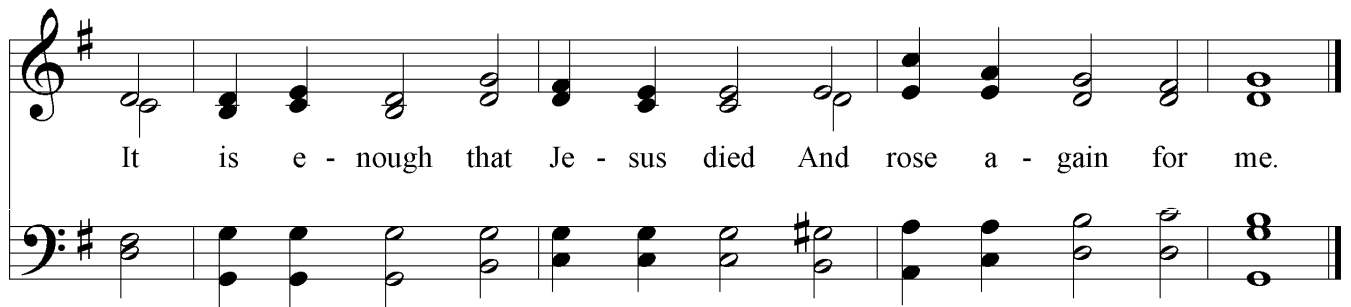


I trust the ev - er liv - ing One, That He for me will plead.
A sin - ful soul I come to Him, He will not cast me out.
Sal - va - tion by my Sav - ior's name, Sal - va - tion through His blood.
For me His pre - cious blood He shed, For me His life He gave.

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,

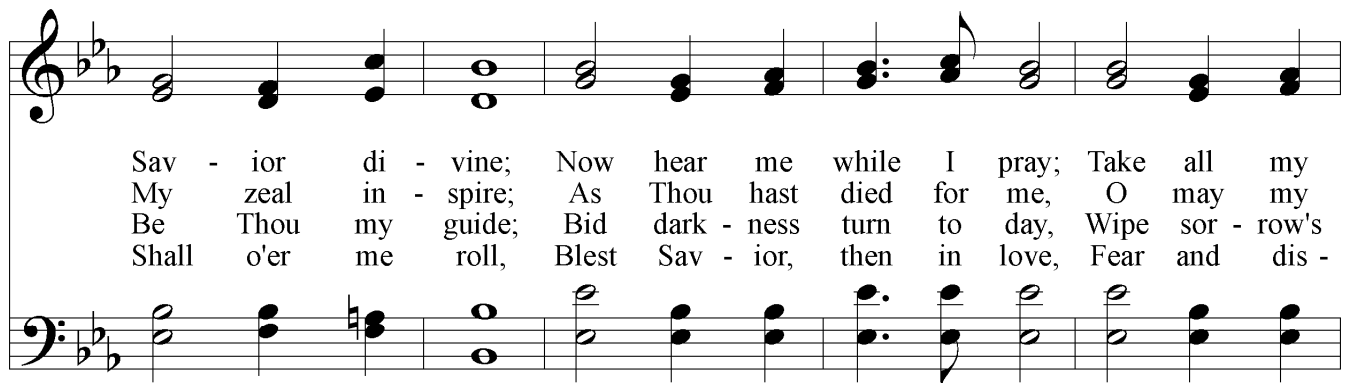
Sav - ior di - vine; Now hear me while I pray; Take all my
My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my
Be Thou my guide; Bid dark - ness turn to day, Wipe sor - row's

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)

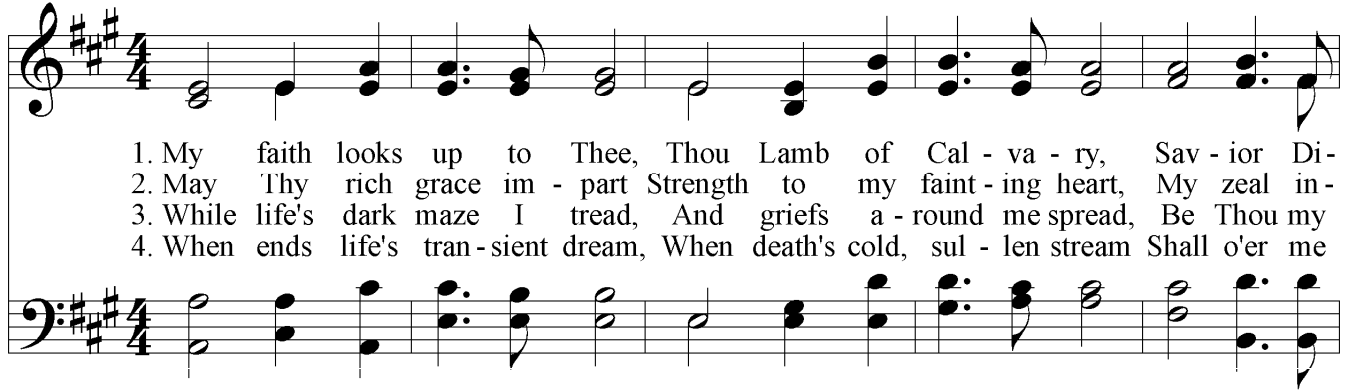
1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry;
 2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart;
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
 4. When ends life's tran - si'nt dream; When death's cold sul - len stream

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)

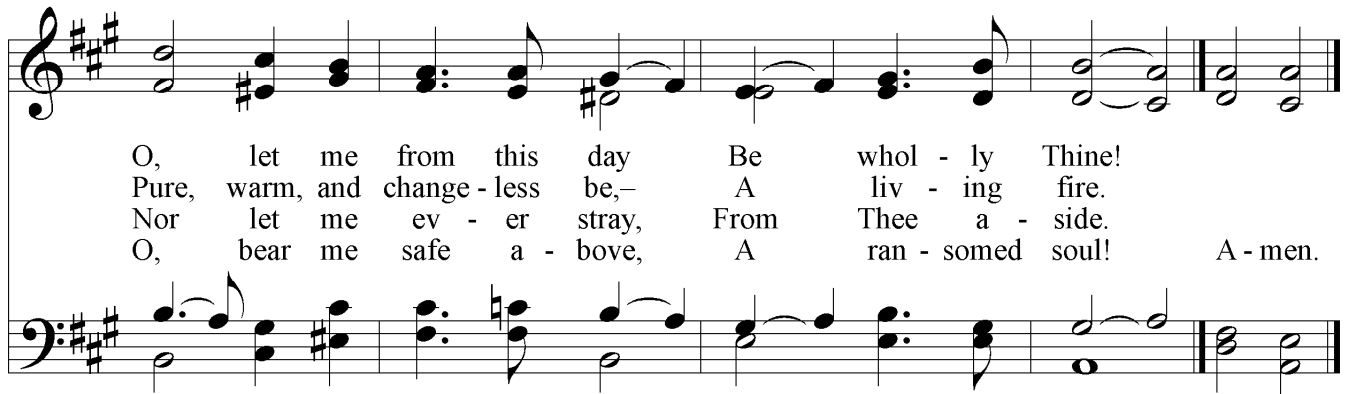
BETHEL 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4



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;

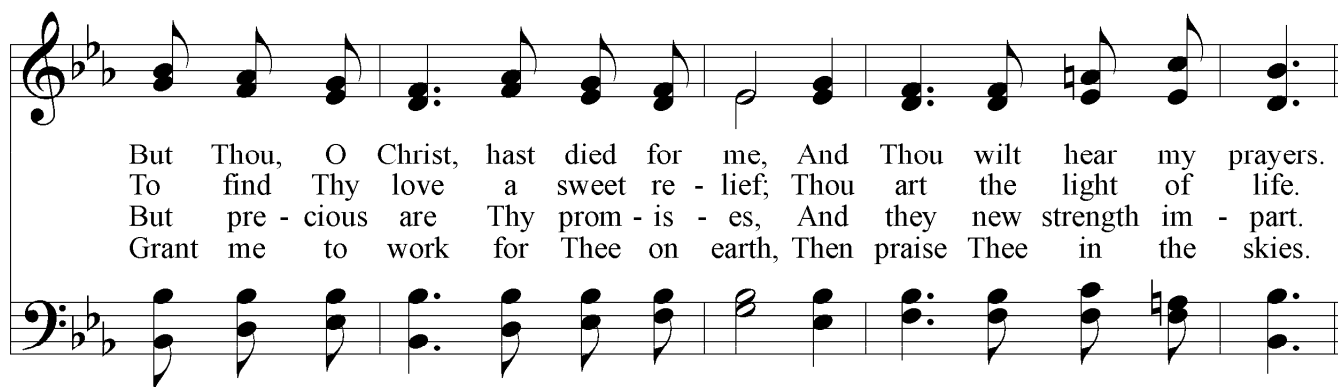


O, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
Pure, warm, and change - less be, - A liv - ing fire.
Nor let me ev - er stray, From Thee a - side.
O, bear me safe a - bove, A ran - somed soul! A - men.

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;

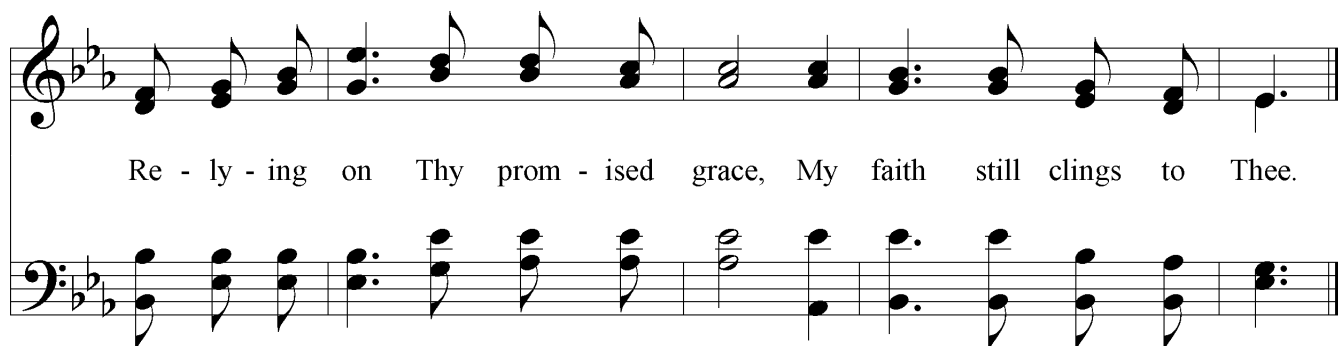


But Thou, O Christ, hast died for me, And Thou wilt hear my prayers.
To find Thy love a sweet re - lief; Thou art the light of life.
But pre - cious are Thy prom - is - es, And they new strength im - part.
Grant me to work for Thee on earth, Then praise Thee in the skies.

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,

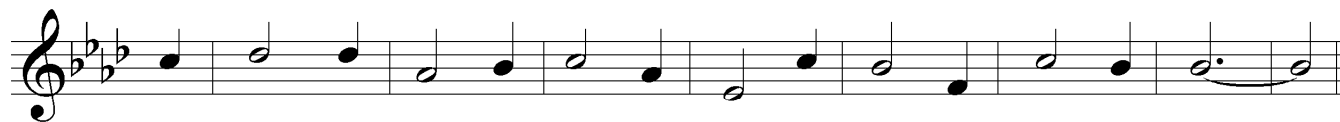
. . . *f* *dim.* *al* *p*

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



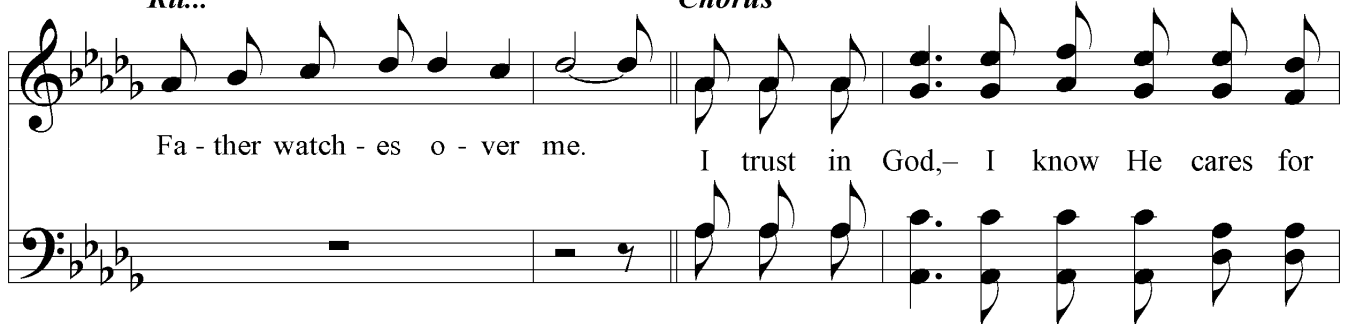
1. I trust in God wher - ev - er I may be, Up - on the land or
 2. He makes the rose an ob - ject of His care, He guides the ea - gle
 3. I trust in God, for, in the li - on's den, On bat - tle - field, or
 4. The val - ley may be dark, the shad - ows deep, But O, the Shep - herd



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

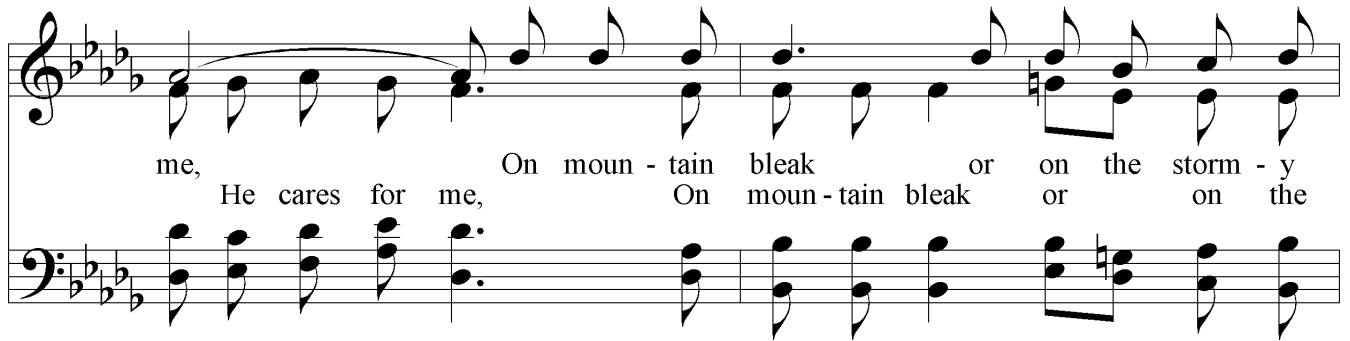
Rit...

Chorus



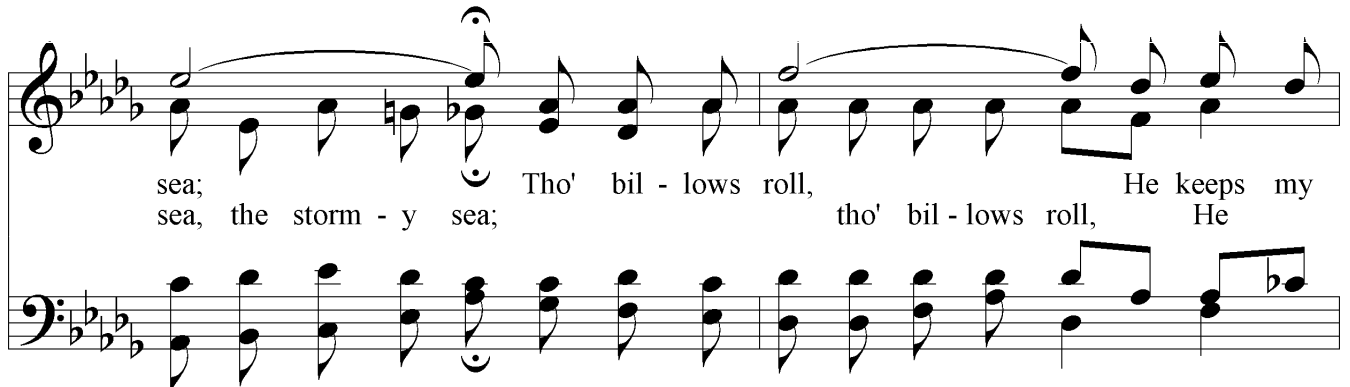
Fa - ther watch - es o - ver me.

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;
sea, the storm - y sea;

Tho' bil - lows roll, He keeps my
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 half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a half note C5. The lyrics "soul, keeps my soul," are written under the first four notes. The melody then continues with a quarter note D5, a quarter note E5, a quarter note F5, a quarter note G5, a quarter note A5, a quarter note B5, a quarter note C6, a quarter note B5, a quarter note A5, a quarter note G5, a quarter note F5, a quarter note E5, a quarter note D5, a quarter note C5, a quarter note B4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note G4, and a half note F4. The lyrics "My heav'n - ly Fa - ther watch - es o - ver me." are written under the remaining notes. The word "Rit..." is written above the final notes. The accompaniment consists of chords: G4-B4-D5, A4-B4-C5, D5-E5-F5, G5-A5-B5, C6-B5-A5, G5-F5-E5, D5-C5-B4, A4-G4-F4, and G4-B4-D5.

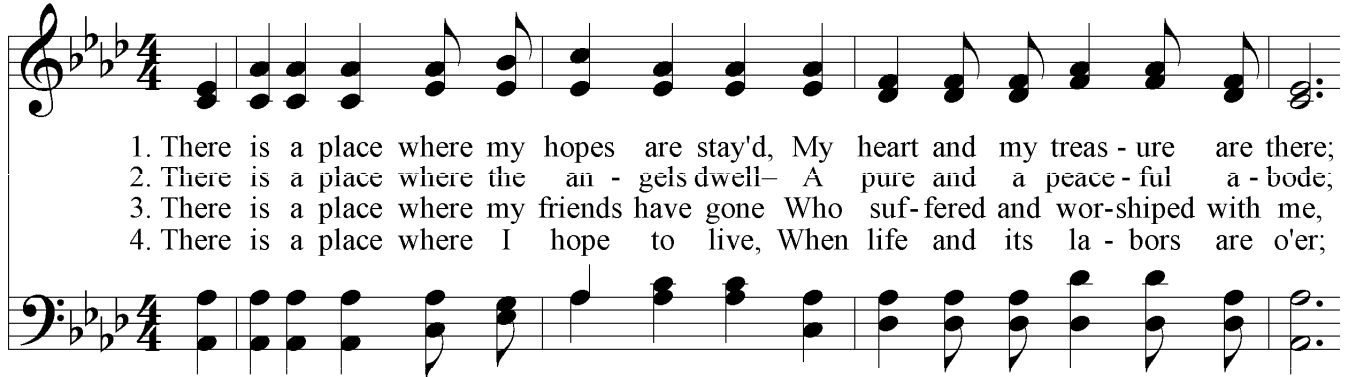
soul,
keeps my soul,

My heav'n - ly Fa - ther watch - es o - ver me.

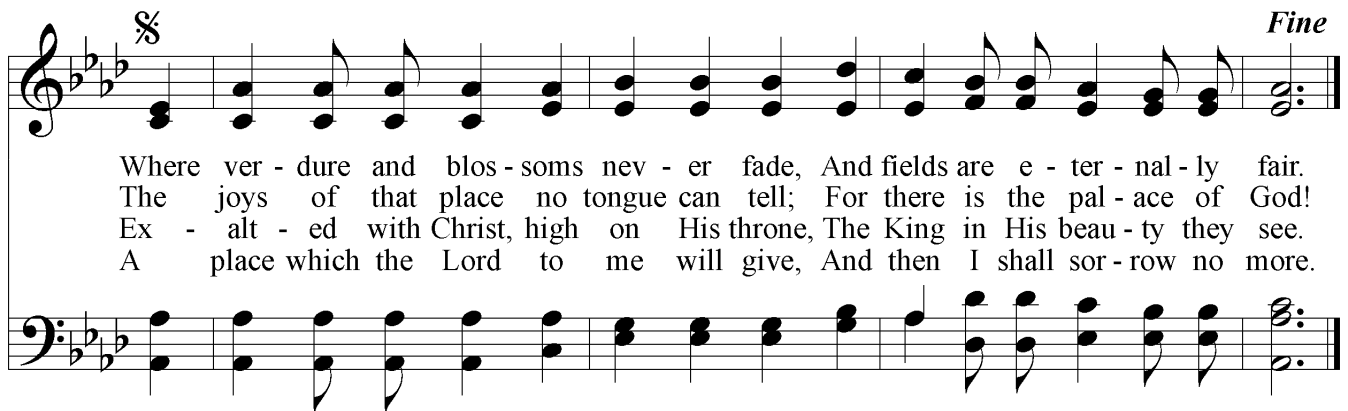
Rit...

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 last two lines. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line with chords and some melodic movement.

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 - ried, 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.



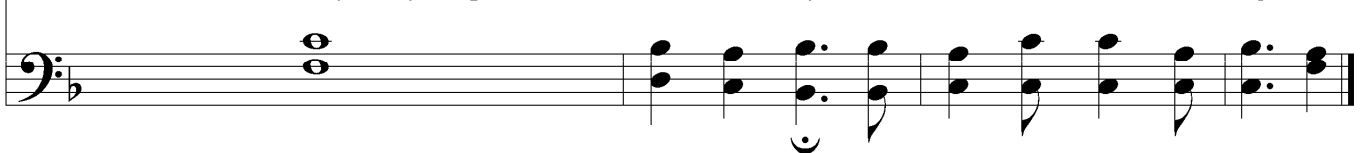
Chorus



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 Friend And Guide

F

Prayerfully

1. Bless - ed Sav - ior, Friend un - fail - ing, Lead, O, lead me safe - ly home;
2. Grant me strength to meet temp - ta - tion, Lest my heart in weak - ness yield;
3. Fill me with the Ho - ly Spir - it, Teach me how to bear the cross
4. Till with Thee I pass the por - tal Of my heav'n - ly home so fair,

Let me nev - er from Thee wan - der, In the paths of sin to roam.
With - out Thee I am de - fense - less, Thou must ev - er be my Shield.
For the smile of Thine ap - prov - al, Count - ing all things else but loss.
Let Thy shel - t'ring love sur - round me, Keep me safe be - neath Thy care.

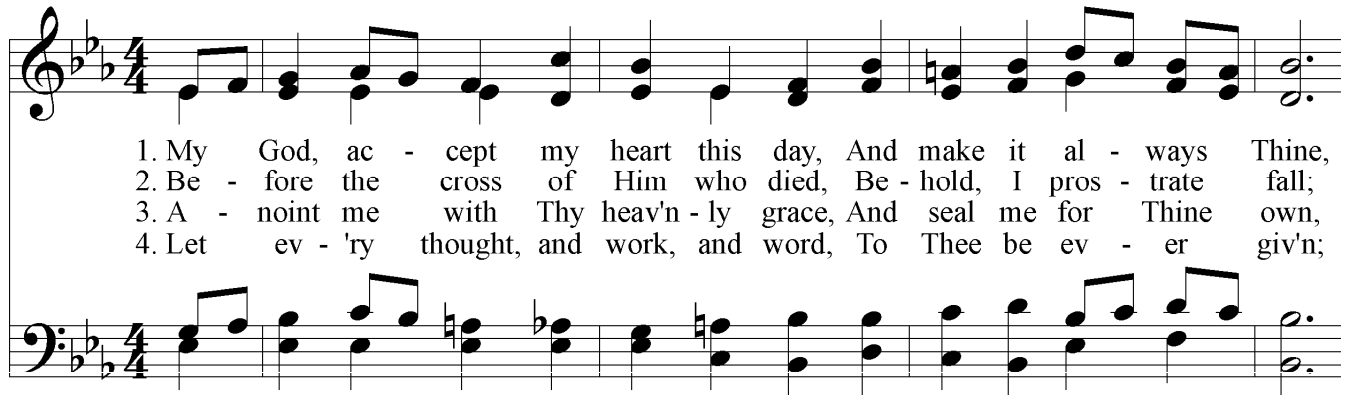
Chorus

Bless - ed Sav - ior, let me nev - er Stray from Thee, my Friend and Guide;

Till a - cross the nar - row riv - er I am safe at Thy dear side.

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.

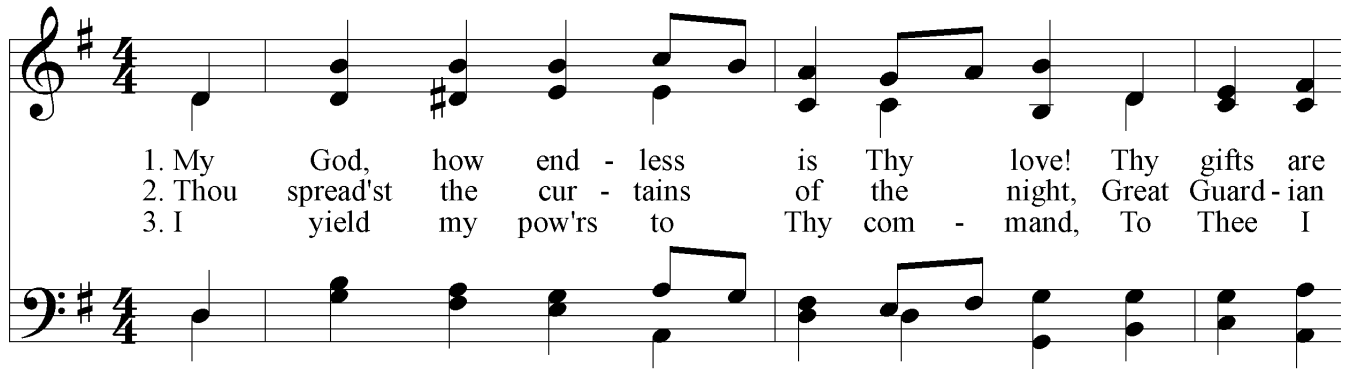


1. My God, ac - cept my heart this day, And make it al - ways Thine,
2. Be - fore the cross of Him who died, Be - hold, I pros - trate fall;
3. A - noint me with Thy heav'n - ly grace, And seal me for Thine own,
4. Let ev - 'ry tho't and ev - 'ry word, To Thee be ev - er giv'n;

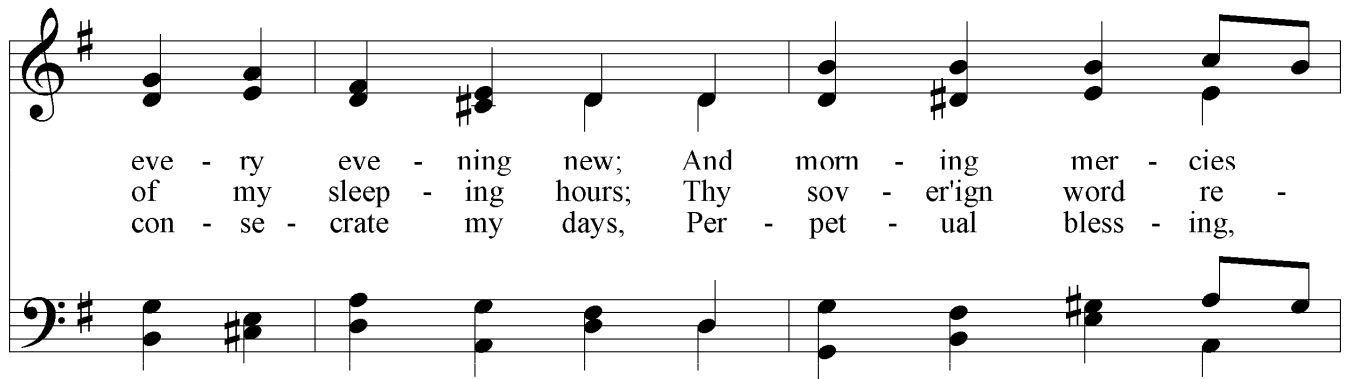


That I from Thee no more may stray, No more from Thee de - cline.
Let ev - 'ry sin be cru - ci - fied, And Christ be all in all.
That I may see Thy glo - rious face, And wor - ship near Thy throne.
Then life shall be Thy ser - vice, Lord, And death the gate of heav'n. A - men.

