

*“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)

3

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.

John Wright Follette

Slowly with feeling

1. It seems so long to wait for Thee My heart has wea - ry
 2. I loved to serve with those who gleaned All day 'neath scorch - ing
 3. But now the day is far, far spent, The sun sinks in the

grown; — I long to be where Thou art, Lord, This world is not my
 sun; — The song and ser - vice filled my life: I cared for work well
 west; — The breath of ev - 'ning cools my brow And sings to me of

home. I thank Thee for the morn - ing hours So blest with sun and song;
 done. Up - on Thy loom of life I find the hours are wov - en in;
 rest. I love Thy work but Thee much more, I long Thy Face to see;

Thy love I cher - ished in my heart In - spired me all day long.
 The pat - tern quaint be - fore Thee lies, Of sun and shad - ows dim.
 There's noth - ing now my heart can fill, I'm wait - ing Lord for Thee.

Refrain (Softly)

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

Come, quick-ly, Lord, and take me Home, And let me be with Thee, —

KEEP UNDER THE BLOOD

J. W. F.

John Wright Follette

1. Keep un - der the blood of Je --- sus, Un - der the blood of the
2. Fear not though the foe press heav - i - ly, The way be dark as the

Lamb. ___ With - out it ye are help.... - less; A - lone ye
night. ___ Lift high the blood of Je - sus; It is your

Chorus

can - not ... stand. The blood, oh! the blood; It is your on - ly
strength for the fight.

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

BRIDE OF THE LAMB

Tune by Samuel Webbe
1740 - 1816
Tune name: "Ilfracomb"

John Wright Follette

1. Bride of the Lamb, God spreads for thee A need - ed
2. There shalt thou find, though veiled from sense, His pres - ence
3. He hides Him - self with in the feast So with it

feast di - vine There shalt thou find im - mor -
strong and sweet. Thy lov - ing Lord thus deigns
thou shalt take His ver - y life, thine own

tal Bread, And there, im - mor - tal Wine. _____
to come Thy hung - ry heart to meet. _____
to be, Eat then, for His dear sake. _____

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.

TELL IT OUT TO ME

J. W. F.

John Wright Follette

1. Come, wea - ry child, with care op - pressed, Your trou - bled
2. Come, thou O chos - en of my love; ... Come, take from
3. These test - ings come as but a sign ... Of love I

heart I see. Come, lean your head up - on my
Me thy rest. I yearn to give thee full - est
have for you. An ev - er - last - ing love is

breast And tell it out to Me. Your heart is
joy, For you have stood the test. The way is
Mine, E - nough to take you thru. My seal of

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.

GRACE IS FREE

J. W. F.

John Wright Follette

1. While sore - ly pressed with fear one day, ___ And bat - tles
 2. My heart leaped high in faith and trust ___ At once I
 3. When Sa - tan comes and tries His best ___ To take my

fierce with - in, ___ A long - ing came to bear a - way ___ My
 ceased to try ___ To pur - chase with this earth - ly dust ___ What-
 trust a - way, ___ I sim - ply turn and make my rest ___ In

mp.
 trou - bles and my sin. ___ I had no ran ___ - som
 e'er the Lord on high ___ Had in earth's sor ___ - row
 Christ with out de - lay. ___ For when he brings ___ my

I could pay, ___ No off - 'ring could I bring. ___ When
 shame, dis - gust ___ Laid down His life to buy. ___ So
 bur - ied past ___ And holds it in ar - ray, ___ I

mp.
 lo! I heard not far a - way This e - cho sweet - ly ring.
 when He speaks I can't dis - trust So true is His re - ply.
 know right well it's all con - fessed So bold - ly I can say.

Refrain



Grace is free, O, grace is free. It has no meas - ure,



knows no end. It needs no mer - it 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.

