

Poems of
M. E. Barber

Compiled by
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Editor's Notes to the Web Version of
Poems of M. E. Barber

These poems of M. E. Barber were first collected and published in full in the book *M. E. Barber: A Seed Sown in China* (3rd Edition, 2005), published by Chicago Bibles & Books. The author of this book, James Reetzke, has generously made this separate version of the poems available to our website for the sake of the encouragement of our young people.

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3931 West Irving Park Road
Chicago, Illinois 60618

(773) 478-0550

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“ASK IN FAITH” (#776*)

“Ask in faith,” the Name of Jesus
All your plea before the throne;
As you trust, the Lord will whisper,
“See, my child, the work is done.”

“Ask in faith,” God waits to answer
Each petition, Spirit-wrought;
He will work in wondrous power,
Far beyond your highest thought.

“Ask in faith,” ’tis just the asking,
In a faith that dares to stand,
Full of joyful expectation,
With an open, outstretched hand.

“Ask in faith,” for God is waiting
For thy faith-filled, earnest prayer.
Faith delights Him; faith can touch Him,
Every moment, everywhere.

*Hymn number in *Hymns* (Anaheim: Living Stream Ministry, 1988)

“THE BREATH OF PRAYER”

Fan them with the breath of prayer
’Tis God’s word to thee;
Thresher of the mountains, thou,
Take the victory.

Fan them with the breath of prayer,
Mountains though they be;
And God’s wind the heights shall tear,
Scattering them for thee.

Fan them with the breath of prayer;
E’en the hills shall be
But as chaff, as thou dost dare
Order them to flee.

Fan them with the breath of prayer
Born at Calvary;
Thresh the mountains in His Name,
Claim His victory.
(Isa. 41:16; Mark 11:22-24)

BURIED

Buried? Yes, but it is seed
From which Continents may feed;
Millions yet may bless the day
When that seed was laid away.

Buried! hidden! out of sight!
Dwelling in the deepest night;
Losing, underneath the sod,
Everything, except its God.

Buried, unremember'd, lost—
So thinks man: but all the cost
God has counted to display
Life abundant one glad day.

Art *thou* buried? God's pure seed
Doth thy heart in silence bleed?
Change thy sighing into song,
Thus alone can harvests come.

“CALL UNTO ME AND I WILL ANSWER THEE”

God Who made heaven, earth and sea,
What can He not do for thee?
When He speaks, the work is done,
Trust Him then, beloved one.

God will answer though the sea
Roars and rages, making thee
Only see the billow's height;
God will speak His word of might.

God will answer when to thee,
Not a possibility
Of deliverance seems near;
It is *then*, He will appear.

God will answer when you pray;
Yea, though mountains block thy way,
At His word a way will be,
E'en through mountains, made for thee.

God, who still divides the sea,
Willingly will work for thee;
God, before whom mountains fall,
Promises to hear thy call.

(Jer. 33:2-3)

CAN YOU BE OBEDIENT? (#657)

Can you be obedient
 To the Lord of all,
Though the earth should totter,
 Though the heav'ns should fall?
Face e'en a disaster
 With a faith-filled heart,
Knowing naught can harm him
 Who with Christ will start?

Can you be obedient
 To the Lord you serve,
Never even flinch, friend,
 Never even swerve;
Though your next step onward
 Seem to lead to death?
Can you then obey Him
 Without bated breath?

Can you trust your Leader
 When He bids you go
Right into a battle
 With a mighty foe?
Can you step up briskly
 And with joy obey?
Can you fight the battle,
 Till the end of day?

Can you? Then beloved,
Christ just waits for you;
Listen for His orders,
Glad His will to do;
Then when soldiers muster
At the set of sun,
And your name is mentioned,
Christ will say, "Well done."

CHERITH

Beloved, should the brook run dry
And should no visible supply
Gladden thine eyes, then wait to see
God work a miracle for thee:
Thou canst not want, for God has said
He will supply His own with bread.
His word is sure. Creative power
Will work for thee from hour to hour,
And thou, with all faith's host, shalt prove
God's hand of power, God's heart of love.
(1 Kings 17:3)

THE DAYS MAY YET GROW DARKER (#710)

The days may yet grow darker,
The nights more weary grow,
And Jesus may still tarry,
But this one thing I know:
The Lord will still grow dearer,
And fellowship will be
The closer and the sweeter
Between my Lord and me.

