

# A Child of the King

Harriet E. Buell, 1877

John B. Sumner, 1877

1. My Fa - ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He hold - eth the  
2. My Fa - ther's own Son, the Sav - ior of men, Once wan - dered on  
3. I once was an out - cast stran - ger on earth, A sin - ner by

wealth of the world in His hands! Of ru - bies and dia - monds, of  
earth as the poor - est of them; But now He is plead - ing our  
choice, and an al - ien by birth But I've been a - dopt - ed, my

sil - ver and gold, His cof - fers are full, He has rich - es un - told.  
par - don on high, That we may be His when He comes by and by.  
name's writ - ten down, An heir to a man - sion, a robe, and a crown.

## Refrain

I'm a child of the King, A child of the King: With

Je - sus my Sav - ior, I'm a child of the King.

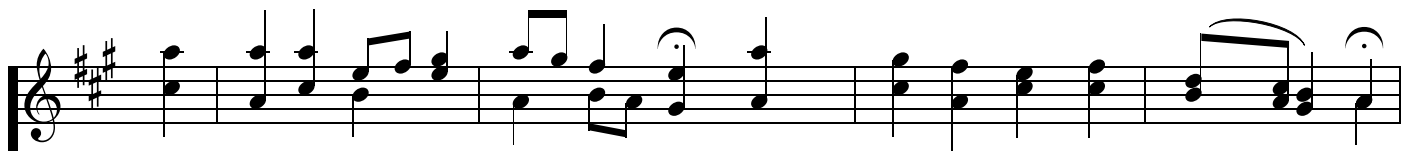
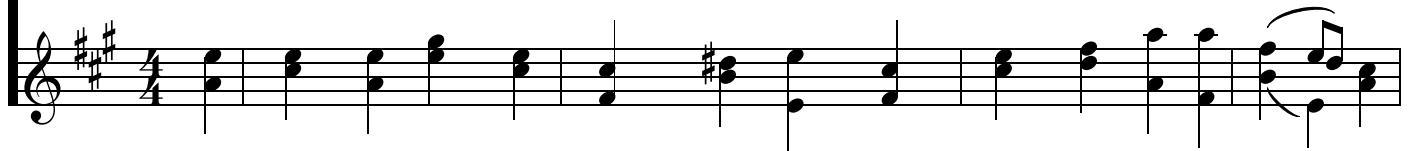
# A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

Tr. by Frederick H. Hedge, 1852

Martin Luther, 1529



1. A might - y for - tress is our God, A bul - wark nev - er fail - ing;  
2. Did we in our own strength con - fide, Our striv - ing would be los - ing;  
3. And though this world, with dev - ils filled, Should threat - en to un - do us,  
4. That Word a - bove all earth - ly powers, No thanks to them, a - bid - eth;



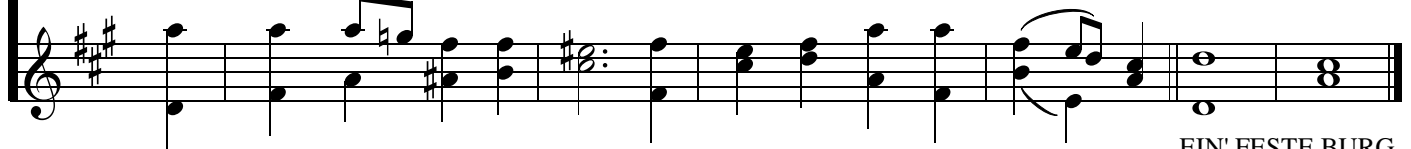
Our help - er He, a - mid the flood Of mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing:  
Were not the right man on our side, The Man of God's own choos - ing:  
We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to tri - umph through us:  
The Spir - it and the gifts are ours Through Him who with us sid - eth:



For still our an - cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and power are great,  
Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je - sus, it is He; Lord Sa - ba - oth His name,  
The Prince of Dark - ness grim, We trem - ble not for him; His rage we can en - dure,  
Let goods and kin - dred go, This mor - tal life al - so; The bod - y they may kill:



And armed with cru - el hate, On earth is not his e - qual.  
From age to age the same, And He must win the bat - tle.  
For lo, his doom is sure, One lit - tle Word shall fell him.  
God's truth a - bid - eth still, His king - dom is for - ev - er. A - MEN.

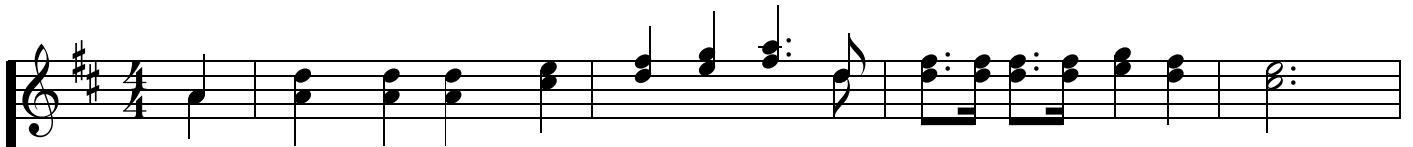


EIN' FESTE BURG.  
8. 7. 8. 7. 6. 6. 6. 7.

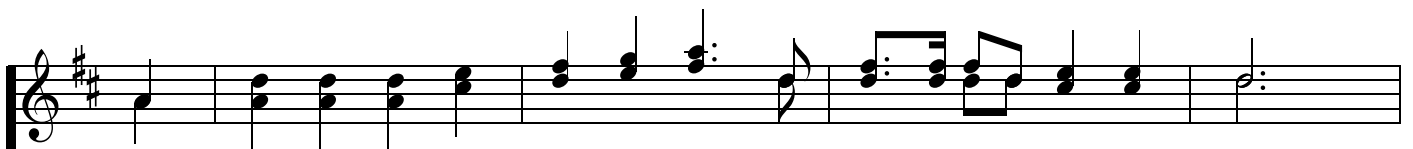
# A Shelter in the Time of Storm

Vernon J. Charlesworth; adapt. by Ira D. Sankey, 1885

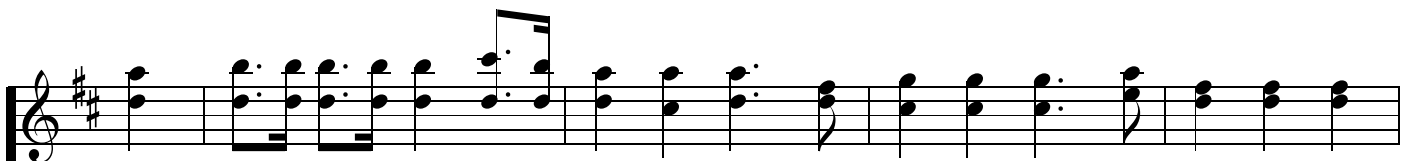
Ira D. Sankey, 1885



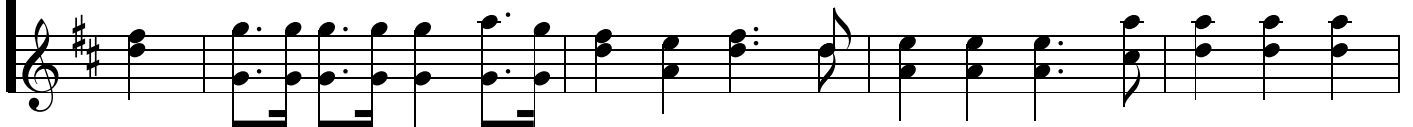
1. The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide, A shel-ter in the time of storm;  
2. A shade by day, de-fense by night, A shel-ter in the time of storm;  
3. The rag-ing storms may round us beat, A shel-ter in the time of storm;  
4. O Rock di-vine, O ref-uge dear, A shel-ter in the time of storm;



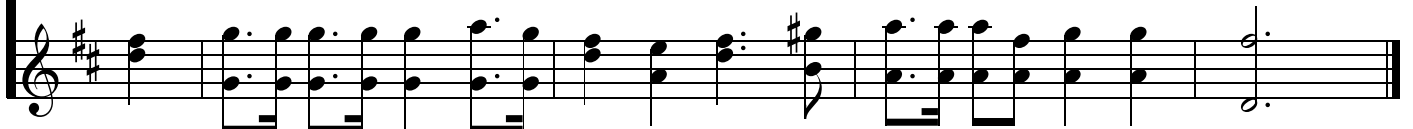
Se-cure what-ev-er ill be-tide, A shel-ter in the time of storm.  
No fears a-larm, no foes af-fright, A shel-ter in the time of storm.  
We'll nev-er leave our safe re-treat, A shel-ter in the time of storm.  
Be Thou our help-er ev-er near, A shel-ter in the time of storm.



O, Je-sus is a Rock in a wea-ry land, A wea-ry land, a wea-ry land;



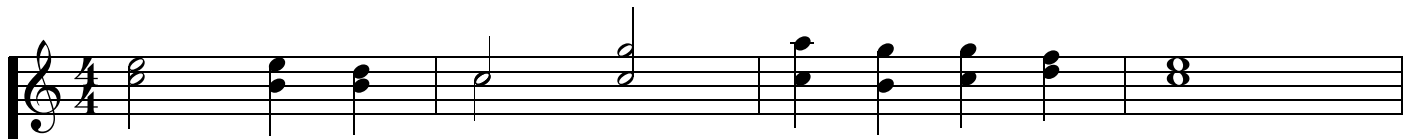
O, Je-sus is a Rock in a wea-ry land, A shel-ter in the time of storm.



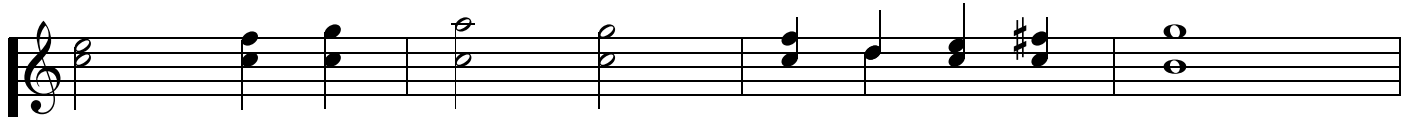
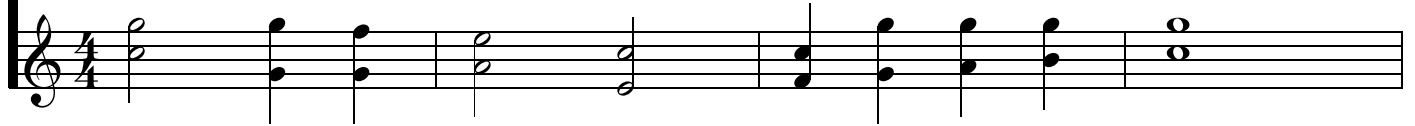
# Abide with Me

Henry F. Lyte, 1847

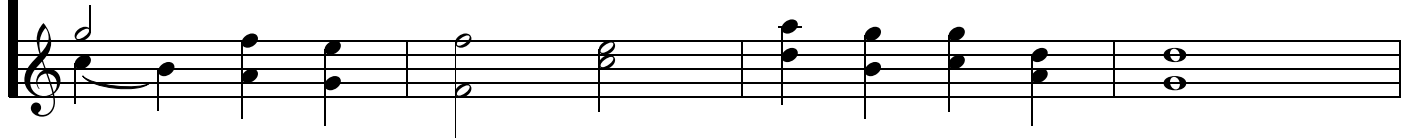
William H. Monk, 1861



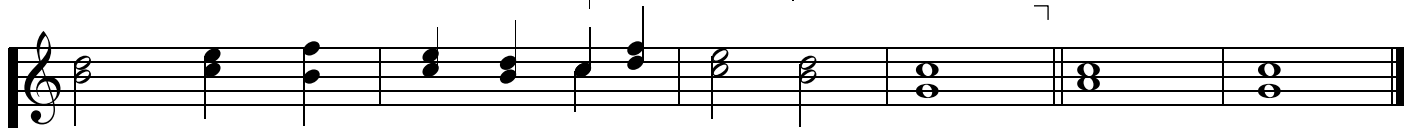
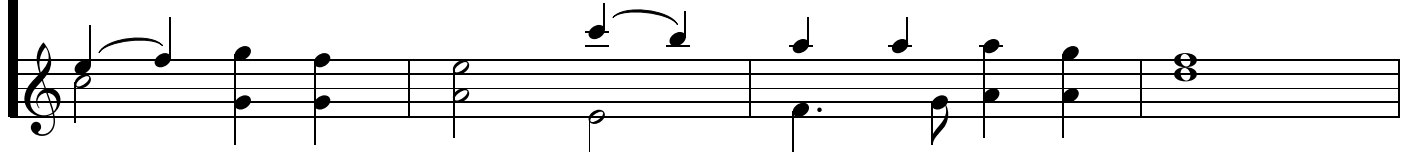
1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide.  
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day.  
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour.  
4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;  
5. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes;



The dark - ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide!  
Earth's joys grow dim; its glo - ries pass a - way.  
What but Thy grace can foil the tempt - er's pow'r?  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness.  
Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies.



When oth - er help - ers fail and com - forts flee,  
Change and de - cay in all a - round I see;  
Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can be?  
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy vic - to - ry?  
Heav'n's morn - ing breaks, and earth's vain shad - ows flee!



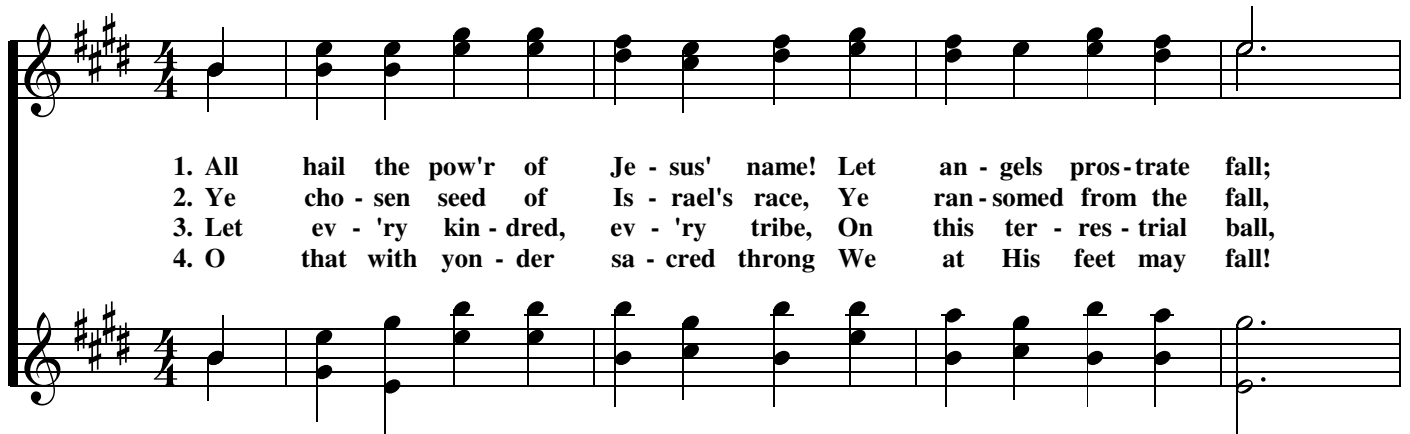
Help of the help - less, oh, a - bide with me!  
O Thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me!  
Thro' clouds and sun - shine, oh, a - bide with me!  
I tri - umph still if Thou a - bide with me!  
In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me! A - men.



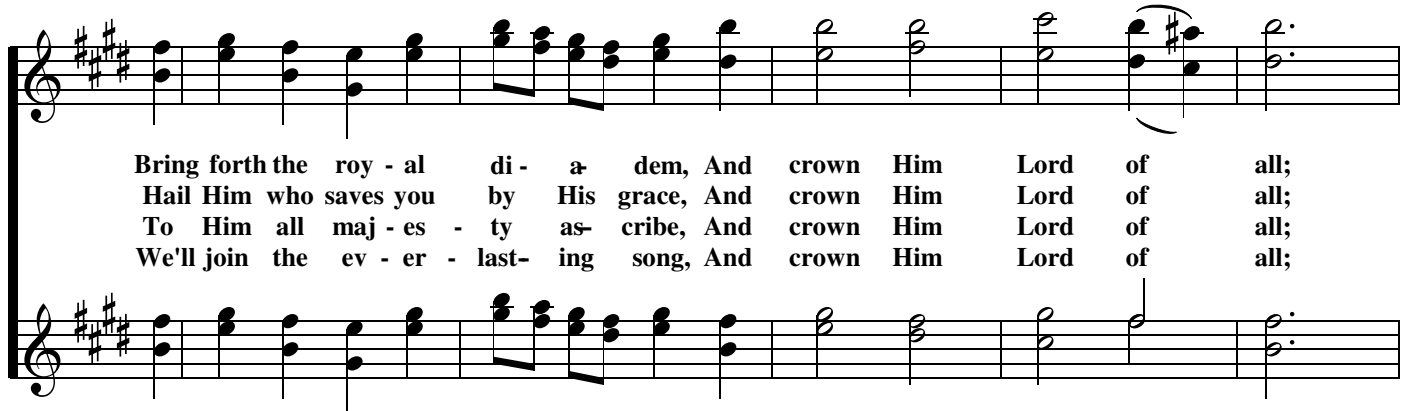
# All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name

Edward Perronet, 1779  
Adapted by John Rippon, 1787

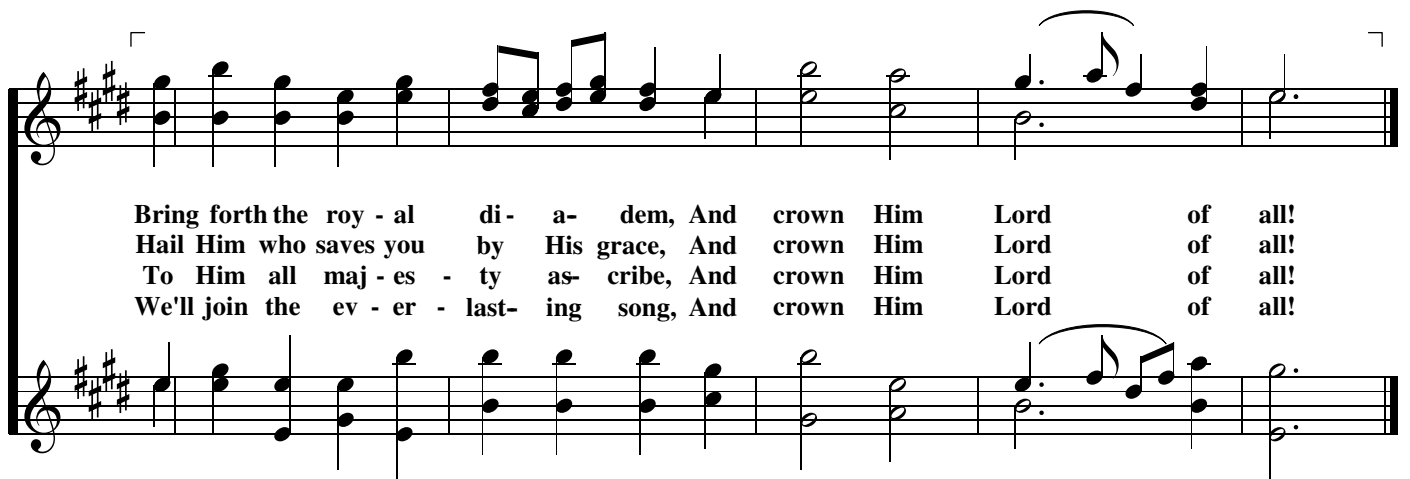
Oliver Holden, 1792



1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;  
2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran - somed from the fall,  
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,  
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall!



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;  
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;  
To Him all maj - es - ty as - crite, And crown Him Lord of all;  
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!  
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all!  
To Him all maj - es - ty as - crite, And crown Him Lord of all!  
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all!

# Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

Issac Watts, c.1724

Thomas A. Arne, 1762

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross?  
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies  
3. Are there no foes for me to face?  
4. Sure I must fight if I would reign -

A fol - l'wer of the Lamb?  
On flow - 'ry beds of ease,  
Must I not stem the flood?  
In - crease my cour - age, Lord!

And shall I fear to own His cause  
While oth - ers fought to win the prize  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain,

Or blush to speak His name?  
And sailed thru blood - y seas?  
To help me on to God?  
Sup - port - ed by Thy Word. A - men.

# Amazing Grace

John Newton, 1779

Traditional American, 1831;  
Arr. Edwin O. Excell, 1900

1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound, - That saved a  
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my  
3. Thru man - y dan - gers, toils and snares, I have al -  
4. When we've been there ten thou - sand years, Bright shin - ing

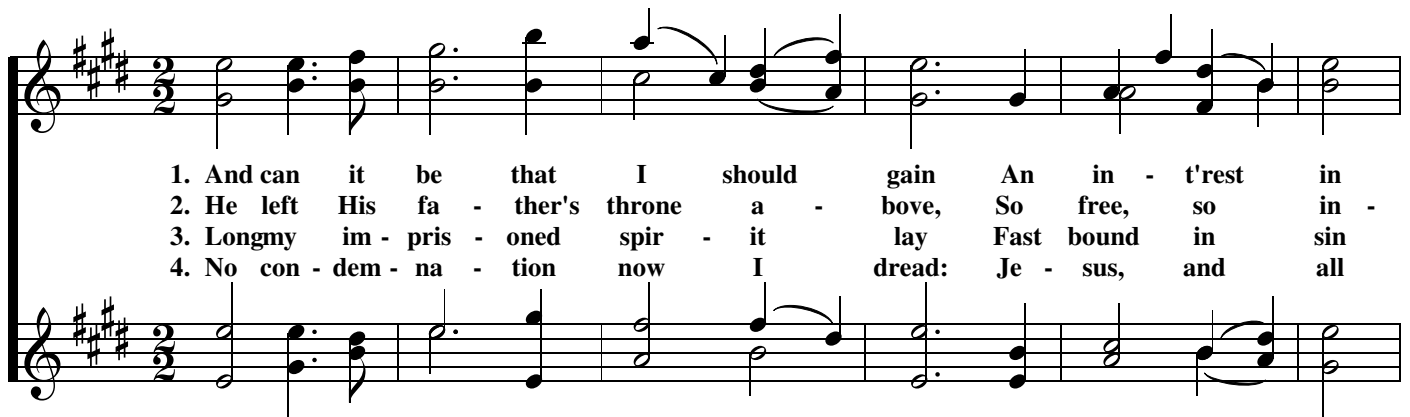
wretch like me! I once was lost but now am  
fears re - lieved; How pre - cious did that grace ap -  
read - y come; 'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus  
as the sun, We've no less days to sing God's

found, Was blind but now I see.  
pear The hour I first be - lieved!  
far, And grace will lead me home.  
praise Than when we'd first be - gun.

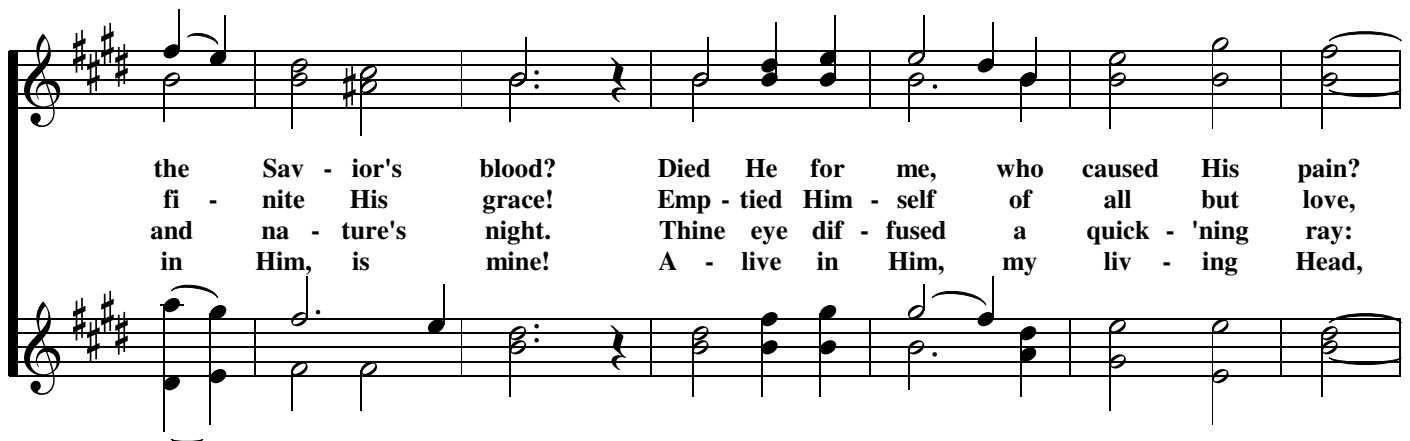
# And Can It Be?

Charles Wesley, 1738

Thomas Campbell, 1825



1. And can it be that I should gain An in - t'rest in  
2. He left His fa - ther's throne a - bove, So free, so in -  
3. Long my im - pris - oned spir - it lay Fast bound in sin  
4. No con - dem - na - tion now I dread: Je - sus, and all



the Sav - ior's blood? Died He for me, who caused His pain?  
fi - nite His grace! Emp - tied Him - self of all but love,  
and na - ture's night. Thine eye dif - fused a quick - 'ning ray:  
in Him, is mine! A - live in Him, my liv - ing Head,



For me, who Him to death pur - sued? A - maz - ing love!  
And bled for Ad - am's help - less race! 'Tis mer - cy all,  
I woke the dun - geon flamed with light! My chains fell off,  
And clothed in right - eous - ness di - vine, Bold I ap - proach



how can it be That Thou, my  
 im - mense heart and was free, For, O, my  
 my - ter - nal throne, I And, rose, went  
 th'e - ter - nal throne, And, claim the

God shouldst die for me?  
 God, it found out me.  
 forth, and fol - owed Thee. A - maz - ing love! how  
 crown, thru Christ my own.

