"Psalms, Hymns and Spiritual Songs"

By John Wright Follette

"Singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord"

Eph. 5:19

FOLLETTE BOOKS
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"Singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord"
(Ephesians 5:19)

HELP ME TO SING

Help me to sing, help me to sing!
My captive heart is Thine!
Thy love has sought me and has won
The life I thought was mine.

Now would I offer back to Thee
One consecrated song,
I would the music ever be
Courageous, brave and strong.

I am not thus, Thou knowest well,
Such music must be made
By reading all the scores I find
In patterns on me laid.

Make quick my eye to trace the notes,
And time my ear to hear
The voice of love in all I find
And keep my heart from fear.

Alike in sunshine or in rain
When storms are fierce and swift,
When all my path is wrapped in cloud
And mists refuse to lift.

May I with patience trace the score
And read each note in turn,
To offer back to Thee, dear Lord,
The song I thus must learn.

-- John Wright Follette
IT SEEMS SO LONG TO WAIT

J. W. F.  
Slowly with feeling  

John Wright Follette

1. It seems so long to wait for Thee  
My heart has weary grown;  
I long to be where Thou art, Lord,  
This world is not my sun;  
The song and service filled my life: I cared for work west;  
The breath of evening cools my brow And sings to me of home.  
I thank Thee for the morning hours So blest with sun and song;

2. I loved to serve with those who gleaned  
All day 'neath scorching done.  
Up on Thy loom of life I find the hours are woven in;

3. But now the day is far, far spent, The sun sinks in the rest.  
I love Thy work but Thee much more, I long Thy Face to see;

Thy love I cherished in my heart Inspired me all day long.  
The pattern quaint before Thee lies, Of sun and shadows dim.  
There's nothing now my heart can fill, I'm waiting Lord for Thee.

Refrain  (Softly)

It seems so long, so long to wait; I long Thy Face to see:

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KEEP UNDER THE BLOOD

J. W. F. John Wright Follette

1. Keep under the blood of Jesus, Under the blood of the
Lamb. Without it ye are helpless; Alone ye

2. Fear not though the foe press heavily, The way be dark as the
night. Lift high the blood of Jesus; It is your

Chorus

cannot stand. The blood, oh! the blood; It is your only

strength for the fight.

shield. The blood, oh! the blood; Divine is the pow'r it will yield.

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1. Bride of the Lamb, God spreads for thee A needed feast divine. 
2. There shalt thou find, though veiled from sense, His presence strong and sweet. 
3. He hides Himself with in the feast So with it thou shalt take. 

4. The wine shall be His blood for thee, His sacrifice divine. In faith then, drink ye all of it, This is no common wine. 
5. Thus, lowly heart, we eat His flesh, Thus do we drink His blood. The loving Christ is Bread indeed -- His cup, a healing flood. 

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TELL IT OUT TO ME

J. W. F. John Wright Follette

1. Come, wea - ry child, with care op - pressed, Your trou - bled heart I see. Come, lean your head up - on my breast

2. Come, thou O cho - sen of my love;... Come, take from Me thy rest. I yearn to give thee full - est joy, For you have stood the test. The way is mine, Enough to take you thru. My seal of

3. These test - ings come as but a sign ... Of love I have for you. An ev - er - last - ing love is full, I know it, child; Come, tell it out to me.

hard but grace is free; Come, take from me thy rest.

peace be on you, child; Come, I will take you thru.

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GRACE IS FREE

J. W. F. John Wright Follette

1. While sorely pressed with fear one day, And battles
   fierce within, A longing came to bear away My
   ceased to try To purchase with this earthly dust What-

2. My heart leaped high ... in faith and trust At once I
   troubles and my sin. I had no ransom som
   e'er the Lord on high Had in earth's sorrow
   Christ with out delay. For when he brings my

3. When Satan comes and tries His best To take my
   I could pay, No offering could I bring. When
   shame, disgust Laid down His life to buy. So
   buried past And holds it in array, I

   lo! I heard not far away This echo sweetly ring.
   when He speaks I can't distrust So true is His reply.
   know right well it's all confessed So boldly I can say.

