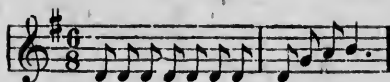


# 241 I Am So Glad.

(G. H. 23.)



- 1 I am so glad that our Father in Heaven  
Tells of His love in the book He has given;  
Wonderful things in the Bible I see;  
This is the dearest, that Jesus loves me.

## CHORUS.

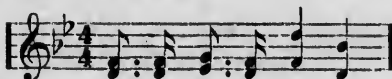
I am so glad that Jesus loves me,  
Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me;  
I am so glad that Jesus loves me;  
Jesus loves even me.

- 2 Though I forget Him and wander away,  
Still he doth love me wherever I stray;  
Back to His dear loving arms would I flee,  
When I remember that Jesus loves me.
- 3 Jesus loves me, and I know I love Him,  
Love brought Him down my poor soul to  
redeem!  
Yes, it was love made Him die on the tree;  
Oh, I am certain that Jesus loves me.
- 4 If one should ask of me, how could I tell?  
Glory to Jesus, I know very well;  
God's Holy Spirit with mine doth agree,  
Constantly witnessing—Jesus loves me.
- 5 In this assurance I find sweetest rest,  
Trusting in Jesus I know I am blest;  
Satan, dismayed, from my soul now doth flee,  
When I just tell him that Jesus loves me.

# 242 Ring the Bells.

REV. W. J. CUSHING.

(G. H. 19.)



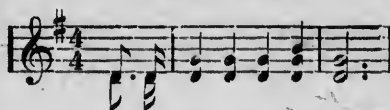
- 1 Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day,  
For a soul returning from the wild;  
See! the Father meets him out upon the way,  
Welcoming His weary, wandering child.

## CHORUS.

Glory! glory! how the angels sing;  
Glory! glory! how the loud harps ring;  
'Tis the ransomed army, like a mighty sea,  
Pealing forth the anthem of the free.

- 2 Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day,  
For the wanderer now is reconciled:  
Yes, a soul is rescued from his sinful way,  
And is born anew a ransomed child.
- 3 Ring the bells of heaven! spread the feast  
to-day,  
Angels swell the glad triumphant strain!  
Tell the joyous tidings! bear it far away,  
For a precious soul is born again

# 243 Angels Hovering Round.



- 1 There are angels hovering round,  
There are angels hovering round,  
There are angels hovering round.
- 2 ||: To carry the tidings home, :||
- 3 ||: To the new Jerusalem, :||
- 4 ||: Poor sinners are coming home, :||
- 5 ||: And Jesus bids them come, :||
- 6 ||: Let Him that heareth come, :||
- 7 ||: Whosoever will may come, :||
- 8 ||: O, come and trust Him now, :||
- 9 ||: Now praise we all our God, :||
- 10 ||: For His redeeming love. :||

# 244

## Come.

MRS. JOHNSON.

(G. H. 309.)



- 1 Oh word, of words the sweetest,  
Oh word, in which there lie  
All promise, all fulfilment,  
And end of mystery!  
Lamenting or rejoicing,  
With doubt or terror nigh,  
I hear the "Come!" of Jesus,  
And to His cross I fly.

## CHORUS.

"Come! oh, come to Me!  
"Come! oh, come to Me!  
"Weary, heavy-laden,  
"Come! oh, come to Me!"

- 2 O soul! why shouldst thou wander  
From such a loving Friend?  
Cling closer, closer to Him,  
Stay with Him to the end.  
Alas! I am so helpless,  
So very full of sin,  
For I am ever wandering,  
And coming back again.
- 3 Oh, each time draw me nearer,  
That soon the "Come!" may be  
Nought but a gentle whisper  
To one close, close to Thee;  
Then, over sea and mountain,  
Far from or near my home,  
I'll take Thy hand and follow.  
At that sweet whisper, "Come!"