John Wright Follette

1. Come bless - ed Je - sus, Thou won - der - ful Day Star, Shine thru the
 2. O break thru the dark clouds that cov - er the sky; Shine in Thy
 3. So wea - ry and long have the night watch - es been, Hearts have grown
 4. We wel - come with song Thy longed - for ap - pear - ing Flood - ing the

dark ness, our path - way il - lume. For lo! in the dis - tance Thy rays
 beau - ty and glo - ri - ous light. Our hearts are re - joic - ing that morn -
 wea - ry and faint by the way. And grop - ing in dark - ness their hope
 East with a ra - di - ance clear. The day of our King at last is

from a - far Speak to our hearts that Thy com - ing is soon. —
 ing is nigh, Thy light, O Day Star, will scat - ter the night. —
 has grown dim, Till Thy ap - pear - ing now brings in the day. —
 ap - pear - ing, Joy, for the day of the Lord is so near. —

Refrain

Re - joice, — and be glad, — for Thy Lord —

is near; _____ Let jub - i - lant sing - ing from hearts then be

ring - ing, to wel - come thy King. _____ Re - joice and be

glad for Thy Lord _____ is near; _____ With hearts to Him

ritard - -

turn - ing and lamps bright-ly burn - ing, to wel - come our King _____

A PSALM OF PRAISE

John Wright Follette

Tune: Ewing
Alexander Ewing 1830-1895

1. O let us praise the Fa - ther, Our God ex - alt - ed high,
2. O let us praise our Sav - iour, Re - deem - er of man - kind,
3. O let us praise the Spir - it, One of the God - head three,

4. So let us praise the Fa - ther, The Son and Ho - ly Ghost,

Whose might - y pow - er rul - eth The earth and sea and sky;
Whose blood now speaks re - demp - tion To those who seek and find;
Who brings the new cre - a - tion With life and vic - to - ry;

All those who seem the weak - est Should sure - ly praise Him most!

Let all cre - a - tion wor - ship, And loud - est prais - es sing. Je -
He speaks the word of par - don, There's heal - ing in His wings. The
Who ev - er seeks to make us Like Je - sus Christ, the Son, And

For He is our Je - hov - ah, And we are in His hand. His

hov - ah God is wor - thy, He is our God and King.
heart of man re - ceives it, And loud His prais - es sings.
dai - ly gives us pow - er, For bat - tles to be won.

care is ev - er o'er us, His pre - cious blood - bought band. A - men.
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REST SONG

J. W. F.
(Softly)

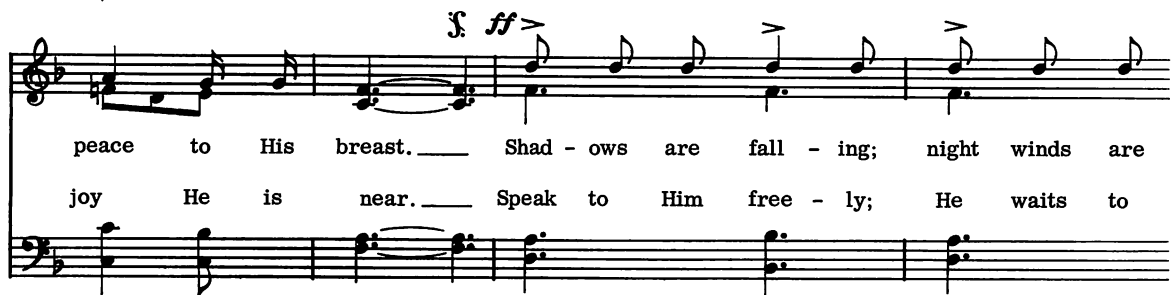
John Wright Follette



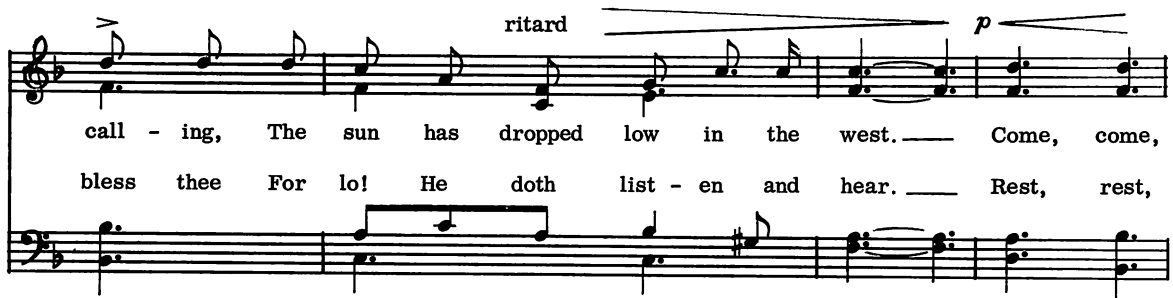
1. Come, come, wea-ry one, come! Lay down thy bur - den and rest. —
2. Rest, rest, wea-ry one, rest, Trust Him and let go thy 'fear. —



