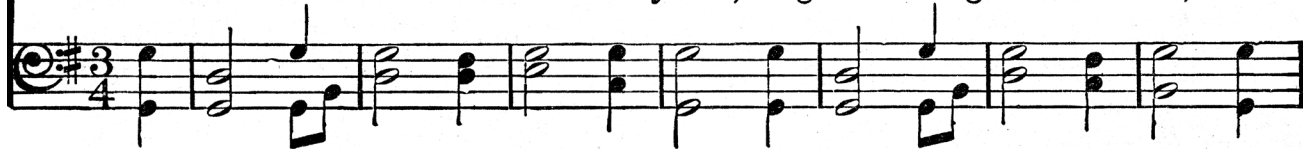


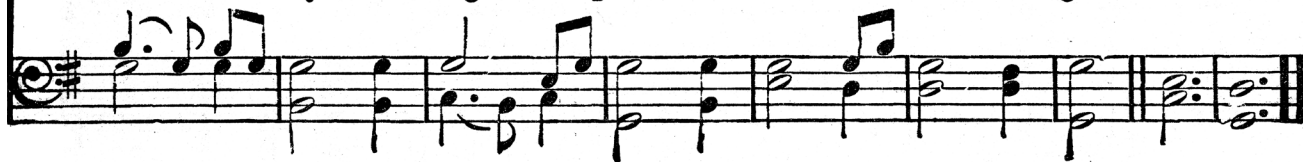
Amazing Grace



1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me! I
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re-lieved; How
3. Thro' man - y dan-gers, toils and snares, I have al - read - y come; 'Tis
4. When we've been there ten thousand years, Bright shin-ing as the sun, We've



once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
pre - cious did that grace ap - pear The hour I first be-lieved!
grace hath bro't me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
no less days to sing God's praise Than when we first be - gun. A - MEN.



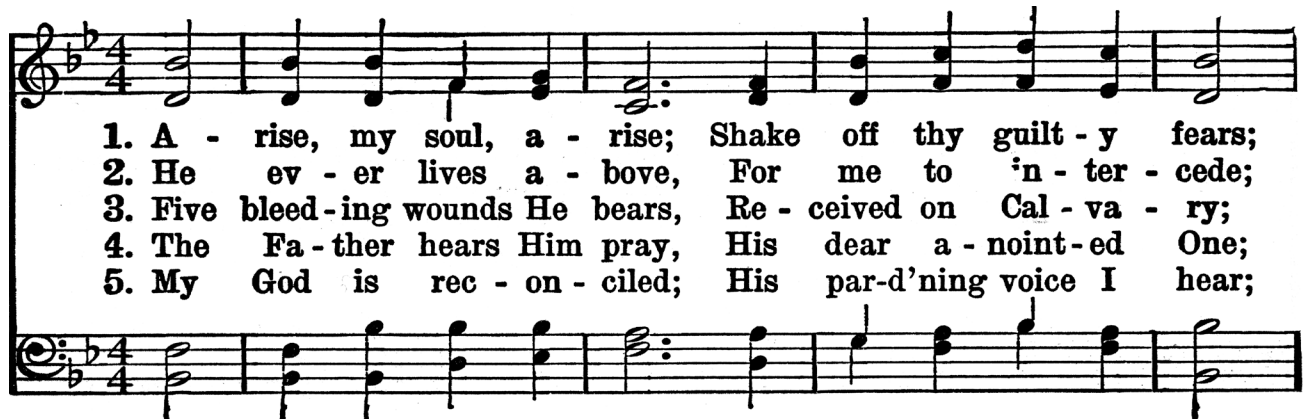
Are We Down-Hearted?

Are we downhearted? No! No! No! Are we downhearted? No! No! No! (Oh no!)