'Tis our dear Lord we wait for,
Our hope! our joy! our Friend!
Himself we long to welcome,
And just beyond the bend
Hidden, perchance to meet us
Before the day is done,
The waiting will be over
And rest will have begun.

DEEP DOWN INTO THE DEPTHS (#671)

Deep down into the depths of this Thy
Name,
My God, I sink and dwell in calm delight;
Thou art enough however long the day,
Thou art enough however dark the night.

Thou art my God—the All-Sufficient One,
Thou canst create for me whate'er I lack;
Thy mighty hand has strewn the lonely track
With miracles of love and tender care

For me Thy trusting one. My God I dare
Once more to fling myself upon Thy breast,
And there adore Thy ways in faith's deep rest,
And there adore Thy ways in faith's quiet rest.

DELIVERED THROUGH DEATH!

Art thou delivered unto death?
He was; and still He reigns!
Death only can unloose thy bonds,
And snap the tightening chains.
Fear not to die, for only thus
The power of God can free
Unto undying, glorious life,
Thy spirit-ministry.

We die, to find that death is life,
That suffering is power;
That death brings victory, that our foe
Is robbed of all his power;
We die to rise in endless life,
For evermore to be
In conflict, undismayed and calm,
For death has set us free.

Dead, yet delivered; die, O soul,
Trust God to bring thee through;
Wrecked on thy God, e'en death is gain.
Fear nothing; die; and go
Through death to prove God's mighty power
To deal with such a foe;
To die in faith, a risen life
By faith, henceforth to know.

Dead, yet delivered; short of death,
The power must be restrained
Which else would snap self's iron bands,
And break the tightening chains;
So die; and dying, God will loose
His power to set thee free,
And thou shalt then, through Calvary's Cross,
In Christ, a conqueror be.

THE END CROWNS ALL

What though the road be rough?
What if the way be long?
Quivering lips must break
Into a joyous song:
For the end crowns all, and the end will be
A home in His love thro' Eternity.

What though the warrior faint,
If but the fight be won!
Work that is well complete
Fears not the set of sun.
For the end crowns all, and the Savior's smile
Will repay us well for earth's "little while."
(2 Tim. 4:7-8)

“FILLED”

Blessed, mighty Holy Ghost,
Fill me to the uttermost;
Let my life Thy channel be,
Just a channel, Lord, for Thee;
Through me all Thy fullness pour,
Give me ever more and more.

Blessed, mighty Holy Ghost,
Fill me to the uttermost;
Be it unto me, O Lord,
Now, according to Thy word,
Let the life of Jesus be,
Ever filling, even me.

Blessed, mighty Holy Ghost,
Fill me to the uttermost;
Cleansed and holy, pure and clean,
Let the life of Christ be seen,
Hold o'er me Thy gracious sway,
Every hour of every day.

Blessed, mighty Holy Ghost,
Fill me to the uttermost;
For Thy love, Thy light, Thy power,
Just a channel hour by hour,
Till my Savior's face I see,
Fill me, Lord, fill even me.

THE FOURTH WATCH

The roaring sea of nations in upheaval,
The church afloat upon the angry foam,
The LORD, a Watcher, sees her toil, her peril,
And in the fourth watch of the night He'll come.

Midnight has passed: eyes strain thro' inky darkness,
But see not yet the shining of His face:
Lest hearts should faint, or hope should fold her pin-
ions,
The morning star in yonder heavens we trace.

The morning star gleams on the rolling billows,
A radiant light amid the angry storm:
Within its beams we toil in rowing, saying,
“In the fourth watch, perchance, we'll see His
form.”

In the fourth watch—so toil a little longer,
Battling against the storm, the wind, the tide.
How soon we shall forget it all, beloved,
When, with our Lord, we reach the other side!
(Mark 6:47-50; Rev. 2:28)

GLORIOUS, MIGHTY NAME OF JESUS (#73)

Glorious, mighty Name of Jesus,
 Into Thy dear Name I flee;
“Set aloft,” I praise and worship,
 For Thy Name is victory!

Blessed Jesus! Mighty Savior!
 In Thy Name is all I need;
Just to breathe the Name of Jesus,
 Is to drink of life indeed.

