

THE SPIRIT'S CALL

O soul, for whom the Saviour died,
Once more with you we plead;
Why not tonight repent and live,
To mercy's call, to mercy's call give heed?

How few of those forever lost
In regions of despair,
Beyond the reach of saving grace,
How few of those intended to be there!

How many tho't the day would come
When they would trust the Lord!
But now they rue the evil hour
They spurned His Word, they spurned
His Holy Word.

O heed the Spirit's call tonight,
And turn from darkness to the light;
The Saviour waits to cleanse your soul,
To justify and make you whole.
Why not tonight, why not tonight,
Why not decide — tonight?

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HOUSE OF MANY MANSIONS

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

In the house of many mansions
Neither toil nor care shall come;
But His own — all His own —
Forever shall rest in that home.

In that house of many mansions
Death shall nevermore molest;
But His own — all His own —
Shall be by their Lord fully blest.

Mansions — O house of many mansions
Prepared in heav'n for me;
Mansions — O house of many mansions . . .
Where I shall dwell, where I shall dwell
with Thee.

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HIS GRACE PROCLAIM

When I behold the Holy One
Who laid aside His robe and crown,
My frankincense and myrrh I bring
A humble offering to my King.

When I behold Him on the cross,
Bearing for me the shame and loss,
In adoration low I bend,
And worship Him — the sinner's Friend.

When I behold Him on the throne,
The once-slain Lamb who did atone,
I join with saints unnumbered there
To praise His name, my Lord so fair.

Oh, praise His name!
His grace proclaim,
Who lived and died
And lives again.
Forevermore He is the same,
Who thro' eternal years shall reign.

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MY CROSS I'LL BEAR

Tho' grief and pain my heart oppress
Tho' foes and strife my soul distress,
A rest secure from ev'ry harm
Is mine while leaning on His arm.

Tho' dark the sky and rough the way
My feet must take, it leads to day;
Alone the path I do not tread,
My Lord is nigh; what should I dread?

And when the morn at last shall dawn,
If I but hear His glad "Well done,"
'Twill recompense for all the loss,
The tears and anguish of the cross.

My cross I'll bear, reproach I'll share,
Till called on high a crown to wear;
Forever then to praise His name,
Who bore for me the guilt and shame.

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SINCE I AM FOUND IN THEE

In peace, O Christ, I face the throne,
Since I am found in Thee;
I claim no merit of my own,
Thy blood my only plea;
A sinner justified by grace,
Redeemed to look upon Thy face.

And now where'er my steps may go
Since I am found in Thee;
O'er mountain or thro' vale below
Thy guiding hand I see;
Yea, found in Thee I cannot stray,
Or stumble on my pilgrim way.

When tempted in an evil hour,
Since I am found in Thee;
Thou art more near than sin's dark pow'r,
My inward purity;
Ah! found in Thee the tempter's dart
Is hurled in vain against my heart.

When Thou at last my name shalt call,
I shall be found in Thee;
Redeemed before Thy feet to fall,
And own Thy victory;
Thro' all eternity to be
Safe in the Father's house with Thee.

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THE SUFFERING SAVIOUR

In the darkness, blindly groping,
Cursed by sin, you've wandered long;
Christ rejecting, vainly hoping
Peace to find in paths of wrong.
Hast'ning downward to destruction
Seeking that which is but dross
Pause, I pray you, weary wand'rer,
Lift your eyes to Calvary's cross.

Oh, draw near in awe and wonder,
Contemplate Him hanging there;
On His great atonement ponder;
Can it be you do not care?
Lifted high, 'twixt earth and heaven
Blessed Lamb for sinners slain;
He is dying, spurned, rejected
Crowned with thorns and racked with pain.

Listen to His cry of anguish,
"Why, O God, dost Thou forsake?"
Why must He in sorrow languish?
Why the cup of judgment take?
In His Word you find the answer,
'Twas for you His life He gave,
He Himself could not deliver,
If your soul from wrath He'd save.

“It is finished!” hear Him crying,
Nothing more remains to do,
He has settled by His dying,
Every claim God had 'gainst you.
Oh, believe the wondrous story;
Trust alone His saving grace,
Then when He returns in glory,
You shall see Him face to face.