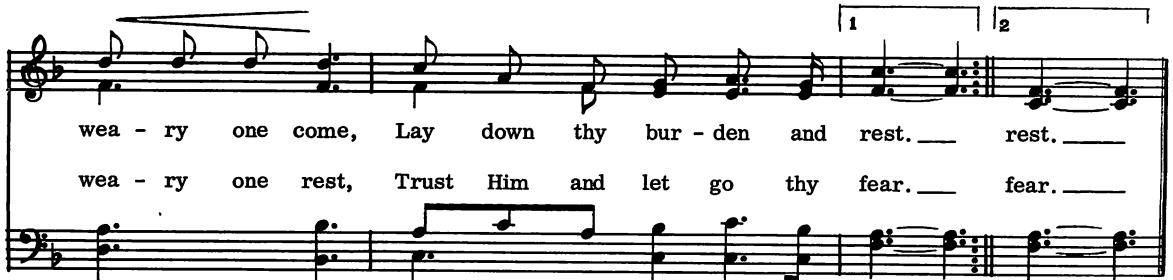
Je - sus is wait - ing to bear it a - way And fold thee in
Well He doth know ev - 'ry heart - ache and care, In sor - row or



f *ff* > > >
peace to His breast. — Shad - ows are fall - ing; night winds are
joy He is near. — Speak to Him free - ly; He waits to



ritard *p*
call - ing, The sun has dropped low in the west. — Come, come,
bless thee For lo! He doth list - en and hear. — Rest, rest,



1 2
wea - ry one come, Lay down thy bur - den and rest. — rest. —
wea - ry one rest, Trust Him and let go thy fear. — fear. —

CARE FREE

J. W. F. John Wright Follette

Introduction

As a bird on his wing would
So the Spir - it would make ev - 'ry

joy - ful - ly sing As he cleaves the clear balm - y air, —
heart that would take From Him gifts He free - ly will give —

— For mere joy of song He sings all day long, For He
— A foun - tain of song through dark - ness or dawn 'Til our

knows not a trou - ble or care, — For he
hearts would be glad just to live, — 'Til our

knows not a trou - ble or care. —
hearts would be glad just to — live! —

REST IN THE LORD

15

J. W. F.

John Wright Follette

1. Rest in the Lord, lie low and still, Sub - mit thy cause to
2. Rest in the Lord, He speaks to you, Rest in the Lord, 'tis

His ho - ly will, Fear not to trust Him; His prom - ise is true,
all you can do, Fear not to trust Him, He knows the way,

Refrain

Rest in the Lord and He'll take you through. Rest in the Lord, He
Time in His hands can make no de - lay.

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 de - lay.

THE STAR IN THE EAST

J. W. F.

John Wright Follette

1. There's a bright Star shin - ing in the East. _____ Have your
 2. And be - hold that Star has nev er set, _____ For our
 3. Now we look to see His Star once more, _____ Bright and

eyes be - held its glo - rious ray? _____ Do you know the
 eyes have caught a wel - come gleam, _____ As through the
 Morn - ing Star that speaks of day, _____ Shin - ing forth from

sto - ry that it brings, _____ Of the Christ - child who in
 dark - est a - ges past, _____ It has nev - er failed to
 out the shad - ows dim, _____ Bring - ing back a - gain to

Beth - l'hem's man - ger lay? _____ How the shep - herds watched their
 cast its wel - come beam. _____ And the mes - sage which those
 earth its longed - for day. _____ How the thought in - spires our

flocks by night, _____ On a hill - side 'neath an o - pen sky, _____
 shep - herds heard _____ From the an - gel host so long a - go, _____
 hearts with hope, _____ As a - fresh we yield our hearts to Him, _____

While a won - drous light a - bout them shone, — And the
 Hun - gry hearts are long - ing still to hear, — Wait - ing
 Trust - ing that it can't be ver - y long, — E're with

Refrain

heav - ens rang with car - ols from on high, 1-2 Peace on earth, good-
 that its full - est mean - ing they might know.
 joy, this song a - gain we glad - ly sing. 3. Hal - le - lu - jah

1-2 will to men; — Praise and hon - or be to
 3. Christ re - turns a - gain; —

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.