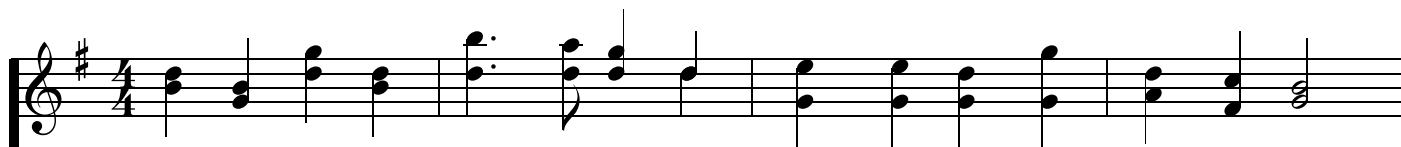
A - maz - ing

can it be That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me!  
 love! how can it be

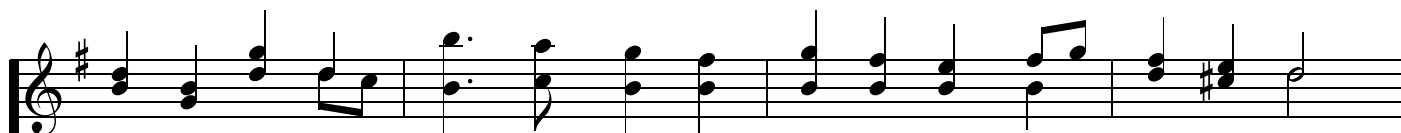
# Angels, from the Realms of Glory

James Montgomery, 1816

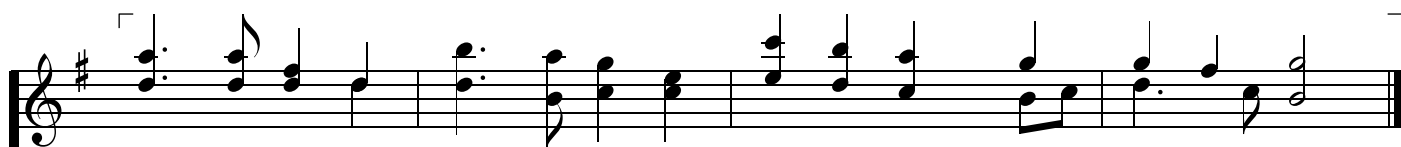
Henry T. Smart, 1867



1. An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth;  
2. Shep - herds, in the fields a - bid - ing, Watch - ing o'er your flocks by night,  
3. Sag - es, leave your con - tem - pla - tions, Bright - er vi - sions beam a - far;  
4. Saints be - fore the al - ter bend - ing, Watch - ing long in hope and fear,



Ye who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro - claim Mes - si - ah's birth:  
God with man is now re - sid - ing, Yon - der shines the in - fant Light:  
Seek the great De - sire of na - tions, Ye have seen His na - tal star:  
Sud - den - ly the Lord, de - scend - ing, In His tem - ple shall ap - pear:



Come and wor - ship, come and wor - ship, Wor - ship Christ, the new - born King.



REGENT SQUARE

8.7.8.7.8.7.

# Angels We Have Heard on High

Traditional French carol


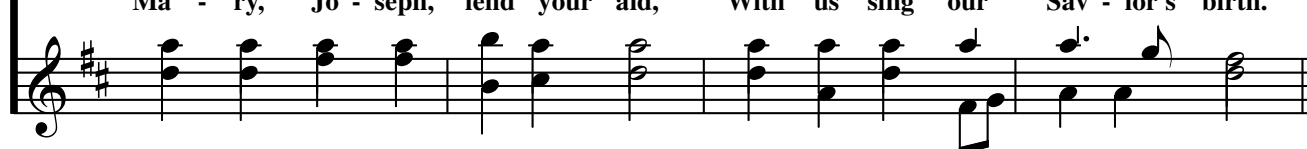
Traditional French melody




1. An - gels we have heard on high, Sweet - ly sing - ing o'er the plains,  
2. Shep herds, why this ju - bi - lee? Why your joy - ous strains pro - long?  
3. Come to Beth - le - hem, and see Him whose birth the an - gels sing;  
4. See with - in a man - ger laid Je - sus, Lord of heav'n and earth!



And the moun - tains in re - ply Ech - o back their joy - ous strains.  
Say what may the ti - dings be, Which in - spire your heav'n - ly song?  
Come, a - dore on bend - ed knee Christ the Lord, the new - born King.  
Ma - ry, Jo - seph, lend your aid, With us sing our Sav - ior's birth.



Glo - ri - a in ex - cel - sis De - o,



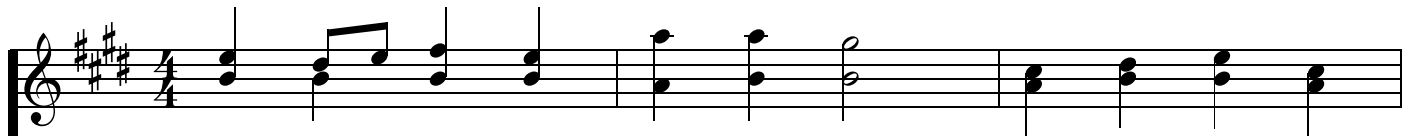
Glo - ri - a in ex - cel - sis De - o.



# As with Gladness Men of Old

William C. Dix, 1858

Conrad Kocher, 1838



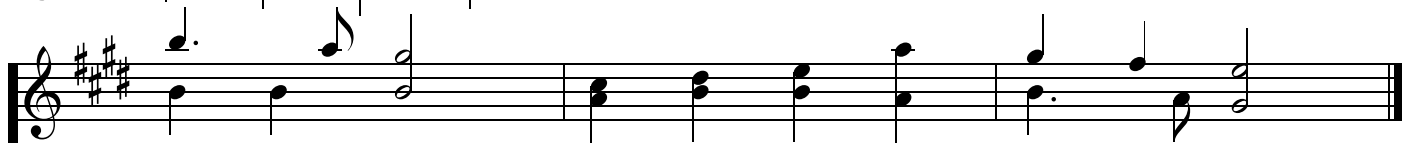
1. As with glad - ness men of old Did the guid - ing  
2. As with joy - ous steps they sped To that low - ly  
3. As they of - fered gifts most rare At that man - ger  
4. Ho - ly Je - sus ev - ery day Keep us in the



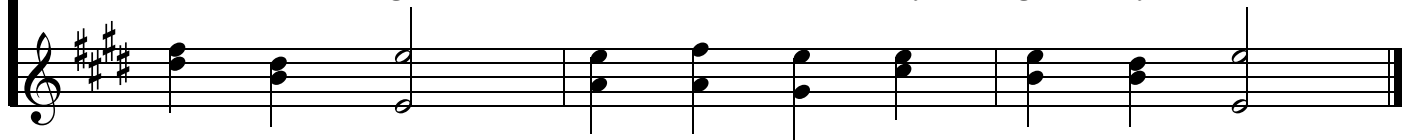
star be - hold; As with joy they hailed its light,  
man - ger bed, There to bend the knee be - fore  
rude and bare, So may we with ho - ly joy,  
nar - row way; And when earth - ly things are past,



Lead - ing on - ward, beam - ing bright; So, most gra - cious  
Him whom heaven and earth a - dore; So may we with  
Pure and free from sin's al - loy, All our cost - liest  
Bring our ran - somed souls at last Where they need no



Lord, may we Ev - er - more be led to Thee.  
will - ing feet Ev - er seek Thy mer - cy seat.  
treas - ures bring, Christ, to Thee, our heaven - ly King.  
star to guide, Where no clouds Thy glo - ry hide.



# Be Thou My Vision

Ancient Irish,  
Tr. by Mary E. Byrne, 1927,  
Versified by Eleanor H. Hull, 1927

Traditional Irish Melody,  
Harmonized by David Evans, 1927

*Unison*

1. Be Thou my Vi - sion, O Lord of my heart;  
2. Be Thou my Wis - dom, and Thou my true Word;  
3. Rich - es I heed not, nor man's emp - ty praise,  
4. High of heav - en, my vic - to - ry won,  
Naught be all else to me, save that Thou art  
I ev - er with Thee and Thou with me, Lord;  
Thou mine in - her - i - tance, now and al - ways;  
May I reach heav - ens joys, O bright heav'ns Sun!  
Thou my best thought, by day or by night,  
Thou my great Fa - ther, I Thy true son;  
Thou and Thou on - ly, first in my heart,  
Heart of my own heart, what - ev - er be - fall,  
Wak - ing or sleep - ing Thy pres - ence my light.  
Thou in me dwell - ing, and I with Thee one.  
High King of heav - en, my Treas - ure Thou art.  
Still be my Vi - sion, O Rul - er of all. A - men.

# Beautiful Savior

Author unknown, 1677  
Tr., Joseph A. Seiss, 1873

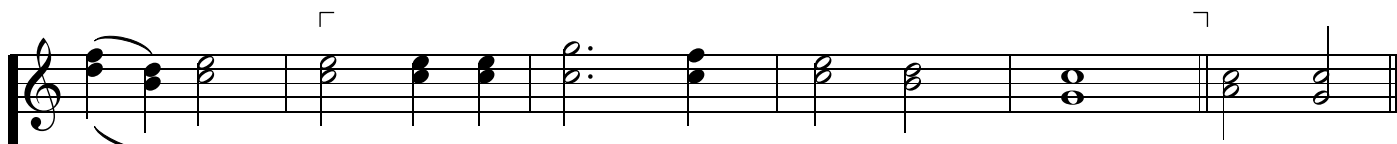
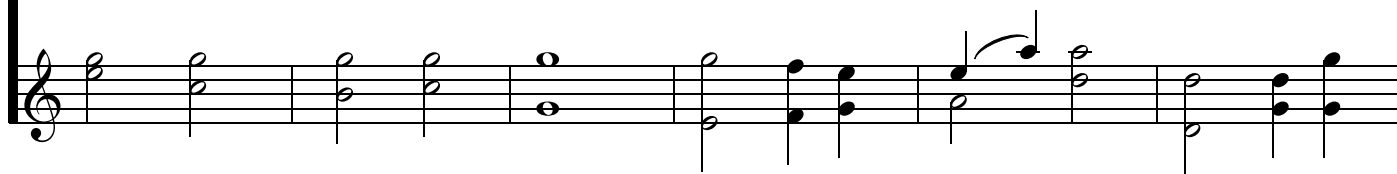
"Schlesische Volkslieder," Leipzig, 1842



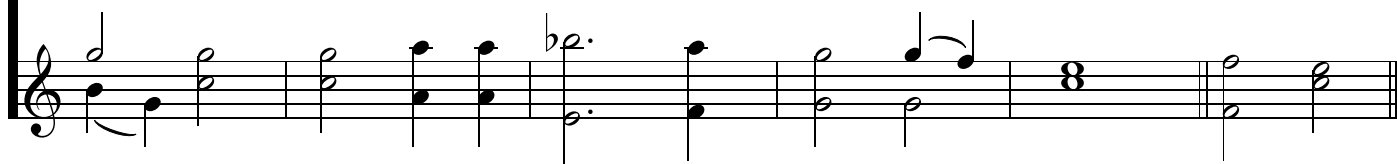
1. Beau - ti - ful Sav - ior, King of Cre - a - tion, Son of  
2. Fair are the mead - ows, Fair are the wood - lands, Robed in  
3. Fair is the sun - shine, Fair is the moon - light, Bright the  
4. Beau - ti - ful Sav - ior, Lord of the na - tions, Son of



God and Son of Man! Tru - ly I'd love Thee, Tru - ly I'd  
flow'rs of bloom - ing spring; Je - sus is fair - er, Je - sus is  
spar - kling stars on high; Je - sus shines bright - er, Je - sus shines  
God and Son of Man! Glo - ry and hon - or, Praise, ad - o -



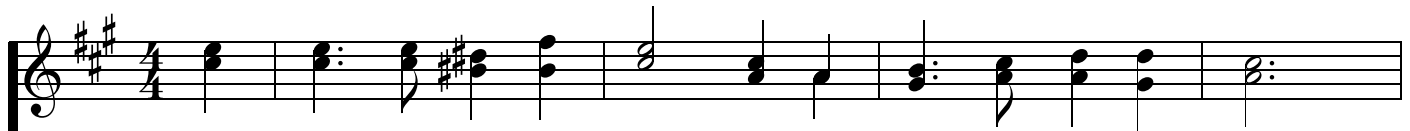
serve Thee, Light of my soul, my Joy, my Crown.  
pur - er; He makes our sor - r'wing spir - it sing.  
pur - er, Than all the an - gels in the sky.  
ra - tion, Now and for - ev - er - more be Thine! A - men.



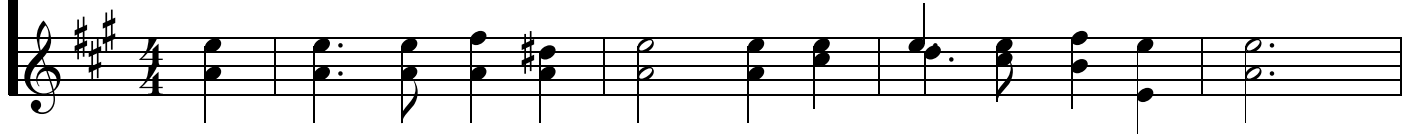
# Beneath the Cross of Jesus

Elizabeth C. Clephane, 1872

Frederick C. Maker, 1881



1. Be - neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand,  
2. Up - on that cross of Je - sus Mine eye at times can see  
3. I take, O Cross, thy shad - ow For my a - bid - ing place;



The shad - ow of a might - y rock With - in a wear - y land;  
The ver - y dy - ing form of One Who suf - fered there for me;  
I ask no oth - er sun - shine than The sun - shine of His face;



A home with - in the wil - der - ness, A rest up - on the way,  
And from my smit - ten heart with tears Two won - ders I con - fess,  
Con - tent to let the world go by, To know no gain or loss,



From the burn - ing of the noon - tide heat And the bur - den of the day.  
The won - ders of His glo - rious love And my un - wor - thi - ness.  
My sin - ful self my on - ly shame, My glo - ry all the cross.



ST. CHRISTOPHER  
7.6.8.6.8.6.8.6.

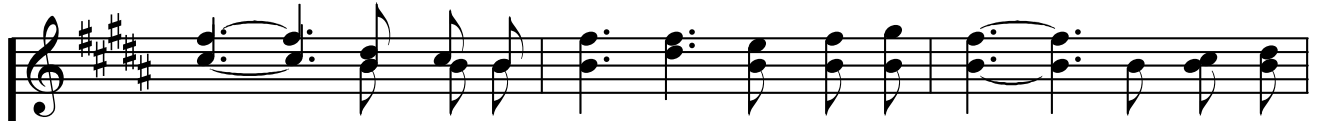
# Blessed Assurance

Fanny J. Crosby, 1873

Phoebe P. Knapp, 1873



1. Bless-ed as - sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! O what a fore-taste of glo-ry di-  
2. Per - fect sub - mis-sion, per-fect de - light, Vi-sions of rap-ture now burst on my  
3. Per - fect sub - mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - ior am hap-py and



vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, pur - chase of God, Born of His  
sight; An - gels de - scend - ing, bring from a - bove Ech - oes of  
blest; Watch - ing and wait - ing look - ing a - bove, Filled with His



Spir - it, washed in His blood. This is my sto - ry, this is my  
mer - cy, whis - pers of love.  
good - ness, lost in His love.



song, Prais - ing my Sav - ior all the day long; This is my



sto - ry this is my song, Prais - ing my Sav - ior all the day long.

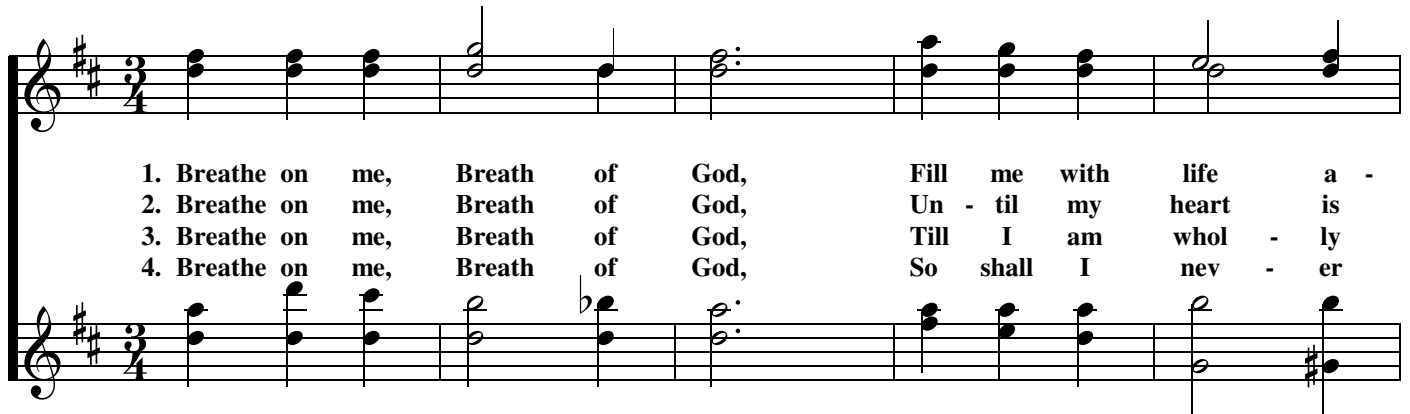




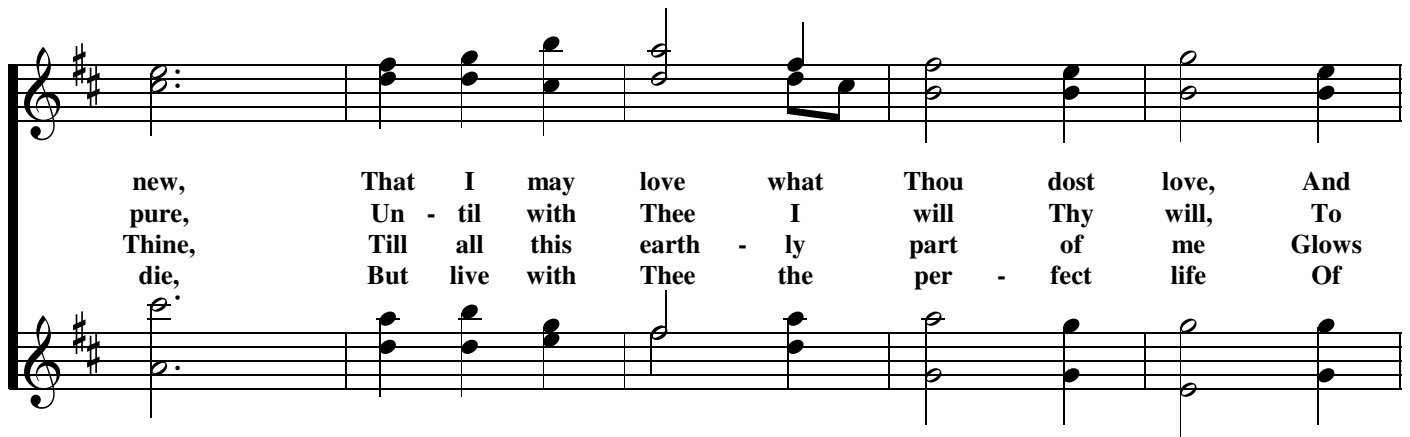
# Breathe on Me, Breath of God

Edwin Hatch, 1878

Robert Jackson, 1888



1. Breathe on me, Breath of God, Fill me with life a -  
2. Breathe on me, Breath of God, Un - til my heart is  
3. Breathe on me, Breath of God, Till I am whol - ly  
4. Breathe on me, Breath of God, So shall I nev - er



new, That I may love what Thou dost love, And  
pure, Un - til with Thee I will Thy will, To  
Thine, Till all this earth - ly part of me Glows  
die, But live with Thee the per - fect life Of

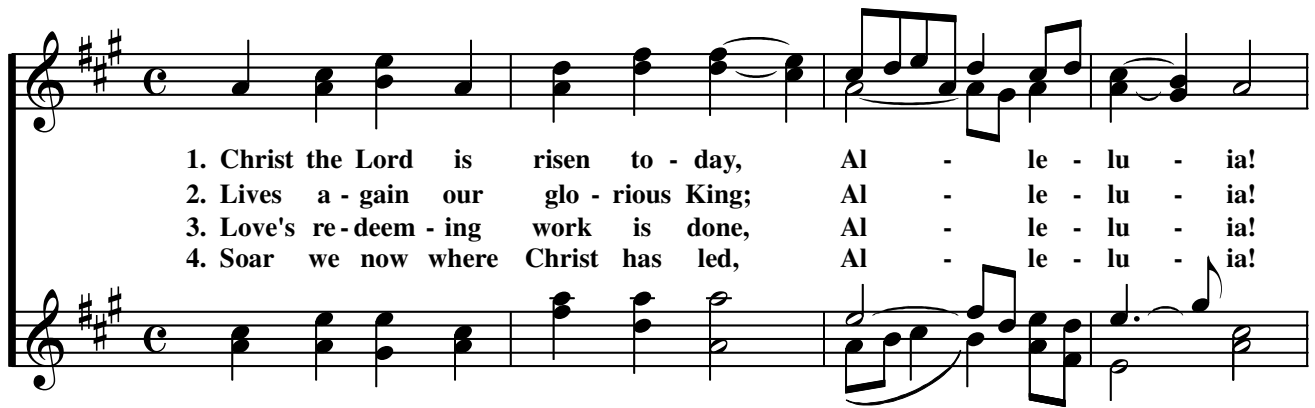


do what Thou wouldst do.  
do and to en - dure.  
with Thy fire di - vine.  
Thine e - ter - ni - ty. A - MEN.

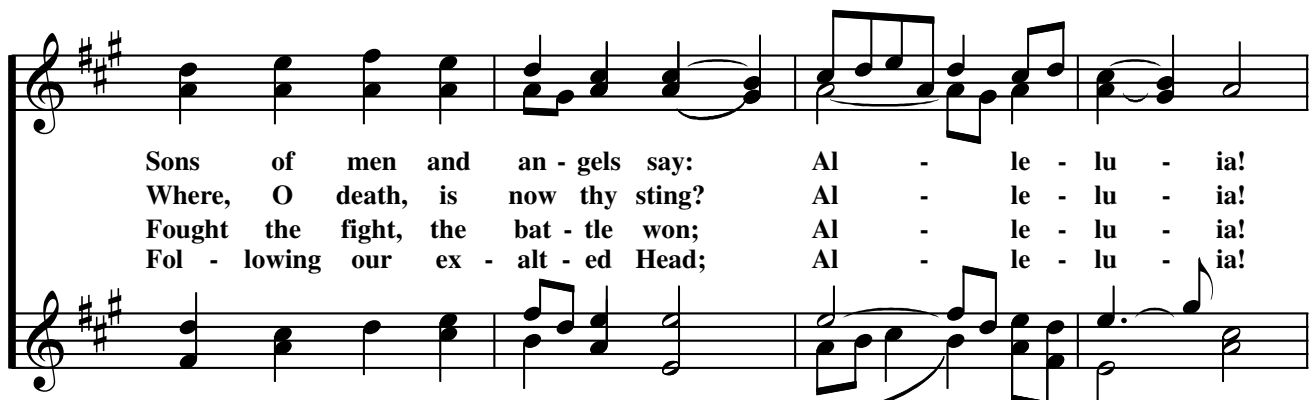
# Christ the Lord Is Risen Today

Charles Wesley, 1739

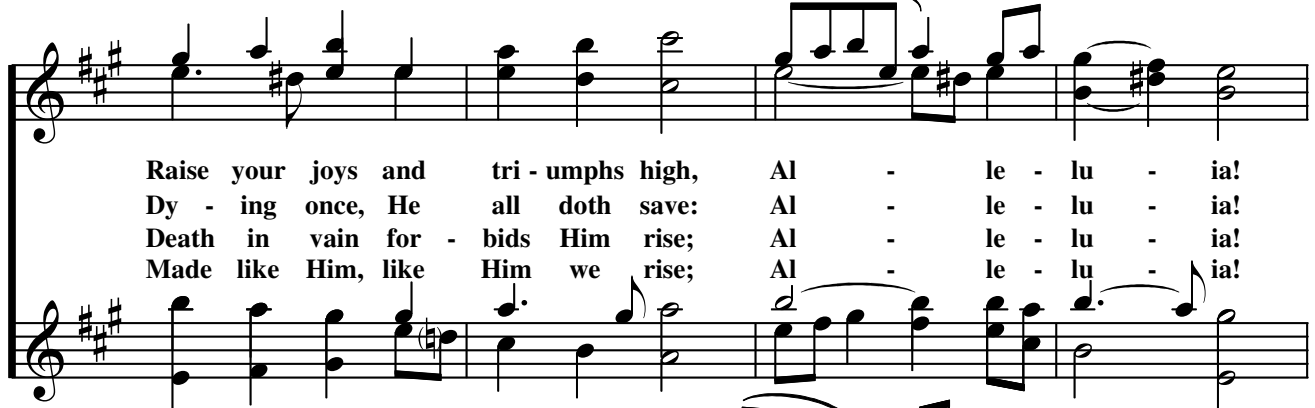
Arr. from Lyra Davidica,  
London, 1708



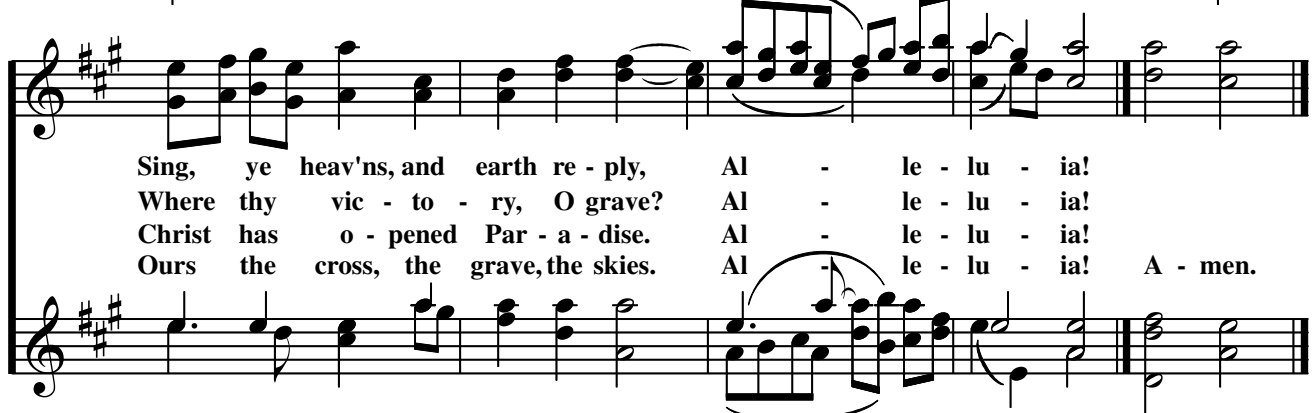
1. Christ the Lord is risen to - day, Al - le - lu - ia!  
2. Lives a - gain our glo - rious King; Al - le - lu - ia!  
3. Love's re - deem - ing work is done, Al - le - lu - ia!  
4. Soar we now where Christ has led, Al - le - lu - ia!



