

Br.Thornton's Notes On Friday's Song Service

Charles L. Thornton: November 28 Daily Heavenly Manna

When He giveth quietness, who then can make trouble? Job 34:29

WHO but He, the 'God of all comfort,' can give quietness in the midst of tumults which rise upon the soul like sudden storms upon the sea? Like ocean mariners in peril, we cry unto Him, and He bringeth us to the desired haven--blessed haven--of quietness and peace in God. What is the cry which brings this answer of peace? It is not a prayer that all occasion for disturbance shall be removed, for it is not always the divine will to bring peace to the human spirit in that way; it is not always the best way. But there is a cry which never fails to bring the quietness in which none can 'make trouble.' It is the prayer for sweet, trustful loving acquiescence in the will of God." Z. '96-259 R2058:3

Charles L. Thornton: Chairman: Br. Robin Rice

06:45 Song Service

07:00 Discourse, Br. Rick Evans

08:00 Songs in the Night

Charles L. Thornton: DH357 : Appendix X

Lamp Of My Feet

Lamp of my feet, Thy guidance lend,

Walk by my side, my path attend;

Led by Thy hand I cannot stray,

Lamp of my feet, my Life, my Way!

CHORUS

Lamp of my feet, Light of my path!

Lead oh, lead Thou me;

Star of my soul, guide and control,

Lead me nearer Thee!

Light of my path, illumine my soul,

Help me Thy glories to extol;

Fill me with peace like that above,

Light of my soul, Celestial Dove!

Star of my soul, within me shine,

Fill me with beams of joy divine;

Let me Thy faithful servant be,

Star of my soul, oh, lead Thou me!

Charles L. Thornton: DH24

The Year of Jubilee

Blow ye the trumpet, blow

The gladly solemn sound;

Let all the nations know,

To earth's remotest bound:

CHORUS

The year of Jubilee is come,

Returning ransomed sinners home,

Returning ransomed sinners home.

Jesus, our great High Priest,

Hath full atonement made;

Ye weary spirits rest:

Ye mournful souls be glad:

Extol the Lamb of God,

The all atoning Lamb;

Redemption thru his blood,

To all the world proclaim:

Ye who were sold for naught,

Whose heritage was lost,

May have it back unbought,
A gift at Jesus' cost:
The seventh trumpet hear,
The news of heav'nly grace;
Salvation now is near;
Seek ye the Saviour's face:
Charles L. Thornton: DH336 : Appendix C

The Vow Song

Heav'nly Father, I adore thee!
Hallowed be thy holy name;
Mighty angels bow before thee,
Should not mankind do the same?
May thy rule of love control me
And thy will in me be done
Hear the Vow I make before thee,
In the name of Christ, thy Son.

CHORUS

Lord, this Vow, that I have taken,
I could never keep alone.
When I think of self, I tremble;
When I look to thee I'm strong.
Daily will I pray, remember
All thy servants, dearest Lord,
Those who labor as one fam'ly,
To dispense thy precious Word;
Those who lonely go as pilgrims,
Those who travel two by two,
Those who volunteer to scatter
Golden gems like morning dew.

Charles L. Thornton: O'er my thoughts and words and actions,
I a closer watch will keep,
That I may be used more freely
In the feeding of thy sheep.
O, I want thy Word to cleanse me,
By its pow'r to set me free,
From all fleshly imperfections,
And to make me more like thee.
Lord, I know the pow'rs of evil
Are increasing ev'ry day;
Trying to ensnare and hinder
Those who walk the narrow way.
Never will I listen to them;
Lord, I fear their subtle pow'r,
From their ev'ry snare protect me,
Help me, keep me ev'ry hour.

Charles L. Thornton: DH366

The Old Rugged Cross

On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross,
The emblem of suff'ring and shame;
And I love that old cross where the dearest and best
For a world of lost sinners was slain.

CHORUS

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross,
Till my trophies at last I lay down;
I will cling to the old rugged cross,
And exchange it some day for a crown.

Oh, the old rugged cross, so despised by the world,
Has a wondrous attraction for me;
For the dear Lamb of God left His glory above
To bear it to dark Calvary.
In the old rugged cross, stained with blood so divine,
A wondrous beauty I see;
For 'twas on that old cross Jesus suffered and died
To pardon and sanctify me.
To the old rugged cross I will ever be true,
Its shame and reproach gladly bear;
Then He'll call me some day to my home far away,
Where His glory forever I'll share.

Charles L. Thornton: DH333

God Is With Thee

Zion stands with hills surrounded
Zion, kept by pow'r divine;
All her foes shall be confounded
Tho' the world in arms combine.

Happy Zion!

What a favored lot is thine!

Happy Zion!

What a favored lot is thine!

Ev'ry human tie may perish,
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heav'n and earth at last remove;
But no changes

Can attend Jehovah's love.

But no changes

Can attend Jehovah's love.

In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But will never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in his sight.

God is with thee--

God, thine everlasting light!

God is with thee--

God, thine everlasting light!