

## SWEET HARMONIES by C.L. Parker - (d. 1967)

'Praise ye the Lord: for it is good to sing praises unto our God ... Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving; sing praise upon the harp unto our God.' Ps 147,1 & 7.

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These Hymn Tunes were written throughout my husband's 'Born Again' years from 1917 onwards. I especially remember us singing the early ones in the streets of Oxford where, with a few students from our small Bible School including Elisha Thompson, we were pioneering a work in 1923-24.

He was very musical and found great release in beautiful melody. I have often seen him in tears over some lovely theme from such works as Elgar's Nimrod Variation and Tchaikovsky's Fantasie Overture "Romeo & Juliet", or rejoicing exuberantly over Bach's Brandenburg Concertos.

Music in praise of the Saviour was particularly delightful to him. I can see him now rising from prayer and meditation, or simply returning from a walk or a preaching engagement, and, sitting down at the piano, pouring out his heart to God in praise as he composed these tunes, restfully enjoying the sense of His presence.

John, my son, encouraged me to gather his somewhat worn manuscripts together and rewrite the tunes for publication, feeling that they might bring blessing to others as they have to us.

Phyllis H. Parker

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## ALL THE WAY MY SAVIOUR LEADS ME

Fanny J. Crosby

C. L. Parker

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'All the way my Saviour leads me'. It consists of three systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The music is a simple, hymn-like setting with a steady rhythm.

All the way my Saviour leads me:  
What have I to ask beside?  
Can I doubt His tender mercy,  
Who through life has been my guide?  
Heavenly peace, divinest comfort,  
Here by faith in Him to dwell!  
For I know whate'er befall me,  
Jesus doeth all things well.

All the way my Saviour leads me;  
Oh, the fulness of His love!  
Perfect rest to me is promised  
In my Father's house above.  
When my spirit, clothed, immortal,  
Wings its flight to realms of day,  
This my song through endless ages,  
Jesus led me all the way.

All the way my Saviour leads me,  
Cheers each winding path I tread,  
Gives me grace for every trial,  
Feeds me with the Living Bread.  
Though my weary steps may falter,  
And my soul athirst may be,  
Gushing from the Rock before me,  
Lo! a spring of joy I see.

**RH 455**  
**RS 445**

## A DEBTOR TO MERCY ALONE

A. M. Toplady

C. L. Parker



A debtor to mercy alone,  
Of covenant mercy I sing;  
Nor fear, with God's righteousness on,  
My person and off'ring to bring.  
The terrors of law and of God  
With me can have nothing to do;  
My Saviour's obedience and blood  
Hide all my transgressions from view.

My name from the palms of His hands  
Eternity will nor erase;  
Impressed on His heart it remains,  
In marks of indelible grace.  
Yes, I to the end shall endure,  
As sure as the earnest is given;  
More happy, but not more secure,  
The glorified spirits in heaven.

The work which His goodness began  
The arm of His strength will complete;  
His promise is Yea and Amen,  
And never was forfeited yet.  
Things future, nor things that are now,  
Nor all things below or above,  
Can make him His purpose forgo,  
Or sever my soul from his love.

**RH 390**

— end of page 3 —

**O GOLDEN DAY**

Julia H. Johnston

C. L. Parker

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Day is Dying in the West'. It consists of four systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The third system is labeled 'CHORUS'. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with block chords and moving lines in both hands.

O Golden day, when light shall break  
 And dawn's bright glories shall unfold,  
 When He who knows the path I take  
 Shall ope for me the gates of gold.

I dimly see my journey's end,  
 But well I know who guideth me,  
 I follow Him, that wondrous Friend,  
 Whose matchless love is full and free.

Earth's little while will soon be past,  
 My pilgrim song will soon be o'er,  
 The grace that saves shall time outlast,  
 And be my theme on yonder shore.

And when with him I enter in,  
 And all the way look back to trace,  
 The conqueror's palm I then shall win  
 Thro' Christ and His redeeming grace.

Life's upward way, a narrow path,  
 Leads on to that fair dwelling place,  
 Where safe from sin, and storm, and wrath,  
 They live who trust redeeming grace.

**CHORUS**  
 Then I shall know as I am known  
 And stand complete before the throne;  
 Then I shall see my Saviour's face,  
 And all my song be Saving Grace.

Sing, sing my heart, along the way,  
 The grace that saves will keep and guide,  
 Till breaks the glorious crowning day,  
 And I shall cross to yonder side.