Sons of men and an - gels say: Al - le - lu - ia!  
Where, O death, is now thy sting? Al - le - lu - ia!  
Fought the fight, the bat - tle won; Al - le - lu - ia!  
Fol - lowing our ex - alt - ed Head; Al - le - lu - ia!



Raise your joys and tri - umphs high, Al - le - lu - ia!  
Dy - ing once, He all doth save: Al - le - lu - ia!  
Death in vain for - bids Him rise; Al - le - lu - ia!  
Made like Him, like Him we rise; Al - le - lu - ia!



Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth re - ply, Al - le - lu - ia!  
Where thy vic - to - ry, O grave? Al - le - lu - ia!  
Christ has o - pened Par - a - dise. Al - le - lu - ia!  
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies. Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

EASTER HYMN  
7.7.7.7. Alleluias

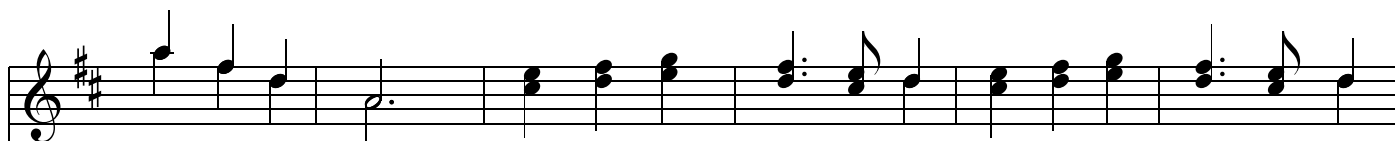
# Come, Thou Almighty King

Anonymous, c. 1757

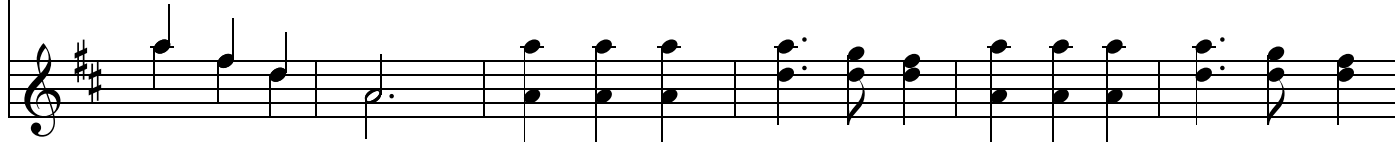
Felice de Giardini, 1769



1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,  
2. Come, Thou In - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword,  
3. Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred - wit - ness bear,  
4. To Thee, great One in Three, E - ter - nal prais - es be,



Help us to praise: Fa - ther! all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous,  
Scat - ter Thy foes. Let Thine al - might - y aid Our sure de - fense be made,  
In this glad hour! Thou, who al - might - y art, Rule now in ev - 'ry heart,  
Hence ev - er - more; Thy sov - 'reign maj - es - ty May we in glo - ry see,



Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days.  
Our souls on Thee be stayed; Thy won - ders show.  
And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r.  
And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore. A - MEN.



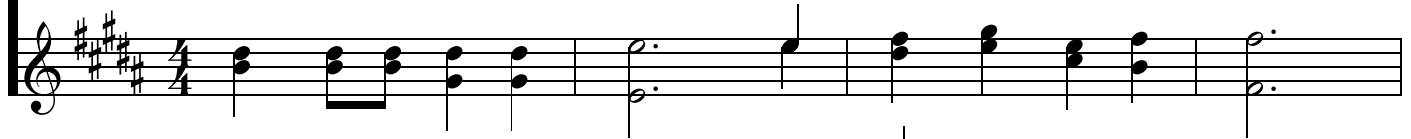
# Crown Him with Many Crowns

Matthew Bridges, 1851, and  
Godfrey Thring, 1874

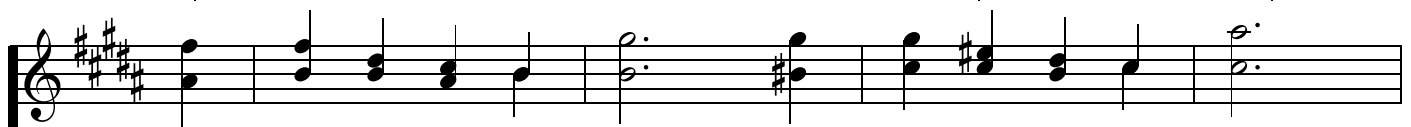
George J. Elvey, 1868



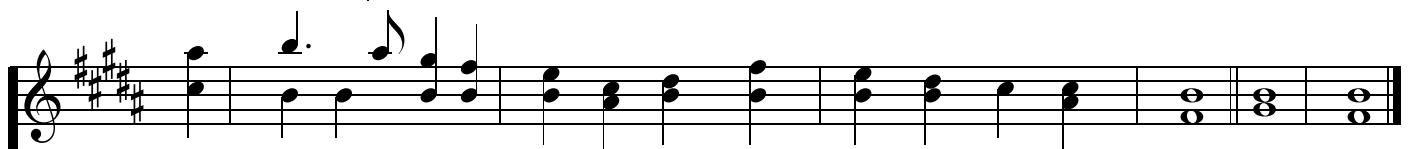
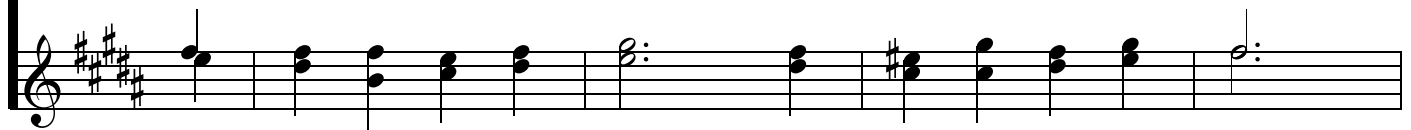
1. Crown Him with man - y crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;  
2. Crown Him the Lord of life, Who tri - umphed o'er the grave,  
3. Crown Him the Lord of peace, Whose power a scep - ter sways  
4. Crown Him the Lord of love; Be - hold His hands and side,



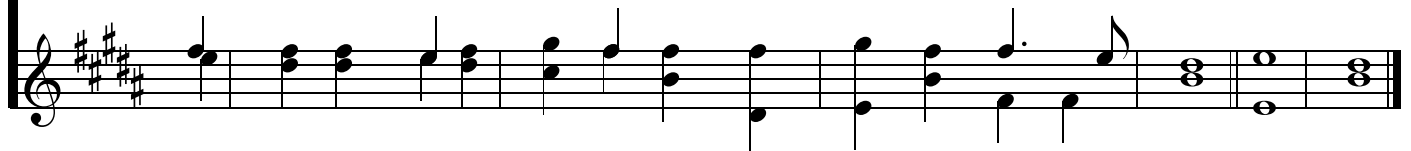
Hark! how the heaven - ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own:  
And rose vic - to - rious in the strife For those He came to save;  
From pole to pole, that wars may cease, And all be prayer and praise:  
Those wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove, In beau - ty glo - ri - fied:



A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee,  
His glo - ries now we sing Who died, and rose on high,  
His reign shall know no end, And round His pierc - ed feet  
All hail, Re - deem - er, hail! For Thou hast died for me:



And hail Him as thy match-less King Through all e - ter - ni - ty.  
Who died e - ter - nal life to bring, And lives that death may die.  
Fair flowers of par-a-dise ex - tend Their fra-grance ev - er sweet.  
Thy praise and glo-ry shall not fail Through - out e - ter - ni - ty. A - MEN.



Thomas Ken, 1674

# Doxology

From the Genevan Psalter, 1551

Praise God from whom all bless-ings flow; Praise Him, all crea - tures here be - low;

Praise Him a - bove, ye heav' - nly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost. A - MEN.

# Faith Is the Victory

John H. Yates, 1891

Ira D. Sankey, 1891



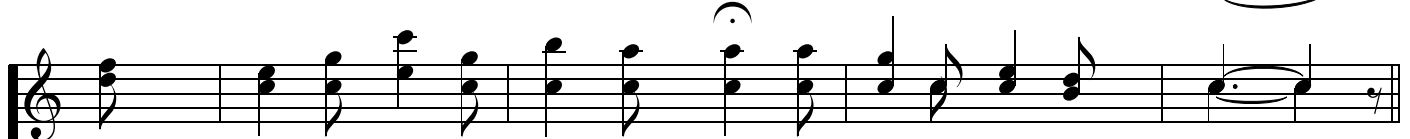
1. En - camped a - long the hills of light, Ye Chris - tian sol - diers, rise,  
2. His ban - ner o - ver us is love, Our sword the Word of God;  
3. On ev - ery hand the foe we find Drawn up in dread ar - ray;  
4. To him that o - ver - comes the foe, White rai - ment shall be giv'n;



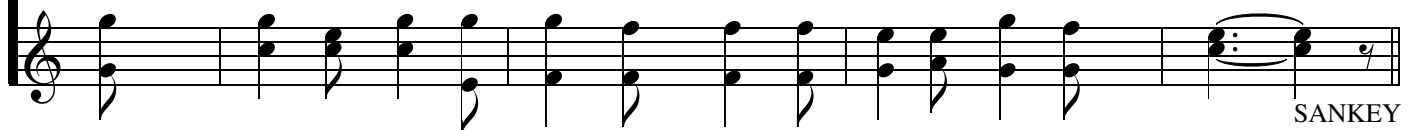
And press the bat - tle e're the night Shall veil the glow - ing skies.  
We tread the road the saints a - bove With shouts of tri - umph trod.  
Let tents of ease be left be - hind, And on - ward to the fray;  
Be - fore the an - gels he shall know His name con - fessed in heav'n.



A - gainst the foe in vales be - low Let all our strength be hurled;  
By faith they, like a whirl-wind's breath, Swept on o'er ev - 'ry field;  
Sal - va - tion's hel - met on each head, With truth all girt a - bout,  
Then on - ward from the hills of light, Our hearts with love a - flame,



Faith is the vic - to - ry, we know, That o - ver - comes the world.  
The faith by which they con - quered death Is still our shin - ing shield.  
The earth shall trem - ble 'neath our tread, And ech - o with our shout.  
We'll van - quish all the hosts of night, In Je - sus' con - quering name.



Refrain

Faith is the vic - to - ry! Faith is the vic - to - ry!

O, glo - ri - ous vic - to - ry, That o - ver-comes the world.

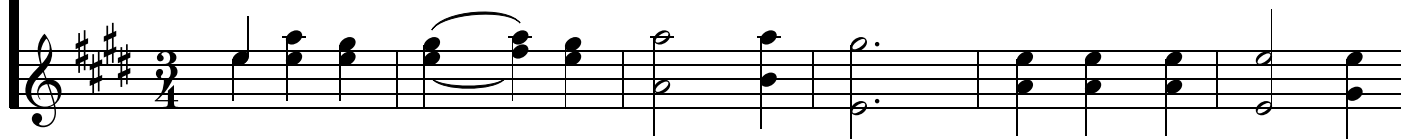
# Faith of Our Fathers

Frederick W. Faber, 1849

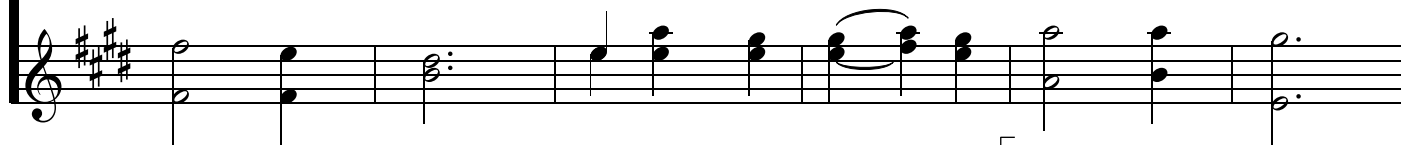
Henry F. Hemy, 1864; arr. James G. Walton, 1874



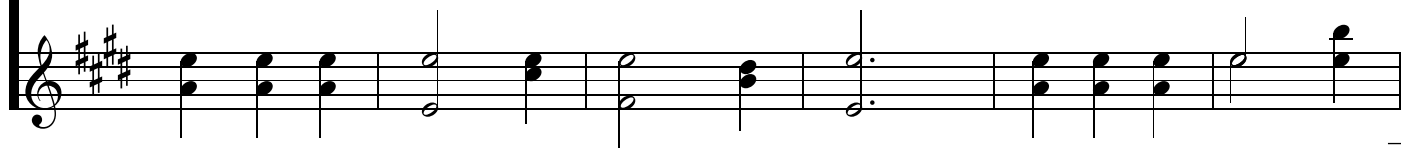
1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun - geon,  
2. Our fa - thers, chained in pris - ons dark, Were still in heart and  
3. Faith of our fa - thers! we will love Both friend and foe in



fire and sword: O how our hearts beat high with joy  
con - science free: How sure will be their chil - dren's peace  
all our strife: And preach thee too as love knows how,



When - e'er we hear that glo - rious word! Faith of our fa - thers,  
If they like them con - tend - for thee! Faith of our fa - thers,  
By kind - ly words and vir - tuous life: Faith of our fa - thers,



ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!  
ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!  
ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!



ST. CATHERINE  
8.8.8.8.8.8.



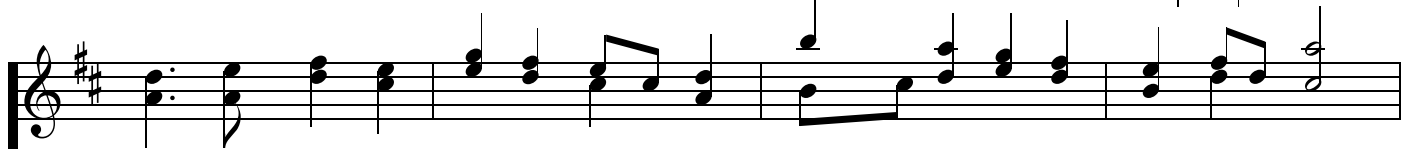
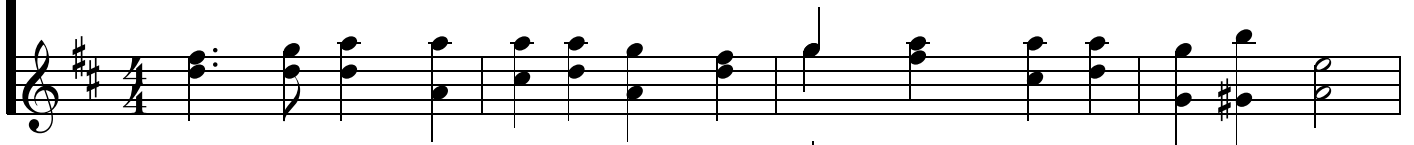
# Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken

John Newton, 1779

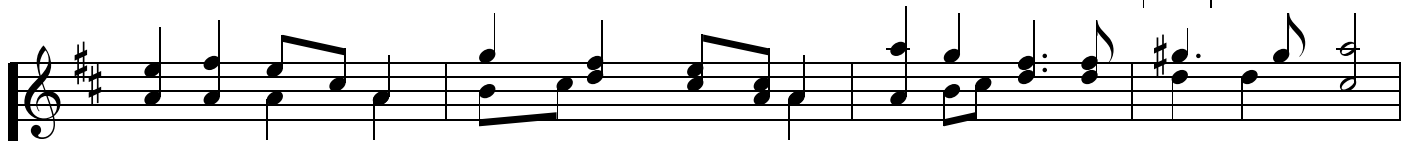
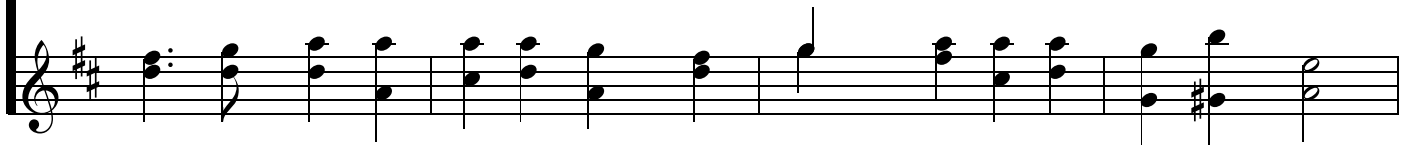
Francis J. Haydn, 1797



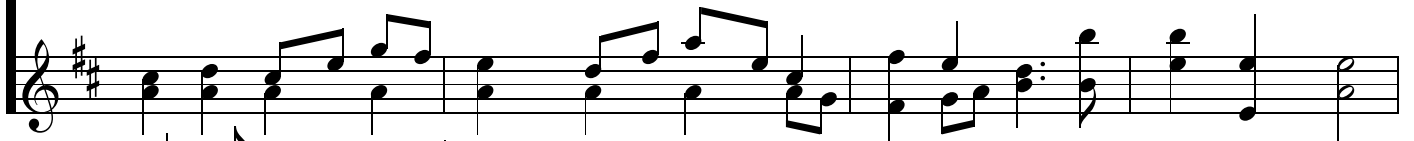
1. Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on cit - y of our God;  
2. See, the streams of liv - ing wa - ters, Spring - ing from e - ter - nal Love,  
3. Round each hab - i - ta - tion hov - ering, See the cloud and fire ap - pear  
4. Sav - ior, if of Zi - on's cit - y I, through grace, a mem - ber am,



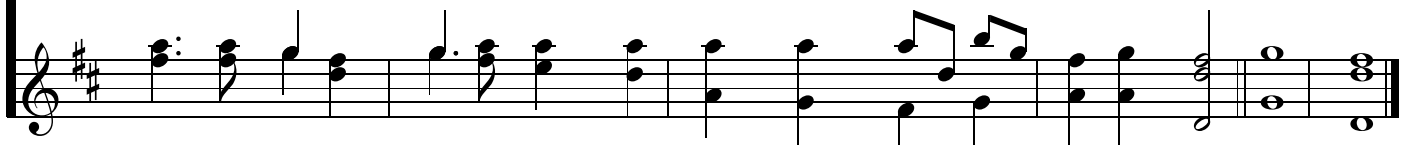
He, whose word can - not be bro - ken, Formed thee for His own a - bode:  
Well sup - ply thy sons and daugh - ters, And all fear of want re - move:  
For a glo - ry and a cov - ering, Show - ing that the Lord is near!  
Let the world de - ride or pit - y, I will glo - ry in Thy Name.



On the Rock of A - ges found - ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?  
Who can faint, while such a riv - er Ev - er flows their thirst t'as - suage?  
Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;  
Fad - ing is the world - ling's pleas - ure, All His boast - ed pomp and show;



With sal - va - tion's walls sur - round - ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.  
Grace which, like the Lord, the Giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age.  
He, whose word can - not be bro - ken, Formed thee for His own a - bode.  
Sol - id joys and last - ing treas - ure None but Zi - on's children know. A - MEN.



# God Be with You Till We Meet Again

Jeremiah E. Rankin, 1880

William G. Tomer, 1880

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain;      By His coun-sels guide, -up - hold you,  
 2. God be with you till we meet a-gain,      'Neath His wings pro - tect - ing hide you,  
 3. God be with you till we meet a-gain;      When life's per - ils thick con - found you,  
 4. God be with you till we meet a-gain;      Keep love's ban - ner float - ing o'er you,

*Refrain*

With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you;      God be with you till we meet a-gain.  
 Dai - ly man - na still pro - vide you;      God be with you till we meet a-gain. Till we  
 Put His arms un - fail - ing round you;      God be with you till we meet a-gain.  
 Smit death's threat'ning wave be - fore you;      God be with you till we meet a-gain.

meet ----- till we meet, ----- Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;      Till we  
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,      till we meet,

meet, ----- till we meet, ----- God be with you till we meet a - gain.  
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

GOD BE WITH YOU  
 Irreg.

# Hallelujah, Praise Jehovah

Psalms 148

William J. Kirkpatrick, 1899



1. Hal - le - lu - jah, praise Je - ho - vah, From the heav - ens praise His  
2. Let them prais - es give Je - ho - vah, They were made at His com -  
3. All fruit - ful trees and ce - dars, All ye hills and moun - tains



Name; Praise Je - ho - vah in the high - est, All His an - gels, praise pro -  
mand; Them for - ev - er He es - tab - lished, His de - cree shall ev - er  
high, Creep - ing things and beasts and cat - tle, Birds that in the heav - ens



claim. All His hosts, to - geth - er praise Him, Sun and moon and stars on  
stand. From the earth, O praise Je - ho - vah, All ye seas, ye mon - sters  
fly, Kings of earth, and all ye peo - ple, Prin - ces great, earth's judg - es

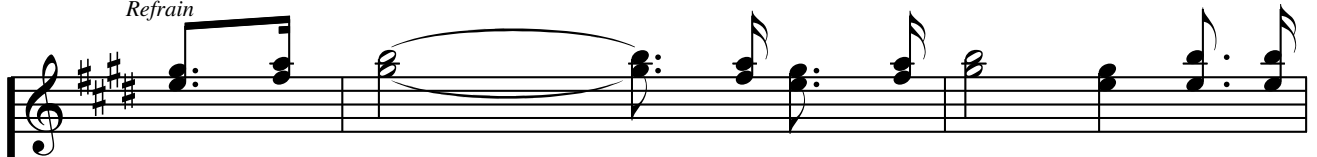


high; Praise Him, O ye heavens of heav - ens, And ye floods a - bove the sky.  
all, Fire and hail and snow and va - pors, Storm - y winds that hear His call.  
all; Praise His Name young men and maid - ens, A - ged men, and chil - dren small.



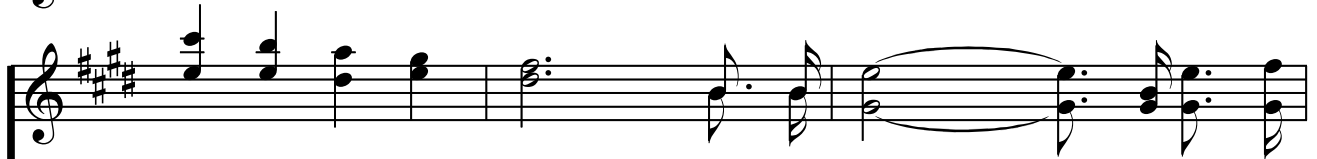
KIRKPATRICK  
8.7.8.7.D. with Refrain

Refrain



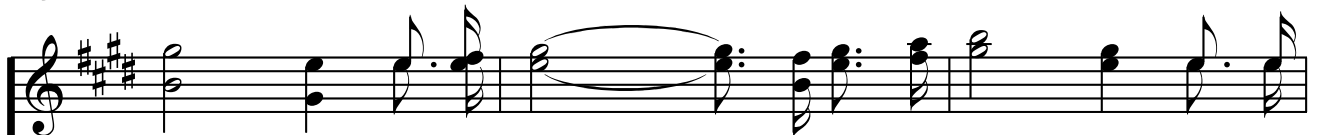
Let them prais - es give Je - ho - vah, For His

Let them prais - es



Name a - lone is high, And His glo - ry is ex -

And His glo - ry



alt - ed And His glo - ry is ex - alt - ed, And His

And His glo - ry



glo - ry is ex - alt - ed, Far a - bove the earth and sky.