Glorious, mighty Name of Jesus,
 Heav’n and earth its pow’r proclaim;
But forgiven sinners only,
 Know the balm of Jesus’ Name.

Jesus! Jesus! Name most precious,
 Balm in pain or mighty sword;
In Thy Name, we live and conquer,
 Blessed, glorious, coming Lord.

GOD WILL ANSWER

God will answer when, to thee,
Not a possibility
Of deliverance seems near;
It is then He will appear.

God will answer when you pray;
Yea, though mountains block thy way,
At His word, a way will be,
E'en through mountains, made for thee.

God, who still divides the sea,
Willingly will work for thee;
God, before whom mountains fall,
Promises to hear thy call.

GOD'S WORD

I worship and praise and adore,
And glorify Thee, blessed Lord;
Tho' the foe may his uttermost do,
He never can alter Thy Word.
It stands! though the heavens may fall,
It stands! though the earth pass away,
And on it, I'm standing, O Lord,
And standing in triumph today.

I'm trusting in what Thou hast said,
As my barque ploughs her way thro' the sea;
Her chart and her compass Thy Word,
All glory, Lord Jesus, to Thee!
I rest on Thy promise divine,
And smile at the gathering storm;
My barque cannot sink, for I know,
Thou wilt hasten Thy Word to perform.

I worship and praise and adore,
For ever Thy Name I will bless;
Thy Word is sufficient for me,
However prolonged life's distress,
I triumph in all Thou hast said,
It stands, whatsoever betide;
I glorify Thee, blessed Lord,
For this, my infallible Guide.

(Matt. 4:4)

HALLELUJAH! CHRIST IS VICTOR (#890)

Hallelujah! Christ is Victor,
Tell with ev'ry breath,
That the Savior still is conqu'ror
Over sin and death.

Hallelujah! Christ is Victor,
Tell where'er you go,
That the Lord is still the conqu'ror,
Over ev'ry foe.

Hallelujah! Christ is Victor,
Pain and sickness flee,
When we plead the mighty victory
Won on Calvary.

Hallelujah! Christ is Victor,
Therefore do and dare;
Go wherever Jesus sends you
In prevailing prayer.

Hallelujah! Christ is Victor,
No defeat nor fear
Evermore must dim thy vision!
Christ the way will clear.

Hallelujah! Christ is Victor,
Soon His voice shall ring,
"Come ye conquerors, come up hither,
Join thy conquering King."

HE LOOKED FOR A CITY (#974)

He looked for a city and lived in a tent,
A pilgrim to glory right onward he went;
God's promise his solace, so royal his birth,
No wonder he sought not the glories of earth.

City! O city fair!
God's dwelling with man to eternity is there.

He looked for a city, his God should prepare;
No mansion on earth could he covet or share,
For had not God told him, that royal abode
Awaited His pilgrims on ending the road.

He looked for a city; if sometimes he sighed
To be trudging the road, all earth's glory denied,
The thought of that city changed sighing to song,
For the road might be rough, but it could not be
long.

He looked for a city, his goal, Lord, we share
And know that bright city, which Thou dost prepare,
Is ever our portion, since willing to be
Just pilgrims with Jesus, our roof a tent tree.

HOLY SPIRIT, FLOW THROUGH ME

Holy Spirit, flow through me,
Let my life Thy channel be;
Let no doubt obstruct Thy way,
Flow through me, O Lord, today.
Flow in rivers, not a rill,
All Thy word to me fulfil.

Holy Spirit, flow through me,
I would just a channel be
For Thy mighty living tide,
Reaching souls both far and wide.
Flow in rivers, not a rill,
All Thy word to me fulfil.

(John 7:38)

I DARE NOT BE DEFEATED (#877)

I dare not be defeated
With Calvary in view,
Where Jesus conquered Satan,
Where all His foes He slew;
Come, Lord, and give the vision
To nerve me for the fight,
Make me an overcomer
Clothed with Thy Spirit's might.

A victor, a victor!
Because of Calvary.
Make me an overcomer,
A conqu'ror, a conqu'ror, Lord, in Thee.

I dare not be defeated,
Since Christ, my conquering King,
Has called me to the battle
Which He did surely win.
Come, Lord, and give me courage,
Thy conquering Spirit give,
Make me an overcomer,
In power within me live.