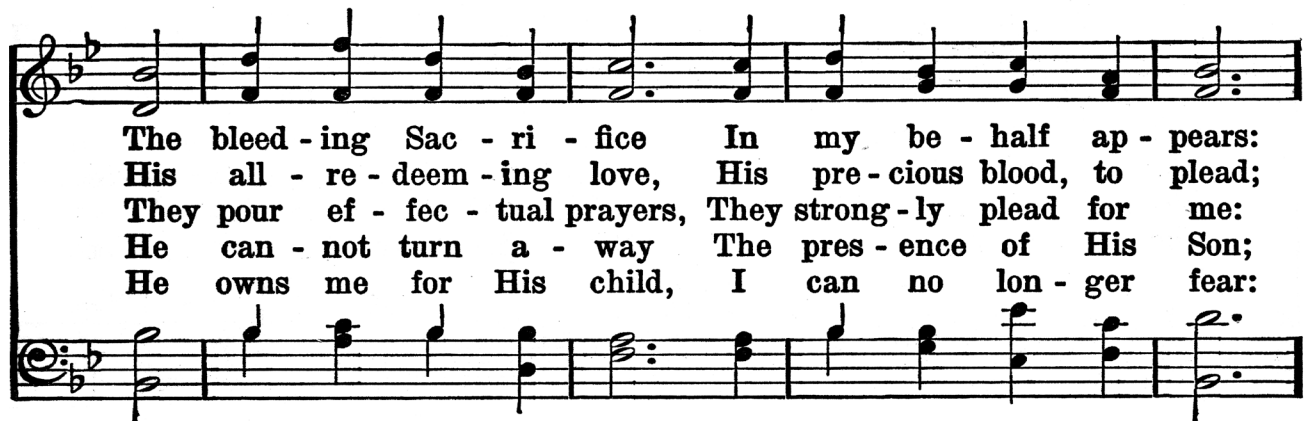
Troub-les may come and troub-les may go, We trust in Je - sus,

(Whistle.)
come weal or woe, Are we downhearted? No! No! No!

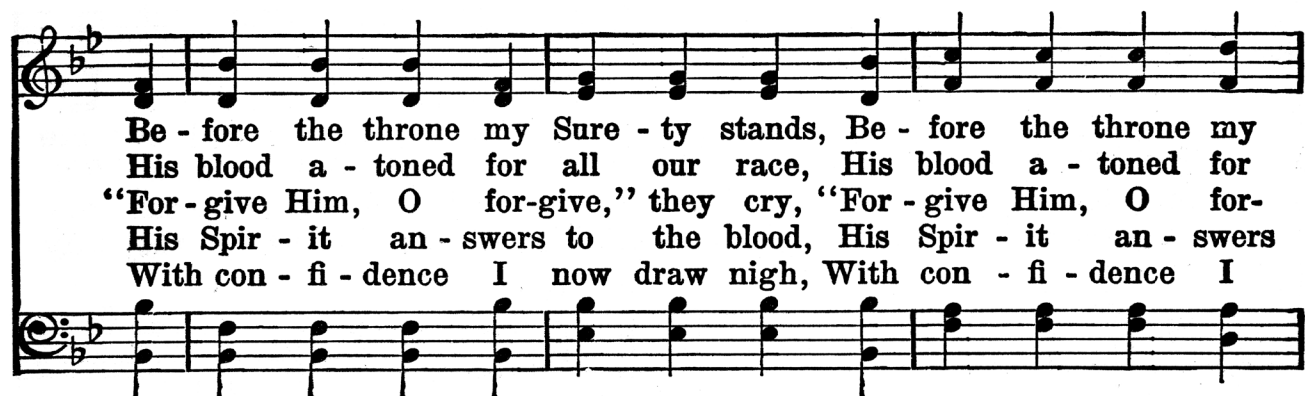
Arise, My Soul



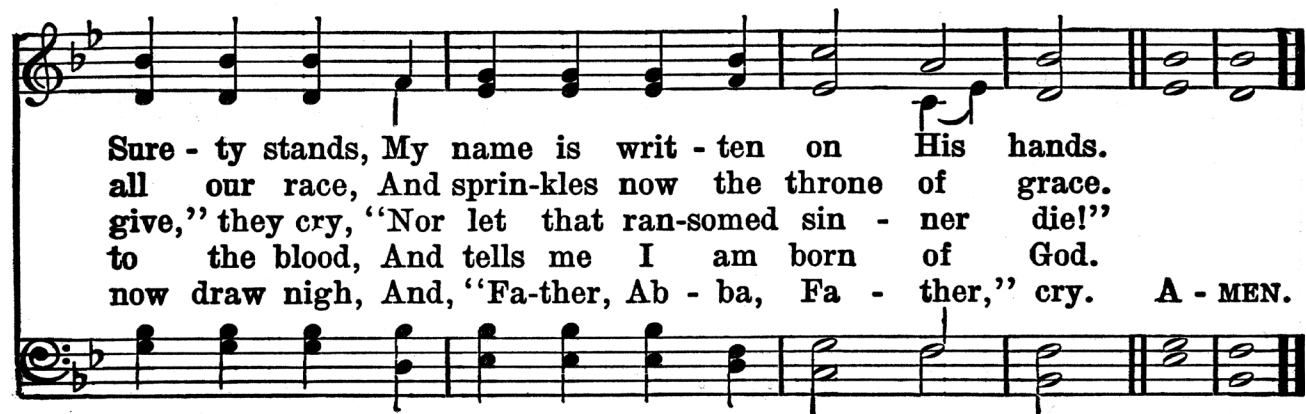
1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise; Shake off thy guilt - y fears;
2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to 'in - ter - cede;
3. Five bleed - ing wounds He bears, Re - ceived on Cal - va - ry;
4. The Fa - ther hears Him pray, His dear a - noint - ed One;
5. My God is rec - on - ciled; His par - d'ning voice I hear;