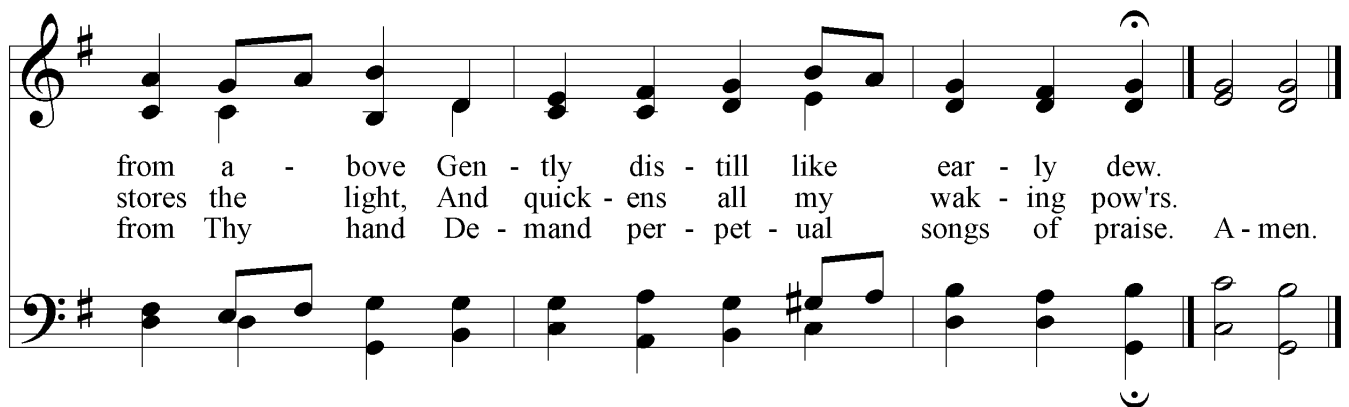
My God, How Endless Is Thy Love (Arr. 1)



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



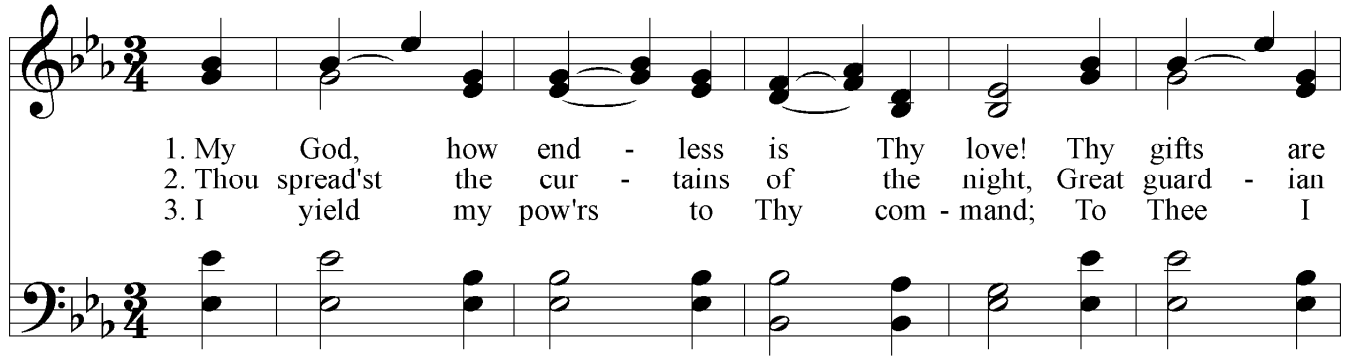
eve - ry eve - ning new; And morn - ing mer - cies
of my sleep - ing hours; Thy sov - er'ign word re -
con - se - crate my days, Per - pet - ual bless - ing,



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



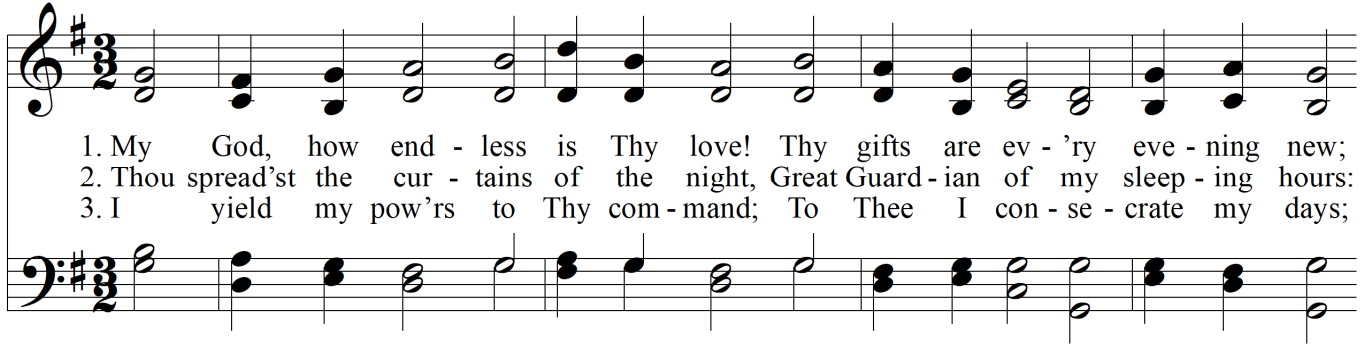
ev - 'ry eve - ning new; And morn - ing mer - cies
of my sleep - ing hours; Thy sov - 'reign word re -
con - se - crate my days; Per - pet - ual bless - ings



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)

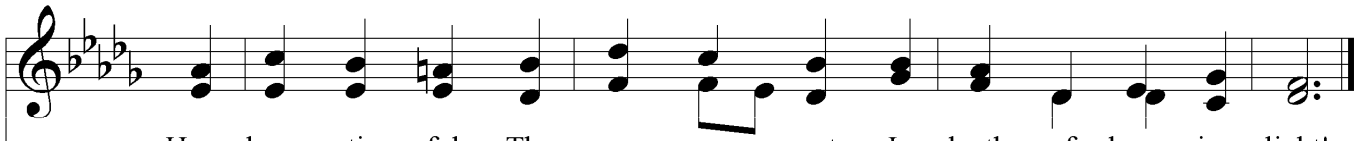
Music: Dr. Lowell Mason (1792-1872)

My God, How Wonderful Thou Art!

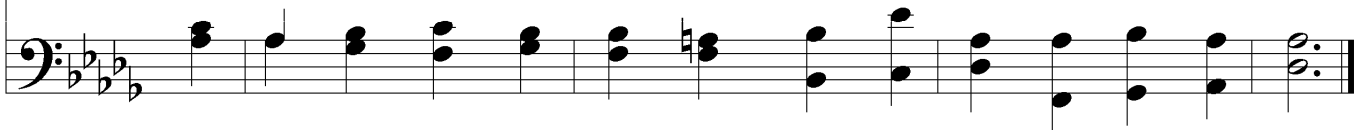
WESTMINSTER



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,

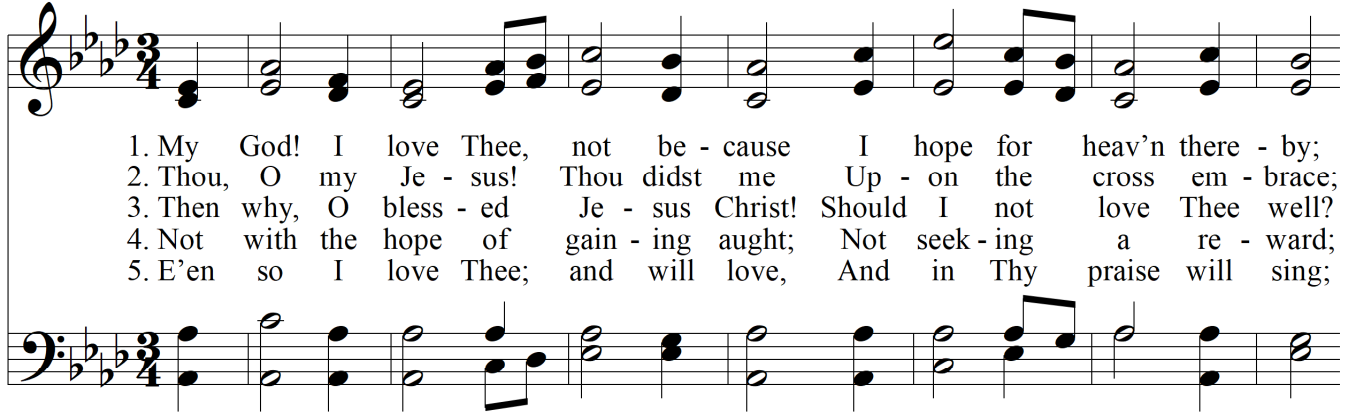


How beau - ti - ful Thy mer - cy - seat, In depths of burn - ing light!
By pros - trate spir - its, day and night, In - ces - sant - ly a - dored.
Thine end - less wis - dom, bound - less pow'r, And aw - ful pu - ri - ty!
And wor - ship Thee with trem - bling hope, And pen - i - ten - tial tears.
Bears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



My God, I Love Thee

AVON C. M.



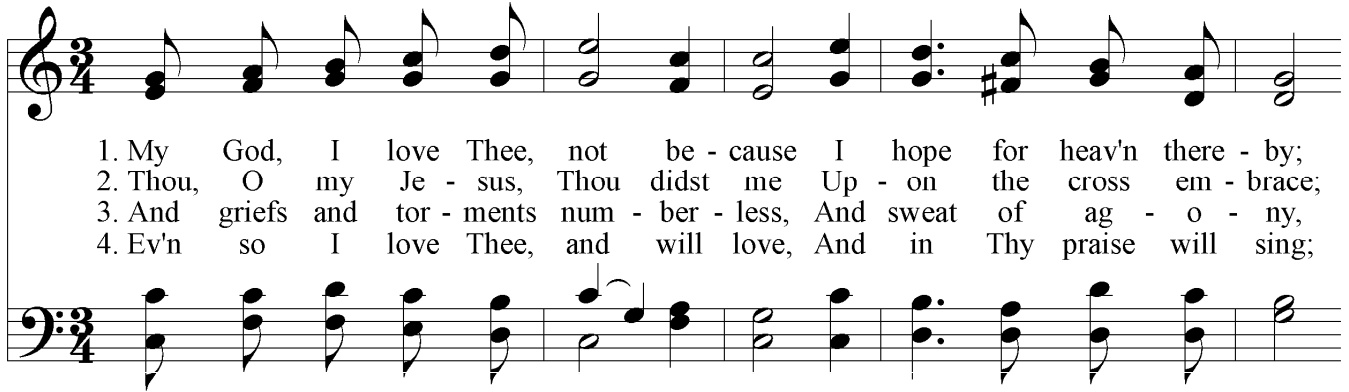
1. My God! I love Thee, not be - cause I hope for heav'n there - by;
2. Thou, O my Je - sus! Thou didst me Up - on the cross em - brace;
3. Then why, O bless - ed Je - sus Christ! Should I not love Thee well?
4. Not with the hope of gain - ing aught; Not seek - ing a re - ward;
5. E'en so I love Thee;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



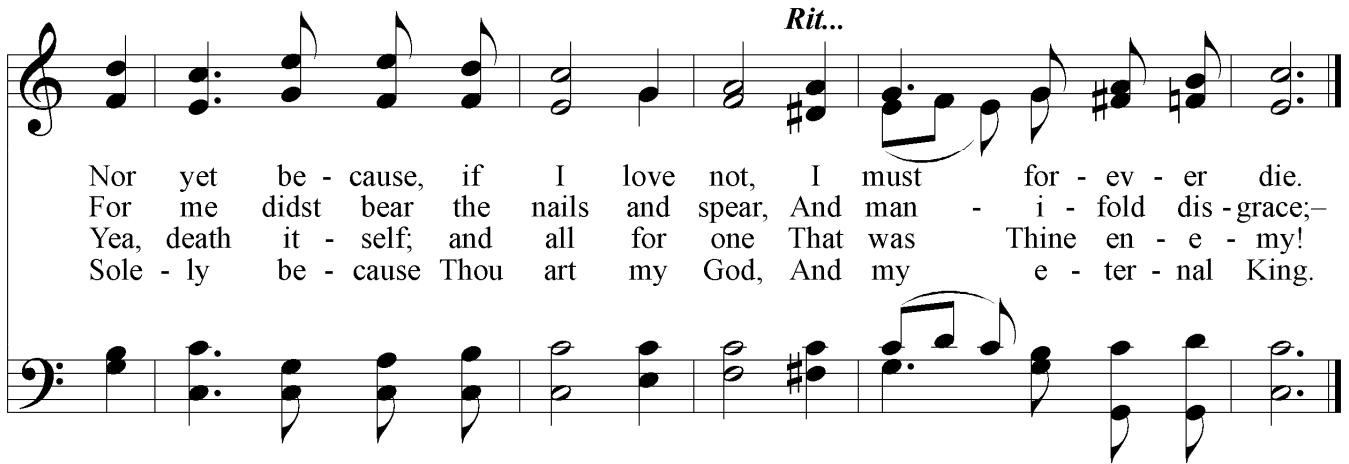
Nor yet be - cause, if I love not, I must for - ev - er die.
For me didst bear the nails and spear, And man - i - fold dis - grace.
Not for the sake of win - ning heav'n, Nor of es - cap - ing hell.
But as Thy - self has loved me, O ev - er lov - ing Lord!
Sole - ly be - cause Thou art my God, And my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

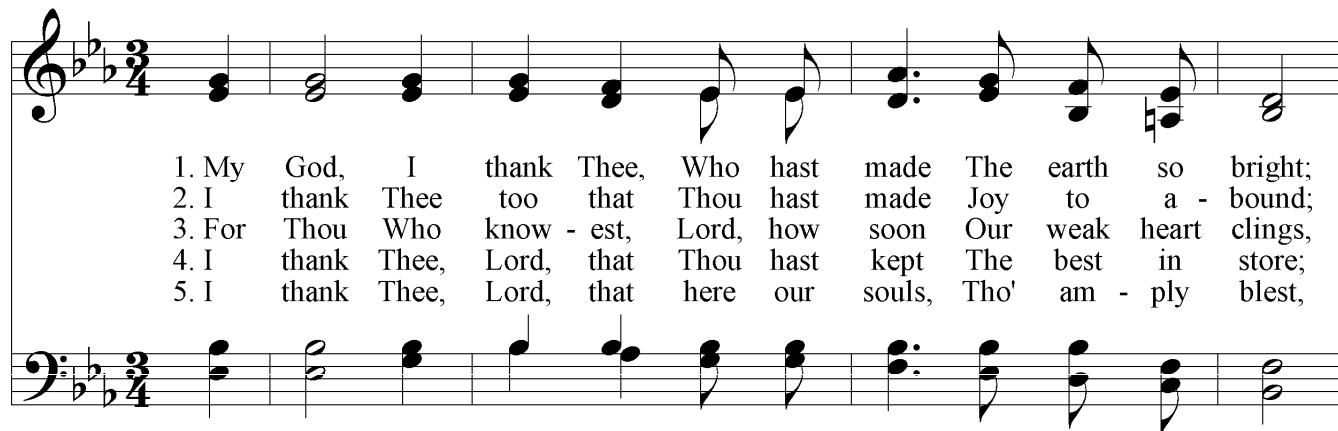
1. My God, I thank Thee, Who hast made The earth so bright,
2. I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made Joy to a - bound;
3. I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept The best in store;
4. I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls, Though am - ply blest,

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

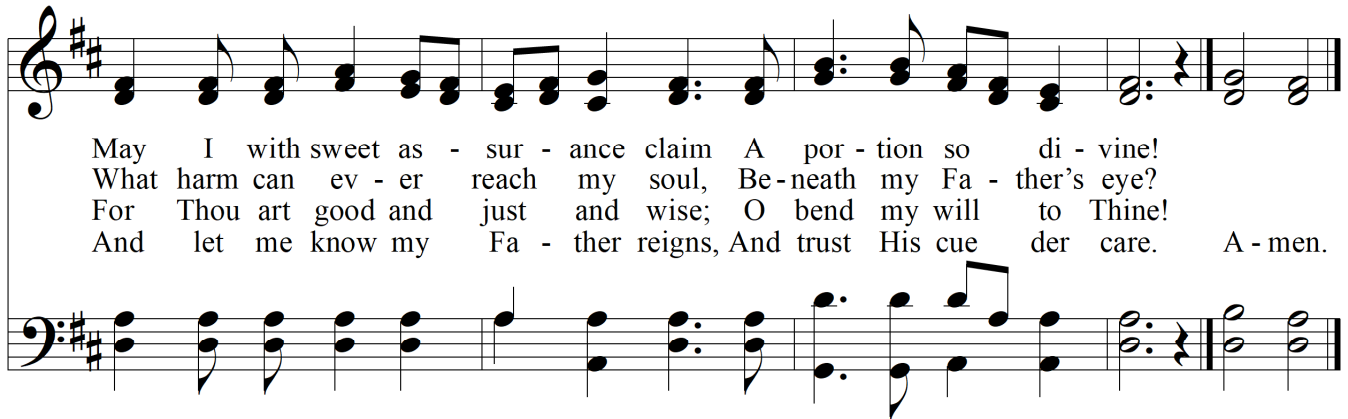
to Thy feet, - The hour of prayer?
prayer up - borne, The world I leave.
sol - i - tude With hopes of Heav'n.
balm for grief, With peace of mind.
ten - tial tear Is wiped a - way.
soul to pour In prayer to Thee. A - men.

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.

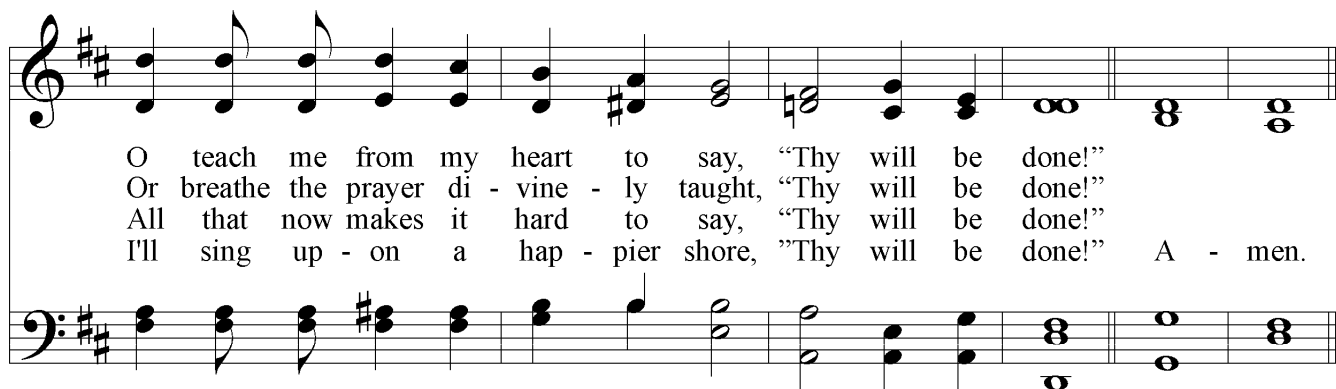
Words: Anne Steel (1760)

Music: Dr. Lowell Mason (1792-1872)

My God, My Father, Though I Stray



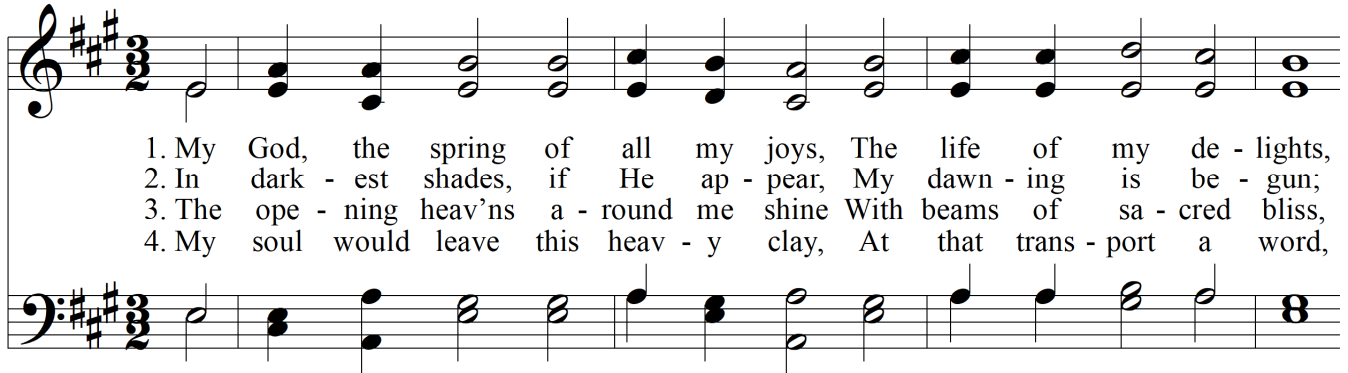
1. My God, my Fa - ther, tho I stray Far from my home, on life's rough way,
2. Tho dark my path, and sad my lot, Let me be still and mur - mur not,
3. Re - new my will from day to day; Blend it with Thine, and take a - way
4. Then, when on earth I breathe no more The prayer oft mixed with tears be -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



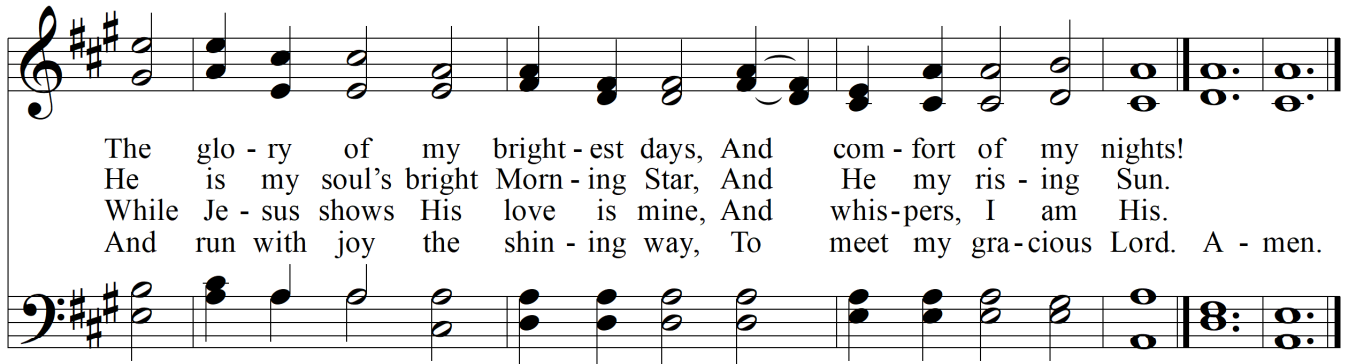
O teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done!"
Or breathe the prayer di - vine - ly taught, "Thy will be done!"
All that now makes it hard to say, "Thy will be done!"
I'll sing up - on a hap - pier shore, "Thy will be done!" A - men.

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,

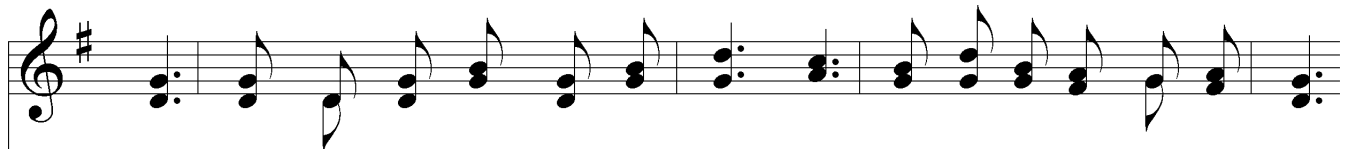


The glo - ry of my bright - est days, And com - fort of my nights!
He is my soul's bright Morn - ing Star, And He my ris - ing Sun.
While Je - sus shows His love is mine, And whis - pers, I am His.
And run with joy the shin - ing way, To meet my gra - cious Lord. A - men.

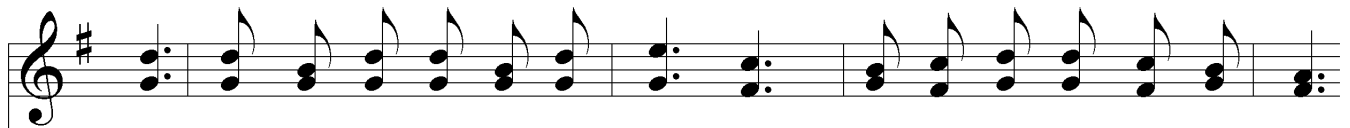
My Gracious Redeemer I Love!



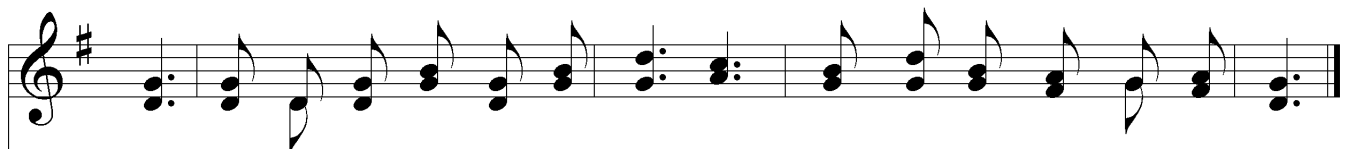
1. My gra-cious Re-deem-er I love! His prais-es a-loud I'll pro-claim,
2. Earth's pal-ac-es, scep-ters, and crowns, Their pride with dis-dain I sur-vey;



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

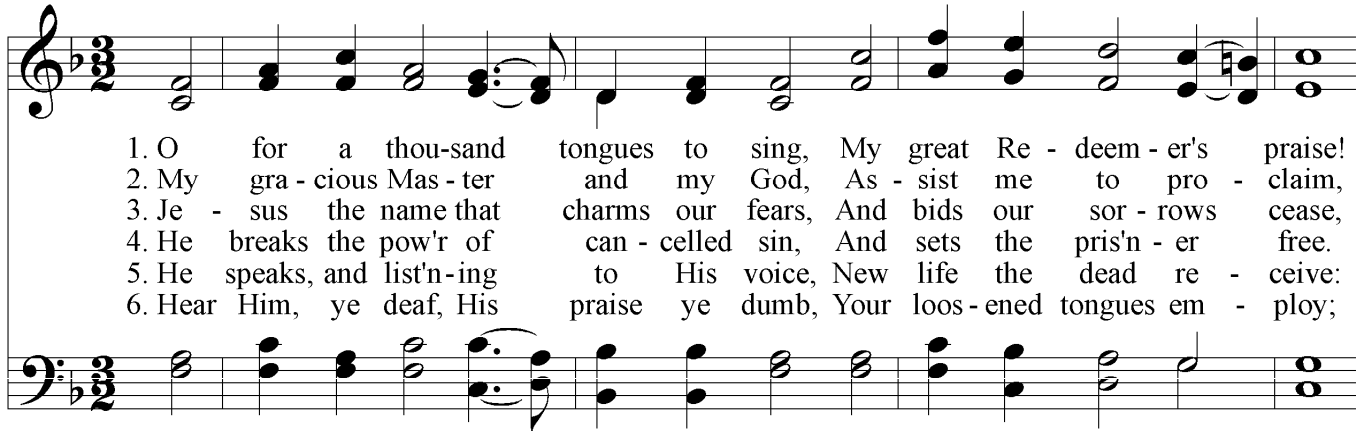
1. Thou art my great "Phy - si - cian," My Sav - ior and my All; I look to
2. When in the mid - night watch - es, With anx - ious care op - pressed, I of - ten
3. Thou art my "Tow'r of Ref - uge," My "Strength" up - on the way; My "Hope" of
4. Thou art my "Res - ur - rec - tion" To life that nev - er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

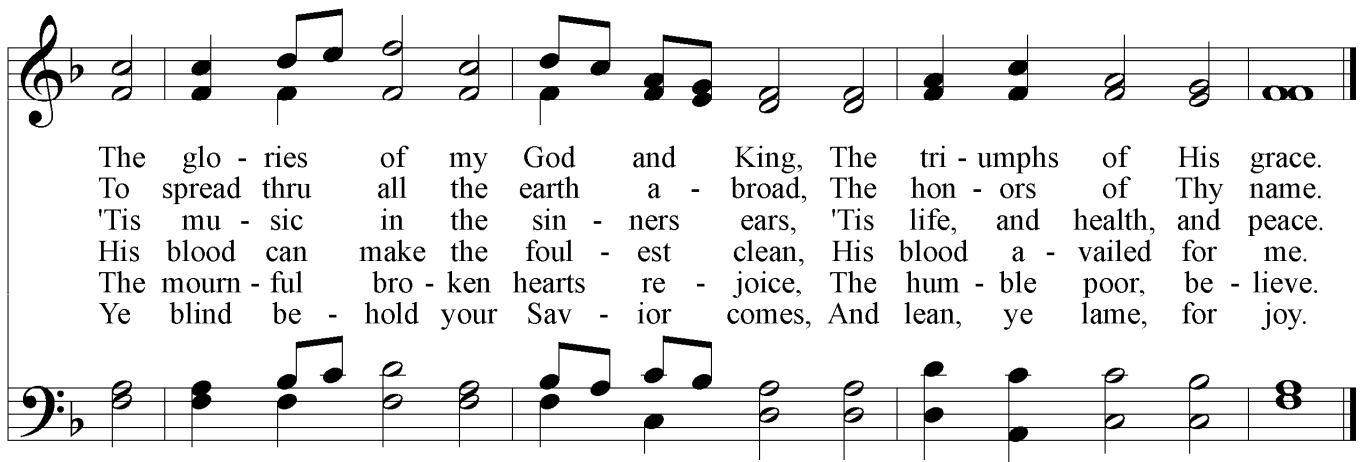
Be - side the couch of pain; And giv - est health and heal - ing, When hu - man
Dost mark the spar - row's fall; Then sure - ly I can trust Thee, Thou art my
For bod - y, mind and soul, And when all oth - ers fail me, Thy touch can
To take Thy peo - ple home, Where sick - ness, pain and sor - row Shall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

G

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Oh, how I long for thee!
2. Thy walls are all of pre - cious stone Most glo - rious to be - hold;
3. Thy gar - dens and thy pleas - ant streams My stud - y long have been—
4. Reach down, reach down thine arms of grace, And cause me to as - cend

When will my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys, when shall I see?
Thy gates are rich - ly set with pearl, Thy streets are pav'd with gold.
Such spar - kling gems by hu - man sight Have nev - er yet been seen.
Where con - gre - ga - tions ne'er break up, And prais - es nev - er end.