I dare not be defeated,
When Jesus leads me on
To press through hellish regions
To share with Him His throne;
Come, Lord, and give Thy soldier
The power to wield the sword,
Make me an overcomer
Through Thine inerrant Word.

I dare not be defeated,
Just at the set of sun,
When Jesus waits to whisper,
“Well done, beloved, well done”;
Come, Lord, bend from the Glory,
On me Thy Spirit cast,
Make me an overcomer,
A victor to the last.

IF THE LORD STILL TARRY

If the Lord still tarry,
 He will undertake;
Mountains may be shaken,
 Billows o’er me break;
But His word of promise
 Ever will endure;
God, our God, is faithful,
 And His help is sure.

IF THE PATH I TRAVEL (#377)

If the path I travel
 Lead me to the cross,
If the way Thou choosest
 Lead to pain and loss,
Let the compensation
 Daily, hourly, be
Shadowless communion,
 Blessed Lord, with Thee.

If there's less of earth joy,
 Give, Lord, more of heaven.
Let the spirit praise Thee,
 Though the heart be riven;
If sweet earthly ties, Lord,
 Break at Thy decree,
Let the tie that binds us,
 Closer, sweeter, be.

Lonely though the pathway,
 Cheer it with Thy smile;
Be Thou my companion
 Through earth's little while;
Selfless may I live, Lord,
 By Thy grace to be
Just a cleanséd channel
 For Thy life through me.

IN THE MIGHTY NAME OF JESUS (#775)

In the mighty Name of Jesus,
 When we bow before the throne,
Many deadly foes are vanquished,
 Many victories are won.

Mighty Name! Mighty Name!
 In that Name alone we win.
Mighty Name! Mighty Name!
 Conquering Satan, death and sin.

When we plead the Name of Jesus,
 Satan and his hosts must flee.
Jesus! Jesus! Precious Jesus!
 In Thy Name is victory.

Soon shall come the blessed moment
 When the battle shall be won,
When the mighty Name of Jesus
 Shall exalt us to the throne.

IN THE WILDERNESS FOR GOD (#352)

In the wilderness for God!
Just a common bush aflame!
Thus may I be, blessed Lord,
For the glory of Thy Name.

Just a common bush to be,
Something in which God can dwell,
Something through which God can speak,
Something through which God can tell,

All His yearning over men,
All His purposes of love,
Flaming with no light of earth,
But with glory from above:

God Himself within the bush,
Nothing seen but just the flame;
Make me that, just that, O God,
For the glory of Thy Name.

“IS THY GOD ABLE...?”

Thou servant of the living God,
 Whilst lions round thee roar,
Look up and trust and praise His name,
 And all His ways adore;
For even now, in peril dire,
 He works to set thee free,
And in a way known but to Him,
 Shall thy deliverance be.

Dost wait while lions round thee stand,
 Dost wait in gloom, alone?
And looking up above thy head
 See but a sealed stone?
Praise in the dark! Yea, praise His Name,
 Who trusted thee to see
His mighty power displayed again
 For thee, His saint, for thee.

Thou servant of the living God,
 Thine but to wait and praise;
The living God Himself will work,
 To Him thine anthem raise.
Though undelivered, thou dost wait,
 The God who works for thee,
When His hour strikes, will with a word
 Set thee forever free.

(Dan.6:20)

“KEEP THE INCENSE BURNING” (#790)

“Keep the incense burning”
On the altar fire;
Let thy heart’s petition,
Let thy deep desire,
Be a cloud of incense
Wreathing God’s own throne,
Till His will among us
Shall be fully done.

“Keep the incense burning”
On the altar fire;
Feed the flame, Lord Jesus,
Till Thy whole desire
Shall in us, Thy children,
Find free course, and be
Breathed through lips anointed
For this ministry.

“Keep the incense burning”
Though thy faith be weak;
Though in words thou canst not
All thy longing speak;
Silent heart-petitions,
Spirit-taught, will be
Gloriously answered;
Wrought by God for thee.

“Keep the incense burning,”
Hourly let it rise,
Till from opened heavens,
Till from flame-swept skies,
Fire shall fall and kindle
All hearts to a flame;
Making us a glory
To our Savior’s name.

KEEP UP THE SONG OF FAITH (#778)

Keep up the song of faith,
However dark the night;
And as you praise, the Lord will work
To change your faith to sight.