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Refrain

Grace is free, O, grace is free. It has no measure,

knows no end. It needs no merit you may lend, For grace is

free O grace is free for you, for me, for you, for me.
THE DAY STAR

J. W. F.  

1. Come blessed Jesus, Thou wonderful Day Star, Shine thru the

darkness, our pathway illumine. For lo! in the distance Thy rays
from afar Speak to our hearts that Thy coming is soon.

2. O break thru the dark clouds that cover the sky; Shine in Thy

beauty and glorious light. Our hearts are rejoicing that morn-
has grown dim, Till Thy appearing now brings in the day.

3. So weary and long have the night watch-es been, Hearts have grown

weary and faint by the way. And groping in darkness their hope
appearing, Joy, for the day of the Lord is so near.

4. We welcome with song Thy longed-for appearing Flood ing the

East with a radiance clear. The day of our King at last is

Refrain

Rejoice, and be glad, for Thy Lord

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is near;  Let jubilant singing from hearts then be
ringing, to welcome thy King.  Rejoice and be

glad for Thy Lord is near;  With hearts to Him

ritard--

turning and lamps brightly burning, to welcome our King
A PSALM OF PRAISE

John Wright Follette

1. O let us praise the Father, Our God exalted high,
   Whose mighty power ruleth The earth and sea and sky;
   All those who seem the weakest Should surely praise Him most!

2. O let us praise our Saviour, Redeemer of mankind,
   Whose blood now speaks redemption To those who seek and find;
   For He is our Jehovah, And we are in His hand. His

3. O let us praise the Spirit, One of the Godhead three,
   Who brings the new creation With life and victory;
   Jehovah God is worthy, He is our God and King.

4. So let us praise the Father, The Son and Holy Ghost,
   Let all creation worship, And loudest praises sing. Jesus
   He speaks the word of pardon, There's healing in His wings. The

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REST SONG

J. W. F. (Softly)

1. Come, come, weary one, come! Lay down thy burden and rest.

2. Rest, rest, weary one, rest, Trust Him and let go thy fear.

Jesus is waiting to bear it away And fold thee in peace to His breast. Shadows are falling; night winds are calling, The sun has dropped low in the west.

Well He doth know every heart-ache and care, In sorrow or joy He is near. Speak to Him freely; He waits to bless thee For lo! He doth listen and hear. Rest, rest, weary one come, Lay down thy burden and rest.

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CARE FREE

J.W.F. John Wright Follette

As a bird on his wing would
So the Spirit would make ev'ry

joyfully sing As he cleaves the clear balm-y air,
heart that would take From Him gifts He freely will give

For mere joy of song He sings all day long. For He
A fountain of song through darkness or dawn 'Til our

knows not a trouble or care, For he
hearts would be glad just to live, 'Til our

knows not a trouble or care.
hearts would be glad just to live!

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REST IN THE LORD

J. W. F.  

1. Rest in the Lord, lie low and still, Submit thy cause to His holy will, Fear not to trust Him; His promise is true, all you can do, Fear not to trust Him, He knows the way.

2. Rest in the Lord, He speaks to you, Rest in the Lord, 'tis Time in His hands can make no delay. Rest in the Lord and He'll take you through. Rest in the Lord, He speaks now to you, Rest in the Lord, 'tis all you can do. Fear not to trust Him, He knows the way, Time... in His hands can make no delay.