**RS 729**

— end of page 4 —

**DAY IS DYING IN THE WEST**

Mary A. Lathbury

C. L. Parker

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of four systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The first two systems are the main body of the hymn. The third system is labeled 'CHORUS' and features a more complex harmonic structure with many chords. The fourth system concludes the piece with a final chord and a double bar line.

Day is dying in the west,  
 Heav'n is touching earth with rest,  
 Wait and worship while the night  
 Sets her evening lamps alight  
 Through all the sky.

When forever from our sight  
 Pass the stars, the day, the night,  
 Lord of angels, on our eyes  
 Let eternal morning rise,  
 And shadows end.

While the deep'ning shadows fall,  
 Heart of love enfolding all,  
 Thro' the glory and the grace  
 Of the stars that veil Thy Face,  
 Our hearts ascend.

**CHORUS**  
 Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts!  
 Heaven and earth are full of Thee;  
 Heav'n and earth are praising Thee,  
 O Lord most high!

**RH 794  
 RS 855**

— end of page 5 —

**FAR AWAY MY STEPS HAVE WANDERED**

Henrietta E. Blair

C. L. Parker

CHORUS

Far away my steps have wandered,  
 On the rugged mountain's brow;  
 But to Thee my heart is crying,  
 Gentle Shepherd, save me now!

Though Thy love I long have slighted,  
 O'er my wasted years I weep;  
 In Thy blessed arms of mercy,  
 Shield and save Thy wandering sheep.

Thou hast borne my weight of sorrow,  
 At thy feet I humbly bow;  
 And my heart with thee is pleading,  
 Gentle Shepherd, save me now!

**CHORUS**

Save me now! Save me now!  
 Gentle Shepherd, save me now!  
 Unto Thee my heart is crying,  
 Gentle Shepherd, save me now!

Though Thy love I long have slighted,  
 Though ungrateful I have been,  
 To Thy fold my faith has brought me;  
 Let my weary soul come in.

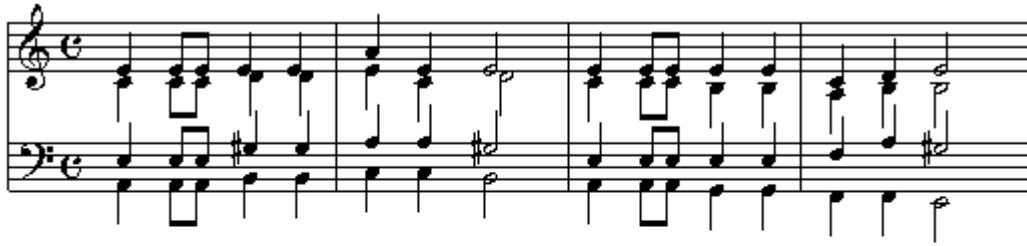
**RS 730**

— end of page 6 —

**JUST AS I AM WITHOUT ONE PLEA**

Charlotte Elliott

C. L. Parker



Just as I am without one plea,  
 But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
 And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,  
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Just as I am. Thou wilt receive,  
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
 Because Thy promise I believe,  
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Just as I am, and waiting not  
 To rid my soul of one dark blot;  
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

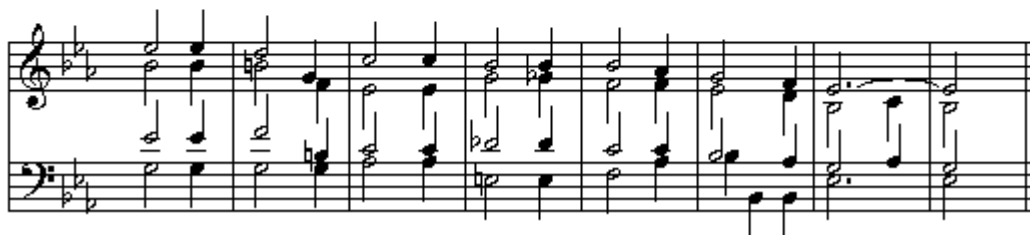
Just as I am - Thy love unknown  
 Has broken ev'ry barrier down;  
 Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

RS 292  
 RH 354

**ACCORDING TO THY GRACIOUS WORD**

J. Montgomery

C. L. Parker



According to Thy gracious word,  
 In meek humility,  
 This will I do, my dying Lord:  
 I will remember Thee.