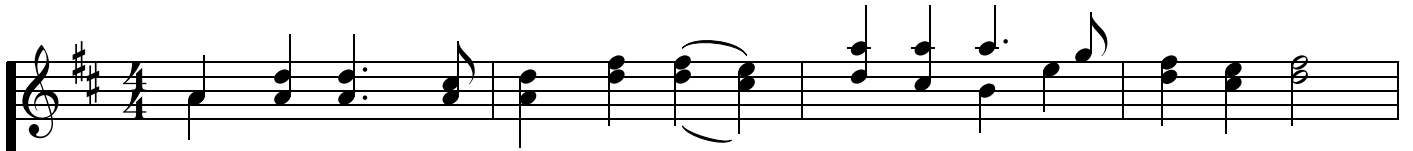
And His glo - ry



# Hark, the Herald Angels Sing

TEXT: Charles Wesley, 1739

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, 1840  
Arr. by William H. Cummings, 1856



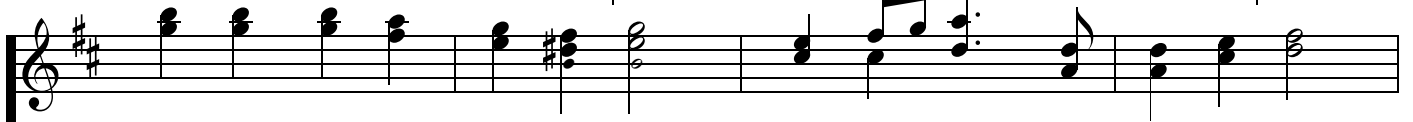
1. Hark, the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King,  
2. Christ, by high - est heav'n a - dored, Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord:  
3. Hail the heav'n - born Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun of right-eous-ness!



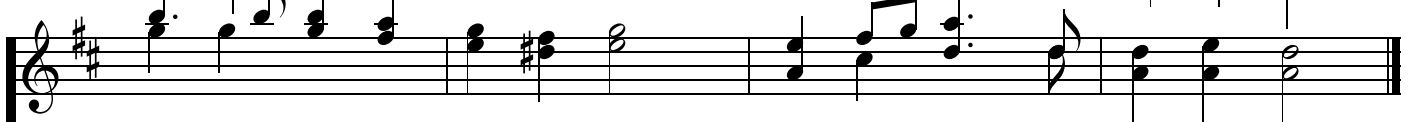
Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild; God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled!"  
Late in time be - hold Him come, Off - spring of the Vir - gin's womb.  
Light and life to all He brings, Ris'n with heal - ing in His wings:



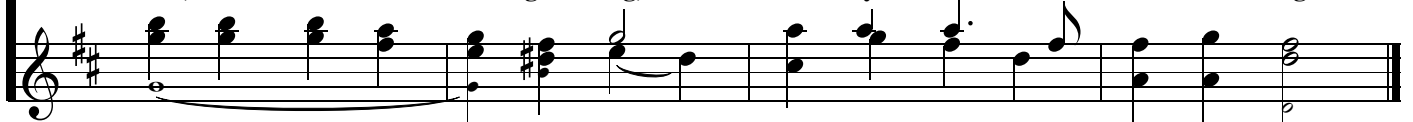
Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Join the tri - umph of the skies;  
Veiled in flesh the God - head see, Hail the in - car - nate De - i - ty!  
Mild He lays His glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die;



With the an - gel - ic hosts pro - claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem."  
Pleased as man with men to dwell, Je - sus, our Em - man - u - el.  
Born to raise the sons of earth; Born to give them sec - ond birth.



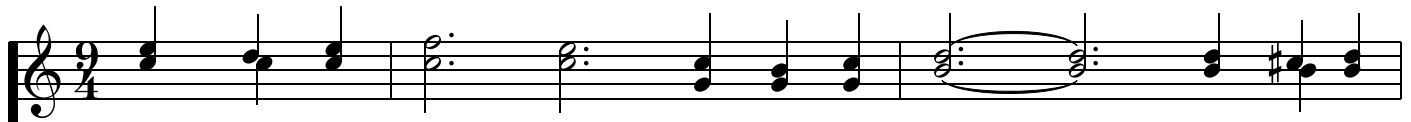
Hark, the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new - born King!"  
Hark, the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new - born King!"  
Hark, the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new - born King!"



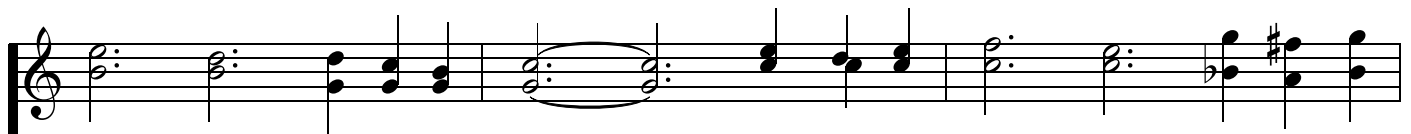
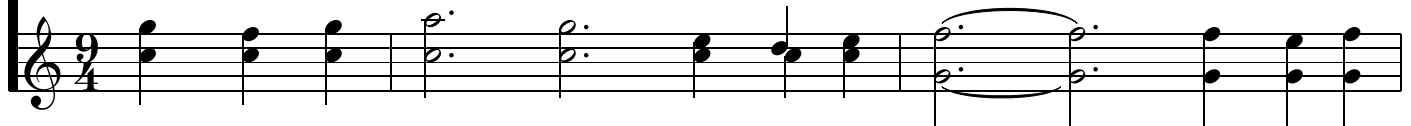
# Have Thine Own Way, Lord!

Adelaide A. Pollard, 1906

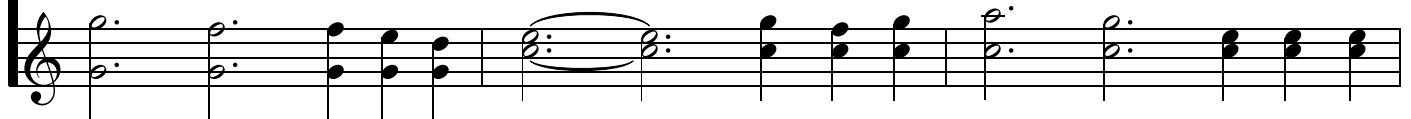
George C. Stebbins, 1907



1. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Thou art the  
2. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Search me and  
3. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Wound - ed and  
4. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Hold o'er my



Pot - ter; I am the clay Mould me and make me Aft - er Thy  
try me, Mas - ter, to - day! O - pen mine eyes, my sin show me  
wea - ry, Help me, I pray! Pow - er all pow - er Sure - ly is  
be - ing Ab - so - lute sway! Fill with Thy Spir - it Till all shall



will, While I am wait - ing, Yield - ed and still.  
now, As in Thy pres - ence Hum - bly I bow.  
Thine! Touch me and heal me, Sav - ior di - vine!  
see Christ on - ly, al - ways, Liv - ing in me!



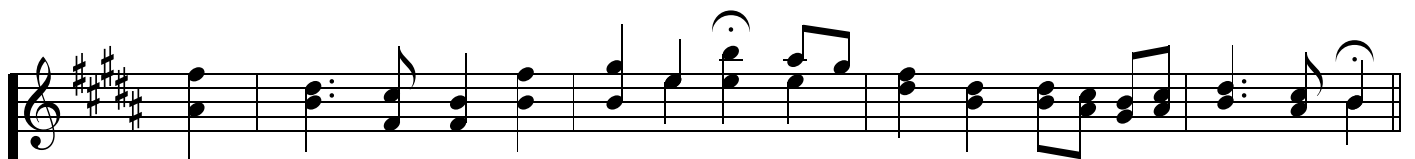
# He Leadeth Me! O Blessed Thought!

Joseph H. Gilmore, 1862

William B. Bradbury, 1864



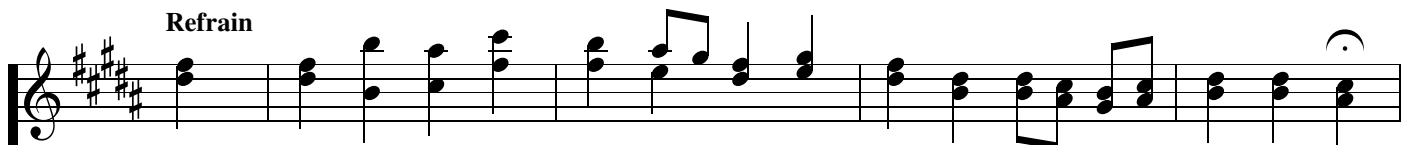
1. He lead - eth me! O bless - ed thought! O words with heav'n - ly com - fort fraught!  
2. Some - times 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Some - times where E - den's bow - ers bloom,  
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine,  
4. And when at last my race is run, The Sav - ior's work on me is done,



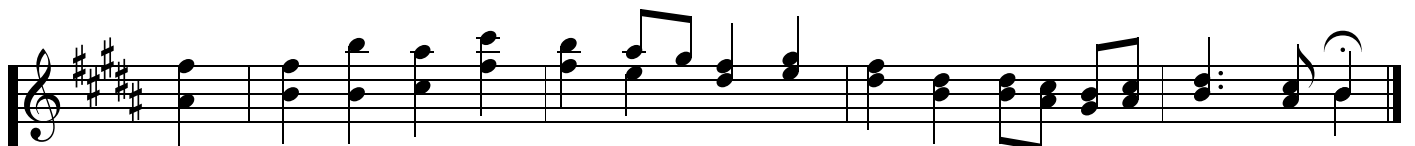
What - e'er I do, wher - e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.  
By wa - ters still, o'er trou - bled sea, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me!  
Con - tent, what - ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead - eth me!  
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead - eth me.



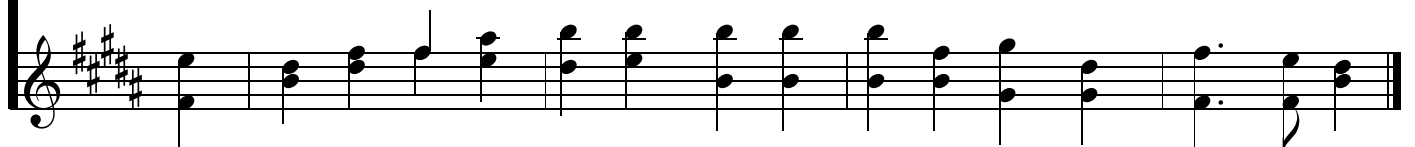
## Refrain



He lead - eth me, He lead - eth me, By His own hand He lead - eth me:



His faith - ful fol - lower I would be, For by His hand He lead - eth me.



HE LEADETH ME  
L. M. with refrain

# Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty

Reginald Heber, 1826

John B. Dykes, 1861



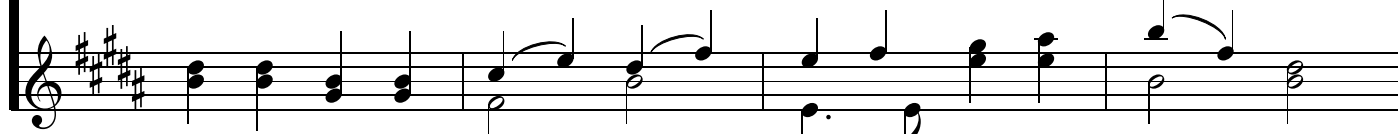
1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!  
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! All the saints a - dore Thee,  
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Though the dark - ness hide thee,  
4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!



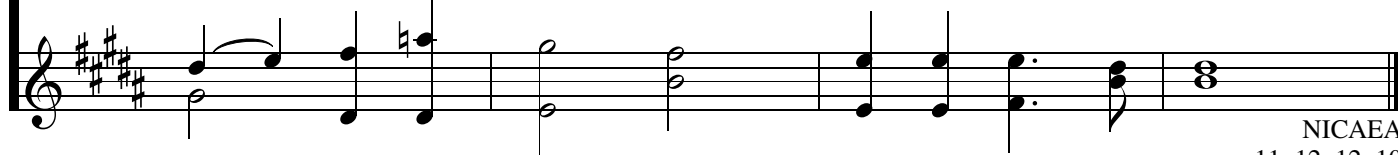
Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee.  
cast - ing down their gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea;  
though the eye of sin - ful man thy glo - ry may not see,  
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth and sky and sea.



Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and might - y,  
cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee,  
on - ly Thou art ho - ly; there is none be - side Thee,  
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and might - y,



God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!  
Who wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.  
per - fect in power, in love and pur - i - ty.  
God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty.





# How Firm a Foundation

"K" in Rippon's Selection, 1787

Early American Melody

1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord,  
2. "Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dis - mayed,  
3. "When through fier - y tri - als thy path - way shall lie,  
4. "The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose

Is laid for your faith in His ex - cel - lent Word!  
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;  
My grace, all - suf - fi - cient, shall be thy sup - ply;  
I will not, I will not de - sert to his foes;


What more can He say than to you He hath said,  
I'll strength - en thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,  
The flame shall not hurt thee; I on - ly de - sign  
That soul, though all hell should en - deav - or to shake,

To you who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?  
Up - held by my right - eous, om - nip - o - tent hand.  
Thy dross to con - sume, and thy gold to re - fine.  
I'll nev - er, no, nev - er, no, nev - er for - sake!" A - MEN.



# I Know Not Why God's Wondrous Grace

Daniel W. Whittle, 1883


James McGranahan, 1883



1. I know not why God's wondrous grace To me He hath made  
2. I know not how this saving faith To me He did im -  
3. I know not how the Spir - it moves, Con - vinc - ing men of  
4. I know not what of good or ill May be re - served for



known, Nor why, un - wor - thy, Christ in love Re - deemed me for His  
part, Nor how be - liev - ing in His Word Wrought peace with - in my  
sin, Re - veal - ing Je - sus through the Word, Cre - at - ing faith in  
me, Of wea - ry ways or gold - en days, Be - fore His face I



own.  
heart. But "I know whom I have be - liev - ed, and am per - suad - ed that He is  
Him.  
see.



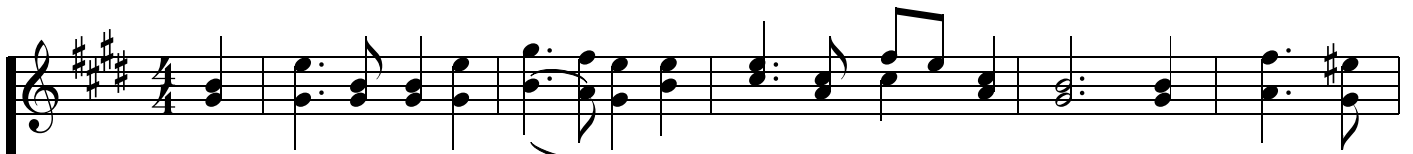
a - ble To keep that which I've com - mit - ted Un - to Him a - gainst that day."



# I Love to Tell the Story

A. Catherine Hankey, 1866

William G. Fischer, 1869



1. I love to tell the sto - ry of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus  
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What seems, each  
3. I love to tell the sto - ry, for those who know it best Seem hun - ger -



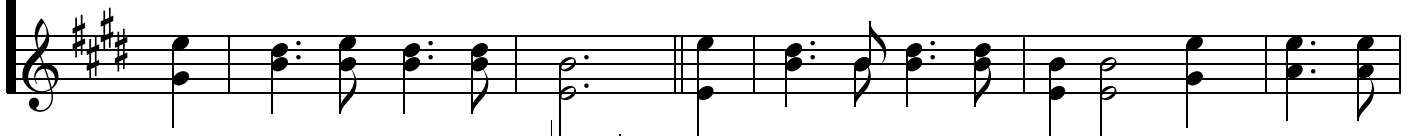
and His glo - ry, of Je - sus and His love; I love to tell the  
time I tell it, more won - der - ful - ly sweet; I love to tell the  
ing and thirst - ing to hear it like the rest; And when in scenes of



sto - ry be - cause I know 'tis true, It sat - is - fies my long - ings  
sto - ry, for some have nev - er heard The mes - sage of sal - va - tion  
glo - ry I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old sto - ry



as noth - ing else can do.  
from God's own ho - ly Word. I love to tell the sto - ry! 'Twill be my  
that I have loved so long.



theme in glo - ry To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.



HANKEY

7.6.7.6.D. with Refrain

# I Need Thee Every Hour

Annie S. Hawks, 1872; Robert Lowry, Refrain

Robert Lowry, 1872

1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord;  
2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Stay Thou near - by;  
3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, In joy or pain;  
4. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Teach me Thy will,  
5. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One;

No ten - der voice like Thine Can peace af - ford.  
Temp - ta - tions lose their pow'r When Thou art nigh.  
Come quick - ly, and a - bide, Or life is vain.  
And Thy rich prom - is - es In me ful - fill.  
O make me Thine in - deed, Thou bless - ed Son!

## Refrain

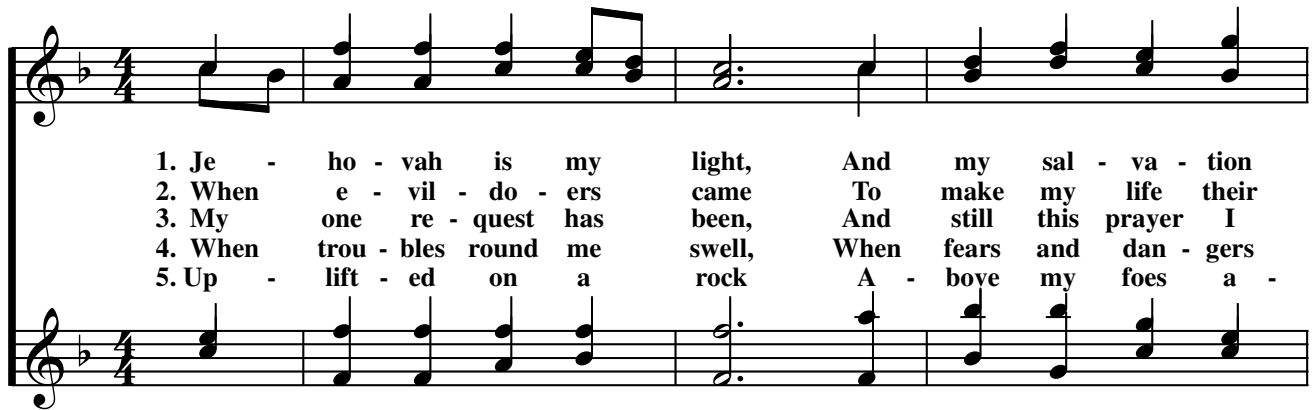
I need Thee, O I need Thee; Ev - 'ry hour I need Thee!

O bless me now, my Sav - ior, I come to Thee.

# Jehovah Is My Light

PSALM 27

English, 1826



1. Je - ho - vah is my light, And my sal - va - tion  
 2. When e - vil - do - ers came To make my life their  
 3. My one re - quest has been, And still this prayer I  
 4. When trou - bles round me swell, When fears and dan - gers  
 5. Up - lift - ed on a rock A - bove my foes a -



near; Who shall my soul af - fright, Or cause my heart to  
 prey, They stum - bled in their shame And fell in sore dis -  
 raise, - That I may dwell with - in God's house through all my  
 throug, Se - cure - ly I will dwell In His pa - vil - ion  
 round, A - mid the bat - tle shock My song shall still re -



fear? While God my strength, my life sus -  
 may; Though hosts make war on ev - ery  
 days, Je - ho - vah's beau - ty to ad -  
 strong; With - in the co - vert of His  
 sound; Then joy - ful of - ferings I will



stains, Se - cure from fear my soul re - mains.  
 side, Still fear - less I in God con - fide.  
 mire, And in His tem - ple to in - quire.  
 tent He hides me till the storm is spent.  
 bring, Je - ho - vah's praise my heart shall sing.


# Jesus Loves Me

Anna B. Warner, 1860

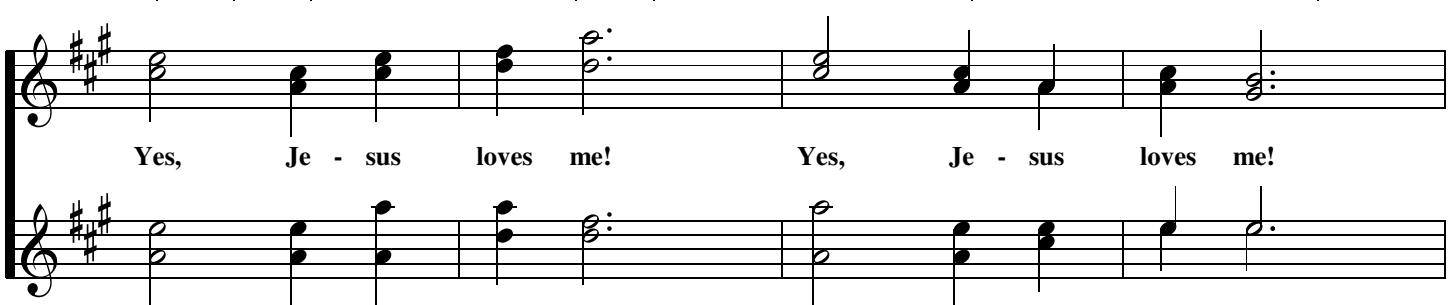
William B. Bradbury, 1862



1. Je - sus loves me! This I know, for the Bi - ble tells me so.  
2. Je - sus loves me! He who died Heav - en's gate to o - pen wide;  
3. Je - sus loves me! He will stay Close be - side me all the way;  
4. Je - sus loves me! still to - day, walk - ing with me on my way.



Lit - tle ones to him be - long; they are weak, but he is strong.  
He will wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in.  
Thou hast bled and died for me, I will hence - forth live for Thee.  
Want - ing as a friend to give light and love to all who live.



Yes, Je - sus loves me! Yes, Je - sus loves me!



Yes, Je - sus loves me! The Bi - ble tells me so.

## German

Jesus liebt mich ganz gewiss,  
Denn die Bible sagt mir dies,  
All Kinder schwach und klein,  
Lad't Er herzlich zu sich ein.  
Ja, Jesus liebt mich,  
Ja, Jesus liebt mich,  
Ja, Jesus liebt mich,  
Die Bibel sagt mir dies.

# Jesus Shall Reign Where'er the Sun

Isaac Watts, 1719  
Based on Psalm 72

John Hamilton, 1793

1. Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun  
2. To Him shall end - less prayer be made,  
3. Peo - ple and realms of ev - ery tongue  
4. Bless - ings a - bound wher - e'er He reigns;  
5. Let ev - ery crea - ture rise and bring

Does his suc - ces - sive jour - neys run;  
And prais - es throng to crown His head;  
Dwell on His love with sweet - est song,  
The pris - oner leaps to lose his chains,  
Pe - cul - iar hon - ors to our King,

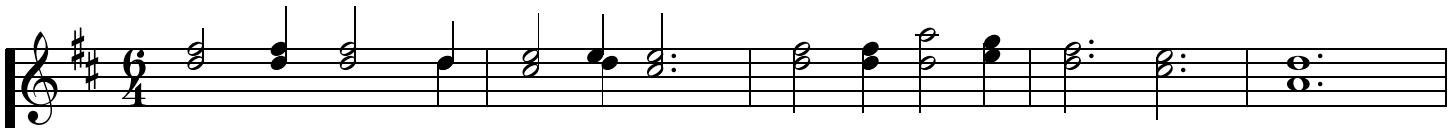
His king - dom stretch from shore to shore,  
His Name, like sweet per - fume, shall rise  
And in - fant voic - es shall pro - claim  
The wea - ry find e - ter - nal rest,  
An - gels de - scend with songs a - gain

till moons shall wax and wane no more.  
With ev - ery morn - ing sac - ri - fice.  
Their ear - ly bless - ings on His Name.  
And all the sons of want are blest.  
And earth re - peat the loud A - men.

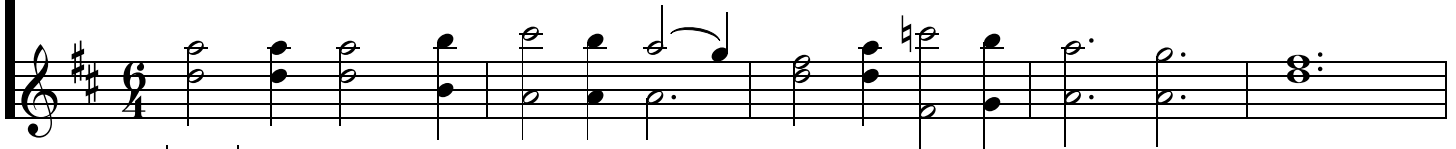
# Jesus, Lover of My Soul

Charles Wesley, 1740

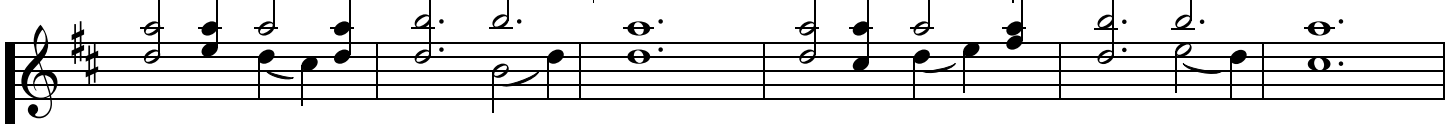
Simeon B. Marsh, 1834



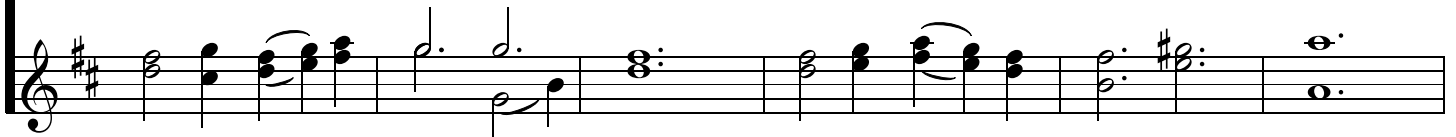
1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,  
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;  
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find:  
4. Plen - tious grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;



While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high:  
Leave, O leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me:  
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
Let the heal - ing streams a - bound; Make and keep me pure with - in.



Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;  
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;  
Just and ho - ly is Thy Name, I am all un - right - eous - ness;  
Thou of life the Foun - tain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee:



Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; O re - ceive my soul at last!  
Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.  
False and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.  
Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty. A - men.



MARTYN (First Tune)  
7.7.7.7.D.