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1. There's a bright Star shining in the East, Have your eyes beheld its glorious ray? Do you know the story that it brings, Of the Christ-child who in Beth-l'hem's manager lay? How the shepherds watched their flocks by night, On a hill-side 'neath an open sky,

2. And behold that Star has never set, For our eyes have caught a welcome gleam, As through the darkest ages past, It has never failed to cast its welcome beam. And the message which those shepherds heard From the angel host so long ago, hearts with hope, As a-fresh we yield our hearts to Him,

3. Now we look to see His Star once more, Bright and shining forth from out the shadows dim, Bringing back again to earth its longed-for day. How the thought inspires ourCopyright © 1968 by Clara Schwager & Shirley M. Scribner in "Psalms, Hymns, Spiritual Songs."
While a wondrous light about them shone, And the
Hungry hearts are longing still to hear, Waiting
Trust ing that it can't be very long, E're with

Refrain

heav ens rang with car ols from on high, 1-2 Peace on earth, good-
that its fullest meaning they might know.
joy, this song again we gladly sing. 3. Hal le lu jah

3. Christ returns again; Praise and honor be to

God, our King. Let earth's and heav en's mu sic

blend in prais es for the mes sage which it brings.
THOU HAST CALLED ME

J. W. F.

1. O my Je-sus, Thou hast called me, I heard Thee speak in gen-tle tone, Wilt thou leave all things be-hind thee, Live for
ten-der call, For my life is yield-ed to Thee, Take it

Me and Me a-lone? I have guid-ed and have Je-sus, take it all. Nev-er let me doubt Thy

watched thee, Each wind-ing way when thou knew'st not But half the lead-ing E'en though my thoughts be out of rest. Let me hear
dan-gers, nor could see Why tri-als sore are thy lot. Thy voice still plea-ding, Test-ings, child, are for the best.

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They have only been in number Just enough to draw thee near,

Where in Me thou might'st discover Strength for weakness, love for fear,

RIVER OF GOD

J. W. F.  John Wright Follette

River of God flow on, flow on; River of God flow on, flow on; O'er the parched ground where

thirsty hearts are found.  River of God flow on.
MAKE ROOM IN ME

J. W. F.  John Wright Follette

1. A longing fills my heart to-day; A longing, 
2. Work deeply in this heart of mine; The need I 
3. O let the new creation life Be fully 

Lord, for Thee. My heart can find no resting place 
sorely feel. Cleanse out all things unlike Thee, Lord, 
manifest. To triumph over nature's way

Apart, dear Lord, from Thee. If all the gifts that 
Pour in Thy balm to heal. And by Thy Spirit it's 
In every trying test. Prepare me for Thy

nature holds Were poured into my life, Still 
quick 'ning pow'r Bring forth Thy life in me; Sub-
com ing, Lord, And by Thy fire refine Un-

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there would be an aching void Filled only by Thy life.  
due the efforts of my flesh And give me victory.  
til my life shall daily show The mark of grace divine.

Chorus with feeling

Make room in me, make room in me, I open

now my heart to Thee, That Thou might find from

day to day More of Thy life, more of Thy way.
WHEN HE CAME

To the tune: "Counted In"

by J. M. Whyte

J. W. F.

1. I had wandered far away in the wilderness of sin;
   I had lost the trail of friendship, love and home.
2. He had watched me all along in my course of sin and woe;
   He had watched with aching heart my careless ways.
3. All my sins He washed away in His precious cleansing blood;
   Taking from my troubled mind all doubts and fear.
4. Then He sanctified my soul, filling me with perfect peace;
   And the witness of the Spirit I received.

And my strength was almost gone, in vain attempts to bring comfort to my life which then so lone had grown.
Then in tender love and pow'r, He... came to me to show that by placing all my trust in Him He saves.
For He purified my heart, filling it with perfect love, and with in my mouth He placed a song of cheer.
For I passed from death to life, and that life shall never cease, for from death and hell, my soul has been released.

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Refrain

When He came, when He came, O,

blessed, ever blessed be His name. What a

jubilee of joy in my heart was felt that

day, And forevermore that joy shall be the same.
MY HIGH PRIEST

J. W. F. John Wright Follette

1. So oft when sorely tempted And faith seems very weak;

2. The blood He claims in pleading, His hands, His feet, His side;

3. Believe, my heart, and praise Him, Tho' Satan sorely try.

When battles fierce are raging And help from God I seek;
Before our God disclosing A place where we may hide,
Fear not when shadows darken, Tho' hid, thy Lord is nigh.