THE WONDER OF HIS LOVE TO ME

A theme there is that fills my heart with rapture
A song that stirs my soul to melody
'Tis the grace of Christ to me, a worthless sinner
Oh the wonder of His love to me.

When I was guilty, lost, by sin polluted
From His throne He came to darkest Calvary
Saved me by His death from misery eternal
Oh, the wonder of His love to me.

Soon He'll come in pow'r and glory all transcendent
Then from pain and woe forever I'll be free
Thru eternity I'll praise Him and adore Him
For the wonder of His love to me.

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IS IT NOTHING TO YOU?

Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?
Beholding the Saviour uplifted on high?
Maltreated by men and forsaken by God,
Oh why is He nailed to that cross of wood?

The Righteous One He, His words without blame,
And yet He is suffering in sorrow and shame;
Has justice forgotten the rights of the pure?
Oh why is He left God's wrath to endure?

He only the my'stry great can explain:
"I lay down my life, I will take it again,
To ransom my sheep I am willing to die,
The Shepherd of Love uplifted on high."

Now the work is complete, He triumphed o'er death,
But hark to His cry, ere He yields up His breath,
"It is finished," O Soul, then believe it and live,
There's naught else to do, God can freely forgive.

Is it nothing to you? Is it nothing to you?
That Jesus died so that you might be free?
Is it nothing to you? Is it nothing to you?
That He, by His blood, has bought liberty?

ONLY TO LOVE AND SERVE THEE

Thy voice I hear, Lord Jesus,
Bidding me walk with Thee
Carry the cross Thou givest,
Rough tho' the path may be.
Often I've dreaded leaving
All for Thyself alone,
Hoping I still might please Thee,
Now I'd be all Thine own.

The world's vain fleeting follies
Have kept from liberty
Now I renounce each idol
That I loved more than Thee.
Henceforth to serve Thee only
All my life I would spend,
Knowing Thy grace unfailing
Will keep me to the end.

With Thee I'd walk, my Saviour —
Following day by day,
Tho' it mean trial and hardship,
Sacrifice all the way,
For Thou hast grace sufficient
With Thee I will not fear.
Heaven would lose its sweetness
If all were easy here.

Only to love and serve Thee
Daily to bear the cross,
Counting for Thee, my Saviour,
Treasures of earth as dross.

WASHED, WHITER THAN SNOW

Lord Jesus, what grace do I see in Thy face,
The thorn-marks, methinks, on Thy brow I can trace
The wounds out of which Thy life's blood did once flow;
By which I've been washed and made whiter than snow.

Lord Jesus, in Thee by the Father I'm seen,
Accepted in Thee, I'm made ev'ry whit clean,
Tho' once a vile sinner, how blessed to know,
That now I've been washed and made whiter than snow.

Lord Jesus, since now for Thy home I'm made meet,
My blessed position's to lie at Thy feet,
Not there as a penitent, nor as a foe,
But one by Thee washed and made whiter than snow.

Lord Jesus, aye there I desire to remain,
'Till that blessed day of Thy coming again,
When Thou for Thy bride shalt in glory forth go,
And take her all washed and made whiter than snow.

Lord Jesus, Thy praises in glory we'll sing,
When throned with Thyself as the bride of the King,
And through all eternity this song shall flow,
"Thou hast washed and made us e'en whiter than snow."

Whiter than snow, yes whiter than snow,
I know I've been washed and made whiter than snow.

THE WAY OF MAN*

From the Golden Gate a pathway
Bunyan saw that led to Hell —
Led away from love and beauty,
Led away from life and duty,
Led to gloom earth ne'er could borrow
Souls still charmed by Satan's spell!

Oh! how perverse human mind is.
Oh! how faltering human will —
Many well nigh entering Heaven —
Turning — lost in darkness still!
Oh, how blind our human eyes are,
Oh, how dull the human ear,
When the sights and sounds of sadness,
Found where'er we seek for gladness,
Charm with such a fatal madness,
Luring on in spite of fear!

Can men know their soul's importance,
When they barter all away,
For earth's paltry fleeting trifles,
That must soon be lost for aye?
Few will tread the way to glory,
Few will heed the Gospel's story —
Careless youth and grandsire hoary,

* Lines suggested by hearing a Christian remark, "I don't care much any more," when questioned about his spiritual condition.