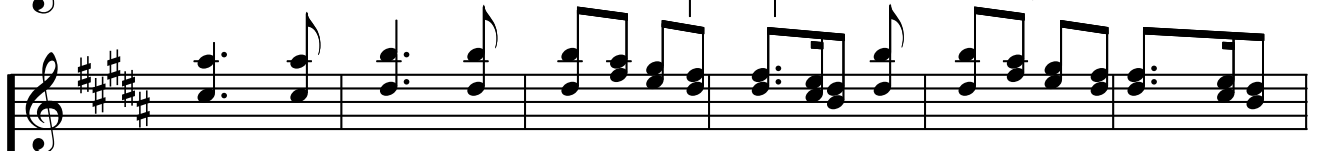
# Joy to the World!

Isaac Watts, 1719

Lowell Mason, 1830



1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come. Let earth re -  
2. Joy to the earth! the Sav - ior reigns. Let men their  
3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the

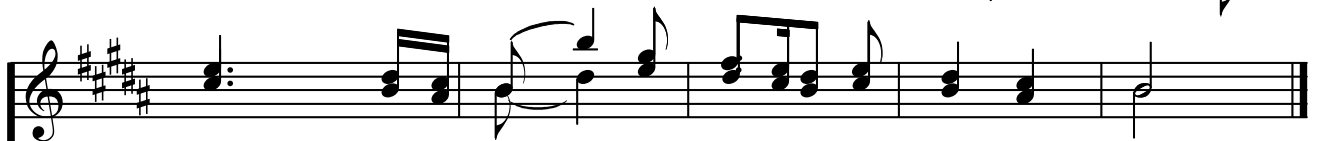


ceive her King; Let ev - ery heart pre - pare Him room,  
songs em - ploy, While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains  
na - tions prove The glo - ries of His right - eous - ness



And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n and na - ture  
Re - peat the sound - ing joy, Re - peat the sound - ing  
And won - ders of His love, And won - ders of His

1. And heaven and na - ture sing, And



sing, And hea - ven and heav - en and na - ture sing.  
joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound - ing joy.  
love And won - ders, won - ders of His love.

heaven and na - ture sing,

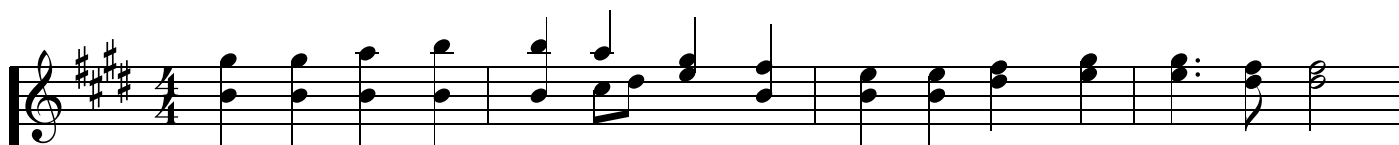


ANTIOCH  
C.M., 6 lines

# Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee

Henry Van Dyke, 1907

Ludwig Van Beethoven, 1824



1. Joy - ful, joy - ful, we a - dore Thee, God of glo - ry, Lord of love;  
2. All Thy works with joy sur - round Thee, Earth and heav'n re - flect Thy rays,  
3. Thou art giv - ing and for - giv - ing, Ev - er bless - ing, ev - er blest,  
4. Mor - tals join the might - y cho - rus, Which the morn - ing stars be - gan;



Hearts un - fold like flow'rs be - fore Thee, Open - ing to the sun a - bove.  
Stars and an - gels sing a - round Thee, Cen - ter of un - bro - ken praise;  
Well - spring of the joy of liv - ing, O - cean depth of hap - py rest!  
Fa - ther love is reign - ing o'er us, Broth - er love binds man to man.



Melt the clouds of sin and sad - ness; Drive the dark of doubt a - way;  
Field and for - est, vale and moun - tain, Flow - ery mead - ow, flash - ing sea,  
Thou our Fa - ther, Christ our Broth - er All who live in love are Thine;  
Ev - er sing - ing, march we on - ward, Vic - tors in the midst of strife;



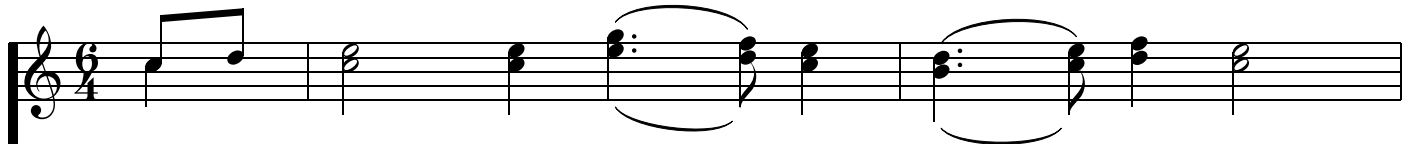
Giv - er of im - mor - tal glad - ness, Fill us with the light of day!  
Chant - ing bird and flow - ing foun - tain, Call us to re - joice in Thee.  
Teach us how to love each oth - er, Lift us to the Joy Di - vine.  
Joy - ful mu - sic leads us sun - ward In the tri - umph song of life. A - men.



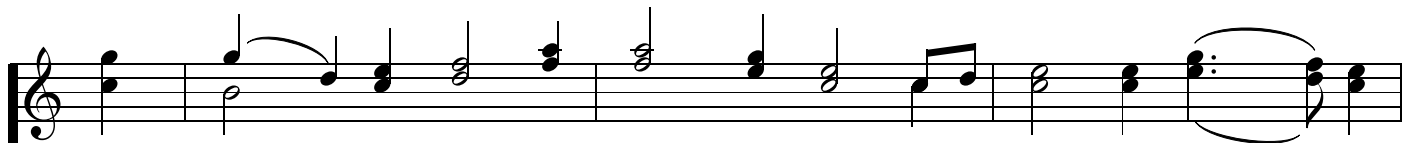
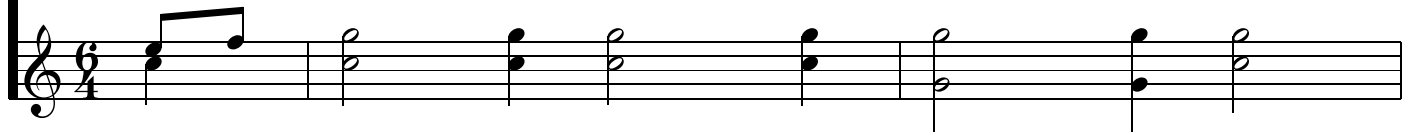
# Just As I Am

Charlotte Elliott, 1834

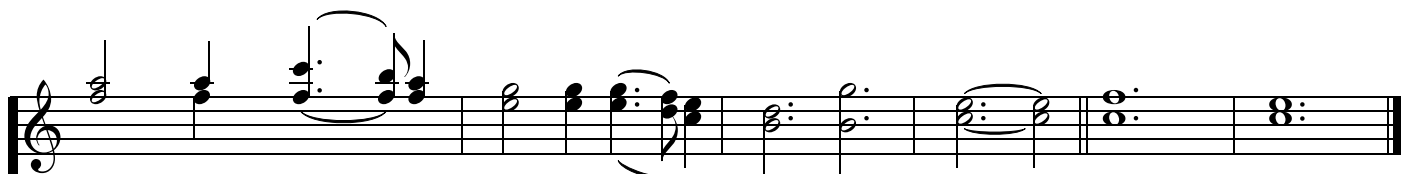
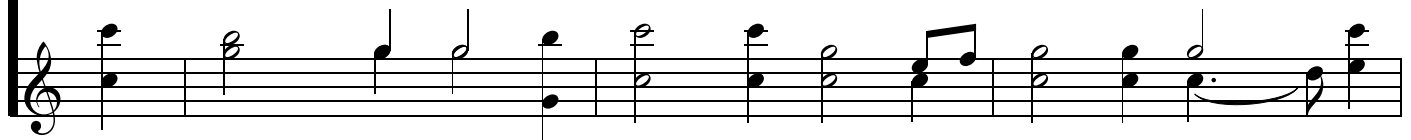
William B. Bradbury, 1849




1. Just as I am, with - out one plea,  
2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not  
3. Just as I am, though tossed a - bout  
4. Just as I am, poor, wretch - ed, blind;  
5. Just as I am, Thou wilt re - ceive,



But that Thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou bidd'st me  
To rid my soul of one dark blot, To Thee whose blood can  
With many a con - flict, many a doubt, Fight - ings and fears with -  
Sight, rich - es, heal - ing of the mind Yea, all I need, in  
Wilt wel - come, par - don, cleanse, re - lieve; Be - cause Thy prom - ise



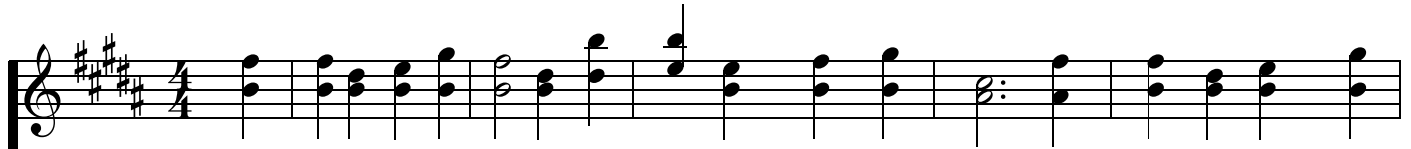
come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!  
cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!  
in, with - out, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!  
Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come, I come! A - men.  
I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!



# Lead On, O King Eternal

Ernest W. Shurtleff, 1888

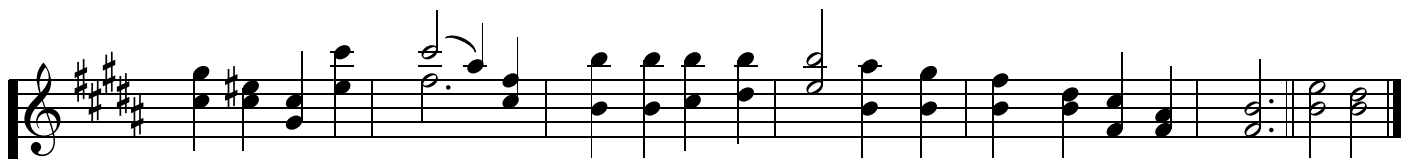
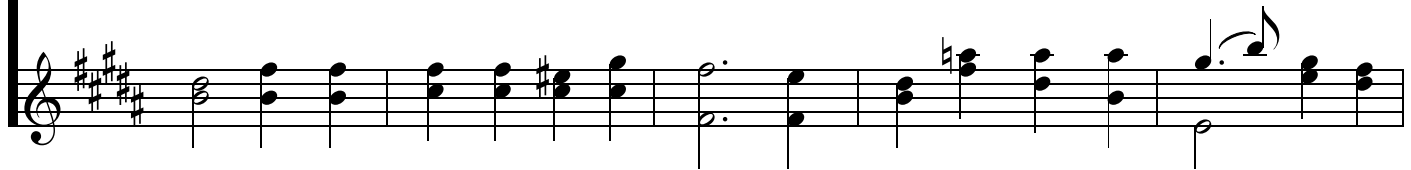
Henry Smart, 1836



1. Lead on, O King E - ter-nal, The day of march has come; Hence-forth in fields of  
2. Lead on, O King, E - ter-nal, Till sin's fierce war shall cease, And ho - li - ness shall  
3. Lead on, O King, E - ter-nal, We fol - low, not with fears; For glad-ness breaks like



con - quest Thy tents shall be our home. Thro' days of prep - a - ra - tion Thy  
whis - per The sweet A - men of peace; For not with swords loud clash - ing, Nor  
morn - ing Wher - e'er Thy face ap - pears; Thy cross is lift - ed o'er us; We



grace has made us strong, And now, O King E - ter - nal, We lift our bat - tle song.  
roll of stir - ring drums; With deeds of love and mer - cy, The heav'nly kingdom comes.  
jour - ney in its light: The crown a - waits the conquest; Lead on, O God of might. AMEN.



# Lift High the Cross

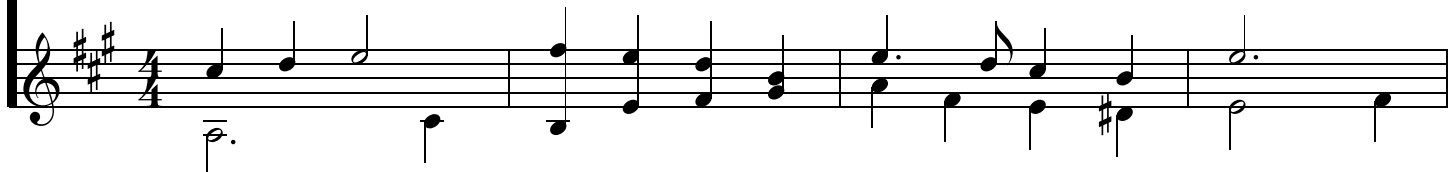
George William Ketchin and  
Michael Robert Newbolt, 1916, alt.

Sydney Hugo Nicholson, 1916

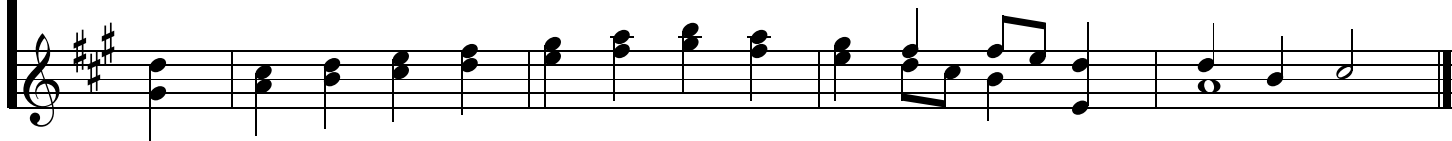
*Refrain (Unison)*



Lift high the cross, the love of Christ pro - claim



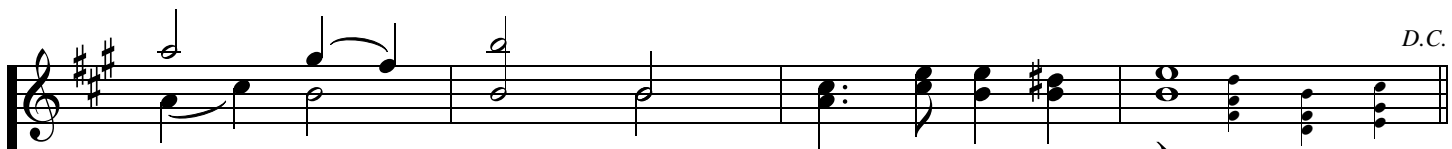
till all the world a - dore his sa - cred name.



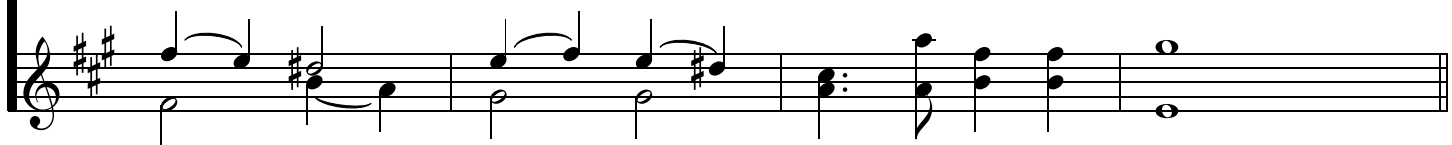
*Harmony*



1. Come,	Chris - tians,	fol - low	this	tri - um - phant	sign.	The
2. Each	new - born	ser - vant	of	the Cru - ci - fied	bears	
3. O	Lord, once	lift - ed	on	the glo - rious	tree,	as
4. So	shall our	song	of	tri - umph ev - er	be:	Praise



hosts of God in u - ni - ty com - bine.  
on the brow the seal of him who died.  
thou hast prom - ised, draw the world to thee.  
to the Cru - ci - fied for vic - to - ry!



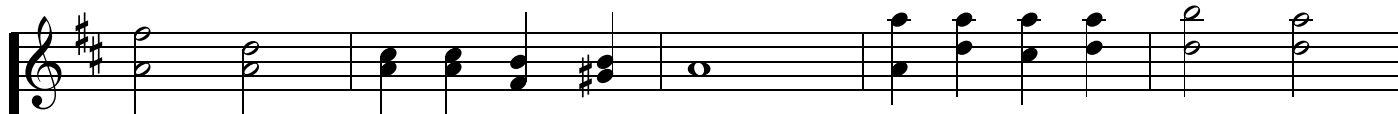
# Like a River Glorious

Frances R. Havergal, 1878

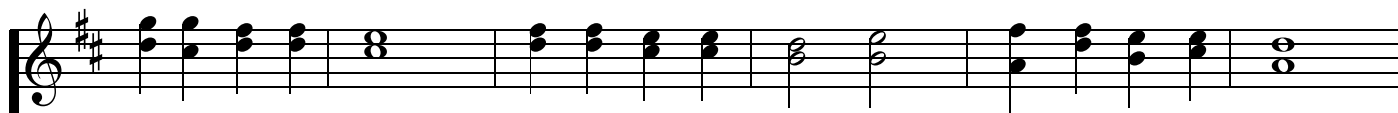
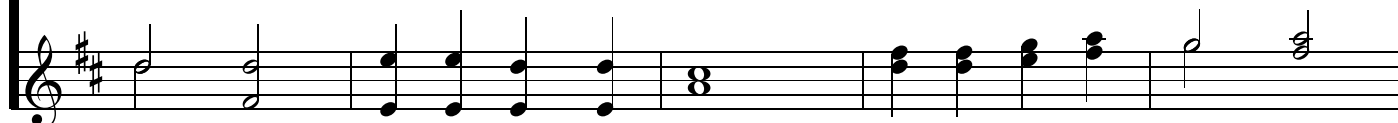
James Mountain, 1876



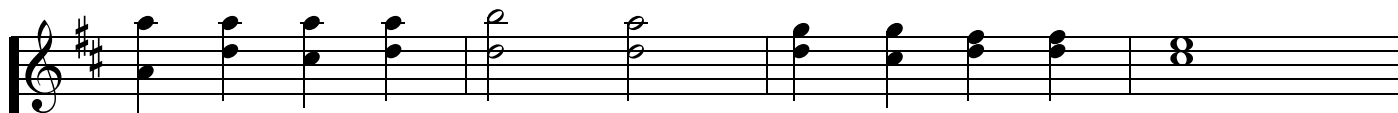
1. Like a riv - er glo - rious Is God's per - fect peace, O - ver all vic -  
2. Hid - den in the hol - low Of His bless - ed hand, Nev - er foe can  
3. Ev - 'ry joy or tri - al Fall - eth from a - bove, Trac'd up - on our



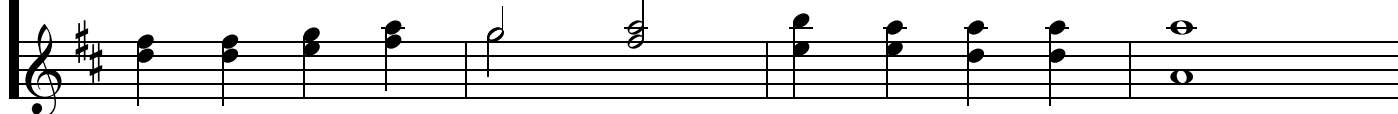
to - rious In its bright in - crease; Per - fect, yet it flow - eth  
fol - low, Nev - er trai - tor stand; Not a surge of wor - ry,  
di - al By the sun of Love; We may trust Him ful - ly



Ful - ler ev - 'ry day; Per - fect, yet it grow - eth Deep - er all the way.  
Not a shade of care, Not a blast of hur - ry Touch the spir - it there.  
All for us to do; They who trust Him whol - ly Find Him whol - ly true.



Stayed up - on Je - ho - vah, Hearts are ful - ly blest;



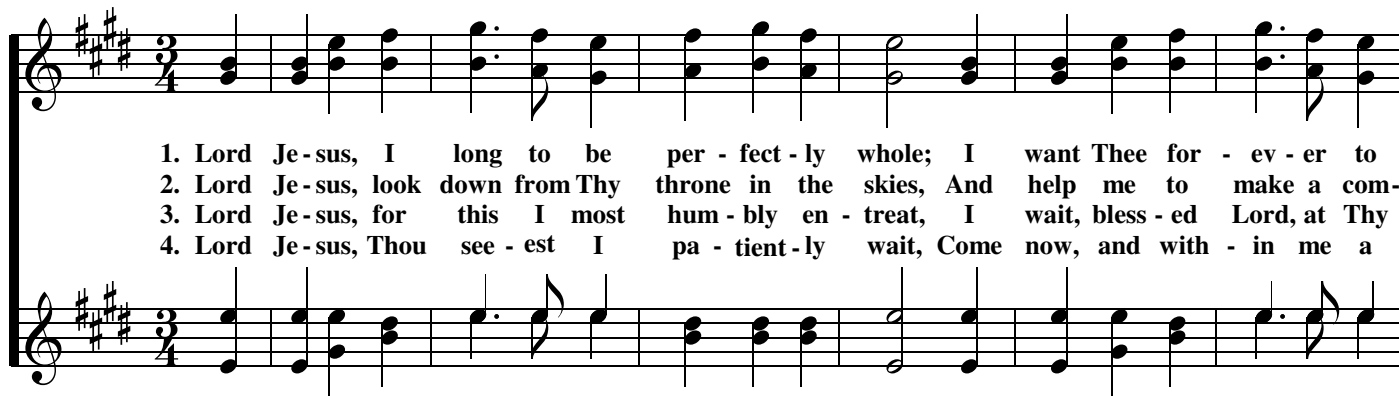
Find - ing, as He prom - ised, Per - fect peace and rest.



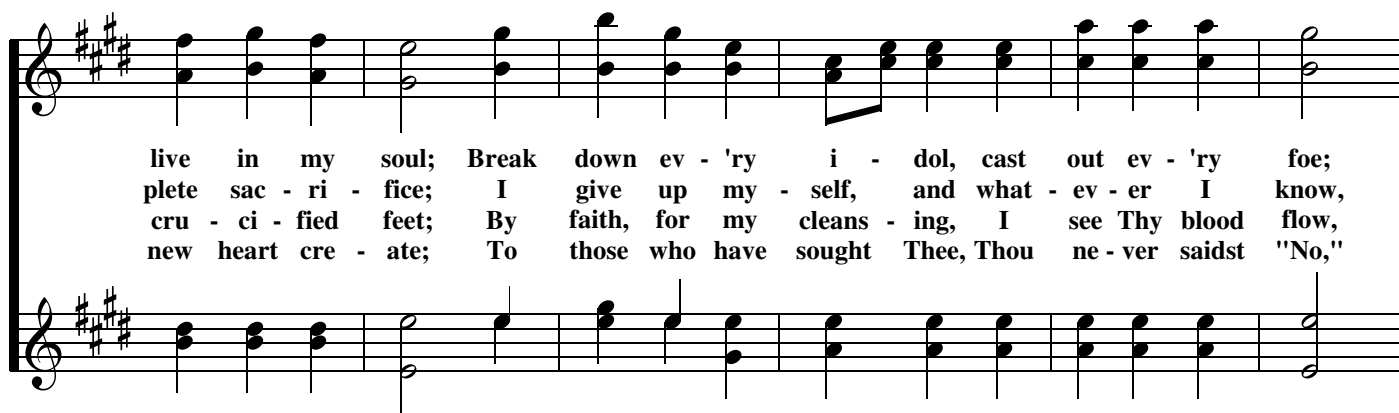
# Lord Jesus, I Long to Be Perfectly Whole

James Nicholson, 1872

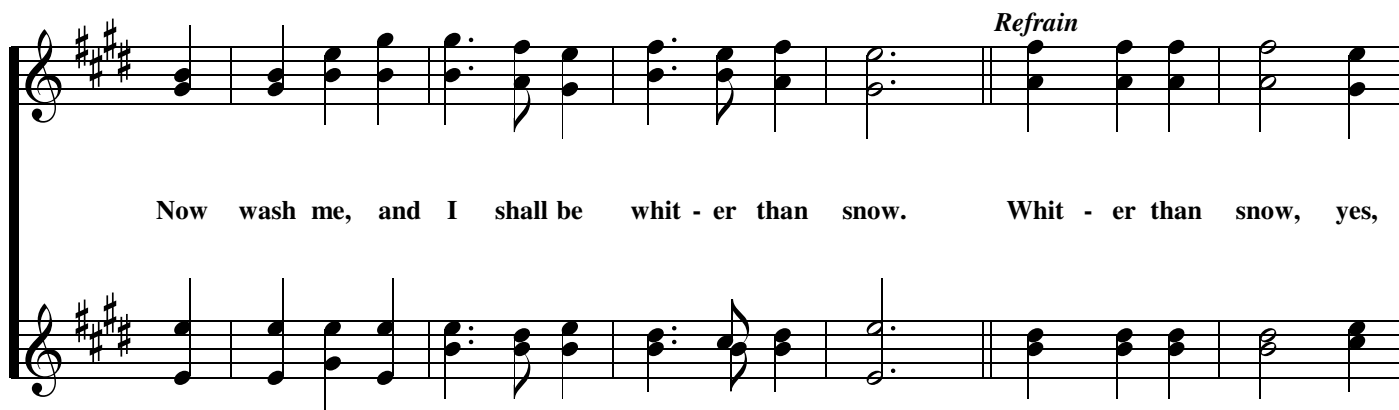
William G. Fischer, 1872



1. Lord Je-sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want Thee for - ev - er to  
2. Lord Je-sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com-  
3. Lord Je-sus, for this I most hum - bly en - treat, I wait, bless - ed Lord, at Thy  
4. Lord Je-sus, Thou see - est I pa - tient - ly wait, Come now, and with - in me a

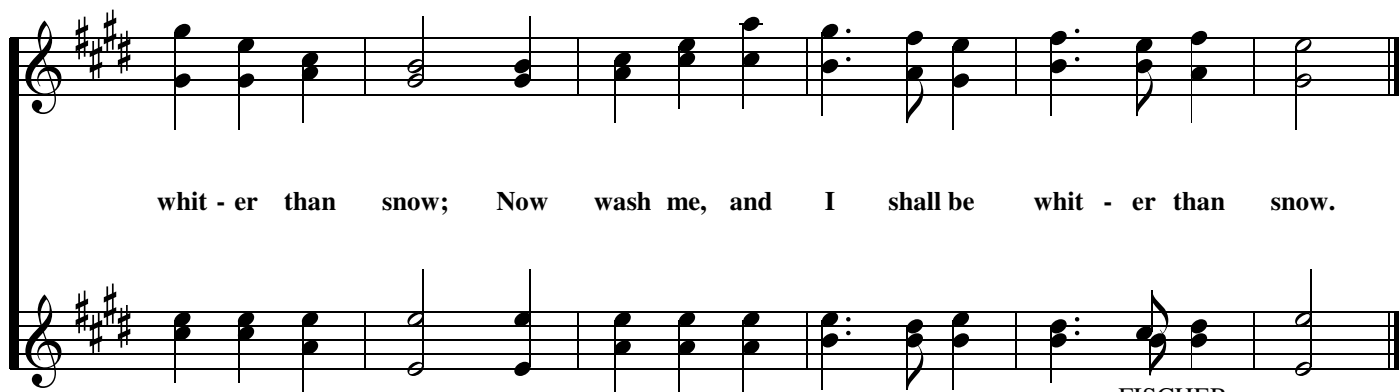


live in my soul; Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe;  
plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what - ev - er I know,  
cru - ci - fied feet; By faith, for my cleans - ing, I see Thy blood flow,  
new heart cre - ate; To those who have sought Thee, Thou ne - ver saidst "No,"



*Refrain*

Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow. Whit - er than snow, yes,




whit - er than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

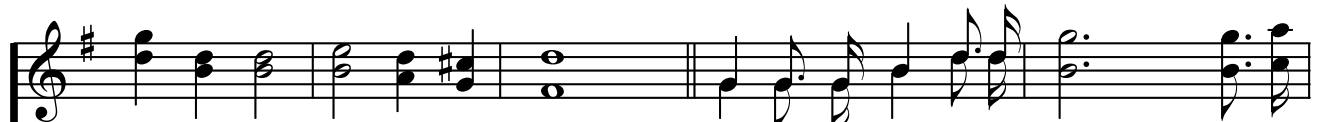
# Low in the Grave He Lay

Robert Lowry, 1874

Robert Lowry, 1874




1. Low in the grave He lay - Je - sus, my Sav - ior; Wait - ing the  
2. Vain - ly they watch His bed - Je - sus, my Sav - ior; Vain - ly they  
3. Death can - not keep his prey - Je - sus, my Sav - ior; He tore the




com - ing day - Je - sus, my Lord. Up from the grave He a - rose, With a  
seal the dead - Je - sus, my Lord.  
bars a - way - Je - sus my Lord.


