

**Hymns by  
Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby  
1820-1915**

- 98 To God Be the Glory
- 301 Jesus Keep Me Near the Cross
- 351 Pass Me Not, O Gentle Savior
- 369 Blessed Assurance
- 407 Close to Thee
- 419 I Am Thine O Lord
- 591 Rescue the Perishing

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## Rivers of Love.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Glo - ry to Je - sus, my King and my Lord, I am re-  
 2. Glo - ry to Je - sus, how bright is my way! Cheered by His  
 3. Glo - ry to Je - sus, the trans - port I feel Lan - guage can  
 4. Glo - ry to Je - sus, I'll fol - low Him still, Pa - tient - ly

pos - ing my trust on His word; Wash'd in the foun - tain that  
 pres - ence and bless - ing to - day; Souls for His king - dom He  
 nev - er, no, nev - er re - veal; He has re - deemed me and  
 wait - ing and do - ing His will; Then when my jour - ney is

cleans - eth from sin, Glo - ry to Je - sus, I'm hap - py with - in.  
 helps me to win, Glo - ry to Je - sus, I'm hap - py with - in.  
 cleans'd me from sin, Glo - ry to Je - sus, I'm hap - py with - in.  
 fin - ished be - low, Shout - ing and sing - ing to Him I shall go.

## CHORUS.

Riv - - ers of love.....all bound - less and free,.....  
 Riv - ers of love, , Riv - ers of love boundless and free, boundless and free,

Glo - - ry to Je - - - sus, are flowing, flowing for me.  
 Glo - ry to Je - sus, O glo - ry to Je - sus,

# My Savior First of All

1. When my life - work is en - ded, and I cross the swel - ling tide, When the  
 2. Oh, the soul - thrill - ing rap - ture when I view His bles - sed face, And the  
 3. Oh, the dear ones in glo - ry, how they beck - on me to come, And our  
 4. Thro' the gates to the ci - ty in a robe of spot - less white, He will

bright and glo rious mor - ning I shall see; I shall know my Re - dee - mer when I  
 lus - ter of His kind - ly beam - ing eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the  
 par - ting at the ri - ver I re - call; To the sweet vales of E - den they will  
 lead me where no tears will e - ver fall; In the glad song of a - ges I shall

reach the o - ther side, And His smile will be the first to wel - come me.  
 mer - cy, love, and grace That pre - pared for me a man - sion in the sky.  
 sing my wel - come home, But I long to meet my Sa - vior first of all.  
 min - gle with de - light, But I long to meet my Sa - vior first of all.

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

I shall know \_\_\_\_\_ Him, I shall know Him By the print of the nails. in His hand.

Text: Fanny J. Crosby, 1820-1915  
 Tune: John R. Sweney, 1837-1899



Irregular  
 I SHALL KNOW HIM  
[www.hymnary.org/text/when\\_my\\_lifework\\_is\\_ended\\_and\\_i\\_cross\\_ti](http://www.hymnary.org/text/when_my_lifework_is_ended_and_i_cross_ti)

# We Walk by Faith

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1885

William James Kirkpatrick

$\text{♩} = 103$

1. We walk by faith, and oh, how sweet The flow'rs that  
 2. We walk by faith; He wills it so And marks the  
 3. We walk by faith di - vine - ly blest, On Him we  
 4. And thus by faith till life shall end We'll walk with

grow be - neath our feet And frag - rance  
 path that we should go. And when, at  
 lean in Him we rest. The more we  
 Him our dear - est friend. Till safe we

breathe a - long the way That leads the  
 times, our sky is dim, He gent - ly  
 trust our shep - herd's care, The more His  
 tread the fields of light Where faith is

*Refrain*

soul draws love lost to end - less us close to 'tis ours to share. in per - fect day. Him. sight. We walk by faith, but not a - lone, Our

Detailed description: This system contains the first part of the musical score. It features a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor). The time signature is 3/4. The vocal line begins with a long note on 'soul' and continues with 'draws love lost to end - less us close to 'tis ours to share. in per - fect day. Him. sight.' The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. A double bar line is followed by the word 'Refrain' in italics. The refrain begins with a new time signature of 3/4 and the lyrics 'We walk by faith, but not a - lone, Our'.

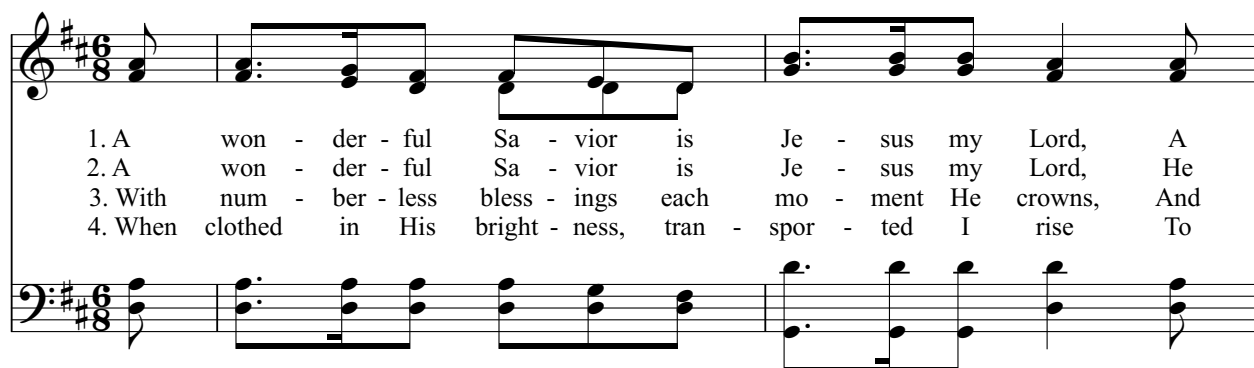
shep - herd's ten - der voice we hear And feel His hand with in our own, And

Detailed description: This system continues the musical score. It features a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff. The key signature remains one flat. The time signature is 3/4. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'shep - herd's ten - der voice we hear And feel His hand with in our own, And'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line.

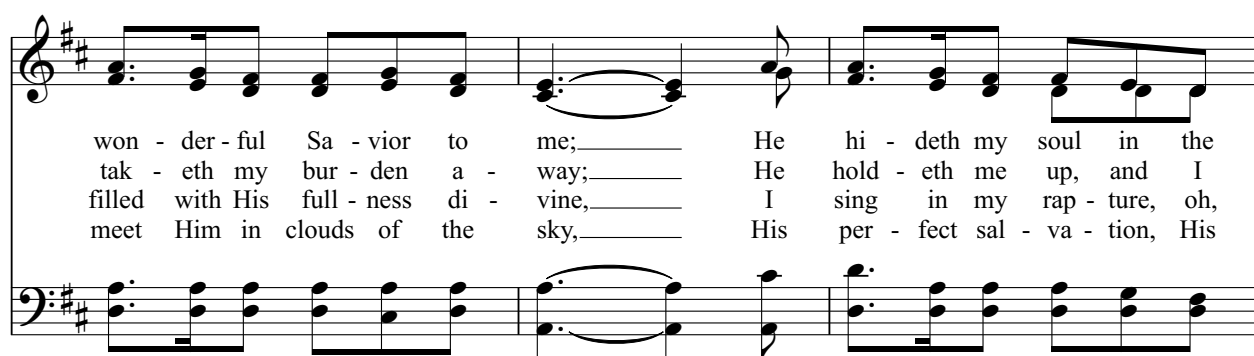
know that He is al - ways near.

Detailed description: This system is the final part of the musical score on this page. It features a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff. The key signature remains one flat. The time signature is 4/4. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics 'know that He is al - ways near.' The piano accompaniment concludes with chords and a bass line.


## He Hideth My Soul



1. A won - der - ful Sa - vior is Je - sus my Lord, A  
 2. A won - der - ful Sa - vior is Je - sus my Lord, He  
 3. With num - ber - less bless - ings each mo - ment He crowns, And  
 4. When clothed in His bright - ness, tran - spor - ted I rise To



won - der - ful Sa - vior to me; He hi - deth my soul in the  
 tak - eth my bur - den a - way; He hold - eth me up, and I  
 filled with His full - ness di - vine, I sing in my rap - ture, oh,  
 meet Him in clouds of the sky, His per - fect sal - va - tion, His



cleft of the rock Where ri - vers of plea - sure I see.  
 shall not be moved, He giv - eth me strength as my day.  
 glo - ry to God For such a Re - dee - mer as mine!  
 won - der - ful love I'll shout with the mil - lions on high.