John Wright Follette

1. O my Je - sus, Thou hast called me, I heard Thee speak in
 2. Yes, my Je - sus, I have heard Thee, And now I heed Thy

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 plead - ing, Test - ings, child, are for the best.

Refrain

They have on - ly been in num - ber Just e - nough to draw thee near,

Where in Me thou might'st dis - cov - er Strength for weak - ness, love for fear.

RIVER OF GOD

J. W. F.

John Wright Follette

Riv - er of God flow on, flow on; Riv - er of

God flow on, flow on; O'er the parch - ed ground where

thirst - y hearts are found. Riv - er of God flow on.

MAKE ROOM IN ME

J. W. F.

John Wright Follette

1. A long - ing fills my heart to - day; A long - ing,
 2. Work deep - ly in this heart of mine; The need I
 3. O let the new cre - a - tion life Be full - y

Lord, for Thee. _____ My heart can find no rest - ing place
 sore - ly feel. _____ Cleanse out all things un - like Thee, Lord,
 man - i - fest. _____ To tri - umph ov - er na - ture's way

A - part, dear Lord, from Thee. _____ If all the gifts that
 Pour in Thy balm to heal. _____ And by Thy Spir - it's
 In ev - 'ry try - ing test. _____ Pre - pare me for Thy

na - ture holds Were poured in - to my life, _____ Still
 quick 'ning pow'r Bring forth Thy life in me; _____ Sub -
 com - ing, Lord, And by Thy fire re - fine _____ Un -

there would be an ach - ing void Filled on - ly by Thy life.
 due the ef - forts of my flesh And give me vic - to - ry.
 til my life shall dai - ly show The mark of grace di - vine.

Chorus with feeling

Make room in me, make room in me, I o - pen

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 wan - dered far a - way in the wild - er - ness of
 2. He had watched me all a - long in my course of sin and
 3. All my sins He washed a - way in His pre - cious cleans - ing
 4. Then He sanc - ti - fied my soul, fill - ing me with per - fect

sin; I had lost the trail of friend - ship, love and home.
 woe; He had watched with ach - ing heart my care - less ways.
 blood Tak - ing from my trou - bled mind all doubts and fear.
 peace, And the wit - ness of the Spir - it I re - ceived.

And my strength was al - most gone, in . . . vain at - tempts to
 Then in ten - der love and pow'r, He . . . came to me to
 For He pur - i - fied my heart, fill - ing it with per - fect
 For I passed from death to life, and that life shall nev - er

bring com - fort to my life which then so lone had grown.
 show that by pla - cing all my trust in Him He saves.
 love, and with - in my mouth He placed a song of cheer.
 cease, for from death and hell, my soul has been re - leased.

Refrain

When He came, — when He came, — O, —

bless - ed, ev - er bless - ed be His name. — What a

ju - bi - lee of joy in my heart was felt that

day, And for - ev - er - more that joy shall be the same.

MY HIGH PRIEST

J. W. F.

John Wright Follette

1. So oft when sore - ly tempt - ed And faith seems ver - y weak;
 2. The blood He claims in plead - ing, His hands, His feet, His side;
 3. Be lieve, my heart, and praise Him, Tho' Sa - tan sore - ly try.

When bat - tles fierce are ra - ging And help from God I seek;
 Be - fore our God dis - clos - ing A place where we may hide.
 Fear not when shad - ows dark - en, Tho' hid, thy Lord is nigh.