When to the Cross I turn mine eyes,  
 And rest on Calvary,  
 O Lamb of God my sacrifice,  
 I must remember Thee:—

Thy body, broken for my sake,  
 My bread from heaven shall be;  
 Thy testamental cup I take,  
 And thus remember Thee.

Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,  
 And all Thy love to me;  
 Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,  
 Will I remember Thee.

Gethsemane can I forget?  
Or there Thy conflict see,  
Thine agony and bloody sweat,  
And not remember Thee?

And when these failing lips grow dumb,  
And mind and memory flee,  
When thou shalt in Thy Kingdom come  
Then, Lord, remember me.

**RH 704**

— end of page 7 —

**LORD I HAVE MADE THY WORD MY CHOICE**

I. Watts

C. L. Parker

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has four staves: a vocal line in treble clef and three piano accompaniment staves (treble and two bass clefs). The second system has two staves: a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment staff in bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The music is in a simple, hymn-like style with a steady rhythm.

Lord, I have made Thy Word my choice,  
My lasting heritage;  
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,  
My warmest thoughts engage.

'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,  
Where springs of life arise,  
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,  
And hidden glory lies.

I'll read the histories of Thy love,  
And keep Thy laws in sight,  
While through Thy promises I rove  
With ever fresh delight.

The best relief that mourners have,  
It makes our sorrows blest;  
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,  
And our eternal rest.

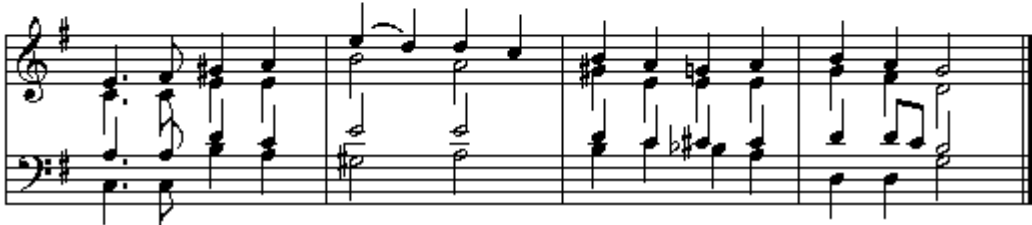
**RS 503**

**SOULS OF MEN! WHY WILL YE SCATTER**

F. W. Faber

C. L. Parker





Souls of men! why will ye scatter  
Like a crowd of frightened sheep?  
Foolish hearts, why will ye wander  
From a love so true and deep?

There is plentiful redemption  
In the blood that has been shed;  
There is joy for all the members  
In the sorrows of the Head.

Was there ever kindest shepherd  
Half so gentle, half so sweet,  
As the Saviour, who would have us  
Come and gather round His feet?

Pining souls! come nearer Jesus,  
And O come not doubting thus,  
But with faith that trusts more bravely  
His great tenderness for us.

There's a wideness in God's mercy,  
Like the wideness of the sea;  
There's a kindness in His justice,  
Which is more than liberty.

If our love were but more simple,  
We should take Him at His word;  
And our lives would be all sunshine  
In the sweetness of our Lord.

For the love of God is broader  
Than the measure of man's mind;  
And the heart of the Eternal  
Is most wonderfully kind.

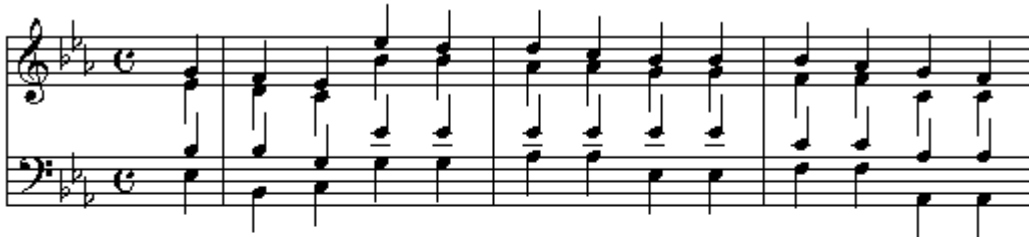
**RH 295**  
**RS 224**

— end of page 8 —

**FATHER OF MERCIES! IN THY WORD**

Anne Steele

C. L. Parker



Father of mercies! in Thy Word  
What endless glory shines!  
For ever be Thy name adored

Oh, may these heavenly pages be  
My ever dear delight,  
And still new beauties may I see,

For these celestial lines.