He hi - deth my soul in the cleft on the rock That sha - dows a

Text: Fanny J. Crosby, 1820-1915  
 Tune: William J. Kirkpatrick, 1838-1921



11 8 11 8 Refrain  
 KIRKPATRICK  
[www.hymnary.org/text/a\\_wonderful\\_savior\\_is\\_jesus\\_my\\_lord](http://www.hymnary.org/text/a_wonderful_savior_is_jesus_my_lord)

dry, thir - sty land; He hi - deth my life in the depths of His love,

And co - vers me there with His hand, And co - vers me there with His hand.

## His Blood has made me Whole

Words by Fanny J. Crosby

Music by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick

1. I sought in tears my Saviour's cross, He turn'd and look'd on me:  
 2. With trembling step, be-neath its flood I plung'd my guilty soul,  
 3. O, love di - vine, where shall my tongue Its song of praise be - gin?  
 4. It gave me life, it gave me joy! With per - fect heal - ing pow'r

"Be-hold," he said, "the crimson fount Where flows my blood for thee!"  
 That now re-deem'd, can shout a - loud—His blood has made me whole!  
 The precious blood of Christ, my Lord, Has cov - er'd all my sin.  
 It sav'd through faith my broken heart, And saves me ev - 'ry hour.

**CHORUS.**

O, precious blood! oh, hallow'd blood! Thy sa - cred fount I see:

It cleanseth all, who - ev - er will, Praise God, it cleanseth me.



1033

## Take the world, but give me Jesus

J.A. Hultman, 1861-1942

Stilla Stunder

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, in a 2/4 time signature with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody in the treble clef features eighth and quarter notes, while the bass clef provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

Refrain

The second system of musical notation continues the piece from measure 7 to 12. A red double vertical line is placed between measures 7 and 8, marking the beginning of the refrain. The notation follows the same style as the first system.

13

The third system of musical notation covers measures 13 to 18. It concludes the piece with a final chord in the treble clef and a sustained bass line.

Take the world, but give me Jesus,  
All its joys are but a name;  
But His love abideth ever,  
Through eternal years the same.

*Refrain*

*Oh, the height and depth of mercy!  
Oh, the length and breadth of love!  
Oh, the fullness of redemption,  
Pledge of endless life above!*

Take the world, but give me Jesus,  
Sweetest comfort of my soul;  
With my Savior watching o'er me,  
I can sing though billows roll.

*Refrain*

Take the world, but give me Jesus,  
Let me view His constant smile;  
Then throughout my pilgrim journey  
Light will cheer me all the while.

*Refrain*

Take the world, but give me Jesus.  
In His cross my trust shall be,  
Till, with clearer, brighter vision,  
Face to face my Lord I see.

*Refrain*

Fanny Crosby

## All the Way My Savior Leads Me



1 All the way my Sa - vior leads me; what have I to ask be - side?  
 2 All the way my Sa - vior leads me; cheers each win - ding path I tread,  
 3 All the way my Sa - vior leads me; O the full - ness of his love!



Can I doubt his ten - der mer - cy, who through life has been my guide?  
 gives me grace for ev - ery tri - al, feeds me with the li - ving bread;  
 Per - fect rest to me is pro - mised in my Fa - ther's house a - bove;



Heaven - ly peace, di - vin - est com - fort, here by faith in him to dwell,  
 though my wea - ry steps may fal - ter, and my soul a - thirst may be,  
 when my spi - rit, clothed im - mor - tal, wings its flight to realms of day,



for I know, what - e'er be - fall me, Je - sus do - eth all things well;  
 gu - shing from the rock be - fore me, lo! a spring of joy I see;  
 this my song through end - less a - ges, Je - sus led me all the way;

Text: Fanny J. Crosby (1820-1915)  
 Tune: Robert Lowry (1826-1899)



87 87D  
 ALL THE WAY  
[www.hymnary.org/text/all\\_the\\_way\\_my\\_savior\\_leads\\_me](http://www.hymnary.org/text/all_the_way_my_savior_leads_me)



for I know, what - e'er be - fall me, Je - sus do - eth all things well.  
gu - shing from the rock be - fore me, lo! a spring of joy I see.  
this my song through end - less a - ges, Je - sus led me all the way.

# More Like Jesus Would I Be

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1868

William Howard Doane

$\text{♩} = 170$

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.

*Refrain*

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 thoughts for - give;  
 Born of Him through 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.

# Rest over Jordan

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1877

William Howard Doane

*♩* = 115

1. 'Tis a bless-èd hope, and it cheers my soul, I shall rest by and by o - ver  
 2. 'Tis a bless-èd hope which my Sav - ior gives, I shall rest by and by o - ver  
 3. With a stead-fast faith I will la - bor on, I shall rest, sweet-ly rest o - ver

Jor-dan; When my work is done and my crown is won, I shall rest, sweet-ly rest o - ver  
 Jor-dan; I shall see Him there in His man - sion fair, When I rest, sweet-ly rest o - ver  
 Jor-dan; O what joy 'twill be the re - deemed to see, When I rest, sweet-ly rest, o - ver

*Refrain*

Jor - dan.  
 Jor - dan. O - ver Jor-dan, o - ver Jor-dan, I shall rest Sweet-ly rest by and by; 'Tis a  
 Jor - dan.

pre-cious hope, 'tis a bless-èd hope, I shall rest, sweet-ly rest o - ver Jor - dan.

# Lay It Down

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby (1820-1915)

William Howard Doane (1832-1915)

♩=115

1. Oh, come, sin - ner, come! 'tis mer - cy's call; Here at Je - sus' feet! Oh  
 2. Oh come, and, be - liev - ing, seek thy rest Here at Je - sus' feet! Thy  
 3. Oh come, where thy faith can make thee whole, Here at Je - sus' feet! Oh  
 4. Oh come! bless the Lord, there's room for thee, Here at Je - sus' feet! Thy

*Refrain*

come, and, re - pent - ing, lay thy all Down at Je - sus' feet!  
 heart, with its hea - vy weight op - pressed, Lay at Je - sus' feet!  
 come, and thy wear - y, trou - bled soul Lay at Je - sus' feet! Oh, lay it down!  
 bur - den of guilt, what - e'er it be, Lay at Je - sus' feet!

lay it down! Lay thy wear - y bur - den down! Oh, lay it down! lay it down, Down at Je - sus'

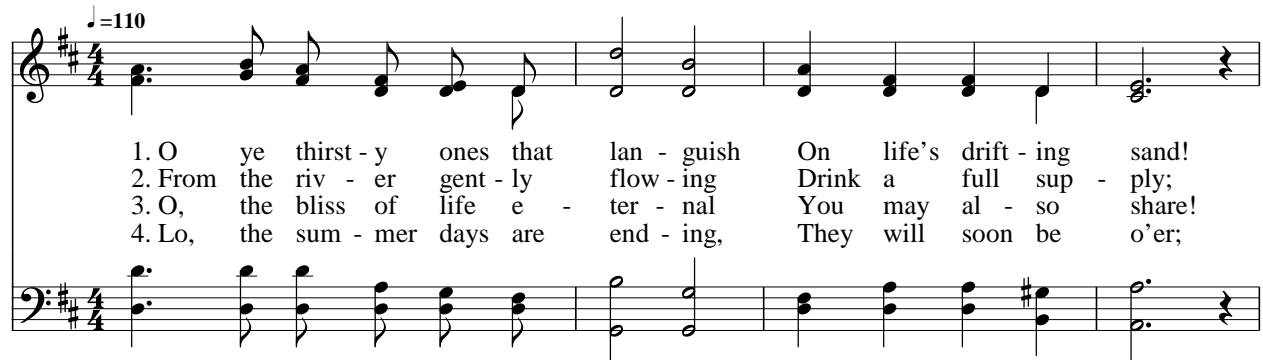
feet!