My fail - ing strength is quick - ened When in His Word I
 Un - known His words so ho - ly To us in fee - ble
 He knows thy frame and weak - ness; He will be strength for

see That Christ is in - ter - ced - ing And pray - ing
 frame. The heart of God re - spond - eth He hears in
 you. Have faith! He's in - ter - ced - ing. Trust Him, He'll

Refrain

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

John Wright Follette

1. Let me sing you a song of love, A song of the
 2. One sight of Him rav-ished my heart, My life at His
 3. The myrrh of His pres-ence so fair sheds per-fume of

love of my Lord. 'Twas breathed in my heart from a -
 feet lay out - poured. One glance from Him bade fear de-
 love all a - round. The fresh - ness of spi - ces most

bove; Naught earth - ly could such love af - ford. Its
 part; He drew me with love's ten - der cord. His
 rare, On gar - ments of Je - sus is found. His

depths would out - meas - ure the sea; And heights would out -
 beau - ty is no - ble and fair; His ten - der - ness
 voice is the sweet - est e'er heard. It wooed me from

HOPE THOU IN GOD

J. W. F.

John Wright Follette

1. Why art thou cast down and wea - ry, Why .. art thou
 2. Why dost thou troub - le and wav - er As a bloom that is
 3. Tru - ly the dark cloud is heav - y, It car - ries a
 4. Hope thou in God and still trust Him, His ... grace will not

troub - led with - in? — Hast thou not faith in Christ Je - sus — For
 crushed by the way? — Whose form is rough - ly dis - fig - ured — By
 show - er of rain — Fresh - ly it falls on the blos - som, — And
 long be de - layed — Look up! the cloud is a bless - ing! — It

Refrain

grace He is will - ing to bring? —
 dust and the sun's scorch - ing ray. — Hope thou in God; Be -
 lo! it re - vives it a - gain. —
 holds grace, so be not a - fraid. —

lieve Thy Lord. Each prom - ise is true that you find in His Word.

meas - ure the sky. — In breadth it knows no de - cree, —
 that of a dove. — In lov - li - ness none can com - pare, —
 all earth held dear. — Like car - ols of some rare, sweet bird, —

Refrain

For lo! it was born from on high. — Oh, the love
 For lo! He Him - self is pure love. —
 With joy it is borne to my ear. —

of my Lord, — Love that know - eth no end; — Breathed

in my soul, — In full - ness a - gain and a - gain. —

JESUS, MY JESUS

J. W. F.

John Wright Follette

1. O my bless - ed Sav - iour, Thou art mine; All the way Thou
2. O my bless - ed Sav - iour, Thou hast power; By Thy blood a -
3. When temp - ta - tions fierce up - on me fall, Thou, my Lord, I

lead - est, Lord, is best. In Thy pres - ence on - ly
lone can we pre - vail; We ex - alt its val - ue
know art near my side, And will sure - ly hear me

joy I find; In Thy pres - ence, Lord, is per - fect rest.
at this hour; Naught but this, O Lord, will e'er a - vail.
when I call. In Thy shad - ow, Lord, I'll safe - ly hide.

Refrain

Je - sus, my Je - sus, All the way Thou lead - est, Lord,
Je - sus, O

is best. In Thy pres - ence, Lord, is per - fect rest.

THE WONDERFUL LOVE OF MY SAVIOUR

J. W. F.

John Wright Follette

1. The won - der - ful love of my Sav - iour Is grow - ing more
 2. He sought me so long e'er I knew it, How pa - tient and

pre - cious to me. — I can - not help sing - ing a - bout it. —
 lov - ing was He, — Re - veal - ing my sin and my fail - ure —

To my heart it's a mys - ter - y. — It has gripped my life
 Till my heart felt its mis - er - y. — But ... ov - er a - gainst

and it holds it, — Tho' the bil - lows a - round me sweep. —
 sin and weak - ness — He showed what a Sav - iour He'd be; —

'Tis the love of a might - y Sav - iour, A Sav - iour well
If I would con - fess and re - ceive Him, He'd prove Him - self

Refrain

a - ble to keep. — Oh, the won - der - ful love of my Sav - iour
all things to me. —

----- The depths the o - cean can't tell; — The heights the

rall. -----
heav - ens can't meas - ure; — And yet in my heart it dwells. —