Keep up the song of faith,
And let your heart be strong,
For God delights when faith can praise
Though dark the night and long.

Keep up the song of faith,
The foe will hear and flee;
Oh, let not Satan hush your song,
For praise is victory.

Keep up the song of faith,
The dawn will break ere long,
And we shall go to meet the Lord,
And join the endless song.

THE KING IS COMING SOON

There's a whisper from the glory of the coming of the Lord!
Oh, the joy my heart is tasting as I rest upon His Word,
And what peace amid earth's tumult doth this precious truth
afford,—

Hold fast! I'm coming soon!

Glory, glory! Hallelujah!
Glory, glory! Hallelujah!
Glory, glory! Hallelujah!
The King is coming soon!

In the glory of His promise I am living day by day,
And the light of heav'n is dawning on earth's dreary, desert
way,
While I wait that sweetest whisper, "Up, my child, and come
away,"—
The King is coming soon!

What matters it the tumult of the world with sorrow rife?
For the conflict now is ending and the glorious Prince of life
Will present His shining laurels to the victor o'er the strife,—
The King is coming soon!

There's a glory on the mountains and a glory on the sea,
And the valleys now are glowing, and the desert way can be
Just a pilgrimage to glory, since He whispered it to me,—
Hold fast! I'm coming soon!

(tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

LIFT THAT NAME HIGH! (#77)

Lift that Name high! That glorious Name,
Let heav'n and earth its pow'r proclaim;
Our mighty, conqu'ring, coming King,
Earth yet shall with His praises ring.

Lift that Name high! To that high tower
We flee in every trial hour,
Safe, sheltered, satisfied and free,
For Jesus' Name is victory.

Lift that Name high! Until one day
His mighty Name the earth shall sway,
And sin and death, distress and pain
Shall be no more, for Christ shall reign.

Lift that Name high! Jesus shall reign,
And kings shall follow in His train;
Lift that Name high, all names above,
The Name of Him we own and love.

Lift that Name high! For every knee
Shall bow to Him; Jesus shall see
Fruit of His Cross, when earth shall bring
Her tribute to her Lord and King.

“LORD IF IT BE THOU”

Be strong, beloved, when the storm shall rage,
Look not, like Peter, at the angry crest
Of yon great billow; foaming, seething surge
Can only drive thee to thy Savior’s breast.

See how serene and calm, how undismayed
Thy Lord doth stand, smiling upon thy fear,
Wondering that thou dost dare to be afraid,
When He, the Lord of glory, is so near.

Thou, at His “Come,” thy little boat hast left;
See, it is tossing now beyond thy call;
Look not behind thee, look into His face,
Whose “Come” once uttered, now is past recall.

Strong be thy heart, and calm, and glad, and brave!
For angels wonder at thy fearless faith,
And Christ is glad, and men are whispering
Their thanks to God; “Be faithful, yea, to death.”

NOTHING FOR HIM

Nothing for Him, no, nothing for Him;
He, who had come to the earth to redeem
Wandering sinners from pathways of sin,
Accepted His portion, nothing for Him.

Then, O my soul, there is nothing for thee;
Thou art His bride and thy portion is He,
Destined to reign with the Lord on His throne
Thou canst forego all that others may own.

Nothing for thee, no, nothing for thee,
Count it thy glory His follower to be;
One with Him here in life empty and bare,
One with Him yonder, His glory to share.

One with thy Lord in the journey through time,
One with thy Lord in eternity's clime,
One in the suffering and one when 'tis o'er.
One with thy Savior! What needest thou more?
(Dan. 9:26)

NOT WHERE WE ELECT TO GO (#907)

Not where we elect to go,
But where Jesus leads the way,
There the living waters flow,
There our darkness turns to day.

Not our self-appointed task
Will the Lord's approval win,
But the work we did not ask,
Finished humbly, just for Him.

Not the prayer we long to plead
When we bend before the throne,
But the touching deeper need
Of the Spirit's wordless groan.

Not the gift we proudly lay
On His altar will He heed,
If our hearts have said Him, "Nay,"
When He whispered, "I have need."

Thus we die, and dying live
In the heavenlies with the Lord;
Thus we serve, and pray, and give,
Christ Himself our great reward.

OBEDIENCE

If I obey Him,
Can I not trust Him,
Whate'er the test, to carry me through?
So I obey Him,
Joyfully trust Him,
Doing whatever He tells me to do.