# Why Will Ye Wander?

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1898

Stephen Collins Foster (1826-1864)

*J=110*

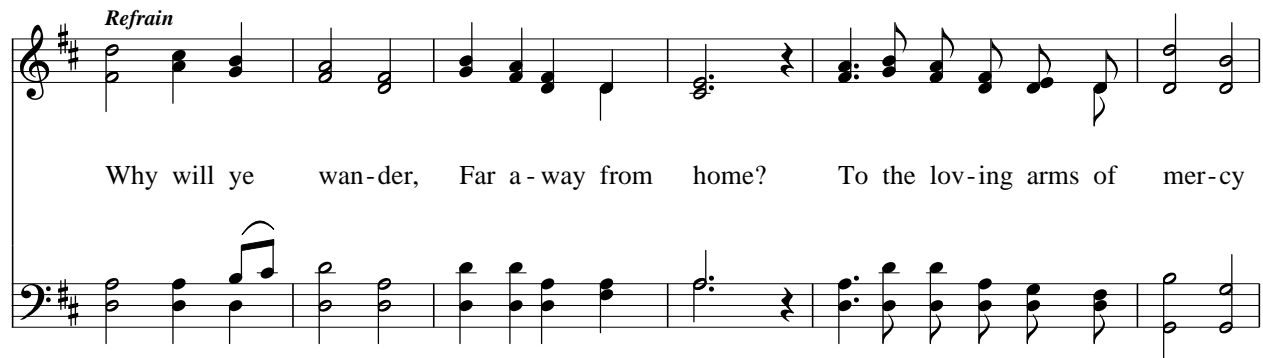


1. O ye thirst - y ones that lan - guish On life's drift - ing sand!  
 2. From the riv - er gent - ly flow - ing Drink a full sup - ply;  
 3. O, the bliss of life e - ter - nal You may al - so share!  
 4. Lo, the sum - mer days are end - ing, They will soon be o'er;

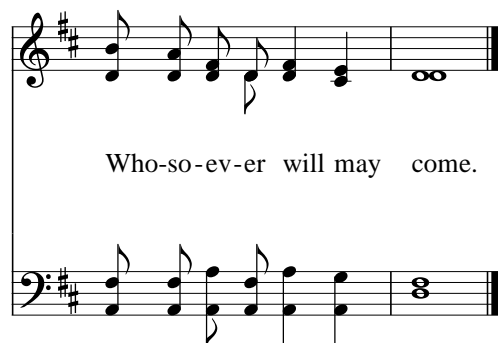


'Tis the Sav - ior ben - ding o'er you, Reach - ing out His toil - worn hand.  
 Free to all its bless - ed wa - ters, Where - fore will ye faint and die?  
 Come to Je - sus, and be - liev - ing, En - ter thro' the gate of prayer.  
 While the Spir - it still is plead - ing, Grieve your dear - est friend no more.

*Refrain*



Why will ye wan - der, Far a - way from home? To the lov - ing arms of mer - cy



Who - so - ev - er will may come.

# Building Day by Day

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1891

Herbert D. Lothrop

*♩=107*

1. We are build - ing in sor - row, and build - ing in joy, A tem - ple the world can - not  
 2. Ev - ery deed forms a part in this build - ing of ours, That is done in the name of the  
 3. Then be watch - ful and wise, let the tem - ple we rear Be one that no tem - pest can

see; But we know it will stand if we found it on a rock, Thro' the  
 Lord; For the love that we show and the kind - ness we be - stow, He has  
 shock For the Mas - ter has said, and He taught us in His Word, We must

*Refrain*

ag - es of e - ter - ni - ty. We are build - ing day by day As the mo - ments glide a - way, Our  
 prom - ised us a bright re - ward.  
 build up - on the sol - id rock.

tem - ple which the world may not see; Ev - ery vic - tory won by grace Will be  
 which the world may not see;

sure to find its place, In our build - ing for e - ter - ni - ty.  
 for e - ter - ni - ty.



# The Bright Forever

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1871

Hubert Platt Main, circa 1899

*♩* = 110

1. Break-ing through the clouds that ga - ther, O'er the Christ-ian's na - tal skies, Dis-tant  
 2. Yet a lit - tle while we lin - ger, Ere we reach our jour - ney's end; Yet a  
 3. O the bliss of life e - ter - nal! O the long un - brok-en rest! In the

beams, like floods of glor - y, Fill the soul with glad sur - prise; And we al - most hear the  
 lit - tle while of la - bor, Ere the even-ing shades de - scend; Then we'll lay us down to  
 gold - en fields of plea - sure, In the re - gion of the blest; But, to see our dear Re-

e - cho Of the pure and ho - ly throng, In the bright, the bright for - ev - er, In the  
 slum - ber, But the night will soon be o'er; In the bright, the bright for - ev - er, We shall  
 - deem - er, And be - fore His throne to fall, There to bear His gra - cious wel - come, Will be

*Refrain*

sum - mer land of song.  
 wake, to weep no more. On the banks bey - ond the riv - er We shall meet, no more to sev - er; In the  
 sweet - er far than all.

bright, the bright for - ev - er, In the sum - mer land of song.

# Bless Us Children Now

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1877

William W. Bentley

*J=110*

1. Dear Sav - ior, from Thy throne a - bove, Where count - less child - ren  
 2. Thy mer - cy led us thro' the year That sweet - ly passed a -  
 3. Oh, may we learn in ear - ly youth Thy ho - ly Word to  
 4. Oh, hap - py thought, if, faith - ful here, We work and watch and

bow, Oh, let Thy lov - ing eye be - hold And bless us child - ren now.  
 - way, And thro' Thy grace we ga - ther now To hail our fes - tive day.  
 prize, The lamp that guides our feet to Heav'n, Our home be - yond the skies.  
 pray, We'll spend with Thee in Heav'n at last An end - less hap - py day.

*Refrain*

Our hearts in tune - ful num - bers wake, Our tongues with rap - ture sing, All glo - ry, hon - or,

praise to Thee, Re - deem - er, Lord and King!

# Walking in the Good Old Way

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1897

John Robson Sweney

*♩* = 115

1. We are trav - eling on with our staff in hand, Walk - ing in the good old  
 2. We are travel - ing on through a world of sin, Walk - ing in the good old  
 3. We are travel - ing on in the Mas - ter's name, Walk - ing in the good old  
 4. We are travel - ing on to the roll - ing tide, Walk - ing in the good old

way; We are pil - grims bound for the heav - enly land, Walk - ing in the good old  
 way; Though our foes are strong we have peace with - in, Walk - ing in the good old  
 way; And we sing His praise with a loud ac - claim, Walk - ing in the good old  
 way; But we trust in Him who is still our guide, Walk - ing in the good old

*Refrain*

way.  
 way.  
 way. Walk - ing in the bless - ed - ness of love un - told, Travel - ing to a count - ry that will  
 way.

ne'er grow old, Je - sus our Re - deem - er we shall there be - hold, Home in the realms of day.

# Whoever Will

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1887

Ira David Sankey

*♩* = 100

1. O wander - ing souls, why will you roam A - way from God, a -  
 2. Be - hold His hands ex - tend - ed now, The dews of night are  
 3. In sim - ple faith His Word be - lieve, And His a - bun - dant  
 4. The "Spir - it and the Bride say, Come!" And find in Him sweet

- way from home; The Sav - ior calls, O hear Him say, "Who - ev - er will may  
 on His brow; He knocks, He calls, He wait - eth still, Oh, come to Him, who -  
 grace re - ceive; No love like His the heart can fill, Oh, come to Him, who -  
 rest, and home; Let Him that hear - eth, e - cho still, The bless - èd who - so -

*Refrain*

come to - day."  
 - ev - er will. Who - ev - er will, who - ev - er will, Who - ev - er will may come to - day;  
 - ev - er will.  
 - ev - er will.

Who - ev - er will may come to - day, And drink of the wa - ter of life.

# Blessèd Cross of Jesus

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1877

Hubert Platt Main

*J=110*

1. Wand - 'rer, come, there's room for thee, At the cross of Je - sus;  
 2. Come and bring thy bur - den now To the cross of Je - sus;  
 3. O what com - fort thou wilt find At the cross of Je - sus;  
 4. See the crim - son wa - ters flow At the cross of Je - sus;

*Refrain*

Come and taste sal - va - tion free At the cross of Je - sus.  
 Lay thy burn - ing, throbb - ing brow At the cross of Je - sus. Bless - èd cross!  
 Love thy brok - en heart will bind At the cross of Je - sus.  
 Come and tell thy ev - ery woe At the cross of Je - sus.

pre - cious cross! There my hopes are twin - ing; There I see a Fa - ther's love

Through a Sav - ior shin - ing.

## Behold the Wondrous Love

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby (1820-1915)

Ira David Sankey (1840-1908)

$\text{♩} = 115$

1. Be - hold, be - hold the wond - rous love, That ev - er flows from God a -  
 2. Be - hold a foun - tain in His side, To all the world is o - pened  
 3. Be - hold Him now ex - alt - ed high A - bove the bright and star - ry  
 4. Be - hold in Him the Liv - ing Way, That on - ward leads to end - less

- bove Through Christ His on - ly Son, Who gave His pre - cious blood our souls to  
 wide; Where all may come, by sin op - pressed, And find in Him sweet peace and  
 sky; Yet through His Word He cal - leth still, "Come un - to Me," who - ev - er  
 day; Where, saved by grace, the ran - somed throng Lift up the ev - er - last - ing

*Refrain*

save.  
 rest. All praise and glo - ry be un - to Je - sus For He hath pur - chased a full sal -  
 will.  
 song.

- va - tion; Be - hold how wond - rous the pro - cla - ma - tion, "Who - so - ev - er will may come!"

