

THE VOICE OF THE ANDES



SONGS *and* SCENES

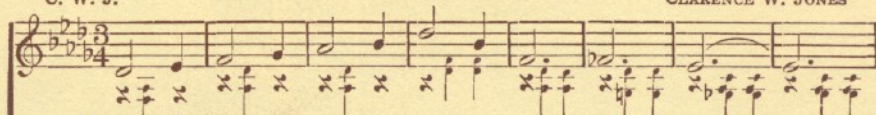
QUITO, EQUADOR • SOUTH AMERICA



ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP

C. W. J.

CLARENCE W. JONES



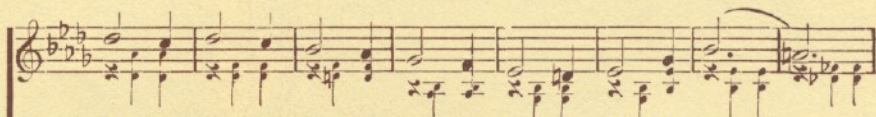
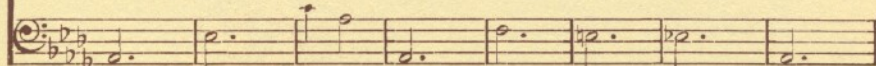
1. On the moun-tain top a-bove the world be-low, ...

2. I have left the val-ley low-lands long a-go, ...



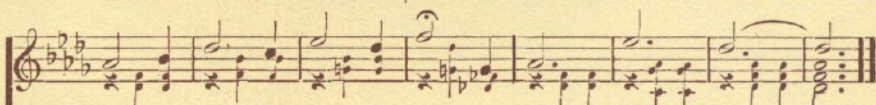
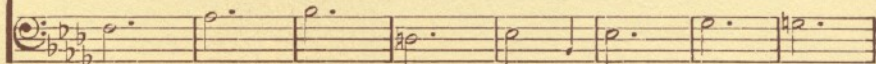
Where the fruits of vic-t'ry in a-bun - dance grow, ...

On my path-way bright-ly beams a heav'n - ly glow; ...



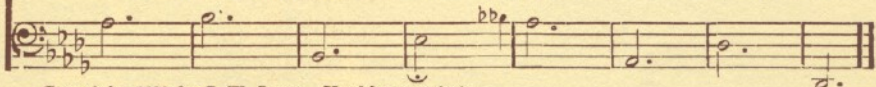
There the streams of bless-ings flow from foun-tains of His grace, ..

Lift - ed in His arms to heights I tho't could ne'er be mine, ...



I've been on the moun-tain top, and seen His face! ...