Chorus

I will meet you in the Cit - y of the new Je - ru - sa - lem, I am

washed in the blood of the Lamb, I will meet you in the Cit - y
washed in the blood, in the blood of the Lamb,

My Happy Home

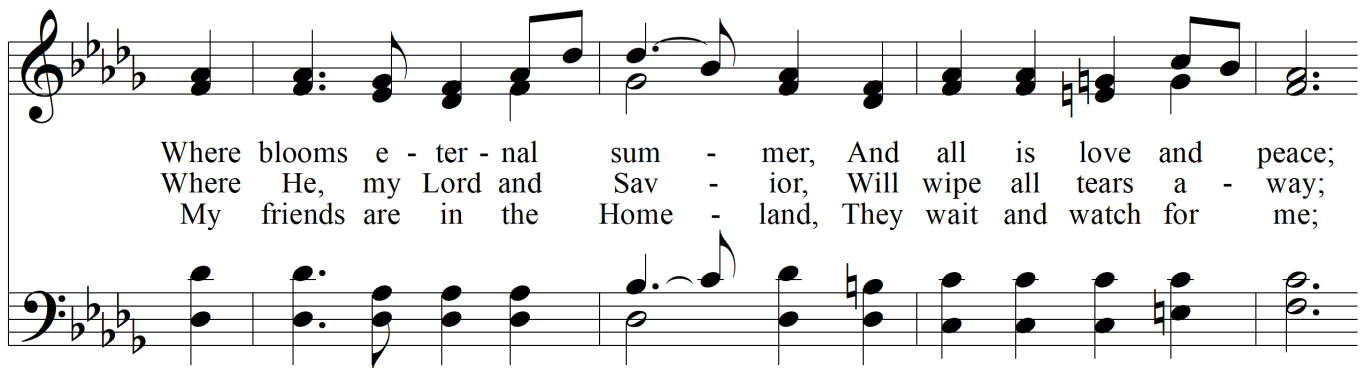
of the New Je - ru - sa - lem, I am washed in the blood of the Lamb.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'My Happy Home'. It consists of two staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time, featuring a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in the same key and time, using a simple chordal accompaniment style with eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics 'of the New Je - ru - sa - lem, I am washed in the blood of the Lamb.' are written below the vocal staff.

My Heart Is In The Homeland



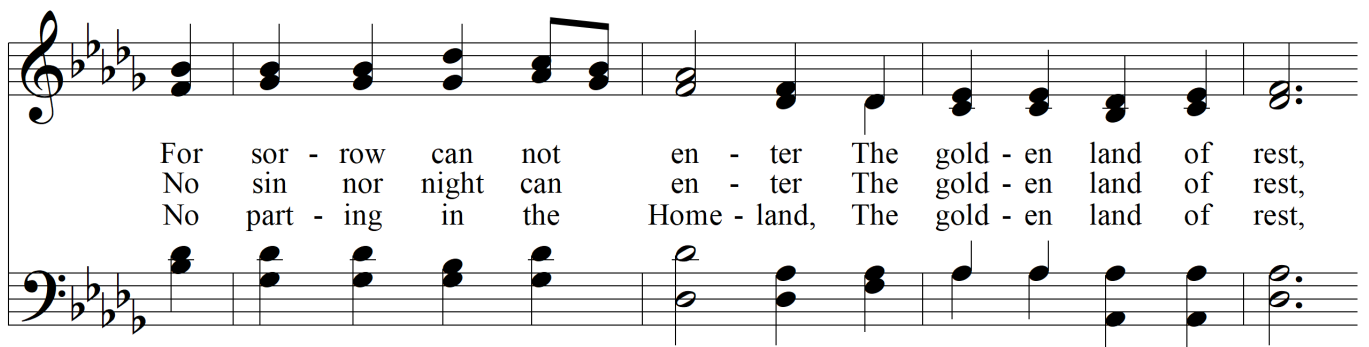
1. My heart is in the Home - land, Where ev - 'ry storm shall cease,
2. My heart is in the Home - land, That realm of end - less day,
3. My heart is in the Home - land, And there I soon shall be;



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 printed below the treble staff.

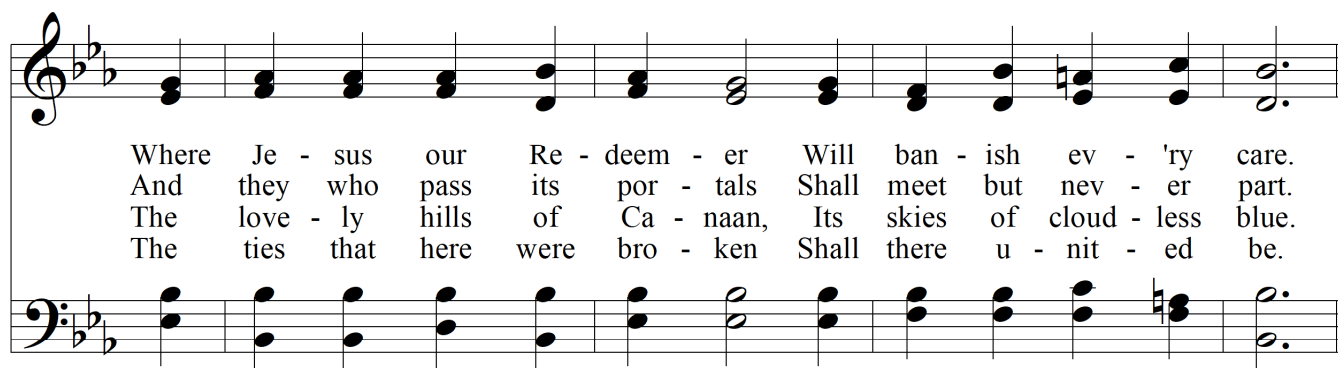
For sor - row can not en - ter The gold - en land of rest.
No sin nor night can en - ter The gold - en land of rest.
No part - ing in the Home - land, The gold - en land of rest.

My Heart Is Over Yonder

YONDER 7s & 6s, with Refrain

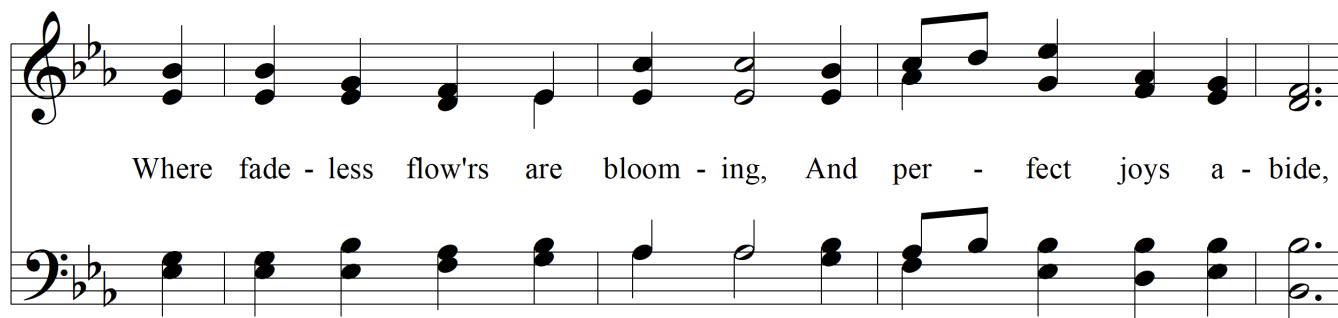


1. My heart is o - ver yon - der, My treas - ure, too, is there,
2. No night is o - ver yon - der, No sor - row chills the heart,
3. My thoughts are o - ver yon - der: How oft in dreams I view
4. My friends are o - ver yon - der, They watch and wait for me;



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



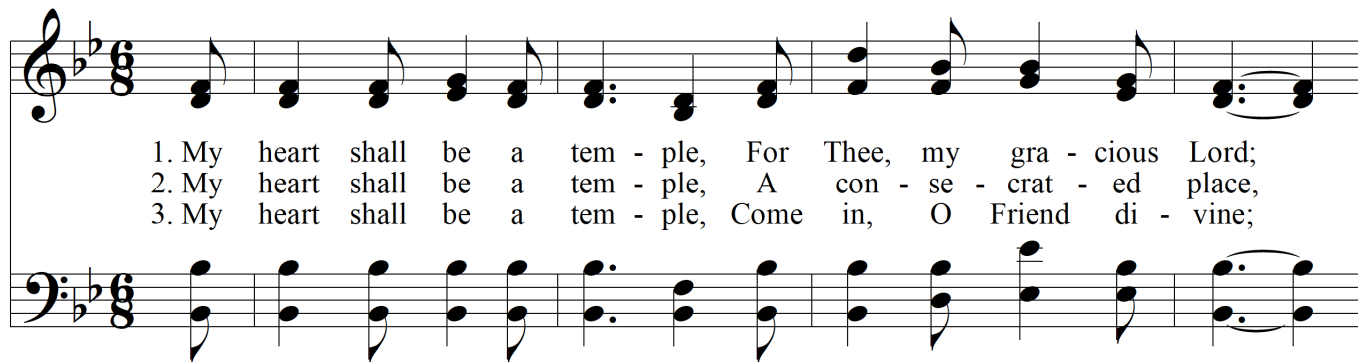
My Heart Keeps Singing Hallelujah

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

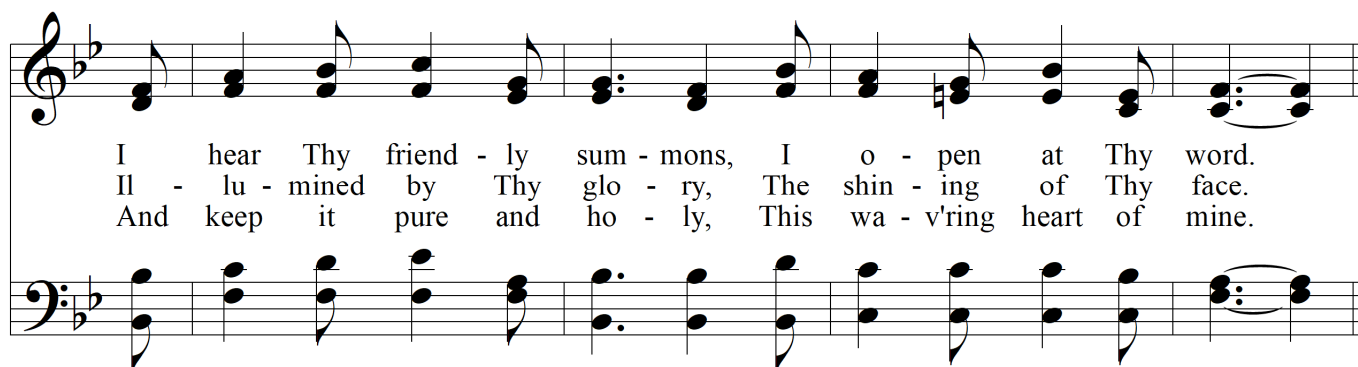
to the deep - est sea, Keeps me sing - ing glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah.

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 piano accompaniment features a steady bass line with chords that support the vocal melody.

My Heart Shall Be A Temple

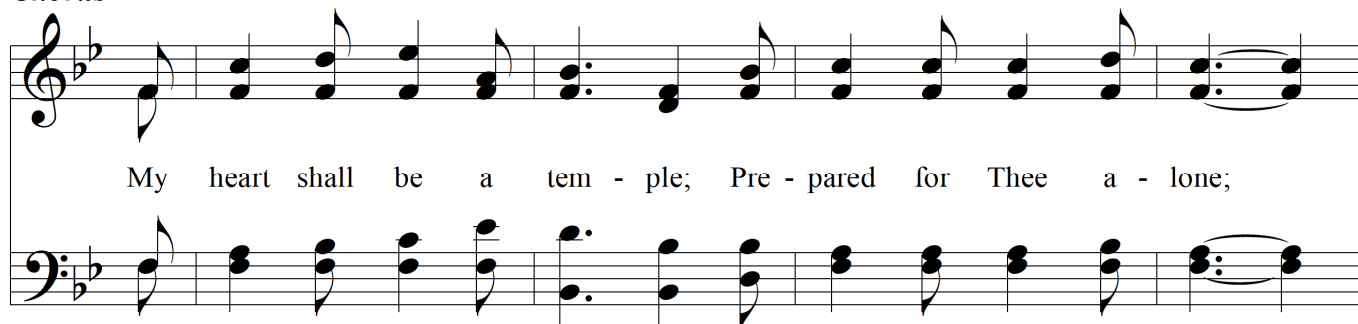


1. My heart shall be a tem - ple, For Thee, my gra - cious Lord;
2. My heart shall be a tem - ple, A con - se - crat - ed place,
3. My heart shall be a tem - ple, Come in, O Friend di - vine;



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;



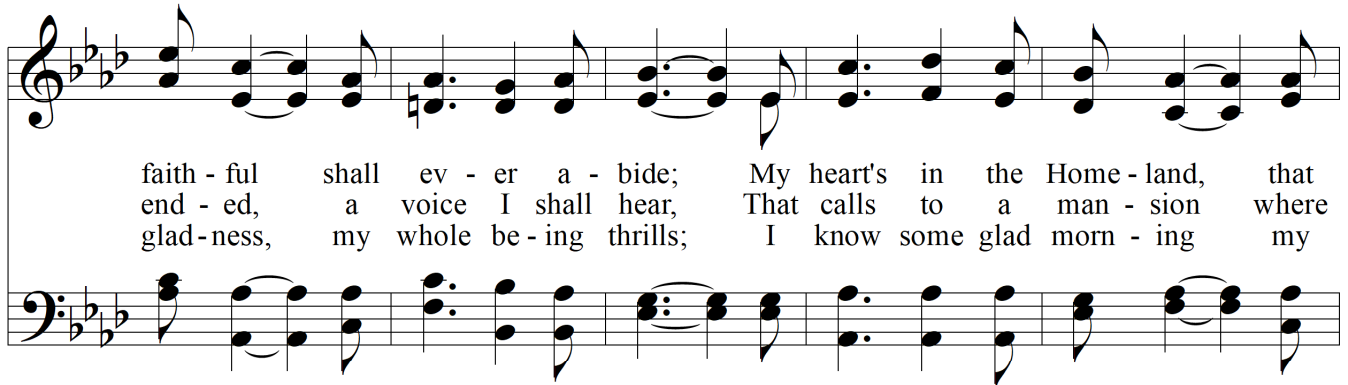
I pray Thee come and en - ter, Oh, make it all Thine own.

My Heart's In The Homeland

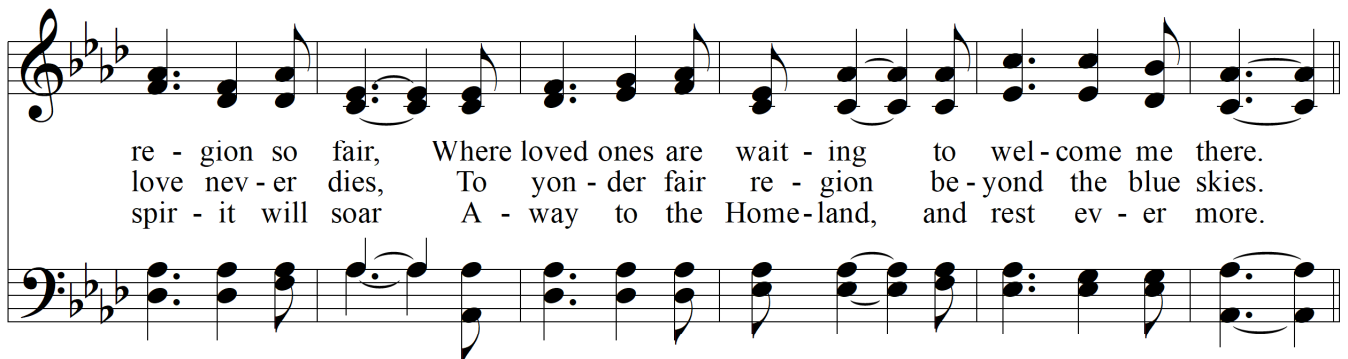
"My heart is fixed, O God." – Psalm 57:7



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

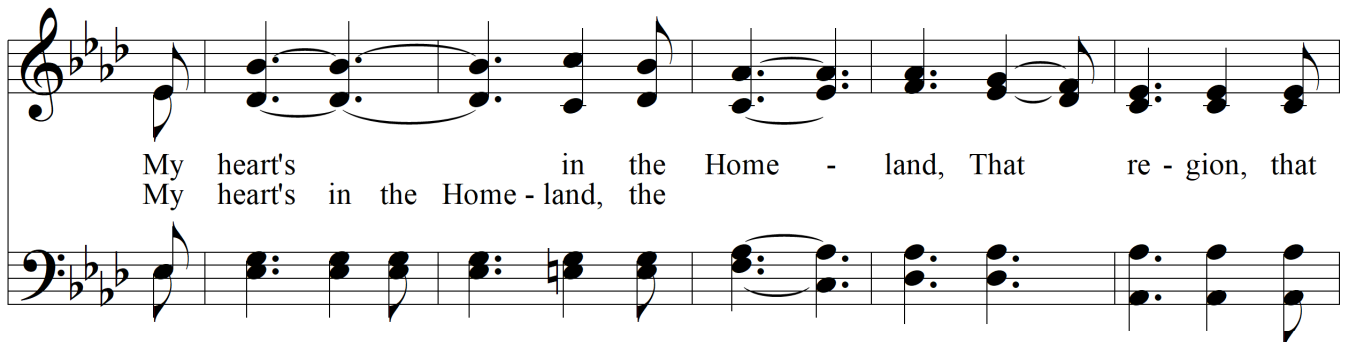


faith - ful shall ev - er a - bide; My heart's in the Home - land, that
end - ed, a voice I shall hear, That calls to a man - sion where
glad - ness, my whole be - ing thrills; I know some glad morn - ing my



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 piano accompaniment. 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. The lyrics are: "re - gion so fair, My heart's in the / fair, so fair, My heart's in the Home - land, the". The piano accompaniment is in a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

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 line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line lyrics are: "Home - land, My Sav - ior, my Sav - ior is there. / Home - land, the Home - land, is there.". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines, ending with a double bar line.

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."

Words: Benjamin Schmolke, Translated by Jane Borthwick
 Music: Carl von Weber

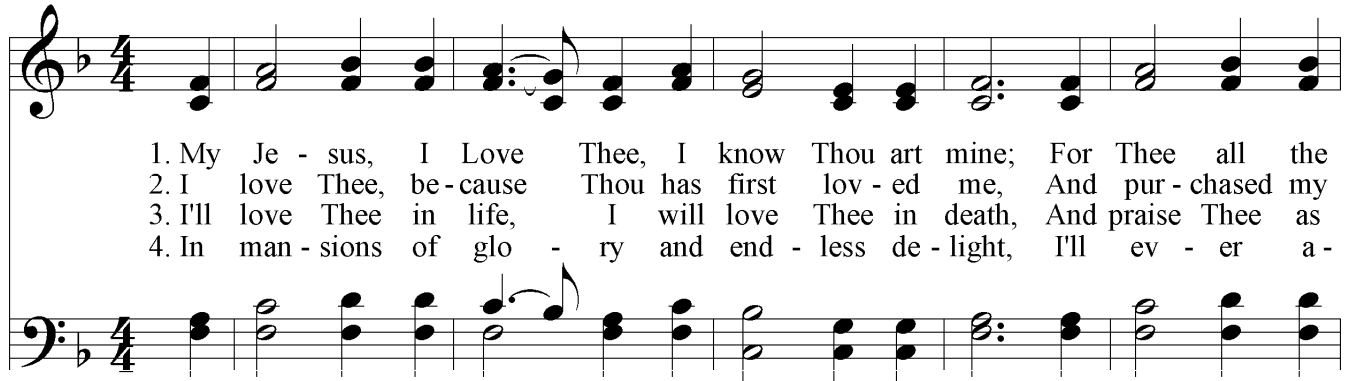
My Jesus, I Love Thee (Arr. 1 / 3 vs.)

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 -

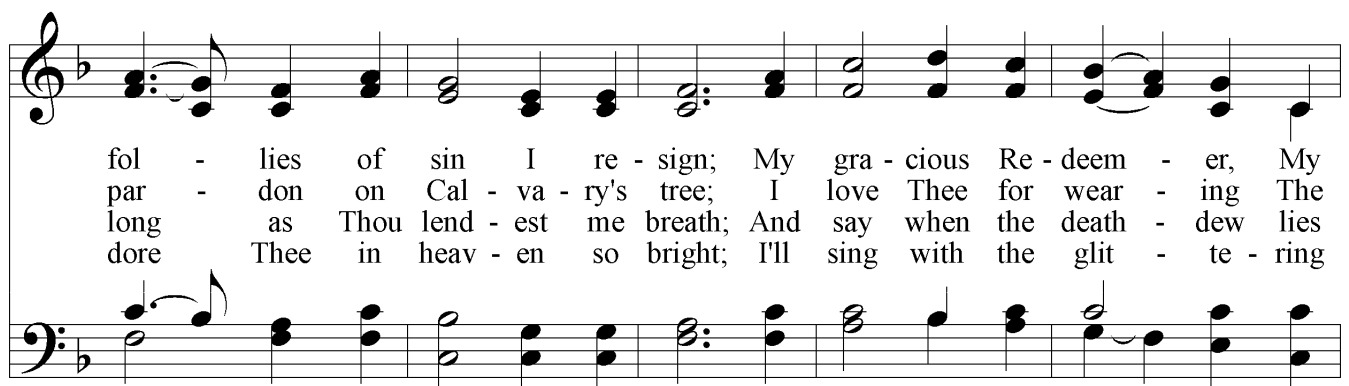
fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, My
 par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing The
 dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - te - ring

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.

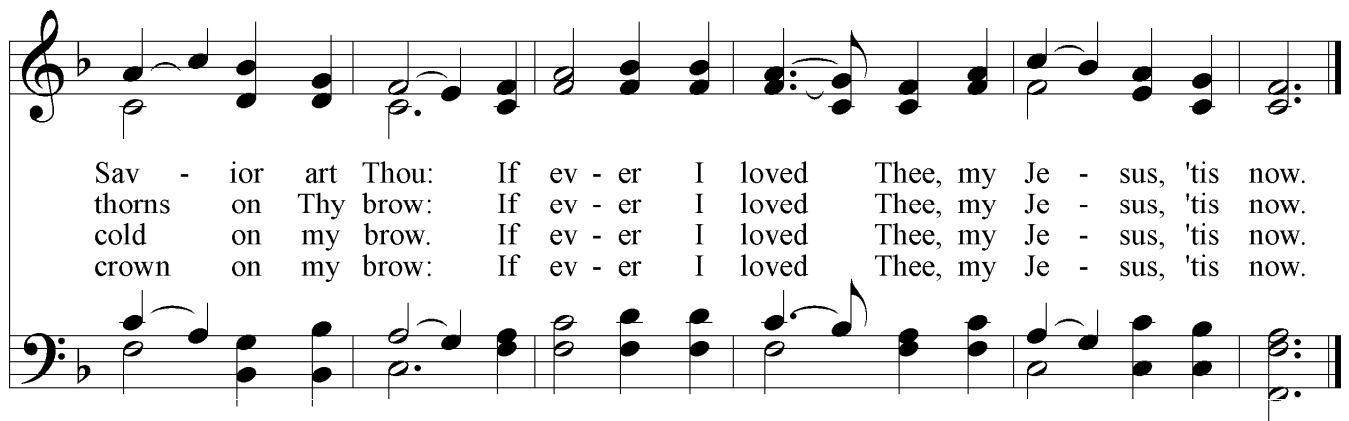
My Jesus, I Love Thee (Arr. 1 / 4 vs.)



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 (Arr. 2)

ANDANTINO 11, 11, 11, 11

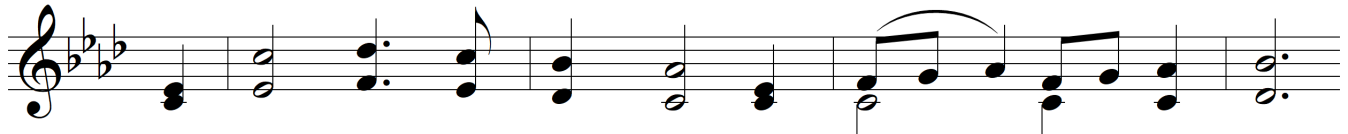
Andantino molto sostenuto



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 half note G3, followed by quarter notes A3, B3, and C4. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

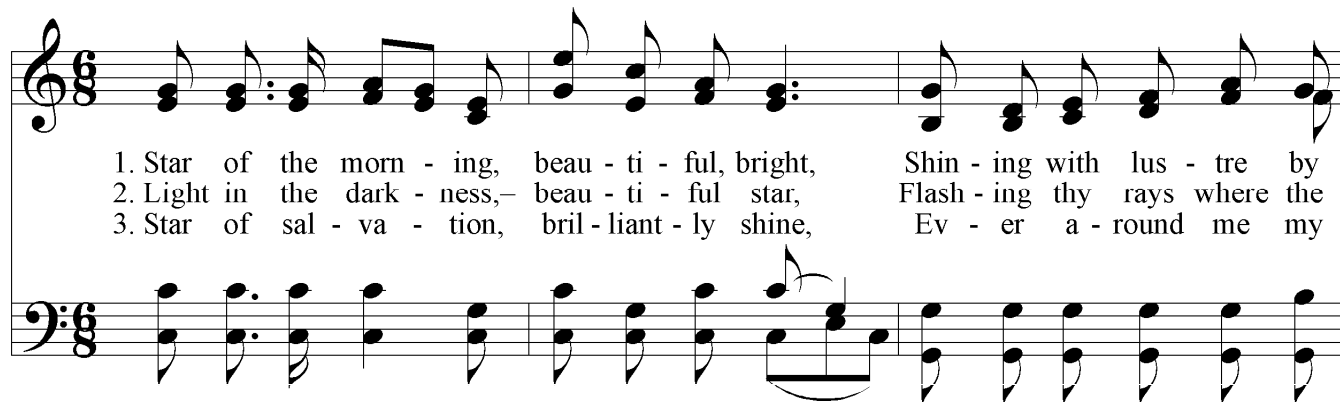
My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - ior art Thou; art Thou;

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff melody includes a half note D4, quarter notes E4, F4, and G4. The bass staff accompaniment features a steady rhythmic pattern.

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

The final system concludes the hymn. The treble staff melody ends with a half note G4. The bass staff accompaniment provides a final harmonic resolution. The piece ends with a double bar line.

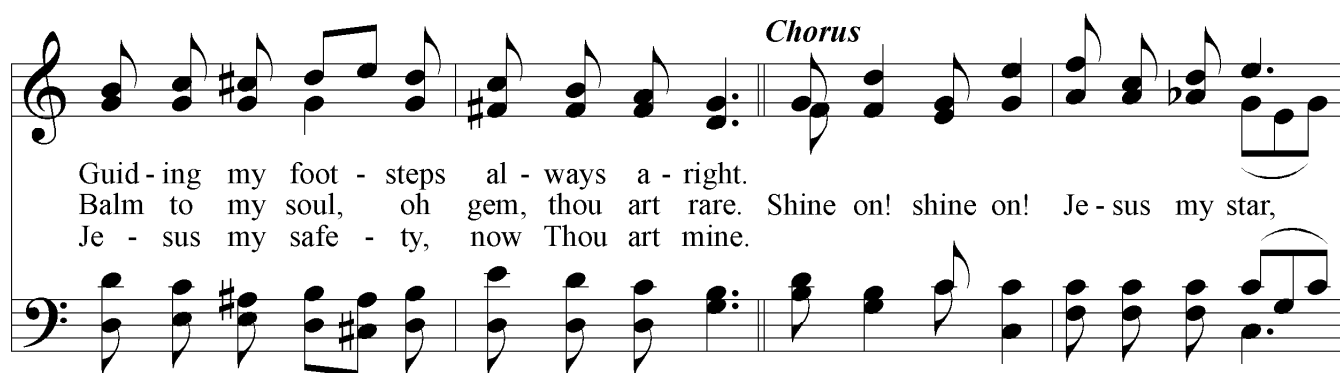
My Leading Star



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.