# Jesus, My Only Hope

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1886

William James Kirkpatrick

$\text{♩} = 115$

1. Je-sus, my on-ly hope, friend ev - er dear, Bend to my ear - nest prayer  
 2. Je-sus, my on-ly hope, grant me Thy grace, Teach me in joy and pain  
 3. Je-sus, my on-ly hope, Je - sus, my King, Help me with heart and voice  
 4. Je-sus, my on-ly hope, be Thou my guest; Un - der Thy might-y wings,

Thy gra - cious ear; Come from Thy throne a - bove, come and my dross re - move,  
 Thy hand to trace; Keep Thou my heart in peace, bid ev - 'ry mur - mur cease,  
 Thy praise to sing; Now let Thy beams di - vine bright o'er my path - way shine,  
 O let me rest, Rest till the an - gel band home to the prom-ised land

Fill me with per - fect love, Sav-ior, to Thee.  
 Come and my faith in - crease, Sav-ior, in Thee.  
 Draw me, O Sav-ior mine, clos-er to Thee.  
 Bears me at Thy com - mand, Sav-ior, to Thee.

# Here from the World We Turn

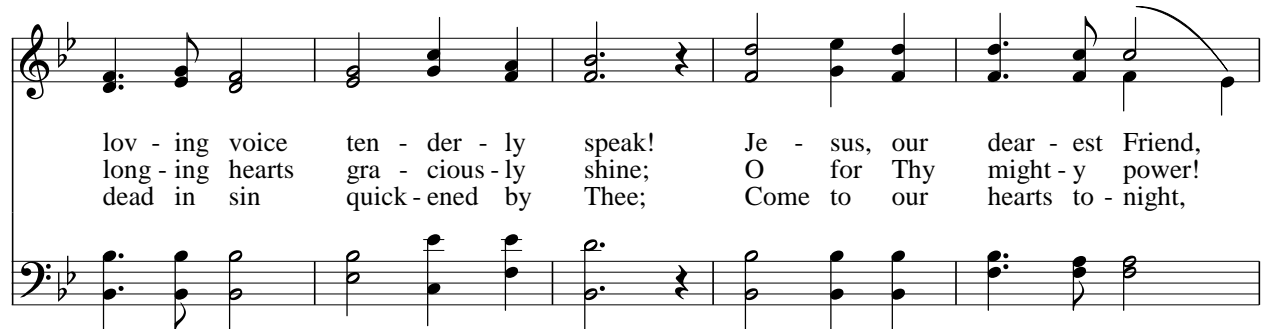
Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1877

William Howard Doane

$\text{♩} = 115$



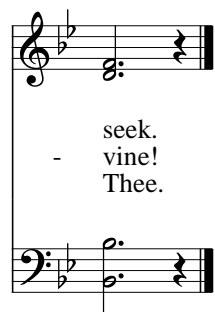
1. Here from the world we turn, Je - sus to seek; Here may His  
 2. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er, Pre - sence di - vine, Now in our  
 3. Sav - ior, Thy work re - vive; here may we see Those who are



lov - ing voice ten - der - ly speak! Je - sus, our dear - est Friend,  
 long - ing hearts gra - cious - ly shine; O for Thy might - y power!  
 dead in sin quick - ened by Thee; Come to our hearts to - night,



while at Thy feet we bend, O let Thy smile de - scend! 'Tis Thee we  
 O for a bless - ed shower, Fill - ing this hal - lowed hour with joy di -  
 make ev - ery bur - den light; Cheer Thou our wait - ing sight; we long for



seek.  
 - vine!  
 Thee.



(for the funeral of a departed female)

1048

# No Tears in Heaven

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1868

William Howard Doane

$\text{♩} = 115$

1. Our youth is tran-sient like a flower, That blooms, and fades, and  
2. The an-gel mes-sen-ger of death, Has gent-ly borne a-  
3. When ga-thered on the Sab-bath morn, Her va-cant place we

dies; Our life is but a sum-mer cloud, And like a sha-dow flies; Then  
- way, A dear com-pan-ion from our side, To realms of end-less day; Her  
view, We'll think how bright the world she treads, And in her steps pur-sue; Be

let us heed the warn-ing voice— To-day its call we hear, It  
voice no more will join with ours— The song of praise be-low, It  
still, let ev-ery heart be still, And all our sor-row quell, We'll

speaks in deep and sol-lemn tones, That come from yon-der bier. \*  
wakes a pur-er, sweet-er strain, Where on-ly plea-sures flow.  
bow sub-mis-sive to His will, Who do-eth all things well.

Public Domain  
Courtesy of the Cyber Hymnal™

\* coffin

# Safe in the Arms of Jesus

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1868

William Howard Doane

$\text{♩} = 115$

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, safe on His gen - tle breast, There by His love o'er-  
 2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, safe from cor - rod - ing care, Safe from the world's temp-  
 3. Je - sus, my heart's dear re - fuge, Je - sus has died for me; Firm on the Rock of

- shad - ed, sweet - ly my soul shall rest. Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels,  
 - ta - tions, sin can - not harm me there. Free from the blight of sor - row,  
 A - ges, ev - er my trust shall be. Here let me wait with pa - tience,

borne in a song to me. O - ver the fields of glo - ry, o - ver the jas - per  
 free from my doubts and fears; On - ly a few more tri - als, on - ly a few more  
 wait till the night is over; Wait till I see the morn - ing break on the gold - en

*Refrain*

sea.  
 tears!  
 shore. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, safe on His gen - tle breast There by His love o'er-

- shad - ed, sweet - ly my soul shall rest.

1050

# City of Gold

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1875

William Howard Doane

♩=105



1. There's a ci - ty that looks o'er the val - ley of death, And the  
 2. There the King, our Re - deem - er, the Lord whom we love, All the  
 3. Ev - ery soul we have led to the foot of the cross, Ev - ery



glo - ries can nev - er be told; There the sun nev - er sets, and the  
 faith - ful with rap - ture be - hold; There the right - eous for - ev - er shall  
 lamb we have brought to the fold, Shall be kept as bright jew - els our



leaves nev - er fade, In that beau - ti - ful ci - ty of gold. There the sun nev - er  
 shine as the stars, In that beau - ti - ful ci - ty of gold. there the sun,  
 crown to a - dorn, In that beau - ti - ful ci - ty of gold.



sets, and the leaves nev - er fade; And the eyes of the faith - ful our  
 nev - er sets, and the leaves



Sav - ior be - hold, In that beau - ti - ful ci - ty of gold.



# Able to Deliver

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1899

Ira David Sankey

*♩=110*

1. O trou-bled heart, be thou not a-fraid, In the Lord thy God, let thy  
 2. O trou-bled heart, tho' thy foes u-nite, Let thy faith be strong and thy  
 3. O trou-bled heart, when thy way is drear, He will res-cue thee and dis-

hope be stayed; He will hear thy cry and will give thee aid, What-  
 ar - mor bright; Thou shalt o - ver - come thro' His pow'r and might, And  
 - pel thy fear; In thy great - est need He is al - ways near, To

*Refrain*

- e'er thy cross may be.  
 more than con - qu'ror be. He is a - ble still to de - liv - er thee, And His  
 Him all glo - ry be.

own right hand thy de - fense shall be: He is a - ble still to de - liv - er thee, Then

be thou not a - fraid.

# Adopted

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1900

John Robson Sweney

$\text{♩} = 113$

1. O what a bless - ing, how can I ex - press it? Out of the full - ness of  
 2. O what a Fa - ther, how ten - der-ly gra - cious, O what a Sav - ior to  
 3. O the un - search-a - ble rich - es He giv - eth, Rich - es in - creas-ing from  
 4. When I have fin - ished the work He ap - points me, When I have end - ed my

rap - ture I sing, Now by the Fa - ther re - ceived and a - dopt - ed, I am a  
 make me His care; Tho' I have slight-ed, re - ject - ed, and grieved Him, Still He per -  
 day un - to day; Trea - sures in val - ue all o - thers ex - cell - ing, Trea - sures that  
 jour - ney be - low, Then to my Fa - ther and Je - sus my Sav - ior, Home to a

*Refrain*

child and an heir of a king.  
 - mits me His king-dom to share. I am a - dopt-ed, O won-der-ful love, Heir to a her-i-tage  
 ne - ver will rust nor de - cay.  
 beau-ti - ful pal - ace I go.

pur-chased a - bove; Tell it, my soul, and joy-ful-ly sing, I am a child and an heir of a king.