If I obey Him,
His is the burden,
Mine the obedience due to my Lord;
So I obey Him,
Standing in triumph,
Firmly upon His omnipotent Word.

Blessed obedience,
Bringing my Master
Nearer and nearer each time I obey;
And dost thou ask me,
What is my guerdon?
'Tis that He gives me more power to obey.

O LORD, WITH THY HOLY GHOST (#269)

O Lord, with Thy Holy Ghost,
Fill me to the uttermost;
Let my life Thy channel be,
Just a channel, Lord, for Thee;
Through me all Thy riches pour,
Give me ever more and more.

O Lord, with Thy Holy Ghost,
Fill me to the uttermost;
Be it unto me, O Lord,
Now, according to Thy word;
Let the life of Jesus be
Ever filling even me.

O Lord, with Thy Holy Ghost,
Fill me to the uttermost;
Cleansed and holy, pure and clean,
Let the life of Christ be seen;
Hold o'er me Thy gracious sway,
Every hour of every day.

O Lord, with Thy Holy Ghost,
Fill me to the uttermost;
For Thy love, Thy light, Thy grace,
Just a channel all my days;
Till my Savior's face I see,
Fill me, Lord, fill even me.

“ON TOWARD THE GOAL!” PRESS ON! (#662)

“On toward the goal!” Press on!
Alone, yet unafraid;
He cut the path, who beckons thee,
On then, and undismayed.

“On toward the goal!” Press on!
The eyes that are a flame
Are watching thee, what then are men?
What matter praise, or blame?

“On toward the goal!” Press on!
Look not behind thee now,
When just ahead lies His “Well done,”
And crowns await thy brow.

“On toward the goal!” Press on!
Blind, deaf and sometimes dumb
Along the blood-marked, uphill way,
Hard after Christ, press on!

THE PATH

'Tis always better on before,
The path it shineth more and more
 Unto the perfect day;
Today must ever brighter be
Than any yesterday to me,
 Along the radiant way.

We live today in God-given joy,
In peace that knoweth no alloy,
 In power, in victory;
And our tomorrows, should He stay,
Can be much brighter than today,
 For He will nearer be.

The light of heaven is on this road,
Above, beneath, around is God,
 And home is gleaming bright;
It may be that today He'll say,
"Rise up, my child, and come away,
 And change thy faith to sight."

RAPTURE

There's a whisper the watchers can hear,
Christ is coming, it may be today;
And our hearts have shut out every fear
As we sing on the brightening way.

Come, O Lord, quickly come,
Come and catch us away to our home;
Come, O Lord, quickly come,
Come and catch us away to our home.

From each sunrise to sunset, dear Lord,
We are waiting and watching for Thee,
And our hearts are aglow with Thy word,
"I am coming, and coming for thee."

As we wait for Thy coming, O Lord,
Fill our hands with glad service for Thee;
May the power of Thy life-giving Word
Flow through us till Thy glory we see.

“THAT NO MAN TAKE THY CROWN”

Be content to be despised,
 Be content to bear the shame.
Seek no earthly sordid prize,
 Ye who bear His holy Name!
Wait in faith that glorious day
 When, before the Father’s throne,
Jesus will your name confess,
 All your tears and labors own.

Be content whate’er your lot
 With no settled dwelling here;
Be a pilgrim with the Lord,
 Let Him dry the secret tear,
Let Him be your heart’s delight,
 His approval your reward;
Till in heaven’s unsullied light
 You shall stand with Christ your Lord.

Be content to win your prize
 At the cost of tears and blood;
Earthly loss or gain despise,
 Tread the path that Jesus trod.
Never take a look behind,
 Keep the promised crown in view;
Thus, unmindful of the cost,
 Thus, come gloriously through.

THERE IS ALWAYS SOMETHING OVER (#595)

There is always something over,
 When we taste our gracious Lord;
Ev'ry cup He fills o'erfloweth,
 Rich supply He doth afford.
Nothing narrow, nothing stinted,
 Ever issued from His store;
To His own He gives full measure,
 Running over, evermore.

There is always something over,
 When we, from the Father's hand,
Take our portion with thanksgiving,
 Praising for the things He planned.
Satisfaction, full and deepening,
 All our need He doth supply,
When the heart has tasted Jesus
 Its desires to satisfy.