The bleed - ing Sac - ri - fice In my be - half ap - pears:
His all - re - deem - ing love, His pre - cious blood, to plead;
They pour ef - fec - tual prayers, They strong - ly plead for me:
He can - not turn a - way The pres - ence of His Son;
He owns me for His child, I can no lon - ger fear:



Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands, Be - fore the throne my
His blood a - toned for all our race, His blood a - toned for
"For - give Him, O for - give," they cry, "For - give Him, O for -
His Spir - it an - swers to the blood, His Spir - it an - swers
With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, With con - fi - dence I



Sure - ty stands, My name is writ - ten on His hands.
all our race, And sprin - kles now the throne of grace.
give," they cry, "Nor let that ran - sored sin - ner die!"
to the blood, And tells me I am born of God.
now draw nigh, And, "Fa - ther, Ab - ba, Fa - ther," cry. A - MEN.

Because I Love Jesus

1. My path may be lone-ly, and dark be the night, The clouds may be
 2. Be-cause I love Je - sus, my Sav - ior and thine, There's peace in my
 3. Tho' loved ones be ta - ken a - way from my side, Tho' rich - es and
 4. Tho' all that is e - vil a - gainst me com-bine, Tho' Sa - tan a-

hid - ing the sun from my sight, Yet I have as-sur-ance that all will be right,
 soul, there is comfort di-vine; 'Twill al-ways abide, for the promise is mine,
 hon - or to me be de - nied, Yet if I but trust Him no ill can be-tide,
 round me his snares should entwine, Yet if I am faith-ful a crown will be mine,

REFRAIN.

Be - cause I love Je - sus. Be - cause I love Je - sus,
 Be - cause

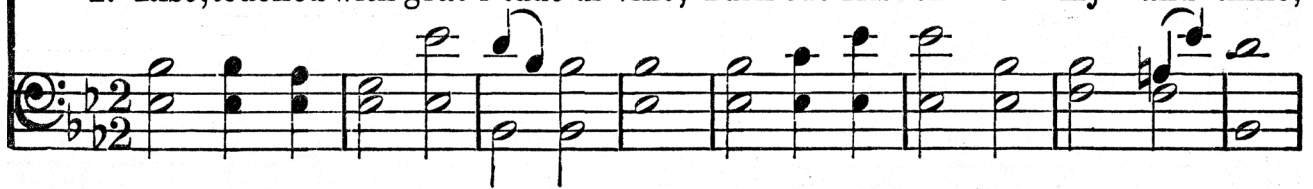
Je - sus, Be - cause I love Je - sus; My soul is at
 Be - cause

rest, and in Him I am blest, Be - cause I love Je - sus.
 Be - cause

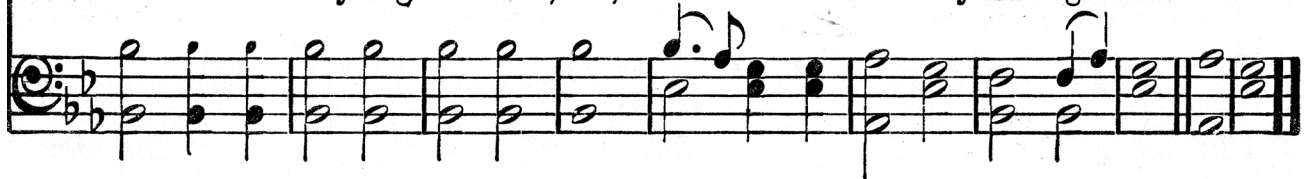
Behold A Stranger At The Door!