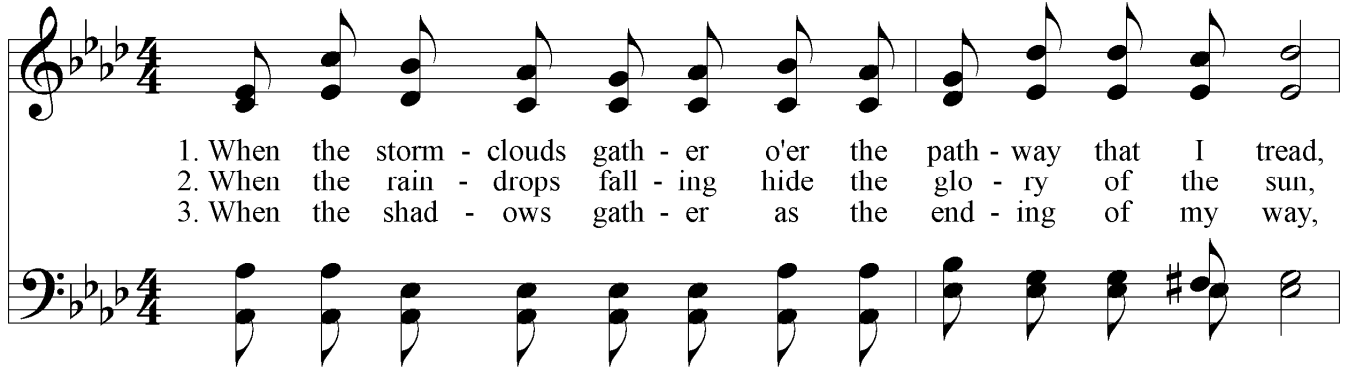
Guid - ing me safe - ly thru this world of strife; Shine on, shine on!

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.

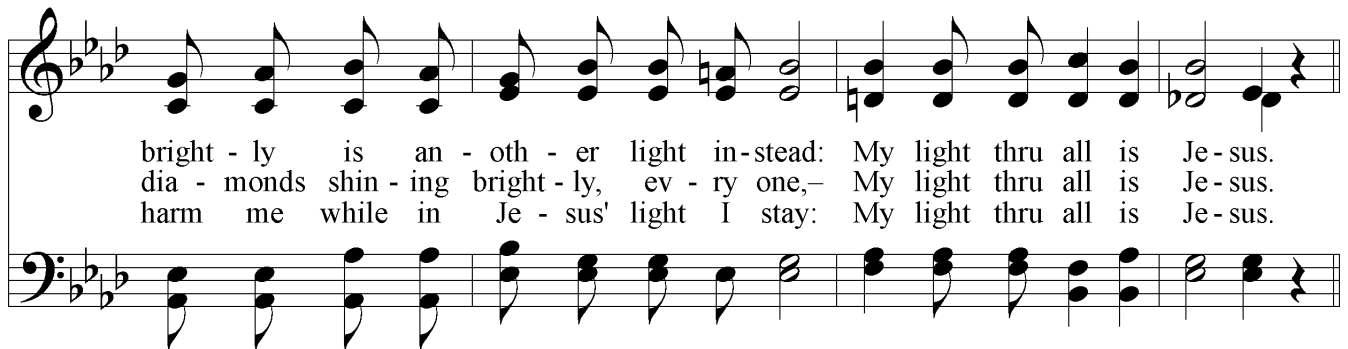
My Light Is Jesus



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,

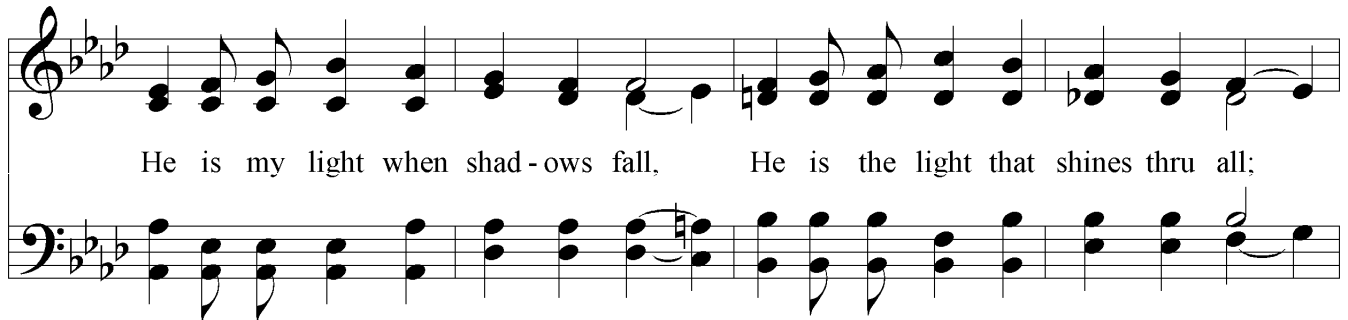


When the night of dark - ness hangs a - bove me o - ver - head, Ev - er shin - ing
Shin - ing bright - ly on them is the light of God's own Son; Turn - ing them to
Shin - ing on the shad - ows is the light of Heav - en's day, And there's naught can



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)

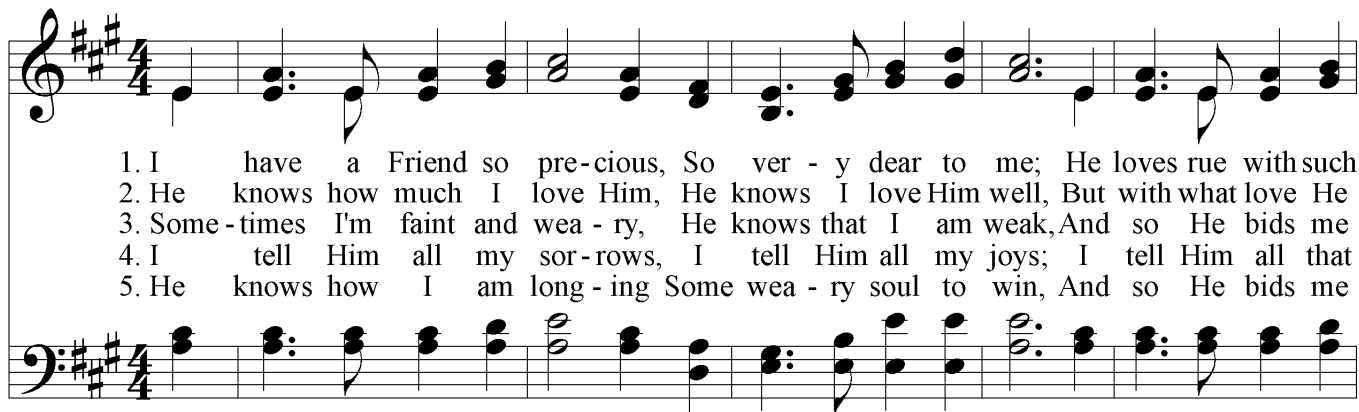
1. I have a Friend so pre - cious, So ver - y dear to me,
 2. Some - times I'm faint and wea - ry, He knows that I am weak;
 3. He knows how much I love Him He knows I love Him well;
 4. I tell Him all my sor - rows, I tell Him all my joys,
 5. He knows how I am long - ing Some wea - ry soul to win,

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 (Arr. 3)



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

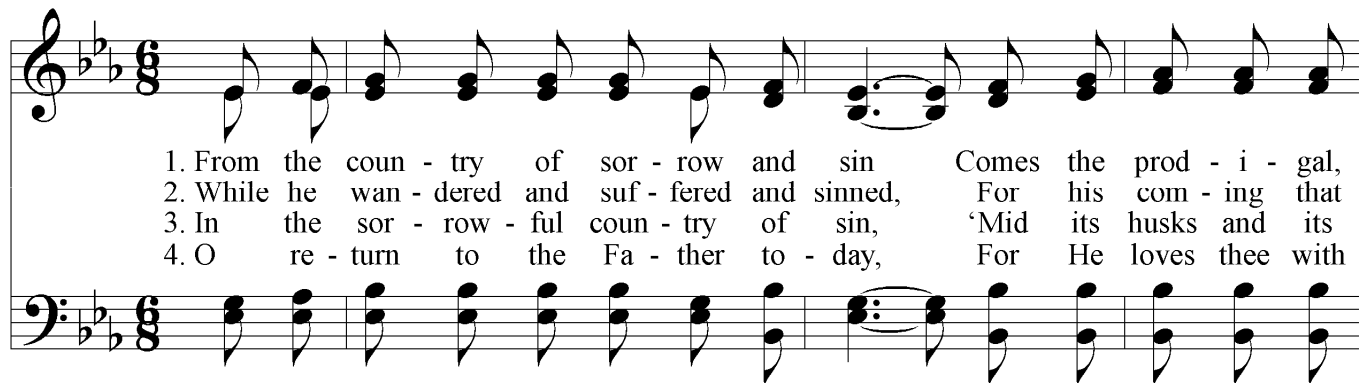
1. My Lord, my Truth, my Way, My sure, un - err - ing light,
2. My Wis - dom and my Guide, My Coun - se - lor Thou art;
3. Teach me the hap - py art In all things to de - pend

The first system of music consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff, both in 3/4 time. The treble staff contains the melody, and the bass staff contains the accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

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!

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

My Lord, To Thee

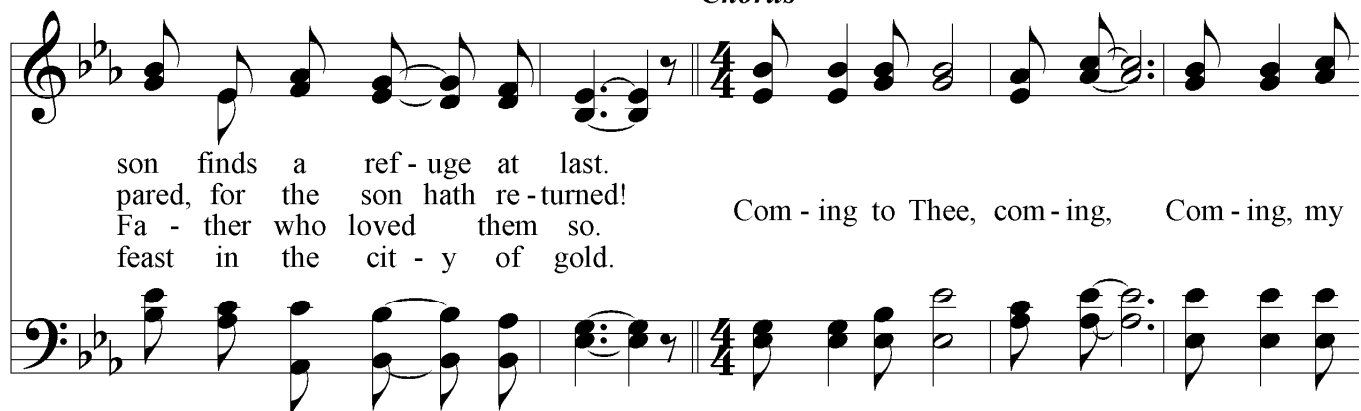


1. From the coun - try of sor - row and sin Comes the prod - i - gal,
2. While he wan - dered and suf - fered and sinned, For his com - ing that
3. In the sor - row - ful coun - try of sin, 'Mid its husks and its
4. O re - turn to the Fa - ther to - day, For He loves thee with

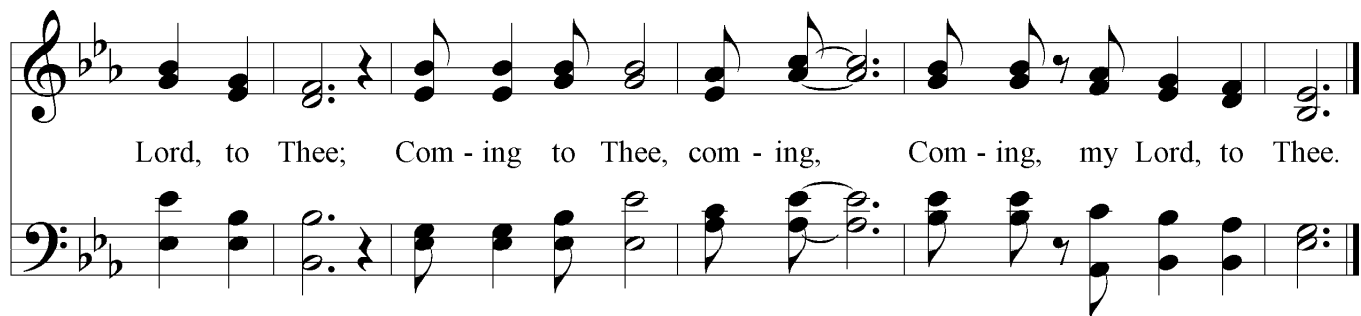


mourn - ing the past, And the love of the fa - ther shines forth, And the
fa - ther had yearned; And the robe and the ring and the feast Are pre -
vain, fleet - ing show, Pre - cious souls in their will - ful - ness stray From the
love all un - told, And a robe and a crown thou shalt wear At the

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.

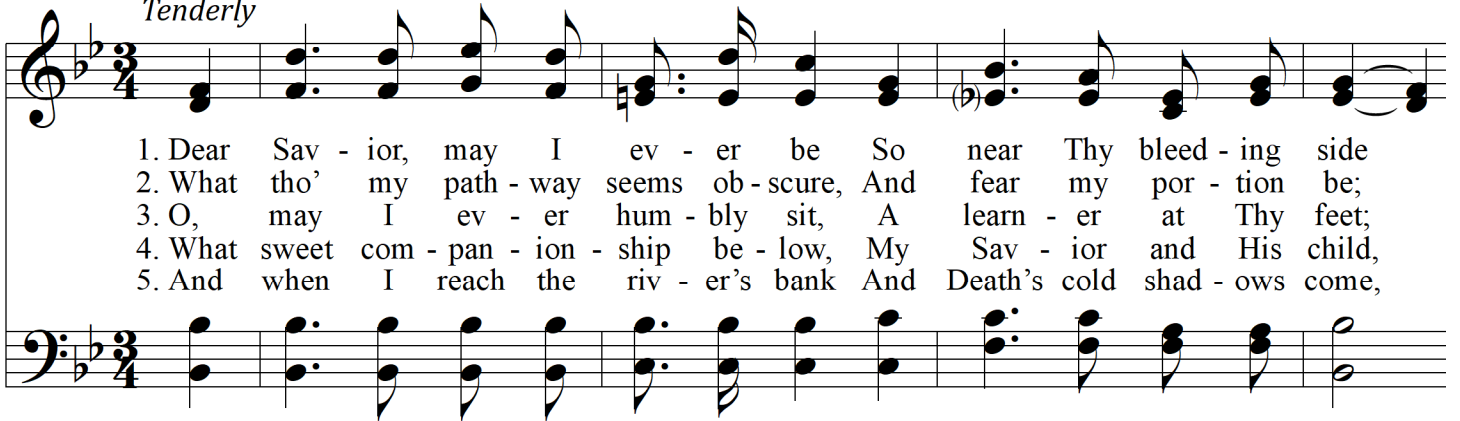


Lord, to Thee; Com - ing to Thee, com - ing, Com - ing, my Lord, to Thee.

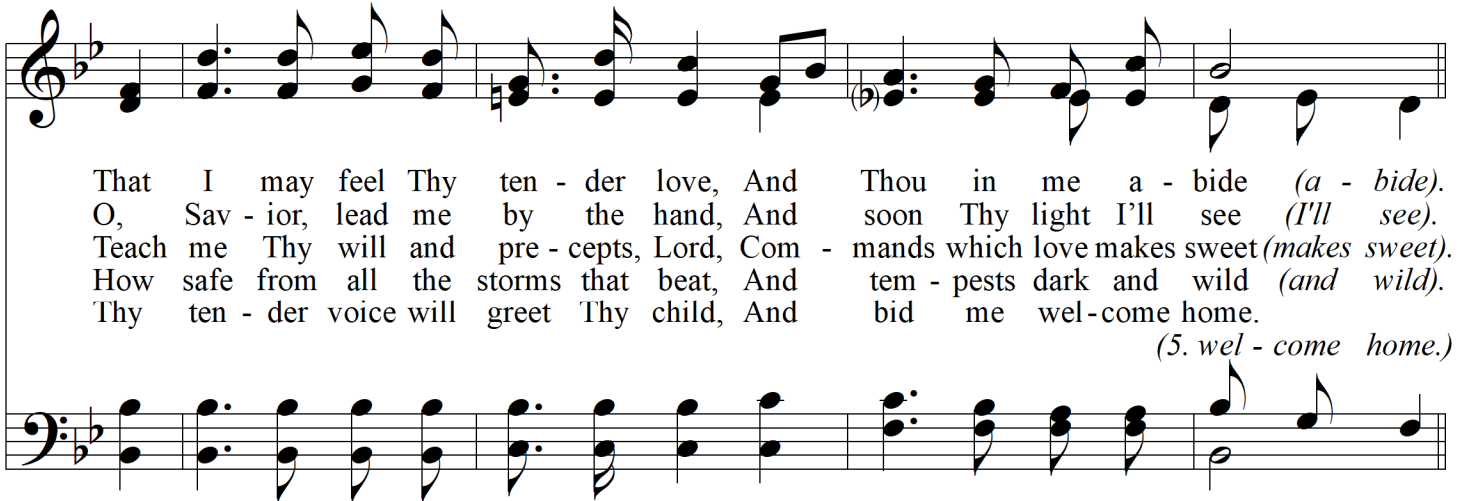
My Loving Savior

B \flat

Tenderly



1. Dear Sav - ior, may I ev - er be So near Thy bleed - ing side
2. What tho' my path - way seems ob - scure, And fear my por - tion be;
3. O, may I ev - er hum - bly sit, A learn - er at Thy feet;
4. What sweet com - pan - ion - ship be - low, My Sav - ior and His child,
5. And when I reach the riv - er's bank And Death's cold shad - ows come,

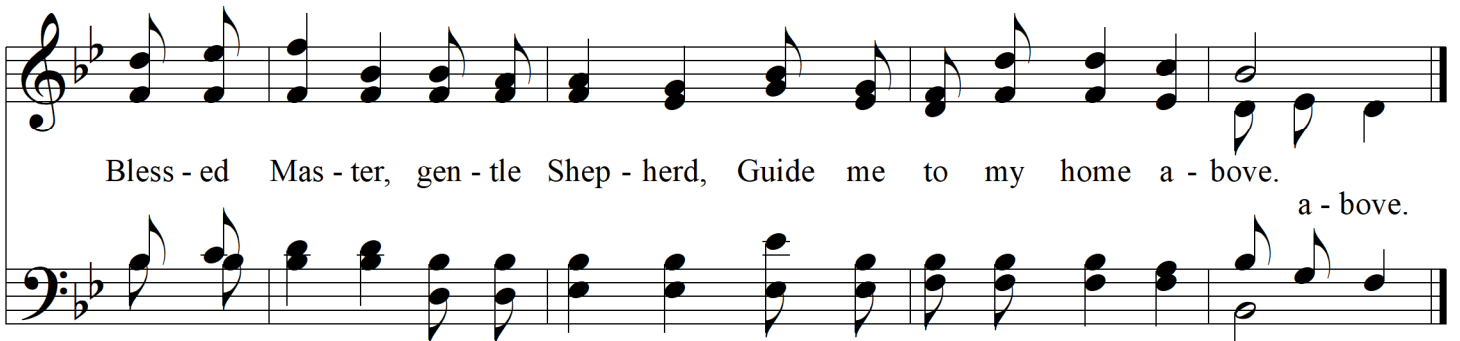


That I may feel Thy ten - der love, And Thou in me a - bide (*a - bide*).
O, Sav - ior, lead me by the hand, And soon Thy light I'll see (*I'll see*).
Teach me Thy will and pre - cepts, Lord, Com - mands which love makes sweet (*makes sweet*).
How safe from all the storms that beat, And tem - pests dark and wild (*and wild*).
Thy ten - der voice will greet Thy child, And bid me wel - come home.
(*5. wel - come home.*)

Chorus



Bless - ed Sav - ior, bless - ed Sav - ior, May I ev - er feel Thy love;



Bless - ed Mas - ter, gen - tle Shep - herd, Guide me to my home a - bove.
a - bove.

My Maker And My King

D

1. My Mak - er and my King, To Thee my all I owe; Thy
2. The crea - ture of Thy hand, On Thee a - lone I live; My
3. Lord, what can I im - part When all is Thine be - fore? Thy
4. O! let Thy grace in - spire My soul with strength di - vine; Let

sov - 'reign boun - ty is the spring Whence all my bless - ings flow, Thy
God, Thy ben - e - fits de - mand More praise than I can give; My
love de - mands a thank - ful heart; The gift, a - las! how poor; Thy
ev - 'ry word and each de - sire And all my days be Thine; Let

sov - 'reign boun - ty is the spring Whence all my bless - ings flow.
God, Thy ben - e - fits de - mand More praise than I can give.
love de - mands a thank - ful heart; The gift, a - las! how poor.
ev - 'ry word and each de - sire And all my days be Thine.

(1.) sov - 'reign boun - ty is the spring Whence all my bless - ings flow.

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 for the melody and a bass clef staff for the accompaniment. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style with a mix of quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are placed below the treble staff, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes. The accompaniment is written in a simple, block-chord style with some eighth-note patterns. The piece 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

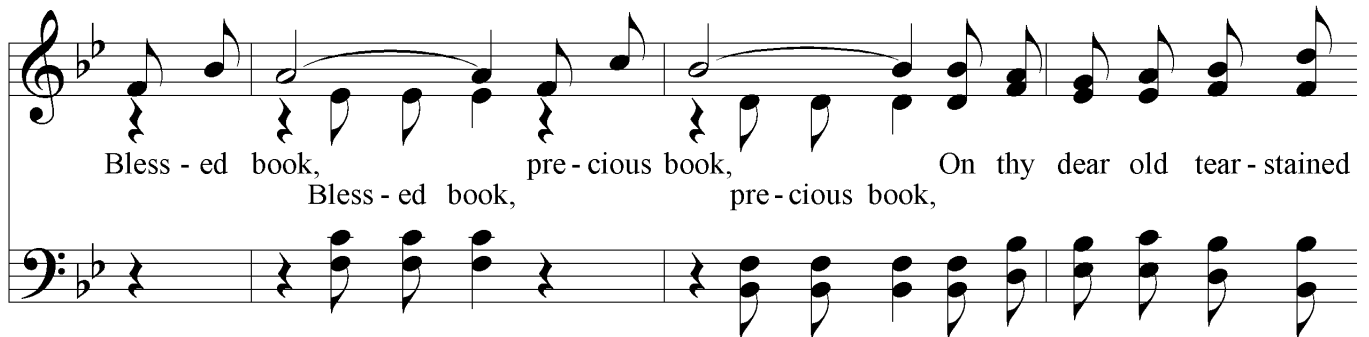


calls the hap - py days of long a - go; When I stood at moth - er's knee,
 suf - fered, bled and died up - on the tree; Of His heav - y load of care,
 dear old Book each day has been my guide; And I seek to do His will,

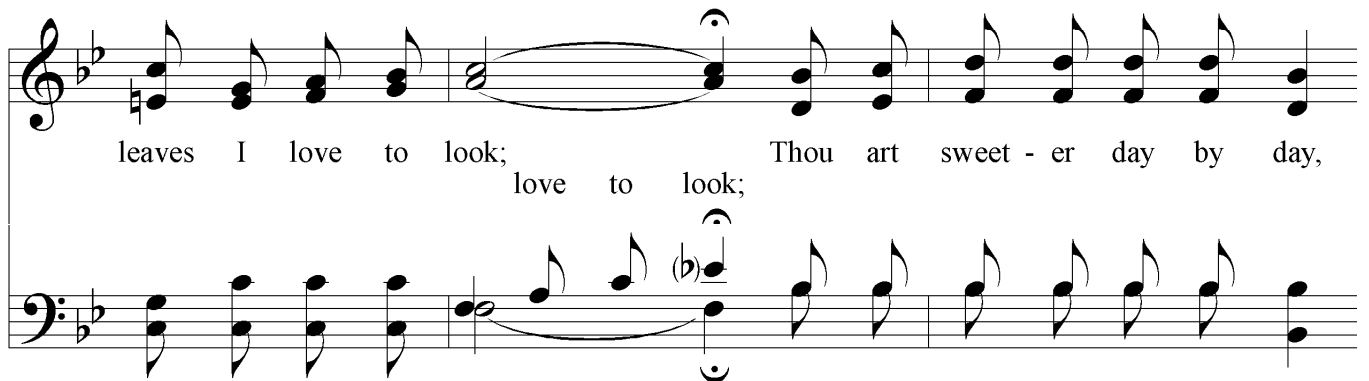


With her hand up - on my brow, And I heard her voice in gen - tle tones and low.
 Then she dried my flow - ing tear With her kiss - es as she said it was for me.
 As my moth - er taught me then, And ev - er in my heart His words a - bide.

Chorus

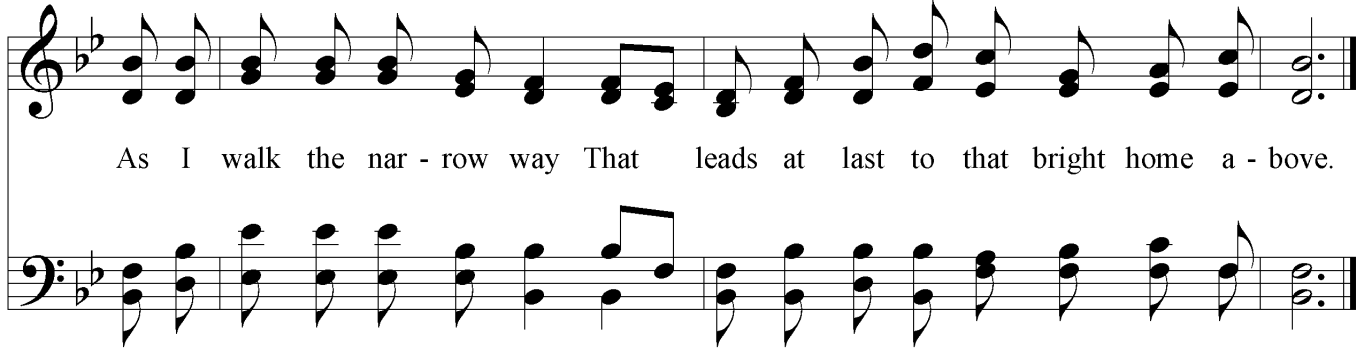


Bless - ed book, pre - cious book, On thy dear old tear - stained
 Bless - ed book, pre - cious book,



leaves I love to look; Thou art sweet - er day by day,
 love to look;

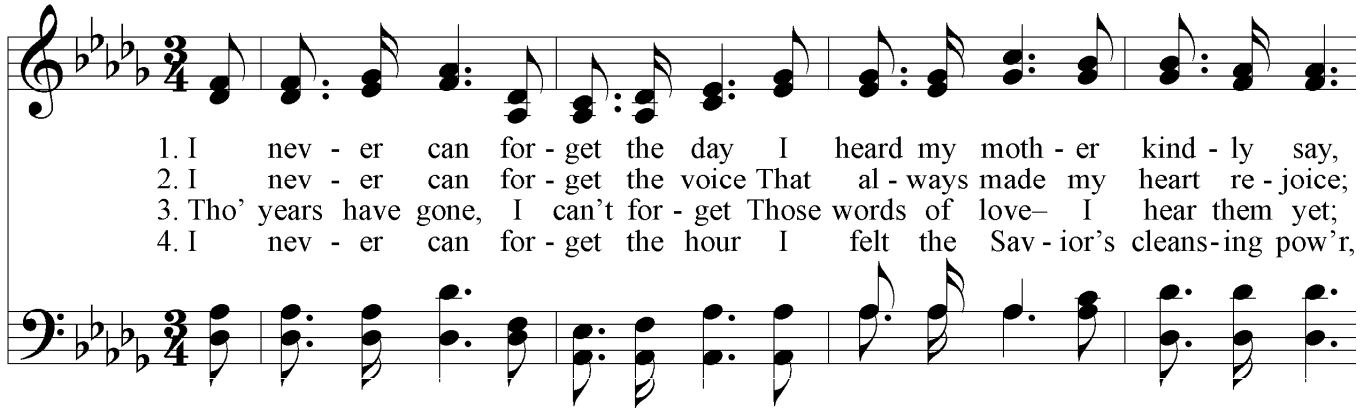
My Mother's Bible



As I walk the nar - row way That leads at last to that bright home a - bove.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn "My Mother's Bible". It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a common time signature (C). The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The music is a simple, hymn-like melody with a piano accompaniment.