And still increasing light,

Here may the wretched sons of want  
Exhaustless riches find;  
Riches above what earth can grant,  
And lasting as the mind.

Divine Instructor, gracious Lord!  
Be Thou for ever near;  
Teach me to love Thy sacred Word,  
And view my Saviour there.

Here the Redeemer's welcome voice  
Spreads heav'nly peace around;  
And life and everlasting joys  
Attend the blissful sound.

**RH 273**  
**RS 505**

### COME LET US TO THE LORD

adapted by John Morison  
from Biblical words.

C. L. Parker

The musical score consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef on the top staff and a bass clef on the bottom staff. The first system contains four measures of music, and the second system contains four measures, ending with a double bar line. The music is written in a simple, homophonic style with a common time signature.

Come let us to the Lord our God  
With contrite hearts return;  
Our God is gracious, nor will leave  
The desolate to mourn.

Our hearts, if God we seek to know,  
Shall know him and rejoice;  
His coming like the morn shall be,  
Like morning songs His voice.

His voice commands the tempest forth,  
And stills the stormy wave;  
And though His arm be strong to smite,  
'Tis also strong to save.

As dew upon the tender herb,  
Diffusing fragrance round;  
As showers that usher in the spring,  
And cheer the thirsty ground,

Long hath the night of sorrow reigned,  
The dawn shall bring us light;  
God shall appear, and we shall rise  
With gladness in His sight.

So shall His presence bless our souls  
And shed a joyful light;  
That hallowed morn shall chase away  
The sorrows of the night.

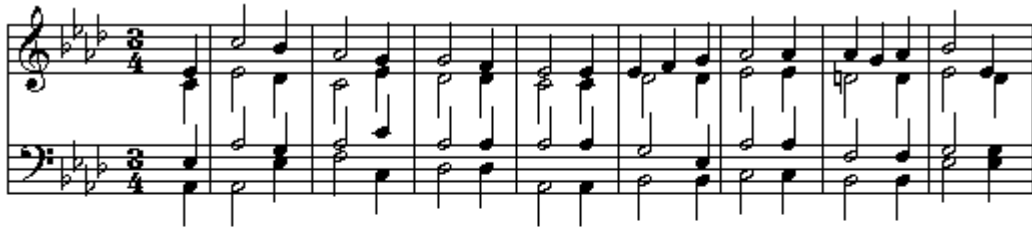
**RS 59**

— end of page 9 —

### THOU SWEET BELOVED WILL OF GOD

Tersteegen (vv 1-2)  
Jean Sophia Pigott (vv 3-5)

C. L. Parker



Thou sweet belovèd will of God,  
 My anchor ground, my fortress hill,  
 My spirit's silent, fair abode,  
 In Thee I hide me, and am still.

Upon God's will I lay me down,  
 As child upon its mother's breast;  
 No silken couch, nor softest bed,  
 Could ever give me such deep rest.

O will that willest good alone,  
 Lead Thou the way, Thou guidest best;  
 A little child, I follow on,  
 And trusting, lean upon Thy breast.

Thy wonderful grand will, my God,  
 With triumph now I make it mine;  
 And faith shall cry a joyous "Yes!"  
 To every dear command of Thine.

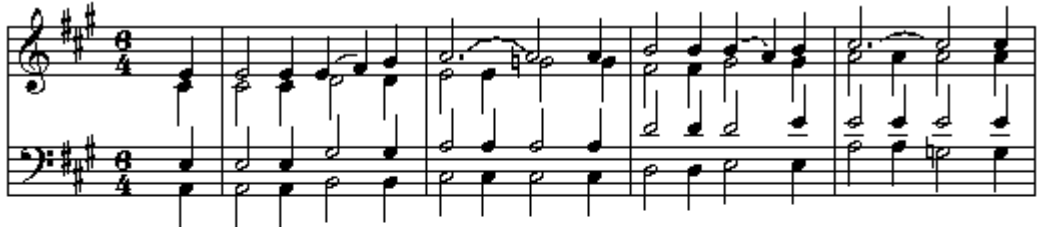
Oh, lightest burden, sweetest yoke!  
 It lifts, it bears my happy soul;  
 It giveth wings to this poor heart;  
 My freedom is Thy grand control.

**RH 575**  
**RS 496**

**I HEAR THE WORDS OF LOVE**

Dr. H. Bonar

C. L. Parker



I hear the words of love,  
 I gaze upon the blood,  
 I see the mighty sacrifice,  
 And I have peace with God.