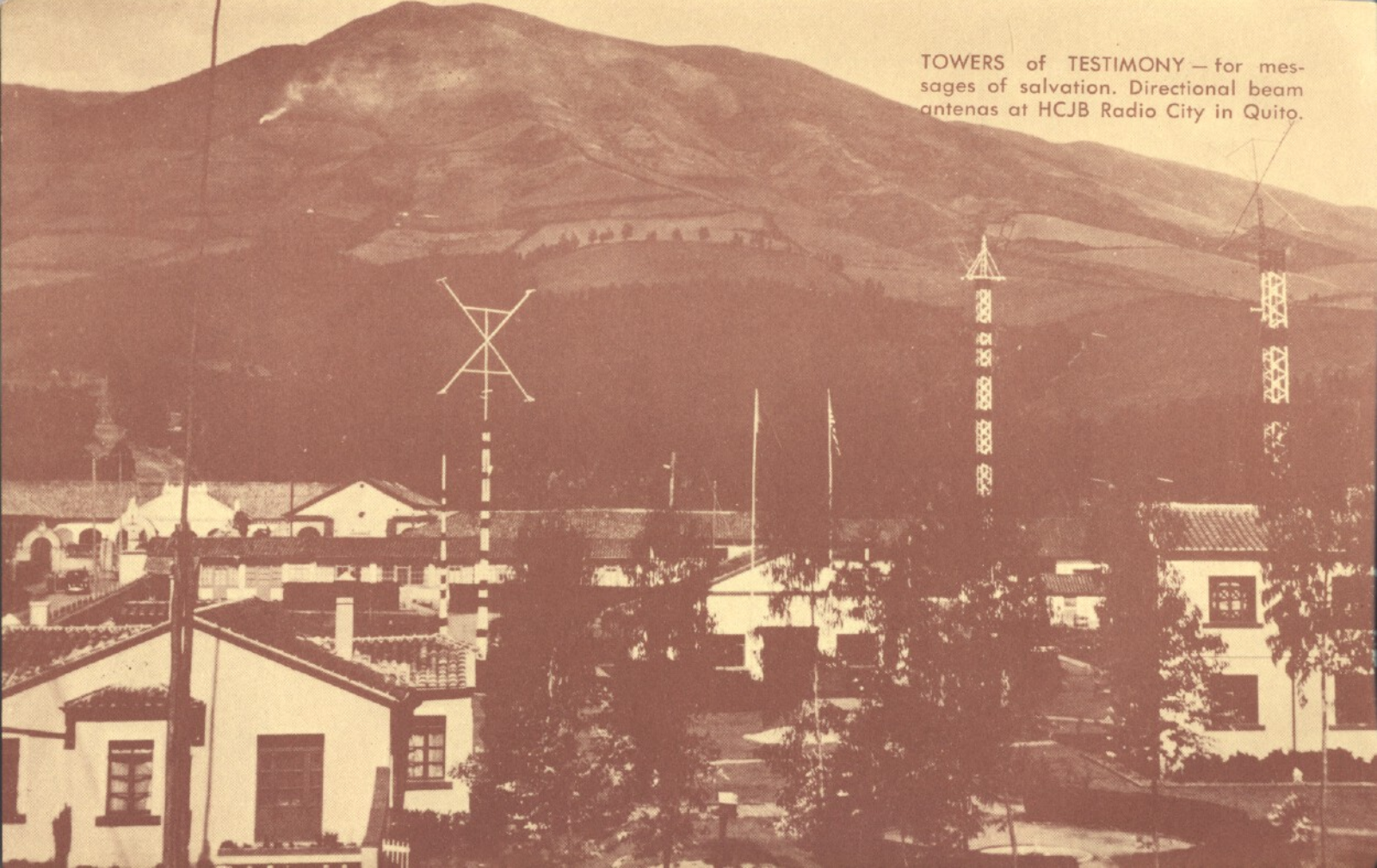
I've been on the moun-tain top by grace di - - vine! ...



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◆ A rare and beautiful sight—the unveiled peak of Mt. CHIMBORAZO, an Indian word meaning "silver dome"; second highest mountain in the mighty Andes, 21,000 feet above sea-level. Look again, and notice the Indian with his llama in the lower right hand corner. In the glory of the mountain we often lose sight of souls and their needs. Down from the mountain top ecstasy of transfiguration came the disciples to find their Christ meeting human suffering in the valley of life.

TOWERS of TESTIMONY — for mes-
sages of salvation. Directional beam
antennas at HCJB Radio City in Quito.



THE KING IS COMING

H. J.

Howard Jones



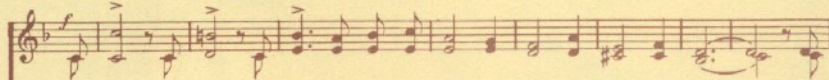
1. O land of love, O land a - bove, Thy glo - ry gilds earth's dark night; (night)
2. Long - ing to leave earth's fad - ing scenes, Long - ing to see Shar - on's Rose; — (Rose)
3. No bro - ken hearts, no more to part, Sweet - ly to rest in His love; — (love)



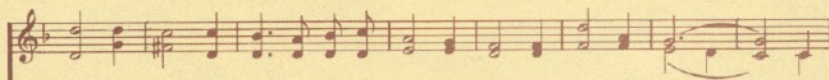
Thy tran - quil shore I, too, shall see, When night is o'er, and shad - ows flee. —
 Man - sions so fair He has pre - pared, Home - land di - vine, home - land of mine. —
 Voic - es I hear soft - ly and clear, Call - ing me home, no more to roam. —



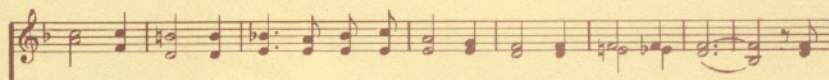
CHORUS For 1st Verse



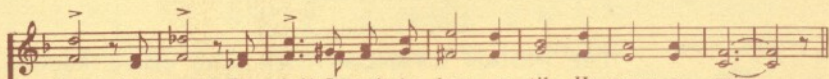
Re - joice! Look up! Be glad! The King is com - ing! Dawn - ing time is near; — The



dark - ness soon will turn to rad - iant morn, He'll wipe a - way all tears; (all tears) Tho'



skies of gray may veil the glow - ing sun, And hope seems al - most gone; — Re -



joice! Look up! Be glad! It won't be long un - til He comes a - gain. —





THE INDIAN GRANDMOTHER who asked Reuben Larson, "Missionary, if the white man had the Gospel so many generations, why did he wait so long to bring it to us? My fathers died without ever hearing of Jesus."