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,

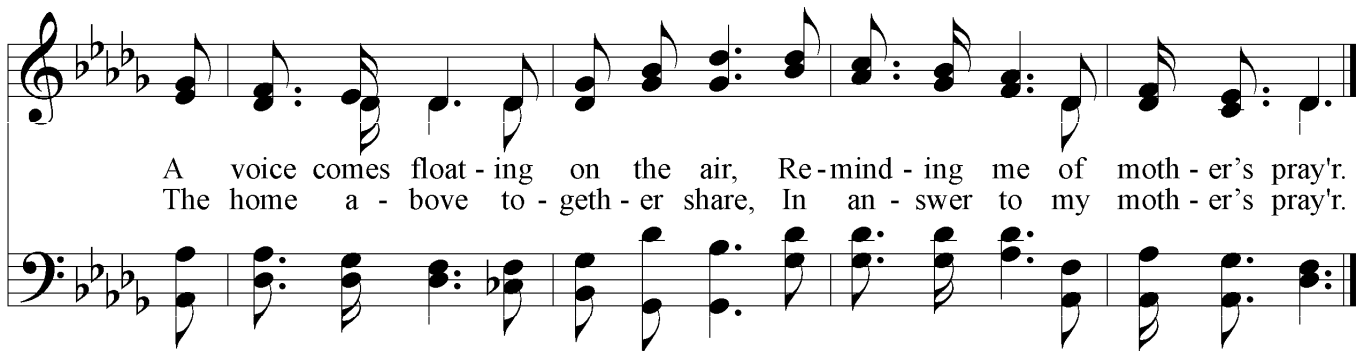


"You're leav - ing now my ten - der care; Re - mem - ber, child, your moth - er's pray'r."
Tho' I have wan - dered God knows where, Still I re - mem - ber moth - er's pray'r.
I see her by the old arm chair, My moth - er dear, in hum - ble pray'r.
My sin and guilt He can - celed there, 'Twas there He 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 In Mother's Prayer

John 16:24

E♭

1. 'Twas in the days of care - less youth, when life was fair and
2. I thought but lit - tle of it then, tho' rev - 'rence touch'd my
3. I wan - dered on, and heed - ed not God's oft re - peat - ed
4. That plead - ing heart, that soul so tried, has gone in - to her

bright, And ne'er a tear, and scarce a fear o'er - cast my day and
heart, To her whose love sought from a - bove for me the bet - ter
call To turn from sin, to live for Him, and trust to Him my
rest, But still with me for aye shall be the mem - 'ry of her

night, As, in the qui - et e - ven - tide, I pass'd her kneel - ing
part; But when life's stern - er bat - tles came with man - y a sub - tle
all; But when at last, con - vinced of sin, I sank in deep de -
trust. And when I cross the Jor - dan's tide, and meet her o - ver

there, That just one word, my name, I heard my name in moth - er's pray'r.
snare, Oft that one word, in thought I heard my name in moth - er's pray'r.
spair, My hope a - woke, When mem - 'ry spoke my name in moth - er's pray'r.
there, We'll praise the Lord, who bless'd that word, my name in moth - er's pray'r.

My Name In Mother's Prayer

Chorus

My name in moth - er's pray'r, My name in moth - er's pray'r, That just one

ad lib. rall...

word, my name I heard, I heard my name My name in 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,



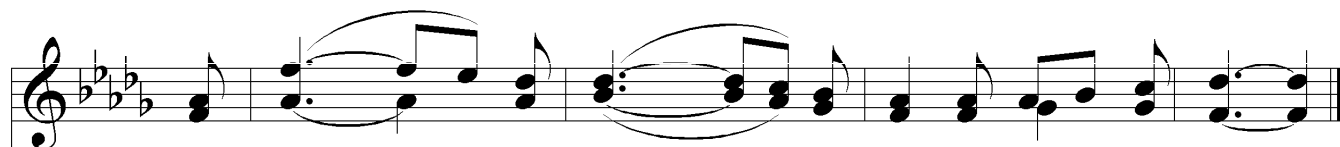
I rise a - bove all doubt and strife, And read my ti - tle clear.
But by His blood the Sav - ior cross'd, And placed it on His roll.
But now with full sal - va - tion blest, Praise God! It's ev - er clear.
High up in heav - en's Book of Life, My name is writ - ten there.



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 Need, And Thy Love

A♭

1. O Fa - ther, I have naught to plead, In earth be -
2. The need will soon be past and gone, Ex - ceed - ing

The first system of music is in 4/4 time with a key signature of three flats (A♭ major). It features a vocal line with two verses and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B♭4, and C5. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the left hand and a melodic line in the right hand.

neath or heav'n a - bove, But just my own ex -
great, but quick - ly o'er; The love un - bought is

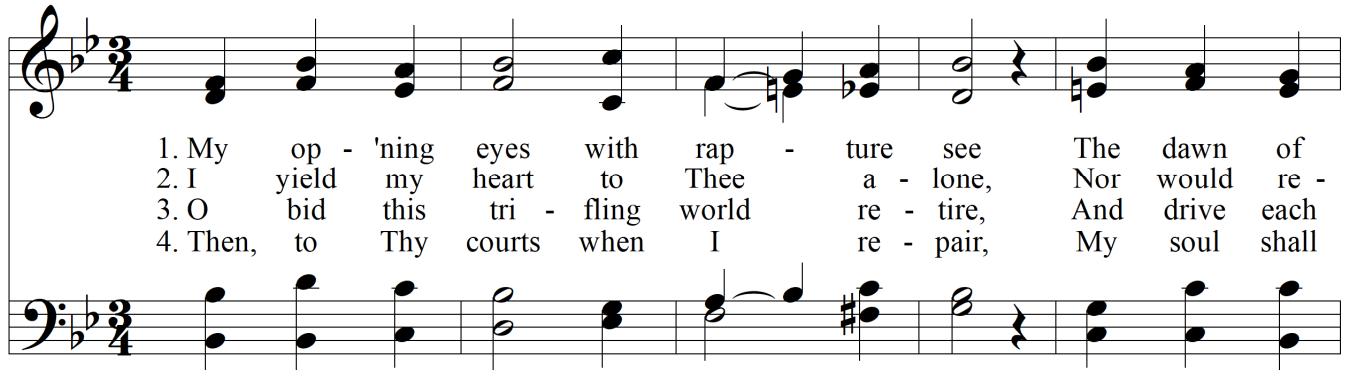
The second system continues the melody. The vocal line has a half note G4, quarter notes A4, B♭4, and C5, followed by a half note G4. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a melodic line.

ceed - ing need, And Thy ex - ceed - ing love.
all Thine own, And lasts for - ev - er - more.

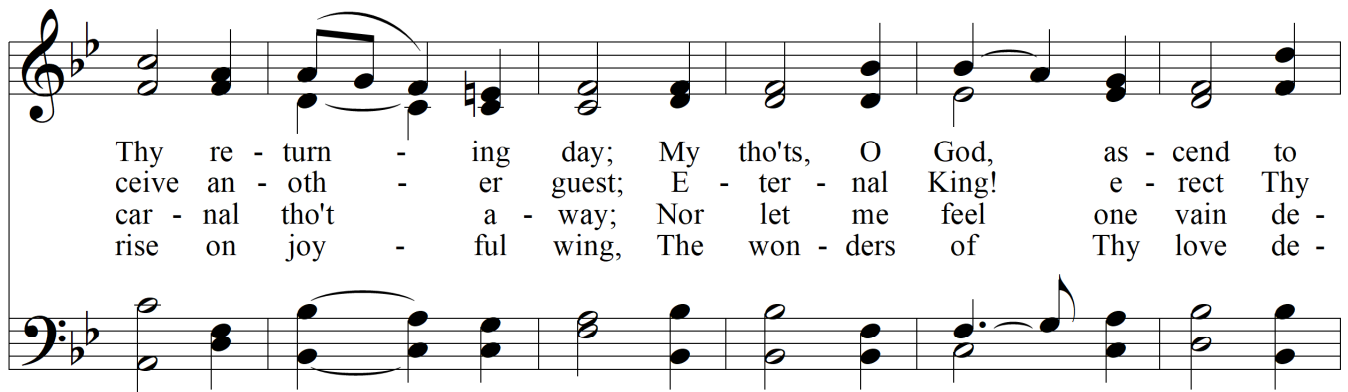
The third system concludes the piece. The vocal line has a half note G4, quarter notes A4, B♭4, and C5, followed by a half note G4. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord and a melodic flourish.

My Opening Eyes With Rapture See

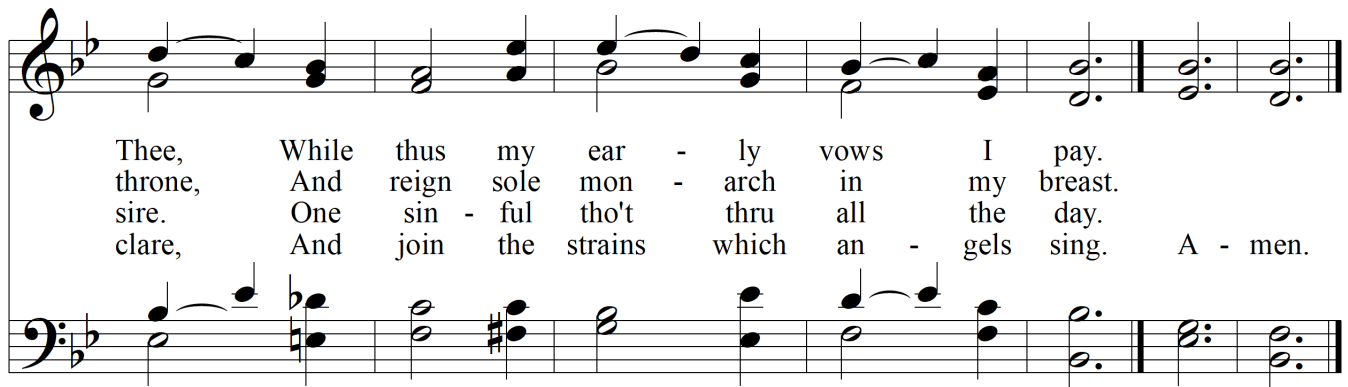
SABBATH



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



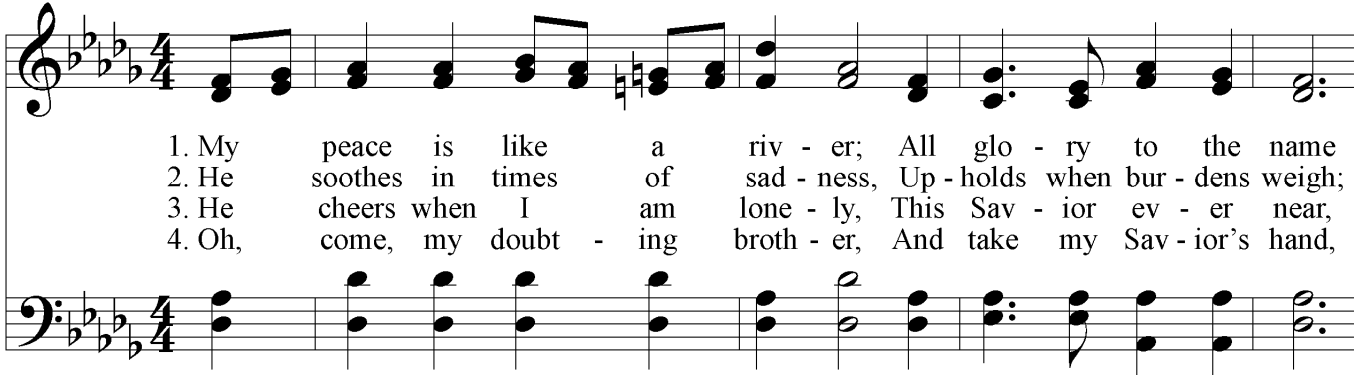
Thy re - turn - ing day; My tho'ts, O God, as - cend to
ceive an - oth - er guest; E - ter - nal King! e - rect Thy
car - nal tho't a - way; Nor let me feel one vain de -
rise on joy - ful wing, The won - ders of Thy love de -



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 for the vocal line. A "Rit..." (ritardando) marking is placed above the final measure of the vocal line. The score concludes with a double bar line.

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!
 Ho - ly Bi - ble! Ho - ly Bi - ble! pre - cious 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 eighth notes. The lyrics are placed between the two staves, 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, He died 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.

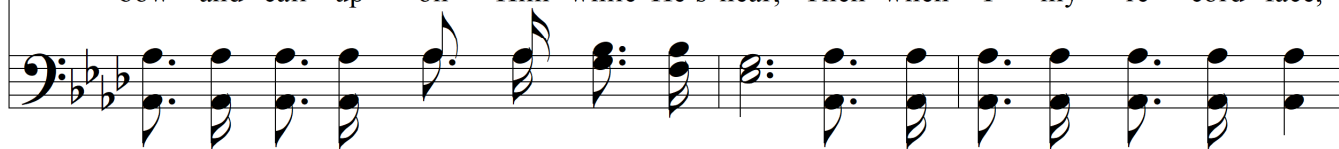
My Record Will Be There



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

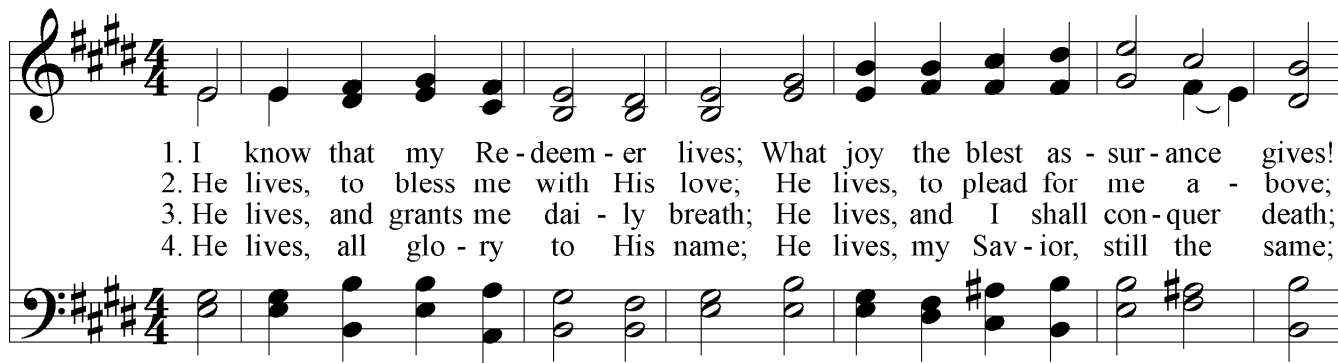
The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and a common time signature. It contains a melody with eighth and quarter notes, including a fermata over the second measure. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

morn - ing by and by, Oh, my re - cord, oh, my re - cord will be there. A - men.

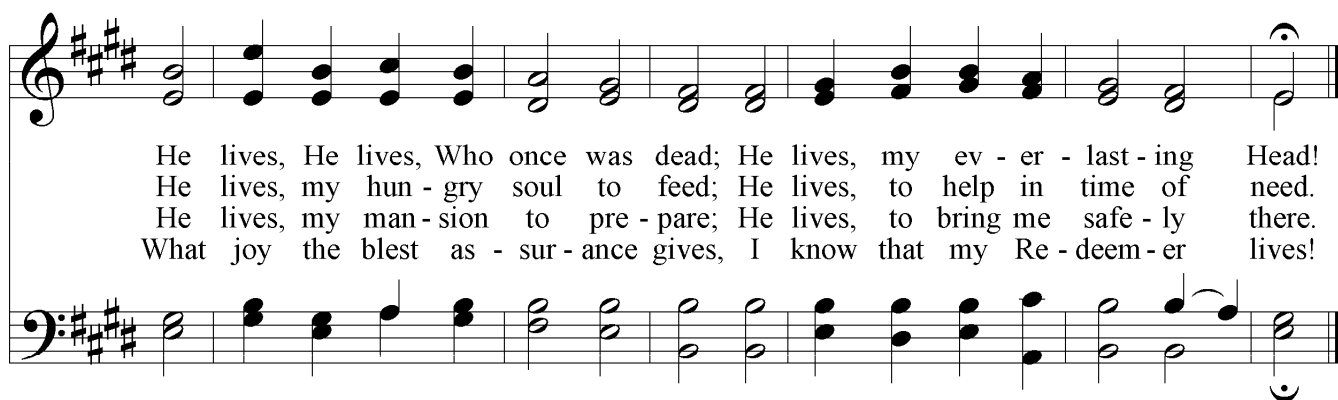
The second system of music also consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melody from the first system, ending with a double bar line and repeat dots. The lower staff continues the accompaniment, also ending with a double bar line and repeat dots.

My Redeemer Lives (Arr. 1)

UXBRIDGE L. M.



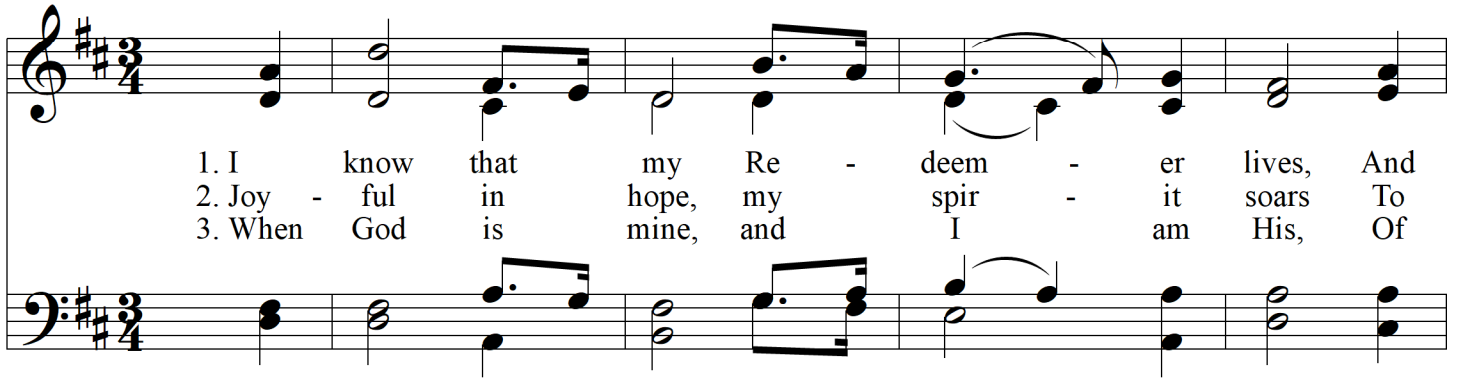
1. I know that my Re - deem - er lives; What joy the blest as - sur - ance gives!
2. He lives, to bless me with His love; He lives, to plead for me a - bove;
3. He lives, and grants me dai - ly breath; He lives, and I shall con - quer death;
4. He lives, all glo - ry to His name; He lives, my Sav - ior, still the same;



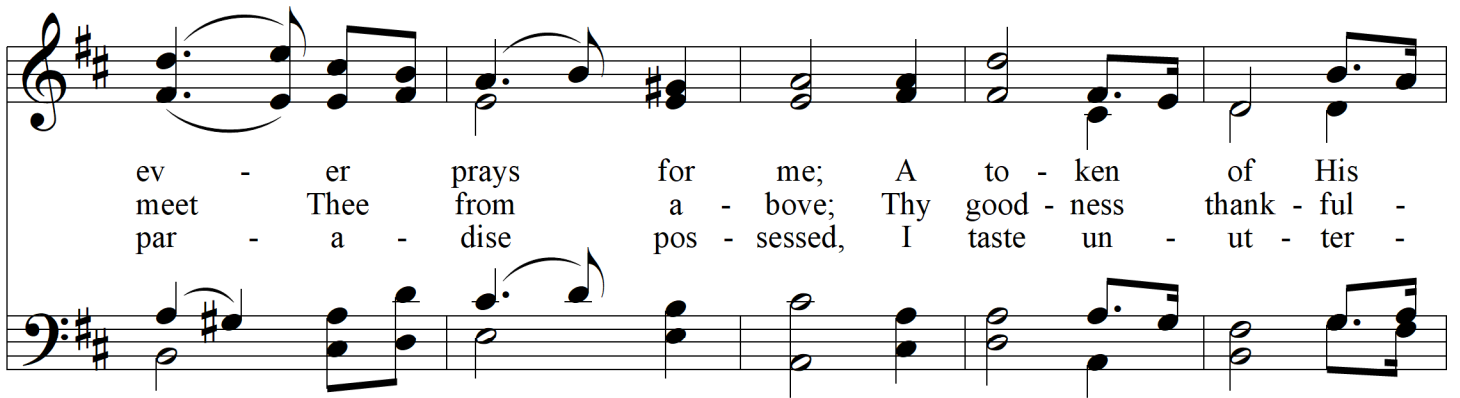
He lives, He lives, Who once was dead; He lives, my ev - er - last - ing Head!
He lives, my hun - gry soul to feed; He lives, to help in time of need.
He lives, my man - sion to pre - pare; He lives, to bring me safe - ly there.
What joy the blest as - sur - ance gives, I know that my Re - deem - er lives!

My Redeemer Lives (Arr. 2)

D



1. I know that my Re - deem - er lives, And
2. Joy - ful in hope, my spir - it soars To
3. When God is mine, and I am His, Of

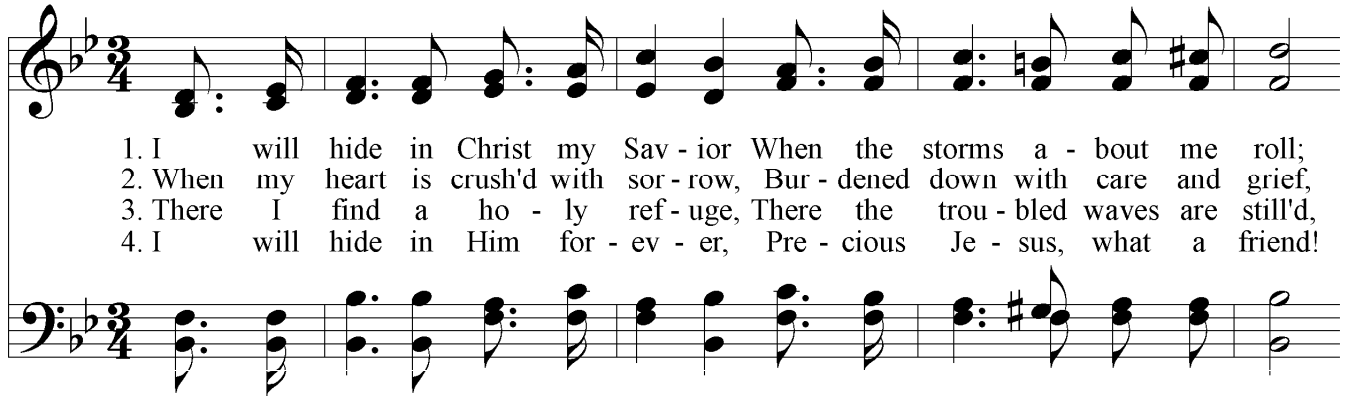


ev - er prays for me; A to - ken of His
meet Thee from a - bove; Thy good - ness thank - ful -
par - a - dise pos - sessed, I taste un - ut - ter -



love He gives, A pledge of lib - er - ty.
ly a - dores, And tastes Thy pre - cious love.
a - ble bliss, And ev - er - last - ing rest.

My Refuge

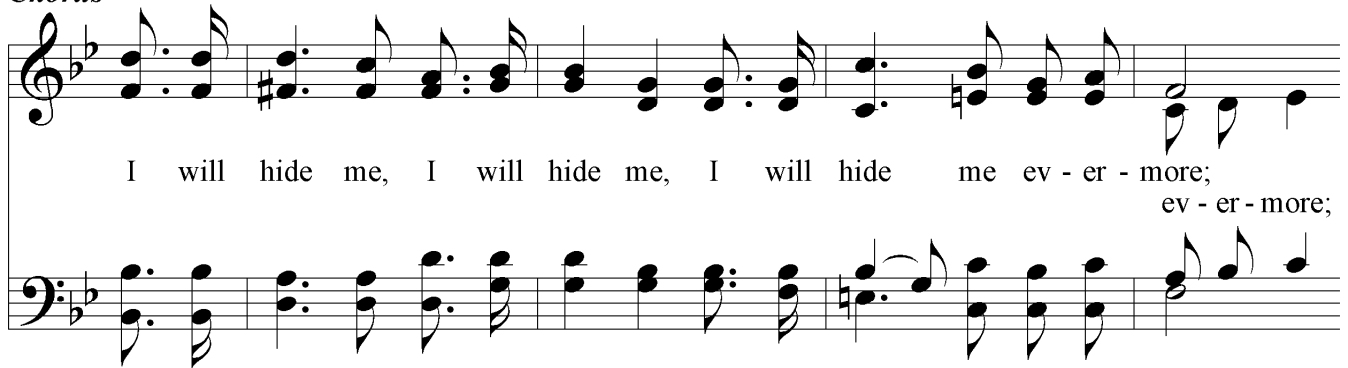


1. I will hide in Christ my Sav - ior When the storms a - bout me roll;
2. When my heart is crush'd with sor - row, Bur - dened down with care and grief,
3. There I find a ho - ly ref - uge, There the trou - bled waves are still'd,
4. I will hide in Him for - ev - er, Pre - cious Je - sus, what a friend!

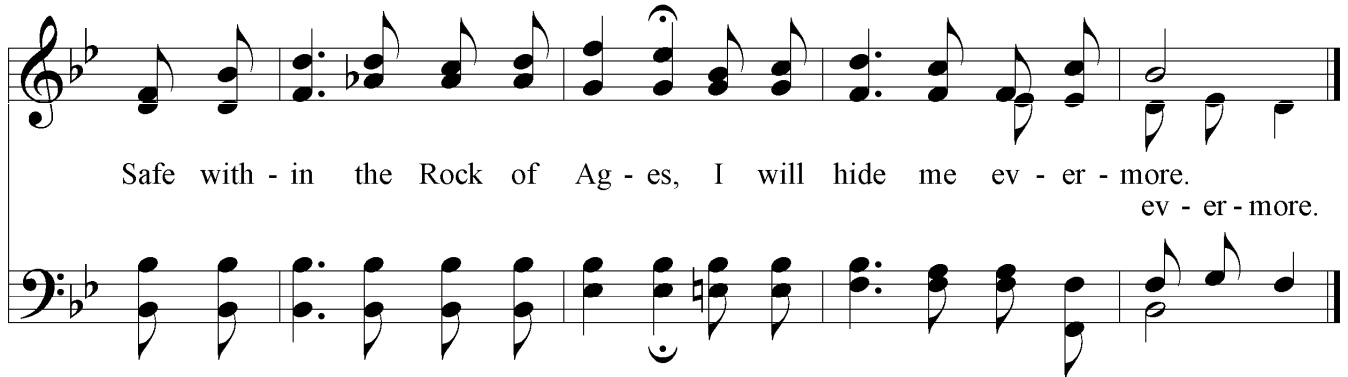


I will seek the bless - ed har - bor Where no harm can reach my soul.
In His lov - ing arms I'll hide me, There He gives a sweet re - lief.
There He speaks sweet words of com - fort Till my heart is warm'd and filled.
He a - lone can keep me safe - ly Till I reach my jour - ney's end.

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 Rest Is In Heaven

11s

E♭

1. My rest is in heav - en, my rest is not here,
2. It is not for me to be seek - ing my bliss,
3. Let doubt, then, and dan - ger, my pro - gress op - pose,

Then why should I trem - ble when tri - als are near?
Nor build - ing my hopes in a re - gion like this;
They on - ly make heav - en more sweet at its close;

Be hush'd, my sad spir - it, the worst that can come
I look for a cit - y that hands have not piled,
Come joy, or come sor - row, what - e'er may be - fall,

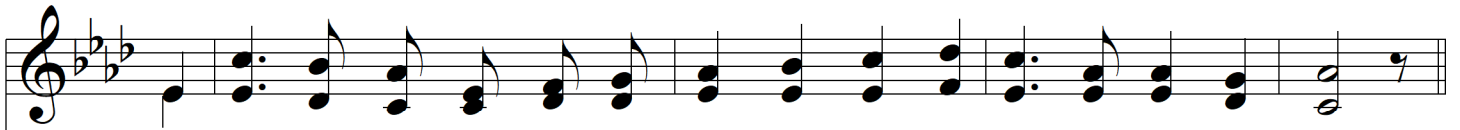
But short - ens my jour - ney, and has - tens me home.
I pant for a coun - try by sin un - de - filed.
An hour with my God will make up for them all.

My Rock And Shield

A^b



1. I know not why God's love and might-y pow'r To me He hath re-vealed;
2. His mer-cy smoothes my rough and ston-y way O'er life's dark path-way dim;
3. And when af-flic-tion's rod and heav-y hand Is laid up-on me sore,



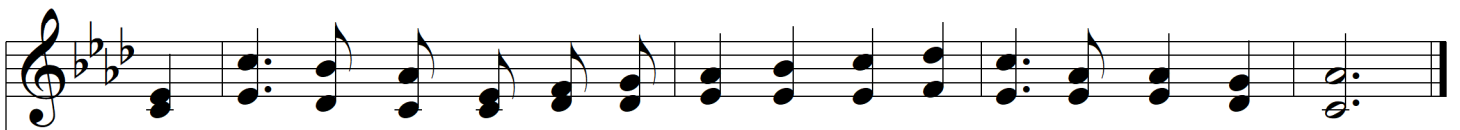
But this I know, in ev-'ry try-ing hour He is my rock and shield.
He is my rock and sure de-fense each day, My trust is all in Him.
I put my faith and trust in Him, for He Is life for-ev-er-more.



Chorus



He is my rock and sure de-fense; My all to Him I yield,
He is my rock and sure de-fense; To Him I yield,



For this I know, in ev-'ry try-ing hour, He is my rock and shield.