My love is oft-times low,  
 My joy still ebbs and flows;  
 But peace with Him remains the same,  
 No change Jehovah knows.

'Tis everlasting peace!  
 Sure as Jehovah's name;  
 'Tis stable as His steadfast throne,

I change, He changes not,  
 The Christ can never die;  
 His love, not mine, the resting place,

For evermore the same.

His truth, not mine, the tie.

The clouds may go and come,  
And storms may sweep my sky—  
This blood-sealed friendship changes not,  
The cross is ever nigh.

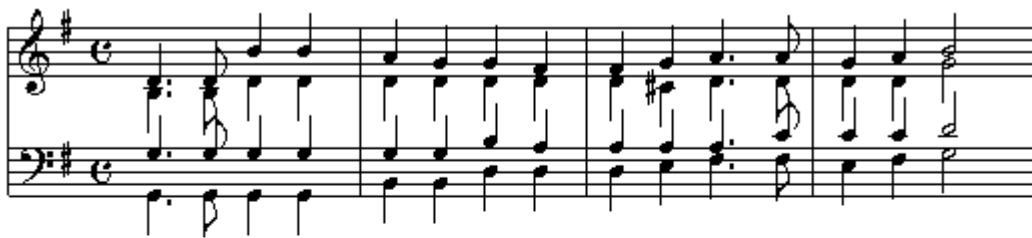
**RH 707**  
**RS 216**

— end of page 10 —

**BRIGHTLY BEAMS OUR FATHER'S MERCY**

P. P. Bliss

C. L. Parker



Brightly beams our Father's mercy,  
From His lighthouse evermore;  
But to us He gives the keeping  
Of the lights along the shore.

Trim your feeble lamp, my brother:  
Some poor sailor, tempest-tossed,  
Trying now to make the harbour,  
In the darkness may be lost.

Dark the night of sin has settled,  
Loud the angry billows roar;  
Eager eyes are watching, longing,  
For the lights along the shore.

**CHORUS**  
Let the lower lights be burning!  
Send a gleam across the wave!  
Some poor fainting, struggling seaman  
You may rescue, you may save!

**RS 455**

— end of page 11 —

**WHEN THIS PASSING WORLD IS DONE**

Robert McCheyne

C. L. Parker



When this passing world is done,  
 When has sunk yon glowing sun,  
 When we stand, with Christ in glory,  
 Looking o'er life's finished story,

When the praise of Heaven I hear,  
 Loud as thunders to the ear;  
 Loud as many waters' noise.  
 Sweet as harp's melodious voice,

When I stand before the throne,  
 Dressed in beauty not my own;  
 When I see Thee as Thou art,  
 Love Thee with unsinning heart,

**CHORUS**  
 Then, dear Lord, shall I fully know,  
 Not till then, how much I owe;  
 Then, dear Lord, shall I fully know,  
 Not till then, how much I owe.

When I hear the wicked call,  
 On the rocks and hills to fall;  
 When I see them start and shrink  
 On the fiery deluge brink,

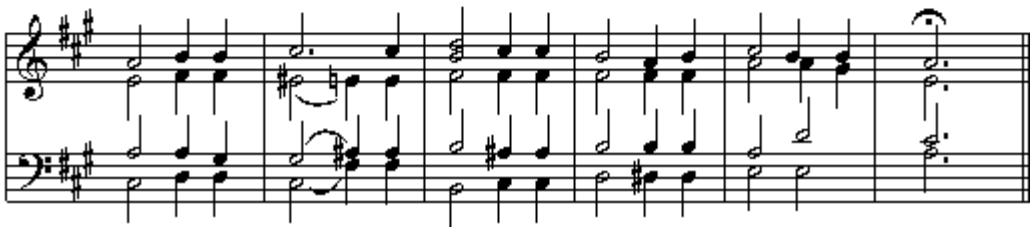
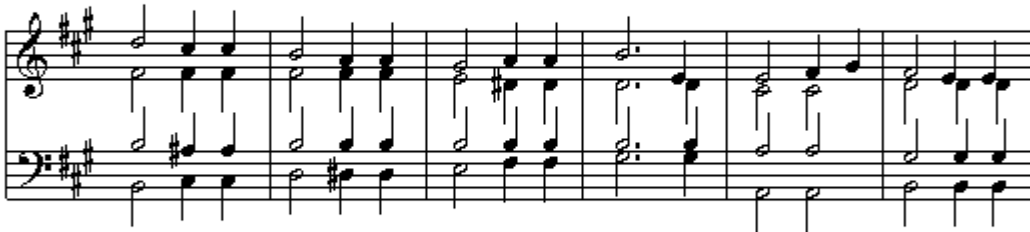
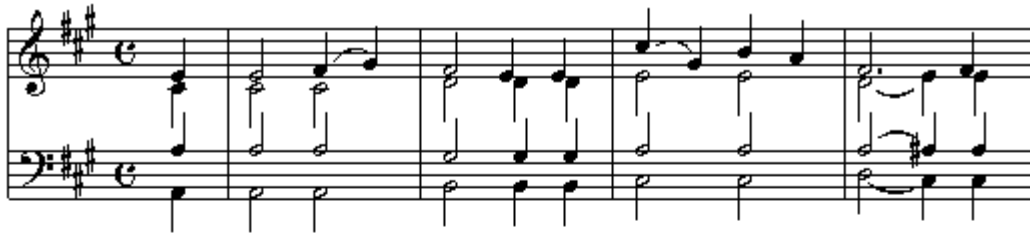
**RS 794**