He a-rose!



might - y tri - umph o'er His foes. He a - rose a Vic - tor from the  
He a-rose!



dark do - main, And He lives for - ev - er with His saints to reign. He a -



rose! He a - rose! He a - rose! He a-rose! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a - rose!


CHRIST AROSE  
6.5.6.4. with Refrain



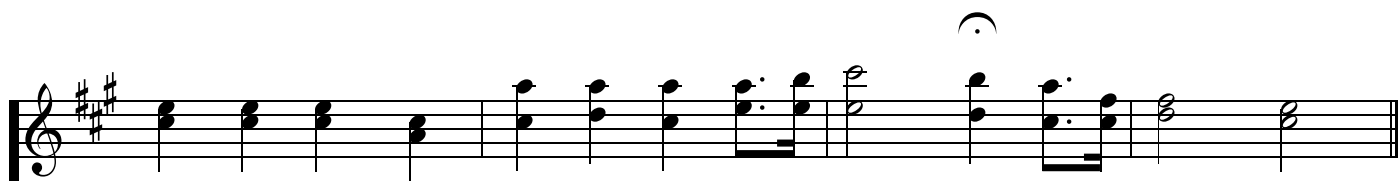

# "Man of Sorrows," What a Name

Philip P. Bliss, 1875


Philip P. Bliss, 1875



1. Man of Sor - rows! what a name for the Son of God, who came  
2. Bear - ing shame and scoff - ing rude, in my place con - demned He stood;  
3. Guilt - y, vile, and help - less we; spot - less Lamb of God was He;  
4. Lift - ed up was He to die; "It is fin - ished!" was His cry;  
5. When He comes, our glo - rious King, all His ran - somed home to bring,



ru - ined sin - ners to re - claim, Hal - le - lu - jah! What a Sav - ior.  
sealed my par - don with His blood, Hal - le - lu - jah! What a Sav - ior!  
full a - tone - ment can it be? Hal - le - lu - jah! What a Sav - ior!  
now in heaven ex - alt - ed high, Hal - le - lu - jah! What a Sav - ior!  
then a - new this song we'll sing: Hal - le - lu - jah! What a Sav - ior!



# My Faith Has Found a Resting Place

Lidie H. Edmonds, 1891

Arr. by William J. Kirkpatrick, 1891



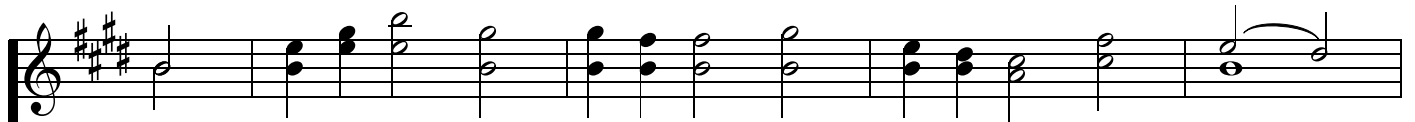
1. My faith has found a rest - ing place, Not in de - vice nor deed;  
2. E - nough for me that Je - sus saves, this ends my fear and doubt;  
3. My heart is lean - ing on the Word, The writ - ten Word of God,  
4. My great Phy - si - cian heals the sick, The lost He came to save;



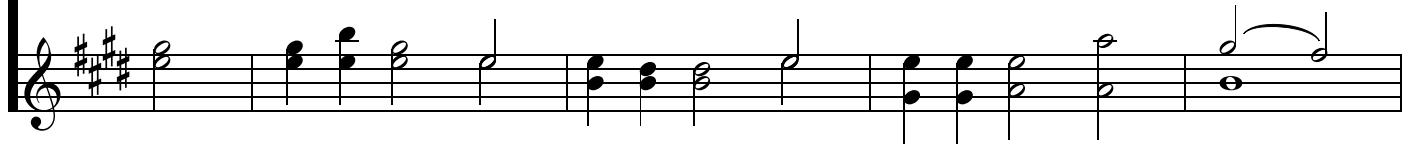
I trust the Ev - er - liv - ing One, His wounds for me shall plead.  
A sin - ful soul I come to Him, He'll nev - er cast me out.  
Sal - va - tion by my Sav - iour's name, Sal - va - tion thro' His blood.  
for me His pre - cious blood He shed, For me His life He gave.



## CHORUS



I need no oth - er ar - gu - ment, I need no oth - er plea,



It is e - nough that Je - sus died, And that He died for me.



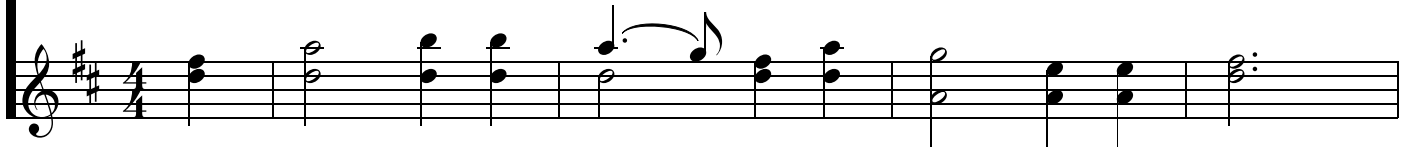
# My Jesus, I Love Thee

William R. Featherstone, 1862

Adoniram J. Gordon, 1876



1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,  
2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me,  
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,  
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light



For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;  
And pur - chased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;  
And praise Thee as long as Thou lend - est me breath;  
I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav - en so bright;



My gra - cious Re - deem - er my Sav - iour art Thou;  
I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow;  
And say when the death dew lies cold on my brow,  
I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow,



If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now. A - MEN.



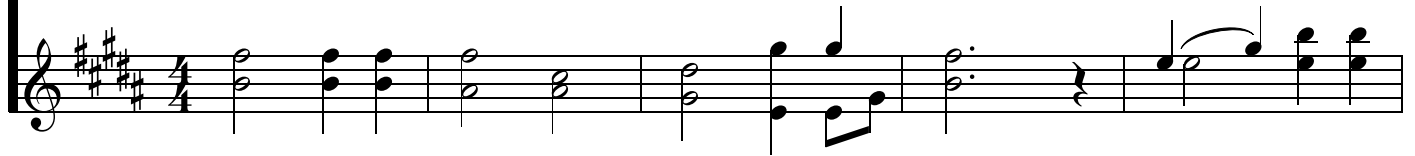
# Nearer, Still Nearer

Mrs. C.H. Morris, 1898

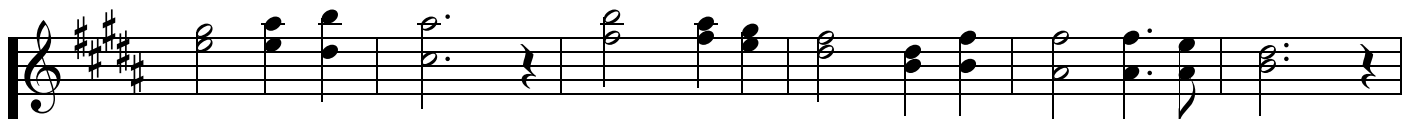
Mrs. C.H. Morris, 1898



1. Near - er, still near - er, close to Thy heart, Draw me, my  
2. Near - er, still near - er, noth - ing I bring, Naught as an  
3. Near - er, still near - er, Lord, to be Thine, Sin with its  
4. Near - er, still near - er, while life shall last, Till safe in



Sav - ior, so pre - cious Thou art; Fold me, O fold me  
of - f'ring to Je - sus my King; On - ly my sin - ful,  
fol - lies I glad - ly re - sign; All of its pleas - ures,  
glo - ry my an - chor is cast; Thro' end - less a - ges,



close to Thy breast, Shel - ter me safe in that ha - ven of rest,  
now con - trite heart; Grant me the cleans - ing Thy blood doth im - part,  
pomp, and its pride; Give me but Je - sus, my Lord cru - ci - fied,  
ev - er to be, Near - er, my Sav - ior, still near - er to Thee,



Shel - ter me safe in that ha - ven of rest.  
Grant me the cleans - ing Thy blood doth im - part.  
Give me but Je - sus, my Lord cru - ci - fied.  
Near - er, my Sav - iour, still near - er to Thee.

A - MEN.



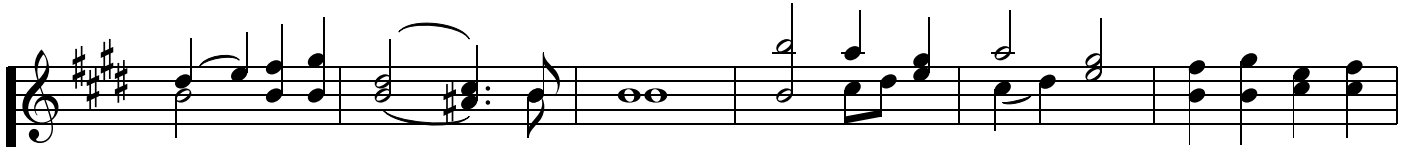
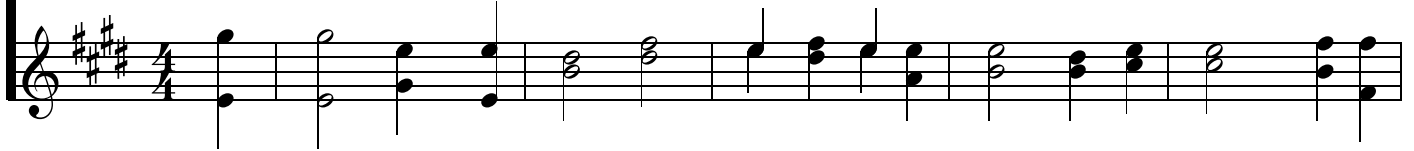
# O Come, All Ye Faithful

Anonymous. Latin, Eighteenth Century  
Tr. by Frederick Oakeley, 1841, and others

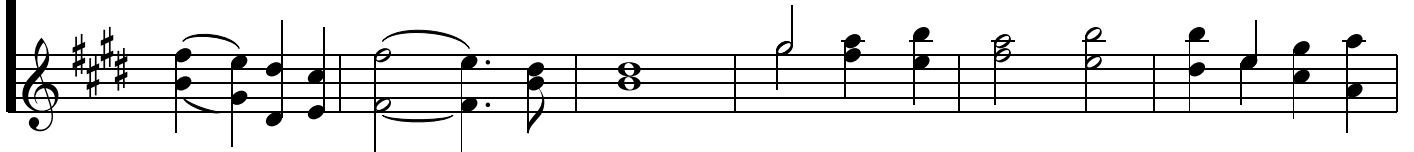
From John F. Wade's Cantus Diversi, 1751



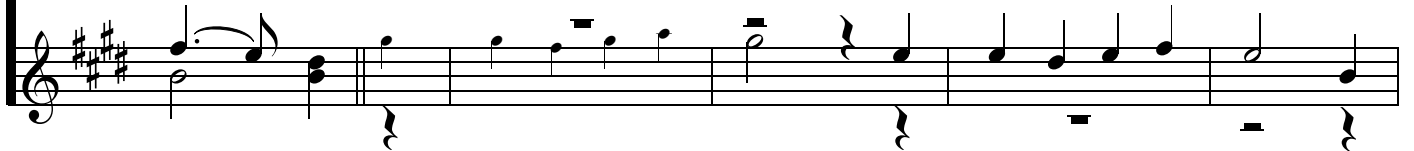
1. O come, all ye faith - ful, joy - ful and tri - um - phant, O come ye, O  
2. Sing, choirs of an - gels, sing in ex - ul - ta - tion, O sing, all ye  
3. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this hap - py morn - ing, Je - sus, to



come ye to Beth - le - hem! Come and be - hold Him, born the King of  
bright hostsof heav'n a - bove! Glo - ry to God, all glo - ry in the  
Thee be all glor - ry giv'n; Word of the Fa - ther, now in flesh ap -



an - gels!  
high - est! O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him,  
pear - ing!



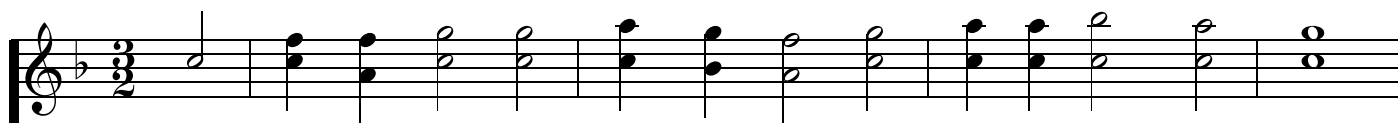
O come, let us a - dore Him, Christ the Lord! A - MEN.



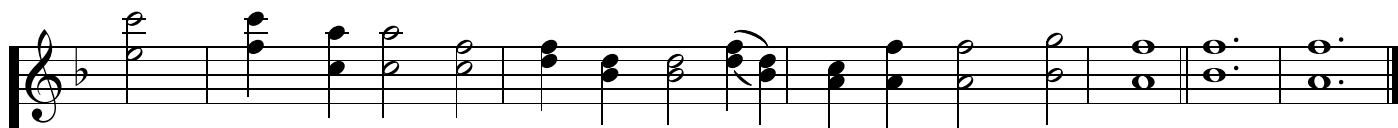
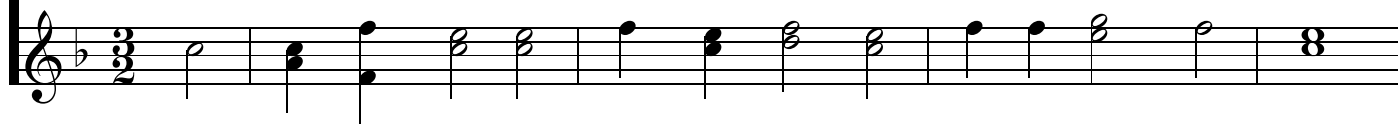
# O for a Thousand Tongues to Sing

Charles Wesley, 1739

Carl G. Glaser, 1828  
Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1859



1. O for a thou - sand tongues to sing My great Re - deem - er's praise,
2. My gra - cious Mas - ter and my God, As - sist me to pro - claim,
3. Je - sus, the name that calms my fears, That bids my sor - rows cease;
4. He breaks the pow'r of can - celed sin, He sets the pris - 'ner free;
5. Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb, Your loos-ened tongues em - ploy;




The glo - ries of my God and King, The tri - umphs of His grace!  
To spread thro' all the earth a - broad The hon - ors of Thy name.  
'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears; 'Tis life and health and peace.  
His blood can make the foul - est clean, His blood a - vailed for me.  
Ye blind be - hold your Sav - ior come; And leap, ye lame, for joy. A - MEN.





# O Worship the King, All Glorious Above

Robert Grant, 1833



J. Michael Haydn, 1770





1. O wor - ship the King, all - glo - rious a - bove,  
2. O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,  
3. Thy boun - ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite?  
4. Frail chil - dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail,




O grate - ful - ly sing His power and His love;  
Whose robe is the light, whose can - o - py space.  
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;  
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;



Our Shield and De - fend - er, the An - cient of Days,  
His char - iots of wrath the deep thun - der - clouds form,  
It streams from the hills, it de - scends to the plain,  
Thy mer - cies how ten - der, how firm to the end!



Pa - vil - ioned in splend - dor, and gird - ed with praise.  
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.  
And sweet - ly dis - tills in the dew and the rain.  
Our Mak - er, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er and Friend.



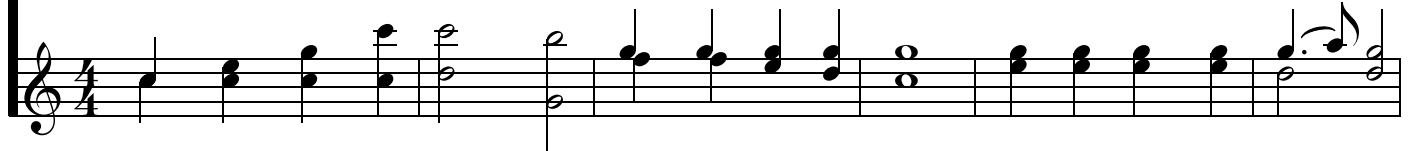
# Onward, Christian Soldiers

Sabine Baring-Gould, 1865

Arthur S. Sullivan, 1871



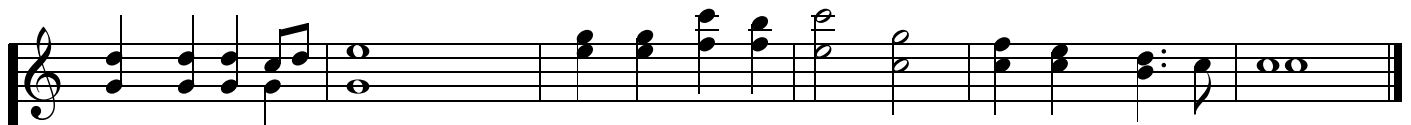
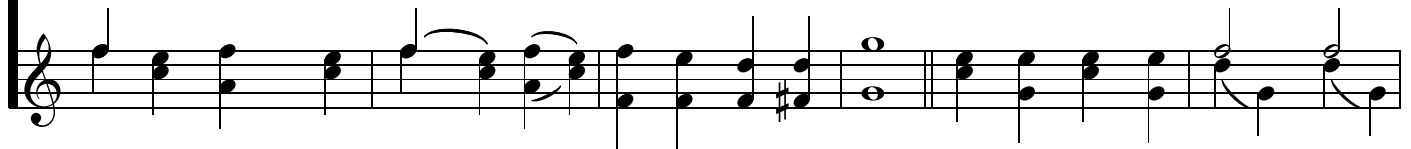
1. On - ward, Christ - ian sol - diers, March - ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus  
2. Like a might - y ar - my Moves the church of God; Broth - ers, we are tread - ing  
3. Crowns and thrones may per - ish king - doms rise and wane; But the Church of Je - sus  
4. On - ward, then, ye peo - ple, join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your voi - ces



go - ing on be - fore! Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;  
where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we,  
con - stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'gainst that Church pre - vail;  
in the tri - umph song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or un - to Christ the King;



For - ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban - ner go!  
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty. On - ward, Christ - ian sold - diers,  
We have Christ's own prom - ise, and that can - not fail.  
This thro' count - less a - ges men and an - gels sing.



March - ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore!





# Praise to the Lord, the Almighty

Joachim Neander, 1680

Trans. by Catherine Winkworth, 1863

Stralsund Gesangbuch, 1665

E C#m B E B C#m E A E A F#m C#m A B

1. Praise to the Lord, the Al - might - y, the King of cre - a -  
 2. Praise to the Lord, who o'er all things so won - drous - ly reign -  
 3. Praise to the Lord, who doth pros - per thy work and de - fend  
 4. Praise to the Lord! O let all that is in me a - dore

E C#m B E B C#m E A E A F#m C#m

tion! O my soul, praise Him, for He is thy health and sal -  
 eth, Shel - ters thee un - der His wings, yea, so gen - tly sus -  
 thee; Sure - ly His good - ness and mer - cy here dai - ly at -  
 Him! All that hath life and breath, come now with prais - es be -

A B E E B E A E C#m B E F#m E

va - tion! All ye who hear, Now to His tem - ple draw  
 tain - eth! Hast thou not seen How thy de - sires e'er have  
 tend thee. Pon - der a - new What the Al - might - y can  
 fore Him! Let the A - men Sound from His peo - ple a -

B E A F#m C#m A B A B E

near; Join me in glad ad - o - ra - tion!  
 been Grant - ed in what He or - dain - eth?  
 do, If with His love He be - friend thee.  
 gain: Glad - ly for aye we a - dore Him. A - men.

LOBE DEN HERREN  
 14.14.4.7.8.

# Praise to the Lord, the Almighty

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thee; Sure - ly His good - ness and mer - cy here dai - ly at -  
Him! All that hath life and breath, come now with prais - es be -

va - tion! All ye who hear, Now to His tem - ple draw  
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tend thee. Pon - der a - new What the Al - might - y can  
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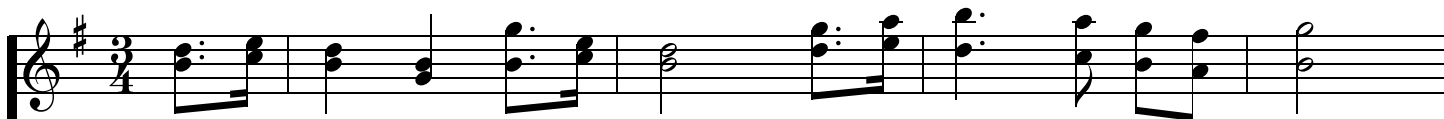
near; Join me in glad ad - o - ra - tion!  
been Grant - ed in what He or - dain - eth?  
do, If with His love He be - friend thee.  
gain: Glad - ly for aye we a - dore Him. A - men.

LOBE DEN HERREN  
14.14.4.7.8.

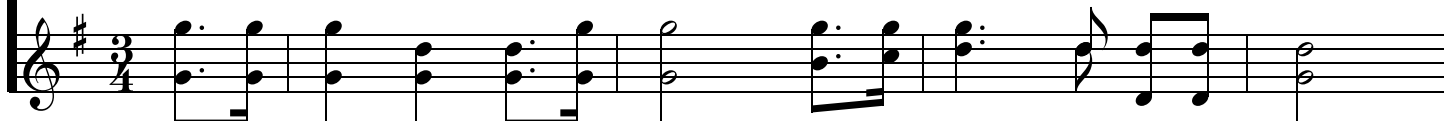
# Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me

Augustus M. Toplady, 1776

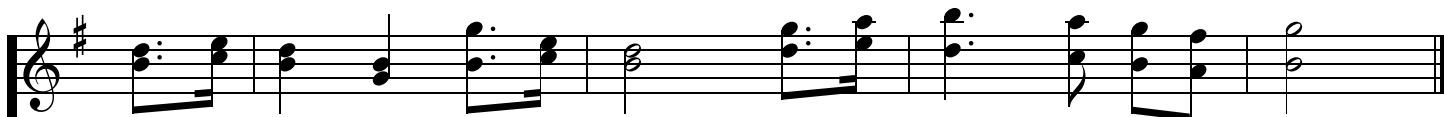
Thomas Hastings, 1830



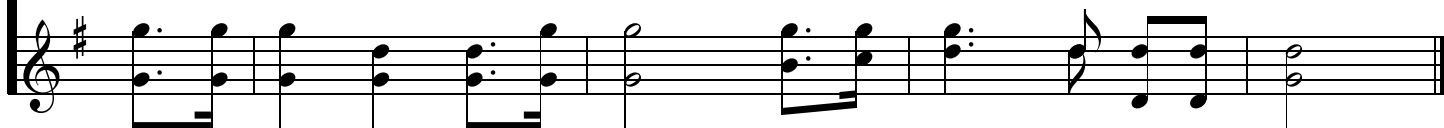
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;  
2. Not the la - bors of my hands Can ful - fill Thy law's de - mands;  
3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling;  
4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eye - lids close in death,



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flowed,  
Could my zeal no lan - guor know, Could my tears for - ever - er flow,  
Na - ked, come to Thee for dress; Help - less, look to Thee for grace;  
When I soar to worlds un - known, See Thee on Thy judg - ment throne,



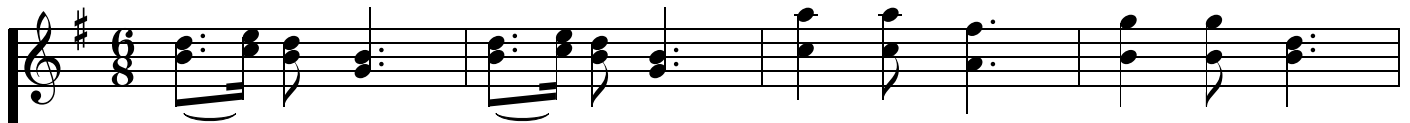
Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from guilt and make me pure.  
All for sin could not - a - tone; Thou must save and Thou a - lone.  
Foul, I to the foun - tain fly; Wash me, Sav - ior, or I die.  
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.