My Sabbath Home

A \flat

1. Sweet Sab - bath School! more dear to me Than fair - est
 2. Here first my will - ful, wan - d'ring heart, The way of
 3. Here Je - sus stood with lov - ing voice, En - treat - ing

pal - ace dome, My heart e'er turns with joy to thee, My
 life was shown; Here first I sought the bet - ter part, And
 me to come, And make of Him my on - ly choice, In

D. S. - My heart e'er turns with joy to thee, My

Fine Chorus

own dear Sab - bath Home. Sab - bath home! bless - ed
 gained a Sab - bath Home. Sweet home!
 this dear Sab - bath Home.

own dear Sab - bath Home.

D. S. al Fine

home! Sab - bath home! bless - ed home!
 sweet home! sweet home! sweet home!

My Sabbath Song

A \flat

1. Strains of mu - sic of - ten met me, Aa I join the bus - y
2. 'Tis a song of love and mer - cy, Speak - ing peace to all man -
3. While I live, O, may I ev - er Love the ho - ly Sab - bath

throng, But there's noth - ing half so pleas - ant, As the ho - ly
kind, Tell - ing sin - ners poor and need - y, Where the Sav - ior
song, And in yon - der home e - ter - nal, Sing it with the

Chorus

Sab - bath song. No fear of ill, no fear of wrong, While
they may find. My Sab - bath song, my Sab - bath song, I
blood - bought throng.

1. I can sing my Sab - bath song;
[Omit]..... love to sing my Sab - bath song.
2.

My Safety

G

1. O Lamb of God! still keep me Near to Thy wound - ed side;
2. 'Tis on - ly in Thee hid - ing I know my life se - cure-
3. Soon shall my eyes be - hold Thee, With rap - ture, face to face;

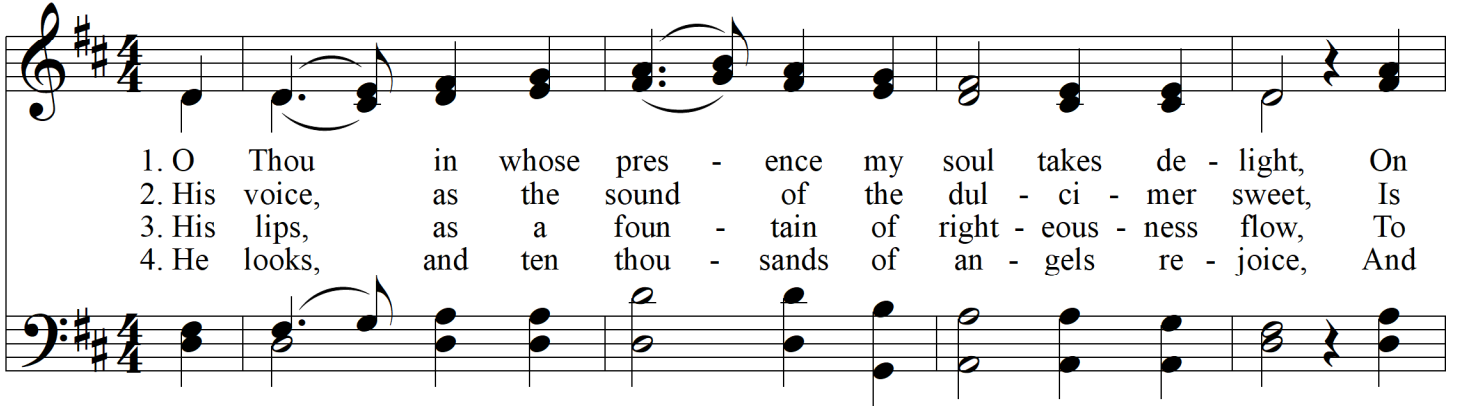
'Tis on - ly there in safe - ty And peace I can a - bide!
On - ly in Thee a - bid - ing, The con - flict can en - dure:
One half hath not been told me Of all Thy pow'r and grace.

What foes and snares sur - round me, What doubts and fears with - in!
Thine arm the vic - 'try gain - eth O'er ev - 'ry hate - ful foe;
Thy beau - ty, Lord, and glo - ry, The won - ders of Thy love,

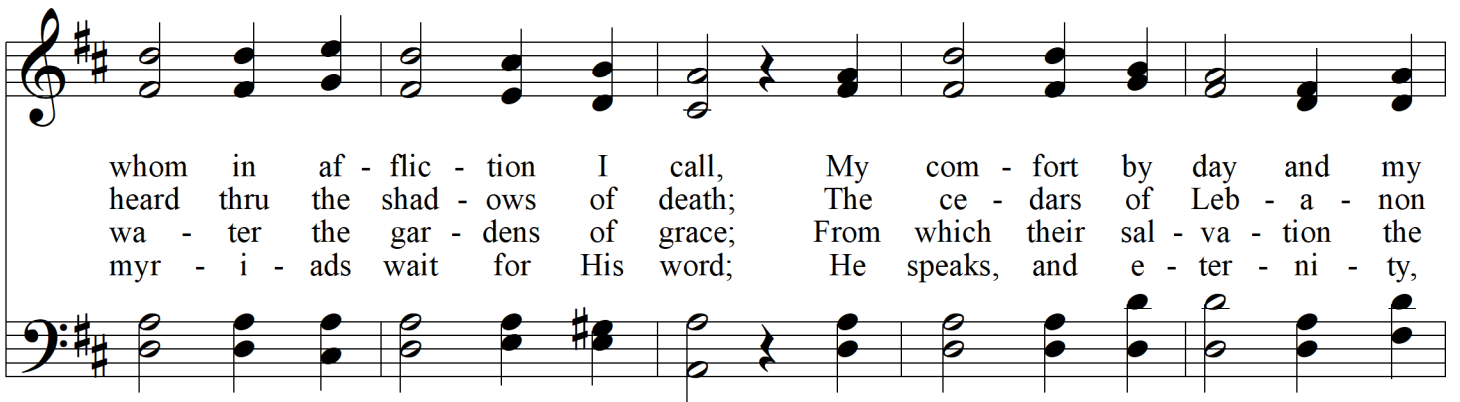
The grace that sought and found me, A - lone can keep me clean.
Thy love my heart sus - tain - eth In all its care and woe.
Shall be the end - less sto - ry Of all the saints a - bove.

My Salvation, My All

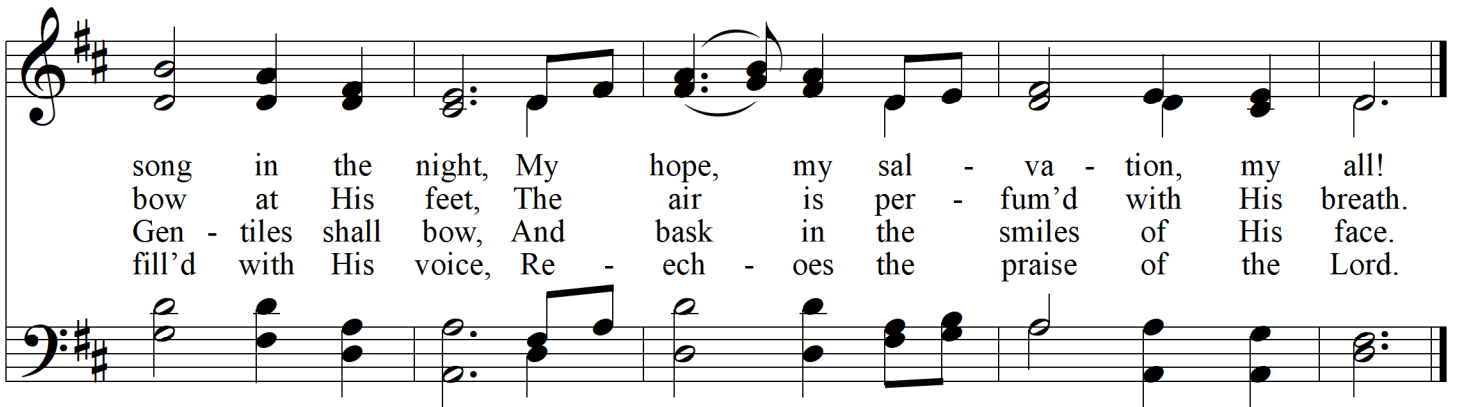
D



1. O Thou in whose pres - ence my soul takes de - light, On
2. His voice, as the sound of the dul - ci - mer sweet, Is
3. His lips, as a foun - tain of right - eous - ness flow, To
4. He looks, and ten thou - sands of an - gels re - joice, And



whom in af - flic - tion I call, My com - fort by day and my
heard thru the shad - ows of death; The ce - dars of Leb - a - non
wa - ter the gar - dens of grace; From which their sal - va - tion the
myr - i - ads wait for His word; He speaks, and e - ter - ni - ty,



song in the night, My hope, my sal - va - tion, my all!
bow at His feet, The air is per - fum'd with His breath.
Gen - tiles shall bow, And bask in the smiles of His face.
fill'd with His voice, Re - ech - oes the praise of the Lord.

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;

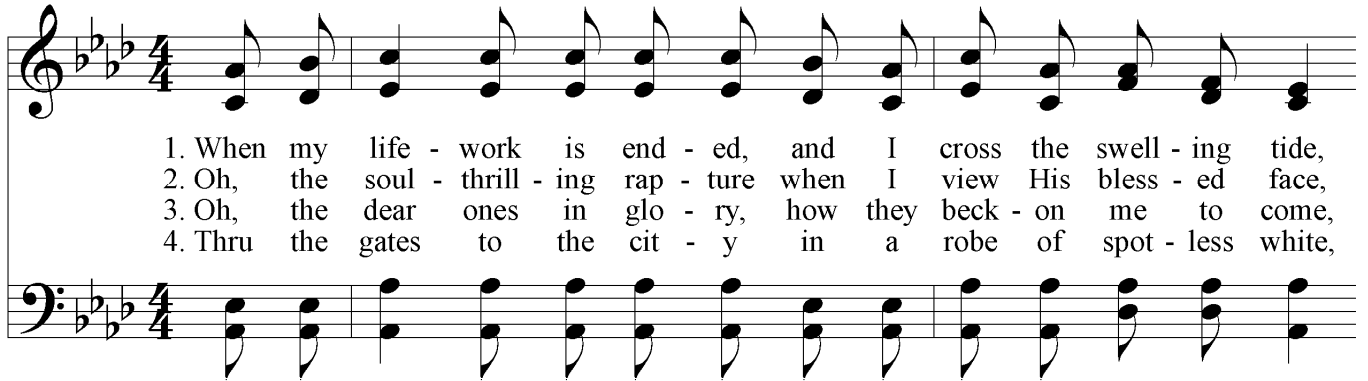
In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re - sign;
 Give me Thy peo - ple's bread, Their por - tion rich and sure;
 Let not my star of hope Grow dim or dis - ap - pear;
 Each chang - ing fu - ture scene I glad - ly trust with Thee;

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."

Words: Benjamin Schmolke, Tr. by Jane Borthwick
 Music: Carl von Weber

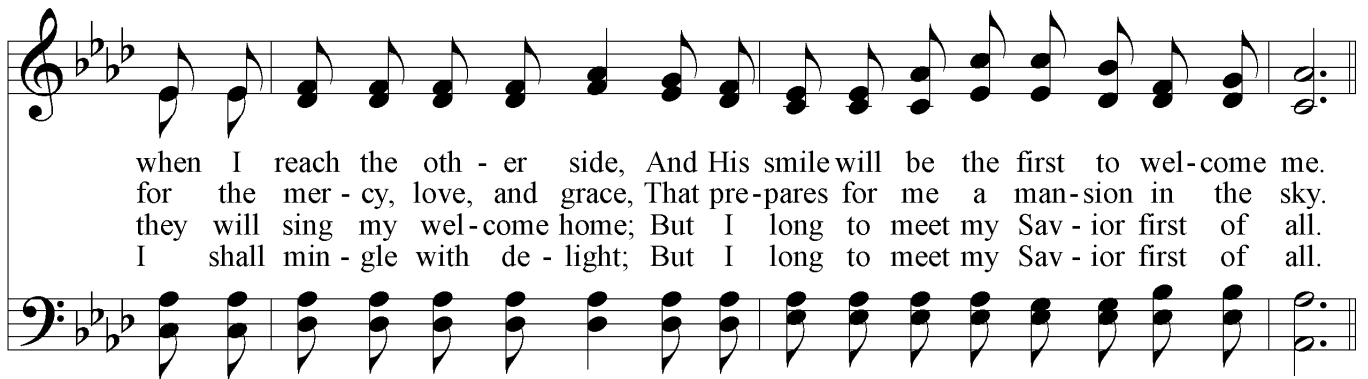
My Savior First Of All



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,

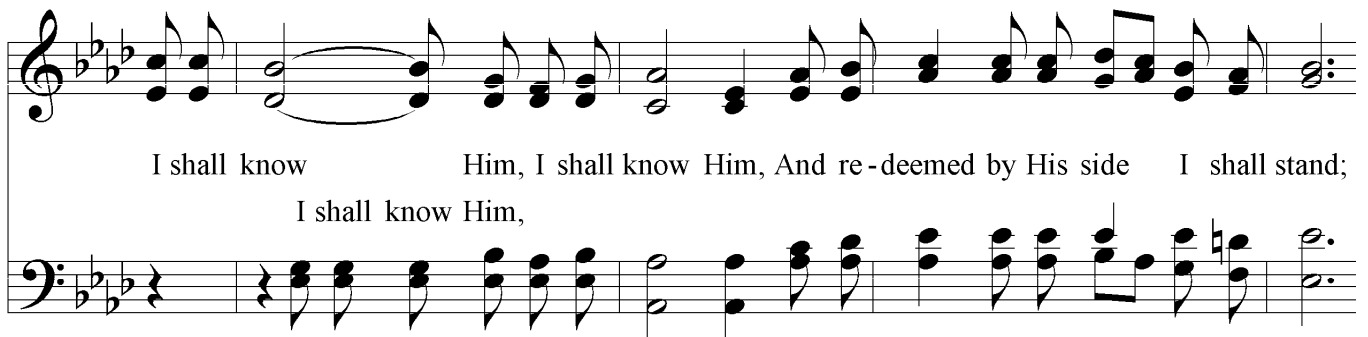


When the bright and glo - rious morn - ing I shall see; I shall know my Re - deem - er
And the lus - ter of His kind - ly beam - ing eye; How my full heart will praise Him
And our part - ing at the riv - er I re - call; To the sweet vales of E - den
He will lead me where no tears will ev - er fall; In 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



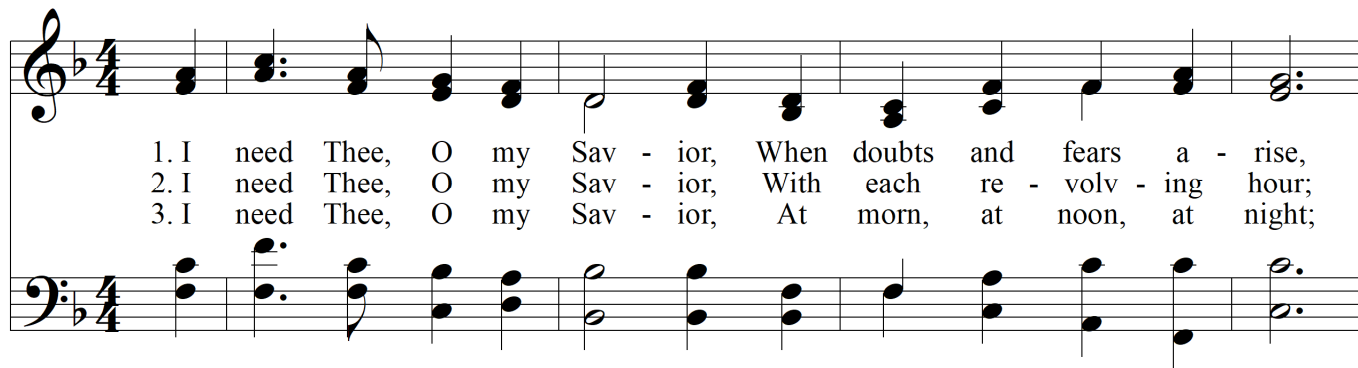
I shall know Him, I shall know Him, And re - deemed by His side I shall stand;
I shall know Him,

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 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 written 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,

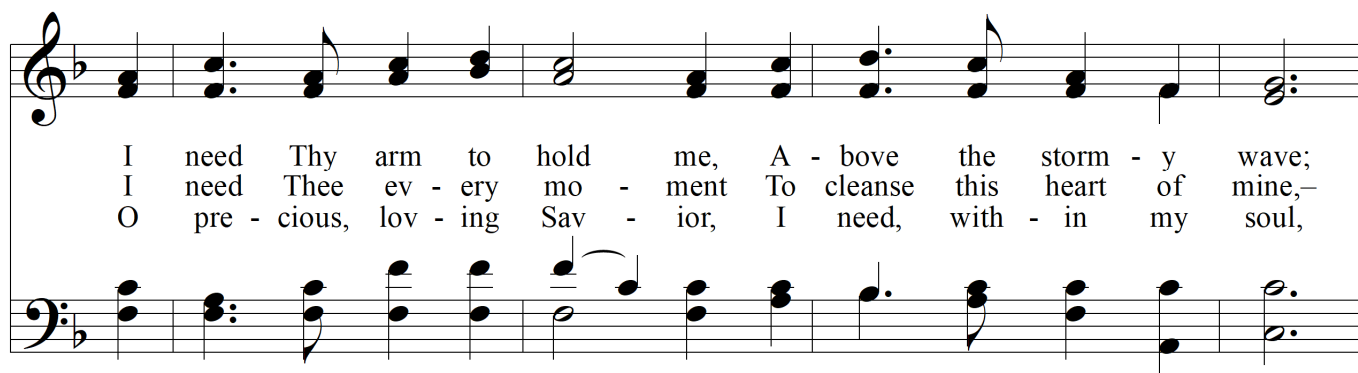
My Savior, I Need Thee (Arr. 1)



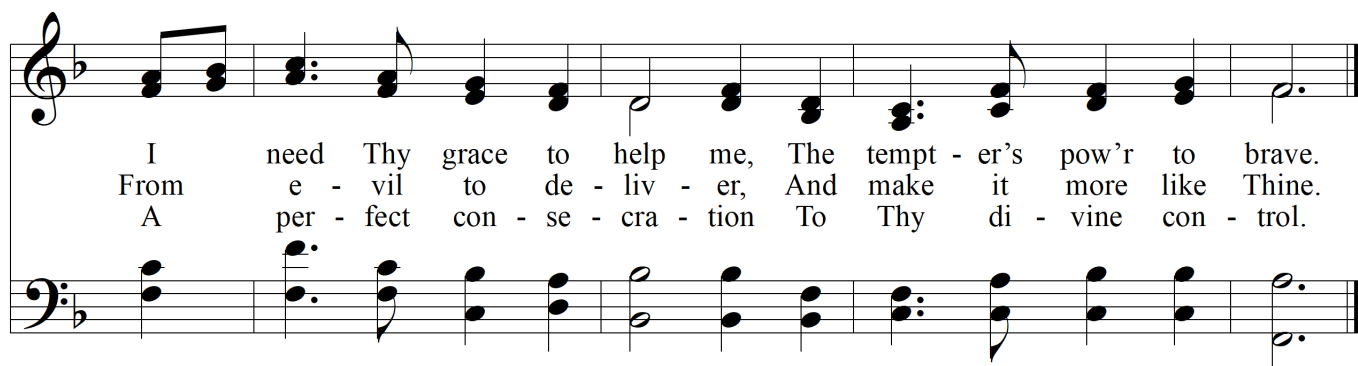
1. I need Thee, O my Sav - ior, When doubts and fears a - rise,
2. I need Thee, O my Sav - ior, With each re - volv - ing hour;
3. I need Thee, O my Sav - ior, At morn, at noon, at night;



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,



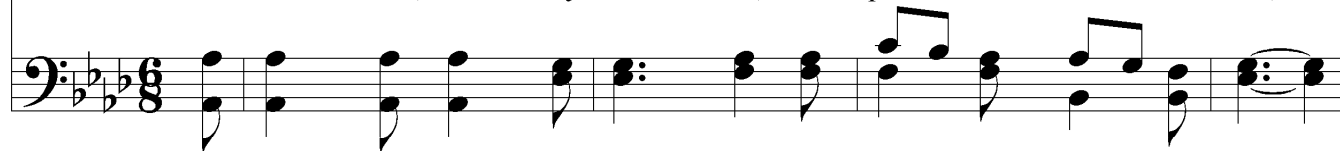
I need Thy grace to help me, The tempt - er's pow'r to brave.
From e - vil to de - liv - er, And make it more like Thine.
A per - fect con - se - cra - tion To Thy di - vine con - trol.

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 Will Know Me

A \flat

Moderato

1. I am on my way to heav - en, to those man - sions of the soul,
2. Far a - way in paths of dark - ness once my wea - ry feet did roam,
3. He is with me in the dark - ness, He is with me in the day,

Where I'll live with Christ, my Sav - ior, while e - ter - nal ag - es roll;
But I heard the lov - ing Sav - ior sweet - ly call - ing, "Child, come home;"
And His word is left on re - cord, "Lo, I am with you al - way;"

For my Sav - ior thru His grace, Has pre - pared for me a place,
So when life with me is o'er, I will en - ter heav - en's door
So thru His as - sist - ing grace, I shall reach that heav'n - ly place,

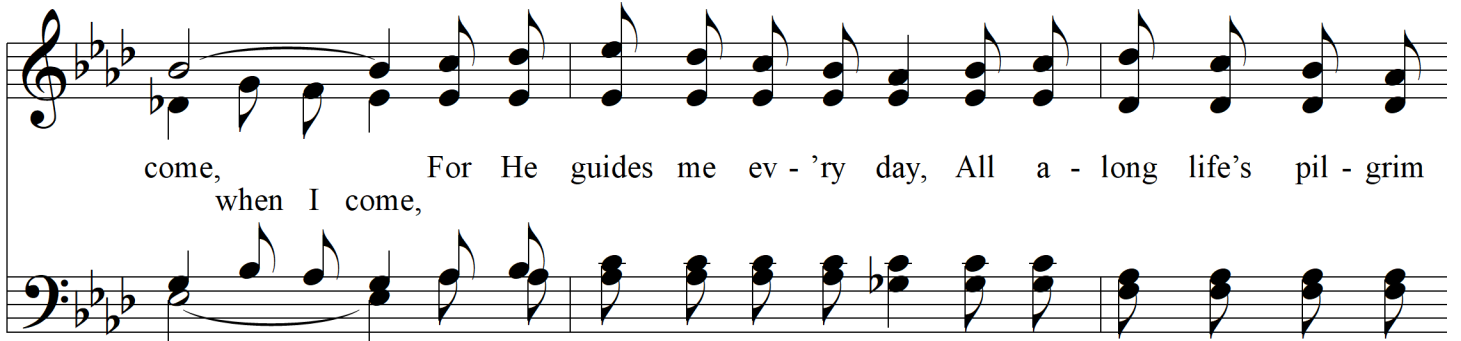
Refrain

And I'm sure that He will know me when I come.
And my bless - ed Lord will know me when I come. Yes, my Sav - ior will
And I feel that He will know me when I come.

My Savior Will Know Me



know me when I come, He will meet me and greet me when I
when I come,



come, For He guides me ev - 'ry day, All a - long life's pil - grim
when I come,



way, So I'm sure that He will know me when I come.
when I come.

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,

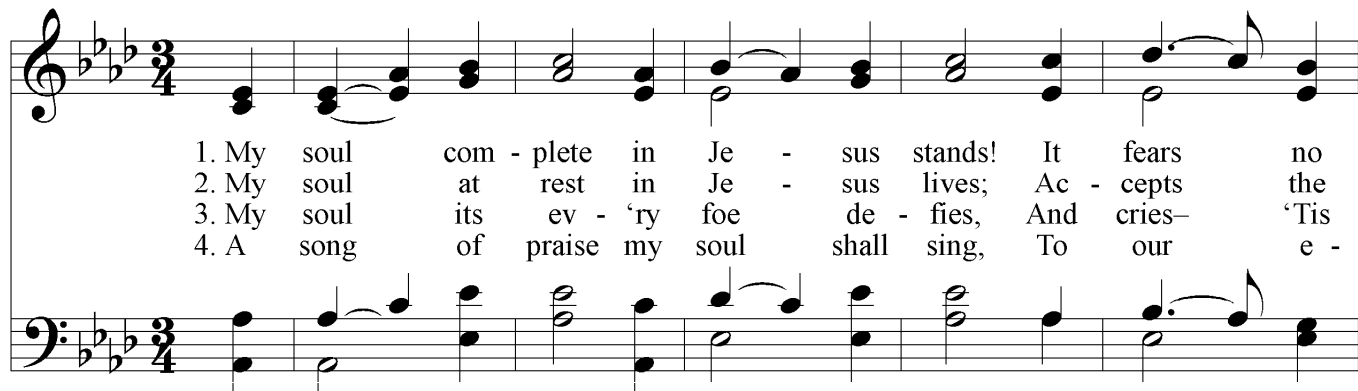
My Sins Are All Taken Away

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 4/4. The first staff has a first ending bracket over the first four measures, and a second ending bracket over the last four measures. The lyrics are written below the treble staff, with "Hal - le - lu - jah!" centered under the first ending and "My sins are all tak - en a - way." centered under the second ending. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

My Sins Are Forgiven



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 -



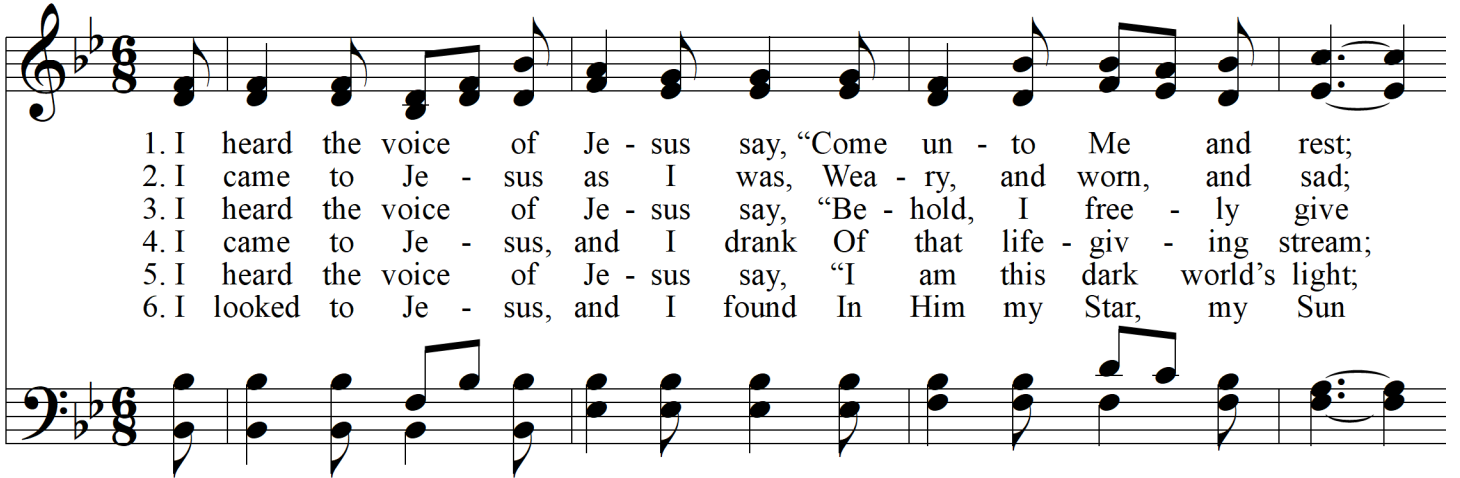
more than law's de - mands; The smile of God is
peace His par - don gives; Re - ceives the grace His
God that jus - ti - fies! Who charg - es God's e -
ter - nal, glo - rious King! Shall wor - ship hum - bly



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 Sins Are Taken Away

B \flat



1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest;
2. I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
4. I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;
5. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's light;
6. I looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun

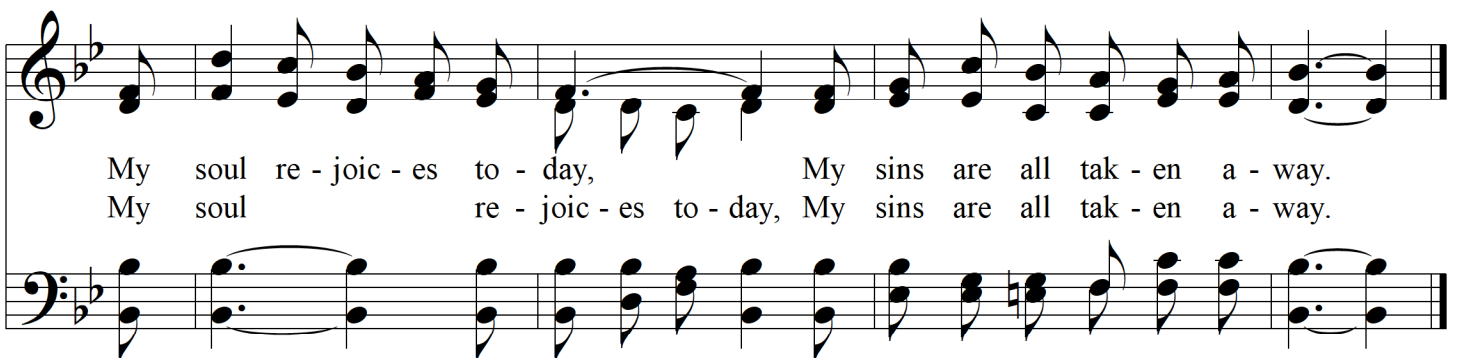


Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast."
I found in Him a rest - ing place, And He has made me glad.
The liv - ing wa - ter: thirst - y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live."
My thirst was quenched, my soul re - vived, And now I live in Him.
Look un - to Me, thy morn shall rise And all thy day be bright."
And in that light of life I'll walk Till all my jour - ney's done.