CALL OF THE ANDES

C.W.J.

CLARENCE W. JONES

WHERE BLUE SKIES ARE SWELL - ING, THE AN - DES ARE TELL - ING OF

DARK SHAD-OWS DWELL - ING - SO LONG; . . . SO LONG; . . .

WHERE PALM TREES ARE SWAY - ING THERE BUR - DENS ARE WEIGH - ING AND

SIN IS BE - TRAY - ING - TOO LONG, . . . TOO LONG. . .

BUT NOW O'ER THE AN-DES THERE COMES GLEAM - ING THE GOS-PEL OF LIFE, BRIGHT-LY

BEAM - ING; AND YET FROM THOU-SANDS STILL SIGH-ING, AND THOU-SANDS STILL DY-ING, THEIR

HEARTS KEEP ON CRY-ING, HOW LONG? . . . HOW LONG? . . . NOT LONG! NOT LONG!

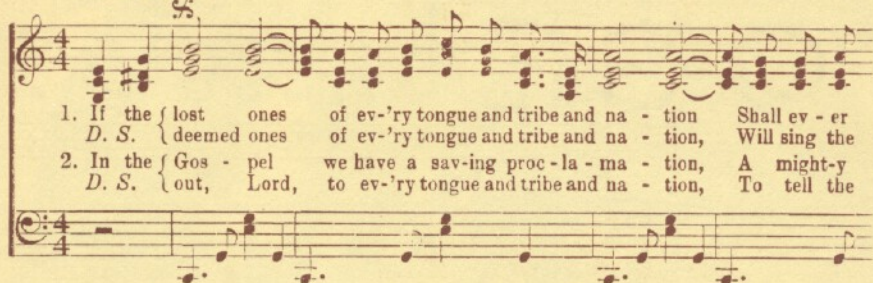
THEY ARE WAITING

CLARENCE W. JONES

MISSIONARY SONG


MERRILL DUNLOP

SOLO OR TRIO

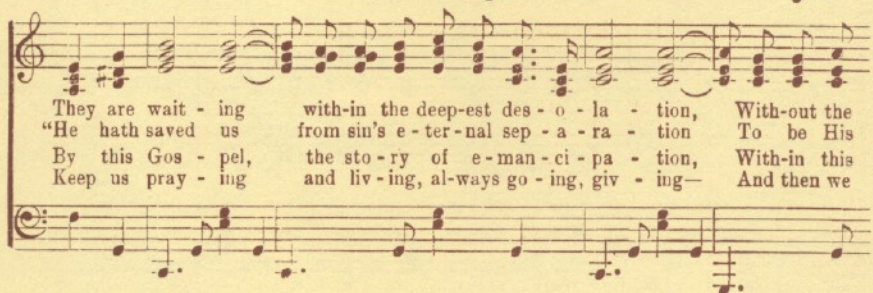


1. If the { lost ones of ev-'ry tongue and tribe and na - tion Shall ev - er
D. S. { deemed ones of ev-'ry tongue and tribe and na - tion, Will sing the

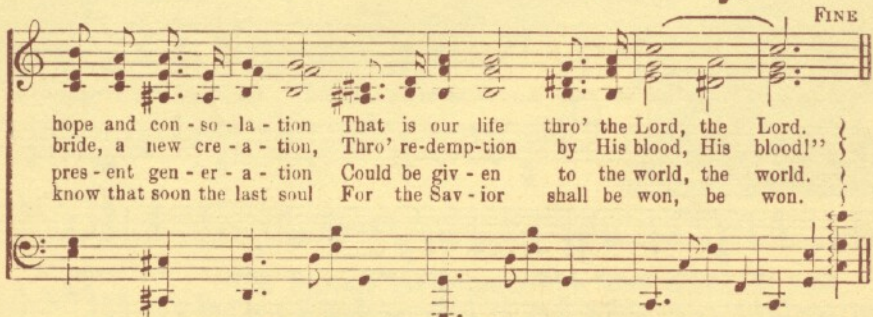
2. In the { Gos - pel we have a sav-ing proc-la - ma - tion, A might-y
D. S. { out, Lord, to ev-'ry tongue and tribe and na - tion, To tell the



know of His sal - va - tion, We must take them God's Word, God's Word;
sto - ry of sal - va - tion, To the glo - ry of God, of God.
scroll of rev - e - la - tion, — Like a ban - ner un - furled, un - furled.
sto - ry of sal - va - tion Till the whole task is done, is done.