There is always something over,
 When we share in all His love;
Unplumbed depths still lie beneath us,
 Unscaled heights rise far above.
Human lips can never utter
 All His wondrous tenderness.
We can only praise and wonder
 And His Name forever bless.

THOU MAGNET OF MY SOUL! (#356)

Thou magnet of my soul!
Let me come nearer, till
The life of self pulsates no more,
But is forever still.

Thou sunshine of my heart!
Fill Thou each crevice there,
And let Thy garden yield to Thee
A fragrance sweet and rare.

Thou Ransomer from death!
Possess Thy ransomed one:
Appropriate to Thine own use
The spoil that Thou hast won.

Thou Lord of life and light!
I bow beneath Thy sway,
And count it holy privilege
Thy precepts to obey.

Thou gift unspeakable!
Straight from God's heart of love;
I break my heart to give Thee room
And thus Thy sweetness prove.

TO THE FOE MY WORD IS ALWAYS, "NO" (#880)

(This is a hymn of M. E. Barber adapted by Watchman Nee)

To the foe my word is always, "No,"
 To the Father it is, "Yes,"
That His plan and all His counsel
 Be accomplished with success;
When Thine orders I'm obeying,
 Grant me, Lord, authority
To fulfill Thy plan eternal
 Through the Spirit's power in me.

To the foe my word is always, "No,"
 To the Father it is, "Yes";
'Tis my attitude eternal;
 May the Lord protect and bless,
Lest while walking in obedience
 Satan undermine the way;
When I'm list'ning to Thine orders,
 Grant me mercy, Lord, I pray.

To the foe my word is always, "No,"
 To the Father it is, "Yes";
I completely would obey Him,
 Though deep suff'ring may oppress.
If the Lord will save and keep me,
 As I forward press with Him,
Then no trials shall prevent me,
 Nor will opposition grim.

VIA BETHLEHEM WE JOURNEY (#628)

Via Bethlehem we journey,
We whose hearts on God are set;
Babelike souls of Jesus learning,
While our cheeks with tears are wet;
For the manger and the stable
Are not pleasant to our eyes,
But our feet must follow Jesus,
If our hands would grasp the prize.

Via Nazareth! the pathway
Narrows still as on we go,
Years of toil none understanding,
Yet God teaches us to know
That the servant is not greater
Than the Lord, who through long years
Hid Himself from this world's glory;
Follow Him! Count not the tears.

Via Galilee, we see Him!
Stones are hurled, and curses hissed
By the men who gathered round Him,
Has He not the pathway missed?
No! unharmed the Savior passes,
And this rough bit of the way
We must travel, since like Jesus,
Nothing can our purpose stay.

Via, too, the awful anguish
Of the hours beneath the trees,
Where the hosts of Satan linger,
Awful hours of anguish these!

Yet we fail not, for God's angels
Minister to us, and say,
"Look, beloved, at the glory,
Conflict is but for a day!"

Then the Cross! for via Calvary
Every royal soul must go;
Here we draw the veil, for Jesus
Only can the pathway show;
"If we suffer with Him," listen,
Just a little, little while,
And the memory will have faded
In the glory of His smile!

Then the grave, with dear ones weeping,
Knowing that all life has fled;
(Fellow-pilgrims, art thou numbered
With the men the world calls dead?)
Thence we rise, and live with Jesus,
Throned above the world's mad strife,
Gladly forfeiting forever
All that worldlings count as life.

On we press! and yonder gleaming,
Nearing every day, we see
The great walls of that fair city,
God has built for such as we;
And we catch the tender music
Of the choirs that sing of One
Who once died to have us with Him
In His kingdom, on the throne.

Just a few more miles, beloved!
And our feet shall ache no more;
No more sin, and no more sorrow,
Hush thee, Jesus went before;
And I hear Him sweetly whispering,
“Faint not, fear not, still press on,
For it may be ere tomorrow,
The long journey will be done.”

VICTORY

I do believe, I will believe
 That God will work for me,
And in His promises I trust,
 And take the victory.

I do believe, I will believe
 That Jesus hears my plea,
I trust Him now to undertake,
 And praise before I see.

I do believe now to receive
 Fruits of Christ’s victory,
The victory over Satan’s power,
 He won on Calvary.