My failing strength is quickened When in His Word I
Unknown His words so holy To us in feeble
He knows thy frame and weakness; He will be strength for

see That Christ is interceding And praying
frame. The heart of God respondeth He hears in
you. Have faith! He's interceding. Trust Him, He'll

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Refrain

now for me.
Je - sus name.  My High Priest is in - ter - ced - ing; My take you through.

Je - sus is pray - ing for me.  Have faith for the Fa - ther hear - eth, And He gives us the vic - to - ry.  Have

faith for the Fa - ther hear - eth, And He gives us the vic - to - ry.
THE LOVE SONG

J. W. F.

1. Let me sing you a song of love, A song of the love of my Lord. 'Twas breathed in my heart from above; Naught earthly could such love afford. Its depths would out-measure the sea; And heights would out-beauty is noble and fair; His voice is the sweetest e'er heard. It wooed me from

2. One sight of Him ravished my heart, My life at His feet lay out-poured. One glance from Him bade fear depart; He drew me with love's tender cord. His part; He drew me with love's tender cord. His rare, On garments of Jesus is found. Its rare, On garments of Jesus is found. His

3. The myrrh of His presence so fair sheds perfume of love all around. The freshness of spices most

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HOPE THOU IN GOD

1. Why art thou cast down and weary, Why art thou troubled within? Hast thou not faith in Christ Jesus? For grace He is willing to bring?
2. Why dost thou trouble and waver As a bloom that is crushed by the way? Whose form is roughly disfigured? By dust and the sun's scorching ray. Hope thou in God; Believe Thy Lord. Each promise is true that you find in His Word.
3. Truly the dark cloud is heavy, It carries a shower of rain Frustrly it falls on the blos-som, And long be delayed Look up! the cloud is a bless-ing! It
4. Hope thou in God and still trust Him, His grace will not fail thee. Hold grace, so be not afraid;
THE LOVE SONG - Concluded

measure the sky.
that of a dove.
all earth held dear.

In breadth it knows no decree,
In loveliness none can compare,
Like carols of some rare, sweet bird,

Refrain

For lo! it was born from on high.
For lo! He Himself is pure love.
With joy it is borne to my ear.

Oh, the love of my Lord,
Love that knoweth no end;
Breathed

in my soul,
In fullness again and again.
JESUS, MY JESUS

J. W. F. John Wright Follette

1. O my blessed Saviour, Thou art mine; All the way Thou leadest, Lord, is best.
In Thy presence only joy I find; In Thy presence, Lord, is perfect rest.

2. O my blessed Saviour, Thou hast power; By Thy blood alone can we prevail;
We exalt its value when I call. In Thy shadow, Lord, I'll safely hide.

3. When temptations fierce upon me fall, Thou, my Lord, I know art near my side, And will surely hear me

Refrain

Jesus, my Jesus, All the way Thou leadest, Lord, Jesus, O

is best. In Thy presence, Lord, is perfect rest.

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THE WONDERFUL LOVE OF MY SAVIOUR

J. W. F.                     John Wright Follette

1. The wonderful love of my Saviour Is growing more
   precious to me.  I cannot help singing about it.
   To my heart it's a mystery.  It has gripped my life
   and it holds it,  Though the billows around me sweep.

2. He sought me so long e'er I knew it, How patient and
   loving was He,  Revealing my sin and my failure
   till my heart felt its misery.  But... ever against
   sin and weakness  He.... showed what a Saviour He'd be;

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'Tis the love of a mighty Sav'iyr, A Sav'iyr well able to keep.
If I would confess and receive Him, He'd prove Himself all things to me.

Refrain

Oh, the wonderful love of my Sav'iyr---

The depths the ocean can't tell; The heights the heavens can't measure; And yet in my heart it dwells.