# After the Mist and Shadow

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1893

Kate M. Preston

$\text{♩} = 108$

1. Af - ter the mist and sha - dow, Af - ter the drear - y night,  
 2. Af - ter the thorn - y path - way, Af - ter the storms we meet,  
 3. Af - ter the cares and tri - als, Af - ter the toils and tears,

Af - ter the sleep - less watch - ing, Com - eth the morn - ing light;  
 Af - ter the heart's deep long - ing, Joy and com - mun - ion sweet;  
 Af - ter the time of sow - ing, Reap - ing thro' end - less years;

Beau - ti - ful, soft and ten - der, Lead - ing the soul a - long,  
 Af - ter the wear - y con - flict, Rest in the Sav - ior's love,  
 Af - ter the pil - grim jour - ney, Rap - ture that ne'er shall cease,

O - ver the si - lent riv - er, In - to the land of song.  
 O - ver the si - lent riv - er, Safe in the home a - bove.  
 O - ver the si - lent riv - er, Rest in the land of peace.

# At the Cross There's Room

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1870

Robert Lowry

$\text{♩} = 140$

1. Mourn - er, where - so - ever thou art, At the cross there's room!  
 2. Haste thee, wand - 'rer, tar - ry not, At the cross there's room!  
 3. Thought - less sin - ner, come to - day; At the cross there's room!  
 4. Bless - èd thought! For ev - ery one At the cross there's room!

Tell the bur - den of thy heart, At the cross there's room! Tell it  
 Seek that con - se - crat - ed spot; At the cross there's room! Hea - vy  
 Hark! the Bride and Spir - it say, At the cross there's room! Now a  
 Love's a - ton - ing work is done; At the cross there's room! Streams of

in thy Sav - ior's ear, Cast a - way thine ev - ery fear, On - ly  
 la - den, sore op - pressed, Love can soothe thy trou - bled breast; In the  
 liv - ing foun - tain see, O - pened there for you and me, Rich and  
 bound - less me - rcy flow, Free to all who thi - ther go; Oh, that

speak, and He will hear; At the cross there's room!  
 Sav - ior find thy rest; At the cross there's room!  
 poor, for bond and free, At the cross there's room!  
 all the world might know At the cross there's room!

# All Will Be Well

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1915

Arthur W. McKee

$\text{♩} = 147$

1. On-ly Thy pre-sence, O Sav-ior di - vine, On - ly Thy Spir-it to wit-ness with  
 2. On-ly Thy pre-sence to lead me a - right, Out of the dark-ness and in - to the  
 3. On-ly Thy pre-sence when tri - als I bear, Lift-ing so gent-ly my bur-den of  
 4. On-ly Thy pre-sence when wild is the gale, On - ly Thy pre - sence when rent is my

mine; On-ly Thine im - age of love on my breast, Seal of for - give-ness, as-  
 light; On-ly a whis-per to tell Thou art near, On - ly Thy sun - shine to  
 care; On-ly Thy pre - sence to show me the way, Home to the man-sions of  
 sail; On-ly Thy pre - sence my ves - sel to guide In - to the har - bor and

*Refrain*

- sur - ance of rest.  
 ban-ish my fear. What tho' the bil-lows like mount-ains may swell; All will be well; yes,  
 in - fi - nite day.  
 o - ver the tide.

all will be well; Un-der Thy sha-dow in peace I shall dwell; All, all will be well.



# All Glory Be Thine

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1908

John Robson Sweney

$\text{♩} = 115$

1. Thou on-ly art ho-ly, Thou on - ly the Lord; Truth, mer-cy and judg - ment,  
 2. Thou on-ly art ho-ly; In Thee is our trust; Thy laws are un - chang-ing,  
 3. Thou on-ly art ho-ly; The an - gels in light With pro - phets and mar - tyr

Shine forth in Thy Word. Thou rul-est and reign-est All o - thers a-  
 Thy stat - utes are just. All na - tions and peo - ple Be - fore Thee shall  
 Their an - thems u - nite. Thou on-ly art ho - ly, O An - cient of

-bove; Thy throne is e - ter - nal, Thy scep - ter is love.  
 fall; The Fa - ther, Re - deem - er, And Sav - ior of all.  
 days; The bound - less cre - a - tion Is filled with Thy praise.

*Refrain*

Thy reign ev - er - last - ing, Thy king - dom di - vine, Hence - forth and for - ev - er All

glo - ry be Thine.

# The Angel's Proclamation

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1874

Theodore Edson Perkins

$\text{♩} = 115$

1. Hark! the might - y tones sub - lime, Trump - et tongues of old - en time—  
 2. Mourn - ing cap - tive, cease thy tears; Lo! the prom - ised day ap - pears,  
 3. Now with heal - ing in her wings, Hark! a white robed an - gel sings:

Breath - ing on the si - lent air, Shout - ing glo - ry ev - ery - where! Hark! a - gain their  
 Thro' the mist - y veil of night, Burst - ing in a flood of light; Oh, what won - drous  
 "Mor - tals, from the realms a - bove I have borne my harp of love; Hal - le - lu - jah!

joy - ful sound Rings a - far, the earth a - round; While a vast, a - dor - ing throng  
 things are done By the Fa - ther, thro' the Son! Oh, the smile of pard' - ning grace,  
 sing with me; Hail your great - est ju - bi - lee! Sing, in pur - est, sweet - est lays,  
 D.S. E - den lost, to man re - stored,

*Fine Refrain* *D.S. al Fine*

Catch the strain and join the song.  
 Beam - ing in the Sav - ior's face. Un - to us a Child is giv'n; O - pen now the gates of Heav'n;  
 On this ho - ly day of days."  
 Thro' the birth of Christ the Lord.

# Hold Thou My Hand

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1879

Hubert Platt Main, 1880

$\text{♩} = 95$

1. Hold Thou my hand; so weak I am, and help-less, I dare not take one  
 2. Hold Thou my hand, and clos-er, clos-er draw me To Thy dear self—my  
 3. Hold Thou my hand; the way is dark be-fore me With-out the sun-light  
 4. Hold Thou my hand, that when I reach the mar-gin Of that lone riv-er

step with-out Thy aid; Hold Thou my hand; for then, O lov-ing Sav-ior,  
 hope, my joy, my all; Hold Thou my hand, lest hap-ly I should wan-der,  
 of Thy face di-vine; But when by faith I catch its rad-iant glor-y,  
 Thou didst cross for me, A heav-en-ly light may flash a-long its wa-ters,

No dread of ill shall make my soul a-fraid.  
 And, miss-ing Thee, my trem-bling feet should fall.  
 What heights of joy, what rap-turous songs are mine!  
 And ev-ery wave like crys-tal bright shall be.

# The Day-Star Hath Risen.

"Until the day dawn, and the day star arise."—2 Pet. 1: 19.

F. J. CROSBY.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. The Day-Star hath ris-en, The night clouds have flown; No longer in sadness  
 2. The Day-Star hath ris-en, In beau-ty sublime, To cheer and il-lu-mine  
 3. The Day-Star hath ris-en, It shin-eth for all; O'er paths that are lonely

I wan-der a-lone; Its beams in the val-ley Re-lect-ed I see; The  
 Each fardistant clime; The re-gions in darkness Its beauty shall see; The  
 Its brightness will fall; O bless-ed Re-deem-er, All hon-or to Thee, Thou

CHORUS.

Day-Star hath ris - en, It shin-eth for me. } It shin - eth for  
 Day-Star hath ris - en, It shin-eth for me. }  
 Day-Star of glo - ry That shin-eth for me. } It shineth, it shineth for

me, . . . Shin - - eth for me, . . . The Day - - Star hath  
 me, for me, Shineth, it shineth for me, for me; The Day-Star, the Day-Star hath

ris - - en, It shin - - eth for me. . . .  
 ris - en, hath ris - en, It shin-eth, it shin-eth for me, for me.

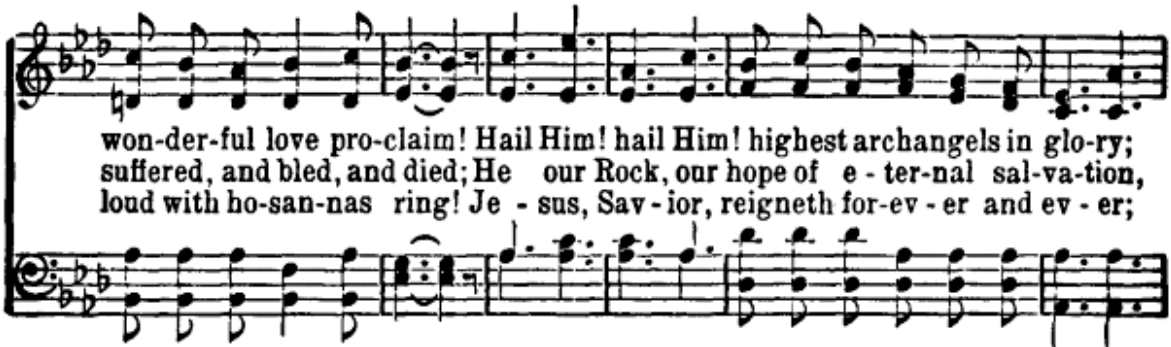
## Praise Him! Praise Him!