1. Be - hold a Stranger at the door! He gently knocks, has knocked be-fore,
2. O love-ly at - ti-tude! He stands With melting heart and la - den hands:
3. But will He prove a friend in-deed? He will; the ver - y friend you need:
4. Rise, touched with grat-i-tude di-vine; Turn out His en - e - my and thine,



Has wait-ed long, is wait-ing still; You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
O match-less kindness! and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
The Friend of sinners—yes, 't is He, With garments dyed on Cal - va - ry.
That soul-de-stroy-ing monster, sin, And let the heav'ly Stranger in. AMEN.



Blasting At The Rock Of Ages

1. O what are they doing when they preach against the cross? They're blasting at the
 2. Bold skeptics are sneering at redemption thro' the blood,—They're blasting at the
 3. Our faith in our Sav-ior they de-sire to take a-way,—They're blasting at the
 4. All vain are their blastings, for they never move the Stone,—They're blasting at the

Rock of A-ges! O what are they doing when God's gold they mix with dross? They're
 Rock of A - ges! And scholars are saying Christ was not the Son of God! They're
 Rock of A - ges! But, praise Him forever! true to Je-sus we will stay,—They're
 Rock of A - ges! While men are disputing still the Lord is on His throne; The

D. S.—For Christ and the Church strike with all your pow'r and might, For they're

CHORUS.

FINE.

blast-ing at the Rock of A - ges.
 blast-ing at the Rock of A - ges. Then ral-ly, soldiers, rally, for the
 blast-ing at the Rock of A - ges.
 Ev - er-last-ing Rock of A - ges.

blast-ing at the Rock of A - ges,

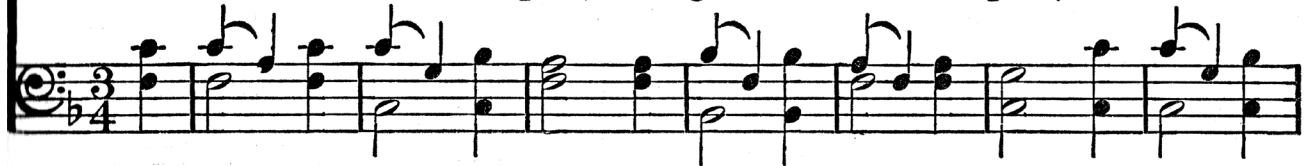
D. S.

time has come to fight; Put ye on the whole ar-mor, go to bat-tle for the right;

Blest Be The Tie



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love; The fel - low-
2. Be - fore our Fa-ther's throne, We pour our ar-dent prayers; Our fears, our
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur-dens bear; And oft - en
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain; But we shall



ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain. A - MEN.



Bringing In The Sheaves

1. Sow-ing in the morn-ing, sow-ing seeds of kind-ness, Sow-ing in the
 2. Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sow-ing in the shad-ows, Fear-ing nei-ther
 3. Go-ing forth with weeping, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sus-

noon-tide and the dew-y eve; Wait-ing for the har-vest,
 clouds nor win-ter's chill-ing breeze; By and by the har-vest,
 tained our spir-it oft-en grieves; When our weep-ing's o-ver,

and the time of reap-ing, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
 and the la-lor end-ed, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
 He will bid us welcome, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.

CHORUS.

{ Bring-ing in the sheaves, bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall come re-joic-
 { Bring-ing in the sheaves, bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall come re-joic-

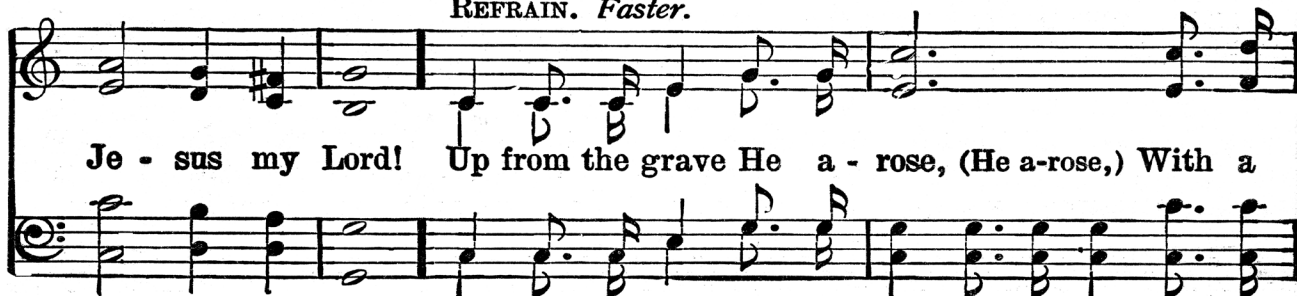
ing, bring-ing in the sheaves; ing, bring-ing in the sheaves. A-MEN.