Chorus



My sins are tak - en a - way, Praise God! they're tak - en a - way,
My sins are tak - en a - way, Praise God! they're tak - en a - way, a - way,



My soul re - joic - es to - day, My sins are all tak - en a - way.
My soul re - joic - es to - day, My sins are all tak - en a - way.

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,

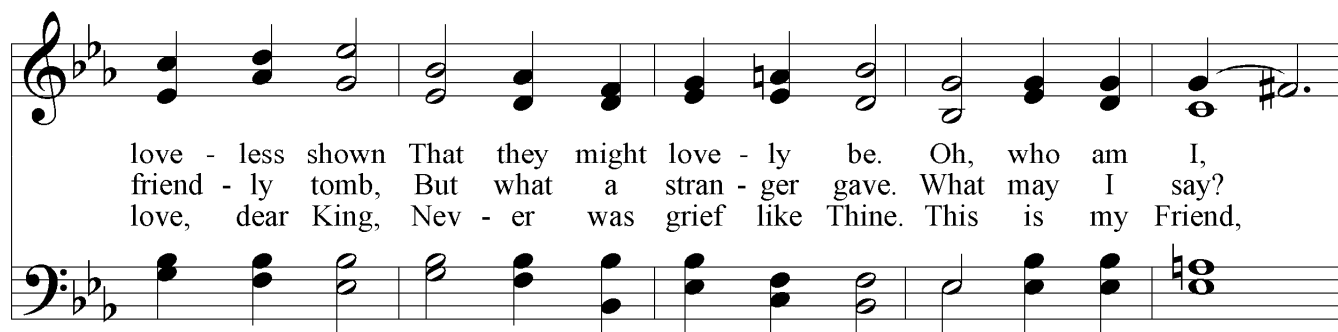
My shad - ow and my sun - shine The bright - ness of Thy face.
Is all the grief and an - guish They laid, my Lord, on Thee.
And saw the sweat - drops blood - y That told Thy sor - row there.
Re - jice those hearts, my Sav - ior, That live in Thee and love.

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



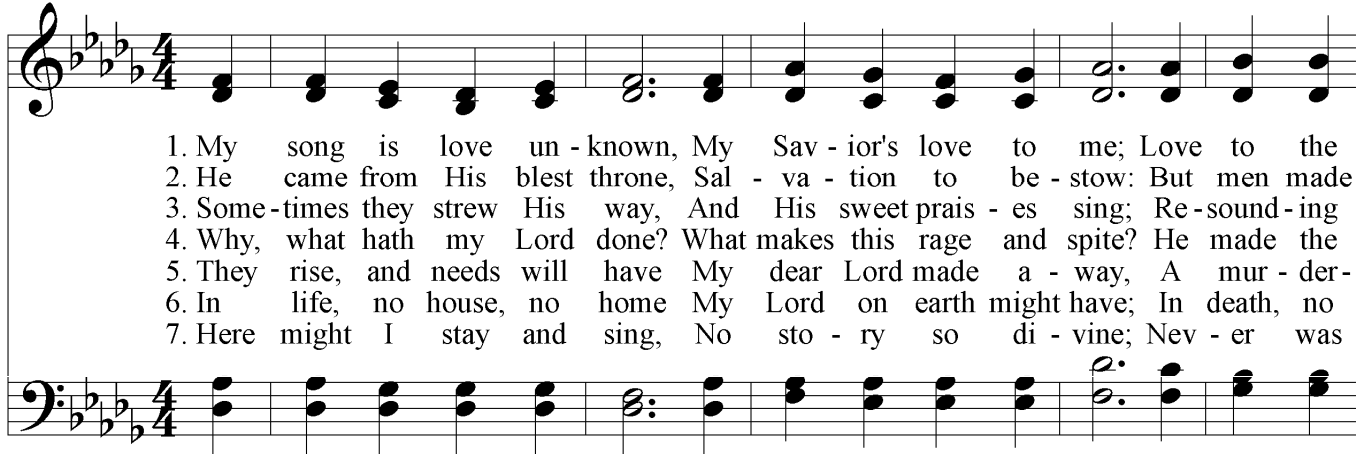
love - less shown That they might love - ly be. Oh, who am I,
friend - ly tomb, But what a stran - ger gave. What may I say?
love, dear King, Nev - er was grief like Thine. This is my Friend,



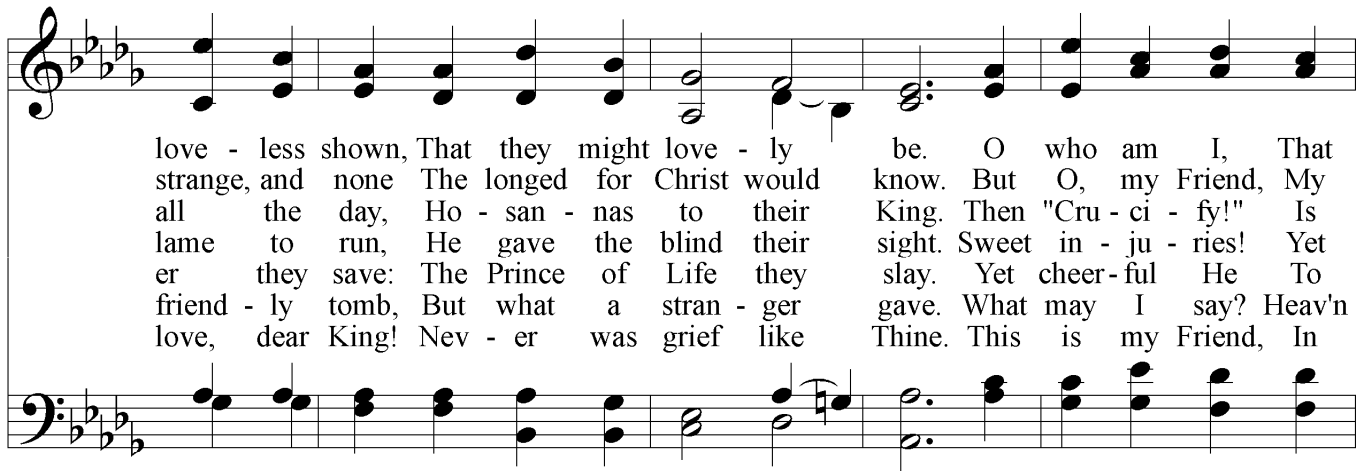
That for my sake My Lord should take Frail flesh and die?
Heav'n was His Home; But mine the tomb Where - in He lay.
In whose sweet praise I all my days Could glad - ly spend.

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

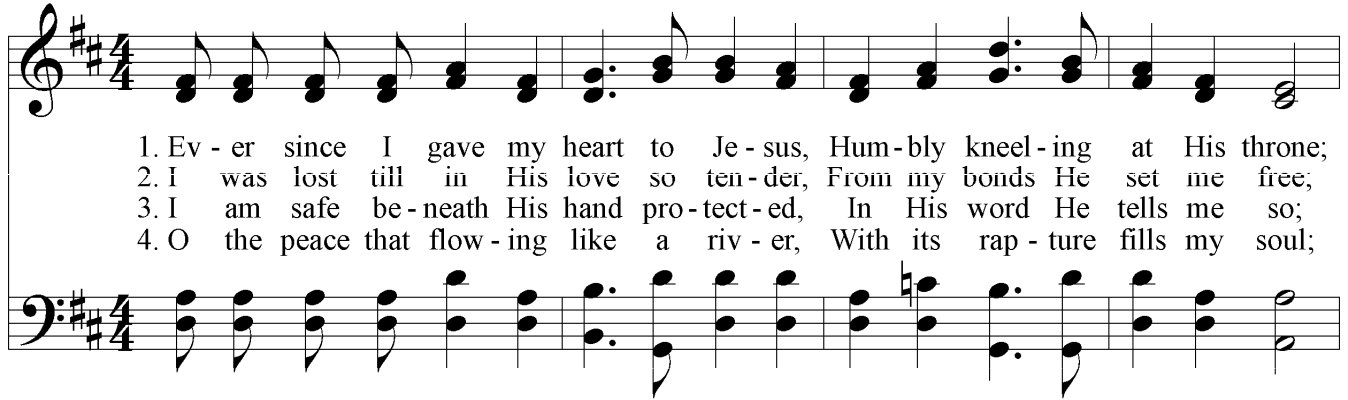


love - less shown, That they might love - ly be. O who am I, That
strange, and none The longed for Christ would know. But O, my Friend, My
all the day, Ho - san - nas to their King. Then "Cru - ci - fy!" Is
lame to run, He gave the blind their sight. Sweet in - ju - ries! Yet
er they save: The Prince 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

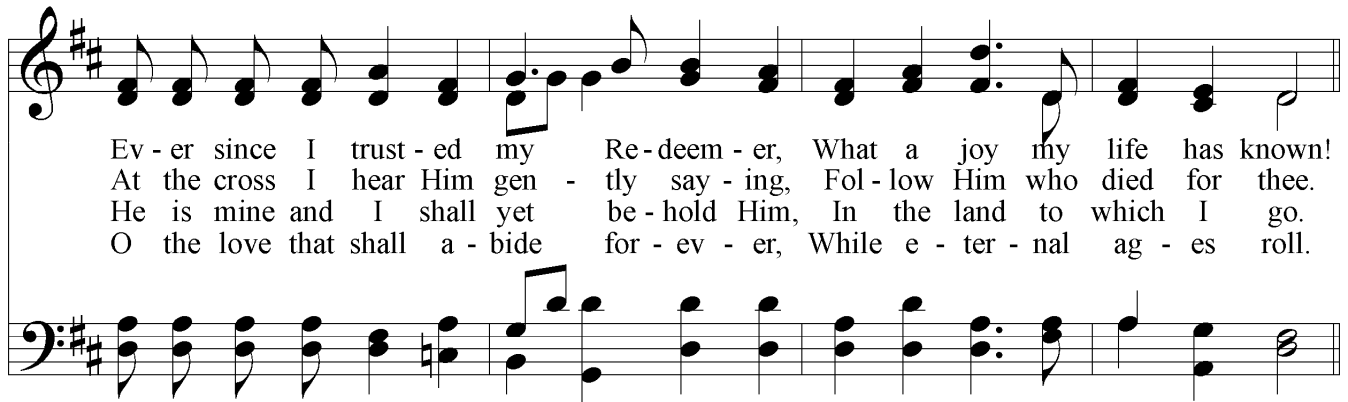


for my sake My Lord should take Frail flesh, and die?
Friend in - deed, Who at my need His life did spend.
all their breath, And for His death They thirst and cry.
they at these Them - selves dis - please, And 'gainst Him rise.
suf - fring goes, That He His foes From thence might free.
was His home; 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

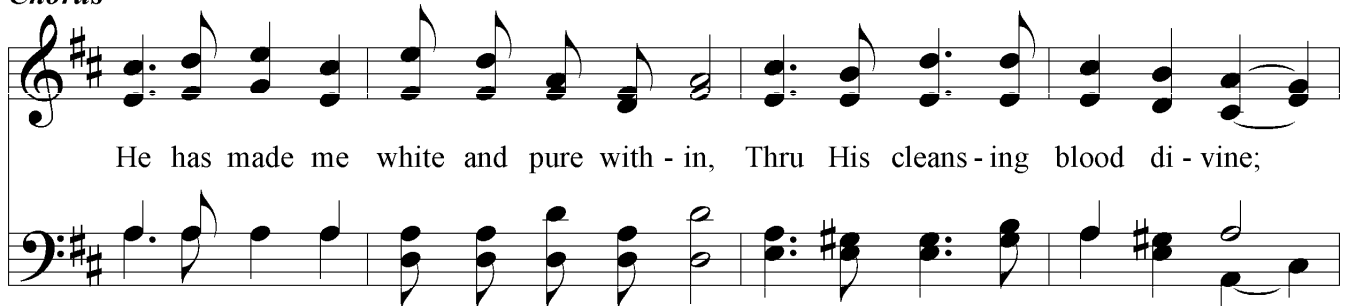


1. Ev - er since I gave my heart to Je - sus, Hum - bly kneel - ing at His throne;
2. I was lost till in His love so ten - der, From my bonds He set me free;
3. I am safe be - neath His hand pro - tect - ed, In His word He tells me so;
4. O the peace that flow - ing like a riv - er, With its rap - ture 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

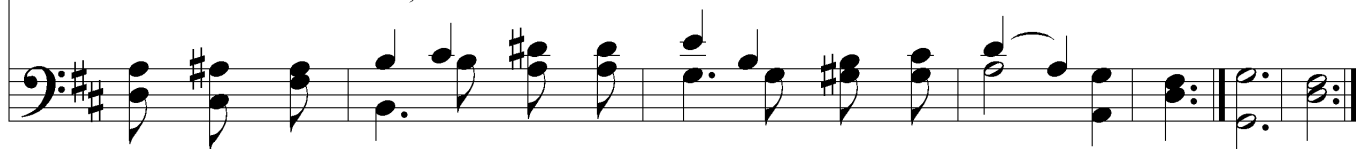
BRACONDALE 4, 4, 6, 4, 4, 6



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;



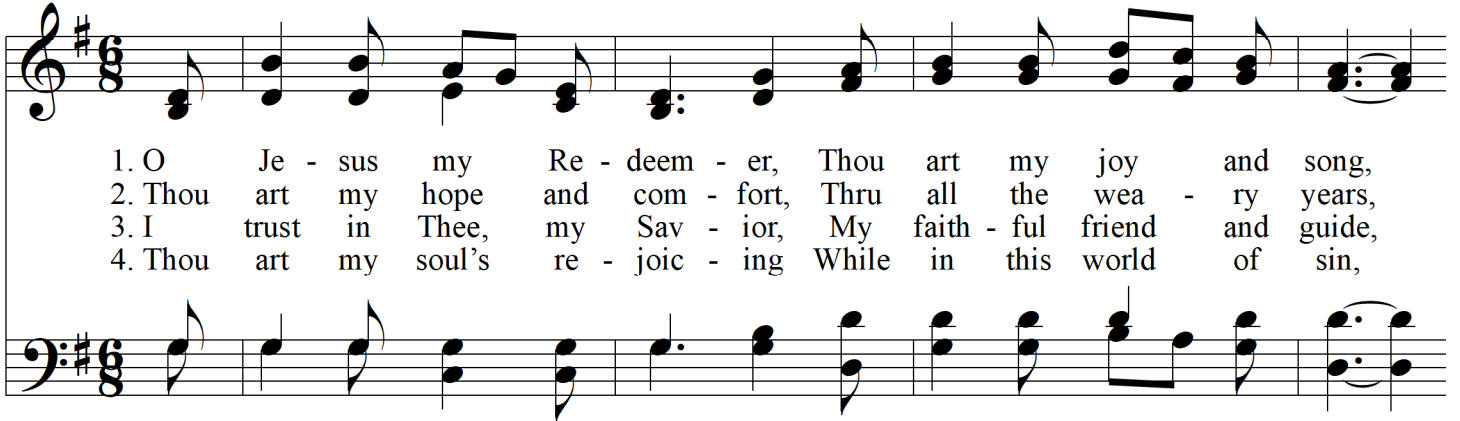
With song a - rise, - Glad sac - ri - fice For mer - cies of the night.
Fear - less and true, Thy way pur - sue, A hap - py child of God.
Fear not to miss Thy se - cret bliss - The rest of son - ship sweet.
And thou shalt find, By faith en - shrined, The Fa - ther in thy heart.
Dross be - comes gold, 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.



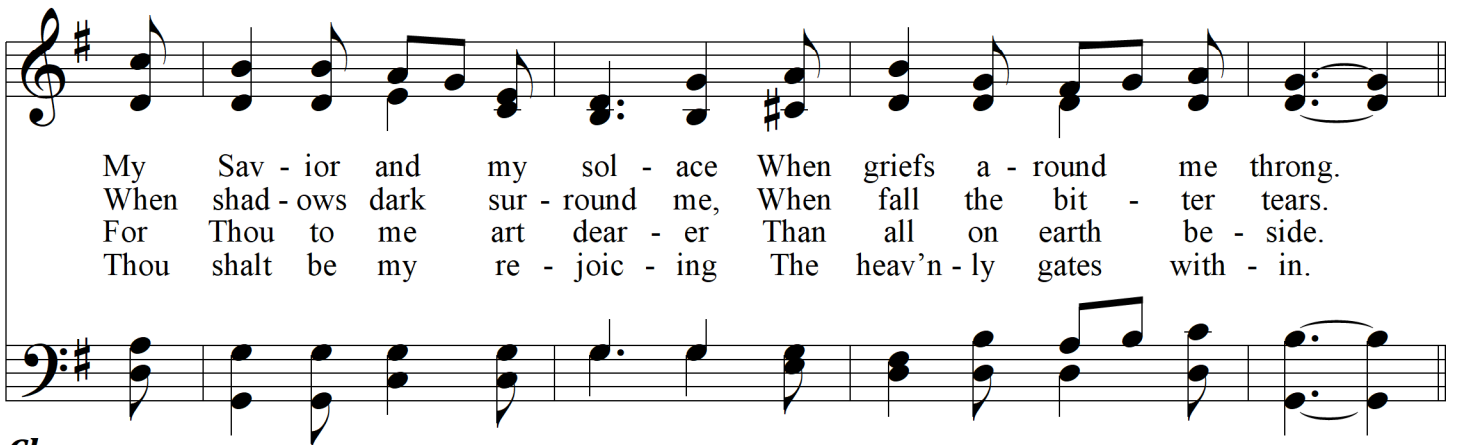
My Song

Psalms 118:14

G

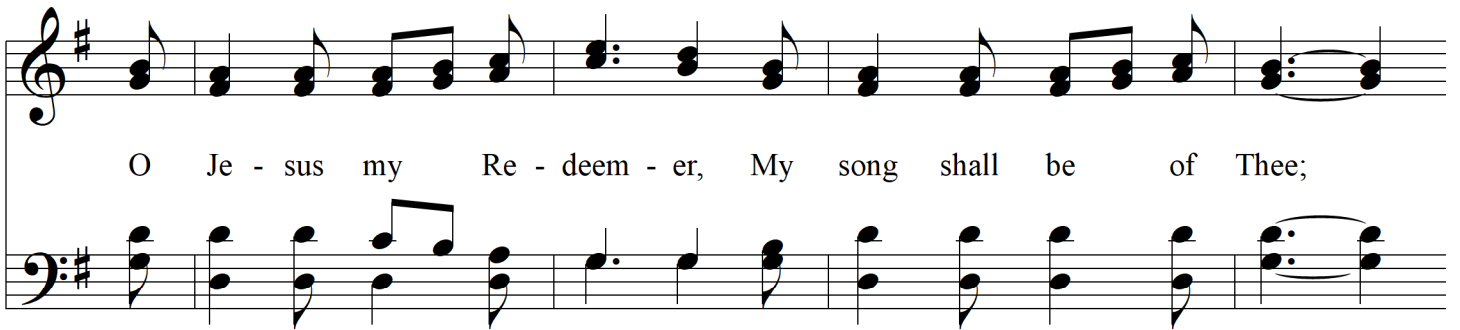


1. O Je - sus my Re - deem - er, Thou art my joy and song,
2. Thou art my hope and com - fort, Thru all the wea - ry years,
3. I trust in Thee, my Sav - ior, My faith - ful friend and guide,
4. Thou art my soul's re - joic - ing While in this world of sin,



My Sav - ior and my sol - ace When griefs a - round me throng.
When shad - ows dark sur - round me, When fall the bit - ter tears.
For Thou to me art dear - er Than all on earth be - side.
Thou shalt be my re - joic - ing The heav'n - ly gates with - in.

Chorus



O Je - sus my Re - deem - er, My song shall be of Thee;



No oth - er friend so con - stant, No friend so dear to me.

My Soul, Be On Thy Guard (Arr. 1)

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;

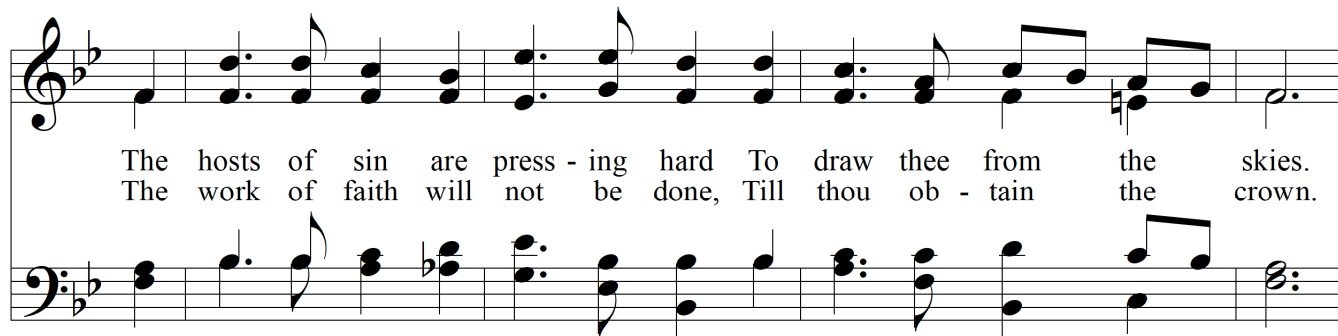
The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.
The work of faith will not be done, Till thou ob - tain the crown.
He'll take thee, at thy part - ing breath, To His di - vine a - bode.

My Soul, Be On Thy Guard (Arr. 2)

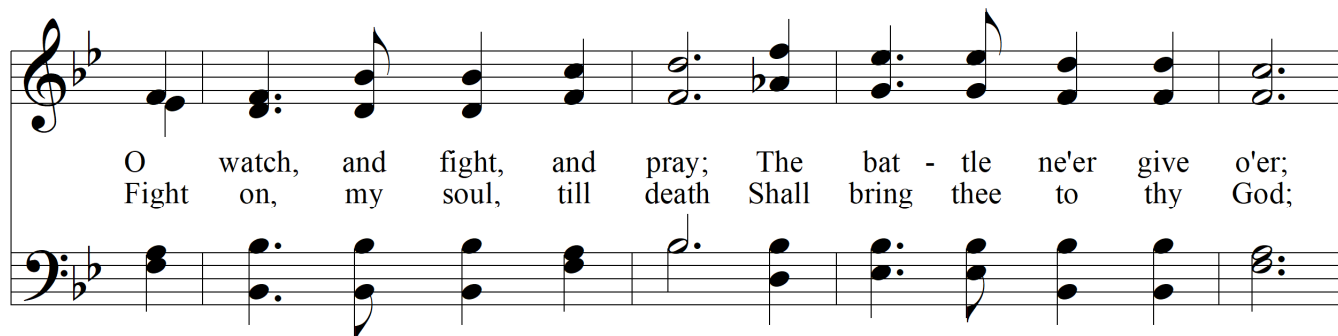
GAUTIER S. M. D.



1. My soul, be on thy guard! Ten thousand foes arise;
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.



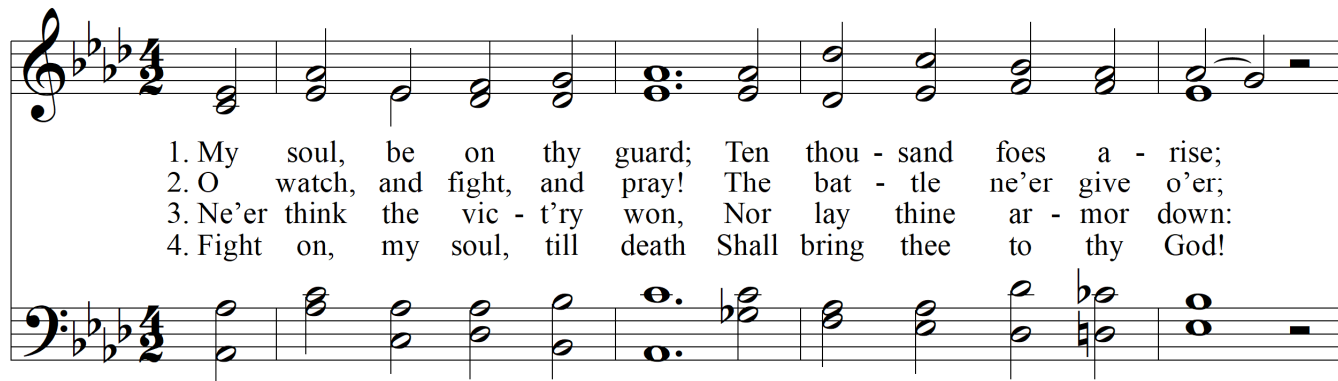
O watch, and fight, and pray; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;
Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God;



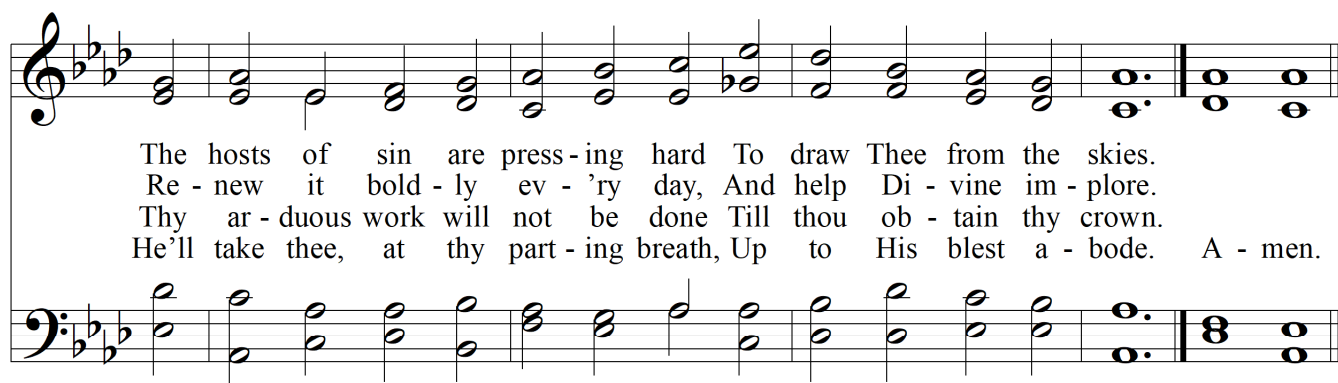
Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.
He'll take thee, at thy part - ing breath, To His di - vine a - bode.

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)

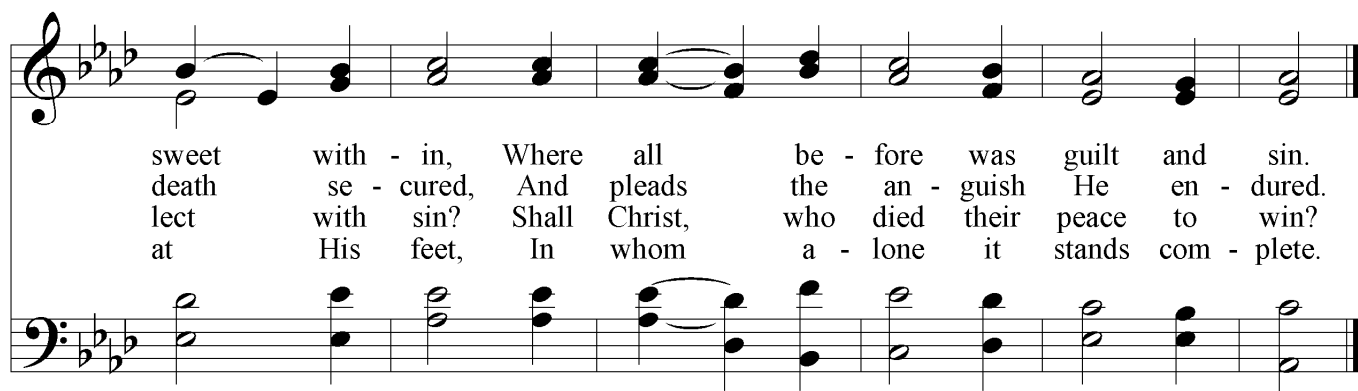
My Soul Complete



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

HOPE IN GOD



1. My soul, hope al - ways in thy God, Lift up thy prayer to
2. My soul, wait on - ly on thy God, Tho' deep should call to
3. My soul, live al - ways close to God, Take cour - age and good
(1. My soul, hope al - ways in thy God, Lift up thy



Him; His pres - ence is thy safe a - bode,
deep; Fear not, His guid - ing steps have trod
cheer, For when His light - nings speed a - broad,
prayer to Him; His pres - ence in thy safe a - bode,)



Chorus



Tho' sun and stars grow dim.
O'er wave and moun - tain steep. Hope al - ways in thy God, my soul, my soul,
His rain - bow shall ap - pear.