FANNY J. CROSBY

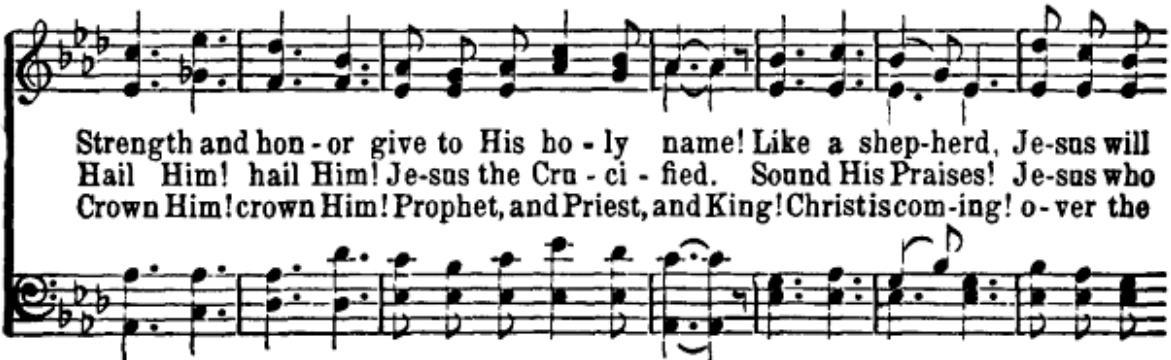
CHESTER G. ALLEN



1. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Sing, O Earth, His  
 2. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! For our sins He  
 3. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Heav'nly por - tals



won-der-ful love pro-claim! Hail Him! hail Him! highest archangels in glo-ry;  
 suffered, and bled, and died; He our Rock, our hope of e - ter-nal sal-va-tion,  
 loud with ho-san-nas ring! Je - sus, Sav - ior, reigneth for-ev - er and ev - er;

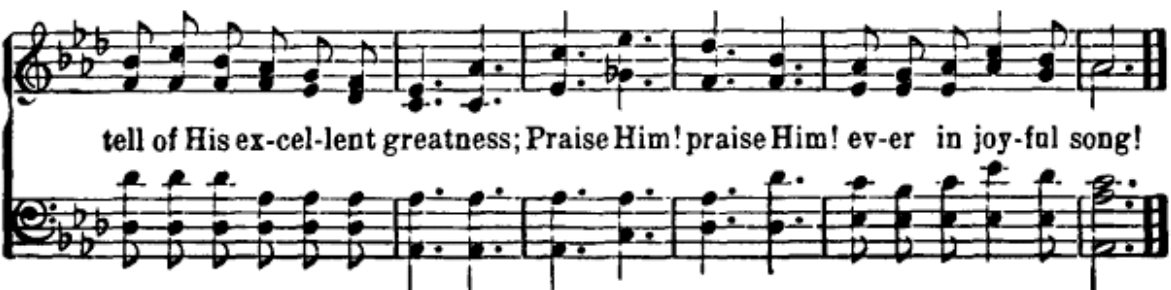


Strength and hon - or give to His ho - ly name! Like a shep-herd, Je-sus will  
 Hail Him! hail Him! Je-sus the Cru - ci - fied. Sound His Praises! Je-sus who  
 Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christ is com-ing! o - ver the

## REFRAIN



guard His children, In His arms He carries them all day long:  
 bore our sorrows, Love unbounded, wonderful, deep and strong: Praise Him! praise Him!  
 world vic-to-rious, Pow'r and glo-ry un - to the Lord be-long:



tell of His ex-cel-lent greatness; Praise Him! praise Him! ev-er in joy-ful song!

# Yes, There is Pardon for You

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1875

Hubert Platt Main

$\text{♩} = 100$

1. Oh come to the Sav - ior, be - lieve in His name, And ask Him your heart to re-  
 2. The way of trans-gress-ion that leads un-to death, Oh, why will you long-er pur-  
 3. Be warned of your dan - ger; es - cape to the cross; Your on - ly sal - va - tion is

- new; He waits to be gra - cious, O turn not a - way, For  
 - sue? How can you re - ject the sweet mes - sage of love, That  
 there; Be - lieve, and that mo - ment the Spir - it of grace Will

*Refrain*

now there is par - don for you.  
 of - fers full par - don for you? Yes, there is par - don for you,  
 an - swer your pen - i - tent prayer.

Yes, there is par - don for you; For Je - sus has died to re - deem you, And

of - fers full par - don to you.

# Where the Savior Leads

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1895

Ira David Sankey

$\text{♩} = 102$

1. If in the val - ley where the bright wa - ters flow, Je - sus, my Sav - ior leads me,  
 2. Out on the bar - ren mount - ains, drear - y and cold, Seek - ing the sheep that wan - der  
 3. Wher - e'er the Sav - ior leads me, I'll fol - low still, Pa - tient in joy or sor - row,

glad - ly I'll go; If, by His hand di - rect - ed o'er o - cean's wave,  
 far from the fold; Storm clouds may frown a - bove me, fierce winds may blow,  
 bid - ing His will; He knows the path of safe - ty, He knows the way,

*Refrain*

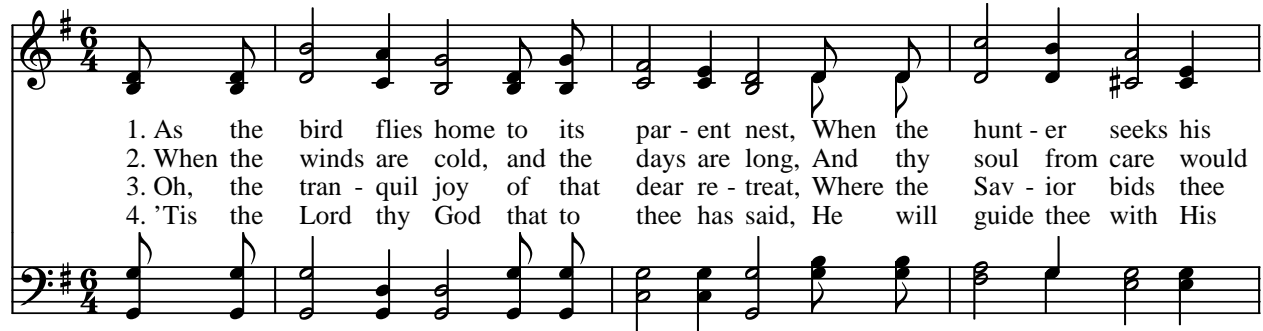
Glad - ly I'll bear His mess - age, lost ones to save. Where the Sav - ior leads me,  
 Yet, if my Sav - ior leads me, on - ward I'll go. Where the lov - ing Sav - ior leads me,  
 Home to the ma - ny man - sions, bright, bright as day. Where the lov - ing Sav - ior leads me,

I will glad - ly fol - low, Where the lov - ing Sav - ior leads me, I will glad - ly go.  
 I will glad - ly, glad - ly fol - low,