All praise to Thee my glorious Lord,
 For this Thy life in me;
Thine is the glory, Thine the power,
 And Thine the victory.

WAITING

Just as we wait for the dawning
In the early morning chill,
Just as we wait for the moonrise
Over the distant hill,
Waiting to see the glory
Break through the clouds so grey,
Thus do we wait, dear Master,
Thus for Thy coming pray.

Just as we wait for a loved one,
With eye and ear attent,
Wait, with a heart expectant,
With all our powers bent
To catch the distant footstep,
To grasp the outstretched hand,
Thus do we wait, dear Savior,
Thus we expectant stand.

WATCH! (#957)

Watch! for the morning is breaking,
A moment, and He will be here!
The mists and the shadows are fleeing,
The darkness will soon disappear;
And He, for whom ages have waited,
The Lord, who has tarried so long,
Will come in an outburst of glory,
A moment, and we shall be gone.

Watch! for the morning is breaking,
A moment, the crown will be won!
A moment, and we shall be with Him,
A moment, the journey is done!
Lord, keep us each moment unsleeping,
And count us all worthy to be
In that noble band of Thy watchers,
Whose life is a vigil with Thee.

WE ARE WAITING FOR THEE

We are waiting for Thee;
Blessed Savior, today,
To come to the air
And catch us away;
We stand with loins girded,
And lamps burning bright,
Come, O Savior, and take us,
For dark is the night.

We are waiting for Thee,
To Thy promise we cling;
All we are, all we have,
To Thy feet, Lord, we bring,
And beseech Thee to make us
For Thy presence complete,
Fulfil all Thy purpose,
For Thyself make us meet.

We are waiting for Thee,
As we seek for the lost,
As we tell of Thy love
And the infinite cost
Which made Thee our ransom
On Calvary's tree;
Blessed Savior, we're waiting,
We are waiting for Thee.

“WE WHICH LIVE”

LIVE, in the love of God,
Deal with the Lord alone!
Live in the blaze of that white light,
That beats about God’s throne.

LIVE, cleaving to His Word,
Its faithfulness to prove;
Live, looking for thy Lord’s return,
Live, feeding on His love.

LIVE, so that life on earth
A foretaste shall become
Of perfect life where God is king,
Thou heir of Jesus’ throne!

LIVE, counting all but loss,
Save that which draws thee in
To that great heart which broke for thee,
Because it bore thy sin.

LIVE, counting nothing gain,
Save that which makes Christ dear;
Live, set apart to prove to men
That earth and heaven are near.

LIVE till thy life on earth
Shall so unearthly be
That Christ shall catch thee to His throne,
Child of eternity!

(2 Cor. 4:11)

“THE WILL OF THE LORD BE DONE”

“No!” to the will of the devil,
“Yes!” to the will of the Lord,
So, Lord, Thy purpose shall triumph
Through Thine omnipotent Word.
With Thine authority clothe me
Now, as I stand in Thy will,
With Thine own Spirit empower me
All Thine own plan to fulfil.

“No!” to the will of the devil,
“Yes!” to the will of the Lord.
This be my attitude always;
Savior, protection afford,
Lest, as I move at Thy bidding,
Satan should close up the way,
Stand with me, Blessed Lord Jesus,
As I Thy precepts obey.

“No!” to the will of the devil,
“Yes!” to the will of the Lord,
Over the mountains so rugged,
Over the seas at Thy word.
Naught shall deter or molest me,
If, blessed Lord, Thou wilt be
Savior, Defender, and Keeper,
As I go onward with Thee.

“WRECKED OUGHT” (#637)

“Wrecked outright on Jesus’ breast”:
Only “wrecked” souls thus can sing;
Little boats that hug the shore,
Fearing what the storm may bring,
Never find on Jesus’ breast
All that “wrecked” souls mean by rest.

“Wrecked outright!” So we lament;
But when storms have done their worst,
Then the soul, surviving all,
In eternal arms is nursed;
There to find that nought can move
One, embosomed in such love.

“Wrecked outright!” No more to own
E’en a craft to sail the sea;
Still a voyager, yet now
Anchored to Infinity;
Nothing left to do but fling
Care aside, and simply cling.

“Wrecked outright!” ’Twas purest gain,
Henceforth other craft can see
That the storm may be a boon,
That, however rough the sea,
God Himself doth watchful stand,
For the “wreck” is in His hand.

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