Christ Arose



1. Low in the grave He lay— Je - sus my Sav-ior! Wait-ing the com-ing day—
2. Vain-ly they watch His bed—Je - sus my Sav-ior! Vain - ly they seal the dead—
3. Death can-not keep his prey—Je - sus my Sav-ior! He tore the bars a - way—

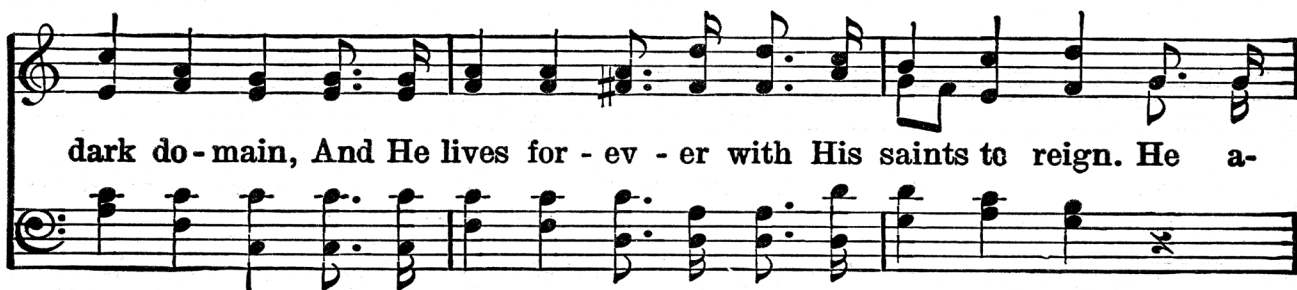
REFRAIN. *Faster.*



Je - sus my Lord! Up from the grave He a - rose, (He a-rose,) With a



might-y tri-umph o'er His foes; (He a - rose!) He a - rose a Vic - tor from the

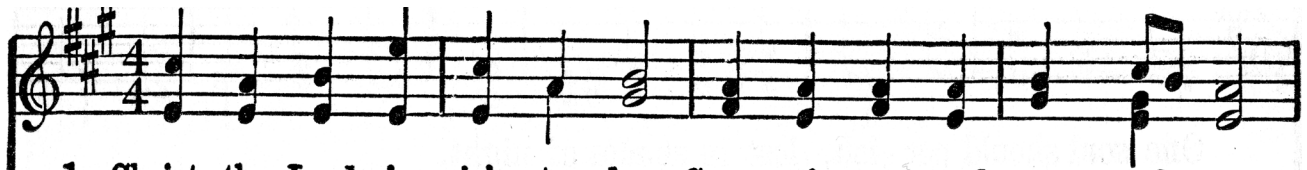


dark do-main, And He lives for - ev - er with His saints to reign. He a-

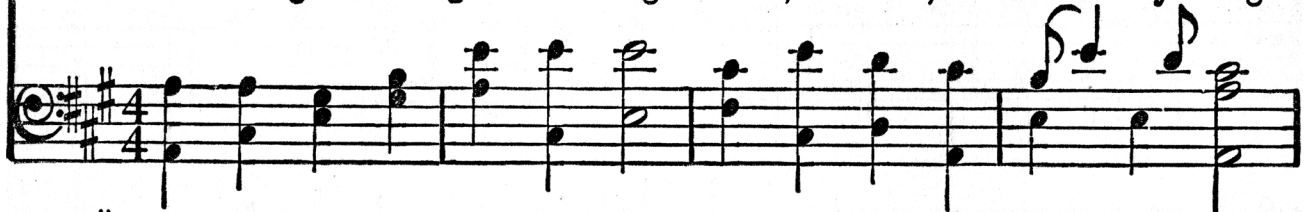


rose! He a - rose! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a-rose! A - MEN
He a - rose! He a - rose!

Christ The Lord Is Risen Today



1. Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day, Sons of men and an - gels say:
2. Love's re-deem-ing work is done; Fought the fight; the bat - tle won:
3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal—Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
4. Lives a - gain our glo-rious King: Where, O death, is now thy sting?



Raise your joys and triumphs high, Sing, ye heav'n's; thou earth, reply.
Lo! our Sun's e-clipse is o'er; Lo! he sets in blood no more.
Death in vain for-bids His rise—Christ hath opened Par - a - dise.
Once He died our souls to save: Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave? A - MEN.