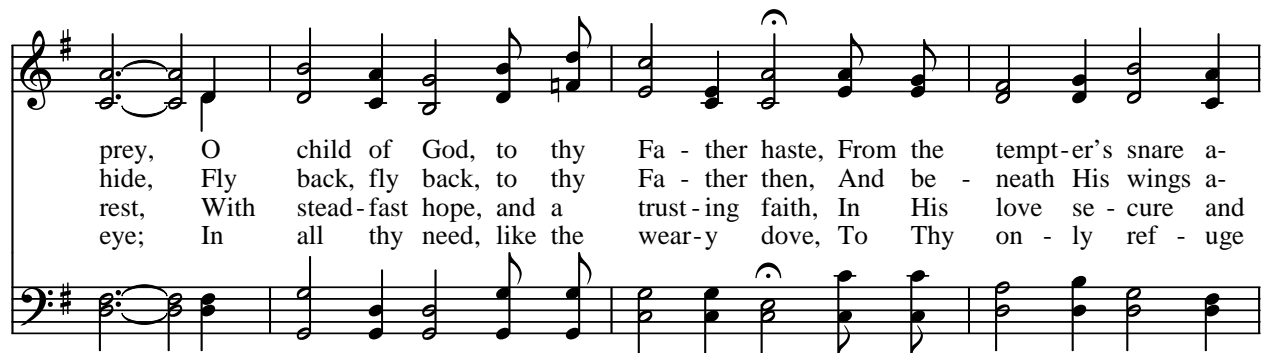
# As the Bird Flies Home

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1891

John Robson Sweney

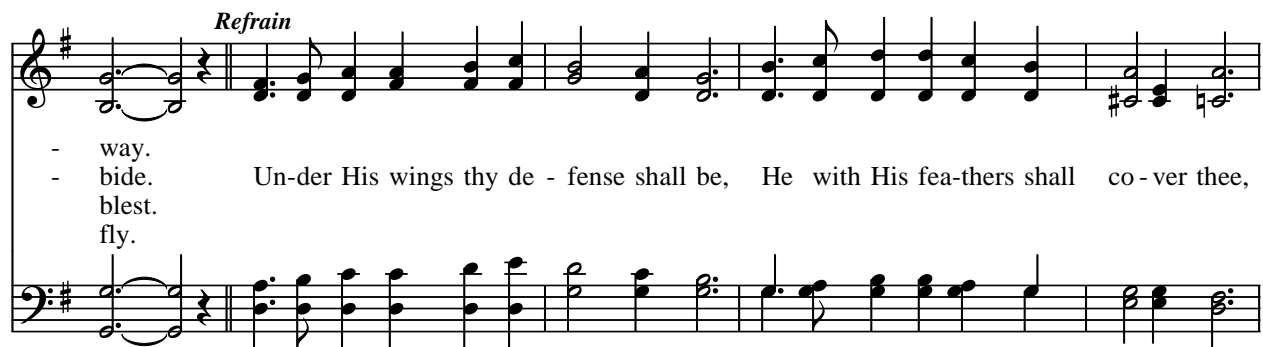


1. As the bird flies home to its par - ent nest, When the hunt - er seeks his  
 2. When the winds are cold, and the days are long, And thy soul from care would  
 3. Oh, the tran - quil joy of that dear re - treat, Where the Sav - ior bids thee  
 4. 'Tis the Lord thy God that to thee has said, He will guide thee with His

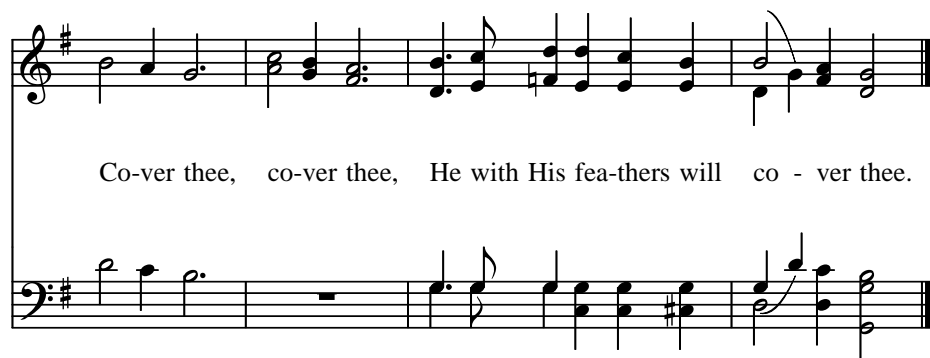


prey, O child of God, to thy Fa - ther haste, From the tempt - er's snare a -  
 hide, Fly back, fly back, to thy Fa - ther then, And be - neath His wings a -  
 rest, With stead - fast hope, and a trust - ing faith, In His love se - cure and  
 eye; In all thy need, like the wear - y dove, To Thy on - ly ref - uge

*Refrain*



- way.  
 - bide. Un - der His wings thy de - fense shall be, He with His fea - thers shall co - ver thee,  
 blest.  
 fly.



Co - ver thee, co - ver thee, He with His fea - thers will co - ver thee.



# He Saves Me Through and Through

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1885

John Robson Sweney

*J=112*

1. The blood that Je - sus shed for me When groan-ing, dy - ing  
 2. In per - fect trust I now re - sign My all to Him whose  
 3. No an - gel tongue such praise can bring, Nor learn the song that  
 4. I know not what my joy will be, When face to face my

on the tree, From all trans-gress - ion cleans-eth me, And saves me through and  
 will is mine; He fills my soul with love di - vine, And saves me through and  
 now I sing To Him, my Pro - phet, Priest and King, Who saves me through and  
 Lord I see, But this I know, He cleans-eth me, And saves me through and

*Refrain*

through.  
 through. Saved, saved, yes, I am saved, My heart is cre-at - ed a - new; The  
 through.  
 through.

blood of Je - sus cleans-eth me, And saves me through and through.

# Heavenly Father, We Beseech Thee

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1878

Robert Lowry

*♩=95*

1. Heav'n-ly Fa - ther, we be - seech Thee, Grant Thy bless - ing ere we  
 2. Lov - ing Sav - ior, go Thou with us, Be our Com - fort and our  
 3. Ho - ly Spi - rit, dwell with - in us, May our souls Thy tem - ple  
 4. Heav'n-ly Fa - ther, lov - ing Sav - ior, Ho - ly Spir - it, Three in

part; Take us in Thy care and keep - ing, Guard from e - vil ev - ery heart.  
 Stay; Grate - ful praise to Thee we ren - der For the joy we feel to - day.  
 be; May we tread the path to glo - ry, Led and guid - ed still by Thee.  
 One, As a - mong Thy saints and an - gels, So on earth Thy will be done.

*Refrain*

Bless the words we here have spok - en, Of - fered prayer and cheer - ful strain; If Thy

will, O Lord, we pray Thee, Grant we all may meet a - gain.

# Hide Thou Me

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1880

Robert Lowry

$\text{♩} = 100$

1. In Thy cleft, O Rock of Ag - es, hide Thou me! When the  
 2. From the snare of sin - ful plea - sure, hide Thou me! Thou, my  
 3. In the lone - ly night of sor - row, hide Thou me! Till in

fit - ful temp - est rag - es, hide Thou me! Where no mor - tal arm can  
 soul's e - ter - nal Trea - sure, hide Thou me! When the world its power is  
 glor - y dawns the mor - row, hide Thou me! When we're near - ing Jor - dan's

sev - er From my heart Thy love for - ev - er, Hide me, O Thou Rock of Ag - es,  
 wield - ing, And my heart is al - most yield - ing, Hide me, O Thou Rock of Ag - es,  
 bil - low, Let Thy bo - som be my pil - low; Hide me, O Thou Rock of Ag - es,

safe in Thee!  
 safe in Thee!  
 safe in Thee!

# Open Mine Eyes

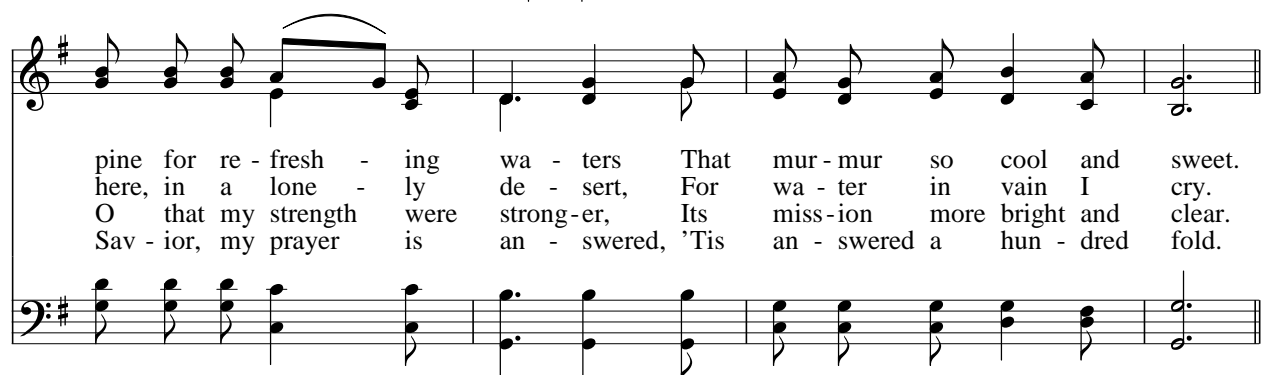
Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1887

William Evander Penn

$\text{♩} = 110$



1. O - pen mine eyes, dear Sav-ior, I thirst in the noon-tide heat, I  
 2. O - pen mine eyes, dear Sav-ior, I faint 'neath the burn-ing sky, And  
 3. O - pen mine eyes, dear Sav-ior, I know that the well is near; But  
 4. Whence is the voice that call-eth? And what do mine eyes be - hold? O



pine for re - fresh - ing wa - ters That mur - mur so cool and sweet.  
 here, in a lone - ly de - sert, For wa - ter in vain I cry.  
 O that my strength were strong-er, Its miss-ion more bright and clear.  
 Sav - ior, my prayer is an - swered, 'Tis an - swered a hun - dred fold.

*Refrain*



O - pen mine eyes, dear Sav-ior, now, O - pen mine eyes to see The  
 Last verse:  
 Praise to Thy Name, dear Sav-ior mine, Joy - ful - ly now I see The



well of Thy full sal - va-tion That spark-les and flows for me.  
 well of Thy full sal - va-tion That spark-les and flows for me.