— end of page 12 —

**HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION**

George Keith

C. L. Parker



How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
Is laid for your faith in His excellent Word!  
What more can He say than to you He hath said,  
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed!  
I, I am Thy God, and will still give thee aid;  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,  
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
The rivers of grief shall not thee overflow;  
For I will be with thee in trouble to bless,  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

The soul that on Jesus has leaned for repose,  
I will not, I will not desert to its foes;  
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,  
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!

**RH 264**  
**RS 41**

— end of page 13 —

### I KNOW NOT THE HOUR OF HIS COMING

Fanny J. Crosby

C. L. Parker

CHORUS

I know not the hour of His coming,  
 Nor how He will speak to my heart;  
 Or whether at morning or mid-day  
 My spirit to Him will depart.

I know not, but oh I am watching,  
 My lamp ever burning and bright;  
 I know not if Jesus will call me  
 At morning, at noon, or at night.

I know not the bliss that awaits me,  
 At rest with my Saviour above;  
 I know not how soon I shall enter  
 And bathe in the ocean of love.

**CHORUS**  
 But I know I shall wake in the likeness  
 Of Him I am longing to see;  
 I know that mine eyes shall behold Him,  
 Who died for a sinner like me.

Perhaps in the midst of my labour  
 A voice from my Lord I shall hear;  
 Perhaps in the slumber of mid-night,  
 Its message may fall on my ear.

**RS 805**

— end of page 14 —

**O HEAD ONCE FILLED WITH BRUISES**

Gerhardt

C. L. Parker

O head once fill'd with bruises,  
 Oppressed with pain and scorn:  
 O'erwhelmed with sore abuses,  
 Mocked with a crown of thorn!  
 O head to death once wounded,  
 In shame upon the tree,  
 In glory now surrounded  
 With brightest Majesty!

Thou, Lord, of all transcendent;  
 Thou life-creating Sun  
 To worlds on Thee dependent—  
 Yet bruised and spit upon!  
 O Lord! what Thee tormented  
 Was our sin's heavy load;  
 We had the debt augmented  
 Which Thou didst pay in blood.

We give thee thanks unfeignèd,  
 Lord Jesus, Friend in need,  
 For what Thy soul sustainèd  
 When thou for us didst bleed;  
 Grant us to lean unshaken  
 Upon Thy faithfulness,  
 Until to Glory taken  
 We see Thee face to face.

**RH 163**

— end of page 15 —

**OUT OF CHRIST WITHOUT A SAVIOUR**

F.M. Davis  
 (Last 2 verses by R.F.B.)

C. L. Parker



The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'There's a Great Day Coming'. It consists of four systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system is the introduction. The second system continues the melody. The third system is labeled 'CHORUS' and begins with a new melodic line. The fourth system concludes the piece with a final cadence. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C).

Out of Christ, without a Saviour,  
 Oh! can it, can it be?  
 Like a ship without a rudder,  
 On a wild and stormy sea!

Out of Christ, without a Saviour,  
 Dark will the voyage be;  
 Clouds will gather, storms surround you,  
 Oh, to Christ for refuge flee!