Life beginning or life ending —
Treasure hoarding — treasure spending,
All alike are wrapped in seeking,
Folly's flowers of rosy hue;
All alike are daily finding,
Weeds sprung up where flowers grew
And e'en flowers have briars too.

From the past few seem to learn,
From their sin few care to turn,
But with minds full bent on evil —
Backs to God, led by the Devil,
Madly, wildly, blindly, rashly,
Stopping not nor caring not —
Down they rush,
Nor ever thinking
Of the depths,
To which they're sinking
Till entombed in living grave,
Lost without a Christ to save,
They remember
Chances gone!
They remember
Mercy flown!
They remember
Evil sown
To be repeated eternally.

THE WORTHY ONE

Lord Jesus, we praise Thee,
Blest Saviour and Friend,
Who lovest Thine own
And wilt love to the end;
Once spurning Thy mercy,
Our song shall be now,
'Tis Thou who art worthy,
'Tis Thou who art worthy,
'Tis Thou who art worthy,
Lord Jesus, 'tis Thou.

No worthiness ours,
We were worthless and lost;
But Thou hast redeemed us
At marvelous cost;
Enraptured, adoring,
Before Thee we bow,
'Tis Thou who art worthy,
'Tis Thou who art worthy,
'Tis Thou who art worthy,
Lord Jesus, 'tis Thou.

The depths of Thy suff-'ring
No tongue can express,
When love brought Thee down
To relieve our distress.
With all of Thy riches
Thou didst us endow,

'Tis Thou who art worthy,
'Tis Thou who art worthy,
'Tis Thou who art worthy,
Lord Jesus, 'tis Thou.

The life Thou hast ransomed,
O Lord shall be Thine,
Henceforth not my will —
But Thy will shall be mine;
Surrendered for service,
I yield to Thee now,
'Tis Thou who art worthy,
'Tis Thou who art worthy,
'Tis Thou who art worthy,
Lord Jesus, 'tis Thou.

Soon, soon in Thy presence,
Exalted above,
We'll praise and adore
Thine unchangeable love;
And sing while the glory,
Encircles Thy brow,
'Tis Thou who art worthy,
'Tis Thou who art worthy,
'Tis Thou who art worthy,
Lord Jesus, 'tis Thou.

COME, HEAVY-LADEN, REST

Oh, who can tell how many lives are wrecked and ruined by sin,
How many hearts are breaking and have no peace within!
Not all are tramps and drunkards, not all are outcast men
Who wander downward to the pit where hope has never been.

The Scriptures say that "all have sinned," and all a Saviour need,
If they from judgment due to sin would be forever freed.
To save them, Christ the Lamb of God, has shed His precious
blood —

Have you been saved from wrath, dear friend, through that rich
cleansing flood?

If not, to you He kindly says, "Come, heavy-laden, rest,
Pillow your weary, aching head upon My breast."
No needy one will be denied who shall in Him believe —
Then trust His love and mercy now: Eternal Life receive.

FAR, FAR FROM GOD

Far, far from God thy weary feet have wandered
Dark, dark, the night wraps thy guilty soul
Deep, deep the pit of woe that lies before thee,
Where waves of sorrow through eternity roll.

Thorny the path thy feet have long been treading
Vain, vain the search for lasting joy below;
Christ, Christ alone can meet thy spirit's craving
His precious blood can cleanse thee whiter than snow.

Do not delay, but trust the sinner's Savior,
In grace He waits thy deepest need to meet;
He came to die, to manifest God's favor,
Nought now remains to do; His work is complete.

Tell out thy need, fear not, for He'll befriend thee,
Confess thy darkest sins into His ear
Rest on His word, the message He hath sent thee,
All who believe from every change now are clear!

IF THIS SHOULD BE MY LAST YEAR

If this should be the last year
That I shall know on earth,
I would not want to spend it
In carelessness and mirth.

I would each passing moment
Might glorify my Lord,
That I might know Him better
And feed upon His Word.

I would be more in earnest
Seeking for the lost,
As one redeemed by Jesus,
Bought at such a cost!

I would grow ever like Him,
Whose name I have confessed;
I would be more compassionate
To those who are distressed.

And this *may* be my last year,
I cannot tell for sure;
But I would live as if it were,
His "Well done" to secure.