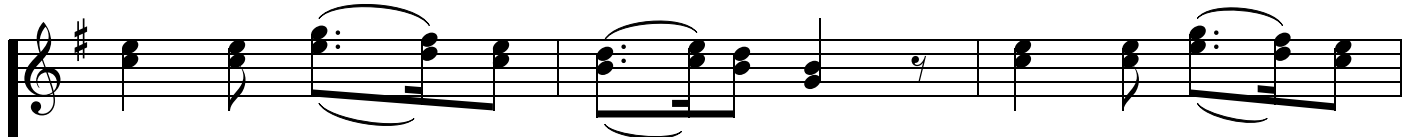
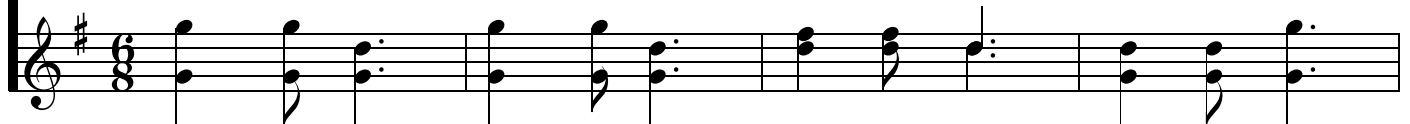
# Silent Night, Holy Night

Joseph Mohr, c.1816

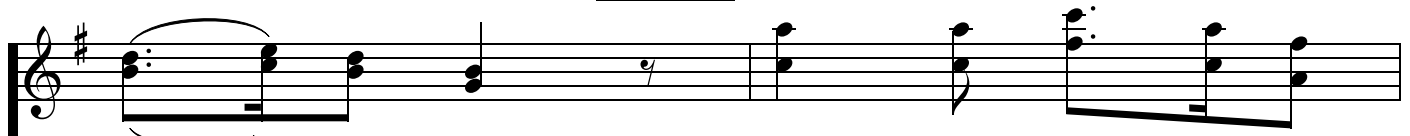
Franz Gruber, c.1820



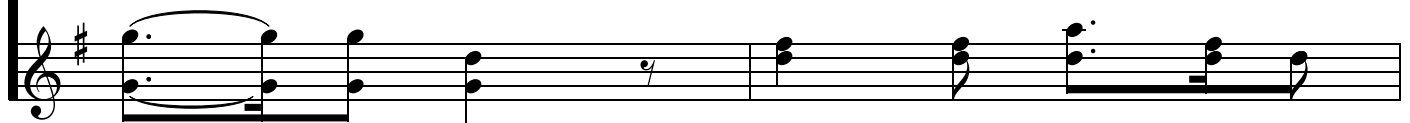
1. Si - lent night, ho - ly night, All is calm, all is bright  
2. Si - lent night, ho - ly night, Shep - herds quake at the sight!  
3. Si - lent night, ho - ly night, Son of God, love's pure light  
4. Si - lent night, ho - ly night, Won - drous Star, lend thy light;



Round yon Vir - gin Moth - er and child! Ho - ly In - fant so  
Glo - ries stream from heaven a - far, Heaven - ly hosts sing  
Ra - diant beams from Thy ho - ly face, With the dawn of re -  
With the an - gels let us sing, Al - le - lu - ia



ten - der and mild, Sleep in heav - en - ly  
"Al - le - lu - ia! Christ the Sav - ior is  
deem - ing grace, Je - sus, Lord, at Thy  
to our King; Christ the Sav - ior is



peace,  
born,  
birth,  
born,  
Sleep in heav - en - ly peace.  
Christ the Sav - ior is born."  
Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth.  
Christ the Sav - ior is born.



STILLE NACHT  
Irregular

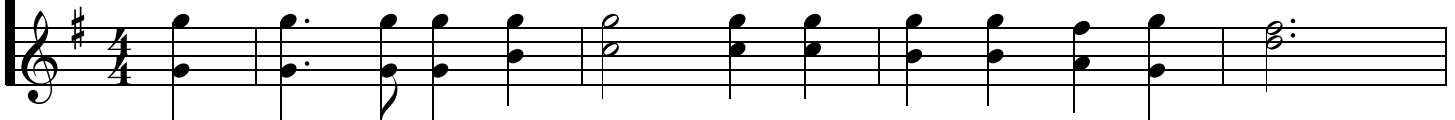
# Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus

George Duffield, Jr., 1858

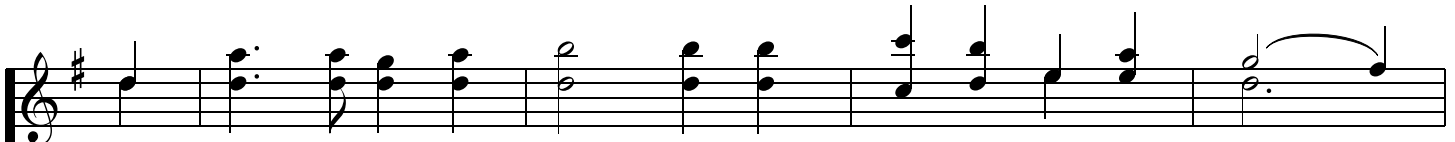
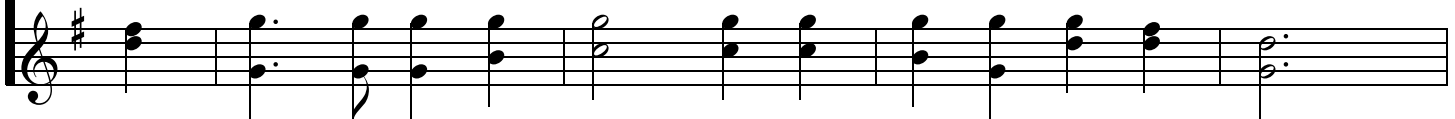
George J. Webb, 1830



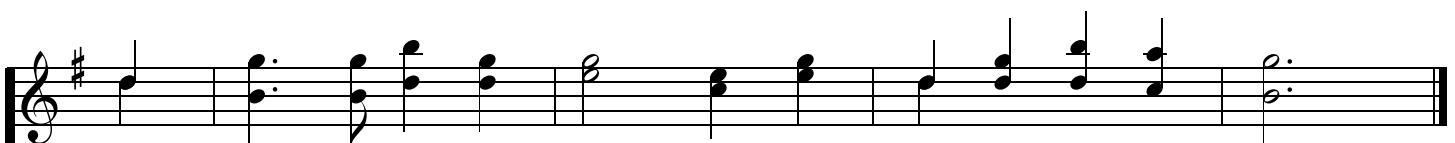
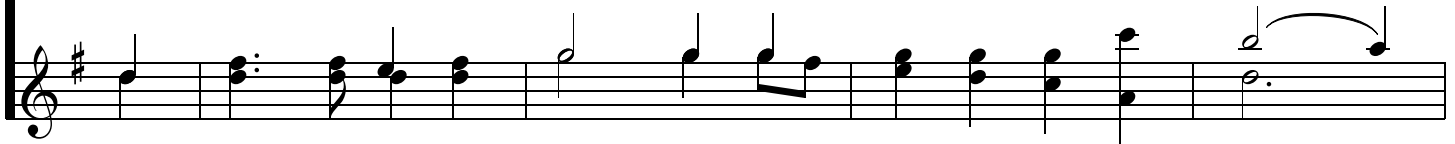
1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross;  
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in His strength a - lone;  
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long;



Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:  
The arm of flesh will fail you, Ye dare not trust your own:  
This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the vic - tor's song:



From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead,  
Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Each piece put on with prayer,  
To him that o - ver - com - eth A crown of life shall be;



Till ev - 'ry foe is van - quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.  
Where du - ty calls or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.  
He, with the King of glo - ry, Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.



# Take My Life, and Let It Be

Frances R. Havergal, 1874

Henri A. Cesar Malan, 1827

1. Take my life and let it be Con - se - crat - ed,  
2. Take my hands and let them move At the im - pulse -  
3. Take my voice and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly,  
4. Take my sil - ver and my gold; Not a mite would  
5. Take my will and make it Thine; It shall be no  
6. Take my love; my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its

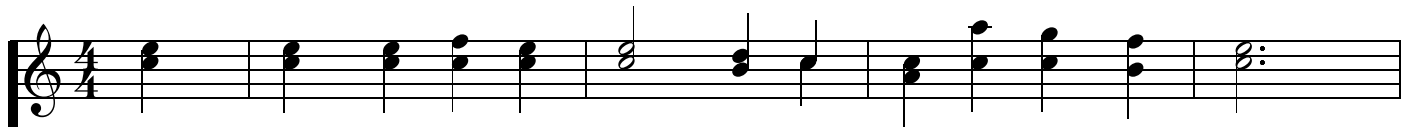
Lord, to Thee; Take my mo - ments and my days; Let them flow in  
of thy love. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti -  
for my King. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sag -  
I with - hold. Take my in - tell - ect, and use Ev - 'ry power as  
lon - ger mine. Take my heart, it is Thine own; It shall be Thy  
treasure store. Take my - self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly,

end - less praise, Let them flow in end - less praise.  
ful for Thee, Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee.  
es from Thee, Filled with mes - sa - ges from Thee.  
Thou shalt choose, Ev - 'ry power as Thou shalt choose.  
roy - al throne, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.  
all for Thee, Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee.

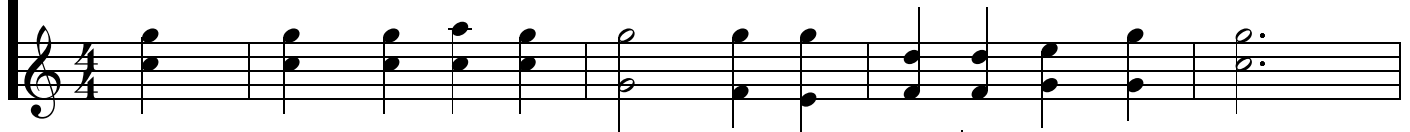
# The Church's One Foundation

Samuel J. Stone, 1866

Samuel S. Wesley, 1864



1. The church - 's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;  
2. E - lect from ev - ery na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,  
3. Though with a scorn - ful won - der Men see her sore op - pressed,  
4. 'Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion And tu - mult of her war,  
5. Yet she on earth hath un - ion With God, the Three in One,



She is His new cre - a - tion, By wa - ter and the Word:  
Her char - ter of sal - va - tion, One Lord, one faith, one birth;  
By schi - sms rent a - sun - der, By her - e - sies dis - tressed,  
She waits the con - sum - ma - tion Of peace for - ev - er - more,  
And mys - tic sweet com - mun - ion With those whose rest is won,



From heaven He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride,  
One ho - ly name she bless - es, Par - takes one ho - ly food,  
Yet saints their watch are keep - ing, Their cry goes up, "How long?"  
Till with the vis - ion glor - ious Her long - ing eyes are blest,  
O hap - py ones and ho - ly! Lord, give us grace that we,



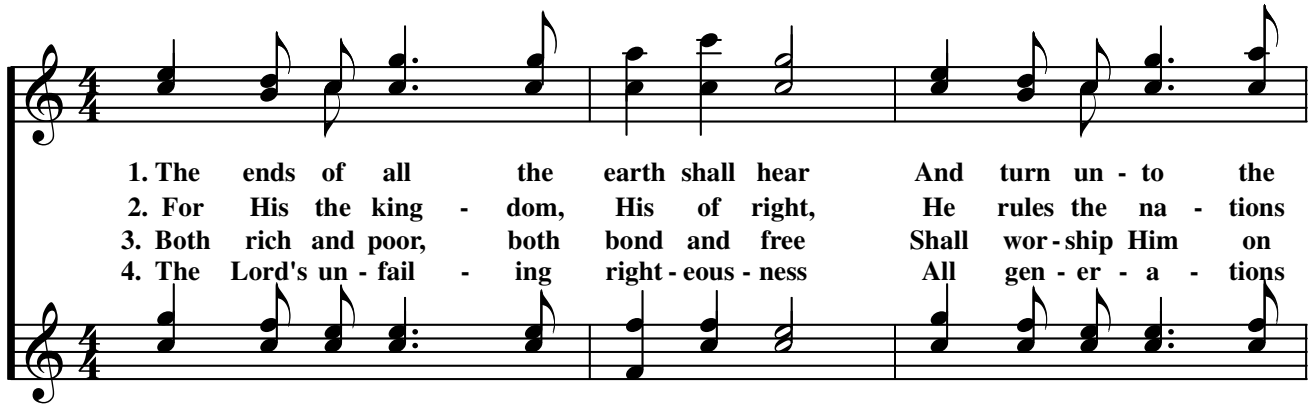
With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.  
And to one hope she press - es, With ev - ery grace en - dued.  
And soon the night of weep - ing Shall be the morn of song.  
And the great Church vic - to - rious Shall be the Church at rest. A - MEN.  
Like them, the meek and low - ly, On high may dwell with Thee.



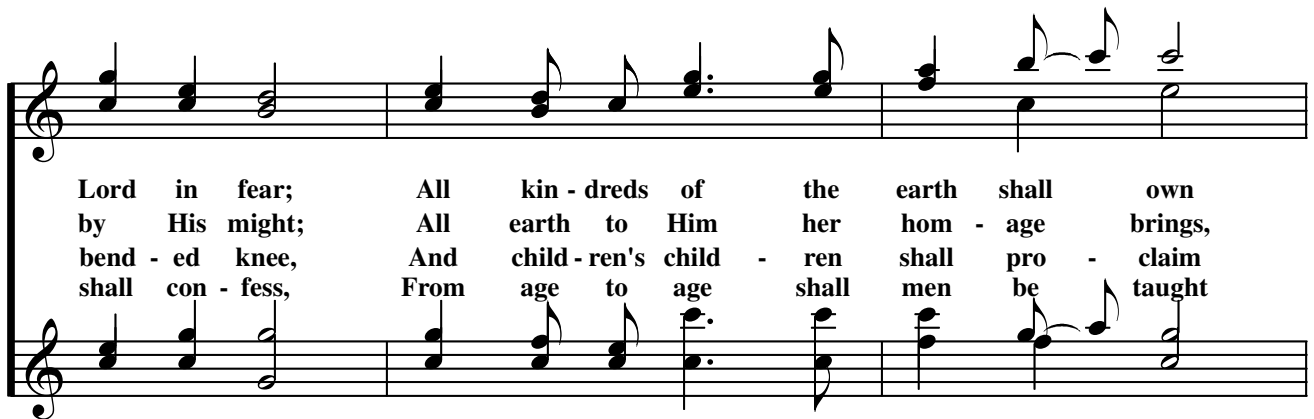
# The Ends of All the Earth Shall Hear

PSALM 22

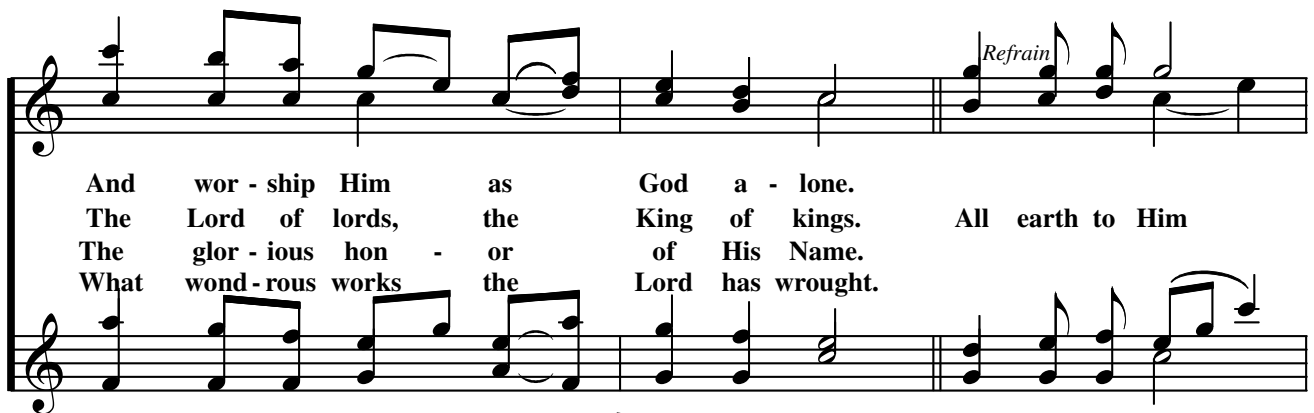
William H. Doane, 1873



1. The ends of all the earth shall hear And turn un - to the  
2. For His the king - dom, His of right, He rules the na - tions  
3. Both rich and poor, both bond and free Shall wor - ship Him on  
4. The Lord's un - fail - ing right - eous - ness All gen - er - a - tions



Lord in fear; All kin - dreds of the earth shall own  
by His might; All earth to Him her hom - age brings,  
bend - ed knee, And child - ren's child - ren shall pro - claim  
shall con - fess, From age to age shall men be taught



And wor - ship Him as God a - lone. *Refrain*  
The Lord of lords, the King of kings. All earth to Him  
The glor - ious hon - or of His Name.  
What wond - rous works the Lord has wrought.



her hom - age brings, The Lord of lords the King of kings.



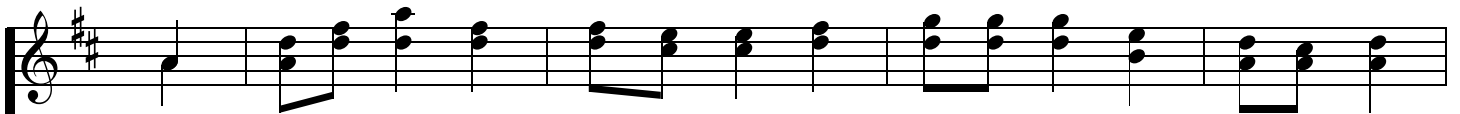
# The Solid Rock

Edward Mote, c.1834

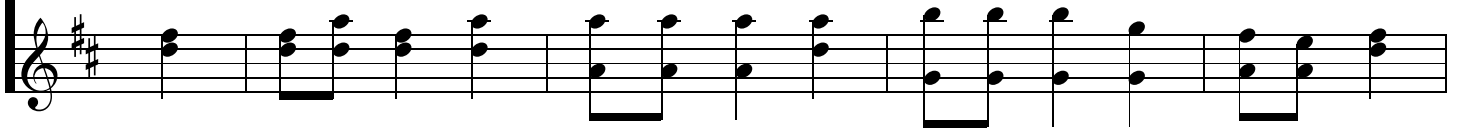
William B. Bradbury, 1863



1. My hope is built on noth - ing less Than Je - sus' blood and right - eous - ness;  
2. When dark - ness seems to hide His face, I rest on His un - chang - ing grace;  
3. His oath, His cov - e - nant, His blood Sup - port me in the whelm - ing flood;  
4. When He shall come with trum - pet sound, Oh, may I then in Him be found;



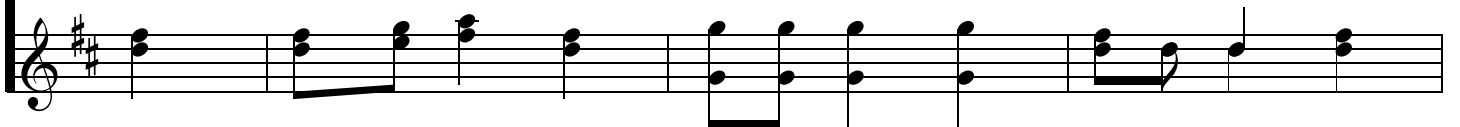
I dare not trust the sweet - est frame, But whol - ly lean on Je - sus' name.  
In ev - ery high and storm - y gale, My an - chor hold with - in the veil.  
When all a - round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.  
Dressed in His right - eous - ness a lone, Fault - less to stand be - fore the throne.



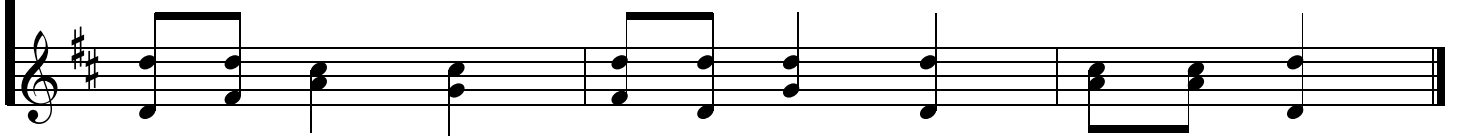
## Refrain



On Christ, the sol - id Rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is



sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.



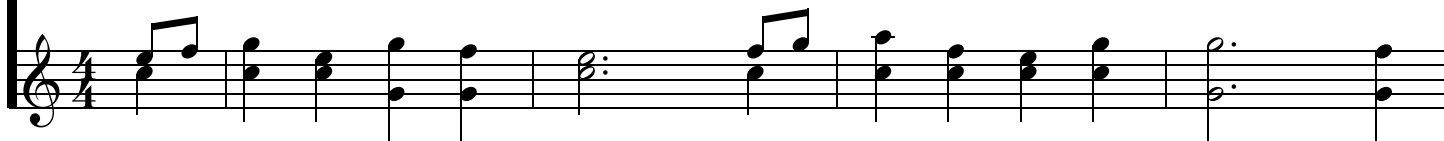
# This Is My Father's World

Maltbie D. Babcock, 1901, alt.

Franklin L. Sheppard, 1915



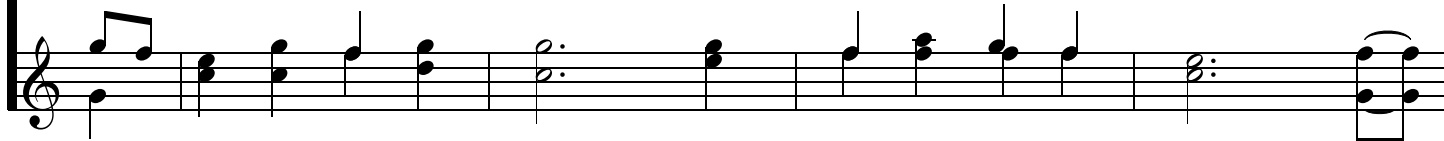
1. This is my Fa - ther's world, And to my lis - t'ning ears, All  
2. This is my Fa - ther's world, The birds their car - ols raise; The  
3. This is my Fa - ther's world, O let me ne'er for - get That



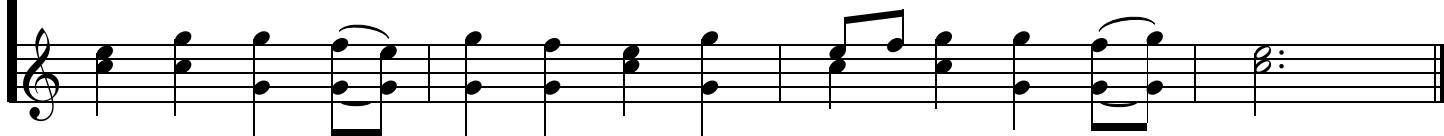
na - ture sings, and round me rings The mus - ic of the spheres.  
morn - ing light, the lil - y white De - clare their Ma - ker's praise.  
though the wrong seems oft so strong, God is the Rul - er yet.



This is my Fa - ther's world, I rest me in the thought Of  
This is my Fa - ther's world, He shines in all that's fair; In the  
This is my Fa - ther's world, Why should my heart be sad? The



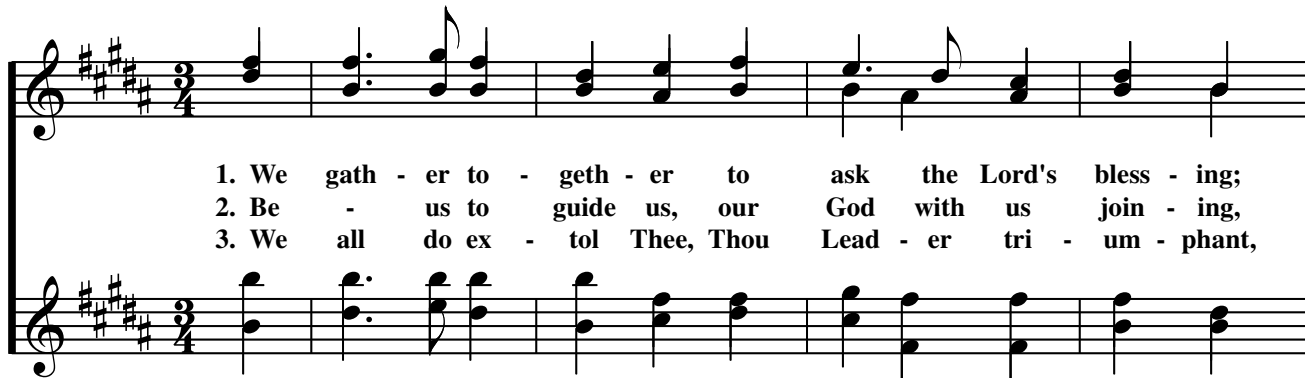
rocks and trees, of skies and seas His hand the won - ders wrought.  
rust - ling grass I hear Him pass, He speaks to me ev - 'ry - where.  
Lord is King, let the heav - ens ring! God reigns; let the earth be glad.