Tho' tem - pests rise and surg - es roll; For thou hast an an - chor sure,
surg - es roll;



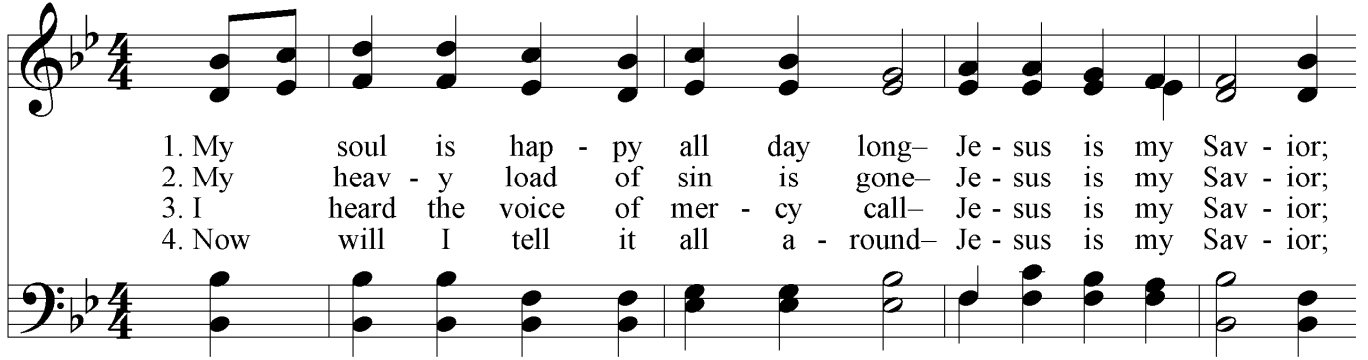
My Soul, Hope Always In Thy God

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 written in the bass staff. The lyrics are placed between the two staves.

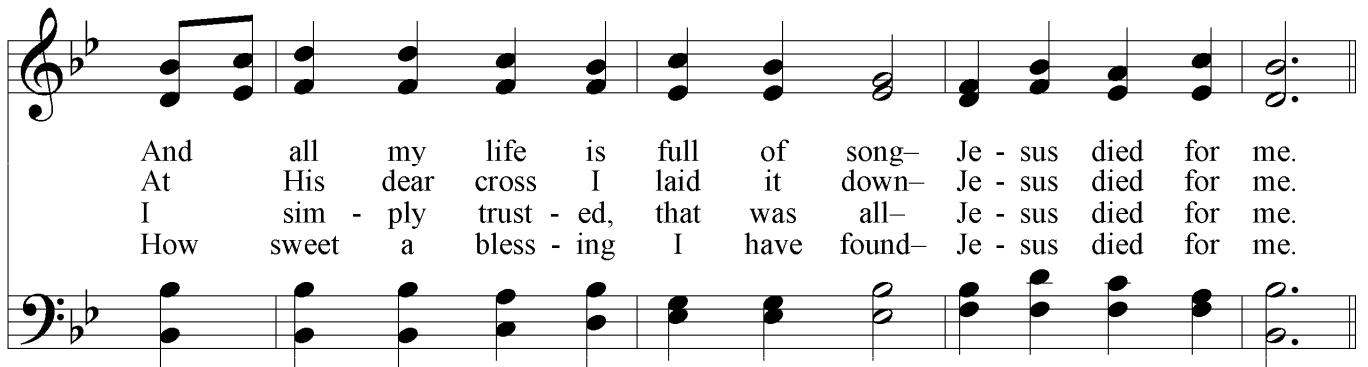
In the Lord thou art se - cure; Hope ev - er in the Lord, my soul.

My Soul Is Happy All Day Long

JESUS IS MY SAVIOR

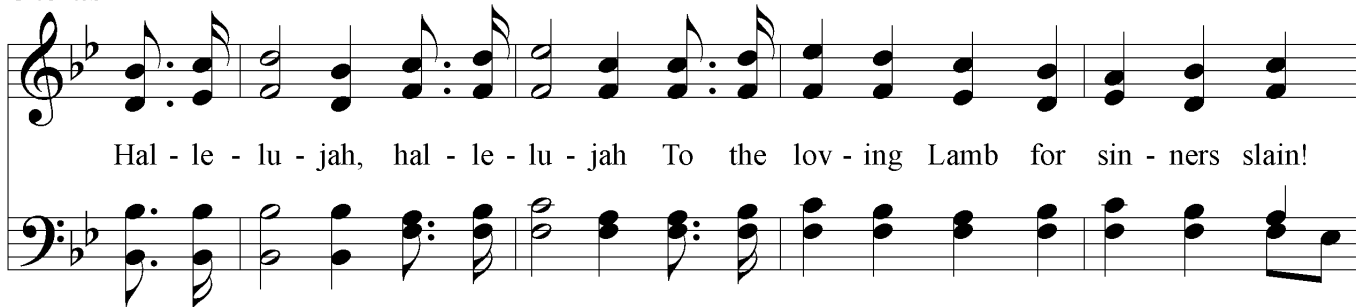


1. My soul is hap - py all day long— Je - sus is my Sav - ior;
2. My heav - y load of sin is gone— Je - sus is my Sav - ior;
3. I heard the voice of mer - cy call— Je - sus is my Sav - ior;
4. Now will I tell it all a - round— Je - sus is my Sav - ior;

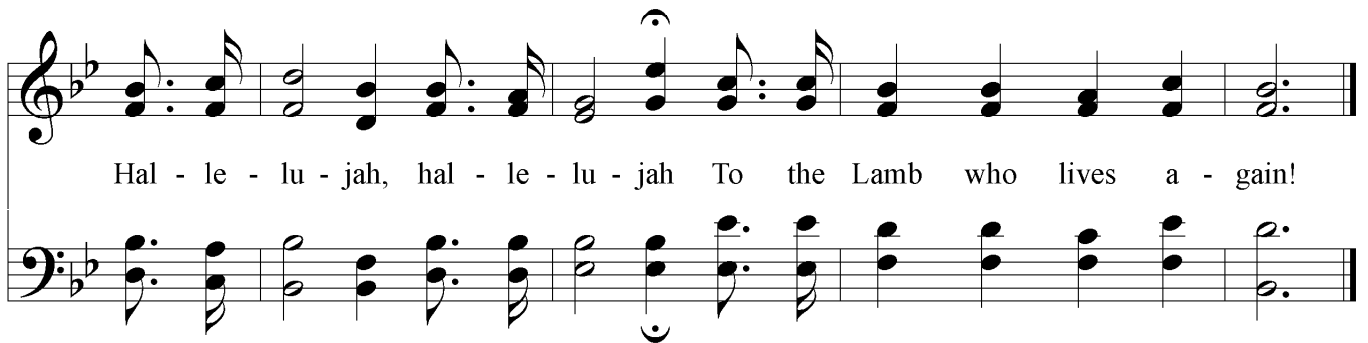


And all my life is full of song— Je - sus died for me.
At His dear cross I laid it down— Je - sus died for me.
I sim - ply trust - ed, that was all— Je - sus died for me.
How sweet a bless - ing I have found— Je - sus died for me.

Chorus



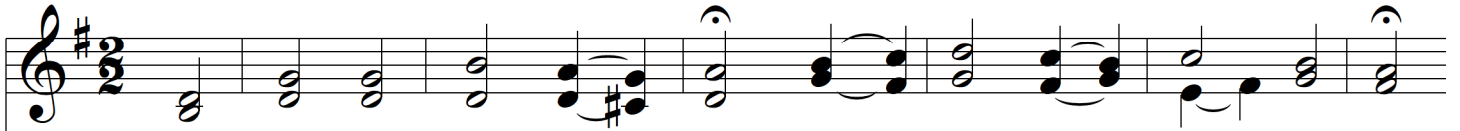
Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah To the lov - ing Lamb for sin - ners slain!



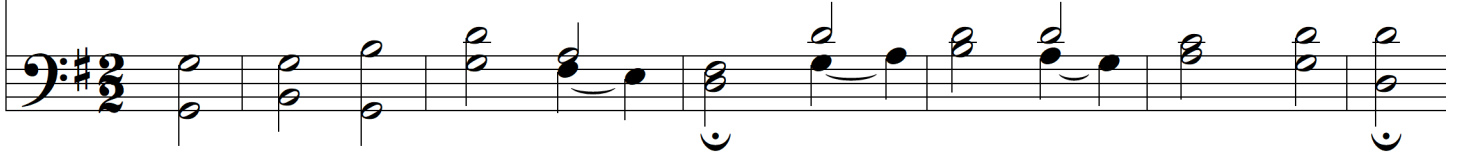
Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah To the Lamb who lives a - gain!

My Soul, Repeat His Praise

G



1. My soul, re - peat His praise, Whose mer - cies are so great;
2. High as the heav'ns are raised A - bove the ground we tread,
3. His pow'r sub - dues our sins, And His for - giv - ing love,
4. The pit - y of the Lord, To those who fear His name,



Whose an - ger is so slow to rise, So read - y to a - bate.
So far the rich - es of His grace Our high - est thoughts ex - ceed.
Far as the east is from the west, Doth all our guilt re - move.
Is such as ten - der par - ents feel; He knows our fee - ble frame.



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:

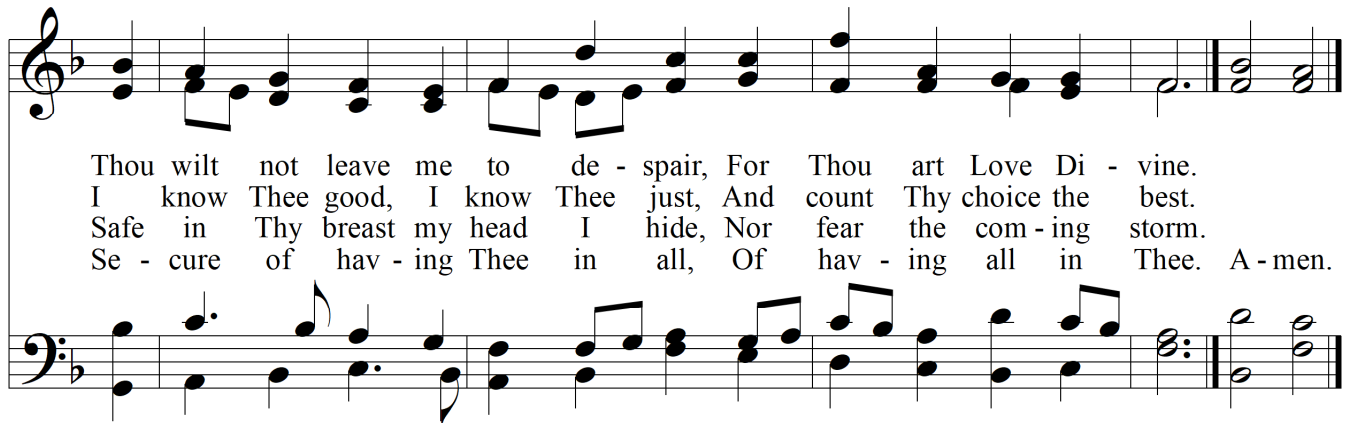
Un - wor - thy tho' I be, Of so di - vine a guest.
Yet has my heart no rest, Un - less it come from Thee.
In all that I can see, No rest is to be found.
O let my wish be crowned, And send it from a - bove.

My Spirit On Thy Care

METCALFE S. M.

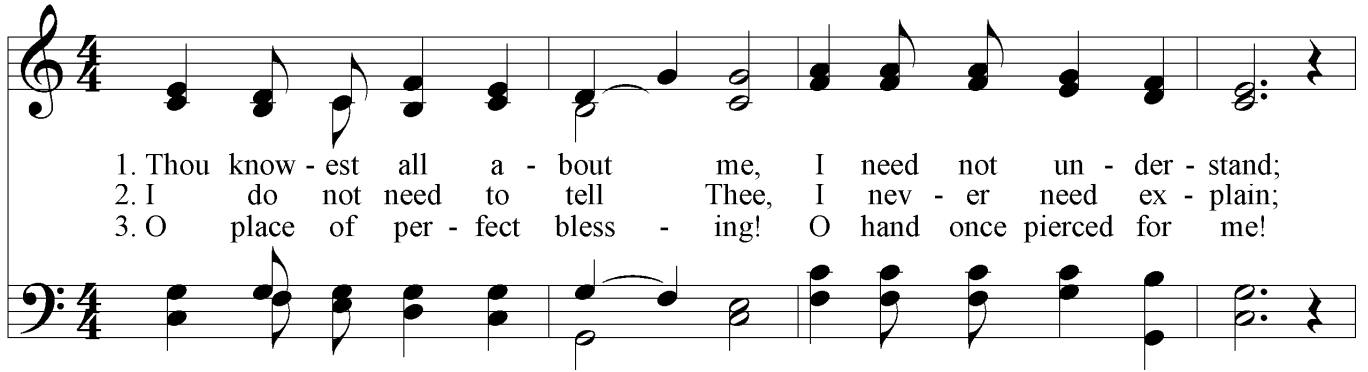


1. My spir - it on Thy care, Blest Sav - ior, I re - cline;
2. In Thee I place my trust, On Thee I calm - ly rest;
3. What - e'er e - vents be - tide, Thy will they all per - form;
4. Let good or ill be - fall, It must be good for me;

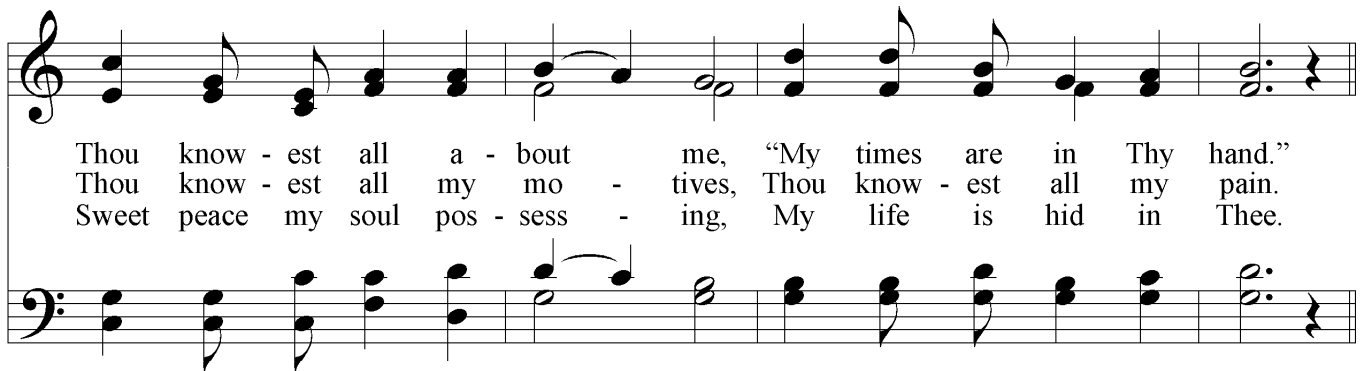


Thou wilt not leave me to de - spair, For Thou art Love Di - vine.
I know Thee good, I know Thee just, And count Thy choice the best.
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide, Nor fear the com - ing storm.
Se - cure of hav - ing Thee in all, Of hav - ing all in Thee. A - men.

“My Times Are In My Hands”

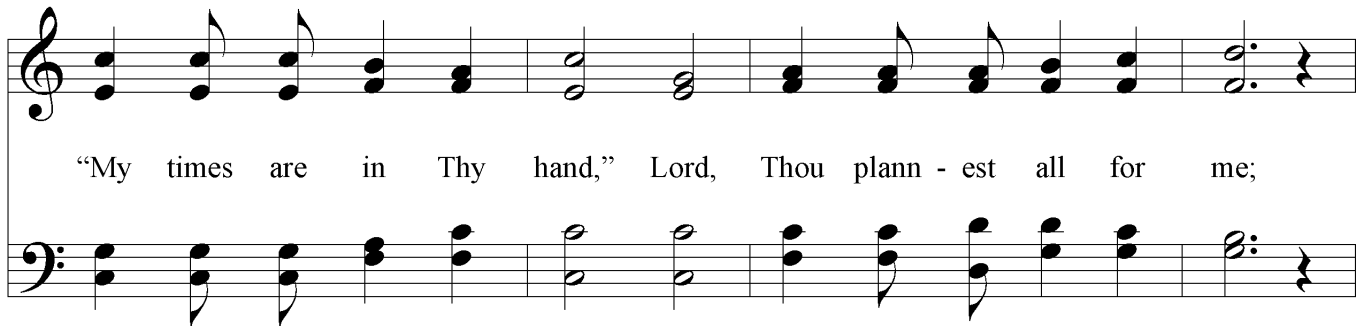


1. Thou know - est all a - bout me, I need not un - der - stand;
2. I do not need to tell Thee, I nev - er need ex - plain;
3. O place of per - fect bless - ing! O hand once pierced for me!

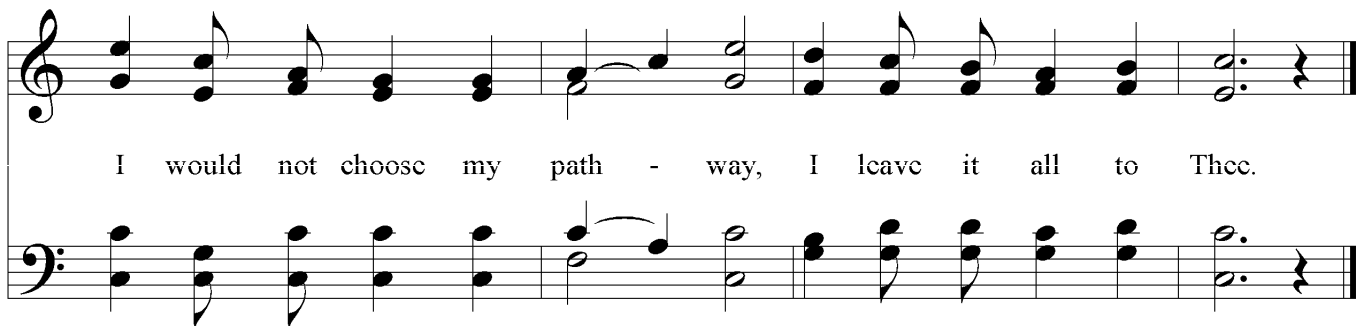


Thou know - est all a - bout me, “My times are in Thy hand.”
Thou know - est all my mo - tives, Thou know - est all my pain.
Sweet peace my soul pos - sess - ing, My life is hid in Thee.

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.

My Very Best For Jesus

B \flat

Quick march movement



1. I will not serve my Sav-ior in a poor or self-ish way, Nor with a life of
2. I want to stand for Je-sus where His name is not re-vered; I want to show my
3. I want to do my best, for I re-mem-ber Cal - va - ry, And all the deeds of



i - dle - ness His ten - der love re - pay. I want to do the ut - most for His
col - ors where the Fa - ther is not feared; I would dis - play His glo - ry where the
ten - der love my Sav - ior did for me: I see with weep - ing eyes His dy - ing



glo - ry that I may - I want to do my ver - y best for Je - sus.
light hath not ap - peared - I want to do my ver - y best for Je - sus.
form up - on the tree - O, I would do my ver - y best for Je - sus.



Chorus



My ver - y best for Je - sus is the least that I can do; And in - to ser - vice



My Very Best For Jesus

there must go my stead-fast love and true; And all that I can ren-der is not

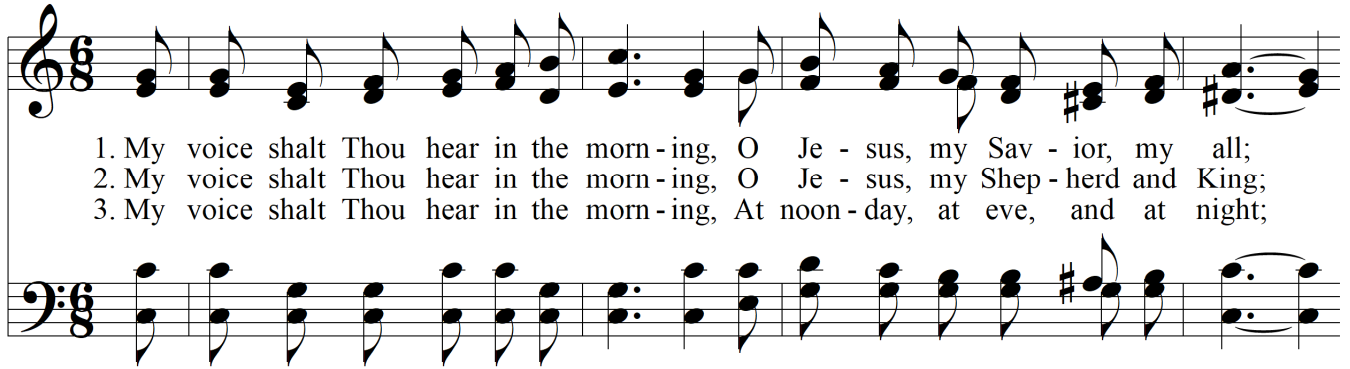
The first system of music consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a common time signature. It features a melody with a long note on 'stead-fast' and a descending line on 'love and true;'. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and a bass line.

half that is His due— I want to do my ver - y best for Je - sus.

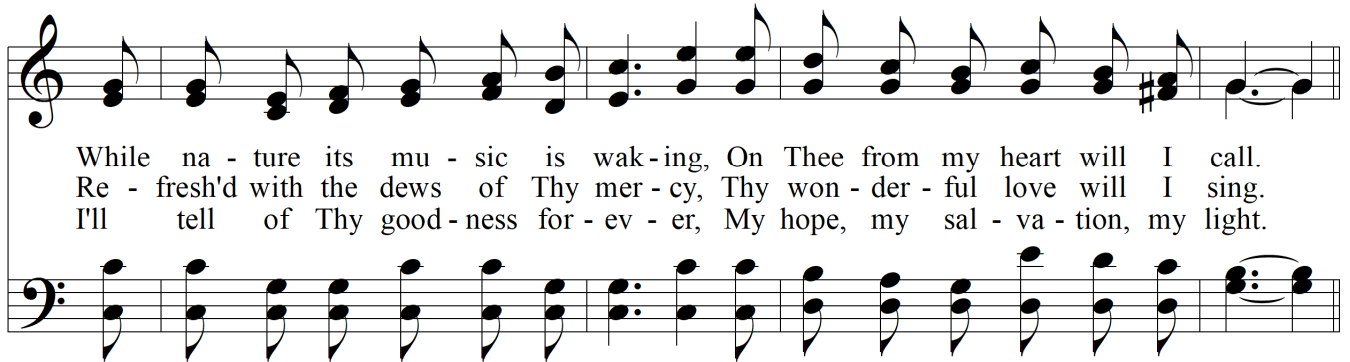
The second system of music also consists of two staves. The top staff continues the melody from the first system, with a long note on 'Je - sus.' and a final cadence. The bottom staff continues the accompaniment, ending with a final chord and a double bar line.

My Voice Shalt Thou Hear In The Morning

ALRANTE

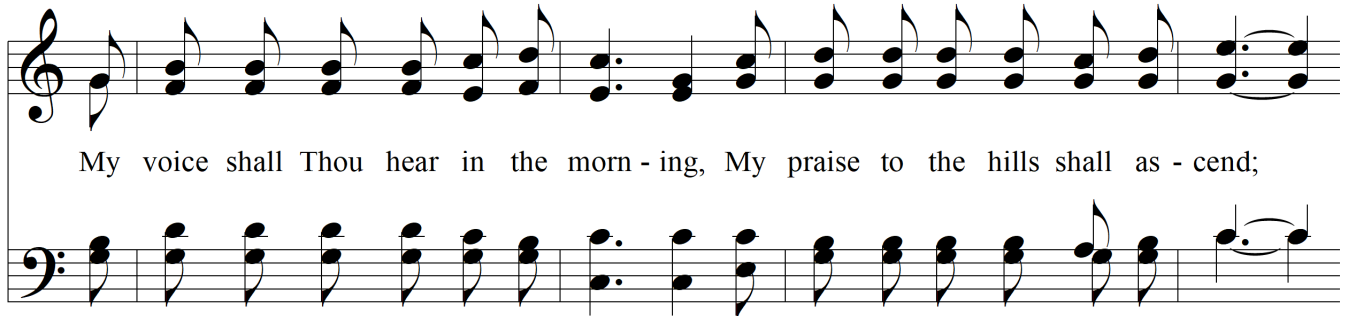


1. My voice shalt Thou hear in the morn-ing, O Je - sus, my Sav - ior, my all;
2. My voice shalt Thou hear in the morn-ing, O Je - sus, my Shep - herd and King;
3. My voice shalt Thou hear in the morn-ing, At noon-day, at eve, and at night;



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;



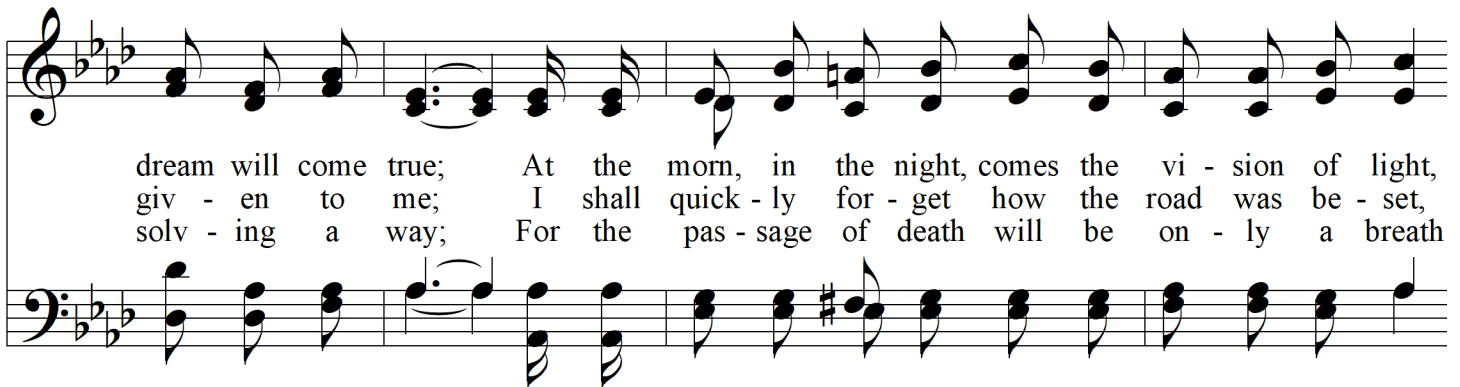
I'll join with the glo - ri - fied mil - lions, A cho - rus that nev - er shall end.

My Wonderful Dream

A \flat



1. There's a dream that I dream, of my Sav - ior di - vine, And I know that my
2. There is sweet com - pen - sa - tion for heart - ache and loss In the hope that is
3. It will still be my stay when the fash - ions of earth In the mist are dis -

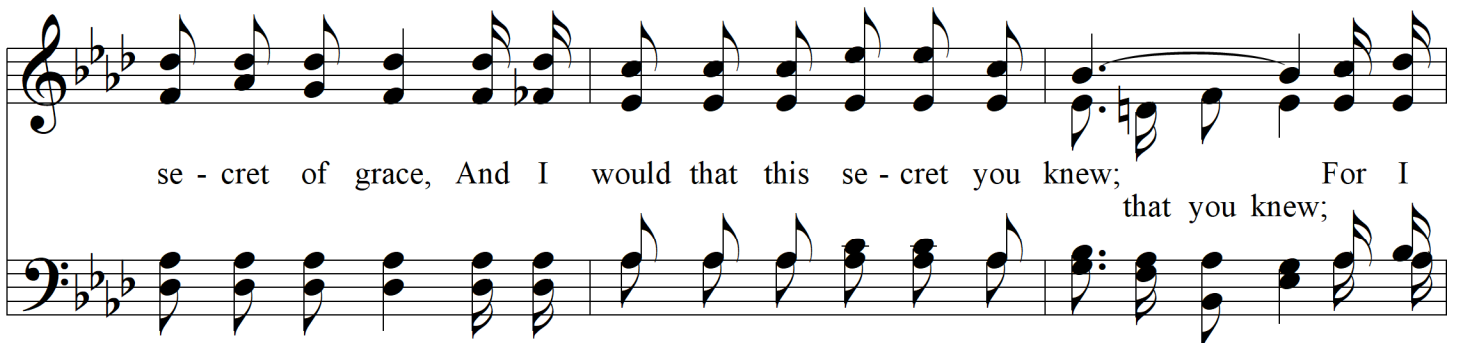


dream will come true; At the morn, in the night, comes the vi - sion of light,
giv - en to me; I shall quick - ly for - get how the road was be - set,
solv - ing a way; For the pas - sage of death will be on - ly a breath

Chorus



With a prom - ise e - ter - nal - ly new.
When the King in His beau - ty I see. O this won - der - ful dream is a
But a breath, and my dream will come true.



se - cret of grace, And I would that this se - cret you knew; For I
that you knew;

My Wonderful Dream



dream that at last I shall look on His face, And I know that my dream will come true.