HE PAID MY DEBT

He came from the light and the gladness
To the darkness and woe where I lay,
He touched me and healed the foul leper,
My debt in His love stooped to pay.

For a stranger becoming the Surety
He smarted on Calvary's tree;
Though rich became poor as the poorest,
To lavish His wealth upon me.

From The Continual Burnt Offering.

AWAKE

The hour is late,
The darkness is deep;
But it is the darkness that precedes the dawn.
Cast off all that hinders,
Walk honestly as in the day.
Character is what a man is in the darkness.

ETERNAL LIFE

Eternal life the portion is
Of all who have believed,
On Him, the spotless Son of God,
And thus His gift received.

NOW I WILL GLORY IN THE CROSS

Now I will glory in the cross
For this I count the world but dross.
There I with Christ was crucified;
His death is mine; with Him I died;
And while I live my song shall be,
No longer I, but Christ in me.

From The Continual Burnt Offering.

HE IS COMING

He is coming; oh, how solemn,
When the Judge's voice is heard,
And in His own light He shows us
Every thought and act and word.
Deeds of merit, as we thought them,
He will show us were but sin.
Little acts we had forgotten
He will tell us were for Him.

From Care for God's Fruit Trees.

SADDENED

Saddened, ah yes, saddened
By earth's deep sin and woe.
How could I pass unheeding
What grieved my Saviour so!

From Care for God's Fruit Trees.

NONE BUT CHRIST CAN SATISFY

I tried the broken cisterns, Lord,
But all their waters failed.
E'en as I stooped to drink they fled
And mocked me as I wailed.

The pleasures lost I sadly mourned,
But never wept for Thee,
Till grace my sightless eyes received
Thy loveliness to see.

Now none but Christ can satisfy,
None other name for me;
There's life and love and lasting joy
Lord Jesus, found in Thee.

From Care for God's Fruit Trees.

HE IS NEAR

I know not when the Lord will come
Or at what hour He may appear,
Whether at midnight or at morn,
Or at what season of the year.

I only know that He is near,
And that His voice I soon shall hear.
I only know that He is near,
And that His voice I soon shall hear.

From Care for God's Fruit Trees.

CALVARY

In the darkness, blindly groping,
Cursed by sin, I wandered long,
Christ-rejecting, vainly hoping
Peace to find in paths of wrong;
Till, while hastening to destruction,
Seeking that which is but dross,
Passing by I saw on Calvary
Jesus dying on the cross.

Chorus

I will love Thee, Savior.
Drawing near in awe-struck wonder,
Scenes most fearful met my eye;
Lightning flashing, rolling thunder,
Scoffs and groans of agony;
Lifted high 'twixt earth and Heaven,
As a Lamb for sinners slain,
I beheld One, marred and wounded,
Crowned with thorns and racked with pain.

While I gazed He cried in anguish,
"Why, oh God, dost Thou forsake?
Why must I in sorrow languish?
Why the cup of Judgment take?"
Quick my heart gave back the answer,
For my sins His blood He gave —
He His life could not deliver
If my soul from wrath He'd save.

Broken-hearted, yet triumphant,
Fast His life-blood ebb'd away,
As He cried! "My work is finished!
Now the sinner's debt I pay!"
As the Roman's spear-point pierced Him
From His side a crimson stream
Issued forth to heal the nations —
Plunging in, I was made clean.

Chorus to Last Tune

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

THE ANGEL'S MESSAGE

Down the ages rolls the echo
Of the angel's song so sweet,
Sung that first glad Christmas morning,
Wafted from the golden street.

Where the weary pilgrims falter,
Where the broken hearted pray,
Rings the song so full of gladness,
Driving care and gloom away.

To the highways and the hedges,
Carry forth the gladsome word;
Tell how Jesus lives, entreating
All to own Him as their Lord.

Sing it in the slums so lowly,
In the haunts of sin and vice,
Tell each poor, despairing captive,
Christ has paid his ransom price.

'Tis the Gospel for all classes,
Sinners Jesus came to save;
Sing it out till every lost one
Plunges 'neath the cleansing wave.

Spread the tidings far and near,
So that all the world may hear,
Unto you is born a Savior,
Freeing from all sin and fear.