

Newton, 1779; Whitfield, 1855.

DEAR NAME! THE ROCK ON WHICH I STAND. C.M.

Arr. by W. M. Cooper, 1902. 367

1. How sweet the name of Je-sus sounds, In a be-liev-er's ear! It soothes his sor-rows, heals his wounds, And drives a-way his
2. It makes the wound-ed spir-it whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis man-na to the hung-ry soul, And to the wear-y

3. Dear name! the rock on which I build, My shield and hid-ing place; My nev-er fail-ing treas-'ry filled With bound-less stores of
4. I would the bound-less love pro-claim With ev-'ry fleet-ing breath; So shall the mu-sic of thy name Re-fresh my soul in

Chorus:

fear. O how I love Je - sus, O how I love Je - sus, O how I love Je - sus, Be - cause he first loved me.
rest.

grace. O how I love Je - sus, O how I love Je - sus, O how I love Je - sus, Be - cause he first loved me.
death.

MARCH ON. C.M.

William R. Thompson, 1949.

1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye, To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.

2. O the trans- port- ing rapt'-rous scene, That ris-es to my sight, Sweet fields ar-rayed in liv-ing green, And riv-ers of de-light.

3. There, on those high and flow'ry plains, Our spir-its ne'er shall tire, But in per-pet-ual, jo-ful strains, Re-deem-ing love ad-mire.

Chorus:

March on, march on, We are bound for the promised land, March on, march on, We are bound for the promised land.

March on, march on, We are bound for the promised land, March on, march on, We are bound for the promised land.

We are bound for the promised land, We are bound for the promised land.

March on, march on, promised land, March on, march on,

William R. Thompson, of Troy, AL, dated this song in November 24, 1949.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins, And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.

2. The dy-ing their re-joiced to see That foun-tain in his day; O may I there, tho' vile as he Wash all my sins a - way.

3. And when this feeb-le, falt-'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave, Then in a nob-ler sweeter song, I'll sing His pow'r to save.

Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains, And sinners plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.

Wash all my sins a-way, Wash all my sins a-way; O may I there, tho' vile as he Wash all my sins a-way.

I'll sing His pow'r to save, I'll sing His pow'r to save, Then in a nob-ler, sweeter song, I'll sing His pow'r to save.

❖ The words for the basses in this song in the two measures with "runs" are done in the same fashion as for #505, which is why the song is placed here, out of numerical order.

Wm. Cowper, 1772.

CLEANSING FOUNTAIN. C.M.

Western Melody arr. by W. M. Cooper, 1907. 505

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
 2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That fountain in his day, O may I there, tho' vile as he Wash all my sins a-way.

3. Thou dy-ing Lamb, thy precious blood Shall nev-er lose its pow'r, 'Till all the ransomed church of God Are saved to sin no more.

4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds sup-ply, Re-deem-ing love has been my theme And shall be 'till I die.
 5. And when this feeble, falt'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave, Then in a nob-ler, sweet-er song, I'll sing His pow'r to save.

-man-uel's veins,
in his day,
lose its pow'r,
in the grave,

** This measure is sung, at Hoboken GA, as in the chorus rather than as shown here.*

Chorus:

Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains; ❖ And sinners plung'd beneath that flood Lose all their guilt-y stains. (guilty stains)
 Wash all my sins a-way, Wash all my sins a-way; ❖ O may I there tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way. (sins away.)

Are sav'd, to sin no more, Are sav'd, to sin no more; ❖ 'Till all the ransom'd church of God Are sav'd to sin no more. (sin no more.)

And shall be 'till I die, And shall be 'till I die; ❖ Re-deem-ing love has been my theme And shall be 'till I die. (till I die.)
 I'll sing His pow'r to save, I'll sing His pow'r to save; ❖ Then in a nob-ler sweet-er song I'll sing His pow'r to save. (pow'r to save.)

❖ *The words for the basses in this measure are: stains guilty stains, way sins away, more sin no more, die till I die, save pow'r to save.*

TRUSTING JESUS. 7s.

1. Brightly doth his spir-it shine, In - to this poor heart of mine, While he leads I cannot fall, Trusting Je - sus, that is all.

2. Sing-ing if my way is clear, Praying if the path is drear, If in danger for him call, Trusting Je - sus, that is all.

3. Trust-ing him while life shall last, Trusting him 'till earth is past, 'Till with - in the jasper walls, Trusting Je - sus, that is all.

mine, heart of mine, While he
drear, path is drear, If in
past, earth is past, Till with

Chorus:

Trust-ing as the moments fly, Trust-ing as the days go by, Trusting him what-e'er may fall, Trusting Je - sus, that is all.

Trust-ing as the moments fly, Trust-ing as the days go by, Trusting him what-e'er may fall, Trusting Je - sus, that is all.

by, days go by, Trusting

all, that is all.