# We Gather Together

Netherlands folk hymn  
Trans. by Theodore Baker, 1917

*Nederlandsch Gedenckelanck*, 1626  
Arr. by Edward Kremser, 1877



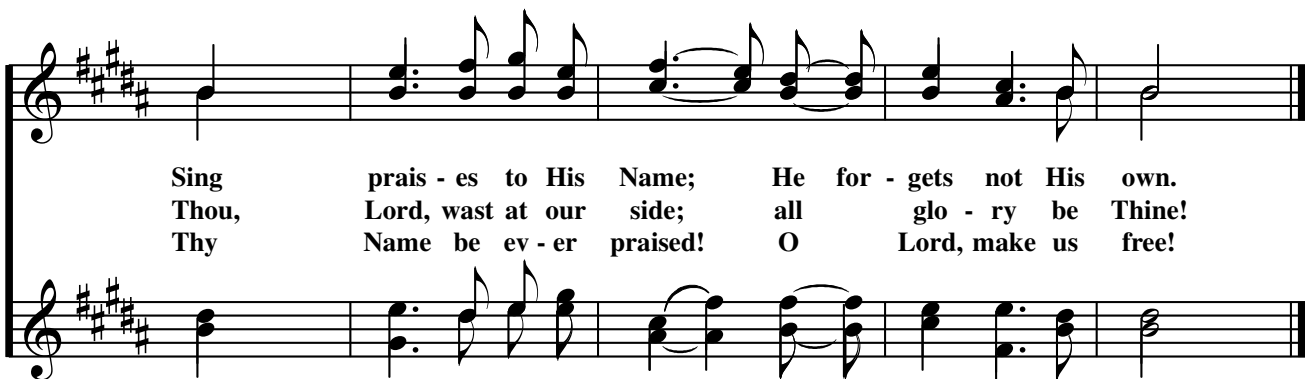
1. We gath - er to - geth - er to ask the Lord's bless - ing;  
2. Be - us to guide us, our God with us join - ing,  
3. We all do ex - tol Thee, Thou Lead - er tri - um - phant,



He chast - ens and hast - ens His will to make known;  
Or - dain - ing, main - tain - ing His king - dom di - vine;  
And pray that Thou still our De - fend - er wilt be.



The wick - ed op - ress - ing now cease from dis - tress - ing;  
So from the be - gin - ning the fight we were win - ning; -  
Let Thy con - gre - ga - tion es - cape trib - u - la - tion;



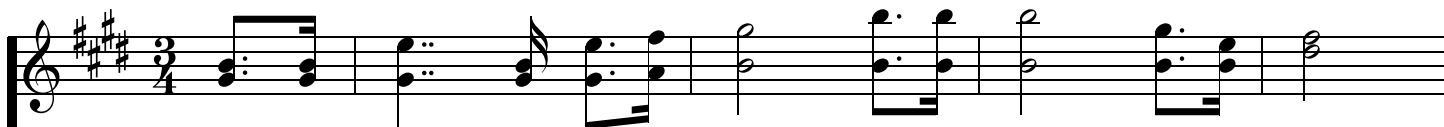
Sing prais - es to His Name; He for - gets not His own.  
Thou, Lord, wast at our side; all glo - ry be Thine!  
Thy Name be ev - er praised! O Lord, make us free!

KREMSER  
12.11.12.11.

# We Have Heard the Joyful Sound

Priscilla J. Owens, 1882

William J. Kirkpatrick, 1882



1. We have heard the joy - ful sound: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle strife: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
4. Give the winds a might - y voice: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!



Spread the ti - dings all a - round: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
Tell to sin - ners far and wide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
By His death and end - less life, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
Let the na - tions now re - joice, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!



Bear the news to ev - ery land, climb the steep and cross the waves;  
Sing, ye is - lands of the sea; Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves;  
Sing it soft - ly through the gloom, when the heart for mer - cy craves;  
Shout sal - va - tion full and free; High - est hills and deep - est caves;



On - ward! 'tis our Lord's com - mand; Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
This our song of vic - to - ry: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!



JESUS SAVES  
7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 7. 6.

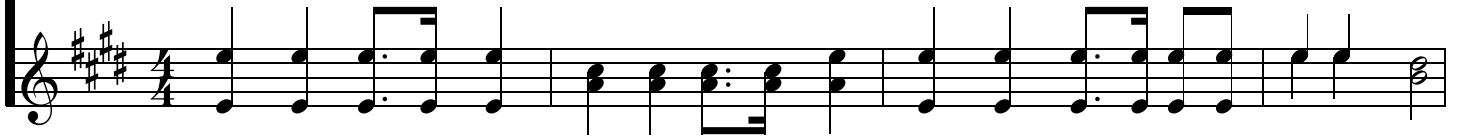
# What a Fellowship, What a Joy Divine

Elisha A. Hoffman, 1887

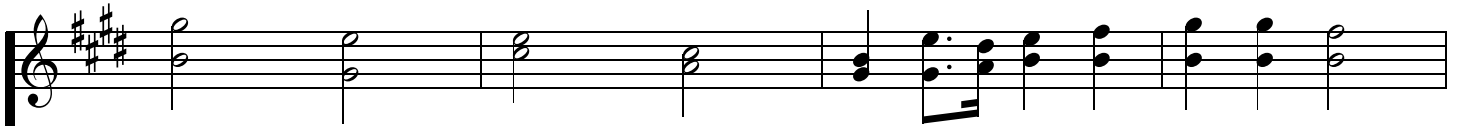
Anthony J. Showalter, 1887



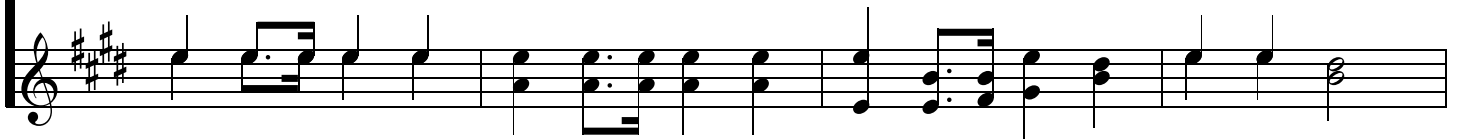
1. What a fel - low - ship, what a joy di - vine, Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms;  
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pil - grim way, Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms;  
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms?



What a bless - ed - ness, what a peace is mine, Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms.  
Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day, Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms.  
I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near, Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms.



Lean - ing, lean - ing, Safe and se - cure from all a - larms;  
Lean - ing on Je - sus, lean - ing on Je - sus,



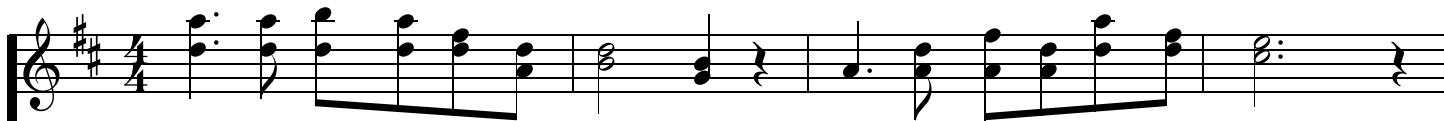
Lean - ing, lean - ing, Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms.  
Lean - ing on Je - sus, lean - ing on Je - sus,



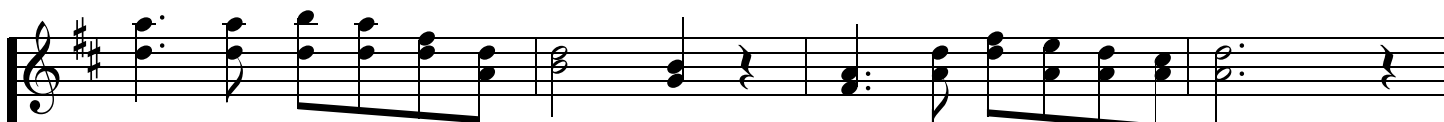
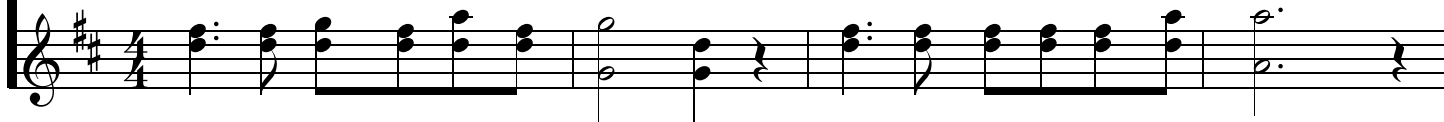
# What a Friend We Have in Jesus

Joseph Scriven, 1855

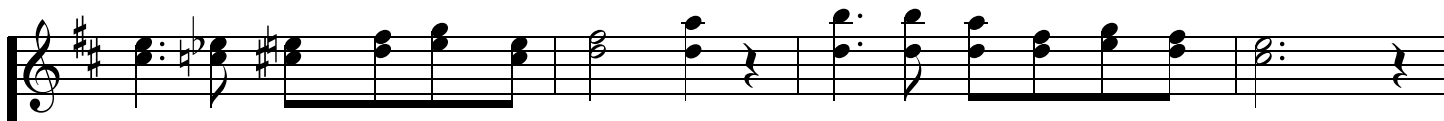
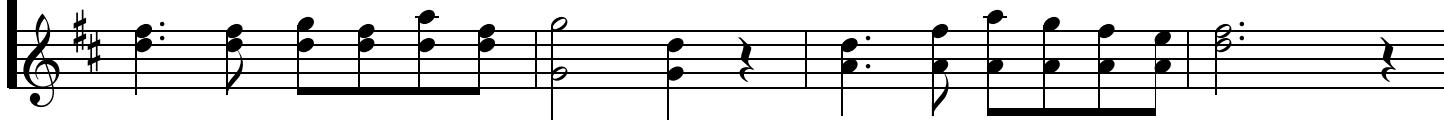
Charles C. Converse, 1868



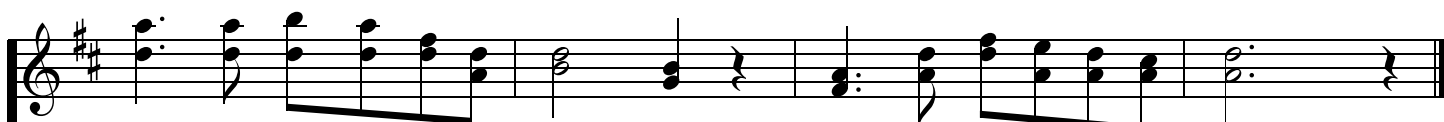
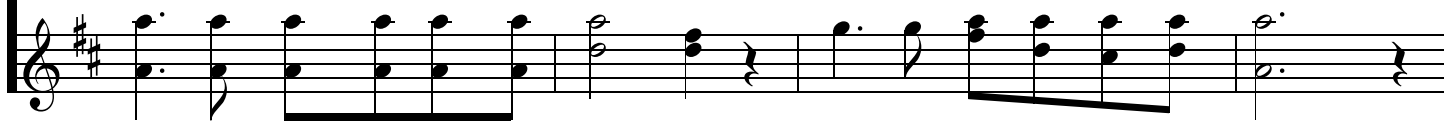
1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!  
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trou-ble an - y - where?  
3. Are we weak and heav - y lad - en, Cum-bered with a load of care?



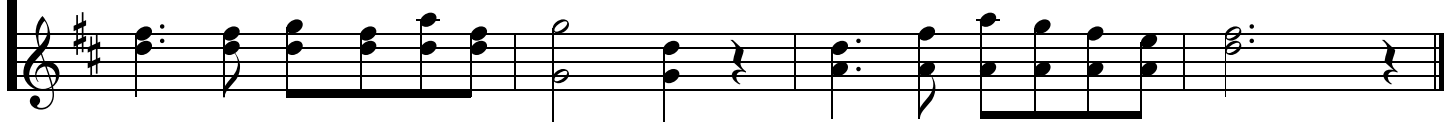
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!  
We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer:  
Pre - cious Sav-iour, still our ref - uge; Take it to the Lord in prayer:



Oh, what peace we of - ten for - feit, Oh, what need - less pain we bear,  
Can we find a friend so faith - ful Who will all our sor - rows share?  
Do thy friends de-spise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;



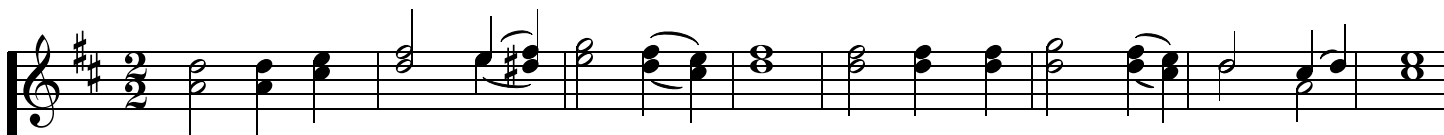
All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!  
Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
in His arms He'll take and shield thee; Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.



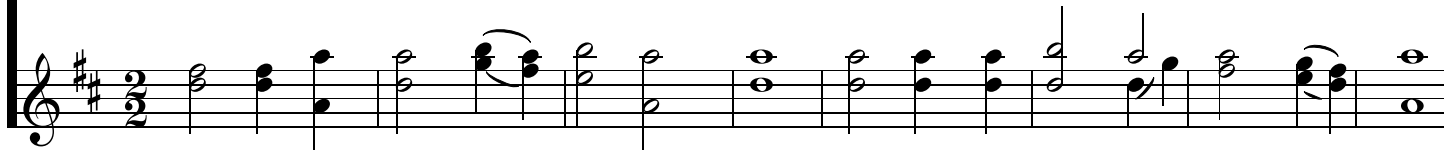
# When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

Isaac Watts, 1707

From a Gregorian Chant  
Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1824



1. When I sur - ve y the won - drous cross, On which the Prince of glo - ry died,  
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ my God;  
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and love flow min - gled down;  
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a pres - ent far too small;



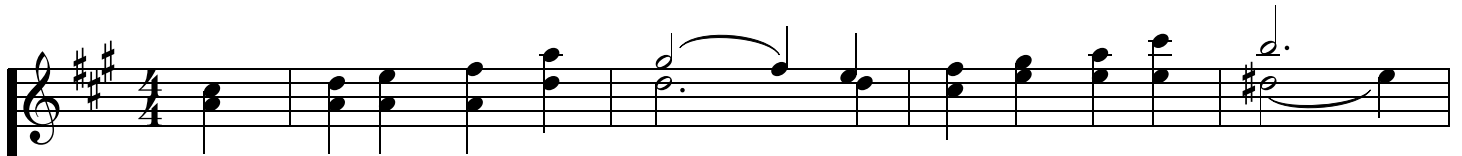
My rich - est gain I count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.  
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.  
Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown.  
Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine, De - mands my soul, my life, my all. A - MEN.



# When Morning Gilds the Skies

From the German, c. 1744  
Tr. by Edward Caswall, 1854

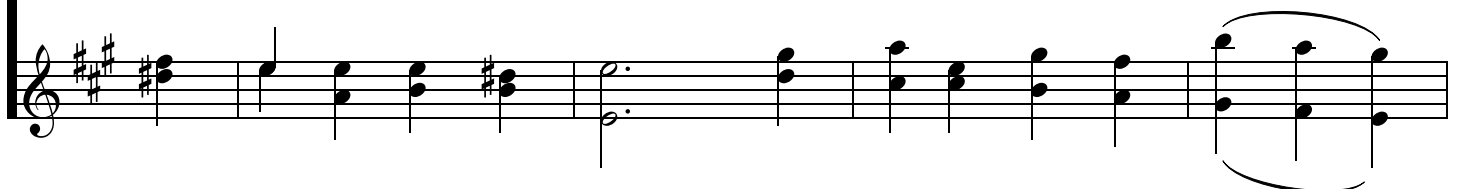
Joseph Barnaby, 1868



1. When morn - ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries,  
2. Does sad - ness fill my mind? A sol - ace here I find,  
3. Ye na - tions of man - kind? In this your con - cord find,  
4. Be this, while life is mine, My can - ti - cle di - vine,



May Je - sus Christ be praised! A - like at work and prayer,  
May Je - sus Christ be praised! Or fades my earth - ly bliss?  
May Je - sus Christ be praised! Let all the earth a - round  
May Je - sus Christ be praised! Be this th'e - ter - nal song,



To Je - sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be praised!  
My com - fort still is this, May Je - sus Christ be praised!  
Ring joy - ous with the sound, May Je - sus Christ be praised!  
Through all the a - ges long, May Je - sus Christ be praised! A - MEN.





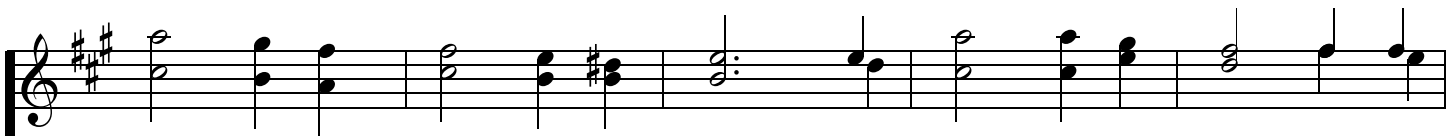
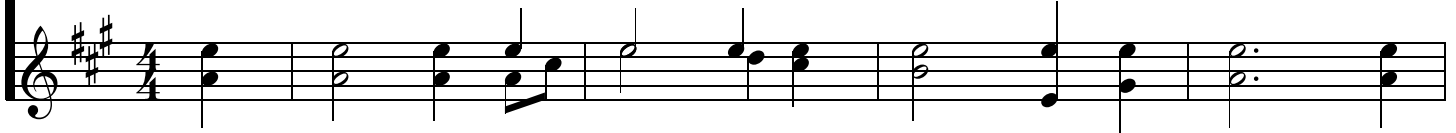
# When Peace, Like a River

Horatio G. Spafford, 1873

Philip P. Bliss, 1876



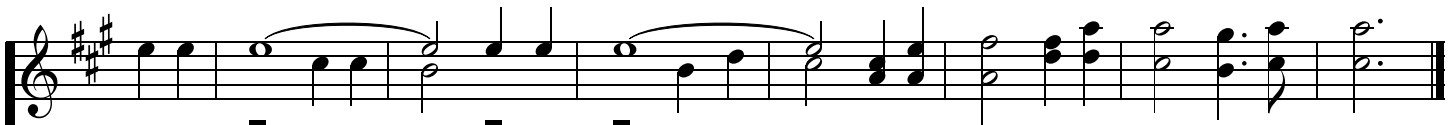
1. When peace like a riv - er at - tend - eth my way, When  
2. Though Sa - tan should buf - fet, though tri - als should come, Let  
3. My sin - oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous thought! My  
4. O Lord, haste the day when my faith shall be sight, The



sor - rows like sea bil - lows roll, What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast  
this blest as - sur - ance con - trol, That Christ has re - gard - ed my  
sin, not in part but the whole, Is nailed to the cross and I  
clouds be rolled back as a scroll, The trump shall re - sound, and the



taught me to say, "It is well, it is well with my soul."  
help - less es - tate, And has shed His own blood for my soul.  
bear it no more! Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!  
Lord shall de - scend! E - ven so it is well with my soul!



It is well with my soul; it is well, it is well with my soul!

It is well with my soul;



# Whole-hearted Thanksgiving to Thee I Will Bring

PSALM 9

William H. Doane, 1875



1. Whole - heart - ed thanks - giv - ing to Thee I will bring,  
2. Thou, Lord, art a ref - uge for all the op - pressed;  
3. Give praise to Je - ho - vah, the might - y deeds tell  
4. Be - my af - flic - tion, Thy mer - cy ac - cord,



In praise of Thy mar - vel - ous deeds I will sing;  
All trust Thee who know Thee, and trust - ing are blest;  
Of Him who has chos - en in Zi - on to dwell,  
And back from death's por - tals re - store me, O Lord,



In Thee I will joy and ex - ult - ing - ly cry,  
For nev - er, O Lord, did Thy mer - cy for - sake  
Of Him to whom jus - tice and ven - geance be - long,  
That I in the gates of Thy Zi - on may raise

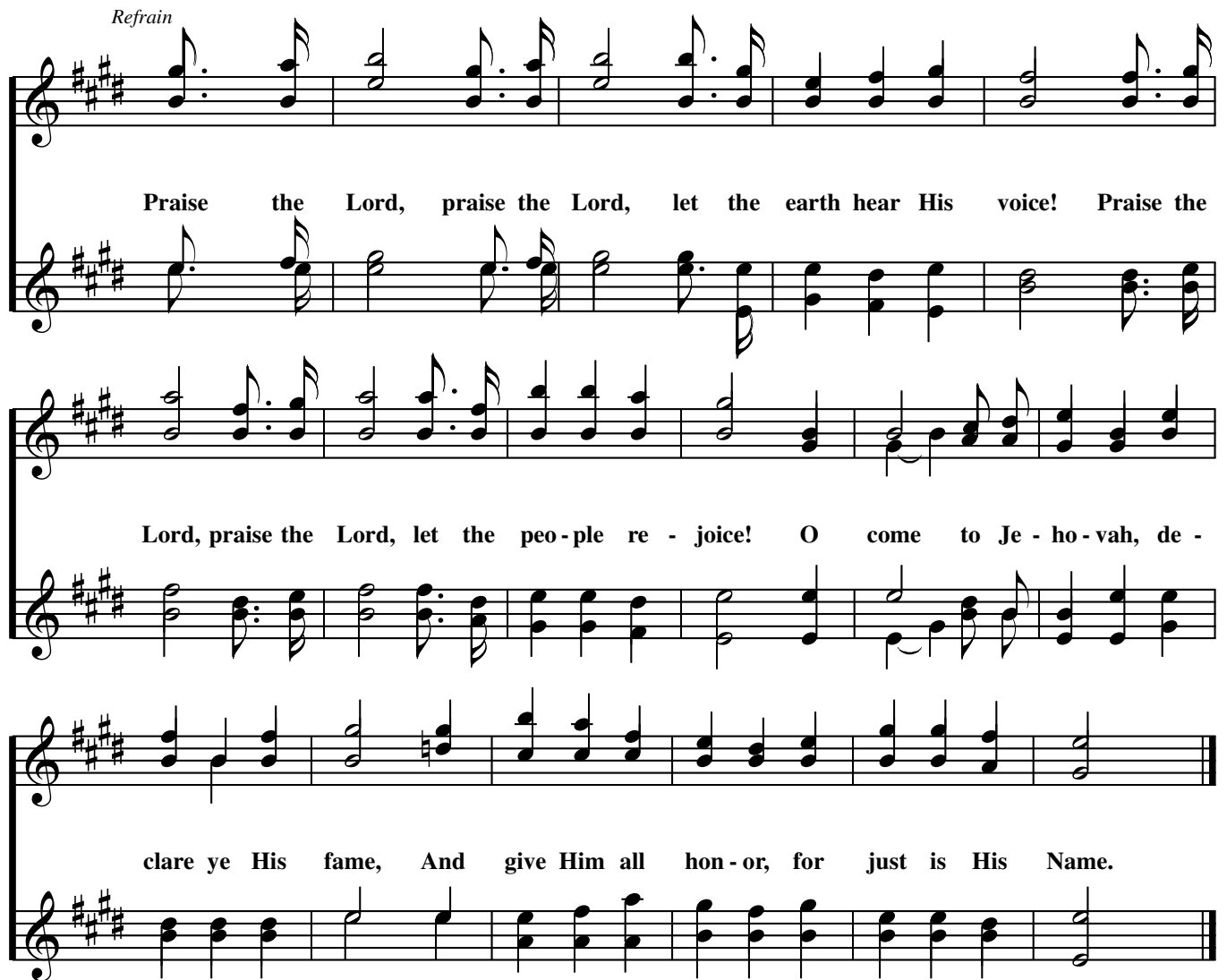


Thy Name I will praise, O Je - ho - vah Most High.  
The soul that has sought of Thy grace to par - take.  
Who vis - its the low - ly and o - ver - throws wrong.  
My song of sal - va - tion and show forth Thy praise.



TO GOD BE THE GLORY  
11.11.11.11. Ref.

*Refrain*



Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, let the earth hear His voice! Praise the

Lord, praise the Lord, let the peo-ple re - joice! O come to Je - ho - vah, de -

clare ye His fame, And give Him all hon - or, for just is His Name.

**Alternate lyrics by Fanny J. Crosby, 1875**

1. To God be the glory, great things He hath done,  
 So loved He the world that He gave us His Son,  
 Who yielded His life an atonement for sin,  
 And opened the Lifegate that all may go in.

**Refrain:**

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Let the earth hear His voice!  
 Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Let the people rejoice!  
 O come to the Father thro' Jesus the Son,  
 And give Him the glory, great things He hath done.

2. O Perfect redemption, the purchase of blood,  
 To every believer the promise of God;  
 The vilest offender who truly believes,  
 That moment from Jesus a pardon receives.

3. Great things He hath taught us, great things He hath done,  
 And great our rejoicing thro' Jesus the Son;  
 But purer, and higher, and greater will be  
 Our wonder, our transport, when Jesus we see.