No 146

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ANTHEMS

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OPEN THE GATES OF THE TEMPLE

Mrs. J. F. Knapp's song arranged as an anthem

Words by  
FANNY CROSBY

Music by  
LOUIS LAVATER

Moderato

Soprano

Contralto

Tenor

Bass

Piano or Organ

Largo

ff Andante maestoso

O - pen,

O - pen the gates of the

O - pen,

O - pen the gates of the

O - pen, —

O - pen the gates of the

O - pen, —

O - pen the gates of the

Largo

ff Andante maestoso

Tem - ple! O - pen the gates of the Tem - ple!

Tem - ple! O - pen the gates of the Tem - ple!

Tem - ple! O - pen the gates of the Tem - ple!

Tem - ple! O - pen the gates of the Tem - ple!

## Animato

*mf*

1. O - pen the gates of the Tem - ple, Strew palms on the con - quer - or's way, —  
2. O - pen the gates of the Tem - ple, One grand hal - le - lu - jah be heard, —

*mf*

1. O - pen the gates of the Tem - ple, Strew palms on the con - quer - or's way, —  
2. O - pen the gates of the Tem - ple, One grand hal - le - lu - jah be heard, —

*mf*

1. O - pen the gates of the Tem - ple, Strew palms on the con - quer - or's way, —  
2. O - pen the gates of the Tem - ple, One grand hal - le - lu - jah be heard, —

*mf*

1. O - pen the gates of the Tem - ple, Strew palms on the con - quer - or's way, —  
2. O - pen the gates of the Tem - ple, One grand hal - le - lu - jah be heard, —

## Animato

*f-mf*

O - pen your hearts, O ye peo - ple, That Je - sus may en - ter to - day —  
O - pen your hearts to the Sa - viour, Make room for the cru - ci - fied Lord! —

O - pen your hearts, O ye peo - ple, That Je - sus may en - ter to - day —  
O - pen your hearts to the Sa - viour, Make room for the cru - ci - fied Lord! —

O - pen your hearts, O ye peo - ple, That Je - sus may en - ter to - day —  
O - pen your hearts to the Sa - viour, Make room for the cru - ci - fied Lord! —

O - pen your hearts, O ye peo - ple, That Je - sus may en - ter to - day —  
O - pen your hearts to the Sa - viour, Make room for the cru - ci - fied Lord! —

*p*  
Hark! from the sick and the dy - ing, For - get - ting their couch - es of pain. —  
Tears and the an - guish of mid - night, Are lost in the splen - dour of day. —

*p*  
Hark! from the sick and the dy - ing, For - get - ting their couch - es of pain. —  
Tears and the an - guish of mid - night, Are lost in the splen - dour of day. —

*p*  
Hark! from the sick and the dy - ing, For - get - ting their couch - es of pain. —  
Tears and the an - guish of mid - night, Are lost in the splen - dour of day. —

*p*  
Hark! from the sick and the dy - ing, For - get - ting their couch - es of pain. —  
Tears and the an - guish of mid - night, Are lost in the splen - dour of day. —

*mf accel.*

Voic - es, glad voic - es, with rap - - ture Are swell - ing, are  
They who in sor - row once doubt - - ed Are swell - ing, are

*mf accel.*

Voic - es, glad voic - es, with rap - - ture Are swell - ing, are  
They who in sor - row once doubt - - ed Are swell - ing, are

*mf accel.*

Voic - es, glad voic - es, with rap - - ture Are swell - ing, are  
They who in sor - row once doubt - - ed Are swell - ing, are

*mf accel.*

Voic - es, glad voic - es, with rap - - ture Are swell - ing, are  
They who in sor - row once doubt - - ed Are swell - ing, are

*rall.* *rit.*

swell - ing, are swell - ing a glad re - frain, —  
swell - ing, are swell - ing the glad re - frain, —

*rall.* *rit.*

swell - ing, are swell - ing a glad re - frain, —  
swell - ing, are swell - ing the glad re - frain, —

*rall.* *rit.*

swell - ing, are swell - ing a glad re - frain, —  
swell - ing, are swell - ing the glad re - frain, —

*rall.* *rit.*

swell - ing, are swell - ing a glad re - frain, —  
swell - ing, are swell - ing the glad re - frain, —





*p* I know, *mf* \* "I  
*p* I know,  
*pp* know, I know,  
*pp*

*p* know that my Re - deem - er liv-eth"  
*mp* *mf*

*mf* Canst thou, my heart, canst thou lift up thy voice and sing: I know  
 I know  
*p* *mf* *mf*

\* From Handel's "Messiah"

*f* I know, — yes I know that my Re - deem - er liv - eth; *mf* And be -

And be -

And be -

know And be -

cause — He lives, and be - cause — He lives, *f* Yes be -

cause He lives, and be - cause He lives, — Yes be -

cause He lives, and be - cause He lives, *f* Yes be -

cause — He lives, and be - cause — He lives, Yes be -

*Largo*  
*estatico ma pp*

cause — He lives, I too, I too, *pp* I too shall live. —

cause He lives, I too, I too, *pp* I too shall live. —

cause He lives, I too, I too, *pp* I too shall live. —

cause He lives, I too, I too, *Largo* I too shall live. —

# Open the Gates of the Temple

SACRED SONG

Words by

**Fanny Crosby**

Music by

**Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp**

Low Key (C)

High Key (E)



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# Open the gates of the Temple

(Low)

Words by  
FANNY CROSBY.

Music by  
MRS JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

**VOICE.** *Moderato.* *Largo.*  
*mf*

O - - -

**PIANO.** *mf* *mf*

*ff* *Andante maestoso.*

- pen, O - - - pen, O - pen the gates of the Tem - - ple,

*ff*

*rit.*

O - pen the gates of the Tem - ple.

*rit.* *a tempo.*  
*p*

Animato.

3

O - pen the gates of the Tem - ple, Strew palms on the Conquer - or's way.  
O - pen the gates of the Tem - ple, One grand hal - le - lu - jah be heard.

O - pen your hearts O ye peo - ple, That Je - sus may en - ter to - day.  
O - pen your hearts to the Sav - iour, Make room for the cru - ci - fied Lord.

Hark! from the sick and the dy - ing, For - get - ting their couch - es of pain.  
Tears and the an - guish of mid - night Are lost in the splen - dor of day.

*accel.* Voic - es, glad voic - es with rapt - ure Are swell - ing, are swell - ing, are  
They who in sor - row once doubt - ed Are swell - ing, are swell - ing, are  
*cresc.* *sf* *a tempo.*

*rall.* *accel.*

swell - ing a glad re - frain,      Voic - es, glad voic - es with  
 swell - ing the glad re - frain,      They who in sor - row once

*colla voce.* *rall.* *a tempo.* *cresc.*

*rall.* 1.

rapt - ure Are swell - ing, a glad, a glad re - frain.  
 doubt - ed Are swell - ing, the glad, the glad re - frain.

*sf* *rall.*

2. *p*

-frain. I know, I know, I know,

*p*

"I know that my Re - deem - er liv - eth." <sup>◊</sup>

Canst thou, my heart, lift up thy

*trem. cresc. poco a poco.*

voice, thy voice and sing I know. I know, yes, I know that

*rall.* *a tempo. con passione.*

*pp*

my Re - deem - er liv - eth, And be - cause — He lives, and be - cause — He

*cresc*

lives, and be - cause — He lives, I too, I too, I too shall live.

*rall e parlando.*

*un più rit. slargando e pomposo.* *colla voce. pp*



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# Sweet Easter Bells A-Chime

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1901

H. W. Porter

$\text{♩} = 106$

1. Sweet East-er bells a - chime, Ring in the glor-ious time, When o'er His foes the  
 2. Ring in the reign of peace, When sin and con-flict cease, And while we sing and  
 3. Ring out Je - ho - vah's praise, A peal of tri - umph raise, Ring sweet and clear, ring

Lord a - rose In ma - jes - ty sub - lime; Let earth the joy - ful tid-ings speed, And shout, and  
 praise our king, May love and faith in - crease; Let earth the joy - ful tid-ings speed, And shout, and  
 far and near, To hail this day of days; Let earth the joy - ful tid-ings speed, And shout, and

*Refrain*

shout, The Lord is ris'n in - deed. Oh, East-er bells, ring on, ring on! Oh, East-er  
 shout, The Lord is ris'n in - deed. bells, ring on, ring on, ring on!  
 shout, The Lord is ris'n in - deed.

bells, ring on, ring on! With tune-ful sound the world a - round, Ring on sweet  
 bells, ring on, ring on, ring on!

bells, ring on, ring on, ring on!