They are wait - ing with-in the deep-est des - o - la - tion, With-out the
"He hath saved us from sin's e - ter - nal sep - a - ra - tion To be His
By this Gos - pel, the sto - ry of e - man - ci - pa - tion, With-in this
Keep us pray - ing and liv - ing, al - ways go - ing, giv - ing — And then we



hope and con - so - la - tion That is our life thro' the Lord, the Lord. }
bride, a new cre - a - tion, Thro' re - demp - tion by His blood, His blood! }
pres - ent gen - er - a - tion Could be giv - en to the world, the world. }
know that soon the last soul For the Sav - ior shall be won, be won. }

FINE

Written in September, 1943, at Cuernavaca, in Old Mexico, the opening four melody notes suggested by the name of this picturesque Mexican town.

Copyright, 1947, by Merrill Dunlop, in "New Songs of a Christian"

THEY ARE WAITING (continued)

REFRAIN

They can ne'er call up - on Him, Nor be-lieve He is their friend. They will
Tho' the har-vest is read-y, Yet the la-bor-ers are few. There is

D. S.

not hear of Je - sus Till the mes - sen - gers we send. Then re-
so lit - tle time left, And there's still so much to do. Send us

GO! GO! GO!

R. W. O.

Richard W. Oliver.

Go! Go! Go, and preach the Gos-pel, Mil-lions there are wait-ing who have

nev - er heard. Go! Go out to ev - 'ry na - tion,

Christ, the Lord, com - mand - eth Thee, So Go! Go! Go!



THE GOSPEL SOUND TRUCK . . a rolling radio reaching the lost in the "highways and hedges" for Christ.

OUR LORD SAID, "GO!"

Dedicated to the Cloud Club

R. C. S.

ROBERT C. SAVAGE

Martial

Our Lord said, "Go un - to all na - tions, Pro -

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics 'Our Lord said, "Go un - to all na - tions, Pro -' are written below the treble staff.

claim the gos - pel to the lost." For - sake your i - dle oc - cu -

The second system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass staff continues with the accompaniment. The lyrics 'claim the gos - pel to the lost." For - sake your i - dle oc - cu -' are written below the treble staff.

pa - tions, no mat - ter what the cost. If you would hast - en His re -

The third system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass staff continues with the accompaniment. The lyrics 'pa - tions, no mat - ter what the cost. If you would hast - en His re -' are written below the treble staff.

turn - ing, and meet Him in the clouds a - bove, Help

The fourth system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass staff continues with the accompaniment. The lyrics 'turn - ing, and meet Him in the clouds a - bove, Help' are written below the treble staff.

win the lost who will com - plete the bride of Christ through His great love!

The fifth system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass staff continues with the accompaniment. The lyrics 'win the lost who will com - plete the bride of Christ through His great love!' are written below the treble staff.

• LISTENING!—small groups and whole villages—to the story that redeems men and women of all ranks and races. (HCJB Radio Circle).



LORD, SEND ME!

WILDA SAVAGE

WILDA SAVAGE

Effective as a Duet

1. Lord Je - sus, take this life of mine: I give to Thee my all.
 2. The world says, "Stay, the cost is dear And there is much to fear,"
 3. No sweet - er joy could my heart know, Than this that He's called me

Thy Spir - it has made plain to me Thy ur - gent call.
 But Je - sus whis pers, "Go my child, for I am near."
 To tell a - broad His won-drous grace that makes blind hearts to see.

CHORUS

Lord send me, O send me forth I pray; The

need is great, Thy call I will o - bey; Thy love com-pels me I must

go — I'm will - ing, read - y, long - ing to go.

Happy hearts and consecrated lives
dedicated to HERALDING CHRIST
JESUS' BLESSINGS. The Staff of HCJB
in Quito.

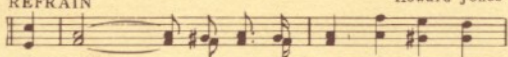


ALWAYS SINGING

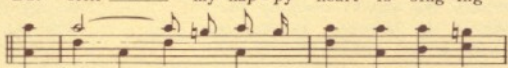
H.J.