Out of Christ, without a Saviour,  
 Lonely and dark the way;  
 With no light, no hope in Jesus,  
 Making bright the cheerless day.

Out of Christ, without a Saviour,  
 Give to Him now your heart,  
 Ere the door of mercy closes,  
 And you hear His word, "Depart".

Out of Christ, without a Saviour,  
 No help nor refuge nigh,  
 How can you, my friend and brother,  
 Dare to live, or dare to die?

**CHORUS**  
 Oh, to be without a Saviour,  
 With no hope nor refuge nigh!  
 Can it be, O blessed Saviour,  
 One without Thee dares to die?

**RS 240**  
 — end of page 16 —

**THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING**

W. L. Thompson

C. L. Parker

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'If Our Lord Should Come Tonight'. It consists of four systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system is the introduction. The second system is the first verse. The third system is the chorus, marked 'CHORUS' at the beginning. The fourth system is the final ending. The music is in 4/4 time and the key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat).

There's a great day coming, a great day coming,  
 There's a great day coming by and by,  
 When the saints and the sinners shall be parted right and left,  
 Are you ready for that day to come?

There's a bright day coming, a bright day coming,  
 There's a bright day coming by and by,  
 But its brightness shall only come to them that love the Lord,  
 Are you ready for that day to come?

There's a sad day coming, a sad day coming,  
 There's a sad day coming by and by,  
 When the sinner shall hear his doom, "Depart, I know you not."  
 Are you ready for that day to come?

**CHORUS**

Are you ready, are you ready,  
 Are you ready for the judgment day?  
 Are you ready, are you ready,  
 Are you ready for the judgment day?

**RS 241**

— end of page 17 —

**IF OUR LORD SHOULD COME TONIGHT**

Harriet E. Jones

C. L. Parker

If our Lord should come to-night  
 With the bright angelic host,  
 Would He find us in His vineyard,  
 Ev'ry servant at his post?  
 Thro' the precious, cleansing blood  
 Are our garments clean and white?  
 Are we dwelling in the light,  
 Should our Lord appear to-night?

Christ as King and Judge will come,  
 'Tis recorded in His book;  
 He will bid us stand before Him  
 Not a soul will He o'erlook!  
 Are we ready, ev'ry one?  
 Are we in the raiment white?  
 If the Judge of all mankind  
 Should appear this very night?

If our Lord should come to-night,  
 Come as King and Judge of all,  
 Are there any here assembled  
 Who would tremble at His call?  
 Is there one, oh, is there one  
 Far from Jesus and the light,  
 Unrepentant, lost, undone,  
 If the Judge should come to-night?

**CHORUS**  
 Are we watching, are we waiting  
 In the raiment pure and white?  
 Should we joy at His appearing  
 If our Lord should come to-night?

**RS 514**

— end of page 18 —

**THERE'S A HILL LONE AND GREY**

Dr. R. Carradine

C. L. Parker

. There's a hill lone and grey, in a land far away,  
 In a country beyond the blue sea,  
 Where beneath that fair sky went a man forth to die  
 For the World and for you and for me.

Then the darkness came down and the rocks rent around,  
 And a cry pierced the grief laden air;  
 'Twas the voice of our King who received death's dark sting  
 All to save us from endless despair.

. Behold! faint on the road, 'neath a world's heavy load,  
 Comes a thorn-crownèd man on the way,  
 With a cross He is bowed, but still on through the crowd  
 He's ascending that hill lone and grey.

Let the sun hide its face, let the earth reel apace,  
 Over men who their Saviour have slain;  
 But behold from the sod, comes the blest Lamb of God,  
 Who was slain and is risen again.

. Hark! I hear the dull blow of the hammer swung low;  
 They are nailing my Lord to the tree,  
 And the cross they upraise while the multitude gaze  
 On the blest Lamb of dark Calvary.

**CHORUS**  
 Oh, it bows down the heart,  
 And the tear-drops will start,  
 When in memory that grey hill I see,  
 For 'twas there on its side,

. How they mock Him in death, to His last labouring breath,  
 While His friends sadly weep o'er the way!  
 But though lonely and faint, still no word of complaint  
 Fell from Him on the hill lone and grey.

Jesus suffered and died,  
 To redeem a poor sinner like me.

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**NOTE:**

This and other studies can be found at:

[www.truthforthelastdays.com](http://www.truthforthelastdays.com)

[www.thesecretofeternallife.com](http://www.thesecretofeternallife.com)

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