REFRAIN

Howard Jones

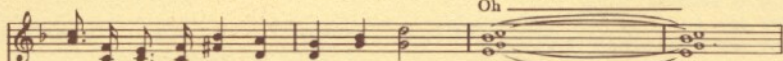


But still — my hap - py heart is sing - ing

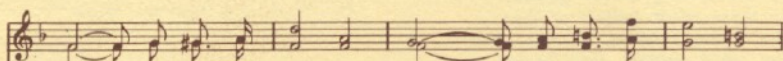
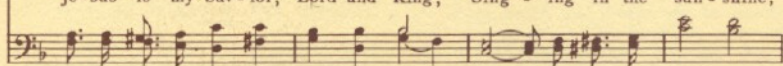


still my hap - py

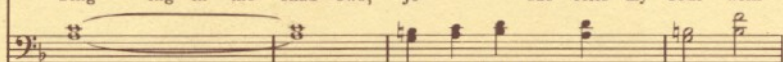
Oh



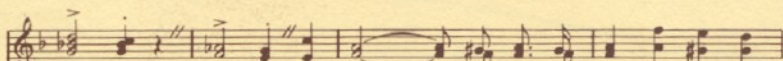
Je - sus is my Sav - ior, Lord and King; Sing - ing in the sun - shine,



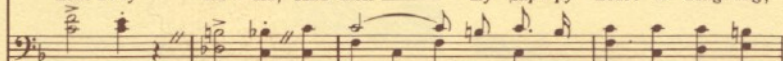
Sing - ing in the shad - ows, Je - sus fills my soul with



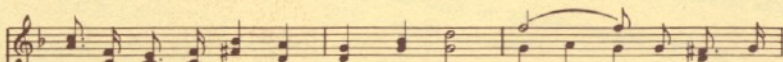
Ah ————— Je - sus fills my



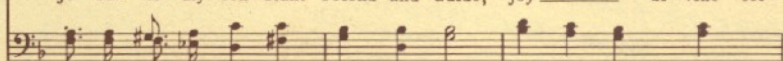
heav'n - ly mu - sic, And still — my hap - py heart is sing - ing,



and still



Je - sus is my con - stant Friend and Guide, Joy — di - vine for -



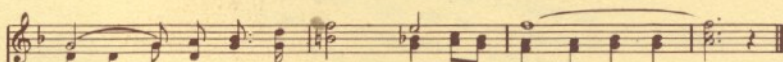
Joy di - vine and



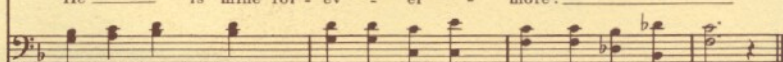
ev - er, Love — that fail - eth nev - er



peace for - ev - er, Won - drous love that fail - eth, fail - eth nev - er



He — is mine for - ev - er - more. —————



He is mine, for - ev - er ev - er - more, for - ev - er - more.

Copyright, 1944, by Howard Jones, in Tabernacle Choir No. 2.

TRAIL'S END

From the trail's end we are calling,
Where the sun is smoking hot,
Where the tortuous, twisted foot trail
Leads to us, whom God forgot.

No one comes to our far country
'Tis a desolate, lonely spot.
No one hears our wail at midnight.
We are those whom God forgot.

The flowers, the birds, the heavens
Speak of joy which we know not:
But the shadows of tomorrow
Sadly whisper, "God's forgot."

In the stirring of the breezes
In these silent realms of thot
There are whispers, strange, insistent,
But what matters, God forgot.

At the trail's end we are waiting,
Blindly hope we know not what—
Will you let us hopeless perish
Thinking still that God forgot?

POSTLUDE

Where the skies blend gold and azure,
And the restive rivers run.
Where the trail burns up at mid-day,
There's still sowing to be done.

In the tangled jungle vastness,
There are battles to be fought;
At the trail's end tell the story—
Tell them God has not forgot.

—C.W.J.

Wake up your Radio!

Use the SHORT WAVES to hear the glorious gospel-broadcasts
from the Mission Field.

TUNE TO RADIO STATION HCJB - QUITO, ECUADOR
WHERE? - Shortwave Band - 12.5 megacycles
or 9.9 megacycles
or 15.2 megacycles
or 17.8 megacycles

WHEN? - English Programs - 6:30 - 8:00 A.M. (Eastern Standard Time)
5:00 - 6:00 P.M.
9:00 - 12:00 P.M.

(Make allowances for difference in time zones. HCJB uses Eastern
Standard Time.)

HOW? - S-L-O-W-L-Y, with volume up, at the right place on your dial.
PATIENTLY - at the right hour.
REGULARLY - Daily, except Monday.
PRAYERFULLY - Jeremiah 33:3